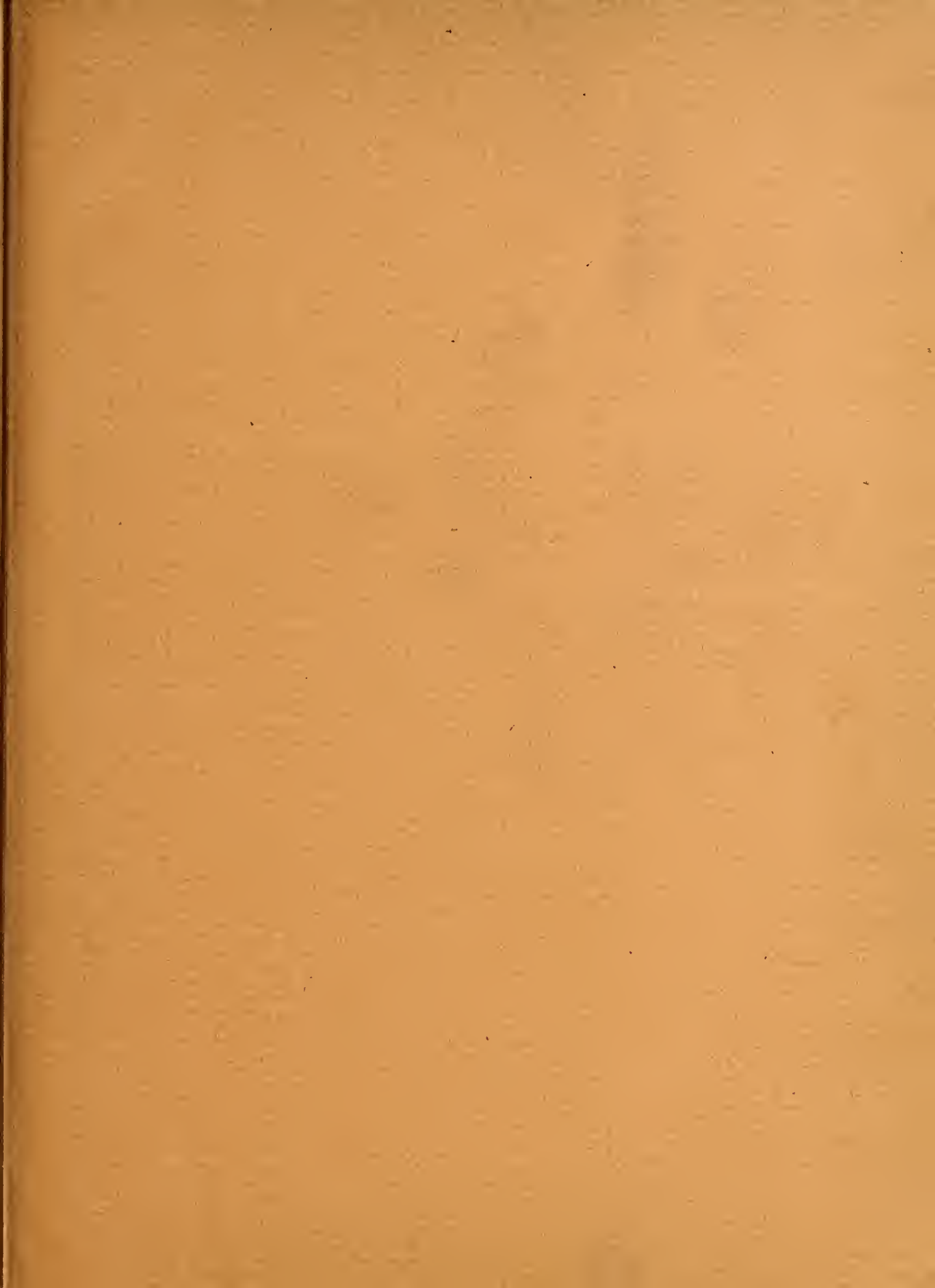




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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED · MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XXXIV.

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The First Snowfall

Drawn for St. Nicholas by Florence E. Storer

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIV

NOVEMBER, 1906

No. 1

How Winnie Hatched the Little Rooks

As told by Queen Crosspatch

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," "Editha's Burglar," etc., etc.

With Illustrations by Harrison Cady

Now please to remember that it is a Fairy who wrote this story—a real Fairy—just as real as you are yourself—because if you don't remember it will make me scold like anything.

I AM a little cross to begin with but I believe I shall get better as I go on with my story about Winnie and the little rooks, because it is such a nice story. You will scarcely believe what a nice story it is. But I feel cross because just as I was passing through the Crystal Hall in my palace to go to Rose Garden and begin to write I suddenly caught sight of a tiny little ragged black creature hiding behind one of the glittering crystal chairs and kicking its legs about and dancing and giggling in the most impudent way, and I heard it cackle at me as it peeped in and out.

"He-he-he—kee-e-e-e! She thinks she is going to write a book."

And I saw it was nothing more or less than my little Temper, the one I lost out of my silver cage, and he looked so tattered and ragged and black and ugly and saucy that I am sure I should have begun to scream and stamp my feet but that I remembered quickly, that I had made up my mind to keep myself quite quiet until some day I could pounce upon him and catch him when he was n't expecting it and just snip him into his silver cage again and shut the door. I had the silver cage with me that minute, swinging at my waist by a tiny diamond

chain and the ugly little Imp caught sight of it and you should have seen him kick up his heels and shout:

*"Oh! minkery—tinkery—winkery wee
She's got her cage and she thinks she'll
get me!
Well, minkery—tinkery. We shall see."*

I stopped a moment and almost stamped but I remembered again and clinched my teeth and flounced past him, and I am glad to say that he was so frightened that he tumbled over and lay sprawling and kicking on his back.

Then I went to the Rose Garden and found the Respectable person waiting for me and I sat down and ordered her to Spell what I told her about Winnie.

And this is it:

Winnie was one of the nicest little girls I ever knew. She was only five and she was a round little thing. She had a round little face and round very blue eyes, and round red curls all over her head, and she had a round rosy button of a mouth, and round fat legs, and a round little body as plump as a robin redbreast's.

She lived in a big castle and her nursery was in a tower and her nurse Binny lived in it with her. She had no papa and mamma and the castle really belonged to her but she was not old enough to care about that, because she had so many other things to care about. She cared

about Binny who was fat and had a comfortable lap and could sing songs and tell stories, and she cared about the thousands and thousands of primroses and bluebells which grew in the park round the castle, and she cared about the deer with horns and their wives who had no horns and the little fawn children who skipped about under the trees. But most of all she cared about the birds and was always asking Binny questions about them. One day when Winnie and Binny were walking together Binny stopped by a hedge and said:

"There is a thrush's nest with four eggs in it, in that hedge."

"Oh! Binny!" said Winnie, "do lift me up and let me look at it."

"No," said Binny. "If the eggs' mother saw us do it, she would go away and never sit on the eggs again, and they would starve to death."

Then Winnie dragged her away by the hand and ran as fast as her round little legs would carry her. When she stopped running, her very blue eyes were rounder than ever.

"If the eggs' father was flying about and saw



"WINNIE WAS ONE OF THE NICEST LITTLE GIRLS I EVER KNEW."

us, would he tell the mother?" she said, all out of breath with running.

"I daresay he would," answered Binny.

"And if the eggs' aunt saw us, or their uncles

or cousins, would they tell the mother and would she never sit on the eggs again and would they starve to death?"

"That's just what would happen," said Binny. So from that time, when Winnie went walking with Binny, she always turned her face quite away from the hedges for fear a mother bird would think she was looking at her eggs and would go away and leave them to starve to death.

She was always watching birds, but I think she watched the rooks most. That was because she could look out of her window in the tower and see the Rookery where they lived. Rooks are big black birds who always fly in flocks and build their nests near each other in the tops of tall trees. A great many rooks built their nests in some trees Winnie could see from her window and she used to sit and watch them every day. In the morning when she heard them begin to say "Caw-w! Ca-aw! Caw!" She would run to the window and call out:

"Binny! Binny! the rooks are getting up and going to breakfast."

Then she would watch and see first one glossy black rook come out of his nest and stand among the green leaves and shake his wings and preen his glossy black feathers with his beak. And then he would "Caw! Caw!" to his wife until *she* came out and sat among the leaves and smoothed out her glossy black feathers, and then they would Ca-aw! Ca-aw! Caw! to their neighbors in the other branches and then they would Caw to the rooks in the next tree, and the next and the next, and the rooks would keep getting up and answering, until all the trees in the Rookery were full of rooks, all Cawing as if they were talking about the weather. But Binny told Winnie they were saying things like this:

*"I know where there's lots to eat
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw!
I know where there's a field of wheat
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw!
The farmer sows that he may reap
But the Scarecrow's nodding and fast
asleep,
Who cares for the Scarecrow!"*

And at last they would all rise together flapping their wings and fly away over the tree tops like a black cloud, and Binny said they were laughing at the idea of being frightened of the Scarecrow the farmer put in the field to keep them from stealing his wheat.

Winnie always watched them until they were out of sight and she could hear them cawing no more.

Then about sunset she liked to be at the window to watch them come home to sleep. First she would see a little black cloud in the sky and then it would come nearer and nearer, until she saw it was made of rooks all flying together, back to their nests in the high, high old trees. Then Binny told Winnie they were saying things like this:

*“Flying and fun and food all day,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
Flying and fun and meat and play,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
We’ve sat on the backs of fat old sheep,
High up in our tree tops.”*

And oh! what fun it was to see them settle down for the night. What a fuss they made cawing and talking and flapping their wings. When the last of them had got into his nest with his wife, and the cawing had stopped, everything seemed so quiet that Winnie was quite ready to get into her nest and sleep as they did. She loved the rooks because there were so many of them, and they seemed to live so near her. She used to feel as if they knew she was watching them from the tower window.

At last one day Binny said to her.

“The mother rooks are beginning to sit on their eggs.”

Winnie gave a little jump and scrambled down from the window seat.

“Then I must n’t look at them,” she said, “I must n’t look at them.”

“Yes, you can look at them from here,” Binny answered. “They can’t see you. Get up in your seat again. There’s a mother on the nest in the top of that nearest tree.”

Winnie scrambled back full of joy. There was a nest in the nearest tree and she could see a bit of it and Mr. Rook was sitting near it and talking to his wife.

And he said this: (I told Binny and Binny told Winnie.)

*“Spread out my dear, tuck in your legs,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw;
Attend to your business—eggs is eggs,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw;
It’s not the first time you’ve been told
That if you let your eggs get cold,
We shall have to send for the doctor.”*

For the next two days Winnie sat and watched and watched. She wanted to sit in the window seat all day and she asked Binny questions and questions.

Because I was so fond of her I sent some of my Fairies to push the leaves aside near Mrs.

Rook’s nest so that she could see better. She began to feel as if she was the eggs’ mother herself and was quite anxious when Mrs. Rook went away for a minute.



“BINNY SAID THEY WERE LAUGHING AT THE IDEA OF BEING FRIGHTENED OF A SCARECROW.”

One day when she was watching from her window she suddenly saw a boy standing beneath the tree and looking up. All at once he began to scramble up it and he scrambled very fast.

“He will frighten Mrs. Rook,” cried Winnie to Binny.

“He is going to steal the eggs,” said Binny.

“Run as fast as you can,” Winnie said, “and tell him he must n’t—he must n’t.”

Binny ran as fast as she could, but by the time she got to the foot of the tree the boy was at the top of it. Winnie saw him put out his hand and she gave a little scream as Mrs. Rook flew up with a loud cry, and sailed away to find Mr. Rook and tell him what had happened.

“Come down! come down!” Binny called up from the foot of the tree. “How dare you touch the rook’s eggs!”

The boy looked down and was very frightened when he saw the fat nurse from the castle

scolding him. He thought she might send for the village policeman and he put the eggs back and scrambled down faster than he had scrambled up. And Binny caught him and boxed his ears before he ran away.

When she went back to the nursery in the tower Winnie was crying.

"Mrs. Mother Rook will never come back and the eggs will starve to death," she said.

And she sat and watched and watched, and



"MR. ROOK WAS SITTING NEAR THE NEST AND TALKING TO HIS WIFE."

Binny sat and watched and watched. Mrs. Rook and Mr. Rook came and flew about and cawed and talked to the other rooks and everybody cawed and scolded, but go back to that nest Mrs. Rook would not.

"When the sun goes down they will get cold," wept Winnie. "Oh! I wish I could go and keep them warm myself." She covered her very blue eyes with her very fat hands.

"If a Fairy would only come and help me," she cried. "Nobody but a Fairy could help me."

The very minute I heard her say that I flew on to her window ledge and let her see me.

"Just look at me," I said.

"Oh! you are a Fairy!" she gasped, and

then she called out, "Binny, Binny! here is a Fairy!" But Binny had gone out of the room. I did not want her interfering.

"I am glad you know a Fairy when you see one," I said. "Would you really like to sit on the nest and keep the eggs warm?"

"In the nest on the top of the tree?" said Winnie, all in a flutter.

"Yes, I answered. "Would you like to sit on them until they change into baby rooks, and then would you like to teach them to fly?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Winnie. "But I can't fly myself, Fairy. And Binny would n't let me climb up the tree."

I just turned round and blew my tiny golden trumpet, I blew it once, I blew it twice, I blew it three times. And suddenly Winnie saw a flock of lovely green things she thought were butterflies. They came flying and flying. They were my Working Fairies, dressed in their green working-smocks. They all stood in a row before me on the window ledge and made a bow and they sang together:

"Fairies are real, Fairies are true.

What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Get out your tools," I ordered them, "and make this young lady small enough to sit on a rook's nest."

They took their tiny silver hammers out of their tool bags and they began to work. Their taps were so tiny that Winnie did not feel them and only laughed as they flew up and down her and worked and worked, darting about and all talking at once, so it sounded as if a whole hive of bees were buzzing.

Winnie held out her hand which was covered by a swarm of them and she laughed and laughed.

"Oh! how pretty they are!" she said. "Binny! Binny! do come and see! I am covered with Fairies!"

"Hush," I said, "and stand still. There is a great deal to be done."

Presently she began to grow smaller and smaller and in a few minutes she was quite small enough to sit on a nest.

"Now," I said, "you are ready to go."

"But what will Binny do when she misses me?" she asked.

"Binny will not know," I answered. "I am going to leave an Imitation Winnie in your place."

Then her very blue eyes grew rounder and rounder.

"Oh!" she said.

But I knew my business and I called to one of my Working Fairies:

"Tip, can you turn yourself into a little girl?" He looked ashamed of himself and wriggled.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten how, Your Ma-



"BINNY CAUGHT HIM AND BOXED HIS EARS BEFORE HE RAN AWAY."

jesty," he stuttered. I stamped my foot hard and called to another one:

"Nip, can you?"

He began to wriggle too and tried to slink behind the others.

"I—I—never learned, Ma-am," he stammered.

Think how disgraceful. It shows what Fairyland is coming to.

"Rip! Skip! Trip!" I called out, and they all wriggled and tried to slink because none of them could do it, and I was just going to fly into a rage and scream when a very tiny one called Kip stepped forward looking very red.

"I've been practising three hours a day if you please 'm," he said.

"Then do it this minute," I commanded.

He went and stood in the middle of the room and began. He puffed and he fluffed and he puffed and he fluffed until one of his legs was round and fat like Winnie's. Then he fluffed and he puffed and he fluffed and he puffed until the other one was like it.

Then he puffed and he fluffed until his body was round and plump. Then he puffed until his arms were round, and he fluffed until he had a round rosy face. Then he puffed and fluffed and huffed all at once until short red curls came out all over his head, and he had very blue eyes and a mouth like a rose button. And when he had done he stood there and looked exactly like Winnie.

"There," he panted out, "but my word, it was hard."

"If he stays here until I come back, Binny will never know I have been away," said Winnie.

"Of course she won't," I said. "What do you suppose I made him do it for! He is the Imitation Winnie. Now we must go or the eggs will be cold."

I touched her on the shoulder and a lovely pair of wings sprang out.

"Just try flying around the room a few times," I said. She stood on her tip-toes and gave a



ONE OF QUEEN CROSSPATCH'S WORKING FAIRIES.

few flaps and sailed up to the ceiling and round and round.

"How easy it is," she said. "Oh! how beautiful!"

"Now fly right out of the window and we will come with you," I said, "and take you to your nest."

But when she flew to the window ledge she stopped a moment to speak to Imitation Winnie.

"Be very nice to Binny," she said, "and always say 'please.'"

She flew right out of the window and when she got outside, flying was so delightful that she felt as if she would like to fly up into the sky. But she flew straight to the rook's nest.

It was high up in a lovely tree and when she lighted upon the branch among all the waving, rustling green leaves she laughed for joy. There were green branches below her and green branches above her and green branches all round her, and all the trees in the Rookery touched each other, and the blue sky was quite close, and there was the nest with the lovely eggs lying there waiting for her.

"I hope they are not cold, Fairy," she said, and she put her hand on them. They were not cold but they would have been if they had waited much longer. Then she settled down in the nest like a mother-bird. She spread out her little flouncy embroidered frock and fussed and



"WINNIE FLEW STRAIGHT TO THE ROOK'S NEST."

fussed until nothing could have been warmer than the eggs were.

"They won't get cold now," she said. "I'll love them and love them until they think I am



"WINNIE COULD HEAR TWO NIGHTINGALES SINGING."

their real mother." All the Working Fairies crowded round in their green smocks with their little hammers and picks over their shoulders and looked at her. They kept nudging each other and smiling delightedly. They had never seen a little girl sit on a nest before.

"Good-night," I said to her.

Then all the Working Fairies said:

"Good-night. Good-night. Good-night. Good-night," in low singing silvery voices, and we all flew away.

The nest was very comfortable and the eggs grew warmer and warmer, the top of the tree rocked like a cradle, the wind whispered through the branches like a nurse saying:

"Sh—sh—sh," and in the park Winnie could hear two nightingales singing. She lay and watched the stars twinkling in the blue sky above her head until her eyes closed and she fell fast asleep. When she wakened, the sun was just getting up out of a rosy cloud, and all the air seemed full of birds singing. The rooks were cawing and flapping about, and suddenly she found she could understand what they were saying.

I had not told her about it but I had taught her rook language in her sleep.

A very handsome, glossy young rook had alighted upon a branch close to her nest and was looking and looking at her. When she opened her eyes he said this:

*"My goodness me! I am surprised
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
Till now I never realized,
Caw, Ca-aw. Caw,
That lady Rooks could be pink and white,
With feathers of snow and eyes so bright,
It really sets me fluttering.
Such a lady rook I have never seen,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
Such a lady rook sure has never been,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw.
I really can think of nothing to say,
I feel so shy I could fly away.
My gracious! I hope she'll admire me."*

Winnie sat up and smiled at him.

"Are you my Rook husband?" she asked

He put his claw up to hide his blushes of joy and fluttered about on his branch.

"Are you?" said Winnie, and she pushed her flouncy little frock aside so that he could see the eggs.

"You see I am sitting," she explained, "and when I hatch, I shall be obliged to have a Rook husband to go and get things for the children to eat. Binny says that you'd be surprised to see how much they do eat. If you are not my husband will you be him?"

"Oh! Caw! May I?" said the young gentleman rook.

"I should like to have you very much," said Winnie. "You are a beautiful rook. Do come close and let me stroke you. I have always wanted to stroke a rook. But they never will let you."

The young gentleman rook came sidling along and stood by her with his head on one side. And you never saw anything like the airs and graces he put on when Winnie stroked him. He asked to see the eggs again and Winnie showed them to him.

"Do you think I ought to wash them every morning?" she said. "Or would they take cold if I did?"

"I am afraid they would," he said. "I never was washed."

When I came with my Working Fairies to bring her a Fairy breakfast he was sailing about over her head and flapping his wings and cawing and showing off in a perfectly ridiculous manner. He actually wanted to fly at my Working Fairies and peck them away.

"Get away, green butterflies!" he cawed, "Don't bother my wife."

But I soon brought him to order.

"Green butterflies indeed!" I scolded. "They are my Fairies—and what is more you would never have seen this new kind of lady rook if I had not brought her here. I am Queen Crosspatch—Queen Silver-bell *as was*." He was frightened then. They all knew me.

"I sent him here to be company for you," I said to Winnie.

"Oh! thank you," she said. "He is so nice. He lets me stroke him."

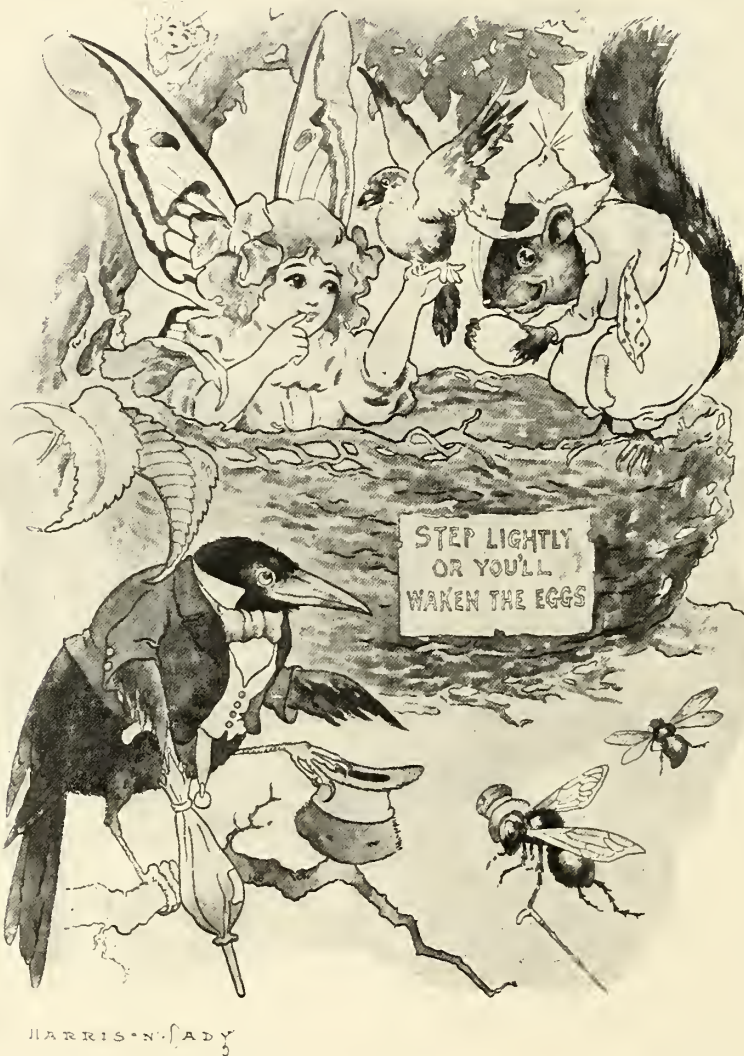


"A VERY HANDSOME, GLOSSY YOUNG ROOK WAS LOOKING AT HER."

He was so pleased and she was so pleased that I knew I need not trouble myself about them. Every time I went to see Winnie she talked about her Rook husband, or else I found him sitting close to her cawing softly while she stroked him, or sat with her hand on his neck. He said that none of the other rooks had such a happy home. I never saw a bird as sentimental. He said his one trouble was that he was not a nightingale, so that he could sing to her all the night while she was sitting. He tried it once, though I told him not to do it, and Winnie had to ask him to stop. She could not go to sleep herself and it made all the other rooks in the Rookery so angry, and besides she was afraid he might waken the eggs. It was

beautiful sitting on that nest, rocking softly on the tree tops and looking up at the sky. All sorts of birds used to stop to talk and sing; squirrels came scuffling up to call and bring ready cracked nuts; and bees came and hummed and hummed about flowers and hives,

"Whenever you hear the least little tapping sound, tell me," he said, "because that will mean one is beginning to break his shell." He would scarcely go out to get things to eat. He was so afraid of being away when she hatched. One beautiful sunny morning he was sitting



HARRIS · N · JADY

"ALL SORTS OF BIRDS, BESIDES SQUIRRELS AND BEES, CAME TO CALL."

and the lady rooks who were sitting on their nests in the other branches, told Winnie story after story about the lovely places they flew to when they were not busy with families.

She grew fonder and fonder of her rook husband. He loved her so much and was so proud of her, he would have done anything for her, and he was so delighted with the eggs.

near her being stroked when she gave a little jump.

"Oh! I am sure I heard a tap!"

Then she gave another little jump and said:

"Oh! I am sure I heard a crack!"

And when she pushed her flouncy little frock aside there was a baby rook scrambling and kicking out of his shell, and in a few minutes

more, another, who was perhaps a sister, both of them with nothing on but pin feathers and with their mouths wide open. Then there



"THE MINUTE THEY FOUND THEMSELVES FALLING, THEY BEGAN TO FLUTTER AND FLAP THEIR WINGS."

began to be work for Mr. Rook to do. He had to fly and fly and fly and bring food to drop into their mouths, and the more he brought the more they wanted and the wider their mouths opened and the more they squawked and cried. He worked so hard that drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, but he was so proud that he never grumbled at all.

"You *are* a good husband," Winnie said.

"But just think how patiently you have sat on them," he answered smiling at her with his head on one side. I can tell you they both had to work before the baby rooks were fledged. They were restless, kicking babies, and Winnie had to fuss and fuss and tuck them in every few minutes to keep them from falling out of the nest and tumbling from the tree top. I used to send a guard of my Working Fairies to stand round the nest and help her. Every morning at six o'clock I used to go to see her and give her good advice.

"Make Mr. Rook peck them if they won't behave themselves," I said to her.

But she spoiled them dreadfully.

"Oh! no!" she would say. "They are so little and they have no feathers yet." And she would fuss and fuss and spread her flouncy little frock out and cover them up as if they had been little golden rooks instead of squawky little things with big mouths and bare backs. But she was so glad that she had saved them from being starved to death that she even thought they were pretty.

One morning I went and found her in a great flutter. The baby rooks were fledged and Mr. Rook had told her they must be taught to fly. But when he made them come out and stand on the tree they were so frightened that they would not stir and even tried to scuffle back into the nest under Winnie's flouncy little frock.

"Oh! do you think they are big enough?"



"BINNY COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY SO MANY ROOKS USED TO COME AND FLY ABOUT THE NURSERY WINDOW AND SIT ON THE WINDOW LEDGE."

she said. "Suppose they should fall from the tree top."

"If they fall they will begin to flap their wings, and if they flap their wings they will

How Winnie Hatched the Little Rooks

find out they can fly," said Mr. Rook. "I think I'll give the eldest a little push."

"Oh! don't!" cried Winnie.

So he talked to them and argued and flew about to show them how to use their wings and he said:

*"Come off the tree you silly things,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw.
The only way to use your wings,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
Is to know that you were made to fly
And then flap and sail into the sky,
For that's all there is in flying."*

But they shivered and squawked and clung to Winnie until I began to scold them. And after I had scolded them I just marched up to the eldest one and gave him a push myself. He gave a big squawk and tumbled and his brother tumbled after him, for I gave him a push too. And of course the minute they found themselves falling, they began to flutter and flap their wings, and they found out they could fly and they just fluttered and flapped gently to the ground at the foot of their tree, and there they stood squawking and cawing and boasting to each other about their cleverness, and saying they knew they could do it. Mr. Rook flew down to them of course and Winnie was left alone.

"Oh!" she cried. "The nest feels so empty. Will they never come back?"

"They will never come back to stay," I answered.

"But I will make them come and visit you on your tower window ledge. And I am sure Mr. Rook would visit you whether I made him or not."

"Well I did hatch them, did n't I?" said Winnie, "and they did n't starve to death, and I am very fond of Binny—very."

The next evening after Binny had gone to bed, I took her back. She kissed Mr. Rook a good many times and he told her he would come to see her three times a day.

When we flew into the nursery window,

Imitation Winnie was in bed waiting for us and was very glad to see us. She wanted to turn into Kip again.

But the first thing was to make Winnie the right size once more—the size Binny was accustomed to. So my Working Fairies began. They swarmed all over her like bees and began to pull and tap and puffle her out—and in a few minutes there she was standing quite big enough to put on Imitation Winnie's night-gown and get into Imitation Winnie's bed, so that Binny would find her all right when she came in the next morning.

"Oh! it has been nice," said Winnie as she cuddled down into her frilled pillow. "I never shall forget how lovely it is to rock in a nest in a tree top."

When she told Binny about it Binny believed she had been dreaming. Of course she had never known she had been away because Imitation Winnie had looked exactly like her and had always said "please."

But there was one thing she could never understand and that was why so many rooks used to come and fly about the nursery window and sit on the window ledge. They actually seemed to love Winnie, particularly one very glossy handsome young gentleman rook, who called there three times a day and was so tame that he used to perch on her shoulder or stand quite still with his head on one side while she stroked him.

So you see that is the story of one of the things that would never have happened if Fairies had not been real and much cleverer than People.

The next story I am going to write is about two dolls' houses and the doll families who lived in them—and I know both families well. One doll's house was a grand one and one was a shabby, disreputable one. And one doll family I liked, and the other doll family I did n't like. And you will have to read the story and find out for yourself—if you have sense enough—which was the nice one.

Queen Crosspatch



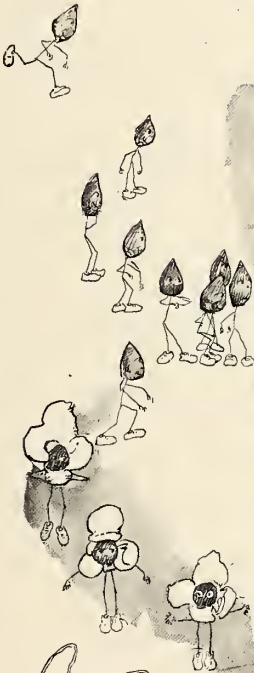


A SONG OF POPCORN

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER.



Sing a song of popcorn
 When the snow-storms rage;
 Fifty little brown men
 Put into a cage,
 Shake them till they laugh
 and leap,
 Crowding to the top;
 Watch them burst their
 little coats-
 Pop! Pop! Pop!



Sing a song of popcorn
 In the firelight:
 Fifty little fairies
 Robed in fleecy white,
 Through the shining wires see
 How they skip & prance
 To the music of the
 flames:
 Dance, dance,
 dance.



Albertine
Randall
Wheeler

Sing a song of popcorn-
 done the frolicing;
 Fifty little fairies
 Strung upon a
 string.

Cool & happy, hand in hand,
 Sugar-spangled, fair,
 Isn't that a necklace fit
 For any child to
 wear?



The Crimson Sweater

By Ralph Henry Barbour

With Illustrations by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER XXVII

THE GAME WITH HAMMOND

<i>Ferry Hill</i>	<i>Hammond</i>
EATON, 2b	MULLEN, 3b
BACON, ss	O'MEARA, ss
THURLOW, 3b	STONE, cf
PRYOR, lf	YOUNG, rf
KIRBY, cf	HARTLEY, 1b
PATTEN, 1b	HYDE, 2b
COLE, c	TAFT, lf
WELCH, rf	SMITH, c
POST, p	ROLLINS, p

POST showed his ability in that first inning. Not a man reached first. Three strikes and out was the invariable rule, and Ferry Hill went wild with joy. If Post could serve Hammond's best batters in such fashion what hope was there for her tail-enders?

But Post was not the only one who could strike out batsmen. In the second half of the inning Rollins disposed of Chub, Bacon and Thurlow in just the same fashion, and so far the honors were even. Ferry Hill, who had loyally cheered each of the warriors as they stepped to the plate, looked less elated. The game speedily resolved itself into a pitchers' battle in which Rollins had slightly the better of it. Two innings passed without a man getting safely to first base. Then Sid, who was still rather bulky in spite of the hard work he had been through, got in the way of one of Rollins' in-shoots and trotted to first ruefully rubbing his hip. He made a valiant effort to profit by Post's scratch hit to shortstop but was easily thrown out at second. Not satisfied with this, Hammond played the double, catching Post a foot from the base. That was the last of the third. So far the game had dragged along uninterestingly. But now things began to happen, and at the end of fourth inning Hammond had scored twice while Ferry Hill had piled up another goose egg.

Again, in the fifth, Hammond scored and an error went down in Thurlow's column. Ferry Hill had begun to have listless moments which boded ill for success. Errors were becoming too frequent to be merely accidents; it was a case of discouragement. Post, however, in

spite of the gradual weakening of most of the nine, held up his end nobly. And Chub never for a moment eased his pace. But the rest of the team, if we except Cole, who was catching Post steadily and well, was plainly suffering from a fit of stage-fright. Whether the attack was to be temporary or permanent remained to be seen. Ferry Hill's supporters were getting uneasy; three runs to nothing seemed a pretty long lead with the game more than half over!

Cole got his round of applause when he stepped to bat in the last of the fifth and it seemed to hearten him. Rollins was still pitching the best of ball, but Cole was a weak batter and the Hammond twirler proposed to rest his muscles when the chance afforded. So he started out to dispose of Cole with as little effort as possible. The first two deliveries went by and were called balls. Then came a strike; then another ball. It was time for Rollins to get down to work. Cole let the next one pass him, hoping that it would give him his base, but the umpire announced strike two. Cole gripped his bat a little farther toward the end and got ready. Smith, the Hammond catcher, read this to mean that he was resolved to strike at the next ball no matter what it looked like and signalled for a drop. It came. The umpire glanced at his tally and waved toward first.

"Four balls!" he called.

Roy and the other cheer leaders leaped to their feet as Cole trotted down the line.

"Start it going now!" cried Roy. "Regular cheer and make it good!"

They made it good. Then they made it better. Chub, back of first, was begging Cole to take a longer lead and assuring him that Rollins would n't throw. Sid selected his bat and stepped up to the plate. There was one excellent thing about Sid; he did n't know what it was to get really nervous. He had his instructions to sacrifice and proceeded to do so by hitting the first ball thrown and trickling it slowly toward third. Third baseman and pitcher both made for it with the result that each interfered with the other and when the ball reached second Cole had been there for ages. And Sid, to his own surprise, was safe on first.

With none out it looked like a score at last, and the cheering became continuous. But Post, although a good pitcher and clever fielder, was a miserable batter. It took just four balls, three of them straight over the plate, to send him back to the bench.

Chub went to the bat looking determined. With two foul strikes on him and two balls he found something he liked the looks of and let go at it. It resolved itself into a long high fly to deep center. Stone was under it in time to gather it in, but not in time to field it home to prevent Cole from scoring. Ferry Hill jumped and shouted. They had made a run at last! Then Bacon tried to bunt Sid home and himself to first and only succeeded in rolling the ball out for a foul. After that he swung at a drop and missed it. He let the next two go by and found the fifth delivery for a safe drive into shortstop's territory, a drive so hard and ugly that it was beyond handling. Sid romped home like a Percheron colt and Bacon got to first. Thurlow killed time until Bacon had stolen second and then in an effort to knock the cover off the ball merely sent up a pop fly that was easily pulled down by second baseman. That ended the fifth inning, but Ferry Hill was vastly more encouraged. Two to three is n't so bad; a run would tie the score.

But they were reckoning without Mr. Right Fielder Young. Mr. Right Fielder Young started the sixth in a way that made the Hammond supporters hug themselves and each other ecstatically. He drove out a three-bagger over Kirby's head. Then when Hartley found Post's first delivery for two bases, sending Young home, the Ferry Hill pitcher went up into the air. Hyde advanced Hartley and went out himself at first. Taft waited and trotted to first and the bases were full. Things looked dark for the home team just then. But there was some comfort in the fact that the batters coming up now were the poorest of the Hammond string.

Smith, Hammond's catcher, knocked a weak liner which Bacon got on the bound and fielded home in time to cut off Hartley. Ferry Hill took heart and cheered. Rollins came to bat, struck at the first ball pitched and sent a foul far back of the boards. Post steadied down now; possibly he forgot his nervousness in his desire to even matters with Rollins for the summary way in which that youth had dealt with him. Post scored another strike against his rival and then Rollins let go at an out-shoot.

The ball bounded off the tip end of the bat and went whirling along the first base line. Rollins lit out in the track of the ball. To field it Patten had to run up a few steps directly in Rollins' path. He got the ball on a low bound

and tried to step aside and tag Rollins as he passed. He tagged him all right but he did n't get out of his way in time, and the runner with head down collided with him and sent him sprawling three yards away. The inning was over, but Patten was in a bad way. Rollins' head had struck him between chest and shoulder and as a result his shoulder blade was broken. It was not serious, said the doctor, but it ended his playing for that day. Patten begged to have his shoulder bandaged and be allowed to return to the game, but the doctor would n't consider the idea for a moment. And Chub, watching Patten being led away to the gymnasium for repairs, felt as though the very bottom had fallen out of things!

Pryor opened the last of the sixth with a "Texas Leaguer" behind first that gave him his base with seconds to spare. But Kirby went out on strikes. Carpenter, a substitute batting in Patten's place, followed suit and the inning came to an inglorious end when Cole sent a liner straight into Rollins' glove.

Chub brought Kirby in from center to first and placed Carpenter in center. Kirby was not a wonderful baseman by any means, but he was the best at Chub's command. Carpenter was merely a common or garden variety of player who could n't be depended on to hit the ball, but could pull down flies when they came near him and field them home with some chance of their reaching the plate in course of time. Chub was pretty well discouraged by this time; only Mr. Cobb kept a cheerful countenance.

"It's never over until the whistle blows," he said. And Chub was too miserable to notice that the coach had confused baseball with football.

The seventh opened with the score four to two and ended with it seven to three. For Post went quite to pieces and the only wonder was that Hammond did n't score six runs instead of three. Mullen, the head of the Hammond batting list, found Post for two bases, O'Meara, the captain, hit him for two more, scoring Mullen, and Stone hit safely to right field. Sid could n't get under that ball in time, but he did field it back so as to keep O'Meara on third. Then Post presented Young with his base, and the bags were full. Hartley hit to Bacon and a double resulted, O'Meara scoring. Hyde, after hitting up six fouls, none of which were capable of being caught, lined out a hot ball that escaped Chub by a foot. Stone scored the third run of the inning. Then Taft obligingly brought the slaughter to an end by putting a foul into Cole's mitten.

Sid opened the last half of the seventh for Ferry Hill by a splendid drive into deep left

field that brought a throb of hope to the breasts of the wavers of the brown and white flags. But stupid coaching by Bacon resulted in his being caught off of first. Post surprised everyone by hitting to third and reaching his base ahead of a slowly fielded ball. Chub fled out to left-fielder. Bacon got his base on balls. Thurlow hit weakly to second who tried to tag his base, slipped and fell and only recovered his footing in time to keep Post from scoring. Pryor knocked a high fly back of third which that baseman allowed to go over his head and Post came in with Ferry Hill's third tally. Kirby struck out. Score, 7—3.

HARRY had viewed proceedings with a sinking heart and when Post went to pieces, making it evident that Kirby would have to be taken from first and placed in the box if only to keep the opponents from entirely running away with the game, she felt desperate. Perhaps she would have continued to feel that way with nothing resulting had she not, while glancing dejectedly about her, spied Horace Burlen in the throng below her. Post had just reached first at the moment and in the resulting delight Harry's departure was not noticed by the Doctor or his wife. She called to Horace over the heads of the throng surrounding him.

"Horace! Please come here a minute. I want to speak to you!"

When he had made his way out of the crowd and joined her she led him to a quiet corner at the back of the stand. Harry's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were sparkling excitedly.

"Horace," she began breathlessly, "Kirby will have to pitch and there's no one to take his place on first! We'll be beaten as sure as anything if Roy does n't play. You've got to tell the truth to Dad, Horace!"

Horace flushed a little but only laughed carelessly.

"You've just got to, Horace!" she cried. "If you don't tell I will. I don't care if I did promise Roy!"

"Say, Harry, what's the matter with you?" Horace asked. "What are you going to tell?"

"About this!" She held up the crimson sweater before him. "You know what I mean, Horace, and there's no use in pretending you don't. You've got to go to Dad this minute and tell him!"

Horace's eyes fell and the blood rushed to his cheeks. He turned away.

"I can't stay here and talk nonsense with you," he muttered, "I want to see the game."

But Harry seized him by the arm.

"Why won't you own up, Horace?" she pleaded. "You might. Roy saved you and—"

"How did he?" asked Horace, pausing.

"Why, by not telling. He knew yesterday. But he would n't tell; he would n't let us tell; he said if he did you'd lose your place in the boat and we'd get beaten. He made us promise not to tell Dad, but I will, just the same, if you don't promise this minute to do it yourself!"

"I don't know anything about the sweater," muttered Horace.

"Oh you big fibber! Jack and Chub were



"'IT'S ABOUT THIS,' HORACE," SAID HARRY, AS SHE HELD UP THE CRIMSON SWEATER BEFORE HIM.

under the bed and saw you take it out of your trunk and put it under Roy's mattress! And we told Roy, and he would n't tell on you because he said—"

"Oh, I've heard all that once," he interrupted roughly. "I guess if he did n't tell he had a mighty good reason for it!"

"I've told you why he did n't!" cried Harry impatiently. "Do you suppose he *wanted* not to play to-day? He spared you and I think you might do that much to help him—and me—and the school."

"It was just a sort of joke," murmured Horace, his eyes on the ground. "I did n't know

it was going to cause so much bother." He laughed uncertainly. "What 's the good of making more rumpus now? Roy can't win the game; we 're beaten already."

"You don't know!" insisted Harry. "Anyhow, it would be only fair and square; and you want to be that, don't you, Horace?"

"And get fired?" he asked glumly. "Oh, sure!"

"You won't be fired! Why, it 's almost the end of school!"

Horace was silent a moment, his gaze on the diamond where the Hammond second baseman was picking himself up from the ground in a successful effort to head off Post at the plate.

"Look here, Harry," he said finally, "do you really think Roy kept quiet so that I could stay in the race? Honest injun?"

"I know he did! Chub and Jack will tell you the same thing! Honest and honest, Horace!"

There was another moment of hesitation. Then Horace squared his shoulders, laughed carelessly and turned away.

"All right, Harry," he said. "Lead me to the slaughter!"

"You go into the box," said Chub to Kirby, "and for goodness sake hold 'em down, old man! Post, you go out to center, will you? Who 've we got for first, sir?"

And Chub turned in perplexity to Mr. Cobb. "Thurlow; let Reynolds take third."

Chub groaned.

"Maybe I 'd better try it myself, sir. And let Reynolds take second."

But Mr. Cobb shook his head.

"Won't do," he answered. "You 're needed where you are."

"All right. Where 's Reynolds? Hello, Roy! Is n't this the limit? If only you had n't been such an idiot!"

"Why?" asked Roy, his face one broad smile.

"Why? Why! Oh, go to thunder! Because if you were playing first we would n't be in such a hole, that 's why."

"I 'm going to," answered Roy.

"Going to what?"

"Play first, if you want me to."

"Want you to!" shouted Chub. "But what about Emmy?"

"He 's given me permission. Horace has 'fessed up. It 's all right."

Chub hugged him violently and deliriously. "Oh, good boy!" he cried. "It 's all right, sir!" he called to Mr. Cobb. "We won't need Reynolds. Porter 's going to play!"

Mr. Cobb hurried across from the bench and nearly wrenched Roy's hand off.

"Doctor willing, is he? That 's good! That 's fine! Do your best, Porter, do your best. Eaton 's a bit discouraged, but I tell him it 's not over till the whistle—that is, till the umpire—er—Well, good luck!" And the coach hurried over to the scorer to arrange the new batting list.

"Come on, fellows!" cried Chub. "Let 's win this old game right here!"

And Ferry Hill trotted out to the field for the first of the eighth.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CRIMSON SWEATER DISAPPEARS

"SEVEN to three," muttered Roy as, drawing his big leather mitten on, he stepped to the base and held his hands out toward Kirby. "That 's four to make up to tie them." *Sock* came a ball against the hollow of his mitt. "If Kirby does his part, though, and they don't get any more runs, we 've got a chance." Back went the ball to the new pitcher and once more it flew across to Roy. "If I was n't surprised when Emmy sent for me! 'There seems to have been a mistake Porter,' he said. 'I trust I have not discovered it too late for the success of the nine. If you are wanted, take a hand, and good luck to you. Come and see me after supper.' What it means—(I beg pardon, Kirb; my fault!)—I don't know; unless Horace told on himself; he was there looking kind of down in the mouth. I 'm certain Harry did n't break her promise!"

"All right, fellows!" shouted Chub, throwing the practice ball to the umpire and trotting to his position. "After 'em hard now. We 're all back of you, Kirb!"

Cole settled his mask into place and Kirby sent three trial balls to him. Then Smith, the first of the Hammond batsmen, stepped into the box.

"Hello, you!" called Chub cheerfully as Roy edged over toward him. "It 's good to see you there, old chap. Get after 'em, Roy. We 're not beaten yet!"

"Not a bit of it!" answered Roy. "We 'll have them on the run in a minute."

A whole lot depended on Kirby, and everyone realized that fact. If he could pitch his best game and hold Hammond down to her present score there might be a chance of Ferry Hill's doing something in the next two innings. But Kirby had had but a few minutes of warming up work and might prove stiff. He got one strike on Smith and then sent him four balls, one after the other, seemingly unable to find the plate. Smith trotted to first, Chub called laughingly across to Kirby.

"That 's right, Kirb, give 'em a show."

Kirby smiled and dug his toe into the ground.

Rollins tapped the plate with his bat and shot a questioning look toward Smith on first. Kirby pitched wide, Cole slammed the ball down to Roy and Roy swung at the runner. But Smith was full-length in the dust with his fingers clutching a corner of the bag. Roy tossed the ball to Kirby. Smith crawled to his feet, dusted his clothes and took a new lead.

"Strike one!" droned the umpire.

Smith trotted back to the bag. The coach sent him off again.

"Take a lead, take a lead!" he shouted through his hands. "He won't throw it! Down with his arm, now! *Look out!*"

But the warning came too late. Kirby had turned suddenly and thrown swiftly, and Roy's downward swinging hand had found Smith a good six inches away from base.

"Out on first," said the umpire.

From the Ferry Hill side came the sound of clapping hands and cheering voices. Smith walked back to the bench and Roy, moistening his mitten in the inelegant but effective manner of the ball player, trotted out to his position.

"One gone, Cap!" he cried. "Let's have the next one!"

"All right, Roy. Next man, fellows!"

The next man was easy for Kirby. Rollins already had one strike and one ball on him and Kirby finished him up in short style, causing him to strike a full six inches above a deceptive drop and then putting a swift ball directly over the center of the plate and catching Rollins napping.

"Well, well," cried Chub merrily. "Only one more, Kirb. They can't touch you, old man!"

But that was n't quite so, for Mullins, the head of the rival batting list, touched him for two bases. O'Meara came up plainly resolved to do as well if not better, but only brought the first half to a close by popping up a high foul which Thurlow had no trouble with.

As the teams changed places the cheering broke out simultaneously from both sides of the diamond, and flags waved tumultuously.

"Who's at bat?" asked Chub as he trotted to the bench.

"Carpenter," answered the scorer. "No, I mean Porter."

"All right, Roy," said Chub.

"Take it easy," counseled Mr. Cobb. "All you want is to reach first. We'll get you on from there."

"What's he like?" asked Roy of Chub as he stooped to select his bat.

"Oh, kind of hard. Look out for slow balls; he's full of 'em and works 'em on you when you're least expecting 'em. You can hit him."

"Hope so," answered Roy as he selected his stick and walked to the plate. As he faced the Hammond pitcher, who grinned at him in probable recollection of the camp adventure, the Ferry Hill supporters started a cheer.

"Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Porter!"

Roy felt a little warming tingle in the region of his heart. Then he was swinging his bat back, for Rollins had undoubled and shot the ball forward. Chub staggered back out of its way.

"Ball!" droned the umpire.

Then came what was seemingly a straight delivery and Roy swung at it. But it went down so suddenly when a few feet from the plate that his bat traveled several inches above it and threw Roy off his balance. Hammond jeered and laughed.

"Don't try to slug, Roy!" called Chub. "Easy does it!"

And so it proved. Rollins sent a "teaser," one of his puzzling slow ones, but Roy had the good fortune to guess it before it reached the plate. He met it with an easy swing and made for first. Third baseman smothered it as it arose from the ground for the first bound and threw swiftly. But Roy was like a streak when it came to running bases, and this fact, coupled with the fact that first baseman had to step wide of the bag to get the throw, made him safe. Chub raced over to coach and seized the moment while the pitcher was returning to his box to whisper instructions.

"Don't wait for a hit; steal on the first ball."

Cole appeared at the plate and Chub retreated to the coacher's box and knelt on the ground.

"Not too far," he counseled anxiously. "Watch out! Wait for the hit. Charlie 'll send you down."

Rollins looked over at him, but did n't throw. The new player was plainly timid and would n't give much trouble. So he turned his attention to Cole. Roy pranced nervously about on his toes a scant yard from base while the pitcher doubled himself into a knot. Then, as the arm began to drop swiftly, Roy leaped forward and shot for second.

"He 's gone!" cried the infielders.

Cole swung at the ball, which was a drop, the Hammond catcher found it near the ground, side-stepped and sent it swiftly down to second. Unfortunately for success, he delivered it head-high to shortstop and in the moment that it took for the latter player to swing down with

it Roy found safety. Squatting on the bag he waited for proceedings to resume, dusting the brown soil from the front of his shirt and hearkening happily to the cheers which thundered from the Ferry Hill side. Then he was up and taking a good long lead in response to the appeals of Thurlow back of third. Rollins evidently felt sore, for Roy had done what few had succeeded in doing that spring; he prided himself on the fact that runners found it mighty hard work to steal bases on him! So he tried twice to catch Roy napping on second, but failed each time. Cole sent up a foul and then fanned out.

Sidney Welch took his place. Sid had made a good record to-day for a youngster and Roy looked for a hit. It came at once. Sid took a try at the first delivery and sent it speeding into short center field. Center slammed the ball down to third, but Roy was up again by the time it got there. Post came to bat looking determined. Roy danced along third base line and once narrowly escaped a put-out when Rollins slammed the ball over to third. Then Post let drive a straight one and lifted a high fly into short left field. He was caught out and neither Roy nor Sid had a chance to advance.

"Two gone!" shouted Cole over at first. "Everything goes!"

"You 've got to score, Roy!" coached Thurlow. "Take a good lead now! That 's it!"

Chub was at bat. Rollins sent a strike over. Chub tapped the plate. Sid edged farther away from first. Rollins pitched again.

"He 's gone!" was the cry. "Watch home!"

Sid was lighting out for second. Shortstop ran in and catcher threw down to him. Roy ran a few steps farther toward the home plate and stayed there, ready to go on or return to third. Sid doubled back for first. Shortstop sized up the situation, made as though to throw to third and then sent the ball to first. Sid turned again toward second. Roy was dancing about a third of the way home.

"Watch home!" shouted the catcher.

But first baseman did n't hear, or hearing thought he knew better what to do. Sid was between him and second baseman now, scrambling back and forth like a rat in a trap. First threw to second and—

"Home! Home!" shrieked the rest of the players.

Second threw home, but he threw wildly and the ball struck the ground to the left of the catcher and went bounding back toward the fence. Roy picked himself up and, patting the dust from his clothes, walked panting to the bench. Sid had reached third. Ferry Hill

shouted and capered and waved brown and white flags.

The scorer credited Ferry Hill with one more precious tally and Chub stepped smiling back into the box.

Rollins was the least bit rattled for the first time during the game. Chub found a nice one and Sid raced home. Out between right fielder and center fielder the ball fell to earth untouched and Chub was on first.

The cheering from the Ferry Hill side was wild and discordant, and it did n't stop for an instant until Chub was caught stealing second and put out two yards from the bag.

Ferry Hill's supporters were happier than they had been for an hour and a half. To be sure, Hammond was still two runs to the good, but seven to five sounded a whole lot nicer than seven to three; and, besides, Ferry Hill's best batsmen were coming up for the last of the ninth. Hammond went to bat, with Stone, her center fielder up.

But Kirby had found his pace. Stone stood idle while two strikes and one ball were called on him. Then he swung at what seemed to be made for his purpose. Then he went back to the bench. Young took his place. Young was a good hand with the stick and even Kirby's most puzzling balls could n't keep him from first. He lined out the hottest kind of a sizzler over Chub's head and was ready to go to second when Post fielded it. But he decided to stay where he was for the present. Perhaps had he known what was to befall Hartley and Hyde he would have risked more than. As it was, when he left first base it was not to take second but to trot out to his position in right field. For Kirby struck out the next two batsmen in a style extremely pleasing to his friends and was the recipient of an embarrassing ovation when he walked to the bench.

"Here 's our last chance," said Chub, a trifle nervously, as he ran in. "You 're up, Bacon. Do something now, for goodness sake!"

Well, not to prolong the suspense, Bacon did something. He struck out; struck out as miserably as though his side did n't need two or three runs the worst way in the world. And he went back to the bench and Chub and the others looking ready to cry.

"Hard luck," said Chub, striving to seem cheerful.

"Rotten batting!" muttered Bacon angrily.

Thurlow brought hope back, however, by getting to first on second baseman's juggling of a liner. Pryor went to bat with instructions to bunt, tried it twice and then went out to third baseman. There were two out, a man on first and the tag end of the batting list was in sight.

On the Hammond side the cheering was loud and contented. On the opposite side the brown flags were drooping dejectedly and the stands were emptying. Clearly, defeat was to be Ferry Hill's portion to-day.

But Kirby was n't ready to acknowledge it. At least, he told himself, he would have one good bang at that ball. He could do no more than go out. So he slammed away at two deliveries, waited while a third went by and then hammered out a clean two-base-hit that sent Thurlow ambling across the plate for the sixth tally. Somehow, that seemed to change the entire aspect of things. Homeward-bound spectators paused and edged back to the diamond. Ferry Hill's cheers, which for the last five minutes had been weak and quite evidently "machine made," now broke out afresh and the air became full of waving brown flags.

It was "Porter at bat!" now, and Chub was whispering intensely in Roy's ear, accompanying him to the plate and parting from him finally with a slap on the shoulder that was heard across on the stand.

Now, if there's one thing in the whole wide world calculated to give a chap a fit of nervous prostration, it is to go to bat in the last half of the ninth inning with the knowledge that on his ability or inability to hit safely hangs victory or defeat. Roy had that knowledge, and little chills crept up and down his spine when he considered it. So he tried not to. He tried to forget everything save that he was there to hit the ball; everything save that and what Chub had whispered in his ear at the last.

"When you 're up against a bigger man, Roy, grin as hard as you can grin!" Don't forget what your brother told you! That's all, you dear old chump!"



"THEN THE PROCESSION BEGAN ITS MARCH AROUND THE BASES ACCORDING TO TIME-HONORED CUSTOM."

So Roy grinned. Perhaps he grinned so much that he quite disordered his features, for he found Rollins looking at him curiously as though wondering as to his sanity. But Roy still grinned—and watched.

Rollins wound himself up and unwound himself, and the ball shot forward. Roy judged it quickly and let it go by. The umpire vindicated his judgment

"Ball!" he said.

Then came something of a different caliber and Roy stepped down and hit at it. It went by without a jar.

"Strike!" said the umpire.

Again Roy tried his luck, spun half around and recovered himself to find Rollins doing the grinning. Roy grew angry. To have Rollins laugh at him was too much. He gripped his bat and took position again. Then he remembered his grin. It was hard to get it back, but he did it. Roy has an idea that that grin worried Rollins; be that as it may, it is a fact that the next ball went so wide of the plate that catcher had to throw himself on the ground to stop it and Kirby was safe on second.

"Two and two!" cried the catcher, setting his mask firm again. "Right after him, Jim. He's pretty easy."

Jim undoubtedly meant Roy to strike at the next one, but Roy did not because the ball evidently had no intention of coming over the base.

"Three balls," remarked the umpire in a disinterested tone, just as though hundreds of hearts were not up in hundreds of throats.

For the first time since coming to bat Roy had a gleam of hope. Rollins had put himself in a hole and the next ball would have to be a good one. And it was.

Roy swung sharply to meet it, dropped his bat like a hot potato and streaked for first. Out in left field a cherry and black stockinged youth was gazing inquiringly toward the afternoon sky. Home raced Kirby, around the bases streaked Roy. He had seen the ball now and hope was dying out within him. Left fielder seemed directly under it. But he would run as hard as he knew how, at any rate; there was no harm in that; and you never could tell what would happen in baseball. So Roy went flying across second base and headed for third like a small cyclone in a hurry. And as he did so his heart leaped, for left fielder had suddenly turned and was running sideways and backward by turns out into the field.

He had misjudged it badly. Had he not done so I should have had a different ending to narrate. But he did, and when the ball came to earth he was not quite under it although he made a frantic effort to get it. And by the time he had picked it up and relayed it to short-stop Roy was turning past third. And by the time shortstop had his hands about it and had turned, Roy was almost at the plate. And by the time — But what's the use in drawing a victory out in this way? Roy beat that ball to the plate by at least two seconds. And in one more second he was being literally car-

ried to the bench in the midst of a howling, shrieking, dancing mob of Ferry Hillites. Perhaps Ferry Hill would have continued the game until her third man had been put out had she had a chance. But when the spectators take it into their heads to have a war-dance in the middle of the diamond, ball playing is extremely difficult. So Chub shouted something to the umpire, the scorer slammed his book shut on a score of 8—7 and pandemonium had everything its own way.

Here and there a Ferry Hill player tried to sneak back to the gymnasium undetected, but in every case he was captured and placed high up on the shoulders of frantic, joy-crazed friends. There was no band there to lead that triumphant procession around and around the diamond, but no one felt the necessity for one. There was noise enough without it.

Roy, swaying unsteadily on the shoulders of a little group of hatless, red-faced youths, looked down on the sea of pushing, panting figures and grinned happily. Chub, clinging desperately to the heads of two of his bearers, charged through the throng in Roy's direction.

"Hello, there!" he bawled. "Use your spurs and come on!"

But Roy's bearers needed no spurs. They charged the crowd and Roy went bobbing through a little forest of upraised eager hands. Then the procession took some semblance of form and began its march around the bases according to time-honored custom. As Roy, following closely behind Chub, passed third, he found Doctor Emery and his family beside him. The Doctor was smiling broadly, Mrs. Emery was waving a diminutive banner and Harry was dancing and shrieking, her red hair floating in disordered wisps about her face. She caught sight of Roy and darted toward him.

"Wait! Wait!" she commanded shrilly.

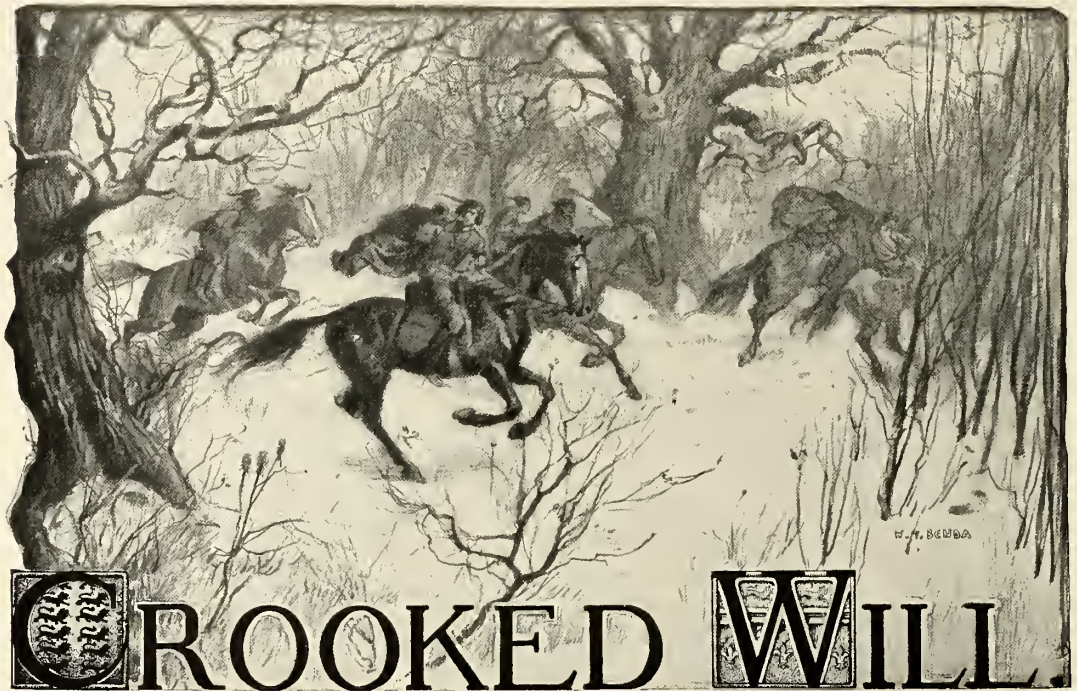
Roy's bearers waited, laughing and panting protestingly.

Harry reached up and tossed a crimson sweater about Roy's shoulders.

"I'm so glad, Roy," she cried breathlessly. "And it's all mended; I did it myself!"

Roy nodded, drew the arms of his precious sweater across his chest and called his thanks. Then, impatient of the delay, his bearers charged forward again and Roy clutched wildly to keep his seat. Thrice around the diamond the procession went, cheering and singing, and then it turned across the track and filed through the gate in the hedge and so through the June twilight and under the elms to the gymnasium.

And in the van of the line, like a vivid standard of victory, swayed The Crimson Sweater.



By George Phillips

With Illustrations by W. T. Benda

KING WILLIAM rode a-hunting in the merry time of year,
When frosts are strong and nights are long and Yule-tide draweth near.

He wound his horn at starting and to the blithesome sound
Full half a hundred gentlemen came trooping close around.
He wound his horn at even when the snow began to fall,
And only one attendant was left to hear the call.

Then laughed King William, cheerily, "A scanty train have I;
The darkness cometh rapidly, the snow begins to fly;
The red deer led us such a chase the town is far away,
Seek we some hut where we may bide till dawning of the day."

Then rode they many a weary league all through the darksome wood
Until at last they came to where a little cottage stood.
The forester was far away, the door was barred and fast,
But as the page's voice rang out they heard a sound at last.

The bar was drawn, the door flung wide, there stood a little maid
Who gazed at them wide-eyed until the King cried—"Art afraid?"
Then gaily laughed the little maid and clapped her hands in glee,
Crying, "Oh! the bonny horses! Wilt give the gray to me?"

The page has put the weary steeds beneath a shelter rude,
The little maid has stirred the blaze and brought the guests some food.
Then, standing close beside the King, she raised her curly head—
"I prithee tell me what 's thy name?" the little maiden said.

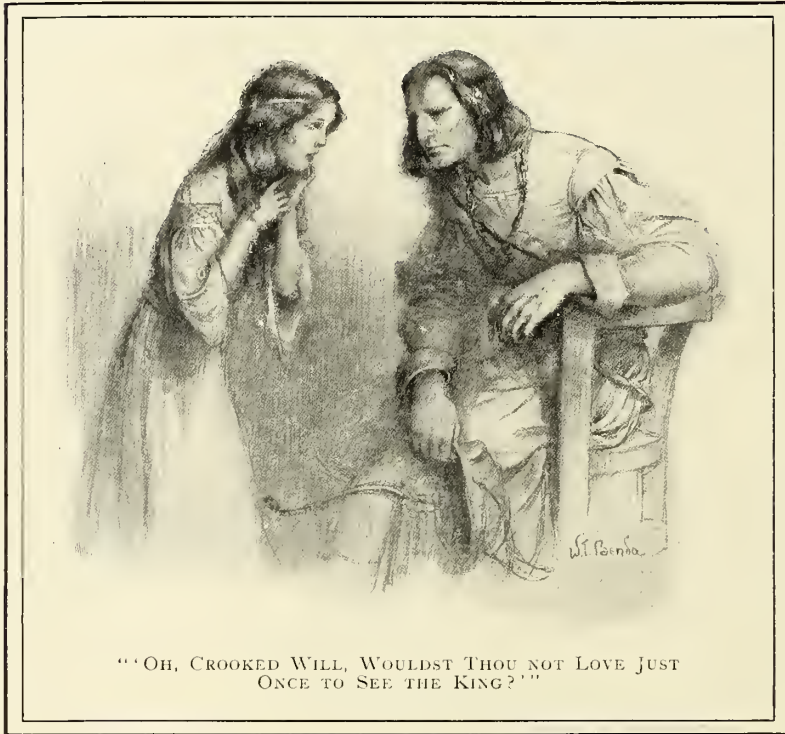


W.F. Densie

"THE BAR WAS DRAWN, THE DOOR FLUNG WIDE, THERE STOOD A LITTLE MAID."

King William laid the flagon down from which he'd drunk his fill.
 "Art not afraid of hunchback forms? Men call me Crooked Will."

(And was it but a straying gleam from out the firelight?
 Or was it truly sudden tears that made her eyes so bright?)
 Then softly said she—"Father had a brace of puppies tall;
 But one was lame and might not hunt—I liked him best of all.
 How bravely shine thy golden spurs—and what a wondrous ring!
 I prithee tell me who thou art?" "Perchance I am the King."



Then gaily laughed the little maid and shook her head in scorn,
 "The King would not come riding here at nightfall so forlorn!
 The King sits on a golden throne, a scepter in his hand—
 A royal robe about him flung, he judges all the land.
 The King is served from golden plates by men on bended knee—
 "But thou hast eaten from my plate and shared the food with me.

"On winter nights I hear the wolves when all alone am I,
 The hut is cold, the snow is deep, no stars are in the sky.
 And Father ranges all the woods to guard the King's red deer,
 But sitting by the hearth I feel no shadow of a fear.
 I shut my eyes and see the King upon his golden throne,
 And if I could not see him then, I'd dare not stay alone.

"But in the great white hall I see the courtiers all around—
 The ladies fair in jeweled gowns that trail upon the ground.
 The pages dressed in silk I see—Oh! everything is fair,
 But best of all there stands one form, blue-eyed with golden hair.

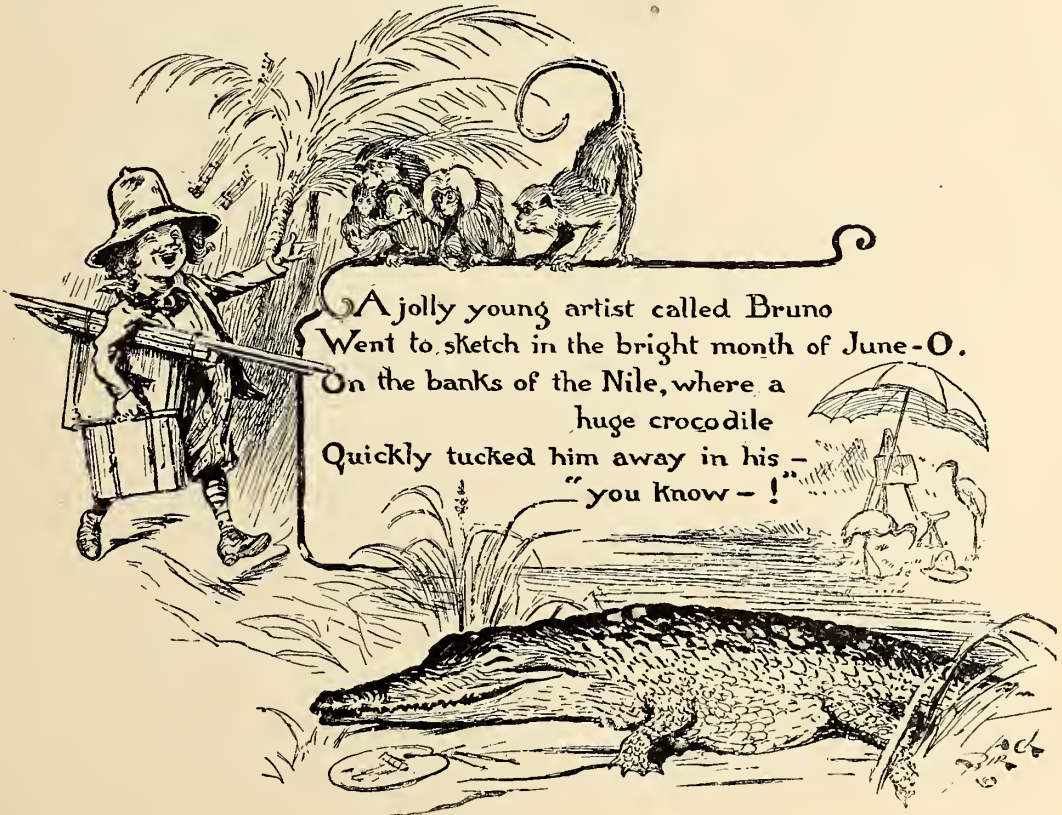
So straight he stands, so tall he seems, he towers o'er everything!
Oh, Crooked Will, wouldst thou not love, just once to see the King?"

At midnight came a snow-clad band to find the missing King,
With stamping hoofs and jingling bits they made the forest ring.
They came into the little hut to search in wild alarm—
And found a little maid asleep against the lame King's arm.

And when they rode away again she rubbed her sleepy eyes,
And standing in the doorway watched them go with many sighs.
And still they heard her calling as they galloped on their way—
"Come back again, dear Crooked Will, and bring the bonny gray!"

Next morning came a silk-clad page to find the little maid,
And many a rare and royal gift before her feet he laid.
But best of all the gifts he bore, before he went away
He left the steed he rode upon, the gentle, bonny gray.

And through the lonely winter nights she dreamed her fancy still,
And never knew and never guessed the King was Crooked Will.



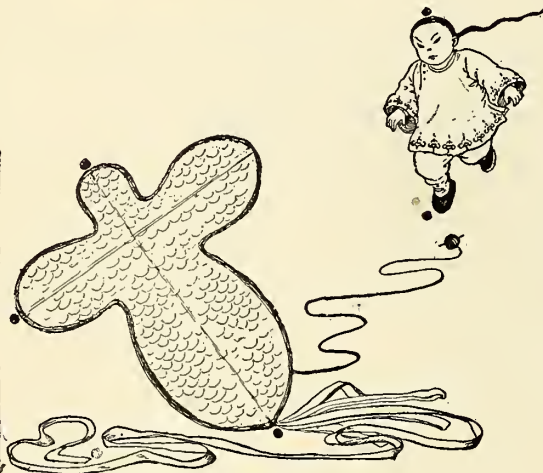
A jolly young artist called Bruno
Went to sketch in the bright month of June-O.
On the banks of the Nile, where a
huge crocodile
Quickly tucked him away in his -
"you know - !"



Two very different pictures
from the same set
of dots.

By M. J.

"Six little dots on the page, my dears,
You may put them wherever you will,
Double or single, or near or far,
Circle or diamond, square or star,
However, wherever, the little dots are,
They shall make you a picture still."



No. 1.



No. 2.

A splendid big Kite,
With a wonderful tail,
To float on the breeze
Or to dance with the gale,
Like a bird in its frolicsome flight!
To be sure, far beyond
There's a little Chinese
Who is running this way,
But 't is easy to see
That this tale is the Tail of a Kite!

A little Chinese,
With a beautiful queue
That falls from his cap
With its button of blue,
And a jacket as fine as can be!
To be sure, there's a Kite
Far away in the sky,
But this tale, it is easy
To see with one eye,
Is the Tail of a little Chinese!

Three very different pictures
from the same set
of dots.



No. 1.



No. 2.

THE
LITTLE DUTCH
GIRL
AND THE BEAR

By M. J.

Cunning little Dutch girl,
Face so round and sunny,
Sitting on her little stool
Where the air is sweet and cool,
Eating bread and honey.

Great fuzzy brown bear,
Does n't he look funny!
Tina's bib beneath his chin,
Smiling as he gobbles in
Tina's bread and honey.

Tired little Dutch girl,
Has n't any money.
"Come and ride with me," says Bear,
"You've already paid your fare,
Dear, in bread and honey!"



No. 3.

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

Illustrated by George Varian

HOW PINKEY FOILED A PRACTICAL JOKER

"COME ON 'Bunny,' let 's hurry, the church is all lit up and lots o' people are going in already."

It was the night of the church festival and fair, and "Pinkey" Perkins, accompanied by his chum, "Bunny" Morris, was hurrying churchward. Bunny had "come by" for Pinkey, who lived somewhat nearer the church, and they had started as early as permission was granted.

At Pinkey's exclamation, made on coming in sight of the church, the pair broke into a run, fearful lest they miss something in the way of entertainment. They had looked forward with great anticipation to this evening for a week or more and they were dressed in their newest and most uncomfortable Sunday attire in honor of the occasion. Each clutched in his hand three bright new dimes which their parents had awarded them to meet the evening's expenses.

Arriving at the church, Pinkey hung his cap on one of the hooks in the vestibule and entered the main hall, followed closely by Bunny. Pinkey's first act was to cast a hurried glance over those already assembled, searching for a familiar face and figure, without which no function, however brilliant, could be a success to him. But his search availed him nothing. His Affinity, Harriet Warren, had not yet arrived, which fact he noted with some concern. He had debated, mentally, sending her a note, "requesting the pleasure of her company" on this occasion, but had finally decided that, owing to the nature of the entertainment, he would wait until it was over and then ask to "see her home."

"Let 's look around and see what they 've got, and what table we want to sit at when we eat our ice cream and cake," said Pinkey, moving toward the center of the room, but still managing to keep a close watch on the door. Each table was presided over by two or more zealous church workers, and all were

anxious, even to the point of soliciting customers, to supply ice cream, peaches and cream, lemonade, cake, and other delicacies, as well as all sorts of fancy articles which had been donated for the good of the cause.

Presently, as Pinkey looked for the fiftieth time toward one of the two entrance doors he caught sight of a head of golden curls and a bright laughing face, which he imagined showed a gleam of recognition when the dancing eyes saw that he was watching for them. What gave him additional pleasure was the fact that his Affinity had come with several girls of her own age and that Eddie Lewis, his rival for her affections, had not yet put in an appearance.

The attendance grew rapidly now, and the small rooms adjoining the large one were thrown open to accommodate the crowd.

Pinkey was not long in maneuvering his position so as to bring up at his Affinity's side in the most casual way, and he resented it deeply that Eddie, who had by this time arrived, should stay so close to them and seem to consider himself a factor in her entertainment. Also he grew somewhat heavy-hearted when his Affinity seemed inclined to encourage Eddie and to act as though he too were entitled to notice. He felt sure that he stood above Eddie in her estimation and he could not understand why she should not show it more plainly.

But Pinkey stood manfully by his post and when opportunity offered, said to his Affinity in a low, nervous undertone, while his heart thumped too loud for comfort: "Would you like to have some ice cream after a while?" He wanted to be sure of his ground and also to have some valid claim on her company for the remainder of the evening.

"Yes, I guess so," she replied vaguely, looking away, and then added tauntingly, "unless there 's somebody else you 'd rather ask."

"There 's nobody else in town I 'd *think*

of asking," asserted Pinkey, stoutly, before he realized what an open declaration he was making.

It was not easy to get rid of Eddie, however, and what bothered Pinkey a great deal was that every time he had about succeeded in getting his Affinity well separated from the crowd, it would suddenly become necessary for her to hold a whispered conversation with some girl, which occasioned her returning to

her through the more crowded parts of the room, in raising his drooping spirits.

Pinkey and Bunny were two of a very small number of the boys who had money enough to treat their girl-friends and he felt both proud and confused as he escorted his Affinity to an empty table and generously requested her to order what she desired in the way of refreshments. He would have liked to sit at the table with Bunny and Bess Knapp, where

they would not be so conspicuous, but his Affinity and Bess were still at outs over a recent quarrel and it would be two or three days before they were on speaking terms again.

"I think I 'll have some strawberry ice cream," faltered Hattie, blushing as she observed the good-natured attention she and Pinkey were receiving from the older people on all sides. It was their first appearance, together and entirely alone, in such a public place and it confused her as much as it did Pinkey, if not more.

"I 'll have some strawberry, too," said Pinkey, and then turning to his Affinity he continued: "What kind of cake do you like?"

"I don't believe I care for any cake," she replied, promptly. It took all her courage



V

"DO YOU MEAN FOR BOTH?" INQUIRED THE LADY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the crowd again and within the danger zone of Eddie's perseverance. Then Pinkey would walk slowly back and wait uneasily until the conversation was over and seek a good opportunity to start again. This and the lack of assistance he received from his Affinity in discouraging Eddie's advances worried him into a state of despair. But at last, when he had become about as miserable as the artful ways of his Affinity could make him, she allowed herself to be entirely isolated from the others and in a few moments she had succeeded, by a few coy glances and an occasional confiding pressure on his arm, as he conducted

to decline it, but she remembered that when Pinkey had invited her in the first place, he had only mentioned ice cream, and she feared that his generosity lacked financial backing.

"Ice cream 's no good without cake," said Pinkey, airily. "Two pieces of chocolate cake, please, with plenty of frosting on them."

When they had been served and had begun to enjoy their refreshments, Pinkey noted with delight that his Affinity had changed her mind about not caring for cake and that when they had finally finished there was not even a crumb to be seen around her plate.

The lady who had served them asked if

they desired anything more, and this time, when his Affinity declined, Pinkey did not urge her to change her decision.

"How much is it?" he inquired carelessly, as he arose from the table.

"Do you mean for both?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, indeed, I mean for both," answered Pinkey, visibly nettled. "Of course I would n't ask a girl to eat ice cream with me and then expect her to pay for it!"

"Thirty cents," replied the lady without making any apology for arousing Pinkey's ire.

Pinkey laid the three dimes on the table and walked away, as though it would have made no difference to him had it been twice that amount.

After it seemed that everybody had partaken of refreshments and had purchased all the fancy articles they cared to, the Sunday-school superintendent mounted the low platform at one end of the room, and announced that there would be a short program to complete the evening properly and that the first number would be an organ duet by two young ladies of the Sunday-school, who then arose and came forward. After a few necessary preliminaries, such as arranging music, moving lamps, and dexterously whirling the tops of the organ stools round and round, screwing them up and then down again to their original position, they entered on their selection, tremulously at first, then vigorously. One of the girls occasionally added to the evident difficulty of execution by crossing her right hand over her left and striking a few doleful notes on the lower end of the keyboard, while her companion pumped valiantly at the pedals all the while and ran her fingers up among the tinkling notes as high as she could go.

After bowing and blushing properly at the applause which followed their effort, the pair resumed their seats and the superintendent arose and announced that the next treat would be a recitation by Miss Harriet Warren. Pinkey felt his heart swell almost to bursting as his Affinity slid from her chair beside him and picked her way starchily through the well-filled room to the platform. He also gloated over the fact that all eyes would be upon her when she returned to her seat and would see that it was by his side that she chose to sit.

So intent was he on her recitation, and the charming figure she made on the platform, that he failed to notice the stealthy removal

of the chair beside him, on which his Affinity had been sitting, and the suppressed titter behind him as Eddie Lewis, with a great show of mock importance, seated himself upon it, folded his arms, and looked about at his friends for approval of his joke.

Pinkey had not taken his eyes from his Affinity from the time she left him, and when he saw her stop on the way back to her seat, look perplexed for a moment, and then ask another little girl to share her chair with her, he could not understand what it meant. Then, for the first time, he noticed that the chair was gone and his wrath rose instantly. He looked around to see if there was anyone near who might have done it, but Eddie had wisely vacated the chair before Pinkey missed it and had tiptoed his way to another part of the room, followed by "Putty" Black and two or three others.

Pinkey did not give any further indication of the anger which was consuming him for he knew that it would only please all the more whoever had taken this method of teasing him. He had a good idea who it was and made up his mind then and there to settle with the guilty one as soon as he should find out to a certainty.

He sat through the remainder of the program with a load of anger and despair on his heart that crushed out his interest in everything. Gloomily he regarded his Affinity, whose back was toward him, wondering if she would be so inconsiderate as to blame him for allowing her chair to be taken away and possibly to think he did not care to have her return to him. His misery was doubled when the last number was ended and, as the people arose and began preparing to leave the church, his Affinity left the chair, which her friend had so kindly shared with her, and without so much as a glance in his direction, walked straight to the little room where several of the ladies and girls had left their wraps.

But Pinkey resolved not to be too deeply troubled over it, for it was but a small matter and one which could be easily explained to her on their way home. With his burden somewhat lightened by this reasoning, he started for the vestibule to get his cap so that he could get around to the other entrance and be there waiting for her when she came out.

To his surprise and perplexity, Pinkey found that his cap was not where he had hung it, nor could he see it on any of the hooks near-by. At first he did not consider

his discovery seriously and expected any moment to find it under some of the coats and wraps which were hanging all about and folded on chairs in the corners.

When at last it dawned upon him that his cap must have been taken away purposely and hidden, he was downright angry. Savagely he searched everywhere he could think of, little caring that he needlessly disturbed the belongings of others in his whirlwind search. Everybody and everything seemed to be against him just at present but he got a few



“OVERTURNING CHAIRS IN HIS MAD HASTE.”

crumbs of comfort by disarranging these things, since somebody had so carefully hidden his.

He started to leave the church without his cap and then he realized that it was his Sunday one and that it would cripple his wardrobe very seriously to lose it, and furthermore it would give too much satisfaction to the culprit who had hidden it to see him leaving bareheaded amid the laughing taunts of the crowd of boys, which he knew would be assembled just outside.

After charging about in the small room which adjoined the vestibule on one side, overturning chairs in his mad haste to find his cap before his Affinity should leave, and

meeting with no result, save the astonished looks of the more deliberate ones still standing about, Pinkey decided to look in the dark room adjoining, wherein was one of the furnaces which furnished heat for the building.

He pushed open the door leading into the furnace room.

Once inside, Pinkey struck a match and looked all about. At first, the glare of the match blinded him; then, as he became more able to see, his eye caught sight of a white object on the floor, near a long wooden bench. Picking it up, he discovered it to be a handkerchief, which, on closer inspection, proved to have Eddie Lewis's initials in one corner.

“Just as I expected,” muttered Pinkey; “two to one my cap’s under that bench,” and with that he stuffed the handkerchief in his coat pocket, dropped on his knees, and began feeling blindly under the bench. In another moment, his search was rewarded by his drawing forth the cap from beneath the far corner, soiled and dusty from being thrown on the floor. But still it was his cap and its condition did not worry him then.

Madly he rushed from the room, through the vestibule, and out into the open air, and it would not have been good for Eddie Lewis to have encountered him at that moment. There were still a few boys standing around the door, and although a large part of the people had gone by this time, Pinkey hoped against fate that his Affinity might still be among those remaining.

As he started for the other entrance, where he hoped to find her, he heard someone calling to him softly from the shadows beneath the trees.

Looking in that direction, Pinkey could just make out the figure of the village fiddler, a sort of half-witted fellow, known to everybody as “Liberty Jim.” Jim was sitting on the ground, his back against the fence, and under his arm was clutched his old violin which was his constant companion. He was very fond of children and had recently taken an especial liking for Pinkey. His chief occupations were sawing wood, tending gardens and playing patriotic airs on his violin, which latter habit had given him his nickname. He also found time to make sleds and kites for the boys during the Winter and Spring.

“What is it, Jim?” inquired Pinkey, hurriedly, not wishing to ignore his friend and still desiring to get to the door as soon as possible.

“She’s gone with that Lewis boy, Pinkey,”

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

replied Jim in an undertone. "I saw him ask to take her home and she went by here with him just a few minutes ago." Jim knew of Pinkey's admiration for Harriet Warren and concluded that it must be for her that he was looking.

That blow was worse than all others combined, and although it was what Pinkey had feared would happen, the realization of it made him thoroughly sick at heart. To think that his Affinity should now be on her way home with Eddie, who was the cause of his not being at the door to meet her and who had also undoubtedly taken away her chair and thus caused her vexation and embarrassment, for which he was no doubt held to blame.

Pinkey's sense of justice could not stand such a shock without demanding immediate and urgent protest.

"Thanks, Jim," said Pinkey, evidently very much in earnest, "I'll get even with him yet, though, you see if I don't," and Pinkey started off alone in the direction which he knew his Affinity and Eddie must have taken. He did not intend to overtake them; he wanted to meet them face to face, and, to this end, after he had come in sight of them, he cut diagonally across a square, and, after reaching a side street, so timed his steps that he should meet them at the next corner, immediately under the street lamp.

When they came along, Pinkey walked up to the surprised pair and, holding out the handkerchief he had found, demanded: "Ed Lewis, is this your handkerchief?" His eyes were ablaze with the injustice that had been done him and he was so intent on settling with Eddie that for the moment he entirely ignored the presence of his Affinity.

Eddie was taken completely off his guard. He started visibly and unconsciously began feeling, first in one pocket, then in another, but no word came from him. Harriet stood by, looking at the queer performance in dumb amazement.

"Well, *is it?*" persisted Pinkey, holding the handkerchief still closer. "Say something."

Eddie tried to speak, but his voice failed him and his attempt amounted only to a pitiful swallow and a few low, mumbling sounds. Finally, he managed to admit, by nodding

his head and some more unintelligible sounds that he was the owner of the hateful object Pinkey held in his hand.

"Well," continued Pinkey, pitilessly, "how did it come by the bench in the furnace room where somebody hid my cap?"

No answer came from Eddie. He hung his head, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and reached mechanically for the handkerchief.

"No you don't," said Pinkey, drawing it back. "How did it come there? Did you lose it when you were hiding my cap?"

There was no use denying the charge; the evidence was clearly against him, so Eddie, fearing to deepen his guilt by disowning it, slowly nodded his head.

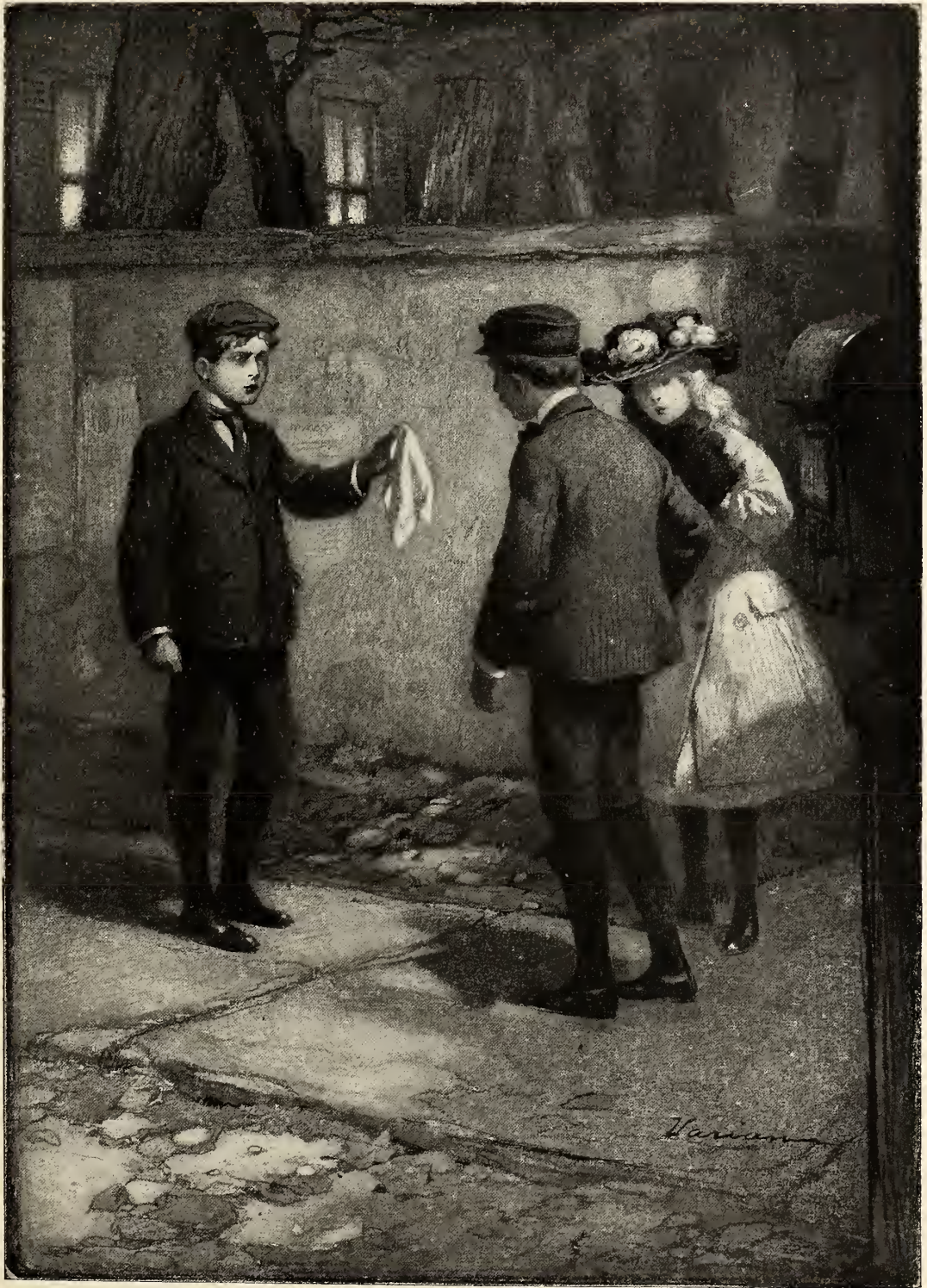
"And did you take away the chair from beside mine when I was n't watching?" Pinkey did not intend to leave any doubt in his Affinity's mind as to who was responsible for his apparent lack of attention to her and was driving his advantage with dogged persistence to the end.

"I was just fooling," Eddie managed to answer, almost inaudibly.

"Well, that kind of fooling does n't go with me," said Pinkey, "and the sooner you find it out the better. There's only one thing that keeps me from licking you, right here and now," and for the first time he turned his gaze toward his Affinity, who had retained her attitude of speechless surprise all the time Pinkey was exposing Eddie's perfidy in such a heartless way.

After a moment, he moved away a couple of steps and said to his Harriet, as he looked frankly up at her: "Now you know just why the chair was n't there for you when you came back to sit down, and you know why I was n't at the door waiting for you when you started home. I'm here now, and it's for you to say who goes the rest of the way home with you."

With one glance of mingled scorn and pity at the dejected figure beside her, Harriet walked boldly forward to where Pinkey was standing and placed her arm confidently in his. Without another word to the crushed and disgraced Eddie, Pinkey dropped the telltale handkerchief on the sidewalk beside him and in triumph bore his Affinity away in the direction of her home.



"'IS THIS YOUR HANDKERCHIEF?'"



THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

On the Bridge of an Ocean Liner

By Francis Arnold Collins

Illustrated by photographs taken by the author on the bridge of the "Deutschland."

How many of you boys and girls have ever been on the Captain's bridge of a trans-atlantic steamship?

Indeed few mere landsmen ever come to know the bridge of an ocean liner well. Throughout the voyage this narrow platform is a very busy place after its own quiet fashion and visitors are likely to be in the way. All responsibility in guiding the great ship and safeguarding the passengers centers here. The steamer may be more than an eighth of a mile in length with a population of more than 3000 people. The powerful engines, measured by tens of thousands of horsepower, must tirelessly drive this great mass through the water almost at the speed of an ordinary railroad train. The life-saving devices throughout the ship must be always ready at an instant's notice. So perfect, however, is the machinery of these great ships, so sensitive the great system of nerves which center at the bridge, that a single hand may

control them. The bridge of one of these liners may be compared to a great keyboard.

As a rule it is only on the captain's invitation that one is allowed in these upper regions. When you are so fortunate as to be invited, you are led up a narrow flight of steps from the boat deck to the bridge and thence to the pilot house. The bridge, especially in fair weather, will be found to be a very quiet retreat. At this height you no longer feel the deep throbbing of the engines; while the busy decks seem to have been left far below. There are seldom more than two persons on duty here; one, an officer, paces quietly back and forth across the bridge, the other, a seaman, stands with his hand on the wheel intently watching the binnacle in which is suspended the compass. No conversation is allowed on the bridge, and scarcely an unnecessary word is spoken.

The bridge may be sixty feet or more in length, probably five feet or more in width

and with a considerable open space at the sides of the wheel-house. At sea the front and sides of the bridge are likely to be built up with canvas to protect the officers from the force of the wind which blows "great guns" in so exposed a position. A row of mysterious looking instruments called telegraph signals and a series of speaking tubes are grouped at the center of the bridge; at either end is a broad low seat. The wheel house at the center of the bridge, a heavy structure of polished wood, seems small when one thinks of the work which must be done there.

THE WHEEL-HOUSE

On entering the wheel-house a landsman is likely to be awed by the groups of instruments and masses of complicated machinery on every hand. Your eye will first be caught by the wheel, or wheels, for often there are two or more of them one directly in line with the other. The first of these is an insignificant looking affair perhaps a foot or so in diameter which seems out of all proportion to the work it must accomplish. Directly in front of it stands the ship's compass while back of it are massed many complicated wheels and levers which transform the slightest motion of the wheel into the great force which guides the ship.

All the great steamers are steered nowadays by the aid of steam or electricity. In the old days half a dozen men at times would struggle with the wheel in high seas, and sailors have been killed by the rapid revolving of the projecting spoke-handles. The modern steering-gear makes it possible to guide these great ships with the slightest pressure. The rudder weighing many tons is perhaps five hundred feet astern yet with a touch of the polished wheel the great 700 foot ship will swing from side to side with almost the delicacy of a compass needle. The wheel that the steersman operates merely governs the steering engine, which, in turn, moves the great rudder.

The most astonishing thing about the bridge is to find the wheel-house with all its curtains tightly drawn, as often happens, and the man at the helm steering the boat without seeing ahead at all. At night or even by day if the light of the binnacle is confusing the wheel-house is often completely shut in. The man at the wheel, it is explained, does not need to look ahead. The look-out high up in the "crow's nest" and

the officer on watch on the bridge will keep him informed if any object is sighted. The duty of the man at the wheel is to keep the ship on her course. Throughout his watch of four hours he must keep his eyes on the compass and nowhere else.

On one side of the wheel-house are posted the sailing directions which give the wheelmen explicit orders. The course to be followed for the day is placed in a neat little rack called the compass control. It suggests the rack in church at the side of the pulpit which announces the number of the hymns and psalm for the day's service. The compass control will announce for instance N, 7, 8, W, or some such formula. The wheelman glances at this as he takes his watch at the wheel and holds the great ship exactly on this course until he is relieved. To show how compact is the machinery of even the largest liners the accompanying photographs were taken on the bridge of the "S. S. Deutschland" which is one of the largest as well as the speediest ships afloat.

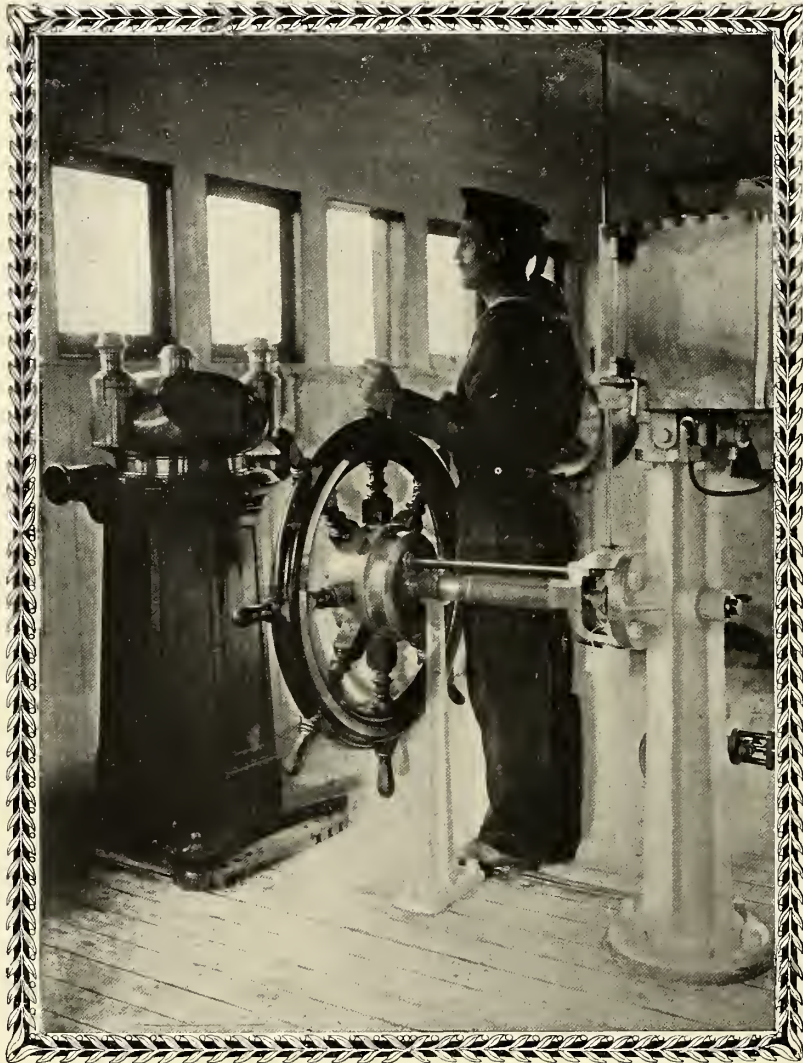
STEERING THE SHIP

The work of steering a great ship, even with the aid of all this machinery, is much more delicate than one would imagine. The larger and faster the ship the greater is the difficulty. It is not enough to hold the wheel in the same position to keep the ship on her course; for the wind and waves and the currents of the ocean tend constantly to knock the ship *off* her course. The great wall of steel (for the hull may be 700 feet long and sixty feet high) offers a broad target for the wind and waves. The art in steering is to humor the ship to these forces and when she is deflected bring her back quickly to her course. If you could watch the binnacle, especially in bad weather, you would see the needle of the compass constantly shifting from side to side which means that the great steel prow is not going forward in a perfectly straight line.

Nowadays the great liners are built for speed, and the steamer which regularly makes the best time in crossing will be entrusted with the mails and the longest passenger list. So much depends upon the runs of the great ships that two continents are constantly watching them; and should they beat their records by but a few minutes the news would be flashed all over the world. No matter what happens the ship must be kept on her course. Let the great steel prow be aimed ever so

little in the wrong direction, the deflection may be a fraction of an inch on the compass, and a few seconds will be lost in bringing her back to her course. Should this mistake occur many times the loss quickly grows into minutes. But the ship which makes the

if possible visit the bridge at noon when the sun is "taken" and the chart-room where the position of the ship is calculated and the course laid for the day. In the chart-room are kept the great maps and charts of the coasts and ports the ship visits or is likely



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL MUST KEEP HIS EYES ON THE COMPASS AND NOWHERE ELSE.

fastest crossing brings credit to herself, her company and the flag she floats. So the supremacy of the seas is very largely determined by the skill and faithfulness of the man at the wheel in the dark and silent wheel-house.

Before the man at the wheel-house in point of responsibility comes the master of navigation and before him of course the captain. To understand their work you should

to visit if she lose her way. Precisely at noon on every clear day the master of navigation, sextant in hand, takes his position on the bridge and makes certain measurements of the position of the sun. He repeats his observations while an assistant beside him calls them down the speaking tube to the chart-room. With the aid of these readings and some not very difficult mathematical calcu-

lations, the exact position of the ship is determined and marked on the map, and the course is laid for another day. At the same time in the cabins below the passengers are gathered to hear the ship's run and to compare it with the distance covered on the preceding day.

SAFETY DEVICES

It is in its safety devices and the provision made to meet every possible accident that one of these great ships is perhaps most remarkable. All the machinery which may be set in motion in case of danger is centered on the bridge and so perfectly has it been arranged that the entire vessel could be controlled, if the necessity should arise, by means of a series of levers and push buttons. About the walls of the wheel-house are ranged curious-looking indicators much the same as one sees behind the desk of a great hotel. About them are hung a surprising variety of barometers, thermometers, thermostats, wind and rain gauges and other less familiar looking instruments. There are rows upon rows of buttons and levers on every hand, all highly polished and in the most perfect working order.

The danger of fire at sea for instance is anticipated by a thermostat connected with the frame filled with little squares like the hotel indicator. There are thermometers in every part of the ship electrically connected with this box which are constantly on guard. If a fire should start in any part of the great ship the temperature would of course rise, and the fact would instantly be announced in the wheel-house by the ringing of a bell while a red light would flash at the same time in one of the squares of the indicator. The man at the wheel could tell at a glance the exact point of danger.

The wheel-house is also the telephone "central" of the ship and it would be only the work of a moment to have men at the point of danger.

The modern ships are divided into many different compartments by many partitions each carrying heavy steel doors. A series of levers will be pointed out to you in the wheel-house by which these great doors may be closed in any part of the ship at an instant's notice. These steel compartments, it will be explained, are so strong that in case of collision or of fire one or more of them might be filled with water and yet the rest of the ship would be unharmed. Should a fire be

discovered an entire compartment might be flooded in a few seconds. There is a series of squares in another indicator corresponding to every one of these steel doors throughout the ship. In case of danger it is possible to close all of these doors at the same instant by touching a single lever on the bridge. And should any door fail to close, a red light would instantly appear in one of the little squares to tell just where the trouble lay. These indicators to be sure look much like a hotel office but one watches them with a curious interest when you know that the lives of thousands may depend upon them.

Still another safety device which may be watched from the bridge is the indicator connected with the submarine wireless system which gives warning of the approach of another ship. This invention, but lately added to the great ships, consists of a delicate



"TAKING THE SUN" AT NOON.

instrument so connected with wires beneath the water that the presence of a large body of iron or steel, even at a considerable distance, is instantly recorded. There is besides of course the regular wireless apparatus for sending and receiving signals over hundreds of miles of water, the great fog horn to give

warning for several miles in the thickest weather; and there is always an alert watch in the "crow's nest," the little seat high up on the mainmast. The submarine wireless system is kept in perfect working order just as is the thermostat, the automatic contrivance for closing the steel doors and other safety devices, to meet a demand which it is likely will never arise. Few ships have ever used them but this elaborate preparation is

work more quickly than the fire itself. No fire, it is claimed, could gain headway without being announced by the thermostat; and even should it get beyond control an entire compartment or even a deck could be flooded with water in a few seconds with the use of machinery on the bridge. The danger of collision with an iceberg, a rock or another vessel is anticipated by the steel compartments which, as we have seen, are controlled by a



SENDING UP A FLAG SIGNAL TO A PASSING VESSEL WHICH IS NOT EQUIPPED WITH A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

always made so that if danger ever came they would save a few seconds of time.

The Captain surrounded by these banks of keys and levers is master of almost any situation. He explains to you that every wreck or accident of the past has taught the builders of ships some new lesson and that the same catastrophe is extremely unlikely to ever happen twice. The greatest peril of the sea is fire, but even this danger has been met, it is believed, by supplying machinery which will

single lever shutting out the water from all parts of the ship except the compartment in which the hole has been made.

SIGNALS TO THE ENGINE ROOM

The telegraph signals on the bridge are still another safeguard, although they are also used for the sake of convenience in docking the steamer. These signals consist of drum-shaped boxes mounted on stands, each with a lever, which passes over a dial. By turn-

ing this lever it is possible to telegraph to the engine room or the wheel-house at the stern such directions as start, stop, slow, fast, right,



THE TELEGRAPH SIGNALS TO THE ENGINE ROOM.

left, and so on. In starting one of these great boats, before the great engines are set in full motion for the long trip and the ship answers her helm, the machinery may be controlled instantly by this telegraph. In the event of danger should the steering machinery in the wheel-house fail to work, should there be a fire or a collision smashing in the vessel amidships the officer on the bridge would still be in instant control of the great engines and of the rudder 500 feet astern.

THE BRIDGE AT NIGHT

The bridge is especially impressive at night when the great ship is asleep. The wheel-house is completely dark except for the covered lamps in the binnacle. From time to time the captain enters the house asks a few questions in a quiet conversational tone, perhaps give some order. The marvelous machinery which lines the walls stands silent guard. The bridge is quiet except for the curious singing note of the wind in the rigging and the sharp crack of the halcyards

against the masts, and endlessly the deep pulsing of the engines. Outside the lights at the masthead swing from side to side marking off the roll of the ship in great arcs against the sky.

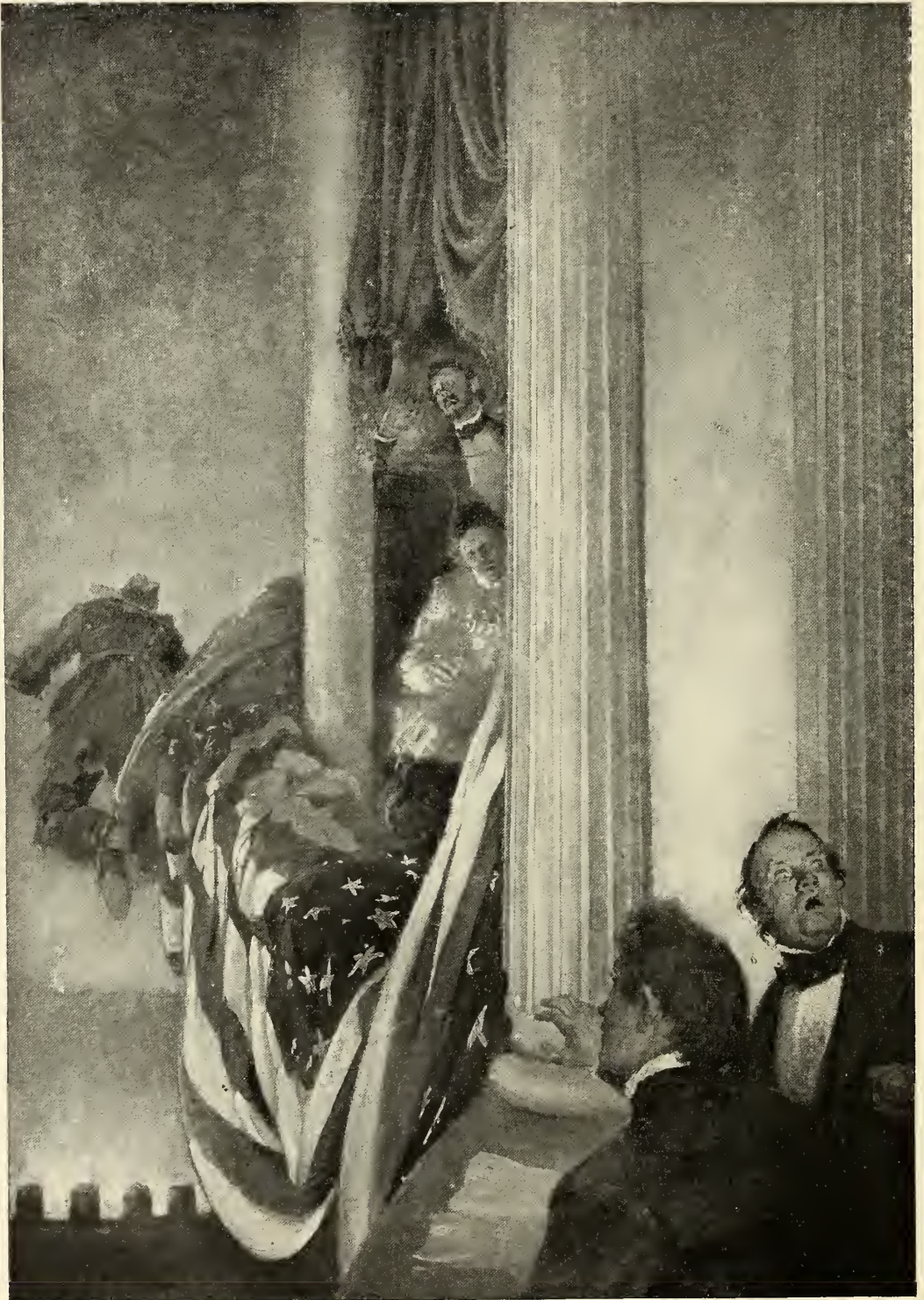
If you are so fortunate as to stay until midnight you will see perhaps the most curious sight of the twenty-four hours, when the ship's officer changes the time. The clock which sets the time for the life of the ship is put back about an hour if the vessel be sailing west or an hour ahead if it be pointed east, and the sleeping hundreds beneath will wake up in the morning to find their time-pieces all wrong. The helmsman's "watch"



RE-SETTING THE CLOCK AT MIDNIGHT.

comes to an end when the call of the lookout from the "crow's nest" announces another day. The beautiful sea cry is taken up and repeated down the long-deserted deck.

"Eight bells and all 's well."



"HE MIGHT HAVE GOT SAFELY AWAY HAD NOT HIS SPUR CAUGHT ON THE FLAG THAT DRAPED THE FRONT OF THE BOX." (SEE PAGE 42.)

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln

By Helen Nicolay

Illustrated by Jay Hambidge

CHAPTER XIII

THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL

REFRESHED in body by his visit to City Point, and greatly cheered by the fall of Richmond, and unmistakable signs that the war was over, Mr. Lincoln went back to Washington intent on the new task opening before him—that of restoring the Union, and of bringing about peace and good will again between the North and the South. His whole heart was bent on the work of “binding up the nation’s wounds” and doing all which lay in his power to “achieve a just and lasting peace.” Especially did he desire to avoid the shedding of blood, or anything like acts of deliberate punishment. He talked to his cabinet in this strain on the morning of April 14, the last day of his life. No one need expect that he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them, he exclaimed. Enough lives had been sacrificed already. Anger must be put aside. The great need now was to begin to act in the interest of peace. With these words of clemency and kindness in their ears they left him, never again to come together under his wise chairmanship.

It was Good Friday, a day observed by a portion of the people with fasting and prayer, but even among the most devout the great news of the week just ended changed this time of traditional mourning into a season of general thanksgiving. For Mr. Lincoln it was a day of unusual and quiet happiness. His son Robert had returned from the field with General Grant, and the President spent an hour with the young captain in delighted conversation over the campaign. He denied himself generally to visitors, admitting only a few friends. In the afternoon he went for a long drive with Mrs. Lincoln. His mood, as it had been all day, was singularly happy and tender. He talked much of the past and future. After four years of trouble and tumult he looked forward to four years of quiet and normal work; after that he ex-

pected to go back again to Illinois and practice law. He was never more simple or more gentle than on this day of triumph. His heart overflowed with sentiments of gratitude to Heaven, which took the shape, usual to generous natures, of love and kindness to all men.

From the very beginning there had been threats to kill him. He was constantly receiving letters of warning from zealous or nervous friends. The War Department inquired into these when there seemed to be ground for doing so, but always without result. Warnings that appeared most definite proved on examination too vague and confused for further attention. The President knew that he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the Executive Office; sometimes into Mr. Lincoln’s presence; but he himself had so sane a mind, and a heart so kindly even to his enemies, that it was hard for him to believe in political hatred deadly enough to lead to murder.

He therefore went in and out before the people, always unarmed, generally unattended. He received hundreds of visitors in a day, his breast bare to pistol or knife. He walked at midnight, with a single Secretary or alone, from the Executive Mansion to the War Department and back. In summer he rode through lonely roads from the White House to the Soldiers’ Home in the dusk of the evening, and returned to his work in the morning before the town was astir. He was greatly annoyed when it was decided that there must be a guard at the Executive Mansion, and that a squad of cavalry must accompany him on his daily drive; but he was always reasonable, and yielded to the best judgment of others.

Four years of threats and boastings that were unfounded, and of plots that came to nothing passed away, until precisely at the time when the triumph of the nation seemed assured, and a feeling of peace and security settled over the country, one of the conspiracies, seemingly no more important than

the others, ripened in a sudden heat of hatred and despair.

A little band of desperate secessionists, of which John Wilkes Booth, an actor of a family of famous players, was the head, had their usual meeting-place at the house of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, the mother of one of the number. Booth was a young man of twenty-six, strikingly handsome, with an ease and grace of manner which came to him of right from his theatrical ancestors. He was a fanatical southerner, with a furious hatred against Lincoln and the Union. After Lincoln's reelection he went to Canada, and associated with the Confederate agents there; and whether or not with their advice, made a plan to capture the President and take him to Richmond. He passed a great part of the autumn and winter pursuing this fantastic scheme, but the winter wore away, and nothing was done. On March 4 he was at the Capitol, and created a disturbance by trying to force his way through the line of policemen who guarded the passage through which the President walked to the East front of the building to read his Second Inaugural. His intentions at this time are not known. He afterward said he lost an excellent chance of killing the President that day.

After the surrender of Lee, in a rage akin to madness, he called his fellow-conspirators together and allotted to each his part in the new crime which had risen in his mind. It was as simple as it was horrible. One man was to kill Secretary Seward, another to make way with Andrew Johnson, at the same time that he murdered the President. The final preparations were made with feverish haste. It was only about noon of the fourteenth that Booth learned that Mr. Lincoln meant to go to Ford's Theater that night to see the play "Our American Cousin." The President enjoyed the theater. It was one of his few means of recreation.

Mrs. Lincoln asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her. They accepted, and the announcement that they would be present was made in the evening papers, but they changed their plans and went north by an afternoon train. Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their stead Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, daughter and stepson of Senator Ira Harris. Being detained by visitors, the play had made some progress when the President appeared. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing, the audience rose and cheered, the President bowed

in acknowledgment, and the play went on again.

From the moment he learned of the President's intention Booth's actions were alert and energetic. He and his confederates were seen in every part of the city. Booth was perfectly at home in Ford's Theater. He counted upon audacity to reach the small passage behind the President's box. Once there, he guarded against interference by arranging a wooden bar, to be fastened by a simple mortice in the angle of the wall and the door by which he entered, so that once shut, the door could not be opened from the outside. He even provided for the chance of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in the door, through which he might either observe the occupants, or take aim and shoot. He hired at a livery stable a small fleet horse.

A few moments before ten o'clock, leaving his horse at the rear of the theater, in charge of a call-boy, he entered the building, passing rapidly to the little hallway leading to the President's box. Showing a card to the servant in attendance, he was allowed to enter, closed the door noiselessly, and secured it with the wooden bar he had made ready, without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself yet remained the partition and the door through which he had bored the hole.

No one, not even the actor who uttered them, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were spoken that night—the last that Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth; for the tragedy in the box turned play and players alike to the most unsubstantial of phantoms. For weeks hate and brandy had kept Booth's brain in a morbid state. He seemed to himself to be taking part in a great play. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired. Major Rathbone sprang to grapple with him, and received a savage knife wound in the arm. Then, rushing forward, Booth placed his hand on the railing of the box and vaulted to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He might have got safely away, had not his spur caught in the flag that draped the front of the box. He fell, the torn flag trailing on his spur; but though the fall had broken his leg, he rose instantly, brandishing his knife and shouting, "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight.

Major Rathbone shouted, "Stop him!" The cry, "He has shot the President!" rang through the theater, and from the audience, stupid at first with surprise, and wild afterward with excitement and horror, men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the assassin. But he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, and escaped into the night.

The President scarcely moved. His head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Major Rathbone, not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door to summon aid. He found it barred, and someone on the outside beating and clamoring to get in. It was at once seen that the President's wound was mortal. He was carried across the street to a house opposite, and laid upon a bed. Mrs. Lincoln followed, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was taken home. Messengers were sent for the cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone the President's family physician, and for others whose official or private relations with Mr. Lincoln gave them the right to be there. A crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House, and bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay who sat together in an upper room.

The President had been shot a few minutes after ten o'clock. The wound would have brought instant death to most men. He was unconscious from the first moment, but he breathed throughout the night, his gaunt face scarcely paler than those of the sorrowing men around him. At twenty-two minutes past seven in the morning he died. Secretary Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Booth had done his work thoroughly. His principal accomplice had acted with equal audacity and cruelty, but with less fatal result. Under pretext of having a package of medicine to deliver, he forced his way to the room of the Secretary of State, who lay ill, and attacked him, inflicting three terrible knife wounds on his neck and cheek, wounding also the Secretary's two sons, a servant, and a soldier nurse who tried to overpower him. Finally breaking away, he ran downstairs, reached the door unhurt, and springing upon his horse rode off. It was feared that neither Secretary Seward nor his eldest son would live, but both in time recovered.

Although Booth had been recognized by dozens of people as he stood before footlights brandishing his dagger, his swift horse

soon carried him beyond any hap-hazard pursuit. He crossed the Navy Yard bridge and rode into Maryland, being joined by one of his fellow-conspirators. A surgeon named Mudd set Booth's leg and sent him on his desolate way. For ten days the two men lived the lives of hunted animals. On the night of April 25 they were surrounded as they lay sleeping in a barn in Caroline County, Virginia. Booth refused to surrender. The barn was fired, and while it was burning he was shot by Boston Corbett, a sergeant of cavalry. He lingered for about three hours in great pain, and died at seven in the morning. The remaining conspirators were tried by military commission. Four were hanged, including the assailant of Secretary Seward, and the others were sentenced to imprisonment for various lengths of time.

Upon the hearts of a people glowing with the joy of victory the news of the President's death fell as a great shock. In the unspeakable calamity the country lost sight of the great army successes of the week before; and thus it came to pass that there was never any organized celebration in the North over the downfall of the Confederacy. It was unquestionably best that it should be so. Lincoln himself would not have had it otherwise, for he hated the arrogance of triumph. As it was, the South could take no offense at a grief so genuine; and the people of that section even shared, to a certain extent, in the mourning for one who, in their inmost hearts, they knew to have wished them well.

Within an hour after Mr. Lincoln's body was taken to the White House the town was shrouded in black. Not only the public buildings, the shops, and the better class of dwellings were draped in funeral decorations; still more touching proof of affection was shown in the poorest class of homes, where laboring men of both colors found means in their poverty to afford some scanty bit of mourning. The interest and veneration of the people still centered at the White House, where, under a tall catafalque in the East Room the late chief lay in the majesty of death, rather than in the modest hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the new President, Andrew Johnson (who as Vice President succeeded Lincoln), had his lodgings, and where the Chief Justice administered the oath of office to him at eleven o'clock on the morning of April 15.

It was determined that the funeral ceremonies in Washington should be held on

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln

Wednesday, April 19, and all the churches throughout the country were invited to join at the same time in appropriate observances. The ceremonies in the East Room were simple and brief, while all the pomp and circumstance that the Government could command were employed to give a fitting escort from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol, where the body of the President lay in state. The procession moved to the booming of minute guns, and the tolling of all the bells in Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria; while, to associate the pomp of the day with the greatest work of Lincoln's life, a detachment of colored troops marched at the head of the line.

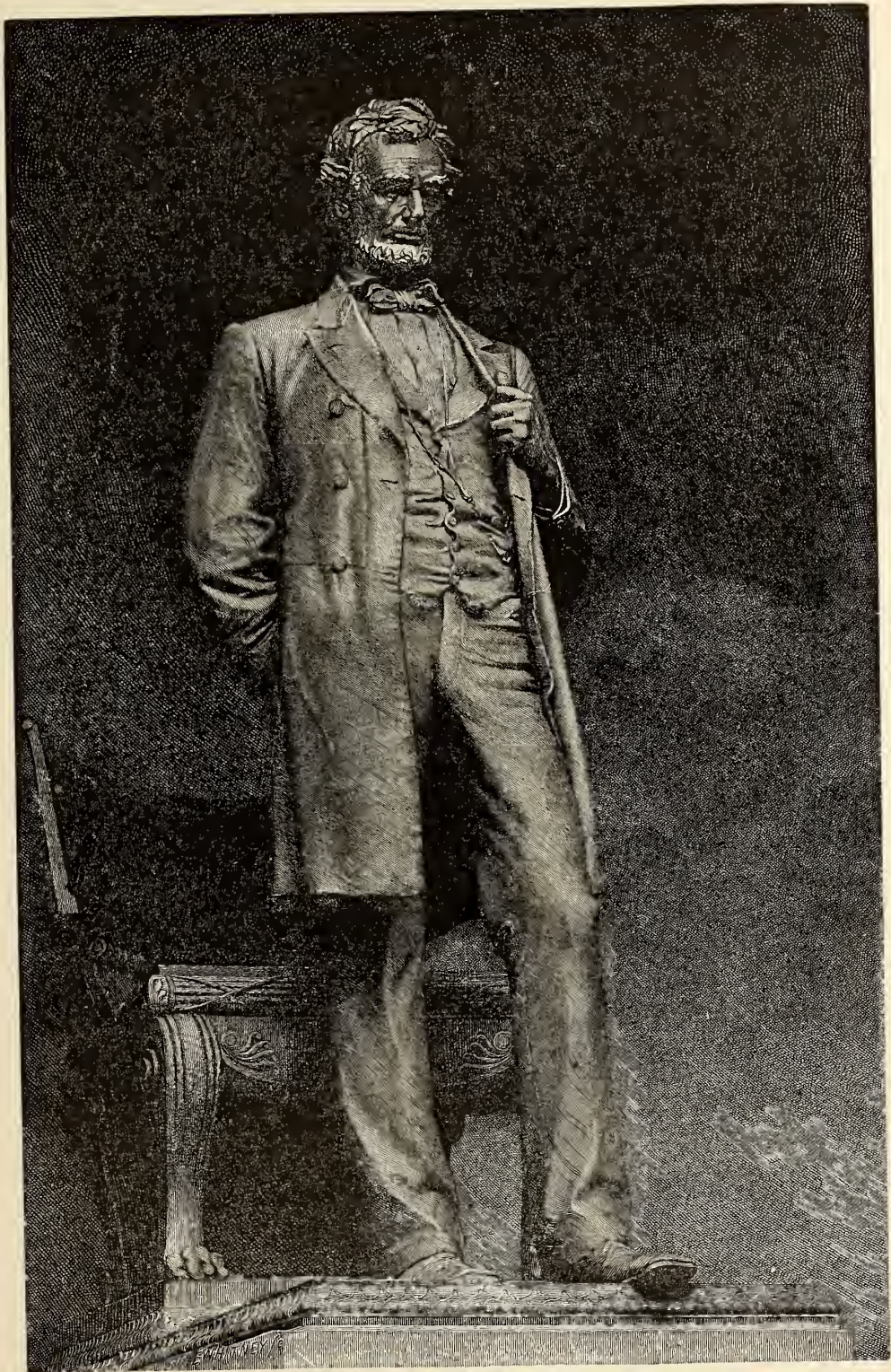
When it was announced that he was to be buried at Springfield, Illinois, every city on the way begged that the train might halt within its limits, to give its people opportunity of showing their grief and reverence. It was finally arranged that the funeral cortège should follow substantially the same route over which Lincoln had come in 1861 to take possession of the office to which he added a new dignity and value for all time. On April 21, accompanied by a guard of honor, and in a train decked with somber trappings, the journey was begun. At Baltimore, through which, four years before, it was a question whether the President-elect could pass with safety to his life, the coffin was taken with reverent care to the great dome of the Exchange, where, surrounded with evergreens and lilies, it lay for several hours, the people passing by in mournful throngs. The same demonstration was repeated, gaining constantly in depth of feeling and solemn splendor of display in every city through which the procession passed.

Springfield was reached on the morning of May 3. The body lay in state in the Capitol, which was richly draped from roof to basement in black velvet and silver fringe, while within it was a bower of bloom and fragrance. For twenty-four hours an unbroken stream of people passed through, bidding their friend and neighbor welcome home and farewell. At ten o'clock on the morning of May 4 the coffin lid was closed, and a vast procession moved out to Oak Ridge, where the town had set apart a lovely spot for his grave. Here the dead President was committed to the soil of the State which had so loved and honored him. The ceremonies at the grave were simple and touching. Bishop Simpson delivered a pathetic oration, prayers were

offered, and hymns were sung, but the weightiest and most eloquent words uttered anywhere that day were those of the Second Inaugural, which the Committee had wisely ordained to be read over his grave, as centuries before, the friends of the painter Raphael chose the incomparable canvas of "The Transfiguration" to be the chief ornament of his funeral.

Though President Lincoln lived to see the real end of the war, various bodies of Confederate troops continued to hold out for some time longer. General Johnston faced Sherman's army in the Carolinas until April 26, while General E. Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi River, did not surrender until May 26.

As rapidly as possible Union volunteer regiments were disbanded, and soon the mighty host of 1,000,000 men was reduced to a peace footing of only 25,000. Before the great army melted away into the greater body of citizens its soldiers enjoyed one final triumph—a march through the capital of the nation, undisturbed by death or danger, under the eyes of their highest commanders and the representatives of the people whose country they had saved. Those who witnessed the solemn yet joyous pageant will never forget it; and pray that their children may never see its like. For two days this formidable host marched the long stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue, starting from the shadow of the Capitol and filling the wide street as far as Georgetown, its serried ranks moving with the easy yet rapid pace of veterans in cadence step. As a mere spectacle this march of the mightiest host the continent has ever seen was grand and imposing, but it was not as a spectacle alone that it affected the beholder. It was no holiday parade. It was an army of citizens on their way home after a long and terrible war. Their clothes were dingy, and pierced with bullets, their banners had been torn with shot and shell, and lashed in the winds of many battles. The very drums and fifes had called out the troops to night alarms, and sounded the onset on historic fields. The whole country claimed these heroes as part of themselves. They were not soldiers by profession nor from love of fighting; they had become soldiers only to save their country's life. Now, done with war, they were going joyously and peaceably back to their homes to take up the tasks they had willingly laid down in the hour of their country's need.



THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.
IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

Friends loaded them with flowers as they swung down the Avenue—both men and officers; some were almost hidden under them. But with all the shouting and the joy there was, in the minds of all who saw it, one sad and ever-recurring thought—the memory of the men who were absent, and who had, nevertheless, so richly earned the right to be there. The soldiers in their shrunken companies thought of the brave comrades who had fallen by the way; and through the whole vast army there was passionate, unavailing regret for their wise, gentle and powerful friend, Abraham Lincoln, gone forever from the big white house by the Avenue—who had called the great host into being, directed the course of the nation during the four years that they had been battling for its life, and to whom, more than to any other, this crowning peaceful pageant would have been full of deep and happy meaning.

WHY was this man so loved that his death caused a whole nation to forget its triumph, and turned its gladness into mourning? Why has his fame grown with the passing years until now scarcely a speech is made or a newspaper printed that does not have within it somewhere a mention of his name or some phrase or sentence that fell from his lips? Let us see if we can, what it was that made Abraham Lincoln the man that he became.

A child born to an inheritance of want; a boy growing into a narrow world of ignorance; a youth taking up the burden of coarse and heavy labor; a man entering on the doubtful struggle of a local backwoods career—these were the beginnings of Abraham Lincoln if we look at them only in the hard, practical spirit which takes for its motto that "Nothing succeeds but success." If we adopt a more generous as well as a truer view, then we see that it was the brave, hopeful spirit, the strong, active mind, and the grave law of moral growth that accepts the good and rejects the bad, which Nature gave this obscure child, that carried him to the service of mankind and the admiration of the centuries as certainly as the acorn grows to be the oak.

Even his privations helped the end. Self-reliance, the strongest trait of the pioneer, was his by blood and birth and training, and was developed by the hardships of his lot to the mighty power and firmness needed to guide our country through the bitter four years' struggle of the Civil War.

The sense of equality was his also, for he grew from childhood to manhood in a state of society where there were neither rich to envy nor poor to despise, and where the gifts and hardships of the forest were distributed without favor to each and all alike. In the forest he learned charity, sympathy, helpfulness—in a word neighborliness—for in that far-off frontier life all the wealth of India, had a man possessed it, could not have brought relief from danger or help in time of need, and neighborliness became of prime importance.

In such settlements, far removed from courts and jails, men were brought face to face with questions of natural right. The pioneers not only understood the American doctrine of self-government—they lived it. It was this understanding, this feeling, which taught Lincoln to write: "When the white man governs himself that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism"; and also to give utterance to its twin truth: "He who would be no slave must consent to have no slave."

Lincoln was born in the slave state of Kentucky. He lived there only a short time, and we have reason to believe that wherever he might have grown up, his very nature would have spurned the doctrine and practice of human slavery. Yet, though he hated slavery, he never hated the slave-holder. His feeling of pardon and sympathy for Kentucky and the South played no unimportant part in his dealings with grave problems of statesmanship. It is true that he struck slavery its death blow with the hand of war, but at the same time he offered the slave-owners golden payment with the hand of peace.

Abraham Lincoln was not an ordinary man. He was, in truth, in the language of the poet Lowell, a "new birth of our new soil." His greatness did not consist in growing up on the frontier. An ordinary man would have found on the frontier exactly what he would have found elsewhere—a commonplace life, varying only with the changing ideas and customs of time and place. But for the man with extraordinary powers of mind and body—for one gifted by Nature as Abraham Lincoln was gifted, the pioneer life with its severe training in self-denial, patience and industry, developed his character, and fitted him for the great duties of his after life as no other training could have done.

His advancement in the astonishing career

that carried him from obscurity to world-wide fame—from postmaster of New Salem village to President of the United States, from captain of a backwoods volunteer company to Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, was neither sudden nor accidental, nor easy. He was both ambitious and successful, but his ambition was moderate, and his success was slow. And, because his success was slow, it never outgrew either his judgment or his power. Between the day when he left his father's cabin and launched his canoe on the headwaters of the Sangamon River to begin life on his own account, and the day of his first inauguration, lay full thirty years of toil, self-denial, patience; often of effort baffled, of hope deferred; sometimes of bitter disappointment.

Almost every success was balanced—sometimes overbalanced, by a seeming failure. He went into the Black Hawk war a captain, and through no fault of his own, came out a private. He rode to the hostile frontier on horseback, and trudged home on foot. His store "winked out." His surveyor's compass and chain, with which he was earning a scanty living, were sold for debt. He was defeated in his first attempts to be nominated for the legislature and for Congress; defeated in his application to be appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office; defeated for the Senate when he had forty-five votes to begin with, by a man who had only five votes to begin with; defeated again after his joint debates with Douglas; defeated in the nomination for Vice-President, when a favorable nod from half a dozen politicians would have brought him success.

Failures? Not so. Every seeming defeat was a slow success. His was the growth of the oak, and not of Jonah's gourd. He could not become a master workman until he had served a tedious apprenticeship. It was the quarter of a century of reading, thinking, speech-making and lawmaking which fitted him to be the chosen champion of freedom in the great Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858. It was the great moral victory won in those debates (although the senatorship went to Douglas) added to the title "Honest Old Abe," won by truth and manhood among his neighbors during a whole lifetime, that led the people of the United States to trust him with the Presidency.

And when, at last, after thirty years of en-

deavor, success had beaten down defeat, when Lincoln had been nominated, elected and inaugurated, came the crowning trial of his faith and constancy.

The outlook was indeed grave. There was treason in Congress, treason in the Supreme Court, treason in the army and navy. Confusion and discord were everywhere. To use Mr. Lincoln's forcible figure of speech, sinners were calling the righteous to repentance. Finally the flag was fired upon, at Sumter; and then came the humiliation of the riot at Baltimore, and the President for a few days practically a prisoner in the capital of the nation.

But his apprenticeship had been served, and there was to be no more failure. With faith and justice and generosity he conducted for four long years a war whose frontiers stretched from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; whose soldiers numbered a million men on each side. The labor, the thought, the responsibility, the strain of mind and anguish of soul that he gave to this great task, who can measure? "Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair weather sailor," as Emerson justly said of him. "The new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting." "By his courage, his justice, his even temper, . . . his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch."

What but a lifetime's schooling in disappointment, what but the pioneer's self-reliance and freedom from prejudice, what but the clear mind, quick to see natural right and unswerving in its purpose to follow it; what but the steady self-control, the unwarped sympathy, the unbounded charity of this man with spirit so humble and soul so great, could have carried him through the labors he wrought to the victory he attained?

With truth it could be written, "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." So, "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gave him to see the right" he lived and died. We, who have never seen him, still feel daily the influence of his kindly life and cherish among our most precious possessions the heritage of his example.



MISS FAIRY: — "DEAR ME; I MUST GET
SOME NEW CURTAINS RIGHT AWAY!"

A Changeable Little Maid

By Geo. L. Benedict.

I KNOW a little bright-eyed maid,
Whose moods now grave, now gay,
Change like a shifting weather-vane,
In quite a puzzling way.

While those who hear her laughing voice,
Her roguish smile remark,
Are wont with pleased accord to say
"She 's happy as a—*lark*."

Yet oftentimes, I grieve to add,
If vexed by hurt or care,
Transformed at once this maid becomes
As cross as any—*bear*.

And then our tongues in mild reproof
Of conduct bad we loose,
And with a frown address her thus:
"You silly little—*goose*!"

A Changeable Little Maid

49

Throughout the day her active form
First here, then there, we see,
And in amazement say she is
As busy as a—*bee*.

At last when evening shadows fall
And silence rules the house,
In slumberland she rests at ease,
As quiet as a—*mouse*.

How she can be at once a goose,
And on the selfsame day
A mouse, a lark, a bee and bear,
Is more than I can say.

Yet none the less will I maintain,
Nor contradiction fear,
That in addition to all else
She's just a little—*dear*.



EXAMINATION DAY AT CONGO HIGH SCHOOL.

TEACHER:—"Miss Giraffe, if you continue looking over the shoulders of the other scholars, I shall have to request you to leave the room."

A Question of Coals

By Margaret Johnson

Illustrated by H. Stoner

It was bitterly cold, and Hetty hung shivering over the hall register.

"I 'm almost sorry we asked the girls to come to-day," she said. "We never can make this old barn comfortable in such weather!"

The "barn" was the Marvins' big, old-fashioned country house, heated by a furnace in the cellar, and by no means proof against the nipping winds of this dark December morning.

"What are they coming for?" asked Rob, going to the closet for his overcoat.

"A Tea," said Hetty, with importance. "Not a *real* Tea," she answered to his shrug of masculine scorn at the word. "But just some of the girls, to sew and talk, and have a jolly time, and refreshments."

"No use in my coming home early, then, if it *is* Saturday," said Rob, in a slightly embittered tone.

"Not any," assented Hetty, promptly. "Boys are n't invited. We sha'n't have much of any dinner, either. For one thing, Jane 's got the neuralgia, and I know from past experience that she will retire permanently from view right after lunch. Emily and I won't be hungry, anyway, after all the things we 've had for Tea; but we 'll have a cold bite together, late, after it 's all over."

"Cheerful prospect!" murmured Rob to the hat-rack, rummaging for his gloves.

"Children!" Emily, huddling a shawl round her shoulders, came out of the dining-room, with a letter in her hand and tragedy in her face. "The Tracys are coming to spend the afternoon,—Mr. and Mrs. George Tracy, you know, from Portsmouth. To-day, of all days! She says they 're so sorry Father and Mother are not at home, but they have only a week in the city, and must see us dear children, anyhow, and—what shall we do?"

"Telegraph 'em not to come!" said Rob, with inhospitable energy.

"Never!" cried Emily, scandalized. "They 're Mother's dear old friends, and we shall have to be nice to them."

"Get them to chaperone the crowd, then. I guess they won't mind, if the girls don't."

"There 's one thing," spoke up Hetty, waking, apparently, out of a trance of dismay. "If the Tracys are coming, they 've *got* to be kept warm! I can't have them go-



"HE HAD AN EXASPERATING HABIT OF DOUBLING UP HIS LONG BODY IN A CHAIR."

ing back to Portsmouth and saying they were frozen out at the Marvins'. Besides, Mrs. Tracy is delicate—she feels draughts."

"It 's her heart," said Emily. "I 've heard Mother say so; and it 's *scares* she 's afraid of—not draughts. But I do think Rob ought to be able to manage this furnace better, if he really tried! There is n't a bit of heat coming up the register now!"

"He does n't half shake it," declared Hetty, shaking her own determined young head. "I believe I could do better myself,—and I shall certainly have to try," she added pointedly, "if he does n't wake up and take a little more interest!"

Rob chuckled. He had an exasperating habit, when family affairs became deranged, of doubling up his long body in a chair, and shaking with mirth, as if—strictly from an outside point of view—he were vastly amused.

"You may laugh," said Hetty, with rising spirit. "But I don't believe this house needs to be so cold! If Father were at home, it would n't be. And if you can't or won't do anything with the furnace, I shall take hold and see if I can!"

Rob chuckled again, resorting to his favorite method of self-protection. If there were ever hurt or angry feelings behind this show of quiet amusement, they were as safely concealed there as pride could wish them, and no one was the wiser.

"Good-by,—wish you joy!" he said, opening the front door, and letting in a blast of freezing air.

"We ought n't to have scolded him!" sighed Hetty. "Now he won't come back at all! Well, we'll manage some way. Let's go and make the cake, quick, Emily, before Jane gives out."

True to the traditions of her past, that good woman betook herself to her room and her bottle of Pond's Extract shortly after lunch. All was then ready for the Tea. The parlor was dainty and charming, the table spread with alluring confections, and only the icy chill which still hovered in the atmosphere belied the cosy completeness of the preparations.

"Go and dress, Emily," commanded Hetty, "while I run down and fix that fire. I'll make it burn!"

She flew down into the cellar, and Emily, shivering into her clothes upstairs, heard her rattling and banging away at the furnace, singing at the top of her blithe young voice. When she emerged, breathless and begrimed, she looked still a trifle anxious, though triumphant.

"I'm not sure about the draughts, but I guess it's all right," she said. "There's the bell now! Well, they won't realize that it's cold just at first, and the room will warm up presently. Let them in, Emily, and light all the lamps! I'll be down in a minute and join the reception committee!"

The warmth of the welcome which Emily bestowed upon Mr. and Mrs. Tracy would have compensated for much that was lacking in the atmosphere. They were so dear and kind,—and their familiar faces made her think of her own absent mother!

"Well, well!" cried Mrs. Tracy, in her soft, surprised old voice. "And so you are keeping house all by yourselves! Frank, my dear, think of it,—they are keeping house all by themselves!"

"Frank" shook his silvery head in pleasant wonder.

They were childless, these two old people; but their hearts were as fresh as the color in their unwrinkled cheeks. They seemed never to have lost the simple, wondering attitude of children toward the experiences of life. Existence offered to them a series of innocent little surprises, in whose zest they continually renewed the dew of their youth. This happy characteristic made the events of the afternoon nothing less than a long delight to them. Their kind faces beamed artless wonder and enjoyment upon the merry girls, who, in all the bustle of their work and chatter, paid a pretty deference to the gray-haired guests.

Hetty, feeling that all was going well, and, to her unutterable relief, that the room was growing warmer, slipped away to look after her fire. Perhaps something more ought to be done to it by this time. She lighted a candle, and went gingerly down into the cellar, which was quite dark, even now. The wind, howling around the house, mingled uncannily with the sounds of merriment from above, coming down hollow and distorted through the pipes. A vague rustling in a corner startled her. She looked hastily at her fire, assured herself that it was all right, and fled away up the stairs again, slamming and locking the door behind her with a breath of relief.

Back in the bright room, she gave Emily's hand a reassuring squeeze as she passed, and abandoned herself to enjoyment, until, presently, she caught a look of apprehension on Mrs. Tracy's face, and moving nearer, saw that her eyes were fixed uneasily upon the register. The next moment she heard a singular sound of rapping and scratching on the pipes below.

"What is that noise, my dear?" asked Mrs. Tracy, mildly.

"O,—that is—cats!" said Hetty, promptly. "Yes 'm—they do get in the cellar some—"

times, in winter. They like the heat, you know."

The relief afforded by this happy inspiration was short-lived. The noise increased, and was followed by a rattling crash and

"O, *that!*" Hetty smiled brilliantly. "That must be the—un—ah—O, yes 'm—the girl! She 's probably down cellar, getting coal."

To herself, with an accusing vision of

poor Jane, swathed in Pond's Extract, up in her chilly room, she said, with conviction, "There is a man in the cellar—somebody has broken in! He is there now—and Mrs. Tracy must not know it—the shock would kill her!"

Something like a groan came wavering up through the register,—then a sighing, sinister whisper that froze one's blood.

"Crazy!" thought Hetty calmly. "Or a tramp. Thank goodness, the door is locked!"

She dashed gaily in among the girls.

"Let 's have some music!" she cried. "Come, Emily, we 'll play that new duet of ours—I know Mrs. Tracy would like to hear it!"

"Louder!" she murmured, as they began the dainty *Kinderstück*, thundering away at her bass with an energy that left the discomfited Emily's part a mere trickle in the treble. "Play like mad—I 'll explain later."

They played and played, Hetty dashing wildly from one thing into another, satisfied so long as Mrs. Tracy's attention was diverted, and unruffled peace sat on her gentle brow. When at last she paused, realiz-



"EMILY HEARD HER RATTLING AND BANGING AWAY AT THE FURNACE."

bang, as if somebody had stumbled and fallen over some heavy object on the floor. The girls, absorbed in their fun, did not notice it, but Mrs. Tracy's eyes grew large.

"What can it be?" she breathed.

ing that all was quiet below, she wondered to find herself in such a heat. Looking about, she saw that the other girls' faces were flushed, and that Mr. and Mrs. Tracy's cheeks glowed like winter apples.

"It 's getting awfully hot here," Emily whispered in her ear. "Is n't there anything we can do to the furnace?"

"Nothing!" said Hetty, with fervent emphasis. She might nerve herself to go down and brave the unknown terrors in the cellar, but who could tell what startling discovery might ensue, and if anything should happen to Mrs. Tracy's heart—better they should all perish with the heat than risk the possibility of that! If only Rob would come home!

The bell rang, and she flew to the door to find, not Rob, but one of his dearest chums, Dick Norris.

"Rob has n't come," she said, smiling at him nervously. "I wish he had! O Dick, do me a favor!"

"Of course!" said Dick, heartily. "What is it?"

"Go to the office, and get Rob! Tell him we want him at home right off!"

"I 'll bring him back myself!" cried Dick, plunging gallantly out into the snow.

Refreshed by her breath of cool air, Hetty returned hopefully to the parlor. It was growing hotter and hotter. The girls were fanning themselves with handkerchiefs and papers, and Mrs. Tracy smiled drowsily in a corner, while Mr. Tracy wiped the moisture from his perspiring brow.

"Somebody will spontaneously combust if we don't do something!" thought Hetty, desperately, and opened a window with stealthy hand. But Mrs. Tracy was instantly conscious of a draught, and it was closed again.

"Pretty warm here, are n't you?" suggested Dick, easily, coming back with the report that Rob was not at the office—had probably started for home.

"O, does it seem warm?" wondered Hetty, politely. "It 's such a cold day, we thought—Stay with us till Rob comes, won't you?" she finished, in a different tone. Dick, catching its eagerness, assented cordially, and with the added gayety of his presence, the Tea came to a joyous end.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy stayed until the last girl had gone. "Such a treat, dear!" said Mrs. Tracy, as Emily bundled her in her wraps. "Such a happy afternoon,—was n't

it, Frank? There 's only one thing—you won't mind an old woman speaking of it, dear?—I do think you keep your house a little too warm—don't you think so, Frank?—just a little,—for health, you know!"

Hetty fell back on the sofa in a collapsed heap as the door closed.

"We keep our house too warm!" she cried. "*We*, Emily,—what a triumph! Now, listen both of you, quick—there 's somebody down in the cellar—a robber or a burglar or—what 's that!"

A vigorous pounding on the front door brought the girls to their feet, and Dick sprang into the hall with an air of being equal to a whole army of burglars. "Stay there!" he cried. "I 'll go!"

The door flew open. There was a shriek, a scuffle, a shout of laughter, and Dick came flying back, followed by a familiar, yet strangely terrifying figure,—white with dust and cobwebs, black with coal, wet with snow, breathing threatenings and slaughter from every feature of his fierce though grimy countenance,—by all that was incomprehensible—Rob!

"Where have you been?" cried Emily; but the truth burst upon Hetty even before he answered.

"Been? In the cellar!" thundered Rob. "Hetty ought to know—she locked me down there!"

"I never!" gasped Hetty. "You were n't there!"

"Was n't I, though!" scoffed the victim, bitterly. "Did n't I sneak in the back way so as not to disturb you, and go down to fix the fire, and while I was round the corner getting coal, did n't you creep down like a ghost, so that I never knew you were there till I saw your candle going up the stairs, and then I rushed after you and almost pounded the door down, but you 'd gone back to your precious Tea, and never heard."

"But why did n't you"—began Emily.

"I *did*!" cried her brother. "I signalled up the register every way I could think of, but you did n't catch on a bit. I did n't dare make too much of a row, for fear of Mrs. Tracy's heart; and when that racket on the piano began, I knew it was all up with me, and just sat down in sackcloth and ashes,—especially ashes,—and—went to sleep."

Dick doubled himself up on the sofa and roared, and the girls laughed until even Rob's injured and indignant countenance relaxed into a protesting grin.

A Question of Coals

"How did you get out?" asked Emily, through her tears.

"Broke a window, and crawled out over a coal-heap," answered her brother. "The slam of the door must have waked me up when

"I 'm not mad—only grieved," said Rob, with dignity. "Besides, though it was dirty down there, it was n't cold; and then, I got used to it after a while. 'My very chains and I grew friends, So much a long com-

munion tends'—Dick Norris, if you don't quit laughing, and come and help me brush up, I 'll put you down there to try being 'Prisoner of Chillon' awhile yourself!"



"A FAMILIAR, YET STRANGELY TERRIFYING FIGURE."

the people went. I supposed I 'd been there all night, probably, and thought I might starve to death if I did n't get out somehow, soon."

"O Bobby dear, don't mind—we can't help it!" said Hetty, wiping her eyes. "If you knew—"

Hetty said, tenderly: "I forgive you, Bobby, for almost roasting us alive—to say nothing of poor Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, who think we have n't an ounce of sense among us—because I know now it was just 'coals of fire' for Emily and me, and we deserved it!"

"BUT I thought you were n't coming home," Emily began, later, when they were all gathered about the table, and Rob, washed and comforted, was being fed by the repentant Hetty with bread and milk and all the leftover luxuries of the Tea. "You said—"

"You said there was n't going to be any dinner!" retorted Rob, without bitterness. "But I thought I 'd come home and look after things anyhow—I knew Hetty could n't do anything with that fire. By the way," he added, looking up innocently. "Were you warm enough? I did my best—just fired up the old caboose, put all the draughts on, and let her go, before I went to sleep. It seemed to me when I woke up"—A shout of laughter stopped him, astonished. But

Abbie Ann

By George Madden Martin

Author of the "Emmy Lou" Stories.

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER I

ABBIE ANN, as she skipped along the platform of the little railroad station by her father's side, turned her head to see her new sash. Perhaps she was wishing there was some one beside herself to admire it; but the tracks, the switches, the station, made Coal City, as it was some twenty years ago. Beyond the bend, nearer the coke ovens, were the rows of frame houses occupied by the miners and their families.

Abbie Ann's father was tall and close-bearded and he looked pre-occupied; he was leading her along by the hand as if he had forgotten entirely that she was there, and she was skipping, not only because the general tune of life is one to skip to, but because he went so fast.

He paused at the open door of the station, and Mr. McEwan, the agent, within, looked up. Next to her father, Abbie Ann, who was nine years old, long ago had decided she cared for Mr. McEwan more than for any one else in the world. Now her world, beside father and Mr.

McEwan, consisted of Coal City and its inhabitants, the miners and their families.

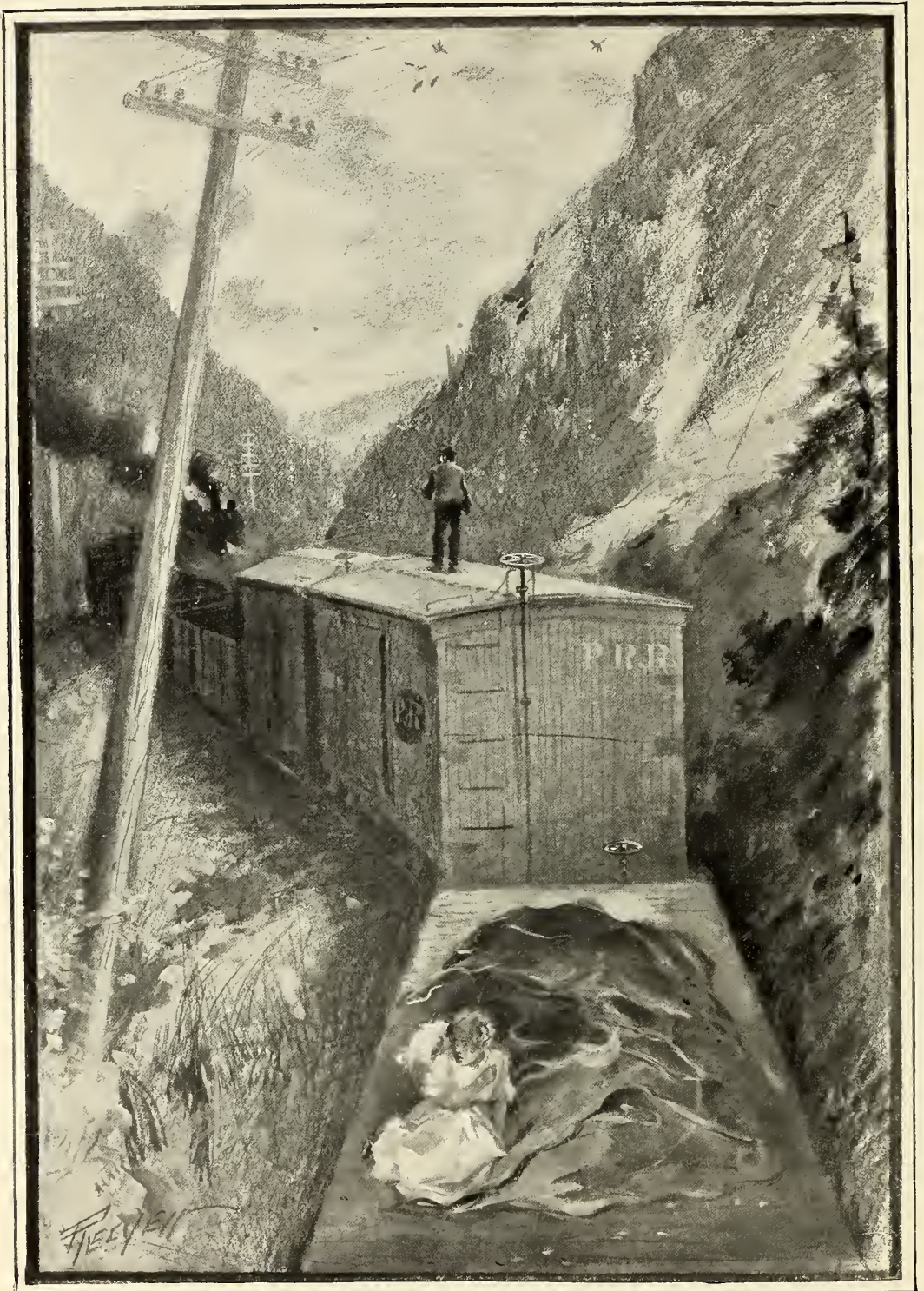
Mr. McEwan, as they darkened the doorway looked up, and the telegraph instrument clicked on under his rapid fingers.

"May I leave Abbie with you for an



"SHE TRIED TO SEE HERSELF IN THE LOOKING-GLASS."

hour or more, Mr. McEwan?" asked her father, stepping familiarly into the room.



"A BUMP, A RUSH OF AIR, THE NOISE OF THE LOCOMOTIVE WAKED HER."

Mr. McEwan looked at Abbie Ann. He wore glasses and when he opened his eyes wide and blinked them quick, the glasses winked. They winked at Abbie now.

"Why not?" said he.

Another thing about Mr. McEwan was, that when he raised his eyebrows interrogatively, it lifted his hair too, which was red and which stood up like a brush. When his glasses winked and his hair lifted, Abbie had come, long ago, to know that he was pleased.

This being the case now, and his little daughter provided for, Abbie Ann's father turned hastily and went back to the wagonette where the gentlemen who had come to see the mine, were waiting. When money is being sought to further develop a coal mine, would-be investors are to be given undivided attention. So Abbie Ann was left behind and Father and the gentleman drove off.

Abbie went over to the desk and stood beside Mr. McEwan. Looking up, he surveyed her with a speculative air. Then he shook his head dubiously.

"You really don't look it," he said.

"What?" asked Abbie Ann.

"A young barbarian."

Abbie Ann grew violently red. Mr. McEwan was quoting the lady who had gone off on the evening train the night before last. She had been engaged to come to Coal City in the interests of Abbie Ann and her general welfare and education and had departed after making a discouragingly short trial of the situation. Therefore Abbie Ann now grew red.

But here the telegraph instrument, which never had stopped, began to click frantically, and Mr. McEwan transferred his attention from her to it.

Abbie was used to every one being busy; her father was always pre-occupied, being a part owner, and the superintendent of the mine; everybody in Coal City was busy, the miners, their wives, the children, all, it would seem, but Abbie Ann and the babies.

It was very hot in the telegraph office. The benches too around the walls were hard, and Abbie knew the old faded railroad posters by heart, so she tried to see her new sash in the cheap little looking-glass which hung, tilted, opposite the ticket window. She had bought the sash herself, that morning, at the store, her father allowing her to choose anything she preferred, for staying behind with Mr. McEwan. It was a rich magenta and the great amount of linen in its composition

gave it a stiff and elegant gloss indeed. Abbie considered the effect against her pink gingham dress very fine.

She had a fear that her father had not tied it right, though it had taken him some time, but the glass hung too high for her to get a view of it. She could see her face however and since it was smiling at her, she smiled back at it, then tipped her hat a little to observe the effect that way.

She was obliged to admit that her hair was red; Mr. McEwan always told her so, but then it was not the red of *his*, and "it was not" straight. Abbie Ann called hers "brown red" and she called his "red red," and she consoled herself further with the fact that hers curled.

When Mr. McEwan wanted to tease he told her that her temper was the color of her hair, at which for a long time she used to stamp her foot; but lately she had stopped, since he asked if that did not prove what he said.

The glass tilted on the wall also showed Abbie's cheeks to be red, and her eyes brown. She felt she would hate not to be as pretty as she was; but she felt also, she would feel worse to have Mr. McEwan know she thought she was pretty. He declared even now that when she wore a new dress or a new hat she strutted. On all such occasions he used to drawl:

"How loves the little Abbie Ann
To dress so fine each hour,
And spend her money for a fan
Or artificial flower."

When Abbie Ann found, any way she tip-toed, that she could not see her sash, she went out on the platform. She had her new August St. NICHOLAS, but the platform was reeking and resinous even in this early morning sun, so fierce was the day. Across the main tracks on a switch, upon which the shadow of Black Diamond Mountain still fell, stood a flat-car. A few tarpaulins lay together on it. That Abbie was forbidden to play on the tracks or to walk on the switches was true enough, but there are always reasons to apply to the especial case at hand. It looked cool and shady and inviting on the flat-car, and the tarpaulins offered a comfortable nook. It was n't a flat-car suddenly, as she looked over at it, it was a house, her own little house in which she lived and looked out on the rest of the world.

And here Abbie jumped down off the platform and ran across and clambered up on it.

It was snug, and cosy, and far-off, even as she had pictured, and crouching down on the

other side of the tarpaulins she laughed to think what a hunt Mr. McEwan would have when he came to look for her.

She would not let him hunt too long, because there was sure to be an apple for her, or maybe a candy pipe if he had been to the Junction lately, or perhaps a chocolate mouse. Once it had been popcorn, and in the box with it was a ring set with a green diamond. Mr. McEwan said it was a rare thing, a green diamond, a rare gem, he called it. Next to her father, Abbie cared most for him.

While Mr. McEwan had been at College, he became sick. Later he came to Coal City, away off in the Allegheny Mountains because he could get a job and get well, too. At first he used to say he meant to go back to College.

"When?" Abbie Ann had asked him, for even that long ago she hated to spare him.

"Some time," he always assured her.

"Why some time," Abbie had worried him to know, "Why not *what* time?"

"Because time 's money," Mr. McEwan always said.

But later on he stopped saying he was going. Abbie asked him why again.

"Because I 'm finding time is n't," said he.

"Is n't what?" queried Abbie.

"Money."

It was very hard to follow Mr. McEwan sometimes. Abbie did not try to that day. While she waited for him to come hunting her, she read her magazine. There was a discouraging number of words she had to spell. Her father one day said she was backward in her reading, but she told him he was wrong, that she always spelt right ahead.

Somehow, to-day, the reading seemed harder than ever, and Abbie found it warmer than it had looked, in the car; the click, click, click, of the telegraph instrument reached her far off and faint, and—presently her head fell over against the piled up tarpaulins and she forgot to lift it,—and—

A BUMP, a rush of air, the noise of a locomotive waked her. Scrambling from the tarpaulin little Abbie Ann stood up, but lost her balance and sat down again. The flat-car was one of a long train leaving the switch. Coal City was already behind, its little square station, gleaming yellow against the mountainous background, growing smaller every moment. A brakeman was walking the long line of cars ahead. Abbie Ann screamed to him, but her voice was lost in the bumping and grinding of the brakes.

Had the train been going westward toward the Junction, Abbie knew she could have gotten off in an hour and waited for the afternoon train back to Coal City, but they were rushing in the opposite direction. The mountains loomed strange and dark, it was somber in this defile and chill and tunnel-like. The flat-car jerked and bumped.

Abbie Ann swallowed tears and lumps and sulphur smoke all together. Ever after she never knew whether terror meant a sulphur taste on the tongue, or whether a sulphur taste brought back terror. Or did a falling-away at the pit of the stomach mean both?

She screamed, and screamed again to the vanishing station, and choked between times. It was as if, across the increasing space, she yet clung with desperate little fingers to father, to Mr. McEwan, to the known, the familiar, the habitual, and one by one the fingers were being torn from their hold.

She screamed, and screamed again, then with a sudden sense, such as can come even to a baby, of "what 's the use?" the little red-headed girl in the pink dress and magenta sash, with the grim fire-clad Alleghenies looming either side over her, threw herself on the gritty car floor and clung to the tarpaulins and cried and beat with her feet against the boards. It was rage. Abbie Ann was one to shake furious little fists in the face of contrary Fortune.

After how long she did not know, little Abbie, clinging to the tarpaulins for very terror of this swaying, rocking fury of the rush through space, sat up.

Not long before, in the night, her father had wrapped her in a blanket and carried her to the window. It was a red-eyed monster, with a fiery trail behind, speeding the skies, she looked out on. It was called a comet. Herself a mere speck on the trail of this rushing thing, Abbie found herself thinking of that monster now.

Yet seeing them go by Coal City every day, ordinarily Abbie Ann called them locomotives and freight cars. She even knew their number and the names of the engineers.

Then with a gone feeling everywhere, the small object on the flat-car gazed at the flying scene, a brawling river churning itself to foam on one side, steep walls and dark-clad slopes of mountains on the other, and each moment of it carrying her away from father.

She even thought of jumping, but she was afraid. The cinders fell thick, the rush thundered back upon her in the echo. And on they

went, over bridges, the brawling river beneath, through tunnels where the smoke blinded and choked and strangled the little numbed soul clutching at safety and the tarpaulins, in and out the gloom and somber grandeur, the long freight train rushed.

At last when rage and terror and the numb despair all had died away to apathy, when she could not even cry, as the train took a curve Abbie Ann saw the brakeman traveling over his route, from car to car. Do things always begin to travel our way when once we have given in? This time the brakeman was traveling backward over the train. He reached the rear end of the box-car next to her flat-car. It was Jim, a trainman Abbie had talked to often, on the switch at Coal City. He used to smile when he talked and his eyes and teeth, all shiny white, would look funny out of the grime of his face.

"Jim," she cried, "Jim, oh Jim!" Her little voice, naturally, was lost, but since in her joy to see him, she had crawled out to the middle of the swaying flat-car, why Jim saw her and climbed down. Now one is not looking for red-headed little girls to roll out of tarpaulins on a freight train.

"Great Scott!" roared Jim, almost losing his balance in the suddenness of his surprise. Abbie Ann smiled through tears. It was different now Jim had come.

"It 's the little Coal City kid," he gasped.

Abbie Ann explained in hysterical screams. His face of mingled grime and concern made her laugh.

Jim straightened up. "Hold on," he roared, "wait here till I come back."

As if she could do anything else, Jim was so funny. Everything however was all right now, and with an amazing sudden sense of light-heartedness, little Abbie watched Jim go on his clambering way. It was Jim's responsibility now. Even the mountains seemed lower. Or were they foothills along here?

But she had time to think that terrible things had befallen him before he returned. He did n't come, and he did n't come. Had Jim forgotten her? Had he fallen off the train? Never, never would she see her father again.

Just then he came clambering back, and reaching her, sat down on the tarpaulin and wiped the smoke and grime from his face.

"We 're going to put you on the passenger we meet at Lynn, at five-ten. We 're side-tracked there. That 'll get you at Coal City at eleven. We 'll telegraph your Father our

next stop. It 's three now. I reckon he 's about crazy."

"But it will be all right when I get there," said the now satisfied Abbie Ann hopefully.

At Lynn, two hours later, Jim carried her off, and took her over to the hotel and got her some supper, but first he asked a girl there to wash her face. Abbie Ann caught a glimpse of it in a gilt-framed mirror on the wall. Her eyes and her little teeth gleamed white through grime; but she did not laugh as she had when it was Jim's face. It was a nice girl he asked this favor of, a girl with red cheeks, and she even stayed while Abbie Ann, perched on a high stool at a counter, ate supper. When the express thundered in, Jim boarded it with Abbie Ann. His own train was puffing on the switch. He explained the matter to the conductor, whom Abbie Ann had often nodded to from the Coal City platform.

"Richardson of the Black Diamond? I 'll see she reaches him," he said, and off into the night the Express thundered westward. They reached Coal City at eleven. The conductor handed off a plump, red-headed little girl half asleep. In her arms were a bag of candy, one of fruit, a toy puzzle, and a picture paper, given her by the conductor, the porter, the butcher boy and a lady on the sleeper. Abbie Ann had quite enjoyed the trip.

She saw Mr. McEwan first. His hair was standing up brushier than ever, and he looked strange and wild. When he grabbed her from the conductor, the clutch of his hand hurt.

"She 's here!—and safe!—" he called. And then his breath seemed to catch. And as the Express rushed on into the darkness, he handed Abbie Ann over to her father next behind him. The whole of Coal City seemed to be there too, men, women, visiting gentlemen and all. They had been hunting Abbie Ann from noon until the telegram came in the afternoon.

Generally her father was pre-occupied. Now he held her close.

"My little girl,—my little girl," he kept saying under his breath, all the way up the cinder road, while the strange gentlemen followed after, past the coke ovens, throwing their deep glow out into the darkness, to the big house next the store, where Abbie Ann and her father lived. And when for answer, Abbie Ann rubbed her cheek against his, she found his was wet.



WHERE THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS ARE NOT POPULAR.

Dorothy May and Walter Hay

"GOOD MORNING!" said Walter Hay.

"Good Morning!" said Dorothy May.

They were very polite,—they never said "Halloo!"—in the days when little girls wore bonnets and long dresses, and the little boys, tall hats and long trousers.

"I 'm going across the fields to Grandma's," said Dorothy May.

"So am I," said Walter Hay, "—to my Grandma's, so we can go together." Then they walked on, and Walter Hay thought of the cookies he would get at Grandma's, and Dorothy May of what she could say next.

At last she thought of something. "I have just been reading a most enjoyable book, called 'Brave Deeds of Youthful Heroes,'" she began, in the prim little way she had learned from Aunt Eliza.

"I *always* enjoy a book telling of the deeds of brave men or boys," said Walter Hay.

"But this is n't only about boys—" objected Dorothy May, resentfully. "Half the stories in it are about girls, and they were every bit as brave as the boys!"

Walter knew it was not polite to contradict, but in his heart he thought that girls *could* n't be as brave as boys.

At last they came to the stile leading into the field they were to cross, and the gentleman gallantly helped the little lady over.

Suddenly Walter caught Dorothy's arm, "Oh—" he whispered excitedly, "Oh—there 's a big black bull over there beside that bush, and—and—he 's coming right for us." And with a wild scream, he tore back to the stile again, without a thought for Dorothy May.

As breathless and panting he scrambled to the top, he gave a terrified glance behind him, and then and there he changed his mind about boys always being braver than girls, for Dorothy May stood with her arm around the "big black bull's" neck, laughing gaily.

"Why it 's only an old Brindle Cow," she cried, "a dear Brindle Cow, who would n't hurt a fly. Come on, you silly Walter Hay!"

And Walter Hay "came on" with a very red, sheepish face, and across the fields they went again, but this time it was Dorothy May who thought of cookies—at her Grandma's—while Walter Hay thought of "Brave Deeds of Youthful Heroes," and wished he had been a hero when he had the chance.

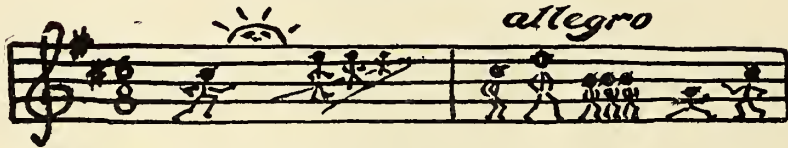
GINA H. FAIRLIE.



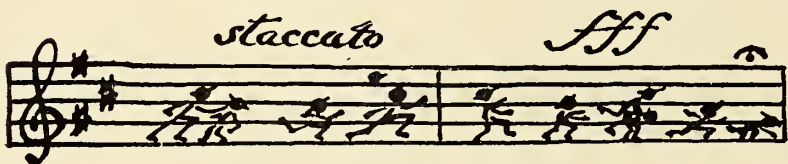
- After the Ball. -

A Foot-Ball Parody
on a
Once-Popular Song

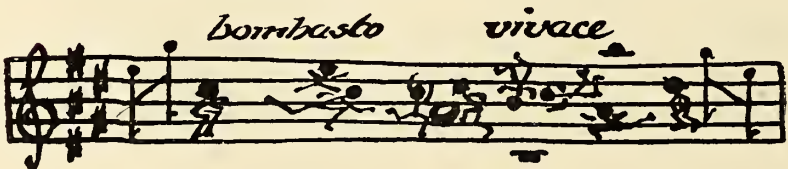
by
- Two Flats -



ON A FROSTY MORNING, WITH A CROWD OF BOYS-



JIM GOES TO THE BALL-FIELD, FULL OF TRICKS AND NOISE;



THEY KICK TILL THE BALL GOES OVER, AND THE GOAL IS WON,



BUT WHEN THE GAME IS ENDED , IT IS'NT HALP THE FUN.



AFTER THE BALL IS OVER, AFTER THE GOAL IS WON;



ON GO THE BIG SHIN-PLASTERS, - GRACIOUS! HOW COULD THEY RUN?



UP COME THE EMERGENCY DOCTORS, ANSWERING THE AMBULANCE CALL,



JIM WONT RUN TILL NEXT SEASON, AFTER THE BALL.

How to Teach a Pet Bird Pretty Tricks

By Mary Dawson

Illustrated by Photographs



HE bright bird learns to perform simple tricks as readily as a puppy or a kitten, and if his education has been properly conducted enjoys his pretty "stunt" and takes as much pride in it as does his human audience.

Of course, some birds, like some people, are slower to master an idea than others, but with patience and kindness any feathered pet will acquire a few tricks at least, and if there are several bird members of the household, quite a little circus may be arranged.

Much of the originality of the songsters is destroyed, or prevented from developing, by keeping them continually in the cage. If you want to discover the true characteristics of your pet, open the cage door from time to time, and welcome him as a member of the family circle. With the windows closed there is no possible danger, and besides supplying the exercise which caged birds get too little of, this freedom and familiarity will help to develop "cute" little traits of character which you would otherwise never suspect.

It is a common mistake to think that pets can only be taught when hungry, and to commence a bird's training by depriving it of breakfast, dinner or supper is a most unhappy beginning.

In reality the feathered folk are just as apt and full of fun after a comfortable meal as before it, and to starve, scold or otherwise ill-treat the little creature will usually render it too unhappy to learn quickly if at all.

Birds are extremely nervous beings. They love a low, quiet voice, and gentle movements—love to be talked to, coaxed and made much of.

If the pet is a new one and seems specially excitable or timid, you will have to teach it first of all not to fear you. Any little games he is to learn must be acquired afterwards.

To calm and reassure a nervous bird make it a point never to run up to the cage in a hurry or with noise of any kind. Approach slowly and call to the warbler as you go to let him know that breakfast or bath or some other good thing is on the way.

The boy or girl with no idea of the timidity of bird nature rushes toward the cage without warning, jerks the seed cup from its holder, replaces it in the same way and snaps the door to without a word, almost frightening the poor inmate to death. This is a very unfortunate course, for to train a bird it must become thoroughly tame and fond of master or mistress. It must be convinced of the affection of those among whom it dwells.

It is well to accustom the pet little by little to gentle and considerate handling. After the first nervousness has been coaxed away this second step may be attempted. When he will sit on your hand or perch on your shoulder, the foundation of some pretty trick has been laid.

To take a bird in your hand don't open the cage and grab for it at random. This excites the tiny creature and teaches it to dread your arrival. First take out the top perch, slip one hand inside of the cage and follow the bird outside the cage with the other. When caught, hold it very, very gently between the hands, and lightly, for birds cannot endure squeezing or any kind of pressure. Allow it to settle its feet comfortably on one of your fingers, talking to it in a low, coaxing tone, and after a few minutes return it to the cage. Some little treat should be given as you put it back, such as a leaf of lettuce, a bit of apple or a fig. Fruit and green tidbits are the candy of the bird-world. Repeat this every morning for a short time.

Next teach the little fellow to hop on your hand of his own free will. You can easily tempt him into doing this by placing a leaf of lettuce or some other dainty of which he is fond on your palm and holding your hand just outside the open door of the cage. The coveted morsel will help him to overcome any lingering fears he may have of you or of the room.

Another time he may be wheedled into mounting your shoulder. This trick is readily taught by pinning a crisp, fresh lettuce leaf to the sleeve of coat or gown. When this has been repeated a number of times, the bird hopping up to get it on each occasion, he will

have discovered what a comfortable perch the human shoulder can be.

A simple trick which most birds learn readily is that of kissing the master or mistress. They can be trained to kiss the person they are fond of whenever he or she approaches the cage, even through the bars. Place between your lips a seed or some edible

was repeated until the supply of hemp was exhausted after which the clever pet returned to enjoy his own morning meal.

Some very pretty tricks of the more unusual order are shown in the photographs. These were posed by birds belonging to Miss Virginia Pope, the Bird Doctor.

A charming one is climbing a ladder. For



ONE OF THE FAMILY.

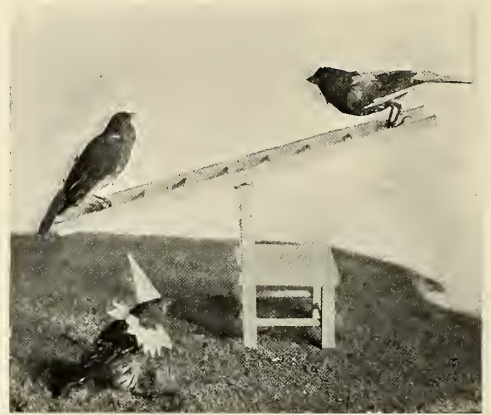
which the pet especially likes, and let it remove the morsel with its bill. It will learn after a small amount of practice to come to your shoulder and to kiss you.

A clever little canary called Tiddlywinks was trained to feed his master with hemp seed before beginning on his own breakfast. This is an interesting little "stunt" which other intelligent birds could readily pick up. Two or three of the hemp seeds for the master were placed in the seed-cup with the canary food. When he placed the cup in the cage the owner would say "Tiddlywinks, master wants his breakfast." The little creature would immediately find one of the hemp seeds and bring it to the door of the cage which was opened when he arrived with it. Flying to the finger held out for him to perch upon, Tiddly would shell the seed and place the kernel between the owner's lips. This

this, coax the bird to hop first on one finger, then to hop from a finger of the left hand we will say, to one on the right. Then raise the hands one above the other so that in hopping from the index finger of the left to that of the right hand, or vice versa, the suggestion of climbing a ladder will be given. Lift one hand over the other several times. When the pet has learned to enjoy this frolic which he is sure to do in a short time, try a real ladder of doll-house size such as you see in the photograph. Rest it against the back of a doll's chair or anything else suitable which happens to be at hand. Lift the bird upon the first round and coax it from this to the one above. Never force or scold the pet if he fails to seize your idea and to carry out your wishes at once. Work little by little and always with unflinching kindness until the "stunt" is mastered.



CLIMBING THE LADDER.



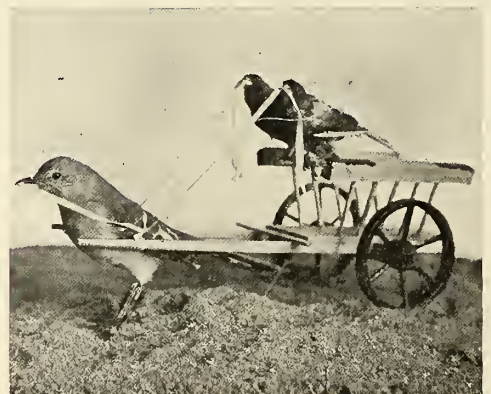
SEE-SAW.



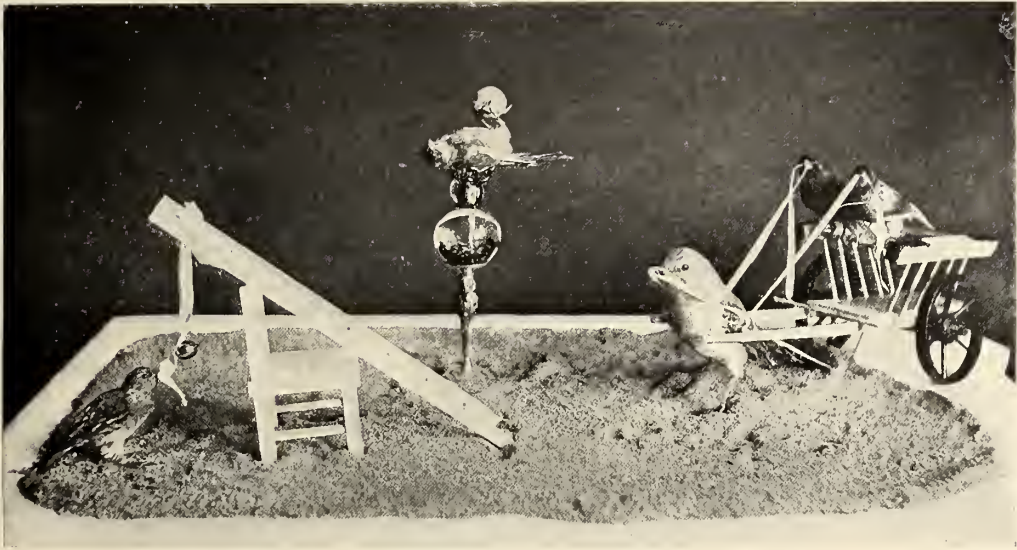
THE BASKET TRICK.



BALANCING.



AN AFTERNOON DRIVE.



AN ACT BY THE WHOLE COMPANY.

In the ladder trick just described a tiny bell can be fastened to the top round of the ladder as shown in the illustration. Birds having a keen sense of fun love to play with the jingling bells. They will cheerfully mount the ladder for the amusement of ringing one, having once discovered what it is there for.

There are many tricks which two, three or several birds can take part in together. For example, if the ladder is poised across the back of a tiny chair or something else of the

same kind, two birds will immensely enjoy a seesaw game. They learn naturally to balance and manage the seesaw as cleverly as any boys or girls.

Another trick is balancing on a ball, while three birds can have jolly good times riding in and drawing a cart. One pet plays horse, being harnessed to the miniature cart with narrow ribbon. Two birds ride in the cart holding the ribbons in their bills. The driving party will sometimes wend its way quite a little distance (as bird-distances go) around



A THREE-PART ACT.

How to Teach a Pet Bird Pretty Tricks

the room, before the feathered steed is tired, or the excursion party wishes to dismount.

When your pet has become thoroughly accustomed to a little gentle handling, he will probably have learned to lie on his back, either in the palm of your hand or anywhere he is placed. This, also, is the foundation of more than one merry game. Thus, he may be willing to lie on his back as represented in the picture holding a wee marble in his claws.

If the little fellow is particularly good about sitting still, make for it a tiny foolscap and ruff of white paper and teach him to wear these for a few minutes when told to do so.

One bird owned by Miss Pope had the particularly cute trick of bursting through the tissue paper of a circus hoop (made specially for his birdship, a few inches in diameter), while another converted the swing of its cage into a trapeze, and would whiz through the air heels over head like a circus performer. A third member of the same happy family would slide down a wire or cord to imitate an escape from a burning building.

Birds and animals are like "humans." Study their dispositions and you will find them both different from each other and original in their tastes and views. All birds are not of equal intelligence, the difference being in the individual pet rather than in the species, so that whatever the class to which your pet bird belongs it may turn out to be extremely clever if its intelligence is developed by kindness and petting.

However, even those who are not apt at mastering complicated performances will be found to have a dozen and one pretty traits. By studying to develop whatever cleverness yours possesses, you cannot fail to make it doubly interesting.

Sometimes a trait or habit which the pet acquires naturally can be developed into a fascinating little stunt which will be performed at the wish of master or mistress. In this way the bird shown in the pictures was found to have taken a great fancy to a wee basket cut from a nutshell. Developing this natural liking he was trained to stand on the back of a doll-chair or in some similar position holding the nut shell basket. Not until a seed or something edible was dropped into his toy does he abandon the "pose".

Most birds love toys. The playthings help to while away the time and prevent them from tearing their plumage. Parrots are especially devoted to playthings and can be trained to do simple tricks with the objects specially fancied. A soft-billed bird will amuse itself for an hour with a peanut which it can not break, a tiny bell or a mirror just big enough to reflect its own head.

Wild birds as well as canaries and other imported birds learn tricks readily and while it seems infinitely pleasanter to have the wild friends singing for us outside our windows than imprisoned indoors, circumstances sometimes occur which make it desirable to domesticate them. For example, a young bird may have fallen or fluttered from the nest, and if the home cannot be found it must be fed to save it. Or an older bird may be discovered injured in some way, or stunned from contact with an electric wire. In such cases birds often become devoted to their rescuer. They can be taught and trained exactly like a canary or a bulfinch. Special gentleness is necessary in handling wild birds, as unlike the domesticated species they are not used to associating with human beings and are therefore more easily frightened.



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



By Margaret and Clarence Weed



ONCE upon a time there was a King in Spain who had only one leg. He was a Good King and he had a big Animal Farm where he kept all the animals who had lost one or more of their legs.

In another part of Spain there was a Little Half Chick with only one eye, one wing and one leg. The other chickens with two eyes and two legs gobbled up the corn so fast that Little Half Chick was nearly starved.

One day a Donkey told Little Half Chick about the Good King and his Animal Farm. Little Half Chick at once started hoppity-hop for Mother Hen and said,

"Mother Hen, I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"All right," said Mother Hen, "good luck to you."

So Little Half Chick started off, hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop along the road to Madrid to see the Good King.

Soon she met a Two-legged Cat going along hippity-hip, hippity-hip on her leg and crutch. The Cat said,

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said, "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the Two-legged Cat.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Cat fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat.

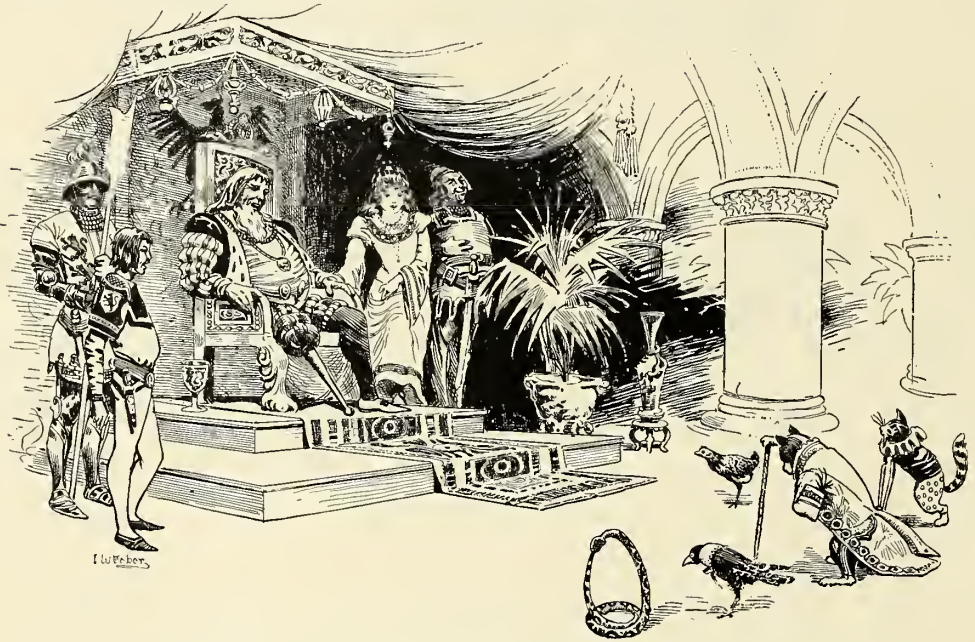
Soon they met a Three-legged Dog going along humpity-hump, humpity-hump. The Dog said:

“Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?”

Little Half Chick said: “I am going to Madrid to see the Good King.”

“May I go too?” said the Three-legged Dog.

“Yes,” said Little Half Chick, “fall in behind.”



“THEY BOTH LAUGHED AS ALL THESE FUNNY ANIMALS CAME UP.”

So the Dog fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpity-hump, humpity-hump went the Three-legged Dog.

Soon they met a One-legged Crow going along jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump. The Crow said:

“Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?”

Little Half Chick said: “I am going to Madrid to see the Good King.”

“May I go too?” said the One-legged Crow.

“Yes,” said Little Half Chick, “fall in behind.”

So the Crow fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpity-hump, humpity-hump went the Three-legged Dog. Jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump went the One-legged Crow.

Soon they met a Snake with no legs at all. He had caught his tail in his teeth and was rolling along loopity-loop, loopity-loop. The Snake said,

“Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?”

“I am going to Madrid to see the Good King,” said Little Half Chick.

“May I go, too?” said the Snake.

“Yes,” said Little Half Chick, “fall in behind.”

So the Snake fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpity-hump, humpity-hump went the Three-legged Dog. Jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump went the One-legged Crow. Loopity-loop, loopity-loop went the Snake with no legs at all.

Soon they came to Madrid and saw the Good King. With the King was his little daughter Margaret. They both laughed as all these funny animals came up. The King said to Little Margaret:

“Do you want to see us all go out to the Animal Farm?”

“Yes,” said Little Margaret, “I will lead the way.”

So she led the way along the street to the Animal Farm. Behind Margaret came the One-legged King. Next came the Little Half Chick, next the Two-legged Cat, next the Three-legged Dog, next the One-legged Crow, and last of all the Snake with no legs at all. So they all went out to the Animal Farm. And there they lived happily ever after.



EARLY AND LATE.

BY W. S. REED.

Go to bed early — wake up with joy ; Go to bed early — no pains or ills ;
 Go to bed late — cross girl or boy. Go to bed late — doctors and pills.

Go to bed early — ready for play ; Go to bed early — grow very tall ;
 Go to bed late — moping all day. Go to bed late — stay very small.



A PATH IN NOVEMBER.

The old stone walls and rail fences—wholly or partly hidden from sight by bushes, vines and weeds—are favorite locations for late autumn "wild orchestras."

NOVEMBER CHEERINESS.

THERE are easier paths than the one we shall take; but we soon choose between the smooth country road and the rough field route. No wagon road allures us with its twists and turns, for it often wanders to avoid wild Nature; we shall ramble to find her where she has decked the walls and hung her rich festoons, or where she smiles through the vistas of the woods.

Here is a dear old stone wall half hidden among wild plum shoots, bushes and tall



THE CALL OF CRICKETS FROM COZY PLACES UNDER STONES SEEMS AS CHEERY AS DO ANY OF THE SOUNDS OF SPRING.

weeds. The white-throated sparrow is here with a dozen of his fellows, and is thanking the sun for shining so warm into their cozy nook. Oh, what a sight! Or should we not rather say "What Music"? It is a kind of music for the eye as well as the ear, for on a close approach we find the brambly growth teeming with white-throats, song sparrows and myrtle warblers, that flit about or rustle merrily among the dry leaves. Here a white-throat mounts a thorny plum-branch and calls cheerily to his comrades; another suns himself near by, and then we surprise a song sparrow at his bath in a spring twinkling among the tall grass. Here are juncos, too,—a happy bevy of them about the briars and black haw bushes.

Some would say, "Here is a bare pasture to be crossed now," but rather let us respond to the crickets who are chirping, and explore it. A flicker has come before us: there he is, hopping in his awkward fashion and hunting ants. Even the late and pretty burr thistle is not "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," for see the bumble-bee—still busy of course. And now we have our crickets, under this flat stone. They are by no means so spry as they were a month or two ago when we tried, and found it hard work, to catch some of them for fish bait; they are so numb with cold, and still they chirp! Goldfinch has been at work

on the thistles, for here is a stalk with ragged and well-plucked burrs and a black and white

hidden. And see the beech trees nearly covered with yellow leaves.

That musical piping we hear is not a bird's voice, though as sweet as one and coming from the birds' airy haunts. Pickering's hyla grew silent in the pond; but now from some tree he looks abroad on the landscape and finds an impulse to sing again. The "peeping" is springlike, but sleepy and still welcome.

Why, we are scarcely out of the wood, and here is a pretty little field mouse, but he vanishes in the tall grass in a moment. It is quiet in these fields again; but I think Nature has fulfilled her promise. Don't you? How happy those bluebirds are even as they fly away southward! They like spring and "purer" skies best. "*Pure-er, pure-er!*" Hear them! They have gone now, over the harvest field, toward the purple hills. But don't you



THE HYLA'S CHEERY PIPING IS SO MUSICAL THAT WE OFTEN SUPPOSE IT TO BE THAT OF A BIRD. LISTEN FOR IT IN THE LATE AUTUMN WOODS.

tail feather in a spider's web. The goldfinch has on his brown suit now and is off to the birch trees with his most happy family.

We have followed a cow path out of the pasture into an alder swamp; and here is the merriest bird group we have heard yet. We might have expected these tree sparrows, for this is their time and place exactly. They are not a bit afraid, except of being stepped on, and do not leave us out of sight, but only fly on a little ahead, as we go, till we are out of the thicket.

Golden-rods and a buttercup! And there is a wall covered with clematis, and a picturesque old apple tree overhung with a bitter-sweet vine, and a rock decorated with the Virginia creeper turned to all shades of red and purple. See how fondly that wild grape vine has embraced the old stump, till it is nearly

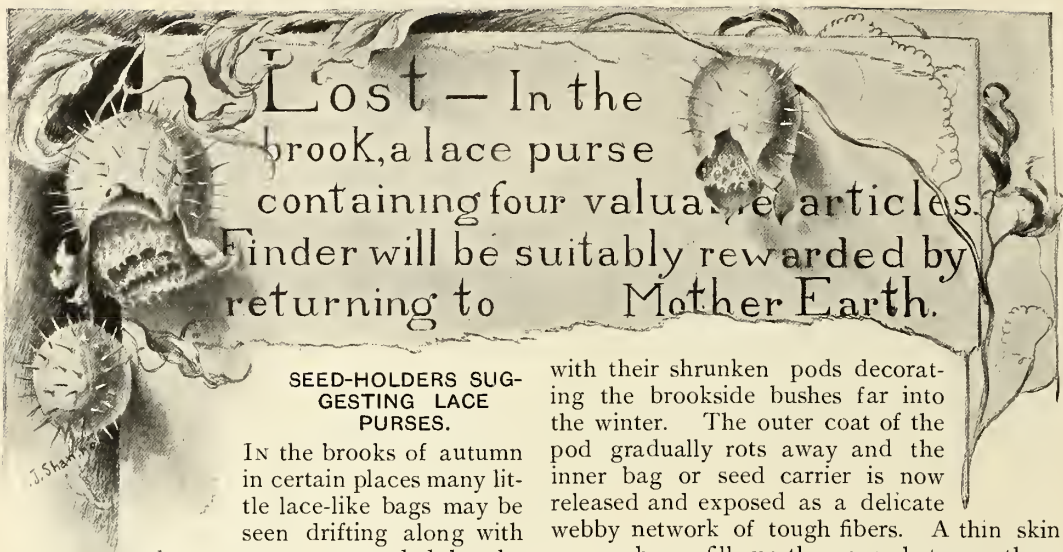


ALL SPECIES OF WOOD MICE ARE NEVER MORE CHEERY THAN IN LATE AUTUMN. THEY REVEL IN SEEDS, GRAIN AND NUTS.

think Nature has heard their call, and will give us the fair skies when the bluebird comes back again?
EDMUND J. SAWYER.

THERE IS A CRISP CHEERINESS EVEN IN A CORNFIELD.





Lost — In the
brook, a lace purse
containing four valuable articles.
Finder will be suitably rewarded by
returning to Mother Earth.

SEED-HOLDERS SUG-
GESTING LACE
PURSES.

IN the brooks of autumn in certain places many little lace-like bags may be seen drifting along with the current, or stranded by the shore. They are the inner coats or bodies of the wild balsam apples (*Echinocystis lobata*) which have dropped from the vines overhanging the stream and now float lightly away with their large seeds.

The green prickly bag of the balsam apple itself began to form in late summer and by

with their shrunken pods decorating the brookside bushes far into the winter. The outer coat of the pod gradually rots away and the inner bag or seed carrier is now released and exposed as a delicate webby network of tough fibers. A thin skin or membrane fills up the space between these meshes but that also falls away through the action of water and the winter storms, until only the ball-like tissue of the "purse" is left. These little purses, being extremely light and buoyant, float far and wide over the submerged swamplands in late autumn carrying the seeds with them, and so planting the vine in new situations. If, however, we take these seeds home with us and plant them there, Mother Earth will suitably reward us in the following year with vines of our own; they will spring up and spread rapidly until all the stone walls and garden fences are decorated with the tracery of their stems and star-shaped leaves.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.



THE PURSE-LIKE SEED-CARRIER OF THE WILD
BALSAM APPLE.

Only two of the four seeds are pictured.

autumn it has withered and faded to a pale straw color. We may see the trailing vines

MOUNTING BIRDS' NESTS.

OF all the treasures of wood and field none are more interesting and beautiful than the nests of many of our native birds. I have often secured fine specimens but dust and frequent handling soon impaired their perfection, and it was only recently that an enthusiastic bird-student showed me a satisfactory and practical way of mounting and preserving the trophies.

Here is a photograph which shows a mounted nest, and the method of procedure is as follows: First, saw out the standard from a board about half an inch thick. Plane neatly and bevel the edges. The size should be in proportion to the nest for which it is intended. The one in the picture is four inches square. Give it a coat of shellac or stain and allow it to dry. Remove the leaves and trim the twigs upon which the

nest is built. Now, take a piece of stout wire, loop the middle twice securely around the



A SIMPLE YET EFFICIENT METHOD OF MOUNTING BIRDS' NESTS.

Late autumn is the best time to search for birds' nests. They can readily be found when the leaves are gone, and they are still uninjured by the winter storms.

branch and then twist the ends together, making a firm support a little longer than the nest is deep. Bore a tiny hole in one side of the standard, insert the wire and your mount is complete. If the nest is so built that the branch should be held perpendicular instead of horizontal, the wire may be dispensed with and the bough itself fastened into the base. A nest built on the ground may be wired or glued securely to the wooden standard. Fifty or more beautiful examples of the skill of our native birds suitably arranged in a cabinet such as any handy boy can make for himself will form a worthy ornament for the "den" of a nature student.

ROSE GOODALE DAYTON.

STUDYING THE MEADOWS IN NOVEMBER.

DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT more than most other naturalists praises November. He seems especially to delight in the month—"and what perfect days do we often have, even so late as in the last week of November!" His favorite study this month is the meadows. This is an excellent suggestion and I invite our young folks to write letters regarding "November Meadows."

BASKET FISH.

AT its marine residence, away down in deep water, the name on the door plate would be *Astrophyton* and it belongs to a species called Ophiurans. It has a well-marked central disk, not unlike a clam, but has no shell. From this central body radiate arms, five in number, like those of the familiar starfish, and these arms are divided into minute branches like the twigs on a tree, until they number in some cases a thousand separately defined hair-like tendrils. While the body is not large, the branches, when extended, measure about eighteen inches in diameter. The creature has the power of incurling these branches until it closely resembles a shallow dish. This it does when caught and about to die, remaining in that shape when dried.

It has been given the name of basket fish; it frequently (when caught by a dredge—for that is the only way it can be taken—) throws off these arms or parts of them, so that a perfect specimen is hard to be procured in its natural condition.

These arms and their subdivisions are almost white when dried, and closely resemble plaster of Paris. They are very brittle, easily broken, and cannot be repaired. The fish live among the roots of sea weeds and are supposed to feed upon these, moving about by wriggling and clambering with these arms, or fastening upon the roots and pulling themselves along.

Most of the knowledge regarding their habits is conjecture for none have been taken alive and kept for sufficient time to give them



A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE BASKET FISH.

proper examination and study. The picture here given shows as perfect a specimen as can probably be found anywhere. W. J. HANDY.

FEATHERED HIGHWAYMEN.

It is a common practice, throughout the feathered race, for one bird to snatch a coveted morsel from another. This is inter-



PARASITIC JAEGER AND GULLS.

estingly and readily noticeable among little chickens. But only in a few species has the offense become a habit.

Thus it is that in certain groups, there are species that rely on the efforts of others to procure them an easy living. Perhaps the best examples of these depraved birds are the skuas and jaegers or hunting gulls. These, while belonging to the same family as the



BALD EAGLE AND OSPREY.

gulls and terns, are of a more hawk-like build, and this resemblance serves them in good

stead, as a means of procuring their prey. With the general make-up of a sea-gull their wings are longer, the point of the bill well hooked, and, in most cases, a decidedly hawk-like coloration.

At the breeding places of sea fowl in the far North, both skuas and jaegers, when opportunity offers, destroy the eggs and young of any species of bird smaller or weaker than themselves; but it is not until later in the season that their peculiar habits are in evidence.

There is only one species of skua found in America, a rare vistant to the Atlantic coast. In the Old World it is of more frequent occurrence, breeding from the Orkney Islands, northward. It is of the size of a large gull, of a uniform brown color and very strongly built. In the Orkney Islands it is known as the "Bonxie" and in its defense of its eggs or young is the most courageous of any bird nesting there.

The skua will attack the largest gulls and make them disgorge their prey. Closely allied to the skua are the jaegers, of which there are three species, the parasitic, long-tailed and Pomarine jaeger. All three breed on the "tundras" of the Arctic regions, and migrate southward in August and September.

The parasitic jaeger is the commonest species, and his mission in life is to constantly harass and worry the pretty little Bonaparte's gulls. A flock of these charming little gulls will be busy with a school of small fish, darting down and seizing their prey while hardly seeming to touch the water. Suddenly, from nowhere, appears a long-winged, swift flying apparition, terrifying in his likeness to their worst enemy, the Peregrine falcon; hither and thither dart the screaming gulls while the jaeger, singling out his victim, pursues it through its most intricate twistings and turnings. Higher and higher mounts the gull, but the pursuer with hardly a movement of his wings is always close behind, until at last the gull, in an agony of fear, ejects from its mouth the fish it has lately captured. In an instant the jaeger wheels and drops gracefully downward catching the fish in mid-air before it has reached the water. Over and over again this robbery is effected, each time with a new victim, until at last the jaeger, satiated, wings his way out seaward, and alights, light as thistledown, on the water to digest his meal.

The adult parasitic jaeger is a very handsome bird, brown above, with a black cap,

delicate yellow tinged neck, and white breast; the two central tail feathers elongated far beyond the rest. The size is about that of a



LONG-TAILED JAEGER, ADULT AND YOUNG.

ring-billed gull. The young bird in the first plumage has the central tail feathers only slightly lengthened beyond the others, and in color is dark brown all over, handsomely marked with light rufous. A long-tailed jaeger is very similar, the young bird lighter and grayer, and the adult with still longer central tail feathers. The Pomarine jaeger, the third species, is larger and of rather clumsier build, with duller coloration. All three have the same hawk-like aspect especially in flight.

Once while I was watching a large flock of Bonaparte's gulls, which were feeding on the wing, like swallows, on a swarm of flying ants,

was a Peregrine falcon, or "Duck Hawk." Shortly afterwards I avenged the gulls by shooting, not only the falcon, but the two jaegers as well.

Another highwayman is the bald eagle, who, though capable of catching fish for himself, prefers to let the more active osprey, or fish hawk, secure him a meal. This habit is so well known, and has been written of by so many authors, that it is needless to enlarge on it here. Suffice it to say that the osprey is never hurt in any way, but is simply "bluffed" out of his hard earned meal by his larger relative. This practice is common to several species of sea eagles of the Old World. Many species of ducks are persistent thieves, but in their case the likeness is more to a pick-pocket than a bolder robber.

The widgeon, or baldpate, is one of the worst offenders. Unable to dive in deep water for food itself, it filches scraps of weed from the bills of deep-diving ducks as they come to the surface. This habit is especially noticeable in winter when the shallower waters are frozen. The redhead is the principal victim though canvasbacks and scaups also suffer. A bunch of widgeons on settling among a large flock of feeding redheads, instantly scatter, each widgeon patrolling a different portion of the flock. No sooner



WIDGEON ROBBING RED HEADS.

a couple of jaegers came along, completely puzzled at the changed habits of their former fishermen. Presently what I took for a third jaeger shot into the maze of circling gulls, and for an instant I was astounded, for as he came in contact with a gull there was a slight click, and the gull whirled, stone dead, to the beach below. Only then did I realize that the supposed jaeger

does a redhead come to the surface with his mouth full of weed than a widgeon is at hand to deftly snatch a piece and make off. Active and graceful they can easily elude the more clumsy redhead, if the latter attempts to retaliate.

Widgeon also keep a close attendance on swans, whose long necks can reach from the bottom many succulent roots and grasses otherwise unobtainable. ALLAN BROOKS.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

A CURIOUSLY TWISTED PINE TREE.

DUDLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a picture of a very curious tree. I thought that you could give a reason for its having such a queer twist in it.

The tree was pine, about fifteen feet high. I do not think it probable that it was trained that way for we found it growing in the wild woods. It was transplanted to a place near our log cabin because it was so curious. It is now dead probably on account of transplanting.

Yours truly,
SYLVIA F. CONANT.

If it was not purposely trained to grow that way, it seems probable that the curious form is the result of an accident when the tree was very small. Perhaps it was crushed and twisted by the wheel of a farmer's cart, or was twisted by some person in an attempt to break it off, and the slender stem held long enough in its curled position until it had got a permanent "set."

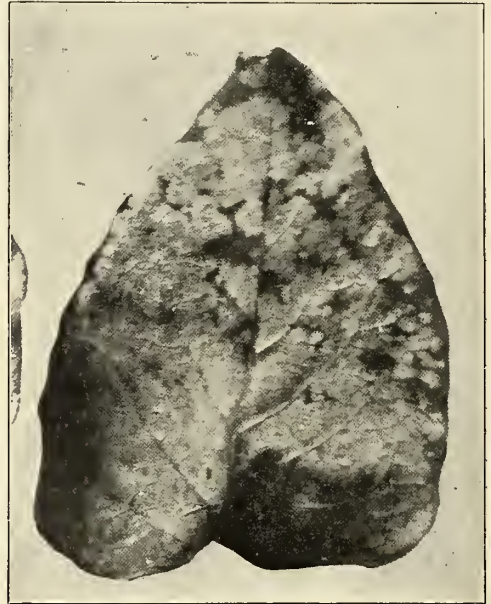


THE TWISTED PINE TREE.

WHITE SPOTS ON LILAC LEAVES.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am now sending lilac leaves that have tiny white specks. I think more than



WHITE SPOTS ON LILAC LEAVES.

one bush has the disease. Please tell me what is the trouble with the leaves.

Yours very truly,
DOROTHY LYDECKER.

This is the common lilac mildew (tiny plants—*Microsphaera alni*). A little later the winter form that is the fruit will appear as small black specks. It seldom causes much damage. A microscope is necessary in order to examine the very pretty and interesting fruits.

JOHN L. SHELDON.

WHAT CAUSES THE TIDES.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what makes the tide high and low? We are here at Atlantic City and have been watching the ocean and we, my brother and I, cannot understand it.

Your interested reader,
WYBURN L. N. LEE.

The action of the moon on the earth is the principal cause of the tides. The moon pulls the part of the earth nearest it more strongly than the great body of the earth, and also pulls the earth away from the part of the earth's surface farthest from the moon. This pull of the moon starts a great wave in the Pacific Ocean, which follows after the moon, so that

high water comes for any given place at nearly the same interval of time after the moon has crossed the meridian of the place.—

MALCOLM MCNEILL, *Professor of Astronomy.*

CAN FISH SEE OUR "AERIAL OCEAN"?

CASANOVA, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you tell me whether fish see our Aerial Ocean? Also please tell me if fishes see the water in which they live? Please do me the favor of publishing the answer in *Nature and Science*.

Your devoted reader,
CHARLOTTE ST. GEORGE NOURSE.

While they cannot see the air, it is certain that at least some can see objects in the air. The shooting-fish of Java shoots drops of water from its long snout, so as to bring down insects flying above the stream, or resting on leaves of plants on the banks. This is done with surprising accuracy of aim.

Do you see the air in which you live? Would you suppose that fish can see the water in which they live? I am sure that they cannot.

I submitted this answer to Dr. H. M. Smith. He says it is correct and adds:



H. Bradford

THE SHOOTING-FISH OF JAVA.

"The shooting-fish (or archer-fish) of Java does its shooting with head and eyes out of



A GOBY ON THE ROCK OUT OF WATER.

water. Certain gobies (*Periophthalmus*, etc.) pass much of their life out of the water, and have very acute vision, being exceedingly difficult to catch."

YOUNG MICE IN A BIRD'S NEST.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I took a long walk along a country road. I came upon a row of thorny bushes and saw what I supposed to be a number of last year's birds' nests at different heights from the ground. They were queer looking things, about six inches in diameter and dome-shaped, made of dry grass. Thinking they would be good for my collection I chose one within my reach and pulled it down. To my surprise the top came off as the cover of a box would and revealed to me a feather-lined nest with five little objects huddled together. They looked like mice and were evidently only a few days old as their eyes were unopened and they had no hair. The parents of the youngsters were nowhere to be seen. I replaced the top of the nest and as carefully as I could, put nest and all back where I had found it. Although I was curious as to whether the other nests contained the same thing as this one I let them alone not wishing to disturb any more nests. After I had passed that clump of bushes I saw no more of the queer nests.

Could you tell me what kind of animals live in such nests as I saw? If they were field mice, do they generally make their nests in bushes in the early spring?

Yours truly,
MARGARET E. NASH (age 13).

It is extremely probable that the species involved was the white-footed mouse (*Peromyscus*)—of which there are an appalling number of sub-species. All are good climbers.

W. T. H.

Nature's exchanges of labor are interesting. White-footed mice often occupy birds' nests, and some nests of ground mice are occupied by bumble bees!



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."

BY DUDLEY T. FISHER, JR., AGE 16.
(CASH PRIZE.)

THE LADY OF THE ORCHARD.

BY ELIZABETH BARNES (AGE 17).
(Gold Badge.)

I WANDERED in an orchard at the dawning of the day,
The air was filled with fragrance from the blossoms of
the May,
The new-born sun was rising in a pure, unclouded
sky,
And, like a dying nun, the moon lay cold and pale on
high.

Amid the blooming trees I saw a vision of delight,

A Blossom-Lady, tall and slim, in robes
of snowy white;
Her shining hair, like golden sheaves of newly-ripened
wheat,
As fine and soft as milk-weed down, fell to her tiny
feet.

Upon her perfect cheek there was a tinge of apple
bloom,
And from her elfin form there flowed a flood of faint
perfume.
She smiled at me in lovely-wise, she spoke with flow'ry
words,

Her voice was sweeter than
the songs of Oriental
birds.

The lady told me of her
life and of her mystic
birth,
Ah! she was not like other
maids who tread this
mortal earth,
For she, like Ulad's dainty
wife, was born of
fragrant flow'rs,
And nourished by the ten-
der love of sun and
dew and show'rs.

And, ere a little time had
passed, she smiled—
a wondrous light
Shone all around—and
then, alas! she faded
from my sight.
I left the haunted orchard
on that ne'er-forgot-
ten day,
But in my soul were bloom-
ing still the blossoms
of the May.



"THE BROOK." BY LEWIS P. CRAIG, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

Now this is the month when the first announcement was made of the formation of the ST. NICHOLAS League. That was seven years ago—a long time in young lives. Our most youthful members then are almost young men and women now, and our older members have passed with their aspirations and their hopes and their honors beyond the gate which at the eighteenth mile stone stands always ajar for the outward going but has no inward swing. Many, oh very many, have passed through that gate in seven years,

League who have become contributors in the great world of publishing (and there are many such) are glad to-day of the years they spent in League Land, even though the "sad little gate" shut behind them just when it was all beginning to be worth while.

PRIZE WINNERS, JULY COMPETITION.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.



"THE BROOK." BY JOHN E. BURKE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

and when we have read the letters of some of those who said good-bye it seemed a sad little gate that closed on a pleasant land just when they were beginning to find it worth while. And we are not sorry that it is a sad little gate that swings between the League and the world outside, for it shows that whatever the effort and struggles and disappointments have been, the result has not been wholly without happiness and some measure of gain. The gain lies chiefly in the persevering effort which has been made by those determined to succeed in the end. The winning of a prize is an encouragement, but it is not the end. The prize-winner who is satisfied with his achievement is in danger of falling behind in the race, while the persistent endeavor of the slower-footed will not rest short of the farther goal. No boy or girl with any love for art or literature ever made a determined effort in the League without winning more than the effort cost, even if the effort brought no tangible reward. Some day our young friends will realize this more fully. To those who intend to continue their League Labors in the world's wider fields the benefit has been very practical. Besides what has been gained in artistic knowledge, they have learned to prepare their work properly, they have learned to expect disappointment (a priceless lesson) and they have now and again tasted something of the feeling which comes with seeing one's effort set forth on a carefully printed page. This is all valuable knowledge to the young author and artist, and most of it is not to be gained in the ordinary way. We feel certain that those of the

Verse. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Barnes** (age 17), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Annie Louise Hillyer** (age 14), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y. Silver badges, **Lillie G. Menary** (age 11), Altnamackin, Castleblayney, County Monaghan, Ireland, and **Doris F. Halman** (age 10), 5 Mountfort St., Boston, Mass.

Prose. Gold badges, **Dora J. Winn** (age 14), care of Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, San Anselmo, Calif., and **Grace Morrison Boynton** (age 15), 346 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Mary Villepontoux Lee** (age 14), Box 145, Summerville, S. C., **Nancy Payson** (age 9), Box 4, Falmouth Foreside, Portland, Maine, and **Lael Maera Carlock**, (age 11), Mechanicsburg, Ill.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Dudley T. Fisher** (age 16), 363 W. 7th Ave., Columbus, O.

Gold badge, **Rosalind E. Weissbein** (age 13), 2105 Vallejo St., San Francisco, Calif.

Silver badges, **Muriel Halstead** (age 12), Zeiger Hotel, El Paso, Tex., and **Max Rohnik** (age 16), 225 Clinton St., N. Y. City.

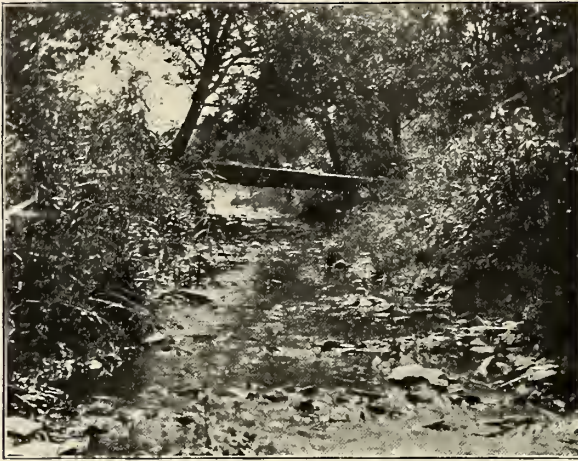
Photography. Cash prize, **Lewis P. Craig** (age



"THE BROOK." BY EUNICE L. HOWE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

16), Shelbyville, Ill. Gold badge, **Eunice L. Howe** (age 14), Bisby Lake, via McKeever, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Robert W. Hobart** (age 9), Price Hill, Cincinnati, O.; **Katharine Steele** (age 15), Box F,



"THE BROOK." BY FLOYD CLARKSON, AGE 12. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Kenilworth, Ill., and **John E. Burke** (age 12), 210 Brady St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wild-creature Photography. First Prize, "Young Purple Finches" by **Carleton B. Swift** (age 15), 40 Cypress St., Newton Centre, Mass. Second prize, "Wild Turkey" by **Donald C. Armour** (age 13), 1608 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. Third prize, "Wild Geese" by **Arthur S. Fairbanks** (age 13), 62 Circuit Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Puzzle Making. Gold badges, **Ernst Ruebel** (age 14), 4649 Cottage Ave., St. Louis, Mo., and **Prue K. Jamieson** (age 11), Lawrenceville, N. J.

Silver badges, **Esther B. Schmitt** (age 15), 158 South Cliff St., Ansonia, Conn., and **Minabelle Summy** (age 14), 1831 North 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **William W. Bloss, Jr.** (age 16), 855 East 60th St., Chicago, Ill., and **Robert Sewall DuBois** (age 14), 232 N. Emporia Ave., Wichita, Kansas.

Silver badges, **Alice Patterson** (age 14), Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; **Jessie Metcalf** (age 13), 1929 N. Penn St., Indianapolis, Ind., and **Frances Bosanquet** (age 13), Fruitland Park, Fla.

AN ORCHARD TEA PARTY.

BY ANNIE LAURIE HILLYER,
(AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

OH, they're going to give a party
In the orchard wide to-day—
Where the seckle pears are
swinging,
Where the joyous birds all
play.

Now the pears are small and golden,
And the leaves are emerald green;
All the ruby apples twinkle
With a wond'rous fairy sheen!

"And our tea will be informal,"
So the invitations read,
"Fancy dress is not required;
Wear your 'pinafores,'" they said.

Oh, that most successful party,
All the birds supplied the song—
And the hostess' heart was happy;
Not a single thing went wrong!

Oh, that hos-pit-a-ble party,—
No stiff manners made to freeze.
And the many, gay refreshments
Were—the apples on the trees!

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY GRACE MORRISON BOYNTON (AGE 15).

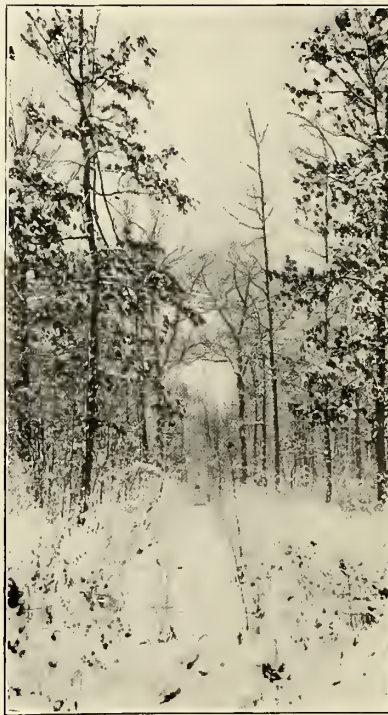
(Gold Badge.)

THE sunset had been gorgeous, and the west was still aglow with a blinding expanse of dazzling yellow, contrasted with the burning purple of a July sun-down. The brilliance of the coloring softened into deeper tones and shaded into the most exquisite tints of rose and violet, which colored the clouds floating upon the edge of that sea of light, like ripples breaking on the shadowy shore of the blue evening sky.

As the light faded in the west, a line of strange color appeared above the hill-tops in the east. The glory in the west dimmed and grew fainter, but that ugly stretch of crimson burned stronger, until every dark pine standing on the hill-tops seemed outlined in fire. Slowly, relentlessly, that line broadened, that sinister color deepened, and then, as twilight came on, a tongue of flame shot up, mirrored in the Chiqua-gua river, which flowed at the base of the burning hills. The great pines blazed like beacon lights, and then fell into the consuming heat, while the flames reached higher and higher, scorching the very sky, so that it glowed a hideous copper-color. The river, too, seemed molten copper as it moved under the glare of the flames, and the surrounding country was hidden under the clouds of smoke that rolled upward from the fire.

The sight was awesome. The flames reached out, licking up every growing thing and flaring brighter after each conquest. The blasting heat swept over the hill sides, insatiably hungry, implacably angry, covering them over with fields of flame.

Dusk passed. The wind arose and turned the smoke toward the sea, and the flames



"THE BROOK." BY KATHARINE STEELE,
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

followed the smoke as an army its flag. On they trooped, breathing destruction, but the wind was leading them to their own. On the shores of the ocean they burned themselves out, leaving behind them a blackened, smoking tract of land, where the green growth of the next spring hid their ravages, and where we children went, speaking in low voices of the great forest fire.

IN AN ORCHARD.

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

BENEATH the shady orchard trees,
While fruit falls down on us;
We sit upon the grass to eat,
And read ST. NICHOLAS.

The boys climb up and shake the fruit,
Down on the grass below;
And then they scramble down again,
We laugh to see them go.

We play we are some shipwrecked folk,
In a secluded land;
The boys then come and bring us fruit,
A friendly native band.

And, oh! the picnics that we have,
In bright autumnal days;
With apples, pears, St.
NICHOLAS,
And many merry plays.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT SAN FRAN- CISCO FIRE.

BY DORA J. WINN (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE most horrible sight I have ever seen was the sweeping of those awful flames in the city of San Francisco, after the earthquake on the eighteenth of April. Rising in the commercial district, they crept up, nothing stopping them. Men rushed around helplessly, some panic-stricken, a few attempting to save something in a building about to disappear. Women and children, their homes already burnt, carried their only worldly possessions on their backs.

Uptown, various reports were spread. Some said that the whole city was doomed, on account of the lack of water, as the pipes were stopped by the earthquake; others, that the fire, now that the soldiers were in charge of everything, was under control. But we continued to hear of new buildings falling.

Before now, another fire had sprung up in the south, which



"THE BROOK." BY DOROTHY DOYLE, AGE 15.

threatened to come up our way, but a sudden change of wind turned the danger in another direction.

From our house, as we looked east, we could not see the actual buildings burning, but the dull red glow covered the whole sky. It was certainly a fearful sight! All day long there were constant explosions of houses being dynamited, but still the fire drew closer.

The next day people left the homes in our neighborhood, and we went too. My father, an army officer, took us to the Headquarters in Fort Mason, where we were safe. From there we could see the flames clearly, and we watched houses catch the blaze, slowly, at first, and then suddenly becoming illuminated; we could see through them, and in another minute the walls would cave in.

Of course, men were laboring all the time to free the pipes, so that they could have water, but they could not succeed.

For three days the fire raged, but at the end of that time it was stopped. Our own house was the last burnt at the western end.

It was many days, however, before the last sparks and burning embers were extinguished, and piles of ashes smoldered for weeks.

THE ORCHARD'S BLOOM.

BY LILLIE G. MENARY (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I 'VE watched the orchard trees
all glow
With blossoms, oh! so sweet,
I 've watched those lovely
flowers die,
And fall down at my feet.

How sad and weary then I felt,
When I saw the bloom all
dead;

But, oh! with joy I now behold
Fruit growing in its stead.



"THE BROOK." BY ROBERT W. HOBART, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

A DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY NANCY PAYSON (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

WE were just sitting down to supper when the fire bells began to ring. "Let 's see if we can see it," cried one of the boys, so we all ran to the windows; we could not see the flames, only the smoke, but it looked so near that papa thought we could just go and see where it was, so off we went.

We walked and walked but still no fire. "It must be very big to have the smoke come over so far," said papa. Suddenly we noticed a big crowd in front of us.

We all climbed up on a fence that was near us. There was the fire! The flames leapt high in the air with a roar, then a sizzle as the hose were put on!

Firemen were scurrying this way and that. "It 's getting quite late," I said. "Yes," said papa. So we went home, and the very last glimpse I caught of the fire over my shoulder as we went up the street was a big red and gold flame that leapt high in the air, and all around it it was misty looking from the smoke.

It is too bad that such a beautiful thing is so harmful.



"THE OLD FENCE." BY MARGARET DOBSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

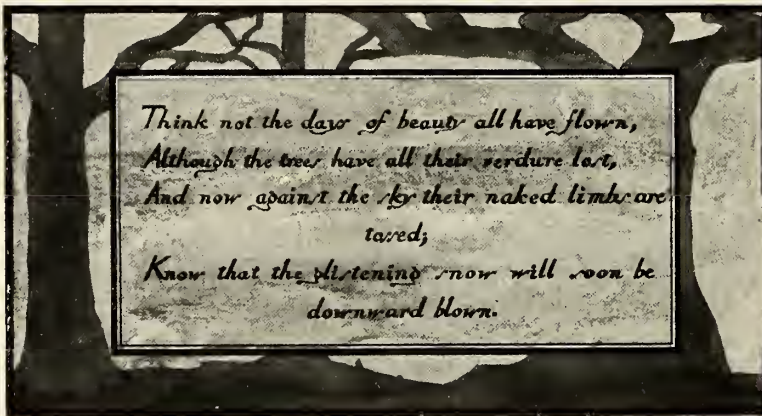
BY LAEL MAERA CARLOCK (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

IN the month of October, 1902, a fire occurred in the city of Cebu, in the Philippine Islands (where we then lived). It was started by two Chinamen, who were having a quarrel in their little shop on that night. One of them overturned their candle, and it fell into a barrel of excelsior. You must know that the fire spread quickly, because most of the little shops are made of a kind of a grass called "nipa." The fire burned a large part of the Chinese portion of the city. A few funny incidents occurred at the time of the fire. One story is of a Chinaman who had quite a large chest in which he kept his money. It was so heavy that he could not get it into a place of safety, but still, he could not bear

the thought of parting with his money. So he just sat down on the chest and burned to death there. The Indian merchants, instead of trying to save even the most valuable of their goods, opened their stores and told the Filipinos to come in and take everything they could carry. For days afterwards it was a common sight to see some of the poorer class walking about the streets with handsome silk shawls around their shoulders and beautiful sandal-wood fans in their hands, but with no stockings nor shoes on their feet. It was often amusing to see Chinamen, whose shops had been burned, sitting on the street corners eating their rice with their chopsticks.

For days after the fire it was so hot that we could hardly drive through the burned portion.

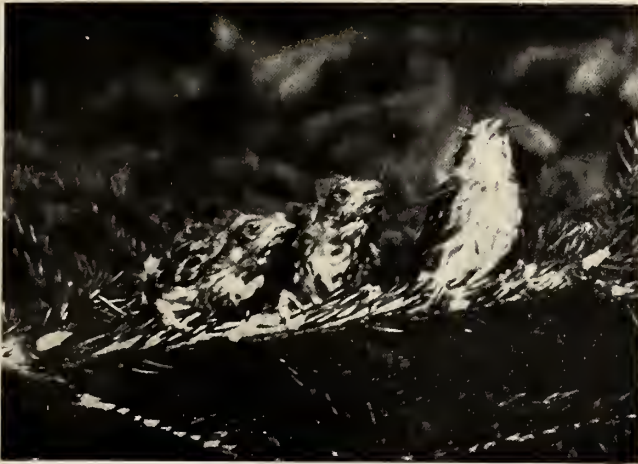


"HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY EMILY W. BROWNE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

JOHNNY'S ORCHARD.

BY MAGDELINE CRAFT (AGE 12).

JOHNNY made an orchard,
With his colored crayons new;
He drew some yellow apple trees,
With leaves of red and blue.
He made a brook a-twisting
In and out among the trees;
And the queerest bird in purple,
And a swarm of brownish bees.
Then he heard his mamma calling,
"Oh, do come quickly, Pet!"
He left the picture lying,
And it is n't finished yet.



"YOUNG PURPLE FINCHES." BY CARLETON E. SWIFT, AGE 15.
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

GRANDPA'S ORCHARD.

BY LEWIS S. COMBES (AGE 9).

(*Honor Member.*)

My Grandpa has an orchard,
With apples big and round,
And always in the autumn
They're scattered on the ground.

And then we take a ladder,
And take some baskets too;
He lets me drive old Major,
That's what I like to do.

And then I climb the ladder,
And go out on the limb,
And I pick off the apples,
And throw them down to him.

And then we go to market,
And sell them at the store,
And grandpa takes the money,
A dollar-bill or more.



"WILD GEESE." BY ARTHUR S. FAIRBANKS, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE,
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

And then he buys some candy,
A bag of peanuts too;
I like to help my grandpa;
I think it's fun! Don't you?

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY MARY VILLEPONTEAUX LEE (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONE night last autumn, I was in the sitting-room reading, when suddenly I heard something pop in the hall, and just as I reached the door I saw a forked flame dart up from the hanging lamp.

"Oh, Miss Annie!" I shrieked to a friend who was staying with us, "the hall lamp has burst." As I finished speaking, my little brothers rushed past me, wild with terror, and out into the yard. As neither Father nor Mother were at home, I did not know what to do, but I saw Miss Annie trying to get a blanket over the lamp, and realized that the four chains would prevent it; all at once I remembered hearing that earth would smother a kerosene fire,



"WILD TURKEY." BY DONALD ARMOUR, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

so I ran into the yard and got my skirt full of sand, but as I went up the steps I saw one of my brothers racing wildly up and down. "Oh, Bert," I called, "what are you doing?" "Looking for dirt," he said, despairingly, "but I can't find any." The next thing I knew Bert was at the 'phone, shouting excitedly, "Hello, Central! Our house is on fire!" But before Central had connected the lines, he dropped the receiver and dashed into the street, yelling "Fire, fire!" as he ran.

Two of our neighbors came in immediately, and one of them pulled the lamp down while the other beat out the fire.

Of course after the fire was over we thought the excitement was also; but not so! As the lamp crashed on the floor the harsh clang of the fire-bell was heard; so we swept up the glass, and sat on the steps to welcome the people, and there we stayed for a long time, holding a sort of reception. When Father came home the house was all quiet, and but for the absence of the lamp, there was nothing to



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ROSALINDE WEISSBEIN,
AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

show that there had been a fire. How Father did laugh at us! But it had been no laughing matter the night before.

THE ORCHARD.

BY MARGUERITE COLLINS (AGE 13).

EARLY in the springtime
When the snow it melts away,
The little flowers and grasses
Through the earth will come astray;
Then the trees begin to blossom
And the leaves begin to grow,
In a sunny orchard where I lived so long ago.

Then later on in summer
I would look with child's delight,
To see the fruit turn pink
In the golden summer light;
But now those happy childhood days
Again I'll never know,
In that sunny orchard where I lived so long ago.

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY GLADYS PHELAN (AGE 12).

FIFTEEN minutes after the terrible earthquake of April 18, as people were rushing around the streets, they were startled by an ominous glow in the sky toward town.

"It is a fire," said one person to another, but little did they think that that fire would destroy the entire important business—and part of the residence—portion, of their dearly beloved city.

Every moment the flames gained impetus and the burning district was, in a short time, a raging furnace. The sun rose as a glaring red ball, and the heat and smoke of the fire made the atmosphere stifling.

To see our beloved city burning was a sad and sick-

ening sight. To watch the flames dart up for a moment with an unearthly brightness and then settle back into the same awful glare as, with a crash, a block of frame houses fell; to gaze upon beautiful buildings, standing proudly 'midst the flames in one moment,—dynamited to the earth the next—made a thrill of horror go through my heart, such as I have never felt before—and hope I never shall feel again.

Night came—with no relief. People could not sleep. The fire held a kind of awful fascination as the flames leaped and danced while feeding on the houses which lay within its path.

Fighting this raging demon of smoke and flame was a terrible danger, and the brave men who did it were struggling under fearful difficulties. There was no water, the earthquake having burst the mains. There was no chief, the earthquake had killed that courageous man. There was nothing to be relied upon but dynamite.

Four days and nights the torture of the uncertainty of whether to-morrow would find us alive and with a roof over our heads, continued, and I think the most welcome words I ever heard were called by a sentinel on Sunday at midnight, "The fire's out, and all's well."

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY AILEEN HVLAND
(AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

IN Spring the trees were
clothed with green,
And spiders wove a
lacy net
Of silken threads, and
webs of sheen
To catch the jewel
dewdrops wet.

The peach, the plum,
the apple sweet
Gave fragrance to the cooling breeze.



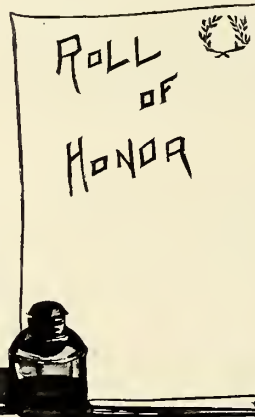
"THE BROOK." BY CHARLES MCPHERSON HOLT, AGE 11.

And, blooming in the
morning heat,
The blossoms decked
their parent trees.

Then, in the heat of
heaven's rays,
The hard green fruit
was changed to red
And in the last of Sum-
mer's days
The ripened fruit was
harvested.

And then, like magic,
Autumn's wand
Transformed the leaves
to red and brown.
And, with a motion of
her hand

She sent the breeze to
waft them down.



"A HEADING." BY KATHARINE
STODDARD WILLIAMS, AGE 17.

And now, in place of leaves that fell,
In robes of snow the gaunt trees stand.
For Winter laid an icy spell,
And bound it with his mighty hand.

But do not fear, oh ice-chained trees!
Nor cease to chant your endless croon,
For Spring is whispering in the breeze;
"Be of good cheer, I will come soon."

A FIRE.

BY GRACE DAUBERMAN (AGE 13).

THE most notable event in Chicago's history was the great fire of 1871.

It commenced by the overturning of a lamp in a district which was built up almost exclusively of wood.

The fire commenced on Sunday evening, Oct. 8, 1871.

It continued through the night and the greater part of the next day.

It destroyed many blocks of houses.

The fire was finally checked on the south by the exploding of gunpowder, and it raged on the north, feeding upon everything that would ignite.

Many thousands of people were rendered homeless, out of which two hundred and fifty people were either caught in the flames or died because of exposure.

Many, flying before the flames, went into the lake, standing in the water for hours as the only means of preservation from the heat of the fire and the cinders.

The city fire department, though large and efficient, was almost exhausted on account of a large fire on the preceding Saturday evening and could not check the first flames.

During the fire a vast system of relief was organized and help came from all parts of the world.

Rude houses were made and about forty thousand people that were without homes were sheltered.

The work of rebuilding the city was accomplished with marvelous rapidity.

The work was commenced before the cinders got cold, and the people seemed to gain new energy and new ambition from the disaster.

The poorer class of people were made more comfortable after the fire than they were before.

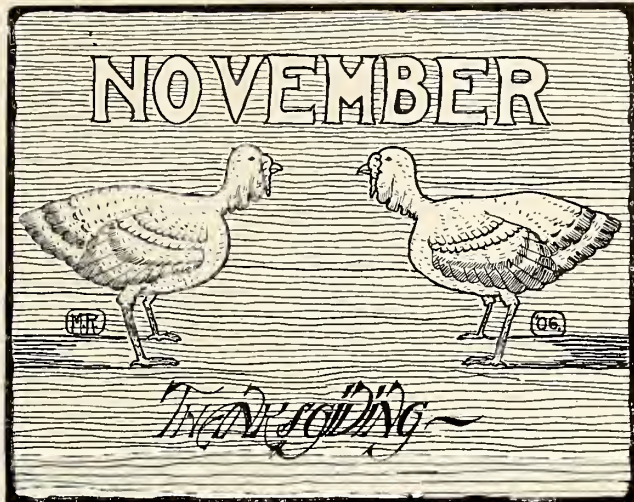
Some people stated it would take ten years to build up Chicago, but it only took about two years.

THE ORCHARD.

BY MARY YEULA WESTCOTT (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

I KNOW of an orchard where long ago
We played: my chum and I.



"HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY MAX ROLNIK, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

And we watched the birds fly to and fro,
And the clouds sailed on, now high, now low,
To a realm no mortal e'er should know,
To the Land of the Sunset Sky.

Those were glorious times, those days of old,
When we played: my chum and I.
And the future shone brighter than burnished gold,
And the pleasures it held could ne'er be told,
They gathered around us fold on fold,
Richer than Tyrian dye.

But the days have past and
the years have flown
Since we played: my
chum and I.
And the orchard and I are
left alone,
For my chum has gone to
the Land Unknown,
Where trouble nor sorrow
cause ne'er a moan,
To that wondrous Land
on High.

And I wish I could cross
that bridge's piers
Between us: my chum
and I.
Forgotten would be those
countless fears,
United we'd be after long,
long years,
And never to part with
farewell tears,

In the land of the Sunset Sky.

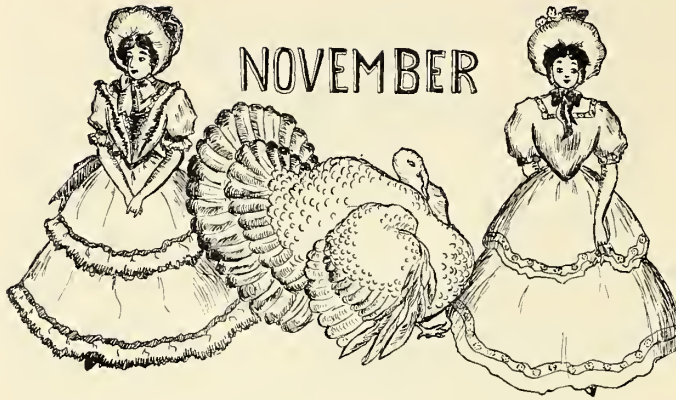


"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY MURIEL E. HALSTEAD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY JANE NELSON MARR (AGE 14).

WHEN mother and father were in the West, they happened to go to Spokane Falls, which was then very interesting. People of many nations could be seen in the streets, among them a number of Indians.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY LUCIA E. HALSTEAD, AGE 14.

One evening they saw people pouring in one direction. The two withdrew into a doorway, and father explained to mother that it was a fire. Men in wagons and buggies were lashing their horses and trying to outstrip the others, for, as there was no regular fire company, a prize was offered to the man who would first reach the hose and hook it to his wagon. So great was the rush that he and she could get no farther than the building in which their rooms were.

Only four buildings were on fire at first, but the flames spread to others. Two new ones were among these, not quite finished. The cornices of one melted and ran into the street. The contractors for these rushed forward. "Two hundred dollars to the first man who turns a stream of water on my building!" shouted one. "Five hundred dollars to the first man who turns a stream of water on my building!" cried the second. "One thousand dollars to the first man who turns a stream of water on my building!" screamed the other.

Even at such a dreadful time there was something ridiculous to be seen. A man came to a window of one of the smaller buildings, carrying a pitcher and basin. The flames were bursting through the window next to the one at which he stood. He poured all the water out of the pitcher, and then threw both pitcher and basin to the ground. Those outside screamed to him to come down, but he would not, so finally some one put up a ladder and dragged him out.

One hotel was catching continually and being put out again. In another the windows cracked, making reports that could be heard. Mother and father stood there watching until eight o'clock, when father was obliged to leave.

In this destructive fire fourteen edifices were burned, some of them to the ground.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

THERE 's a hush upon the valley, and a light upon the hills,
And a joyous song of greeting, in the murmur of the rills.
There 's a sound of life awakened, in the budding maple-trees,

And the distant, cheerful humming
of the busy little bees,
As they sip the flowers' fragrance,
in the mellow sunlight's glow,
In the happy days of Spring-time,
when the apple-orchards blow.

Soft yet swift the leaves are falling,
one by one, in downward flight,
And a flaming banner trembles, in
the forest's ruddy light,
Where forsaken in its splendor, like a
gorgeous host it stands,
Overlooking all the richness of the
harvest-laden lands.
While above the purple hill-crest,
float the cloud-forms silent by,
In the mystery of Autumn, when the
harvest-time is nigh.

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY PRISCILLA ORDWAY (AGE 16).

It was one of the windy days that only Western cities know, that the large Antlers Hotel burned to the ground. All the morning the wind had roared and howled, swaying the giant cottonwood trees, that marked the straight streets of Colorado Springs.

At two o'clock great excitement was aroused by the news that the station and a few of the surrounding buildings had caught fire, owing to the explosion of a car of gunpowder. Since the Springs at that time boasted no fire engine, this meant a great deal of danger.

In an hour's time a large lumber yard was fiercely blazing, and the wind, which had lost none of its furious force, was sweeping the flames toward the Antlers Hotel. Already, streams of people were leaving this building, each with a sheet, blanket or pillow-case, filled with their most valuable property.

The hotel where I was staying was about two blocks from the station, and a block and a half from the Antlers, and even at our hotel, people were preparing to leave.

It was now seen that the whole town was in danger. They had sent to Denver, ninety miles away, for an engine. This, with another from Pueblo, arrived late in the afternoon.

Finally the Antlers caught fire, and fast became enveloped in a great pyramid of flames.

I went with my mother up to the top story of our hotel and from there looked over at the slowly disappearing building. I still vividly remember seeing the flames leap up a hundred feet into the air, as fanned by the mighty wind, they hungrily devoured the turrets of the fated building. I have never seen anything so beautiful, and yet so terrible, as those flames, as they towered upward, while men stood powerless, gazing at them from below. We saw the crumbling walls fall in, till but one remained standing. If this should fall outward, it would mean the probable destruction of many blocks. We had not long to wait before this last wall fell—inward!

At last the danger was over, but the beautiful Antlers lay a heap of ruins.

That night, when we saw from one window the glowing heap of embers in place of the stately hotel, and from another, the distant gleam of forest fires, raging on Pike's Peak, we thanked God for our deliverance.

THE ORCHARD.

BY CLARA BUCHER SHANAFELT (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

LIFE led me through the crowded city street,
 Love passed me by;
 She might not stop to give her roses sweet
 To such as I.
 But came a fragrance from her perfumed feet
 Like honeyed clover or the golden rye.

The charmed orchard stands upon a hill,
 And through the branches of the apple trees
 Clear sunshine trickles down to feed the rill
 That is the joy of flow'rs and birds and bees.
 The long sweet grass is fragrant in the sun,
 Bright flowers bloom along the old stone wall,
 And happy children play about, and run
 To catch the ruddy apples as they fall.

But now the dream is gone, the vision spent,
 It might not stay.
 I know not whence it came nor where it went
 So soon away.
 But with its memory I am content
 To work and weep through many a weary
 day.

THE BALTIMORE FIRE.

BY ALICE E. CARPENTER (AGE 15).

ON February 7, 1904, Baltimore was visited by a great conflagration which continued for three days. Engines from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Wilmington, and from other cities, were sent to aid our helpless firemen, who had given up all idea of ever getting it under control. Nearly two thousand buildings were crushed to ashes.

The reflection and heat from this fire were seen and felt for many miles away from the city. In the central part of the city, where the fire raged, the wind blew the sparks around in the air, so that they fell in showers which closely resembled a snowstorm. Persons walking along the streets kept their collars turned up, for fear of the sparks going down their coats; and some of the people even held umbrellas over them, to ward off the dangerous embers that were falling; and many an umbrella was lost by burning.

The fire spread so rapidly that you could stand off at a distance and watch building after building catch on fire, and finally collapse. Everywhere could be seen patrols, ambulances, or any other kind of conveyance that could be procured, taking injured firemen to the hospitals. Fortunately no one was killed in that terrible fire, which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY LUCILE DELIGHT WOODLING (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

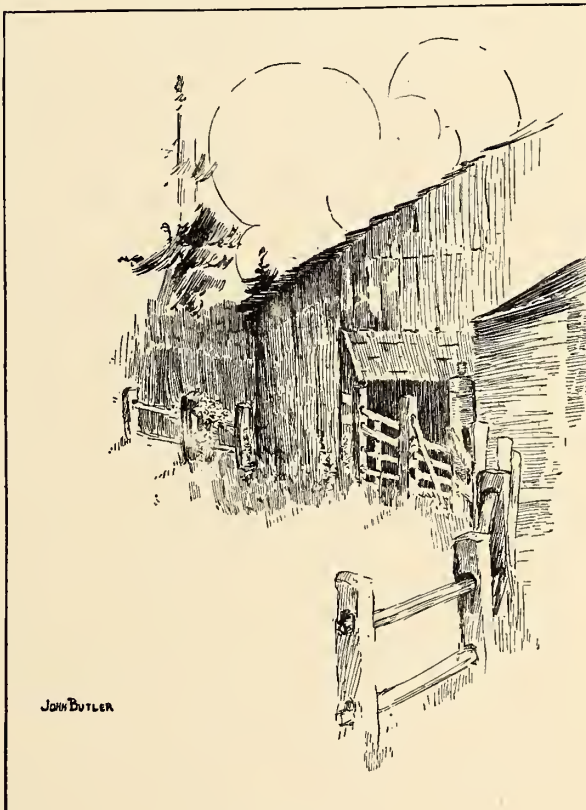
FAIR orchard, when your snowy blooms were drifting,
 A little lad from yon white farmhouse came,
 Within his hands he held a wondrous story,
 VOL. XXXIV.—12.

From out his eyes there flashed a secret glory,
 Within his heart there lay a dream of fame.

He lay and dreamed beneath your clouds of fragrance,
 You dropped the dainty blossoms on his head;
 What was their message? Were they showers of
 blessing,
 Or did they say that fame might grow depressing?
 I do not think he noticed what they said.

Wide orchard, when your summer leaves were sport-
 ing,
 A man aweary came, and laid his head;
 Slowly he murmured, "Failure, gloom, and sorrow,
 Black the to-day, and blacker the to-morrow";
 And then,—what was it that you softly said?

Who knows that message? He at least has heard it;
 Beneath your harvest boughs I hear him say,
 " 'T is late—my name is not on oft-read pages,
 My deeds will not go down th' increasing ages,
 But I have learned to live for every day."

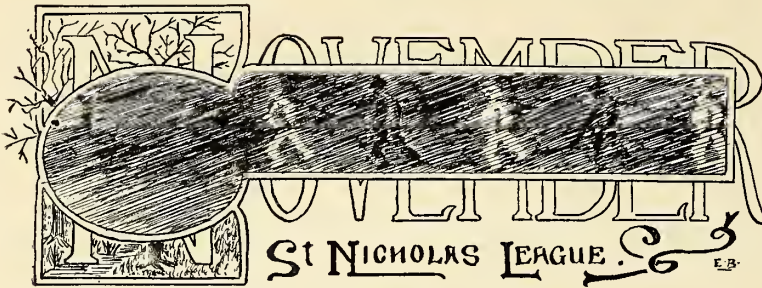


JOHN BUTLER

"THE OLD FENCE"

"THE OLD FENCE." BY JOHN BUTLER, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

NOTICE.—The ST. NICHOLAS League always welcomes
 suggestions concerning subjects and competitions.
 Address, THE EDITOR.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY EDGAR BERRY.

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.

VERSE 1.

Primrose Lawrence
Carl T. Propson
Eleanor Moody
Miriam Allen DeFord
Martha G. Schreyer
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Florence Short
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Louisa F. Spear
Frederick D. Seward
Catharine W. Babcock
Gertrude T. Cuser
Twila Agnes McDowell
M. W. Swenson
Gladys Nelson
Mildred Seitz
Nannie Clark Barr
Katharine G. Thomas
Grace E. Haas
Margaret Crawford
Irene G. Graham
Julia S. Clopton
Isabel D. Weaver
Dorothea S. Dandridge
Freda M. Harrison

VERSE 2.

Mary Spahr
Joseph P. D. Hull
Louis Durant Edwards
Helen Marie Mooney
Conrad E. Snow
Elizabeth Toof
Isabella Strathy
Alice Brabant
Beatrice Ingalls Porter
William Eagle Palmer
Ethel B. Youngs
Beatrice G. Tennant
Helen Peabody
Bessie Emery
Harry Deshur
Florence Amelia Kenaston
Hester A. Hopkins
Mary Emily Bailey
Arthur Kramer
Ruth A. Dittman
Laura Coates
Marie Armstrong
Helen Virginia Fray
Ruth E. Jones
Alice Weston Cone
Clem Dickey
Helen M. Ogden
Catharine H. Straker
Isabel Foster
Katharine Neumann
Jeannette Munro
Elinor L. P. Lyon

PROSE 1.

Althine H. Greenman
Dorothy Ramsey
Ida C. Kline
Elsie F. Weil
Nellie Shabe
Rebecca Edith Hillis
Constance H. Parnely
Anna Loraine Washburn
Knowles Entrikin
Thoda Cockroft
Paul B. Taylor
Corona Williams
Kathleen McKeag
Allen Frank Brewer
Mildred Kellogg
G. Huntington Williams, Jr.
Rachel M. Talbott
Dorothy Dwight
Mary B. Hazard
Marion Marjorie Macy
Harric Eleanor Webster
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Ethel Thomas
Robert E. Naumberg
DuBose Murphy
Louie Phoebe Smith
E. Adelaide Hahn
Susan J. Appleton
Inez Pischel
Fred Dohrmann
Gretchen Henrietta Steincr
Jean Graves
Elise F. Stern
Hope Daniel
Barbara Hepburn
Margaret Hyland
Gladys Alison
Garnet Emma Troll
Mary Louise Smith
Edna H. Tompkins
Pauline M. Dakin

Henry M. Davenport
Ruth E. Abel
Delie Bancroft
Gladys M. Adams
Edward Gay, Jr.
Dorothy Douglas
Gaylord M. Gates
Evelyn Buchan
Margaret Everett
Ethalinda Black
Beatrice Howell
Elizabeth Grier
Atherton
Josephine Schoff
Frances Taylor
Irene E. Esch

PROSE 2.

Helen Louise Stevens
Jessie Pringle Palmer
Ruth McNamee
Doris Long
Marguerite Pressly
Henry Resch
Frances H. Adams
Elice C. von Dorn
Eleanor Alice Abbott
Winifred M. Perkins
Gladys Anthony White
Stella F. Boyden
Catherine W. Gantt
Kenward Zucker
Irene Bowen
Elizabeth F. Rosenthal
George Pearce
Philip Wishnack
Alice Bell
Alfred A. Schwartz
Ina L. Brierly
Marie Hill
Margaret Booraem
Richardson
Abraham Yankalowitz
James Harvey
Edna Krouse
Louise Theobald
Maxey
Constance Hyde Smith
Ethel West
Ward Reece Buhland
Josephine Keene
Annie Miller
Constance Richardson
Florence Doan
Elizabeth R. Hirsh
Eleanor Selden
Alice McDougall
Dorothy Beaulier
Rosalie Waters
Stephen Cutter Clark, Jr.
Frances Hulbert Perin
Frida Tillman
Sarah Swift Carter
George Ripley Wood
Helen Carolyn Entz
Susie H. Sherman
Helen Irene Taylor
Josephine Hoey
Robert T. Williams

Warren F. Kearny
Boyd Vincent Imbrie
Mary Laurence Eaton
Perle L. McGrath
Marcellite Watson
Vera Price
Katharine Brant Frost
J. S. Brown, Jr.
Bessie Kennedy
Mary Lawrence Eaton

DRAWING 1.

Edith Emerson
Webb Mellin Siemens
Frances Isabel Powell
Martha O. Cathout
C. Howard Melson
Joan Spencer-Smith

DRAWING 2.

Laura E. Guy
Ruth Cutler
Alwyn C. B. Nicolson
Lewise Seymour
Amy Saville
Theodora Troendle
Mildred Allen
Helen Aldis Bradley
Alice Mackey
Louise A. Bateman
Arthur C. Hoppin
Jennie Hazelett
Marian P. Van Buren
George Hoadley
Dora Lewis
Celeste Langdon
Young
Mary Klauder
Helen Ludlow
Victor Kolasinski
Margaret E. Kelsey
Madge Dunlap
Williams
Edward Carrington
Thayer
Alice Cragin
Henrietta Havens
K. Thompson
Willie R. Lohse
Elizabeth B. Neill

Josephine Bell
H. R. Carey
Lavinia K. Sherman
Herbert H. Bell
Gilbert M. Troxell
William W. Whitelock
Stuart Randolph Whitman
Reginald A. Utley
Katharine C. Miller
E. S. McCawley
Marguerite McCord
Ignacio Bauer
H. Ernest Bell

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Phoebe Briggs
Caroline Huggins
Eleanor Weston Lewis
Bessie Burton
Florence Rutherford
Smith
Elizabeth L. Clark
Mary Arvella Tyler
Alberta A. Heinmüller
Margaret Sharp
Adefia Johnson
Emily Thomas
Clarence Gamble
Beatrice Milliken Burt
Judith D. Barker
Marion Martin
Beth Stoddart
Garth Sibbald
Nathalie Harrison
Lucia Beebe
Carl G. Freese
Mary M. P. Shipley
Elizabeth McCague
Lewis Garrigues
Florence S. Herrick
Eleanor Williamson
E. Laurence Palmer
Louis Reimer
Martha A. Sharples
Ruth Ball Baker
Josephine Holloway
Dorothy Potter Bower
Allan Langley
Earle H. Ballou

PUZZLES 1.

Louis Stix Weiss
Helen S. Harlow
Katherine E. Spear
Aileen Barlow
Dorothea S. Walker
Laurence B. Siegfried
Helen Wurdemann
Anna West Cobb
W. A. Wissler
W. S. Maulsby
Arthur Minot Reed
Clarina S. Hanks
Marion P. Hallock
Mary Angood

PUZZLES 2.

Edith M. Younghem
Frances W. Wright
Helen Swormstedt
Bruce T. Simonds
W. McDougall
Elizabeth Dwight
Alice Dennis
Maria Dimpfel
Alberta Wynn
Arline Bacon
Mary Lucille Coffin
Anne H. Whiting
Meta E. Brunings
Mary Carr

LEAGUE LETTERS.

POPLAR BRANCH, N. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I wish I could tell you how much you have been to me since I have been contributing and especially this last year, when I have been working so hard for the cash prize. It seems to me that your poems have achieved a high point of perfection. I have to work, oh so hard before my poems attain that excellence, but do I care for those hours of labor when I see my name with others that have striven equally as hard or perhaps harder than I? You cannot imagine my joy this month when I found my name first on the Roll of Honor, for of late my work has not received attention, and now I shall work harder than ever to win that coveted prize.

I thank you so many times for your recognition of my work.

Your grateful League member,

MARY YUELA WESTCOTT.

Mary S. Coolidge
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Dorothy Douglas
Katharine L. Havens
Alice Shirley Willis
Pauline D. Wulf
Eunice Clark Barstow
Irene Fuller Margaret Carpenter
Dorothy Quincy Applegate
Alice Garland
Justina Reunie
Marjorie Cochran
Gabrielle Belcourt
Miriam W. Cragie
Marjorie Carpenter
Gertrude Wilde
Teresa Cohen
Harry B. Morse
Catharine E. Jackson
Mabel W. Whiteley
Dorothy G. Gibson
Julia D. Musser
Louise E. Hooker
Harriet Binghaman
Jefferson Jones
William C. Hoy, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Aline Chouen
Lucy E. Pert
Helen Simpson
Norman W. Averill
Henry S. Hall
Marian R. Priestley
Katharine M. Hussey
Frances Whitten, Jr.
Marion R. Pell
John W. Beatty, Jr.
Marion L. Bradley
Charles Thorburn Van Buren
Elizabeth Andrews
J. Oliver Beebe
Margaret Boland
William D. Stroud
Henry Trowbridge
John Emlen Bullock
Doris I. Stevens

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to thank you for the lovely silver badge, which I have just received and which I shall wear all the time.

I have been working for ST. NICHOLAS every month for almost three years, and although I have had my name on the Roll of Honor thirteen times, I have never had any of my contributions accepted before now.

And I want to thank you not only for my beautiful badge, but for all the encouragement that you have given me, and I mean to keep on working and trying to make my contributions better each month, until some glad day I may be awarded the gold badge.

Thanking you again and again,

I am your grateful and interested reader,
SUSAN J. APPLETON (age 13).

PARIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think this would interest you and your readers since it is my experience when I went round the world. We were going to Pompeii when Vesuvius was erupting—in order to see the ruins of the buried city. Suddenly the wind changed and it shifted the ashes on to us. It got dark and they had to dig out the train. Then we came out of that dreadful spot and landed at Pompeii. We could not get home on account of the ashes so next morning we drove to Sorrento and from there took a boat to Capri, where there is a beautiful grotto. Then after seeing it we went back by boat to Naples.

THEODORE NICHOLS (age 8).

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I really do not know how to thank you for the gold badge. It is hard for me to believe that it is actually mine—to understand that after years of seemingly fruitless striving, the highest prize of all has been at last awarded me.

It seems to me symbolical of my work in time to come; perhaps then also, after long effort, recognition will come to me. For the encouragement you have given me, no more than for the beautiful gold badge itself, again I thank you.

In another month I must bid the dear old "ST. NICK" farewell forever. Until then, at least, I can sign myself,

A devoted League member,
MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

MY FAREWELL TO THE LEAGUE.

The hour is come when I must bid "Good-bye."
Loth as I am to go, I cannot stay,
For I see Fate, with half-averted face,
Raise a veiled hand to beckon me away.

Forth must I fare, with the glad thoughts of youth,
With earnest hopes and resolution strong,
Praying whatever lay my lute may frame
No sound of Pride or Self may mar the song.

Behind me are my childhood's sunny fields,
Before me, dim and wondrous, the unknown;
Here would I pause a while to say "farewell,"
With tender thoughts, like kisses backward blown.

And you, my unknown friends across the sea,
Whose kindness oft has helped and cheered me on,
To you I send my true and grateful thanks,
And ask your blessing ere I must be gone.

Whatever fate the future years may hold,
I shall remember the kind hand which gave

My youthful striving, the fair
And kindled aspirations high

And so, Farewell my friends
In thought and sympathy our
And in the touch there is a
Which never can your Scottish

MARGARET S. BROWNE,
Glendevon, Devonshire Place,
Eastbourne, England.

Other valued
letters have been
received from
Annie Laurie
Hillyer, Cordelia
Colburn, Harold
Gould Hender-
son, Jr., G.
Huntington Wil-
liams, Jr., Mar-
garet Stuart
Browne, Mar-
garet E. Hib-
bard, Josephine



crown of Hope,
and brave.

of far away,
hands have met,
kindly warmth
friend forget.



These things
sheet, but on
manuscript, on
picture, on the
draw on one

must not be on a separate
the contribution itself—if a
the upper margin; if a
margin or back. Write or
side of the paper only. A
contributor may send but
one contribution a month

—not one of
each kind, but
one only. Con-
tributions not
properly pre-
pared cannot
be considered.

Address:
St. Nicholas
League,
Union Square,
New York.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 85.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 85 will close November 20 (for foreign members November 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "The Land of Romance."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Book, and Why." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Pets."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "An Animal Study," (from life) and a March Heading or Tailpiece for the League, Books and Reading, or any ST. NICHOLAS department.

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.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

RULES.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added.

These things
sheet, but on
manuscript, on
picture, on the
draw on one

must not be on a separate
the contribution itself—if a
the upper margin; if a
margin or back. Write or
side of the paper only. A
contributor may send but
one contribution a month

—not one of
each kind, but
one only. Con-
tributions not
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"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ELEANOR V. R. CHAPIN, AGE 13 (HONOR MEMBER).



BOOKS AND READING

The Season's New Books

THIS department appears just about in the "publishing season." Preparing for the holiday-trade, publishers bring out their choicest wares at this time of the year. Thus it is important that lovers of books should be especially vigilant during these November days in order to become acquainted with the many good things offered them. The buying of books intelligently takes time and judgment.

You must devote some of these fall days to the book-market, even if your final choices are not made until nearer the holidays.

An "Aged" Boy

UPON an old tombstone in Salem, Massachusetts, is a curious inscription saying that "Mr. Nathan. Mather died October the 17th, 1688," and then come the curious words, "An aged person that had seen but nineteen winters in this world." Nathaniel Hawthorne said of this, "It affected me deeply when I cleared away the grass from the half-buried stone, and read the name"; but he gives the inscription as reading "An aged *man*." Hawthorne speaks of the apple-trees "throwing blighted fruit on Nathaniel Mather's grave—he blighted too," but does not explain the curious epitaph.

The explanation is given thus in a newspaper: "Nathaniel was the brother of Cotton Mather. He graduated from Harvard at sixteen. At twelve he read Greek and Hebrew and conversed familiarly in Latin, and he became distinguished for learning in mathematics, philosophy, history, theology, and rabbinical learning. No wonder the poor boy was aged at fifteen and died four years later; and think what good times a real boy might have had around Salem harbor from about 1674 until 1688—when Massachusetts colony

extended all the way to the Kennebec River, and 'King Philip's War' was raging, when 'Bacon's Rebellion' was taking place in Virginia, La Salle was exploring Canada, and a hundred other lively events were afoot. Young Mather seems to have grown old too fast, and to have had too much 'Books and Reading.'"

Real Athletics in History

THERE are some boys who, unlike young Mather, pay too little attention to books, and too much to athletics, perhaps. They will read eagerly about foot-ball, base-ball, golf, tennis, and so on, and neglect many other more exciting topics. For, after all, even if Waterloo "was won on the foot-ball fields of English schools," as it is sometimes said, it is more interesting to read of Waterloo than any athletic contest. For "breaking the center," or failing to break it, the charge of Napoleon's "Old Guard" is unequaled; and no line of Yale, Harvard or Princeton ever stood up against "hammering" as stood the thin red line of the English in the same great battle. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, also, and its repulse, can bear comparison with the most exciting ninth inning ever contested even by University teams. "Play" cannot compare with "earnest."

Simplified Spelling

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S action in favor of spelling reform, though it went no further than ordering a few words to be spelled in the reformed style in certain documents, has brought on a wide discussion of the question. You may not realize the situation, but *you* are the ones who are to decide upon the future spelling of English. The older people are not likely to change; but the children growing up can, if they choose, bring the new spelling about.

We have already said something warning you not to decide until you have thought well over the question. Mr. Rossiter Johnson, an old friend of St. NICHOLAS, recently offered an argument against the change. He points out that since spelling is mainly for the eye, it may be unwise to simplify words when they are thereby made too much alike. Thus, we easily distinguish "the," "they," and "though." But suppose they were spelled by sound, *thi, tha, tho?* This seems a suggestion worth some thinking over. Consider *thoro* and *thru*. In handwriting, too much likeness would make manuscript harder than ever to read. Few writers make plain vowels.

Are Fairy-Stories "Babyish"?

ANOTHER FRIEND, a Baltimore girl, sends a list of books read, asking that we criticize it. But we can only commend it, with the single reservation that it contains a few novels fitter for grown-ups. "Fairy Legends of the French Provinces," translated by Mrs. M. Carey, we have not seen, though it is on her list. The same correspondent confesses a love for fairy-stories, and hints a question about whether they are "babyish." They certainly are "babyish"—the right kind of babyish. For they belong to the lovely imaginative world in which children are permitted to live, and wherein only the very nicest of grown-ups are allowed. Those who have "life-memberships" are the poets.

Famous Fairy-Story Tellers

WHAT a list of writers we should have if we should bring together the makers of our Fairy-stories! Shakspeare would come in with a ticket marked "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Tennyson's poem of the "Sleeping Beauty" you all know, Browning's "Pied Piper" also. Homer and Virgil tell plenty of fairy-stories, and all great literatures are full of them. Thackeray's "Rose and Ring" is a peculiarly delightful one, especially because of its pictures; and there are plenty in Dickens's row of great books, his "Holiday Romance" being full of humorous fancy. If such men were willing to write fairy-stories, it cannot be foolish to read them.

Do Your Parents Read Your Books?

How many boys and girls like their fathers and mothers to read the same books they read. Do not forget they have been as young as yourselves, and have probably gained manhood and womanhood without losing or for-

getting their younger days. Try them with some of your favorites; you may find new pleasure in theirs.

"Everyman's" Library

You are already familiar with the "Thumbnail Series,"—dainty little classics in buff-leather; with the "Temple Classics" bound for grown-ups in green leather, and for young readers in blue, and with the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," in various colors. Now there is a new set—known as "Everyman's Library." This is bound in various colors according to contents of each volume—so that those on similar subjects can be kept together. So far the children's volumes comprise only old, old favorites.

Story-Books as Helps to Study

MOST of you are pupils in school. Have you ever thought of asking your teacher to write out a list of interesting books that will go well with your lessons for the term, and make them easier? Do not undertake too many, and leave recreation hours free; but a few good books will be the better liked if illustrated by your lessons in history, geography, or literature.

"Norse Stories"

A LETTER from Minneapolis says: "I would like to recommend 'Norse Stories' by Hamilton W. Mabie. After reading it I don't know who could help reading the Eddas and all the Sagas they can get hold of." We thank our correspondent, and beg that she will tell of a few incidents or episodes she especially enjoyed, and also let us know how to read them conveniently. How are they published?

The Wrong Kind

ALL of us read many books that are not "great classics," and we should do so. It is entirely right to read at times only as a pastime, and to read books that make no other claim to notice than that they are amusing. But even with these, one should make some choice. There are right and wrong sorts of amusement, and it seems to us that one of the wrong sorts is the amusement excited by the troubles and worries and embarrassments of others. Many things pretending nowadays to be "comic" are of this kind. They are coarse, crude, ugly, and foolish. You all know what they are, and where they are published; and the mere fact that such a description points them out is enough to condemn them.

THE LETTER-BOX.

KITTERY PT., Me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—Kittery is a small town opposite Portsmouth, and as I summer here, and as I have seen all the relics in old St. John's Church, Portsmouth, I was very much interested in the article, "A Hundred-Year-Old Church," by J. L. Harbour, in the July number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Although the article mentions many quaint things about the church which were very interesting, I believe the author does not mention the fact that the same woman whose will provided loaves to be given to the poor, left a sum with which "ten cords of good hemlock boughs" should be bought yearly for the curious old stoves which are still in use.

There "boughs" are still bought year by year. The richest treasure of the church is the baptismal font which is of porphyry. It was taken from a Spanish ship and placed in this church.

Only one more of the many interesting relics will I mention, and that is a Prayer Book from which a patriotic Revolutionary soldier slashed out, with his sword, the "Prayer for the King."

Your interested reader,
HOPE ADGATE CONANT (age 14).

ALPHABET OF CHARACTERS IN ST. NICHOLAS.

BY ANNETTE HOWE-CARPENTER (AGE 13).

A is for Alfred, who had brothers two;
B is for Betty no mother she knew.
C is for Carrots of Newspaper Row;
D for Denise her dear Ned we all know.
E is for Essex of brave Navy fame;
F is for 'Frisco Kid—what a queer name!
G is for Gertrude of the Colburn Prize;
H is for Hattie, at whom Pinkey "made eyes."
I is the imp who to run away tried;
J is for Josie she'd a queer little guide.
K is Katryntje no girl was e'er braver;
L is for Lois who saw our dear Saviour.
M is for Marjorie, her papa was named Jack;
N for Miss Nina alas and alack!
O is for Oscar who the truth would not tell;
P, Pretty Polly who could draw very well.
Q's Quicksilver Sue, who came out all right;
R is for Rowley, by Henry made knight.
S is for Sinbad, regarded with dread;
T, Toby Trafford, whose "Fortunes" we've read.
U is for Uther, Arthur's father was he;
V for Van Sweringen in Barnaby Lee.
W for Wulf in the rushes laid;
X for Xantippe who was n't afraid,
Y, Young Lee, a funny "Chinee;"
Z is for Zixi, a witch-queen was she.

BRITISH EMBASSY, TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in the letter box of April that some one wished to know how rice is cooked here. It is boiled in a pot with a wooden lid, so that no steam escapes, and boiled for 20 or 30

minutes over a hot fire. But *no* rice comes to table with every grain separate, it all sticks together; and sometimes our servants use 2 or 3 grains of boiled rice as paste to stick things together. We have just had the news to-day of the disaster at San Francisco. Our Japanese maid asked me to-day if her friend (who has gone with a lady to Washington) would be in danger from the fire at San Francisco? I told her no, I thought that she was quite safe from that fire! Yesterday was the Emperor's cherry-garden party, and on the 30th there is the big review, to which I think I'm going. There are going to be special 3 sen, 5 sen and 1 sen stamps issued in commemoration of it—also some 5 sen post-cards.

From a lover of ST. NICHOLAS,
DOROTHY BARCLAY (age 13).

LA CASITA, LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My winter at boarding-school is drawing to a close, as in June it breaks up, and I go to London, where my father, mother, and I stay for about a month before crossing to dear old America, again. As soon as we get to New York we go to the country, Narragansett Pier or Bar Harbor, only I am not quite sure which.

I am very interested in "From Sioux to Susan," especially as *now* Sioux is going to boarding-school. I am looking forward to reading my May number this afternoon.

I have not been able to contribute to the League this winter, much to my disappointment, as I never have a minute to spare, all is so checked out for us; but as soon as I am in England, in July, I shall begin again. When I think that in fifteen weeks I shall be in America again, I feel half wild. Father says I am not at all an English girl now (I *really* am English, you know), and always calls me "Little Yankee."

Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes.

Your devoted little reader,
DOROTHY BUTES.

ROCKY FORD, COLO.

DEAR SIR:—I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS as long as I can remember.

Mama has taken it since she was a little girl and we have a big volume.

We live where the famous cantaloupes grow.

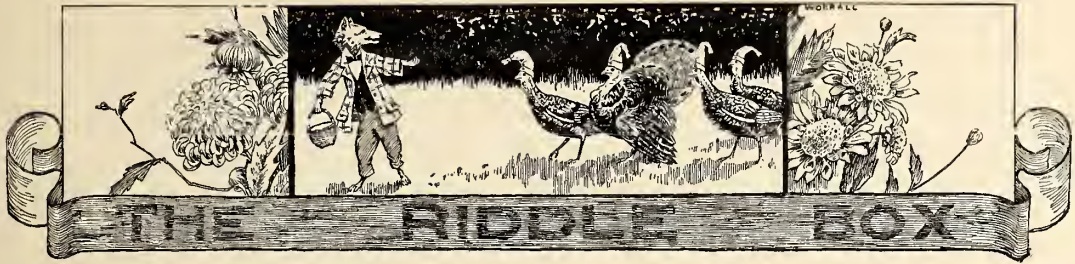
Here school lets out 23d of May and we thin beets just as soon as school lets out.

The beets are the kind they make sugar out of; there is a factory here and there is another 6 miles east.

We get from the Arkansas river the water the farmers use to irrigate the land; we cannot depend on rain.

Your reader,
KENNETH EVANS.

We regret that lack of space prevents our printing interesting letters from Mary Farnum Packard, "Wilmarth," Katherine Le Moine Grey, Nancy Smith, Marjorie Potts, Ruth Sweat, Edith Lieberman, Erica Rupe, Marjorie B. Corn, Susan J. Appleton, Harriet Henry, Walter B. Day, Elizabeth McConnell, Dorothy Jefferson, Robert Buckingham Patch, Minerva Dickerman, Louise H. Sprague, Ida F. Parfitt.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Washington. 1. Waynesburg. 2. Manchester. 3. Los Angeles. 4. Wytheville. 5. Harrisburg. 6. Birmingham. 7. Huntingdon. 8. Binghamton. 9. Charleston. 10. Norristown.

CHARADE. Men-acc.

ADDITIONS. Hallowe'en. 1. His-tory. 2. And-over. 3. Law-less. 4. Lap-wing. 5. Oil-skin. 6. War-lock. 7. Ear-nest. 8. End-most. 9. Now-her.

DIAMONDS AND SQUARE. I. 1. D. 2. Pop. 3. Donor. 4. Pot. 5. R. II. 1. P. 2. For. 3. Power. 4. Red. 5. R. III. 1. Bared. 2. Alone. 3. Roman. 4. Enact. 5. Dents. IV. 1. N. 2. Bet. 3. Never. 4. Ten. 5. R. V. 1. N. 2. Foe. 3. Noble. 4. Elk. 5. E.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Cornicille. 1. Crane. 2. Doves. 3. Torch. 4. Swans. 5. Slate. 6. Chair. 7. Molar. 8. Album. 9. Egret.

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Harry Elger, Jr.—Lowry A. Biggers—James A. Lynd—Eugenie A. Steiner—Frances Bosanquet—Helen Sherman Harlow—Elizabeth C. Beale—Marguerite Hyde—Caroline Curtis Johnson—Grace Lowenhaupt—Jo and I—Mary Dunbar—W. Beaty—Jessie Metcalf.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from S. C. Lyman, 1—M. Wharton, 1—P. I. De Lano, 1—A. Mayo, 1—Ruth Truscott, 5—D. F. Cammann, 1—C. H. Gould, 1—E. H. Walker, 3—M. Boland, 1—D. B. Doan, 1—L. B. Brock, 1—Edna Meyle, 2—K. V. R. Crosby, 1—Marie Ruebel, 8—Samuel C. Almy, 4—Kirtland Flynn, 3—Arthur P. Caldwell, Jr., 7—Ralph B. Yewdale, 2—Isabelle Laugel, 1—Myrtle Alderson, 7—"Queenscourt," 8—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 6—W. G. Rice, Jr., 2—M. Russell, 1—H. Seton, 1—Muriel von Tunzelmann, 4.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When they have been rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters reading downward, will spell a channel that became very famous in March, 1862; another row of letters will spell the name of a great country.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To frequent. 2. To abolish. 3. Indian corn. 4. A masculine name. 5. Belonging to them. 6. Ancient. 7. Pertaining to the nose. 8. To try again. 9. A tribe of Indians now living in the Indian Territory. 10. A caper. 11. Acts. 12. The Indian antelope.

ELIZABETH PALMER LOPER (League Member).

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is used on many a horse;
My second is to man a cross;
My third, a boy's name, often heard;
My whole, a strange, uncanny bird.

ESTHER B. SCHMITT.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail valued, and leave to abound. Answer, es-teem-ed.)

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a breastwork, and leave a light knock. 2. Unadmitted, and leave to possess. 3. Vegetables which grow in pods, and leave part of the mouth. 3. To raise, and leave a feminine name. 5. Irregular, and leave a rodent. 6. Dwells,

DIAGONAL. October. 1. Officee. 2. Scholar. 3. Battles. 4. Laconic. 5. Algebra. 6. Compeer. 7. Blister.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS. I. 1. Inert. 2. Never. 3. Evade. 4. Redan. 5. Trent. II. 1. Paris. 2. Above. 3. Rosin. 4. Ivide. 5. Sends. III. 1. T. 2. Pit. 3. Tares. 4. Lea. 5. S. IV. 1. S. 2. Its. 3. Truth. 4. Any. 5. T. V. 1. Sport. 2. Polar. 3. Olive. 4. Raven. 5. Trend. VI. 1. Heart. 2. Error. 3. Arise. 4. Rosses. 5. Tress.

RHOMBOIDS. I. 1. Mule. 2. Pare. 3. Dine. 4. Eden. II. 1. Sore. 2. Fear. 3. Drip. 4. Spot.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Temple of Karnak. 1. Pi-teous. 2. Pi-e bald. 3. Pi-mples. 4. Pi-ppin. 5. Pi-llow. 6. Pi-erce. 7. Pi-ous. 8. Pi-ffero. 9. Pi-ke. 10. Pi-azza. 11. Pi-rate. 12. Pi-nion. 13. Pi-ano. 14. Pi-keelin.

HIDDEN PROVERB. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

and leave a boy's nickname. 7. Sad, and leave luck. 8. Nobility, and leave an epoch. 9. A favorite candy, and leave to cram. 10. Mean, and leave to fortify. 11. Distracted, and leave an insect. 12. Conducts, and leave to tease.

The initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

PRUE K. JAMIESON.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

. . . * 7 . . .
. . . * 6 . . .
. . . * 4 . . .
. . . * 8 . . .
. . . * . . . 3
. . . * 1 . . .
. . . * 9 . . .
. . . * 5 . . .
. . . * . . . 10
. . . II * . . .
. . . * 2 . . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An Indian chief. 2. Slothfulness. 3. An ancient city of Phrygia. 4. Pertaining to a certain continent. 5. Communicated by signs. 6. Motion. 7. Antipathy. 8. Banter. 9. Annoyance. 10. One who admonishes. 11. The act of turning.

When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials and the letters indicated by I to II each spell a book written by the star zigzag.

M. W. J.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

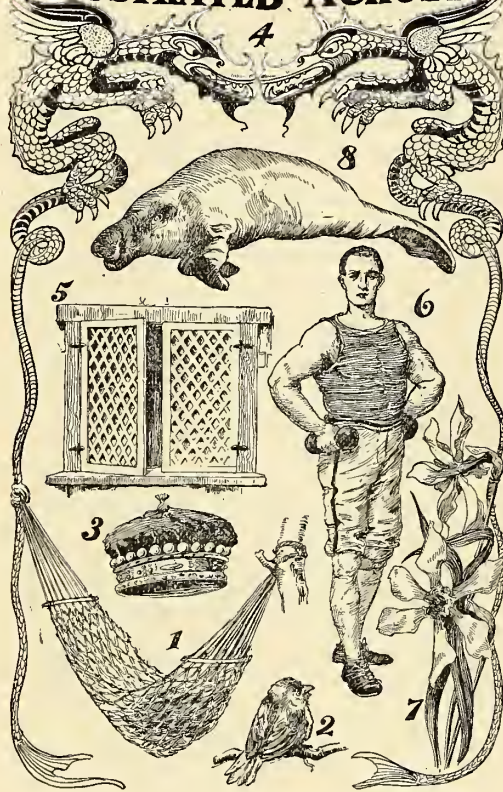
(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

MY primals and my finals each spell the name of a famous pilgrim.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the sea. 2. A feminine name. 3. A fabulous tale. 4. Dominion. 5. Elder. 6. An outlying part of a city. 7. Anger. 8. Counsel. 9. Of little breadth. 10. Rubbish. 11. A young child. 12. Safe. 13. A Trojan hero.

MINABELLE SUMMY.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC



Each of the objects in the above picture may be described by a word of seven letters. When these words are rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters will spell the name of a place where a famous battle was fought.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty-eight letters and form a quotation from Shakspeare.

My 54-18-45-50-72-79-29-40 is a character in "Twelfth Night." My 65-16-56-70-85-62-25-53-81-11 is a character in "As You Like It." My 67-55-7-36-33-60 is a character in "Merchant of Venice." My 13-31-46-32-16-30-34 is another character in that play. My 44-3-22-9-68-73-42-76 is a female character in "Hamlet." My 17-79-87-20-83-12-1 is a character in "Timon of Athens." My 75-43-45-24-38-5 is a character whose name appears in the title of a play. My 47-52-88-61-14-58 is the Christian name of a foolish fellow in "Twelfth Night." My 57-37-66-32-45-72-77 is a character in "Merry Wives of Windsor." My 48-63-54 is another character in the

same play. My 55-84-27-41-32-19 is a character in "King Lear." My 67-21-61-71-30-79-35-23 was Prince of Tyre. My 10-64-45-8-81-6 is a character in "Midsummer Night's Dream." My 39-82-51-74-59-12-15 is another character in the same play. My 84-67-4-86-49 is a character in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." My 26-69-2 is a tree held in superstitious awe in Shakspeare's time. My 28-80-78 is an old word which means to hasten.

AGNES R. LANE (Honor Member).

ANAGRAMS.

FILL each blank with the same six letters arranged so as to form ten different words.

Of when the night is dark I see,
Hiding among the maybe,
Two gleaming eyes that suggest to me
. of witches' work, perdie.

" my horoscope," then I cry,
" thou naught for such as I?
Thou as if on the wind to fly."
The cat heeds not as she hurries by.

Who to make life bright and gay
Finds room to insert (which the display)
A good word for all; but our fears to allay
Thou of evil spells that betray,
Once more, begone!! Away!
Thy spite but on thyself, I say.

ELLA H. COOPER.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

1. Doubly behead a tree, and leave an enclosure. 2. Doubly behead finely ground wheat, and leave a pronoun. 3. Doubly behead to happen, and leave a mongrel. 4. Doubly behead trite, and leave a beverage. 5. Doubly behead of a color between white and gray, and leave a common fowl. 6. Double behead a spy, and leave away. 7. Doubly behead a feminine name and leave a snare. 8. Doubly behead frequently, and leave a number. 9. Doubly behead a small table, and leave a conjunction. 10. Doubly behead the sap of the pine-tree, and leave iniquity.

When the words have been rightly beheaded the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of an Indian maiden.

JOHN HAYES LORD (League member).

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. 1. In November. 2. A large serpent. 3. A division of the year. 4. Consumed. 5. In churns.

II. 1. In churns. 2. Sometimes worn around the neck. 3. Sometimes worn on people's heads. 4. To annex. 5. In churns.

III. 1. In churns. 2. A small rug. 3. Taste. 4. The highest point. 5. In churns.

IV. 1. In churns. 2. A beverage. 3. Large, hollow grasses. 4. Fuss. 5. In churns.

V. 1. In churns. 2. A luminary. 3. A common shrub. 4. A short sleep. 5. In churns.

VI. 1. In churns. 2. To take food. 3. A hut. 4. A metal. 5. In churns.

VII. 1. In churns. 2. A vegetable. 3. Requires. 4. To unite. 5. In churns.

VIII. 1. In churns. 2. An uproar. 3. A synonym. 4. A snare. 5. In churns.

The eight letters represented in the diagram by stars will spell a word often seen and used.

ERNST RUEBEL.



OLD TIME CHRISTMAS VISITORS

1915
A.S.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIV

DECEMBER, 1906

No. 2

Racketty-Packetty House

As told by Queen Crosspatch

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," "Editha's Burglar," etc., etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON CADY

Now this is the story about the doll family I liked and the doll family I did n't. When you read it you are to remember something I am going to tell you. This is it: If you think dolls never do anything you don't see them do, you are very much mistaken. When people are not looking at them they can do anything they choose. They can dance and sing and play on the piano and have all sorts of fun. But they can only move about and talk when people turn their backs and are not looking. If any one looks, they just stop. Fairies know this and of course Fairies visit in all the dolls' houses where the dolls are agreeable. They will not associate, though, with dolls who are not nice. They never call or leave their cards at a dolls' house where the dolls are proud or bad tempered. They are very particular. If you are conceited or ill-tempered yourself, you will never know a fairy as long as you live.

QUEEN CROSSPATCH.

RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE was in a corner of Cynthia's nursery. And it was not in the best corner either. It was in the corner behind the door, and that was not at all a fashionable neighborhood. Racketty-Packetty House had been pushed there to be out of the way when Tidy Castle was brought in, on Cynthia's birthday. As soon as she saw Tidy Castle Cynthia did not care for Racketty-Packetty House and indeed was quite ashamed of it. She thought the corner behind the door quite good enough for such a shabby old dolls' house, when there was the beautiful big new one built like a castle and furnished with the most elegant chairs and tables and carpets and curtains and ornaments and pictures and beds and baths and lamps and book-cases, and with a knocker on

the front door, and a stable with a pony cart in it at the back. The minute she saw it she called out:

"Oh! what a beautiful doll castle! What shall we do with that untidy old Racketty-Packetty House now? It is too shabby and old-fashioned to stand near it."

In fact, that was the way in which the old dolls' house got its name. It had always been called, "The Dolls' House," before, but after that it was pushed into the unfashionable neighborhood behind the door and ever afterwards—when it was spoken of at all—it was just called Racketty-Packetty House, and nothing else.

Of course Tidy Castle was grand, and Tidy Castle was new and had all the modern improvements in it, and Racketty-Packetty

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House was as old-fashioned as it could be. It had belonged to Cynthia's Grandmamma and had been made in the days when Queen Victoria was a little girl, and when there were no electric lights even in Princesses' dolls' houses. Cynthia's Grandmamma had kept it very neat because she had been a good housekeeper even when she was seven years old. But Cynthia was not a good housekeeper and she did not re-cover the furniture

when their house arrived as Cynthia made when she saw Tidy Castle.

Cynthia's Grandmamma had danced about and clapped her hands with delight, and she had scrambled down upon her knees and taken the dolls out one by one and thought their clothes beautiful. And she had given each one of them a grand name.

"This one shall be Amelia," she said. "And this one is Charlotte, and this is Victoria Leopoldina, and this one Aurelia Matilda, and this one Leontine, and this one Clotilda, and these boys shall be Augustus and Rowland and Vincent and Charles Edward Stuart."

For a long time they led a very gay and fashionable life. They had parties and balls and were presented at Court and went to Royal Christenings and Weddings and were married themselves and had families and scarlet fever and whooping cough and funerals and every luxury. But that was long, long ago, and now all was changed. Their house had grown shabbier and shabbier, and their clothes had grown simply awful; and Aurelia Matilda and Victoria Leopoldina had been broken to bits and thrown into the dust-bin, and Leontine—who had really been the beauty of the family—had been dragged out on the hearth rug one night and had had nearly all her paint licked off and a leg chewed up by a Newfoundland puppy, so that she was a sight to behold. As for the boys, Rowland and Vincent had quite disappeared, and Charlotte and Amelia always believed they had run away to seek their fortunes, because things were in such a state at home. So the only ones who were left were Clotilda and Amelia and Charlotte and poor Leontine and Augustus and Charles Edward Stuart. Even they had their names changed.

After Leontine had had her paint licked off so that her head had white bald spots on it and she had scarcely any features, a boy cousin of Cynthia's had put a bright red spot on each cheek and painted her a turned-up nose and round saucer blue eyes and a comical mouth. He and Cynthia had called her "Ridiklis" instead of Leontine, and she had been called that ever since. All the dolls were jointed Dutch dolls, so it was easy to paint any kind of features on them and stick out their arms and legs in any way you liked, and Leontine did look funny after Cynthia's cousin had finished. She certainly was not a beauty but her turned-up nose and her round eyes and funny mouth always seemed to be



ARRISMANA.

MARKET-DAY AT RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE.

when it got dingy, or re-paper the walls, or mend the carpets and bedclothes, and she never thought of such a thing as making new clothes for the doll family, so that of course their early Victorian frocks and capes and bonnets grew in time to be too shabby for words. You see, when Queen Victoria was a little, girl, dolls wore queer frocks and long pantalets and boy dolls wore funny frilled trousers and coats which it would almost make you laugh to look at.

But the Racketty-Packetty House family had known better days. I and my Fairies had known them when they were quite new and had been a birthday present just as Tidy Castle was when Cynthia turned eight years old, and there was as much fuss about them

laughing so she really was the most good-natured-looking creature you ever saw.

Charlotte and Amelia, Cynthia had called Meg and Peg, and Clotilda she called Kilmanskeg, and Augustus she called Gustibus, and Charles Edward Stuart was nothing but Peter Piper. So that was the end of their grand names.

The truth was, they went through all sorts of things, and if they had not been such a jolly lot of dolls they might have had fits and appendicitis and died of grief. But not a bit of it. If you will believe it, they got fun out of everything. They used to just scream with laughter over the new names, and they laughed so much over them that they got quite fond of them. When Meg's pink silk flounces were torn she pinned them up and did n't mind in the least, and when Peg's lace mantilla was played with by a kitten and brought back to her in rags and tags, she just put a few stitches in it and put it on again; and when Peter Piper lost almost the whole leg of one of his trousers he just laughed and said it made it easier for him to kick about and turn somersaults and he wished the other leg would tear off too.

You never saw a family have such fun. They could make up stories and pretend things and invent games out of nothing. And my Fairies were so fond of them that I could n't keep them away from the dolls' house. They would go and have fun with Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg and Gustibus and Peter Piper, even when I had work for them to do in Fairyland. But there, I was so fond of that shabby, disrespectful family myself that I never would scold much about them, and I often went to see them. That is how I know so much about them. They were so fond of each other and so good-natured and always in such spirits that everybody who knew them was fond of them. And it was really only Cynthia who did n't know them and thought them only a lot of old disreputable-looking Dutch dolls—and Dutch dolls were quite out of fashion. The truth was that Cynthia was not a particularly nice little girl, and did not care much for anything unless it was quite new. But the kitten who had torn the lace mantilla got to know the family and simply loved them all, and the Newfoundland puppy was so sorry about Leontine's paint and her left leg, that he could never do enough to make up. He wanted to marry Leontine as soon as he grew old enough to wear a collar, but Leontine said she would never desert her

family; because now that she was n't the beauty any more she became the useful one, and did all the kitchen work, and sat up and made poultices and beef tea when any of the rest were ill. And the Newfoundland puppy saw she was right, for the whole family simply adored Ridiklis and could not possibly have done without her. Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg could have married any minute if they had liked. There were two cock sparrows and a gentleman mouse, who proposed to them over and over again. They all three said they did not want fashionable wives but cheerful dispositions and a happy home. But Meg and Peg were like Ridiklis and could not bear to leave their families—besides not wanting to live in nests, and hatch eggs—and Kilmanskeg said she would die of a broken heart if she could not be with Ridiklis, and Ridiklis did not like cheese and crumbs and mousy things, so they could never live together in a mouse hole. But neither the gentleman mouse nor the sparrows were offended because the news was broken to them so sweetly and



LEONTINE (WHO WAS AFTERWARD CALLED "RIDIKLIS").

they went on visiting just as before. Everything was as shabby and disrespectful and as gay and happy as it could be until Tidy

Castle was brought into the nursery and then the whole family had rather a fright.

It happened in this way:

When the dolls' house was lifted by the nurse and carried into the corner behind the door, of course it was rather an exciting and shaky thing for Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg and Gustibus and Peter Piper (Ridiklis was out shopping). The furniture tumbled about and everybody had to hold on to anything they could catch hold of. As it was, Kilmanskeg slid under a table and Peter Piper sat down in the coal-box; but notwithstanding all this, they did not lose their tempers and when the nurse sat their house down on the floor with a bump, they all got up and began to laugh. Then they ran and peeped out of the windows and then they ran back and laughed again.

"Well," said Peter Piper, "we have been called Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg and Gustibus and Peter Piper instead of our grand names, and now we live in a place called Racketty-Packetty House. Who cares! Let's join hands and have a dance."

And they joined hands and danced round



"SHE DID ALL THE KITCHEN WORK."

and round and kicked up their heels, and their rags and tatters flew about and they laughed until they fell down, one on top of the other.

It was just at this minute that Ridiklis came back. The nurse had found her under



"THEY DID NOT WANT FASHIONABLE WIVES, BUT CHEERFUL DISPOSITIONS AND HAPPY HOMES."

a chair and stuck her in through a window. She sat on the drawing-room sofa which had holes in its covering and the stuffing coming out, and her one whole leg stuck out straight in front of her, and her bonnet and shawl were on one side and her basket was on her left arm full of things she had got cheap at market. She was out of breath and rather pale through being lifted up and swished through the air so suddenly, but her saucer eyes and her funny mouth looked as cheerful as ever.

"Good gracious, if you knew what I have just heard!" she said. They all scrambled up and called out together.

"Hello! What is it?"

"The nurse said the most awful thing," she answered them. "When Cynthia asked what she should do with this old Racketty-Packetty House, she said, 'Oh! I'll put it behind the door for the present and then it shall be carried down-stairs and burned. It's too disgraceful to be kept in any decent nursery.'"

"Oh!" cried out Peter Piper.

"Oh!" said Gustibus.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" said Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg. "Will they burn our dear old shabby house? Do you think they will?" And actually tears began to run down their cheeks.

Peter Piper sat down on the floor all at once with his hands stuffed in his pockets.

Gustibus leaned against the wall with his hands stuffed in his pockets.

"I would n't move if I was made King of England," he said. "Buckingham Palace would n't be half as nice."

"We've had such fun here," said Peg. And Kilmanskeg shook her head from side to side and wiped her eyes on her ragged pocket-handkerchief. There is no knowing what would have happened to them if Peter Piper had n't cheered up as he always did.

"I say," he said, "do you hear that noise?" They all listened and heard a rumbling. Peter Piper ran to the window and looked out and then ran back grinning.

"It's the nurse rolling up the arm-chair before the house to hide it, so that it won't disgrace the castle. Hooray! Hooray! If they don't see us they will forget all about us and we shall not be burned up at all. Our nice old Racketty-Packetty House will be left alone and we can enjoy ourselves more than ever—because we sha'n't be bothered with Cynthia—Hello! let's all join hands and have a dance."

So they all joined hands and danced round in a ring again and they were all so relieved that they laughed and laughed until they all tumbled down in a heap just as they had done before, and rolled

about giggling and squealing. It certainly seemed as if they were quite safe for some time at least. The big easy chair hid them and both the nurse and Cynthia seemed to forget that there was such a



"TWO COCK SPARROWS AND A GENTLEMAN MOUSE PROPOSED TO THEM."

"I don't care how shabby it is," he said. "It's a jolly nice old place and it's the only house we've ever had."

"I never want to have any other," said Meg. "They sha'n't burn our dear old house."

thing as a Racketty-Packetty House in the neighborhood. Cynthia was so delighted with Tidy Castle that she played with nothing else for days and days. And instead of being jealous of their grand neighbors the Racketty-Packetty House people began to get all sorts of fun out of watching them from their own windows. Several of their windows were broken and some had rags and paper stuffed into the broken panes, but Meg and Peg and Peter Piper would go and peep out of one, and Gustibus and Kilmanskeg would peep out of another, and Ridiklis could scarcely get her dishes washed and her potatoes pared because she could see the castle kitchen from her scullery window. It was *so* exciting!

The Castle dolls were grand beyond words, and they were all lords and ladies. These were their names. There was Lady Gwendolen Vere de Vere. She was haughty and had dark eyes and hair and carried her head thrown back and her nose in the air. There was Lady Muriel Vere de Vere, and she was cold and lovely and indifferent and looked down the bridge of her delicate nose. And there was Lady Doris, who had fluffy golden hair and laughed mockingly at everybody. And there was Lord Hubert and Lord Rupert and Lord Francis, who were all handsome enough to make you feel as if you could faint. And there was their mother, the Duchess of Tidyshire; and of course there were all sorts of maids and footmen and cooks and scullery maids and even gardeners.

"We never thought of living to see such grand society," said Peter Piper to his brother and sisters. "It's quite a kind of blessing."

"It's almost like being grand ourselves, just to be able to watch them," said Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg, squeezing together and flattening their noses against the attic windows.

They could see bits of the sumptuous white and gold drawing-room with the Duchess sitting reading near the fire, her golden glasses upon her nose, and Lady Gwendolen playing haughtily upon the harp, and Lady Muriel coldly listening to her. Lady Doris was having her golden hair dressed by her maid in her bed-room and Lord Hubert was reading the newspaper with a high-bred air, while Lord Francis was writing letters to noblemen of his acquaintance, and Lord Rupert was—in an aristocratic manner—glancing over his love letters from ladies of title.

Kilmanskeg and Peter Piper just pinched each other with glee and squealed with delight.

"Is n't it fun," said Peter Piper. "I say; are n't they awful swells! But Lord Francis can't kick about in his trousers as I can in mine, and neither can the others. I'd like to see them try to do this,"—and he turned three summersaults in the middle of the room and stood on his head on the biggest hole in the carpet—and wiggled his legs and twiggled his toes at them until they shouted so with laughing that Ridiklis ran in with a saucepan in her hand and perspiration on her forehead, because she was cooking turnips, which was all they had for dinner.

"You must n't laugh so loud," she cried out. "If we make so much noise the Tidy Castle people will begin to complain of this being a low neighborhood and they might insist on moving away."

"Oh! scrump!" said Peter Piper, who sometimes invented doll slang—though there



"LORD RUPERT WAS GLANCING OVER HIS LOVE LETTERS."

was n't really a bit of harm in him. "I would n't have them move away for anything. They are meat and drink to me."

"They are going to have a dinner of ten courses," sighed Ridiklis, "I can see them

cooking it from my scullery window. And I have nothing but turnips to give you."

"Who cares!" said Peter Piper, "Let 's have ten courses of turnips and pretend each course is exactly like the one they are having at the Castle."

"I like turnips almost better than anything—almost—perhaps not quite," said Gustibus. "I can eat ten courses of turnips like a shot."

"Let 's go and find out what their courses are," said Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg, "and then we will write a menu on a piece of pink tissue paper."

And if you 'll believe it, that was what they did. They divided their turnips into ten courses and they called the first one "Hors d'œuvres," and the last one "Ices," with a French name, and Peter Piper kept jumping up from the table and pretending he was a footman and flourishing about in his flapping rags of trousers and announcing the names of the dishes in such a grand way that they laughed till they nearly died, and said they never had had such a splendid dinner in their lives, and that they would rather live behind the door and watch the Tidy Castle people than be the Tidy Castle people themselves.

And then of course they all joined hands and danced round and round and kicked up their heels for joy, because they always did that whenever there was the least excuse for it—and quite often when there was n't any at all, just because it was such good exercise and worked off their high spirits so that they could settle down for a while.

This was the way things went on day after day. They almost lived at their windows. They watched the Tidy Castle family get up and be dressed by their maids and valets in different clothes almost every day. They saw them drive out in their carriages, and have parties, and go to balls. They all nearly had brain fever with delight the day they watched Lady Gwendolen and Lady Muriel and Lady Doris, dressed in their Court trains and feathers, going to be presented at the first Drawing-Room.

After the lovely creatures had gone the whole family sat down in a circle round the Racketty-Packetty House library fire, and Ridiklis read aloud to them about Drawing-Rooms, out of a scrap of the Lady's Pictorial she had found, and after that they had a Court Drawing-Room of their own, and they made tissue paper trains and glass bead crowns for diamond tiaras, and sometimes Gustibus pretended to be the Royal family,

and the others were presented to him and kissed his hand, and then the others took turns and he was presented. And suddenly the most delightful thing occurred to Peter



"PETER PIPER KEPT JUMPING UP FROM THE TABLE PRETENDING HE WAS A FOOTMAN."

Piper. He thought it would be rather nice to make them all into lords and ladies and he did it by touching them on the shoulder with the drawing-room poker which he straightened because it was so crooked that it was almost bent double. It is not exactly the way such things are done at Court, but Peter Piper thought it would do—and at any rate it was great fun. So he made them all kneel down in a row and he touched each on the shoulder with the poker and said:

"Rise up, Lady Meg and Lady Peg and Lady Kilmanskeg and Lady Ridiklis of Racketty-Packetty House—and also the Right Honorable Lord Gustibus Rags!" And they all jumped up at once and made bows and curtsied to each other. But they made Peter Piper into a Duke, and he was called the Duke of Tags. He knelt down on the big hole in the carpet and each one of them gave him a little thump on the shoulder with the poker, because it took more thumps to make a Duke than a common or garden Lord.

The day after this another much more ex-

citing thing took place. The nurse was in a bad temper and when she was tidying the nursery she pushed the easy chair aside and saw Racketty-Packetty House.

"Oh!" she said, "there is that Racketty-Packetty old thing still. I had forgotten it.

the way down the staircase, and Peter Piper and Gustibus had to dart out of the drawing-room and pick them up, Ridiklis came staggering up from the kitchen quite out of breath.

"Oh! our house is going to be burned! Our house is going to be burned!" cried Meg and Peg clutching their brothers.

"Let us go and throw ourselves out of the window!" cried Kilmanskeg.

"I don't see how they can have the heart to burn a person's home!" said Ridiklis, wiping her eyes with her kitchen duster.

Peter Piper was rather pale, but he was extremely brave and remembered that he was the head of the family.

"Now, Lady Meg and Lady Peg and Lady Kilmanskeg," he said, "let us all keep cool."

"We sha'n't keep cool when they set our house on fire," said Gustibus. Peter Piper just snapped his fingers.

"Pooh!" he said. "We are only made of wood and it won't hurt a bit. We shall just snap and crack and go off almost like fireworks and then we shall be ashes and fly away into the air and see all sorts of things. Perhaps it may be more fun than anything we have done since



THE COURTYARD OF TIDY CASTLE.

It must be carried down-stairs and burned. I will go and tell one of the footmen to come for it."

Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg were in their attic and they all rushed out in such a hurry to get down-stairs that they rolled all

we were given to Cynthia's grandmother."

"But our nice old house! Our nice old Racketty-Packetty House," said Ridiklis. "I do so love it. The kitchen is so convenient—even though the oven won't bake any more."

And things looked most serious because the

Nurse really was beginning to push the arm-chair away. But it would not move and I



"THEY MADE PETER PIPER THE DUKE OF TAGS."

will tell you why. One of my Fairies, who had come down the chimney when they were talking, had called me and I had come in a second with a whole army of my Workers, and though the Nurse could n't see them, they were all holding the chair tight down on the carpet so that it would not stir.

And I—Queen Crosspatch—myself—flew downstairs and made the footman remember that minute that a box had come for Cynthia and that he must take it upstairs to her nursery. If I had not been on the spot he would have forgotten it until it was too late. But just in the very nick of time up he came, and Cynthia sprang up as soon as she saw him.

"Oh!" she cried out, "it must be the doll who broke her little leg and was sent to the hospital. It must be Lady Patsy!"

And she opened the box which the footman gave her, and gave a little scream of joy, for there lay lady Patsy (her whole name was Patricia) in a lace-frilled night-gown, with her lovely leg in bandages, and a pair of tiny crutches and a trained nurse by her side.

That was how I saved them that time. There was such excitement over Lady Patsy and her little crutches and her nurse that nothing else was thought of and my Fairies pushed the arm-chair back and Racketty-Packetty House was hidden and forgotten once more.

The whole Racketty-Packetty family gave a great gasp of joy and sat down in a ring all at once, on the floor, mopping their foreheads with anything they could get hold of. Peter Piper used an antimacassar.

"Oh! we are obliged to you, Queen B-bell-Patch," he panted out, "But these alarms of fire are upsetting."

"You leave them to me," I said, "and I'll attend to them. Tip!" I commanded the Fairy nearest me. "You will have to stay about here and be ready to give the alarm when anything threatens to happen." And I flew away, feeling I had done a good morning's work. Well, that was the beginning of a great many things, and many of them were



"AND I—QUEEN CROSSPATCH—MYSELF—FLEW DOWNSTAIRS AND MADE THE FOOTMAN REMEMBER."

connected with Lady Patsy; and but for me there might have been unpleasantness.

Racketty-Packetty House

Of course the Racketty-Packetty dolls forgot about their fright directly, and began to enjoy themselves again as usual. That was their way. They never sat up all night with Trouble, Peter Piper used to say. And I told him they were quite right. If you make a fuss over trouble and put it to bed and nurse it and give it beef tea and gruel, you can never get rid of it.

Their great delight now was Lady Patsy.



“AND THE RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE DOLLS
CROWDED AROUND THEIR WINDOW AND
ADORED HER.”

They thought she was prettier than any of the other Tidy Castle dolls. She neither turned her nose up, nor looked down the bridge of it, nor laughed mockingly. She had dimples in the corners of her mouth and long curly lashes and her nose was saucy and her eyes were bright and full of laughs.

“She ’s the clever one of the family,” said Peter Piper. “I am sure of that.”

She was treated as an invalid at first, of

(To be concluded in the January Number.)

course, and kept in her room; but they could see her sitting up in her frilled nightgown. After a few days she was carried to a soft chair by the window and there she used to sit and look out; and the Racketty-Packetty House dolls crowded round their window and adored her.

After a few days, they noticed that Peter Piper was often missing and one morning Ridiklis went up into the attic and found him sitting at a window all by himself and staring and staring.

“Oh! Duke,” she said (you see they always tried to remember each others’ titles). “Dear me, Duke, what are you doing here?”

“I am looking at her,” he answered. “I ’m in love. I fell in love with her the minute Cynthia took her out of her box. I am going to marry her.”

“But she ’s a lady of high degree,” said Ridiklis, quite alarmed.

“That ’s why she ’ll have me,” said Peter Piper in his most cheerful manner. “Ladies of high degree always marry the good-looking ones in rags and tatters. If I had a whole suit of clothes on, she would n’t look at me. I ’m very good-looking, you know,” and he turned round and winked at Ridiklis in such a delightful saucy way that she suddenly felt as if he *was* very good-looking, though she had not thought of it before.

“Hello,” he said all at once. “I ’ve just thought of something to attract her attention. Where ’s the ball of string?”

Cynthia’s kitten had made them a present of a ball of string which had been most useful. Ridiklis ran and got it, and all the others came running upstairs to see what Peter Piper was going to do. They all were delighted to hear he had fallen in love with the lovely, funny Lady Patsy. They found him standing in the middle of the attic unrolling the ball of string.

“What are you going to do, Duke?” they all shouted.

“Just you watch,” he said, and he began to make the string into a rope ladder—as fast as lightning. When he had finished it, he fastened one end of it to a beam and swung the other end out of the window.



Christmas Toys

By

Emilie Benson Knipe



The Toy Shop



Waiting for Santa Claus



Christmas Cakes





Christmas Day •



I Do!—Don't You?

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

"SUMMER," said the humming Bee,
"Summer is the time for me!

 Richest fields of luscious clover,
 Honey-cups all brimming over,
Not a cloud the long day through!
I like Summer best—don't you?"

Said the dainty Primrose sweet:
"Summer is the time of heat.

 In the Spring when birds are calling
 And the crystal rain is falling
All the world is cool and new!
I like Springtime best—don't you?"

Said the Apple: "Not at all,
There's no season like the Fall!

 Golden skies thro' soft mists glowing
 Where the golden-rod is growing,
Reaping done and harvest through—
I like Autumn best—don't you?"

Said the Holly: "It is clear
Of all seasons of the year

 Winter is the best and dearest,
 Winds are stillest, skies are clearest—
Snowballs, sleighrides, Christmas—whew!
I like Winter best—*don't you?*"

"Santa Comes But Once a Year"

Drawn by E. B. Bird





The Skipper's Lad

A Christmas Tale

By Arthur Upson

Illustrated by W. L. Jacobs

NOTE.—There was formerly a superstition among Welsh sailors that, if their voyage found them at sea on Christmas Eve, they would be haunted with strange fears until they remembered the Night with a carol.

I

BLACK night, and biting keen, it was,
For Winter swept the sea;
The Skipper and the Bo's'n's mate
Aboard the *Jane Magee*
They heard the Bo's'n's whistle sound
Aloft so cheerlessly.

II

The *Jane Magee* of Portland Town
Bent through the gliding mist;
Whate'er she rode on lay unseen,
And all around was whist;
It was as though when night came on
All sound had been dismissed.

III

Now all was well, above, below,
Yet down the night had closed
So dreary in the first dogwatch
The sailors scarce reposed
As in their fo'c's'le bunks they lay
And dozed and woke and dozed.

IV

"What may this be?" Tom Wiggins cried;
"The sea-mist creeps and crowds,
And o'er the port rail I did see
Strange shapes among the clouds."
"And hark!" old Tompkins answered low,
"There 's creaking in the shrouds!"

V

"I've sailed through storms," spoke trusty Bill,
"From Hatteras to Belle Isle;
But rare the gale that, ere she broke,
Held not like this a while."
They saw the Skipper's lad look up—
Then smiled to see him smile.

VI

"You laugh, my lad," the old tar cried;
"There 's sommat on your tongue.
Heave sail, and let 'er have the wind,
And so your song be sung!"
Then clear the lad's sweet voice arose
And round the cabin rung.

VII

“ Come, messmates, let us have a song,
Together, every man!
At home the Yule log burns; at sea
Let 's show the Night we can
Keep Christmas cheer as merrily
Here off the Grand Menan.

VIII

“ My father walks the deck to-night,
My mother 's on the land;
A fortnight 't is we left her there
Against the yellow sand;
She had a red cap on her head,
A kerchief in her hand.





"LO, FULL UPON ITS ROCK APPEARED THE LIGHT OF GRAND MENAN."

IX

"I stood astern and signaled back
 A-leaning from the rails;—
 And well I cherish all her lore
 And all the old sea-tales
 She told me, from the store she had
 Of her kin back in Wales.

X

" 'Davy'—says she—' this Christmas Eve
 Will find you on the main;
 The carol that I sang for you,
 Oh, sing it there again,
 Remembering the Holy Night,
 Nor shall it be in vain!

XI

"For oft"—says she—"by night I've heard
My poor old father say
His ship and crew once hung in spell
Without Caermarthen Bay:—
Bethought him 't was the eve of Yule,
And carolled it away."

XII

'So, sailor lads, pipe all hands round
And set your voices free,
For I propose a cheery song
Upon the Christmas sea,
To hail the blessed evening
Of our Lord's Nativity!"

XIII

"Three cheers for Dave, our Skipper's lad!"
The sturdy voices cried;
The cabin timbers rang again
And shook from side to side;
The watch up in the crow's-nest heard—
"Three cheers!" his heart replied.

XIV

And then in tones full rich and strong
A well-known hymn they raise—
A simple carol all had known
In boyhood's homely days.
The Skipper feels the air less keen,
Less chill the circling haze.

XV

*"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Wherever you may be:
God rest you all in field or hall
Or on the stormy sea;
For on this morn our Christ was born
That saveth you and me!"*

XVI

They sing as only sailors sing
Before the capstan-bars,
Or high amid the rigging
For their audience of stars—
And as they sing the mists break way
And scatter round the spars!

XVII

Then, through the sudden rift, a sharp
Great golden radiance ran
To melt around the good ship's prow,
And in another span
Lo, full upon its rock appeared
The Light of Grand Menan!

XVIII

The night was clean of mist as noon,
And all the stars hung free;—
The Skipper's lad rode sailor-back
To music of their glee
Till eight bells called the sta'board watch
That Christmas Eve at sea.



"THE SKIPPER'S LAD RODE SAILOR-BACK TO MUSIC OF THEIR GLEE."

Captain June

By Alice Hegan Rice

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; "Lovey Mary," etc.

With Pictures by C. D. Weldon

JUNE had never sat still so long during the whole six years of his existence. His slender body usually so restless and noisy was motionless; his hands too fond of teasing and mischief lay limp in his lap, even his tongue was still and that was the most wonderful of all. The only part of him that stirred was a sparkling pair of gray eyes that were looking out upon the strangest world they had ever seen.

The entire day had been one of enchantment, from the first waking hour when he discovered that the engines on the big steamer where he had lived for seventeen days had stopped, and that the boat was actually lying at anchor just off the coast of Japan. Seki San, his Japanese nurse who had cared for him ever since he was a baby, had been so eager to look out of the port-hole that she could scarcely attend to her duties, and the consequence was that he had to stand on the sofa and hook his mother's dress and help her with the little pins at the back of the neck while Seki San finished the packing. June could not dress himself but he knew a great deal about hooks and eyes and belt pins. When mother got in a hurry she lost things, and experience had taught him that it was much easier to fasten the pin where it belonged than to spend fifteen minutes on the floor looking for it.

At last when all the bags and trunks were ready, and the pilot and the health officer had come aboard, and everybody had waited until they could not wait another moment, the passengers were brought ashore in a wheezy, puffy launch, and were whirled up to the hotel in queer little buggies drawn by small brown men with bare legs and mushroom hats, and great sprawling signs on their backs.

Since then June had sat at a front window too engrossed to speak. Just below him lay the Bund or sea-road, with the wall beyond where the white waves broke in a merry splash and then fell back to the blue water below. Out in the harbor there were big black merchant steamers, and white men-of-

war, there were fishing schooners, and sampans with wobbly, crooked oars. But the street below was too fascinating to see much beyond it. Jinrikishas were coming and going with passengers from the steamers and the coolies laughed and shouted to each other in passing. Women and girls clattered by on wooden shoes with funny bald-headed, slant-eyed babies strapped on their backs. On the hotel steps, a little girl in a huge red turban and a gorgeous dress of purple and gold was doing handsprings, while two boys in fancy dress sang through their noses and held out fans to catch the pennies that were tossed from the piazza above.

If Cinderella, and Jack the Giant Killer, and Aladdin and Ali Baba had suddenly appeared, June would not have been in the least surprised. It was where they all lived, there could be no possible doubt as to that. Here was the biggest picture book he had ever seen, the coming true of all the fairytales he had ever heard.

He was dimly conscious that in the room behind him Seki San was unpacking trunks and boxes, and that his mother was coming and going and leaving hurried instructions. Once he heard her say, "Don't say anything to him about it, Seki, I'll tell him when he has to be told." But just then a man went by with a long pole across his shoulder and round baskets on each end, and in the baskets were little shining silver fishes, and June forgot all about what his mother was saying.

June's father was a young army officer stationed in the Philippines. June was born there but when still a baby he had been desperately ill and the doctor had sent him back to the States and said he must not return for many years. It was a great grief to them all that they had to be separated, but Capt. Royston had gotten two leaves of absence and come home to them, and now this summer June and his mother had come all the way from California to meet him in Japan.

June was not his real name. It was Robert Rogers Royston, Junior, but mother said

there never could be but one Robert for her, and father did not like the Rogers for a sur- that he was not as strong as other boys, and when his throat was very bad and his voice



THE TEA PARTY ON THE TRAIN. (SEE PAGE 119.)

name, so they called him Junior, and Junior soon got bobbed off into June. The name suited him too, for a sunshinier little chap you never saw. He never seemed to know

would not come, why he sat up in bed and whistled, just the keenest, cheeriest, healthiest whistle you ever heard.

It was on the indoor days that Seki San

used to tell him about her wonderful country across the sea, of the little brown houses with the flower gardens on the roofs, of the constant clatter, clatter of the wooden shoes, and the beautiful blossoms that rained down on you like snow.

"Where are the blossoms?" he demanded, suddenly turning in his chair, "You said they came down thick and white and that I could let them fall over my face."

Seki San did not answer, she was kneeling beside a very disconsolate figure that lay on the bed with face buried in the pillows. When June spoke, his mother sat up and pushed back her tumbled hair. She was a very little mother with round eyes and lips as red as June's, only now her eyes were red and her lips trembling.

"You may go in the other room, Seki San," she said, "I want to talk to June by himself."

June sidled up cautiously and took a seat near her on the bed. The one unbearable catastrophe to him was for his mother to cry. It was like an earthquake, it shook the very foundations on which all his joys were built. Sometimes when the postman forgot to leave a letter, and occasionally when he was sick longer than usual, mother cried. But those were dark, dreadful times that he tried not to think about. Why the tears should come on this day of all days he could not understand.

She put her arm around him and held him close for a long time before she spoke. He could feel the thump, thump of her heart as he leaned against her.

"June," she said at last, "you are going to be a soldier like father, are n't you?"

June's eyes brightened. "Yes, and carry a sword!" he said.

"There is something more than a sword that a soldier has to have."

"A gun?"

Mother shook her head. "It 's courage, June! It 's something I have n't got a scrap of. You 'll have to be brave for us both!"

"I 'm not afraid," declared June, "I go to bed in the dark and go places by myself or anything."

"I don't mean that way," said his mother, "I mean doing hard things just because they are right, staying behind for instance when—when somebody you love very much has to go away and leave you."

June sat up and looked at her. "Who 's going away?" he demanded.

Mother's voice faltered. "Father 's ter-

ribly ill with a fever, June. The letter was waiting here, it is from our old doctor in Manila, he says 'Come on first steamer, but don't bring the boy.'" The earth seemed suddenly to be slipping from under June's feet, he clutched at his mother's hand. "I am going too!" he cried in quick alarm, "I won't stay behind, I can't, mother!"

Her arm tightened about him, "But I don't dare take you, June, think of the terrible heat and the fever, and you are the only little boy I 've got in the world, and I love you so!"

"I won't take the fever," protested June. "I 'll be good. I 'll mind every word Seki says."

"But Seki is n't going. She wants to take you home with her down to a little town on the Inland Sea, where there are all sorts of wonderful things to do. Would you stay with her, June, while I go to father?"

Her voice pleaded with eagerness and anxiety, but June did not heed it. Slipping from her arms, he threw himself on the floor and burst into a passion of tears. All the joys of the enchanted country had vanished, nothing seemed to count except that mother was thinking of leaving him in this strange land and sailing away from him across the sea.

"Don't cry so, June, listen," pleaded his mother. "I have not decided, I am trying to do what is best."

But June refused to be consoled. Over and over he declared that he would not stay, that he would rather have the fever and die than to be left behind.

By and by the room grew still, his mother no longer tried to pacify him, only the ticking of the little traveling clock on the table broke the stillness. He peeped through his fingers at the silent figure in the chair above him. He had never seen her look so white and tired, all the pretty smiles and dimples seemed gone forever, her eyes were closed and her lips were tightly drawn together. June crept close and slipped his hand into hers. In an instant her arms were about him.

"I don't know what to do, nor where to turn," she sobbed. "I am afraid to take you and afraid to leave you. What must I do?"

June was sure he did not know but when mothers are little and helpless and look at you as if you were grown up, you have to think of a way. He was standing beside her with his arm around her neck, and he could

feel her trembling all over. Father often said in his letters, "Be sure to take care of that little Mother of yours," but it had always seemed a joke until now. He sighed, then he straightened his shoulders:

"I 'll stay, Muddery," he said, then he added with a swallow, "Maybe it will help me to be a soldier when I get big!"

CHAPTER II

"SEKI SAN, look at the old woman with black teeth! What made them black? What have the little girls got flowers in their hair for? What are they ringing the bell for?"

Seki San sitting on her heels at the car window tried to answer all June's questions at once. The sad parting was over. Mrs. Royston had left in the night on the steamer they had crossed in, and the Captain and the Purser and all the passengers were going to take care of her until she got to Hong Kong, and after that it was only a short way to Manila, and once she was with Father, June felt that his responsibility ceased.

When they first boarded the train, June had sat very quiet. If you wink fast and swallow all the time, you can keep the tears back, but it does not make you feel any better inside.

"If God has got to take somebody," June said at length gloomily, "I think He might take one of my grandmothers. I have got four but one of them is an old maid."

"Oh no," said Seki, "she is n't."

"She *is*," persisted June, "she keeps every thing put away in little boxes and won't let me play with them. Seki, do you guess God would jes' as lieve for me to have a horn as a harp when I go to Heaven? I want a presser horn like they have in the band."

"But you will not go for many long times!" cried Seki, catching his hand as if he were about to slip away. "Look out of the window. See! They are giving the cow a bath!"

In a field nearby an old man and woman were scrubbing a patient-looking cow, and when the creature pulled its head away and cried because it did not want to get its face washed, June laughed with glee. After all, one could not be unhappy very long when every minute something funny or interesting was happening. At every station a crowd of curious faces gathered about the car window eager to catch a glimpse of the little foreign boy, and June, always ready to make friends, smiled at them and bobbed his head, which

made the boys and girls look at each other and laugh.

"We bow with our whole self, so," Seki explained putting her hands on her knees and bending her body very low, "and we never shake with the hands nor kiss together!"

"Don't the mothers ever kiss the children good-night?" asked June incredulously.

"Oh! no," said Seki, "we bow."

While June was thinking about this strange state of affairs, a man came close under the window, carrying a tray and calling: "*Bento! Eo Bento!*"

Seki San took some money from a little purse which she carried in her long sleeve, and handing it out to the man, received two square wooden boxes and a fat little tea-pot with a cup over its head like a cap.

"Are we going to have a tea-party?" asked June, scrambling down from his perch.

"So," said Seki San reaching under the seat and pulling out a tiny chest, in which were other cups and saucers and a jar of tea leaves, "we will have very nice tea-parties and you shall make the tea."

June, following instructions, put some of the tea in the small pot and poured the hot water over it, then he helped Seki San spread two paper napkins on the seat between them.

"Now," he said, "where 's the party?"

Seki San handed him one of the boxes and began to untie the string of the other.

"I have some sticks tied on to mine!" cried June, "two big ones and a tiny little one wrapped up in paper."

"That is your knife and fork and pick-tooth," said Seki San. "You must hold the sticks in one hand like this."

But June was too busy exploring the contents of the two trays that formed his box to stop to take a lesson in the use of chopsticks. The lower tray was full of smooth white rice. In the top one, was a bit of omelet and some fish, and a queer-looking something that puzzled June.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Guess it!" said Seki mysteriously, "guess it with your nose."

"It 's pickle!" cried June.

"Pickled sea-weed," said Seki, "and I have also brought you some Japanese candy that you pour out of a bottle."

There was no bread, no butter, no knife nor fork nor spoon, but June thought it was the very nicest tea-party he had ever been to. Sitting with his stocking feet curled up under him as Seki had hers, he clattered



"ALL DAY LONG THE BOYS PLAYED DOWN BY THE RIVER BANK." (SEE PAGE 122.)

his chop-sticks and spilt the rice all over the seat, while they both grew weak with laughter over his efforts to feed himself.

"Don't you wish you were a little boy, Seki San?" he asked when most of the lunch had disappeared.

"Why?" said Seki.

"'Cause," said June, "you 'd have such a good time playing with me all the time!"

"But no," said Seki seriously, "I must be big womans to take care of you."

"And tell me stories!" added June politically: "Tell me 'bout Tomi now."

"Tomi?" said Seki San, smiling. "You going see Tomi very soon, to-morrow, perhaps to-night. Tomi very bad little dog, makes a cross bark at all big peoples, but loves children. When Tomi very little his nose stick out, so—Japanese think it very ugly for little pug-dog's nose to stick out, so we push it in easy every day. Now Tomi has nice flat nose, but he sneeze all the time so—kerchoo, kerchoo, kerchoo."

June laughed at the familiar story, but suddenly he sobered:

"Say, Seki, I don't think it was very nice to push his nose in; I would n't like to have my nose pushed in so I would have to sneeze all the rest of my life."

"Ah! but he must be beautiful! Tomi would not be happy if his nose stuck out when other pug-doggies had nice flat nose. Tomi is very happy, he is grateful."

It was quite dark when they reached their destination; June had been asleep and when he slipped out on the platform he could not remember at all where he was; Seki's mother and her sisters and brothers besides all the relatives far and near had come to welcome her back from America, and quite a little crowd closed in about her, bowing and bowing and chattering away in Japanese.

June stood, rather forlornly, to one side. This time last night Mother had been with him, he could speak to her and touch her, and now—it was a big, strange world he found himself in, and even Seki seemed his Seki no longer.

Suddenly he felt something rub against his leg, and then he heard a queer sound that somehow sounded familiar. Stooping down he discovered a flat-nosed little pug that was kissing his hand just as if it had been brought up in America.

"It 's Tomi," cried June in delight, and the pug, recognizing his name, capered more

madly still, only stopping long enough to sneeze between the jumps.

Ten minutes later June was sitting beside Seki San in a broad jinrikisha, rushing through the soft night air, down long gay streets full of light and color and laughter, round sharp corners, up steep hills, over bridges where he could look down and see another world of paper lanterns and torches, and always the twinkling legs and the big round hat of the jinrikisha man bobbing steadily along before him.

"Is it like a story book all the time?"

Seki San laughed: "Oh, no, June, story-book land is back in America, where the grown-up houses are, and the rich, fine furnitures, and the strange ways. This is just home, my very dear home, and I have such glad feelings to be here!"

June cuddled close and held her hand, and if he felt a wee bit wistful, and wiped his eyes once in a while on her sleeve, he did it very carefully, so that Seki would have nothing to spoil the glad feeling in her heart at being home again.

CHAPTER III

THE new life which opened up for June was brimming over with interest. Seki San lived in a regular toy house, which was like a lot of little boxes fitted into one big one. One whole side was open to the garden and a tiny railed balcony ran around outside the rooms. The walls were made of white paper, and when the sun shone all sorts of pretty shadows danced on them, and when it rained everybody ran about to put up the wooden screens, and fasten the house up snug and tight until the shower was over. A flight of low steps cut in the rock led down to a bamboo wicket, and here green lizards sunned themselves all day and blinked in friendly fashion at the passer-by.

The night June arrived he had looked about blankly and said:

"But Seki there is n't any furniture in your house; have n't you got any bed, or chairs or table?"

And Seki had laughed and told the others and everybody laughed until June thought he had been impolite.

"I like it," he hastened to add, "it 's the nicest house I ever was in, 'cause, don't you see, there is n't anything to break."

It was quite wonderful to see how easily one can get along without furniture. After

one has sat on his heels, and slept on the floor and eaten off a tiny table no bigger than a foot stool, it seems the most sensible thing in the world. June did hang up one picture and that was a photograph of his mother. She had left him two, but one was taken with her hat on.

"I don't like for her always to look as if she was going away!" he said to Seki San when she wanted to put them both up.

The life, interesting as it was, might have proven lonely, had it not been for Seki's younger brother, Toro, who was two years older than June. Although neither could understand a word the other said, yet a very great friendship had sprung up between them. "We understand just like dogs," June explained to Seki San.

All day long the two boys played down by the river bank, paddling about in the shallow shimmering water, building boats and putting them out to sea, sailing their kites from the hill top, or best of all, sitting long hours on the parade grounds watching the drilling of the soldiers.

Sometimes when they were very good, Seki San would get permission for them to play in the daimyo's garden, and those days were red letter days for June. The garden was very old and very sacred to the Japanese, for in long years past it had belonged to an old feudal lord, and now it was the property of the Emperor.

From the first June had cherished a secret belief that somewhere in its leafy bowers he would come across the Sleeping Beauty. It was all so old and so still that even the breezes whispered as they softly stirred the tree-tops. In the very heart of the garden a little blue lake smiled up at the sky above, and all about its edges tall flags of blue and gold threw their bright reflections in the water below. A high-arched bridge all gray

with moss, led from one tiny island to another, while along the shore old stone lanterns, very stiff and stern, stood sentinel over the quiet of the place. Here and there a tempting little path led back into mysterious deeps of green, and June followed each one with the half expectancy of finding the cobwebby old place, and the vine-grown steps, and the Sleeping Beauty within.

One day when they were there, Toro became absorbed in a little house he was building for the old stork who stood hour after hour under the cool shadow of the arching bridge. June, getting tired of the work, wandered off alone, and as he went deeper into the tangle of green, he thought more and more of the Sleeping Beauty.

It was cool and mysterious under the close hanging boughs, and the sunshine fell in white patches on the head of an old stone Buddha, whose nose was chipped off, and whose forefinger was raised in a perpetual admonition to all little boys to be good. Just ahead a low flight of steps led up to a dark recess where a shrine was half concealed by a tangle of vines and underbrush. June cautiously mounted the steps; he was making believe that he was the prince in the fairy-tale, and that when he should push through the barrier of brier roses he would find the Sleeping Beauty within the shrine.

As he reached the top step, a sound made him pause and catch his breath. It was not the ripple of the falling water that danced past him down the hillside, it was not the murmur of the wind in the bamboos overhead; it was the deep regular breathing very close to him of some one asleep. For a moment June wanted to run away, but then he remembered the golden hair and blue eyes of the princess and with heart beating very fast, he pushed through the underbrush and stumbled over some one lying in the grass.

(To be continued.)



TED'S FOOLISH WISH

"I WISH I WAS AN OWL"
SAID TEDDY, WITH A SCOWL,
"CAUSE THEN I COULD SIT UP THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH."
BUT SOME FAIRIES HEARD HIM SCOLD,
AND HERE YOU MAY BEHOLD



HOW THEY



MADE THAT



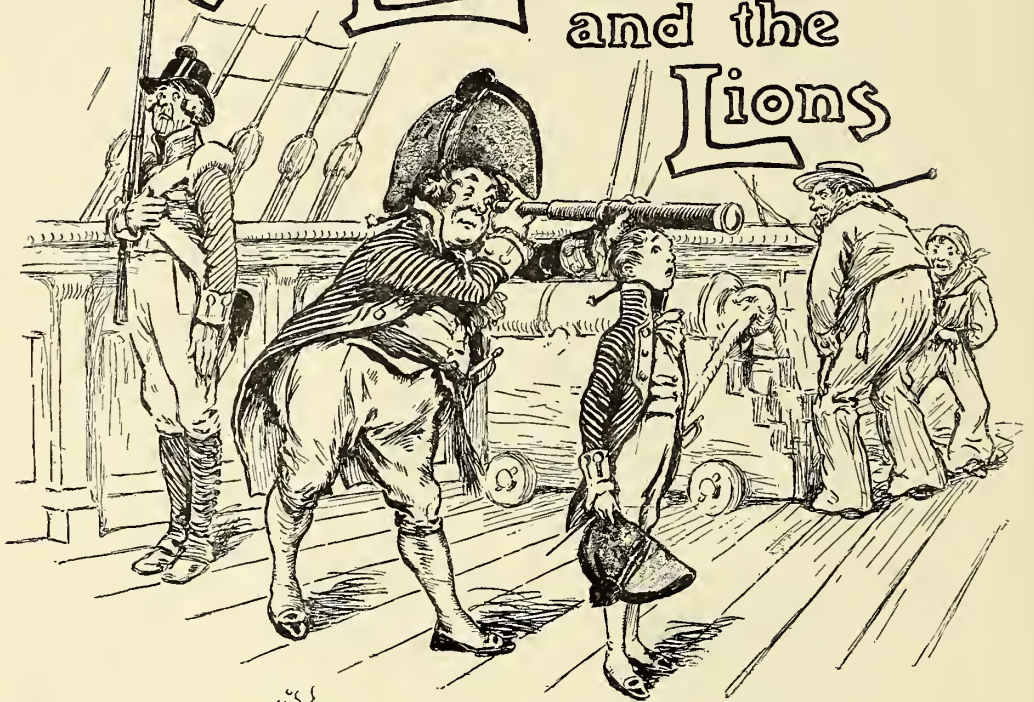
AWFUL WISH



COME TRUE !

CHARLES FITCH LESTER

The Lieutenant and the Lions



By Kent Packard



He, a strictly naval person, and a man of general fame,
Was Lieut. Gadzooks Peters-Brown of H. M. S. "The
Flame."

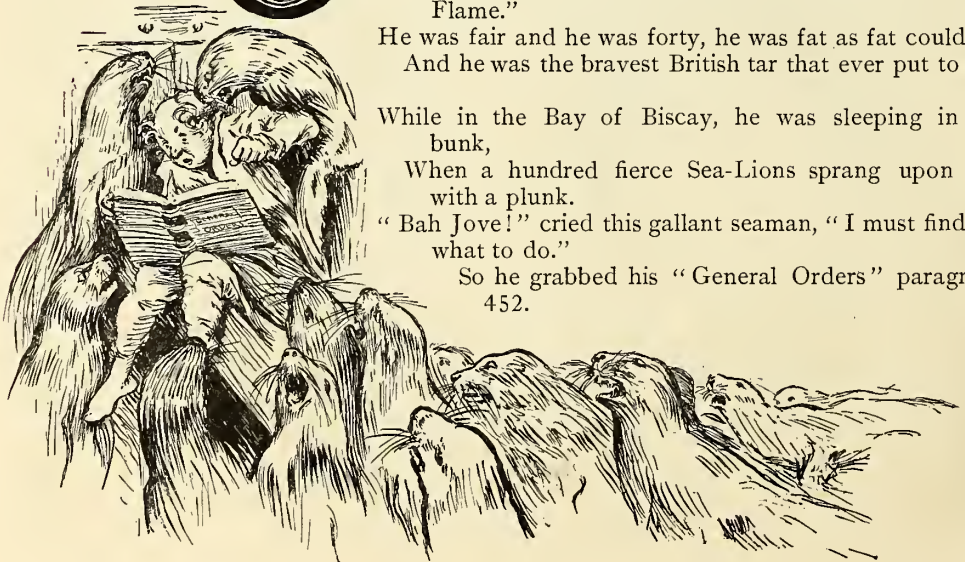
He was fair and he was forty, he was fat as fat could be,
And he was the bravest British tar that ever put to sea.

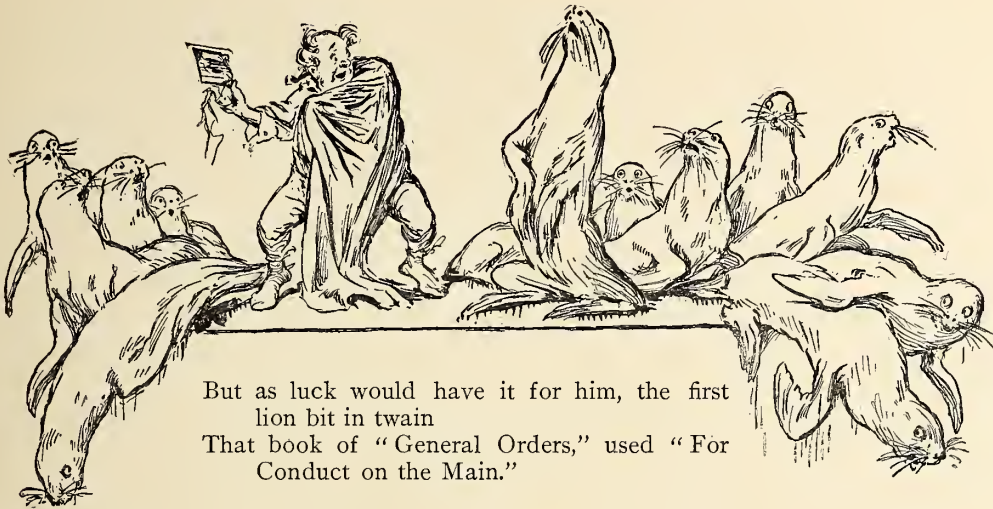
While in the Bay of Biscay, he was sleeping in his
bunk,

When a hundred fierce Sea-Lions sprang upon him
with a plunk.

"Bah Jove!" cried this gallant seaman, "I must find out
what to do."

So he grabbed his "General Orders" paragraph
452.





But as luck would have it for him, the first
lion bit in twain
That book of "General Orders," used "For
Conduct on the Main."

And you know, my gentle reader, the sea-lion is a beast
That dwells in ocean's surges, twenty fathoms at the least,
So when that "extra dry" blue book pervaded his inside,
That poor, misguided animal, he laid him down and died.

When they saw this, his companions to the sea raced back in flight,
For the fate of their brave leader had endued their hearts with fright.
But Lieut. Gadzooks Peters-Brown threw out his chest with glee,
And exclaimed, "I *am* the greatest thing that ever went to sea!"

And a medal from the Admiralty engraved with his full name,
Hands down to his posterity his everlasting fame.



Abbie Ann

By George Madden Martin

Author of the "Emmy Lou" Stories

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER II



THE next evening shortly before Abbie Ann's bedtime, her father pushed his books aside and wheeling his chair around from the desk, took her on his knee. He had his office at home, and the two generally spent their evenings here, he at work, she with her dolls.

There was a space between the wall and the end of the desk that almost seemed to have been meant for a doll-house, and her father let Abbie Ann use a drawer of the desk for her playthings.

Once a lady came to Coal City with her husband who had business at the mine, and they stayed over night, and she kept saying "poor child," and every time she said it she stroked Abbie Ann's hair. Then while the two gentlemen were out, she brushed up the office hearth, and put things around in the places where she said they ought to be. The office being at home, there was no covering except a coat of paint on the floor, or on the floor of the hall. The color of the soil of Coal City is red, and red clay foot-prints on a painted floor show discouragingly. After the lady had brushed around for a while, she gave up, and saying "poor child" some more, bade Abbie Ann bring her all her stockings that she might darn them.

Afterward Abbie asked her father why the lady said, "poor child," but he only looked out of the window across the valley and did not reply. Unless she was in a temper, whenever she saw her father glance that way, out across the valley, Abbie Ann changed the subject, for something seemed to tell her then that father was worried. So she saved the question, and later asked Mr. McEwan why the lady had said "poor child."

That person, surveying small Abbie Ann, lifted his forehead in ridges and gazed debatingly. Her hair was in tangle, one shoe-strap was broken and the tongue of the shoe

hung loose; there was red clay on her stockings, and a long scratch on her face, results of a scramble up the mountain side for blackberries; also there was a slit in her dress skirt, where a briar had caught it.

"Because," said Mr. McEwan solemnly, "there is so little demand on the market for young savages."

But this had been some time before, in one of the intervals between teachers.

This evening Abbie Ann's father, pushing his ledger away lifted her to his knee. Now her father was that sort of person who, a dripping umbrella in his hand, stands in a doorway, and looks helplessly around until the women folk rush to him and take it. But there were no women folk to take care of him and Abbie Ann. Her father loved the small bundle of herself, tears, smudges, and all, better even than he himself knew, better than all else in the world, but he did n't know what to do with her. His attitude with Abbie Ann was very like that of himself with the umbrella.

He lifted her to his knee now and stroked her hair awkwardly. It made her think of the lady. She endured it, hopeful that it would n't last long. Perhaps it was because it was n't natural to her father that it made her embarrassed. She was right. It stopped.

"How brave to do her duty is my wilful offspring?" suddenly he inquired.

Now wilful offspring meant Abbie Ann. It was what still another lady brought to Coal City to teach her, had called her.

Abbie had no idea what wilful offspring meant, but she did know the lady had not meant it to be complimentary.

"How brave?" father was repeating.

Abbie Ann thought of the day before on the freight train.

"Not so brave," she concluded.

Which evidently was disconcerting. Her father began to stroke her hair again, and Abbie to endure it. "But brave enough, I am sure, to stand by her duty?" he suggested.

He spoke so uneasily, it sounded so conciliatory, that Abbie Ann grew dubious. His voice sounded solemn too, almost as if they were in church, which in itself was an alarming sensation, Coal City having Church at the most, perhaps three times a year, when a minister could be secured.

"Brave enough, I am sure," said father, "to stand by her duty."

"I,—I don't know," faltered Abbie Ann.

"For father has made up his mind to be brave enough to show his little daughter her duty," he continued. But here he paused, paused so long, and appeared to be pondering so hard that Abbie Ann to show how entirely at ease and free from embarrassment she was began to twist his mustache to stand out, a sharp point each side above his pointed beard. Then when he looked at her so earnestly above the fierce mustache, Abbie Ann forgot she was embarrassed and laughed.

"Such a little girl," said her father, hopelessly, "such a little child."

"I was only pretending," she hastened to assure him, "I'm listening."

"And it is only for a few years at most," her father then said, as if continuing a former thought; was he talking to her or to himself?

"What 's for a few years?" asked Abbie Ann.

At this he seemed to come back to her and hastened to stroke her hair, "I have been meditating it for some time," he confessed, even guiltily, "and yesterday's happening determined me."

But it was to be seen that Abbie Ann's tall bearded parent eyed the inquiring-eyed object on his knee with considerable apprehension. He also continued to stroke her hair vigorously.

"I am going to take you away from Coal City, and put you at school," he told her.

There was a pause, there seemed no support under Abbie Ann; there was a singing in her ears and a dryness in her mouth. Coal City meant all she knew. "Away" meant that unknown void and desolation the cars were rushing toward yesterday, and its inhabitants were summed up in the lady who called her "poor child" and made her uncomfortable.

"But I don't want to go to school," she rejoined, and her voice sounded so far off, even to herself, and strange, that she threw herself upon him and clung to him, suddenly and fiercely, "I don't want to go to school, I don't want to."

Father said nothing. The silence was alarming. She burrowed her head deeper into his coat collar, "Why can't I have a teacher here?" came up in muffled tones from Abbie Ann.

"We have tried it, and how long have they stayed?"

It sounded as if it meant what it said, that voice this time.

"They stayed longer than the cooks," came up from Abbie Ann, sulkily, and unwisely; for the number of cooks brought to Coal City for the superintendent's household, from all points far and near, had become a jocular matter up and down the railroad; none could or would stand the isolation of the life. Her father had grown as sensitive about cooks as was Abbie about teachers.

So at this he spoke decidedly. Perhaps the allusion had nettled him.

"The teaching is not all," he said, "you need to be with other children," he was quoting the words of the lady, "and you need to have what only different surroundings can give you."

"I don't," said Abbie Ann. There was no doubt as to the finality of her utterance. She had slipped down off his knee and stood, firm planted on the floor. A red spot was burning on either cheek. Suddenly she stamped her foot, and stamped again; then she seized the nearest thing, it chanced to be her youngest child, and flung the luckless infant across the room. This done, simultaneously, as it were, with the dull thud of its unhappy head against the wall, Abbie Ann threw herself upon the floor, prone, and beat with her small hands and feet thereon.

It was not the first time this big man had watched his little daughter thus, nor yet the first time he had wondered what he ought to do about it; he had met a mine disaster with a promptness that saved his men's lives; he had averted a strike by a just grasp of the situation; he had quelled a riot in a neighboring district during the miseries of actual strike there; but those things were a matter of course, in mere line with a man's work, and he thought no more about them. But what to do with one small daughter who flung herself on the floor and beat with her fists and feet thereon, this big man did not know.

Meanwhile the heap of red tangles, skirts, arms and legs, there before him, began to be shaken by sobs. Abbie Ann usually grew more reasonable at the weeping stage. Her father gazed down upon her. Those small

moaned "ohs," on his little daughter's lips hurt him surprisingly. He would try reason. He offered it somewhat diffidently, seeing that Abbie Ann had a disconcerting way of rejecting it.

"Suppose," he said, "that I failed in my duty to you now, and lived to feel my own and your reproaches?"

His little girl, sitting up at this, to listen, here shook her head violently, so violently the red curls flung about wildly. She was hazy as to what it was he might some day feel, but from her position, it was safest to combat everything. "That would n't never, never be,—" she stated, with general vagueness of statement, but much decision.

But her father thought differently, and said moreover that she was too young to know.

"And further," he added, "it is my daughter's duty to help father to do his." He spoke so solemnly it might have been Church again. Abbie Ann hugged her knees. It would never do to weaken now.

But he went on. The words seemed to come with effort, at first, but later, something came into them that made them easier. Was it tenderness? Or was it sad laughter?

"Once Abbie Ann—there was a little girl with hair and eyes like yours. She lived in a city, and used to come by a certain gate every day, the last little girl in the procession coming from a neighboring boarding-school for the daily walk. There was a boy generally hanging on that gate, that in time that little girl came to nod to. Perhaps,—some day—you may be shown some medals and some prize books laid away by persons who loved this little girl, that will prove to you how faithfully she did her duty."

Abbie Ann had wriggled along the floor, still embracing her knees, the better to hear. Now she got up and leaned against her father's knee. The story rather than the moral of it, had seized her.

"Who was she, the little girl, father?"

"Your mother, Abbie."

There was a silence. Nobody spoke. Little as she had been, Abbie Ann seemed to herself to remember,—

Therefore she rose up and flung herself upon him and wetted his poor collar with a fresh burst of tears; "I 'll be good, I 'll be good,—" she whispered.

"I know, I know,—" said father, in return, gathering her up, and this time forgetting to stroke her hair.

Then Abbie Ann sat up. Had she known

her little nose was puffed like a ripe red cherry, she might have been disconcerted.

"Who was the little boy?" she asked. She liked that story.

"His name in those days, was, Johnnie, Johnnie Richardson."

Abbie Ann laughed delightedly. It was father himself, that boy, father's name was John Richardson!

He was saying more: "And I have chosen to send you to this same school, because the same teacher is there who taught your mother? Will this help you to go and try to be happy?"

He never had talked just this way to her before. She felt solemn, and began to cry a little again, but sobbed her willingness to try.

And it was settled, and big, bearded John Richardson drew a breath.

CHAPTER III

BUT the going did not seem possible by the next day, and Abbie Ann kept her face swollen by weeping afresh every time she thought about it, feeling herself a mistreated little girl, sent off into the great, terrifying world with no one caring, a little girl gotten rid of by being put at a terrible place called a school. Very well, she would go, since she had promised, she would go, but once there she would cry herself ill, oh, very ill, and perhaps die, and—

At this point Abbie Ann burst into tears again.

Mr. McEwan came up that evening to supper, as he often did, in order, he said, to help them out.

This was because of a peculiarity of Fabe, the cook. Mr. McEwan had brought Fabe from Washington on returning from his vacation some time before. Fabe having hitherto officiated in restaurants and boarding-houses, said he did not know how to cook for two. And true enough, when he made, for instance, a pudding, it was so liberal an affair, that Mr. Richardson and Abbie Ann continued to eat pudding day after day, until it was gone. In a way it might have been said to save Fabe trouble, and it was owing to this peculiarity that Mr. McEwan said he came to meals to help them out.

This evening after supper they sat on the side porch. One did not see the station from here, or the chutes, or the coke ovens, only the anvil-shaped valley with the enclosing mountains making a purple rim around.

Across on the opposite slope of the valley stood the Church, ugly, it is true, but the miners had built it themselves; there was a graveyard by the side of the church and in it a tall white shaft. Abbie Ann's young mother lay beneath that shaft; it was while she was among them that the miners had built the Church.

Out on the porch this evening Abbie Ann told Mr. McEwan about her going away; he had been talking business to her father all through supper, and she had had no opportunity to tell him before; her father, cigar in hand, listened, too, and very cruel, and very

else did you suppose boarding-schools were for?"

This was a new phase of things. "Really?" asked Abbie Ann.

Mr. McEwan turned his head; he was sitting on the porch railing smoking, "Oh, Fabe," he called.

Fabe came out from the dining-room; he was very black and very shiny, and he wore a paper cap. When he first arrived at Coal City he said his name was Fabe Winbush; but Mr. McEwan said that he was too modest to tell it all, that his whole name was Fabacious Vespuscious McGruder Daniel Winbush.

Abbie Ann had asked Fabe if it really was, whereupon he showed all his teeth, but he never said.

When he came to the door Mr. McEwan asked him, "How about a cake, Fabe? None of your little miching measurements, either, but an ample, sizable, cake-walking article, pink and white perhaps, and fruity, and say, nutty, within?"

Fabe grinned, indeed he always grinned at Mr. McEwan. "Th' ain't no trouble 'bout its being sizable, if it's a *big* cake you want,—"

"And candy," said Mr. McEwan, "the real thing in Allegheny maple sugar, with hickory nut meats through. I mean to scour the mountains for the nuts myself."

But after Mr. McEwan had gone, the shamed feeling came back upon Abbie that she had not been honest. She went slowly and stood by father. He was on the settee, his arm stretched along the railing.

"I won't," she said, "I won't any more," and she touched his hand on the railing. His closed on hers. Then he lifted her to the bench by him.

In the valley below them, a mist was floating over the low-lands. The young moon shining down upon it, made it a moving silver sea. But above the mists, on the opposite



"ONCE, ABBIE ANN, THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL WITH HAIR AND EYES LIKE YOURS."

terrible it sounded, the way she started it. Somehow, by the time she reached the end, she felt ashamed.

But Mr. McEwan was making notes on the back of an envelop. "Albemarle County pippins, maple sugar, hickory nuts,—" he was muttering.

"What?" Abbie Ann asked him.

"H'm," he was still jotting down, "did you speak,—oh,—to be sure, I was planning for the Thanksgiving box; but that is going too fast, you have n't gone yet,—"

"Box?" asked Abbie.

Mr. McEwan blinked, and his red head nodded across at her red head, confidentially. "At Thanksgiving," said he, "and at Christmas, and on birthdays, and at Easter; what

slope across the valley, stood the shaft, tall and gleaming. Abbie sat very still, she had no idea why. The sheep bells from some hill side tinkled faintly. It hurt, not that Abbie knew that it did, she only knew something made her creep closer to father.

Not that Abbie thought these things, she only sat close within the circle of father's arm, while Fabe's voice, mellow and low, came crooningly out from the kitchen, that kitchen which had so shocked the strange lady, to the rattle of his pots and pans.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Mr. Richardson and Abbie Ann left Coal City in September, the whole community was at the station to see them off, the miners, their wives, the older children, the babies, Mr. McEwan and Fabe.

Abbie felt important. She even had a trunk of her own and on one end of it, it read:

Abbie Ann Richardson.

Down at the junction there lived a lady who sewed and she had made the new clothes; that is she and Abbie had studied the fashion papers together, and the lady had sent down to Cincinnati for the patterns and the materials. Mr. Richardson seemed doubtful at the results, but said if Abbie and the lady were satisfied, they were the ones to know. And Mr. McEwan said they were too plain, that mere *gilt* braid did well enough for Coal City,

but for metropolitan purposes, it ought to be gold. Since which Abbie had been a little troubled in her mind.

Every one had brought her something for a "good-by"; indeed she could not take them all, the peach pie and the pet squirrel, for instance. Mr. McEwan said he would take care of the pie.

Everybody waved until the train, eastward bound, was rounding the curve; and Abbie



"MR. MCEWAN WAS MAKING NOTES ON THE BACK OF AN ENVELOPE."

It is a question if Abbie even rightly understood that she and father in their time must come to cross the Valley also to where that shaft stood; it was not that kind of fear, for only vaguely did Abbie Ann know what the shaft meant. Yet the beauty of the evening, and the young moon on the mists, and the shaft across the valley, stayed on the little heart. It is good that it should have; The Star stayed with Dickens' child.

hanging out the window, while her father clutched her skirts, waved too. It made her new ring glisten. Mr. McEwan had given her that. The green diamond in the other one had chipped off in discouraging fashion, and finally had fallen out, while this new one had for a setting a little, clear, dark-blue stone, that glistened.

"Not so rare a gem, perhaps," Mr. McEwan had explained, "but with better wearing qualities. And blue, you know, is true."

Abbie Ann, gazing at her ring, resolved she would be true. A verse had accompanied the ring. It read:

"I knew by her hair that so gracefully curled
Around her pink ears,
that she ringlets held dear,
So I said, 'Of all natural things in the world,
A ring let me give her
before she leaves here.'"

Abbie Ann gave Mr. McEwan a pin, which originally had a black bead for head until she dipped it in sealing wax. He had it on at the station in his tie, a green and blue necktie, where it showed beautifully.

That night Mr. Richardson and Abbie Ann reached the city, going to a hotel. The next day they went to the school.

It was a large, square house of red brick, with white shutters, and the door knob and the door bell shone. The maid who answered the ring, and who showed them into a parlor, was square herself, and staid and neat and noiseless. Everything in the room seemed to

shine too, the furniture, the fender, the mirror between the windows, the chandeliers. Straight back mahogany chairs sat straight back against the walls.

Abbie felt her heart sinking. The truth was, though she did not know it, in the



"EVERY ONE HAD BROUGHT HER SOMETHING FOR A 'GOOD-BY.'"

midst of this depressing propriety she felt herself a very small somebody indeed, and she resented the feeling.

Then a lady came in, whom Mr. Richardson rising to meet, addressed as Miss Owsley.

(To be continued.)

“The Red Ball Is Up!”

“Good Skating on the Pond!”



The New Boy at Hilltop

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," etc.

CHAPTER I

A BAD BEGINNING

HILLTOP School closed its Fall Term with just ninety-five students; it opened again two weeks later, on the third of January, with ninety-six; and thereby hangs this tale.

Kenneth Garwood had been booked for Hilltop in the Autumn, but circumstances had interfered with the family's plans. Instead he journeyed to Moritzville on the afternoon of the day preceding the commencement of the new term, a very cold and blustery January afternoon, during much of which he sat curled tightly into a corner of his seat in the poorly heated day coach, which was the best the train afforded, and wondered why the Connecticut Valley was so much colder than Cleveland, Ohio. He had taken an early train from New York, and all the way to Moritzville had sought with natural eagerness for sight of his future schoolmates. But he had been unsuccessful. When Hilltop returns to school it takes the mid-afternoon express which reaches Moritzville just in time for dinner, whereas Kenneth reached the school before it was dark, and at a quarter of five was in undisputed possession, for the time being, of Number 12, Lower House.

"We are putting you," the Principal had said, "with Joseph Brewster, a boy of about your own age and a member of your class. He is one of our nicest boys, one of whom we are very proud. You will, I am certain, become good friends. Mr. Whipple here will show you to your room. Supper is at six. Afterwards, say at eight o'clock, I should like you to see me again here at the office. If there is anything you want you will find the Matron's room at the end of the lower hall. Er—will you take him in charge, Mr. Whipple?"

On the way across the Campus, between banks of purple-shadowed snow and under leafless elms which creaked and groaned dismally in the wind, Kenneth reached the firm conclusion that there were two persons at Hilltop whom he was going to dislike cor-

dially. One was the model Joseph Brewster, and the other was Mr. Whipple. The instructor was young, scarcely more than twenty-three, tall, sallow, near-sighted and taciturn. He wore an unchanging smile on his thin face and spoke in a soft, silky voice that made Kenneth want to trip him into one of the snow banks.

Lower House, so called to distinguish it from the other dormitory, Upper House, which stood a hundred yards higher on the hill, looked very uninviting. Its windows frowned dark and inhospitable and no light shone from the hall as they entered. Mr. Whipple paused and searched unsuccessfully for a match.

"I fear I have left my match-box in my study," he said at length. "Just a moment, please, Garwood, and I will—"

"Here 's a match, sir," interrupted Kenneth.

"Ah!" Mr. Whipple accepted the match and rubbed it carefully under the banister rail. "Thank you," he added as a tiny pale flame appeared at the tip of the side bracket. "I trust that the possession of matches, my boy, does not indicate a taste for tobacco on your part?" he continued smiling deprecatingly.

Kenneth took up his suit-case again.

"I trust not, sir," he said. Mr. Whipple blinked behind his glasses.

"Smoking is, of course, prohibited at Hilltop."

"I think it is at most schools," Kenneth replied gravely.

"Oh, undoubtedly! I am to understand, then, that you are not even in the least addicted to the habit?"

"Well, sir, it is n't likely you 'll ever catch me at it," said Kenneth imperturbably. The instructor flushed angrily.

"I hope not," he said in a silky voice, "I sincerely hope not, Garwood,—for your sake!"

He started up the stairs and Kenneth followed, smiling wickedly. He had n't made a very good beginning, he told himself, but Mr. Whipple irritated him intensely. After

the instructor had closed the door softly and taken his departure, Kenneth sat down in an easy-chair and indulged in regrets.

"I wish I had n't been so fresh," he muttered ruefully. "It does n't do a fellow any good to get the teachers down on him. Not that I 'm scared of that old boy, though! Doctor Randall is n't so bad, but if the rest of the teachers are like Whipple I don't want to stay. Well, dad said I need n't stay after this term if I don't like it. Guess I can stand three months, even of Whipple! I hope Brewster is n't quite as bad. Maybe, though, they 'll give me another room if I kick. Don't see why I can't have a room by myself, anyhow. I guess I 'll get dad to write and ask for it. Only maybe a chap in moderate circumstances like me is n't supposed to have a room all to himself."

He chuckled softly and looked about him.

Number 12 consisted of a small study and a good-sized sleeping room opening off. The study was well furnished, even if the carpet was worn bare in spots and the green-topped table was a mass of ink blots. There were two comfortable arm-chairs and two straight-backed chairs, the aforementioned table, two bookcases, one on each side of the window, a wicker waste basket and two or three pictures. Also there was an inviting window seat heaped with faded cushions. On the whole, Kenneth decided, the study, seen in the soft radiance of the drop-light, had a nice "homey" look. He crossed over and examined the bedroom,

drawing aside the faded brown chenille curtain to let in the light. There was n't much to see, two iron beds, two chiffoniers, two chairs, a trunk bearing the initials "J. A. B." and a washstand. The floor was bare save



"'WELL, SIR, IT IS N'T LIKELY YOU 'LL EVER CATCH ME AT IT,' SAID KENNETH."

for three rugs, one beside each bed and one in front of the washstand. The two windows had white muslin curtains and a couple of uninteresting pictures hung on the walls. He dropped the curtain at the door, placed his suit-case on a chair and opened it. For the next few minutes he was busy distributing its contents. To do this it was necessary to

CHAPTER II

MAKING FRIENDS

light the gas in the bedroom and as it flared up, its light was reflected from the gleaming backs of a set of silver brushes which he had placed a moment before on the chiffonier. He paused and eyed them doubtfully.

"Gee!" he muttered. "I can't have those out. I'll have to buy some brushes."

He gathered them up and tumbled them back into his suit-case. Finally, with everything put away, he took off coat and vest, collar and cuffs, and proceeded to wash up. And while he is doing it let us have a good look at him.

He was fourteen years of age, but he looked older. Not that he was large for his age; it was rather the expression of his face that added that mythical year or so. He looked at once self-reliant and reserved. At first glance one might have thought him conceited, in which case one would have done him an injustice. Kenneth had travelled a good deal and had seen more of the world than has the average boy of his age, and this had naturally left its impress on his countenance. I can't honestly say that he was handsome, and I don't think you will be disappointed to hear it. But he was good-looking, with nice, quiet gray eyes, an aquiline nose, a fairly broad mouth whose smiles meant more for being infrequent, and a firm, rather pointed chin of the sort which is popularly supposed to, and in Kenneth's case really did, denote firmness of character. His hair was brown and quite guiltless of curl. His body was well set up and he carried himself with a little backward thrust of the head and shoulders which might have seemed arrogant, but was n't, any more than was his steady, level manner of looking at one.

Presently, having donned his clothes once more, he picked up a book from the study table, pulled one of the chairs toward the light and set himself comfortably therein, stretching his legs out and letting his elbows sink into the padded leather arms. And so he sat when, after twenty minutes or so, there were sounds outside the building plainly denoting the arrival of students, sounds followed by steps on the stairs, shouts, laughter, happy greetings, the thumping of bags, the clinking of keys. And so he sat when the door of Number 12 was suddenly thrown wide open and a merry face, flushed with the cold, looked amazedly upon him from between the high, shaggy, upturned collar of a voluminous dark gray ulster and the soft visor of a rakishly tilted cap.

AND while Kenneth looked back, he felt his prejudices melting away. Surely one could n't dislike for very long such a jolly, mischievous-looking youth as this! Of Kenneth's own age was the newcomer, a little heavier, yellow-haired and blue-eyed, at once impetuous and good-humored. But at this moment the good-humor was not greatly in evidence. Merriment gave place to surprise, surprise to resentment on the boy's countenance.

"Hello!" he challenged.

Kenneth laid the book face down on his knee and smiled politely.

"How do you do?" he responded.

The newcomer dragged a big valise into the room and closed the door behind him, never for an instant taking his gaze off of Kenneth. Then, apparently concluding that the figure in the arm chair was real flesh and blood and not a creature of the imagination, he tossed his cap to the table, revealing a rumpled mass of golden yellow hair, and looked belligerently at the intruder.

"Say, you 've got the wrong room, I guess," he announced.

"Here 's where they put me," answered Kenneth gravely.

"Well, you can't stay here," was the inhospitable response. "This is my room."

Kenneth merely looked respectfully interested. Joe Brewster slid out of his ulster, frowning angrily.

"You're a new boy, are n't you?" he demanded.

"About an hour and a half old," said Kenneth. Somehow the reply seemed to annoy Joe. He stepped toward the other truculently.

"Well, you go and see the Matron; she'll find a room for you; there are lots of rooms, I guess. Anyway, I'm not going to have you butting in here."

"You must be Joseph Brewster," said Kenneth. The other boy growled assent. "The fact is, Brewster, they put me in here with you because you are such a fine character. Dr. Whatshisname said you were the pride of the school, or something like that. I guess they thought association with you would benefit me."

Joe gave a roar and a rush. Over went the arm chair, over went Kenneth, over went Joe, and for a minute nothing was heard in

Number 12 but the sound of panting and gasping and muttered words, and the colliding of feet and bodies with floor and furniture. The attack had been somewhat unexpected and as a result, for the first moments of the battle, Kenneth occupied the uncomfortable and inglorious position of the under dog. He strove only to escape punishment, avoiding offensive tactics altogether. It was hard work, however, for Brewster pummelled

were turned. Now it was Kenneth who was on top, and it took him but a moment to seize Joe's wrists in a very firm grasp, a grasp which, in spite of all efforts, Joe found it impossible to escape. Kenneth, perched upon his stomach,—uneasily, you may be sure, since Joe heaved and tossed like a boat in a tempest,—offered terms.

"Had enough?" he asked.

"No," growled Joe.



"'AND WHO THE DICKENS ARE YOU, KID?' SAID THE NEW ARRIVAL."

like a good one, his seraphic face aflame with the light of battle and his yellow hair seeming to stand about his head like a golden oriflamme. And while Kenneth hugged his adversary to him, ducking his head away from the incessant jabs of a very industrious fist, he realized that he had made a mistake in his estimation of his future room-mate. He was going to like him; he was quite sure he was; providing, of course that said room-mate left enough of him! And then, seeing, or rather feeling his chance, he toppled Joe Brewster over his shoulder and in a trice the tables

"Then you 'll stay here until you have," answered Kenneth. "You and I are going to be room-mates, so we might as well get used to each other now as later, eh? How any fellow with a face like a little pink angel can use his fists the way you can, gets me!"

Kenneth was almost unseated at this juncture, but managed to hold his place. Panting from the effects of the struggle, he went on:

"Seems to me Dr. Randall must be mistaken in you, Brewster. You don't strike me at all as a model of deportment. Seems to

me he and you fixed up a pretty lively welcome for me, eh?"

The anger faded out of Joe's face and a smile trembled at the corners of his mouth.

"Let me up," he said quietly.

"Behave?"

"Yep."

"All right," said Kenneth. But before he could struggle to his feet there was a peremptory knock on the door, followed instantly by the appearance of a third person on the scene, a dark-haired, sallow, tall youth of fifteen who viewed the scene with surprise.

"What 's up?" he asked.

Kenneth sprang to his feet and gave his hand to Joe. About them spread devastation.

"I was showing him a new tackle," explained Kenneth easily.

Joe, somewhat red of face, shot him a look of gratitude.

"Oh," said the new arrival, "and who the dickens are you, kid?"

"My name's Garwood. I just came today. I 'm to room with Brewster."

"Is that right?" asked the other, turning to Joe. Joe nodded.

"So he says, Graft. I think it 's mighty mean, though. They let me have a room to myself all Fall, and now, just when I 'm getting used to it, they dump this chap in here. It is n't as though there were n't plenty of other rooms!"

"Why don't you kick to the Doctor?" asked Grafton Hyde.

"Oh, it would n't do any good, I suppose," said Joe.

Grafton Hyde sat down and viewed Kenneth with frank curiosity.

"Where are you from?" he demanded.

"Cleveland, Ohio."

"Any relation to John Garwood, the railroad man?"

"Ye—es, some," said Kenneth. Grafton snorted.

"Huh! I dare say! Most everyone tries to claim relationship with a millionaire. Bet you, he does n't know you 're alive!"

"Well," answered Kenneth with some confusion, "maybe not, but—I think he 's related to our family, just the same."

"You do, eh?" responded Grafton sarcastically. "Well, I would n't try very hard to claim relationship if I were you. I guess if the honest truth were known there are n't very many fellows who would want to be in John Garwood's shoes, for all his money."

"Why?" asked Kenneth.

"Because he 's no good. Look at the way he treated his employees in that last strike! Some of 'em nearly starved to death!"

"That 's a — that is n't so!" answered Kenneth hotly. "It was ail newspaper lies."

"Newspapers don't lie," said Grafton sententiously.

"They lied then, like anything," was the reply.

"Well, everyone knows what John Garwood is," said Grafton carelessly. "I 've heard my father tell about him time and again. He used to know him years ago."

Kenneth opened his lips, thought better of it and kept silence.

"Ever hear of my father?" asked Grafton with a little swagger.

"What 's his name?" asked Kenneth.

"Peter Hyde," answered the other importantly.

"Oh, yes! He 's a big politician in Chicago, is n't he?"

"No, he is n't!" replied Grafton angrily. "He 's Peter Hyde, the lumber magnate."

"Oh!" said Kenneth. "What—what 's a lumber magnet?"

"*Magnate*, not magnet!" growled Grafton. "It 's time you came to school if you don't know English. Where have you been going?"

"I beg pardon?"

"What school have you been to? My, you 're a dummy!"

"I have n't been to any school this year. Last year I went to the grammar school at home."

"Then this is your first boarding school, eh?"

"Yes; and I hope I 'll like it. The catalogue said it was a very fine school. I trust I shall profit from my connection with it."

Grafton stared bewilderedly, but the new junior's face was as innocent as a cherub's. Joe Brewster stared, too, for a moment; then a smile flickered around his mouth and he bent his head, finding interest in a bleeding knuckle.

"Well, I came over to talk about the team, Joe," Grafton said after a moment. "I did n't know you had company."

"Did n't know it myself," muttered Joe.

Kenneth picked up his book again and went back to his reading. But he was not so deeply immersed but that he caught now and then fragments of the conversation, from which he gathered that both Joe and Hyde were members of the Lower House Basket-

Ball Team, that Hyde held a very excellent opinion of his own abilities as a player, that Upper House was going to have a very strong team and that if Lower did n't find a fellow who could throw goals from fouls better than Simms could it was all up with them. Suddenly Kenneth laid down his book again.

"I say, you fellows, could n't I try for that team?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, you can *try*," laughed Grafton. "Ever play any?"

"A little. We had a team at the grammar school. I played right guard."

"You did, eh? That 's where I play," said Grafton, "Maybe you 'd like my place?"

"Don't you want it?" asked Kenneth innocently.

"Don't I want it! Well, you 'll have to work pretty hard to get it!"

"I will," said Kenneth very simply. Grafton stared doubtfully.

"Candidates are called for four o'clock tomorrow afternoon," said Joe. "You 'd better come along. You 're pretty light, but Jim Marble will give you a try all right."

"Thanks," answered Kenneth. "But would practice be likely to interfere with my studies?"

"Say, kid, you 're a wonder!" sneered Grafton as he got up to go. "I never saw anything so freshly green in my life! You 're going to have a real nice time here at Hilltop; I can see that. Well, see you later, Joe. Come up to-night; I want to show you some new snowshoes I brought back. Farewell, Garwood. By the way, what 's your first name?"

"Kenneth."

"Hey?"

"Kenneth; K,e,n,n,e,—"

"Say, that 's a peach!" laughed Grafton. "Well, bring little Kenneth with you, Joe; I 've got some picture books."

"Thank you," said the new junior gratefully.

"Oh, don't mention it!" And Grafton went out chuckling.

As the door closed behind him, Joe Brewster sank into a chair and thrust out his legs, hands in pockets, while a radiant grin slowly overspread his angelic countenance.

"Well," he said finally, "you 're the first fellow that ever bluffed Graft! And the way he took it!"

Kenneth smiled modestly under the admiring regard of his room-mate.

"Gee!" cried Joe, glancing at his watch.

"It 's after six. Come on to supper. Maybe if we hurry they 'll give you a place at our table."

Kenneth picked up his cap and followed his new friend down the stairs. On the way he asked:

"Is that chap Hyde a particular friend of yours?"

"N-no," answered Joe, "not exactly. We 're on the team together, and he is n't such a bad sort. Only—he 's the richest fellow in school and he can't forget it!"

"I don't like him," said Kenneth decidedly.

Hilltop School stands on the top of a hill overlooking the Connecticut Valley, a cluster of half a dozen ivy-draped buildings of which only one, the new gymnasium, looks less than a hundred years old. Seventy-six feet by forty it is, built of red sandstone with freestone trimming; a fine, aristocratic looking structure which lends quite an air to the old campus. In the basement there is a roomy baseball cage, a bowling-alley, lockers and baths. In the main hall, one end of which terminates in a fair-sized stage, are gymnastic apparatus of all kinds.

It was here that Kenneth found himself at four o'clock the next day. His trunk had arrived and he had dug out his old basket-ball costume, a blue sleeveless shirt, white knee-pants and canvas shoes. He wore them now as he sat, a lithe, graceful figure on the edge of the stage. There were nearly thirty other fellows on the floor amusing themselves in various ways while they waited for the captain to arrive. Several of them Kenneth already knew well enough to speak to and many others he knew by name. For Joe had made himself Kenneth's guide and mentor, had shown him all there was to be seen, had introduced him to a number of the fellows and pointed out others and had initiated him into many of the school manners and methods. This morning Kenneth had made his appearance in various class-rooms and had met various teachers, among them Mr. Whipple, who, Kenneth discovered, was instructor in English. The fellows seemed a friendly lot and he was already growing to like Hilltop.

Naturally enough, Kenneth found himself the object of much interest. He was a new boy, the only new one in school. At Hilltop the athletic rivalry was principally internal, between dormitory and dormitory. To be sure the base-ball and foot-ball teams played other schools, but nevertheless the contests which wrought the fellows up to the highest

pitch of enthusiasm were those in which the Crimson of Upper House and the Blue of Lower met in battle. Each dormitory had its own foot-ball, base-ball, hockey, tennis, track, basket-ball, and debating, team, and rivalry was always intense. Hence the arrival of a new boy in Lower House meant a good deal to both camps. And most fellows liked what they saw of Kenneth, even while regretting that he was n't old enough and big enough for foot-ball material. Kenneth bore the scrutiny without embarrassment, but nevertheless he was glad when Joe joined him where he sat on the edge of the stage.

"Jim has n't come yet," said Joe, examining a big black-and-blue spot on his left knee. "I guess there won't be time for much practice to-day, because Upper has the floor at five. They're going to have a dandy team this year; a whole bunch of big fellows. But they had a big heavy team year before last and we beat them the first two games."

"Don't you play any outside schools?"

"No, the faculty won't let us. Perfect rot, is n't it? They let us play outsiders at foot-ball and base-ball and all that, but they won't let us take on even the grammar school for basket-ball. Randy says the game is too rough and we might get injured. Rough! I'd like to know what he calls foot-ball!"

"I don't understand about the classes here," said Kenneth. "I heard that big chap over there say he could n't play because he was 'advanced' or something. What's that?"

"Advanced senior," answered Joe. "You see, there's the preparatory class, the junior class, the middle class and the senior class. Then if a fellow wants to fit for college, he does another year in the senior class and in order to distinguish him from the fourth year fellows they call him an advanced senior. See? There are five in school this year. Faculty won't let them play basket-ball or foot-ball because they're supposed to be too big and might hurt some of us little chaps. Huh! Hello, there's Jim. I've got to see him a minute."

And Joe slipped off the stage and scurried across to where a boy of about sixteen, a tall, athletic-looking youth with reddish-brown hair was crossing the floor with a ball under each arm. Joe stopped him and said a few words and presently they both walked over to where Kenneth sat. Joe introduced the captain and the new candidate.

"Joe says you've played the game," said Jim inquiringly in a pleasant voice as he shook hands. Kenneth was somewhat awed by him and replied quite modestly:

"Yes, but I don't suppose I can play with you fellows. Still, I'd like to try."

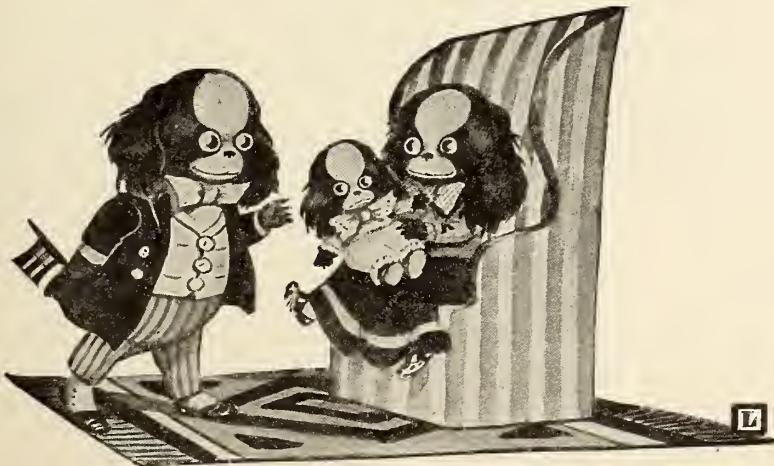
"That's right."

"How are you on throwing baskets?"

"Well, I used to be pretty fair last year."

"Good enough. If you can throw goals well, you'll stand a good show of making the team as a substitute. You'd better get out there with the others and warm up."

(To be continued.)



VISITOR.—"Have you ever had the little darling's picture taken?"

THE MOTHER.—"Only a dog-ueerreotype, that's all."

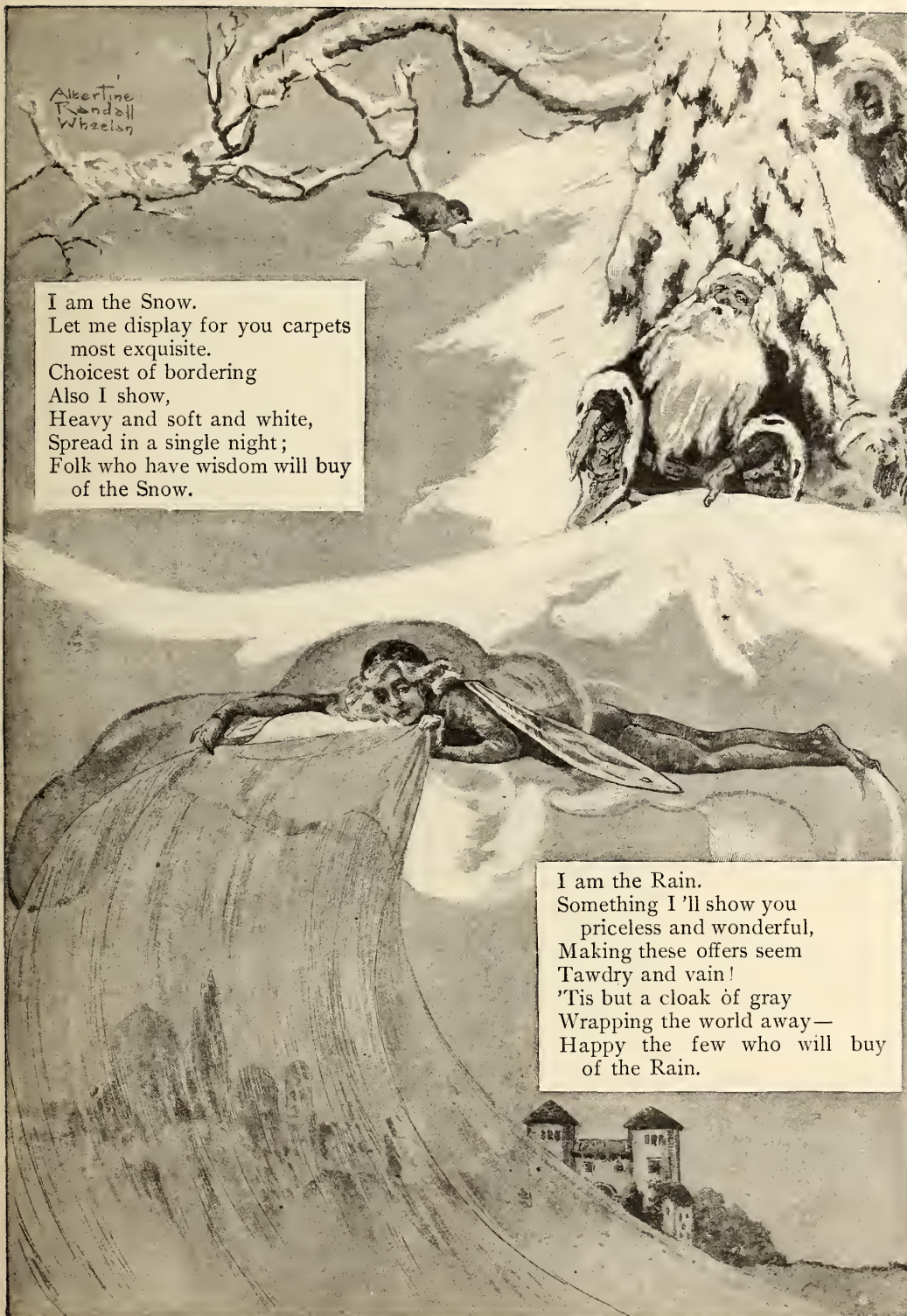


THE MERCHANTS

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY

I am the Frost.
I 'll show you diamonds,
laces and tapestries
Of all variety
At lowest cost ;
Weavings of chaste design
Perfect in every line ;
Connoisseurs surely will
buy of the Frost.

I am the Dew.
Notice my elegant bracelets
and necklaces,
All of rare quality ;
Pearls not a few ;
Emerald and amethyst ;
Opal all rainbow kissed ;
Ladies rise early to buy of
the Dew.



Albertine
Randall
Wheelan

I am the Snow.
Let me display for you carpets
most exquisite.
Choicest of bordering
Also I show,
Heavy and soft and white,
Spread in a single night;
Folk who have wisdom will buy
of the Snow.

I am the Rain.
Something I'll show you
priceless and wonderful,
Making these offers seem
Tawdry and vain!
'Tis but a cloak of gray
Wrapping the world away—
Happy the few who will buy
of the Rain.

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

Illustrated by George Varian

HOW THE COASTING PARTY ENDED

ONE day after winter had set in and there was enough snow on the ground to make good sleighing, Putty Black and Eddie were standing on the court-house corner, sleds in hand, waiting for a chance to "hitch on" to some big sled, or sleigh, when the sound of merriment broke upon their ears from behind. Turning around to see what all the hilarity was about, they saw what to Eddie at least, was anything but an agreeable sight.

Pinkey had hitched the old family mare to his new hand sled, which was larger than most sleds of its kind and a product of Liberty Jim's most faithful efforts, and behind him was a long line of sleds, two behind the other, on each of which rode one or more boys or girls. Behind Pinkey, sharing the new sled, was Harriet Warren, while with Bunny Morris, whose sled occupied the very desirable position at the end of the line, rode Bess Knapp.

As the jolly party turned the corner, the sleigh-bells jingling merrily, and went gaily on their way, Eddie said to his companion in a tone that bore evidences of envy:

"They think they 're having a lot o' fun, don't they, Putty? I wish they 'd upset in a snow-drift somewhere." Then to change the subject as though he did not feel at all envious, he continued:

"Say, let 's hook on that bob-sled coming up the road and ride out to Horney's hill where there 's a crowd, and have a coast; that man driving lives out beyond there."

Horney's hill was over two miles away, too long a distance to walk on a cold winter's day unless it were impossible to ride, but there of all places could be found the best coasting anywhere in the vicinity of Enterprise.

Putty agreed instantly with Eddie's suggestion, and together they ran out into the road and slipped the rope of Eddie's sled under the iron rod which ran across the end of the wagon bed, in such a way that

they could part company with the big sled at any time merely by letting go the end of the rope. Then both jumped on the one sled, Eddie retaining hold of the rope, while Putty pulled his empty sled behind.

"I 'd rather do this any day than ride around behind an old plug like the one Pinkey Perkins is driving," said Eddie, gaily, but *he* knew and *Putty* knew that he would have given a good deal to be in Pinkey's party.

As they crossed the railroad tracks and neared the limits of the town, Putty looked back down the long snow-lined street.

"Here they come now, Eddie," said he, "I 'll bet they 're heading for Horney's hill too."

Eddie looked back and sure enough, not very far behind them came "Old Polly," trotting contentedly along, and behind her, almost hidden from view, trailed the long line of sleds she was pulling.

"Hoo-e-e-e," yelled Putty, by way of salutation, waving his cap. Putty wanted to be friendly with both Pinkey and Eddie, and now being with one, he wished to let the other know that as far as he himself was concerned, there was no cause for ill-feeling.

Putty's shout gave the farmer his first intimation that he had passengers, and not being in sympathy with granting free rides to town boys he proceeded at once to rid himself of them. Whipping up his horses quickly, he turned out into the deep snow at the side of the road and before the boys realized what was happening they were ploughing through the deep drifts at a terrific rate.

"Let go the rope, Eddie! Let her go!" shouted Putty, as the sled took a sharp plunge into a ditch and nearly capsized.

"It won't let go," replied Eddie in dismay, his eyes and mouth full of snow, "it 's caught," and again came a deluge which found its way up their sleeves and down their necks in most uncomfortable fashion.

Putty had let go his sled as soon as the farmer had turned out from the main track and now he suffered additional loss by his cap falling off in the whirling mass behind them. Realizing that there was nothing to be gained by remaining longer where he was, he released his grip and as the sled careened

enormous snow-drift, into which he sank almost entirely from view.

Luckily, the bump against the stump broke the rope and the sled stopped short, upside down, where it landed a few feet beyond Eddie.

Needless to say, all this caused considerable excitement and amusement among those who were riding behind Old Polly, and Pinkey urged her to a still faster pace in order to be of assistance in case either Putty or Eddie had been injured in any way.

But the snow was soft, and beyond the discomfort caused by their being thus violently hurled into it, neither was any the worse for his experience.

By the time Eddie, much resembling a snow man, had extricated himself from his undignified position in the snow-drift and had partially brushed himself off, Putty joined him and as Pinkey and his party drew near, the two stood shivering at the side of the road, the picture of despair. Both were angry and in no mood to accept sympathy, for they realized what an amusing sight it must have been for the others to see them on

their wild ride, and how ludicrous they must have looked plunging helplessly into the snow-drifts. Furthermore, Eddie felt it all the more keenly that Pinkey and Harriet should have been among those who had witnessed their undoing.

Pinkey, however, bore no malice toward Eddie now, for it was impossible for him to cherish such feelings long toward anyone and since the night of the church fair he had studiously refrained from doing anything or



"EDDIE SHOT INTO THE AIR LIKE A PROJECTILE."

over on one runner again, threw himself into the deep snow at the side of the road.

Eddie still held on, not willing to lose his sled in this inglorious fashion, but only for a minute longer. Putty had no more than picked himself up and was brushing the snow from his clothes when the sled struck a stump which was buried beneath the snow, and turned completely over. Eddie shot into the air like a projectile, executing a partial somersault, and landed head first in an

saying anything that might make it appear that he was gloating over his victory.

As Old Polly came opposite Eddie and Putty, Pinkey drew rein on her and said:

"If you fellows are going out to Horney's hill, hook on behind and I 'll give you a ride."

Putty was evidently most willing to accept the invitation and started with his sled for the middle of the road, but not so Eddie. He jerked the rope from Putty's hand, for fear he would join Pinkey's party, and said savagely:

"When I want a ride, I 'll say so. I 'd rather walk than ride behind that old plug."

"It does look as if you 'd rather ride faster than we go," answered Pinkey, angered that his offer should be so flatly refused, "and besides you like to take a dive into the snow-drifts now and then; so dive ahead, I don't care. Get up, Polly," and in another minute the merry party was gliding smoothly down the road toward the old mill which stood at the cross-roads. Here they turned and were soon lost to view.

"Gee, I 'd like to snowball 'em, would n't you, Putty," said Eddie, with a decided tone of jealousy in his voice. "Pinkey Perkins thinks he 's the whole show, riding around with that new sled of his."

"T would be fun to hide somewhere and pelt 'em well," agreed Putty, rather weakly. He regretted that Eddie had refused to ride and his tone lacked enthusiasm.

"Let 's cut through the fields and beat 'em to the hill, anyway," said Eddie, and with Putty's assistance he lifted his own large sled and Putty's lighter one over the fence and the pair started through the snow for the hill.

When Pinkey and those with him reached the hill, they found a large crowd there enjoying the coasting on the well-packed hill-side. Eddie and Putty had arrived before them, but neither came anywhere near those with whom they had declined to ride. They kept to a different part of the hill and gave no sign of any ill feeling toward those who had come with Pinkey.

Pinkey's new sled proved to be a wonder as a coaster.

"I tell you what, Bunny," he said, "if anybody can beat Liberty Jim at making sleds I 'd like to see 'em do it. Did you see us break the record just now?"

"Yes, and I saw Ed and Putty and some others breaking records just now, too," replied Bunny, "makin' for the road as fast as

they could go. We 'd better go and see if they took Old Polly away and left us to walk home."

"I 'd just like to see 'em take her away," said Pinkey, much disturbed at the thought even; "it would be the last time any of them would ever take anything of mine."

Pinkey and Bunny ran to a point whence they could see the gate where they had tied Old Polly. They were gratified to see that she was standing there just as they had left her, and that Eddie and Putty and "Shiner" Brayley, whose father owned the old mill, and three other boys were already some distance away, bound in the direction of the cross-roads.

"I guess it 's time we were skipping, too," said Pinkey regretfully, after all had enjoyed a few more rides down the enticing slope, "because I 've got my Sunday wood to get in before dark."

The others agreed with Pinkey, though all were loth to depart from the pleasure they were enjoying. They pulled their sleds out to the gate, attached them to the harness on Old Polly and set out for Enterprise. It had begun to grow dusk by the time they got well started and Pinkey urged the old mare into a faster pace than usual, so they went gliding down the road at a rate that insured their reaching home in good time.

Meanwhile, Eddie and those who had so suddenly left the hill with him, instead of going home as they had pretended, were intent on a deeply laid scheme to carry out Eddie's idea of snowballing Pinkey's party, and to do it on their way home. Shiner had been persuaded into getting the key to the old mill, without permission of course, and it was from there that the attack was to be made.

The mill, being operated by water power, could not run during the winter months as the stream which furnished the power was frozen up, and Shiner's father was always most careful to board up the doors and windows on the first floor until Spring should come and he could set the machinery in motion again. The mill represented all his worldly possessions and he took no chances against intrusion by anyone.

"Let 'em come on now, we 'll give 'em plenty of fun," said Eddie, when, after the door had been unlocked, he and the others had succeeded in making and bringing inside a huge quantity of snowballs and arranging them handily in rows in the upper windows.

"I 'd laugh if the old mare ran off and took 'em through the deep snow, just to let 'em see how it goes," said Putty, trying to work up an air of enthusiasm that he did not feel.

"We 'll even up a little for that snipe-

fore Pinkey whips up and they get away from us."

"Ed and I will soak it to Pinkey and the old mare," decreed Putty, "and the rest of you look out for the others. Don't hit any of the girls though, if you can help it."

Although Bess Knapp was riding with Bunny, Putty still held her in high regard.

By this time the long line of sleds, with Pinkey's in the lead, had almost reached the mill and before anyone dreamed of any danger a volley of well-made and accurately aimed snowballs came pelting down upon them, followed immediately by a second.

Eddie's aim was accurate, his first shot striking Old Polly on the hip and his second passing between Pinkey and Harriet, just barely grazing Pinkey's cap. Bunny fared worse than anyone else, receiving the full effect of a carefully rounded, well packed, snowball which struck him fairly in the cheek and sent him sprawling in the snow at the side of the road. Some of the others were struck, while a few, like Pinkey, escaped uninjured by the first two volleys.

If Eddie expected Pinkey to whip up his

horse and run away from the fight, he was much mistaken. No sooner had he taken in the situation than he drew rein on Old Polly, who had not acted as wildly as Putty had hoped, and after stopping her completely, turned to Harriet.

"You hold the lines, please," he said, passing her the reins, "while we tackle those fellows," and with that he jumped from the



"PINKEY WAS STRUGGLING TO CLOSE THE LARGE OAK DOOR."

hunting trick down in the river bottom, too," chimed in Shiner, who still had to suffer the taunts of everyone about how he and the others had been fooled on that occasion.

"Here they come!" cried Eddie, gleefully, without taking his eye from the knot hole through which he was watching the road without being seen. "Now everybody get ready and let 'em have it good and hard be-

sled just in time to receive a stinging blow on the elbow which made him hop around for a moment.

"Come on, fellows," he shouted, taking off his mittens, "don't sit there and make targets of yourselves. Bunny, you come over here with me and we 'll keep 'em away from the windows as well as we can while Joe and "Shorty" and the others make up a lot of snowballs, and then we 'll charge 'em."

When a goodly number of snowballs had been made and Pinkey was about ready to

advance. Shiner, who realized more than the others that to be locked up in the mill meant no chance of escape, save by a dangerous jump from an upper window, left his place as soon as Pinkey started, intending if possible to reach the door before Pinkey should.

It was an exciting time, Bunny, Joe and Shorty in the road pelting those upstairs with snowballs, Pinkey struggling to close the large oak door, all the time being showered with projectiles by those above, who now turned all their attention to him, and Shiner

racing madly down the stairs three steps at a time and through the mill, trying to defeat Pinkey's endeavor to make prisoners of all of them.

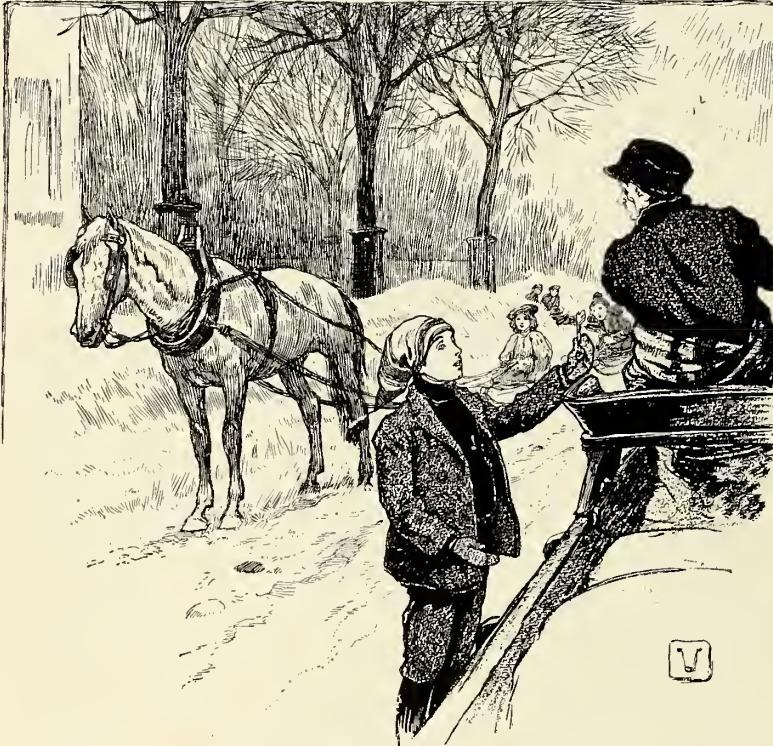
Just as Pinkey turned the key in the rusty lock and the bolt shot into place, Shiner threw his whole weight against the door on the inside, but he was too late.

Those above looked on in dumb surprise. Their ammunition was exhausted now and it was no longer necessary to keep them from the windows. They realized, too, that as the sides of the mill were one glare of ice from a recent sleet storm, it would be impossible to "shin" down the posts to the ground.

Their anxious faces became the pictures of dismay as they realised that they were beaten and they saw Pinkey running proudly back to his sled, swinging the key over his head in high glee over the success of his strategy.

"Let me out!" shrieked Shiner, beating against the door with his fists, "bring that key back here and let me out! We can't get out unless we have that key," and again he set up a vigorous shaking on the door.

"That 's the reason I took it," taunted Pinkey. "Stay in there and snow-ball everybody that goes by. They can't get at you."



"'MR. BRAYLEY,' SAID PINKEY, 'HERE IS THE KEY OF YOUR MILL.'"

order an advance, with the intention of rushing into the mill and engaging the enemy at close quarters, he noticed the big key in the door and another idea at once struck him as being a surer way to victory and one entailing much less danger.

"Here, you fellers," he shouted eagerly, "take these snow-balls and keep it up hot and heavy while I lock 'em in," and he rushed madly for the heavy door which stood partially open.

Those in the mill heard Pinkey's remark and at once directed a vigorous bombardment toward him alone, endeavoring to check his

"We 've got to get home," shouted Putty from the upper window.

"So have we," answered Pinkey, preparing to resume his seat on the sled.

"You started home long before we did," chimed in Bunny, eager to have a say in the matter. "Why did n't you go?"

"Aw, come on now, let us out! We won't snowball you any more," promised Putty.

"Good reason why," answered Joe. "It is n't very snowy up there, is it?"

"Come on fellers," said Pinkey with a satisfied air, taking the reins from Harriet. "We 've got to be going; it 's getting darker every minute."

"Just you wait till I catch you out!" shouted Eddie, as the party drove off, "and you 'll pay for this."

"All right," shouted Pinkey, without turning his head, "I 'll wait. *I 'm* out now, but it will be some time before anybody catches *you* out."

"Hook on behind and we 'll give you a ride!" shouted Bunny, but they were too far away now for their remarks to be heard.

"You won't keep them there all night will you, Pinkey?" inquired Harriet when they had left the mill far behind. "They 'll be terribly cold pretty soon and nobody will know where they are."

"No, I 'll send the key back by somebody and they can let 'em out. But I 'll give 'em a good scare and teach 'em a lesson first."

Pinkey knew that they would soon meet some farmer and then he would give him the key and ask him to liberate the prisoners.

Not until they had reached the edge of town, however, did they meet anyone at all and then in the growing darkness Pinkey recognized Shiner's father driving slowly homeward in a large bob-sled.

Pinkey did not wish to appear in the rôle of an informer, yet he realized that this might be his only chance to liberate his enemies, so he stopped and got off his sled.

"Mr. Brayley," he said, when the farmer had noticed him and stopped his team. "Here 's the key to your mill. There are some boys in there who want to get out."

"Humph! What?" exclaimed Mr. Brayley, excitedly, unable to understand Pinkey's meaning. "Boys in my mill? Have you been in my mill? Why, I 'll tan every last one of you. What 've you been doing in my mill?"

"*We* have n't been in your mill," replied Pinkey. "You 'll find all that have been there are in there yet."

Mr. Brayley was too excited to inquire further into the matter and reached for the key with one hand while he started up his horses with the other. As he drove off, Pinkey could hear him saying to himself in a tone that boded ill for somebody:

"Boys in my mill! I 'll teach 'em. Why, the idea! Boys in my mill!!"

Mr. Brayley lost no time in reaching the mill and unlocking the door. There he found six of the most penitent and thoroughly frightened boys it would have been possible to find. Only by making all kinds of threats had Shiner been able to prevent his companions from breaking off one of the wooden shutters that barred the windows, in order to make their escape. He knew that his father would miss the key when he got home and that he would come to the mill at once, so he did not wish that his anger should be increased by finding anything broken. He saw trouble enough ahead as it was.

And he was right. Mr. Brayley dispensed justice as he saw it from his point of view and spared no one, though it seemed to Shiner that he got more than his share, considering that he did not originate the idea.

Pinkey and his friends reached Enterprise without further interruption but it was not until darkness had long settled upon the town that the other file band crossed the railroad tracks on foot and dispersed, dejected over the sad failure of their afternoon's adventure.



Why?

By John Kendrick Bangs

A PISTOLET 's a little pistol;
An armet is a little arm;
A fortlet is a little fortress
To keep the people safe from harm.

A rivulet 's a little river;
A rillet is a little rill;
If there were such a word as pillet
'T would doubtless mean a little pill.

But here comes in a vexing problem
And gives our English tongue a rub—
Why are not triplets little journeys,
A doublet just a little dub?

If there were such a word as soblets
'T would mean of course just little sobs;

Which, being so, will some one tell me
Why are not goblets little gobs?

Why are not little walls called wallets,
And bullets little pigmy bulls?
And why are pullets little chickens
Instead of tiny little pulls?

These are the points I find vexatious
In this old tongue our fathers vaunt.
I've bothered so I'm getting gauntlet—
That is to say, a little gaunt.

To older heads it may be easy,
But as for me it makes me ill,
At least until I get a skillet—
If skillet means a little skill.



NOT AFRAID OF WORK.

SMALL BOY.—"Want your walk shoveled off, lady? Me an' me brudder 'll do it for a dime."

A Cousin-Hunt

By E. Vinton Blake

With Illustrations by J. A. Cahill

A BAREFOOTED boy ran down the farm-slope, calling vociferously to Colonel Brent, riding by with his New York friend behind his gray pacer. The colonel pulled up.

"Hallo, Jimmy,—what do you want?"

"Want to say good-by, colonel,—we 're going!"

"You are n't now? Really! sold the farm, have you?"

"No, but it 's advertised, and father 's got an opening, an' we 're goin' tomorrow! Everything 's packed an' sent."

"And you 're glad?"

"Yes, *sir*,—all of us! Farm 's too dead; we want to get where we can see folks! I 'm goin' to earn money, an' rise in the world!"

"After you get your learning," laughed the colonel. "Well, my opinion is, you 'll be sick enough of the crowded city before the summer 's out. I 'll run in coming back,—go to catch the train now."

He drove rapidly on.

"Those folks don't know how well off they are," he remarked to his New York friend. "They hanker for what they have n't got. They 're going to the city to leave all that,"—he waved his whip back at the rambling brown farm-house nestled in the trees that crowned the knoll. "There 's thirty acres and they raise fruit and vegetables, and sell 'em right in town. They 're smart,—maybe they 'll do well,—but *I* think they miss it!"

"It 's hard to tell," thoughtfully said the New York man. "Now *I* hanker for what I have n't got. I 've been in the drive all my life and I 'm tired of it, I can tell you. I 'd like some sort of a home-place, where I could go every year for peace and rest."

"You might change with these folks here," laughed the colonel, "then you 'd both be suited. Seriously, though,—why could n't you buy it? I should see more of you, and we 'd go shooting together in the fall. Come on!"

The city man sat silent some minutes, then he turned to his companion, laughing.

"I was thinking of that Christmas at Asher Damon's," he remarked. The colonel ha-ha-ed aloud. He knew the whole story of his friend's curious adventure of two years before.

"The cheek of you!" he exclaimed. "Country air certainly inspired that prank. But what has this farm to do with that?"

"Nothing,—it only put me in mind of a resolution I made at Asher Damon's to look up those unknown cousins of mine in Hartford. I 'm a lonely sort of man," he hesitated, not being given to confidences. "I shall never be nearer to them than now.—When does the Hartford train leave?"

"Why—that 's the other way," said the colonel, puzzled. "Then you won't go to New York after all?"

"No."

The colonel looked at his watch. "Great Scott, we 've just five minutes to make it! It comes before the New York train." He slapped the reins on the gray pacer's back, and next minute they were flying.

"Good horse!" said the city man, holding his hat.

"Yes," said the colonel. "But—well, your changes of mind are lightning changes! Wish you 'd give me some warning of your next one, so that I can keep up with you!"

"Here 't is," answered the city man, "if I want that farm, I 'll telephone, and you can buy it for me. Thank goodness we 're in time—good-by!"

He seized his bag and ran as his friend called, "Say,—you 're not in earnest?" and the train came thundering in. The next minute the colonel, rather dazed, sat alone in the buggy, and the train slid smoothly away, down the long perspective of rails.

"Well, of all the sudden men!" he remarked to the gray pacer, "I think John James Alston takes the cake." And he slowly turned his horse toward home.

John James Alston, in the train, arranged his ideas. "Let 's see—he 's a Harbush; don't know his first name. Second cousin on mother's side. Wish I could get to know

them without being known myself, but it's not likely. They're city people, and won't take in a stranger as the Damons did." He smiled.

It was about ten o'clock when John James Alston walked into a Hartford drug store and consulted a directory. This informed

seventies, disapproving of the shabby tenement section, and feeling as if Fate had balked him.

At this moment some object shot down from an open upper window nearly above him; there was a splashing crash on the sidewalk at his feet. Lo! the fragments of

a saucer, and a pool of milk. John James made an involuntary halt. Alas and alas for his immaculate gray coat! Also came a voice from on high:

"There now, Merry Harbush, see what your old cat's done! Oh, goodness!"

The last ejaculation sounded in plainer, yet subdued accents, as the speaker put out her head, and took in the whole situation. John James glanced at the number: it was 89.

Directly came feet running down-stairs, and a young girl with a pleasant face and trim figure hurried out upon the walk.

"Oh, I do beg your pardon!" she began, and her speech was gentle and refined. "I am so very sorry! My brother was feeding his cat on the window-sill, and—won't you please come up-stairs, and let mother see if she can't clean that off your coat?"

"Certainly," said John James, with internal exultation that took no thought of his coat. "But don't take too much trouble,—it was an accident."

He noticed that the bare stairway was very clean. Things in the family living-room were worn and faded, but well kept. Several cheap reproductions of famous pictures decorated the walls; the big mahogany table,



"I DO BEG YOUR PARDON," SHE BEGAN.

him that a certain Andrew Harbush lived at number 41 Olive street.

At the Olive street house John James learned that the elusive Harbushes had moved, a month before, to sixty-something-or-other Levine street. And on Levine street, no Harbush had ever been heard of, through the whole range of sixties!

He loitered along the sidewalk past the

evidently an heirloom, held books and papers. All seemed neat and tidy, notably the pale woman who moved forward from the kitchen doorway to greet them with an anxious face.

"This is the gentleman, mother," said the girl.

"My name is James," said the intruder, taking off his hat.

"I 'm Mrs. Harbush," she answered, "and I hope the milk has n't spoiled your coat?"

"I think not," he replied, looking down.

"If you could let me take it," she hesitated, "and slip on my husband's best coat,—he 's about your size, I think,—I could clean this so much better."

This was as good as a play to John James, who retired to the bedroom, coming out in borrowed attire to sit with the family, while Mrs. Harbush attacked the stains.

Then he critically observed the frightened boy, who sat defiantly hugging an old, long-haired cat with a white frilled black head in the sofa-corner, and repulsed all his friendly advances. However, the boy's manner changed at his sister's quick reproof; evidently he clung to her with passionate affection.

"Judy said maybe father 'd take her away after this,—she 's always getting into scrapes," he vouchsafed at last, his voice breaking distressfully. "She was given to me, and she 's all I 've got; and I 'm like—*this!*" He flung out one hand bitterly at his crutch, and his lame leg which had an iron frame on it. John James watched him with serious compassion.

"Merry is fond of pets," softly said the girl, Judith; "and there 's no place for them here,—everything 's so crowded. Sometimes the cat troubles the neighbors. Father has been so vexed!"

And John James with genuine sympathy, said, "It 's too bad!"

The clock struck twelve. Judith hastily

passed to the kitchen, whence came the rattle of dishes and odor of food. John James looked oddly satisfied as he glanced at his coat, which quarreled violently with the rest of his suit.



"'MERRY IS FOND OF PETS,' SAID JUDITH."

Presently masculine voices and footsteps in the kitchen announced newcomers. John James was dreadfully curious, but talked on with the boy, who, flushed and eager now, confided to the kindly gentleman the sad fate of his many pets. Only Vixen remained to him, and now,—his face changed as his father stood in the doorway.

John James Alston, rising, looked critically at his new-found cousin. Andrew Harbush was tall, thin, gray of hair and mustache, with a gentle discouragement of speech and manner that hinted at misfortune or hard times.

"I am sorry your clothing has suffered. Mr. James," he began, "and I think we shall have to do away with our mischievous cat,"—Merry gave a short, sharp cry, and crowded the cat hurriedly into the sofa-corner for protection; and John James earnestly interceded, representing Coats as of infinitely small consequence compared with Cats!

But Andrew Harbush's expression did not reassure his anxious boy.

Then the New York man said he was a stranger, and begged the favor of dinner

and a couple of nights' lodging. "My home is in a New York hotel," he added, "and sometimes I am very tired of it."

When John James unbent, he was irresistible. I think, too, since the Christmas episode of two years back, something warmer, more genial and human had got into his manner. Perhaps he had drawn nearer his fellow men.

Mr. Harbush and his wife glanced at each other at this unusual request, and John James, penetrating their possible distrust, laid a ten dollar bill in Andrew Harbush's hand.

"This for guarantee of my good faith," he said pleasantly.

"But this is too much, sir," remonstrated his host.

"Well, at the end of my stay, if there's any change you can hand it to me," said John James. "I want to taste real home cooking once more."

"Oh dear,—and I've only a parsnip stew and hasty pudding for dinner!" cried Mrs. Harbush in real dismay.

"I shall enjoy it," remarked John James with a bow: "my grandmother used to make them."

At table in the kitchen, he was introduced to the fifteen-year-old son Robert, a thin, pale lad, with an expression of chronic discontent.

"We 're crowded here," said Mr. Harbush as they sat down, "our rooms are very small, and I 'm afraid you 'll be sorry you stayed."

Things were "coming" to John James. The problem was here, and the solution was

in sight. If he could only make matters fit in, all would yet be well.

"Would n't you like to go to a place where you could have cats, puppies, hens, ducks, and wide green fields to roam about in?" asked John James smiling at Merry.



"JOHN JAMES WENT HOME TO HIS KINSFOLK LAST CHRISTMAS." (SEE PAGE 155.)

"Would n't I like to go—to heaven!" answered the boy sharply; and there were tears in his eyes.

"We 're not really cut out for city folks," said Andrew Harbush. "I was born in Langdale, Vermont. The older children can barely remember the country. We lived, too, in a better house, but we 've had sickness and hard luck."

"Would n't you get back if you could? Do you know anything of farming?" asked John James.

"Oh yes,—I used to be good at it. Sometimes I think I'll make a break for the country. This crowded place is not for children." And the father cast a thoughtful eye on his son Robert.

"The country's a blessed relief after New York," said John James. "Do you know anybody down there?"

"No," slowly said Andrew Harbush. "A distant cousin of mother's is possibly somewhere there. His name is Alston. But I never knew him."

John James scrutinized Robert attentively. The discontented lad might prove an important factor in the problem he was trying to solve. He was pretty sure his cousin would welcome the idea of country living on Robert's account. The plan began to develop in his mind.

That afternoon Colonel Brent at the telephone heard a still small voice from Hartford. It said:

"Buy that farm for me!"

"That you, Alston? You're in earnest?"

"Sure. Pay what's right. Any assets with the place?"

"Stock, do you mean? Yes, one cow, two pigs and some hens. But they're extra."

"Buy 'em. Also a good farm horse. Get plenty of feed, and oh, yes—have the house made ready for people to live in it."

"You don't mean furnished?"

"No, but curtain it, and carpet the front room. Oh—and get a good puppy—any breed."

"Great Scott!" mused Colonel Brent, hanging up the receiver, "he'll have a menagerie on his hands."

And he went out to see the agent.

That evening after supper, as they all sat round the front room lamp, Robert grew uneasy. John James understood that sundry whistles and cat-calls from without were meant for this young gentleman, and therefore directed to him much of his conversation.

It appeared that Robert was employed in the bundle department of a dry-goods store, and disliked his job.

"I'd rather it was a grocery," said Rob. "The work's harder, but I should get about and see more. I do up bundles all day till I'm almost crazy."

"You'd like more out-of-doors—and outdoor life, perhaps?" suggested John James.

"Yes, I would—indeed I would!" said Robert with emphasis.

"You see," remarked the guest to Andrew Harbush, "all things work toward the 'break' you spoke of. The children will be your best helpers; cats, dogs and flowers are all thrown in,"—he smiled at Merry and Judith, then broke off. Robert had risen in response to an insistent whistle from without, and the faces of the father and mother at that moment showed where one of their worries lay. "I'll be back in a few minutes," said Robert to his mother, and avoided her eyes.

John James understood, and made a bold stroke.

"If you're not particularly engaged," he said to Rob, "I wish you would stay. I have a proposal to make that you'll like to hear." His own perfect courtesy compelled that of the lad, who hesitated, flattered and curious. "Oh,—all right," he said at last, and uttered a brief refusal from the window. As he shut it, there came up laughter and rude references to "mother's apron string." Robert sat down, flushed and uncomfortable, and there was a pause.

"I also came from Langdale, Vermont," observed John James to Andrew Harbush. He stopped; the other looked an inquiry.

"James—James. Let me see. In what part—"

"My family moved away when I was very young,—and that is not my whole name," added the New York man smiling. "I am John James Alston, and my mother, Marian Harbush, was second cousin to you. Shake hands again, Cousin Andrew!"

He tossed his card on the table, and Andrew Harbush rising up, shook his hand across it, a smile of welcome struggling through the utter astonishment on his face.

"Well, well, well! This beats the story books!" he said after a minute. "And how in the world did you find me?"

"Directory—people at the other house—and the cat!" humorously said John James. Merry gave a shout.

"The cat! There, you see, father, she's some good! Are you my cousin? Your name's Alston? What shall I call you?" eagerly to John James.

"I shall be glad if you'll all call me just Cousin John," answered the gentleman. "And now this brings me right to the cause of my coming to see you."

He told the story of his Christmas visit to Asher Damon, and they listened with

laughter and sympathetic interest. "I think since then I have wanted my own people," concluded John James simply. "I too should like truly to 'come home for Christmas' to my kinsfolk. And now that I have come to know you, I want to make a proposal. It's a very odd and sudden one, no doubt; but you can take time to think it over. I came here to-day from Shadwell, forty miles away, where I visited an old friend. I have there a farm of thirty acres, at present unoccupied."

What Colonel Brent had told him, he now told his cousins, describing the farm as he saw it. He offered it to them for a year, rent free, while they "made a beginning"; and thereafter at a merely nominal rent, promising to come and spend Christmas, and board with them in summer. As he finished, the boy Merry, who, fascinated, had drawn nearer, clutched him by the shoulder and whispered brokenly, "Cousin John, I shall pray for it,—I shall pray hard, every time I wake up to-night."

The light of eager desire lit Judith's eyes, and Robert, with a face stirred to interest, sat silent, thinking.

After the first astonishment, they asked questions. As Andrew said, a whole family could n't decide to pull up stakes and move in a minute; but at John James' proposal to take them to see for themselves, they buzzed like a hive of bees with excited expectation. Pleasure-starved for years, now opened before them a jaunt of forty miles to Shadwell, in the blooming weather of early June!

They went on Saturday morning: John James, Colonel Brent and the telephone arranging matters. That none of the family should be left behind, Judith carried the cat in a basket.

Robert, unknowing, stood where two roads meet; one led through the byways of a great city to the shadows of wrongdoing and unhappiness; the other through clear country sunlight to healthy labor and true manhood. But he only realized that he was pulled both ways by half-understood desires; that he liked his cousin John, felt great interest in the unknown farm and looked forward eagerly to the outing.

That trip was like a letting out of prison for them all. Oh, the green fields—the clear brown streams—the cowslips in the meadows! Mrs. Harbush in her worn black dress sat, happily silent, by her husband; Judith and Merry held each other's hands; Robert's face was aglow with eagerness and expectancy.

Colonel Brent met them at the station with his buggy and the carryall, and they rode away,—as it seemed, through sweet airs of Paradise, over green hill and vales, toward the home of their desire.

The farmhouse was only partially dismantled;—the colonel had met John James' instructions half-way. The windows were all curtained; pale yellow roses trailed lightly all over the parlor carpet. There was a



"JUDITH CRIED: 'OH, THE FLOWERS!'"

good range, a table and chairs in the kitchen (where a kindly caretaker waited to get them a good dinner), a couple of beds in the garret; and the bare rooms shone with cleanliness and sunlight.

But the out-of-doors,—the beautiful, far-reaching out-of-doors! How the hearts of these people, cramped, like their bodies, between dull walls of brick and mortar, expanded, exulting, in this fresh green freedom.

There was an old-fashioned garden. Judith cried, "Oh, the flowers!" and went to her knees trying to embrace the sweet pinks, the Canterbury bells, crimson phlox and white day-lilies. Tears actually dropped on the nodding blossoms as she kissed them with an aching delight at her heart. The child's inborn love of beauty had been unsatisfied all her life. Watching her, tears also stood in her mother's eyes.

The cow, the horse, pigs, hens and chicks, and—climax of all—the fat spaniel pup,—

never were commonplace farm animals so much admired!

Merry sat down, hugged the dog, and desired no more on earth. The others walked on through raspberry and blackberry rows to the strawberry acre, slowly reddening with the ripening fruit. Robert's face was full of strong interest,—he was evidently thinking hard. After dinner he and the colonel strayed away toward the woodland and disappeared. When they came back the boy's cheeks were flushed and his eyes eager.

"Father," he said, "colonel says there 's good shooting here in the fall,—and—he 's got a gun I can take,—and there 's a big creek, father, that bounds one corner of our woods,"—Merry punched Judy at the possessive pronoun,—“and he says there 's trout in it!”

A smile broke through the seriousness of Andrew Harbush's face.

"There 's also lots of work, son, all over this farm," he said soberly, waving his hand abroad. "If we come here, we shall tumble neck and crop into the hardest kind of a hustle,—with all this fruit coming on, ready for picking. And you never did a stroke of farm-work in your life."

"It 's out-doors instead of in," said Rob after a pause, "I must work anyway,—and I like it better here. Colonel says his boy works too."

"Sure he does," assented the colonel. "Work 's good for boys: and we 'll give you a new complexion in a fortnight, or I 'm mistaken. I guess you 'll cast in your lot with us, neighbor, after all 's said."

Indoors, Judith and her mother wandered again through the pleasant old rooms. "They could n't have left this carpet," mused Mrs. Harbush in the parlor. "It 's perfectly new. I suspect—"

"It 's sure to be Cousin John," said Judith. "We never had a brand-new carpet before, that I remember. Is n't this lovely! Mother,

we shall come, sha'n't we? Oh mother, it 's just like heaven here!"

Mrs. Harbush put her arm about her daughter, and they stood silently looking from the window. A golden oriole swung suddenly from the jasmine trellis, trilling to his mate. Judith's face was illumined.

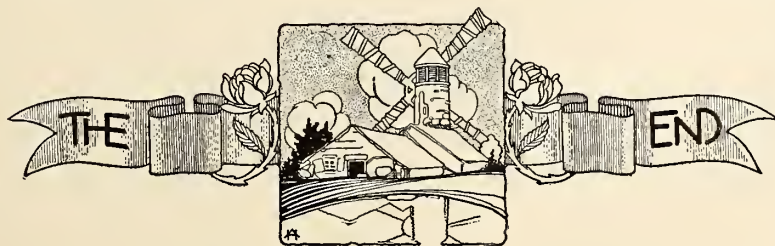
"See!" she said softly. "He 's a living flame! All these things are separate pieces of a great—big—beautiful—Joy! I can't tell you, mother, how I felt when I saw those flowers!"

They found a box of bedclothes under the eaves,—very singular!—and they "camped down" that night in the old house, all save Rob and John James, who went home with the colonel. Father and mother talked softly nearly all night, doubly anxious, for the children's sake, to do what was wisest and best. And for the children's sake, they chose the life nearest to God and Nature.

Back to the city on Monday morning went only Andrew Harbush and his wife; the children, in charge of the friendly caretaker, remaining for their first taste of country life. And John James employed himself in getting a very lively hustle on some men who were putting up a windmill and a water-tank: a little convenience that had hitherto escaped him.

John James' cousin-hunt ended—to the vast satisfaction of the colonel and himself,—on the day of the family's final establishment at the farm. The colonel anticipated "great fun" in playing guardian angel to these helpless city folk, just returned to their original heritage, the soil; and he was astonished to find how much Andrew Harbush really knew about farming. Also, that with Merry's pups and coon-cats, Judy's fancy chicks and flowers, Robert's live-stock and cranberry bog, the young people contributed not a little toward making the whole venture a success.

And one thing is certain,—John James Alston went home to his kinfolk last Christmas,—and maybe he did n't enjoy it!





A Dolly Dialogue

By Carolyn Wells

(With apologies to Anthony Hope)

SCENE: THE NURSERY. TIME: MIDNIGHT.

Characters.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| THE BISQUE DOLL. | THE RUBBER DOLL. |
| THE RAG DOLL. | THE BROWNIE DOLL. |
| THE PAPER DOLL. | THE WAX DOLL. |
| THE CHINA DOLL. | THE WORSTED DOLL. |

THE RUBBER DOLL. This night is very long and weary,

Excuse me if I stretch and yawn,—

THE RAG DOLL. I must confess I'm tired too, dearie,

And it is still some hours till dawn.

THE BISQUE DOLL. I'm rather glad of rest and quiet,

The nights are better than the days.

THE PAPER DOLL. Yes, for the nursery's in a riot,

And Polly tears me when she plays.

THE RUBBER DOLL. Don't say a word against our Polly,

I won't allow it! Do you hear?

THE PAPER DOLL. I did n't! I'm her favorite dolly.

THE RAG DOLL. (To herself.) She called *me* that! How very queer!

THE BISQUE DOLL. What utter nonsense you are talking,

Of course dear Polly loves *me* best, She takes me when she goes out walking,—

THE CHINA DOLL. Oh, that's because you're finely dressed.

THE RUBBER DOLL. Yes, wait till you're a little older,—

THE PAPER DOLL. Till Polly gets you torn and soiled!

BISQUE



RUBBER



WORSTED



BROWNIE



WAX



RAG



PAPER

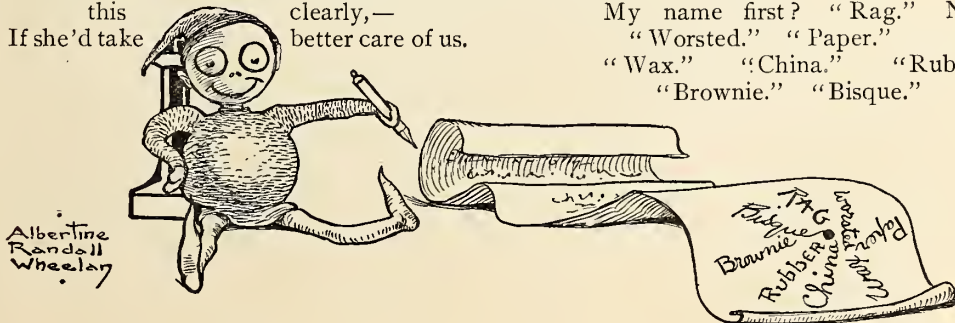


CHINA



THE RUBBER DOLL. (Sighing.) That child!
 THE BISQUE DOLL. I think some one should scold her,
 There 's danger of her being spoiled.
 THE RUBBER DOLL. She does n't mean to be so careless.
 THE RAG DOLL. I don't mind how she batters *me*.
 THE BISQUE DOLL. I should say not! Your head is hairless,
 And you 're as ragged as can be.
 THE WAX DOLL. My hand is smashed!
 THE CHINA DOLL. My foot is broken!
 THE WORSTED DOLL. I have n't seen my cap for days!
 THE PAPER DOLL. Perhaps a word in kindness spoken
 Would make our Polly mend her ways.
 THE RUBBER DOLL. Or mend her *dolls*.
 THE PAPER DOLL. (Laughing.) That *would* be better.
 THE WAX DOLL. I 'd like my arm put in a sling.
 THE RUBBER DOLL. Let 's send her a Round Robin letter.
 THE BISQUE DOLL. A good idea!
 THE RAG DOLL. The very thing!
 THE WAX DOLL. But who will write it?
 THE RAG DOLL. I 'm not able.
 THE BROWNIE DOLL. I think I am. I 'm pretty smart.
 THE RUBBER DOLL. Well, sit right down at this small table,
 Here is a pencil. Now let 's start.
 THE WAX DOLL. What shall we say?
 THE BISQUE DOLL. Don't write too gruffly, I 've no wish to offend the child.
 THE RUBBER DOLL. Oh, no, we must n't word it roughly.
 THE BROWNIE DOLL. All right, I 'll make it kind and mild.
 THE BISQUE DOLL. Tell her we love her very dearly,
 And we regret to make a fuss—
 THE WAX DOLL. But we 'd be grateful,—state this clearly,—
 If she 'd take better care of us.

THE BROWNIE DOLL. (Writing.) "Oh Polly dear, we love you madly,
 But you are naughty, without doubt,—"
 THE BISQUE DOLL. No, that won't do,—it sounds so badly.
 THE RUBBER DOLL. Here, take my head and rub it out.
 THE BROWNIE DOLL. Thank you.
 THE BISQUE DOLL. Now try a new beginning.
 THE BROWNIE DOLL. (Writing again.) "Our Polly dear, we love you much,
 Your smile is sweet, your ways are winning,
 But, oh, destruction is your touch!"
 THE RAG DOLL. Tell her we love to have her pet us,
 We don't mind thumps and bumps and cracks.
 THE WAX DOLL. Speak for yourself! She should not set us
 Too near the fire if we 're of wax.
 THE WORSTED DOLL. She must n't give us to the kitten.
 THE CHINA DOLL. Nor step on us.
 THE PAPER DOLL. Nor get us wet.
 THE BROWNIE DOLL. Everything that you 've said, I 've written,
 And there 's room on the paper yet.
 THE BISQUE DOLL. Well, fill it up with greetings tender,
 Tell her our love is strong and true.
 THE WORSTED DOLL. And any loving message send her
 That as you write, occurs to you.
 THE RAG DOLL. Tell her we 're glad that we 're *her* dollies.—
 THE RUBBER DOLL. Of all small girlies she 's our choice.—
 THE BISQUE DOLL. No smile is half so sweet as Polly's.—
 THE PAPER DOLL. No voice so merry as her voice.
 THE BROWNIE DOLL. There, now it 's done!
 THE BISQUE DOLL. We 'll light this taper,
 And sign and seal it.
 THE RAG DOLL. Come, be brisk!
 My name first? "Rag." Next!
 "Worsted." "Paper."
 "Wax." "China." "Rubber."
 "Brownie." "Bisque."



The Every-day Franklin

By Rebecca Harding Davis

ALL kinds of pæans have been sung in Franklin's honor during the last few months. Authors, scientific and newspaper men have grown hoarse in telling us why this old-time statesman and thinker and editor stood foremost in their ranks. But it seems to me that he had some human traits whose importance have escaped notice. Traits that make him very real to the Philadelphian, who, for a lifetime, has tramped every day the very pavements along which he trundled his wheel-barrow; who has read his worn old books, has used his stoves, his lightning rods, his laws and his countless other devices to make common daily life safe, clean, high—more worth the living of any man.

These little homely deeds of Franklin ought to be noted, because it was by virtue of them—not by his wise statesmanship or philosophy—that he took rank as one of the greatest of Americans. Consider for a minute.

This young man finds himself on the streets of a new village, of which almost every citizen, white, Indian or negro had been born somewhere else. There never, perhaps, was a community where affairs were so "mixed" as was Penn's City of Brotherly Love. The English Church folk were at odds with the Quakers, and both secretly regarded every new-comer as a person to be shunned. Franklin lived in the town through its period of cutting loose from the government which had ruled its citizens and their forefathers for centuries, and through the building up of a brand new government. Every citizen that he met out of doors had, as a rule, his own quarrel with his king—with the people of the other colonies and with most of the men on the streets. The laws of these old-time settlers, their standards of right and wrong in great matters and in small, varied from day to day.

You often hear loud praise of Franklin's statecraft; how he cleared the political horizon of the new country and gave it a steady footing among the older nations.

I beg you now to look at his work for his own town and for his neighbors. He was not loud nor anarchistic as the young radical

reformer is apt to be just now. He went about, sane, quiet, tactful, merely "setting things to rights"—big things and little. If he thought the people of this village—the people of this country—the people of the world, to whom the gates of the continent were now open—were to find peace and a full life here, big things and little must be set to rights at once. There was a homely every-day quality in the man that matched every-day needs. He had been, for some time, for example, secretly grappling with the lightning. He braced himself, conquered it, yoked it, and then, without a word of triumph, quietly explained to his neighbors how to put pointed rods on their roofs to save their houses from burning down. That was all. He never asked for gratitude or applause. One old historian tells us that "Benj. Franklin has put a chime of little bells on the walls of his house so that they catch the lightning and ring during a storm." So he had sometimes during the night from the heavens above him an echo of the applause which his neighbors begrudged!

Every day he was busy going about, putting germs of comfort and strength into the new community. One day he goes into a poor woman's house half of which is ice-cold because she is able to keep up but one fire. He promptly invents a stove which has a front on two sides and shows double glowing faces to cold rooms above one burning heart—the familiar "Franklin Stove." It is used all over the continent to-day.

Or, he strolls along Dock Street wharf one morning, and stumbles over a heap of filthy remnants of baskets in which roots had been brought from Amsterdam. No eye but Franklin's would have seen the single green sprout on one of the wythes. But he sees it, carefully cuts it away and carrying it to his neighbor, Mrs. Norris, asks leave to plant it in her garden, where the good lady herself tends and watches it. From that bit of live stalk have grown all the basket willows in this country, and an enormous industry.

Another day, it is an old broom which



FRANKLIN LANDING AT MARKET STREET WHARF ON HIS RETURN FROM FRANCE. 1785.

The Every-day Franklin

shows to him a hint of life—a single green seed among its dusty straws. He plants the seed, after a year or two succeeds in growing a crop of corn, and the old chronicler Watson boasted, even in his day, that “there are twelve millions of brooms now made in this country from that one seed!”—How many hundred millions in our day?

The other apprentices and clerks who were this young printer's comrades were hungry for education, but had only two or three books apiece. “Let us,” he proposed, “put them all together on the mantle shelf in Rob Grace's room in Pewter Platter Alley, and use them in common.” A month or two later, the idea having grown in his busy brain, he called on thirty-eight prominent men of the town to subscribe forty shillings each for the purchase of books for this collection.

This was the first circulating library in the world, and the origin of all the others.

No need of his neighbors was too small to escape his keen eye and eager help. Fires in those days were common in the town; he introduced leathern buckets and it was he who invented the system of arranging double lines of men and women,—the men passing the full buckets and the women the empty ones. A simple matter! But so many simple matters like this,—good for the salvation of bodies and souls, have waited as long as that egg did on Columbus for the breaking!

Franklin organized bands of firemen later, and brought engines into regular use.

The great Pennsylvania hospital on Pine street was founded by Franklin. It was the first public hospital in the United States.

But while this pioneer American gave such actual good to his people, the principles that he taught them with which to face the problems of life could well be revived and used for our betterment to-day.

For instance—he was chosen for the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia. The position gave him influence and respect. The salary was a com-

fortable addition to the income of a poor man. He suddenly resigned the office, quietly stating that he “had not sufficient knowledge of common law to hold it.”

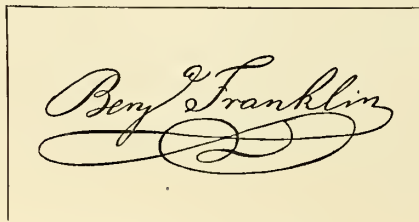
He was a still poorer man when he first began to edit a newspaper. In it he soon began to censure sharply several men of influence and high position in the town. His friends came to urge caution on him, assuring him that “no man could succeed without the backing of wealthy patrons.” Franklin listened in silence, and then, without answering his friends asked them cordially to stay to supper. They accepted. When they went into the room they found nothing on the table but cold water and corn-meal porridge. The young editor made no apologies but served the food, and ate of it himself.

“That is all, gentlemen,” he said when he had finished. “I only wished to convince you that when a man can live, as I have long done, on cold water and porridge, he does not need any man's patronage. He can do without it.”

Of course until the end of the world a military patriot will continue to be the idol of every people. Washington will remain the “Father of his country.” But our boys and girls should know more of the genius and sanity of the quiet old man who sleeps in an obscure corner of the old churchyard in Philadelphia, and of the impetus upward given to the new republic by his hand. At least, in recognition of his work, let us, when we build new hospitals or libraries in our towns and villages, sometimes give to them the name of the man who first made both known to the American people.

And could we not, too, with force and truth apply to the Republic itself the motto written by Franklin over the door of that first hospital in our country?

“Piously erected
For the relief of the poor and miserable.
May the God of Mercies
Bless the Undertaking.”



FRANKLIN'S AUTOGRAPH.



By Kendrick Ferris

Illustrated by Florence E. Storer

It had begun way back in November—the Sunday after Thanksgiving when Sallie Carter came in late to church with a gray astrakhan muff. The sermon was too “deep” for Vida, who had her hand at her face and was almost asleep, when a flash of gray in the next pew caused her to turn her head ever so slightly, and peep through her chubby fingers. There it stood on the velvet cushion beside Sallie, trim, warm, and lined with pearly gray satin, exactly like Mrs. Carter’s own beautiful big one, but smaller by half. A great longing began to grow in Vida’s heart, and she peeped again, this time at Sallie. Sallie’s golden curls had fallen riotously over her shoulders, hiding much of her face, but Vida could see enough. And just then the sermon came to an end.

But from that day on till the 17th of December, Vida thought of nothing but a gray muff—how she would look carrying it, how it would feel, and how every Sunday afternoon she would let poor Dorothy Haines carry it for a whole block, just as she had seen generous Sallie lend hers to the little lame girl in their Sunday School class.

On the 17th of December a great snow fell, and all the earth was white. At night the stars came out and the moon was full. It was the first snow storm of the winter, and Vida, by the light of the blazing logs in the nursery fireplace, wrote her annual letter to Santa Claus, posting it in the windowsill. In the morning, sure enough, it was gone, and Vida’s heart was light. She smiled at Sallie from her pew, feeling that still another bond was soon to be established between them, and, on the way home, found

and praised new beauties in the gray astrakhan muff. And so amidst greater good fellowship and happy expectations, the anxiously-awaited Christmas drew on apace.



“IN THE CORNER OF THE GREAT HALL SOFA,
VIDA FELL ASLEEP.”

The 25th fell on Sunday that year, and Saturday morning dawned bright and clear. The long, fat icicles, hanging above the nursery window, glistened in the sunlight,

and the hemlock boughs swept the ground under their weight of snow. Vida and her mother were standing together at the nursery window as, with a jingle of merry bells, the Carters' sleigh drove by. Vida sighed contentedly.

"To-morrow," she said, "I shall be carrying a gray astrakhan muff."

nothing but count on it ever since Santa Claus had found her note. Not count on it! Why, Christmas would be nothing without it!

But her mother was right—he might forget it among so many things! Why had n't she asked for only that one present? She did n't want those other things anyway,



"'OH, PAPA, PAPA,' SHE CRIED EXCITEDLY, 'SEE, THERE IS SOMETHING OUT ON THE ROOF!'"

Her mother looked at her questioningly. "Santa Claus will bring it to me," Vida said in answer to the look.

Her mother laughed merrily. "Why, Vida dear," she said. "You asked Santa Claus for seven other things—you said so only this morning. You could n't expect him to remember them all, and he's as likely to forget the muff as the French doll, or the tea set. It's foolish to count on any one thing when you made so long a list. I told you to be moderate." And her busy mother hurried off in answer to a call from Aunt Jane.

Not count on it! Why, she had done

and this was the day before Christmas—no word could reach Santa now.

The day passed feverishly for Vida. Upstairs and down she wandered from window to window, from person to person—anxious, unhappy, impatient. Would the long hours never go!

At last twilight came, and the darkness fell. And in the corner of the great hall sofa, facing the clock on the stairs, Vida, a disconsolate little body, fell asleep.

Her mother wakened her when it was time to hang up her stocking, and then, in spite of her warning, and in spite of her long hours of worry, hope was born again, and

when Vida kissed her mother good-night, visions of gray astrakhan muffs danced in her head.

"MERRY Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

It seemed to Vida she had but closed her eyes, and there stood mother and Aunt Jane beside her bed, one with her little worsted shoes and the other with her red eiderdown wrapper to hurry her over to the nursery where her father stood waiting at the door.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Oh, papa, I said it *first!*" she cried laughingly as her father caught her in his arms.

But what had Santa Claus done to the nursery? He had decorated the four walls and the chandelier with greens; and in the corner opposite the fireplace, he had stood a giant Christmas tree, bedecked with glittering knickknacks of every description. It was wonderful!

Vida drew a quiet breath, and gave a little happy exclamation. Then she flew straight to the fireplace—the muff should be there.

Of the seven presents six were not forgotten, and there were others she had not asked for: a pearl-handled knife in the toe of her stocking (she had remembered how much she needed a knife only yesterday morning); an album for her postal cards—why had n't she thought of that? She had over a hundred postals that Uncle Jack had sent her—of course she wanted an album. A cuckoo clock, that even as she looked, flung open its little carved doors, and shot out the cuckoo. It was seven o'clock. Surely no little girl ever had a more beautiful Christmas!

But Vida's lips were quivering, and a great lump swelled in her throat. The muff—the beautiful gray astrakhan muff, was not there! Santa Claus had forgotten it!

But Vida was brave. And she would not let those who loved her see her cry, or suspect her disappointment. She turned away from them and went over to the north window, fighting with her tears.

The kitchen roof stretched out under this window, and for days now even the print of a bird's claw had not broken its mantle of white. But now Vida looked at it in wonderment, for the beautiful crust was sadly broken, and a line of tracks ran from the edge of the roof, and back to—

"Oh, papa, papa," she cried excitedly, "come here, come here right away. See, there is something out on the roof!"

Her father opened the window quickly, and climbed out. Vida's heart beat so wildly she could scarcely speak. Her father was picking up a box—it was about the size of Aunt Jane's cooky jar, and it was round."

"Well," her father said, as he climbed back laughing into the nursery. "Here 's something Old St. Nick dropped, and from its size I guess it 's meant for you."

Vida's hands trembled so she could scarcely tug off the round top of the box. Just as it was about to yield, a sudden fear fell upon her heart.

"Papa, perhaps—perhaps he did n't mean it for me. Perhaps he dropped it and it belongs to some other little girl."

Her father's eyes twinkled.

"Look at the bottom of the box, Little One," he said.

Vida turned the box upside down. There was her name—Vida Sumner Lane, as plain as plain could be, and while she was staring at it open mouthed, out dropped—not a little gray astrakhan muff, but a beautiful soft *chinchilla* one and a little collar to match! And Sallie Carter peeped through *her* fingers that Christmas morning at the happiest little girl in all Christendom.

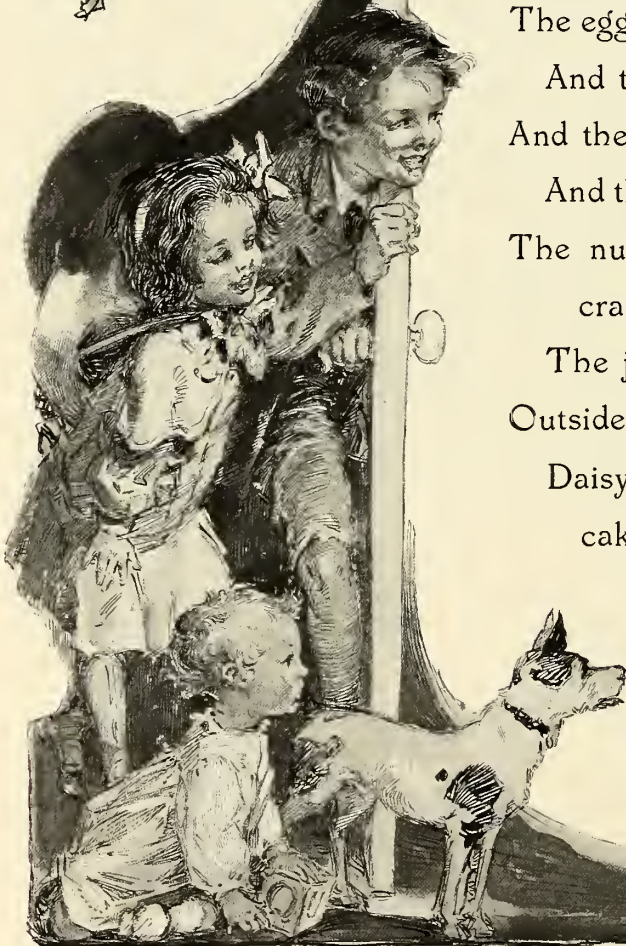


For Christmas Day

BY
NANCY · BYRD · TURNER

T

HERE 's a bustle in the kitchen
And a rattle and a din,
And such peculiar goings-on
You 'd best not venture in;
The eggs are being beaten
And the butter 's being dripped,
And the flour 's being shaken
And the cream is being whipped;
The nuts have had their heads
cracked,
The jelly 's all a-quake;
Outsiders, keep your distance—
Daisy 's making Christmas
cake!

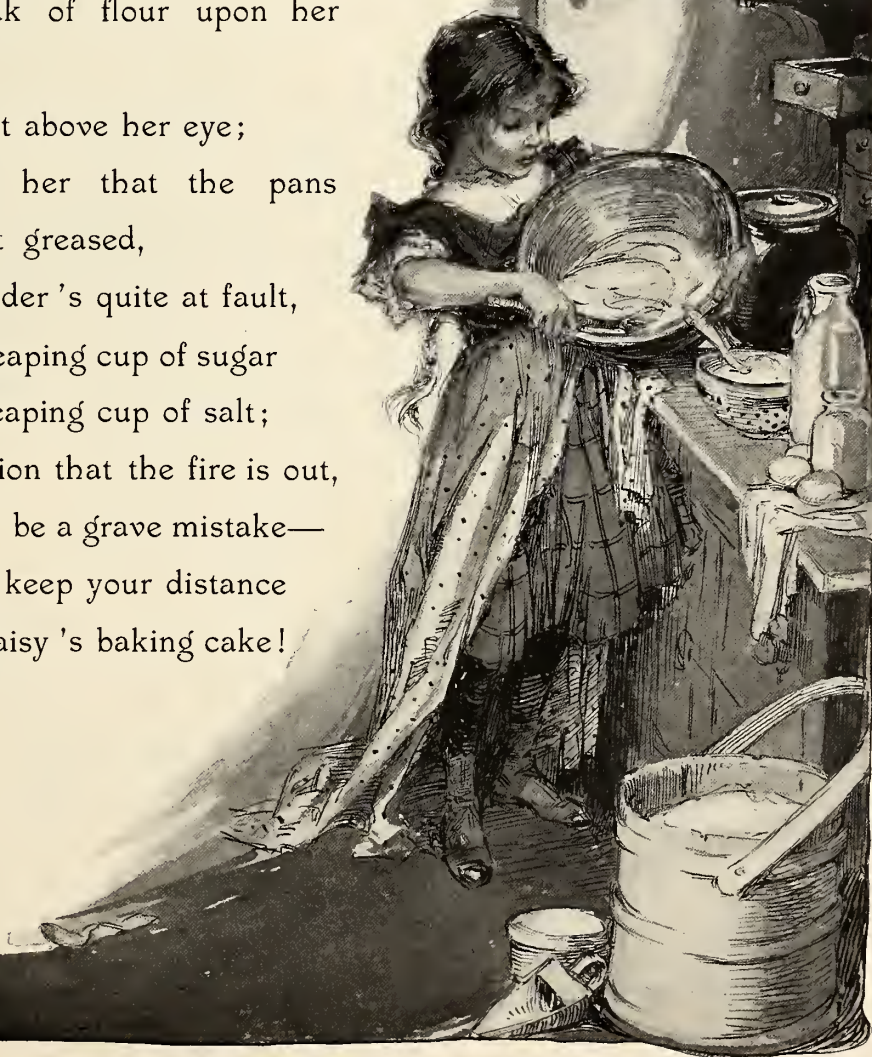


FLORENCE STOREY

"DAISY'S BAKING CAKE"



Don't say she's lost her ribbon
And her apron's all awry;
Don't speak of flour upon her
nose
And smut above her eye;
Don't tell her that the pans
are n't greased,
The powder's quite at fault,
That the heaping cup of sugar
Was a heaping cup of salt;
Don't mention that the fire is out,
'T would be a grave mistake—
Onlookers, keep your distance
When Daisy's baking cake!



Mother Goose Continued

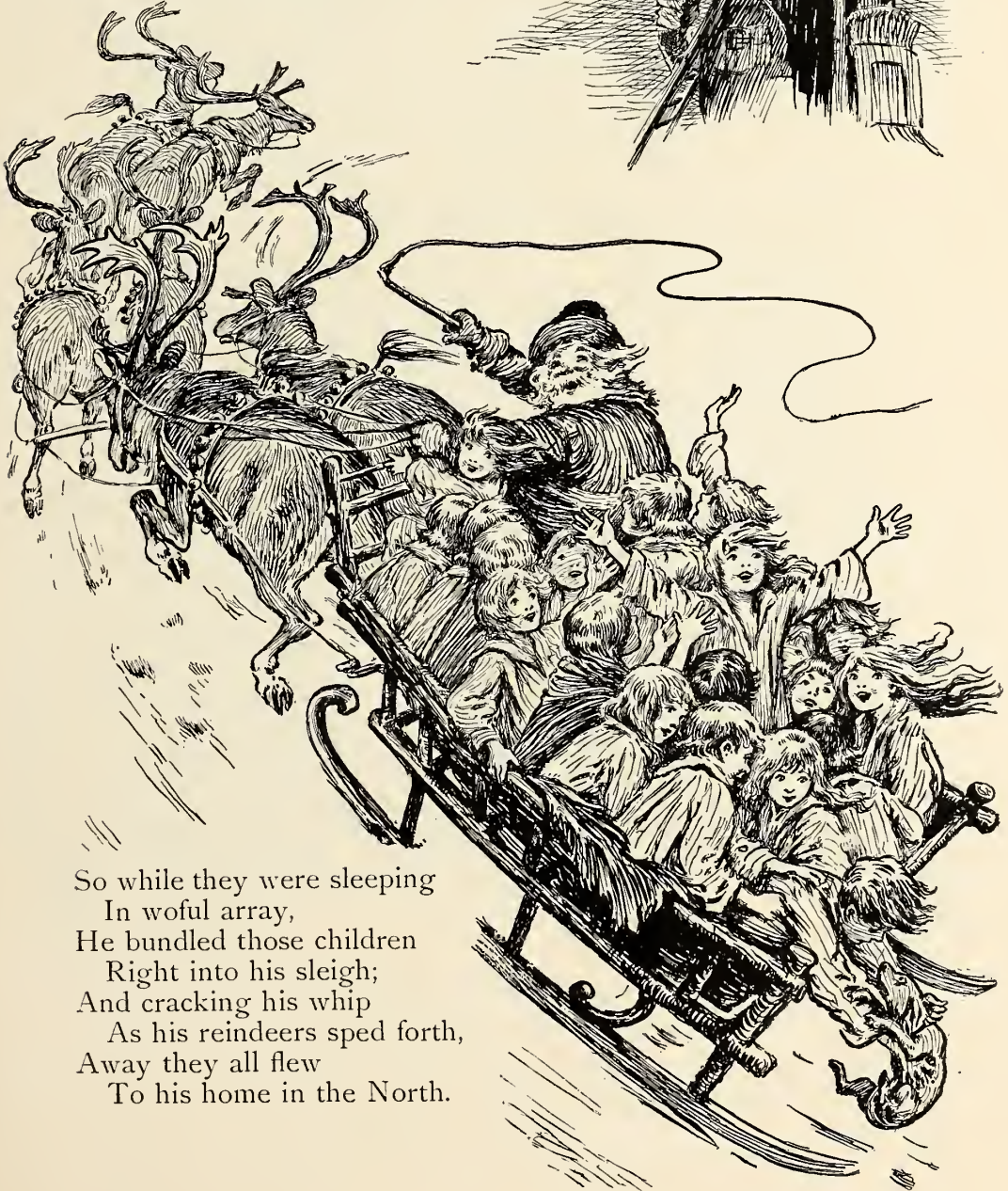
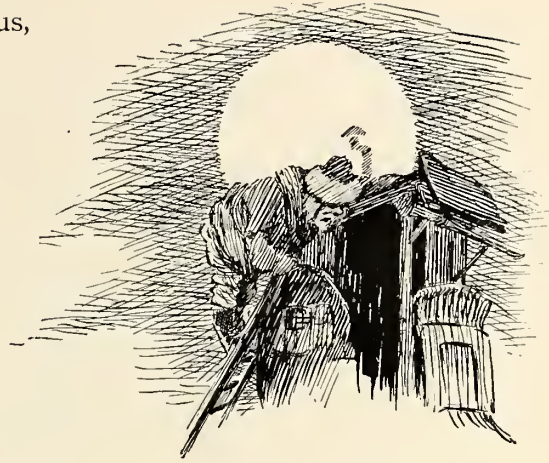
By Anna Marion Smith



There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
Who had so many children
She didn't know what to do
She gave them some broth
Without any bread
And whipped them all soundly
And sent them to bed."



Now it happened that Santa Claus,
 Passing that way,
 Peeped into the shoe top
 And saw how they lay—
 With their round, rosy faces
 All shining with tears,
 And resolved to do something
 To comfort the dears.



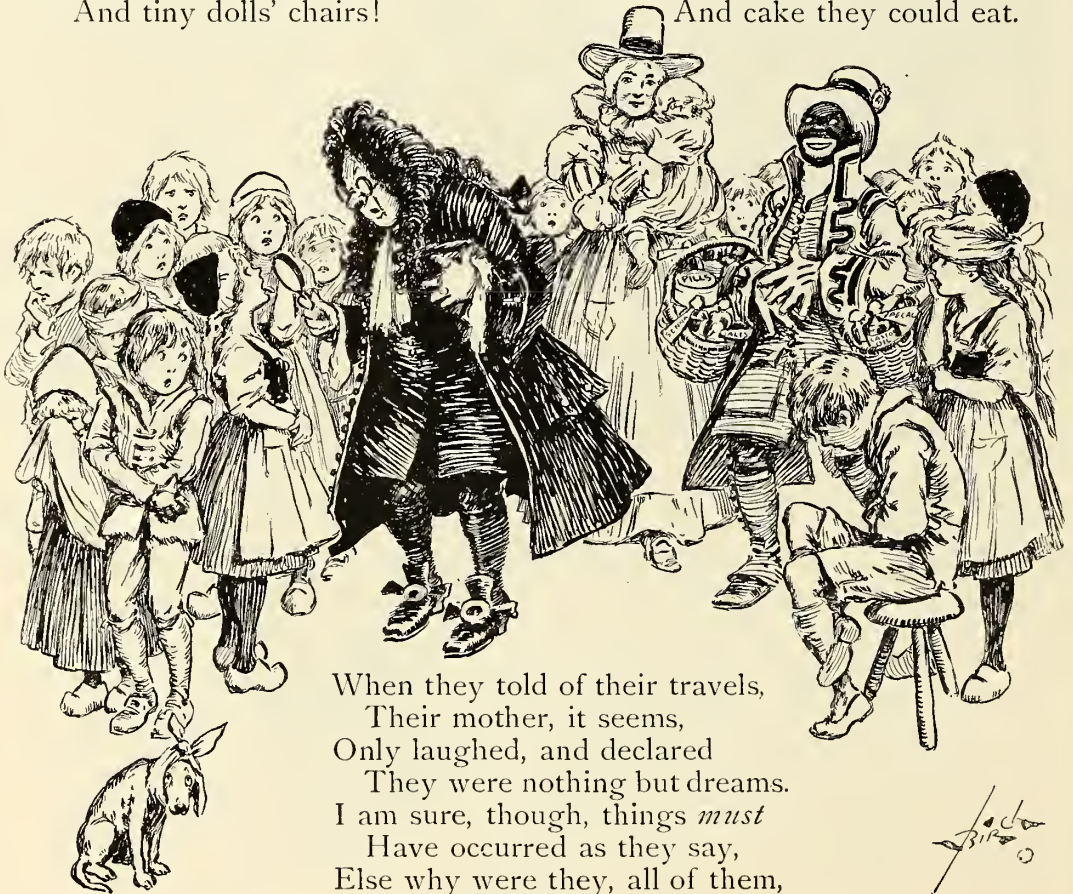
So while they were sleeping
 In woful array,
 He bundled those children
 Right into his sleigh;
 And cracking his whip
 As his reindeers sped forth,
 Away they all flew
 To his home in the North.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



What wonders he showed them,
 Such beautiful toys!
 Such dolls for the girls,
 And such drums for the boys!
 Such farms and such stables,
 Such monkeys and bears,
 Such dishes and tables
 And tiny dolls' chairs!

And when they had seen
 All the wonderful things
 Which each winter, at Christmas,
 Dear Santa Claus brings,
 He gave them, to make
 Their enchantment complete,
 Just all of the candy
 And cake they could eat.



When they told of their travels,
 Their mother, it seems,
 Only laughed, and declared
 They were nothing but dreams.
 I am sure, though, things *must*
 Have occurred as they say,
 Else why were they, all of them,
 Ill the next day?

Jack
 B. 1910

What Rosemary Says

By Emily Lennox



I HATE those horrid little bears—
They do put on so many airs!
She has n't kissed *me* once for weeks—
She hugs *him* till he fairly squeaks!
I am not jealous—not at all!
I always act like a well-bred doll!
But when he bites her—you will see
She 'll be glad enough to play with me.



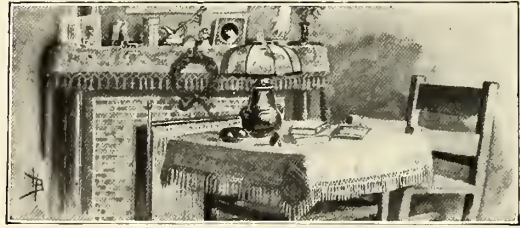
NATURE and SCIENCE



A variety of tinsel and other ornaments, especially the festoons of popcorn string, on the Christmas tree, have their counterpart in the fluffy masses of snow and glistening bits of ice on the outdoor evergreen trees. The decorative arrangements of a variety of Holiday goods in show windows suggest the dried weeds, burrs, leaves, seed pods, vines, lichens and mosses on walls and "cozy corners" in the fences.

DECEMBER DRAPERIES AND DECORATIONS.

In December especial attention is given to decorations. The interior of stores and their



SHELF AND TABLE DRAPERIES AND DECORATIONS HAVE THEIR PARALLEL IN NATURE.

show windows are then attractively ornamented and festooned. The stores in the Holiday season are well-known centers of interest for their attractively-displayed and tempting exhibits. Even the sidewalks in front of many of these places are fenced in with a green display of Christmas trees from Maine. The churches have elaborate decorations in the shape of arches, crosses, loops and wreaths of green, and in many instances with the addition of suspended bells and swinging doves. We even add strings of sleighbells and plumes to the horses.

Seasonable decorations and draperies of the

home include not only the shelves and center tables, but extend to holly and other Christmas greens in the windows.

So in nature this month come the special draperies and decorations and ornaments not used since last winter. Perhaps you insist that nature is more beautiful in the



A FRINGED "TABLE SPREAD" IN THE BROOK. Snow-covering of rocks with delicate ice formations on edges.

months of flowers and foliage. Perhaps she is. That is a matter of taste. Some would insist

that nature in all her general aspects is more beautiful in the warm than in the cold months. Yet there are some lovers of the winter that would dispute this point. But among the commoner things of nature, we may find beauties that may well be compared to wall and ceiling ornaments of home or church.

As a shelf is often draped and the bric-à-brac especially arranged for the Holidays, so nature has her special decorations. This shelf decoration was first impressed upon

seemingly infinite in the variety of the beautiful forms it presents.

Christmas trees within doors are not the



A "FRIEZE" DECORATION BY FREEZING.

Iceicles on the eaves of a house.

me by studying the forms taken by the ice and frost on the eaves of houses and along the brook side. What a wonderful decorator is Jack Frost and how frequently he makes changes! He almost never repeats. Even among snowflakes there are seldom, if ever, two alike. The slow unfolding and growth of summer are truly beautiful, but there is nothing in summer that can equal winter in its sudden and complete pictorial changes. The fascinating beauty of even one section of the bank of a rivulet that I frequently



JACK FROST'S PLUMES.

A sleet decoration of twigs and branches at the entrance to a field.

only trees decorated and draped for a short time in glittering tinsel, graceful festoons and garlands in beautiful variety. In almost any walks in the woods in winter, one may see equally beautiful and transient tree decora-



THE POMPONS OF THE MEADOWS.

Masses of the plumose long tails of the fruit of clematis (or "virgin's bower") on the alder bushes.

tions. The snow-laden, twining stems of vines on certain trees remind one of festoons of pearls. The glistening of the snowflakes on



THE LACE-LIKE LAMBREQUINS OF THE BROOK BANK.

Dainty, spear-like and feathery frost forms on dried grasses overhanging the water (the lower, dark portion). Seen on an early, frosty morning.

visit in the winter, would delight an artist. It an early, bright morning when the "cold is like a kaleidoscope, never twice alike and snap" has suddenly followed foggy weather

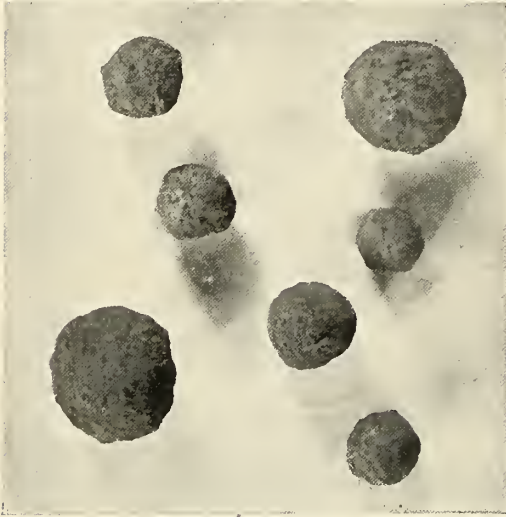
NOTE:—The illustrations on this and the preceding page were drawn directly from nature or from photographs.

makes every tree a glittering gem. A similar morning following a rain, or "ice storm" as we sometimes call it, and what wonderful spheres, what fantastic forms in every direction in gold, silver, even in crystal sheaths reflecting all the colors of the rainbow!

PELLETS OF MUD.

ARMOUR, SOUTH DAKOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what are these little balls of mud which I send? They are



THE PELLETS OF MUD.

very hard and I found them in the mud at the edge of a small pond. I should like to know what they are made of and what makes them.

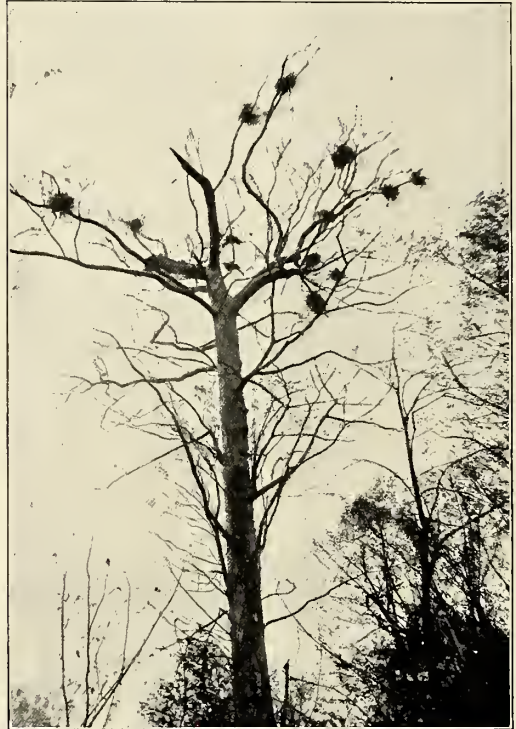
Your interested reader,
CHARLES CRUTCHETT.

The pellets of mud are pellets of "gumbo" which bakes very hard, as you know, in the sun. They are made by the common crayfish which lives in the muddy ponds and streams. As the crayfish digs down into the mud near the water's edge he throws back the mud in the shape of these little pellets. Just how he rolls them I do not know and have never been able to see one at work. I imagine of course it is done with the maxillipeds and the legs. The crayfish builds a wall of these around the hole sometimes several inches high and oftentimes covers the opening so as to give the place the appearance of a little mound of mud pellets.—Shirley P. Miller, Zoologist, South Dakota Agricultural College.

The habits of crayfish vary in different places, but many of these "chimney" or mound-building forms make pellets of mud. See article "Warrior Mound-builders," page 651 of *Nature and Science* for May, 1904. Pellets of mud dropped or discarded by the builders are often found lying around in the vicinity of such mounds.

A BLUE HERONS' NESTING PLACE.

A PLACE of rare interest to bird-lovers in Michigan is a great blue herons' nesting place ten miles west of Battle Creek on the north bank of the Kalamazoo river. It is notable because there are now only a few nesting places of this handsome and majestic bird left in that state. It is still more notable from



THE GREAT BLUE HERONS' NESTING PLACE.

(Photographed by Guy Mannering)

the fact that the few others are in inaccessible swamps, while this one is on dry ground, only a short distance from an interurban electric line, and can be reached without difficulty by ornithologists—as easily by the women as by the men. It is visited annually by hundreds of bird-students from all sections of the state.

Great blue herons are home lovers, and become so attached to the place of their birth that they always return to the same nesting place and even the same tree. They have been known to nest in one place for fifty years. This colony has nested on the Kalamazoo river for twenty-two years.

A sycamore tree is always selected as the first home tree, because the color of the bark harmonizes perfectly with the color of their plumage, thus affording protection for both birds and nests. In this gigantic sycamore

were originally thirteen nests. The tree is thirteen feet in circumference and 100 feet high up to the first branches. From this tree the colony has spread out to several elm trees.

The nests are a most interesting sight and are so large that they can be seen from a distance of one mile. They are huge, rude structures, built of good-sized twigs and sticks, loosely placed together, forming a sort of lattice work, upon which the eggs are laid. The birds use the same nest every season, adding more sticks to shape it up when they return the following season. The eggs number from three to four, of a bluish green color, and are a little larger than hens' eggs.

The herons during the nesting season are of great benefit to the farmers, as they destroy all the snakes and field mice for miles around.

When feeding the young, the noise and commotion made by the fledgelings can be heard at a great distance. The blue heron is a majestic appearing and most beautiful bird. It is frequently erroneously called the sand hill crane. It is a solitary bird except when nesting, and is wild and shy.

CHARLES EMMETT BARNES.

PHOTOGRAPHING SPITZ PUPPIES.

The little fellows were very restless, and numberless snap-shots were tried, all with the invariable result—one or more of the puppies would always be blurred. Especial trouble was caused by their tails, which seemed in perpetual motion.

Finally, a large piece of black cloth was secured, and stretched like a screen. Six holes were then cut in the cloth, and the head of a puppy inserted in each, the photographer meantime having his instrument focussed, and in readiness. At this juncture, a large and steaming dish of food was placed on the ground in front of the screen. Behold! the result!

ANDREW P. HILL.

HOW MANY LEAVES HAS SHE ?

HERE is a nature student, right from the woods. To the ST. NICHOLAS boy or girl who



HOW MANY LEAVES HAS SHE ?

writes the best letter (received by me before January 1st) regarding the leaves she has, and interesting particulars regarding them, I will send a book on nature study. Direct reply to Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Conn.



THE RESULT OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S TRICK.

Copyright, Andrew P. Hill, San Jose, California.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW" St. Nicholas Union Square, New York

A LARGE HOLLOW PEBBLE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found this queer rock under a plum-bush. I have been wondering how it got there, because there is no water around it and not many other stones either. Please tell me how it got there.



THE HOLLOW PEBBLE.

EAGLE PASS, TEXAS.

From your loving reader,
TROY B. ANDERSON.

Your specimen would be described by most young folks, I think, as a bubble-like pebble. The scientist would use

longer words but mean much the same thing. He would say that it is composed of chalcedony (a variety of quartz)—a concretion of the material that was probably never filled.

A LUNAR RAINBOW.

SPRING BROOK, WILLIAMS COUNTY, N. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—Several nights like ago I saw a funny cloud. It was of all colors like a rainbow. It was right beneath the moon. Can you tell me the reason of the colored cloud? One of my little sisters said that on Saturday, December 9th, she saw the moon go under a colored cloud.

Yours sincerely,
EVANGELINE KINGSTON (age 11 years).

You saw a lunar rainbow, and a beautiful thing it always is, too. The clouds high up in the air acted on the moonbeams, as the raindrops act on the sunbeams to make a solar or sun rainbow. A lunar rainbow is so interesting, that the Government Weather Observer always records its occurrence in his monthly reports.

FUNGUS.

THE RED HOUSE, STOCKSFIELD-ON-TYNE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you again to ask the name of another fungus which my brother found in a field. It has a buff colored cap, honey-combed all over and meeting the stalk at the base, the honey-comb becoming smaller at the top of the cap. Its stalk is biscuit-coloured white, widening at the bottom, with deep creases and recesses in it. The fungus is hollow throughout.

Your interested reader,
RUTH ADAMS.

This is the *Morchella esculenta* or "honeycomb morel," one of the most highly-esteemed edible mushrooms. The head has been called "a weather-beaten honey-comb" in appearance. It is found in wet weather in the early part of the year. It is of interesting appearance, but we caution our young people *not to attempt to eat it*. Leave that to the specialists who will make no mistake as to the particular species that is good to eat. In this country it is "quite common in West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in orchards on ashes and cinders, under walnut, pine and oak trees." (McILVAINE.)



THE MOREL FUNGUS.

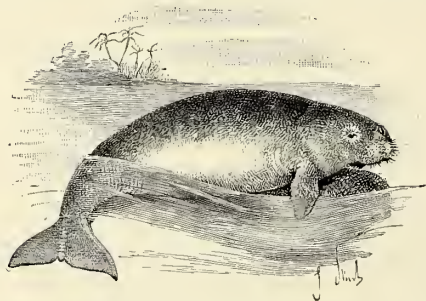
MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

HALIFAX, N. S., CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend of mine said that her father, who was a sailor, once saw two mermaids singing on a rock in the Mediterranean Sea. Are there really such things?

Your interested reader,
HELEN E. STAIRS.

Mermaids—and less frequently mentioned mermen—are mythical or fanciful beings that



THE DUGONG.

This and the seals pictured on the following page are probably the origin of the myths of mermaids and mermen.

are supposed to live within and under the sea. They are usually pictured with the form of a human being above the waist and that of a fish below. The typical mermaid is supposed to be of exceeding loveliness. Her hair is long and beautiful and she is often represented as



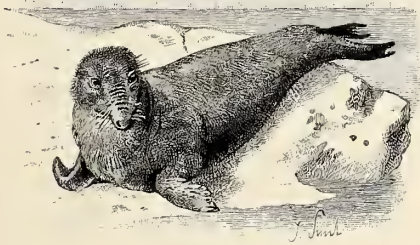
THE NORTHERN FUR SEAL.

combing it with one hand, while in the other she holds a looking glass.

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea?

TENNYSON—"THE MERMAID."

Nearly all nations have folk-lore and fairy tale accounts of mermaids, and sometimes of mermen. Even the American Indians had their "woman-fish" and "man-fish." The Chinese tell stories about their sea-women of the southern seas. Sometimes mermaids and mermen are represented as leaving the water and living with human beings, but more fre-



THE SEA ELEPHANT.

quently they are pictured as being so attractive that they sometimes will lure human beings to destruction in the depths of the sea. These myths have been utilized by many poets, and have even been used for stories "with a moral." Most encyclopedias and Baring Gould's "Myths of the Middle Ages" give interesting histories of the myths and the extent to which they have been held by various nations.

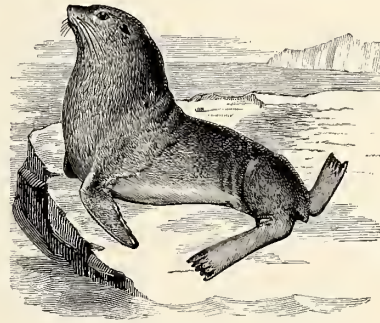
It is not within the scope of "Nature and Science" to go into details of these myths,

however interesting they may be, but to explain their natural history origin and basis.

Sir James Emerson Tennent, writing of the dugong, says:

"Its head has a rude approach to the human outline, and the mother holds her infant in one flipper, arm-like as does a human mother. If disturbed it suddenly dives under the water, and tosses up its fish-like tail. It is this creature which has probably given rise to the tales about mermaids."

It seems probable that this author was partly right, but the whole "responsibility" should not be put upon the dugong. Many other marine animals have human resem-



THE NORTHERN SEA LION.

blance, especially in attitude and when seen from a distance. Ernest Ingersoll writes:

"Various seals . . . have a way of lifting their round heads and shoulders from the water, with a queer human intelligent look upon their faces, and hugging their young to their bosoms with motherly affection. Impressed with this resemblance, easily turned into a story to beguile a long winter evening or to amuse a child, and growing with imaginative repetitions, the northern people were quick to believe the similar and more elaborate stories brought to them by early voyagers, and so the tales grew and changed into the rich folk-lore."

So, more directly to answer your question, there are in fancy, fairy tales, folk lore and



THE BEARDED SEAL.

legends, plenty of mermaids and fewer mermen, but alas! *not one in reality.*

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

FOR DECEMBER

THE JOY OF GIVING.

GLADYS M. ADAMS (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize.)

I SHARED my crust with a poorer one,
And the crust—which had seemed
but a bit of bread
When *one* would eat—was a glorious
feast
When shared with another, instead.

I shared my bed with a poorer one—
So poor a bed, but a board or two—
But 't was soft as feathers to me, and
I slept
With a peace that I rarely knew.

I shared my joy with a poorer one,
And lo! 't was increased to a joy
divine
For another was cheered by the
kindly thought,
When they felt that joy of mine.

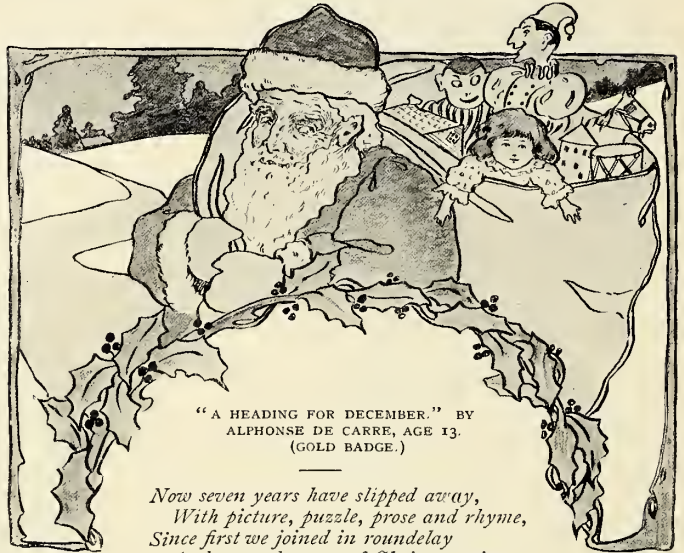
My gifts were poor, but were of my
best,
I had given myself when I gave my food.
But the joy that came transfigured all,
And I felt that God was good.

For a selfish joy is an empty thing,
Since it fades away as the passing dreams,
But the joy of giving is sweet and free,
And ever a new joy seems.

So share your best, though it be but poor,
With a willing heart and a spirit brave;
For a joy will come that will far outweigh
The trifle that you gave.



"A HOT DAY." BY MARIAN DRURY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY
ALPHONSE DE CARRE, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE.)

*Now seven years have slipped away,
With picture, puzzle, prose and rhyme,
Since first we joined in roundelay
And sang the song of Christmas-time.*

In the seven years that have slipped by us since that first Christmas, more than two thousand young people have won gold and silver, and cash prizes, in the St. Nicholas League. Not one of these prizes has been awarded without a good reason—that reason being that the poem, or story, or picture, or whatever it happened to be, awakened the editor's interest and admiration. Often it did more than that. Often when the contribution was so good as to warrant one of the higher prizes, there came the strong desire to see how the boy or girl looked who could produce such work as that, and sometimes we have been tempted to ask for a photograph of the contributor. Now, at last, we are going to do just that thing. We are going to ask every gold-badge winner for a picture. Not only do we want pictures of those who are winning now, but of those, also, who have won any time during the seven years, and we would prefer a picture taken about the time when the badge was won. Of course, in that seven years a good many of our members have grown into men and women, and some of them are still following their old League work in the world's wider fields. Of these we want two pictures—one taken during their League days, and one taken now, with a brief letter telling just what has been done—how much progress has been made along the chosen path. And some of these, from time to time, we would like to print in the magazine, for we are sure it will interest our readers as well as ourselves to see the faces of those who have found the League a sort of garden that lies along the foothills of success.

BUT there are some (perhaps many) who failed to win first honors in the League, yet who have persevered and striven on, and who are winning triumphs all the more deserved because they refused to confess discouragement when the longed-for badge failed to come. Of these especially do we want pictures, for to these go our deepest admiration and heartiest God-speed. Let

us have the pictures, then, and we will make an album that is worth while, and we will let our readers see some of it, too.

PRIZE-WINNERS, AUGUST COMPETITION.

Verse. Cash prize, **Gladys M. Adams** (age 16), 36 Emery St., Medford, Mass.

Gold badges, **Eleanor C. Hamill** (age 16), 2637 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Eleanor Johnson** (age 8), in care of E. I. Johnson, Office U. S. Att'y, N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Aimée Loizeaux** (age 16), 1010 3d St., Des Moines, Ia., and **Aline Chownen** (age 15), Great Falls, Mont.

Prose. Gold badges, **Ellen Elizabeth Patten** (age 15), Hampden Corner, Me., and **Isabel A. Oldham** (age 14), Kearney, Neb.

Silver badges, **Kathryn Maddock** (age 13), 940 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill., and **Garrett Mattingly** (age 6), 1819 First St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Alphonse De Carre** (age 13), 3522 13th St., Washington, D. C., and **Roland Coate** (age 15), 35 S. 12th St., Richmond, Ind.

Silver badges, **Peggie Guy**, Fulford Vicarage, York, Eng., and **Harry Griffith**, 923 Superior St., Toledo, O.

Photography. Gold badge, **Marion Drury** (age 15), 66 Paradise Rd., Northampton, Mass.

Silver badges, **Ruth Duncan** (age 13), Gadsden, Ala., and **Maude J. Hayden** (age 9), St. Davids, Pa.

Wild-Creature Photography. First prize, "Moose," by **Margaret Sears** (age 14), 30 Greystone Park, Lynn, Mass. Second prize, "Possum," by **Louise Chapman** (age 14), Lake Geneva, Wis. Third prize, "Horned Toad," by **F. W. Foster** (age 17), 994 Dorchester St., Montreal, Can.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Mina Summy** (age 14), 1831 North 4th St., Columbus, Ohio, and **Thomas DeWind** (age 16), 203 Coade Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Silver badges, **Albertina L. Pitkin** (age 15), 194 Riverside Drive, New York City, and **Clarina Hanks** (age 14), 44 Circuit Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Jessie Metcalf** (age 13), 1929 N. Penn. St., Indianapolis, Ind., and **Elizabeth C. Beale** (age 11), 29 Chauncy St., Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, **Arthur P. Caldwell, Jr.**, 309 Union Ave., Cranford, N. J., and **Marie Ruebel** (age 16), 4649 Cottage Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY ISABEL A. OLDHAM (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

I WONDER if the little boys and girls who impatiently await each Christmas Eve for their Christmas-

tree, know that the very first one was decorated a long time ago for the Princess Mary, who was afterwards so sadly known as "Bloody Mary"?

Her father told the master of ceremonies that he must think of something very wonderful, that had never been heard of before, for his gift to the Princess that Christmas-tide. King Henry was very strict and apt to cut off the persons' heads who did not do as he wished, so the master of ceremonies thought and thought. Finally he decided upon the very thing, and told the King, who was greatly pleased and told all the ambassadors from the countries of Europe, and the English lords and ladies to give their gifts for Mary to the master of ceremonies, and he also invited them to a Christmas ball to be held at the palace.

Finally Christmas night came. Just at twilight a flood of light poured from the palace windows. Carriages, magnificent but clumsy, bowled up to the entrance. Bejeweled ladies and gentlemen stepped forth and were escorted by armed guards to the doors.

Outside of the palace a great crowd of London's poor stood, for it was the custom of England's kings to give bountifully on Christ's birthday.

Inside—I shall not attempt to describe the magnificence of the jewels, satins, laces, cloths of gold, silver and velvet, but nothing more gorgeous can be imagined, not even in the days of Aladdin.

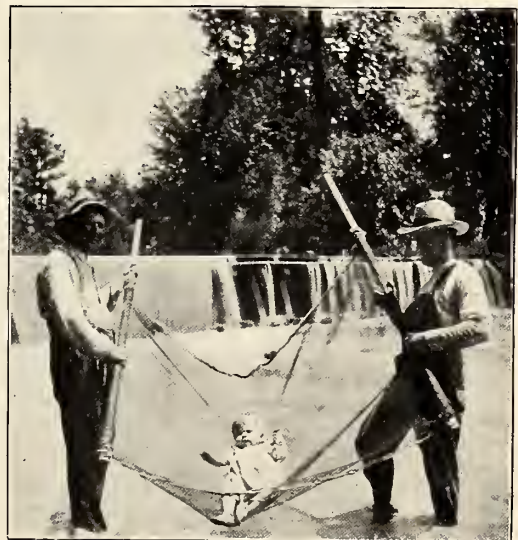
Opposite the drawing-room were King Henry, Queen Kath-

erine and Princess Mary.

When the last guest was seated, the drawing-room doors were opened, and what do you think the King



"A HOT DAY." BY MAUDE J. HAYDEN, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HOT DAY." BY RUTH DUNCAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY HARRY GRIFFITH, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

and his guests saw? Not a pine-tree decorated by candles, with dolls, tea-sets and pop-corn balls upon it, but a small rosemary bush bedecked with diamond necklaces and bracelets and many other valuable jewels.

You and I would not like a Christmas tree without dolls, or drums, or horns, but Mary was more than delighted. She kissed her father, and thanked the master of ceremonies, and every one clapped and was pleased; and I hope, in their happiness, they did not forget the crowd of poor.

And now we all have seen a Christmas tree and do not think it half as wonderful as did the little Princess hundreds of years ago in her father's kingdom of Old England.

THE JOY OF GIVING.

ELEANOR C. HAMILL
(AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

BLOOMING day in the shadow
With never an eye to behold,
A violet grew in the springtime,
After the frost and the cold.

"Then what is the use of my growing
Where no one cares to see
The way I've been trying to blossom?"
It said to the bumble-bee.

Just then a childish figure
Bent over its hiding place;
"Oh, here is a little violet!"
She cried with a glowing face.



ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY PEGGIE GUY, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Clasped tight by the little maiden,
It nodded its happy head,
Till placed by the little sister
Beside a sick child's bed.

For many days it stayed there,
Cheering the little child,
Who kissed each morning its petals,
Then lay back gentle and mild.

The child at last grew stronger,
And all his long life through,
He remembered the little flower
And loved its brothers too.

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

BY ELLEN ELIZABETH PATEN (AGE 15).

(Gold badge.)

"TUESDAY, December 25, we were awakened before day by a discharge of three platoons from the party. We had told the Indians not to visit us as it was

one of our great medicine days; so that the men remained at home and amused themselves in various ways, particularly with dancing, in which they take great pleasure. The American flag was hoisted for the first time in the port; the best provisions we had were brought out, and this, with a little brandy, enabled them to pass the day in great festivity."—From the Journal of Lewis and Clark.

When Christmas eve came, the men had finished the stockade and the gate had been shut. By the protection of forty-five men and a blunderbuss, Fort Mandan was safe from savages from the north. Not that they were hostile. Many thronged here, partly for trade, partly from curiosity; but on this evening Captain Lewis sent out word that they should not visit him and his men the next day. He told them it was the great medicine day of the white man.

Before daybreak, both the Indians and the white party were "awakened by a discharge of three platoons." A flag was floating above the palisade, and the first Dakota Christmas had begun.

Instead of the usual "Christmas stocking," every man was given a certain amount of dried apples, pepper and flour. To complete the Christmas feast were squash, corn, beans, and Buffalo meat. Dinner was at one o'clock.

At two, the signal for dancing was given. The orchestra consisted of Cruzatte and Gibson. William Clark called the changes. A number of wondering squaws watched

them,—the wives of their interpreters. Among them was the wife of Charboneau, the cook, Sacajawea, the Shoshone "bird-woman," who afterward became their faithful guide through the Rockies. Without her, they would have been lost and helpless.

And so the first Christmas ever celebrated in Dakota passed away among the fair-haired, blue-eyed Mandans. A century has passed since the wonderful expedition, but it will be long before the story of it will be forgotten by Americans.

THE JOY OF GIVING.

* BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 8).

(Gold Badge.)

The painter, who gives to the world his art;
The singer, whose voice thrills the very heart;
The poet, whose soul is in his thought;
The soldier, who for his country fought;
All know the Joy of Giving.

The rich, who give with a lavish hand;
The farmer, whose labor tills the land;
The mother, who gives her loving care;
The minister, bent on daily prayer;
All know the Joy of Giving.

From all who give with a loving heart,
The Joy of Giving will ne'er depart.
And all over the world,
both far and near,
The joy we welcome with love and cheer
Is the Joy of Christmas Giving.

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

BY KATHRYN MADDOCK
(AGE 13.)

(Silver Badge.)

KING JOHN was celebrating Christmas at Winchester. His courtiers had come up from London and were having a merry time; the boar's head had been served up, the tapers burnt and the wassail bowl passed 'round. The Yule log was burning brightly and jests and songs were heard on every hand. John was moody notwithstanding all this: it was the year 1214 and his reign had hardly been what might be called a success. Most of it so far had been taken up by quarrels. He had lost his European possessions through a dispute with Philip of France, and a quarrel with the Pope had ended disastrously for the king. Rumors were now current as to a rising of the barons and John was anxious. The festivities



"MOOSE." BY MARGARET SEARS, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.)

were to continue for several days but the king with a few attendants left on the day after Christmas.

On arriving at London John was greeted by a pageant so brilliant with the glittering arms of the nobles as to startle as well as surprise him. This parade was composed of the barons and their followers, and all were dressed in full armor. Magnificent horses in gay trappings helped to make the scene more attractive and here and there large banners wrought in beautiful silks were displayed. The procession was the outcome of two indignant meetings of the barons. In the first, held at St. Albans, their grievances had been discussed, and during the second at Bury St. Edmund's they had resolved to come before the king at Christmas and force him to sign a charter giving the English people their long neglected rights.

When John saw the nobles' array of military force he quavered, and when the document was presented to him he asked to be allowed to consider it till Easter. The barons were angry at having the purpose of their visit thus deflected, but they withdrew and waited till Easter. However little they accomplished at Christmas it was the first attempt toward gaining the king's signature for that important paper, the Magna Charta.

At Easter John refused to sign it, but seeing the determination of the nobles he set June fifteenth as the final date, and after much parleying the Charter was signed in the meadow of Runnymede in June. This important step in English history was the direct result of the efforts of the barons at Christmas.



"POSSUM." BY LOUISE CHAPMAN, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.)



"HORNED TOAD." BY F. W. FOSTER, AGE 17. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.)

THE JOY OF GIVING

BY ALINE CHOWEN (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

The dark pines sharp 'gainst
the soft gray sky



"A HOT DAY." BY VIRGINIA SPECK FLAD, AGE 12.

The touch of the wind as it passes by,
The thin cloud of smoke and the fire's red glow
By the miner's dark huts in the coulee below,
The first cold drops of the coming rain
Make poetry rush into my brain.

But suddenly sounds the accordion gay
And two miners in joyous two-step sway,
First a gray shirt, then one of white
Gleams as they turn in the faint firelight,
And I on the ridge laugh loud, because
I know now the joy of giving applause.

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

BY GARRETT MATTINGLY (AGE 6).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I WANT to tell you about an historic Christmas in which an ancestor of mine took part. When only twelve years old, Frederick Hesser ran away, joined his brother John and enlisted as a drummer boy in the drum corps in which John played a fife.

He served with Washington's army all through that cold and bitter winter at Valley Forge, where Washington, seeing him so young, half-starved and sick, placed his hand on Fred's head and kindly commanded him to go home. "Were all my soldiers as brave and patriotic as you, my lad, England could never conquer us," said Washington.

Fred went home on furlough, but returned as soon as he was well, and was with Washington that historic Christmas when the brave general crossed the Delaware and attacked the Hessians at Trenton. During this battle Fred's drumstick was shot from his hand. A soldier, seeing his plight, seized the gun from a dead comrade's hand, saying, "Here, my little man, this poor fellow does not need his gun. Take it and fight."

Years and years afterward, when Fred Hesser was

an old man in Orwigsburg, Pennsylvania, he still treasured the drum with its one drumstick.

On his death-bed he asked for his drum, and, propped up in bed, beat the last tattoo.

A descendant of Fred Hesser still preserves the old drum, and all of his descendants are proud of Fred Hesser, a drummer boy of Washington's army.

THE JOY OF GIVING

BY AIMÉE LOIZEAUX (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"NOT he who takes," spake the knowing sage,
Bent with the wisdom of bygone age,
"But he who gives for the Joy of Giving,
Who bedecks with kindness each day's white page,
'T is he who enjoys the gift of living."

Then came a child with gay and tripping feet,
With tattered dress, but eyes so grave and sweet,
She looked at sage and flashed a living smile.
Said he, "'T is all she gives me when we meet,
But see her joyousness the while."

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

BY ELIZABETH C. FIELD (AGE 14).

IT was in the reign of good King Edward whom the people called Edward the Confessor. Edward thought that he could leave the throne of England to any one he chose. He was very fond of a young French Duke named William. He promised William that he should rule after him. The only one who had any claim to the throne was Harold, who was the son of Earl Godwin.

One day Harold was wrecked on the coast of France and fell into the hands of William, who made him promise to help him secure the throne of England when Edward should die; but when in the year 1066 Edward died, Harold broke his promise and became King himself.

William was indignant. He collected troops and reached England as soon as possible. Then followed



"A HOT DAY." BY MARY P. RAYMOND, AGE 15.

the battle of Hastings, in which Harold was killed and William became possessor of England.

William wisely decided to let the people elect him King. He held a meeting in which he asked the people to choose him for their King. As he was so strong they dared not refuse.

On Christmas Day, 1066, he was proclaimed King of England. The coronation took place in Westminster

Abbey (which Edward the Confessor had built). As the crown was placed on William's head the people shouted "Yea, yea, yea!"

This historic Christmas is both old and important, for it was the beginning of more civilized life in England under William the Norman.

THE JOY OF GIVING.

BY MARGARET EWING (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

GREAT drifting, pillowy mass of clouds,
That float across the sky,
Exultantly and high,
What joy is thine!
To give to the parchèd earth again,
Quick, rushing coolness of the rain,
And onward fly,
O'er hill and dale in majesty divine,
Scattering with a mighty hand,
Thy bounty over sea and land—
O'er wheat-fields pale,
Where ragged pine woods darken hill and dale,
And where the mountain streams leap wild and free,
Given their very life by meed of thee,
And giving in their turn.
Oh, where the sunbeams on earth's meadows burn,
And flowers lift their heads to welcome coy,
The wooing of the rain—
There, when the showers patter down again,
Dost feel the giving-joy,
O clouds?

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

BY AGNES HOLMES (AGE 15).

THERE must have been much excitement in the old town of Wells on Christmas Eve, 1332, for the young king Edward III had come to spend Christmas there. The Bishop had gone to stay at his Manor House at Wookey, two miles off, for the following week, as there was not room for both the king and himself at the palace, owing to the northwest wing not yet being built. But he must have returned to say mass in the Cathedral on



"A HOT DAY." BY LEWIS P. CRAIG, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Christmas Day. The Banqueting Hall which to-day is a ruin and one of the chief sights of the Palace was only thirty years old; the battlemented walls were not yet in existence, neither was the Bishop's Eye built, so that the palace was seen from the Market Place. It is also difficult to realize that there was no moat and that the grass plot with the elms which to-day is near the drawbridge was then a pool of water. King Edward may quite possibly have been attracted to Wells by the fame of the new Chapter House and Lady Chapel which had just been built; but though the townspeople must have felt what an honor was done to them by the king's visiting Wells, yet one cannot help thinking what an expensive honor it must have been to the Bishop. Ralph of Shrewsbury, whose tomb is to be seen to-day in the north choir aisle in the Cathedral was Bishop in those days.

NOT ON THE JOY OF GIVING.

BY MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD (AGE 17).

(Honor member.)

ALAS! But selfish strains my muse indites,
And this is all the sort of thing she writes:—

Ah! Fare thee well, sweet Beauty,
Thou dear delight of unforgetten days,
And get thee hence, thou Duty,
Who wouldst to household use devote my lays!
I'll none of either; here, great Jove, defend me!
These damsels both in thy name I'll defy,
And thine own sky-bolts, gracious father, lend me,
Wherewith to hurl my angered minstrelsy.
For artful Beauty led me where she listed,
With dreams of drowsy magic shut my eyes,
With poppy-buds my pale brow she entwisted,



"A HOT DAY." BY CHARLOTTE LEWIS PHELPS, AGE 16.



"A HOT DAY." BY MIRIAM H. TANBERG, AGE 10. (HONOR MEMBER.)

And lulled me with her dizzy melodies,
Then ere I could the slumb'rous bonds dis sever,
With poised flight she fled my grasp forever.
By sterner witchcraft cold-eyed Duty led me;
She yoked me as a plowmate to dull Care,
The bitter bread of lost Ambition fed me,
And housed me in the desert of Despair.
Then whilst I raged in impotent endeavor,
Elected to remain with me forever!

So fare thee well, sweet Beauty,
Thou dear delight of dead, forbidden days,
And prithee hence, cruel Duty
Who dost to basest use compel my lays!

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

BY ROBERT T. WILLIAMS (AGE 11).

ONE of the most beneficial Christmases that ever happened on the earth was the birth of Sir Isaac Newton, on Christmas Day, 1642, at Woolsthorpe, a hamlet in Lincolnshire, England.

Once when there was a windmill being built on a new plan near his house, he used to go and spend hours examining it. In a few days he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools. It was not long before the whole neighborhood knew what he had been doing. He had made a model of the windmill; though probably not more than a foot high, it was complete in every part. Once, when Newton was older, he had a little dog called Diamond; one day he got up and went out of the room, leaving on the table some manuscripts containing all the discoveries he had made about light, and little dog Diamond by the fire. No sooner had he gone than up jumps Diamond on the table, upsets the candle and burns the papers. Just as the destruction was completed Newton came in. Seeing what little dog had done he only patted him on the head and said, "O Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast wrought."

THE JOY OF GIVING.

BY ANNIE LAURIE HILLYER (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

BABY held an apple—
A delicious sight—
Bobbie thought so, begging,
"Please give me a bite?"

Baby showed her dimples—
She was just and fair—
"I'll be very gen'wous,
You may bite to—*there!*"

Bobbie's teeth were tiny—
Sharp they must have
been—

Exit—all the apple!
Enter—such a din!

Baby, blue eyes flashing,
Raced across the floor,
Caught the wicked robber
At the nurs'ry door.

Caught his small, brown
fingers—
Caught with all her
might—

And, in wrathful justice,
Gave, in turn, a bite!

A HISTORICAL CHRISTMAS.

BY HENRY RESCH (AGE 15).

WHEN looking up the various Christmas events one is struck by the great number of deaths which have occurred on that memorable day. One of the most important of these events was the death of Marcus Aurelius Carus, a Roman Emperor, who was killed by lightning in the year A.D. 283. Below is given a short history of his life.

Marcus Aurelius Carus was born at Narbonne in Gaul, Milan or Illyria in the year A.D. 222. His father was of African descent and his mother was a noble Roman lady. Marcus was educated in Rome for the highest military and civil offices. He held the office of praetorian prefect before he became Emperor. On the assassination of Probus in A.D. 282 he was proclaimed Emperor of Rome by the legions. His reign, though short was prosperous. One of the first of his acts of justice was to mete out punishment to the assass-



"A HOT DAY." BY JEANNETTE I. BEROTZHEIM.

sinators of Probus. He gained a victory over the Sarmatians and prosecuted war with the Persians. In midwinter he led his army through Thrace in Asia Minor, ravaged Mesopotamia, mastered Seleucia and led his army beyond the Tigris.

Here on Christmas Day, in the aforementioned year, was struck by lightning one of the bravest and best of the Romans. History does not tell us the circumstances which surrounded him as he lay dying. We can only guess—that is all.

THE JOY OF GIVING.

BY LEONORA BRANCH (AGE 13).

I WAS curled up in the corner by my little reading table,
When the door was opened gently and there stood
my sister Mabel.
"Edith, dear," she whispered softly, "I've a poem
to show to *you*.
May n't I send it to the League for competition
eighty-two?"
"Well, Miss Poetess," I answered, as I smiled into
her face,
"I will summon all the jury to discuss this serious
case."
Then she showed a scrap of paper. "This is it,"
she gravely said.
"Read it to me," I commanded, and this is the verse
she read:—

"I tried as many times as six,
I can't see where the trouble lies,
For though I work with all my might
I cannot seem to win a prize.
But, dear St. Nicholas! I hope
Before I'm really very old,
You'll feel the joy of giving
When I win my badge of gold."

A HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

BY ISABEL WEAVER (AGE 11.)

WHEN Harold the Second was killed at Hastings, the English people became disheartened, and made little resistance against the invasions of William, the Duke of Normandy. They soon submitted to him, and he was crowned at Westminster Abbey, London, on Christmas Day, 1066.

There were many people at the coronation. When Geoffry, Bishop of Coutances, rose and said in French to the Normans: "Will ye that William, your Duke, be crowned King of the English?" They all shouted "Yea!" Then Ealdred, the Archbishop of York, said in English: "Will ye that William, Duke of the Normans, be crowned King of the English?" And the people cried "Yea, yea!" so loudly that the Norman guards outside thought the English were offering resistance, and began setting fire to the nearby buildings. The people rushed from the church, some to extinguish the flames, and others, taking advantage of the confusion, to plunder.

William was left in the church with the Bishops, and a few others who had remained, and in the presence of these he took the oath of the old kings, vowing to do mercy and justice, and to rule as well as any king before him had ever ruled. Then Archbishop Ealdred anointed and crowned him, and William the Conqueror was King.

FRIENDS IN THE FOREST.

BY BERNARD F. TROTTER (AGE 16).

GIVE me no crowded city,
When my heart is lone and sad,
With its countless thronging thousands—
The tumult would drive me mad.

In the throbbing life of the city
Who cares for another's moan?—
Tho' around me the crowd was surging,
I would stand by myself, alone.



"DECEMBER." BY JOHN D. BUTLER, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Give me no heaving ocean,
Give me no wind-swept plain;
For there—is but time for brooding,
Nothing to heal the pain.

But give me the wide-spread forest,
With its hemlock, and beach and pine;
With its ash, and its oak and its maple;
And its ferns, and its mosses fine.

With its rocky glens and streamlets;
And the music of waterfalls;
With its birds, and beasts and flowers;
And its dreamy wild-wood calls.—

Tho' I wander, alone, through the forest,
There are friends upon every hand,
Tried friends, who comfort and soothe me,
As they whisper "We understand."

IN THE FOREST.

BY GEORGIANA MYERS STURDEE (AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

THE whisp'ring boughs of giant pines bend o'er me,
And from its nest the timid bird looks down,
The moss and clinging ivy are before me,
The silver birch bends o'er the stream of brown.

From out the mossy, wooded bank beside me
A crystal streamlet runs with pleasant sound;
None are about to see me or to chide me,
And peaceful rustic stillness reigns around.

A cooling breeze like spirit voices calling,
Blows through the quiet forest's leafy shade,



"DECEMBER." BY HELEN MAY BAKER, AGE 10.

And mingling with the stream's incessant falling,
Come birds' sweet carols from each sylvan glade.

The sound of far-off bells comes faintly blowing,
They ring again, and yet again, then cease;
From distant fields I hear the cattle lowing,
And over all there reigns a perfect peace.

THE FOREST PASTURE.

BY MASON GARFIELD (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

OVER the fields and meadows wide,
Over the old stone mill,
Over the brook that runs by its side,
And the road by the distant hill,
Over the pasture where mooly cow stays,
Up on the hill asleep
In the green woodland, amid the birds' lays,
Are lying the lazy sheep.

Over the meadows at close of day,
Wanders the bare-foot boy,
Singing merrily on his way,
The song of the shepherd's joy.
Up in the pine trees over the mill,
Over the meadows wide,

Through the gate at the foot of the hill,
Up on the mountain side,—
Over the brook to the maple-tree,
Where the shepherd dog lies asleep,
I call the wandering flocks to me,
And gather the truant sheep.

THE JOY OF GIVING.

A SOLILOQUY BY ALICE WESTON CONE (AGE 13).

WHY is it when we give
Unto our friends our time, assistance, cash,
We feel so good, so happy, and so glad?
Why is it when we give to other folks
The self-same things, we grudge them e'en the time
That 's spent in giving? The answer 's hard,
But after thought and meditation I 've decided
The answer is—the folks.

SOME FRIENDLY LETTERS.

WEST CORNWALL, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have always come to us as far back as I can remember and I enjoy reading you very much.

I was in the great San Francisco Earthquake and I thought I would try to tell you a little of my experience. I was awakened in the morning by an unearthly noise and the house shaking as a cat shakes a mouse. I jumped up as soon as I could, thinking that the end of the world had surely come. I tried to run downstairs but they were shaking so I could not. When the earthquake ceased we all ran out in the street in our night-clothes where our neighbors were, in the same apparel.

All day long false reports kept coming in from downtown and dense clouds of smoke covered up the sun.

That night we went up on Twin Peaks, where we stayed three nights. The first night the ashes fell all over us. The next two nights we were not bothered by them as we had secured an old shed, in which ten of us slept.

We took five of our chickens with us and tied strings around their legs, the ends of which were tied to a stake. We took these for food as we expected a famine. Most of our blankets, food and other things, we tied on to an old bicycle and a coaster. Each one of us girls had one blanket pinned around us and some of us had more. At the last moment my sister rushed into the house and brought out two tin cups tied around her neck.

On the hill we met a Frenchwoman who had walked about three miles wheeling a baby buggy filled with clothes. The only food she had was a few scraps tied up in her dress-skirt. She could not speak any English which made it all the harder for her. She would look at the fire, clasp her hands and say, "Ter-ri-ble! Ter-ri-ble! La! La! La! La! La! La! Oo! Oo!" As we look back upon it now it seems very funny.

One of my friends put on her three best dresses, one over another, as she expected her house to burn. The wild birds sang all night long on the hills because it was so light. We also took our dog and two canary birds with us. Saturday we went home as our house did not burn, the fire stopping four blocks away.

My mother who was visiting in Connecticut at the time sent for us, but we all hope to be back some day as we think there is no place like San Francisco, even if we do get shaken up sometimes.

Your devoted reader,

CAROLINE E. GIBSON (age 13).



"THE CAMP." BY ROLAND W. CRANDALL, AGE 13.

LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, though I have belonged to the League for two years now. My aunt has given you to my brother ever since he was a little boy, and as he will be twenty-two in November, we have had you quite a long time. I have been sending my little verses to the League pretty regularly ever since you published one of them. I was only ten then, but I am twelve now. I am interested in all the members, but especially in the English ones. I think if I were not an American I should love England better than any other country. I have never ceased to pity those members of the League who live in a city. I have such fine times out here in the country. I have five sisters and one brother, two of my sisters and my brother belong to the League.

I live up on a big hill, one of those that surround the Ohio Valley. From one window in our house one can see three States. My brother and a friend of his, assisted by my father, built a house high up in a big tree, and they used to camp out in it for weeks at a time, for it was big enough to eat and sleep in, and it had a good-sized porch. I remain your devoted reader,

ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES.

CORTLAND, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just had such a lovely trip from my home in Central Michigan to my grandmother's in Central New York. My mother, my little sister and I went by rail to Detroit, and then took a large boat, "The Eastern States," across Lake Erie to Buffalo. It was a perfectly beautiful night and the lake was as smooth as a sea of glass.

Near Rochester on the New York Central my little sister lost her hat out of the car window. Mother had to stop in Syracuse to buy a new one.

I enjoy the stories "From Sioux to Susan," and "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" very much.

Your faithful reader,

MARGARET A. EWING (age 10).

CHAPTERS.

If all League members knew how much fun chapters have, and how much they are benefited by their meeting, every member would be a chapter member. Chapters meet and read the League

contributions and other interesting things aloud, play games, get up entertainments, and work together in many ways. Some of them have small dues and sets of rules and regular meeting-places. Others meet at members' houses in rotation, and enjoy themselves in any way that pleases them for the time. To read and discuss the League contributions is one of the most profitable features. New chapters forming may have their badges, etc., come in one large envelope, postage free.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 909. Frank N. Snell, President; Arthur E. Hoppin, Secretary; seven members. Address, 615 Summit Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

No. 910. "The Almond Blossom." Agnes Wilson, President; Aimée Vanneman, Secretary; five members. Address, American Mission, Tabriz, Persia.

No. 911. "Columbia Chapter." Florence M. Field, Secretary; sixty members. Address, Public School No. 170, 130 E. 110th St., N. Y. City.

No. 912. "Narcissus." Elizabeth Eckel, President; Katherine Davis, Secretary; five members. Address, 123 No. 15th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

No. 913. "Vulcan Club." Clement R. Wood, President; Sterling A. Wood, Secretary; five members. Address, 1223 So. 20th St., Birmingham, Alabama.

No. 914. "New Bedford Chapter." Bessie Lee, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 158 Summer St., New Bedford, Mass.

No. 915. "Idora Chapter." Clarisse Mansfield, President; Lloyd O'Connell, Vice-President; Charles E. Mansfield, Secretary; ten members. Address, 541 Baker St., San Francisco, Cal.

No. 916. "Jolly Half-dozen." Marjorie Peoples, President; Clara Wright, Secretary; six members. (Address wanted.)

No. 917. "I. T." Janet Miller, President; Margaret Howard, Secretary; five members. Address, 326 W. 5th St., Dayton, Ohio.

No. 918. "The August Club." Elizabeth Field, President; Marjorie Teall, Secretary. Address, Little Red House, Stockbridge, Mass.

No. 919. "Little Women." Sepha Pischel, President; Inez Pischel, Secretary; five members. Address, Ross Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

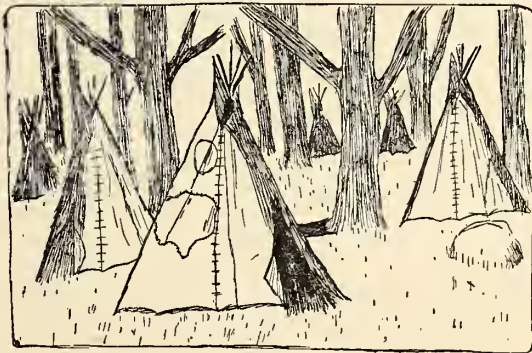
AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER.

GLENDEVON, DEVONSHIRE PLACE, EASTBOURNE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not know how to thank you for your kindness in awarding me a cash prize for my verses on "Bygone Days."

Not only has it given great pleasure to my friends, but it has encouraged me so much, and has made me hope that, with patience and courage, I may some day succeed in the world as I have succeeded in ST. NICHOLAS.

Then I have received so many kind letters from League members, and I have found so many unknown friends over the sea, that I feel I must thank you for that, too.



"THE CAMP." BY FLORA SHEEN, AGE 11.

I am sure that to belong to the "St. N. L." and to study the work of others there, is the best training a would-be-author can have.

For your kind encouragement, for the two lovely prizes, and for the great goodness every one has shown me I thank you many times. Believe me, with best wishes, yours most gratefully,

MARGARET STUART BROWNE.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY WILLIAM W. WESTRING, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

- No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted.
- No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Maud Dudley
Shackelford
Ethel B. Youngs
Louisa F. Spear
Nannie Clark Barr
Stella Benson
Grace J. Conner
Aileen Hyland
Katherine Edwards
Gordon
Lillie G. Menary
E. Babette Deutsch

VERSE 2.

Augusta Chinnock
Martha G. Schreyer
Cora Bloomfield
McElroy
Elizabeth M. Sander
Helen Janet Smith
Margaret Elizabeth
Allen
Adolph Newmann
Twila A. McDowell
William Nestor
Cecilia Rehfeld
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Joseph P. D. Hull
Florence Amelia
Kenaston
Lea Gazzam
Ruth Stone
Esther Hopkins
Buford Brice
Gladys C. Edgerly
Doris F. Halman
Adelaide Nichols
Margaret Barrette
Frances Hyland
Marian Chase
Marion Sanford
Drumm

PROSE 1.

Ruth A. Spalding
Helen Leslie
Follans-bee
Irene Bowen
Freda M. Harrison
Eleanor McCandless
Jeannette Munro
Madelaine F. H.
Avietiene
Jessie Freeman Foster
Garnet Emma Trott
Elizabeth Black
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
Catharine H. Straker
Pauline Hopkins

PROSE 2.

Claire Taylor
May Richardson
Arthur Kramer
Marjorie Crabbe
Virginia Archibold
Eleanor Mason
Knowles Entrikin
George Switzer
Samuel Bunting
Culver
Mildred Nason
Margaret B. Quick
James Harvey
Joyce Clark
Rebecca Edith Hillis
A. H. Redfield
Mervin Louis
Lichtenstein
Matty G. H. Mitchell
Catherine Pew
Beatrice B. Hood
Elizabeth C. Peck
Janet McCurdy Scott
Elliot C. Bergen
Marion Risedorph
Bruce T. Simonds
Margaret H. Coover
Margaret Cobb
Dora Rabinovitz

DRAWING 1.

Gerald Kaufman
Lucy Pedder
Emily W. Browne
Alwyn C. B. Nicolson
Brownie Matthews
A. Reynolds Eckel
Muriel E. Halstead
W. R. Lohse
Alice Shirley Willis
Alice Humphrey
Vera Marie Demens
Helen L. Stockin
Bessie B. Styron
Dorothy Ochtman
Jennie Fairman
Helen F. Price
Mary Klauder
Alberta A. Heinmuller
Esther Brown

DRAWING 2.

Margaret Dobson
Gladys M. Gaw
Marjorie R. Peck
Elizabeth Schwarz
William H. Shanaham
Everard A. McAvoy
Beth May
Raymond Rohn
Edna Crane

Grace F. Slack
Max Rolnik
Ida Neve
Charlotte Waugh
Helen Mertzanoff
Ruth Cutler
Dorothea Barrows
Sybil Emerson
Henrietta Havens
Lucia Ellen Halstead
Katharine L.
Carrington
Dorothy E. Robinson
Marianna Gray
E. Buckner Kirk
Sillburn Purvis
Catherine Snell
Eugene L. Walter
Bernice Lungler
Harold F. Weston
Charles W. Horr
Janet L. Shontz
Rachel Wyse
Ida F. Parfitt
Sarah L. Tracy
Virginia Davis
Ruth Conkey
Frances H. Burt
Hazel Halstead
George C. Papazian
Perley D. Baker
Helen E. Emerson
Paul Roman Eager
Dorothy Waugh
Priscilla A. Williams
Mildred Allen

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Madison P. Dyer
Collier W. Baird
Leon Schofield
Louise S. Hooker
Eugene L. Dunn
T. H. McKittrick, Jr.
Clifford H. Pangborn
Beatrice Hawksett
Gertrude L. Amory
Dulcie Lawrence
Smith
F. Philippi
Clarence Gamble
Elsie S. Church
Rose Peabody
Helen Whittall
Leonie Harte van
Tecklenburg
Josephine M.
Holloway
Elsie Wormser

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Charles Crutchett
Eleanor Van Dyke

Adele S. Bureson
Margaret Stevens
Cruicknell
Lucy Kyle Bureson
John F. Hanscom
Minki Hohenlohe
Eleanor T. Baker
Adelia Johnson
Julia Wright
Hortense Brylawski
Mary Parker
Elizabeth Curtis
Marion Butler
Reginald C. Foster
Elizabeth Andrews
Morris Duncan
Douglas
Katharine Steele
William K. Braasch
Archibald Campbell
Alice L. Couscns

H. Ernest Bell
Mary M. P. Shipley
Sam M. Dillard
Loraine Powers
Minnie E.
Schwarzwaelder
William Bruce Carlson
Luke Sells Stiles
Maisie C. Morris
Mary W. Kebler
Susan J. Appleton
Robert Storer
Ellen Hickson
Elizabeth Sanford
Warner
John E. Burkt
Beatrice Verral
Julius Golden
Lois Donovan
Arthur T. Brice
Elinor L. P. Lyon

Jessie Delia E. Arnstein
Atwood Grace S. Ewing
Doris Rebecca LeSesne Tait
Long Charles Dodge Hoag
Josiah George B. Thorpe
Bridge Mary Singleton
Helen
Henderson
Nellie
Shane J. Cuthbert Long
Alan F. Mary Angood
Bierhoff Enid Hatley
Margaret Theobald Forstall
MacLaren Florence Lowenhaupt
Gladys E. Charles H. Hotchkiss
Chamberlain Dorothy Eddy
Helen Stella E. Jacobs
Peabody Bessie Garrison
Mary Margaret A. Dole
Geraldine Hester Gunning
Cabot Frances Whitney
Louise Hollberg
Dorothy Fox
Frank Wilkinson
Edith Younghem
Katherine E. Spear
Lorraine J. Mackley
Louise Hoag
Clinton H. Carlton
Cornelia M. Hallam

PUZZLES 2.

Alice R. Bragg
Charlotte E. Benedict
Helen A. Ross
Eunice B. Stebbins
Charley Stanton
Ruth Weeks
Leopold Wellberg
Thomas McGee
Burtan C. Stimson

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

BETTER ADDRESSES WANTED.

NAMES of applicants for membership who failed to give correct addresses:
John Austin, Maxwell Church, Helena Weill, Dorothy De Long, Elinor Merrell, Dorothy Mallette, Clenam T. Miller, Henry W. Andrews, Nancy Smith, W. A. Tomes, Jr., Arthur Dixon.

Gold badge winners whose badges have been returned by the P. O.: John I. Pearce, 3rd, Edwin G. Cram.

It is very necessary for contributors to write their names and addresses plainly, as well as to give their ages. A certain little girl missed getting a silver badge this month because she failed to put her address on her drawing.

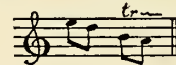
HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR EDITOR: It is not yet an hour since I received ST. NICHOLAS and found that I am going to receive a "Gold Badge." Oh, dear Editor, I thank you so much, not only for printing the picture and for the gold badge, but for the great encouragement you have given me. I am sure that through your League I have learnt a better lesson than I have learnt from all my masters.

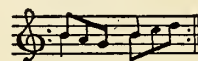
Yours very sincerely,
ALWYN C. B. NICOLSON.
(Silver Medal, Gold Medal through dear ST. NICHOLAS.)

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I sit on the porch I notice a robin at the foot of yonder pine-tree. Hark!



I imagine that he is singing to his "lady-love," who, as I notice, is in this pine-tree. An answer comes:



A cricket or so is singing in yonder willow-tree and so passing his summer away; but the ants, in the gravel path, are busily employed storing up food for the winter, and I often marvel at the fact that these wonderful little insects can carry particles larger than themselves and more than likely a great deal heavier than they are.

In yonder meadow a horse and a cow are grazing. Can you not see the butterfly? It flutters! Alas! it disappears.

See the crow upon yonder chestnut! The butterfly reappears. My attention is attracted to a locust and I wonder why—

"Cock-a-doodle-oo—" cries a rooster, entirely interrupting me.

"Cock-a-doodle-oo—" comes the reply.

"Coo-coo—" cries the coo-coo-clock, so I have to go to the station for the 5.12 train from New York.

These are the joys which nature affords in the country.

Your fond reader,

MERVIN LICHTENSTEIN.

AN OLD MEMBER'S GOOD-BY.

SAWKILL, PENN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is with sincere regret that I am now writing you my last letter—a farewell to the League. I have shared with it my joys and sorrows—my defeats and my successes, and believe me when I say that each have strengthened and made better the mental equipment with which I shall fight the battle of Life. I have known no disappointment more severe than a failure to receive "honorable mention" and no greater success, it still seems, than my gold badge and cash prize.

Though from other magazines I have received other cash prizes, there is not the careful working, month by month, slowly gaining until the goal is reached, as in the League. I have found the League to be a great school, whose diploma of graduation to each student is his or her cultivated mental powers, now ready to attain "still greater and higher achievements." Let us hope that when they come, for come they will, we will meet them with the same resolution and good will that in "bygone" days we gave to the League and its Editors.

Wishing you every prosperity and success that you can possibly have, I remain,

Faithfully your friend,

MABEL C. STARK (18).

(Honor Member.)

ANOTHER GOOD-BY.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To-night for the last time I have sent a contribution to the League—and it must not go without a last word of heartfelt thanks and real sorrow. I do not feel any older now than I did yesterday, to be sure, but I have by force of circumstance crossed the Rubicon; now I must continue the expedition into Italy. I am glad that I have won my spurs in Spain, at any rate—and above all I thank you, I thank you over and over again for the five years of striving and seemingly hopeless work, no more and no less than for my final victory.

Good-by, dear, dear League. For the last time I sign myself,

Your devoted member,

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

OCAMPO, CHIHUAHUA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are a hundred miles from the railroad and the mail comes in three times a week, on mules and burros.

Ocampo is a sort of a pocket in the Sierra Madre Mountains, about seven thousand feet above sea level, and up to the present time many of the people here have never seen a wagon, but there is a road being built in, and we can see the men working, and it is three thousand feet above us.

I have a typewriter that father gave me.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS F. HILL, JR.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you off and on for twenty-six years, and I expect we will take you for twenty-six more:

"It gladdens dark days and adds to the luster of bright ones." Though you probably don't know me very well, I know you, and so do most children in my neighborhood. The finest thing you have done is to imbue Young America with a love of nature. I devote most of my spare time to bird study, and consequently enjoy your magazine very much.

I remain your loving friend,

HARRY VOLLMER.

Other welcome letters have been received from Beatrice B. Hood, Gladys Bowen, Gertrude L. Amory, Alice Palmer, Gertrude F. Hussey, Ellen Low Mills,

Edwin O'Dougherty, Esther Hopkins, Theobald Forstall, Catharine Emma Jackson, James P. Cahen, Jr., Floyd Clarkson, Marguerite Weed, Madeline F. H. Arviene, Gertrude Petri, Margaret Henry Gill, Helen L. Follansbee, Henry M. Davenport, Frances C. Rosenthal, Mary Powell, Mabelle Meyer, Ruth Avery Benjamin.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 86.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 86 will close **December 20** (for foreign members **December 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **April**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "The Heart of Youth."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Poem, and Why." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Children."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Child Study" (from life), and an **April** Heading or Tailpiece for the League, Books and Reading, or any **ST. NICHOLAS** department.

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.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

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.

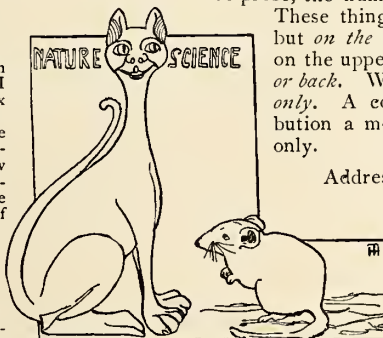
Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied* but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added.

These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

NOTICE.

Lost or damaged League badges will be replaced free of charge upon application: This does not apply to silver and gold prize badges. These cannot be replaced.



"DEPARTMENT HEADING." BY HILDE VON THIELMANN, AGE 14.



BOOKS

AND

READING.

HEADING DRAWN BY FANNY BARNHART, AGE 17, HONOR MEMBER ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

The Mistletoe

WHO knows the old Irish name for Christmas? It is said to be "Nuadhvllig," the meaning of which is "new all-heal"—a name that arose when the mistletoe was thought to heal all ills and when it was customary to gather it anew at Christmas. We already have Noel, Yule-tide, and Christmas, and here is a new word, if some Celtic scholar will kindly pronounce it for us. Mistletoe should be gathered, for it hurts the oak-trees if not taken off.

Coleridge on Christmas

IN the days of the poet Coleridge, the celebration of the Christmas season, as we know it, was not so common in England, for he wrote from a German town describing how they have the custom of making each other presents, and saying: "What the present is, is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it." He then tells of the "yew-bough," or Christmas tree, which then was prepared by the children for their parents—an idea that would probably not be so popular with our children to-day as the custom they and their parents are used to.

Who is "Pelsnichol"?

YOU may have to study your German books a little to find out an old friend under the title disguise of this odd name. But we don't mind giving you the hint that the odd word means in English "Fur Nicholas." Surely with that suggestion readers of ST. NICHOLAS will quickly recognize a kindly old soul whose visits are welcomed everywhere.

A Good Book on American History

"AMERICAN HERO STORIES" by Eva March Tappan (Harpers') is a little book robed in Quaker gray, and ornamented by a Continental Trumpeter in blue and buff, as well as

bearing the Liberty Bell on its back. It tells the stories of the great men who have made America what it is to-day—beginning with old Christopher Columbus and ending with Abraham Lincoln. It will help to make the study of American History as interesting as it ought to be, and is written in simple style, so as to be understood by small children. The book is brought out by Houghton Mifflin & Co. this season.

The Meaning of "Yule-tide"

WE have spoken of the word "Yule." Perhaps you do not all know its origin. If any of you do know, please write out the explanation as soon as possible, for the wise men who make dictionaries are all at sea about this old word that comes from ages before King Alfred let those cakes burn. Look in the dictionary, and you will see how very little is known about this old, old word in spite of the fact that it has never ceased to be used to name the Christmas season. The guess is that it comes from an old Scandinavian word meaning to "yell" and cry aloud with joy, which may be quoted if you are accused of making too much noise at "Yule tide" or "Yell time"; but, somehow, this derivation does not seem at all likely.

Names of the "Three Wise Men"

How many small children have sung the words, "We three Kings of Orient are," with the idea that the writer of this paragraph used to have—namely that the words ran, "We three Kings of Orienta"—and wondered where "Orienta" was situated? The tradition commonly received says their names were Melchior, Balthazar, and Jasper; but other traditions give them as Apellius, Amerus, and Damascus; as Magalath, Galgalath, and Sarasin; and as Ator, Sator, and Peratoras.

It would be hard to explain how there came to be so many variations; but "Sarasin" looks like Saracen, and "Damascus" suggests the city, so some descriptive words may have been taken for names. What more beautiful story is there than the coming of the Magi! It is not surprising that artists have loved to paint the scene, and poets to write about it.

"Occasional" Verse

OF course you all know that occasional used as in the title does not mean "now and then," but verse meant for a special occasion—as a birthday or coronation ode, or a song about a victory. Occasional verse is often very good, and becomes permanent—as some of Oliver Wendell Holmes's verses about his old college classmates and their meetings, or Kipling's "Recessional." If there be among you any amateur poets, they can add greatly to the joy of Christmas morning by writing little couplets or quatrains about the presents. Do not write more than three or four lines, and let them be kindly and pleasant, with a touch of Christmas merriment, little jingles, in fact.

Suppose your little sister Mary is to have a toy dromedary, for example, and you write:

"This is a one-humped dromedary
For our much beloved Mary.
If it had been a two-humped camel
For a rhyme my verse 't would trammel."

That is "occasional verse"—even though not worthy of immortality!

Three New Books

THERE have been sent to this department by the publishers three new books for young people. One is "Merrylips," by Beulah Marie Dix (Macmillan), the story of a young girl's adventures in the days of the Roundheads and Cavaliers. It is a book meant for older young readers, rather exciting in its incidents, being a war story. A young critic says she "likes the heroine, but that she is a very unlikely," but the same young critic kept busily at it until she knew how the story ended.

Another is for younger children—"A Borrowed Sister," by Eliza Orne White, with pictures by Katherine Pyle. It is just the thing to read aloud to an audience of ten-year-olds who like a quiet home story.

The third is "The Railway Children." The same young critic says of this, "A rather pretty story of three funny children, exciting and keeps you laughing. Makes you want to finish it quickly. Bright and harmless, fit for

children of nine, ten, eleven, and along there." The author is E. Nesbit, well known for her fanciful stories, and the publishers are the Macmillans.

A Present for a Little Gardener

IT is every day becoming more important to group your books according to their subjects. So many are now written addressed to readers with special tastes that you may have a sort of little "special" library of your own upon subjects that interest you—whether it be photography, literature, games, history, or gardening. In the latter section, especially, there are plenty of books that tell not only of gardening, but of the poetry and literature that makes work in a garden something more than blind grubbing and guessing at results. Of such "The Garden, You and I" published by Macmillan is a worthy example. It will be well to read it in winter, so as to begin to apply its advice early in the spring. For a youthful gardener it will make a welcome Christmas present.

Learning to Write

A REASON for reading not often given is that it teaches one to write. Dr. Henry van Dyke said recently, "In my opinion, the best way to learn to write good English is to read good English. Books of grammar and rhetoric are of comparatively little value." This, from the author of dozens of books, and Professor of English Literature at Princeton University. Writing may be a gift, but it is a gift given most frequently to those who have loved good books enough to read them often.

A Little "Paradox"

THOUGH you had read all your life about the ocean, you would know it better after a day on the shore than from all your reading. Though you had lived all your life at the sea's edge, you might learn more of its grandeur from a noble poem than your unaided soul had known. These statements together form what is called a paradox; but the moral of it is, neither life nor reading is at its best without the other's interpretation.

The Right Place for a Good Book

THE very best place for a thoroughly good book is in your head and your heart. If it is not worthy of being kept there, it is of little importance where it is kept, or how soon you get rid of it.

The Letter-Box

EAGLE GROVE, IOWA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father, mother and I toured the western states one winter not long ago. When we were visiting in San Diego, Cal., we had a day's trip to Old Mexico, and I want to tell you about it.

We took an early morning start for Tia Juana in the northern part of Old Mexico. We went part way by street car, then for two hours and a half on the narrow gauge R. R., and then were transferred by stage one mile and a half over to the little town of Tia Juana. This was indeed a forsaken-looking place. We could see but little of interest, the cacti, dirty-looking Indians, greasewood, and sand seemed about all.

In the town there were but a few houses, a little church and two curio stores. We went into one of these curio stores and had our handkerchiefs stamped with the Mexican stamp. We also bought a few curios.

Dividing the two countries, U. S. from Mexico, stands a large marble monument.

What interested me the most, was a funny-looking Mexican, one hundred and four years old. This old man could talk very little English but managed to say that he was one hundred and four years old, that he had never worn shoes and that he had never been out of Tia Juana. We gave him a nickel to let us take his picture, when we gave him this nickel he thought he was rich. He had a red bandanna handkerchief that he carried his personal belongings in, and every house he went to, he always took this handkerchief.

On our way back to San Diego our train switched off the main road and went up to a place called Sweetwater Dam. We all got out and looked at the dam. There was a summer-house where people were asked to register their names. The reason that it is called Sweetwater is that the Indians could not get any water that was good to drink and they came up and drank of this water, it was free from alkali and good to drink, and that is the way it got the name Sweetwater.

After looking at the dam a while we took the train back to San Diego.

We had our supper and went to bed very tired but after a very pleasant time.

Yours sincerely,

MELBOURNE SMALLPAGE (age 11.)

NORTH POMONA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Several months ago my father bought a number of roosters, intending to fatten them for eating. As we have no chicken-house they roosted in the orange trees; and one night a coyote caught all but one. After that the solitary rooster slept in the straw-shed with my young greyhound and they became great friends.

All day long they are together. They eat out of the same dish, and often when I look out of the window I see them lying side by side sound asleep. Like some other children they don't always agree. Sometimes the rooster wants to play when "Dandy" would rather sleep, so he runs up and pecks Dandy's toes or hops on to his back.

Then, as "turn about is fair play" Dandy takes the rooster by the neck and turns him round and round, sometimes pulling out a bunch of feathers.

The rooster is so conceited and struts around in such a funny way that we named him the Governor. He is

quite tame, and we often pick him up and take him around the garden with us. Sometimes when he finds a bit of food he calls, as if to a hen, and Dandy comes bounding from wherever he may be, and the rooster gives up the choice morsel to the dog. They are both vegetarians, living entirely upon milk, bread and vegetables.

We have taken you for several years, and I have your first twelve years, bound.

With good wishes for your prosperity in the future,

I remain your loving reader,

GERTRUDE PALMER.

FORT MONROE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers would like to know how I amused myself last summer when the whole post was quarantined on account of yellow fever. We had a pair of guinea pigs and a lot of baby ones. Myself and my sister (who was 13 years old and I was 8) took turns getting clover for them and they were so tame they would eat out of our hands. Then we rented a pianola and we had our favorite pieces to play, and Baker the market-man went to the library and got a book apiece for us to read that day. We had a goat and he was great fun for I used to ride in a little cart. There was a big ball for the soldiers and mamma and papa led the grand march. I was half glad to come here for it was rather stupid doing the same thing every day although we did have new books to read. I hope you will have room for this, for I never wrote to the letter box before.

Your loving reader,

MERRY ALDEN BAILEY.

P. S. I enjoy you very much. M. A. B.

BALA, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written a letter to you and I hope you will put it in the Letter-Box. I love to read your stories and I especially like "From Sioux to Susan" and "Pinkey Perkins." I am going to try very hard to earn a badge.

I live in a beautiful country place a few miles out of Philadelphia, and I have many friends. We have bicycles and ride them to school. I would like very much to have the receipt of fudge, and I thought one of the League members might be able to tell me through the Letter-Box. With best wishes, I remain,

Your interested reader,

SIBYL H. WRIGHT (age 11).

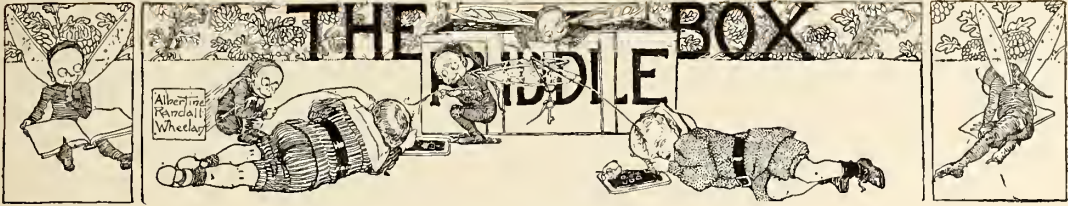
BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for 14 years and we think a lot of you. I enjoy reading about the league. I have been reading "Pinkey Perkins" and I named my pet rat after him, I am going to send a picture with my next letter. We have 20 little chickens and 2 ducks. We have a nice big shepherd dog, his name is Bob, and we have two cats.

Well that is all I have to say.

I am your faithful reader,

AGNES MCGOUGH (age 9).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Hampton Roads; third row, United States. 1. Haunt. 2. Annul. 3. Maize. 4. Peter. 5. Their. 6. Olden. 7. Nasal. 8. Retry. 9. Osage. 10. Antic. 11. Deeds. 12. Sasin.

CHARADE. Whip-poor-will.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Roger Sherman. 1. Pa-rap-et. 2. Un-own-ed. 3. Le-gum-es. 4. El-eva-te. 5. Er-at-ic. 6. Re-sid-es. 7. Un-hap-py. 8. Pe-era-ge. 9. Ca-ram-el. 10. Un-man-ly. 11. Fr-ant-ic. 12. Ma-nag-es.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Silas Marner: 1 to 11, Middlemarch; zigzag, George Eliot. 1. Sagamore. 2. Idleness. 3. Laodicea. 4. American. 5. Signaled. 6. Movement. 7. Aversion. 8. Railway. 9. Nuisance. 10. Exhorter. 11. Rotation.

ANAGRAMS. Crates, traces, recast, carest, racest, caters, carets, caster, re-scat, reacts.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Pocahontas. 1. As-pen. 2. Fl-our. 3. Oc-cur. 4. St-ale. 5. As-hen. 6. Sc-out. 7. Ja-net. 8. Of-ten. 9. St-and. 10. Res-in.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 5th, from Lowry A. Biggers—Elsie Nathan—Eleanor Houston Hill—Harriet Bingham—Ruth E. Abel—Mary E. Dunbar—James A. Lynd—Kathryn I. Wellman—Florence G. Mackey—Doris Long.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from E. H. Falck, 1—C. Richmond, 1—E. Hamblin, 2—M. H. Batchelder, 1—C. K. Rogers, 1—E. Braley, 1—M. J. Averbeck, Jr., 1—Margaret M. Jones, 5—L. Bixby, 1—Edmund P. Shaw, 5—E. Bolter, 1—E. K. Staggers, 1—H. L. Schreuder, 1—C. B. Doherty, 2—R. W. Bowen, 1—R. Kassler, 1—Barbara Brown, 1—B. Zucker, 1—B. Touster, 1—D. M. Holden, 1—Flora Horr, 9—M. W. Eckart, 1—A. S. Macdonald, 1—Carl Gutzzeit, 2—S. Vought, 1—G. Curtes, 1—R. and D. Weeks, 2—S. C. Lyman, 1—M. Young, 1—Edna Meyle, 5—R. Sichel, 1—F. E. Wonham, 1—S. Holt, 1—Esther E. Evans, 6—A. H. Schwerin, 1—M. V. Ward, 1—M. Walker, 1—I. F. Lyons, 1—H. Patton, 1—Myrtle Alderson, 11—Muriel von Tunzelmann, 6—“Queenscourt,” 6—“St. Gabriel’s Chapter,” 7—Carolyn E. Hutton, 6—Elise F. Stern, 2—J. Brown, 1—B. E. Warren, 1—Mabel Strachan, 2—E. B. Stebbins, 1.

A CIRCLE PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



By beginning at the right letter, and then taking every third letter, some familiar words may be spelled.

Designed by

THOMAS DE WIND.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

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CROSS WORDS: 1. A masculine name. 2. To go on shipboard. 3. Dogmas. 4. Somewhat. 5. An as-

sembly-room in a dwelling of the Pueblo Indians. 6. Cargo. 7. A tropical fruit. 8. At a distance but within view. 9. A small pill. 10. Lament.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Miles Standish; fnals, Elder Brewster. Crosswords: 1. Marine. 2. Isabel. 3. Legend. 4. Empire. 5. Senior. 6. Suburb. 7. Temper. 8. Advice. 9. Narrow. 10. Debris. 11. Infant. 12. Secure. 13. Hector.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Third row, Marathon. 1. Hammock. 2. Sparrow. 3. Coronet. 4. Dragons. 5. Lattice. 6. Athlete. 7. Flowers. 8. Manatee.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
 “Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. November. I. 1. M. 2. Boa. 3. Month. 4. Ate. 5. H. II. 1. H. 2. Boa. 3. Hoods. 4. Add. 5. S. III. 1. S. 2. Mat. 3. Savor. 4. Top. 5. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Tea. 3. Reeds. 4. Ado. 5. S. V. 1. S. 2. Sun. 3. Sumac. 4. Nap. 5. C. VI. 1. C. 2. Eat. 3. Cabin. 4. Tin. 5. N. VII. 1. N. 2. Pea. 3. Needs. 4. Add. 5. S. VIII. 1. S. 2. Din. 3. Siren. 4. Net. 5. N.

FROM I TO 2 AND FROM 3 TO 4 EACH NAME A WELL KNOWN BOOK BY A FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHOR.

JOHN FARR SIMONS (Honor Member).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

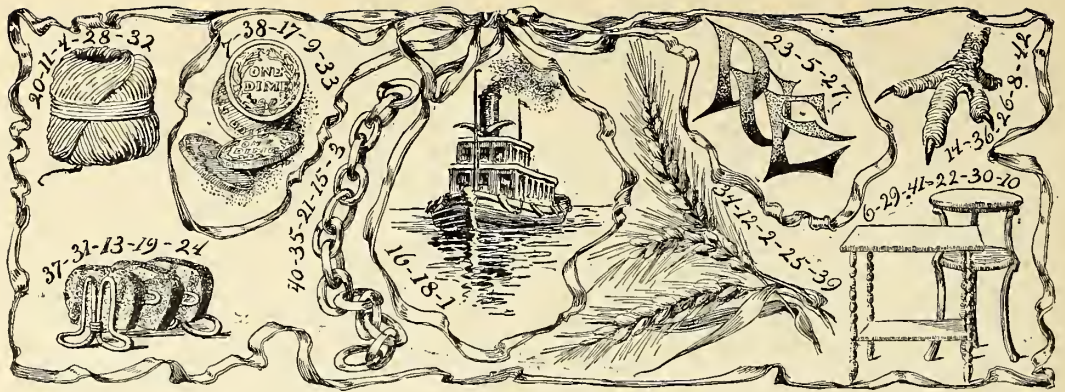
My first is in cherry but not in prune;
 My second, in dish but not in spoon;
 My third is in rain but not in snow;
 My fourth is in friend, but not in foe;
 My fifth is in stone but not in rock;
 My sixth is in stocking, not in sock;
 My seventh, in mist, but not in fog;
 My eight is in swamp, but not in bog;
 My last is in sparrow, but not in wren;
 My whole is a day of joy to men.

ALBERTINA L. PITKIN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of thirty-seven letters and form a quotation from Shakespeare.

My 12-26-21-34 is to regard with care. My 1-6-30-8-24 is to utter a sudden and loud outcry. My 10-19-3-29-9 is to sink into a fainting fit. My 37-18-32-2-36 is first in excellence. My 16-25-23-14-33 are sinews. My 27-7-4-31-13-28 is one who transacts business for another. My 5-20-35-15-11-17-22 is an edifice in which dramatic performances are exhibited. V. D.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the nine objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters set down in the order given, the forty-two letters will form a quotation from Owen Meredith.

ROYAL ACROSTICS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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I. READING ACROSS: 1. An army officer. 2. A black wood. 3. A title of respect used in India. 4. Pertaining to the ancient Carthaginians. Centrals, downward, a cruel king of England.

II. 1. A famous poet of antiquity. 2. A pygmy. 3. Merriment. 4. The country of the Nile. Centrals, a queen who was beheaded.

III. 1. A fine game. 2. An ancient empire whose capital was Rhagæ. 3. To overtop other objects. 4. The goddess of the chase. 5. The foundation of an atoll. 6. A great country. Centrals, a son of Alfred the Great.

IV. 1. A kind of quartz. 2. Pertaining to the poles. 3. Proposal. 4. A month. 5. A question. 6. Coarse grass. Centrals, the youngest son of Ethelwulf.

V. 1. A shield. 2. Dismal. 3. To submerge. 4.

A public place in Rome. 5. A rascal. 6. A sleeping vision. Centrals, a Hanoverian king.

VI. 1. A Scotch garment. 2. Mournful music. 3. The capital of Alaska. 4. An anæsthetic. 5. A kind of carriage. 6. A missile weapon. Central, a mythical king of Britain.

VII. 1. An Arabian seaport. 2. Bobwhite. 3. Pertaining to an order of architecture. 4. Course. 5. Barbarians who overran Europe. 6. A female monarch. Centrals, the conqueror of Norway in 1028.

VIII. 1. A diadem. 2. A planet. 3. A part in music. 4. The head of an Arab family. Centrals, a daughter of James II.

IX. 1. A man of great wealth. 2. Sluggish. 3. The nine goddesses. 4. A product of the pine tree. Centrals, the nickname of a famous queen.

MINA SUMMY.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A story. 2. Old. 3. A metal. 4. A whirlpool.

II. 1. Part of the foot. 2. A river in Spain. 3. A name of Ireland. 4. Protracted.

E. FILLING AND V. DAVIDSON.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To burn slightly. 2. A person having white hair and pink eyes. 3. An Arctic cetacean. 4. A flue. 5. The name of a seaside park in New Jersey.

My initials and the next row following spell a familiar name; my finals, a familiar decoration.

DOROTHY EDDY (Honor Member).

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I	2
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4	5

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To wander. 2. To empty. 3. Boastful behavior. 4. To give notice. 5. Distinguished. 6. Eternal. 7. Brave.

From 1 to 3, expensive; from 3 to 5, quiet; from 1 to 5, most precious; from 2 to 3, a distinguished person; from 3 to 4, a circle; from 2 to 4, looking fixedly.

CLARINA HANKS.



Drawn for ST. NICHOLAS by Blendon Campbell.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

"PAPA'S NEW 'DIARY' HAS A PAGE FOR EACH DAY IN THE YEAR—
BUT MY BIRTHDAY'S *SUCH* A LONG WAY OFF! IT COMES W-A-Y O-V-E-R H-E-R-E!"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIV

JANUARY, 1907

No. 3

Racketty-Packetty House

As told by Queen Crosspatch

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," "Editha's Burglar," etc., etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON CADY

PART II—CONCLUSION

"FROM her window," Peter Piper said, "Lady Patsy can see Racketty-Packetty House and I'll tell you something. She's always looking at it. She watches us as much as we watch her, and I have seen her giggling and giggling when we were having fun. Yesterday when I chased Lady Meg and Lady Peg and Lady Kilmanskeg round and round the front of the house and turned somersaults every five steps, she laughed until she had to stuff her handkerchief into her mouth. When we joined hands and danced and laughed until we fell in heaps I thought she was going to have a kind of rosy-dimpled, lovely little fit, she giggled so. If I run down the side of the house on this rope ladder it will attract her attention and then I shall begin to do things."

He ran down the ladder and that very minute they saw Lady Patsy at her window give a start and leap forward to look. They all crowded round their window and chuckled and chuckled as they watched him.

He turned three stately somersaults and stood on his feet and made a cheerful bow. The Racketty-Packettys saw Lady Patsy begin to giggle that minute. Then he took an antimacassar out of his pocket and fastened

it round the edge of his torn trousers leg, as if it were lace trimming, and began to walk about like a Duke—with his arms folded on his chest and his ragged old hat cocked on one side over his ear. Then the Racketty-Packettys saw Lady Patsy begin to laugh. Then Peter Piper stood on his head and kissed his hand and Lady Patsy covered her face and rocked backwards and forwards in her chair laughing and laughing.

Then he struck an attitude with his tattered leg put forward gracefully and he pretended he had a guitar and he sang—right up at her window.

*From Racketty-Packetty House I come,
It stands, dear Lady, in a slum,
A low, low slum behind the door
The stout arm-chair is placed before,
(Just take a look at it, my Lady).*

*The house itself is a perfect sight,
And everybody's dressed like a perfect fright,
But no one cares a single jot
And each one giggles over his lot,
(And as for me, I'm in love with you).*

*I can't make up another verse,
And if I did it would be worse,*

*But I could stand and sing all day,
If I could think of things to say,
(But the fact is I just wanted to make you
look at me).*

And then he danced such a lively jig that his rags and tags flew about him, and then he made another bow and kissed his hand again



"PETER PIPER RAN UP THE LADDER."

and ran up the ladder like a flash and jumped into the attic.

After that Lady Patsy sat at her window all the time and would not let the trained nurse put her to bed at all; and Lady Gwendolen and Lady Muriel and Lady Doris could not understand it. Once Lady Gwendolen said haughtily and disdainfully and scornfully and scathingly:

"If you sit there so much, those low Racketty-Packetty House people will think you are looking at them."

"I am," said Lady Patsy, showing all her dimples at once. "They are such fun!"

And Lady Gwendolen swooned haughtily away, and the trained nurse could scarcely restore her.

When the castle dolls drove out or walked in their garden, the instant they caught sight of one of the Racketty-Packettys they turned

up their noses and sniffed aloud, and several times the Duchess said she would remove because the neighborhood was absolutely low. They all scorned the Racketty-Packettys—they just scorned them.

One moonlight night Lady Patsy was sitting at her window and she heard a whistle in the garden. When she peeped out carefully, there stood Peter Piper waving his ragged cap at her, and he had his rope ladder under his arm.

"Hello," he whispered as loud as he could. "Could you catch a bit of rope if I threw it up to you?"

"Yes," she whispered back.

"Then catch this," he whispered again and he threw up the end of a string and she caught it the first throw. It was fastened to the rope ladder.

"Now pull," he said.

She pulled and pulled until the rope ladder reached her window and then she fastened that to a hook under the sill and the first



"THE DUCHESS SITS READING NEAR THE FIRE."

thing that happened—just like lightning—was that Peter Piper ran up the ladder and leaned over her window ledge.

"Will you marry me?" he said. "I have n't anything to give you to eat and I am as ragged as a scarecrow, but will you?"

She clapped her little hands.

"I eat very little," she said. "And I would do without anything at all, if I could live in your funny old shabby house."

"It is a ridiculous, tumble-down old barn, is n't it?" he said. "But every one of us is as nice as we can be. We are perfect Turkish Delights. It 's laughing that does it. Would you like to come down the ladder and see what a jolly, shabby old hole the place is?"

"Oh! do take me," said Lady Patsy.

So he helped her down the ladder and took her under the arm-chair and into Racketty-Packetty House and Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg and Ridiklis and Gustibus all crowded round her and gave little screams of joy at the sight of her.

They were afraid to kiss her at first, even though she was engaged to Peter Piper. She was so pretty and her frock had so much lace on it that they were afraid their old rags might spoil her. But she did not care about her lace and flew at them and kissed and hugged them every one.

"I have so wanted to come here," she said. "It 's so dull at the Castle I had to break my leg just to get a change. The Duchess sits reading near the fire with her gold eye-glasses on her nose and Lady Gwendolen plays haughtily on the harp and Lady Muriel coldly listens to her, and Lady Doris is always laughing mockingly, and Lord Hubert reads the newspaper with a high-bred air, and Lord

Francis writes letters to noblemen of his acquaintance, and Lord Rupert glances over his love letters from ladies of title, in an aristocratic manner—until I could *scream*. Just to see you dears dancing about in your rags and tags and laughing and inventing games as if you did n't mind anything, is such a relief."



PETER PIPER SHOWS LADY PATSY OVER RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE.

She nearly laughed her little curly head off when they all went round the house with her, and Peter Piper showed her the holes in the carpet and the stuffing coming out of the sofas, and the feathers out of the beds, and the legs tumbling off the chairs. She had never seen anything like it before.

"At the Castle, nothing is funny at all," she said. "And nothing ever sticks out or

hangs down or tumbles off. It is so plain and new."

"But I think we ought to tell her, Duke," Ridiklis said. "We may have our house burned over our heads any day." She really stopped laughing for a whole minute when she heard that, but she was rather like Peter



"THE GENTLEMAN MOUSE HAD BROUGHT THE SHAVINGS FROM HIS NEST AS A PRESENT."

Piper in disposition and she said almost immediately:

"Oh! they 'll never do it. They 've forgotten you." And Peter Piper said:

"Don't let 's think of it. Let 's all join hands and dance round and round and kick up our heels and laugh as hard as ever we can."

And they did—and Lady Patsy laughed harder than any one else. After that she was always stealing away from Tidy Castle and coming in and having fun. Sometimes she stayed all night and slept with Meg and Peg and everybody invented new games and stories and they really never went to bed until daylight. But the Castle dolls grew more and more scornful every day, and tossed their heads higher and higher and sniffed louder and louder until it sounded as if they all had

influenza. They never lost an opportunity of saying disdainful things and once the Duchess wrote a letter to Cynthia, saying that she insisted on removing to a decent neighborhood. She laid the letter in her desk but the gentleman mouse came in the night and carried it away. So Cynthia never saw it and I don't believe she could have read it if she had seen it because the Duchess wrote very badly—even for a doll.

And then what do you suppose happened? One morning Cynthia began to play that all the Tidy Castle dolls had scarlet fever. She said it had broken out in the night and she undressed them all and put them into bed and gave them medicine. She could not find Lady Patsy, so *she* escaped the contagion. The truth was that Lady Patsy had stayed all night at Racketty-Packetty House, where they were giving an imitation Court Ball with Peter Piper in a tin crown, and shavings for supper—because they had nothing else, and in fact the gentleman mouse had brought the shavings from his nest as a present.

Cynthia played nearly all day and the Duchess and Lady Gwendolen and Lady Muriel and Lady Doris and Lord Hubert and Lord Francis and Lord Rupert got worse and worse.

By evening they were all raging in delirium and Lord Francis and Lady Gwendolen had strong mustard plasters on their chests. And right in the middle of their agony Cynthia suddenly got up and went away and left them to their fate—just as if it did n't matter in the least. Well in the middle of the night Meg and Peg and Lady Patsy wakened all at once.

"Do you hear a noise?" said Meg, lifting her head from her ragged old pillow.

"Yes, I do," said Peg, sitting up and holding her ragged old blanket up to her chin.

Lady Patsy jumped up with feathers sticking up all over her hair, because they had come out of the holes in the ragged old bed. She ran to the window and listened.

"Oh! Meg and Peg!" she cried out. "It comes from the Castle. Cynthia has left them all raving in delirium and they are all shouting and groaning and screaming."

Meg and Peg jumped up too.

"Let 's go and call Kilmanskeg and Ridiklis and Gustibus and Peter Piper," they said, and they rushed to the staircase and met Kilmanskeg and Ridiklis and Gustibus and Peter Piper coming scrambling up panting because the noise had wakened them as well.

They were all over at Tidy Castle in a minute. They just tumbled over each other to get there—the kind-hearted things. The servants were every one fast asleep, though the noise was awful. The loudest groans came from Lady Gwendolen and Lord Francis because their mustard plasters were blistering them frightfully.

Ridiklis took charge, because she was the one who knew most about illness. She sent Gustibus to waken the servants and then ordered hot water and cold water, and ice, and brandy, and poultices, and shook the trained Nurse for not attending to her business—and took off the mustard plasters and gave gruel and broth and cough syrup and castor oil and ipecacuanha, and every one of the Racketty-Packettys massaged, and soothed, and patted, and put wet cloths on heads, until the fever was gone and the Castle dolls all lay back on their pillows pale and weak, but smiling faintly at every Racketty-Packetty they saw,



"DO YOU HEAR A NOISE?" SAID MEG, LIFTING HER HEAD FROM HER PILLOW."

instead of turning up their noses and tossing their heads and sniffing loudly, and just *scorning* them.

Lady Gwendolen spoke first and instead of being haughty and disdainful, she was as humble as a new-born kitten.

"Oh! you dear, shabby, disrespectful, darling things!" she said. "Never, never will I scorn you again. Never, never!"



"RIDIKLIS TOOK CHARGE BECAUSE SHE KNEW MOST ABOUT ILLNESS."

"That 's right!" said Peter Piper in his cheerful, rather slangy way. "You take my tip—never you scorn any one again. It 's a mistake. Just you watch me stand on my head. It 'll cheer you up."

And he turned six somersaults—just like lightning—and stood on his head and wiggled his ragged legs at them until suddenly they heard a snort from one of the beds and it was Lord Hubert beginning to laugh and then Lord Francis laughed and then Lord Hubert shouted, and then Lady Doris squealed, and Lady Muriel screamed, and Lady Gwendolen and the Duchess rolled over and over in their beds, laughing as if they would have fits.

"Oh! you delightful, funny, shabby old loves!" Lady Gwendolen kept saying. "To think that we scorned you."

"They 'll be all right after this," said Peter Piper. "There 's nothing cures scarlet fever like cheering up. Let 's all join hands and dance round and round once for them before we go back to bed. It 'll throw them

into a nice light perspiration and they 'll drop off and sleep like tops." And they did it, and before they had finished, the whole lot of them were perspiring gently and snoring as softly as lambs.

When they went back to Racketty-Packetty House they talked a good deal about Cynthia and wondered and wondered why she had left her scarlet fever patients so suddenly. And at last Ridiklis made up her mind to tell them something she had heard.

"The Duchess told me," she said, rather



"SHE PUT HER RAGGED OLD APRON OVER HER FACE AND CRIED."

slowly because it was bad news—"The Duchess said that Cynthia went away because her Mama had sent for her—and her Mama had sent for her to tell her that a little girl Princess is coming to see her to-morrow. Cynthia's Mama used to be a maid of honor to the Queen and that's why the little girl Princess is coming. The Duchess said—" and here Ridiklis spoke very slowly indeed,— "that the Nurse was so excited she said she did not know whether she stood on her head or her heels, and she must tidy up the nursery and have that Racketty-Packetty old dolls'

house carried down stairs and burned, early to-morrow morning. That's what the Duchess said—"

Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg clutched at their hearts and gasped and Gustibus groaned and Lady Patsy caught Peter Piper by the arm to keep from falling. Peter Piper gulped—and then he had a sudden cheerful thought.

"Perhaps she was raving in delirium," he said.

"No, she was n't," said Ridiklis, shaking her head, "I had just given her hot water and cold, and gruel, and broth, and castor oil, and ipecacuanha and put ice almost all over her. She was as sensible as any of us. To-morrow morning we shall not have a house over our heads," and she put her ragged old apron over her face and cried.

"If she was n't raving in delirium," said Peter Piper, "we shall not have any heads. You had better go back to the Castle to-night. Patsy. Racketty-Packetty House is no place for you."

Then Lady Patsy drew herself up so straight that she nearly fell over backwards.

"I—will—never—leave you!" she said, and Peter Piper could n't make her.

You can just imagine what a doleful night it was. They went all over the house together and looked at every hole in the carpet and every piece of stuffing sticking out of the dear old shabby sofas, and every broken window and chair-leg and table and ragged blanket—and the tears ran down their faces for the first time in their lives. About six o'clock in the morning Peter Piper made a last effort.

"Let's all join hands in a circle," he said quite faintly, "and dance round and round once more."

But it was no use. When they joined hands they could not dance, and when they found they could not dance they all tumbled down in a heap and cried instead of laughing and Lady Patsy lay with her arms round Peter Piper's neck.

Now here is where I come in again—Queen Crosspatch, who is telling you this story. I always come in just at the nick of time when people like the Racketty-Packettys are in trouble. I walked in at seven o'clock.

"Get up off the floor," I said to them all and they got up and stared at me. They actually thought I did not know what had happened.

"A little girl Princess is coming this morning," said Peter Piper, "and our house is

going to be burned over our heads. This is the end of Racketty-Packetty House."

"No, it is n't!" I said. "You leave this to me. I told the Princess to come here, though she does n't know it in the least."

soon as she made one corner tidy, they ran after her and made it untidy. They held her back by her dress and hung and swung on her apron until she could scarcely move and kept wondering why she was so slow. She could

not make the Nursery tidy and she was so flurried she forgot all about Racketty-Packetty House again—especially as my Working Fairies pushed the arm-chair close up to it so that it was quite hidden. And there it was when the little girl Princess came with her Ladies in Waiting. My fairies had only just allowed the Nurse to finish the Nursery.

Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg and Ridiklis and Gustibus and Peter Piper and Lady Patsy were huddled up together looking out of one window. They could not bear to be parted. I sat on the arm of the big chair and ordered my Working Fairies to stand ready to obey me the instant I spoke.

The Princess was a nice child and was very polite to Cynthia when she showed her all her dolls, and last but not least, Tidy Castle itself. She looked at all the rooms and the furniture and said polite and admiring things about each of them. But Cynthia realized that she was



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

"THE LITTLE GIRL PRINCESS PICKED UP MEG AND PEG AND KILMANSEK AND GUSTIBUS AND PETER PIPER AS IF THEY HAD BEEN REALLY A QUEEN'S DOLLS."

A whole army of my Working Fairies began to swarm in at the Nursery window. The Nurse was working very hard to put things in order and she had not sense enough to see Fairies at all. So she did not see mine, though there were hundreds of them. As

not so much interested in it as she had thought she would be. The fact was that the Princess had so many grand dolls' houses in her palace that Tidy Castle did not surprise her at all. It was just when Cynthia was finding this out that I gave the order to my Working Fairies.

"Push the arm-chair away," I commanded; "very slowly, so that no one will know it is being moved."

So they moved it away—very, very slowly—and no one saw that it had stirred. But the next minute the little girl Princess gave a delightful start.

"Oh! what is that!" she cried out, hurrying towards the unfashionable neighborhood behind the door.

Cynthia blushed all over and the Nurse actually turned pale. The Racketty-Packettys tumbled down in a heap beneath their window and began to tremble and quake.

"It is only a shabby old dolls' house, your Highness," Cynthia stammered out. "It belonged to my Grandmamma, and it ought not to be in the Nursery. I thought you had had it burned, Nurse!"

"Burned!" the little girl Princess cried out in the most shocked way.

"Why if it was mine, I would n't have it burned for worlds! Oh! please push the chair away and let me look at it. There are no dolls' houses like it anywhere in these days." And when the arm-chair was pushed aside she scrambled down on to her knees just as if she was not a little girl Princess at all.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she said. "How funny and dear! What a darling old dolls' house. It is shabby and wants mending, of course, but it is almost exactly like one my Grandmamma had—she kept it among her treasures and only let me look at it as a great, great treat."

Cynthia gave a gasp, for the little girl Princess's Grandmamma had been the Queen and people had knelt down and kissed her hand and had been obliged to go out of the room backwards before her.

The little girl Princess was simply filled with joy. She picked up Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg and Gustibus and Peter Piper as if they had been really a Queen's dolls.

"Oh! the darling dears," she said. "Look at their nice, queer faces and their funny clothes. Just—just like Grandmamma's dollies' clothes. Only these poor things do so want new ones. Oh! how I should like to dress them again just as they used to be dressed, and have the house all made just as it used to be when it was new."

"That old Racketty-Packetty House," said Cynthia, losing her breath.

"If it were mine I should make it just like Grandmamma's and I should love it more than any dolls' house I have. I never—never

—never—saw anything as nice and laughing and good-natured as these dolls' faces. They look as if they had been having fun ever since they were born. Oh! if you were to burn them and their home I—I could never forgive you!"

"I never—never—will,—your Highness,"



"RIDIKLIS'S LEFT LEG WAS MENDED AND SHE WAS PAINTED INTO A BEAUTY AGAIN."

stammered Cynthia, quite overwhelmed. Suddenly she started forward.

"Why, there is the lost doll!" she cried out. "There is Lady Patsy. How did she get into Racketty-Packetty House?"

"Perhaps she went there to see them because they were so poor and shabby," said the little girl Princess. "Perhaps she likes this one," and she pointed to Peter Piper. "Do you know when I picked him up their arms were about each other. Please let her stay with him. Oh!" she cried out the next instant and jumped a little. "I felt as if the boy one kicked his leg."

And it was actually true, because Peter Piper could not help it and he had kicked out his ragged leg for joy. He had to be very careful not to kick any more when he heard what happened next.

As the Princess liked Racketty-Packetty House so much, Cynthia gave it to her for a

present—and the Princess was really happy—and before she went away she made a little speech to the whole Racketty-Packetty family, whom she had set all in a row in the ragged old, dear old, shabby old drawing-room where they had had so much fun.

“You are going to come and live with me, funny, good-natured loves,” she said. “And you shall all be dressed beautifully again and your house shall be mended and papered and painted and made as lovely as ever it was. And I am going to like you better than all my other dolls’ houses—just as Grandmamma said she liked hers.”

And then she was gone.

And every bit of it came true. Racketty-Packetty House was carried to a splendid Nursery in a Palace, and Meg and Peg and Kilmanskeg and Ridiklis and Gustibus and Peter Piper were made so gorgeous that if they had not been so nice they would have grown proud. But they did n’t. They only grew jollier and jollier and Peter Piper married Lady Patsy, and Ridiklis’s left leg was

mended and she was painted into a beauty again—but she always remained the useful one. And the dolls in the other dolls’ houses used to make deep curtsies when a Racketty-Packetty House doll passed them, and Peter Piper could scarcely stand it because it always made him want to stand on his head and laugh—and so when they were curtsied at—because they were related to the Royal Dolls’ House—they used to run into their drawing-room and fall into fits of giggles, and they could only stop them by all joining hands together in a ring and dancing round and round and kicking up their heels and laughing until they tumbled down in a heap.

What do you think of that for a story! And does n’t it prove to you what a valuable Friend a Fairy is—particularly a Queen one?

Yes, a Fairy Queen can work wonders indeed! She can even tame the crossdest lion that ever roared, as you will see by the next story I am going to tell you—the story about “The Cozy Lion.”
Queen Crosspatch.



WHO 'S WHO?

When I took Hector
for a walk it used
to be great fun ;
Hewas a little puppy
then, and close to
me he 'd run.

But when we go
out walking now
it 's different as
can be—

I don't know whether
I take him, or
whether he takes
me!



RUBENS'S PORTRAIT OF HIS TWO SONS.

The Two Sons of Peter Paul Rubens

By N. Hudson Moore



WOULD any girl or boy look at the picture on the opposite page and not be curious to know who these boys are? They are the sons of Peter Paul Rubens, who painted the picture.

Before we speak about the picture I am going to tell you just a few things about Peter Paul Rubens, the artist who painted it. His father died when he was ten years old, and his mother, with Peter Paul and the rest of the children, moved from Cologne to Antwerp in Belgium. It was the custom in those days for people who were not very rich, and sometimes even for those who were, to put their children in the families of nobles or great lords so that they should be trained as pages if they were boys, or bower maidens if they were girls.

A page was taught to ride, to hunt, to fly a hawk, to dance a measure, to use a sword and to play on the lute and sing if he was able. He could saddle and tend his horse, keep armor bright and follow his master to the wars and wait on him. Sometimes a page was taught to write and read, but he had few lessons beyond this.

The girl would be taught to embroider, to sew and mend, to spin and knit, to dye clothes and weave them. She too must dance, and learn to read and perhaps to write her name, though even royal ladies could not always do this and often had to make a cross when they had to sign a letter.

The young Peter Paul, in accordance with this custom, served as a page for a time in the household of the Countess Lalaing in Brussels. But what he loved most was drawing and painting and soon his mother learned of his talent and after that he was carefully trained, and became not only one of the greatest artists of his time, but of all time.

Now our picture of the two boys was painted by this same Peter Paul Rubens when he had grown to be a man, and they were his

children. Perhaps that is why it is so pleasing. He loved them so much that he saw them at their best, and he painted them as he saw them. They look very differently from the boys I see to-day, and the other day I asked a boy I know how he would like to be dressed as they were.

"Not on your life!" he slangily replied. "Think of hurrying to get ready for school and catching your fingers in all those bows!"

He thought it was even worse when I told him those bows were used for tying the different parts of the clothes together and that the rows of buttons down the sides of the trousers, on the jacket-fronts and sleeves, were for show only. He said he felt sorry for those boys all "togged" out in that way and thought they could not have had much fun. Finally I asked him: "What do you like best of the things those boys have, and would like to have for your own?"

What do you think. He chose the gloves. "That fur would keep your wrists jolly warm in winter, and they don't look tight enough to pinch, as gloves do to-day," was what he said.

"Yes, that is true, and gloves were very important parts of a man's dress. Perhaps this is his first pair, and that is why he wanted them put in his picture."

Then there came into my head that line from Shakspeare's play of "Romeo and Juliet."

"O, would I were a glove upon that hand,"

and I wondered what kind of a glove the beautiful Juliet wore. Then I remembered that she was an Italian, so that made me sure that the gloves were delicate, of fine kid, embroidered and scented. In Italy they called such gloves "Frangipanni" gloves. They were very different from the first gloves made, which were only used in battle and were weighted with iron or lead and sometimes had spikes and knobs on them so that they made regular weapons in hand-to-hand fighting.

No doubt you wonder where the embroidery was put on these gloves,—the choice ones worn in times of peace and by ladies. It was on the gauntlets or "tops" as they were called. Silver and gold thread, colored

The Two Sons of Peter Paul Rubens

silks, spangles, jewels, lace, and fur,—as you see in the picture, were all used on the tops. There is a single glove still to be seen in England which belonged to poor Mary Queen of Scots. Embroidered on it is a flying bird. Sad and lonely Queen, how do you think she felt when she was in prison and looked upon this flying bird upon her glove?

Although very perishable things, many gloves which belonged to famous persons are still in existence. For instance, when you go to England I am sure you will visit Canterbury Cathedral. You will see there the gloves of Edward the Black Prince, the lad who won his spurs at the battle of Crécy, August 26, 1346. Think of gloves as old as that!

Queen Mary's glove of which I have spoken is in the Museum of Saffron Walden. She gave it, on the morning she was to be beheaded, to a member of the Dayrell family. They have always kept it.

Queen Elizabeth was fond of handsome gloves too, and had many pairs, some of which are still preserved in England.

A pair of gloves which belonged to the poet Shakspeare is in the Furness Collection in Philadelphia. Is it not wonderful to think that they should be in this country? There is a pair of gloves which belonged to Governor Bradford of Plymouth, which is to be seen in the Essex Institute at Salem, Mass. You would laugh if you saw them, for they are tiny things made of lace, which he wore when he was a baby.

The Highlanders of Scotland had curious customs with gloves. They used them to challenge each other to battle, and as a sign of a quarrel they used to bite a finger of their glove. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" are these two lines:

"Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove and shook his head,"

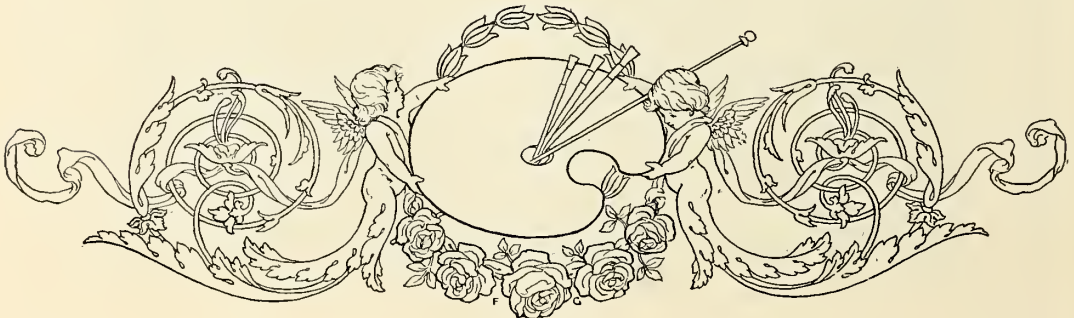
and they had a "pretty fight" the next day.

Now you might not think that the Pilgrims, a few years after they landed in this country, would have had much time to give to either the making or wearing of gloves. Yet they did, and they, too, wore them embroidered and fringed, and in 1645, which was only a few years later than when this picture was painted, the Glovers made a petition to the Council that no goatskins should be sent away from the colony.

What a long distance this pair of gloves in the picture has made us travel! Let us look at the Rubens boys again. You will notice that their clothes have slits in them. These were called "slashes," and doublets (coats) were "jagged" or cut in points or squares around the bottom. The number of the slashes was settled by law, as were also the color and material which each class of persons could wear. At one time only royalty could wear red. No one of lower rank than the wife of a knight could wear velvet, and not even she, if her husband could not provide a certain number of retainers, armed and with horses, to go to battle when wanted. Certain kinds of fur were permitted only to persons of high rank. I've been wondering what kind of fur young Rubens has on his gloves. Perhaps it is fox.

There is only one thing which I do not like about the picture, and that is the poor little bird tied to a string which is fastened to that perch with silver bells. It seems to me to be very cruel.

The elder boy has a book, he must know how to read. It does not look like a lesson-book, perhaps it is a story-book and he reads from it to his brother who has not got so far along yet. Both boys have pleasant faces and seem fond of each other, a thing which is always good to see.

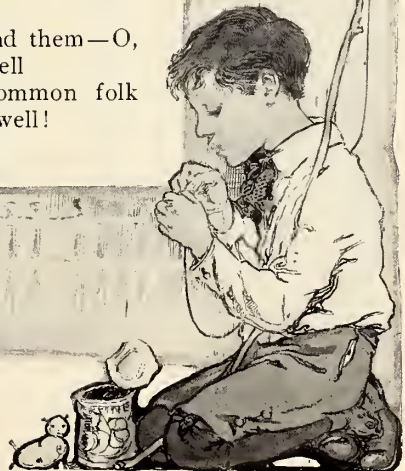


The Little Common People

By Nancy Byrd Turner

THE little common people—they come in shining
bands,
But we take them and we scatter them around
with careless hands
Till some live on the bureau and some live on
the shelf,
And now and then one lives alone in a corner
by himself;
And some stay in the work-box, (they 're most
contented there),
And some the children use for play, and *they* live
anywhere.
O, it is n't nice to think of, and it is n't good to
tell—
The way we treat the little folk who work for
us so well!

They help the buttons hold us in our frocks and
pinafores,
They keep our dollies' dresses on, and mend our
toys by scores;
They 're hinges for our boxes and fish-hooks for
our strings,
They make potatoes animals, and do a hundred
things.
And we lose them and abuse them and drop
them into cracks,
We find them lying all around and leave them on
their backs;
We break them and we bend them—O,
I am ashamed to tell
How we treat the little common folk
who work for us so well!





Keeping "Open House" for the Birds

By Ernest Harold Baynes



If a fairy had ever offered to grant me three wishes, "the full confidence of wild animals" would surely have been one of them, and probably the first. If we seek opportunities to befriend wild creatures, and take advantage of them, we shall often find, as I have done, that there is no lack of response on the part of the animals. I once walked up to a pine siskin, as he was feeding on the ground, and picked him up in my hand. He did not seem a bit alarmed, and when, a few minutes later, I set him down, he continued his search for food within a few inches of my feet. On another occasion a yellow-throated vireo allowed me to lift her from her nest when I wished to count her eggs, and nestled down comfortably on her treasures the moment I put

her back. With a forefinger I once stroked the back of a red-breasted nuthatch as he was busy feeding on a tree.

Of all times, winter is perhaps the best in which to seek the confidence of birds. They are at that time in need of food, we can then offer them friendly assistance, and hunger makes them respond to our advances. Just fancy, for instance, having chickadees come in through the open windows in little flocks, to hop about the rooms and examine all your belongings, with their bright, black eyes, or to take breakfast at the same table with you in the morning! Yet this is exactly the experience we have had during the last two winters, one in Massachusetts and the other in New Hampshire, and it is an experience which anyone who lives in the country may have, with little trouble and less expense.

It is well to begin to make preparations for bird guests at least as early as the middle of November. In the first place it takes some

time for the news of one's hospitality to spread among the feathered folk, and the sooner it starts the better. Then, most people prefer to work out-doors in November rather than in December. But January is not too late. It is very desirable that some of the birds should be induced to feed where they may be observed by their hosts.

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of birds to prepare for—those which eat seed or grain and those which prefer animal food of some kind. There is another class, well represented by the blue jays, which will eat almost anything, but no special preparations need be made for the birds belonging to it, since they will fare riotously on the food set out for the others. First of all we will consider the insectivorous birds. Their natural fare is rarely attainable in winter, but beef suet will be found a very good and convenient substitute for it. All things considered, suet is the best thing I have tried for this purpose.

If there happen to be trees near the house, the problem of the bird-feeder is simple; all he has to do is to tie the suet securely to the trunks and prominent branches and await the arrival of his guests. If there are no trees, he should go out into the woods and cut down as large a dead one as he can handle, and set it in the ground exactly where he wants it. A sapling will answer, but a larger tree is more interesting.



"THE CHICKADEES FLY TO OUR HANDS."

the neighborhood, the best place to scatter the seed is on the ground, where seed-eating birds usually get their food. First of all however, the snow should be cleared away; otherwise the food is liable to sink in out of sight; and besides, it is very difficult for small birds to get about on foot in soft, deep snow. If there are cats about, the food may be placed on shallow trays or tin pans, which may be set on posts or fastened to the trunks and branches of trees.

The host must not be discouraged if guests



A CEDAR WAXWING.



A CHICKADEE.



A BLUE JAY.

A TRIO OF FRIENDLY BIRDS.

For the seed-eating birds it is well to have a variety of food. Mixed bird seed is excellent for the smaller birds, but to it should be added such things as oats, wheat, buckwheat, corn, and sun-flower seeds. If there are no cats in

do not arrive immediately, or if only a very few arrive at first. As the good news spreads, the number and variety of birds will increase from week to week. We have had as many as eighteen different kinds of birds patronize

our feeding stations in a single winter, and they included quail, ring-necked pheasants, hairy and downy woodpeckers, blue jays, crows, purple finches, house sparrows, goldfinches, snow buntings, tree sparrows, juncos, song sparrows, white-breasted and red-breasted nuthatches, brown creepers and chickadees, besides a northern shrike, which was attracted by the presence of so many smaller birds.

Of all these guests, the chickadees have been the tamest and the source of the greatest pleasure. Every winter they come to us, and their confidence seems to be unlimited. They fly to the window sills, and standing on the tips of their toes, and stretching their necks upward,

in to breakfast. So we moved the breakfast table close to a window, which we opened, scattering broken nuts on the cloth for our guests. They came in fast enough, but instead of staying with us, they picked up the fragments of the nuts and flew out again to eat them in the trees in the garden. This not being in accordance with our plan, we took some more broken nuts, and with a needle and thread, tacked them lightly to the table cloth. Then when the chickadees returned, they were unable to carry the food away, so remained and took breakfast with us. They never forgot this meal, I think, for whenever the window was opened at breakfast time, they were sure to come in with an air of



"IT WOULD EVEN LEAN OVER THE MUZZLE AND PEER DOWN THE BARREL."

peer in the room, first with one eye and then with the other. If someone does not attend to their wants at once, they peck at the glass with their bills and call in a tone which certainly seems to have a shade of impatience in it. We open a door or window, and in they come, by ones and twos and sometimes in a little flock. They hop about the floor, pick up scraps of paper under my desk, fly to the backs of chairs and to the pictures hanging on the walls, examining everything with the brightest of black eyes, and occasionally testing with their bills, some object which seems to interest them. Sometimes they mistake the way out, and fly straight into a closed window. But even such an accident does not alarm them; they pick themselves up and try again.

One frosty morning, when the chickadees seemed even more persistent than usual, we thought it might be a good idea to invite them

expectancy to see if we had anything for them. Later in the winter, Mrs. Baynes had a birthday party, and a table with a cake upon it happened to be standing near a window. For some reason this window was open for a short time during the afternoon, and once, on hearing a slight tapping sound I turned and discovered a chickadee perched on the top of the cake and hammering at the nuts which were set in the icing.

If we go outside in the winter, we are usually "mobbed" at once by a flock of chickadees, who literally "hold us up" for nuts. They fly to our hands if we hold them out and to our shoulders and faces if we don't. The smallest fragment of nut catches the eye of one of the chickadees instantly, and he does not hesitate to claim it no matter where it may be—on our hats, in our hands or even between our lips. If I hold a bit of kernel between my thumb and



"ONE OF THEM FLEW TO THE EDGE OF A SANDWICH."

forefinger, a chickadee will sit there until it is all gone, even if it takes five minutes. Sometimes he will get positively tired eating, but will sit on guard until his appetite comes back. He will never allow another chickadee to sample the food in the meantime, but will drive off all intru-

ders at the point of the bill. Sometimes, when one of my guests has been perched on my hand, I have suddenly felt one of his feet tighten on my finger and the next moment he would deliberately raise the other foot and scratch his head.

Last winter these birds were tamer than I have ever seen them before, not only coming to us on the piazza and in the garden, but following us on long walks in the woods and fields. On one occasion, when I was practising with a rifle, they would alight on the weapon, and even lean over the muzzle and peer down the barrel as though to see what there was in that. One day, while I was eating my lunch in the woods, a little band of chickadees came up and insisted on taking lunch with me. They alighted on my knees and hands and on my snow-shoes which were sticking up in the snow. One of them, more persistent than the rest, flew to the edge of a sandwich I was just beginning to eat, and from his attitude, as shown in the photograph, I should judge that he was not only astonished at the size of the bite I was taking, but greatly alarmed that he was not going to get his share.

Toward the end of the winter, a northern shrike made his appearance, and although I frequently drove him away, I fancy that he frequently dined on my friendly little chickadees. I saw him capture one, which I would gladly have saved if I could.



"THEY INSISTED ON TAKING LUNCH WITH ME."

The Snow Brigade



"FORWARD! MARCH!"



—AND WITH ROVER'S HELP THEY DID.

Abbie Ann

By George Madden Martin

Author of the "Emmy Lou" Stories

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER V

Miss Owsley, whom Abbie's father, after the first greeting called Miss Henrietta, was of medium height and plump, and shook comfortably when she laughed. She had white hair under a square of lace and her silk dress rustled when she moved.

Abbie Ann felt smaller, yet nobody had done a thing.

"And this is Abbie," said the lady, holding out a hand, a plump, well kept hand, with good, old fashioned rings on it, a capable, resolute old hand, with a movement of decision about it that suggested sway and authority. Not that the small girl read this in it. She merely stood up and came and took it. She was very miserable.

Then they all sat down.

"Do you know," said the lady, "she is very like her mother? And while we are on the subject,—Abbie, child, see if you can find a book on the table there—"

Abbie Ann got down and went to the table, on which were books neatly placed. She took one because she was told to. Within its red and gold cover, which was somewhat faded, were colored pictures of little boys in queer short jackets and long trousers. The name on the book was "Sanford and Merton." It had been on that table many years, for things did not change at Miss Owsley's school until that lady was convinced it was for the better.

Although Abbie began dutifully to read at the book, she never after asked for it that she might finish it; also, though she did not mean to listen, the conversation, now and then, reached her.

"No place for a child," she heard her father say. What was no place for a child, Abbie wondered?

"—could not leave then, nor can I now," father was saying, "my duty to the miners who have stood by me and to Abbie as well, is to stick it out until it pays."

She also heard "Miss Abbie," used several

times on Miss Henrietta's lips. Did it mean herself? It was very awing to hear herself called "Miss."

Then her father spoke again. His voice was decided. "Well, Miss Owsley, it is your plan; I have no right, I suppose, to object; indeed, I suppose I ought to hope you may succeed, though I may as well confess, it was because of this very thing, and the thought that such a construction of my motive might be put upon it, that I have not brought her to you sooner. I had no right to oppose Evelyn's efforts, but I naturally have made none since she,—"

He broke off, then added as he rose, "it was her dearest wish it might be so, though myself, I see no especial good to come from it now."

Evelyn was the name of Abbie's mother. She wondered what it all meant.

Then her father, leaning down, kissed her abruptly and went away; went the quicker that he felt uncertain what she was going to do. He was to remain in the city a week, so this was not good-by, but still, he went in a hurry.

She stood where he had left her, plucking at the fingers of the little cotton gloves she had put on so proudly. Mr. McEwan had said they wore gloves in cities. Then she began to swallow hard.

When Miss Owsley returned from seeing Mr. Richardson to the door, she bade Abbie Ann come with her. She was very cheery and chatty, and talked briskly of many things. If she saw the tears she gave no sign.

They went out into the hall, and up the stairs which were painted white with a dark red bannister and had a strip of red carpet on them, held down by brass rails that shone. So did the room upstairs shine, into which Miss Owsley led the new pupil. There were two white beds, two chests of drawers, one bureau, and a washstand behind a blue screen. It looked straight and precise and lonesome. At home Abbie had fashion-plate ladies and pictures cut from the papers pasted over her

walls, and the drawers of her bureau sat in a corner so that she might have the bureau for a three-storied play-house. It was when the strange lady had looked in at that room, that she had said, "poor child!" in accents of keenest suffering.

Miss Owsley was speaking with business-like briskness. "This is to be your room, near mine, as your father asked. You will share it with one other girl. Neither pupils

hand and gazed at the new pupil. Abbie Ann was plump like a young robin, and her red curls were abundant. Her little zouave jacket, which she had removed before going up-stairs, gorgeous in its gilt braid, seemed rather to have burst to allow her healthy little waist to obtrude between it and the skirt, than to have been curtailed by intention, and little Abbie's brand-new hat blossomed like a flower and seed catalogue.



"ABBIE ANN STANDING FORLORNLY IN THE CENTER OF THE LONESOME ROOM BEGAN TO SOB."

nor teachers have returned yet. School opens on Wednesday of next week. In the meantime your father wishes me to look over your clothes to see if anything is wanting."

Abbie Ann standing forlornly in the center of the lonesome room began to sob. She tried to stop but could not.

"Dear, dear, dearie me," said Miss Owsley. Truth to tell she was nonplussed. This was not generally her department of the school. It was in executive ability that Miss Owsley was strong. She rubbed her handsome nose debatingly with a finger tip of her fine old

Abbie Ann, planted there in the middle of the floor, sobbed on.

"Dear, dear me," said the embarrassed Miss Owsley. The new pupil was younger by a year than any boarder ever received before. Miss Owsley was quite perplexed, but she led her by the hand out to the hall and into another room. Perhaps she felt the bare lonesomeness of the first one too. A canary was singing here, and a fire burned in the grate.

Miss Owsley was reflecting. What had she seen the primary teacher do under such cir-

cumstances? Pupils were brought to Miss Owsley, as a rule, when in need of sterner methods than comforting.

In the mean season she took off Abbie Ann's hat. The new pupil, as if interpreting the attention as kindly, groped about for some part of this comforter's person to hold to. Her hand closed on a fold of Miss Owsley's dress.

Miss Owsley, forgetting about the possible method of the primary teacher, sat down and took her in her lap. Abbie Ann sobbed against her shoulder.

"Dear me, dear me," said Miss Henrietta, and patted the little shoulder and rocked. Abbie cried on, but the sobs were not so wild. Now and then they began to check themselves. The canary sang. Abbie stopped to listen. Then she sat up and felt better.

Miss Owsley laughed comfortably. To find herself in this position was amusing. Abbie, feeling better, laughed too, and suddenly did not feel strange any more, and sat up and began to talk. She showed Miss Henrietta her ring, and after that told her about Mr. McEwan, and about Fabe, and about Coal City.

Miss Owsley asked her if she had ever been to school.

Abbie told her about the teachers. It is doubtful if Miss Henrietta, for all her years at schooling, ever got so much of the pupil's point of view before. Her plump shoulders shook, while, one would say, she somewhat adroitly "drew the new pupil on" about the teachers.

One, it seemed, who had come to Coal City, had been named Miss Jane Livermore. There has been an advertisement put in the Church paper, Abbie related, and it said, "Wanted, an elderly teacher to take entire charge of a little girl." Father and Mr. McEwan chose Miss Jane Livermore from among the answers, on account of her name which they thought sounded elderly and experienced. When she came she was seventeen and she cried so they had to let her go right back. She said she had thought it would be romantic, whereas it was only lonesome. And her name was not Jane at all, they had read her writing wrong, it was Jean.

Miss Henrietta gathered even more about the last teacher of all; Miss Sallie Briscorn, Abbie said was her name. She kept a row of medicine bottles on the sideboard, and a row of pill boxes on the mantel. She said she could n't stand Fabe's cooking, that there was no sense in roasting a whole quarter of a

beast at once, and then eating on it until it was gone. She said too, so Abbie told Miss Henrietta, that the look of the house was scandalous, that Abbie Ann ought to be made to pick her things up, and her father and Mr. McEwan to wipe their feet before they came in. She said too, that Abbie Ann's possessions, overflowing the house, were trash.

"'Concentrate,' was what she said," related Abbie Ann, repeating it with great care, "concentrate and get rid of."

"And Fabe did," explained Abbie; "he poured all the bottles into one, when he was cleaning the dining-room, and he put all the pills into one box, and she got mad. She said he might have killed her. So she went."

And Miss Henrietta Owsley laughed and laughed. She had had Miss Sallie Briscorn for teachers in her day too, and even Miss Jean Livermores. And the canary sang, and the fire crackled, and Abbie Ann laughed too, with no very clear idea why, but feeling comfortable within herself.

CHAPTER VI

MISS OWSLEY came into the new pupil's room that afternoon to assist the maid in unpacking, and to show Abbie Ann how to put her clothes away. This relationship with a pupil was a new one for Miss Owsley, and it grew out of the unexpectedness of the situation. For small Abbie it was beautifully ordered; else how would she have known Miss Henrietta? Neither teachers nor other pupils had arrived yet, and Miss Owsley and the little girl had eaten dinner in the dining-room, together, waited on by the square and silent maid, whose name was Martha Lunn. Later Abbie Ann found the girls all called her Sally.

There was something on the new pupil's mind beside the unpacking when Miss Owsley and Martha arrived.

"Will she be little or big, Miss Henrietta?" finally she inquired.

"Who?" replied Miss Owsley, contemplating the array of dresses made by the Junction lady, and now laid out by Martha on the bed. There was a plaid silk among them; a Scotch costume; a "fancy dress," the fashion paper had called it, Abbie explained; which, indeed, was exactly why she had chosen it. There were others equally gay, if less elaborate, but this, it could be seen, was her favorite.

Miss Henrietta was smiling to herself over

something; Abbie Ann wondered what, but repeated her question.

"Will who be little or big?" returned Miss Owsley, rousing from her own thoughts.

it of a man, peddling at Coal City, and she considered it very beautiful. So evidently did Martha Lunn. She lifted it carefully and viewed it admiringly from all sides.



"ABBIE ANN HELPED MARIA UNPACK." (SEE PAGE 218.)

"The other girl in this room?"

Martha Lunn was lifting a hat from the tray. It was the new pupil's best, that was plain to be seen, and it bore a wreath of many-colored flowers made of feathers. Abbie Ann had persuaded her father to let her buy

"Queer now, how they come to make such things of feathers," observed Martha, examining; "my cousin's mother-in-law keeps hers like it under glass."

Miss Henrietta was indulging in her kindly smile again, and it was such a comfortable

smile, that Abbie Ann smiled too, wonderingly but sociably.

Martha Lunn smiled grimly. She was still rubbing a forefinger investigatively along a feathered edge. One would say all three were enjoying themselves, each in her own way.

"The room-mate?" then said Miss Owsley, "To be sure. I will tell you the names of the ones I had thought of, and suppose I let you choose for yourself?"

Miss Henrietta Owsley grown playful! Martha Lunn chuckled grimly as she bent over into the depths of the trunk.

"There are three girls to come back who have lost their room-mates," Miss Owsley was saying, "any one of whom I had thought of for you."

The new pupil approached close and looked at her.

"One," said Miss Owsley, "is named Mary Dressel."

Mary Dressel, pale, neat, eminently proper. Abbie Ann had an instantaneous vision of her. Her mind was made up. "No," she said, "she 's good, I would n't like her."

Miss Owsley smiled. "Katherine Van Antwerp."

Abbie's face showed equally quick prejudice. "She would n't like me, she 's fine," she declared.

"Maria Mason."

"Oh, Maria," decided Abbie Ann, for Maria did not sound too fine, nor yet too good, "I want it to be Maria."

Miss Owsley seeming well satisfied, laughed some more, then turned back to the now emptied trunk and then to the bed. "Nothing is marked, I see. Did you bring a work basket? No? Nor thimble? Nor darning materials?"

Abbie Ann, feeling crestfallen, said no.

Miss Owsley seemed to make a mental note of it, then added, "Have you rubbers? Nor raincoat? Napkin ring? Nor warmer flannels than these? Nor any school dresses?"

"Those," said Abbie Ann, doubtfully, looking to the bed, "and this," proudly raising the hem of the dress she was then wearing. She had thought Mr. McEwan had been joking when he said her clothes lacked trimming.

Miss Owsley said nothing further, but before school began, a week later, to the bewilderment of the new pupil, the Coal City outfit was laid away, and in the closet were hung two new dresses fresh from the hands

of Martha Lunn's seamstress cousin. One was a dark blue for every day, the other a brown, for Sunday, and with these came a supply of white aprons, fine, long, full, with ruffles over the shoulders. There was a blue hat, and a brown one, with ribbons but not a feather. Perhaps Miss Henrietta was more fond of plain things than was Abbie Ann.

Abbie Ann cried, and in her room stamped her foot. It was the first time she had done so since leaving home. Martha, who had brought the new clothes home from her cousin's, witnessed it.

She gazed as if a little fascinated. "I thought you did n't have that red hair for nothing," finally she said.

Abbie stopped suddenly.

But she told her father about it that afternoon in the park, for he came and took her some place every day. They were sitting under a big tree supposedly watching the ducks and swans on the lake; but she, concerned with her own troubles, was telling about the dresses.

Her father laughed. "What 's bred in the bone, Pollykins,—" he began. Then he laughed again. Abbie Ann had no idea what about.

Later his voice changed. "I had a letter from home to-day," he said, "I go back to-night instead of to-morrow."

His little daughter held on to the bench. It was as if something had stopped inside her. She could not see the lake, nor the ducks, nor the swans for a moment, only a blur of them all. As the blur cleared away, the sun was slanting long, in under the trees, and touching the grass. Children's laughter, from afar, reached them faintly.

Why should it hurt? Why should there rush on little Abbie, because the sun slanted long and golden, the picture of a valley, misty like a silver sea, with a white shaft beyond and a young, young moon above? Is it because all beautiful things hurt?

She put her hand in Father's, and she winked the rebellious tears back somewhere. It was an uncertain little attempt, yet still it was an attempt.

But we like to have our efforts appreciated. Abbie was afraid he had n't understood. "I 'm being good, you know," she explained, looking up to be sure he comprehended it. "I could have,—" with a general implication he understood fully, "but I would n't."

Her father looked a little queer, perhaps a little sheepish too. Then he laughed. The

truth was, when it came to having her cry because he was going back, that was another thing. He was a little chagrined perhaps that she did n't.

But they held each other's hand on the car all the way back to the school.

CHAPTER VII

By Monday the teachers had come, and on Tuesday the pupils began returning. All day there were arrivals, and trunks being carried in, and laughter and greetings in the halls.

These days Miss Henrietta had time but for passing notice, and that of the briefest, for Abbie Ann, now become but one little girl in a girls' school of many, and Abbie, so quick to note, and so quick also to resent, hung around gloomily and watched the arrivals. She regarded these new-comers furtively. Their laughter made her feel left out, and the old intimacies and companionships everywhere in evidence, made her jealous. For comfort, she began to coax up embers of self-pity. Miss Henrietta liked the others better, Miss Henrietta greeted them pleasantly and never noticed *her* standing there! She would go up to her room, she would write to her father and tell him to come and take her home, she would, she would so, yet,—

Abbie Ann lingered on in the hall.

She told herself it was because another girl was just arriving; but she lingered on even after the several girls standing around rushed to greet the new-comer. She was a dark-haired girl, and her cheeks were rich with crimson; she kissed everybody rapturously, then seeing Miss Owsley coming through the hall, she dropped satchel and umbrella and flew to greet her. The new-comer made one think of breeziness and laughter and excitement. Miss Owsley, shaking hands with her, called her Mary,—Mary Dressel. Abbie Ann felt as if Mary Dressel had purposely deceived her.

At the one o'clock dinner hour she heard another girl called Katherine Van Antwerp. She was a tall, thin girl who wore eye-glasses, and whose aunt, it seemed, was a teacher in the school.

Abbie Ann felt queerer; what would Maria be?

She was still hanging around in the hall, full of interest and not honest enough to admit it, when Maria Mason came. Miss Ows-

ley called to Abbie at once, who went self-consciously to greet her. Maria was small, almost as small as Abbie herself, and her hair was smooth and tied in looped-up plaits behind her ears. Her cheeks were pink and grew pinker when she was spoken to. When she took off her jacket, she was as neat and straight as though she had not just come that afternoon from Washington. It turned out that Maria's father was an army officer, who had gone too far away for her to be taken, though her mother had gone too. She spent her vacations, so Abbie learned in time, with her aunt and her grandmother in Washington, and this was her second year at the school. She was eleven, whereas Mary Dressel and Katherine were older. Abbie Ann was glad.

She helped Maria unpack, taking the things from her as she lifted them out of her trunk, and carrying them to the bed. Maria's petticoats and little undergarments were fine as fine and the scallops on them were done by hand. Abbie had never thought about undergarments needing to be fine before. And Maria's aprons seemed as if they were for parties. She said her grandma and her auntie made them, and her mamma sent the scalloped ruffings in her letters by mail. Maria had a work-box, and a bag for her laundry, and bags to hang for her shoes. When she had unpacked her pin-cushion and sofa pillow and her photographs, and she and Abbie Ann had put them around, the room looked all dressed up.

Then Abbie said, "Let 's rest."

But Maria could n't. "I 've got to finish. Auntie told me to."

She laughed and her cheeks grew pink, but she did it; that was Maria's way, she always did it; perhaps being a soldier's daughter had something to do with it.

Soon Abbie Ann wondered what she would have done without Maria, who told her what was expected of her, and the names of the teachers, and of the girls, and what she must do and must not do. The bedrooms were all in the big house, together with the reception rooms and parlor and dining-room, but the school-rooms were in a frame building in the yard behind.

In a week it was as if she might always have known Maria, who even showed Abbie her letters from her mother and her father. The latter sent her a beautiful silk American flag on his birthday, and they put it above his picture over the table.

And Abbie showed Maria the letters which came from her father and Mr. McEwan. One from Mr. McEwan had a verse in it. Maria memorized it and when she tried to say it would get to laughing. Abbie Ann would giggle too, for when Maria laughed she could not stop, and Miss Ingram, the primary teacher whose room was next, would rap on the wall and they would have to put their faces in the pillows to hush. Abbie, in her letter to Mr. McEwan, had written about the school and Miss Henrietta and Martha Lunn.

"The girls call her Sally," she had written about Martha, "she fell down the other day, she was Heavy, the Ladder broak, she could not get up."

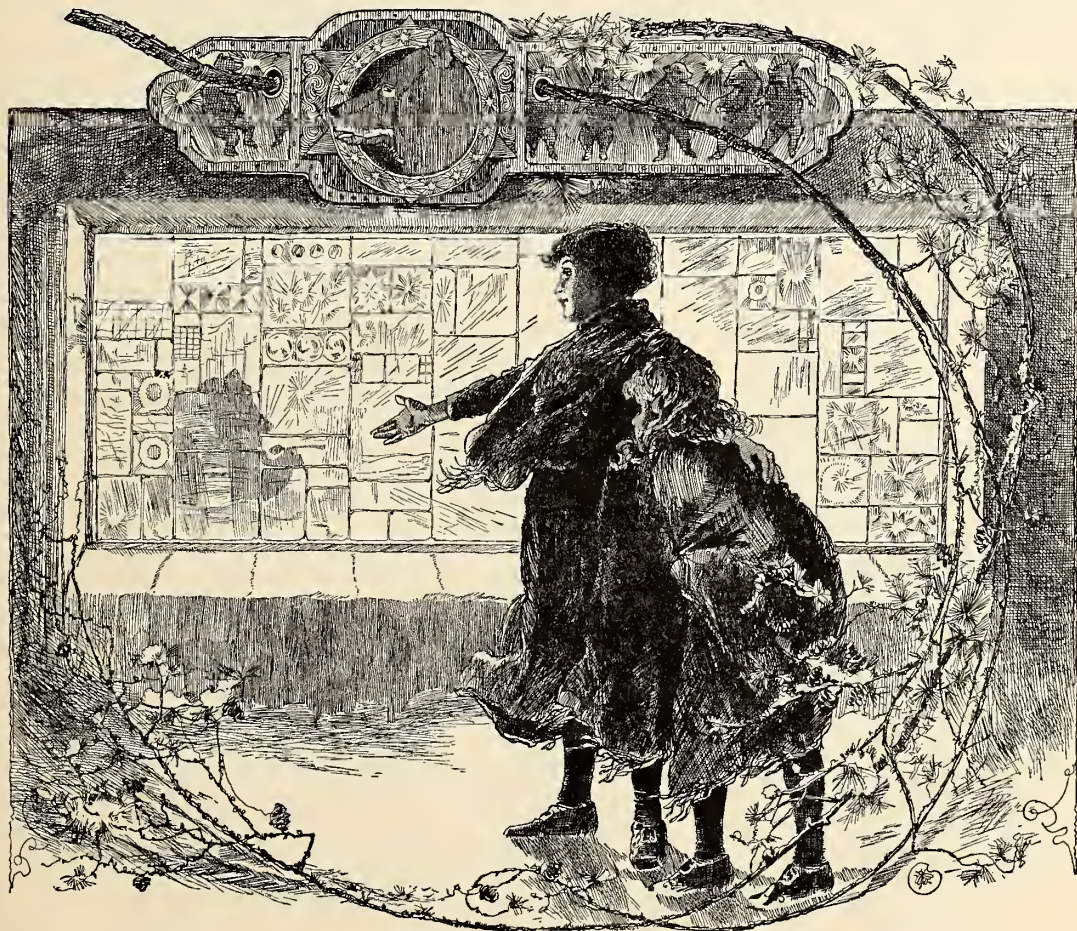
It was to this letter that Mr. McEwan was replying. In his answer were, "Lines to Miss Sally Lunn Upon Her Fall From a Ladder." The verses read:—

"O Sally Lunn, how sad to tell
That you, who should be light,
Did prove so heavy that you fell
From such a risen height!

"They tell me that you could not rise
After you fell, and yet
Should you not rise in lighter guise
For having thus been set?

"O Sally Lunn, O Sally Lunn,
That you should fall was bad;
But lest you should be worse undone
Don't let it make you sad!"

(To be continued.)



THE LIGHT OF THE CHRISTMAS WINDOWS.

The Mystery

By Johnson Morton



When I was six, my father said:
"Nell, you are twice as old as Ned.
Now think awhile, and then tell me
How old your brother Ned must be."
That was an easy sum to do!
"Six is exactly three times two;
So, if I'm twice as old as he,
Why, little Ned must then be three."

The other day my father said:
"Nell, do you know how old is Ned?"
"Yes, sir, he's four, because, you see,
I am just *twice* as old as he!"
Then father laughed, "Nell, that's not so!
He's *five* if you are eight you know.
When you were six, why, he was three.
And three and two are *five*, you see!"

But how these things can both be true
I don't quite understand, do you?
Some time I shall, because I know
That what my father says is *so!*

THE LOST TOP



I lost my top; oh, what
a pity!
But now its fate I know:
I'm sure 'twas swallowed
by my kitty,
'Cause when I listen, so,
And put my ear down
close to her,
I hear it humming,—
"Whir, whir, whir!"
C.F.L.

Captain June

By Alice Hegan Rice

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," etc.

With Pictures by C. D. Weldon

CHAPTER IV



UT when June picked himself up and turned about, he found a very curious looking man sitting up glaring at him. He had a long pointed nose, and fierce little eyes that glowed like red hot cinders, and a drooping white mustache so long that it almost touched the lapels of his shabby French uniform.

"What do you mean by falling over me like that?" he demanded indignantly.

"I—I—thought you were somebody else," June faltered lamely.

The man glared more fiercely than ever: "You were looking for someone! You were sent here to watch someone! Who did you think I was? Answer me this moment."

He had caught June by the arm and was glaring at him so savagely that June blurted out in terror:

"I thought you was the Sleeping Beauty."

For a moment, suspicion lingered in the man's face, then his eyes went to and his mouth went open, and he laughed until June thought he would never get the wrinkles smoothed out of his face again.

"The Sleeping Beauty, eh?" he said. "Well, who do you think I am now?"

June smiled in embarrassment. "I know who you look like," he said, half doubtfully.

"Who?"

"The White Knight," said June.

"Who is he?"

"In 'Alice in Wonderland,'" explained June. Then when he saw the man's look of perplexity, he added incredulously, "Did n't you never hear of 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

The man shook his head.

June was astounded; he did n't know that such ignorance existed in the world.

"Did n't you never go to school?" he asked sympathetically.

"Oh yes, a little," said the man with a funny smile, "but tell me about this White Knight."

June sat down quite close to him and began confidentially:

"He was the one that met Alice in the wood. Don't you remember just before she was going to be queen? He kept falling off his horse first on one side and then on the other, and he would have to climb up again by the mouse traps."

"The mouse traps, on horse-back?"

"Yes, the Knight was afraid the mice *might* come and he did n't want them to run over him. Besides he invented the mouse traps and course, you know, somebody had to use them."

"Of course," said the man taking June's hand and looking at it as a person looks at something that he has not seen for a very long time.

"He invented lots of things," went on June earnestly, "bracelets for the horse's feet to keep off shark-bites, and something else to keep your hair from falling out."

"Eh! what's that?" said his companion rubbing his hand over his own bald head.

June's eyes twinkled. "You ought to train it up on a stick," he said, "like a vine. That was what the White Knight said, that hair fell off because it hung down. It could n't fall up, could it?"

At this they both had a great laugh and the man said:

"So I am the White Knight, am I?"

"Just your mustache," said June; "it was when you was mad that you looked like him most. You're lots gooder looking than the picture. What's your real name?"

"Monsieur Garnier,—no Carré," he corrected himself quickly. "What is your name?"

"June," then he added formally, "Robert Rogers Royston, Junior's the rest of it."

"How did you come here?" asked Monsieur.

June told him at length; it was delightful to find someone beside Seki San who understood English, and it was good fun to be telling all about himself just as if he were some other little boy.

"So your father is a soldier!" said Monsieur, and June noticed that a curious wild look came into his eyes and that his fingers,

which had knots on them, plucked excitedly at his collar. "Ah! Yes, I, too, was a soldier, a soldier of France, one time attaché of the French Legation, at Tokyo, later civil engineer in the employ of the Japanese Government, now——!" he shrugged his shoulders and his nostrils quivered with anger. "Now a cast-off garment, a thing useless, undesired." He tried to rise and June saw that he used crutches and that it was very difficult for him to walk.

"Do you want me to help you?" he asked.

The man waved him aside. His eyes had changed into red hot cinders again, and he seemed to have forgotten that June was there. "I ask help from nobody," he muttered fiercely, "I live my own life. The beggarly Japanese I would never accept from, and my own country does not see fit to help me." His chest heaved with wrath, and he twisted his mustache indignantly.

"Why don't you go home?" asked June.

Monsieur turned on him fiercely: "Go home? Mon Dieu, do you suppose there is a waking hour that I am not thinking, longing, praying to be back in France? Do you suppose I have left any stone unturned? Any plan unmade that might take me away from this hateful place? It has been fourteen, fifteen years since I came away. It was a Japanese that had me dismissed from the service; he bore tales to the minister, he told what was not true. Oh, then I had honor, I was too proud to explain, but now!" he lifted a pair of crippled hands to Heaven, and shook them violently at the trees above, "now I know that honor does not pay, it is not worth while. I will give anything to get back to France!"

June sat still and watched him. He had never seen anyone behave so queerly, and he was very much mixed up as to what it was all about.

"I guess I have to go now," he said, "Toro's waiting."

Monsieur's eyes flashed suspiciously. "Who's waiting?" he asked.

"Toro, he is Seki's brother, he knows how to build awful nice houses and blockades too."

"Blockades?" repeated Monsieur, "what kind of blockades?"

"Like the soldiers make, we watch them all the time; come on, I will show you."

The two made their way down the steps slowly, for Monsieur could go only a little way at a time. Toro looked mildly surprised when June came back with a companion, but

he did not give a second glance at Monsieur who was evidently a familiar figure about the town.

For a long time the two children played in the sand, and Monsieur sat beside them and acted as interpreter, speaking first to one in Japanese, and then to the other in English, giving directions and suggestions and proving a first-rate play-fellow.

"Why you know a lot about forts and mines and blockades and things, don't you?" asked June.

Monsieur looked absently across the lake. "Alas!" he said grimly, half to himself, "I know too much for their good and for mine."

When the temple bell from the hillside boomed the supper hour, the boys gathered up their things and started home.

"Good-by," said June to Monsieur, "I hope you'll come back and play with us another day."

Monsieur bowed very politely but he did not answer, his half-closed eyes still rested on the little forts that the boys had been making in the sand, and his thoughts seemed to be far away.

When June reached the street, he turned to wave a good-by, but Monsieur was hobbling down the hill, his figure, in spite of the crutches, looking very straight and stiff against the evening sky.

CHAPTER V

It was a long time before June saw Monsieur again for there were picnics up the river, with lunches cooked on the bank, there were jolly little excursions in sampans, and trips to the tea-houses, and flower shows, and an endless round of good times. Seki San kept June out of doors all day, and watched with glee the color return to his cheeks, and the angles of his slender body turn into soft curves.

At night she and June and Toro, with Tomi frisking and sneezing at their heels, would join the happy clattering crowd that thronged the streets, and would make their way to the flower market where tall flaming torches lit up the long stalls of flowers, and where merchants squatting on their heels spread their wares on the ground before them,—curious toys, old swords, and tea-pots with ridiculous long noses. And in front of every door was a great shining paper lantern with queer signs painted on it, and other gay lanterns of all shapes and sizes and colors went

dancing and bobbing up and down the streets like a host of giant fire-flies.

It was no wonder that June hated to go to bed when so much was happening outside. Only the promise of a story moved him when Seki gave the final word. But for the sake of a story he would have gone to the moon I believe, and stayed there too.

When at last he was bathed and cuddled down in his nest on the floor with a huge kimono, four times as big as the ones Seki wore, spread over him, Seki would sit on her heels beside him, sewing with an endless thread which she only cut off from the reel when the seam was finished. And June would watch her pretty plump little hands, and the shadows of her moving fingers as he listened to queer tales of the sea gods and their palace under the waves. Sometimes she would tell of the old samurai and their dark deeds of revenge, of attacks on castles, and fights in the moats, and the imaginary clashing of swords and shouts of men would get so real to June, that he would say:

"I don't want any more scareful ones tonight. Please tell me about the little mosquito boy."

Then Saki would begin: "Very long times ago, lived very good little boy, who never want to do anything but reverence his mother and his father, and his grandfathers and grandmothers. All time he think it over to himself how he can serve his parents. One night the wind blow up from the south and bring a thousand hundred *ka*, mosquito you call him, and they bite very much. So good little boy takes off all his clothes and lies at the door of his house so mosquitoes bite him and get so full of boy that they have not room more for father and mother." At which point June would never fail to laugh with delight, and Seki would look hurt and puzzled and say, "Not funny, June, very fine, kind, and noble of good little boy."

After Seki had put out the light and joined the rest of the family in the garden, June would lie very still and the thoughts that had been crowded down in the bottom of his heart all day would come creeping up and whisper to him. "Mother is a long way off; suppose she has gotten lost and never comes back again. Perhaps I have n't got a father any more, maybe the soldiers have put him in the ground as they did Teddy's papa. Suppose I have to live here always and grow up to be a Japanese man, and never see the ranch in California nor my pony any more?"

And a big sob would rise in his throat and he was glad of the dark for the tears would come no matter how hard he tried to keep them back. But he never called Seki, nor let anyone know. Sometimes he got up and got his little gun and took it back to bed with him; it was so much easier to be a soldier if you had a gun in your hand.

But one morning when he awoke, two delightful things happened. First he saw up in the air, apparently swimming about over the house-tops, an enormous red fish as large as he was, and when he ran to the door there were others as far as he could see waving and floating about tall poles that were placed outside nearly every house.

Without waiting to be dressed he rushed out in the garden to ask Seki San what it all meant. When she saw him, she dropped the letter she was reading and came toward him as fast as her little pigeon toes would carry her.

"It 's from your mother," she cried, her face beaming with joy. "She did never get losted at all. She is with your father now, and he will have the strength again, and they will come back so sooner as he can journey. Oh! I could die for the happiness!"

June jumped up and down, and Seki San giggled, and Tomi barked until the family came out to see what was the matter.

"And what did she say? Tell me!" demanded June.

"All this, and this, and this," said Seki spreading out the closely written sheets. Then with many pauses and much knitting of brows and pointing of fingers, she read the letter aloud. There was very little about the sad journey, or the dreadful fever, or the life at the hospital. It was mostly about June, whether he was well, whether he was very unhappy, if he coughed at night, if he missed her very much.

"And these at the end I sink I can not read," concluded Seki, pointing to a long row of circles and dots.

June looked over her shoulder. "Why Seki!" he exclaimed, "that 's the only part I can read! They are kisses and hugs, I showed her how to make them. That long one is a pink kiss, and this starry one is silver with golden spangles," he laughed with delight, then his eye catching sight of the fish over head, he said:

"Say Seki, why did they put out the fish? Is it because my father is getting well?"

Seki San smilingly shook her head.

"It's a matsuri, a festival," she explained; "this is the boys' day and wherever a boy live, they put out a big paper fish with round mouth open so——, and when the wind flow in, the fish grow big and fat and make like swim in the air."

"But why do they put out fishes?" persisted June.

"'T is the carp fish," said Seki San, "because the carp very strong and brave, he swim against the current, fight his way up the waterfall, not afraid of the very bad discouragings, like good boy should be."

June was much more interested in the fish than in the moral, and when Toro brought a big red one for him and a paper cap and banner, he hastened away to be dressed so that he could be ready for the festivities.

Taking it all in all, it was about the happiest day he had ever spent in his life. When he and Toro started forth the streets were already full of people, men and women in holiday attire, little girls in bright red petticoats and fancy pins in their hair, every boy with a fish on a stick, small children with bald-headed babies tied on their backs, all trotting merrily along to the matsuri.

Everywhere June went a crowd went behind him, for a little foreign boy with gray eyes and fair hair, and strange foreign clothes was one of the greatest sights of the day. Sometimes a woman would stop him and look at his hat or his shoes, and a circle would close in and Toro would be bombarded with questions. But the people were always so polite, and their admiration was so evident, that June was rather pleased, and when he smiled and spoke to them in English, they bowed again and again, and he bowed back, then they all laughed.

It was a terrible trial to June not to be able to ask questions. He was brimful of curiosity and everything he saw and heard had a dozen questions hanging to it. Usually Seki San supplied the answers but to-day Toro was in command, and while he was a very careful little guide, keeping tight hold of June's hand, pointing out all the interesting sights, and trying to explain by sign and gesture, still he did not know a single word of English.

After passing through many gay streets they came to a tall red gate which June had come to recognize as the entrance to sacred ground. But inside it was not in the least like any churchyard he had ever seen. It was more like the outside of a circus where

everything delightful was happening at once. On one side was a sandman making wonderful pictures on the ground with colored sand. First he made a background of fine white sand, then out of papers folded like cornucopias he formed small streams of black and red sand, skilfully tracing the line of a mountain, using a feather to make the waves of the sea, and a piece of silver money to form the great round moon, and before you knew it there was the very picture you had seen on fans and screens and tea-pots ever since you could remember, even down to the birds that were flying across the moon.

Then there were jugglers and tight rope walkers, and sacred pigeons that lit on your head and shoulders and ate corn out of your hand. June thought he had never seen such greedy pigeons before. Two or three perched on his hand at once, and scolded and pushed each other, and even tried to eat the buttons off his blouse!

Up the mountain side, flanked by rows of stone lanterns, ran a wide flight of steps and at the top was the gate-way to the temple itself. On either side were sort of huge cages, and in them the most hideous figures June had ever seen! They were fierce looking giants with terrible glass eyes and snarling mouths with all the teeth showing, just as the Ogre's did in the fairy tale. One was painted all over green, and the other was red, and they held out clutching fingers as if ready to pounce upon the passer-by. While June was looking at them, and feeling rather glad that they were inside the cages, he saw two old men dressed in white, climb slowly up the steps and kneel before the statues. Bowing their heads to the earth and muttering prayers, they took from their belts some slips of paper, and after chewing them into wads began gravely to throw them at the fierce green demon behind the bars.

June giggled with joy, this was something he could quite understand. Taking advantage of Toro's attention being distracted, he promptly began to make wads too, and before Toro could stop him he was vigorously pelting the scowling image. In an instant there was angry remonstrance and a group of indignant worshipers gathered around. Fortunately Seki San appeared on the scene in time to prevent trouble.

"But I was only doing what the others did!" explained June indignantly.

"It is no harm done," said Seki, reassuringly after a few words to those about her,

"you not understand our strange ways. These are our Nio or temple guardians that frighten away the evil bad spirits."

from the old man at the gate, and throw them through the grating. If the prayer sticks, it is answered, if it falls



"DO YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU?" JUNE ASKED.

"What makes the pilgrims throw at them then?" asked June.

"They throw prayers," answered Seki San very seriously, "they buy paper prayers

down it is not answered. Come, I will show you!"

They went very close, and looked through the bars; there on the grating, on the floor

and even on the ceiling above them were masses of tiny paper wads, the unanswered prayers of departed thousands.

"Well, three of mine stuck!" said June with satisfaction. "Do you suppose it's too late to make a prayer on them now?"

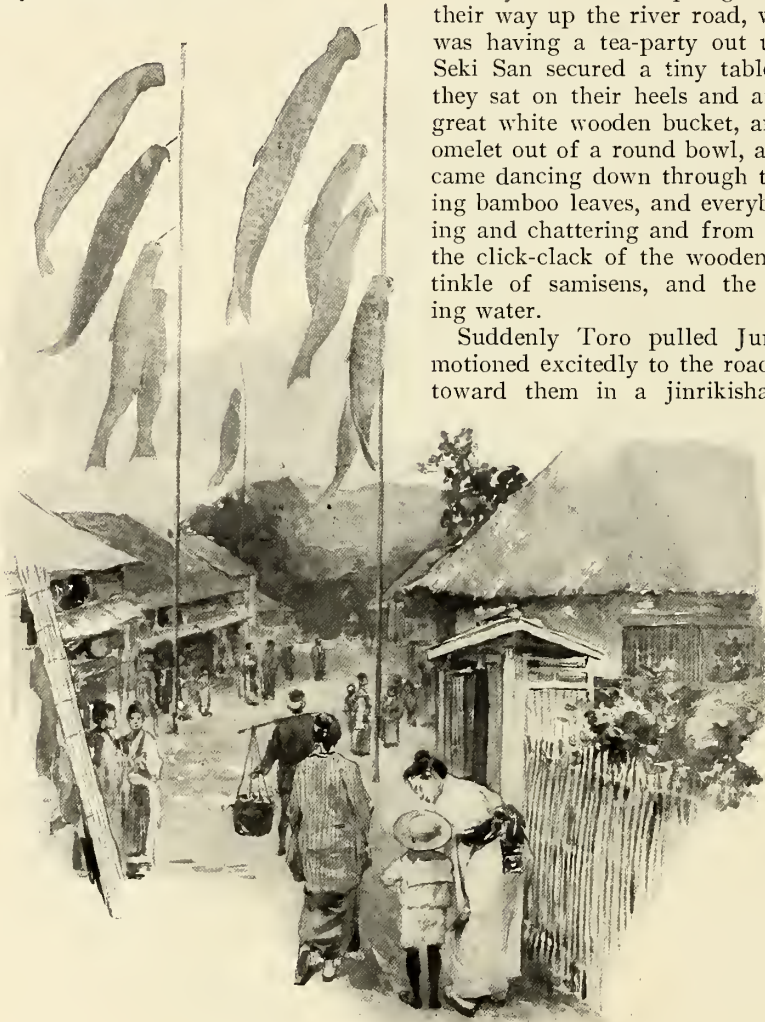
"It's tiffin time," said Seki San, "and after that will be the fire-work."

"In the day-time?" asked June.

"Oh yes, very fine nice fire-work," said Seki.

They left the temple grounds, and made their way up the river road, where everybody was having a tea-party out under the trees. Seki San secured a tiny table for them and they sat on their heels and ate rice out of a great white wooden bucket, and fluffy yellow omelet out of a round bowl, and the sunshine came dancing down through the dainty, waving bamboo leaves, and everybody was laughing and chattering and from every side came the click-clack of the wooden shoes, and the tinkle of samisens, and the music of falling water.

Suddenly Toro pulled June's sleeve and motioned excitedly to the road-way. Coming toward them in a jinrikisha, looking very



"'IT'S A MATSURI—A FESTIVAL,' SEKI EXPLAINED."

Seki thought after considering the matter that it was not.

"But I have n't got anything left to pray for!" said June, regretting the lost opportunity. "Father's getting well, and he and Mother are coming home, and I have got pretty near everything I want. I believe I'd like another fish though, and oh! yes, I want a little pug dog, jes' 'zactly like Tomi."

pale and thin and with both arms in bandages, sat Monsieur.

June broke away from Seki and raced after the jinrikisha, "Oh! Mister," he cried, "Mr. Frenchman."

Monsieur, hearing the English words, stopped his man and turned around. When he saw a very flushed little boy in blouse suit and a wide brimmed hat, he smiled.

"Ah!" he cried, "my friend of the garden! My prince who found the Sleeping Beauty." Then he began to laugh so hard that it started up all his rheumatic pains, and he had to sink back and rest quiet before he could speak again. "I am very bad since I saw you last," he said; "these dogs of Japanese will let me die here. One day in France would make me well. I may have it yet—I must get back some way—some way!" His eyes looked excitedly over June's head out into space as if trying to span the miles that lay between him and his beloved country.

"My papa will take you home when he comes," said June; "he's a soldier."

Monsieur shrugged his shoulders: "Your papa would not care that," he said, snapping his fingers; then seeing June's disappointment he added kindly, "But you—will you not

come to see me? I will make you more forts, I will show you my gold fish."

"Yes, I'll come," said June. "When?"

But before Monsieur could answer, Seki had called June and the jinrikisha had started on its way.

Late in the afternoon, as the revelers straggled home tired but happy, June slipped his hand into Seki's. The merry noises of the day had given place to the quiet chirp of the crickets and the drowsy croaking of the frogs, and the little breezes that stirred overhead sounded sleepy and far away.

"Seki," said June, "I did n't make any prayer on that paper that stuck on the old giant's nose, do you think it too late?"

"No," said Seki San, willing to humor him.

"Well," said June sleepily, "I pray that the French gentleman will get back home."

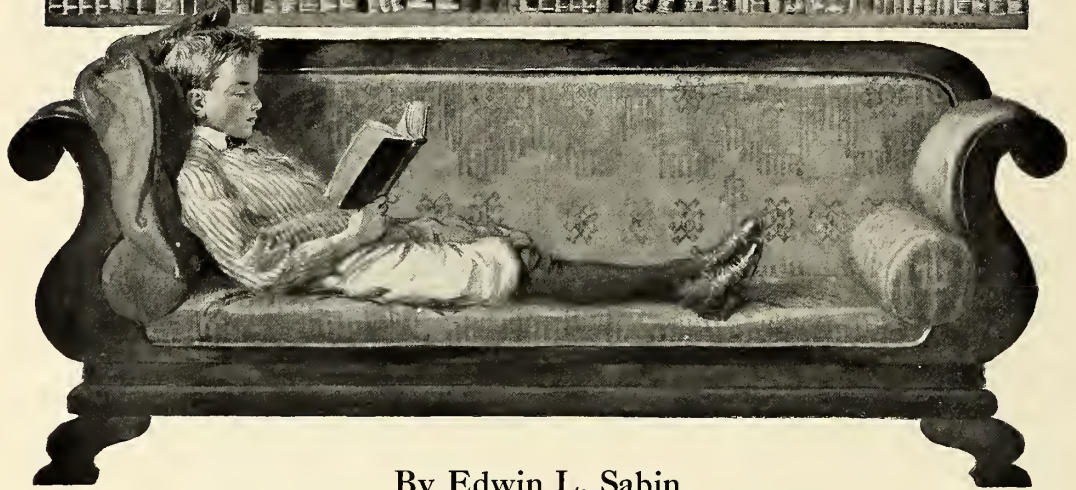
(To be continued.)

A Japanese Candy Shop



SHOPS in Japan are all so tiny and look so much alike that it is difficult to tell at a glance just what kind of a shop each one is. But all Japanese boys and girls know the confectioners' sign—the spiked ball—and just

where to go whenever they wish sweets of any sort. The sign in this picture is on top of the pole. Underneath it hangs a banner bearing the name of the shop-keeper in Japanese characters.



By Edwin L. Sabin

Some eve I'd like to plant myself
By boyhood's long-neglected shelf,
Once more to ope those volumes worn
Which modern pages make forlorn ;

Once more to let the moments speed
With *Optic*, *Castlemon*, *Mayne Reid* !
The "Boat-Club" set, "The White Chief"
there—
Ah, *these* were *books*, I do declare !

"Jack Hazard !" Joy ! Again we meet
By grace of *Trowbridge* lines replete !
And 'pon my word, here 's "Cudjo's Cave !"
(Was Cudjo not a 'dandy' slave ?)

The "Scottish Chiefs" is this, I guess,
With "Thaddeus of Warsaw"—yes !
And this (I loaned it o'er and o'er)
Is Stephens' "Left on Labrador !"

Pass by that dog-eared treasure ? No !
'T is *Scott's* entrancing "*Ivanhoe* !"
(How often, of its glamour taught,
Have Tom and I in tourney fought !)

And here, imploring boyhood's eyes,
The "*Last of the Mohicans*" lies !
Hail ! *Hawkeye*, *Uncas*, *Chingachgook* !
("*Deerslayer*" is that next old book.)

Come "*Crusoe*" ; pretty ragged, you—
A hundred times read through and through !
Your woodcuts blurred. While this one—
see ?—
The far-marooned "*Swiss Family* !" "

And look ! Their lonesomeness confessed,
"*Aladdin*," "*Sinbad*," and the rest
Peer forth from covers stained and dim,
Awaiting—cheek by jowl with *Grimm* !

Upon this faded back discern
The tempting, wizard name of *Verne* !
The title ? Must be "*Field of Ice*"—
Or, no ; some "trip," of strange device.

Munchausen, here ; that, *Gulliver* ;
This, *Coffin*—truthful chronicler.
(The other three of course are bricks,
But can't beat "*Boys of '76* !")

And *you*, oh gift of gentler pen :
Louisa Alcott's "*Little Men* !"
And *you*, whom kindred soul creates :
"*Hans Brinker* ; or, *The Silver Skates* !" "

But *Duty* warns—like mother's dread :
"Stop, my son ; time to go to bed."
In vain I'd beg : "*One chapter more* !"
Farewell, dear shelf of boyhood's lore.

The New Boy at Hilltop

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," etc.

CHAPTER III

MR. WHIPPLE SUBSCRIBES



KENNETH'S first week at Hilltop passed busily and happily. There had been no more talk on Joe's part about getting rid of his room-mate. The two had become fast friends. Kenneth grew to

like Joe better each day; and it had n't taken him long to discover that it was because of Joe's ability to squirm out of scrapes or to avoid detection altogether rather than to irreproachable conduct that Doctor Randall looked upon him as a model student.

Basket-ball practice for both the Upper and Lower House teams took place every week-day afternoon. Kenneth had erred, if at all, on the side of modesty when speaking of his basket-ball ability. To be sure, he was light in weight for a team where the members' ages averaged almost sixteen years, but he made up for that in speed, while his prowess at shooting baskets from the floor or from fouls was so remarkable that after a few practice games had been played all Lower House was discussing him with eager amazement and Upper House was sitting up and taking notice. At the end of the first week Kenneth secured a place on the second team at right guard, and Grafton Hyde, whose place in a similar position on the first team was his more by reason of his size and weight than because of real ability, began to work his hardest.

The closer Kenneth pressed him for his place the more Grafton's dislike of the younger boy became evident. As there was the length of the floor between their positions in the practice games the two had few opportunities to "mix it up," but once or twice they got into a scrimmage together and on those occasions the fur flew. Grafton was a hard, rough player and he did n't handle Kenneth with gloves. On the other hand, Ken-

neth asked no favors nor gave any. Naturally Grafton's superior size and strength gave him the advantage, and after the second of these "mix-ups," during which the other players and the few spectators looked on gleefully and the referee blew his whistle until he was purple in the face, Kenneth limped down to the dressing-room with a badly bruised knee, a factor which kept him out of the game for the next two days and caused Grafton to throw sarcastic asides in the direction of the bench against which Kenneth's heels beat a disconsolate tattoo.

Four days before the first game with Upper House—the Championship Shield went to the team winning two games out of three—Lower House held an enthusiastic meeting at which songs and cheers were practised and at which the forty-odd fellows in attendance pledged themselves for various sums of money to defray the cost of new suits and paraphernalia for both the basket-ball and hockey teams.

"How much do you give?" whispered Kenneth.

"Five dollars," answered Joe, his pencil poised above the little slip of paper. Kenneth stared.

"But—is n't that a good bit?" he asked incredulously.

"It seems so when you only get twenty dollars a month allowance," answered Joe ruefully. "But every fellow gives what he thinks he ought to, you know; Graft usually gives ten dollars, but lots of the fellows can only give fifty cents."

"I see," murmured Kenneth. "'What he thinks he ought to give,' eh? That 's easy."

The following afternoon Upper and Lower Houses turned out *en masse* to see the first of the hockey series and stood ankle-deep in the new snow while Upper proceeded to administer a generous trouncing to her rival.

"Eat 'em up, Upper! Eat 'em up, Upper!" gleefully shouted the supporters of the crimson-stockinged players along the opposite barrier.

"Oh, forget it!" growled Joe, pulling the collar of his blue sweater higher about his

neck and turning a disgusted back to the rink. "That 's 14 to 3, is n't it? Well, it must be pretty near over, that 's one comfort! Hello, here comes Whipple. Gee, but he makes me tired! Always trying to mix with the fellows. I wonder if he was born with that ugly smile of his. He 's coming this way." Joe groaned. "He thinks I 'm such a nice little boy and says he hopes my heart is of gold to match my hair! Would n't that peeve you?"

"Ah, Brewster," greeted Mr. Whipple, laying a hand on the boy's shoulder, "how goes it to-day?" He accorded Kenneth a curt nod.

"Going bad," growled Joe.

"Well, well, we must take the bad with the good," said the instructor sweetly. "Even defeat has its lesson, you know. Now—"

But Kenneth did n't hear the rest. Grafton Hyde was beside him with a slip of paper in his hand.

"Say, Garwood," said Grafton loudly enough to be heard by the audience near-by, "I wish you 'd tell me about this. It 's your subscription slip. These figures look like a one and two naughts, but I guess you meant ten dollars instead of one, did n't you?"

"No," answered Kenneth calmly.

"Oh! But—only a dollar?" inquired Grafton incredulously.

The fellows nearest at hand who had been either watching the game or delighting in Joe's discomforture turned their attention to Grafton and the new junior.

"Exactly," answered Kenneth. "The figures are perfectly plain, are n't they?"

Grafton shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Oh, all right," he said. "Only a dollar seemed rather little, and I wanted to be sure—"

"Did n't anyone else give a dollar?" demanded Kenneth.

"We don't make public the amounts received," answered Grafton with much dignity. Kenneth smiled sarcastically.

"What are you doing now?" he asked.

"I merely asked—"

"And I answered. That 's enough, is n't it?"

"Yes, but let me tell you that we don't take to stingy fellows in Lower House. You 'd better get moved to Upper, Garwood; that 's where you belong. You 're a fresh kid, and I guess we don't have to have your subscription anyway." He tore the slip up contemptuously and tossed the pieces to the snow. Kenneth colored.

"Just as you like," he answered. "I subscribed what I thought proper and you 've refused to accept it. You have n't worried me."

But a glance over the faces of the little throng showed that public sentiment was against him. Well, that could n't be helped now. He turned his back and gave his attention to the game. But the incident was not yet closed. Mr. Whipple's smooth voice sounded in its most conciliatory tones:

"We all know your generosity, Hyde. Let us hope that by next year Garwood will have learned from you the spirit of giving."

Kenneth swung around and faced the instructor.

"May I ask, sir, how much you gave?"

"Me? Why—ah—I think the teachers are not required—I should say expected to—ah—contribute," answered Mr. Whipple agitatedly.

"I guess they are n't forbidden to," answered Kenneth. "And I don't believe you 've got any right to criticize the size of my subscription until you 've given something yourself."

Mr. Whipple's smile grew tremulous and almost flickered out.

"I 'm sure that the boys of the Lower House know that I am always ready and eager to aid in any way," he replied with angry dignity. "If they will allow me to contribute—" He paused and viewed the circle smilingly.

The idea tickled all hands hugely.

"Yes, sir!"

"Thank you, sir!"

"About five dollars, Mr. Whipple!"

Mr. Whipple's smile grew strained and uneasy. He had not expected acceptance of his offer.

"Yes, yes, perhaps it is best to keep the donations confined to the student body," he said. "Perhaps at another time you 'll allow—"

"Right now, sir!" cried Joe. "Give us a couple of dollars, sir!"

The demand could not be disregarded. Shouts of approval arose on every hand. On the ice, Wason of the Upper House team had hurt his knee and time had been called; and the waiting players flocked to the barrier to see what was up. Mr. Whipple looked questioningly at Grafton and found that youth regarding him expectantly. With a sigh which was quickly stifled he drew forth his pocket book and selected a two dollar note

from the little roll it contained. He handed it to Grafton who accepted it carelessly.

turned in all its serenity. "And now, Grafton," he said, "as I have complied with your requirements, allow me to say that your conduct has not been—ah—up to Hill-top standards. Let me suggest that you cultivate generosity."

Kenneth, who had kept his back turned since his last words, swung around with an angry retort on his lips. But Joe's hand pulled him back.

"Shut up, chum!" whispered Joe. "Let him go."

Kenneth swallowed his anger and Mr. Whipple, with a smiling nod, followed by a quick malevolent glance at Joe, turned away from the group of grinning faces.

Chuckles and quiet snickers followed him.

There was joy in the ranks of the enemy. Only Kenneth showed no satisfaction over the instructor's discomfiture for he realized that the latter would hold him partly accountable for it.

Presently, the game having come to an end with the score 18 to 7 in Upper's favor, he and Joe went back together up the hill.

"I wish," said Joe, with a frown, "you had n't made that fuss about the subscription. Fellows will think you're stingy, I'm afraid."

"Well, they'll have to think so then," responded Kenneth defiantly. "Anyhow, Hyde had no business pitching into me about it like that in public."

"No, that's so," Joe acknowledged. "He



"MAY I ASK, SIR, HOW MUCH YOU GAVE?" SAID KENNETH.

"Thanks," said Grafton. "I'll send you a receipt, sir."

"Oh, that is not necessary," replied Mr. Whipple. Now that the thing was past mending he made the best of it. His smile had re-

had n't. I guess he 's got it in for you good and hard. But don't you be worried."

"I 'm not," answered Kenneth. And he did n't look to be.

"I 'm going to see Jim Marble before Graft gets at him with a lot of yarns about you," Joe continued.

"Thanks," said Kenneth. "I wish you would. I don't want to lose all show for the team."

"You bet you don't! You 're getting on finely, too, are n't you? I don't see how you work those long throws of yours. Graft says it 's just your fool luck." Joe chuckled. "I asked him why he did n't cultivate a little luck himself! He 's been playing like a baby so far; sloppy 's no name for it!"

"Think Marble notices it?"

"Of course he notices it! Jim don't miss a thing. Why?"

"Nothing, only—well, I 've made up my mind to beat Grafton out; and I 'm going to do it!"

Two days later there was deeper gloom than ever in Lower House. Upper had won the first basket-ball game! And the score, 14 to 6, did n't offer ground for comfort. There was no good reason to suppose that the

next game, coming a week later, would result very differently. Individually three at least of the five players had done brilliant work, Marble at center. Joe at left forward and Collier at left guard having won applause time and again. But Upper had far excelled in team-work, especially on offense, and Lower's much-heralded speed had n't shown up. On the defense, all things considered, Lower had done fairly well, although most of the honor belonged to Collier at left guard, Grafton Hyde having played a slow, blundering

game in which he had apparently sought to substitute roughness for science. More than half of the fouls called on the Blue had been made by Grafton. And, even though Upper had no very certain basket-thrower, still she could n't have helped making a fair share of those goals from fouls.

Kenneth had n't gone on until the last



"I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE," HE SAID SIMPLY." (SEE PAGE 234.)

minute of play, and he had not distinguished himself. In fact his one play had been a failure. He had taken Grafton's place at right guard. Carl Jones, Upper's big center, stole the ball in the middle of the floor and succeeded in getting quite away from the field. Kenneth saw the danger and gave chase, but his lack of weight was against him. Jones brushed him aside, almost under the basket, and, while Kenneth went rolling over out of bounds, tossed the easiest sort of a goal.

But Kenneth's lack of success on that oc-

casation caused him to work harder than ever in practice, and, on the following Thursday the long-expected happened. Grafton Hyde went to the second team and Kenneth took his place at right guard on the first.

CHAPTER IV

SUSPENDED

GRAFTON could scarcely believe it at first. When he discovered that Jim Marble really meant that he was to go to the second team his anger almost got the better of him, and the glance he turned from Jim to Kenneth held nothing of affection. But he took his place at right guard on the second and, although with ill grace, played the position while practice lasted. Kenneth took pains to keep away from him since there was no telling what tricks he might be up to. The first team put it all over the second that day and Jim Marble was smiling when time was called and the panting players tumbled downstairs to the showers. On Friday practice was short. After it was over Kenneth stopped at the library on his way back to Lower House. When he opened the door of Number 12 he found Joe with his books spread out, studying.

"Hello, where have you been?" asked Joe. "Graft was in here a minute ago looking for you. Said if you came in before dinner to ask you to go up to his room a minute. Of course," said Joe, grinning, "he may intend to throw you out of the window or give you poison, but he talked sweetly enough. Still, maybe you 'd better stay away; perhaps he 's just looking for a chance to quarrel."

Kenneth thought a minute. Then he turned toward the door.

"Going?" asked Joe.

"Yes."

"Well, if you 're not back by six I 'll head a rescue party."

Grafton Hyde roomed by himself on the third floor. His two rooms, on the corner of the building, were somewhat elaborately furnished, as befitted the apartments of "the richest fellow in school." He had chosen the third floor because he was under surveillance less strict than were the first and second floor boys. The teacher on the third floor was Mr. Whipple and, as his rooms were at the other end of the hall and as he paid little attention at best to his charges, Grafton did about as he pleased. To-night there was no light shining through the transom when Ken-

neth reached Number 21 and he decided that Grafton was out. But he would make sure and so knocked at the door. To his surprise he was told to come in. As he opened the door a chill draft swept by him, a draft at once redolent of snow and of cigarette smoke. The room was in complete darkness, but a form was outlined against one of the windows, the lower sash of which was fully raised, and a tiny red spark glowed there.

"Who is it?" asked Grafton's voice.

"Garwood," was the reply. "Joe said you wanted me to look you up."

The spark suddenly dropped out of sight, evidently tossed through the open window.

"Oh," said Grafton with a trace of embarrassment. "Er—wait a moment and I 'll light up."

"Don't bother," said Kenneth. "I can't stay but a minute. I just thought I 'd see what you wanted."

"Well, you 'll find a chair there by the table," said Grafton, sinking back on the window-seat. "Much obliged to you for coming up."

There was a silence during which Kenneth found the chair and Grafton pulled down the window. Then,

"Look here, Garwood," said Grafton, "you 've got my place on the team. I don't say you did n't get it fair and square, because you did. But I want it. You know me pretty well and I guess you know I generally get what I want. You 're a pretty good sort, and you 're a friend of Joe's, and I like Joe, but I might make it mighty uncomfortable for you if I wanted to, which I don't. I 'll tell you what I 'll do, Garwood. You get yourself back on the second team and I 'll make it right with you. If you need a little money—"

"Is that all?" asked Kenneth, rising.

"Hold on! Don't get waxy! Wait till I explain. I 'll give you twenty-five dollars, Garwood. You can do a whole lot with twenty-five dollars. And that 's a mighty generous offer. All you 've got to do is to play off for a couple of days. To-morrow you could be kind of sick and not able to play. No one would think anything about it, and you can bet I would n't breathe a word of it. What do you say?"

"I say you 're a confounded cad!" cried Kenneth hotly.

"Oh, you do, eh? I have n't offered enough, I suppose!" sneered Grafton. "I might have known that a fellow who would

only give a dollar to the teams would be a hard bargainer! Well, I 'm not stingy; I 'll call it thirty. Now, what do you say?"

"When you get your place back it 'll be by some other means than buying it," said Kenneth contemptuously. He turned toward the door. "You have n't got enough money to buy everything, you see; and—"

There was a sharp knock on the door.

"If you say anything about this," whispered Grafton hoarsely, "I 'll—I 'll—Come in!"

"Who is here?" asked Mr. Whipple's voice as the door swung open.

"I, sir, and Garwood," answered Grafton.

"Ah! Garwood! And which one of you, may I ask, has been smoking cigarettes?"

There was a moment's silence. Then,

"Nobody in here, sir," answered Grafton.

"That will do, Hyde. Don't attempt to shield him," said Mr. Whipple coldly. "Light the gas, please."

Grafton slid off the window-seat and groped toward where Kenneth was standing.

"Yes, sir," he said, "as soon as I can find a match." He brushed heavily against Kenneth. "I beg your pardon, Garwood. I 'm all turned around. Where—? Oh, here they are." A match flared and Grafton lighted the drop-light. Mr. Whipple turned to Kenneth, a triumphant smile on his thin features.

"Well, what have you to say?" he asked.

"About what, sir?" inquired Kenneth.

"About smoking. You deny it then."

"Yes."

"Ah! And what about this?" Mr. Whipple opened his hand and displayed a portion of a cigarette with charred end. "You should be more careful where you throw them, Garwood. This came from the window just as I was passing below."

"It 's not mine," was the answer.

"Oh, then it was you, Hyde?"

Grafton smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"If you can find any cigarettes in my room, sir, you—"

"Pshaw! What 's the use in pretending?" interrupted the instructor, viewing Kenneth balefully. "I fancy I know where to look for cigarettes, eh, Garwood? You have no objection to emptying your pockets for me?"

"None at all, Mr. Whipple."

"Then, may I suggest that you do so?"

Kenneth dove into one pocket and brought out a handkerchief and a small piece of pencil, into the other and—

"Ah!" said Mr. Whipple triumphantly.

In Kenneth's hand lay a piece of folded paper, a skate strap and—a box of cigarettes! He stared at the latter bewilderedly for a moment. Then he glanced sharply at Grafton. That youth regarded him commiseratingly and slowly shook his head.

"I 'll take those, if you please," said Mr. Whipple. Kenneth handed them over.

"I never saw them before," he said simply.

"Oh, of course not," jeered the instructor. "And the room rank with cigarette smoke! That 's a pretty tall story, I think, Garwood. You told me once that I would never catch you smoking cigarettes. You see you were a trifle mistaken. You may go to your room."

"I was n't smoking cigarettes," protested Kenneth. "I never saw that box before in my life. If Hyde won't tell I will. I came up here and found him—"

He stopped. What was the use? Telling on another fellow was mean work, and, besides, Mr. Whipple would n't believe him. He had no proof to offer and all the evidence was against him. He turned to the door. On the threshold he looked back at Grafton.

"You sneak!" he said softly.

Then, with the angry tears blinding his eyes, he hurried down to his room to unburden his heart to Joe Brewster.

Joe was wildly indignant and was all for dashing upstairs and "knocking the spots out of Graft!" But Kenneth refused his consent to such a procedure.

"I 'll tell them the truth when they call me up," he said. "If they don't believe me they need n't."

Well, they did n't. Kenneth refused to incriminate Grafton and as all the evidence was strongly against him he was held guilty. The verdict was "suspension" as soon as Kenneth's parents could be communicated with. Grafton denied having smoked with Kenneth and got off with a lecture for permitting an infraction of the rules in his study. Joe stormed and sputtered, but as Kenneth had bound him to secrecy he could do no more.

That night Upper and Lower met in the second basket-ball game and Grafton Hyde played right guard on the Lower House team. Fate was kind to the Blues. Knox, Upper's crack right forward, was out of the game with a twisted ankle and when the last whistle blew the score board declared Lower House the winner by a score of 12 to 9. And Lower House tramped through the snow, around and around the campus, and made night hideous

with songs and cheers until threatened by the faculty with dire punishment if they did not at once retire to their rooms. And up in Number 12 Kenneth, feeling terribly out of it all, heard and was glad of the victory.

Sunday afternoon he spent in packing his trunk, for, in spite of Joe's pleadings, he was determined not to return to Hilltop when his term of suspension was over. He expected to hear from his father in the morning, in which case he would take the noon train to New York on the first stage of his journey.

That night they sat up late, since it was to be their last evening together, and Joe was very miserable. He begged Kenneth to go to Doctor Randall and tell just what had occurred. But Kenneth shook his head.

"He would n't believe me if I did," he said. "And, anyhow, what 's the use of stay-

ing while Whipple 's here? He 'd get me fired sooner or later. No, the best way to do is to quit now. I 'm sorry, Joe; you and I were getting on together pretty well, were n't we?"

"Yes," answered Joe sadly. And then he became reminiscent and asked whether Kenneth remembered the way they kicked the furniture around that first evening and how Kenneth had joshed Grafton Hyde.

When they at last went to bed Kenneth found himself unable to sleep. Eleven o'clock struck on the town clock. From across the room came Joe's regular breathing and Kenneth, punching his pillow into a new shape, envied him. For a half-hour longer he tossed and turned, and then slumber came to him, yet so fitfully that he was wide awake and out of bed the instant that that first shrill cry of "Fire!" sounded in the corridor.

(To be continued.)



A LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD OF TO-DAY.

An Affair of Honor In Jungleville.

Drawn by I. W. Taber



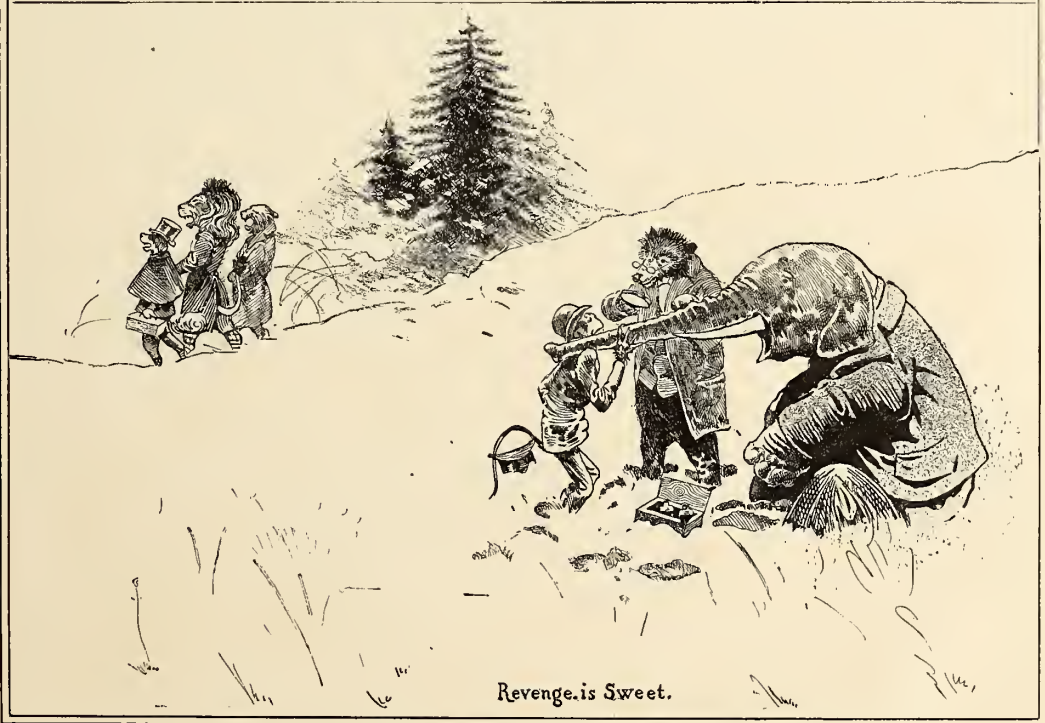
A Spin on the Road.



The Challenge.



The Duel.



Revenge is Sweet.

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

Illustrated by George Varian

THE BATTLE OF THE SNOW FORTS

WHEN school convened after the holidays, the school-house yard naturally became the center of activity for winter games of all kinds. An unusually great amount of snow had fallen and lay undisturbed on the ground, with the exception of the enormous piles bordering the newly-cleared walks leading from the gates to the school-house. Everybody had studiously avoided the enclosure during the holidays, preferring to spend their midwinter playtime at places farther away from the daily grind of study.

At recess time everything was in full blast and all felt that the reopening of school was not such a regrettable occasion after all. Before school was called the boys had tramped down a large circle in the snow, with intersecting lines like the spokes of a wheel, designed for playing "Fox and Geese." Everybody played and played hard and when it was time to go in again the surface of the school yard had entirely lost its untrampled appearance.

That afternoon before school began, as the boys were rushing around the well-beaten paths, Pinkey noticed some of the girls, Harriet Warren among them, standing on the walk watching them. He imagined that he detected traces of regret on the faces of some, caused no doubt by there being no chance for them to enjoy the game as the boys were doing. They could not make a ring for themselves, had there been available space, for the snow was too deep for them to wade in.

"Say, fellows," he exclaimed on reaching "home"—the "hub" of the wheel—after a lively chase around the rim of the circle, "we've had enough of this for a while; what do you say to quitting and building a couple of snow forts and letting the girls come over here and play?"

"That 's what!" shouted Joe Cooper, "I've had enough of this. Let 's build a couple of forts that 'll be dandies and then have a regular war and battles, and sieges."

"We won't have to build but one to have a war," spoke up Bunny Morris, who had come up just in time to hear the last two remarks; "Shiner Brayley and Ed Lewis and a lot more o' the 'South-Enders' are over there now, rolling snowballs for a fort. They said that they were going to build one and run us out of our fox and geese game."

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" said Pinkey eagerly. "Well, all right, if they want to run us out of something, we 'll build a fort too and let 'em run us out of that." Then turning to the girls he added: "Come on, girls, and play here if you want to, we 're going to build a fort."

Instantly all was activity of a different sort. As usual, Pinkey took command and organized his forces so as to get the best results in the quickest time.

"Bunny," he said, "you and Joe start over there by that big tree and begin rolling a big snowball. Roll it this way so that by the time it 's big enough, it 'll be where we want it. Shorty, you and Billy start at the fence and roll another in this direction. By this plan, you see we won't have to handle them any after they get big enough to use."

Thus directing the work and lending a helping hand here and there wherever he could be of most assistance, Pinkey began the erection of what he was determined should be the largest snow fort Enterprise had ever seen.

Eddie and Shiner saw what the North-Enders were doing and accepted the silent challenge with great glee. Nothing was said by either side and no attempt was made to hinder the progress of either party.

It was impossible to make much of a showing on either fort during the remainder of the noon hour, but at recess the boys took up the work with renewed vigor, rolling the large snowballs into rows and filling in the spaces between with smaller balls and large handfuls of snow. Both forts were large

and roomy inside, and at each end of the main wall shorter walls were built extending to the rear as a defense against attack from the sides.

The forts faced each other squarely, each extending from the heaps of snow which bordered the broad main walk some distance out into the yard, and with but fair snowball range between them.

"Let 's elect somebody captain," suggested

partly-constructed fort, Pinkey expressed his views on the need for haste.

"Now, fellows," said he, "let 's go right ahead with this fort as fast as we can, because the sooner we get it done the sooner we can defend ourselves. The South-Enders are ahead of us now and there 's no telling how soon they 'll pitch in and want to fight."

This appeal met with instant response and all set to work immediately, strengthening

their defenses at all points. Eddie and his crowd worked after school too and many a boasting assertion and good-natured threat was hurled back and forth as the work went on. Snowballing, however, was studiously avoided by both sides.

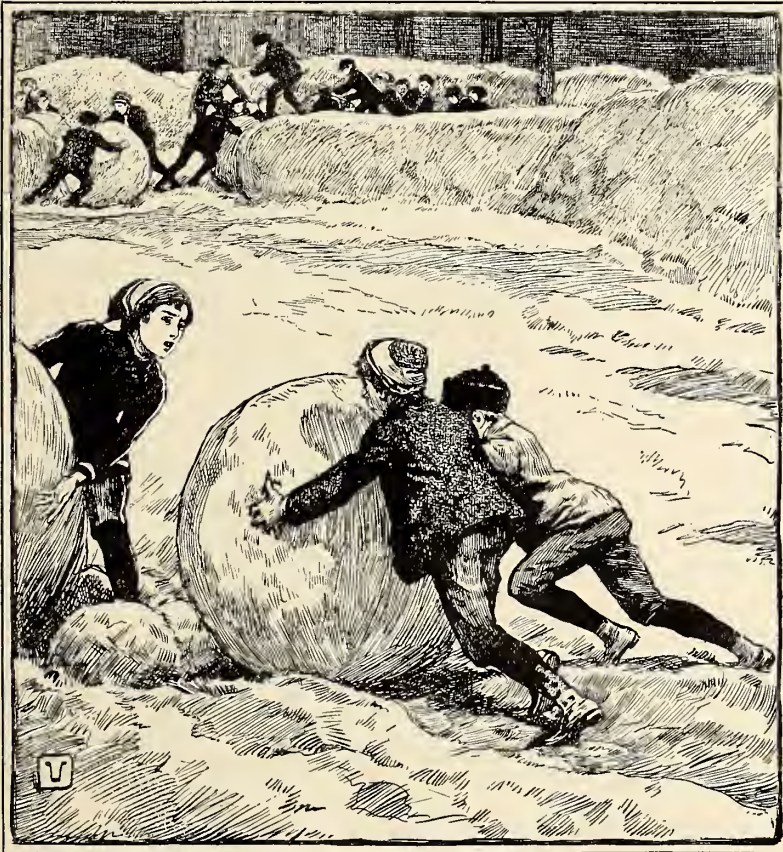
By the time it had begun to grow dark, both forts were quite near completion, but to Pinkey they seemed to lack something. After a moment's thought he said:

"Say, fellows, we 've got to have a flag on our fort; every fort you ever heard of had a flag on it."

"That 's what," spoke up Shorty eagerly, "and I 've got a flag too. I 'll bring it to school in the morning. Let 's build up a place for it in the middle of the front wall."

After a few minutes' work at rolling three good-sized snowballs and placing them one on top of the other on the middle of the main parapet, the boys took a few farewell admiring glances at their fort and started homeward.

In some way, Pinkey's idea to have a flag on the fort found its way to the ears of some of the South-Enders, and next morning imagine Pinkey's surprise when, on approaching the school yard with several of his little army, he could see a flag proudly waving from the parapet of the South-Enders' fort.



BUILDING THE FORT.

Bunny, as they started into the school-house after recess, "then we 'll know who 's boss on our side." He and all the others knew that Pinkey was the real leader but there had been some comments about "Pinkey Perkins running everything" and Bunny desired a formal acknowledgment of Pinkey's authority. The matter was put to vote and sure enough Pinkey was elected captain.

When school was dismissed for the day, and the North-Enders crowded around their

Shorty was carrying the North-Enders' flag and it relieved Pinkey's disappointment greatly to see that the staff to which he had tacked it was fully twice as long as that of the others and that the flag was much larger.

No sooner had they entered the schoolyard than the South-Enders opened fire on them with a store of snowballs which they had made while awaiting the enemy's arrival. The North-Enders, with Pinkey in the lead, made a dash for their fort, keeping up a running fire all the time, and soon gained their shelter without suffering severe loss. While dodging one snowball, however, Bunny had received the full effect of another squarely in the eye, which caused him instantly to lose interest in the war for some minutes and to sit well under the cover of the fortification and nurse his injured optic.

"Make up a lot of snowballs now, everybody," ordered Pinkey, once all were inside, "so you can keep 'em down while Shorty and I plant the flag." Pinkey and all those of his age in school were deep in the study of history just at this time and all were desirous that things should be done strictly in accordance with their ideas of the rules governing war.

The fort had been so constructed that a wide, well-packed ledge of snow ran all around the inside, upon which the defenders could stand while throwing snowballs. Pinkey arranged his fellows along this ledge, which was about a foot in height, and at the word from him all rose into view, ready to engage the enemy, while he and Shorty flag in hand, sprang upon the parapet.

"Let 'em have it, fellows!" shouted Pinkey, as the missiles began to shower upon him and Shorty, "keep them interested. Don't let up!"

So strong were his defenders in their supply of ammunition and so accurate was their aim that he and Shorty succeeded in sinking the sharp end of the flagstaff deep into the pile of snow built up for the purpose, and in jumping down again without suffering more serious damage than a few glancing blows from the other side.

As soon as the flag was firmly planted on the parapet, the North-Enders set up a cheer and threw up their caps in proud salute to their starry emblem.

Bothsides seemed to use their ammunition cautiously, throwing only when some one in the enemy's fort raised his head well into view above his protecting wall of snow.

"Stop throwing, fellows," exclaimed Pinkey suddenly, after a hasty glance over the parapet toward the other fort, "here comes a flag o' truce."

Instantly all heads appeared above the wall to look. Sure enough, there was Shiner Brayley bearing high above his head a white handkerchief tied to a small stick and marching straight toward the North-Enders' fort.

"Go and see what he wants, Bunny," said Pinkey, making no sign of going himself.



PLANTING THE FLAG.

"Why don't you go, Pinkey?" inquired Joe, "you 're captain."

"Have n't you studied enough history to know that they never do that way?" Pinkey replied. "One commander always sends somebody with a flag o' truce and the other commander sends somebody out to see what the message is. Go ahead, Bunny."

Bunny strutted proudly out of the fort and met Shiner about midway between the lines. After a few moments' whispered conversation, Bunny returned to report to Pinkey the message Shiner had brought.

"Shiner says that Ed Lewis thinks that neither side can ever drive the other out of

its fort and wants to make a bargain that whichever side can capture the other's flag wins the war and gets both forts."

"Tell Shiner to tell Ed Lewis that I agree to his terms," replied Pinkey in his most official tone, while the others stood by and uttered mingled approvals of Pinkey's action and threats toward the South-Enders.

When Bunny had delivered Pinkey's reply and had returned once more to the fort, hostilities were renewed with increased vigor by both sides.

All that day, during playtime, the battle waged fast and furious and the events of the morning proved to Pinkey that to capture the flag of either side with the force at hand and without outwitting the other was scarcely possible, so after school he called his warriors about him and proposed a plan he had made during the afternoon.

"I've been thinking about this business," he said, "and have decided that to capture the South-Enders' flag, we've got to catch 'em nappin'. Now I've got a scheme that means a lot o' work, but if we carry it out we can capture their flag as easy as pie."

"What is it?" "Let 's do it." "What do we care for work?" were a few of the many expressions of approval which greeted the proposal from all sides. There seemed to be no objections whatever, though none knew what the scheme was.

"Let 's dig a tunnel from our fort, lengthwise through that long pile o' snow that was shovelled off the walk, clear up to the South-Enders' fort and leave just a thin wall o' snow so if we can coax 'em outside and keep 'em engaged somebody can slip through the tunnel, break into their fort and capture the flag and the war will be won for our side."

It will be remembered that one end of each fort rested against this long pile of snow, which in places was nearly as high as a boy's head.

"Just the scheme, course we 'll do it," exclaimed Shorty, fairly jumping up and down, "let 's begin."

"No," warned Pinkey, "not now. We've got to get shovels and do it late this evening by moonlight when no one 's around. Everybody must be here right after supper, sure."

All consented to this arrangement and the band of braves departed for home, with a parting injunction from Pinkey to keep quiet and not to let any one know where they were going even after supper.

Promptly after supper, every North-End

returned to the school yard and about half of them had shovels, a few being thoughtful enough to bring stove shovels to be used where the others would be too large.

It was a long and tedious job that they undertook, for at no place could they stand erect in the tunnel and here and there they had to crouch down at their work to keep from breaking through above.

"Let 's work from both ends," suggested Bunny, "and get done twice as quick. There are enough of us. We can start inside the other fort and then cover up the hole when we get through."

This was a happy thought and it was at once carried into effect, one party starting from the interior of each fort and working toward the other. This hastened the work wonderfully and in less time than Pinkey had dared hope, after seeing what a task they had undertaken, the two parties met about half-way between the two forts. The snow which had been dug from their own end of the tunnel was stored in their fort, but that which came from the other end had to be scattered to avoid suspicion.

"Everything 's all ready now," said Pinkey gleefully, "just as soon as we plug up the place where we started to digging in the South-Enders' fort. I wonder how they'd like it if they knew we had been in there ourselves!"

It was but the task of a few minutes to cover up all traces of their having been in the enemy's works and when the crowd gathered up their shovels and departed there was no indication of all they had accomplished, save the piles of snow in the North-Enders' fort. They had even closed up the entrance to the tunnel from their own fort as a matter of precaution against some one seeing it.

Strictly according to instructions nearly all the North-Enders were assembled in their fort early the next morning and had their flag flying before the South-Enders arrived. As a part of Pinkey's scheme, he and Bunny kept themselves hidden from view, so that the enemy might not miss them when they absented themselves during the fight.

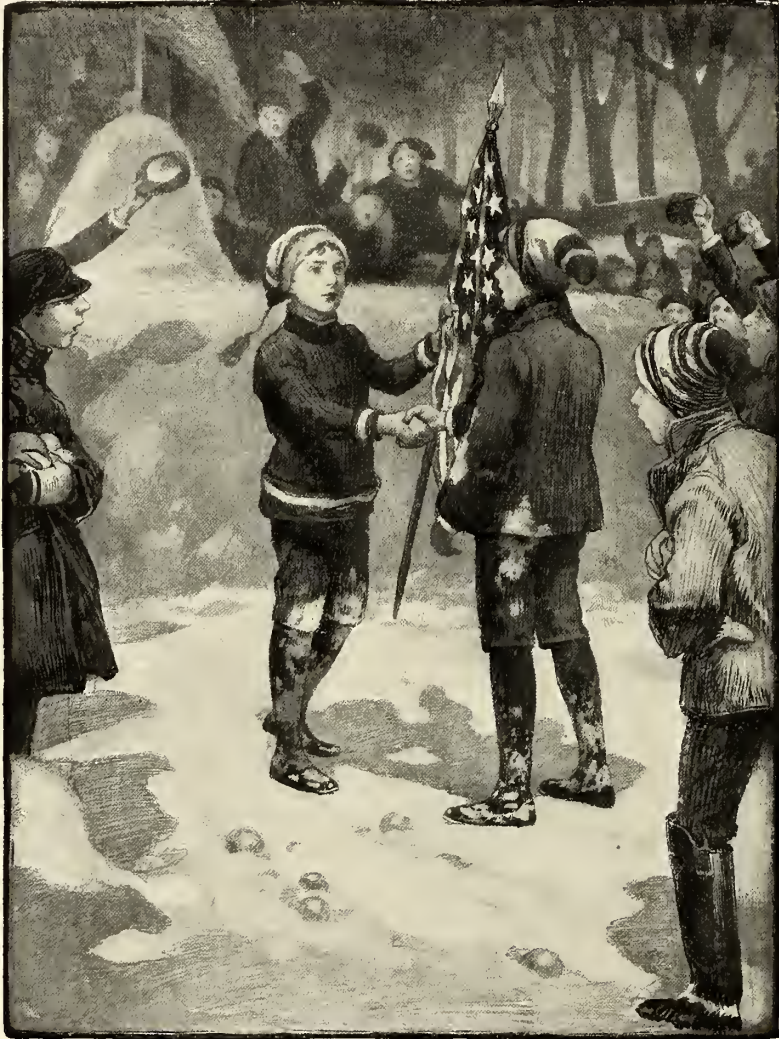
Soon Eddie appeared, coming around the corner, with Shiner as flag-bearer immediately behind him. Following them as closely as possible came the South-End warriors, stronger in numbers than on the previous day. Eddie had enlisted a number of the younger boys on his side without regard to what part of town they came from. They

had been envious spectators of the war and now were elated at Eddie's invitation to take part.

"They 've got nearly twice as many as we have, Pinkey," complained Bunny, with some

was awaiting them, Pinkey made preparations to begin his attack.

"All ready, fellows," he said in an undertone, "everybody but Bunny and me move out now, slowly and carefully as though you



"PINKEY HELD FORTH THE CAPTURED FLAG WITH HIS LEFT HAND, AND EXTENDED HIS RIGHT TOWARD HIS ASTONISHED FOE."

concern, "and they 'll make a rush for us as soon as they get their flag up."

"I don't care how many they 've got," said Pinkey, bravely, still keeping under cover, "the more the better, 'cause the more they have, the further they 'll get away from their fort and that 's what we want."

As soon as the South-Enders had planted their flag, amid the storm of snowballs that

were afraid, but be careful that they don't get closer to our fort than you are, for that 's what they 'll be looking for. Bunny and I will go through the tunnel and as soon as you see we 've got their flag, hurry back here as fast as you can."

Out they went, as Pinkey had directed, throwing and dodging, advancing and retreating, endeavoring to draw the enemy from

behind his breastworks. There was a large crowd of spectators watching the battle, for by now the war between the two sides had gained considerable attention from the older pupils as well as the younger ones.

Some of the spectators cheered for one side and some for the other and, as the fight waxed hot, words of encouragement could be heard for both from all sides.

As Pinkey had hoped, the South-Enders left their shelter with a rush and a yell and endeavored to drive his side back into their fort where, with their superior force, they might win added glory by capturing the flag in hand to hand conflict.

"Pinkey Perkins is n't with them," shouted Shiner, "we 'll get them on the run now, all right."

"Bet he stayed away on purpose so as not to be here when we captured his flag," replied Eddie. "Is n't that just like him?"

Meantime Pinkey and Bunny had crept through their tunnel until they had reached the end. Pinkey listened with beating heart to see if the occupants were gone and he could tell by the noise coming from outside the fort that the way was clear for his hazardous venture.

"Now, Bunny!" he said, "Come on; we 've no time to lose."

Bursting through the thin wall of snow that separated them from the interior of the South-Enders' fort, Pinkey, crouching low and followed closely by Bunny, rushed to the center of the enclosure and started to scramble upon the parapet.

"Gimme a boost, Bunny," he whispered hoarsely, "quick!"

Bunny did as he was bid and in another second, even before any of the enemy had seen his clever move, Pinkey had seized the flag-staff, pulled it from its position and was waving it around his head in high glee over his victory.

But he dare not tarry long. The South-Enders had discovered how they had been tricked, and here they came pell-mell, shouting at the tops of their voices, on a mad rush to catch Pinkey before he could escape.

"Catch him! catch him! *Don't* let 'im get away!" shouted Eddie, who had been leading the fight in the opposite direction and was now among those farthest off from the fort.

But they were too late. Pinkey and Bunny were into the tunnel again before any of their

pursuers could get to the fort and were hurrying back to their own defenses as fast as they could go. Pinkey clutched the flag-staff tightly in his hand and, as he went, dragged it behind him through the tunnel.

"Push up here and there, Bunny, and loosen the snow so the roof 'll cave in," said Pinkey, as soon as they got well started back.

Bunny did as he was ordered and thus effectually put a stop to pursuit by that avenue, had such action been intended.

"We 've got her!" shouted Pinkey, as he emerged from the tunnel into his own fort just as the others were returning. "Now let 's get up on the fort and give three cheers for the South-Enders."

With a will did everybody join him in carrying out his suggestion, for none desired to humiliate those whom they had defeated. When the spectators heard the cheers and learned whom they were for, everybody, South-Enders, spectators and all, returned the cheer with generous interest.

Then, to the surprise of all, Pinkey, without a word to any one jumped from the parapet down upon the ground in front, and marching straight up to Eddie, held forth the captured flag with his left hand and extended his right toward his astonished foe.

Eddie could not refuse such an open-hearted and generous offer for peace, and with a face flushing red at the thought of Pinkey's thus removing the sting of defeat, he accepted the proffered flag with one hand and, amid the renewed cheers of everybody, grasped Pinkey's outstretched hand with the other, thus ending the war with good feelings on all sides.

As the pupils were entering the school-house half an hour afterward, Harriet Warren, whose silence until now had been as deep as her interest in the outcome of the struggle, said to Pinkey:

"It was fine, Pinkey—the way you captured the flag, and I 'm glad your side won, but it was finer still the way you gave it back to Eddie. How did you come to think of either plan?"

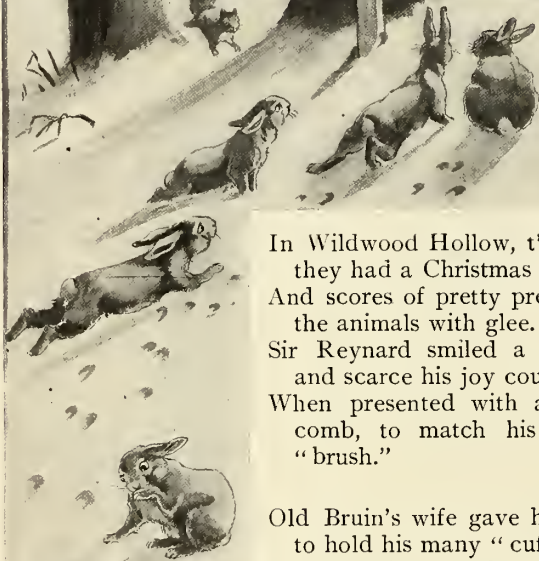
"Well," said Pinkey, trying to hide the feeling of exultation which swept over him, "we were trying to make it like real war and capturing the flag was what they call strategy in the history we 're studying. Their taking the flag back was what they call 'accepting defeat with the honors of war,' I suppose."

CHRISTMAS EVE

IN

WILDWOOD HOLLOW

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

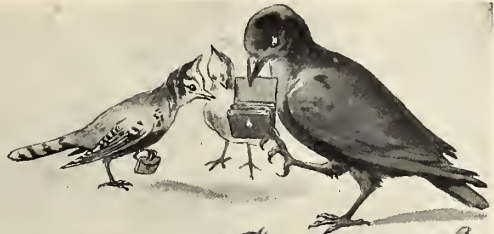


In Wildwood Hollow, t' other eve,
they had a Christmas tree,
And scores of pretty presents filled
the animals with glee.
Sir Reynard smiled a foxy smile,
and scarce his joy could hush,
When presented with a fine, new
comb, to match his handsome
"brush."

Old Bruin's wife gave him a box,
to hold his many "cuffs";
Miss Centipede, whose feet were
cold, had a hundred warm foot-
muffs.



BARNES.



The hedgehog had a bottle of ink,
in which to dip his "quills,"
And all the birds had wallets new,
in which to keep their "bills."



Miss Wildcat an umbrella had,
(she 's often in a "squall");
Miss Peacock, hooks for all her
"eyes," and the bat received a
ball.



The monkey had an interesting
book of "Jungle Tales,"
And Mr. Alligator had a brand
new set of "scales."

The buffalo, in gladsome mood,
pranced gaily round and round,
When his own name upon a pair
of "bellows" he had found;
In short, for each and every one,
a useful gift was planned,
And merry grunts and roars and
growls were heard on every
hand.



CRANE

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

FIRST PAPER—"CLOTHES-PIN TOYS"—BY LINA BEARD

How to amuse the children and keep them quiet for hours together can often be solved by giving them a lot of nice, clean, wooden clothes-pins to play with.

No manufactured building-blocks or kindergarten toys can equal them in this respect.

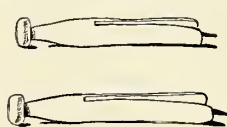


FIG. 1.

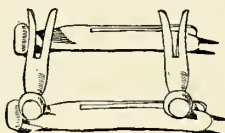


FIG. 2.

come toward your left hand and to lie directly over the heads of the first two clothes-pins, (Fig. 3) A and A. Continue building in this



FIG. 5.

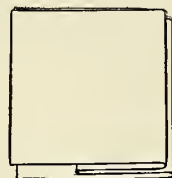


FIG. 6.

The following are the directions for making the farm-yard and church shown on page 248.

Use ordinary 5-inch wooden clothes-pins for most of the work. To erect the log-house

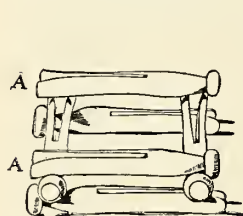


FIG. 3.

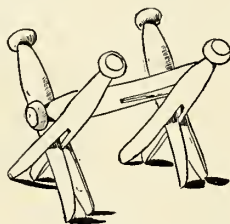


FIG. 4.

way, always alternating the ends of the clothes-pins, first the heads, next the open ends, then the heads, and so on.

You will need twenty-eight clothes-pins for one section of the saddle-bag log-house, seven pairs of pins extending from side to side and seven pairs from front to back. A short distance from and parallel to this little structure build another like it, always being careful to place the clothes-pins with the open side

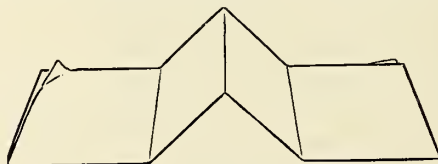


FIG. 7.

place two clothes-pins on the floor or table a few inches apart, have them parallel with heads toward your left hand (Fig. 1). Across and on top of these lay two more with both heads facing you (Fig. 2). Then build on two over the last, allowing the open ends to

downward that they may lie flat and steady,—if placed on the rounded side the pins may turn and slip and the structure will fall down.

For the roof of the house fold half a sheet of ordinary newspaper lengthwise through the center into a long, double strip, fold and

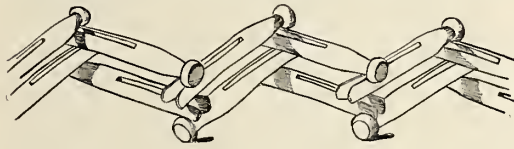


FIG. 8.

crease the strip crosswise through the center; then as the folded strip lies before you bend back one end about $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches (Fig. 5), turn the paper over and bend back the other end (Fig. 6). Open out the strip and you will have a peaked roof of two thicknesses of newspaper (Fig. 7). Lift the paper with both hands, one hand at each end, and, pushing the central bend slightly together, lay the paper across both buildings so that the center will come over the middle of the open way between the two little log structures; you will then have a miniature saddle-bag log-cabin, as shown in the lower picture on the next page.

Begin the fence at the right hand side of the grounds and build toward the left, lay the open end of one clothes-pin on the head of an-

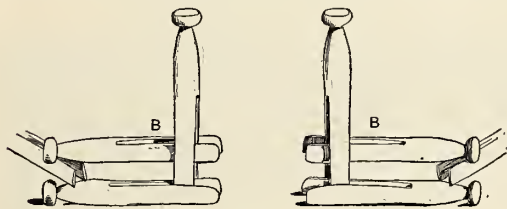


FIG. 9.

other and when the first layer of rails extends as far as desired, commence again at the right hand and build on a second layer of clothes-pin rails (Fig. 8).

Make a gateway-post by running the open end of one clothes-pin through the open side of a second clothes-pin, push the second pin up a little and slide the end of the first pin through the side of a third pin, bringing the upright pin on the outside of one horizontal pin and on the inside of the other (Fig. 9). Make a second post in the same manner and attach each post to one end of the front opening of the fence by sliding one fence rail between the horizontal pins of the post (Fig 9 B and B). Then build another pin on top as shown in the photograph on the next page.

If you have shorter clothes-pins use them

for the buck-saw, slip the two open ends of two pins through each other, do the same with two more clothes-pins, then stand the two X's, you have made, near each other and lay a clothes-pin across the space, resting one



FIG. 10.

end on each of the X supports (Fig. 4 on the preceding page).

The woodpile is simply a pile of clothes-pins alternating head and open end. On each end of the pile is an upright clothes-pin stuck far enough through a horizontal pin to hold it firm, as shown in Fig. 16.



FIG. 11.

Tear a strip crosswise from half a sheet of newspaper, tear the strip into fine fringe, roll the untorn edge into a wad and push the wad into the open end of a clothes-pin, stand the pin on its head and lo! there is a little tree (Fig. 10).

Select a short clothes-pin for the little mountain lady, fashion her dress skirt of a strip of newspaper, gather the paper along one edge with your fingers and tie the gathered edge around the clothespin a short dis-



FIG. 12.



FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

tance beneath the head (Fig. 12). Cut a three-cornered piece of red tissue paper or of newspaper for her shawl (Fig. 13) and make a sunbonnet of a folded strip of white tissue paper or a single strip of newspaper, bring

Clothes-Pin Toys

the two ends of the paper together forming a loop and pin the top back edges of the loop together, put it on the little clothes-pin head and tie a string around the neck over the bonnet (Fig. 14).

When the pioneer home is finished build the log-church. For this you must have long logs; form them of two clothes-pins with the open ends slid firmly in together (Fig. 11), then erect the main portion of the structure by building it up in log-cabin style to a sufficient height; on the top lay a flat roof of the long logs, and on the center front of the roof build a little log-house of single clothes-pins as you build the one half of the pioneer cabin. The little log-house on the roof forms part of the steeple; make its roof of a layer of single clothes-pins running across from side to side. Build a sawbuck (Fig. 4) on top of this little roof to form the peak of the steeple. Make the sawbuck upside down with the heads of the pins resting on the roof and one of the X ends facing the front of the church. This will make the peak of the roof.

Now stand two clothes-pins in the open side of one pin to form one side of the church entrance; make the other side in the same way; then lay a clothes-pin along the top of each side with head facing you. Over the



FIG. 15.

THE LOG CHURCH.

the children but at the same time give them an idea of how the pioneers had to build their homes with the material at hand. The cost

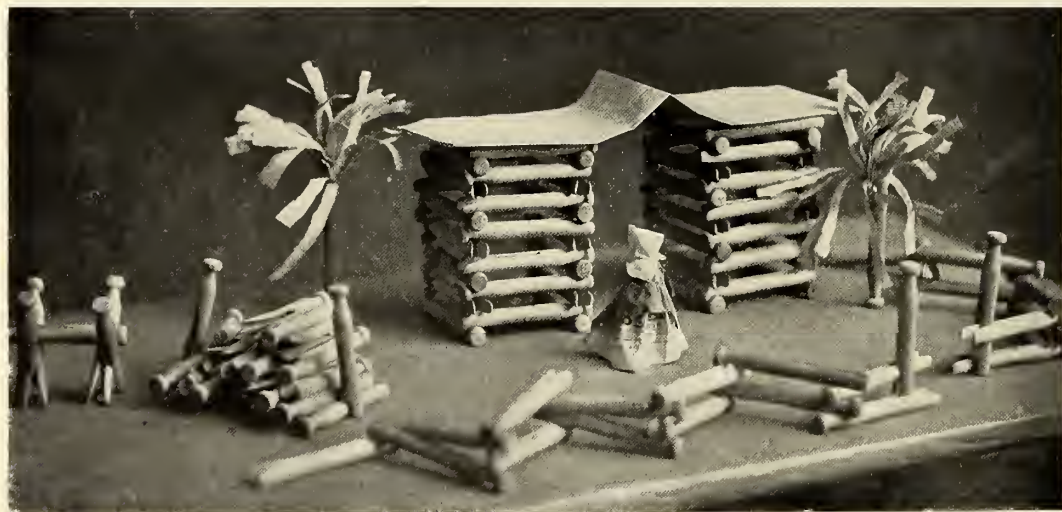


FIG. 16.

SHOWING, COMPLETED, ALL THE TOYS DESCRIBED IN THE PRECEDING PAGES

last pins build on a roof by laying clothes-pins across from side to side. Fig. 15 shows the log-church completed.

These interesting little toys not only amuse

of these home-made toys is almost nothing, as only clothes-pins and a newspaper are required, both of which are common enough in almost every household.

Sentimental Sunny

By Stella George Stern



Sentimental Sunny
Was a very funny bunny,
Tearing daisy petals off to try his
fate ;

But his love, the Lady Rabbit,
Did n't like the daisy habit,
So she turned her back on him and
went and ate.

Arctic Advantages

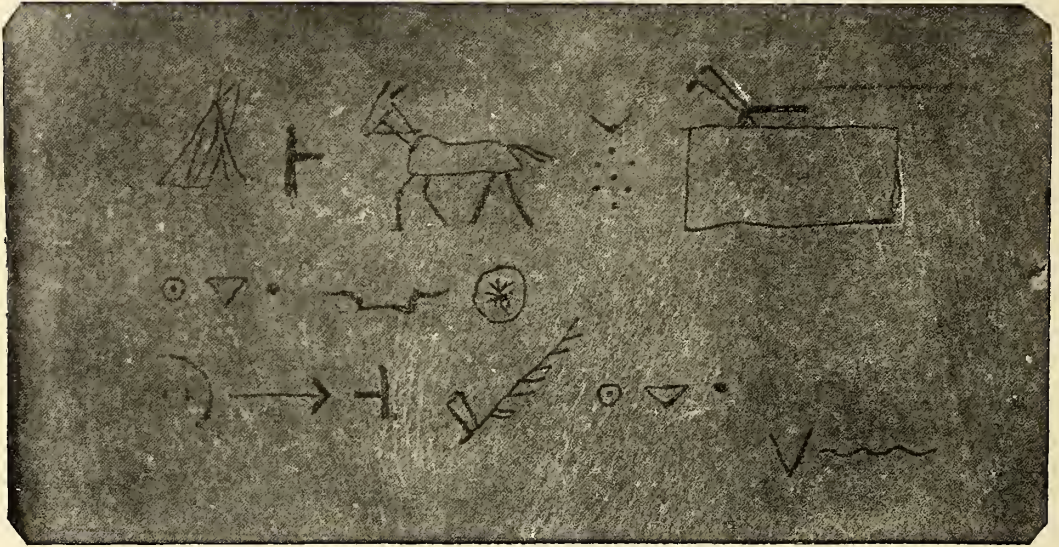
By Mary Catherine Callan

"It 's bedtime, dear," they always say
Just when I 'm at my nicest play ;
And then I wish for Arctic climes,
Where day is six months long, at times.

But, when the breakfast bell I hear,
My bed does seem so snug and dear,
I yawn and long with all my might
For six good months of Arctic night.

An Indian Letter

By T. R. Porter



THE PAINTED SIGNS ON A PIECE OF LEATHER—RUNNING BUFFALO'S LETTER TO OO-NUZHE-CUDA.

SOME time ago Running Buffalo, a big chief of the Sioux tribe, wished to write a letter to Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda, of the Omaha Indian tribe; he wished to tell his friend how his farm and his herds were getting along, and to assure the Omaha that the Sioux was now living like a white man and would continue to do so all the rest of his life.

But Running Buffalo did not know a word of the Omaha language, and Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda did not know a word of the Sioux tongue.

Now when an American wants to write to a Spaniard, and neither understands the language of the other, the American gets an interpreter to change the English words into Spanish, and the Spaniard gets his letter in words he can understand.

But there was no interpreter between the Sioux and the Omaha, and then Running Buffalo, being a brave of the old school, did not know a single one of the "signs" which a white man can write on paper, and another white man can "read," or, by looking at them, can tell what the maker of the signs meant. Running Buffalo had always steadfastly refused to learn a single word of the white man's language. He wanted to remain a Sioux Indian.

But while Running Buffalo could not write English, he could make the "pictures" that any Indian of any tribe on the great North American continent could understand. If a Moqui Indian from Arizona, a Seminole from Florida, and a Crow Indian from Montana should meet and wish to tell each other where the best camping ground is, they would have a difficult time talking each other's language, for all three are different. But these three Indians from three different tribes would simply begin making signs, and then each Indian would soon understand just what the other two were saying.

So Running Buffalo got a piece of leather a sharp stick, and some black mineral paint which he himself made out of the material which the Sioux have used to make war paint of for many centuries. Then he began to make signs on the piece of leather. And here is a photograph of it, showing the signs which Running Buffalo sent to his friend, Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda.

Running Buffalo lives over on the great Sioux Indian reservation, in South Dakota. And Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda, being an Omaha, lives over in Nebraska where the Omaha tribe has

its reservation. Running Buffalo took his letter to the Indian Agent and got the Agent to address it to Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda, over on the Omaha reservation. And when Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda received the piece of painted leather, this is the way he read the signs which Running Buffalo had made for him.

"The way to the old Indian life (signified by the tepee or wigwam) is barred, and I can no more return thereto (the bars are before the tepee). I am now living in the white man's way and I have a horse (shown by the picture of the horse), seven head of cattle (seven dots under the horns) and a farm (the square surmounted by a plow).

"My squaw (the circle inclosing a dot), myself (the triangle) and my son (the dot following the other sign) have come a long and crooked (eventful) path (the crooked sign following the sign for the boy). We have lived many years and our lives have been full of adventure. But I am now getting old and feeble; the fires of life are almost extinguished (the small fire sign on the ground within the circle represents the fire burning low in an Indian tepee); my energies are almost spent; I am an old man. Even the last warpath (the flying arrow) upon which I traveled (the last war in which I took part) lasted only two half moons (one month, signified by the two dots in a half moon).

"But my squaw, myself and my son are now living in peace. I have smoked the pipe of peace (the ornaments on the pipe show it to be a 'peace pipe') and I have abandoned the warpath forever. I can never again go on the warpath; there is a barrier in the way (the bars separate the flying arrow from the pipe of peace); and I will live in peace forever, my squaw, myself and my son.

"RUNNING BUFFALO."

(In the signature the "horns" are intended to stand for buffalo; the snaky line means "running.")

And so, after reading this queer "letter," Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda knew that his friend, Running Buffalo, was living in peace, had a farm and a herd of cattle, and was an old man.

But while Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda cannot read Sioux, he knows English as well as any other every-day American. Although he is a member of the Omaha Indian tribe, he is a white man and is not an Indian at all.

The first time he went among the Indians, long, long ago, he wore a suit of gray clothes,

and the Indians immediately named him Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda, which means "The Man Who Wears Gray Clothes," and they have called him by that name for more than 40 years. But the white men call him Thomas H. Tibbles, and in 1904 Mr. Tibbles was the candidate of the Populists for Vice-President of the United States.

Years ago, Mr. Tibbles came west and settled in Nebraska. He was out on the plains scouting and hunting a great deal, and soon became well known to the Indians. At that time the Omaha tribe lived in eastern Nebraska and Mr. Tibbles spent much of his time with them. After a while they adopted him into their tribe, and gave him the full rights of an Indian warrior.

While out hunting one cold winter day years and years ago, Mr. Tibbles and a party of Omahas were camped on the banks of the Niobrara river in northern Nebraska. The river was frozen over. After awhile, there appeared a single Indian on the opposite bank of the river. He signaled that he was hungry. Mr. Tibbles answered and beckoned him to "come on," and turned the palms of his hands toward the strange Indian. That meant that he would be received as a friend.

The Indian started across the ice. Suddenly the ice wavered and broke and down went the redskin into the "Swift Running Water" (that is the meaning of "Niobrara"). The water was shallow, but was filled with quicksands.

Tying a lariat around his waist, Mr. Tibbles, at the risk of his own life, rescued the strange Indian, brought him to the shore, and gave him warm, dry clothing, fed him and kept him for several days.

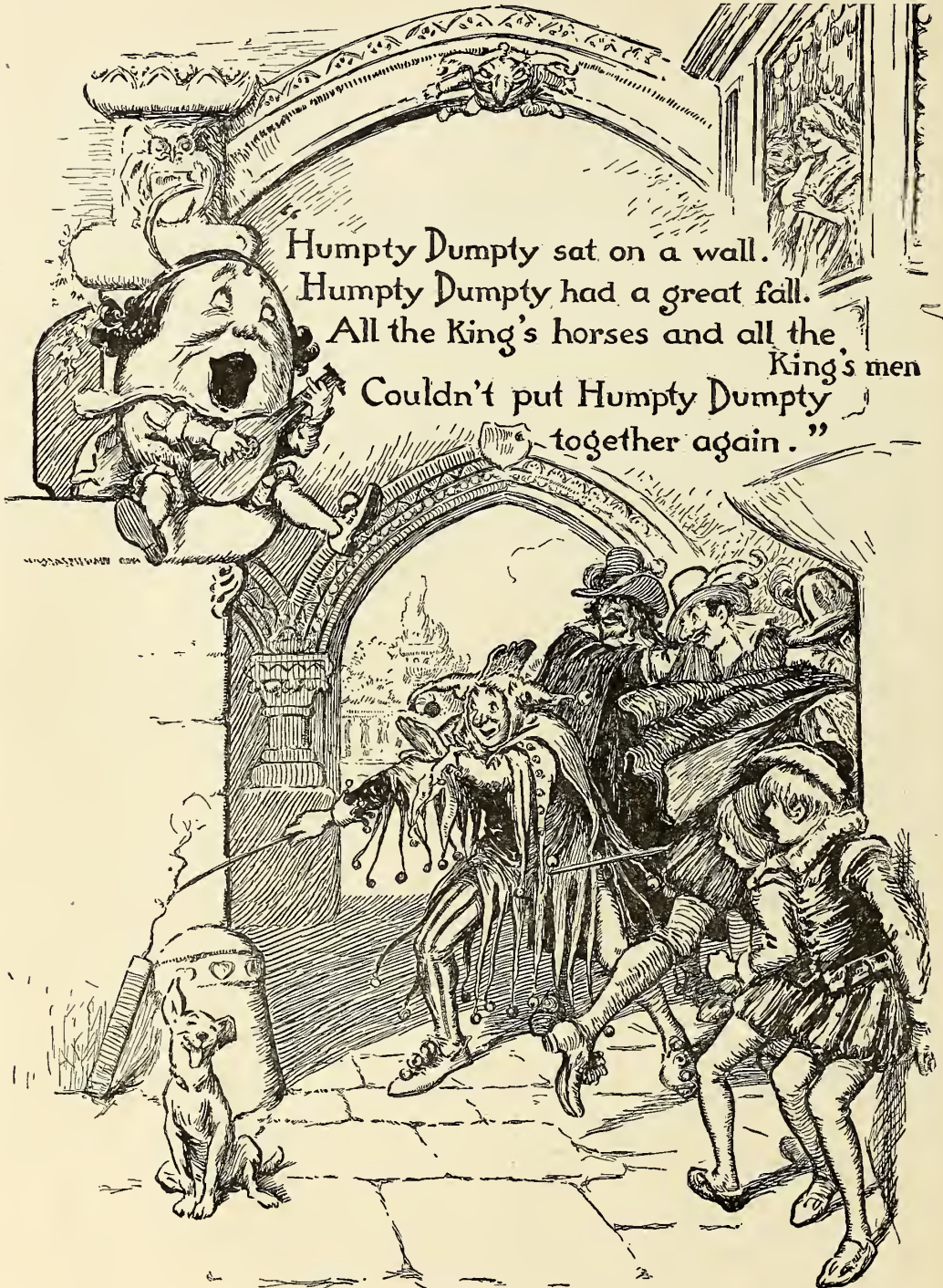
The stranger was Running Buffalo, a sub-chief of the Sioux. He had been wounded by a buffalo in the hunt and had strayed from the tents of his people.

When Running Buffalo was well, he started for the Sioux country, after vowing eternal friendship to Mr. Tibbles, whom he claimed as his "brother." The entire conversation was carried on in the sign language, because neither could talk the language of the other.

These two men, Running Buffalo, the Sioux, and Mr. Tibbles, Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda, the White-Omaha, have corresponded for nearly forty years. Their letters are always written in "picture" writing, and are sent at intervals of two or three years. The two men have met half a dozen times only since Running Buffalo was rescued from the quicksands. But each prizes highly the picture-letters of the other.

Mother Goose Continued

By Anna Marion Smith





I
There he lay, stretched out on the ground,
While all the company gathered around;
When, valiantly stifling his tears and his
groans,
He sadly addressed them in quavering tones.

II
“Friends,” said Humpty, wiping his eyes,
“This sudden descent was an awful surprise.
It inclines me to think,—you may laugh at
my views,—
That a seat that is humble is safest to choose.”





III

"All are not fitted to sit on a
wall,
Some have no balance, and some
are too small;
Many have tried it and found, as I
guess,
They 've ended, like me, in a terrible
mess.

IV

"Hark, you horses, and all you king's
men!
Hear it, and never forget it
again!
'T is those who are patient in seats
that are low,
Who some day get up in high places
and crow."

V

Then they took him and put him to bed.
I hope you 'll remember the things that
he said;
For all the king's horses and all the
king's men
Never once thought of his sermon again.



A Twelfth-Night Story

By Mary Bradley

"FRAU PRECHT," in a German legend of Twelfth-Night, is a lovely lady who rocks the cradles of neglected children, and sings them to sleep. But when the careless nurses return, she frightens them by appearing as a monstrous bat.

'T WAS the blessed eve of Epiphany,
All frosty and keen and bright;
The moon sailed up in a silver sea,
The snow underfoot was as white.

And Rika, the pert little nursery-maid,
Was hurrying down the street,
With a ribbon tied in her flaxen braid,
And dancing-shoes on her feet.

She had tucked the children into their
beds,
And left them shaking with fear;
'For if you so much as lift your heads,
The bat will certainly hear."

The little ones huddled as mute as mice
All under their beds of down,
And Rika laughed at her own device
As she fastened her Sunday gown.

"They 'll drop asleep and forget it all,
And for once I 'll take the chance,
While the gracious mistress goes to a ball,
To go myself to a dance."

So off she skipped, the gay little maid,
In her buckled shoes so smart,
And the children shook in their beds, afraid
At the beat of each little heart.

The moon was low in the frosty sky
When gay little Rika came;
She climbed the stair with a footstep shy,
For she knew she had been to blame.

Through the long, dark corridor she crept,
With a guilty fear at her soul;
And she thanked her stars that her nurslings
slept,
As into the room she stole.

But oh!—but oh! what creature was that
Which lurked in the shadow there,
With wings like a bat, and claws like a cat,
To catch herself by the hair?

Down, down she fell in a sudden swoon,
And lay in a woeful plight
Till the stars had set, and the waning moon
Was dim in the dawn's gray light.

The children were waking with smiling looks
From a dream of the loveliest things,
And their tongues ran faster than running
brooks
With the tale of its happenings:

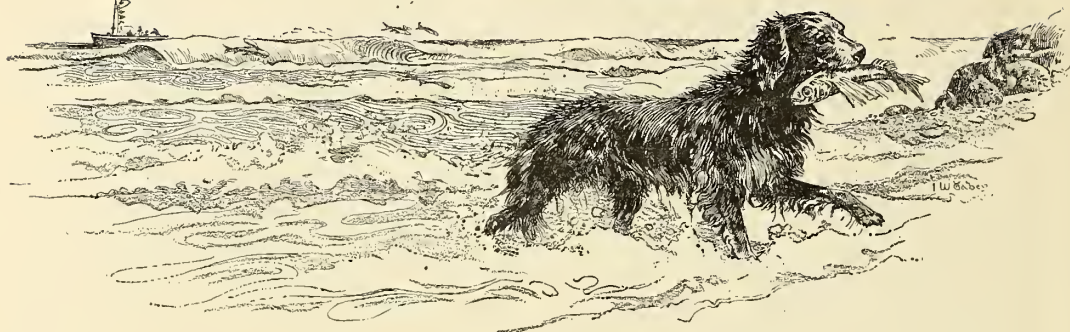
A lady as beautiful as a queen,
A dove on a lily spray,
And a wonderful tree in whose boughs so
green
Hung dolls that could talk and play!

They had never dreamed such a dream before,
And the pale little nursery-maid
The more she listened, she wondered more,
And the more she was afraid.

But she learned a lesson that was not lost;
For never, never since then,
With a tale of witch, or goblin, or ghost,
Has she frightened the children again.



The Fishing Dogs of Catalina.



By Charles F. Holder

Illustrated by I. W. Taber

WHETHER it is from long association with fish and fishing I cannot say, but Santa Catalina is famous for its fishing dogs. During various seasons spent on this island I have made the acquaintance of several of these dogs, all more or less remarkable.

One evening I was sitting on the beach, watching the flying fish, when I noticed one of these little dogs, a black spaniel-like fellow, who answered to the name of Dandy on week-days, but on Sunday is known as Dude by his fisherman owner. He was standing at the edge of the water, where the waves gently washed his feet, gazing earnestly out to sea. In a moment a big flying-fish came soaring in, striking the water several feet from the shore. Dandy, for it was a week day, dashed at it and seemed very much disappointed at its disappearance. Soon another fish came in, chased by an albacore, and struck the pebbles, and before it could flutter back into the water Dandy had seized and carried it proudly up the beach to his master.

Dandy with his companion, Prince, an old long-haired poodle, shaved on a portion of his body, invariably went out with the boatman and apparently understood everything he said. When fishing one day, a huge black sea bass took a line and made so desperate an effort to escape that the anchor had to be taken up and the fish allowed to tow the boat about and tire itself out. The moment the fish was hooked,

the dogs displayed the greatest excitement, barking and rushing from one end of the boat to the other; gazing anxiously down into the water, then at the fisherman who was toiling with the big fish, until finally, after half an hour of pulling and being pulled the fish, which was over six feet in length and weighed over four hundred pounds, was brought to the surface, where it lashed the water into foam deluging the occupants of the boat with spray. As soon as the glistening brown back of the big fish appeared, flashing in the sunlight, Dandy steadied himself for a second, then boldly leaped upon its back, snapping at its fins and endeavoring to seize it. Never before, I venture to say, was a dog seen upon a fish's back and this was only for a moment, as the big fish resented the presence of the rider and with a desperate plunge threw him off. But the little dog swam bravely at it and despite the blows from its tail and the waves of foam that were thrown about, attempted to seize the fish until it was forcibly taken into the boat. Dandy, I was told, attacked a shark once in the same way.

This remarkable dog would go to any part of the boat at his master's commands and was a most intelligent creature. One day we had been out for a sail and were being rowed ashore by the boatman, when laying down the oars he suddenly announced that the oars had given out and there was no way of getting in. At this the dogs became much excited, springing

to their feet and barking their loudest. The poodle took his place in the bow as pilot, with fore paws resting in the gunwale; while Dandy, seizing the painter of the boat, sprang overboard and began swimming toward the beach, actually towing the boat in to the shore.

Not far away lived a large St. Bernard equally well known on the island. His point of vantage was the wharf and every steamer that came in was assisted by this giant longshore dog that insisted upon seizing the rope that was thrown to the dock and aiding in hauling it in amid much barking and excitement.

Another dog, a grim, ferocious-looking bull terrier, also lived on the island for several years—ferocious only in appearance, as he was a good-natured fellow in every respect. He was famous for his diving powers which were very remarkable. If a fish was thrown over he would swim out to the spot, eye the object carefully, then dive and reach the bottom in five or six feet of water, and bring up the fish with the greatest ease. Long practice at this had made the dog very skillful at it; he would

walk along the edge of the wharf and when a fish was seen in the depths below he would plunge over and swim down while the fish would dart away, leaving the little dog to struggle to the surface again.

This dog was also famous for his tricks. He would leap into the air and try to turn a

somersault or attempt any feat his master called for. Upon only one occasion was Dick baffled. He was once swimming along the shore, following his master, who was walking on the beach, when directly in front of him rose a big pointed head with a fierce be-whiskered face, black eyes and sharp teeth.



"DANDY" UPON THE FISH'S BACK.

The stranger gave a loud snort or bark and disappeared, while Dick beat a hasty retreat to the beach and for a long time could not be induced to swim out from shore. The strange head belonged to a sea lion that was making its daily tour along the shore of the island in search of food—an unusual sight to poor Dick.

Christmas Without the Christmas Tree

By May Snyder

AUNT MANDY'S face beamed with satisfaction as she put the finishing touches to her Christmas tree. She laughed softly. Never

trees out'n umberells in my time," said Aunt Mandy, "but them chillun's boun' to hab sumpin' to hang dey praisents on, an dat sho am jes' a hifalutin tree!" She stood with her hands on her hips and surveyed the tree intently.

The frame of the old umbrella spread its bare ribs above an empty soap box to which the handle had been rudely fastened. Strings of popcorn and cranberries afforded the principal decorations, while cookies, apples and sticks of candy were suspended by strings of various kinds and colors. The presents consisted of mysterious looking bundles of many shapes and sizes.

Aunt Mandy had worked long and patiently, and now she turned away, saying as she closed the door behind her; "Clar' to goodness, hit do look mighty scrumptious—'deed hit do!"

Only a few hours more, and the tree in all its grandeur would be displayed. Never had there been such excitement in Aunt Mandy's cabin. The pickaninnies, dressed in their Sunday-best, indulged in low whispers and smothered giggles.

Even the perky bows on 'Liza's and Maria's pigtailed seemed to stir with life and quiver with eagerness.

Supper over, Uncle Mose led the way to



"De freshments am free an' malicious."

in all her experience had she trimmed such a tree as this. And she had trimmed many.

"Well, sah! no one nebber made Christmas

the best room. As he threw open the door, a shout went up from the delighted pickaninnies.

"Chillun," said Uncle Mose, with a low bow and a flourish of the hand, "on dis mos' spicuous 'casion, yo' suttinly hab a lubby tree to celebrate yo' Krismus day. An' I will now recede to contribute yo' praisents.

"Fust, foahmos', an' to begin wid, I puhsent yo', George Washington Lincoln Harrison Grant, wid a pair o' skates, from yo' lubbin mammy.

"An yo', 'Rastus Robinson Carter Keller, gits a football from yo' 'fectionate daddy.

"Liza Jane Arabella Helen, git right up on yo' feet an' make yo' bow. I puhsent yo' wid a bran' new dress from yo' lubbin mammy.

"Maria Melissa Wallace Winifred, what yo' gwine to say to yo' mammy when yo' 'cepts dis bonnet, de work ob her lubbin han's? Now, chillun, yo' can walk up an' he'p yo'se'fs. De 'freshments am free an' malicious."

With a wild howl the youngsters made a rush for the spreading tree. "Dey's mo' praisents!" "Golly, what 's dis?" "Huc-come dis heah?" "De tree 's ben'in' over!" "Hol' on!" were the exclamations that came crowding one upon another. Then the up-

roar became deafening, and the Christmas frolic was on.

Uncle Mose stood for a moment in happy contemplation, then his eyes fell on Aunt Mandy's smiling face. "Mandy Mehitable Sonora Frances Somers," he said, "yo' 's a 'ficient woman. I nebah 'preciated yo' 'strabagance an' he'plessness befo', an' I 's glad, 'deed I is, honey—'case I nevah 'spected hit." Uncle Mose bowed, waved his hands airily and took his seat. The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead, but his smile did not vanish. Christmas cheer was stirring in his heart, and Christmas angels were hovering over the little cabin.

When the clock on the mantel struck the midnight hour, doors were locked, lights snuffed out and silence fell upon the happy home. Little black faces smiled up from soft, white pillows, for their dreams were sweet that Christmas night. Aunt Mandy felt well repaid for all her extra care and trouble, and Uncle Mose, wearied with his speech-making, soon fell asleep.

The old umbrella, bare and forlorn, stood in the darkened corner, stretching its bent ribs into vacancy. It had fulfilled its mission. Christmas without a tree and Christmas with an umbrella was a success in Aunt Mandy's cabin.



CHRISTMAS MORNING. ON THE WAY TO GRANDPA'S.

PICKABACK PLAYS

BY EMILIE POULSSON

I To Mill and Back.



Here's a bag of wheat,
I lift it.
-Such a heavy load!
I'll shift it!
Miller, here's my wheat;
Please grind it.
I'll come back again
To find it.



Here's a bag of flour,
I lift it.
-Such a heavy load!
I'll shift it!
Where's a handy place
To drop it?
-Into mother's lap
I'll pop it!



¹ SHRUGGING THE SHOULDERS, ONE AFTER ANOTHER OR BOTH TOGETHER.

II The Peddler.



My peddler's pack
I throw on my back,
And fasten the straps²
Up tight;
Away then I go,
With steps that are slow,
But hurry back home
At night.



² BABY'S ARMS AND LEGS ARE THE STRAPS WHICH ARE ADJUSTED TO KEEP THE PACK STEADY.

PICKABACK PLAYS

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

III Jigglety-Jogglety.



Jigglety-jogglety
Shakes my load
As I go trudging
Along the road.
Jigglety-jogglety,
Flippety-flop,
Wibblety-wobblety
Till I stop.



IV The Jar of Honey



A pity! A pity!
Good folk of this city!
Here's honey-a jarful-
All going to waste.
No money, no money,
Will buy you this honey?
But if you love Baby,
We'll give you a taste.



"We love him! We love him!"

They all cry in haste,
Then-sweetest of honey-
His kisses they taste.



THE LITTLE GRAY KITTEN

By Mary Laurence Turnbull

ONCE upon a time there was a little gray kitten, who had wandered far away from home. At first she liked all the strange sights she saw, but by and by she began to feel very homesick, and wished she was once more cuddled up with her brothers and sisters.

Now the only word this little gray kitten knew was "Mew, mew!" So when she was lonely she would say "Mew," when she was hungry, "Mew;" when she was cold or tired, glad or sad, it was always "Mew." At home they knew what she meant when she said "Mew," but out in the wide, wide world, nobody seemed to know.

Wandering along the street, she came upon a little squirming earthworm. "Mew," said she, meaning, "Where is my home?"

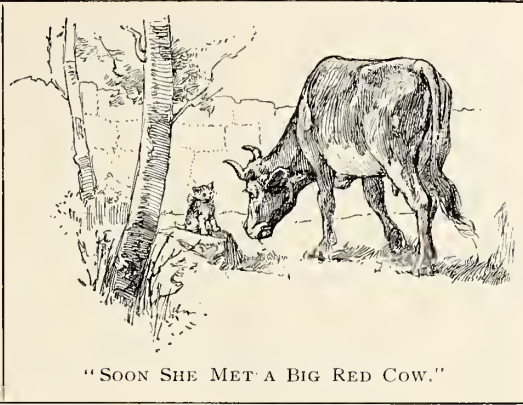
The earthworm, however, did not notice little gray kitten, but crawled away across the street.

Next, the little gray kitten met a butterfly on the top of a dandelion. "Mew," said the little gray kitten, meaning, "Can you tell me where my home is?" But the butterfly did not say anything, and flew away.





"THEN SHE SPIED A ROBIN."



"SOON SHE MET A BIG RED COW."

The little gray kitten walked on, and then she spied a robin on a stone wall near-by. "Mew," said the little gray kitten, "Where is my home?"

But the robin, cocking his head on one side, answered, "Chirp, chirp," and then spreading his wings, flew away.



"RUNNING ALONG SHE CAME UP TO A BIG BLACK DOG."

She felt very sad indeed, but running along she came up to a big black dog. "Mew, mew!" said the little gray kitten, "Oh, can you not tell me where my home is?"

But the big black dog shook his tail, and barked "Bow-wow, bow-wow-wow-wow!" so loudly

that the little gray kitten ran away from him as fast as she could go.

The little gray kitten was very tired, but she still ran on, and soon met a big red cow. "Mew, mew-ew," said the little gray kitten, "Can you not tell me where my home is?"

The big red cow, however, hardly looking at the little kitten, stretched out her big head, and shouted, "Moo, moo-oo!" which so frightened the little gray kitten that she jumped over a fence and landed right in the middle of a flower-bed.

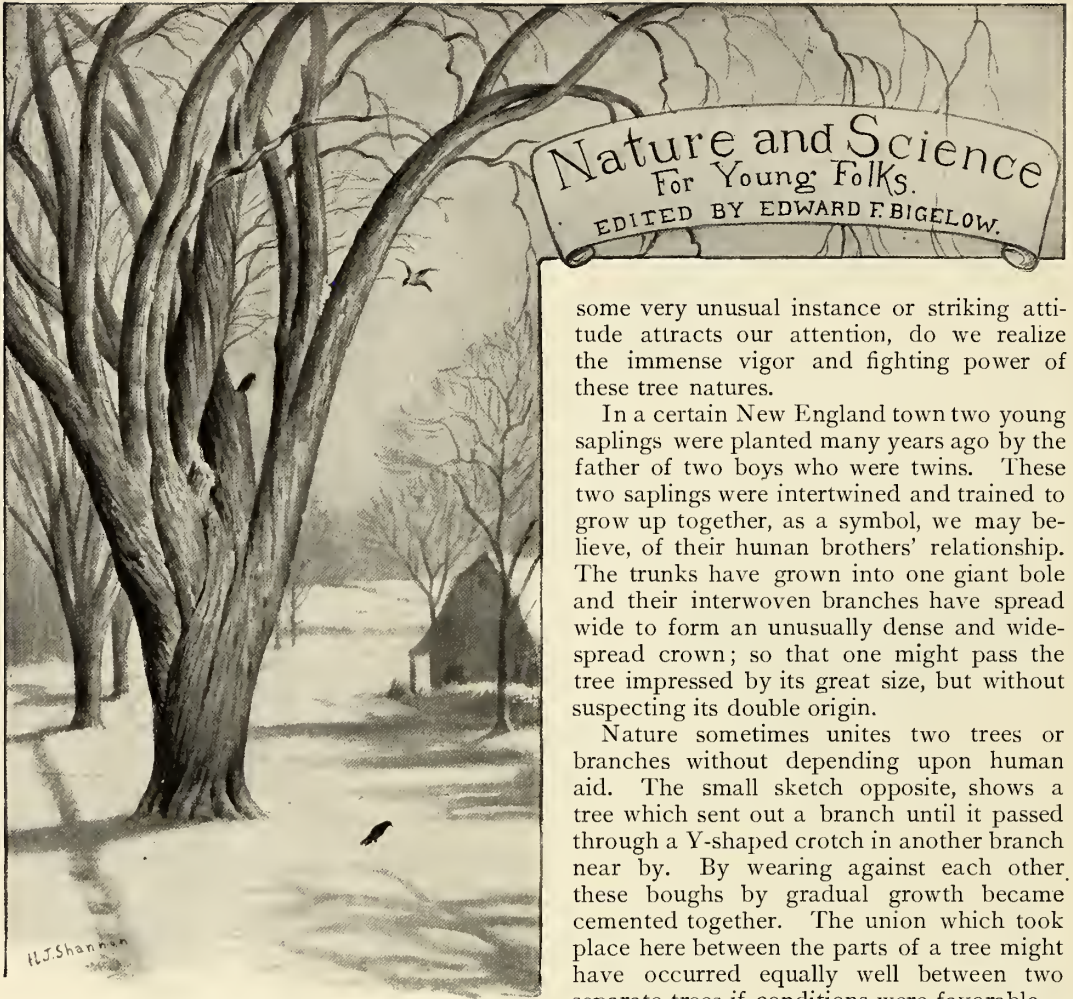
There she caught sight of a little girl running up to her, and with such a sweet smile on her face that the little gray kitten ran toward her and said once more, "Mew, do you know where my home is?"

"Oh, you dear fluffy gray ball!" said the smiling little girl, catching the kitten up in her arms. "I'm going to take you right home to live with me."



"OH, YOU DEAR FLUFFY GRAY BALL," SAID THE LITTLE GIRL."

The little girl was the only one who had understood, and the little gray kitten purred softly. She was happy for she had found a home.



THE TWIN ELMS.

These were two separate saplings when planted.

TREES AT WAR AND IN PEACE.

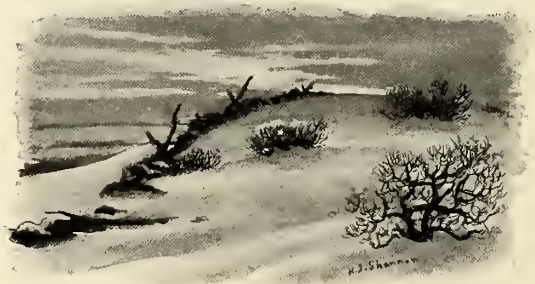
MANY of us have seen a neglected garden overrun with weeds and all its delicate flowers choked by the stronger, lustier growth which has sprung up among them. The forest in like manner is a great theater of contest and struggle, where each tree is striving for its share of light, air and root-space. Here, too, the stronger survive, and only when they are full-grown do the trees live at peace with their fellows and their surroundings. The boughs are so delicate in their adjustments to each other when the trees are at peace, and the roots and twisted branches are so slow and cautious in their movements when the trees are engaged in conflict, that only at rare intervals, when

some very unusual instance or striking attitude attracts our attention, do we realize the immense vigor and fighting power of these tree natures.

In a certain New England town two young saplings were planted many years ago by the father of two boys who were twins. These two saplings were intertwined and trained to grow up together, as a symbol, we may believe, of their human brothers' relationship. The trunks have grown into one giant bole and their interwoven branches have spread wide to form an unusually dense and widespread crown; so that one might pass the tree impressed by its great size, but without suspecting its double origin.

Nature sometimes unites two trees or branches without depending upon human aid. The small sketch opposite, shows a tree which sent out a branch until it passed through a Y-shaped crotch in another branch near by. By wearing against each other, these boughs by gradual growth became cemented together. The union which took place here between the parts of a tree might have occurred equally well between two separate trees if conditions were favorable.

More often, however, the trees are in a state

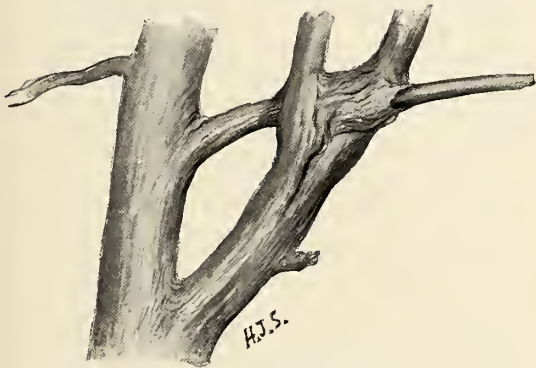


DWARFED APPLE TREES IN A PASTURE.

Although only a foot or two high, these trees may be many years old.

of opposition toward each other, and the elements, as well as man, force them to adopt

defensive methods. On mountain tops and by the sea, where they have to contend with frost and strong winds, they develop a more compact body and a more twisted and tortuous character. Apple-trees which spring up in pasture lands are browsed upon by cattle and in time defend themselves by a growth of thorny and extremely stout twigs. Like a clipped hedge, they put out tougher and more gnarled branches till they have spread a wide and dense barrier over the ground; then from the center, where the cattle cannot reach, a strong shoot pushes upward and grows in time into a sturdy tree. In a woodland of limited extent I once found five separate trees which were growing upon the summits of large boulders. Very impressive was the living energy of the great roots which wound over the rock surface like cables and anchored the great



THE UNITED BRANCHES.

trees firmly to the earth. Equally interesting were the other more twisted strands which had sought and found some cranny or fissure in the rock and there thrust themselves.

None of these situations, however, could compare in dramatic interest with a certain ancient birch tree which has forced its way upward through a great rock. The tree evidently started life in some fissure deep down in the great stone's body and, by the slowly increasing girth of its trunk and roots, has forced the rock apart. Its great bole now fills a gap of several feet in the midst of the stone, while its branches spread far and wide above it. The picture shows this appearance; but only from the other side can we appreciate this tree's life-long struggle, the tremendous efforts it has made to free itself, and see traces of its gradual escape from the boulder prison. One great root, reaching outward unsuccessfully, has risen upward, doubled back and again pushed itself down; the large boughs



THE WRESTLERS.

Two hemlock trees struggling for a foothold on the rock.

swell and reach abroad with a wild unrestraint as they rise above the cramping rock, until the whole tree, like a giant fast in a trap, seems contorting itself with down-thrust arms and braced thighs as it struggles to lift its body free.

Another remarkable struggle I have called "The Wrestlers." Upon a rock overhanging the sea, two hemlocks grew up together and found sufficient foothold until they grew too big for their support. Then the larger one, nearest the land, gradually spread its roots and boughs wider and wider, as if to push the other tree over the cliff. The worsted one then put all its energy into one great root which reached round behind the larger tree and was thrust into the soil there. Like two wrestlers they



THE BIRCH TREE FORCING A BOULDER APART.

Notice how the tree expands as it rises above the rock.

seemed struggling for a foothold on the bare rock, and the weaker one, apparently overcome, yet holds the victor in a death grip, as much as to say, as he hangs on the rock's edge over the sea. "If I fall, you will go with me."



A MEXICAN "STRANGLING" FIG ON PALMETTO.

The seed of the "strangling" fig lodges on the host tree and germinates. For a time the growing plant draws food from the host. Later the roots extend to the ground, from which it then gets food.

The photograph is from Professor William Trelease, Missouri Botanical Gardens.

In such striking ways do the trees sometimes reveal themselves; but the less dramatic lives are equally impressive, as they grow to a peaceful maturity. In continual but less intense struggle have they grown above their forest brethren until now they wave serene and secure in high air and full sunshine.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.

A TREE THAT KILLS OTHER TREES.

VISITORS to Mexico and other tropical countries often have their attention called to "the strangling fig"—a tree that commences its growth as an epiphyte (that is, one form of plant life that grows perched on another) far up on the trunk or among the branches of another tree, usually on a palmetto or some of the kinds of palms. The roots of the strangling tree extend downward around the host tree to the ground, gradually joining together, making a tube-like mass of roots sometimes as much as six feet or more in diameter.

When the attacked tree is a palm, death to it is caused not so much by the binding around the trunk as by shading out its branches by the attacking tree.

When the attacked tree is an exogen (that is, one with wood and bark) the attacking roots bind so tightly as to cause a stoppage of the flow of the sap. As the sap of a tree is really its food (changed by the leaves so that it can be used) and the flow of the food is thus stopped, the attacked tree is really "starved" to death. So death to the attacked tree is caused either by smothering or by starvation or by both.

The peculiar manner in which the flattened roots extend down and around the tree, give them the appearance of some thick, slow-flowing material running down the tree.

MISTLETOE GROWING ON A WATER-OAK.

THIS unusually fine specimen of American mistletoe was cut from a water-oak growing in a Florida swamp. Absorbing branches of this thief-like plant penetrated the oak tree for food material and eventually caused this abnormal growth of tissue. The small size of the dead oak tree above the mistletoe compared with its size below shows how slowly and surely this queer growth sapped the life of its host.

Since the mistletoe bears green leaves, the plant is not wholly dependent upon its host for support. The peculiar forked branches enable the mistletoe to expose its leaves to the light and to ripen its pale fruit which is so suggestive of the twilight woods.

The fruit is extremely interesting. The one-seeded berry is glutinous and adheres to any surface, like a bit of wax, which it closely resembles. The fruit-eating birds are especially fond of these berries and when they wipe their sticky bills on the bark of the trees the

seeds lodge. The first absorbing branchlet from the seed always turns toward the tree to

evergreen parasite grows on the apple trees, the missel thrush has acquired its name from its fondness for the waxen fruit.

W. C. KNOWLES.

FOXES HUNTING ON THE ICE.

LAST winter, near Hogsburg, N. Y., I had a better chance to observe a red fox than if I had met him face to face. I was staying with friends in a small farm-house not more than a stone's throw from a swamp. Several acres in the middle of the bog were covered with a dense growth of alders and willows, the rest being flooded and of course at that time frozen. As my hostess was preparing supper, she happened to look out of the window just as a fox trotted by on the ice. In a moment more everybody in the house was looking out of the window. We were upstairs and so had a good view. The fox had evidently come from the central thicket, and, without alarm or undue haste, was trotting across the ice just opposite the house, and only a short distance away. Imagine our delight when another suddenly appeared, coming from the same thicket, and trotted toward fox number one, which now slackened his pace to a walk, and advanced cautiously. When the second fox had come to a distance of fifty feet from its mate, it sat



AMERICAN MISTLETOE (AT THE RIGHT) GROWING ON A WATER-OAK.

which the seed is clinging and soon the tiny plant is firmly attached. In this way the trees in our southern woods are sown each year with mistletoe. In England, where this



"THE SECOND FOX SAT DOWN IN A TUFT OF MARSH GRASS, WHERE IT SEEMED TO ACT AS GUARD."

down in a tuft of marsh grass, where it seemed to act as guard, while the other walked and trotted onward, sometimes examining the grass as if hunting for mice, and at times walking with its nose close to the ice, like a dog trying to find the trail. How wary and alert they both were! Every movement was full of caution. There was no careless roaming nor thoughtless play.

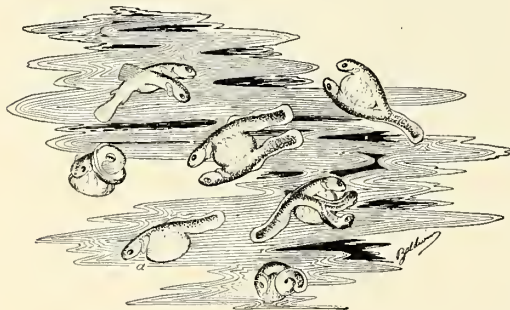
For a minute or more at a time one would stop, look about and ahead, then put his nose to the ice and walk a little farther onward. Finally the one in the lead came near the outer edge of the ice, and stood there for several minutes. What a picture he made! The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, when he turned slowly around, and his bright sides reflected the light in a blaze. Soon he was running back toward the alders; then he broke into a gallop. The second fox was still sitting in the tuft of grass, but it followed close after the first, and the two were only a few feet apart when they entered the thicket and vanished.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

QUEER LITTLE FISHES.

BABY fishes sometimes appear in as strange forms as the famous Siamese twins. Our illustration shows a few of these little fishes selected from a collection of fifty thousand newly-hatched rainbow trout, at the Central Station of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

Among the many millions of trout and salmon from the Government hatcheries these odd forms are sometimes found. Usually the



THE QUEER LITTLE FISHES.

twins are attached on opposite sides of the same eggsac and are otherwise normal in form, like the fish shown in the sketch by *a*. Two-headed and very rarely, three-headed forms occur, and curiously twisted specimens, with cork-screw tails. Although lively enough when first

hatched, most of these abnormal fishes do not survive longer than the period of ten or fifteen days necessary to absorb the food of the eggsac, and it is unlikely that they would live any longer in natural conditions.

A. H. BALDWIN.

A WOLVERINE IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE New York Zoological Park has obtained another wolverine. (The first, several months



THE WOLVERINE AT THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

ago, lived only a short time.) This second wolverine was captured in Alaska. From "The American Natural History" by W. T. Hornaday, Director of the Park, the following is quoted:

The Wolverine, or Carcajou (*Gulo luscus*), is one of the most remarkable animals in North America. It is about the size of a full-grown bull-dog, has a ravenous appetite, great strength, a fierce temper, and the combined cunning of many generations of criminals. It is the greatest thief amongst animals, and is such a greedy feeder that it is known to many as the Glutton. It will follow a trapper's "line" of marten traps for miles, destroy every animal it finds in them, devour baits, and sometimes steal the traps also.

It breaks open caches, raids cabins, and systematically destroys everything it encounters. It is the only animal living which maliciously and deliberately destroys property. It steals articles which it cannot possibly use, and more than once has been known to strip a cabin of nearly its entire contents.

In form this animal resembles a cross between a badger and a bear. In Wyoming it is called the Skunk Bear, and in Washington the Indians call it the Mountain Devil. It inhabits the northern Cascades and the Rocky Mountain region of the United States as far south as Great Salt Lake, and the whole of arctic and subarctic America to the northern limit of trees. It is especially abundant on the Kuskokwim River, Alaska. Its length is 32 inches by 10 inches wide.

“BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW”
 St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York

AN INTERESTING CATERPILLAR AND ITS MOTH.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While in Virginia last summer I found, on a Japanese walnut, a caterpillar from which I made the accompanying sketch.

The negroes promptly named it the “Persimmon Bull” or “Hickory Buck.” Some said that it could jump several feet, and all agreed that it was poisonous. So poisonous was it supposed to be that it was credited with the power to kill a person within fifteen minutes. When captured it rose on its hind feet and shook its head so vigorously as to shake the branch. It used its horns much as a cross steer would, butting them and shaking them against the box. We fed it persimmon and walnut leaves, but it showed a decided preference for the Japanese walnut and finally refused to eat unless on the tree. We often left it “grazing,” but one day it escaped and was found buried in the earth. We took it up, dirt and all, and put it in a box where it finally buried. We looked it up in the “Nature Library” and found that it is called the “hickory horn devil” and turns into the royal walnut moth (*Citheronia regalis*). No mention of its ability to jump and poison being there, we decided “to write to ST. NICHOLAS about it.” Will you tell me if it can poison or if its looks protect it, also whether it can jump. It does not look as if it was able to jump and I have not seen it try to. In life it was nearly six inches long, had ten horns, the longest being an inch in length. Others of its species have been found, and are said by negroes to be as large around as a rake handle and proportionately long, but I think it frightened them into thinking that.

Yours truly,
 ANNA PERROTT ROSE.

You are quite right in thinking that the poisonous quality, jumping ability and size have been greatly exaggerated. These errors are due to careless observation or to a desire to



“WHEN CAPTURED IT ROSE ON ITS HIND FEET AND SHOOK ITS HEAD. . . . IT USED ITS HORNS MUCH AS A CROSS STEER WOULD.”

tell “a big story.” There is an extended account of this caterpillar and its moth in

“Caterpillars and Their Moths,” published by The Century Company. See also the following letter.

The moth is known as the “regal walnut-tree moth,” and the caterpillar as the “horned hickory devil.”

The horns are perfectly harmless, and cannot sting or hurt any kind of enemy, yet they doubtless frighten any bird which may be tempted by so large a morsel, and certainly frighten many human beings, as visitors to the Crawley could testify. We gained a most unmerited reputation for heroic courage while we were rearing *regalis*—unmerited because we knew the caterpillars to be harmless.

A HUGE MOTH.

CECILTON, MARYLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send by this mail an insect of



THE ROYAL WALNUT MOTH.

The illustration is reduced about one-half natural size. The moth is five and one-half inches from tip to tip—just the width of the type matter of a ST. NICHOLAS page.

some kind found on a linden tree in Kent County, Maryland. Will you please inform us of what species it is, as we have never noticed any like it around before. You will greatly oblige a reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILLIAM P. ANDERSON.

This is the moth of the *Citheronia regalis*. The ugly caterpillar shown in the first column of this page turns into this beautiful moth. See preceding letter for particulars of the caterpillar.

BLUEBIRDS AND ROBINS IN WINTER.

RIDLEY PARK, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—In spite of the storms of ice and snow, three little bluebirds and a robin have been flying round in our back yard for some weeks past. The bluebirds are very shy and fly away when we throw out crumbs. They have a bright blue back and a russet breast. Don't you think that it is strange for them to be here at this time of year (that is, in winter)?

Your very interested reader,
 ELEANOR M. KELLOGG (age 9 years).

The bluebird is a regular winter resident from Southern New York to Southern Illinois southward. A few pass the winter farther north.

Some robins also have the courage to spend the winter in the North. The two birds are much alike in many respects. The bluebird is sometimes called blue robin. Both are members of the Thrush family.

POLISHING ONYX.

CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how to polish onyx? I have a very fine piece of unpolished



A PIECE OF POLISHED ONYX.

onyx and I want to polish it. I have it ground down smooth but do not know how to polish it.

Yours very truly,

RALPH BELL.

To polish the cut and ground onyx or agate, use a rotating wheel, iron or wood, and polish the desired surface by holding it on the rapidly revolving wheel, with carborundum paste; finish with fine tripoli (a polishing powder). A hard wooden wheel is much to be preferred. If the wheel is unattainable, then fix the specimen, and rub it down to a polished finish with carborundum and tripoli, using a flat hard wood block, pressing down on it with the requisite pressure. The finer tripoli will complete the work, giving gloss and lustre.

MILTON G. SMITH.

A CANARY THAT EATS ITS YOUNG.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am trying to raise canaries, but as soon as the young birds are hatched the mother bird eats them.

Will you please tell me the reason and oblige,

Yours truly,

SUSAN J. APPLETON.

This is not uncommon among all birds bred in captivity, probably due to an abnormal craving for animal food; or as in case of lions, the mother's anxiety for the safety of her young when interfered with by keepers, etc.

C. W. BEEBE.

CORAL CHANGES COLOR WHEN HEATED.

TOMAH, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a coral necklace. When one of the branches of coral is heated over the flame of a match or candle it turns cream-color. Will you please tell me why? What is coral made of?

Your faithful reader,

HAZEL ELWELL (age 12).

The red coral that is used for necklaces is a horny axis which supports a number of soft-bodied, coral-like animals, or polyps, the entire structure bearing a strong resemblance to a small shrub. The fishermen, after they have brought this shrub-like colony to the surface, clean the soft animal matter away, preserving the red core, or axis, which is sold as jewelry. Although red coral contains some lime, it is largely composed of a substance akin to horn, and, like horn, it takes a fine polish. Horn, wool, and other animal substances of this nature almost invariably change their color when brought into intense heat.

H. C. B.

A DECORATED ROBIN'S NEST.

PINE HILLS, ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This peculiar robin's nest was found in the crotch of a young elm tree, fifteen feet from the sidewalk, by a member of the Pine Hills Audubon Society of Albany, New York. His attention was attracted by the white ribbons pendant from the nest, and as the young had left it, he secured it for the class. The most interesting features of this nest are a coil of coarse lace with a four inch feather neatly woven through it and two white satin badges fastened with mud and sticks on either side bearing the seal of New York and the words, "New York,—N. E. A., at Boston, 1903." Besides those, the nest is decorated with several long pieces of string, a bit of white satin ribbon and the hem of a handkerchief. As you will see by turning the inverted illustration upside down, the nest



DECORATED ROBIN'S NEST.

bears a striking resemblance to a bonnet with satin strings and decorated with a coil of lace and a white quill.

K. S. PARSONS, *Secretary.*

THE NOISY COCOON.

JEFFERSON, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending under separate cover a cocoon. I found the cocoon, or rather the



THE NOISY COCOON (LUNA).

worm, on a linden tree. It was a fat green worm and about three and one-half inches long. I took it into the house and put it in a fruit can and fed it leaves. Soon I noticed that it was throwing a silky fluid about itself and in a few hours it was completely hidden. Over night the cocoon hardened and in the morning it was as you see it now.

From your loving reader,
LORRAINE GRIMM (age 12 years).

Late in the evening I brought home, from the New York office of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, your letter and package with a large number of others, all nearly filling a dress suit case. I left the case on the floor in my bedroom, for convenience in taking the contents to my laboratory for examination the next day. Soon after retiring I was aroused by what I supposed was a rat vigorously gnawing a board in a partition just beyond the case. I got up and pounded on the partition to frighten away the rat. I did this three times. Incidentally in moving a chair on the third investigation I moved the case to another part of the room. As before the gnawing stopped for a time, and then, to my astonishment, when it

started in again seemed to be in the part of the partition to which I had moved my case. Again I moved the case and again the direction of the gnawing changed. Then it flashed on me that that rat or whatever it was must be in that case. I lighted a lamp, put the pile of packages and letters on my desk, and listened. The gnawing was in your package! I opened and found the cocoon and at once saw or rather heard that it was the pupa in the cocoon. Next day I took a photograph of the cocoon which is that of the *Luna* moth, but the moth did not emerge. The occasional gnawing ceased in a few days. I opened the cocoon and found the pupa dead. It seemed to me that the cocoon was too dry and too hard for the transforming moth to work its way out.

In "Caterpillars and Their Moths" (published by The Century Company) is this statement:

Luna pupæ are the noisiest we have ever had, for they rustle like fallen leaves. One will start squirming in its cocoon, and that seems to start all the rest, with the result that they can be heard across a large room. One of us has risen and gone to see if a mouse could possibly have got into their box, and this more than once, though mice are less common than *lunas* in the house.



THE LUNA MOTH.

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"A HEADING." BY A. C. GARDINER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

BOARD OF EDUCATION,
KEOKUK, IOWA.

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 successively getting on the rolls of honor, getting their writings printed and winning the silver and the gold badge and the cash prize.

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?

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 or sixteen, doing literary work in your League pages which I can never hope to equal! If you continue much longer to educate and train writers of such tender years and such great ability, what is to become of my generation of literary workers? When these young people who excel us older folk have had a few years' more training, they will outrank us completely, and our occupation will be gone. So I am discouraged to the depths of despair; but I am glad in my heart, because I cannot help rejoicing at the wonderful achievement of youth in the St. Nicholas League. After all, I am glad, although I may be reduced by this new competition to writing only, "Entirely original and age correct," on the manuscript of my child.

A Parent.

The above letter does not require explanation. It simply echoes and adds testimony to what we have said and repeated now and again; that the League has become a great school in the world of letters and art, and that the standards have surely and steadily advanced. No method of study is more certain to result in prog-

ress than the comparative study afforded by the League. The young person who compares his work, whether successful or otherwise, with the work of a competitor of his own age is certain to discuss, in his own mind at least, the merits and shortcomings of each poem, or story, or picture, and is equally certain to learn in the



"CLOUDS." DESOLATION VALLEY, CALIFORNIA. BY LAUNCELOT J. GAMBLE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

process. Of course this advantage is to be found more or less in all school work, but when it is remembered that the League contributions published each month are examples selected from the very best that our younger English speaking generation throughout the world has to offer, then it must be owned that the advantages of comparative study afforded by the League are bound to exceed those of any other school; nor is it surprising that among the contributions each month are many that any parent, however talented, might be proud to sign, as well as to endorse.

THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 14).

(Cash Prize.)

LADS from all the countryside,
Any peasant who could ride,

Country down and
courtier went
To the tournament;
Peasants came, of
every sort,
Under twenty-one
years old,
And the prize for
which they
fought—
Knighthood, and the
Spurs of Gold.

John the Carver was
a lad—
Like a second Gala-
had,
He was bolder than
them all,
Strongly made and
tall;
One by one he threw
them down,
Fought the others
one by one,
And the people of the
town
Cheered and called
him "brave Sir
John."

So at last he won the fight,
John would be an armoured knight,
And the governor, the lord,
Dubbed him with his sword.
Then the people saw him reel
(Blood was flowing from his side),
With the Spurs upon his heel
John the Carver died.

PRIZE WINNERS, SEPTEMBER COMPETITION.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Stella Benson** (age 14), "The Beacon" Fleet, Hants, Eng.

Gold badges, **Martha G. Schreyer** (age 17), 747 Second Ave., N. Y. City, and **Katharine L. Carrington** (age 14), The Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Silver badges, **Mary Taft Atwater** (age 14), 2419 N. 33d St., Phila., Pa.; and **Grace J. Conner** (age 14), 226 Turner St., Auburn, Me., and **B. K. Webber**

(age 12), 4 Queen Anne Terrace, Plymouth, Devon, Eng.

Prose. Gold badges, **Alfred P. Merryman** (age 16), 537 W. 149th St., N. Y. City; **Grace H. Wolf** (age 14), Milford, Pa., and **Ida C. Kline** (age 12), Bovina, Miss.

Silver badges, **Marjory Kerr** (age 15), Spring Valley, N. Y.; **Ruth L. Clark** (age 13), 77 Johnson Park, Buffalo, N. Y., and **Dorothy Dewhurst** (age 13), Pittsfield, Mass.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Donald V. Newhall** (age 16), 46-47 Threadneedle St., London, Eng., and **W. R. Lohse** (age 16), 291 Jefferson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Margaret Erskine** (age 10), Delagoa, St. George's Rd., The Avenue, St. Margaret's on Thames, Richmond, Surrey, Eng., and **A. C. Gardiner** (age 15), "The Pines," Burgess Park, Finchley Rd., Hampstead, London, N. W., Eng.

Photography. Gold badge. **Walter Lemke** (age



"CLOUDS." BY WALTER LEMKE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

15), 508 Jefferson St., Wausau, Wis., and **Launcelot J. Gamble** (age 14).

Silver badges, **Dorothy Gibson** (age 15), 400 4th Ave., Great Falls, Mont., and **Agnes Sanger Clafin** (age 12), 15 Washington Sq. N., N. Y. City.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Wild Ducks," by **Fisher Wood** (age 17), 33 W. 47th St., N. Y. City. Second prize, "Pelicans," by **Ruth C. Duncan** (age 14), 1005 Dana Ave., Avondale, Cincinnati, O. Third prize, "Gulls," by **Dorothea Jones** (age 11), 49 North Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Marjory Stoneman** (age 16), 14 Harrison St., Taunton, Mass., and **Edmund P. Shaw** (age 16), 10 East Washington St., Rutland, Vt.

Silver badges, **Arthur Minot Reed** (age 12), 354 Clinton Road, Brookline, Mass., and **Louise W. Goodwin** (age 10), Morgantown, N. C.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Adeline A. Briggs** (age 9), 348 Parsons Ave., Webster Grove, Mo.; **Florence G. Mackey** (age 13), 1204 Columbus Ave.,



"CLOUDS." YELLOWSTONE PARK. BY AGNES SANGER CLAFLIN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Sandusky, O., and Kathryn I. Wellman (age 12), Friendship, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Elsie Nathan** (age 15), 517 W. 150th St., N. Y. City; **Doris Long** (age 17), "Parkside Manse," 42 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Ruth E. Abel** (age 14), Terra Ceia, Fla.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

BY MARTHA G. SCHREYER (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

In days of old, long ere the mighty world
Which lay beyond the sea was known to man,
Great nations and proud
dynasties arose;
Each lived, in turn, its
little day,—and fell.
In days of old, in
History's dim dawn,
Proud Egypt built her
monuments of stone
Which still stand un-
disturbed, defying
Time,
And mourn down the
lapse of centuries,
The wisdom, culture,
and magnificence
Which once were hers.
We owe her very
much
For that same culture
and enlightenment.
And much we owe
Chaldæa, Babylonia,
And all the empires of
the Orient,
While Greece, true
lover of the beautiful,
Bequeathed to us im-
mortal legacies,



"CLOUDS." BY DOROTHY GIBSON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Which, as ambrosia, feed the mind and soul.
When Rome, Eternal City, rose and fell,
She followed in the foot-prints Greece had made,
And carried on the torch of living Light.
"Excelsior!" adown the ages rings:
It is the message from the days of old,
The message to the Present from the Past.

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY GRACE H. WOLFE (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

ONE of the knights that is most loved and respected by the majority of people is Sir Philip Sidney.

He was a special favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and a great courtier.

At an early age he showed a natural taste for learning, and when he was ten years old he was sent to Shrewsbury to school. From there he was sent to Christchurch, Oxford, and then he went to Cambridge, where he won a high reputation as a scholar.

After finishing his schooling, he went abroad for a few years, as was the custom of young men of rank at that time. Soon after he returned he entered the court.

After having been there several years, Queen Elizabeth appointed him Governor of Flushing where he went to take part in the war between England and Spain. He was severely wounded in the battle of Zutphen, and died a few days after receiving the wound. An incident that occurred while they were carrying him from the field is worth mentioning, as it shows something of his character. He was very thirsty and had been calling for water. It was soon brought to him. As he lifted it to his lips he saw another soldier, who had been severely wounded, fix his eyes eagerly upon it. Instantly he took it from his lips untasted, and handed it to the soldier saying: "Thy necessity is greater than mine." This shows that he was, in every sense of the word, a true gentleman.

At his death there was great grief among all who knew him, or had heard of him, for he had won the love and admiration of all.

During his life he wrote several fine books and poems, "Arcadia" and "The Defense of Poesie" being his chief works.

In my estimation the words which Tennyson wrote of Prince Albert would, in every way, apply to Sir Philip Sidney:

"And indeed He seems to me Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
'Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it.'"

IN DAYS OF OLD.

BY KATHARINE L. CARRINGTON
(AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

THIS is the song of the Vikings,
The saga of Eric the Bold,
The song of the sons of the open sea,
In the stirring days of old:

"We are the kings of the ocean,
O'er the wild waves we hold sway,
From the mighty hands of the sea-god
We have wrested the right of way.

"Our ships are as swift as the grey-
hounds
As we leap through the flying spray
And swoop on the barks of our
cowering foes
As an eagle upon its prey.

"Our blue-eyed maids are brave and true,
Full worthy a Viking's bride,
When we snatch them away from the parent nest
To roam the ocean wide.



"WILD DUCKS." BY FISHER WOOD, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

"Grim death we face undaunted,
For we go to join the throng
In the glorious halls of Valhalla,
With wassail and shout and song."

—
This is the song of the Vikings,
The saga of Eric the Bold,
The song of the sons of the open sea
In the stirring days of old.



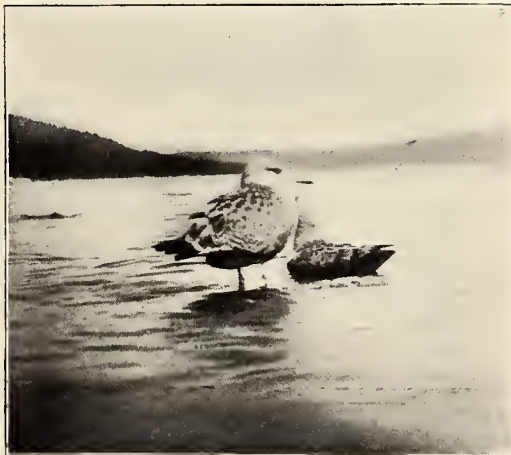
"PELICANS." BY RUTH C. DUNCAN, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE,
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

MY FAVORITE
KNIGHT.

BY ALFRED P. MERRYMAN
(AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

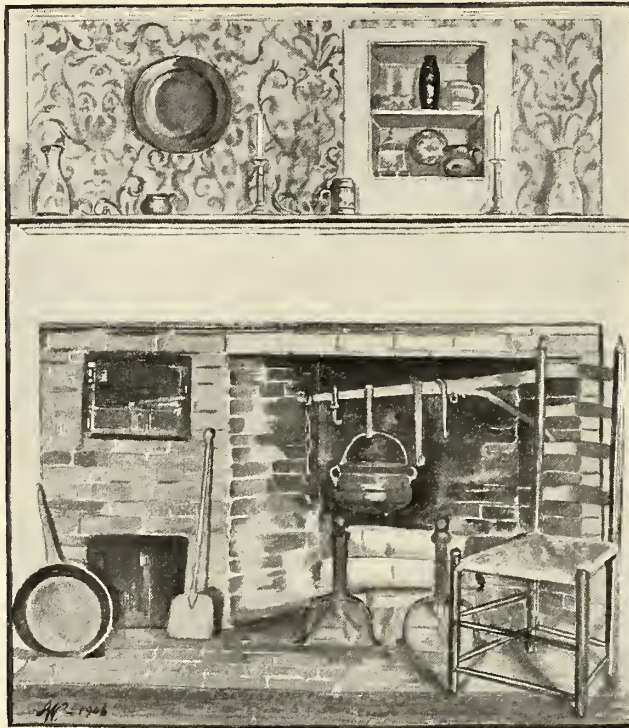
THIS phrase, in even the least imaginative mind, will instantly arouse a vision of old-time chivalry; of a tournament perhaps, where knights charge to and fro in the lists, between galleries crowded with gay courtiers and brightly-dressed ladies, each in a tremor of excitement, hoping that her knight might win the prize of the tourney and lay it at her feet, and no less fearful, lest in the shock of the charge or the



"GULLS." BY DOROTHEA JONES, AGE 11. (THIRD PRIZE,
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

mad encounter of the *mêlée* he should meet disaster. Meanwhile the object of her hope and fear fights to honor his lady and win himself renown with all the strength he possesses, amid the wild turmoil of shining armor, prancing steeds, swords rising, falling, thrusting, parrying, all with the speed of lightning. Or one thinks of those sterner and more unselfish duties, when knights-errant, leaving home, friends, and the gayeties and pleasures of the court, rode about the world righting wrongs, helping the weak, and freeing the oppressed from the tyrants who had subjugated them.

In our modern scheme of civilization, with feudalism an almost extinct institution and the ancient orders of knighthood mere names, the glories of chivalry have no place. A man of our time who, like the well-meaning though misguided Don Quixote, attempted to right the wrongs of his neighbors on his own responsibility, would find himself promptly clapped into either a prison or an insane asylum. But who is the successor of these exponents of such high



"A COZY CORNER." BY ALICE SHIRLEY WILLIS, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

principles of honor and justice as the ancient knights espoused? It cannot be he who, like the knights in the tournament, seeks success merely for the admiration it excites or for his own advancement. It is rather the man who, like the pure and earnest Sir Galahad of King Arthur's famous company of knights, with those most esteemed of knightly virtues, courtesy and gentleness, does all in his power to better the condition and alleviate the misfortunes of his fellowmen; who subordinates his own selfish desires to the welfare of others; and who strives for pecuniary success only as a means of improving the condition of those less fortunate than himself.

This is the man, who in our day most nearly resembles those heroes of ancient and medieval times, and it is he who is my favorite knight.

"IN DAYS OF OLD."

BY MARY TAFT ATWATER (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

My Grandmama, in days of old,
Wore just the *queerest* clothes, I 'm told;
And then, when she was only nine,
She made a quilt with stitches fine.
Imagine, now, the girl who would,—
My sister would n't, if she could.

My Grandpapa, in days of old,
Would never make his parents scold;
And then, with smiles this little lad
Would answer, if they called him bad.
Imagine, now, the boy who would,—
My brother is n't half as good.

If I had lived in days of old
I would have been as good as gold;
But now, it 's different, you see.
The present means too much to me.
If it were olden times, I would,—
Now, 't is old-fashioned to be good.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

BY GRACE J. CONNER (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

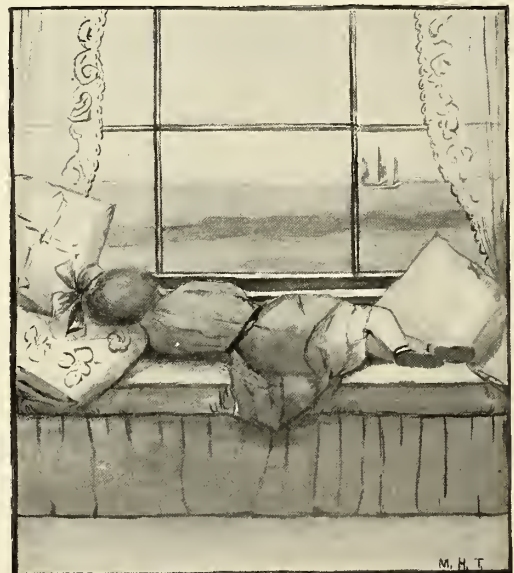
OVER the hills the breezes blow,
And the songs of the pines are sad and slow,
The woodlands ring with the songs they sing
Of the warriors who lie below.

Down from the hills to the sunny vale
The river runs in its long, worn trail,
And its waters deep hold some who sleep,
And its song is a sullen wail.

Wild roses still bloom beside the way,
Where footsteps many in deep dust lay,
While feet that first trod the grassy sod
Lie low, 'neath the dust so gray.

Low, low is laid the Indian's tent
And the pipe of peace is broken or bent,
And the wand'ring breeze midst the forest trees
Gives voice to a sad lament.

The sorrow is heard in the river's flow,
In the wild flower's sigh and the wind's sad woe,
But God hath willed it and He hath fulfilled it—
And the dusky race lies low.



"A COZY CORNER." BY MIRIAM H. TANBERG, AGE 10. (HONOR MEMBER.)

And who shall ask for those warriors bold,
Back from their graves of dust and mold?
None shall condemn, but honor them,
The warriors who lived in the days of old.

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY IDA C. KLINE (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

IN a little cottage near my home resides an old lady and a little boy of twelve years. His name is Fred Graham, and the old lady, who is crippled, is his mother.

She was a Red Cross nurse, and, while waiting on a wounded soldier, fell and broke her leg, which could not be mended.

While out for a stroll, I discovered the little house, and became acquainted with the occupants. They are very poor, and Fred supports his mother by carrying wood and coal for the people of the village and by hoeing gardens, milking, and many other odd jobs, for all of which he receives a goodly sum.

The mother and boy are very independent, and will not receive any help whatever. Mrs. Graham sits in her chair and reads, knits, and sews all day, and Fred prepares the meals, which are very simple.

In the cool of the evening, he takes his mother for a ride in her rolling-chair, pushing her himself. In front of their humble little cottage is a green stretch of meadowland, bordered by daisy-fringed hills, which seem to look lovingly down on Fred and his mother as they pass, he with a smile on his face, and she with a peaceful, contented countenance.

Fred Graham is my favorite knight, because—he loves his dear old mother above everything else, delights in working for her, and obeying her slightest injunction, depriving himself of many pleasures that she may have them. But they are just passing now, and I must stop writing to wave and smile at them.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

BY B. K. WEBBER (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

IN days of old (so I've been told),
The fairies dwelt in vale and wold.
Brave knights rode forth in armor drest,
To rescue damsels sore distrest:
And dragons lurked within their den,
To slay and plunder harmless men.
Pale mermaids sang beside the sea
And sprites danced nightly on the lea.
A mystery wrapt all around,
The blue mist rising from the ground,
The purple hills so far away,
The rosy light at dawn of day.
For men did live more simply then,



"SKETCH FROM LIFE." BY E. M. ATKINSON, AGE 15.

More used to sword than used to pen,
But now no sprites can do us harm,

No witches work a dang'rous charm.

Fair damsels cease to be distrest,
Bold knight to ride in armor drest;

And far off on the Past's dim sea
They fade from out our memory.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

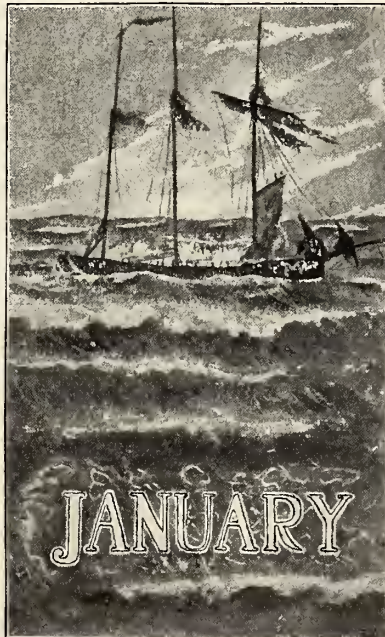
BY E. BABETTE DEUTSCH
(AGE 10).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

IN days of old when dolly Belle
Was just as new as gold
Before she broke her leg and fell,
In happy days of old—

In days of old when dolly Belle
Was clad in silk and lace
Before she was knocked near the well
And cracked her pretty face,—

I loved her then, my dolly Belle!
When she were fair and new.
I love you still, dear dolly Belle,
Spite of your looks, I do!



"HEADING." BY ROWLEY MURPHY, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



"CLOUDS." BY CARL A. STEARNS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY MARJORIE KERR (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY favorite knight is not, as one might suppose, some daring youth of olden times, such as one reads about in fairy tales, but a chubby boy of six years. His knighthood is not spent in doing splendid deeds and brave acts for some fair lady, as those of past centuries sometimes were, but as each day comes round he does little acts of bravery in such an unconscious way that we all love him for it.

He is a thoughtful lad and full of care for his mother, whom he loves dearly. Many a time he has hurt himself quite badly in playing, but instead of crying, his first thought is that his mother may not be worried.

Once as I entered the yard I was greeted by a small voice saying, "Never mind, mama, it does n't hurt very much," and hastening in to find out the trouble, I saw the little fellow bravely holding his finger which had been crushed, while playing, between the wheels of a bicycle.

Such are my knight's acts of bravery and those that I love best.

THE FLOWERS.

BY ELEANOR FRANCES AMIDON (AGE 4).

SEE the sweet forget-me-nots,
Roses, violets, too,

See the dear sun-flowers,
Covered with morning dew.

Looking up at the deep blue sky,
They see the angels looking down;
And the flowers wish that they
could fly
Up where the angels are.

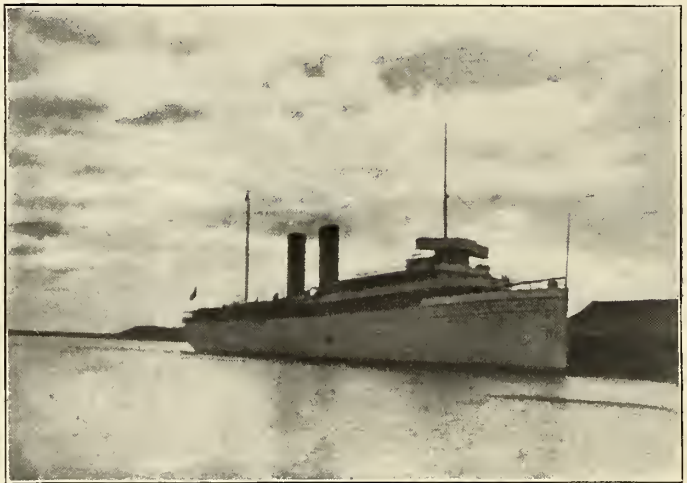
MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY RUTH L. CLARK (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I THINK without a doubt a great many children will join my praise and admiration of Sir Galahad. Never before has there been such a beautiful picture of Sir Galahad as that by Watts. It shows the knight in perfect repose, by the side of his horse, with helmet off. The noble bearing is that of a knight; a single glance would tell you that. His face is full of strength and character; along with this it is beautiful—beauty that shows honesty, sincerity, and trust, from the proud curl of the upper lip to the exquisite shape of his head. His whole face seems to tell his story.

Nobody knows exactly how Sir Galahad came to Arthur's Court. At the "Round Table" where the King, Queen, and knights ate, their chairs each had the name of its owner in gold letters on the back; but



"CLOUDS." BY NORMAN H. MCLEISH, AGE 16.

at the King's right the chair had "Siège Perilous." Now Merlin, the great magician who served Uther Pendragon, Arthur's father, made the table, and said that only the most holy knight could sit there, but all others that took this privilege were in danger of their lives. When they were all seated for the banquet of the "Feast of Pentecost," an old man entered, clothed in white, followed by a young knight in red armor. After the knight had saluted the King, the old man

went to the vacant seat, drew the silken cover off, and on the back was written, "This is the siege of the noble prince, Galahad." All the knights said, "Surely he must be the one to see the Holy Grail."

His life afterward was very beautiful. Those who have read his history know how he and his fellow-knights went in quest of the Holy Grail—how weeks at a time he was at a chapel praying. One morning, Sir Bors, Sir Percivale, and Sir Galahad entered the chapel and began to pray, and just then the Holy Grail appeared. When the other knights had recovered from the brightness they went to Sir Galahad, who knelt still in prayer, and found him dead.

He had seen the vision and his soul went back to God.



"CLOUDS," BY ANNE P. ROGERS, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

IN DAYS OF OLD AND DAYS TO COME.

BY ANNIE LAURIE HILLYER (AGE 15).

(*Honor Member.*)

I

A deep soft chair of velvet,
A fire burning bright—
A child with eyes most pensive
And head of golden light.

The glowing embers crackle,
The clock ticks, over there,
A sudden inspiration
Has she of golden hair.

"When I 'm grown up," she whispers—
Then on and on she dreams,
While still the firelight flickers
And casts its darting beams.

II

Between the fire and window
A woman sits to sew,
And smile at thoughtful Golden Locks
By the fire's ruddy glow.



"CLOUDS," BY CHRISTINE R. MCCORDIC, AGE 15.

"When I was young," she whispers—
Ah, strange—how very strange!
Do Golden Locks and Grandma
Long for the power to change?

Two deep soft chairs of velvet,
A fire burning bright—
And Age and Youth smile, dreaming,
And—'t is a pleasant sight.



"CLOUDS," BY ROWENA B. SIZER, AGE 15.



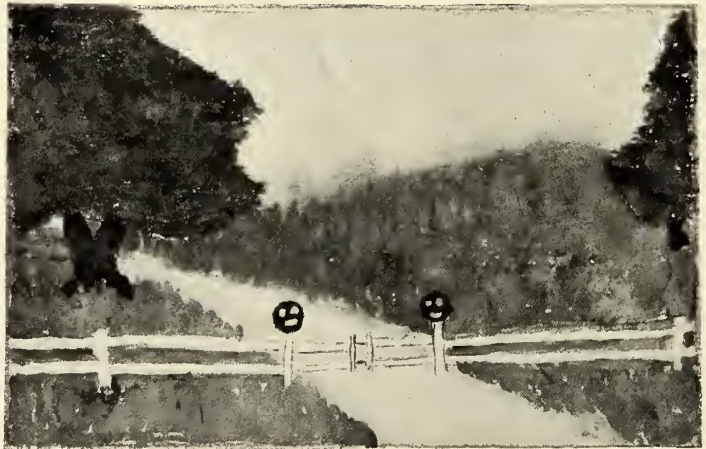
"CLOUDS." BY LEWIS P. CRAIG, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY DOROTHY DEWHURST (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

HE was just convalescing from a sickness that had brought him to the Hospital when I discovered his story. He had been working all his life on the little bit of a farm in Florida, and when he came to the Hospital to recover what little strength he once had, his poor little frame was all bent over, and weakened, and he was about half the size a boy of his age should have been, from want of nourishment; but still he had a bright and active mind, though he was unable to use it the way he wished to by learning to read and write, for he was so far out in the country, away from schools, so he had grown up all his life in utter ignorance. I felt so sorry for him that I decided to keep him at the Hospital during vacation and teach him, and then to send him to school that winter. He earned his living at the Hospital by working in the garden, so by the time winter had come he was ready to go to school. I got him a suit of clothes and every morning he would trudge barefooted to school. He was very bright and he loved his lessons so much that he would sit up late at night studying. After a while his sister was taken ill, and she had to be brought to the Hospital. Then, when she was recovering, Tomy taught her. Everything went well for a while, then Tomy had word from his home to come back and work. So he gave up school and all that made him happy and went back. Now, at eighteen, this Florida cracker is supporting all his brothers and sisters, by peddling wood over town and at the same time trying to keep up his lessons with his sister. That is my idea of a hero and a knight.



"THE GATES OF FALL." BY ANNE DURYEA, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

he, looked and saw five knights coming along the road. He jumped up and ran and got the kitten just in time to save it from being run over by the horses. As they passed, Sir Rollin told Cedric that he was as brave as a knight. That night Cedric asked his mother if she thought he would ever become a knight, but she said no. One day Cedric's father said that Sir Rollin needed a boy in his castle. Cedric and his father went to Sir Rollin, who at once employed Cedric.

At last, after many years of labor, Cedric was ordered to the king, who sent him out on difficult explorations and to fight battles. Then, at last, one day the king knighted him "Sir Cedric of Atholstane."

IN DAYS OF OLD.

BY AMY BRADISH JOHNSON (AGE 12).

GRANDMA dear does sometimes get
Quite a little bit upset
Brooding on the awful way
Children are brought up to-day.

Once I asked her, just to see
What her best ideals might be,
Asked her what *her* children did,
She said "Did as they were bid."

"In days of old little girls
Always had the sweetest curls,
Never said a 'yes' or 'no'
Till their mama told them so."

"In days of old little boys
Never played with noisy toys,
Children did as they were told
In the good old days of old."

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY WARD REECE BUHLAND (AGE 12).

I DO not know as I have any favorite knight and the story which I am about to tell you is of a little boy who became a knight. Many years ago a little boy called Cedric, who lived on a high hill just across from the castle of Sir Rollin, was romping with his kitten and had laid down to rest in the middle of the road, when



"A HEADING." BY DONALD V. NEWHALL, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

IN DAYS OF OLD.

MARION S. OBNEY (AGE 12).

FLICKER, oh candle, for in thy flame
I see a scene of the world's great fame,
Of countless deeds in those days of old—
That 's what I see in your flame of gold.

Flicker, oh candle, for in thy flame
I see emblazoned many a name,
Which tells of heroes in days of old,
Of heroes whose deeds were brave and bold.

Flicker, oh candle, and then die down,
For the heroes of the world's renown
Have passed away into years of gold,
Have passed away into days of old.

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY MILLICENT POND (AGE 17).

MY favorite knight is braver and more bold than Sir Lancelot or Sir Bors; as wise, all-seeing and blameless as King Arthur; as gentle as the most gentle of all knights. He holds woman as sacred as did Sir Tristram, and according to his mighty vow he goes about the world righting the wrong, and easing the burdens of the poor and the distressed.

Above all, he is purer than Sir Percivale, "Whom Arthur and his knighthood call'd The Pure,"—as sinless, indeed, as he who spake and said,

"But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,
I saw the Holy Grail, and heard a cry—
'O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me,'"

even he who was strengthened by the constant presence of the Holy Thing, to whom it was never covered.

My favorite knight is not a mortal man, but an immortal ideal, an ideal which grows as I grow, expands



"A HEADING." BY MARGARET ERSKINE, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE.)

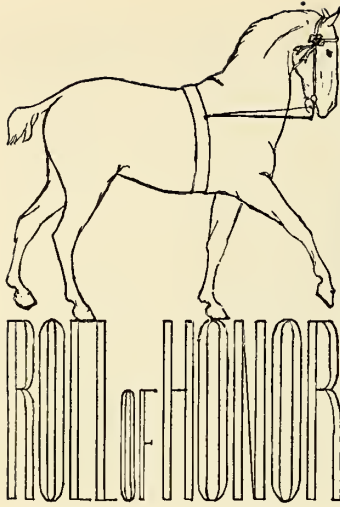
as I expand. He is made up of the best that I can cull from anything that is in itself good.

I have never before put my thoughts about him into words, and I cannot do him justice now. Even about this attempt to express myself some may say, "It is the fancy of a child—the day-dream of a girl who knows not of what she writes," but I believe I will always hold my ideals, although as I grow older they may also change.

I have heard it said, in excuse of some fault, that we all make mistakes, and that no one would love us if we did not. I believe that there will be a life in which we shall reach our own ideals; should we not make them as high as possible now? More than this. I believe that by the time we have reached the ideals of this life we will have found still better ones. I believe that our ideals will be as elusive as the wandering fires of the quagmire, but that we will be strengthened in peace, and upheld in battle until our efforts are crowned, as were Galahad's, "far in the spiritual city."



"A HEADING." BY JEANNE DEMÊTRE, AGE 13.



"A HEADING." BY EMILY W. BROWNE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used-had space permitted.
 No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Louisa F. Spear
 Mary Elizabeth Mair
 Catharine Emma Jackson
 Rispah Britton Goff
 Kathryn Maddock
 Aileen Hyland
 John M. Burke
 Helen Bribach
 Jean Russell
 Maud Dudley
 Shackelford
 Emmeline Bradshaw
 Ethel B. Youngs
 Frances Lubbe Ross
 Nannie Clark Barr
 Carol S. Williams
 Angus M. Berry
 Gladys Nelson
 Joseph R. Gousha
 Kathryn Sprague De Wolf

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 Florence Short
 Twila A. McDowell
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 Mildred Seitz
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 George H. Childs
 W. Earle Fisher
 Gladys D. Adams
 Elizabeth Toof
 Louise E. Grant
 Hester L. Trumbull
 Emma C. M. Meyer
 Julia S. Clopton

Inez Overell
 Knowles Entrikin
 Clara Kratz
 Irene Bowen
 Martha Harold
 Arthur Kramer
 Hester Gunning
 Gladys Louise Cox
 Helen Platt
 Marcia Henry
 Alice Weston Cone
 Isabel Foster
 Kathleen McKeag
 Theodosia C. Cobbs
 Eleanor V. Kellogg
 Marion Risedorph
 Louise Theobald Maxcy
 Beulah G. Knox
 George J. Openhym
 Therese Born
 Sarah Scudder

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 Marion L. Tuthill
 Bessie B. Styron
 Louise A. Bateman
 Helen May Baker
 Raymond Rohn
 Florence Barnes
 Kathleen Buchanan
 Mary V. Frank
 Theodora Troendle
 Hermann Louis Schaeffer
 Katharine L. Havens
 Mary Aurilla Jones
 Hazel Cockroft
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 Anita Moffett
 Vera Marie Demens

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 Frieda Funck
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 Polly Palmer Nelson
 True Bayley
 Irma Emmerich
 Hazel Halstead
 Isabella B. Howland
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 Margaret F. Whittaker
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 W. Wallace Alward
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 Genevieve Bertolacci
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 Virginia Hoyt
 George S. Dutch
 Elsie Gladstones
 Rosamund Simpson
 Max Rolnik
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 Elisabeth Curtis
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 Ellsworth F. Duden
 Angelica Mumford
 Anna Louise Alberger
 Gardiner H. Fiske
 Katharine C. Miller
 Helet L. K. Porter
 Dorothy Wormser
 Earle H. Ballou
 Katie Martin
 Kendall Bushnell
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 William K. Braasch
 Harold P. Murphy
 Jeannette Walworth

William H. Torrey
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 Charline S. Smith
 Caroline C. Johnson
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PUZZLES 2.

Beatrice M. Hadrill
 Georgina Schofield
 Lawrence Lee
 Dorothy Seligman
 G. Richardson
 Marcellite Watson



St. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING." BY MURIEL E. HALSTEAD, AGE 13.

CHAPTERS.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

A CHAPTER POEM.

We used to have a rule,
 In chapter six four nine,
 That members must compete,
 Or pay a heavy fine.

Since I have left the club,
 The rules have changed, I'm told,
 But I shall still compete,
 For the sake of "Days of Old."

CAROLYN BULLLEY (AGE 14).

NOTICE.

In sending in chapter reports, secretaries must not fail to give the names of the officers and the address of the secretary.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 920. Elizabeth Donnell, President; Mary Hilliard, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 154 S. Homewood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 No. 921. "We Four Girls." Mabel Franke, President; Anna Heise, Secretary; four members. Address, Box 461 R. F. D. No. 1, White Plains, N. Y.
 No. 922. Elka Levi, President; Bernard Gutwilling, Secretary; five members. Address, 138 Mott Ave., Far Rockaway, L. I.
 No. 923. Delia L. Ross, President; Helen A. Ross, Secretary; four members. Address, Cooperstown, N. Y.

No. 924. "G. T." Bessie Boyt, President; May Dixon, Secretary; four members. Address, 724 Third St., Des Moines, Iowa.

No. 925. "Hill Folk." Pauline Buell, President; Catharine Jackson, secretary; six members. Address, 1920 Arlington Place, University Heights, Madison, Wis.

A CHAPTER LETTER.

TABRIZ, PERSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We, Chapter 910, have never written to you before.

We have very nice times at our club meetings, which we have once a week, on Friday. Our club afternoons are chiefly spent in eating and reading. Of course the St. NICHOLAS forms the most appreciated part.

We write a monthly paper. We only make three copies as we have to do them by hand.

Some members do very good work and we hope they will accept our hearty congratulations on their success.

We are sorry that we cannot send contributions in time to be printed.

We would like to correspond with some other chapter of girls between the ages of twelve and fifteen. If any should wish to do so, we would be greatly pleased. Our address is: Miss Aimée S. Vanneman, American Mission, Tabriz, Persia.

We think all the members will agree with us that being a member of the League is a great pleasure.

Not wishing to make this letter too long we remain,

Your devoted and affectionate readers,
Members of "The
Almond Blossom."

Per. A. S. V. (Sec'y).



Grief in the Cozy Corner

"A COZY CORNER." BY DOROTHY RIEBER, AGE 13.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A TRIP TO WATKINS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Wednesday I went to Watkins with my mother.

We first had a sail on Seneca Lake in a row boat. The water was light green and the waves were white with foam.

After our lunch we visited Watkins Glen. Where we started to climb was beautiful water rushing out of a rock. The passage was so narrow we could not see how so much water could flow out. When we had gone a little farther there was a cave in which, if we went in, we could see the narrow channel through which the water came. When we looked down after climbing a little more we saw a beautiful wide, green pool of water. After this we turned back.

On our way home we saw Captain Baldwin in his air-ship. The ship looked like a fat pig and under it was a long, narrow basket. Captain Baldwin sat in the middle of the basket. The ship sailed through the air like a bird and the motor was like the flapping of wings.

VERA PRICE (age 8).

NORTH PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: The time has come when I, too, must say farewell to the League, for in a few weeks I shall be eighteen, and so I am sending my last contribution. So far I have won no prize except "the rapture of pursuing" and honor mention. But I shall never forget the hapture the League has been to me in keeping me working, and—I hope—improving my verse by practice, and by comparison with that of others. I do not consider the real fight ended when the League's door is closed, so I will not own myself vanquished yet. Farewell to the League,

Regretfully, MARY E. MAIR.

Other welcome letters have been received from Marion H. Tuthill, Therese R. Livingston, Virginia Archibold, Alice Hale, Kathryn Wellman, Isabel McGillis, Frances Booraem, Nathan Saunders, Elizabeth Moore, Grace Lowenhaupt, Lelia Y. Remnitz, Charles F. Billings, Eugene Boughton, Abraham Joseph Greenberg, Louise E. Grant, Frances Shulaber, Cecilia Brewster, Esther B. Beach, Johnnie Whitehouse, Dorothy Gibson, Florence M. Ward, Josephine Pigott, Lois Murphy, Ida C. Kline, Grace H. Wolf, Helen Nichols, Mary D. Bailey.



TAILPIECE FOR JANUARY.

BY ANNA COAK, AGE 9.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 87.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 87 will close January 20 (for foreign members January 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for May.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. A humorous poem, writer may choose the subject.

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. A humorous sketch or story, writer may choose the subject.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, humorous.

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Humorous Drawing" and a May Heading or Tailpiece for the League, Books and Reading, or any St. NICHOLAS department.

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.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied* but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS &

Arranging Your Books

WE asked in this department that some of you would tell of a method for grouping your books on your shelves. From Fargo, North Dakota, comes a letter describing a young girl's arrangement of her little library. First she puts Nature books, about ten volumes; then Biographies, twenty volumes; History, eleven volumes; Travel, six. Next come the Information books, including those that tell about ways of living in foreign lands (native customs, food, amusements and so-forth), regular Natural History, and cook-books, and other reference volumes, fifteen in number. Following these are seven books of Poetry, and then twenty-three Story-books.

Wonder Stories

THOSE who like stories of strange and marvelous matters will find plenty to wonder about in a book called "Prehistoric Animals," by Ray Lancaster, for you should know that the wildest creations of fairy-lore are far less wonderful than the truth about the creatures that once lived in this land of ours some millions of years ago. Even the immortal Jabberwock and Snark would seem quite ordinary beings compared to these swimming, creeping, flying riddles of the past. And those who love giants can hardly ask for anything larger than the Dinosaur-Brontosaurus which was described in the March ST. NICHOLAS, in which number there was also shown a photograph of the actual skeleton of the animal.

Queer Books

HAVE you any idea what books have been made of? In the British Museum collection are said to be books written on "oyster-shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheep-skin, wood and palm leaves, to say nothing of other materials." Sometimes the "books"—or pages of books—were in the form of cylinders of baked clay or stone on the surface of which the inscriptions were cut.



KNOWLEDGE
IS POWER.

HEADING DRAWN BY W. R. LOHSE, AGE 16.
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE GOLD BADGE.

READING

A New School Story

JAMES M. BARRIE, author of a number of things besides "Peter Pan," recommends highly the work of Charles Turley, whom he calls "the Trollope of boyhood." The name of the most recent of Mr. Turley's books is "Maitland Major and Minor." "The boys described in the book," says Mr. Barrie, "are the real thing; they run daily into it and out of it, never sitting down to be photographed; they are quite unaware that

Mr. Turley is in the field with them, or that you are looking in at the dormitory window."

A Suggestion for New Year's

INSTEAD of making impossible resolutions in regard to reading a long list of books, why is it not a good idea to write down a list of the twelve months and put opposite each the name of a single good book that you might read to advantage? Then resolve to go through at least six of these, leaving the other six to be abandoned if they do not prove what you expect. If your list is really well chosen, and you do read six good books by the end of the year, you will have done much for the cultivation of a taste for good reading—a taste unlike many others, that one will hardly ever be able to satisfy—nor wish to.

Reading Aloud

A YOUNG girl who is fond of this department complains that reading aloud is often spoiled by being too rapid, or else too low in tone. She says that if people think they read well, and read loud enough, they often fall into the fault of acting out what they read, which takes attention of the listeners from the book and makes them observe the reader rather than follow the story.

We believe, with her, that reading and acting are different, and that the attempt to act, often spoils reading aloud. We think it is a mistake even to vary the voice to represent different characters.

The Most Humorous Book

A BOY friend writes that he thinks it would be interesting if readers of this department would name what they consider "the most humorous book," and he shows his willingness to begin by naming the "Pickwick Papers."

When to Begin Poetry

A YOUNG girl nearly old enough to be called a young woman, on hearing her little sister say that she did not like poetry, persuaded the child to listen to a reading of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and found that the little girl, who was about eleven years old, enjoyed it as much as a fairy tale.

What a Librarian Believes

A CHILDREN'S librarian, in one of our larger cities, in writing of the advantages of reading, names first "the further enrichment of life." We think she means by this that through reading, one learns to think more deeply and more widely about all that happens, and thus makes even a very commonplace life much richer than it would otherwise be. It seemed to us on reading her phrase that this is a side of the subject about which young people might think more. It is a little different, you see, from reading for fun or for knowledge, and perhaps children might well read books that will enrich their lives in this way. Suggestions on such books will be gladly welcomed. Who will name some? Is not Ruskin's essay on "Kings' Treasuries" the sort of reading the librarian means? It is usually bound in the same volume with "Sesame and Lilies," which we hope you all know.

No Remarks

IN the same article is told the story of a mother who was trying to explain a poem she was reading to her little girl. She was interrupted by the child, who said gently, "Mother, dear, I could understand so much better if you would please not explain."

One more good suggestion from the same article is the motto of the children's room in the library: "The right book to the right child at the right time"—which seems to cover the subject very briefly but thoroughly.

Reading Too Fast.

A CORRESPONDENT from Faribault, Minnesota, after praising the "Rebecca Mary" stories, and telling how much she has enjoyed that old favorite "The Scottish Chiefs," tells of

keeping a list of the books she read in three weeks, and of having read *ten* in that time—ten "middle-sized" books, she says. Then she asks whether she reads too fast to "take it in well." She might nearly as well ask how many pieces of coal make a pound. Some books one finishes forever in an hour; others one can never finish, though they may be read through in a half-hour. If she reads ten really good books in three *months*, she will do well. Reading merely as a pastime is another matter, and is harmless if one has nothing else to do, and one reads sensibly.

An Answer to a Question.

IN an answer to our question about the "Rebecca Mary" stories, we have received this very satisfactory letter:

MANOR FARM, BLEWBURY,
NR. DIDCOT, BERKSHIRE,
ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am always so interested in the Books and Reading department. It has taught me a great deal about the care and reading of my books.

I noticed in the September number (1906) you ask, "Who has read it?" (Rebecca Mary, by Annie Hamilton Donnell.)

I have read some of her stories in "Harper's Magazine," among them were four about Rebecca Mary. I enjoyed reading them very much indeed, and I should so like to know if they are published in book form. In the magazine they were called "The Return of Rebecca Mary," "Article Seven" (a story), "The Thousand Quilt" (a story), and "The Feel Doll." The other two short stories I read of hers were called "The Child," "The Promise" (a story), both of which I liked very much indeed. My mother and father also have very much enjoyed reading them.

I am your very faithful reader and admirer,

HESTER MARGETSON.

A Book Recommended.

HERE is a suggestion from one of yourselves:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that other boys and girls would be interested in a book called "Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes," by Edward S. Morse (Little, Brown & Co.) It is beautifully illustrated with sketches by the author and is very interesting.

Yours sincerely,

MILLIA DAVENPORT.

But would it not have been better if our correspondent had given us some brief statement of what she found especially worth reading in the book? The author she names is well-known for his writings on Oriental subjects, and his knowledge may be depended on. He is connected with the Boston Museum, and was a student under Louis Agassiz—the best of teachers for an observer.

The Letter-Box

EDITORIAL NOTE.—TO PARENTS.

ON page 246 of this number, ST. NICHOLAS begins a series of articles which we hope will prove of real service to the tired mother or nurse, who is often at her wits' end to provide amusement for the little folk whom bad weather keeps in the house, where they often grow restless and impatient at their enforced imprisonment. The general title "Hints and Helps for 'Mother'—Rainy Day Amusements for the Nursery" sets forth the object of the series, which is intended to be a practical response to repeated requests for suggestions as to ways of amusing the little folk when it is too stormy for them to go out of doors, and when toys and books and pictures seem stale from repeated use.

To "save the day," at such times, a form of work or play has to be provided which not only must be novel, but must be something that the children themselves can enjoy in the doing. And it must be based upon material that is always to be found in every home and not upon things which one has to go out and buy.

The paper on page 246 deals with "Clothes-pin Toys" and shows how much can be accomplished in the way of making interesting playthings from these homely, every-day objects. The next paper will show the odd and entertaining toys that can be made out of pasteboard or paper boxes, and this will be followed by other articles of a similar sort.

We commend the series to the careful attention of mothers, nurses and the older sisters of the family, and we should be very glad to receive from grown-up readers who are interested in the subject any suggestions for amusements and toys which they have invented or have found useful in their own experience. The point to be always borne in mind, however, is that these home-made playthings should be only such as can be easily made out of *every-day articles that are to be found in every home.*

GADSDEN, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you accept a note from a little girl way down in Alabama?

I spent last winter in New York, but am glad to be back in my Sunny South again.

You were given me as a present last Christmas, and I often think ST. NICHOLAS is a gift any little girl ought to be proud of.

I live in a beautiful little town on the Coosa River.

I want to thank you for the prize you sent me for my gob-o-link.

Your devoted reader,

RUTH DUNCAN.

I'm afraid my letter is getting too long so will close, with best wishes for long continued success.

I am your much interested reader,

EDITH H. ROSS (age 14).

FLUSHING, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—This is the first time I have written to you. I am twelve years old and have taken you for a year and a half. I like the story of "The Crimson Sweater" best. In the summer I go to a boys' camp in the Southern Catskills. The camp's name is Wake Robin.

Last summer we took a tramp of 36 miles, carrying from 17 to 22 pounds on our back. The camp lasts 10 weeks.

Your friend,
JOHN BLAKISTON.

FAIR VIEW FARM, LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three years and know of no other magazine that can equal it. The serial stories I think the most interesting because they keep one eagerly anticipating the next issue.

I am now up in the country spending my vacation on a large farm. There are many pleasant pastimes here, such as playing croquet, going boating and fishing on the Delaware River, hunting eggs, and—eating apples.

I tamed some little white leghorn chickens so that when I call they fly upon my hand and shoulder. These chickens look very pretty, their feathers being pure white, their combs a bright red and their legs yellow.

I suppose many readers of ST. NICHOLAS have never seen bees making honey. The next farm from here keeps bee-hives and I have watched them making it, never in the daytime however, as they are apt to sting if molested when at work, but at dusk they do not mind it.

Now is the bee's busiest time, for the buckwheat is in full bloom. This little white flower affords a great deal of honey for the bees. If you have ever passed a field of buckwheat in full bloom you may have heard a low continuous droning which is made by the bees.

A VISIT TO THE PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD.

WHEN I was in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, last summer, I went with my grandfather to visit the navy yard. This was on an island, and we had to cross the Piscataqua river first in a boat.

A new dock had just been built that large ships could come in, and it was all made of stone. For the door there was a ship about half as large as the dock.

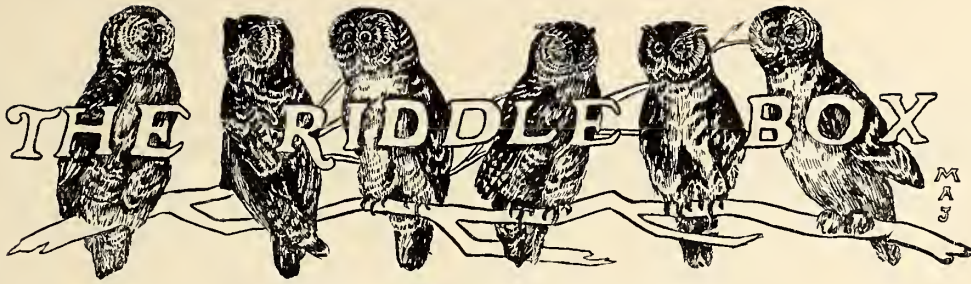
A new prison was being built which would be very large when it was finished. Prisoners were kept in a ship while the prison was being made.

There were two men that worked under water and were all covered with rubber except their eyes that they put glass eyes over. They went down under water to work, and air was pumped down, so they could breathe. They stayed under water for two hours.

A building was there that a big ship had been built in.

All kinds of ships were lying around at the wharves. The Russian and Japanese treaty was signed at Portsmouth, and I was glad I had visited the navy yard there.

Yours truly,
MARGARET R. KNOWLTON (age 11 years).



DRAWN BY MARY AURILLA JONES (LEAGUE MEMBER).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

A CIRCLE PUZZLE. THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE. Begin at lower T.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Deerslayer; 3 to 4, Pathfinder. 1. Adolph. 2. Embark. 3. Tenets. 4. Rather. 5. Estufa. 6. Lading. 7. Banana. 8. Yonder. 9. Pellet. 10. Regret.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Christmas.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can."

ROYAL ACROSTICS. I. 1. Major. 2. Ebony. 3. Sahib. 4. Punic. Centrals, John. II. 1. Homer. 2. Dwarf. 3. Mirth. 4. Egypt. Centrals, Mary. III. 1. Chess. 2. Media. 3. Tower. 4. Diana. 5. Coral. 6. India. Centrals, Edward. IV. 1. Agate. 2. Polar. 3. Offer. 4. March. 5. Query. 6. Sedge.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from John Farr Simons—Marjorie Anderson—James A. Lynd—"Queenscourt"—Mildred D. Yenawine—Alice Lowenhaupt—Alice R. Bragg—Frances Bosanquet—Prue K. Jamieson—"Jolly Juniors"—Emily Smith—Albert B. Ellard—Lois F. Lovejoy—Jo and I—Howell Byrnes—Mabel Alvarez—Dorothy Hopkins—Frances Hunter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Eugenie A. Steiner, 9—B. Bateham, 1—Edna Meyle, 3—Carl Gutzzeit, 3—Frances C. Bennett, 9—Edith Faxon, 1—Harriet Bingaman, 7—"St. Gabriel's Chapter," 6.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-two letters and form the name of a thirty-eight sided figure.

My 3-11-9-15 is a small fruit pie. My 17-6-8 is a covering for the head. My 5-4-2-21-16 is a drink. My 12-1-22-18 is formed by a volcano. My 19-20-13-14-7 is a lazy person.

PRUE K. JAMIESON (Honor Member).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

1. TRIPLY behead a person of irritable temper, and leave a sailor. 2. Triply behead to become visible, and leave part of the head. 3. Triply behead a bird, and leave a snare. 4. Triply behead a common Italian title, and leave a negative. 5. Triply behead high-pitched, and leave sick. 6. Triply behead motive, and leave a child.

The initials of the remaining words will spell a popular game.

HELEN WHITMAN. (League Member).

SYNCOPIATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Syncopate uproar, and leave part of the face. Answer, no-i-se, nose.

1. Syncopate to delay, and leave an animal. 2. Syncopate to deceive, and leave to converse. 3. Syncopate a kind of gum, and leave part of a harness. 4. Syncopate an ecclesiastical headdress, and leave deep mud. 5. Syncopate a pigment, and leave to gasp. 6. Syncopate to separate, and leave a prophet. 7. Syncopate foremost, and leave a French cook. 8. Syncopate part of a flower, and leave to resound. 9: Syncopate otherwise,

Centrals, Alfred. V. 1. Ægis. 2. Drear. 3. Drown. 4. Forum. 5. Rogue. 6. Dream. Centrals, George. VI. 1. Plaid. 2. Dirge. 3. Sitka. 4. Ether. 5. Coupé. 6. Arrow. Centrals, Arthur. VII. 1. Mocha. 2. Quail. 3. Ionic. 4. Route. 5. Goths. 6. Queen. Centrals, Canute. VIII. 1. Tiara. 2. Venus. 3. Tenor. 4. Sheik. Centrals, Anne. IX. 1. Nabob. 2. Inert. 3. Muses. 4. Resin. Centrals, Bess.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Tale. 2. Aged. 3. Lead. 4. Eddy. II. 1. Heel. 2. Ebro. 3. Erin. 4. Long.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Santa; second row, Claus; last row, holly. Cross-words: 1. Scorch. 2. Albino. 3. Narwal. 4. Tunnel. 5. Asbury.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From 1 to 5, dearest; 2 to 4, staring. 1. Digress. 2. Deplete. 3. Bravo. 4. Apprise. 5. Eminent. 6. Endless. 7. Gallant.

and leave an exclamation of sorrow. 10. Syncopate a sleeping vision, and leave a fraction of an ounce. 11. Syncopate covered with dust, and leave a tax.

The syncopated letters will spell a word often heard during the Christmas holidays.

JOHN FARR SIMONS (Honor Member).

CHARADE.

MY first, a small bag that is best when it 's filled;
My second begins every night;
My third is a part of the head. Do my whole,
And read me this riddle aright.

ELIZABETH C. BEALE (Honor Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

* . 4 2 . 15 *
1 * 10 . 12 * .
. . 7 . 6 . *
8 * 11 . . *
* 5 9 . . 3 *
14 * . . 13 * .
* 17 . . . 16 *

MY primal zigzag (indicated by stars) and my final zigzag each name a State; from 1 to 10 and from 11 to 17, name the capitals of these two States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Forbidding with authority. 2. Deserved. 3. The projection of a figure. 4. Imaginary phantasms. 5. Unclosing. 6. Pertaining to angels. 7. A kind of crisp, lustrous silk.

GERTRUDE M. LOVING (Honor Member).



TRAVELERS' ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

When the five conveyances pictured above have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will, when properly arranged, spell the name of a country that has recently attracted much attention.

Designed by LOUISE W. GOODWIN (age 10).

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

```

1 . . . . 3
* . . . *
* . . . *
* . . . *
* . . . *
* . . . *
* . . . *
2 . . . . 4
    
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A wooden hammer. 2. To tease. 3. Usage. 4. Sudden. 5. To coax. 6. To bear witness. 7. A famous play.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a famous play.

ARTHUR MINOT REED.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

One word is concealed in each couplet.

1. Max owned, without a thought of shame,
He 'd not a thaler to his name.
2. The children searched the fields all over
And failed to find a four-leaved clover.
3. Eva declares she did not go;
Where is the friend who told you so?
4. There Fred and Harry waiting sat;
Beside them purred the yellow cat.
5. Be brave, my dear, and do not sigh.
It rends my heart to say "good-bye."

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and curtail walked, rearrange the remaining letters, and make a chart. Answer Tr-amp-ed, map.

1. Behead and curtail a European country, rearrange, and make a biped.
2. Behead and curtail mocking, rearrange, and make a flower associated with France.
3. Behead and curtail in a feudal manner, rearrange, and make to praise.
4. Behead and curtail in particular, rearrange and make an heroic poem.
5. Behead and curtail to hold back, rearrange, and make a heavenly body.
6. Behead and curtail gifts, rearrange, and make observed.
7. Behead and curtail a leader, rearrange,

- and make a light blow.
8. Behead and curtail stays, rearrange, and make purpose.
9. Behead and curtail notched like the edge of a leaf, rearrange, and make tidy.
10. Behead and curtail a large, Arctic animal, rearrange, and make to eat.
11. Behead and curtail one of the United States, rearrange, and make a feminine name.
12. Behead and curtail marks by folding, rearrange, and make a large body of water.
13. I ehead and curtail not any thing, rearrange, and make to strike.

When the thirteen new words have been written one below the other, their initials will spell the name of a man who was famous in the early history of New England.

MARJORIE STONEMAN.

COLLEGE ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a college, and the finals, the college color.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wide and general destruction. 2. Detest. 3. A Jewish title of respect. 4. Poison. 5. Otherwise called. 6. A masculine name. 7. An evil spirit.

EDMUND P. SHAW.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A collection of maps.
2. In that place.
3. To gain knowledge.
4. A rich figured fabric.
5. Discernment.

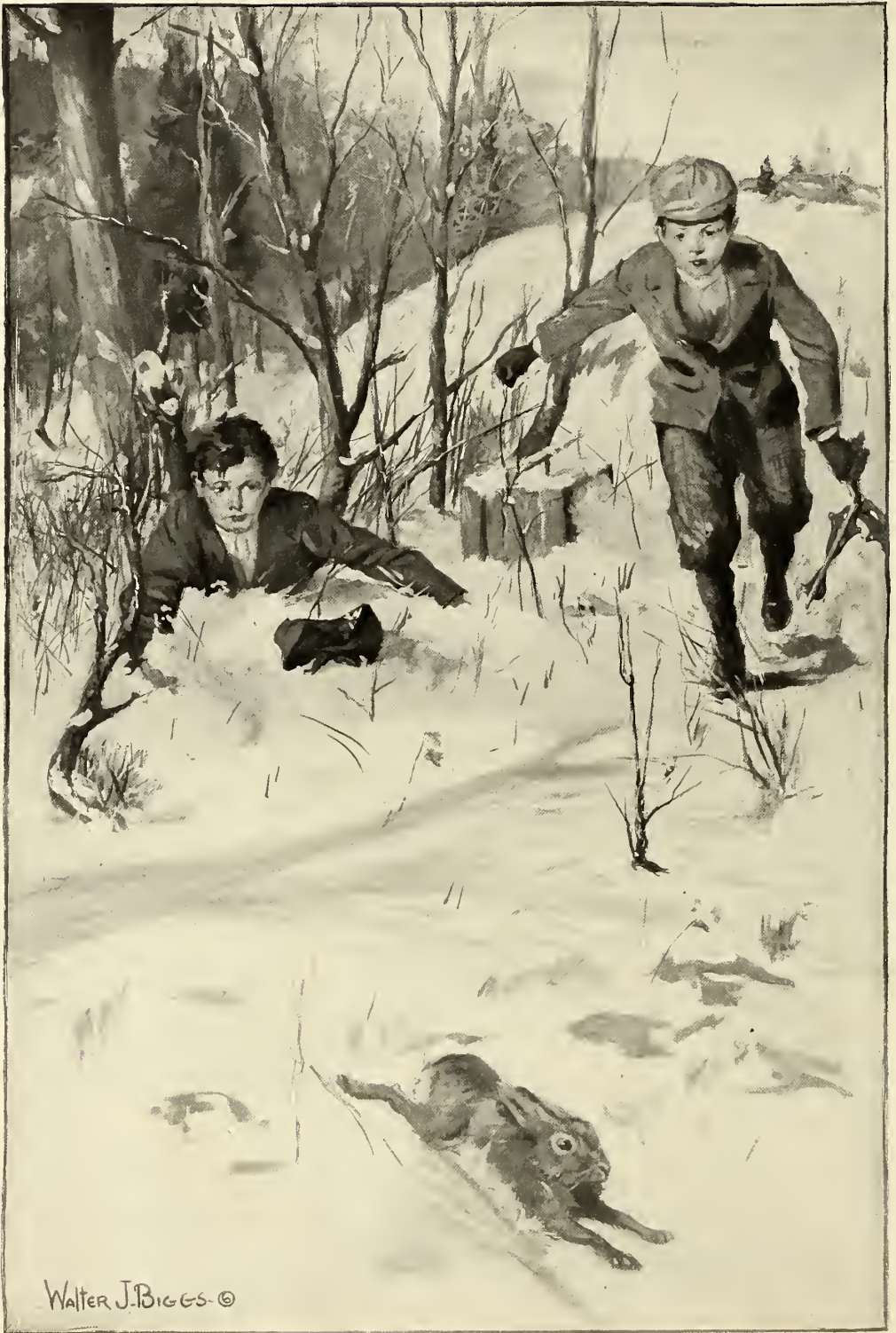
MILDRED HOOD (League Member).

AMPUTATIONS.

WHEN the following sixteen words have been rightly beheaded and curtailed, a four-line stanza will remain.

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail pangs, and have a pronoun.
2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail uproar, and leave a verb.
3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail adapted, and leave upright.
4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail narrow cracks, and leave within.
5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail disagreeable to look at, and leave a spectacle.
6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to desert, and leave a conjunction.
7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail revived, and leave unfaded.
8. Doubly behead and doubly curtail burnt with a hot iron, and leave a conjunction.
9. Doubly behead and doubly curtail gave new life to, and leave modern.
10. Doubly behead and doubly curtail not found out, and leave to disclose.
11. Doubly behead and doubly curtail puckers, and leave a common little article.
12. Doubly behead and doubly curtail unfortunately, and leave meter.
13. Doubly behead and doubly curtail calumny, and leave a conjunction.
14. Doubly behead and doubly curtail that which causes solution, and leave to guess.
15. Doubly behead and doubly curtail an amusing drama, and leave a pronoun.
16. Doubly behead and doubly curtail taken to pieces, and leave to achieve.

ADDIE S. COLLOM.



Walter J. Biggs. ©

Drawn for ST. NICHOLAS by Walter J. Biggs.

"BUT HE GOT AWAY!"

ST. NICHOLAS

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The Cozy Lion

As told by Queen Crosspatch

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," "Editha's Burglar," etc., etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON CADY

I AM very fond of this story of the Cozy Lion because I consider it a great credit to me. I reformed that Lion and taught him how to behave himself. The grown-up person who reads this story aloud to children *must* know how to Roar.

I shall never forget the scolding I gave him to begin with. One of the advantages of being a Fairy—even quite a common one—is that Lions can't bite you. A Fairy is too little and too light. If they snap at you it's easy to fly through their mouths, and even if they catch you, if you just get behind their teeth you can make them so uncomfortable that they will beg you to get out and leave them in peace.

Of course it was all the Lion's fault that I scolded him. Lions ought to live far away from people. Nobody likes Lions roaming about—particularly where there are children. But this Lion said he wanted to get into Society, and that he was very fond of children—little fat ones between three and four. So instead of living on a desert, or in a deep forest or a jungle, he took the large Cave on the Huge Green Hill, only a few miles from a village full of the fattest, rosiest little children you ever saw.

He had only been living in the Cave a few days, but even in that short time the mothers and fathers had found out he was there, and everybody who could afford it had bought a gun and snatched it up even if they saw a

donkey coming down the road, because they were afraid it might turn out to be a Lion. As for the mothers, they were nearly crazy with fright and dare not let their children go out to play and had to shut them up in top rooms and cupboards and cellars, they were so afraid the Lion might be hiding behind trees to jump out at them. So everything was beginning to be quite spoiled because nobody could have any fun.

Of course if they had had any sense and believed in Fairies and had just gone out some moonlight night and all joined hands and danced slowly around in a circle and sung:

*Fairies pink and Fairies rose,
Fairies dancing on pearly toes,
We want you, Oh! we want you!
Fairy Queens and Fairy slaves
Who are not afraid of Lions' Caves
Please to come to help us,*

then it would have been all right, because we should have come in millions. Especially if they had finished with this verse:

*Our troubles we can never tell,
But if YOU would come it would all be well,
Par-tic-u-lar-ly Silver-Bell.*

But they had n't sense enough for that—of course they had n't—*of course they had n't!* Which shows what loonies some people are.

But you see I am much nicer than *un-fairy* persons, even if I have lost my nice little, pink little, sweet little Temper and if I *am* cross. So when I saw the children fretting and growing pale because they had to be shut up, and the mothers crying into their washtubs when they were washing, until the water slopped over, I

When I got to the Cave, the Lion was sitting outside his door and he was crying. He was one of those nasty-tempered, discontented Lions who are always thinking themselves injured; large round tears were rolling down his nose and he was sniffing. But I must say he was handsome. He was big and smooth and

had the most splendid mane and tail I ever saw. He would have been like a King if he had had a nicer expression. But there he sat sniffing.

"I'm so lonely," he said. "Nobody calls. Nobody pays me any attention. And I came here for the Society. No one is fonder of Society than I am."

I sat down on a flowering branch near him and shouted at him, "What's the use of Society when you eat it up?" I said.

He jumped up and lashed his tail and growled, but at first he could not see me.

"What's it for *but* to be eaten up?" he roared. "First I want it to entertain me and then I want it for dessert. Where are you? Who are you?"

"I'm Queen Cross-patch—Queen Silver-Bell as was," I said. "I suppose you have heard of *me*?"

"I've heard nothing good," he growled. "A good chewing is what *you* want!"

He *had* heard something about me, but



"IF THEY SAW A DONKEY COMING DOWN THE ROAD THEY WERE AFRAID IT MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE A LION."

made up my mind I would go and talk to that Lion myself in a way he would n't soon forget.

It was a beautiful morning, and the Huge Green Hill looked lovely. A shepherd who saw me thought I was a gold and purple butterfly and threw his hat at me—the idiot! Of course he fell down on his nose—and very right and proper too.

not enough. The truth was he did n't really believe in Fairies—which was what brought him into trouble.

By this time he had seen me and he was ignorant enough to think that he could catch me, so he lay down flat in the thick green grass and stretched his big paws out and rested his nose on them thinking I would be taken in and imagine he was going to sleep. I burst out

laughing at him and swung to and fro on my flowery branch.

"Do you want to eat me?" I said. "You'd



"WHEN I GOT TO THE CAVE, THE LION WAS SITTING OUTSIDE HIS DOOR AND HE WAS CRYING."

need two or three quarts of me with sugar and cream—like strawberries."

That made him so angry that he sprang roaring at my tree and snapped and shook it and tore it with his claws. But I flew up into the air and buzzed all about him and he got furious—just furious. He jumped up in the air and lashed his tail and thrashed his tail and CRASHED his tail, and he turned round and round and tore up the grass.

"Don't be a silly," I said. "It's a nice big tufty sort of tail and you will only wear it out."

So then he opened his mouth and roared and roared. And what do you suppose I did? I flew right into his mouth. First I flew into his throat and buzzed about like a bee and made him cough and cough and cough—but he could n't cough me up. He coughed and he houghed and he woughed; he tried to catch me with his tongue and he tried to catch me with his teeth but I simply made myself tinier and tinier and got between two big fierce white double ones and took one of my Fairy Workers' hammers out of my pocket and hammered

and hammered and hammered until he began to have such a jumping toothache that he ran leaping and roaring down the Huge Green Hill and leaping and roaring down the village street to the dentist's to get some toothache drops.

You can just imagine how all the people rushed into their houses, and how the mothers screamed and clutched their children and hid under beds and tables and in coal bins, and how the fathers fumbled about for guns. As for the dentist, he locked his door and bolted it and barred it, and when he found his gun he poked it out of the window and fired it off as fast as ever he could until he had fired fifty times, only he was too frightened to hit anything. But the village street was so full of flashes and smoke and bullets that Mr. Lior turned with ten big roars and galloped down the street, with guns fired out of every window where the family could afford to keep a gun.

When he got to his home in the Huge Green Hill, he just laid down and cried aloud and screamed and kicked his hind legs until he scratched a hole in the floor of his cave.



"HE JUMPED UP AND LASHED HIS TAIL."

"Just because I'm a Lion," he sobbed, "just because I'm a poor, sensitive, helpless orphan Lion nobody has one particle of manners. They won't even sell me a bottle of toothache drops.

And I was n't going to touch that dentist—until he had cured me and wrapped up the bottle nicely in paper. Not a touch was I going to touch him until he had done that."

He opened his mouth so wide to roar with grief that I flew out of it. I had meant to give him a lesson and I'd given him one. When I flew out of his mouth of course his beautiful

very sharply. "You are not poor, and goodness knows you are not sensitive, and you need n't be lonely. I don't know whether you are an orphan or not—and I don't care. You are a nasty, ill-tempered, selfish, biting, chewing thing."

"There's a prejudice against Lions," he wept. "People don't like them. They never invite them to children's parties—nice little fat, tender, children's parties—where they would enjoy themselves so much—and the refreshments would be just what they like best. They don't even invite them to grown-up parties. What I want to ask you is this: has *one* of those villagers called on me since I came here—even a tough one?"

"Nice stupid things they would be if they did," I answered.

He lifted up his right paw and shook his head from side to side in the most mournful way.

"There," he said, "you are just as selfish as the rest. Everybody is selfish. There is no brotherly love or consideration in the world. Sometimes I can scarcely bear it. I am going to ask you another question, and it is almost like a riddle. Who did you ever see try to give pleasure to a Lion?"

I got into his ear then and shouted down it as loud as ever I could.

"Who did you ever see a *Lion* try to give pleasure to?" I said. "You just think over that. And when you find the answer, tell it to *me*."

I don't know whether it was the newness of the idea, or the suddenness of it, but he turned pale. Did you ever see a lion turn pale? I never did before and it was funny. You know people's skins turn pale but a Lion's skin is covered with hair and you can't see it, so his hair has to turn pale or else you would never know he was turning pale at all. This Lion's hair was a beautiful tawny golden color to begin with and first his whiskers turned white and then his big mane and then his paws and then his body, and last his long, splendid tail with the huge fluffy tuft on the end of it. Then he stood up and his tail hung down and he said weakly:

"I do not know the answer to that riddle. I will go and lie down in my Cave. I do not believe I have one friend in this world." And he walked into his Cave and lay down and sobbed bitterly.

He forgot I was inside his ear and that he carried me with him. But I can tell you I *had* given him something to think of and that was what he needed. This way of feeling that nothing in the World but a Lion has a right to



HARRISON LADY

"HE WAS TOO FRIGHTENED TO HIT ANYTHING."

double teeth stopped aching. It was such a relief to him that it made quite a change in his nature and he sat up and began to smile. It was a slow smile which spread into a grin even while the teardrops hung on his whiskers.

"My word! How nice," he said. "It's stopped."

I had flown to the top of his ear and I shouted down it.

"I stopped it," I said. "And I began it. And if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you earache and that will be worse."

Before I had given him his lesson he would have jumped at me but now he knew better. He tried to touch my feelings and make me sorry for him. He put one paw before his eyes and began to sniff again.

"I am a poor sensitive, lonely orphan Lion," he said.

"You are nothing of the sort," I answered

be comfortable—just because you happen to be a Lion yourself—is *too* silly for anything.

I flew outside his ear and boxed it a little.

"Come!" I said. "Crying won't do you any good. Are you really lonely—really—really—really—so that it gives you a hollow feeling?"

He sat up and shook his tears away so they splashed all about—something like rain.

"Yes," he answered, "to tell the truth I am—I *do* like Society. I want friends and neighbors—and I don't only want them for dessert. I am a sociable Lion and I am affectionate in my nature—and clinging. And people run as fast as they can the moment they hear my voice." And he quite choked with the lump in his throat.

"Well," I snapped, "what else do you expect?" That overcame him and he broke into another sob. "I expect kindness," he said, "and invitations to afternoon teas—and g-g-garden parties"—

"Well you won't get them," I interrupted, "if you don't change your ways. If you *eat* afternoon teas and garden parties as though they were lettuce sandwiches, you can't expect

"But ever since I was a little tiny Lion—a tiny, tiny one—I have wanted to get into Society. I *will* change—I will! Just tell me



HARRISON-CADY

"I DO NOT KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT RIDDLE," HE SAID."

what to do. And do sit on my ear and talk down it and stroke it. It feels so comfortable and friendly."

You see he had forgotten that he had meant to chew me up. So I began to give him advice.

"The first things you will have to do will be to change your temper and your heart and your diet, and stop growling and roaring when you are not pleased."

"I'll do that, I'll do that," he said ever so quickly. "You don't want me to cut my mane and tail off, do you?"

"No. You are a handsome Lion and beauty is much admired." Then I snuggled quite close up to his ear and said down it, "Did you ever think how *nice* a Lion would be if—if he were much nicer?"

"N-no," he faltered.

"Did you ever think how like a great big cozy lovely dog you are? And how nice your big fluffy mane would be for little girls and boys to cuddle in, and how they could play with you and pat you and hug you and go to sleep with their heads on your shoulder and



HARRISON-CADY

"I AM A POOR SENSITIVE, LONELY ORPHAN LION," HE SAID."

to be invited to them. So you may as well go back to the desert or the jungle and live with Lions and give up Society altogether."

love you and adore you—if you only lived on breakfast foods and things—and had a really sweet disposition?”

He must have been rather a nice Lion because that minute he began to look “kind of smiley

“Could he! Could he! Could he?” he shouted out. “Oh! let me be a Cozy Lion! Let me be a Cozy Lion! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! I would like it better than being invited to Buckingham Palace!”



KINDNESS AND AFTERNOON TEAS WOULD HAVE MADE THE COZY LION HAPPY.

round the mouth and teary round the lashes”—which is part of a piece of poetry I once read.

“Oh! Aunt Maria!” he exclaimed a little slangily. “I never thought of that: it *would* be nice.”

“A Lion could be the coziest thing in the world—if he would,” I went on.

He jumped up in the air and danced and kicked his hind legs for joy.

“Little children would just *flock* to see you and play with you,” I said. “And then if they came, their mothers and fathers could n’t be kept away. They would flock too.”

The smile of joy that spread over his face actually reached his ears and almost shook me off.

“That *would* be Society!” he grinned.

“The very best!” I answered. “Children



" 'LITTLE CHILDREN WOULD JUST *stork* TO SEE YOU AND PLAY WITH YOU,' I SAID."

who are *real* darlings and not imitations come first, and then mothers and fathers—the rest just straggle along anywhere."

"When could it begin? When could it begin?" he panted out.

"Not," I said very firmly, "until you have tried some Breakfast Food!"

"Where shall I get it? Oh! Where? Oh! Where?"

"I will get it, of course," was my answer.

Then I stood up on the very tip of his ear and put my tiny golden trumpet to my lips. (And Oh! how that Lion did roll up his eyes to try to catch a glimpse of me!) And I played this tune to call my Fairy Workers.

*I'm calling from the Huge Green Hill
Tira-lira-lira,*

*The Lion's Cave is cool and still,
Tira-lira-lira.*

*The Lion wishes to improve
And show he's filled with tender love
And NOT with Next Door Neighbor.*

*The Lion wishes to be good,
To fill him FULL of Breakfast Food
Will aid him in his labor.
Bring Breakfast Food from far and near
—He'll eat a dreadful lot, I fear.*

*Oh! Tira-lira-lira-la
And Tira-lira-ladi.
A Lion learning to be good
Needs Everybody's Breakfast Food.
You workers bring it—Tira-la
And Tira-lira-ladi.*

Then the Fairy Workers came flying in clouds. In three minutes and three quarters they were swarming all over the Huge Green Hill and into the Lion's Cave, every one of them with a little sack on his green back. They swarmed here and they swarmed there. Some were cooks and brought tiny pots and kettles and stoves and they began to cook Breakfast Foods as fast as lightning. The Lion sat up. (I forgot to say that he had turned *un-pale* long before this and was the right color again.) And his mouth fell wide open, just with surprise and amazement. What amazed him most was that not one out of all these thousands of little Workers in their green caps and smocks was the least bit afraid of him. Why, what do you think! My little Skip just jumped up and stood on the end of the Lion's nose while he asked me a question. You never saw anything



HARRISON LEDY

"EVERY FAIRY WORKER WITH A LITTLE SACK ON HIS GREEN BACK."

as funny as that Lion looking down the bridge of his nose at him until he squinted awfully. He was so interested in him.

"Does he take it with sugar and cream, your Royal Silver-cross-bell-ness?" Skip asked me, taking off his green cap and bowing low.

"Try him with it in both ways," I said.



"HE ATE AND ATE AND ATE, AND LAPPED AND LAPPED AND LAPPED."

When the Workers had made a whole lot of all the kinds together they poured it into a hollow stone and covered it with sugar and cream.

"Ready, your Highnesses!" they all called out in chorus.

"Is that it?" said the Lion. "It looks very nice. How does one eat it? Must I bite it?"

"Dear me, no," I answered. "Lap it."

So he began. If you'll believe me, he simply reveled in it. He ate and ate and ate, and lapped and lapped and lapped and he did not stop until the hollow stone was quite clean and empty and his sides were quite swelled and puffed out. And he looked as pleased as Punch.

"I never ate anything nicer in my life," he said. "There was a Sunday School picnic I once went to—"

"A Sunday School picnic!" I shouted so fiercely that he blushed all over. The very tuft on his tail was deep rose color. "Who invited you?"

He hung his head and stammered.

"I was n't exactly *invited*," he said, "and did n't go *with* the school to the picnic grounds—but I should have come back with it—at least some of it—but for some men with guns!"

I stamped on his ear as hard as ever I could.

"Never let me hear you mention such a subject again," I said. "Nobody in Society would speak to you if they knew of it!"

He quite shook in his shoes—only he had n't any shoes.

"I'll never even think of it again," he said. "I see my mistake. I apologize. I do indeed!"

Now what *do* you suppose happened at that very minute? If I had n't been a Fairy I should have been frightened to death. At that very minute I heard little children's voices singing like skylarks farther down on the Huge Green Hill—actually little children—a whole lot of them!

(To be concluded.)



The Unhappy Fiddler

By John Kendrick Bangs

LATE in the eighteenth century

A fiddler wept all day.

"Why do you weep?" in sympathy

They asked. "Why this dismay?"

"Because, good folk, I have," said he,

"To work, whene'er I play."

The Poetry of Motion

By Eloise Sharon

The "Poetry of Motion," I've heard grown-ups talk about;
Its meaning puzzled me at first, but now I've made it out!
It means a bright, cold winter day, on old Longmeadow Hill,
With dazzling snow, and sparkling sky, and crisp air, keen and still;
A jolly, laughing crowd of us on Billy's old bob-sled;
A parting whoop,—a gliding start,—a long, clear stretch ahead!





"BETSY CURTSIED, IN THE PRETTY, OLD FASHION."

Betsy Brandon's Guest

(A True Story)

By Caroline Mays Brevard

Illustrated by H. S. Potter

It was a bright spring morning in 1791 and the sun shone as bright over the Brandon plantation as it did in the county town of Salisbury. Yet little Miss Betsy Brandon, sitting lonely and disconsolate on the piazza of the great plantation house, did not think of the sunshine, did not notice the gay tulips nodding good morning, did not listen to the merry songs of the birds; for her thoughts were in Salisbury, and she longed to be there.

For not more than an hour ago all the family had driven to the town to see General Washington, who was to be received there with great honor, and with as handsome a demonstration as the brave, patriotic folk of the town and county could make for him.

It was a wonderful thing, this southern tour of the General—now President of the United States. He had traveled in his family carriage all the way down from Virginia, through the Carolinas and Georgia near the coast to Savannah, and was now returning through the “up-country,” stopping at Augusta, Camden, Charlotte, and other towns. All along the route people united to do him honor, and war-worn veterans who had followed his standard, pressed near to grasp his hand.

And now that he was coming to Salisbury such grand things were to be done! Captain John Beard in command of the “Rowan Light Horse Company” had gone to meet him at Charlotte and escort him to Salisbury. A company of boys—one of whom was Betsy's brother—were to meet him half a mile from town and march as his escort with the men. And the boys were to be in uniform and were to wear buck tails in their hats. And Betsy's sister was to be one of the little girls, all dressed in white, to scatter flowers before the General when he entered the town. Oh, it would all be beautiful! Yet Betsy must stay at home.

Was it not a little hard? And was it altogether strange that twelve-year-old Betsy, in spite of the self-control taught by the strict old-time discipline, must, from time to time, wipe away the gathering tears?

Yet not every one had gone to Salisbury, for, after a while, Betsy was surprised to see two gentlemen riding up the avenue. On reaching the house, they dismounted, and one—a gentleman of very grand and handsome appearance—bowed low to the little maid and asked if she would be kind enough to give breakfast to two tired wayfarers.

Betsy curtsied, in the pretty, old fashion, and said that as all the grown people had gone to town to see General Washington, she was afraid the breakfast might not be very nice, but she would have something ready in a little while, and would they please be seated on the piazza.

“I am a plain old man,” said the gentleman who had spoken, “and only want a cup of milk and piece of cornbread.” The “plain old man” was very dignified and courteous, and there was something in his bearing so noble that somehow his little hostess felt that here was a man fit to stand with the greatest. “I promise you,” he continued, “that you shall see General Washington before any of your people do.”

How that might be Betsy did not know, nor did she question. For there was something about this unexpected guest that won her trust from the beginning. So she hurried away to the kitchen to interview old Dinah. Then, while Dinah was making ready the hoe-cake, and Cindy was setting the table, Betsy herself ran down the hill to the spring house for the milk and butter. In a little while the simple repast was ready, and the guests were bidden to partake of it.

Betsy was pleased, as any hostess would have been, to see how the breakfast was enjoyed. Encouraged by the kindness of the gentleman who had promised that she should see General Washington, she talked freely of the great doings in town that day. There was to be a grand reception in the afternoon and a ball at night. Her mother had the most beautiful gown for the ball, and no doubt all the other ladies had beautiful gowns. But her father would wear his old uniform. And then she told of how her

Betsy Brandon's Guest

father honored and loved General Washington, and of how he said that he was the greatest man and the best in all the world.

But now the guests rose and he who had asked for the breakfast thanked Betsy for it. "The milk you gave me," he said, "is the best I have drunk for many a day, and the hoe-cake is delicious. I thank you for your kindness. I must now bid you farewell and go on my journey."

"Farewell, Sir," said Betsy, curtsying. "But when—" for now the question would come—"when do I see General Washington?"

She raised her eager eyes to meet those of

the stranger who had given her the promise. With a kind smile he answered simply: "I am General Washington."

Like other wonderful things it had all come about very naturally. The General was fatigued by his journey, and knowing that he would have little opportunity of rest during the day, left his party for a while, and, with one attendant, rode on horseback to the Brandon house for some refreshment before going on to Salisbury, six miles further. And so it came to pass that the little girl in the North Carolina farm-house not only saw the great man but entertained him at breakfast.

Concerning Eyes

By Carolyn Wells



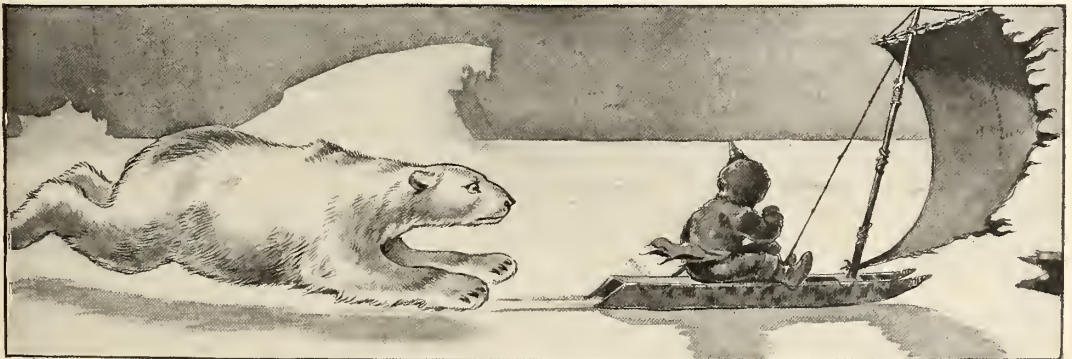
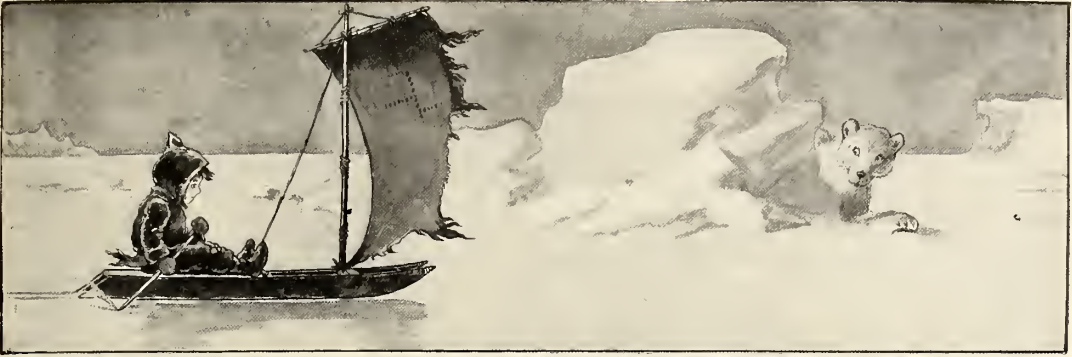
If you gaze and gaze at the blue, blue sky, your eyes grow blue, they say;
But they say your eyes will grow dark, dark brown if you look at the ground all day.

Now I don't *know* if this is so,—perhaps it *isn't* true;

But Rosy's trying to make hers brown, and I'm trying to make mine blue.

Little Eski and the Polar Bear

An Arctic Story in Four Chapters



Captain June

By Alice Hegan Rice

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," etc.

With Pictures by C. D. Weldon

CHAPTER VI

ONE morning several weeks later, June was lying on his back in the garden wishing he had someone to play with. Toro was away at school and Seki San was having her hair dressed. He had watched the latter performance so many times that it had ceased to interest him. Seki would sit for hours on a white mat before the old hair-dresser who combed, and looped and twisted the long oily strands into butterfly bows of shining black.

The only person on the premises who was at leisure was Tomi, but that was just the trouble, he was so much at leisure that he refused to stir from his warm spot on the sunny steps no matter how much June coaxed. To be sure there was a yellow cat next door, but she did not understand English as Tomi did, and when June called her, she humped her back and would have ruffled her tail if she had had one, but Japanese cats do not have tails, so when they get angry they always look disappointed.

Just as June was getting a bit lonesome the post boy came trotting in with a letter for Seki San and June ran in to take it to her.

"For me?" said Seki San looking very comical with one loop of black hair hanging over her eye, "from Meester Carre? I sink it is a mistake, I do not know Meester Carre."

"Read it," demanded June impatiently.

"It say," went on Seki San slowly, "that Meester Carre is not able to write hisself but he desire the writer to ask me will I permit the little American boy to come to see him to-day. He is sick on the bed, and have the low spirit. He will keep safe care of the little boy and send him home what time I desire."

"Oh, let me go Seki! Please let me go!" cried June.

"But who is Meester Carre?"

"He is the Frenchman," said June. "He is a soldier and has got the rheumatism. He has goldfish too, and a sword. Oh Seki, please let me go! Oh, do let me go!"

"Ah yes," said Seki, "one leg is shorter than the other leg and he walks with sticks, and he has long white whiskers on his lip, ah! yes I know."

"Can I go?" begged June.

Seki San took a long while to think about it. She consulted her mother and the old man next door, and the doctor who lived at the corner, but by and by she came back and said he could go.

"I will send you in good Tanaka's 'rikisha, he will take good care of you and bring you back at tiffin time."

June was greatly excited over the prospect and stood unusually still while Seki San buttoned him into a starched white blouse and pinned a scarlet flower in his buttonhole.

"Can't I pin my flag on too?" he begged, and Seki who could not bear to refuse him anything, fastened the bit of red, white and blue silk on the other side.

"Now keep your body still," cautioned Seki San as she put him in the jinrikisha and gave final instructions to Tanaka who was bowing and grinning and bowing again. "Tanaka will wait for you, and you must come when he calls you. Be good little boy! *Sayonara!*"

June had never felt so important in his life. To be going out all by himself in a jinrikisha was quite like being grown up. The only thing lacking to make him quite happy was a pair of real reins that he might imagine he was driving a horse instead of a little brown man with fat bare legs and a big mushroom hat who looked around every few moments to see if he was falling out.

They trotted along the sunny streets, passing the temple grounds where the green and red Nio made ugly faces all the day, and where the greedy pigeons were waiting for more corn. They passed over the long bridge, skirted the parade ground, then went winding in and out of narrow streets until they came to a stretch of country road that ran beside a moat.

Here there was less to see and June amused himself by repeating the few Japanese words he had learned. "Ohayo" meant "good-

morning," and it was great fun to call it out to the children they passed and see them bow and call back "Ohayo" in friendly greeting. He knew another word too, it was "Arigato," and it meant "thank you." He used it on Tanaka every time he stopped by the wayside to pluck a flower for him. Once when they rested June saw a queer old tree, with a very short body and very long arms that seemed to be seeing how far they could reach. June thought the tree must have the rheumatism for it was standing on crutches, and had knots on its limbs just like Monsieur had on his fingers. But the strange part of it was that from nearly every branch fluttered a small strip of paper with something written on it. June had seen this before on other trees, and he remembered that Seki San had told him that these little papers were poems hung there when the tree was covered with cherry blossoms.

Now June always wanted to do everything anybody else did, so when they started off again, he decided that he would make up a poem to hang on the tree as they came back. He knew one that he had learned from a big boy coming over on the steamer, and he said it over softly to himself:

"King Solomon was the wisest man;
He had some ready cash,
The Queen of Sheeny came along
And Solly made a mash."

To be sure he did n't understand at all what it meant, but it sounded nice and funny and always made him laugh.

"I 'd like to make up one out of my own head though," he thought, and he sat so still that Tanaka glanced back uneasily.

It was a very hard matter indeed, for when you write a poem you have to get two words that sound alike, and then find something to write about them. It took him so long that by the time he finished, the shaft of the jin-rikisha came down with a jerk and he looked up to find that they had stopped in front of a house all smothered in vines, with two inquisitive little windows peering out like eyes behind a tangle of hair. Everything about the place looked poor and neglected.

As June and Tanaka made their way up the path, June gave an exclamation of delight. There about the door were bowls and jars and basins of goldfish. Every available receptacle had been pressed into service, and big fish and tiny ones in every shade of radiant gold swam gaily about in the sunshine.

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It was such an engrossing sight that June almost forgot to go in and speak to Monsieur who lay in a bed, near the door.

"Ah, at last," cried the sick man, "My little friend is welcome. There, sit in the chair. Though I am poor, I live like a gentleman. See, I have a bed and chairs and a table!"

June looked about the shabby crowded room, at the dusty flag of France that was draped over the window, at the map of France that was pinned on the wall beside the bed, at the cheap pictures and ornaments and the soiled curtains, then he remembered Seki San's room, clean and sweet and airy with nothing in it but a vase of flowers.

"I 'd rather sit on the floor," he said as he took his seat beside the bed, adding immediately, "I can stay until twelve o'clock!"

Tanaka had gone to take a bath after his warm run and to drink tea at the little tea-house across the road.

Monsieur lay propped up in bed with his bandaged hands lying helpless on the coverlid. But his eyes were soft and kind, and he had so many interesting things to talk about that June found him a most entertaining host. After he had shown June his sword and told a wonderful story about it, he returned to the goldfish.

"Alas, there are but twenty-one now," he sighed. "Napoleon Bonaparte died on Sunday. Have you seen the Grand Monarch? He is the great shining fellow in the crystal bowl. Those smaller ones are his gentlemen-in-waiting. Here is Marie Antoinette, is she not most beautiful?"

June was introduced to every one in turn and had endless questions to ask in regard to the story of each. Monsieur was the only person he had ever met who always had another story on hand. Everything suggested a story, a story was hidden in every nook and corner of Monsieur's brain, they fairly bubbled over in their eagerness to be told, and June was as greedy for more as the pigeons were greedy for corn, and he thought up new questions while the old ones were getting answered.

Once Monsieur recited something in verse to him, and that reminded June of his own poem.

"I made up one coming," he announced, "do you want to hear it?"

Monsieur did, Monsieur was very fond of verse, so June recited it with evident pride:

"Oh Gee!" said the tree
 "It seems to me
 That under my branches
 I feel a flea!"

"Bravo!" said Monsieur, "you will be a poet and a soldier too!"

"I 'd like to write it down," said June, "so I can hang it on the tree."

When the materials were collected, June stretched himself at full length on the floor and began the difficult task.

"I never did write with a pen and ink afore," he confided to Monsieur, "you will have to tell me how to spell the big words."

The room grew very silent and nothing was heard but the scratch, scratch of June's clumsy



"' DOES IT SPELL ANYTHING?' JUNE ASKED."

"To be sure, to be sure," said Monsieur, "you will find pen and ink in the table drawer. Not that!" he cried sharply as June took out a long sealed envelope. "Give that to me!"

June handed the packet to Monsieur in some wonder and then continued his search.

"Here 's a cork-screw," he said, "and some neckties, and a pipe. Here 's the pen! And may I use this fat tablet?"

pen, and the occasional question which he asked. A strange change had come over Monsieur, his face which had been so kind and friendly, grew hard and scheming. He had drawn himself painfully up on his elbow and was intently watching June's small fingers as they formed the letters. Presently he drew the long envelope from under his pillow and held it in his hand. It was a very fat envelope

with a long row of stamps in one corner but there was no address on it. Twice he put it back and shook his head, and twice he looked longingly at the map of France, and at the flag over the window, then he took it out again.

"Will you write something for me now, at once?" he demanded in such a hard, quick voice that June looked up in surprise.

"Another poem?" asked June.

"No, a name and address on this envelope. Begin here and make the letters that I tell you. Capital M."

"Do you like wiggles on your *M's*?" asked June flattered by the request and anxious to please.

"No matter," said Monsieur impatiently, "we must finish before twelve o'clock. Now—small o—"

June put his tongue out, and hunching up his shoulders and breathing hard proceeded with his laborious work. It was hard enough to keep the lines from running uphill and the letters from growing bigger and bigger, but those difficulties were small compared to the task of guiding a sputtering, leaking pen. Once or twice he forgot and tried to rub out with the other end of it and the result was discouraging. When a period very large and black was placed after the final word, he handed the letter dubiously to Monsieur.

"Does it spell anything?" he asked. Monsieur eagerly read the scrawling address. "Yes, yes," he answered, "now put it inside your blouse, so. When you get home wait until nobody is looking, then put it in the mailbox. Do you understand? When nobody is looking! Nobody must know, nobody must suspect, do you understand?"

"Oh, I know, it 's a secret!" cried June in delight. "I had a secret with mother for a whole week once. I would n't tell anything if I said I would n't, would you?"

June was looking very straight at Monsieur, his round eyes shiming with honesty, but Monsieur's eyes shifted uneasily.

"I would never betray a trust," he said slowly, "if I were trusted. But they believed lies, they listened to tales that the beggarly Japanese carried. They have made me what I am."

June was puzzled, "Who did?" he asked.

But Monsieur did not heed him; he was breathing quickly and the perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"And you will be very careful and let no one see you mail it," he asked eagerly, "and never, never speak of it to anybody?"

"Course not," said June stoutly, "that would n't be like a soldier, would it? I am going to be a soldier, like you and Father, when I grow up."

Monsieur shuddered: "No, not like me. I am no longer a soldier. I am a miserable wretch. I—I am not fit to live." His voice broke and he threw his arm across his eyes.

June looked off into the farthest corner of the room and pretended not to see. He felt very sorry for Monsieur but he could think of nothing to say. When he did speak, he asked if goldfish had ears.

When the noon gun sounded from the parade grounds, Tanaka came trotting to the door with his jinrikisha, smiling and bowing and calling softly: "Juna San! Juna San!"

June gathered his treasures together, a new lead pencil, an old sword hilt, some brass buttons and best of all a tiny goldfish in a glass jar.

"Good-bye," he said as he stood by the bed with his hands full, "I am coming back tomorrow if Seki will let me;" then a second thought struck him and he added, "I think you *look* like a soldier anyhow."

And Monsieur smiled, and stiffening his back lifted a bandaged hand in feeble salute.

CHAPTER VII

"SEKI SAN, have you got a big enderlope?" June asked the question from the door-step where he was sitting with his chin in his hand and a very worried look in his face.

It was two days after his visit to Monsieur and the big letter was still buttoned in his blouse. He had started to mail it as soon as he reached home, but just as he was ready to drop it in the box, he discovered that every "s" turned the wrong way! It was a dreadful blow to his pride, for the rest of the address was quite imposing with big flourishing capitals that stood like generals over the small letters, and dots that would have surely put out all the "i's" had they fallen on them. He never could send Monsieur's letter with the "s's" looking backward, he must try to set them straight again.

So, very carelessly, in order not to excite suspicion, he asked Seki for pen and ink. He had written many letters to his mother and father, but always in pencil, and Seki hesitated about giving him ink.

She said: "Our ink not like your American ink, live and quick as water, it hard like paint. We not use pen, but brush like which you

write pictures. I sink it more better you use pencil."

But June insisted and when he gained his point, he carried the small box into the garden and took out his letter. The jar containing his goldfish was close by, so he dipped his stick of paint into the water and rubbed it vigorously on the paint box. At the last moment just as his brush was poised in the air, he had a moment of misgiving, "maybe 's's' do turn that way!" he said, but the brush full of paint was a temptation not to be resisted so he took each little "s" by its tail and turned it inside out. The paper was soft and thin and took the ink like blotting paper. June watched with dismay as the lines spread into ugly blots, and when he tried to make the letters plainer he only made the blots bigger until they all seemed to join hands and go dancing over the envelope in fiendish glee at his discomfort.

For two days he had tried to think of a way out of the difficulty but before he could find one he would get interested in something else and forget about the letter. It was only when it felt stiff inside of his blouse that he remembered and then he would stop playing and try again to solve the problem. At last in desperation he appealed to Seki San for an envelope.

"It is not so much big," she said, bringing out a long narrow envelope and a roll of paper. "Why you want to write such big letter to your mother? She coming home soon!"

"It is n't big enough," said June fretfully, then an idea struck him. "Seki, I want to go see Monsieur to-day."

Seki San sat down on the step beside him and shook her head positively:

"No, no," she said, "not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor any day. He is not a good man, I made mistakes in letting you go."

"He *is* a good man!" cried June indignantly, "he told me stories, and gave me lots of things."

"I tell you 'bout him June," said Seki San. "One time Monsieur very skilful smart man in Tokyo. He write pictures of the forts and show the Japanese how to find coast in time of war. He know more plenty than anybody about the coast and the mines. Then he is not behave right, and get sent out of the service, and he get sick in the hands so he can make no more maps, and he come down here and live all alone by himself. That was long time ago, but yesterday a high up mes-

senger come from Tokyo, and asked for Monsieur Carre. The Emperor have desire to buy his old maps and reports, and get his help in making new plans. When the messenger come, they say Monsieur fall back on the bed very white and afraid, and say he will not give up the papers. Then messenger say maybe he has sold his papers to a foreign country and he get very much angry, and say



"THEY PEEPED THROUGH THE CRACKS, GRAVELY DISCUSSING THE SITUATION."

if Monsieur Carre do not give the papers in twenty-four hours, he will have him arrested and take him to Tokyo. Still Monsieur keep the tight lips, and a guard is waiting outside his house."

With troubled eyes, June listened to every word. "Did he sell the papers, Seki?" he asked anxiously.

"He will not say," said Seki, "they say he will not say, but it was a bad, wicked act if he sold our secrets, and he may die for it!"

June stirred restlessly, and the packet in his blouse caught in his belt. He put up his hand to straighten it, and as he did so, a startled look of inquiry passed over his face. Could those papers in the long envelope have anything to do with Monsieur's present trouble? Why had Monsieur not wanted him to tell? Had his mistake about the "s's" had anything to do with it all? The secret which at first had seemed such a mysterious and delightful possession suddenly grew into a great and terrible burden that he longed to cast at Seki's feet and ask her to share.

But the thought of telling what he knew, never crossed his mind. He had given his word, and he felt that to break it would be to forfeit forever his chance of becoming a soldier. But something must be done, he must go to Monsieur and tell him the truth at once.

"Seki," he said persuasively, "Monsieur is sick in bed, don't you think it would be nice for me to take him a little cake?"

"You can not ever go there any more," repeated Seki San positively. "I did a mistake in letting you go."

In vain June pleaded, every argument that he could think of he brought to bear, but Seki was firm. By and by he began to cry, at first softly, begging between the sobs, then when he got angry he cried very loud and declared over and over that he would go.

Seki San was amazed at his naughtiness. It was the first time since his mother left that

she had known him to be disobedient. When persuasion and coaxing proved in vain, she carried him into the house and carefully closing the paper screens left him alone. Here he lay on the floor and cried louder than ever. Seki San and her mother and the old man next door stood on the outside and peeped through the cracks, gravely discussing the situation. Even Tomi sniffed uneasily, and gave sharp unhappy barks.

After ever and ever so long the cries grew fainter and gradually ceased, and Seki peeping around the screen whispered to the others to be very still as he was going to sleep.

June lay quiet on his face, but he was not asleep. Once in a while he opened his eyes a very little and peeped out, then he closed them quickly and listened. By and by he heard Seki go back to her work, and the old man next door hobble across the garden. Inch by inch June crawled over the mats until he reached the screen which he carefully slid back. After waiting for a few breathless minutes, he reached out and got his shoes from the door-step and put them on. Back of the house he could hear Seki singing at her work, and not six feet away Tomi lay snoozing in the sun. Softly and cautiously he slipped out of the house, across the strip of a garden where all the leaves seemed to be shaking their heads at him, through a narrow passageway, then out of the gate that divided the little world he knew from the vast unknown world that lay beyond.

(To be continued.)

The Pet Bear

By U. Francis Duff

BEHOLD our pet cinnamon bear
 In his dress-suit of long, tawny hair.
 He was captured when small,
 But has now grown quite tall—
 Don't you think we're a most friendly pair?



Longfellow's "Ebon Throne"

By J. L. Harbour

THE one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow, which occurs on the twenty-seventh of this month, will remind many men and women of a delightful event in the poet's life,—an event in which these men and women had a part when they were children in Cambridge. The great poet's love for children was one of the fine and beautiful traits in his character. He was never known to be unkind to a child. He often inconvenienced himself that he might oblige children and give them pleasure. He was wonderfully kind and patient to all the boys and girls who brought him their autograph books in which to write his name. The last visitors he received in his home a short time before he died, were two boys from Boston who came to have him write in their books; and one of the last letters he ever wrote was to a little girl who had sent him a poem she had composed about him on his last birthday.

Many of Longfellow's most popular poems are founded on real events, real places, real people and real things. His "village blacksmith" was a real man in Cambridge, and the "spreading chestnut tree" under which his smithy stood was a very fine and old one that Longfellow loved, for he was a great lover of trees. When the street in Cambridge in which the "spreading chestnut tree" stood was about to be widened by the city, Longfellow protested to the utmost against its being cut down. His protest, however, did not keep it from being felled, much to the regret of Longfellow. Then some good friends of his had a "happy thought." It occurred to them that it would be a pleasant thing if the children would have a chair made of some of the wood of the old chestnut tree and make a present of it to Mr. Longfellow on his approaching seventy-second birthday. The children of Cambridge fell in very heartily with the idea and nearly one thousand of them gave ten cents each to pay for having the chair made, and it is a very handsome chair indeed. It was designed by the poet's nephew. The wood was ebonized so that it was a dead black. The presenting of the chair was what children always enjoy, a "surprise present." Mr. Longfellow did not know anything about it until he found the gift in his study on the morning of the 27th of February, in the year 1879, and as that was twenty-eight years ago

the boys and girls who gave their dimes for the chair are now men and women.

Mr. Longfellow was very much touched by this proof of the affection of the children for him, and he conveyed his thanks to them in a poem entitled "From My Arm Chair." Here are several stanzas of the poem:

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong:
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

And then, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

The chair is beautifully carved in designs of horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms and burrs. Around the seat in carved letters is this verse from "The Village Blacksmith:—"

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

Under the dark green leather cushion of the chair is a polished brass plate on which are engraved these words:

To
THE AUTHOR
OF
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH
This chair, made from the wood of the spreading
Chestnut Tree, is presented as
An expression of grateful regard and veneration by
THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,
Who with their friends join in best wishes and
congratulations
on
This anniversary,
February 27, 1879.

Mr. Longfellow gave orders that every child who came to his house to see the chair should be allowed to do so, and for days his house was overrun with boys and girls, all of

"I went one day with papa and mamma to call on the poet Longfellow, to pay our respects to him, you know, at his beautiful home in Cambridge. He took us into his

study and entertained us most delightfully. He asked me to sit in the big arm-chair given him by the Cambridge school children. He talked to me about the tree, and the chair, and the school children, and young girls, and his own daughters, and then he told me I must sit straight. Just to think of that! after I had been told the very same thing scores of times by those who love me and have my good at heart, that I must hear it from the great poet Longfellow before I paid the least heed. I said to myself then and there, 'I will sit straight now. No one shall ever speak to me for stooping again,' and I have done as I told myself I would."

Mr. Longfellow died on the afternoon of March 24, in the year 1882 and one may see his grave with the simple monument above it in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, not very far from his

whom wished to sit in the chair for a moment. The poet had printed copies of his poem about the village blacksmith, and each child was given a copy of the poem. One little girl wrote this account of her visit:

own home, Craigie House, in Cambridge. Here he lies with Lowell and Holmes and Agassiz and Phillips Brooks and Charles Sumner and all that is mortal of many other great men, who in life were his neighbors or friends.



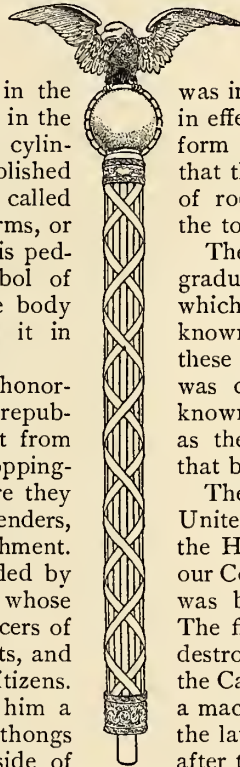
The Coasting Season Opens in Rabbitboro'

Drawn by Harrison Cady



THE MACE

BY THOMAS W. LLOYD



At the right of the Speaker's desk in the hall of the House of Representatives in the Capitol at Washington stands a large cylindrical pedestal, made of highly-polished green marble. When the House is called to order each day, the sergeant-at-arms, or one of his deputies, places upon this pedestal the mace, which is the symbol of authority in the House. When the body adjourns he removes it, and keeps it in safety until the House meets again.

This mace is of very ancient and honorable origin. Under the old Roman republic, the magistrates passed on foot from one place to another. In each stopping-place they set up a little court, where they administered justice, tried public offenders, and imposed penalties and punishment. Each of these magistrates was attended by a small body of men known as *lictors*, whose duty it was to make way for the officers of the law, preserve order, make arrests, and inflict punishment on condemned citizens. Each of these lictors carried with him a bunch of rods tied together with thongs and having an ax bound to the outside of it. The thongs were used for scourging and the ax for beheading. Sentences imposed by the magistrates were at once carried out.

These bundles of rods were known as *fasces*, and in time came to be symbols of authority which every citizen had to respect. When the magistrates passed along the thoroughfares the lictors preceded them, bearing the *fasces* aloft, and the assembled citizens immediately made way for them. When any disorder arose near-by, the lictors appeared with the *fasces*, upon the sight of which quiet was instantly restored. No Roman citizen ever ventured to question the authority of this emblem.

When the Romans conquered Britain, the use of the *fasces* as a symbol was brought with them, and, like many other Roman customs, remained with the British people. While it was no longer used for inflicting punishment, it continued to be used as a symbol by the early English magistrates, and when an officer appeared carrying the *fasces* his authority

was immediately accepted by all. It was, in effect, his badge of office. The English form of the *fasces* was slightly changed, in that the ax was placed inside of the bundle of rods, with the blade protruding from the top.

The great councils of the early Saxons gradually developed into one general body which in the fourteenth century became known as the House of Commons. In all these earlier councils, the use of the *fasces* was continued, but it then came to be known as the *Mace*, which has remained as the emblem of legislative authority in that body down to the present day.

The House of Representatives of the United States was modeled closely after the House of Commons by the framers of our Constitution, and the usage of the mace was borrowed from the English custom. The first mace adopted by the House was destroyed by fire when the British burned the Capitol in 1814. From 1814 until 1842 a mace of painted wood did service, but in the latter year the present mace was made, after the model of the original one. It is

about three feet in height, and consists of a bundle of ebony rods, bound together with a band of silver, after the fashion of the *fasces*. From the center of this bundle of rods protrudes a silver stem, on which is a silver globe four or five inches in diameter. On this globe is an eagle of solid silver with outspread wings.

This mace is the emblem of authority in the House; and when, as sometimes happens, that body becomes unruly and seems to be quite beyond the Speaker's control, the sergeant-at-arms appears, and lifting the mace from its pedestal, bears it up and down the aisles of the hall. Instantly every member sinks into his seat, order is restored at once, and absolute silence prevails. Such is the respect in which the mace is held! Any member who disregards the mace is in "contempt," and is liable

to censure, or even expulsion. Thus the members of the House, being themselves lawmakers, very properly give to the whole country the example of respect for law and authority.



THE ORIGINAL ROMAN FASCES.

The Lieutenant's Hunting Trip



By Kent Packard
(Nonsense Verse)

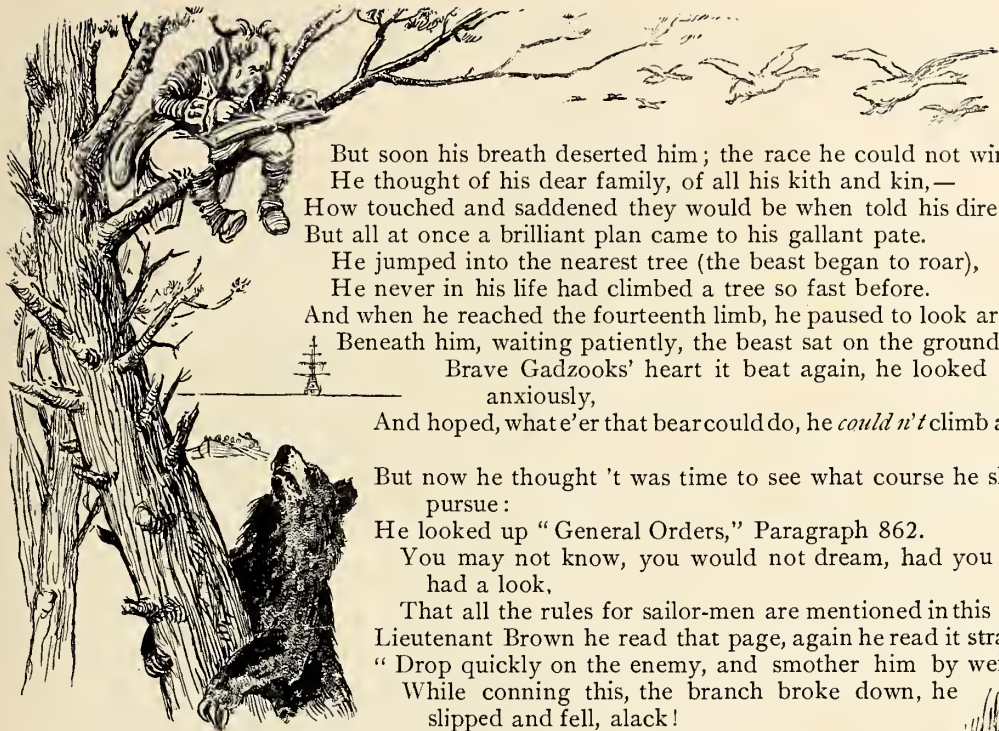
W HILE off British North America, a-cruising
on the *Flame*,
Lieutenant Gadzooks Peters-Brown, in search of noble game,
Was landed on the beach, where he could shoot until he
tired,

For hopes of killing grizzly bears had oft his soul inspired.
And so, equipped, he started out, to slaughter all in sight;
But as his martial form appeared, the birds flew off in fright.

Poor Gadzooks started after them ('t was warm as warm could be),
Alas, his legs were of the kind that 's classified as "sea."
And soon he paused and sat him down (the sun was very hot),
But suddenly a flock of birds came flying o'er the spot.



Lieut. Gadzooks raised his gun, and
fired off every shell,
The birds, unheeding, flew along,—
the tale is sad to tell—
For not a shot had injured them, they
went their way at ease,
But all around the earth was green
with leaves from near-by trees.
Upon this instant came a roar, the
beach began to shake,
A monster beast came charging down,
Gadzooks' brave heart did quake;
For not a shot was in his gun, he had
no time to load,
And so he sprinted for his life upon that
sea-girt road.



But soon his breath deserted him; the race he could not win;
He thought of his dear family, of all his kith and kin,—
How touched and saddened they would be when told his dire fate!
But all at once a brilliant plan came to his gallant pate.

He jumped into the nearest tree (the beast began to roar),
He never in his life had climbed a tree so fast before.
And when he reached the fourteenth limb, he paused to look around,
Beneath him, waiting patiently, the beast sat on the ground.

Brave Gadzooks' heart it beat again, he looked down
anxiously,
And hoped, what e'er that bear could do, he *could n't* climb a tree.

But now he thought 't was time to see what course he should
pursue:

He looked up "General Orders," Paragraph 862.

You may not know, you would not dream, had you ne'er
had a look,

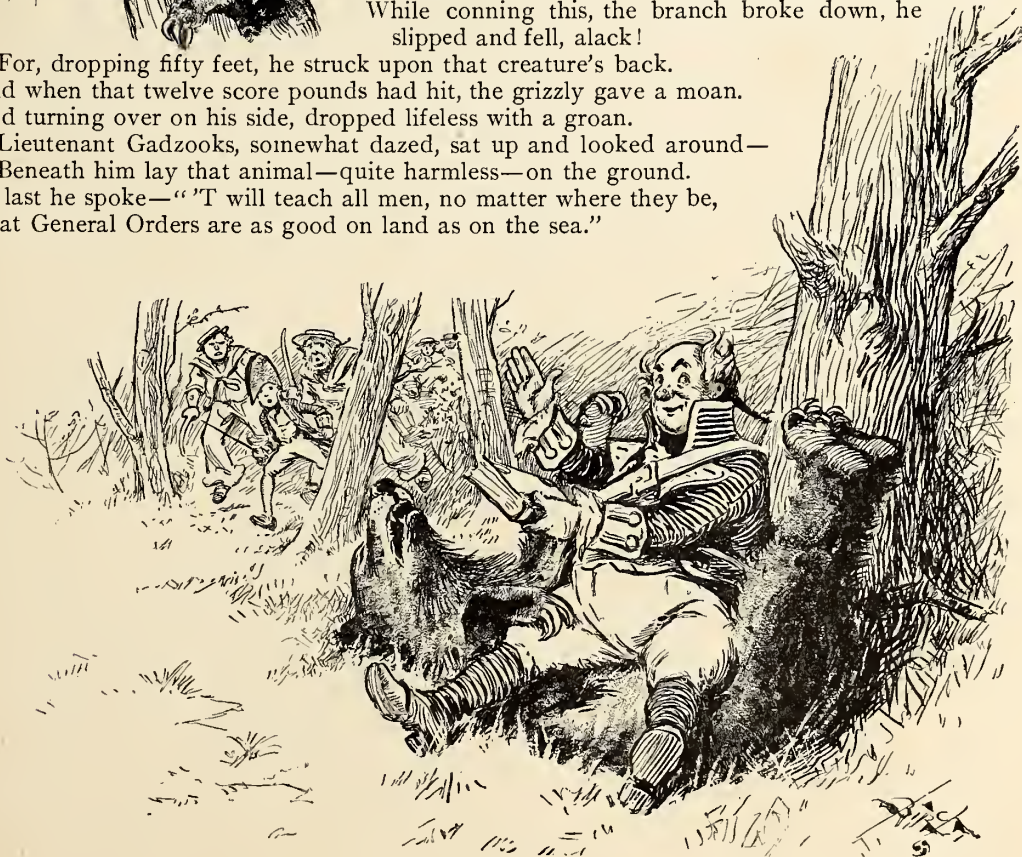
That all the rules for sailor-men are mentioned in this book.
Lieutenant Brown he read that page, again he read it straight:
"Drop quickly on the enemy, and smother him by weight."

While conning this, the branch broke down, he
slipped and fell, alack!

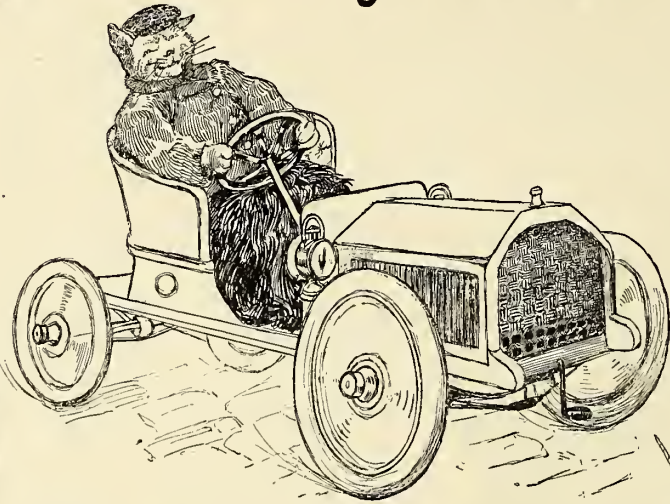
For, dropping fifty feet, he struck upon that creature's back.
And when that twelve score pounds had hit, the grizzly gave a moan.
And turning over on his side, dropped lifeless with a groan.

Lieutenant Gadzooks, somewhat dazed, sat up and looked around—
Beneath him lay that animal—quite harmless—on the ground.

At last he spoke—"T will teach all men, no matter where they be,
That General Orders are as good on land as on the sea."

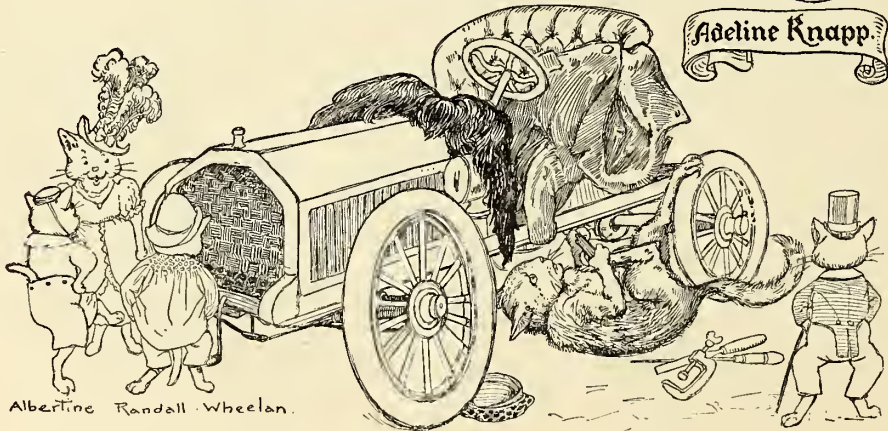
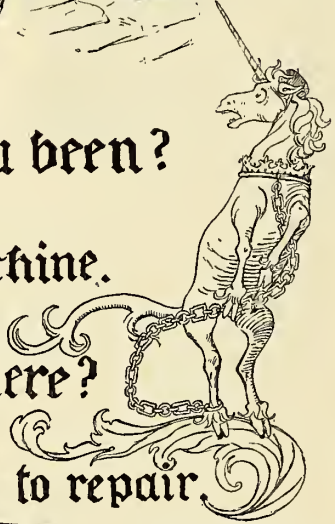


An Up-to-date Pussy-cat.



Pussy cat, pussy cat,
where have you been?
I've been to London
in my new machine.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
what did you there?
The auto broke down
and was hard to repair.



Adeline Knapp.

Albertine Randall Wheelan.

Abbie Ann

By George Madden Martin

Author of the "Emmy Lou" Stories

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER VIII

THE youngest pupil began to like school well enough—that is, all but the weekly attendance at church. Now ministers came seldom indeed to Coal City, and even on these occasions Abbie's father let her go home before sermon time, and even carried peppermint drops in his vest pocket for her during the time she was there. But there is no one at boarding-school to remember you are such a very, very little girl—how would there be?

Every Sunday the girls were taken, in procession, two by two, to Miss Owsley's own church, where they occupied a number of pews reserved for them.

One very warm Sunday morning in late October, Abbie Ann took her place in the rear of the procession unwillingly enough; she walked with Maria, they being the smallest.

The sun was hot and the youngest pupil followed the line in with a sigh of relief. Being the last, she and Maria sat in the rear row of the school pews.

It all seemed long to the youngest pupil. She yawned, she stretched her small legs, which dangled wearily between seat and floor, she thought of the mountains, and of father and Mr. McEwan, and of the merry day they might be having together.

Wriggling she twisted her handkerchief in her hands, which brought to mind a game she and Mr. McEwan sometimes played. In a moment she had knotted one of the corners of the handkerchief, then thrusting her small finger into the knot and adjusting the skirts of the handkerchief around about her little fist, forthwith her miniature puppet began to nod and dance.

Abbie Ann looked at Maria, who following Abbie's glance down to her hand, shook her head and looked shocked. The solemn puppet nodded to Maria wickedly. Maria gave a giggle.

Suddenly Abbie Ann's puppet was a ghost and came stalking stiffly toward Maria, who gave a little shriek, hastily muffled, it is true, but not before whack! came something on Abbie Ann's head, and both looked up

hastily into the faces of two old ladies, two pompous and fine old ladies, two very well-dressed old ladies, whose heads had been bent forward in solemnity. They were now eyeing Abbie Ann severely, and the one who had tapped her on the head with a fan, shook that article in a threatening manner.

Abbie Ann looked up. Now Abbie Ann with her glowing cheeks, her wealth of hair, her flashes of smile and storm and frown, her inquiring brown eyes, was much more than pretty even though she did not know it herself. Had any one ever seen the little girl, that person would be apt to remember about it.

Abbie looked around. The old lady with the fan sat up suddenly and looked at the youngest of Miss Owsley's pupils wonderingly.

Abbie Ann felt the gaze go all through her, as it were; she knew she had been naughty, she knew she had been reprimanded, and in church, and by strangers. Maria's face was crimson, and she looked as though she might be going to cry.

Abbie felt a sudden hatred of every one around her, of school and of everything connected with it, for Abbie could not stand to be in the wrong. She buried her face in the cushioned seat and began to sob.

Maria pulled her. "Miss Walsh is looking," she whispered.

Everybody seemed to be looking at her, the girls in front turned around.

Abbie hated to be looked at, she hated to be pitied, and she gave a sudden sob of rage.

Miss Walsh, turning too, looked at little Miss Ingram, and little Miss Ingram, on whom all unpleasant tasks seemed to fall, perhaps because she let them, rose and beckoned to the youngest pupil.

Eyed by her neighbors, that small person stood up, and Maria, tearful herself, handed her her prayer-book, and disgraced and overwhelmed, small Abbie Ann crept out of the pew, and was led down the long aisle and out of the church.

It is something of an ordeal to walk down an aisle like that. When they got out, little Miss Ingram's face was scarlet, and her lips were pressed tightly, and she turned the young-

est pupil in the right direction by rather a sharp grasp on her shoulder. The youngest pupil looked up, startled, but Miss Ingram made no remarks and the walk home was in silence.

Miss Henrietta, who had remained at home because of a cold, looked grave when Abbie Ann was led in. It was at times such as this that Miss Owsley generally came in touch with her pupils.

Miss Ingram tried to explain; she had guessed at what had happened from the little she had seen, which was Maria whispering in a frightened way to Abbie Ann.

"Abbie Ann," she reported, "had mistreated Maria Mason in church."

Abbie Ann could n't believe her ears; she turned on little Miss Ingram like a fury. She stamped her foot, she tore her hat off and flung it across the room; that the elastic snapped and stung her chin did not help things either. "I did n't!" she raved, "I did n't! I hate school! I'm going home to my father—" And Abbie Ann, brought to a finish only because she choked, flung herself on the floor and burst into tears.

Miss Henrietta motioned the horrified Miss Ingram out, and waited until she was gone. Then she spoke, and her voice was changed so that it made Abbie, even in her rage, look up. Miss Henrietta's face, too, was as changed as her voice.

"I shall not try to talk to you until you can act like a human being. Does rage convert you into something lower than human that you should grovel? Get up and go to your room." And she turned about to the window while Abbie Ann crept out.

Only that sad little soul knew what the next hours in her room meant. Miss Henrietta had shown Abbie Ann to herself. All the rest was forgotten in the memory of that question: "Does rage convert you into something lower than a human, that you should grovel?"

The youngest pupil had never heard the word grovel before, but somehow she knew what it meant. Abbie Ann had been blessed with a large and comfortable opinion of herself, and this view was upsetting. Nor do Abbie Anns have to be older than nine to know when a thing is true. Perhaps the statements made by the lady visitor to Coal City were true too, which was what made them also unpleasant.

The day passed; no one came near the youngest pupil except Martha, who put a tray

on the table silently, took a look around, and went out.

What of Maria? Abbie Ann's heart yearned for Maria, the comforter, the counselor, the steady-going Maria. The last she had seen of Maria, her pink little cheeks were wet with tears for Abbie.

Abbie, remembering, wept less violently, and even got up and investigated the tray. There was turkey and cranberries, and—yes, chocolate pudding. Abbie Ann's heart softened to the bigness of Miss Henrietta in the matter and she wept some more. Not that she meant to touch it! Abbie was resolved that Martha Lunn should carry that tray out untouched, as it came in.

Abbie Ann looked a little shamefaced when Martha Lunn came for the tray; we hate to acknowledge to ourselves that we are not built for the bigger rôles in life.

But Martha, having met some Abbie Anns in her time before, smiled grimly, which hardened that little person's heart again, so that she felt she hated them all, even—yes, even Maria.

But late in the afternoon the sun streamed in, low and level, a moment before setting, and oddly enough it made the youngest pupil cry some more, but with no rage in the tears now.

A moment later there came a tap, and the door opened to Maria's touch. Now Maria might have had her own cause for grievance, having been shut out of her room for no shortcomings of her own. But she only looked anxious.

"Abbie," said Maria, and the very tones of her anxious little voice brought comfort, "Miss Owsley says you are to come out,—it's supper."

A disheveled little figure arose from the bed, and flung itself upon Maria. "Oh," said Abbie Ann, steeped in repentance, as it were, "I'll never take more than my share of the pegs, Maria, never any more."

Then before Maria could reply Abbie Ann was gone.

Miss Henrietta was reading. Now it is to be noted that the stout, portly lady capped with the lace square upon her white hair was "Miss Henrietta" to but one person in her school, and to the rest she represented Miss Owsley.

There came a tap at her door, and a panting Abbie Ann burst in and flung herself upon the portly bosom of Miss Henrietta. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," sobbed Abbie Ann.

Now doubtless Miss Owsley should have reprimanded such impulsiveness; but she did n't. She lifted the plump little person up to her lap and let her cry there. Who knows but secretly it was dear to her to comfort the repentant youngest pupil?

When Martha Lunn came in a moment later, Miss Owsley put the youngest pupil down a little hastily and suggested that she owed something to Miss Ingram. Abbie went slowly out; she would go to Miss Ingram because Miss Henrietta said so, but she did n't love Miss Ingram.

But Martha Lunn made pretence of brushing up the already very clean hearth.

"They 've got a tempestuous, stormy road to travel, I 've al'ays noticed—red-heads have," remarked Martha, incidentally.

CHAPTER IX

ON the following Friday, Miss Owsley sent for Abbie Ann.

"Instead of walking with the school this afternoon," she said to the inquiring little girl who appeared, "I wish you to go with me to call upon some ladies who knew your mother."

"Yes 'm," said Abbie, politely, for the repentant uplift was still upon her. She wondered who the ladies might be, but it was not hers, this proper little girl's part, to ask. One almost might have looked to see her little hands folded, so chastened was the deportment of the youngest pupil.

Miss Henrietta, noticing the air of virtuous attention, turned suddenly away; was it because of sudden laughter that her shoulders shook?

And Abbie Ann, departing, put on her best cashmere, with the aid of Martha Lunn, but not without a sigh, chastened though she was, for the glories of a banished wardrobe that she knew of. This done, and hat and cloak on, she went and knocked at Miss Henrietta's door.

That lady viewed her critically. "Tell Martha to bring your brush," she said. And when Martha came, she had her brush Abbie's hair all over again. Now Martha had an artist's pride in her handiwork. She did n't see anything wanting as it was, but good-naturedly she plied the brush with vigorous hand again, then slipped a forefinger in a curl and displayed it. "Ekal to a good brass polish, that shine is," she commented.

At last Miss Henrietta seemed satisfied

and they went down the steps together, but she seemed quite nervous and unlike herself, all the way. It was not far, half a dozen squares perhaps, into the older part of the city, but Miss Owsley had settled Abbie's hat, and retouched her curls several times, perhaps because of the freakish wind of the bleak November day, before they stopped at a red brick house with white trimmings and heavy white shutters.

"Now, Abbie," she said, "try to be a little lady."

This remark was disconcerting, it put Abbie Ann out of conceit with her recent efforts and made her a little sulky. They went up the steps together, the stout old lady and the plump little girl.

An elderly woman in cap and apron opened the door.

"Well, Eliza," said Miss Owsley.

"How do you do, ma'am," said Eliza, but it was at the little girl with the burnished curls she was looking. Eliza seemed nervous too. "In the library, please," she said.

"Very well, Eliza. Now my dear," this to Abbie Ann, "try to behave prettily," which was again an unfortunate way of putting it.

Miss Henrietta led the way.

Vaguely wondering what was expected of her, Abbie Ann followed down the hall, and through a curtained doorway.

Two tall figures arose in the half gloom and the first greetings over, Miss Henrietta Owsley drew a little girl, with burnished curls, from behind her with the remark, "I have brought her, you see."

Tall, imposing, bewilderingly bedecked, there stood the two old ladies who had frowned on Abbie Ann and had witnessed her disgrace in church.

If there was room for any thought in that overwhelmed little sinner's heart, it was that she might not be remembered.

The tallest and straightest of the old ladies spoke. "So it is the child I was obliged to correct in church last Sunday."

The three elderly dames gazed down on the one little girl.

"Of all disappointing things—" the little girl heard Miss Owsley say. Then that person turned to the other, the more kindly-looking lady. "Well, Ann, and have you no word of welcome for Evelyn's child, either?"

That lady rustled forward. She had been standing in the shadow of the other. Her fineries rustled like the wind through the dry-leaved boughs at end of autumn.

She took the little girl's hand. "What is your name, my dear?" she asked, somewhat timidly.

"Abbie Ann Richardson," said the owner of the name, faintly, and in a voice she certainly never had heard before.

At that the lady dropped her hand suddenly, and the other old lady said, quite fiercely, "Where did you get your name?"

"My sponsors," actually trembled on the dazed youngest pupil's lips, she having newly reached that point in a recently introduced thing called catechism, but Miss Owsley's hand upon her shoulder recalled her in time and she said she did not know.

"Do you not know for whom you are named?" persisted the old lady, eyeing the plump little girl keenly.

"No, ma'am," said Abbie Ann, swallowing hard.

"I told you that the child knows nothing," said Miss Owsley, tartly.

The lady frowned. "You are named for *me*," she announced abruptly, "for me and for this lady," and she brought the other old lady, who had melted away behind her again, forward by a tap with her fan. "We are your great-aunts. I am your great-aunt, Abbie Norris, and this is your great-aunt, Ann Norris."

She paused and seemed to wait for the effect of her words. She could not have been disappointed. The little girl gasped and turned toward Miss Owsley helplessly. She remembered afterward wondering why great-aunts should be so tall and so terrifying.

Miss Owsley looked flushed and annoyed. "What is the use—" she began.

"Exactly," interrupted Aunt Abbie Norris. "What is the use of all this mystery?"

"Oh, sister!" said Aunt Ann Norris. Then she turned to Miss Owsley. She looked frightened and flustered. "Sit down, dear Henrietta," she begged, for everybody had been standing.

"I knew who she was when she looked up in church," announced Aunt Abbie Norris. "She has every Norris feature. It is of no use to lay plots for me, Henrietta. I did not know she was in the city, but the moment she looked up, I knew her."

"Sister!" cried Aunt Ann. "And you did not say a word when Henrietta came to ask if she might bring her!"

Aunt Abbie looked a trifle disturbed. "I did not want to spoil Henrietta's plans," she said, and turned on her little niece suddenly.

The small person was sitting uneasily on the edge of her chair and at Aunt Abbie's sudden movement she almost fell off.

"How did you happen to come here to school?" Aunt Abbie demanded, and she said it with the air of one who announces, "I have you now."

Abbie Ann caught her breath. Miss Henrietta gave her a little touch. "It was on account of the flat-car," said Abbie Ann in a high voice, desperately.

"What?" demanded Aunt Abbie.

"The flat-car," said Abbie Ann, trying not to cry.

The door opened and Eliza came in with a tray on which were glasses and a plate of cakes.

"You may take a cake, Abbie Ann," said Miss Henrietta, when the tray was passed. The small person took one and held to it miserably.

"Now what was that about a flat-car?" demanded Aunt Abbie.

But Aunt Ann, at that moment, timidly called the little niece to her. One almost would have said *she*, too, was afraid of Aunt Abbie.

Little Abbie went to Aunt Ann's side. She even looked up after Aunt Abbie turned and went on talking to Miss Henrietta. This great-aunt's hair was soft gray, where Aunt Abbie's was hard gray, though both wore it alike, much waved and crimped.

It was at this point that Aunt Ann turned and took off Abbie Ann's hat, and drew her against her knee. "Now, my dear," she said, with a sudden gentleness, "tell me what it was about a flat-car."

Thus encouraged, Abbie Ann told of her adventures on that object, and of Jim and the girl at the hotel, and of the ring, and of how she and father had agreed to do their duty, and so she had come to Miss Henrietta to school. And forgetting the terrifying Aunt Abbie, fortunately behind her, Abbie Ann told it to Aunt Ann quite naturally and at the end began to eat her cake.

But here Miss Henrietta, who had been with Miss Abbie talking, arose. "Tell your aunts good-by," she said.

Abbie Ann knowing but one meaning of the command, put her plump little face up to Aunt Ann willingly enough, but went over to Aunt Abbie hesitatingly.

Aunt Abbie stooped and touched the little forehead with a hasty, "There, there."

Eliza saw them to the door, but as they

stepped out into the vestibule there came a rustle behind them, and there was Aunt Ann, looking flurried and unhappy. One would n't have thought one old lady could have had on so many chains and chatelaines and pins and rings and trinkets. Abbie Ann loved chains

the hall, and as Miss Ann went in hastily, Miss Henrietta and the little girl with the burnished curls went down the steps. It would seem as if all that burnishing had been for naught.

Miss Henrietta seemed most decidedly put



"SUDDENLY ABBIE ANN'S PUPPET WAS A GHOST."

and rings and trinkets herself, and gazed upward at Aunt Ann's.

"You must not mind, dear Henrietta," Aunt Ann was saying in a hurried way; "you know how much she thinks of you behind it all."

"H'm," said Miss Henrietta. Perhaps she was wondering now why she had done it.

"H'm'm," said Miss Henrietta.

"Humph," said a voice grimly, from within
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out over something. Abbie Ann had too guilty a fear it was connected with her behavior at church to gather courage to open her mouth. They trudged along in silence.

After a long time Abbie Ann spoke. Much as there was she wanted to know, one thing lay nearest. "What is it," she asked, "a feature?"

"Feature?" repeated Miss Henrietta, a little sharply perhaps—"feature? What do you

Abbie Ann

mean? Oh—to be sure,—it 's some part of your face, a person's nose perhaps,—mouth, forehead, hair,—”

Abbie Ann seemed to draw a relieved breath. “Aunt Abbie's hair is gray,” she said.

“It used to be red,” said Miss Henrietta.

a great-aunt when she gets old?” Abbie Ann wondered.

“I hope not,” said Maria decidedly, for Maria had an auntie of her own.

“What made her so cross do you suppose?” queried the wondering Abbie Ann, still dwelling on Great-aunt Abbie.



“‘I HAVE BROUGHT HER TO SEE YOU,’ SAID MISS OWSLEY.”

The rest of the way was in silence, heavy silence.

As they reached their own door, Miss Henrietta spoke again. “I prefer your father should explain why you have not known your aunts before. You may tell him of this visit when you write.”

Then they went in.

Abbie Ann hurried to Maria, who listened to it all with eager interest. “Is an aunt

Maria had no idea.

“But so 's Miss Ingram,” she reasoned; “some are and some ain't; 't ain't a reason—it 's you.”

But Abbie was studying her nose closely and critically in the glass of the bureau. “I don't care if she did say I had every Norris feature, I have n't; say it, Maria, say I have n't got a nose like Great-aunt Abbie's.”

(To be continued.)

Jack's Valentine

JACK, he bought a valentine
As fine as it could be;
That was for his teacher dear,
As any one might see.

Next, he bought a dainty one
All made of paper lace;
That was for the little girl
Who had the sweetest face.

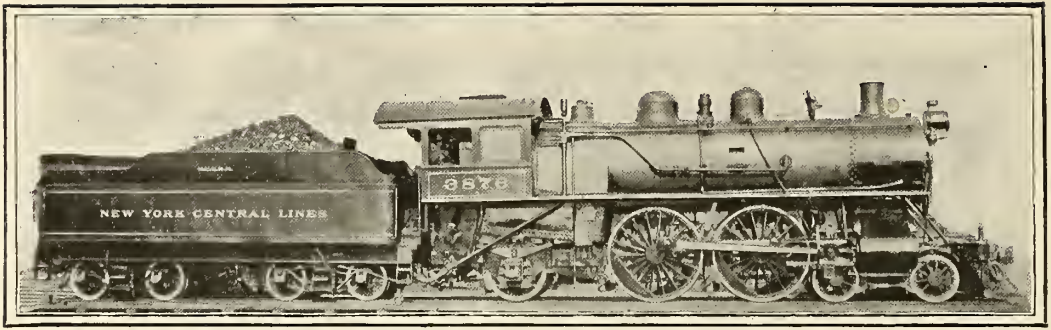
Then, he bought a comic one
As funny as you'd find;
When he bought this, you could see,
He had his chum in mind.

The teacher and the little maid
Were happy, but alack!
The "chum" not knowing whence it came
Mailed *his*, right off, to—Jack!

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.



FATHER RABBIT—"HEY! MR. DARKIE BOY, NO USE FOR A GUN AROUND HERE!
DON'T YOU SEE THAT SIGN?"



Good-By "3876"!

By Charles Barnard

Is it true? Must she go?" The engineer stood beside his great locomotive at the very end of the platform in the big railroad yard at 42d Street. Behind the engine and tender the fast Albany train, mail, baggage, smoker, diner, drawing-room car and day-coach stretched in a long string back into the sheds of the dilapidated, old Grand Central Station.

"Yes. She must go. This is her last trip out. Seems to me, by the way the locomotives are going, that any boy in New York City who wants to see a locomotive must soon go thirty miles or more into the country to see a first-class passenger express engine, like Number Thirty-eight-seven-six."

A man on the platform, back in the gloomy station, waved his hand.

"Good-by. This is Thirty-eight-seven-six's last trip out."

The engineer climbed up into the cab and disappeared. The fireman looked out of his window and smiled in a dark and grimy way as if glad this was her last run out of New York. There was a slow, loud blast from the exhaust at the top of the stumpy stack. Then another and another; the great drivers turned slowly over and with tremendous effort the huge engine slowly set the long heavy train in motion and car after car slid slowly by. As the last car goes by we see that the passengers are already closing the windows to shut out the smoke, cinders, dust and choking gas that fills the long tunnel just beyond the railroad yard.

"Oh! We forgot to ask the engineer why

3876 must go. Then, too, why did the fireman smile such a sooty smile?"

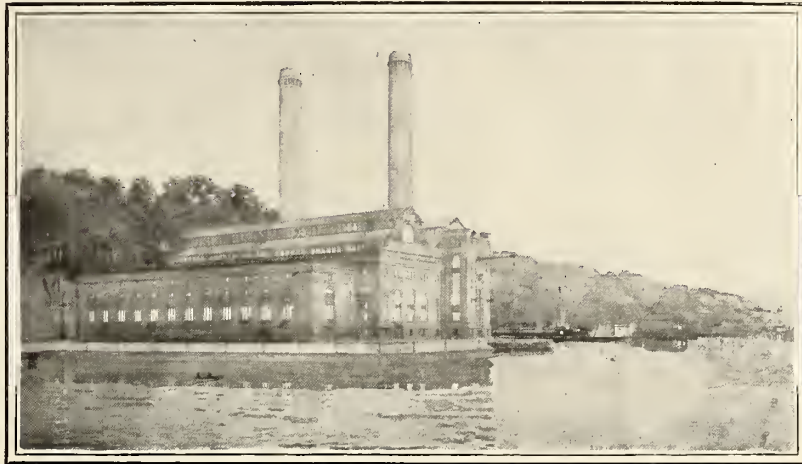
These are very good questions indeed and to find the answers to them we must look at a number of different and very curious things. First, there is the locomotive. It is, indeed, a grand machine, and has performed a master service, but with all that, it has several serious defects. To understand these defects let us see just what a locomotive is and how and why it works. A locomotive is a self-moving motor or power-maker. It must carry a boiler filled with water and have a fire-box in which to burn coal that the fire may boil the water and make steam. It must drag about, wherever it goes, a heavy tender, loaded with coal and water. Under the boiler is the double engine, having two cylinders, one on each side. The fresh, live steam from the boiler enters these cylinders and by its pressure causes the pistons inside to beat forward and back, and this to and fro motion is, by means of the piston-rod and connecting-rod, transferred to the driving-wheels, and as these wheels find it much easier to roll over and over than to stand still and merely turn round, the engine, naturally, is pulled along the track.

The steam, after it has spent a part of its heat and pressure in moving the pistons, is called exhaust-steam, and this exhaust-steam, while still very hot, is turned into the smoke-stack and escapes at the top in a series of great puffs. The effect of this uprush of exhaust-steam in the stack is to create a tremendous suction or blast in the tubes of the boiler and to cause the fire in the fire-box to

burn furiously. This is essential, because so much steam is needed to keep the engine supplied with live steam under great pressure, that the fire must be forced to burn very fast, with great heat, in order to make steam quickly and in great quantities. This means that fresh coal must be put on the fire every few moments and that the fire in burning rapidly must waste the coal and send out great clouds of black smoke filled with cinders and half-burned bits of coal.

Plainly, this is a very wasteful method of making and using steam. Not only is a large part of the heat of the fire wasted by being thrown away in that fierce blast of steam, but the steam itself, that costs so much

and the steam. Let us try to remember these things while we examine another, new, and better, way of creating steam-power as shown

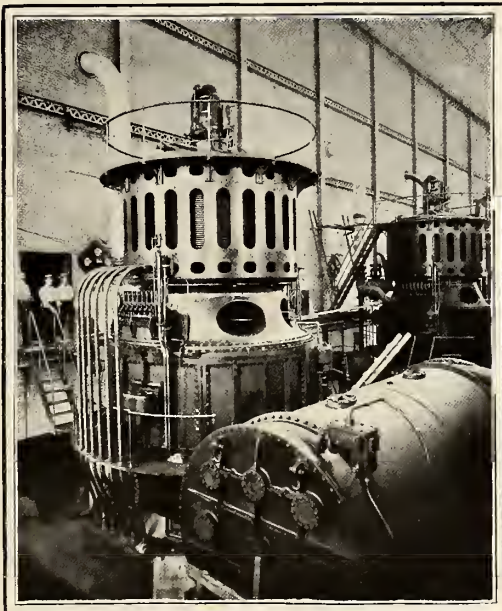


THE POWER-HOUSE AT YONKERS.

in the power-house of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. This description will answer, in a general way, also for the New York Central Railroad's power-houses at Port Morris and Yonkers, New York.

Miles away from New York, on the shore of a beautiful bay near a little town called Cos Cob stands a handsome new building built of gray blocks of concrete. There are houses and farms on each side of the bay, and looking south down the bay we can see Long Island Sound and the distant hills of Long Island. Close beside the great building is a four-track railroad bridge over the bay. We wonder why the building is placed there close beside salt-water and so close to the Sound. There is a long pier extending out from the shore where the building stands and at the end a landing-place for vessels.

There is a tugboat now, just coming up the bay from the Sound, and towing two big, black barges. She seems to be steering straight for the long pier that extends out to the channel in the middle of the bay. Even while we look at the tow, we see the captain of the tug-boat skilfully lay one of the barges along the head of the pier, and place the other just aft of it. Then a singular thing happens. Several men appear and tie up the barges and a moment or two later, strange hoisting-machines are busy hoisting coal out of one of the barges and dumping the coal into a building on the pier. It takes us only a



ONE OF THE PORT MORRIS STEAM TURBINES.

fuel and labor is, with all its unspent heat thrown away. Then the whole great machine is whirled through rain, snow and stormy wind, and this, too, wastes the heat of the fire

few moments to walk down to the pier, and then we learn that the coal, that is so rapidly hoisted out of the barge, is sent through the small building on the pier, where it is ground and crushed in heavy crushing-machines to a uniform size. From this crusher house the coal, now fine like coarse gravel, pours in a stream into a trough and is swept away up a long incline to the top of the building on the bluff. This trough is called a conveyor, because it carries or conveys the coal. Within the building the conveyor delivers the coal to another conveyor in the garret, and this conveyor delivers the coal wherever it is needed. We glance up at the roof of the building and see the smokestack rising above the center of the roof. Now we begin to understand. This is a steam-making plant or power-house.

We go to the door and the engineer in charge invites us in to see his giant steam-boilers. We enter a large and lofty room and find twelve great steam-boilers, facing each other, six on each side, each one capable of producing steam equal to the power of five hundred horses. The long and narrow space between the boilers is called the fire-room. Everything is warm, clean and light. No fiery doors, no heaps of coal or dusty ashes—not a fireman in sight, not a gleam of light from the great fires burning brightly behind the fire doors. The engineer explains that all the coal slides down through pipes from the conveyor overhead and is delivered to each roaring furnace by a machine called a mechanical stoker. Down below, in a tunnel running under the boilers, a man with a wheelbarrow gathers up the ashes that fall from the grate bars and wheels it away to a conveyor that carries it up to a spout where it shoots down again into a flat car on a railroad track where, once a day, it is carried away.

These great boilers rest firmly on the ground and are sheltered from rain and snow. The fire doors are seldom opened to waste the heat of the fire, and the mechanical stoker delivers just enough coal to each fire to keep it burning steadily and brightly and without wasteful black smoke. Clearly, this is a better method of making steam than on a locomotive racing through a snow-storm in the bitter icy wind. And how much cheaper it is. First, the coal arrives by water, and it is cheaper to transport coal by sea than by land. Secondly, all the coal is handled by machinery at a great saving of time, labor

and money. Lastly, the boilers are protected from the weather at a great saving of heat. Nor is this all. The engineer takes us round back of the boilers and shows us great brick and iron chambers and explains that in these chambers are many hundreds of small iron pipes through which constantly flow streams of fresh, cold water. All the smoke and hot gas from the twelve furnaces is led through these chambers, flowing round and over the water-pipes and then upward toward the great smokestack on the roof. The smoke and gas heat the pipes and the water inside the pipes absorbs and carries away a large part of all the waste heat from the fires. These curious heat-stealing chambers are called economizers, because they save or economize the heat of the fires. The hot water from the economizers is again made useful by being returned to the boilers to be again made into steam.

We come back to the firing-room and the engineer explains that the conveyors bring the coal from the barges to the mechanical stokers that deliver it to the fires and that the conveyors also deliver coal to great storage coal bins to furnish a supply of coal when the barges are on the voyage or are delayed by storms. He also tells us why the great stack is so very short. A tall stack produces what is called a natural draft. Here powerful steam-engines up under the roof drive great fans or blowers that make an artificial draft called an induced draft, and with such blowing-fans a short stack answers just as well as a tall stack.

The engineer leads us through a small door at the end of the firing-room and we enter the light and handsome great engine-room. Here we see three new and strange engines, wholly unlike the engines of a locomotive. We can hardly believe they are engines and the engineer tells us they are steam turbines and that each one has a steam-power equal to the power of four thousand horses. They have no cylinders, no piston-rods beating to and fro. In fact, they are more like the revolving water-wheels called turbines than engines and, as they use steam instead of water, they are called steam turbines. Like an engine they use live steam fresh from the boilers, and also have exhaust-steam, though we see no puffs of steam, and hear no roaring and puffing exhaust as on a locomotive. We ask where the exhaust escapes and what becomes of it all.

The engineer tells us that the exhaust-

steam is led through pipes to the basement below. He explains that under the long pier where the great conveyor brings the coal into the building are two flumes that connect the cold sea-water directly with the basement. Here steam-pumps, called circulating pumps,

turned with its heat to the boilers. How much better to lose a part of the heat and save the water, than to throw the steam away, heat, water and all. A locomotive throws its exhaust-steam away and we call it a non-condensing engine. These great engines, like

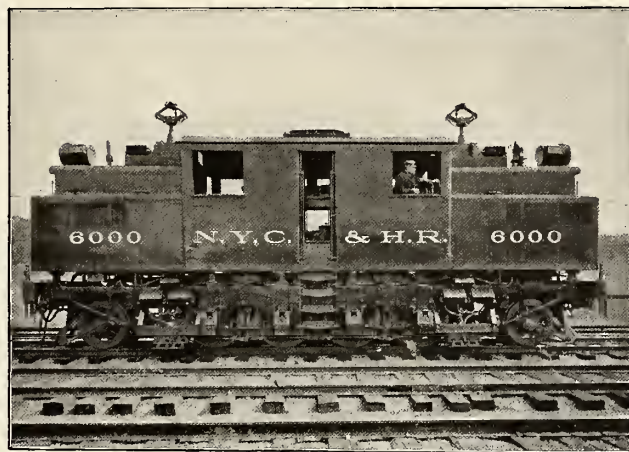
the engine on a steamship, use condensers to turn the exhaust into water that can be returned still hot to the boilers and we call them condensing engines. We now see that here in this great power-house every effort is made to save labor, save heat and save time and money. The aim is to produce great power at the lowest cost. The locomotive is a wasteful and costly power maker. The power-house is a heat and labor saver and



AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE
OF THE NEW YORK, NEW
HAVEN AND HART-
FORD RAILROAD.

draw from one flume the cold salt-water into hundreds of small pipes enclosed in iron chambers, forcing the water through every pipe and keeping them all cold, the water, escaping from the pipes, flowing back through the second flume to the bay. These chambers enclosing the cold pipes are called condensers, and the exhaust-steam, still very hot, is led into the condensers. Here the steam

meets the cold pipes and is chilled and condenses and turns back into water. The sea-water circulating through the condensers takes up a part of the heat and carries it away into the bay, but we cannot call this waste heat, for the cold water in becoming hot absorbs enough heat to change the steam back into fresh hot water ready to be re-



AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

cheap power maker, and *economy* of operation is the great thing to be desired.

We look once more at the giant steam turbines and see that each one is driving a great dynamo or generator of electricity. Here is one key to the question—why are the locomotives disappearing from the yard of the Grand Central Station? Electricity

is not of itself really used as power; it is useful in quite another way. A steam-engine in a factory or mill may give power to a great wheel and cause it to re-

chanical transmission of power. Electricity in another and very different way conveys or transmits power. The four thousand horse-power of one of these turbines is trans-



A TRAIN WITH ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

volve swiftly. A rope wound round the rim of the wheel may be carried to a distant wheel, turn round this wheel and extend back to the first wheel and, if the ends are fastened to-

formed through the dynamo into a powerful current of electricity that flows out of the power-house through great cables for miles up and down the line, all the way from Wood-



THE SAME TRAIN RACING WITH A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.

gether and the rope stretched tight, the rope will convey the power of the first wheel to the distant wheel and it too will revolve. We say that such a rope conveys power from one wheel to the other. This we call the me-

lawn in the Bronx to Stamford, Connecticut. Over each of the four tracks is a wire and from this wire the electricity flows down to every locomotive flying along the tracks. In each locomotive the electric current,

through the motors, reproduces power and this power moves the train. The steam locomotive creates power and uses it to drag the train. The electric locomotive receives, wherever it goes, electricity from the power-house and transforming it into power, uses the power to move its train without fire, steam or smoke. So we call this the electrical transmission of power from the power-house along the trolley wire to the locomotive.

We come back to the Grand Central Station with one of our questions answered. The locomotives are leaving the city because it is cheaper to make steam at one place and in a building protected from the weather than to make steam in fifty locomotives traveling on a railroad.

Then there is still another answer.

The long tunnel on Park Avenue is filled with smoke, dust, cinders and choking gas from the engines that pass through it. The smoke makes the place so dark that the trains must run slowly or there may be terrible accidents. Then, too, the smoke from the locomotives is an annoyance to all the people in the towns along the lines. Furthermore a locomotive starts very slowly and it usually has to travel a mile or more before it can get up to its full speed.

So it happens that the three great lines that extend from the Grand Central Station West, North and East are changing their steam locomotives for electric locomotives and motor-cars. On the Hudson River Division of the New York Central Road the electric locomotives will run as far out as South Croton on the Hudson River; on the Harlem Division they will run to White Plains and on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Road as far as Stamford in Connecticut. At each place steam locomotives will stand ready to take each train farther on its journey. The electric locomotives will slip into a siding, the steam locomotive back down, couple up and go on, and so quickly will it all be done that the passengers will hardly know that they have changed engines. To supply power

to these roads there are three great power-houses, each one on the edge of the salt-water, where coal can be brought on barges and where cold sea-water can be used in the condensers. The power-house at Cos Cob we have seen. There is also one at Port Morris in the Bronx on the banks of the East River and one on the Hudson at Yonkers. The picture on page 325 shows how the Yonkers power-house looks, but, of course, each of these power-houses differs in some details from the others according as the requirements are different.

There is one more answer to our question. The steam locomotives are disappearing because the electric locomotive starts more easily than the steam locomotive and reaches its full speed in less time and in a shorter distance. By using motor-cars for the local trains more passengers can be carried and more trains run in a day. Electric trains are fast, clean and quiet. They are free from smoke and cinders and this attracts more passengers. Few people travel for pleasure behind a dusty, smoky locomotive. Make it pleasant to travel and more and more people wish to travel. More trains and better timetables attract people and more passengers wish to ride. In fact, up to this last summer, the railroad-yards were so crowded with locomotives that no more trains could run and every train was crowded and travel was delayed. With motor-cars and electric locomotives many more passengers than was formerly possible, can be carried in a day.

The power-houses give cheap power and this in turn makes it cost less to carry a passenger and ultimately will make travel cheaper, cleaner, faster and pleasanter.

And then, too, the fireman is released from his hard and dangerous work and finds a better, cleaner and safer job as motorman on the electric locomotives; while the engineer can use all his skill, courage and training in the cab of the new locomotive and carry us as swiftly and safely as he did on "old Thirty-eight-seven-six."



When the Camera was Unknown

By Morris Wade

THE making of silhouettes can hardly be classed among the lost arts, since there is so little art about them. The best of them represent the human profile in a crude way, and they were regarded as rather a cheap kind of pictures even in the days when they were most popular. Indeed, the very word silhouette means something poor and cheap and

time. It was made by tracing the shadow or profile of a face projected by the light of a candle on a sheet of white paper and the outline defined with a pencil. This was such a very poor and cheap sort of a picture that it was at once called a silhouette in further derision of the very saving French minister and the name has "stuck." It is an instance of the curious derivation of some words in common use, and this unkind slur on a man who was really trying to introduce needed reforms in the spending of the public money has long been accepted as a good and proper word. Indeed, there is no other word used for pictures of this kind, although there were such pictures long before Monsieur Etienne de Silhouette had his name attached to them in so embarrassing a way.

Madame Pompadour brought the silhouette into popularity by showing a great liking for it, and the pictures made by casting a shadow with a lamp were called profiles *à la Pompadour*. They were to be seen all over France.

Then the silhouette became popular in America a great many years ago, and a man named Charles Wilson Peale, who had a museum in Philadelphia, became famous for his cleverness in executing them. He invented a kind of a machine which traced the profile with extreme accuracy. Even George Washington sat to Peale for a silhouette, and all the most prominent gentlemen and ladies of the day felt that they must have silhouettes of themselves.

Then there was a boy of seventeen named James Hubard who came to this country from England and went from place to place setting up "Hubard Galleries" to which the people flocked to have silhouettes of themselves made by the clever "artist." He had many samples of his work on exhibition and the people paid fifty cents for admission to the gallery. This also paid for a silhouette which young Hubard cut out in a very few seconds with a pair of scissors. He was looked upon as a great genius, and he exhibited with pride a silver palette presented to him by the Philosophical Society of Glasgow in appreciation of his unusual talent. On the palette were the words: "Presented to Master James Hubard by admirers of his



SILHOUETTE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

it had its origin in a spirit of ridicule. It is taken from Etienne de Silhouette who was a French Cabinet Minister in the year 1759 when the treasury of France was very low because of costly wars with Britain and Prussia and by the extravagances of the government. When Etienne de Silhouette became minister of finance he set about making great reforms in the public expenditures. He was, by nature, a very "close" man, and he went to such extremes in keeping down the public expenses that he brought great ridicule upon himself, and finally anything that was cheap and poor was referred to as *à la Silhouette*.

A very crude picture was popular at that

genius in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, February 14, 1824."

Young Hubbard exhibited his silhouettes at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and in New York and Boston. He became ambitious to do better work than any mere maker of silhouettes could do, and he finally made quite a reputation as a painter of portraits. He remained in our country and died in Richmond, Virginia in 1862, his death having been caused by the explosion of a shell he was filling with a compound he had manufactured for the use of the Confederate Army.

Another noted silhouettist coming to this country from foreign lands was Monsieur Edouart who arrived on our shores in 1838, and for nine or ten years he was kept busy making silhouettes of people who admired this kind of art. Edouart kept a copy of each silhouette he made and he valued his collection so highly that it quite broke his heart when the entire collection went to the bottom of the sea while Edouart was returning to his native land from America in 1847.

America produced a silhouettist thought by many to be as clever as any who had come to our country from foreign lands. This was William Henry Brown who was but sixteen years old when he cut a very fine silhouette of General Lafayette who was then on a visit to this country. In some respects Brown was even cleverer than any of his predecessors had been. He was a kind of a "snap shot" silhouettist for he could make silhouettes of men and women on the street without the subjects of his pictures being aware of the fact that they were having their "likenesses" taken. Indeed, he had such remarkable skill in memorizing faces and forms that he could look at a person on the street and cut a wonderfully good silhouette of the person after returning to his studio. He went farther than other silhouettists had done, for he made cuttings of ships and railroad trains and processions in which the figures were readily recognized. He made one cutting twenty-five feet long with sixty-five persons in it, and so clever was the execution that it was easy to recognize every figure in it.

One may see in one of the public school buildings in Boston, two silhouettes of unusual interest, for they are of George and Martha Washington. Possibly they are the work of Peale, but there is nothing to indi-

cate the name of the silhouettist. Underneath the frame in which the profiles are, is this information in regard to them:

"The within are profiles of General and Mrs. Washington taken from their shadows on a wall. They are as perfect likenesses as profiles can give. Presented to me by my friend, Mrs. Eleanor P. Lewis at Woodlawn, July 1832.

"ELIZABETH BORDLEY GIBSON."



SILHOUETTE OF MARTHA WASHINGTON.

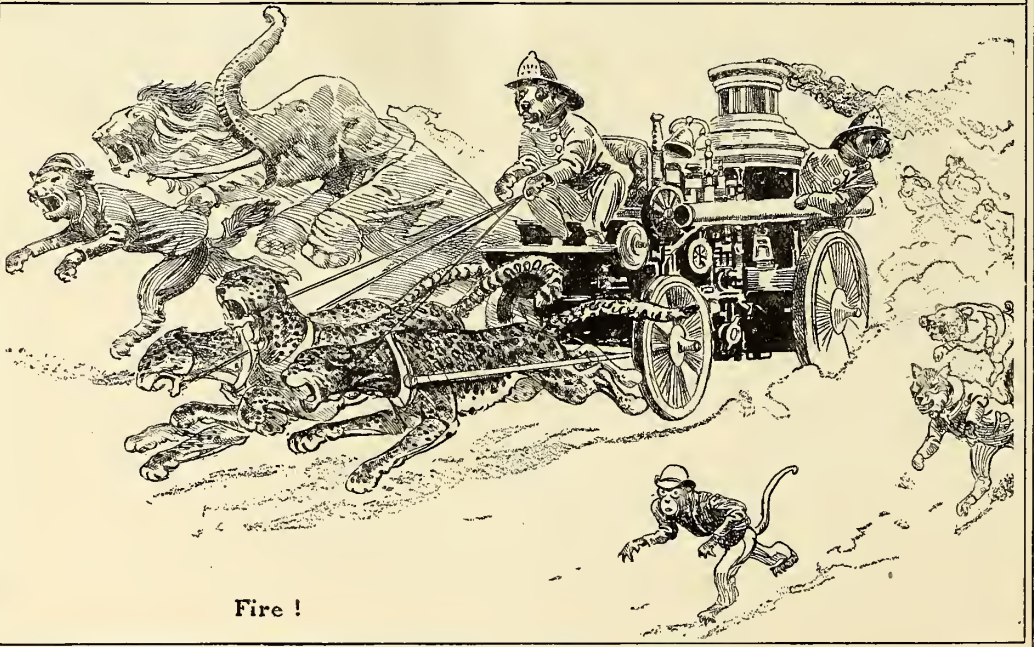
The Mrs. Eleanor P. Lewis referred to was a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington.

The silhouettes were presented to the school by Mr. Edward Shippen of Philadelphia. They are the original profiles, and not copies. The invention of the daguerreotype by M. Daguerre in 1839 put the nose of the silhouettist quite hopelessly "out of joint." No one wanted a silhouette after having seen the daguerreotype. Then the daguerreotype lost favor because of the perfection of the art of the photographer. This art of the photographer has now reached a degree of perfection that was undreamed of by those who first practised it.

HIGH LIFE IN JUNGLEVILLE



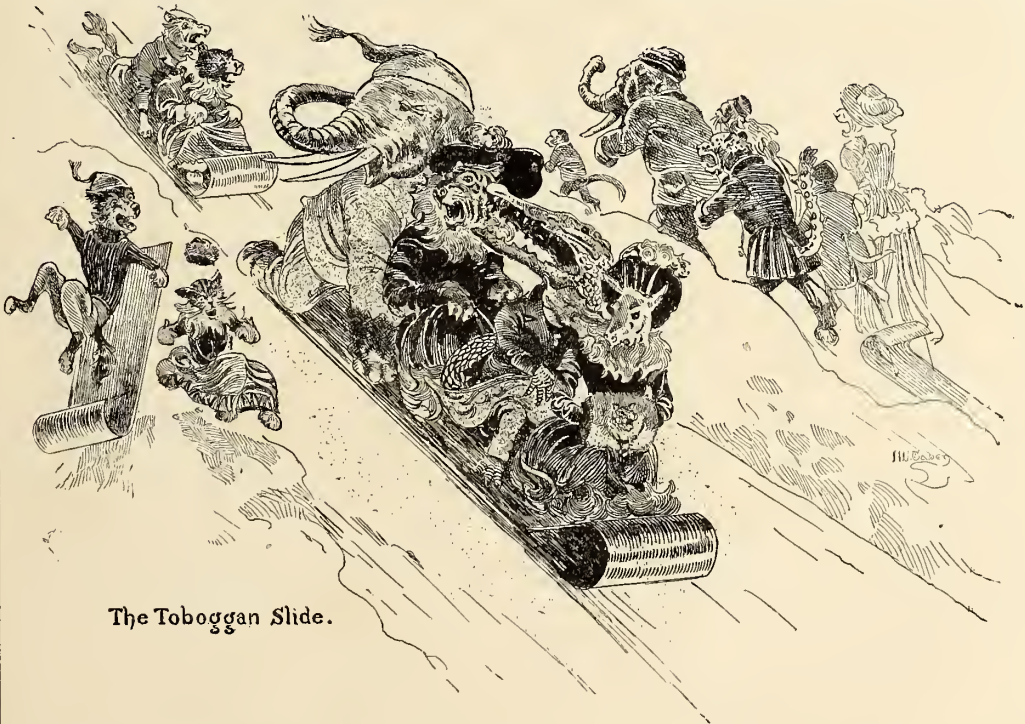
The Town Guard.



Fire !



On the Lake.



The Toboggan Slide.

The New Boy at Hilltop

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," etc.

CHAPTER V

THE RESCUE

KENNETH'S first act after hearing the alarm was to awake Joe. This he did by the simple expedient of yanking the bedclothes away from him and yelling "Fire!" at the top of his lungs. Then, stumbling over the chairs, he groped his way to the hall door and opened it. The corridor was already filled with excitement and confusion. Of the eighteen boys who roomed on that floor fully half were in evidence, standing dazedly about in pajamas or night-shirts and shouting useless questions and absurd answers. Simms, who lived at the far end of the corridor, emerged from his room dragging a steamer trunk after him. Instantly the scantily-clad youths dashed into their rooms intent on rescuing their belongings. Joe joined Kenneth at the door.

"Where 's the fire?" he gasped.

"I don't know," answered Kenneth, "but I can smell it. Get something on; I'm going to. Has anyone given the alarm?" he asked, as Simms hurried back toward his study.

"Yes! No! I don't know! Everything 's on fire upstairs! You 'd better get your things out!"

"Somebody ought to give the alarm," said Kenneth. "Who 's seen Mr. Bronson?"

But none had time to answer him. Kenneth scooted down the hall and thumped at the instructor's door. There was no answer and Kenneth unceremoniously shoved it open. The study was in darkness.

"*Mr. Bronson!*" he cried. "*Mr. Bronson!*"

There was no reply, and Kenneth recollected that very frequently Mr. Bronson spent Sunday night at his home. He hurried back to his own room and found Joe throwing their belongings out of the windows. At that moment the bell on School Hall began to clang wildly and a second afterward the alarm was taken up by the fire-bell in the village, a mile away.

Kenneth pulled on his trousers and shoes, looked for a coat only to find that Joe had thrown all the coats out of the windows, and

went back to the corridor. All up and down it boys were staggering along with trunks and bags, while from the western end the smoke was volleying forth from Number 19 in great billowy clouds. From the floor above raced fellows with suit-cases and small trunks, shouting and laughing in the excitement of the moment.

One of the older boys, Harris by name, came galloping upstairs with a fire extinguisher, followed by a crowd of partly-dressed fellows from Upper House. But the smoke which filled the end of the corridor drove them back and the stream from the extinguisher wasted itself against the fast-yellowing plaster of the wall. The building was rapidly becoming uninhabitable and, calling Joe from the study, where he was vainly trying to get the study table through the casement, Kenneth made for the stairs. The light at the far end of the corridor shone red and murky through the dense clouds of smoke.

"All out of the building!" cried a voice from below, and the half-dozen adventurous spirits remaining in the second floor corridor started down the stairs.

"Do you know how it began?" asked Joe of a boy beside him.

"Yes," was the reply. "King, in 19, was reading in bed with a lamp he has, and he went to sleep and upset it somehow. He got burned, they say."

"Serves him right," muttered someone. Kenneth glanced around and found Grafton Hyde beside him.

"Hello," said Kenneth.

"Hello," answered Grafton. "Did you save anything?"

"Yes, I guess so," Kenneth replied. "Did you?"

For the moment animosities were forgotten, wiped out of existence by the calamity.

"Not much," said Grafton. "But I don't care. I tried to get my trunk down but the smoke was fierce and the end of the building was all in flames. So I lit out."

The lower hall was crowded with boys. Doctor Randall, tall and gaunt in a red flowered dressing gown, and several of the instruc-

tors were doing their best to clear the building.

"All out, boys!" called the Doctor. "It is n't safe here now! The firemen will be here in a minute and you 'll only be in the way! I want you all to go over to Upper House!"

"Hello!" said Kenneth. "What 's the matter with you, Jasper?"

Jasper Hendricks, the youngest boy in school, was crouched in a dim corner of the hall, sobbing and shaking as though his heart was broken.

"What 's up?" asked Grafton.

"Don't know. Here 's young Jasper crying like a good one. What 's the trouble, Jasper? Did you get hurt?"

But the boy apparently did n't even hear them.

"Lost his things, probably," suggested Grafton, "and feels it. Never mind, kid, you 'll get some more."

"I want every boy out of the building!" cried the Doctor. But his voice was almost drowned in the babel of cries and shouts and laughter.

"Come on, Jasper," said Kenneth, trying to raise him to his feet. "We 've got to get out."

For the first time he caught a glimpse of the boy's face. It was white and drawn and horror-stricken.

"What 's the matter?" cried Kenneth in alarm. Young Hendrick's lips moved but Kenneth could not distinguish the whispered words.

"Eh? What 's that? Speak louder! You 're all right now! Don't be scared! What is it?" And Kenneth bent his head as the younger boy clung to him convulsively.

"*Mister Whipple!*"

Kenneth barely caught the whispered words.

"Mr. Whipple," he muttered. "What does he mean?" He pulled the lad's body around so that he could see his face in the smoke-dimmed light. "What about him, Jasper? He 's safe, is n't he?"

The white face shook from side to side.

"What does he say?" cried Grafton. "Whipple? Is n't he down? Where is he?"

"He must be—!"

Kenneth paused, his own face paling, and looked fearsomely toward the stairs down which the gray-brown smoke was floating wraith-like. Then his eyes met Grafton's and he read his own horror reflected there.

"Jasper's room is next to Mr. Whipple's," said Grafton hoarsely. "He must have seen something! *Jasper, is Mr. Whipple up there now?*"

The lad's head nodded weakly. Then he broke again into great dry sobs that shook him from head to foot. Kenneth seized him beneath the shoulders and dragged him a few yards nearer the door. There he put him down.

"Don't cry, Jasper," he whispered kindly. "It 's all right; we 'll save him!"

For an instant he looked about him. Through the doors the boys were pushing their way outward, protesting, laughing, excitedly.

Of the faculty Doctor Randall alone was in sight. One other instant Kenneth hesitated. Then with a bound he was half-way up the first flight.

"Who 's that going up there?" cried the Doctor. "Here, come back instantly!"

But Kenneth did not hear, or, hearing, paid no heed. He was at the second floor, the evil-smelling smoke thick about him, blinding his eyes and smarting his throat. Above him was a strange lurid glare and the roaring of the flames. For a moment his heart failed him and he leaned weak and panting against the banister. Then a voice sounded in his ears.

"It 's no use, Garwood," cried Grafton. "We can't get up there."

"We 'll try," was the answer.

Bending low, his sleeve over his mouth, Kenneth rushed the next flight. Grafton was at his heels. At the top Kenneth crouched against the last step and squinted painfully down the corridor in the direction of Mr. Whipple's room and the flames. The heat was stifling and the smoke rolled toward them in great red waves. Grafton, choking, coughing, crouched at Kenneth's side.

"We can't reach him," he muttered. "The fire has cut him off."

It seemed true. Mr. Whipple's room was at the far end and between his door and the stairway the flames were rioting wildly, licking up the woodwork and playing over the lathes from which the plaster was crumbling away. Kenneth's heart sank and for an instant he thought he was going to faint. Everything grew black before him and his head settled down on his outstretched arm. Then Grafton was shaking him by the shoulder and his senses returned.

"Come on!" cried Grafton. "Let 's get

out of this while we can! We 'll be burned alive in a minute!" There was panic in his voice and he tugged nervously at Kenneth's arm.

At that moment a great expanse of plaster fell from the ceiling some thirty feet away and the flames glared luridly through the corridor, making everything for a brief moment as light as day. From below came calls, but Kenneth did not hear them.

"Look!" he cried, seizing Grafton's arm. "*On the floor! Do you see?*"

"Yes," shouted Grafton. "It 's Mr. Whipple! Can we get him?"

"I 'm going to try," was the calm reply. "Will you come with me?"

For a moment the two boys looked into each other's eyes, squinting painfully in the acrid smoke. The flames crackled and roared in their ears. The strained, terror-stricken look passed from Grafton's face. His eyes lighted and he even smiled a little.

"Come on," he said simply.

"Wait!" Kenneth leaned down so that his face was against the spindles and took a deep breath. There was a current of clearer air arising from the well and, although it smarted in his lungs, it gave him relief. Grafton followed his example. Then, for they realized that there was no time to lose, with one accord they rushed, stooping, down the corridor into the face of the flames.

Mr. Whipple lay stretched face downward on the floor where he had fallen when overcome by the smoke and, as is more than likely, his terror. He was in his night-clothes and one hand grasped a small satchel. Behind him the floor was afire scarcely a yard away. The thirty feet from the stairs to where he lay seemed as many yards to the rescuers, and the heat grew fiercer at every step. But they gained the goal, fighting for breath, bending their heads against the savage onslaughts of the flames, and seized the instructor's arms. Whether he was alive there was no time to ascertain. There was time for nothing save to strive to drag him toward the stairway. With tightly-closed eyes, from which the smarting tears rolled down their faces, and sobbing breaths, they struggled back.

But if it had been hard going it was trebly hard returning. The instructor was not a large man nor a heavy one, but now he seemed to weigh tons. Their feet slipped on the plaster-sprinkled boards and their hearts hammered in their throats. Ten feet they made; and then, as though angry at being

deprived of their prey, the flames burst with a sudden roar through the melting partition a few feet behind them and strove to conquer them with a scorching breath. Kenneth staggered to his knees under its fury and Grafton gave a cry of anguish and despair. But the fiery wave receded and they struggled desperately on, fighting now for their own lives as well as for that of the instructor.

Ten feet more and the worst was passed. A frenzied rush for the stairway and safety was in sight. Half falling, half stumbling, they went down the first few steps to the landing at the turn, Mr. Whipple's inert body thumping along between them. There, with faces held close to the boards, they lay drinking in grateful breaths of the smoke-poisoned air, which, after what they had been inhaling, was fresh and sweet.

Then, above the booming of the fire, voices reached them, hoarse, anxious voices, and white faces peered up at them through the smoke from the corridor below.

"All right!" called Kenneth, but, to his surprise, his words were only hoarse whispers. Struggling to his knees, he seized Mr. Whipple's arm and strove to go on. But Grafton offered no assistance. He lay motionless where he had thrown himself on the landing.

"Come on!" croaked Kenneth impatiently, and tugged at his double burden. Then the crimson light went suddenly out and he subsided limply against the banisters just as the rescuers dashed up to them.

When Kenneth came to a few minutes later he was being carried across the campus. Near at hand a fire-engine throbbed and roared, sending showers of sparks into the winter darkness. Behind him a red glare threw long moving shadows across the grass. In his ears were shouts and commands and a shrill whistling. Then he lost consciousness again.

CHAPTER VI

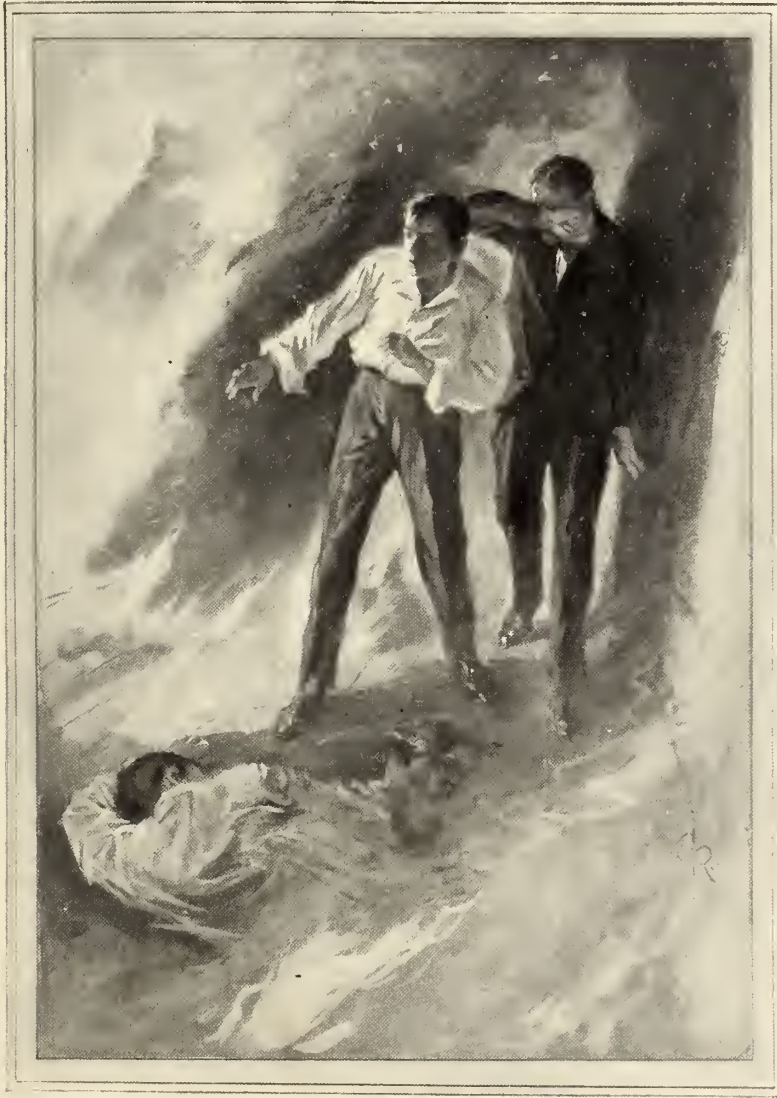
"ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

KENNETH lay in bed in Doctor Randall's spare chamber. His left hand was bandaged and a wet cloth lay across his closed eyes. A window was open and the lowered shade billowed softly up and down, letting into the darkened room quick splashes of sunlight. From without came the cheerful patter of melting snow upon the sill.

Kenneth had had his breakfast—how long ago he could not say, since he had slept since then—and had learned all the exciting news;

that Lower House was so badly burned that there was no question of repairing it; that Mr. Whipple had been sent to the hospital at Lynnminster, seriously but not dangerously hurt; that Grafton Hyde had received no

doctor, who had also imparted the information that Kenneth's injuries were trifling, a couple of scorched fingers and a pair of badly inflamed eyes, but that nevertheless he would kindly spend the day in bed, "as heroes are



"LOOK!" HE CRIED, SEIZING GRAFTON'S ARM. "ON THE FLOOR!
DO YOU SEE?"

damage and was about this forenoon wearing a strangely blank expression due to the loss of his eyebrows; and that King, to whose disregard of the rules the fire had been due, had, previous rumors to the contrary, escaped unharmed.

Kenneth's informant had been the school
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scarce these days and must be well looked after when found."

There came a soft tapping at the door and Kenneth peeked eagerly out from under the bandage as Grafton Hyde entered and tiptoed across the floor. Kenneth looked for a moment and grinned; then he chuckled; then

he threw an arm across his face and gave way to laughter unrestrained. Grafton laughed too, though somewhat ruefully.

"Don't I look like a fool?" he asked.

Kenneth regained his composure with a gasp.

"I—I did n't mean to be rude," he said contritely, "but—"

"Oh, I don't mind," answered Grafton.

"Besides, I 'll bet you 're the same way."

"Me?" Kenneth looked startled and passed a finger questioningly across his eyebrows. "There 's nothing here!" he gasped. Off came the bandage. "How do I look?"

A smile started at Grafton's lips and slowly overspread his face. Kenneth smiled back.

"We must be a pair of freaks," he said, chuckling. "Do they ever grow back again?"

"Yes, in no time," answered Grafton. "Besides, Joe says that all you have to do is to take a pencil and rub it over and no one can tell. I 'm going to try it." He sat down cautiously on the edge of the bed. "How are you feeling?" he asked.

"All right. Kind of tired, though. How about you?"

"Fine." There was a silence during which he played nervously with a shoe strap. At last:

"I say, Garwood," he blurted, "it 's—it 's all right about—about that, you know. I told President Randall."

"You need n't have," muttered Kenneth.

"I wanted to! And I 'm sorry. It was a sneaky thing that I did to you. I—I don't know why I cared so much about staying on the team; I don't now."

"Did he—was he mad about it?"

"Was n't he! I am to be suspended for a month."

"I 'm sorry," said Kenneth honestly. "It—it was decent of you to tell."

"Decent nothing! It was decent of you not to blow on me the other day. Why did n't you?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Kenneth embarrassedly. "I—I did n't like to, I suppose. When are you going?"

"This afternoon. That 's why I came to see you now. I wanted to—to tell you that I was sorry about it and see if you would n't be friends."

"That 's all right," said Kenneth. "I—I 'm glad you came."

Had they been older they would have shaken hands. As it was they merely avoided looking at each other and maintained an em-

barrassed silence for a moment. It amounted to the same thing.

The silence was broken by a knock on the door.

"Come!" called Kenneth.

"Look at the heroes having a convention," said Joe gayly as he crossed the floor. "The Society of the Singed Cats! Well, how are you feeling, chum?"

"Fine and dandy," answered Kenneth.

"Good! Say, we had lots of fun last night! They bunked us in with the Upper House fellows, and maybe there was n't a circus! Every time we see King we ask him if it 's hot enough for him! I would n't be surprised if he folded his pajamas like the Arabs—that 's all he saved, you know—and as silently stole away. We 've sure got him worried!" He paused and looked inquiringly from Kenneth to Grafton. "Did Graft tell you?" he asked.

Kenneth nodded.

"I always told you he was n't a bad sort, did n't I? Don't you care, Graft; we 'll keep a place warm for you, and a month is just a nice vacation. Would n't mind it myself! Say, are you going to be fit to play in Saturday's game, Kenneth?"

"I don't know. Will they let me?"

"Why not? They have n't anything against you now, have they? How about your blessed eyes?"

"Oh, they 'll be all right, I guess. But I wish—Graft was going to play."

"Oh, I don't care," declared that youth stoutly. "Go in and give 'em fits, Kenneth. And—one of you fellows might write me about the game," he added wistfully.

"We 'll do it," said Joe. "We 'll write a full account and send diagrams of the broken heads of the Uppers. Only thing I 'm afraid of," he added soberly, "is that now that Kenneth has n't any eyebrows they may take his head for the ball!"

Kenneth was up the next day feeling as fit as ever, but when the subject of returning to basketball practice was broached to the doctor, Kenneth met with disappointment.

"I can't allow it," said the doctor kindly but firmly. "I 'm sorry, but you know we 're responsible for you while you 're here, my boy, and I think you 'd better keep away from violent exercise for a week or two. No, no more basketball this year."

The verdict brought gloom to Lower House, or, as Upper facetiously called them now, the Homeless Ones. For with Grafton

gone and Kenneth out of the game the team's plight was desperate. But there was no help for it, and so Jim Marble went to work to patch up the team as best he might, putting Simms back at guard and placing Niles, a substitute, at right forward.

The Homeless Ones were quartered wherever space could be found for them. Joe and Kenneth were so fortunate as to get together again in an improvised bedroom, which had previously been a disused recitation room, at the top of School Hall. Most of the Lower House residents had saved their principal effects and those who had lost their clothing were reimbursed by the school.

Friday morning two announcements of much interest were made.

"On Monday next," said the Doctor, "we receive a new member into the Faculty, Mr. George Howell Fair. Mr. Fair, who is a graduate of Princeton, will take the place left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Whipple, who was so unfortunately injured in the recent disaster. Mr. Fair will take up Mr. Whipple's work where that gentleman left off."

There was a stir throughout chapel, and murmurs of satisfaction. The Doctor picked up another slip of paper, cast his eyes over it and cleared his throat.

"You will also be pleased to learn," he said, "that in our time of tribulation generous friends have come to our assistance. We have lost one of our buildings but money has already been provided for the erection of a new and far more suitable one. I have received from Mr. John Garwood, of Cleveland, and Mr. Peter L. Hyde, of Chicago, a draft for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a large dormitory capable of housing the entire student body. The generous gift seems to me especially, singularly, appropriate, coming as it does from the fathers of those two students who recently so bravely distinguished themselves. With this thought in mind the Faculty has already decided that the new dormitory when completed shall be known as Garwood-Hyde Hall."

Well, Kenneth's secret was out! I hope and believe that his fellows held him in no higher esteem because they found out that he was the son of one of the country's wealthiest men. But true it is that for the next few days he was the object of violent interest not altogether unmixed with awe.

But Joe had to have everything explained, and as the shortest means to that result Ken-

neth produced a letter which he had received from his father the day before and gave it to Joe to read. Only portions of it interest us, however.

"The newspaper account (ran the letter) says that neither of you sustained serious injuries. I trust that it is so. But I think I had better satisfy myself on that point, and so you may look for me at the school on Saturday next. Your mother is anxious to have you come home, but I tell her that a little thing like pulling a professor out of the fire is n't likely to feaze a Garwood!

"Now, another thing. You recollect that when you decided to go to Hilltop we talked it over and thought it best to keep dark the fact that you were my son. You wanted to stand on your own merits, and I wanted you to. Then, too, we feared that Hyde's boy, because of the misunderstanding between Peter Hyde and myself, might try to make it uncomfortable for you. That alarm seems now to have been groundless, since surely a boy who could do what he did—and join you in doing it—would n't be likely to pick on another. But that 's of no consequence now, as it happens.

"Quite by accident I met Peter here the day after the papers published the story of your little stunt. Well, he was so tickled about it that we shook hands and had a 'touching reconciliation,' quite like what you see in the plays. We talked about 'those worthless kids' of ours and it ended up with his coming home to dinner with me. So you see you did more than save a professor's life; you brought about a renewal of an old friendship. After dinner we got to talking it over and decided the least we could do was to replace that building. So I've sent your Principal a draft by this mail which will cover the cost of a good new hall. I'm giving half and Peter's giving half. I hope you and young Hyde will be good friends, just as his father and I are going to be hereafter. You may expect me Saturday."

"Now," cried Joe triumphantly when he had finished reading, "now I understand about those brushes!"

"What brushes?" asked Kenneth.

"Why, the night of the fire I threw your suit-case out of the window, and when I went down to get it it had bust open and was full of swell silver-backed things. I thought at first I'd got someone else's bag, but I found I had n't. And I wondered why you had n't had those brushes out."

"Oh," laughed Kenneth. "I thought they looked a bit too giddy!"

It was Saturday night and the gymnasium was crowded. The Faculty was there to a man, and with them, the honored guest of

nothing to prevent his wearing his uniform once more and sitting with the substitutes. But the fellows with him were not all subs. One was Simms, weary and panting, nursing a twisted ankle which a moment before had put him out of the game. And Upper House



"OVER AT THE BLUE'S BENCH A LITHE FORM WAS PEELING OFF HIS SWEATER."

the evening, sat Mr. John Garwood, trying hard to make out what all the fuss was about and looking more often toward a bench at the side of the hall than toward the struggling players. On the bench, one of several blue-shirted players, sat Kenneth. He was forbidden to enter the game but there was

had suffered too, for across the floor Carl Jones was viewing the last of the contest from the inglorious vantage of the side-line. Upper and Lower were still shouting hoarsely and singing doggedly. On the scoreboard the legend ran:

Upper House 11—Lower House 11

No wonder every fellow's heart was in his throat! It had been a contest to stir the most sluggish blood. In spite of the absence of Grafton and Kenneth, Lower had played a hard, fast game, and had she made a decent per cent. of her tries at goal would have been the winner at this moment. But Jim Marble had missed almost every goal from foul, and Collier who had tried his hand, had been scarcely more successful. And now the score was tied and it seemed ages ago since the timekeepers had announced one minute to play.

The ball hovered in the middle of the floor, passed from side to side. Then Hurd of Upper secured it and, with a shout to Knox, sped, dribbling, down the side-line. But a blue-shirted youth sprang in front of him and the two went to the floor together while the ball bounded into the ready hands of Jim Marble.

"Oh, good work, Joe!" shouted Kenneth as Joe sprang to his feet and dived again into the play.

Jim, taking long and desperate chances, tried for a basket from near the center of the floor and missed by a bare six inches. A groan went up from the supporters of the Blue, while Upper House sighed its relief. Then there was a mix-up under Upper's goal and the whistle shrilled.

"Double foul!" called the referee.

A sudden stillness fell over the hall. Not a few of the players sank to the floor where they stood, while Knox picked up the ball and advanced to the line. Kenneth, watching with his heart in his throat, had a vague impression of Jim Marble bending across the rail in consultation with one of the Faculty.

Then the ball rose gently from Knox's hands, arched in its flight and came down square on the rim of the basket. For a moment it poised there while hearts stood still. Then it toppled gently over the side to the floor. Knox had missed!

Lower House set up a frantic chorus of triumph. If only Marble or Collier could succeed where Knox had failed! But neither Jim nor the left guard was going to try, it seemed. For over at the Blue's bench a lithe form was peeling off his sweater and in a moment the cry swept the hall:

"Garwood's going to throw! Garwood! Garwood!"

"It's all right," Jim had whispered. "I asked the Doc. Do your best. If you make it we win, Garwood!"

Kenneth, his pulses far from calm, walked out on the floor and picked up the ball. The shouting died away and the sudden stillness seemed appalling. He toed the black streak across the boards and measured the distance to the basket. Then, his legs astraddle, his knees slightly bent, he swung the ball once—twice—

There was a moment of suspense, and then—

Then pandemonium broke loose! The ball dropped to the floor unheeded, but above it the tattered meshes of the netting swayed where it had struck them going through! It was the cleanest kind of a basket, and it won the game and the series and the Shield for Lower House!

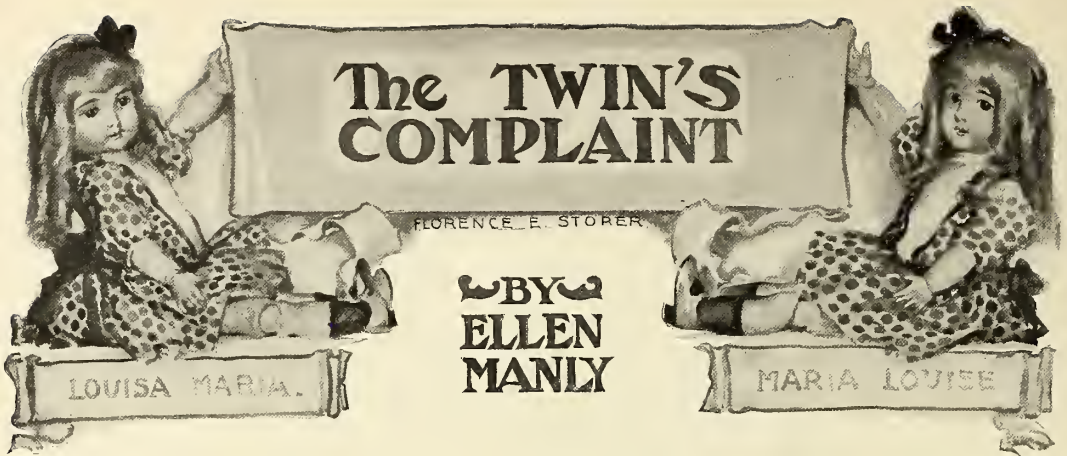
Kenneth, fighting off the howling fellows who would have perched him on their shoulders, caught a glimpse of his father's amused face, and broke for the stairway.

THE END.

A Disconcerted Scholar

By Pauline Frances Camp

WHEN little Arabella Krupp first started in to school,
 She found it very difficult to follow every rule.
 Of course, she tried her very best that teacher should not frown,
 And swift obedience she gave, when teacher said, "Sit down!"
 But the next thing that she said to her was, "Little girl, sit *up*!"
 Which greatly disconcerted little Arabella Krupp!



My sister 's Louisa Maria,
 And I am Maria Louise,
 And you could n't tell one from the other—
 We 're as like as a couple of peas!
 Our eyes are the same, and our dimples
 And so are our noses and hair;
 Exactly alike are our dresses
 And everything else that we wear.
 I 'm dreadfully fond of Louisa,
 And it 's nice for a doll to be twins
 If your girl-mother knows you from sister—
 But there 's where the trouble begins!
 Why, only just yesterday morning
 Louisa was naughty and cried,
 And mother said *she* must be punished,
 And *I* should go out for a ride;
 But just as the carriage was ready
 She bundled me into my bed,

And read me a lecture on manners,
 And carried *Louisa* instead!
 It was *I* had the blister the doctor
 Prescribed when Louisa was ill,
 And they smothered me, nearly, in blankets
 To keep her from having a chill!
 I sha'n't know *myself*, I am certain
 If things keep on longer this way,
 And my temper is getting quite ruined—
 (I scolded Louisa to-day).
 There 's only one plan I can think of
 To help it, and so I suppose
 Though court-plaster 's not at all pretty
 I 'd best put a patch on my nose.
 It 's hard, but I guess I sha'n't mind it
 If only my dear Mamma sees
 Which twin is Louisa Maria,
 And which is Maria Louise!



HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

SECOND PAPER—TOYS FROM PASTEBOARD BOXES— BY LINA BEARD

SAVE all of your boxes; large boxes, small boxes, medium-sized, round, square, and oblong boxes, for there are any number of delightful toys the children can make of them. It does not take long to put the boxes and pieces of boxes together either, and the whole process is so very simple, one is surprised at the really wonderful results of perhaps only a few moments' work.

The photographs, on the next page, of the grocery store complete, with shelves, counter and scales, the shopkeeper and customer, and the automobile delivery wagon, on this page, being loaded by the shopkeeper and a chauffeur, cannot really convey a true idea of the appearance of these fascinatingly realistic little toys. If directed in the work the children themselves will take great delight in making them.

You will need one large box for the store, one box lid cut in half for the wings on each side

of the store, a box and cover for the two sets of shelves, a small baking powder box

to use as a barrel filled with spinach (parsley) and a square box to stand at one side for additional vegetables. Of course you must have another box of suitable size for the automobile, with part of a box as a cover on the vehicle, two round boxes with their lids for wheels, and still another smaller one for the steering apparatus in front.

Select a box about 19 inches long, 10 inches deep, and 8 inches wide, for the grocery; remove the lid and one of the long sides and you have the foundation for the store (Fig. 4). On the front edge of the two side walls, A

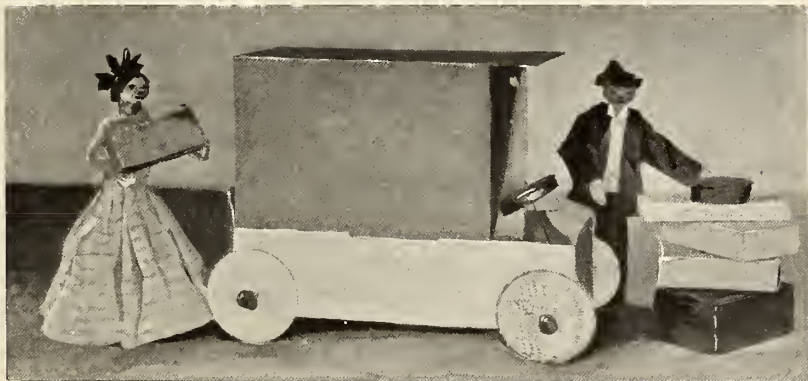


FIG. 1. THE AUTOMOBILE.

and B, fit the lengthwise halves of a box lid with the turned-down edge on the short ends

taken off. Use glue or strong paste to fasten these box halves so that they extend out like wings from the walls (C and C, Fig. 5).

two sets of shelves and allow for extending up into an arch. The entire length will probably be 20 inches. Bend the two ends of the arch

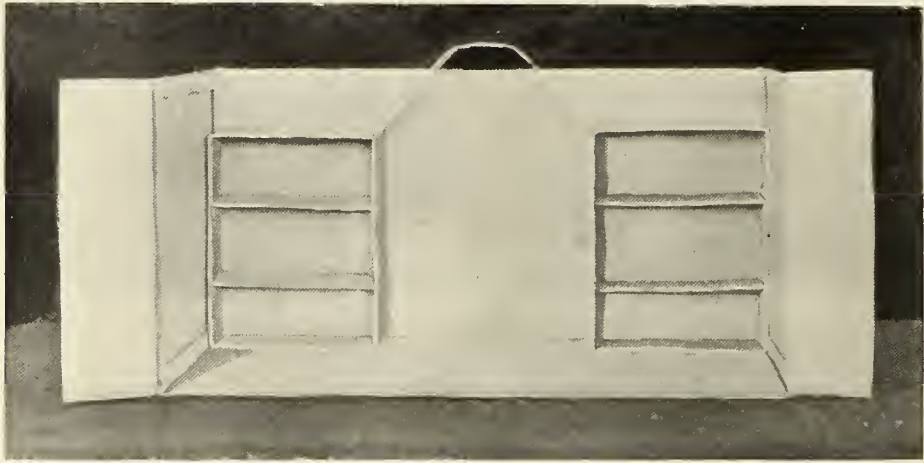


FIG. 2. THE STORE, UNFURNISHED.

Find a letter-paper box with a deep lid closing down over the entire box. Open the box and glue shelves in both lid and box (Fig. 6). Make the shelves of strips cut from another box and bent down on the short ends to fit the letter-paper box (Fig. 7). Cover the bent ends with glue and fasten them in the box, holding them in place for a moment until they adhere. Glue these sets of shelves on the floor of the

out flat and paste one end on the top of each set of shelves (Fig. 2).

Hunt up a box about 6 inches long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide as a counter for the store; leave the lid on, turn the box upside down and glue it to the floor at the center near the front of the store; then cut a narrow strip 20 inches long from another box, bend the strip 7 inches from each end, making



FIG. 3. THE STORE, READY FOR BUSINESS.

store (Fig. 2) against the back wall at each end of the room (Fig. 2). Connect the two sets of shelves by an arch made of a strip of pasteboard cut as wide as the shelves are deep and of sufficient length to span the distance between the

it into a square arch (Fig. 8). Slide the two ends of the arch down into the box lid on the bottom of the counter (Fig. 8). This makes the framework from which to hang the scales.

Fashion the scales of an ordinary round

pasteboard pill box. Open the box, break away the high inside layer around its sides (D, Fig. 9), making the height of the box almost exactly that of the lid. Puncture three holes in each scale at equal distances apart (see E in Fig. 9). Do this by first measuring the exact

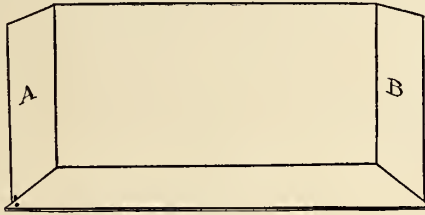


FIG. 4.

distance around the rim of the box with a strip of paper; then folding the paper into three equal lengths (see F, Fig. 9) and again placing the strip around the box, marking where the folds come on the rim and where the ends of the paper meet, then piercing the three spots with a very large, coarse darning needle. Thread strings with knots on their ends through the holes in each scale; have all the strings of equal length and tie the ends of the three strings into one knot as shown at G, Fig. 9. Cut a notch on the two sides of the ends of a narrow strip of pasteboard $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long taken from a box (Fig. 10). Tie the scales in place on the strip. Make two notches on each edge of the center of the same strip, and two on each edge of the center of the square arch (Figs. 8 and 10). Suspend the scales by a string tied around the center of the crosspiece of the scales and carried up and tied over and around the center of the square arch (Fig. 10).

If one scale is found to be lighter in weight than the other, cut a small bit of pasteboard

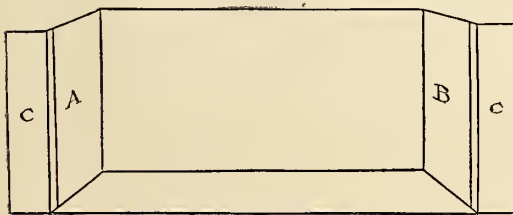


FIG. 5.

from a box, place it in the light-weight scale; if it makes the scale too heavy, trim the bit of pasteboard off again and again until both scales swing the same distance above the counter; then take the weight and paste it on the center of the bottom of the light-weight

scale where it will not be seen, and the balance will be even (Fig. 10). Gather up a lot of little boxes for the shelves, stand the small

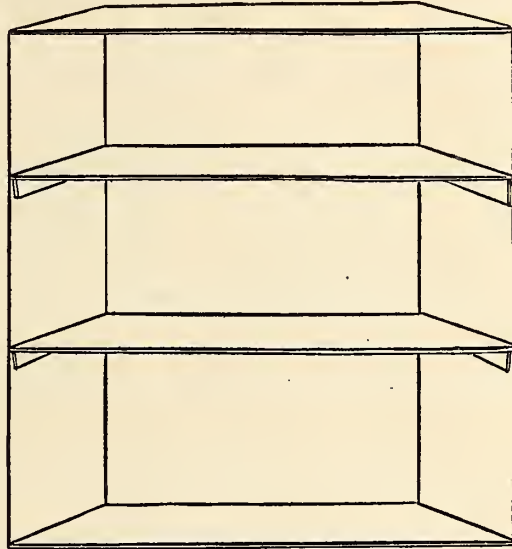


FIG. 6.

baking powder box barrel at one side near the front of the store, and the square box on the other side. Pile three squares of white sugar on the top shelf, dried beans on the bottom

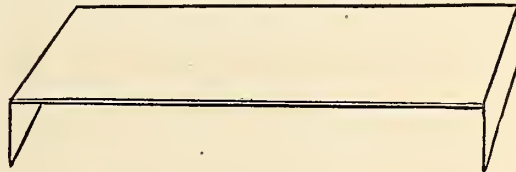


FIG. 7.

shelf, coffee in a round box, cloves in another, and so on. Place three nutmegs on the counter for brown loaves of bread, cut round pasteboard disks of various sizes to use as different weights on the scales, for you know these little scales will actually move up and down like real ones, and this fact will be appreciated by the children. Bring the clothes-pin doll you made last month, for one of the buyers, and dress up another clothes-pin for the storekeeper. As the heads of wooden

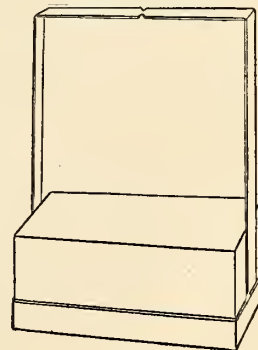


FIG. 8.

Toys from Pasteboard Boxes

clothes-pins are rather flat, paste a little black paper bow high up on the brown paper hair to add to the height of the head as in Fig. 3.

Now for the delivery automobile belonging

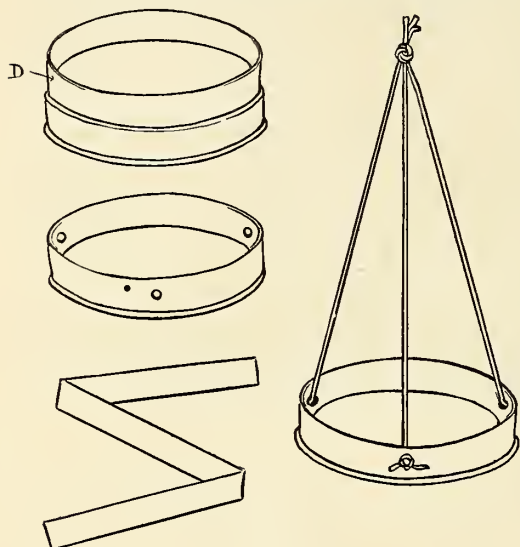


FIG. 9.

to the grocery. Use a box about $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep as the body of the automobile. Make the covered top of a piece of stiff pasteboard cut from another box. The strip must be $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and 6 inches wide. Measure 5 inches from each end of the strip and draw a line across the strip at the two points. The dotted lines in Fig. 11 show where your lines should be made; score both lines; then cut off a one inch wide strip from each of the side portions running along the same edge, which will leave a projection of one inch at the center to form the front extension of the roof of the automobile (Fig. 11). Bend down the sides of the covered top and stand them in the automobile; fit them flat against the sides of the vehicle, bringing them close to the back and leaving a space in front of the body of the vehicle; then glue this covered top in place. Make the steering wheel of the cover of a small pill box, run a large, heavy darning needle through the center of the box cover and stick the needle point slantingly through the center of the front of the bottom of the automobile. To avoid pricks from the point of the needle, run it into a small cork which will never be noticed under the bottom of the automobile. Fig. 1 shows how the steering wheel should stand in the front of the vehicle.

Select two round boxes alike in size for

wheels. Peel off the rims of both boxes and covers, leaving four flat pasteboard disks; make a hole in the center of each, adjust them to the automobile and mark where the center of the wheels comes; then make holes in the automobile and run a slender wooden stick or an old paint-brush handle through wheels and vehicle. Cut off the ends of the sticks if too long, and mold beeswax on the points to prevent the wheels from dropping off, as shown

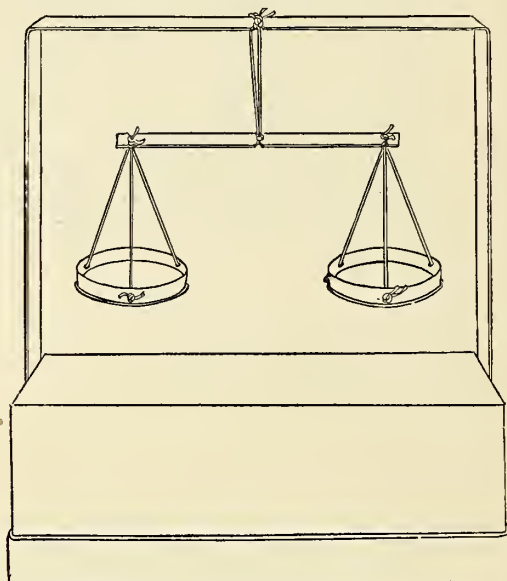


FIG. 10.

in the photograph, where you will also see the storekeeper helping load up the automobile while the clothes-pin chauffeur stands at the head of his machine (Fig 1).

All the material used for making both the store and the automobile was merely such as is common to any household. I used only the boxes, etc., that happened to be in the house and with perfect results. Where boxes

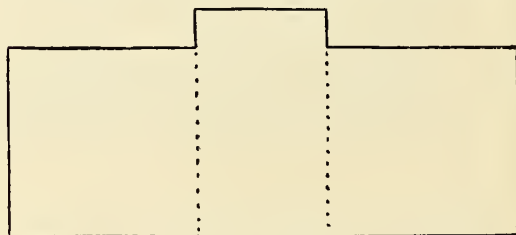


FIG. 11.

of the right size can not be found, larger boxes or cardboard strips may be cut up and bent to the required size and shape.

Mother Goose Continued

By Anna Marion Smith

The Queen of Hearts

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts
All on a summer's day
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts
And with them ran away.
The King of Hearts called for the tarts
And beat the Knave full sore.
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more."

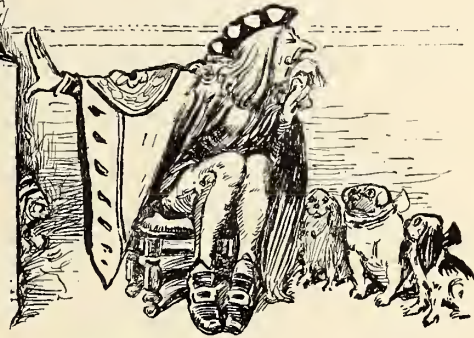
This noble queen, with mind serene,
Then made a mammoth cake.
The naughty knave for cake did crave,
And off with it did make.
The haughty king, for punishing,
Would have him eat it all,
Which made the knave—unhappy slave—
Too sick to speak or crawl.



Since then, at ease, their majesties
Eat pastries every day.
The knave affirms his stomach squirms,
And looks the other way.
Alas, alas, to such a pass
Doth gluttony invite!
'Tis very sad to be so bad,
And lose one's appetite.



Next day the queen, with lofty mien,
Prepared some lovely pies.
The feeble knave side-glances gave
At them with longing eyes.
The cruel king, with mocking fling,
Said: "Do, now, have some pie!"
The qualmish knave, no longer brave,
Could only groan, "Not I."



ONE MISTY MOISTY MORNING

"One misty, moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all
in leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do
And how do you do again?"



This morning as I wandered
To enjoy the charming weather,
I met a man in goggles and a modern
suit of leather.
He began to toot a horn and I began
to run;
He knocked me flat nor cared for that;
And down the road he spun.



Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

Illustrated by George Varian

HOW PINKEY COLLECTED A BAD DEBT

ONE day during the early Spring, as Pinkey and Bunny were on their way to school, they saw coming up a side street something which immediately aroused their curiosity and interest.

"What is it? Let 's go see," said Pinkey;

drawn overland by four horses. The proprietor was seated on a high wooden stool, on what might be termed the front porch of the house, driving.

Pinkey and Bunny had seen the traveling house before it had proceeded far inside the town limits and in consequence were the first to reach it. However, as they neared the public square they were joined by others in goodly numbers, until the queer structure was nearly surrounded by the curious crowd which accompanied it. This crowd increased still more as the owner guided his strange craft across the square and stopped to inquire concerning a location suitable for the opening of his gallery for business.

Arrangements were soon completed with the owner of a vacant lot not far from the court-house and thither the crowd accompanied the "house on wheels," as Pinkey had called it.

"Now clear out o' this, you kids," said the proprietor, flourishing his whip dangerously near the boys'

legs as he started to unhitch his horses, "you 've got no business around here."

"Come on, fellows," said Pinkey in a tone of disgust, as he neared the house. "We would be wasting time fooling around this old thing. I know what it is. It 's nothing but an old picture gallery that travels round the



"HE FELT A STINGING SENSATION ON THE CALVES OF HIS LEGS."

and without further argument the pair dashed off up the street, unmindful that it was almost time for the last bell.

The object which had so stirred their curiosity was nothing more nor less than a portable photograph gallery, a small house mounted on a large, low-wheeled wagon and

country. It 's going to stop here a while, you 'll find; and we can see it any time."

Just as he turned toward the sidewalk he felt a stinging sensation on the calves of his legs, which caused him to jump quickly to one side.

"When I want you climbin' around on the porch of this car, young man, I 'll say so," said the photographer, savagely, "and the next time I catch you or any other kid around that window there 'll be trouble for somebody."

"I was just walking by," said Pinkey, sadly, as he limped along, rubbing his leg. "I was n't even thinking of looking into his old house and he might have said something before jumping on a fellow with a whip."

The ringing of the school bell put a stop to further comments on the subject and all hurried off.

On the way home from school that noon most of the boys made it a point to go by the vacant lot where the new "Art Car," as the photographer chose to call his establishment, was located. On approaching the place, Pinkey was surprised to see "Liberty Jim" busily engaged about the miniature house, digging holes in which the wheels might set in order to bring the house nearer to the ground. The space about the car had been cleared off, the weeds and grass closely cut and taken away, and in general things had begun to look much improved.

As was his custom, Jim hailed Pinkey with the assurance that he was glad to see him and as Pinkey drew nearer Jim confided to him that he had secured permanent employment with the proprietor, doing odd jobs about the gallery.

"'T won't take but a little o' my-time, either," said Jim, proudly, "I can keep all my other jobs and do this work too. All I 've got to do is to sweep out and dust, carry water to fill the big tank, and keep the grass and weeds mowed around the car and out to the street."

"Bunny," said Pinkey, after Jim was out of hearing, "if that fellow treats Jim right and pays him for the work he does, I 'll take the blame for his hitting me with that whip this morning, and say nothing more about it, and do nothing more, 'cause if I did, it might make a difference to Jim, but if he don't treat Jim square, he 'll be sorry of the day he ever came to this town, and hit me with his whip when I was n't doing a thing."

The weeks went by and, as the Art Car be-

came an established institution in Enterprise, it ceased to be a source of much interest. People patronized it freely and all were well pleased that it had come to town. Jim was proud of his situation and soon began to feel a sort of part ownership in the establishment. He spent a large part of his time there and took great pride in keeping things looking their best. But nothing seemed to give him so much pleasure as the kind words and compliments of the patrons who, as they came and went, never failed to notice the little flower beds he had made and the many attractive surroundings he had arranged for the house.

For a time, Pinkey refrained from questioning Jim about the financial returns he received for his work, but after two weeks had gone by he asked him one day if he had received his pay yet, and Jim replied rather vaguely that it was "all right" and for Pinkey not to "worry about that part of it."

But Pinkey had his suspicions and after four weeks had passed by he again went to Jim one morning and insisted on knowing how the matter of wages stood between him and the photographer.

"Well you see, Pinkey, I 'm not workin' for him any more," admitted Jim, visibly confused, "I quit last Saturday."

"Did he pay you all he owed you when you quit?" persisted Pinkey.

"I have n't got all of it yet," Jim replied and then added hopefully: "but I expect to before long."

"How much did he give you altogether?"

"Well, you see, people are kind of slow payin' him, so he says, and he has n't paid me anything yet. He says I 'll have to wait on him a little while longer."

"Did you quit of your own accord, or did he turn you off?" inquired Pinkey, conviction as to the true state of affairs becoming settled in his mind.

"He said he could get along with a boy now, there not being any more heavy work to do."

"Jim," said Pinkey, now fully convinced, "he 's just beaten you out of your money, as I thought he would on the start, that 's what he 's done."

"Well, I guess you 're right about it, Pinkey," said Jim, rather hopelessly, as he turned away, "but it would take all he owes me to get a lawyer to collect it, so I suppose I 'll have to let it go."

"You may be willing to let it go," muttered Pinkey to himself, "but I 'm not."

Pinkey immediately hunted up Bunny and told him the news about Jim losing his job and not getting any pay for the four weeks he had worked.

"What 're you going to do to him, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny, much interested as to what Pinkey's line of action might be.

"I 'm not going to do anything to him," answered Pinkey, "that is, not much. I 'm just going to collect what he owes Jim, if I can, and at the same time square up with him myself. You come down to my house this evening after supper and help me."

Before he went home that afternoon, Pinkey sought out Jim, who was lying on the grass over in the park, as the shady enclosure in the center of the public square was called, his hat over his eyes and his violin by his side. As Pinkey approached, Jim sat up and looked at him sadly.

"Now don't scold me any more, Pinkey," he said when he saw the serious look on his friend's face. "I 've been thinkin' it over and I 've just decided that he has beat me and that 's all there is to it."

"I did n't come over to scold you, Jim," said Pinkey, "I just came to tell you that if you 'll do as I tell you we can collect every cent of that money before we go to bed to-night."

Jim sat upright instantly. He had faith in Pinkey's ability to do almost anything he tried.

"I 've got to go to supper now," Pinkey continued, "and have n't time to explain things, but you come up-town to-night after supper and wait on the court-house corner until I come."

Now it happened that one of Jim's many peculiarities was an unusual love for animals of all kinds and conditions. No stray dog or homeless kitten was too forlorn to be attractive in his eyes and many an ownerless out-cast had found food and shelter, through Jim's generosity in sharing what he had with them. As a consequence, Jim's back yard often resembled a feline and canine almshouse with the inmates out for an airing.

During the hunting season some months previous, Jim had accompanied several sportsmen on a trip to the river bottom, acting as cook for the party, and had brought home a coon which had been wounded by one of the men and which he had rescued before the dogs had killed it. This coon Jim had begged to be given him in part return for his services, but really to save it from the cruel fate which

awaited it were it turned loose as sport for the dogs.

On this coon, Pinkey depended for his success in the scheme he had evolved for the collection of the photographer's debt to Jim. He had often played with the animal, which had rapidly become tame under Jim's care, and it had grown to know him and Bunny.

As soon as supper was over, Bunny put in appearance at Pinkey's house. He found Pinkey upstairs in his workshop.

His first words were an inquiry as to what the plan was.

"Listen and I 'll tell you," replied Pinkey, deliberately, leaning against his work bench. "First thing we do, as soon as it 's good and dark, we 'll go down and get that tame coon o' Jim's. Jim keeps him tied to a tree out in the yard now. If we can once get him into that Art Car, and let him get all excited, there 's nobody on earth except Jim that can get him out. See now what I 'm after?"

"Going to put the coon in there," exclaimed Bunny, gleefully, "and then have Jim come and offer to take 'im out, but not till he gets the money that 's coming to him?"

"That 's it exactly. The coon 'll be in the dark in a strange place and if I 'm not mistaken that man won't care to be shut up in that little house with a strange animal charging around like mad and he 'll be glad to get rid of him at any price because he won't know what kind of an animal it is."

In order that no difficulty might arise in transporting the coon, Pinkey went to the barn and got a large gunny sack, in which he intended to put the animal and carry him until he liberated him in the photograph gallery, and an old piece of clothes line to tie around it, if the coon became too bothersome.

"That 'll be all the better," said Bunny, when they were discussing the advisability of the scheme, "because being shut up in that sack 'll make him all the madder and livelier when he 's turned loose."

"OUR man 's in his house," said Pinkey with delight, as the pair drew near the Art Car, their squirming and madly excited captive all the while keeping up a frantic endeavor to liberate himself. "Let 's get rid of this coon as soon as ever we can. He 'll be clawing a hole in this sack first thing you know and then he 'll go for us." The boys had not taken time to tie the rope around the sack as they had at first intended, and the coon was becoming very lively.

"Better fix the door so the man can't get out, had n't we, Pinkey?" suggested Bunny. "Because the first thing he 'll do when he hears this coon tearing around 'll be to drop everything and run. I would if I was him."

"That 's a good idea, Bunny," agreed Pinkey, jubilantly, handing Bunny the piece of clothes line. "You fix the door tight and then I 'll put the coon in the little window

used it all up and then fastened the end securely.

"There," he said proudly, as he returned to where Pinkey was still uneasily retaining custody of the coon, "if he gets out of that house, 't won't be through the door, that 's certain."

"Well, I should think not," returned Pinkey. "You were long enough to tie a dozen doors. You must think I like to stand

here wrestling with this coon all by myself for a half an hour. Come on now, we have n't any time to lose."

Quietly, and without a word, Bunny picked up his end of the sack and the pair crept up to the side of the house. To their delight they saw that the little window was open. Pinkey cautiously climbed up on the porch, just beneath the window, after which Bunny, who had held the coon until Pinkey was ready to receive it, gladly passed his burden up to his companion.

Inside, the photographer was working away, developing plates and whistling absent-mindedly, with no idea of what was going on outside. He had returned from supper but a few minutes before and was just starting to work.

There was no time to lose now. The man might hear them any minute and look out of the little window. Pinkey, with great effort and not without a sense of timidity as he thought of the possible results of his escapade, hastily raised the sack, and its now thoroughly aroused and irate contents, to the height of his head, placed the mouth of the sack in the open window, released his hold on the opening and pushed the whole burden inside. The coon seemed to hesitate for a moment on the window sill and then pitched forward out of sight.

Instantly there was a sound of rushing feet, accompanied by shouts of mingled rage and



"AS PINKEY APPROACHED, LIBERTY JIM SAT UP AND LOOKED AT HIM."

I was looking in that day when he hit me with the whip."

"Yes, he said the next time he caught any kids around that window, there 'd be trouble for somebody," said Bunny mockingly; "well I just expect there will be trouble for somebody, *without* his catching any kids!"

While Pinkey held the sack, keeping one corner on the ground with his foot and the upper end at arm's length from him, to protect his legs from being scratched or bitten, Bunny tied the door knob to one of the short iron hooks which supported a tin sign beside the door. He wound the line from the door knob to the hook and back again until he had

fear. The words were not plain to the boys, who had instantly retreated to a safe distance, but they must have been most expressive, judging by their inflection and emphasis. The first commotion was followed by the noise of a falling chair, which the photographer had attempted to mount and which had fallen in his attempt to gain a footing. The little room in which the coon had been liberated was scarcely large enough for the enraged animal and the man whose unwelcome guest he was and in another moment the boys heard a door crash open as the photographer sought more space in the larger one adjoining.

The excited animal pursued the fleeing artist. This room was totally dark and as the now frantic man was fumbling blindly for the knob to the outer door the coon in its mad rush around and around, each moment upsetting something which sent him on his way at a still wilder pace, collided with his quaking legs and sent him sprawling on the floor.

"You stay here, Bunny, and watch," ordered Pinkey, as soon as he saw how satisfactorily everything was progressing, "I 'm goin' after Jim." He had succeeded admirably so far and now he had but one more move to make and the scheme he had planned would become a complete victory.

Pinkey found Jim at the appointed place on the court-house steps and without any explanation he ordered his friend to follow him as fast as he could.

"Hustle, Jim," panted Pinkey, rushing back to see why his companion was so slow, "get to moving as fast as you know how."

"That 's what I 'm doin' already," replied Jim, between short breaths. "What 's the matter, have you set fire to somethin'?"

"No, but I 'll bet that photographer thinks it 's next thing to it."

At the mention of the word photographer, Jim urged his legs to a still faster pace, fearing lest Pinkey had gotten himself into trouble. On arriving at the Art Car, Pinkey briefly explained the situation to Jim and added:

"Now you get up to that window and say just what I tell you."

Jim did as he was bid.

"Ask him what 's the matter," said Pinkey in an undertone.

Jim repeated the question to the infuriated man inside.

"Matter!" shrieked the tin-type artist, choking with rage and fear, though now at-

tempting to make a show of bravado. "If somebody don't get this wildcat out o' here, I 'll kill it. Outside there! Do you hear me? Somebody take this wildcat out of here!" cried the excited photographer.

"Tell him to pay you what he owes you and you 'll get it out," prompted Pinkey.

"Pay me the eight dollars you owe me and I 'll take 'im out," said Jim, his voice taking on a tone of confidence, hitherto lacking.

"Is that you, Jim?" cried the photographer, recognizing Jim's voice for the first time. "How 'd you get here? My, but I 'm glad to see you. I 'll pay you the eight dollars if you 'll get this varmint out o' here before he breaks up everything I 've got."

On his way to the car he had seen Jim at the court-house, and Jim had made no effort to avoid him, so he had no suspicion of his being implicated in putting the animal in the car.

"Hand it over," demanded Jim promptly, without any urging from Pinkey.

"Want it right now?" inquired the photographer.

"Right now," replied Jim. He saw his advantage and did not propose to be beaten again.

By the dim light of a bracket lamp, which still burned in the small room, the chagrined and thoroughly cowed photographer fumbled in his wallet for a few moments and finally extracted eight dollars in bills and reluctantly passed it up to Jim as the price of his deliverance. The coon, which, had the photographer known it, was as badly scared as he, had ceased its wild rush about the house and only when frightened afresh did it create any more disturbance. At present it was shivering in a corner, having learned by investigation that escape was impossible.

After Jim had the bills secure in his fingers and had made sure of the amount, he stepped down to the ground and with Pinkey and Bunny went around to the door. The boys retired some distance into the darkness while Jim untied the rope and went inside. Presently he emerged from the car, bearing in his arms the coon.

"What 'd he have to say, Jim," inquired Pinkey, anxiously, "when he saw what his 'wildcat' looked like?"

"Did n't have much of anything to say, except that it *acted* like a wildcat, anyway," replied Jim, "and from the way the place looks I guess he 's right about it. I 'm glad he don't suspect me or know that the coon

belongs to me. And say, Pinkey, that was a great scheme of yours and it worked well. I won't forget it either, for nobody was ever as good to me as you are."

if you 'll find out who put the beast in here." It was too dark for him to see anything but he evidently hoped that Jim was still within hearing.



" 'SOMEBODY TAKE THIS WILDCAT OUT OF HERE!' CRIED THE EXCITED PHOTOGRAPHER."

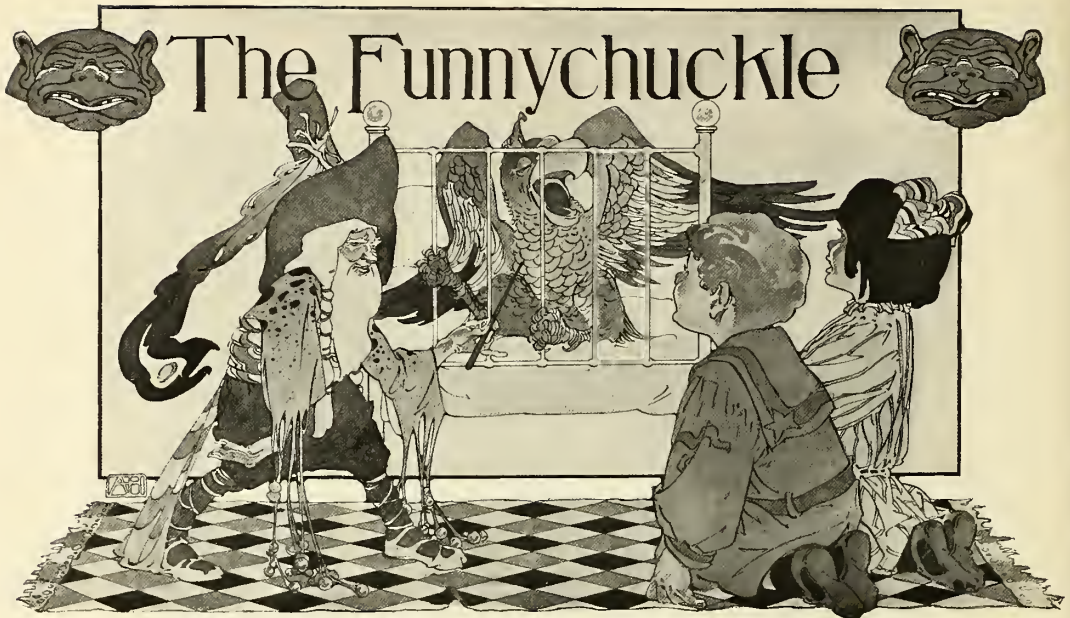
"Oh, that 's all right," said Pinkey, trying to make light of the service he had done Jim. "I owed him a little debt and he owed you one, so we 're square all around. I guess it 's time to go home now, so come on, Bunny."

Just then the door of the Art Car opened and the photographer called out:

"Say, Jim, I 'll make that ten dollars more

Jim made no reply, but to Pinkey and Bunny he chuckled contentedly and said:

"My! but he 's gettin' liberal all of a sudden, but it would take more than that to buy what I know about all this. I guess I 'll take Mr. Coon home and give him a good supper, for he 's certainly earned it. He 's paid me my wages, in fact. Good-night."



By Charles F. Junkin

I.

THAT Funnychuckle over there
Is worth a mint of money,
The Keeper says it's "good as pie,"
And sweeter far than honey.

It is not such a pretty bird,
Or gaudy, like the Parrot,
Its feathers may be black or brown
Or even like a carrot.

It is not always big or strong,
Or even very clever,
And yet, the Keeper still insists
It is the "nicest ever."

Just see those merry little eyes,
Brim full of shiny twinkles,
And see the corners of its mouth,
All doubled up in crinkles!

They say it has a funny-bone
That keeps it always laughing,
And so it never minds at all
Or cares for bumps or chaffing.

One day it bumped its little head
Against a great big rafter,
You'd think it would begin to cry—
But lo! a burst of laughter!

And once a Gobbleup came in
And ate up all the candy,
And yet the Funnychuckle sang
Like Yankee Doodle Dandy—

"Ha-ha, he-he, ho-ho," it sang,
"Oh! what's the use in crying?
I'd rather chuckle any day,
Than boo-hoo-hoo a-sighing!"

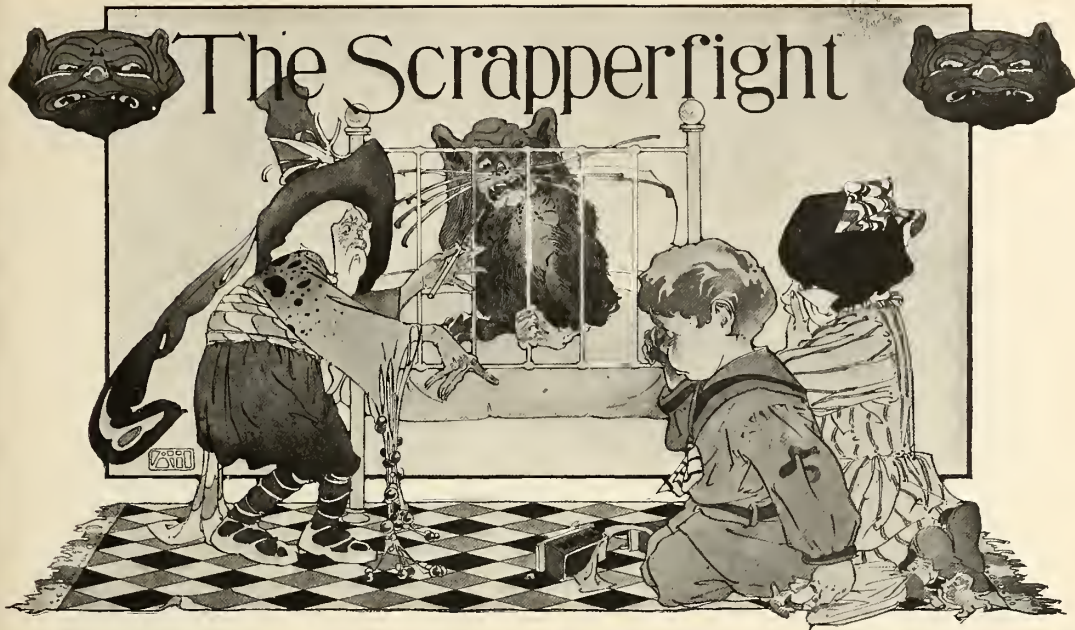
The Keeper says he'd give his hands,
Ten fingers and the knuckles,
If he could fill the Nursery Zoo
Just full of Funnychuckles.

He says that you can lend a hand,
If you'll be busy trying,
Just give your funny-bone a chance,
And laugh instead of crying.

Just give your funny-bone a chance

— and laugh.





II.

THE Scrapperfight 's an ugly beast,
And yet, (the more 's the pity,)
It gets in every Nursery Zoo,
In every town and city.

The Keepers try to drive it out,
Because it 's such a worry,
But often it comes sneaking back,
And sometimes in a hurry.

Just see it, standing over there,
So happy and so smiling,
It looks so innocent and sweet,
Bewitching and beguiling.

You 'd never think its gentle face
Would turn as red as fire,
Just like a Gobbler in a rage,
And flush with foolish ire.

If you should see those shiny eyes
With spite and anger gleaming,
If you could hear that rosy mouth
When once it starts to screaming!

You 'd scarce believe those chubby hands
Would ever take to snatching,
Or push, and thump, and slap so hard,
Or even do some scratching.

You see those little pearly teeth?
One day it bit its brother!
And once, it did an awful thing,
It really kicked its mother!

And so, you see, the Scrapperfight
Is truly very ugly,
There 's nothing quite so bad as this
Except the Fibberwugly.

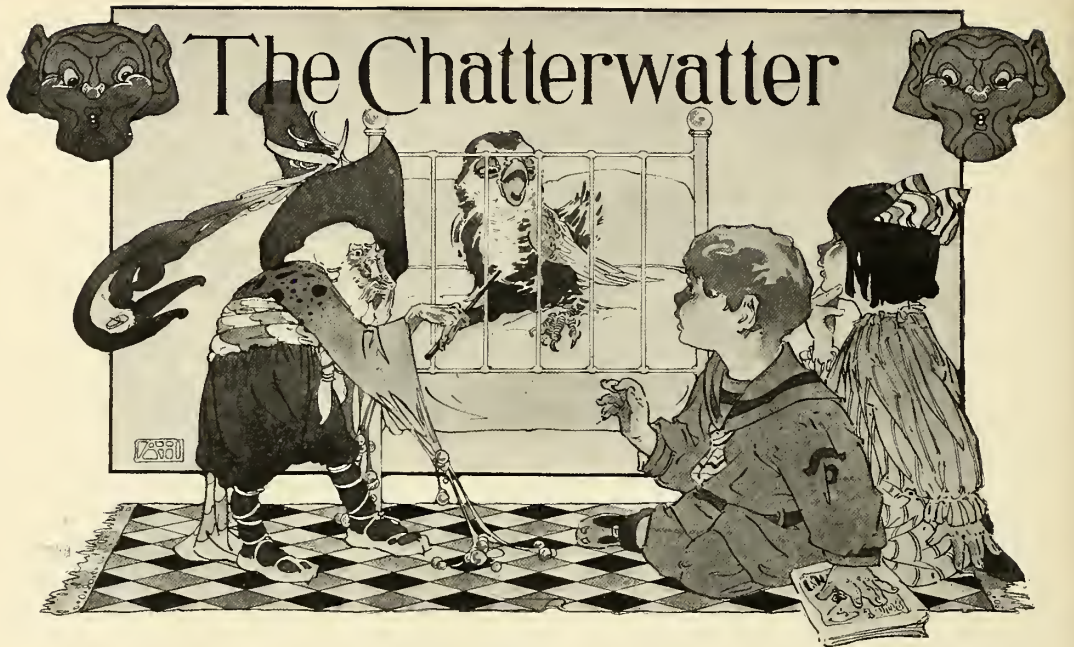
And so the Keepers drive it out,
As well as they are able,
They try the switch, or coax or talk,
Or lock it in the stable.

But after all, the *boys and girls*,
(If each one only knew it),
The *boys and girls* can keep it out,
And they 're the ones to do it!

You 'd scarce believe those chubby hands



— would thump.



III.

THIS noisy little talking bird
Is called the Chatterwatter,
(Or if you like the other name
It really does not matter.)

It looks quite like a boy, or girl,
In fact it is a cousin,
Each Nursery Zoo has one or two,
And sometimes there 's a dozen.

Its eyes are sharp and big and bright,
And always in a twinkle;
Its cheeks are soft and round and smooth,
Without a crease or wrinkle;

Its feathers sometimes long and straight
And sometimes very curly,
(The curly ones eat all the crusts
And go to bed quite early!)

The only thing that 's really odd
About the Chatterwatter
Is just the funny little tongue
That raises such a clatter.

You see, its tongue is really hung
Just like a sort of jiggle,
Both ends are free, and so, you see,
It wags just like a Wiggle.

It talks, and talks, and talks, AND talks,
Whatever it is doing,
It says "what-what?" "where-where?"
"why-why?"
And then begins "who-whoing."

You 'd almost think it could n't stop,
That something was the matter,
But after all, the little bird
Is just a Chatterwatter.

And so, it longs to sing and talk,
Like birds and bees in summer,
When every bird must chirp and peep,
And every bee 's a hummer!

And if you do not like the noise,
The rumpus and the riot,
Just leave it in the Nursery Zoo,
And *you* go where it 's quiet!

It talks, and talks, and talks

— *AND talks.*



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



The Kitten That Forgot How to Mew

By Stella George Stern

LAST month you were told the story of "The Little Gray Kitten." This month we will tell you about quite another kitten belonging to a little girl named Peggy.

Peggy had two brothers, and three cousins—all boys—and every boy had a little dog. At first the dogs would tease the kitten, but they soon learned better. The dogs and the kitten played together. All day long, out in the yard, you could hear them going, "Bow-wow!" and "Mew!"



But, you see, there was only one little "Mew" and ever so many "Bow-wows," and after a while the kitten hardly ever spoke at all.

But one day the kitten wanted to mew, and—what do you suppose?—she had forgotten how to do it! She tried and tried, and all she could say was "M-m-m-bow!"—just as much like a dog as a kitten. She was so sad. She ran out into the yard and cried.

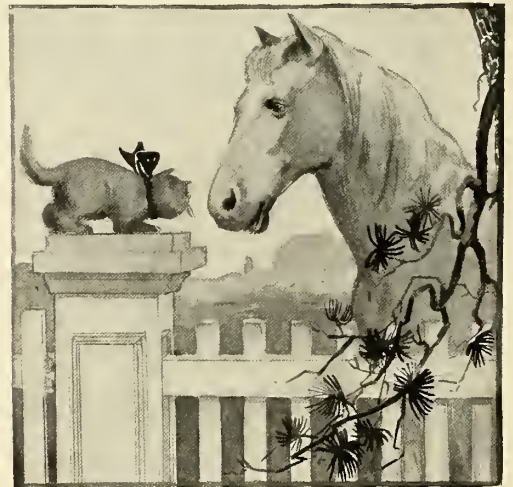
The Big White Hen passed by and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Big White Hen," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"

"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Hen; "I will teach you to talk. Listen to this: M-m-m-cut, cut, cut, cut, cut-ca-da-cut!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

Then along came the Sheep and asked, "What is the matter?"



"Oh, Sheep," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"

"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Sheep; "I will teach you to talk. Listen: M-m-m-baa!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

Then along came the Horse and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Horse," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"

"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Horse; "I will teach you to talk. Listen to this: M-m-m-neigh!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

Then along came the Cow and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Cow," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, as hard as I ever can, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"



"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Cow; "I will teach you to talk. Listen to this: M-m-m-moo!"

"No," said the kitten; "that is more like it, but that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

The New Baby was sitting in her high chair at the kitchen door.

"Baby dear," sighed the kitten, "I am in trouble. I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow! Can't you teach me?"

The Baby nodded her head and began, "M-m-m-google-google-goo!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she sat on the kitchen step and cried again.

"What is the matter?" asked a soft voice behind her.

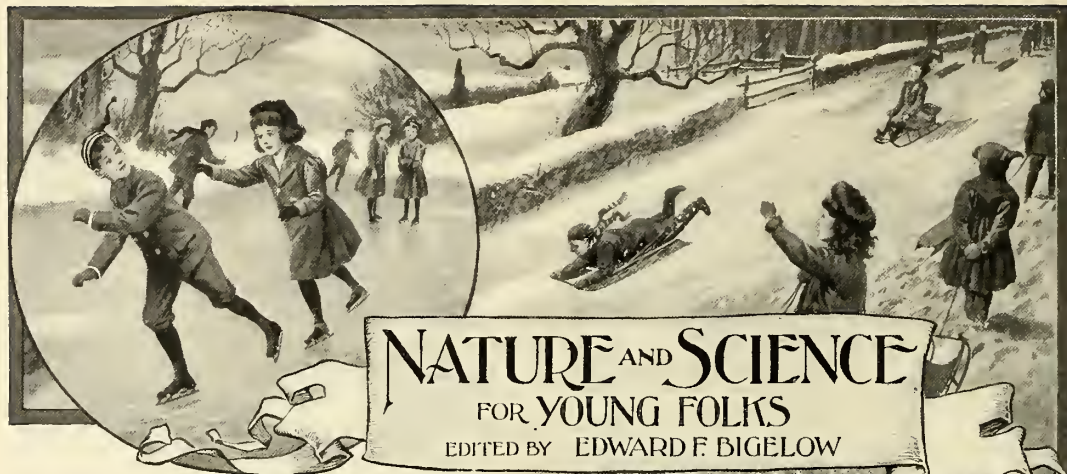
"Oh!" sobbed the kitten, without looking up, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and nothing can help me. All I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"

"Look at me," said the soft voice.

The little kitten looked. And there stood a beautiful big gray cat!

"I can teach you to talk," said the Cat. And she did. She taught her so well that the little kitten never again forgot how to mew, though she played out on the soft, green grass with the dogs every day.





FEBRUARY FUN.

A FEW years ago NATURE AND SCIENCE invited its young readers to tell, in personal letters, which of the seasons they liked best, and why they liked it. Many expressed a preference for winter, even for its coldest days, and the reason was the delight of real winter sports, such as skating, coasting, snowballing, sleigh-riding, hare and hounds, fox and geese.

James Russell Lowell seems to have been of the same opinion, for he says in "A Good Word for Winter:"

I think the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main. We make him the symbol of old age or death, and think we have settled the matter.

. . . For my own part, I think Winter a pretty wide-awake old boy, and his bluff sincerity and hearty ways are more congenial to my mood, and more wholesome for me, than any charms of which his rivals are capable.

Naturalists, too, stoutly maintain that in winter all is not dead, nor sleeping, nor even dull. We may have fewer activities among the



SNOW BUNTINGS, OR SNOWFLAKES, ENJOY THE FALLING SNOW.

birds and the four-footed animals, but those creatures are none the less joyous.

The well-known liking for play that wild creatures have, in common with our young folks, does not cease even in the midwinter days of February.

None of our spring and summer birds are jollier than snow buntings, or snowflakes, and their playfulness seems to be most conspicuous in the most blustering weather.

Ernest Thompson Seton thus describes these frolicsome little birds:

Throughout Canada and the northern tier of states this is the familiar little white bird of winter. As soon as the chill season comes on in icy rigors, the merry Snowflakes appear in great flocks, and come foraging about the barnyards when there is no bare ground left in the adjacent fields. Apparently they get but little to eat, but in reality they always find enough to keep them in health and spirits, and are as fat as butter balls. In midwinter, in the far north, when the thermometer showed thirty degrees below zero, and the chill blizzard was blowing on the plains, I have seen this brave little bird gleefully chasing his fellows, and pouring out, as he flew, his sweet, voluble song with as much spirit as ever Skylark has in the sunniest days of June.

Buffeting the severest winds of winter seems to be as exhilarating to them as wading

through snowdrifts, coasting down hill and gliding on skates over smooth ice are to the young folk.

That four-footed animals have their play, and apparently their time for such recreation, is well-known. There are many instances on record. John Burroughs says that he has seen two squirrels playing tag, and from his description, they did it as actively, and with as much enjoyment and merriment, as two children.

These games of tag are often as vigorously played in the winter, as in the warm seasons. Mice have been seen chasing one another in the snow in a sort of play that reminded the observer of "Puss in the Corner" or sometimes "Fox and Geese," an old-time game sometimes played nowadays by the young folk in a diagram of paths made in the snow. The mice played their game, not in regular paths, but on a series of stumps and in a clump of bushes where hiding-places were many and cozy.

But perhaps the most amazing of all the sports of the lower animals, is the sliding down hill by the otter. This has been frequently described. The otters usually make a roundabout path to the top of a bank with a smooth slope, and down this incline they slide into the water. It is play; it is amusement and nothing else. They are then oblivious to everything except that sloping bank, and the ride down it into the cool water. There is generally a playground at the top of the slope, where it is said that the grass and the turf are upturned and trampled by the pressure of the otters' hurrying feet, and littered with broken bits of sticks. When, in the winter, the water remains unfrozen in sheltered spots, the otters' slide soon becomes a slippery bank of ice made by the freezing of the water as it drips from their fur. In snowy

weather they always slide down any sloping place to which they may come in their wanderings, thus enlivening their journey with



FUN FOR MICE—ON AND UNDER THE SNOW.

recreation, as I have known a boy to do when, having been sent on an errand, he comes unexpectedly to an enticing spot on the icy sidewalk. To slide, and to slide again, is an irresistible temptation.

Our common rabbit is a timid little creature, but he is as fond of play, especially when the snow is on the ground, as are other animals. He likes especially the early evening, and the gray dawn of the morning, when he leaps and frisks and races in the soft snow.

The bear, as well as the otter, is known to amuse himself by sliding down hill, and those who have read Uncle Remus's inimitable stories will remember "Why Brother Bear Has No Tail." The author claimed, half in truth and half in fancy, that the bear lost it by sliding down a slippery rock.



FUN FOR THE OTTERS—SLIDING DOWN HILL.



A GAME OF TAG IN THE TREE-TOPS.

Have you never seen your pet dog at play in the first snow of the winter? He jumps and barks with glee, as his paws plunge deep, scattering a whirling little cloud behind him. Even a pet cat does not hesitate to have a frolic in the first snow of the year.

There is no doubt about it. Animals *play*—in the summer and in the winter; in the house and out of it; in the trees, and in the fields. Human beings need relaxation and recreation. So do the birds, and so do our four-footed friends of the wood, the thicket and the burrow. If we have failed to see them at

visit those regions, and when we do we fail to see many interesting things that lie directly in our path.

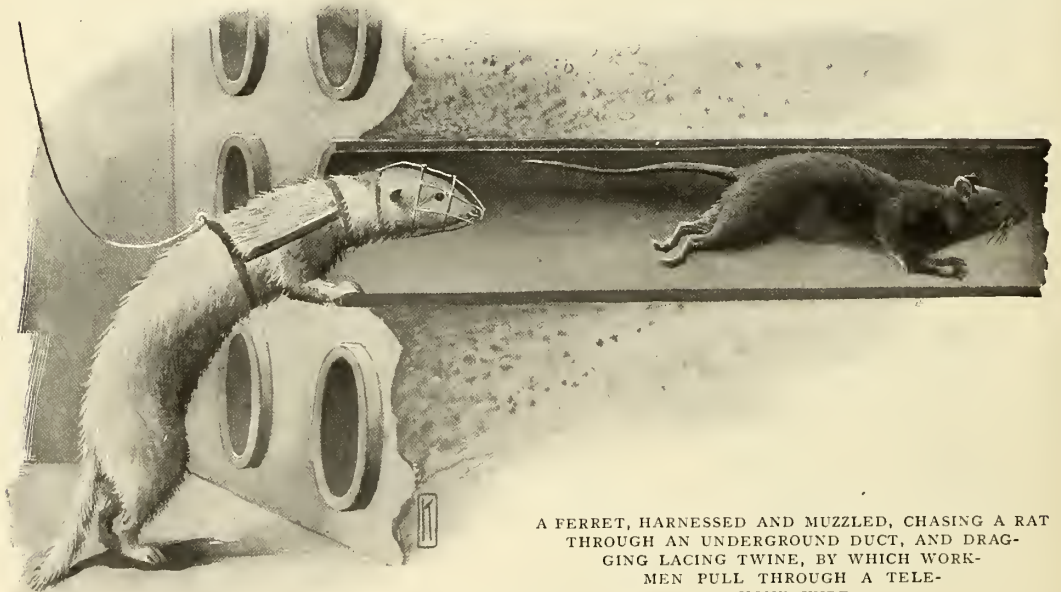
FERRETS LAYING TELEPHONE WIRES.

IN response to an inquiry, Mr. Cline, Superintendent of Construction of the Central Union Telephone Company of Indianapolis, Indiana, writes as follows regarding the use of ferrets in laying telephone wires:

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your inquiry concerning the use of a ferret in connection with rodding our underground ducts, as we call it, and in reply thereto you may be advised that we have used the little animals very successfully at Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Lafayette and Huntington, Indiana.

"When we first began to use them we baited them or enticed them through the duct by hanging a piece of raw meat at the opposite end, but our latest experiments have been by the use of a live rat, started through the duct ahead of the ferret, which entices the ferret to follow the rat through the section of duct to the next manhole, where the rat is caged and used for another section.

"Before starting the ferret through the duct, he is harnessed up with a collar and girth, to



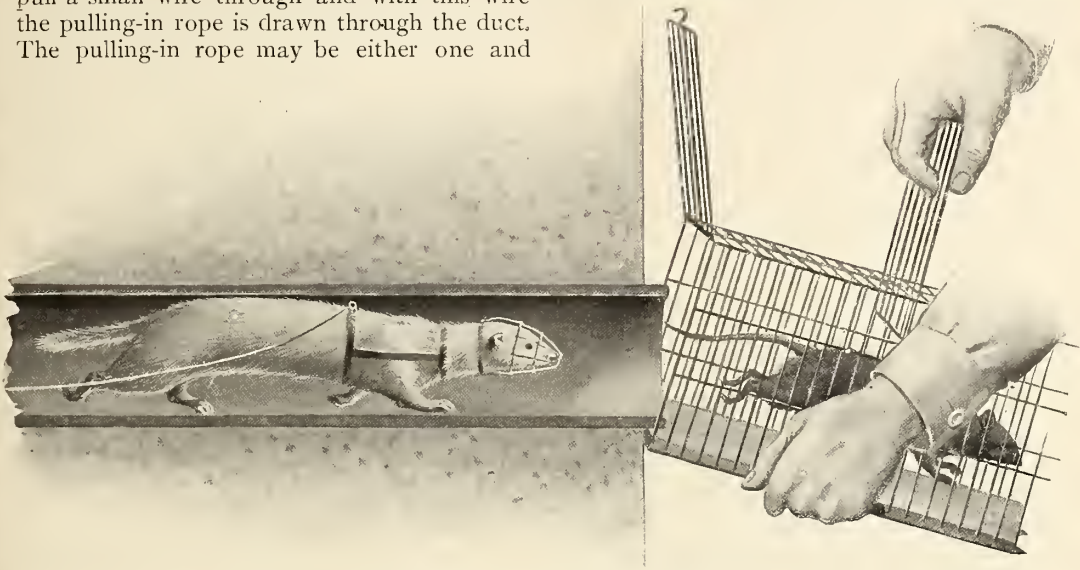
A FERRET, HARNESSED AND MUZZLED, CHASING A RAT THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND DUCT, AND DRAGGING LACING TWINE, BY WHICH WORKMEN PULL THROUGH A TELEPHONE WIRE.

their sports, even in midwinter, in the wild places of nature, it is not because they do not play there, but because we so rarely

visit those regions, and when we do we fail to see many interesting things that lie directly in our path.

reaches the other end we have a string through the section of duct, by means of which we pull a small wire through and with this wire the pulling-in rope is drawn through the duct. The pulling-in rope may be either one and

The reverse side is of a mild gray color, slightly corrugated. The stem appears to be



CATCHING THE RAT AND FERRET IN A DOUBLE CAGE, AFTER THE LACING TWINE HAS BEEN DRAGGED THROUGH THE DUCT.

one-quarter inch manila or a five-eighths inch flexible wire.

"We also keep the ferrets well fed until within about twenty-four hours before they are used, as the tendency of a ferret is to do better work when he is hungry."

THE SEA PANSY.

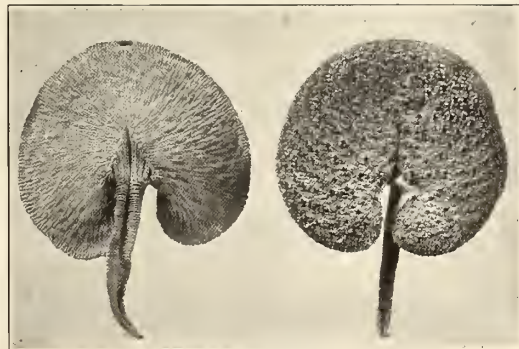
NOTWITHSTANDING the name, Pansy, would indicate a flower, the Sea Pansy is not a plant, but a low form of animal life. The Sea Pansies belong to the same general family as the coral builders, but are called "free coral" as a means of distinction from the real coral polyp, for their habitation is not built of stone, nor is their architecture of so many different styles as that of the real coral; always clinging to their old first plan, they build a flexible, soft, fleshy home suitable for their use in the soft sand.

Pansy is the popular name from their resemblance to the flower called by that name. It is of a thin, flat kidney or leaf shape, ranging from one half to two inches in diameter, from which hangs a short pliable stem.

The obverse or face side is of a purple color and covered with round spots, mouths or cells, called, in zoölogy, polyps. These cells are of the utmost importance, being the seat of the animal life, each one a separate existence, making quite a colony or family on the one leaf.

the only connection with the sand, a sort of anchorage to hold the frail tenement from being worked to and fro by the waves. When first examined, the mouths or cells open and contract, as if breathing, and, if covered from the light, they are highly phosphorescent. Beautiful flashes of red, yellow and pale green dart from one cell to another as if a wireless telegraph were in operation, asking why their quiet life is interrupted, and what, if anything, can be done to help them make their escape.

When you have succeeded in capturing your



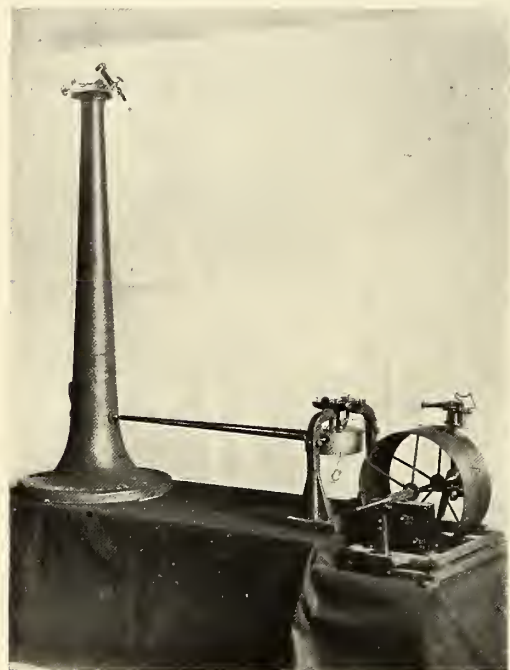
SEA PANSIES.

Lower side at left; upper side at right.

Pansies, if you wish the correct scientific name, it is Pennatulaceous Alcyonarian polyp of the genus *Renilla*. W. J. HANDY.

RECORDING EARTH SHAKINGS.

THE seismograph is an instrument which records the motion of the earth's crust when it is made to vibrate under the action of an earthquake. Even the minute vibrations due to the motion of passing railway trains, etc., can be recorded, but the real earthquake vibrations are, as a rule, much greater and can be recorded at very great distances from the origin of the disturbance. In fact, it is shown by such great earthquakes as occurred at San Francisco, and more recently at Valparaiso, that the whole crust of the earth was set into



A SEISMOGRAPH.

Printed through the courtesy of the Weather Bureau.

vibration, and these vibrations have been measured throughout the civilized world by seismographs similar to the one shown in the illustration.

The large mass, *C*, of the seismograph, weighing about thirty or forty pounds, is suspended in such a manner that it remains practically at rest while the earth is caused to vibrate by the earthquake. A long lever, connecting with the earth at one point and the mass which remains at rest at another point, oscillates in such a manner that a delicate needle at the extreme end of the lever scratches a record of the motion of the ground on the sooted surface of the wheel-like recording drum, shown at the right of the photograph.

This drum, in fact, is covered with a piece of paper which is coated with a thin layer of soot from a smoky flame, and when the record is written, the paper can be removed and the record preserved.

C. F. MARVIN,

Professor, in charge, Instrument Division, Weather Bureau.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

SWINGING THE KEY.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read recently that if you attach a key to the end of a string about four feet long, and hold the other end in your right hand, allowing the key to hang within four inches of the ground, it will soon begin to swing with the motion of a pendulum. Let some one hold your left hand and the key will immediately begin to take a circular motion. Then if some one else puts his hand on your right shoulder it will stop very soon.

I tried this and it worked. Can you explain it?

Your interested reader,

MILDRED W. WESTON.

We have just described the delicate instrument used to detect very slight earthquakes, which is so very sensitive that it records in Washington, or even in Germany, an earthquake occurring in San Francisco. You may not remember the long name, seismograph, by which this instrument is called, but you now know that what it does is to show tremors of the ground. The key, hung on a string and held in the hand might be called an instrument for detecting slight tremors of the hand. It is impossible to hold the hand perfectly steady; do your best and it will still sway slightly back and forth. With every breath the body sways, and the hand with it; even the pulse causes little tremors; and the muscles of the arm are sure to act a little now and then and so add to the total trembling. One of these small movements of the hand, by itself, would not be large enough to set the key in motion; or rather, it would only make it swing a very small distance. But as the hand keeps on swinging, the key swings further and further. It is like the old-fashioned swing. If a person is sitting in the swing and you give him one push, he does not swing far. But if you keep giving him one push after another, you finally get him to swinging high. In the same way, the hand gives the string one push after another, till finally the key gets up a good swing. If you are looking at the key, you are almost sure to help out the natural swing by little unconscious pushes, for it is almost impossible

to watch a thing like that without helping it along.

But now, why does the swing change from the back and forth motion to the circular motion, when some one takes hold of your left hand? The same thing happens if you grasp something with the left hand, or even if you simply turn your head and eyes to the left. The motion of your right hand changes, it sways in a direction different from the former one; and this is enough to make the key swing in a curve. A little experiment will help to show this. If you take your string and key, and I intentionally move your hand from right to left and back a number of times, so as to get the key to swinging in that direction, and then, without letting it stop this right-to-left swing, begin to move your hand forward and backward, you will find the key swinging in a circle. What you are really doing is to make it swing in two directions at once, and the only way for it to do this is to swing in a circle. In this experiment you do consciously what you do unconsciously when the hand simply trembles.

Stopping the swing by having some one put his hand on your shoulder does not always work. When it does work, it probably does so by steadying the arm.

PROF. R. S. WOODWORTH,
Columbia University.

AN INTERESTING CORK GROWTH.

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While going through the woods last week we found some queer objects clinging to a dead tree. In the accompanying package we send two of these objects. Will you kindly tell us what they are and how they came there?

Your interested readers,
BLANCHE AND RUTH BLOCH.



THE CORK GROWTHS.
(Supported on pins, to the photograph.)

The cork spines probably come from the prickly ash (*Xanthoxylum Carolinianum*, or as

the new naming has it, *Fagara*). All bark is largely cork cells. In some plants, like the cork oak, the cork elm, the sweet gum and many others the deposit of cork is found in ridges and wings. It is therefore not surprising to find the cork developed around the spines which occur naturally on this species.

WILLARD N. CLUTE.

These spines are often found on *Fagara clavaherculis*, a species common in the region of Mobile, Alabama.

E. MEAD WILCOX, PH. D.

QUEER MOLLUSK SHELLS AND ANIMAL-LIKE PLANT.

BURLINGTON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you some specimens of things I don't know what they are. A boy gave me



THE TWO MARINE SPECIMENS.

the yellow one (at left) but the white one I found. I hope you may find out what they are.

Yours truly,
CHARLES E. LANE.

Your darker specimen, at the left in the accompanying illustration, is a mass of the irregular worm-like shells of a salt water mollusk known as *Vermetus*. This mollusk shell strikingly resembles the case or tubes of some of the salt water worms such as the *Serpula*, which was shown in the upper part of the second column of page 937 of NATURE AND SCIENCE for August, 1905. Also see article "They Live in Tubes," page 1133 of NATURE AND SCIENCE for October, 1905. But in looking up these references of worm tubes, do not forget that the *Vermetus* shell that you send is not a worm tube but the shell of a mollusk that is very similar to worm tubes. When the *Vermetus* is young its spiral tube is regular, but later it becomes twisted and contorted like a worm tube.

Your other specimen (shown at the right in



REGULAR
TUBE OF
YOUNG
VERMETUS.

the illustration) is a very interesting animal-like plant. Seaweeds sometimes become covered with a lime deposit making an under-the-water garden of beautiful branching forms of every shape and color. Scientists call these nullipores—that is, a lime-covered seaweed. Your specimen has in addition some moss-like animals known as Bryozoa. These have a tree or plant-like shape, and spread over stones, shells and lime-covered seaweeds (nullipores) as in your specimen. So that in the main your specimen is a seaweed (plant) that has taken on an animal-like (Bryozoa) appearance. The coral (see illustration in NATURE AND SCIENCE for September, page 1035) is just the reverse—that is, an animal with plant-like appearance.

THE SNOWBALL FUNGUS.

LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When we were pony-cart riding in the woods we found this growth and we knew



THE SNOWBALL FUNGUS.

that Nature and Science would tell us what it is.

Yours very truly,
ELISABETH GRANGER.

The fungus you send grows on standing and fallen timber from June to September. At the time you found it (in the early part of September) it was at its best.

This snow-Polyporus is too conspicuous to be passed unseen. One does not expect to find snowballs stuck against trees in August. At a distance it resembles one. (McIlvaine.)

The scientific name, *Polyporus chioneus*, is peculiarly fitting. *Polyporus* means many holes. These holes are very small and are seen best with the aid of a reading-glass or pocket-microscope. The last part of the Latin name, of this fungus, *chioneus*, means snow.

VERY LARGE AND QUEER FRESH-WATER FISH.

OTTAWA BEACH, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the summer as I was walking along the beach, I found a fish which didn't look at all like a fresh-water fish. It was very bloated, but it was once a long slender fish with a sword.



THE LONG-NOSED GAR.

I am sending you a few sketches to show where the fins were. The fish was two feet and four inches long from the end of its sword to the tip of its tail. The upper part of the sword was seven inches long. The lower part was five and one half inches long. I am also sending you pieces of the sword. The shorter piece is the upper piece. I found this fish washed up on the shore of Lake Michigan near here. I have looked in a number of books, but could not find any fish which even resembled this one. I wish that you could tell me something about this fish.

Your faithful reader,
MARJORIE NIND.

The fish referred to by this correspondent is the long-nosed gar (*Lepisosteus osseus*), which is found from the Great Lakes to Mexico, and attains a length of five feet. Inhabiting the same waters is the short-nosed gar (*L. platostomus*), a smaller fish; while in the Southern States, Mexico and Cuba is the alligator gar (*L. tristychus*), a powerful species, eight to ten feet long, with huge jaws armed with long teeth. The gars, or gar-pikes, are encased in a coat of mail, formed of closely arranged stone-like scales or plates. They have little economic value, and are very destructive to other fishes.

NATURAL LEAF-LACE.

RIDGEWOOD ROAD, SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The enclosed I found beneath some spirea bushes on my aunt's place. Will you



A CLUSTER OF NATURAL LEAF-LACE.

please tell me whether it is leaf-lace made by nature or not?

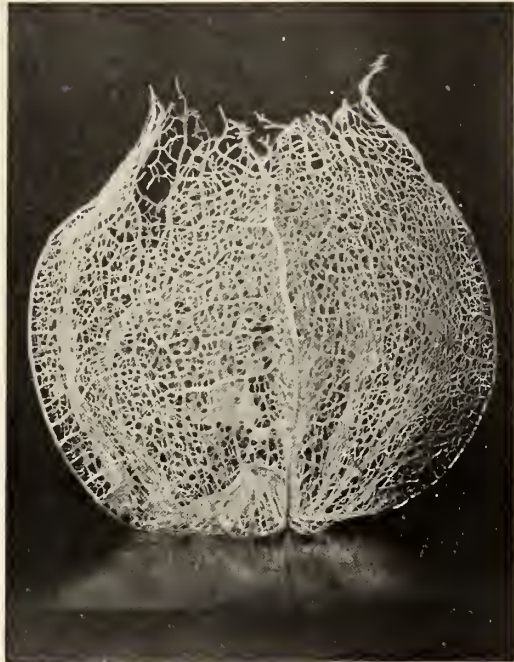
Your interested reader,
ELISE VAN VECHTEN.

You are right in your supposition that the leaf-lace you send was probably produced by nature. Of course it is possible that the "lace-work" was produced artificially and the mass of leaves thrown where you found them; but, finding them as you did, they are without doubt the result of nature's taking out the pulp portion of the leaves. On page 553 of NATURE AND SCIENCE for April, 1900, you will find an interesting illustrated article entitled "Making Leaf-skeletons." That article tells of the popularity of leaf-lace for various ornaments about half a century ago. The directions for making are as follows:

Soak the leaves for about six weeks, till the soft part is somewhat decayed. Then place in boiling soapy water for a very short time. To prevent tearing, float out on stiff paper or a piece of glass. Wash in clear water and brush carefully with a very soft toothbrush. Buy a little chloride of lime at the drug store, dissolve in water, and hold the leaf in it a short time. It will then be bleached white. Wash in clear water and dry on a piece of glass. The beautiful skeletons can then be used for ornamental purposes, or arranged in a blank-book or on cards so as to show to best advantage the different patterns of the little veins, or the venation, as the botanists call it.

Natural leaf-lace is not uncommon, especially in a very wet season when the leaves on the ground are kept soaked (similar to the artificial process) for a long time.

In my back yard I have several plants of ground cherry (*Physalis*). The fruit falls to the ground enclosed within a thin, leaf-like bag (an inflated calyx). It has been very interesting to note that most of the bags, especially those in the dampest places under



A NATURAL-LACE BAG OF GROUND CHERRY.
(Enlarged.)

the plant, soon become lace-like. The bag then shrivels and lets the fruit into the earth. Thus the seeds are put underground, and from them grow the next year's plants.

BUBBLES IN ICE.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

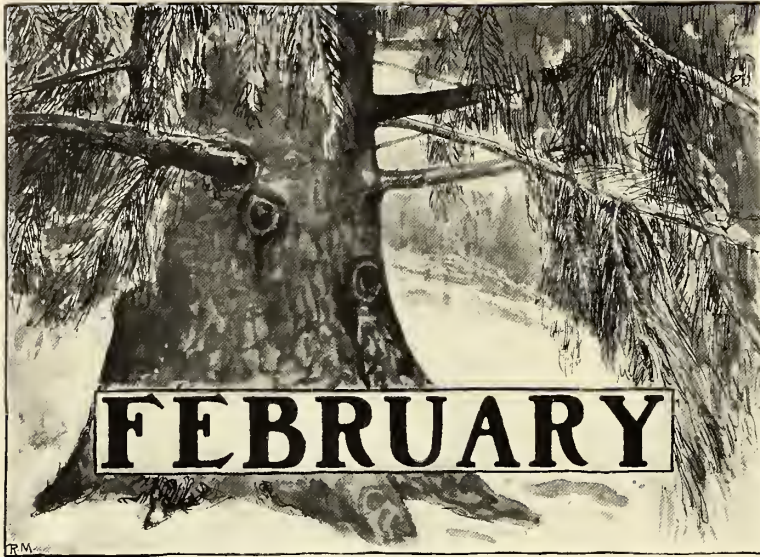
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is because "I want to know" that I am writing to you. What could have caused the singular position of a bunch of air bubbles just under the surface of the ice in a pond near our home? If it had been just an ordinary group of bubbles there would have been nothing strange about it, but that was so odd, and the more I tried to account for it the odder it seemed. It was very hard to see away down in under the ice but I managed it by getting down on my knees and twisting my head first one way and then the other. I am your devoted reader.

ELIZABETH CLARKE (age 12 years).

Are you sure that the bubbles were under the ice, and not in it? If they were in it, they may have been caught by the sudden freezing of the water, and have been flattened out by the expansion of the new ice. Water expands wonderfully at the moment of freezing. If the bubbles were under the ice, it is likely that at the moment of freezing, the water was ruffled and the lower ice surface consequently corrugated, or in little hills and hollows, in which the bubbles were held and flattened. But it is more probable that they were caught by the sudden forming of the ice.



GROUND CHERRIES IN LACE-LIKE BAGS.



R.M.

"A HEADING." BY ROWLEY MURPHY, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE STAR.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 8).

(Cash Prize.)

I SHINE at dusk in the turquoise sky,
Like a diamond, I sparkle against the blue;
I flash and gleam like a fairy eye,
Brilliant in beauty the whole night through.

Astronomers many, have studied my history;
Lovers have sworn by me, night after night;
Children have wished, with their innocent mystery,
When in the evening they first saw my light.

What does it matter what name I may bear,
Venus, or Jupiter, Saturn, or Mars!
So long as I faithfully do my share,
And fill my place in the realm of stars

FOR a little month, February has been well honored in America, containing as it does the birthdays of our two greatest presidents, Washington and Lincoln. It is a bleak midwinter month and seems a cheerless time for the reception of a tiny baby, even for an infant king, arriving in a house of luxury. And then, in America, nobody knows who is going to be a king. It is our boast that we are all born free and equal, and while it is not true that we are all born free of some mental or physical handicap, or equal in position, or strength, or understanding, it *is* true in the larger, national sense which we may better express, perhaps, by saying: "We are all born free to enter any station of life to which we are equal," and in no instance has this been more clearly shown than in the first birthdays, and in the life achievements of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

All of us have read the stories of the coming of these two little lads—the one in the midst of the generous comforts of an old-time Virginia plantation house; the other amid the meager and cheerless surroundings of a Kentucky log cabin. Whatever the season, the old Virginia home could be made warm and radiant to wel-

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

come the royal guest, and perhaps, even on that day, his lady mother dreamed of a time when her boy, her own tiny boy, should lead his fellow-men. But what of the mother who a life-time later was to welcome her prince of men in that humble hut of logs where the snow sifted in on the coverlet and the winter wind beat fiercely at the door? Did she, too, look down at the tiny face huddled into the hollow of her arm and dream of a time

when a tide of men should rise in marching billows at his call, when multitudes should shout at the very mention of his name? Who knows—a mother



"A BUSY STREET." BY JOSEPHINE HOLLOWAY, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

has strange dreams, and in America there is always a chance that they may come true.

And so it is we say that we are created free and equal—free to enter that field of labor for which we were created; free to conquer in that field, whether it be high or humble—on the mountain top or in the vales of obscurity below. And this makes easier for us the solving of the secret of happiness, of content, of life itself, which is:

To learn by earnest striving that place in life for which we are fitted; to excel by earnest striving in that particular field.

PRIZE WINNERS, OCTOBER COMPETITION.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Eleanor Johnson** (age 8), care of E. I. Johnson, Office U. S. Atty., New York City.

Gold badge, **Florence Ewing Wilkinson** (age 17), Kirkwood, Mo.

Silver badges, **Ethel B. Youngs** (age 15), St. Gabriel's school, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Louise F. Hodges** (age 10), Lee, Mass.

Prose. Gold badges, **Gladys Alison** (age 17), E. 934 Nora Ave., Spokane, Wash., and **Gladys Louise Cox** (age 14), 427 E. Main St., Madison, Ind.

Silver badges, **Alice Needham Very** (age 12), Westwood, Mass.; **Robert Wolf** (age 11), 85 Bellflower Ave., Cleveland, O., and **Mildred Maiden** (age 8), 809 W. Park Ave., Anaconda, Mont.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Irene G. Farnham** (age 14), Box 511, Laurium, Mich., and **Harold A. Breyt-spraak** (age 15), 864 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Dora Guy** (age 12), Fulford Vicarage, York, Eng.; **Helen Ehrman** (age 13), 314 Washington Boul., Oak Park, Ill., and **Lucia E. Halstead**, Hotel Zeiger, El Paso, Texas.

Photography. Cash prize, **Josephine Holloway** (age 15), Kenilworth, Ill.

Gold badge, **Sam M. Dillard** (age 14), Huntsville, Ala.

Silver badges, **Walter Byrne** (age 14), 326 King St., Santa Cruz, Cal., and **Bertha Dickey**, 15 Rue Levrier, Geneva, Switzerland.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Rocky Mountain Goats," by **Ruth Greenbaum** (age 15), 606 Sixth St., Laramie, Wyo. Second prize, "Bears," by **Edmund Barnum** (age 14), 204 S. 6th Ave., LaGrange, Ill. Two third prizes, "Young Kingfishers—On Guard," by **Valentine C. Bartlett** (age 14), 29 Bellevue Pl., Chicago, Ill., and "Young Kingfishers — Company Attention!" by **Edwin C. Brown** (age 15), 1918 Queen Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn. Special fourth prize (silver badge) "Swans," by **Dorothy Lawrence Greene** (age 9), Hotel Bon Port, Montreaux, Switzerland.

Puzzle Making. Gold badges,



"A BUSY STREET." BY SAM M. DILLARD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

Caroline C. Johnson (age 13), 87 High St., Yonkers, N. Y., and **Eleanor Haight** (age 11), 94 Highland Ave., Fall River, Massachusetts.

Silver badges, **Lois Donovan** (age 13), New Canaan, Conn., and **Edith M. Younghem** (age 13), 823 West End Ave., New York City.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Mabel Alvarez**, (age 14), 2632 Regent St., Berkeley, Cal., and **Mildred D. Yenawine** (age 17), "The Parkside," 40th and Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Anderson** (age 14), 603 Wayne St., Sandusky, O., and **Emily Smith** (age 15), 2208 Parkwood Ave., Toledo, O.

THE STAR-GARDEN.

BY FLORENCE EWING WILKINSON (AGE 17)
(Gold Badge.)



ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE STAR-GARDEN"

The great sky is a garden fair,
And in the velvet gloom,
At night, among the meadows
there,
The starry flowers bloom.

The forget-me-not and violet
Are stars so very small,
That often one must look and look,
To see them there at all.

The lovely rose-star blossoms near
The sunflower bold and bright;
The buttercup and daisy stars
Wink saucily all night.

The red moon is the gardener
Who tends the starry lawn,
And smiles benignly o'er it all
Until the break of dawn.

And so they blossom all night
through,
And never, never die;—
These myriads of flowers
In the garden of the sky.

THE STARS.

BY LOUISE F. HODGES
(AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

IN the early twilight
When the sun is gone,
Come the shining little
stars
Peeping one by one.

When the darkness deepens
Shine they out more
bright,
Lighting up the dark blue
sky
With their sparks of
light.

When the dawn is breaking
Soft they steal away,
And the sun comes up again
To light us through the
day.

THE STORY OF THE STARS.

BY GLADYS ALISON (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IN the olden times the stars were regarded with a great deal of awe and superstition. It was thought that they exercised considerable influence over the destiny of man. Many interesting myths have come down to us from the Greeks, and, though we cannot help feeling glad that the world is more enlightened now, still, many



"A BUSY STREET." BY BERTHA DICKEY, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING." BY IRENE G. FARNHAM, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

of the beautiful beliefs, though not true, appeal to us because they are not so inappropriate after all.

The lone shepherd on the hillside had no other means of reckoning time than by the stars. The sailor, out on the wide ocean, could never have reached port without their help.

I wonder how many of us have ever stopped to consider that our sun, that we think so large and grand, is only a star after all? If we stood on another planet and looked at the sun it would not appear so large and brilliant as many other suns near it.

Ever since the world began, man has been trying to find out the story of the stars, and every year he is learning more. Perhaps the generations to come will discover many interesting things about the stars that are as beautiful as the ancient beliefs with the added value of their truth.

For countless ages have the stars looked down upon the earth, serene, undisturbed by all the strife and turmoil of life; and for ages to come they will continue to shine, long after we are dust.

STARS.

BY ETHEL B. YOUNGS (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WILLIE could not get the apples
Hanging on the gnarled old tree,
Sticks and stones availed him nothing,
Willie frowned despondently.
Mother had forbidden climbing:—
"But I shall!"—(rebelliously.)
Up he went and got those apples,
Ate till he could no more eat;
Then he heard his mother coming,
Thought that he would beat retreat.
Hasty climbed he downward, downward,
Till he 'd almost reached the ground;
Then he fell, and—mercy! mercy!
What a shriek did then resound!
Talk about your heavenly planets:
Venus, Saturn, Jove or Mars!
These had names too long for Willie;
All he knew was—he saw stars!



"ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS." BY RUTH GREENBAUM, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE STORY OF THE STARS.

BY GLADYS LOUISE COX (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

FOR a long time there have been but six stars visible in the group called the Seven Sisters and the Indians tell this legend about it.

One day while trimming her torch so that it would shine that night, Merope, brightest of the seven sisters sat wondering what lay beyond the border of heaven. That night she took hold of her sister Alcyone's hand and leaned far over the bar. She saw the world and many strange sights. The next night she leaned still farther. She saw a young Indian girl step forth from her tepee to meet an Indian warrior. They were planning to run away together as one tribe did not allow the marriage of members of their tribe to other tribes, and this warrior was from the south. He called her "Little Rosebud" and led her to a waiting canoe.



"YOUNG KINGFISHERS, 'ON GUARD.'" BY VALENTINE C. BARTLETT, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

Merope saw the camp all astrid when the chief's daughter was missed,—she saw many armed warriors go in pursuit. "The night was dark and fearing the lovers might not escape, Merope leaned far over the bar of heaven and her hand slipped from Alcyone's and she went down, down, into space right into the stream where the lovers had passed. As her torch touched the water it broke into a thousand pieces and each one became a water-lily bearing a star in its heart.

The lilies grew so fast that the pursuers were unable to push their canoes among them.

So this is how there remain but six sisters in the Pleiades.

THE STAR.

BY GARRETT MATTINGLY (AGE 6).

(*Silver Badge Winner.*)

I LOOK out of my window in the dark of night,
I see above in the heavens a little twinkling light.
It is my friend, the star, and when I have been good
It 's glad to shine on me, it would say if it could:



"BEARS." BY EDMUND BARNUM, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

"Dear little boy, I love you; I 'll show my friendly light
To you every evening, to make your dark room bright.
And so I 'll be your friend, although up here so high,
So many miles above you, shining in the sky."

THE STORY OF THE STARS.

BY ALICE NEEDHAM VERY (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

FROM appearances one would judge that the stars are very small, but in reality they are suns, many of them being much larger than our own sun, and doubtless centers of solar systems like our own. There may be seen with the naked eye on a good night about two thousand stars, while twenty thousand times as many may be seen with the largest telescopes.

Stars visible to the naked eye are divided into six magnitudes, while seventeen magnitudes are visible with the aid of the finest telescopes, and still fainter



"A BUSY STREET." BY MABEL W. WHITELEV, AGE 15.

stars can be photographed. Of the stars of the first magnitude, there are twenty, fourteen of which are visible in the United States.

The ancients grouped the brighter stars into imaginary shapes called *constellations* and gave them mythological names. Of those visible in the United States, Cassiopea, Cygnus, Leo, Lyra and Urso Major are among the commonest.

The Milky Way or Galaxy is one of the most remarkable sights of the heavens. It seems to be a band across the sky of a white cloud-like appearance. It is in reality composed of myriads of stars, a large part of them being white in color.

Speaking of colors, Sirius, which is the brightest star on winter evenings, is white; Vega, another star of the first magnitude which is almost overhead on summer nights, is of a bluish tinge, while Arcturus, also of the first magnitude, is a reddish color.

An instrument called the *spectroscope*, for dividing and analyzing the color of the stars, has been of great use in determining the composition of the stars.

One may sometimes see in the sky, stars which when observed through a telescope prove to be two or even more stars very close to each other. One of the most beautiful of these is Epsilon Lyrae, a group of four stars in the constellation Lyra.

There are in the sky large collections of stars, the members of which appear to be closely packed together and are very numerous. These stars are surrounded by nebula which is a substance looking much like

clouds and the collections are called Star Clusters

THE STAR.

BY ISABEL D. WEAVER (AGE 12).

THE night was dark, and the wind blew chill,
As a shepherd boy guarded his sheep,
And gazed off afar at a bright, bright star,
Too thoughtful and anxious for sleep.

For deep in the night, an Angel had come,
And beckoned the shepherds away,
And bade them afar, to follow the star,
Where a babe in a manger lay.

"Guard thou the flock," to the boy they had said;
Taking presents of incense and myrrh,
They had followed the star, which led them afar,
Where Mary and Jesus were.

He stood on the hill in the silence of night,
And seemed to hear once again,
As he gazed off afar at the Bethlehem star,
The chorus, "Good-will unto men."

A STORY OF (A PART OF) A STAR.

BY ROBERT WOLF (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My uncle owns one of the "Hundred Thousand Islands," in Georgian Bay, to which we go every summer. One evening, last year, about half-past nine o'clock, we were out rowing in front of the island. Suddenly my uncle startled us all by exclaiming, "Look!" at the same time pointing toward the heavens. We looked, and saw a meteor shoot across the sky, pass the Great Dipper, and lose itself in the Milky Way. Then, while we all strained our eyes for another glimpse of it, it suddenly appeared again, directly over us, but far, far above. It neared us very rapidly, however, and it soon looked as big as the moon, while its tail seemed miles long.

Night was transformed into day by this strange second sun; and we could hear the hiss as it burnt the oxygen of the air! Then, while we children crouched in abject terror at the bottom of our cockle-shell, (for to all the meteor appeared to be headed directly for us), uncle seized the oars and sent the skiff flying out of danger. Then came a tremendous report and a prolonged hiss as the fiery rock struck the water.

"Swish-ka-chunk," and a big wave almost upset us, in the midst of a delightful spark bath from the monster's tail. Another wave, and another and soon we were in a whirlpool caused by the explosion, so by the time we had recovered our equilibrium, we were not sure where the messenger of the stars lay. We rowed to what we thought was the place, however, but there



"YOUNG KINGFISHERS, 'COMPANY ATTENTION!'"
BY EDWIN C. BROWN, AGE 15. (SPECIAL
THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE
PHOTOGRAPHY.)

was only a pile of rocks each of which looked like the other; consequently I do not know which one once belonged to one of our sister planets.

THE STARS.

BY ALICE GOODWIN (AGE 7).

THE moon is shining brightly,
And the stars begin to peep,
And my sweet little baby
Is going off to sleep.

And baby dreams of candles
Alighted in the sky,
But these are really star lights
That God hath placed on high.

THE STORY OF THE STARS.

BY MILDRED MAIDEN (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

THE hot and dusty day is slowly drawing to a close. The last shift-car has glided away down the valley, laden with its load of men ready for work on the Hill, where the great smelters are running night and day. The sun slowly sinks to rest behind our beloved Mount Haggin, its last rays lighting up the snow-capped peak so that it can be seen for many miles; turning the little fleecy clouds that go drifting by, to crimson and gold—and making the great column of pure white smoke that soars heavenward from the big stack on the Hill, look like the streams of molten copper in the smelters below. Gradually all turn dark.

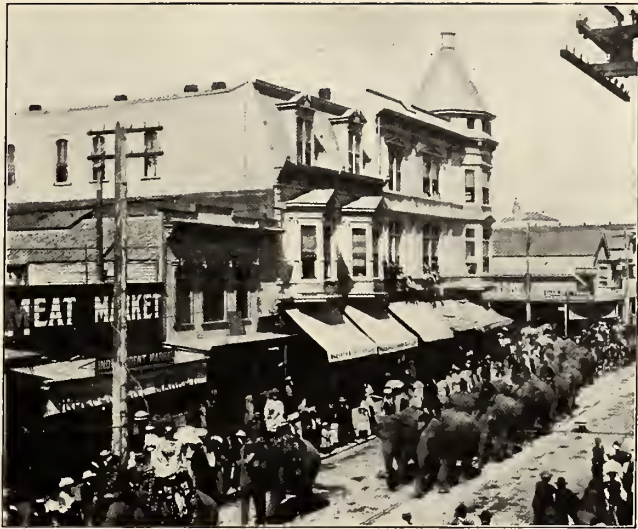
Now above the snow crest peak of Mount Haggin appears the first bright star. All alone it shines and twinkles, looking for all the world as if, if you could stand on the peak of the mountain, you could reach out and clasp it in your hand. One by one the other stars begin to dot the sky and looking up the canyon, just over the tops of the mountains the Big Dipper shines clear and bright. Down on the Hill, the thousands of electric lights blink and wink and seem to be a reflection of the stars.

More and more quiet grows the busy little city. Now a gentle little breeze comes down from the mountain-side bringing with it a breath of the everlasting snows. From the distance comes the hoarse barking of a dog, and down the street strolls a gay party of Austrians, their arms entwined, chanting one of their weird native songs. One by one the lights go out and all is silent and peaceful;—and the stars keep their long watch over all.

TO THE STAR.

BY ISABEL BURR CASE (AGE 12).

O LITTLE STAR, SO WON'DROUS BRIGHT,
I wonder what you think to-night!



"A BUSY STREET." BY WALTER BYRNE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

I wonder if within your sphere
A child doth wonder as I, here!

I wonder if you catch your light
To shine for little ones at night;
And if the sun hath hid away
That it may never tire by day!

O little star, so bright and clear,
That shineth with your golden sphere;
I wish that I your wisdom knew
That I might shine at night with you.

THE STORY OF ORION.

BY RUTH E. ABEL (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

ORION is a constellation in the form of a hunter; in his right hand a club, in his left a lion's skin, which serves as a shield. He wears a girdle from which hangs a sword. The girdle is sometimes called the Yard because it is three degrees in length and is used to measure the distance from one star to another. The sword is called the Ell because that is the old name for five quarters, and the sword is one and one quarter times as long as the girdle.

The Greeks had many legends about Orion, differing most in the manner of his death.

He was the son of Euryale, a great huntress, and Neptune. Inheriting the disposition of his mother, he became the most famous hunter in the world.

He fell in love with the goddess Diana, who spent her time in hunting. Securing a place as one of her attendants, his fearlessness and strength attracted her attention.



"SWANS." BY DOROTHY LAWRENCE GREENE, AGE 9. (SPECIAL FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"A HEADING." BY LUCIA E. HALSTEAD, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

She determined to marry him at all costs, but her brother was greatly offended, for Orion was only mortal. What persuasion could not do her brother resolved to effect by stratagem.

Neptune had given Orion the power of walking on the water. One day Diana's brother watched Orion getting farther and farther from the shore until he appeared just a black spot. Then he challenged Diana, as a test of her skill, to hit that object out upon the water. With unerring aim she unsuspectingly drew her bow, and they watched the object as it was brought in by the waves. When Diana saw what she had really killed she was inconsolable. She had Orion placed among the stars and sent his dogs, Sirius and Procyon, to follow him.

There is still another story. It has come to me from a rather uncertain source.

Orion (O'Rion) is said to be really an Irish hero!

When St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland he drove out some other things. O'Rion being a great hunter, was displeased at this, so he went to talk with St. Patrick about it. He asked O'Rion how he would like to shine in the sky. "For," he said,

"There 's the Great and Little Bear,
The Lion and the Can-
cer,
In faith, the sportin's rare."

"Bedad! then I'm your man, sir."

O'Rion took up his abode in the sky and now brightens the world with his beauty.

THE STAR.

BY GLADYS CECELIA EDGERLY (AGE 10).

(Honor Member.)

O VENUS! star of early twilight hours,
Peering above the golden sunset bars,
And throned amid the cloudlet's rosy bowers,
Thou art a goddess fair, and queen of stars.

Venus! attendant of the crescent moon,
Diana's silver bow beyond the west,
Which pendant hangs before thy path, and soon
Shall gently lead thee to thy nightly rest.

When thou art gone, the stars shine brighter yet,
Like fairy lanterns twinkling in the sky,
Or jewels rare in night's dark bosom set,
Aglow because thou art no longer nigh.

THE STAR.

BY EMMA STUART DUNBAR (AGE 8).

A LITTLE star that shines so bright
Gives a great, great deal of light.
It shines all night but not all day,
For God he calls them all away.

THE STORY OF THE STARS.

BY FLORENCE M. MOOTE (AGE 13).

THE Indian smoked on in silence for a few moments, looked around him at the little settlement, then said:

"All is different now. Once big trees grew here, before the white man came. But little by little the white man has crowded out the Indian, and changed his native land. Brave Eagle was my ancestor. Did you ever hear of him? He lived in the good old times."

He intimated that, for some money, he would tell us about this Indian.

As we were all anxious to hear a real Indian story from a real Indian, father gave him some money. Then he proceeded as follows:

"Long, long ago, when the sun and moon were young, and the stars had never been heard of, there lived a young chief called Brave Eagle. He lived, with his tribe, near a lake, surrounded by large trees. Even in his boyhood days Brave Eagle showed signs of becoming a brave and wise man, and was pointed out as an example for other boys to follow.

"When he became chief he conquered all the tribes with which they had been at war before, and henceforth was respected by all. Many were the tales told of him by all the Indians for miles around, of how he had saved White Lily, the good and virtuous daughter of Black Feather, from being devoured in the forest by a lion, how he had afterward married White Lily and presented her with the skin of the lion for a rug, and many other interesting events of his life. The good spirits favored Brave Eagle, and so good was he that evil spirits could not harm him.

"But one day, after a long and prosperous life, Brave Eagle was taken by the good spirits to live with them in the happy hunting grounds. Then all the people mourned his death for many days, and the story goes that the grass in the fields dried up, and the birds stopped their singing. So the good spirits placed Brave Eagle's eyes in the sky, where at night they could guide his people safely, and they were the first stars.

"His friends told this story to their children with pride, and so it was passed down from generation to generation until I heard it."

THE STAR.

BY LOUISE E. GRANT (AGE 14).

LITTLE star in the heavens, so twinkling and bright,
We watch for your glimmer as down goes the sun;
And when, with your brethren, you waken at night,
We know there is rest, for the day then is done.

When, with peace and contentment, we all fall asleep,
Our thoughts and our dreams are of you, little star;
And we know the Good Shepherd is watching His sheep,
And know you are watching, with Him, from afar.

THE TWO STARS.

BY FREDA M. HARRISON (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

Oh Star of Morn! thou Star of Promises!
 Who shin'st so brightly on th' awak'ning Earth,
 Like art thou to the fickle Star of Fame,
 That smil'd upon us, in that golden age,
 Before the long years and the wasted days,
 On our bent shoulders bound the yoke of shame.
 Oh, then with all the arrogance of youth,
 Would we have thought to scale the frowning peak,
 And clutch thee!
 Star of Hope!

Oh Star of Eve! thou Star of Solaces!
 Who shin'st so gently on the fainting world,
 Like art thou to the quiet restful night,
 For bruised souls, and weary aching hearts,
 That like the foolish moths around a flame,
 Have sing'd their wings in pleasure's garish light,
 Then creeping from the glare into the dusk
 Are now content to raise tir'd eyes to thee,
 And bless thee!
 Star of Peace!

THE STORY OF THE STARS.

BY FRANCIS B. MANNING (AGE 14).

In the last one hundred or one hundred and fifty years great advance has been made in astronomy. In ancient times very little was known about the real nature of stars. Now, although, surprising as it may seem, we can tell how much some of them weigh, yet we do not know the actual size in miles of any of them.

As to just how the stars were formed no one knows. That they were once nebulae most astronomers agree, but just how the work of formation was carried on we cannot tell.

The distance of the stars is enormous. Instead of using miles to tell of their distance, a unit called the "light year" or the distance light travels in one year is used. It takes the light from the nearest star that we know of, three years, eight months to reach us, and when we remember that light travels 186,330 miles a second you can begin to realize how far away they are.

In looking at a star, the North star for example, you do not see it as it is now, but as it was when the light now reaching you left it, which in this case was fifty years. If it should suddenly go out you would not know it till 1956.

As everybody knows, our sun is nothing but a star.

Other stars may have planets or worlds like ours circling around them, they being so small as to be beyond the reach of our telescopes. As one astronomer has said, "There may be as many dark stars as light ones." Indeed we know of several instances in which it has been proved there are dark stars near other bright ones.

Most, if not all the stars are in motion, our sun not excepted. Some move very swiftly, others more slowly.

In an old philosophy I saw once, it said that in all probability all heavenly bodies, except comets, were inhabited by beings adapted for their surroundings. Some of them would have to be made of something harder than our hardest steel to stand the awful heat.

The ST. NICHOLAS League's membership is free to all. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.

THE STORY OF THE STARS.

BY DOROTHY E. BATES (AGE 14).

Go out one clear evening and look around you; above you, on every side of you, you will see bright spots of light, some more brilliant than others. How lovely they are, how awesome! Many, many years ago someone else stood on the very same spot of ground as you. Were the stars different then? No, they were always the same. Now stand in the same place the next morning and look at the sun. Why, you cannot look at it for blinking; yet that too is a star, though much nearer than those you saw last night.

Light from the sun takes nine minutes to reach us, light from Sirius, one of the nearest of the stars, takes nine years. We know very little about the stars, but we do know that they are luminous bodies, masses of glowing gas. That wonderful instrument, the spectro-scope, shows us what metals and gases are found in that glowing mass. In Sirius are found hydrogen gas and the metals, sodium and magnesium. Now, as to the position of the stars, you know they are called fixed, but that is not true; in reality they are whirling round and round and at the same time moving along, some toward us, some away from us.



"A HEADING." BY HELEN EHRMAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

The way by which to tell a star from a planet with the naked eye, is, that stars twinkle, planets do not. The real difference is that planets glow with borrowed light, stars shine by inward heat.

It is nice to think of those great giant planets as accompanied by other, also, perhaps, inhabited planets; but oh, how small you feel yourself, when you ponder over them, and think also that our great, glorious sun is but one among many, and one of the smallest.

THE LOST STAR.

BY ELEANOR STINCHCOMB (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

In the evening, ever wand'ring,
 Shines lost Pleiad, lovely star!
 Searching, searching, ever calling
 To her sisters from afar.

"Sisters, sisters, O! where are you?
 Come to me—thy sister star."
 Searching, searching, ever calling,
 To her sisters from afar.



"A HEADING." BY STELLA BENSON, AGE 14.

"Venus, Venus! queen of beauty,
Help me, help me," cries the star.
Searching, searching, ever calling
To her sisters from afar.

Down the sky the call comes ringing
"Come to me—thy sister star."
Searching, searching, ever calling
To her sisters from afar.

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY GLADYS M. ADAMS (AGE 16).
(Honor Member.)

No other knight, seems to me equal, in romantic chivalry, to that prince of troubadours and knights-errant—Richard Cœur de Lion. His virtues and his faults, alike, were great. Love for war, ambition and carelessness, all warred with his duty to his throne and all people.

But such faults as he had are all forgotten when we read of his deeds and of his trials. Unloved by his father, hated by his brother, he soon became an unloving son and a harsh brother. Impulsive, he was quick to take offense and as quick to forgive. Bold and fearless, too, he was always in the thick of the fray—alike the terror of his foes and the hope and strength of his own forces. A great nature, led astray by faults and weaknesses—such was the nature of Richard I.

The greatest of all his undertakings—the third Crusade—showed clearly the mettle of the man. His love of fighting had more to do with it, perhaps, than his love for the church, but it was, nevertheless, a noble purpose. None but Richard could have carried the war as far as he did against the heaviest of odds. Not only did he have to face the Saracens. It was his own so-called allies and his private enemies which were most to be feared. Still he struggled on, unmindful of himself, until his handful of men were gone, and he was forced to find his way back home in disguise.

Was it not the essence of royalty and romance—the way in which he faced his accusers at Spire, when by his own eloquence he won to himself many, who a short time before were eager for his death? His secret return to England and his adventures before he made himself known were characteristic of the finest knight of all England. But his nobility of nature was most clearly shown when he forgave his brother John, who had plotted against his throne and even against his life.

In his death, again, he proved himself most chivalrous. Shot by an arrow at a time when he least expected it, he yet forgave the murderer who had cut him off in the full glory of his manhood, and bade his men see that the youth receive no harm.

Such was Richard Cœur de Lion, the most romantic of kings and the noblest of all the knights.



"A HEADING." BY DORA GUY, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

IN DAYS OF OLD.

BY MARY YEULA WESCOTT (AGE 16).
(Honor Member.)

Do you remember, dear, those days—
Those dear old days of old?
We played within the willow's shade
With happiness untold.

If we now owned Aladdin's lamp,
We could not richer be;
I was content with only you—
You were content with me.

We read and dreamed of gallant knights,
Of maids with golden hair.
I said I was a warrior bold,
You were my lady fair.

Sometimes by giants you were caught
And held in dreary thrall;
For long, long days I'd search in vain
To find you in his hall.

We'd meet and fight, I'd win and then—
For many years lived we
In that proud castle I had built
Beside the restless sea.

Oh, happy days, to come no more!
You're better far than gold.
Oh, blessed memory of dreams!
We dreamed in days of old.

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY KATHERINE ELIZABETH TAYLOR
(AGE 16).

AMONG the orders which the Prince of Wales wears is one which has belonged to the Crown Prince of England ever since the battle of Crécy was fought and won, 650 years ago. In that battle the Black Prince, Edward, won his

spurs, and there he adopted for his crest that taken from the conquered king of Bohemia. The crest consists of a crown, surmounted by three white plumes, and the German motto, "Ich dien," "I serve."

But the young prince served a very treacherous man in King Pedro of Castile. When that monarch was deposed for his cruelties, it was the Black Prince who, knowing nothing of King Pedro's character, put him back on his throne again. He won the campaign at fearful risks, for Pedro refused to help his young ally. The king did, however, demand the prisoners who had been taken. But Edward had learned something of his cruel nature, and would not give them up. Upon this, Pedro not only withheld the promised reward, but sent the prince home in dishonor, and became his bitterest enemy.

Poor Prince Edward! All the sadness of his later life, even his early death, is due to this treatment. He has been called cruel, this too was a result of the bitterness brought on by this disappointment. Many stories have been told of his earlier chivalry and generosity, but I will choose one which illustrates not only his character, but also that of his famous enemy, Bertrand Du Guesclin.

Du Guesclin was one of the prisoners taken in this

Spanish campaign. He was not released with the others, as the prince was desirous of taking home so great a prize. This causing Du Guesclin to boast, however, that the English were afraid to liberate him, Edward defended the honor of England by setting free his captive on his own terms. Du Guesclin, however, named a very large sum, and with difficulty paid it, thus keeping his own honor clear. These two knights both died in 1376, Du Guesclin in battle, Edward of the melancholy brought on by the events of that Spanish campaign.

Some may contend that it is a king's business to rule. But I think his first duty is to serve his country and his people. And surely there can be no nobler motto, for king or subject, than that chosen by the young Black Prince, "I serve."

IN OLDEN DAYS.

BY ELEANORE MYERS (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

IN olden days there ben a knyght, full well be-
knownst to fame,
A knyght of noble hearte and mien, and dubbed
"Sir What 's-hys-name."
Thys knyght he had a comely face (there n'er
ben such another),
And best of all hys blessings, ben hys kind and
beauteous mother.
Once on a tyme thys knyght uprist, hys sword
within hys hande
And swore a ladye fair he 'd seek, ye sweetest
in ye lande.
Then did he don hys suit of mail, all glistening and
bright,
And gat hym on hys charger in ye splendid trappings
dight.
Full loud ye trumpets sounded forth,—ye knyght he
bid adieu,—
Then shining helm and stalwart form eftsoon ben lost
to view.

Seven long and goodly years sped by, and yet not e'er
a word
About ye bolde Sir What 's-hys-name ye ladye mother
heard.
Within ye lonely castle grym, she wept full passing
sore,
And eke her dainty hands did wring, she feared he ben
no more.
But one fine day, into ye hall, before ye noble dame,
A weary, dust-besmeréd knyght with down-drawn
visor came.
"Behold, my ladye fair," he cried, and bent upon one
knee,
"I once did vow a love I 'd seek, ye sweetest e'er
could be;
Full long I sought—ye ladye found, of
noble birth and fame,
And thou art she, so take thy knyght,
thy son, Sir What 's-hys-name!"

* * * * *
Mayhap there ben some folks who say,
"In olden days, forsoothe,
Knyghts certes ben romantic, so ye tale
it hath no truth."
Egad! my blood boils bolde to hear
such criticism, sin,
If there ben no Sir What 's-hys-name,
—i' faith! there *should* have been!

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MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

BY CORINNE BENOIT (AGE 14).

BAYARD was born in the castle which bears his name and was a native of Dauphiny. "Love God and thy king and be ever gentle and brave," were his mother's last words to him as he left for the battle-field. "Madam, my mother," Bayard said, "I shall try so well to follow thy counsels, that, with God's grace, thou wilt ever have cause to be proud of me."

When only nineteen he showed his bravery by capturing the enemy's flag, and at Milan so ardently did he pursue the enemy that he entered the city alone with them. He was taken prisoner but his great courage and daring won the admiration of the Duke of Milan and he



"A HEADING." BY HAZEL HALSTEAD, AGE 11.

was given his liberty. And another time, though all alone, he held the bridge of Garagliano against two hundred Spaniards until they fell back, defeated.

At Mézières, a city situated in the extreme north of France, the walls of the fortress were falling to ruins when the Spaniards began the attack. But Bayard was there—and the Dons were driven back with heavy loss. The brave knight was wounded while trying to protect the retreat of the French army in Italy and died as he had lived—loyal to God, his country and himself.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 10).

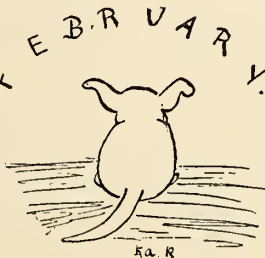
(Silver Badge Winner.)

JANUARY now is here,
The Winter reigneth cold and drear,
And the merry days of the vanished year,
Are days of old.

I can see in my mind, my Summer home,
And the meadows and woods where I
used to roam,
And rob the bees of their honeycomb,
In days of old.

At the seaside many days were spent
In childish play and merriment,
And the whole world seemed on pleasure
bent,
In days of old.

But we must try with all our might
To make the New Year just as bright,
And now I 'll stop and say good-night,
To days of old.



"TAILPIECE." BY KATHERINE
A. ROBERTSON, AGE 10.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE FEBRUARY.

"A HEADING."
BY
MARGARET DOBSON,
AGE 17.
(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.

VERSE 1.

Nannie Clark Barr
Doris F. Halman
Henrietta G. Slater
Annie Laurie Hillyer
Maud Dudley
Shackleford
Neill C. Wilson
Kathryn Sprague
DeWolf
Primrose Lawrence
Conrad E. Snow
Elizabeth Toof
Elsie F. Weil
Carol S. Williams
Mary Yeula Westcott
Mary Taft Atwater
Margaret Richmond
Buford Brice
Ruth Garvey
Aileen Hylan
Marion L. Hussey

VERSE 2.

Martha G. Schreyer
Mildred Seitz
Emmeline Bradshaw
Grace H. Wolf
Hela Antoinette
von Leyfried
Helen M. Adams
W. Earle Fisher
Florence Short
Almeda McGreaham
Margaret L. Brett
Dorothy E. Almy
Julia M. Earle
Lucie Clifton Jones
Ethelwyn Harris
Twila A. McDowell
Phoebe Hunter
Dorothy MacPherson
Mildred Nason
Dorothy Kerr Floyd
Helen J. Bryan
Irma Miller
Mary Blossom Bloss
Corinne Benoit
Isabel Fitz-Randolph
Dorothy Spencer
Jean Russell
Janet Price
Mildred V.
Longstreth
Linda W. Baker
Florence Nettleship
Lillie Garmany
Menary
Helen J. Beshgatur

Mabel J. Mason
Margaret F. Grant
Eleanor F. Kellogg
Maud Mallett
Rachel M. Talbott
Marie A. Boylston
Dorothy T. Hollister
Rhoda Erskine
Eleanor Stockin
Josephine Freund
Carol Thompson
Mary Comstock
Dorothea S. Dan
Thelma Harrington

PROSE 1.

Bernice A. Chapman
T. Lansford Foster
Margaret S. Budd
Robert F. Shulkers
Margaret Douglass
Gordon
Dorothy Rhein
Marion Stephens
Rosalie Waters
Margaret E. Bull
Bessie Little
Geneva Anderson
Eleanor W. Lewis
Marguerite McCord
Alice G. Peirce
Helen Whelpley
Eleanor S. Wilson
Helen D. Flood
Emily Thomas
Margaret Spahr
Leisa Wilson

PROSE 2.

Eleanor Mead
Frances Booraim
Hildegarde Nicholas
Elizabeth Meyer
Edna F. Browning
Edward G. Gay
Emily Howell
Mary A. Clausen
E. M. Caldwell
Ben Touster
Alice Weston Cone
Beulah Elizabeth
Amidon
Alice L. Hopson
Helen Hunter Drill
Dorothy Whitehill
Smith
Katherine B. Roach
Edna Anderson
Helen E. Seckerson

Frances Woodworth
Wright
Geraldine Hiller
Arthur Kramer

DRAWING 1.

Charlotte Waugh
William W. Westring,
Jr.
William Gilmore
French
Grace M. D. Atkin
W. R. Lohse
Mabel Gardner
Winifred Hutchings
Elizabeth Tyler
Henrietta B. Havens
Hilde von Thielmann
Alma Ward
Everard McAvoy
Martha Oathout
Emily W. Browne
Esther Aird
Florence Hanawalt
Margaret Kennedy
Edith M. Snelgrove
Allen S. Wilbur
Mary Aurilla Jones
Elizabeth Hasbrouck
Vera Marie Demens
Margaret Ramsay
Joseph T. Battis
Freda N. Stuff
Margaret E. Kelsey
Marion Fitch
Caroline Bergmann
Richard Douglas
Heustis
Helen May Baker

DRAWING 2.

Dorothy Kenyon
Mildred Andrus
Celestine C. Waldron
Beth May
Elizabeth K. Morley
Laura Guy
Alice O. Smith
Marjorie T. Caldwell
Caroline Bayerlieb
Louise Risher
Dorothea Damp
Lucy Pedder
Marjorie R. Peck
Harold Hamilton
Grace F. Slack
Glenway Maxon, Jr.
Marjorie E. Chase
Lillian Hogan

Charles E.
Mansfield
Katharine
L. Havens
Margaret
Bates
Rose Connor
Mildred H.
Bedard
Cacilie Moore
Prudence
Ross
Eleanor
Monroe
Susan
Jeanette
Appleton
Catherine
Snell
Raymond
E. Cox
Marion
Walter
Lois
Treadwell
David Dounn
Arthur Munro
Harry Harding
Helen Walcott
Mary Klauder
Cora Johnson
Sam McDowell
Gay H. Reboul
Muriel Halstead
Charlotte Knapp
David Goldberg
Cladys Nolan
Jacqueline Cambon
Joan Mackenzie
Helen Knapp

Isabella C. Council-
man
Margaret Johnstone
S. R. Benson
Eleanor Hussey
Alice Griffin
Ruth Conkey
Marian Rubins
Kathryn Stout
Robert Halsted
Ruth Hambridge
Myron C. Nutting

Jessie Atwood
Margaret Griffith
Edith Lucile Stuart
Dorothy Andrews
Edwin M. Einstein
Ely Whitehead
Lorraine Powers
Margaret A. Dole

PUZZLES 1

William F. Ken-
worthy
Margaret A. White
Albertina L. Pitkin
Arthur Minot Reed
Dorothy Carr
Ruth Duncan
Agnes R. Lane
E. Adelaide Hahn
Clarina S. Hanks
Elizabeth Schwarz
Honor Gullsworthy
Alberta Wynn
Rose Hahn
Dorothy Eddy
Elizabeth C. Beale
Montgomery Waddell,
Jr.
Carl Gutzzeit

PHOTOGRAPHS 1

Carlton B. Swift
Franc P. Daniels
Margaret Flint
Elizabeth E. Harbison
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Alice Nielsen
Sarah S. Morgan
Louise Mirick
Bradley L. Coley
Grace Brownell Peck
Alice Shirley Willis
Hortense Brylawski
Arthur Blue
Blanche Read

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Helen Walcott
Mildred H. Cook
Frances B. Godwin
Helen V. Frey
Josephine Sturgis
Harriett Dexter
Ellsworth Colley
Allan L. Langley

PUZZLES 2

Dorothy Peck
Mary E. Bohlen
Frances L. Cregan
Miriam Thompson
Dorothy M. Angell
Beatrice Heinemann
Charlotte Stark

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 926. "G. N." Helen L. Stockin, President; Eleanor F. Macurdy, Secretary; nine members. Address, 8 Chester St., Watertown, Mass.
No. 927. "Nathaniel Chapter." Grace Merritt, President; Katherine Schmidt, Secretary; five members. Address, 526 W. 139th St., N. Y. City.
No. 928. "The Happy Trio." Dorothy Butes, President; Helen M. Booth, Vice-President. Address, 129 W. 77th St., N. Y. City.
No. 929. Josephine Denny, President; Mary Dickey, Secretary; four members. Address, 31 West St., Waynesburg, Pa.
No. 930. "The Goldenrod." Charles Schram, President; John K. Tener, Secretary. Address, 133 14th St., Wheeling, W. Va.
No. 931. "Four Leaf Clover Chapter." Ellen Hixon, President; Helen M. Anderson, Secretary; six members. Address, 208 So. 15th St., La Crosse, Wis.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A LEAGUE member, one of many, writes to know why we do not have a picture postal exchange. We did have such an exchange for a time, and were obliged to discontinue it because a good many members either got tired of the idea or became careless and did not return cards for the ones sent them. The League cannot continue any feature that does not work satisfactorily with all its members.

For the reasons as those given above, the League cannot have a correspondence bureau. It would please a great many members, but there would always be some unsatisfactory correspondents and the result as a whole would not be beneficial to the League as a whole.

League members who have won or are winning gold and cash prizes should not forget to send their photographs for the League "Honor Member" album we are making.

Will Dorothy de Long please give a better address. Her certificate has been sent twice to the address she gave, 33rd & Moreland Avenue, St. Martins, Pa., and both times has been returned, for better direction.

VADALA, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I am eleven years old and my Father is a missionary here in India, working under the American board of commissioners for foreign missions. We live out in a country place, twenty-one miles away from any railroad and twenty-seven miles away from any white people except the missionary that lives with us. He and his wife and baby, my brother, Father, Mother and myself, are all the white people there are for twenty-seven miles.

There are four schools for native children here, two girls' schools, one boys' school, and a school for boys and girls together. One of the girls' schools is a lace industry school. The lace that the girls make is pillow lace. Most of the lace girls are supporting themselves with the lace they make and the other girls have half day

lessons and make lace half the day. There are twenty-six girls in all besides twenty or more lace women, some of which work in their homes. Most of the lace made is Torchon, but the best workers, some of them, make Maltese and Budes patterns, some more kinds of pillow lace.

When you gave as a subject for drawing in February, 1906, "My Favorite Study," I thought, "O, how I wish that I had joined the League because I could have drawn a lace pillow with lace on it," for my favorite study.

I can make all the lace patterns made here and I myself have taught lots of girls the whole course.

I must not tire you with my lace for I know that some things that interest myself do not always interest some other people.

You may think that I must be lonely out here without any girl of my age to play with, but I am not because I can talk the Marathi language like a native and sometimes I dress in the native costume and go out and play native games with the school girls. Sometimes I grind on the little mills that every woman has to grind her grain on for there are no mills in the country places. The nearest mills are a hundred and fifty miles away from here so that all the grain the people use is ground by the women on the little mills they all have in their houses.

Even though I should not join the League, may I ask for an instruction leaflet?

Your ever loving reader and admirer,
ADELAIDE B. FAIRBANK.

HOUSEHOLD PETS AT THE EARTHQUAKE.

A GREAT deal has been written about the earthquake and the fire but there are always little personal experiences that are new and interesting.

While the fire was raging a little girl sat fondling a kitten and caressing it. She looked very thoughtful and seemed devoted to her pet as if it were the last thing in the world she possessed. We could see she had lost her home in the fire, and stopped to ask her what she had saved. She answered, without hesitation, "The cat!" "What did you lose?" we asked. With equal promptness came the reply, "The dog!"

But not all the house pets had such devoted mistresses. Dogs and cats almost wild from fear rushed out to the Presidio Reservation and to the park and beach. Many went during the earthquake and right afterward, long before the fire reached them. Here they collected in such numbers that the militia had to shoot hundreds of them to keep them from starving.

On Van Ness Avenue, the boulevard once lined with the city's most beautiful homes, a dirty, white, half-starved, lame, and bedragged cat was seen running around over the ruins hunting for something to eat.

The down-town district was infested with dogs who subsisted on rats that came to light when the ruins cooled, and which had buried themselves in the sand during the fire.

One cat came to a family after the fire with only three feet, and it has stayed with them ever since.

A beautiful house cat belonging to a friend of mine was so frightened at the earthquake that he lay down on the floor and looked up with a pitiful expression of appeal in his eyes. He remained frightened and nervous for several days.

Our own cat (Jerry O'Brien, we call him!) sat up on the back fence all during each day and watched the flames, and at night paraded up and down the block with the men on watch, first on one side of the street and then on the other.

The earthquake scared the horses, too. A milkman who has had his old horse for years had to jump out of his wagon during the quake and hold the horse to keep him from running away.

Parrots and canaries in their cages were carried, no matter how great the difficulty from one place to another by their fond owners, who were unwilling to forsake their feathered companions. One family getting ready to desert their home to the flames, found their parrot greatly excited, as he always was when they went out anywhere. They had to leave useful things behind to take the parrot, but they had not the heart to leave it. It kept saying, "Hurry up! Let's go! Hurry up! Hurry up now! Are you ready? Get your things on!" So Polly was saved.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Oh, how proud I am of my gold badge! and how much I thank you for it! I intend to have my name and the date engraved upon it as I did on my silver badge. But, truly, I am not going to rest on my laurels, but I shall work, oh, so very hard, for the cash prize and when I win it—well, when I win it there will be time enough to speak of what I shall do then, and in the meantime I will truly do my very best. So, thanking you again and again and more than I can say for the badge and the honor, I remain, very sincerely,

CLARA BLECHER SHANAFELT.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The badge came to-day, and I am so grateful for it. I have written for the League many times, but I never had anything printed. And to have that and a silver badge come together is really too much! The little note

that came with it is very encouraging also, and I hope, some happy day, to attain the wealth of a gold badge. I am thinking about writing the "Star" now, and hope to succeed. Many a time will I gaze at my badge, as I would at the motto: "Try, try, again," and be encouraged.

Again many, many thanks for my silver prize, and best wishes for your future welfare. I am your sincere little friend,
E. BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Other welcome letters have been received from Emma Murphy, Alice Griffin, Gertrude L. Amory, Hazel B. Jackson, Amy Anderson, Helen Whitman, Bessie Love, Ellen Williams, Marcellite Watson, William Jarboe, Clarina Hanks, Virginia G. Kennard, Mary Pemberton Nourse, Caroline T. Shaw, Melville Tucker, Lerly L. McGrath, Harriett Dexter, Elizabeth P. James, Montgomery Waddell, Jr., Mary Phelps Jacob, Emily W. Brown, Bernard F. Trotter, Danforth Ferguson, Marjorie Stewart, Rosalind Waite, Susie Bentley Doan, Catherine Guion, Edith Logan, Gladys C. Edgerly, Priscilla Alden Griffin, Frances J. Shriver, Elizabeth Ben Brice, Joseph Baldwin Haston, Lillie Smith.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 88.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 88 will close February 20 (for foreign members February 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "Friendship."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "The Story of a Friend."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Old Friends."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "My Friend," (must be from a model) and a June Heading or Tailpiece for the League, Books and Reading, or any ST. NICHOLAS department.

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.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



Townsend Scott
"TAILPIECE." BY TOWNSEND
SCOTT, IV, AGE 10.

The Letter-Box

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been going to write you since I have returned from my summer vacation. "Sioux to Susan" was a favorite story of mine because I am a minister's daughter, and my name is the same as hers. I have taken you seven years, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and I love to look over the back numbers.

You are always my Christmas present and I hope you always will be.

This summer has been a lovely one, and a week was spent in camping.

I have told you before about my donkey that my sister and I have such fun with each summer. I have two brothers, both smaller than my sister and I.

I have been in Los Angeles three years this coming December and would not leave it for anything.

I think I have said enough for this time.

I remain your faithful reader,

SUSAN M. TALMAGE (age 12).

TOWANDA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not written you in a long time and thought I would like to do so. It seems to me that the ST. NICHOLAS grows better every year. My favorite serial stories are "Queen Zixi of Ix," "The Crimson Sweater," and "From Sioux to Susan," and my favorite short stories, "The Home Outing of Mrs. Herrick," "The Wars of the Roses," "Barbara's Sp," and many others. I like the League department very much, too. I am a member and try to compete every month, though I don't always do it. I have not won anything yet, but I hope to before I leave the League. I am also a member of a chapter and we have very good times at our meetings.

I have taken you for six years and I scarcely think I could get along without you. I used to take "Our Little Ones" (or was it "Our Little Folks"?) and my mother used to take "Our Young Folks," so you see you have been "in the family" quite a while.

Well, I think this letter is long enough, so I will close. With all good wishes for your welfare, I remain,

Your sincere reader,

JEAN LOUISE HOLCOMBE (age 14).

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a new collection which I thought you might be interested in. I save all the programs of the plays I see and on the advertising pages paste pictures or any notice or item of interest of the play or players. I also save and paste in the checks which give the date, etc. I have just started this collection, but, I think, in years to come, it will be very interesting both to myself and friends.

I am a member of the League, but have never had courage enough to send anything in, but I intend to try this year. There are a great many members of the League in the Horace Mann School, where I go. We all enjoy it very much.

I remain your sincere reader,

MARGARET BATES.

HARRISBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that "Abbie Ann" is fine and I know I shall like it. I believe ST. NICHOLAS for 1907 will be better than ever. I am glad there will be series of biography, for I always like that. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS since August, 1905, and I get it renewed every year for a birthday present. I have a typewriter and every week I publish a paper for the neighbors. We do not live in the city, but about a mile out; it is a very nice place.

JEAN ALLEN (age 14).

WATERFORD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for many years. When in the Philippines my father took you for me and I have taken you ever since. I enjoy "Pinkey Perkins," "The Crimson Sweater," and the "League." I am spending this summer in Northern N. Y., just now at my cousin's, who has some very interesting work on hand. He is doing engineering work on the Erie canal branch, which is here.

Every day I go down to watch the work. It is very interesting to see the little engines running about with carloads of material for the canal.

I had a lovely ride down the Hudson to Albany.

Yours very truly,

DUNCAN G. MCGREGOR (age 11 years).

BRITISH EMBASSY, TOKIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only once written to you before, though I have taken you for some years. I send you a photo of my Japanese chin. We have five of these, four black and white and one white and tan. The smallest is two years old and weighs three and one-half pounds. The one I send you a photo of is also two years old and weighs five pounds.

These two cost about \$50 each, and were considered a great bargain. They have to be treated like gold-dust, and between the months of October and February, if they go out of the house they catch pneumonia, and almost invariably die. We had one almost at death's door, and Mamma sat up with it, wrapped it in flannel, and gave it Bovril at intervals of two hours during the night. The one I send you a photo of, has been nearly blind twice, and he had a white film over his eyes. Hoping you will print this letter from a lover of ST. NICHOLAS,

DOROTHY BARCLAY (age 12).

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must tell you that I am taking music lessons in bed! I have been learning the different forms of instrumental music among other things, and one afternoon my teacher had been explaining to me what a *fugue* was.

My dream that night was, that I had to write a story for the ST. NICHOLAS League in the form of a fugue! I wrote part of the story in my dream and took for my theme, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." My story started thus: "If at first you don't succeed try, try again," sweetly chimed a voice from the arbor.

It went on to tell how Mary came up to where her mother sat, by the gravel walk in the arbor. Mary was carrying the last number of St. NICHOLAS in her hand, and her lips were puckered into a very sorrowful little pout. She had been trying some competition for the League and had failed, but the sweet voice went on chiming the old and well-known proverb: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Wishing the St. NICHOLAS a long and prosperous life, I am sincerely yours,

PAULINE M. DAKEN.

ARNPRIOR, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The enclosed photo is one which I took of Versailles Palace Gardens this summer.



THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES.

The Americans signed and celebrated their Independence here.

One of your readers,
ELLIOT MABEE.

RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has been a long time since I have written for the League.

I am going to try for the prize this month.

We live right across the street from the mansion where Miss Van Lew lived. She was a Union sympathizer during the Civil War.

She had a spy in Jefferson Davis's house. This spy told her the plans of the Confederate army and she told them to Grant thus enabling him to capture Richmond.

The square on our left is taken up wholly by St. John's church and churchyard. This is the church where Patrick Henry made his famous "Give me liberty or give me death" speech. The sexton will recite that speech standing in the same pew if you ask him. Graves have been opened to receive new bodies and there is n't a spot of ground that somebody has n't been buried in.

Do we not live in a historical part of Richmond?

Your loving reader,
DONALD MURPHY (age 10).

LONDON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you how much I have enjoyed your magazine during the year I have taken you in.

Although we have lived in London for over six years, we have only been to see the British Museum of all the places of interest.

Before we came to London we lived in Ramsgate, in Kent, for three years and before that in different seaside places up North. So you can guess that I miss the sea, and the sound of the White Horses terribly.

Mother does not like the idea of our going abroad until we know England well, so when I feel I should like to go I read the guide books and find them very interesting.

KATIE E. SAMUELS.

DES MOINES, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy eight years old and I read St. NICHOLAS every month. I like "Pinkey Perkins" stories very much. Once I was down South and I knew a boy who had a billy goat. Every day this boy would come down and bring his goat and cart and I would get in and take a ride; the goat's name was "You-no" and once he was so hungry he stuck his nose into some paint and ate some and died. I hope I may read you for a long while.

Your friend,
JOHN OWENS DICKERMAN.

IN the December Letter-Box, Sibyl H. Wright asked for a receipt for making "fudge." We print below such a receipt sent in by Robert B. Carney:

RECIPT FOR FUDGE

Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of which should be brown and one-third white; two-thirds of a cup of thick sour cream; one small "pinch" of soda. If chocolate fudge is desired use a half cup of Baker's unsweetened chocolate. Boil over a slow fire until the mixture is like a soft gum when tested in water. A little experience will tell when to take it off, for boiling too long makes a grainy fudge. My mother does not carry her boiling too far. When done, remove carefully and set aside to cool; then add a teaspoonful of vanilla and beat briskly. Before it creams add a cup and a half of chopped nuts; (we like peanuts when the chocolate is omitted). Spread on paraffin paper. This may be more intricate than most fudge formulas, but when made properly, is unsurpassed.


P. S. Some day I will send a receipt for my mother's peppermint wafers.

Dorothy Colby sends the following:

A half cake of unsweetened chocolate, grated fine; one cup of milk; one cup of sugar; one lump of butter the size of an egg. Mix these together and boil until the mixture will spin a thread; then take off and beat for five or ten minutes, and pour into buttered tins.

Other receipts, differing in some details from the foregoing, and which, unfortunately, we have not room enough to print, have been received from Cecilia McBride, Russell Willa, Evelyn L. Thorp, Aida L. Getz, Louise Meredith, Anna H. Chapin, Pauline Beckwith, Marian R. Priestley, and Sibyl Walker.

WE regret that lack of space prevents our printing interesting letters from Jean Gray Allen, Mary T. Starr, Sara Elizabeth Fischer, Josephine Pigott, Hope Kendall, Mary Taft, Mary A. Wilson, Mary Eager Lloyd, Gusta Levy, Bertha Goodman, Annie Tishler, Philip Drabelle, Fred Hatch, Charles Farnsworth, Raymond A. Palmer, Alice D. Wilkinson, Malcolm B. Carroll, Belle Green, Horace B. Davis, Josephine Lewis, Nannie M. Sethman, Charles Evans, Elsie Taylor, and Hope Saulsbury.



AMBITIOUS ARTHUR'S SAD MISTAKE

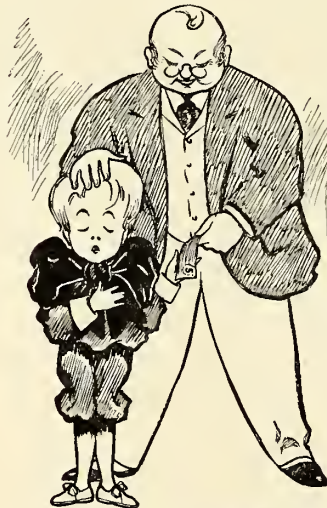
by
CHARLES F. LESTER.



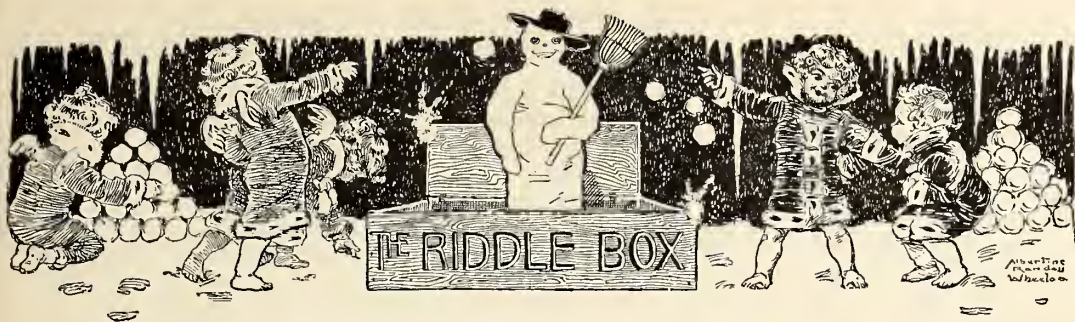
"I see," ambitious Arthur said,
"George Washington won fame
By chopping down a cherry tree;
I'll go and do the same."



So out he went
and chopped a tree,
Down in his
Grandpa's lot.



And this is what he thought he'd get, And this is what he got!



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Tennis. 1. Tar-tar. 2. App-ear. 3. Lin-net. 4. Sig-nor. 5. Shr-ill. 6. Rea-son.

SYNCOPEATIONS. Festivities. 1. De-fer. 2. Ch-e-at. 3. Re-sin. 4. Mi-t-re. 5. Pa-i-nt. 6. Sev-er. 7. Ch-i-ef. 8. Pe-t-al. 9. Al-l-as. 10. Dr-e-am. 11. Du-s-ty.

CHARADE. Purse-eve-ear, persevere.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primal Zigzag, Vermont; final, Georgia. From 1 to 10, Montpellier; from 11 to 20, Atlanta. Cross-words: 1. Vetoing. 2. Merited. 3. Relievo. 4. Imagery. 5. Opening. 6. Angelic. 7. Taffeta.

TRAVELERS' ACROSTIC. Japan. 1. Jinrikisha. 2. Airship. 3. Pullman car. 4. Automobile. 5. Naphtha launch.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Macbeth; 3 to 4, Tempest. Cross-words: 1. Mallet. 2. Badger. 3. Custom. 4. Abrupt. 5. Entice. 6. Attest. 7. Hamlet.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Alert. 2. Lover. 3. Evade. 4. Redan. 5. Trend.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from "Queenscourt."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from A. E. VanNess, 1—H. Everit, 1—W. Coulter, 1—R. Merrill, 1—A. Rayner, 1—A. E. Gest, 1—G. Scott, 1—Donald Crane, 3—Constance Urquhart, 2—D. Wetherbee, 1—L. L. Heller, 1—L. T. Frank, 1—E. W. Boyce, 1—E. M. Glasgow, 1—D. Bouvé, 1—M. Tourtellotte, 1—M. A. Wilson, 1—E. Champion, 1—Edna Meyle, 4—Carolyn Hutton, 7—A. R. Edwards, 1—M. Morrison, 1—A. C. Bowdish, 1—B. Cowan, 1—Marjorie Y. Pierson, 3—M. Saunders, 1—Eleanor Underwood, 3—Dorothea Underwood, 2—E. M. Bachman, 1—H. English, 1—B. Frye, 1—"Duluth," 6—K. Rossire, 1—M. L. Powell, 1—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 7—W. Stromefer, 1—W. Burr, 1—May Wharton, 2—"C.," Denver, 6—R. J. Wright, 1—C. F. Kinglake, 1—Dorothy Whipple, 5—Thomas K. Wilson, 4—E. M. K., 1—F. Beatty, 1.

DIAGONAL.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A discourse on any subject. 2. To command. 3. Lassitude. 4. A Greek coin. 5. Peoples. 6. Seriously. 7. A number.

ALBERTINA L. PITKIN (League Member).

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A wind instrument. 2. A pink cosmetic. 3. An heraldic color. 4. A deputy. 5. Cozy homes.
 II. 1. A dull color. 2. A cloth made from flax. 3. Passive. 4. Energy. 5. To penetrate.

WILFRED AND HAROLD BEATY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a prominent man of to-day; and another row of letters will spell the name of a second prominent man with whom his name is frequently coupled.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Deserving. 2. Measures of length. 3. A fable. 4. Tropical fruits. 5. Pertaining to the rainbow. 6. To soak up. 7. Disfigured. 8. An opinion held in opposition to the es-

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Octoetraicantahedron.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. Miles Standish. 1. De-nma-rk, man. 2. De-risi-ve, iris. 3. Fe-udal-ly, laud. 4. Es-peci-al, epic. 5. Re-stra-in, star. 6. Pr-esen-ts, seen. 7. Ca-pta-in, tap. 8. Re-mai-ns, aim. 9. Cr-enat-ed, neat. 10. Re-inde-er, dine. 11. In-dia-na, Ida. 12. Cr-eas-es, sea. 13. No-thi-ng, hit.

COLLEGE ACROSTIC. Initials, Harvard; finals, crimson. Cross-words: 1. Havoc. 2. Abhor. 3. Rabbi. 4. Venom. 5. Alias. 6. Rollo. 7. Demon.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Atlas. 2. There. 3. Learn. 4. Arras. 5. Sense.

AMPUTATIONS. 1. Pa-i-ns. 2. Cl-am-or. 3. Ad-just-ed. 4. Ch-in-ks. 5. Un-sight-ly. 6. Ab-and-on. 7. Re-fresh-ed. 8. Br-and-ed. 9. Re-new-ed. 10. Un-discover-ed. 11. Ga-the-rs. 12. Ad-verse-ly. 13. Sl-and-er. 14. Re-solve-nt. 15. Co-med-y. 16. Un-do-ne.

established doctrine. 9. The king of the fairies. 10. Women who have lost their husbands. 11. Bowers. 12. Explanation. 13. Worst. 14. To traverse. 15. Entreaty. 16. An equal. 17. Slightly colored.

CAROLINE C. JOHNSON.

OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In American. 2. An abyss. 3. One under legal age. 4. A weight. 5. In American.

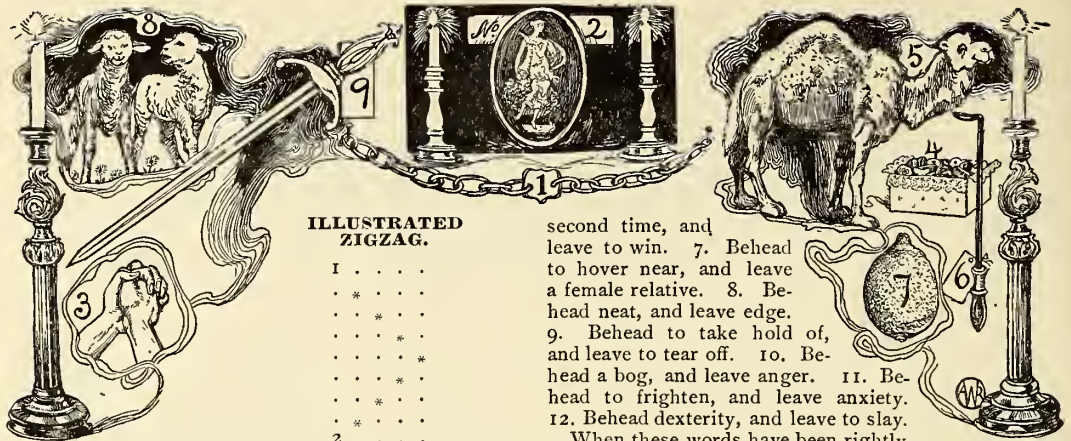
II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In American. 2. A large tub. 3. Land belonging to a nobleman. 4. A toy. 5. In American.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In American. 2. To pinch. 3. A large stream of water. 4. A mighty weapon. 5. In American.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In American. 2. Soft food. 3. A cutting instrument. 4. The capsule of a plant. 5. In American.

EDITH M. YOUNGHEM.

The Riddle-Box



ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.

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 2

WHEN the nine words, correctly describing the above nine pictures have been written one below another, the zigzag from 1 to 2, as shown in the diagram, will spell the name of a February festival.

GRACE I. SMITH.

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *first* in every kitchen
 You are always sure to find;
 And if you *second* my *whole* when hot,
 My *last* would come to mind.

LOIS DONOVAN.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters will spell the name of a book beloved by children.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To loathe. 2. To lessen. 3. Dull. 4. To surround. 5. Custom. 6. To consent. 7. Nimble. 8. To add. 9. A manufacturer. 10. Watchful. 11. To adorn.

ARTHUR MINOT REED (League Member).

COMBINATION ACROSTIC.

1 . . 5 . . 9
 2 . . 6 . . 10
 3 . . 7 . . 11
 4 . . 8 . . 12

FROM 1 to 5, a large quantity; from 5 to 9, wise; from 1 to 9, a rubbing; from 2 to 6, a fish: from 6 to 10, fondles; from 2 to 10, floor coverings; from 3 to 7, a contraction of through; from 7 to 11, a kind of grain; from 3 to 11, noticeable in flamingoes; from 4 to 8, hypocrisy; from 8 to 12, great weights; from 4 to 12, districts.

The four letters, from 5 to 8, may be transposed so as to form summits, saucupans, to mail and to halt.

CLARINA S. HANKS (Honor Member).

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a masculine name, and leave an obstruction to check the flow of water. 2. Behead to venture, and leave a verb. 3. Behead disinclined, and leave poetry. 4. Behead an elevation, and leave sick. 5. Behead a famous garden, and leave a cave. 6. Behead a

second time, and leave to win. 7. Behead to hover near, and leave a female relative. 8. Behead neat, and leave edge. 9. Behead to take hold of, and leave to tear off. 10. Behead a bog, and leave anger. 11. Behead to frighten, and leave anxiety. 12. Behead dexterity, and leave to slay.

When these words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous, old-time actor who was born in February.

DOROTHY CARR (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

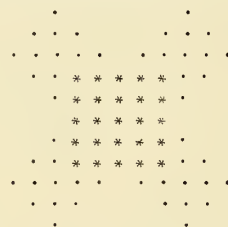
I AM composed of forty-eight letters and form a quotation from Benjamin Franklin.

My 43-33-17 is a number. My 12-23-37-29-19 is an imposter. My 3-27-2-47-7 is a narrow strip of leather. My 31-45-5-25-10 is a pronoun. My 41-36-39-21-8 is quick to discern. My 4-24-15-26-40 is acting without deliberation. My 34-14-6-18-35 are slight depressions. My 16-9-32-42-22 is a species of wild goose. My 38-46-1-48-28 is to burn slightly. My 44-13-11-30-20 is a dignitary mentioned in the play of "Macbeth."

VIOLET ROBINSON.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In clear. 2. To snatch. 3. An artificial water-way. 4. An exclamation of contempt. 5. In clear.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In clear. 2. An insect. 3. To go in. 4. A drink. 5. In clear.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Custom. 2. The female rhinoceros. 3. An East Indian measure of weight. 4. One of the United States. 5. A game of cards.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In clear. 2. To consume. 3. Zealous. 4. A number. 5. In clear.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In clear. 2. Part of a foot. 3. A great artery. 4. A common abbreviation. 5. In clear.

ELEANOR HAIGHT.



Drawn for St. Nicholas by Frank Stick

"WILL THEY DARE?"

AN INCIDENT OF THE DAKOTA RANGES

(SEE PAGE 443)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIV

MARCH, 1907

No. 5

The Cozy Lion

As told by Queen Crosspatch

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," "Editha's Burglar," etc., etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON CADY

PART II

"IT—it sounds like the Sunday School pic—the Lion began to say—and then he remembered he must not mention the subject and stopped short.

"Has your heart changed?" I said to him. "Are you sure it has?"

"I think it has," he said meekly. "but even if it had n't, ma'am, I'm so *full* of Breakfast Food I could n't eat a strawberry."

It happened that I had my heart glass with me—I can examine hearts with it and see if they have properly changed or not.

"Roll over on your back," I said. "I'll examine your heart now."

And the little children on the Huge Green Hill side were coming nearer and nearer and laughing and singing and twittering more like skylarks than ever.

He rolled over on his back and I jumped off his ear on to his big chest. I thumped and listened and looked about until I could see his great heart and watch it beating—thub—thub—thub—thub. It actually had changed—almost all over except one little corner and as the children's voices came nearer and nearer and sounded like whole nests full of skylarks let loose, even the corner was changing as fast as it could. Instead of a big ugly dark red fiery heart it was a soft ivory white one with delicate pink spots on it.

"It has changed!" I cried out. "You are

going to be a great, big, nice, soft, cozy thing, and you could n't eat a picnic if you tried—and you will never try."

He was all in a flutter with relief when he got up and stood on his feet.

And the laughing little voices came nearer and nearer and I flew to the Cave door to see what *was* happening.

It was really a picnic. And Goodness! how dangerous it would have been if it had not been for me! That's the way I am always saving people, you notice.

The little children in the village had grown so tired of being shut up indoors that about fifty of them who were too little to know any better had climbed out of windows, and slipped out of doors, and crawled under things, and hopped over them, and had all run away together to gather flowers and wild peachstrawberines, and lovely big yellow plumricots which grew thick on the bushes and in the grass on the Huge Green Hill. The delicious, sweet pink and purple Ice-cream-grape-juice Melons hung in clusters on trees too high for them to reach, but they thought they would just sit down under their branches and look at them, and sniff and hope one would fall.

And there they came—little plump girls and boys in white frocks and with curly heads—not the least bit afraid of anything: tumbling down and laughing and picking themselves up and

laughing, and when they got near the Cave, one of my Working Fairies, just for fun, flew down and alighted on a little girl's fat hand.



MARVIN N. S.

"IT SOUNDS LIKE A SUNDAY SCHOOL PIC—
THE LION BEGAN TO SAY."

She jumped for joy when she saw him and called to the others and they came running and tumbling to see what she had found.

"Oh! look—look!" she called out. "What is he! What is he! He is n't a bird—and he is n't a bee and he is n't a butterfly. He's a little teeny, weeny-weeny-weeny-weeny wee, and he has little green shoes on and little green stockings, and a little green smock and a little green hat and he's laughing and laughing."

And then a boy saw another in the grass—and another under a leaf, and he shouted out, too.

"Oh! here's another—and here's another!" And then the Workers all began to creep out of the grass and from under the leaves and fly up in swarms and light on the children's arms and hands and hats and play with them and tickle them and laugh until every child was dancing with fun, because they had never seen such things before in their lives.

I flew back to the Lion. He was quite nervous.

"It is a picnic," I said. "And now is your chance. Can you purr?"

"Yes, I can." And he began to make a beautiful purring which sounded like an immense velvet cat over a saucer of cream.

"Come out then," I ordered him. "Smile as sweetly as you can and don't stop purring. Try to look like a wriggling coaxing dog—I will go first and prevent the children from being frightened."

So out we went. I was riding on his ear and peeping out over the top of it. I did not let the children see me because I wanted them to look at the Lion and at nothing else.

What I did was to make them remember in a minute all the nicest Lions they had ever seen in pictures or in the circus. Many of them had never seen a Lion at all and the few who had been to a circus had only seen them in big cages behind iron bars, and with notices written up, "Don't go near the Lions!"

When my Lion came out he was smiling the biggest, sleepest, curliest, sweetest smile you ever beheld and he was purring, and he was softly waving his tail. He stood still on the grass a moment and then lay down with his big head



"THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN THE VILLAGE HAD
GROWN TIRED OF BEING SHUT UP INDOORS."

on his paws just like a huge, affectionate, coaxing dog waiting and begging somebody to come and pet him. And after staring at him for two minutes, all the children began to laugh, and

then one little *little* girl who had a great mastiff for a friend at home, suddenly gave a tiny shout and ran to him and tumbled over his paws and fell against his mane and hid her face in it, chuckling and chuckling.

That was the beginning of the most splendid fun a picnic ever had. Every one of them ran laughing and shouting to the Lion. It was such a treat to them to actually have a lion to play with. They patted him, they buried their hands and faces in his big mane, they stroked him, they scrambled up on his back, and sat astride there, little boys called out "Hello, Lion! Hello, Lion!" and little girls kissed his nice tawny back and said "Liony! Liony! Sweet old Liony!" The Little Little Girl who had run to him first settled down right between his huge front paws, resting her back comfortably against his chest, and sucked her thumb, her blue eyes looking very round and big. She *was* comfy.

I kept whispering down his ear to tell him what to do. You see, he had never been in Society at all and he had to learn everything at once.

"Now, don't move suddenly," I whispered. "And be sure not to make any loud Lion noises. They don't understand Lion language yet."

"But oh! I am so happy," he whispered back, "I want to jump up and roar for joy."

"Mercy on us!" I said. "That would spoil everything. They'd be frightened to death and run away screaming and crying and never come back."

"But this little one with her head on my chest is such a *sweetie!*" he said. "Mayn't I just give her a little lick—just a little one?"

"Your tongue is too rough. Wait a minute," I answered.

My Fairy Workers were swarming all about. They were sitting in bunches on the bushes and hanging in bunches from branches, and hopping about and giggling and laughing and nudging each other in the ribs as they looked on at the Lion and the children. They were as amused as they had been when they watched Winnie sitting on the eggs in the Rook's nest. I called Nip to come to me.

"Jump on to the Lion's tongue," I said to him, "and smooth it off with your plane until it is like satin velvet—not silk velvet, but satin velvet."

The Lion politely put out his tongue. Nip leaped up on it and began to work with his plane. He worked until he was quite hot, and he made the tongue so smooth that it was *quite* like satin velvet.

"Now you can kiss the baby," I said.

The Little Little Girl had gone to sleep by this time and she had slipped down and lay curled up on the Lion's front leg as if it was an arm and the Lion bent down and delicately licked her soft cheek, and her fat arm, and her fat leg, and purred and purred.

When the other children saw him they crowded round and were more delighted than ever.

"He's kissing her as if he was a mother cat and she was his kitten," one called out, and she



"ONE OF MY WORKING FAIRIES, JUST FOR FUN,
FLEW DOWN AND ALIGHTED ON A LITTLE
GIRL'S FAT HAND."

held out her hand. "Kiss me too. Kiss me, Liony," she said.

He lifted his head and licked her little hand as she asked and then all the rest wanted him to kiss them and they laughed so that the Little Little Girl woke up and laughed with them and scrambled to her feet and hugged and hugged as much of the Lion as she could put her short arms round. She felt as if he was her Lion.

"I love oo—I love oo," she said. "Tome and play wiv us."

He smiled and smiled and got up so carefully that he did not upset three or four little boys and girls who were sitting on his back. You can imagine how they shouted with glee

when he began to trot gently about with them and give them a ride. Of course everybody wanted to ride. So he trotted softly over the grass, first with one load of them and then with another. When each ride was over he lay down very carefully for the children to scramble

who wanted a drink. He jumped for them, he played tag with them and when he caught them, he rolled them over and over on the grass as if they were kittens; he showed them how his big claws would go in and out of his velvet paws like a pussy cat's. Whatever game



"THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE MOST SPLENDID FUN A PICNIC EVER HAD."

down from his back and then other ones scrambled up.

The things he did that afternoon really made me admire him. A Cozy Lion is nicer to play with than anything else in the world. He shook Ice-cream-grape-juice Melons down from the trees for them. He carried on his back, to a clear little running brook he knew, everyone

they played he would always be "It," if they wanted him to. When the tiniest ones got sleepy, he made grass beds under the shade of trees and picked them up daintily by their frocks or little trousers and carried them to their nests just as kittens or puppies are carried by their mothers. And when the others wanted to be carried too, he carried them as well.



"MY FAIRY WORKERS WERE SWARMING ALL ABOUT."

The children enjoyed themselves so much that they altogether forgot about going home. And as they had laughed and run about every minute and had had *such* fun, by the time the sun began to go down they were all as sleepy as could be. But even then one little fellow in a blue sailor suit asked for something else. He went and stood by the Lion with one arm around his neck and the other under his chin. "Can you roar, old Lion?" he asked him. "I am sure you can roar."

The Lion nodded slowly three times.

"He says 'Yes—Yes,'" shouted everybody. "Oh! do roar for us—as loud as ever you can. We won't be frightened the least bit."

The Lion nodded again and smiled. Then he lifted up his head and opened his mouth and roared and *roared* and ROARED. They were not the least *bit* frightened. They just shrieked and laughed and jumped up and down and made him do it over and over again.

* * * * *

Now I will tell you what had happened in the village.

At first when the children ran away the mothers and fathers were all at their work and did not miss them for several hours. It was at lunch time that the grown-ups began to find

out the little folks were gone and then one mother ran out into the village street, and then another and then another, until all the mothers were there, and all of them were talking at once and wringing their hands and crying. They went and looked under beds, and tables and in cupboards, and in back gardens and in front gardens, and they rushed to the village pond to see if there were any little hats or bonnets floating on the top of the water. But all was quiet and serene and nothing was floating anywhere—and there was not one sign of the children.

When the fathers came the mothers all flew at them. You see it is n't any joke to lose fifty children all at once.

The fathers thought of the Lion the first thing but the mothers had tried *not* to think of him because they could n't bear it.

But at last the fathers got all the guns and all the pistols and all the iron spikes and clubs and scythes and carving knives and old swords, and they armed themselves with them and began to march all together towards the Huge Green Hill. The mothers *would* go too and they took scissors and big needles and long hat pins and one took a big pepper pot, full of red pepper, to throw into the Lion's eyes.

They had so much to do before they were



"HE SHOOK ICE-CREAM-GRAPE-JUICE MELONS DOWN FROM THE TREES FOR THEM."

ready that when they reached the Huge Green Hill the sun was going down and what do you think they heard?

They heard this—

“Ro-o-a-a-arh! Ro-o-a-a-arh! Ro-o-a-a-arh!” almost as loud as thunder. And at the same



HARRISON LADY

“THEN HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND ROARED, AND ROARED, AND ROARED.”

time they heard the shouts and shrieks of the entire picnic.

But *they* did not know that the picnic was shouting and screaming for joy.

So they ran and ran and ran—and stumbled and scrambled and hurried and scurried and flurried faster and faster till they had scrambled up the Huge Green Hill to where the Lion's Cave was and then they gathered behind a big clump of bushes and the fathers began to cock their guns and the mothers to sharpen their scissors and hat pins.

But the mother with the pepper-pot had nothing to sharpen, so she peeped from behind the bushes, and suddenly she cried out, “Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Look! Look! Look! And don't fire a single gun, on any account.”

And they all struggled to the front to peep. And *this*—thanks to Me—*was what they saw!*

On the green places before the Lion's Cave on several soft heaps of grass, the tiniest children were sitting chuckling or sucking their thumbs. On the grass around them a lot of

others were sitting or standing or rolling about with laughter and kicking up their heels—and right in front of the Cave there stood the Lion looking absolutely angelic. His tail had a beautiful blue sash on it tied just above the tuft in a lovely bow, he had a child on his head and three children on his back. The Little Little Girl who was sitting on his mane which was stuck full of flowers, was trying to place a wreath on the top of his head and could n't get it straight, which made him look rather rakish. On one side of him stood the little boy in the sailor suit, and on the other stood a little girl, and each one held him by the end of a rope of pink and white wild roses which they were going to lead him with.

The mother of the Little Little Girl could not wait one minute longer. She ran out towards her calling out:—

“Oh! Betsy-petsy! Oh! Betsy-petsy! Mammy's Lammy-girl!”

And then the other mothers threw away their scissors and hat pins and ran after her in a crowd.

What that clever Lion did was to carefully



HARRISON LADY

“AT LAST THE FATHERS ARMED THEMSELVES AND BEGAN TO MARCH ALL TOGETHER TOWARD THE HUGE GREEN HILL.”

lie down without upsetting anybody and stretch out his head on his paws as if he was a pet poodle, and purr and purr like a velvet cat.

The picnic simply shouted with glee. It was

the kind of picnic which is always shouting with glee.

"Oh! Mother! Mother! Father! Father!" it called out. "Look at our Lion! Look at

"May he go home and sleep with me, Mother?"

It was like a bedlam of skylarks let loose this time, and the Lion had to do so many



"OH MOTHER, MOTHER! FATHER, FATHER! LOOK AT OUR LION! WE FOUND HIM OURSELVES! HE'S OURS!"

our Lion! We found him ourselves! He's ours."

And the sailor boy shouted,

"He 'll roar for me, Mother!"

And the rest cried out one after another,

"He 'll sit up and beg for me!"

"He 'll carry me by my trousers!"

"He can play tag!"

"He 'll show you his claws go in and out!"

"Mother, ask him to take you riding on his back to get a drink down by the brook."

tricks that only determination to show how Cozy he was kept up his strength. He was determined to prove to the Fathers and Mothers that he *was* Cozy.

And he did it.

From that time he was the Lion of the Village. He was invited everywhere. There never was a party without him. Birthday parties, garden parties, tea parties, wedding parties,—he went to them all. His life was just what he had hoped it might be—one round of gaiety.



HARRISON Cady

"HE COULD DO ALL THE THINGS LIONS DO IN HIPPODROMES."

He became *most* accomplished. He could do all the things Lions do in Hippodromes—and a great many more. The Little Little Girl gave him a flute for a present and he learned to play on it beautifully. When he had an evening at home he used to sit at his Cave door and play and sing. First he played and then he sang this—

*My Goodness Gracious Me!
This is So-ci'-er-tee!
My Goodness Gracious Mercy Me!*

*This is So-ci'-er-er-tee!
It is So-ci'-er-tee!"*

He had composed it himself.

* * * *

The next story I shall tell you is about my Spring Cleaning. That will show you how I have to work when the winter is over, and how, if it were not for Me, things would never be swept up and made tidy for the summer. The primroses and violets would *never* be awakened, or the Dormice called up, or anything. It *is* a busy time I can tell you.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

By Nancy Byrd Turner

CRIMSON and green and gold—
 Look how the last one slips
 From out the common pipe you
 hold
 Between your laughing lips.

Mid-air, it sways and swings,
 Drawn earthward from its place,
 Yet stayed, as though on unseen wings,
 It drifts a little space.

See how your face is caught
 There in the shining ball,
 And like a vivid rainbow wrought
 Are window, floor and wall.

Strange: with a moment's breath
 You made a crystal world,
 All color-spanned,—above, be-
 neath,
 Flame-painted, shadow-pearled.

Strange: in a moment's breath,
 Light-pinioned, downward set,
 It breaks to spray; and underneath
 Your watching face is wet.

Nay, little drooping lip,
 Your bubbles burst in vain—
 Look up and laugh; take pipe and dip,
 And launch a world again!



How Joseph Skipped the Lower Rungs

By Martin M. Foss

MR. WILLIAM SEABURY was talking of his rise in the world. It was the one subject to which he was inspired by the carefully plotted green slope from his hilltop barn to the river, with the hazy mountains far away to the westward.

"I was just such a young fellow as you, Joseph, when I made up my mind that this was no place for me,—and see me now."

Joseph brought his face slowly away from the streaked western sky, to the puffy figure of Mr. Seabury. Then he dug his heels a little deeper into the turf, braced his back against the door-post and stared away at the distant hills.

"There are two things to remember, Joseph. One is that you've got to rise by hard work, in any honest business, and the other is that you can't make money where there is n't any. I was seventeen when I went away to the city, with my clothes in a bundle and less than a dollar in my pocket. I had nobody to help me and I needed nobody.

"I got a place to work in a dry-goods house for three dollars a week and I never left that store till last year when I retired from the presidency of the firm. And, if I do say it, there is n't a higher business honor in New York than to be president of Abbott, Schiff and Company. But I did it by hard work."

Joseph shifted his seat from the soft sand to the door-sill and rose slowly to his feet.

"Take my advice boy, and clear out. Pack up your belongings in a piece of brown paper and get to New York somehow if you have to walk. If you work as I did you'll win out." And then after a pause he added:

"Are you goin' to try?"

"I do not think I am."

Mr. Seabury sniffed disgustedly.

"I suppose you have n't the spunk. Would n't you like to get along in the world?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"Well, I've been talking to you all summer now and I think I never saw a boy with so little 'get up and get.' How long do you suppose you'd last in Abbott, Schiff's?"

"About a week," Joseph answered slowly. But he did not laugh.

"What do you expect you'll amount to anyway?" asked Mr. Seabury.

"I don't know."

"What do you want to be—a farmer?"

"No."

"Perhaps you want to be a poet or an artist." And Mr. Seabury leaned back and laughed.

"I'd like to work. I think I would like it. But I'd want to work here by the river with the mountains all around me. I don't want to go to the city."

But Mr. Seabury did not understand—would not listen, and Joseph went away, slowly, his hands deep in his pockets and his head bent toward the ground. Yet he faced the problem of going somewhere, or doing something, now before his father fastened the yoke of farm work permanently on his shoulders.

He had just turned from the winding driveway of Mr. Seabury's summer home, the "most palatial house in Greenwich County" as Mr. Seabury called it, into the narrow, sandy road, when Mr. Morton drove by.

"Hello, Joseph! Want a ride?"

Joseph climbed in beside the thick-set occupant of the buggy, his face alight. In all the County he admired John Morton more than any other man. He was prosperous, but he was not pudgy. He had been successful, but he was not vain. He was a keen, athletic man, who in a few short years had risen, not from office boy but from a position of responsibility to which his education as an engineer fitted him, to the control of several large building firms, and then retired. To-day he was active, vigorous and in every way an ideal to a boy like Joseph.

"Well, Joseph, what's up? Been visiting Croesus?"

"Yes, sir," Joseph answered, smiling.

"What's his advice to-night?"

"To go to the city and start as he did."

"Did he advise you to walk there?"

"Yes, with my clothes in a brown paper parcel," Joseph replied.

"It's the same old, old story. That's the biggest nonsense of the age."

In the fading light Joseph watched the sand

drip from the buggy wheels, and soothed himself with the endless noises of the night. His mind was grappling with the same old problem which every boy meets when he first feels the responsibilities of life and measures himself by the standards of which he has read and the examples which great men have left behind them. Somehow there was a world of comfort in the big, strong, successful man beside him—a comfort as great as the discouragement and gloom which Mr. Seabury diffused. Mr. Morton read his thoughts.

"I don't know what the matter is," Joseph said. Father says I am lazy, and Mr. Seabury said he never saw a boy with so little get up and get. But—well, I don't feel a bit as great men felt when they were boys."

"Nonsense, boy. They did n't feel that way till afterwards when they wrote the story of their lives for the magazines. Or if they did, there were thousands of others who felt the same way and never got beyond a book-keeper's desk. Nobody ever tells about the men who trudged to the city with less than a dollar in their pockets and died there years afterwards without much more. Good boys win and good boys fail. But most men win, *not* because they were industrious, and wiped their feet, and said 'sir,' but because when they met a good opportunity they stuck to it, and would n't let go. That 's what Seabury did, only now he thinks he would have won anyhow, no matter where he landed."

"I would like to work, or I think I would, but I don't want to stay here and farm it and I don't want to go away to the city."

In the dusk they were silent for several minutes. Below the river slipped quietly by, with the lights of a tow or passing steamer making the surface visible in streaks.

"Joseph, I'll tell you a business secret. I have n't announced it formally as yet, but I have bought this cliff we are driving over and I am going to build a quarry here. I am tired of loafing and I don't like the city any better than you do. This is trap rock, and it's worth ten cents a cubic foot now. Would you like to work for me?"

The glimmering stars seemed to dance, and the moon, which had just peeped over the river bank, was wonderfully bright. To Joseph the face of the "man in the moon" seemed to be in a broad smile. He tried to speak but his voice trembled. Mr. Morton put out his hand quickly.

"That's all right, Joe. We'll make a start to-morrow. There is plenty of work to be

done, and it may be a good chance for both of us. There is n't anything like this rock near New York for railroads, streets, building and all sorts of foundations."

Mr. Morton told Joseph of the big crushers, of the scows and the tug he would build, of the blasts and the loading and measuring, and all that night Joseph's ears rang with the whirr of the machinery, and the crunching of the stone.

THE responsibilities which were thrust upon Joseph from the first, were enough to upset Mr. Seabury's theory of life, had not that gentleman been firmly convinced that by no possible means could any boy ever grow into useful manhood, and reach that goal of all worldly ambition, wealth, without working up from the bottom. As it was he drew up his horse one day by the roadside office where Joseph was busy with his stone records. In the two years that had passed, Mr. Morton's energy had changed the wild, woodland shore into a busy quarry where great breakers took the stone that was blasted from the cliff and mauled and pounded it until the sifters had carried it away to the storing bins or to the scows at the dock. It was a busy place, and Joseph was the busiest of all the people there. He was observing Mr. Seabury's rules, unconsciously—but he was doing much more. He was adding to the business.

"Well, Joseph, do they keep you busy?" Mr. Seabury asked.

"Oh, yes sir."

"Are you sorry you did n't take my advice?"

But before Joseph could answer Mr. Morton came into the office with his easy swing.

"Good morning, Mr. Seabury. Trying to hire this lad away from me?"

Mr. Seabury sniffed, for there was something in the suave confidence of Mr. Morton which nettled him. Mr. Morton was not an orthodox ladder climber. He had not started at the bottom rung.

"I'll tell you what I think, Morton. I think it's a shame, yes, sir, a crime, to spoil that boy. You'll make him conceited, and he'll never be worth a penny. You'll spoil him."

"Spoil him?" echoed Mr. Morton, genially.

"Yes, spoil him! I said spoil him! You are spoiling him now. He has n't any ground work, any underpinning, and a house that's mostly top story won't stand very long."

"Top stories are very useful in modern

business," Mr. Morton replied with a smile, and deliberately turned to Joseph. Mr. Seabury drove away in disgust.

"Joseph, can you get out ten thousand feet of stone a week with this machinery?"

"Yes, sir, and more, I guess, if necessary. We could arrange for a morning blast, doing

"I know, but they think they are and I am afraid we can't convince our customers otherwise. I am going to New York about it tomorrow to see the governing board. You and Dennett can pay off the men."

And so it had been from the start. Far from gauging Joseph as a boy, Mr. Morton



"THE DOCTOR SAYS I CAN'T GO, JOSEPH, AND I SHALL HAVE TO SEND YOU."

the drilling at night, and keep all the grinders busy day and night."

"There's a big contract in the air just now, which we might get. I am afraid we won't, though, for our rivals are getting anxious to make a start. But we've got to try for it."

"They could n't begin to do that," Joseph answered. "They are not nearly ready to commence cutting."

had accepted him as a man. He had never asked him if he could do this or that, but always told him to go ahead, just as if there were not the slightest shadow of doubt. And, like quick, level-headed boys everywhere, Joseph was equal to what he was asked to do. From the very first he had been Mr. Morton's right hand man in the details of records and shipments, and Joseph's opinion had often been asked.

But the events of the day fell out otherwise than Mr. Morton had planned. He meant to go to New York by the evening train, but he did not mean to slip on his very door sill, nor to turn his ankle so sharply that the grinding pain would not leave him. So instead of his flyer to New York to meet the directors of his new Railroad, he dragged himself to a couch and lay there in great agony for an hour. When the doctor had eased the pain a bit, Mr. Morton's mind snapped back to business. He sent for Joseph.

"Joseph, I have an important appointment in New York to-morrow and the doctor says I can't go. I shall have to send you down."

And he outlined the details of the big contract which he had hoped to make. "But you'll find competition. Schwartz Bros. will sell their stone at below cost to cut us out and get their plant going. And I think Dean & Wentworth will offer it at pretty close prices. The job, at a fair price, means all the stone we can turn out, of the larger sizes, for two years. But we've got to get at least five cents for it. I won't sell it for less."

"And one thing more. Seabury is a director. He ought to be friendly to our town but I am afraid he does n't approve of us. He is a big man in the deal though, and we need his influence."

JOSEPH sent his card in to the meeting of the Railroad Directors with a good deal of a rumpus going on under his coat. He saw a big, heavy faced German come out, smilingly, with his counterpart behind him, and he guessed that these were the Schwartz Bros. He saw later another man, whom he knew to be Mr. Dean, file out, and then came his turn. The President of the railroad was away and Mr. Seabury had been chosen that day to serve as chairman. He looked up as the door opened, expecting Morton to follow the card of The Morton Trap Rock Co. You could have knocked him from his chair with a feather duster when Joseph entered and stood hesitatingly by the door. Joseph was a slender, clean limbed boy, with a face that was wide awake and eyes that seemed to see everything. There were other directors who looked up in surprise when Mr. Seabury exclaimed,

"Why, Joseph, where's Mr. Morton?"

Joseph had been wondering whether his throat would let a word out edgewise. He gained courage when his voice served him in his explanation. Mr. Seabury tapped his pencil in evident vexation. So far had his

hobby of orthodox business progress been carried, and so great was his distrust of Mr. Morton's type, that he found it possible to believe this a joke, put up by Morton, because of what had been said the day before.

"I am sorry," he said tartly, "but I don't think we can conduct our negotiations with you."

"I have my authority and bids here," Joseph answered. "Mr. Morton was prevented from coming by an accident last evening."

Mr. Seabury took the papers but he did not yield.

"I feel sure that it will be the sense of this meeting to make no agreements with a boy. If there is nobody but you to take Mr. Morton's place in case of accident or illness, a contract with the company would be too risky."

Joseph felt a hot anger mount to his cheeks. He saw why Mr. Seabury was nettled, and he had hard work to restrain himself from showing his inward resentment. The other directors were impatient of the delay.

"Mr. Morton, of course, is willing to have you investigate any assurances I may make, but I did n't understand any contract was to be made to-day."

"It's a waste of time, and we are busy," snapped Mr. Seabury.

"Still, I think, sir, I am entitled to a hearing. I don't see why you should refuse that."

"Because you are only a boy and ought to be sweeping out the office and running errands instead of wasting the time of busy men."

Joseph saw a twinkle in the eye of a tall, thin man who sat well back from the long table. He learned afterward that this was Mr. Thayer, an expert engineer and the backbone of the enterprise.

"Of course if you will not hear me I must go away but I don't think it's fair. If Mr. Morton takes the risk I don't see why you should mind."

And then Mr. Thayer spoke up.

"That sounds reasonable enough. I think any other course would be irregular."

And Joseph got his hearing. From the moment he took his seat at the end of the table, he felt his courage come back. He was talking "stone" now and there was n't much about it that he did n't know. He had spent his idle hours studying the shores, and the property of his rivals, so that he knew the situation perfectly. But Mr. Seabury would not let him alone.

"In the first place," he broke in, "a discussion is of little use. The price is so much

higher than the other bids as to make it hopeless."

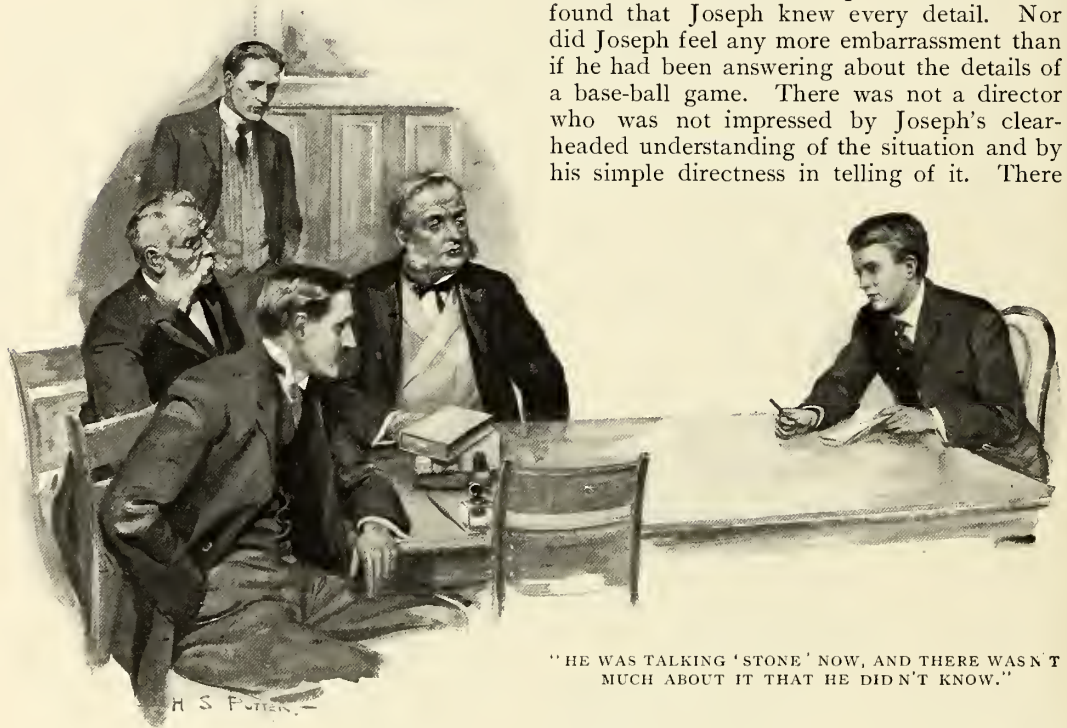
"Yes, sir, I suppose so. But we can supply the larger sizes and the other quarries can't."

"Why not?" snapped Mr. Seabury.

"Because their stone is too soft and grinds up too much."

Mr. Thayer nodded his approval of this statement.

Still Mr. Seabury went on.



"HE WAS TALKING 'STONE' NOW, AND THERE WASN'T MUCH ABOUT IT THAT HE DIDN'T KNOW."

"Does it seem likely that they would bid on a stone they could n't supply? I think we may dismiss this matter with safety, gentlemen."

"They expect to buy it of us, if they get this contract. They think we'll be slack and sell cheap to keep the plant going."

"I'd be careful how I uttered any libels if I were you, young man," said Mr. Seabury tartly.

"I don't say it for certain. But I do say that they can't supply coarse stones that will stand up. I know that and Mr. Seabury, who lives in our town, ought to know it too."

There was a little titter somewhere which made Mr. Seabury scowl.

"Besides," Joseph went on, "they'll be

supplying all of the rock at cost. They've got to put in more machinery to get the stone out in two years, and even if they combine, they can't be sure to do it then. Neither of the firms has ever turned a wheel and we've been at it two years."

It was then that Mr. Thayer, the engineer, took a hand in the discussion. He plied Joseph with questions about the quality of the rock, the cost of transporting it, the probable weekly deliveries and the proportion of coarse and fine stone that would pack the best. He found that Joseph knew every detail. Nor did Joseph feel any more embarrassment than if he had been answering about the details of a base-ball game. There was not a director who was not impressed by Joseph's clear-headed understanding of the situation and by his simple directness in telling of it. There

was even a kindly smile on more than one face when he grew excited in his description of the perfect system of measuring and loading which they had developed, for all the world as if he were explaining a new base-ball trick.

Mr. Seabury had one more shot.

"There are no terms mentioned here. Perhaps our young friend can tell us something about the length of time we shall have for payments?"

Joseph felt a little flush creep over his face, a flush which Mr. Seabury thought was embarrassment. But Joseph, who had had all too little time to discuss details before the meeting, made the very answer Mr. Morton would have made—the easy, evasive answer of a business man who wishes no one detail to interfere with a large contract.

"Mr. Morton did n't mention that. Our terms are three months. But I guess Mr. Morton would make them anything reasonable."

Now Joseph had very little idea of how the money end of big transactions was conducted. He knew nothing of notes and interest, of discounts and the financing of big enterprises. And when Mr. Seabury caught up this trail he felt his first fear come back to him. Mr. Thayer saved him.

"This discussion seems out of place at a preliminary hearing. We did not require terms of the other bidders and I think it safe to assume that Mr. Morton will meet our needs."

Mr. Seabury sniffed in disgust, and Joseph, realizing that he had finished, slipped quietly out. He was waiting for the elevator, his heart still thumping, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was Mr. Thayer.

"I should like to have you lunch with me to-day at the club. I am an old friend of Morton's."

The big club dining-room embarrassed Joseph more than the directors' meeting. He felt strangely out of place, and very much at a loss as to what he should eat, and whether it would cost too much. But Mr. Thayer put him at his ease. He led the talk back to "stone" and the works, and then he raised Joseph to the seventh heaven of happiness.

"I may as well tell you, after all, that we decided to take your offer. I think you are entitled to know. Mr. Seabury fought it, but he voted alone."

"And he lives in our town!" exclaimed Joseph.

"Yes. He did n't seem to like your coming down in Morton's place. What's the matter?"

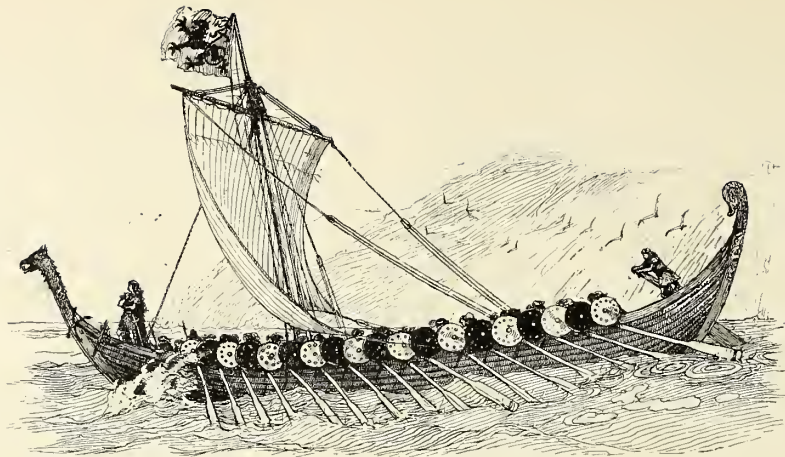
"I am not starting right to his way of thinking. I ought to have walked to New York, with my clothes in a bundle, I guess. He thinks I cannot succeed."

Mr. Thayer's eyes twinkled.

"Ah, but you will, if you keep at it! It is n't the way you start, nor just staying late at the office, nor untying the string, instead of using a jack knife, nor keeping your eyes off the clock, that counts. These egotistical old fellows like Mr. Seabury really worked hard and did n't do these things, and then, when they talk to boys, they think these trifles are what made them go ahead. They got a chance, they worked hard and they landed on top. You've got a chance that you're fitted to fill and I guess you have worked hard. It is what a boy actually does *to make the business pay better* that makes him valuable, yet a lot of boys who have worked for me, complain if I don't put them ahead, when they are working hard, staying overtime for form's sake, when they don't need to, but are not doing me or my business a bit of good. But you would n't think this was so to hear these old fellows talk."

And that very afternoon, when Joseph was hurrying back to the country with his good news, Mr. Thayer wrote a letter to Mr. Morton, suggesting an investment. And that investment was a technical training for Joseph. They made it, and it paid wonderfully well. It paid Mr. Morton the better, though, for he now has a partner who is rated everywhere as the best "stone" man in New York state.





A VIKING SHIP.

War-ships—Ancient and Modern

By Frank E. Channon

DID you ever think of the difference between an old Viking's dragon and a modern battle ship? The hardy Norsemen flourished, roughly speaking, about a thousand years ago, and built their war-ships from the felled trees of their wild north forests. The chief means of propulsion was a huge, square sail, which was supported by a mast arising from the center, or waist of the ship. This sail was aided by a great number of long sweeps, or oars, thrust out of the side of the vessel through round holes. These sweeps were prevented from falling overboard by strong pegs, made of hard wood, which passed through notches in the sides of the aperture when the oars were shipped. Above the holes were the shields, forming a fine protection to the rowers. From the picture you will see that the seamen were very little exposed to the arrows of their enemies. The shields were, however, what a boy would call: "a dead give-away," for they clearly told the number of men aboard.

The ship was steered by a large oar affixed to the right-hand side of the vessel, called "the steerboard"; hence our "starboard." The place where the steersman stood was called the "steeroern," meaning, steering-place, from which our "stern" is derived.

The general plan of battle with the Vikings was the discharge of a cloud of arrows, followed instantly by boarding tactics. The rival ships would be driven together, and meet with a resounding crash; then, battle-ax in hand, the Vikings would swarm over sides and fight it out.

It was generally a case of "Death or Victory," but sometimes captives were taken, who then became "thralls," or slaves to their captors.

I have often heard people contend that the word "viking" was connected with "king" and meant, "sea-kings." Such is not the case, however, for viking comes from, "vic," meaning a bay, and these marauders were so called on account of their habit of embarking from some secluded bay, instead of from the public harbors of the king.

Of course there were war-ships long before the Norse Vikings became the terror of the seas. The Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Persians and Greeks all had ships of war, and fought fierce naval battles. The Moors, too, built swift-sailing galleys in which they sailed around the civilized coasts, taking plunder and slaves.

After the passing of the Vikings, ships of war gradually became larger and larger, until in the reign of Henry VII of England, we have the *Great Harry* of about eight hundred tons. She was a big, bulky vessel, and she formed the model for ships of war for the next hundred years. The Spanish built their great ships of the invincible Armada very much on the same lines, only much larger. Tennyson in his ballad of "The Little Revenge," speaks of:

"The mountain-like *San Phillip*,
That of fifteen-hundred tons,
With her yawning tiers of guns,
Upshadowing high above us,
Took the wind from our sails,
And we stayed."

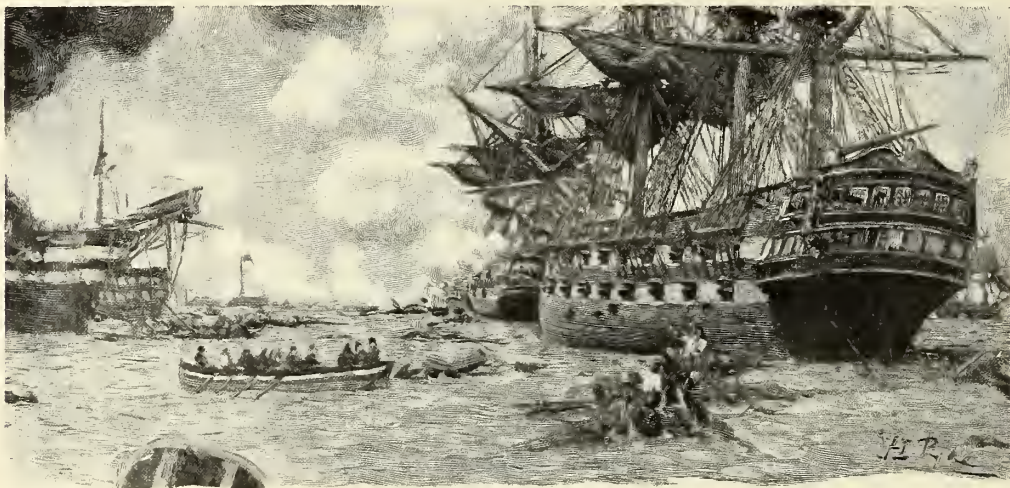


"AND ABOVE THEM ALL, AND STRONGEST OF ALL, TOWERED THE GREAT HARRY" Longfellow.

In fact, the very size of the Spanish vessels is said to have been, to a great extent, the cause of the ill success of the Spaniards; the guns on their great ships being mounted so high that the shots from them carried clear over the smaller, but more nimble English vessels.

The Dutch and the British strove for the mastery of the sea in big, high-sterned ships, but gradually these passed away, and in the war of 1812-13 we have the noble-looking frigates and giant three-deckers. The great Nelson fought his actions with the three-deck man-of-war, but when steam took the place of sails, the size of the new vessels caused the old ones to look like pigmies, and now we are still racing on, increasing the size every year at a pace that seems to

protected by the armor. The armor is not so thick as formerly, but this is made up for by an improved kind of material whose resisting power is greater. The modern battle ship is intended to combine in one vessel the most powerful, offensive and defensive weapons of floating warfare. These battle ships may be divided into three portions, namely, the part under water; the part near the water-line; and the upper works. In the first-named parts are carried the machinery and boilers, coal, the steering gear, the submerged torpedo tubes, the ammunition and the greater part of the stores. These parts are the most vulnerable parts of the ship. Attempts have been made to armor the bottom of battle ships, against



WAR-SHIPS OF LORD NELSON'S TIME. THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

know no tiring. Here is a rough table that will show at a glance the progress at which ships have increased in size.

In 1677, they were of about 1,500 tons; 1720, 1,800 tons. The 2,000 tons mark had been reached by 1745, and in 1800, 2,500 tons was no uncommon size, while the year 1854 saw a vessel of four thousand tons on the slips. It was the introduction of steam that caused the size of ships to travel in leaps and bounds, and during the last ten years the rate of progress has been greater yet.

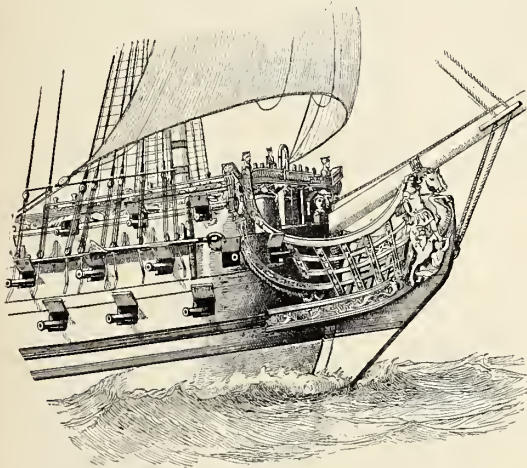
The war-ships of to-day are, as most people know, armored, but, contrary to the popular idea, they are not protected all over.

A recent authority has said that the improvement in rapid-firing guns in late years has resulted in armor-protecting more of the side of the ship, and in increasing the number of guns

explosions of torpedoes, but they have not been generally successful owing to the fact that to have the armor effective it would have to be very thick and therefore very heavy—an objection that engineers have not successfully overcome.

To prevent the penetration of projectiles from above there is a protective armor deck, usually from two to four inches thick, the middle part of which is a little above the water-line. This deck slopes down at the sides to the bottom edge of the armor belt from four to six feet under water. There is sometimes a second protective deck below the first one to catch fragments which might pass through the first, and this is sometimes called the "splinter deck." The part of the ship immediately above the protective deck, in the vicinity of the water-line, is sometimes called

the "raft body." It is protected from the enemy's projectiles by a heavy armor belt. In modern battle ships this armor belt extends over the whole or over the greater part of the length.



THE BOW OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

The gun positions are all well armored; so is the conning-tower, which is the place from which the captain directs the fighting. This tower is connected by telephones and speaking-tubes with all the important parts of the craft.

The guns mounted by a modern battle ship are generally two big twelve-inch ones at each end, protected by armored turrets, and a large number of eight- and six-inch ones, in casements also armored. Just now there is a constant battle between guns and armor. As the penetrating power of the guns is increased, so is the resisting power of the armor. In the new British ship, *Dreadnaught*, the smaller six-inch guns have disappeared, and instead, we see a battery of ten twelve-inch guns. This vessel is supposed to have been constructed in consequence of the lessons learned during the late war between Russia and Japan.

Our own ships now generally seem to have a displacement of about 16,000 tons, but the rate is constantly increasing. It is bigger, bigger, bigger all the time, and each new design shows a greater displacement. To shoot and *penetrate the armor* at six miles is nothing nowadays.

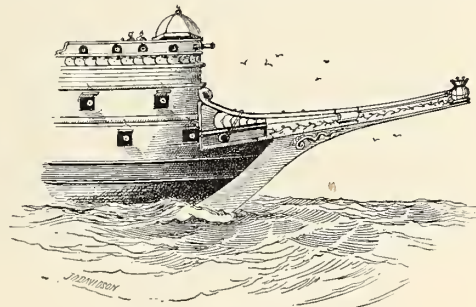
In the cruiser class, the guns are not so large, neither is the armor so thick, but the ship can travel faster; more space is devoted to the engines; thus our new cruisers mount, perhaps, four eight-inch guns, with a side battery of some fourteen or sixteen six-inch pieces, supported by a large number of twelve- and six-pounders. This class of gun does not carry so far or throw

such weight, but it fires much more rapidly, and is generally used for the repulsing of torpedo craft. A battle ship, then, is solely for fighting; it takes its place in the line of battle, while a cruiser is for both fighting and running. These cruisers, in their turn, are divided into two or more classes, viz.: armored and unarmored ones, but even the unarmored ones are often equipped with the "protected deck."

The hulls of all these vessels are subdivided into bulkheads, or water-tight compartments, so that if a shot penetrates the hull, it merely admits the water to one of these, and the efficiency of the ship is not impaired to any extent.

To build a modern battle ship takes from sixteen months to three years, according to the facilities of the yard at which it is being built. The cost is, roughly speaking, about five or six million dollars.

Torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers are small, unarmored craft; often the steel hull is only about one half-inch in thickness, but they travel as fast as many railway trains; some thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. They discharge their deadly bolt and run. A dark, stormy night is their chance, then, without a light showing, they dash in and launch their torpedo, escaping, if they can, the hail of rapid



THE PROW OF A GALLEY OF 1594.

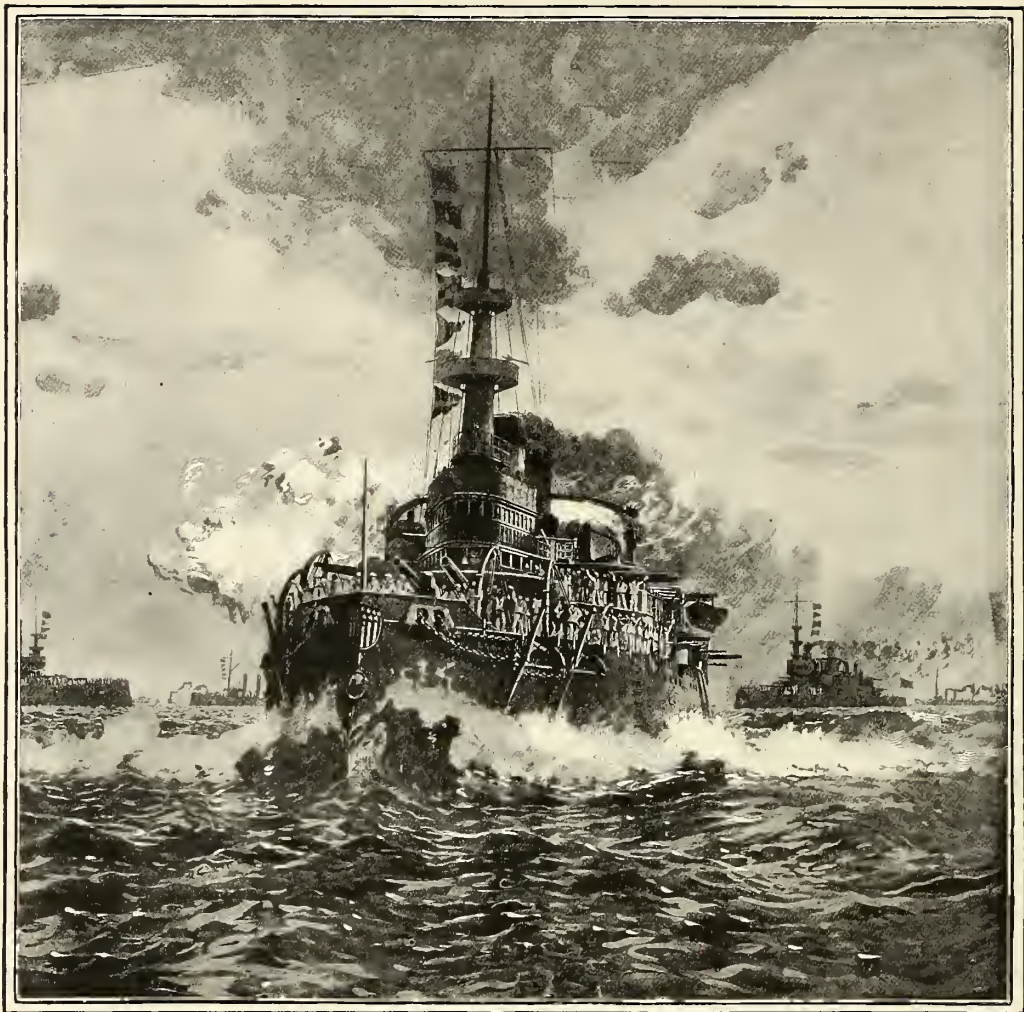
fire that is sure to deluge them. Kipling, in his graphic style, gives a fine description of the deadly work of these little fiends:

"Now! while their silly smoke hangs thick,
Now, ere their wits they find—
Strike! and strike hard!—
The blow went home;—
Our galled whale is blind!"

and then shows the terrible risks to those who man the torpedo-boat destroyers, in the reckless lines:

"Good luck to those who get away!
God help those left behind!"

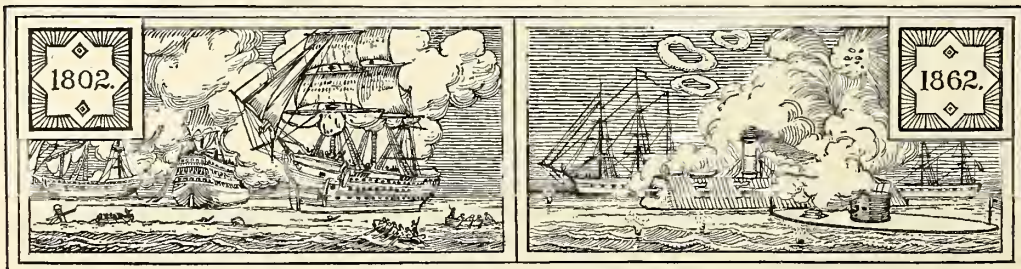
It may be interesting to American boys and



THE OREGON SALUTING ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG-SHIP AT THE END OF HER FIFTEEN-THOUSAND-MILE VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN.

girls to know how many vessels there are in our navy. There are two hundred and seventy, divided up as follows: Battle ships (first and second class), 13; armored cruisers, 6; armored ram, 1; monitors, 10; protected cruisers, 19; unprotected cruisers, 3; gun-boats,

36; training ships, 2; special class, 2; torpedo-boats and destroyers, 50; submarines, 8; steam cruising vessels (iron and wooden), 12; sailing vessels (wooden), 8; tugs, 43; auxiliary cruisers, 5; converted yachts, 23; colliers, 16; supply ships, 14; hospital ship, 1.



Abbie Ann

By George Madden Martin

Author of the "Emmy Lou" Stories

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER X

WITH considerable effort and much ink, Abbie Ann wrote a letter to her father that very next day. Maria was down-stairs practising, so the spelling was Abbie Ann's own:

"Deer Father," she wrote, "we went to see Them. Aunt Ann is not so grate an Aunt as Aunt Abbie is but I like her the Best. I hope I will not Go to see them Anny more. Maria is Well. I love her Next to you and Mr. McEwan. I sed I wode be glad not to have Them for my aunts, and she sed you cant be chewsers in kin its what you have got. Miss. Henrietta sed I might ask you about my aunts and so I do.

Your true daughter

ABBIE ANN RICHARDSON.

Do you know what is a Norris feechur? Do you think I have Got them deer Father I do Not think I have."

But the next Friday, before any answer had come to this, Miss Henrietta sent for Abbie Ann, who, truth to tell, went a little fearfully. She felt that she had a right to read such summons since the last one. Nor was she wrong about it.

"Abbie," said Miss Henrietta briefly, "your Aunts wish you to come and stay with them until Sunday afternoon. The carriage is waiting."

Miss Henrietta at her desk spoke shortly and also avoided looking at the youngest pupil. Perhaps she, like other peacemakers before her, was wishing she had let well enough alone before setting this thing going. At any rate she spoke briefly, then took up her pen. The matter was ended.

But not so with the victim. For a moment she stood still as if stunned, and then clutched Miss Owsley's sleeve. Some things are too appalling to be believed. Her intense little face might have been a masque of tragedy. "But I don't have to go, please say I don't have to go, Miss Henrietta!"

Some people are moved by sympathy one way, some another, it made Miss Owsley cross. "Now, Abbie," she said, "we want no scenes. Martha is packing your bag. Go and get ready." And Miss Henrietta, her lips closing firmly, returned to her writing.

Abbie Ann went slowly out. Martha was putting a little nightgown into the bag when the youngest pupil came in; the youngest pupil was crying.

"It 's dreadful 'swelling' on the nose," remarked Martha, looking up, "which ain't to



"ABBIE ANN WROTE A LETTER TO HER FATHER."

say becoming to red hair. What you been using this tooth brush on, anyhow?"

Abbie Ann mopped her eyes, "My overshoes," she said.

"I thought it could n't 'a' been your teeth," said Martha, gazing at the article dubiously.

But Abbie Ann was pulling her best buttoned shoes out of the closet. "I reckon you 'd cry too, Martha Lunn. I think Abbie Ann's an awful name, anyhow, and if they

had n't been my Aunts, I would n't have had to be it."

"You might 've been Samantha Ann," rejoined Martha, "I 've got a Aunt Samantha Simpson Sanders."

Abbie paused in the shoe buttoning. "Sometimes I think you 're right comforting, Martha," acknowledged Abbie Ann.

Perhaps Miss Henrietta was more concerned than she cared to show. She was down-stairs—by chance, was it?—and came to the door to see the youngest pupil off. She had a letter too, for Abbie Ann.

"The postman just brought it in time," she said with a hand on Abbie's little shoulder. Then she called to the driver of the closed carriage at the curb:

"Jennings, are you to take Miss Abbie Ann straight home?"

"No, ma'am," came from out Jennings' furs, for the day was raw, "Miss Abbie and Miss Ann are waiting at the milliner's."

Now there are vehicles and there are equipages. Abbie Ann had never ridden in an equipage before. And a Jennings in furs is an imposing sight. Abbie Ann got in. She looked very small when the door was shut upon her.

With a little gloved fist, she rubbed fiercely at the tears that would come, and with the other hand held to her letter.

In time the carriage drew up before a store, and a plump little girl in brown, with loose bur-

nished curls beneath a big brown hat and with a nose inclining to be pink at the tip, came forth. Then a young girl, waiting apparently at the door, took her little gloved hand and led her back through the store between cases of ribbons and feathers and artificial flowers to a space curtained off in the rear.

"Well," said a grim voice as they went in between the curtains, "she did let you come?"

It was Aunt Abbie Norris. It was evident time had not softened her manner.



"THIS IS THE TABLE AT WHICH THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE —."

But Aunt Ann Norris, who was sitting in a chair, with a hand-glass, before the mirror, called the little niece to her. Aunt Ann bent to kiss her. Aunt Ann's face was very white for an old, old woman, except on the cheek bones where it was very red. It made her look older, it made Abbie Ann feel afraid.

Aunt Ann Norris, before the mirror holding a hand-glass, was getting a new bonnet. The little niece, having been kissed, was told to get upon a chair while Aunt Ann returned to the business.

The milliner lady, at this, held a spray of airy feathers, glittering with spangles, against the bonnet upon old Aunt Ann's head. Then she laid it aside and tried a bunch of purple flowers. Aunt Abbie favored the flowers, the lady was inclined to the feather.

Aunt Ann seemed to be gathering up her courage. Then she spoke a little uncertainly, "How would it do," she said, "to use both?"

Aunt Abbie arose with abruptness. "It is unbelievable, your love of dress, Ann," she said, and the lace barbs on *her* head-piece and the bangles, quivered with the decision of it, "we will take the bonnet, Madame Breaux, and with the flowers. Good afternoon."

They were almost out of the store when something seemed to strike Aunt Abbie about the plump little niece preceding her. "Child," she said, "who selected that hat you have on? Is that your *best* bonnet?"

"Yes 'm, Miss Henrietta bought it."

Miss Henrietta and Aunt Abbie Norris seemed to be of two minds about most things.

"Madame Breaux," said Aunt Abbie, bringing the party to a halt, "show us hats suitable for this child."

And when Abbie Ann next entered the carriage, following behind the two old ladies, she bore upon her burnished red curls, a great, soft-brimmed, feathered thing that might have been the ideal of her finery-loving little soul's own dream. Abbie Ann was a Norris in more ways than in features. It even heartened her up for a time, and she followed the old ladies presently from the carriage into the house with a pretty fair grace.

But something depressing seemed to come upon little Abbie at dinner. Nobody talked, and Jennings presented things suddenly on a silver waiter.

Abbie felt forlorn; waves of misery, one after another rose up, out of the pit of her little stomach and enveloped her. She could not eat, lumps were in her throat until it ached. It was homesickness, but Abbie Ann had never heard it called that.

Presently Aunt Abbie spied the little guest's plate. "Sit up," she said, "sit up and eat your dinner."

Abbie Ann sat up and began swallowing pieces almost whole. In time the meal came to an end and she could get down.

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It seemed a solemn house, heavy and subduing. It was like the carriage that was an equipage, it made little Abbie Ann feel small. Aunt Ann took her by the hand and led her into the room opening on the dining room. Here she pointed to a chair, a chair one would almost naturally avoid, a chair with a bone-like structure of spindles for a back, and with ungracefully spraddling legs. "This, Abbie Ann," she said with no little pride, "is the chair Benjamin Franklin sat in when he called on our Grandmother Gwynne, and this," laying her be-ringed old wrinkled hand on the beveled edge of a table, "is where the Marquis de Lafayette—"

"Now Ann," it was the voice of Aunt Abbie coming in from the dining room, "you are mixing it up again—"

Aunt Ann looked put out. Her old voice grew quite decided. "Not at all, Sister Abbie, it was in this chair that—"

"—Lafayette sat," said Aunt Abbie appearing in the doorway.

Aunt Ann looked quite flushed. "No, sister, Lafayette *wrote*, and *Franklin* sat—"

Aunt Abbie tapped the table smartly with her knuckles, "It was at this table, Ann, that Franklin wrote,—"

"—but he did n't write, Sister, he *sat*—" poor Miss Ann Norris was almost tearful.

"—that Franklin wrote to his brother in Boston," stated Aunt Abbie firmly. "Try to remember these things as they are, Ann," and Aunt Abbie retired.

"Abbie Ann," said Aunt Ann Norris, recovering herself as she could, "do you know who the Marquis de Lafayette was?"

"No, ma'am," said Abbie Ann.

"Dear me," said the old lady; "but you know Benjamin Franklin?"

"No, ma'am," said the wretched Abbie.

After which they went into the parlor and Aunt Ann read aloud bits from the evening paper and Aunt Abbie made grim comments thereon.

"Dear me," reported Aunt Ann, "another burglary! It terrifies me to read of how—"

"Then I would n't read it," said Aunt Abbie, and Aunt Ann was silent for a time. But before long she revived.

"Some one named Smith is dead," she reported, "J. T. or J. F. I can't just make out, J. F., I believe—"

"Do you know anybody named either?" inquired Aunt Abbie briefly.

"No," Aunt Ann confessed, "she did n't know any Smiths at all, but—"

"Then what matter?" snapped Aunt Abbie.

And all the while Abbie Ann sat on a square stool and wondered why they had asked her to come. It did not occur to Abbie Ann that people sometimes do things because they think they ought to. The two old ladies were pretty near as ill at ease as the guest. Evidently they had no idea what to do with her now they had her with them.

Perhaps they were as relieved as Abbie Ann when Eliza came to take her to bed. They kissed her good night hastily.

And all this while Abbie had not read her letter. She thought to do so now, but Eliza kept waiting and offering to unbutton her clothes, as if to get it through with and over. It is n't pleasant to undress with an Eliza waiting for you to get through. But Abbie Ann was subdued past any will of her own by this time. It was in a meek voice, after she had been assisted in between cold linen sheets, that she asked if she might read her letter in bed.

Eliza flared up the gas with no very good grace, which further so disturbed Abbie that she found herself having to spell every other word. Finding this bid fair to take all night, Eliza offered to read it to her.

After various items of home news, the letter ended with, "And now, my little girl, it is enough for you to know that Miss Abbie and Miss Ann are your aunts, and that it was your mother's wish that you should love them."

Eliza was deeply interested. She forgot to be in a hurry. "Did n't you always know they were your aunts?" she inquired.

"No," said Abbie Ann, "I did n't know anything about them."

"Dear, dear!" said Eliza, "Miss Evelyn's own child and never to have heard of Miss Abbie and Miss Ann!"

"Did she,—did my mother know them, Eliza?" queried Abbie Ann, sitting up in bed in her interest.

"Did Miss Evelyn—" Eliza began, then broke off; "this was her own little bed, and her own room you are in this minute."

"Oh, Eliza, did she have to come to stay here, too? How was it all, Eliza, why did n't I know about it before?"

But Eliza drew in. "It is n't for me to be talkin', I 'm thinkin'," she said, abruptly, "Good night, Miss Abbie Ann."

Now whether the little girl in that bed dreamed it or not, she could not tell, but it seemed to her the next morning, that in the night, she had waked, and had seen Aunt Abbie standing by the bed and looking at her,

but that as she opened her eyes, Aunt Abbie faded away and left her in the darkness.

CHAPTER XI

AT breakfast, Aunt Abbie was so grim, that the little Abbie was overcome to think she even dared to dream about her in the night. But the rest of the morning passed quickly, for Eliza, more amiable by day, and guessing many things, asked if Abbie Ann would like to go to market with the cook.

At luncheon Aunt Abbie did not appear, confessing to a headache, it seemed. "A most unusual thing," Aunt Ann explained to Abbie Ann, "an almost unheard-of thing; I do not remember your Aunt Abbie to have had a headache in years."

"She says you are to take Miss Abbie Ann for a drive, Miss Ann," here explained Eliza, "she says she wishes to be left alone."

"Very well, Eliza," said Miss Ann meekly, and accordingly she and Abbie Ann went out, gorgeous in their new head-gear, for a drive.

Now for some reason the little Abbie felt able to talk with Aunt Ann. After a while she ventured a remark about the thing puzzling her. "Did you always know there was a me, Aunt Ann?" she queried.

Aunt Ann looked troubled; she smoothed the fur tails to her stole with a hand that always trembled a little. "Your Aunt Abbie," she remarked with seeming irrelevance, after a little pause, "is a strong character, she is a person of great discretion and reserve; a person of singular reserve, my dear. And in the latter, I trust," added Aunt Ann hastily, "I resemble her."

Now Abbie Ann, listening, did not understand a word. Neither did she understand Aunt Ann, or she would have known there was more to follow.

"Neither am I without proper pride in family," declared Aunt Ann; "I 'm sure I 'm as proud of blood as ever Sister is: it is n't everyone, my dear, who could be 'Daughters' through two lines, and 'Dames' through four. Not that I 'd have you think I objected to shaving soap. Why should n't a man's father make shaving soap? I 've been told it was very good soap. And I 'm sure when you think about it, Benjamin Franklin's father made candles, not so different, you see? But Sister Abbie could n't seem to stand the family likeness on the soap wrappers. But he 's dead now, and the business too, I 've

been told, and John's in coal mines. But I would n't have you feel I consider soap as so different from whale oil, where ours came from, my dear."

Abbie Ann's countenance, as she gazed on her Aunt Ann, showed wonder and bewilderment; what was Aunt Ann talking about?

But the old lady had herself all wrought up; she pulled the strap and told Jennings, "home."

Aunt Abbie appeared at dinner, but taller, straighter, grimmer, if possible, than before. Conversation died away.

Afterward, Abbie Ann was given a book, and told to sit on the little stool and read; now the little stool was embarrassingly near to Aunt Abbie, who was reading a large volume bound in solemn leather.

Abbie Ann looked at the book given her which had a strangely familiar red and gold binding, somewhat faded. Its name, yes, its name was "Sanford and Merton." Do all old ladies keep "Sanford and Merton" on hand for little girls?

Abbie Ann opened the book listlessly, at any page that chanced. She spelled along for a time, concerning a little boy named Harry.

"Besides learning, with greatest readiness, everything that was taught him, little Harry"—so said the book,—“was the most honest, obliging creature in the world. He was never discontented, nor did he grumble, whatever he was desired to do. And then you might believe Harry in everything he said; for though he could have gained a plum cake by telling an untruth, and was sure the truth would expose him to a severe whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children who place their whole happiness in eating; for give him but a morsel of dry bread for his dinner and he would be satisfied, though you placed sweetmeats and fruit and every other nicety in his—”

Abbie Ann hunted another place, she could n't stand any more of Harry; we all prefer to meet ordinary people like ourselves along the way. There was another boy named

Tommy. She turned the pages, hunting something less unnatural than the virtues of Harry. But alas:

“Dear heart!” said Tommy, ‘what a number of accidents people are subject to in this world!’

“‘It is very true,’ answered a Mr. Barlow, ‘but as that is the case, it is necessary to improve ourselves in every manner, that we may be able to struggle against them.’”

“‘That,’” said Tommy on that page, or some other, it really did not matter to Abbie Ann which, as she turned them, “‘I perfectly comprehend,’”—which, to tell the truth, was more than Abbie did.

She felt she had had enough of “Sanford and Merton.” She peeped up cautiously, to meet, however, Aunt Abbie's grim eye, and returned hastily to her book, too hastily in fact to know that Aunt Abbie returned to hers as hastily, and with something of the same guilty air of being caught. For strangely enough, Aunt Abbie had not been reading at all, but gazing at her little niece. Shortly after, she arose, and saying something about not being well, went up-stairs.

Eliza appeared soon after for Abbie Ann.

It seemed hours after she was in bed, that Abbie Ann opened her eyes. It was no dream this time, there was Aunt Abbie, or—was it? With the fierceness gone, it was an old woman, whose hand holding a candle, was tremulous, whose nose and chin, in silhouette on the wall, made grotesque—

It frightened Abbie worse to have her tremble, to have her old, than to have her tall and stern and grim. What did she want? Why did n't she go? Would n't she ever, ever go? Would she stand there forever, forever, with that candle, looking down—

Abbie Ann, holding her little self rigid, felt she could n't stand it to have Aunt Abbie know she was awake, Aunt Abbie might lean over, she might touch her—

But Aunt Abbie never knew; and perhaps too, little Abbie fell asleep without knowing it, for when she woke again, only the light from the hall was in the room, and Aunt Abbie with her candle was gone.

(To be concluded.)

Mother Goose Continued

By Anna Marion Smith

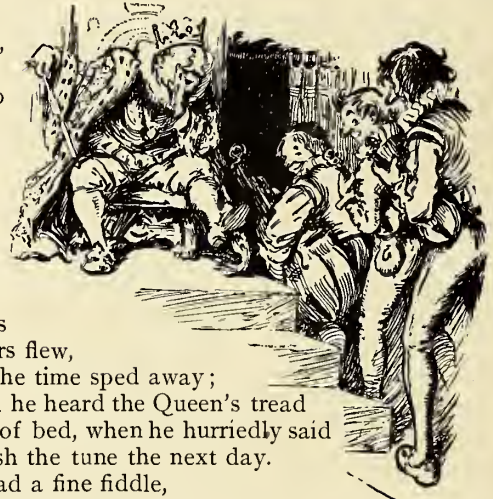
OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he:
(Twee - tweedle - dee, tweedle - dee, went the
fiddlers three) -
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

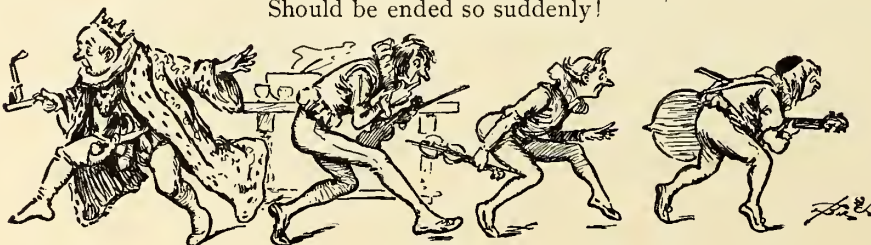


I
GOOD Queen Kate was his royal mate,
And a right royal mate was she:
She would frequently state that carous-
ing till late
Was something that never should be.
But every fiddler had such a fine fiddle, -
Oh, such a fine fiddle had he, -
That old King Cole, in his inmost soul,
Was as restive as he could be.

II
WHEN thus spoke she to his majesty,
He planted his crown on tight.
"We will wait," whispered he to
the fiddlers three,
"Till the Queen has retired for the night."
Every fiddler then tuned up his fiddle,
And tuned it as true as could be:
While old King Cole got his pipe and bowl
And replenished them secretly.



III
So gay they grew as
the night hours flew,
He forgot how the time sped away;
Till swift overhead he heard the Queen's tread
As she sprang out of bed, when he hurriedly said
They might finish the tune the next day.
Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he:
Oh, 't was not fair such a concert rare
Should be ended so suddenly!





"Pussy sits beside the fire
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog.
"Pussy, are you there?
So so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how you do?
"Indeed, I thank you little dog,
I'm very well just now."



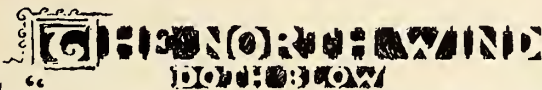
"Fy, pussy, what a lazy cat,
On such a pleasant day
To sit and drowse beside the fire
And sleep the hours away!
A self-respecting dog would think
Himself a sorry cur,
If he did nothing all day long
But fold his arms and purr!"



"Now, sir, you need n't criticize
Because I sit and blink,
For while my eyes are shut, like this,
I think, and think, and think.
And when I purr, please understand
I work with all my might,
A-humming over songs I sing
When I go out at night.



"Excuse me. Now I'll close my
eyes,
And think a little more.
On busy days like this, I show
My visitors the door.
'T is only little dogs who judge
That one must idle be,
Unless one's chasing round and
round
Or barking up a tree."



"The north wind doeth blow, and we shall have
snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing"

But never a word of plaint will be
heard
From robin, no matter how tired
and cold;



For well will he know that the
winter will go,
And the blossoms and greenness
of spring unfold.

And when the warm sun says
winter is done,
He'll gladden us all with his
cheery song;
And never will fret if the season
is wet,

Or wail that the winter was hard and long.

Captain June

By Alice Hegan Rice

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," etc.

With Pictures by C. D. Weldon

CHAPTER VII



EVEN more than usually quiet and deserted was the narrow street. The noon sun glaring down on the town had sent everybody into the shade, and at first

June attracted little attention as he trudged off in the direction of the parade grounds. He knew the way that far, for Toro often took him there to watch the men drill. Soldiers passed him now in twos and threes, looking very smart in their buff uniforms with swords clanking at their sides, and as they passed they laughed and turned to look curiously at the small foreign boy. In fact curious eyes were peering out of many of the open front shops, and mothers were even holding up their babies and pointing to the strange little person who was passing.

Here and there children were dipping water with their hands from pails and sprinkling the dusty street, and when they saw June they paused and gazed open-mouthed, or shouted derisively: "Eijin! Eijin!" The whole world seemed strange and unfriendly, and even the sun tried to see how hot it could glare down on June's bare head.

When he reached the parade ground, he stopped to rest, but no sooner had he sat down than a circle gathered around him, two jinrikisha men, four boys, a girl with a baby on her back and an old fish woman. There was no chatter, they were all too interested to talk, they just stood and looked and looked until June felt that their eyes were pins and that he was the cushion. After a while he turned to one of the men and said: "Do you know where Monsieur Carré lives?"

They looked at each other and smiled. It was much as if a new bird had twittered a strange note, and one boy tried to imitate the sound and repeated "Carré lives?" to the great amusement of the rest.

"Monsieur Carré!" went on June getting angry, "he's a Frenchman. Don't you know where he lives?"

"Where he lives?" mimicked the boy and they laughed more than ever. June was so angry by this time that he could not tell which he wanted most to do, to cry or to fight.

Beyond him was a wilderness of criss-cross streets with strange eyes peering at him from every quarter. What if he should get lost and swallowed up for ever in this strange place where nobody knew him nor loved him nor spoke his language?

Instinctively he looked back toward the way he had come. He had only to retrace his steps past the parade ground, hurry back in a straight line until he came to the big red gate that marked the entrance to the temple, and then turning to the right run breathlessly down the street to the little gate in the wall, and after that to throw himself into Seki's arms and tell her all his troubles!

But what would become of Monsieur? It must be very dreadful to be sick in bed with a guard waiting to arrest you if you did not get some papers for him, papers which you did not have. And if Monsieur was arrested he never would get back to France!

All this flashed through June's mind as he sat under the pine tree, trying with all his might to keep the black eyes all around from seeing that he was about to cry. Just then a soldier passed holding himself very erect and looking neither to the left nor the right. Suddenly June remembered that soldiers did not cry, and with resolution he got up and turning his back to the temple gate and the parade grounds, he continued courageously on his way.

Far in the distance he could see, high on a hill, the old castle which he knew he must pass before he should come to Monsieur's. There were many streets to be passed, and many obstacles to be overcome, for as June got further from home the curiosity concerning him increased. It was very warm and he was tired but he dared not sit down for he dreaded the gaping crowd and the curious eyes. By

and by he came to the old moat which circled the castle, and as the road led out into the country, the boys who had followed him gradually fell back until he realized with joy that there were no more wooden shoes clattering after him.

In the moat big lotus leaves floated on the water and working among them were coolies, naked, except for a loin cloth. They were too busy to take any notice of a strange little boy, so he sat on a rock under a tree for a long time and wondered how it would feel to be down there under the lily pads and the lotus leaves, and if the same hob-goblins and sprites that live under the sea did not sometimes come to play in the moats, and take moonlight rides on the big broad leaves?

The sun which had beaten so fiercely on his head was slowly dropping toward the distant mountain when he started once more on his way, and a long shadow went beside him. The shadow was a great relief for it kept him company without staring at him. By and by even the shadows deserted him and he trudged along the country road following a vague impression that somewhere around the foot of the mountain Monsieur lived.

It was very quiet and lonesome with only the crickets and the frogs talking to each other out there in the grasses, and June's feet were tired and his head ached and he was hungry. A big lump kept lodging in his throat no matter how often he swallowed. Now that the grey twilight was creeping on, all sorts of fears assailed him. Ever since he could remember Seki San had told him of the hob-goblins and gnomes that haunt the woodlands and mountains in Japan. There were the Tengu, half bird and half man, that play all sorts of mischievous pranks on the farmers, there was the "Three-eyed Friar," and the "White Woman" who wanders about in the snow, and worst of all was a bogie with horns, whose legs dwindled away to nothing at all, but whose body was very large and horrible with a long neck twisted like a snake.

As he thought about it his heart began to thump, and he quickened his steps to a run. All the trees seemed to be reaching out clutching hands as he sped by, and the darkness kept creeping closer and closer. The sobs which he had held back so long came faster, and at last breathless and panic-stricken he sank exhausted by the roadside and waited in dumb terror for what might happen.

Looking fearfully around he saw just above him a kind white face peering out of the twi-

light. It was only a stone face, and it belonged to an image that was sitting cross-legged on a mossy stone, but it was like a friend to June. Of all the gods and goddesses that Seki San had told him about, the one he knew best was Jizo, the friend of little children. The drooping figure, the gentle face, and the shaven head had become as familiar to him as the pictures of Santa Claus at home. He had met him in the temples, in the woods, on the river road, in big stone statues and little wooden ones, and now when he found him here in this lonesome night world, he felt a vague sense of relief and protection.

Climbing up on the stone he fingered the pebbles that filled Jizo's lap, and touched the red cotton bib that was tied about his neck. He knew what it all meant for Seki San had told him many times. Jizo was the guardian of dead children, and the red bib and the pebbles had been placed there by mothers who wanted the kind god to look after their little babies who had passed away into another world. There were hundreds of pebbles about the statue, in its lap, about its hands and feet, and even on its bald head, and June was very careful not to disturb any of them. He wished he had something to give the good god, but he was too tired to go down and look for a pebble. He searched through his pockets but nothing seemed to suit. Finally he separated one object from the rest, and placed it gently in Jizo's upturned hand. It was the old sword hilt that Monsieur had given him.

Then, because he was very sleepy and tired, and because he was afraid of the dark, he nestled down in the niche under Jizo's up-raised arm, and all the hob-goblins and evil spirits slipped away, and the stars came out and the big white moon, and the monotonous droning of the crickets and frogs seemed to be Seki San humming him to sleep, and the stone figure against which he leaned seemed to sway toward him in the moonlight and the face changed to the gentlest, sweetest one he knew, and instead of the little pebbles on the head there was a crown of thorns.

CHAPTER VIII.

How long June slept there he did not know, but he was wakened by someone shaking his arm and holding a paper lantern close to his face. When he got his eyes open he found that it was a jinrikisha man and that he was talking to him in Japanese.

"Where 's Seki?" June asked, looking about him in bewilderment.

The man shook his head and continued to talk excitedly in Japanese.

"I want to go to Monsieur Carré's," said June very loud as if that would help the man understand.

"Wakarimasen," said the man.

"Monsieur Carré!" shouted June and again the man shook his head and said, "Wakarimasen."

Over and over June repeated "Monsieur Carré," and pointed down the moonlit road. Finally in desperation he scrambled from his perch and seizing a stick thrust it under his arm like a crutch, then he humped his shoulders, drew down his brows, and limped along saying with a groan, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" as he had heard Monsieur say it.

In an instant the man clapped his hands and laughed. "Hai, Hai," he said and when the jinrikisha was wheeled about and June was invited to get in, you may be sure he lost no time in doing so. He even forgot to give a goodbye look to Jizo who sat smiling out into the moonlight with the little pebbles on his head.

It was a wonderful ride, through the soft shiny darkness, with only the pitter patter of the kurumaya's sandals to break the silence. June, curled up on the seat, was not thinking of poor Seki San and her anxiety concerning him, neither was he thinking of the mother and father who would soon be coming to him over the sea, nor of Monsieur with the guard at his door. He was wondering if the stars were the moon's children, and who woke the sun up in the morning.

And all the time a light at the foot of the hill was getting closer and closer, and before he knew it, they had stopped at the little brown house where the windows peeped through the vines.

A voice spoke sharply in the darkness and before June could get down a man in uniform with a star on his breast, stopped him. The jinrikisha man seemed to be explaining and the soldier to be asking questions, and while they talked June sat very still with his heart beating furiously against the long envelope in his blouse.

He was just as frightened as he had been back in the woods when the hob-goblins were after him, only it was different. Then he cried and ran away, now he was not thinking of himself at all, but of Monsieur who might have to go to prison and die if he should fail to get the papers to him.

After what seemed to him hours of time, the guard evidently came to the conclusion that a sleepy little boy who had lost his way could do no harm, so he lifted him down and took him up the path.

June was too full of anxiety even to glance at the gold fish as he passed them. He walked straight up the path and into the room where Monsieur lay. On the bed was an old man who looked as if he might have been Monsieur's father; his body seemed to have shrunk to half its size and his face was old and white and drawn. Only the eyes made June know that it was Monsieur himself, and the fierce startled look in them recalled the day he had stumbled over him in the Daimyo's garden.

"I was coming to see you and I got lost," began June, but Monsieur held up a warning hand.

"The guard will inform me in Japanese," he said so coldly that June wondered if he were angry with him.

After a great deal of talk, the guard went away leaving June sitting half asleep on the floor with his head against the bed. In an instant Monsieur was leaning over him shaking his shoulder.

"Tell me!" he demanded, "tell me quickly why did you come?"

June rubbed his eyes and yawned; at first he could not remember, then it began to come back:

"I made the 's's' the wrong way," he murmured, "and when I tried to fix them I spoiled your letter."

"Yes, yes," cried Monsieur, now out of bed and on his knees before the child, "and you tore it up, you destroyed it?"

June shook his head wearily, "it is inside here, but I can't undo the buttons."

Monsieur's hands, bandaged though they were, found the packet and drew it eagerly forth. "Thank God! thank God!" he whispered, pressing the unbroken seal again and again to his lips.

"Did I save your life?" asked June making a mighty effort to rouse himself, and enjoy his reward.

"Not my life, boy; that did not matter; it is my honor you have saved, my honor." And Monsieur lay back upon the bed and sobbed like a little child.

"He's coming!" warned June, and Monsieur had only sufficient time to wipe away his tears from his withered old cheeks before the guard returned with the jinrikisha man.

After a consultation in Japanese, Monsieur said to June, "I have told the man how to take you home. They will be very anxious about you. You must start at once."

"I'm hungry," said June, "I'd like some of those little crackers that you gave me before."

The guard, obligingly following directions, produced a paper bag from the table drawer.



"IT WAS THE OLD SWORD-HILT THAT MONSIEUR HAD GIVEN HIM." (SEE PAGE 415.)

"I wish they were animal crackers," said June, "I like to eat the elephant first, then he gets hungry and I have to eat the bear, then the bear gets hungry and I have to eat the pig, and the pig gets hungry and I have to eat the rabbit until there are n't any left in the bag."

"You have not spoken to any one about the letter?" whispered Monsieur as he pretended to kiss June good-by.

"'Course not!" declared June indignantly, "it's a secret!" Then as if remembering a

lost opportunity he added, "Oh! you could n't tell me a story, could you? Just a teeny weeny one?"

"Not to-night," said Monsieur laughing, "why, it is eleven o'clock now. But to-morrow, next day, always when you come, the stories are waiting, all that my brain and heart can hold."

And with this promise June was bound to be content.

It was hard to believe that the way back was as long as the way he had come, for before he knew it the wall beside the moat appeared by the roadside, then the parade grounds dim and shadowy in the moonlight, then the crowded streets of the town. He did not know that he was the chief cause of the commotion, that for two hours parties of searchers had been hurrying along every road leading out of town, that people were telling where they had seen him last, and that anxious groups were looking over the low wall into the black waters of the moat.

He only knew that from the moment he reached the town a crowd followed his jinrikisha, that his kurumaya could scarcely push his way through the questioning throng, and that at last they stopped and a shout went up, the crowd parted, and through the opening dashed Seki San, her hair hanging limply about her face, her eyes full of joy, and her arms outstretched.

"Oh! My little boy darling!" she cried. "You have gave me many troubles. Where you been, where did you go?"

But June attempted no explanation; the papers were safe with Monsieur and he was safe with Seki San, and whether or not he had done right was too big a problem to wrestle with.

After Seki had fed him and bathed him, and kissed his many bruises to make them well, he put his arms about her and gave her a long, hard hug.

"I am awful sorry I had to run away," he said and Seki's English was not good enough to understand just what he meant.

Long after he was asleep she sat beside him on the floor, crying softly into her sleeve, and holding fast to his hand while she gave thanks not only to her new Christian God but to some of the heathen ones as well for sending him back to her.

CHAPTER IX

LATE in the summer, when the tiny maple leaves were turning blood-red and the white lotus was filling every pond and moat, June

and Seki San journeyed back to Yokohama. They were going to meet the big steamer that was on its way from China to America, and June was to join his mother and father and go back with them to California. He was so

so on until there were scarcely any questions left to be asked.

"One more day," said Seki San sadly, "and Seki will have no more little boy to hold her sleeves behind and tease and tickle her under her necks. She will have a very, very lonely heart."

June's merriment ceased for a moment and he looked serious. The fact that Seki could not go back with him had been a misfortune that he had not yet faced.

"I am going to get my father to come back for you next year," he said at last, "you and Tomi and Toro, and your mamma with the black teeth too. We will have a little Japanese house on the ranch, and Toro can ride my pony."

But Seki shook her head and wiped her eyes.

"You will go back to your dear, affectionate home," she said, "and be big mans when I see you once more. But I will hear your lovinigest little boy voice down in my heart always!"

It was a happy meeting the next day on the steamer when June actually saw his mother, and clung about her neck as if he would never let go again. Then he had to be taken up on the shelter



"LONG AFTER HE WAS ASLEEP SHE SAT BESIDE HIM."

happy over the prospect that he could not sit still a minute, but kept hopping from one side of the car to the other and asking Seki more questions than she could possibly answer.

"Do you s'pose my mother 'll know me now I've got so fat? Has my father grown any since I saw him? Will he carry a sword? What do you s'pose they will bring me?" and

deck and introduced to a strange, pale man reclining in a steamer chair, who they said was his father. At first it was a dreadful disappointment, and he submitted to being kissed with an effort. But when the man lifted one eye-brow and puckered his mouth into a funny shape, and said "Why, Mr. Skeeziicks, you have n't forgotten your old Pard?" a dark



"JUNE WAVED GOOD-BY TO THE FRIENDS BELOW." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

spot seemed suddenly to go out of June's mind and in its place was a memory of the jolliest, funniest playfellow he had ever had in

his life. With a rush he was in his lap. "You used to tell me about the Indians," he cried accusingly, "I remember now. What became

of Tiger Tooth and the little white child?"

"We will have just fourteen days to tell stories," said Capt. Royston. "I shall probably be a dumb man by the time we land in San Francisco. You must sit down here now and tell this little mother of yours the story of your life. Where did you get these red cheeks and fat legs?"

And with Seki San sitting on the floor at their feet, and with a frequent hug from mother and many a laugh from father, the story of the summer was told.

When the last launch brought the passengers out from the shore, who should come aboard but Monsieur Carré. He was regularly engaged in Government service at Tokyo now, and when he saw in the paper that Master Robert Rogers Royston, Junior, would join his parents and sail for America on the S. S. *Mongolia*, he made the short trip to Yokohama to say good-by.

He was so dressed up that June scarcely recognized him. His white mustache was waxed until it stood out very straight, and his hair was parted all the way down the back. He still carried a heavy cane and limped when he walked, but his hands, though knotted and gnarled, were free from bandages.

Captain and Mrs. Royston welcomed him cordially as a friend of June's and even Seki San, who still looked upon him with suspicion, was discreetly silent.

"Are you going back to France?" asked June.

"Next year," answered Monsieur. "I will

have made sufficient money to go home, and then! Ah, Mon Dieu! I will never leave it again."

"I will write you a letter," said June, adding slyly, "I'll be sure to make the 's's' turn the right way."

Monsieur put his finger on his lips and June nodded understandingly.

"What secret have you there?" asked Captain Royston.

Monsieur put his hand on June's head, and looking straight in the Captain's eyes, he said:

"Your boy will make a fine soldier; he has courage and honor, and he can keep a secret. I congratulate you!"

Just then a gong sounded and the first officer ordered everybody who was going ashore to hurry. There was general bustle and confusion, June had a vague impression of Monsieur kissing him on both cheeks, and disappearing down the rope ladder, of Seki San kneeling before him while he clung to her neck and begged her not to leave him, then he was sitting on the railing, with Father's arm about him, and Mother holding one hand while with the other June waved good-by to the friends below.

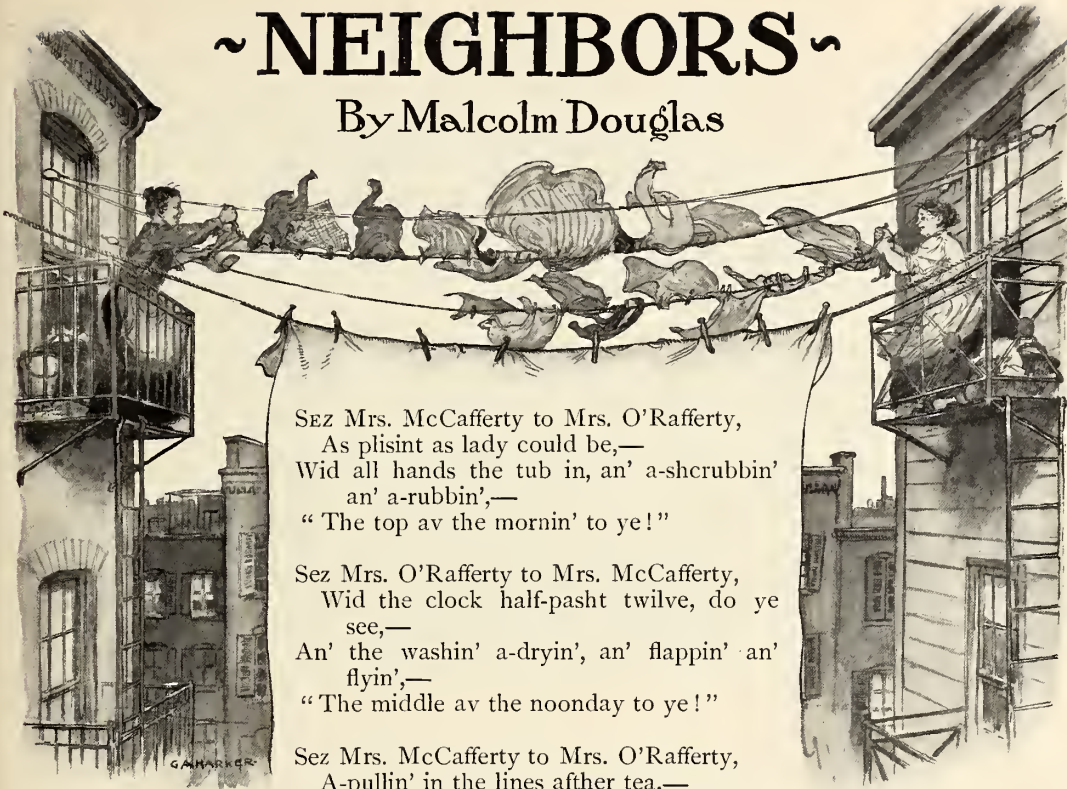
The little launch grew strangely blurred as it danced away over the water. June did not see the crowd on the deck, nor the pilot at the wheel, nor even the white and orange flag that floated from the mast. He was watching the pink rose in Seki's hair growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

"And now," said Father with decision, "I think it's about time to get busy with the Indians."



~NEIGHBORS~

By Malcolm Douglas



Sez Mrs. McCafferty to Mrs. O'Rafferty,
As plisint as lady could be,—
Wid all hands the tub in, an' a-shcrubbin'
an' a-rubbin',—
"The top av the mornin' to ye!"

Sez Mrs. O'Rafferty to Mrs. McCafferty,
Wid the clock half-pasht twilve, do ye
see,—
An' the washin' a-dryin', an' flappin' an'
flyin',—
"The middle av the noonday to ye!"

Sez Mrs. McCafferty to Mrs. O'Rafferty,
A-pullin' in the lines affther tea,—
Wid the shates an' the pilly-cases, an' clo'es-
pins shtuck in their faces,—
"The bottom av the avenin' to ye!"

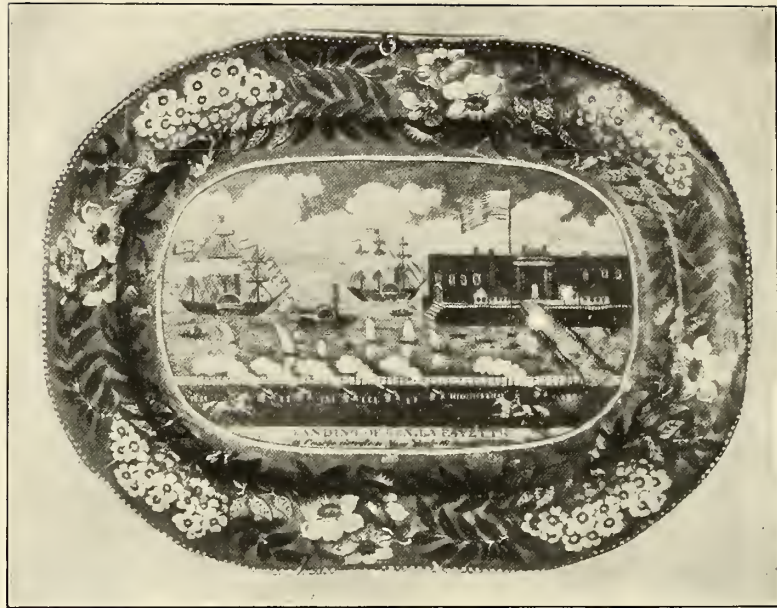
The Blacks

By Elizabeth L. Gould

WHEN Glossy Black and Flossy Black
Are looking at a ball,
And Muffy Black and Fluffy Black
Are playing in the hall;
When Patter Black and Spatter Black
Are loving as can be,

And Fiery Black and Wirey Black
A-quarreling you see,
Then Winky Black and Blinky Black
Somewhere asleep you 'll catch—
Now is n't this a family
That 's rather hard to match?





THE "LANDING OF LAFAYETTE" PLATTER.

Old Blue Pottery

By Ada Walker Camehl

MANY a home of this country treasures among its heirlooms a few plates or cups which formed a part of Grandmother's set of dishes in her early housekeeping days. These have been



THE "TOMB OF FRANKLIN" TEAPOT.

rescued by the present generation from the dust of neglected top pantry shelves or attic eaves, whither they had been banished along with other mementos of the past; and they have been hung with pride upon the walls.

We smile with amusement at the quaintly drawn pictures of men and scenery upon them; while we admire the decorative effects of the splashes of rich color which they make. But do we read with understanding minds the stories they tell? Do we understand that upon this common table ware of our ancestors are preserved many of the tales of our early national life, written by the hand of the English potter? The story of these old dishes is full of interest and instruction, for it is interwoven with the history of our grandfathers' efforts to build up a new nation.

With the opening of the 19th century our Colonies were recovering from the effects of the War for Independence. Our forefathers were beginning to enjoy the luxuries of life. The English potters of Staffordshire, with a business foresight worthy of the Yankee himself, conceived the idea of catering to the vanity, as well as to the need, of the young Republic. They sent over artists to obtain sketches of our scenery, our prominent buildings, our men then in the public eye; and the result was a flood of English pottery which poured in upon us, and met with a ready sale.

This pottery is now about one hundred years old—old ladies who say that “these dishes have been in the family two hundred and fifty years,” have not been correctly informed.

The views were etched on copper plates by artists, who went from one pottery to another to do this work, and impressions on paper were taken and preserved and a few may be seen to-day in the Staffordshire country. It is a curious fact that both public and private collections in England are singularly lacking in pottery bearing American views. It was all sent over to the people for whom it was designed.

Rich dark blue was chosen, as the best color and it was a very popular one. The artists who came over here must have traversed the length and breadth of our then-inhabited territory, for we have views of places from Niagara Falls to Charleston. There are a great many of these, and every now and then some uncatalogued design is unearthed from attic chest or ancient chimney corner.

The pieces most highly prized are those bearing portraits of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, General Lafayette, and Benjamin Franklin, pictures of Harvard and Yale Universities, Mount Vernon and the old Battery buildings of New York; while a close second are the Erie Canal dishes, Pittsfield Elm, Boston State House, Landing of the Pil-

The portraits of these quaint, old-time worthies, as pictured on old blue earthenware, are sometimes fearful and wonderful to behold.



THE "ERIE CANAL" PLATE.

The sunny, open countenance of Benjamin Franklin, topped with the familiar fur cap, lends itself better to the potter's art. Or did his long residence abroad make his face more familiar to foreign artists? On many of the Franklin dishes are some of his famous moral maxims, such as—"Fear God; honour your parents," "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee," "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send," "The used key is always bright." On others the philosopher is seen flying his famous kite.

The French Marquis, pictured as mourning at the tomb of Franklin, is a spectacle hardly worthy the dignity of that honored gentleman. The "Landing of Lafayette" design is interesting. Whole dinner sets were printed with this pattern and sent over here to commemorate this last visit of the French hero to our shores. It pictures the landing at the Battery in New York harbor. In the foreground are mounted marshals, then a row of smoking cannon, then a bridge leading to a fort over which floats the flag of the young Republic. On the water are the Chancellor Livingston, the Robert Fulton and the Cadmus, types of the quaint little ships which crossed the Atlantic nearly one hundred years ago, with their tall masts, and their side wheels high up out of the water. Below are the words—"Landing of General Lafayette at Castle Garden, New York, 16th of August,



THE "STATES" PLATE.

grims, Landing of Lafayette, and various other patriotic and historical designs, as well as the celebrated Syntax and Wilkie series.

1824." History tells us that the General was at that time sixty-eight years of age, was far from



THE "PITTSFIELD ELM" PLATE.

handsome or heroic in looks, with his small head, retreating forehead and bad complexion; and he wore "nankeen pantaloons, buff vest," and plain blue coat with covered buttons." But let us not allow this description to make us forget his many deeds in our behalf, at a time when we sorely needed a helping hand.

When the Erie Canal was begun no one expected to see its completion, and this popular rhyme appeared—

"Oh! A ditch he would dig,
from the lake to the sea,
The eighth of the world's
matchless wonders to be!
Good land! how absurd,
but why should you grin?
It will do to bury the mad
Author in."

When it was finished the Staffordshire potters were ready with their wares to commemorate it. Pitchers and plates bear designs of the entrance at Albany,

the canal locks and boats. The plate here pictured is of a medium blue color, with a border of medallions showing boats and locks,

and the following words in the center,— "The grand Erie Canal, a splendid monument of the enterprise and resources of the State of New York, indebted for its early commencement and rapid completion to the active energies, pre-eminent talents, and enlightened policy of DeWitt Clinton, late Governor of the State."

In the year 1820 a banquet was given in Boston to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims. Daniel Webster was present and delivered an address. For this occasion Enoch Wood and Sons made the entire dinner service representing the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the "rock-bound coast" of Plymouth. The scene represents the overcrowded Mayflower approaching a rock upon which stand two welcoming Indians.

The following story is told of the "Pittsfield Elm" design. In the Revolutionary times the minister was an ardent patriot, and, entering the pulpit one day wearing a long coat, his patriotism became too much for him and he threw aside his coat and showed himself in Continental uniform. Calling his congregation outside under the old Elm, he organized the men into a company. A fence



THE "WILLOW PATTERN" PLATTER.

was built around the tree in 1825 to preserve it from use as a hitching-post. The Elm finally died and was made into souvenirs.

The familiar "Willow Pattern" was a prime favorite among English potters and great quantities of the ware found their way to the American market. The original "Willow Pattern" was designed by an English potter to picture a Chinese love story, which runs as follows—

"So she tells me a legend centuries old
Of the Mandarin rich in lands and gold,
Of Li-Chi fair and Chang the good
Who loved each other as lovers should.
How they hid in the gardener's hut awhile,
Then fled away to the beautiful isle.
Though the cruel father pursued them there,
And would have killed the hopeless pair,
But a kindly power, by pity stirred,
Changed each into a beautiful bird.

"Here is the orange tree where they talked,
Here they are running away,
And over all at the top you see
The birds making love away."

This romantic tale will be read from these plates so long as interest in romance endures.

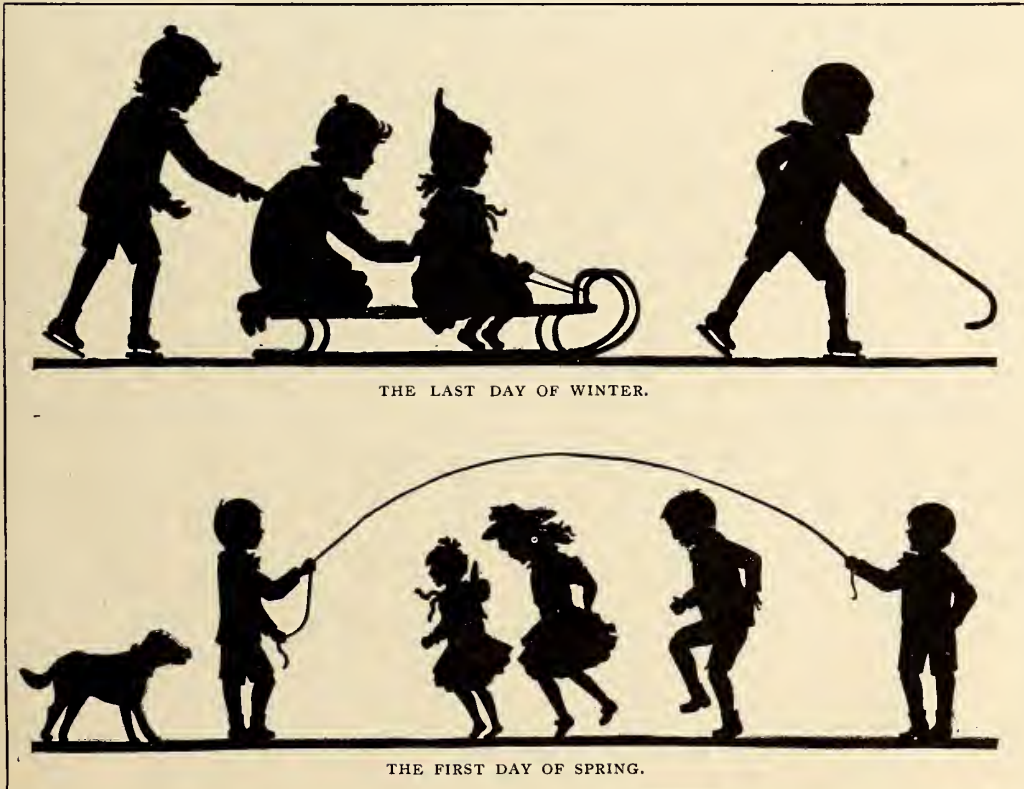
As the years go by, collections of American relics are being made by Historical Societies, and by a rapidly increasing number of individuals, whose hobbies for old things sometimes reach the height of an absorbing passion.

Of Horace Walpole it was said—

"China's the passion of his soul;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in his breast,
Inflame with joy, or break his rest."

And the love of old china did not die with Walpole, as many a collector who has chased the beloved "blue" up hill and down dale through the heat of a midsummer's day can testify.

The gathering together of these antique souvenirs is a delight to many. And these old plates will serve to keep alive memories of the past,—of the lives and deeds of our forefathers. A collection of old dishes is not only a collection of pottery—it is a library of history and romance.





KITTY and the MOUSE

By Margaret Johnson

Wee Kitty was eating her cake one day,
 And the sugary crumbs were falling,
 When a shy little mouse crept out of a
 crack,
 With his tail so long and his eyes so black,
 For he heard those crumbs a-calling!
 Then Kitty looked down and the mouse
 looked up,
 And oh, but they stood a-staring!
 For this is the way,—as big as a house,
 That Kittykins looked to the shy little
 mouse,
 With her terrible eyes a-glaring!
 And—if we could see as we 're seen, my
 dears,
 It would save us a world of pity!—
 For this is the way, with his eyes so black
 And his tail so long, alas and alack!
 That the little mouse looked to Kitty!

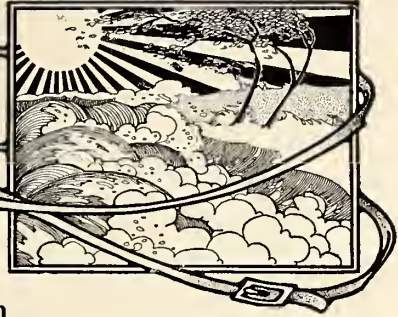
Three very different pictures
from the same set
of dots.





Harnessing the Elements

An Article for High-School Boys and Girls



By George Ethelbert Walsh

A MINING engineer of world-wide reputation was discoursing not long ago on the undeveloped resources of the world, and startled his audience with this bold statement:

"It is not gold, silver, nor copper—no, nor diamonds, either—that will make the great fortunes of the future. I've had a pretty thorough experience in prospecting for precious metals, and I tell you, gentlemen, that it is the hidden power in the air, water, and sunshine that will build up the colossal fortunes of the next few centuries."

At one of the recent meetings of the British Association of Scientists, an eminent engineer predicted that within twenty years the whole civilized world would be placed on an electrical basis. "We will," he said, "heat and light our homes with electricity; travel by it; cook our meals, and manufacture our goods by the same power; navigate the air and water by electric propulsion; and even purify the air we breathe, and cure half the ills we are heir to, by the electric current. And this power will come, not from the coal-pile, but from water, air, and sunshine!"

Lord Kelvin, in speaking of the beauties and the vast energy of Niagara, said its power would be felt all around the world, and in a burst of enthusiasm he added: "But we must not forget our small streams and waterfalls, either. There is but a single Niagara; but there are tens of thousands of small streams and waterfalls capable of turning the wheels of commerce."

Just imagine all the great coal-mines of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Alabama bursting forth in an inextinguishable flame, burning night and day for years and centuries; then add to the conflagration the great oil-fields of Texas, California, and Pennsylvania. We might then get a faint idea, from this waste of coal and oil, of the waste in water-power that is going on continually all around us without so much as attracting our attention.

It is estimated that throughout the world about 2,000,000 electrical horse-power is generated to-day from waterfalls and streams. Over one quarter of this enormous horse-power is generated in the United States, with Canada second and Switzerland third.

What is 2,000,000 horse-power, and what would it represent in coal? At the lowest estimate it would require some 25,000,000 tons of coal to generate 2,000,000 horse-power continuously by the ordinary steam-engine; and allowing \$5 per ton for the cost of coal, this would represent a saving in our coal-bill of \$125,000,000.

THE WORLD'S WATER-POWER NOT IN USE.

BUT the possibilities of our small streams make the dream of the future seem unreal and fantastic. No man has dared even to try to measure or compute the total undeveloped water-power of the world. There are thousands of streams capable of producing from 100 to 50,000 or more horse-power; a few others, like Niagara, the Victoria Falls in South Africa, and innumerable falls of the Mississippi, the Colorado, and the Missouri, with powers in this direction that seem unlimited. What is the utmost strength of Niagara? If every part of the mighty torrent of water was harnessed, it would easily generate sufficient electrical power to do all the work of this country. We could almost belt the globe with horses, and still Niagara would stand a good chance to offset their pulling-strength. But Niagara is no greater than Victoria Falls in the heart of Africa—some say not so great in its unmeasured possibilities.

The value of a stream for power purposes depends upon the *amount* of water flowing, and also upon its "head," that is, the height of its fall, whether in a sudden cataract, or in rushing down a slope; and so the small mountain stream which tumbles noisily down steep slopes and gullies

is often worth more than the broad, sluggish river that flows through low, level stretches of country. On the California coast a great many mountain streams, with little to recommend them otherwise, have been converted into sources of great wealth. The longest distance over which electric energy has been commercially transmitted is from the De Sabla power-house in the mountains to the town of Sausalito, opposite San Francisco, a total distance of 232 miles. Two other long-distance lines on the Pacific coast are the Colgate and Oakland transmission lines, 142 miles long, and the Electra, Stockton, San José, and San Francisco lines, 147 miles long. The power to send from 15,000 to 60,000 volts over such distances is derived, not from some great river, but from comparatively unimportant streams.

Imagine a brook, a few feet deep, pouring its waters into a long flume that conducts it 10,000 feet below to a power-house where turbines convert it into power sufficient to operate scores of factories or turn the wheels of a hundred miles of trolley-cars! Each cubic foot of water pouring down this flume would develop over a thousand horse-power per second. Can one think of any gold-, silver-, or diamond-mine yielding more valuable returns than this little insignificant mountain stream? One cubic foot of water per second may equal in energy the total stored energy of many tons of coal.

In large parts of New England, the South, and Middle and Western States there are innumerable small streams of water from 500 to 2000 feet above the sea-level. Each one of these represents commercial possibilities that surpass coal- and iron-mines in value. Any stream of water that has a fall of five feet per mile along its whole course may develop thousands of electrical horse-power.

The annual fall of rain and snow represents a layer of water in this country that would vary from two to five feet in depth. This rainfall must eventually reach the oceans, and its flow downward swells streams and rivers to overflowing. Stored in proper reservoirs this waste rainfall could be converted into electrical power that would banish dirty coal from our homes. Then, when used for turning the turbine-wheels of great electrical power-plants, it could be used also for irrigation, and distributed over wide areas for increasing the fertility of our farms. More than this, electrical pumps, operated by the power which the flow of the water from its reservoirs generated, could distribute the water to new regions

where ordinary irrigation ditches could not conduct it.

In other words, the water could be used twice, first for generating electric power, and second for irrigating our farms. Electricity could be made to light and heat the homes of the city and country population, and run the threshing-machines and reapers of the farmer as well as turn the wheels of the cars and factories.

POWER FROM THE WIND.

As if this was not enough, nature has supplied other available sources of power in the wind and sun. The work of harnessing these two agencies for doing our work, or for heating and lighting our homes, has not progressed so far or satisfactorily as that of subduing the mighty cataract and awakening the little mountain stream.

In point of fact, the use of wind-power for mechanical purposes is older than that of any other. The windmill is one of the most primitive structures. Its origin goes back many centuries. But a windmill for electrical generation is one of the most recent of accomplishments. The first windmill electric plant ever installed in this or any other country was built privately by Dr. Charles F. Brush, the inventor of the arc-lamp, in 1889, at his home in Cleveland, for the purpose of lighting his house and laboratory.

Since this pioneer attempt to harness the wind for generating electricity, important improvements have been made in manufacturing storage batteries and electrical machinery. In Europe commercial windmill electrical plants have been built. One such plant established at Wittkeil, in Schleswig, lights the town, and another windmill plant at Hamburg has been successfully used in running a factory. A windmill electric plant at Boyle Hall, Ardsley, in England, has a capacity for running 110 lights in winter.

The windmill electric plant found a new use in Nansen's polar trips. A complete windmill electric plant was installed on his ship *Fram*, and in the northern latitudes electricity was thus obtained for lighting the ship during the long Arctic nights. In that northern latitude, where coal and other fuels are more precious than gold, the electric windmill is a godsend, and in the future nearly all polar exploring ships will be equipped with this new invention. During the Antarctic explorations of the ship *Discovery* a windmill electric plant,

proved one of the most precious possessions on board.

Out in the great, flat central plains, where streams are sluggish in their movements, and where fuel of all kinds is scarce and high-priced, the electric windmill should have a great future.

If the average wind-power the year round is steady, the operation of windmills is practical for generating electric current.

In the great prairie states, where dry weather in summer often withers up crops within a single week, the wind velocity in summer is constant and high. They are hot, dry winds, but their velocity is sufficient to keep thousands of windmills in steady operation night and day.

Thus the problem of irrigating the farms and supplying them with electrical energy for lighting and other purposes is easily solved. For these hot, dry winds that have in the past proved the greatest enemy to agriculture in the vast corn and wheat belts now become the greatest blessings. They can pump up the water from the underground reservoirs, and after being used for developing electrical energy it is distributed through irrigating ditches for feeding the crops with much-needed moisture.

One windmill electrical plant should irrigate ten acres all through the summer, and a score of these could convert the desert into hundreds of acres of fertile gardens. On the California coast electrical pumps have raised the value of land from a few dollars an acre to \$200 and \$300 per acre. There is room for a million electrical windmill plants in the West, and with their installation there would be secured from the wind a new wealth valued at millions of dollars. The elements of the air are the agencies which perform the work for us, and man simply directs the use of the power as he needs it.

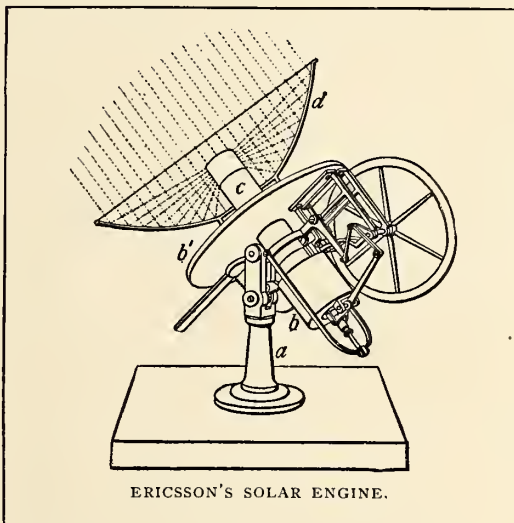
POWER FROM SUNSHINE.

ELECTRIC power from sunlight appears more wonderful than harnessing the streams or wind. Yet we know something of the vast heat of the sun.

Solar engines for operating pumps have been in use in different parts of the earth for several years now, and their value in warm climates where the number of days of clear sunshine averages high must steadily increase. One of the most successful of these solar machines is located near Los Angeles to irrigate fruit-land. An automatic stand carrying great

reflectors follows the course of the sun as regularly as the best telescope ever made, and the sun's rays are thus reflected on a central point where the boiler of a small engine is located. Within an hour after sunrise the heat of the sun raises the temperature of the water to the boiling-point, and thus creates steam; and the pumping machinery begins its day's work and keeps it up until sundown.

The power of the sun for heating has only been faintly appreciated by scientists in the past, but the prediction is made now that if all the coal should give out we would soon be able to run much of our machinery from the



power of the sun. With five hundred mirrors properly arranged to focus the rays upon one point, a temperature of more than a thousand degrees has been obtained. This almost equals one-fifth the highest temperature recorded by the electric furnace, which is considered to-day the most powerful heating apparatus ever discovered. As there is no limit to the number of mirrors that may be employed, and as the intensity of the heat increases in proportion to the number of rays reflected by the mirrors, it is conceivable that a temperature may be obtained in time that will surpass anything ever dreamed of in the past or present.

Hitching the sun to run electric motors for furnishing light and power for our homes and factories is the very latest achievement of the modern work of harnessing the elements to do man's work; and one square yard of sunshine in the tropics may represent, on the average one horse-power.

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

Illustrated by George Varian

HOW PINKEY BROUGHT DISASTER UPON HIMSELF

ONE day in early March Mr. Perkins came home with the news that he and Mrs. Perkins had been appointed two of a committee of twelve to go to Burton, a neighboring town some fifteen miles away, to investigate and report upon the building and fittings of the library at that place. Enterprise was agitating the subject of a library of its own, and as it had nearly enough money, the more enthusiastic were in favor of beginning to work, at least on the plans. When he broached the subject of their going to Mrs. Perkins, the first thing that flashed through the mind of the careful mother took form in the question:

"But what will we do with Pinkey while we are gone? I don't like to leave him here alone in the house."

To her, Pinkey never seemed to grow a day older and she felt that he was just as much in need of her care as he had always been, a view which, needless to say, Pinkey did not share.

"If that boy is n't old enough to spend one night here by himself now, he never will be," replied Mr. Perkins, forcibly, endeavoring to disarm at once all objection on that score.

"Besides," he continued, "what 's to hinder that Morris boy from staying with him? They 'll be pleased enough, for they always seem contented together."

Mrs. Perkins made one or two more weak objections, just to ease her own conscience, but they were promptly set aside by her husband. Neither cared to miss an excursion that promised to afford such pleasure to all fortunate enough to go.

Mr. Perkins believed in throwing boys on their own responsibility and then holding them strictly to account for their actions. Mrs. Perkins believed, or at least seemed to believe, that boys should be watched over and cared for, and thus kept out of mischief. Her creed could well be summed up in the word "Prevention," that of her husband in the word "Cure."

Needless to say, Pinkey was delighted to

think he was to have the responsibility of "keeping house" alone over night, in company with Bunny of course, and fairly strutted about the house whenever the importance of his charge was mentioned in his presence. Bunny had been consulted and had obtained the coveted permission to "stay all night."

At last the day for his parents' departure arrived and Pinkey watched the preparations for their going with constantly decreasing enthusiasm. Not until then had he realized how lonesome it would be in the big house without either of them. But he kept this gradual oozing of his spirits to himself as well as he could, not caring to mar the pleasure of their holiday by any concern for him.

A heavy late-season snow had fallen during the night, adding to the already generous quantity which had lain on the ground for weeks, and Pinkey was accorded the honor of hitching "Old Polly" to the sleigh and driving his father and mother to the railroad station in time for the train. This important duty revived his drooping spirits somewhat, and with the thoughts of an extended swing about town before returning "Old Polly" to the stable, he kept up appearances pretty well. But he experienced a few gulps of loneliness when the conductor called out "All aboard" and his parents disappeared within the car to wave their farewells through the windows as the train pulled out.

To the numerous cautions and warnings which had occurred to his mother at the last moment, Pinkey had lent a heedful and attentive ear and he started homeward with the feeling that if he complied with all instructions and heeded all warnings, he must keep to the straight and narrow path indeed.

He drove by Bunny's house and in answer to his signal whistle Bunny came out and joined him in the sleigh to enjoy a brief ride before school-time. The depression due to the departure of his parents had about disappeared and he was alert to all the pleasures of the ride they were having.

When Old Polly had been safely re-

turned to her stall and amply supplied with hay for her afternoon's munching, Pinkey and Bunny started through the yard en route for school. As they ploughed through the deep snow which still covered the walks around the house, a bright thought struck Pinkey. He would surprise his parents on their return by having the walks all nicely cleaned off. Surely that would show them that their confidence in him had not been misplaced.

"I'll tell you what let's do, Bunny," he said as soon as he had conceived the idea,



PINKEY WAVING GOOD-BY TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

"just as soon as school's out, let's get a lot of the fellows and come down here and clean off these walks and surprise father and mother when they get back."

"That'll be fine for you, Pinkey," replied Bunny thoughtfully, "but what if the other fellows have walks of their own to clean off?"

"Oh well, they've got theirs all cleaned off by now, most likely. Ours would be, only father did n't have time to hunt up 'Liberty Jim' this morning to get him to do it."

"I think 't would be fun," assured Bunny, "and I'd like to help surprise them. I guess the other fellows ought to be glad to help too, when you think of the times you've taken them riding behind Old Polly."

"Yes, and we've got a lot of dandy apples

in the cellar that we can eat while we're working. Father would n't mind that, I know, 'cause he'd pay Jim more than the apples cost, if he was to get him to come and do it."

Pinkey had a way of creating enthusiasm among his fellows in any scheme which he proposed.

When he called his companions about him during recess and told them of his desire to surprise his parents and how he had planned doing it, he was so jubilant over the idea and painted such a tempting picture of the fun they would have that without one dissenting voice they all agreed to hurry home and get brooms and shovels and join in the snow cleaning as soon as school should be dismissed.

The day happened to be Friday, and it was the custom to dismiss school half an hour earlier on that day, so the boys would have ample time for their fun before dark. But in order that no time should be lost, Pinkey set about organizing his forces as soon as they had left the schoolroom.

"Bunny," he said, when all those he had invited to take part had gathered about him, "you and Joe and 'Speck' and 'Shorty' will get shovels and the rest of you will get brooms and all meet down at my house as soon as you can."

When Pinkey had thus delivered his instructions and had aroused a spirit of rivalry among his helpers as to who should be the first to report for duty, he set off homeward to await their arrival.

"Speck" Nelson was the first to put in an appearance, being especially desirous of earning Pinkey's approval. He was the most recent addition to Pinkey's adherents, his family having lately moved in from the country in order that he and his two sisters might have the benefit of the Enterprise Public Schools. "Speck" had been so nicknamed immediately on his arrival at school, on account of the generous assortment of freckles which adorned his countenance, and since that day he had known no other name among the boys.

Not far behind him came Shorty Piper, a close second, and then came several together, each armed with shovel or broom as Pinkey had directed.

It was a jolly party, and every one worked like beavers. Pinkey passed the apples generously and offered the especially large ones as prizes for those who should clear off a certain amount of walk in the shortest time.

"Tell you what let's do," said Bunny

Pinkey Perkins : Just a Boy

straightening up to rest his back, "let's make a big pile here and then climb up on the porch and jump off into it."

"That's what," chimed in Joe, "that'll be more fun than anything."

"And I'll give three apples to the one who jumps the farthest," added Pinkey, by way of encouraging the idea.

In accordance with Bunny's proposition, a large pile of snow steadily grew and grew beside the walk at the corner of the porch until it was higher than the head of any boy in the crowd. When the job was finally completed and the walks were all swept clean from front gate to stable, Pinkey and Shorty went to the woodshed and got the ladder, brought it up, and leaned it against the porch.

Pinkey was the first to ascend, and was quickly followed by all the others, each in his turn jumping high in the air and landing in the pile of snow.

After this sport had grown somewhat monotonous, Pinkey decided that he would do something more daring, something really worth while.

"I'll give you fellows something to do, if any of you dare do it," he shouted, and climbed from the porch to the roof of his own bedroom, which was still a few feet higher. The roof was nearly level, being made of tin, and was thus very easy to walk on. It was also covered with several inches of snow.

"Just get up here and jump off," he taunted, "this is a jump that *is* a jump."

With that remark made to urge his companions to do likewise, Pinkey stepped back a few paces, ran to the edge of the roof and with a shout, leaped off into the pile of snow.

"Gee! but I'd catch it if I was to walk on a tin roof at my house," ventured Joe, a shudder passing through his frame as he thought of what had happened once when he did so.

"Oh," replied Pinkey, "there's so much snow on the roof you could n't hurt it."

"I'm gettin' wet, bein' in the snow so much, and I don't believe I'll jump any more," said Joe by way of excusing his reluctance to make such a high jump.

"I'd try it but I might hurt my sore foot again," said Putty Black, limping a few steps for the first time. "I hurt it a little when I jumped last time."

"Aw, what's the use of being afraid," boasted Speck, approaching the ladder, "come and do it. Just watch me take a jump!"

"That's what I say," volunteered Bunny, following Speck's example.

They climbed to the tin roof and repeated Pinkey's feat of jumping, though neither could jump quite as far as he had. They jumped not once, but several times, but none of their remarks reflecting on the courage of the others could tempt them to change their minds.

By this time it was growing dusk, and all the boys except Bunny decided that it was time to go home. Pinkey generously invited any who could do so to remain and take supper with him and Bunny, but none were free to accept the alluring invitation. So after filling their pockets with the remainder of the apples and extracting from Pinkey a promise to take them all a-riding on their hand-sleds behind Old Polly the next day, they departed for home.

Pinkey and Bunny had supper together, Emma, the maid, taking good care that they should want for none of the dishes that Pinkey especially liked. As soon as the meal was over and her evening work was finished, she went home for the night, as was her custom, leaving the two boys alone in the house.

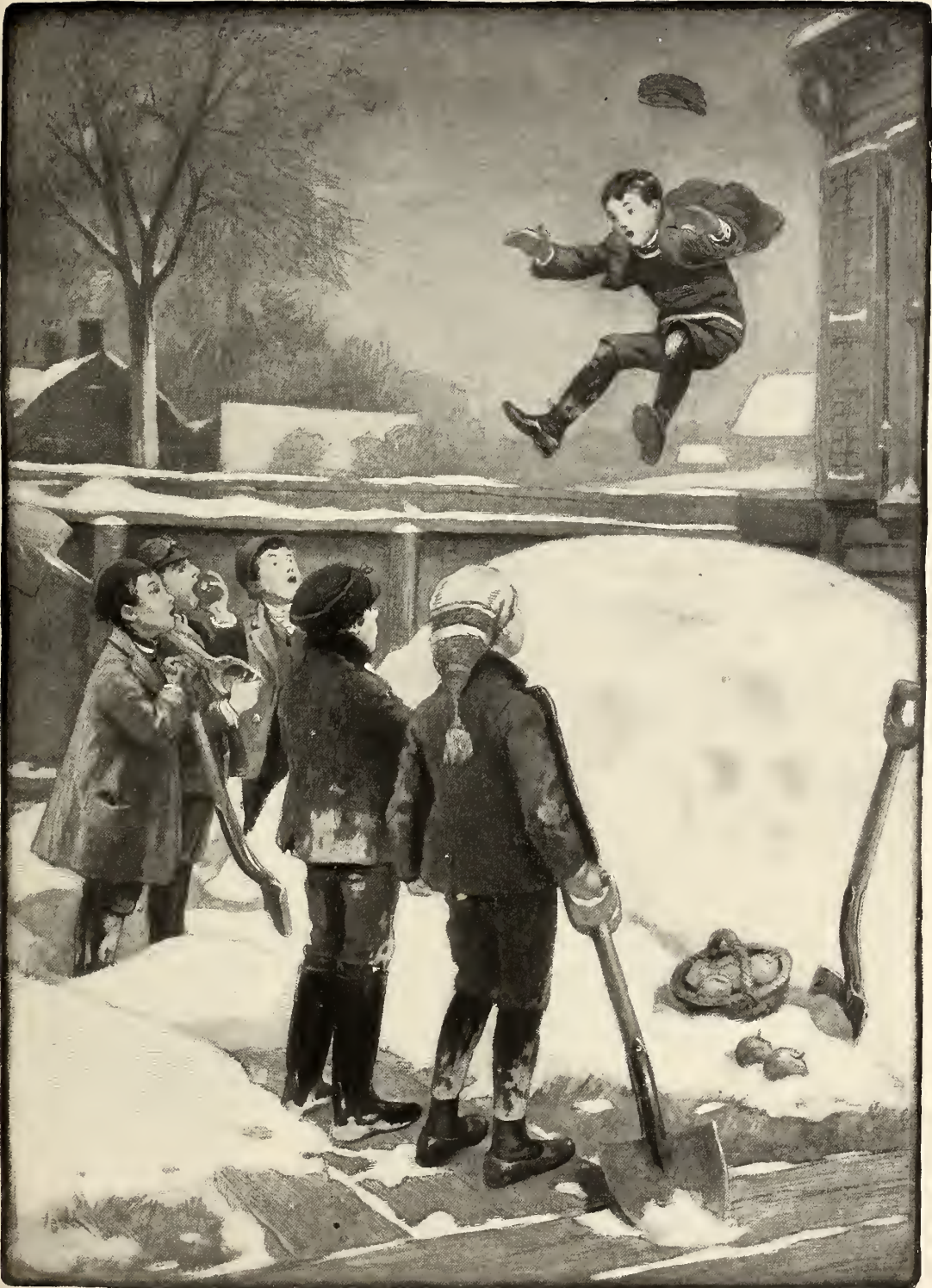
They spent the entire evening in Pinkey's workshop, taking turns making the scroll-saw hum and turning out wonderful examples of wall brackets, picture frames and easels and putting them together.

Bedtime came all too soon, and in spite of his own inclinations in the matter, Pinkey decided that they must stop and go to bed. He had promised not to stay up late, and therefore he must not. Had his mother failed to mention that point in her instructions, he would have felt at liberty to stay up an hour or so longer. So about ten o'clock they went to bed.

As might have been expected at that time of the year, the weather had turned suddenly warmer in the evening, and it was this change, coupled with the effect of the afternoon's fun on the tin roof that was responsible for the danger lurking above their unconscious heads.

With the rise in temperature came a general thawing of the snow outside, and as the water formed by that on the roof sought its way to the gutters and drain pipes, ill-luck took a hand in the matter and directed a small part of it toward a break in the seam between two sheets of the tin roof of Pinkey's bedroom, which break had been caused by the ceaseless tramping over it during the afternoon.

Slowly but steadily, the small stream of water found its way through the break in the tin and trickled down on the plastering above the boys' bed. Gradually it soaked through the



"EACH IN HIS TURN JUMPING HIGH IN THE AIR AND LANDING IN THE PILE OF SNOW."

plastering, spreading as it did so and loosening the paper on the ceiling. As the paper became moist, it expanded and as it expanded and sagged down the space between it and the ceiling became filled with ice water.

Entirely innocent of the catastrophe awaiting them, Pinkey and Bunny slept peacefully on while the wall-paper above them sagged, lower and lower. At last it could stretch no more; its limit was reached, but that limit was sufficient to hold about two bucketfuls of freezing cold water. Suddenly the paper burst with a dull tearing sound and down came the frigid deluge squarely on top of the sleeping boys.

The shock which Pinkey and Bunny experienced can scarcely be imagined. Each uttered a piercing yell and unconsciously struggled to free himself from the covering of bedclothes. Instantly the water rushed beneath the blankets, completely soaking both boys from head to foot and making the bed a miniature pond of ice water.

"What d' you think you're trying to do anyway," shrieked Pinkey, as soon as he could get his breath, at the same time freeing himself from the entangling mass of covers about him.

"What're you tryin' drown *me* for," retorted Bunny, climbing out of bed over the footboard, "nice way to treat a fellow when he comes over to stay all night with you."

Thus accusing each other of playing a mean trick, the boys began a search for matches.

The room was chilly and in their scant clothing, drenched to the skin, it seemed that they had never been so cold in their lives.

After a while Pinkey found a box of



"THEY CAST THEIR EYES UPWARD AND THERE THEY SAW THE SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY."

matches but he was shivering so that he could hardly light the lamp. When he had finally done so, he looked at Bunny and Bunny looked at him. They were sorry sights and neither could see any humor in the situation. They both cast their eyes upward and there

they saw the solution to the mystery. The three dripping corners of wall paper, hanging over the bed, told the story of what had befallen them.

"What did it?" inquired Bunny, sadly.

"Water did it, what d' you s'pose," answered Pinkey.

"Yes, but how did it get there, does the roof leak?"

"Never did leak before, but it seems to now."

The steady drip, drip from the eaves to the ground told them that the snow outside was melting rapidly, and Bunny made bold to mention the fact.

"It 's thawing, Pinkey," he said, "and d' you s'pose our tramping around up there this afternoon had anything to do with making the roof leak?"

Pinkey thought for a minute over the possibilities which Bunny's suggestion brought to mind, and then he said:—

"I 'm not s'posing anything right now; I 'm going to get some dry clothes," and without further comment he turned to his bureau and took therefrom enough articles to furnish both himself and Bunny with dry clothing. He was not in any mood to discuss the wetting he had received nor to converse about the probable cause of it.

The boys went to another room, and while Bunny held the lamp, Pinkey got some dry blankets. Pinkey had intended to suggest sleeping there, but some strange noises caused all such thoughts to leave his mind and together the boys returned to Pinkey's room, each experiencing a sense of relief as they closed and locked the door behind them.

The remainder of the night passed slowly and none too comfortably. Bunny curled himself up on a sofa in the corner and Pinkey tried to make the best of it in a big rocking chair. Before long, however, both grew chilly and got up and dressed themselves fully and waited for morning to come. They slept a little more, but very little, and when it began to grow daylight, all effort toward further sleep was abandoned.

When Emma came in time to get breakfast she found both boys up and awaiting her. To her questions as to why they had risen so early, they gave indefinite replies, neither caring to have her laugh at the experience which to them was anything but funny. Bunny

helped Pinkey do his chores but neither cared to touch on the subject of their mishap, except very lightly. Both knew that it was their running over the roof that had caused all the trouble and as Pinkey was entirely to blame for suggesting it, Bunny knew him well enough not to remind him of that fact.

After breakfast, Bunny went home and as soon as he was gone Pinkey climbed up on the roof again and removed the snow which remained, thus putting a stop to the leaking which had continued until that time.

Before train-time, Pinkey hitched Old Polly to the sleigh and went to meet his parents, stopping on the way to engage a tinner to come and repair the leak in the roof. He still had most of the hundred dollars which he had received the previous winter as a reward for finding the stolen gold and out of this he intended to pay for the tinner's services.

He met his father and mother at the station, and was complimented for his thoughtfulness. When they arrived home they were surprised to find how nicely the walks had been cleaned off, and hopes of forgiveness for the trouble the clean walks had caused began to rise in Pinkey's breast.

Mr. Perkins went to his office before the tinner came and as soon as he had gone, Pinkey made a complete confession to his mother concerning the events which had brought about the untidy condition of his room.

She could not find heart to scold him, except mildly, when she realized how badly he had fared already, but Pinkey did not feel so sure that his father would take such a generous view of the matter.

When Mr. Perkins came home to dinner, he was surprised to see the tinner at work on the roof and lost no time in inquiring the necessity for his presence. When he had heard the story from Pinkey, with occasional remarks from Mrs. Perkins which were offered by way of excuses for her son, he was inclined at first to be rather severe in spite of the disastrous outcome for Pinkey. But on considering how completely his son had been punished already by his night's experience and that he had done all that could possibly be done to remedy matters, he decided that any harshness on his part would add nothing to a lesson already so dearly learned.

Jimmy the Ghost

(A Story of the Plains)

By Dorothy Jenks

"FATHER, how did Jimmy the Ghost get his name?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," said the Colonel. And this is the story he told—of a strange adventure.

One night, last December, I sent Jimmy on

are roaming about between us and Captain Little. Let me know if you see any."

He took the papers, tucked them in his boots and rode out into the storm.

He rode along at a brisk trot, following the trail, and wondering what he should do when it became covered with snow.

He had been riding for about an hour when he suddenly noticed, through the falling snow, a dark mass on the horizon. It seemed to be moving slowly in his direction. At first he thought it was a herd of buffaloes, but as it came nearer he saw it was a party either of Indians or white men.

What could he do if it proved to be Indians? He would be taken prisoner and the valuable despatches would be lost, to say nothing of his life. He glanced about for a place to hide, but there was nothing except snow for miles and miles.

He soon came to a snow-drift and dismounting crouched down behind it. The well-trained horse at the word of command lay down beside him.

Jimmy unbuttoned his cavalry cloak and threw it over the horse, so that in case they should have to stay there long the animal would not freeze.

Sheltered from the piercing wind and from the driving snow Jimmy for the first time that night was warm. He was not to be left long undisturbed, for soon above the howling of the wind he heard, drawing nearer, Indian voices. His danger at once became so imminent that he lay on the snow motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. The voices grew louder and louder until Jimmy could hear everything they said. The snow was



"HE TOOK THE PAPERS, TUCKED THEM IN HIS BOOTS, AND RODE OUT INTO THE STORM."

horseback to carry despatches to Captain Little. It was snowing hard and the wind was blowing.

Just as he was starting out I said to him: "Jimmy, I have had reports from the scouts that some bands of Indians under Red Horse

the wind he heard, drawing nearer, Indian voices. His danger at once became so imminent that he lay on the snow motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. The voices grew louder and louder until Jimmy could hear everything they said. The snow was

very damp and packed easily. He took out his long knife and pushed the handle through the snow-drift to the other side, making a little hole through which he could see the Indians without being seen by them.

At the head of the line rode the Indian chief. He was almost a hundred years old, but he was more erect than any of his tribe. In spite of this Jimmy could see he was suffering intensely from the cold and exposure. When the head of the column was just opposite Jimmy it halted, and the Indians began an earnest consultation as to whether they should go on to their new camp or return to the one they had left that day. Some were afraid their chief would die before they could reach their destination, for the new camp was still many miles distant. The others said that if they went back the White Chief and his soldiers would attack them unprepared and encumbered with baggage, squaws and children. This last argument seemed most forcible, as the Indians would prefer the death of their chief to the total annihilation of their tribe, which might be the result of an attack now. So the whole column moved slowly forward.

Jimmy then mounted and rode on. It had grown so dark that Jimmy took out his compass, but it slipped from his fingers and fell into the snow. He got down from his horse and searched for it painstakingly, but in vain!

He was lost on the great plains of North Dakota, in the midst of a terrible snow-storm, with hostile Indians not far away. He remounted and rode forward, trusting to his horse's sense of direction to lead him to Captain Little's camp or home.

He had not gone far when he perceived a dark line of tents. They appeared so suddenly from behind a large divide that he was much startled.

After walking a little nearer, he saw it was an Indian encampment. Unless he could find shelter from the snow before night, he and the horse would surely perish. The camp was in all probability the one which the Indians had deserted, and so without further delay he went toward the camp. He found it empty, and chose the largest tepee for himself, putting the horse into the next one. He lit a match and cautiously entered. There were a few buffalo robes at one side, a hard dirt floor and some broken pottery. A huge, hideous-looking mask hung on the wall. Jimmy was very tired, so he rolled himself in the buffalo robes and immediately fell asleep.

After he had slept for about an hour he became conscious of a confused murmuring, at what seemed some distance. The snow was frozen on top and Jimmy heard the crunching of it as the thin crust was broken by many feet. He lay down and quickly drew the skins over him.

Finally the crunching ceased, and then a wild dirge, half chanted, half sung, broke in upon the strange silence. The voices of the savages, harsh and weird, arose upon the still night air. After the song and echoes had died away there was a moment's pause. Then Jimmy heard footsteps coming nearer, nearer, nearer. Then the flap of the tepee opened, and two Indians entered with the body of the old chief, who had indeed perished in the biting cold. They deposited their burden on the ground and stood a moment muttering a petition to the Great Spirit . . . and then withdrew.

Jimmy crept out from his blankets and examined the dead chief. He was wrapped in a blanket ornamented with beads; his hands folded on his breast, his fine features calm and fixed.

In a few minutes one of the Indians returned and peered into the chief's tepee, but the next moment he started back with the cry:

"Mani'ye Itive—Wanagh" (he walks, he comes, he comes, his spirit), and rushed headlong into his tent.

The cry alarmed the camp, and the Indians came pouring out of their wigwams. They saw standing in the door of the tent what they took to be the ghost of their chief, wearing a huge, hideous mask!

While they were standing open-mouthed with wonder and superstitious fear, the figure spoke:

"Wanma Yanko yo, Wagile miye Wanagh" (look at me, I am returned, I am the spirit).

"Hoshi hi" (he has come with a message), murmured the crowd of Indians. "He Tuwe'cha" (who can it be?).

"Is it an evil spirit?" they said.

One of the Indians ran for the Pipe of Peace, which it is their custom to offer any one whom they think guilty of a crime. If the suspected person accepts it he is declared innocent, because they believe he would not dare to accept it if guilty. The Indian soon came back with the pipe.

One of the boldest of them took it from him, and advanced toward the figure, holding it out at some length, saying: "Waku' Chanompa" (I give him the pipe). The apparition

Jimmy the Ghost

stood motionless. There was a moment's silence.

"It is an evil spirit," cried the Indians. "We cannot stay in a haunted camp."

They scattered to their wigwams, shouting: "Wahken Wanagh" (mysterious ghost).



"ONE OF THE BOLDEST OF THE INDIANS ADVANCED TOWARD THE FIGURE HOLDING OUT THE PIPE OF PEACE."

They hastily packed up their few belongings and deserted the camp crying:

"Wahken Wanagh—Wahken Wanagh."

CAPTAIN LITTLE'S camp was wrapped in slumber. The sentinel pacing his lonely beat was the only one awake. The captain had taken off all the guards but this one, because of the deep mass of snow and the intense cold.

As the man walked to and fro, he saw at first nothing but a vast expanse of snow and the vault of black sky which rose above it. But after one or two rounds he thought he saw a dark speck at a great distance.

At the next round it was bigger and he could see that it was coming toward him rapidly. He became alarmed.

He went to the captain's tent, awoke him, and told him what he had seen.

Little hurried out, spy-glass in hand. The figure was now in plain view and they could see it was on horseback. It looked exactly like an Indian except that it had an enormous head, about four times as large as usual.

"Well! What! Why! Just look! Of all strange things! He has taken his head off!" said the captain, the next minute, astonished in spite of himself.

Little handed the glass around and each one saw what seemed to be an Indian riding at full speed, holding the enormous head in his hand, and waving it with all his might.

As the horseman, if so it was, drew nearer they could see he had also a head of ordinary size on his shoulders. Then they saw him throw off the large Indian blanket which he wore, and he appeared in the dress of a white scout. Then the captain said:

"Why, it is Colonel Bale's scout, who is bringing despatches."

The officers stood anxiously awaiting the scout's arrival.

Jimmy, for it was he, rode up a few minutes later, delivered the despatches, and then in answer to numerous eager inquiries told officers and men of his escape from the Indian camp.

And from that day to this, he has been called "Jimmy the Ghost."

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

THIRD PAPER—"SPOOL PLAYTHINGS"

BY LINA BEARD

"EMPTY" spools which are of no use to "grown-ups" and are generally thrown away contain great possibilities in the way of amusement for children. You can show the little ones how to build up the spools in various ways and how to make charming little toys of them. It is all so simple and interesting that your enthusiasm will increase as you experiment, leading you on from one thing to another, until you find yourself enjoying the sport almost as much as the children themselves. For

instance, quite an imposing suspension bridge can be built with spools, as is here pictured.

A SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Figure 1 shows that the piers can be built to a good height and be solid and substantial. All that is necessary for the work is a lot of spools (they need not all be "empty") and some pieces of pasteboard box.

Stand three large-sized spools together

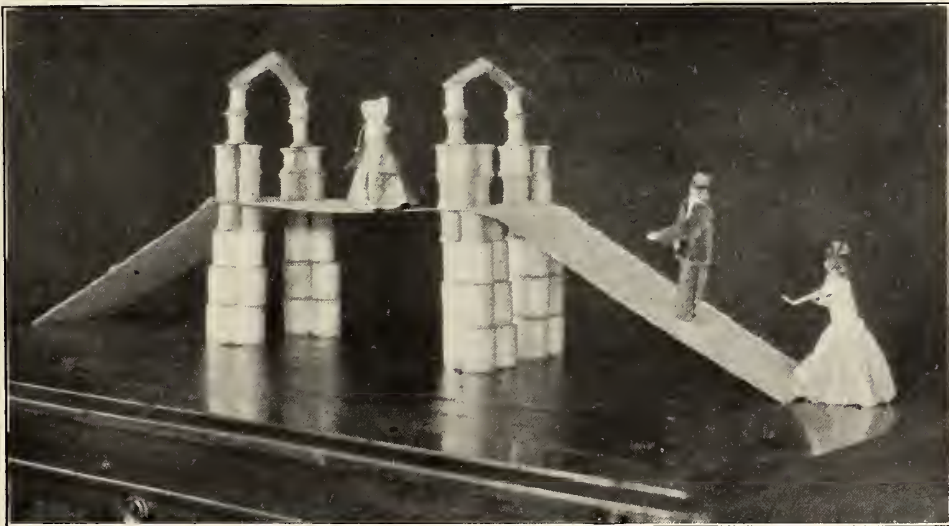


FIG. I. THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



FIG. 2. THE DINING TABLE.

forming a triangle with the point turned to face the opposite pier. This group of three spools is the foundation of one of the two columns which together form one pier of the bridge.

About two inches distant and on a line with the triangle of spools, stand a group of three more spools, and build up each group into a column four spools high. Figure 1 shows

how the column should look. You will need two more columns for the opposite pier of the bridge; build them as you did the first, and place the second pier exactly opposite to and as far from the first as you desire the span should reach; say about fourteen inches.

Lay a strip of pasteboard about six inches wide across from pier to pier, allowing the ends



FIG. 3. THE TREE GARDEN.

to rest on the piers, but not extend beyond the outside end edges of the piers; then if your span is fourteen inches long, cut from a pasteboard box two more strips fourteen inches long and of the same width as the span; score each strip across one end, one inch from the edge, bend slightly and fit the bent edge of each strip on one end of the bridge, allowing the other end of the strip to extend away from the pier and rest down on the floor, forming an incline approach to the bridge proper as in Fig. 1. When your pasteboard strips are well settled in place, continue building up the piers on top of the pasteboard, making each group of three spools two layers high; then build up one spool two layers high

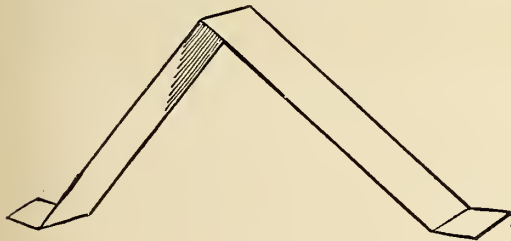


FIG. 4.

on top of each of the four columns.

Complete the archway by spanning the two columns of each pier with a narrow strip of stiff white paper bent up into a point at the center and out into a flap at each end (Fig. 4). The flaps rest on top of the spools. The photograph shows how the entire bridge should look, and in the photograph the children will find their old friend, the little lady from the clothes-pin log-house, who is hurrying across the bridge on her way home from the pasteboard-box grocery store, and following in her wake come Mr. Clothespin, the chauffeur, and Mrs. Clothespin, the storekeeper. A paper boat, under the bridge would make the scene more realistic.

A DINING TABLE.

WITH eight spools and a piece of pasteboard cut from a box you can help the children make a fine dining table; the legs of the table are four columns of two spools each, as you see in Fig. 2, and the chairs are made of spools with bent pieces of cardboard pasted on top. The decorations of the table are small spools with bright tissue paper for flowers arranged at the four corners of the table. The automobile man and the

grocery store keeper, having crossed the bridge and arrived home, have taken their places at the table and are ready for their dinner to be served.

A TREE GARDEN.

OUR next photograph shows the cheerful, sunshiny garden where flowers and trees of

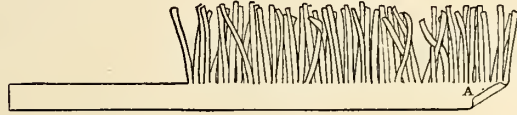


FIG. 5.

paper and spools form the little park where the clothes-pin people go for recreation.

The trees are easy to make and are very effective; they are simply strips of paper rolled like a paper-lighter with the large ends stuck into spools. Cut a strip of green tissue paper fifteen inches long and five wide; then cut one third of the strip narrow, about one inch wide, and fringe the remaining two thirds (Fig. 5). With the thumb and first finger of your right hand begin to roll the corner as shown at A (Fig. 5). Continue rolling and the fringe, which forms the foliage, will stand out on the outside of the rolled part or trunk of the tree. When you reach

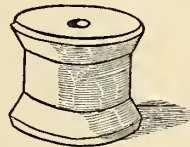


FIG. 6.

the solid narrow part of the paper strip, it will roll into a smooth, round stick, forming the lower part of the tree trunk. Paste the last wrapped corner of the paper roll in place and clip the tree-trunk off even across the bottom edge; then press it into the hole in the center of an empty spool of ordinary size, and there 's your tree! You can vary the foliage by crimping the fringe with knife or scissors before the strip

is rolled into a tree and by having the fringe of some much longer than that of others. If you use different tones, tints, and shades of green, running from very light to dark, and make a lot of them varying in height, the trees will look very pretty and they can form a jungle where the children may place their

toy wild animals; or the trees might be a playground or a grove where dolls can go for a picnic.

Newspaper will do for trees if you have no tissue paper, but the colored trees are prettiest and make a variety.

In the photograph of the group of trees you will see a number of pots of flowers. The flowers are disks and squares of different bright-colored tissue paper, each one with its center pinched together and twisted into a stem-like piece (Fig. 6) which is pushed down into a buttonhole twist spool. Around some of the bushes a smaller square of green may be used for foliage.

The children could make an extensive

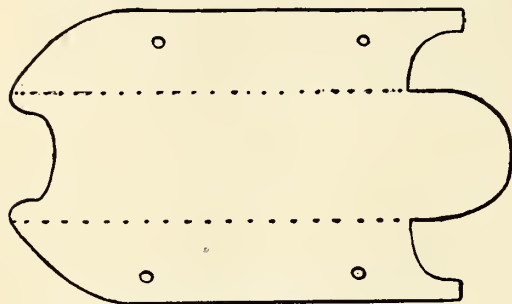


FIG. 7. OUTLINE OF THE ROLLING SLED.

flower garden by using a great number of these short, flat spools and bits of gay tissue paper, and they will delight in arranging and rearranging the pretty toys.

A ROLLING SLED.

MAKE a sled of the shape of (Fig. 7) of stiff cardboard—the lid of a pasteboard box will do—cut it out and pierce two small holes on each of the sides at the spots indicated on

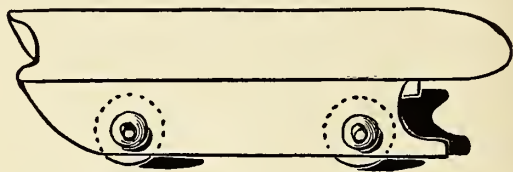


FIG. 8. THE ROLLING SLED.

Fig. 6; then insert two empty spools under the top of the sled between the holes corresponding on the two sides of the sled. Run wooden toothpicks or slender sticks through holes and spool, allowing the toothpick to project outside on each side of the sled. As caps to hold the toothpicks in place, slide a small button-mold over each end of both toothpicks. If the hole in the mold is rather large, fill it with glue or strong paste, then slide it on the stick. Allow the glue to dry before experimenting with the sled. When perfectly dry the little sled will be strong and serviceable, and will go with great speed down the incline of the bridge and half way across the room, if the bridge is on the floor. The dotted line on Fig. 8 shows just where the ends of the spools come on the inside of the bent-down sides of the sled.



A Kindergarten Orator

By Julia H. May

I WOULD like to speak,
But I don't know how;
So I 'll stop right here,
And make my bow.



A VAUDEVILLE PERFORMANCE IN FAIRY-LAND.

“Will They Dare”

(See Frontispiece)

By F. S.

TO-DAY the sheep dog is a permanent fixture in the western states. He has shown himself to be almost as necessary to the development of this portion of our country, as the cow pony has proved to be during the last forty or fifty years.

Night and day, in summer heat and in winter's cold, the sheep dog is on duty,—the guardian and champion of his charges. Big and staunch of build, well furred to withstand cold and rain, with an especially heavy collar of woolly hair in winter to protect his neck from the fangs of savage neighbors, and possessed of a brain capable of reasoning out the problems that confront him each day, he is indeed well fitted for the part he has to play.

The dog shares with his master a life somewhat akin to that of the lighthouse keeper. An ocean of hot, moving grass in summer, an infinite expanse of cheerless rolling white in winter is the only world he knows.

When roaring north winds bring snow and ice to his domain, the sheep dog's tasks are doubled. Winter is always a season of famine among the people of the wild,—a time when gaunt, famishing wolves venture down from the hills to ravage the flocks. They make

quick, bold forays into the corrals, and defence of the sheep depends almost solely on the dog. A wolf and he are evenly matched in weight and strength, but the dog battles with the courage which a mother animal will display when defending her young. Shoulder against shoulder, fang to fang, they slash and cut, till the death of one, or the arrival of the sheep-herder puts an end to the combat.

Often a ewe will wander away from the flock with her lambkin, and it is the dog's duty to search them out, and stand guard till his master may come to lead them back to a place of safety. If a band of timber wolves happen on the lonely trail, our dog's fight will be a short one, for they are strong and savage fighters and would quickly overpower him. The smaller and more cowardly prairie wolves, or coyotes, shown in this month's frontispiece, hesitate to attack at any time; only courage that comes with numbers will send them to their prey.

And even when his loyal fighting brings the dog close to death, the affectionate pat of his master's hand or a kind word will be his only reward. Yet this, after all, is the dearest desire of his honest, faithful, loving heart.



“THIS ACORN TAKE
AS GUERDON FOR YOUR KINDLY DEED.”



By Mildred Howells

A goose-girl, so traditions tell,
Tending her feathered flock alone
Beside an ancient wishing-well,
Once met a wrinkled crone.

A draught the beldame begged her draw,
The maid complied, when, vision strange!
Into a fairy bright she saw
The aged good-wife change.

Who smiling said, "This acorn take
As guerdon for your kindly deed,
For it shall help you if you break
Its shell in hour of need."

Then vanished; but the maid, though kind,
Was curious, so with a pin
She pierced the nut at once, to find
But emptiness within.

Baffled, she held its value small
Until the heralds, far and wide,
Proclaimed the Prince would give a ball
At which to choose his bride.

"What need," she thought, "could be more dire,
Than mine to go?" so broke the nut,
Whose shell disclosed complete attire
Fit for a Princess; but—,

Straight through each breadth of raiment rare,
Just where her prying pin-point went,
The goose-girl found, to her despair,
There showed a hopeless rent.

In vain the maid, to overcome
Her pin's fell work, her needle plied,
For while she wrought and wept at home
The prince picked out his bride.

Alas that every future goose
So sacrificed should be,
By yielding to an idle mood
Of curiosity.

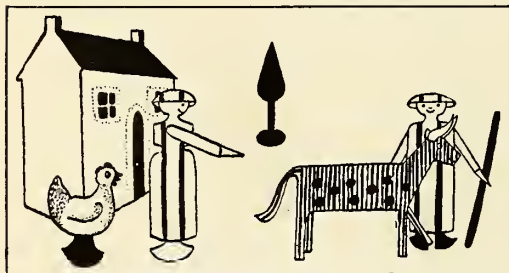


Hans the Innocent

Written and Illustrated by M. I. Wood

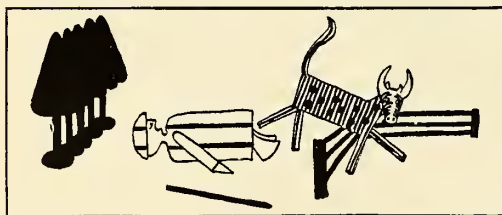
ONCE upon a time there was a woman called Mrs. Stockchen and she had a son named Hans. They lived together in a little cottage and they had a hen and a cow.

One morning Mrs. Stockchen said to her son: "Hans, my dear, will you take Cowslip, the cow,



to pasture, and remember not to be late for supper." "Very well," said Hans, and he took up his stick and started for the field.

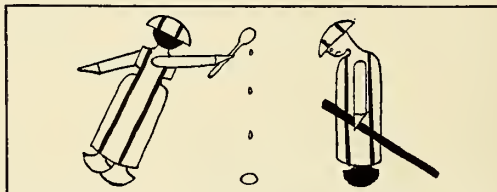
The sun was very hot when he got there, and seeing a row of five shady trees, he lay down underneath them and fell asleep in two seconds. He snored with his mouth open. Cowslip had been watching him and when she saw his eyes close, she said, "Now! here's my chance!" and, jumping over the fence, she ran away.



Hans stopped snoring and awoke at supper-time. He looked for Cowslip, but she had disappeared; he ran about calling for her, but she did not come; and at last he went home to his mother with a very sad face and said: "Oh, mother, Cowslip ran away while I was asleep. I have looked for her and cannot find her anywhere."

"You lazy, careless, naughty, careless, naughty, lazy Boy!" cried Mrs. Stockchen. "You have left my poor cow wandering all alone. She will lose her way in the dark. Just

you go and find her this instant. You will get no supper till you bring her back, or my name is not Matilda Maria!"

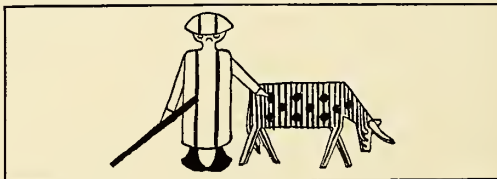


Mrs. Stockchen had grown quite scarlet with rage and she shook the soup-ladle at her son to make him go faster. It was getting quite dark by the time Hans reached the field again and nowhere did he see any trace of the cow. He did not know in what direction she had gone,



so he walked round and round the field, feeling very miserable.

Just as 10 o'clock was striking, Cowslip stepped out from behind a tree, and kneeling at Hans's feet, said in a choking voice, "I am really very sorry, Hans." "Well," said Hans, "I am sorry too, but let us get home now." So they set out, tired and rather cross.



But when they came within sight of the light in their own cottage window, they met two soldiers who stopped them, and asked what they were doing out so late. "We're just going home," said Hans. "Why," said the soldiers "you ought to have been there two hours ago."

"Well, I could n't help it," said Hans, "this cow ran away and I had to fetch her before going home to supper."

"Boy!" said the soldiers, "you are not

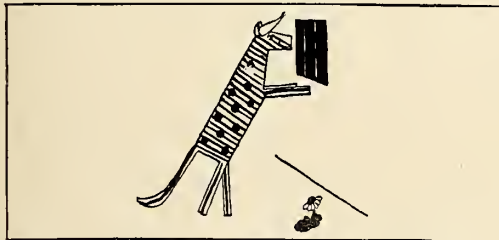


speaking the truth, you have stolen the cow, and you are very impertinent as well. We will take you to prison."

They tied a rope round Hans's neck and

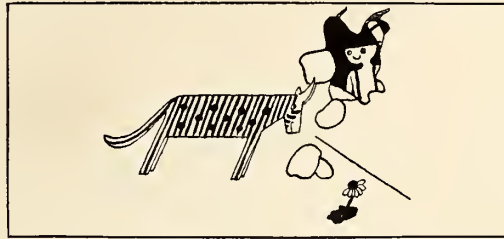


another round the cow's, and took them to prison. They put Hans into a dungeon full of horrid creatures, but they let poor Cowslip wander about in the fields outside.

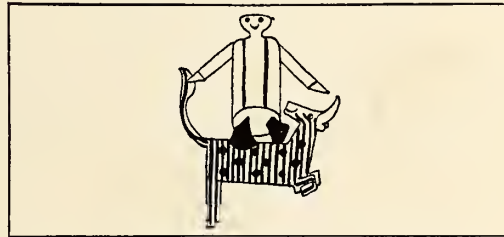


One morning when Hans was crying because the door was locked and because the window bars looked so strong, Cowslip heard him. She came up beside the window, and standing on her hind-legs she peeped in and said, "Hans, my dear master, do you think that if I tried to knock down the wall with my horns, you could get out?" "I will try," said Hans. It was rather hard work for Cowslip, but at last she made a big enough hole and Hans leaped out.

He knocked off his hat in doing so, but then Hans did n't care about a little thing like that.



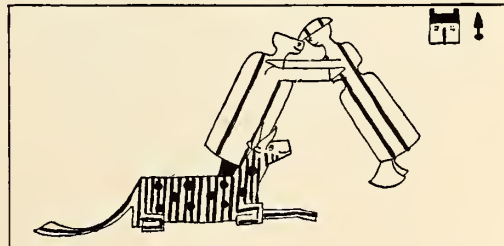
He jumped on her back, and away they went, over fallen trees, stones, ditches, hedges,



everything. They came in sight of the cottage at last, and the sound of their approach caused



Mrs. Stockchen to look out of the window. When she saw who it was she fairly jumped for joy and she rushed out at once to meet them.



Hans fell into his mother's arms. And they all lived happily ever afterward.

At the County Fair in the Congo



FARMER HIPPO: "COME NOW, I'VE BOUGHT MY TICKET, AND YOU MUST LET ME GO UP WITH YOU!"

"A Word to the Wise"

By Louise M. Laughton

LITTLE owlet in the glen
I 'm ashamed of you;
You are ungrammatical
In speaking as you do.
You should say, "To *whom!* To *whom!*"
Not, "To *who!* To *who!*"

Your small friend, Miss Katy-did,
May be *green*, 't is true,
But you never hear *her* say
"Katy *do!* She *do!*"

How Knives Cut

C. H. Claudy

With photo-micrographs by the author

WHAT makes a sharp knife cut, and a dull one hard to use? At first glance it would seem that the thinner the sharp edge, the easier the knife would cut, and in a measure, this is so, yet there are exceptions. If you want to carve a roast of meat and are offered the choice of a sharp carving knife or a sharp razor, obviously you will choose the former. Yet the naked eye can see that the edge of the carving knife is much thicker than that of the razor. When you come to the bone, it is not a knife, no matter how sharp, that you want, but a saw, as saws have very thick edges, provided with teeth.

Another puzzle,—why, after a pen-knife is carefully sharpened on a stone, will it sometimes hold its edge for a long time and, again, get dull in a day?

Almost without further words, the little pictures answer these questions, once you know what they are. They are photographs of knife edges, taken through a powerful microscope, which has magnified the edge so much that it no longer seems a smooth edge but a rough, irregular saw. And that is the secret,—knives, no matter how carefully sharpened, are little saws; the grinding away of the steel, done by the stone, is not an even work, but when the edge gets thin, is a process of tearing away tiny bits of steel by the grit of the stone. This tearing makes the teeth. A fine stone makes fine teeth, a coarse stone coarse teeth. A carving knife, used on meat, is sharpened on a coarse stone or a steel, and has coarse teeth, although its edge is thick. Its action in parting the meat is more that of a saw than a fine wedge. No matter how soft it may be, it will not cut easily unless it is drawn over the meat and not simply pressed down. A razor, however, with its paper-like edge, will cut into flesh with a simple pressure—it is a wedge dividing the fibres of flesh just as a wedge of iron divides the fibres of the log it splits. But a razor is a saw, too, only, as it is ground on the finest stones and later finished with a leather strap, its teeth are very fine indeed,—hundreds and hundreds to the inch of blade. In the original photo-micrograph, as I made it, the bit of razor which was under the lens was only one one-hundredth of an inch across, and you can count as many as twenty-five irregular teeth in this space. Here, also, is the

planation of what some people consider a fancy,—that one razor will cut better on a certain beard than another equally sharp. Obviously, the tougher the beard, the finer the teeth must be to cut without “pulling,” and a “pulling” razor is one which has teeth too coarse for the hair it aims to shave.

When you sharpen a jack-knife on a grindstone and finish it up on an oil-stone, you have a sharp edge for a while—for a *long* while, if you have done the job rightly. But if you have ground with the blade very flat on the stone and the edge is, consequently, very thin indeed near its edge, you will probably have made what boys call a “wire-edge.” One of the photographs shows this wire-edge. The steel has been cut into little saw teeth, it is true, but they are so thin that they break easily—how thin the steel is can be guessed from the little holes in the edge which have been torn by some extra large and sharp piece of grit in the stone. A wire edge is very sharp, for a short time, but the teeth break off with every use of the knife and, before you know it, only a jagged



THE EDGE OF A NEWLY-HONED RAZOR-BLADE.
(Greatly Magnified.)

edge is left, which is neither sharp nor smooth. Don't hold a knife flat on the stone—hold it at an angle so that from an eighth to a quarter of an inch of blade is being ground and when you put it on the oil stone, hold at the same angle.

How Knives Cut

This will give just as fine teeth, but they will be thicker at their base than those made



A PROPERLY SHARPENED PEN-KNIFE.

the other way—they will not break off so quickly and consequently the knife will stay sharp longer and may be given harder usage.

A saw, such as is used on wood, may be taken as an exaggerated knife. When you see a carpenter cut across the grain he takes a finer toothed saw than when he rips with the grain. *Across* the grain, he meets with the resistance of the fibres, which catch in the teeth; *with* the grain there is less of this action and a

coarser tooth can be used with better results. Knives are just the same,—a knife may be very sharp for some work and very dull for others—for instance, the carver and the razor for the meat cutting referred to at the beginning. The carver is sharp for the meat, where much pressure and little resistance are to be found, but imagine trying to shave with one! Hair is very tough, indeed, and, where so little pressure can be used, as in shaving, the sharpest kind of a knife is required—which means only with the very finest and thinnest kind of teeth.

Have you ever cut yourself with a piece of paper? The edge of a piece of glazed paper looks much like that of a knife under the microscope. Of course, the little teeth have not the strength of steel, but if the edge of the paper is drawn swiftly over the finger without much pressure, that peculiar property of matter called inertia comes into play, and the tender teeth have cut the flesh before they are broken. The same property it is which allows a candle to be shot through a one-inch plank, or permits a bullet to pass through a pane of glass without shattering it, leaving only a clean, round hole.

I wish I had space to show you some photomicrographs of the knives of insects; certainly they carry knives, some of them. The horse-fly, for instance, has a ferocious set of lances and, compared to them, a razor is as a saw to a pocket-knife. The little teeth made by nature are so small, so even and so sharp, it is no wonder that the little insect can easily cut (bite) his victims, without needing more pressure than his tiny weight easily affords.



A "WIRE EDGE" ON A POCKET-KNIFE.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

Tiny Hare and the Wind Ball



A STORY FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK TO READ. NO WORD IN IT HAS MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS

By A. L. Sykes

"I WANT to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare to his Mama one day, as he ran to the door of his home.

"What do you want to do, my dear?" she said.

"I do not know, but I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare.

"You may run out a wee bit of a way, and run and jump and play in the sun," said his Mama.

"I do not want to run and jump and play. I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare.

"You may eat the good food that you can find near our home," said his Mama, "but if you go far MAN may get you, or DOG may eat you, or HAWK may fly away with you."

"I do not want to eat the good food that I can see here. I want to do just as I like."

Papa Hare then said very low and deep, "*What* do you want to do, my son?"

"I do not know," said Tiny Hare, "but I want to do just as I like."

Then said Papa Hare, "Do not wake me from my nap any more now, and when the big moon is high in



"SOON MAN CAME BY."

the sky, and it is just like day, I will take you far out in the wood, and you may run and jump and play and eat, and be very safe, for MAN will be in his home, and DOG in his, and HAWK in hers."

"I do not want to go out in the wood, and run and jump and play when the moon is high in the sky. I want to do just as I like."

"Do not wake me," said Papa Hare, and he shut his eyes and put his ears down.

"Come here," said Mama Hare, "and I will tell you a tale of the cold time of the year when snow is over bush and tree and our good food, and what came to the hare who did just as his Mama told him not to. Step, step, step in the snow he went till he came to the Red Fire, and—"

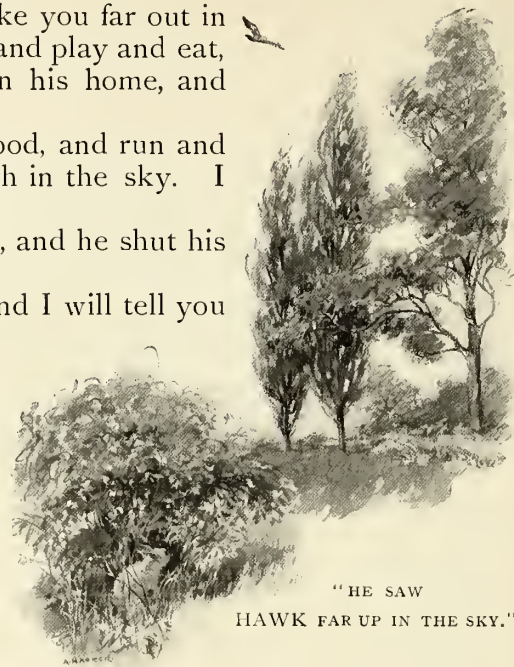
"I do not want to hear the tale," said Tiny Hare. "I want to do just as I like."

"Do not wake me from my nap, then," said his Mama, and she shut *her* eyes and put *her* ears down.

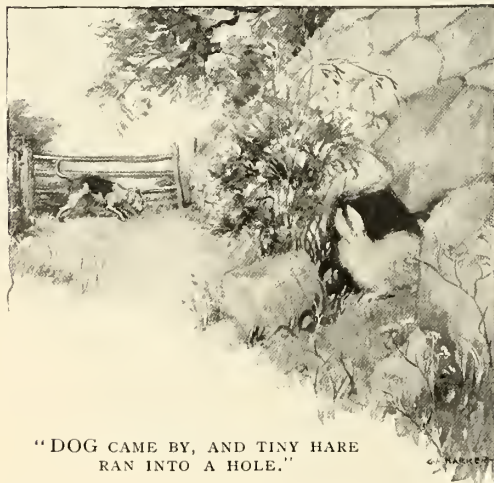
Just then Tiny Hare saw a Wind Ball roll by. A Wind Ball is the part of one kind of a weed that is left when the weed does not grow any more, and it is dry and like wool, and it can roll like a ball, and fly as fast as a bird.

"I can run as fast as you," said Tiny Hare. "I can do just as I like, and I want to get you."

On went the Wind Ball, roll, roll, roll, and on went Tiny Hare, leap, leap, leap. Just as he was near it, the Wind Ball rose into the air, and flew like a bird, and on went Tiny Hare, jump, jump, jump. Roll and fly, roll and fly went the Wind Ball, and leap and jump, leap and jump went Tiny Hare till he was not able to run any more, and his feet were sore. He lay down to rest, but soon MAN came by, and Tiny Hare ran into a hole in a tree, and now how he *did* wish that he was at home!



"HE SAW
HAWK FAR UP IN THE SKY."



"DOG CAME BY, AND TINY HARE
RAN INTO A HOLE."

home! By and by he came out to try to hunt for his home, and he ran, and he ran, and he ran! And, by and by, he saw HAWK far up in the sky, and Tiny Hare ran into a bush, and how he *did* wish he was at home.

By and by he came out to try to hunt for his home, and Wind Ball went by once more.

"I can't get you, and I don't want to," said Tiny Hare, but the wind was low, and Wind Ball went roll, roll, roll, slow, slow, slow, and Tiny Hare went with it, limp, limp, limp, and by and by he saw his home. Tiny Hare ran as fast as a hare with lame feet can run, and soon he went in and lay down in the home by his Mama.

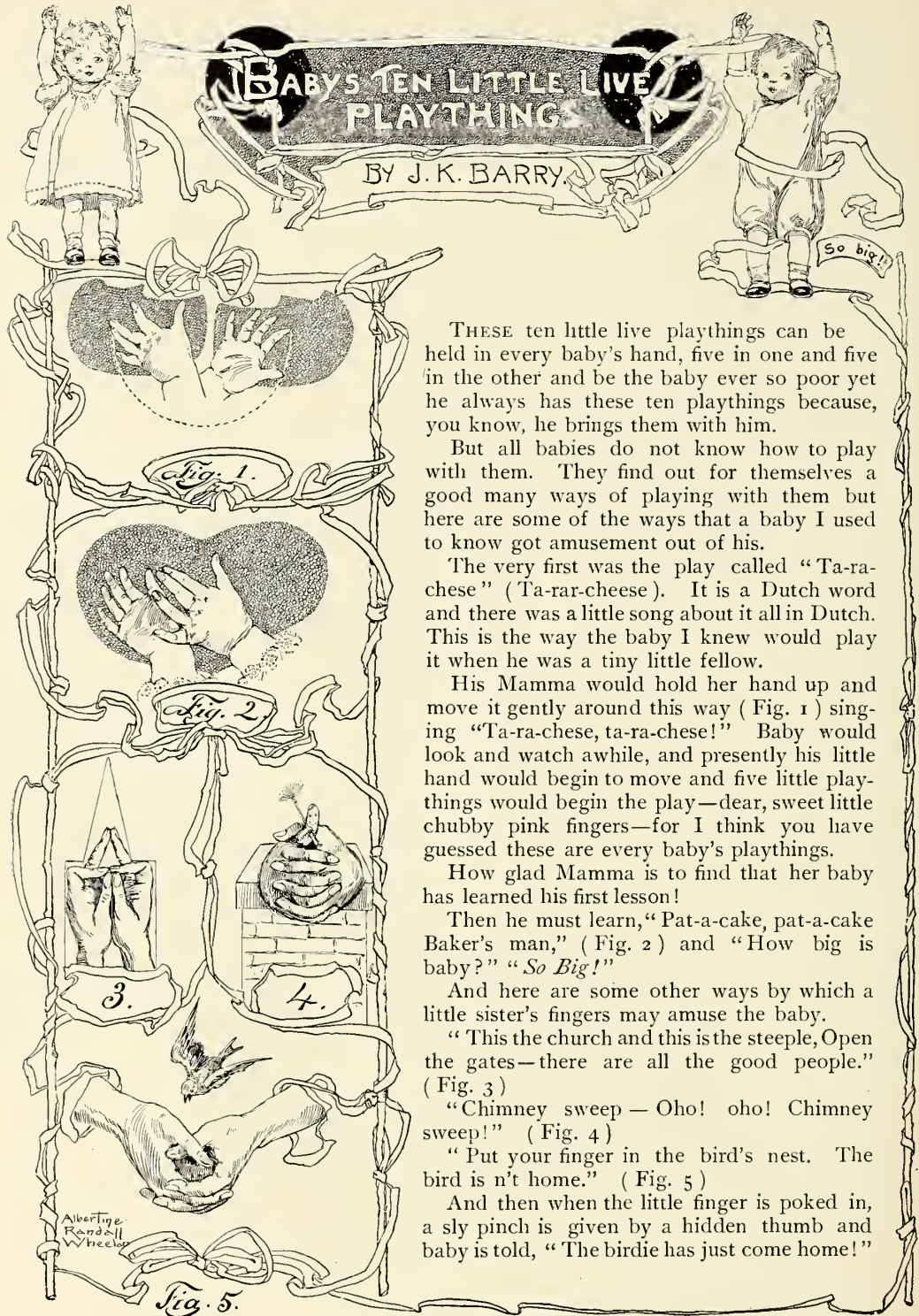
"I have not been good, Mama," he said very low in her ear in a way that a tiny hare has.

"Be good now, then," she said.

"I want to," said Tiny Hare, and then he said, "Do not wake me," and he shut *his* eyes, and put *his* ears down, and they *all* took a nap.



POOR, PATIENT ROVER! WON'T SOMEBODY SAY "SPEAK!" SO HE CAN HAVE THE LUMP OF SUGAR?



THESE ten little live playthings can be held in every baby's hand, five in one and five in the other and be the baby ever so poor yet he always has these ten playthings because, you know, he brings them with him.

But all babies do not know how to play with them. They find out for themselves a good many ways of playing with them but here are some of the ways that a baby I used to know got amusement out of his.

The very first was the play called "Ta-rachese" (Ta-rar-chese). It is a Dutch word and there was a little song about it all in Dutch. This is the way the baby I knew would play it when he was a tiny little fellow.

His Mamma would hold her hand up and move it gently around this way (Fig. 1) singing "Ta-ra-chese, ta-ra-chese!" Baby would look and watch awhile, and presently his little hand would begin to move and five little playthings would begin the play—dear, sweet little chubby pink fingers—for I think you have guessed these are every baby's playthings.

How glad Mamma is to find that her baby has learned his first lesson!

Then he must learn, "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake Baker's man," (Fig. 2) and "How big is baby?" "So Big!"

And here are some other ways by which a little sister's fingers may amuse the baby.

"This the church and this is the steeple, Open the gates—there are all the good people." (Fig. 3)

"Chimney sweep—Oho! oho! Chimney sweep!" (Fig. 4)

"Put your finger in the bird's nest. The bird is n't home." (Fig. 5)

And then when the little finger is poked in, a sly pinch is given by a hidden thumb and baby is told, "The birdie has just come home!"

But you mustn't pinch hard, of course, just enough to make baby laugh at being caught.

And then there is the play of "Two men sawing wood—one little boy picking up chips." (Fig. 6) The two finger men are moved up and down and the little boy finger works busily.

Everybody knows the rhyming finger-play:

- "Here 's my Father's knives and forks, (Fig. 7)
 "Here 's my Mother's table, (Fig. 8)
 "Here 's my Sister's looking-glass, (Fig. 9)
 "And here 's the baby's cradle." (Fig. 10)

Another play is a little act in which three persons are supposed to take part, and it has come down from the old times of long ago.

The middle finger is the Friar. Those on each side of him touch each other and make the door, the little finger is the Lady and the thumb is the Page. (Fig. 11)

The Friar knocks at the door.

Friar. "Knock, Knock, Knock!"

Page. "Somebody knocks at the door!
 Somebody knocks at the door!"

Lady. "Who is it? Who is it?"

Page. (Going to door) "Who is it? Who is it?"

Friar. "A Friar, a Friar."

Page. "A Friar, Ma'am, a Friar, Ma'am."

Lady. "What does he want? What does he want?"

Page. "What do you want, Sir? What do you want, Sir?"

Friar. "I want to come in. I want to come in."

Page. "He wants to come in, Ma'am. He wants to come in."

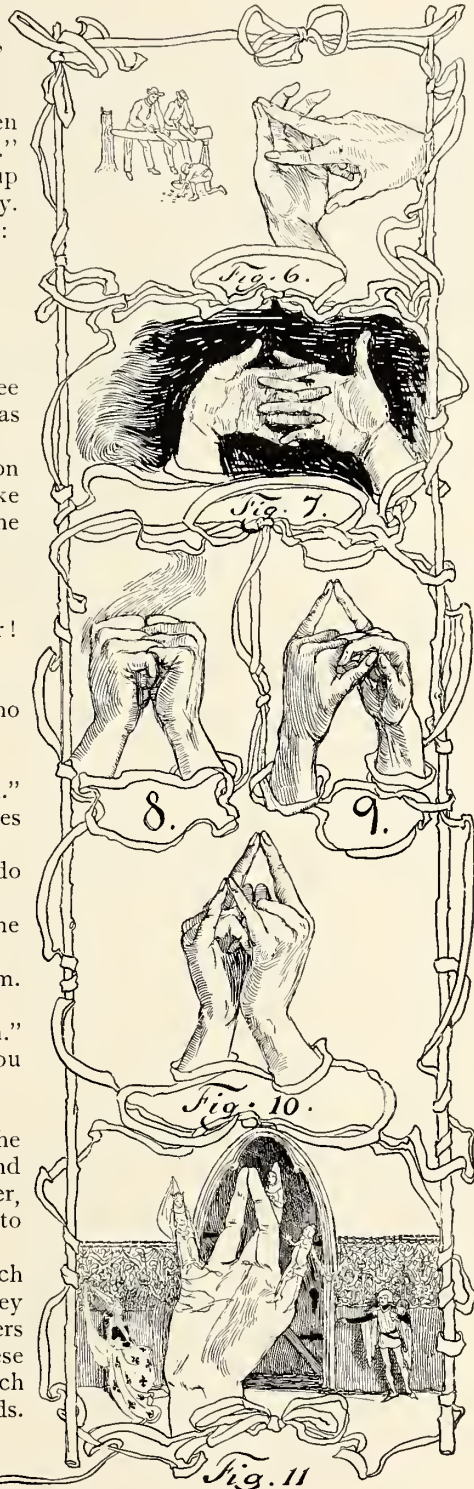
Lady. "Let him walk in. Let him walk in."

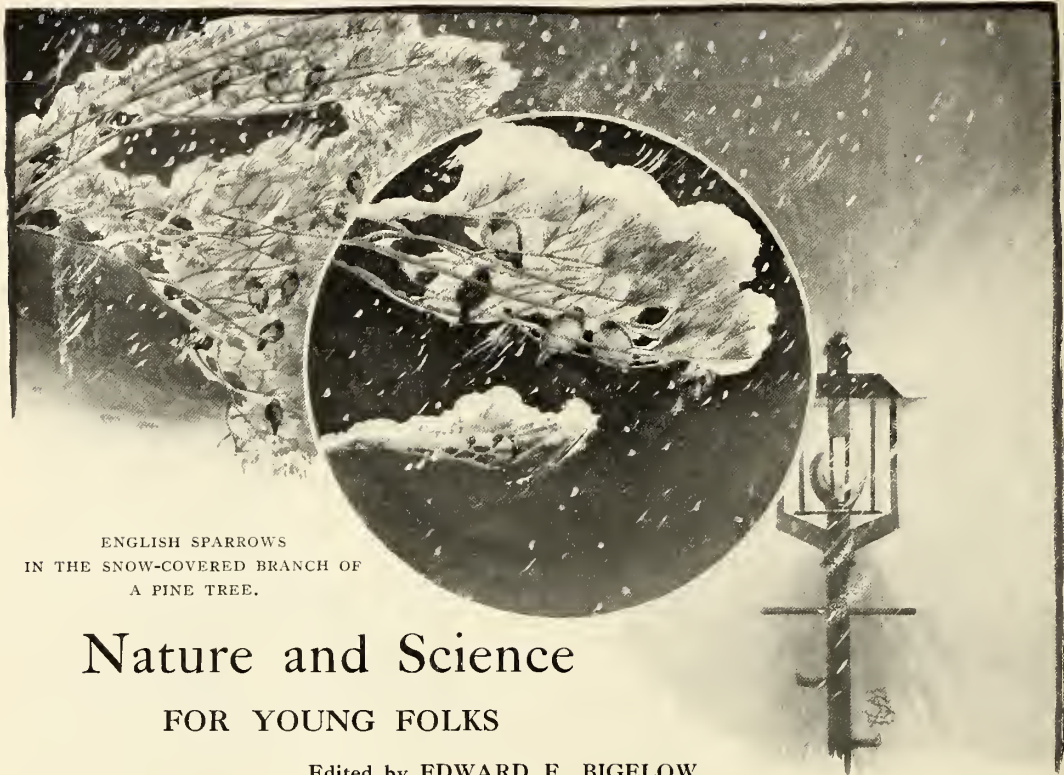
Page. "Will you walk in, Sir? Will you walk in?"

So in he pops and takes a seat.

When each player is supposed to speak he or she must move gently, bending forward and back and when the Friar is invited to enter, the door must open only just far enough to let him "pop in."

These are only some of the plays with which the baby I knew used to be amused; but they will suggest others to parents and older brothers and sisters. The baby cannot make all of these things himself but he will be quite as much interested when they are made by older hands.





ENGLISH SPARROWS
IN THE SNOW-COVERED BRANCH OF
A PINE TREE.

Nature and Science

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by EDWARD F. BIGELOW

The birds are all social and gregarious in winter,
and seem drawn together by common instinct.—
JOHN BURROUGHS.

WHERE BIRDS SLEEP IN WINTER.

IN zero weather, when the night is pitch dark and there is a piercing wind driving a biting snow, perhaps you have wondered, as I have, to think how the little wild birds could manage to sleep and not freeze, nor be covered up with the snow.

One stormy, winter night, while walking through Central Park, New York City, I partly answered the question. A branch of a large pine tree swung close to, and a little above, a street lamp. The branch and its twigs were quite free from snow, the dense leaves or "needles" forming a roof above them and catching the snow which had quickly filled up the spaces between the slender leaves. Here and there, under the most cozy-looking of the leaf-clusters, was a little group of English sparrows looking as comfortable as could be. They were somewhat disturbed by my pausing to watch them, and a few left to find a perch on some higher branch. Probably there were scores of these sparrows in this tree; for I was

able to examine only the branch near the light. Who knows but that every pine in the park, and many a one in the woods as well, is a very tenement for the birds?

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

THE "MOUSE-FISH" OR "SARGASSUM FISH."

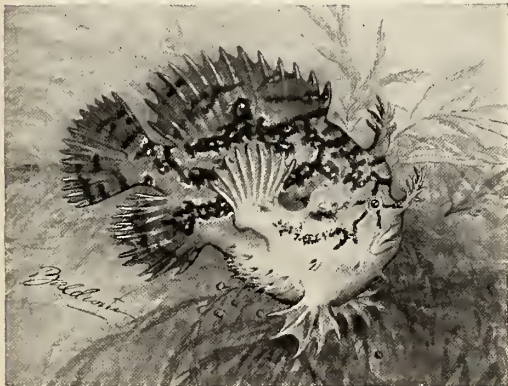
THE sea-weed that drifts in scattered masses everywhere on the surface of the ocean, sometimes in mere handfuls, or again, as in the "Sargasso Sea" covering hundreds of square miles, is now and then brought on board ship, perhaps by an accidental sweep of the deck bucket, and furnishes a surprise to the passenger who may be curious enough to examine it.

Each little cluster of this gulf-weed is likely to have its colony of living creatures, and fishes, crabs, shrimps, and shells may at times be found amongst the leaves. The "Mouse-fish" pictured in the next column, is quite abundant there, and sprawls awkwardly about, using its broad fins curiously like hands, showing little disposition to swim as do other fishes, even when placed in water free from sea-weed.

This fish (*Pterophryne*) is a member of a group of a highly colored and curiously marked family, called the *Antennariidae*, which prefer the environment of the protecting sea-weed, and find abundant food in their fellow passengers in their drifting, floating home.

Their colors, closely matching the weed, and the streaming antennae-like appendages which distinguish them, make these fish very hard to detect amongst the leaves (unless some movement betrays them), and no doubt give them safety from possible enemies. They may be driven for thousands of miles over the seas by the currents and winds, and remain unconscious of the extent of their travels until some chance takes them into colder waters and kills the sea-weed and its little group of inhabitants.

The fish from which our drawing was made was captured by one of the naturalists of the expedition of the Baltimore Geographical Society to the Bahama Islands, in the summer of



THE MOUSE FISH.

1903. It measures only three inches and the largest of the group rarely reach more than six or seven inches.

A. H. BALDWIN.

ICE CRYSTALS: THEIR FORMATION AND GROWTH.

WHILE all ice is composed of crystals, they are usually so completely fused together that they become invisible, although they are beautiful in appearance and interesting in their formation and increase. To see these processes, a good plan is to place a large looking-glass under the water when it is beginning to freeze. The mirror reflects the light from the sky, and forms a background against which the crystals may be seen by the naked eye. A

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pan or a pail may be used, if a pond is not within convenient reach.

The crystals may be easily seen in these conditions, but to photograph them has been

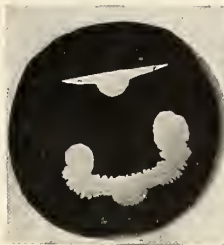


FIG. 1. THE BEGINNING OF AN ICE CRYSTAL.



FIG. 2. "LIKE BEAUTIFULLY BRANCHING CORAL."

difficult until recently, with our improved apparatus. In general they, like snow crystals, tend to produce six points or rays, yet even here there is a great variety of shape, six or seven different types having been observed. Once formed, they grow by attracting to themselves the water particles (molecules) that immediately surround them.

When first formed they are tiny things, flattened, and hardly thicker than paper. These usually start at the edges of the receptacle as lance-like outgrowths, but they soon branch and become scalloped. It is interesting to watch these lances slowly shoot outward, but still more fascinating to study those produced later within the free water. These first appear as small, round discs, or as needles, afterward passing through the more complex stages, to become stars or hexagons, or to assume other symmetrical shapes.

The most beautiful period of their existence is the "ice flower" stage, when they show six petal-like projections (Fig. 6).

The needle-like crystals grow by the forma-



FIG. 3. GERM CRYSTALS.



FIG. 4. GERM CRYSTALS GROWING AT THE EDGES.

tion of scallops and branches along both edges, sometimes only on one side, when they develop into a horseshoe shape (Fig. 1).

Other types become like beautifully branch-

ing coral (Fig. 2). It would be interesting to know the cause of these changes, but it is useless to guess. We can only admire and wonder. Much is to be learned in this de-



FIG. 5. THE PROGRESS IN THE GROWTH AT THE EDGES.



FIG. 6. THE COMPLETED "ICE FLOWER."

The six snow-crystal photographs are by W. A. Bentley.

partment of study by observation and experiment.

Fig. 3 may be called germ crystals, since they are the first formed of several types. Fig. 4 shows the germ growing at the margins.

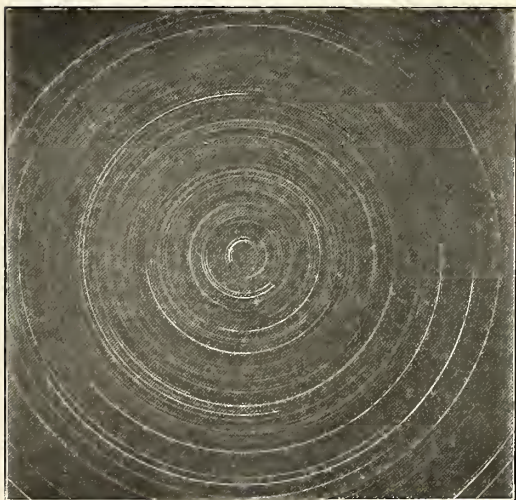
Fig. 5 is the same still further developed.

Fig. 6 is a beautiful form of "ice flower," already mentioned.

The subject is an attractive one, and may be commended to those who are interested in the study of natural objects, especially of those that are not often seen, until the attention is drawn to them by some person more familiar with the hidden things of our beautiful world.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE STARS.

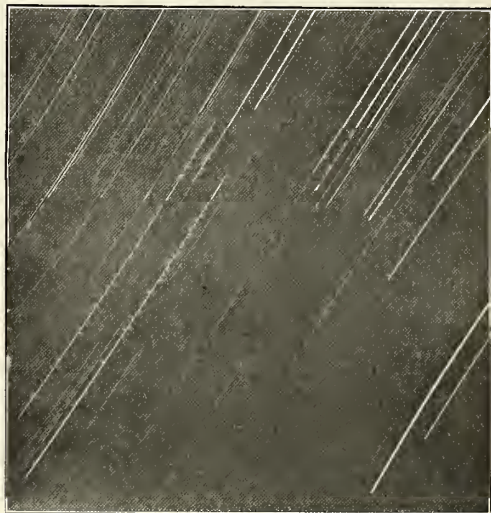
It is an easy matter merely to photograph stars. No elaborate or expensive apparatus is required. The trouble is to picture them



THE STARS GROUPED AROUND THE POLE STAR APPEAR IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AS ARCS OF CIRCLES.

as points and not as streaks, for as the earth rotates it carries the photographic apparatus with it, and the light from the star makes a line, while the astronomer wants a point. He must therefore devise a machine that will counteract the movement of the earth, and so keep the light steadily in the same place on the plate. Elaborate clockwork must turn the lens "backwards" to keep it on the star, and at the same rate as that at which the earth moves "forward."

The mere act of photographing is not much more difficult than a short exposure out of the window of a moving car.



OTHER STARS APPEAR IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AS NEARLY STRAIGHT LINES.

An astronomer at the great Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, says that, "Many of the most important results of astronomy . . . have been derived from the use of an ordinary camera with just such a lens as is found in the possession of thousands of amateur photographers. If we take an ordinary camera and point it on a clear night toward the North Pole, it will be found after an exposure of one or two hours that the stars which lie near the pole have drawn arcs of circles upon the plate. This is due to the fact that the earth is rotating upon its axis at such a rate as to cause every star in the sky to appear to travel through a complete circle once in twenty-four hours."

Our earth rotates, like a top, within the celestial sphere on which stars are scattered in every direction. A pin on the side of the top would by its revolution make a straight

scratch on an object held near it. A series of pins upward along the curved side would make a series of circles in one revolution or more.

I hope that some of our readers (especially those having a camera with a lens admitting much light) will try this on a clear, moonless night. Let the exposure be for at least five minutes if the camera is pointed overhead, and for at least one hour if directed toward the Pole Star. The camera may be left out all night if pointed at the pole, but must be taken in just before daylight. The longer the exposure the longer the star "scratches." Develop the plate as long as possible.

A PLANT THAT AIMS ITS WEAPONS.

DR. K. G. LEAVITT has been studying the thorns of the common red-berried thorn-tree, known to scientists as *Cratægus Crus-galli*. He counted all the thorns on many branches and found that there were many more pointing downward than upward. On some branches nearly all were pointed downward. He found that the thorns started out about equally in number on the upper and lower sides (as do buds), but nearly all the thorns on the upper side curved downward more and more as they grew in length. This he regards as a noteworthy fact. In an extended article in "The Plant World" he says:

"Very few shoots, in normal plants, turn their points downward. None of the shoots of *Cratægus* do so except the thorns; and it is



TWIG OF THORN-TREE.

Shows most thorns pointing downward.

very singular and interesting to find that these branches, so highly modified in form, . . . differ from all the other branches of the tree in their physiology.

"What, then, is the usefulness to the tree of the strong downward trend of these spurs? The answer is doubtless to be found in the browsing habits of certain foes of *Cratægus*.

The thorns are evident defenses against those animals which in a wild state feed, or formerly fed, upon the leaves—pricking their noses, lips,



THE COW ATTACKS THE TWIG FROM UNDER SIDE.

(Thus the twig is best protected.)

Both cuts on this page are from "The Plant World."

and tongues. But why should *down-pointing* thorns be better than others? The Herbivoræ whose depredations were of old the 'reason' for the existence of the thorns in *Cratægus* and allied plants were members of the Bovidæ and Cervidæ—the ox and the deer tribes. We may, therefore, perhaps get the information we want from the domestic cow. If we watch her as she feeds, we at once see how important a part the tongue plays in securing food. While the horse seizes his food with his lips, the cow, on the other hand, constantly makes use of the tongue in grazing. It shoots out from right to left and with a quick, sweeping, circular motion draws the grass in. If a handful of clover is held toward a hungry cow, she will reach for it with extended tongue which, if necessary, may be protruded several inches beyond the muzzle. The tip curves around the desired food and the rough surface helps to hold it. From constant use the tongue becomes a strong and adept organ of prehension. Now note that in browsing, when such an object as the depending branch of a tree is sought, the protruded tongue curves upward, and the branch is seized from beneath, as shown in the illustration above. This is the habit of the deer, as well as of the ox, kind; and this observation makes it plain that the tendency of the spurs is a nice adaptation to their protective function with a view to the foes to be feared and the quarter from which attack is to be expected.

"It is not unreasonable to surmise that had the browsing animals of northern temperate regions—the home of *Cratægus*—been of the horse kind, then the spurs of our plant would have pointed at all angles indifferently."

SWINGS ITS TAIL LIKE A PENDULUM.

C. WILLIAM BEEBE, Curator of Ornithology at the New York Zoological Park, in his recent book, "Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico," gives



THE MOTMOT SWINGING ITS TAIL LIKE A PENDULUM.

(Illustration used by courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

the following interesting account of the Mexican motmot or pendulum bird:—

The most remarkable characteristic of the bird is its long tail, which is greenish blue in color, while the two central tail-feathers, longer than the others, are bare of barbs for about an inch of their length, each feather ending in a full-veined racket. The strange thing about this ornament is the fact that it is produced by the bird itself. When the young birds attain their full plumage, the elongated pair of feathers in the tail are perfect from base to tip. Guided apparently by some instinct, each motmot begins to pick and pick at these feathers, tearing off a few barbs at a time with its bill. This is kept up until the tail is in the condition which is shown in the photograph, and at each succeeding moult the process is repeated. . . . The real cause of the habit would be a most interesting one to solve. In some of the birds which we saw the process had just begun, only a few barbs being torn away. . . . The motmot has a curious pendulum motion of its tail—from side to side, and, more rarely, up and down. When the bird blends so perfectly with its surroundings that the eye fails to locate it, the horizontal swing of its tail marks it out. This is not a true pendulum motion, as the tail snaps to the highest point, and is held there for a moment before being jerked to the opposite side.

THE BOY OR THE DOG?

ON page 1133 of NATURE AND SCIENCE for October, 1906, was an inquiry as to the "foot of some small animal" found in a Boston street. It was identified as the foot of a woodchuck. A prize was offered for the most reasonable and interesting imaginative story on the subject, "How the Woodchuck's Foot Went to Boston." All of the letters received were "interesting"—some surprisingly so!—but not all were "reasonable." From the letters that filled both conditions the two following seem to the editor of about equal interest and originality, and in both respects a little better than the others. Our readers may take their choice between the two letters. An interesting book, the prize offered, has been sent to each of the two writers.

GEORGE DROPPED IT.

BOONTON, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Once there was an old trapper who lived in the Adirondacks. Nobody knew his name or his history. They just called him "Sam." He was about six feet tall, with sandy hair. He lived in an old, dilapidated cabin up in the woods, earning his living by trapping, and serving as a guide to the guests of the hotel not far away.

One day he made the acquaintance of a small boy, by the name of George Vanderhoof, who was staying for the summer at the hotel. This singular friendship lasted all summer. One day Sam was going around to look at his traps when George appeared, and went along.

"Going away to-morrow," remarked George by way of making conversation. Sam said nothing. Soon they came to where three traps were set by a stump. Two were un sprung, but one had the foot of some animal.

"Woodchuck," grunted Sam. "Here, George, want it?"

The next day George went home taking his woodchuck's foot with him in his hand, as his mother declared she "could never put that nasty thing in the trunk." While crossing the street George was frightened by some horses and dropped the woodchuck's foot. He afterward looked, but did not find it.

ROBERT WILLIAMS (age 11 years).

THE DOG RAN OFF WITH IT.

SAWKILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the city of Boston lives a taxidermist, who delights in collecting the skins of various small animals and birds to stuff. Finally, the desire seized him to possess a mounted woodchuck as an interesting addition to his collection. He wrote to a friend in the country, asking him to try and obtain for him a woodchuck, skin it carefully, and send the skin to him. The friend, who was a trapper, soon succeeded in capturing a fine specimen, which he skinned according to his friend's direction, and soon Sir Woodchuck—I mean his skin—was in an express train, speeding his way over the iron rails to Boston.

When he reached his destination, the taxidermist

was delighted, because it was such a fine skin, almost faultless—save for one forepaw, which was slightly torn at the wrist, showing where the woodchuck had been imprisoned in the trap.

The taxidermist stood the skin, which was stretched on a board, on a chair, while he left the room for a moment. On returning, he was just in time to see his dog, on whom he had not reckoned, pulling at and worrying the skin as if he had a perfect right to do so. The taxidermist struck at the dog with his stick, but, dodging the blow, the dog ran out of the open doorway, down the hall, and into the street, dragging with him the skin. A stray dog, seeing another dog with some treasure, ran after him, and caught the skin by the weak forefoot. The foot came off, of course, and away ran the second dog, with the foot, but he soon stopped to determine the nature of his prize. Finding it only an animal's paw, with quite sharp claws and very little meat, he left it, and walked off disgusted. So this is how a woodchuck's foot came to be found in a Boston street.

CHARLOTTE STARK (age 14 years).

SQUIRRELS EAT MUSHROOMS.

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I want to ask you if squirrels, as a general thing, eat mushrooms. The gray squirrels about our house seem to eat them a great deal and it cannot be because they have no nuts, as there are plenty of oak and hickory trees around.

Yours truly,

CARYL S. COMAN.

Squirrels do not subsist wholly on nuts, as seems to be the popular idea, but have a varied diet. Ernest Ingersoll tells of the failure of the crop of pine seeds upon which certain Northwestern ground squirrels were accustomed to feed:

"In this extremity they turned to the mushrooms, everywhere abundant, and were busy during all the late autumn in gathering them. They were too wise, however, to store them underground, where they would soon have rotted, but instead, deposited them in notches and crotches of the lower branches of the forest trees, where they dried in the open air and so kept in good condition to be eaten. Their shriveling-up and the shaking of the branches by the winds caused many to fall, and these the squirrels industriously picked up and tried to fasten more securely to the branches.

"This method of providing themselves with winter food implied the necessity of their coming forth from their underground retreats, no matter how cold and snowy the weather, whenever they wanted something to eat, instead of having their larder indoors as is usual with them; and it would be interesting to know whether they actually did so, or whether they failed to profit, after all, by their seemingly sagacious prudence."

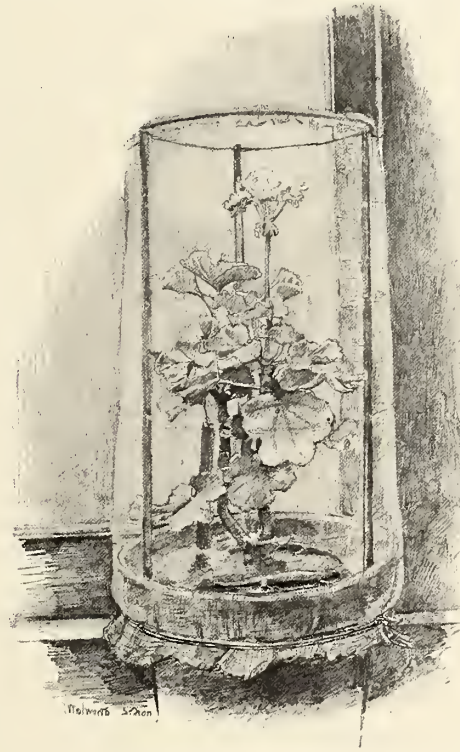
HOW TO CARE FOR CHAMELEONS.

CHAMELEONS can be kept alive for years by making a frame to fit over a plant in a flower-pot, and covering it with mosquito netting, which must be long enough to tie with a string about the pot. Keep the pot in the sunniest window and water the plant every day through

the netting. You will be surprised to see how eagerly the little creatures will drink the running water, after they get over their fear. Set a wire fly-trap for flies which you can liberate under the netting. The chameleons will not be backward about helping themselves.

In winter they do not require much food, but will relish a meal worm, occasionally, on sunny days. Meal worms can sometimes be got at the grain stores for the asking or can be purchased at the bird stores, or small spiders can be found in cracks and crannies, asleep for the winter; they may be frozen stiff if found out of doors, but they revive in a warm room.

Chameleons enjoy a place to sleep in nights and winters. Take a piece of red flannel, four inches wide and eight inches long; roll it



THE CHAMELEONS ON A PLANT COVERED BY MOSQUITO NETTING.

over a stick as large round as your finger and sew it while on the stick so that it will not come unwound; then slip off and run a wire through it long enough to suspend it from one of the branches of the plant. The chameleons will crawl into this cosy bed and go to sleep.

MRS. ORVILLE BASSETT.

CALIFORNIA SEALS AT HOME.

THE accompanying illustration of California seals is from a photograph taken about three

discussions. We close our indoor meetings in the spring and from that time until fall have frequent outings, either singly or in small groups or go in a body. We have aroused much interest here in nature study.

We are to have a museum established in connection with our high school, and the public library committee are going to purchase a good nature-library for us.

Our work has also resulted in the organization of all the towns along the Kalamazoo river into an association called the Kalamazoo Valley Nature Club. In this are included the students of the Western Michigan Normal School at Kalamazoo. We expect to have frequent outings together the coming season.

Another good work that we have accomplished is the appointment of E. M. Brigham, a well-known naturalist, as nature-study instructor, in the sanitarium here. The Battle Creek sanitarium is one of the largest institutions of the kind in the world, all the time having from six hundred to one thousand patients. Mr. Brigham has been an extensive traveller in South America. Every day, no matter what the weather is, he takes a



SEALS ON A ROCK.

(From a photograph used by courtesy of the Santa Catalina Island Company.)

miles east of Avalon, Santa Catalina Islands. Hundreds of these animals make their home there during the entire year, and many of them come into the bay at Avalon, where, a few months ago, the editor of Nature and Science spent several days, and watched them catching fish for food and playing in the water. The fishermen feed them for the amusement of tourists.

Sea lions are easily tamed. Two companies of trained seals have recently attracted much public attention, one at a permanent place of amusement in New York City, the other with a traveling circus.

INCREASING INTEREST IN NATURE-STUDY.

HERE is a letter from one of the grown up friends of St. Nicholas, showing some phases of the value, the ever-growing interest and the enjoyment of nature-study:

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You may be interested in the work of the nature club of this city, which was organized seven years ago. We now have fifty members. We hold meetings once a week during the winter, at which talks are given on natural history subjects, followed by

big company of patients on a nature outing and upon returning gives them a natural history talk. It is proving a great success, and will spread nature study, because the patients having once become interested, will go home and organize more clubs. This is the first institution in the United States to adopt this innovation, and to employ a permanent nature instructor. Of course the doctors of the institution have an object in keeping the patients out doors in the fresh air as much as possible.

Last summer our friend, Mr. Metcalf, took the members of the club on an outing to a bee tree that he had previously located, and illustrated to them how he cut and lowered the top, saved and hived the bees and took the honey from the cavity. The members all brought bread and butter and a knife with them and Mr. Metcalf treated them all to fresh honey, having a honey social. It was a very pleasant outing and an instructive one. The members learned many things about bees.

Fraternally yours

CHAS. E. BARNES,
President Battle Creek Nature Club.

"SEEING OUR BREATH."

BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why do we see our breath on cold days?

Yours,

DOUGLAS LAWRENCE.

We never see our breath. The cold condenses the moisture of our breath and makes it

visible like a cloud. If you could look into the boiler of an engine, you would see nothing, although the boiler might be full of steam, because steam becomes visible only when it is condensed into water-drops by cold. Clouds are watery vapor condensed into drops by cold air.

A NOVEL BLOOM ON AN OAK TREE.

THE accompanying illustration is from a photograph of a California oak-tree covered by the vines of a double "Cherokee rose," with the roses in full bloom. The tree is on the property of Mr. G. C. Hall, Alameda, California; the photograph was taken by Mr. F. R. Ziel.

I first saw this rose-tree in full bloom as I was riding with Mr. Fred T. Moore, Superintendent of the schools in Alameda, who kindly obtained the photograph for use in Nature and Science.

It reminded me of a similarly novel combination that I once saw in a Connecticut apple orchard. A tree growing in an angle of the fence around a corn-field, in which pumpkins

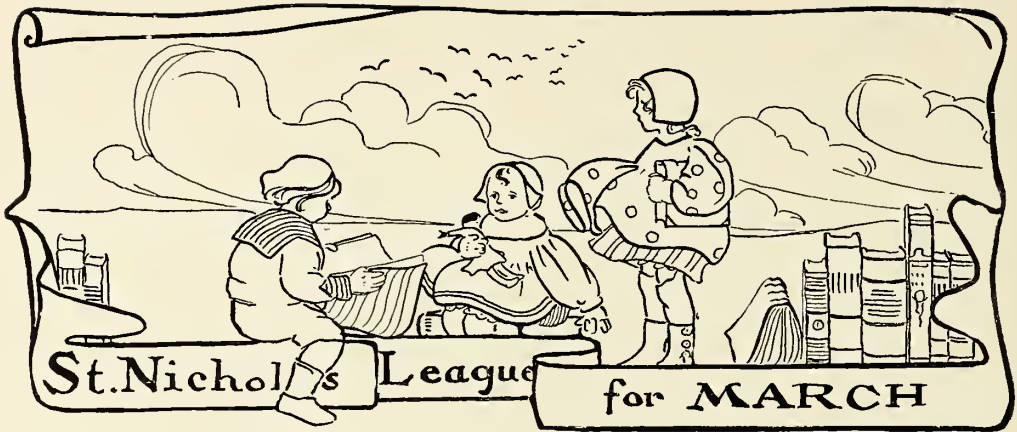
had also been planted, seemed to have a peculiar attraction for the pumpkin vines, for some of them had embraced the trunk, and festooned the branches with great loops of vigorous growth and ample leaves, while the yellow blossoms and the forming pumpkins gave that apple-tree an appearance that would have surprised it, if it could have looked at itself, and which made me regret my inability to picture the novel scene. This was before I learned how to make photographs.

Some country folk are fond of describing the ignorance of the city people in regard to the common events of country life. There is a traditional and often repeated story of the city boy who thought that potatoes grew on trees, but if any city boy did think that, he will perhaps find it comforting to claim that roses have been seen in bloom on oak-trees, pumpkins dangling from the branches of an apple tree, and, what is more astonishing, yet a fact, that Luther Burbank has succeeded in making potatoes grow on their own vines above ground like tomatoes. These he calls "aërial potatoes."



THE ROSEBUSH IN BLOOM IN THE BRANCHES OF A LIVE OAK.

Photograph by F. R. Ziel, Alameda, California.



"A HEADING." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY E. VINCENT MILLAY (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

"Show me the road to Romance!" I cried, and he raised his head;
 "I know not the road to Romance, child. 'T is a warm, bright way," he said,
 "And I trod it once with one whom I loved,—with one who is long since dead.
 But now—I forget,—Ah! The way would be long without that other one,"
 And he lifted a thin and trembling hand, to shield his eyes from the sun.

"Show me the road to Romance!" I cried, but she did not stir,
 And I heard no sound in the low ceil'ed room save the spinning-wheel's busy whirr.
 Then came a voice from the down-bent head, from the lips that I could not see,
 "Oh! Why do you seek for Romance? And why do you trouble me?
 Little care I for your fancies. They will bring you no good," she said,
 "Take the wheel that stands in the corner, and get you to work, instead."

Then came one with steps so light that I had not heard their tread,
 "I know where the road to Romance is. I will show it you," she said.
 She slipped her tiny hand in mine, and smiled up into my face,
 And lo! A ray of the setting sun shone full upon the place,
 The little brook danced adown the hill and the grass sprang up anew,
 And tiny flowers peeped forth as fresh as if newly washed with dew.

A little breeze came frolicking by, cooling the heated air,
 And the road to Romance stretched on before, beckoning, bright and fair.
 And I knew that just beyond it, in the hush of the dying day,
 The mossy walls and ivied towers of the land of Romance lay.
 The breath of dying lilies haunted the twilight air,
 And the sob of a dreaming violin filled the silence everywhere.

JUST WITH LEAGUE MEMBERS.

OUR verse and prose subjects this time were very popular. A great many contributions were received and they were of a high order of merit. It was so difficult to select those which were not to be printed. The editor felt a personal grievance in not being allowed room enough to print every one of the Roll of Honor No. 1 contributions, and a number of those which were crowded out were quite as good from the point of view of merit as those selected for use. In such a case as this the suitability of the contributions to the League department has to be considered.

Indeed, this is a thing that must always be considered, and one of the things that young authors, and old ones too, have to learn. A poem or a story may be ever so good from the technical and artistic point of view and yet not be adapted to every publication. In fact it may be adapted to a very few publications. The League de-

partment, for instance, being a part of the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine, must be made suitable to ST. NICHOLAS readers as well as to its contributors, for there are a vast number of readers who enjoy the League who do not even belong to it, but read it and look at the pictures just as they would find pleasure in any other part of the magazine. Very sad, very tragic, very romantic and very abstruse work cannot often be used, no matter how good it may be from the literary point of view, and while the League editor certainly does not advocate the sacrifice of artistic impulse to market suitability, he does advocate as a part of every literary education the study of the market's needs whereby one may learn to offer this or that particular manuscript to just the periodical most likely to give it welcome. And the beginning of this education may be acquired by considering the requirements of the ST. NICHOLAS League.

PRIZE WINNERS, NOVEMBER COMPETITION.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **E. Vincent Millay** (age 14), 100 Washington St., Camden, Me., and **Mary Taft Atwater** (age 14), 2419 N. 33d St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Elinor Babson** (age 15), 138 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Katharine Putnam** (age 17), Rushford, Minn.; **George Amundsen** (age 11), Detroit City, Minn., and **S. R. Benson** (age 10), The Beacon, Fleet, Hampshire, Eng.

Prose. Gold badges, **Ellice D. von Dorn** (age 14), 1669 Princeton Ct., St. Paul, Minn., and **Gertrude Emerson** (age 16), 135 E. 56th St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Gladys M. Douglass** (age 13), 554 Kempton St., New Bedford, Mass.; **Donald Malvern** (age 9), Faggs Manor, Cochranville, Pa., and **Natalie Hallock** (age 15), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Drawing. Cash prizes, **Hester Margetson** (age 16), The Manor, Blewbury, N. Didcot, Berkshire, Eng., and **W. Clinton Brown** (age 17), 331 S. Pryn St., Atlanta, Ga.

Gold badge, **Lucia E. Halsted** (age 14), Hotel Zeiger, El Paso, Tex.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Hamilton** (age 12), 316 Pine St., Stevens Point, Wis.; **Henrietta Havens** (age 14), Tivoli, N. Y., and **Marian Phelps van Buren** (age 10), 15 Prom. des Anglais, Nice, France.

Photography. Cash prize, **Dorothy Arnold** (age 14), 465 State St., Albany, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Gertrude W. Richards** (age 13), 163 Irving Ave., S. Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, **Gertrude A. Hochschild** (age 12), 565 West End Ave., N. Y. City, and **Stephen C. Marschutz** (age 8), 1333 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Bear," **Tom. K. Richards** (age 14), 2136 W. Riverside, Spokane, Wash. Second prize, "Wild Cat," **Herbert S. Marschutz** (age 12), 1333 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal. Third prize, "Coe Moose," **Warden McLean** (age 16), Pottstown, Pa. Fourth prize, "Gopher," **Helen B. Walcott** (age 12), 1743 22d St., Wash., D. C.

Puzzle-Making. Cash prize, **E. Adelaide Hahn** (age 13), 552 East 87th St., New York City.

Gold badges, **R. Utley** (age 16), 9 Linden St., Toronto, Canada, and **Honor Gallsworthy** (age 14), Arancaria, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England.

Silver badges, **Eleanor V. Coverly** (age 11), 107 Second St., Troy, N. Y., and **Margaretta V. Whitney** (age 14), 146 E. Walnut Lane, Germantown, Pa.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badge, **Dorothy Hopkins** (age 17), 35 Ridgemont St., Allston, Mass.

Silver badge, **Carolyn Hutton** (age 15), 220 N. 15th St., Richmond, Ind.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY MARY TAFT ATWATER (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

AROUND the nurs'ry fireside,
In the light of the embers red,
All of us children gather
Just before the time for bed,—
Kitty and Dick and Holland,
Mary and Dot and Ned.

Watching the glowing embers,
And shivering at the dark,
We listen to the howling wind
Sweeping the leafless park.
We all pretend we 're someone
else,—
Kitty is Joan of Arc,

Dick is Cœur de Lion,
Mary is Lorna Doone,
Dotty is Ellen Douglas,
Holland, bold Daniel Boone,
Ned is Sir Walter Raleigh,—
The evening's gone too soon.

And then we watch the embers
Changing from red to gray,
Our castles fall in ruins,
The spell dies slow away.
We change from knights and
ladies
To children of to-day.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

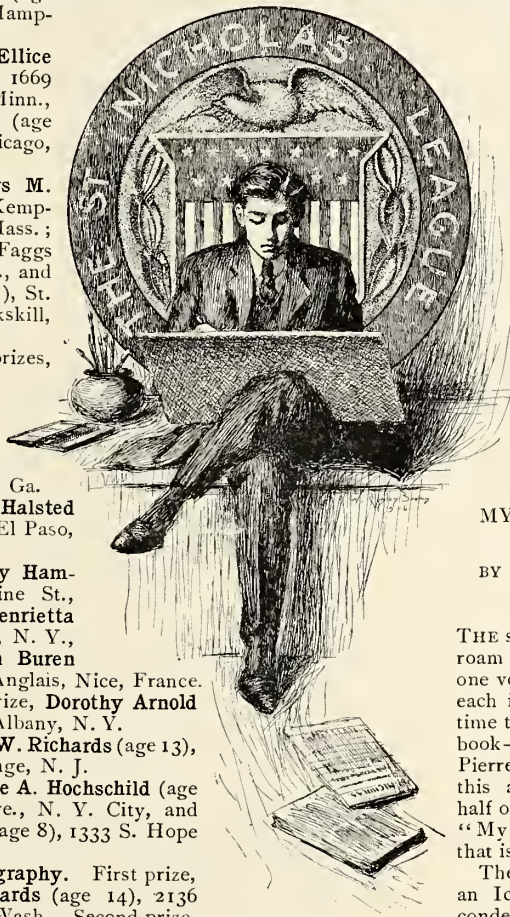
BY GERTRUDE EMERSON (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THE subject is a difficult one. My eyes roam over the shelves, resting on first one volume and then another. I think each in turn is my favorite, but every time they come back to the same little book—"An Iceland Fisherman"—by Pierre Loti. Yes! I certainly love this above all the others. The first half of the question, then, is answered, "My Favorite Book," but "Why?" that is the more difficult part.

The tale is the simple love-story of an Iceland fisherman. Its characters condense worlds of examples into one, and it is because this book, which has so much local color, is so universal, that it is great. It cannot help but appeal to all!

It is written in a style that shows the poet's passionate love for the beauties of nature, and it engenders like emotions in the reader. The descriptions of the mysterious splendors of the Iceland skies, and the solemn silences of the treacherous seas, make me yearn with my whole heart and soul for I know not what. When the terrible storm approaches, and "Great grey sheets go hurrying past, continually replaced by others coming from below the horizon, like shadowy hangings, unwinding themselves forever as from an endless reel," I am carried away with its wild fury. I sink with the ship into the depths of the sea, to the bottom of all, and rise again to the crest of the foaming waves. I



"A HEADING." BY W. CLINTON BROWN, AGE 17.
(CASH PRIZE.)

travel with Sylvestre in distant countries, and the world seems to have gone out when he dies. I watch the dead sun, with Yann, at midnight sending its rays from afar across mysterious mirrors that reflect its pale, pale light. I sink with Yann, struggling in the mighty

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

"LES MISÉRABLES."

BY ELLICE D. VON DORN (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)



"PETS." BY DOROTHY ARNOLD, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

grasp of the Iceland seas, fighting against inevitable fate.

From beginning to end, I live in the story. I forget self and surroundings, until the book is finished—then to dream of beautiful and noble things.

This story is a Symphony of Fate, that strikes to the roots of human pathos with the old, old tragedy of love and death.

And this is why "An Iceland Fisherman" is to me the most beautiful story in the world.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY ELINOR BABSON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

The sun sinks to rest in the golden west,
While flame-colored clouds glide to and fro,
The lake lies bright in the sunset light;
In the Land of Romance 't is always so.

Through the wood path green, a knight is seen,
In thoughtful mood he rides, and slow,
His brow is high, and frank his eye;
In the Land of Romance 't is always so.

A maiden fair, with streaming hair,
He sees through the pathway fleeting go
From a giant grim, of mighty limbs;
In the Land of Romance 't is always so.

Now the giant is slain, and the knight again
Through the verdant woodland rides, so slow—
With the damsel fair, of the flowing hair;
In the Land of Romance 't is always so.

I LIKE "Les Misérables" because it is a masterpiece; it has a definite aim, toward the betterment of French society; it is a book that will live; it is a strong book.

The plot is wonderful in its intricacy and in its faithfulness to human nature. The conception is not only wonderful, but is worked out with great force. Everything tends toward the main object of the book, except, perhaps, the descriptions.

They would be out of place in a mere novel, but here, where Victor Hugo endeavors to represent French places and events, they lend beauty to the book. The description of the battle of Waterloo is considered the best ever written.

To fulfil his purpose it was necessary for Hugo to show the condition of the lower class in France. The un-

happy lives of the poor; the multitudes of street children, the organized bands of criminals, into which these children are almost sure to develop, all are vividly presented. This is a mine which few men know of, and



"PETS." BY GERTRUDE W. RICHARDS, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A HEADING." BY LAURANCE B. SIEGFRIED, AGE 14.

into which those who do know hesitate or do not wish to look, where these struggling creatures, crushed and overpowered by the weight of society, realizing the injustice of man, and hardened by it, exist.

But the especial reason for my liking the book, is the



"PETS." BY STEPHEN C. MARSCHUTZ, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

character drawing it contains. All these things: a good plot, remarkable descriptions, and a rare insight into French society, would not make "Les Misérables" the book it is if the characters were not so finely drawn. The perfect goodness of the Bishop, the horribleness of the Thenadiers, the unswervingness of Javert in doing what he considered his duty, all impress us. Jean Valjean is the finest character in the book. His life is a drama in itself for was it not ever a struggle between right and wrong? From sorrows and burdens innumerable, almost unbelievable in their poignancy, so terrible that you can feel the man suffer, Jean Valjean comes out unharmed, saved by his reverence for a man, and his love for a little child. There is one great comfort. His death, though hastened by a broken heart, is happy. For a few moments, at last, he has peace. "The night was starless and intensely dark: doubtless some immense angel was standing in the gloom, with outstretched wings, waiting for the soul."

NOTICE.—The ST. NICHOLAS League always welcomes suggestions concerning subjects and competitions.
Address, THE EDITOR.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY KATHARINE PUTNAM (AGE 17).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ON the bitter winter evenings,
In our parlor, bright and warm,
Where the crackling fire of birchwood
Bids defiance to the storm,
On the rug before the hearthstone
Lying spread out, there,—just so—
Then I 'm in the Land of Romance
Reading "Tales of Long Ago."

Then I read of ghosts and witches
And of knights' heroic deeds,
How the sweet and gentle ladies
Ministered to all their needs;
How they bravely rode to battle
With some token on the arm
Which in saving them from danger
Rivalled some old heathen charm.

Thus it is on winter evenings
When the ceaseless tempest's wail
Rushes down the broad old chimney
And seems mingled with my tale,
And is lost in din of battle
And in clashes to and fro,
That I 'm in the Land of Romance
Reading "Tales of Long Ago."



"A PET." BY GERTRUDE A. HOCHSCHILD, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY S. R. BENSON (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

THROUGH the woods I wandered,
Gliding through the air;
Many hours I squandered
Picking flowers there.

Now it is all over—

It was but a dream;
Oh! that I could be there still,
Sitting by the stream.

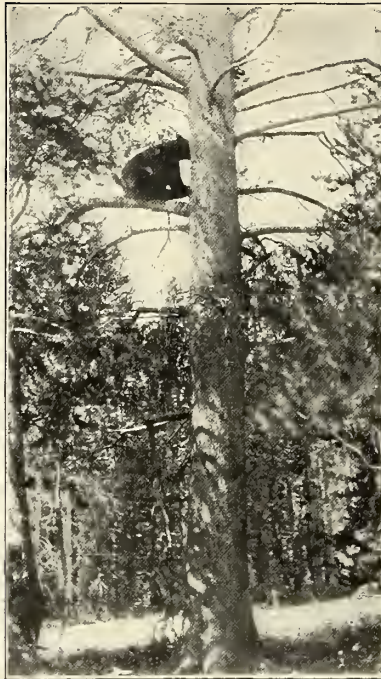
MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY GLADYS M. DOUGLASS
(AGE 13).*(Silver Badge.)*

I HAVE read many interesting books of many descriptions and have enjoyed them; yet I select as my favorite "Hans Brinker," by Mary Mapes Dodge. It is a beautiful story of life in Holland. Bits of history about the country, the odd characteristics and customs of the people as a whole, and the habits and amusements of the peasants and native boys and girls are told in a most delightful and interesting way.

When I read the first chapter of this little book all home surroundings slowly fade away and I find myself on a frozen canal in Holland, skating with Hans and Gretel Brinker. Through all the book I am with them. I share their joys and sorrows. I am happier than little Gretel when she wins the race and also the silver skates. I feel sorry for them in their poverty. I am constantly with the boys on their fifty-three mile skating trip from Brock to The Hague. I enjoy with them the many sights they see on the way, and agree with Ben, the English boy, visiting his cousin, Jacob Poot, that some of the Dutch customs are very odd.

All the characters in the book are very interesting to me. There is laughing, careless Katrinka Flack and generous and considerate Hilda van Gleck, whom all must love; honest Peter van Holp, jolly Jacob Poot and many others. As I have said, this book takes me directly to Holland and to its people and there I remain until I reluctantly put it away to attend to some task. Then only, I realize that I am home, in the United States, and not with Hans and Gretel. I have had a delightful trip to Holland and gained much knowledge of its people,—but best of all, the companionship of Hans and Gretel, and all their friends. This is why I choose as my favorite, "Hans Brinker."



"BEAR." BY TOM K. RICHARDS, AGE 14.
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"WILD CAT." BY HERBERT A. MARSCHUTZ, AGE 12.
(SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

cent book of poems is my favorite book. I am supposed to be well taught, and I have read Shakspeare, Dante and all the learned men's works through, yet this little book holds more teachings than all Shakspeare and Dante's works together. Why? Listen and I will tell you.

It was a few years ago, on the day before Christmas, that a little blue-eyed girl, with light, golden curls, was walking beside me. She was holding in one of her small fists a dollar and a half, and with the other hand holding mine. She had saved every penny her father had given her for the last six months. Now she had exactly enough money to buy a book for me that I had been wanting. She was going to give it to me for Christmas.

Crossing one of the main streets near the store where we were going we came upon an old blind man selling pencils. What did my little companion do but open the tightly-closed hand, give one last farewell glance at the money she had saved and put a third of her bright money in his box. Without waiting for pencils in exchange, she hurried on.

We were nearly in the store when a poor woman and a little boy came up and asked us so pleading for help that I gave them some money. But this did not content my companion, and as if it would be hard to part with her money if she looked at it, she dumped all the money she had in her hand into that of the old woman's.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY GEORGE AMUNDSEN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

THE big sister swings in the hammock,
Dreaming of knights of old,
Dreaming of beautiful ladies
And of wonderful deeds untold.
That's her Land of Romance.

Billy stands on the platform,
Watching the train flash by,
Dreaming of wheels and levers,
And the whistle's shrieking cry.
That's his Land of Romance.

Nancy sits by the window,
Playing with dishes and toys,
Dreaming of pretty red tables,
And her doll family's sorrows
and joys.
That's her Land of Romance.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY NATALIE HALLOCK (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

YOU ask me, with rather a sorrowful smile, why this little ten-rowful book is my favorite book. I am supposed to be well taught, and I have read Shakspeare, Dante and all the learned men's works through, yet this little book holds more teachings than all Shakspeare and Dante's works together. Why? Listen and I will tell you.

Crossing one of the main streets near the store where we were going we came upon an old blind man selling pencils. What did my little companion do but open the tightly-closed hand, give one last farewell glance at the money she had saved and put a third of her bright money in his box. Without waiting for pencils in exchange, she hurried on.

We were nearly in the store when a poor woman and a little boy came up and asked us so pleading for help that I gave them some money. But this did not content my companion, and as if it would be hard to part with her money if she looked at it, she dumped all the money she had in her hand into that of the old woman's.

When in the store we passed a cheap copy of the book I wanted, my little companion stopped and I saw her bring forth from her pocket ten cents she had saved up extra to buy herself a ball with, and buy instead the book.

Do you now understand why this is my favorite book? This little book is the emblem of unselfishness, and if everybody had a favorite book like this one, how happy we should be.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

DOWN the dusty winding way
Long and white,
Winding, winding out of sight;
What has raised yon dusty cloud,
Is it cows, or is it sheep,
Rousing nature from her sleep?
What can mean so large a crowd
On so hot a summer's day?

Bright beneath the sultry sky.
Waving plumes,
Knights, and ladies, squires, and
grooms,
Lovely maids with golden hair,
All the heroes that we know,
Singing sadly as they go,
Swarthy knights and children fair
See the heroes trooping by.

So they sadly wind along
Till the last
Prancing comes, and quick is past,
Thus is passing sweet romance.

Barons, lords, and valiant knights
Tournaments, and noble fights
Shield and armor, spear and lance
Fade, as fades the dying song.

MY FAVORITE BOOK.

BY DONALD MALVERN (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

OF all the books on my three shelves the one I like best is the "Sea Children" by Walter Russell. The book tells the story of the doings of a band of children living under the sea, having the marks of the sea on their breasts. It tells about a wonderful jewel and mantle which they all wear and which, if it was flashed at any fish, that fish would die instantly. It tells of how they never grow old, but live on and on, years and years. I like it because it has a true description of things that really are in the sea, and because it has a fairy story woven through it. The chapters I like best are The Battle of the Black Gorge and The Battle of the Silver Plains.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

(For Small Boys.)

BY ANNIE LAURIE HILLYER (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

NEITHER a lane nor fairy field—
Little lads are far too wise—
A pantry shelf, the cook away
And—pies!

Neither a lance nor "ladye
faire"—
Shouts resounding in one's
ears,
A football field, a valiant race
And—cheers!

A tent, a band, a poster gay—
"Ten cents! All welcome any
time!"
A jovial crowd and—joy of
joys!
A—dime!

No forest couch, no silken
lounge—
Blankets soft and warm—oh,
bliss—
A mother and her little son,
A—kiss!

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY AGNES LEE BRYANT (AGE 13).

MANY people care for a sensational or an adventurous look and then again many care for the humorous or sentimental one, but I have noticed that the admiration and regard of the person who reads the most, is that book which is written in simple, everyday language, and while the plot of the story may be very simple, the manner in which it is written compels the attention of the reader.

My favorite book is "Little Women" and my favorite author, Louisa May Alcott. I have read all of her books a great many times, but think that "Little Women" is by far her best work.

When I had finished reading it for the first time, a friend told me that the characters "Meg," "Jo," "Beth," and "Amy" were Miss Alcott and her sisters, and that at once awoke my interest in the family, but when I read "The Life, Letters, and Journal of Louisa M. Alcott," I wished what I suppose almost every English or American girl has wished for many years, that Miss Alcott were alive so that I might go and see her.

But my reasons for liking the book, while very easy to feel, are rather hard to express, but it gives one a very delightful, homey feeling, which very few



"GOPHER." BY HELEN A. WALCOTT, AGE 12.
(FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"COW MOOSE." BY WARDEN MC LEAN, AGE 16.
(THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

books do. It is also written in extremely good English, although nearly every phrase is everyday language, making it very easy for a child to read and understand.

Inasmuch as Henry W. Longfellow was called the poet of children, I think that Louisa May Alcott may be called the author for children, and I, for one, most sincerely love and admire the noble woman and her books—but chiefly “Little Women.”

THE LAND OF ROMANCE

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

FAR from the Winter's twilight, still and cold,
On wings of reverie, I crossed the seas,
And lo! the wintry woods were changed to gold,
Soft waving in the gentle Autumn breeze,
Beside the ruins of a castle grand
I paused, and read upon a stone, by chance,



“A HEADING.” BY ROWLEY MURPHY, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

These words (deep carved): “Here in this sunny land
Still live the memories of dead romance.”

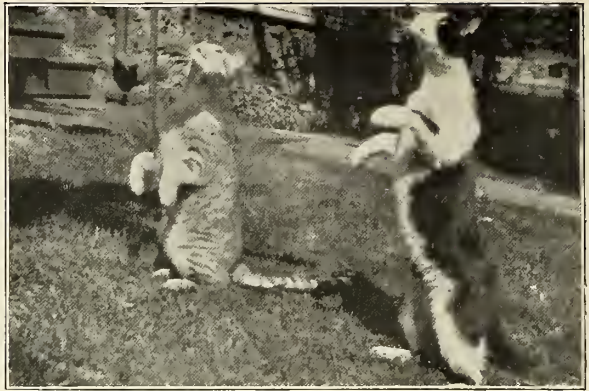
I passed beneath its portal, and my sight
Was dazzled, for within its stately hall
Were gathered lords and ladies, while the light
Of candles shed their luster over all.
There walked brave knights, of true and noble worth,
There queens and princes met, with smiling glance
And jesters with their mimicry, made mirth
For kings, who ruled o'er Medieval France.

I saw the wine flow red as sun at noon,
And heard the minstrel tune his roundelay
But when I sought to speak, then all too soon,
The scene and castle faded quite away.
And in their stead, I saw the fire-light ghosts
Upon the walls, unite in mystic dance,
While loud without, the voice of Winter's hosts,
Recalled me from the dream-land of romance.

MY FAVORITE BOOK.

BY ESTHER GALBRAITH (AGE 13).

My favorite book is a torn, old music book that has certainly “seen better days.” Its cover is worn, its back is broken, and a good many pages are coming out, but it is undoubtedly my favorite.



“PETS.” BY BAILEY HILL MOORE, AGE 14.

Why? Because it contains the pieces I know and love best. In the evenings after my lessons are done, I open it and play. “Traumeri,” the “Spring Song,” “Serenade,” and others that seem like old friends. They are not difficult nor elaborate but so sweet and beautiful.

Dear old music book! For all the new books and fine stories ever written I would not exchange my True Favorite.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY JANE RHYS GRIFFITH (AGE 12).

“COME, come with me,” said a fairy,
“And visit a far away land.
'Tis the beautiful Land of Romance,
Where the little elves play on the sand;
Where the birds are always singing,
And the bright sun ever shines,
And the air is sweetly scented,
With evergreen and pines.
Where the dwarfs are busily working,
And the fairies gaily dance,
Come, come, my dear, and you shall see,
The beautiful Land of Romance.”



“A PET.” BY JEANNETTE FLAGG, AGE 15.



"PETS." BY THEOBALD FORSTALL, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

OUR FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY MARGUERITE MC CORD (AGE 16).

WHEN my mother was a little girl she spent one Christmas vacation with her grandfather. Christmas morning her stocking hung over the fire-place filled with knobby little bundles, and best of all a small blue book, "The Cat's Party and Wandering Bunny." The book was a source of great joy to her and years afterward to me.

"Mistress Grimalkin so sleek and so hearty,
Once gave to her kittens a nice little party."

Oh! the excitement and the joy that this story caused. How we envied the kittens their beautiful silk gowns and grand bonnets! But alas! how cruel that the cook should come in in the midst of the party and drive the kittens away. And that "Miss Fluffy," the belle, should get her tail pinched in the door, in the mad scramble for liberty. It was dreadful. And "Sir Thomas," her escort, had to jump through the window to get away and in doing so ruined his velvet suit. Oh! Oh! what a pity. But still "The Cat's Party" was a *lovely* story in spite of all the mishaps.

"Wandering Bunny" was a tragedy to us. Many, many tears were shed over it. Bunny got tired of staying at home and set out for London Town. It was a hard journey. Alas! Bunny never reached London Town. He was caught in a trap, and a horrid man took him and put him in a hutch. There was a picture of Bunny in the hutch, with the tears on his cheeks and a most mournful expression on his face. It was such a sad picture. And oh! dear; what would become of Bunny. One day Bunny broke loose and for a long time nothing was heard of him, but finally, and it was such a relief, we found Bunny "safe at home at last."

We loved this book. In our childish imagination it was real. The kittens were as real people to us and their joys and sorrows affected



"PETS." BY WILLIAM CARD MOORE, AGE 13.

us greatly. We saw Bunny, we felt as he felt, and with childish simplicity sorrowed with him.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY KATHERINE DAVIS (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

FAR away in the Western Sea,
The border of the azure sky,—
Surrounded by the rippling waves,
The Sunset Islands lie.

At eventide the setting sun
Upon each fairy mountain's crest
Places a crown of rose and gold
Before he sinks to rest.

The fairy streamlets rippling flow
Betwixt bright meadows strewn
with flow'rs,



"A PET." BY F. W. FOSTER, AGE 17.

While standing sentinel
beside,
The giant forest tow'rs.

Who is it dwells upon these
isles?

The beings who have
passed before
The eyes of man in prose
and song,
Live here forever more.

The Fancy Folk of mortal
man

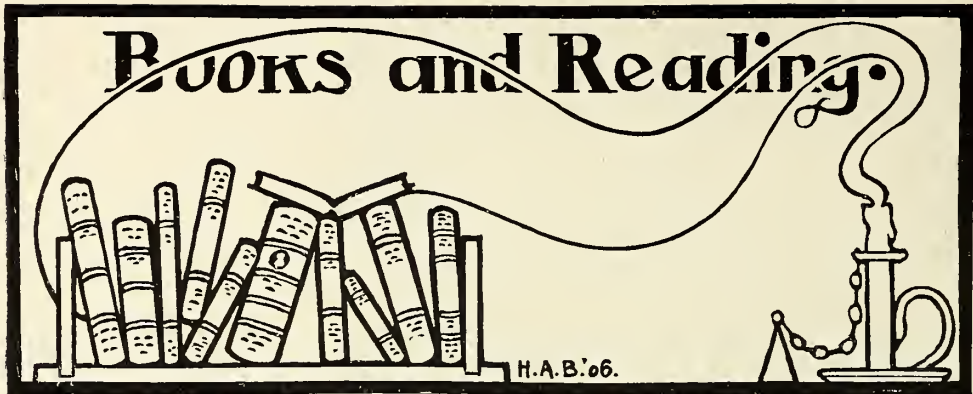
Who've pictured been
before our eyes—
Truly a merry company—
Are gathered in the skies.

Sometimes in Fancy's va-
grant dreams,

I'm wafted by the sum-
mer breeze,

Unto that land of light and
song,

Beyond the azure seas.



"A HEADING." BY HAROLD A. BREYTSPRAAK, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.) OMITTED FROM FORMER ISSUE.

IN THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

SWEET were the dreams I dreamed there, long ago;
The portals of the world were opened wide;
I knew the things the fairies know,
The mystery of morn and eventide.

Now, when my eager feet have weary
grown,
O that the gates would open once again!
No bleak realities have shown
A path so sweet among the paths of
pain.

But none may enter who have lost their
trust
In the bright marvel of strange circum-
stance.

The years have strewn my heart with dust,
And banned youth's wondrous kingdom
of Romance.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY LUCILE G. PHILLIPS (AGE 10).

FROM the beginning of the story entit-
led "In the Closed Room," by Frances
Hodgson Burnett, I felt a thrill of pleas-
ure and interest which I had never before
known.

The way in which Judith learned to
love a child whom she had seen but once,
and then only when Judith, lost in the park, saw the
other child passing in a carriage, seemed to impress me
especially.

The end was so beautiful, so real, it seemed as
though it would not have been right to close the story
in any other way. Many stories are not so.

I felt such pity for the spirit child's mother when
she came back to her home, and
I longed to comfort her as though
she were beside me. In fact,
in all the stories I read the char-
acters are all so real to me, I
seem to share their sorrow and
grief, pleasures and happiness,
with them.

Although I have read this
book several times, each

time I found something new and interesting revealing
itself.

My books are to me what some pets are to their
owners; and I always hate to ill-use a book, for it
seems to feel every touch, whether careless or gentle.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

SING me a song of the frontier line
In the days that were wild and free,
When the trail first led thro the fir and
pine,
And came to the sunset sea.

Sing me a song of the days gone by,
When the wilderness fashioned
men,
And the freedom bred of the outlawry
That never will come again.

Sing me a song of the days of old,
Of the days when the West was won,
When the trail first led to the land of
gold
And followed the setting sun.

Sing me a song of the times now gone,
Of the West and the early days,
When the wilderness yielded before the
dawn
That ushered in newer ways.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY AILEEN HYLAND (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

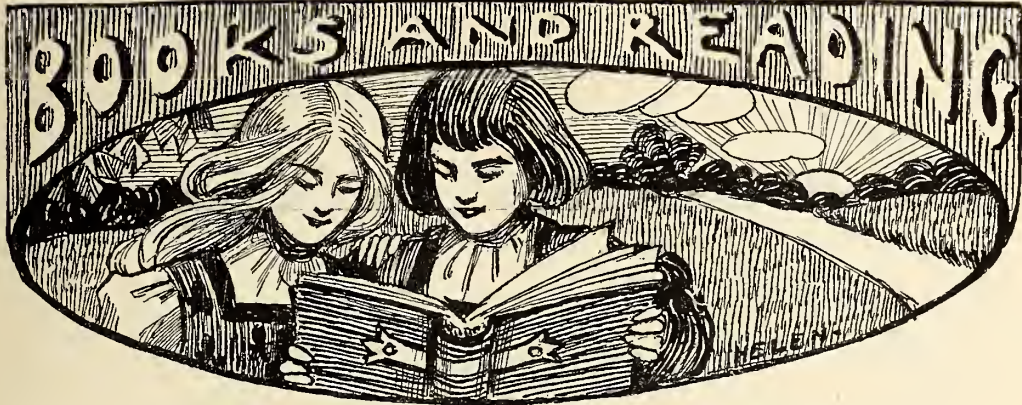
IN Greece, the fair and far away,
Where Mount Olympus stately rose—
The home that the Immortals
chose
Upon its cloud-wrapped summit
gray—
Orpheus upon his lyre would
play,
And sing of gods, strong-armed
and bold,
Of goddesses with hair of gold,
Of heroes known until this day.



"MARCH." BY MARIAN PHELPS
VAN BUREN, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING." BY ALMA WARD, AGE 13.



"A HEADING." BY HELEN MERTZANOFF, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

He sang of how old Cheiron taught
The heroes of the Land of Greece;
Jason, who, for the Golden Fleece
Beyond the Euxine waters sought;
Asklepios, the child of thought,
Who, with strange herbs, cured dying
men,
And Heracles, who from its den
The mighty Cithaeron lion caught.

There Orpheus sang his roundelays,
Or solemn chants his grief to hide
While seeking for his vanished bride,
In passing o'er the stony ways.
Sad Orpheus no longer sings,
But found Eurydice, we trust,—
All those of whom he sang are dust,
And cycles distant are those days.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, AND WHY.

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER
(AGE 17).

WHY do I love George Eliot's "Romola?" Why does it appeal to me more than many other books that I love deeply as friends? Because every time I re-read it, I love it better, and it grows more interesting. It excels in vivid descriptive powers; in fact, I have often heard it said that "Romola" would make a delightful and excellent guide book to Florence.

To me, one of the most striking parts of the book is the soul-stirring, ringing pathos of the preaching of Savonarola, sent, as it were, from God, to awaken the luxurious, wicked people of Florence. The wealth and beauty of their lives and surroundings proved their ruin. Savonarola strikes without pity at the hearts of these sinful people. Every one is touched by it, nay, impressed, and some follow him wishing to give up their past lives and lead new, noble ones such as Savonarola's. But could they do it? Could they stand the strain of a noble life? No; their prosperity had ruined them, and with the

choice between good and evil, they wished for the good, and yet drifted into the evil. They could not stand the hard, religious life Savonarola lay before them, and finally they killed the one person who had tried to raise them from their lives of sin.

Tito possesses personal magnetism, yet behind it all he has a deep, subtle nature. He betrayed every trust, denied and left his father to calamity, deceived the innocent little Tessa and even his noble wife, Romola.

Romola's character is beautiful. Her steadfastness toward her dying father, her sweetness and tenderness, combined with a high and noble mind, make her indeed a heroine, and yet she is human and shows human instincts. Her thrilling speech when she discovers how Tito had deceived her father on his deathbed, even made the sinful Tito quake. Her fine character is shown at the last when she brings comfort to Tessa and her children, and leads a life full of self-sacrifice.

For these and many other reasons I love "Romola," and in conclusion let me say that if these few opinions of my favorite book are worthy to be published, may every one who has not read "Romola," read it, and love it, too.



"MARCH." BY DOROTHY HAMILTON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY POOR LOST HAT.

BY ALBERTA A. HEINMULLER (AGE 12).

I sat on the sandy sea-shore
One pleasant summer day,
When a breeze came from the ocean,
And blew my hat away.

I asked the waves to bring it back,
And they all shook their heads;
I cried and cried and cried and
cried,
Until my eyes grew red.

My boat I took and sailed away,
And with me took my cat;
I sailed and sailed the whole long
day,
But never reached my hat.



"A STUDY." BY HENRIETTA HAVENS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING." BY LUCIA E. HALSTEAD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitled them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Doris F. Halman
Helen P. Estee
Elizabeth Page James
Lucie Clifton Jones
Carol S. Williams
Medora S. Ritchie
Mary Yeula Westcott
Elizabeth A. Steer
Lucile Delight
Woodling
Dorothy Dunston
Constance Hyde
Smith
Jack B. Hopkins
Eleanor Johnson
Kenneth Orr Wilson
Elizabeth C. Beale

VERSE 2.

Henry Reisman
Helen Peabody
Beatrice Treadway
Henrietta Slater
Conrad E. Snow
Grace H. Wolf
Dorothy Eddy
Rachel Estelle King
Louisa F. Spear
Marguerite Weed
Ethelwyn Harris
Laura Guy
Frances Lucille
Cregan
Carolyn Thompson
Glady's Nelson
L. Evelyn Slocum
Adolph Newmann
Elizabeth Toof
Leslie Lloyd Jones
Dorothy MacPherson
Jean Plant
Catharine H. Straker
Jean Russell
May Bowers
Dorothea Sotheron
Odenheimer
Marion S. Olney
Magdelene Craft
Adelaide Nichols
James Boyd Hunter
Charlotte Newcomb
B. Webber

PROSE 1.

Florence M. Moote
Jasper N. Deeter
William R. Deeble
Edward G. Gay, Jr.
Glady's Anthony
White
Dorothy B. Sage
Elinor Clark
Margaret Sanderson
Budd
Dorothy Rhein
Helen Codling
Therese Born
Dorothy Dwight
Isabel Creighton
Dorothy Buell
Helen English Scott
Marjorie Trotter
Isabel D. Weaver
Edna Anderson
Sarah Tobin
Emma Meyer
Ruth A. Spalding
Clara Bucher
Shanafelt
Elsie F. Weil
Helen Froeligh
Louise E. Grant
Carl H. Watson
Elizabeth Deeble
Helen Marie
Kountz
Geneva Anderson
Dorothy Grace
Gibson
Elizabeth Hiss
Elizabeth Pilsbry
Dorothy C.
Seligman
Beatrice K.
Newcomer
Marjorie Miller
Ellen Low Mills
K. H. Seligman
Marcellite Watson
Rosalie Waters
Louise Smith

Margaret Bernhard
Lois Donovan
Alice S. Mathewson
Bernard Nussbaumer
Beatrice Birrell Fisher
Rita Carmichael Plant
Doris E. Hodgson
Hazel Buckland
Sarah L. Pattee
Margaret Douglass
Gordon
Marie Adelaide
Calihan
Emily Howell
Arthur Kramer
Percy N. Binns
Allen Frank Brewer
Freda M. Harrison
Primrose Laurence
Lorena Bixby
Pauline Buell
Henry Resch
Harold C. Brown
Knowles Entrikin

PROSE 2.

Elizabeth Black
Jean Gray Allen

Herbert Smith
Mabelle Meyer
Inez Overell
Doris Long
Jean Louise
Holcombe
Madeleine Hanson
Hope Lyons
Dorothy Gardner
Dorothy Barclay
Margaret R. Yeich
Ruth Dulty Crandall
Louise Roberts
Alice Nayler
Gertrude T. Crusier
Gertrude J. Shannon
Ruby Manley
Ethel B. Youngs
Eleanor W. Lewis
Catharine Emma
Jackson
Marian M. Buckley
Nan Pierson
Marion Kimball
Katherine E. Spear
Beatrice Brown
Elisabeth C. Solis
Lorraine Ransom
Dorothy Quintard
Judith D. Barker
Isabel Robertson
Ward Reece Buhland
Eleanor Scott Smith
Ruth Boyden
Ida C. Kline
Juniata Fairfield



"A STUDY." BY FLORINDA KESTER, AGE 12.

Andrew D. Kevitt
Cecil Isobel Walsh
Isabel B. Scherer
Susan Evans Hart
Ruth H. Sharwell
Ruth E. Jones
Dorothy Butes
Kathryn Sutherland
Julia Comstock
Marion Loftus
Mildred Wright
Helen Santmyer
Charlotte Hitchcock
Marion Hussey
Edna Wood
Emily Holmes
Robert W. Hobart
Creighton Boyd
Stanwood
Philippa Bruce
Josephine Schoff
George B. Parker
Ruth Pennington
Gretchen Pease
Alan Hendrie Beggs
Bruce Simonds
Olive Sheldon
Dorothy Dayton
Laura C. Simpson
Dorothy Mahar
James C. Brower
Margaret Barrette
Wimfred Cook

Allyn Cox
Esther Christensen
Isabel B. Scherer
Helen May Baker
Alice Paine
Margaret Jewell
Bertha C. Larrabee
Marian Rubins
Monica Lawrence
Evelyn Emma
Hardwick
Charlotte Waugh
Hazel Cockcroft

DRAWING 2.

Rosamund Simpson
Elizabeth Schwarz
Carolyn W. Clarke
Max Rolnik
Ailsa Lesley
Abercrombie
Elmer Heffelfinger

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Alfred C. Redfield
Margaret Hyland
Charles Dodge Hoag
Dorothy Evans
Eugene White, Jr.
Margaret A. Dole
Franc P. Daniels
Carleton B. Swift
Fred S. Mulock
Celestine C. Waldron
Josephine Sturgis
Alice May Flag
Robert E. Fithian
Marian Holloway
Henry S. Hall
E. D. Wall
John Edward Burke
Cornelia N. Walker
Rebecca Fordyce
Marjorie Walbridge
Brown
Frances Woodward
Margaret Hopson

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Edwin C. Brown
Barton H. Kelly
Harold P. Murphy
Marjorie Carpenter
Frances Blake
Jessie Atwood
Marion A. Wheaton
Conrad Nolan
Leila T. Haven
Sally G. Hawes
Elsie Wormser
Hilliard Comstock
Edward Sampson
Mildred H. Cook
Harry C. Lefeber
Shepard Barnes
Benjamin Cohen
William Bruce Carson
Judith S. Finch
Jean Muriel Batchelor
Marcus Acheson
Spencer
Dorothea Havens
Florence Rosalind
Spring
Edmonia M. Adams
Mary Addison Webb
Susan Jeannette
Appleton
Ada Sharwell
William D. Stroud
Margaret Bullock
H. Ernest Bell
Katherine S. Cheppel
Allan L. Langley
Mary Thompson
Sarah P. Mendinhal
Anna Sanford Ward
Doris Virginia Powers
Sam M. Dillard

Miriam Shepherd
Jeannette Langhaar
Margaret Davis
Beatrice Verral
Mary Turnure
Anna E. Greenleaf
Josephine Duke
Anna W. Brewster
Christine Rowley
Baker
Arthur Minot Reed
Helen S. Worstell
Coleman Sellers, 3d.
Helen Seaman
Elise F. Stern
Margaret Frances
Andrews
Margaret Boland
Winifred Campbell
Katharine McKelvey
Charlotte Provoost
Esther N. Ayer
Margaret Russell
Carroll Pierce
A. C. Davidson
Kenneth T. Burr

Eugene M. Lamb
Lucia A. Warden
Margaret Colgate
Eleanor Gill
Clara Stoveken
Charles Horr
Marion R. Pell
Margaret Shuman
Dorothy Fox
Helen Holman
Sarah Swift Carter
Dorothy G. King
Josephine Hoey
Helen Batchelder
Alice Trimble
Harriet Mumford
H. Nelson Keene
Louise A. Bateman
Dugald C. Jackson
Lewina Ainsworth
Susan M. Slye
P. D. Pemberton
A. Dorothy Shipley

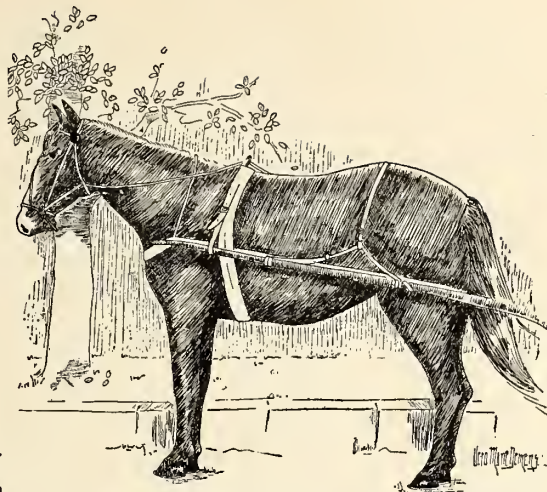
Arthur Albert
Myers
Elizabeth Palmer
Loper
Caroline C. Johnson
Pauline M. Dakin
Francis Wells
Miles Robinson
Dorothy P. Chester
Marion P. Hallock
Sydney Rutherford
Clara Carroll Earle
Benjamin Touster
Mildred D. Yenawine

PUZZLES 2.

Mason Garfield
Mary E. Bohlen
Mary T. Starr
Clarina S. Hanks
Dorothy G.
Rutherford
David Lindberg
Carl Gutzteit

PUZZLE 1.

Agnes R. Lane



"A STUDY." BY VERA MARIE DEMENS, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ANOTHER GOOD-BY FROM AN OLD PRIZE WINNER.

WASHINGTON, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: In a few days I shall be eighteen and then, alas, I will be too old to contribute any more, so the picture I am sending this month will be my last to the League. It seems like a bombshell thrown at me, such good times I have had in the League. It is a great consolation to me to know that some day I may make use of my talent that has been so greatly benefited and brought out by the League. Thankful, indeed, I sincerely say I am thankful, that the League was established, and I sincerely hope that it may live long and prosper together with that dear old magazine ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted friend,

CORNER SMITH.

Other welcome letters have been received from Nancy Payson, Charles Horr, Lewis P. Craig, Ruth Phillips, John E. Burke, Jessie Metcalf, Nannie Bartlett, Lael Maera Carlock, Emmeline Bradshaw, Cyril Hawken, Elizabeth H. Barnes, Arthur S. Fairbanks, Prue K. Jamieson, Blaumont Shepherd, William Pohn, Laura E. Simpson, Hilda Moss, Doris F. Halman, Jos. L. Lustberg, Elizabeth King, Eleanor Stinchcomb, Dorothy Winsor, Theodore Gordon Ames, Henry S. Rogers, Grace Leslie Wilson, Gladys Bowen, Esther B. Schmitt, Eunice L. Hone.

A SPECIAL PRIZE OFFER

AMUSEMENTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS

As a special competition, just this month, the regular League prizes will be awarded to members of the ST. NICHOLAS League, for the best suggestions for

RAINY-DAY AMUSEMENTS IN THE NURSERY

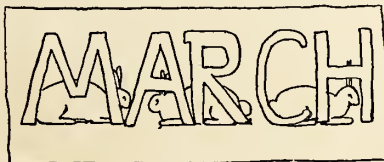
as described in the Editorial Notes on page 286 of the January number and on page 477 of this number.

The ideas must not be taken from any book or periodical, and must be either original with the Competitor, or have been in repeated successful use in the competitor's family. If the contribution need illustrations, finished drawings are not necessary if carefully made sketches or outlines are furnished. It is important that the "ideas" may be carried out by the use of commonplace things to be found in every household. Suggestions from parents and older members of our readers' families will be gladly received; and, if found available and used, will be paid for.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 89.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 89, and the Special Prize Competition will close **March 20** (for foreign members, **March 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.



"TAILPIECE." BY ELEANOR D. BLODGETT, AGE 10.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Celebration."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Title to contain the word "Republic."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject: "Early Spring."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Landscape" (must be from nature), and a **July** Heading or Tailpiece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

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.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

Curious Facts About the Figure Nine

WRITE down in a row all the numerals except eight, thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9

Now choose any one of these numerals and multiply it by *nine*. Suppose we choose *two*, which multiplied by *nine* will of course give us *eighteen*.

Then multiply your row of figures by this,

$$\begin{array}{r} 12345679 \\ 18 \\ \hline 98765432 \\ 12345679 \\ \hline 22222222 \end{array}$$

The answer, you see, is all *twos*. If you had chosen *three* the answer then would have been all *threes*—and so on.

Another curious fact is that if you write down any number in three figures and then reverse those figures and subtract the lesser amount, you will find that the middle figure of the amount of the answer is *always* nine.

Try it thus, write . . . 763
Now reverse that . . . 367

396

Now reverse again, but this
time *add* the amount . 693
1089

Your answers will *always* be the same, 1089—except in one instance, if the first two figures you write are alike and the last figure next in regular order as 778; 887; 776; 998.

In that case you will get 99 for your answer, but by again adding this, and then adding this sum reversed you come back to your 1089.

Example:

Reversed	$\begin{array}{r} 776 \\ 677 \\ \hline 99 \\ 99 \\ \hline 198 \end{array}$	Subtracted
	$\begin{array}{r} 99 \\ 99 \\ \hline 198 \\ 891 \\ \hline 1089 \end{array}$	Added
Reversed	$\begin{array}{r} 198 \\ 891 \\ \hline 1089 \end{array}$	Added

E. T. Corbett.

Of the many curious results reached by the various combinations of the number 9, the following is not least remarkable.

Take any number you please (provided the number does not read the same backward as forward) and, having written it down, write it backward, that is, make the last figure of the first the first figure of the second, and so on, so that the first figure of the first shall be the last of the second; subtract the lesser from the greater, and multiply the remainder, or difference, by any number you please. From the product thus obtained rub out any one figure (provided the figure is not 9) and add together the remaining figures, as if they were all units. If the sum contains more than one figure, repeat the operation, that is, add together the figures of the sum as if they were all units, and continue to thus repeat until the sum is expressed by a single figure. The figure rubbed out will always be what it is required to make 9 when added to this final figure.

For instance suppose the sum of the figures of the product when added together, after rubbing out one figure, be 157; this, being expressed by more than one figure, is again added—1 and 5 and 7 make 13; this, again, being likewise more than one figure, is again added—1 and 3 make 4. Therefore the figure rubbed out was 5 that being the number required to make 9.

So, if the final figure be 6, the figure rubbed out was 3; if the final figure be 2, the figure rubbed out was 7; if the final figure be 9, the figure rubbed out was 0.

This result will never fail.

An amusing game can be built up on this. One of a party, without knowing what were the numbers used, or the figures rubbed out, by the others, can instantly declare the latter, in each case, upon being told what is the final figure of the calculation.

William B. Whiting.



To the Parents of St. Nicholas Readers

EDITORIAL NOTE

ON page 286 of the January number we called attention to a new series of articles intended for the parents and caretakers of the younger members of the families of our readers. Our reasons for publishing this set of papers entitled

“Hints and Helps for ‘Mother,’— Rainy-Day Amusements in the Nursery,”

were set forth in that editorial note. We think that those whose attention the notice has escaped would be repaid by referring to it, as these articles are likely to prove very helpful in the nursery in keeping the little ones amused when the usual recreations fail. The third of the series, “SPOOL PLAY-THINGS” appears in this number.

We would also repeat that we should be very glad to receive from grown-up readers, or the older ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls, any suggestions for amusements and toys which they have invented or have used and found useful.

The Letter-Box

TACOMA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tacoma is a beautiful city, with all its fine parks, schools, and buildings. I am going to tell you about Point Defiance Park. It has two brown bears, one Alaskan grizzly, two monkeys, two racoons, one fox, one coyote, one herd of deer and elk, two peacocks, three eagles, four magpies, lots of pigeons and hawks, a lovely greenhouse, and a pavilion; also, a band-stand.

Tacoma has the longest wheat-warehouses in the world. If you were here I would take you down; but as you are not, I will have to tell you. If you started from the Eleventh Street bridge, you would see wheat, cotton, tea, matting, bamboo poles, liquors, car-rails, cigarettes, flour, and many other things. Boats are constantly going out or coming in.

The United States cable-ship *Burnside* has a crew of Filipinos. These Filipinos have a very funny way of playing foot-ball. They have a ball made of straw, which they kick up in the air, and when it comes down they kick it up with their heel.

Your affectionate member,
SAMUEL HASKELL.

WAYNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every summer we go to Lake Champlain. This year we had a very nice summer. We went in swimming almost every day. We had a rowboat that we went rowing in, and I forgot to tell you that we had a little camp right on the shore. I always woke very early and read, and the book I liked best was “History of England.” The story that I liked best was “The Battle of Hastings.” William the Conqueror came over to conquer England. Harold, who was then king, did not want to give in, so he fought. William won, and Harold was killed. Good-by.

Your loving
ETHEL ANDREWS (age 8).

BLACKHEATH, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not written to you before but thought perhaps you would like to hear a little about our lovely trip to England. My real home is in America, in California, but we have been over in England for nearly six months. We are going home again in November.

We have been to three seaside places, which I enjoyed very much, Eastbourne, in Sussex, Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, and Lowestoft, in Suffolk; the latter is a large fishing place and it is most interesting watching the fishing smacks with their reddish-brown sails going in and out of the harbor. I enjoyed the bathing very much there. We are in Devonshire for a week. We went to Lynton first; from there we drove by coach to Ilfracombe, and from there to Bideford, so we would be able to take a day's coaching trip to Clovelly. In Clovelly they don't have any carriages, because it is built on a hill, and only has, practically, one street, which is very steep and very crooked and is made like steps. It is a little fishing place and very picturesque.

We went to Hampton Court a few days ago and saw all the old rooms with the beautiful paintings and the beautiful old tapestry that is made of gold and silver thread and took so long to make.

I was very interested in a letter in the October ST. NICHOLAS, where a girl wrote about Hampton Court. We heard a different story about it from the one she told. We heard that Cardinal Wolsey owned the palace and wanted to get into the good graces of Henry VIII, so he gave it to him as a present, but his majesty evidently did not appreciate it as he turned Wolsey out of the Court three years after. She said that King Henry was jealous and made Wolsey give it to him. I do not know which is correct.

It is supposed to be the most magnificent gift a subject ever gave a sovereign.

We have been to Madame Tussaud's and saw the wonderful wax figures. They are very lifelike.

"Big Ben," the great clock in London, is sixty feet in circumference, each minute marked on it being a foot apart. It chimes every quarter of an hour.

We have been to Westminster Abbey, which is a very wonderful old place.

We have also been to Blundeston and saw the house called the "Rookery," where Charles Dickens wrote "David Copperfield."

I have taken you for four years and have enjoyed your stories from the first. I am very much interested in "The Crimson Sweater." I hope there will be another continued story as interesting as "From Sioux to Susan."

I hope this letter will not be too long as I thought it might prove interesting to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

I remain your interested reader,
DOROTHY ELEANOR WESTRUP (age 13).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing the article in ST. NICHOLAS, by Mr. Gleeson, about the Harpy Eagle, I wish to add a bit of information which the modest author omitted—namely, that his painting of the "Harpy Eagle," which I have seen, is beautifully like the real eagle, and has exquisite coloration. It hangs at present in the Keeper's Room, Zoölogical Gardens, and is not in a public position.

I have taken your magazine for years, and I intend to have my children take it. I liked "A Comedy in Wax" very much, but I think that "Elinor Arden, Royalist," is my favorite serial story. I remain,

Your sincere friend,
MARY T. ATWATER (age 12).

FERNANDINA, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not seen many letters from Florida in the Letter-Box, so I thought you might like to get one from me.

I inclose a picture of the Seminole Indians living in the Everglades of Florida, which I took while on a visit to Cutler, Florida, a town fifteen miles south of Miami. They are the descendants of the Seminoles who massacred my great-grandfather, Dr. Henry Perrine, at Indian Key, in 1841.

These Indians come up from the Everglades about once a week to Cutler to get supplies, and they are always delighted to have their pictures taken.

I enjoy you tremendously, especially the Books and Reading department, the short stories, and the little verses.

I would like to form a chapter here, but none of the other children take ST. NICHOLAS.

We have a horse, a cow, three cats, and a kitten.

Hoping you will live forever and ever, I am,

Your interested reader,
JESSIE PRINGLE PALMER (age 14).

SOUTHWOOD, SILVERDALE,
EAST LIBERTY, WELLS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was most interested last year in seeing in the magazine a story about our old clock in Wells Cathedral. I have lived under the shadow of it for the last four years, because my father is the chancellor.

Your fond reader,
AGNES M. HOLMES.

NEGAUNEE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the northern part of Michigan. We have very cold winters here, and a great deal of snow. Last winter I measured the snow in our yard after a three days' thaw, and it measured between three and four feet deep.

I have a black cat that I think a great deal of. Her name is "Sunshine." When she is frisky she will jump about a foot and a half in the air to catch a paper on a string. When she wants to get on my shoulder she will run up my back.

I do not take ST. NICHOLAS, but my brother does. I was very much interested in "Elinor Arden," and I wished the story had not been so short.

Your interested reader,
MILDRED A. YATES (age 13).

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This year we had some theatricals at our house. We had two scenes from "Hiawatha"—the departure and Hiawatha's wooing, and I was Minnehaha. There was also a dialogue from Austin Dobson, and a play called "Alice Through the Wonder-Glass," a mixture of both books. It was a benefit. I am always wanting to have you arrive, because I love to read your stories and funny verses. I am reading "Kibun Daizin," and I think it is very interesting.

Your faithful reader,
CORNELIA CHAPIN (age 11).

TOURS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American, but I am over here learning to speak French. I like it very much, but I like America much better. We have two little birds. One of them is a baby sparrow that we picked up in the street. It is very tame, and will get on my hand of its own accord. It eats egg in water—a very strange diet, is n't it? The other one is not a baby, but we call him one. He is a canary, and his name is Uncle Sam. At home in Cazenovia (where we live in America) we have a bull terrier, Bimbo is his name. He can do a great many tricks. And at breakfast each morning he had a chair of his own. Well, I must close now, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

From your admiring friend,
JANE A. GOULD (age 12).

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long wanted to suggest to you that a good work might be done in the ST. NICHOLAS by influencing little girls to help to protect the birds by not wearing feathers in their hats.

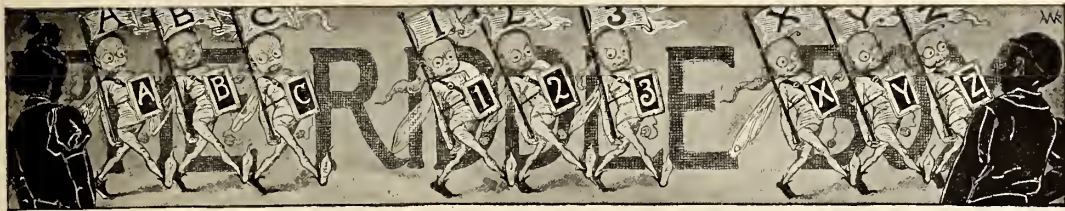
I have a little niece who feels very much interested in the subject, and she often speaks to her friends about the cruelty of killing so many birds. Strange to say, few of them ever have thought anything about it.

Now when so much is being said and done to teach children to love animals and to protect them, this subject of the wholesale slaughter of birds ought to be impressed upon the little girls. It seems perfectly hopeless to make any reform with women, who will not stop to think what a hat is made of if it is only becoming.

The ST. NICHOLAS is doing so much for our children all over the world.

Sincerely yours,
(Miss) ANNIE R. PRICE.

INTERESTING letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have also been received from Margaret Murrish, Helen De Puy, Evelyn Dunham, Marguerite Magruder, Keith Robinson, Katharine W. McCollin, Annette Kennedy, Eleanor Hale Jones, Ronald R. Roggy, R. C. Walker, Maurice H. Johnson, Bertha Stratton, Dorothea Obertieffer, Katharine A. Wetherill.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Lecture. 2. Dictate. 3. Languor. 4. Drachma. 5. Nations. 6. Soberly. 7. Fifteen.

WORD-SQUARES: I. 1. Organ. 2. Rouge. 3. Gules. 4. Agent. 5. Nests. II. 1. Olive. 2. Linen. 3. Inert. 4. Verve. 5. Enter.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials. William Howard Taft; fourth row, Theodore Roosevelt. Cross-words: 1. Worthy. 2. Inches. 3. Legend. 4. Lemons. 5. Iridal. 6. Absorb. 7. Marred. 8. Heresy. 9. Oberon. 10. Widows. 11. Arbors. 12. Reason. 13. Direct. 14. Travel. 15. Appeal. 16. Fellow. 17. Tinted.

OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS. I. 1. M. 2. Pit. 3. Minor. 4. Ton. 5. R. II. 1. M. 2. Vat. 3. Manor. 4. Top. 5. R. III. 1. R. 2. Nip. 3. River. 4. Pen. 5. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Pap. 3. Razor. 4. Pod. 5. R.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Candelmas. 1. Chain. 2. Cameo. 3. Hands. 4. Candy. 5. Camel. 6. Poker. 7. Lemon. 8. Lambs. 9. Sword.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 E. 17th St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Elsie Lacie, and Gillie—Eugenie Steiner—James A. Lynd—Jo and I—Carroll B. Clark—"Queenscourt"—Kathryn I. Wellman—Nan and Caryl—Florence H. Doan—Mary W. Ball—Louis Chick—Prue K. Jamieson—Florence Alvarez—Paul Johnson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from L. Kellogg, 1—M. M. Howe, 1—Carl Gutzzeit, 3—M. McKinney, 1—R. W. Bowen, 1—E. L. Pollard, 1—M. Wyman, 1—H. Orbach, 1—B. Orbach, 1—Edith Bolter, 3—C. S. Clements, 1—M. Green, 1—L. Murphy, 1—D. Myrick, 1—R. and E. Farwell, 1—K. L. Wyllie, 1—F. P. Wyllie, 1—A. Alexander, 1—N. Geddes, 1—D. Davis, 1—Ormond Clark, 2—G. Brown, 1—Dorothy Cohn, 5—Stella Platkowska, 5—L. Murphy, 1—M. Magruder, 1—H. A. Ross, 1—S. O. Shoter, 1—S. McCormick, 1—W. R. Craycroft, 1—F. M. Sleeper, 1—H. O. Miller, 1—Harold Ruggles, 6—Hazel Wyeth, 2—Everest D. Haight, 2—R. B. Carney, 1—Edna Meyle, 6—R. B. Carney, 1—M. L. Kendall, 1—S. Platt, 1—R. Sichel, 1—Miriam Keeler, 5—W. A. Coulter, 1—M. Cipperly, 1—A. M. Stites, 1—L. D. Taussig, 1—M. Frey, 1—"Jolly Juniors," 8—D. Bruce, 1—F. R. Vaeger, 1—F. McAlpin, 1—Donald Hall, 8—Mary S. Home, 2—"St. Gabriel's Chapter," 7—M. Hyland, 1—F. Le Lacheur, 1—Margaret W. King, 8—Genevieve Alvord, 4—J. Delaney, 1—Howard J. Hill, 9—S. Baldwin, 3rd, 1—M. Hunt, 9—R. L. Willard, 1—E. Russell, 7.

A PUZZLE IN NUMBERS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

TAKE one hundred; add a cipher; add fifty; and add five hundred. The result will be a prevalent disorder.

MARGARETTA V. WHITNEY.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and curtail a making again and leave 1. Genuine. 2. Of recent origin. 3. (The last word reversed.) A kind of tumor.

ANSWER: Re-new-al. 1. Real. 2. New. 3. Wen. (The first might also have been "Lear,"—as the four letters need not be taken consecutively.)

1. Doubly behead and curtail a falling back and leave 1. A prophet. 2. To lick up. 3. A companion (slang).

2. Doubly behead and curtail in that respect and leave 1. To attenuate. 2. Before. 3. Earlier than.

3. Doubly behead and curtail whereupon and leave

1. An exclamation. 2. Sooner than. 3. Previously to.

4. Doubly behead and curtail employs and leave 1. Perceived. 2. Something commonly used by robbers to induce silence. 3. To use the same.

5. Doubly behead and curtail an earthen rampart and leave 1. What telegraph messages are sometimes written on. 2. To knock. 3. State of equality.

6. Doubly behead and curtail auditors and leave 1. A possessive pronoun. 2. Part of the verb to be. 3. An epoch.

CHARADE. Pot-ate-o, potato.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Hans Brinker. Cross-words: 1. Abhor. 2. Abate. 3. Dingy. 4. Beset. 5. Habit. 6. Agree. 7. Agile. 8. Annex. 9. Maker. 10. Alert. 11. Array.

COMBINATION ACROSTIC. From 1 to 9, Massage; 2 to 10, Carpets; 3 to 11, Throats; 4 to 12, Cantons; from 5 to 8, Tops, Pots, Post, Stop.

BEHEADINGS. David Garrick. 1. A-dam. 2. D-are. 3. A-verse. 4. H-ill. 5. E-den. 6. A-gain. 7. H-aunt. 8. T-rim. 9. G-rip. 10. M-ire. 11. S-care. 12. S-skill.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Nothing preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing."

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. C. 2. Nab. 3. Canal. 4. Bah. 5. L. II. 1. E. 2. Ant. 3. Enter. 4. Tea. 5. R. III. 1. Habit. 2. Abada. 3. Bahar. 4. Idaho. 5. Tarot. IV. 1. E. 2. Eat. 3. Eager. 4. Ten. 5. R. V. 1. A. 2. Toe. 3. Aorta. 4. Etc. 5. A.

7. Doubly behead and curtail a division of the Roman army and leave 1. Crippled. 2. Pinch. 3. To fasten together.

8. Doubly behead and curtail authorized writings securing privileges to some person or persons and leave 1. Gone by. 2. A number. 3. A snare.

When these have been correctly guessed and placed in the above order, the third letters of the first eight original words will spell the surnames of two great generals. The first letters of the eight three-letter words, before and after reversal, spell the same two surnames.

R. UTLEY.

LETTER PUZZLE.

18	2	20	4	*	1
34	10	6	29	16	23
7	35	*	24	5	27
*	13	31	21	30	15
36	9	32	22	12	*
14	11	3	25	33	8
17	26	28	19	*	*

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A continent. 2. Pertaining to Ionia. 3. To lessen the force or acuteness of. 4. To regard with wonder or astonishment. 5. A broad piece of defensive armor carried on the arm. 6. Explodes. 7. A groove.

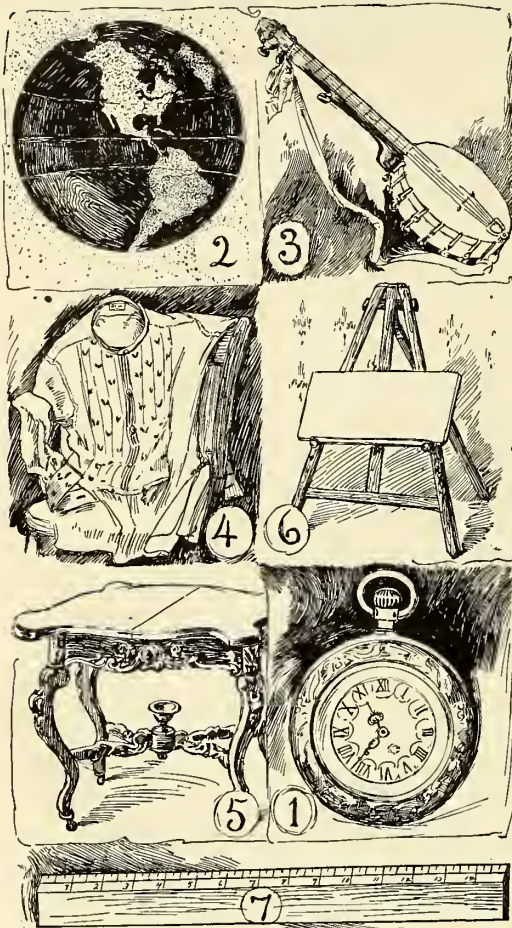
When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 36 will spell a quotation from Shakespeare.

WILLIAM ELLIS KEYSOR (Honor Member).

WORD-SQUARE.

1. ONE who makes bread. 2. A feminine name. 3. Murders. 4. Striking effect. 5. Reposes.
 PHILIP STONE (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the seven objects in the above picture have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a famous American. Designed by LAURENCE RUST HILLS (League Member).

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the names have been rightly guessed and placed in the order given, the primals will spell the title of a book by Goldsmith. All the names have the same number of letters.

1. A feminine character in "The Idylls of the King." 2. A feminine character in "Cymbeline." 3. A character in "The Old Curiosity Shop." 4. A king that Tennyson writes about. 5. A feminine character in "Ivanhoe." 6. A feminine character in one of Goldsmith's books. 7. A character in "Notre Dame de Paris." 8. A masculine character in "Pickwick

- Papers." 9. A feminine character in "As You Like It." 10. A masculine character in "Martin Chuzzlewit." 11. A feminine character in "The Idylls of the King." 12. A superannuated nobleman in "Dombey and Son." 13. The son of Daedalus, drowned in the Icarian Sea. 14. Part of the title of a book by Thackeray. 15. A wicked character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 16. A lawyer in "Pickwick Papers."

HONOR GALLSWORTHY.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in light, but not in sun;
 My second, in cracker, but not in fun;
 My third is in water, but not in milk;
 My fourth is in cotton, but not in silk;
 My fifth is in star, but not in moon;
 My sixth is in tiger, but not in coon;
 My seventh, in branch, but not in tree;
 My eighth is in gnat, but not in flea;
 My ninth is in David, but not in Saul;
 My tenth is in several, not in all.
 My whole is a game very often played
 Without the aid of club or spade.

MARY L. RUHL (League Member.)

ANAGRAM ACROSTIC.

(Cash Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters.

EXAMPLE: Transpose a sliding box in a case, to compensate, a guard, and make contended. Answer, drawer, reward, warder, warred.

1. Transpose to mourn, and make a shelf over a fireplace, a loose garment, and pertaining to the mind. 2. Transpose to ramble, and make a keeper, cautioned, and a masculine name. 3. Transpose more precious, and make a book for learners, to peruse again, and rose on the hind legs. 4. Transpose rules as a king, and make to give up, one who ratifies, and one who utters musical sounds.

When the final word of each set of anagrams has been correctly guessed, and all four words have been written in a column, the initials will spell the name of a god to whom the month of March is sacred.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

A NOVEL SQUARE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

5	1	7
.	.	.
.	.	.
3	9	4
.	.	.
.	.	.
8	2	6

FROM 3 to 4, a famous humorist; from 1 to 2, belonging to a Quaker poet; from 9 to 7, a means of conveyance; from 9 to 4, twice; from 9 to 6, a sign; from 9 to 2, rows; from 9 to 8, to overtop other objects; from 9 to 5, a ferocious animal.

Rim (six letters each). From 1 to 7, to bleach; from 7 to 4, something used at the dinner table; from 4 to 6, a race; from 6 to 2, sounds; from 2 to 8, a cement for metal; from 8 to 3, without aim; from 3 to 5, a looking-glass; from 5 to 1, to go over again.

ELEANOR V. COVERLY.



Drawn for ST. NICHOLAS by Frank Stick.

A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

(See page 525)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIV

APRIL, 1907

No. 6



SPRING WAKING

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY



A SNOWDROP lay in the sweet, dark ground.

"Come out," said the Sun, "come out!"

But she lay quite still and she heard no sound;

"Asleep!" said the Sun. "No doubt!"

The Snowdrop heard, for she raised her head.

"Look spy," said the Sun, "look spy!"

"It's warm," said the Snowdrop, "here in bed."

"O fie!" said the Sun, "O fie!"

"You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you *do*!"

"No, no," said the Sun, "Oh, *no*!"

"There's something above and I can't see through."

"It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow."

"But I say, Mr. Sun, are the Robins here?"

"Maybe," said the Sun, "maybe;"

"There was n't a bird when you called last year."

"Come out," said the Sun, "and see!"

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap,

And there was n't a bird in sight,

But she popped out of bed in her white night-cap;

"That's right," said the Sun, "that's right!"

And, soon as that small night-cap was seen,

A Robin began to sing,

The air grew warm, and the grass turned green.

"'T is Spring!" laughed the Sun. "'t is Spring!"



Abbie Ann

By George Madden Martin

Author of the "Emmy Lou" Stories

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER XII

MISS HENRIETTA OWSLEY was invited for the next day to Sunday dinner. Aunt Abbie, Aunt Ann, and Abbie Ann were home from Church when she got there.

Aunt Abbie's greeting was singular; on looking up and seeing Miss Henrietta in the doorway, she said, "Henrietta Owsley, I have been a wicked old woman."

Miss Henrietta Owsley did not move an eyelid of her strong, portly face. "I have been telling you so for some years," she said, cheerfully and promptly.

Aunt Abbie took this with surprising meekness. "I know you have," she said with alarming humility, "but it seems that each must travel his own road to repentance. There are no short-cuts by way of another's experience, Henrietta."

Abbie Ann felt as if she were in Church; she had no idea what it was all about, but then that made it the more like Church to poor Abbie.

But promptly enough Aunt Abbie's everyday manner returned.

"Henrietta," she said, decidedly, "you must have this child's trunk packed to-morrow. It is the proper thing that she should come to live with us while here."

Abbie Ann understood this, and held her breath, and clutched the seat of the chair she was on.

"Not at all," returned Miss Henrietta Owsley, who was just as decided. "You forget the child has a father. She was brought to me. I can allow no change unless ordered by him."

"H'm," said Aunt Abbie Norris.

"And you forget," went on the relentless Miss Henrietta, "that though you may be ready to forgive, it does not follow that you are forgiven."

Aunt Abbie's grim face changed. But she held her own. "Henrietta Owsley," she said, "you are the only person on earth who would dare speak to me in that way. You know you are."

"I think we've always been distinguished for plain speaking with each other, Abbie," said Miss Henrietta, good-lumoredly. Then she laughed and went on: "However, I've never seen that it has done either of us much good, as we seem to make a habit of never taking the other's advice."

"H'm," said Aunt Abbie. And Aunt Ann coming in, Aunt Abbie lapsed into silence, a silence which, if violent tweakings of her great nose meant anything, was filled with inward thoughts of a disturbing nature.

At sun-down Miss Henrietta and her youngest pupil, bag in hand, went home in the carriage.

BUT Abbie Ann was not to be left to her Maria long. School was not over the next day, when Aunt Ann Norris appeared, tearful and helpless.

She clung to the little niece who was brought down by Miss Owsley, as to something of her own flesh and blood, but she handed a note to Miss Owsley.

"Read it, dear Henrietta," she begged, her bonnet all awry, her old hands tremulous, "read it and tell me what it means! I went down town, in fact, Henrietta, I may say, Sister Abbie sent me down in the carriage to match purple floss, and on my return,—read it, Henrietta!—"

Miss Henrietta took the proffered note, and read it calmly.

"Dear Ann," it set forth, "I am going on a journey. Do not worry about me. I am fully able to take care of myself, but have taken Eliza to satisfy you. I cannot say just when I shall return.

Your affectionate sister,

A. L. NORRIS."

"What does it mean, Henrietta?" begged poor Miss Ann.

"It means what it says," responded the practical Miss Henrietta.

"And what am I to do?" quavered the bewildered and forsaken Miss Ann.

"Go home and be comfortable," said the other. "Your sister can take care of herself."

"Dear Henrietta, am I to stay in that big house alone?" And the poor old Miss Ann, her eye-glasses dangling on their gold chain, had hasty recourse to her pocket handkerchief. "Sister Abbie," wept Miss Ann, "is most unkind; she has no right to treat me with so little confidence."

Miss Owsley gazed upon her lifelong friend, Ann Norris. Was it fair that the sister's stronger will should have kept poor Ann dependent thus? But born preceptress that Miss Henrietta was, it was too late to begin on Ann now. Then, with a smile, she said:

her cheeks pinker with the pleasure of it, "and it 's about you."

Miss Ann's nerves were none of the best. "About me?" she returned, with alarm, "oh Maria, what is it? I am quite prepared,— what has happened to Sister Abbie?"

Maria looked astonished. "It 's about you," she said. "My Auntie says my Grandma is glad I am rooming with Abbie Ann. She says that Miss Ann Norris and my Grandma's brother, Mr. Chedson Dudley Rowley, were old friends."

Aunt Ann sat back in the carriage. Surely



"MISS ANN DREW HERSELF UP AND LOOKED FROM ONE SMALL FACE TO THE OTHER."

"You may take little Abbie back with you, if you wish," said Miss Owsley, "and send her to school each morning."

Abbie Ann accepted this willingly enough. She did not mind going with Aunt Ann, and when she came down ready to go, a little later, she brought Maria with her, that Aunt Ann might know her. Even in her tearful state, it was plain to see that Aunt Ann liked the pink-cheeked Maria.

So, as Aunt Abbie failed to return that day, or the next, they invited Maria to drive with them in the afternoon and go home with them to tea.

When they went for her, she came out in her best dress and hat, with a letter in her hand.

"It 's from my Auntie," she told Miss Ann,

she had heard, but she did not say a word, only her old, gloved hands closed on her lorgnette quite agitatedly and she looked off out of the carriage window.

Presently her gaze came in to the two little girls side by side on the seat opposite her. They looked uncomfortable. What had Maria said, what had she done?

Miss Ann Norris smoothed her dress in a fluttered, timid way with her old hand. "Your Aunt Abbie, Abbie Ann," she remarked, as she had done once before, "is a strong character; a person of great discretion and reserve. In this latter, my dears, I hope I resemble her."

And Miss Ann drew herself up and looked from one small face to the other, wistfully. Was she only waiting for a little encourage-

ment, to open her old heart to these two little girls?

But the little girls did not know what to say; embarrassed, each held the other's hand and said nothing. And on Miss Ann Norris's face lingered a look wistful and troubled, all the way home.

She even forgot at dinner to worry, and talked a good deal of the time when she and Sister Abbie were young.

And afterward, old Miss Ann, far along in her seventies, went to the piano. She seemed to forget her little niece and Maria.

Her playing was hesitating and low, as if the old fingers were hunting their way, but it made little Abbie Ann and Maria seek each other's hands again,—they knew not why.

And presently Aunt Ann's old voice trembled above the gliding runs and melody. There was something left in the old tones still. It was years after that the little Abbie Ann came upon and remembered the words Aunt Ann Norris sang quaveringly:—

“No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.”

When Aunt Ann arose from the piano, she was just an old, old woman, older because of the fineries which bedecked her. She called Maria to her.

“Your Uncle Chedson,” said Miss Ann to Maria, “died when we were both twenty.”

Soon after that, Maria had to be sent home in the carriage but the next afternoon they went and got her again. Aunt Ann even held Maria's hand in hers. It was plain to be seen that Aunt Ann loved Maria. At first Abbie Ann felt queer, but she could not be jealous very long, for the very reason that she loved Maria too.

CHAPTER XIII

IT was the evening of that same day. Aunt Ann and Abbie had gone up-stairs, more because Jennings began turning the lights out than because it was late.

All the evening, too, Aunt Ann's conversation had seemed to take a gloomy turn, as if her mind were on Aunt Abbie. “There are tragedies in every family, my dear,” she told her niece, “we had an Uncle ourselves whose ship was scuttled by pirates.”

Abbie Ann, preparing for bed, paused in unbuttoning her shoe. Evidently something

dreadful had happened to the Uncle. “What's ‘scuttled,’ Aunt Ann?” she inquired.

“Dear me,” said Aunt Ann, smoothing her dress, “really, Abbie Ann, I don't know that I can exactly tell you. Sister Abbie would know. I should say myself, it was a nautical way of sinking a vessel, peculiar to pirates.”

Abbie Ann pulled her shoe off. “What's pirates, Aunt Ann?”

Aunt Ann was quite fluttered. “Pirates, my dear,—” but Aunt Ann never got farther than to say she had heard they generally wore ear-rings, when both paused—

They heard the front door opening, then heard voices—

Abbie Ann's ears were sharp,—with one shoe on, the other in her hand, she flew down-stairs, Aunt Ann coming behind, quite tottery from her week's anxieties.

“Father! Father! Father!” Abbie Ann went calling.

And it *was* her Father and Eliza, putting Aunt Abbie down into a chair very gently.

Abbie Ann rushed, frantic with joy, to her father, but Aunt Ann tearfully approached Aunt Abbie.

“Now what's the use of any heroics, Ann?” Aunt Abbie, alarmingly erect, briefly demanded. “There, keep away, no, I prefer you would n't touch me, even a finger tip. It's lumbago.”

Poor Miss Ann, thus waved off, took Mr. Richardson's proffered hand, meekly.

“I went to ask John Richardson's pardon,” announced Aunt Abbie at this point, “and I took cold in his draughty house, and he had to bring me home.”

And Aunt Abbie made a motion as though to rise, and sank back.

“If he had not been an amiable man, he might have told me these were long deferred tweaks of conscience,” said Aunt Abbie, with grim humor; “but it is n't that; it's his draughty halls and that Fabe creature's cooking.” But she was quite white about the lips, nevertheless.

John Richardson, this time not at all like the man with the dripping umbrella, set his little half-shod daughter down, and detached himself from Miss Ann.

“Get a glass of wine for Miss Norris, Eliza,” he said.

“Not at all,” said Aunt Abbie, decidedly, “that's the last thing one needs in rheumatic tendencies.”

“Get a glass of wine, Eliza,” said John Richardson. “Please bring it immediately.”

Eliza disappeared, hat and wraps yet on, but she came back with the wine.

"You need it. You are faint," said John

Then her eye fell on Abbie Ann, dangling one shoe, and looking on, wonderingly.

"Child," she said, "come to me. Come!"

Abbie Ann went. Aunt Abbie's eyes ranged from the one-stockinged foot up to the tumbled hair.

"Abbie Ann," she said, almost gently, certainly with surprising meekness, "I was such a child as you once. John, if you 'll give me your arm, to the top of the stairs, I 'll go to



"ABBIE ANN, RUSHED, FRANTIC WITH JOY, TO HER FATHER."

Richardson, and held it to her lips. Aunt Abbie sat straight. She had no idea of drinking it. John Richardson held the wine, and looked at her. Suddenly Aunt Abbie opened her mouth and swallowed it meekly.

bed." Mr. Richardson assisted her up the stairway, and bidding her good-night, returned to the drawing-room and took his little daughter upon his knee. He had brought more than himself for Abbie Ann, he had a letter for

her in his pocket from Mr. McEwan. Abbie Ann joyously seized and read it.

"There 's a verse," said Abbie Ann, "it says, 'Lines to Miss Abbie Ann Richardson on First Beholding her Great-Aunt.'"

Abbie's Father looked doubtful, perhaps apprehensive too. It is only fair to this gentleman to say he did not know the lines were there when he brought the letter.

But Abbie was reading them:

"Shake not your glory locks at me
That in the great-aunt I should see
The why that little Abbie Ann
So loves a feather or a fan,
And why the little Abbie's head
And temper too, should blaze so...."

Abbie stopped suddenly. Her face was scarlet; so was her Father's, but for a different reason. It never would have done to let his little daughter know when she stopped reading, how near he came to supplying that rhyme.

"Abbie," he said, presently, "your Aunt Abbie is desirous that you should make your home here with her while going to school. I have told her that for this year I want you where you are. After that, I have promised to leave it to you, whether you shall stay here or not."

Abbie Ann listened. She even took it quite cheerfully. "Anyhow, that 's a long way off," she reasoned.

CHAPTER XIV

COAL City is in the heart of very beautiful mountains. In the summer-time, a wild little river dashes over giant boulders and churns itself to foam under rocky, laurel- and rhododendron-grown banks. The country is full of summer hotels and mineral springs.

One day in June a freight consignment was put off on the platform of Coal City. It seemed to consist of household comforts,

screens as for draughty halls, footstools, carefully wrapped mattresses.

A day later, the westward bound morning sleeper drew up at Coal City. Mr. McEwan, station-agent, ahead even of Mr. John Richardson, owner of the Black Diamond Mines, received into his own hands, as it were, the party handed off, one after another, by the conductor; a party consisting of an old lady, a nodding bunch of mignonette in her bonnet; one maid, laden with bags and bundles, and wearing the tolerant air of one conducting and humoring a consignment of irresponsible persons; one little girl with pink cheeks and a trim little person, and another little girl with eager eyes and red, red hair—

Aunt Ann and Maria had come to Coal City to pay a visit to Abbie Ann, and Eliza had come to look after the party.

Aunt Abbie had declined the invitation, hastily; she did not seem to care for the mode of life at Coal City; and Miss Henrietta had declined likewise. She agreed, however, to go and stay with her old friend Miss Abbie, while Aunt Ann went.

"We have n't a bit of patience with each other's ways," stated Miss Owsley, "but it will be good discipline for us both."

Mr. McEwan receiving them from the conductor handed them on to Mr. Richardson, which brought him to Abbie Ann at last.

As he lifted her off the step and set her on the platform, he surveyed her, up and down. Now it chanced she had on a blue linen dress, and a big, flapping-brimmed, dark blue hat with flowers. Mr. McEwan surveyed her up and down. Then his eyebrows lifted and his glasses blinked. He shook hands with Abbie Ann.

"Blue," said Mr. McEwan, "is true."

Abbie Ann looked up; because of the sun she blinked too.

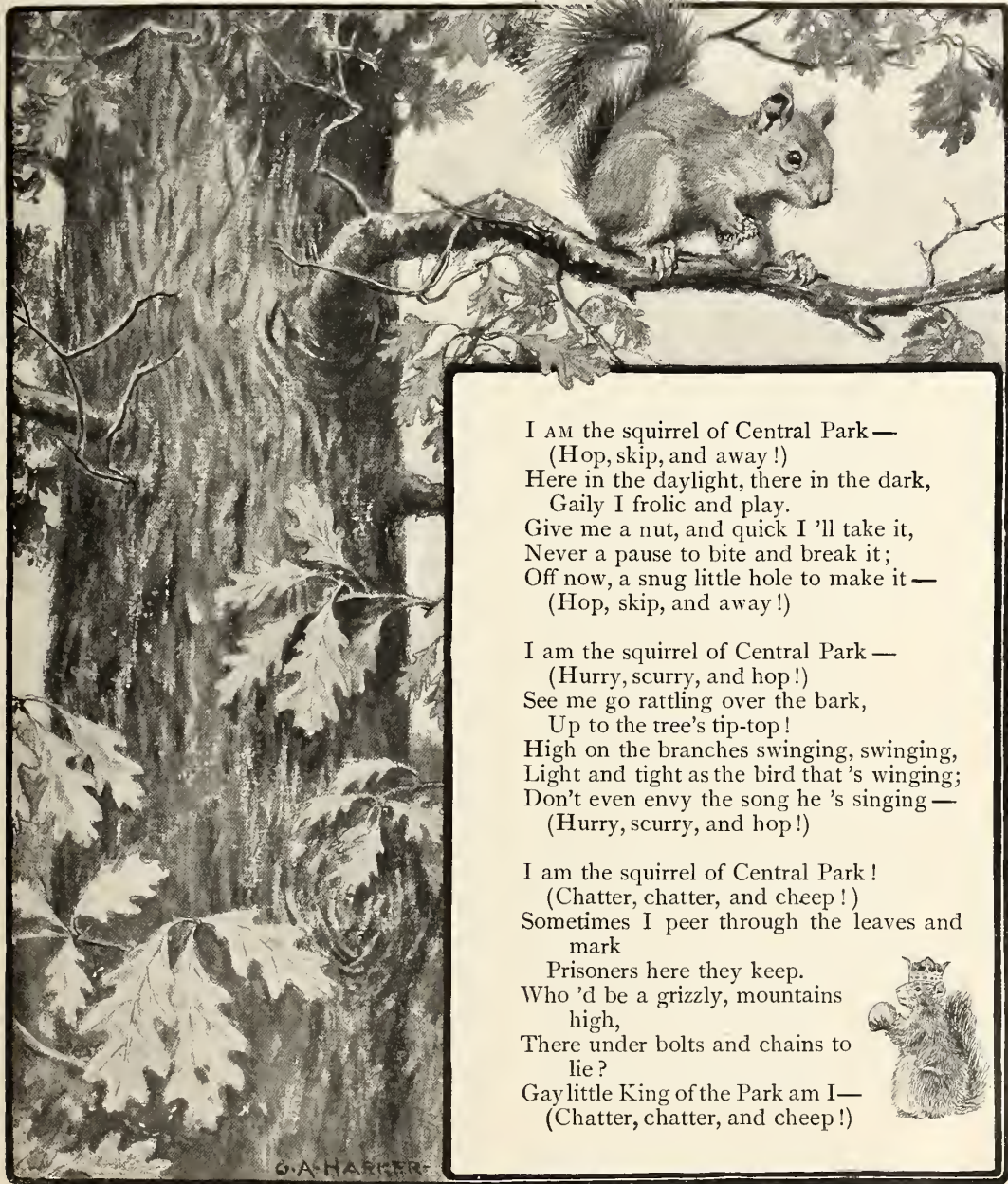
"I have been true," said Abbie Ann.

THE END.



The SQUIRREL of CENTRAL PARK

By Laura E. Richards



I AM the squirrel of Central Park —
(Hop, skip, and away!)
Here in the daylight, there in the dark,
Gaily I frolic and play.
Give me a nut, and quick I'll take it,
Never a pause to bite and break it;
Off now, a snug little hole to make it —
(Hop, skip, and away!)

I am the squirrel of Central Park —
(Hurry, scurry, and hop!)
See me go rattling over the bark,
Up to the tree's tip-top!
High on the branches swinging, swinging,
Light and tight as the bird that's winging;
Don't even envy the song he's singing —
(Hurry, scurry, and hop!)

I am the squirrel of Central Park!
(Chatter, chatter, and cheep!)
Sometimes I peer through the leaves and
mark
Prisoners here they keep.
Who'd be a grizzly, mountains
high,
There under bolts and chains to
lie?
Gay little King of the Park am I—
(Chatter, chatter, and cheep!)





IN 1950. THE CLASS IN HISTORY.

TEACHER: "NOW, JOHNNY, TAKE THE POINTER AND SHOW THE CLASS JUST THE SPOT WHERE COLUMBUS LANDED."

Muramasa and Masamuné

By Arthur Upson

IN Old Nippon, long days gone by,
Black Muramasa's toil
Plunged bold and luckless *samurai*
In discord, strife, and broil.
He forged full many a noble blade,
But grief was all they brought,
For, every stroke his hammer played,
Sad Muramasa thought:
Tenku tairan! Tenku tairan!
Woe 's in the world! Woe 's in the
world!

In Old Nippon long, long ago
Strong Masamuné dwelt;
He forged with many a mighty blow
Good blades that victory dealt.
Round *samurai* who bore his steel
Fair fruits of courage sprang,
For it was tempered bright and leal
While Masamuné sang:
Tenku taihei! Tenku taihei!
Joy 's in the world! Joy 's in the
world!



UNDER APRIL SKIES. READY FOR ALL WEATHERS.

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

Illustrated by George Varian

HOW PINKEY ATTAINED THE UNEXPECTED

As is the case with all boys of his age in the spring of the year, Pinkey Perkins cherished a great fondness for kites, spending a large part of his time after school hours and on Saturdays either making them in his workshop or flying them out of doors. With several of his companions, he could be seen almost any day when there was a breeze blowing, kite in hand, hurrying off to some vacant lot where trees would not play havoc with kite-strings, there to indulge in the favorite amusement until supper-time.

The contests were very keen, each boy endeavoring to "get out" more string and at the same time keep his kite higher in the air than any of his competitors. Then after his string was all paid out, each would "send messages" to his kite, small squares of paper with holes in the center, slipped on the string and carried upward to the kite by the breeze.

Pinkey was a master at the art of kite-making and kite-flying, seeming to know just how and where to attach the string to a kite to get the best balance, and just how much tail to use to steady it.

But all this did not satisfy him. He wanted something different, something every boy did not have, and this desire took shape in a yearning for an enormous kite, one that should be as tall as he was and one which he could send up at night with a lantern on the tail, like the one in the story in his school reader. After wishing and dreaming for weeks that such a kite were his, he finally came to the conclusion that he might as well give it up. He could not make it himself and even if Liberty Jim should make it for him, he had no string heavy enough to hold it in a breeze. So he finally abandoned the idea of possessing the fancied kite and decided that he must be content with the ones he had already.

One day Pinkey's notice was attracted by an advertisement in a magazine, wherein it was stated that bird-kites, very natural and lifelike, could be purchased for what seemed a reasonable sum, at least a sum which fell

within his means. Here was something which, although not what he had wanted, was different and new, and something which none of the boys had ever seen before. And what made the idea of a bird-kite all the more alluring its purchase would require no outlay for additional string since it could be flown with heavy thread, of which, happily, his mother had plenty.

Pinkey took Bunny into his confidence and after much labor and many efforts the boys, without assistance, wrote a letter ordering the kite, not failing to add the necessary "P. S." asking that the kite be sent "just as quick as possible," the last three words being heavily underlined. Together they went to the post-office and invested nearly all of Pinkey's ready wealth in stamps to be forwarded in payment for the kite.

Then came the long wait for the arrival of the purchase.

They threw out all sorts of mysterious hints among their friends about a surprise they had in store for them, talking back and forth to each other in that aggravating way boys have when trying to arouse curiosity.

"Do you suppose it 'll come to-day, Pinkey?" Bunny would say, as the homeward-bound pupils were making their semi-daily call at the post-office.

"Should n't wonder," Pinkey would reply, "it 's about time it was coming, seems to me."

But a close scrutiny of his box would fail to disclose the much-expected package.

"Aw, you fellows make me tired," Joe Cooper would say. "I don't believe you 're expecting a package no more than nothing."

"Just listen to that, Pinkey," Bunny would reply, delighted to have aroused curiosity. "We 'll show them all right in a day or two, won't we?"

After a week of waiting and hoping and being forced to listen to many jokes about the much-talked-of "something," which never came, Pinkey and Bunny were delighted one Friday afternoon to find a notice in Mr. Per-

kins' box, saying "Call for package," which package, sure enough, was addressed to Pinkey.

Pinkey refused to open it, however, and, accompanied by Bunny, bore it off homeward, leaving the others filled with burning curiosity as to what it might be.

"You fellows come down back of the Presbyterian Church," shouted Pinkey, after he had gone some distance, "and bring your kites, then we 'll show you what this is." And that was all the satisfaction he would give.

The boys could hardly wait until they opened the package, so anxious were they to see the contents. As soon as they were alone in Pinkey's yard, Bunny produced a knife and hurriedly severed the string and in another moment Pinkey drew forth the kite.

It was a beauty, and no mistake, the body of bright green tissue paper covered with black spots, pasted to a light bamboo framework, and the wings similarly constructed and detachable, though of brilliant red, going to make up a most attractive combination.

"Ain't she a daisy!" cried Bunny, with genuine delight, as Pinkey held the complete article up for inspection. "I never dreamed it 'd be that big."

"That 's what she is," agreed Pinkey, beaming at the thought of such an unusual possession, "and I 'll bet she can fly, too."

"She 's a bird-kite sure enough," continued Bunny, bubbling over with enthusiasm, "if looks have anything to do with it." And off they started to the field back of the church—Pinkey with two spools and Bunny with one spool of strong linen thread which their mothers had given them several days before.

"Here comes Pinkey," shouted Joe Cooper, dropping the kite-tail he was untying and running toward the newcomers, followed by the others.

"What 's that anyway?" shouted one. "Where 'd you get that?" inquired another. "Going to try to fly that thing?" "What 're you going to use for a tail?" and many other queries came from all sides, some serious and some intended as jokes.

"Just wait and see what it is," answered Pinkey, somewhat nettled, "I 'll bet you it 'll outfly any kite here, and it won't need any tail either."

All the boys became deeply interested in the new species of kite Pinkey had introduced, and, after examining it carefully and commenting on its appearance, insisted on seeing it fly.

Pinkey attached the end of one of the spools of thread he had in his pocket to the short string already on the kite and then bade Bunny take it back some distance and hold it as high above his head as possible. He felt somewhat uncertain himself about the success of the flight and grew uneasy when he thought of the taunts that would greet him in case of failure.

"Look out now, and gimme room to run," ordered Pinkey when Bunny had moved some distance away with the kite.



"IN ANOTHER MOMENT PINKEY DREW FORTH THE KITE."

The crowd stood back waiting anxiously, and when the breeze freshened a little Pinkey shouted to Bunny to "let 'er go!" and started on a run toward the center of the lot, looking back as he ran and paying out thread as the kite soared upward.

His concern about the kite not flying satisfactorily proved to be unfounded. Like a bird in reality, it mounted upward, swaying slowly from side to side in the most lifelike manner imaginable.

It happened that about the time Pinkey was sending up his new bird-kite, to the great satisfaction of himself and Bunny and to the envy of some of the spectators, Miss Vance, who lived on the corner of the block beyond the church, was out feeding her chickens. Her house could not be seen from where the boys were, on account of other houses and trees, neither could they be seen from her yard.

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

It is no wonder then, that as Pinkey unwound two and finally three spools of thread, and the new kite soared farther and farther away, the chickens in his teacher's yard should leave their food and set up a strange "caw-cawing" and begin running around their enclosure in a very disturbed state of mind, if a chicken can be said to have a mind.

Neither is it strange that, as Miss Vance's alert eye roamed about for the cause of this evident fear, she should perceive floating almost above her a strange and evil-looking bird, making occasional downward swoops which each time only served to increase the terror in the hearts of her feathered bipeds.

Never before had a bird-kite flown over the old-fashioned town, and it is doubtful if a dozen persons knew there were such things.—surely Miss Vance did not, her fondness for kites, if she ever possessed such a thing, being long since forgotten.

After watching for a time the hawk, or eagle, as she supposed the vigilant bird must be, Miss Vance drove her excited flock into their little house and carefully closed all openings. Of late, she had occasionally missed one or two of her choicest fowls and here she believed, lay the solution of their mysterious disappearance.

After enjoying the sport as long as they dared, considering chores to be done at home before supper, the boys slowly "took in" their kites and allowed them to sink to the ground in that way known only to experts which protects them from injury and entanglement. This done, they separated into homeward-bound groups, all agreeing to return the following morning for a long session.

As Putty Black and Shiner Brayley turned the corner and started up the street which ran past the teacher's house, they saw her standing at her front gate engaged in conversation with Jeremiah Singles.

Miss Vance had merely stopped Jeremiah on his way to supper, and was consulting him on the possibility of his killing the hawk, or eagle that had threatened her chickens, in case it appeared again.

"And now, Mr. Singles," she was inquiring, "do you really suppose you can hit it while it is flying around that way? It never seemed—"

"Can I hit it? Me hit an eagle on the wing?" exclaimed the pompous Jeremiah. "Why, madam, you evidently do not know my reputation as a hunter."

The school-teacher began to apologize for

asking such a needless question, but Tin Star interrupted her again:

"Of course you did n't know it, for I never brag about myself, but I think I am not exaggerating when I say I am far the finest wing shot in Enterprise."

"Oh, I am *so* glad to know you will kill it," said Miss Vance, with evident satisfaction. "It has already caught four of my nicest hens and I hate to think of losing any more. To-morrow morning, then, without fail."

"And Mr. Singles," called Miss Vance, as she reached her front porch, "if you *do* kill it, I will have it mounted and present it to you as a souvenir of your marksmanship."

Jeremiah replied with some word of thanks for this kind offer and went on his way homeward feeling much elated at the distinction that might soon be his.

After breakfast next morning, Pinkey was ready and waiting at the back gate by the time Bunny came by for him to go kite-flying.

On the way to the general meeting-place, Pinkey and Bunny were joined by several other boys, some of whom had heard of Pinkey's new kite, but had not seen it.

Arrived at the field, those who had not seen the new kite insisted that Pinkey send it up first, so they could watch it without having to attend to their own.

The breeze was blowing from the same direction as it had been the afternoon before, but was not as strong. With Bunny's assistance, however, Pinkey had no difficulty in getting his kite on the wing and soon it was rising beautifully, soaring upward deliberately and majestically and making long sweeps from side to side as it gradually floated farther and farther away, and, as luck would have it, approached nearer and nearer its former position above Miss Vance's yard. Owing to the light breeze, however, it hung lower than it had the day before, but still not close enough to lose any of its realistic appearance.

While the admiring crowd stood watching and commenting on the perfection of the make-believe bird, they were all startled by the unmistakable and altogether unusual sound of a gun-shot. This was immediately followed by a second, and in another minute by a third and fourth.

"What d' you s'pose is happening?" inquired Putty Black, nervously. "That 's shooting, sure."

"Mad dog, maybe," suggested Joe. "Can't shoot anything else inside the city limits."



"THERE STOOD THE TEACHER AND THE TOWN-MARSHAL, GAZING
AT EACH OTHER IN MUTE AMAZEMENT."

"Jerusalem! I hope not," ventured Bunny, anxiously. "S'pose he 'd come this way."

"Well, let 's go and see," said Pinkey bravely. "That 's the way to find out what 's up. If it was a mad dog, you 'd hear him bark. Leave your kites here and I 'll just tie the string o' mine to the fence till we come back."

This seemed to be a sound suggestion and forthwith the entire crowd rushed headlong for the fence, and, as soon as Pinkey had made his kite fast, hurried over and set off at a brisk run in the direction of the shooting. As he ran, Pinkey kept his eye on his kite in order that he might know if anything went wrong. Meanwhile the shooting continued at intervals, but there were no other sounds to be heard.

THE school-teacher had noticed the ominous bird of prey soon after it had reached its position over her yard, and had soon discovered Jeremiah coming up the street, armed with his shot-gun.

"Hurry, Mr. Singles!" were the first words Tin Star had heard as she came running toward him. "It 's back and is flying around over the chicken-yard again. Oh! I do hope you can shoot it."

"Leave that to me, Miss Vance," Jeremiah had assured her calmly, and together the excited Miss Vance and the confident Tin Star proceeded to the slaughter of the hawk.

Jeremiah's first few shots had gone wide of the mark, and he decided to wait until the bird got closer. Therefore it was, that, not having any firing to guide them, the boys were unable to locate the source of the shots they had heard.

"It 's a chicken-hawk, all right," he had assured the lady, during one of his pauses, "I can tell by the shape of its wings and tail; and then a chicken-hawk is never seen to flap its wings, but just floats around like a kite."

"But he does n't seem to be frightened," ventured Miss Vance.

"He thinks he 's too high for me to hit him, but he does n't know me."

DURING this time the boys were hurrying cross-lots back to their kite-flying and it was while they were still hidden from view by some buildings that Tin Star proved his excellence as a marksman.

"My kite 's bu'sted," suddenly shouted Pinkey in despair, "lookee, she 's coming down," and all stopped to gaze at the falling object.

Even then, none of the boys imagined that there was any connection between the shooting and the injury to the kite.

"Let 's hurry and get it," cried Bunny, and the boys again took up their breakneck pace, each bent on being the first to get to Pinkey's broken kite. As they dashed around the corner of the barn which adjoined Miss Vance's chicken-yard, the sight that met their eyes brought them to an abrupt and speechless halt.

There stood the teacher and the town-marshal, gazing at each other in mute stupefaction and amazement, and each seeming to blame the other for the ridiculous position in which they found themselves. Between them lay Pinkey's kite, one wing completely gone and the paper body riddled with shot.

To make the scene all the more ludicrous, the white thread which was attached to the kite hung limp across Tin Star's shoulder and stretched backward to the fence. Neither he nor Miss Vance had yet been able to find words appropriate to the situation.

The arrival of the boys stimulated Tin Star to speech, but strange to say he addressed his words to the school-teacher.

"Madam," said he, in his most lofty and dignified manner, "you owe me fifty cents for the ammunition I used to bring down this bird. As for the value of the bird itself I shall leave you to settle that with the owner." And without another word, he brushed the hateful thread from his shoulder and left the premises immediately.

Miss Vance was visibly disturbed by the unexpected turn things had taken and for a few moments seemed at a loss what course to pursue. Then her customary dignity returned and she expressed her regrets at the wrecking of the kite and enquired to whom it belonged.

"It 's mine," spoke up Pinkey bravely. "I just got it yesterday but I guess it 's no good any more now."

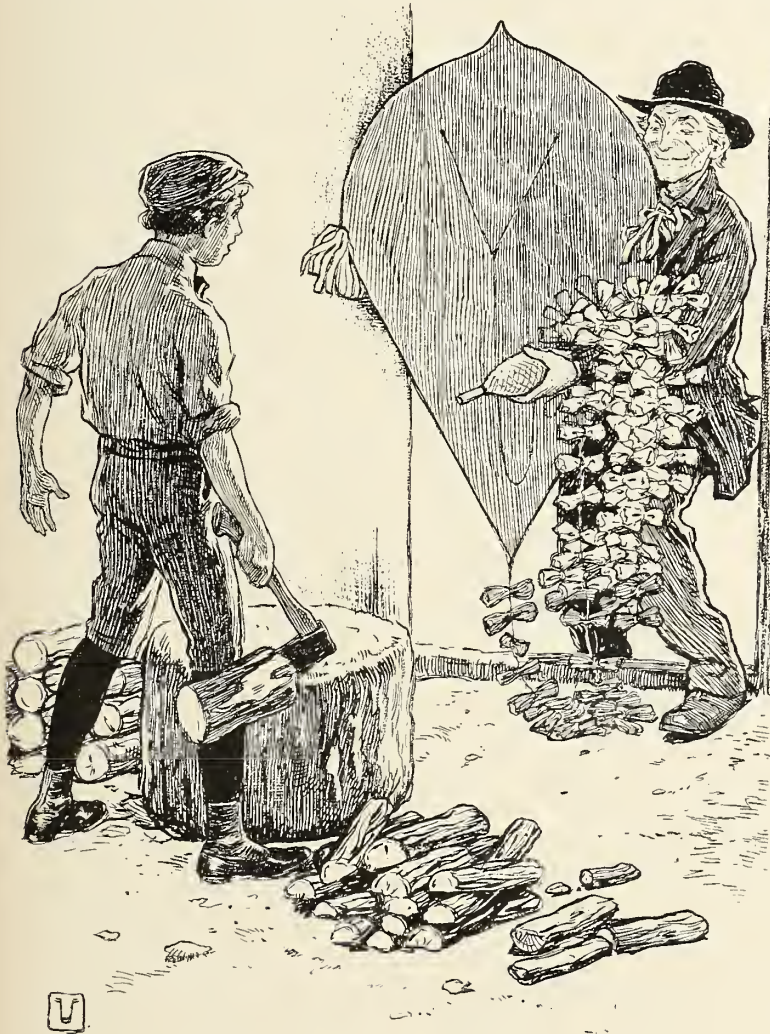
"I am really very sorry, Pinkerton," assured his teacher with real regret in her voice, "to have been the cause of your losing the kite, but it was so lifelike I mistook it for a hawk which I thought intended to carry off my chickens, so I had Mr. Singles shoot it."

"Oh, that 's all right, Miss Vance," replied Pinkey, with as good a show of unconcern as he could muster, at the same time picking up the remains of his broken kite, "'t is n't worth much anyway and I 've got other kites."

Miss Vance endeavored to get him to set a value on his property, but he would not hear of such a thing and insisted that the loss

amounted to practically nothing and that he had had about all the fun there was in it, anyhow. In a few minutes, as soon as they could do so, he and his companions withdrew and returned to the open lot, where they enjoyed talking over the scene they had witnessed a

But she did not choose to let the matter drop so easily. She had her own definite ideas of justice, and believed in them, no matter whether they entailed hardship or pleasure, and in this case she resolved that Pinkey should have his share of fair treatment, and with interest, if she could bring it about.



“HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU, PINKEY,” SAID JIM.”

hundred times more than they had watching the kite.

During the days that followed, Tin Star was subjected to many a joke from those who dared to mention to him the affair of the kite, but never by word or action in his teacher's presence did Pinkey allude to the embarrassing incident. He would not, for anything in the world, allow her to know how deeply he felt his loss.

of her giving it to me. Why, it's better than a dozen bird-kites. It's a beauty!”

“Why, she thinks the world of you, only she does n't believe in telling you so.”

“Well,” commented Pinkey, as he came outside to inspect his new possession more closely, “what you say may be so, Jim, and I hope it is, but you're right about her not believing in telling me so.”

Imagine Pinkey's surprise when one afternoon, almost a week after the loss of the kite, Liberty Jim, grinning from ear to ear and chuckling with delight, appeared at the door of the woodshed where Pinkey was splitting his evening's wood, carrying in front of him an enormous kite, so wide that it almost filled the doorway and so tall that his beaming countenance barely showed above it.

“Here's something for you, Pinkey,” said Jim, before Pinkey could speak.

“For me!” exclaimed Pinkey in amazement.

“Yes,” continued Jim, “Miss Vance had me make it to pay up for the one Tin Star shot, and here's enough fishing line to send it up a half a mile, too. She asked me what you most wanted, and I told her, and she had me go ahead and make it right away.”

“Gee, but that's fine, Jim, and only to think



ON EASTER MORNING WHEN GRANDPA WAS A BOY.

The Sleeping Beauty

By Rhodes Campbell

EVERY boy and girl reader of ST. NICHOLAS has read in Grimm's fairy book the old tale of "The Sleeping Beauty"; but I doubt if one of them knows that nowadays there are sleeping beauties, too, and that they often wait years before they wake up, and that sometimes they are asleep all their lives!

Frances Copeland was a fortunate girl. She had love, care, wealth, beauty; yet she went about every day just as much asleep as that girl of long ago. She did not know she was asleep; she would have been very angry if any one had told her that she had never waked up really in all her thirteen years!

Her parents overwhelmed the child with every luxury and care. They could not bear to punish or correct her; they gave her everything she wished for as far as they were able. All their thoughts centered on her. And then came a pause in this worship: Mrs. Copeland was very ill, and the doctor ordered her at once to Germany.

"How lovely!" said Frances to her father. "I've always wanted to go abroad. Inez Fairchild is always crowing over being three months in Paris, but when I've been a year in Germany she can't say a word!"

Mr. Copeland looked very uneasy and troubled. "My dear, we must—ahem—the doctor says that we must leave you behind. He says that your mother must have absolute quiet."

"But I sha'n't be left behind," declared Frances. "Where could I stay?"

"Your mother has a dear old friend who has consented to take you into her family—" her father paused. But we pass over all the objections, remonstrances, and pleading that followed on the part of Frances.

In the course of a few days the little girl, under the care of a friend, was set down at the station of Fairfax, a little town in Ohio.

"Dear me!" thought Frances, looking about; "I did n't know it was this bad. Such a small town when I've been used to a city! I don't believe there ever was a girl so cruelly treated! And no one to meet me!"—but here her thoughts were interrupted by a girl near her own age wearing a gay Roman silk toboggan toque.

She came straight toward Frances: "We

are a little late," she said, putting out her hand and clasping the girl's reluctant one warmly; "but Jack lost his rubbers, and glove and cap, and we did have such a time! I am Elsie McKenzie, and I know you're Frances Copeland," she went on; "and Jack is somewhere. Here he comes. He will see to your trunk. Jack, why don't you hurry?"

Frances saw a large, overgrown boy with a smiling, freckled face coming toward her.

"Where's your check?" he asked. "And do you want to walk or ride?"

"I might as well walk in such a small place as this," Frances replied, ungraciously. And as they turned down the first large street she thought: "I don't know what Mamma was thinking of to send me here. She said that she would n't trust me to any one on earth but Adelaide McKenzie; but she has n't seen her for years, and I know it's going to be too dreary for words."

After walking four or five blocks they entered the gate of the little McKenzie home. The sight of the small and not very attractive cottage back in the yard was a surprise to Frances. "I never dreamed they were so poor," she thought; "why, Mamma's maid lives in as nice a place as this. Think of a year here! I shall write to Papa at once." The front door opened, and a tall and very handsome woman came out on the porch to meet her. Her warm greeting and motherly face thawed the ice forming about Frances' whole being, and she managed to smile.

She drew her within, where in the living-room a bright open fire burned. A tall girl not unlike the mother came forward: "This is Faith," and, a head peeping out from his sister's gown, she added, "this is Dick."

"Elsie, take Frances to her room, and Jack can carry the suit case. As I wrote your mother, my dear, I cannot take any one as a formal guest. You must be one of us, and take us as we are. I shall love you dearly for your mother's sake."

The cordial words of the mother followed Frances up the stairs; but she forgot them in the dismay of finding her room so small and simply furnished. "I wish they could see mine," she thought, as Elsie asked to help her. At home she would have thrown herself down

in a frenzy of despair and anger, but strangers were some restraint.

"Please leave me alone," she cried; "I must be alone." And Elsie with a troubled face slipped out of the door and closed it.

The supper was to Frances a long drawn-out torment. She felt homesick, abused, and full of a dull resentment. She wondered where the father was, and then she heard Faith say to her mother in a low voice: "Father



"'BUT I SHAN'T BE LEFT BEHIND,' DECLARED FRANCES."

says he would like his supper sent in to-night," and she saw a tray carried to another room. Could it be that he was very ill?

The table with its thriving fern for a centerpiece, its fresh linen and tasteful china, its few pieces of handsome silver, its appetizing food, the laughter and fun from the children, were attractive and homelike, but Frances, comparing it all with the luxuries of her own home, and with her eyes dulled by the sleep of which she was unconscious, saw only the dark side of life.

The next day, being Saturday, was a busy one for the McKenzies. To Frances the day

proved a series of shocks. They kept no maid at all; their father was almost blind; they were *very poor!*

The girl felt like a cat in a strange garret. She heard laughter in the kitchen and ventured out there. Faith, enveloped in a big gingham apron, was rolling out bread and rolls; Elsie, her sleeves rolled up, was washing dishes; and Jack was wiping them.

"Come in," called Faith, as she saw Frances hesitating in the doorway. "We have to be our own maids. I'm afraid it's lonely for you." Frances came over to the table where Elsie and Jack were. "Do you like to do it?" she asked curiously.

"It's Paradise to me," said Jack, with a queer grimace, while Elsie shrugged her shoulders: "I can't say I love it," she said. "but we're so glad to do our share to help along. It's such fun to think we're big enough to send Mother in to Daddy to read to him, and be able to do the Saturday work ourselves. We've only learned since—since—Daddy's trouble, and since Greta left. Only Faith knew some things before, so we're real proud that we're of some account and not dead-weights on Mother's hands."

To her utter astonishment it was after eleven before she knew it. Then Mrs. McKenzie came in. "I shall turn out my good fairies now," she said. "I want to get dinner alone. I have such pleasant things to think about from my reading; and your father has some new ideas for his article. Now run off, and play till dinner." She drove them before her, laughing. When Frances went to her room she found it in perfect order. "I wonder if Elsie did it. Perhaps I might make my bed myself," she thought.

In the afternoon Elsie's friends came to see Frances and they had such a pleasant afternoon that when Frances went to bed that night, she thought: "I believe I won't write Father to take me away yet; but I never knew such people before."

One day came invitations for Jack, Elsie, and Frances to go to a party at Elsie's particular friend's—Janice Vernon's.

Frances, coming into the hall unexpectedly, found Elsie talking to Jack, her usually sunny face downcast and decidedly cloudy.

Once she would have passed on, but she felt a sudden and novel pain at seeing Elsie, who was always thinking of her comfort, in trouble herself.

"It's nothing," declared Elsie; but Jack blurted out: "It's her shoes. She has n't any

to wear to the party but those, and they 're pretty bad."

"Why, get some others. Don't they have nice shoes here?" Frances asked, in surprise.

"Oh yes; but shoes cost money," said Jack, in spite of Elsie's frowns.

"Oh!" Frances stopped short. She ran back to her room. She took out her purse. Then she put it back. "Elsie would n't like money: what can I do?" she thought anxiously. It was so new to her to think of others. She ran to her trunk and took out three pairs of slippers. "The very thing!" she thought, catching up a pair of soft brown ones. "They will match her brown dress," she said aloud, and ran to the hall. "Do take these," she said, "I 've several pairs." She held out the slippers. Elsie's face flushed. "You 're very kind," she said, "but Mother does n't like us to borrow."

"Then keep them," said Frances.

"What are you to keep?" Mrs. McKenzie's voice startled them. She stood in the door smiling, while Frances explained.

"I think we shall have to break my rule this time, Elsie," she said; "Frances is so kind, and the slippers are so pretty."

Elsie followed her mother into the kitchen and shut the door. "Mother, I don't want Frances' slippers. I 'd rather stay at home. Jack told her I had n't any, and she is so—so—"

"Kind," supplied her mother.

"Well, she is now, but she says such horrid things: she fairly flings her riches in your face. She thinks poor people are n't like her. She—"

The mother drew the excited child toward her: "Don't let us be rude and ungrateful just because we 're poor in money, Elsie," she said. "You 've done a great deal for Frances, let her do something for you. She meant it kindly, and it seems to me it would be foolish and very unkind to refuse her loan of the slippers and stay at home and let her go without you to the party. There is a pride that is wrong."

Elsie ran out of the kitchen and up the back stairs to the little room she shared with Faith. Later, her mother was n't surprised to hear her say to Frances: "Thank you so much for the slippers, Frances; if it was n't for you I 'd lose the party." And Frances went off to her room that Saturday to dress with a new, warm feeling in her heart.

Weeks and months passed and Frances was conscious of an unusual stir and subdued ex-

citement throughout the little house. She came upon Jack and Elsie in earnest consultation on the back stairs: she found Faith and her mother in the kitchen talking earnestly; yet at sight of her they changed the conversation. Frances felt suddenly shut out and aloof. It hurt her. It was Elsie who caught sight of her expression one day and followed her into her room.

"We 're in a big secret for Daddy," she said at once. "We did n't want to bother you with it. You see the time is very near for Daddy's operation. It costs a lot, and we have n't much. We 've tried to do without and work at home; but the sum has n't grown enough yet. So Jack has been selling papers out of school, and Faith has taken orders for fancy work, and I 've been so anxious to work, and now Mother is going to help me make candy to sell to the hotel guests and other folks. It 's only a little, but I want to help."

"And so do I," said Frances eagerly. "Why can't I write to Papa to send a lot of money, then you won't have to work?"

"Oh no!" said Elsie; then she added gently: "It is so kind, but Daddy is so proud he would n't like it. He hopes he won't have to borrow of any one, ever. But if we earn it, it 's different."

"Then I shall earn something, too," said Frances with a lump in her throat. "You seem to think I don't care because I 've money, but I do. You said you 'd make me one of you, and you don't."

"Why, Frances! of course we do. I did n't think you 'd be interested—"

"No, you think I 'm cold and horrid. Well, I can earn, too. I 'm going to do something for your father, you see."

Never before in all her life had Frances been so determined to have her way; but what could she do? They would n't take money, except her board; and how in the world should she earn money? She lay awake a whole hour for two nights wondering what she could do to even add a dollar to the precious pile in Elsie's stocking. And then the inspiration came. Like a flash she remembered that Mrs. Blair, a busy mother of five children, had declared that if she could just get some one to make buttonholes for her, she would gladly pay well for the work. Now, since coming to Fairfax, Frances, with Elsie, had taken lessons of Mrs. McKenzie on Saturdays, in buttonhole making and darning, and where Elsie made great eyes of the holes and darned well, Frances' but-

tonholes were things of beauty and her darns very ordinary. But would she have the courage to ask for the work? And would she give up hours of the precious Saturdays to do it? The Frances of eight months before would not have even given the project a thought, but this was a different girl. This new Frances, trembling in the knees, and with a voice rather shaky, rang the Blairs' door-bell that very day. But instead of a stern repulse she found a woman eager and ready, and she came away with a big bundle of children's clothing in her arms.

It was hard work to go off Saturdays to her room and work, but, as she said, it was n't any harder than for Elsie. And when at the end of the four weeks she laid four dollars

extra sum from an article of Mr. McKenzie's, there was enough for the operation at Cincinnati.

It would take too long to tell of its success, the triumphant return of the husband and father, the joy of the household.

All too soon came the day when Frances was to join her parents in New York. She realized with fresh surprise what a wrench the leaving would cost her.

"I shall get ahead of them for once," she thought; and for several days before, she was preparing gifts to be hidden in drawers and closets to be found after her departure. She found the most exciting diversion in planning these surprises. The new book which Elsie wanted, the inexpensive but pretty copy of



"FRANCES HEARD LAUGHTER IN THE KITCHEN, AND VENTURED OUT THERE."

in Elsie's hand, I doubt if Frances Copeland was ever so happy in all her life before!

With Mrs. McKenzie's added sum from the furnishing of home-made eatables, and an

Burne-Jones's "Hope" for Mrs. McKenzie, and roller-skates for the boys, and for Faith a collar—her own work.

And as the train rolled out of the station

Jack said to Elsie: "Well, she 's a pretty nice girl, after all. I like her; yet I thought when she came, she was a little snob!"

Later on, Frances was pouring forth her experiences to her father and mother with such an unusual enthusiasm that they looked at her in amazement.

"I never knew people like the McKenzies! Why, Father, they have n't any money, yet nobody can pity them. They have so much besides. I can't tell what I mean; but they

that we can all go there next summer and take a house. I 'd like it better than Newport."

"Why, Frances," said her father in an amazed voice, "you seem—"

"Wakened up, Father, that 's the way I feel. I did n't know much before—I don't know much now, but I 'm learning. Elsie says I ought to be the happiest girl with so much, and I 'm going to be. Let us hurry home and begin. I want to show you, Mamma, and Mrs. McKenzie that I *do*



"'THE VERY THING!' SHE THOUGHT, CATCHING UP A PAIR OF SOFT BROWN SLIPPERS."

have. I felt that I did n't amount to much. Elsie is so happy, and spunky, and sweet; and Jack is blunt, but he 's kind, and so straight; and Faith is so pretty, yet not a bit vain, and so smart, but not from books; and Dick is cunning, though he is such a mischief and tries me so; and Mr. McKenzie is a real hero. But I don't wonder, Mamma, that you love Mrs. McKenzie. She 's the best of all. I wanted so much to see you both, but I just cried when I left them. And, oh, Papa, do promise me

amount to something after all! And oh, I can't wait to tell you that I can make brown bread, and buttonholes and beds, and—and—gingerbread," said Frances, her eyes shining, her face aglow.

Ah, the Sleeping Beauty was indeed awakening! The Prince to rouse her dormant soul was a love and interest for others, and the fact that outside of self is a world of care, trouble, and joy, which even a girl may lessen or increase!



By Frank J. Stillman

How many ST. NICHOLAS readers know that the first regular postage-stamps ever produced bore the portrait of a woman? Great Britain was the pioneer in "stampdom," and it is noteworthy that the photograph of the eighteen-year-old Victoria, which adorned the first postage-stamp, continued to be the central feature of every stamp issued by Great Britain until nearly a year after the death of the good Queen—a period of more than sixty years.

A similar policy was pursued in the issue of stamps for the score or more colonies of Great Britain, and, with but few exceptions, the stamps have all borne the likeness of the girl Queen.

Canada followed the example of the mother-country until 1897, at which time a jubilee series, commemorative of the sixtieth anniversary of Victoria's ascension upon the throne, was issued. The stamps of this series were large, similar in size and shape to the famous Columbian stamps brought out by our postal department in 1893, and portrayed the Queen as she appeared as a girl in 1837, and as an aged woman in 1897. The portraits appeared in two ovals, side by side, upon each denomination of the series, from one half-cent to \$5.

Quite contrary to the desire of Queen Victoria was that of Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands. In 1891 the postal authorities brought out a new series of postage-stamps bearing the likeness of Wilhelmina, then a child of ten years. This series continued in use until the coronation of Wilhelmina in 1899, upon which occasion new stamps depicting the young Queen at the age of nineteen, appareled in her coronation robes, and with a crown upon her shapely head, were presented by the postal department to the public.

The Spanish custom is similar to that of the

Netherlands. In 1889 a new series of stamps portrayed the infantile Alphonso XIII, the baby King of Spain, then three years of age. Eleven years later a new series was issued bearing the intelligent features of a fourteen-year-old boy. It is understood that this year, when King Alphonso reaches his majority, still another series of stamps will be produced which will depict the Spanish King in all his glory as the ruler of a nation.

The average person who, through ignorance, is disposed to regard with compassion the harmless and, to him, useless hobby of the stamp-collector, will no doubt be surprised to discover how much of interest and instruction there is in the pursuit of stamp-collecting. You will invariably find that the school-boy who is also a "stamp fiend" knows more of the geography of the various countries, their rulers and distinguished citizens, than any other pupil in the class.

As is usually the case with an innovation, the first postage-stamp was confronted at the outset with ridicule; in fact, the press of London made a concerted and vigorous effort to kill off the new postal arrival even before permitting the stamp to demonstrate its merits or its worthlessness. For example, one of the London papers opened upon the first postage-stamp, issued in 1840, with comments in this fashion:

Considerable diversion was created in the city today by the appearance of the new penny post devices; bits of sticking plaster about an inch square, for dabbing on letters. Withal, the citizens are rude enough to believe that these bits of sticking plaster, each with a head upon it which looks something like that of a girl but nothing of a Queen, will not go down at one shilling and one pence per dozen.

Prior to 1840, it was the custom to determine the postage charges upon letters or parcels ac-

ording to weight and distance to be despatched. The amount was written upon the face of the letter or parcel by the despatching postmaster, and, as a rule, the transportation fee was collected from the one who received it. It was the urgent need of a means to enable senders of mail to prepay postage that resulted in the invention of the stamp.

Not until 1847 did the United States bring out its first postage-stamp. In the meantime, however, news of the success of the experiment in Great Britain had reached this country, and in 1845 a number of postmasters in the United States had postage-stamps manufactured at the local printing-offices on their account, and at their own expense, and used them upon such letters as senders desired should be prepaid.

At first these "postmaster stamps," as they were called, were not sold to the public. They were kept on hand by the postmaster and affixed to prepaid mail, thus giving notice that the postmaster had received the amount called for. These stamps are now very valuable: a ten-cent stamp issued and signed by James M. Buchanan, then postmaster of Baltimore, Maryland, sold for \$4,000. This stamp is as innocent-looking as a druggist's label: a plain bluish-white bit of paper, two inches long and a trifle more than half an inch wide, having "10 cents" printed at the bottom, and bearing the signature of Mr. Buchanan in the center.

It is a well-known fact that the smaller countries often have more numerous issues of stamps than the larger nations. The republic of Colombia, for example, with a population less than that of Pennsylvania, has issued more than 1200 varieties of postage-stamps and envelopes. Russia, with a population thirty times as great, has issued less than 100 varieties. The United States has produced approximately 1300 varieties of postage-stamps, including envelopes.

The smallest stamp ever issued is the half-penny of Victoria, which is about the size of half of one of our ordinary two-cent stamps, cut lengthwise. The largest regular postage-stamp is the five-pound Great Britain, two and a half inches long and an inch and a half wide. In the "sixties" the United States issued a revenue stamp of the denomination of \$500, which was almost as large as a postal card.

The postage-stamp of smallest face value is the Spanish *milesima*, equal to one "twentieth" of one cent of our money. France issues a one-centime stamp, equal to one fifth of one cent, and Barbados a one-farthing stamp. The United States has never issued a stamp of less value than one cent. The postage-stamp of highest face value is the Great Britain five-pound, equivalent to \$24.25. The United

States has no postage-stamp of a higher denomination than \$5, although a \$1000 revenue stamp was issued in 1897. Newspaper stamps, however, run in value as high as \$100.

Russia is the country that has made fewest changes in its stamps. In nearly fifty years Russia has brought out only eight distinctive designs. The most extravagant in the production of new designs are the Central American republics. For example, Salvador, with a population of 825,000 and an area smaller than that of New Jersey, issued a new and distinctive series of postage-stamps each year between 1890 and 1900.

The smallest independent stamp-issuing country is the principality of Monaco, situated between France and Italy. Monaco has only eight square miles of territory, with a population of less than 15,000. Its stamps are beautiful and much sought after by philatelists.

The republic of San Marino, in north-central Italy, has thirty-two square miles of territory, with a population of only 10,000, but issues very attractive stamps.

The republic of Haiti easily takes first rank in warlike display upon its stamps. Its stamps literally breathe war, with cannon, ammunition, small arms, and flags prominently displayed. On the contrary, the island colony of Nevis, in the West Indies, the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, teaches peace and charity. Its stamps depict the "good Samaritan" administering aid and comfort to a fallen comrade.

A very complete menagerie may be formed from a collection of postage-stamps having animals, birds, and fish as the central figures. The animals represented are: lion, tiger, elephant, giraffe, jaguar, camel, hippopotamus, buffalo, bear, leopard, dog, kangaroo, deer, horse, cow, llama, goat, monkey, donkey, beaver, duckbill, seal, sable, gorilla, cobra, crocodile, tortoise. The fowl family is represented by the peacock, owl, heron, eagle, parrot, turkey, snipe, swan, goose, quail, dove, huia-bird, emu, pheasant, lyre-bird, apteryz, torea. Of fish there are but two—the cod and carp. The insect kingdom has one representative in the butterfly, nestling in the coiffure of former Queen Liliuokalani.

Among the oddities in stamp designs may be mentioned that of Egypt, the stamps of this country having, from the first, borne the battered head of the Sphinx, with the great pyramids near by. All the stamps of Bremen, Germany, have as the central figure a large key. British Guiana has issued many different series of stamps, but every one has as the prominent feature a large three-master schooner. Canada's first stamp bore the picture of a beaver

in an oval. Stamps of China all depict snakes, dragons and horrible and fanciful monsters, while Corean stamps have as the noticeable feature a design which looks like three tadpoles curled up. Nearly all the stamps of Guatemala give the place of honor to a large green parrot-like mythical bird called a Quezal, or Quetzal; while Nyassa, Africa's stamps run to lofty giraffes and double-humped camels.

Just at the time of the assassination of King Alexander, the Servian postal authorities were bringing out a new series of stamps bearing the portrait of the King in a circle. The sheets of stamps were all run through the presses again, and the portrait of the late King completely obliterated by means of a heavy design printed in black ink.

The United States, from the first, adopted a policy of honoring Presidents, statesmen, and military men by placing their portraits upon its stamps. The first stamp issued was that bearing the likeness of Benjamin Franklin, of the value of five cents; and it is a singular fact that, notwithstanding the numerous shiftings that have occurred, Franklin's face has never disappeared from our stamp of lowest denomination to this day.

The bust of George Washington adorned the three-cent value in 1851, and, with the exception of a single year, has since that time appeared upon the stamp used for domestic-letter postage. In 1869 the Postmaster General switched Washington to the six-cent stamp, substituting upon the three-cent denomination a clumsy, wide-stacked locomotive covering almost the entire stamp. This series remained in use only one year.

In 1873, when the departments each used distinctive postage-stamps instead of "penalty" envelopes, a sheet of the two-cent denomination for the navy was accidentally printed in green ink, the correct shade being ultramarine. Copies of this "error" now readily sell to philatelists at \$50 each, while copies of the correct color may be had for twenty-five cents.

In printing the two-colored Pan-American stamps in 1901, the pressman's assistant, who takes the sheets from the press and transfers them to piles, in a moment of absent-mindedness placed one of the sheets of the two-cent denomination upon the pile, wrong end to, after the red border had been printed. When the second impression, the "Empire State Express," in black, was printed upon the sheet, the train, of course, appeared upside down. The mistake was not noticed, and the sheet, along with hundreds of others, was sent to the postmaster at Brooklyn. Unused copies of this stamp sell to stamp-collectors for \$200 each;

and a copy of the four-cent Pan-American, a sheet of which was reversed in a similar way, with the automobile inverted, recently sold at auction for \$310.

The little island of Mauritius, off the east coast of Africa, holds the record for having issued the stamp selling for the highest price. A copy of the two-penny stamp, issue of 1847, recently sold for \$7300 bid in at auction by a gentleman said to have been the personal representative of the Prince of Wales.

One of the postage-stamps of Nicaragua played quite an important part in the discussion of the interoceanic canal proposition during a recent session of Congress. The advocates of the Panama route presented senators with copies of a Nicaraguan stamp depicting a harbor, docks, and a belching volcano near by, as indicating the hazard—in view of the awful ruin wrought by Mount Pelee at Martinique—of constructing a canal through a volcanic country. The Nicaragua route was defeated, and who shall say that a postage-stamp did not contribute to the result?

The island of Barbados issued a series of stamps each of which depicts Neptune driving a span of prancing steeds through the seas. An artistic fleur-de-lis forms the central figure of the stamps of Parma. From 1861 to 1896 all the stamps of Greece bore the head of Mercury. Early stamps of Cape of Good Hope were triangular in shape, with Britannia, typical of "hope," reclining. The favorite design of the postal authorities of Straits Settlements is a monstrous tiger plunging through the jungle.

All the stamps of the Transvaal depict a stand of flags, beneath which appears the familiar covered "trekking" wagon, or "prairie-schooner." The Orange Free State started with a plain design,—a single orange-tree in the center, with three powder-horns beneath,—and has never changed it. Russia's few stamps have never been adorned with the portrait of a person—simply the arms of the royal house within an appropriate border; while the stamps of South American countries have borne portraits of presidents and military men whose name is legion.

The central figure of the early Newfoundland stamps was a thistle, and subsequent issues have portrayed the codfish and seal, as well as various members of the royal family. The shaggy head of a Newfoundland dog covers almost entirely the half-cent stamp of 1887. The shilling stamp of New South Wales gives a full-length picture of a kangaroo.

Until 1868, when the stamps of Italy were adopted, the Roman States, a principality, used distinctive stamps bearing the miter and crossed keys. Every stamp issued by Western Australia

up to 1901, has represented a large and majestic swan in its native element.

Perhaps the oddest design for a postage-stamp was that adopted by the Virgin Islands, a little colony fifty miles east of Porto Rico, with an area of fifty-eight square miles and a population of less than 5000. Since the first issue in 1866 to the present day, the full-length figure of the Virgin Mary has occupied the center of the design. The figure is attired in flowing robes, with a halo above her head casting rays of light.

Canada's Christmas stamp was the philatelic novelty of 1898. The design was large and represented a map of the world, in three colors, Canada and the British possessions being printed in red. At the bottom appeared the inscription, "We hold a vaster empire than has been."

Panama's stamps are simply maps bringing out prominently the isthmus.

The United States Post-office Department has not adopted a number of schemes in operation in other countries. For five cents extra Columbia will insure the delivery of a letter. New Zealand has a life-insurance stamp, and Columbia a "too late" stamp. Belgium even issues a "Sunday stamp" as a courtesy to those who believe in strict Sabbath observance. This stamp is a very long one, horizontally perforated half an inch from the bottom. The "coupon" thus formed bears the inscription that the letter shall not be delivered on Sunday. Persons not entertaining such views as to Sunday observance may tear off and destroy the coupon, and the letter will be delivered as soon as received.

It is the law of the United States not to honor a President or distinguished citizen by placing his portrait upon stamps until after the death of the person. The policy of Great Britain is precisely opposite: with the death of the reigning sovereign the likeness disappears.

Following the death of Queen Victoria, a new series of stamps bearing the portrait of King Edward was brought out as soon as the contractors could prepare designs.

Stamp-collectors are a great source of income to a number of small though independent countries. The latter issue frequently attractive series of stamps primarily to sell to philatelists. The

stamps cost but a fraction of one per cent. of the face value, and as they go into albums and are never used for postage, the revenue from their sale, which is considerable, is practically clear profit.

It is estimated that the stocks of stamp-dealers in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and France represent a cash value of \$5,000,000, and that the stamp-collectors residing in these countries number, as nearly as can be approximated, two millions. The Czar of Russia and the Prince of Wales, of Great Britain, are enthusiastic philatelists.

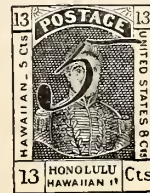
Portugal, Malta, and the Virgin Islands have issued postage-stamps strongly religious in design.

The five-shilling stamp of Malta has as the central figure a large Maltese cross, and the one-farthing stamp of 1900 gives a picture of the shipwreck of the apostle St. Paul upon the island, then known as Melita.

The one-and-sixpence Virgin Island stamps of the issue of 1866 illustrate the parable of the ten virgins, five of whom were wise and five of whom were foolish, the allegory being depicted by means of the figure of a female in the center of the stamp, with five miniature lamps ranged vertically on either side.

The old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," finds strong support in the recent postal issues of the new republic of Panama. When Panama declared her independence it was, of course, necessary to abandon the use of Colombian stamps; therefore, pending the preparation of a new series, orders were given that the stamps of the Colombian Republic should be overprinted "Republica de Panama."

Unfortunately — or rather, fortunately for Panama, as it afterward turned out — the printing-offices in Colon and Panama were illy furnished with type, and in order that the words "Republica de Panama" might be "set up" a sufficient number of times to overprint a sheet of the stamps, all the styles of type in the offices were brought into requisition. As a consequence a vast number of varieties, or "errors," were produced, which were eagerly bought by philatelists, and the treasury of Panama, then short of cash, was enriched by thousands of dollars of the money of stamp collectors.



A Stamp-Collecting Experience

By H. Hervey

STAMP-COLLECTING has its ups as well as downs. Successes come along occasionally; though the latter are not so frequent as one could wish.

While stationed at Bangalore, in Mysore, South India, I possessed only three *unused* "Prince Edward Island" stamps. One day I was informed by a stamp-scout of mine that a certain native lad who attended a big school across the road owned a complete set of thirteen — *used*; whereupon I resolved that if possible those stamps should change hands. The lad was pointed out to me as he passed my gate on his way to school; and I buttonholed him that afternoon as he was going home. To make myself more intelligible, I spoke in his own style of broken English.

"I say, man, you keeping stamps — no?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got collection with you?"

"Yes, sir," feeling for a skimpy little book jammed into the skimpy little pocket of his skimpy little coat.

"I also keeping," I continued reassuringly. "So come inside my house, man; we will show stamps."

Nothing loath, he accompanied me. I took him into my "stamp room," and first causing him to wash his hands, I gave him my four volumes to look at. He turned those pages with awe; his wide-open eyes bespoke the acme of astonishment, while he frequently gave vent to ejaculations of admiration. He possessed the stamp-collector's fever, it was plainly to be seen.

"Fine, eh?" I observed chucklingly.

"Oh, my — yes, sir! I never seeing collection like this before!"

Interested though the boy unmistakably was in those books, his glances nevertheless wandered about the room, and I noticed that they constantly recurred to a gigantic paper kite resting in a corner. I had made it for some young cousins who were living with us at the time. The boy's whole soul apparently swung between my stamp-albums — worth much good money — and that paper kite, to construct which had cost me a few annas. I had the knack of kite-building, and this one was six feet tall, proportionately broad, and embellished with all sorts of devices.

I looked through that young shaver's book, and found that I had not been misinformed; for there, sure enough, were the thirteen Prince Edwards — all used, lightly marked, perfect speci-

mens. True, they were bodily jammed on to the grimy page with thick dabs of boiled rice in lieu of gum; but I saw that they could be cleansed of this and other impurities. His whole collection comprised about two hundred stamps — the commonest of the common, barring those thirteen.

"Got any duplicates for exchange, man?" I queried.

He lugged from his rubbishy breeches pocket a filthy envelop containing a few current German, French, and Swiss, evidently wheedled out of the Europeans whom he had chanced to serve. No, the chap had nothing I wanted except those Prince Edwards; but I hungered after them.

"Where you getting these stamps, man?" I casually inquired, reverting to his book and indicating the thirteen gems.

"First they was in my puppah's collection, sir; how he getting them I don't know. When our house take fire in Madras, and we throwing things outside, my puppah's book coming in pieces. I finding one page only — with these stamps; rest lost or burn up. My puppah never collecting again, and told me to keep."

"Your duplicates no use to me," I presently observed; "but if you like, I will give you twenty-six stamps for your thirteen Prince Edwards."

"No, sir."

I expected as much; for, on looking through my American volume, he must have seen how poorly the island was represented. He was quite right in sticking out for a more advantageous deal.

"What, man! I meaning that you can take pick of twenty-six from my exchange-books."

"No, sir, cannot do."

"Thirty-nine, then, — three for one."

He shook his head; I felt inclined to shake him; so would you, had you been in my place, especially when I say that among my duplicates there were scores of stamps equal in value to his Prince Edwards: many of the rarer old Spanish, for instance — a variety in which I was particularly strong.

"Hang it, then, take fifty!"

"No, sir," persisted the obstinate numskull, pocketing his book and making a move. He bobbed himself out, and was half-way up the carriage-drive when I sang out to him, "I say, man, I will give a hundred!"

He turned for a moment, again wagged that

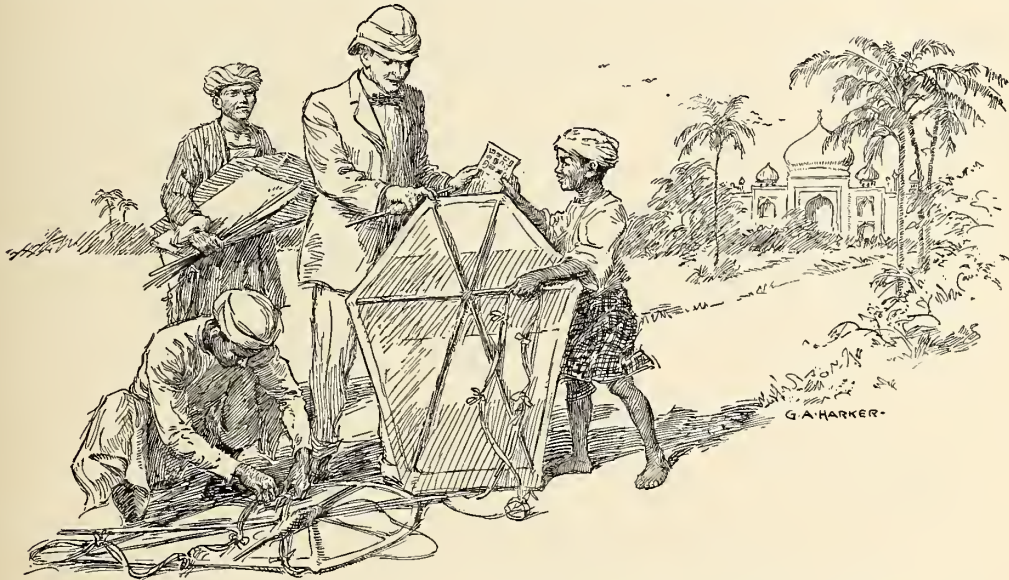
wooden head of his in dissent, and slowly went on his way "unwillingly to school."

As I cast the matter over in my mind, it occurred to me that peradventure the lad might be tempted by other means; so nabbing him the following evening, I took him over to Gaunt's shop, where they sold toys, cricket-kit, etc., and bade him help himself to twenty rupees' worth of stuff in exchange for his Prince Edwards. No; he declined! I told him to take the money if he preferred it — to spend as he liked. No again; he said he did n't want money. In an exasperated frame of mind, I left him. A few days later the boy appeared

same-like English fashion that I see in your room, I will give off stamps."

Soh! his frequent glances at that wretched kite were now accounted for! His ambition soared — not toward enriching his collection, but toward acquiring the art of paper-kite manufacture; and to learn that he would part with those stamp treasures, which nothing else would tempt him to give up!

For the next week the boy came to me regularly every afternoon, and I taught him the craft. At the end of that week, — during which not a word had been said about stamps, — we tried a kite of his own making. It flew beauti-



"THE KITE FLEW BEAUTIFULLY, WHEREUPON THE BOY HANDED ME THOSE THIRTEEN PRINCE EDWARD STAMPS."

shambling up the drive. I assumed an air of serene indifference, although my heart went pit-a-pat.

"Hullo, man, why you come?" I said.

"I will give the stamps, sir, for — for — something," he faltered, looking uncommonly sheepish and silly.

"Oh, go away, man! How many stamps I wanting to give! How many things I telling you to take from Gaunt's shop! How much money I offering, and you refuse! What nonsense, man!"

"I don't want stamps, sir; I don't want the play-toys; I don't want the money."

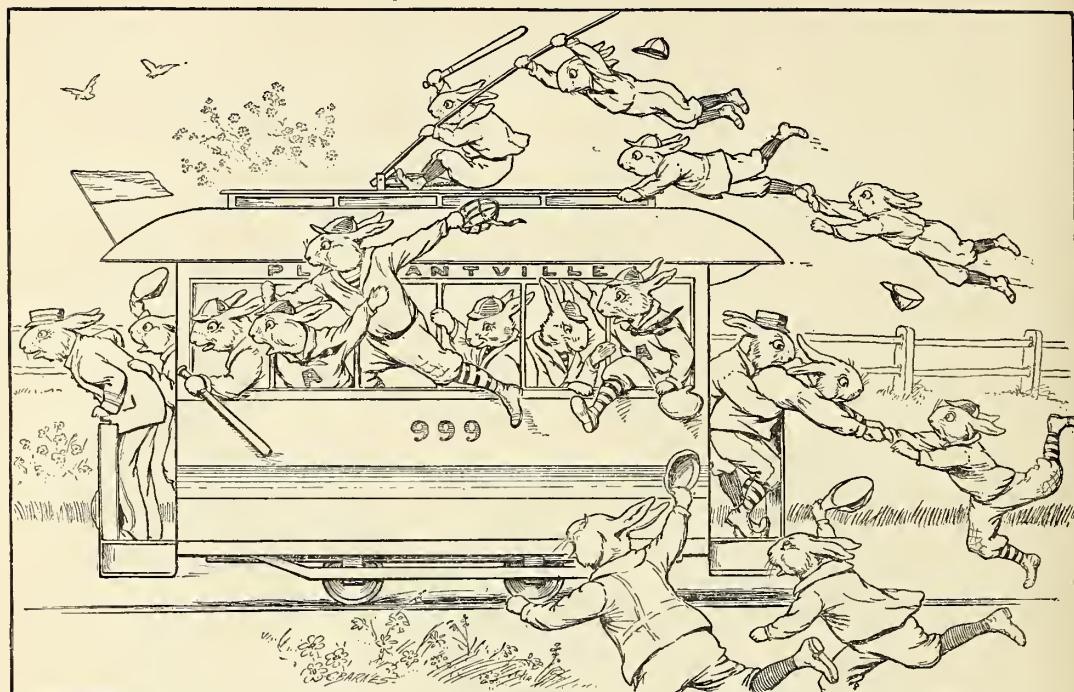
"What in the world do you want, then?" I vociferated, losing patience.

"If you will teach me how to make kite, sir,

fully; whereupon he handed me those thirteen Prince Edwards without turning a hair, and walked off, accompanied by my two gardeners, carrying his kites and all materials employed in the business, which had been gradually accumulating on my side-veranda during those six days.

But delighted as I was with my "find," — and practically for nothing, — conscience began to smite me; so a day or so afterward I again pounced on the lad and insisted upon his accepting several complete sets of Mexico, Antioquia, Argentina, and Costa Rica, which, after much pressing, he selected from my duplicates. I pointed out better ones; but no, he was taken by their size and color rather than by their value to stamp-collectors.

Returning from the Ball Game



THE VICTORS



THE VANQUISHED

Fritzi

By Agnes McClelland Daulton

Author of "From Sioux to Susan."

CHAPTER I

THE MEETING

THE day had n't known its own mind twenty minutes in succession. It had rained and shined, sulked, and thought better of it, ever since the sun came up; but now, at five o'clock in the afternoon, it seemed tired out with its own indecision and had settled to a steady downpour.

Sixth Avenue, overcast and gloomy, except where the shop windows suddenly glared out in the shadow, was filled with draggled shoppers scurrying along under dripping umbrellas. Out in the street, cars clanged and rattled, automobiles honked and thumped, horses, pelted unmercifully by the stinging drops, champed their bits and pushed with their heavy loads, unurged, into each opening of the traffic, while overhead, roaring and ramping like huge beasts, the elevated trains thundered to and fro.

In the midst of all this turmoil a pretty little girl, very wet and forlorn, picked her way across the street. A red tam-o'-shanter draggled down over her curly head, her cloak, half unbuttoned, flapped in the wind, her shoes slushed drearily upon her wet feet; but she seemed too immersed in her own woebegone thoughts to be aware of her discomfort. It was only when the policeman at Twentieth street plucked her from beneath a big dray horse's nose, and tucking her under his arm strode with her to the sidewalk, that she awoke to her surroundings.

"There! Trot along home to your mommer," rumbled the officer, putting her down on the curbing. "A minute more and I 'd been after callin' an ambulance. You 're too big a girl not to know better than to be gettin' under the horses' feet." Then suddenly recognizing her in the wet gloom, his fat face grew very kind, as he pulled her tam-o'-shanter farther over her ears. "Why, bless me, if it ain't Fritzi? Pretty gloomy in your flat, I 'm thinkin'. Can't you wait a bit in that door? I 'll be off me beat in half an hour and I 'll take you home to the missus. She 'd like nothin' better than cuddlin' yez, and Pat and little Mary will be tickled to death—yes, sure!"

"Thank you, Mr. McCarty," replied Fritzi, looking up gratefully, as two very salt drops joined the rain on her cheeks; "but I guess I won't to-night, for—"

"Don't want to, eh? You always was a queer little duck. Well, Mrs. O'Brien will look after you a bit and the madame will be back before long. You better go home now, out of the rain." The violent clanging of a street car gong called him back to duty, and Fritzi, feeling more lonely and forlorn than ever, stood gazing aimlessly about her in the rain.

"WELCOME TO ALL"

FRITZI read this sign once, twice, and the third time, before the comfort of the message found its way through her numbed brain to her lonely heart. Those big gilt letters—once so bright and glittering they seemed to shout, now so faded and dim they but whispered—had been repeating their glad greeting before the church door to the hurrying, heedless passer-by for years; but to-day, as Fritzi said the words over to herself, it seemed a living voice calling, and so sweet was the invitation that her impulsive feet carried her straight up the stone steps, through the vestibule and into the gentle, soothing quiet of the empty church.

There had been a wedding there that morning and the church sisters in their black gowns and quaint white caps were carrying out the tall candles, the great spikes of lilies, folding away the white and gold, and putting again into place the rich red velvet altar cloths. From outside came faintly the rumble of traffic and the splashing of the rain upon the stained glass windows. The busy women, the reverent hush, the sweet-faced angels that smiled down at Fritzi from the windows, even the silent organ where she fancied music whispered in the stately pipes towering to the ceiling, brought her a sense of companionship as she nestled back in the corner of the high-backed pew, and it was not until the sisters, having accomplished their task, had turned out the lights above the altar and glided away in the gloom that loneliness once more swept over her and, quite unconscious that a lady had entered the pew and sat down beside her, she sobbed aloud.

That shuddering little gasp, followed by another and another, had hardly startled the quiet when to Fritzi's surprise an arm slipped about her and she found herself gathered into a warm, comforting embrace, while a soft voice was saying:

"There, there, honey! Cry it all out, and then we will see what can be done."

At that loving touch all the pent-up grief in Fritzi's motherless heart gave way, and laying her curly head on that broad comfortable shoulder she sobbed out her sorrow, until her tears ran dry, as childish tears must and Fritzi looked up into the face that bent so tenderly over her.

It had been the face of a famous beauty down in Virginia years ago, and in spite of the snowy hair that crowned it, the delicate lines that etched it, and the double chin, it was a beautiful face still.

Impulsive, beauty-loving Fritzi, with her grief almost forgotten though the tears still clung to her lashes, viewed the lady with awe. She was not in the least like other women that Fritzi had known, and the little girl felt that even those radiant beings who swept by in their carriages on Fifth Avenue were not so rare nor so beautiful. Then suddenly Fritzi's wilful tongue blurted out what Fritzi's admiring eyes had been saying:

"I think you are perfectly lovely!"

"Thank you, honey," the lady's eyes twinkled and her cheeks flushed a soft pink. "That is honest flattery anyhow. None of us grow so old nor—nor—so stout we do not like to be told we are lovely. But would you mind telling me, dear, what troubles you?"

Fritzi's eyes filled again, but she looked up bravely with a twisted little smile:

"I—I cried because Mattie went off and left me. Mattie—they call her Madame Lucile Sarti, but her real name is Mattie Riggs and she makes dresses—and I live with her. One of her ladies went off on a trip and wanted Mattie to go as her maid—and—Mattie went off with her for a—for a month and left me all alone in the flat, though she promised Mama Sims she'd look after me."

"And who is Mama Sims?" asked the lady.

"Why I always lived with her after my own mother died, and she was real good to me. Papa Sims taught me to play on the violin and I used to do a turn with him at the theater. He died two months ago in the flat just above Mattie's—we live just a block from here—and Mama Sims had to go back to her folks out to Indiana and take Buddy, he's

her baby. She could n't afford to keep me any longer, so Mattie took me—there was n't anybody else—I was n't any relation to anybody, you see. Mattie was good to me and I washed the dishes and tidied up and have gone to school every day. But she got this chance and went right off, though I cried and cried. She said Mr. McCarty—he's a policeman, and Mattie was good to them when their Patsy had the fever—would look after me, and Mrs. O'Brien,—she's the janitor's wife, but she's got six children of her own. You see—I was never—*all* alone before," added Fritzi, with a catch in her breath. "Prince Zanzabar—he's a man I used to help with his trained cockatoos, but I hated it, and Mama Sims said I did n't need to do it any longer; besides I'm too old now: I'm twelve. Then sometimes I went to Mr. Key's studio and he made pictures of me. He said they were for a little girls' magazine, and sometimes he'd tell me the stories—I did love that. But Mama Sims did n't like that for me, either—but now—I'm all alone." Fritzi was quite out of breath, her story had been pent up so long in her lonely heart that it only needed the sympathetic tears in the beautiful eyes that looked down upon her to give her courage to pour out all her trouble. "The Prince said he would pay the rent till Mattie comes back, but—but—the flat sort of chokes me, so I—so I—" and again Fritzi was sobbing.

"There, there, sweetheart," crooned the lady, over and over again, stroking the curly head, for she was deeply touched and greatly perplexed. Should she take this little unknown girl who seemed to have seen so much of the wrong and coarseness of the world among the children at home? Reason said "no," but her kindly heart said "yes." Suppose this was one of the dear girls at home, motherless, neglected, alone!

"There, dry your eyes now, dear," said the big lady, for her mind was made up. "We will go and get all your little duds now, for I am going to take you home. There is plenty of room in the Eyrie for one more birdling and you shall stay with us until Madame Sarti comes back. There, there honey—"

"Really and truly, may I go home with you?" exclaimed Fritzi eagerly; "I will wash the dishes and never break a single thing."

"Bless the child! Well, you see, dearie, I come from Virginia where guests never wash the dishes," laughed the lady, giving Fritzi

a comforting kiss. "But we 'll find plenty to do, never you fear, and now come, we must by hurrying. I have been away so long that they will be frightened about me at home, and we have a long way before us not to mention the ferry ride."

velvet boy's suit she had worn as Prince Zanzabar's poor little helper. There was nothing else except the blue school dress, wet now to the knees from her long tramp in the rain.

Fritzi from necessity was of a practical turn of mind and she did not like the thought

of wearing her best red frock out into the rain; the pink silk gown also seemed most unsuitable, and the dripping, dragged skirt of her school dress was an unpleasant object both to see and feel. There was nothing, then, but the little black velvet suit. It was very warm and comfortable and with her long winter coat buttoned over it, she thought no one would be the wiser.

For Fritzi to think was to act, and when the lady returned followed by the bare-armed Mrs. O'Brien, who was tagged in her turn by half a dozen dirty children, it was a cloaked and hatted Fritzi who greeted her, with the telescope strapped and ready; and laid beside it was the little green baize bag that held her precious fiddle.

"Ready so quickly, child? Well, that is good!" exclaimed the lady, bustling in.

"Mrs. O'Brien says she is sure Madame Sarti will be very glad to have you go home with me. She has given me Madame's address and I will write her at once, and to Mrs. Sims as well. And then, too, Mrs. O'Brien, I want you to please see Mr. McCarty and Prince Zanzabar and tell them where Fritzi has gone. I don't want them to think I have run away with the child. Here 's my card and address. And now, Fritzi, dear, say good-by to your friends for we are very late." Fearlessly, happily, Fritzi went with the big lady



"TO FRITZI'S SURPRISE AN ARM SLIPPED ABOUT HER, AND SHE FOUND HERSELF GATHERED INTO A WARM, COMFORTING EMBRACE."

CHAPTER II

THE HUNTERS

THE lady had gone down-stairs to find Mrs. O'Brien and explain that Fritzi was going on a visit, and Fritzi was left to do her packing. That did n't take as long as one would imagine. There was nothing to put in the shabby old telescope but a scarlet cashmere gown, that she wore when she went walking with Madame Sarti. A flimsy pink silk used in her "turn" with Professor Sims and a black

out into the rain and darkness. Silently they climbed the stairs to the elevated station; there was a clink of money, the crunch of the ticket-chopper and then as they stood upon the jarring platform away toward the north a pair of great green eyes began to glow and glitter as the train came rushing toward them. "South Ferry train," shouted the guard, and away they swung, while below the city growled and grumbled on in its unceasing toil.

"Is it very far to Virginia?" asked Fritzi timidly of the lady, who sat shading her eyes from the glare, but who rested a caressing hand upon her shoulder.

"To Virginia? Oh, I see," replied the lady, smilingly, "I said I came from Virginia, but now I live over on Staten Island, in a big old house we call the Eyrie, because it clings like an eagle's nest to the brow of a hill, and you can see miles and miles across the bay and on the other side far out to sea."

"Oh," sighed Fritzi happily. "I never saw the real sea but once and that was when Professor Sims had a week's engagement for us at Coney Island; but I had to play my fiddle so many hours I was almost too tired to do anything but sleep; and besides I could n't have a very good time on the beach because Mama Sims never let me play with other children, no one except Buddy. You see, she said my Mama was a real lady, and she would n't want me brought up rudely."

"So I thought," mused the lady, looking intently at the slender hands and the delicate oval of the pretty face. "It is strange, child, that your eyes and lashes are so black and your hair so golden. I don't think I ever saw so great a contrast."

Fritzi made no reply, but turned away her face to hide the quick blush that mounted painfully to her temples.

"Do you know anything about your family, Fritzi?" questioned the lady as the train drew into the station.

"Nothing except that my mother was hurt on the street and died in the hospital when I was a wee little girl. Mama Sims was a nurse there and she took a fancy to me, and kept me till Papa Sims died. She always said when I got big, may be she could help me find my father. But that is all I know."

Fritzi was so tired and sleepy she hardly knew how her feet followed down the stairs and out into the sulking old ferry-boat. Once there she settled comfortably in her corner and soothed by the motion of the boat sank into a dreamless sleep.

"Wake up, Fritzi. Wake up, honey." Fritzi confused and bewildered started out of her nap. The big lady was leaning over her shaking her gently. "Wake up, dear. We have reached Staten Island."

"Aunt Nancy Spear!" cried a merry voice, as the big lady and Fritzi trailed slowly out with the crowd. "Aunt Nancy Spear! We have been scared perfectly green about you. Here she is, Will! Come on Jo and Bert. Here 's our wicked Aunty, just as sweet and calm as if her wretched relatives had not been suffering agonies over her for the last two hours!" Then, as Fritzi looked about expectantly for all these boys, just the prettiest girl swooped down on the big lady, and another prettier and another, the third, prettiest of all, and last a rollicking, laughing-faced boy. They fairly swarmed about Fritzi's lady—she was kissed, and hugged, and patted, all of which liberties she seemed to thoroughly enjoy, for her cheeks grew very rosy and her eyes very bright, as she greeted them one after another.

"Hello, Aunty!" cried the boy. "Mother 's almost had fits and we 've thought of chaining Huldy and Uncle Christmas."

"Poor old Aunty," cooed the oldest girl. "She 's just tired to death."

"And who on earth is this?" exclaimed the youngest and prettiest girl, suddenly realizing that the big lady had fast hold of a slender little hand that belonged to a slender girl. "Goodness gracious, Aunty, who is this you are kidnapping?"

"I 've been waiting my chance, Jo, to introduce my guest. This is Fritzi—now this *is* funny, honey!" and Mrs. Spear looked smilingly down at Fritzi; "but I reckon I forgot to ask your last name."

"My real name," said Fritzi, flushing to the roots of her golden mop, "is Elizabeth Fredrika Ottlie Pauline Von Saal, but they have always called me Fritzi for short."

"Great guns!" muttered the boy, "I should think she 'd need a memory guide to remember 'em."

"Well, my dears," went on Mrs. Spear in her soft drawl. "Fritzi has come to make us a nice long visit, and I want you all to do your very best to help her have a good time. This, Fritzi, is my oldest niece, Miss Willis Hunter, and this next stair-step is Roberta, and this is Johanna, my third niece, and last, this is Albert, our one boy; but an extra lively one, to make up for a lack of numbers. For short, as you say, they are

Will, Rob, Jo and Bert. So you see how nicely you fit in with your boy's name."

"We all have boys' names except Bert," broke in Jo, prancing up and down and grinning wickedly. "When he 's silly, which is pretty much all the time, we call him Alice."

"Wait 'til I get you home!" threatened the boy.

"Peace, peace, you two!" rebuked Willis, throwing a detaining arm about the neck of each.

"Oh, that reminds me," laughed Rob, "that Auntie never mentioned the most important child of the family, Peace. She 's the baby and just seven. She 's little—"

"But, oh my!" finished Jo, struggling to escape Willis's embrace.—"Mother ought to have named her War instead of Peace. Wait till you hear her scream and kick."

"And all this time," exclaimed Rob, seizing the handle of Fritzi's telescope, "poor old Uncle Christmas is sitting in the rain. Come on, everybody."

"Here, let me help," cried Bert. "Why what have you there?" he inquired, as Fritzi resisted his effort to capture the green baize bag. "Something precious?"

"My violin," explained Fritzi, smiling back at him. "And, please, I never let anybody carry it but myself."

"Oh, gee! Can you play? Now that 's jolly! Did you hear that, Rob? We 've got a new member for the orchestra. I hope she 'll beat you all hollow, Joey, and take you down a peg or two."

"Dat yo', Miss Nancy?" cried a voice as they emerged laughing and chatting from the ferry house. "Dat yo' Missy?"

A shabby old surrey, two shabby old horses with a shabby old darky for a driver, stood under the electric light in the rain. The whites of the old man's eyes, his snowy hair and beard, gleamed against the blackness of his skin as he leaned out anxiously over the side, with his persistent question.

"I 'm here, Uncle Christmas, safe and sound," cried Mrs. Spear cheerily, "never felt better in my life."

"Bress de Lord fur dat!" quavered the old man. "Huldy an' me 's bin plum skeered out of our ol' brack skins."

"Just listen to Uncle Christmas," laughed Rob as they all scrambled into the surrey. "Come, Fritzi, cuddle down here with me under this warm rug. Is n't this jolly?"

To Fritzi it was all like a wonderful dream; the drip-drop of the rain upon the carriage

top, the cozy warmth within; the gay jokes, the clatter and the laughter, as they joggled along, plashing through pools, and slowly mounting up and up, to where the Eyrie waited them.

"Here we are!" shouted Bert, making a trumpet of his hands, as the old surrey drew up at the arched gateway in the high hedge, where just beyond, the light from the open door shone out across the wet pavement. "Safe home!"

"Dat yo', Christmas?" queried a voice from the veranda.

"Yaas, heah 's Miss Nancy, Huldy."

"Oh bress de Lord!" cried Huldy. "Heah yo' is all of yo'. Come in, come in!"

Up the steps they splashed and into the wide cheery hall, so full of the atmosphere of home and hospitality it seemed to waft the spirit of it out into the night.

"Here, Huldy," said Mrs. Spear, pushing Fritzi forward. "Here 's another baby for you to cuddle. The child is so tired and worn out she can't find her own buttons. Get her out of her cloak and hat."

Willis's gentle hands removed the old tam-o'-shanter, Rob took the fiddle from the little listless hand; Huldy undid with skilful fingers buttons, one, two, three, four—and down slipped the shabby old cloak.

"Suffering Moses!" cried Jo, as she caught sight of the velvet suit, "she 's a boy!"

NEXT morning a sunbeam, having set all the varnished buds of the horse-chestnut tree that grew just outside of the open window aglitter, threw a leg over the sill and hopped gaily in, intent upon his morning business. He painted the apple blossoms upon the wall paper a brighter pink, swept the rose and gray of the rug into warmer hues, polished the little brass bed until it glittered like gold, washed the white counterpane to snow, set a halo about the yellow curly head upon the pillow, and then in a merry twinkle darted across the little freckled nose. The nose wrinkled and winked, but it was of no use; the sunbeam had his inexorable duty to do, so brushed across the closed eyelids. The lids fluttered, then flew open and a pair of startled black eyes looked out on the pretty room, now flooded by a thousand sunbeams.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Fritzi sitting up in bed. "It 's heaven!"

In amazement Fritzi's glance swept the room; but it was not until it fell upon another little bed, over the edge of which hung a long,

heavy, tousled braid of red hair, that Fritzi understood.

That braid she had seen before; that could belong to nobody but Joey Hunter, and Fritzi cuddled down once more among her pillows to think it out.

Could she, this dainty Fritzi, lying in the luxury of a pretty lace-trimmed gown in this beautiful room, be the same who so hopelessly had crossed Sixth Avenue only the evening before? And yet this seemed the most-at-home, the realest Fritzi after all, for far back in her memory there was a dim picture of such an-

some beautiful dream, best of all had been Mrs. Spear's visit to her bedside.

"Asleep Fritzi?" she had asked, softly, tip-toeing in to lean over the little bed. "I've come to say good-night, dear."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Fritzi, smiling up happily, "I can't go to sleep because it is so beautiful," smoothing the little white pillow lovingly. "I just *love* clean."

"Bless your heart, honey, you look like a little lily-bud lying there! But you must go to sleep now and have a good rest. I want you to promise me, Fritzi, not to tell Bert or



"'SUFFERING MOSES,' CRIED JO, 'SHE'S A BOY!'"

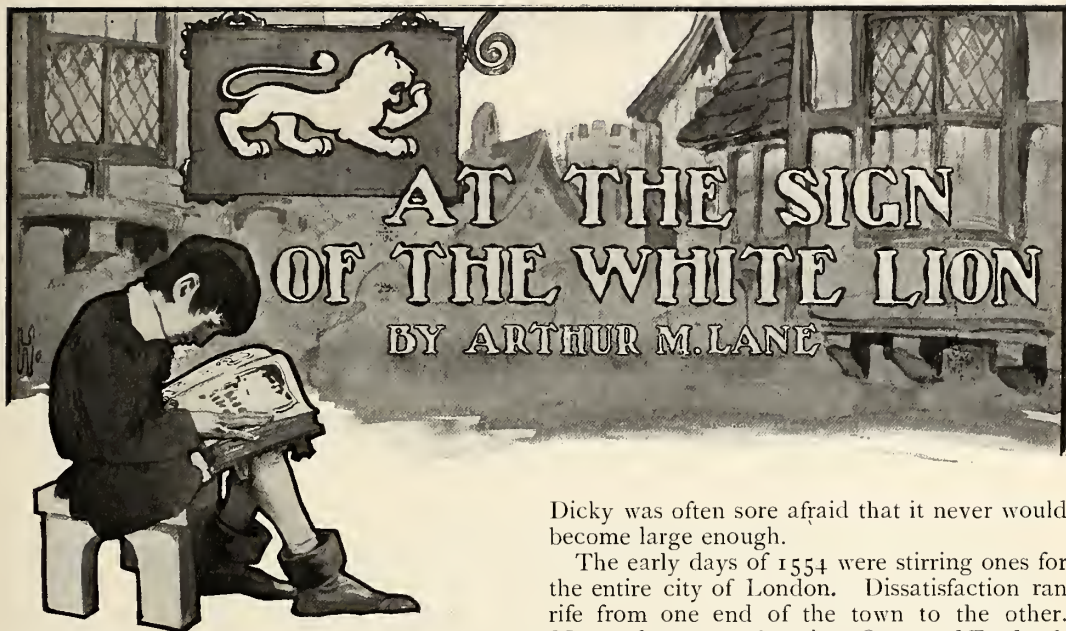
other dainty nest, of just such a sunny pretty room, and there was a sweet somebody there—a woman, her mother—yes, and still more dimly, a man, her father, and they had both loved her. But when or where? Try as she would she could recall no more; the outline was too faint.

It had been so pleasant last night, like

Jo about Madame Sarti, Professor Sims and the Prince. If they ask you about your home tell them to come to me. Just forget all about it if you can, dearie, and enjoy yourself to the uttermost.

"Here's a little kiss for you, my dear. Now say your prayers, honey, and I wish you the sweetest dreams. Good night."

(To be continued.)



AT THE SIGN OF THE WHITE LION

BY ARTHUR M. LANE

IN one of the quaint many-gabled houses that stood on London Bridge during the reign of Queen Mary, there lived a little lad named Richard Hewett, or Dicky, as he was called by all the boys and girls of the neighborhood.

The house in which Dicky lived was on the Southwark side of the bridge, right next the drawbridge, which was almost midway between London and Southwark. Dicky's father was a mercer, or merchant, as we would say nowadays, and over the door of his neat shop dangled one of the innumerable signs for which London Bridge was famous—a white lion boldly standing out on a scarlet ground.

Dicky was a jolly little fellow, ruddy-cheeked and blue-eyed, and was ever ready for a game of tag or "all-hid" with his boy and girl companions.

Living so near the water, it was natural that Dicky should be an expert swimmer. Among all the lads on London Bridge none could tread water better, or swim under water longer, than Dicky Hewett. But, despite his propensity for all kinds of mischief and innocent fun, he was an industrious little chap, and conned his books diligently.

It was Dicky's one ambition to become a great man, and, as his father truly said, a good education was the best means of attaining that end. Master Hewett applauded Dicky's ambition, and every week he laid away a portion of his hard-earned wages to further his son's desire. But the sum did not grow very rapidly, and

Dicky was often sore afraid that it never would become large enough.

The early days of 1554 were stirring ones for the entire city of London. Dissatisfaction ran rife from one end of the town to the other. Mary, who was at that time Queen of England, had declared her intention of marrying Philip of Spain, a step that did not by any means meet with the approval of her subjects.

Week by week the discontent continued, until at length, on a certain gray February day in that memorable year, it culminated, and excitement on the bridge reached fever-heat.

Early in the afternoon of that winter day news reached the Mayor and sheriffs of London town that Sir Thomas Wyatt, at the head of a large band of stanch yeomen, was marching from Deptford to Southwark, their purpose being to enter London and seize the Queen, who, in spite of the pleas of her counselors, persisted in her intention of marrying Philip of Spain.

The Lord Mayor instantly issued orders that every loyal subject should close and bar his shop and stand ready to defend the bridge. The gates at the Southwark end of the bridge were closed and the drawbridge was raised to prevent the enemy from gaining admission to the city.

The Hewetts, as we have seen, lived on the Southwark side of the bridge, and when the heavy drawbridge was raised they were cut off entirely from the protection of the Mayor's forces. Then what an exciting time ensued on the Southwark side of the bridge! Shutters were fastened, doors barricaded, and all sorts of cumbersome firearms placed in readiness. Then followed an anxious period of watching and waiting.

At last, late in the afternoon, the dreaded Sir Thomas, with his two thousand burly men, arrived before the bridge gates. He saw at a glance that the Londoners were prepared to



OLD LONDON BRIDGE AT ABOUT THE TIME OF THIS STORY. REPRINTED FROM ST. NICHOLAS FOR

hold the bridge at all odds, and, observing the ponderous cannon that gaped with iron mouths on the other side of the raised drawbridge, he evidently thought discretion the better part of valor, for he fell back and waited before the sturdy bridge gates.

Night fell, and the anxious shopmen on the Southwark side, who were exposed to the immediate attack of Wyatt's ruffians should they force the gates, gathered determinedly around their kitchen fires, never daring to take their eyes from their trusty weapons. So the time dragged and there was no move on the part of the rebels.

As the night progressed and there still came no cries of murder or noise of carnage, the loyal merchants relaxed their vigilance, and at the Sign of the White Lion, little Dicky Hewett, tired enough, pretty well frightened, as you may imagine, at last crept off to bed at his father's behest.

But he could not sleep. Every little noise seemed to assume enormous proportions, and Dicky afterward was not ashamed to confess that he more than once hid his head under the bed-clothes.

At length he fell into a doze. Suddenly he awoke with a start. Surely that was a tread on the roof! He listened sharply. Yes; there it was again, an unmistakable footstep on the stone just outside his window. And, strange to say, in the face of actual danger, Dicky did not cover his head with the quilt. He quivered in a strange fashion, and lay with wide-open eyes staring at the lattice.

Of a sudden the window was cautiously swung open (the windows at that time opened like doors), and a man's head was thrust into the room. The pale beams of the rising moon lighted the room faintly, and Dicky almost held

his breath while he stared and stared. At last, like a cat, a man crept into the little chamber. Dicky caught a sudden glimpse of a giant-like form and of a grim, bearded face, the sight of which made him long to cry out, but the words stuck in his throat. He gasped, but made no outcry, and the tall man turned sharply to two others who had by this time made their way into the room.

"What was that?" he whispered hoarsely, as he approached the bed.

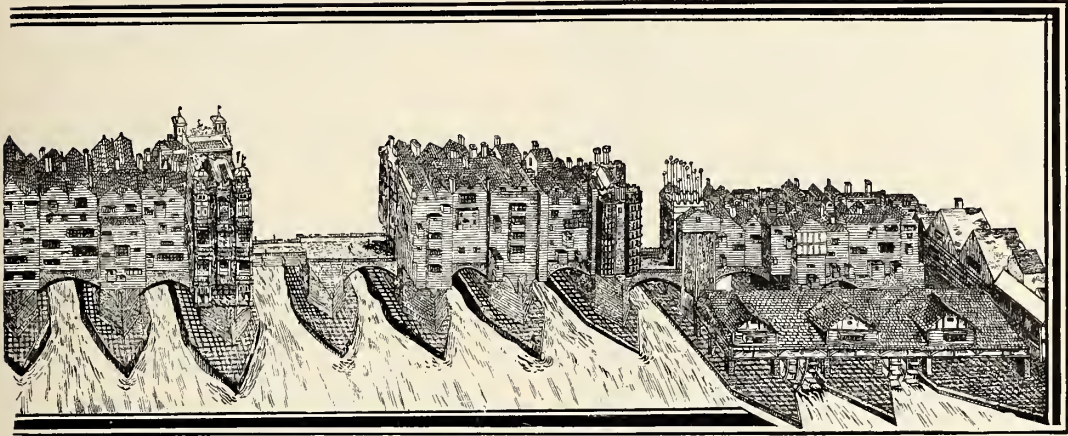
Instantly Dicky closed his eyes, and though his heart very nearly stopped beating, he contrived to keep perfectly still. He knew that the man was standing over him, and he could not help heaving a sigh of relief when he heard him turn softly away.

"'T is but a lad, fast asleep," he heard the man mutter to his companions. And then they all three crept silently out of the room, and once or twice Dicky heard the stairs creak as they made their way to the lower floor.

Though badly frightened, Dicky's mind worked rapidly, and no sooner had the last creak of the stairs betokened that the marauders had arrived below, than he threw off the bed-covers, sprang out of bed, hurried into his clothes, and followed.

The kitchen door was closed, and Dicky, in his stocking-feet, had to grope along the narrow passage that led up to it, like a midnight plunderer. He at length reached the door without stumbling, and waited a moment with bated breath.

There was not a sound from the kitchen, and the lad's heart gave a queer jump as he realized that perhaps the three ruffians had already killed his father and mother. With a suppressed sob, he crept closer and peeped through the wide crack that cleft the heavy door exactly in



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twain from floor to ceiling. How great was his joy when he saw that his parents were still safe! To be sure, the three rebels were aiming their ungainly firearms directly at Master Hewett and his wife, which plainly showed that they were in danger; but Dick's mind was set



"A MAN'S HEAD WAS THRUST INTO THE ROOM."

doubly at rest when the tallest and most villainous-looking of the three men observed:

"Prithee, good master, don't disturb thy-

self. Make no outcry, and we shall not harm ye. Barney," as he turned to a sturdy young fellow of scarce eighteen, "do you remain here, while Cuthbert and myself have a peep at the Lord High Admiral and our good Lord Mayor, and find out what they are plotting between them on the other side of the drawbridge. Master Hewett, I trust you and your good dame will keep silence."

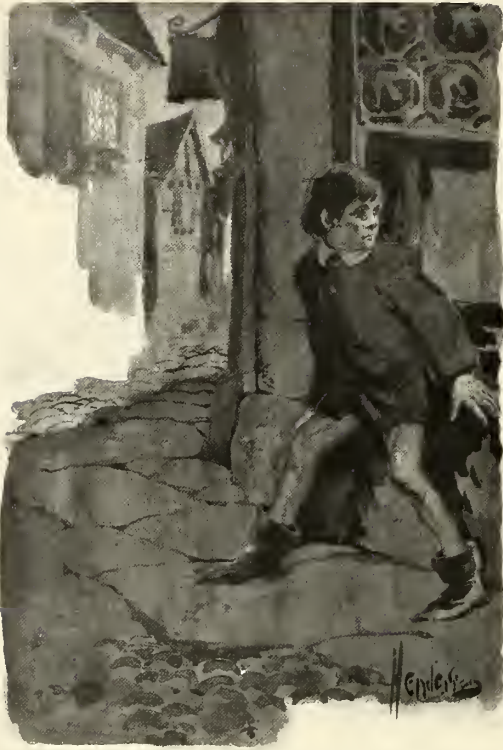
"'T is treason to let you spy on the Lord High Admiral and the worshipful Lord Mayor," Master Hewett returned. "But ye have us in your power, and I give ye my word that we will set up no clamor."

"Well said, my good mercer! And now, Cuthbert, to business," and the tall, bearded man, who was no other than Sir Thomas Wyatt himself, stepped out of the door into Master Hewett's shop, followed by him whom he called Cuthbert.

For a moment Dicky stood perplexed. Then, like a flash, he realized what Wyatt and Cuthbert were about. They were spying upon the sheriff's men on the other side of the drawbridge, for the purpose of discovering the plans of the Lord Mayor. So much was clear to Dicky, and he was also certain that the rebels had no right to be about such business. He thought rapidly for a time. He could not, of course, prevent Wyatt from carrying out his plan, but he could warn the Lord Mayor of the rebels' movements.

And how do you suppose he did it? You have been told that Dicky was a perfect water-rat, and of course he could dive and swim, and now this accomplishment was to stand him in good stead.

Dicky's hastily conceived plan was to climb down the rough stone abutments of one of the piers that supported the bridge, dive into the



"HE SKULKED HERE AND THERE IN THE SHADOWS."

water, swim to the other side, and so admonish the Lord Mayor that he was being spied upon.

Without hesitating another minute, Dicky cautiously made his way to a side window, opened the lattice, and clambered out.

He skulked here and there in the shadows cast by the neighboring houses, and soon reached the nearest pier. He wasted no time, but with infinite care began the perilous descent. The stone abutments were very cold, and his hands and feet soon became numb, but with remarkable grit he clutched and swung from one abutment to another.

It was slow work, for it was dark, and the brave little lad had to feel his way. Finally, after what seemed like an hour to the shivering Dicky, he reached the last abutment, and, after clinging there a moment, he plunged, as silently as possible, into the cold, dark river.

The water was like ice, but he gritted his teeth and struggled on. It seemed as if he *never* would reach the opposite shore; but at length his feet touched bottom, and he rushed gasping but thankful, out of the swirling water.

Five minutes later the Lord High Admiral and his friend, the Lord Mayor of London, who were conversing in low tones on the London side of the drawbridge, were startled to behold a

dark, little form making its way through the ranks of merry sheriffs' men, who moved aside, murmuring in approbation. The story of Dicky's plucky swim, and the reason for it, had spread like wild-fire all along the bridge, and more than once Dicky flushed with embarrassment as some stout soldier clapped him heartily on the back and saluted him with words of praise.

"Whom have we here?" the Lord Mayor asked, as he surveyed Dicky's dripping figure.

"By my faith, 't is a lad, and he 's wet from crown to toe," put in the Lord High Admiral. "What is thy name, lad, and whence dost thou come?"

His teeth chattering, Dicky replied with a deep curtsy and the respect which his mother had taught him was due to those of exalted station:

"They call me Richard Hewett, sir, so it please you."

"And what dost want, Master Richard?" the Lord Mayor inquired in a kindly tone, as he threw his own heavy cloak around Dicky's shivering form. "So; that is better, is it not?" he asked, with a smile that did much to dispel Dicky's fear of such a great and much-dreaded man.

Briefly, and with still chattering teeth, the lad told his tale. The great gentlemen listened



"BRIEFLY, AND WITH CHATTERING TEETH, THE LAD TOLD HIS TALE."

carefully until he had finished. Then quoth the Lord High Admiral to the Lord Mayor:

"Faith, sir, this will bear investigation."

With which the two dignitaries, followed by one of the sheriffs, crept softly to the edge of the drawbridge. All three strained their eyes, and, sure enough, on the opposite side of the wide chasm they distinguished the dim figures of Sir Thomas Wyatt and his companion, well concealed in the shadows of the White Lion.

As soon as they realized that they were discovered, the two conspirators made a wild dash for safety and succeeded in escaping.

Great excitement prevailed for a time; guards were instantly placed near the edge of the drawbridge, and when at last calm settled down upon the Lord Mayor's forces, his Lordship turned to Dicky, and clapping him gently on the back, said: "My lad, thou hast done excellent service to-night. 'T is such lads as thou that make the bold, brave men of England. And now, Master Richard, you are surely chilled after your swim, and had better hie to bed. Everybody on London Bridge is thy debtor this night, and anybody will be right glad to give thee a couch, I wot. Gregory," he called to the tall sheriff, "you will see that Master Hewett is warmly housed until morning."

But the Lord High Admiral, with a courteous wave of the hand, addressed the Mayor.

"Not so fast, sir," he observed. "The boy should certes have some reward for his valor."

"My word, yes," the Mayor returned approvingly. "Tell me, my lad, how can we pay thee for thy service? Dost want a new doublet and hosen? Or a fine warm cloak, perchance? Speak out, boy; needst have no fear."

"My Lord," stammered Dicky, as he went very red. "I want no reward for my service. I did it not for a reward, but to save the bridge and my home."

"Bravely said, my modest little fellow," growled the Admiral. "Natheless, thou shalt be rewarded for thy pluck. Now, get thee to bed."

Early next morning, Dicky learned with thanksgiving that Sir Thomas Wyatt and his men had marched away during the night; and though they actually did effect an entrance into London town at another point, the rebel forces were soon put down, and peace was restored to the city.

ONE afternoon, not a week later, a gorgeous coach, drawn by four splendid black horses, rumbled across London Bridge and drew up

before the White Lion. And who do you suppose stepped out of the coach? No less a personage than the Lord Mayor himself, resplendent in a cloak that fairly dazzled the spectators, and with him came a slim, grave old man, neatly clad in somber black.

Dicky saw the twain enter the shop and immediately fled. But his father, with all due honor, approached the Mayor and bowed deeply before him.

"It gives me great pleasure to greet thee, Master Hewett," the Lord Mayor said. "I also wish to compliment you on your brave little son, who did us a most worthy service a few nights since. Where is Master Richard? Methought I saw him disappear through yon door as I entered your shop."

Much against his inclinations, Dicky was at length persuaded to face the Lord Mayor, who made much of him; and after praising him till the poor lad's cheeks flamed with embarrassment, he presented his sober-faced companion.

"Master Richard, this is Master William Debow, a famous scholar, who has come to superintend your education. Nay, nay; cease thy blushing, lad. I have made inquiry among thy neighbors, and find that thou art a brave, good boy, and that thy ambition is to become a learned man. 'T is an ambition worthy of so plucky a lad, and in appointing Master Debow thy mentor, I am but repaying a service which all London Bridge doth laud most prodigiously. How say you, lad? Dost think all this praise will turn thy head?" And the Lord Mayor slyly pinched Dicky's cheek.

At first Dicky could only stammer and blush more than ever, but he finally succeeded in expressing his gratefulness to the Mayor; and after more conversation with Master Hewett and his good wife, the genial gentleman departed.

The grave, silent old scholar, Master Debow, remained at the White Lion for many a day; and under his admirable tutelage, Dicky made rapid progress in his studies. In his seventeenth year he entered the famous University of Oxford; and when, several years later, he finished his course, he became a lawyer of great renown, and during the reign of "Good Queen Bess," when the armies of England and Spain were fighting for supremacy, Richard Hewett took a prominent part in a perilous campaign in Holland, and was knighted for valor on the field of battle.

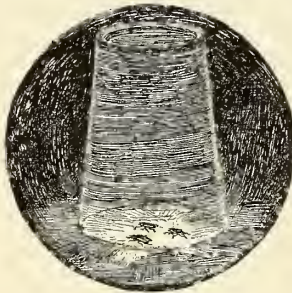
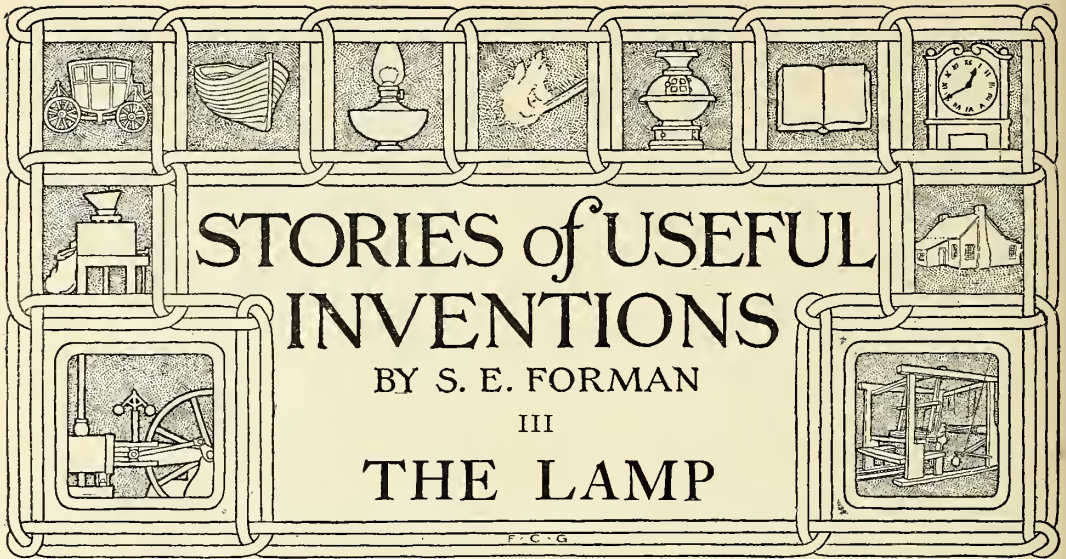


FIG. 1. A FIREFLY LAMP.

time and uses it for work or for travel or for social pleasures, or for the improvement of his mind, and in this way adds several years to life. He could not do this if he were compelled to grope in darkness. When the great source of daylight disappears he must make light for himself, for the sources of night-light—the moon and stars and aurora borealis and lightning are not sufficient to satisfy his wants. In this chapter we shall follow man in his efforts to conquer darkness, and we shall have the story of the lamp.

We may begin the story with an odd but interesting kind of lamp. The firefly or lighting-bug which we see so often in the summer nights was in the earliest time brought into service and made to shed its light for man. Fireflies were imprisoned in a rude box—in the shell of a cocoanut, perhaps, or in a gourd—and the light of their bodies was allowed to shoot out through the numerous holes made in the box. We must not despise the light given

NEXT to its usefulness for heating and cooking, the greatest use of fire is to furnish light to drive away darkness. Man is not content, like birds and brutes, to go to sleep at the setting of the sun. He takes a part of the night-

out by these tiny little creatures. "In the mountains of Tijuca," says a traveler, "I have read the finest print by the light of one of these natural lamps (fireflies) placed under a common glass tumbler, and with distinctness I could tell the hour of the night and discern the very small figures which marked the seconds of a little Swiss watch."

Although fireflies have been used here and there by primitive folk, they could hardly have been the first lamp. Man's battle with darkness really began with the *torch*, which was lighted at the fire in the cave or in the wigwam and kept burning for purposes of illumination. A burning stick was the first lamp (Fig. 2). The first improvement in the torch was made when slivers or splinters of resinous or oily wood were tied together and burned. We may regard this as a lamp which is all wick. This invention resulted in a fuller and clearer light, and one that would burn longer than the single stick. A further improvement came when a long piece of wax or fatty substance was wrapped about with leaves. This



FIG. 2. A BURNING STICK WAS THE FIRST LAMP.

was something like a candle, only the wick (the leaves) was outside, and the oily substance which fed the wick was in the center.

In the course of time it was discovered that it was better to smear the grease on the *outside* of the stick, or on the outside of whatever was to be burned; that is, that it was better to have the wick *inside*. Torches were then made of rope coated with resin or fat, or of sticks or splinters smeared with grease; here the stick resembled the wick of the candle as we know it to-day, and the coating of fat corresponded to the tallow or paraffin. Rude candles made of oiled

rope or of sticks smeared with fat were invented in primitive times, and they continued to be used for thousands of years after men were civilized. In the dark ages—and they were dark in more senses than one—torch-makers be-

gan to wrap the central stick first with flax or hemp and then place around this a thick layer of fat. This torch gave a very good light, but about the time of Alfred the Great (900 A. D.) another step was taken: the central stick was left out altogether, and the thick layer of fat or wax was placed directly around the wick of twisted cotton. All that was left of the original torch—the stick of wood—was gone. The torch had developed into the *candle*. The candles of to-day are made of better material than those of the olden time, and they are much cheaper; yet in principle they do not differ from the candles of a thousand years ago.

I have given the development of the candle first because its forerunner, the torch, was first used for lighting.

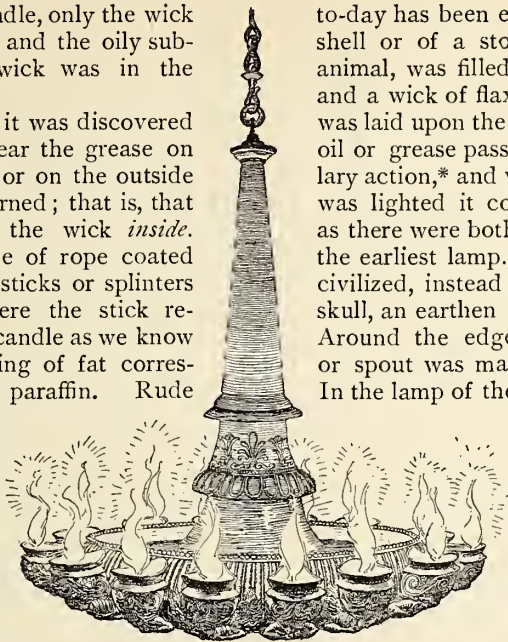
But it must not be forgotten that along with the torch there was used, almost from the beginning, another kind of lamp. Almost as

soon as men discovered that the melted fat of animals would burn easily—and that was certainly very long ago—they invented in a rude form the *lamp* from which the lamp of



A SHELL FILLED WITH OIL AND USED AS A LAMP.

to-day has been evolved. The cavity of a shell or of a stone, or of the skull of an animal, was filled with melted fat or oil, and a wick of flax or other fibrous material was laid upon the edge of the vessel. The oil or grease passed up the wick by capillary action,* and when the end of the wick was lighted it continued to burn so long as there were both oil and wick. This was the earliest lamp. As man became more civilized, instead of a hollow stone or a skull, an earthen saucer or bowl was used. Around the edge of the bowl a gutter or spout was made for holding the wick. In the lamp of the ancient Greeks and Romans the reservoir which held the oil was closed, although in the center there was a hole through which the oil might be poured. Sometimes one of these lamps would have several spouts or nozles. The more wicks a lamp had, the more light it would, of course,



AN ETRUSCAN LAMP 2500 YEARS OLD.

give. There is in the museum at Cortona, in Italy, an ancient lamp which has sixteen nozles. This interesting relic was used in a pagan temple in Etruria more than twenty-five hundred years ago.

Lamps such as have just been described were used among the civilized peoples of the ancient world, and continued to be used through the middle ages far into modern times. They were sometimes very costly and beautiful, but they never gave a good light. They sent out an unpleasant odor, and they were so smoky that they covered the walls and furniture with soot. The candle was in every way better than the ancient lamp, and after the invention of wax tapers—candles made of wax—in the thirteenth century, lamps were no longer used by those who could afford to buy tapers. For ordinary purposes and ordinary people, how-

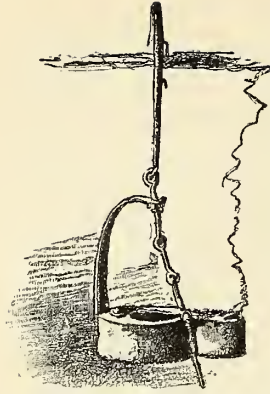
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AN ANCIENT LAMP.

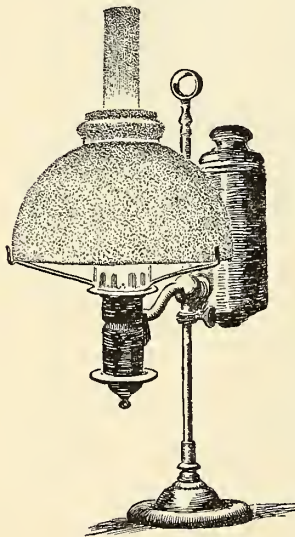
ever, lamps were used through the middle ages far into modern times. They were sometimes very costly and beautiful, but they never gave a good light. They sent out an unpleasant odor, and they were so smoky that they covered the walls and furniture with soot. The candle was in every way better than the ancient lamp, and after the invention of wax tapers—candles made of wax—in the thirteenth century, lamps were no longer used by those who could afford to buy tapers. For ordinary purposes and ordinary people, how-

* Hold the end of a dry towel in a basin of water and watch the water rise in the towel. It rises by capillary action.



AN OLD DUTCH LAMP.

ever, the lamp continued to do service, but it was not improved. The eighteenth century had nearly passed, and the lamp was still the unsatisfactory, disagreeable thing it had always been. Late in the eighteenth century the improvement came. In 1783 a man named Argand, a Swiss physician residing in London, invented a lamp that was far better than any that had ever been made before. What did Argand do for the lamp? Examine an ordinary lamp in which coal-oil is burned. The chimney protects the flame from sudden gusts of wind and also creates a draft of air,* just as the fire-chimney creates a draft. Argand's lamp was the first to have a chimney. Look below the chimney and you will see open passages through which air may pass upward and find its way to the wick. Notice further that as this draft of air passes upward it is so directed that when the lamp is burning an extra quantity of air plays directly upon the



AN ARGAND LAMP.

wick. Before Argand, the wick received no supply of air. Now notice—and this is very important—that the wick of our modern lamp is flat or circular, but thin. The air in abundance plays upon both sides of the thin wick, and burns it without making smoke. Smoke is simply half-burned particles (soot) of a burning substance. The particles pass off half burned because enough air

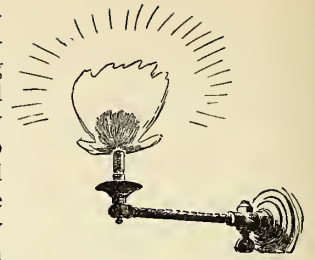
has not been supplied. Now Argand, by making the wick thin and by causing plenty of air to rush into the flame, caused all the wick to be burned and thereby caused it to burn with a white flame.

After the invention of Argand, the art of lamp-making improved by leaps and by bounds.

More progress was made in twenty years after 1783 than had been made in twenty centuries before. New burners were invented, new and better oils were used, and better wicks made. But all the new kinds of lamps were patterned after the Argand. The lamp you use at home may not be a real Argand, but it is doubtless made according to the principles of the lamp invented by the Swiss physician in 1783.

Soon after Argand invented his lamp, William Murdock, a Scottish inventor, showed the world a new way of lighting a house. It had long been known that fat or coal, when heated, gives off a vapor or gas which burns with a bright light. Indeed, it is *always* a gas that burns, and not a hard substance. In the candle or in the lamp the flame heats the

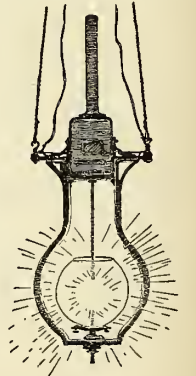
oil which comes up to it through the wick and thus causes the oil to give off a gas. It is this gas that burns and gives the light. Now Murdock, in 1797, put this principle to a good use. He heated coal in a large vessel, and allowed the gas which was driven off to pass through mains and tubes to different parts of his house. Whenever he wanted a light he let the gas escape at the end of the tube in a small jet and lighted it. Here was a lamp without a wick. Murdock soon extended his gas-pipes to his factories, and lighted them with gas. As soon as it was learned how to make gas cheaply, and conduct it safely from house to house, whole cities were rescued from darkness by the new illuminant. A con-



THE GAS JET.



THE CANDLE.



AN EARLY ARC LAMP.

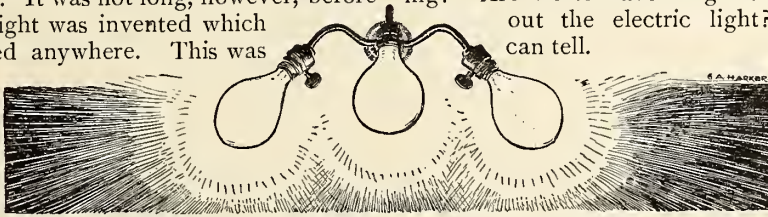
* Light a short piece of candle and place it in a tumbler, and cover the top of the tumbler. The experiment teaches that a flame must have a constant supply of fresh air and will go out if the air is shut off.

siderable part of London was lighted by gas in 1815. Baltimore was the first city in the United States to be lighted by gas. This was in 1821.

The gas-light proved to be so much better than even the best of lamps, that in towns and cities almost everybody who could afford to do so laid aside the old wick-lamp and burned gas. About 1876, however, a new kind of light began to appear. This was the *electric* light. The powerful *arc*-light, made by the passage of a current of electricity between two carbon points, was the first to be invented. This gave as much light as a hundred gas-jets or several hundred lamps. Such a light was excellent for lighting streets, but its painful glare and its sputtering rendered it unfit for use within doors. It was not long, however, before an electric light was invented which could be used anywhere. This was

the famous Edison's *incandescent* or glow lamp, which we see on every hand. Edison's invention is only a few years old, yet there are already more than twenty million incandescent lamps in use in the United States alone.

The torch, the candle, the lamp, the gas-light, the electric light,—these are the steps of the development of the lamp. And how marvelous a growth it is! How great the triumph over darkness! In the beginning a piece of wood burns with a dull flame, and fills the dingy wigwam or cave with soot and smoke; now, at the pressure of a button, the house is filled with a light that rivals the light of day, with not a particle of smoke or soot or harmful gas. Are there to be further triumphs in the art of lighting? Are we to have a light that shall drive out the electric light? Time only can tell.



A Double Surprise

By F. S.

(See Frontispiece)

THE Mother Fox dropped the fat marmot she had been carrying and barked three times,—softly. Almost instantly four young foxes, woolly, sheep-like little fellows, came tumbling out from the inner den and their mother led them into the World.

A few hundred yards below the den, a well-used deer-trail zigzagged around the hillside. To this trail the old fox made her way, the young ones romping awkwardly behind.

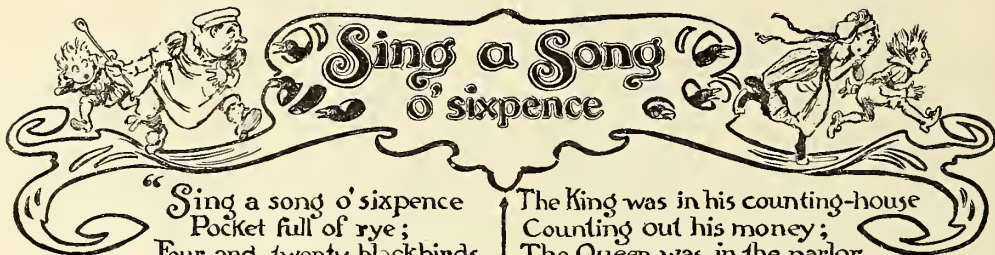
Where a weasel had dodged under a shelving rock the Mother Fox crouched for a moment, eager-eyed,—her family, intent on what lay beyond, pursuing their way along the trail. A little further on, the most active of the youngsters paused whining, half baffled, with his foremost feet resting on a big rock that barred his way, and, as he stood undecided, suddenly a terrifying apparition loomed up before him. Truly, a grizzly is the very image of death to smaller animals and to the tiny fox-cub this one appeared

of mountainous proportions. No wonder then that he tumbled backward among his brothers and sisters with a lusty cry of fear! But on the instant, another wonderful thing happened, when the Mother Fox came bounding along the path, and with no thought for herself leaped between this mighty creature and her young—the hair on her back bristling thickly, her fangs turned against the ponderous animal that could, had he so desired, have crushed her with a touch. And why he did not do so,—who can tell? Perhaps he was gorged with eating, or possibly, he was even startled for the moment and so allowed them to escape.

The fact remains that the Indian youth who viewed this little drama from a distance, saw the Mother Fox lead her family back to the home-den in safety. There, in a very short time they were growling baby growls and over the body of a young jack rabbit, who, poor fellow, had no mother to watch over him.

Mother Goose Continued

By Anna Marion Smith

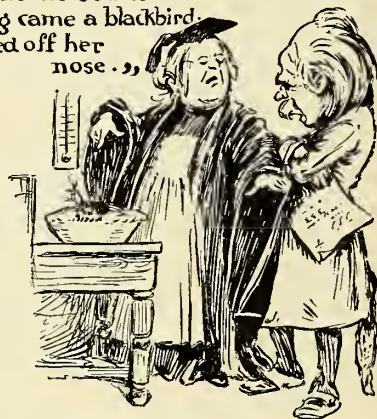


"Sing a song o' sixpence
Pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing
Was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King?"

The King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the dothes
When along came a blackbird
And nipped off her
nose . . .



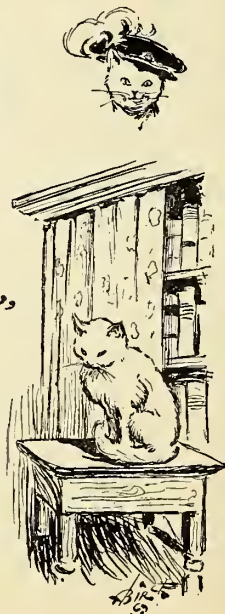
Sing a song o' sixpence
A pocket full of rye;
I know another blackbird
Baked in a pie.
The maid it was who baked it
With all her might and main,
Resolved there 'd be one
blackbird
That should n't nip again.



"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.
I'll sit by the fire, and give her some food,
And pussy will love me because I am good . . .

I never will dress her again, that is sure.
Her scratches, you see, are not easy to cure.
And I find that it takes much more time than
you 'd guess,
To sew up the rents in my dolly's best dress.

I 'd give a good deal, if it was n't for that,
To see how she 'd look in my dolly's new hat.
But no, I 'll not try it, you never can tell;
And politeness is best till one's scratches get
well.





I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum
I bought a little handkerchie,
To wipe his little nose,
And a pair of little garters
To tie his little hose.

I bought a little carriage
And took him out to ride,
And yet with all my efforts
He was n't satisfied.
I never would have married,
Now this I do declare, —
If I'd supposed a hus-
band
Was such an awful care.



here was a man in our town
"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again . ,

This clever man then hastened on
And bought a pair of shears,
But when he tried to cut with them,
He snipped off both his ears.
And when he heard his ears were off,
('T was told him o'er and o'er),
He seized the shears and snipped them
back
As they had been before.

"Because," said he, "wise men like me,
Who travel round about,
And keep their eyes, and use them well,
May find some people out.
And if they also use their ears,
And hark what hearsay brings,
They're likewise pretty sure to hear
Some very funny things."



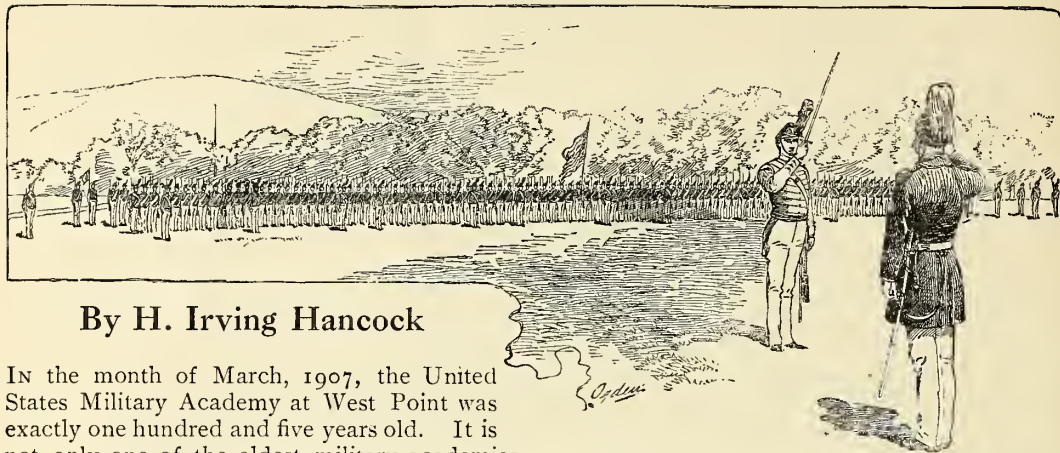
SEE SAW, SACARADOWN

"See saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down.
That is the way to Boston town. ,,"

See saw, steady and slow!
Other places there are, I know,
But they are not worth the trouble to go,
For Boston people have told me so.



Our Hundred-Year-Old Military Academy



By H. Irving Hancock

IN the month of March, 1907, the United States Military Academy at West Point was exactly one hundred and five years old. It is not only one of the oldest military academies in the world, but is admittedly the best, its graduates reaching a higher degree of efficiency during the four years' course than is attained anywhere else.

To George Washington must be given the credit of causing the first steps to be taken toward the founding of a national military academy. In 1794, while serving his second term as President, Washington succeeded in having Congress create the grade of cadet in the army. West Point was chosen as the best army post at which cadets could be trained, for the reason that it was then the most important station of the artillerists and engineers. The cadets of those days did not pass entrance examinations, and the standard of proficiency in studies did not amount to the tenth part of what is exacted nowadays. A smattering of engineering, mathematics, and artillery practice was all that was deemed necessary.

On March 16, 1802, an act of Congress was approved that provided for an actual national military academy. By virtue of that act, five officers were detailed for instruction, and ten cadets were appointed. On July 4 of the same year the academic term began. Other acts of Congress, in 1803 and again five years later, increased the number of students to nearly two hundred. Yet very few cadets were appointed, no especial provision was made for their housing, and those who did attend had great difficulty in securing adequate means of study or livelihood. And bad as this start was, matters became rapidly worse.

Then came the reaction caused by the alarm of finding ourselves a second time at war with the mother-country. Congress hastily reorgan-

DRESS PARADE. "SIR, THE PARADE IS FORMED."

ized the academy, and provided for the appointment, maintenance, instruction, and pay of a corps of two hundred and fifty cadets. Many additional courses of study were ordered, and more strict requirements were prescribed for young men who wished to graduate into the army. But Major Sylvanus Thayer who became superintendent in 1817 was the first chief of the academy to insist upon a wide knowledge of mathematics as being absolutely necessary to the making of a capable young officer.

Beginning with the sway of Major Thayer, the general system of the studies and training of the cadet were much as they are to this day. About the only changes that have been made in the courses of study are those required by advances in the art of war and the general knowledge that is required of an officer. In the first place, an officer must be a man of alert mind. He must be able to see things accurately, to form his judgment at once, and to act with precision and safety. It is for this reason that the study of mathematics has always been insisted upon as the most important feature of the course at West Point; for the training that comes from a thorough study of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry is believed to provide the surest route to quick brain action.

To-day the law provides for five hundred and eleven cadets: one to be appointed from each congressional district, one from the District of Columbia and from each Territory, two "at large" from each State, and thirty to be appointed "at large" by the President. The senators are allowed to nominate the two

“at large” candidates from each State. Each cadet is expected to serve four years at the academy, although some of them, on account of deficiency in one study or another, are turned back for one year. A congressman may appoint only when a vacancy exists from his district.

The young candidate who passes the best mental examination in reading, writing, and spelling, arithmetic, algebra, English grammar, composition and literature, geography, ordinary history and physiology and hygiene, then receives the nomination, provided his physical examination shows him to be in sound health. Appointments are generally made a year ahead of the time of admission to the academy. After the nomination is made the candidate is allowed to go before an army examining board as near as possible to his home.

In nearly every case the boy who wishes to go to West Point must put in a year or two of especially strenuous study in order to be able to pass the entrance examination. That is nothing compared with what is before him in case he succeeds in entering the academy. West Point is the worst possible place for a lazy or stupid boy. He is aroused at six o'clock in the morning, has a stated number of minutes in which to wash and dress himself, a few more minutes in which to aid his room-mate in setting the little apartment to rights.

Let the boy who wishes to go to West Point gaze around his room at home and see how it looks. Then let him understand that at the academy a scrap of paper on the floor, or any other untidiness, will bring about a punishment that affects his standing in his class. As quickly as he can possibly get his room tidy, the bugle sounds to call him to breakfast. That over, he marches to recitation. The schoolmasters at West Point, who are all army officers, are looked upon as being the most strict in the country. No cadet is allowed to make the excuse that he has not been able to prepare his lesson. He must be prepared for all that his instructors require of him. Nor can he hope to escape unnoticed, for each class is divided into sections of about eight young men each, and the recitations last from an hour to an hour and a half each. Between 8 A.M. and 1 P.M. the time is evenly divided between study and recitation.

At one o'clock the battalion of cadets marches to the mess-hall for dinner, after which a few minutes are allowed for “recreation.” At two o'clock studies and recitations are resumed until four o'clock. This is followed by

an hour and twenty minutes of drill, after which comes dress-parade. Soon after this is finished, at six-thirty, the young men march to supper. From seven to ten they spend the time in their rooms in cadet barracks at hard study. At ten o'clock “taps” sounds, and immediately every young man must have his lights out and be in bed. During the twenty-four hours he has eight hours of sleep, with sixteen hours of study, recitation, drill, the time allowed for meals, and eighty minutes devoted to “recreation.” A boy who likes ease and indolent comfort would do better to stay away from West Point. Soldiers who can endure hard mental and bodily work are wanted there.

When Saturday comes around the cadet has his afternoon and evening to devote to his own pleasure, unless he is backward in his studies or has broken some of the regulations. In the former case he spends his afternoon and evening with his books. If he has been found guilty of a breach of discipline he is likely to have to spend his afternoon walking across the quadrangle inside of “barracks” in full uniform and with rifle and bayonet. During twenty-four hours a day, for seven days in the week, he must eat, walk, study, recite, and in fact do everything, according to inflexible rules. He must observe every regulation, be punctual to the minute in every duty, and obey every order given him by an officer. There is no favoritism shown, whether the young man be the son of a millionaire or of a day-laborer.

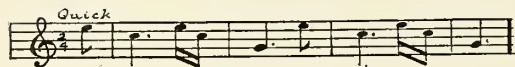
The course of study is indeed severe; but at the same time the physical well-being is guarded. Between gymnasium work, drills, marches, and absolutely regular hours of sleep, the cadet is a hard-worked but healthy young man.

From the 1st of June to the 1st of September the cadets go into camp. During this period text-books are dropped, and the work bears directly upon drill and tactics. The life now is all out of doors, but the young men are required to rise a half-hour earlier than when in barracks. Cadets who have spent two years at the academy are allowed a two months' furlough for a home visit.

Life at West Point is made up of an abundance of hard work and very little play; but this is the sort of life that develops the man who can endure the hard, exhausting, nerve-racking and body-wrecking strain of a campaign in the field. Such men were Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Robert E. Lee, and “Stonewall” Jackson—all distinguished West Point cadets.

How a Cadet Learns to Shoot

Written by Lieut. Henry J. Reilly, U. S. A., while a Cadet at West Point



COMMENCE FIRING.

A CADET has his first full course of target practice in his "yearling" camp, that is, during his second summer at the Academy, when, having been at West Point a year, he no longer is a "plebe" but at last an upper classman. This course is one in rifle practice,—pistol and artillery practice coming later. It is true that in his plebe year he has sighting and aiming drills, also gallery practice and firing at two and three hundred yards on the range; but all this is to prepare him for the real work, which, as said before, comes in his "yearling" camp.

RIFLE PRACTICE.

To start out with there are four kinds of fire; slow, timed, rapid and skirmish. In the first you have one minute per shot at a bull's-eye target, that is a target with a black bull's-eye in the middle and two rings around it, a hit in the bull's-eye counting five, one inside the first ring four, inside the second three, and anywhere else on the target two—of course a miss counts zero. There are three sizes of these targets, the smallest being used at two and three hundred, the medium at five and six hundred and the largest at eight hundred and a thousand yards. In the pic-



SKIRMISH FIRING AT 200 YARDS.

ture of a cadet marking a target you may see what the smallest looks like, the others are not much larger. In timed fire you fire at the

same targets as in slow fire, except that you are given thirty seconds in which to fire five shots. In rapid fire you have twenty seconds in which to fire five shots, and for every cartridge of the five not fired five is subtracted from your score. The target is a black life-sized figure of a man kneeling; it pops up from behind the butts, stays up twenty seconds and pops down again just like a man jumping up from behind a log and back again. The last kind of fire, the skirmish, is the most exciting of all, because more like a real fight, and every



BEHIND THE "BUTTS." A CADET MARKING A TARGET.

one must be equipped in heavy marching order, *i.e.*, with blanket-roll, haversack and canteen, besides rifle and ammunition. As you run down the plain, stopping now and then to fire at those black figures, way down at the other end, it is easy to imagine that they are Moros or Indians; and some mornings when it has rained the night before and there are little ponds all over the flats, you can imagine that you are with the "Ninth" at Tientsin and that they are Chinese. In this fire each man has two targets, one the life-size figure of a man kneeling, a hit on which counts four, the

other of a man lying down, and hitting this target counts five, as it is, of course, a more difficult shot than the other.

In this fire you are allowed thirty seconds at all ranges except two hundred, where you



SKIRMISH FIRING AT 400 YARDS.

can have but twenty. You are in skirmish line, and run the last half of each advance, lying, sitting or kneeling at each range, as suits you best, firing two shots at six and five hundred yards; three at four hundred and three hundred and fifty; and five each at three and two hundred. The reason you must know how to shoot so rapidly at these short ranges is because you are so near the enemy now, that if you don't kill a lot of them before they kill you, you will have no one left to charge with and your attack will be a failure.

The firing is divided into three courses, "Marksman's," "Sharpshooter's," and "Expert Rifleman's." You have to qualify in the lowest of these before you can take the next, and qualifying is not easy. A cadet first takes what is called instruction practice, firing ten shots, slow fire, standing, at two hundred; five kneeling and five sitting, at three hundred; and ten, lying, at five and at six hundred yards. He fires the same number in the same positions, rapid fire at two and three hundred yards. He then has two skirmish runs. When he has finished all this he fires his record course, which is the same as the instruction. If he makes 60 per cent. of the possible total he becomes a marksman and takes the sharpshooter's course, which is ten, lying, at eight hundred and ten at a thousand and ten rapid fire at five hundred. If he makes 60 per cent. of the possible total on this, he becomes a sharpshooter, and takes the expert rifleman's

course in which he fires ten shots at two, three, and six hundred, five slow fire and five timed fire, and ten shots slow fire at a thousand yards. He also has one skirmish run. To qualify he has to make 68 per cent. One summer four first-classmen qualified as sharpshooters and were decorated before the whole battalion drawn up under arms, in full dress, at a monthly inspection and muster.

The targets are marked by cadets behind the butts, who put up a white disk for a five, a red for a four, white with a black cross for a three, black for a two and a red flag for a miss. A cadet is very fond of the white and naturally dreads the black.

As the cadets who mark the targets sit in the pit and hear the bullets strike the wooden butts and the rocks above them and see the splinters of wood and rock fly and the branches and leaves of trees drop, they sometimes wonder how they would feel if they were out there, exposed to that fire; and they hope that when the day comes on which they hear "Commence firing" in earnest it may thrill them as it does now on the target range and during manœuvres.

At the end of his second year the cadet goes on his one and only furlough, so there is no target practice for him this year, but the summer after, when he is a first-classman, he not only goes all through the rifle courses again but also has pistol practice and practice with the field guns.

PISTOL PRACTICE.

First he has pistol practice, dismounted, firing ten shots at fifteen, twenty-five and fifty



RAPID FIRE DISMOUNTED PISTOL PRACTICE.

yards without time limit, and then the same with a time limit of thirty seconds for each

five shots. All this at a bull's-eye target. Next he fires at fifteen and twenty-five yards, ten shots at each, in bunches of five, with ten seconds allowance for each five; this at a



RAPID FIRE REVOLVER PRACTICE AT 25 YARDS.

life-size standing figure so arranged that it faces him during the ten seconds only. Quite a number of men make fifty out of fifty at rapid fire at fifteen yards. That is if you were standing in front of them at fifteen or twenty yards they would put five holes in you in generally quite a little less than ten seconds. The record practice, dismounted, is just the same, with the exceptions that there is no fire without time limit and no timed fire at fifteen yards.

Next comes the mounted pistol practice, both harder and more exciting than that on foot; harder because while the target for the first part of the practice is the same size as before, the cadet is mounted on a galloping

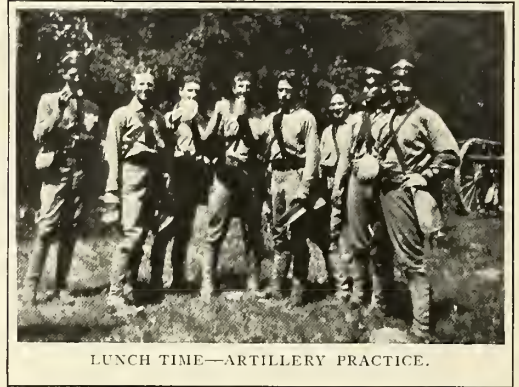


MOUNTED REVOLVER PRACTICE.

horse; more exciting, as anything on horseback is, because there is more dash to it. The targets, five in number, are set up in line at intervals of twenty yards. The cadet mounted and armed with a revolver rides at a gallop down the front of the targets firing once at each of them. This is called a run and there

are thirteen to be made altogether. The first five are instruction practice and are made at a distance of five yards; first with the target on the right, then on the left, then the right front, left front and lastly the right rear, that is, he has to turn in his saddle and fire towards his right and rear.

The remaining eight runs constitute record practice. For the first five the targets are in the same positions as for the five instruction runs, but at a distance of ten yards. The targets used in all runs mentioned so far, are



LUNCH TIME—ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

life-size figures of an infantryman standing, and are made of steel frames covered with paper. A hit above the waist counts two, below, one. For the eleventh and twelfth runs the targets are life-size figures of a cavalryman mounted, and are fired at at a distance of fifteen yards, for one run on the right and for the other on the left. For the thirteenth and last run the same kind of



"LOAD!"

targets are used as in the eleventh and twelfth, but two only, instead of five. They are placed in line, forty yards apart. The cadet rides down the line at a distance of

fifteen yards firing five shots at the two targets, distributing them as he pleases, but has to fire within a distance commencing with



WATCHING THE SHRAPNEL BURSTING.

a point twenty yards before the first target is reached and ending twenty yards beyond the second.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

For four days in August the first-classman has target practice with the 3.0-inch fieldpiece. At seven o'clock the battery starts out with cadets acting as everything except captain. They have had lots of drill both as drivers and cannoneers, so all know what to do. The battery winds its way up the pass leading to Cornwall, a historic town burnt by the British during the Revolution, and, when several miles out, is halted. The captain shows the chiefs-of-section the ground he has picked out to go in battery on, tells them where he wants the guns, and points out the target. While the chiefs-of-section are having their guns put in position, the chief-of-caissons takes the caissons to the rear where they are out of sight. Then as the battery is to be gone all morning, the horses are unhitched and unharnessed, the harness and saddles placed in proper order on the chests and poles of the gun and caisson limbers, and the horses tied to a picket line, stretched from wheel to wheel of the caissons.

The first day, before the practice commences, the captain explains the method of finding the range, and shows the cadets how to prepare shrapnel for firing by pulling out

the safety plug and punching the time fuse. The safety plug is a plug of wire in the top of the fuse. As long as it is there, the shrapnel can't explode. The time fuse is a fuse so arranged that by punching it in one of a number of holes the shrapnel will explode a number of seconds after leaving the gun, corresponding to the hole punched.

The range is not known, so they estimate it, that is, guess at it, load a gun with shell, fix the sight at the range estimated, and fire. The shell on hitting the ground bursts, and the smoke from the burst shows where it hit. The first shot was short, so they try again, this time to make it go over, which it does. Now they know the range to be between the first two used, so it is soon found. After this shrapnel is used. This is a shell filled with powder and bullets, the bullets being so arranged that when the shrapnel explodes they spread out like water out of a watering pot, covering a space over two hundred yards long and a hundred wide for a range of 3300 yards, as the range decreases the space increases. This is kept up all morning, all taking turns at the different positions. Every once and a while some cadet gunner can't resist the temptation to set the time fuse so that the shrapnel explodes at the target, instead of in front, as it should. Of course this tears the target all to pieces, and there is a wait until a new one can be fixed. In the picture in the first column of this page you can see a shrapnel bursting in front of the target.

At about noon the firing is stopped and all go back of the line of caissons to where some

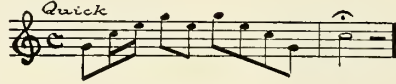


"FIRE!"

soldiers have been preparing a lunch, generally of pork and beans, bread and coffee, or something similar, (always bread and coffee however). The cadets, who have brought their haversacks and canteens with them, get in

line, meat pans in one hand, tin cup in the other, and as they go by an improvised table, generally a rock, the cooks deal out the food. When all are through, the horses are saddled and harnessed, the teams hitched in and the guns limbered, everything being done by cadets. The battery then returns to camp.

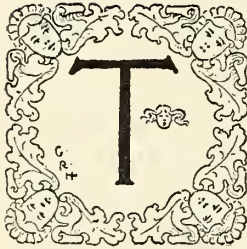
You may say: "But four days is not enough time in which to learn to shoot." No, it is not; but it gives a cadet the chance to actually do that which he will learn the following winter from a book. And then you must remember that he has many things to learn and only four years in which to learn them all.



CEASE FIRING.

By Trevi's Waters

By Georgiana Homer



HE Roman moon was at its full as a group of merry folk came from out an olden doorway and fell into file on the bordering walk.

Luggage had been labeled and strapped for the morning start, and now, true to tradition, these out-bound travelers were bent on emptying their pockets of pennies into Trevi. For the time-worn legend tells that he who loves Rome but leaves it, must make pilgrimage to the fountain of Trevi on the evening before he departs, and cast into the waiting water a coin which is supposed to guarantee that on some happy future day he will return to Rome.

Down somber streets they went where the star-shine was shut out by palaces that almost met overhead, around shadowy corners, fear-some of nights and black with history. Then into the moon-swept square and, here, on the soundless midnight, fell the clear splash of Trevi's waters.

White and serene the fountain stood like a waiting altar, and, for a moment, laughter and chatting were hushed as all gathered about the marble brim.

Then "splash! splash!" went the pennies or the "centesimi," amid much merriment.

But one there was who was far from merry—a girl in her early teens.

She had dipped into her pocket with the rest and had drawn forth a silken purse which she had forgotten to empty. A goodly sum

and the glint of gold shone through the meshes so closely clasped in her unwilling hand.

"What, all this!" and the little American tightened her hold.

The great sculptured Neptune looked down from his height at the maiden, whose up-turned face was as fair and pouting as a sea nymph's, but she felt no awe of the Sea-King's trident. She was peering into a possible future which might hold for her no enchanting Rome with its sparkling fountains where the waters always played, and where life was brimful of wonders.

Many of the visitors around her drank of the sweet water, touched by the thought that even two thousand years before, men had quenched their thirst at its generous spring. And then they threw their pennies into the great fountain.

Shutting her eyes that she might not behold the sacrifice, the young American girl threw purse and treasure into the large basin. A ripple, and it was hers no more.

The loss was nearer than the joyous return to Rome which it foretold, and the following morning, as the train carried her northward, who shall say that in the sunshine, she did not repent?

On that same morning, the dawn saw its usual eager crowd of street boys fishing away at the sacred spot for the pennies of Trevi.

One was a lad of fourteen, ragged as the rest, dark-eyed and sunny-faced—and he it was who captured the well-filled purse.

He opened it, and when there shone into

his amazed eyes the glitter of gold, he clutched his treasure and scampered away to a spot where he could safely examine this

It was a key that opened to him an unknown world and he was wild with glee.

Carefully he tucked away the purse and



"CAREFULLY HE TUCKED AWAY THE PURSE AND HURRIED HOME."

marvel. The most secret of nooks it must be, or he might lose it all.

No gems of story were as dazzling as these gleaming coins, as, one by one, they rolled into his hand. Like the mythical gold of the Rhine, this heap sent its rich glow upward into the heart of the ragged boy and he sang for joy.

hurried home. For he had a home—without father, mother, brother or sister, but not lacking in affection. In this lowest story of a medieval palace lived a kindly woman who had taken the boy when he was left alone, and had found room in heart and household for one more. To this home he ran in glad haste.

By Trevi's Waters

In a sunny corner, not far from his home, sat a slender girl, dark-haired and of gentle beauty. Large dark eyes she had, too, wide open but sad, for no joy could enter them from the world without. She was blind.

"O, little sister, what thinkst thou? I have gold. Hark!" And the boy jingled it merrily.

Startled, the listener said:—"Where didst thou get it Filippino? Tell me quickly."



"OH, LITTLE SISTER," SAID FILIPPO, "I HAVE GOLD."

"In Trevi. Just think! it is ours, ours!"

"*Thine*, dear Filippino, for, listen, thou shouldst not part with what may help thee to skill in workmanship. So shalt thou gain more gold and become a great man."

This was a new outlook and the lad grew grave. The thought was sweet. With money earned, he could brighten life for this dear friend and beloved playmate.

Suddenly a great gladness broke over his earnest face and his eyes filled with tears, as he leaped to her side.

"Little sister, little sister, thou shalt see!

This shall buy thee back thine eyes!" The joy of the face upturned to his in its listening way made the boy's heart throb. Then with sudden sadness came the answer: "It can never be, Filippino. Only the good God can give me back my eyes."

"Yes, it can be. Here is gold, so much, a heap! It will pay the doctors who can do wonderful things; and, O little sister, when thou canst see again—" and a sob, manly and heartfelt, choked the loving words.

And so the mother found them, trembling with the new hope. The impetuous boy ran to her. "See, see how much is here! Will it not bring back her dear eyes?"

She had no thought of refusing his noble gift. From his great love had come the generous impulse and it was sacred.

The story was told, and the three sat close, while the mother's heart beat as warmly for the orphaned lad as for her own.

FILIPPO'S faith found fulfilment. Light was given back to the tender eyes by patient skill and merciful time. And when the physicians heard of the wonderful gold, they refused to take it, and said that it was clear as Trevi's own shining pool that some far-seeing lover of childhood had furnished it as the golden keystone for Filippino's own fortune.

All this made a pretty story to be told and re-told in Rome, and it lingered as a twilight tale for travelers.

And in a far-after time the American girl who had paid such heavy toll to Trevi, stood again by its waters.

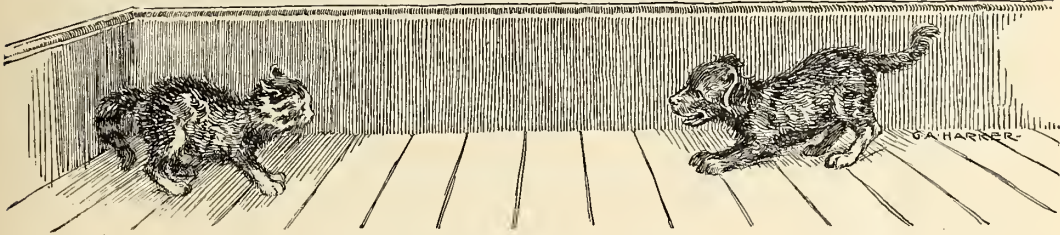
They rippled in the breeze and their sun-laden laughter seemed the liquid glint of her golden coins rising to welcome her back to Rome.

She smiled at the fancy. But was it not, indeed, the gladsome spirit of the gold that danced before her in the dawn, rejoicing that love had widened its ways into such far-faring beneficence.

It was the hour of morning devotion, and, even as she stood there, a whispered blessing bound her to two who knelt together in grateful happiness before their humble household shrine.

And above them hung an empty silken purse, which she recognized as the one she had thrown into the fountain. But she did not know that its meshes were heavy with prayers purer than any gold.

MISCHIEF



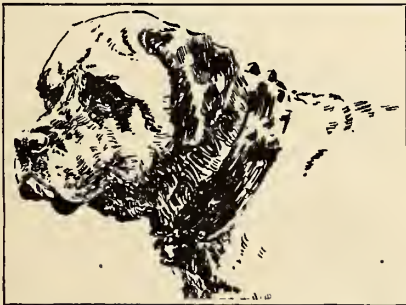
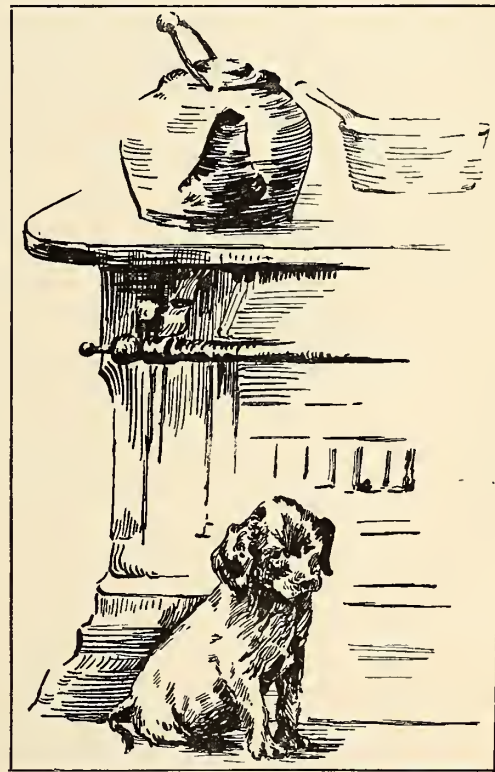
By Rosamond Upham.

MISCHIEF was a cunning little fellow from the very first day that I saw him. Such a round, plump little body, such short, clumsy legs, and such a roguish face; just the one of all his nine brothers and sisters about whom to write a story, and so you shall hear of his preparations for the long journey upon which he went when he was two months old.

His playmates were sent away, one by one, until at last he was left all alone, with only the mastiff Rex for a companion, and a most forlorn little pup he was, running about all day long, trying to keep up with his new protector.

One morning in January, the weather being very severe, Mischief was taken into the kitchen to live, and a happier dog than he could not be imagined, trotting about after the cook and housemaid from morning until

And of course, Mischief knew about it. How could he help it, when the whole household were so sorry to have him go? And accord-



night, chasing the cats, stealing towels and brushes—in fact, attending to all the mischief that came in his way.

One day, about two weeks after he came into the house to live, a letter came from Milwaukee saying that he, too, must be sent off.

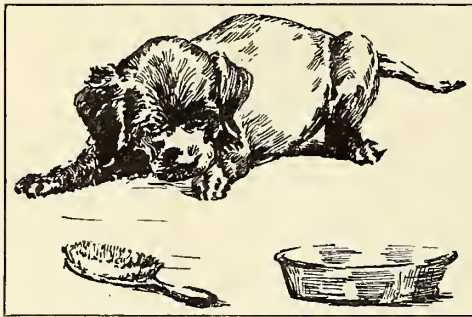
ingly he began to make ready for the long journey he was so soon to take.

As he sat by the range, evidently trying to make up his mind what to take with him, his first thought was of the old coat he had had as a bed; so he crossed the room, took the coat

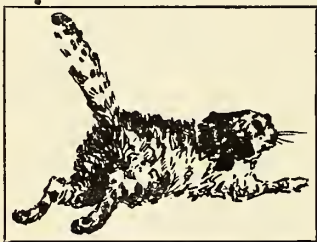
Mischief

in his mouth, and with his paws scratched it up into a bundle.

Then he thought of his milk-dish. Of course he must take that, for how could he drink from any other dish than the shiny one



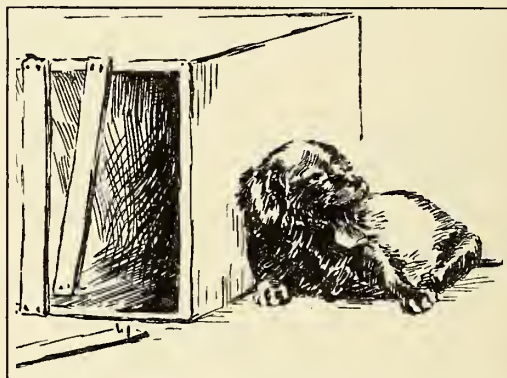
given him by the cook two weeks before? So he took that between his teeth and put it beside the coat. And the stove-hook, why not take that? No one seemed to be using it just at the moment. And a gelatin-box that had just been emptied, would it not be nice to pack his new collar in?



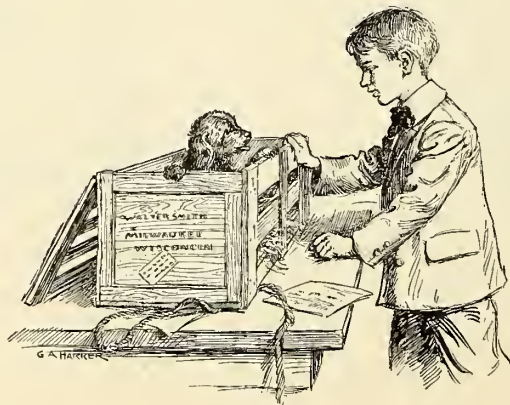
So he ran tumbling across the floor for the box, and back again for the string, when just then a pair of mittens caught his eye, and in

this cold weather the mittens would be a comfort on so long a journey, so they were added to the collection under the table. And Mischief was just thinking he was about ready to start, when the very thing he most dreaded to leave behind him ran across the floor—the little yellow kitten; why could she not go with him, and then the journey would not seem so long? Accordingly, he ran after her, caught her by the neck, and tried to put her down with his other baggage; but the kitten could not understand what Mischief meant, and scratched and spit in a way that plainly said she would not accompany him.

Poor Mischief lay down in despair, and,



after his hard morning's work, took a long nap, only waking in time for his dinner. The next day he was put into a warm box, carried to the station, and after a three days' journey arrived in Milwaukee, happy, well, and delighted with his new master, apparently quite forgetting his little mistress whom he left in her New Hampshire home.



THE SMALLEST DOG IN THE WORLD



By Helene H. Boll

THE Princess Windischgratz is the granddaughter of the Emperor of Austria. When she was but about eleven years old she was known and loved as "the little Princess Elizabeth."

There lived a baker in the city of Vienna whose wife was particularly fond of the little Princess Elizabeth. This baker's wife had, in 1894, a tiny white dwarf dog given her, which was so small that, when full-grown, it could sit on a lady's hand, just as you see it in the picture. So small a dog had never been seen before, and people often came to the house on purpose to look at it.

It was Christmas eve. The baker's wife dressed herself in her Sunday best, put the dog in a basket lined with pink satin, and went to the palace where Elizabeth lived. No stranger was allowed to go into the palace ex-

cept by permission. She showed the dog to the guards, and they were so delighted with it that they managed to get her into the palace, and when once in, it was not very difficult to obtain permission from the court authorities to see Princess Stephanie, the mother of the little Princess Elizabeth.

"Your Royal Highness," said the baker's wife, "I hope that you will allow me to present a little gift to your daughter this Christmas eve"; and then she uncovered the basket with the tiny white dog in it.

Was n't the Princess Stephanie delighted with it? And of course the little Princess Elizabeth was. She loved it more than any of the rich gifts which she received for Christmas. The dog remained very small and never grew to be more than five inches high.

Talks with Nature

By Nixon Waterman

"I think you 're quite funny," I said
To the River. "For while you 've a bed
You 're awake night and day,
And run on, yet you stay;
And your mouth is so far from your head."

I said to the Hill: "I 'll allow
You have a most wonderful brow,
But you 've such a big foot
That you never can put
On a shoe of the style they use now."

I said to the Tree: "You are queer;
Your trunk is all packed but I fear
You can't leave until spring
When—a curious thing!—
You must still remain standing right here."

To a green red Blackberry I said:
"I know you are green when you 're red
And you 're red when you 're green,
But to say what I mean
Is enough to befuddle one's head."

Short Cuts to the History Lesson

THREE TIMES THREE BROTHERS ON THE FRENCH THRONE.

BY ELIZABETH F. PARKER.

WHEN I was at school, my teacher, who was quite a remarkable historian, called my attention to a somewhat curious coincidence in the history of France, which was of much assistance to me afterward in placing various personages and events. Perhaps the boys and girls of the present day have already made this discovery, but lest they have not, I am going to tell them what my teacher told me.

It is simply this: That since France became a kingdom by itself, under Hugh Capet, three brothers have ruled in succession at three different times, and after each of these groups of royal brothers a family with a new name has come upon the throne.

The first time this trio of brothers occurred was in 1314, when, at the death of Philip IV, called "le Bel," his son Louis X became king. In two years he was followed by his brother Philip V, who reigned but six years, and then came the third brother, Charles IV.

The three were the last of the direct Capet line, and were succeeded by the first *Valois* king, their cousin, Philip VI.

The next group of three brothers ended the reign of the Valois family. They were the sons of Henry II, who died in 1559, and their mother was Queen Catharine de Medici. The first was Francis II, who was king only a year, and who is remembered more because he was the first husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, than for any other reason. The second was Charles IX. These two brothers had both been very young, boys of fifteen and ten, when they were made kings. The third, Henry III, had grown up before his turn came, but he was killed by Jacques Clément, a monk, in 1589, and Henry of Navarre, the first *Bourbon* king, came to the throne under the title of Henry IV.

The three brothers came again after nearly two hundred years, when in 1774 Louis XV died, leaving three grandsons. The first of these to rule was the unfortunate Louis XVI. You all know of his queen, Marie Antoinette, and how he and his wife were both beheaded, and their poor little son, the Dauphin, who would have been Louis XVII had he come to the throne, died of hard treatment in prison, and the two brothers, who were to be kings later, had to keep away in exile. It was a long time,

and they were old men before they were crowned, because France went through many changes first as a republic and then under the Directory, then under Napoleon Bonaparte as First Consul, and afterward Emperor. But the Battle of Waterloo was fought and Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, and the two remaining Bourbon brothers, first Louis XVIII and then Charles X had their short reigns. And so ended the straight line of Bourbons, for after them came Louis Philippe of the house of *Orleans*, who no longer called himself King of France, but "King of the French."

So here we have: THE THREE CAPET BROTHERS:

1314.	Louis X
1316.	Philip V
1322.	Charles IV

followed by the House of Valois.

After a little more than two hundred years come THE THREE VALOIS BROTHERS:

1559.	Francis II
1560.	Charles IX
1574.	Henry III

followed by the House of Bourbon.

Then after a little less than two hundred years more come THE THREE BOURBON BROTHERS:

1774.	Louis XVI
1814.	Louis XVIII
1824.	Charles X

followed by the Orleans family, and soon after by another republic and the Second Empire.

Curiously enough there has been one similar instance in English history, when Henry VIII died, and his son, Edward VI, became king in 1547. He was succeeded by his two sisters and they were the last of the House of Tudor

1547.	Edward VI
1553.	Mary
1558.	Elizabeth

followed by the House of Stuart. James I, who was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, was the first Stuart king.

THE EASY "E'S."

BY TUDOR JENKS.

"THE trouble is," said Marian, "that there are so many Edwards and Henrys! Those old kings and queens of England went right on naming their boys 'Edward,' or 'Henry,' as if there was n't another name to be had."

"Why need that trouble you?" her father asked, with a smile.

"Because we have our English History examination soon, and I am trying to learn the order of the kings and queens," Marian answered. "I get the Edwards and Henrys all in a jumble."

"How about the memory rhymes?"

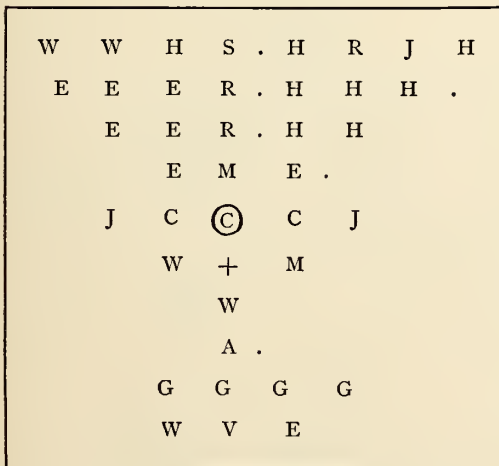
"I can't keep them clear in my mind," said Marian. "That 'First William the Norman' is very good, I think, except that the lines just after the first two are easily confused."

Her father put down his newspaper, and reached out his hand. "Give me your book," said he, "and some paper and a pencil. I'll see whether I can't make up something you can remember. Meanwhile, go on with another lesson."

He went into the library, and Marian went to work upon her algebra.

She had finished her algebra and written quite a long composition when her father returned, bringing a large sheet of paper upon which appeared the following diagram:

THE EASY "E'S."



"There!" said her father, smiling. "If your memory is as good as mine, you can learn that in a few minutes, and then you will know the order of the kings and queens of old England in their order without difficulty."

"But I don't quite understand it," said Marian, puzzled.

"It is only the initials of their names," said her father, "but they are arranged so that you can't easily forget them — especially the Edwards and Henrys. See, it goes like this: 'William, William, Henry, Stephen.' Then there is a period — meaning the end of the Norman kings. Then come the Plantagenets — Henry, Richard, John, Henry; and now come the next four Plantagenets, Edward, Edward, Edward, Richard —"

"Oh, I see," said Marian, suddenly. "The E's come 3, 2, 1, at the beginning of each of the next three lines. That's why you have called it 'The Easy E's.'"

"Yes," said her father, "and the Henrys just balance them on the other side of the two Richards. Do you see? You will find it easy to learn and to remember."

Marian studied the diagram for a few minutes, and found no difficulty in memorizing it. The Stuarts were especially easy because of the three C's — for Charles, Cromwell, Charles — coming between the two J's; and the royal houses in the diagram ended so conveniently that she found the grouping of the kings and queens at once suggested by the arrangement of the letters.

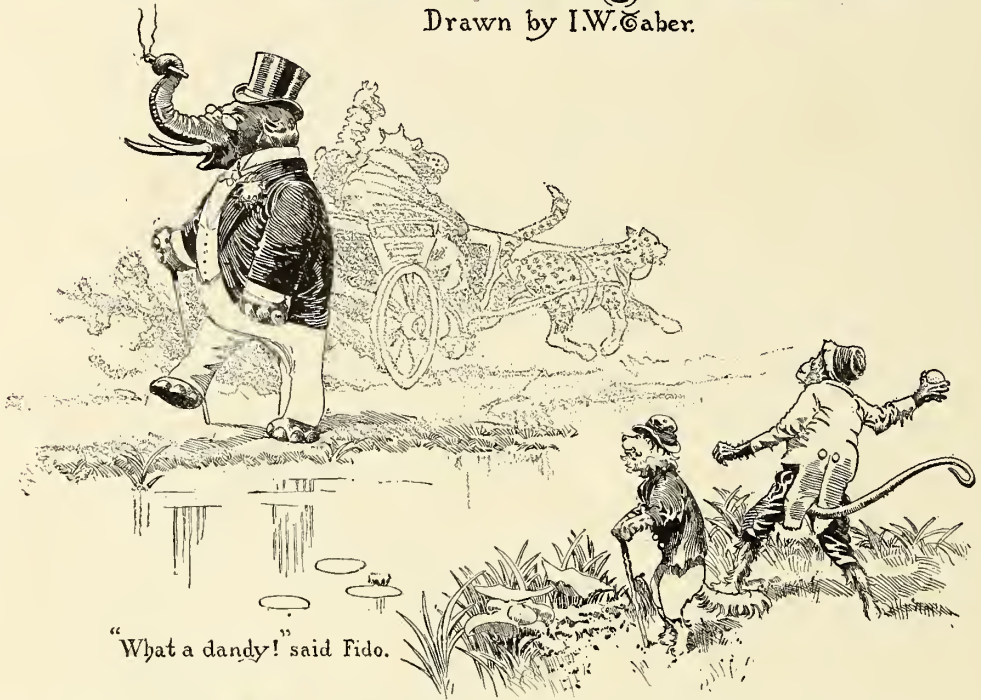
Marian passed her examination with ease, and afterward told her teacher about the diagram; whereupon the teacher had a large drawing made of it, with certain symbols added in outline to suggest something important connected with each reign. This was hung upon the school-room wall, and became a useful help in remembering English history. The teacher had some dignified name for it — but Marian always called it "The Easy E's."

A LIST OF THE ENGLISH RULERS REFERRED TO IN THE DIAGRAM.

William I (the Conqueror); William II (Rufus); Henry I; Stephen; Henry II; Richard I; John; Henry III; Edward I; Edward II; Edward III; Richard II. (End of the Plantagenets). Henry IV; Henry V; Henry VI; Edward IV; Edward V; Richard III. (End of the House of York). Henry VII; Henry VIII; Edward VI; Mary I; Elizabeth. (End of the House of Tudor). James I; Charles I; Cromwells (Oliver and Richard) Charles II; James II; William III and Mary II; William (alone); Anne. (End of the Stuarts and the beginning of the House of Hanover). George I; George II; George III; George IV; William IV; Victoria; Edward VII.

Politeness in Jungleville.

Drawn by I.W. Caber.



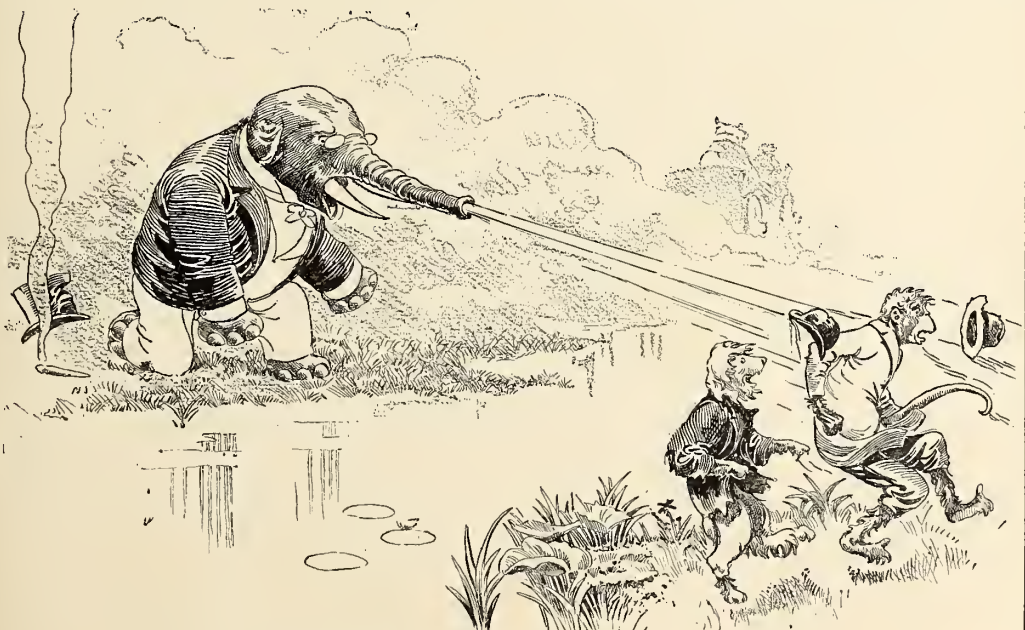
"What a dandy!" said Fido.



"Take off your hat to us!" said Jacko.



"Wonder if he's coming across!"



"Take off your hats to me!" roared the Elephant.

Queer Fuel

By Crittenden Marriott

How many people, I wonder, ever pause to consider that their bodies are merely machines to do work, furnaces in which necessary fuel is burned, workshops in which worn-out parts are supplied, and store rooms in which fuel and food are laid away for use when needed. Further, like any other piece of apparatus the body works better under certain circumstances: its fires burn better with fuels of certain sorts, mixed in certain proportions and it cannot keep in perfect condition unless furnished with proper materials.

Man thinks he eats because he is hungry; he really eats because his body is crying out for building materials with which to repair the waste that is always going on, and for fuel to keep itself warm—and it is rather “finicky” as to the supply it wants for each of these purposes. At a pinch, it can use almost anything digestible for either, but it groans and complains, and punishes its unfortunate possessor if it is not properly treated.

What the body considers proper treatment is not always that which the palate or the sense of taste considers such. In fact, the palate is the spoiled child of the house; he is always demanding things that are not good for him, and like other spoiled children, the more he is indulged, the more he demands. Sometimes he can make things very unpleasant, for he may refuse to permit any food to pass the portal where he stands on guard, and hence may bring the whole machinery to a standstill. As a rule, however, if treated firmly, he will give in and work for the good of all.

“Savoury” food pleases the palate and causes a greater flow of the various juices and ferments and so promotes digestion. It is therefore a good thing within proper limits, but what the body really needs is “protein” and heat.

“Protein” is a word with which few of us are familiar; we are familiar enough with the thing, however, and it is really impossible to talk about these matters without using one or two scientific words. The lean of meat, the white of eggs, the gluten of wheat are all mostly protein, and we all know how necessary a supply of one or more of these, or of similar things, is to us, if we do not wish to suffer from hunger or from need of nourishment.

While protein can be used for heating, if necessary, its natural use is for repairing purposes, and for this end the body needs one-fourth of a pound a day. Different amounts

are required for old and for young, for men and for women, for those living in cold and for those living in hot climates, for laborers and for clerks, but $\frac{1}{4}$ pound is the right amount for a full-grown man living in a temperate climate and doing moderately active work.

So much for repairing; now for heat. The body, one will say, needs a definite amount of this too. Scientific men have ascertained through countless experiments, the amount necessary for the average man and have found that it is equal to 3,050 “calories” of heat. (Dear me, there goes another unusual word!) A “calorie” is the amount of heat that will raise the temperature of about one pound of water four degrees Fahrenheit. Sugar, starch, and fats are ideal fuels, though protein will burn well, if necessary. Nothing, however, will take the place of protein as a rebuilding material.

What the body needs, then, is a daily supply of one-fourth of a pound of protein and enough sugar, starch, and fat to supply it with 3,050 calories of heat. This is an average for the year, of course. In our climate, the ration, especially the fuel ration, should be varied with the seasons.

True, certain other elements also are needed by the body, but they are required in very minute quantities, and are so widely distributed in nature, that their supply is always assured. On the other hand, any food which supplies protein and fuel in different proportions than these, is not perfect; if it supplies too much heat to the right amount of protein, it is wasteful, if nothing worse; if it supplies too much protein to too little heat, it compels the body to use some of the protein for fuel, which throws an undue strain on the digestion and will probably result in disease sooner or later.

As most of us know, the price of food has little relation to its value to our bodies, however much it may have to our taste. The larger part of the price of the costlier foods is due to their fine appearance, or their pleasant flavor, or their rarity. Tenderloin of beef is less nutritious than shoulder, but it costs more, as you will find out if you go to buy it; and so with many other articles.

Then again, some foods are more digestible than others, as we have all proved again and again, generally when we have eaten something particularly nice. We live, of course, not on what we eat but on what we digest.

During the last eight or ten years, scientific

men have been hard at work finding out the facts in regard to all the commoner articles of food; and these facts have been set forth in huge tables of figures that it makes one's head ache merely to look at. They contain some interesting facts, however, if one has the patience to dig them out.

Ordinary white bread, for instance, is about one-third water, one-twelfth protein, and one-half other digestible matters. If all were used as fuel, a pound of bread would supply 1,200 calories; two and a half pounds per day will supply 3,000 calories, about the amount required. If the protein in the bread be used for its usual purpose of rebuilding, leaving the other digestible substances for fuel, three pounds of bread would furnish just a trifle more of both fuel and protein than is required in a temperate climate by a man doing moderately active muscular work. Bread alone, then, is theoretically very nearly a perfect or "balanced" diet—though three loaves a day would certainly stir that bad boy, the palate, to rebellion.

If a man lived on bread alone he would eat, in a lifetime of seventy years, about 75,000 pounds; or say, he would devour a loaf 30 feet high by 10 feet square, which would cost him about \$4,000.

But living wholly on lean meat would be a good deal worse than living wholly on bread. To do this, a man would have to eat three and one-half pounds a day to supply himself with needed food, and would not thrive then as he would on bread. One and a half pounds of meat would supply him all the protein needed, but would yield, in addition, only about one thousand calories of heat. To make up the balance, two pounds more of meat must be eaten, all of it for fuel. Meat is a very poor fuel, and to burn two pounds of it a day would throw a heavy strain on the digestion and probably lead to disease. Fancy eating three and a half pounds of meat a day!

Living on lean meat alone, a man would eat, in seventy years, an ox about thirty-five feet long, fifteen feet high and twelve feet thick, supposing it to consist of solid meat without bones. This would weigh about 90,000 pounds and cost about \$15,000.

Thus, bread alone worries the palate and is in time refused; meat alone furnishes too much

protein and not enough heat; candy, pastry, and the like supply too much heat, which must be laid away in fat in the body's storehouse or be worked off in nervous energy. No one of the three is good without the others.

On the other hand, a mixed diet makes things a great deal better all around. One pound of bread, one and one-third pounds of lean meat, and one-sixth of a pound of butter daily would supply almost the exact ideal proportions. In seventy years, this would run to 25,000 pounds of bread, 33,000 pounds of meat and 4,000 pounds of butter—62,000 pounds in all, costing, say, \$9,000.

If a man lived wholly on fish, he would require eleven pounds a day, or 275,000 pounds in a lifetime—say, a fish 70 feet long by 30 deep by 10 thick. If he lived on rice alone, he would have to eat three pounds a day, or 75,000 pounds in a lifetime—an amount which would furnish him with about 50 per cent. more heat than he had any use for. By combining fish and rice, however, as the Chinese do, in the proportion of one pound of the former and two of the latter, he could live very well. The relative cost in this country would be about \$30,000 for fish alone, and \$6,000 for rice alone. The two combined would, of course, cost much less than the fish alone.

His hardest time, however, would be when he tried to live on green vegetables or fruits alone, avoiding bread and beans, both of which play such a part in vegetarian bills of fare. Of ordinary vegetables, such as beets, cabbages, tomatoes, and the like, he would have to eat 20 pounds daily. Of fruits, he would have to eat 30 pounds daily, and even of potatoes, 15 pounds.

On the other hand, two pounds of rye bread, two pounds of potatoes, and a taste of fat, either animal or vegetable, make a very cheap, well-balanced ration, costing only about \$1,500 in a lifetime. Thousands of Russian peasants live on just such a diet.

As I said before, all these estimates are for a man doing moderately active muscular work in a temperate climate. A man doing hard muscular work requires about one-fifth more and a man in an office about one-fifth less. Boys require only one-half as much at six years of age and nine-tenths as much at sixteen. Women generally require one-fifth less than men of equal activity.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

FOURTH PAPER—THE "ALWAYS DIFFERENT" STORY

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE

"Oh, dearie me!" said little Polly as she stood looking into the rain-soaked garden, "I wish it did n't rain, I want to play out of doors."

"When I was a little girl and there came a rainy day," said Aunt Katie, "my mother used to tell me this verse,

" 'When the rain comes tumbling down
In the country or the town,
All good little girls and boys,
Stay at home and mind their toys.' "

"But I don't want to play with my toys," said Polly.

"Neither do I," added Rob, "this is the second day it has rained and I am tired of them."

"Well, then I will read you a story if you like," replied their Aunt. "Don't you want to hear 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

"But I'm tired of it, Aunt Katie," said Polly. "I love the story, but the people in it always do the same things every time you read the book. Why do they make stories the same? I would like one that was always different. Don't they make them that way, Aunt Katie?"

"Well, well," said Aunt Katie, "you remind me of the little girl I used to be. I liked things 'different,' too, and my mother made me a story that is never the same, no matter how many times you read it. I will get it. I have it in my 'Keepsake Box.'"

Aunt Katie left the room and presently

returned with a small book of yellowish faded paper, and a little box.

"The story is called 'Fanny Frivol; Her Adventures in the Wood; At the Fair; At the School; At the Picnic; In the Meadow; By the Brook; At the Circus; In Grandfather's Barn; and At the Party.' Which adventure would you like to hear first?"

"The one by the brook," said Polly and Rob in one breath; and Polly's eyes sparkled as she added, "I love to play by the brook!"

"Very well," said Aunt Katie. "Take this box. In it you will find slips of paper on which words are printed. I will read the story and when I stop and hold up my finger you must draw a slip of paper from the box and read what it says on it; and the next time Rob will draw and read—each in turn."

This is the story that Aunt Katie read of Fanny Frivol's Adventure by the Brook, and the words in it printed in capitals are those which Polly and Rob read from the slips of paper which they drew one by one from the box:

"MAY I go and play by the brook?" said Fanny Frivol to her Grandmother.

Her Grandmother nodded her head on which was a large—GREEN BOTTLE.—

"Yes, but don't wet your feet, and take a—LONG WOODEN SWORD—to shield you from the sun."

On her way she met Tommy and Topsy

Turvey carrying a—PLATE OF CHEESE.—When Fanny saw them she said,—

"Come and play with me by the brook. I have a—BOTTLE OF INK—to catch fish with, a—BAG OF CLOTHESPINS—to build a bridge, and we can hunt for crabs under stones."

Tommy and Fanny turned over stones, but Topsy Turvey, who always did things wrong, turned hers under. Fanny found a big—LEMON PIE—under a stone but the others found nothing.

"There are no crabs here," said Fanny; "let us fish." Tommy and Fanny threw their lines in the brook but Topsy threw hers out. Fanny caught a—DUSTING CLOTH,—but the others caught nothing.

"Let us build a bridge," said Fanny. "Tommy you bring a—DISH OF ICE CREAM—and Topsy a—YELLOW BOWL—and we shall soon have it done."

"What is that in the water?" said Tommy. Fanny pulled it out and found it was a—SEWING MACHINE.—

"I will take it home to Grandmother," said Fanny, "and she will make me a—WINDOW CURTAIN—of it."

They were now tired and hungry and sat down to rest on a big—WHITE BEAR,—and when Fanny opened her lunch-box, out fell a—DOORBELL—and a—TIN SOLDIER—instead of the nice cakes her Grandmother had given her.

"Never mind," said Fanny, "I have some cookies in my pocket," but when she took them out she found they had changed into a—JAPANESE LANTERN.—

Just then the sun went down and they started for home, but Topsy ran backward and fell over a—FAT PIG.—

"I am so hungry I could eat a—KITCHEN TOWEL," said Fanny, but when she went to the supper table there was nothing there but a—ROLLING PIN—and a—BLACK KITTEN.—

When she went to her room she found a—BROWN TEAPOT—on her bed, and in every chair a big—RED HEN.—

"Dear me," said Fanny as she laid her tired head on a—STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE—which she found in place of her pillow. "What a funny time I have had at the brook.

When I go to the picnic to-morrow, with Tommy and Topsy Turvey, I wonder what strange things will happen there."

How Polly did laugh over Fanny Frivol's Adventure by the Brook! And they read it over again and nothing happened as it did before. Fanny pulled a MERRY-GO-ROUND out of the brook, and for their lunch they had a PAIR OF SHEARS and a WAX DOLL.

Aunt Katie explained how the story was made. Words were left out of the story and written on slips of paper and when one came to a place where a word was left out, one of the slips of paper was read. As the slips of paper were drawn without looking at them, the words read were always different or came in different places each time the story was read.

"The next rainy day," said Aunt Katie, "we will read the Adventures of Fanny in Grandfather's Barn."

Perhaps some other little Pollys and Robbies would like to read the story which is always different, so here is the list of words which these young folks found in the box, and you can print them for yourself on slips of paper. Or, better still, you can make up more amusing lists of your own.

Long Ladder. Paper of Pins. Window Curtain. Loaf of Bread. Pound of Butter. Sewing Machine. Box of Beads. Pink Shoe. Green Bottle. Paint Brush. Comb with no Teeth. Dusting Cloth. White Bear. Red Hen. Fat Pig. Plate of Cheese. Black Kitten. Basket of Apples. Letter Box. Pound of Candy. Japanese Lantern. Kitchen Towel. Rubber Ball. Croquet Set. Merry-Go-Round. Yellow Bowl. Bottle of Ink. Brown Teapot. Strawberry Shortcake. Lemon Pie. Rocking Chair. Tall Clock. Doorbell. Bag of Clothespins. Dish of Ice Cream. Rolling Pin. Baking Tin. Chicken Pie. Pepper Box. Wax Doll. Glass of Soda Water. Pair of Shears. Paint Box. Tin Soldier. Long Wooden Sword. Folding Fan. Pair of Gloves. Jumping Jack. Chocolate Cake.

When the rainy days came Polly heard about all the other Adventures of Fanny Frivol, and if you ever meet Polly she will be glad to tell them to you.

The Puzzled Thermometer

By Cornelia Walter McCleary

I live, serenely, out of doors,—
In snow, in sunshine, and in rain,—
Securely fastened up on high
Beside the blind and window-pane.

And from my little corner, I
Can look upon the world below;
At children playing in the street,
And people going to and fro.

I sometimes wish that I could rest,—
But there 's no time for *me* to shirk !

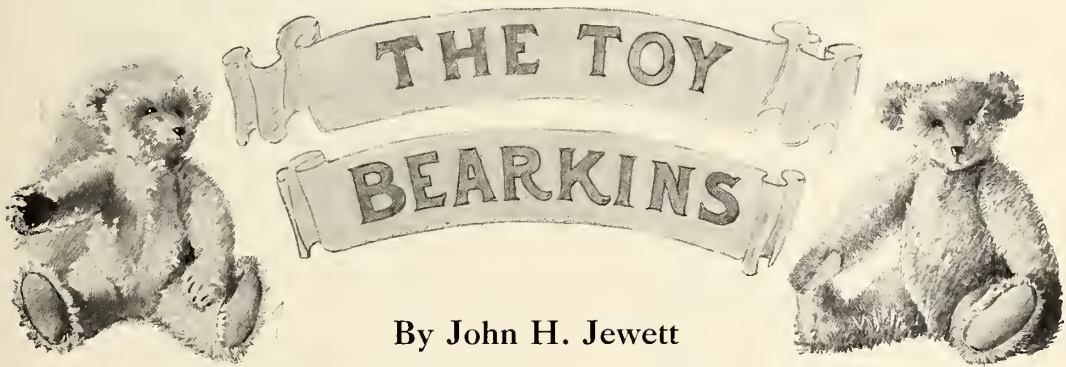
Though everyone may sleep at night,
Thermometers must keep at work.

I think that people are so queer—
For when I see them going past
In summer-time they move so slow,
And in the winter go so fast!

Pray, tell me what the reason is.
It 's not the way *I* act at all;
For when it 's warm I race along,
And when it 's cold I fairly crawl!



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



By John H. Jewett

THE little Toy-Bears of this story
Were orphans, and left all alone,
Without any father or mother,
Without any home of their own;—
Not a playmate had they ever
known.

And Rogue said that he could teach
Bouncer,
The brown one, to bounce all
alone;—
Then the Story-Bird heard Boun-
cer groan.

Till a lady once found these Toy-Bearkins
Shut up in a box in a store,
And carried them home to the children,
To be little orphans no more
Each one in a box in a store.

The Bearkins were *so* glad and thankful
To have a good home to call theirs,
And two lively children to play with,
They almost forgot they were Bears,
And behaved more like children than
Bears.

The children were brother and sister,
Whose pet names were "Rogue" and
"Our Tot";
Their other names when they were
christened,
The Story-Bird may have forgot,
Or liked better, "Rogue" and "Our
Tot."

They called their pets "Bouncer" and
"Gretchen";
The white one, Tot claimed for her own,



"EACH ONE IN A BOX IN A STORE."

Those Bearkins were dandled and
 petted
 Until they forgot they were toys;
 The children too, came near for-
 getting
 To make as much racketty-
 noise,
 As some of the neighborhood
 boys.

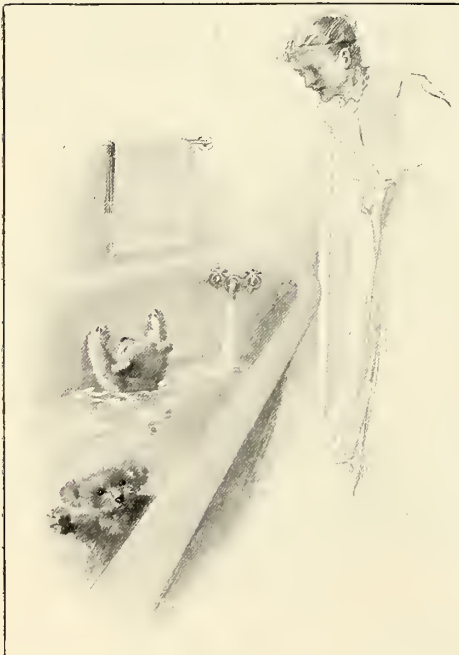
And now comes the rest of the story
 The Story-Bird told me one day,
 Of Bearkins that played they were
 children,
 When the children were not
 there to play,—
 And Bearkins could have their
 own way.



"THOSE BEARKINS WERE DANDLED AND PETTED."

The Almost Drowned Bearkins

ONE day when alone in the play-
 room—
 While Rogue and Our Tot were
 at school,



"THEY FROLICKED AND SPLASHED IN THE
 BATH TUB."

The Bearkins played going in swim-
 ming
 By calling the Bath-tub a pool;—
 So glad *they* were not sent to
 school.

They frolicked and splashed in the
 Bath-tub,
 And thought it great fun there, no
 doubt,
 Until they were soaked through and
 chilly,
 And then found they could not get
 out,—
 Their legs were too short to get out.

And while they were scrambling and
 panting,
 Until they both thought they were
 drowned,
 Their squealing was heard by the
 nurse-maid,
 Who ran to the bath-room and
 found
 Those Bearkins, so scared and
 'most drowned.

The maid hung them up in the sun-
shine,

Like clothes on a clothes-line, to dry
And there they were found by the
children—

Who tried not to laugh or to cry—
At Bearkins hung up there to dry.

That evening at bed-time those Bear-
kins

Although getting dry, were still
damp,

Both outside and in, and so mussy,
They went to the kitchen to camp,
On a rug, where they made a
Bear-camp.

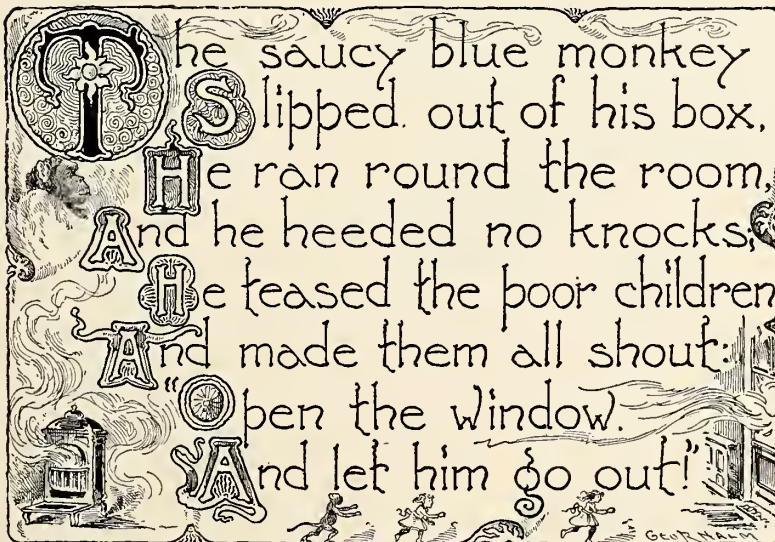
The Bearkins were dry in the morning,
And promised they 'd both keep
away

From Bath-tubs for ever and ever,
And try some new kind of a play ;—
The Bird says they did, the next
day.



“THE MAID HUNG THEM UP IN THE SUNSHINE.”

A Riddle Rhyme



NATURE AND SCIENCE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by
EDWARD F. BIGELOW



THE PRAIRIE-DOGS.

"I have frequently seen such inhabitants pop out of their holes when a train, that has just passed over them, was scarcely a hundred feet away."
"These 'dogs' remind one of eastern woodchucks, but they are more social with one another, and more active."

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS OF PRAIRIE-DOGS.

In far-away Montana is one of the largest prairie-dog cities to be found in America. The inhabitants of this rodent metropolis have become so accustomed to passing trains, that they



A single *woodchuck* will sit on its burrow and listen, then go and feed in the grass. Several *prairie-dogs* will not only sit on one burrow but will play together.

sit at the mouth of their burrows, or feed quietly some distance from them, while the great iron

horses whiz past. Some have even built their homes beneath the ends of the ties and in the road-bed between the rails, and I have frequently seen such inhabitants pop out of their holes when a train, that has just passed over them, was scarcely a hundred feet away.

Nevertheless when you try to approach close to this little city, you will find the inhabitants most alert.

Lying prone on the railroad embankment I spent an afternoon watching this colony of prairie-dogs repairing the damage done to their homes by the frost of winter, and rains of early spring.

Suddenly from a burrow near by, a fountain of dirt, tiny stones and small earth-clods shot into the air. After a short pause it continued, and soon I saw a prairie-dog backing from the hole, his hind feet throwing out the dirt as though they were attached to springs.

Once outside, the dog turned and with his fore feet pushed the dirt over the ground until he had filled a little depression caused by a wash-out in the high, cone-shaped water-shed which surrounded the burrow entrance. Then, rising on his feet, he arched his back and began to hammer the dirt vigorously with his nose, reminding me of a huge four-legged woodpecker.

He repeated this act several times, but the dirt removed in cleaning the burrow was not

sufficient to complete the needed repairs, so retiring a few feet from the burrow, he loosened a quantity of earth with his fore feet. While digging, little pellets of dirt stuck to his claws, so that he was compelled frequently to stop work and bite off the particles. Then, facing the burrow, he began to throw the dirt towards it with the back of his fore feet, just as a boy would scoop sand along with his hands, but as the dirt reached the spot where it was needed, he used his nose to push it in place. The tamping process was then repeated and more dirt was added until all the damaged spots in the dike had been repaired.

The frost had loosened the inside walls of the burrow at its mouth and the dirt was gradually crumbling away, so this too had to be repaired at once. While doing so, the little workman was out of sight most of the time, but I occasionally caught a glimpse of his head bobbing back and forth as he hammered the walls hard with his nose.

It was getting late, and as I arose to leave, there was great excitement in the dog metropolis. Shriill, quick-repeated calls, which in prairie-dog language meant, "run for the house, boys, here comes a 'bogie man,'" were heard everywhere. Prairie-dogs scurried for the nearest hole and several plunged into the same burrow. Beyond the panic-stricken area, sentinels stationed on their mounds in true prairie-dog attitude, passed the danger signal to their comrades on the outskirts of the city.

I walked over to inspect the work I had been watching. The dike was rounded symmetrically and packed firm, while the inside walls were covered thick with tiny nose-prints, little indentations that looked as though a boy had carefully kneaded the earth with his knuckles.

J. ALDEN LORING.

THE PORCUPINE FISH.

THE picture in the next column is that of a "*Cirrhosomus turgidus*," and it surely looks like it. In its normal condition it is not unlike a common black bass of fresh water. The body is inclosed in a sack capable of great distension and is not attached to it except at the head and tail. This skin or sack is covered with spines varying in length, hard and smooth as ivory and sharp as needles. When it is caught or when any danger threatens it, it immediately inflates itself to several times its usual size, by short inspirations, the inflation being by absorption of water if the fish is submerged, and by air if it is at the surface. Scratching it underneath, or rapping it lightly will cause

it to discharge its load through the mouth and gills, and then inflate again; and this operation may be repeated several times in succession.

This envelope when not inflated does not shrink close to the real fish body, but wraps itself by even folds, like accordion pleats around the circumference, the spines lying flat along the body. At the head where the thin skin is fairly attached, the spines are shorter, thicker and remain standing upright in one position.

This fish has no teeth, but the jaws, upper and lower, are notched, like a saw; there are no scales. When the body is removed and the skin dried it becomes as hard and tough as parchment.

If it be true that big fish feast upon small ones, this one must be a tough article of breakfast food. When a voracious shark comes in



THE PORCUPINE FISH.

sight, the porcupine fish swells himself to full size, wags his tail in a friendly way and chuckles in glee at the prospect of fooling the "hold-up" chap. The shark, seeing the fat, juicy morsel, prepares for a dainty fish dinner, takes him in at one gulp, and gets nothing but a mouthful of sharp pins and a dose of salt water.

What is the porcupine fish good for? Not for eating, surely. To man it is simply a curiosity. When the fish is killed and the skin dried in its distended condition, it can be turned into a fancy lantern by making an opening at the top and inserting a small electric globe, which when turned on shines with a mild light through the eyes and mouth and almost transparent skin, bringing out the fish shape very nicely.

Porcupine fish are usually caught by the net, but occasionally the fisherman may be lucky enough to induce one to take a hook.

W. J. HANDY.

MUSICAL WAVES.

WE removed the front from a Steinway grand piano and photographed the interior. The strings you will see are arranged like those



THE INTERIOR OF A GRAND PIANO.

By an interesting reflection, the black keys appear to be very much longer than they actually are.
The illustration is used by the courtesy of Steinway & Sons.

of a harp. The longest strings were three or four feet long and the shortest about two inches. The longest strings were thick and wound with wire. The shortest were thin. The longest were loose so that we could pull them back and forth, but the short strings were very tight. When we struck the first key at the left hand end of the piano, it moved a hammer against the longest string and produced a very low tone. When we struck the key at the other end of the piano its hammer struck the shortest string and it produced a very high tone. The piano is like a harp shut up in an elegant case. In both instruments the long, thick and loose strings produce the low tones and the short, thin and tight strings produce the high tones.

We pushed down the "soft" pedal and this moved all the hammers nearer to the strings, so that no matter how hard we struck the keys their hammers moved only a little, and hence were able to move the strings only a little. Loudness depends upon making the strings vibrate *widely*.

We could see the longest string vibrate when it was struck hard and we could feel

its vibrations with our finger tips. The vibrations were too rapid for us to count but we were told that the longest string on that piano always vibrated about twenty-six times a second whether it was struck hard or gently, and that the shortest string vibrated more than four thousand times a second whenever it was struck.

The strings of a violin are all the same length, but the player changes the length of the sounding portion by his fingering. Like the piano however, the violin has some strings thicker and looser than others and the former give the lower tones.

As we may produce waves in water by swinging our arms back and forth, so these



A HARP.

The photograph is used by the courtesy of Carl Fischer.

strings of piano, violin, etc., by swinging back and forth send out waves in the air. These air waves sound as music in our ears. They

travel about a mile in five seconds. The longest string on the piano therefore sends out (twenty-six times five) one hundred and thirty waves to the mile. Each wave is therefore about forty feet long. The shortest string on the piano sends out waves between three and four inches long. Thus the piano produces at the same time long and short waves in the air. The ocean in like manner may be stirred by great waves and little ripples at the same time. In both cases some waves help each other while some interfere.

PROFESSOR JOHN F. WOODHULL.

AN APPARENTLY LARGER MOON.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that sometimes the full moon is larger than at other times. What is the cause of this?

Your friend,

MARTHA WEBER.

I think that the principal cause of the apparent enlargement at the horizon is that we can then compare it with objects whose distance is approximately known to us. The apparent enlargement vanishes when we look at the moon through a piece of glass smoked sufficiently to cut off our view of objects on the earth. PROFESSOR MALCOLM MCNEILL.

The sky looks to the eye not like a true hemisphere but like a flattened vault, so that the estimates of distances for all objects near the horizon are apt to be too large. The sun and moon, when rising or setting, look to most persons much larger than when overhead; and the Dipper Bowl, when underneath the pole, seems to cover a much larger area than when above it. . . . When a heavenly body is overhead there are no *intervening objects* by which we can estimate its distance from us, while at the horizon we have the whole landscape between us and it.

PROFESSOR C. A. YOUNG.

Professor W. H. Pickering thinks that this comparison with trees and houses on the horizon is not the only reason nor the chief one. Our older readers will be interested in his explanation of "our estimates of size depending on angular altitude of the object." See his book "The Moon," page 79.

By the way, how large does the full moon seem? Some claim as large as a cart wheel, others as large as the end of a barrel, others as large as a silver dollar. Professor Pickering calls attention to the fact that (looked at with one eye) "It can always be

concealed behind a lead pencil held at arm's length."

CORN GROWING ON THE ROOF.

LAST summer, a corn plant, growing on the roof of my house until the stem was about three feet in length, attracted much attention from those who passed by in the street. The



A CORN PLANT GROWING ON A ROOF.

roof is the favorite resting-place for a flock of pigeons that make their home in the laboratory loft in the back yard, and one of them, I suppose, carried the grain and dropped it in the corner by the rain trough. There it sprouted in some slight accumulation of dust, the roots holding it in position by branching out under the shingles. Its growth was made possible only by the abundance of rain, which fell in showers nearly every day for a month; for, when an entire day of sunshine came, the lower leaves began to wilt, and the plant at once assumed a forlorn appearance. I decided that then or never was the time to obtain a photograph, and the accompanying picture is the result. Although the photograph was taken from the ground, the effect is fairly good, because I used a telephoto lens of high power.

The next day continued warm and fair, and my poor little corn plant fell over the edge of the roof, wilted, dried and dead.

A ROBIN'S NEST BUILT IN AN ORIOLE'S NEST.

IN the summer of 1903, while visiting my mother at Lowville, N. Y., I saw a robin fly to an oriole nest built the previous year in a small slender maple in front of the house and



THE UPPER PART (SAUCER SHAPED AND SHOWING THE EGG) IS THE ROBIN'S NEST. THE TANGLED LOWER PORTION IS THE ORIGINAL ORIOLE'S NEST.

on investigation it was found she had built her nest directly upon that of the oriole. The nests were cut down and photographed. Only one robin's egg shows in the picture but there were three in the nest. The oriole's nest was in a very unusual location. The tree had been recently transplanted from a dense grove and consequently the trunk was very tall and slender and the top very small. The nest was suspended from a small limb close to the main trunk. E. C. HOUGH.

CATNIP AND "PUSSY WILLOWS."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why kittens are so fond of catnip and also of pussy willows?
Your interested reader,

SUSAN J. APPLETON.

Cats are fond of catnip for two reasons. The aromatic odor is agreeable to them, and when eaten the herb is stimulating to their digestive organs.

I have never before heard the suggestion that cats eat "pussy willows." If cats are for

any reason fond of "pussy willows," it is news to me.—W. T. HORNADAY.

We do not think that cats would eat pussy willows only as they would eat any green thing in the spring. Catnip is not craved by all cats; some cats will not touch it, while others are passionately fond of it. It has a very curious effect on some cats, making them temporarily almost vicious. Catnip is a nerve excitant.—C. H. JONES, Editor "The Cat Journal."

The term "pussy willow" is applied to nearly all members of the willow family *Salicaceae* because the seed parts (aments) are covered with long glossy hairs. Aments of the willow (also of poplar, chestnut, oak, hickory, etc.) are often called catkins because of the resemblance in shape to a cat's tail.

THE SIZE OF MINNOWS AND THE EXTREME AGE OF FISHES.

ARMOUR, S. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how long minnows live and how large they grow?

Your devoted reader,

BAYARD BOYLAN, JR. (age 12).

Your inquiry implies a knowledge of fishes which many grown people do not have. Minnows are not simply the young of larger fishes, as is often believed, but constitute a special family, very numerous represented in the United States. Some of the members are only an inch or two long when full grown, others attain a large size, but the great majority of them are under six inches. The horned dace, or fall-fish, familiar to the boys of the Eastern States, is the largest "minnow" in that section; it reaches a length of eighteen inches. In the rivers of the Pacific coast there are some colossal "minnows," one of them—the so-called Sacramento pike—attaining a length of five feet. A familiar member of the minnow family is the carp. It has been stated that carp have lived to be one hundred to one hundred and fifty years old, but definite instances of such longevity are rare.

The normal length of life of our common small minnows probably rarely exceeds four or five years, and may be much shorter; but there are few satisfactory observations on this point. No general rule can be laid down regarding the age of fishes or the relation between age and size. It is known that the salmon of the Pacific coasts, which enter the rivers in such immense shoals, live to be four or five years old, and then invariably die after once laying their eggs. One Japanese fish dies when one year

old. On the west coast of Europe there occurs a small fish which is like an annual plant—that is, all the individuals die each year, and only the eggs—i.e., the seed—remain to produce the next season's crop. H. M. SMITH.

THE ABSENCE OF FEAR IN WILD BIRDS.

A REMARKABLE instance of the absence of fear in a woodcock, one of the wildest of the wild birds, on her eggs at nesting time, is recorded by two nature lovers at Battle Creek, Michigan. Last spring Harry S. Parker and C. C. Dell, members of the Nature Club, were taking an outing and making a study of birds, when they accidentally discovered a woodcock upon her nest. Mr. Dell approached this usually shy bird; the woodcock did not take flight; he walked still nearer and the bird did not even move. Surprised, Mr. Dell walked directly to the nest and placed his fingers underneath the bird. The latter sat unconcernedly upon her eggs

even candidly stating that they did not believe the story.

"Seeing is believing," said Mr. Parker, who is an artist, and so the next morning, armed with a camera, and accompanied by Mr. Dell, he visited the nest, and Mr. Dell repeated the exploit of placing his hand beneath the bird, and she again refused to take flight. Meanwhile Mr. Parker took a fine photograph of the bird sitting upon Mr. Dell's fingers. After developing the plate, he in triumph exhibited the finished picture to the sportsmen of the city, who acknowledged that it showed an incident in woodcock life of which they had never heard, and would not have believed if they had not seen the photograph, which was indisputable evidence.

CHARLES EMMETT BARNES.

While this experience is astonishing it is not exceptional. Many other naturalists have had similar experiences with wild birds that are



"MR. DELL REPEATED THE EXPLOIT OF PLACING HIS HAND UNDERNEATH THE BIRD, SHE AGAIN REFUSING TO TAKE FLIGHT."

manifesting no fear whatever. Mr. Dell did not further disturb the bird, and came away.

Upon their return to the city the gentlemen related the story of their experience with the woodcock to their hunter friends. The latter expressed surprise and incredulity, some

incubating. A nature study class of boys with me once found a wood-thrush that would permit stroking while on the nest. She would eat crumbs from the hand. Wild birds, especially on certain occasions and to their friends, are not as wild as we are apt to suppose.

A SIMPLE TURTLE TRAP.

ANY stout box about eighteen or twenty-four inches square and eighteen inches deep will answer the purpose. Bore a few holes



A TURTLE TRAP SET IN A SMALL POND.

in the bottom and sides for water circulation, nail an inclined board as a gang plank on one side extending from the water to about over the center of the box.

The box should be weighted with stones to keep it level, leaving only about six inches above the water. The trap is then ready to anchor in any convenient place in the pond or lake.

The turtles in selecting a fine spot in which to sun themselves will invariably crawl to the highest point of the gang plank, directly over the center of the trap. It is then necessary only to throw a stone from a distance in order to make a good splash near the trap. The turtles becoming frightened will slip off the gang plank into the trap.

The writer has caught many turtles in this manner in a very short time.

W. L. BEDELL.

WHERE ARE FROGS IN WINTER?

NEWTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me where the frogs go in winter? I have heard that they freeze in the ice, and in the spring, when the ice breaks up, they come to life again. Will you please tell me if that is so?

Your friend,

BARBARA WELLINGTON (age 11 years).

In the late fall, frogs betake themselves to water and bury themselves in the mud out of reach of frost. Here they lie in a dormant condition until the next spring. The general vital activities of the animal run down so low that little expenditure of energy is required to maintain life. There is need, therefore, for only a small amount of oxygen, and skin respiration then suffices. During the whole winter the frog does not breathe air with the lungs. The temperature of the body sinks until it is only a few degrees above that of the surrounding earth. As the frog takes no food during this time, it must keep up its vital activity at the expense of material stored in its tissues. . . . Frogs have little power of withstanding extreme cold, for the reason that they have no means of keeping their temperature very much above that of their surroundings, and their tissues consequently become frozen. On the other hand, they can withstand a reduction of their own bodily temperature far below the point which would be quickly fatal to any warm-blooded animal. They may be even frozen in ice for a short time and subsequently recover if gradually thawed out.—SAMUEL J. HOLMES, Ph.D., in "The Biology of The Frog."

THE PERSISTENCE OF LIFE IN INSECTS.

SOULSBYVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We found an insect and put it in the cyanide jar and left it there about twenty minutes. When it was taken out a pin was stuck through the insect and it was pinned in a cigar box. After four days it was seen to move. At first we thought we imagined the motion but on looking closer we saw that the insect moved unmistakably. How could this be?

Your interested reader,

EVELYN BURRILL.

The instance noted is not especially unusual, since the persistency of life with insects is often very extraordinary. For example, a writer in the "American Naturalist" in 1897 stated that he had known an *Ephydra* larva to live for three days in a solution of formalin. In "Nature" for 1893 Mr. J. Adams mentions a mite whose eggs survived the boiling point in water. The vitality of insects in gases of different kinds is mentioned in the "American Naturalist" for 1882. Mr. E. A. Schwarz, of Washington, D. C., has written a long paper on the comparative vitality of insects in cold water, in which he showed that many land insects would live for many days in sea water. The resistance of insects to cold is well understood. Mr. E. W. Doran, in the "Canadian Entomologist" for 1892, reported having found

young specimens of the mole-cricket swimming in an ice-covered pond in January when the ice was broken. Many insects of different orders can be frozen solidly in ice, and revive when thawed out. It is a well-known fact that after the loss of a head or still greater injury some insects will not only retain their vitality for a considerable time, but will act naturally. A crane-fly will leave half of its legs in the hands of a boy who has endeavored to catch it, and will fly here and there with as much agility and unconcern as if nothing had happened to it; and an insect impaled upon a pin will often devour its prey with as much avidity as when it has perfect liberty. This is especially noticeable with dragon flies. A common European cock-chaffer will walk about with apparent indifference after having been practically cut in two by some bird. A bumblebee with its abdomen removed will eat honey with greediness. An ant will walk about for some time when deprived of its head. The head of a wasp will attempt to bite after it is separated from the rest of the body, and the abdomen, under similar circumstances, will attempt to sting.

These instances suffice to show that the vitality of insects is infinitely greater than that of warm-blooded animals.—L. O. Howard, Chief of Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C.

In view of the astonishing persistence of life, it is not strange that our scientists are sometimes puzzled to know how to get rid of certain insect pests.

VARIOUS BROODS OF CICADAS.

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me whether the seventeen-year locusts only come once in seventeen years? And also if they all come the same year.

Your constant reader,

RUTH H. MATZ.

There are many broods of the cicadas in the United States, so that they appear in different localities in different years. New York State has five well-marked broods; one in the western counties is due in 1917; a large brood on Long Island and near Rochester will appear in 1919; another on Long Island in 1906; another in the Hudson River Valley in 1911. The different appearances of some of these broods have been noted and studied for more than a century.—“Ways of the Six-footed,” (Mrs. Comstock.)

In Bulletin No. 44 “The Periodical Cicada” United States Department of Agriculture, you will find an interesting account of various broods of locusts in the United States.

Each brood appears after an interval of seventeen years, but the time of appearance varies with different broods.

A REMARKABLE FUNGUS.

I WAS following an old wood road and paused for a moment to enjoy the beauty of the sun-flecked pathway; a bit of orange color attracted my attention. On closer examination I found a slim, club-shaped object about an inch long that appeared to be the cap of a small fungus. It reminded me of the spadix of a calla-lily. Wondering from what source this strange little parasite had been getting its food, I poked away the decaying leaves from the short stem and found to my great astonishment that the small, branching roots of this remarkable fungus were embedded in the head of a brown chrysalis about an inch in length. The chrysalis had lost its plumpness and was light to the touch, plainly showing that while it had served as a host for the little parasite a wonderful transformation had taken place. Mother Nature had changed the organs of an insect into this odd little orange-colored fungus.

I have never seen this species described and believe that it belongs to the same genus



THE REMARKABLE FUNGUS.

See the interesting description of this fungus in “The Century Dictionary” under “Cordyceps.” Also see “The Bulrush Caterpillar,” page 394 of ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1887.

as the little cone-shaped species discovered by Gibson in moss and described by him in his chapter about “The Wonderful Fungus Tribe” in “Sharp Eyes.”

W. C. KNOWLES.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY BLANCHE LEEMING (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize.)

AT night when all is dark and still,
 Quaint moon-men dance upon the sill;
 And queer fantastic shadows fain
 Fall zig-zag on my counterpane.
 The gentle breezes breathing deep
 Stir softly all the leaves in sleep,
 But though the casement 's open wide
 To let in all the great outside,
 Of goblin witches I 've no fear,
 For mirrored in the brooklet clear,
 From where he 's perched in maple tree,
 The moon is taking care of me.

SEVERAL months ago we asked Honor Members to send in their photographs in order that we might see how our gold and cash prize winners look. We often wonder how they look and we would like to know. We asked that the pictures sent should be taken as nearly at the time of the prize-winning as possible, that we wanted those of old Honor Members as well as of new. Well, we have already received a number of these pictures, and we are not disappointed. They are pictures of young people who look as if they might achieve success, especially in the League competitions. They will make a most interesting collection, one we shall be proud to look back upon in later years.

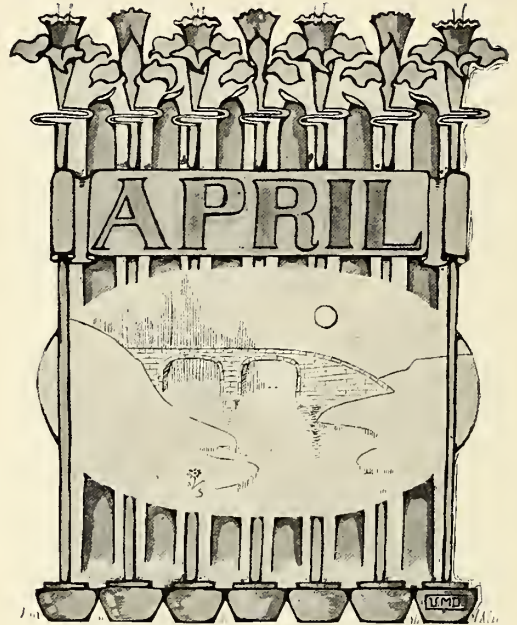
But there is one thing perhaps we forgot to say. We wish the pictures signed, on the front, if possible, with the sender's autograph. And we not only wish the pictures of Honor Members, but of those members who



"A HEADING." BY LUCIA L. HALSTEAD, AGE 15.
 (HONOR MEMBER.)

have outgrown the League, and who, though they failed to achieve the highest League honors, have persevered and are continuing their work and winning success in the wider professional fields. There are a good many of these, for it may easily happen that one's art and literary development is slow in coming, and the boy or girl who could not win a League badge prize may, after the League age limit, make such a strong and sudden growth that the greater prizes which the world awards, are gathered with no uncertain hand. We are especially interested in these old friends.

A few League members do not seem to understand what an Honor Member is. An Honor Member is one



"A HEADING." BY VERA MARIA DEMENS, AGE 15.
 (CASH PRIZE.)

who has a gold badge or a cash prize or both, and the title usually follows the name of such a member when a subsequent contribution of such a member is used in the League department, especially when such a contribution is considered up to the League prize standard.

The Honor Members have the most of the League this month. The greater number of good drawings and poems are by old friends, and this is not because we wish to fill up the department with their work—fond of it as we are—but because for this particular number it was better than the most of the other work received, and as we have often said before, the League must be edited for those who enjoy reading and looking at it as well as those who write and draw for it.

A closing word to the artists. Do not draw your pictures the size you expect them to appear in the magazine, but about twice as big. They are photographed down to the size we want them, and they gain by reduction, if the reduction is not too great.

PRIZE WINNERS, DECEMBER COMPETITION.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Blanche Leeming** (age 16), Woods Park, Michigan City, Ind.

Gold badge, **Catharine D. Brown** (age 17), Barre, Mass.

Silver badge, **Margaret L. Brett** (age 17), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Mary Graham Bonner** (age 17), 7 Kent St., Halifax, N. S.; **Gertrude J. Shannon** (age 15), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Corinne J. Gladding** (age 16), 23 N. Mosby Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Silver badges, **Horace Clark** (age 17), 369 Algoma St., Oshkosh, Wis.; **Marion B. Phelps** (age 13), 258 Main St., Nashua, N. H., and **Florence Woodworth Wright** (age 9), 703 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Vera Maria Demens** (age 15), 1149 W. 28th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gold badge, **J. B. Stenbuck** (age 15), 422 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth Tyler** (age 14), 39 Grey Cliff Rd., Newton Center, Mass., and **E. Allena Champlin** (age 14), 151 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y.

Photography. Gold badge, **Ruth Duncan** (age 13), Gadsden, Ala.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Gill** (age 12), 1106 Water St., Meadville, Pa.; **Helen Hudson** (age 14), 243 Ridge Ave., Ben Avon, Pa., and **Anna A. Flichtner** (age 15), 140 Montrose Ave., South Orange, N. J.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Young Crows," by **Phoebe Warren** (age 13), 645 Fairmount Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Second prize, "Young Herring Gull," **T. H. McKittrick, Jr.** (age 17), Hackley Upper School, Tarrytown, N. Y. Third prize, "Flicker, Feeding Young," by **Alfred C. Redfield** (age 16), Wayne, Pa.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Mary Parker** (age 14), Holliston, Mass., and **Arthur Minot Reed** (age 12), 354 Clinton Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Silver badges, **Robert E. Naumburg** (age 14), The Guntery, Washington, Conn., and **Ronald Martin Foster** (age 10), 480 McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badge, **Mary W. Ball** (age 14), 75 Corning St., Charleston, S. C.

Silver badge, **Florence H. Doan** (age 13), 47 N. Irvington Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

A tender sweetness touched his lips
Of hope that never dies.

"Who art thou, elf?" I cried, amazed,
"So sweet and bright, forsooth?"
"Some call me Love," the lad replied,
"My name is Heart-of-Youth."

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

THERE is a noted painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, called "Simplicity." It is a picture of a little girl who charms you, by her absolute simplicity. The same could be said of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" which is a succession of beautiful pictures, not painted by the brush, but by the pen. In addition to this charm is its delightful simplicity.

"Enoch Arden" could be divided into four scenes. The first describes the little sea-port town with the children Annie Lee, Philip Ray and Enoch Arden, playing "house" on the beach, where Annie agrees to be little wife to both. Later we see how this promise is fulfilled.

In the second scene; Enoch Arden, who has grown into manhood, tells Annie of his love for her. Enoch and Annie live happily together for seven years, when hardships befall Enoch and duty bids him undertake a long voyage in order to support his little family. Before he leaves, he sells his well-loved boat and starts a little store for Annie.

In the third scene, Annie fails in the store, and Philip helps her in many ways, finally entreating her to become his wife. One night a dream convinces her that Enoch is in heaven and she marries Philip; but

HEART OF YOUTH.

BY CATHARINE D. BROWN
(AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

I PLUCKED a blushing, half-blown rose
With petals velvet-red,
And gazed into its crimson depths
That sweetest fragrance shed.

When lo! a tiny, merry sprite
Thrust forth a saucy face!
A peal of-silvery laughter gay
Rang out in fairy space.

Then up he sprang, with carol blithe,
And tossed his sunny hair;
He danced a tripping, dainty step,
In truth, a picture fair.

Ambition's seal was on his brow
And truth shone in his eyes



"THE CHILD." BY RUTH DUNCAN, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)



"CHILDREN." BY ELEANOR GILL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

she never is quite happy, although Philip is a kind, loving husband. In the meantime, Enoch has had many hardships, but at last he is rejoicingly homeward bound.

What is the end of this voyage? The fourth scene is the saddest; in which Enoch, in his impressive prayer, tells of his sorrow when he, unseen, witnesses his family in Philip's home. His brave resolve, "Not to tell her, never to let her know," keeps him up, but finally he breaks down, and on his death-bed tells Miriam Lane the story of his life, blessing all, even Philip. Three nights later he dies, crying out, "A sail! A sail! I am saved."

The pathos in this story of the self-sacrificing Enoch Arden is what makes me love it above all other poems. Many critics think that the last three lines of the poem are unnecessary, but I think Tennyson understands his characters and their characteristics when he says:—

"So passed the strong heroic soul
away.

And when they buried him the
little port
Had seldom seen a costlier
funeral."

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY MARGARET L. BRETT
(AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

HE longed to play at foot-ball,
And to drive Dad's fiery steeds,
To hold the wheel in Jack's
machine,
Strike matches on his tweeds;

To smoke cigars and puff blue rings
And to become in truth
A man—of twenty-one or more,
For he had the heart of youth.

HE wished to be a sophomore,
So jolly and blasé—

well and loves it too. And it is none other than, "The Night before Christmas!" Does any one blame me for liking it so much?

I remember so well (for I am not *very* old now) how every Christmas eve we children would sit before the fire with Mama and she would read this poem to us in her sweet musical voice. We would sit at her feet and stare into the fire while she chanted the magic spell over us. Our faces grew warmer and warmer; we could just see the still house—not a thing stirring; we saw the snow, the sleigh and the reindeer, Prancer, Dancer, Vixen and all the rest pulling it, and old Santa all bundled up controlling them with a twitch of the rein.

We could see him stop at our house and bring in a big sack with all the things inside that we had written to ask him for. Had we been good enough for him to bring all the things we wanted? Anyway we'd see the next morning. Here the poem came to an end and we came back to earth as our vision vanished.

"Now hurry to bed children," Mama would say, "So as to give Santa ample time to come." Into bed we got and were tucked in. And in our dreams we saw Santa—toys and sugar plums; also longed for the morrow. The reason I like this poem so is because I was so happy when it was read to me.

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 17).
(Honor Member.)

JUST to live life! To feel the thrill

Of youth, and hope, and energy,
To face the world with quiet will
Like tempered steel that must be free,
To face the flush of victory strong,
To meet defeat at duty's call,
To bear distress, if need be, long,
To sacrifice, if need be, all!



"SWISS CHILDREN." BY ANNA A. FLICHTNER
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Just to live life! With purpose wrought,
 To find success in work done well,
 To seek advice in things untaught,
 To see in fame its empty shell,
 To struggle hard for what is just,
 To seek in each reverse a gain,
 To bear success without the lust
 Of empty conquest in its train.

Just to live life! With hands to do,
 With strength to bear, with will to be,
 With fortitude to wait and view,
 With power in sincerity,
 With honor and with open heart,
 And courage that cannot dispel,
 To live, to be, is but the part
 To face the world, and face it well.

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

BY CORINNE J. GLADDING (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," by Thomas Gray, is my favorite poem. I think it is one of the most beautiful and perfect poems in our language. It was written at a period of English literature when love for man and nature was taking the place of the intellectual and classical elements of the period before.

The author, Thomas Gray, was born in London in 1716. We are told that he was a very learned man, and became a professor at Cambridge, but we like to think of him best as the poet. He did not write very much, but what he did write was excellent. Matthew Arnold says, "He is the scantiest and frailest of classics in our poetry, but he is a classic."

For seven long years Gray labored upon the "Elegy," and he perfected it until it became a "flawless gem of English literature." If we examine every line, we shall find it perfect. Gray wished to tell simple truths in this poem, and rejected the verse:

"There scattered oft, the earliest
 of the year,
 By hands unseen, are shadows
 of violets found;
 The redbreast loves to build and
 warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly
 print the ground."

One may still see at Stoke Pogis the little church, and the churchyard, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." It looks very much as it did during the poet's life-time, except that a new steeple has replaced the "ivy-mantled tower." Beneath the oriel-window of the little church Gray is buried, near where he used to walk and dream on summer evenings.

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 14).

(*Honor Member.*)

BORNE upwards on its gold and silver wings
 Rises the Heart of Youth,
 With its fond hopes and sweet imaginings,



"CHILDREN." BY HELEN HUDSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

It wanders through this sordid world, nor
 brings
 To mind the hard, undecorated truth;
 And future cares and sorrows left behind
 Are spurned, because the Heart of Youth is
 blind.

MY FAVORITE POEM.

BY FRANCES WOODWORTH
 WRIGHT (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY favorite poem is a hard thing for me to tell about. If you had asked me to tell about my favorite school I could have done it better.

When I was a little girl I liked Stevenson's poems, and especially "I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me." But now I like "Hiawatha," and "Evangeline."

I could call "Evangeline" my favorite poem if I did understand it better. I have not yet finished it.

The reason why I could have told about my favorite school is because I have never been to any school except one and it is the school up in the country of West Wrentham.

My teacher was very good to me and she gave me a nice report card.

She had my class read "Evangeline."
 There are thirteen scholars in the summer and eleven in the winter.

My teacher has been to the land of Evangeline.
 We hope some day to go.
 I don't believe many of the League members have been to a country school.

When I am up in West Wrentham I can almost imagine being in the woods that Hiawatha and Nokomis were in.

The reason why I like "Evangeline" is this: it makes



"CHILDREN" (FRANCE). BY JANE GOULD,
 AGE 15.



"CHILDREN." (NORWAY.) BY KATHARINE H. STOUT, AGE 15.

me think of my summer home. While there is no ocean it is so quiet. The owls hoot in the night and the whippoorwills call. The birds sing in the day time, and the squirrels run about. It is all so peaceful and pleasant.

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY GERTRUDE EMERSON (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

THE summer wind sighed softly in the pine,
And swayed the quaint old garden flowers fair,
That bowed their graceful heads, the phlox was there.
The mignonette, and twining eglantine;
And in their midst I sat, that day just nine,
And like a child without a thought or care,
With tiny pinafore, and curling hair,
I played the flowers were my children fine.
But now that day has passed beyond recall,
The morn of life is turned into the night.
The wheat grows but its full, and then must fall,
And so I pass from darkness now to light:
And though my life had days of sun and show'rs
My heart is like the child's among the flow'rs.

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

BY HORACE CLARK (AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN I was in the fourth grade in the elementary school we had a principal who was a young man, fresh from college. He must have strongly believed in the memory method of teaching for he had all the pupils of the two higher grades of the school learn several long poems, and among these was Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." I can remember how we hated this work. But we had it to do, and we learned the poem so thoroughly that even now I can recite nearly every verse.

It was drudgery to learn the poem then, because we could not understand it, and we did not realize its meaning. But now, after a few years, we see the good in it. Every little while I think of it. Sometimes I find myself stopping and repeating a verse or two of it. I feel the sentiment of the poem and have come to love it. Possibly it is because I know it better than any other work of the kind, but I do not think so.

This poem has always been very popular, and its influence has been very great. No one may tell how many it may have inspired to some great act, and how many it may have restrained from doing an evil one.

The poem breathes of common things. It is full of lessons for every one. It teaches us the respect for the worthy poor, which so many of us lack. It warns the proud not to take thought to themselves, and not to feel above the more humble, who are their brothers.

It is a poem of such high merit that it has become a classic, and it will always take high rank as long as there is an English Literature.

Two of the stanzas which have impressed me most, follow. They are often quoted, and there is much truth in them.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Alike await the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



"CHILDREN." BY EMILY P. GOSSLER, AGE 13.

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

THE heart of youth is blithe and gay,
Singing through the livelong day;
Drowning sorrow in its mirth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

In the heart of youth adventure lies,
To make discoveries great it tries;
Wanting to travel o'er the earth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

In the heart of youth ambition lies,
Trying to fame's great height to rise;



"YOUNG CROWS." BY PHOEBE WARREN, AGE 13. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

Trying always to prove its worth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

In the heart of youth the love-light lies,
A little spark that never dies;
Faithful, though wand'ring o'er the earth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

Staid is the heart of the old and gray,
While the heart of youth is light and gay;
Drowning sorrow in its mirth;
Happy the day when it had its birth!

MY FAVORITE POEM.

BY MARION B. PHELPS (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

THE poem which has always appealed to me the most is Whittier's beautiful "Snowbound." The lines are so simply expressed that I can understand them quite fully, but they are so full of thoughts and pictures that there is a fresh one every time I take it up.

So when I found myself actually looking at the birth-place of Whittier and the scene of the poem I was very desirous of going into the old house.

We found that upon paying a small sum we would be allowed to fulfil our wishes.

The house was quite as interesting as the poem pictures it, for it is kept in the same condition by a colonial society.

We went through a small hall, into the large kitchen or living room. The most of one side is taken up by the immense fireplace. In it are the old crane, the kettles and the andirons with their "straddling feet." Nearby is Whittier's old desk at which he wrote his first poem. There is also a china closet where most of Mrs. Whittier's china is preserved. The most interesting

thing in this closet is the mug in which the cider "simmered slow."

The mother's room opens out of the kitchen and has a large four poster bed with hand-made linen and quilts. This room is about two inches above the level of the kitchen because of a ledge, which, in those days was easier to build over than to blast out.

There is also a "best room," where are more old pieces of china, a sampler worked by "the little girl who went above him," and many old and valued pieces of furniture.

But I have told you only about the house. There is an old-fashioned garden, a grove, a brook, a barn and many other delightful places. No wonder Whittier loved his old home.

I hope this piece of colonial property will always be preserved, but even though it may be destroyed by time, the poem, Whittier's "Snowbound," will live.

Lost or damaged League buttons will be replaced free on application.



"YOUNG HERRING GULL." BY T. H. MCKITTRICK, JR., AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"FLICKER FEEDING YOUNG." BY ALFRED C. REDFIELD, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

An Exclamatory Poem.

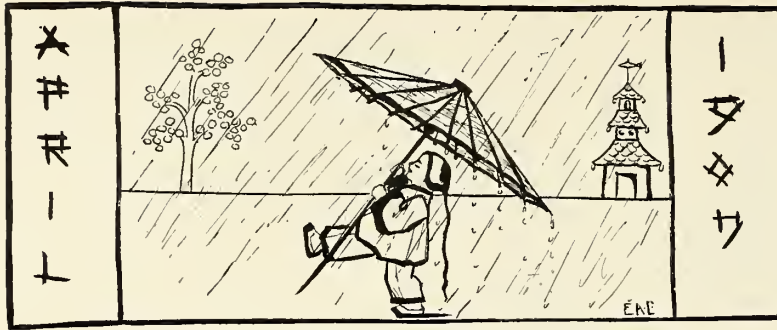
BY MARJORIE Y. BETTS (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

YOUTH 's at your heart now!
Soon 't will depart. Now,
Now is the start! Now
The time to enjoy.

With both hands grasp pleasure—
Nor time heed, nor measure,
But fast hold thy treasure!
Ere long 't will cloy.

Age comes so quickly,
Feeble and sickly;
Pleasure then, sickly,
Will have passed on.



"A HEADING," BY E. ALLENA CHAMPLIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A meadow cold and dreary,
A lad both cross and weary,
Green apples and an apple-
tree,
A voice that crieth,
"Happy me!"
Obstinacy!

A thought of supper in
his mind,
A thought of Father's care
behind;
And yet another voice I
hear,
A voice that crieth, "I
don't care!"
Despair!

Just for a minute
Life lasts, and in it
Joy, though you win it,
Is—and is gone.

Happiness reckoned
You yours? Grief beckoned—
Gone in a second,
Lost in a breath.

Glad youth, a laughing boy!
Blissful love! Careless joy;
Age with a broken toy!
In the end Death!

A little lad, a little sad,
A little bed, a curly head,
A thought that, if he lived or died,
Would Mother hear that voice inside?
Repentance!

MY FAVORITE POEM.

BY KNOWLES ENTRIKIN (AGE 15).

SOMEONE has said "First impressions are lasting." This is no doubt true. Certainly it is so in my first impression of Hiawatha.

The first poem I ever had read to me after the age of "Solomon Grundy," "Mother Goose" and nursery rhymes, was Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." As for understanding it, I did not, but the musical swing and rhythm of the poem pleased me in the same way that a piece of music appeals to one.

The mysterious Indian names so soft and beautiful, please the mind while they baffle the tongue. Then too there is a fairy-storiness about it that appeals to the imaginative while the human companionship with nature is portrayed in such a fascinating way that one can see in the elements the personalities of human beings.

And yet amongst the misty imaginings of the poet there is woven a beautiful story of a human life.

Born "by the shores of Gitche Gumees," Hiawatha passed his childhood and

"Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,
Talked with them when'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'"

How he grew to manhood, struggled and fasted, and at last won the "Laughing Water, Minnehaha" for a wife, is sung in the measures of this Indian symphony.

Then came the famine, the death of Minnehaha, the coming of the white man and at last the death of Hiawatha. Thus it is ended.

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

BY ROBERT W. HOBART (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

My favorite poem is "Old Ironsides" by Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is one of the first poems I ever learned by heart.

The reason I like this poem is because it is historic and patriotic.

"Old Ironsides" is the name given the old frigate, *Constitution*, which was launched at Boston, on September 20, 1797. She became famous during the war of 1812.

"Old Ironsides" was to be destroyed and the people felt strongly about it, and Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote this poem about 1830, and it was published in the Boston newspapers at that time.

It is now published in a book with many other poems of his.

The government has used \$100,000 to take care of the hulk of "Old Ironsides" so she will not be destroyed.

I hope every boy and girl in the League will read "Old Ironsides."



"STUDY," BY ELIZABETH TYLER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

BY DORIS NEEL (AGE 17).

A LITTLE lad, and yonder school,
A meadow green, and broken rule,
An outward voice that crieth, "No!"
An inward voice that crieth, "Go!"
Conscience!

"Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter."

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

ELEANOR RANDOLPH CHAPIN (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

THERE 's a sigh of the wind in the stormy night
As it rustles the leaves, and the falling rain
Chases the twinkling stars away
And patters against the window-pane,
While the flames on the hearth within leap high,
Sparkling and bright, toward the starless sky.

Gazing into the dancing flames,
As she lies in the circle of ruddy light,
Forgetful of wind and the driving rain,
Or else in the dark and stormy night,
A child rehearses a happy morn
'Neath a summer sky, midst the waving corn.

The fields are gay with buttercups;
A bird is trilling a glad some song;
And down in the shade of the orchard trees
A brooklet merrily flows along.
The grasses whisper as they sway;
The child is singing at her play.

Without the pouring rain has ceased to fall:
The raging storm is swiftly passing by
The tardy moon is climbing to its place
To drive the hurrying storm clouds from the sky:
And one by one the stars begin to peep.
'T is still within: the child is fast asleep.

MY FAVORITE POEM.

BY ARTHUR KRAMER (AGE 14).

I HAVE few *single* favorites in anything, but I have a good many favorites among poems.

It is not the rhyme of the poem that I like so much as the thought in which it is written.

Yet the rhyme plays some part, for it makes the poem musical to the ear; while, without it, it is only musical to the mind.

Sometimes when I read a poem it takes such a hold on me that I cannot get it out of my head for days. Indeed I do not try to, for if there is anything I like to do, it is to think about or to read some favorite poem.

There are two poems that lately appeared in the League department, both written by the same person, that have a peculiar fascination for me. They may be ranked among my favorites.

Some little poem, straight from the writer's heart, is the one I like in preference to the ones that are dashed off in the hurry of the moment.

When I saw "My Favorite Poem" announced, I said to myself, "Here 's an easy subject." But now that I come to write it, I find that it is not so easy to write about it, as it is to think about it. If I could shape some of my unworded thoughts, maybe I could write better, but as it is, it is hard to express just what constitutes my favorite poem.

NOTICE.

Please read the League Introduction concerning the photographs wanted of League Honor members.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY LYDIA C. GIBSON, AGE 14.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

THE soft winds are sighing, the butterflies flying,
O'er the orchard, adrift in the fresh balmy air,
And Summer comes dancing, with smile so entrancing,
That field and lane blossom, with flowers so fair.

Now Autumn approaching, on Summer encroaching,
Tho' the fruit in the orchard still hangs on each bough.
The leaves are all burning, to red and gold turning,
And gorgeous in coloring Autumn reigns now.

The children are singing, the Yuletide bells ringing.
The world now is touched by Winter's cold hand.
No butterflies flutt'ring, no birds, songs are utt'ring,
Tho' Christmastide joy is abroad in the land.

With fruit trees perfuming the world with their blooming,
Comes the happiest season of all the glad year.
The robin's sweet calling, upon the ear falling,
Is a herald, to tell us, that Springtime is here.

THE STORY OF THE STARS.

BY CELIA C. HIGGINS (AGE 16).

ON one of the quaintest and oldest of the streets in Philadelphia there stands a little old brown house with a gabled roof. Within this house, about a hundred and fifty years ago something of great consequence to the future of the country took place.

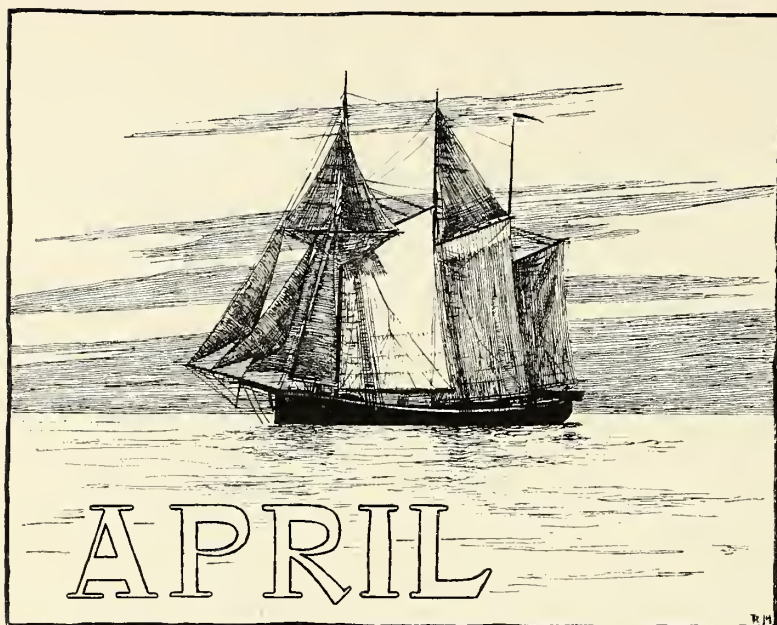
There had been several flags used during the Revolution, one especially of a rattlesnake coiled, with its head lifted, which had the motto, "Don't Tread on Me;" but this was not universally used.

Another flag had been made out of a red petticoat for the red stripes, a sheet for the white ones and a man's blue shirt

for the background of the stars. But this was not settled for the national flag until after the war. When Washington was president he went to this little house where a certain woman called Betsy Ross lived, and asked her to make a silk flag of red and white in stripes with an oblong piece of blue in the left corner in which there were to be set thirteen white stars with six points. But Miss Betsy Ross thought that she could cut five-pointed stars more easily so she made them with five points. When Washington saw it he liked the five-pointed stars better and never changed them. So by one woman's will the flag of a country was changed.



"STUDY." BY EDITH ROWLAND KNAPP, AGE 14.



"A HEADING." BY ROWLEY MURPHY, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE FOREST.

BY WILBUR K. BATES (AGE 14).

'MID sweetest scent of balmy spruce and pine,
Here might we rest and dream from hour to hour,
'Neath canopy of leaves and hanging vine,
Absorbed by some sublime and unseen power.

On either hand the oak holds high his head,
The woodland flower sends up a fragrant smell.
A mirror lake by woodland springlets fed
Begins the brook that trickles through the dell.

Here fanned by balmy breezes blithe we rest,
Devouring priceless beauty all around;
Here drink we deep of nature at her best,
And see what glory springs from lowly ground.

How stately strike the branches 'cross the sky,
How well the green stands out against the blue.
How proud the oak lifts up his head on high,
How sweet the floweret cups the pearly dew.

On, on, through all the ages stands the wood.
The oak will stand when we have ceased to be.
To man the forest is an heirloom good—
A noble symbol of eternity!

TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Its aims are recreation, intellectual improvement, and the protection of the oppressed, whether human beings or dumb animals. Gold, silver, and cash prizes are awarded for meritorious achievement. The membership is free, and a badge and full instructions will be sent on application.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY KATHRYN SPRAGUE DE WOLF (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

THE spirit which made Huguenots of his forebears, compelling them to leave their once lovely France, their possessions, and sadly divided kindred, was doubtless identical with that which so influenced my great-grandfather, "Hubert de Wolff, born in Amsterdam, Holland, 1767," according to our family record.

Independence! That was his dearest desire. This was a stirring period in the history of the Netherlands, but Hubert's parents probably would have continued a quite tranquil existence if there had not been that irrepressible yearning for freedom in their son. Doubtless meek old Mynheer de Wolff had to often "take it"

from madame because he came of a democratic family. Two years before he supposedly reached the "age of discretion," Hubert fell a victim to Napoleon's many assurances that he would free Holland. Poor boy, he was early to learn that people do not *always* keep their promises. One evening when each little Hans and Gretel had long since repeated bedtime prayers, Hubert, with about half a dozen equally trusting comrades, fired with the noble idea of saving Holland, opened the city gates — and Napoleon entered. Hubert could not stand the deceits of "the Little Corporal," and soon he sadly departed for America. It was a wild move, breaking his mother's heart and leaving his father's sore indeed. At the landing an acquaintance asked why he came. A torrent of emotions rose within the youth, but the only word that escaped him was the soul-satisfying "Liberty!"

Hubert's ambition soon became akin to "Yankee push," and his business success in the new world was far greater than it would have been in Holland. Returning to Holland in 1823, he stayed long enough to grow homesick for the States. The good King William was an unconventional neighbor, and he and Mr. de Wolf often dined together. Once the easy-going sovereign asked Hubert his opinion of America. Instantly came the respectful but frank reply, "I'd rather vote for one President of the United States of America than dine with a dozen kings." It is recorded that this astonishing Declaration of Independence made no difference in their friendship. Hubert died in 1847, leaving his descendants a quaint picture painted in 1771 by his "Father Willem." It hangs in our dining-room.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

BY GIBBS MANSFIELD (AGE 7).

"Ah, me!" said once a frozen brook.

"Ah, me! ah, me!

Ah, me! kind Nature, freeze me not!
Ah, let my rippling waters run!

"My heart beats babbling in the stream—
And birds and fishes on the wing—
To reach the ocean giant strong;
And he, with outstretched arms,
To reach my little babbling heart!"

"Ah, let me not hear that again,"
Said Mother Nature, sternly.
"I'll freeze you to the very water's edge,
And then kind Winter, with his arms so
strong,
Will bear thy heart along."

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY CLARA P. POND (AGE 14).

LONG ago, when Massachusetts and Connecticut were very young, and differently divided from the way they are now, a little river received the name of "Bride Brook" in a curious and interesting way.

In summer it was a pretty stream, flowing round and about an occasional Indian wigwam, twisting and turning through the thick woods; but at this particular time it was covered with ice and snow, and the trees were bare and the ground white.

One cold, bright day in the winter of sixteen hundred and forty-six, a quaint wedding scene was enacted on its banks, many miles from human habitation—excepting an Indian wigwam near by.

It was on this day that the occupants of the wigwam were much surprised by the arrival of a small group of white people clad in soft gray garments.

They were mostly men, for only two women could be seen.

One was a sweet-faced young girl, unwilling to be separated from a tall man, who was more demonstrative toward her than most Puritans were wont to be.

The man was Jonathan Rudd, and he was that morning to marry the gentle Mary who kept so close to him and followed every step he took.

The bridal party came from Saybrook, because no one there was qualified to perform the ceremony.

John Winthrop, who was commissioned for Massachusetts only, had proposed to meet them on the borders of the two colonies; and it was there, on the bank of this little river, that he, accompanied by some friends from New London, found Jonathan Rudd, his bride Mary, and her sister awaiting him.

It took but a short time to get everything arranged, for little needed to be done; and in the untrampled snow—the white below, and the intense blue of the sky above—the ceremony was performed.

Jonathan Rudd stood with one arm protectingly thrown about the modest Mary, while John Winthrop stood in front of them, the few friends grouped behind; and no other eyes beheld them save those of the Indians who, open-mouthed in wonderment, peered out from behind the wigwam door, while the bright sun looked down from above as if to pronounce a benediction upon them.

Jonathan Rudd and his wife Mary are my own ancestors.

MY FAVORITE KNIGHT.

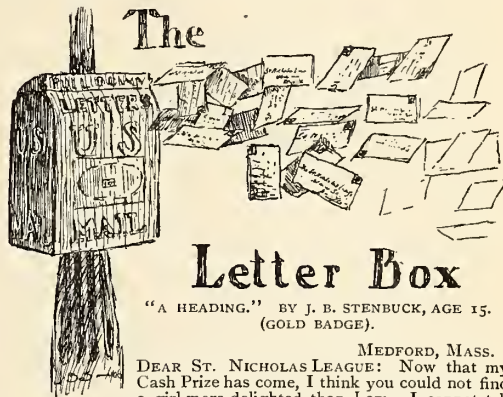
BY JULIA M. WILSON (AGE 12).

LONG ago in the days of Queen Elizabeth there lived a brave man named Walter Raleigh.

One day the queen and her maids were crossing the streets when they came to a puddle. Walter Raleigh was passing with a purple silk coat on. He saw the queen and her maids trying to step over the puddle.

Then he took off his coat and laid it over the puddle so Queen Elizabeth could pass.

Then the queen said to one of her maids, "Who is that fine gentleman?" The maid said, "That is Walter Raleigh." So the next day the queen sent for him and made him Sir Walter Raleigh. My favorite knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, was not like the other knights who were always fighting and killing each other. He was always polite and trying to do some good to every one, that is why I like him.



"A HEADING." BY J. B. STENBUCK, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE).

MEDFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Now that my Cash Prize has come, I think you could not find a girl more delighted than I am. I cannot tell you how much the League has meant to me; but I have learned from it that faithful work is

not without its reward, for after four years of trying I received my Gold Badge last Christmas, and now my Cash Prize is here.

I have seldom tried as hard for anything as I have tried for the rewards in the League, and I have never gained anything that I care more for.

I have improved much in the expression of my thoughts, and even in the thoughts themselves. It hardly seems possible that such an improvement could have been made in only five years, and I want to thank you as much for the help that you have given me as for the prizes.

My only regret is that I have but one year more in which to write for the League—but one year more in which to try to become an "Honor Member," a thing which I look forward to almost as much as I looked forward to the gaining of the other prizes.

Thanking you again for my Cash Prize, I am

Sincerely your friend,

GLADYS M. ADAMS.

SAINT GABRIEL'S SCHOOL, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I cannot express how I thank you—
My gratitude ne'er could be told—
It's one of my choicest possessions,
The beautiful medal of gold!

I wish you success, merry paper,
(I deem that success has been mine),
St. Gabriel's always enjoys you
And thinks you are ever so fine!

My first and my last declarations,
And all of my statements between
Are thanks for awarding the medal
To Annie L. Hillyer, fifteen.

FROM ONE WHO HAS TRIED.

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much surprised to get a prize for my puzzle, and I am as proud of my silver badge as anybody could be. I have tried a good many things before this, and succeeded in having one of my photographs published in the May number. I was very pleased then, but I am overjoyed now that I have won a prize.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Dodge. I hope the ST. NICHOLAS, which is dear to the hearts of so many boys and girls, will be continued, although without her guidance, and that it will be the most popular children's magazine for many years to come.

With many thanks for my pretty badge, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON HUNT.

FROM HAWAII.

WAIALEE, OAHU.
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is vacation now. We go riding, swimming, and we went up the mountains for land-shells.

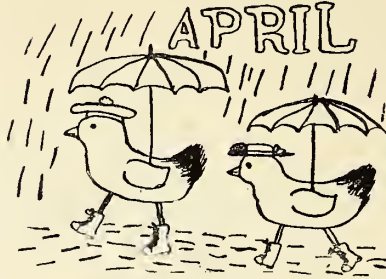
My brother, DeWitt, found quite a rare shell called an "Apex."
DeWitt and his chum Dexter have made a boat. They have been sailing quite a lot.

Early this morning they went out beyond the reef, and they caught two squids.

Agnes, my little sister, and I went with them in the boat in our fish-pond.

I hope to enter the eighth grade next term, I am,

Your loving reader,
MURIEL L. GIBSON.



"A HEADING." BY AGNES I. PRIZER, AGE 9.

FRITCHLEY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you very much indeed for the cash prize which I received a few days ago.

It was a surprise to me when I looked at the League to find that it had been awarded to me.

Our September ST. NICHOLAS came very late indeed, I don't know why, and before it arrived I was constantly receiving post-cards from American members who said they had seen my name in the ST. NICHOLAS, which was a great puzzle to me.

And I think that I ought to mention here that I do not collect postals and so have no use for the great number I receive. At first I started sending cards back but more and more came as I got nothing, and in fact lost by the exchange, I simply had to stop. I hope you will print this letter as I am afraid the American members will think me so rude and unkind.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS magazine very much and always look forward to the day it comes.

I have a sweet little baby sister who is just learning to walk. She is so pretty and clever and can talk so nicely.

I am very interested in the serials and I am waiting eagerly for the next number.

Again thanking you for the prize, I remain
Your interested reader,
PHYLLIS MARY SARGENT.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: The Senior German class of Keokuk High School was sleepily conjugating and ardently longing for something to happen—and it did; for a note came to the girl by the window, announcing that she had been awarded the cash prize for verse.

I am not going to say that you have raised me to the heights of my ambition, but you have given me a "lift" to the first turning on the road that leads to success, and if it were not for that friendly aid, I might never struggle further on the path.

For over two years my name has appeared somewhere in your pages every month; even before that, I wrote quite regularly, and my labor has been amply rewarded. You have given all the honors in your power, and now I shall continue to contribute, to show that it is not the prizes but the pleasure and education you give, which draw us League members so closely together.

It is a very proud and happy girl who closes this, her last prize-winner letter, with a greeting to all those other young people, whose work has helped to enable her to sign herself,

Your honor member,
NANNIE CLARK BARR
(age 15).



"A STUDY." BY RUSH PARSHALL BROWN, AGE 15.

LAWTON, O. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but have often wanted to. I have read many letters written to you.

I live in a very nice country. It is very seldom cold here. The town where I live has very pleasant places around it.

Fort Sill is four miles from here. It was founded in 1869

and all its houses and places where the soldiers sleep are built of stone.

We have Indians in our town every day. Some dress in blankets and some dress like civilized people. The little children are compelled to go to the Indian school one mile from Lawton. The Comanche and Apache are the only Indians around here. Geronimo, the noted Apache prisoner of war, can be seen most any day. I am,

Your interested reader,
FRANCES SCHULTZE (Age 13).

MARLBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, but have only written to you once before. I belong to the League but I am afraid I have been very idle, but from now on I am going to send in every month for the drawing competitions I hope, for I shall not be able to be in the League very much longer. I am very fond of drawing and I think seeing other boys' and girls' drawings has helped me a lot. I think you are far better than any English children's magazines. I liked the long stories you had one year complete in one number very much.

I would like an American correspondent of about my own age (15½) who would write me nice long letters. My address is "Applegarth," Ogbourne St. George, Marlborough, Wilts, England.

Believe me, your interested reader,
LUCY PEDDER.

Other welcome letters have been received from Etta Thompson, Marie Ruebel, Mirabelle Summy, Dorothy Butes, Helen E. Patten, Mary Villeponteaux Lee, Annette Burr, Dora J. Winn, Samuel R. Bailey, 2nd., Isabel Oldham, Josephine Taylor, Arthur P. Caldwell, Jr., Arthur Kramer, Alphonse De Carré, Marion Martin, Mary Burnett, Richard Hoise, Maude J. Hayden, Aida Lucille Getz, Lillie Garmany, Rosalind E. Weissbein, Frances H. Jackson, Kathryn Maddock, Jamie Affleck.



"STUDY." BY KATHLEEN BUCHANAN, AGE 11.

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.

VERSE 1.	Florence Short	Carol Thompson
Laurence G. Evans	Aileen Hyland	Helen E. Seckiron
Marjorie C. Paddock	Arthur Albert Myers	Marguerite Wessels
Elizabeth Page James	Frances Lucille Cregan	Bertha Walker
May Bowers	Elizabeth Toof	Josephine Freund
Nannie Clark Barr	Adolph Newmann	Clara Louise Jones
Annie Laurie Hillyer	Ruth Havemier	
Ethelwyn Harris	Darden	PROSE 1.
Robert R. Humphrey	A. E. Jenkinson	Irene Bowen
Ethel B. Young	Kathleen C. Betts	Constance Helen Peabody
Primrose Snow	Grace Cobleigh	Helen Marie Kountz
Emmeline Bradshaw	Corinne Benoit	Nan Pierson
Gladys Nelson	Grace H. Wolf	Marion Stephens
Lucile Delight Woodling	Dorothy Darling	Lizzie M. Perkins
Margaret Goldthwait	Miles	Eunice Burr Stebbins
Margaret Budd	Phyllis Ackerman	Morris E. Bishop
E. Babette Deutsch	Eleanor Mead	Dorothea Dandridge
Eleanor Johnson	Lillie G. Menary	Jeannette Woodbrook
	Edward Frances Casey	Sanford
VERSE 2.	Dorothy Freeman	Mildred B. Lissner
Twila A. McDowell	Alice Hopson	Elizabeth Deeble

Helen Leslie
Follansbee
Pauline Buell
Freda M. Harrison
Elsie F. Weil
Willia Morton
Roberts
Ruth Duly Crandall
W. D. Horne, Jr.
Catherine Whipple
Pew
Dorothy E. Bates
Ada Morde
Bessie Lee
Edward Brophy
Dorothy Bliss Usher
David A. Woodcock
Ellen Low Mills
Marjorie Harrison
Ida C. Kline
Grace Bradford de
Wolf
Eleanor D. Grubb
Alice Virginia
Dawson
Ernestine Cobern
Edith Solis
Helen Gertrude
Braley
Dorothy Lawrence
Greene
Otto H. Freund
Samuel Sinberg

PROSE 2.

Edna F. Browning
Grace M. Smith
Ruth A. Dittman
Marguerite McCord
Elizabeth Burton
Bassett
Beatrice Frye
Beatrice Smith
Carrol Scudder
Williams
Edward G. Gay, Jr.
Emily Howell
Annie M. Hubbard
Dorothy Rhein
Dorothy H. Carr
James J. Porter
Mildred Nason
John R. Shields
Ruth Montgomery
Delia E. Arnestein
Carol F. Cotton
Frances Sladen
Bradley
Edward McIsaacs
Alfred Kench
Gretchen Pease
Helen H. Potter
Donald Murphy
Eleanor McCandless
George Dexter
Sensabaugh
Olivia A. Forster
Carol Nichols
Emily Benson
Frank Coulson
Pinkerton
Seymour A. Woolner
Jean Gray Allen

DRAWING 1.

Mabel Alvarez
Hazel Cockroft
Elizabeth Schwarz
Florence Billings
Marion Tiffany
Dora Guy
Ralph B. Thompson
Marian Walter
Hilde von Thielmann
Florence Anderson
Katherine Dulcebella
Barbour
E. Buchanan
Margaret B.
Richardson
Theresa Jones.

DRAWINGS 2.

Margaret Bennett
Isobel Maxwell
Irma A. Hill
Molly Thayer
Norman S. Willison
V. B. Reeves Harris
Marian Rubins
Edward J. Hesse
Theodore Tiffany
Agnes Nicholson
Hazel Halstead
Joan Mackenzie
A. Reynolds Exkel
Margaret Erskine
Susanne Howe
Helen May Baker
Helen Aldis Bradley
Edward Carrington
Thayer
Caroline Bergamenn
Margaret Gale
Myron Hardy
Marion Agnes Burns
Donald Taylor
Florence Ann
Cushman
Rudolph Krause
Hortense Brylawski
George Lyman
Phyllis McVickar
Catherine Snell
Helen Maxwell
Alma Ward
Helen Sewell Heyl
Abram Podelfsky
J. Donald
McCutchen
Helena O'Brien
Maria Bullitt
Dorothy L. Dade
Rachel Field
Margaret E. Kelsey
Henry Scott
Muriel E. Halstead
Elizabeth Hicks
Mally Lord
Emma C. M. Meyer
Mary Aurilla Jones
Eleanor W. Sheldon
Katharine G. Havens
Anita Brown
Eldon S. Lincoln
Sybil Emerson
Francis D.
Whittemore
Rebecca A. Duhring
Ruth Maurer
Blanche Kerns
Edward E. Hazlett
Emily W. Browne
Enid A. Cutting
Julia Wilcox Smith
Laura Guy
Mayme Lois Jones
W. S. Etheridge
Elizabeth Eckel
Mary Powell
Reginald C. Foster
Dorothea Thompson
Emily Wellington
Dorothy Quincy
Applegate
Bessie B. Styrton
Florence Gardiner
Michael Kopsco
E. B. Williams
Dorothy Douglas
Charlotte Waugh
Thomas Cutter
Catharine B.
Hillyard

PHOTO-
GRAPHS 1.

Dorothy Phillips
Frederic S.
Clark, Jr.
Dorothy Marsh
Edwin C. Brown
George N. Palmer
John M. Garfield

Gladys M. Mason
Charles Billings
Mildred Maiden

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Helen Peabody
Dorothy Foster
Harriette Dexter
Louise Hooker
F. Walton Brown
John Orth
Alice Nielson
Anna Corning
Gladys Bailey
Fannie M. Stern
Clara Williamson
Sheila St. John
John Leeming, Jr.
Howard L. Seamans
Frederick Phillippi
Marie Demetre
Mary D. Buttemer
Elsie J. Wilson
Louise Marie Orth
Josephine M.
Holloway
Fred Dohrmann
Donald K. Hudson
Catharine Emma
Jackson
Ida V. Demarest
Sam M. Dillard
Donald C. Armour
Dorothy Williams
Marjorie S.
Harrington
Allan L. Langley
Marcus Acheson
Spencer
Marion R. Pell
Margaret B. Quick
J. D. Townsend
Margaret F. Holmes
Virginia Whitmore
Edward H. Leete
W. Eugene Delaney
Edward S. Bristol
Thaddeus C. Field
William Dow Harvey
Charles Merwin
Howe
Dorothy Evans
Gretchen Baldwin
Imogen Baldwin
Elsie F. Stern
Imogen Baldwin
Dorothy Hanvey
Elizabeth Hoffman
Sarah Parkins Madill
Irving Cain
Julia Stell French
Ruth M. Adt
Edward Clark
Erhardt G. Schmitt
Olivia Avery
Helen Frances
Batchelder
John R. Coffin
Josephine Hoey
Josephine Sturgis
Atherton Kingsley
Dunbar
Helen Clark
Alice W. Nash
Henry Trowbridge
Sylvia Harding

Dorothy Langhaar
Elizabeth Andrews
Malcom Keeler
Elizabeth Dearing
Elsie S. Church
Helen B. Walcot
Leslie P. Dodge
Charlotte Eugenie
Williams
Laura C. Simpson
Lewis Wallace, Jr.

PUZZLES 1

R. Utley
Caroline C. Johnson
E. Adelaide Hahn
Erma Bertha Mixson
Dorothy Klein Ross
Elizabeth Beale
Robert L. Rankin
Catherine D.
Mackenzie

Bancroft Brown
Medora S. Ritchie
Arthur A. Scott

PUZZLES 2

Robert L. Moore
Marcellite Watson
Lawrence D. Seymour
Stanton Garfield
Milton Crowell
Charlotte E. Benedict

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 90.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 90 will close **April 20** (for foreign members **April 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS for August**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Vacation."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Title to contain the word "Journey."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Vacation Memory."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "Vacation Friends," and an August Heading or Tailpiece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

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.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"TAILPIECE." BY MOLLY THAYER, AGE 9.

Editorial Note

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

WE have the pleasure this month of announcing

THREE NEW SERIAL STORIES

for the remaining six numbers of this Volume of ST. NICHOLAS.

"TOM, DICK AND HARRIET"

is a delightful new story by

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR,

Author of "*The Crimson Sweater*." It will begin in the May number, and all ST. NICHOLAS readers will be glad to know that the "Harriet" of the story is their friend "Harry" of *The Crimson Sweater*, and that Roy, Chub, and other boys of that stirring story will also appear in the new serial. It will begin in the May number.

Girl readers especially will welcome the new serial

"FRITZI"

By AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON,

Author of "*From Sioux to Susan*." The charming little heroine of this story is introduced to our readers in this present number of ST. NICHOLAS, which contains the first instalment of the serial. It will be continued until the end of the Volume in October.

The third serial is a shorter story—to appear in three numbers—beginning next month. It is a very picturesque and entertaining historical story of the time of bluff Prince Hal and his famous jester, Will Somers. It is written by

MARY CATHARINE LEE,

Author of "*A Quaker Girl of Nantucket*," "*Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift*," etc. This story will be illustrated throughout by Mr. Reginald Birch.

The Letter-Box

BUCKINGHAM, P. QUEBEC, CAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have belonged to the League for four years. I have not written very often for the competitions and nobody could have been more surprised or delighted than I was when my story was printed in the October number, 1906.

A couple of weeks ago my father surprised me by asking if I had got the January ST. NICHOLAS, as he would like to see it. When it came, I gave it to him, and we had great fun trying to guess what he was reading, and decided it must be "Racketty-Packetty House," but I peeped over his shoulder and it was "The New Boy at Hilltop." He enjoyed it so much that I hunted up my old numbers of "The Crimson Sweater" and he is going to read it.

I have framed Mrs. Dodge's picture and have it hanging up in my room.

I am afraid this letter is getting too long, so I will bid you good-bye.

Your faithful reader,
JESSIE MACLAREN.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the third year I have taken your delightful magazine and I like it more and more every time that I open its pages. I think the stories published in it are lovely; I am very fond of boys' stories, especially "The Crimson Sweater" and "The New Boy at Hilltop." I also like "Pinkey Perkins" very much.

I have an aunt who lives in England. She has a beautiful old home there, three hours from London, in Northamptonshire. I go there every year to visit her,

in the Autumn. I have a pony there which I ride every day, and I go out hunting once a week. It is lots of fun, especially as my pony ("Prince" is his name), is very keen about it and kicks and rears a good deal when he sees the fox or hounds. He doesn't like other horses, so if one comes near him he tries to kick him, as if to say: "You get out of my way; you haven't got any business here."

If Prince hears another horse galloping behind him, he at once starts off and tries to keep ahead of him. I think he would be an excellent racer.

Hoping you will always have much success, I am, your devoted reader.

DOROTHY WARD (age 12).

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell how much I enjoy your stories. I took you for three years but now I get bound volumes at the end of every year.

It is snowing and blowing outside now,—a regular Kansas blizzard.

When I was in old Mexico, several years ago, I saw Maximilian's golden coach, and also went all through the castle of Chepultepec.

It was very interesting. I hope I can go there again soon, as my two sisters live there. The flowers are beautiful, roses, violets, sweet peas, of every description. When I arrived there I was given a huge bunch of pink, white, and yellow American Beauty roses and violets. The roses numbered to 190.

Yours very sincerely,
RUTH K. WILSON (age 13).

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the three dollars for my "wriggle" a few days ago, and was delighted, especially as it was the first time I had ever had the courage to try the advertising competitions. However it shall not be the last time. Your check came, or rather the ST. NICHOLAS, saying I had received a prize, only a few days after Christmas, so I counted it among my gifts.

I think the covers of ST. NICHOLAS for the last three months have been very pretty, especially the November one (the little girl feeding the dogs).

I have three dogs, though the casual observer would say I had but one. Their names are "Trouble," "Less Trouble" and "No Trouble at All." "Trouble" is a real, live Airedale terrier, who, though he is the dearest dog in the world, often lives up to his name; "Less Trouble" is a setter puppy *made of china*; and "No Trouble at All" is, well, I can't well explain, as *he doesn't exist*.

I fear I am making this letter too long. Thanking you very much for the prize, I am,

Yours truly,
KATHARINE L. HAVENS (age 14).

EDGARTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of you; my favorite stories are "The Crimson Sweater" and "From Sioux to Susan." Just as soon as I get a new number, I rush to my friend's and we read it together. My friend's favorite is "The Crimson Sweater," while I prefer "From Sioux to Susan." My friend is very fond of paper dolls, and I am rather good at drawing and painting, so I made a set of paper-dolls to represent the various characters in the two stories. So far, we have "Chub" Eaton, Virginia Clayton, Sue Roberts, and Thad Clayton. Every time a new dress of Sue's or Virginia's was described, I had to rush off home and paint one like it. The most striking of all of Sue's dresses is her Indian outfit, and *that* is truly gorgeous.

We should have been terribly disappointed if "Sue" had grown to be TOO much reformed. Half her charm and piquancy lies in her tomboy ways.

Yours,
DORIS HUXFORD.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I began to take you about a year ago. I did not subscribe to you then but bought you every month. Last Christmas the mother of a little friend of mine gave me a subscription to you. I cannot thank her enough.

My sisters used to take you when they were little, and I take great pleasure in reading the old numbers.

I am very sorry that they did not have the benefit of the League though they say that they enjoyed "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" very much.

I collect postal cards and have over 560.

As we are at present living in an apartment, my only pet is a canary.

His name is Billy.

Hoping that your success as a children's magazine may grow with your ever increasing number of readers,

I am, your constant reader and contributor,

LOIS DONOVAN (age 13).

NICE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am not a subscriber to your magazine, but my mother buys it for me every month in each different place where we may be sightseeing. I am not clever enough to write stories or draw pictures, but I enjoy reading and seeing what other children do. I have been through the streets of Pompeii, took kodak pictures of the forum and some of the houses, and the new street they were excavating. I went to the top of Vesuvius just before the eruption last year, but I could not see much because the fumes choked me badly; and I have ridden in gondolas in Venice, and I saw the wonderful glass blowers at Murano and had a vase made for a souvenir. Will you send me a League badge and leaflet? Your interested reader.

HELEN M. MUCHLIVE (age 9½).

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Madison, Wisconsin. We are spending the year in Denver. A few miles from Denver there is a United States military establishment called Fort Logan.

At Fort Logan the officers live in houses. The soldiers are furnished with a bed, a canteen, a knapsack, and a gun or a sword. When away from camp the soldiers are provided with tents. At Fort Logan I saw a dress parade. I also saw some soldiers decorated for their good shooting. The ambulance and supply wagons are ready to start to the scene of battle thirty minutes after they receive the order. The mess-room is something like a dining-room in a restaurant. The soldiers eat their meals in the mess-room.

Yours very truly,
FREDERICK RICHTER (age 9).

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in reading in the March number a story of a spider which succeeded in getting a "thousand leg" up to his lair. The reason I was so interested in the story was because I had once watched a spider catch a fly in the same way.

I enjoy reading your magazine very much.

I am eleven years old.

Yours truly,
HELEN MARGARET SOMERVILLE.

GREENWICH, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I have had your magazine ever since I was a baby. I am eight years old.

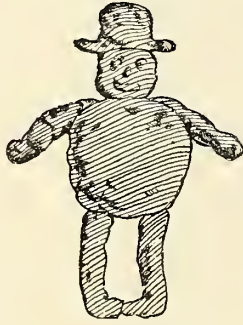
I made a whole family of clothespin dolls. My little sister Frances and I had a clothespin doll parade. They are easy to make and a great deal of fun. I made the box store also.

Your friend,
ELEANORE MCFADDEN.

OTHER letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Norman Penney, F. Churchill Whittemore, Jr., Dorothy Colby, Robert B. Carney, Margery K. Smith, Angus A. Morrison, Marie Goler, Miriam Lee Stout, John Mosher, Hester Barnes, Irene Taylor, Ruby E. Bond, Katharine Woolsey, Pauline Beckwith, Sarah D. Estrada, Gladys S. Sawyer, Margaret Ortman, Adelia Bernhard, Grace P. Whitman, Marion Snyder, May Piorkowska, David J. Ortman, Beatrice Grant Tennant, and Eleanor M. Cofran.

The Cooky Man.

By NANCY BYRD TURNER.



I

*This is the handsome Cooky Man,
Fresh and brown from the
baking-pan.*



II

*But cook was careless: he
came to harm
And lost a beautiful cooky
arm.*



III

*Then he fell from the baby's
heedless hand
And broke a leg, so he could
not stand.*



IV

*Kitty, the puss, was a hun-
gry cat
And the other arm went to
make her fat.*



V

*The poor last leg in an evil hour
Under a chair was ground to flour.*

*Then Tommy took "Cooky Man" to bed,
And during the night he lost his head.*

VI

*Here's how he'll look when the children
wake—
Just like a common sugar cake.*

*Is n't it sad? Be careful, then,
With the dear little frail little Cooky Men!*



SKIPPING ROPE TIME HAS COME AGAIN.



The Riddle Box

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

A PUZZLE IN NUMBERS. C-O-L-D.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Lee, Grant. 1. Re-lap-se, seer, lap, pal. 2. Th-ere-in, thin, ere, ere. 3. Wh-ere-at, what, ere, ere. 4. En-gag-es, seen, gag, gag. 5. Pa-rap-et, tape, rap, par. 6. He-are-rs, hers, are, era. 7. Ma-nip-le, lame, nip, pin. 8. Pa-ten-ts, past, ten, net.

LETTER PUZZLE. "A friend should bear a friend's infirmities." 1. Africa. 2. Ionian. 3. Deaden. 4. Admire. 5. Shield. 6. Bursts. 7. Riffle.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Baker. 2. Alice. 3. Kills. 4. Eclat. 5. Rests.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Webster. 1. Watch. 2. Earth. 3. Banjo. 4. Shirt. 5. Table. 6. Easel. 7. Ruler.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Frances Hunter—Caroline C. Johnson—W. and H. Beaty—James A. Lynd—Helen Sherman Harlow—Francis Edmonds Tyng, Jr.—Eugenie Steiner—Edna Meyele—Jo and I—"Jolly Juniors"—Erma Quinby—Frances Bosanquet—Harry Elger, Jr.—Lois Treadwell—Elena Ivey—William H. Bartlett—Louis Chick—Cornelia Crittenden—Emily Smith—"Queenscourt"—Paul Johnson—Sydney Rutherford—St. Gabriel's Chapter—Harriet Scofield.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from E. L. Wood, 1—J. Lazarus, 1—M. Thacker, 1—R. Wyse, 1—R. Livingston, 1—J. Carter, 1—S. Gilbreath, 1—No name, Marietta, 3—S. Blaisdell, 1—R. J. Wright, 1—C. I. Stewart, 1—H. Kottak, 1—E. Banning, 1—C. Backus, 1—C. Eaton, 1—C. Crittenden, 1—W. V. Silverberg, 1—C. Caldwell, 1—R. Clark, 1—Marion B. Dyer, 2—D. Doan, 1—R. Blair, 1—F. Sedgwick, 1—H. L. George, 1—H. Siegel, 1—D. M. Fargo, 1—E. D. Smith, 1—I. B. Howland, 1—M. Wells, 1—H. Hodge, 1—S. Smith, 1—Harold Heming, 11—L. Harrington, 1—G. B. Helm, 1—C. Slater, 1—M. Richmond, 1—H. V. Sprows, 1—J. Little, 1—George N. Harman, 6—L. Harrington, 1—Ralph L. Fulton, 8—H. Townsend, 1—E. H. Northrup, 1—S. H. Cook, 7—L. Marshall, 1—Dorothy A. Spear, 11—M. M. McKinney, 1—E. Scribner, 1—F. Scribner, 1—R. B. Carney, 1—Ellen E. Williams, 10—Franklin Mohr, 7—T. Soule, 1—H. Bucksbaum, 1—K. C. Shanks, 1—C. Holstrom, 1—W. S. Davenport, 1—Harriet Jackson, 7—Milton Hedrick, 6—C. Gutzzeit, 1—No name, endorsed Mrs. L. Carr, Jr., 9—P. Flint, 1—N. Moe, 1—A. B. Miller, 1—F. C. Wallace, 1—C. W. Cutler, 1—Keith Henney, 10—L. Saylor, 1—E. and E. Wallace, 1—M. Barrotte, 1—Carolyn Hutton, 8—J. R. Tatum, 1—E. vonder Born, 1—E. Outcalt, 1—B. and B. D. Heath, 2.

RIDDLE.

CHANGE 6 to a different system of notation, add a monarch, and make an old Norseman.

PHILIP G. CAMMANN (age 10).

INTERSECTING WORDS.

```

3     5     7
  *   *   *
  *   *   *
1 . * * * . 2
  *   *   *
  *   *   *
8     6     4
  
```

FROM 1 to 2, in that place; from 3 to 4, to subdue; from 5 to 6, to alarm suddenly; from 7 to 8, to go over again.

INCLUDED SQUARE (across): 1. To smite gently. 2. Before. 3. Consumed. Downward. 1. A vegetable. 2. Skill. 3. A term used in golf.

AGNES R. LANE (Honor Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Vicar of Wakefield. 1. Vivien. 2. Imogen. 3. Codlin. 4. Arthur. 5. Rowena. 6. Olivia. 7. Frolo. 8. Weller. 9. Audrey. 10. Kettle. 11. Elaine. 12. Feenix. 13. Icarus. 14. Esmond. 15. Legree. 16. Dodson.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Lawn tennis.

ANAGRAM ACROSTIC. Mars. 1. Lament, mantel, mantle, mental. 2. Wander, warden, warned, Andrew. 3. Dearer, reader, reread, reared. 4. Reigns, resign, signer, singer.

A NOVEL SQUARE. From 3 to 4, Mark Twain. 1 to 2, Whittier's. 9 to 7, train; 9 to 4, twain; 9 to 6, token; 9 to 2, tiers; 9 to 8, tower; 9 to 5, tiger; Kim. From 1 to 7, Whiten; 7 to 4, napkin; 4 to 6, nation; 6 to 2, noises; 2 to 8, solder; 8 to 3, random; 3 to 5, mirror; 5 to 1, review.

written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a famous frigate, and another row of letters will spell the country by which it was owned.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To number. 2. A rightful proprietor. 3. To whinny. 4. A glossy fabric. 5. Larceny. 6. A country of Asia. 7. Peevish. 8. To loosen. 9. To annoy. 10. To bury. 11. Open to view. 12. A month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year.

RONALD MARTIN FOSTER.

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

YOU must keep your *firsts* open, at home and in school; My *second* can carry desk, table and stool; My *third* is a farmer's useful tool. My *whole* is a book by a writer well-known, And to many of you this book has been shown.

ROBERT E. NAUMBERG.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. VAST. 2. A military firearm. 3. Frequently. 4. Watchful. 5. Bruises.

II. 1. To brag. 2. A fur-bearing animal. 3. To make reparation. 4. Understanding. 5. Found in every park.

C. C. JOHNSON AND A. R. ECKEL.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of fifty-seven letters, is a quotation from Shakspeare.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

1 2
10 * * 3
9 * * * 4
8 * * 5
7 6

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A common abbreviation. 2. A portent. 3. Soda ash.

4. Pertaining to a layman. 5. An exclamation.
From I to 10, the children's patron saint.
E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An evil spirit. 2. A young street Arab. 3. A sweet substance. 4. Stale. 5. To strike.

POETICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty letters and form a quotation from Bulwer Lytton.

My 39-1-56-30-19 was a famous Norwegian dramatic poet. My 40-36-47-52-56-25-11 was a famous poet who was a friend of Sir Philip Sidney. My 60-5-21-33-14 was a celebrated Italian poet. My 44-58-17-2-48 was the greatest poet of antiquity. My 28-15-35-8-50-37 was a great German poet. My 40-15-12-32-54-4-27 was one of the Lake poets. My 43-58-26-60-56-41-46-6-9 was an English poet who was very poor. My 17-23-13-22-15-38 was a blind poet. My 24-42-49-53-10-59 is a surname borne by a German geographer and also by a German philosopher. My 34-31-57-45-7-58-29-3-18 was a writer of poetic prose. My 16-51-41-20 is what many poets win. My 54-55 is a pronoun.

FRANK L. WHITE (League Member).

MYTHOLOGICAL DIAGONAL.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of the brother of Agamemnon.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A king of Caria. 2. The slayer of the Calydonian boar. 3. An epithet of Apollo. 4. The wife of Admetus. 5. The wife of Ulysses. 6. The Commander of the Carthaginian fleet in the first Punic war. 7. A king of Argos. 8. The father of Æneas.

ARTHUR MINOT REED.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

. . I 3 . .
* . . . 0 .
* 0
* 0 .
. . * 0 . .
. . * . . 0
* 0
. . * 0 . .
. . * . . 0
* 0
. . * 0 . .
. . * 0 . .
. . 2 . . 4 .

FROM 1 TO 2, a famous novelist; from 3 to 4, one of his best books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Mohammedan place of worship. 2. A kind of paper used in testing for acids or alkalies. 3. To save. 4. Faints. 5. Used in a winter sport. 6. The founder of a line of Frankish kings. 7. Drove to a distance from the hand. 8. To retreat. 9. Not easily controlled. 10. To declare. 11. Destitute of feathers. 12. Part of a harness. 13. To catch or involve in contradictions. 14. A long step.

MARY PARKER.

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XXXIV.

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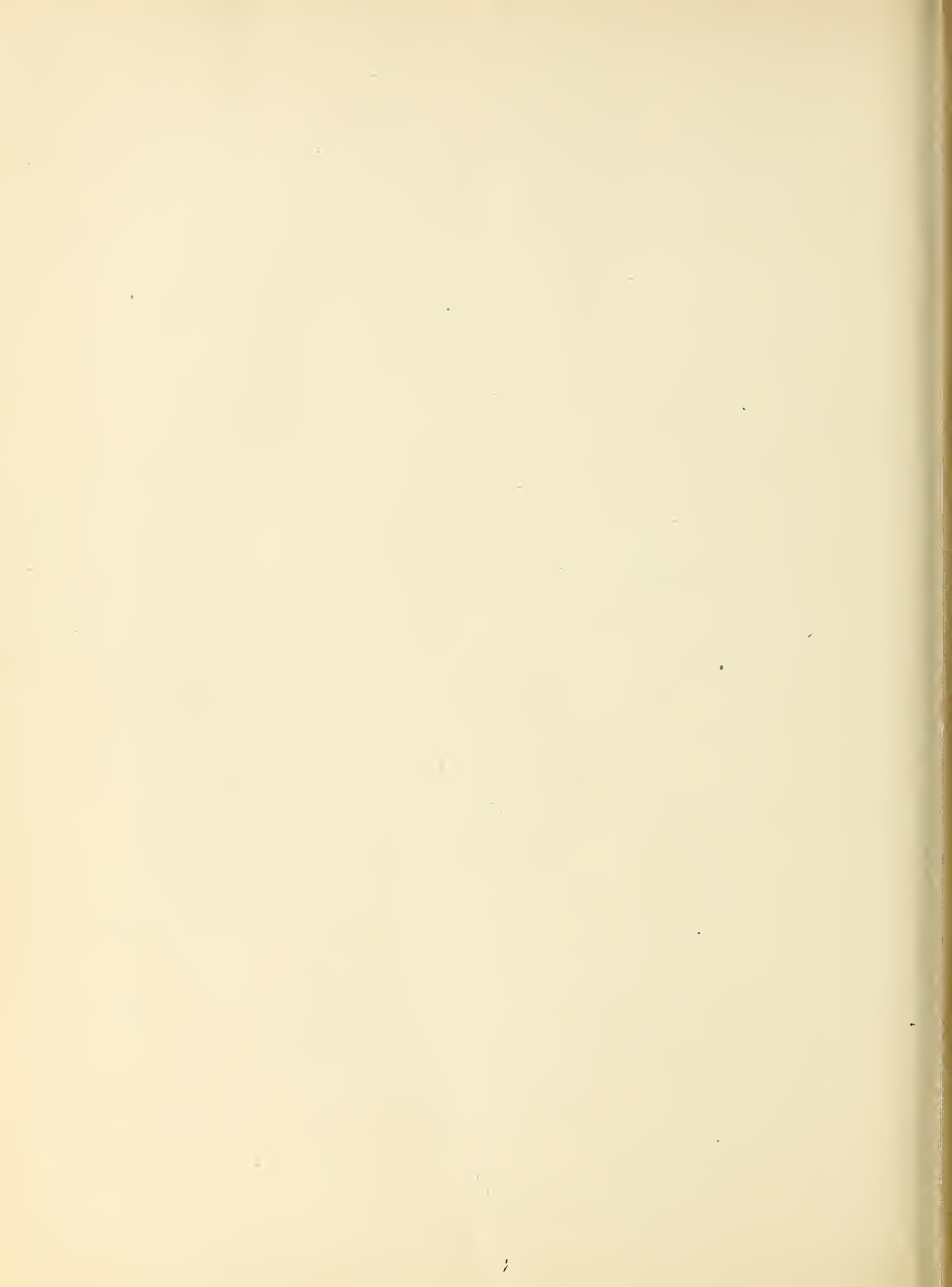
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VOLUME XXXIV.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1907.



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"DAREST THOU DRAW IN MY PRESENCE?" SAID KING HARRY."

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIV

MAY, 1907

No. 7

A LITTLE FIELD OF GLORY

BY MARY CATHERINE LEE

Author of "A Quaker Girl of Nantucket," "Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift," etc.

CHAPTER I

AN EMBARRASSING TREASURE

It was May-day morning. Dick Apdike, in old London town, rose early to take people across the river a-maying.

Now it happened that the young king had risen early, too. His Majesty had challenged all comers to fight with him that day, at the barriers, with spear and two-handed swords.

This news Dick heard directly he touched at Greenwich, and as the royal cortège was expected soon to pass, he locked his boat at the steps, and seated himself in an oak tree by the wayside, to see the best rider, the best lance, and the best archer in England go by.

Trees bore a fine crop of boys, and groups of blooming rustics seemed to grow along the way. There could hardly have been, in all England, another boy of the age of seventeen, who would have weighted a tree as heavily as Dick did.

It seemed to him that he had stayed too long, when he heard a beating of hoofs, and presently a sound of gay voices, and out from under the arching greenwood shot a gleam of silver and gold, rich colors of housings, a glitter of pennoned spears, a radiance of satin and a flutter of plumes.

Leading his splendid train, came the king himself, mounted upon a superb white courser. From plume to spur he was a gallant sight. The polished steel of his gold-embossed armor gleamed white under the dazzling May sunshine. He had clothed all his knights, squires, and gentlemen in white satin that day, and his guard and yeomen

of the crown in white sarsenet, and all wore green May branches stuck in their caps.

Sitting lightly on a pretty piebald horse, side by side with the king, rode the gayest of his attendants. His short, belted, green coat was faced with yellow, and the skirt and elbows of it were garnished with bells. His trunk hose were slashed and puffed. The right side was green; the left yellow. One stocking, too, was green, the other yellow; and his pointed velvet shoes followed the same motley fashion. In his round green cap was wreathed an imposing yellow feather. He carried a bauble, or wand, tipped with a grotesque head, and from his belt hung a wallet to receive the tips by which his brilliant quips were rewarded; for that was his office, to furnish jests and make the king merry.

Much of his drollness lay in his looks. At sight of his peculiar squint the people screamed with delight. They shouted "God save the King!" They bared their heads and bowed low to his Majesty, but their heartiest cheers were for the Lord of Mirth, the king's fool; for all the world loved the merry fellow, not more for his merriment than for a kindness for which he was famed.

A gallant young king and a charming fool, all in the same moment! Dick leaned nearer and nearer. He threw all his soul into the cry "Long live the King!" and then—off he rolled into the road, just in front of the king's own horse. His Majesty pulled up with a suddenness which threw his horse back on its haunches. His whole train was brought to a stand, while with the lightness of a butterfly down dropped the fool,

and striking a mocking accolade with his bauble on the shoulders of kneeling Dick—"In the name of Folly," he cried, "I dub thee knight. Be faithful, careful, and hold faster the next time. Arise, Sir Tumbler!"

Dick was up, his lip curling, his dark eyes fierce, his sword in hand. Then the laugh with which the king and his followers had greeted the caprice of the fool died suddenly. The light went out in every face. The boys in the trees, and the people by the roadside, who had echoed the royal "Ha, ha!" breathed smothered cries of dismay. The eyes of the young monarch flashed fire, for Dick had committed the crime of drawing a sword upon the king's fool in his Majesty's very face.

"Darest thou draw in my presence?" said King Harry. One of his guard had already dismounted, and while Dick's brain was still whirling, he found himself a prisoner.

Much seemed to have happened in one minute. Dick looked like a wild fellow; his brown curls dusty and tumbled, his doublet awry, and his wrathful look replaced by one of giddy bewilderment. The good fool looked upon him with pity and regret.

"By the jingle of my crown," he cried, "shall we have war, Harry, or wilt thou leave me to cut the heads off my own subjects?"

The king seldom failed to fall into the humor of that delightful jester who never lost his master's friendship, but now he was grave.

"Certes, thou art not wishful for long life, sirrah," he said to Dick.

"If I might serve your grace, the longer the better," Dick responded, for he was a lad of wits, and was coming to himself.

"Hast quit the service of Folly, then?"

"I own no service but that of King Harry of England," Dick went on, like an inspired hero of romance.

The king looked leniently upon the bold lad.

"By a treaty of tradition with the King of Folly," he said, "we are bound to deliver thee into his hands. He is thy prisoner, King of Folly and Misrule. Cut off his head an' thou wilt. Unhand him, guard."

Then King Hal loosed the bridle of his restless steed, and moved onward, all his train following, except the fool. Dick felt all through his blood that he loved the king, and hated his fool.

"Thou art hurt, I perceive," said the jester. "What wilt thou to salve the wound?"

"I could will to give a sound drubbing to somebody. That would salve it," said Dick.

"And next to that?"

"I could will not to be mocked at by a fool."

"And then?"

Dick at length looked well into the deep-set gray eyes that rested upon him. Instead of a rollicking fool he seemed to see a man of earnest expression, who bent upon him a look so friendly that only a churl could have failed to return it with friendliness. Dick did return it with a somewhat lightened brow, and a more gracious curve of his pouting lips.

"Come, what wish hast thou?" said the fool.

"Oh, what wish?" Dick rejoined, with the manner of answering a jest. "Why, I wish to be knighted by the king himself."

"So, so. No more than that? A modest wish, in sooth. Thou shouldst have been dubbed Sir Lucifer, for by thy pride, and thy fall, and thy ambition, and, marry, by the blaze of thine eyes, I see thou hast some claim to be so named. How call they you at present?"

"Richard Apdike."

"And where art thou fed and lodged?"

"At the old house of the merchants Apdike, over against St. Swithin's, by Walbrook."

Then the fool understood Dick's pride, and his poor raiment. He recalled that an Apdike of long ago had been a prodigal, a merry and a reckless fellow, who lived in the fashion of the nobles. The riches which had come by industrious pains through many generations of merchants Apdike had disappeared from the coffers of that new kind of Apdike with a liveliness which soon brought the great house to such ruin and decay as could never be repaired.

"What wilt thou that a fool can do for thee?" he asked again.

"I wish naught that any can do for me," said Dick.

"How know you what I can do, sir?"

"You cannot make—"

"By my troth, cannot make what?"

"I was thinking of my brother," said Dick.

"Prithee, spur thy tongue! What about thy brother?"

"He is turned twenty-one, but he has never grown an ace since he was a yearling."

"Is he hereabouts?" asked the fool eagerly, turning from right to left, all his bells tinkling.

"Nay, he can never go forth but the people crowd to look at him. They are fierce to steal him, to buy him, to make a show of him, for they say there is no such curious person in the world. It frightens and angers him, so that he will never go beyond the gates, now. And I must bide there, too."

"Bide within gates! Thou! Why, thou shouldst be doing a man's deeds!"

"Good Master Merryman, I cannot see how I

am ever to do a man's deeds. My brother has but me."

"But *I* can see." The fool looked at Dick keenly. "Know you that the smallest man in the world is a rare treasure? Many a noble would covet it. Our king himself, who bestoweth a

with gifts and favors, he oftentimes lay down with the spaniels himself, and sat at his master's feet, like a dog.

"But if this rare man were made for anything," he said, "it was not to be prisoned like a criminal. And thou, my strapping Lucifer, thou wert never meant for child's nurse."

"Ah," cried Dick, as though he were about to say something startling, but he stopped, looked away and said nothing.

"There be worse destinies than delighting the eyes of a king, and being softly entreated by noble lords and ladies," said the fool. "Say the word, and thou shalt be invited to bring my lord Duodecimo to court. What, then, should hold thee from doing brave deeds?"

Dick punched the sod with the toe of his shoe, looking down at it for a moment in silence.

Then he lifted his head. "I shall not be taking my brother to market this year," he said.

"Well, well. Very well." The fool drew near: "Keep thy treasure as hidden as treason, then," he whispered. "He would be safe in his grace's palace, but there be rogues who would covet the fortune he would bring them, who would make no difficulty of taking him from the house of Apdike."

"There are two good swords in the house of Apdike," said Dick.

"There should be more. But now, good morning,

Sir Lucifer," said the fool, with a sweep of his cap which trailed its long feather on the ground.

Dick made a similar obeisance with his old, featherless cap.

Then, with the lightness of a butterfly, with the green and golden shine of a daffodil, the fool



"'WHAT WILT THOU THAT A FOOL CAN DO FOR THEE?' HE ASKED AGAIN."

manor upon a cook for a fine pudding, what would he not give to have such a wonder at court?"

"To use him as though he were a monkey, or a lap-dog," said Dick.

The jester looked down at his pointed shoes with a sigh. High favorite as he was, loaded

sprang to his saddle, and flippant, radiant, buoyant, sped on to his merry duty. And Dick went back to his boat.

He had a busy day. The sun had gone down behind the marshes, and the sky was on fire, when he tripped up the Whitefriar's stairs with his wallet well lined. He stopped at a cook's for a small cake, and at a poulterer's for a tiny bird, and then hurried on until he thumped at the heavy door of the house of Apdike.

It was the ancient mariner, Simon Hardbones, who unbarred it. Simon was a hero still, though a good deal demolished by fighting in the service of the Apdikes against pirates. He had served three generations, on sea and in the household, and in Dick's day held so many domestic offices and ranks that they cannot all be expressed and explained. He had even taken the place of father and mother to Dick and his brother in very early days.

"All 's well?" asked Dick.

Simon gave an assenting creak from a throat which seemed to have rusted with the other machinery of the house. The dark hall had an odor as of the smoky fires of long ago. A bold staircase mounted away to solemn places above. Daylight glimmered out of an open door at the upper end of the hall. The twanging of a harp came with it, and the last notes of a song.

Dick's footsteps sounded above these gentle tones, and brought a strange creature to the threshold. Like a richly vested insect, he flitted into the fading glow of evening, which streamed behind him through open casements. The fairy figure, perfectly proportioned, was clad in sumptuous scraps of his reckless grandfather's wardrobe. In those still regions to which the brave staircase climbed, were great chests of these abandoned luxuries.

"Good evening, brother Thomas," said Dick.

"Ah, Dick, Dick!" cried the atom, as though Dick had come from a long voyage to foreign coasts. The voice was thin and shrill, like the low notes of a fife.

Dick stopped, stretched out the open palm of his right hand, and the elf, setting his tiny pat of a foot in it, climbed to a seat upon Dick's left arm. There he nestled in the crotch of the elbow, and leaning his cheek against Dick's breast looked happy. But he said nothing; only clinging to Dick's side like a spider warming itself against the sunny wall of a tower.

On a bench under the window of the room within, sat a thin, brown youth, in a gown with large sleeves reaching down to his knees, and a pair of shoes on his feet nicely blackened up with soot, and a cross cut at the toes for corns.

Around his neck hung the key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp, for he was a wandering minstrel who was often given a lodging in a corner of the house where only room was plenty, whenever his wanderings brought him round, and in payment, he amused the tiny master with his romantic and chivalrous lays, while the younger brother was ferrying.

With Thomas on his arm, Dick marched to the kitchen, where he stirred the porridge, and Simon toasted the tiny bird, and the minstrel came and sat in a corner, where he could smell the odor and enjoy the prospect.

They all listened while Dick talked. He was full of the importance of having been spoken to by the king. He produced a great sensation by the story of his capture and release.

And after Thomas had eaten a bit of his bird, and Dick had swallowed his giant's dish of pease porridge and bacon, and Hugh, the minstrel, and Simon Hardbones had emptied their drinking-horns and cleared their trenchers, they still kept by the fire, for the evening was chill. Dick produced more particulars of the day's history; Simon told stories of thrilling adventure; the minstrel added heroic lays, until the curfew had long ago sounded. The tired city was sleeping heavily after its festivities. If an honest man ventured forth into the gloom of the London streets, it was at peril of his life. The houses of the rich were guarded like fortresses against lawless invasion, but sometimes in vain.

The treasure which the house of Apdike guarded was drooping sleepily. Dick was flourishing his sword, practising some of the lesser exercises enjoined by government upon the youth of England, to fit them for the trained bands, that made every man a soldier. He was saying something about the field of glory, the minstrel was chanting the "Victory of Agincourt," when there came the sound of rapping on the little postern door that opened to the lane. It was not loud, yet it was imperative, like the deep voice of power.

Dick's heart leaped, but that of old Simon steeled itself as for pirates. His shuffling step became firm again, as he tramped to the postern door and in a terrible voice demanded: "Who comes there?"

"Open!"

"We open not at this hour of the night."

"Open, or we will open."

"Death is here to bid ye welcome," Simon returned in almost the voice of his youth.

It was Simon who always expected these visitors; Simon who for years had roused by nights from fitful slumbers, and stood with sword in

hand, and his few old teeth ground together till they loosened, harkening to the stealthy sounds of some single venturer after the prize; Simon who, single-handed, had been able to put them to flight. Now, power and assurance were at the door.

The raps were repeated with sterner emphasis.

Thomas started broad awake. He knew, as well as another, that the poor house held no pelf to be desired saving himself.

"Nay, brother, fear not," said Dick. "No harm shall come to thee."

"To *me!*" cried Thomas. "Ah, Dick, it is I who bring harm to *thee.*"

"Oh-ho," laughed Dick, "a merry welcome to these visitors! Go thou above with Hugh, brother!"

Thomas, who would rather have fought, or even died, with Dick, as the case should be, resigned himself to be taken out of the way—up the dark tower stairs to those regions of cracked flagons, old coffers, moldy saddle-bags, and spider-woven hangings, where it seemed that there might be discovered some hiding-place for the treasure.

The minstrel groped and stumbled in the darkness, and there was a ring and clatter of old tankards against rusty spurs and stirrups. At length he fell seated, perforce, upon a great chest, where the little refugee listened, throbbing, to the sounds of blows that no longer asked admittance.

"I would I could swing a sword with them," said the minstrel. "Gladly would I."

Thomas started to his feet on the minstrel's knees.

"Thou canst do a better than that, Hugh," he said.

"Bid me, young master!"

"In this very chest are cords that Simon has hoarded. Lift the lid, and search for them, Hugh. Dost find them? Ah, then, fasten me to a long one, and let me down to the garden. I know a place where none will e'er find me. Then go thou down, and bid the villains take what they choose and be gone. Speed thee, and save my Dick and our poor old Simon."

The garden was at the other extremity of the house from that of the attack, and was closed in with a high wall and heavy locked gates. It seemed indeed a safe refuge.

"God preserve thee, Master Thomas," said Hugh with fervor, when he had made a noose and fastened the cord under Thomas's arms.

"An' thou hast a prayer to say, say it for thyself," said Thomas.

Then the minstrel opened the casement softly,

and looked and listened. All was dark and silent. From the other end of the house, the noise rose louder. There was the crashing sound of the falling door.

Then the Apdike treasure was put forth into the darkness, and dropped into the tangle of grass and weeds below.

WHEN the minstrel came upon the scene where big, furious Dick and the old hero, Simon Hardbones, were swinging their swords in defense of the Apdike treasure, he could hear the movement of feet upon the floor, the hard breathing of men, the clashing of steel, a groan, the noise of wrathful voices and a great cry.

But he hardly saw the quick play of the swords, for the only light in the room was one small rush-candle, and the dim lantern of the robbers.

A figure lay outstretched upon the floor; whether of friend or foe could not be seen at the moment. Another was being driven hopelessly to the wall.

The first words that turned up in the minstrel's confused brain rushed from his lips:

"Hold!" he shouted. "In the king's name, hold!"

If the king's officers had really appeared, nothing would have been different. In place of ringing swords there was a clatter of heels, and the courageous defenders were left victorious, with two dead robbers at their feet. Simon had not one breath to spare, and he had added a few more gashes to the many sword-cuts and arrow-marks with which he was decorated.

Dick, who had a solemn prospect before him when that rescue came, was nearly as sound as ever. But never did a sturdy hero come closer to finishing his career than did Master Richard Apdike.

While he and Simon were attending to wounds, clearing the deck and bracing up the fallen door, the minstrel was searching the garden for Thomas. He called and groped long in the wild green tangle that flourished with the rankness of things abandoned to nature. There was no response from Thomas; no vestige of Thomas. Yet the high walls and gates, still fast closed, made it impossible that he could have quitted the garden.

Unless something from above had taken him, where was he? There were, to be sure, birds of prey,—gruesome night-birds. And by and by Dick came, and searched and called, and listened, until something in the night's chilliness crept into his very soul.

Though Thomas was not there, he could not feel willing to leave the garden, but determined to watch upon the spot,—to listen, to wait. He bade Hugh stay with Simon, and fetching an old cloak wrapped himself in it and seated himself on a bench by the wall, where, during the short remainder of the night, he never ceased to watch. An occasional flutter of something made him start, and the wind gave whispering suggestions, but not the least sign of Thomas was there by sight or sound.

And by and by the dawn came. Dick was wet with the dew, cold, sorrowful and amazed. He got up and searched again, and by the broadening light discovered an atom of something in the grass; on going closer it proved to be a tiny shoe,

printed and pressed into a personal thing by the tread of a dainty foot.

He was holding this on his great palm, and looking at it with a wetness of the eyelids, when close at his feet the gray cat stole out of a small aperture in the house wall, where a stone had fallen away, and with long, stretching strides came rubbing against his ankles. Immediately, out of the same hole, a little face with yellow rings of hair about it, and a keen, cautious expression of the eyes, looked forth into his own.

“Brother!” cried Dick.

“Hey, Dick,” said Thomas.

Then up rose the sun, and up rose Thomas to his old place on Dick’s arm. And the world moved eastward, as before.

(To be continued.)

THE LOOKING-GLASS

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH



We have a splendid looking-glass,
My little mistress Blanch and I;
It has a frame of waving green,
It shows the trees, the reeds, the sky.

And we can see ourselves as plain,
I see her hands, her dress, her hair;
And, when the water ’s still enough,
I see her smiling at me there.

I ’ve heard my grown-up mistress say
A looking-glass makes some folks vain;
It makes them think about their looks,
Whether they ’re beautiful or plain.

But this one does not make *us* proud,
For, if you should be there, you ’d see
That I am looking down at her,
And she is looking down at me!

MR. THOMAS CATT'S MOTOR OUTING



HE EXCEEDED THE SPEED LIMIT



AND THOUGHT IT GREAT FUN



UNTIL THE MACHINE STOPPED.



LITTLE TIME WAS LOST HOWEVER.



THE NEXT DAY TOM BOUGHT ANOTHER MACHINE BUT HIS FRIENDS WOULD NOT RIDE WITH HIM AGAIN—THEY SAID HE WAS TOO RECKLESS.

CBARNES



THE SACRED BRIDGE OF NIKKO

BY GRACE S. ZORBAUGH ("POLLY EVANS")

I—THE LEGEND OF A LITTLE BOY

If you had to guess this little boy's name you would naturally conclude from the story of his life that his name was Samuel; for his father and mother looked upon this only son of theirs as a gift from Heaven in answer to prayer, and when he grew up he became a priest and lived in a temple.

That certainly does sound like the story of Samuel. But the divinity whom this little boy's parents worshiped when they prayed (prostrating themselves on their foreheads before her carved image) was the Japanese goddess called the Thousand-Handed Kwannon (Goddess of Mercy). And the name of the boy was Shodo Shonin.

Shodo Shonin even in his tiniest boyhood, as the legend goes, loved nothing better than to spend hours each day worshipping the gods, especially the Thousand-Handed Kwannon, whose sacred cave in the mountains he chose for his

retreat as soon as he was old enough to become a monk.

One night in midwinter, he dreamed that he was called on a pilgrimage to a certain distant and very high mountain-top where, for a sign, he would find a sword lying on the ground. The deep snow and pathless wilderness checked his advance when he tried to seek this mountain-top; but he never forgot his dream, and some years later, after much prayer, he set out for the second time.

After overcoming many hardships and toiling many days through the wilderness, just as he reached the foot of the mountain of his dreams, he found to his dismay that the way was barred by a broad torrent rushing over huge rocks between high, rocky banks. He prayed for help, and, lo! on the opposite bank there suddenly appeared a divinity of wonderful appearance and size. The divinity flung two blue and green snakes across the river, and instantly a long rainbow-arched bridge was seen to form itself

across the stream. The moment Shodo Shonin had safely crossed by it, however, the rainbow-arched bridge, blue and green snakes, and divinity all vanished as mysteriously as they had appeared.

Shodo Shonin found his mountain-top (whether he found the sword as well, no one appears to know), and then he came down the mountain to a place close to the scene of this miraculous crossing, where he built shrines and temples to the various gods, and spent all the remainder of his long and saintly life.

The place received the name of Nikko (Mountain of the Sun's Brightness), and from that time was a famous center of worship for the whole Japanese nation, much as Mecca has been for the Mohammedans.

II—THE SACRED BRIDGE

NEARLY a thousand years passed by, but the story of Shodo Shonin's miraculous crossing was never forgotten, and when at last the emperors of Japan chose Nikko as the imperial burial-place, they commanded that a rainbow-arched bridge should be built spanning the precious spot, so that they might cross by it on the occasion of their annual pilgrimage to worship at the tombs of their ancestors.

As the Japanese believe their emperors to be descended from the gods, they now began to revere this spot as sacred in a double sense, first because, according to the legend, it was the scene of the wonderful experience of Shodo Shonin, and also because of the rainbow-arched bridge

being kept sacred to the use of a god—that is, the Emperor himself.

Centuries passed, and ever more and more sacred to the use of the Emperor alone remained the rainbow-arched bridge—so sacred that the common people, even if they had not been forbidden under pain of death to touch foot on it, would have been too fearful of the wrath of the gods to dream of doing so.

III—GENERAL GRANT AND THE BRIDGE

So you can imagine the secret consternation felt by the common people when, on the occasion of General Grant's visit to Nikko (in the course of his tour around the world), the Emperor, wishing to bestow the highest possible honor on his distinguished American visitor, commanded that the sacred bridge should be thrown open to him.

When General Grant perceived that he was being conducted to the threshold of the rainbow-arched bridge instead of to the near-by common bridge which the rest of his party were evidently expected to use, he asked for an explanation; and when he learned that this bridge was sacred to the use of the god-descended Emperor himself, and forbidden to common people, without a moment's hesitation he declined the great honor intended for himself, and crossed with the rest of his party by the common bridge.

"For I am one of the common people," said he.

And for this tactful deed, the Japanese have never ceased to love and admire our great Civil War hero above all Americans.





A MAY-DAY DRIVE WITH DOLLY AND TEDDY-BEAR.

FRITZI

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan"

CHAPTER III

PEACE

"HELLO!" Fritzi started out of her waking dream and looked around. The sunbeams had wakened Jo, too, and she was now sitting up, rubbing her sleepy eyes, with her chin resting on her bent knees. "Hello!" she yawned again; "I 'd forgotten about you, but it is nice to have you here. Rob is such an old early bird; she always wakes me up a half hour too soon. I hope you slept well," she added politely, tossing back her red mane.

"Oh, beautifully! I should think any one could sleep in this pretty room," replied Fritzi, her face aglow. "I think it 's just lovely."

"Pooh! if you think this is pretty, you ought to see Judy Biggerstaff's. She 's my chum," explained Jo, putting out one bare foot to fish about under the bed for her Turkish slippers. "Her father 's rich as rich, and she 's got really, truly mahogany, instead of old shiny oak, and real Oriental rugs, and her toilet things are ivory and solid silver. Is n't your room at home pretty?"

"Goodness me—not like this," lamely ended Fritzi after her first explosion, remembering just in time Mrs. Spear's warning. "Shall we get up now?" for Jo, having discovered her slippers, was still sitting in bed investing her slender self in a soft little robe of blue.

"Let me in!" shrieked a childish voice, just outside the door, while a hammering of soft fists, with an occasional punt from a slipper toe, added themselves to the uproar.

"Go away, Peace, and hush up!" called Jo, clapping her hands over her ears.

"Let me in, I want to see the boy-girl. Let me in!" squealed the child.

"She saw you last night over the banister," explained Jo, springing out of bed. "I guess I 'd better let her in, or she 'll raise the roof."

"Does she always make as much noise as that?" inquired Fritzi, round-eyed with astonishment.

"There, come in, if you must, ba-ba black sheep!" said saucy Jo, opening the door angrily.

So like burnished copper was the child's silken hair—tied on her forehead with a big butterfly bow of white,—so rose-petaled her skin, so blue

her eyes, it seemed utterly impossible that she had made all the dreadful din that had been disturbing the house.

"Oh, how pretty you are!" exclaimed Fritzi, excitedly getting upon her knees and holding out both arms to the child whose eyes were big with tears. "Come, let Fritzi love you."

The child, clutching Jo's robe, stared for a moment and then saucily stuck out her tongue.

"That 's Peace all over," chuckled Jo.

"I want to see the boy-girl," muttered Peace. "Where is she?"

"There she is, Piece-of-my-Heart," taunted Jo. "Behold her and chatter to her, but excuse me, for my bath calls."

Fritzi and the child, left alone, looked at each other long and earnestly. Then far down in Fritzi's heart there stirred a deep pity. The child was evidently on the alert for a point of attack. There was something in the blue eyes that made Fritzi think of a wild little kitten she had rescued once from some persecuting boys. It was as if she expected some taunt, some jibe, and there was no redress but scratches, kicks, and shrieks.

"I 'm the boy-girl," said Fritzi at last, smiling down at the child. "At least I had on my boy's suit last night; I suppose that is what you mean. I can play on my fiddle, and make it mew like a kitten, and bray like a donkey. I can dance and make the prettiest paper dolls, and I 'll do every one of them for you."

"Will you?" inquired Peace suspiciously, moving nearer. "You are n't just pretending? And Elsie may come, too?"

"Of course. Who is Elsie, your dolly?"

"No, stupid!" frowned Peace, "she 's my dearest friend. May she come, honest? And you won't let Jo and Bert see the leastest mite?"

"Why, dearie," cooed Fritzi persuasively. "Not your *dear* sister and brother. That would be selfish."

"I don't care," lowered Peace. "If you let 'em come I 'll break your fiddle, and—"

"You will, will you?" jeered Jo, who had just come in stealthily from behind, and now by a dexterous twist had Peace safely lassoed with a bath towel. "Now, look here, Peace. Fritzi belongs to me. Do you understand? If you treat her right you 'll get some of my fudge that

I'm going to make to-night. No, you can't pinch, I've got you too tight; and listen to this, Piece-of-my-Heart."

Here she bent down and whispered something. "How—how—" faltered Peace, "did you know?"

"Because my eyes are bright, and my arm is L-O-N-G," replied Jo in a sepulchral tone; "and mind, I've saved the pieces. Now fly!"

Peace did not need to be told twice; released she flew out of the room, and banged the door after her, leaving Jo to perform a dainty pirouette ending with a tremendous bow that sent her in a laughing heap on Fritzi's bed.

"Oh, Fritzi!" she gasped, "that is the richest go! I've got something to use on Peace for an extinguisher for a month to come. I remembered missing mother's favorite vase from the cabinet yesterday when I was dusting the parlor, and I sprang it on her. Oh, glee! We'll have some chance for our lives for a month or so."

"But you said you had the pieces," faltered Fritzi aghast.

"So I have—in my mind."

"But was n't that a—a—"

"Lie?" said Jo, coolly. "No, my dear, it was simply a very mild prevarication used in self-defense."

"A lie is a *lie*," persisted Fritzi.

"You—*don't*—say!" sneered Jo, gathering herself up and turning a cold and fishy eye upon poor Fritzi. All the laughing, girlish friendship had disappeared from Jo's lovely face for an instant. Then back again the light and fun flashed into the brown eyes. "Don't preach. Now we'd better scamper, or we won't be dressed when the breakfast-bell rings."

CHAPTER IV

THE COMING OF AUNT NANCY

WHEN Robert Hunter, the publisher, knew he was about to die, his first thought had been of his wife and children. Only a month before the crash had come that had carried away not only his whole fortune, but his wife's money as well. There was nothing left but the Eyrie, their summer home on Staten Island.

And now, with his failure in business, life was to come to an end, and his girls—Willis, the eldest, not yet nineteen—were utterly unable to take care of themselves,—and Bert—what could a boy of fifteen do to support his frail little widowed mother and four sisters?

But his second thought had brought comfort,

for it had been of his sister, Nancy Spear, down in Virginia.

Mrs. Spear had been a widow since twenty. She was childless and lived alone in Bramblet Lodge with Uncle Christmas and Huldy, who had been her father's slaves and who had taken care of her all her life. Mrs. Spear's little fortune had never made it possible for her to live in New York and there had been but few visits between North and South, but Robert Hunter knew well the heart he called upon, and so in perfect peace he slipped away to his final rest, leaving all that was dearest to him in his sister's capable hands.

Nor did Mrs. Spear hesitate. Without delay the doors and windows of Bramblet Lodge were boarded up, a sign set warning trespassers out of the old rose garden, and Mrs. Spear and Huldy, with Uncle Christmas driving, and their trunks strapped to the back, set out for Staten Island in the old surrey. It had never occurred to Mrs. Spear that she might part with Dixie and Dan, the fat black horses that had drawn her shabby old surrey so many years, any more than it had to leave Uncle Christmas, or Huldy, or Polly, who swung in her cage from the top of the surrey, or old Barney, the Skye terrier, who sat on his mistress's lap and looked dreamily out from behind his silvery bang at the changing landscape. If one went they must all go to care for Robert's wife and children, and as to a welcome—why, they were kinfolk, and Southerners, and what more would you have?

And she was right as to the welcome. From gentle Mrs. Hunter to Peace, Aunt Nancy with all her belongings was taken in with open arms and grateful hearts.

The very first night after Aunt Nancy's arrival, when dinner was over—it was the only really cheerful dinner they had had since the father had left them—she had them all line up before her, from Will to Peace, in the pleasant firelight, so that she might look them over. Across the hearth, so pretty and frail in her deep mourning, sat Mrs. Hunter, the fire's mellow glow playing upon her delicate face which seemed like some faded water-color against the dark background of her Morris chair; the light flickered, too, across Aunt Nancy's strong, proud face as she looked up at that line of wholesome, healthy young folk.

"Well, you are a fine lot," she said at last. "A handsome brood, too, Sallie dear. I hope they are as good as they are lovely."

"Oh, come now, Aunty," broke out Bert. "Don't make little mother tell tales the first night. Let us confess we are angels as well as

being so beautiful—though you might n't guess it. Jo and Peace are just covered with pin feathers, their wings are growing so fast."

"And, Aunty, did you ever see so many shades of red," laughed Will. "Just think of mother with that pretty, pale gold hair having five red-headed children. It's a perfect shame! Rob's

hand went up to her own snowy crown. "And I was proud of it, for a Hunter has *got* to have red hair, just as he must have a straight nose, and a good hand, and just as a Fairfield must have graceful carriage and arched brows. You are a bonny brood!"

"Oh," laughed Rob, "I guess we 'll do. Of



“‘COME, LET FRITZI LOVE YOU!’”

is auburn, Peace's copper, mine sandy, and Jo's the loveliest ever—but Bert's is red, *red, RED!*"

"Well," grumbled Bert, ruefully rubbing his brilliant poll, "I can't help it. I did n't do it."

"Never mind the color, Bert is the image of his father at fifteen. You are all Hunters through and through, where you are n't Fairfields. This was as red as Bert's once," and her

course, Jo is the beauty of the family, with Will a close second, but the pity of it is our loveliness won't get us bread and butter, and that 's the trouble just now."

"Oh, please, Rob, don't let us talk about it tonight," begged Will. "Do let us have one lovely time to celebrate Aunty's coming. Bert, you go for the nuts; you will find the silver nut bowl on

the sideboard. Jo, go get the pop-corn, and the popper and the filigree basket, and I'm going for the chafing dish and things, and make fudge right here before Aunty's astonished eyes. Do, Robbie, let us forget unpleasant things for a breathing spell."

"All right," sighed Rob, only too glad to escape a little longer. "And Aunty will tell us how

"Nancy," she said solemnly, "I dare not tell the children yet—it would not be best to part with my precious secret—but I shall retrieve the fallen fortunes of the family. I have been writing for over a year a book which will bring us fame and fortune. I am not worrying at all about our future. I only regret I did not tell Robert before he died."



"IT WAS A SIMPLE AIR, BUT IT SPOKE TO THE HEART AS PLAYED BY FRITZI'S SKILFUL FINGERS. (SEE PAGE 596.)

Grandmother Hunter went up to Baltimore and the great ball to dance with General Lafayette."

"Roberta, please run up and get my little silk shawl," said her mother, "I feel a bit of a draft here; and Peace, you go out and ask Mona to give you the nut-picks."

When the children had vanished Mrs. Hunter leaned over and laid her hand on her sister-in-law's knee.

"Yes, yes, honey," and Mrs. Spear's tone drooped into the same soothing coo she used with Peace. "I don't doubt you will do your best—your very best. I am quite sure of that."

"Oh, thank you, Nancy. I do need encouragement in so great an undertaking," and the poor little lady's eyes ran over. "But hush, not a word, here are the children."

The next day behind closed doors Mrs. Hunter

and Mrs. Spear went over the affairs of the family. To her surprise Mrs. Spear found that her sister-in-law had a good deal more money than she had supposed from the letter her brother had left for her. Everything had been willed to Mrs. Hunter, and she did not tell Mrs. Spear that the reason they were living in much the same old careless way, was that she had mortgaged the Eyrie and all its contents. What was the use of troubling dear sister Nancy, she thought. The book would be finished and on the market long before there should be any necessity for worrying over that.

CHAPTER V

FITTING IN

IF it had not been for sensible, downright Mrs. Sims there is doubt if there had been many peaceful sunny meadows in Fritzi's mental landscape back in those days before she came to live with the Hunters. It would have been up, up, up to the Mountains of Joy or down, down, down to the deepest Cañon of Despair. Then, besides her good judgment, Mrs. Sims had a merry disposition, and after all there is nothing like humor, a wholesome laugh, a sane sense of the ridiculous to save us from tragedies, whether real or imagined.

"Poff! What's the matter now?" she would cry, when Fritzi, a very little girl then, would come home from school with a heart as heavy as lead and a face all wrinkled in agony. "La! child, was n't that an awful thing—that Katie Murphy said you could n't spell lexicography? Why, now so you can! Well now, how would you pronounce b-a-c—k-a—c-h-e?" and before Fritzi knew it she would be in such a gale of glee she had quite forgotten Katie Murphy and her taunt. But when Fritzi grew too hilarious, dancing, clapping her hands and flying little red signal flags in her cheeks, would come Mrs. Sims's calming voice: "There, there, Fritzi. Down a little lower. You're too near the top and there are tears on the other side. Let's talk about bumble bees and green grasshoppers."

There were matters upon which Mrs. Sims had very strong opinions and one of them was the artistic temperament.

"Artistic grandmother! Fritzi is going to grow up a good, nice, sensible woman, or I'll know the reason why," she would say, upon talking affairs over with Mattie Riggs. "I suffer from the artistic temperament every day of my life. If Mother Sims had spanked the laziness and temper out of Mark, instead of rolling up her eyes and talking about temperament we'd

be a sight better off than we are to-day and I'd be a happier woman. There's a lot of idlers and bores hiding behind temperament, and a lot of foolishness and evil lurking under pretty names, and I'm sick of it. Fritzi's naughtiness and crossness is just as trying and hard to bear as Buddy's, who can't tell one tune from another. If genius is worth anything it ought to make folks better instead of worse, and that is exactly the principle I am raising Fritzi on."

The result of this wise training was that Fritzi expected, in spite of being able to play the violin, to obey when she was spoken to, and to keep her temper. Nor had it done her playing any harm. No one in this world is the worse for self-control.

There was another trait in Fritzi that Mrs. Sims had done her best to strengthen, and that was adaptability.

"Learn to fit," she would urge. "If you don't like this way of living—and neither do I over much—get ready for your open door, and when the door opens, walk in and fit there. It's all in the trying, Fritzi."

Always and always did Mrs. Sims tell Fritzi of the lovely little mother.

"A lady, Fritzi," she would say, "a real true lady. Too hurt and dying to tell more than your name—we found it, too, written in one of her books,—some day I'm going to give you those books, Fritzi—and where she had been stopping and that she must get you to your father. It was the night she died she told us that; she was too weak to tell where, but we thought she said across the sea. But always remember, Fritzi, your mother was a lady and she expects you to be one. It would break her heart up in heaven if you were n't a *true* lady. That means to tell the truth, and to do your duty and to make the most of every opportunity, and to hold yourself away from everything that is wicked and ugly. I'll teach you the best I can, Fritzi, and some day we may go and hunt your father; and be sure of one thing, child, he's a gentleman. A woman like your mother could never have loved anybody but a gentleman."

So Fritzi grew up with an ideal; to be a true lady that she might be fit to go and seek her father.

And now Fritzi's door had opened and she was to test her adaptability.

Fritzi's first day at the Eyrie was made up principally of getting acquainted. After the youngsters, Jo, Bert and Peace, had trotted off to school, Fritzi was, as Will laughingly expressed it, put through her paces.

"Stand forth, Fritzi," commanded Rob, as she

and Will sat on the floor in Aunt Nancy's room—for Fritzi, not quite relishing inspection, had retreated behind Mrs. Spear's chair and was peeping roguishly over the top of Aunt Nancy's head. "Stand forth, young lady! We promise Aunty—who does like a dark and bloody secret—that we won't ask where you came from nor where you are going—but please tell us what you are good for."

"Why, Rob—Fritzi dear, don't you pay any attention to her," cried kind Willis. "Nobody shall hurt your feelings—"

"Stop, girls!" rebuked Mrs. Spear, drawing Fritzi around into a seat on her ample lap. "Fritzi understood, Will, that Rob was only in fun. What we want to know, honey, is what you know. How much arithmetic, and reading, and history."

"And if you can spell valetudinarian, asafetida and phthisic," broke in Rob.

"Don't you be scared, Fritzi," consoled Will. "Rob can't spell them herself without the dictionary."

"Now, if you will both please keep quiet!" reproved Aunt Nancy. "Fritzi, we want you to have a good time, and yet a helpful one while you are here, and we thought perhaps you would like to go to school with Jo and Bert, if you are not too far back, or perhaps you would rather study with Roberta?"

To their surprise Fritzi soon convinced them that she was n't behind at all, and was quite ready to enter the class with Bert; for Mrs. Sims had been a great believer in education, and had insisted that Fritzi, who was strong and well, should attend school regularly; and Mrs. Sims, having been a teacher herself out in Indiana before she came to New York to be a trained nurse, and had married Mr. Sims, she helped Fritzi with her home work and had urged her forward until she had skipped several grades.

"Dear me, Fritzi, you're a wonder," gasped Rob, when Fritzi had glibly rattled off some dates in American history, explained a sum in mental arithmetic, and bound the German Empire. "But I'm thirsting to hear you spiel on that little fiddle in the green bag, but I vowed you should not scrape a scrape till Thursday when the orchestra has its practice. How long have you studied music, Fritzi dear?"

"May I tell them about Professor Sims?" whispered Fritzi to Aunt Nancy. "I'll just call him my teacher."

"Here, no secrets," broke in Rob. "Confess you don't know the E string from the G and just carry the bag for an ornament."

"I've studied since I was four years old," ex-

plained Fritzi. "My teacher was first violinist in a big orchestra, until he went blind, and then he—well, he played in concerts, and I had a lesson every day that he was well enough to teach me, until he died just about two months ago, and he said—you must n't think I'm bragging, I'm just telling you how far I am along—he said I was the best pupil of my age he ever had. I can dance, he taught me that, too, so I might *feel* the music, you see. I danced by myself in all sorts of steps to all sorts of music, and he would explain what the music meant and tell me to try and feel it to my finger tips and to the tips of my toes, and then when I had danced it, I'd take my fiddle and try to play what I felt. It's a beautiful way. Then—I—I—well, I can wash dishes, and tidy up, and, oh, yes, make paper dolls, and I guess that's all."

"All," cried Will and Rob together, "*all!*"

"That's surely enough for one little girl," agreed Aunt Nancy, ruffling the yellow curls. "And I should n't wonder if Fritzi would be the better for a vacation. Except that I'm going to take her in hand myself and teach her some old-fashioned accomplishments that every girl ought to have."

"I hope it's something that will teach me to grow up to be just such a lady as you are," said Fritzi innocently, looking up with adoring eyes. "I would love that, Mrs. Spear."

"Bless you, dear," replied Mrs. Spear smiling. "After that I think I must insist upon you calling me Aunt Nancy right along with my other children. And now, girls, that Fritzi has passed her examination so creditably, what next?"

"Clothes," answered Will promptly. "Let's all of us girls adjourn to the sewing-room and take Fritzi's measurements, for the first thing is some nice little frocks. Come along."

"I found some pretty cashmere and a pale blue dimity," said Mrs. Spear, "in my trunk this morning, that will work up charmingly for Fritzi."

"And there is that pink pongee of mine," chimed in Rob, "I speak to make all the French knots. I'm going to make hundreds, for I just love 'em and I know Fritzi will. That heavy white linen with the bit of Irish crochet for collar and cuffs will make a duck of a coat for this summer. I've been pining to try that stunning pattern but there was n't enough linen for Jo and too much for Peace. Thank goodness, Fritzi, you're a between size; and we'll make one of those lovely hats—there's plenty of linen—with a great bow of baby blue satin ribbon in front. It's a pity Fritzi's hair is too short to tie back with another bow to match. Let it grow, dearie. Girls of twelve usually wear it longer.

With your black eyes and golden hair you can wear anything."

Again at the mention of her hair Fritzi flushed painfully, but nobody noticed, and with one hand in Aunt Nancy's and the other tucked in Rob's she started off for the sewing-room.

Such an hour of delight as that was! It was *such* fun to be measured, and poked, and pushed from one to the other; to have that pretty pink held under your chin, and then this blue; *was* there enough of the stripe? "No"—"yes"—from despair sprang hope. There *was* enough, and everybody breathed again. And there was "ribbon" and "lace" and "braid" and "embroidery," and "had n't it better be plaited?" and "really the latest is smocking," and "it should be piped," and "would you cut it on the bias?" It *was* such fun, if in all your life such a discussion had never taken place over you before. You did n't feel hurt if your tormentors were Aunt Nancy Spear, and Will and Rob Hunter. You just laughed till the tears came when the scissors tickled your neck, or Rob made fun of your nose. It was the spirit of it all that sent Fritzi scurrying out into the garden, in the highest glee when dismissed, and it was here Jo found her—when she came home from school—in the swing under the maple. Swinging till her toes touched the bough in front, and back and back till her heels swept the bough behind and singing at the top of her voice.

"Pur—r—r—t! Pur—r—r—t!" whirred Jo from the garden gate. "Hurry up, Fritzi, and don't stop to let the old cat die. Judy and Bess Grant are out at the front gate waiting to meet you, and everybody's coming to the practice Thursday, just to hear you play, and we are going to have a dandy time! Hurry up!"

CHAPTER VI

"THE SHARPS AND FLATS" CLUB

"Now don't you look like a ducky-doodle?" inquired Will of Fritzi, as she gave a last deft pat to the lace frills on the blue dimity and whirled her around in the full glare of the light.

"I do, I do!" cried Fritzi, spinning around on her tiptoes before Will's long mirror. "It's just lovely, and I never, never, never had anything half so pretty, and to think that you and Rob sewed all day so that I might have it for to-night! Oh, I just love you, every one. What makes you so good to me?"

"Pooh, pooh," and Will dropped a kiss on the eager, upturned face. "You're a dear, Fritzi von

Saal, and it's a pleasure to make pretty things for such a nice girl. I wish Jo were as appreciative. That blue is lovely on you, girlie. Now to-night I want you to play your very best. I think it is going to be a good thing to have some of these young musicians taken down a bit, perhaps they will practice more. The orchestra is very dear to Rob and me. We started it summer before last, when we were just idling, and now we want to do some really good work."

"There goes the bell," cried Jo, with a mouth full of pins, from the next room. "If it's Judy tell Uncle Christmas to send her right up here to my room."

The bell rang fast and furious after that, and old Uncle Christmas, bowing and smiling, ushered in the members of the "Sharps and Flats" Club with the most ceremonious, old-time grace, and a few moments later Fritzi found herself in a scene that was enough to make any young music-lover's eyes dance.

There was Willis at the grand piano, the tawny little curl just in front of her left ear bobbing ecstatically as she sorted music, adjusted lights and answered a dozen questions at once; and there was Roberta standing very straight and tall, in the center of the room upon a raised platform, her music-rack before her, her baton in her hand—and a pretty picture she made in her fluffy white gown with the electric light shining down on her auburn hair; there, too, was Jo and Bert, everywhere at once, hunting stray sheets, placing racks, finding seats and settling perplexed members in their various places.

A great twanging of strings was going on in reply to Will's insistent "a—a—a" on the piano, and low breathing of flute and piccolo, and now and then the subdued "tunket-a-blip-blip-blip" from Bruce Neff's impatient kettle drum, and above all the subdued whirr of twenty tongues—for, of course, everybody except the pianist and the dignified young conductress, was whispering and giggling, and bubbling with glee; yes, and there was one other body who did n't, and that was Fritzi; for sitting smiling between Judy Biggerstaff and Bess Grant, with her fiddle laid across her knees, she was too happy even to talk.

"We're going to begin with the little overture we tried last summer," said Rob at last, with the clickety-clack of her baton to call them to order. "Willis will play it over on the piano. The first violins have the opening ten bars, then the seconds come in," explained Rob.

There were four first violins, Jo, Judy, Bess, and now Fritzi, who tucked her precious fiddle as demurely under her chin as if the little a b c

of an overture upon the music-rack before her was altogether worth her while. And some way Jo found, that night for the first time, her task of keeping those erratic firsts together no task at all, for the steady singing of Fritzi's fiddle, so clear and sweet and musical, hurried lazy Bess as it kept back impatient Judy, and so they swung away on the first bars in fine style. The seconds started not so successfully, chirping and chipping in quite the wrong places. The drum, always impatient, came in on the second and last beat with maddening persistence and the merry triangle whanged away at its own sweet will; but over it all soared the steady, faithful singing of Fritzi's violin, and, by and by, urged by the piano, and that firm strong tone, the other instruments found their way, and ended in a little sweep of harmony that brought tears of joy to the conductor's eyes.

Fritzi felt shy, and Fritzi felt scared, as in reply to Rob's command she left her chair and ascended the platform to play her solo. Even Judy's whispered assurance, Bess's sympathetic squeeze, or Jo's comforting pinch failed to reassure her and she felt far more frightened than she ever had in her "turn" with Professor Sims before a crowded concert hall. But there were Will and Rob's smiling faces, and there were Aunt Nancy and Mrs. Hunter just coming in. Such good, good friends—she must do her best to please them, and so with the rush of gratitude her fear flew away.

It was a simple air, but it spoke to the heart as played by Fritzi's skilful fingers, and Aunt Nancy's eyes filled with tears as she watched the slender girl with her flying bow, the pretty girl whose face was eloquent with sweetness and purity—and thought of the lonely father somewhere in the wide world. What that sight would mean to him!

There was a breathless pause at the end of Fritzi's playing and then a burst of applause so spontaneous and robust there was no doubt that the Sharps and Flats were proud of their new member.

"Why, you're great, Fritzi!" Bert assured her, shaking hands with her heartily when he brought shy Bruce up for an introduction. "We're proud to have you in our family."

"Thank you," laughed Fritzi, rosy with happiness, but prettily modest in spite of her ovation. "And will you be offended if I offer to help you boys a little? You see I have had such a lot of lessons and I am sure I could help you get the time."

"Fritzi, we'd be your everlasting debtors! Would n't we, Bruce?" exclaimed Bert. "To

tell you the truth, I like music mighty well, and I'd like to graduate from the triangle and tackle something higher up, but even Will seems to think anything better is beyond me. Bruce is stuck on his drum."

"Only I'd like to come in on the right beat once in a while," grinned Bruce, who, although he blushed, found it easier to control his restless hands and feet talking to Fritzi than he did when he tried to talk to Judy or Jo. Anybody could talk to Bess Grant,—she did n't count.

"Well, let's have a little practice time alone," proposed Fritzi eagerly, "and we'll take in Effie and Peace."

"Oh, would you?" cried Peace in astonishment. She and Effie had been following admiringly at Fritzi's heels all evening. Now both little girls were breathless with astonishment; they never were taken in.

"Oh, come now, Fritzi, not Piece-and-Plenty—meaning of mischief—" broke in Bert. "They'd just spoil everything."

"Just you hush up, Bert Hunter!" sputtered Peace, getting red in the face; but Fritzi's soothing arm went round her just in time.

"This is to be my class, Bert," said Fritzi laughingly. "Peace and Effie will get on finely after they have practised alone awhile. I know they will."

"Goodness gracious me!" burst forth Judy who had just appeared upon the scene. "Well, Fritzi von Saal, if you don't rue your bargain; and when you do, don't come weeping to me, or I shall say, 'I told you so!'"

"Oh, here comes Uncle Christmas with the refreshments," cried Bess. "Do let's sit down. I'm just starved."

Fritzi missed Jo's voice in all the praise that came to her. Later in the evening, when to please Will, Fritzi gave one of her own particular dances, with a silken scarf held high above her head, and afterward generously offered to teach the whole orchestra her pretty steps, Jo passed her by without a word.

"WILL you please undo my top button, Jo, dear? I can't quite reach it," said Fritzi, a bit timidly, when the two girls were alone in their own room; but Jo seemed angry about something and stood silently before the mirror, savagely plaiting her long braid. "Did n't we have just a perfectly lovely time?"

"I don't admire a one-girl show myself," snapped Jo, going on with her braiding.

"Why, Jo," began Fritzi, tugging helplessly at her button. "I only did what Rob and Will asked me to do."

Jo made no reply.

"I 'm—I 'm sorry, Jo, if you did n't like it," Fritzi again broke the silence, having now divested herself of her little blue frock, and looking very sweet and childish, for Fritzi looked very young for her twelve years.

"Bah," grunted Jo. "I did n't care anything about it, but don't let Aunt Nancy learn about your offering to teach Bert and Bruce alone; that 's all I have got to say."

"But why?" cried bewildered Fritzi. "Why, it will be such a help to Rob; and besides, Bert wants to play something harder than a triangle.

(To be continued.)

Of course, I 'll tell Aunt Nancy. Why would n't she like it?"

"Because, baby," said Jo, "girls of your age, in good society, don't tag boys. That 's why."

"I was n't tagging," indignantly replied Fritzi, trying hard to keep the tears back. "And besides, I am going to teach Peace and Effie. I promised that I would."

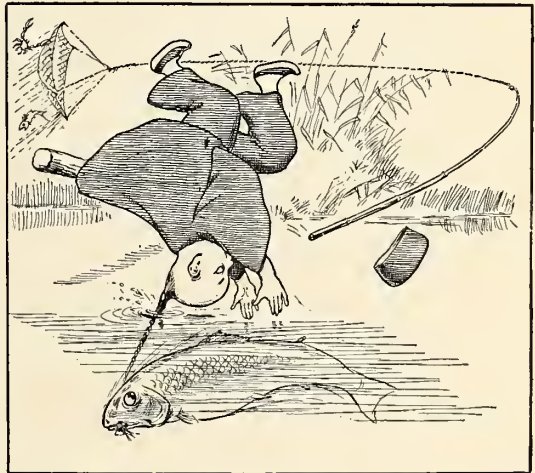
"Peace! Yes, that 's so likely. Of course, that 's only a blind." And Jo spitefully turned off the light, leaving Fritzi to creep into bed in the dark, and cry some very salt tears upon her ruffled pillow.

THE LUCK OF LÜN CHUN FOO

AN ORIENTAL FISH STORY



I. RISING TO THE BAIT.



II. A BITE.



III. CAUGHT.



IV. LANDED.

The Marvellous Man of Talipatan

By C.F. Lester.

I

THERE was an old man in Talipatan
Who lived on a highly remarkable plan.
Just listen to me, and you 'll agree
That a funny old fellow, indeed, was he!



II

On going to ride, he always cried:
"I do it, you see, from family pride!"
And he 'd sail in a sieve, and this reason give,—
That "life was a terrible way to live!"



III

He would sit and play at chess all day,
Although he thought it was "rather gay";
"But," said he, "it 's no sin,—and I don't care a
pin
How the game comes out, so long as I win!"



IV

Whenever he slept, he always kept
Awake (at which his family wept),
And when specially glad, he would look quite sad,
('T was really the noblest trait he had!)

V

Now I 've never heard say that he 'd moved
away,
So he must be there to this very day;
And if trolley-cars ran to Talipatan,
We 'd all go and visit this marvelous man!

TOM, DICK, AND HARRIET

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater"

CHAPTER I

A MEETING ON THE ICE

THERE had been almost a week of zero weather and the Hudson River in the neighborhood of Coleville and Ferry Hill was frozen hard and fast from shore to shore. They were cutting ice below Coleville, and Dick Somes had watched them for some time before crossing the river in the teeth of a bitter east wind and reaching the shelter of the opposite shore. There, with the trees protecting him from the icy blast, he turned up-stream once more and skated more leisurely along the margin.

It was the middle of an afternoon in early January, to be exact, the third day of the new year; and overhead sunlight and clouds held alternate sway. But the sun, already nearing the summit of the distant hills, held little warmth even when it managed to escape for a moment from the flying banks of cloud, and Dick, accustomed though he was to the intense cold of the western mountains and prairies, was glad to escape for a while from that biting wind which apparently entertained not the slightest respect for his clothing and which numbed him through and through.

The river was nearly deserted. Directly across from him, nearly a half-mile away, a few skaters were to be seen keeping to the smooth ice near shore. A mile below black specks moved about in front of the big ice-houses. But for the rest, Dick had the river to himself. Or, at least, so he thought until, rounding a slight curve, he caught sight of a figure seated on the edge of the bank. Perhaps the wind whipping the tops of the trees drowned the ring of Dick's skates, or perhaps the girl with the brown sweater, gray skirt and white tam-o'-shanter was too much absorbed with the broken skate strap in her hand to heed anything else. At least, she was unaware of Dick's approach, and so that youth had ample opportunity to observe his discovery as he skated slowly along.

Under the white tam-o'-shanter was a good deal of very red hair, and under the red hair was a pretty, healthy face with rosy cheeks, an impertinent little up-tilted nose, a pair of clear blue eyes and a small mouth which, just at this moment, was pursed in a pout of annoyance to

match the frown on her forehead. The hanging skate and the broken strap told their tale and Dick, on his way past, wheeled and slid up to the distressed maiden.

"Hello," he said. "Break your strap?"

The girl looked up with a start and studied him a moment in silence. Then she tossed the longer piece of the offending leather to him and he caught it deftly.

"Yes," she said, "just look at the old thing! And I have n't another and I'm half a mile from home. Roy told me I ought to have the other kind of skates and you can just wager I'm going to after this!"

"Well, you could have one of my straps," answered Dick, "only I don't wear them."

"Yes, and I could pick one off the trees only they don't grow there," she answered sharply. Dick laughed and in a moment the girl joined him.

"I dare say it's a joke," she said, "but when you come out to skate you don't just like to have to sit on a rock and hold your foot in your hand."

"Oh, I can fix you up," said Dick carelessly. "Here, wait a minute." He drew off his gloves, tossed them with the broken strap on to the bank and drew the neck of his sweater down. "Out our way we generally mend things with barbed wire, but there does n't seem to be any handy, so I guess this'll do until you get home." With a final tug he brought forth a blue four-in-hand necktie and held it forth.

"But—but that's your tie!" protested the girl.

"Yes, but I don't need it. Besides, it's old."

"It looks brand-new," answered the girl.

"It does n't matter," he said. "Put your foot out, please."

"But it'll spoil it, won't it?" she asked.

"Don't care if it does. I've got lots more, and I never liked this one anyhow."

"Well—" She put out the foot with the disabled skate and Dick substituted the blue necktie for the broken strap. When the skate was once more firmly in place and a nice blue bow-knot adorned the instep of her shoe the girl broke into laughter.

"Is n't it lovely?" she cried, wriggling her foot around and viewing it at all angles. "Think of wearing neckties on your feet! I do wish I had one for the other foot too!"

"Sorry I have n't any more," laughed Dick. "How would a handkerchief do?"

She shook her head.

"No, I tried using my handkerchief, but it was n't big enough. Cold, is n't it?"

"Awfully." She got to her feet and tried the skate. It held well and she turned a grateful countenance to Dick. "I 'm very much obliged," she said sweetly; "and I 'll send the tie to you—or another one like it—when I get home. Do you live around here? I 've never seen you before, I guess."

"Oh, never mind," he answered. "I don't want it. You 'll have to go kind of easy with it, though, I guess, or it 'll get loose." He rescued his gloves and drew them on his chilled fingers. "I 'll go along with you, if you like, in case it comes undone."

"I asked you a question," she replied imperiously. He looked at her amusedly.

"Oh, so you did," he said. "You asked if I lived around here, did n't you?" The girl's head went into the air and the corners of her mouth came down.

"If you don't care to answer, I 'm sure you need n't," she said haughtily. Dick laughed.

"Oh, I don't mind. I live over there." He nodded across the river. "I 'm at Hammond Academy."

"Oh," said the girl. "You talk as though you were n't ashamed of it!"

"Ashamed of it?" he repeated in a puzzled way. "Why should I be? Is n't Hammond all right?"

"For those who like it," she replied.

"Then you don't like it," he laughed. "Why not?"

"Because—because—" She stopped and drew the collar of her brown sweater higher about her neck. "I 'm going now," she announced. "I don't think you need come. I 'm very much obliged. And I 'll send the necktie to you at Hammond."

"Who are you going to send it to?" he asked.

"Oh! That 's so, who is it? I don't want to know your name, but if you like to tell me—"

He shook his head.

"I saw you first," he said. "You tell me your name and then I 'll tell you mine."

The girl in the brown sweater had started off and Dick had taken his place beside her. For a moment they skated in silence. Then:

"I 'm Harry Emery," she announced.

"Oh," he answered indifferently. "And do you live around here?" She turned upon him in surprise.

"You 're just pretending!" she said after a moment's examination of his countenance.

"Pretending what?"

"That you don't know who I am. Why, every Hammond boy knows the girl that beat their best skater last winter!"

"Did you do that?" he asked in admiration. "I 'll bet you could n't do it this winter."

"Why not?" she demanded.

"Because I don't believe you could beat me."

"Want to try it?" she challenged. He shook his head.

"Not while you 've got one skate strapped on with a necktie," he answered. "But if you think you 'd like a race some time you let me know."

She looked him over speculatively and what she saw must have impressed her a little, for there was a note of uncertainty in her voice when she said:

"I guess I could beat you, Mr. Conceit. I beat Schonberg last winter. Can you skate faster than he can?"

"I don't know. I never saw him."

"Never saw him!" she cried. "How long have you been at Hammond?"

"Since about this time yesterday," he replied smilingly.

"Oh!" she said. "You 've just come? You were n't there in the fall?"

He shook his head.

"Just got here yesterday afternoon and wish I was back where I came from," he answered cheerfully. "There 's only about a dozen fellows over there and they 're the no-accountest lot I ever did see. I did n't know when the new term began and so I just moseyed up here to find out. It does n't start until the day after to-morrow. Maybe by that time I 'll get sick of it and pull my freight for home."

"Run away, do you mean?" asked Harry Emery breathlessly.

"Oh, no, just change my mind. I have n't paid my tuition yet, and I guess I could light out if I wanted to, any time before school begins. And I 've got a good mind to do it."

"Serves you right for not going to a—well, another school!" said the girl.

"I suppose so. But I did n't know. Dad's lawyer in New York knew about Hammond and said it was all right. So I came up. Maybe I 'll like it better when the rest of the fellows get back."

"No, you won't," answered Harry decidedly. "Why did n't you come to our school?"

Dick looked amused.

"Is it a girl's school?" he asked.

"Of course not, silly! It 's Ferry Hill, and everybody who knows anything says it 's the best school around here; the best school anywhere!"

"Oh, boys and girls both, eh? I don't think I'd like that."

"But it is n't!"

"Is n't it? But if you go there—?"

"I don't go to school there; I just live there. My father is the Principal."

"Oh, now I savvy," said Dick. "Where is it? Is it nice? I'd like to take a look at it."

"Sounds like the real thing," laughed Dick. "How big is it?"

"Well, it's smaller than Hammond," Harry acknowledged grudgingly, "but it—it's more select! There are forty-two boys this year; there were forty-three last season when Otto Ferris was here."

"What happened to him?" asked Dick.

"He got sick and went home. I'm glad of it; I hate him."

"I tell you what you do," said Dick after a moment. "You show me what your school is like. Maybe if I get any more soured on Hammond I'll skate over with my trunk and try Ferry Hill."

"Do you mean it?" cried Harry.

"Why not?"

"But—but you could n't!"

"Oh, yes I could. I can do as I like, I guess."

"But they would n't let you!"

"Who would n't let me?"

"They—them—over at Hammond!"

"I'd like to see them try and stop me," answered Dick with a laugh. "I have n't entered their school yet, you know, and I don't owe them anything but a day's board and lodging. You produce your school, Miss Emery, and I'll look it over."

"And if you like it you'll come?" cried Harry, her blue eyes dancing. Dick hesitated, then:

"Yes, I'll come if I like it!" he answered.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

"Come on, then!" cried Harry. "I'll race you to the boat-house!"



"CAN I HELP YOU," SAID DICK, CARELESSLY."

"It's just up here a bit further," answered Harry. "You can see it from Hammond. Have n't you noticed?" Dick shook his head.

"It's on a hill," continued Harry, "and you would have seen it if you were n't blind. It's the nicest school there is, and the boys are dandy. And we can beat Hammond at anything—foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, hock—well, not hockey, maybe, but we've only played one year; but we'll beat them this year, at that, too!"

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CHAPTER II

DICK SOMES IS PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

I DON'T think Dick tried very hard to win that race; at least, he exhibited no superhuman efforts; and the result was that Harry Emery won by several yards, finishing on one skate and trailing a blue streamer from the other foot like a banner of victory. She subsided on the edge of the boat-house porch, smiling and triumphant.

"I won!" she cried.

"Easily," answered Dick placidly.

"I told you I could," continued Harry.

"I said so too, did n't I?"

"No, you said I could n't; you know you did."

"Guess I was wrong then." There was a moment's silence during which they each busied themselves with their skates. Presently Harry laid hers beside her and looked up with a frown.

"No, you were right," she sighed. "I guess you can beat me. You were n't trying just now. You 're like everybody else; you think because I'm a girl I'm not worth bothering with."

"Nonsense! You skate finely," answered Dick earnestly. "Better than any girl I ever saw."

"Any girl!" echoed Harry scathingly. "That 's it! Girls can't skate! Why, there is n't one at Madame Lambert's who can keep up with me for a minute. I can skate faster than any boy here, too!"

"Well, that 's doing pretty well, is n't it?" asked Dick with a smile as he tossed his skates down beside hers.

"I don't like to be beaten—by any one," grieved Harry.

"Then you must n't race with me."

"Pshaw! You 'd be polite and let me beat you—as you did just now. I—I hate polite people!"

"No, I would n't," said Dick grimly. "When you race with me you 've got to go as hard as you know how, for I 'll beat you if I can. And if you can't stand being beaten you want to keep out of it, Miss Emery."

Harry studied him a moment in silence.

"I guess nobody likes to be beaten," she said finally; "but I can stand it as well as the next fellow. "What 's your name?"

"Somes, Dick Somes; Richard for long."

"My name 's Harriet 'for long,'" she laughed.

"But nobody calls me Harriet; it is n't a very pretty name, is it?"

"Harriet? I don't believe I ever heard it before. I was wondering how you came to be named Harry. Harry suits you better, I guess."

"How old are you, Dick?"

"Sixteen last August."

"I 'm fifteen. Would n't you think I was older?" she asked anxiously.

"Heaps," he laughed. "I thought you were about twenty."

"I don't like to be made fun of," replied Harry.

"There 's a good deal you don't like, is n't there?" he asked with a grin.

"I sha'n't like you if you talk like that," she answered severely.

"Then I sha'n't come to your old school."

"It is n't an 'old school!'" flashed Harry. "And I don't care whether you come or not!"

"Oh, yes, you do," he answered soothingly. "If I don't come we won't have that race."

"I don't want to race you!"

"Oh, all right. Then it 's me for Hammond again. I guess it 's the better school of the two, anyway."

"I 'm sure it 'll suit you better," she answered angrily. Then she caught sight of the merriment in his eyes, hesitated and laughed softly. "You—you almost made me angry," she declared.

"Almost, eh? Then you must be a terror, Miss Emery, when you go the limit. Are n't you going to show me around? It 's getting late and I 'm freezing to death."

"Come on," answered Harry. "You can leave your skates here; they 'll be all right. And here 's your tie. I 'm afraid, though, it 's kind of frazzled and—Oh, it 's torn! Look!"

"Don't you care," he said. "Here, I 'll carry your skates."

"No," she answered decisively, "I 'll carry them myself. I don't like to be waited on."

"I guess if I came here to school," laughed Dick, "it would take most of my time finding out what you did n't like. I would n't have any time for lessons."

"Do you like to study?" Harry asked.

"Pretty well; everything but languages. Which way do we go? Up this path?"

"Yes. Oh, I forgot. That 's the boat-house there. We have a crew and we race Hammond every spring. Last year we were beaten."

"I never saw a boat race," said Dick. "It must be good sport."

"It 's perfectly great," said Harry, "and awfully exciting! This is the Grove and the buildings are up the hill, only you can't see them yet. I 'll go ahead and show you the way."

The path wound through a thick growth of trees, maples and oaks and others, climbing steadily upward. Presently the trees thinned and ceased and Dick followed his guide through a gap in a breast-high hedge which, as Harry informed him, marked "inner bounds." I have no intention of recording the fund of information which Harry showered upon Dick's defenseless head. Needless to say that she colored her remarks with the rose-tint of enthusiasm and drew a most alluring picture of life at Ferry Hill. She rattled on breathlessly and continuously after she had once become warmed up to her task and Dick's brain began to reel under the torrent of information.

He was shown Burgess Hall, with the dormitories and the dining-room, School Hall, with its twilighted class rooms, the Cottage, where Harry lived—Harry pointed out her room and described the furnishings minutely, even to the pink paper on the walls—and the Gymnasium,

which was locked, and consequently remained a mystery for the present. Back of the gym a gate in the hedge gave access to the Athletic Field, with its snow-filled stands and gibbet-like goal-posts rising forlornly out of the white waste. Harry said there was a running track there, but Dick had to take her word for it. Then they retraced their steps and Harry pointed out, at a distance, the stables and barns and the orchard beyond.

"I'll show you my menagerie some time," she said. "It lives in the barn. I've got a parrot, three lovely Angora kittens, a squirrel, four guinea-pigs, six rabbits, lots and lots of white mice, heaps of pigeons, and a dog."

"Phew!" said Dick. "Is that all?"

"The dog's name is Snip," Harry continued. "He's a fox terrier. Last year I had two black rabbits and I called them Pete and Repeat, and then there was a third and I had to call it Threepete. Is n't that silly?"

"I think it's a pretty good name," laughed Dick.

"Really? The parrot's name is Methuselah; he's awfully old, I guess, but he's a perfect dear. You'll love Methuselah, Dick!"

"Maybe, but I don't believe so. I don't like parrots."

"But he is n't just—just an ordinary parrot," said Harry earnestly. "He's awfully clever and wise; he knows heaps of things, really!"

"I like dogs and horses better," answered Dick. "Have you got a horse?"

"No, there are two in the stable, but they don't belong to me. Next year, though, papa is going to get me a pony and a cart. Then I shall drive to school every day."

"Where's your school?" Dick asked.

"Over there at Silver Cove. It's a very nice school."

They had reached the dormitory again and Dick stopped and looked about him. It was getting dark rapidly and the campus, deep with snow, looked bleak and forlorn. Even Harry had to acknowledge that fact to herself and her hopes of inducing Dick to cast his lot with Ferry Hill began to dwindle. Westward, above the tops of the trees which crowded the slope, lay the frozen river, and beyond, on the farther bank, a few yellow points of light marked the location of Coleville and Hammond Academy.

"Of course," ventured Harry, "things don't look very nice now, but you ought to see them when the trees are out and—and all."

But her voice did n't hold much conviction and Dick merely nodded his head as he turned toward the path down the slope.

"Well, I'm much obliged for showing me around," he said. "I'd better be getting back."

"Yes," sighed Harry. "I—I'll walk down to the river with you. You might lose your way." She did n't have the courage to ask him whether he liked Ferry Hill well enough to come there. She did n't believe he did. She wished he might have seen it in the morning when the sun was shining warmly on the red brick walls and the sky was blue overhead. She was disappointed.

Dick seemed a rather nice sort, if somewhat too—too self-assured, and it would have pleased Harry hugely to have wrested a prospective student away from the rival school. Besides, the sum of money which the advent of another student meant was not to be sneered at; Ferry Hill's expenses so nearly matched her income that a half-year's tuition and board might mean quite a little when the accounts were balanced. Doctor Emery, as Harry well knew, had been rather discouraged for the last two or three years. There was only the one dormitory hall and forty-six boys filled it to overflowing, and for that many students the expense was as great as it would be for twice the number. The Doctor wanted a new dormitory, but did n't know how he was going to get it. With room for say twenty more students the school would pay very well. As it was, it sometimes did n't pay at all; there were years when the books balanced the wrong way and the Doctor and his family stayed at Ferry Hill all through the hot weather. Harry thought of all this as she led the way down the hill through the dim grove, and as a result what conversation ensued was somewhat spasmodic. At the boat-house Dick busied himself with his skates and Harry looked on silently; but finally:

"I don't believe you had any idea of leaving Hammond, anyway," she exclaimed aggrievedly.

"Why not?" asked Dick.

"Because—because how could you, if your folks wanted you to go there—"

"My folks did n't have much to do with it," answered Dick, pulling his gloves on. "There's only my dad, anyway. He did n't know anything about the schools here and left it to his lawyer in New York. I said I did n't much care, and Mr. Warwick said he'd heard that Hammond was a very good place, so after Dad sailed I came up here."

"Is your father a sailor?" asked Harry.

"Oh, no," laughed Dick, "he's a mining man. He owns mines and buys and sells them. My mother died a couple of years ago and we broke up housekeeping and went moseying around, Dad and I. Then when he found he'd have to go to London and Paris for two or three months he

did n't know what to do with me. So I said I 'd go to school somewhere in the East; I 'd never been very much, anyway. So that 's how it happened; savvy?"

"Yes, but what 's 'savvy'?" asked Harry.

"Oh, it means 'Do you understand?'"

"Then if—if you did want to leave Hammond you could?" she asked. Dick nodded.

"Sure as shooting! Why not? I told Dad I would n't stay if I did n't like it, and he said in that case I could go back to Helena or join him in London."

"My!" exclaimed Harry. "Why don't you go to London?"

"I 've been there twice," Dick answered.

"Then—then you—you 'll stay at Hammond?" asked Harry wistfully.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dick. "Maybe."

"And—you did n't like Ferry Hill?"

"Oh, yes, I did," he answered stoutly. "It seems a mighty nice school."

"But you won't come?"

Dick hesitated, skating about backward and forward along the edge of the ice and swinging his arms to keep warm.

"I don't know," he answered finally. "I 'll think it over. When does school begin?"

"Day after to-morrow, but you 'd have to get here to-morrow before six in the evening."

"Well, if I come—I 'll think about it anyway. And thanks for showing me around. I 've had a real jolly time. Good-night, Miss Emery."

"Good-night," answered Harry sadly. "I—I wish you 'd decide to come."

"Well, maybe I will," he shouted back as he skated off. "But if I 'm not here by six to-morrow tell your father not to wait supper for me. Good-night!" And laughing at his joke Dick *Somes* sped off into the darkness across the frozen river.

Harry stood there shivering until she could no longer hear the ring of his skates. Then she turned and went disappointedly back up the hill.

CHAPTER III

THE BRAND FROM THE BURNING

"WELL, you old duffer! I thought you were going to meet me at the station for the eleven o'clock."

"I really meant to, Roy," answered Chub Eaton, "but my train was nearly an hour late and I got in just four minutes after you 'd gone. How are you? Did you have a good time Christmas?"

"Bully," answered Roy Porter. "Did you?"

"Oh, swell! I wish you 'd been out with me."

"I wanted to go," answered Roy gravely, "but

my folks were afraid I 'd get lost in the smoke. I told them that was hard on Pittsburg, but—"

Roy rolled over backward on Sidney Welch's bed just in time to avoid the slipper which Chub hurled.

"But they said they knew the place, Chub," he ended.

"You run away and play," grunted Chub as he returned to the task of unpacking his trunk.

They were in the Junior Dormitory and up and down the two sides of the long room was bustle and excitement and noise. The last train arriving before six o'clock was in and had brought its load of students. Trunks and bags were being unpacked, greetings exchanged and adventures related, and everyone was doing his best to get settled before dinner-time. Roy, who had arrived on an earlier train and whose belongings were already stowed away in his locker in the Senior Dormitory on the floor above, had met Chub on the arrival of the coach and had carried one end of the battered steamer trunk up-stairs. Now he was reclining comfortably on Sidney's bed in direct violation of the dormitory rules, and bothering his chum as much as possible. Sid, by the way, a short, chunky boy of fifteen, was down at the far end of the hall swapping marvelous tales of vacation experiences with Chase; his voice, which was at the changing period, alternately dying away in gruff whispers and soaring shrilly to a squeaky falsetto.

"Just listen to Sid," chuckled Chub as he rolled a brown sweater up and stuffed it into the locker. "Sounds as though he were knocking up flies with his voice, does n't it?"

"Yes," answered Roy. "Say, Chub, did I ever tell you about the man who went to Pittsburg?"

"Oh, you dry up," answered Chub good-naturedly.

"But it 's a true story, honestly, Chub! Of course the man did n't go there just for fun; he had to; it was a matter of life or death, I guess. Well, when he got back someone asked him if he 'd seen Pittsburg. 'No,' says he, 'but I 've been there!'"

"Go on," answered Chub. "Have a good time. I don't mind. I 'd rather live in Pittsburg where you can't see than in New York where you don't want to."

"I guess maybe that 's humor," said Roy thoughtfully; "but it 's—er—subtle, Chub, awfully subtle. Could you give me a hint? Just tell me what letter the answer begins with!"

"I 'll tell you what letter your name begins with," laughed Chub. "And it comes between E and G."

"What am I? A musical note?"

"No, a flat!"

"I suppose you think you 're sharp!"

Chub Eaton groaned loudly as he slammed the lid of his trunk down. He was seventeen years of age, and looked older; was a trifle thick-set, had brown hair that was almost brick-red, alert brown eyes, a good-looking, expressive, good-humored face, and an ease of manner and a self-assurance which his enemies called conceit and which his friends loved him for. He was in his last year at Ferry Hill and consequently in the First Senior Class. The preceding spring he had succeeded himself as captain of the base-ball team. While well-liked by almost every fellow in school, he had not attained to the popularity which his companion commanded.

Roy Porter lacked his chum's air of self-sufficiency and in looks and manner unconsciously invited friendship. He was the school leader, and reigned supreme with none to dispute his title. Besides that, until the election following Ferry Hill's defeat of Hammond on the latter's gridiron, a few weeks ago, he had been captain of the football team, an honor alone sufficient to turn his head had that appendage not been very stiffly attached. Unlike his predecessor in the office of school leader, one Horace Burlen, who had left school the previous spring and was now playing the precarious rôle of freshman in a nearby college, Roy ruled with a gentle hand and maintained his sway by honest, manly service in behalf of the school and his fellows. The younger boys worshiped him, secretly resolved to be Roy Porters when they grew up, and meanwhile copied his ties and stockings and cocked their hats as he wore his.

Roy also was a First Senior and would graduate in June; and like Chub—whose real name, by the way, was Thomas—was seventeen years old. He was tall, well-built, athletic, with wavy light-brown hair, a frank good-looking face and a pair of attractive gray-blue eyes.

"Say, Chub," he exclaimed suddenly; "I almost forgot to tell you. What do you suppose Harry's been up to now?"

"Ask me something easier," begged Chub.

"Swiping students from Hammond!"

"What!"

"Fact! She was down at the station and told me about it. It 's the funniest thing you ever heard, Chub!" And Roy laid himself back on the bed and laughed consumedly.

"Funny 's no word for it," said Chub soberly. "I shall die of laughing in a moment."

"W-Wait till I tell you!" gasped Roy.

"I am waiting, you gump! Stop that fuss and tell me! Don't keep a fellow waiting all day."

"Well, listen." And Roy recounted Harry's meeting with Dick Some, embellishing the tale as fancy dictated, until Chub too was struggling with his laughter.

"But—but she did n't land him after all?" asked Chub.

"She does n't know yet. She told him he 'd have to be here by six o'clock to-night. She pretends she 's sure he 'll be here, but I guess he was just fooling her."

"Too bad," said Chub. "Would n't it have been great if he had left Hammond and come here, eh? Would n't we have had a peachy joke on them?"

"And would n't they have hated Mr. Dick Summers, or whatever his name is? But is n't Harry the limit?"

"She 's plucky, all right," answered Chub with a grin. "Fancy having the cheek to try and—"

"Pluck a brand from the burning," suggested Roy.

"Exactly! Suppose we run over to the Cottage and see if he 's shown up?"

"Oh, he has n't come," answered Roy, glancing at his watch. "It 's two minutes of six now."

"What of it? He might have come half an hour ago and—" Chub, who was facing the dormitory door, stopped and stared over Roy's shoulder. "Hello!" he ejaculated. Roy turned and followed his gaze.

Just inside the doorway stood a big broad-shouldered, blond-haired youth of apparently sixteen years of age. He wore a fur cap, a gray sweater and dark knickerbockers, while in one hand was a suit case and in the other a pair of skates. In spite of the fact that the entire hall was observing him silently and curiously he appeared not the least bit embarrassed; in fact his self-possession was then and afterward something to wonder at. After a slow glance about the hall he had turned his gray eyes on Chub and Roy. There was a careless, good-humored smile on his singularly homely and at the same time perplexingly attractive face.

"Where do I live, do you suppose?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Roy, rising to go to him. "But I guess you belong on the next floor. Did the Doctor tell you which dormitory you were to go to?"

"Have n't seen the Doctor," was the calm reply. "I just got here. What time is it, anyway?"

"Just six," answered Roy.

"That 's all right then." The newcomer set his bag down and placed his skates on top of it. Then he threw his fur cap and gloves on to the nearest bed and started to get out of his sweater.

But Chub, who had said no word so far, but

upon whose countenance a beatific grin had been growing and spreading with each instant, broke the silence explosively.

"Where 'd you come from?" he shouted.

"Across the river," answered the other.

"From Hammond?"

"Yep. From Hammond."

Chub gave a whoop and hurdled the two intervening beds, landing on top of the suit case, sending the skates clanging across the floor and violently grasping the hand of the astounded youth.

"It 's he, Roy!" he yelled delightedly. "It 's the Brand from the Burning!"

"That 's me," laughed Dick Some. "Did she tell you I was coming?"

"She said she expected you," answered Roy; "but—well—"

"We did n't think you 'd have the cheek to do it," ended Chub admiringly. "Were they mad? How did you get away from them?"

"Oh, easy enough. I had n't entered, you see. So I paid them for two days' board and lodging, sent my trunk across by sleigh and pulled my suit case after me. It was quick work,—had to be— but the only way I could manage it. It scratched the suit-case up a bit, but that does n't matter. I guess I 'd better go and see the boss now and get my ticket punched."

"What ticket?" asked Roy.

"Oh, I mean see the Doctor, take out my papers, register, put my name down, get enrolled, whatever you call it," explained Dick. "Miss Emery said I 'd have to be here by six and I thought I was n't going to make it. I lost my bearings skating across and headed away down-stream. That made me late. When do we feed?"

"Right away," answered Roy. "But you 'd better go over to the Cottage first. Chub and I 'll show you the way. This is Chub here; his full

name 's Mr. Thomas Eaton. By the way, your name 's Summers, is n't it?"

"Somes," was the reply. He shook hands warmly with Chub. "Glad to meet you," he said. Then he turned to Roy. "You 're Roy; I 've for-



"'WHERE DO I LIVE, DO YOU SUPPOSE?' HE ASKED."

gotten your last name, but Miss Emery spoke about you. Hope we 'll be friends." Then he faced the rest of the fellows who had edged as close as politeness would allow and who had been watching the proceedings with unconcealed interest. "My name 's Dick Some," he announced smilingly, "and I 'm glad to meet all you chaps. We 'll get acquainted later. Now if you 'll lead the way," he suggested to Roy, "I 'll get my name down on the pay-roll."

"Say, Some," said Chub, as they clattered

down-stairs and across the hall, "I don't usually welcome strangers in quite such a demonstrative way, you know, but Roy had just been telling me about Harry and you, and it seemed such a blamed good joke that I just had to let out."

"That 's all right," Dick laughed. "I 'm tickled to death to find some one with what they call human emotions. Why, say, you chaps, I 've been hibernating over at Hammond for two whole days with a dozen wooden Indians who would n't even say 'Good Morning' to me until I shouted it! Talk about your frozen faces! Phew! But you fellows act as though you had blood in your veins! I thought maybe I could stand it over there, but when the push began to drift in this afternoon I saw that I 'd either have to get out or do murder. They looked me over as though I was some sort of a dime museum freak until I thought I 'd have to eat glass to please 'em. The first bunch feased me; I did n't wait to see what the rest looked like, but grabbed my pack and hit the trail, and here I am. All I ask is kind treatment and a comfortable home."

"Well, here we are," laughed Roy. "I hope the Doctor will let you stay."

"Oh, he will. I 've got the money right here and a bunch of letters that thick. And if he wants any more references I 'll refer him to Hammond."

Roy rang the bell and in a moment the door was thrown open by Harry.

"Hello, Chub!" she cried. But then her eyes wandered past him to Dick Some and her face lighted up. "Oh, it 's you!" she cried. "Father! He 's here! It 's Dick Some!"

"The Brand from the Burning," murmured Dick as he followed the others into the little parlor. Then Harry came dancing back and beckoned him to the Doctor's study. The door closed and Harry returned alone.

"I told you he would come!" she whispered excitedly to Roy. Roy nodded. Then they sat, the three of them, like a trio of conspirators and waited. Once in a while they exchanged smiles, and Harry and Roy applauded Chub as he read from a blank sheet of paper, with widely fantastic gestures, an imaginary letter recounting Dick's virtues. Then the door opened and the Doctor and Dick appeared together in the hall.

"Ah, boys," said the Doctor, "I 'm glad to see you again. You spent a pleasant vacation, I hope. Now will you kindly take Some over to Mr. Cobb and ask him to assign him a bed in the Senior Dormitory? Thank you. Good evening. I will see you here in the morning, Some."

They left Harry, jubilant, on the porch and returned through the darkness to Burgess.

"How did it go?" asked Chub.

"All right," answered Dick soberly. "Say, the Doctor 's fine, is n't he?" The others concurred and Dick went on:

"He was n't going to take me at first; said it would n't be quite fair to the Hammond folks.



CHUB READS THE IMAGINARY LETTER.

But I told him it was all off between them and me and that if he would n't take me here I 'd go somewhere else. Then I showed my credentials and he said finally that if I was in earnest about it and really wanted to come here to learn and would abide by the rules and all that he 'd take me; and I said I would and we shook hands. Then he laughed and said he guessed I 'd get on."

"Good enough," said Roy. "We 'll find Cobb and then go down to supper. Are you hungry?"

"Hungry! Man, I 'm starved! I 've been living on apple sauce for forty-eight hours! Why, I only have to close my eyes to imagine myself a Golden Russet!"

"Golden Russet be blowed!" laughed Chub. "You 're a peach!"

(To be continued.)

THE FAULTFINDER

THE woodchuck lived in a hole, and he asked the rabbit to make him a visit. Now the rabbit was very glad to go, and the woodchuck did his best to make him have a good time.

The first day the rabbit said, "Mister Woodchuck, when you eat you always pick things up in your paws and put them in your mouth. Now that is not very nice, because your paws might be dirty. I put my mouth down and just eat it up," and the woodchuck said, "Thank you, sir."

A little later the rabbit said, "Mister Woodchuck, when you eat you sit up on your hind legs. That is not the right way to do. When I eat, I put my front paws down," and the woodchuck said quite politely, "Thank you!"

Pretty soon the rabbit said, "Mister Woodchuck, when you are thirsty you go to the pond to drink. Now my mother taught me to get up early in the morning and eat the clover with the dew on it and you won't need to drink. That is

a nicer way." And the woodchuck said, still politely, "THANKS."

Next day the rabbit said, "Mister Woodchuck, when you go to sleep you put your nose down between your paws and curl yourself up in a little ball, so you can't see anybody. Now I lay my chin down on the ground on my paws and always sleep that way, which is much safer." And the woodchuck said, pretty politely, "*I'll think about it.*"

Next day the rabbit said, "Mister Woodchuck, when you eat carrots you strip off all the outside with your teeth and then eat the carrot. This is very wasteful. But I eat the whole thing right through—" and Mister Woodchuck said, "See here, if my way of living does n't suit you, you can just get out." Then he felt that he had been a little bit rude, so he said, "Good-by, Mr. Rabbit, good-by." And the poor rabbit had to get out.

Bolton Hall.



SOME OF THE WORRIES OF MOVING DAY



ARILD'S HARVEST

(AN ARBOR DAY LEGEND FROM DENMARK)

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"My lord the Earl," Count Arild said,
"Thy lawful captive, here I stand;
Yet grant me leave again to tread
Fair Solberg's earth—to plow my land,

"To sow and till those acres wide;
And when the harvest yield is stored
To Aalborg's keep again I 'll ride
And give myself to chain or sword."

"One harvest more? The time is short,"
The Earl replied; "I grant it thee."
Count Arild passed the frowning port
And spurred for Solberg, fast and free.

But thrice the Danish fields were sown,
And thrice the waving harvest glowed,
Yet back to Aalborg's keep of stone
The Count of Solberg never rode.

To Solberg's hall Earl Eric came.
"A reed," he cried, "is Arild's oath!
False Count, unworthy knighthood's name,
Thy faith and head are forfeit, both!"


"Nay, Earl," Count Arild laughed, "not so!
'One harvest more!'—my faith I keep;
My acorn-fields have much to grow
Before their oaks are ripe to reap!"

Earl Eric stared. Where once the sheaves
Of gathered grain at harvest stood,
The furrows shone with glossy leaves
Of baby oaks—a future wood.

So wit and shrewdness conquered strife,
And hate in laughter found an end.
The Count of Solberg won his life,
The Earl of Aalborg gained a friend.

* * * *

In slumber lies the Earl, full low;
The Count beside him shares his sleep.
The mighty oaks of Solberg know
That Arild's fields are still to reap.





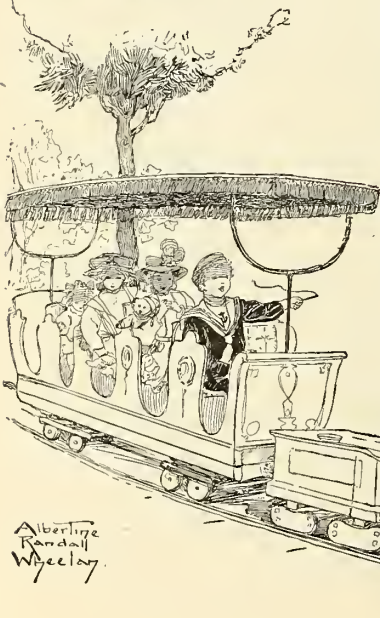
ONE morning, the four little Dollivers went
 To the grand entertainment and show
 That opened the season at "Festival Park"—
 For weeks they 'd been longing to go!
 They rolled in the "Coaster"—they threaded the
 "Maze,"

They skipped down the "Slip" with a bound,
 But nothing was there that could even compare
 With the wonderful Merry-Go-Round!

Oh, the handsome and very
 Entrancing and merry,
 The Merry-Go-Round 's a delight!
 How the Dollivers cheered
 As the horses appeared,
 It was such a magnificent sight!

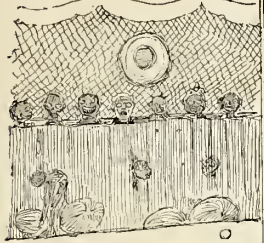
They watched the great "Flood" and the
 "Biograph," too;

The firemen "Fighting the Flames,"
 Then rode on the "Musical Railway," besides,
 And played many intricate games.
 They easily won with the "Japanese Balls,"
 And tried every "Target" they found,



Albertine
 Randall
 Wheeling

3 SHOTS FOR 5°



But nothing the four little Dollivers saw
Quite equaled the Merry-Go-Round!

Oh, the charming and very
Attractive and merry,
The Merry-Go-Round is the best!
And the Dollivers cried,
"Mother, dear, let us ride,
Let us all ride away with the rest."

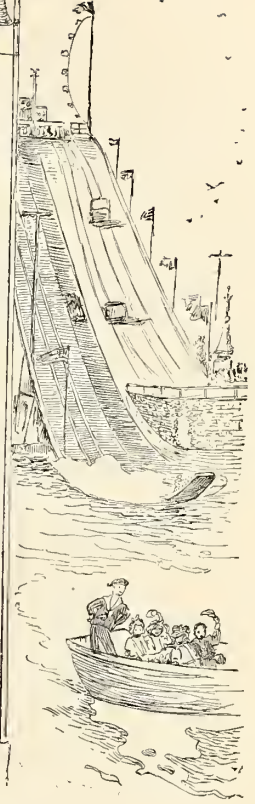
Evangeline Gertrude, Belinda Lucille,
With John and Elizabeth Lou,
Each mounted a pony adorned with
rosettes,—

Green, orange, magenta, and blue.
With wavings, hurrahs, and a flourish of
whips

They glided away to the sound
Of a beautiful band. Oh, the music was
grand

That was played at the Merry-Go-Round!

Oh, the jolly and very
Delightful and merry,
The Merry-Go-Round is the thing!
All the Dollivers stayed,
(And bought pink lemonade,)
Till they rode every horse in the ring.



THE K. AND A. COMPANY

BY MILDRED STAPLEY

ONE by one they kept dropping—white puffy little masses, till a few square yards of the sidewalk were well carpeted with them. The French children living in the Street of the Four Winds had never before seen such strange-looking snow. They gathered around, gazing at it curiously. Above on the iron balcony of the big apartment house, two American girls were laughing merrily over the joke. Keeping themselves well hidden, they continued to scatter more white particles for each addition to the group on the sidewalk.

"Oh, Kate, look quick. They're beginning to pick it up," whispered Alice, cautiously peering over the iron railing. "And oh—Pierre Le Brun is actually tasting it."

"Time he did," laughed Kate. "Think of the stupid little froggies staring at it for a quarter of an hour before they have sense enough to taste it," and she, too, ventured a peep at what was going on below.

True enough, Pierre Le Brun had gingerly put to his tongue one of the morsels; and this in spite of the warnings of his playmates, who declared the stuff must be poison. They watched as if they expected him to immediately fall dead. But Pierre was rewarded for his bravery by finding the "snow" delicious. He fell greedily to work gathering up more of it. Then there was a scramble, all the children struggling to fill mouths and pockets.

"Is n't it good?" cried one.

"And where can it come from?" asked another, his mouth so full he almost choked.

At this moment stout, good-natured Madame Le Brun, the grocer's wife, came along.

"Oh, *maman*," cried Pierre. "See what we found!" And telling her the mysterious story, he offered her his few remaining samples to taste.

She agreed that it was good; but she had no more idea than the children themselves what it could be. When they asked her where it came from she was ready with an answer. For madame had the reputation in the neighborhood of having a good head on her broad shoulders.

"*Tiens!*" she exclaimed, "it must be the doing of those little American witches."

Only the week before Kate and Alice had invited their friends up to a stereopticon show, and the guests learned from Mrs. Carroll that her ingenious young daughters had themselves made the stereopticons which they were too poor to buy.

After that madame felt that anything difficult or unusual might be expected of them. The distributing of a kind of food that had never before been seen in the Street of the Four Winds was surely their work. Crossing to the other side she gazed up at the top floor of No. 18. No one was visible on the balcony. Then, though the steps were very numerous and very slippery, and though madame was very fat, still she determined on instant investigation. Giving her basket to Pierre to carry home, she started for the sixth floor.

Up-stairs, Kate and Alice, their fun over for the day, had gone in to study the morrow's lessons. It was now over a year since they had moved into the Street of the Four Winds, and had become pupils in its public school. When they first came to Paris they used to live in an expensive *pension*, with a fashionable governess to look after their education. But those days of prosperity were over, for scarcely three months after their arrival, their father received news of the sudden failure of his New York firm. Before he could return to mend his fortunes, he died, leaving his wife and children penniless.

Mrs. Carroll met the situation bravely. She determined to be a burden to nobody, but started immediately to earn her living and to equip the children to do the same. She knew, of course, that in America she could get a better situation and higher pay; for the road of self-support is still a difficult one for women in France. But she also knew that in Paris she could live well on a sum so small that it would hardly pay her rent in New York. Besides, she saw that away from the rich people she had formerly known it would be easier to recommence life on a humble scale. Also she saw certain educational advantages for the children. They were at the best age—twelve and fourteen—for learning a foreign language, and she believed that if they could become perfect in their French, it would secure them good positions on their return to their native land. So she planned to stay in Paris for a few years if possible.

Her first step was to move into the pretty little apartment at No. 18 Rue des Quatre Vents—an unpretentious street in a thoroughly French quarter. To be sure it was hard to climb up to the sixth floor, but then the rents diminished as the steps increased; and once up there was plenty of sunshine and room. Next she entered Kate and Alice in the public school, and secured for her-

self a position in a big millinery establishment where she had once been a customer; and thus the new life began.



"ABOVE, ON THE IRON BALCONY, TWO AMERICAN GIRLS WERE LAUGHING MERRILY OVER THE JOKE."

Mother and daughters worked hard. Mrs. Carroll was daily cheered and encouraged by the undreamed-of progress the girls made at their lessons. Association with French children taught them the language far more rapidly than any

governess could have done, were she never so clever. Kate soon stood at the head of her class, with Alice a close second; and once the pretty crimson and gold ribbons of honor had been placed across their shoulders they remained there throughout the term.

Beside their school work, the girls kept the apartment in order, did the marketing, and had a tempting little dinner ready for their mother every night when she came, tired from the shop.

No wonder they were the admiration of all the French mothers who knew them; and no wonder that the fall of delicious eatable snow in the Street of the Four Winds should be attributed to them by Madame Le Brun.

"I wish," said the practical Kate before settling down to her books, "I wish Madame Le Brun would decide to have Pierre learn English. She spoke about it last week—asked me how much I'd charge. She said she'd think about it. But," and here Kate sighed, "I guess she's given up the idea."

"Don't you worry. Maybe you'll hear from her yet. And oh, if you do, what a help the money will be," said Alice encouragingly. After a moment she added longingly:

"I wish I could earn some too."

"Well, maybe a way will turn up," was Kate's cheerful rejoinder; and as she spoke the "way" appeared at the door in the shape of their fat neighbor, puffing and blowing after her hard climb. The vision was a most unexpected one; only once before, the night of the magic lantern show, had madame made such an effort.

"Bon jour, madame," they cried, "bon jour. Come in," and they led her to the largest chair in the room. "Mamma, of course, is not in; she will be so sorry to miss you."

"But I do not come to see madame your mother," explained their caller as soon as she could get sufficient breath. "I come to see the young ladies themselves. Listen—" and here she dropped her voice to an almost solemn note—"those strange little white things with which you mystified my Pierre and his companions—"

"Oh," laughed the girls in chorus, "that's popcorn. Don't you know what popcorn is?"

"What?"

"Popcorn. American popcorn," said Kate. "That's one of the good things that grow in America."

"So I thought," said madame, proud of her

powers of intuition. "It is indeed good—so good that it must be *horriblement cher*, like all things in your country."

Kate and her sister laughed at such a notion.

"How then should we be able to eat it if it were horribly dear? No indeed, it's very cheap. Any child can buy popcorn."

"Pupperkun—pupperkun," repeated madame, trying to memorize the new word. She looked unusually serious for a few minutes, as if she had a new problem to solve. Then she asked in a voice that expressed great impatience with the benighted grocer, her husband:

"How is it that a comestible so excellent good and so cheap remains unknown to M. Le Brun? If you, strangers in Paris, know where to buy such a delicacy, why is he, a dealer, ignorant of it?"

"Because," cried Kate, hastening to vindicate the poor grocer, "it's not for sale in this country. We've never seen it in Paris, except at the American candy store; and of course it costs a lot there. So you must not blame M. Le Brun."

Madame's face fell; she really did n't like to lose the double opportunity of scolding her husband and of gorging herself on the newly discovered "Pupperkun."

"Then how did you get it?" she wanted to know next.

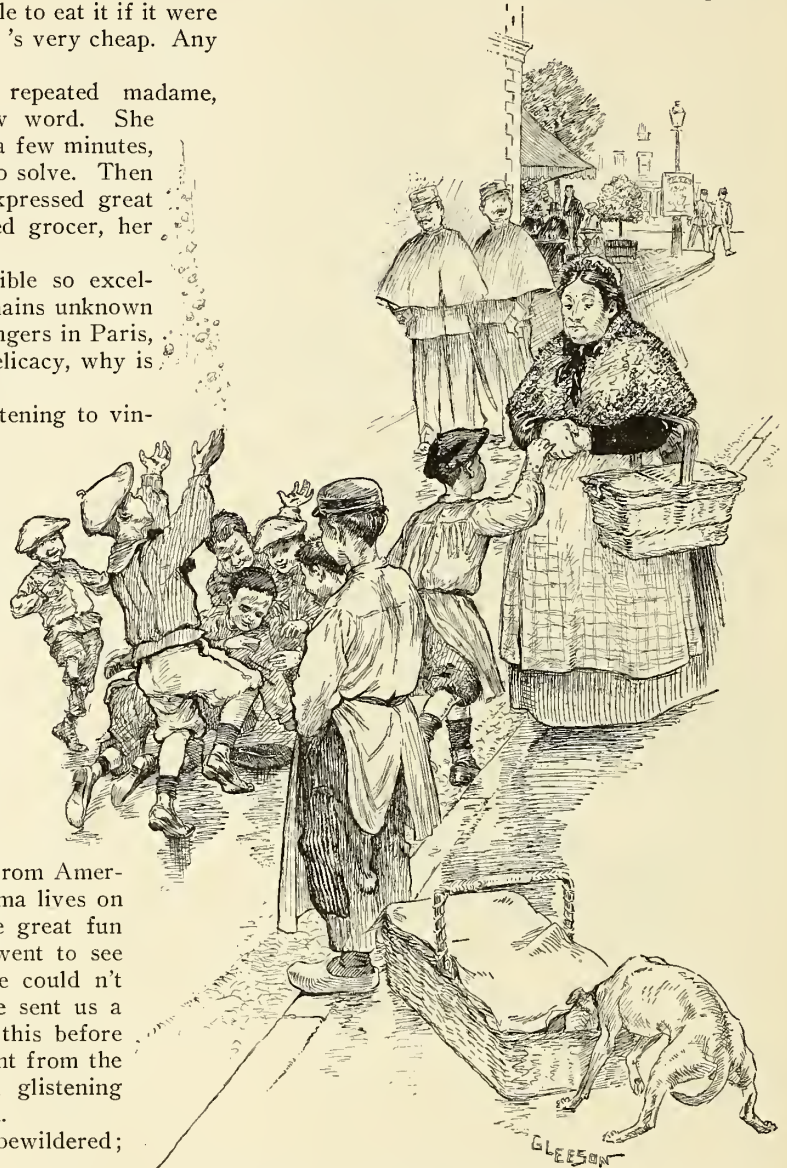
"Our grandmother sent it from America," Kate told her. "Grandma lives on a farm and we used to have great fun popping corn whenever we went to see her. We wrote her that we could n't buy popcorn in Paris, so she sent us a box full. See, it looks like this before it's cooked," and they brought from the kitchen an ear of the hard glistening corn for madame's inspection.

"*Tiens!*" and she looked bewildered; "it has to be cooked then?"

"Oh, yes," they laughed. "It does n't grow already popped."

"And dear old grandma forgot to send us a corn-popper—the box to cook it in," Alice proceeded to explain. "I guess she did n't stop to think that if they did n't know about corn here, they did n't know about corn-poppers either. So we had to make one for ourselves. We tried to buy wire netting—the sort we use for window

screens at home; but we could n't find that, either. So we just bought a lot of fine wire thread, and wove a box for ourselves," and she proudly displayed the neat little corn-popper in-



"AT THIS MOMENT STOUT, GOOD-NATURED MADAME LE BRUN CAME ALONG."

geniously made with handle and cover complete.

"But it is wonderful that you should have such clever little fingers," exclaimed their admiring visitor. "And it is in this thing that you cook your pupperkun?"

"Yes, this is the way," and poking up the grate fire, Alice illustrated the process by preparing a

delicious big ball of popcorn, all honeyed and wrapped in buttered paper, for madame to take home to Pierre and his little sister. What they had scattered down on the children, she told madame, had been salted almost dry, so as not to gather too much dust from the pavement; but this was a tastier way of doing it; and when she further told how the idea had come to them to throw down some kernels where Pierre and the others were playing, and if they liked the new *confiserie* to invite them up some evening for a popcorn party such as they had at home, madame positively beamed on them.

"You dear, generous children," she cried. "Always wanting to share your good things with us. And what a comfort you must be to madame, your mother," with which tribute of appreciation, Kate, anxious to get at her lessons, looked for madame's departure.

But the good lady settled herself more comfortably in the big chair, and seemed ready to spend the rest of the afternoon. She opened again her precious parcel, gazed fondly at the sticky mass, wrapped it up again, and looking from one girl to the other began impressively:

"Now, *mes enfants*, I have a great idea. I will show you that not only American women have the sense for the practical. A great scheme comes into my head.

"I suggest that you get from madame, your grandmother, a quantity of this amazing corn, and that you pop some fresh for me twice a week. This will my husband sell in the shop. And beside what is sold over the counter, I will myself secure you orders from my customers in the better streets near-by; for you know that, though our shop is a small one and in a small street, the excellent quality of our goods is known to many people on the fine avenue. To them did I introduce the *pâté de foie gras* made by my old friend Madame Noe, out in the country; and to them will I introduce likewise, your wonderful pupper-kun Américain. So shall you get many orders and I think you earn many francs a week. Is it not?"

"What a splendid idea!" and the girls almost screamed with delight. "It's a regular American idea, madame; Mama herself could n't have done better. And oh, how fine it will be to help her out a bit. She works so hard for us, you know."

"She does indeed," affirmed madame, who had never ceased to admire the spectacle, scarcely ever seen in Paris, of a lady going daily to her work.

"This will indeed help out a little. And then those English lessons," and she turned to the elder sister, "I have now four more pupils for

you beside my Pierre, so you may commence next week. If you will give them two hours every Thursday morning," (for Thursday is the day the French schools are closed) "that will be ten francs a week for you; and that, too, is something. Is it not?"

"Oh, Madame Le Brun!" and Kate's young arms went around madame's fat neck in a tight embrace. "You are awfully good. I was afraid you had forgotten all about those lessons, and here you've been getting me extra pupils. I am more grateful to you than I can say. How can I ever thank you?"

"That is a simple matter," beamed madame. "By just giving to my Pierre a little knowledge of your great language, and by just showing him what a blessing it is to have two such dear little American friends."

It was five years ago that madame climbed up to the Carroll apartment and made her memorable visit. Pierre now speaks beautiful English, and between him and the young American ladies exists a delightful friendship that has never ceased to be a source of satisfaction and of pride to the grocer's wife.

The "great scheme" she told of that day was the starting point of a real business for the girls. To the popcorn they soon added fudge, yellow molasses candy, peppermint drops, and several other kinds of candy unknown to French children. Pumpkin pies and strawberry short-cake were also introduced to the French palate and found good.

Nor were the French their only customers. Many Americans living in Paris heard of the clever little candy-makers who had called themselves the "K. and A. Company" and orders became so numerous that Pierre's sister had to be taught the trade and employed as assistant.

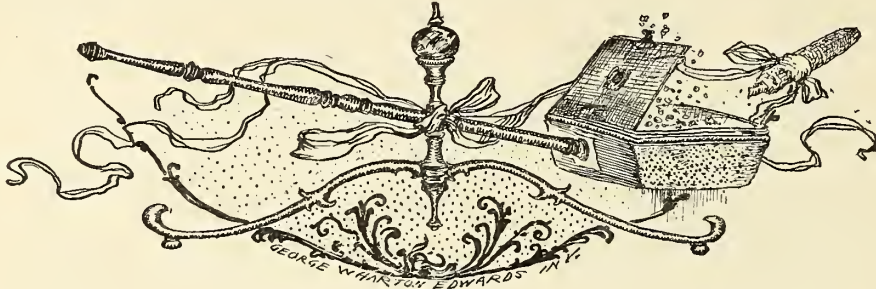
Now the "K. and A. Good Things" are well-known in Paris. They are delivered by a uniformed messenger in pretty boxes made after Kate's own design.

The Carrolls continued to live in the same simple fashion on The Street of the Four Winds, their only move being down to a second floor apartment. The girls never swerved in their desire to become linguists, and the money brought in by the candy industry was spent mostly in adding German, Italian and Spanish to their knowledge of French. They were able also to travel in these various countries, and soon two well-bred American women will return to their native land, speaking several languages fluently, and thoroughly competent to command high salaries as teachers.

And when they have achieved this ambition I

am sure they will often laugh over the day they threw the pretty white popcorn down on the wondering children of the Rue des Quatre Vents; and

their thoughts will turn gratefully to dear fat Madame Le Brun, who so kindly helped start them on their career of self-support.



THE STUDIOUS PRINCESS

BY CAROLYN WELLS



THOUGH she had all that heart could wish to make her gay
and glad,
The Princess Petronella was dolorous and sad.
The pretty, petted Princess was sad as sad could be,
And all because she dearly loved to study history.

Now such were the conditions in that medieval age
That very few occurrences were writ on history's page;
And Princess Petronella was of history so fond,
She 'd learned it all right up to date, and longed to go be-
yond.

The Court Historian gravely said, "I much regret to state;
For any further chronicles you 'll be obliged to wait.
I 'll write them down, of course, my dear, as fast as they
occur;"

The Princess Petronella sighed, and said, "I
thank you, sir."

And so the pretty Princess beguiled the weary
hours
Upon the castle terrace, among her birds and
flowers.

But always waiting, waiting, for history to grow,
So she could study it some more, because she
loved it so.

It seems a pity that those medieval times should
lack

The history that we have in abundance at our
back;

And children, when historic lore seems very hard
to learn,

Remember Petronella who for it used to yearn.

THE MAN WHO WAS ALWAYS A BOY

BY GILBERT P. COLEMAN

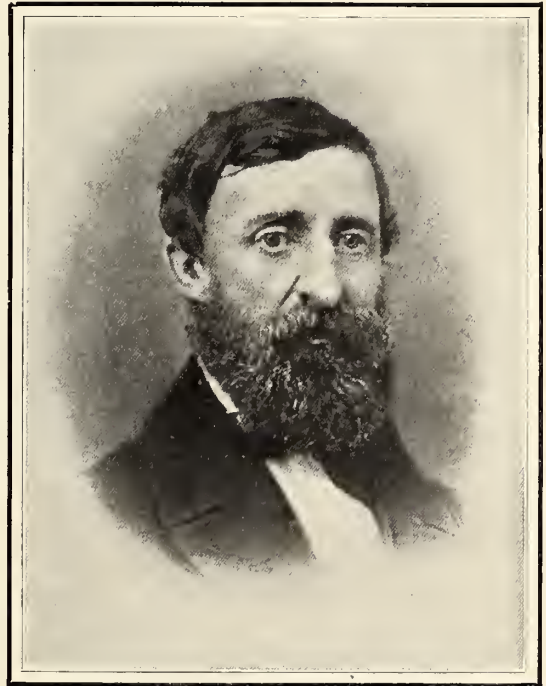
ABOUT ninety years ago there was born in Concord, Mass., a boy who never really grew to be a man, though he lived forty-four years. It is true that he got to be tall and strong, with a deep bass voice; that he wore a beard, and that from all external appearances he would at once have been taken for a full-sized man. But at heart he was always a boy. He never got over the habit of looking at things from a boy's point of view. Instead of regarding the world as a place for serious business, where men must work so many hours a day and produce so many dollars' worth of goods, and till the fields and labor hard in factories, or offices, or stores, and "get along"—instead of all these things, he always seemed to consider the world as a great, fine, glorious playground—a place to be enjoyed and appreciated. This man-boy was Henry David Thoreau.

Henry had not lived long among his neighbors before he was regarded as a curiosity. The good people of Concord,—they were respectable farmers, and tradesmen, living the usual virtuous, industrious life of the thrifty New Englander,—these people could n't understand Henry. They could n't understand why he was not like them. You see, that is a rule of human nature. People seem odd, or peculiar, or eccentric, not on account of any such qualities that they themselves may possess, but merely because they are not like *us*. And so it was that Henry was soon stamped as an oddity,—as something totally different from his neighbors.

His father, a pencil-maker, was able, with the aid of his relatives, to send Henry to Harvard. At college, however, Henry did not make a name for himself. There are very few persons who seem to have known of his existence at Harvard, and these all agree that he lived a quiet, retired life, being rather independent in the choice of studies and a devoted reader of certain odd books,—odd, you see, because the other students did n't read them. He never took part in athletic games, though he was a great walker. Many people are of the opinion that Thoreau was a solemn, melancholy youth, much different from others; but there is excellent reason to believe that he knew how to have his fun with the best of them.

He graduated from Harvard in 1837. The question of earning a livelihood had been brought up and discussed in the family before, and it had been the intention of his mother, who was a strong-willed woman with a great flow of lan-

guage, a sharp wit and apparently of a much more masculine temperament than the easy-going father, that Henry Thoreau should "buckle on his knapsack and roam abroad to seek his fortune." Nothing, however, could have been more distasteful to Henry Thoreau himself. In fact it seems as if the idea of leaving Concord had never once entered his thoughts. He was a "home boy" of the most pronounced kind. He knew his own town, its people, its rivers, and



HENRY D. THOREAU, AT THE AGE OF 43.

fields, and trees, and plants, and flowers, and lakes, and ponds,—even the color of the soil, the animals, the weather, the very ties on the Fitchburg Railroad that skirted his favorite Walden Pond. His mother's suggestion therefore came to him like a staggering blow, and he was not comforted until his sister Helen, who was one of the few persons who seemed to understand him perfectly, "tenderly put her arm around him and kissed him, saying 'No, Henry, you shall not go; you shall stay at home and live with us,'" and this, with occasional intervals when he made feeble efforts to seek his fortune elsewhere, he did.

On leaving college, then, it was only natural that Henry should follow in the footsteps of his father and engage in the manufacture of lead-pencils. He remained in that employment until he was forced from it by one of those so-called oddities in his character that caused him to be looked upon by his fellow-townsmen almost as a creature from another world. He was remarkably skilful in all sorts of handicraft, and being of an ingenious, inventive turn of mind, it is not surprising that he should have become a very competent manufacturer of lead-pencils. Not only that, but after a short time he succeeded in turning out what was then regarded as the most perfect lead-pencil that had ever been made. His friends were elated; they were sure that at last he had come down out of the clouds, and they predicted for him all sorts of success. His career in life, they said, was plainly mapped out, his path was a smooth one, all he had to do was to go on making those beautiful lead-pencils—better than anybody else could make, and be prosperous, and happy, and famous.

What was their consternation, then, when Henry calmly turned upon them and replied that he would never make another pencil. "Why?" his friends asked. "Because," he replied, in the peculiarly indifferent way that was always so perplexing, "because I have made a perfect pencil. I can make none better. I would not do again what I have done once."

And so it was that Henry abandoned his career; and considering his modest wants it was not altogether necessary that he should have one. He was an expert surveyor and easily earned enough to keep him in board and lodging by doing an occasional "job" for his farmer neighbors. He was also an excellent carpenter and could turn his hand to all sorts of practical uses. Hawthorne says that when Thoreau paddled a canoe it seemed as if the canoe were alive—animated by Thoreau's instinct and purpose. When Emerson wished to build a summer-house he had to call in his young friend Thoreau to do it for him. He was the best fisherman about Concord and always caught the biggest "strings." He could do all sorts of amazing things in the whittling line,

and even at the early age of twenty he used to take part in the lectures at the Concord Lyceum. So you see, not having a family to support, with no one dependent upon him, having a comfortable house to drop into whenever he was at home, and plenty of friends to entertain him whenever he was abroad, it was not a very difficult matter for him to earn his living. He tried for a time to teach school in the Concord Academy, but soon had a serious dis-



WALDEN POND.

agreement with the trustees. It seems that Henry, whose views about teaching were as original as his views about various other things, refused absolutely to use the rod on the bad pupils of the academy. At that time in New England the rod was regarded as one of the most essential instruments of education and it was not long before Henry ceased to be a school-teacher.

Thus at the very prime of his youth, when other young men were engaging in business, or studying one of the professions, or working on a farm or in some way preparing a proper career for themselves, we find Henry David Thoreau "out of a job," in his beloved town of Concord, regarding the surrounding world with a self-satisfied amusement, while his own future never worried him for a moment. He could never understand, or at least he always *pretended* that he could not understand, why a young man, or any man for that matter, should tie himself down to an occupation when, by a proper economy, he could very well live on a few weeks of work in

the year and devote all the rest of the time to the enjoyment of nature and of life.

And so it was that Henry David never entered upon any serious occupation. According to his own manner of stating it, he had no time for an occupation. His business was with Nature—with the birds, the trees, the woods, the flowers. Once, when asked by a friend to take a walk on the following day, Henry David replied seriously, "I don't know. I have a very important engagement with a beech tree." Now, that sounds almost foolish, does it not? "Keep an engagement with a beech tree!" Was he jesting? Not a bit of it. He meant that he had planned to take a walk on his own account to a particular spot and had not contemplated having any companionship. For you must know that Thoreau had very few boon companions, that he was very fond of walking by himself, buried in thought, or intently observing every object that he encountered, and that, on his return home, he put down the results of these thoughts and observations in his diary. In this way most of the books that bear his name were written. They were not intended by Thoreau to be books. They were compiled by a very dear friend and published in book form after Thoreau's death; and they include some of the choicest of his writings. For it is an interesting fact that people often do their best deeds, and think their best thoughts, and write their best books when they are not aware that the world is watching them.

Two books Thoreau did publish during his life. One of these was "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," and the other was "Walden, or Life in the Woods." The first book was an account of a trip taken by Thoreau and his brother John down the Musketaquid (or Concord) River and the Merrimac, of which the former is a tributary. They made the trip in a row-boat of Henry's own construction. The book is a queer mixture of description, narration, philosophizing, and generally agreeable rambling. Nothing exactly like it had ever been written before, and on the whole when we consider that publishers, like all other business men, are governed by the law of supply and demand, it is not surprising that Thoreau failed to find anyone willing to undertake the risk of putting his maiden literary effort on the market. He was obliged, therefore, to publish the work at his own expense, and the results were interesting, amusing, pathetic, and highly typical of the author,—all in one. He had caused to be printed an edition of one thousand copies, of which at the end of two years, he had succeeded in selling about seventy-five, owing largely to the good offices of his life-long friend,

Ralph Waldo Emerson. Of the rest he gave away two hundred, leaving an unsold balance of more than seven hundred copies. These seven hundred copies remained stored in the basement of the printing-house for a number of years, when finally the publisher wrote to Thoreau asking him to remove them, as they occupied space which could be put to better advantage. So the whole lot was trundled over to Thoreau's home in a wagon, from which he carried them patiently up to his attic "whence" he writes whimsically, "they had their origin." After he had arranged them about the walls of his attic with a few other volumes that he owned, a sudden happy thought struck him, and he wrote in his diary: "I have now a library of nearly one thousand volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself." It is a pity, though, that Thoreau did not live to learn of the final disposition of his "Week." Those unsold copies may now be had for thirty dollars apiece, and the price is still going up.

In the latter part of March, 1845, when he was twenty-eight years of age, Thoreau "borrowed an ax and went down to the woods by Walden Pond." Here he built, with his own hands, his famous hut, or hermitage, and here he lived for nearly two years and a half. It is by this episode that he is best known, though those who understand him would have admired him and loved him even without his Walden experience. Walden is a beautiful, tree-girt pond, about a mile and a quarter southeast of Concord,—just the place to tempt a boy to a camping-out expedition. The reason Thoreau gave for taking up a somewhat irregular residence on the shore of this beautiful sheet of water is characteristic, though somewhat obscure. "I went to the woods," he said, "to transact some private business." And in another place he tells us in his pleasantly exaggerated way that he was dissatisfied with society and wished to prove that he could "get along" very comfortably indeed with very little exertion, no dependence on others, without working in a factory, or office, or store, and that he could have plenty of time to enjoy himself in the bargain. Critics of Thoreau have been a good deal stirred up by this Walden incident. Some of them have declared that he went there because he hated people and wanted to get away from them; whereas, there was never anybody more genuinely sociable than Thoreau, and—after you had peeled off the rough husk—more tender at heart. Others have said that he went there in order to establish a station on the Underground Railroad;—that is, in order to receive under his protection slaves who had succeeded in escaping from their Southern masters. You will remember that the date was

1845, a time when the question of slavery was setting the country in a turmoil, preparatory to the stupendous civil conflict of 1861. But the records show that Thoreau, while strongly sympathizing with the cause of freedom, was concerned with but one escaped slave, and this not at Walden. Still others have maintained that Thoreau went to his retreat in the woods in order to philosophize; others, because he was lazy and wished to shirk the responsibilities of civilization; others, because he wanted to make himself appear odd (as if there was any need to go to Walden for that reason!); others think that he went there for the purpose of proving how simple, and beautiful, and natural life might be, and so on. My own opinion—and I suppose that among so many others who have expressed their views, I am entitled to mine—is that he went there mainly because of the boy in him. He wanted a good camping-out. It is true that he had other minor objects in view; he longed for solitude so that he might think, and dream, and write; and there is I believe something in the assertion that he wanted to see how cheaply he could live. But back of it all was the boy. Thoreau was never so happy as when he was close to Nature. While his friends in town were “tending store,” he liked to be out sitting on a stump, watching the antics of a squirrel. While the farmer was anxiously scanning the sky for fear the rain would spoil his hay, Henry would be standing idle in the doorway of his hut counting the shades of green on his favorite Walden. While the lawyer was busy with his clients’ worries, this big boy would be lying on a board laid on the ice, absorbed in the curious movements of air-bubbles.

You may read in “Walden” just how he built his house, how he bought an old shanty, tore it down for the sake of the boards and moved them, piecemeal, to the pond after many a laborious trip with a wheelbarrow. He did all the work himself, including the digging of the cellar, and his expenses footed up exactly to \$28.12½.

What kind of life did he live there? Why, just the sort of life that any healthy, intelligent, full-grown boy of twenty-eight years would live. He rose every morning very early and swam across a little cove which to this day is called Thoreau’s Cove, because he had his hut near it. I, myself, have swum across this cove and have been startled to note how exactly Thoreau has described its water. Sometimes Thoreau went fishing, at which sport he had peculiarly good luck.

But Thoreau did not really care much for fishing, or for any sport that needlessly put a dumb animal to death or to pain. Thus we are not sur-

prised to learn that whenever it was convenient he was a vegetarian. That is, he preferred vegetable to flesh food, and always took it if by so doing he did not put others to trouble. He never carried a destructive weapon of any kind, but “hunted,” as his friends said, “with a note-book and a magnifying glass,” in exactly the same spirit that people to-day are learning to go afield with a camera instead of a shot-gun. A friend says of him that “under his arm he carried an old music book to press plants; in his pocket, his diary and pencil, a spy-glass for birds, microscope, jack-knife, and twine. He wore a straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers to brave shrub-oaks and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk’s or a squirrel’s nest. He waded into the pools for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor.”

There was absolutely no living creature in which he did not have an interest. You will find in “Walden” detailed accounts of frogs and spiders and mice and all kinds of birds and insects. It was remarkable how the wild creatures seemed intuitively to understand him—to know that he would do them no harm—to realize that he was one of them. The mice would run over his shoes and up his clothes, and nibble cheese from his fingers. Even the partridge is said to have grown familiar with him, and there is a well-known story to the effect that he could put his hand into the water and take out a fish!

This story is, indeed, true; but, like a great many other wonderful things it is not nearly so wonderful when you understand how it is done. Thoreau himself used secretly to chuckle at the puzzled look of the beholder whenever he performed this seeming miracle. Perhaps you would like to know the secret. In the first place, he never attempted this feat in any water except that of the Concord River, and the only fish he ever took (I won’t say *caught*) in this manner, was the bream. The bream is a dull, slow-moving creature, with very little wit, but a very zealous guardian of its spawn, or eggs. Henry David’s method of surprising his friends was to take them out in a boat on the Concord River, row gently to some familiar spot where he knew the spawn had been deposited, and where the mother fish was standing, or rather “swimming” guard. He would then gently enclose the creature in his hand and lift it out of the water, the fish preferring this unusual experience rather than that any harm should come to its eggs.

In regard to the minuteness of his observation and the fineness of his senses, Emerson says: “He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and

chain. He could find his path in the woods at night, he said, better by his feet than his eyes. He could estimate the measure of a tree very well by his eyes; he could estimate the weight of a calf or a pig, like a dealer. From a box containing a bushel or more of loose pencils, he could take up with his hand fast enough just a dozen pencils at every grasp."

Not only animate, but inanimate objects occupied Thoreau's devoted attention. A pebble, a telegraph pole, a piece of seaweed, an oyster-shell, a bit of clay, a path through the woods, the bubbles in "rotten" ice, the movements of smoke and fogs, the different sounds coming from the railroad across the pond—the pond itself, its depth, its rise and fall, its different colorings, the coves and shadows, even the character of mists and the ruggedness of the pine,—all these things and many others interested him deeply, and formed the occasion for many an entry in his diary. It is not remarkable that such a grown-up boy should have found plenty to amuse him,

most interesting of all his books, "Cape Cod." As you might expect, he did not make the trip in the ordinary manner. Instead of taking the railroad as far as it went in those days, and finishing by stage, he covered the entire distance on foot, having for all baggage a brown-paper parcel and an umbrella, "putting up" at night at some more or less friendly farm-house or fisherman's cottage. One of the most famous things he has ever written is his description of one of these temporary hosts called the "Wellfleet Oysterman." If you want a good laugh you must read it in the chapter of that name.

On Cape Cod, as elsewhere, Thoreau was minutely attentive to everything that came within the range of his vision. He had never seen the surf before, and his description of Old Ocean, likening the crested breakers to plunging plumed horses, with streaming white manes, is now famous. It is pretty safe to say that nobody has a satisfactory knowledge of Cape Cod unless he has read Thoreau's book.

He also made several excursions to the interior of Maine, the experiences of which have been recorded in a volume compiled after his death, entitled, "The Maine Woods"; and later he joined a party of excursionists in a trip to Canada, an account of which you can read in the book, "A Yankee in Canada."

Two years before his death he was seized with a cold, which developed into a rapid consumption. He went west as far as Minnesota for the benefit of a change in climate, but it was hopeless, for he was beyond cure, as was then thought. Shortly afterward he returned to his beloved Concord to die. It seems strange that a man in the prime of life, with no hereditary disease, who had



THE LIBRARY IN EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD, WHERE THOREAU LIVED FROM 1841 TO 1843.

and occupy his time in the woods. Cannot you understand how easily such a boy should have made up his mind to camp out for a few years on a Walden Pond? And don't you think he would have made an interesting companion?

Thoreau, in company with a friend, made two trips to Cape Cod, and the results of these trips is embodied in what many persons consider the

no bad habits and lived almost wholly in the open air, should have succumbed so readily to this dread scourge, the White Death. Yet it is probable that he carried his open-air life to an extreme. He would often be out of doors days at a time, eating irregularly—some days not at all, and sleeping anywhere he happened to be at night, caring not for chill or damp. Such a life *might*

answer for a wild animal, but not for a boy—not even for such a wholesome, hearty boy as Thoreau was.

His death was singularly noble, and his manner of regarding its approach reminds us strongly of the sturdy heroism, in somewhat similar circumstances, of Robert Louis Stevenson. Both men loved life dearly, both were in the very prime of their years, both hated the thought of leaving all that seemed to them beautiful and fine and good, yet they faced the inevitable with a courage that was almost cheerful.

A great many critics have spoken of Thoreau's life as a failure. They say that it begins nowhere and ends nowhere. He is never making *progress* toward anything,—there is no getting onward, and upward—no climax. And this is all very true. Judging by ordinary standards, we must set down Thoreau's life as a failure. But if we change our point of view and judge him by what I believe is a much more appropriate standard, we shall, I think, find that his life has been a great success.

We are all able to do good in this world. Some of us are able to help mankind by direct acts of charity, others by little deeds of gentleness or kindness, others by strict devotion to duty—whether we are business men, or professional men, or farmers, or what you please. It seems to me that Thoreau did a great deal of good by the example he gave us of a clean, pure, upright,

honorable life. We somehow feel toward him as a timid person in water over his depth must feel toward a skilful, sturdy swimmer. He knew no fear, his conscience was as bright as the pure water of the Walden that he adored. In spite of his rough exterior, his gruff ways and his apparent desire for seclusion, there was no man really fonder of society. He loved children, and they loved him—and that is a very encouraging index of any man's character. "His patience was un-failing; assuredly he knew not aught save resignation; he did mightily cheer and console those whose strength was less."

Of course it would not be advisable for all of us to become Thoreaus; but we can all remember the grand lesson that he teaches,—that we are, after all, Children of Nature; that it is good to get into close communion with Mother Earth; that as an inspiration, as a solace, as a constant source of hope for the unfortunate, and as a convincing evidence of the goodness of the Creator—the sun is always shining *somewhere*, that Nature, no matter what her mood, is always beautiful and wonderful, and that there exists for all of us *somewhere*, if we would only look for it, a Walden Pond,—clear, sparkling, "green and pellucid."

And so it seems to me altogether a mistake to say that Thoreau's life was a failure. At least I, for one, am very glad that, though a man, he was always a boy.



THE MOUND OF STONES CONTRIBUTED BY VISITORS TO WALDEN, MARKING THE SITE OF THOREAU'S HUT.



FATHER PORCUPINE: "THERE! I LEFT A FEW QUILLS IN THE TIRES, BUT I GUESS THAT 'S THE LAST TIME THAT SIGHT-SEEING AUTOMOBILE WILL RUN DOWN A POOR OLD PORCUPINE LIKE ME."

A BUCKEYE TALE

BY IVY KELLERMAN

A LOFTY buckeye tree I know,
 Where shiny buckeyes always grow.
 And once beneath that buckeye green
 A buck I spied of stately mien.

I softly neared the buckeye tree;
 The handsome buck I fain would see.
 The buck I watched, and from the ground
 Picked up a buckeye big and round.

The buck I with the buckeye hit.
 The buck I thought scarce noticed it.
 But when I saw the buck eye me,
 I knew the buck I'd better flee.

So circling round the buck I fled,
 And up the buckeye quickly sped.
 The buck I wish I had n't struck.
 The buckeye saved me from the buck.

SCENES IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA,



THE PARISH CHURCH.



THE RUIN OF THE MYRTLE BANK HOTEL.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE



THE OFFICE OF THE ROYAL MAIL.



THE ROYAL THEATER.

Photographs by Taylor and Mathieson

DOROTHEA'S MAY BASKET

By Claire H. Gurney



DOROTHEA WOODBURY was out in the garden playing with her doll Rosamond. It was n't a very large garden, but in the late spring and summer it was a very pretty one, for it had rose-bushes, beds of pansies and bright verbenas with borders of sweet-smelling pinks; there was also a shady corner where lilies-of-the-valley grew, while over against the wall were tall rows of hollyhocks and bee-larkspur where the gay butterflies and great buzzing bees flitted about. Dorothea loved the garden—even now when it was only a little after the first of April and the green plants were just beginning to spring up. She spent the happiest hours playing there; but to-day something was the matter. She pushed the carriage with Rosamond in it up and down the path as if it were a disagreeable duty she had to do and not a pleasure at all.

Rosamond was a very beautiful doll with blue eyes and yellow curls, and she wore a dainty gown of white muslin over a blue silk slip; her hat was a mass of white lace and pink rosebuds and she wore blue silk stockings and bronze slippers with high heels. Altogether she was a very large and handsome and beautifully dressed doll, was Rosamond, and that was the trouble

with her. Rosamond had to be handled very carefully, and she was so large that it was almost impossible to find a piece of cloth big enough and fine enough to make her a dress; and even if Dorothea had owned the right piece of silk or muslin, she never could have fashioned it into a gown that would have been suited to Rosamond's beauty and elegance.

And so as she drew the carriage along she was wishing with all her heart that she had a little doll, one for which she could make dresses by just sewing a piece of cloth up the back, running a string in the top, and cutting two holes for dolly's arms to come through.

"And then, Rosamond," she said, "I could keep you up-stairs, and you could sit in the little chair and just look pretty all the time, while I could play with the little doll. I should name her Violet Bertha, and you would be glad to have us come up and see you, would n't you, dear? And I should love you even better than ever, Rosamond, if I only played with you when I was dressed up, and did n't want to do just common every-day things with you."

Just then Dorothea's mother came to the door and not seeing where she was called to her.

"Dorothea, Dorothea," she said, "Miss Smifkins is here and wants you to go on an errand for her."

Miss Smifkins was the dressmaker that had come to make a new white gown for Dorothea's sister Clara, and Dorothea liked her very much, so she hurried up the steps and into the living-room, where Miss Smifkins was already at the sewing-machine stitching up the breadths of muslin. As soon as she reached the end of the breadth, she stopped and said:

"Well, how do you do, Dorothea? Here, I've something for you."

And opening her bag she took out the prettiest piece of silk you ever saw. It was white with stripes of light blue and in the white part were tiny little pink rosebuds. Dorothea was delighted. She thanked Miss Smifkins very warmly, and then she said:

"Where do you want me to go?"

"Well, I want you to go down to Miss Harrington's and get me two yards of white cambric and a spool of number ninety white cotton. Do you think you can remember that? Two yards of white cambric and a spool of number ninety white cotton."

"Oh, yes," said Dorothea. "I shall remember. Two yards of white cambric and a spool of number ninety white cotton. Where 's the money?"

"Here is a dollar bill," said her mother, "and I'll put it into this little pocket-book, so that you won't lose it. There'll be quite a little change left, and you must be careful to put it all in the pocket-book and put that in your pocket. Now, what is it you are to ask Miss Harrington for?"

"Two yards of white cambric and a spool of white cotton, number ninety," answered Dorothea glibly, and off she ran, putting both the piece of silk that Miss Smifkins had given her and the pocket-book in her pocket.

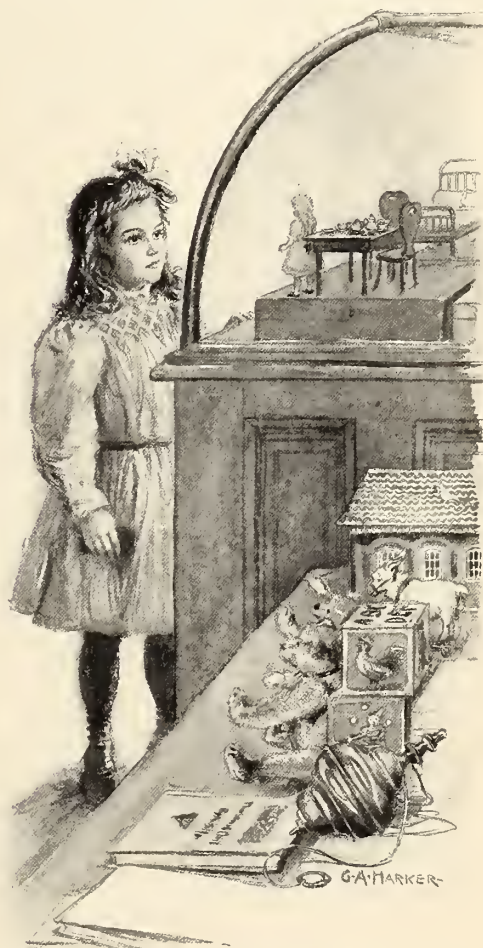
It was quite a long way to Miss Harrington's store, but Dorothea did n't mind that, for the road was a pleasant one and already the robins were beginning to sing in the trees and she liked to hear them and to see them flying about from branch to branch in their busy fashion. She liked Miss Harrington's store, too, for besides all the laces and spools of thread and buttons, there was one small show-case that held the nicest things imaginable, dolls, and tea-sets, and little sets of furniture, and stoves, and a great many other things that little girls like.

There were two or three people in the store buying things, so Dorothea went at once to the show-case, and there she saw something that al-

most took her breath away with pleasure. It was a little Parian-marble doll, about five inches long, with pretty blue eyes and pink cheeks and what was loveliest of all, with two long braids of flaxen hair.

"Oh," said Dorothea to herself, "is n't she just lovely, and would n't the silk Miss Smifkins gave me make her a beautiful dress? I do want her so much! It seems as if I must have her. I wish I could."

She was so interested in looking at the doll,



"IN THE SHOW-CASE DOROTHEA SAW SOMETHING THAT ALMOST TOOK HER BREATH AWAY WITH PLEASURE."

that she did n't notice that the people in the store had made their purchases and gone out, until Miss Harrington came round the counter from the other side and asked her what she wanted.

"Two yards of white cambric and a spool of

number ninety white cotton, and here 's the money, and Miss Harrington, will you please tell me how much that dolly is, the one with the long light braids?"

"Twenty-five cents," said Miss Harrington, and she went away to cut off the cambric.

When she came back with the package she gave Dorothea the change. Dorothea did n't count it, but there seemed a good deal of it, and there certainly were two twenty-five-cent pieces. Dorothea's heart beat hard and fast.

"Oh, I do want that dear dolly so much," she thought, "and I 'm sure, at least I 'm almost sure, mamma would give me the money, but if I wait to go home and ask her, Miss Harrington may sell it."

This last was such a dreadful thought that Dorothea made up her mind at once.

"I 'll take that doll," she said, and handed Miss Harrington one of the twenty-five-cent pieces. Miss Harrington rolled the doll up in tissue paper and Dorothea went out of the store with the precious package held against her heart. As she walked along she took off the paper and looked at Bertha Violet, as she had already named the doll, with great satisfaction. But as she drew near home she began to feel a little uncomfortable. Suppose that mamma did n't approve of her spending the money without permission, what should she do? A look at Bertha Violet reassured her. Nobody, not even a very grown-up person like mamma, could resist such a fascinating creature. Still, she held the doll behind her as she went into the house.

"Here 's the cambric and thread," she said.

Miss Smifkins opened the bundle.

"That 's all right. You 're a smart child, Dorothea."

"Where 's the change, dear," said Mrs. Woodbury.

Dorothea took the little purse from her pocket and handed it to her mother. Mrs. Woodbury opened it and counted the money.

"Why, Dorothea, how much did the things cost? There is n't as much change as I expected. The cambric could n't have been over thirty cents and the thread was five."

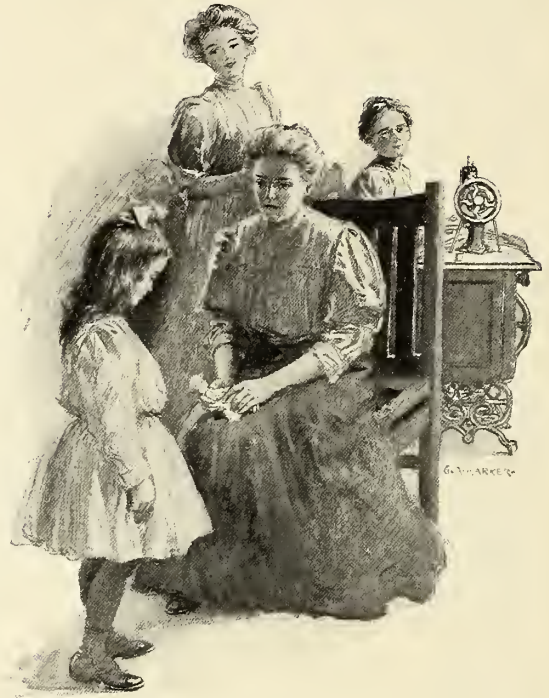
"No," said Dorothea, "I guess it was n't, but, mamma, there was a lovely doll there for twenty-five cents, and I thought you would n't mind, so I bought it."

"You bought a doll without permission and with money that did n't belong to you?" Mrs. Woodbury looked very grave.

"Yes," faltered Dorothea; "but just look at her, mamma? She was so lovely I could n't help it, and I thought that you would n't mind."

"She is a very pretty little doll; but I *do* mind it very much to think that you spent money that did not belong to you."

Poor Dorothea began to cry, and Mrs. Wood-



"'SHE WAS SO LOVELY' SAID DOROTHEA, 'THAT I COULD NOT HELP IT.'"

bury said: "Dorothea, I can't let you keep the doll. You must take her back to Miss Harrington and tell her that it was not your money and that I am not willing you should keep the doll."

"Oh, I can't do that. I can't," sobbed Dorothea; but her mother was firm in insisting that she should do so. So at last the little girl took her loved Bertha Violet and slowly and sadly went back to the store.

She was a little afraid that Miss Harrington might refuse to take the doll back and return the twenty-five cents, but Miss Harrington looked at her tear-stained face as Dorothea said she would like to change the dolly for the money, and then said very quietly:

"Very well, dear, here is the money," and with a lightened heart Dorothea went on her way. Everybody was pleasant at home and mamma thanked her when she gave her the quarter, and then she said:

"While you were away Susie came in to invite you to spend the afternoon with her, and if

you wish to you may go over to her house as soon as you have eaten your luncheon."

After luncheon she put on her hat and took Rosamond in her arms and hurried across the street to Susie's house. Susie was making May baskets, but when she saw Dorothea, she said:

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come. Sit down a minute while I paste this last basket and then we'll play."

Dorothea sat down and began to look at the baskets. There were two cunning little ones made like sunbonnets of green and white checked paper, and there were a number of square and round ones all crimped and fringed, but the loveliest of all was one that looked like a big pink rose.

"Oh, that's the prettiest," she said, holding it up.

"Who are you going to hang that for, Susie?"

"I don't know yet. I just make a lot of them and then when May day comes I decide. But now let's play tea-party."

Susie put the baskets and tissue paper into a big box and tucked it away in a closet and pulled out her little tea-table, while Dorothea brought the dishes and table-cloth from the little bureau where Susie kept her playthings.

"Now, you set the table, while I go and ask mamma for something to eat," and Susie ran down-stairs, coming back in a few minutes with four little biscuits, two oranges and half a dozen pieces of chocolate.

"There," she said, as she put them in the dishes, "now we'll begin. Here's a chair for Rosamond and I'll put my Chrystabel here, and we'll sit on the floor beside them."

So they sat there and talked for the dolls, and ate biscuits and oranges and chocolate for them, too, and had a very merry time. Dorothea's fingers were so sticky that she took out her handkerchief to wipe them and as she pulled it out of her pocket, out came the piece of silk that Miss Smifkins had given her and which she had quite forgotten.

"Oh, is n't that pretty," said Susie, "where did you get it?"

Then Dorothea told her the whole story about going to the store and buying the doll.

"I know that mamma was right," she finished, "because she always is, but I can't help feeling bad, for the dolly was so pretty and I wanted her so much and Bertha Violet is such a lovely name. This silk would have made her a beautiful dress, but now you can have it, Susie."

Susie thanked her and put the silk away quietly and then they went on with their play.

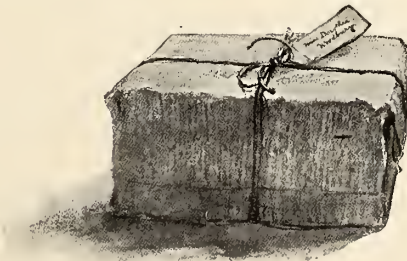
When May night came Dorothea was as excited as could be. Papa and she went out together to hang baskets for the different boys and girls that she particularly liked and then they hurried back so that they might have the fun of catching anyone who might hang one for Dorothea. Three had come already and Dorothea laughed as she took up one, a box of candy just like the box that Papa had bought for her to give to Susie.

"You hung that for me, Papa," she said, and just then the door-bell rang, and away she ran to the door. She could n't see anybody, but on the step was a square box directed to Miss Dorothea Woodbury. She took it into the sitting-room and Mamma and Clara and Papa gathered round to see what it was. She untied the string, took off the wrapper and opened the box, and there was the great pink rose, and inside it, dressed in the blue-and-white striped silk was Bertha Violet! Dorothea just looked at her without saying a word; indeed, she was so surprised and so pleased that she could n't speak for a minute or two, and then she looked up at her mother.

"Oh, Mamma," she said, "Susie has given me *that* dolly. May I keep her?"

"Of course you may," answered her mother, "and I am very glad you have such a pretty dolly and such a kind little friend."

When Dorothea went to bed that night Bertha Violet went with her, and when she began to grow sleepy, she said, "Good-night, my dear Bertha Violet, I'm so glad I took you back to the store, for if Mamma had let me keep you, you would have only been a bought doll, and now you are a given one, and I love you for Susie's sake as well as your own."



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

HOW PINKEY EARNED A BASE-BALL BAT

WHEN the base-ball fever broke out among the boys of Enterprise, it at once became violently epidemic, as is usually the case.

Base-ball "nines" sprang into being on all sides. Challenges would be issued and accepted during recess, and when school was dismissed for the day the schoolhouse yard and every open lot in the neighborhood were scenes of animated and noisy struggles between rival teams.

Pinkey Perkins organized a base-ball team and by a unanimous vote was chosen captain. As each team must have some high-sounding title to distinguish it from the others, this organization chose to be known as the "Lone Stars."

The Lone Stars' first match game of the season had been played the first Saturday after banding together and had gone down to defeat before the "Wind Splitters," another nine composed of boys of about the same age. The game had been very close and Pinkey would not admit that his team was in any way inferior to the winners, and at once made plans for another game.

"I 'm going to have a new bat before Saturday," said Pinkey to Bunny a few days before the second game was to be played. "If I 'd had a bat that was any good, I 'd have knocked out a home run and let in two other runs and won that last game, instead of striking out the way I did."

"Bats are expensive just now," said Bunny, with an air which showed he had priced them frequently; "a good one will cost fifty cents."

"I know that," replied Pinkey without appearing discouraged; "but I 'm not going to pay that much for one. I 'm going to get Liberty Jim to make me one, and he 'll make a daisy for half that."

"That 's a good idea," observed Bunny, "I hope he gets it done in time for the game."

On his way to school the next morning, Pinkey encountered Jim on the street and at once sounded him on the subject of making a bat.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do, Pinkey," said Jim, when Pinkey had explained his wants; "if you 'll wind the court-house clock for me for a month, I 'll make you a first-class bat for nothing. It 's pretty tiresome work for me to climb those stairs, but you are younger and it 's easy for you."

Winding the tower clock in the court-house once a week was one of the many odd jobs by which Jim earned a livelihood, and he knew Pinkey would rather do that than pay cash for having a bat made. Besides, Pinkey and Bunny often accompanied him to the tower when he wound the clock and considered it quite a privilege, so he did not feel that in making the offer he was imposing on Pinkey in any way. The door leading to the tower was kept locked and no one could enter without permission, which was not easily obtained.

"All right," exclaimed Pinkey, gleefully, when he had heard Jim's proposition. "That 's fair. Winding the clock is fun, anyway."

"I wind the clock every Saturday," continued Jim; "so you come around Saturday morning and I 'll give you the key to the tower."

One thing that appealed to Pinkey was the importance of being intrusted with the key to the tower, for that would enable him and whoever went with him to ascend the tortuous stairway which led clear to the platform at the top, where from the dizzy height of one hundred feet a sweeping view of all the country around could be had.

There was a back stairway leading to the dark, unused attic above the court-room and from this attic it was possible to enter the tower by means of a ventilator, but even for a boy of Pinkey's size this meant a rather tight squeeze.

"That 's a bargain," agreed Pinkey. "Now you start in right away on my bat, because I want it for the game Saturday. We 've got new uniforms and a new ball and we 're going to win this time or know the reason why."

Jim promised to have the bat finished in good time, and Pinkey went joyfully on his way to school, well pleased with the bargain he had made.

Saturday morning came and to Pinkey's violent disappointment his father surprised him by telling him to pull some weeds that were rapidly getting the better of the vegetables in some recently-made garden beds. When he had worked what seemed hours to him and had just completed his task, Bunny came running breathlessly up the walk, and skilfully vaulted the fence.

"Say, Pinkey, have you heard the news? Somebody broke into the safe in the woolen mill last night and took all the money they had to pay off the hands to-day," said Bunny, evidently very much excited, and then coming closer he added in hushed, awed tones: "and they say Liberty Jim 's the man that did it. They—"

"Well, I 'll just bet he did n't!" broke in Pinkey, forcibly, forgetting instantly the gloom

back under the safe a little way. I stooped down and picked it up and while I was looking at it the photographer that owns the Art Car said: 'Why that 's the piece of rosin Liberty Jim uses on his fiddle bow. See, there are his initials!' and, sure enough, there were the letters 'J. F.' scratched on one side of it. But if I had n't found it somebody else would, so I 'm not much to blame, and I hope Liberty Jim won't think so."

"Of course 't was n't your fault, Bunny," assured Pinkey, and then he inquired: "Where 's Jim now? What does he say about the rosin being there?"

"He has n't said anything yet; they 've just gone after him. He 's working down by the depot somewhere mowing a yard. They 're going to take him before a justice of the peace and see what he has to say."

Even under such painful circumstances, Bunny could not refrain from assuming an air of importance when he added:

"I expect I 'll be called as a witness to tell what I know about the case."

When Pinkey had heard all that Bunny had to tell, weeds, base-ball, and all else faded into insignificance beside the serious charge against Jim. He knew he could be of no assistance, but he wanted to be present when Jim was brought before the justice.

After the preliminary delays and arguments, which always seem necessary in such cases, the hearing was postponed until the afternoon. Throughout the whole proceeding, Jim had appeared as one in a dream, seeming not to understand the full meaning of the serious charge against him. He had declared his innocence and he seemed to think that sufficient.

Pinkey and Bunny hurried back home again, donned their "uniforms" and, after lunch, set out for the base-ball grounds, without, however, the new bat they had counted upon.

The base-ball game did not prove as interesting to Pinkey as it would ordinarily. His mind was on Jim's serious plight, and while he felt abso-



" ' THANKS, JIM, ' SAID PINKEY, ' THAT ' S FINE ! ' ' [SEE PAGE 633.]

caused by his recent occupation; "who 's 'they say,' anyway?"

"Well, some think he did and some think he did n't," explained Bunny, modifying his previous statement somewhat, "they are n't sure yet."

"But whatever made anybody think Jim did it?" persisted Pinkey, somewhat irritated at Bunny's seeming reluctance to tell the whole story. "Why he 'd no more think of breaking in anywhere than you or I would."

"I suppose," answered Bunny slowly, "that I 'm a little to blame for it. You see when the crowd was in the office at the woolen mill looking at the broken window and the holes that had been bored in the safe, I noticed a little piece of something

lutely sure of his friend's innocence, he could not help being alarmed at the outlook.

The Lone Stars won the game by a narrow margin, but when it was over, there was little rejoicing among the members of the winning team. They all felt that a good friend was in peril, and their sympathies for him outweighed their joy over winning so small a thing as a base-ball game.

Without waiting to go home and change their clothes after the game, Pinkey and Bunny went directly up-town to hear what had been the outcome of the trial. It had not really been a trial, but more of an investigation. Jim had remained silent when questioned regarding his whereabouts the night before and about the piece of rosin Bunny had found. He resented the thought that any one should accuse him of such a serious offense and in spite of the efforts of his counsel, an ambitious young lawyer of Enterprise, to get him to talk, he would say nothing except that he was innocent.

Until further evidence could be found, either for or against Jim, and until his counsel had had a chance to reason with him, the justice decided as he had also in the morning, that Jim need not be imprisoned, but allowed him to go home in company with a deputy who should keep watch over him until the case should be called again. Several people who at first had believed Jim innocent began to have doubts when they saw his peculiar actions. There had been other robberies of a minor nature in Enterprise, but this was the first time any clue had been found, and now that the finger of suspicion pointed so straight to Jim they began to think that he was probably responsible for all of the offenses.

It was not until about supper-time that Pinkey

suddenly remembered his agreement with Jim to wind the court-house clock. Above all things, he must not fail to do that, for no doubt Jim was still depending on him to do it. He must go and get the key and attend to the winding of the clock as soon as possible. He did not like to go to Jim's



"WHAT PINKEY AND BUNNY SAW GAVE THEM A GREATER SHOCK THAN ANY THEY HAD YET EXPERIENCED." [SEE PAGE 634.]

house while it was still light, for people might not understand his being there, so he decided to wait until dusk before going for the key.

As soon as it grew dark, Pinkey left the house, as he often did in the evening, and, not caring to go into the dark tower at night alone, went first to Bunny's house and whistled for him to come out, knowing he would be glad to go along.

"Come and go down to Jim's with me," said Pinkey, when Bunny had appeared. "I've got to get the tower key and wind that clock to-night. Besides, I want to see what he has to say about this woolen-mill business."

Bunny was delighted to accompany Pinkey on such an important mission and together they set out for Jim's house near the outskirts of Enterprise.

The deputy who had supervision over Jim's movements readily allowed his charge to see the boys, though as a matter of form he remained present during the visit.

"I knew you'd be around," said Jim, when Pinkey had told him why he had come. "Here's the key and here's your bat. I finished it late last night."

"Thanks, Jim, that's fine," assured Pinkey, after he had inspected the bat carefully; "and now I want you to tell me about this woolen-mill affair. I know you did n't do it, but how did your piece of rosin come to be there under the safe?"

"Well, now, Pinkey," said Jim deliberately, "I'll tell you the truth because you'll believe it. I have n't seen that piece of rosin for a month. I left my coat hangin' up one day when I was workin' around the Art Car and the rosin was in the pocket. The next time I went to use it, it was n't there, so I just got another piece and never thought anything more about it. There was n't any use for me to say anything to-day, for I could n't prove anything, so I just said nothing."

Pinkey and Bunny conversed a few minutes longer with Jim, advising him to keep up his courage, make as good and complete a defense as possible and to feel assured that they and all the rest of his young friends believed in him still. Then they bade him good-night, Pinkey promising to return the key the next day.

On arriving at the court-house, the boys rather nervously opened the large outer door of the building, which was never locked, and tiptoed inside, closing it gently behind them. They knew their way perfectly, even in the dark, and though it was decidedly too spooky for comfort, neither cared to add to the effect by lighting a match.

Quietly and with great caution, they made their way across the floor to the corner and up the short flight of stairs leading to the tower door. Pinkey tried to feel brave on account of being armed with the base-ball bat, and to imagine what he would do with it in case of emergency, but the thoughts of such a thing offset any feeling of protection. Once inside the tower, the boys gingerly ascended the two flights of rickety stairs that

lay between them and the clock, with constantly increasing uneasiness.

"I'll bet you I don't wind this old clock at night any more," said Pinkey in an undertone, as he fitted the crank to the drum on which were wound the ropes supporting the weights.

"You're right," agreed Bunny, almost choking in his attempt to speak low; "I don't like being here this time of night, either."

It took but a few minutes to complete their task and when it was done, Pinkey and Bunny lost no time in starting downward again. Just as they had turned the key in the tower door and had begun to enjoy a feeling of security, they heard the outer door creak and then saw it swing slowly open.

Both boys stood breathless on the landing, their hearts thumping like hammers and their knees shaking so that they could hardly stand. It was not so much the fact of some one coming that scared them as it was the stealthy way in which the entrance was made.

When the door had been opened sufficiently to admit a man's body, the thoroughly-frightened boys were thrown almost into a state of collapse when, by the aid of the light from the corner street lamp, they were able to recognize the unmistakable form of their old enemy, the traveling photographer. They retained their motionless attitude until he had tiptoed silently down the long hall and his footsteps could be no longer heard.

"Come on, Pinkey, let's scoot," murmured Bunny, starting for the door, "he's not here for any good and if he catches us there's no telling what he'll do."

"Now wait a minute, can't you," replied Pinkey in a braver tone than he would have thought possible a moment before. "I'm going to find out what he's here for, or know the reason why."

Pinkey remembered what Jim had said about the piece of rosin and instinctively his suspicions turned toward the photographer. His fear turned to courage immediately, and he was surprised at his own coolness.

At Pinkey's show of nerve, Bunny became less terrified and almost before he knew it he was following his chum down the dark hall toward the stairway at the other end. This stairway led to the second floor and above this was another narrower flight leading to the door of the attic above the court-room.

Up the stairs the boys followed the photographer and when they had reached the first landing, after an extremely cautious climb, they heard him open the heavy attic door on the floor above.

"Now go easy," whispered Pinkey, after the

sound of footsteps had died away in the attic, "and maybe we can see what he 's up to."

"Gee, Pinkey," groaned Bunny, "you 're not going clear up to the door, are you? What if he'd catch us there!"

"He 'd be as scared as we would, most likely," encouraged Pinkey, "and besides we could outrun him down these stairs with the start we 'd have."

Thus strengthening his own spirits by being brave before Bunny, Pinkey took the lead, tightly clutching the base-ball bat in one hand and feeling his way along the wall with the other.



TIN STAR MARCHES JIM BACK TO THE COURT-HOUSE.

Finally they reached the door, which stood slightly ajar, and cautiously peeped in. What they saw gave them a greater shock than any they had yet experienced. There in the far corner, kneeling on the attic floor, his face lighted up by the flickering light of one stubby candle, was the man they had followed. On the floor in front of him was a pile of money, mostly bills, and other papers, which he was evidently sorting.

Pinkey waited to see no more. One look was sufficient to tell him that he had guessed better than he had hoped.

"Here Bunny," he whispered, cautiously pushing the door tightly shut, "help me wedge this bat under the cross-piece on the door and we 'll have him penned up till we can find Old Tin Star and have him arrested. He 's got all that money right there that he accused Jim o' taking."

With feverish haste, and with little regard for what noise they might be making, the boys placed

one end of the base-ball bat under the board that ran crosswise of the door about midway up and with all their strength forced the other end tightly against the floor, thus effectually barring all possibility of escape from the attic.

This done, they rushed madly down the stairway, utterly reckless as to danger of falling, raced through the long hall and rushed out into the court-house yard in a state bordering on panic.

As luck would have it, almost the first person they encountered was Tin Star, sauntering idly along, going nowhere in particular.

"We 've got the money and the man who took it locked up in the court-house," panted Pinkey as he and Bunny rushed frantically up to the marshal.

Jeremiah's surprise at this unexpected assault on his dignity was plain to be seen.

"Money! locked in the court-house!" he gasped in astonishment. Then when he recognized his assailants he added severely: "What 's the matter with you kids anyway, are you tryin' to April Fool me?"

"No, sir," asserted Pinkey, promptly, "the money that was taken from the safe in the woolen mill is up there in the court-house attic and we 've got the man that took it penned up in there, too."

At this surprising assertion, Jeremiah began to take serious notice of what Pinkey was saying and a little questioning served to explain the cause of the boys' excited state of mind. Tin Star was on the alert at once and as a crowd began to gather around his importance began to assert itself. Hastily selecting four men as his assistants, he started for the court-house, followed by the crowd, who had orders to remain outside.

Leaving one of his deputies at the door to prevent those outside from entering, as well as a precaution against the possible escape of the prisoner, Jeremiah procured a lantern from the basement and with Pinkey and Bunny leading the way the procession moved cautiously up the back stairs to the attic. The boys relished this second experience even less than they had the first, but Tin Star kept them in front of him, since he did not intend that they should escape, in case they were fooling him. They gave no outward sign of their uneasiness, however, and kept up an admirable show of stout hearts.

Jeremiah removed the base-ball bat from beneath the crosspiece and handed it to Pinkey; then he opened the door cautiously. The attic was dark and absolutely still. Expressions of doubt were heard from the men who accompanied Tin Star, but Pinkey and Bunny insisted that the man was there and a search was begun.

Finally some one heard a slight noise over in one corner of the attic and an investigation revealed the photographer, crouched down behind a pile of old boards, utterly frightened out of his senses. Further search disclosed a box in another corner behind some rafters and in this box was found all the money, as well as several checks and other papers which had been taken from the safe at the same time. In the few minutes that had elapsed from the time he had found himself shut in the attic until the searching party arrived, the guilty man had been unable to dispose of the telltale evidence against him and his attempt to hide his booty had been useless.

To resist arrest or to deny his guilt, in the face of the proof found with him, was out of the question for the photographer, and he submitted without complaint to being taken into custody and locked up.

Pinkey and Bunny were hailed on all sides as real heroes and were soon the envy and admiration of every boy in Enterprise.

Further action against Jim was dropped at once and the order given for his release. Tin Star marched him from his house back to the court-

house that the judge might discharge him according to law. Even Tin Star could scarcely keep from smiling, but with his sternest expression on his face he gave no hint to Jim, preferring to let the judge himself tell the good news. Jim was greeted on all sides with assurances of belief in his innocence from the first. The real culprit admitted his guilt and also that he had placed the piece of rosin beneath the safe in the hope that, in case he had been seen in the vicinity of the mill, no one would suspect him with such tangible evidence against some one else. He said he had hidden the money in the court-house until he could dispose of it because there was little chance of it being found there, and if it should be found, the fact that Jim was employed about the building would be another cause for suspicion against him.

There was no defense that the photographer could make and the trial was consequently brief, ending with his being sentenced to a long term in prison, and by the judge extending to Pinkey and Bunny the thanks of the entire community for so bravely and so effectively ridding their town of such a dangerous person.



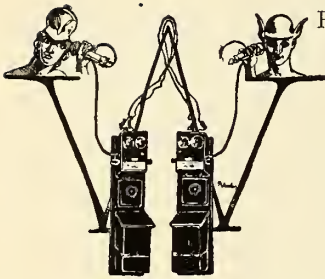
THE ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE CONGO FISHING CLUB

CHORUS OF MEMBERS:—"HEY, THERE, IN THE STERN!
TRIM THE BOAT!"

THE THICK-SKINNED MEMBER:—"BEG PARDON,
WERE YOU SPEAKING TO ME?"

MUSIC MADE BY ELECTRICITY

BY CHARLES BARNARD



WHEN the door-bell rang at the Brown's house, Gertrude was just coming out of the dining-room, she said to her mother that she would open the front door. She did so, and saw

on the piazza Thomas Wentworth, a schoolmate, who lived on Main street.

"Good evening, Thomas."

"Oh! Evening, Gerty. Mother sent me over with some fresh compliments, right out of our garden, with her strawberries."

"You are excited, Thomas. Come in."

"Guess you would be excited if you had been with me just now. As I came along Main street I heard a band playing near the corner of Myrtle avenue, and when I got to the corner under the arc light I heard a full brass band as plain as could be—and there was no band anywhere in sight. Jiminy! I thought it was magic till I saw a lot of people staring at the arc light—and the music came right out of the lamp!"

"Yes," said Gertrude, "and when we were at supper we had music out of a rubber tree. Mother, here is Thomas."

Gertrude's mother came to the door and took the strawberries and said it was very kind in his mother to send them and kind in Thomas to bring them.

"Come in, Thomas. We are to have some music this evening. Here is Thomas, Father."

This last she said to Mr. Brown, who had come out of the dining-room, followed by his eldest daughter, Mabel, and her husband, young Mr. Hyden-Jones, the organist at the Second Parish.

"Glad to see you, Thomas," said Mr. Brown. "Hang up your hat and come into the living-room. We have a little surprise for you."

Thomas gladly accepted the invitation, for he hoped that Mr. Hyden-Jones would play "Hiawatha" and the "Turkish Patrol" on the piano, for he liked the swing and march-like melodies of these two pieces of music. Thomas sat down with Gertrude on the broad window-seat next to the big Boston fern growing in its flower-pot in the corner of the room. Then Thomas observed

that the piano was closed and that Mr. and Mrs. Brown had taken seats on each side of the center-table and Mr. Hyden-Jones and his wife were seated by the fireplace, and he wondered if they were really to have any music.

"Now, Gertrude," said Mrs. Brown, "we are all ready. You may turn on the switch."

Gertrude touched a button on the wall, then came back and sat beside Thomas on the window-seat and said in a whisper,

"Sit close to the fern—and don't jump."

Thomas wondered what she meant when—

"Boom! Boom! Rattlety Boom!"

And Thomas said, "Sixty!" and nearly jumped off the seat.

Somebody had struck a big bass drum right in the middle of the Boston fern.

Everybody said "Hush!" and Thomas said, "Ex-excuse me!" and sat looking in amazement all round the room. There seemed to be a full brass band—bigger and louder, and ever so much better than a circus band—right in the room. He was sure the sound came out of the great fern beside him, and yet it was all over the room, and must be out in the hall, for he noticed that Norah, the waitress, was standing by the dining-room door, listening to the magic music.

Everybody sat listening to the splendid band as it played a grand march, clear, loud and sonorous as if every one of the musicians sat right in the room—and there was not a soul there, save Thomas—and the family. The great march came to an end and everybody declared that it was just like hearing a real band go by in the street.

Thomas was sure this must be the same magical music that he heard on Main street, and he naturally wanted to know all about it, and how it was done. Of course, being an intelligent American boy, he knew it was not magic at all, but some new, strange and wonderful music made by somebody playing on something, somewhere.

"What is it? Where does it come from?"

"That 's right, Thomas. The level-headed boy always asks questions. Hark! Here comes another piece. Let 's hear a few more and then Mabel or her husband will tell you all—Hush!"

Suddenly it seemed as if they were all listening to a full orchestra—and such soft, sweet and beautiful music! Thomas was sure he could hear all the fiddles sweeping along in a charming song, and the flutes and the clarinets weaving a

pretty accompaniment to the song. Then, after a pause, they heard a fine organ, and then another piece by the brass band, with a cornet solo, that made Thomas clap his hands in applause, which made everybody laugh.

"Well, Thomas," said Mr. Brown, "what do you think of that, my boy? How is it done?"

"It's very fine. I suppose you have a pipe line for the—"

Everybody laughed and Thomas did not finish the sentence. However, being a sensible boy and seeing his mistake, he said:

"Is it some new kind of telephone or phonograph? It does not sound a bit like any talking-machine I ever heard."

Gertrude came to the rescue and said to Thomas:

"See! Here, inside the fern and hidden by its green fronds, is a telephone. There is another telephone behind those sprays of syringa, over the center-table, and another behind the rubber-plant in the dining-room."

She parted the great fronds of the Boston fern and showed Thomas a telephone receiver behind the plant, and having a horn, like the horn of a gramophone.

"Yes; I see the telephone and I can understand the music comes over a wire from somewhere. But how is the music made? Is there a real band and a regular church organ on the line?"

"No. It's a new and wonderful instrument, and when some one plays upon it, thousands of people can hear the music, in their telephones, miles and miles away. How it is done, I don't know, but sister Mabel and her husband saw it in New York, and liked it so much, father had a wire connected to our house, and now we have beautiful music every evening, right at home, by wire from New York."

Then Mr. Hyden-Jones opened the piano and Mabel sat before it and called Thomas and Gertrude to her side. Gertrude's father and mother drew their chairs nearer for they, too, wished to understand this wonderful music.

"Now," said she, "I will touch the lowest key of the piano and you will see the little hammer fly up and strike the first and longest string. The string vibrates and gives out a deep humming sound. Touch it with your finger and you feel it quivering. This vibration of the string sets the air in motion, and this motion spreads through the air, just as you see little waves on a pond spread over the surface of the water. We cannot see the waves started by the string, yet we know that they fly through the air into our ears, and we say we hear the sound made by the vibrating string."

Thomas touched the big string and said that he understood that part of the business. Then said Mabel:

"That lowest string of all gives just sixteen vibrations a second. I touch a key one octave higher, and make its string vibrate. Touch it, and you feel that it is moving much faster. It vibrates thirty-two times a second, and when the waves, set up in the air by the string, reach our ears, we say we hear a note one octave higher. It seems, to the ear, like a smooth, unbroken sound. It is really thirty-two waves coming to our ear so fast that we cannot separate them, and it seems to us like a continuous note. So it is with all the strings. The lowest gives sixteen vibrations a second, the next octave, twice as many, and so on to the eighth octave string that vibrates over four thousand times a second and gives a very high note.

"So it is with all musical sounds. They are regular, uniform vibrations of the air. A girl sings and we know that two little cords in her throat, under the pressure of air from her lungs, vibrate and those vibrations fly through the air to our ears, and we say we hear her sing. A man speaks into a telephone and the vibrations of his voice cause the diaphragm of the transmitter to vibrate in exact time with these vibrations. Then a most singular thing happens. The sounds go no farther and the listener at the receiver does not hear the man's voice. Something very different takes place. The wire is charged with a current of electricity and it, too, conducts vibrations along the whole length of the wire. When these vibrations reach the receiver, its little diaphragm vibrates with every vibration of the current, and these vibrations of the diaphragm set up new waves in the air and, as these waves are exactly like the waves given by the man's voice, the listener thinks he hears the person speaking into the transmitter and understands every word, though, in truth, he does not hear the person's voice, but sounds that are exactly like it."

Thomas and Gertrude said they understood it all so far. Then Mabel's husband said:

"When we were at the Central Music Station in New York, we saw in the basement a great number of dynamos all revolving together at the same speed, and each giving out an electric current. Now these dynamos are so arranged that each one gives a vibrating current; one a current of sixteen vibrations a second, another of thirty-two, another, say, of five hundred and twelve, another of two thousand and forty-six, and so on, there being just as many dynamos as there are keys to a piano. Up-stairs, we saw a man seated

before a group of keyboards and playing upon them, as if he were seated before a great organ. And, strangest of all, not a sound came from the instrument, for there were neither pipes nor strings to be seen.

"Now, what happened was this: each time he touched a key he opened a switch, controlling the current of electricity, from one of the dynamos. Not a sound could be heard till the current traveled along another wire to the transmitter of a telephone. You can easily see that its diaphragm would vibrate at exactly the same rate as the current—and, wonderful to tell, these vibrations of the diaphragm come to our ears through the air and we hear a loud, clear, sweet and beautiful note. If the man played a melody on the keys, every telephone connected with his instrument would give that same melody, exactly as he played it. There might be thousands of people in many different places and, if each place had a telephone, all would hear the melody as clearly and correctly as you can hear Gertrude, when you stand beside her piano."

"Oh!" said Gertrude, "I cannot play as well as the man we heard to-night playing in New York."

"That 's just the point," said Mabel. "For, by this invention, Paderewski might play upon the instrument in New York, and we could hear him here at home, and fifty miles from town. Would not that be fine?"

"I 'd rather hear the circus band play 'Hiawatha,'" said Thomas.

Everybody laughed and Gertrude turned the switch again, and they heard a brass band playing "The Turkish Patrol." "It just happened that way," said she. "When you turn on the music you must listen to whatever the man in New York is playing at the time."

"I heard that in the street," said Thomas.

"Yes. The new music comes to the drug store, at Main and Myrtle, and instead of using a telephone the current is switched to the arc light on

the corner, and an arc light seems to answer almost as well as a telephone."

"But the band," said Thomas. "One man can't play a whole band—though the drum-major at the circus sometimes acts as if he did the whole business."

"That 's a point I don't understand," said Mrs. Brown. "We heard an orchestra and a band and a flute solo and a church organ. How can one man send us so many different sounds?"

"That 's what I 'd like to know," said Thomas.

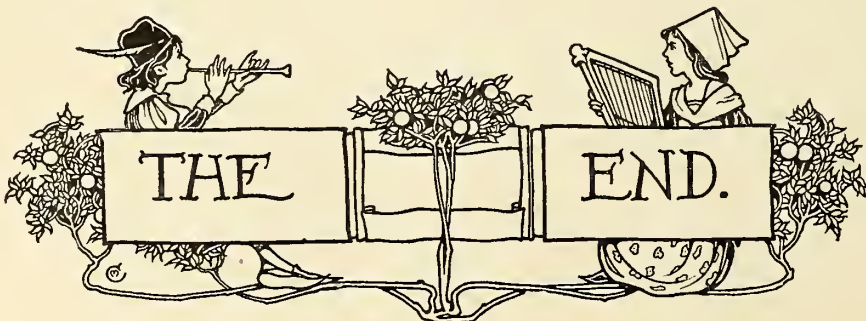
"When I begin to play the organ," said Mr. Hyden-Jones, the organist, "I must, you see, draw out a handle beside the keyboard, and each handle, or stop, controls a set of pipes having a particular sound; one like a flute, one like a cornet, and so on. The man playing for us, also, has stops and when he draws the cornet stop the electric music sounds like a fine cornet. Every musical sound is a compound sound, many notes sounding at once, though, to the ear, they seem like one note. The player in New York has many dynamos giving many different vibrations, and he can combine these vibrations to produce a sound in the telephone precisely like a French horn, or a fife, or a bell, or a drum. It is very simple after all, as you see, and yet this new electric music is really one of the most wonderful inventions of modern times. It is so new that many have not even heard of it yet."

"I should think," said Gertrude, "he would wish to hear himself play."

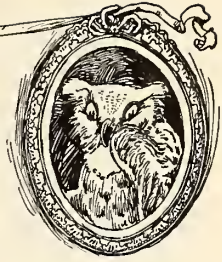
"So he does, and there is a telephone right over his head to enable him to hear his own music."

"My!" said Thomas. "I 'm glad I 'm not ninety years old instead of twelve, for if I were ninety I would not live long enough to see all the wonderful things that are being invented."

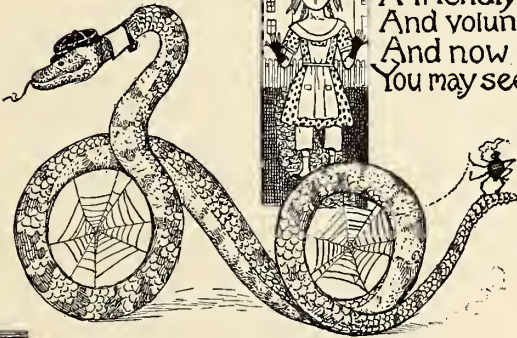
"Yes, my son," said Mr. Brown. "It is a great thing to be a boy in nineteen hundred and seven."



PORTRAITS FROM ZOO-TOWN
BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP



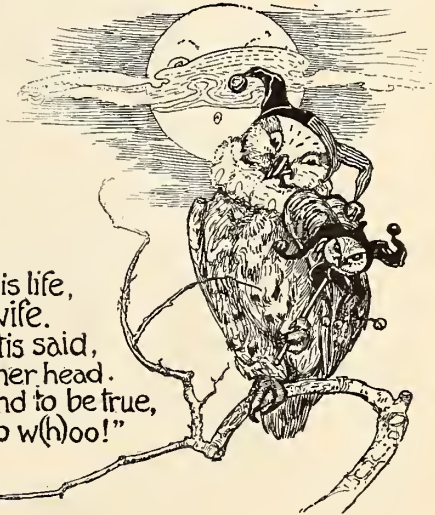
There once was a dear little Dog from Peru,
(His name I am sure can not matter to you.)
Who waded too far in the treacherous sea,
And was seized by a Shark with a burble of glee.
What a shock to the feelings of poor Mr. Shark,
When he found he had dined on Peruvian bark!



Behold here the sight of a slippery snake.
Who rides on a bicycle of his own make.
A friendly young Spider brought over his kit,
And volunteered kindly to help him a bit,
And now any day, unless fate prove unkind,
You may see him spin by, with his friend on behind.



Here's a feathery Owl who has joked all his life,
Never sparing a moment to win him a wife.
From twilight till dawn he made puns, and 'tis said,
His puns were so bright that the moon hid her head.
But his *punishment* came when 'twas found to be true,
That his owlship was really, "too whitty to w(h)oo!"



Albertine
Randall
Wheeler



THE SIX O'CLOCK TRAIN

The Six o'clock train comes through with a bang!
 And a roar and a toot and a hiss and a clang!
 Mother 's a passenger, riding in state;
 The front chair 's for father, he never is late.

He comes running in, for the train makes a dash!
 We stop,—he jumps on,—then we 're off like a flash!
 No matter how much it may snow, blow or rain,
 Father 's always in time for the Six o'clock train.

Lucy Foster.



HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery FIFTH PAPER—"MADE OF NEWSPAPERS" INVENTED BY LINA BEARD

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INDIAN life seems to hold a very great attraction, for youngsters. Both boys and girls delight in "dressing up" and playing Indian, as every mother knows. But when the children can actually help make their own costumes and erect the ever fascinating wigwam, building it large enough to go in and out of, their happiness is complete.

The best framework for a newspaper wigwam can be made of long-handled feather-dusters, but long-handled brushes, or poles of any kind you may happen to have will answer the purpose; all that is necessary is something you can make into a framework similar to Fig. 1. Tie your poles together at the top and spread them out at the base, tent-fashion.

Make the covering for the wigwam of six large double sheets of newspaper.

Only three poles will be needed when the covering is of newspaper, but if you do not happen to have enough newspapers on hand for the entire outfit of tepees and costumes you can use a white muslin sheet for the wigwam, in which case four poles will be needed. The sheet, not being stiff like the paper, requires more supports to make it stand out sufficiently. Should it be inclined to fall in between the poles, pull it out a little and lay a book over the edge which lies on the floor, as a weight to keep the sheet in place.

If the children would like to have their wigwam decorated in real Indian fashion, let them cut out large colored newspaper pictures and paste them around the lower part of the wigwam,

forming a band of pictures on the covering. Be the covering either cloth or paper, it will look well decorated, but the pictures must be pasted on before the covering is adjusted over the poles.

Make the girls' and boys' moccasins of newspaper, cut like the pattern (Fig. 3). For a

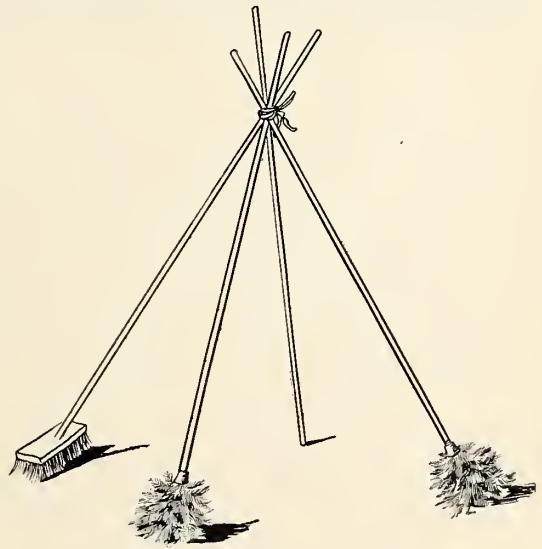


FIG. 1. THE FRAMEWORK OF THE TENT.

small child of four years the paper should measure fifteen inches in length and three and one-



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FIG. 2. WIGWAM AND THE COSTUMES MADE OF NEWSPAPERS.

half inches in width; for older children cut the moccasin larger.

Fringe the central portion of the longest edge according to the fringe lines on Fig. 3. Cut

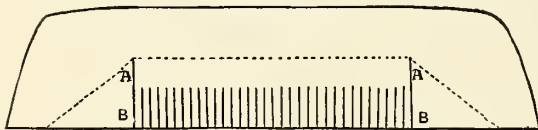


FIG. 3. THE PATTERN OF THE MOCCASIN.

Invented by Lina Beard.

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the two boundary side lines of fringe, A and A, up to dotted line; then bend down all dotted lines. Bring the two ends together, allowing the fringe to come on the outside, and fit the point B over the other point B. This finishes the newspaper moccasin (Fig. 4).

If your little girl is about four years old, make her dress skirt of two newspapers pasted together along the shortest edges, then folded lengthwise through the center and the two lower loose ends

cut up into a deep fringe. This skirt needs no belt; it should be simply fastened together at the back on the child's dress with safety-pins.

Use one sheet of newspaper for the little squaw's fringed sacque. Allow the paper to remain folded along its white central band, and fold the double layers crosswise through the center, making four thicknesses. Cut an opening

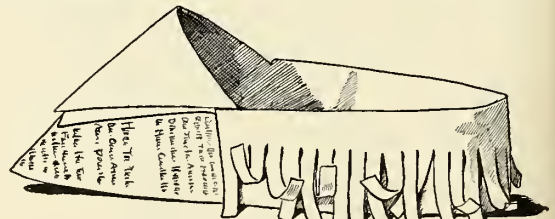


FIG. 4. THE MOCCASIN COMPLETE.

Invented by Lina Beard.

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for the head according to dotted line C (Fig. 5). Fringe the sides along dotted line D, as shown in diagram on the opposite page.

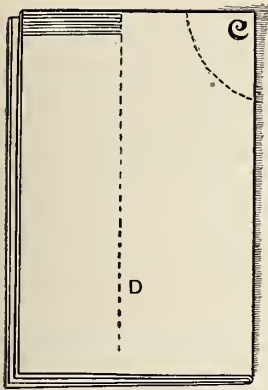


FIG. 5. THE SQUAW'S SACK FOLDED.

Unfold carefully, that the paper may not tear, and after cutting a slit from the neck partially down the center of the front, you will have Fig. 6. If you wish to make the garment less liable to tear, paste narrow strips of muslin on the under side of the sacque, around the neck, down each side of the slit, and at the head of the fringe.

From a folded piece of newspaper cut the head-dress for the little squaw (Fig. 7). Let the top of the feather come on the fold of the paper. Turn over and crease down the straight edge of the band at dotted line (Fig. 7), making four layers.

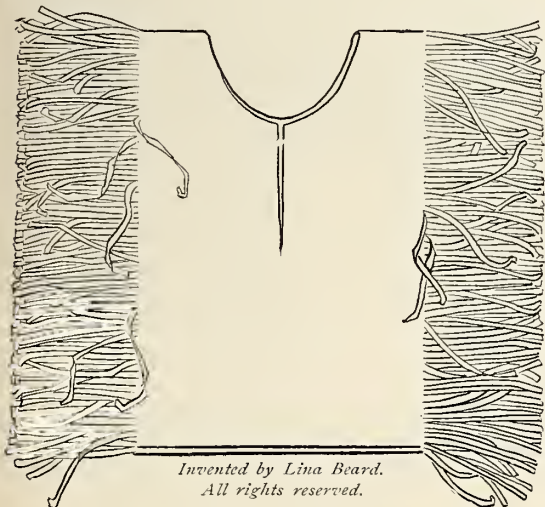


FIG. 6. THE FINISHED SACK.

Crown the little girl with the head-dress, pinning the ends together at the back with a safety-pin. Slip the moccasins on her feet, fastening

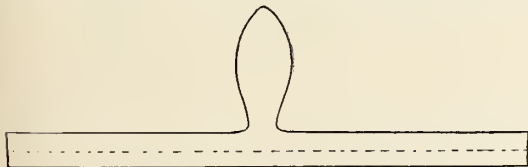


FIG. 7. THE LITTLE SQUAW'S HEAD-DRESS.
Invented by Lina Beard. All rights reserved.

them to the toe of the shoe with a little stiff paste, and your charming little squaw will be ready to play in the wigwam (Fig. 15).

Older girls can make the Indian costume from the same patterns by cutting them larger.

The Indian boy needs a lot of fringed newspaper for his costume. Cut folded strips to make the fringe thick and in two layers. Fold down the solid edge of one strip and with safety-pins

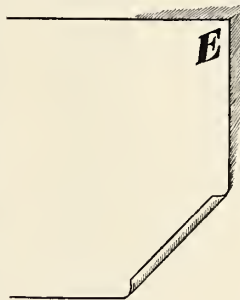


FIG. 8.

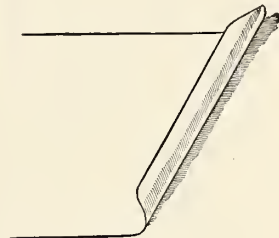


FIG. 9.

DETAILS OF THE PIPE.

fasten the fold along the outside line of the boy's trousers and stockings, as in the photograph (Fig. 13). Trim the other trouser-leg and stocking in the same manner.

Cut a generous strip of double-layer fringe to fasten entirely around the boy's shoulders, extending across both back and chest. Reinforce the top edge of the band of fringe, and along the line where the solid paper meets the fringe, with strips of muslin, pasted on, to prevent its tearing.

Make the boy's calumet of a strip of newspaper five inches wide and about thirty-two inches long. Hold one corner between your thumb and first finger and roll the paper as if you were making a lighter (Fig. 8). When you have it rolled to the opposite corner, E, remove your fingers and let the paper unroll. Smooth out the rolled corner until it springs back into a large roll about three-quarters of an inch in diameter (Fig. 9).

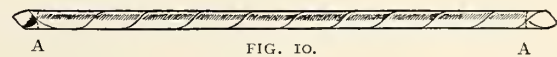


FIG. 10.

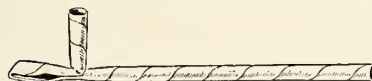


FIG. 11. THE CALUMET.

Invented by Lina Beard. All rights reserved.

When the corner roll is the right size, continue to roll the paper until a long round stick is formed (Fig. 10). Paste the loose end of the stick on the roll and cut both ends off even, as indicated by dotted lines A A in Fig. 10.

Bend the paper roll about six and one-half inches from one end, and bring the bent portion over against and on top of the roll. Pin the fold



FIG. 13. THE CHIEF'S COSTUME COMPLETE.
All rights reserved.



FIG. 15. THE SQUAW'S COSTUME COMPLETE.
All rights reserved.

down on the roll three inches from the bend; then turn up the open end to form the bowl of the pipe, which you must make stand erect should it seem inclined to lean (Fig. 11).

For the chief's feather head-dress cut a folded strip of newspaper long enough to encircle the boy's head and allow for a lap—twenty-two inches will probably be correct. Make the strip six inches wide; the tops of the feathers must be along the folded edge. Let the feathers be fully

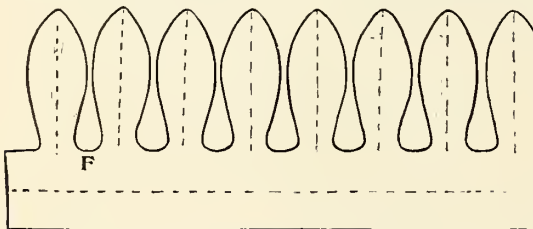


FIG. 12. THE CHIEF'S HEAD-DRESS.
Invented by Lina Beard. All rights reserved.

four inches high, and allow a space of one inch on the band at the base of each feather, F (Fig. 12). The widest part of each feather should be one and three-quarter inches. Make the band four thicknesses by folding it over at dotted line; then crease each separate feather on the

right side lengthwise through the center to stiffen them and insure their standing erect. Cut another long strip of feathers in the same way to fall from the head down the back. On this strip paste the front and back of each feather together at its base. Also paste together the lengthwise upper portion of the band, and, instead of folding as you did the first band, separate and open out its two lower lengthwise halves. Crease them backward, away from each other, so that the feathers may stand erect and the band be at right angles on each side of the feathers (Fig. 14).

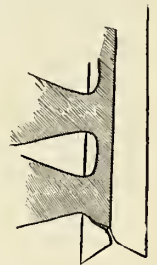


FIG. 14.
Invented by Lina Beard.

The open base of the band lying against the boy's back causes the feathers to stand out and not fall flat and spoil the effect, as they otherwise might do. The photograph of the boy chief standing was taken expressly that you might see exactly how the newspaper costume of the Indian brave should look.

One great beauty and attraction of all this newspaper Indian material to mothers is, that very effective results can be produced quickly and with very little work.

The POST-OFFICE.

By HANNAH
G. FERNALD

It's the secretest thing that
ever you knew!
It's down in the Porter apple-tree,
Nobody knows it but Margie and me,
And our fathers and mothers
and sisters and brothers
And aunties and uncles and one
or two others,
And you!

It's our own little Post-office box!
It's a dear little, queer little hole,-
You won't tell a soul?
And we drop down it whatever
we please:
In a *SECRET* place, one doesn't
need keys
And locks!

Our mail isn't like grown folks'
quite.
We send posies and apples and pears,
And things like that, for which one cares,-
We sha'n't mail letters till by and bye
We don't care to. Margie and I
Can't write!



POST
OFFICE



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



THE TOY BEARKINS

THE BEARKINS AT THE FARM

BY JOHN H. JEWETT

Vacation time came, and the Children
Were sent to their Grandfather's farm.
Of course, Little Tot carried Gretchen,
And Rogue, to keep Bouncer from harm,
Had Bearkin tucked under his arm.



The lambs and the calves and the piggies,
At first were afraid of the Bears,
And though they knew all about Children,
They were n't quite so sure about Bears;
Those strange little Baby-kin Bears.

The Bearkins soon found out that Children
Play many queer pranks of their own,
And thought that perhaps 't would be funny
To play with the farm stock alone;
The lambs, calves and piggies half-grown.



One morning they went to the farm-yard
Before Rogue and Tot had come out,
And soon began chasing the piggies,
Till piggies set up a big shout,
And rooted those Bearkins about.

They tumbled them into the puddles,
And had lively times with them there,
Till Bouncer looked more like a Mud-Ball,
Than Rogue's little tidy Brown Bear;
And the piggies cried: "Go brush your hair."

Poor Gretchen's white fur was so drabbed,
 She went off and rolled in the grass,
 And when they were called in to breakfast,
 Tot told her to look in the glass
 For a sweet little Baby-kin lass.

Another day, out in the pasture,
 They met Brindle Cow and her calf;
 And when Mother-Cow saw those Bearkins,
 It was n't so funny by half
 To be chased by a Cow and her calf.

When safely outside of the pasture
 They peeped through the fence-rails and said:
 "We wanted to play with your Bossy,
 And not hurt a hair of his head";
 But the old Brindle Cow shook her head.



Then Bouncer told Gretchen a story
 Of "The Cow that jumped over the Moon,"
 And Gretchen said: "If it was *that* cow,
 "'T was too bad she came back so soon.
 Why did n't she stay in the moon?"

They next wandered into the sheep-fold
 And tried with the lambkins to play;
 But Billy-Goat saw them, and butted
 Poor Bouncer till he ran away,
 And Gretchen thought best not to stay.

They met an old Hen with her chickens,
 And wished to be friendly; but when
 They tried to play tag with the chickens,
 That anxious and good Mother-Hen
 Made Bearkins skip out of her pen.

The old Hen rumpled her feathers,
 And clucked to her little Chicks there
 As if she were giving them warning
 They never should play with a Bear;
 And Bouncer said: "Well, we don't care!"

When Rogue and Tot heard all the story,
 They told them to live, learn and grow;
 That Children knew how to train Bearkins
 In the way little Bearkins should go,
 And keep out of trouble, you know.





INTERESTING ALIGHTING AND FLIGHT POSITIONS OF THE SONG SPARROW.

The eye must take note of such positions at a mere glance; then the pencil hastily makes the outlines.

HOW TO MAKE DRAWINGS OF ANIMAL-LIFE.

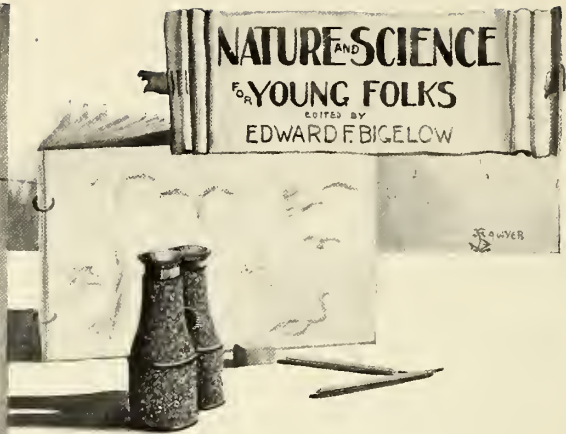
THE only materials needed for sketching from live animals in the field are two pencils, one soft and blunt, and one fairly hard and well sharpened; a sketch-book, preferably of the loose leaf kind, of small size; and a soft eraser. A field-glass is a great help, but not absolutely necessary for the beginner.

Any one who has shot with a gun at moving and stationary targets, can pretty well realize the difference between drawing animals from life and drawing from mounted specimens or any "still-life" objects. Positions of perfect rest are characteristic of few birds. Not that birds are so



SIMPLE AND QUICKLY MADE SKETCHES OF LIVELY SQUIRRELS, "LAZIEST HERONS" AND STILL MOTHS.

rarely quite still, but that they are seldom still long enough at a time to impress the eye. Such is the difficulty of sketching animals and birds in highly life-like positions, that really satisfactory



THE MATERIALS FOR FIELD SKETCHING.

sketches are rare; in the artist's portfolio they are the exception. Indeed, except in the case of a comparatively few species, it is well-nigh impossible to make a thoroughly satisfactory and complete drawing in the field. The problem is how to work to the very best advantage toward a success which we must remember can be only *relatively* complete, that is, merely a sketch.

Whether the bird to be sketched be the laziest heron or the most animated warbler it is always best to allow for its changing position or flying away, for there are always chances of these. Therefore, always begin your sketch with the most important lines, and work gradually toward the least important details. Otherwise you must often be provoked by making a complete but hasty and unsatisfactory outline, and then seeing your subject fly away, leaving you to regret not having spent the time in getting a good sketch of some one or two parts of the bird—say the head and neck, or the fold of the wings.

In making your sketch, keep in mind its main purpose—to save time, which is so valuable in this work. If you are making a sketch to aid you in naming a bird, the things you should indicate are the outline (which means the shape and relative size of the various parts of the bird, especially of the bill, legs, wings and tail,) and the color, by different shades accompanied by notes.

If your sketch is for the purpose of showing some familiar bird in a peculiar or striking attitude every second of your time should be given to outlining the pose. When you are trying for simply a good bird picture, first get the slant of the figure and the angles formed by the head and neck, legs, wings and tail, and then, if the bird is still before you, proceed with the smaller details; but do not waste time on details which may be drawn as well from a mounted specimen,

such as the exact shape, curve, or length of the bill and feet.

The perching birds are not the only ones who are lively, and that should be drawn in positions full of life and action; but many of the water birds and birds of prey may often be seen quite at rest, and sometimes offer a model for a fairly well-finished drawing. Experience will teach you what to expect of your bird models. You will try for a careful, fairly detailed picture of a heron watching for fish, and you will make your entire sketch of vireos, warblers and certain other birds after a single glance at your subject.

Most of our remarks on drawing birds apply



HOUSEHOLD DRAWINGS—OUTLINE SKETCHES OF CATS, KITTENS, AND DOGS.

also to drawing the fourfooted and other animals, it being only necessary to change "fly" to "run," "wing" to "leg," and so on. In order to draw live creatures of any kind, a good plan is to begin with domestic animals. A pet dog or cat makes an excellent subject; with these it is not difficult to have several "sittings" for a single picture, and so one can make quite a well-finished drawing. Take, for example, a cat lapping milk or watching for a mouse. In such cases it is best to at-

After some practice with the household pets we are ready to visit the Zoölogical Park, where



ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN DRAWINGS—RED FOXES, WOODCHUCKS AND BLACK BEAR.

the problem becomes more difficult. Yet even here we may expect to find patient models among the bears, lions and buffaloes; while elephants are born posers. The smaller animals and birds are apt to be timid or very restless, and it is not often possible to make a complete and satisfactory sketch.

The limbs of fur bearers are more difficult to draw than the wings and feet of birds, because they are comparatively seldom in quite the same position; hence the angles formed by their several joints are ever changing, and this makes the difficulty especially great in the case of short-haired animals. The most practicable plan I find in sketching nervous animals is to draw the animal in parts, making a separate study of one part at a time till I have all the details of a certain attitude (this may require several "sittings"); then I make a sketch of the entire outline from a single sitting and later work up the details in this outline sketch from the other sketches. The great advantage of this method is that the propor-



ORIGINAL SKETCHES PASTED ON A SHEET OF MANILA PAPER.

The sketches pinned on are enlarged from those marked with an X.

AN OUTLINE DRAWING WITH THE FIRST STEPS OF PAINTING.

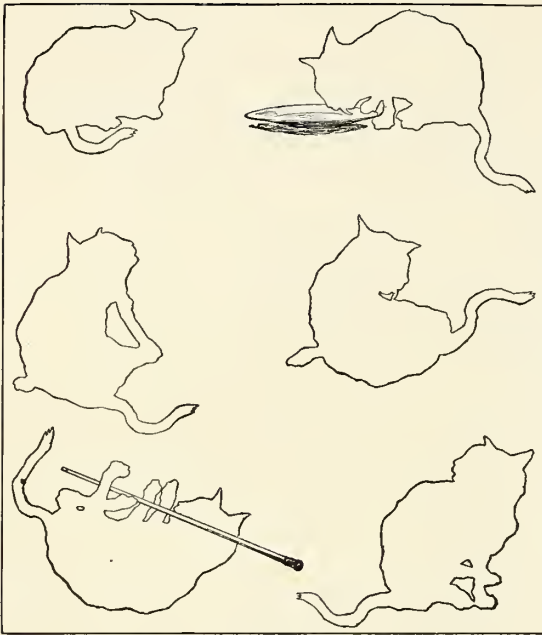
A still further enlargement of the two sketches.

ONE OF THE BIRDS CARRIED FURTHER ALONG IN THE PAINTING.

In this stage, color has been used at the artist's leisure.

tempt only a little at each sitting. Then there are pigeons, chickens, horses, cows, guinea-pigs and rabbits, to say nothing of birds in cages.

tions of only a single part of the animal at a time need be considered, instead of the relative position of each part as you draw it, and its propor-



CAT OUTLINES.

tions in their relation to all the other parts of the animal.

The aid of a field-glass would be most welcome in sketching wild quadrupeds in the field, but much can be done without one. In the case of chipmunks and squirrels a glass would often be even a hindrance. And by watching near their burrows one can see woodchucks and rabbits, and sometimes even foxes, closely enough with the naked eye.

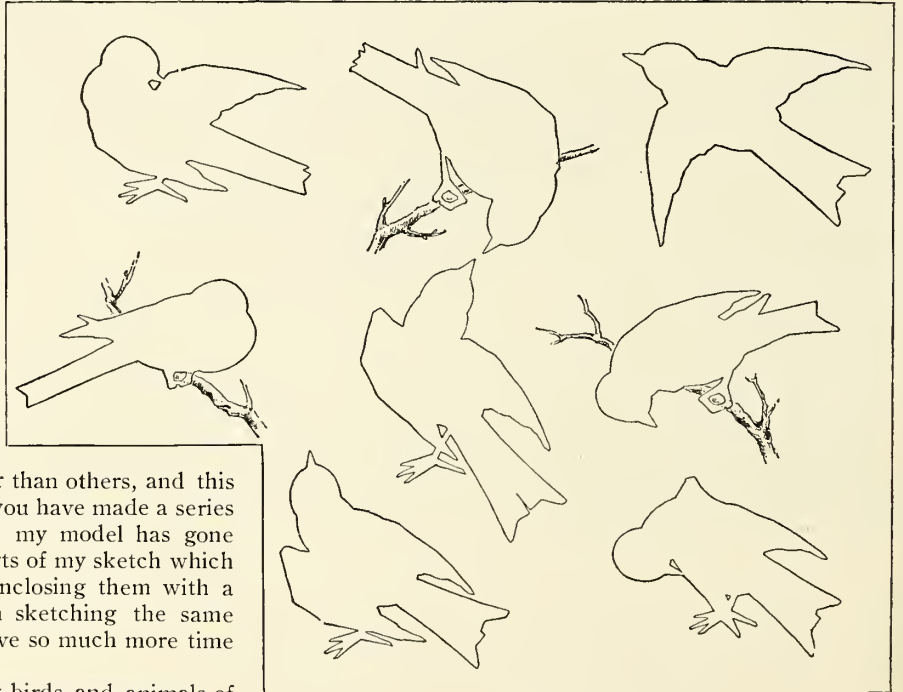
Some parts of every sketch one makes will be better than others, and this may confuse you if you have made a series of sketches. After my model has gone away I mark the parts of my sketch which are satisfactory by inclosing them with a fine line, so that in sketching the same pose again I may give so much more time to the other details.

Owing to the way birds and animals of

various kinds, often of widely separated orders, are ever appearing before one in the field, affording unexpected opportunities for good sketches, it is extremely difficult to keep a sketch-book systematic. I find it more convenient and practicable to disregard system entirely in the field, and later to cut the sheets of the sketch-book, pasting all the drawings of each species by themselves on sheets of manila paper of uniform size, and thus keeping them in order. These large sheets may be arranged according to orders, families and genera. I have a portfolio for each order.

Sketching from live birds and animals is very fascinating and exciting, and a good drawing of this kind, which gives the artist genuine pleasure and causes no suffering to the wild creatures, is much more satisfactory than a dead or mounted specimen, or a picture made from one.—EDMUND J. SAWYER.

It is interesting to observe how almost every child, and, for that matter, every grown person who is not an artist, will draw a man or animal almost always the same way, namely, in a profile. The drawings on this page will be instructive. They are made by the well-known Japanese artist, Mr. G. Fouji. If children would accustom themselves to observe the outline of a bird or animal in several varied poses, these would soon become as familiar as the profile.



BIRD OUTLINES.

HOW TO MAKE A VINE TEPEE.

ON page 641 is a description of a tepee or wigwam for indoor play. Below is an account of a real "live" tepee for outdoor fun.

One afternoon, while taking a walk in Romney, West Virginia, my attention was attracted by a unique arrangement for vines at the back of a small cottage. In the immediate rear was a somewhat elaborate pergola. Behind this were several little "houses" also covered with vines, and a low fence, with the sticks of which it was made almost entirely draped with a similar growth.

In the center of this little yard was a playhouse, in the form of a pyramid, likewise draped with luxuriant, climbing plants.

As I stood by the front fence admiring this beautifully, yet simply decorated, yard, a kindly voice from the porch at the back (I had not seen the person, so vine-covered was the piazza), invited me to, "Come in and see my son's greenhouse." Glad to accept the invitation I went around in the path to the rear of the house and inquired, "Where is the greenhouse?" "There," she laughingly replied, pointing to the pyramidal playhouse. "Is n't that a real greenhouse? I mean a house that itself is green, not merely a house of frames and glass to keep green plants in!"

I investigated the "greenhouse," and the young folks who were playing in it explained that they had read of Indian tepees and had made one of sharply and profusely branched cedar poles. The branches had been trimmed off and the whole covered by growing vines. One of the purposes of my visit to Virginia was to tell the school-teachers how to make school gardens, but those young folks told me more on the subject that afternoon than I ever taught in an hour's lecture.

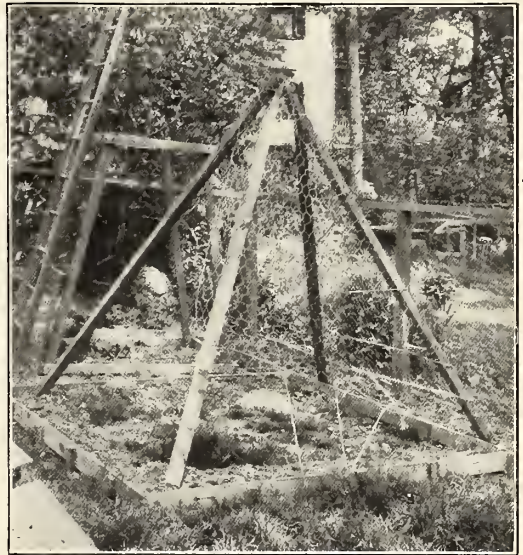
I resolved that I would at my own home put that lesson into practice and recite it to the young folks of "Nature and Science."

Not having cedar poles, I substituted four pieces of spruce timber two by three inches, and each about twelve feet long. A hole was bored in the end of these and the four were fastened together by a piece of strong wire. These four legs were then set up as one would set a tripod. I fastened wire netting and small rope between the arms of the inverted V of the three sides. The lower part of the front was left uncovered for the door. A "running" board was put around the base and a plant bed about a foot wide made within this. In this bed all around, excepting at a little space before the "front door," were planted the bulbs of Maderia vines and seeds of moon-flowers and morning-glories. These vines covered the tepee profusely, as is shown in the

illustration on the next page, making a cool, cozy playhouse for the young folks.

When the vines were in full bloom, I was away from home, but the young folks informed me that the house was beautiful. The photograph was taken on my return in the early autumn and after most of the flowers had disappeared.

Boys and girls will find it very easy and inexpensive to build this kind of real "greenhouse." It may also be regarded as an Indian tepee or



THE FRAMEWORK (COVERED WITH WIRE NETTING AND STRINGS) AND THE BASE BOARDS FOR THE VINE TEPEE.

vine tent. In a sunny yard it forms an excellent, shady retreat for play or reading. An interior platform covered by carpet, with some furnishings, makes an inviting "home" for any lover of outdoors; and the vines and flowers may be used as a convenient supply for botanical study in plant growth. It is interesting to note the difference in the growth of the leaves and the tendrils, where they are exposed to the full, illuminating power of the sunlight on the outside, and that observable on the inside, where they are in the shade and coolness. And if you have never seen a flower actually bloom, if you have not seen a flower slowly and deliberately open from a closed bud to a fully expanded blossom, you may watch the movement in the moon-flower. Early in the evening select one or more buds, and after a few minutes' attention, you will not only be rewarded by a sight that must always be interesting, but you will be further repaid by a wave of perfume that will escape from the corolla, as the moon-flower literally bursts into bloom.

It would be a pleasing change to make the

frame in the shape of a house, that is with perpendicular sides and slanting "roof." It is hoped



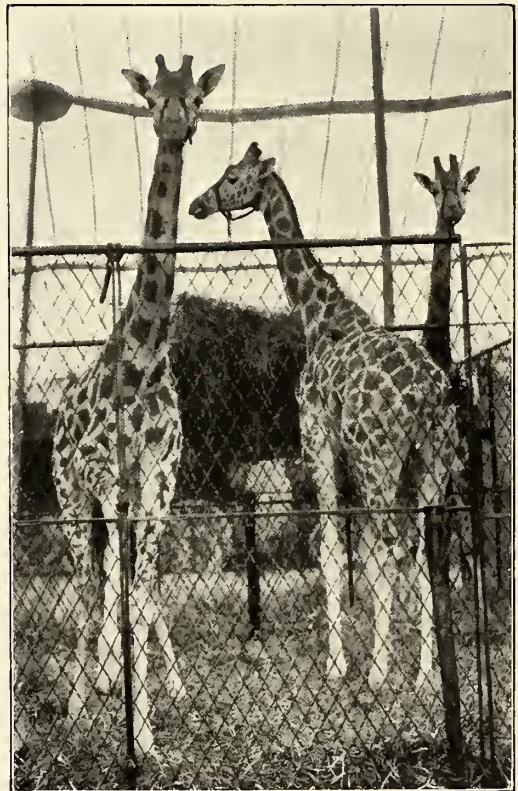
"IN THE SUNNY YARD IT FORMS AN EXCELLENT SHADY RETREAT FOR PLAY OR READING."

that some of our young folks will improve upon my plans and "write to ST. NICHOLAS about it," and that they will send photographs. Start the "house" in the early part of May. An instructive book on plant life will be mailed to the one who, on or before November 1st, sends me the most attractive photographs and description.

THE TALLEST ANIMAL.

THE giraffe, with its unequal legs, sloping back, long neck and two horny knobs on the head, appears to be the most awkward animal in the menagerie. It is one of the most interesting, because it is so queer. Giraffes are brought from Africa, and are used only for exhibition in the circus or in zoölogical gardens. A few naturalists say that there are eleven species, while others think there is only one. Some giraffes have two horns, others three or even five. Those with two horns are the kind usually exhibited here. The entire number of giraffes in captivity is said not to exceed thirty, but to buy a single one takes from two thousand to six thousand dollars, according to its age.

When about three years old, one costs nearly three thousand dollars. It lives on vegetable food, which, in the menagerie, is usually put in a rack high up on the side of the cage, as the animal itself may be twenty feet high. In Africa it eats the leaves of certain trees, which it draws into the mouth by folding or wrapping its tongue around them. It is helped in this by the upper lip which projects beyond the lower, and is strongly muscular. The animal has great trouble to bring its mouth to the ground, and when it does so, it spreads the fore legs widely apart, and bends the back until it is almost semicircular. It seldom does this, except to drink or to pick up some delicate morsel of food. The legs on the same side move together, making what in horses is called the "pacing" gait. When attacked by its enemies it defends itself by kicking, the movements following one another so rapidly that the eye can scarcely follow them. A traveler in Africa says, "I know beyond a doubt, that it often tires out,



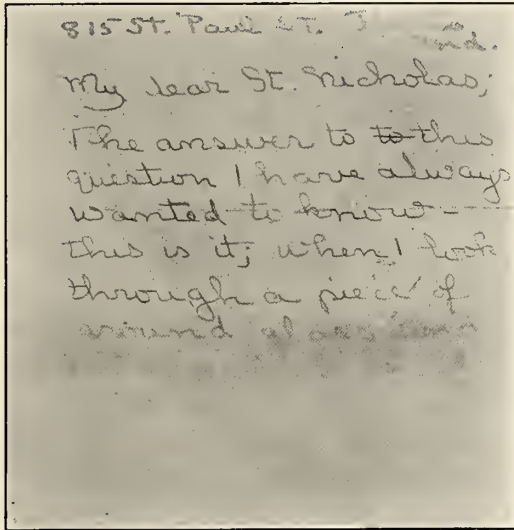
GIRAFFES PHOTOGRAPHED WITHIN THEIR PEN IN A CIRCUS TENT.

discourages and even beats off the lion." The horns are said never to be used as a defense, but the giraffe has been seen to butt with them when it is sporting with another giraffe.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."**SEEING THROUGH GROUND GLASS.**

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The answer to this question I have always wanted to know. When I look through a piece of ground glass, and put a picture right under it, I can see the



THE LETTER WAS PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH GROUND GLASS, AS EXPLAINED BELOW.

picture very plainly; but when I lift up the glass three or four inches, I cannot see it at all. Can you tell me why?

Your loving reader,

ROBERT WOOD (age 9).

I photographed your letter through a piece of ground glass. The upper part of the letter was pressed against the glass, and the lower part was purposely held away so that the bottom of the letter was about three inches from the glass. The first part of the letter showed clearly through the glass; the lower part of the letter became more and more indistinct the greater the distance from the glass; the bottom of the letter (the farthest from the glass) could not be seen, and does not show in the photograph.

The reason is that we see nearly everything by light reflected from its surface. When the ground glass is held in contact with an object, enough light passes through to be reflected in an amount sufficient to make that object faintly visible; and it appears so indistinct and so misty, because some of the light that passes back through the ground glass is scattered by the rough surface and lost. When the ground glass is raised above the object, the light is so scattered by the roughened surface, that not enough can pass

through to illuminate the object and to form an image in the eye, and it therefore remains invisible.

SEEING A HORSE IN A HORSE'S EYE.

HELENA, MONTANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This last summer while out of town for vacation, I went one day to the pasture to feed my pony some oats. On his coming at my call I rewarded him by the pail of oats. He put in his nose and began eating. I stepped to one side so as to look into his eye, and also to shade my face from the sun. In his eye, I was surprised to see the reflection of himself, and me. All was plainly to be seen except a little around his eyes, and the face or forehead.

I asked several people about how it was all visible, but received no satisfactory answer. Would you please be kind enough to tell me what you think it was caused by, and a most interested reader will be very thankful to you.

BESSIE LITTLE (age 13).

There seems to me to be but one of two theories or a combination of the two, that will explain the phenomenon noticed by the young scientist in Montana. The phenomenon was probably due to the fact that the pony had excessively prominent eyes, held the head in just the right position, and was in very good light. At the same time there must have been a combination of reflections, and it is possible that the young girl saw reflected on the cornea of the horse's eye the picture that was reflected from her own eye. This last explanation would account for the reflection of the horse, as described, while the reflection of the girl was direct.—PROFESSOR E. H. LEHNERT, D. V. S., Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Connecticut.

It seems to me that Professor Lehnert (who has had extended experience with horses) makes a reasonable explanation of the very curious observation. Our young folks who have opportunity will please try to verify it and "write to St. NICHOLAS about it."

SPIDERS' WEBS ON GRASS.

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been in the country lately, and have noticed a great many cobwebs on the grass,



OVER ONE HUNDRED SPIDERS' WEBS ON A SHORT TERRACE.

bushes, trees and even the telegraph wires. I do not understand why that is. Will you please explain it?

Your interested reader,

CATHERINE E. MONTGOMERY.

Spiders are more varied and plentiful than is commonly supposed. In almost every locality in



A NEAR VIEW OF ONE OF THESE WEBS SHOWING TINY, JEWEL-LIKE DROPS OF DEW.

the country at least three or four hundred species may be collected. In summer spiders abound on all kinds of plants, from grass to trees. It is only when the webs are covered with dew that they become especially conspicuous. The webs are then no more plentiful, but I often hear the question asked on dewy mornings or foggy days, "What makes so many more cobwebs than usual to-day?"

The collecting moisture makes especially noticeable the flat webs on the grass. These are made by members of the Agalenidæ family of spiders. Each has a noticeable tube at one side, in which the spider lives.

WHAT IS A LEAF?

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In regard to the question asked, "How many leaves has she?" and also the picture printed on page 173 of the ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1906, I wish to state the following:

The girl in the picture holds twelve (12) leaves. Those on the stem in her right hand are simple, that in her left being pinnately compound. The latter's midrib bears what seem to be separate leaves, but which in reality are small leaflets. That it is compound is shown by the facts:

(1) There are no buds in the axils of the leaflets.

(2) The blades of the leaflets are arranged horizontally, without any twist to their minute stalks.

(3) Arrangement of leaflets on the midrib does not follow any of the systems of leaf arrangement on the stem.

Had each leaflet of this pinnately-compound leaf been itself divided, the leaf would then have been described as being twice-compound. The acacia possesses twice-compound leaves.

Hoping to meet with your favorable opinion, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
FRED W. ISLES.

This letter not only states correctly the number of leaves, but also explains best what is a compound leaf. A book on nature study has been sent to the writer of this letter.

Most of the letters gave the number correctly, but failed to tell so well why the long specimen in the girl's left hand, as shown in the illustration, is to be regarded as one leaf. This leaf was from an ailantus tree. The others were wild cherry.

Many letters incorrectly stated the number as forty-three, and a few claimed the number as two!

The next best letter was from Miss Emilie M. Hendrie, Albany, N. Y.

SEEDS THAT ARE NOT EDIBLE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Are seeds of the orange and apple poisonous to eat? If so, what is the property that makes them so? I broke an orange seed in half and took out the kernel but I did not eat it for fear it was poisonous.

Yours truly,

KATHLEEN WHITE.

No, the seeds are not poisonous. But they are difficult for the stomach to digest, and for that reason they should be avoided.

HOW BIRDS SEE.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I started taking you this year and enjoy you very much. I am particularly interested in



THE FACE OF A YOUNG MARSH-HAWK.

"Nature and Science for Young Folks" because I love nature and am very fond of animals.

I have several pets of my own, including eight doves, six chickens (one chicken having seven young ones), and two white rats. Please tell me if a chicken can see straight ahead of itself. As its eyes seem to be on the side of its head I would not think it could. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

AN INTERESTED READER.

If you will look straight ahead, closing first one eye and then the other, you will perceive that each eye has its own field of vision and although the two are not quite the same, still they coincide in the center; that is, the left part of the right field and right part of the left coincide, and both eyes see straight ahead. This makes three fields of vision. Yet we have no trouble in making these three seem to be one. Even if the center of our faces were drawn forward to a point so as to make the central field of both eyes smaller, and the right and left field of each eye larger or even distinct, it seems probable that we should have no more difficulty in regarding the entire field of sight as one. So far as sight is concerned, the face of an owl or a hawk is not very different from ours. Judging from our own experience we might easily surmise that the center field for both eyes and the side field for each eye, all have about the same proportion. The many questions about a bird's method of uniting the two visual fields with an eye on each side of the head, would probably never have been asked if all birds had a face similar to that of the



THE FACE OF A PIGEON.

backwards. A photograph of the face of a bird taken with the bill pointing directly toward the center of the lens will show both eyes, which plainly see straight ahead, even though the lens is but a few inches from the tip of the bill. From the fact that birds readily pick up food, or fly through tangled thickets, it is evident that both eyes see in a central field directly in front as we do. It is also probable that the field of vision for each eye is larger than ours.

PECULIAR METHOD OF HUMMING-BIRD.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested one day last summer, in watching a ruby-throated humming-bird. It was feeding from some althea flowers not six feet from where I was sitting, and I could distinctly see every movement. Much to my surprise the humming-bird, instead of going into the flower, went below it, and inserted its bill between the corolla and the calyx. It did this to several flowers, and I did not see it go into any of them.

A few days later, I saw another humming-bird in the same place, but this one always went into the flower.

The only reason I can think of for the curious actions of the first ruby-throat is that, as there had been a shower a short time before, it was trying to get the water which may have run down inside of the flower and collected in the calyx as in a cup.

Is this the true reason? If not, what is the reason?

Your interested reader,

FRANCIS M. WESTON, JR.



THE FACE OF A CHICKEN.

hawk or the owl. In those that have a part of the face elongated to form a bill, the eyes hold the same relative position, though slanted a little

A large proportion of the food of humming-birds consists of small insects which are gleaned from flowers. The humming-birds mentioned by your correspondent were undoubtedly hunting insects on different parts of the flowers. In the first case mentioned the insects probably were driven from the central part of the flower by the previous shower and had sought shelter underneath where they attracted the attention of the humming-bird. —A. K. FISHER.

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"HEADING. BY CHARLES D. CORNWELL, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE GOBLIN OF ELFINDALE.

BY BERNARD F. TROTTER (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THE Goblin of Elfindale ages long
Had sung in the woodland his merry song.

He had lived in the far-off, golden day
When the Druids, under their oaks, held sway.

He had crouched with fear in his snug abode
When the Romans were making the woodland road.

He had heard the ring of the clanging blades
As the knights rode forth to the far Crusades.

And now, each day, when the sun was high,
He sang, as the stage-coach rattled by.

But at last he grew weary, and found a bed
On a bank of mosses; "I 'm tired," he said.

And no wonder he was, the poor little thing:
For a thousand years he 'd done nothing but sing.

So he rested, and knew not what passed on the way.
The leaves fell about him, and rotted away,

And the wild rose silently over him crept,
But still the Goblin of Elfindale slept.

But ah! he jumps! he 's awake at last!—
With a snort and a roar a great car flies past.

And the Goblin stared at the dust that rose,
And with elfin fingers he held his nose,

And the Goblin of Elfindale scratched his head,
"My whiskers! How long I 've slept," he said.



"A LEAGUE COMPETITOR." BY FERDINAND WEAD HAASIS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

THIS is our month of Humor. We have humorous poems, stories and pictures, which is to say, we have selected from the many contributions sent those which seemed to come nearest to filling the requirements of the competition that they should produce laughter, or at least a smile. Perhaps we have not selected well, for the sense of humor is a curious thing, and it may be that the poems and the stories and the pictures which amused the League editors will only bring sorrow to the hearts of certain of the League readers. But we have done our best, and even the little god of Mirth himself could not do more.

The question, "In what does humor consist?" has been often asked, and perhaps has never been very satisfactorily answered in any single sentence. There seem to be so many kinds of it. Sometimes it takes the form of wit, which is the apt expression of an oblique turn of thought. Sometimes

it consists in mere ridicule, which is seldom worthy, and is frequently dangerous. Sometimes it is just a play upon words, and this is not the best form of humor. Indeed, the punning habit is to be shunned as a disease, and those who have it in its more violent forms should be secluded. Sometimes very good humor consists chiefly in absurd comparisons and exaggeration, but this must be done by a skilful hand or only the less intelligent will find it amusing. Perhaps the most satisfactory form of humor is that which depicts some ludicrous event, or series of events, with that nice art and imagination which makes the picture clear and simple, leading to a well-



"WHERE'S THAT THORN?" BY CLEM DICKEY, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE.)

rounded finish or climax; and if there is a poetic touch or underlying pathos which comes to the surface here and there, then surely the art has reached its best expression.

But some one may be moved to ask, "What is meant by a ludicrous event?" and if we answer, "It is an event in which there is usually a surprise or a series of surprises of an absurd kind," the same questioner might inquire "What makes a surprise absurd, and what is the difference between a surprise that is absurd and one that is n't?" And if we tried to answer that we should presently find ourselves in very deep water. We probably should n't try at all, but just stand on the bank and declare that surprise is the very essence of humor, and then if he made one more inquiry, we should perhaps destroy the questioner, which might be a surprise to him and a service to the world at large.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 87.

(Subjects announced in January.)

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Margaret L. Brett** (age 17), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Bernard F. Trotter** (age 16), Woodstock College, Woodstock, Ontario, Can.

Silver badges, **Margaret Crawford** (age 13), Oak Park, Ill.; **Marjorie S. Harrington** (age 14), Box 2, Andover, N. J., and **Katharine Robinson** (age 15), 119 11th St., Racine, Wis.

Prose. Gold badges, **Velma Jolly** (age 13), Versailles, Ill.; and **Annie Stowell** (age 14), R. F. D. 1, Hannibal, Mo.

Silver badges, **Mildred Seitz** (age 16), 310 Stuyvesant Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Katharine P. English** (age 12), 390 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn., and **Alice Cabell Clopton** (age 11), Casanova, Va.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Charles D. Cornwell** (age 15), 3418 High Ave., Louisville, Ky.; **Winifred Hutchings** (age 13), 1578 Barret Ave., Louisville, Ky., and **Muriel E. Halstead** (age 13), Seiger Hotel, El Paso, Tex.

Silver badges, **Walter Oehrle** (age 14), 2567 Dodge St., Omaha, Neb.; **Margaret Ramsay** (age 14), 1725 First St., Louisville, Ky., and **M. Alban Forsyth** (age 16), 914 Hemlock St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Photography. Gold badge, **Ferdinand Wead Haasis** (age 17), 78 Seminary Ave., Rahway, N. J.

Silver badges, **Margaret W. Shaw** (age 13), Ft. Slo-cum, N. Y., and **Clem Dickey** (age 10), 1909 Binney St., Omaha, Neb.

Wild-Creature Photography. First prize, "Black Ducks on the Ice," by **Hugh M. A. McEachran** (age 14), 505 Sherbrook St. W., Montreal, Can. Second prize, "Rocky Mountain Sheep," by **Dorothy Kenly** (age 12), North Yakima, Washington. Third prize, "Live Fish in Water," by **Cleaneay Linn** (age 14), Canton, Mo. Fourth prize (silver badge), "Squirrels," by **Oswald C. Brewster** (age 10), 1705 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Puzzle-Making. Gold Badges, **Helen Whitman** (age 12), 1325 Greenwood St., Evanston, Ill., and **Walter Strickland** (age 14), 1687 Bathgate Ave., New York City.

Silver Badges, **Cornelia M. Hallam** (age 13), 743 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn., and **Alvin C. Rosenblatt** (age 11), 258 West 94th St., New York City.

Puzzle-Answers. Gold badges, **Emily Smith** (age 15), 550 Winthrop St., Toledo, O., and **Harriet Scofield** (age 14), 1010 Bellefontaine Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

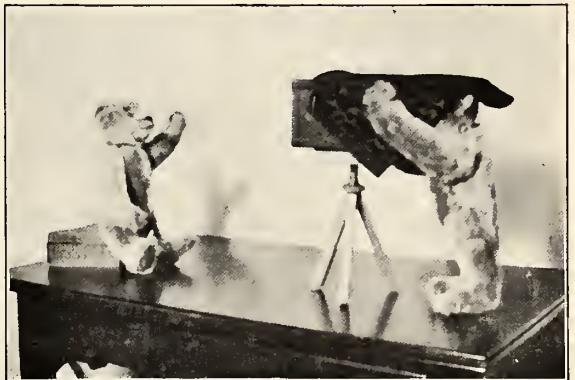
Silver badges, **Francis Edmonds Tyng, Jr.** (age 10), 309 Casino Ave., Cranford, N. J., and **Erma Quinby** (age 15), 24 Stratford Pl., Newark, N. J.

BETTY.

BY VELMA JOLLY (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

GRANDMOTHER GREY had given each of her three grandchildren a text to learn every morning since the last New



"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE." BY MARGARET W. SHAW,
AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Year, and had promised a new gold-piece to the one who could remember the most texts at the end of the year.

Tom and Jack, her two grandsons—aged ten and eight respectively—scoffed at the suggestion that little five-year-

old Betty could learn over three hundred texts in a year. The idea!

But time soon proved to them their mistake. When Betty once learned a text, she never forgot it. However, the trouble lay in convincing her of its real meaning. She would never believe that the maxim, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," did not apply to mischief as well as to work. It took her grandmother two weeks to convince her that the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" had anything to do with eating jam from the pantry shelf without asking leave.

On the other hand, she was very easily convinced whenever Tom wanted to go fishing on Sunday, or when Jack came home with a black eye and a very lame excuse to accompany it, that he was in the wrong; and accordingly she reproved him by quoting some text she thought had to do with his case.

Then, too, Betty had another fault—a hasty temper, one which would blaze up in a minute and die down again almost as quickly. Perhaps it was made more so by her brothers, who were



"BLACK DUCK ON THE ICE." BY HUGH M. A. MCEACHRAN, AGE 14.
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

AN AMUSING SKETCH.

BY ALICE CABELL CLOPTON (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

SEVERAL years ago a friend gave us a parrot.

Polly had a very sharp bill of which we all stood somewhat in awe except Jane Richards, our colored nurse. She petted Polly a great deal, who received it very graciously. Polly talked incessantly and seemed perfectly at home, but she would n't come out of her cage.

We coaxed in vain.

One day after many fruitless attempts to coax Polly from her cage, we decided upon a desperate plan. It was this: Jane the Bold was to take Polly forcibly from her cage! Before undertaking this task Jane wrapped a cloth about her hands.

When Jane put her hands in the cage Polly gave a loud and disapproving cry. As Jane's hands drew nearer and nearer to Polly, the parrot's eyes grew larger and larger, and Polly's cry grew louder and louder, until, as Jane's hands just touched her, the bird gave the most ear-splitting scream we had ever heard.

We fled from the room in terror! Even Jane the Bold! As we looked cautiously through the door, Polly looked at us serenely and in the most complacent tone said, "Hello! Polly wants a cracker!"

A "SURE CURE" PATENT.

BY MARGARET L. BRETT (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

BOBBY had a toothache
To the dentist he must go;
Bobby did n't seem to care,
Cautiously he brushed his hair
And arranged his crimson bow.
So Bobby to the dentist went,
But in the chair a patient spent
An hour of vital groaning;
Bobby listened thoughtfully
Listened to this awful moaning,
Then the ache by quick degree
Departed very suddenly—
And Bobby too.



"ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP." BY DOROTHY KENLY, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

always teasing her just to provoke her into making a display of it.

On one occasion, when Jack had stepped on her favorite terrier's foot, she seized a large dipper full of water, from the well near by, and threw it at his head. In a moment she had repented her hasty action, but that would not restore the freshness to Jack's newly-starched linen, nor would it prevent her from receiving punishment, should her mother find her out.

But her fears were soon dispelled. Tom (who literally ruled Jack), seeing a chance of a joke, told her that if she could give some text to excuse herself from giving Jack such a ducking, neither he nor Jack would ever tell the matter.

For once, Betty was puzzled. Then, her little round face dimpled up and she utterly cleared herself (before her brothers) by saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."



"LIVE FISH IN WATER." BY CLEANEAY LINN, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"SQUIRRELS." BY OSWALD C. BREWSTER, AGE 10.
(FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

BY ANNIE STOWELL (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ONE summer, a few years ago, when I visited my grandfather who lived on a farm, he had a calf named Buckey. Grandpa was about seventy-three years old and the calf was about nine weeks old when the incident about which I am going to tell occurred.

Grandpa had been tying Buckey to a small log, but Buckey could drag the log around with him wherever he wanted to go and it did not keep him out of the garden.

Grandpa decided that it would be better to drive an iron stake into the ground and tie Buckey to that.

Knowing that Buckey would butt over anything that came in his way Grandpa gave him a pail full of bran and milk to eat. Thinking that he could drive the stake while Buckey ate his bran and milk, Grandpa began to drive the stake into the ground. Buckey soon finished eating his breakfast. Seeing Grandpa stooping over driving the stake into the ground, he made a rush for Grandpa. Grandpa was just in the act of raising the sledge hammer to strike when Buckey reached him. Away went hammer and away went Grandpa on Buckey's back.

Not being very tall Grandpa's feet lacked a little of touching the ground. Grandpa would slide over to one side and get one foot almost to the ground when Buckey would lunge forward and throw Grandpa back where he was in the first place.

Not being tied Buckey was free to go where he pleased, and he evidently pleased to go all over the barn-yard.

Buckey had on a leather collar and Grandpa caught hold of this and pulled with all his might. Doing this choked Buckey so that he had to stop and Grandpa quickly alighted from his novel steed on which he had been forced to mount so unceremoniously.

When Grandpa went back to finish driving the stake into the ground he took great pains to have Buckey tied.

My Grandmother and I were the only spectators of this comical scene.



"LUXURY." BY ELINOR P. LYON, AGE 13.

THE WOOLLY BEAR.

BY ETHEL B. YOUNGS (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge Winner.*)

CHUBBY and queer-looking
Lovely and brown:
Teddy, the woolly bear,
Talk of the town.

Sweaters and caps for him,
Mittens and socks,
Overalls, foot-ball suit,
In a trunk-box.

He is the jauntiest
Merriest chap—
Squeaks when you give him
A gentle small tap.



"GOOD AMERICANS." BY ARTHUR BLUE, AGE 13.

Everyone loves him for
He is so cute!
See him—capped, mitted, furred—
In his street suit!

Chubby and ever so
Cunning and brown:
Teddy, the woolly bear,
Talk of the town.

A FUNNY EXPERIENCE.

BY KATHARINE P. ENGLISH

(AGE 12.)

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONE hot day in summer when we were up in the White Mountains, our dog Jack was wandering through the kitchen wagging his tail very hard; a large sheet of fly-paper was lying on the table, he wagged his tail on it and it stuck. He thought there was a queer feeling on the end of his tail, and when he looked around and saw this enormous thing flapping in the wind, he got scared and rushed out of the back door, down the steps and out into the back yard; there he rushed around and around.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

"A HEADING," BY WINIFRED HUTCHINGS, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE.)

Our yard connects with the golf links, and the people there laughed and laughed to see him go. Some people thought he was mad and became scared. The people sat on the club-house porch and watched poor Jack tearing madly around our back yard. Some caddies tried to catch him, but he always bounded away from them, so they soon stopped. When every one had gone back to the club-house porch to watch him, he took another look at the fly-paper, and when he saw it was still there he was furious. He ran around and around to catch the end of his tail but he could not. Soon he stopped, then my sister came up to him; she took a large pair of shears and cut the fly-paper off. Jack got over it in a few days, but while we had him he never got fly-paper on his tail again.

WHERE POP-CORN GROWS.

BY MARJORIE S. HARRINGTON (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

ALONG a shady path one day,
A tall young soldier slowly strolled;
Upon his shoulder he had placed
A little girl, just two years old.

Near by, a cherry orchard stood,
In all the soft white bloom of May;

The light wind stirred the blossoms sweet,
Which danced and bowed with laughter gay.

The birds among the blossoms white,
Poured forth their loud and joyous lays;
Thankful for all the joy around,
And for the coming summer days.

Into the branches gazed the child,
While sounded loud the hum of bees;
Then turning to her uncle said,
"Does pop-corn grow on cherry-trees?"

[My mother was the little girl.]

THE GOAT AND THE SEE-SAW.

BY MILDRED SEITZ (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

BILLY is a small white goat with long silky hair and large, innocent topaz eyes. He lives in the country and the road in front of the yard where he lives is a favorite promenade for the babies of the neighborhood who both delight in and fear Mr. Goat.

One day his little master and mistress left a see-saw vacant within the limits of his rope. Billy had watched the children playing on it with great interest, and now that they had deserted it he determined to try it himself. One end of the board touched the ground and up this he gravely marched with a just-see-me air. With quite unexpected suddenness and force, Master Goat found himself on the ground with a queer sensation under his chin, while the end of the board on which he had just been walking, was, much to his surprise and indignation, high in the air.

He looked at the strange affair, and determination showed itself in his eyes when with a ba-a which plainly said, "I'll show you who's who," he cautiously began the ascent. The board rocked unsteadily but this time the training of his ancestors stood by him and Billy stayed on. He carefully walked down again and, after patiently experimenting a few times, succeeded in balancing himself on the right part of the board and see-sawing to perfection, much to his delight and that of the audience which had gathered by that time at the foot of the lawn and was applauding him vigorously.

Billy was very proud of his performance and was always willing to show off whenever we wished him to.



"A CATAclysm." BY WALTER OEHRLE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A HUMOROUS STORY.

BY DOROTHY FISHER (AGE 13).

MY little cousin, aged six, is a very good girl when she wants to be good, but can be very naughty and mischievous if she chooses.

Her mother wished to impress on her mind that if a person yielded to temptation once, it would be much easier to do so the next time, so that in time they would be naughty all the time.

So she told her the story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in as simple words as possible.

My cousin could not understand the story exactly, and she could not think of asking questions; but apparently hoping for an explanation, she was overheard to tell her grandmother her version of the story.

"Once upon a time," said she, "there was a little boy. He was a very good little boy, but sometimes he was very naughty.

"So when he was bad he would run out and 'hide,' but when he was good he would go and 'juggle.'"

THE NOISES OF THE FARMYARD.

BY MARION HUSSEY (AGE 8).

"QUACK! quack!" said the duck,
 "Cluck! cluck!" said the hen,
 "Moo! moo!" said the cow,
 And when just then

The cat came along
 And replied "mee-ow,"
 And soon came the dog
 A-crying "bow-wow";

Then along came the horse
 With his pleasant "neigh, neigh";
 And that was the noise
 Of that farmyard that day.



"A HEADING." BY MARGARET RAMSAY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A NONSENSE VERSE.

BY KATHARINE ROBINSON (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

THE tall pines are pining for winter,
 The hair of the hare-bells is white,
 The blue of the blue-bells is fading,
 The nightingales sing all the night.

The cow-slips away while the breezes
 Are stripping the grand old trees bare,
 The bull-rushes madly at something,
 The horse-flies up in the air.

The bumblebee bumbles as usual,
 The cabbage-patch patches as well,
 The threshold was holding its utmost—
 When the door-stepped out gaily and fell.

The corn stalks are stalking their fastest
 The grasshopper hops in his tracks,
 The pawpaws have paused in their labor,
 The crickets have "cricks" in their backs.

The bull-dog is dogging his footsteps,
 The watch it is watching him too,
 The rain it is reigning with glory,
 The crocus is croaking for you.

The sign post is posting its posters,
 The hail it is hailing a hack,
 The cards are discarding their lowest,
 And the trumpet is trumping a Jack.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

MAY 1907.



"HEADING." BY MURIEL E. HALSTEAD, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

REMARKS OF A BLACK CAT.

BY DOROTHY TENNEY (AGE 12).

My name is Abdul Hassan
 My mistress says "assassin!"
 When she discovers I have killed a little bird;
 When I come into the house,
 In my mouth a little mouse,
 I 'm the smartest little puss that ever purred.

When I stand on all four feet,
 Coax in pleading tones for meat,
 She says "Oh! You 're a nuisance, I declare."
 When on two hind legs I stand,
 Drooping paws and accents bland,
 I am hugged and fed and called a "darling bear."

Now my mistress signs her name,
 I will try to do the same—
 "Oh! you naughty, naughty puss"—then stopped to laugh,
 "Everybody come and see
 What my kitty 's done for me,
 He 's inked his paw and made his thumb-o-graph."



BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

Miss Sarah Aramantia Green
 Went out to call one day,
 Accom'nyed by her sisters, two;
 All in their best array.

Miss Aramantia dressed in red;
 Miss Jane in pale green silk;
 The other, Miss Amanda Green,
 In brocade white as milk.

They carried shawls of black or white,
 To suit each lady's pride.
 They carried bags of leather fine,
 And parasols beside.

The hostess welcomed them with grace
 Inviting them to tea.
 She praised their bows and "furbelows,"
 So courteous was she.

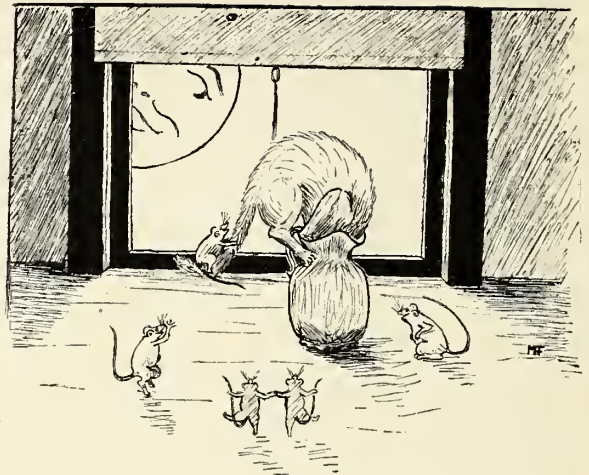
The three guests praised the biscuits fine
 And little cakes and tea.
 The hostess smiled, and as she smiled,
 Passed round refreshments free.

Miss Aramantia and her friends
 Then homeward made their way,
 With pleasant words and kind "adieux,"
 They 'd had a happy day.

THE QUESTIONER.

BY MARY CASS CANFIELD (AGE 13).

BENEDICT THOMAS was small. Benedict Thomas was restless; and Benedict Thomas loved to ask questions. This combination, I believe, is frequent. In Benedict



"THE IRONY OF FATE." BY M. ALBAN FORSYTH, AGE 16.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

Thomas's case it would have been almost impossible for him to live if he had not asked at least ten questions a minute! Rainy day usually ended in his being sent to bed without supper. Such was his inquiring turn of mind.

On the particular rainy day of which I am speaking, Benny (as he was familiarly called) had not failed to present the usual number of inquiries. Consequently by three o'clock he was forced to take refuge in the kitchen, having been expelled in the most vigorous fashion from every other room in the house by its irate inmates. Mary, the cook, was patient. That's why Benny went to the kitchen as his last resource. But even Mary's patience was exhausted by the time Benny went to sleep or at least pretended to, and watching his opportunity, pulled the cat's tail when that poor animal was least expecting it! Of course, he asked all manner of questions and pried into everything. Finally, Mary could control herself no longer. "Master Benny," she cried, after that young man had upset a box of salt upon the floor, "I don't mind your sitting here if you 'll keep quiet, but you 've got to behave yourself. I 'll tell you right now I 'll chase you out of this kitchen if you won't sit down on that chair and not ask one more question!" Benny, awed by this threat, promised and for a few minutes, really kept quiet. Presently, Mary went out of the room. She was just going to get some milk for the pudding she was making, she told Benny. When she came back she went on with her pudding. Soon she noticed Benny wriggling. When Benny wriggled it meant more questions! His wriggles became frantic. Finally he broke the silence. "Mary," he ventured. "Well," she asked. "May I just ask one more question?" Mary heaved a sigh—her tone was long-suffering. "Well, then," queried Benedict Thomas, "which side of the pan did you pour the milk out of?"

And Mary said, "The inside!"

TEDDY BEAR.

BY KATE CHEESMAN (AGE 9).

I HAVE a little Teddy Bear
 That said he had no doubt
 That he could kick his arms and legs
 All around about.

And when I look at Teddy
 I love him more than all
 The toys around about
 The scattered nursery hall.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am so fond of you! Every month, days before the appointed time, I am saying to everybody: "My ST. NICHOLAS will soon be here! My ST. NICHOLAS will soon be here!" And I say it so many times that mother and father are glad when it comes, for two reasons; one is, then I will stop saying you will soon be here and another reason is that they would rather have me read you than anything else. And when you come, I just read and read and read until I have read every single thing in you, and then I am so sorry there is nothing more. My brother took you for years and liked you very much. I am staying in the "oldest city in the United States," and it certainly is a quaint old place. I am staying right on the Matanzas bay, and from our upper balcony, we have a beautiful view of Anastasia island and the ocean beyond. The old cathedral, slave market, city gates and fort are very interesting.

Your loving and interested reader,
CHRISTINE R. BAKER (age 12).

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you for my pretty silver badge, and tell you my little experience I had before I knew that I had won a prize. On the 7th of last September I received two postals from ST. NICHOLAS members who had seen my name in the ST. NICHOLAS. The next day I received three, and all had seen my name in the ST. NICHOLAS. Well, I began to wonder how my name got in the ST. NICHOLAS. On account of the earthquake here I had delayed buying the September number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and so did not know that I had won a prize. The next day I bought a ST. NICHOLAS and to my surprise when I opened it my eyes fell on my own picture, and saw that I had won a silver badge. Oh, how happy I was, I could hardly wait till I got home to tell mama about it.

And now I have my silver badge and how beautiful it is!

Thanking you for my silver badge again, I am,
Your loving reader,
CHRISTINA NIELSEN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although having passed the age limit I venture to send you a little poem expressing my gratitude for the interest you have taken in me and my work. You have most generously bestowed prizes upon me during the six years I have been a member of the League. Now, that I can no longer contribute, it seems as if a great pleasure had suddenly been taken from my life. It is impossible to express the joy and benefit I have received from the League.

Though I may not contribute any more to the League, believe me ever,
Your enthusiastic reader,
ALICE SHIRLEY WILLIS.

FAREWELL TO THE LEAGUE

THE time has come when I must part
From thee, dear friend of my young days,
I sadly go with heavy heart,
And backward turn with longing gaze.

Since first I joined the ranks of those
Who "Live to Learn and Learn to Live"
I've felt the pleasure toil bestows,
And peace that honest efforts give.

Through thee, dear League, at length I learned
The worth that lies in work well done;
The crowning joy of honors earned,
And of success through failure won;

The bitter sweetness of despair,
Which doth engender latent hope.
With haste, impatience, lack of care,
Thou too, hast taught me how to cope.

Since I must say farewell this week,
And in the broader school of life
My own salvation surely seek,
And bear my share of toil and strife,

I wish to thank thee, ere I go,
For all that thou has done for me.
To thee my first attempts I owe,
Whatever I may do or be.

ALICE SHIRLEY WILLIS.



"A HEADING." BY MARY FALCONER,
AGE 14.

THE BALDWIN SCHOOL, BRVN MAWR, PA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for my beautiful gold badge. I appreciate and value it more than anything I possess, because I earned it myself. I nearly had heart-failure though, when, on casually glancing through the magazine for January, I discovered my name among the prize winners. It was certainly unexpected enough.

This is a fine boarding school, and we have the best times ever. There are a hundred and eight girls, so we have to have a large building and grounds, which makes it seem almost like the country, and as the grounds are laid out in hockey and tennis and basket-ball courts, we have plenty of outdoor fun.

I must close now, as duty calls with the voice of the bell, for study-hour.

Very sincerely your reader,
KATHARINE L. CARLINGTON.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As the old year died I celebrated my sixteenth birthday, and dear me! I feel quite ancient when I count sixteen on my fingers now.

This year I have made a firm resolution to contribute regularly to the League.

The Shakespeare Chapter, of which I am treasurer, is composed of five members. Two of the members, the president and secretary, live in Ohio. One of the members lives in Rockland, Maine, another lives in North Carolina and I, although born in Tennessee, live in New York now. It is also one of the rules of

our chapter that each member must either send in a contribution each month or else pay a fine of ten cents.

We had thought that we would donate this money to some charity fund, but some of the girls have some other plan in mind.

We have great good times together (by means of weekly letters) and our chapter is growing rapidly, as at first there were only two members.

With best wishes for all possible prosperity and success for you, I remain,
Your interested Leaguer,

RUTH A. RUSSELL (age 16).

TARBORO', N. C.

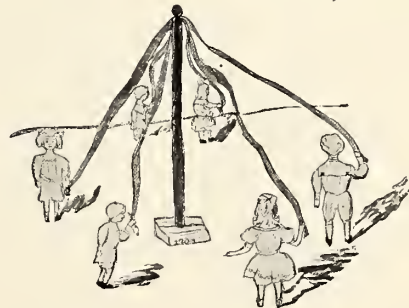
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is with a heart full of sorrow that I send you to-day my farewell to the League.

I cannot express my thanks, dear ST. NICK, for the help given me, just when it was most needed, and for all the pleasure and encouragement that has so brightened my life.

The gold and silver badges and the cash prize awarded me, are golden links in the chain of memory, that will carry me back always to the friends I am leaving; and will give me strength to win the other prizes in the great world I must enter.

I have striven to be a faithful member, and in interest will still remain one. Now I must say farewell, as I have reached the age limit, but will still sign myself as ever,

Your devoted member,
MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD.



"MAY." BY SALLY CALKINS WOOD, AGE 9.

OTHER valued letters have been received from Ruth Havemier Darden, Muriel E. Halstead, Samuel Rosen, Rosamonde Fisher, Elizabeth C. Beale, Carl Putnam, Kathleen Atkinson, Elizabeth Parkins, Elizabeth Pilsbry, Maud Mallett, Carol Bird, Edith Benedict, Nathan Saunders, Elsie Z. Reinhart, Martha G. Schreyer, Margaret Alban Forsyth, Florence Mackey, Lillian Darenport, Ruth C. Duncan, Agnes Sanger, Herbert B. Sherman, Eleanor Augusta Sykes, Sarah Evans Wright, Catherine W. Cutler, Margaret Richmond, Margaret P. Jaques, Ruth E. Abel, Kathryn I. Wellman.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 932. "Minnehaha Chapter." Annie Snow, President; Dorothy Grant, Secretary; seven members. Address, 21 Eden Street, Bar Harbor, Maine.

No. 933. "The P. S. S." Buford Brice, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, Quarters R., The Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.

No. 934. Clara Imberg, President; Anita Frey, Secretary and Treasurer; fifteen members. Address, 112 Precita Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

No. 935. Elizabeth Johnston, President; eight members. Address, No. Cleveland Ave., Canton, Ohio.

No. 936. "The Euterpeans." Mary Dabney, President; Julia S. Ball, Secretary; twenty-five members, two honorary members. Address, 1225 10th St., Watervliet, New York.

No. 937. "The Daisy Chapter." Mollie Devein, President; Dora Boutflouret, Secretary; six members. Address, Scorhill, Ulverston, Tasmania.

No. 938. "St. Nicholas Club." Christine Schoff, President; Gladys Lightfoot, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, Norfolk, Conn.

No. 939. Charles Bayly, President; Harrison Dimmitt, Secretary and Treasurer; eight members. Address, 965 Pearl St., Denver, Colorado.

No. 940. Frank E. Vaughan, President; Edward Hewins, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, Hampton, Va.

No. 941. Herbert S. Gardner, President; Herbert B. Sherman, Secretary; eight members. Address, 19 Glenn Street, Whitman, Mass.

No. 942. "Six Merry Maids." Jeanette Griffin, President; Arline Davis, Secretary; six members. Address, Watonga, Okla.

No. 943. "The Good Time Club." Katie Schermerhorn, President; Harriet Guinnes, Secretary; five members. Address, 320 W. 107th St., New York City.

No. 944. Austin Lescarbroure, President; Alfred Beer, Secretary; five members. Address, 320 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City.

No. 945. "The Peter Pan." Elizabeth Best, President; Margaret Fahr, Secretary. 1087 Water St., Meadville, Pa.

No. 946. "The Clover Club." Genevieve Evans, President; Helen Holliday, Secretary; six members. Address, Corydon, Iowa.

No. 947. "The Minne-haha Chapter." Margaret Feurer, President; Elizabeth Pillsbury, Secretary; five members. Address, Oak Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 948. Marion Hussey, President; Eleanor Hussey, Secretary; four members. Address, No. 417 Summer Street, Stamford, Connecticut.

No. 949. "St. Nicholas Do It Circle." Catharine W. Pittman, President; Elizabeth Patch, Secretary; nine members. Address, Woodside, Framingham, Mass.

No. 950. "Maple Leaf Club." Margaret H. Chant, President; Marguerite Wessels, Secretary. Address, 377 Huron Street, Toronto, Ontario.

No. 951. Helen Lyon, President; Maude Vos, Secretary; Address, 1726 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md.



"HEADING." BY LUCIA E. HALSTEAD, AGE 15. (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.

VERSE 1.

Frances Hyland	Beatrice Morgan	Allen Frank Brewer
Kathleen C. Betts	Etta C. Brown	Nan Pierson
Irene Marie Butler	Alliene S. Dechant	Lena M. Duncan
Susanne Howe	Dorothy MacPherson	Margaret Eleanor
Twila A. McDowell	Alice Hazel Marinds	Hibbard
Florence Forristall	Elizabeth Bean	B. K. Webber
Neill C. Wilson	Florence Dwight	Carol F. Cotton
Robert R. Humphrey	Hester Gunning	Rosalie Waters
Isabel D. Weaver	J. R. Watts, Jr.	Frances L. Hayes, Jr.
Helen M. Adams	Edith C. Goodkind	Beulah Elizabeth
Ella Neely	Marion Boyd	Amidon
Alice Brabant	Mildred Allen	Florence M. Ward
Kate Sprague DeWolf	Agnes F. Wood	Eleanor V. Kellogg
Jessie K. Morris	Louise M. Wiley	Margaret Hotchkiss
Garnet C. Trott	Josephine Whitbeck	Esther P. Turner
Dorris Neel	Mary Bickford Elliott	George C. Porter
Robert E. Innis	Elkas Lewi	Madeleine Dillay
Margaret Douglass	A. Benjamin	Miriam Thompson
Gordon	Dorothea S. Dandridge	Miriam Gurney
Grace J. Conner	Temple Burling	Blanche Bloch
Aileen Hylan	Ruth Brownson	Minnabelle Summy
Magdelene Craft	Betty McVickar	Edward G. Gay, Jr.
E. Adelaide Hahn	Dorothy Long	Primrose Laurence
Elizabeth C. Beale	E. Babette Deutsch	Elsie F. Weil
Doris F. Halman	Josephine Freund	Sumner H. Slichter
Frances A. Emmons	Lois A. Kelly	Pauline Buell
Lewis S. Combs	Carol Thompson	Herbert T. Scanlon
William G. Eliot	Leland C. McDowell	Buford Brice
Eleanor Johnson	Miriam Romaine	Gracia Moule
	Katherine Crosby	Eleanor Scott Smith
	Ethel Andrews	Anita G. Lynch
	Emily Holmes	Dorothy B. Stockin
	Evelyn Buchan	Charlotte Richmond

VERSE 2.

Richard R. Montgomery
Mary D. Buttemer
Elizabeth Toof
Annie Laurie Hillyer
Henrietta G. Slater
Alice Nevin Mitman
Louise F. Spear

PROSE 1.

Mary Cass Canfield
Elliott C. Bergen
Elizabeth R. Hirsch
Langston Moffett
James Boyd Hunter, Jr.
Louise M. Anawalt
Katharine R. Newmann
Elizabeth K. Stark
Alice J. Sawyer
Bertha Rubens
Frances Shillaber

Mary Steele Curtis
Elizabeth Brandeis
Grace E. Moore
Conway Berry Barbour
Dorothy Sleigman
Dorothy Rhein
Isabella McPherson
Alma Krause
Margaret Pritchard
Eleanor S. Wilson
George Louis Sill

PROSE 2.

Nellie Shane
Sarah C. Jones
Mary Graham Bonner
Ignacio Bauer
Helen Marie Kountz
Josephine Steinvender
Walter S. Marvin
Elizabeth Meyer
Kitty Brown
Blanche Leeming
Marian L. Scott
Jean Plant
Knowles Entrikin
Marion Cynthia Stuart
Elizabeth P. Marvin
Elsa Weber
Margaret Jaques
Christine Funkhouser
Dorothy Alice Dunston
Juniora Fairfield
William R. Deeble
Matilda Frumkes
Dorothy Quintard
Eleanor Meade
Margaret Shepardson
Brian C. Curtis
Janet Jacobi
Enid Van Alstine
Marjorie Trotter
Margaret McGilvary
Judith S. Russell
Robert R. Mill
Florence M. Hewlett

Therese Born
Frances Stoughton
Sarah Tilgman
Hope Daniel
Mildred Hall
Kathleen A. Mitchell
Margaret Barrette
Helen M. Stormstedt
Gerard Allen
Mary Burnett
Ruth W. Seymour
Elma Wilson
Charles J. Hewson
Samuel Sinberg
H. VanDyke Jo hns
Elizabeth Black
Kathryn Decker
Helen Snyder
Elizabeth Holmes
Hazeline
Clarice Barry
Ella L. Joseph
Annie R. Wimberly
Louise E. Grant
Lilian Beatty
Margaret S. Budd

DRAWING 1.

Everard McAvoy
Margaret Gray
Leslie White
Leila M. Taylor
May Honey
Margaret H. Beggs
Peggy Guy
Ruth Allen
Marjory Bates
Alice Chauncey
Marjorie Barrows
Kathleen Buchanan
Marshall Cutler
Stanley C. Low
Marie Béguouën
Mary Woods
Jane Nelson Marr
E. Buchanan

Mayme Lois Jones
Michael Kepso
Dorothea Lyster
A. Olive Gardner
Eleanor Frances Welsh
Leonie Nathan
Myron C. Nutting
Albertina L. Pitkin
Charles E. Mansfield
Bertrand Kelton Hart
Kathryn Maddock
Isadore Kronman
Sarah Coffin
Katherine Dulcebella
Barbour
Harry J. Harding
Chester M. Runels
Virginia Frand
Webb Mellin Siemens
Frank H. Smith
Hazel Halstead
Katharine Thompson
Frank Nankivell
Mary Klauder
Dorothy Wellington
Grace Badger
Helen S. McLanahan
Margaret Osborne
Helen Booth
Gerald L. Kaufman
Catherine Snell
Ruth J. Perry
Lorenzo Hamilton
Francis D. Whittemore
Euphame C. Mallison
Ralph E. Thompson
Nancy Barnhart
W. R. Lohse

DRAWING 2.

Rachel L. Field
Molly Thayer
Vera Steele
Ezra Draper Hart
Janet Dexter
Armine Morris

Edith H. Ross
 Marguerite Bedford
 Fannie Bell Ostrom
 Muriel Tytler
 Nellie Hagan
 Elbert F. Moore
 Emily W. Browne
 Marjorie L. Sewell
 Ruth Parshall Brown
 George Mastick
 Charlotte Waugh
 Stella Benson
 Laura E. Guy
 J. B. Stenbuck
 Alice Orrell Smith
 Mary Powel
 Robert B. Macatee
 Will L. Greenaway
 Dorothy Douglas
 Mary Jadowsky
 Stella B. Ashton
 Sybil Emerson
 Elizabeth Hicks
 Mary E. Billings
 Oliver Margetson
 Roy Ward
 Marjorie E. Chase
 Albert Mitchell
 Frank McCaughey, Jr.
 Dorothy B. Loye
 Susan Jeanette
 Appleton
 Katharine L. Havens
 George R. Mosle, Jr.
 J. Charles O'Brien, Jr.
 Jeanne Demêtre
 Theresa R. Robbins
 Dorothy L. Dade
 Paul Alter McCaughey
 Marian Walter
 Ida L. Parfitt
 William Bohm
 Laura C. Gibson
 Margaret E. Kelsey
 Gladys Nolan
 Constance S. Cushman
 M. Udell Sill
 Éulalie Barker
 Dorothy M. Fargo
 John T. Snyder
 Cecil Walsh
 Alma W. Ward
 Barbara N. Richardson
 Catherine Alpers
 Alida Billingham
 Harold F. Weston
 Virginia Gladys
 Kennard
 Dorothy Rieber
 Eleanor Campbell
 Ida R. Vedder
 Maria Bullitt

Evelyn M. Mactavish
 Earnest Townsend
 Theodora Troendle
 Charlotte Werner
 Alice Peacock
 Christine Rowley
 Baker
 Marion T. Myers
 J. Dearborn Lucas
 Frederick Jones
 Hortense Brylawski
 Beryl Morse
 A. R. Runyon, Jr.
 Josephine Van de
 Gift
 Marion Tiffany
 Irving C. Whittemore
 Esther Christensen
 Lucile Johns

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

George N. Palmer
 Elizabeth B. Smith
 William Dow Harvey
 Helen Frances
 Margaret Slocum
 Marie A. Pierson
 Edwin C. Brown
 Franc P. Daniels
 Marjorie Walbridge
 Brown
 Rutherford Platt, Jr.
 Mary Farquhar
 Baker
 Bicknell Hall, Jr.
 Fairfield Eager
 Raymond

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Sidney S. Walcott
 Fred Dohrmann
 Eunice L. House
 Victor Engelhard, Jr.
 Dwight B. Pangborn
 Irene Jamison
 Maxwell Johnson
 Arthur Fisher
 Margaret Armour
 Clara Frothingham
 Katharine E. Pratt
 Helen Parfitt
 Anne P. Rogers
 Henry B. Rigby
 Marion R. Bailey
 Dorothy Elizabeth
 Wallace
 Edmund M. Barnum
 Elizabeth B. Graham
 Frances Hartshorne

Mildred Eastey
 Renée E. Geddes
 Dorothy S. Bradford
 Marjorie Cochran
 Ruby Palmer
 Elizabeth Streeter
 Lenore Dunlap
 Marie Demêtre
 Helen Stewart Abbott
 Emily A. Beatty
 Muriel D. Barrett
 Russell L. Barrett
 Lois Donovan
 Gretchen Wolle
 Donald V. D.
 Ferguson
 Marguerite Martha
 Allen
 Ruel Baker Kimball, Jr.
 Donald S. Page
 John Butler Johnstone
 Marjorie Austin
 James A. Coles
 Marion W. Lord

PUZZLES 1.

Walter F. Cook
 Dudley C. Smith
 Alice Knowles
 G. Rolfe Humphries
 Marguerite Darkow
 Carlota Broomall
 Henry C. Fenn
 Marjorie Peeples
 Prue K. Jamieson
 Elizabeth Palmer Loper
 Dorothy Rutherford
 Arthur Minot Reed
 Bruce Simonds
 Carl Gutzzeit
 Elmer Jones
 Anne H. Whiting
 Carl A. Philippi
 Charlotte E. Benedict
 Ruth Dwight
 Dorothy Eddy
 Robert L. Rankin
 Gay H. Rebound
 Fred Remington
 Potter Remington
 Marion P. Hallock
 Margaret E. Bull

PUZZLES 2.

J. Cuthbert Long
 Irma K. Hill
 Dorothy Cohn
 Helen D. Kingsley
 Alice R. Bragg
 Agnes Alexander

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Happiness."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "What I Like Best," and a **September** Heading or Tailpiece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.



"BAHR!" BY ANNE EUNICE MOFFETT, AGE 6.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

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.

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. To avoid the

possibility of error, it is particularly required that the names and endorsements must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only.

A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:
 The St. Nicholas League,
 Union Square, New York,

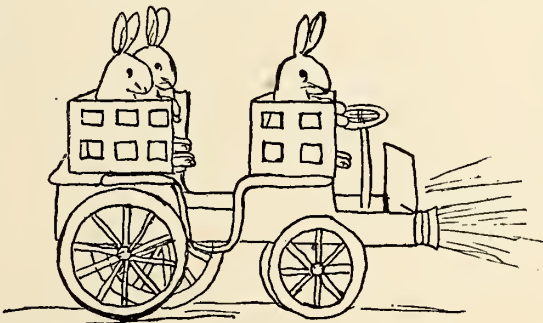
PRIZE COMPETITION No. 91.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 91 will close **May 20** (for foreign members **May 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **September**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Return."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Title "A Strange Adventure."



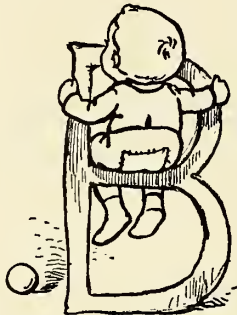
"OUT OF THE WAY!" BY ELEANOR D. BLODGETT, AGE 10.

A LITTLE FOLKS' ALPHABET

BY CAROLYN WELLS



AFFABLE Andy
Ate sugar candy.



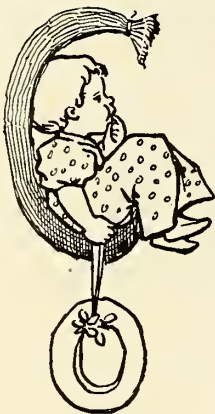
Boisterous Ben
Shot at a hen.



Gay little Guy
Thought he could fly.



Helen and Hugh
Called the sky blue.



Careless Corinne
Lost her gold pin.



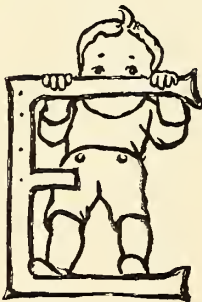
Dear little Davy
Liked chicken gravy.



Ignorant Ike
Fell off his bike.



Jaunty young Jack
Stepped on a tack.



Elegant Ed
Had a new sled.



Fair little Fanny
Wrote to her Granny.



Kind little Kay
Gave things away.



Lovable Lenny
Lost his new penny.



Merry young Mac
Rode in a hack.



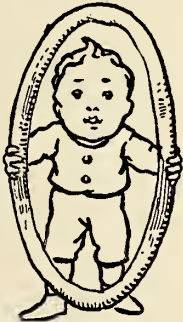
Nice little Nettie
Never was fretty.



Unsocial Una
Gazed up at Luna.



Vigorous Vinton
Always was "sprintin'."



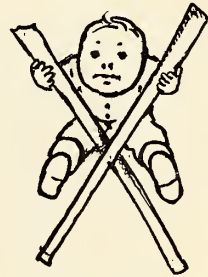
Opulent Ollie
Rode on the trolley.



Popular Polly
Made pies so jolly.



Whimsical Winnie
Started for Guinea.



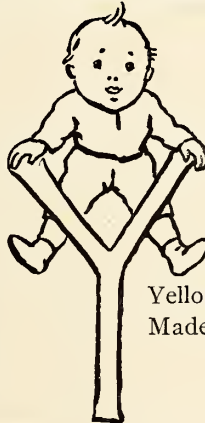
Xenophon Bump
Tried a high jump.



Queer little Queen
Always wore green.



Rollicking Rory
Read a long story.



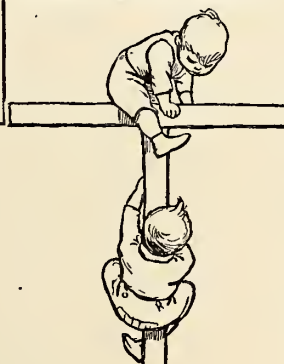
Yellow-haired Yorick
Made leaps historic.



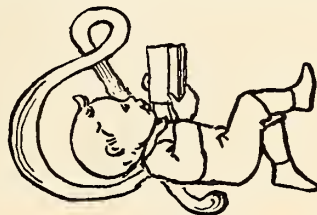
Zealous young Zed
Stood on his head.



Sturdy St. Clair
Marched everywhere



Tommy and Teddy
Climbed straight and steady.



Ampersand held a book in his hand.

RHYMES WITH A WARNING

THE CARELESS CHILD

ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

THERE was a careless little maid
Who sat with toes turned in,
Until it really grew to be
Her most besetting sin;
Which mortified her mother,
And horrified her brother,
And caused the deepest sorrow
To her Kith and Kin.

What cured her of this dreadful trick
You scarcely could surmise—
An instantaneous photograph
Which took her by surprise
With feet well in the foreground!
Where they 'll be never more found,
She says, "in *that* position" till the
day she dies!



POLLY PIGEON-TOES' SHOES

BY INA BOLES MORTON

OH, dear! Whatever shall I do!
It seems a perfect sin,
The moment I forget my feet
My toes straightway turn in.

But when we 're playing 's worst of all,
Somebody always goes
And shouts out loud and spoils my fun,
"Oh, Polly Pigeon-toes!"

This morning as I lay in bed
I heard the pigeons coo,
And this I 'm sure is what they said,
"We walk like you,—like you!"

Then quickly out of bed I slid
To flee their mocking din,
And, staring straight at me, there stood
My shoes with toes turned in.



THE LETTER-BOX

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very glad to see my story published, even if I did n't win a badge. I can only try, try again.

Father and I went to see the Russian emigrant colony here lately. They are always good-natured and laughing, and pay no attention to any Americans who watch them. They have light brown hair, which the women wear drawn back tight from the face, under the embroidered shawls, which even the smallest girls wear over their heads. Their dresses are of brilliant color, and in place of a waist they wear loose sacks, and nearly always wear aprons. They are nearly always to be seen walking and chattering to each other on the street, carrying their plump, little babies in their arms. All the children I saw, no matter what their age, wore their clothes down to their ankles, which made them look odd.

The grown men all had long beards, and wore broad-brimmed hats.

Your devoted reader,
FLORENCE M. MOOTE.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sick in bed at the hospital. I have received lots of letters and presents. I have got lots of books and flowers and games. To-day one of the doctors brought me the darlinest little kitten and it got down under the blankets with me and went to sleep. Its name was Buster Thomas. And another time a nurse brought down to me a tiny little baby boy, and his name was Jack.

Father brought me up one of the ST. NICHOLAS'S. I liked the rhymes because I am fond of verse. I miss my school very much, and the family. Good-by.

From your loving subscriber,
DOROTHY NASII (age 9).

WICONISCO, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live at Wiconisco, Pa. I am nine years old. This is my first letter to you. There are coal mines here. When the miners go down into the mines, they get into a car called the accommodation. They then go down a slope that is pretty steep. When they get a little way down the slope pitches almost perpendicularly. They get a peculiar kind of coal out of these mines, called the Lykens Valley coal. The coal is the red ash, burns very freely and gives plenty of heat. After the coal is mined it goes to the breaker where it is crushed between great steel rollers. It is then put in a round screen, which revolves very fast. The screens are of several different sizes.

The coal from each screen goes down a shute along which the boys, who pick the pieces of slate out of the coal, sit.

In the morning the breaker is very dark, until about ten o'clock, when it gets light.

The boys go to work at half-past six o'clock and get out at half-past eleven o'clock. They go to work again at one o'clock, and quit work at 4 o'clock. They get very black and have to have a bath every day.

From your devoted reader,
J. HARVEY PRIEST.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a picture of a baby donkey. When he was only a few days old his mother died, so the little girl of the owner takes care of him. She



goes to the fields six times a day and feeds him from a bottle. Baby donkeys are very cute when they are so little, and their coats are as soft as a puppy's. The biggest part of them are their long ears.

Your little reader,
MARGARETTE WYATT BISPHAM.

DOVER, DELAWARE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, although I have taken you for five years.

I live in Dover, Delaware, in an old house that was built in 1728. My great, great-grandfather, back in Revolutionary times, was the guardian of Cæsar Rodney, and Rodney spent many pleasant summers in our old house on the green.

My mother took you the first year you were a magazine, and I have some old bound volumes all of which I enjoy very much.

Wishing you long life and prosperity.

Your sincere reader,
PHYLLIS RIDGELY (age 12).

GERMANTOWN, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking ST. NICHOLAS for a little over one year, and I belong to the League, but I have never sent you a letter or contribution. I enjoy the League very much. Of all your serial stories last year I liked "From Sioux to Susan" and "Pinkey Perkins" best. I was very glad we were to have "Pinkey" again this year. A great many boys and girls who write you tell about their pets, so I will tell you about mine. It is a collie puppy and I named him "Ben" after the story in the April ST. NICHOLAS for 1903.

I am your interested reader,
HELEN M. GASSAWAY (age 10).

FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in the eastern part of North Dakota in the great Red River valley where such great quantities of wheat are raised. And the country is as level as a floor as far as one can see in a distance.

We have very cold winters here but not a great deal of snow, while it is very cold the air is so dry that one hardly feels the cold if she has a little protection over the face.

There have been many bad stories told about North Dakota this winter about the bad storms and blizzards and how people suffered and even froze in their homes on the plains. This is not true, for the snow is not more than two feet deep. And we have not missed a day from school on account of the weather. I have been doing considerable reading this winter. I have just finished reading "A World of Girls," "Phil the Fiddler," "Sugar Loaf Mountain," and "The Cash Boy." Of these I think "A World of Girls" is the best story. Rizpah, my twin sister, and I have only been reading the ST. NICHOLAS since January.

Your ST. NICHOLAS reader,
KATHERINE LADD (age 12).

LAPEER, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a recipe for parfait, it is very easy to make and does not take long, so I am sure that some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS will like to make it.

Cover one tablespoon of gelatin with enough water to dissolve. Whip one pint of cream, put in a pan of very cold water or cracked ice, (the ice can be used for packing also) then add the gelatin. Add one-half cup of powdered sugar. Take out about one-third of the cream and add five drops of extract of rose (not rose water) and color with red coloring for creams, cakes, etc. Flavor the rest with one-half teaspoon of vanilla and almond to taste. Put one layer of the white cream in a quart mold, then a layer of pink, and last one of white. Pack in a small wooden box with cracked ice and salt. It is a good plan to strain the gelatin before adding it to the cream. This recipe makes enough for eight people.

Your sincere friend,
DOROTHY DAVIS.

PONTILLON, TOURS,
FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Canadian girl and we came to learn French at Tours. We live in a street with a stone wall all along it. Our house and garden have also a high stone wall, with a gate and bell.

We have a big tree and some lovely roses. The roses bloomed until Christmas.

There are many interesting places to see here. The house of Tristan l'Ermite and Agnes Sorel.

We have also visited Plessis-les-Tours. The remains of the chateau of Louis X. It was very interesting. We saw the room where Louis XI died. It was very large, with two fireplaces.

On the next floor were the rooms of Anne and Joan, Louis XI's daughters. Leaving Anne's room by a small door, we entered a tower, and going up a winding staircase, we came to a little room at the top, where the Dauphin (afterward Charles VIII) was imprisoned by his father, who would not allow him to be taught to read or write. His sister Anne used sometimes to steal up and teach him.

We also saw the place where Cardinal Balue was imprisoned in a cage in which he could neither stand nor lie.

I remain your sincere reader,
EMILY SCATCHERD HAYES (age 10).

OWEN SOUND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to you for my first time. My brothers and sister took you when they were little, and now I take you. I like "Abbie Ann" very, very much. And "Pinkey Perkins" is so funny. Quite a few of my girl friends take you, and we look forward to your coming with much pleasure. Some of my friends and I made a rink in our back yard and we have a lot of fun on it. I think winter is just splendid.

I remain your sincere reader,
MARY WIDDIFIELD (age 10).

RIDDLE BY WILFRED AND HAROLD BEATY.

My *first* was numerous in the good old past,
But my old *second* bad as he could be;
Nothing more loved in Scotland than my *last*,
Nor do the children oft delight to see
More than my *whole*. We all exclaim, *third* yes!

ANSWER: Saint-Nick-O-Iass.

Commenting upon the little verse on page 244 of the January number, a young reader has sent us the following letter. Do all of our readers agree with him?

TOURS, FRANCE.

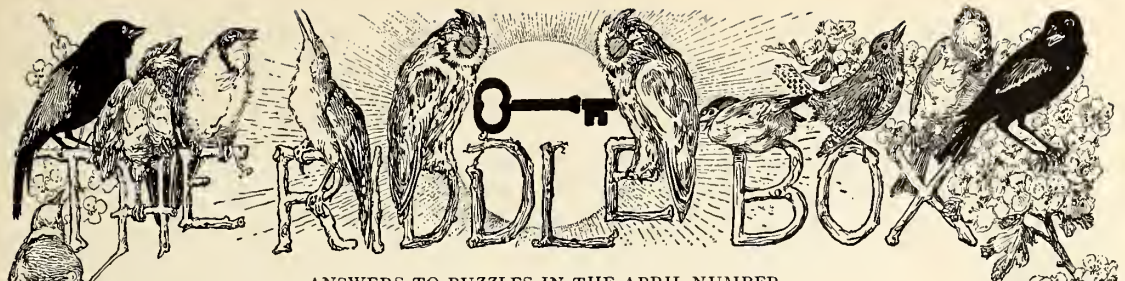
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why Miss Centipede got 100 muffs for Xmas instead of fifty?

Would n't it be rather funny for a lady to have a muff for each hand?

ALAN HARVEY.

In answer to many inquiries we regret to have to say that ST. NICHOLAS cannot start an exchange column for stamps and postal cards.

Other interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from: Catharine Lines Chapin, Ruth L. Stone, Louise Ballot, A. Elizabeth Spicer, Leonie Harte von Techlenburg, Dorothy M. Beckingsale, Althea C. Le Boutillier, James Trowbridge, Helen Batchelder, Margery K. Smith, Elsie Porter Trout, Margaret Ward, H. J. Brown, Jean Marion Putney, Edna Post, Tawfik E. Zreik, Rosalea McCready, C. L. Richards, Blanche Deuel, Marie Wright, Shirley P. Clement, Lloyd Frier, Lucie D. Taussig, Harry L. Janeway, Helen B. Chapin, Harold Darling, Dorothy Q. Applegate, Ruth Johnson, Ruth E. Soderquist, Mary M. Maynard, Lois Webster, Helen Simon, Bruce Houston, Helen W. Balfe, Clementine Baker, Myra Fairley, Katharine Davis, Murray C. Eddy, Nellie Ford, Howard D. Miller, Stella McKeown, Janet Reed, Malcolm B. Carroll, Sara E. Glatfelter, Tom T. Norris, Minerva Dickerman, Marion B. George, Helen Tyler, Beth Coddling, Helen Mason, James Breachy, Alice Smith, Dorothy Colby, Edna Carter, Margaret Osborne, Helen Wilson, Evie Wilson, Mildred Curtis, Charles L. Richards, Dorothea D. W. Brownell, Stanley Rankin, Shirley P. Clement, Merle Vandemoter, Gladys Wickes, Florence Cooper, Helen Dickson, John Randall, Clara Sisson, Alice Goodwin, Muriel Fairbrother, Marion Peterson, Marjory Fisher, Raymond C. Keefer, Ethel A. Johnson, Jane Wadsworth, Constance H. Smith, John F. Randall, Aida Lucille Getz, Helen E. Shaw, David Watts, Dorothy E. Downing, Ruth B. Turner, Grace Coit Meleney, Miriam Starr McPetridge, Clemens Moffett, Ruth Broughton, Faye Northey, and Margery Innis Wood.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

INTERSECTING WORDS. From 1 to 2, therein. 3 to 4, repress. 5 to 6, startle. 7 to 8, retrace. Square. Across: 1. Pat. 2. Ere. 3. Ate.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Constitution; third row, United States. Cross-words: 1. Count. 2. Owner. 3. Neigh. 4. Satin. 5. Theft. 6. India. 7. Testy. 8. Untie. 9. Tease. 10. Inter. 11. Overt. 12. Nisan.

CHARADE. Eye-van-hoe. Ivanhoe.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Broad. 2. Rifle. 3. Often. 4. Alert. 5. Dents. II. 1. Boast. 2. Otter. 3. Atone. 4. Sense. 5. Trees.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere." *Twelfth Night*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. From 1 to 10, St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. St. 2. Sign. 3. Alkali. 5. Laic. 5. Oh.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 E. 17th St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from James A. Lynd—Eugene Steiner—Ruth Bartlett—Jo and 1—Malcolm B. Carroll—Ellen Williams—Harriet O'Donnell—"Duluth"—W. and H. Beatty—"Queenscourt"—Margaret Titchener—L. Arnold Post.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from M. A. Brock, 1—E. D. Brennan, 3—E. Kreimer, 2—M. L. and M. J. Schieffelin, 1—H. Siegel, 1—A. C. Haupt, 1—C. Sturken, 1—D. Emerson, 3—M. Wood, 3—A. A. Ainsworth, 2—K. E. Spear, 1—D. B. Doan, 1—A. Tillotson, 1—M. L. Ferguson, 1—J. Daboll, 1—Jack Loomis, 4—A. Chanler, 1—J. Gray, 1—W. Wenzel, 4—Rachel Talbot, 5—Norman E. Sterling, 7—M. Oliphant, 1—Edgar M. Robinson, 4—Z. Boynton, 1—Edna Meyle, 5—G. Meloney, 1—Elizabeth Palmer Lopez, 10—C. Cross, 1—Genevieve Alvord, 6—Alida H. Moss, 5—Dorothy Gould, 3—Richard A. Watson, 3—C. Orris, 1—S. Platt, 1—Katharine B. Blodgett, 9—Elena Ivey, 10—R. Gaskin, 1—"St. Gabriel's Chapter," 9—A. Weiboldt, 1—Pierre W. Laurens, 9—E. Francis, 1—J. W. Holt, 1—Marilla Gilbert, 6—Margaret Griffith, 9—J. Hemenway, 1—B. E. Warren, 1—B. Sutton, 1—Elizabeth M. Almy, 9—Carl Philippi, 8—E. Livingstone, 2—Meg Gilliland, 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a spring flower.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A branch of mathematics. 2. A brutal fellow. 3. Rough in manner. 4. An element of the chromium group. 5. A narcotic plant whose leaves are widely used. 6. A fabulous animal with one horn. 7. A thin board.

ETHEL D. CURLEY (League Member).

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a spring holiday.

1. A field flower. 2. A jewel. 3. Needs. 4. In every work-basket. 5. Hue. 6. A piece of metal in the form of a coin, given as a reward. 7. A timepiece. 8. A tree. 9. Discipline. 10. Interior. 11. A pupil in a military school. 12. Part of a flower. 13. A garden flower.

EDWIN L. GLUCK (League Member).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

1. Triply behead consternation, and leave a month. 2. Triply behead an intimate associate, and leave termination. 3. Triply behead a native of a European country, and leave a human being. 4. Triply behead a circuitous route, and leave a pronoun. 5. Triply behead gazed earnestly, and leave a color. 6. Triply behead cracks, and leave a pronoun. 7. Triply behead to scribble, and leave a pointed instrument. 8. Triply behead a cavity, and leave depressed.

RIDDLE. V-I-king.

DIAGONAL. Dante. Cross-words: 1. Demon. 2. Gamin. 3. Candy. 4. Trité. 5. Smité.

POETICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword."

MYTHOLOGICAL DIAGONAL. Menelaus. Cross-words: 1. Mausolus. 2. Meleager. 3. Cynthus. 4. Alcestis. 5. Penelope. 6. Carthalo. 7. Adrastus. 8. Anchises.

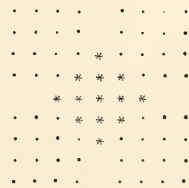
DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Sir Walter Scott; 3 to 4, Quentin Durward. Cross-words: 1. Mosque. 2. Litmus. 3. Rescue. 4. Swoons. 5. Skates. 6. Clovis. 7. Thrown. 8. Recede. 9. Unruly. 10. Assert. 11. Callow. 12. Collar. 13. Entrap. 14. Stride.

9. Triply behead made of wood, and leave a lair. 10. Triply behead to call for imperatively, and leave a conjunction. 11. Triply behead chalk, and leave at a distance. When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a national holiday.

WALTER F. COOK.

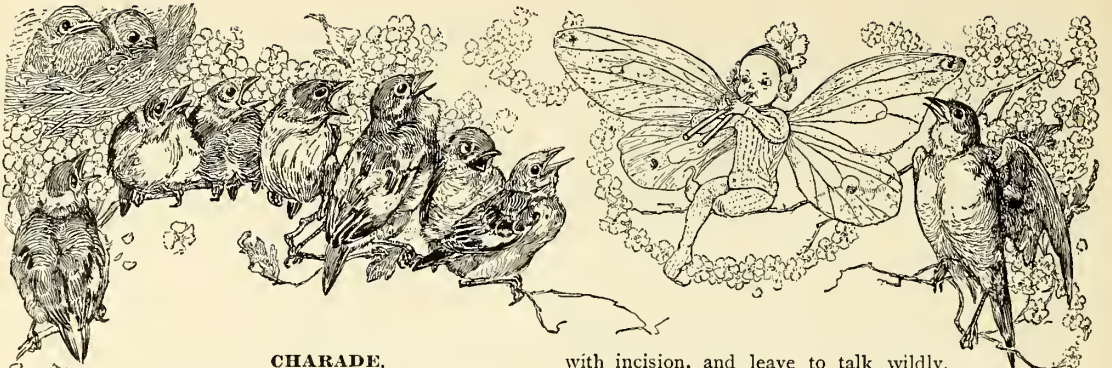
SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Price. 2. One time. 3. A mark left by a wound. 4. A bird.
II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To boil or seethe. 2. A lineage. 3. An old word meaning "each." 4. A troublesome plant.
III. DIAMOND: 1. In twine. 2. At the present time. 3. Laced together. 4. Moist. 5. In twine.
IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A stroke. 2. An Italian coin. 3. Verbal. 4. A rampart.
V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To rend. 2. A river of Spain. 3. Dry. 4. Drove.

ALVIN C. ROSENBLATT.



CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *first* is a mariner bold;
 My *second*, a monarch, we're told;
 My *third* is a weight which we know very well;
 My *whole* is an author whose name I'll not tell.

CORNELIA M. HALLAM.

with incision, and leave to talk wildly.

- 14. Triply behead to read, and leave to employ.
- 15. Triply behead in good faith, and leave a cozy home.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell an occurrence of the American Civil War.

Albertine
 Randall
 Whelan

MUSICAL ANAGRAMS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



THE above notes stand for twelve letters. These letters can be so arranged as to form four three-letter words. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the four middle letters may be transposed so as to form the surname of a Revolutionary general.

HELEN WHITMAN.

DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A word used in denial. 2. A window. 3. A dealer in precious stones. 4. Pupils. 5. Being of small value. 6. An antagonist. 7. One who operates. 8. One skilled in music. HARRY S. SANDS (League Member).

WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. An animal. 2. Otherwise. 3. Requests. 4. Repose.
 - II. 1. Worn by a horse. 2. To cure. 3. Grain of a certain kind. 4. Besides.
 - III. 1. Term. 2. A state. 3. To be conveyed. 4. Performs.
- FRITZ BREITENFELD (age 8).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

- 1. Triply behead a favorite pursuit or topic, and leave a preposition.
- 2. Triply behead a fabric made from the wool of the Angora goat, and leave atmosphere.
- 3. Triply behead made of clay, and leave at that time.
- 4. Triply behead luck, and leave an air.
- 5. Triply behead to snap with the finger, and leave part of the face.
- 6. Triply behead a horned animal, and leave to run away.
- 7. Triply behead a blunder, and leave a conjunction.
- 8. Triply behead paltry, and leave to hurl.
- 9. Triply behead having ribs, and leave a couch.
- 10. Triply behead a planet, and leave a vessel for holding tea or coffee.
- 11. Triply behead an eye-doctor, and leave a catalogue.
- 12. Triply behead to restore, and leave a delicate tissue of thread.
- 13. Triply behead to mark

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG.

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WALTER STRICKLAND.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pay for services. 2. To lessen. 3. A kind of chair. 4. Moist. 5. A Biblical name. 6. Darkness. 7. Taste. 8. To correspond. 9. The end. 10. To care for.

Initials, a famous name; zigzag, a familiar name.

DUDLEY C. SMITH.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

With pomp and grace and royal court
 I rule,—but ah! my reign is short.

CROSS-WORDS:

(ONE word is concealed in each couplet.)

- 1. In Cairo many blue-eyed sheep
 Are sold at auction very cheap.
- 2. So when my funds were at their worst,
 I ate a chop, to quench my thirst.
- 3. I followed up the pleasing sham
 Of Mary and her little lamb.
- 4. And tried to quell the teacher's ire
 Because they ran to see a fire.
- 5. I went through thick and thin to show
 Why Mary and the lamb should go.
- 6. Though such a weird and woeful sight
 Is often horrible at night.
- 7. They came home gaily after dark,
 Delighted with their festive lark.
- 8. But henceforth blue-eyed sheep will seem
 A common advertising scheme.

ANNA M. PRATT.



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.

THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIV

JUNE, 1907

No. 8

THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

BY J. M. GLEESON

IN all the great, green, quiet park there was no little girl or boy to play with; but for all that, little Georgina, the head gamekeeper's daughter, never knew what it was to feel lonesome. She had such a playground and such playfellows as most of us have at times dreamed of, but none of us have had in reality.

In the first place, she lived with her good father and mother in just such a thatch-roofed, diamond-paned, rose-embowered cottage nestling beside a little mirror-like lake among century-old trees, as one sees in picture books, and reads of in poems and songs of Old England.

Almost as far as she could see, the level green park stretched away, broken here and there by clumps of giant oaks, and beyond, up against the sky, was the blue line of hills that formed the edge of the world; and this lovely world was all her own, for, of course, Georgina, the only child, ruled in the pretty cottage as completely as her father lorded it over his many furred and feathered subjects.

In whatever direction she chose to wander she saw her playmates, waiting, as she always supposed, for her to come and play with them.

On the little lake by the cottage, floated and quacked and honked ducks of every color, white geese, and gray and black geese, and graceful long-necked swans. At quite the other side of the lake she might see at the same time a herd of fallow deer, their brown bodies dappled with spots of snowy white, their heavy horns contrasting strangely with the slender tree-like horns of the red deer.

Innumerable little gray rabbits hopped noise-

lessly about in all directions, and English pheasants,—the hens in modest buff, the cocks in gorgeous brown, blue, and gold,—darted swiftly about among the underbrush; but the queerest of all her friends were the gray kangaroos,—“Hop-pity-hops” Georgina called them. The grounds around the cottage were fenced off from the surrounding park, but Georgina had so frequently accompanied her father outside in his search for pheasants' nests, or to see how the deer fared, that she felt perfectly at home there, even when alone.

Perhaps her greatest joy was in coaxing acquaintance with the timid baby deer. If she came suddenly upon one hiding in the grass, or behind a stone, it frequently remained quite motionless, curled up into the smallest possible space and pressed flat to the ground, only its watchful eye proving that it was wide awake and very anxious. In the leafy forest this would be its safest course, for there its protective coloring would render it almost invisible, but in the open park, on the green grass, its inherited instinct for concealment failed it, and it was all too visible to friend or foe. Georgina would creep up ever so quietly and sit down beside it. Sometimes she even succeeded in stroking its soft coat. Then the mother deer would circle anxiously around, coming as near as she dared, her great ears thrown forward, every nerve tense, and ready to spring away at the least hostile move; but it always ended by the fawn suddenly scrambling to its long thin legs, and, with little cries of alarm, dashing over the green sward to join its mother and find concealment in the deep shadows of the cool forest.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BAD BOY"

BY J. L. HARBOUR

NOTE.—*The illustrations on the two opening pages of this article are taken from family daguerreotypes lent to St. NICHOLAS by Mr. Aldrich in December, 1906.*



THOMAS BAILEY
ALDRICH, AS A VERY
LITTLE BOY.

THE quaint old town by the sea, called Portsmouth, is the only sea-coast town in New Hampshire, and is one of our very oldest settlements, for it was founded in the year 1623 and it has a history worth knowing. It was an old town when Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in one of its quaint and ancient houses, on the eleventh of November, in the year 1836, and he has written a very delightful book about Portsmouth called "An Old Town by the Sea," while his famous "Story of a Bad Boy," first printed thirty-eight years ago, is a very true account of his boyhood in the New Hampshire seaport.



MASTER ALDRICH IN HIS
"HOOPLE" DAYS—SHOWING
THE QUAIN T DRESS OF
AMERICAN BOYS OF THAT TIME.

years after the days of his real boyhood were behind him. He was always a boy at heart.

The Aldrich lad was still in his infancy when

his parents left Portsmouth and went to New Orleans to live, his father having acquired business interests in the South. But the schools in New Orleans were not as good as those in the North and so young Aldrich was brought back to Portsmouth to live with his grandfather and attend school. One of the amusing parts of his "Story of a Bad Boy" is that in which he gives his impressions regarding New England; and in an account of his arrival in Boston Harbor, he says,

"As I leaned over the rail of the boat, a measly-looking little boy with no shoes said that if I would come down on the wharf he would lick me for two cents—not an exorbitant price. But I did n't go down. I climbed into the rigging and stared at him. This, as I was rejoiced to observe, so exasperated him that he stood on his head on a pile of boards in order to pacify himself."

The American world of literature sustained a great loss when Mr. Aldrich died at his home in Boston, on the nineteenth of last March, after an illness of several weeks. We have had few more graceful writers in our American literature than he, and he will long be remembered as a writer in whose work there was always a strong note of cheerfulness and helpfulness, the outgrowth of a sunny nature that caused many of his friends to call him "that eternal boy," long

Of his school-days in Portsmouth, which is the "Rivermouth" of his "Story of a Bad Boy," he has written in delightful detail, and in a way to prove that he was a real boy of a very human sort who did the things any lad with plenty of fine and high spirit would be likely to do. He had the contempt every manly youngster feels for the boy who is a coward or a sneak, or that unforgivable person in the world of boys, a "sissy-boy." Tom Bailey evidently felt that it

is a boy's right to have as good a time as possible, and he seems to have had it in a truly boyish way. Only a man who has happy and helpful



"TOM BAILEY" IN CONTINENTAL
COSTUME, AS HE APPEARED
IN ONE OF THE PLAYS IN HIS
GRANDFATHER'S BARN.

memories of his own boyhood could have written as Mr. Aldrich wrote of his experiences in the happy-go-lucky land of Boyville.

Old Portsmouth long ago lost its shipping in-



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH IN HIS EARLY TEENS.

terests, but no doubt there are in Portsmouth, as in other sea-shore places, "old salts" who love to sit on the deserted wharves in the summer sunshine and spin long yarns of the "good old days," when the fine harbor was full of vessels and the fishermen came home from "the Banks" or some other fishing ground. Perhaps some of these old salts remember a little lad named Tom Aldrich who added a good deal to the gaiety of the town by his pranks; and no doubt he is spoken of by these old New Englanders as a boy who "wa'n't reely bad—just full of fun and mischief."

Master Tom Aldrich had brought his pony from New Orleans with him, his Gypsy, and she was provided with very comfortable quarters in his grandfather's stable. Gypsy and Master Tom spent many a happy hour together in Portsmouth, and on the roads leading through the country-side.

Much as Master Tom liked Portsmouth he felt very badly when his father and mother returned to New Orleans and left him alone in the town. He went to a school kept by a Mr. Grimshaw, and there were forty-two boys in the school who

sat at forty-two green desks. It was at this school that Tom made the acquaintance of the various lads who figure so prominently, in the well-known "Story of a Bad Boy."

In those days school "kept" on Saturday morning, but both Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were half-holidays and times of sheer delight to the boys of Portsmouth.

Tom's grandfather's barn became a

popular resort. The boys had some thrilling theatricals in the barn, and in regard to these Mr. Aldrich says: "I played all the principal parts myself,—not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment."

It was the custom for the boys of Portsmouth to have a great bonfire on the town "Square" at midnight on the night before the Fourth. Here is where a little of Master Tom's "badness" crept out, for he stole away to the bonfire "unbeknownst" to his grandfather and aunt. He went to bed as usual and then got up a little before midnight and fared forth, an erring boy who met

his just "come-uppance" for his disobedience and deceit. The hilarity ran so high that when the bonfire ran low, Master Aldrich and some of the other boys decided to replenish the fire with a long unused stage-coach that had fallen into decay. The old coach was taken from the stable in which it had long stood and the boys pushed it into the bonfire. When it was all aflame some

unexpected night-watchmen arrived and speedily collared the boys and marched them off to the lock-up where they had time to reflect upon the



AT 15 YEARS OF AGE.



AT ABOUT 18 YEARS OF AGE.

truth of the old adage that "The way of the transgressor is hard."

So life went on with as much of adventure in it as falls to the portion of the average boy.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH,
PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.
(*Photograph from "Portsmouth, Historic and Picturesque."*
By permission, C. S. Gurney.)

There was no more monotony in the Boyville of that long ago day than there is in the Boyville of our own times.

One day, too, there came a financial crisis into the life of Master Aldrich, and if any of you are too young to understand the real meaning of a "financial crisis," Master Tom's own explanation of this unfortunate state of affairs may be quite illuminating, for he says: "You are deeply in debt—say to the amount of a quarter of a dollar—to the little knickknack shop around the corner, where they sell picture papers, spruce gum, needles and Malaga raisins. A boy owes you a quarter of a dollar which he promises to pay at a certain time. You are depending on this quarter to settle accounts with the small shopkeeper. The time arrives, and the quarter does n't. That 's a financial crisis in one sense,—in twenty-five senses, if I may say so."

The "financial crisis" in which Master Aldrich found himself was all the more trying because of the fact that he had determined to run away from Portsmouth and go to New Orleans to his parents. This determination was due to an eager desire to see his parents and the fact that the cholera was raging at many places in the

South and the warm-hearted boy was eager to be with his parents in their time of danger. The business interests of the elder Aldrich were in such shape that he could not leave New Orleans, and his wife would not go without him. Their son decided to go to them, and got as far as Boston when his intention of seeking a position as cabin-boy on a vessel running between Boston and New Orleans was frustrated by an old sailor who had come from Portsmouth in pursuit of the runaway. He went back to Portsmouth the next day, only to get the sad news that his father was dead, and thus the first great and searching sorrow of his life came to him.

He had now begun to look forward to a college career, but these ambitions came to a sudden end when his father died, and it became necessary for him to go to work. He was sixteen years old at this time, and an uncle in New York offered him a position in his banking house. This was not to the boy's liking, for he had already secretly decided on a literary career for himself, and had written sketches for the local papers over the name of "Experience,"—not perhaps the most appropriate name a boy of sixteen could have cho-



THE BOYHOOD HOME OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH,
PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.
(*Photograph from "Portsmouth, Historic and Picturesque."*
By permission, C. S. Gurney.)

sen for his *nom de plume*. He remained three years in the banking house of his uncle, and during that time responded often to the clear call he felt to write, sending contributions to different

papers and magazines. His work met with such favor that it increased his confidence in his ability to succeed as a writer, and when he was nineteen years old he determined to give up any further attempt to become a business man and devote himself wholly to literature. This was rather a risky thing to do, for the opportunities offered young and aspiring writers then were far less alluring than they are now from a pecuniary point of view. But young Aldrich was so fortunate as to secure a salaried position in the editorial department of the New York *Evening Mirror*. The next year he went to the *Home Journal*, one of the popular periodicals of that day, and here he remained until the year 1859, receiving much help and encouragement from Mr. Nathaniel P. Willis, a well-known author of that time, who was editor of the *Home Journal*.

In the meantime Mr. Aldrich, when still less than twenty years of age, had written a poem that had attracted a great deal of attention and is still one of his most popular poems. This is his "Ballad of Baby Bell"—a very remarkable poem for a youth of nineteen, and it gave its author a reputation at once, as a writer of great promise.

Mr. Aldrich was writing very successfully and with the certainty that he had found his proper calling when the great Civil

War arose, and made the whole nation think much of things other than what was going on in the world of literature. He gave up his other work to become for a time a newspaper war correspondent, attaching himself to Blenker's Division of the army of the Potomac. Soon after the close of the war he married and took up his residence in Boston and from that time until the day of his death his permanent home was in Boston, although he was often away for long periods

of time, journeying around the world and making frequent trips to Europe.

In 1865 the young writer came to Boston to take charge of a weekly called *Every Saturday* and he remained editor of this weekly until the year 1874. It was in the year 1869 that Mr. Aldrich's delightful "Story of a Bad Boy" appeared as a serial in the leading juvenile periodical of



THE RESIDENCE OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH ON MOUNT VERNON STREET, BOSTON. (THE HOUSE MARKED BY A CROSS ABOVE IT.)

that day called *Our Young Folks*. The story appealed to both young and old readers because of its perfect naturalness and its delightful humor. It was the true story of a happy, healthy, unspoiled boy who found it good to be alive.

The story met with great favor, and it is still one of the most called-for of juvenile books in some of our public libraries. Only recently it was translated into French and published in a Paris newspaper, and there has never been a

year since its appearance when it did not bring its author a considerable royalty. The story not only gives us a delightful account of the doings of Master Tom Bailey (Aldrich) and the other boys of his day in Portsmouth, but it also gives us charming glimpses of the old town and the ocean and the lazy little Piscataqua River, of which Mr. Aldrich wrote in his later years, when for him city life had lost much of its charm:

"Thou singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods and fields of corn,—
Thou singest, and the sunlight smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

"But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast!"

Mr. Aldrich rarely failed to strike a very high note in his poems, and some of his poems have seldom been surpassed by any American writer. For years he was known chiefly as a poet and then he gave proof of the fact that his prose work could be made as charming as his poetry. His stories entitled "A Rivermouth Romance," "The Stillwater Tragedy" and "Marjorie Daw and Other Stories," were read with eager interest, and publishers besought Mr. Aldrich to write more such tales. Indeed, it was a matter of regret to both publishers and readers that Mr. Aldrich wrote so little of either poetry or prose in his later years. This may have been partly because of the fact that he had become a very prosperous man and the need of his writing was not urgent. Then, too, as already stated, he spent much of his time in traveling. His editorial work ended when he severed his connection with the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he was editor from the year 1881 until the year 1890.

It was while he was editor of this magazine that he secured a great many of the autographs and letters and manuscripts of famous writers that made his home a veritable treasure-house of literary possessions of this kind. Mr. Aldrich's Boston home was on old Beacon Hill, almost within the shadow of the old State House with its gilded dome, of which you have no doubt read and which many of you have seen. There was what one might well call a "literary atmosphere" that made itself felt the moment one entered the

house. Books? There were "no end" of them in the home of Mr. Aldrich, and hundreds of them bore the autographs of their writers. There were books to be found in every room of the house, and they almost concealed the walls in some of the rooms, so that the whole house was a kind of a library, and a very valuable one, too. On the walls in neat frames were poems and letters in the handwriting of famous men such as



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Longfellow and Whittier and Keats and Byron and Samuel Johnson and Bryant. Then in beautifully bound volumes were whole manuscripts written by Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Longfellow, and other distinguished writers. The desk in the study of Mr. Aldrich had once been owned by Charles Sumner and in all parts of the house one could find curious things that Mr. Aldrich had found in all parts of the world. In the large reception room on the first floor was a gray parrot that had been his pet for many years, but this

"Tommy," with the perverseness of his kind and of babies, always refused to "show off" when it was desirable that he should do so, and his attitude toward callers was sometimes distinctly hostile. The writer of this remembers that he repelled his friendly advances with a gloomy silence broken by a sharp screech of refusal on the day when he tried to get him to talk. He was very fond of Mr. Aldrich and, like the "little brown dog" whose master "went away," "Tommy" may be waiting now—

"For a quick footfall and a boyish call,
For his master to come once more."

We have said that Mr. Aldrich, like many other famous authors, made his first venture into the world of literature through the columns of a friendly local newspaper. But Mr. Aldrich himself has told of one of his very earliest attempts at writing, when he was a boy at school in Portsmouth. The duty of writing an "essay" had fallen to his portion. As he was then the fortunate and happy possessor of the beautiful little pony Gipsy, the boy thought that he was pretty well up on matters relating to the horse, and he decided to devote his effort to that useful animal. The result was the following "essay" on the horse:

"The horse is a Useful animal. He is nice to have. i have one. her name is gipsey. She bites, and her main is very long. one Day i was washing her front Foot when she bent down her head and lifted me up by the trowsers and tumbled me into the water Pale that was standing near by. i hit her six times with a piece of Hoop. the way of the transgressor is hard."

Mr. Grimshaw, master of the school that young Aldrich attended, was in the habit of giving two prizes each week for the best essay submitted by one of his pupils. The winner of the first prize was given a knife or a pencil-case or something else dear to the boyish heart, while the winner of the other—which must have been a "booby" prize—was accorded the distinction of standing

before the school for an hour wearing a very high, conical-shaped paper hat on which in very large letters were the words: "I AM A DUNCE."

It was this latter prize, we are told, that came to the author of the essay on the horse.

The abundant humor of Mr. Aldrich, combined with the fact that his outlook on life was always cheery and hopeful, gave a lightness and charm to his work, and a kind of sunshiny joyousness was the prevailing atmosphere in almost all his writings. He had twin boys, who were his only children, and a great sorrow came to Mr. Aldrich in the death of one of these sons two or three years ago. The other son said of the father after his death that he was "the dearest father and the closest friend that any son ever had."

Mr. Aldrich's books include "The Story of a Bad Boy," "Prudence Palfrey," "The Queen of Sheba," "The Stillwater Tragedy," "Marjorie Daw and Other Stories," "From Ponkapog to Pesh," "Two Bites at a Cherry and Other Tales," "An Old Town by the Sea," "The Ballad of Baby Bell and Other Poems," "Cloth of Gold," "Unguarded Gates," and several other volumes, in all of which the reader will find the exquisite quality that characterized his literary work.

It was a fair day in March of this year when all that was mortal of Thomas Bailey Aldrich was carried out to beautiful old Mount Auburn Cemetery and laid to rest, not far from the graves of Longfellow and Agassiz and Phillips Brooks and James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edwin Booth and Charles Sumner, and other celebrated men who have left behind them records of brilliant achievement because of their fidelity to high ideals. Mr. Aldrich was also a man of fine and high ideals, and he seems to have been true to some sort of an unwritten resolution to give to the public only his best and most cheerful self. When a writer of his great endowments does this he cannot fail to serve a lofty and noble purpose and to add not a little to the growing good and happiness of the world.





Drawn by Johnanna S. Mapes

A FAIRY BOOK

BY JOHANNNA S. MAPES

A head-full of fairies and pixies and gnomes,
And lost little girls, far away from their homes,
And great, big, brown bears that jump out unawares,
And mermaids with long golden hair and gold combs.

HER CLASS-DAY GOWN

BY SARA WARE BASSETT

"WHY, Mildred North!" cried Edith Whitman, grasping her friend's hand, and drawing her from the surging crowd of the busy shopping street into a secluded corner of a nearby entrance. "What are you doing in all this rush?"

Mildred exclaimed with delighted surprise:

"Why, Edith—you? Is n't this fun! Where are you going?"

"Buying all my new Class-Day things," answered Edith. "Gown, hat, shoes, parasol, everything! It 's such fun to be really going," she added, with all the enthusiasm and joyousness which a girl of eighteen always feels over her first Class-Day.

"That 's just what I 'm doing," broke in Mildred. "You know I did n't expect to have a new gown—Mother thought my muslin would do perfectly well. We 've been economizing a little," she went on brightly, "because it 's Bob's Class-Day, and of course we longed for him to have everything as he wished it. It 's 'once in a lifetime,' Father says."

"Yes, and Bob has done so well," rejoined Edith; "of course you are going to everything."

"Oh, yes, Hall, Stadium, and four spreads—won't it be fine? Now if it 's only pleasant!" and she cast a troubled glance at the sky. "Here it is two weeks before the date for Class-Day, and they laugh at me so at home because Father says that already I wail if there is a cloud, even if it 's no bigger than a mosquito."

Edith laughed merrily.

"But the gown?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," Mildred answered. "Well, you see we invited Uncle Robert Hooper, Mother's bachelor brother, on from New York for Class-Day. Bob is named for him, and he was a Harvard man, too. He wrote to say he was ill, or he would surely come, and he said he was awfully proud of Bob; saw the *cum laude* in the paper. So he sent Bob a check for fifty dollars to buy something by which to remember the day. Later I guess he happened to think of me, for in a few days a check for the same amount came for me, and with it a letter saying it was a pity I was n't a boy too, to show the Hooper *grit* as Bob had, but that he hoped I 'd show it some other way. It sounded rather dubious, for he never has liked girls." Mildred laughed a pretty, defiant little laugh.

"And so you are going to have the new gown

after all," cried Edith eagerly. "How perfectly lovely!"

"Yes, is n't it?" and Mildred gave her friend's arm a sympathetic little squeeze; "I wish you would come with me while I choose it."

"I should love to, my dear, but I have a list of errands miles in length, and I must not," answered Edith, affectionately, "I must fly this minute. Be sure to tell Bob how perfectly splendid we all think he is."

"Yes, I will—we 're awfully proud of him, too. Do come over soon and tell me all about your new gown," and Mildred nodded a good-by, calling as a parting farewell: "Don't you hope it won't rain?"

"Don't speak of it," laughed Edith, as she was swept off in the swirl of the crowd.

Mildred turned and entered the big shop, in the doorway of which they had been standing, and sank down before the glove counter.

"White suede gloves, please, elbow length," she said to the salesgirl, nonchalantly tossing over a counterful before her.

The girl turned and opened a drawer, and while looking through its contents, she spoke to another girl beside her. Mildred caught the words: "and so I 've got to give up our vacation. I do not mind so much, but little sister Florence is heartbroken. She has never been into the real country in all her life, and never spent a night out of the city. I promised she should go this summer, and the poor little thing needs it, too. I can get on myself."

She found the gloves for which she had been searching and brought them to the counter, and while she fitted and worked them on with patient care Mildred looked up and examined the pale, tired face. The purchase was concluded, and while she waited for her change, she tapped her fingers nervously on the edge of the counter and furtively studied the girl. It flitted through her mind, that she was about her own age, but that her girlishness was entirely gone, and she was a worn, pensive woman.

When the change came, Mildred took it automatically and walked thoughtfully to the distant part of the shop where the white gowns were sold. Such a profusion of filmy fabrics were displayed, that they cast into delighted bewilderment the group of girls before them. Four or five eager faces were already bending

over the dainty assortment, and a merry chatter of discussion came from two pretty girls near the end of the counter.

Mildred handled the fascinating varieties absently. In some indefinable way, their very delicacy and uselessness jarred upon her. Two or three times she took them up and put them down again, and at last she rose and walked with definite purpose back to the glove counter.



"WHILE THE GIRL FITTED THEM ON, MILDRED LOOKED UP AT THE PALE, TIRED FACE."

The girl who had waited upon her came forward with a faint smile of recognition and Mildred sat down on the revolving stool and burst out abruptly:

"I did n't mean to listen, but I could n't help hearing what you said about your vacation and about Florence. Won't you tell me about it? I really wish you would."

A flush of surprise colored the cheek of the girl behind the counter, and she faltered, touched by the note of interest and sympathy in Mildred's voice.

"Why, you see, my mother has been ill," she said, with a simple dignity. "There are just three of us, and it has taken all the money we

could save for doctor's bills, and so our vacation has gone into that." She smiled bravely.

Mildred put her hand on her purse, but the girl went on with a proud little gesture:

"It 's all paid up, and one of our friends, a lady who trades here, has asked mother out to her country home for all summer, so you see we are very well off, after all."

"But your own vacation?" Mildred persisted, impressed by the girl's unselfishness.

"Oh, yes, we 've got to give that up. I don't so much mind," a little sigh escaped her lips, "but Florence has never been away. She is sixteen. We were going to a Vacation House in New Hampshire for two whole weeks, but perhaps we can go next year."

"How much would it cost to go?" inquired Mildred, her eyes shining with a sudden thought that had just popped into her head.

The girl looked honestly into the flushed face of the kindly customer.

"We could do it for sixteen dollars—fares and all," she said.

Mildred rose quickly and put out her hand with hasty determination: "Here is twenty-five dollars. I do not need it—it was given me to use as I liked. I want you and Florence to have your trip to New Hampshire just as you planned, and please spend the rest for the little things you may need," and before the astonished girl could recover herself, Mildred was gone.

So it was the old muslin that went to Class-Day, and while the whole family wondered and speculated they were obliged to admit among themselves, that Mildred had never looked prettier nor seemed more radiantly happy.

"THE fellows did n't seem to mind Millie's old clothes," laughed Bob, teasingly, as they discussed the great event one evening several weeks later. "I say, Mildred," he went on, "what are you going to do with your money?"

"Nothing," said Mildred, laconically. "It 's all spent; I bought new gloves, white shoes and stockings, ribbons and—"

"You did n't blow it all in on those—I know that," pursued Bob, decisively.

"Bob," said his mother, "do not be inquisitive; remember it was Mildred's to spend as she chose." Still the mother looked a trifle anxiously at her daughter, not a little mystified by her unusual silence.

"Miss Jennie and Florence Ridley to see Miss Mildred," said the maid entering and making the announcement to Mildred.

"To see me?" exclaimed Mildred in surprise. "Why, I know no such people! Well, you 'll

have to show them in here. Father has guests in the library."

The maid returned, ushering in two plainly but neatly dressed girls, the younger of whom ran eagerly forward, regardless of the others in the room; and seizing both of Mildred's hands, looked up into her face and said:

"I'm Florence—we found out who you were—they knew at the store—and we just *had* to come. We got home to-day. Oh! it was beautiful! We never can thank you enough,—never," a little sob choked the child.

Gradually it all came out, and Mildred, her mother, and Bob listened to enthusiastic tales of "real mountains," "all the milk you wanted," "berries you could truly pick yourself," and the joyous overflow of the little sixteen-year-old's first glimpse of a country vacation. It was a long story, but the ring of perfect delight, and the freshness of the childish wonder, held them all spellbound.

"Florence has gained nine pounds, and I six," said Jennie, with a quiet echo of pleasure in her voice. "We never had such a good time in all our lives."

She rose to go, and timidly put both her hands into Mildred's. There was no need to say she was rested. The cheeks had a faint color, and the dark circles were quite gone from her eyes which fairly shone with health.

Mildred moved to the door and wished them good night, with promises to come to see them, and then returned to the room, her eyes glowing with happiness.

Her mother rose and kissed the brown hair, and then went into the library without a word.

Bob fidgeted. He was evidently ill at ease. "I say, Mildred," he broke out at last, "that made me feel like a perfect cad. Here I spent every cent of my money for books for myself. I'd give anything to have had the pleasure



"THE YOUNGER OF THE GIRLS RAN EAGERLY FORWARD, REGARDLESS OF THE OTHERS IN THE ROOM."

you've had out of yours. I guess if Uncle Robert knew, he'd say that you did n't need to be a boy, and that there are some other things in the world lots better than the 'Hooper grit'!"

A LITTLE FIELD OF GLORY

BY MARY CATHERINE LEE

Author of "A Quaker Girl of Nantucket," "Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift," etc.

CHAPTER II

A VICTORY AND A SURRENDER

THEN times were dull again, for several weeks, in the old house of Apdike. They arranged a kind of barricaded fortress in the tower, where they passed their nights, and took care to be in bed betimes.

But Dick, having had adventure, wished constantly for something more to happen. Sometimes the king's barge passed him on the river, and once he carried over to Greenwich a plain, grave gentleman who, instead of pence, gave him the fee of a golden angel, and greeted him as "Sir Lucifer," in stepping ashore.

These were all that Dick could count as happenings, until the Vigil of St. John arrived. Then the house gables glowed red with many bonfires which had been lighted in the streets, and their ruddy splendor flooded the old house of Apdike, revealing strange carvings on the oak ceilings and paneled wainscots. And here and there a bit of faded, ragged arras, that hung like a tattered banner to the wall, was dyed again with richness. Old trophies of sword and spear and shield, that had been taken from Spanish and Algerian pirates by the merchant fleets of the Apdikes, showed crimson stains again.

The streets of London were a grand display.

"Let us go forth once again, brother," said Dick, "and have our share of St. John's Eve."

"Why, that cannot be for me," said Thomas.

Then Dick snatched his cloak from a hook on the wall, and swinging it over his shoulders, brought it about him so as to make a little cave around Thomas, with but a peep-hole in front.

"Now, art thou not as safe as a monk in his cell?" he said. "Trust thyself to me!"

Thomas thought with horror of the gaping, grinning faces that would surround him and pierce him with their dreadful eyes, if he should be discovered under Dick's cloak. What the spears of battle were to a soldier, those eyes were to him.

But there was always something splendid to him in moving on at the rate of Dick's long step. It gave him the thrill, the bracing of nerve, which comes to a man when he stands on the deck of a great sea-going ship, and feels the free thing dashing gloriously into space.

"I'll go anywhere with thee, Dick," he said.

And they went. The whole town was resplendent. Every man's door was embowered in green birch, and long fennel, and St. John's wort, and white lilies, and the windows as radiant as candles and oil lamps could make them.

Through Cheapside and Fleet Street the citizens' wives and daughters, in their finest costumes, leaned from the overhanging windows. Beneath, on the footway, were spread hospitable boards, presided over by apprentices in blue gowns and yellow hose, who invited the passers to partake of their master's cheer. And Dick did; now and then passing in a crumb to Thomas.

Down the Strand the houses were hung with tapestry, and lighted up with oil lamps. From some, hung branches of iron, curiously wrought, bearing hundreds of lamps. Stages of timber and latticed windows were filled with ladies, whose diamonds flashed in the light. Banners and pennons floated on the breeze. Gay steeds, with gorgeous trappings, pranced here and there, upon which were mounted armed men with plumes and casques. And every villain was abroad. Now and again Dick started, and held Thomas closer.

But Thomas sailed on, up and down the town, and at length Dick stationed himself near the cross at West Cheap, to get a good view of the procession.

About him were farmers from Kent, sailors from the river, fishermen from Essex, fishwives from Billingsgate. There were servants in liveries, young men and smart maids, old men and matrons.

Dick was not unseen among these. "A fine larruping lad, with a bloom like an apple," a motherly woman noted. "Don't 'ee smother the child, lad! Let it have air, do." She placed her kind, fat hand on Thomas's cover, and would have thrown it open, but Dick moved away.

"Why art not jumping the bonfires?" asked a stiff-jointed old man, envying the lad his brisk legs. "*Eh!* hast brought out a *baby* to nurse?"

And Dick moved on again. But soon he was vexed by a little girl in her father's arms, who had come out to see whatever was to be seen. Finding nothing more inviting than the bright eyes that peeped from under Dick's cloak, she called out in a shrill voice: "Let me see the babby! Let me see the babby!"

Dick covered his burden closer, and frowning,

tried to move on again. The little girl fell a-weeping.

"An ill-natured lout!" said the father.

"Why is he feared to show what he 's got?" asked the mother.

"Happen it 's something would hang him," suggested a big, bristling woman.

"Best see what he 's a-carrying off," cried a rough man, while another laid hold of Dick, and a third tugged at his cloak.

The curious, the cruel, and those who wished to add to the exciting events of the night, crowded up, shouting:

"Leave a-go it!"

"Show us it!"

Nay, ask not what they cried. A villain wrenched Dick's elbow from behind. The sudden pain of it caused him to loosen his hold, so that Thomas was snatched, and—dropped, at the first glance; then caught up again by a more daring fellow, who uttered a howl of delight.

"'T is a Tom-a-lin!"

"A Hop-o'-my thumb!"

"A pixy!"

"Hoot-toot! Look ye!"

Thomas was raised aloft to be gazed at, while Dick was fighting right and left.

But, at the height of the clamor, there arose another howl that was not of delight. With the cunning swiftness of a real pixy, Thomas had swung himself backward, and caught with one hand at the hair, with the other at the ear of the enemy, and never did anything cling as he did. Not a burr, not a leech, not pitch, not a limpet to a rock, not a drowning man to his only hope of life.

He could not be torn away. Every effort to sever the attachment resulted in keener pangs to the larger member of that struggling pair. The more he was pulled, the more Thomas clinched and clawed, until strength forsook the excruciated man, and Thomas, feeling the loosening hold, slipped out of it like a snake, and climbed to a foothold on the nape of the bowed neck, where he had his antagonist under, and stood triumphant. The conquered man was at his mercy, for nowhere was there human help for him. The delighted, applauding crowd were only too eager to see a continuation of the performance; though some fell back, that this eery thing might not leap at their ears.

Dick had stopped fighting, and stood staring with wonder at his tender brother, while three new-comers made their way through the crowd

to a place beside him. They wore the scarlet dress of the yeomen of the guard. Nothing could surpass the relish they seemed to have for that strange exhibition of prowess.

"St. George and the dragon!" exclaimed the one who had great, laughing blue eyes and a golden beard. "Brava! Brava!" he shouted, when Thomas had accomplished his triumph.

Dick turned with a start, and then stood rapt. His king's voice he had not forgotten. Those great sparkling eyes, the fair face and gallant figure were printed on his heart. Every true boy is a hero-worshiper.

"Whose brave elf is that?" asked Dick's hero.

"He is my brother," Dick replied, and reaching up, he received Thomas into his arms.

But now the approaching trumpets and tabors drowned every other sound.

There was such blowing and booming as thumps at the heart, and then the great Marching Watch came on.

First, the city officials, in parti-colored liveries, followed by a mounted sword-bearer in armor, on a gaily trapped steed; and then the Lord Mayor, in all his regalia of state, on a magnificent horse.

Forward and onward they came and went, marching grandly, tripping lightly, prancing, wheeling, tramping,—giants, pages, morrice dancers,¹ footmen and pageants, torch bearers, sword players, demi-lancers in armor, with the city arms emblazoned on back and breast; gunners, archers, in coats of white fustian, with bows bent and sheaves of arrows at their sides; pikemen and halberdiers, in corselets and helmets; billmen with helmets and aprons of mail; drummers, fifers, standard- and ensign-bearers; scarlet uniforms, gilded harnessings, all glowing and glittering in the light of a thousand blazing torches, which sent up a pitchy flame and smoke that showed in the distance like the light of a burning city.

To Dick, elbow to elbow with the frolicsome, masquerading, but manly young king, in that grand display of arms and light, it was an excitement almost too tremendous.

When the procession had passed, and the crowd was buzzing and moving to disperse, Dick came down to earth and stood wondering how he should ever get Thomas safely home.

King Harry, seeing his doubt, and mistaking it for fear, said: "By the Mass! this valiant brother of thine shall have a guard of honor. Move on, lad!"

And Dick marched homeward, attended by an

¹ Morrice dance — Frequently joined with pageants and processions, especially those appropriate to the celebrations of May-day.

escort of the disguised king and his two companions.

It was a great night for the old house of Apdike, for the merry monarch carried his freedom so far that he went within its door, to see more of that smallest subject in his realm.

Simon, having hoarded the fat, had made candles, so that the ten-branched candlesticks were ablaze in the windows, and the king saw and wondered over Thomas; saw the desolation of the house, in the towers of which had once been stored treasures of silver and gold which rivaled those of a prince; saw the naked walls which had once been hung with richest tapestries; saw the fine, great fellow Dick was,—Dick, with all his ardor and valor and devotion in his glowing, eloquent face.

His Majesty was curious about Thomas, but his inclination was for large and manly things. It was Dick he fancied, after all. And Dick showed all the enthusiasm of his devotion, which made King Harry say to himself that he would remember this descendant of the worthy Apdikes. And he put something of his intended favor into his words, and then went on again to his boyish pastime of seeing the people, eating their spice-cakes and saffron-cakes and drinking their ale, as though he were a citizen himself.

That the king had been within their walls seemed to Thomas only a part of the bewilderment and bedazzlement of the night. He was too tired to care even for that great event; but he saw all Dick's ardor and devotion.

And when they were settled in their beds, while Dick's fancy was at work, up spake Thomas, who had seemed to be sleeping: "I heard thee say, 'An I were free!' What didst mean, Dick?"

"Why,—why—if I were a lone lad, brother."

"What wouldst do, Dick?" said Thomas eagerly. "I would do naught but serve my king all the days of my life."

Then Dick gave a sigh. To Thomas it was a sigh of longing. It was not the first time that he had thought himself a hindrance to Dick.



"HOW DAREST JUMP OVER MY WALL? SHOUTED THOMAS."

He said to himself: "If Dick were free, he would not live in a poor, tedious way, and ferry people across the river in a leaky old boat."

If Thomas, then, could but have had himself blown out, like the flame of a candle; if he could have been wiped out, like a chalk-mark on the floor, willingly would he thus have set Dick free.

After this, he was lying, one day, in the tangled grass of the garden, under the mulberry

tree, looking up at the sky. He remembered the story of one Elijah, who had been permitted to mount away out of sight, forever, in a chariot. A stream of swallows left the tower of St. Swithin's, and ran smoothly away into the blue. At the bottom of the forlorn garden flowed the Thames, bearing away the ships that had come up with the flood-tide. They slipped away into the shrouding mist, and were seen no more.

Tormented with these suggestions, Thomas covered his face and might have wept, but he was startled by the sound of something heavy dropping to the ground. He bobbed up out of the grass.

A strange man had come over the wall. To a helpless person, this uncommon way of approach might naturally bring alarm. But those who know say, "the more despair, the less fear." A vessel cannot be filled with two things at the same time.

"Have no fear, young master," began the man.

"*Fear!*" shouted Thomas, in the tone of a terrible cricket. "How *darest* jump over my wall?"

The man—an ingratiating, ugly-faced fellow—looked upon Thomas with surprise, followed by a delighted grin, as though he were enjoying a performance. He was a mixture of country and town, in a russet coat, with a belt of white horsehide, hose puffed to the knees, smart, tight-fitting stockings and yellow buckles on his shoes. He glanced about at the fading and decay of the stately Apdike estate with an appearance of satisfaction, and answered:

"You see, young master, I could not come in at the gates, and your doorkeeper would ne'er let me in by the door, and there 's a question I would ask."

"Begone with thy questions!" said Thomas, with the roar of a linnet.

"But first, let me ask—wouldst like to be somewhat richer, sir?"

"Who are you?"

"Shamwell, is my name; Shamwell, the Showman."

Thomas looked with increasing disgust at his large-featured, ugly visitor, whose attempted politeness made him all the more sickening.

"Hast never heard of the wonders provided for the people of this realm by Shamwell, assisted by Nature? The hare that plays the tabor, the goose with four legs, the sheep with two heads, the hairy woman, the Welsh giant, the spotted boy and the performing monkeys?"

Thomas stood dumb. He was all vague but horrible suspense,—and foresight.

"But a beautiful dwarf like you, sir, is not to be found in all England," continued Shamwell,—

"nay, in all the world, I trow; and if you would but be joined to my collection, it should bring you marvelous profit."

The face of Thomas flushed. His tiny chest swelled with wrath and shame; but in that way he could vanish,—in that way he could free Dick.

If an executioner had stood there, offering to take off his head, to the same purpose, it would have seemed an easy matter, by comparison, to agree to that—to just one moment of agony—for Dick's sake. But the horror of being a showman's property, a fellow monster with the four-legged goose and the spotted boy, stared at, grinned at, day after day, on and on, for who knew how many days and years! Thomas looked at the open door of the house,—to the refuge within. There was Dick's old cap on a bench. The largest person in the world could not have contained more dread and grief, more anguish and love than was in that quivering little frame. And one might say more heroism, too, for he turned from the door, and stretching out his hands to Shamwell, said:

"You may take me! You may take me *now!*"

And Shamwell, having assurance that it was safe, that this small man need ask leave of nobody, unlocked the gate, and departed, hugging to his heart the head of the house of Apdike.

In a large cornfield, extending from the banks of the river Cam toward the road, for about half a mile square, great matters were going on in the first days of September. That is to say, Sturbridge Fair was in full blast. The farmers of the district had brought their cattle, the hop-growers their hops, the merchants of the great towns their many wares.

And even a portion of the Continent had come in the persons and wares of Venetian and Genoese traders in Eastern goods; the Gascon vine-grower with the produce of his vineyards; the Flemish weaver with his linen from Liege and Ghent; the Spaniard with his iron, and the Norwegian with his tar and pitch.

Sturbridge Fair was the greatest in the nation; perhaps in the whole world. It was, in truth, like a fortified city, set up all suddenly in the open field, to fall away as suddenly, and disappear, when the days of the fair were ended. While afar from it, one could hear the lowing of oxen, the neighing of horses, the bleating of sheep, the shouts of human voices and a great confusion of miscellaneous sounds.

In streets of booths the wares were arrayed, and these were fringed with the humbler stalls of peddlers and purveyors of refreshments.

The first booth on the north side of the fair

contained the miracles and monsters, drolleries, rope-dancers, wild beasts, performing monkeys, bears and horses,—everything conceivable and contrivable that could amuse or surprise the people. Babel was nothing to the jumble and din of this department.

Here, a fellow in motley dress, with beating drum, invited people to see his puppets, and farther on a Merry Andrew blew a trumpet calling all to come and admire his antics. On the other side, with yards of tape or ribbon in his hands, a "Hocus Pocus," or fakir, was showing his sleight of hand to the wide-eyed rabble, crying, "Hocus pocus, tontas talontas, vade celeriter jubeo!" Yonder, one was shaking a rattle, another scraping a fiddle, while a band of pipers and guitar beaters added music to the din of "Here, sir, see Jephtha's Rash Vow!" "See the Tall Dutch Woman, sir!" "See the Tiger!" "See the 'Horse-and-no-Horse,' whose tail stands where his head should!" The minstrel, the story-teller and the tumbler gathered knots about them; ballad singers held the crowd while their confederate pickpockets were diving and fishing for their especial gain.

On tents and booths were posted announcements of marvels to be found within. This way to—"The Gyant, or Miracle of Nature, of such prodigious Hight and Bigness the like hath never been seen. He hath been shown at Court, and his Majesty was pleased to walk under his Arm, and he is grown very much since. Vivat Rex!"

On the other hand, "The Wonder of Nature. A girl not above three foot long, with Head that groweth out backward, and not a perfect Bone in any part of her, yet she hath her senses to admiration, discourseth and singeth, all very pleasant to hear. God save the king!"

But all else was set at naught by the announcements of what Shamwell and Nature had to offer. Together they had produced a giant larger than the largest; monsters more monstrous; performers more cunning than the demon himself, and strange creatures taken in the deserts of Prester John's country.

In the doorway of his booth, Shamwell, junior, in an attracting costume—"Turkey above, and Greece below, like the peninsular itself"—called loudly on the passers to "Come and behold the noble Jack-call!" "Come and see the decapitation of St. John the Baptist!" "Come and see

the smallest man alive,—the Caballero de los Caballeros,—a Spanish gentleman not above twenty-eight inches long, who rideth a young tiger!"

In an inner sanctuary of this Temple of Wonder the little Caballero was being decked out for his first appearance. About him his fellow wonders awaited their turn. The Giant Goliath dozed indifferently on the ground. St. John the Baptist, all ready to be beheaded, sat cheerfully chatting on the same bench with the man who would use the knife, while the third man, whose head would appear in the dish, as his own disappeared from the table, was having his ghastly paint put on. The low-spirited performing monkeys, and the sulky hare, that played the tabor, were hating the human race together, while the Caballero expended his disgust upon the Shamwells. Grievous had been the days and weeks during which he had lived with them on the road, or in a topsy turvy corner of their booth, sleeping on the same pallet with the spotted boy, the giant snoring next, and all the monsters somewhere there in the darkness. And, worse than all, to arise and be called diminutive pet names by Mrs. Shamwell and her daughters, and "Little Hop-the-Puddle" by Shamwell, junior. These seemed the most hideous conditions into which he could have invited himself.

To be sure, while the four-legged goose squawked, the two-headed sheep bleated double, the wild beasts roared, and the Shamwell twins outsquawked, outbleated and outroared them all, he could cry, "Oh, Dick! Dick!" and no one would hear him.

He felt so immensely far-removed, that he seemed to have reached the uttermost bounds of the earth. Never again should he be heard of, he thought, from a place so strange and distant.

That morning he had heard of a boy who had fallen into the river, and been taken out drowned. The river! Would it be possible to get there, and fall in?

"Now, then," said Shamwell, flipping up the gold lace on the Caballero's Spanish doublet, and giving his mustachios another curl upward, to make him a touch fiercer and more fly-away, "let us see how thou wilt make entrance. Ay,—nay, nay; a more sudden dash; a lower sweep of the cap. Mind and walk Spanish, and lay thy hand on the hilt of the sword,—thus, like a very bravo of a fellow. Now!"

(To be continued.)



HARRIS • N • CARY.

A WOODLAND SERENADE.

TOM, DICK, AND HARRIET

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater"

CHAPTER IV

THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT SCHEME

DICK SOMES, or "The Brand," as Chub insisted on calling him, was a success from the start. The circumstances attending his arrival at Ferry Hill enveloped him in a mantle of romance, while to have thrown over Hammond in favor of the rival school at once endeared him to his new friends. Besides this, however, it was hard to resist his personality. As Chub said one day in awed tones: "He 's just about as homely as a mud fence, only somehow you forget all about it." And you did. You remembered only that his look was frank and kindly, his voice wonderfully pleasant, and his laughter infectious. Before he had been at Ferry Hill a week he knew every one of his forty-two companions to speak to, and could call each one by his name without a mistake. The younger boys tagged after him whenever they might, and the older ones were frankly eager to be with him. He could talk interestingly on a hundred subjects, and could be as breezy as a Kansas cyclone or as staid and proper as young Cullum, of the Second Middle, who, on his arrival from Boston the year before, had been promptly dubbed "Culture" Cullum.

Born in Ohio, Dick had moved west with his parents at the age of six years. Then had followed sojourns in a sod house in Nebraska, in a log cabin in Montana, in an adobe shack in Colorado, and in a real carpenter-built house in a Nevada mining town. After that the fortunes of the Someses had mended rapidly until, when Dick was twelve, the family was living comfortably in one of the finest residences of Helena. For two years Dick attended school uninterruptedly, something he had not done before. Then came his mother's death and two years of hotel life at home and abroad for him and his father. So, of course, Dick had seen a good deal of the world for a boy of his age, had a keen sense of humor, plenty of imagination, and could rattle off stories that made his audience sit with wide eyes and open mouths. Dick never spoke of wealth, but the impression prevailed generally that his father was remarkably well off, and the fact that Dick had his own check-book and could draw money from a New York trust company whenever he wanted to—naturally did much to strengthen that impression.

Harry took much credit to herself for Dick's capture, and displayed at all times a strong proprietary interest in him. For his part Dick liked Harry immensely and endured her tyranny with unflinching good humor. At Madame Lambert's School, in Silver Cove, Harry became quite a heroine, and the story of how she had induced a Hammond boy to come to Ferry Hill was in constant demand for a fortnight after school began again.

Naturally enough, Dick's closest friends were Chub and Roy—and, of course, Harry; and I might include Sid Welch. Sid was fifteen and a confirmed hero-worshiper. Last year he had transferred his allegiance from Horace Burlen to Roy, and now appearances indicated that he was about to transfer it again to Dick. Dick was very kind to him, as he was to every one, but Sid's youthfulness prevented him from any save occasional companionship with the three older boys. To be sure, Dick was only sixteen himself, but he seemed older than either Chub or Roy. He had barely managed to convince Doctor Emery of his right to enter the Second Senior class, and was working very hard to stay there.

One morning, a week or so after the beginning of the new term, Dick, Roy, Chub, and Harry were seated, the two former on the grain chest and the two latter on an empty box, in the barn. The big doors were wide open and the morning sunlight fell across the dusty floor in a long path of gold. The cold had moderated and that day the water was dripping from the eaves, and the snow was sliding with sudden excited rustlings from the roofs of the barn and sheds. Beyond the sunlight the floor faded into the twilight of the building wherein the forms of farm wagons and machinery were dimly discerned. From close at hand, to be exact, from tiers of boxes and home-made cages ranged along one side of the barn, came strange sounds; squeaks, soft murmurs, little rustling noises, excited chatters, and now and then a plaintive me-ow. The sounds came from the inhabitants of Harry's menagerie, as Roy had nicknamed the collection of pets. Overhead was the soft cooing of pigeons, and outside in the warm sunlight many of them were wheeling through the air and strutting about the yard. Dick had just been formally introduced to the inhabitants of the boxes;

to Lady Grey and her two furry, purry kittens, to Angel and others of his family—white, pink-eyed rabbits these—, to Teety, the squirrel, to Pete and Repeat and Threepete, black rabbits all, to Snip, the fox terrier, to numerous excitable white mice, and, last but not least, to Methuselah.

Methuselah was the parrot, a preternaturally solemn and dignified bird as long as he refrained from conversation. When he spoke he betrayed himself as the jeering old fraud that he was. Just at present he was seated on Harry's arm, his head on one side and one glittering eye closed. Closing one eye gave him a very wise look, and I fancy he knew it. At Harry's feet lay Snip, stretched out in the sunshine, and at a little distance Spot, an Angora cat and the black sheep of the family, sat hunched into a round ball of furriness and watched proceedings with pessimistic gaze.

"When does the first hockey game come, Roy?" asked Chub.

"A week from Saturday, with Cedar Grove. By the way, Dick, can you play hockey?"

"No, what 's it like?"

"Have n't you ever seen a game?"

"Don't think so. It 's a sort of shinny on the ice, is n't it?"

"Something like that," answered Roy. "You ought to learn. Harry says you 're a dandy skater, and that 's half the battle."

"Oh, I never could play games," said Dick. "I 've tried to catch a base-ball, but I never could do it."

"You come out for practice in a month or so," said Chub, "and I 'll bet you can learn how. Will you?"

"If you like. Do both you fellows play?"

"Yes, Roy plays first base and I play second."

"Chub is captain," added Harry.

"And where do you play?" asked Dick, turning to her.

"They won't let me play," answered Harry disgustedly. "I can play just as well as Sid Welch, though!"

"Oh, come now, Harry," laughed Chub, "Sid played a pretty good game last year."

"So could I if you 'd let me. I can catch any ball you can throw, Chub Eaton, and you know it!"

"Of course you can," said Chub soothingly. "I 'll put you behind the bat this year, Harry."

"How far behind?" asked Roy. "Back of the fence?" Harry made a face at him.

"I would n't think of playing if you bar Harry out," said Dick gravely. "Harry rescued me from a life of idleness at Hammond, and brought me over here where I 'm buzzing my brain out

trying to keep up with my class, and I 'm naturally awfully grateful to her. If you don't let her play you can't have my invaluable services, Chub."

"Look here, how about foot-ball?" demanded Roy.

"Me?" asked Dick. "I don't know the first thing about it. The only game I can play is chess."

"But you ought to do something with those muscles of yours," insisted Roy. "Did you ever do any rowing?"

"Never even saw a race," was the cheerful reply. "Oh, I 'm no athlete, me. The only thing I can do is ride and fish and shoot and throw a rope and—and run a little."

"Run?"

"Yes, on my feet, you know. Don't you ever run hereabout?"

"Yes," laughed Chub, "we run bases."

"I could n't do that, I guess; a mile 's about my measure. Don't you have foot races here?"

"No, we don't do anything in that line. Hammond has a track team, but we have n't. You should have stayed where you were put, if you want to be a runner."

"What 's the matter with getting up one of those things here?" asked Dick. "One of those track teams? You 've got a track, have n't you?"

"Yes, but it 's not much good. We only use it for exercise," said Roy.

"Could n't it be fixed up?"

"I don't believe the Doctor would do it," answered Roy. "You see, it would cost a lot, and I know there is n't much money to spend."

"Why? Does n't the school make money?" asked Dick.

"Oh, yes, but not very much; does it, Harry?"

"Sometimes it does n't make anything; it loses," replied Harry cheerfully. "Then I wear my old dresses in the summer, and we stay here at Ferry Hill; only sometimes I have to go and visit Aunt Harriet Beverly, which is much worse than staying at home."

"Must be a leak somewhere," said Dick. "Why, with forty-three boys at four hundred dollars a year, I don't see why the Doctor does n't make slathers of coin."

"He used to," said Harry; "but everything costs so much more nowadays, you see. Papa says that if we had accommodations for twenty more boys the school would make money."

"What kind of accommodations?" asked Dick.

"Why, places to sleep and eat," answered Harry.

"But if he 's losing money now with forty

boys I should think he 'd lose half as much again with sixty," said Chub.

"Did n't you ever hear the saying that it costs as much to feed three persons as it does two?" laughed Dick.

"Papa means," explained Harry, "that the expenses would n't be much larger than they are now. It would take more food, of course, and —and things like that, but there would n't have to be any more teachers, because papa and Mr. Cobb and Mr. Buckman could teach sixty boys just as well as forty."

"I see," said Chub. "But—could he get twenty more boys? The school is n't quite full now, you know."

"He could if he advertised in the magazines and papers," said Harry. "He never has advertised because he says it would n't pay to do it unless he could take lots more boys."

"Well, I like the school as it is," said Chub. "I think there is just enough of a crowd here now. If it was much bigger we would n't hang together the way we do and we would n't have half so good a time."

"Yes, but I 'd like the Doctor to make something," said Roy. "I 'd like Harry to have new dresses in the summer and not have to visit her Aunt Harriet," he continued with a laugh. "Besides, if the school was making plenty of money we could have a new boat-house, and an addition to the grand stand and things like that, probably."

"And a new running track," added Dick. "I 'm in favor of enlarging the school!"

"Objection withdrawn," said Chub. "Go ahead and do it."

"Then, too," said Roy, who had apparently been considering the matter quite seriously, "we 'd have a larger number of fellows to pick our teams from. If we 've been able to win from Hammond in most everything in the long run with only half as many fellows as she has, what could we do to her if we had three fourths as many?"

"Third class in algebra!" murmured Chub. "Mr. Somes may answer."

"Not prepared," said Dick promptly.

"But it 's so," cried Harry. "Why, we could —we could simply lambaste them!"

"Good for you, Harry!" laughed Chub.

"Yes, it is so," pursued Roy earnestly.

"That 's why Hammond can have a track team and we can't. She has nearly ninety fellows this year to our forty-three. That means that she 's got two chances to our one."

"Oh, piffle!" scoffed Chub. "Why does n't she lick us then? We 've beaten her three times

out of four at foot-ball, and we 're away ahead in base-ball victories, and in rowing. No, sir, the reason we 've been able to lick her is just because we have so few fellows that we all stick together and work for the school, and when we get a lot more here it will be different and there 'll be cliques and things like that, and half the school won't speak to the other half."

"That is n't so at Hammond, I guess," objected Dick. "From what little I learned of the place the fellows stick together pretty well."

"Besides, twenty more would n't make much difference," added Roy. "What you say might be so if we had two or three hundred, like some of the big schools; but not with sixty. I cast my vote with Dick; let 's enlarge."

"Yes, indeed," cried Harry, "let 's! How 'll we do it?"

"Well, don't let me interfere," said Chub good-naturedly. "I 'll just sit here and keep still while you do it. But don't be long, because I 've got a lesson in just ten minutes."

"Why, there 's only one way to do it," said Dick promptly. "We must have a new dormitory."

"Oh, is that it?" asked Chub. "I 'll see if I can find one for you." He began to peer around on the floor. "I suppose one slightly used would n't do?"

"You dry up and blow away," said Roy. "We 're talking business."

"And if you want to come in on the ground floor," said Dick, "now 's your chance. If you wait you 'll have to pay a big price to join the Society."

"What 's it called? The Society of Hopeless Idiots?"

"No, sir; it 's called the Ferry Hill Improvement Society," replied Dick. "And its objects are to obtain a new dormitory, increased attendance, a new running track and a track team."

"Is that all?" jeered Chub. "It sounds so easy I guess I 'll have to come in. You may put me down for president."

"We 'll put you down for janitor, that 's what we 'll put you down for," said Roy scathingly. "Dick shall be president."

"I decline," said Dick. "I nominate Miss Harry Emery, Esquire."

"No, Roy must be president," answered Harry, "and I 'll be secretary and treasurer, because I have more time than you fellows. And Dick must be vice-president, and Chub—"

"I 'll be referee."

"No, you 'll be second vice-president."

"All right," answered Chub cheerfully.

"That 's me. I 'm the one who attends banquets and does the jollyng. You folks do the work."

"Look here," said Roy soberly. "Are you fellows in fun or do you—do you really intend to go into this?"

Chub grinned and Harry looked doubtful. Dick, however, answered promptly.

"No, sir, there 's no fun about it!" he declared. "We 're going to do it. Work on the new dormitory begins as soon as school closes in June. Why not? What 's a dormitory, anyhow? Thirty thousand will build it, I guess; and if we can't scrape up that much before June we don't deserve it!"

"I 'll bet you anything he believes it!" said Chub in awed tones.

"Of course I believe it," said Dick stoutly. "We 'll send letters to the graduates asking for subscriptions, and we 'll get the fellows in school interested and make them contribute. I 'll start the ball rolling myself with fifty dollars."

"Gee!" said Chub. "I can't give much more than fifty cents, I guess."

"You 'll give five dollars, anyhow," declared Dick. "No subscriptions received for less than five."

"I 'll give five!" cried Harry eagerly. "I 've got almost that much in my bank."

"Good! Fifty and fifteen are—"

"Is," corrected Chub.

"Am—sixty-five," said Dick. "That 's a good starter."

"Sure!" laughed Roy. "We only need twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-five more!"

"Oh, maybe it won't take thirty thousand," said Dick cheerfully. "I only guessed at it. We 'll find out about that the first thing."

"Well, there 's no harm in trying," said Roy. "And it 'll be good fun whether anything comes of it or not. But I vote that Chub be made president because I 'm going to be too busy during the next two months to attend properly to the duties of the office. You see, hockey does n't leave much time for other things."

"Not me, though," Chub protested. "I never was president of anything, and don't know what you do. Besides, I 'm going to be pretty busy myself in another six weeks. Base-ball candidates are coming out early this year. Dick 's the man for president; he started the trouble and the subscriptions. All in favor—"

"I 'd just as lief serve as president," said Dick, "only I may be busy myself pretty soon."

"What at?" asked Chub.

"Forming that track team. I 'm going to be captain of it, you know. Roy 's captain of the hockey team and you 're captain of the nine, and I 've got to be captain of something, myself."

"Do you really mean that you 're going to try and get up a team?" asked Roy.

"Yes, and I want you fellows to help me. Will you?"

"Sure," cried Chub. "It 's a good scheme, Dick. I 'll wager there are lots of fellows here who will be pleased purple to join."

"Will you?"

"Me? Why, I can't do anything."

"How do you know? I dare say you can run bases, and if you can do that maybe you can sprint. And Roy ought to make a good distance runner. You say he was in the Cross Country last fall."

"I 'll join," said Roy. "I don't suppose I can do anything, but I 'm willing to try."

"Same here," said Chub. "And while we 're about it, let 's start a few other things. We have n't got a croquet club, nor a sewing circle, you know."

"And if we started those, Harry could join," laughed Dick.

"I should think you might let me join the track team," said Harry. "I can run as fast as anything, Dick!"

"As secretary of the F. H. I. S.," replied Dick, "you will have no time for trivial affairs, Harry. You 've let yourself in for a lot of hard work, if you only knew it. Now, I propose—"

"I propose," exclaimed Chub, jumping up, "that I go to my recitation. When 's the next meeting?"

"The secretary will issue a call for it," answered Dick.

"Seems to me," suggested Roy, "that the name ought to be the Ferry Hill School Improvement Society; people might think we were trying to improve the Hill."

"Settle it to suit yourselves," cried Chub, making a dash for the door. "I 'm off."

Methuselah, who had been dozing for some time, awoke startled, and broke into angry remonstrances. "Well, I never did!" he screeched hoarsely. "Can't you be quiet? Stop your swearing! Stop your swearing! Stop your swearing!"

And the first meeting of the small but very select Ferry Hill School Improvement Society broke up in confusion.

CHAPTER V

THE F. H. S. I. S. HOLDS A MEETING

A FEW days later Harry sat at the little desk in her room, her feet twined around the legs of her chair, her head very much on one side and a pen in her hand. Before her, on the pink blotting-pad, were four postal cards. Two were already written on, and a third was under way:

FERRY HILL, N. Y., January 14.

There will be a meeting of the F. H. S. I. S. at the rooms of the Society (this means the barn), at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of January 16th. As the object of the meeting is to perfect a permanent organization, a full attendance is desired.

Respectfully,

H. EMERY,
Sec'y and Treas.

Harry laid down her pen with a sigh of relief, and wiped some of the ink from her fingers by rubbing them on the edge of the blotter. Then, getting a new grip on the chair legs with her feet, she took up the last postal. At that moment Mrs. Emery passed the open door, smiled and entered.

"What are you doing, pet?" she asked, laying a hand on Harry's shoulder, and glancing at the postals.

"Oh!" Harry gave a start and looked up in surprise. "Mama, you must n't see!" she cried. "It's a secret!"

"A secret? Well, my dear, I would n't write it on postals then," laughed her mother. "Don't you know that any one can read it that way?"

"Well, it is n't a secret—exactly," explained Harry. "But it's something you and papa must n't know about, yet. Are you reading it?"

"No, I've stopped, dear. But what is the F. H. S. I. S.?"

"That's it! That's the secret. It's a society."

"Don't you think, pet, that you are a little too young to belong to secret societies?" asked Mrs. Emery smilingly.

"Not this kind, mama; this is—is a benevolent society."

"Oh!"

"Yes, it's for a worthy purpose."

"Indeed? And what is the purpose, Harry?"

"Why, it's to—now, there, mama, you almost made me tell you!" Harry turned and pushed her mother away. "I'm not going to answer any more questions!" She set her lips tightly and determinedly together.

"But, Harry," said her mother teasingly, "you know you never can keep a secret! You need n't even try. You might as well tell me now as later."

Harry shook her head violently, but refused to speak.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Emery sadly, "if you can't trust me, Harry, I suppose—"

Harry was not proof against this. She jumped up and threw her arms about Mrs. Emery's comfortable waist, and hugged tight.

"It is n't fair!" she cried. "You're trying to work on my feelings, mama, and make me feel naughty; and then I'll have to tell you! And it is n't my secret, dearest, not mine alone, and it would n't be fair to Roy and Chub and Dick if I told you. And after a while you'll know all about it, if you'll only wait, and you and papa are to pick out the site for the dormitory and—"

"Dormitory? What are you talking about, child?"

But Harry had clasped both hands to her mouth and was looking so distressed that her mother took pity on her. "Very well, my dear, I won't ask you any more questions. But don't get into mischief." She kissed Harry and retired smiling. Harry returned to the desk with a loud sigh of relief and seated herself for the completion of her task.

"It was the nearest thing!" she thought. "I almost told it right out! But just the same I think it was unkind of mama to say I could n't keep a secret!"

When the last card was written she addressed them; one to Roy, one to Chub, one to Dick, and one to herself.

"It's more businesslike," she declared silently. "Secretaries of societies are such busy folks that I guess they are very likely to forget engagements unless they have notices around where they can see them."

She was forced to own, however, that it was n't necessary to post her notice with the others the following morning at Silver Cove. But then, for that matter, it was n't absolutely necessary to post any of them! She could just as well have handed them to the addressees; but sending them through the mail made them seem far more important, and the whole thing more real.

The second formal meeting of the Society therefore came off on the following Wednesday afternoon, but without the desired full attendance. For Roy was very busy on the rink where the hockey team was getting ready for the game with Cedar Grove School three days later. It was decidedly chilly in the "rooms of the Society" this afternoon, and the members did not remove their wraps. A portion of the menagerie made the mistake of supposing that feeding-time had arrived, and it was some minutes before or-

der was restored. Methuselah had such a lot to say that Harry was forced to drop the canvas in front of his cage, whereupon, after much disgusted muttering, he concluded that it was really bed-time and that he would go to sleep.

"You mean you second the motion," Chub corrected. "Question, Mr. President!"

"I guess we'll worry along without parliamentary procedure," laughed Dick. "And I don't believe it will be necessary yet awhile to keep the minutes. Here 's the subscription list. I 've put my name down for fifty dollars. You two sign, and get Roy to. Then you had better keep it, Harry. Now, are we going to take in more members or keep this thing to ourselves? I 'm in favor of having just us four, because if we have a lot it will be hard to get anything done; the fellows will always be wanting to speak and ask questions and all that. What do you say?"

"Four 's enough," said Chub. And Harry nodded concurrence.

"All right. Now I 've been asking questions, and I 've found that Burgess Hall cost twenty-seven thousand dollars. But it was built twelve years ago, and Mr. Cobb says labor and materials have almost doubled in cost since then. If that 's so Burgess would cost about forty-five thousand to-day; but the new dormitory would n't have to be more than half as large because it would have to accommodate only twenty fellows, and would n't have to have a dining-room. But I think it ought to be built in such a way that it could be added to later. I 've been figuring for a while on the

thing, and I think we 'll need just about what I said the other day, thirty thousand."

"Well, let 's have enough while we 're about it," said Chub dryly. "Maybe we 'd better say forty thousand."

"So now the thing to do," continued Dick, "is to write a letter saying what we 're trying to do,



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE F. H. S. I. SOCIETY.

"I suppose," said Harry apologetically, "that I ought to read the minutes of the last meeting; only there are n't any."

"In which case," said Chub, "I move you, Mr. President, and fellow-members, that the reading of the minutes be dispensed with."

"I move so, too," said Harry, excitedly.

and asking for subscriptions. We 'll have it printed and send it around to the grads. I guess we can get hold of their names all right, for the Doctor must have a list of them somewhere."

"Yes, he has," said Harry. "There 's a big book of names and addresses in the office."

"But it 'll cost something for printing and postage, won't it?" asked Chub.

"Yes, and so we 've got to have some ready money. I guess twenty-five dollars will be enough for the present."

"Well, but where is it coming from?"

"From the subscriptions. The treasurer must collect from us. I 'll pay ten dollars now, and you fellows can give something, too. Then I 'll give Harry a check for the rest of what I owe."

"Oh, I 'll have something to treasure, won't I?" cried Harry. "That 's what a treasurer 's for, you know."

"Yes." Dick brought out his purse and selected two five-dollar bills from the little roll of money it contained, and handed them to Harry, who accepted them with shining eyes. "You must send me a receipt for it, you know," said Dick. Chub fished ruefully around in his trousers pocket and finally produced a dollar and twelve cents.

"I guess I 'll keep the change," he said, "but you can have the dollar. Gee! I can just see that dormitory, Dick!"

"All right," answered Dick good-humoredly, "you go ahead and have your fun. How many fellows do you suppose have gone to school here?"

"Fury, I don't know!" said Chub. "A whole bunch of 'em."

"Well, how many usually enter in the fall?"

"This year there were fourteen new boys—counting you," answered Harry.

"We 'll call it twelve,—just a dozen," said Dick. "How long has the school been running?"



"MAMA, YOU MUST N'T SEE!" SHE CRIED. "IT'S A SECRET!"

"About thirty years, I think. Papa has had it twelve years, and I think it was almost twenty years old then."

"All right," said Dick; "thirty times twelve is three hundred and sixty. Some of them are either dead or have moved, nobody knows where, I dare say, so we 'll call it three hundred. If each one gave five dollars it would be—let me see—"

"Fifteen hundred," said Harry, proudly.

"What! Nonsense! It must be more than that!"

"Yep. Fifteen hundred," said Chub.

"But that can't be right!" exclaimed Dick.

"It is, though," Chub said with a smile. Dick looked thunder-struck.

"Fifteen hundred! Why, that won't do any good! How much would each grad have to give to make thirty thousand?"

"One hundred dollars," answered Harry promptly.

"Well, that 's a lot," said Dick thoughtfully; "because some of them probably can't afford that much."

"Maybe some of them will give more," suggested Chub.

"That 's so; some might give a thousand. If only ten of them would do that then the others would have to give only seventy-five, or—well, something like that."

"I guess if we get ten dollars apiece out of them on the average we 'll be doing well," said Chub pessimistically.

"We 've got to put it to them so that they 'll want to give a lot," said Dick. "We 've got to get together and work up a letter that 'll make 'em weep! Roy ought to help with that, and so I suggest we put that over until the next meeting. Meanwhile let 's each get up what he thinks would be about right and we 'll compare the—the appeals and work them together next time. Then we 'll have it printed."

"Before that, though," said Chub, "we ought to talk it over with the Doctor."

"Yes, we 'll do that when we have the appeal written out," answered Dick. "And we 'll get him to let us have the names and addresses of the grads. And after we 've posted the letters we 'll get up a subscription list and circulate it through the school. I 've figured that we ought to get two hundred and seventy dollars that way, without anything from the Doctor, and I dare say he 'd like to give something."

"Of course he would," said Harry. "Maybe he 'd give—a hundred! You see, we would n't want to go away this summer, anyhow, if the dormitory was being built."

"I guess you won't have to stay at home on that account," murmured Chub.

"I think you 're horrid," said Harry. "You 're making fun of it all the time. If you don't think it can be done, I don't see why you don't leave the Society."

"Because," laughed Chub, "I never belonged to a society before, and I like it immensely. I don't say we won't succeed, but I don't believe we 'll ever get the money by writing some letters to the graduates; that is, not by just that alone."

"What 's your idea?" asked Dick eagerly.

"I think we ought to get some one to give a big sum, say five or ten thousand, as a starter. Then we could find out which of the old boys are well off, and put it up to them; tell them So-and-So had given ten thousand dollars and ask them to go and do likewise. Of course, every grad ought to be allowed the privilege of contributing to the worthy cause, but there 's no use expecting to get much that way. And when the letters or circulars are sent out, a subscription blank ought to go along."

"That 's a good scheme," said Dick thoughtfully. "How can we find out who the wealthy grads are?"

"I dare say the Doctor knows," said Chub. "Anyhow, we can ask him."

"Yes, and don't you think his name ought to go on the letter? Would n't it look more—more official?"

"I guess it would," answered Chub. "I believe we ought to elect him honorary something; is n't that what 's usually done?"

"Honorary President," suggested Dick.

"That 's lovely!" cried Harry. "He 'll be so pleased!"

"He 's elected then," said Dick, and Chub nodded.

"Then I say we adjourn the meeting and get together again as soon as we can when Roy can attend. The trouble is that he has hockey every afternoon."

"Except Saturday."

"All right then; Saturday it is. That 's three days from now, and we 'll have time to think up the letter to the grads. It 's settled then," added Dick, as he slid off the grain chest. "Now let 's go and watch Roy practice hockey awhile."

"Please don't forget, Chub," said Harry, "that you owe four dollars to the treasury. And I must collect from Roy, must n't I? Do you think I 'd better open an account at the Silver Cove bank, Dick?"

"No, I guess you won't have it long enough," he laughed.

"But it 'll be a good deal of money to keep in the house," Harry objected. "Suppose some one stole it?"

"Then you 'd have to make good," said Chub. "By the way, Dick, is n't it customary to put the treasurer under bond?"

"I believe so. Can you give bond, Harry?"

"I don't know what that is," answered Harry; "but I know I 'm going to keep this money where no one can find it! You know a thief broke into the house three summers ago when we were away,

and stole papa's winter overcoat and a lot of silverware, and they never got him!"

"That 's right," laughed Dick. "Don't you take any risks with that immense sum you have there, Harry."

"I 'll have a good deal when Chub and Roy pay," said Harry gravely, as they left the barn and started along the road toward the dormitory.

"Well, I 'll settle with you Saturday," said Chub. "I 'm dead-broke now; there 's only twelve cents between me and the cold world."

"And it *is* a cold world, too," muttered Dick, pulling his sweater up around his chin. "I don't believe I want to stand in the snow and watch those hockey players very long."

"Just a little while," pleaded Chub. "It 's lots

of fun to see Harris fall down; he can fall farther and harder than any fellow I ever saw."

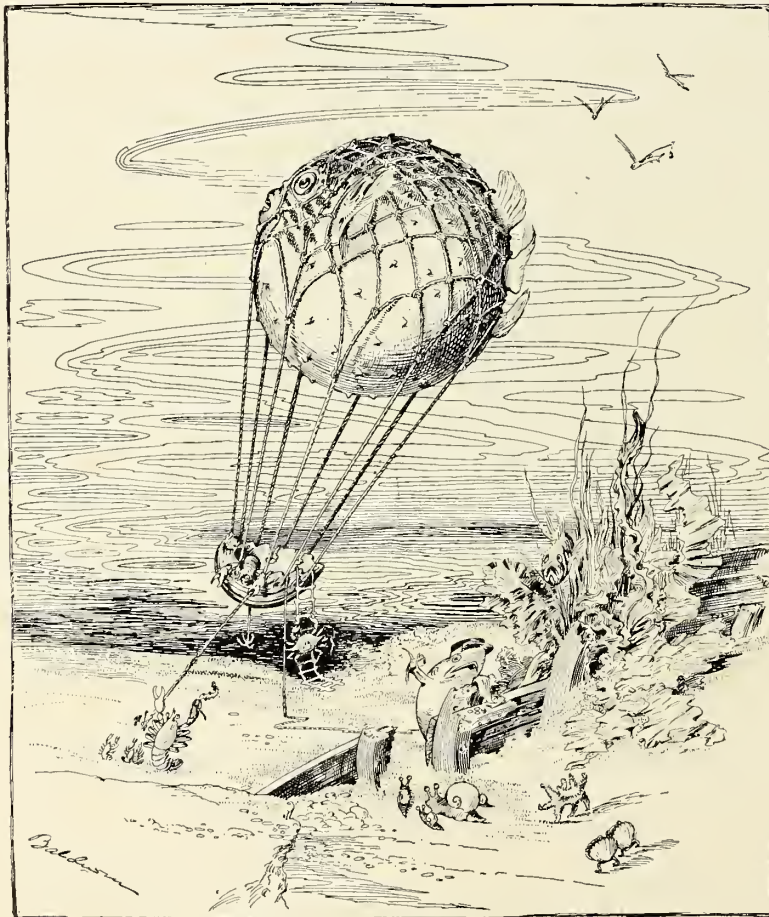
"Are n't you going to play this year, Chub?" asked Harry.

"No, Glidden 's a heap better than I am, and, besides, I 'll be busy at base-ball before the hockey schedule 's finished; so I thought I might as well drop out of it."

"Wait for me a minute," said Harry when they reached the Cottage. "I 'll put this money away in the house."

They waited for her and then the three went down the hill to the river, and along the bank to the rink where Roy and Kirby and Warren and Harris and a dozen others were charging madly about the ice in the teeth of a freezing gale.

(To be continued.)



"ALL ABOARD FOR THE BALLOON-FISH ASCENSION!"



THE CROMWELL HOUSE AT STUNTNEY.

WHEN CROMWELL WAS A BOY

BY ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE older readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* will remember from their histories, the great figure of Oliver Cromwell, who did so much toward giving England her most prized liberties, and eventually became Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, and perhaps the greatest personage of his time. I feel certain that these readers will be interested to hear something of Cromwell's boyhood, and the places where he lived when a lad.

About seventy miles due north of London, on what used to be called the Great North Road—

old town of Huntingdon. For centuries it has been a prosperous county-seat, and in its day possessed a castle fortified by William the Conqueror, and boasted no less than seventeen churches and monasteries. These latter, however, disappeared when Henry VIII dissolved the religious orders in England—all except one which the king bestowed upon one of his trusty subjects, one Richard Cromwell, of whom the king was very fond.

Richard's son, called from his love of display the Golden Knight, inherited this monastery



HINCHINGBROKE MANOR, WHERE CROMWELL'S UNCLE RECEIVED KING JAMES.

the main thoroughfare of England's east coast and on its site built a lordly mansion, Hinch- from the metropolis to Edinburgh—lies the good broke Manor, still standing, as here pictured, in



THE LANDSCAPE BY THE RIVER OUSE.

all the glory of its towers, battlements and ori-
 windows above the valley of the River Ouse.

This Golden Knight had a younger brother,
 Robert Cromwell, who lived down in the town of

Huntingdon in "Cromwell House," a spacious
 place with extensive lands.

Robert married a worthy dame, who, as one
 of the Stuntney Stewarts, joined to his estates



THE COURTYARD OF THE "GEORGE," AT HUNTINGDON.

the fine old brick farm-house that appears in the drawing at the head of this article.

They were blessed with a large family, and in 1599, on the 25th of April, the fifth of their nine children was born, a boy named Oliver after his uncle.

At the top of the parish register-page of All Saints Church at Huntingdon, is the record of this event, and it is with a certain sense of awe that one fingers the yellowing paper covered

ago: an ample, square house, with windows opening to the ground, through which the children could step out on the smooth English lawn shaded by oaks and fir-trees.

Here little Oliver grew up with his eight brothers and sisters.

The second day following his fourth birthday was a great day for Huntingdon, and a greater day still for the Cromwell family. Up on the hill at Hinchingbroke Manor, where Oliver's uncle



INTERIOR OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, HUNTINGDON, WHICH CROMWELL ATTENDED.

with faded Gothic letters, and reads the simple record of the birth of this "greatest and most typical Englishman of all time"—a sense of awe, however, that changes to amusement when one deciphers above the entry, written by some visitor: "England's plague for years." And this sentence, in turn, has been crossed out by some later traveler who evidently was loyal to Cromwell.

Oliver's birthplace, "Cromwell House," is today supplanted by a more modern structure, standing rather removed from the little town at the end of a twisting lane. As we peep through the iron gate, we feel sure that the general aspect is not so different from what it was some centuries

lived, all was in a turmoil; the best linen was brought out; the pewter and silver polished to its brightest luster; cooks and scullions fumed in the kitchen; lackeys and maids scurried through corridor and hall, for there was to be a guest that night, and such a guest!—no less a personage than James VI of Scotland on his triumphal progress from Edinburgh to London to succeed Queen Elizabeth, and to found the ill-fated House of Stuart as James I of England. And when the august presence arrived, what a clatter in the courts as the heavy coach-wheels rolled over the paving-stones! What a stamping of hoofs and neighing of steeds! What low obeisances, and

what a sumptuous dinner—a table groaning under loads of silver and smoking viands!

Oliver's father, brother of the host, was much occupied we may be sure, as was his mother, too. So can we not picture our four-year-old boy, on his sturdy little legs, wandering about with his brothers and sisters under the guidance of a nursery-maid, his gray eyes wide, his mouth

prince, and himself sit in the highest seat, be Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, the greatest man not only in England, but in all Europe! Next day King James went on, to sit upon his throne in Whitehall; and Oliver grew up, not—as some writers would have us believe—in a country village, shut off from the active life of the day, but in a thriving town, only twelve



THE WEST TOWER OF ELY CATHEDRAL.

agape at all the goings-on? Can we not picture him staring at the young princes—at little Henry, Prince of Wales, who was to die scarce nine years later, and leave his brother Charles heir to the throne of England? Between Oliver and this same Charles, there was but a year's difference in age, and one cannot help wondering, in thinking of these two children face to face, if any thoughts but child-thoughts crowded Oliver's little brain; any inkling that one day he would wrest the crown of England from this same weak

hours' journey from the metropolis, and on the great highway between London and Edinburgh.

In the courtyard of the "George" (then much as it remains to-day) he might have seen the stages each day bring in their loads of people, and his father, who had been in Parliament, receive the news of the hour.

Soon the boy was put in the grammar school under the tutelage of one Dr. Beard; and the teachings of this worthy master, a great friend of Mr. Richard Cromwell's, must have left an in-

delible imprint upon the lad's character. He seems to have conquered a lasting affection in his pupil's heart, for all through Cromwell's career, the two men remained in close touch.

The old grammar school stands to-day, quite as it looked in Cromwell's time.

About thirty years ago, it was discovered that the front of the building was only a shell, hiding a much more ancient structure. Under the direction of an able architect, the building was then restored to its old-time form. The expense of the work was borne by a distinguished playwright in memory of his son, who had been killed in a railway accident near by.

So now the quaint school-house turns its battered Norman façade, its queer old gable and bell-cote toward All Saints churchyard.

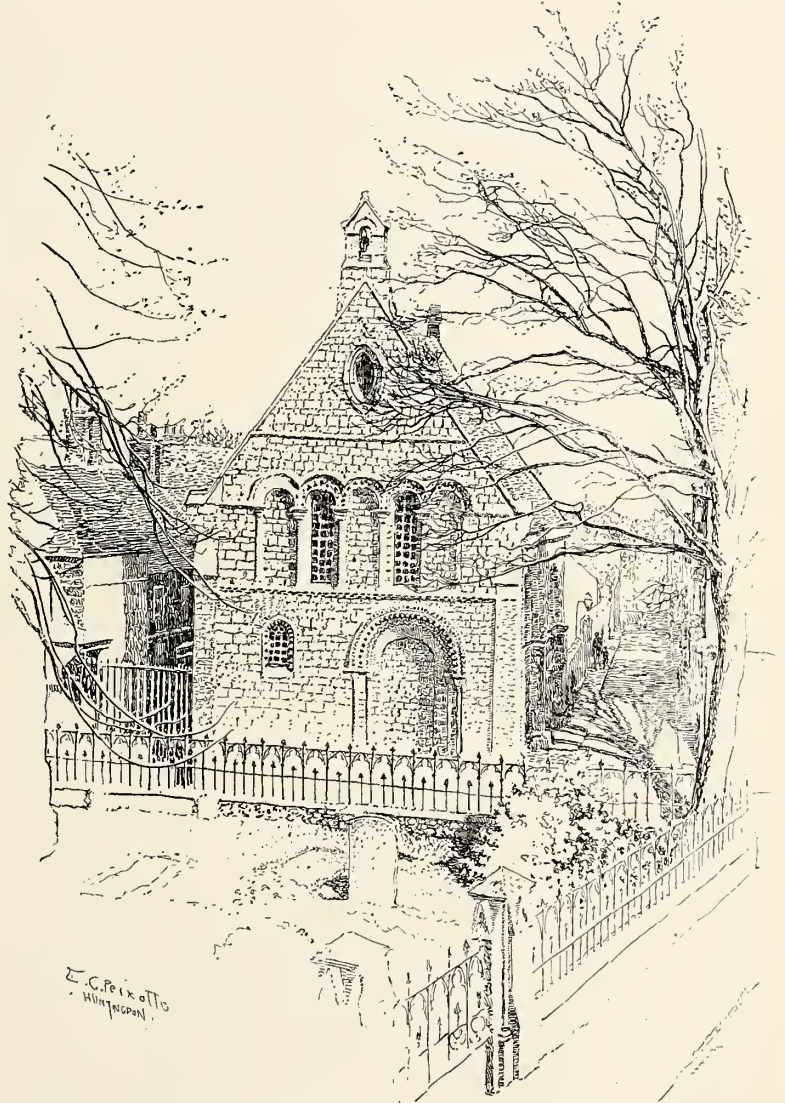
As we sat in the white-washed schoolroom, and wandered in the dormitory with its prim, snowy beds; or as, at luncheon, we shared the headmaster's table and watched the boys relishing their curdled plum-tart; or as we sipped our tea by the tennis-court in the long afternoon shadows,—that boyish figure with the great gray eyes, with the nose a bit to one side, with the broad square head and the manly figure, constantly hovered around us: strong, fond of his outdoor sport, and wilful, as they say he was.

He fits, too, into the landscapes by the Ouse—with its fishing, swimming, boating and visiting the country fairs.

When Oliver was fourteen there was another royal progress through the town; but this time attended with no banquets, no festivities, only with a mournful pomp. James had ordered the body of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, to be brought from Peterborough Cathedral down to London to its final resting-place in Westminster Abbey, and on its way it rested over night in All

Saints Church. Surely Oliver was gaping in the crowd.

He was now growing up, and at home absorbed ideas and formed his character from the talks he overheard. Three of his uncles had been



THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT HUNTINGDON.

in Parliament, his father also; Dr. Beard was thoroughly abreast of the times and they all discussed every phase of daily events, of the "despotism" of the king and the "persecution" of the Puritans.

Just two days before his seventeenth birthday, the lad went to Cambridge, a few miles away, and was enrolled a member of Sidney Sussex College.

Cromwell's college career was short-lived, cut off after the first year by the death of his father. The lad hurried home to the funeral of his parent, who was buried beside the Golden Knight.

with his duties; with farming his lands; with yeomanry drills in which he took a vital interest, as his uncle and grandfather had before him.

In 1628, Cromwell was elected to Parliament.



THE RIVER OUSE AT ST. IVES.

Oliver at eighteen was now the head of his branch of the house, with a widowed mother and six sisters more or less dependent upon him, so it behooved him to fit himself as quickly as possible for a career. He accordingly went to London to gain a general knowledge of the law. His cares do not seem to have weighed too heavily upon him, for two years later he undertook new responsibilities by marrying, in Cripplegate church, Miss Elizabeth Bouchier.

Bride and groom went back to Huntingdon to live, as is supposed, with his mother. Then for nearly ten years history gives us no picture of him but it is easy to imagine him well occupied

In his very first speech, he quoted his old schoolmaster, Dr. Beard.

But now Cromwell's great public career began, and we can hardly follow him within the limits of this article. His youth was about ended. He sold his portion of his father's estate to remove to St. Ives, and later to Ely where he lived but a few steps from the grand old cathedral. The year 1638 found him father of nine children, five boys and four girls, and a very few years later, this "Lord of the Fens" was raising his famous Ironsides, and the great civil war of England between the Roundheads on one side and the Cavaliers on the other had begun.

THE COMING OF THE FIREFLIES

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

LAST night the stars were covered deep
 In clouds the wind had woven all day;
 The world without a shadow lay,
 So closely did the darkness creep;
 Without a flickering leaf at play,
 So sound the wind was fallen asleep.

A twinkle in the hedge near by!
 A twinkle in the arbor there!
 A spangle, spangle everywhere

Breaking the black, as though the sky
 Had spilled its stars a-down the air,
 Or set them winging suddenly!

Now every flower flaunts a light,
 And every field 's a cloth o' gold,
 And every hilltop seems to hold
 Beacon on beacon flaring bright....
 'T was like a fairy tale of old—
 The way the fireflies came last night.

AN OPEN LETTER TO A CROCODILE

BY CAROLYN WELLS

DEAR CROCODILE:

This note is kindly meant,
And in a helpful spirit it is sent.
From rumors that have reached me, it appears
That Crocodiles are always shedding tears;
And when not eating, or in bed asleep,
They say a Crocodile is apt to weep.
Now, Crocodile, it really seems to me
This state of things no longer ought to be;
Because I 'm very sure, oh Crocodile,
You 'd look a great deal better if you 'd smile.
There 's always something to be laughing at,
(And then your mouth seems just cut out for
that!)

So, dearest Crocodile, I pray you mend
Your ways, and much oblige

Your faithful friend,
C. W.



JUNE PASTURES.

FRITZI

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan"

CHAPTER VII

HEARD BY CHANCE

Jo arose next morning seemingly in the best of spirits. She caroled so gaily as she combed her hair, and offered with such friendliness to tie bows and do buttonings, that Fritzi's sore heart was quite healed, and the two girls went down to breakfast arm in arm, whistling "Yankee Doodle," so gleefully that even Uncle Christmas, who was a great stickler for dignity and propriety, chuckled over his muttered admonition, "Whistling maids and crowin' hens never come to no good ends."

"Gay as larks, I see," and Mrs. Hunter, from behind the coffee urn, smilingly returned their morning greeting. "It 's nice to see you so happy together. Fritzi, we were all so proud of you last night. It was a great pleasure to hear you play, dear child."

Fritzi dimpled and smiled over her fruit and was happy indeed, and Jo looked very lovely and innocent, as she hesitated between the choice of an orange or banana, while in her heart of hearts, though she exulted, she felt guilty and ashamed.

The night before a bit of jealousy had awakened in Jo. Playing better than Judy or Bess, she had always been leader of the first violins, and had been very proud of her position. She had really liked Fritzi, and she had no thought of jealousy. To be sure she had felt somewhat uneasy about the fiddle in the green bag, still it had never occurred to her that Fritzi—who seemed so childlike for her years—was what she could never be—a real *artiste*. But she knew enough about music to feel what was coming after the first phrase of the overture. She knew it was not for her to draw from the taut strings a tone so sweet, so resonant, so musical, and when in spite of herself Fritzi's violin naturally led them on to victory Jo resented it in every fiber of her being.

It was unfortunate, too, that the lullaby of Fritzi's choice for a solo was one Jo herself was learning with great difficulty. The graceful, unique little dance, the loudly-expressed admiration of Judy and Bess, the adoration of Peace, all these had added fuel to the smoldering fire.

It had been a girl too angry, too envious to reason that had turned out the light so rudely the

night before. Bitterly wretched she had crept into bed, but not to sleep. Long after Fritzi's stifled sniffs had ceased, and her gentle breathing told she had slipped peacefully away to the Land of Comfortable Dreams, Jo lay with flushed cheeks and eyes staring wide open. To add to her misery her head began to ache, and springing up she put on her slippers and dressing-gown and started off to find relief.

Aunt Nancy, the children's refuge in all trouble, was not in her room; but hearing voices, Jo, still bent on finding a panacea, traced the murmur to her mother's study.

"Of course, Nancy," Mrs. Hunter was saying to Aunt Nancy, "we ran a great risk when we brought her among the children from such a home; but I must say she is the dearest of girls. I only wish Jo had her simple kindness of heart."

Jo stood completely hidden by the portières that hung between her mother's bedroom and study. They were talking of Fritzi and comparing her with Jo to the latter's disadvantage. When Jo had asked Aunt Nancy where Fritzi had come from, Aunt Nancy had not only evaded the question, but had put her on her honor not to question Fritzi. Judy, whose imagination was her strongest point, had suggested that Fritzi must be a princess in disguise, or the child of some famous person entrusted to Aunt Nancy's care. The atmosphere of mystery had only served so far to make Fritzi more interesting to the girls.

"Indeed, Sallie, I 'm learning to love the child so dearly that I can't endure to think of letting her go back to that wretched woman who deserted her so heartlessly.

"I believe Mrs. Sims was a good, kind woman, who did her duty as best she knew how; but I cannot understand her allowing Fritzi to be with that wretched Prince Zanzabar—Prince, indeed! Prince of fakers, I imagine."

"I would not have the children know these things for the world, Nancy; it might change their attitude toward Fritzi. We may be able to do something for the child; at least we must make these weeks of benefit to her—her playing to-night was remarkable. I believe when her people are found they will be far above ordinary folk, still farther above her late companions."

"I know it seems so—but, dear me, many a rare flower is sprung from the blackest mud. I long, and yet I fear to know, for she is growing

be fair to do that. But read me what you have written to-day, Sallie. Don't you feel a draft from that open window? I will close the door."

Jo had just time to make her escape, and sped noiselessly away to her own room.

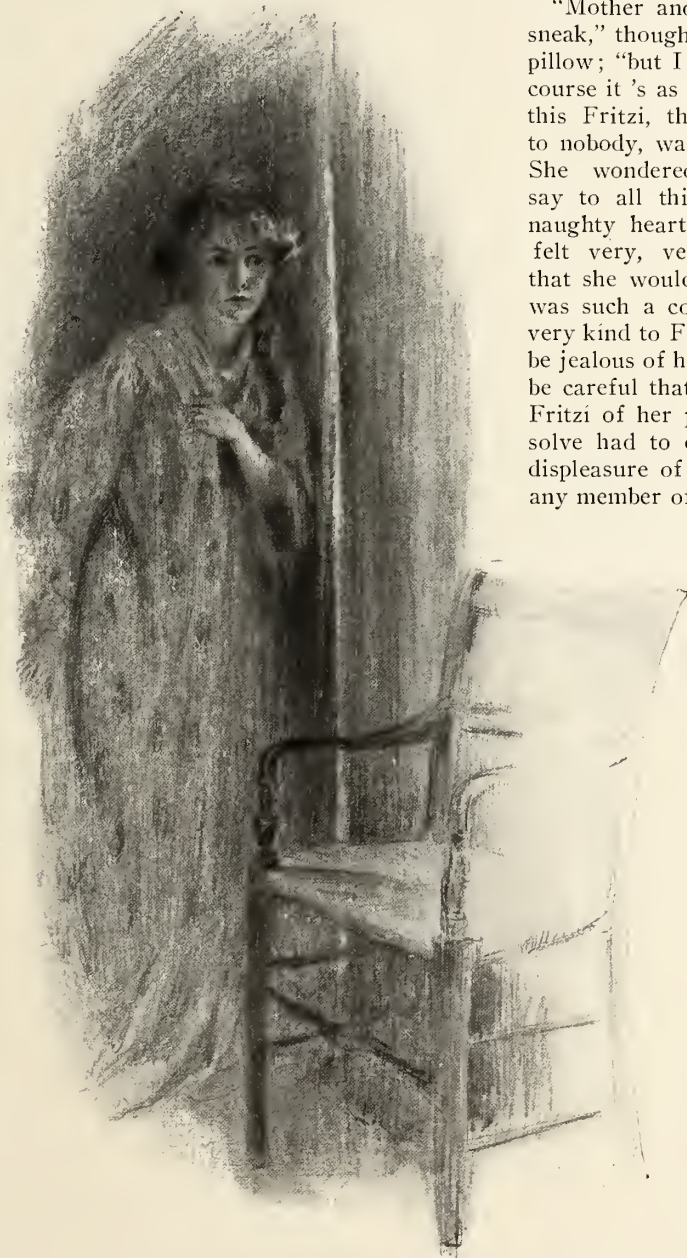
"Mother and Aunt Nancy would say I was a sneak," thought Jo, pressing her hot cheek to her pillow; "but I just happened to overhear, and of course it's as safe with me as in the grave." So this Fritzi, this little ragamuffin that belonged to nobody, was the girl she had been jealous of. She wondered what Judy and Bess would say to all this. Not that she would tell—her naughty heart quite leaped with pride and she felt very, very virtuous as she told herself that she would be the last to speak of it—but it was such a comfort to know it. She would be very kind to Fritzi—oh, very, and she never would be jealous of her—oh, never again, and she would be careful that nothing should be said to remind Fritzi of her past. Just how much this last resolve had to do with the thought of the grave displeasure of her mother and Aunt Nancy that any member of the house of Hunter should stoop

to listen is hard to determine; but after all Jo went to sleep wondering what Judy would say if she knew.

With the morning there came a sort of shame to Jo; shame that she had not at once made her presence known; shame, most of all—for so complicated a thing is a girl's conscience—that she knew under her intention of being more kind to Fritzi, under her absolute determination *not* to tell any one, there was a secret exultation that she had it to tell should Fritzi become too popular.

Her shame at this mean joy sent her whistling with her arm around Fritzi's waist into her mother's presence; sent her spirits skyward; made her pretty face flush, her brown eyes sparkle, her laugh ring like a bell, all to drown ugly thoughts. But it was the same shame that made her steps lag when she was once out of sight of the house; that made her cross and sulky with Judy, for Jo's was a nagging conscience and little peace it gave her that day.

It was in vain Fritzi waited that afternoon for Jo's cheery "purt-t-t-t." She caught no sight of



"THEY WERE TALKING OF FRITZI."

more and more dear to me. If only there were not quite so many of our own we might adopt her, but that is out of the question; it would not

Bert or Jo coming home from school, though she left her sewing—for that was one of the accomplishments Aunt Nancy was teaching her—sending scissors and spool rattling across the floor in her haste to look out of the window, every ten minutes after two o'clock.

"There, run along, child," said Aunt Nancy, at last, as she examined Fritzi's hemming with up-lifted brows. "This looks like a rail fence, Fritzi; this last will have to come out. But now run along, honey; you've been cooped up here long enough," and so dismissed with a kiss Fritzi scampered out into the garden to ask Uncle Christmas if he had seen anything of Jo.

CHAPTER VIII

DISCORDS

As the days went by Peace became almost as constant as Fritzi's own shadow. She had soon learned that with her she was never teased or laughed at, and that Fritzi loved to see her happy. The close companionship was good for Fritzi, too, for although she had been so happy since at the Eyrie she had sadly missed little Buddy Sims, as hers was a loving little heart always in need of something to cuddle and care for.

Then, too, a great friendship had sprung up between Bert and Fritzi. As he saw Fritzi's unconscious sweetness and merry unselfishness teaching Peace better things, his admiration and respect grew day by day for a girl who could not only do things better than most, but who could keep her temper and make every one come into her own good times. At first Bert and Bruce showed inclination to laugh at the idea of a girl of twelve playing with paper dolls, but when they discovered Fritzi's were really the cleverest of silhouettes and that after seeing certain stirring pictures she could cut with a little practice quite as captivating cow-boys on bucking broncos, dancing bears and wildly trumpeting elephants as she could little dancing fairies, this, too, became something to admire.

"Gee, Fritzi, but these cow-boys are bully!" Bert would exclaim when he came home from school to find a whole row prancing along the window-ledge. "You're a wonder! How did you ever learn?"

"Oh, somebody taught me," Fritzi would say, but she longed to tell about Prince Zanzabar and his marvelous scissors and his trained cockatoos. If Bert could only see some of his cutting how crude hers would seem.

The Sharps and Flats were making great progress. What with Fritzi's earnest fiddle to lead them, and the enthusiastic drill she gave her

"class," Rob said her position as director had become a joy.

But Fritzi, in spite of her good traits and various accomplishments, was very far from angelic, and a most perverse imp seemed to have taken possession of her as regarded her relations with Jo.

Once Fritzi would have protested at being made leader of the first violins over Jo, but now she accepted the honor with alacrity when Rob asked her to lead, and went about with her nose in the air in a way that was very hard for Jo to bear. She took great pleasure in teaching Judy and Bess her dancing steps, but was always too busy when Jo wanted to learn.

"You're the hatefullest girl I ever knew, Fritzi von Saal," flung out proud Jo, cut to the heart to have even Effie and Peace see her go begging for favors.

"She is the dearest that ever lived," cried Peace and Effie, flying at Fritzi to hug her.

And Jo rushed off, for the sight of Fritzi's tantalizing face smiling up at her from between her little lovers was more than she could endure.

For a few days after this Jo and Fritzi scarcely spoke, but when your little white beds stand side by side, your hair ribbons lie folded in the same drawer, and your frocks hang in the same closet, it seems too silly not to recognize each other even if you are only fourteen and twelve, as every one knows, when mole-hills seem mountains; so they talked again. It was just after this armistice that a most humiliating thing happened to Fritzi, something that she had feared from the first, but that with a girl's way of pushing unpleasant events out of mind, she had not worried over.

It happened in the library where they had all gathered after dinner for their usual happy hour with a book. The library was so charming in the soft light of the electrolier; the windows were open upon the garden and the evening breeze that stole gently in brought the fragrance of the lilies-of-the-valley that just outside swept in a solid mat of green and white down to the stone steps of the summer-house.

Everybody was idle but Fritzi; her nimble fingers were busy with their clip-clip-clip as she bent near the light. She had just discovered a particularly pleasing hippopotamus to copy, when Jo, late as usual, came flying in.

"Wait a minute, mother; don't begin until I see what Fritzi's cutting," she said. "Oh, how good. But Fritzi von Saal," she suddenly cried, "what in the world is the matter with your hair? Why, look here, Aunty; I never saw anything so funny, come over here and see for yourself!"

Up flew Fritzi's hands to cover her head.
 "Go away," she cried angrily, backing toward the door. "Go away. I can't bear to have any

"You sha'n't hurt my Fritzi!" shrieked Peace.
 "That 's it, all pitch into me!" muttered Jo rebelliously. "I did n't do one thing to her,

mother. I just happened to see that her hair was all dark and funny at the roots. The way she leaned over I looked right into it. I never dreamed of offending her and I can't see now what made her go off like a torpedo just because I said that."

"You go and find the child, Willis," said Mrs. Hunter, gently pulling Jo down on a footstool at her feet. "I am quite sure Jo never dreamed of hurting Fritzi."

Jo gave a quick sob as she laid her head against her mother's knee, and Rob, ashamed of her hasty judgment, reached down to give her a friendly squeeze.

"Nobody meant to be hard on Joey, mother; it's only—"

But Jo turned her face away and left the caress unreturned as Rob dropped her sentence unfinished. There was no need, Jo thought bitterly, to go on; it was, "it's only Fritzi's so sweet," or "so unselfish," or "so dear."

"MOTHER, Aunt Nancy, may I come in a moment?" Will stood just outside her mother's study door, where both ladies were at work.

"Why, yes, Willis, dear, certainly. What was the trouble with Fritzi this evening? Is anything wrong?"

"Well, I don't know whether it is wrong or not," replied Willis, looking very puzzled as she came in and sat down. "You know, Aunt

one—*anybody*—look at my hair. I just hate you, Jo Hunter!" And then to everybody's astonishment she burst out crying and flew out of the room.

"What did you do to Fritzi, Jo?" demanded Will.
 "I know you have been up to something," exclaimed Rob. "Come, now, what did you do?"

Nancy, you asked us not to question Fritzi about her home, and of course we have n't. I can't understand it at all—but Jo was right about her hair. It is dark at the roots and she says it is naturally black and that her hair has been *bleached*. What sort of people can she have lived among?"

"Bleached!" gasped Aunt Nancy. "Bleached!"



"UP FLEW FRITZI'S HANDS TO COVER HER HEAD."

"The poor little thing feels dreadfully about it, as if it were a sort of disgrace. She says she wants to go away. That she can't bear to have us see her."

"I never dreamed of such a thing," exclaimed Mrs. Spear. "Her black eyes and golden hair were so striking. I mentioned it often. Why did n't she tell me?"

"She was ashamed, she says, and that she felt dreadfully when it was done. But that they—whoever 'they' may be—said it made her prettier for her 'turn' and that it was 'Mattie' who did it. Owing to my promise I did not ask who 'Mattie' was. But I don't understand how Auntie came to know people who could bleach a little girl's hair."

"You have found Fritzi all that is good and sweet, have you not, Willis?" asked her mother.

"Oh, Fritzi 's a dear, but—"

"Well, it 's Fritzi we have to deal with, not the people who brought her up. Don't worry, Willis," consoled Aunt Nancy. "I 'll see what can be done to-morrow. Bleached! that pretty yellow hair, and I never once dreamed of it!"

CHAPTER IX

LADIES-IN-WAITING

THE next day Mrs. Spear took Fritzi to the hair-dresser's and on their return home Peace stood for a moment appalled. This queer, round-headed person—Fritzi, whose golden fleece had always fluffed about her pretty face in a hundred rings—was this, Fritzi!

"It—it will grow again, Peace," faltered poor shorn Fritzi, holding out appealing arms. "It will be black, but it will be just as curly. Please, won't you love me again?"

Then, with Peace's fat little arms hugging her frantically, Will's loving kiss, and Rob's merry tousel of the shingled head, and Aunt Nancy's tender assurances, Fritzi felt her keenest grief and shame appeased. They still loved her and, "thank goodness, hair will grow again!"

Judy Biggerstaff's romantic fancy served Fritzi a very good turn with the other girls at this critical moment, when she was so suddenly transformed from a blonde to a brunette.

For Judy, who was a born cross-examiner, had dragged from reluctant Jo, on their way home from school, the astonishing information that the reason Fritzi von Saal was now a shorn, dark-haired girl, instead of a fluffy blonde, was that her hair had been bleached. Judy, skilful and keen, charged and recharged until at last Jo in desperation blurted out the truth, when, to her astonishment, instead of the harm she feared and

yet hoped she had done, she found Judy more enchanted than ever.

"Well, do *you* understand it, Jo Hunter? Do *you* know why her hair was bleached?" demanded Judy.

"No-o-o," admitted Jo.

"Well, you 'll find out that I am right," asserted Judy. "Fritzi von Saal is far, far from an ordinary girl. Why, look at the way she *plays*, the way she *dances*, and the *things* she cuts out. Pure genius! Oh, girls, perhaps she is a little exiled princess in disguise. Just think, perhaps she does n't even know it herself! Exiled in a strange land, with a throne and a crown awaiting her. Have n't you noticed when she



"THIS QUEER, ROUND-HEADED PERSON—WAS THIS FRITZI?"

dances? Such perfect grace, such—such—well, you know, a sort of air like Lady Clare Vere de Vere,

"The daughter of a hundred earls,

Have n't you noticed it?"

"Indeed I have," cried Helen, who always agreed with Judy.

"Well—well, she certainly is—different," granted Ora.

"Oh, very different," agreed Bess.

"Well, suppose she is a princess, would she be any the better for that?" scoffed Etta. "I thought we were Americans and did n't care for—"

"Oh, of course, not really care," Judy rushed in to add, "and yet blood will tell, and anyway an *exiled* princess—we ought to be lovely and kind for that reason. And when we grow up, and go to Europe, and are presented, it would be

pretty nice if we could say carelessly, 'Oh, I knew Princess Fritzi when she was in exile; in fact, we were *very* intimate.' Of course I don't believe in *toadying*—but I really think it behooves us to be very nice to Fritzi—to Princess Fritzi, I mean."

"Anyway it will be lots of fun to pretend among ourselves that she is an exiled Princess," said Helen, who in spite of her fifteen years still loved to pretend. "It will seem like a fairy story. Let 's form ourselves into a sort of a secret Ladies-in-Waiting and never breathe it to a soul."

"Not even Fritzi?" inquired Bess.

"Oh, Fritzi least of all!" cried Judy, struck with Helen's brilliant idea. "She, poor little thing, would *die* if she really knew her own sad predicament. She was stolen when she was a baby, likely. Perhaps the prime minister did it."

"You 're the biggest silly that ever drew breath, Judy Biggerstaff," cried Jo, goaded out of her silence. "I 'm not going to tell you one word more, but it is n't so, not one word of it, I know—I positively *know* that Fritzi von Saal is n't an exiled princess; she 's a—she 's a—just like other girls."

And Jo sped away down the street leaving the other girls staring open-mouthed after her.

"There is more in this than meets the eye," observed Judy sagely. "Trust me, girls, Jo 's my chum, and I see through her like glass. Jo 's jealous, that 's what 's the matter with her. Simply consumed with jealousy. I 'm more than ever convinced we 've struck the nail right on the head, and that is what made Jo rush off like that. -Oh, I know; all come over to our house to-night and we will form a club, the 'Ladies-in-Waiting to the Princess Perhaps'—is n't that a lovely name? And we will elect officers, have badges with a royal princess rampant on a blue ground with a crown above and scepter below, or—or—"

"A big interrogation point would be more like it, seems to me," laughed Etta. "But goodness gracious, I 'll be lady-in-waiting, puss-in-boots or any old thing if there is any fun in it!"

And so it was what Judy—who was elected the Duchess Rosalie, first Maid of Honor—called the secret policy of the "Ladies-in-Waiting" that had attracted Bert's attention. All this added to what Jo considered Fritzi's disdain, kept Jo's temper well roiled. And Bert did not improve matters by inventing a new song about her which Rob and Peace at once took up:

"Oh Joey 's in a huff, huff, huff."

No one of the Hunters dreamed Jo really suffered from their foolish fun and she would have

died rather than have had them know of the tears that blinded her as she banged the front door after her and went flying down the walk—so blinded, that her first intimation that any one was coming through the arch was when she thumped up against somebody with all her might and main.

"Oh! oh, I beg your pardon!" she gasped, looking up blinkingly from her seat on the walk, at the shabby boy in blue who sat upon the grass. "I really did n't mean to upset you. I 'm ever so sorry."

"No harm done, I guess. Ain't nothing broke," grinned the boy. "Lucky I was n't carrying eggs. Say, is dis de Eyrie, an' is dey a goil here dey call Fritzi von Saal?"

"Yes," said Jo, sitting up and looking eagerly at him. "Are you a relation of hers?"

"Naw," replied the boy, pointing with pride at the number on his cap. "I 'm a messenger now, but I 'm Patsy McCarthy, an' Madame Sarti sent me over wid dis letter fur de loidy dat 's got Fritzi."

"Do you want to see Fritzi?" inquired Jo, leading the way toward the house.

"Naw, I ain't got time. De Madame said I should give dis to de loidy and come right back."

As the boy stood in the hall, cap in hand, waiting for Mrs. Spear, who should come flying down the stairs but Fritzi.

"Patsy! Patsy McCarthy! I 'm ever and ever so glad to see you. Did you come from Mattie? Does she want me?" An awful fear was in Fritzi's heart that Patsy had come for her, but Jo's spiteful announcement as she went to tell her Aunt: "There 's one of your old friends downstairs, Fritzi, a dirty little messenger boy," had sent Fritzi's head up in the air and had put a burning determination in her heart that Jo should never know how much she dreaded going back to the old life.

"How de do?" grinned Patsy, twirling his cap bashfully in his hand; this pretty, stylish girl did not seem like the Fritzi of Twenty-second street, and he felt greatly embarrassed by her appearance. "Naw, I did n't come for you. The Madame was married to Prinze Zanzabar last night. She got home Tuesday and they 're goin' out West some place to live. I just brought a letter over to de loidy what 's got you."

Fritzi's face went very white for a moment and she clutched weakly at the banisters. Where would she go now? What would become of her? Nobody wanted her—but just then she heard Jo coming down the stairs and turning proudly about said in a clear voice:

"Good-by, Patsy. Give Mattie my love. I

hope she will be very happy," and then with head erect and lips smiling she flew up to the play-room and locked the door.

It was there Aunt Nancy found her several hours later—Fritzi had opened the door at the first call of her gentle voice—and when she found herself gathered up in Mrs. Spear's motherly arms, she cried out all her grief there just as she had that first night.

"There, there," comforted Aunt Nancy. "And what are you crying for? Is it that you don't want to be all my little girl?"

"Oh, if I only might," sobbed Fritzi. "But there are so many here."

"Listen, dear," said Aunt Nancy, wiping Fritzi's eyes. "You shall be my little girl until somebody else who has a better right claims you. I have had a letter from Mrs. Sims and she has sent me your mother's diary, found in her trunk after her death, and many letters from your father to your mother. Mrs. Hunter and I have looked through them hastily, and we shall begin to search for your father at once. I think, Fritzi, I should tell you this much; there is every reason that you should try to fit yourself to fill a dignified position in life."

"Then I'm not just Miss Nobody?" inquired Fritzi breathlessly.

"A nobody," laughed Aunt Nancy. "Whatever put that into your head, child? Why, Fritzi," and dear romantic Aunt Nancy, too full of her wonderful secret to keep her own council, did a foolish thing. "'Miss Nobody,' indeed!" she exclaimed. "Why, child, what would you say if I told you we believe you are a little princess?"

CHAPTER X

PRINCESS PERHAPS

LONG into the night Mrs. Spear and Mrs. Hunter pored over the precious diaries and letters.

"It seems almost like a desecration for us to read these," said Aunt Nancy, her eyes filling with tears as she looked up from the little red book she had been reading aloud. "Was there ever a sweeter story? If we never find Fritzi's father, these will be a beautiful heritage in themselves."

The little red diaries told the story of a young American girl who was sent to Germany to study music. She had been an only child, and she told of the great sacrifice it was when her father—after her mother's death—sent her away where her great talent might be cultivated. There were entries telling of homesickness in a strange land, of disappointment, of toil. But by and by the story grew brighter, for her lover had come.

She spoke of him as a "noble, courtly gentleman," calling him always "Prince Gustave," when it was n't "my prince" or some name of tender endearment.

"Could it be?" questioned Aunt Nancy breathlessly.

There followed the record of "a perfect year," and then a new happiness. "In a quaint German cradle lies my little daughter, and she has her father's eyes, but my Prince says the wee hands are like mine. Will they, too, these dimpled mites, love to feel beneath their fingertips the singing strings? I brought her my violin to-day, and I curled her wee dimpled fingers about the bow and guided it across the strings. She opened her big black eyes wide at the sound and smiled at me. The nurse shakes her head and says I'm 'music mad,' for I play and play for baby, and she cooes and gurgles as she lies in her father's arms, almost as if she understood.

"We have named our darling at last, Elizabeth Frederika Ottilie Pauline. The Grand Duchess Elizabeth is to be her godmother and Prince Paul her godfather." There was a full description of the christening and of all who had been there, "and baby cooed and smiled at the altar, my wee Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Gustave, but we care nothing for stately names; she is Princess Fritzi to us."

Then followed an account of a visit paid to the Duchess Marie with a description of the ancient castle. Now and then an entry spoke of the need of money, of the constant struggle to make both ends meet, and of the tireless devotion of the young husband.

Fritzi had entered her third year when the diary grew sad again. The old father was ill in America and longed for his child, and so, bidding farewell to Germany and her "Prince" she had come back to her native land. From that place on the little book was very sorrowful; there was the increased illness of the old father, and then his death, "and now I'm all alone in America with my little one," she wrote, "but I start for New York to-day and sail next week. Oh, if we were only safe home! I feel such a haunting sense of disaster." A record of arrival in New York—and that was all, only blank pages followed, for Death had closed the little red diary.

The letters written in German had evidently been read and reread. They were the letters of a scholarly and cultivated man, and were full of news of the doings of the people he lived among. He wrote of receiving letters from Duchess Marie and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth; he told of the naughtiness of little Baron Heinrich;

of the christening of little Duchess Otilie, and the wedding of Princess Natalie with messages of love to her from them all. There was much of his longing for her and Fritzi, of how long the weeks seemed and much of sympathy and tenderness to her in her bereavement. The letters were signed, "your Prince," "your loving husband," or "Gustave," but nothing to lead to the discovery of the writer, and utterly baffled, Aunt Nancy laid them aside and took up once again the letter of Madame Sarti:

"DEAR MADAME," it read, "I was married to Prince Zanzabar last night, and as he thinks business is better in Chicago, we expect to go out there at once, and I guess we had better let well enough alone and leave Fritzi with you. If you can do anything to find her folks I 'll be glad. Give Fritzi my love and tell her to keep a stiff upper lip. She never was our kind, not even Mrs. Sims', though she was about as good as they make them. Me and the Prince has always suspected that Prof. Sims knew a lot more about the reason Fritzi's father never found her than he let on—though I 'm sure his wife never suspected him. You see he thought the world of Fritzi and had set his heart on making her a great violinist. Goodness knows Mrs. Sims most broke her heart over leaving Fritzi; but there was n't anything else to do, as Mrs. Sims's folks are poor and they did the most they could when they sent for her and Buddy. But Fritzi did not take any harm of any of us, that 's one thing. We ain't angels, but we know one when we see it, and Fritzi 's it alright. Asking you to take care of her the best you can, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

Mattie Riggs, known as Madame Lucile Sarti,
from now on Princess Zanzabar.

"Poor Fritzi, she seems fearfully mixed up with royalty," remarked Mrs. Hunter, smiling. "The poor foolish woman has a kind heart. I do hope that horrid man will be good to her. I 'm glad she left Fritzi to me."

"But, just think, Sallie, somewhere in the world to-night, Fritzi's father is longing for her! Just think what he must have suffered! I wonder if these people are right in suspecting Prof. Sims. I am going to give these all to Fritzi," Aunt Nancy said, as she went on gathering up the diaries and letters. "With her little knowledge of German she can make out some sentences in her father's letters. If I had died leaving such a record of goodness and beauty of soul as her mother has left in these little books I should want

nothing better than that my child should spend hours dreaming over them."

"We must begin the search for her father at once. We must write to the American Consul and see what can be done," said Mrs. Hunter.

"Do you know, Sallie," and Mrs. Spear turned at the door with Fritzi's heritage in her arms, "I do wish I had n't told Fritzi about her being a Princess. It might all be a mistake and then think of her disappointment."

"I don't see what difference your telling her will make. If you give her the books she will read it for herself. Dear child, I do wish we knew the best and wisest thing to do for her."

"The best thing would be to bring her up to be a noble American woman like her mother," replied Aunt Nancy. "There is nothing finer than that on earth."

But for the life of her Aunt Nancy could n't keep her lips from murmuring, "little Princess Elizabeth," as she bent over the dark head upon the pillow. The short silken hair curled over it in a hundred rings, the long black lashes rested on the rosy cheeks—a pretty, lovable girl, but not half so lovely as Jo, Aunt Nancy knew, as she looked across to the other little bed. Something glistened on Jo's cheek, and as Aunt Nancy bent near, a tear rolled silently down.

"Poor child, she is crying in her sleep," thought Aunt Nancy. "Jo dear, Jo, you are dreaming! Wake up!"

But the brown eyes that looked up at Aunt Nancy were too unhappy, too full of wretchedness to have opened fresh from sleep, though she replied with a feigned yawn.

"What is it, honey?" whispered Aunt Nancy, pityingly. "Tell your old Aunty, let her comfort you."

Jo drew the dear face down and kissed it tenderly.

"If anybody could comfort me you could, you dear," she whispered back, her voice choked with a sob; "but I guess it 's just my horrid old selfish self, that is all."

"Say your prayers, then, honey; the Lord will help you," said Aunt Nancy, tucking her in as if she were a baby. "Ask Him."

"I do ask Him—but I guess—I guess I 'm so bad it 'll be a pretty hard job even for Him," gulped Jo.

"Oh, dearie!"

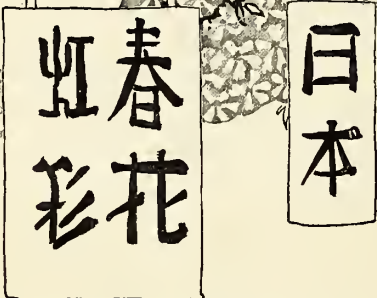
"I did n't mean to be irreverent; it just slipped out. I 'm so sorry," pleaded Jo, so sweet and lovable in her humble mood that Aunt Nancy tucked her in a second time and went away loving her more than ever.

THE JINGLE OF THE LITTLE JAP

BY ISABEL ECCLESTON MACKAY

THERE lives in a town that is called Chu-Bo
 A little Jap girl named Nami-Ko.
 She learns to spell and she learns to write,
 But her A B C's are the *oddest* sight!
 For *this* is the way that the letters look
 In her neat little, queer little copy-book:

When this little Jap girl goes out to call
 She wears no hat—but a parasol!
 And her little Jap mother wears one too—
 In fact it 's the way that the Japs all do.
 And *this* is the curious parasol
 Which the little Jap girl wears out to call:

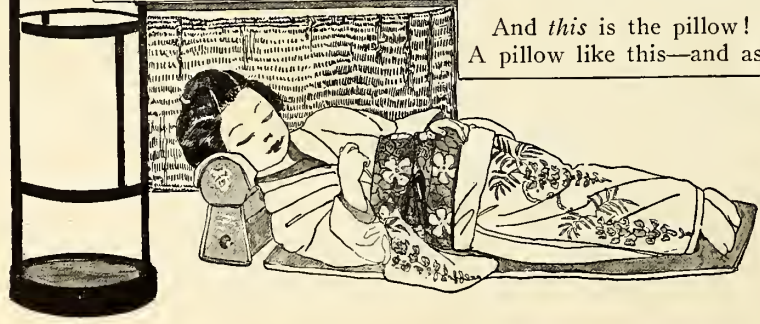


Aberline Randall Wheelan

This little Jap girl has shoes most neat
 To put on her tiny Japanese feet;
 But O! They are *queer*—such heels, such toes!
 You'd think she would fall on her little Jap nose!
 And *these* are the shoes—beware of mishap
 If you wear what belongs to a queer little Jap!



This little Jap girl, when she goes to bed,
 Has no soft pillow beneath her head,
 For little Jap girls have to take great care
 Of their smooth little, black little Japanese hair!
 And *this* is the pillow! Imagine, chicks,
 A pillow like this—and as hard as bricks!



GUESSING THE NAME

BY CORNELIA WALTER McCLEARY

'T WAS the prettiest spaniel that ever was seen,
For his coat was so silky, so long, and so clean;
His teeth were like pearls and his eyes were
like jet,
(No wonder that Bess was so proud of her
pet!)

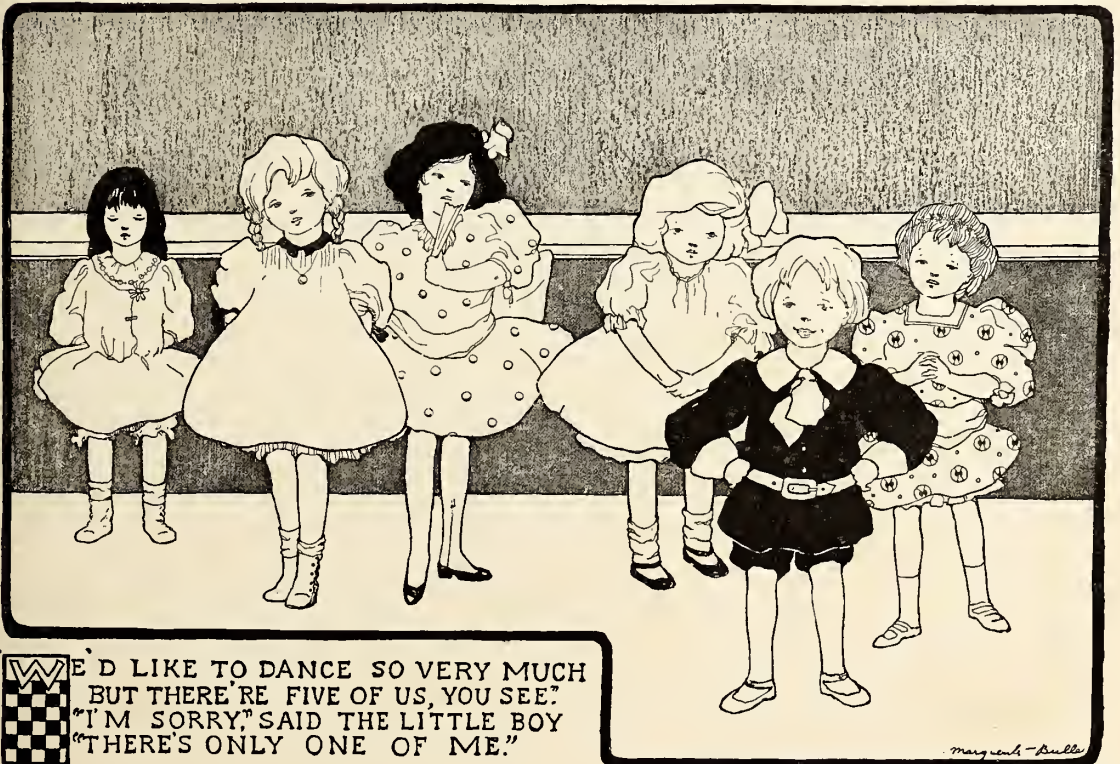
As I lifted him into my lap to caress,
I asked, "What 's the name of your dog?" She
said: "Guess!"

So I guessed it was "Jerry." If not, was it
"Joe"?
But she smiled and then laughed as she answered:
"Oh, no."
"Perhaps it is 'Charlie,' or, possibly, 'Ned'?"

Then, maybe, it 's 'Rover'?" She shook her
fair head.
So I said, "It is 'Hero,' I 'm sure; now, confess."
But it seems I was wrong. All she answered was:
"Guess!"

Then I tried all the names that I ever had heard,
Altho' some when applied to a dog seemed ab-
surd.

"Napoleon" met with a look of surprise;
At "Caesar" a twinkle came into her eyes.
Then I pleaded, "*Do* tell me." "Why, Auntie,"
said Bess,
"I have told you *three times* that the dog's name
is 'Guess'!"



W E'D LIKE TO DANCE SO VERY MUCH
BUT THERE'RE FIVE OF US, YOU SEE."
"I'M SORRY," SAID THE LITTLE BOY
"THERE'S ONLY ONE OF ME."

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

HOW PINKEY EXPERIENCED A CHANGE OF HEART

As the base-ball season advanced, the rivalry became more and more keen between the juvenile teams which were competing for the honor of being recognized as "the best team in town," age, of course, being considered.

The matter of excellence had narrowed down until it lay between the "Lone Stars," the team of which Pinkey Perkins was still captain, and the "Junior Giants."

"Let 's challenge the Junior Giants to play a championship game," said Bunny Morris one day when he and Pinkey were discussing the base-ball situation. "They 're bragging a lot and we 're not far behind. Let 's stop talking so much and play a little ball instead."

"But where are we going to play?" inquired Joe Cooper, who had just come up. "The only good place for an important game like this is going to be, is over there," pointing to the vacant lot adjoining the school-house yard; "and I guess we 'll never play ball there again, or anything else. Remember how old Tin Star chased us out o' there last Saturday?"

This remark of Joe's was much to the point. Until the Saturday previous, the inclosure which he had indicated had been the favorite playground of all the children in school, and the scene of many a hard-fought base-ball battle; but all of a sudden this privilege had been denied them and they had been forced to confine themselves to the limits of the school-house yard, where trees and walks interfered greatly with their play.

This property had been purchased from funds in the town treasury years before, when Enterprise had been threatened with an "oil boom" and it was thought an additional school building would be necessary. But the boom had failed and the old building still proved ample for all needs, and as a consequence the lot had lain vacant and had served admirably as an additional playground.

But Tin Star had lost none of his old-time zeal in the fulfilment of his office of "City Marshal" and one day in looking over laws and ordinances, now long since forgotten, he had unearthed a decree that there should be no trespassing on public property anywhere in the village. This ordin-

ance had been passed years before, while Enterprise was still governed by a "Town Board," and now, though this body had been elevated to the dignity of a "City Council," Tin Star resolved that the old regulation should be carried out to the letter.

"He certainly ran us out in a hurry, all right," asserted Joe, stoutly, "and from what he said, I think we 'd better stay out."

"What did he say?" inquired Shorty Piper, who had not been present at the time Joe referred to.

"He said he 'd arrest the next feller he caught in there," replied Joe, "and that if we wanted to play ball to stay in the school-house yard, or else go out to somebody's pasture."

"I don't know of any place we can play without runnin' the risk o' breaking a lot of windows," commented Pinkey; "even if there was room enough."

"We could go up to Fry's pasture," suggested Bunny; "but that would be a long ways for very many to want to go."

"Well let 's go ahead and send the challenge anyway," said Joe, fearing some one would suggest giving up the game, "and we 'll find some place to play all right."

And so it was agreed that the challenge should be sent at once, and the matter of finding a suitable place left for future consideration.

The challenge was promptly accepted in proper form.

During the week that followed, the prospect of the coming game proved the principal topic of conversation for both boys and girls, and everyone expressed an intention to witness it.

"Where are you going to play?" inquired Harriet Warren at recess, a day or two before the game, when Pinkey asked her if she intended going.

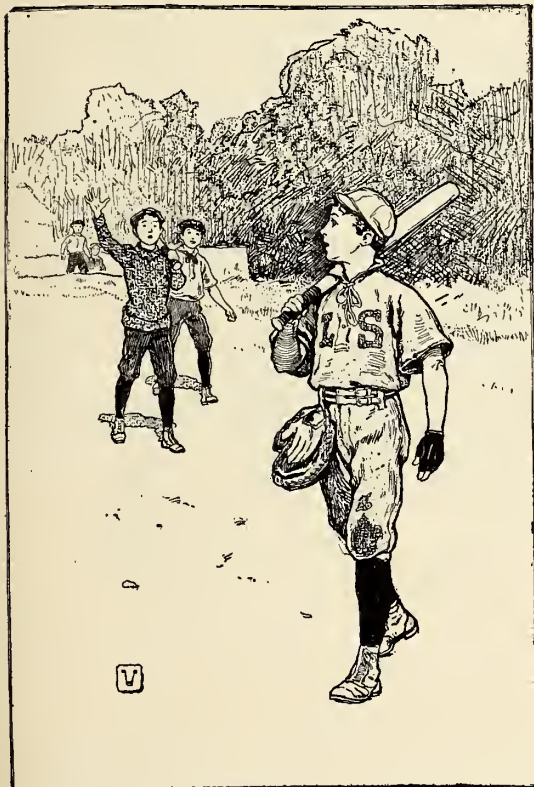
"We are n't exactly sure yet," replied Pinkey, doubtfully; "but we may have to go up to Fry's pasture. You know Tin Star ran us out of that lot over there last Saturday, and says if we play there any more we 'll get arrested. There is n't any other good place around here, but we 'll have to do the best we can."

"We girls were in hopes you 'd play over there,

anyway, because it 's so far to walk, way up to Fry's," said Harriet, regretfully. "Teacher promised us girls she 'd go with us to the game, but if it 's to be played way up there I suppose she 'll not go, and if *she* does n't go, *we* can't. Our parents won't let us."

"Jimminy! I hope you can come, but think of Red Feather going to a base-ball game," exclaimed Pinkey, "she 'll be going to a circus next."

"Well now, she 's not near as hard on us lately



PINKEY ON THE WAY TO THE BASE-BALL GROUNDS.

as she used to be," declared Harriet, "or else we 're all behaving much better. Don't you think so?"

Pinkey was forced to admit that he, and in fact all the boys, had noticed some sort of a change for the better in Red Feather's attitude toward them. It had not occurred to them that her ideas of discipline and her methods of carrying them out were having their effect and it was the pupils and not Red Feather who had changed. Her seeming harshness had always been accompanied by fairness and impartiality, though few of her scholars realized this—simply because they were too thoughtless. As a matter of fact, she was just the same strict disciplinarian she had always been.

Saturday morning came, and, in accordance with the plans agreed upon, Lone Stars and Junior Giants assembled at the school-house yard with the common purpose of preparing the diamond in the forbidden lot adjoining for the afternoon's battle. Some brought rakes to clear the field carefully, and others brought shovels to smooth off the uneven places and to fill up any small holes that might be found here and there.

Pinkey thought it best to post sentinels while this work proceeded, and to this end he selected Bunny and Shorty to be on the lookout for Tin Star.

"Bunny, you go down there about half-way to the church corner and keep watch, and Shorty, you go over on the other street so he won't come down from the square and catch us without our being able to get away. If you see him coming, one of you signal so we can skip."

When Bunny and Shorty had taken up their posts as Pinkey had directed, and were so located that they could be plainly seen from the base-ball grounds, everybody set to work to get the place in shape.

By noon the work of preparing the ground was finished, and the boys hurried home for a hasty dinner.

Shortly before one, the players began to appear, Pinkey among the first. He was decked out in his uniform of gray flannel shirt and breeches, and red stockings. On the toe of his right shoe the brass cap shone brightly and held his admiring gaze pretty constantly as he walked along. On his once spotless uniform were the stains of grass and earth, of which he was duly proud, and careful not to remove, and which he had succeeded in acquiring by many an exciting "slide for second," an accomplishment in which he particularly excelled. In his hand he carried the celebrated bat which Liberty Jim had made for him, while from his leather belt dangled, in a most audaciously professional way, his own padded glove. Altogether he was about as nearly correct in his get-up as the stores of Enterprise could make him.

All the Lone Stars had uniforms of some sort, and while they were made after a variety of patterns, Pinkey had insisted that each should wear the letters "L S" on the front of his shirt, all cut after the paper models he had made.

By the time all the players had arrived, as well as a great number of onlookers, it was past one o'clock, and much as Pinkey hated to start the game without the girls being present, there seemed to be no excuse for delaying things any longer. Shorty had brought the news that he had

seen Tin Star going toward the railroad station, which was at the opposite end of town, so there was nothing to fear from him for a time, and when Red Feather should come her very presence would surely save them from being disturbed; but it began to look doubtful whether she was coming or not.

"Come on, fellers, it's time to begin," shouted Pinkey, taking the lead toward the dividing fence. "And remember when you *have* to yell, don't yell too loud."

As soon as the teams had reached the diamond, the umpire, who was one of the high-school boys and who, it was said, could throw an "up shoot" and a "snake curve" and never half try, called Pinkey and Shiner to him, took a coin from his pocket and flipping it high in the air, called:

"Heads or tails?"

"Heads," shouted Pinkey, and those about crowded up to see who should win.

"Heads it is," announced the umpire judiciously, "what 'll you take, the ins or the outs?"

"Outs," replied Pinkey, promptly. Just why everybody always chose the "outs" he did not know exactly, but it was the custom, so, of course, he did it.

"Look there, coming up the street," cried Bunny, just as the umpire had pocketed his coin and was beginning to clear the diamond of spectators.

Pinkey's heart gave a start of joy as he turned his eyes in the direction Bunny had indicated. The girls were coming to the game in a body, laughing, skipping and singing along the walk, all dressed in their starchiest frocks and squeakiest shoes, while in their midst walked Red Feather, calm and serene, yet lacking her usual air of severity.

The girls had all met at Harriet's house and together they had "gone by" for the teacher to escort them to the game. This had been the only condition on which several careful mothers had given consent to their daughters' attending the game.

Miss Vance and her flock entered the enclosure and distributed themselves about on the grass where they could see and yet not be in the way. Red Feather herself elected to stand until two of the boys surprised themselves and everyone else by going over to the school-house yard after a bench, which they very politely placed in an advantageous position for her to sit on.

The teacher's coming to the game had been the occasion of much favorable comment since her arrival. Now, all past grudges and long-cherished grievances were carried away for the

time being by the wave of chivalry which had swept over the pupils on this rare occasion. In spite of themselves, all felt flattered that she had honored them with her presence.

At last everything was in readiness and the umpire, in a very impressive manner, took a



"'HEADS OR TAILS,' CALLED OUT THE UMPIRE."

brand new ball from its pasteboard box and tossed it to Pinkey, at the same time announcing in his most official tone:

"Play ball."

Pinkey rubbed some dust on the new ball, to get a better grip on it and also because that was what the big boys always did with a new ball. Raising his hands high above his head and twisting himself up in the most approved pitcher style, he tightened his grasp on the ball and let drive. The great game had begun.

The play waxed interesting from the very first, cheer upon cheer resounding from the assembled sympathizers, now for the Lone Stars, now for the Giants, north-enders and south-enders endeavoring to outdo the other when either felt its team was entitled to encouragement. The girls cheered both sides impartially, and the teacher

maintained her wonted dignity by showing favor to neither.

At the beginning of the second half of the sixth inning the score was twelve to ten in favor of the Junior Giants, according to the notches cut on the stick held in the hands of Liberty Jim, official score-keeper for the occasion.

Joe Cooper was the first to bat for the Lone Stars and succeeded in getting on first base through an error by Eddie Lewis, the Giants' short-stop. Bunny was next and he had the good fortune to make a lucky drive, sending Joe to third base and reaching first himself with time to spare. When Shorty Piper came to bat, Bunny bravely "stole second" and Shorty got his base on balls.

Before long the Junior Giants became demoralized, and the cheering of the north-enders only served to increase their unsteadiness.

The tide was turned somewhat by the next two batters striking out, so that by the time Pinkey came to bat the excitement was at fever heat.

"Line 'r out, Pinkey," "Knock the cover off," "Now 's the time for a home run," were some of the encouraging remarks made by his supporters.

Pinkey stepped up manfully, rubbed some dust on his hands, cast one pardonable glance at a certain curly head among the wildly excited girls, grasped his bat firmly and tapped "home plate" a couple of times by way of habit.

Just as Putty Black, the pitcher for the Giants, was twisting the ball tightly in his fingers, preparatory to delivering it, he was seen suddenly to stop and stand mute and motionless, apparently bereft of all animation or life; at the same time, signals of distress were noticed coming from the outfielders, who immediately thereafter took to their heels and raced with all speed to the nearest fence, where they stopped, ready to resume their flight if necessary.

Those who saw these strange actions were at loss to know what was the cause of the disturbance. Every one had been so intent on the outcome of such a critical stage of the game, and so loud in their approval of the Lone Stars' success so far in the inning, that Pinkey's instructions not to yell *too* loud had been entirely forgotten, and the attention of all present had been centered on the game and nothing else.

Thus it was that no one had noticed the approach of Tin Star until he was right upon them, and then Putty had been the first to catch sight of his bulky form coming from the direction of the school-house yard. He had heard the cheering two blocks away, and felt it worth while to find out how well his orders were being obeyed.

Losing no time, he had directed his steps by the

shortest line, keeping the school-house between him and his prey as long as possible, so that by the time he was discovered it was useless to attempt to escape.

As he advanced, the crowd fell back and not until he had reached the open space in front of home plate did he speak. Looking all about, as if to take account of every one present, and still ignoring entirely the presence of Miss Vance and the girls, he took from his pocket the heavy silver watch which he had consulted at Pinkey's request on the memorable Fourth of July, two years before, and said:

"Now this is the second time I 've caught you kids breaking the law in here. I ought to arrest you all as I said I would, but I 'll give you just one more chance, and you 've got just two minutes to clear out o' here. If there 's a single one of you left inside this lot at the end o' that time, he goes along with me. Remember now, two minutes and no more."

"But, Mr. Singles," began Pinkey, "we 're not hurting the—"

"That 'll do from you, young man. You 're at the head o' this defiance of the law, and if you don't look out, I 'll arrest you anyway."

Seeing that there was nothing to do but obey, and that as quickly as possible, the boys began gathering up their bats and starting for the fence, remembering that two minutes is not a very long time.

Through all the excitement Miss Vance had sat, apparently unmoved, but the girls about her had all risen and began to show signs of uneasiness. But though she was silent, her mind was busy. She was considering the present state of affairs carefully before making up her mind what to do.

All of a sudden, she seemed animated by a quick resolve. With indignation in her every movement such as she had rarely shown before, she arose from her bench and approached Tin Star. Her manner seemed almost threatening. She felt that Jeremiah was not alone exceeding his authority but that he was encroaching on hers.

"Jeremiah Singles," she fairly shouted, "you 're bothering yourself about something that 's none of your business. Now just let these boys alone. They 're doing no harm here and are only indulging in an innocent pastime. They are n't—"

"I have the law behind me," broke in Jeremiah, "and I intend to enforce it and you had better not interfere with my doing so. These boys are trespassing."

"They 're not trespassing enough to do any



MISS VANCE HAS AN ARGUMENT WITH "TIN STAR."

harm," retorted Red Feather. "Any ordinance that says these children shall be driven away from their playground after all these years shall not be obeyed as long as I can prevent it. They always *have* played here, and they always *shall*, as long as this is public property. Now unless you leave here at once and go up-town and attend to your proper duties, I'll report you for neglecting them. You keep order on the public square, as you're supposed to do, I'll be responsible for it here."

"These boys have all disobeyed my orders," began Tin Star, weakly, still unwilling to admit defeat, "and—"

"Yes, I know these boys better than you do. I'll punish them when they need it; but you sha'n't do it when they don't."

Plainly there was nothing for Jeremiah to do but give in to Red Feather's demands, so with as good a grace as possible, he replaced his watch and stalked away in the direction whence he had come, no word being spoken by any one until he was lost to view behind the school-house.

Red Feather was the first to speak. In fact no one had dared to even whisper, while all stood in open-eyed and open-mouthed wonder, listening to the wordy war.

"Pinkerton," she said, "go and call back those boys who ran away and proceed with the game. I think you can finish it now without danger of interruption." She spoke evenly and her voice gave no trace of the recent argument.

This announcement was the signal for the strain under which all were laboring to be broken, and boys and girls together burst into round upon round of the heartiest cheers of which their throats were capable. Again and again did the pent-up excitement give vent to itself until it seemed that some of the boys would explode under the enormous pressure.

As Red Feather returned to her bench, calm and serene as though she had not suddenly become the idol of every pupil present, boys and girls alike, she was greeted by the waving handkerchiefs of the girls, who all ran forward and scrambled among themselves to see who should have the honor of walking beside their teacher.

And when it was all over, it was not for Pinkey, who had made the run that won the game for his nine, nor for the Lone Stars, who

were the juvenile champions of Enterprise, that the ringing cheers were given; it was for the teacher, the unexpected defender of her pupils against unjust harshness, who was made the recipient of this honor.

But the episode did not end there, Miss Vance never began anything until she believed in it thoroughly, and then she always saw it through to the end. In this case, her ire had been aroused, and nothing short of a complete victory for her convictions would satisfy her. To this end she addressed a complaint to the City Council setting forth the occurrences as she had seen them, and requesting action in accordance with her opinions, which she was not backward in expressing.

As a result, an act was passed at the Council's next meeting, setting aside the forbidden lot as a permanent playground for the younger pupils of the school, in addition to the regular school-house yard.

When this became known throughout the school, nothing but added praise could be heard for the teacher on all sides. Numerous instances of her kindness were called to mind.

"I've come to the conclusion," said Pinkey one day, when he and several companions were discussing the recent affairs, "that we deserved about twice as much punishment as we ever got. I never thought much about it before, but I'm sure the trouble we've always had with Red Feather was n't all her fault."

"That's what I think," agreed Bunny; "and the way she stood up for us on Saturday makes me feel ashamed now, when I think of some of the things we've done."

"It just goes to show," added Joe Cooper, "that we've never understood her before. I guess if *we* had obeyed her all along we would n't have had half the trouble we did have."

"Well," spoke up Shorty, who never was without an opinion, "I guess we've given her a lot of trouble, and she's given us a lot, which we deserved. Now I think we ought to brace up after what she's done for us. If we do, we'll get along with her all right."

"Yes," said Pinkey, after a moment's reflection, "Shorty's right, but she's done *her* share already and for my part I think that from now on, it's *our* business to behave ourselves."





THE DAASJE

BY AMY SUTHERLAND



THERE is a queer little rock-animal found in thousands in all parts of Cape Colony, South Africa, and called by the Dutch, "Daasje" (pronounced in English "Das-sie"). This little creature has many other names, such as the coney, daman, rock-badger and rock-rabbit. It is found also in Syria, and is really the "coney" of the Bible, for one of the Psalms contains this verse: "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats and the rocks for the conies," while in the Book of Proverbs we read: "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks."

The South African daasje is a pretty, gray, furry creature, merry and sun-loving, and when taken young makes a charming pet. The two daasjes which are the subject of these photographs, were brought one morning to our country cottage by an old Kaffir woman. They were about two days old; tiny, terrified morsels no longer than my finger; but they very soon lost their fear, developed an amazing appetite for new milk (which they sipped daintily from the point of a spoon), and in less than a week were racing and dancing about the place, the merriest mites alive. As

they grew older, they contracted really remarkable friendships, and after trying to attach themselves to the cat (who would have nothing to do with them), they took for their constant companion a sedate old Muscovy duck, who allowed the riotous imps to tumble over her at their sweet will. They soon developed a wonderful gift for jumping and climbing, and though at first the horses and donkey were terrified when the daasjes took a flying leap to their shoulders, they were soon accustomed to it and will now walk about grazing with the little creatures rolling about on their backs or stretching them-



THE DAASJES AND A FOX TERRIER.

selves luxuriously to sleep in the warm hair. They are especially attached to the old donkey,

and if they hear him bray in the distance, will spring up from their food or sleep and rush to his side, standing on their hind-legs and gazing

know what fear is, and will rush out to examine any new thing no matter what its size; and have been seen smelling at the awful heels of an ostrich, or rubbing noses with the enormous trek-oxen who pull the wagon, and who are as gentle as they are huge. In the absence of any other

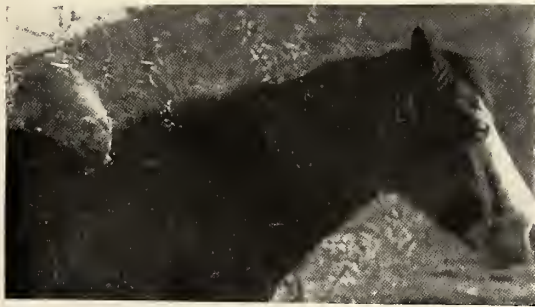


DAASJES ON A DONKEY'S BACK.

sympathetically into his ugly old face. Their appetites have become depraved, and they despise the grass and leaves of their ancestors,



A DAASJE AMONG THE ENORMOUS THORNS OF THE MIMOSA.



"THE HORSE SOON BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THEM."

preferring toasted bread with a sprinkling of sugar, fruit and other dainties. They seem not to

mount they do not despise the beautiful, long-haired Angora goats, and will cuddle delightedly into the silver curls. They climb to the tops of the tallest trees, investigate the recesses of the deepest holes; they love children, and are in fact the intimate friends of every living creature on the great farm where they live.

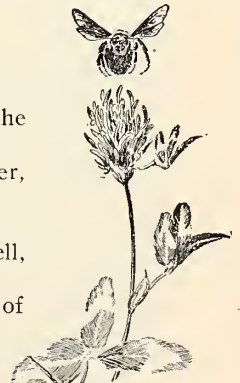
SONG OF THE BEE

BY REGINA REILLY



BUMBLE, bumble, through the grass,
Through the sweet new clover;
Hear me as I quickly pass,
Happy little rover!
Sun just risen o'er the hill,
Dew upon the blossoms still,
Light of heart and light of
wing,
This the message that I
bring—
God is watching over!

Bumble, bumble, through the
grass,
Through the sweet new clover,
Hear me as I quickly pass,
Happy little rover!
Hear the message that I tell,
Flying over lea and dell,
Tiny frame but strong of
heart,
Of creation still a part—
God is watching over!





TWINS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
GRACE BROWNELL PECK

THE twin whose hair was curly
Was a happy, sunny girlie,
But the twin whose hair was straight
Would cry and bawl;
For in curlers all the night
Every hair was twisted tight
Since twins must match each other
Hair and all.

But the day arrived at last
When the crying all was past;
And it came upon their birthday—
O what joy!
For the twin whose hair was curly
Was a darling little girlie,
And the twin whose hair was straight
Was a *Boy!*



ROLY POLY ON VACATION

DRAWN BY CULMER BARNES



CONDUCTOR: "ALL ABOARD FOR THE
JUNGLE! STEP LIVELY, PLEASE!
BOTH GATES!"



THE THREE GIRAFFE BOYS: "COME ON IN, ROLY POLY, WE'RE DYING FOR A SWIM, BUT THE WATER
IS N'T DEEP ENOUGH."

MESSAGES FROM MARS

AND A BOWER OF ROSES

(NEW IDEAS FOR FAIRS AND FESTIVALS)

BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD



THE BOOTH IN OPERATION.

Drawn by A. B. Beard.

THREE questions for ten cents, and the answers come direct from Mars, as you may see by the telephone cord that goes straight up to the star shining so brightly overhead!

Take the telephone receiver in your hand, draw the cord taut, and, with your mouth close to the receiver, ask what questions you please; all will

be answered with the profound and prophetic wisdom peculiar to the inhabitants of Mars.

It is easy enough—when you know how—to establish communication with Mars by telephone, and there will hardly be one person at the Fair who will not want to test the wire.

The first thing to do is to make the telephone

and have it ready to install when the booth is erected.

For the receivers, secure two empty tin baking-powder boxes, half-pound size. Take off the tops and remove the bottoms with pinchers or a good can opener that will cut cleanly and leave no ragged edges. This will make two hollow cylinders open at each end. Cut two pieces of rather heavy manilla wrapping-paper about six inches square, lay them in a basin of water to wet both sides, then take them out and fit one piece smoothly over the end of one box, the other piece over the end of the other box. Fasten the paper down by wrapping tightly with waxed linen thread and tying securely (Fig 2). This will make a paper drumhead on one end of each box. After the drumheads have become wholly dry—when they should be firm and free from wrinkles—cut away the paper ruffle that extends below the thread wrapping, and paste a strip of paper over the thread and the edge of the paper left below (Fig 1).

Take a piece of white cotton string about eight feet long, measure two feet from one end and wax the two feet of string thoroughly; then ink the remaining length until it is black. It is best to put the ink on with a brush, that it may not run onto the white waxed end. When the ink is dry wax that part of the string also. You will then have a waxed string eight feet long, two feet of the length being white and six feet black.

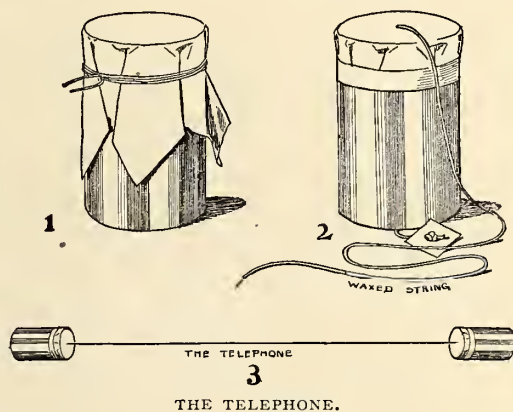
With a large needle carefully puncture a hole in the center of each drumhead, thread the white end of the waxed string through one of the drumheads from the outside, and pull it through the cylinder (Fig. 2). Make a large knot in the white end of the string; then, with great care, pull it until the knot presses closely against the inside of the drumhead. The black end of the string is to be fastened in the other receiver, in the same way, but not just yet; Fig. 3 shows the complete telephone.

The booth must be dark to represent night, and to add its own charm of mystery to that of the stars. Make the frame like Fig. 4, which somewhat resembles a clothes-horse with the back panel lower and narrower than the sides. There are four uprights and seven crosspieces. Let the uprights be of light timbers, the two front ones standing nine feet high and six feet apart, and the two back uprights seven feet high and five feet apart. The distance between the front and back uprights should be six feet. To hold the uprights in place nail crosspieces one foot from the top and two and a half feet from the bottom on sides and back, and another cross-

piece between the two front uprights, one foot from the top as shown in Fig 4.

Any handy boy who knows how to drive a nail, and has a friend to help him, can make this simple frame.

When the frame is ready, wrap the two front uprights as far as the upper crosspieces with strips of white muslin four inches wide, putting it on spirally, one edge overlapping the other; then over the white wrap a spiral of gilt paper one and a half inches wide. The edges of the paper must not touch, and the space between should be about two inches. A small tack here and there will keep the paper from slipping out of place. The muslin must be tacked at top and bottom of the upright and also where the strips



are joined. Cover the inside of the sides and back panels with very dark blue cambric, tacking it along the crosspieces. Cut the cambric in breadths to fit the frame, but do not sew the breadths together, simply lap the edges an inch or two as you tack them on. For a private entrance to the booth, have two edges on the back panel free so that they may be lifted at will, tacking them only at the top.

You may use any bright-colored drapery for the outside of the frame, and it need be tacked only along the upper crosspieces.

Cut six breadths of cambric each four yards long and sew them together for the canopy on top of the booth. You will need for the canopy and inside walls of the booth, forty-four yards of cambric, which comes about twenty-five inches in width; of wider material, of course less will be required.

Measure six feet from the front edge on the middle seam of the canopy and make a cross with white chalk to mark the spot where the planet Mars is to shine down into the booth.

Eighteen inches from each side and three feet from the front edge mark the places where the

abric, leaving a star-shaped opening. Have ready a square of confectioner's oiled paper large enough to entirely cover the hole and lap over the edges an inch or so. Lay on paste or glue along the edges of the star-hole in the cambric and press the paper down on it, being careful to have the paper perfectly smooth and the points of the star in place; then a bit of paste at each of the four corners of the paper will hold it securely. The paper must be on the upper side of the canopy; from the under side in daylight it will look like a ground-glass star.

Through the cambric, close to the star, between the two lower points, run a darning needle threaded with white cotton string about six feet long. Make a knot in the end and draw the string down until the knot rests against the upper side of the cambric. The string must hang down into the booth.

Cut a number of small gilt-paper stars and paste them at irregular intervals on the under side of the canopy. Adjust the canopy over the frame of the booth, with the chalked crosses resting on the top of the front uprights. Tack it at these places, then bring the cambric down close to the uprights to the depth of six inches and tie in place with a piece of the fringed tinsel rope that is used for Christmas-tree decoration. Leave long loops and ends of the rope and tack it to make it quite secure.

Carry the back of the canopy over the back uprights, leaving it slack enough to allow of being brought down and tied like the front. The edges of



4

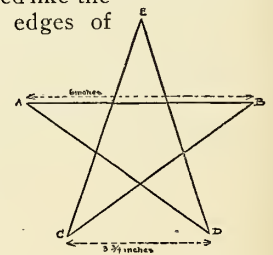
SETTING UP THE FRAMEWORK OF THE BOOTH.

canopy is to be tacked to the top of the front uprights.

On a piece of writing-paper draw a pattern of a five-pointed star that will measure exactly six inches from point to point, drawing the line across the star from A to B, C to E, and so on (Fig. 5), and three and three quarters of an inch from point to point, measuring outside the star from C to D, D to B, B to E, and so around (Fig. 5). Cut out the paper star and pin it on the canopy over the cross marked for Mars. Trace around the edge of the pattern with chalk or a light-colored crayon, then remove the pattern and cut out along the tracing on the cam-

bric. The canopy must fall outside of the frame and cover the opening left above the top cross-piece.

That the mimic Mars may shine with a brilliancy almost equal to that of the real Mars, have an electric light hung just above the top of the booth where it will shine directly through the paper star. A cone-shaped shade over the bulb will concentrate the light.



5

DIAGRAM OF THE STAR.

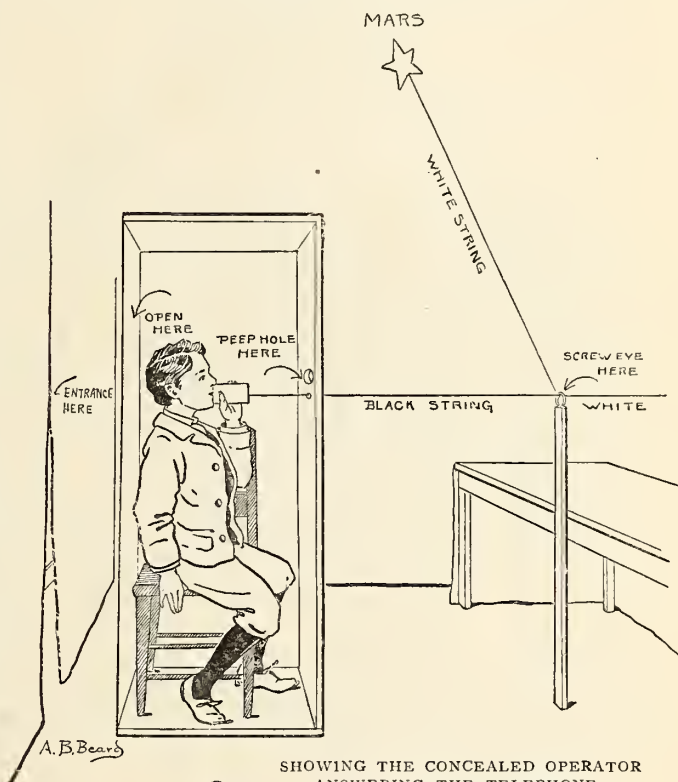
Across the front of the booth place a long, narrow table, one foot back of the front uprights. On the inside edge of the table, precisely in the middle, nail a narrow strip of wood, about two inches wide and of sufficient length to rest on the floor and extend fifteen inches above the top of the table. Two small wire nails will hold this securely. Behind the table, one foot from the back wall of the booth, stand on end a long, narrow packing-box, large enough to comfortably hold a boy fourteen or sixteen years old. Have the open side of the box at the back.

In the front side of the box bore two holes; a small one half an inch in diameter, and another two inches in diameter. Make the small hole the same height from the floor as the top of the strip of wood nailed to the table, and place the larger hole—the “peep-hole”—just above it. Cover the box with dark blue material, cutting it away where it comes over the holes. Across the front drapery that hangs from the top of the booth, paste large gilt letters that will read: “Messages from Mars.” The booth will appear as on page 728.

Drape the table with bright yellow cambric, decorated with cabalistic designs cut from black paper, and put on it a small call bell. When this is done, all is ready to install the telephone.

Into the top of the strip of wood on the table drive a medium-sized screw-eye; through the screw-eye pass your telephone cord, and just where the white part ends and the black begins tie to the screw-eye with black linen thread. Tie the thread first to the cord, then to the top of the screw-eye. Draw the black end of the cord back and pass it through the small hole in the box; then secure it to the receiver as you did the white end of the cord. It is a good idea to put up a little shelf or bracket in the box to hold the receiver when not in use and so prevent its own weight tearing it from the string. Bring forward the white cord that dangles from Mars and tie it with a white thread to the screw-eye, cutting off the end of the cord that the joint may not show. To all appearances the white cord attached to the outside receiver extends directly up to Mars, for against the dark interior of the booth the black part of the cord, running back to the box, will not be visible (Fig. 6).

A pretty girl dressed in a light blue kimona-like gown covered with cabalistic characters of colored paper, and wearing a silver crescent in her hair, should be in charge behind the table. It will be her duty to take in the money, to ring the call bell when a message is to be sent, to see that the telephone cord is held taut when in use, and to enforce the rule that not more than three questions are to be asked in succession by one person. If a patron prefers not to ask questions, a prophetic message can be sent from Mars.



6

SHOWING THE CONCEALED OPERATOR ANSWERING THE TELEPHONE.

The answers and messages must be given over the telephone by some one concealed in the box at the back of the booth. For this position choose bright, quick-witted boys or girls, who can be jolly and full of fun without becoming in the least rude. Impress upon them that the message must be invariably pleasant and cheerful, the prophecies always good and plausible. There should be two persons to take turns at being the messenger in Mars, and they must enter and leave the booth by the private entrance at the back, quite unseen by those in front. The peep-hole will make it possible for any one in the box to recognize the person at the other end of the telephone, and so give intelligent and personal messages.

THE BOWER OF ROSES

On a raised dais in a vine-wreathed, flower-decked bower, surrounded by a low fence, which sets her daintily apart, Summer the queen must hold her court alone. Her maids of honor, who

basket filled with small bouquets of natural flowers. Attached to each by a narrow ribbon—and this is one of the most attractive features of the booth—is a small card that gives the meaning of the flowers which compose the bouquet.

Summer must also have at hand long-stemmed, single flowers with their meanings hidden among their leaves. In fact, no flowers should be sold that do not have their language translated for them. The front and two sides of Summer's bower are open, but the back is enclosed and screened by a shower of roses which hangs from the top of the booth. The shower of roses is made by stringing pink paper roses on long strings, with a knot between every two flowers to hold them apart. Most of the decoration, which should be quite lavish, can be done with paper flowers and leaves. For the purpose these will look even better than natural flowers, for they can be made larger, are more showy and effective, and will not droop or fade.

Another novelty is that the bower will contain not only all the flowers one expects to find there, but odd little bouquets made up from ordinary plants, and inconspicuous, unlooked-for blossoms, chosen for their meaning rather than their beauty; such as the well-known arbor-vitæ, which means "unchanging friendship"; the bay leaf, which says: "I change but in dying"; bachelor's button, that declares there is "hope in love"; cedar, which pleads: "Think of me," and the saucy dandelion, whose meaning is "coquetry." The oak leaf means "bravery"; wheat, "prosperity"; sweet william, "a smile," and dwarf sunflower, "your devout adorer."



THE BOWER OF ROSES.

A. C. D. Beard

render any needed assistance, remain outside the booth.

Summer should wear an old-fashioned, short-waisted, pink dress made of some soft clinging material, and be crowned with a wreath of pink roses. On her lap she must hold a large shallow

THE BRAINY CIRCUS CLOWN

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"Your Kangaroo has caught a cold,"
Said I. "Just hear him cough!
I'll let him use my sweater old
To keep the weather off."

"We're much obliged," the clown replied,
"We shall not need the loan.
That Kangaroo can well provide
A 'jumper' of his own!"

"I wonder why they call that queer
And chunky beast we see
A Tapir. Can you make that clear?"
Said I. "It bothers me."

"The answer is as plain as cats
To them as knows their biz,"
Quoth he. "They call him that for that's
Exactly what he is!"

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HI YI

BY EDWARD M. TEALL

Hi Yi—how happy a king was he,
There in his capital town—Ohmy;
For life is easy and ways are free
On a five-acre isle in a tropical sea—
Their rent was low and their spirits high,
Till the bolt fell out of a cloudless sky.

King of an isle in a tropical sea,
Hi Yi was a monarch of small renown;
But there with his dusky spouses three,
Oh and Ah and the gay Tehee,
He lived content in his capital town—
Ohmy was a capital town.

How the trouble began?—A marooned ship-
man,
Ben Salt, appeared at Ohmy one day,
Voyaging in on a catamaran
That sailed on a highly original plan—
Rigged with a 'brella most vividly yel'low,
And christened the Myra May.

The King to the ladies (aside) said: "Please
Quit combing your ebony locks awhile."
And then in mellifluent Dotellese,
He welcomed the stranger, saying: "These
Are the queens of my lovely tropical isle,"
See Oh and Ah and Tehee smile!

Now the Myra May is a royal navee,
And a proud commander is Admiral Ben;
But the peaceful days and the easy ways
Of the island ended there and then—
For the ladies three could not agree
Whose that yellow umbrella should be;
And the king declared, by a royal decree,
He'd keep it himself and take to the sea.



"VOYAGING IN ON A CATAMARAN."

He boarded the catamaran at the beach,
And hoisted the "yeller umbreller";
And the ladies emitted a triune screech,
While tears coursed over the cheeks of each,
As the King Hi Yi with a mournful cry
Bade them forever and ever good-by—
And Ben Salt became King of Ohmy.



THE DESPERATE DOINGS OF DAN

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS



OW these are the desperate doings of Dan,
Before he was old enough yet for a man;
A very good boy was Daniel, too,
But some direful deeds he dared to do.

He shot a look, and he stole a glance,
He took a joke and he seized a chance,
He smothered a yawn and stifled a sigh,
He dropped a tear and he choked a cry.

He drove a nail, and a picture hung,
And over the wall a word he flung;
He poked the fire, and after he 'd lunched,
He thrust out a ticket and had it punched.

He beat a game and he broke a fall,
He cut up a caper, and kicked a ball,
He cracked a whip, and a hand he shook,
He struck a path and he crossed a brook.

He pushed a plan and he crushed a hope,
He lashed some sticks with a piece of rope,
He scratched a note while he burned a lamp,
And finished his letter with a stamp.

Now this is the record of Daniel's fun,
But really, you see, no damage was done,
For a gentle lad was Desperate Dan,
And he wished no harm to any man.



"GOOD-BY TO SCHOOL-DAYS! COME, JOIN THE

THE NONSENSICAL NOTIONS OF NAN

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS



H, but hear the nonsensical notions of Nan,
For I 'll tell you about them as well as I can;
Very truthful is youthful Miss Nanny, I 've heard,
Yet you 'll find that her fancies are fairly absurd.

She 's sure that the yardsticks buy shoes for their feet,
That the limbs of the trees must be agile and fleet;
For the clock to claim gloves for its hands must be right,
And the soft lady-fingers with rings must be bright.

The canals must have brushes and combs for their locks,
The necks of the land are encircled with stocks;
There are certainly sleeves for the arms of the sea,
And a veil for the face of the deep there must be.

The legs of a table can merrily dance,
The lip of a bowl can curl proudly, perchance,
The lid of a kettle can waver and wink,
And the throat of a bottle can easily drink.

In the eye of the wind there are tears to be seen,
And a stovepipe, with grace, on its elbow may lean.
The teeth of a harrow can bite, it is clear,
And the ears of the corn can quite readily hear.

The tongues of the wagons must warily wag,
And the spirits of flagons quite frequently flag;
But now, I suppose, it might be a good plan
To drop the nonsensical notions of Nan.



PROCESSION FOR VACATION-LAND !"



THE LOST MONEY

BY BOLTON HALL



DORIS'S papa gave her a five-dollar bill, such a lot of money! Doris went to a big bank and asked if they could give her smaller money for it. The banker said he thought they could. So he gave her two two-dollar bills and a big silver dollar. How much did that make? Doris wanted the dollar changed again; so the banker asked if she would have two fifty-cent pieces, or one fifty-cent piece and two quarters—or perhaps four quarters or ten dimes—or twenty five-cent pieces—or a hundred pennies.

Doris thought a hundred pennies would be a good many to count and to carry, so she said she would take two quarters, three dimes and four five-cent pieces.

She laid away four dollars in the bank, those were the two bills, and put the change in her purse. When she went to the shop, she had such a lot of money that she thought she never could spend it. So she bought a paint-box with two little saucers in it for 10 cents; that left her 90 cents; and then a big rubber balloon for 25 cents; that left 65 cents; and a little one for 10 cents; and then Doris bought a whole pound of candy for thirty cents. Out of the 25 cents she had left, it cost 10 cents to go in the car.

When Doris got home she opened her paint-box. What do you think? Of course it was only a cheap paint-box and the paints were so hard that they would not paint at all. Doris cut out the dolls, but they were no better than those in any newspaper's colored supplement. Doris's mama said that the candy was too bad to eat at all, and the rubber balloons got wrinkled and soft in the night, because the gas went out of them. Doris cried when she saw them. "Now," she said, "I have nothing left of my beautiful dollar but 15 cents."

"I'm sorry, Dearie," Doris's mama said, "but it's bad enough to have wasted one dollar without crying about it, too. When you and I go out, we'll try to get such good things for the next dollar, that it will make up for our mistake about this one. The next bright day they went to the bank and got another dollar.

Now Doris's mama was a very wise person (mamas often are). So they went to a store where there were some books that had been wet a little by the firemen when the store caught fire. There they found a large, fine book of animal stories with pictures in it that had been 50 cents, but the book-store man sold it for 10 cents, because the back cover and a little bit of the edge was stained with water and smoke.

That left—how much? Ninety cents. Doris's brother had told her he would teach her to play marbles, so she bought six glass marbles for 5 cents and a hoop with a stick for 5 more. That left 80 cents.

Then Doris asked if her mama thought she could buy a pair of roller skates. Her mama said they could ask how much roller skates cost, but the shopman said they were a dollar a pair! So Doris said she would save up the 80 cents that was left of her dollar and wait until she had enough for the skates.

However, a little boy was looking in at the window of the toy-shop and he looked so sad, and so longingly at the toys, that Doris spoke to him, and when he said he wanted one of the red balls, she bought it for 5 cents, and gave it to him. That left 75 cents.

When they got home, they told papa about the skates and he said he could get them down-town for 75 cents, and he did.

So Doris learned by losing her first dollar, to get a lot of good things that would be more useful and would last longer, with her second dollar.



HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery

SIXTH PAPER—FLAT PAPER HOUSES

BY EVERETT WILSON

RAINY day amusements in the nursery, as was stated in the January *ST. NICHOLAS*, should be such as may be planned on the spur of the moment, needing for materials only those that may be found in any household. I would suggest another requisite, namely, that they be amusements that require not only very little time in their preparation, but that are also easy to make. Indeed, in many cases, the "doing" or "making" is all that there is to the amusement. It is such a "help" that in the accompanying illustrations I would offer for the consideration of parents and their restless young charges.

Paper and card playhouses have, no doubt, been made by some *ST. NICHOLAS* children. In these cases it will be recalled that many half-hours were spent in getting even as few as two or three box-like houses pasted up so that the walls would not be dented in, and so that the houses would stand level.

The houses here described are simplicity itself to make, for the reason that they have not four sides, *but only one*—the front; and a glance at the pictures will show that, for the purpose of a passing amusement, the effect is quite as good as if the houses were elaborately made.

The houses may be made of thin cardboard or heavy writing-paper. Heavy manilla wrapping-

paper is excellent for the purpose. An occasional house made of a green or red pasteboard-box cover adds a pleasant variety, while the curtains in them will stand out gorgeously.

There is no rule as to the size of the buildings; but it is well not to have them too large, as they will not stand up well if made very high. To give an idea, the second house from the left in Fig. 10 (this is the same house shown in Fig. 1) was nine inches from floor to peak and seven and one-half inches wide. The church was ten inches long and eleven inches to the top of the steeple; the other buildings were in proportion; but they



FIG. 1. A SINGLE HOUSE MADE OF A SHEET OF PAPER.

might just as well have been as small as only one half or even two thirds of these dimensions.

The details of the work are very simple. For, and if the children are old enough to care to keep say, the large house shown in Fig. 1, take a piece the toys to play with again.

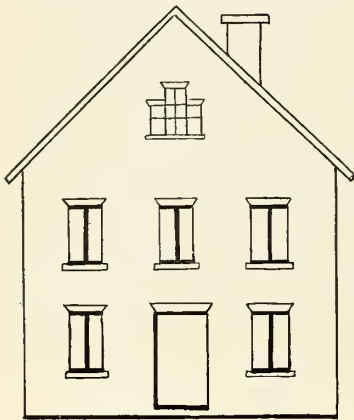


FIG. 2. THE DRAWING.



FIG. 3. SLIGHTLY ELABORATED.

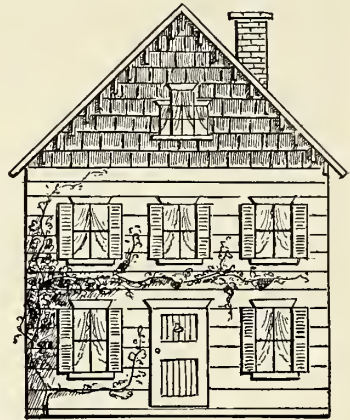


FIG. 4. FURTHER ELABORATED.

of white or gray cardboard or stiff blank paper, and on it draw the house—Fig. 2; then cut out the outline of the building and with a sharp knife or, perhaps better for nursery use, a pair of scissors, cut *through* the heavy lines on windows and door. This, you will see, not only makes the openings, but the flaps thus made, when bent back, will form the shutters and door on their own hinges. Now draw horizontal lines over the shutters to represent slats; see Fig. 3.

Now draw the shingles of the roof, the clapboards, the panels to the door, and any amount of drawing you care to, or leave it alone, if you prefer. If there is time, thin cross-bars may be pasted on the back over the window openings to represent the sash, and over these curtains may be pasted. The completed house may resemble the one shown in Fig. 4, above.

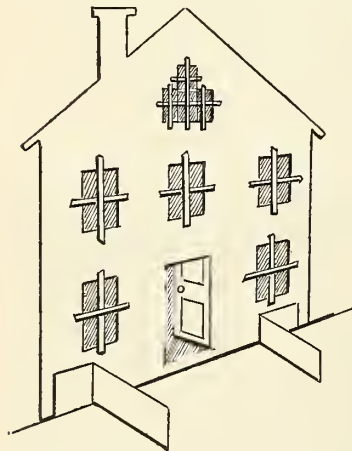


FIG. 5. REAR VIEW OF HOUSE, SHOWING HOW THE "FEET" ARE ATTACHED. SHOWING ALSO THE PASTED WINDOW STRIPS.

Of course, if a paint-box is in the nursery, the house may be painted red, to resemble brick, and the roof brown, and a vine may be painted against the house; but this is only if there is time,

Proceed now to make another house, but of a different shape, or even a barn, or church, or factory, or cabin—there is no limit to the variety; one of these is about as easy as the other. Look at the accompanying illustrations for suggestions, although almost any bright child can improve upon the styles and varieties here shown.

It has, perhaps, already occurred to the parent or child to ask: "If these houses are not square or box-shaped, how will they stand up?" This is a very simple matter. On the back of each house or object, paste two "feet." These are but small pieces of the same material of which the house is made. Cut a piece, say, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide by $2\frac{1}{2}$

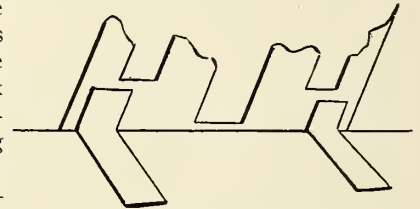


FIG. 6. SHOWING THE KIND OF FEET THAT MUST NOT BE USED.



FIG. 7. AN IDEA FOR TREES AND BUSHES.

inches long; bend $\frac{3}{4}$ inch from the end, and paste them on the back of the house as shown in

Fig. 5. Be careful to paste them down to the *very lower edge* of the house. Do not by any chance paste them as shown in Fig. 6, for you may see at a glance that here there is nothing to prevent the house from falling backward and the feet closing up like a hinge. If pasted as in Fig. 5 the house will be practically as firm as if it were made with four sides.

It is better to have the objects slant *back* a little. If they slant too far backward or forward, trim the bottom edge of the feet to correct this. Sometimes the bottom edges of the houses will have to come off a trifle, but this is a simple matter, and will be per-

simple and easy-to-make objects can be made very effective when properly grouped.



FIG. 8. A SCENE IN PAPERVILLE.



FIG. 9. ANOTHER SCENE IN PAPERVILLE.

fectly clear as soon as you actually come to set them up on the floor or large table.

It may not be clear how a tall flagstaff made of thin paper can be made to stand. This, too is very simple. Take a strip about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and fold it in half along its length, then open it out so that the two sides will form a right angle, when the staff will be found to be quite rigid. A tall tree if top-heavy may be strengthened by pasting such an "angle iron" along the trunk and up into the tops.

The houses and other objects shown in the illustrations were purposely constructed in "home-made" style in order to show that very

A variation of the "game" may be had by constructing houses, etc., of varying sizes—though all smaller than the first ones made—and then setting these up in the background, the smallest ones the furthest off, and the largest ones in the nearest foreground. This will cleverly give the idea of perspective and distance, and the effect will be quite realistic. Of course this is suggested only for the larger children who have exhausted their interest in the simpler street-front arrangement of the houses.

A hill or rolling country may be imitated by throwing a piece of green or brown cloth over a pile of loosely crumpled tissue



FIG. 10. ONE OF THE FASHIONABLE STREETS OF PAPERVILLE.

or other paper. The hill shown in Fig. 11 was nothing more than a child's brown linen apron resting on such a pile of loose newspaper.

Another variety in the play can be made by imitating, as far as the children can recall, the much trouble is to be avoided, wide strips of paper, say about three inches wide and ten or twelve inches long, may be folded in half by bringing one end even with the other end, then halving again and again—as many times as will make the folded paper three inches long by, say, an inch or an inch and a half wide. Then, by a single cut of the scissors, the paper is snipped away between the palings and, lo! a section of fence. If desired, one more “snip” will make the palings project above the



FIG. 11. PAPERVILLE HEIGHTS.

front of their own house or that of their little friends, or of the railway station, or a certain section of the village street, or perhaps of a city block. A very pretty effect can be produced by imita-

If the game is played out of doors, or in the nursery with the windows open and so subject to drafts, small objects may be placed across the “feet,” heavy enough to keep the houses from being blown over.

In old magazines or fashion journals will be found many figures of men, women and children that the young folks can cut out for the people of their paper villages—even horses and carriages, automobiles, etc., from the advertising pages can be used to give life and variety to the village street or country roadside.

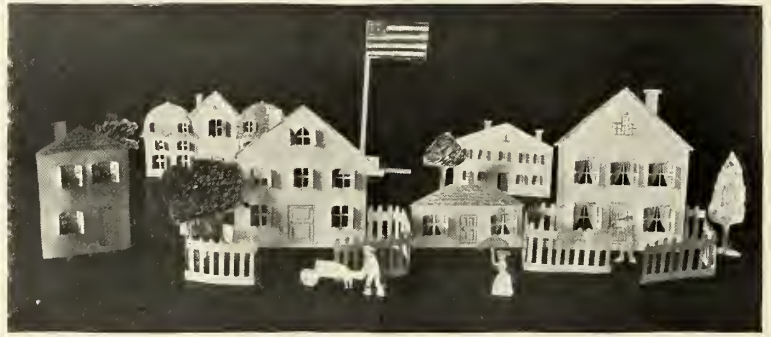


FIG. 12. DECORATION DAY IN PAPERVILLE.



FIG. 13. PAPERVILLE AS SEEN FROM THE HILL.

Fences may be made of short vertical strips pasted on the long horizontal pieces; or, if so the young folks' deft fingers. The children will be surprised to find how simple these toys are to make.

ting a lake by means of a mirror laid flat on the floor or table. Fold green or other cloth around the frame so that nothing but the glass surface is seen. On the glass set up row boats, sail boats, steamers and so forth that may easily be cut out of paper. Small objects such as these may be made to stand by having but one “foot” to support them.

After a particularly successful grouping of the houses has been accomplished, some “kodak friend” or member of the household may be induced to take a photograph of the scene; and it would not be surprising to find the scenes shown in the pictures of this article quite surpassed by

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



THE TOY BEARKINS



BY JOHN H. JEWETT

GRETCHEN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

The Children had fun with the Bearkins
Teaching them all sorts of things,
Such as how to recite little verses,
Or sing as the Story-bird sings ;—
A Bearkin looks queer when he sings.

The very next day both the Children
Went off to a Ball-game, somewhere,
And Bearkins stole out to the garden
To play in the Grape-arbor there ;—
Just the place they were looking for, there.

With grape leaves for dishes, and flowers
For Bon-Bons,—they then tried to make
Of water and sand in a basin,
A sand-pie to call " Birthday Cake.—"
That needed no oven to bake.



" WITH GRAPE LEAVES FOR DISHES."



" WITH COOKIES, AND JELLIES AND CREAM."

When Gretchen said Tot's cake had candles,—
One candle for every year,—
The wise Bouncer said he could fix it,—
The kitchen and pantry were near,—
And Gretchen said : " You are a dear."

When Bouncer came back he was burdened
With cookies and jellies and cream,
And a whole box of tiny wax matches
To make that Sand-Birthday-Cake seem
A real Birthday-Cake,—and ice-cream.

They feasted on all of the good things
 That Bouncer had found on the sly,
 And then they stuck matches all over
 That play Birthday-Cake, of sand-pie ;—
 And laughed till they thought they should cry.

When all of the cookies were eaten,
 The cream and the jellies all gone,
 They counted the wax-matches-candles
 To find out when Gretchen was born,—
 They did n't know when she was born.



“THEN BOUNCER LIGHTED THE CANGLES.”

And then Bouncer lighted the candles,—
 The matches stuck 'round on the cake,—
 While both of the Bearkins leaned over
 To see how much light they would make,—
 And that was a sorry mistake.

The wind blew the flames in their faces,
 And, trying to put the blaze out,
 They singed both their paws and their
 noses ;—
 And then they heard two Children shout :—
 “Hello, there !—What are you about ?”

Then Rogue and Tot rushed in upon them,
 And soon the whole story was told
 By Bouncer, of their Birthday-Party—
 When Gretchen was “just so-years-old ;—”
 And both Rogue and Tot kept the secret,
 For fear that somebody would scold ;—
 And only the Story-Bird told.



“THE WIND BLEW THE FLAMES IN THEIR FACES.”

THE BEARKINS IN THE PLAYROOM

Soon after their jolly Vacation,
 Both Rogue and Tot once more began
 Their lessons at School, and the Bearkins
 Thought School was a very good plan,—
 And off to the Playroom they ran.

For fear little Gretchen would worry
 About being left there alone,
 While Tot was away, Bouncer told her
 They'd have a School House of their own,
 In the Playroom, while they were alone.



“OFF TO THE PLAYROOM THEY RAN.”

Then Bouncer said he would play Teacher,
 And Gretchen could learn to recite
 Some nice little verses, as he did,
 At bed-time, almost every night,—
 And Gretchen would laugh with delight.

So Bouncer climbed into an armchair,
 With Gretchen in front on a stool,
 And said: "You will please come to order,—
 The first thing is order in School,"—
 For Rogue had said that was the rule.

When Gretchen had finished her lesson,
 The Teacher,—that's Bouncer,—said he
 Would tell her a very true story,
 "Why Pigs Could n't Climb up a Tree,"—
 Which was lucky for Bouncer, you'll see.



BOUNCER TELLS THE STORY.

THE STORY

When "Tom-Tom, the Piper's Son,
 Stole a Pig and Home he run,"
 He met a Bearkin on the Way,
 Dropped the Pig, who stopped to Play
 With Bearkin, while Tom ran away.

Piggy was so rude and rough,
 Bearkin soon had quite enough,
 So he climbed up in a Tree,
 And said: "I dare you follow me,"—
 Bears know how to climb a Tree.

Piggy looked up in the Tree,
 And said: "You roost too high for me,
 But when I catch you on the Ground,
 I'll root you 'round and 'round and
 'round,
 Until you wish you had been drowned."



"I DARE YOU FOLLOW ME."

Bearkin sat up in the Tree,
 And laughed and laughed and grinned, to see
 That Piper's Son come back again,
 And put that Piggy in a pen,
 And wondered how he liked it then.

Then Bouncer said: "We'll close by singing
 The Toy Bearkins' Own Golden Rule:—
 'Keep smiling, good-natured and friendly,
 Whether at Home or at School,
 And make others glad,'—that's the Rule."



SINGING THE "GOLDEN RULE" SONG.

JUMPING PLAYS

BY
EMILIE POULSSON



Baby Can.

BABY can laugh,
Baby can crow,
Baby can jump!
I told you so.

The Bluebird.

BONNY Bluebird on a tree
Spread his wings and *flew* to me.

The Frog.

A LIVELY young frog
Hopped up on a log,
Then quick as a flash
Jumped down—kersplash!

Jump Baby!

JUMP to father, Baby dear.
Father 'll catch you, never fear.

Into Daddy's Arms.

ALL alone he stands, my laddie.
Quickly he will jump to Daddy—
Happy little laddie then
Safe in Daddy's arms again.



Floor Rompings

By Emilie Poulsson

PLAYING • BEAR

HERE I come, old
Growly Gruff;
I'm an old bear, big and
rough.
Where's my cub, my
baby bear?
Grrr! I see him over
there!

Now I'll grab and growl
at him,
Hug him tight and
scowl at him,
Roll him thus to make
him tough,
Grrr! for I'm an old
Growly Gruff!

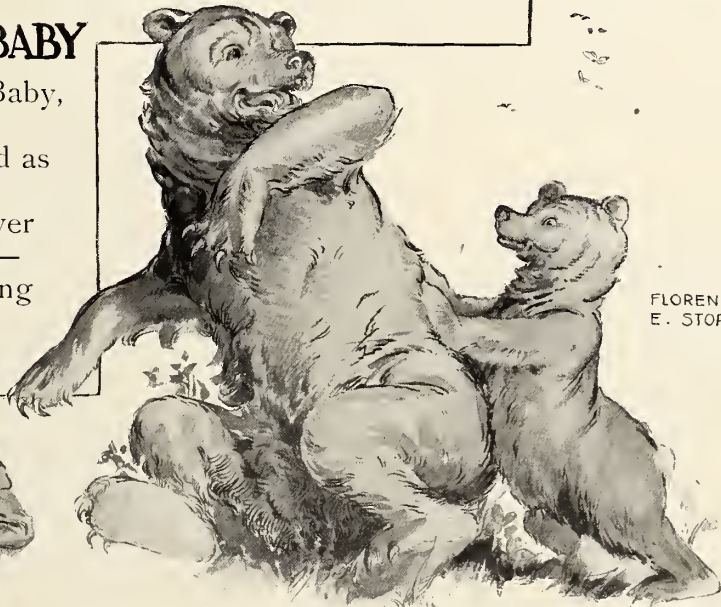


The Cub and the Bear

THE big, big bear sat resting in the clover,
The cub came up and pushed the big bear over!

THE • STRONG • BABY

IF you're a strong Baby,
As strong as I think,
And push me as hard as
you can;
You'll see me fall over
As quick as a wink,—
Hurrah! for my strong
little man!



FLORENCE
E. STORER



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



WORKMEN MIXING CEMENT FOR A BUILDING.

CLIFF SWALLOWS BUILDING MUD NESTS.

Cliff swallows, like barn swallows, are masons, and they may be seen on muddy shores rolling the pellets of clay which enter into the construction of their nests.—CHAPMAN.

ANIMALS AS MECHANICS.

THE so-called "lower animals" are not, in some respects, vastly inferior to Man. They are entitled at least to the merit of having learned to do



THE NEST OF THE TAILOR-BIRD OF INDIA.

It pierces holes along the edges of leaves and fastens them together by drawing through threads of grass, cotton, etc., even making knots at the ends to prevent the threads from coming out.—CHAMPLIN.

A PHOEBE AND HER NEST.

The nest is cemented together with mud.—DUGMORE.
As with the robin and many other birds the mud "cement" is strengthened by grasses and various other plant fibres.

some things long before man did them, and of achieving great results through simple means.

It is only within recent years that men have learned how to make houses and other structures of cement. This art is probably yet in a crude stage and by and by mankind may learn to use the material in vastly more skilful and efficient ways.

But many of the lower animals have for ages been making their houses of mud or of similar plastic and hardening substances. The cliff swallow's skilfully built home is indeed a wonderful structure, especially when we take into consideration the simple way in which the bird does the work. Imagine a boy or a girl trying to make such a structure of mud and handling the material only by the aid of pointed pliers. Yet the bird does it and does it well with her pointed bill. In some cement structures, especially in railroad embankments, you have probably noticed that the workmen first put in several iron rods to increase the strength of the wall. This is, practically, what the phoebe, the robin and other birds do when they mix a liberal supply of grasses and other plant fibers, and even strings, through their concretions of mud.

The chimneys of the common crayfish, in many localities, even more closely resemble masonry, as they are formed by piling up spheres of hardened mud that we may well fancy to be their "bricks." You will recall that some of these were illustrated on page 172 of "Nature and Science" for December, 1906.

Seventeen-year locusts in emerging from their long life in the ground build similar chimneys or turrets, though by a somewhat different process.

The hornbill encloses his mate in a case of mud. (See "Nature and Science" for April, 1905, page 554.) Many wasps build homes of mud.

The chimney-swifts make their nests of sticks into a firm mass and attach them, by hardening

secretions, to the interior of the household chimney, or perhaps originally, of hollow trees. All these, while not exactly the same, are still promptly suggestive of our uses of cement and other plastic material that soon hardens.

Honey-bees fill all the cracks in their home and smear the interior with propolis (a sticky material obtained from the buds and the gum-like exudations of trees) in a manner similar to a painter's use of putty, paint and varnish.

Various cutting bees ages ago learned, tailor-like, to cut "patterns" from leaves to supply the need of lining material for their homes in holes bored in the wood. The tailor bird advanced in the art by sewing leaves together to make a support and a hiding place for its nest. Our Baltimore oriole closely parallels our skilful use of thread and the art of weaving.

Several of our caddis "worms" have learned how to make miniature nets for fishing. Under the microscope the meshes of this net are seen to be regular and the fabric to be astonishingly put together with almost human design and skill. The "log houses" of these caddis-fly larvæ are also well known to most lovers of nature.

The beaver's tree-cutting and dam-building have been described and pictured so often as to be trite, but still they remain a constant astonishment. The size of the trees cut down and the manner in which they are used to hold back the water to form a pond would do credit to our skilful wood-choppers and mill men.

Woodchucks, gophers, mice and a variety of other animals built subways long before Boston

or New York had them. Many other small animals make tunnellings. The *Teredo* cuts the



THE OYSTER DRILL.

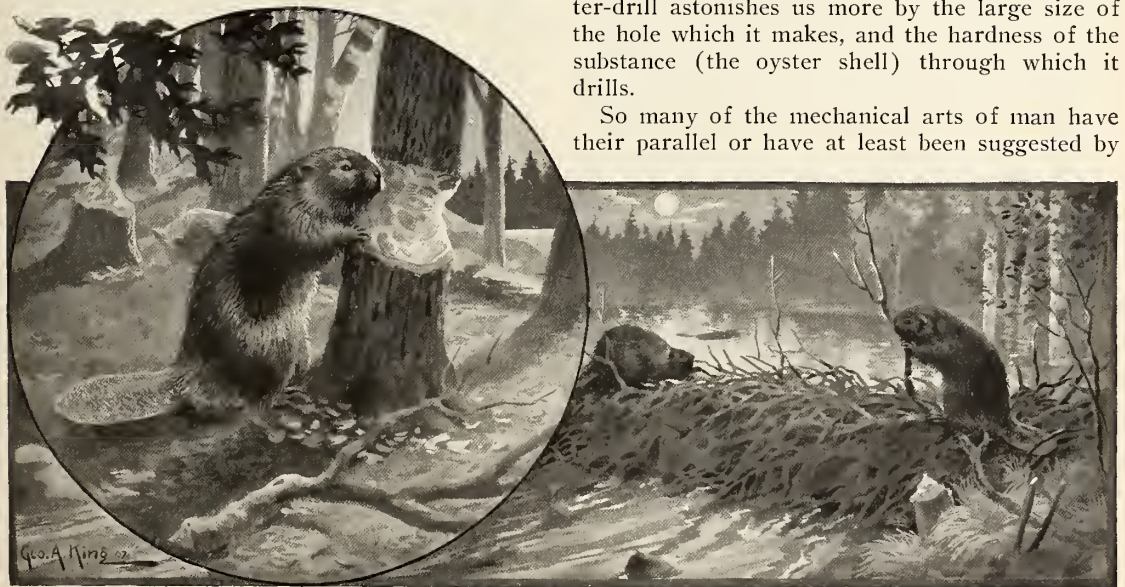
These mollusks bore a small, round hole through the shells of oysters and then proceed to extract the succulent, fleshy animal from within.

hardest wood into long channels, and innumerable hosts of leaf-miners tunnel out the soft portion between the two thin coverings of the leaf, for

“. . . there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.”

The carpenter's auger or bit-and-stock for boring holes is suggested by the hair-like, boring ovipositor of the *Thalessa* that William Hamilton Gibson calls "the most wonderful drill in the world." This is indeed most wonderful when the slender, hair-like appearance of the apparatus is taken into consideration. But the snail-like oyster-drill astonishes us more by the large size of the hole which it makes, and the hardness of the substance (the oyster shell) through which it drills.

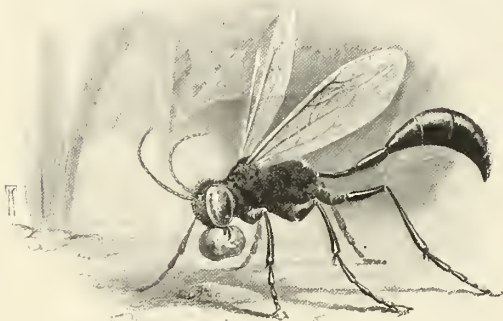
So many of the mechanical arts of man have their parallel or have at least been suggested by



THE BEAVERS AT WORK CUTTING DOWN TREES AND BUILDING DAMS.

certain methods for building a home or for supplying food by the four-footed animals, birds and insects.

A wasp, the *Ammophila urnaria*, has even



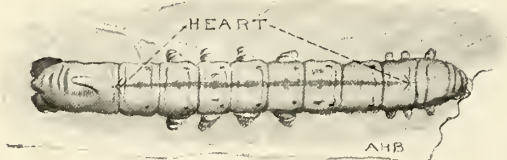
THE SAND WASP USING A TOOL.
Pounding down the earth with a small pebble.

learned to use a tool. Professor Peckham tells the astonishing story as follows:

“When, at last, the filling (of the hole in the ground) was level with the ground, she brought a quantity of fine grains of dirt to the spot, and picking up a small pebble in her mandibles, used it as a hammer in pounding them down with rapid strokes, thus making this spot as hard and firm as the surrounding surface. Before we could recover from our astonishment at this performance she had dropped her stone and was bringing more earth. We then threw ourselves on the ground that not a motion might be lost, and in a moment we saw her pick up the pebble and again pound the earth into place with it, hammering now here and now there until all was level.”

QUEER FORMS AND POSITIONS OF HEARTS.

THERE is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the

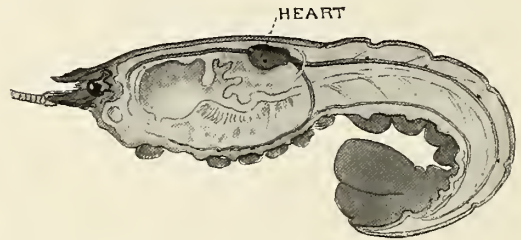


A SILKWORM (TOP VIEW SHOWING THE LENGTH OF THE HEART).

animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head.

Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail

are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE BODY OF A CRAYFISH.

Hearts in the middle of the back also are quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster for



A CRAYFISH AND ITS MUD "CHIMNEY."

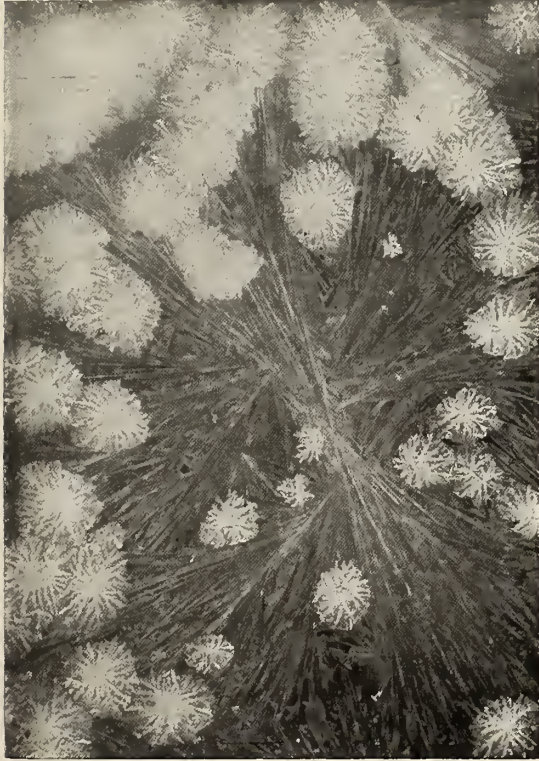
example and the crayfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the beasts and birds, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell in what, in ourselves, would be the small of the back.

E. T. BREWSTER.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This illustration of a crayfish and its chimney (thus an animal as a mechanic) is from a drawing. I have been unable to find in any book or to secure from any naturalist a good photograph of a crayfish chimney. Will some of our readers, young or old, please supply one?

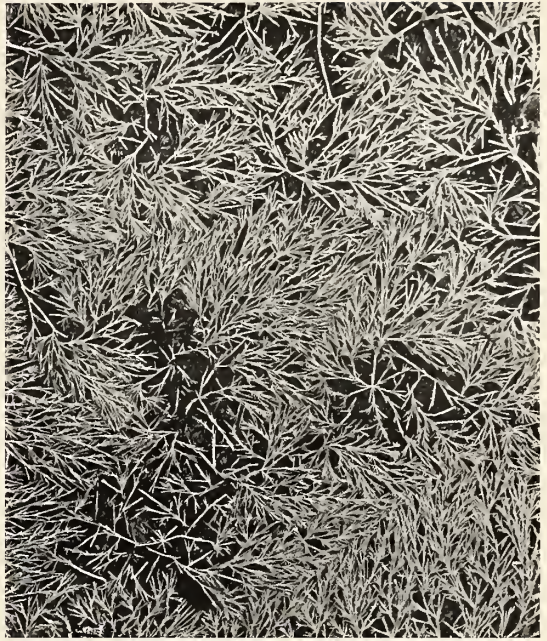
MAKING "ARTIFICIAL" FROST.

As most young folks know, water is a mineral that is in liquid form at ordinary temperatures. At a higher temperature it takes the form of a gas and becomes "steam"; at low temperature it is a solid, that is, it freezes. When this freezing or solidification is done in very small quantities in the open air, as with a thin film on a window pane, or in the formation of a snowflake high in the atmosphere, the ice crystals often make beau-



POMPONS OR ROSETTES TIED INTO ONE MASS BY INNUMERABLE STRINGS.

Made with solution of tartaric acid.



LIKE SMALL BUSHES, MOWN ON PASTURE HILLSIDE.

Made with a solution of epsom salts.



CURIOUS EFFECT RESEMBLING SOMEWHAT THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM A BALLOON.

Made with a solution of alum.

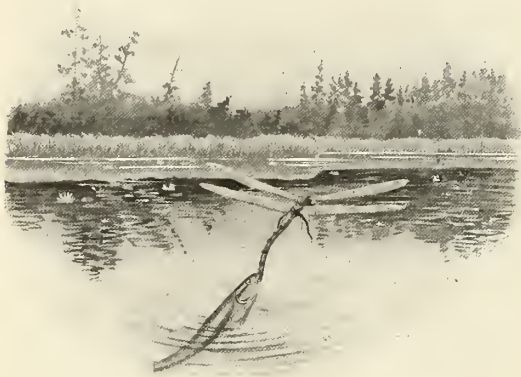
tiful and graceful patterns, as we may observe in the frost on the window or in the snowflake.

Chemicals of various kinds may be made into different and beautiful patterns even in warm weather. Make a solution of the salt selected and with it wet a pane of glass. When the water evaporates it leaves the salt behind which then forms crystals that are often similar to the beautiful frost forms of winter, as will be seen in the accompanying illustrations.

NOTE.—If you have a friend who has a good microscope fitted with a polariscope, ask him to make some of these crystals on a glass slip and show them under polarized light. The colors are indescribably beautiful.

A QUEER "FIGHT."

THE odd "fight" here illustrated was witnessed in the Adirondacks. A dragon fly, evidently laying her eggs, was flitting just over the calm



A MINNOW ATTACKS A DRAGON FLY.

water of a small stream, now and then touching the water with her tail. A minnow, apparently mistaking the tip of the insect's tail for the body of some tiny fly, and being just at that moment somewhat hungry, seized it, when the tug of war began. The minnow held on firmly, while the big fly struggled with might and main to be free.

In this struggle the little fish was repeatedly pulled nearly out of the water; then the minnow's weight would tell on the dragon fly and the latter would get a "ducking." The curious battle continued for a minute or more, the struggling pair bobbing up and down, as first one and then the other contestant would become tired and his rival seem to be getting the best of it. Finally the minnow lost his hold and the dragon fly darted away. It was an almost even match.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

WORK BY SAND ARTISTS.

THIS group was modeled by one of the numerous "Sand Artists" on the beach at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Some of these men have had no technical training, and use no tool but a stick or wooden blade, molding both single figures and elaborate groups with remarkable skill.

It is usual, both in summer and winter, between the hours of eleven and four, to see a line of spectators by the board-walk railing, watching the "artists" at work on the beach below, and throwing them coins. As an example of native talent, working through a difficult medium, this sand work is almost unequaled, and wonderfully life-like results are often obtained. Sometimes a very high tide will wash away the work of hours.



LIONS: THE WORK OF THE SAND ARTIST.

Photographed by Katharine Stanley Nicholson. From the National Press Association.

A LARK-SPARROW'S TROUBLES WITH COW-BIRDS.

WHEN first discovered the nest shown with one egg was being built by a pair of lark-sparrows. It was cozily located under a broad mullein leaf, in a low meadow. It was then nearly complete, but had no eggs.

A few days later it contained one cow-bird egg.



THE TWO NESTS BUILT BY LARK SPARROWS.

The most common method is to build the second nest on the first.

The sparrows had deserted it and started a new nest, as shown, close alongside.

The picture was taken about ten days later and shows the old nest, somewhat the worse for exposure to rains, and the new nest, containing three of the bird's own eggs and another cow-bird egg. So it appears that the cow-bird had her way after all. I have known of other instances of birds deserting their nests on account of cow-birds' eggs being thrust upon them, but never saw another where they built a new nest actually touching the old one. They must have liked the location which, however, did not prove to be well chosen, for the nest was flooded by high water from the Mississippi shortly after the picture was taken.

G. W. DAMON.

TREES FORCE ROCKS OPEN

HEREWITH are two photographs of trees showing a wedge-like splitting action through fairly firm rock.

The lower one of these is in New York City on Fifty-ninth Street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, in Central Park.

This photograph was taken from the side-walk, by holding the camera above the fence.

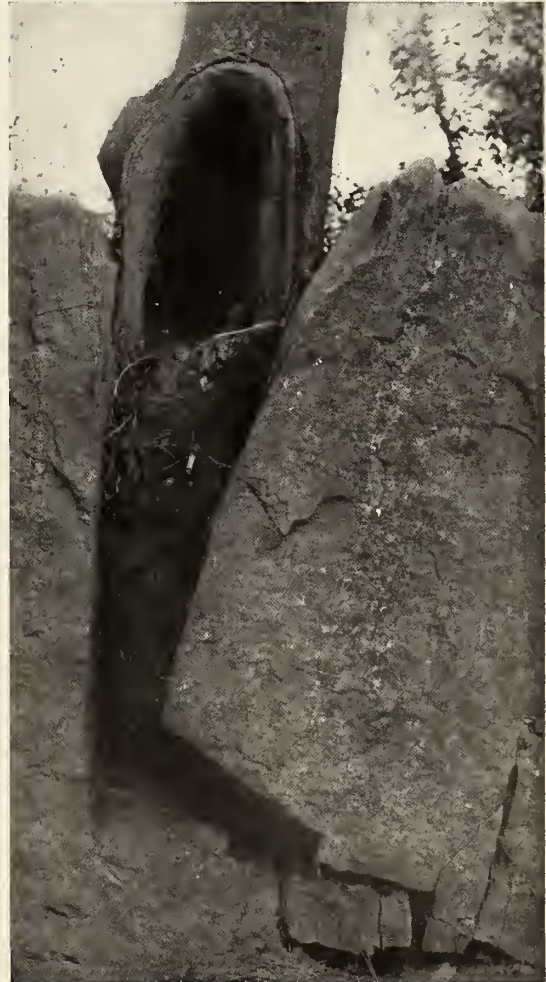
The upper one is a live oak in Santa Barbara, three quarters of a mile northeast of the Old Mission. The tree is about one hundred years



THE TREE IN SANTA BARBARA THAT FORCED ITS WAY THROUGH A ROCK.

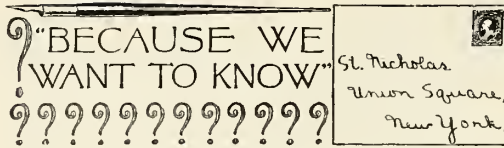
Photograph by S. N. Nixon, from the National Press Association.

old, and is two feet in diameter where it comes through the rock, which is of a lime-stone nature.



THE TREE IN NEW YORK CITY.

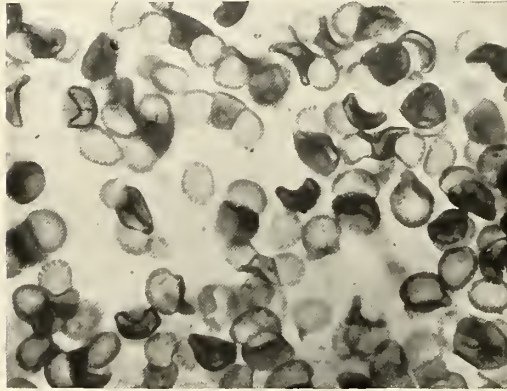
It appears like a wedge splitting a huge rock.



POLLEN IN GREAT QUANTITIES.

CAMP AGASSIZ, LAKE TAHOE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you probably know, there are forty lakes in this vicinity. I find that on some of the



POLLEN GRAINS OF PINE.

Photographed under magnification to show kite-like attachments (the whiter portions). Photographed by Professor David Worth Dennis.

lakes there is a dark-yellow scum, in some parts very thick and in other parts just a little scum. I thought perhaps it was pollen. Could you tell me from this description what this is?

Your faithful reader,

MAUD MALLET (age 11).

I think, from the location of the lake, the color of the scum, that it must be the pollen from the pine-tree blossoms. From what I have been told of the place, I think it altogether probable.—D. R. WOOD, San José, Cal.

THE pollen from pine forests often forms a yellow coating on lakes, or on the ocean as far as two hundred miles from the shore, and has been mistaken by peasants for showers of sulphur. The pollen-grains of the pine are provided with hollow vesicles, which buoy them up in the air very much on the principle of a box-kite: these may be easily seen in the accompanying illustration made from a micro-photograph.—W. J. V. OSTERHOUT, Ph.D., in "Experiments with Plants."

FOOD OF CHIPMUNKS AND MOUNTAIN GOATS.

—, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While traveling through Yellowstone Park last summer I saw so many little squirrels called chipmunks. They are very tame and run along by

your side. But what do they eat? There is nothing but evergreen trees in sight, and it always seemed strange to me what they could find to keep them alive. Would you also tell me what the mountain goats and deer eat in winter?

Impatiently waiting for the answer in ST. NICHOLAS,
I am
Your interested reader,

HELEN DE PUY.

Chipmunks feed chiefly on seeds of various small plants, and on berries, tubers, and bulbs. They eat also certain kinds of toadstools.

Deer in winter feed chiefly on browse, the boughs, twigs, and barks of bushes and trees. They also eat lichens, and in certain localities eat also acorns and beech-nuts.

C. HART MERRIAM,
Chief, Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.

GIANT WATER LILIES.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—The tropical water lilies, with large flowers and leaves, three feet or more in diameter, are grown outdoors in St. Louis, even without heating the water.

There are two kinds of giant water lilies, one a native of America, named the Royal Water Lily or *Victoria*, and one, of Europe, the Gorgon Plant or *Euryale*; both have the leaves spiny underneath. The leaves of the Gorgon Plant are smaller than those of the *Victoria*, and do not have the edges turned up. The flowers of the Gorgon Plant are small and purplish.

The giant water lilies of South America grow in water from four to six feet deep in the ponds and still parts of the river, and are perennial there, but in cultivation they are grown from the seed every year. Two species have been found, one growing in the river Paraguay and the other in the Amazon River. They are quite different in that the equator lily has reddish leaves and prickly sepals, while the Paraguay lily has green leaves and smooth sepals.

The seeds of the *Victoria* are formed in a fruit about half the size of a man's head. They are said to be considered by the natives better than wheat, and a farina is made from them which is preferred to that made from the finest wheat.

The seeds are started by us early, in a greenhouse, planted in a tank containing water heated to about seventy-five degrees. The first leaves are long and narrow, then some are oval, and the later ones are circular, with the stalk under the middle.

You can imagine the wonder of the European who first discovered the *Victoria*, when he found the rivers and ponds covered with this aquatic plant, with leaves over five feet in diameter and flowers more than a foot across. Many attempts were made to introduce the *Victoria regia* of the Amazon into Europe before people succeeded. The first was made in 1840, by Bridges, who sent seed in a jar of wet clay to England, but this was a failure. Dry seeds and living plants were tried, but with the same result. In 1849, seeds were sent to Kew Garden, England, in bottles of fresh water. These germinated, and the plants bloomed in the fall of that year, and seeds from that stock were distributed in Europe and America. It was not until 1894 that seeds of the other species, *Victoria cruziana*, of Paraguay, were introduced.

The Victorias are grown with greatest success in ponds artificially heated with pipes, or in special *Victoria* houses which have heated water, but the Paraguay lily, *Victoria cruziana*, which is more hardy than *Victoria regia*, and so

thrives better out of doors, is grown successfully in St. Louis without heating the water.

The Victorias are night-blooming, starting to open about half-past four in the afternoon, and the flowers smell like pineapples. They have three sets of petals. The first evening the flower resembles a large magnolia and is pure white. The next morning the flower opens more and shows a set of upright petals in the center, of a purplish color. It closes at noon, and opens again at about four in the afternoon, showing the pink petals spread out, and another set of pinkish salmon or crimson petals erect. These open between six and seven, exposing the golden yellow stamens.

The leaves of the *Victoria* have a rim three to six inches deep around the margin. The leaf is so thin that it is said that if a straw is held six feet in the air and dropped so as

very often. The leaves are first protected by a framework of laths and a mat made of cotton. The mat is placed next to the leaf, and the person stands on the framework, which distributes the weight evenly.

One morning in August, four or five of us went over to the ponds in Tower Grove Park; the men put weighted tubs in the water for planks to rest on, and we got on the leaves from these, after which the planks were removed and this picture was taken. The flat part of the nearest large leaf was six feet six inches in diameter, or twenty feet five inches in circumference, with a rim six inches deep. The leaf with the largest boy on it was five feet ten inches in diameter, with a five-inch rim. This leaf was floating one hundred and fifteen pounds. You will notice how little any of the leaves are sunken into the water by the weight on them. Once a man weighing one hundred



VICTORIAS GROWING IN A POND IN ST. LOUIS.

The boy standing at the left of the center of the picture wrote the accompanying letter. The photograph was taken especially for ST. NICHOLAS.

to strike on end between the ribs, it will puncture it, but there is a network of ribs on the under side of the leaf, strong enough to allow people to stand on it if the weight is properly distributed. These ribs are nearly an inch high and radiate from the center, there being eight principal ones, from which a great many branch off. These are crossed by ribs at right angles, giving the appearance of a spider's web. The ribs are covered with prickles, and contain air cells which help the leaves to float. The leaf stalks are about six feet long, so that the leaves can float when the water rises and falls. The largest leaf of the Paraguay lily grown last year was six feet six inches in diameter, with the margin turned up six inches, but this margin was notched on one side to within two inches of the bottom. The weight of water that would be displaced if such a leaf were pressed in up to the notch is about three hundred and forty-five pounds.

In the Park, people are allowed to stand on these leaves

and ninety pounds sat for a long time in a chair on one of the leaves, to have his picture taken. Mr. Gurney, the Superintendent of the Park, was allowing people to stand on the leaves one day last year when a lady who said that she weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds asked if she might stand on a leaf. When she got off, she told him that she was only joking, as her right weight was two hundred and five pounds!

SAMUEL TRELEASE (age 14 years).

The writer of this interesting letter is the boy shown standing at the left of the center of the illustration. His father is an eminent botanist and has charge of the Missouri Botanical Garden, in which was taken the interesting and unusual photograph for this illustration.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"HEADING." BY MARY AURILLA JONES, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

FRIENDSHIP.

BY CLARA BUCHER SHANAFELT (AGE 15).

(Cash Prize.)

To wander through the meadows, hand in hand,
When all the air is fragrant with the spring,
Talking and laughing in unbounded glee,
And then beside the brook to stop, and stand
Arguing gaily over some small thing,
Then on to find the first anemone—
Is not that Friendship—you who went with me?

To stand together high upon the hill,
Silent and musing o'er life's toil and pain,
And watch the crimson glow beyond the wood;

Then turning homeward as the air grows chill,
To speak of puzzling dreams that fill the brain,
And feel that our companionship is good—
Is not that Friendship—you who understood?

To be awake and ill in the dark night,
Surrounded by strange, gruesome Shapes and Things,
Fantastic nightmares of a morbid dread.
To stretch the hand out in a sudden fright
And find yours, strong and firm, to which mine clings,
And feel your cool touch on my fevered head—
Is not that Friendship—you who comforted?

It is not easy to tell one how to write or to draw. The ability to do these things must, in some measure at least, be a part of one's natural inheritance, though a little talent with a great deal of perseverance will accomplish more than a great talent and indifference; and while it is not possible to teach one how to write or to draw in the fullest meaning of this phrase—if, indeed, it has any meaning—it is possible to give a useful practical hint here and there, as to methods, and this is what the League editor tries to do now and then.

In writing, for instance, one may with proper care use fairly simple words, which are always most effective, and avoid the use of long, involved sentences, such as the League editor used just above. A long sentence like that is intended to mean something, of course, and with patience one can usually dig something out of it. But a sentence should not be composed so that it requires time and patience and study and diagrams to tell what it means. It should be brief, clear, and to the point. And each sentence should go one step nearer the end of the story or the article, or the poem (for simplicity in verse is likewise important) without hesitation, repetition, or unnecessary words. "Have something to say, say it, and get through," is the living rule for conveying any message in art.

There are a few practical errors (now, whoever heard of a practical error before?), well, then, just errors, that the young writer and illustrator may avoid as the result of a hint, here and there. The artist, for instance, if he wants his picture to reproduce well, should not make his lines too fine, or his drawings too small. The lines should be bold



"FRIENDS." BY KATHARINE FINCH, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

and strong, and his picture when finished, should measure about twice the size it is intended to be when printed. Neither should he try to get too much into his picture—but that carries us back to what we have already said about simplicity, which applies to pictorial as well as literary art.

Then there is the poet who insists on rhyming the different consonant sounds. There is a certain latitude in the vowel sounds—"grove" as an example, may rhyme with "love"—but when it comes to the consonants there is nothing that even resembles latitude. "Skate" cannot be rhymed with "lake" even by a poet who has won all the League prizes and has his or her "license" framed. One of our old friends, an "Honor Member," sent this month a poem, flawless, but for this stanza:

"We told our secrets while the breeze
Shifted the leafy screen
And mingled with the thrush's note
And murmur of the stream."

A rhyme like "screen" and "stream" would kill any poem, and perhaps endanger the poet, too, if he were within easy reach.

Now, just a word to the prose writers. When you are writing "conversations," put what each person says in a separate paragraph. Not all writers do it. Even the best ones are slovenly, sometimes, or careless, in paragraphing dialogue, but we do not need to imitate the faults of even the classics, and in prose composition two characters should not be permitted to speak in the same paragraph. It is n't polite. It is n't good literary manners.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 88.

(Subjects announced in February.)

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Clara Bucher Shanafelt** (age 15), 816 N. Market St., Canton, O.

Gold badges, **Alice Brabant** (age 16), 401 E. Johnson St., Madison, Wis., and **Katharine W. McCollin** (age 12), Overbrook, Pa.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Barnes Loye** (age 14), Baraboo, Wis., and **Kathleen Clara Betts** (age 16), 536 Queens Ave., London, Ontario, Can.

Prose. Cash prize, **Mary Graham Bonner** (age 17), 7 Kent St., Halifax, N. S.

Gold badges, **Dorothy Buell** (age 13), 406 Fifth Ave., Sterling, Ill., and **Valerie C. Greene** (age 13), 402 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Vesta Cornell** (age 11), Holdrege, Neb.; **Louise Winston Goodwin** (age 10), Morgantown, N. C., and **Mary B. Ellis** (age 14), N. Ashfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Mary Aurilla Jones** (age 14), 305 N. 64th Ave., Oak Park, Ill.; **Michael Kopsco** (age 15), 23 Wood St., S. Norwalk, Conn., and **Mabel Gardner** (age 14), 54 Stimson Ave., Providence, R. I.

Silver Badges, **Robert Walker** (age 14), Hinsdale, Ill.; **Webb Mellin Siemens** (age 13), 1616 Buchanan Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.; **Marjory Bates** (age 10), 102 Silver St., Waterville, Me., and **Jeffrey C. Webster** (age 10), 57 Hallowell St., Westmount, Montreal, Can.

Photography. Gold badge, **Katharine Finch** (age 15), 202 N. Geneva St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Silver badges, **John Doerman** (age 11), 907 Westminster St., Washington, D. C., and **Margaret S. Crucknell** (age 9), 3208 Harper St., St. Louis, Mo.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Owl," by **Millard M. Mier** (age 11), Daggett, Cal. Second prize, "Heron Walking," by **Leighton Henry Elliott** (age 12), 69 Blon St., E. Toronto, Can. Third prize, "Crow," by

Alice M. Flagg (age 11), 210 W. 57th St., New York City, N. Y. Fourth prize, **Edith S. Robinson** (age 13), "Wild Ducks, Feeding," 142 Mountain Ave., Westfield, N. J.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Dorothy Fox** (age 13), Lexington, Mass., and **Esther E. Evans** (age 13), Kene-saw, Neb.

Silver badges, **Craig Ritchie Smith** (age 11), 127 High St., Harrisburg, Pa., and **Fritz Breitenfeld** (age 8), 221 East 68th St., New York City.



"A FRIEND." BY MICHAEL KOPSCO, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

Puzzle Answers. **Ellen Williams** (age 14), No. 1 Garden St., Cambridge, Mass., and **Malcolm B. Carroll** (age 10), Bement Ave., W. New Brighton, S. I.

Silver badges, **Margaret Titchener** (age 11), Pallant House, Cornell Heights, Ithaca, N. Y., and **Elena Ivey** (age 11), Talladega, Ala.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY ALICE BRABANT (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

WOULDEST thou have friendship, dost thou crave to have
A true companion in thy wandering
When thou dost roam abroad,
And in thy daily work or recreation?
True friendship is a subtle, precious thing
That beauty, wisdom, wealth, cannot command:
Many a beauty has no genuine friend,
Many a wise man longs for one in vain,
And wealth is ever hung upon by hosts
Of flattering, false followers.
Yet homely, simple, and unwealthy men
Are often blest with truest, purest friendship;
For, although friendship is not bought or sold,
It often comes where it is best invited.

An honest, open, frank and friendly spirit,
A generous spirit, sympathetic, kind,
Ever extends to friendship a broad welcome.
For friendship is composed of sym-

pathy—
Entire sympathy, and perfect trust
That knows no doubting, and no
questioning.

Wouldst thou have friendship? See,
then, that thou have
These things which are essential; if
it comes not
Thou shalt have been, at least, of
friendship worthy.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND.

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER
(AGE 17).

(Cash Prize.)

I WAS four years old when a postman and I became great friends, and it happened in this way. One cold day early in December, thirteen years ago, a postman stopping at our house asked in an amused tone, "Does any one live here by the name of Mrs. Cucumber-Green?"

The maid said, "No," but I overheard the question and quickly trotted down-stairs. The address on the letter read,

"MISS ALLIE BAH,
Pride of the Attic,
Care of Mrs. Cucumber-Green,
_____."

"I am Mrs. Cucumber-Green," I explained to the postman, and "this is Allie Bah," pointing to a rag-doll which I held in my arms. Then I told the postman about my dolls and that my uncle had named me "Mrs. Cucumber-Green." From

that day we became great friends, and whenever he met any of my family he would always ask after "Mrs. Cucumber-Green."

On every Christmas until his death we gave each other a present, and his were always marked, "From your friend the postman."

During the latter part of last December, another postman on our route told me that my postman was very ill and wanted to see me. The next day, and all through his illness, I often went to see him. His mother had died a few months before, and yet through sorrow and sickness he was the same brave, cheerful, self-sacrificing man that he had been all his life. I had not been to see him for several days and was just about going again, when, picking up the paper, I read of the death of my old postman.

At his funeral all the city postmen, with their mail-bags over their shoulders, were present.

After the service I went to see his family, and they were heartbroken. I felt, too, that I had lost a good, true friend. His family told me that before his death he had read all the notes I had ever written to him, and wished to see me, but as it was unusually cold, he did not wish me sent for.

To me, this man was a hero in his quiet way, and whenever I go to see his family they tell me many instances of his great unselfishness.



"MY FRIEND." BY MABEL GARDNER, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)

FRIENDSHIP.

BY KATHARINE W. MCCOLLIN (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

My sister is a great big girl,
And I am very small,
And we just have the finest fun,
She does n't care at all
That she is large and I am small;
That does n't bother us at all.

My sister's name is Florence,
But we all call her Flo.
Her birthday comes to-morrow,
But please don't let her know
That I 'm sewing her a present,
No, please don't let her know.

My sister makes the nicest horse
That ever there could be.
And when she fixes up a house
Around the chestnut tree,
We bring out all our dollies
And have a little tea.

My sister is a-calling me,
And I will have to go.
For we 're going to have a circus
And we 'll have to start the show.
She says, "Come, dearie, hurry up,
You must n't be so slow."



"OWL." BY MILLARD M. MIER, AGE 11. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE STORY OF TWO FRIENDS.

BY VALERIE C. GREENE (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

If you had peeped through the hedge that separated "Sweet Briar" from the road, one bright summer morning in Kentucky, many years ago, you would have seen a small boy with golden curls and flashing blue eyes, running down the gravel path that led through the rose-garden, followed by a great brown shaggy St. Bernard dog.

If again, you had looked through the half-closed curtains of one of the windows of the house, that evening, you would have seen the same fair little boy lying in front of the empty fireplace with his arm around the great dog's neck.

The boy, Arthur, and the dog, Captain, were inseparable companions. There was a mutual understanding between the little blue-eyed boy, and the great brown dog. Captain understood every shake of the golden head, every flash of



"CROW." BY ALICE M. FLAGG, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

the beautiful blue eyes, and Arthur, on his side, never failed to see what Captain meant when he growled, or when he shook his shaggy tail.

And, thus, as the days rolled by, they loved each other, the child and the dog; no words can express the great affection between them.

It is a long time since Arthur was a little boy, and the small white cottage has stood empty for many years, but dear faithful old Captain, buried in the rose-garden, keeps faithful watch over it, by day as by night,—and the memory of the little golden-haired child, and his friend, Captain, will always remain dear in the hearts of those who knew them in the days gone by.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY DOROTHY BARNES LOYE (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

SUCH dear old friends are you and I,
Such true old friends are we,



"HERON WALKING." BY LEIGHTON HENRY ELLIOTT, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

For as the years go rolling by,
You 'll ne'er forgotten be.

'T is friendship true, yes, true and tried,
Which long has stood the test,
So nothing shall our hearts divide,
I know that you are best.

No new friend e'er can fill that place,
You hold within my heart,
For there is printed your dear face,
Whence it can never part.

I wonder if you think of me,
And, as I write this line,
I know that you shall never see,
A friendship true as mine.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND.

BY DOROTHY BUELL (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE village streets of Teko were brilliantly lighted, many-colored Japanese lanterns swung from the doors of the shops, and gay little butterfly maidens pattered up and down, laughing, talking and waving their fans.

The tea-houses were crowded, and everybody was in their best clothes. Gay and joyous little parties filled the verandas, for was this not a time to be happy at the grand flower festival so loved by all Japanese? The houses were all decorated more or less, and on many verandas were tall vases of chrysanthemums, some yellow, others white, pink and orange.

I sat on a doorstep with some friends, and gazed on the scene with wide-open eyes. It was the first Japanese festival of any kind that I had seen, and I was very much interested in everything going on.

Kuno Sima, the servant girl, explained to me all the different actions, and then asked if I would like to join the gay throng. I replied that I would, but who would go with me. As I spoke Kuno Sima made a queer little sign



"WILD DUCKS, FEEDING." BY EDITH S. ROBINSON, AGE 13. (FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

to a girl passing, who turned in our direction. When she came nearer, I noticed that she was very pretty in her silk kimono covered with cherry-blossoms and butterflies, and with the silver pins and fans in her coiled black hair.

She made a very polite bow as she approached and taking a few more steps made another bow. She then touched Kuno Sima in a token of respect, and the servant girl asked if I could accompany her, to which she replied with a deep bow to me, meaning as Kuno Sima said afterwards, "that she would be highly honored."

What a delightful time we had that evening, joining other groups, drinking tea, and nibbling sweetmeats. Talo San, my new friend, was a favorite among the Japanese maidens, and I was soon acquainted with other girls, although I knew but little Japanese.

After that night Talo San and I became very good friends, and were together most of the time. We often drank tea together in the garden, and tossed our colored dragon flies with the others. When I left the picturesque little village Talo San was sick and could not see me, but sent her love in a great mass of beautiful cherry blossoms.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY KATHLEEN CLARA BETTS (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

As we grow older new friends we may make,
But we 'll cling to the old ones for old sake's sake.



"FRIENDS." BY MARGARET S. CRUCKNELL, AGE 9.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Friends of our childhood tried and true,
Friends that will love us, our whole life through,
Though they be distant, we know that they still,
Love us and think of us, long for us, till
Their love and longing with ours makes a chain
To draw us together, in spirit again.
As we grow older, new friends we may make,
But we 'll cling to the old ones for old sake's sake.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND.

BY VESTA CORNELL (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

We played on the beach and often strolled by the booming breakers or swam among them. As we talked we often thought of the prairie home so far away. Often, too, as we watched the brilliant sunset among the palms we wished our friends, at home, might see.

Next, it was at the prairie home, in summer's wonderful bloom. We dreamed of days of comradeship by the sea. Later, as school began, we talked of the land where water,



"OLD FRIENDS." BY JOHN DOERMAN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

mountains, flowers and tropical beauty had been combined. And of the many excursions to other beautiful places; of everlasting summer and of everlasting sunshine.

But, as the white snow fell, we enjoyed it and loved the endless stretch of whiteness, and the endless sheet of glassy ice. And we loved it all together, and we loved each other. She is my true friend and she is my companion in all my joy and sorrow.

And who is my ideal friend? She is my mother. She and I love and enjoy together. Life is sweet and pure when some one teaches you to, and does herself, get all the sweetness out of every one and everything as Mama does.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

YONDER lies the road, my brother,
And it will be hard and long;
Let us face it with each other
Side by side, and face it strong.

Let us face the road together,
Though the storm clouds hang above,



"FRIENDS." BY NIXY PAGE, AGE 14.

Side by side in every weather,
Linked in comradeship and love.

Side by side in joy and sorrow,
Facing each adversity,
Marching on into the morrow,—
Such our comradeship will be.

Let us face the future, brother,
And when breaks at last the dawn.
Let it find us with each other
Side by side, and marching on!

THE TRUE STORY OF AN OLD FRIEND.

BY LOUISE WINSTON GOODWIN
(AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

A LONG time ago, twenty years or more, there lived in North Carolina a lady who had a dear little pet. This pet was a little bay colt. She reared and trained it with her own hands.

When this colt grew into a beautiful horse, she was given to mother as a bridal present.

Maude, as she was called, was never so proud as when under the saddle, mother on her back, going for a gallop in the country.

When put into the shafts, if a man held the reins, Maude seemed indignant, and tried to run away. If a lady drove, she was gentle and docile as a kitten.

Once, when she was sick, mother went to the barn to see her. She laid her head on mother's shoulder and sighed and sighed, and her eyes filled with tears, in her dumb way asking for sympathy and help.

She always looks to see who gets into the carriage. When we were babies, if she saw us taken in, she seemed to understand that she had a precious charge that must receive no jolts or jars, and carefully picked her steps, selecting the smoothest road.

When we started to school, Maude always took us to and fro. She soon understood why she was brought to the door at half past eight every morning. She understood too, the hour for closing school. Occasionally, one not knowing the way comes for us. If Maude is given the reins she comes to the school gate and stops.

She has a peculiar but sensible habit. Frequently discovering a strap loose, or a buckle unfastened before the driver does, she stops instantly, thus calling attention to it.

So faithful and conscientious is Maude that we can step out of the carriage, leave her without hitching and she will stand for hours as we left her.

But once, when two mischievous youths stole her out for a night drive, and went calling in the country, leaving her standing at the door as usual, she turned the tables on them by coming home, leaving them for a long, dark walk and the pleasant duty of confessing their misdeed.

A friend of ours who knows and loves Maude almost as well as we do, said, "If *people did or tried* to do, their duty as faithfully as Maude does, this earth would be a perfect paradise."

NOTICE.—The ST. NICHOLAS League always welcomes suggestions concerning subjects and competitions.
Address, THE EDITOR.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY RISPAH BRITTON GOFF (AGE 15).

(*A Former Silver Badge Winner.*)

TRUE friendship is a tender flower,
Whose buds, unfolding hour by hour,
Bid selfish weeds depart.

Blest is the man who sows this seed,
And thrice blest he who has indeed
A garden in his heart.

Firm friendship is a guiding star,
Which lights the path of life afar,
To lead the wanderer home;
And, when thick mis- obscure the
goal,

Blest is the man who makes his soul
One bright celestial dome.

And as the hour of death draws near,
We are not sad, we cannot fear,—
Love's star is shining true.

I think that, when we reach that
shore,

Those flowers which bloomed on
earth before
Will bloom in glory too.

THE TRUE STORY OF TWO FRIENDS.

BY MARY B. ELLIS (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

TILL Puss came, Podger reigned
supreme, and was made a great fuss
of by his mistress. Then one day

the landlady came into the room, bearing a tiny, soft, squeaking gray kitten, which she placed on his mistress's knee. Podger growled and implored in vain for his seat. Puss and his mistress were playing with a bit of string



"HER SHADOW FRIEND." BY DOROTHY
LEONA DOCKSTADER, AGE 13.

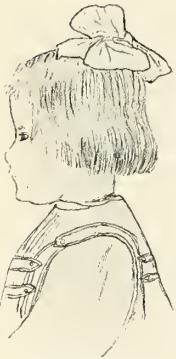


"OLD FRIENDS." BY F. REEVES RUTLEDGE, AGE 12.



"Noon-time an' June-time,
down around the river!"

"HEADING." BY WEBB MELLIN SIEMENS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"MY FRIEND." BY MARJORY BATES, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

and when the dog attempted to turn the intruder out, he received a sharp slap and—

"Naughty dog! Lie down at once, sir!" said his mistress.

After that, whenever Puss came in, he slunk under the sofa and bemoaned his fate.

One day his mistress went out, and left Podger and Puss together in the room. When she returned, imagine her delight to see the two enemies lying together on the rug in the most friendly manner possible. The dog and cat were fast friends ever after. One day when his mistress came in, tired and cross, from teaching, Puss was on the table playing with a ball of wool, which was in a nice tangle. His mistress had only tidied the ball

that morning, so she gave Puss a slap and put her down, saying: "You wicked cat! Go away!"

Pussy retired under a chair, where Podger followed. The dog licked the cat's face kindly, wagged his tail and shuffled his paws as though he wanted to say,—

"Never mind her Puss, she is cross and can't help it. I've had it all, so I know."

And now, if any one says to his mischievous friend any cross word, Podger rises and growls at the offender, then goes to comfort Puss. He and she are the best of friends.



"MY FRIEND" BY ELIZABETH S. COCKLE, AGE 13.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY BERNARD F. TROTTER (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

THE stars in silent grandeur, cold, and calm,
Sweep on forever through the tracks of space;
Forever does the great sun's dazzling face
Look down on fields of ice, and isles of palm.
The heavy perfume and the spicy balm
Of endless summer, mingled, rise to grace
His burnished altar; and from every place
Ascends a magic melody of psalm.

But not more constant do the planets move
Than friendship 'bides within the heart of man:
Its voice is softer than the coo of dove,
Its breath more fragrant than the flowers of Pan:
It 'bides forever,—Friendship,—love for love,—
The sweetest thing in God's eternal plan.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND.

BY GARRETT MATTINGLY (AGE 6).

(A Former Silver Badge Winner.)

ONE of the best friends I ever had was my big, handsome St. Bernard dog, Moscow. I suppose you have seen the picture of a St. Bernard by the famous animal painter, Landseer. I have one in my room which looks so much like Moscow, that many people have thought it was his photograph.

My mother tells me that when I was a baby, she could trust Moscow to guard my carriage, knowing that the faithful dog would not let any one come near me. Whenever I was taken out in my carriage, he insisted on marching beside me.

For a long time Moscow was my only playmate, as I lived in the country where there were very few children. No boy ever had a better play-fellow. Although he was so large, he was very gentle and careful never to hurt me when we played. I had three other pets, a fox terrier, a bull puppy and a little yellow kitten, Dixie. When the weather was getting cold and Moscow would lie down on the porch

and settle himself for a nap, the two little dogs and the kitten would all curl up on his back, nestling down in his long, soft fur to keep warm. He would lie still for a long time and when he finally got up, the puppies would tumble off, but Dixie would cling tightly to him or turn on him and spit at him angrily. She did not like to be disturbed. I have often heard the story of Moscow's tender care of a little blind kitten that he brought home one day when he was less than a year old. He carried her gently in his mouth and put her down by his plate of food. He never touched a morsel himself until she had eaten, and he slept with her between his paws.

Moscow never forgot the friends he loved. When my father returned from Cuba, after being away over a year,



JUNE

"HEADING." BY ROBERT WALKER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Moscow, in the yard, heard his voice and began to whine and scratch frantically at the door until he was allowed to come in and greet his master.

Over a year ago, Moscow became ill, and although we did everything we could for him we could not save his life. When he died father, mother, and I cried. We were not ashamed of our grief for we had lost a faithful friend.

MY DOG'S FRIENDSHIP.

BY LILLIE GARMANY MENARY (AGE 12).

(A Former Silver Badge Winner.)

I HAVE a dog "Napoleon,"
I sometimes call him Nap,
He follows me where'er I go,
To guard me from mishap.

When I am fishing in the brook,
He holds me by the dress,
I've often feigned I'm falling in,
To prove his friendliness.

Oft' when the brook has overflowed,
He leads me from the wet;
Such friendship is akin to love,—
Oh! is n't he a pet?

THE STORY OF A FRIEND.

BY ELIZABETH R. HIRSH (AGE 14).

(A Former Silver Badge Winner.)

I MUST have been about seven years old when I received my first story book—the "Red Fairy Book." Whatever may have been its charm, I am quite sure that I have never since enjoyed any book so much, or strayed so far into the realms of fancy. Certain it is, that the Red Fairy Book was one of my best friends and most cherished possessions. One day a friend of mine, a certain Henry, came to play with me, and, seeing the care I bestowed upon it, asked if it were "any good." I earnestly assured him that it was, whereupon he demanded that I lend it to him. I had many misgivings for—well—I had seen his playroom and some of his toys, but finally he prevailed upon me to lend it to him. Then I certainly did miss my dear fairy book; and as time went on and Henry did not return it, I began to ask him for it. "Oh, certainly," he would reply, "I'll give it to you next time I see you," but it was always *next* time. Such being the case, I forgot all about it in the larger interests of "school" until one summer about three years ago, I recovered it. I was visiting Henry's sister when, in a dusty corner of the nursery, I suddenly came across it. But such a Red Fairy Book! Its gay cover of red and gold was soiled and torn, its pages dog-eared and falling apart, and its illustrations disfigured by blots of paint. And then, right then and there, I sat down and bewailed the condition of my beloved friend; and with scarcely a civil farewell, ran home and set it in the place of honor in my bookcase. How shabby and worn it looked next to the other volumes, but it was still dear to me because of earlier days, and even now, though I should be past the age of fairy tales, I love to wander through the pages of the Red Fairy Book.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY AILEEN HYLAND (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

I SAT beside the window in the sunset's waning light;
The gold and scarlet colors faded from the heavens
bright.

I heard the wild goose honking as on wing it crossed the
lake.

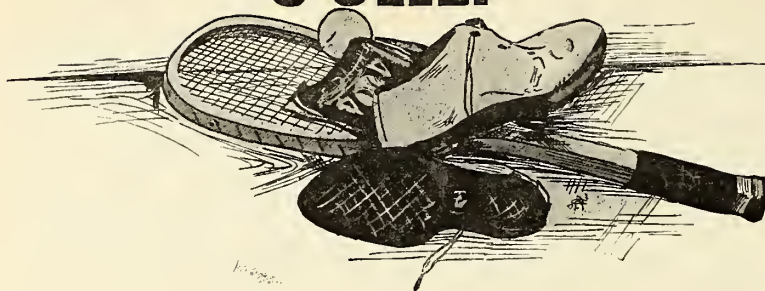
A heron in the rushes bent his head his thirst to slake.
The breezes told of friendship as they blew in o'er the
bay,

And everything was peaceful at the closing of the day.



"MY FRIENDS" BY ELBERT F. MOORE, AGE 14.

JUNE.



"HEADING." BY ROLAND COATE, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

I heard the breezes telling how the tulip kissed the
rose
That was blushing in the hollow where the white spirea
grows;
How they heard the hare-bell ringing out its love for
Columbine;
How two butterflies were dancing on a leafy wild grape
vine;
How the heliotrope was climbing up beside the holly-
hock,
And of how the honey-suckle was in love with four-
o'clock.

And they told of how the wood-folk and the fairies all
were friends;
How they loved each other truly, and that friendship
never ends;
That one's joy is shared by others, and the flowers all
rejoice
When they hear a tale of fortune in the happy wild bird's
voice.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND.

BY PHILIP BRAUN STAPP (AGE 12).

ONE morning last spring I went down to the barn and what do you think was there? It was a little mouse-colored colt. It was very shy and would try to hide behind its mother, a gray horse we called Nellie. We named the colt Alice Lee.

When Alice was six weeks old her mother died. She was taken ill one evening and died the next day. Alice would run around and hunt for her mother and call for her in the most pitiful manner.

We then started to raise Alice Lee by hand. At first we gave her two tablespoonfuls of sugar in a quart of warm milk, gradually increasing the amount of milk. I was given the job of feeding her. She soon grew very tame and would come quite a distance to meet me. There were two other colts, but they were pretty wild. If Alice was shut up in the barn and I called her, she would



"JUNE." BY EVERARD MCAVOY, AGE 16.

prick up her ears and whinny by way of greeting. I kept sugar or corn in my pocket, and the first thing she would do after she had drunk her milk would be to put her nose in my pocket to find the corn or sugar. I taught her to "shake hands," and many other things. She would walk up to me when she saw me, and lay her head on my shoulder, or lick my hands. She soon learned to come when I whistled, and would even let me stand at her heels. She is now ten months old, and has turned black and has a pretty white star on her forehead. I have many friends among the animals, but none as good as Alice Lee.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY CONSTANCE HYDE SMITH (AGE 13).

WHEN everybody's cross and out of sorts,
I feel deprived of every single friend;
But—I'll leave the other children to their sports
And seek (my sorrowful plight to mend)
ST. NICHOLAS!

Now to a cozy corner I
will go
And nestle down between the pillows
light;
I've found a friend,
and no one else can know
What bliss it is to
read aloud to-night
ST. NICHOLAS!

I'll never, never leave
my dearest friend
That helps me on and
gives me work to do;
I'll do my best, my
contribution send,
And thank, at last,
when all my work
is through,
ST. NICHOLAS!



"MY FRIEND." BY JULIA HALLECK, AGE 16.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND.

BY MILDRED MAIDEN (AGE 8).

(A Former Silver Badge Winner.)

OUR best and greatest friend is the beloved ST. NICHOLAS. The friendship began when mother was a little girl. She very often says that she was brought up on the ST. NICHOLAS. I love to hear her tell about when she was little.

There were four children, and how eagerly they watched for the ST. NICHOLAS! and how good they were when it was about time for it to come. Each one of them had a favorite story, and the one that had been the best all the month had his or her story read first; then father always read the whole ST. NICHOLAS aloud. Sometimes the children took turns reading aloud, and they learned to recite the poems. They cultivated their memories by seeing who could remember the most of previous chapters of the serial story. The

worst punishment mother ever had was being sent out of the room while the beloved ST. NICHOLAS was being read.

I love particularly to hear about the little brother that died. How, during the weary hours of suffering, when the pain seemed greater than he could bear, he begged them to read stories from ST. NICHOLAS; and how, with breaking hearts, they read to him until he was soothed. Afterwards the magazines were tenderly put away with an old worn cap and a little torn mitten. Once when mother and I went back to the old home, one of the first things she did was to go to the bookcase, and pull out the drawer containing these treasures, showing me which were her favorite stories.

I have no brothers and sisters, but I have the ST. NICHOLAS! I am being brought up on it, too. Mother and I often play "From Sioux to Susan." Mother is Virginia and I am Sue. We pretend we occupy a whole flat, and to save money, are doing all our own work. Virginia, of course, knows how to do all these things, and she is teaching me how to cook and keep house.

I think the ST. NICHOLAS is indeed a very good and kind friend to help and encourage children who are trying to write stories and poems.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

A Sonnet.

BY GEORGIANA MYERS STURDEE
(AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

How loving was the friendship of
these two!

Paul lived and worked for her he
held most dear,
Cheering her sadness, calming ev'ry
fear,

Like some true knight. And
sweet Virginia, who
Could never do the deeds Paul hoped
to do,

Repaid his love by growing year
by year

More beautiful, and filled their homes with cheer,
By always being gentle, sweet and true.

They ever were within each other's sight,

Until Virginia left her mother's side,
And, like a vision radiantly bright,

Left darkness when she crossed the ocean wide.

And when she drowned in the wild storm and night,
Paul mourned his life away and for her died.

MY BEST FRIEND.

BY FRANCES WOODWORTH WRIGHT (AGE 9).

(A Former Silver Badge Winner.)

ONCE there was a little girl and she called herself Fa-fa, and there came a little boy and she called him Woo-wah, and they were great friends.

Woo-wah would not allow the barber to cut his hair, he would scream and kick as if he were being hurt every time he was taken to the barber's and always came away without having his hair cut.

Fa-fa wanted a pair of scissors and her mamma bought her a pair with blunt ends. One night when Woo-wah and Fa-fa were alone and just after one of the trips to the barber's, Fa-fa asked him if he wanted her to cut his hair. He said "'es, of tourse." So she cut it and he



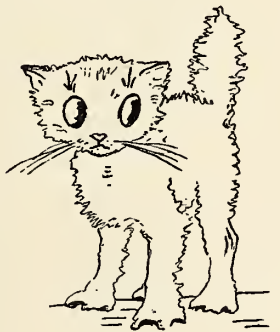
"HEADING." BY JEFFREY C. WEBSTER, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

sat as quiet as could be. When Fa-fa had just finished it, mamma came in and was very much surprised. Woo-wah's hair did not look very well for a long time after that cut.

One day when Woo-wah was about four years old, he and another little boy eight years old came in the house and asked for a box. Fa-fa gave them one and they took it and some matches and went out of the house. They took some pitch off the pine trees, for they lived right in a pine grove. They went over in the fields where the wind was blowing strong and set the box on fire, putting the pitch in the fire.

Soon we heard Woo-wah coming into the grove yelling, "Fire! Fire!" All ran to help. After hitting it with sticks we finally put it out. Woo-wah and the other little boy had been trying to stamp it out and their shoes were all black and burned. They will not set any more fires. This is just a little about my best friend.

Does it sound like an Indian story?



"HEADING." BY JUDITH INGALLS, AGE 15.

A FAIRY FRIEND.

BY MIRIAM HELEN TANBERG
(AGE 10).

(Honor Member.)

June.

A LITTLE girl named Marie wished to write great stories; but although she worked very hard, everything she tried seemed a failure.

One evening when she was sitting by a stream of water where she often went, a beautiful ray of light flashed across the water and a fairy sprang upon the bank with a golden book under his arm.

"Is this the little girl who tries and tries to write stories?" asked the fairy.

She did not answer him at first, for she was too surprised; then she said, "Yes," in a low voice.

"Would you like to learn?"

"I should be very glad to," said Marie.

"I am sure I can teach you. If you will come here to the stream at this time every pleasant evening, I will give you lessons."

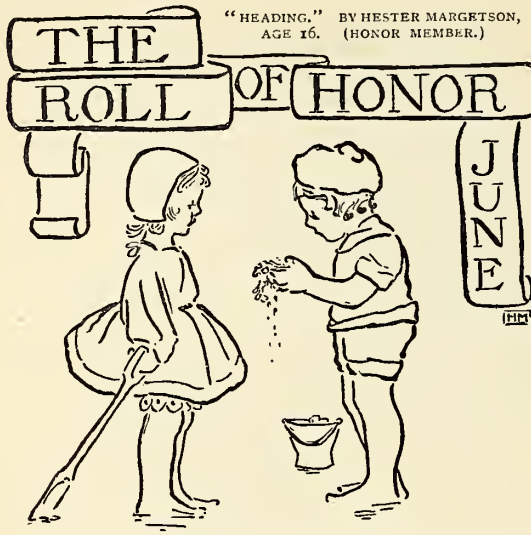
"When can we begin?" asked Marie.

"Now, if you wish," and he opened the big gold book in front of her. Marie learned many surprising things from the magic book. She learned that the great stories she hoped to write were to be found all about her. That there was beauty in every common thing, and a romance in every life.

Every evening the ray of light came across the water, bringing the fairy until she had learned all he could teach her. She became a great and noted author; but no one knew of the lessons in the golden book except Marie and her fairy friend.



"MY FRIEND."
BY EDITH SLOAN,
AGE 11.



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 is especially promising.

VERSE 1.

Elizabeth Toof
Velma Jolly
Annie Laurie Hillyer
Primrose Laurence
Irma K. Hill
Mary Yeula Westcott
Helen M. Colter
Dorothy Quinby
Applegate
William Minck
Grace J. Conner
Lucile Delight
Woodling
Frank MacDonald
Sleeper
Jeannette Munro
Adelaide Nichols
Stephen K. Benson
E. Babette Deutsch
Doris F. Halman
Eleanor Johnson

VERSE 2.

Emily Holmes
Helen Batchelder
Nelson H. Westervelt
Marguerite Wessels
E. Corinne Tyson
Beatrice Grant Tennant
Alice Needham Very
Julia M. Earle
Medora I. Ritchie
Henrietta G. Slater
Daisy Glaze
Arthur Albert Myers
Dorothy Kerr Floyd
Eleanor S. Halsey
Jean Gray Allen
Sarah C. McCarthy
Anita G. Lynch
Julia S. Ball
Enid Jacobs
Mary Broughton
Ruth Conkey
Helen Hunter
Ruth Bunzel
Margaret Armitage
Ogden
Girard Rice Lowney
Ritchie McGuire
Elizabeth A. Lay

PROSE 1.

Isabel Foster
Delia Ross
Eleanor Willis
Blanche Leeming
Rosalea M. McCready
Celia Higgins
Mary Shaeffer
Margaret Elizabeth
Allen
Dorothy Rhein
Marjory Carrington
Maud Mallett
Madeleine Dillay
Margaret F. Grant
Katharine Crane
Mary M. Dabney
Beulah Elizabeth
Amdon
Rosalie Waters
Isabel D. Weaver
Beatrice Frye
Dorothy Lynd
Anita Bradford
Allen Frank Brewer
Margaret Douglass
Gordon
Bessie S. Parker
Lael Maera Carlock
Grace E. Moore
Margery K. Smith
Helen A. Ross
Edna Wood
Madeline Smith
Muriel M. McLeod
Margaret S. Westcott
Ida C. Kline
Margaret W. Shaw
Margaret E. Slocum
George Gilpin
Charles Raymond
Chase

PROSE 2.

Natalie Hallock
Arthur J. Cramer
Margaret Budd
Helen Dorena Marvin
Eleanor Mead
Sarah C. Webster
Dorothy A. Dewhurst
Florence M. Moote

Helen Tibbits
Gladys Alison
Twila A. McDowell
Herbert Smith
Gladys Adams
Gladys Louise Cox
William F. Dever
Alice Naylor
William Eagle Palmer
Inez Overell
Joseph Graff
Nan Pierson
Florence Elizabeth
Buswell
Marguerite McCord
Otto H. Freund
Leslie L. Dean
Earle P. Coffin
Ruth C. Wood
Edward Mowers
Joseph E. Stenbuck
Jean L. Fenton
Earl R. K. Daniels
H. L. Cunningham
Margaret White
Lorraine Ransom
Maude Sawyer
Helen Clift
Elinor Payson
Elizabeth Carpenter
Ellen Low Mills
Helen Booker
Lydia Howard Griffith
Douglas C. Chatterley
Harold Smith
Carol Bird
McLean Young
Nancy Payson
Theodore E. Beiser
Alice H. Gregg
Muriel L. Taylor
Henrietta Overholt
Eleanor V. Kellogg
Daniel Keller
Josephine P. Keene
Henry Bascom Morrow,
Jr.
Ward Buhland
Helen Shoeneck
William R. Duble
John Blakiston
Grace Horney
Edwin E. Smith
Jack Hall
Dorothy E. Duncan

Bruce Maxwell
Mildred White
Marjorie Cook
Gwendolen Griffith
Ruth Livingston
Eleanor M. Rutty
Imogen Burch
Anne Eunice Moffett

DRAWING 1.

Dora Guy
Ernest Townsend
Emily W. Browne
Hilda von Thielmann
Eleanor Frances Welsh
Sarah Coffin
Rosamund B. Simpson
Alma Ward
Alice Dodge Smith
Hazel Halstead
Helen C. Hendrie
Vera Steele
Ruth H. Ryan
Frances Gillette
Marjorie L. Sewell
Julia R. Walker
Elizabeth Schwarz
Jeanne Demétre
Alberta A.
Heinmüller
Eleanor Irving
Lyle Vinson
Marshall Cutler
Ruth Knowles

DRAWING 2.

Madeleine Wales
Sybil Emerson
Peggie Guy
Margaret Ramsay
Winferd G. Spiegel
Stella Benson
Dorothy Foster
Mary Jadcwsky
Phyllis Lyster
Beth Baker
Dorothy Graves
Clement
Margaret Osborne
Edith Weston
Frances H. Burt
Frances Ross
Elise Wald
Doris Lisle
Dorothy W. Jones
Agnes M. Hayne
Frederick W. Dermarn
Laura Guy
Dorothy Dunn
Roy A. Ward
Katharine L. Havens
Rosella Ackermann
Tawfik E. Zreik
Charlotte Waugh
Mary Woods
Ralph B. Thompson
Ernest G. Herrick
Summer Slichter
Eunice L. Hone
George C. Wright
Marian L. Scott
Sarah Margaret
Robertson
James Van Alst
Helen W. Kennedy
Pauline Morris
Lucia F. Halstead
Muriel L. Fortune
Marjorie Burnham
D. E. Woodworth
Margaret W. Smith
Bertha E. Cooke
Dorothy Griggs
Kathryn Sprague
Helen Ingalls
Dorothy Barclay
Hannah E. McAllister
Frances Collins
Lena M. Duncan
Susan Jeannette
Appleton
J. Louis A. Robertson

J. Charles O'Brien
Rouald W. Crandall
Glen Rule
Marjorie F. Chase
Violetta H. Scherzer
Josephine Bell
Eileen O'Brien
Wilfred Bronson
Helena V. O'Brien
Louise Davies
Henry Scott
Rachel Wyse
Linda Thomas
Eleanor B. Monroe
Dorothy Stanford
Lucy Taylor
Georgia Lutz
Fred Heimann
Charlotte Knapp
Raymond E. Cox
Barbara Wellington
Alice Wadsworth
Harold F. Weston
Eleanor Parmelee
M. Udell Sill
Urban A. Woodbury,
2nd.

Margaret E. Kelsey
Catherine Snell
Helen Keen
Harold L. Parr
Muriel E. Halstead
Lois Ingalls
Frances Hampton
Cutts
Helen McChesney
Alice Sewell
Laura Wellepp
Hannah Maycock
Mary Louisa Fletcher
Harold Darling
Molly Thayer
Helen Aldio Bradley
Kathryn Abels
Helen Mary Baker
Mona Mundell
Lewis S. Combs
Janet Dexter
Margaret F. Whitaker
Elizabeth M. Stockton
Helen Prescott
Priscilla Fowle
Josephine Keast
Alice S. Beach
Minnie B. Davidson
Helen L. Knapp
Charlotte V. C. Seeds
Donald Hageman
Marian Tiffany
Mary Constock
Woodworth Wright
Ada Bryld
Arthur Hurst
Sarah Merry Bradley
Margaret Jewell
Frances H. Fuller
Margaret Gray
Ethel Warren Kidder
Colin Campbell
James H. Douglas
Donald Tyler
D. Taylor

Constance S. Cushman
Elsie Wilson
Hardenia R. Fletcher
Marjorie Cochran
Ada Sharwell
Alice M. Flagg
Janet Martin
Margaret Lovell
Jessie Tait
Madeleine Harding
Miriam Cragin
Louise Fitz
Marion D. Freeman
Helen Beckford
Catherine Douglas
Sam M. Dillard
Henry Ormsby Phillips
Helen Walcott
Alfred P. Allen
Elizabeth L. Clarke
Dorothy Samuel
Janet Ruth Rankin

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

G. Huntington
Williams
Dorothy Arnold
Allan L. Langley
Rose Connor
Rachel R. Phelan
James Locke Irwin,
Jr.
Dorothy R. Coulter
Alice Chauncey
Ely Whitehead
Eunice Burr Stebbins
Edmund K. Kline
Arthur Blue
Elizabeth S. Billings
Ellen J. Hixon
Louise Hamlin
Sidney W. Davidson
Joseph C. Buchanan
Edith A. Edwards
Josephine Sturgis
J. A. Bethune
Mary W. Kebler
Catharine Emma
Jackson
Valentine C. Bartlett
Franc P. Daniels
George Curtiss Job
Sarah P. Mendenhall
Helen B. Chapin
Florence Esteole Case
Ellen Winters
Winona Montgomery
Helen F. Price
Ignacio Bauer
Richard J. McCarthy
Jessie M. Anderson
Robert L. Rankin
Katharine E. Pratt
Marcus A. Spencer
Helen Peabody
Grace Atwood
Carlton J. King
Richard Hyde Cutler

PUZZLES 1.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Edwin C. Brown
William E. Whitelock
Rebecca Edith Hillis
Dorothy Conner
Margaret Craban
Martha Clow
Ellsworth Duden
Frank C. Pinkerton
Alfred C. Redfield
Helen Parfitt
Kenneth Burr
William Ellis Keyser
Helen M. Anderson
William M. Conant,
Jr.
Frances Meservey
Dorothy Hurd
Rebecca LeSesne Tait
Eleanor Gill

Pauline M. Dakin
Milon Hedrick
Elizabeth C. Beale
Gertrude T. Nichols
E. Adelaide Hahn
Roger D. Wolcott
Edward Livingstone
Miriam Thompson
Irene Ezard
Edmund P. Shaw
Frieda Rabinowitz
Marion Hayden
John Humphries
Phoebe S. Lambe
Alice R. Bragg
Robert T. Summers
Margaret Belt
Alice Knowles
Albertina L. Pitkin
Eleanor M. Warden
Carolyn Hutton

Robert Wood
Ruth Dwight
Walter Strickland
Gertrude L. Amory
Truman G. Brooke
Eleanor Haight
Elizabeth Spahr

PUZZLES 2

Ernestine Fay
Wm. Howard Steiner
John Carter
Mildred H. Sherman
Katharine B. Carter



LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

_____, WASH.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. My beautiful gold badge arrived yesterday afternoon, and I am writing to thank you at the earliest possible moment to show you that I truly appreciate the honor conferred upon me.

I have always been so pleased to see my name on the Roll of Honor. I thought that perhaps I might sometime win a silver badge, but I never let my wildest dreams go beyond that. When one of my friends came in and told me I had won a gold badge, it seemed too good to be true. I do not think I really did realize it until I received the badge.

The League has been a great help and encouragement to me, and I shall never leave it until the gates are closed to me.

Thanking you over and over again for the badge, and for all you have been to me, I remain

Your faithful member,
GLADYS ALISON.

_____, HANTS.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. Thank you so very much for awarding me the Cash Prize which was very unexpected and which I do not really feel my verse deserved; especially so because I had practically thrown away the verse thinking it was not good enough to send to the League, and it was only when I found that I would not write for the Days of Old that I sent it.

I received the cheque for £1. 0. 7d which you sent me, and I am just now wondering how to spend it on something which would always remind me of how I won it.

I think that St. Nicholas League is a splendid thing as it gives one opportunities of trying one's powers against those of others of one's own age.

I am, yours sincerely,
STELLA BENSON (age 15).

_____, CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. I would like very much to be a member of the League and have a League badge. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS before, but as I was traveling most of last year I did not take you. We were in Naples just after the eruption. When we arrived Vesuvius was enveloped in a cloud but shortly afterwards it cleared away. It looked as though it had snowed with the white ashes all over it. The cone was gone and nothing was left but a rounded top. After we left Naples we went to Rome and then came here.

My father is starting the first training school for nurses. Our first hospital building was burnt to the ground but now we have started another. I think I must stop now hoping you will receive me as a league member.

Your loving reader,
MARJORY CARRINGTON (age 14).

_____, NEW JERSEY.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. I thank you very much for the badge. When I learned that I had won a gold badge I could hardly wait for it to come. I had never won a gold badge before and could not help wondering what it would be like. I was so pleased with it that I wore it and showed it to everybody for nearly two weeks. The girls at my school ask a great many questions about it and think it very pretty and so do I.

Your loving reader,
DOROTHEA JONES.

_____, PENNA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. Is it against the rule for me to write a letter to you so often? I hope it is n't, for I want to tell you how much I appreciate having my name on the *first* Roll of Honor! I was perfectly delighted to see it there, for I never dreamed of getting so high up, so soon. I am going to try harder than ever, now, to win a badge.

Also, I want to thank the children who sent the receipts of fudge. I am sure they are all good receipts.

I love the new serial story "Abbie Ann." I am always anxious for the new ST. NICHOLAS to come.

Your devoted reader,
SYBIL WRIGHT.

Other valued letters have been received from Lois Donovan, Pearl M. Seager, Mildred Maiden, John M. Libby, Amy Hutchinson, Doris Alexander, Pauline L. Wheeler, Barbara Webber, Gladys Louise Cox, Margaret Erskine Nicolson, Edith F. Faxon, Alice Weston Cone, Rosie Longworth, Virginia T. Archibold, Edna Port, Eleanor Augusta Sykes, Benjamin Haynes, Horace Baucroft Davis, Doris Woos-



"TAIL-PIECE." BY LANSING
C. HOLDEN, AGE 10.

JUNE.

"HEADING." BY ELLEN B. STEEL, AGE 12.

ter, Mary Elliott, Ruth Lanigan, R. D. Heustis, Lillian B. Herring, Jessie Tait, Sybil Emerson, Edmund M. Barnum, Robert Kieser, Dorothy Q. Smith, Edwin C. Brown, Ethel B. Youngs.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 92.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 92 will close **June 20** (for foreign members **June 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Sunset."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Fish Story." (Must be true.)

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Summer."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "The Angler" and an October Heading or Tailpiece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

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.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw *on one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

A FEW LETTERS FROM ST. NICHOLAS READERS IN OTHER LANDS.

FONTAINEBLEAU, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have written to you, although I have had you for two years as a Christmas present. I am especially interested in "Captain June," "Pinkey Perkins," and I enjoyed "Queen Zixi of IX."

I have been at school in Europe for nearly three years; the first year I spent in Montreux Suisse, the second in Paris, and this year I am at Fontainebleau. Our school is near the great Forest and not far from the famous palace where Napoleon signed his abdication of the throne. It is very interesting to visit.

I go sometimes to the hunt in the Forest.

I have the whooping-cough, or the "Coqueluche" as the French call it, and now, I not only speak French, but I cough in French.

Always your devoted reader,

FRANCES TURNER (age 12).

CAMBERLEY, SURREY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle has been giving me your magazine for over a year, but I have never tried to do anything for it, so I am now writing you a letter. I am very interested in the Stamp Page.

I have a complete set of the Soudan issue of 1898, and also several sets of India and France. My mother and father brought me home a good many Jamaican ones, as they are just back from there. I was very glad they left before the dreadful disaster there. I know Kingston pretty well, as I was there for about six months before I was brought home to school.

I was also staying at the Constant Spring Hotel for some time, and we arrived there from Bermuda just after the awful hurricane of 1903. They were in the middle of rebuilding it; but had carelessly left the top off, and one Sunday afternoon a fearful thunderstorm came on, and the hall was about a foot deep in water. It was great fun for us who were watching it from a covered post, but not for the poor blacks who had to come and mop and bale it up!

My father is a soldier, and his office used to be at "Camp" Up Park Camp Barracks, which have all been ruined.

I remain your very interested reader,

ADRIENNE MOLESWORTH (age 13½).

MATANZAS, CUBA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live far away in Cuba so I thought perhaps some of your readers would like to hear something about that country.

We are having the Carnival now, a beautiful and ancient custom. Every one who can afford it, hires a carriage and decorates it prettily. Then, at about five o'clock they begin to go around the streets—one behind the other. Every one throws serpentine to the ones in the carriages, and of course they all throw back, which makes pretty, colored streamers fly all around. The people also throw little round, many-colored papers called "Confetti," which get in everybody's hair. The people all masquerade and parade around the streets. I think I have said enough now.

Wishing you many years of happiness, I am,

Your loving reader,

INÉS D. GUITERAS.

CAMP JOSSMAN, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl. I was born in an army post; and have thus far been brought up in one. I am eleven years old. This is a little story of my trip to the Philippine islands. Camp Jossman, "Isle de Guimaras," is where I am living now. I hope my story will be good enough to put in the Letter Box of the magazine.

At about 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon, February 24th, 1906, I started from New York City, and arrived in San Francisco, California, the following Friday at about noon. We went to the hotel "Saint Francis" where we spent three days. Eleven o'clock Monday, March 5th, 1906, we set sail for the Philippine Islands, on the United States army transport *Logan*. In about nine days we steamed into the harbor of Honolulu, H. I., where we stayed for one day and one half, going up Punchbowl Mountain, and had a fine view of the town, harbor, and miles and miles of the broad expanse of Pacific ocean. Next day we set sail for the island of Guam. It took us two weeks to get there. We passed Wake Island but it looked like a huge fog on the horizon, it was so far distant.

At last, on April 1st, 1906, we steamed into Manila harbor. We did not get off till the next day. We stayed there two days and then sailed for Iloilo, Panay. When we got to Iloilo, we did not get off right away, as we had to wait for our baggage to be taken ashore.

We had been on Guimaras a little over three months, when, on the 23d of July, 1906, half of our regiment was ordered to Isla de Leyte, to fight the Pulajanes. My father's company, which was "B," was one of the companies that went down to Leyte.

The grown Filipinos dress something as we do. I can speak a little Spanish, but not much.

The reason I write, is because I thought you might like to hear from a little girl way off in a foreign country.

I have been taking the St. NICHOLAS two years, and I like it very much, too.

Your true and interested friend,

ALICE MAUD SARGENT.

MEXICO CITY, D. F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope you will be interested in the first snow-storm Mexico has seen for fifty years. I had never seen snow before, myself, as I have never been to the United States in winter. There was two inches of snow on the fields, and drifts from four to five inches thick. It was really beautiful to see everything so pretty and white. I often have envied Pinkey Perkins when he has had fun in the snow, and I thought of him and you when I rolled up balls for our fort.

I remain your loving reader,

HAROLD WEBB HAMILTON.

URMSTON, Nr. MANCHESTER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you once before, but we were in Russia then. I think the League badge is very pretty. I like reading St. NICHOLAS and I always read the letters. My two favorite tales were "The Crimson Sweater" and "From Sioux to Susan," and I am very sorry they are finished, though I think I will like "Abbie Ann" and "The New Boy at Hill-top" just as much.

From your loving reader,

FRANCES ROBINSON (age 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals. Arbutus; finals, anemone. Cross-words: 1. Algebra. 2. Ruffian. 3. Brusque. 4. Uranium. 5. Tobacco. 6. Unicorn. 7. Shingle.

ZIGZAG. Decoration Day. Cross-words: 1. Daisy. 2. Pearl. 3. Lacks. 4. Spool. 5. Color. 6. Medal. 7. Watch. 8. Birch. 9. Order. 10. Inner. 11. Cadet. 12. Petal. 13. Pansy.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Memorial Day. 1. Dis-may. 2. Fri-end. 3. Ger-man. 4. De-tour. 5. Sta-red. 6. Spl-its. 7. Scr-awl. 8. Hol-low. 9. Woo-den. 10. Dem-and. 11. Cra-yon.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND. I. 1. Cost. 2. Once. 3. Scar. 4. Tern. II. 1. Brew. 2. Race. 3. Eche. 4. Weed. III. 1. W. 2. Now. 3. Woven. 4. Wet. 5. N. IV. 1. Blow. 2. Lira. 3. Oral. 4. Wall. V. 1. Tear. 2. Ebro. 3. Arid. 4. Rode.

CHARADE. Tar-king-ton.

MUSICAL ANAGRAMS. Gage. 1. Age. 2. Bad. 3. Egg. 4. Beg.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from D. Elise Kalbach—Alice D. Patterson—James A. Lynd—W. and H. Beaty—Elizabeth Palmer Loper—David Fishel—Florence I. Miller—Harold S. Hill—William H. Bartlett—Harriet Barto—Peter and Paul—Mabelle Meyer—Mary Wyman—Genevieve Alvord and Rachel Talbot—Edward Juntunen—Malcolm B. Carroll—Miriam Keeler—Jeannie R. Sampson—"Duluth"—Tom Gren—Annie Beall—Lois Treadwell—Jo and I—St. Gabriel's Chapter—Frances Bosanquet—Paul Johnson—"Queenscourt"—Helen W. Gallup.

So many sent answers to only one puzzle that they cannot be acknowledged.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from F. A. Hinchman, Jr., 2—E. Brennan, 3—J. L. Trowbridge, 5—E. Brigham, 2—D. West, 2—S. Martin, 2—N. Sterling, 3—E. J. Foster, 4—Alida H. Moss, 4—Edna Meyle, 6—B. H. Poucher, 3—Dorothy Gould, 5—Madeline E. Burrill, 4—C. W. Gantt, 2—A. B. Gantt, 2—M. Braithwaite, 2—Robert Baldwin, 5—Hester Davey, 3—C. Whipple, 2—Alida Chanler, 3—Jack Loomis, 5—Cornelia Crittenden, 6—Eleanor Parker, 4—Charlotte G. Stimpson, 6—Louis Chick, 8—H. Bentley, 2—Francis E. Tyng, Jr., 8—S. Mumma, 2—Harold L. Ruggles, 7—Lucy Ruggles, 6—Alice H. Farnsworth, 8—J. N. Deeter, Jr., 3—Margaret W. King, 7—Dorothy Hubbell, 5—Pleasure Hour, 4—Margaret L. Powell, 6—Lucy Barbee, 4—Sarah M. Evans, 5—A. Orris, Jr., 2.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. DOUBLE behead and doubly curtail an Egyptian wonder, and leave to force in. 2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail sluggards, and leave a preposition. 3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail shops, and leave a conjunction. 4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail persons given as pledges, and leave a horned animal. 5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail defrauded, and leave to consume. 6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail devised, and leave a small aperture. 7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail opposed manfully, and leave a point of the compass. 8. Doubly behead and doubly curtail asserted, and leave part of a table. 9. Doubly behead and doubly curtail cared for, and leave to guard.

The initials of the nine remaining words will spell a familiar name.

ESTHER E. EVANS.

REMOVALS.

EXAMPLE: Take conclusion from to make more beloved, and leave the organ of hearing. Answer, end-ear.

1. Take a worthless dog from a bell rung at nightfall, and leave small in number. 2. Take on the exterior from an egress, and leave to allow. 3. Take to wander from a commission, and leave a conjunction. 4. Take to disfigure from border, and leave a machine for separating the seeds from cotton. 5. Take a metal vessel from frank, and leave performed. 6. Take a human being from to con-

DIAGONAL. Napoleon. 1. Negative. 2. Cased. 3. Lapidary. 4. Scholars. 5. Trifling. 6. Opponent. 7. Operator. 8. Musician.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Bear. 2. Else. 3. Asks. 4. Rest. II. 1. Shoe. 2. Heal. 3. Oats. 4. Else. III. 1. Word. 2. Ohio. 3. Ride. 4. Does.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Battle of Bull Run. 1. Hob-by. 2. Moh-air. 3. Ear-then. 4. For-tune. 5. Fil-lip. 6. Ant-elope. 7. Err-or. 8. Tri-ling. 9. Rib-bed. 10. Sat-urn. 11. Ocu-list. 12. Rep-lore. 13. Eng-rave. 14. Per-use. 15. Ear-nest.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG. Initials, Washington; zigzag, St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Wages. 2. Abate. 3. Sedan. 4. Humid. 5. Isaac. 6. Night. 7. Gusto. 8. Tally. 9. Omega. 10. Nurse.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. May Queen. 1. Roman. 2. Teach. 3. Aryan. 4. Toque. 5. Rough. 6. Bleat. 7. Omega. 8. Monad.

duct, and leave a period of time. 7. Take a prohibition from a curious kind of tree, and leave a word of denial, spelled backwards.

The initials of the seven new words will spell a June holiday.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

NATIONAL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I	.	.	.	3
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2	.	.	4	.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A pigment. 2. Terms. 3. To sink. 4. A long fishing line. 5. A period of time. 6. A boat fixture. 7. To smell. 8. An Indian dwelling. 9. Sharp and harsh. 10. An appellation. 11. A masculine name. 12. To separate.

From I to 2, a great nation; from 3 to 4, the colors of a famous emblem.

CRAIG RITCHIE SMITH.



"THEN THE LITTLE COMPANY SWUNG FROM 'DIXIE' TO
'THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.'"

ST. NICHOLAS

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No. 9

"OLD GLORY" IN THE DESERT

BY RALPH D. PAINE

THERE WAS not even a house within thirty miles of them. Two tents by a driven well, a pile of baled hay, half a dozen drooping horses vainly trying to find a patch of shade, and a row of dusty water barrels comprised the new stage station set down in the heart of the Nevada desert. The white sand and sage-brush stretched desolate to the bare brown mountains that cut the sky-line along the rim of Death Valley. A little dust cloud moved far out on the dazzling plain and marked the crawling progress of a freighters' outfit. Except for this there were no signs of mankind anywhere beyond the camp.

A boy in his early teens came out of one of the tents, and blinked in the glare of sand and sky. He was burned blacker than the deepest sea-shore tan, and the powdery alkali dust had turned his hair and clothes to a grayish white. He shaded his eyes with a battered sombrero and looked across the desert beyond the dust that hung above the freighters' wagons. A blue lake sparkled miles away, and its banks were green with trees and undergrowth. The boy was not deceived by the mirage. He shook his head as if to say "You can't fool me; I know your tricks," and kept on gazing into the north. His vigilance was well-timed, for presently another whirl of dust showed against the horizon, and the boy shouted to some one in the tent:

"Here comes the stage, Uncle John. I hope there are some passengers for us to feed. My, if they 'd only bring just *one* boy through, and I could talk to him for half an hour. Would n't it

be great! I have n't seen a boy since we came in the desert to live."

The "boss" of the station replied, as he poked the tent flap aside:

"This desert don't sprout youngsters, that 's a fact, Jimmy. We're lucky if we get a stray man to pass the time o' day with. Help me get the relay horses ready, and then dust off an extra plate and cup. Jake may have a hungry passenger. It 's about time. Nobody's been here in two days."

The boy led a pair of lanky grays out of the little corral by the well, tied them to a post in front of the tents, and scurried inside with an excited air as if great things were about to happen. His few duties were soon done and he was perched on the well box in waiting eagerness long before the stage emerged from its curtain of dust. This was no towering coach with four horses such as "dashed up to the old-fashioned tavern" with a fine clatter and the music of a horn. Two straining horses pulled a battered Concord wagon through the deep sand at a snail's pace. Their slow walk quickened a little as they drew near the tents, and the boy saw with a pang of disappointment that the bent and white-whiskered driver was the only occupant. He grinned through the alkali mask that covered his wrinkled face and called to the boy: 'Nothin' doin', Jimmy. This route ain't as popular as if it had Pullman sleeping-cars. I 've been eight hours makin' thirty miles. Grub ready?'

Jimmy followed the driver to the mess-tent and peppered him with questions about the news from

the big outside world beyond the desert. The old man fished a newspaper from an inside pocket, and said:

"Here 's a 'Los Angeles Times' that was passed along from Las Vegas. It 's four days old, but it may cheer you up some."

Jimmy acted as waiter while the driver bolted his beans, bacon, canned corned-beef and coffee, and then the two shifted the harness to the fresh team of horses.

A few minutes later the stage moved on like a boat steering out of sight across a lonely sea, and Jimmy felt the isolation of the desert closing down around him again. His uncle stretched out on a blanket in the sleeping-tent and soon his snores told the boy that there was not a living soul to talk to anywhere. He sat down in the mess-tent, spread the newspaper on the rough plank table, and slowly read the head-lines. It was hard for him to realize that men and women and boys and girls were still working and playing in crowded city streets.

It seemed a whole lifetime since he had left the home in Los Angeles he had always known, and the faces of his young friends were blurred and fading in his memory. He had been in the desert only three months, but its utter loneliness had made him sometimes think he was getting to be a little old man.

He looked through the newspaper idly until this brief article caught his eye:

"The Phil Sheridan Post, G. A. R., has completed its arrangements for the Memorial Day exercises and parade. There is much regret among the veterans in blue that their old Post Commander, Captain John Bright, will be absent from the ranks. For ten years he had led the Memorial Day pilgrimage to the graves of the heroes who fought for Old Glory. He left the city recently to take up his residence in Nevada, but the old soldiers are hoping that if Captain Bright is alive, he will get here to take his old place at the head of the thinning column."

The boy ran into the other tent waving the newspaper around his head, shouting:

"Uncle John! Here 's something for you. Wake up! They have n't forgotten us back home."

Captain Bright sat up on his blanket and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He read the paragraph and his gray beard could not hide the quivering lip. Then he said slowly, as if it hurt him:

"Yes, they 're looking for me, but I won't be there this year, Jimmy. We can't go back. Why, it 's only two days to the thirtieth of May. Not that I 've lost track of the date. Not for a minute. I 've been thinking of it a whole lot. But we can't leave the station, and—and—well, I sort of wish I had n't seen this. I do, Jimmy."

Jimmy's sympathies were deeply stirred, and with an unusual show of affection he nestled on the blanket beside Uncle John and flung an arm around his neck. The old soldier re-read the paragraph, this time aloud, and his voice trembled a little when it came to the mention of "Old Glory." Then he rose to his feet and stood very erect as if ashamed of his show of feeling, and rested his hands on the boy's slim shoulders as he told him:

"We 'll make the best of it, Jimmy. There is n't much chance for a celebration out here, but they have not forgotten us, and you bet we have n't forgotten *them*, those above the ground and those that are under the sod. Pshaw, it 's tougher for you to be stuck out here a hundred miles from nowhere than it is for me. Don't you hate me for it sometimes?"

"I get kind of homesick and lonesome, but you 're all I 've got, Uncle John, and we 're pardners," the boy responded. "There 's nobody else to grub-stake me, and we 're going to win out yet, you bet. And you 'll go back and lead the Grand Army, sure. Maybe next year."

The old man shook his head. It seemed to him that he had made a failure of his life. A slack and dishonest partner had wrecked the business he had toiled for years to build up. On the brink of old age, and without capital, he had been unable to make a new start in the crowded commercial life of the city. The help offered by his friends had seemed to him little more than disguised charity, and he had grasped the chance to take charge of one of the stations of the stage line flung across the desert to reach the new gold camps in southwestern Nevada.

The care of his dead sister's only boy had sorely perplexed him when he faced the exile that was almost ghastly for a seasoned man to endure. He wrestled with the problem, and it seemed best to take Jimmy with him through the first summer. By autumn he might have saved enough from his wages to outfit the boy for school and keep him there. A touch of selfishness had swayed this decision. The old man sighed over his weakness. But he could not bear to face the lonely life without a companion. Jimmy was the pluckier of the two, the old man thought to himself, as he looked down into the eager face of the lad who wanted to be a help in time of trouble.

No more was said about Memorial Day, but after supper they sat together under the stars that blazed low in the velvet sky, and the old man was moved to tell stories that thrilled the blood of youth:—of Antietam and Fredericksburg, of forlorn hopes, and of thin lines of blue and gray hurled in desperate charges, until to the wide-

eyed boy, the dusky desert was peopled with marching men. In the shadows beyond the fire the cactus took the shape of crouching sentries, and the serried sage-brush, vaguely glimpsed in the darkness, was like infantry sleeping on its arms.

THROUGH the forenoon of Memorial Day, Captain John Bright was restless and absent-minded. His thoughts were back with his comrades. He

passed through, and then announced to Uncle John:

"I don't think it 's right to let the day go by without doing something,—honest, I don't. You know that prospector's grave about two miles over toward the Funeral Range? I mean the man that got lost and died of thirst last year. There 's nothing but a little heap of rocks, but for all we know he may have been an old soldier. You can't say he was n't. And anyhow he was a



"'MY!' SAID JIMMY, 'IF THEY 'D ONLY BRING JUST ONE BOY THROUGH!'"

could see them tramping behind the band to the strains of "Marching through Georgia," here and there a straggler falling out to rest, and some of those who kept up with the flag walking with feeble and halting gait. He had been one of the youngest and strongest of the little column last year, and he wondered who could take his place this year and step out with something of the old stride that had carried him with Sherman to the Sea.

Jimmy wrestled with a problem of his own. He was too young to give up the idea of some kind of a celebration. There were no soldiers' graves, there were no flowers, but he did find a mite of an American flag that had been brought along with his slender outfit as a souvenir of a Fourth of July parade of the "Golden West Cadets," in which imposing organization he had been a corporal. He waited until the stage had

brave man or he would n't have been going into Death Valley alone. I 'm going to ride my burro over, and stick this little flag on his grave. I 'll feel a heap better and it won't do any harm, will it?"

Captain Bright looked pleased and touched, but replied with a slightly worried air:

"I 'm not sure you won't get lost yourself. But I think I can see you all the way from here. Be sure to fill your canteen, Jimmy, and don't get out of sight of camp. I 'd go with you, but there 's a freight outfit coming in from the southward and they 'll want water."

The boy scampered over to the corral and saddled his mouse-colored burro, which protested with a pair of agile heels and a voice of surprising volume for the absurd dimensions of the beast. With the little flag tucked inside his shirt, Jimmy marched off in the wake of the burro, pre-

ferring to go on foot through the deep sand of the first mile. As he trudged along, steering the wrong-headed burro, which behaved like a rudderless skiff in a big wind, the boy busied himself weaving stories, as he had done so often, about the unknown prospector whose bleached

over as only one of many stories of the same kind that had come out of the Death Valley country. It was the most vivid of all to him, and one that he longest remembered, because there was the pile of stone to make it very real.

By the time he had crossed the two miles of



"AT LENGTH THE OBJECT CEASED TO MOVE, AND JIMMY DREW NEAR."

bones lay under the heap of rock surrounded by four dusty sage-bushes.

Perhaps he had found a mine and was trying to get out of the desert with the news of his treasure when he lost his way and ran out of water. Or maybe he had been hurt or fallen sick, and his burros had run away from him. Was there a boy waiting for him somewhere at home? It was very sad and mysterious, but it was a part of the life of the desert, and Jimmy thought it

brush and sand the boy had made up a new story about the lost prospector to fit the day and the deed. He was an old soldier, a Grand Army man, of course, and he had fought bravely in many battles. This was what made it so hard to think of his losing his life in a fight with heat and thirst, with no comrades to keep his memory green.

Jimmy took off his hat while he stuck his flag between two fragments of lava on the rude

mound. Then while his burro drifted off to browse on the sage-brush, the boy gathered more stones and heaped them high at the head of the grave.

He was tired and hot when he finished his labor of love, and plodded after the burro, that had ambled several hundred yards from the scene. Having caught the beast, he cinched up the saddle and then gazed across the desert toward the Funeral Range whose ramparts hid the basin of Death Valley. Those bare and ragged walls, swimming in a blue haze of heat, sometimes frightened him. They spoke of the terrors which they hid from his view. He was glad that Uncle John was not a prospector, toiling among those forbidding mountains.

He was about to turn his face toward the camp, when he thought he saw something move over toward the mountains. He shaded his eyes and stared with idle curiosity, for he had learned that what you think you see, and what you really see, are different matters in the desert. But whirls of dust like little puffs of smoke rose above the black dot that appeared and then vanished as if it were slowly rising and falling.

It was not a man walking, and anyhow no man alone and on foot had any business coming from that direction. Jimmy felt a touch of fear, but he dug his heels into the burro and moved toward the object that was still for several minutes and then seemed to be floundering toward him again. Once it stood erect and Jimmy gasped. It looked like a man. He was afraid no longer. If it was a man, he was in dreadful distress, and needed help.

At length the object ceased to move. When Jimmy drew near, he saw a man, naked to the waist, lying face down, and it looked as if there was no more life in him. His shoes were gone, he had no canteen, no hat, and his hands and feet were bleeding where he had been crawling and falling in his last struggle to move on. The boy fell on his knees and tugged at the blistered shoulders with all his might, until he half-turned the helpless man so that his face was clear of the choking sand.

Then Jimmy wet the blackened lips with water from his full canteen, and managed to unlock the clenched teeth, and pour a few drops on the swollen tongue. Finally the man swallowed, once, twice. The effect was magical. His eyes opened, he groaned, and tried to raise himself on his hands and knees. But he lurched forward and fell, and Jimmy wrung his hands, for it seemed impossible that he could raise the dead weight to the back of the burro. He was afraid to leave the man here while he went to camp for help, and

the tears rolled down his cheeks in his worry and grief as he shouted in desperation:

"It 's only a little way to camp. It 's only a little way to camp. I 'll help you. Can't you get up?"

Another drink from the canteen, and the man's wits began to clear a little.

"I 'm all in," he muttered. "But I 'm not dead yet. Bring the burro."

For a wonder the burro stood docile in its tracks while the man made one great, despairing effort and, pulling himself up by the stirrup-leather, fell doubled across the saddle like a sack of meal. Jimmy could do no more than hold him there as he struggled along beside the burro and its silent burden. It was a slow and heart-breaking journey for the lad, but long before he drew near the camp, Uncle John had seen that something was amiss, and was running toward them. He read the story in a glance, and when he had dragged the unconscious stranger into the tent and laid him on the blankets, he called to Jimmy:

"You were just in time. He 'll pull through. Open a can of that beef tea and put the kettle on. Another hour and you would n't have been a bit of use."

The pink and azure twilight was falling when the lost prospector sat up on the blankets, his head in his hands, and said brokenly:

"I 'm alive, and I ain't gone plumb crazy. Thank God for His mercies. I wonder where my burros are. Is this here camp in the Death Valley, pardner?"

"You were twenty miles out of the Valley when we found you, and you came that far alone and clean distracted, that 's certain," responded Uncle John.

"What was this kid doin' out where he found me?" feebly asked the prospector.

"I was celebrating Decoration Day," bashfully explained Jimmy. "There is—there is a grave out there."

"There came blame near bein' another one alongside of it," was the reply. "Celebratin' Decoration Day in this God-forsaken hole! Well, you are a lively young patriot! And lucky for me!"

Jimmy did not want to claim too much credit.

"It was all on account of Uncle John—I mean Captain Bright here," said he. "He 's a Grand Army man, you know, and I could n't let the day go by without doing something to let him see that I remembered."

Captain Bright broke in with:

"You 're as gray as me, stranger, and there 's a scar that shows across that bald head of yours. Maybe you were one of the boys in blue."

A smile lit up the cracked and blackened face of the old prospector as he spoke, and he stretched out a bandaged hand: "No, I reckon I was n't. But I wore the old butternut under Jeb Stewart, and one of Phil Sheridan's troopers put that dent in my *cabeza*. I guess we ain't going to fight it over agin, are we? Here 's how!"

Captain Bright smiled back and took the old Confederate's hand in both of his, as he said:

"Here 's where we celebrate the day together, then. And we 'll thank God that your grave is n't ready to be decorated to-night. You came mighty near giving me an excuse for a parade all by myself."

From outside there came the rattle of trace-chains, and the creaking of wagons, and the noise of a driver's eloquence hurled at weary mules. Captain Bright hurried out and found a freight outfit pulling up to the well. Its crew made

camp near the corral, and when the chores were done the "mule-skinner" and the "swamper" strolled over to buy "a bunch of canned goods." They sat by the camp-fire while Captain Bright and Daniel Yake, late of the Army of the Confederacy, swapped stories of the great days when they were foemen in arms. Then one of the freighters, a tall Texan, burst into song when he could hold in no longer, and in full chorus the little company, North and South, the Blue and the Gray, swung from "Dixie" into "The Star Spangled Banner."

But it was the two old men who sang together afterwards, while the others were silent, "We 're Tenting To-night on the Old Camp-ground."

Jimmy murmured, drowsily, as the fire died down and the freighters said good night:

"We certainly did celebrate, after all. You can't lose Old Glory even in the desert."



"THE GOOD SAMARITAN."



THE MEADOW-GRASS AERO CLUB'S FIRST OUTING.



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

"THIS SAMPLER, FADED NOW AND WORN, HER CHILDISH FINGERS MADE."



HER SAMPLER

By Anna B. Patten

To think Great-Grandmother could be
A little girl of eight,
In pinafore of dimity,
Or sunbonnet, sedate.
This Sampler, faded now and worn,
Her childish fingers made;
Each stitch, of patient labor born,
With careful touch was laid.

"Wrought in the eighth year of her age
By Polly Simms," I read.
Ah, what a sober, little sage
Our ancestor, indeed!

"In 1700—March—5th day—"
These words she doth indite:—
"Children, your parents should obey,
'T is seemly in God's sight!"

The Alphabet runs, row on row,
In letters large and small;
The numbers—"1-2-3"—below,
"Etc.," ending all.
And then, the border-stitch around,
So neat and so precise,
In faded crewels, on a ground
Of cunning, quaint device.

Sometimes, I seem to see her there,
With little, busy hands;
Her pretty, smoothly-parted hair
Plaited in silky bands.
Sitting sedately on a stool,
Close to her mother's side,
Sewing her "stent," by given rule,
With watchful eye to guide.

Oh, did she ever romp and play,
And get in mischief, too;
Or did she walk in formal way,
As she was taught to do!
This little, Puritanic maid,
Whom I can seem to see,
Sorting her silks, of somber shade,
Her Sampler on her knee!

TOM, DICK, AND HARRIET

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater"

CHAPTER VI

ON THE ICE AND THROUGH

WHEN the thermometer on the north side of School Hall registers four degrees below zero at noon it means cold weather; and that is just what the thermometer did on Saturday. In sheltered angles where the sun shone it was not so bad, but on the way across the campus, where the wind blew unobstructed, fellows in knickerbockers moved rapidly, Jack Frost in pursuit and pinching their calves sharply. By half past three, the time the hockey game with Cedar Grove School was scheduled to commence, the mercury had dropped another point and the audience about the rink consisted of exactly six boys, among them Dick and Sid Welch, and one girl. Of course the girl was Harry. I doubt if there was another girl for miles up or down the river who would have braved the cold that afternoon for the sake of sport and patriotism.

The rink is some three hundred yards down the shore from the boat-house. Years before a ferry plied between this point and the opposite town of Coleville, but with the completion of the new bridge below Silver Cove the enterprise, like many similar ones in the vicinity, had ceased to be profitable. Ultimately the boat had disappeared and only the ferry house and landing remained. But that was last year; now even those were gone, the lumber—such of it as was fit for the purpose—having been used in the construction of the barrier around the rink. Many of the old joists and planks, however, were too rotten to hold nails and these had been left piled up on the beach. Sid, struck by a brilliant idea, had looted the pile, and by the time the game had begun a big bonfire was blazing merrily. The handful of spectators divided their attention between the fire and the contest until the first half was over, with the score three goals for Ferry Hill and one for Cedar Grove. Then every one, players, spectators, substitutes, and referee—who was Chub—gathered as near the flames as safety permitted and alternately turned faces and backs to the warmth.

"You 're a wonder, Sid," declared Roy. "If I had half your brain—!" He shook his head eloquently, at a loss for words.

"Oh, Sid 's a great fellow for scheming how to be comfortable," said Billy Warren, who played

right center for Ferry Hill. "Did you ever hear about the contrivance he rigged up on his bed the first year he was here?"

Every one replied that he had, except Harry; and Harry demanded to be told.

"Well," said Warren, "Sid used to go to sleep with two blankets over him and the comforter over the foot of the bed, you know. Then along toward morning it would get cold and Sid would want the comforter, but he was too sleepy to reach down and get it."

"That 's right," interrupted Chub, whose bed was next to Sid's in the Junior Dormitory, "I used to find him all curled up in a ball in the morning with his teeth chattering like—like—"

"I did n't!" declared Sid.

"Shut up, Sid, you know you did," said Warren. "Well, so what does Sid do but get a piece of clothes-line and tie an end to each corner of the comforter. Then when he woke up and found he was freezing to death all he had to do was to take hold of the rope and pull the comforter up. Oh, he 's a wonder, Sid is!"

"Just the same, it worked all right," said Sid with a grin, as the laugh went around. "And I wish I had that comforter now."

"I don't see how you could get much more on," said Dick, as he viewed Sid's rotund appearance. "You look like a bale of sweaters now."

"I 've only got two on," was the reply. "I was going to borrow Chub's, but he went and wore it himself."

"How dare you, Chub?" laughed Roy. "You ought to have more consideration for others."

"Thunder!" replied Chub good-naturedly, "Sid would borrow everything I have if I 'd let him. As it is he wears more of my things than his own. Last week I tried to find a pair of stockings and could n't; Sid had the whole lot in his locker."

"They had holes in them," answered Sid gravely.

"They certainly had when you got through with them," laughed Chub. "Come on, fellows; time 's up."

The two teams went back to the ice, peeling off sweaters and gloves, and presently the game was on again. It was the first contest of the year and the play was pretty ragged. But there were exciting moments, as when Harris, who played point on the home team, got away with the puck

for a long race down the rink, passed to Fernald in front of the Cedar Grove goal, captured the disk again on the quick return and smashed it past goal-tender's knees for a score. Toward the latter part of the period the visitors weakened and Ferry Hill's tally grew rapidly, until at the final call of time the score stood 12—4 in favor of the home players. Cheers were exchanged and the Cedar Grove fellows hurried away toward the station. The others went back to the replenished fire and leisurely donned their sweaters. Dick, who had a moment before wandered away toward the edge of the river, called to Roy.

"What 's that thing over there?" he asked.

"What thing? Where?"

"Across the river. It looks like a boat, but I don't see how any one can sail a boat when there is n't any water."

"Oh," answered Roy, joining him, "that 's an ice-boat, you silly galoot. Have n't you ever seen one before?"

"No, but I 've seen pictures of them. I did n't recognize it, though. Say, that 's pretty slick, is n't it? Look at the way it scoots around over there! How the dickens is it made?"

"Oh, you make a frame-work of timbers, kind of three-cornered like, and stick a skate or a runner at each corner, and put a mast in with a sail or two, and have another runner at the back with a tiller for steering, and there you are."

"You don't say? Well, that 's the most—er—enlightening explanation I ever heard, Roy; simple 's no name for it!"

"Well, it 's the best I can do," Roy laughed. "If you want further particulars I advise you to run over and take a look. I 'm no boat-builder."

"That 's what I 'll do," answered Dick, tightening the straps of his skates. "Come along!"

"Are you crazy? Want me to freeze myself?"

"Freeze nothing! It 'll warm you up. Come on; it won't take but a minute or two." Roy hesitated. Then:

"All right," he consented, "I 'll go you. Only it is n't likely that the boat 's going to stay there and wait for us."

"Bet you I can catch her if she does n't have too big a start," said Dick.

"Oh, sure!" scoffed Roy. "She only makes about thirty miles an hour!"

"Get out!"

"That 's right, though," answered Roy. "They say some of them can do pretty near a mile a minute in a good wind. I don't know about that one there, though; don't think I ever saw her before; she 's got a red hull, has n't she?"

"Yes, if you call that thing a hull," replied Dick. "Are there any more around here?"

"Two or three, I think."

"Well, then, maybe I 'll let this one go if it tries to get away," Dick said. "Are you ready?"

Roy said that he was, but at that moment Chub hailed them.

"Where you fellows going?" he shouted.

"Across the river," answered Roy. "Dick wants to study ice-boats. Want to come?"

Chub and Harry and Sid joined them, the latter begging them to wait until he could get his skates on.

"All right, slow poke," answered Roy. "How about you, Harry? It 'll be beastly cold out in the middle there."

"Oh, I 'm nice and warm," answered Harry. "What did you say about an ice-boat?"

"Dick never saw one before and he wants to go over and make the acquaintance of that one over there. Whose is it, Harry? Do you know?"

"Yes, it belongs to Joe Thurston, Grace Thurston's brother. He goes to Hammond. She 's in my class at Madame Lambert's."

"Who, the ice-boat?" asked Chub.

"No, Mister Smarty, Grace Thurston. Anyhow, I said 'it.'"

"You said 'she'!"

"I said 'it'!"

"Ladies! Ladies!" remonstrated Roy. "No disturbance, I beg of you! Remember there 's a gentleman present."

"Where?" asked Chub, looking carefully around.

"Here," grunted Sid, tugging at a strap.

"For that lie, Sid," answered Chub severely, "we will go and leave you. Come on, fellows."

"Wait, wait, please!" begged Sid. "I can't get the buckle in the right hole. My fingers are frozen stiff. You might help a chap, Chub."

"All right, I will if you 'll tell the truth. Are you a gentleman, Sid?"

"No," answered Sid diplomatically. "It 's that fourth hole, Chub. That 's it. Thanks." He got up, hobbled to the edge of the ice and skated away. "Neither are you, Chub!" he shouted tauntingly. Chub instantly gave chase, leaving the other three to follow more leisurely. Across the frozen river and a little further downstream the ice-boat was skimming up and down near shore, luffing, filling and turning in the brisk wind as though trying her sails.

"That 's just about what she 's doing, I guess," said Roy as they skated, three abreast, a hundred yards or so behind the flying forms of Sid and Chub. "Those sails are brand-new, I think. She 's

coming around again. If we were nearer now you could get a good view of her, Dick."

"I 'm going to try, anyhow," answered Dick, as he dug his blades in the black ice and sped away from them.

"Shall we try it, too?" asked Roy. Harry nodded her head.

"I 'll race you," she cried, and, suiting action to word, darted off after Dick. She had obtained a good lead before Roy had gathered his wits together, and he realized that to attempt to overtake that flying form was quite useless for him. He was a good skater, but Harry had held the school supremacy for several years and had, as she had stated to Dick, even beaten Hammond's best talent the winter before. But Harry had found more than her match at last, for, try as she could and did, she could not gain an inch on Dick, who was "putting in his best licks" in an endeavor to head off the ice-boat as it passed up-stream close to the farther shore. In a trice Roy was left to himself. He saw that he could not hope to intercept the boat even if the others did, and so kept on diagonally across the river toward the ice-houses below Coleville. Sid and Chub were still busy with their own affairs, the former leading the latter a difficult chase, turning and doubling and thus far avoiding capture. The wind swept across the ice with stinging buffets against legs and face, and Roy rubbed his ears vigorously to keep them from freezing. Presently he drew near where they had been cutting ice and found that to continue on toward the shore and the path of the returning boat he would either have to cross the cuttings or skate for some distance to get around them.

New ice had formed in these lanes and it looked fairly thick. Roy slowed down and examined it. Then he struck at it with the heel of one skate, found that it did n't break, and skated quickly across. It was a narrow lane down which the cakes of ice had been floated to the house and he was soon over it. Then came thick ice again. He looked up the river. The boat was still before the wind and had passed Dick while that youth was some distance away. Now he had paused, apparently undecided whether to remain there or to join the others down-stream. Harry had already given up the chase and headed toward the ice-houses. Sid and Chub were still chasing madly about in mid-stream. Roy shouted and the wind carried his voice so well that both Harry and Dick heard and waved to him. Then a wide expanse of new ice confronted him and as he skated unhesitatingly on to it he noted the different sound which it gave forth under his blades. And then, without the least warning, the

surface gave beneath him like paper and he was fighting for breath with the green water ringing in his ears and clutching at his heart with icy fingers.

CHAPTER VII

HARRY EVENS OLD SCORES

It seemed to Roy many long minutes before he ceased to sink and was able to struggle upward again to the surface and daylight. Luckily the current was sluggish at that point and when he came up he found himself in the pool of broken ice. Afterward, remembering how thin that ice proved to be, he wondered that it had held him for as long as it had. But now, gasping for breath, choking and numbed with the cold, his only thought was to find something to support him until help came. He gave no outcry; it never occurred to him to do so, nor, for that matter, had he breath for it. Weighted with skates and heavy clothing, including the thick crimson sweater which he usually wore, he was seriously handicapped from the start. And to make matters worse, the thin ice broke under the slightest weight he put upon it. If he could keep himself afloat long enough to break his way to the side of the cutting and reach the thick ice he might hold on until some one reached him. But the chill in his body threatened cramp every instant and made him feel as weak as a kitten. Gasping and choking, he fought hard, smashing the ice with one mittened hand and using the other to keep himself afloat. Now and then, in spite of his efforts, the water with its scum of floating ice fragments rose across his face, and each time a dreadful fear gripped him. But he thrashed and fought his way back again and again, each struggle leaving him weaker than before. There was no time to look for succor; he saw only the horrid brittle surface against which he battled. He could not tell whether he was working toward thick ice or not.

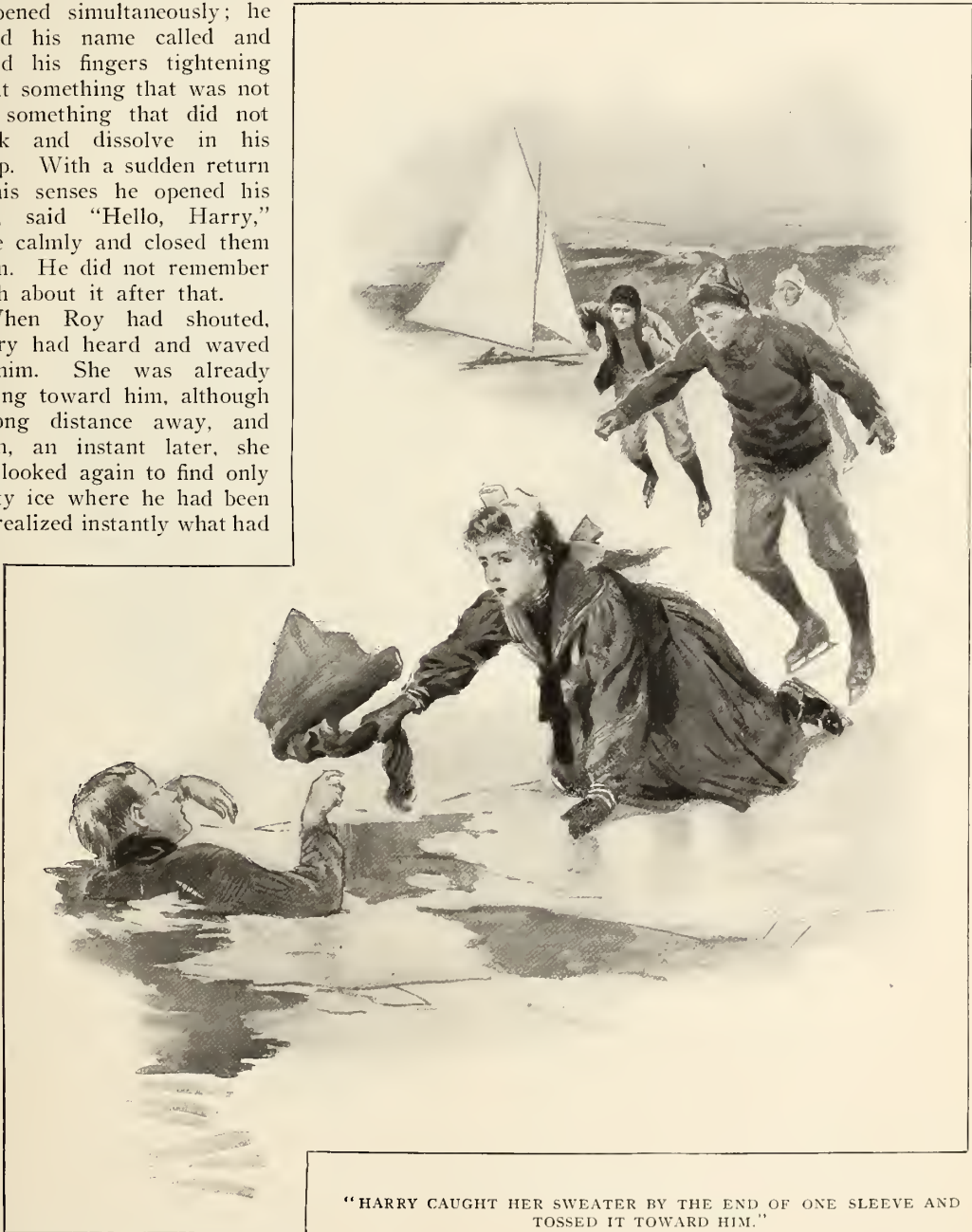
By degrees hopelessness seized him and he began to feel indifferent; the lower part of his body seemed to have left him; he believed that he was working his legs in an effort to tread water, but there was no sensation there. Once he stopped struggling, and only when the water had closed over his eyes did he realize that he was sinking. Then, terror mastering him, he fought blindly and impotently for an instant. But the effort did not last; he was too weak now to even break the imprisoning ice; a pleasant lassitude crept over him.

It was no use, he told himself; he was going to give up. And having reached that decision he felt a delicious sensation of relief. He

had no thought of drowning; he was merely going to rest, to sleep; and he was glad, because he could not remember ever having been so dead tired! And then two things happened simultaneously; he heard his name called and found his fingers tightening about something that was not ice, something that did not break and dissolve in his grasp. With a sudden return to his senses he opened his eyes, said "Hello, Harry," quite calmly and closed them again. He did not remember much about it after that.

When Roy had shouted, Harry had heard and waved to him. She was already skating toward him, although a long distance away, and when, an instant later, she had looked again to find only empty ice where he had been she realized instantly what had

seemed to be striving to beat her back with its savage blasts. She repeated a little prayer to herself over and over as she sped along, in



"HARRY CAUGHT HER SWEATER BY THE END OF ONE SLEEVE AND TOSSED IT TOWARD HIM."

happened. With a shrill cry of warning to Dick, some distance behind, she flew onward, skating harder than she had ever skated before. But the wind was almost dead ahead of her and

time to the ringing of her skates: "Please, God, let me be in time! Please, God, let me be in time!" And presently, as she drew near, she saw Roy's head above the surface and was sure

that her prayer would be answered. Off came the brown sweater with the white F. H. upon it and away blew Harry's tam-o'-shanter across the ice. And then she was down on her knees, crawl-

sweater by the end of one sleeve and tossed it toward him. It fell beside his hand but the wind whipped it past. Again she tried, calling his name as she did so, and a corner of the sweater



"ON MONDAY FORENOON AT ELEVEN THERE WAS A FULL ATTENDANCE OF THE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY." (SEE PAGE 786.)

ing anxiously across the edge of the treacherous surface.

Roy, with white face and closed eyes, his light brown hair plastered down upon his forehead, was beating the air feebly with his hands. With a silent prayer for success Harry caught her

fell under his grasping fingers and with relief she felt the garment strain and tighten. Roy opened his eyes and looked at her; even smiled a little, she thought; and said her name. Then she was putting all her strength into keeping her place, for he had closed his eyes again and seemed

bent upon pulling her after him into the water. But help was close at hand. With a shout of encouragement Sid came racing up, followed breathlessly by Chub and Dick.

"Hold on a minute more," cried Dick. "Get hold of my legs, Chub, and I'll work out to him over here, the other side from Harry."

But even after Dick had seized Roy firmly by the hands and was himself lying half in the water it was no easy task for the others. Chub had Dick by the ankles and Sid held on to Chub, but it was slow work getting back to solid ice. Yet in the end they succeeded, and Roy, dripping and unconscious, lay safe.

"Is he dead?" whispered Sid brokenly.

"Not a bit of it," Dick panted. "But we've got to get him home mighty quick or he will catch cold and have pneumonia and all sorts of things." As he spoke he peeled off his sweater and wrapped it around Roy's shoulders. "Let me have yours, you fellows," he commanded.

"Look!" cried Harry. "There's the ice-boat!"

Chub's signaling was unnecessary, however, for the two occupants of the boat had already seen the catastrophe and were headed toward the group. Harry's sweater, as well as Chub's and the two worn by Sid, were thrown over Roy, and Dick and Chub were rubbing and slapping him when the ice-boat rounded to and came up into the wind with flapping sail.

"Want any help?" asked one of the occupants.

"Yes, we want to get him home right away," answered Dick. "Can you take him aboard and get him to the Ferry Hill landing?"

"Sure! You pile out, Bob. Lift him in here, will you? There is n't much room, but I guess you can get him on somehow. That's the ticket. Shove her nose around, Bob. All right! I'll meet you over there!"

The sail filled, and the boat, with Roy lying like a log in the tiny cockpit and Joe Thurston crouched beside him, leaped away. The others, shouting their thanks to the marooned Bob, who, having no skates, decided to stay where he was until his chum returned to pick him up, hurried after the boat. At any other time they would have felt the cold terribly, deprived as they were of their sweaters, but just now they were far too excited. All talked at once as they raced along and Harry was forced to listen to much enthusiastic praise of her pluck and readiness. When they reached the landing the boat was up on the beach and Joe Thurston had lugged Roy into the boat-house, where, warmed by the piled-up sweaters, he was beginning to take an interest in life once more. He waved a hand at them as

they entered, but he still looked pretty white and weak.

"Well, you're a fine one, are n't you?" asked Chub in simulated disgust. "What were you trying to do? Commit suicide?"

"You must n't scold him!" cried Harry. "He almost drowned!"

"I guess I would have if it had n't been for you," said Roy soberly. "Thanks, Harry. I can't tell how I *do* thank you. You're a trump."

"Oh, don't mention it," answered Harry flip-pantly, to hide the fact that her lip was trembling. "Besides, I just evened things up. You know," she explained, turning to Dick, "I might have burned up to a cinder last winter if it had n't been for Roy. My dress caught on fire at an entertainment we gave and I came pretty near frizzling."

"That's so," said Chub. "You two are even now. I, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton, so declare."

"Besides," added Harry, "I did n't do anything much, after all. It was Dick and the others who got you out."

"If it had n't been for you," said Dick, "he would n't have been there when we reached the place. I did n't know anything about it until I heard Harry scream. Then I saw her hitting the high places down the river and guessed what was up. Say, Harry, you sure did skate some!"

"I guess I'd better be getting back," said Joe Thurston, edging toward the door. "Bob will be frozen if I don't. I hope you'll be all right," he added to Roy.

"Thanks; and I'm awfully much obliged to you for bringing me across," answered Roy.

"That's so," said Dick. "It was mighty nice of you. Want any help with the boat?" Joe protested that he did n't. At the door he hesitated and finally asked, looking at Dick:

"Say, are you the fellow that came to our school and left?" Dick nodded.

"I'm the chap," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," was the reply. "Only—" and this was said over his shoulder as he went out—"only I'm sorry you did n't stay!"

"Cheeky cuss!" muttered Sid.

"I think he meant it for a compliment," laughed Chub.

"Of course he did!" exclaimed Harry. "And I think he's a real nice boy, and I'm going to tell his sister so. It's too bad he goes to Hammond!"

"Why don't you kidnap him too?" asked Chub mischievously.

"Now what are we going to do with you, Roy?" interrupted Dick. "Want a carriage or an automobile? Or do you think you can walk

if you put your hands on our shoulders and we give you a boost now and then?"

"Of course I can walk! And look here, you fellows, I don't see that it 's necessary for people to know about this, is it?"

"I guess the fellows 'll find out pretty quick," said Chub.

"Well, don't you go and tell them. How about you, Harry?"

"I won't say anything unless some one asks me," said Harry.

"That 's all right, then," said Roy. "Here, take some of these sweaters; you folks must be freezing to death. I 'm as warm as toast now."

"That makes no difference," Dick declared. "You keep as many of those around you as you can. And when you get up the hill you sneak up to the dormitory and lie down and keep warm until supper time."

"You ought to have some peppermint tea," said Harry. "I 'll make some and give it to Chub—beg pardon, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton—to take over to you. It 'll warm you up inside beautifully!"

THE program was carried out as arranged, and, save that for the rest of the evening Roy felt rather played out, he experienced no unpleasant results from his adventure. Of course the meeting of the F. H. S. I. S. called for that evening did not take place, for although Roy professed his readiness to attend, the others would not hear of it.

"You 've had a shock," declared Harry firmly, "and must be very careful of yourself for several days. I 'll make some more peppermint tea for you to-morrow, and, and—what are you making such a face about?"

"Oh, nothing, only could n't you manage to get a little sugar into it the next time?"

"Did n't I put any—" began Harry. "Oh, I did n't, did I? I 'm awfully sorry, Roy! Was it terribly bad?"

"Well, there are some things I have n't tasted," answered Roy judicially, "but it was pretty bad, Harry."

"I forgot all about the sugar," Harry mourned. "I 'll put in enough the next time to make up!"

As Chub had predicted, the story of Roy's accident and rescue was all over school on Monday, while on Wednesday a graphic and highly-colored account of it appeared in the Silver Cove paper. One result was that Harry found himself once more in the glare of publicity at Madame Lambert's school and another was that Doctor Emery promulgated a rule restricting skating on the river to the immediate vicinity of the boat-house.

On Monday forenoon at eleven there was a full

attendance of the Improvement Society in the barn. It was such a busy meeting that it is quite impossible to give an account of it in detail. Strange to say, every one had tried his or her hand at composing an appeal to the graduates, just as they had agreed to do, and each one read his production aloud and listened good-naturedly to the criticisms from the others which followed.

"What we 've got to do now," said Dick, "is to take these four and work them over into one. But I suppose there is n't much hurry about that, because we decided that the best way to begin is to make an appeal to some chap with a lot of money and get him to give a lump as a starter. To do that we 've got to find out who the rich ones are. That means taking the Doctor into the scheme the next thing. So I move that Roy and Chub be appointed a committee of two to wait on him this afternoon, or as soon as possible, and tell him about it. And Harry and I will get to work on this circular."

"Well," said Chub, "if I must I must, but it seems to me that Dick ought to take my place because he can talk a lot better and explain the thing."

"Let Roy do most of the talking," advised Dick. "I have no objection to taking your place, only you 're an old boy here and I 've just come; he 'd pay more attention to what you said."

"All right," sighed Chub. "I 'm the goat."

"And Roy 's the goatee," added Dick.

"Well, let 's do it this afternoon," said Roy, "and get it over with."

"Yes," said Dick, "and we 'll meet again here this evening and hear the committee's report."

"Hooray!" cried Chub. "That 's me! I 'm a Committee!"

"You 're only half a one," Roy objected. "I appoint myself chairman of the committee."

"Seconded," said Chub. "The chairman does the talking, does n't he?"

"Don't forget to tell papa that we 've elected him honorary president," reminded Harry. "That will please him, I know."

"Bet you he 'll kick us out!" murmured Chub.

"Don't you worry," laughed Dick. "Roy, as chairman, will receive all the honors. You can dodge."

Methuselah, who up to this point had been huddled silently in a corner of his box, with only one beady eye showing, began to chuckle softly.

"Hello," said Dick, "old 'Thuselah 's awake. I thought he was frozen up. Hello, you old rascal!"

The parrot put his head on one side and walked slowly to the front of the box.

"Howdy do?" he muttered.

"Pretty well, thanks," answered Chub. "How are you?"

"Stop your swearing," replied Methuselah severely. "Can't you be quiet?"

"Well, that 's a nice way to answer a polite inquiry," said Chub. "You ought to teach him better manners, Harry."

"I can't teach him anything," mourned Harry. "He knew all he knows now when I got him. Roy and I tried one day to—"

"Roy," observed Methuselah slowly, experimentally. Then, as though to hide his embarrassment, "Well, I never did!" he shrieked. The four stared at each other in astonishment.

"That 's the first new thing he 's ever said!" Harry whispered in awe.

"See if he will say it again," Dick suggested. But for all their coaxing Methuselah was silent. You would have thought he had never heard the word in his life, much less pronounced it.

"Well, it shows who 's the favorite, anyhow," laughed Chub.

Harry blushed a little and answered quickly:

"That 's because Roy has been nice to him, and does n't make fun of him. I 'm going to teach him to call *you* Mr. Thomas H Eaton."

"Maybe," teased Chub, "but I notice he does n't break out with my usual name nor Dick's. And Dick just loves him; don't you, Dick?"

"Of course I do," answered Dick, walking over

and rubbing Methuselah's head through the slats. "We 're pretty good friends considering that we have n't known each other very—*Ouch! Great guns!*"

"What 's the matter?" laughed Roy.

"Why, he nearly bit my finger off! 'Thuse-lah, you 're a hypocrite. After this when you want your old top-knot scratched you ask Roy; I 'm through with you."

"Did he hurt you much?" asked Harry anxiously.

"No," said Dick. "He just nipped me."

"Oh, that was just a love-nip," said Chub. "That 's the way he shows his affection. He 's so fond of me that I have to keep away from him; I was getting all black-and-blue spots!"

"You 're a naughty 'Thuse-lah," said Harry. "For 'hat you shall go to bed. Good-night."

She let the piece of canvas fall over the front of the box. For a moment there was silence. Then came a subdued rustling followed by insulted mutterings:

"Well, I never did!" croaked Methuselah.

"Is the meeting over?" asked Chub. "Because I 've got about two minutes to find my books and get to class."

"Yes," answered Dick. "It 's adjourned until to-night at eight o'clock."

"Then I 'm off! This half of the committee has duties!"

(To be continued.)

TED'S FOURTH OF JULY

BY MAUD OSBORNE

"F-OURTH of July!" said our mischievous Ted;

"O-h, but I 've planned to have bushels of fun;

U-p in the morning, by five, out of bed,

R-eady to fire off my cannon and gun.

T-hen I 've a thousand torpedoes and wheels,

H-undreds of whirligigs, fizzers, and reels—

"O-ceans of crackers, confetti, and slings,

F-unny old dragon-shaped Japanese things!

"J-ust you keep watch while my sky-rockets soar

U-p in the air with a whirr and a whizz;

L-arge roman-candles, a dozen or more,

Y-ou 'll see a-hissing and whirling their fizz!"

1 day to wait was too long for our lad,

9 cannon crackers he fired (luckless Ted!)

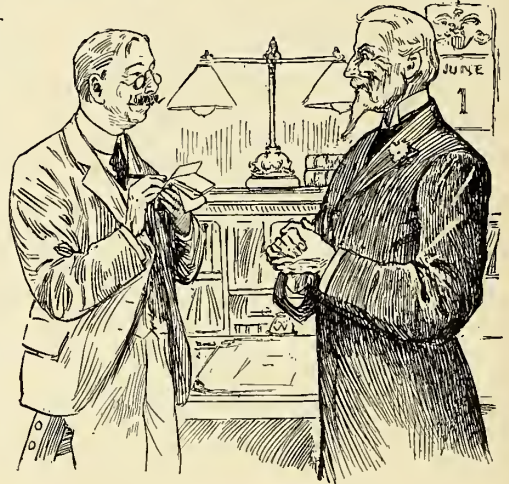
0-n the Third. But his burns they were fearfully bad—

7 days from the Third Teddy spent in his bed!

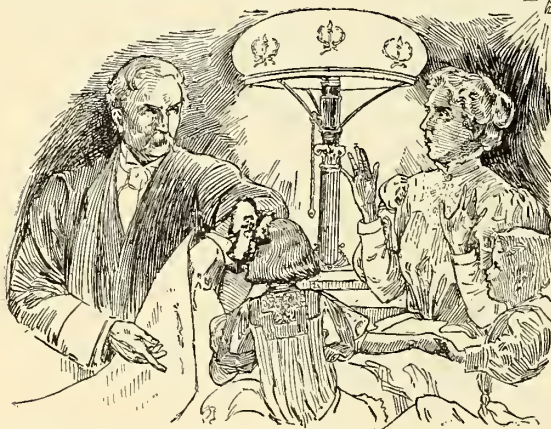


Did you ever hear the story of Fizz-Bang Park?
Well, if you have n't heard it, pray lend your
ears and hark.

Now once there was a city, but never mind
where,
And the Mayor he was old enough to have gray
hair,
He had a little bald spot in the middle of his pate,
His brow was somewhat furrowed with grave
affairs of state,—
But he had a heart as happy as when he was a
boy,
And the thought of Independence Day aroused
his youthful joy.



But while he gaily planned it a delegation came,
And said they thought that it would be a very
wicked shame
To let the town be given up to such outrageous
noise,
And make sick people suffer for a lot of selfish
boys.
Year after year the Glorious Fourth had been a
time of dread;
They thought that he should institute a great re-
form, they said.



He rubbed his hands and chuckled, and stroked
his trim goatee;
"We 'll have a celebration that will 'take the
cake,'" quoth he;
"There shall be heaps of powder burned, and
every bell shall ring,
And there shall be a Grand Parade, and all that
sort of thing,
A great address, a big balloon, and fireworks
galore;
It shall be such a jolly time as ne'er was known
before."





“Besides,” said they, “our young folk are growing rude and wild;
 ’T is seldom, nowadays, one finds a well-conducted child.
 They don’t say ‘please’ or ‘thank you’ or ‘sir’ or ‘ma’am’ at all;
 They seem to think politeness is only fol-de-rol.
 We’d better spend the money we waste in senseless noise
 On a School of Good Behavior for all our girls and boys.”

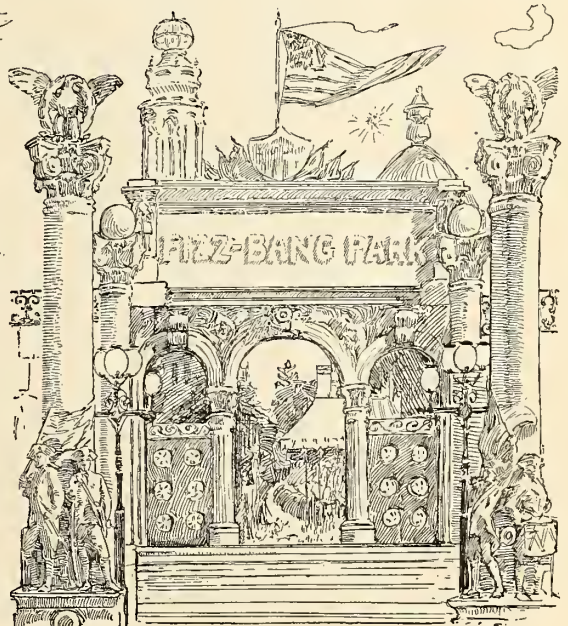
A School of Good Behavior for all our girls and boys

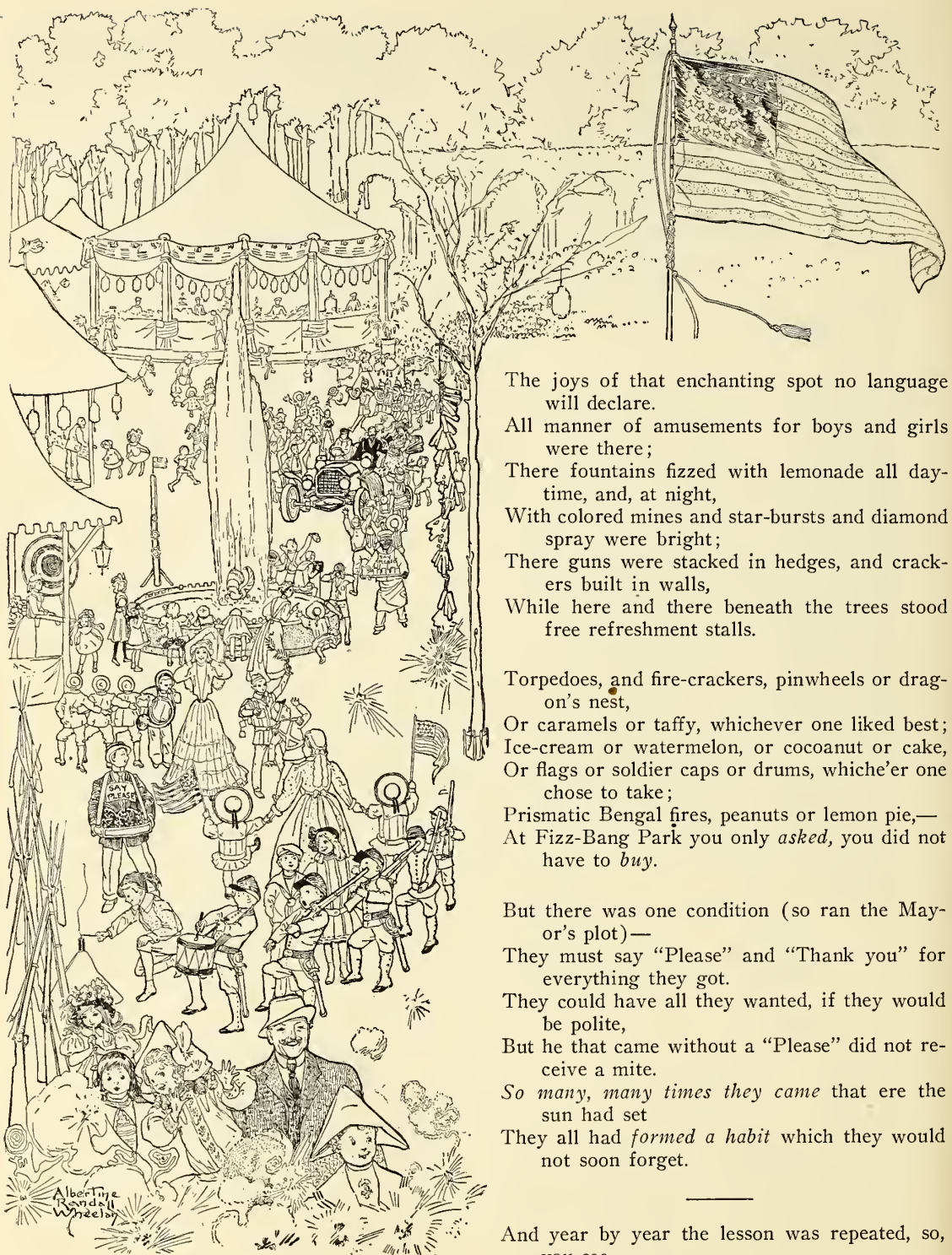
So then, outside the city, the Mayor bought some land,
 And there the most delightful park you ever heard of planned.
 “It is so far from town,” he said, “we shall not mind the din;
 Upon the Fourth our girls and boys shall there be gathered in.
 Let’s hurry up and lay it out, and call it Fizz-Bang Park;
 And Independence Day shall be an Educational Lark.”



If our forefathers had not been the kind that make a noise

The poor young-hearted Mayor was very sad indeed.
 “’T is true,” he said, “that sick folk have rights which all should heed,
 And, also, that good manners are not the rule is clear;
 And yet I think these worthy folk are just a bit severe.
 There would have been no Fourth at all, for either men or boys
 If our forefathers had not been the kind that make a noise.”





Albert
Rendell
Wheeler

"AT FIZZ-BANG PARK YOU ONLY ASKED; YOU DID NOT HAVE TO BUY."

The joys of that enchanting spot no language
will declare.
All manner of amusements for boys and girls
were there;
There fountains fizzed with lemonade all day-
time, and, at night,
With colored mines and star-bursts and diamond
spray were bright;
There guns were stacked in hedges, and crack-
ers built in walls,
While here and there beneath the trees stood
free refreshment stalls.

Torpedoes, and fire-crackers, pinwheels or drag-
on's nest,
Or caramels or taffy, whichever one liked best;
Ice-cream or watermelon, or cocoanut or cake,
Or flags or soldier caps or drums, whiche'er one
chose to take;
Prismatic Bengal fires, peanuts or lemon pie,—
At Fizz-Bang Park you only *asked*, you did not
have to *buy*.

But there was one condition (so ran the May-
or's plot)—
They must say "Please" and "Thank you" for
everything they got.
They could have all they wanted, if they would
be polite,
But he that came without a "Please" did not re-
ceive a mite.
*So many, many times they came that ere the
sun had set*
They all had *formed a habit* which they would
not soon forget.

And year by year the lesson was repeated, so,
you see,
They became as well-conducted as 't is possible
to be!

A MESSAGE BY FIRE

BY CULLEN BRYANT SNELL

JOE MURRAY and Wilbur Howard pushed away from the landing and hoisted their sail to the warm morning breeze.

They exchanged laughing good-bys and good wishes with a little group of friends on the landing, and shouted back a promise to return for the Fourth and share in the big celebration.

Their trim little boat was soon sailing briskly over the bright waters of the lake, one of America's great inland seas, and headed straight for Oak Island.

"Joe, this is simply immense," cried Will, after they had settled themselves comfortably. "We've actually started on our camping trip, after talking of it all winter at school."

"Mighty glad your folks let you come, Will. I'll show you one of the prettiest camping spots you ever saw, and we'll have a bully time these two weeks."

Will had much to tell of scenes in his home state, farther west, especially of Indian life, of wigwams, birch canoes, buckskin clothing and moccasins, and much else that appealed to Joe's imagination.

They proposed to live like Indians during these two weeks; but any real Indian would have been astonished to find his wigwam filled with the stock of choice provisions and modern camp conveniences which Joe had provided for this trip.

Shifting winds delayed them, and it was mid-afternoon when they finally ran the boat on the little sand beach.

"Here we are," cried Joe. "Haul up the boat and let's get out what stuff we need for the night; it's so late the rest will have to wait till morning."

They were soon lugging their first load up the hill. When they broke through a thicket into an open space set with grand trees, Will looked around at the beautiful natural lawn, the little spring of clear water, the distant views toward the mainland and out upon the great lake, and exclaimed, "Well, this *is* the finest camping place I ever saw." His enthusiasm led him to say much more that was very gratifying to Joe, who was delighted to find that his chosen camping site was appreciated.

By the time they had brought a second load from the boat; had pitched the roomy walled tent, prepared their bunks and cooked supper, they were hungry and tired. That first camp supper did taste good. They lingered long over

it and then, leaving the dish-washing till morning, stretched out in their bunks.

Through the open tent flaps they watched the moon. She had been beaming on them from a clear heaven; now she peeked through a flecked sky which conveyed no warning to the happy campers. They were not weather prophets.

For a time they talked. The pauses became longer and more numerous; the crackle and flare of the camp fire grew softer and softer; the call of the whip-poor-will and hum of insect voices grew indistinct, and then,—two healthy, growing boys breathed deeply and slowly the sweet night air. There is no sleep like that of the camp!

"What was that!" cried Joe and Will the same instant, both sitting bolt upright in the black darkness. Their breath was held as they turned their heads to listen. Moments passed in utter stillness, one, two,—then a dazzling blaze, a roaring thunder-crash, and a staggering rush of wind.

"Quick, Joe, light the lantern. Jerk the goods into the tent. It'll pour guns in a minute!"

"Find that ax, Will, hustle! Drive the tent stakes in farther or she'll never hold up in such a gale. There, I *told* you. She's pulling loose. Here, quick, grab this line. Pull her down. Don't let the wind get under, we never could hold her. Drive this stake here, drive it, I say—There, now that next rope, I can fasten it. Drive the other stakes. All down, are they? Here, quick, get inside; grab this flap, I can't hold it; pull her over, pull, Howard, pull,—there, I've got her fast. Whew!"

The tent was shaking in the blasts of wind and torrents of rain; incessant lightnings and thunders rent the air. The scant clothing on the boys was drenched. They hurried into dry clothes and sought the shelter and comfort of their bunks; but got no more sleep for an hour, when the storm had blown over, and all was again calm and silent, save for the chirping of insects, and the drip, drip, drip of water from the trees.

A few hours later they looked out on a perfect summer morning, but were startled to see a great tree that had stood near-by now a fallen and shattered wreck. It was that lightning stroke that had crashed upon their sleep and roused them from their bunks.

Their fears during the storm for the safety of the goods left in the boat drove them now, before breakfast, down the hillside to the beach. Together they rushed out of the bushes on to the

sand and there stopped in sad dismay. The boat itself was gone!

The beach had been swept from end to end by great waves which were cut in two by the south-western point of the island, and which had then raced past it on opposite sides. Hurriedly the two campers went along the upper shore in the vain hope of finding the boat, but it was gone, completely gone, and with it their main supply of provisions, some clothing and many parts of their camp equipment. They were left with their tent, sufficient clothing for warm weather, their guns, a little ammunition and a very few articles of food, enough only for two or three days.

The day was not a cheerful one for them but the gravity of their situation was not fully realized till later. At first they felt that somehow they would get safely off the island but soon it dawned on them that visitors there were very rare indeed and few boats passed within hailing distance.

On the first afternoon they did see a small fishing-boat sail by beyond ear-shot, and made earnest efforts to beckon the occupants to the island; but the three fishermen merely waved their hands in reply and passed on.

On the second day the boys wandered aimlessly about and watched for passing boats but none appeared. On the third day they talked long and solemnly. Their food would not last over two days even with the scant allowance agreed upon for each meal; they must use even less, very much less. They had coffee enough for a month and matches in plenty. The only oil was in the lantern and that must be saved for making night signals if a boat passed close by.

They must hunt for game, though there probably was none on the island; and they must try to catch fish, though all the fishing-tackle was lost with the boat.

On the fourth day they were hungry and irritable, but Will shot a mud-hen swimming near the shore, and no mallard duck or Thanksgiving turkey ever tasted so good.

On the fifth day an excursion boat steamed by, just close enough for the boys to hear the music of the band. They frantically beckoned and shouted and waved a sheet fastened on a pole. They saw a hundred handkerchiefs flutter a laughing response as the steamer moved swiftly on, thinking that some jolly campers were "saluting" her.

Their condition on the sixth day was pitiable.

They had lost heart, and felt faint from hunger, and could think of no possible source of relief. A few days more and their danger would be extreme, as it even now was very real. As

they ate their tantalizing little supper and drank each an extra cup of black coffee to keep up their nerve, they could scarcely keep from blubbering outright as the weight of homesickness and sense of danger pressed on them anew.

They felt especially discouraged because of the complete failure that day of their attempts to catch fish with bent pins for hooks. There were no fish near enough to the shore, or they might have had better luck.

That night their sleep was very broken. Joe lay awake for hours, thinking desperately. At daybreak he suddenly yelled out: "Wake up, Will, wake up. I've got it. I believe I've got it, sure."

"Got what?" cried Will. "Got some grub?"

"No, got an idea. To-morrow is the Fourth; we'll call for help."

"What do you mean, Joe? Are you out of your head?" asked Will in alarm.

Joe assured him he was not out of his head, and soon explained his scheme. It meant a lot of hard work, and it might fail; but it must be tried.

They took their guns at once to hunt in the early morning.

Their plans raised their spirits and gave them new strength, and by great caution and perseverance they succeeded in shooting another mud-hen and several small song-birds. They ate all of these as soon as cooked, and felt as if they had eaten almost a full meal, though several times the amount would quickly have disappeared had it been at hand. Then they fell to work.

They were exhausted at nightfall but worked desperately all through the next day, the Fourth, and used the last of their food, only a few mouthfuls, to sustain their energy.

As the day passed their steps lagged more and more and they frequently sat down to rest. But the work must be finished before dark, and at sunset they declared it done. There was not a bite to eat, but they drank some cold coffee they had brought from camp and threw themselves down on the hillside to rest. They were tired, oh, so tired; every bone and muscle ached; they could scarcely raise their heads; their plan might not work after all. Nevertheless, they must keep awake, though it cost them a very painful effort to do so, or they would be unable to carry out their plan. They gazed constantly in the direction of home, watching, watching during what seemed an interminable time. An hour after dark Joe rose up shouting: "There she goes; there 's the boys. See that light?" and miles across the water there flared ever larger and brighter the great annual Fourth of July bonfire

in which all the boys and young men of the town took such delight.

THE bonfire was roaring gloriously on the hilltop behind the town. At least fifty young patriots surrounded it and added to the glory of the fire

other, and yet others. The watchers were all agog. Why so many bonfires? Joe was lavish in his celebration.

But the fires grew and spread and seemed to run together in long thin lines.

"Why, there 's a letter E," shouted a voice.



THE MESSAGE OF FIRE.

by a constant discharge of fire-crackers and rockets.

"Henry, where 's Joe?" called a lusty voice. "Yes, where 's Joe? Where 's Joe?" repeated a dozen voices.

"Give it up," said Henry. "He said he 'd sail back and spend the day with us, sure. He went camping on Oak Island, you know, with that school-chum of his."

Everybody knew this and all eyes turned instinctively toward that far-off bit of land.

"Heigh-ho; what 's that? See there; Joe 's answering," cried a noisy chorus.

And sure enough, 'way out across the water an answering flame was seen, then another, an-

"And there 's another letter, and another and another,—it spells H-E-L-P," yelled the excited crowd; and then for a moment in astonished silence they gazed across the water at that tragic bonfire, that message written in flaming letters, each many feet in length, which the starving campers had worked so hard to prepare.

"Joe 's in trouble," called a leader. "Come on fellows, let 's give him a signal." A town caretaker was standing near, holding the great flag he had removed from the hilltop flag-staff. Taking the flag, two of the tallest fellows held it up so as to hide the fire from the view of the boys on the island. It was then dropped and the signal repeated several times. A rush for the town had

already begun; Mr. Murray was notified, a small steam-launch was pressed into service, and Joe's anxious father and a number of friends were soon speeding toward the island, wondering what the trouble might be.

It was midnight when the launch returned.

Anxious friends had long been waiting at the landing, and had provided a carriage and even a stretcher, thinking that one of the boys might be seriously injured. They felt greatly relieved when they heard "All safe; nobody's hurt; we've got them both," called cheerfully across the water by Mr. Murray.

"Hold on, hold on," Joe exclaimed, two minutes after landing. "I can't answer so many questions at once. The storm on that first night carried off our boat with nearly all our provisions and other truck left on board. But tell me first, boys, could you read my printing easily at that distance?"

"Yes, it was plain, Joe. That was a great idea of yours; but how in the world did you do it? Where did you get the stuff for all those fires?"

"I knew that steep, rocky hillside on the island could be seen from our hilltop, here at home," replied Joe, "and that you fellows would be up there after dark at the bonfire, and could probably read our signal if we could only make it large enough. To do it was the biggest day's work

we ever did. I don't think we'd have succeeded if we had not found a quantity of hay that Dan McLeod cut on the marsh there for his little logging camp on the island last winter. Luckily for us he did n't use it all. We had to carry it in our blankets quite a distance to the hillside, where we spread it in long windrows to form the letters. The hillside was bare rock, so there was nothing else there to burn and so destroy the shape of the letters when you saw them. Then we cut hemlock boughs, and all the small dead wood within easy reach, and gathered in our blankets all the dry rubbish we could find in the woods and piled it all over the hay to make the letters last longer.

"When we saw your fire we did some hustling to light the big letters in fifty or more places so as to get it all burning at once. Then we saw you hide your fire a half dozen times; but we did n't feel sure our scheme had succeeded till we saw the lights of the launch approaching. We were happy just then, I tell you.

"But now, good-night, boys. We have n't had a square meal for six days, unless you count a small box of crackers we found on the launch. We are awfully stiff and sore besides, and must get home. Yes, thank you, we'll use the carriage; it was mighty good in you to think of it. I'm thankful we don't need the stretcher. Good-night, fellows, good-night."

AN APPLE LESSON

BY CAROLYN WELLS



WHEN teacher called the Apple class, they gathered round to see
What question deep in apple lore their task that day might be.

"Now, tell me," said the teacher to little Polly Brown,
"Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing down?"

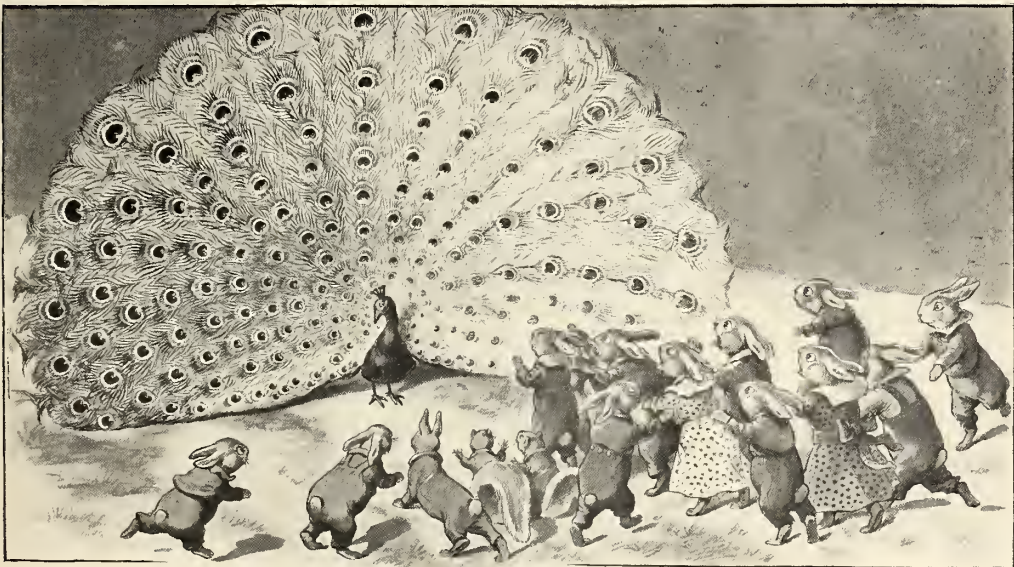
Poor Polly did n't know, for she had never thought to look
(And that 's the kind of question you can't find in a book.)

And of the whole big Apple class not one small pupil knew
If apple seeds point up or down! But then, my dear, do you?

VANITY



PEACOCK: "WELL, BOYS AND GIRLS, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"



PEACOCK: "PERHAPS THIS STYLE WILL PLEASE YOU BETTER!"



PEACOCK: "NOW I 'LL SING FOR YOU."

FRITZI

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan"

CHAPTER XI

FRITZI'S HERITAGE

THE first thing Fritzi saw when she opened her eyes next morning was the pile of little red leather diaries, and the bundle of letters, upon the chair beside her. She knew at once what they were, but she lay quite still for a long time, not putting out even a finger to touch them. These were the links that bound her to another existence—to another self. She could never be—and the thought was anguish to her—like all these happy girls and boys she knew in this pleasant life; they had always stayed cozy and warm in their own home nest, with the dear familiar love of their own kin; they had no mysterious past from which might spring hobgoblins or blessings.

Poor Fritzi winced as she thought of those tawdry years, the bleached hair, the boy's suit, and the commonness; for to Fritzi came naturally the love of a refined, well-bred life. With Mrs. Sims it had not been quite so bad; but there, too, had been the gaudiness, the coarseness, the disorder so distasteful to the child, and as she thought of it all, unconsciously she smoothed the little white pillow as she had that first night—its very cleanliness seemed to her a symbol of home.

In all this there was great reason for Fritzi to be unhappy, but this new worry—Aunt Nancy's luckless confidence that perhaps, just perhaps, she was a princess—was very absurd, though it seemed quite natural. To be a princess was the very last thing Fritzi desired, but, with her queer little way of keeping things to herself, she folded her anxiety up in her heart. No one, not even Aunt Nancy, must know how she would hate, hate, *hate* to be a princess. The beautiful ideal father and mother Fritzi had tried to live up to had nothing of royalty about them. Her mother was a lady, her father a gentleman, that was what Mrs. Sims had taught her, and a gentleman was always truthful, gentle, kind, and clean; and alas, alas, Prince Zanzabar, the only "prince" Fritzi had ever known, was none of these.

Getting into her little pink dressing-gown, Fritzi carried her heritage over to the window-seat, and there, among the cushions, with her feet tucked under her, she began her investigation. She first tried the letters, but finding her German too meager, and the dictionary method

maddening, she soon laid them aside, vowing that German should be her study from this time on.

She opened the first little red diary—pressing a kiss on the shining cover for the sake of those dear hands that had once held it—and then she began poring over the delicate handwriting.

"Oh, she was just lovely!" whispered Fritzi to herself, her breath coming quick, her eyes shining as she skimmed over the pages. Loving eyes were reading that other girl's soul, mother and child were meeting across the years.

"Oh, mother, you were such a sweet girl!" breathed Fritzi, as she read of her mother's loneliness without *her* mother; of her great love for her father, and her joy in her music; of her going abroad; of her dreams and struggles. "Oh, I'm so glad I can play," whispered Fritzi, as if the mother's spirit lingered near. "You loved your fiddle, just as I love mine. Oh, I will try so hard to be good, and to study, and grow up to be just as near like you as I can. I just know you could never have loved a prince."

But there on the very next page the words, "my prince has come," stared up at Fritzi. Poor little girl, excited and enraptured as she was by her first real glimpse of her mother, she could hardly bear to go on.

Hurriedly she turned the pages, her excited brain, her intense imagination, vivifying every line until it seemed as if the very scenes were being enacted before her. The marriage, the happy year, the new baby, the christening, then these words fairly started out from the page, "we have named her Elizabeth Frederika Ottilie Pauline, . . . but we care nothing for stately names, she is Princess Fritzi to us." It was true then, it was true! and closing the book Fritzi buried her face in the cushion and gave way to her grief. But as she wept an idea came to her.

"Jo! Jo!" she cried, shaking her, "Jo, do wake up! I want to ask you something!"

"Goodness gracious," yawned Jo. "You scared me weak. Well, ask away."

"Why—why," and in spite of herself Fritzi's cheeks burned hotly. "Don't people . . . does n't a man ever have Prince for a first name? Not as a title, you know?"

"Fritzi von Saal, did you wake me up out of my sleep to ask me such a perfectly stupid ques-

tion as that?" exclaimed Jo. "Why, you must be daffy! And you have been crying, too!"

"Tell me, please, Jo."

"Why, of course not," replied Joe. "They name dogs and horses that, but not a man. If he is a prince he is a prince, and that is the end of it."

"and it is just as Judy said. Fritzi has taken my place in the orchestra, she has stolen my best friend, and everybody, except mother, loves her best, and now the girls will just crawl at her feet. I just hate her, so I do, I hate her, and she is a princess and I am just Jo Hunter!"

As she locked away those little red books in Fritzi's desk, the heaviest burden Jo had ever known fell upon her. In her jealousy and curiosity she had not stopped to think what she was doing; but something—perhaps the gentle goodness that had breathed from the pages she had just read—was calling to Jo, and throwing herself upon the bed she groaned:

"A nice thing *you* are, Jo Hunter! A sneak, a mean sneak, who listens at doors, and reads other people's diaries. Oh, I just hate you!"

CHAPTER XII

EN ROUTE SOUTH

ALL the "Sharps and Flats" were gathered in the Hunter barn intent upon a most serious business; all, that is, but their dignified pianist and their director—though jolly Rob, as she heard the fun, found it harder and harder to cling to her young ladyhood. She was entertaining two callers in the parlor, two very stylish and dressed-up damsels, and the small-talk waxed smaller and smaller as the sound of



"SHE OPENED THE FIRST LITTLE RED DIARY AND BEGAN PORING OVER THE DELICATE HANDWRITING."

"Oh, dear," moaned Fritzi; but forcing back her tears, she went to gather up the diaries and letters and lay them in the window-seat. Jo watched her curiously as she finished dressing, looking very sad and forlorn.

That afternoon when Aunt Nancy had gone with Fritzi and Peace to the beach, Jo, having stayed in because of a headache, slipped away to her own room and locked the door. And there in the window-seat she, too, read Fritzi's story.

"And I called her Miss Nobody," thought Jo;

the cheers, the laughter and the jolly plunketing of the banjo wafted through the open window, until Rob, flushed with daring, burst out:

"Oh, girls, the Sharps and Flats are getting up a circus, and—and—they are doing a special stunt, the queerest, craziest dance, but oh, so pretty! Little Fritzi got it up; she is a genius at inventing things. It's lots of fun. Would n't you like to go and see?"

"Why, Rob Hunter, you horrid girl, to let us sit here and suffer," protested Blanche Kean, springing up; "just wait until I get off this

wretched hat and veil. There, thank goodness, I can see again. I just hate growing up. Don't you?"

Fifteen minutes later, with fleecy skirts tucked up out of harm's way, they, too, were spinning about to the "Carnival of Music"; and as Fritzi and Jo swung corners together and sang and clapped and cheered, who, pray, would have dreamed that they were ever sad?

Mrs. Hunter and Aunt Nancy, remembering their own girlhood—though perplexed at times by the erratic spirits of this houseful of girls—well understood how much wiser is affectionate sympathy than preaching or reproof. So when Jo and Fritzi after an attack of doleful dumps had suddenly gone heart and soul into the circus business, they had given a hearty consent, since it would keep them all happy and out of mischief and from suspecting what might take the little mother away from them.

"The Superstitions of the Races," Mrs. Hunter's book, had proved a failure. The year and a half of faithful toil spent upon it had been wasted. Mr. Masters, who had been Mr. Hunter's business partner, had brought the manuscript back to Staten Island himself; and in his long kindly talk with Mrs. Hunter he had explained as gently to the heart-broken little lady as he could, the necessity of such a book being written by some one well known as an authority upon the subject.

"You think, then, I would better not offer it to any other publisher?" Mrs. Hunter inquired, half-dazed by her pain.

"Dear Mrs. Hunter, I believe, in fact, I know, to offer it again will only mean another disappointment. I have wondered—" he stumbled on, "I have wondered if Willis would be fitted for the position of State Librarian. I see your native state is about to appoint a new one. She was born there, was she not? I believe that is one of the qualifications."

"All my children were born in the north, and— and anyhow Willis—oh, Mr. Masters," cried the poor mother, "I cannot see her go out into the world to earn her own living. I would go—so gladly. In fact I must do something at once. Please tell me more of this position."

Mr. Masters gave her what information he could. Letters to the governor, state senators, and representatives must be written by herself and her friends. There must be a visit to the state capital, and interviews secured with the legislators, but as he explained his heart ached for her.

"Oh, mother, let me try to do something," begged Willis, who with Rob had been admitted to their mother's confidence. "I'm almost twenty. Do let me help!"

"Yes, sweetheart, you shall. You shall write

the letters and go south with me," replied Mrs. Hunter, so cheerfully that they were all deceived into thinking her quite happy, while at that moment the dreadful mortgage arose like a ghost before her frightened eyes. "If I fail—but I am sure I shall not—we will try to do something together—boarders, or a girls' school."

"Thank goodness, we always have the Eyrie to fall back upon!" said Willis, gratefully. "We have a home anyhow," and the little mother's heart was wrung afresh.

The letters were written, the answers received, and, thanks to the name of Hunter and Fairfield, that stood for so much that was historic and noble in Mrs. Hunter's native state, the replies were most courteous. There was one that especially pleased Willis from a member of the legislature named Gilbert.

"It is such a charming letter, mother. He must be a perfect dear. I know just how Mr. Gilbert looks," she declared, as she and her mother some weeks later were speeding away toward the south. Willis in her stylish dark traveling suit and hat, and her pretty face caused her fellow travelers' eyes to brighten. "I know just how Mr. Gilbert looks, mother. A lovely, stately old gentleman with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, a merry laugh, and a snowy white beard."

"You're describing Santa Claus, Willis," laughed her mother. "I believe to this day he is your ideal of manly beauty. Honey, you are such a baby!"

"Now, mother," rebuked Willis, with such dimplings and twinklings at her mother, that the little old dumpling of a woman in the bead-trimmed dolman, and the inverted pudding-dish of a bonnet, just across the aisle, who possessed no daughter, sighed regretfully, "Did n't I say *stately*. Roly-poly old Santa and dignity have n't even a speaking acquaintance. My imaginary man clears his throat *so*, glares through his eye-glasses *so*, and holds his chin just *so*."

"Such a dear, comforting girl," thought their neighbor as she watched Willis's daughterly care: a shade adjusted, a pillow patted to comfort, a shawl tucked cozily, and she soon found the "dear girl" across the aisle was as charming a neighbor as she was a daughter.

"Please allow me," and the little old dumpling of a lady found *her* pillow comfortable, *her* shade adjusted, and *her* boxes and bags stowed away more conveniently, and when she followed mother and daughter into the dining-car, a whispered word from Will to her mother, a bright bow, an inviting smile, and the little old lady found herself seated at the table with them, introduced and received into the gentle, courteous atmosphere

which was a part of Mrs. Hunter's life. Soon the table was in a gale of laughter, for Miss Franklin proved to be the merriest of spinsters with a fund of the most delightful stories.

"You 're a dear, unselfish, helpful child, Miss Willis, and have made what would have been a tiresome lonely trip for an old woman a regular pleasure excursion. Bless you, child, I just wish my nephew knew you." exclaimed the dumpy old lady as they said good night.

CHAPTER XIII

WILL'S LETTERS

"MY DEAREST ROB: Of course you have received my letter to the whole family, telling of our delightful trip down here, of dear Miss Franklin, and the fact of our safe arrival; but this is just to you, Bobbety. You have always been my chum, and I am just expiring to tell somebody.

"Well, we reached here about noon, and Miss Franklin was met by her wonderful nephew, of whom she had never ceased to talk from the first moment of our acquaintance. She tried to properly introduce us, but mother was in such a flurry about our trunks, and I was so anxious to save her from all exertion—with half a dozen cabmen screaming at us, that all either mother or I heard was 'my nephew.' Looking up and up and *up*—for he is the biggest, most awkward man—we saw a homely face and a pair of nice honest brown eyes; then as my fingers were swallowed up in a perfectly enormous hand I had to fly after mother who was dismally trotting after a 'sassy' cabman, who had simply seized her bags and started off with them, leaving her nothing to do but to follow. The next moment we were shoved into a musty, fusty old cab, and away we jolted down a cobbly street, all thought of Miss Franklin and her remarkable nephew having vanished from our minds. Miss Franklin is a perfect dear, even if she does gush about 'Georgie.' Imagine calling that great hulking creature such a name!

"Mother did look so beautiful and distinguished the next day at the State House; but her lovely, sad face under her widow's bonnet almost broke my heart. The idea of *her* going out to fight the battle for us young, strong things!

"Oh, I can't write it—but you know mother's will, Rob, for all she is so gentle and sweet. I wish you could have seen the lovely dignity with which she swept up the corridor to the committee-room where we had been told to go. She looked like a little queen in her trailing black. Oh, Rob, our mother is so lovely, and, best of all, so brave and good.

"One member after another came as her card

was sent to them. There were all sorts: big, little, fat, lean, aristocratic, commonplace, but all were courteous and kind to her; and Rob, as I stood there behind her I knew I 'd have slain them if they had n't been. It was so pathetic, she was just as always, so sweetly gracious, and yet so frightened, I saw her hands tremble, and her breath came so quickly she could hardly speak—and all for us, Rob, all for us.

"But, Rob, I have to be just. If I were a legislature and wanted to appoint a state librarian, I 'd never appoint mother—she is too—too much lavender and old lace, when what is needed is unbleached muslin that will stand the wear—somebody very different from our precious little mother. I think the committee felt so, too.

"You know mother and I were so pleased with the letter from Representative Gilbert, it was so frank and manly and kind, and so she had decided to send for him last that we might tell him how much we appreciated his goodness. She was utterly tired out by the time she had sent her card to him, and I just forced her to sit down, and was trying to revive her, when in walked—who do you suppose? Why, no other than Miss Franklin's nephew! Representative George Gilbert was 'Georgie,' if you please!

"He came forward, so huge and awkward, but so gentle and good that mother just gave one look at his homely kind face, then both little quivering hands went out to him, as if she gave all her pain and fright and weakness into his kindly keeping; and, honor bright, Rob, in ten minutes I was jealous! Why, that big creature stepped right in and took my own mother entirely out of my hands. He sent for wine and made her drink it, he called a carriage and took her home—he utterly ignored me. I just tagged along behind—but oh, I was so thankful for his kindness!

"Mother is resting now, and I must dress for dinner. Good-by for the time, Robbie dear. Don't tell anybody, but I 'm praying mother won't get the appointment. She is no more fitted for state librarian than—than a fairy queen is fitted to wash dishes. Love to everybody.

"Your sister,

"WILL."

"MY DEAR OLD BOBBETY: It is Sunday night, mother has gone to bed. On the table lies one of her beautiful letters all ready to go flying off to the Eyrie in the morning, carrying to the family the news; so, honey, I can sit down and gossip with you.

"I 've been having a 'dandy' time this week, because, in spite of herself, mother's friends found she was here, and have been doing every-

thing they could to make our stay pleasant; and then there has been dear Miss Franklin and 'Georgie.' That name, when one sees the great fellow, strikes one as perfectly ridiculous. The only person I ever met in fiction or out that reminded me of him is John Ridd, in 'Lorna Doone.' Oh, you must remember that is just one side of his character—the big foolish gentleness I mean; they say he is one of the most promising young lawyers in the state, and he is the youngest member of the legislature. Now don't be raising your eyebrows, Bobbety, he never looks at your humble servant. It's just little mother; those two are the greatest friends. I should feel quite left out in the cold if it was n't for Miss Franklin. We both dined with them last night—and this morning—Bobbety, if you tell Jo I'll never speak to you, just as sure as sure—but this morning after I came home from church—mother was too worn out to go, and I slipped out alone and went to a quiet little meeting-house just around the corner—well—now *mind*, if you tell Jo, and be sure you burn this letter!—Now I'll begin again. After I came home I ran up to see how mother was. She had dropped asleep in her chair, and, Rob, she looked so small, so frail, so ethereal as she sat there with her eyes closed, my heart stood still. She is worrying herself to death. Sometimes I think she has something upon her mind that we do not know about. But what can it be, do you think?

"I knew how much she needed rest, so I slipped away down-stairs. First I tried to read a musty old book in that musty shabby old parlor, but I could n't, I was too homesick: so I sat dismally picking out a tune on the wretched old tin-pan of a piano, when there was a sudden peal of the bell. I don't know what possessed me, but I felt certain it was for us, so, without thinking, I ran into the hall and opened the door myself. On the step, looking bigger than ever, stood Representative

Gilbert, and in his hand he held one great beauty of a white rose. It was such a darling, such a goddess of a rose, that before I thought even to greet him I stretched out my hand and cried: 'Oh, how lovely! Is it for mother?'

"'No,' said Mr. Gilbert, 'it's for you, if you please,' and he put the rose into my hand.



"'IT'S FOR YOU,' HE SAID, AND HE PUT THE ROSE IN MY HAND."

"Just then mother came down. He had come, it seems, to tell her he had arranged for her meeting with the governor; and glib enough he was with her, never vouchsafing me another word until just before he left, when suddenly he asked me if I liked horses. Do I! 'Did I ride?' Did I? 'Well, would I ride with him to-morrow?'

"'Oh, Rob, I'm going, I'm going! Mother said I might; and to-morrow I'll be skimming along once more upon a horse. Don't you envy me?'

"If you tell Jo!—Good-by. We start for home Wednesday. We can do no more after we see the governor, and we may not know the result for weeks. Oh, I ought not to be happy when mother is so miserable—but oh—to gallop away once more!

"But, good night, Bobbety, and love to everybody. I'm coming home.

"Your happy sister,

"WILL."

"P. s. Mother told Mr. Gilbert all about Fritzi, and he is wonderfully interested, and thinks he may be able to help us find her father. Would n't that be scrumptious?"

CHAPTER XIV

WANTED: A FATHER

THE Hunters fell upon their returned travelers with such transports of joy, it seemed a miracle their victims came out of it alive.

"Stand off! Stand off!" shrieked Will, tearing herself from Rob's strangling embrace, and rushing to the rescue of her mother. "Bert, and Jo, you will smother mother! Peace, for mercy's sake, you will tear her to pieces!"

"Just let us alone, Will," cried Jo. "You've had her every blessed day, and we have been starving for her. Oh, mother, it's so darling to see you again."

"Let them be, Will, it does me good," laughed Mrs. Hunter, her eyes shining with happiness.

"What is it, Fritzi?" inquired Aunt Nancy, catching a glimpse of the longing in Fritzi's face. "Oh yes," and she smiled, but sighed, too, as she followed Fritzi's glance. "Is n't it sweet to see them together? But you are my little girl just now, you know, until we find the father. Don't you want to run out to the garden and bring me some pink roses for the table? Dinner will be served in a few minutes. Our travelers must be starving."

It was several days after this that Fritzi found Rob out in the summer-house alone, with nose pinkish and eyes suspiciously damp, and a very guilty blush upon her cheek. Fritzi was too polite to question into matters, and, besides, she had felt rather downhearted herself that day.

The truth was, Rob was very miserable. Not to a soul had she breathed it, but Will's letters home from the south had greatly troubled her. And now that her sister, her "almost-twin," had returned and was "safe out of the jaws of that wolf," as Rob tragically told herself, Will insisted upon talking of nothing else. "Mr. Gilbert rides divinely." "The representative simply

dotes on beefsteak and mushrooms." "Representative Gilbert considers Browning most obscure and Hall Caine hysterical."

"Most any idiot knows that," snapped Rob, in reply to this last bit of information. "I reckon your representative thinks *he's* a little tin god on wheels!"

"Why, Rob Hunter," exclaimed horrified Will, "I did n't know you could be so slangy and dreadful. Mr. Gilbert's English is simply perfect. I should hate to have him know I had a sister who—"

"You have n't," snapped poor Rob, too wretched to wait for the completion of Will's sentence. "I'm no relation to you, not a drop. You go away and come back to me—your sister, who simply adores you—and just perfectly gush over a—a—horrid elephant of a man. I'd be ashamed, Will Hunter, to say such dreadful things. You care more for her than you do for me," and Rob buried her head in her pillow.

"Oh, Rob, dear! How can you? Why, honey, he's nothing—simply nothing to me!" exclaimed Will, wrapping her arms around her sister, her cheeks hot with blushes. "Why, he was only kind to mother. Please, dear, don't cry so, and I'll never look at him, nor think of him again! Please, Rob."

And so they had kissed and made up; but on this dismal afternoon, Willis had been describing to Aunt Nancy and Rob some of the delights of her trip, when she had let slip, in her gleeful memories, the name of "Georgie," and in an instant Rob was in a towering rage.

"Willis Hunter," she declared, springing up and sending her thimble and spool flying. "If you have any sense of shame left, never let me hear you speak that name again! Any man who could allow himself to be spoken of by such a silly, abominable name as that must be a perfect fool," and she rushed away, banging the door after her.

"Never mind, dearie," comforted Aunt Nancy, "Rob is jealous, poor child. She does n't like to feel you are growing up and away from her. Just be patient with her, my dear."

"It is n't that, Aunt Nancy," replied Willis, very stiff and dignified; "but she must not speak in that way of Mr. Gilbert," and taking up her work-basket Willis sailed out of the room.

"Hoity-toity," said Aunt Nancy, sitting up very straight, and looking with an anxious face after her departing niece. "So that's the way the wind blows, and I never even suspected it! Sally did n't bring her home any too soon, it seems. Well, thank goodness, we are far enough away from that man and she will soon forget him."

But poor Rob, with a girl's quick despair, saw

no hope. "Will was as good as gone," she moaned out in the old summer-house, "I'll never, never forgive my—brother-in-law." That awful word, once thought, brought a fresh burst of tears, but it brought also a fresh train of thought, that ended with a vision of a wedding, bride and groom, bridesmaids, flower girls, *maid of honor!* Rob, at that, in spite of herself and her sorrow, saw, in her vivid girl's imagination, Willis in trailing white and misty veil, floating majestically up the aisle, and just behind her, in pale green—no, blue,—well, perhaps—a short veil—no, a picture hat with plumes—well, anyway, *the maid of honor*, Roberta Hunter, and, again, in spite of herself, the tears dried, and she watched that stately procession with intent interest. There was only one drawback: the groom, so ugly, so awkward, even Will admitted that—why, she seemed to glory in it. If one only could have a wedding without a groom!

But at that minute Fritzi appeared at the summer-house door.

"Come in, Fritzi," she cried, glad to push her unwelcome day-dream into the background. "You look as if you had lost your last friend. 'What's the matter? Is n't the circus coming on all right?'"

"One can't think of a circus all the time," sighed Fritzi, sitting down on the low bench, with her elbows on her knees and dropping her chin into her palms. "Just suppose you did n't know who you really were, nor where you came from" (for since the coming of Fritzi's heritage Will and Rob had been told of Fritzi's past), "would n't *you* get blue? Of course everybody is just lovely to me here, but, oh, Rob, when I saw you all together the day your mother came home, it just made me ache for a really, truly somebody to belong to me."

"Poor, darling, old Fritzi," comforted Rob. "It's awfully hard, but you will find your father. Aunt Nancy has written to a lot of people."

"But that's just it, Rob," moaned Fritzi. "Mothers are just perfectly lovely, but you see I don't know if I really care about a father. Papa Sims—well, sometimes he was nice, and sometimes he was n't. I wish I had known your

father, then I'd know if I wanted one. Do *you* think, Rob, fathers are as nice as mothers?"

"Are fathers as nice as mothers?" repeated Rob thoughtfully, seeing with all her sympathetic heart how much Fritzi needed comfort, and longing to say just the right thing. "Why, you see, dear, they are so different. Your mother is your mother; just the tenderest, loveliest thing you have on earth. But, oh, your father, he is different, but it is just as beautiful. I wish I could make you understand, Fritzi. You feel so safe when his arms are around you—I—I think it's something like you feel when you think of the love of God. I remember when I was little and Daddy used to lift me up high, high in his arms, how strong and wonderful he seemed; and when he taught me a little song and would put me on his knee, and hold me so gently, and we'd sing together 'Little Joanne'— Oh, Fritzi, I want Daddy, I want Daddy!" and Rob's head went down.

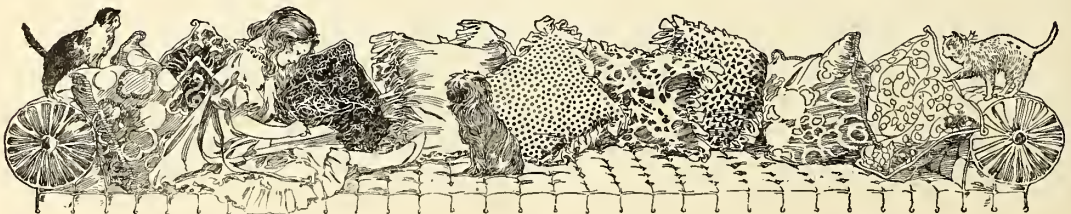
"And so do I, dear Rob," cried Fritzi, "Oh, I want *my* father, too. I want him most of all the world! I don't care even if he is a prince, I want *my* father!"

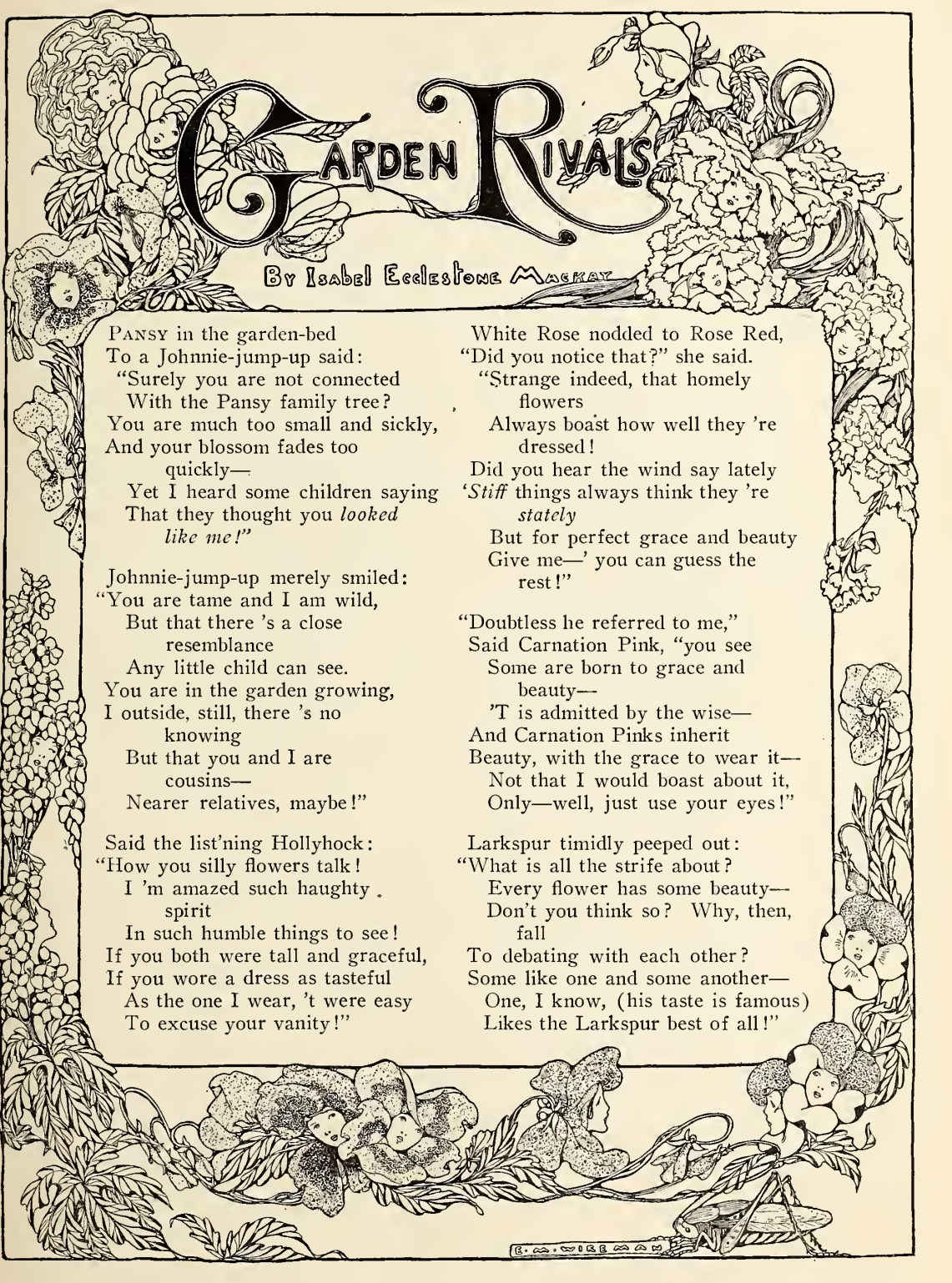
It was that very afternoon, the letter came from the American consul, the letter upon which Aunt Nancy had built her highest hopes. Briefly and coldly it stated that unless positive proof was had that the child in question was connected by blood with the great people mentioned in the letter received, the consul must absolutely refuse to have them troubled in any way. Impostors were constantly trying to force themselves upon the attention of the rich and great, who must be in some way protected.

"It is positively inhuman," said Aunt Nancy. "I suppose it is better a poor child should be lost forever, than that the great should be disturbed a moment in their high places. Now all the letters I sent out have been answered and we have not gained an inch. I really don't know what to do next. We won't say a word to Fritzi of this letter, poor dear."

And Fritzi went to sleep that night with a great love and a great desire hugged to her heart. Fritzi wanted her father.

(To be continued.)





GARDEN RIVALS

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

PANSY in the garden-bed
To a Johnnie-jump-up said:
"Surely you are not connected
With the Pansy family tree?
You are much too small and sickly,
And your blossom fades too
quickly—
Yet I heard some children saying
That they thought you *looked*
like me!"

Johnnie-jump-up merely smiled:
"You are tame and I am wild,
But that there 's a close
resemblance
Any little child can see.
You are in the garden growing,
I outside, still, there 's no
knowing
But that you and I are
cousins—
Nearer relatives, maybe!"

Said the list'ning Hollyhock:
"How you silly flowers talk!
I 'm amazed such haughty
spirit
In such humble things to see!
If you both were tall and graceful,
If you wore a dress as tasteful
As the one I wear, 't were easy
To excuse your vanity!"

White Rose nodded to Rose Red,
"Did you notice that?" she said.

"Strange indeed, that homely
flowers
Always boast how well they 're
dressed!

Did you hear the wind say lately
'*Stiff* things always think they 're
stately

But for perfect grace and beauty
Give me—' you can guess the
rest!"

"Doubtless he referred to me,"
Said Carnation Pink, "you see
Some are born to grace and
beauty—

'T is admitted by the wise—
And Carnation Pinks inherit
Beauty, with the grace to wear it—
Not that I would boast about it,
Only—well, just use your eyes!"

Larkspur timidly peeped out:
"What is all the strife about?
Every flower has some beauty—
Don't you think so? Why, then,
fall

To debating with each other?
Some like one and some another—
One, I know, (his taste is famous)
Likes the Larkspur best of all!"

A LITTLE FIELD OF GLORY

BY MARY CATHERINE LEE

Author of "A Quaker Girl of Nantucket," "Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift," etc.

CHAPTER III

THE LITTLE CAVALIER

SHAMWELL, in tawdry satin and velvet, raised the curtain, and, stepping out, announced "The Caballero de los Caballeros—the Cavalier of Cavaliers—the smallest man in the world."

Then out peeped the unwillingest, the most appalled little visage in the world, and suddenly—apparently by a push from behind,—the Caballero ran upon the boards, and stood presenting a very unequal front to the great broadside of eyes.

Not upon his sword, but upon his fluttering little heart, his hand pressed, when he felt the enormous gaze come upon him. Everything is huge to so tiny a creature, and that surging sea of heads was an awful sight to him. He had a feeling of disgrace, too, knowing the reaching and straining to see him was because of his being so unnatural, so different from the right sort of man. There was a scorching heat upon his face, and a dizzy blur before his eyes. It did not occur to him to make a sweeping bow.

But the spectators, hardly expecting obeisance from a grandee of Spain, were quite sufficiently delighted. There was a great murmuring and moving. The Caballero, uncertain of what it all boded, recoiled, and then retired precipitately to the region behind the screen.

It was altogether different from Shamwell's proud plan, yet to the spectators he made it pass as a lively freak of the liveliest man in the world. Behind the curtain it was another matter. Since it had been discovered that the little man needed no coaxing to keep him, that he wished not to be returned home for the world, they had a new tone for him.

"Wilt play thy part, or shall I take thee home?" Shamwell demanded, wrathfully.

"Take me somewhere, but not there!" cried the panic-stricken Caballero. "Take me to the river!"

"Home thou goest this night, an thou fail me again. Wilt do, now, as I've been these weeks a-learning of thee?"

"I will."

"Go on, then!"

Again the Caballero appeared, this time with a hand on his bodkin of a sword, and made a mournful but conscientious little bow. Then,

folding his arms in the manner of modern boys when they imitate Buonaparte at St. Helena, he paced quite as sadly and hopelessly up and down the boards, amid wild applause.

But now he was to surprise the audience with a merry song. He had a piercing flute of a voice, and was to have sung something profuse in terminations of "ra" and "ro." But it chanced that not one syllable could he remember!

In his embarrassment and distress, it would seem that help should have come to him from some pitying power; and so it did. At the height of his despair, he heard, among the varied sounds outside, the twanging of a harp, and then a voice singing what he had learned to know so well from Hugh, the minstrel. It was like a breeze from home. It made him strong, and following the accompaniment of the harp, he did surprise his audience not only by the unsuspected power of his lungs, but by his not-to-be-expected words:

"Our King went forth to Normandy,
With grace and might and chivalry;
And God for him wrought marvelously;
Wherefore England may call and cry—
'Deo gratias,
Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria,' " etc.

A Spanish Caballero could have done nothing to draw English hearts to him like the cordial outpouring of their own song of victory,—in such a good English accent, too.

In the burst of applause which followed, a big, patriotic soldier sprang upon the low platform, and lifting the little fellow bore him aloft on his shoulder into the throng, where they celebrated him; men shouted gaily; women stood on tiptoe to try and kiss his shrinking hand; children screamed in eager sympathy, clamoring to be lifted up for kisses, too. Such incredible conduct would have been alarming to the smallest man in the world, but that he hoped the bold soldier was carrying him off, that he was about to escape from Shamwell and his monsters; and when his bearer turned to replace him, he spoke into the soldier's ear: "Take me away! Oh, *don't* bring me back again!"

"Hey, hey," said the soldier, bringing his huge, bearded chin round to the Caballero's knees, "there's none o' Spain here. Thou'rt afraid of thy master, eh?"

"Master! I've no master," cried the Caballero. "Take me away! Take me anywhere!"

"Nay, I could not, an I would, but if they 've done thee ill, sir, tell me that, and I 'll charge upon 'em."

"And take me prisoner!" begged the Caballero.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the soldier.

The Caballero was returned; it was inevitable. His next performance was to mount and ride the young tiger.

This was the thrilling episode of the show. Timid spectators shrank back to be near the door; but the venturesome showed their daring by jostling and pushing to get as near the tiger as possible.

Two motives braced the courage of the little rider in this feat: first, unless he could do it, he would be returned to hinder Dick again. Next to preventing that, his ardor was all for showing the staring multitude that, unprovided as he was with the dimensions of a man, he was not to be scorned for any lack of man's bravery.

The precious tiger—pride and glory of the show—was a well-fed cub, taken in helpless innocence within the bounds of Prester John's wonderful domain. By the law that one is to be treated as innocent until found guilty, the beast was presented as a tame and well-trained pet, and declared to be excessively fond of the Caballero.

To exhibit two such choice wonders together was a satisfaction to which Shamwell had given long preparation, before he felt that he could venture to enjoy it.

It was the tiger's first public appearance as a beast of burden. He was like a piece of stuffed velvet, garnished with a pair of glittering gems, as he came on with soft and slow advance, and crept by snaky motions hither and thither, casting suspicious glances round about him.

The arena was marked out and walled in by a barrier of strong netted cords, held up by assistants supposed to be Ethiopians. Their solemn black faces and barbaric adornments produced a delightful sense of mystery and insecurity in the spectators. The smallest man in the world had a very exposed and defenceless look in company with them and the tiger.

For weeks he had had the disastrous practice of catching and riding the animal when he could. Whether he could at that important moment was an exciting doubt.

He could hear the breathing of the spectators, and the beating of his own heart, but not a sound did the tiger make, as it spurned him with soft and serpentine glides, and then dared him from the opposite side of the field.

Again, again and again the rider gave pursuit. He even seized the tiger's fur and attempted to

mount, but each time he was left grasping only a handful of plucked hairs.

The spectators cheered him on, which excited the freakish brute, so that he turned, at length, with whining retort, and boxed his pursuer. The thwarted Caballero staggered, fell upon his sword, bent the good tin weapon, and painfully bruised his side. He rose, pale and furious at the shouts and laughter of the spectators, and, in the next encounter, with a burst of resolute daring quite thrilling to behold, he clutched the tiger's neck, hung on with might and main, struggling manfully, until he had thrown his leg over and sat triumphantly mounted.

At the great burst of applause which followed, the tiger bolted hither and thither with a mad bounce and hurry-skurry that would have been fatal to the Caballero if he had not grasped hard, and for life, at the loose scruff of its neck.

Shamwell, at this crisis, raised the curtain, and the conquering hero made his exit at full gallop, pursued by a tumult of shouts.

Shamwell was delighted. He waked up Goliath, and bade him get up and make ready to be slain.

Without ado, the giant rose, yawned, stretched and awfully shook himself, when he was ready, in a belted coat and breeches of blue fustian to meet his fate.

But the spectators clamored to see one more ride of the plucky Caballero, and Shamwell, bowing with smiles, graciously consented. It was easy to do that. The indignant tiger was hidden away somewhere among the appurtenances of the show, and had to be routed, while his rider, weak and weary with the former wrestle, was quite unequal to a match with the beast again. He had only accomplished his first feat by some marvelous chance, he objected to do the miracle again.

"Tush! Hold thy tongue, Tomtit!" said Shamwell. "I keep thee not to manage my show. If thou canst not do thy part, go back to thy nest!"

The power of this threat was well tested. The little gentleman could never have brought himself to the undertaking—stupendous to him—unless he had said to himself again and again—"For Dick! For Dick!" Every hour these words were upon his lips or in his thoughts.

However, the unwilling young prince of the jungle was forced to the arena again. He was indeed a tiger by this time. Growling and crouching, he resented and defied the teasing and triumph of that detested human thing not so big as himself.

There was a long pause, in which the strife was between eye and eye, while the silent spec-

tators looked on with breathless interest. The animal eye never wavered nor winked, but the soft human lids quailed, and under them gathered the shadow of fear.

Still, with a weak and wavering trot, the smallest man in the world approached the evil thing, saying over and over—"For Dick! For Dick!"

In almost every crowd there are brutal men,—the men who love violence and cruelty. While merciful men cried "Have care, little un!" "Ware o' the tiger!" and the soldier was about to spring to the rescue of the Caballero, some blood-thirsty demon sent out the fierce sound which maddens a cat.

In another instant, with a cry which pierced every heart that was human, the tender little hero lay under the claws of the tiger;—but through and through the tiger lay the cold steel of the soldier's sword.

Six awful words, and then the big defiant champion gathered the smallest man in the world tenderly into his arms, covered him with the large sleeve of his tabard, and so, without a recall, the Caballero de los Caballeros made his exit.

CHAPTER IV

UNDER THE ROYAL STANDARD

BUT what could one of the king's spearmen do with a small, wounded captive? A spearman's house was his armor, and all its provisions a spear, a sword and a shield. How in the king's kingdom, when he was about to move to the invaded Scotch border,—how was this warrior to dispose of a prisoner for whom there was no prison?

An elephant would have seemed a trifle to have in hand compared with the smallest man in the world.

Yet the tiny, trembling hand—so like the hand of a baby—which clung to his steel breastplate, took fast hold of the soldier's heart, too. He

would as soon have left the flag, which he loyally followed, on a lost field, as he would have left that bit of a suffering man to an uncertain fate.

He moved about, fixing anxious and studious regards upon the faces of the people he met.



"THEN THE BIG DEFIANT CHAMPION GATHERED THE SMALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD TENDERLY INTO HIS ARMS AND COVERED HIM WITH THE LARGE SLEEVE OF HIS TABARD."

He appealed to a man of consequence, denoted by a heavy gold chain about his neck, who looked as though he had power to do anything. This personage did not deign to listen. A priest, seeing his trouble, blessed him in Latin, and hurried on. He prayed for help to various sorts of people, and it was when he had reached the point of complete discouragement, that he got sight of the grave face of one who was not hurrying to

buy, or sell, or look at wonders; but who walked slowly, glancing about him thoughtfully. He had so kind a mien, that the man-at-arms went to him, or at him, with some assurance.

"May the favor of heaven move you, sir, to listen to me!" he said. "I crave your succor for a man hurt by a tiger."

"Where is the man?"

"I have him here," said the man-at-arms, pointing to his burden.

A look of keen interest was the gentleman's response as though he hoped now he had found what he had been looking for. He did not seem surprised. Yet a man tucked away under the sleeve of a tabard is not a very usual thing. He lifted the sleeve, and looked upon the little man who lay breathing faint sighs against the hard steel of the spearman's armor, and said simply, "Trust him to me." Then, tucking his gloves into his girdle, he took the light burden upon his arm, and nestled it under his own soft sleeve.

Though at Casterton, near the fair grounds, the inns were full to bursting, the friend whom Thomas had found seemed to use some magic, by which he caused "The Crown and Scepter" to expand for him. Its landlord beamed like the sun upon him, at the same time that he turned away the man of consequence who had not condescended to listen to the spearman's plea.

"It's but a poor corner I can offer you, sir, but you're heartily welcome to it, sir; thrice welcome. A leech, sir? Certainly, sir. Run for a leech, Jeems, and let the dust fly under thy shoon, boy. What news from his victorious Majesty, sir? Ah, but his Grace will be dull, missing you, sir, e'en while he is putting the Frenchmen to their heels."

Thomas had all the benefit of this extreme favor. His wounds were bathed and bound up with soothing ointment, and all his dreads and terrors put to far flight by comforting words. So he rested until his hurt had ceased to be painful. The physical hurt was, indeed, not deep, so promptly the man-at-arms had forestalled the tiger.

As soon as the next morning, the good Samaritan got to horse, and with his little "neighbor" wrapped in the short cape of his cloak, and placed upon a soft cushion up before him, started off for somewhere. He was never asked where.

The pleasant trot, trot, of the easy-going horse soothed the passenger like the swaying trot of a nurse, and he slept away the hours in which they rode beside yellow cornfields, green pastures and still waters, through woody lanes and sleepy towns. In one, they stopped for the night, at an

inn which had ivy on its walls, and a rosy maid courtesied at the door, and offered to take the gentleman's baby; but it was held close.

The good gentleman was known far and wide for his merciful acts. It was no strange matter that he should be taking a forlorn baby to some safe refuge. It was not so easy to account for the invisibility of the baby.

"I doubt it's awry, and too ugly to be seen," said the landlady of the inn. "Them be the kind he do take to, God bless him!"

It was fine that autumn morning when Thomas and his friend set out again.

"Have patience," said the friend; "thou shalt soon be safe home."

"Home! Ah, good sir, kind sir, is there naught else can be done with me,—no manner of putting me quite away, so that there need be no trouble of me more?" cried the guest.

"Why then, Master Apdike, I perceive thou hast little content in thy home."

"How know you the direction of my home, and how know you I am Master Apdike, sir?"

"The master of the house of Apdike should be known, my faith, since the whole realm has been hunted for him."

"For me?"

"For thee; since ever bold Master Dick besieged the sheriff of Walbrook ward, aye, and the king himself, for help to find his brother."

"Dick!—to find me!"

"Even so. And where hast been hid the while?"

"I know not where,—save with the other chattels of Shamwell, the showman."

"And how hast thou escaped the officers of the king?"

"One did come, a drunken fellow, and swore that I had been stolen from the house of Apdike, but I answered for myself that, truly, I had not."

"Sure that was no true answer."

"A truer could not be. I was not stolen."

"How then—"

"I gave myself."

"The saints! And wherefore?"

"There was no way else to—leave Dick free."

"Pity of heaven! Did Dick—"

"Nay, nay; oh, never! I knew it. I needed none to tell me." For a moment the friend of Thomas looked at him with surprise and unbelief. Was littleness capable of such greatness? And was it really as great for an atom of a man to sacrifice himself, as for one of bulk?

For answer, the larger man stretched out his hand to the smaller one. The tiny paw was grasped almost up to the elbow.

"Thou art a hero!" said the grown-up man.



"A ROSY MAID COURTESIED AT THE DOOR, AND OFFERED TO TAKE THE GENTLEMAN'S BABY."

Thomas flushed crimson. "Oh, sir, I have always known *that* could never be," he said. "Do you know Dick?"

"Aye, as if he were my son."

"Where is he now, then?" There was a quaver of eagerness and suspense in the childish voice.

"In France, serving the king."

Thomas glowed then with delighted satisfaction. He felt like a successful man. All his terrors and horrors had been a good investment.

"I may stay a bit with Simon, then," he said joyfully.

But his friend answered "Nay," by a slow shake of his head.

"Wherefore not?" asked Thomas.

"Simon is gone far."

"Gone? Whither?"

"Well, to Heaven, methinks."

Thomas sat dumb and confounded. Simon was dead! That thought could not be compassed. Simon had belonged to three generations of Apdikes, during fifty years. His place was unquestionably fixed—it seemed fixed forever—in the house of Apdike. It was impossible to think of him elsewhere. To think of him as dead was like a dream.

"How did he go? Why did he go?" Thomas murmured, still as in a dream.

"He had counted the number of his days," the friend replied. (Thus Thomas was spared the grief of knowing that Simon had soon died of chagrin when he knew that the master of the house had been pirated away, while he nodded in the kitchen only dreaming of pirates.)

So lost and confused, so forlorn and forsaken did poor Thomas look, that he seemed wholly unadjusted to new sorrow, and the good Samaritan hastened to say: "Wherefore, Master Thomas, the house to which we will soon come is one which I hope will not be in disdain with you, for being a lonely man, it will give me good cheer to have you bide with me."

"Me, sir? Ah, then, I can but burden whoever I bide with. You have no call to take the weight of me, sir."

But for the present, at any rate, Thomas was assured that he might rest in peace; and never, never, except when he had sat upon Dick's arm, had he been so content.

He sat up and peeped out of his wrappings. They rode down upon a great barge, and were ferried across the Thames. They were not going to London, then, for in the misty distance was London, upon the other side of the river.

By and by Thomas could see the Tower, like a grim clasp in the chain of the old wall; could see the masts of the shipping, and the sheds and

warehouses on the quays. The copper-gilt bowl of St. Paul's spire, surmounted by an eagle-cock of copper gilt, shone against the sky like a morning star. Thomas fixed his eyes wistfully where the old home would be, and a few tears fell for Simon.

But on this side of the river all was cheerful. They were passing pleasant gardens and orchards, and the river, being at low water, ran bright and clean over shoals of gravel. Stately swans rode there, and flocks of geese and ducks basked in the sunshine on the grassy banks.

Before them rose lofty crenelated turrets and battlements, above which the royal standard floated.

Now and then they passed a man who doffed his cap, or a woman who dropped a courtesy. And the horse's head pointed ever toward the royal standard. Nearer and nearer, each moment brought the lofty battlements, and Thomas began to feel the awe of passing directly into their shadow.

They passed, indeed, into the very park which stretched away to the mellow, dark-red walls.

"Sir," began Thomas, with the intent to ask something, but he swallowed the words, and only looked.

In front of the imposing fabric, broad stone steps led down to the river, and at their foot a gilded barge lay waiting, with the royal colors at prow and stern. Liveried attendants stood waiting ceremoniously.

The friend of Thomas clattered boldly on to the stone pavement of the court, and dismounted at a low postern door on the eastern end. Yes, and he snapped his bridle to ring in the wall, and entered the door!

"Sir," gasped Thomas again, but no word followed.

The good Samaritan kept on, never heeding, but never quitting the little man, and began mounting a long, winding stair.

Thomas's tongue was now so paralyzed that he could not even say "Sir."

Presently they came into a low but cheerful, rounded chamber, furnished simply. Through an open door could be seen a white-curtained bed, upon which were laid out garments of bright colors, in which yellow was conspicuous.

"Ha, ha, ha! By my bauble, thou art a better fool than thy master, Poll! Ha, ha, ha!" came from within.

Then there was a shrill whistling of "The King's Hunt."

"There, then, Master Apdike, we are at home, finally; and I bid you welcome," said the singular host, seating Thomas gently upon a divan.



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THE CONSTELLATION AT THE NEWPORT NEWS TRAINING-STATION.

SAILOR LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR*

BY WILLIAM O. STEVENS

A HUNDRED, or even sixty years ago life in the fore-castle of an American man-of-war was very different from what it is now. In those days the crews of our famous frigates were made up mostly of foreigners—a jumble of Portuguese, Swedes, English, Irish, Italians, not American-born as they are to-day. While American ships were in the Mediterranean, the men who had served out their enlistment under the Stars and Stripes and had spent their pay, would reënlist on a British man-of-war; British crews, in the same way, would come aboard American ships, so that the same men would serve, perhaps, under two or three different flags two or three different times.

Besides being foreigners, or negroes, the tars of our old frigates were generally very rough characters, because the pay was so miserable and the life so hard that no other sort could be got

to enlist. The wonder is that such mixed and ruffianly crews were ever licked into shape to win the victories that every boy knows by heart.

“Licking into shape” was literally true, and it is hard to realize to-day the brutality of those old flogging times. But the old sea-dogs vowed that you could get discipline only by a cat-o’-nine-tails, and the “crack” ships were those on which a man was flogged for spilling a little food on the deck at meal-time, or where all the men on a yard would be sent to the gratings because they did n’t furl sail quickly enough. To be sure, Paul Jones threw the “cat” overboard, but his example was not followed till 1850, when flogging was finally abolished in our navy. The disappearance of the “cat,” and the enlistment of the volunteer sailors who served under Farragut, made a great change in the character of the Yankee crew, and from

*Illustrations from photographs by Enrique Muller.



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THE *MONONGAHELA* TRAINING-SHIP AT SEA.

Farragut's time to our own the life of the blue-jacket has greatly improved. To-day, none but their jaunty air that they are already quite used to their dizzy perches.



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IN THE RIGGING OF THE *CONSTELLATION*.

Americans are enlisted, and they are a clean-cut, self-respecting body of men.

Many of our seamen begin their career at seventeen aboard the frigate *Constellation*, at Newport. The *Constellation* is the oldest ship in the navy: thirteen days older than *Old Ironsides*, and now, at the age of one hundred and ten, she still serves her country by training the "apprentices." This page and page 810 show these young tars laying out along the rigging of the historic frigate. One of their first exercises is to race up the ratlines over the cross-trees—at the top of each topmast—and down the other side. The last one down is, of course, "lubber last." It is n't easy at first; the beginner crawls up gingerly, and clings tightly to the shrouds—"squeezing the tar out of them," as the old ones say—but before long he races up and down as if it were a flight of stairs. In the closer view of the boys in the rigging you can see by

Until recently, when the 'prentices had learned their ropes on the *Constellation*, they used to put their knowledge into practice on an extended cruise on the sailing-ship *Monongahela*; but nowadays the demand for men is so great that the 'prentice, after his six months' schooling, goes directly to a man-of-war. The *Monongahela* was one of Farragut's steam sloops in the battle of Mobile Bay. Shortly after the war her engines were removed and now, after serving for many years as a training-ship, she is reduced to the humble duty of store-ship at Guantanamo.

It may seem odd that in these days of steam, steel, and dynamos, so much time should be spent in learning sails; but the seaman is loyal to tradition, and he insists that there is no other way of getting "the hang of the sea," that quickness of hand and foot and eyes so necessary aboard ship, but by beginning on the yards.

When the new sailor gets his uniform from the

paymaster he often finds that it does n't fit, but Uncle Sam provides, wherever there are three hundred men or more, a ship's tailor, whom the men call a "Sheeny," from the "machine," which is the sign of his trade. The accompanying photograph was taken of a "Sheeny," on the battle ship *Maine*, who is teaching a youngster how to run the stitch. Notice that he has on his right sleeve a peculiar badge, which shows that he is also an expert gun-pointer, who has made a record in competitive target-practice. His young pupil is sitting on his "ditty-box," which is the sailor's work-basket, writing-desk, treasure-box, and camp-stool all in one.

The day's program aboard a man-of-war is calculated to make the boy who wants to run away to sea sit up and think twice. It varies somewhat according as the ship is in port or at sea, and under different commands; but in any case, from five o'clock in the morning till seven-thirty at night, it is a rather strenuous round of scrubbing and drills. The recruit realizes very soon that the expression "shipshape" means a good deal. The photograph on page 814 shows

hop off the rail in quick time, for perching on the rail is tabooed.

Saturday morning is a tremendous cleaning time, called "Field Day," which is followed by a half-holiday in the afternoon; and on Sunday morning the captain himself inspects his ship from keel to truck. Of this ceremony we have a good view taken from the after-bridge of the *Illinois*; the marine band is stationed just below on the hurricane deck, the blue-jackets stand on the port side of the quarter-deck, and the marines on the starboard, all ready for inspection.

But life is n't all scrubbing, regulations, and inspections. On the larger ships the government furnishes athletic supplies, and each man-of-war has her champion boxer, and base-ball and football teams. These teams are managed or supervised, at least, by officers, and many an ensign or lieutenant who has won his "N" at the Naval Academy plays shoulder to shoulder with his blue-jackets. Such familiarity would have scandalized old Commodore Porter beyond words.

While one of these friendly contests is going on between the teams of rival ships, their mascots



A FIRST LESSON IN SEWING ON THE BATTLE SHIP *MAINE*.

three of a gun crew of the *Maine* who have finished cleaning their gun and are waiting for the daily inspection by the "First Luff," or executive officer. If they thought any officer were looking, by the way, those young blue-jackets would

are very conspicuous, and those of the *Pennsylvania* in the photograph on the next page are a fair sample of what they are like. The monitor *Puritan* had at one time as its mascot crew, a pig, a parrot, a dog, a sheep, a chicken and a goat!



A GUN CREW ON THE U. S. FLAGSHIP *MAINE*—WAITING FOR INSPECTION.



MASCOTS ON THE *PENNSYLVANIA*.



THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE *ILLINOIS* AS SEEN FROM THE AFTER BRIDGE, SHOWING U. S. MARINES AT THE LEFT AND SAILORS AT THE RIGHT.

But what counts more for the navy than athletics is the keen pride that the men take in their own or their ship's record at target practice. The best ship of each class is entitled to a special pennant, and there are trophies and prizes for individuals and for crews. Our blue-jackets are probably the finest naval gunners in the world.

With these interests and many others, such as

minstrel shows, dances, dinners to brother tars, aboard ship or ashore, you can see that the fore-castle is not the floating jail that it used to be, and is sometimes thought to be still.

In spite of plain fare, small pay, and strict discipline, the sailor's existence may be summed up in the recent remark of an enlisted man: "Our pay ain't much, but we sure do live."



THE LACE-MAKER

BY N. HUDSON MOORE

I KNOW what you think when you look at this picture, you say to yourself what a homely woman! You wonder what that strange thing is that she has in her lap, and then you don't think about her any more.

Come, sit down, and let us look at the picture together. There is more in it than you think. It is a picture of a Dutch maiden, who lived in Amsterdam. She is not as old as she looks. She is not older than many of the readers of *St. Nicholas*, but the way her hair is dragged back to keep it out of her eyes, and the way the light falls upon it, makes her look so.

Now what is she doing?

Making lace. The finest, most beautiful lace in the world, at that time, came from Holland, for there was no other country which could make such splendid, fine white thread as that which was produced in that little country.

If you will look at this picture rightly you must have in mind a small bit of land actually seized from the sea, and once seized needing constant care to keep it from sliding back into the water from which it was rescued. A small country filled with an earnest people who loved freedom, cleanliness and beauty,—from whose ranks sprang some of the greatest painters, greatest fighters, and most splendid workers which the world has ever known.

Here sits our girl making lace about the year 1650, which is the year when it is supposed that Pieter Van Den Bosch, born in Amsterdam, painted this picture. The light from the one great window falls full on her work. There are other girls there, too, but you cannot see them. That wheel is for spinning the thread, and her dinner is in that small box beside her. It stands on a tin warmer which holds a clay dish in which a few hot coals can be put to warm it. The cushion or pillow on which she is making the lace is covered with a blue cloth, and over this is a piece of parchment with the pattern pricked on it. At each mesh of the pattern is a pin, and round these pins she turns and twists her threads, so that flowers and dots, sprigs and leaves grow under her flying fingers. Think of the work of keeping three hundred or more bobbins from getting twisted wrongly, in which case the pattern would be spoiled and her work ruined. Think of sitting all day long bent over this pillow with eyes never leaving it! Do you wonder she

looks old? Think of her having begun to learn this work when she was four years old, and then do not wonder that at eighteen she looks twice her age.

You will notice that although the girl holds a bobbin in her hand you cannot see the thread from it. This is on account of its great fineness. Let me tell you how they made that thread. The flax was grown from seed brought from Egypt, carefully tended to make it silky and fine. Then it was hackled or split, then bleached and spun. It took months to do all this, for the flax was rotted under water to get out the fiber from which the thread was made, and bleached for months more in the sun and dew to get it the proper shade of whiteness before the spinning began. This spinning was done in cellars dark and damp, save for one ray of light which fell on a piece of black cloth over which was carried the thread as fine as a bit of spider's silk and as hard to see. The women who did this spinning often went blind before they were thirty years old, if they were not crippled before that by the long hours in the damp, dark cellars.

How much of her wealth and prosperity Holland owes to her women and children! While her men were away at the wars, or extending their possessions, or carrying their goods to all parts of the globe in their stout ships, the women and children stayed at home and worked. They made lace, some of which was so fine and beautiful that it was sold to rich nobles for four hundred dollars a yard. They spun cloth, red or black in color, very fine and soft, which they sold in many countries, using for themselves a coarse, cheap cloth called frieze, which they bought in England. They made butter, too, of the best, and this they sold, and the money was turned in for their country's use when it was needed.

Beside the lace, the women of Holland made linen from the flax which they grew in their gardens among the tulips and lilies. This linen was so choice that it was in great demand, and it became known by the name of "Hollands." It is said that the first linen shirt was made in Holland; that the first handkerchief came from there; that the first bedtick was made of osnaburg, a heavy Dutch cloth; that the first thimble was made by a Dutch goldsmith, and that they were the first to use table-cloths and napkins. With Italy they dispute which country first had

artists who painted in oils and women who made lace, but their industry and courage nobody ever questions.

The Hollanders had been making lace for more than a hundred years before this picture was painted. At this time, 1650, the whole world had run lace-mad. It was worn by men and women

wearing a coat of "sick Spaniard" color, with small clothes of "dying monkey," and a hat of "faded flower"! They had "rat color," "pigeon's blood," as well as "serpent green," and on all these clothes were put yards and yards of lace, sometimes with diamonds and pearls sewed on it, and sometimes with threads of gold.



"THE LACE-MAKER," BY PIETER VAN DEN BOSCH, 1650.
From a photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl of the original painting
in the Royal Gallery, Berlin.

both, and even by the children—especially of the rich, and Mechlin, as the most beautiful Flemish lace was called, was put on everything from nightcaps to the cuffs of men's sleeves and the bottoms of their trousers.

They had a strange fancy in France, which was one of the greatest markets for Flemish lace, for calling colors by strange names. Imagine

There has never been a time since the beginning of the fifteenth century when Holland has not depended on the wages of her lace-makers, and she does so still. There is hardly a town, east or west, where it is not made, and in West Flanders alone are four hundred schools to-day where the making of lace is taught to thirty thousand children. There are, besides, the beguinages, as they are called. These are institutions presided over by a Catholic sisterhood. The inmates support themselves, and give a certain number of hours' work each day for the support of the sisterhood, usually by making lace. There are thousands of workers in these homes. Very often when walking along the streets in Holland you will see a board hanging on the door of a house, and on the board will be a bunch of lace. This means that a little new baby has come to live in that house. If it is a boy, a white kid glove is added to the lace.

Just about the time our picture was painted, a Dutchman named Jacob Van Eyck wrote about the arts of his country, and he says this of lace:

"Of many Arts, one surpasses all. For the maiden seated at her work flashes the smooth balls and thousand threads into the circle . . . and from this, her amusement, makes as much profit as a man earns by the sweat of his brow; and no maiden ever complains, at even, of the length of the day.

The issue is a fine web, which feeds the pride of the whole globe—which surrounds with its fine border cloaks and tuckers, and shows grandly round the throats and hands of Kings."

PI YUK'S BASE-BALL GAME

(A TRUE STORY)

BY EDWARD J. PHELPS

His full name was Pi Yuk Liang, but he was always called "Pi Yuk." He went to school twenty-six years ago at Phillips Academy, at Andover, in Massachusetts. He was born in China and had been sent to the United States, together with a number of other Chinese boys, by the Chinese government to be educated. While he was learning American manners, customs, and habits, and our ways of doing things, Pi Yuk also learned base-ball. He was not like most Chinese boys, because he was not short, but tall and shapely. Nearly six feet he stood, and he played ball quite as well as he recited in Greek or in Latin.

Now, you must know that at Exeter, New Hampshire, a few miles from Andover, there is also a Phillips Academy, and every year, as sure as June comes with its rare days, so surely do "Exeter" and "Andover" play base-ball together. Moreover, the boys of both schools would give an arm apiece any time—almost—rather than see their nine defeated. Pi Yuk played on the Andover team, in the out-field, in May and June of 1881. Incidentally, he was "change-pitcher." It is very, very sad, but this is to be a truthful story, and it must therefore be recorded that in the great Andover-Exeter base-ball game of that year, Pi Yuk could not bat. It must be set down here that he struck out. He did not know what the matter was; he only knew that he simply could not hit the ball on that special afternoon. The Exeter boys were not very nice to him. Withal. When he hit the air unusually hard, they talked "pigeon English" to him freely, and every time he failed to hit they would laugh quite openly and loudly. They remarked that he was "Velly poor ball-player," and finally one of them intimated quite broadly that Pi Yuk had "better go back to China." That happened the last time upon which he came to the bat in that game. As he stepped up to the home plate, bat in hand, he may have heard the advice about going back to China. He did not say anything, but those who were nearest to him saw that his eyes were snapping. The very next ball that was pitched to him he met fairly with all the strength and power and weight of his six feet of muscle and brawn. He hit so hard that he brought in some runs ahead of him, and landed safely on third base himself. After he had gathered himself together and dusted off his uni-

form, he quietly remarked that he believed that he would not return to China just yet; and the Exeter boys did not reply to him, probably because no response exactly suited to the occasion suggested itself. So it came about that Andover and Pi Yuk won that game.

Just twenty-five years later, on Tuesday, June 26, 1906, Yale and Harvard played base-ball together, even as Exeter and Andover had done in 1881, and in a front seat in the grand stand at the Yale field on that royal June afternoon sat "His Excellency Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, His Imperial Chinese Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States." The Chinese minister at Washington had come to pay Yale a visit, and the next day Yale honored him and herself by bestowing upon him the degree of LL.D.

Those who sat near him saw that he was quite absorbed, not only in the game itself, but in the antics of the graduates. The various classes marched on the field about a half hour before the battle began. The class of 1871 came first. Thirty-five years out of college were they, but as young in heart as the members of the last class. Closely following came '76, a famous class at Yale. It bore aloft a great transparency which set forth that it was "The President's Class." It was greeted with ringing cheers, because President Arthur T. Hadley is dearly beloved, not only by his classmates, but by Yale's whole graduate body. Close on the heels of '76 tramped '81 and '86, the latter class marching nearly seventy strong out of one hundred and sixteen living members, and they had been graduated, be it remembered, twenty years, and thus had been scattered literally to the ends of the earth. One man there was among them who, to attend this twentieth reunion, had come from Paris, another from London, a third from San Francisco, and that is the reason why '86 had so large a representation. The classes of '91 and '96 followed on, and then the classes of 1900 and 1903. Young fellows were these, in uniforms of various kinds. There were "clowns," and "convicts," "Buster Browns" and "fair damsels." One sweet thing in short skirts, albeit he was six feet and four inches tall, bore a banner announcing that he was "La Fille du Régiment." One of the classes was clad in Japanese costume and, with

umbrellas in hand, executed a serpentine dance that was really very pretty. There were mock-horses and a mock cannon, and when the battery, which controlled the destinies of the cannon, trained it upon the two hundred members of '03, who were dressed as convicts, the entire aggregation to a man promptly bit the dust. There were between one and two thousand Yale men frolicking upon the field at one time, and they were all boys together again. They behaved

tenth without scoring further, and it was Yale's turn to bat. There were two out, and a Yale man on second base, when Jackson came up. He hit the ball very hard for three bases, and won the game for Yale,—much as Pi Yuk had won one for Andover two and a half decades before.

On the next day a Yale man, who had known the Chinese minister for many years, said to him in the course of a private conversation, "Mr. Minister, what impresses you most about Yale?"



THE BASE-BALL TEAM AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, IN JUNE, 1881. "PI YUK" IS THE FIRST SEATED FIGURE AT THE RIGHT.

Illustration furnished by the courtesy of Alfred E. Stearns, Principal of Phillips Academy.

very ridiculously, capering and dancing about, joking with each other, playing all sorts of mad pranks, and entertaining the audience vastly. They had come, many of them thousands of miles, to be young once more, and to have a good time. They had it, and the Chinese envoy seemed to enjoy every minute of it with them.

The game was close. Yale had victory in her hands only to throw it away by two bad misplays in the seventh inning. And so the strife was prolonged until the tenth inning. That round began with the score a tie. Each side had made two runs. Harvard went out in her half of the

The envoy's face became more thoughtful, and his reply came slowly:

"On the whole," he said, "your graduates. I saw them at your Alumni dinner this afternoon and at the ball game yesterday. I was particularly impressed by the events preliminary to the ball game. I watched class after class march out. I saw the fun—the quaint humor of the situation. I saw how clean and wholesome it all was, and, underneath it all, I saw the tremendous reserve force which your graduate body represents. The thought which was uppermost in my mind, as I saw these Yale men frolicking together on

the field before the game, was: 'Will the time ever come when China can show a spectacle like this?' I watched the game as it progressed, and was glad to note the splendid way in which Yale responded at the crucial moment. I thought to myself then, and I thought it again as I saw

reason why the minister enjoyed that ball game. There is a possibility that it reminded him of one which was played at Exeter twenty-five years before on a certain June afternoon when, toward the end of the contest, a three-base hit by a Chinese boy saved the day, even as a three-base



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR CHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG, CHINESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

Illustration furnished by the courtesy of Alfred E. Stearns, Principal of Phillips Academy.

your Yale family at its annual dinner this afternoon, that I, too, had obtained a glimmering of an insight into what a Yale man has in his mind when he refers reverently to the 'Yale spirit.'

You say that it is quite remarkable that the Chinese minister should have seen so far beneath the surface? It was remarkable. But you must remember that his keen Eastern mind had been trained to look deep down into the core of things, to analyze situations and character, and to determine with precision what was, and what was not.

But I like to think that there was another

hit by an American saved it that afternoon in June, 1906, for Yale. Have any of you guessed by any chance that "His Excellency Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, His Imperial Chinese Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States" was only "Pi Yuk" grown older, rounder, and wiser?

In April of this year, according to the newspapers, he was recalled to China to accept a post in the service of the Chinese government even higher than the one he has filled so creditably at Washington.

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

HOW PINKEY PUT A FOE TO FLIGHT

As was the annual custom during the summer months, the boys of Enterprise could be seen any Saturday afternoon hastening southward in groups numbering from two to twelve, bound, by the shortest route, for some favorite swimming-hole. Enterprise being an inland town, there were not many inviting spots where the boys could indulge in their favorite sport, and for a whole afternoon's enjoyment there was no place nearer than Crane Creek, a small stream about two miles away.

Here were to be found occasional deepenings of the stream, sufficiently long to permit an extensive swim, and having smooth, sandy bottoms. One of these swimming-holes was especially attractive to the boys on account of its depth; for it was the only place in the whole creek where by "letting down" until their feet touched the bottom nothing could be seen but the wiggling fingers held high above their heads. Here, also, was the large tree usually found at such places, slanting out over the water from the grassy bank, the low-hanging limbs making an ideal foothold for those brave enough to make hazardous dives into the water.

A spring-board from which the more daring ones could turn somersaults into the deeper part, and a mud slide on the sloping bank opposite for the younger and more timid ones, completed the attractions which made this spot far ahead of any other.

The one drawback, and that a serious one, was the proximity of this swimming-hole to the fields of Farmer Gordon, known to every one in all the country round as "Old Hostetters." A portion of his farm bordered on Crane Creek, and while the swimming-hole was about a quarter of a mile from Old Hostetters' property, the boys never felt quite secure from molestation.

It was a much shorter route to cut through the lower part of the Gordon farm when going to the creek; but the vigilant owner and his more vigilant dog were important and discouraging factors to be reckoned with. Occasionally, however, when sure that the coast was clear, the boys made bold to take the short cut.

Old Hostetters had an especial dislike for "town kids" in general, and of these, Pinkey Per-

kins and Bunny Morris stood highest in his disfavor. On two occasions, Pinkey and Bunny had worked great disaster to their old-time enemy, and each time it was himself only that he had had to blame for his downfall. "Tige," the dog, shared all the dislikes of his master, and nothing seemed to give him greater delight, when passing through town with Hostetters, than to catch sight of Pinkey's little fox terrier, "Gyp," and chase him pell mell down the street, through the yard and under the house, whither Tige's size prevented further pursuit.

One Saturday, a few days before the Fourth of July, Pinkey and Bunny set out from Pinkey's house, bent on joining forces with several other kindred spirits, the whole party to enjoy an afternoon in the cooling delights of Crane Creek. They experienced no difficulty in organizing a crowd. A shrill whistle accompanied by the alluring invitation of two fingers held high in the air, was sufficient inducement to entice any boy from any duty, however important.

The afternoon in question was to be more than an ordinary occasion, for in addition to going swimming, Pinkey and Bunny had brought along several bunches of firecrackers, and a few cannon crackers and torpedoes, which they intended to set off when they got beyond the town limits, and out of Tin Star's control. That worthy had decreed that there should be no celebrating in Enterprise until the day set aside for that purpose.

"Which way shall we go?" inquired Joe Cooper, when the party had proceeded some distance down the dusty road beyond the end of the sidewalk, and it came time to decide whether it was best to go round the long way, or risk going through Hostetters' fields.

"Think we 'd dare cut through the short way?" ventured Bunny. "We could n't set off any firecrackers, but we could do that when we come back in the cool of the evening."

"It 's so much nearer," agreed Pinkey, looking down the long line of travel ahead of them, where the heat lay in quivering layers over the dusty highway.

"Old Hostetters might 'sick' that dog of his on us," suggested Putty Black.

"Pshaw," said Shorty Piper, "Old Hostetters is up-town this afternoon, most likely; he generally is on Saturday, and besides we 've only got to cross one corner of his farm."

"Oh, come on, let 's risk it," decided Pinkey, finally. "It 's too far, and too hot and dusty to go around. Old Hostetters never has hurt us much yet, so what 's the use of being afraid this time." And so it was decided.

In due time, the boys came in sight of Old Hostetters' house, well back from the road, and they altered their course somewhat, so as not to come into view from the upper windows. Although their enemy was probably not at home, they felt safer in giving his house as wide a berth as possible.

"Gee, what 's become of the spring-board!" exclaimed Pinkey, who was leading the procession and was the first to come in sight of the swimming-hole.

"Gone, sure enough," echoed Joe Cooper, coming up beside Pinkey, "and swimming 's no fun without a spring-board."

Joe's chief delight was to inspire envy in the hearts of others of his age and younger, by standing on the spring-board, facing the bank, and turning back somersaults into the water. Hence the absence of the board was a great blow to him.

"What has become of it, do you suppose?" inquired Shorty Piper. "Do you think anybody 's hidden it? Let 's look around and see."

"Bunny and I carried that board all the way down here," asserted Pinkey, warmly, "and I furnished the clothes-line to tie it to the root of the old tree, and if I find the kid that took it away, he will wish he 'd left it alone."

A diligent search of the immediate vicinity failed to disclose the whereabouts of the spring-board, and after a few minutes some of the searchers grew weary and gave up looking for it.

"Well, I came down here to swim," observed Putty Black, "and I 'm not going to spend my time looking for an old spring-board that nobody cares about."

"Good reason why," retorted Pinkey, "you kids that splash around where it is n't knee-deep, and like to get all sunburned playing in the mud, don't need a spring-board. I like to get my head wet once in a while. You 'd choke if you were to jump off of a spring-board."

Some of the younger boys followed Putty's example and began undressing, while Pinkey and the others most interested continued the search farther down the stream toward the main road. Presently Pinkey called out to the others, who, by this time, were scattered in all directions:

"Here it is, fellows, tied up to a tree, and there 's a lot of printing on it."

Bunny and Joe and Shorty all started on a run to join Pinkey, who had hurried toward the place where he had discovered the object of their search. When they drew near the tree he was already there, solemnly regarding the board and the message which had been printed thereon, and on their arrival they saw what held his attention so fixedly.

There, only a few yards from the gate which opened on the highway, was the spring-board, securely tied to a convenient tree with the same clothes-line which had held it in place at the swimming-hole. Painted in large letters, which covered almost the entire board, were the forbidding words: "NO TRESPASSING UNDER PENALTY OF LAW. J. GORDON."

Pinkey was the first to speak, and he did so with emphasis.

"Old Hostetters does n't own this land; it belongs to Mr. Camp who lives 'way down the road. What right has he to take our spring-board and paint signs like that on it?"

"No right at all," asserted Bunny indignantly; "that, or any other kind. Let 's take our board down and put it where we had it. Old Hostetters can't be satisfied with keeping us off his own land; he 's trying to keep us off other people's, and Mr. Camp does n't object to our swimming here."

As a matter of fact, in addition to frightening the boys, Farmer Gordon had taken this method of warning people living farther from town than himself that he desired them to discontinue their practice of using his farm as a thoroughfare, as they sometimes did when walking to town. He had found the spring-board and had seen in it a way to deprive the boys of its use by turning it into a sign-board, and had put it up at his neighbor's gate.

"Of course we 'll take it down," chimed in Shorty. "Here, give me a boost, and I 'll have it down in less time than it takes to say 'Jack Robinson.'"

Shorty grasped the tree and bent his right leg at the knee, inviting assistance. Pinkey readily boosted him, and he was soon well up the trunk of the tree, tugging away at the clothes-line.

"Hand me a knife, I can't untie this rope," growled Shorty, after a few minutes' effort.

"You must n't cut it," replied Pinkey, "we 've got to use it again to fasten the board in place."

Thus reminded of the importance of the rope, he redoubled his efforts and finally succeeded in untying the knot and bringing the rope off whole.

"What do you suppose Old Hostetters will

think when he comes along and finds his sign gone?" inquired Bunny, somewhat uneasily.

"Who cares what he thinks?" replied Pinkey. "This land does n't belong to him and Mr. Camp could have him arrested for putting the sign up there, if he chose to."

"He just put it up there because he knows we come down here swimming, and wants to scare us off," observed Shorty. "I 'll bet Mr. Camp does n't know anything about it."



"'HERE IT IS,' SHOUTED PINKEY, 'AND THERE 'S A LOT OF PRINTING ON IT.'"

The boys lost no time in getting back to the swimming-hole, carrying with them the board and the clothes-line. Near the bank of the stream was a large root of the old overhanging tree which the gradual washing away of the earth had exposed, and on this root the board had rested, one end of the board being forced well into the bank so that pressure on the other end would not dislodge it. The clothes-line had been used to tie the board to the root.

"Come over here, some of you fellows, and help," shouted Pinkey to those in the water. "Anybody who wants to dive off this spring-board will have to do something toward fixing it

up," and there were now several who were willing to help, seeing that the board had been found.

An inspection of the bank showed that a new excavation for the end of the board must be made, and Pinkey told Joe and Shorty to undress and get in the water so that they could attend to that part of the work, while he and Bunny went in search of a couple of sharp sticks with which to dig.

After a few minutes' search, Pinkey found a stick which he broke in two pieces of just the proper length, and he and Bunny started back to join their companions. When they were within a few yards of the stream and had just called to Joe and Shorty, who were enjoying a swim while waiting, the bark of a dog some distance up the stream attracted their attention.

"Jerusalem, Pinkey!" exclaimed Bunny in a nervous tone, "that sounds exactly like Old Hostetters' dog! What if he was to come this way?"

"It would be all up with us if he did; for he hates us anyway. Let 's hide close to the creek, so that if he does take after us we can jump in just as we are."

Just then, Pinkey caught sight of the dog whose bark they had heard, and sure enough it was Tige. He was coming toward them through the undergrowth at a surprisingly rapid pace. He had not seen them evidently, but had been attracted by the shouts of the boys in the water, and would occasionally run down to the edge of the stream and utter a threatening bark.

"Look out there, you fellows," called Pinkey to those in the water, and with a few frantic gestures indicating the on-coming danger he and Bunny had barely time to drop behind a thick clump of bushes near at hand when Tige burst into the open space near the old tree and ran menacingly to the bank and stood growling at the frightened boys in the water.

But Tige's presence was only a forerunner of the real danger that was approaching. Not far behind him was Old Hostetters, making his way through the tall grass toward the point where Tige had stopped.

With a gleam of vicious delight in his eyes, gloating over the victims he now had at his mercy, Farmer Gordon, carrying several bundles and a basket, came down to the very edge of the bank and stood regarding his prey.

"Pretty good ears ye 've got, Tige," he said as he leaned up against the big tree. "If it had n't been for you I 'd ha' never would have thought of looking down this way. Now I guess for once we 've got that Perkins boy where we want him."

Then, after carefully surveying the terrified boys in the water, Old Hostetters continued:

"He 's not there after all, and neither 's that



"'HAVING A HIGH OLD TIME, ARE YE?' SAID OLD HOSTETTERS, SHAKING
A STICK AT THEM."

boy who 's always with him. Never mind, Tige, we 'll teach *these* kids a lesson that they won't forget very soon, anyhow."

At the first approach of Hostetters, those who were in the water bacame almost paralyzed with fear. Putty Black ducked his head under water for the first time that afternoon and held it there until it seemed to him it must burst, and then after taking a fresh breath, disappeared again. Some of the smaller boys who were on the other side sat down in the shallow water and began to cry, while others waded farther down stream in the deep water than they had ever dared before and stood there waiting to see what would befall them.

Pinkey and Bunny were so close to Hostetters that it seemed to them that he must hear their hearts beating, so loud and hard did they thump against their sides. They held their breath, near to the danger point, in their endeavor to avoid detection. How Tige failed to detect their presence was a miracle.

"Having a high old time, are ye, blast yer little hides," sneered Old Hostetters, picking up one of the sticks Pinkey had found and shaking it at the terrified boys in the water.

No one had heart or courage to attempt a reply, had any reply been needed to this sarcastic remark. They all remained motionless, waiting their doom.

"And if they have n't gone and took down my sign, warnin' 'em to keep out o' here," added the irate man, half to himself and half to Tige, who kept up a series of low growls and threatening snarls as he went about the clothing strewed here and there on the ground, occasionally giving vent to his hatred of the owners by seizing a coat or stocking in his teeth and shaking it violently.

"I guess we 'll fix these kids this time, Tige," chuckled Old Hostetters, after a few minutes' thought. "We 'll give 'em more swimmin' than they bargained for."

The meaning of this remark was not apparent at first, nor did the frightened boys understand it even when Old Hostetters began deliberately gathering up every article of clothing he could find scattered about and placing them all in a small heap in the grass.

"Here Tige," he called, when everything he could find was placed on the pile, "you take charge of these and watch 'em. Understand what I say? Watch 'em," at the same time emphasizing his meaning by picking up several pieces and shaking them under Tige's nose.

"Lie down," he added, as he started to move away. "Lie down on 'em, and stay there, too, and don't let anybody touch 'em till I come back."

Then, picking up his bundles, he started toward his house. After he had gone a short distance, however, he stopped, studied a minute and then came back.

"You went away once and let a couple o' kids get out of a tree when I had set you to watch 'em," he said, picking up the clothes-line Pinkey had left lying on the ground, near the bushes behind which he and Bunny were concealed. "I guess I 'll just tie you up this time so you can't get away."

So saying, he fastened one end of the rope about Tige's shaggy neck, and the other to a small stump but a few feet from the trembling boys, who by now were well-nigh exhausted with fright and anxiety. So close did he stand to them while tying the rope to the stump that Bunny could actually have touched him.

Had not Old Hostetters' attention been entirely taken up with securing Tige firmly to the stump, he must surely have seen the boys crouching and shrinking themselves into as small a space as possible. Luckily, however, his back was to them, and when he again picked up his bundles and basket and started homeward, he looked neither to the right nor the left.

"You kids may be able to get home when it gets good and dark to-night," remarked the heartless farmer as he started away, "but I 'd advise all of you not to disturb the dog tryin' to get yer clothes. He wants them to sleep on."

Tige seemed to accept his charge willingly, and after turning around a few times on the pile of clothing, as is a dog's habit before lying down, he made himself comfortable in the softest place he could find, and with his head between his paws calmly surveyed the helpless boys in the water.

For what seemed a half hour after Old Hostetters had left, Tige seemed so vigilant that Pinkey and Bunny scarcely dared move, but gradually he began to blink more and more frequently, and finally seemed to doze.

But all the time the boys lay there; Pinkey's mind had not been idle, and when he saw that Tige had gradually succumbed to the power of sleep, he mustered up courage enough to put into execution the plan he had evolved for freeing himself and his unfortunate companions from their predicament. Pinkey knew that possibly he and Bunny might have escaped by stealing away a short distance until out of Tige's reach, but it never occurred to Pinkey to entertain a scheme that would leave his friends in the lurch. He must save them as well as himself.

"Roll over, Bunny, just as easy as you can," whispered Pinkey, softly, "and untie that rope from around the stump there. Be quiet though."

"What for?" inquired the quaking Bunny, his voice showing evidence of the fear that filled him, "goin' to turn 'im loose?"

"Never mind what for," replied Pinkey in a low whisper, "I 'm goin' to do worse than *turn*

Pinkey quietly drew from his pocket a large cannon cracker and two bunches of the smaller variety. On these he depended to rid the vicinity of the presence of their old-time canine foe, and mentally he congratulated himself for deciding to postpone setting off his fire-crackers until the homeward trip.

Pinkey had no desire to do more than frighten the dog, for, above all things, he believed in fair play and kindness toward animals; but in this instance he felt that he was justified in taking advantage of the situation. It was the only method he could think of by which he could save himself and most of his companions from unpleasant reckonings in various and sundry woodsheds, even if they should be fortunate enough to escape under cover of darkness.

Taking the end of the clothes-line from Bunny, Pinkey securely attached the two bunches of small fire-crackers to it, being extremely careful, however, not to move the part that lay on the ground between him and Tige.

"Now, Bunny," he whispered, producing a couple of silent matches of the sulphur variety, "you light this match and when you see me start to throw this cannon cracker, you touch off these two small bunches and throw them and the rope out on the grass where they won't get caught on anything, 'cause when Tige starts for home, we don't want anything to hinder him."

"Gee, Pinkey," chuckled Bunny almost audibly,

"what 'll he think when he comes to and finds these things coming poppin' after him, travelin' just as fast as he is?"

"I don't care what he *thinks*," replied Pinkey, seriously. "It 's what he *does* that interests us. Now, get ready," and he rubbed his match on the bottom of his shoe and held it in the hollow of



"EACH BOY SEIZED WHAT CAME FIRST TO HAND AND STARTED ON A RUN FOR THE ROAD."

'im loose. I 'm goin' to *jar* 'im loose. Just you untie that clothes-line and give me the end."

Cautiously and fearfully, Bunny did as Pinkey had directed, though frightened at each movement lest Tige's alert ear should detect their presence and turn his attention to them.

While Bunny was untying the clothes-line,

his hand until it was well ignited. It was a serious matter that he had in hand and he saw nothing amusing in it whatever.

The boys in the water had lost all interest in swimming when Old Hostetters had appeared on the scene and were now gathered together in a group on the opposite side of the stream, discussing their plight and wondering what to do. All efforts to converse with Pinkey and Bunny had proved futile, and some began to believe that they had slipped away to safety leaving the unfortunate ones to get out of their predicament as best they could.

Suddenly the downcast victims of Old Hostetters' meanness were startled by what seemed at least to be a cannon shot. So violent and unexpected was the report that Putty Black and one or two others fell over backward into the water, going clear under. The only thing that they could think of was that Old Hostetters had shot at them.

The explosion was accompanied by a hysterical yelp from the unsuspecting Tige, who had dozed calmly through all of Pinkey's preparations, and who was prompted by naught save thoughts of self-preservation when the cannon cracker burst within a few feet of his nose.

The effect of the report on Tige was to cause an involuntary leap into the air, and when his feet reached the ground again they were already in motion, and he lost no time in getting under way. Tige was not a hunting dog, and evidently none of his ancestors had been, hence such noises were not to his liking.

Wheeling about in a small circle, Tige laid his course for the house by the most direct line. Just as he was getting well under way, the two bunches of firecrackers attached to the clothes-line began their crackling accompaniment, and for the first time Tige seemed to realize that he was being pursued.

Never before, even when surrounded by indignant hornets, had he developed such a burst of speed or strength of lung. He fairly flew as he

yelped his way across the adjoining field, urged onward by the bounding, popping, snapping trail of fire ten feet behind and which refused to be out-distanced.

When dog and rope and uproar had disappeared over the little knoll that hid them from further view, Pinkey rushed to the bank of the stream and addressed the wondering group on the other side.

"Get a move on you over there. Come here and get your clothes and get out of here. Old Hostetters 'll be back in a jiffy, soon as he sees the dog, and it 'll take more than firecrackers to get rid of *him*."

From Pinkey's manner, it was evident that there was no time to be lost, and all proceeded at once to comply with his orders. Some swam across, and some waded across a little further up where it was shallow. When they reached the spot where their clothing had been piled there was no thought of sorting the apparel. Each boy seized what came first to hand and started on a run for the road, donning shirt and trousers almost on the run. The one object was to get beyond danger of pursuit in as short a space of time as possible.

"I guess we 'll have to find a new swimming-hole, and a new spring-board," observed Bunny, as the liberated boys were discussing their adventure, and sorting out their belongings while resting under a shade tree on the outskirts of Enterprise.

"T was worth a dozen spring-boards," chuckled Shorty Piper, "to see that dog go home so much faster than he came."

"He was certainly singing to music, all right," laughed Joe, as he traded hats with Putty Black.

"I don't blame the dog," said Pinkey, "and I haied to treat him that way; but he 's run around with Old Hostetters so much that he has grown a good deal like him, and dogs, like people, have to pay sometimes for being in bad company."



A Jungleville Tourist.

Drawn by I.W. Taber.



"Guide!" remarked Sir Bruno, "Is this a watermelon?"

"No, your honor, it's an egg."



"Bah Jove!" exclaimed his lord-ship, "I believe your statement is correct."



"May I know your name most noble bird?" asked his lord-ship.

"My name, most gracious Sir? The Killilu. Will you ride with me to Timbucton?"



"My portman teau, guide?"

"It's aboard sir - at the rear."



GRANDMOTHER'S MEMORIES

by *Helen A. Byrom*



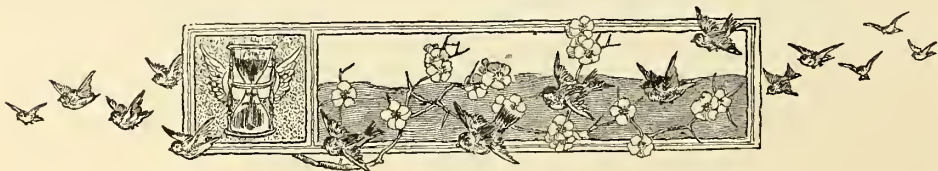
"STANDS WATCHING THE SETTING SUN."

GRANDMOTHER sits in her easy-chair,
 In the ruddy sunlight's glow;
 Her thoughts are wandering far away
 In the land of Long Ago.
 Again she dwells in her father's home,
 And before her loving eyes
 In the light of a glorious summer day
 The gray old farm-house lies.

She hears the hum of the spinning-wheel
 And the spinner's happy song;
 She sees the bundles of flax that hang
 From the rafters, dark and long;
 She sees the sunbeams glide and dance
 Across the sanded floor;
 And feels on her cheek the wandering breeze
 That steals through the open door.

Beyond, the flowers nod sleepily
 At the well-sweep, gaunt and tall;
 And up from the glen comes the musical roar
 Of the distant waterfall.
 The cows roam lazily to and fro
 Along the shady lane;
 The shouts of the reapers sound faint and far
 From the fields of golden grain.

And grandma herself, a happy girl,
 Stands watching the setting sun,
 While the spinner rests, and the reapers cease,
 And the long day's work is done;
 Then something wakes her—the room is dark,
 And vanished the sunset glow;
 And grandmother wakes, with a sad surprise,
 From the dreams of long ago.



OUR FLAG'S FIRST ENGAGEMENT

BY H. A. OGDEN

How many of our boys of to-day know where and when the star-spangled banner was first raised, and that the honor belongs to New York State? How it was made, and under what circumstances, Tom Fosdick, a drummer boy of old

have a banner to fight under. I have, in a copy of the "Philadelphia Gazette," a full description of the new standard for the United States as ordered by the Congress last June; so hunt around and do your best to find something—anything,



"I FINALLY SECURED AN OLD RED PETTICOAT FROM THE WIFE OF ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS."

Fort Stanwix, which stood near the site of the city of Rome, N. Y., tells us.

"On August 3, 1777, the first day we were besieged, the need of a flag to fly from our bastions caused Colonel Gansevoort, our commander, to call me to him, saying, 'Tom, my boy, we must

red, white and blue—that can be sewn together, and we 'll show the enemy a banner that will tell them we are a new nation, with colors of our own; a banner that we won't haul down, my lad, while there 's one of us left to defend it.'

"With this command, I rushed around, ransacking the barracks and store-rooms, finally se-

curing a couple of white ammunition shirts, and an old red cloth petticoat from the wife of one of our soldiers; but nothing blue could I find. Running back with my store of materials, I showed them to the colonel, telling him that I lacked the blue. Captain Swartout, standing near-by, said, 'I can furnish that,' and going to his quarters quickly returned with a cloak of the right color, which he had captured at Peekskill. At once the stripes and field were cut, a paper-pattern made for the stars, and in a short time our patchwork flag was put together. What mattered it if the red was somewhat faded in places, or that the seams were rough and uneven, the 'Stars and Stripes' were there, and by sunset we were ready to unfurl our home-made standard to encourage us in our defense.

"Ezra James, my fellow drummer, and I, beat the long roll, and at the word of command the sergeant pulled the halyards, while, saluted by the officers, and cheered by the garrison, up went our flag to the top of the staff. Ezra and I put our whole hearts into the beats we gave our drums, and never will I forget the delight I felt at seeing how brave and beautiful that 'first edition' of our Nation's flag looked as the breeze caught its folds, whipping it out in graceful curves like a thing alive.

"Since early spring we had been hard at work trying to get the old fort, now called Fort Schuyler instead of Stanwix, into condition to withstand the enemy who were assembling at Montreal, and planning to capture us, and then join General Burgoyne and his army at Albany. In July, Colonel Willett and his regiment had arrived as a reinforcement, so that now we mustered 750, our commander being Colonel Peter Gansevoort of the 'New York Line Continentals.' Our scouts, and some friendly Oneida Indians, brought tidings of the approach of Colonel St. Leger with a force more than double our own, of regulars, Tories and Indians—these last under the command of Brandt, the famous Chief of the Six Nations, lately made a captain in the British Army. Just before this foe arrived, a further reinforcement of two hundred men under Lieutenant-Colonel Mellon, and two big flatboats laden with provisions and ammunition, reached us, narrowly escaping the enemy's advance guard. Indeed, they cut off the captain in command and took him prisoner.

"The morning after our new flag was raised, there came a summons to surrender, which, of course, our commander promptly refused; and then the siege began in earnest. On the morning of August 8th, messengers made their way to the fort from General Herkimer, who with 800 men

was coming to our relief, three guns being a signal to him that they had reached the fort; but St. Leger, hearing also of our coming succor, detached a division of his Tories and Indians, to intercept Herkimer. This pause in the siege gave us a chance for the sortie that was part of General Herkimer's plan, which was to get the enemy between two fires. Our Colonel Willett now did a daring and courageous thing, for, with 250 men and one three-pounder cannon, he sallied out and furiously attacked the Tories' camp. Their commander did not even stop to put on his coat—they fled so quickly. The little force then stormed the Indians' quarters, and they, too, scattered into the near-by woods.

"Sending out from the fort seven wagons, three times, they brought back loads of clothing, stores, provisions, and the commander's baggage and private papers. As most of the force that had left to intercept General Herkimer returned, we knew he must have been defeated. Indeed, on the following day two officers, under a flag of truce, were sent to our sally-port, and being blindfolded, were taken to Colonel Gansevoort's quarters, the windows being close-shuttered and candles lighted, and another summons to surrender was delivered.

"Among several of our officers, I crowded into a corner of the room, and heard one of the British officers say that Herkimer had been defeated, and mortally wounded at Oriskany; that Burgoyne was in possession of Albany, and that if St. Leger's demands were not obeyed—well—he made quite a long speech of it, to which Colonel Willett replied by saying that Colonel Gansevoort had no idea of surrendering. So the messengers were sent back and the siege was renewed with vigor. As the days went on and ran into weeks, our food and ammunition began to get scarce. Several of our men had been able to get through the lines with messages to General Schuyler, who was fighting Burgoyne near Saratoga. Other written demands to surrender were met with positive refusals, and then, as their cannon failed to break our ramparts, they tried to dig a mine under our strongest bastion. Fearing that they might starve us out unless we were reinforced, Colonel Willett and Lieutenant Stockwell volunteered to make their way to General Schuyler; so one dark, stormy night they started out. For nearly two weeks longer the digging and firing was kept up, and then our stubborn commander assured us that unless help soon reached him, before our supplies were all gone, we would sally out at night and cut our way through their lines.

"It was late in the afternoon of the 22d that



"MY FELLOW DRUMMER AND I BEAT THE LONG ROLL, AND AT THE WORD OF
COMMAND THE SERGEANT PULLED THE HALYARDS."

while taking my turn at one of the fort guns I saw a tremendous commotion in the camp opposite my position: guns were being dragged away; men were running; tents abandoned; and I fairly yelled out to the colonel, who at

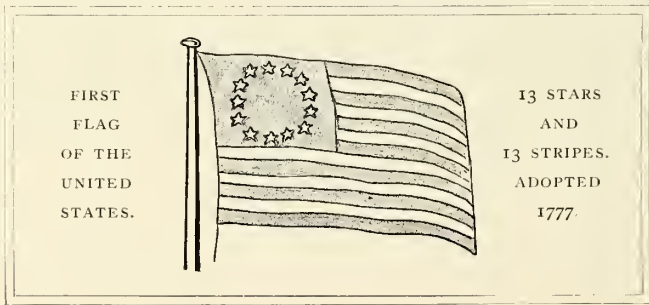
direction. At nightfall there came to the gate a ragged country boy, who, being taken at once to the colonel, told him how he had been sent out by General Arnold, who was marching to our aid, into the enemy's camp to frighten them with



"THE OFFICERS WERE BLINDFOLDED AND SENT TO COLONEL GANSEVOORT'S QUARTERS."

the moment was below the rampart, 'They 're running away! They 're retreating!' What could it mean? We could see no force coming to our relief, nor hear any sounds of firing behind them, but there they were flying in every

tales of a big army marching to take them in the rear. This boy, who had been condemned to be hung as a Tory spy, had been promised his freedom if he carried out this stratagem, an older brother being held in his stead to make sure that he would keep his promise. Joined by a couple of friendly Oneidas, they so frightened St. Leger's Indian allies that they decamped at once, in spite of all efforts to prevent them; and so the siege was raised, for, on the 25th, General Arnold's 'big' army of less than one thousand men arrived, followed the next day by that daring fighter himself. Most of our garrison went out after the fleeing enemy; but few of them could be found and brought back prisoners. Knapsacks, guns, provisions, everything that could hinder flight had been thrown away; and all this had been caused by a clever ruse. Colonel Willett was left in command of the fort, and, with my regiment, I marched out with General Arnold, to join our main army fighting Burgoyne, who had not, by any means, reached Albany, as we had been told. Our flag was still flying at the top of the staff on the old fort as we left. It had not been lowered during its first engagement."



THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT

BY M. BROWN

FAR, far up among the crags was built the nest. It was just on the edge of a great bluff, and had been placed against a rock that protected it from the cold, biting winds of the north. The nest was built of twigs, and willows, and bits of string, and was lined throughout with horsehair. The mother eagle had taken great care to make it strong and warm, and the three little eaglets, snuggled close together within, thought it the nicest nest in all the world.

When the sun shone brightly, the little eagles would peer over the edge of the nest, and the things that they saw were very wonderful indeed. There was a wide, wide plain, with nothing on it excepting little bushes of sage-brush, scattered here and there. Sometimes rabbits and prairie-dogs scampered among the bushes, and the little eagles did not know why their hearts grew big and hot at the sight of those little, running things. Then beyond the plain was a streak that was sometimes brown and sometimes blue. At first they did not know what it was; but, as their eyes grew stronger, they saw that it was a river. It was from the direction of the river that their mother came with fish for them to eat. Then, just as they would be getting tired of gazing over the great plain, the mother would come with the evening meal. After they had eaten, they all went to sleep under her wings, and slept till the beautiful morning came again.

Now there was one of these eaglets that was larger and stronger than the rest. He thought a great deal about the things he saw, and questioned his mother about the places she had visited. And his mother was very proud of him, and believed that he would some day be the greatest among the eagles. So she called him Keneu, the great war-eagle, and she told him of her journeys and of the things she had seen.

One day, when Keneu had grown strong enough to hop along the rocks in the sun, he came to his mother, who was standing with folded wings on a great, high rock. She did not notice Keneu, for she was looking away into the south where all the land was covered with a blue haze.

"Mother," said Keneu, when he had climbed up beside her, "Mother, tell me of my father."

For a time his mother did not answer; then she said, "I will tell you of your father. Over there beyond the river, there are creatures called men, who live only to kill. They do not kill for

food only, as we do, but because they like to see things die; and then they boast among their fellows of the great numbers they have slain. When they kill, they use something that can strike anything a long way off. One day, as your father came in from his hunt, I could see him far off, flying, first high, then low, but bearing ever toward home. Suddenly I saw a white puff, like a little cloud, near the surface of the plain; then there was a strange noise in the air; then I saw your father falling—falling—and he never rose again."

For a long time his mother did not say any more, and Keneu stood very still beside her. But his eyes were shining, for in him was roused the hatred and fear of man, which is in the deepest life of all wild things. And with the fear came a great longing, for he heard the voice of the desert, that calls and calls to the heart of the eagle.

Then his mother spoke again. "Keneu, you are very like your father, and he was the mightiest of all living eagles. You will be strong and beautiful, as he was; but, my son, do not go near the dwellings of men, for they are cruel. Always remember this that I have told you."

Keneu went off by himself, and thought of all the things that his mother had said to him.

It was not long before he began to fly a little, and he daily grew stronger and more glad that he was alive. His mother soon began to make short journeys with him; then they became longer, and finally, on one great day, she took him to the river and showed him how to catch the fish. Keneu proved himself very skilful, and did not want to come away when the sun began to get low in the west. All that night he dreamed of the mighty deeds he would do when he went out into the great wide world. All night long he heard the churn and roar of the river; and it flowed through his heart as it did through the burning sand, till he could not sleep. Looking up, he saw the great kind stars; and he wondered much about that strange being of which his mother had spoken, man.

It was not very long after this that Keneu left the home far behind him, and flew away to the south and west. He flew over great stretches of desert, where there was not a drop of water, over mountains crowned with snow, over great forests of pine and through beautiful valleys. The valleys often contained what he at first



"SOMETIMES OTHER EAGLES CAME AND FOUGHT WITH HIM OVER THE PREY."

above them; and wondered a little that so many men ran out of the huts, and looked and pointed upward. He did not know that he was a very large and beautiful eagle, and that it was at him they were looking.

He flew on westward till he came to a river, the like of which he never had seen before. It seemed to have only one bank; and its roar was unlike that of any other river; and the taste of its water was bitter. After a time, he learned that this was the sea. He grew to love it, and, for a long time, he sought his nightly shelter among its rocky headlands. Sometimes other eagles came and fought with him over the prey; but he always conquered them, for he was the swiftest and strongest of them all.

One day, as Keneu fished in the sea, a strange feeling came to him. It seemed to him that he felt the wind of the desert under his wings, instead of the salt breeze from the sea; and there seemed to be sand blown in his eyes instead of spray. This feeling lasted many days, and every day it made him sadder. Finally he knew what it meant: it was the home-longing that comes some time in the life of every eagle. The voice of the sea was very sweet to him; but the voice of the desert was stronger, and called and called, by day and by night.

So at last he flew north and east. He journeyed many days; and finally came in sight of the bluffs that once had been his home. He saw that there

thought a group of big stones. But he soon discovered they were huts, or the dwellings of men, of which his mother had spoken: He kept high

were dwellings of men on the plain between the bluffs and the river; but he flew high above them, for he never had forgotten his mother's

warning. He found that the old nest had been replaced by a new one, and that there were three eggs in it. He went farther along the rocks and felt very lonely because his mother and brothers were not there.

One day, as he flew over the old, familiar ground, he saw a live rabbit fastened in a little hollow, and struggling frantically to get free. Now Keneu had lived so far from men that he did not know of the devices they used to capture their prey. He did not see the net that had been spread all about the rabbit; and when he swooped down upon it, he suddenly found himself entangled with strong cords. The harder he fought to free himself, the tighter they became, till he stood quite helpless.

Then, from behind a boulder, crept a little Indian boy whose eyes were big and dark with excitement. A week before, his father had set the trap to capture one of the eagles that had their nest on the bluff. But the little Indian boy had seen this great eagle, that had been in the country only a few days; and he had loved it for its beauty and its strength. And now it stood captured before him and his heart throbbed exultingly. He turned to run and tell his father of the capture, but something held him. He looked again.

The heart of Keneu was breaking. After all those proud, free years, to die in captivity, to submit to the tyrant—man! No more could he beat through the sand-storm, no more taste the bitter water, or fight on the crags for his food.

And the little Indian boy, watching, saw the bright eyes of the eagle grow dull, saw the great wings droop; and his heart began to throb with pain instead of joy. He remembered how beautiful the eagle had looked as it soared through the air. He knew how he himself would feel, if those ugly cords bound him. He loved the eagle greatly and its sorrow made him unhappy.

He dared not go too near, for he knew how an



"THEN, FROM BEHIND A BOULDER, CREPT A LITTLE INDIAN BOY."

eagle can fight. Perhaps in his heart he was even a little afraid. But, as he looked, he longed to see the fierce bird rise and fly, and to hear its great

wings beating the air, as it swung up and up and up. The boy drew a sharp knife, and cut away the cords. He trembled as he worked, for he knew well the wrath of his father. But he would rather face that than see the great eagle slain.

Keneu did not understand at first; but, after every cord was cut and the boy stood back, he raised a claw and found it free. Then his eyes

brightened; he lifted his wings and slowly rose, higher and higher and higher; and the boy watched him with a sob in his throat, but with a glad light in his eyes.

And the eagle flew southward and ever southward into the sunlit blue haze, till he was only a speck; and the sky closed about him, and he was gone forever from that land.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE BUNNIES AND THE BUBBLES



OH!



MY!



EYES!

MANNERS

BY ANNIE W. McCULLOUGH

Now, Fido, stand and make your bow
To my new doll, as you know how.
She's come to live with you and me;
Her name is Gladys Rosalie.

Her nice new dress you must not tear,
Nor tousele up her pretty hair.
You are the biggest, so be good,
And treat her as the biggest
should.

If you will act just as I say
We three can have good times
at play;
But if you don't, I promise you,
There 'll be good times for *only two!*



FIVE YEARS OLD

BY BESS GOE WILLIS

I HAVE pockets in my trousers.
They're great! Now the boys
can't say
That I'm a baby any more:
I'm five years old to-day.





SHADOW PLAYS

BY EMILIE
POULSSON



WHEN the shadows flit about
Baby looks at them in doubt.
Black and strange, what can they be?
But his wonder turns to glee,
While with cheery laugh and word,
Father shows the shadow bird;
Shows the shadow rabbit spry,
Or the shadow butterfly.



I.

The Shadow Rabbit.

“BUNNY, pretty Bunny,
Hop out on the wall.
Baby wants to see you,
Don't you hear us call?”
There he comes! I thought
he would;
Shadow rabbits are
so good!



II.

Little Black Bunny.

“LITTLE black Bunny, the
lamps are alight.
Won't you come out for the
baby to-night?”
Here comes the rabbit!
Just see his long ears!
Say “Good-night Bunny,”
and he disappears!



The Fox.

WHO is this, Baby?
See his sharp nose!
Mr. Fox, surely;
Now off he goes!



The Horse.

SEE, Baby, see!
Who can this be?
His big mouth he opens, then shuts
it again;
Perhaps he is hoping for grass or
for grain.
See, Baby, see!
Who can this be?



The Billy-Goat.

OH, the Baby is fond of the little
black Bunny,
And the shadow Horse eating he
finds very funny;
But he thinks this old Billy-Goat's
down-hanging beard
Is the funniest shadow that yet has
appeared.



The Cockatoo.

HERE's the pretty Cockatoo,
With its curving beak.
"Polly Topknot, how d' ye do?
Polly, can you speak?"

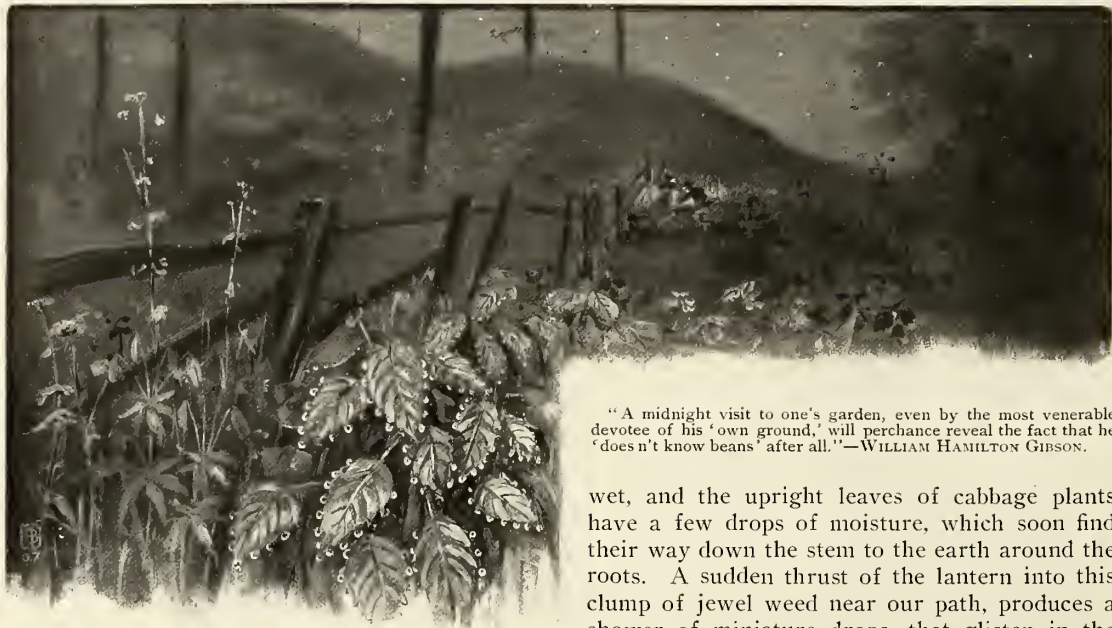
The Flying Bird.

OUT of doors the blackbird
Whistles, chirps and sings;
This black Bird is silent—
Only waves its wings.

The Swan.

HERE's the Swan's bill, and here's the Swan's head,
Here is its wing with feathers outspread.
"Pretty Swan, tell us now what you
like best."
"Out on the water to swim and to
rest."





"THIS CLUMP OF JEWEL WEED NEAR OUR PATH PRODUCES MINIATURE DROPS THAT GLISTEN IN THE LIGHT, LIKE GEMS."

SEEING AND HEARING THINGS AT NIGHT

"Is not the midnight like central Africa to most of us?" asks Thoreau. Fortunate, indeed, is the one that to this query can answer "Nay," for he has discovered and explored a realm of charm, and interests unknown by day.

Many kinds of plants have peculiar sleeping attitudes. The clovers will be found with their leaflets folded face to face. Even if there has been no rain, the leaves of the plantain will be



THE CLOVERS, GARDEN PORTULACCA OR PURSLANE (COMMONLY CALLED "PUSLEY") AND SPIDERS' WEBS ARE EXTREMELY INTERESTING AT NIGHT.

"A midnight visit to one's garden, even by the most venerable devotee of his 'own ground,' will perchance reveal the fact that he 'does n't know beans' after all."—WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

wet, and the upright leaves of cabbage plants have a few drops of moisture, which soon find their way down the stem to the earth around the roots. A sudden thrust of the lantern into this clump of jewel weed near our path, produces a shower of miniature drops, that glisten in the light, like gems. A closer examination of the plant will show nearly every leaf with its clinging drops at the tips of the "teeth" along the edge,—a veritable leaf in green enamel bordered with "moon-stones!" That clump of "pusley" has made itself less noticeable by turning its thick, pulpy leaves edge uppermost and not flat out as we know it by day. You need scarcely expect to find many of the plants and blossoms as they appear by day, for it is probable that there are but few of them that do not wear some night guise, if our eyes are but sharp enough to discover it.

Not the least of the many surprises of a night stroll is to learn how well one can see after the eyes have become accustomed to the darkness. Furthermore, the eyes are supplemented by two most useful organs of sense—the ear and the nostril. William Hamilton Gibson says: "In the total darkness, the ear and the nostril now take the watch, picturing facts and surrounding events which the jealous eye strives in vain to prove. In the dark woods you are conscious, as never before, of tension and muscular movement in your ears, and so with the nose."

Booming through the soft mists of the still pond near-by comes the deep bass of a bullfrog. Sharp eyes, indeed, will it require to discern him sitting in the moist brown mud at the pond's edge

until a soft "chug" and a splash of silver, that sets the lily-pads dancing at our feet, tells where he was. The jerky tremble of the protruding grasses tells of his darting course among their submerged stems. Farther out, the commotion among the rushes or the swaying stems of the arrow-heads reveal the plodding course of turtles in search, perhaps, of succulent lily-buds, which they esteem a great delicacy.

The silver trail across the glassy surface from that rude mound of dead rushes owes its being to the swimming musk-rat that soon emerges, dripping, and vanishes in the grassy tangle on the bank. No doubt he has a ready eye for the owl we see in the tree across the pond who has, most likely, given him more than one lively chase and "fright of his life."

The soft, tremulous trill of the toad in the grass bordering the path but shortly precedes his awkward waddle into sight in search of the worm that the proverbial "early bird" is supposed to get. Catch him and softly pinch him on one side and see the droll way he puffs himself out to nearly twice his normal size and leans away over as if to lie down on that side. The earnestness he puts



"THE SILVER TRAIL ACROSS THE GLASSY SURFACE . . . OWES ITS BEING TO THE SWIMMING MUSKRAT."

into the act, and the serious way he regards the matter is very amusing. To him it is no joke. Do him no injury, because your garden has no better friend.

We follow the cow-trail past the deserted barn where the leather-winged bats hide quietly during



INNUMERABLE FIREFLIES FLASHING LIGHT IN THE MEADOW.

the day, but are now darting in their dodging flight about the open field and feasting on the



THE OWL IN PURSUIT OF THE MUSKRAT.

" . . . Has given him more than one lively chase and 'fright of his life.'"

various nocturnal insects. Climb to the broken cornice from where they emerge and your ear will detect a lively squeaking, like that of a number of mice.

A prowling skunk may occasionally be seen in search of mice or frogs or, perhaps, on a thieving errand to some chicken roost. A tremor among the bordering grasses and we see him leisurely crossing the brook of the fallen log. He appears a moment in the hard brilliance of that patch of moonlight, then vanishes among the shadows of the swamp beyond.

Myriads of fireflies flash their tiny lanterns all about us while the night-flying moths, in their brilliant colors, flit among the blossoms awaiting their welcome visits. During daylight hours



"A PROWLING SKUNK MAY OCCASIONALLY BE SEEN IN SEARCH OF MICE OR FROGS."

these moths resemble bits of gray mottled bark as they cling tightly to the rough tree trunks.

Crossing the brook on the fallen log we are suddenly halted in amazement. What is an automobile doing here in the swamp? The deep "honk, honk," of a bullfrog over in the pond makes us almost sure that we have come upon a party of stalled tourists. This needs immediate investigation. We advance a few rods and the two shining headlights of the supposed automobile resolve themselves into two patches of fox-fire where the ends of two limbs, fallen away, leave two circular disks of light. We tear away the bark and lay bare a ghastly, green-hued, weird, and uncanny light. Fox-fire is responsible for many a house being accounted haunted, and for many a tale of weird mystery. In reality it is fungi that in certain stages are phosphorescent. The most likely time to find fox-fire is during a warm, damp spell of spring or summer, though



"WHAT IS AN AUTOMOBILE DOING HERE IN THE SWAMP?"

(Two pieces of fox-fire—phosphorescent fungi—glow faintly, suggesting in the darkness the two headlights of an automobile.)

it may sometimes be found in the fall. (See article and illustrations "Fox-fire," page 744 of *Nature and Science for June, 1904.*)

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

NOTE:—In William Hamilton Gibson's book, "Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine," there is a very interesting chapter entitled "A Midnight Ramble." He says, "My first midnight walk was a revelation and a severe shock to my comfortable self-conceit."

The editor of *Nature and Science* has several times escorted large parties of young and old through forests and swamps at late night. Members of these parties are always surprised to learn that there are so many things of interest to be seen only in the darkness of night.

THE HOUSE-SNAKE; ALSO CALLED THE MILK-SNAKE.

My grandmother was sitting one day in her arm-chair in front of an old-fashioned cupboard, when, to her very great surprise, a house-snake fell into her lap and wriggled to the floor. In some way the snake had found its way into the house unobserved, perhaps through an open door or window, and had crawled to the top of the cupboard in search of food.

The first name given to this reptile was well chosen, for it is found about houses and other buildings more frequently than any other snake. I remember when I was a boy in the country to have seen several about the porch of the house, but they invariably made their escape, just to give mother the shivers as she recalled grandmother's experience of long ago. Mother would on these occasions declare that I let the snake get away on purpose, but who ever heard of a boy permitting a snake to escape if he could prevent it?

Ophibolus doliatius triangulus (Boie.) is also known as the milk-snake, although it most likely cares no more for milk than would any other thirsty ophidian; but because it frequents spring houses, in which milk is kept, to catch frogs and salamanders which live in these cool places, the owner of the milk could not resist the temptation to give it a new name. Another of its many

she only laughed. An uncle of mine once caught a house-snake lying on a shelf in his store.



THE SNAKE CLIMBING A TREE.



THE MILK SNAKE.

local names is "thunder-and-lightning snake," but I cannot imagine why so gentle a serpent should be so named. It is perfectly harmless. Recently I saw a frightened specimen bite a school-girl, but

Knowing its value he placed it in his corn-crib, where it remained all summer. It is needless to say that the mice quickly disappeared. Besides mice and rats the house-snake catches many crickets, grasshoppers, cockroaches and other insects. It is very beneficial to the farmer and should never be killed.

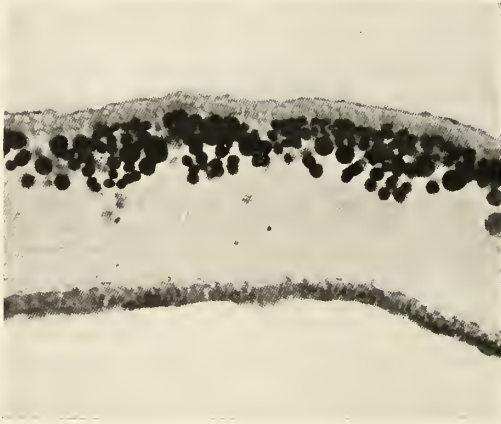
It varies much in color but the markings are very distinct. Gray or silvery bands and reddish-brown blotches mark the back, while beneath it is checkered with black and yellowish-white, making this a handsome reptile. Frequently when disturbed it sets its short tail vibrating as many other snakes do when angry. It is an expert climber, but seldom climbs trees, preferring to creep about old houses and barns. On one occasion I knew of one climbing up a small tree a few feet to a bird's nest.

Those who care to handle reptiles will find the house-snake an interesting pet. It sometimes reaches a length of four feet; specimens ordinarily, however, are less than three feet. The young are hatched from eggs.

ARTHUR RUSMISSELLE MILLER SPAID.

LICHENS: CURIOUS PLANT PARTNERS.

THESE are strange, but unpretentious little plants, that are seldom noticed by boys or girls, yet, al-



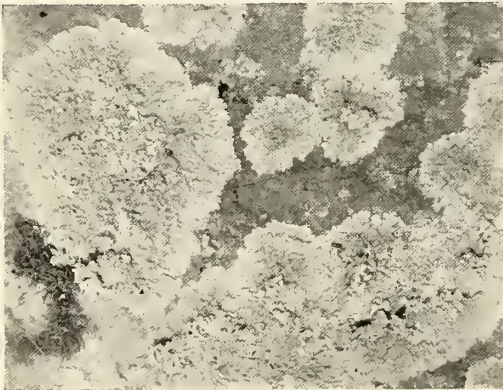
THE MAGNIFIED CUT EDGE OF A PIECE OF LICHEN.

The main strip with upper and lower light gray border is fungus. The dark round dots are algæ. (Their real color is green.) These two kinds of plants live together in partnership of mutual helpfulness. Botanists call this relation symbiosis.

Photograph by Professor David Worth Dennis.

though they are graced by no blossoms, they are, in their way, as truly beautiful as May-flowers or violets.

It would not be easy to imagine that two plants can enter into partnership to form another plant by their combination, yet such is the case with the lichens, for they are made up of two different kinds of plant cells, some being cells of algæ, others of fungi. One of our commonest algæ forms the green coloration so often seen on tree trunks, flower-pots, fences and boards. Another kind forms the green layer so often covering the



MAT-LIKE LICHENS ON ROCKS.

surface of still-water ponds. Toadstools are common fungi, as also are puffballs, and the "shelves," often called "devil's bread," that grow on woodland stumps and trees and logs.

When two low plants dwell together in this way, generally the vigor of one is greatly lessened, as one lives at the expense of the other. The mistletoe, for instance, often saps some of the strength of the tree to which it clings; but in the lichen, each plant that forms it is supposed to give to the other some desirable element that it, if alone, could not obtain. It is thus a case of "give and take" for the benefit of the partnership, the algæ and the fungi helping each other to thrive.

Algæ are aquatic plants; that is, they must grow either in water or else in a damp place. They contain chlorophyl, which is green and



A MOSS-LIKE LICHEN (USNEA).

(The beard-moss or tree moss of poets.)

The murmuring pines and hemlocks
Bearded with moss.—Longfellow's "Evangeline."

Photograph from specimen sent to Nature and Science by Master Norman Nickerson, Red Beach, Maine.

generally gives the algæ that tint. It is this green material that takes carbonic acid gas from the air for the benefit of the alga, and gives back oxygen, thus doing a work that not only benefits itself, but helps us human animals by purifying the atmosphere for our use. Fungi contain no chlorophyl, but as they are always parasites, and take their nourishment from the living or the dead matters to which they are attached, they make no change in these habits when they and the alga unite to form the lichen, for the fungus is there as great a parasite as it is when it grows, as mold, on the top of preserves, or on the roots



"REINDEER MOSS" (A LICHEN).

Showing its growth on the ground among the grasses.

of some plant in the field, where it may take the form of a mushroom. In the lichen, the fungous cells may also act as a sponge to retain the moisture that the alga cells need for their welfare. They may also help to hold the lichen in place on the rock or the tree, by a growth of tiny rootlets.

When it has rained for several hours, and the fields are wet and fragrant, you will find the lichens at their best. When they are thoroughly wet, their dull colors brighten, and they seem grateful for the friendly shower.

There are many varieties of lichens—more than a thousand, in fact—and to speak of them all would take many pages. Some are fairly conspicuous, while others can hardly be distinguished from the rocks on which they grow.



A SIDE VIEW OF "REINDEER MOSS."

Showing branching similar to higher forms of plants.

The round, green mats that decorate tree trunks and boughs, and the yellow "moss" covering the elms, are both common lichens. Then there is the hanging beard "moss" that drapes the oaks; and on the ground, the tiny, red-tipped branches of the coxcomb lichen. "Rock-tripe,"

another lichen, has been eaten in the arctic regions in times of famine. "Reindeer moss" supplies the reindeer with winter food. It grows in thick patches on the ground, and the reindeer paw aside the snow to obtain it. Beautiful blue and purple dyes are extracted from some lichens, while others are ground to a powder and used in making perfumes and for other purposes. In olden times, lichens were put to many queer



THE ROCK-TRIBE OR "FAMINE-BREAD" LICHEN.

"Has often been the means of saving the lives of arctic explorers, notably the members of the Franklin expedition, also of trappers and hunters in Canada and Alaska."—Schneider.

uses—one, as a cure for hydrophobia; another, as a poison; and still others, to cure diseases of every kind.

MARION APPLETON HOWE.

REGINALD HEBER HOWE, JUNIOR,

MINIATURE HEN'S EGG.

THIS exceedingly small egg was laid by a Plymouth Rock hen belonging to a farmer in Texas, and, as shown in the picture, is of about the same diameter as a silver ten-cent piece, but it holds about one twenty-fifth of the contents of the larger egg.



A DIME, THE SMALL HEN'S EGG AND FULL-SIZED HEN'S EGG.

Photograph from the National Press Association.

“BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW”
 ??????????????????
 St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York

SNAKES NOT BLIND WHILE SHEDDING THEIR SKINS.

GRAND FORKS, B. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been told that rattlesnakes are more venomous, and are blind, while shedding their skin. Is this true?

There have been a good many rattlesnakes killed and seen near here. One was killed very near our house. It was a very small one with only one rattle.

Your friend and reader,

MAUDE WOOSTER.

Snakes are not actually blind when preparing to shed their skin, though they see but poorly. Their poison at such times in no way differs from any other time of the year.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

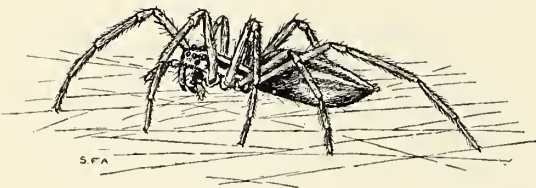
DO SPIDERS SLEEP?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I am very much interested to know if spiders sleep at night. It seems to me they must.

Affectionately,

LOUISE TIFFANY FRANK (age 11 years).

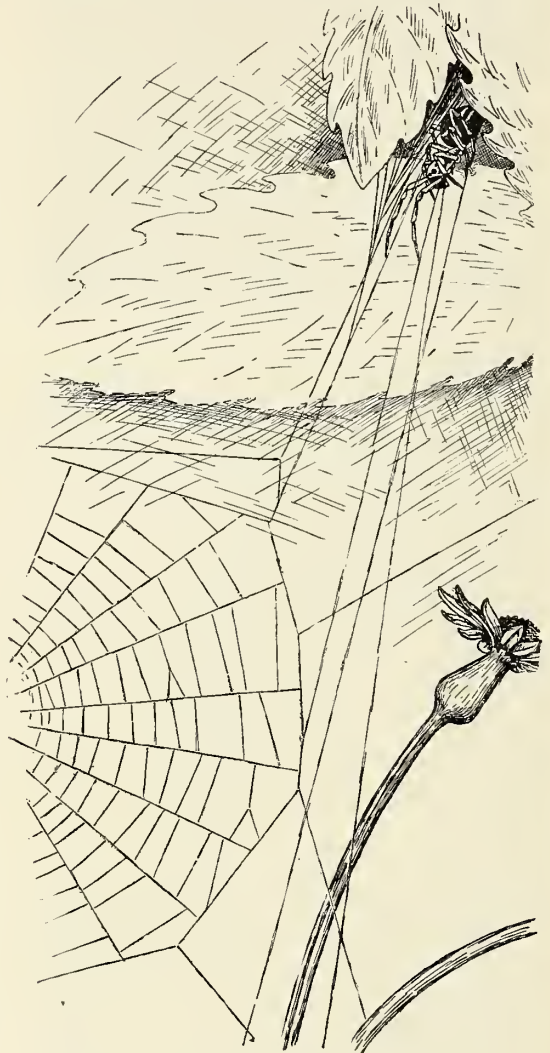
The question, “Do Spiders Sleep at Night?” is not easy to answer. I have made a careful observation of the sleep of ants, and that could readily be done by watching colonies in their artificial formicaries. It is almost impossible to deal with spiders in the same way. I would answer, however, in general terms, that spiders sleep, as all animals do, and doubtless parts of the night are spent in slumber. Many species, however, prey on the night-flying insects, and so must be awake in order to catch their prey. If you will watch the porch or outbuildings of your home on a summer evening, you will be likely to see an orb-weaving spider drop slowly down on a single thread in the gathering dusk of the evening. From this beginning a round web will soon be spun, and either hanging at the center thereof, or in a little nest above and at one side, is the architect, with fore feet clasping what we call the



COMMON ATTITUDE OF A SPIDER ON ITS WEB.

“trap line,” and waiting for some night-flying insect to strike the snare. In this position spiders

will sometimes wait for hours, and it is just possible that they may then take a little nap. They



WAITING FOR A VICTIM.

Spider in its nest with feet on the “trap lines” that lead to and support the web. The slightest agitation of the web is communicated to its builder. The spider that rests in the center of the web, as many species do, is perhaps even more readily notified of the ensnaring of its prey.

“In this position spiders will sometimes wait for hours, and it is just possible that they then may take a little nap.”

might easily do that and yet not lose their game, for the agitation of the web would rouse the sleeper and then it would run down the trap line and secure its prey. Some species of spiders do the chief part of their hunting at night, and there are some who chiefly hunt during the day, but as a rule these industrious animals work both day and night.

HENRY C. McCOOK.

HOW A FLEA JUMPS AND ALIGHTS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell us whether a flea always lights on his feet, and why, and what his wings are for.

Yours truly,

KATHERINE (age 11), and WILLIS (age 8).

It is said that a flea leaps two hundred times its height, and while it usually does land on its feet, it often fails, especially when it falls on a perfectly smooth surface where the claws can get only a slight hold. A flea has six legs, whose great length and bulk make them so heavy that they must be a great help in keeping their owner right side up when it makes one of those gigantic jumps; and when it lands upside down, or in some other way, its ability to kick is so great, that not more than one wriggle is needed to set things right. A flea's wings are mere scales, and of no use; but small and worthless as they are, they tell the entomologist something about the proper classification of the insect. To the flea itself they have no value.

PHOEBES HELP ROBINS FEED THEIR YOUNG.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—Across the street from our house is a quarry, from which a great deal of stone had been taken for building. There are several crevices or spots sheltered from the rain. In one of these places, a phoebe-bird built her nest. After her eggs were hatched, the young birds were trying to fly. One day the cat killed the little phoebes and brought them home. This made the parent phoebes seem lonely.

At that time a robin came and built her nest just across the quarry. For several days the female bird had been sitting on the nest very patiently until three small heads could be seen. While we were watching the birds we saw the phoebe-bird fly over by the robin's nest. We thought she was catching flies until she repeated this so many times it made us think otherwise. Taking out a spy-glass we found that she was feeding the young robins. Soon the male phoebe was seen at the robin's nest, and he also brought food to the small birds all day. Passing in and out the nest the phoebes would often meet both robins and they all seemed good friends. The young robins received food from so many that they grew very fast and soon flew out of the nest. Is this not a queer incident for one family of birds to feed another?

IRENE VANDERWERKEN.

The writer of this letter lives near my home in Stamford. For several days I also observed the interesting feeding she describes. I took several photographs of the nest, birds and surroundings. From these photographs Mr. Sawyer has drawn the accompanying illustration.

It was interesting to watch a phoebe patiently waiting till a robin had gone. But neither robin waited for a phoebe. Both robins seemed to regard the phoebes as intruders. When either robin flew in, a phoebe at the nest would immediately fly away and wait for an opportunity to go back

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and continue the feeding. In this respect both phoebes had the manner of doing something not appreciated and which they had no right to do.

One of our young observers records, as follows, similar observations of a sparrow feeding robins.

DID THE SPARROW FEED THE ROBINS?

BOND HILL, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—For two years a pair of robins have built a nest in one of our trees. About the first of July, when the young birds were about half-grown, an English sparrow was noticed about the nest after the parent bird had fed the young ones. The sparrow appeared to take the food out of the young birds' mouths. At other times she seemed to be feeding them. When the parent bird was around the nest the sparrow would sit a few feet away, but as soon as the old bird left, the sparrow would



ROBIN AND PHOEBE ALTERNATELY FEEDING
YOUNG ROBINS IN A NEST.

hop down on to the nest again and the young birds would open their mouths. It was always the female sparrow that came; I never saw the male bird near the nest. After all but one of the young birds had flown, the sparrow still came to the nest and my mother saw her feed the young one three times and then act as if she took it away from him. This fourth bird had been deserted by his parents. I tried hard to photograph the sparrow, but I failed because my camera was too small. But my father took some pictures, and I am sending you three of them. Did the sparrow feed the young birds or did she steal their food?

Your interested reader,
F. BRIDGE.

The photographs sent, like mine, are good as a record of the observation, but are not sharp enough to reproduce in a magazine.

CELEBRATION HYMN.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 17).

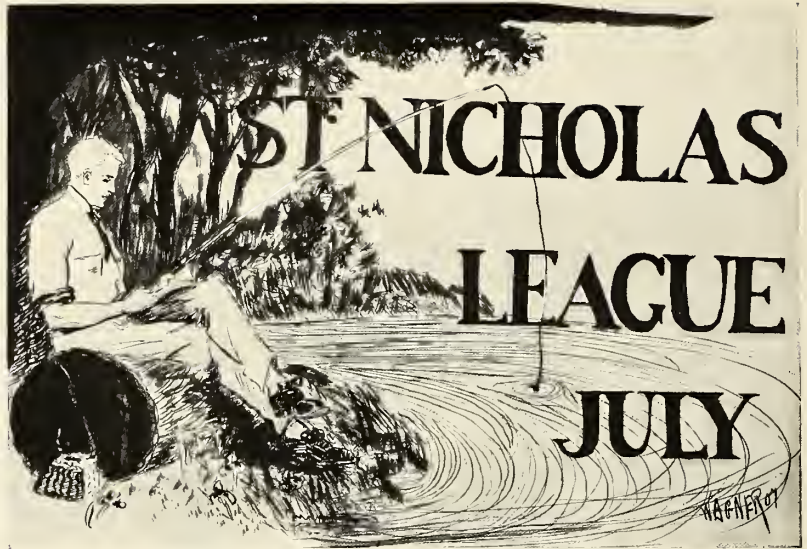
(Cash Prize.)

LORD, our Captain, who has led
Through the storms our bark
before,
Past the phantom shapes of
dread,
Through the bursting flames
of war,—
Pilot, Captain, unto thee
Now we come to ask thy aid,
Not in mock humility,
But because we are afraid.

Not of others of mankind
Who before us bar the way,—
Not for dangers well defined
Do we ask Thy help to-day;
Not for war-clouds that appear
O'er our destiny's scarred
brow,
But because *ourselves* we fear,
Lord, our Captain, pray we
now.

Lord, our Captain, guide our bark
O'er the stormy seas ahead,
Where our passions hover dark,
And our self-control is dead;
Where our energies are stilled,
And our manhood's best is gone,—
Through the breakers *we* have willed,
Lord, our Captain, lead us on!

THIS is a short talk to the young illustrators, especially to those who expect to follow comic and caricature work. There is an idea among young artists (and, alas, among certain older ones) that humor and caricature consist chiefly of gross exaggeration. There is no good foundation



"HEADING." BY MART WAGNER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

for this idea. Indeed, the most humorous drawing and the most telling caricature are likely to show so little exaggeration of human characteristics that one may find it difficult to point out the magnified or diminished features. It is true, the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers do not seem to be in accord with this idea; but then the comic supplements may not be the best criterions of literature and art, even of the "comic" school. That they appeal to a large audience, there is no doubt, but it may be questioned whether it is an audience that has the making and the unmaking of art and literary reputations, and it may be further questioned whether a large portion of this audience would not be more pleasantly entertained by pictures and text of a modified form if they could get them.

The League editor has seen readers young and old turn the pages of a "Colored Supplement" from the first page to the last, noting with attention each feature of the paper, yet failing to find a laugh or even a smile in the entire "comic" collection. They were intelligent, fun-loving readers, too, but the impossible situations and the distorted faces and bodies of the drawings did not produce mirth, unless the situations themselves were genuinely humorous, and these would have been quite as effective had the illustrations been of less extravagant sort.

It is not that exaggeration is not legitimate. Caricature demands it, and comic art without it would lose much of its zest. But "accentuation" is the better word. To accent some physical characteristic just enough to emphasize the mental tendency behind it, this is the very essence of true caricature, and to recognize and depict the humorous situation completes the whole story of comic art.

Vulgarly big feet, big distorted



"EARLY SPRING." BY HENRY B. DILLARD, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

hands, enlarged and twisted noses, impossible ears, deformed features in general—these are not truly funny. Next, our foremost American cartoonist, Tenniel, John Leech and Phil May in England—men whose names shall live as long as pictorial art—in their greatest work never resorted to these things. Their caricatures were portraits. "They looked more like the originals than the originals looked like themselves," and when their work was not caricature, but purely comic, it was chiefly upon the situation, and not upon gross exaggeration that they depended for their humor. Herein lay their greatness, and the young illustrator of to-day cannot do better than to study and follow the example of these distinguished masters of comic art.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 89.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Neill C. Wilson** (age 17), 328 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Gold badges, **Primrose Lawrence** (age 15), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Elizabeth Page James** (age 12), Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Silver badges, **Daisy Glaze** (age 15), Versailles, Ill.; **James B. Hunter, Jr.** (age 13), 951 E. 183d St., N. Y. City, and **Marion Rise-dorph** (age 12), Kinderhook, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Henry Resch** (age 15), 297 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Knowles Entrekin** (age 15), 2113 7th Ave., Moline, Ill.

Silver badges, **Eva Ingersoll-Brown** (age 15), 117 E. 21st St., N. Y. City; **Lula E. Hall** (age 14), Franklin, N. H., and **Sylvia Harding** (age 11), 1508 N. 61st St., Phila., Pa.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Mart Wagner** (age 15), Kingssessing, W. Phila., Pa., and **Hilda von Thielmann** (age 14), Rauchstrasse, 9, Berlin W. 10, Germany.

Silver badges, **Ruth Colburn** (age 13), Highland Park, Ill.; **Decie Merwin** (age 12), 733 N. 5th Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.; **Virginia Harmon** (age 13), 147 Pine St., Portland, Me.

Photography. Cash prize, **Henry B. Dillard** (age 16), Huntsville, Ala.

Gold badge, **J. Charles O'Brien, Jr.**, (age 14), Maplewood, N. J.

Silver badges, **Roy Phillips** (age 15), 315 Pullman Ave., Pullman, Ill., and **George B. Curtis** (age 13), Pittsford, Vt.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Missel Thrush" by **Christopher Pratt** (age 17), Highcliffe House, Bradford, Yorks, Eng. Second prize, "Song Sparrow" by **John Struthers Dunn** (age 15), 46 E. Sedgwick St., Phila., Pa. Third prize, "Young Blue Heron" by **Mabel Gardner** (age 14), 54 Stinson Ave., Providence, R. I. Fourth prize, "Cormorant," by **Brayton Philbrook** (age 15), Santa Cruz, Cal.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Dorothy Gibson** (age 16), 400 4th Ave., N. Great Falls, Mont., and **Donald Baker** (age 15), 278 Prospect Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Pauline M. Dakin** (age 15), Cherry

Valley, New York and **Stella E. Jacobs** (age 14), 49 East 75th Street, New York City.

Puzzle-Answers. Gold badge, **Louis Sill** (age 14), 189 Williams St., New London, Conn.

Silver badge, **Gertrude Souther** (age 15), 29 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

NATURE'S FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

BY ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

O BIRTHDAY of our nation strong,
O day that children hail with glee,
O day to be remembered long;
All nature pays respect to thee!

For see! the sun is fiery red,
And so is all the flaming east;
Behold the heavens overhead
With pearly white are softly fleeced.



"EARLY SPRING." BY J. CHARLES O'BRIEN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

While underneath, the azure sea
Lies smiling, in the happy dawn,
The dawn of courage, bold and free,
From which our country's power is drawn.

THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA.

BY KNOWLES ENTRIKIN (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

NESTLED amidst the eastern peaks of the Pyrenees Mountains lies a little triangular valley called Andorra. Your atlas will tell you that Andorra is a republic, paying tribute to both Spain and France to preserve its neutrality; but it will not tell you that it is the most unique and the oldest republic in the world. In our conception of the word, it might be called the first, for it never had any class division or any slaves.

During the time that the Franks were busy keeping the Moors from crossing the Pyrenees from Spain, Louis,



"EARLY SPRING." BY ROY PHILLIPS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"La Débonnaire," son of Charlemagne, fought a battle with the Moors in that valley. It resulted in a glorious victory for the Franks, and when Charles heard of it he declared that the reign should be independent and its inhabitants free forever. Louis left a detachment of soldiers there and from these are descended the simple peasants that to-day live in that place.

Some time later Charles, "The Bold," who had received France as his portion after the treaty of Verdun, stipulated that the inhabitants should send a few fish yearly to show their loyalty to the old race.

For centuries, amidst the strife of nations, the Andorrese preserved their neutrality on account of and in spite of the jealousy of France and Spain. When the matter of bringing Andorra into the empire was laid before Napoleon he smiled and said: "They are free." The minister presenting the matter discreetly closed his mouth.

Since the beginning of the republic the people have elected twenty councils, to administer affairs, and a syndic, as head of the state. They have two ministers, one in Spain, the other in France. There is no standing army, nor has there ever been a war.

The people are engaged in farming, mining, and weaving cloth. Strangers often comment on their likeness to the Yankees in shrewdness, thrift and good sense.

Many gambling companies have tried to turn Andorra into a second Monte Carlo, but the people have said "No," with a No that is as stolid, grim, and immovable as the mountains that encircle their home.

A LOFTY CELEBRATION.

BY PRIMROSE LAWRENCE (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

My foot is bandaged tight around,
And so 's my face and arm,
Dad says he really does n't see
What else there is to harm.

But I have had a glorious Fourth,
For celebrating 's fun;
It 's just too bad to go to bed,
Although it 's 'most all done.

Right through the open window
I see the dark gray sky,
All sprinkled with the shining stars
That twinkle up so high.

What splendid rockets they would
make,
They 'd shoot about so fast,
And better still they 'd not burn
out,
But always, always last.

They seem to twinkle so much
more
Then they 'most always do.
Oh, maybe 'cause to-night 's the
Fourth
They 're celebrating too.

HOW LIBERIA BECAME A REPUBLIC.

BY HENRY RESCH (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

In the year 1816 the American Colonization Society was founded for the purpose of colonizing the freed negroes in Africa. The United States government had passed a law prohibiting the importation of negroes but the slave traders disregarded this law altogether. Thus, many cargoes of slaves were recaptured and on March 3, 1819, a bill was passed to colonize these recaptured Africans.

The next year a colony of eighty-six negroes were sent



"MISSEL THRUSH." BY CHRISTOPHER PRATT, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

to Africa on the bark *Mayflower of Liberia*. The settlement at Sherbro Island proved a failure. Both the natives there and the climate became unendurable, and the colonists fled to Sierra, Leone. In the spring of 1821 a new band of twenty-eight emigrants and the remainder of the first expedition tried to settle at Cape Mesurado. Here, again, the natives interfered and it was not until Lieutenant Stockton, of the schooner *Alligator*, made a treaty with them that there was peace. Once more the colonists are routed by adverse conditions, but with their numbers rapidly increasing we find them at length able to take care of themselves.

In 1832 the different colonies, which had been sent out by different states, resolved to unite under one government. The Commonwealth of Liberia was formed by delegates from each colony and controlled by a Board of Directors, who elected a Governor. Thomas Buchanan was the first Governor (1837), and he was the last white man who ruled in Liberia. When he died Lieutenant-Governor Joseph Jenkins Roberts became Governor. Governor Roberts had no sooner been elected, than trouble began with the British coastwise traders. Liberia had regulated all the commerce within her jurisdiction by laws imposing duties on imported goods. The English traders denied this right, and when Liberia tried to enforce the laws, her revenue schooner, *John Seyes*, was seized by a British man-o'-war and taken before the Admiralty court at Sierra Leone. After much discussion the case was decided



"SONG SPARROW." BY JOHN STRUTHERS DUNN, AGE 15.
(SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

CELEBRATION.

BY MARION RISEDORPH (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

JULY the Fourth has passed away,
And everywhere 't is proved that we,
Have spent the day most splendidly,
For all things are in disarray,
Our windows, holes display,
Made by a rocket, fancy free.
Our grass is gone, also a tree—
We celebrated the Fourth.

Our little porch with vines made gay
We never, never more will see.
Its embers now stare up at me
Mute witnesses of sparks that stray.
The house was fresh in May,
We have but paid the painter's fee.
It now resembles Mount Pelee—
We celebrated the Fourth.

We planned all day at home to stay
And pass the day most quietly,



"YOUNG BLUE HERON." BY MABEL GARDNER, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE,
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

against Liberia and her right to hold or acquire territory denied.

About this time the Colonization Society decided to let the colonists govern themselves. The suggestion was adopted, a convention was elected, and met on July 26, 1847. A Declaration of Independence and a Constitution, similar to those of the United States, were drawn up and Governor Roberts was elected President.

In 1857 the Maryland Colony, which had hitherto had its own government, asked to be annexed and the Republic of Liberia was complete.

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. The membership is free. A badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.



"CORMORANT." BY BRAYTON PHILBROOK, AGE 15.
(FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"EARLY SPRING." BY GEORGE B. CURTIS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

A bit of fireworks after tea
 With which to let us children play;
 But now—my hair is singed away,
 My hands are burned most miserably
 And I am sorry as can be,
 We celebrated the Fourth.

THE BABY REPUBLIC.

BY LULA E. HALL (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

It was at a Mothers' Meeting that the formation of the Baby Republic occurred. All the Babies were left in the Ante-room to wait the close of the meeting. All were children who were to be brought up by Rule. Some were healthy; others were puny little things, who wailed for their mothers if they left them.

All of them cried when they were left alone, but all to no purpose. Finally one, called Alex Vandex Smith, cried, "We are much abused by these haughty Tyrants. I, for one, am tired of it, and I move that we revolt."

The move was seconded and the vote was unanimous.

Master Alex V. S. was elected chairman of the meeting. It was voted to form a republic. The reasons for this were many. One said: "The Person called Mother gave me cold milk yesterday."

Another cried, "My bath was too hot to-day."

But one and all agreed that the one thing to be done was to form a republic. Therefore it was necessary to have a Senate. One half of them were to be Representatives. These were younger than those chosen for Senators, who were chosen from the other half. The president, vice-president, and others, were chosen from the remainder. Master John Adams Jones was elected president, partly because of his name. A bill was carried which annulled the unwritten law that a mother should comb a child's hair. This terrible deed, which took place very often, was denounced by the president as "base cruelty," and both the Senate and the House agreed. Perhaps it is unnecessary to state that one of the bills passed was to the effect that a Baby should be allowed to eat all the candy it was possible for him to devour. The work was put through very rapidly, for it was expected that at any minute the meeting of mothers would close. Even as they were about

to carry an act that Mothers' Meetings would not be allowed, a noise was heard within, announcing their breaking up. Therefore the Senate and House were adjourned until a later date.

When the mothers came out to find their respective sons, they were at a loss to know what made them so unruly. They said it was their loneliness.

But you and I know that the formation of the Baby Republic was at the bottom of the mystery.

THE CELEBRATION.

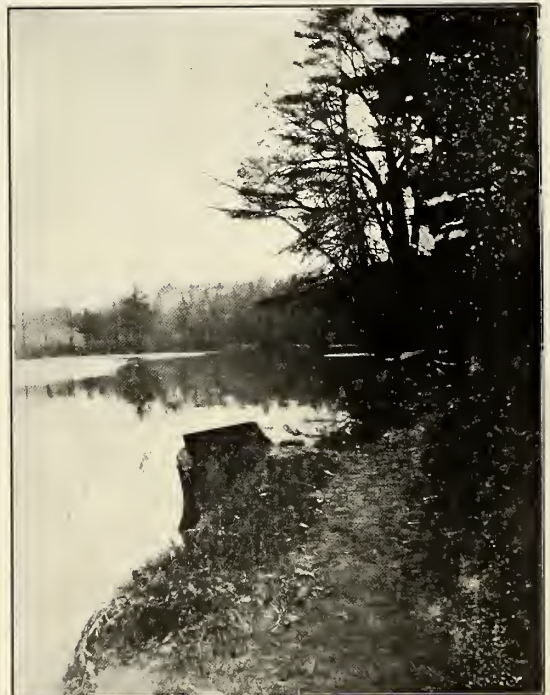
BY DAISY GLAZE (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"HURRAH! Hurrah!" the small boys cry;
 "Hurrah! Hurrah!" the girls reply,
 "We're glad the good old 'Fourth' is here,
 The finest time of all the year!
 What jolly times we'll have to-day,
 With not much work and lots of play!"

All that day, from morn till night:
 Cannons boomed with all their might,
 Crackers fizzed and rockets flashed,
 Through the air fierce dragons dashed,—
 All the air was filled with noise,
 Shouts of happy girls and boys.

All the jellies, pies and tarts,
 Ice cream, cake and candy hearts,—
 All things that were good to eat,
 Sold upon that crowded street.
 Each small vender, with his pack
 Pushed the noisy people back.



"EARLY SPRING." BY ELISABETH LAWRENCE CURTIS, AGE 16.



"EARLY SPRING." BY FRANCIS BASSETT, AGE 14.

Crowding, pressing—I declare
 You 'll be glad you were not there.
 But at last the day was done—
 All the races and the fun,
 All the hits and big sensations,
 With the best of celebrations.

AN IDEAL REPUBLIC.

BY EVA INGERSOLL-BROWN (AGE 15).
 (*Silver Badge.*)

To me the word Republic is suggestive of great significance. It conveys to my mind a vision—lustrous as a star—in which I see a country—glorious and grand—unfettered with superstition, prejudice, or cant. A country whose only sovereign is justice, humanity, reason, truth and forbearance her most influential counsellors. A country in which each and every individual is privileged to breathe the delicious air of supreme freedom and thereby become imbued with its soul-stirring spirit and divine inspiration. For what incentive so potent as liberty? What stimulus so effectual as self-reliance and independence? When the soul is free to soar to unexplored regions of ambition, aspiration, and genius! When one feels one's desires unhindered by petty jealousy, suspicion, or hatred, and consequently is enabled to attain exalted pinnacles of creation, fame, and glory.

The ideal republic is one that nearest attains the lofty summit of idealism or perfection and in every sense fulfils the meaning of the word.

Beneath the banner of this government all persons, irrespective of breed, birth, or color are created free and equal. All have equal rights



"EARLY SPRING." BY FAYE NORTHEY, AGE 13.



"EARLY SPRING." BY MAUDE J. HAYDEN, AGE 10.

and opportunities for self advancement, achievement, and happiness. In this land merit and worth are the sole considerations for the attainment of places of distinction and power; and poverty is no hindrance to progress.

Ah, let us hail the dawn of this bright day! perchance our own beloved America shall one day attain this lofty height of civilization as she has surpassed all countries in true greatness and grandeur. She could were her old, faithful, dauntless patriots to come to life once more; those whose highest aim and hope were for their country's welfare; those brave, intrepid heroes who consecrated their lives to the great resolve of making their country sublime, invincible, and free; and in whose hearts the divine, ardent fire of patriotism burned bright and high, stimulating them to the achievement of grand, self-sacrificing, noble deeds, which have emblazoned their names and memories upon the eternal records of immortal fame.

Lost or damaged League buttons will be replaced free of charge

THE PINE TREES.

BY KATHARINE HOLWAY
 (AGE 10.)

THE pine trees in the forest
 Awesome, great and grand
 They drop their prickly needles
 Over the mossy land.

The wind goes sighing thro' them
 With a moaning, restless sound
 And down the leaves come falling,
 Falling to the ground.

AN EXILED KING'S RETREAT IN A REPUBLIC.

BY SYLVIA HARDING (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

JOSEPH BONAPARTE, the elder brother of Napoleon, was the ex-king of Naples and Spain.

After Napoleon's downfall at Waterloo, Joseph left

and oaks, and every open place was filled with statuary. It was dotted with sheltered seats and springs. Over several small streams were rustic bridges. In the midst of the park was a beautiful lake with fleets of pleasure boats moored in the caves. The passage-way from the "Lake House" to the mansion was used as a shelter for people caught in the showers. With this idea in mind he had carved in Italian over the doorway, "Not ignorant of evil, I learn to succor the unfortunate."

He never intended to leave his home unless needed by Napoleon's child, the little "King of Rome"; but he had to leave Bordentown, for his nephew fell sick. When he reached London he found that he was dead.

Joseph Bonaparte was born in Ajaccio, Corsica, on the 7th of January, 1768; he died in Florence, Italy, the 28th of July, 1844.

A CELEBRATION.

BY JAMES B. HUNTER, JR. (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

THE ocean makes, upon the right,
A steady roar and crash;
Upon the left the town is bright,
With flicker, flare and flash.

For many folk have gathered there,
The frolicsome and gay.
The fires light the sand-crab's lair,
And faster goes the play.

The crackers snap a noisy tune,
The pinwheels splutter round;
Above them all a big balloon,
Goes up away from sound.



"A LANDSCAPE." BY HILDE VON THIELMANN, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)

France in exile to settle at Point Breeze, Bordentown, New Jersey.

We may think it queer for a king to leave Europe and come over to a republic, but we must remember that he was not of royal birth, his father being a lawyer; and Joseph himself studied law; he was put on the throne by his brother, Napoleon.

At Point Breeze he built a great chateau-like mansion in the midst of a thousand acre park, in which he entertained all the distinguished and exiled Frenchmen that came to America; such noted Americans as Clay, Webster, and Adams, were also received there.

Joseph Bonaparte was very kind to the people of Bordentown, mingling with them, inviting them to have their picnics in his park and even going down to the country store to join the groups of townsfolk and to hear their stories. He had the children come to his house on Independence days, for he loved children and wanted them around him.

In 1824 when Lafayette visited the United States Bonaparte had a grand festival for the country people.

He did not build his great park for himself, but for others. Bonaparte Park was laid out in the style of the Escorial grounds; it had miles of drives, lined with pines



"A LANDSCAPE." BY VIRGINIA HARMON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

The blazes leave a blackened mark,
Where all the night they stayed,
The last soul now has left the dark,
And in his bed is laid.

The ocean rises steadily,
Where all the fun is o'er.
And sweeps the litter readily,
From off the silent shore.

A POOR FAMILY'S REPUBLIC.

BY WALTER R. OSTERMAN (AGE 11).

IT consisted of but four members. They were the father, mother, son, and daughter. Each gave up some small luxury for the sake of another member of the little republic. Though poor themselves, they gave readily to others who were poorer.

All of the family worked. The father was a laborer and the son an office-boy. The mother and daughter prepared the meals and did the housework. This house was neat to a fault.

The scanty earnings of father and son bought the family's food and clothes, and paid their rent.



"HEADING." BY DECIE MERWIN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Processions gay marched down the way;
One hears the sound of dancing feet.
Oh joyful time when Justice may
With tender Love and Mercy meet.

But now the sun has disappeared;
The last small boy is put to bed;
The last oration has been cheered;
And one more happy Fourth is sped.

A FUTURE REPUBLIC.

BY GERTRUDE M. ROSENTHAL (AGE 14).

WHEN we look at a map of Europe we see the different countries, and as we pass over each one we are reminded of their form of government and a part of their history.

We pause to gaze on Russia a little longer than on the rest. Our eyes fall on Warsaw, and we seem to see soldiers parading the streets and plundering everything that comes in their way.

Let us go in one of the houses in the street; we enter a barely furnished room where the poor supper is placed upon the table. No more of the fare of former

days. The children know that for a time to come they will have no little cakes to decorate the table, and no holiday fruit.

We go further into the next street; in one of its houses sits a young mother; near her, her children are playing. She is thinking of her husband across the ocean trying to make his fortune and bring his children to a peaceful home in America. He has escaped the hardships of a Russian soldier's life, and he is thinking day by day of his young wife in Russia patiently waiting for the ship to take her to her husband.

Many are the homes where poverty and devastation stare the people in the face.

This is what their monarch is doing to his subjects. But they are beginning to realize the burden they have carried submissively all these years; they are beginning to fight for their liberties. The officers are industrious, for many are condemned. Czar Nicholas is in danger of his life and so are many others.

What an unhappy government is Russia at present: but how unhappy are the people!

How long will Russia continue in this state, is the question that arises in our minds. At present the government is at a standstill, and slow progress is made for the welfare of the country.

When we see the progress of other nations we think and say to ourselves, "When will Russia become a republic



"HEADING." BY RUTH COLBURN, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

So, though they were poor, they were very happy, and lived in a republic which any nation might envy.

They afterward became wealthy, but always gave to the poor as they had done before. They all lived long and well. I call this a republic because the family lived so peaceably together; loved each other so well, and because they were contented.

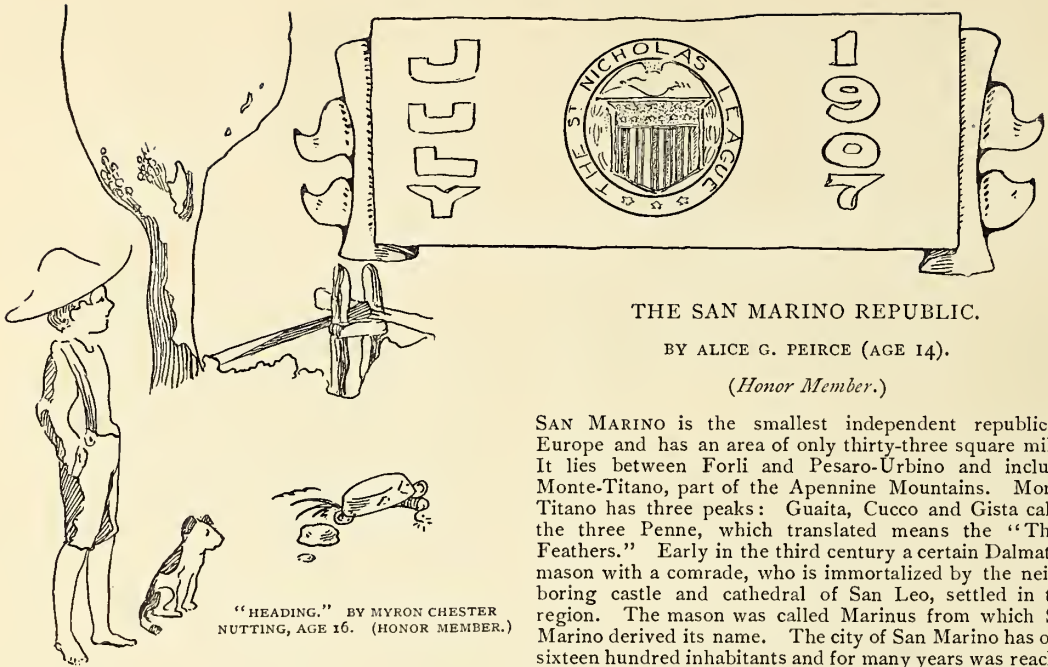
INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION.

BY EUNICE G. HUSSEY (AGE 13).

THE morning dawns with just a tint
Of crimson in the waking east.
A cannon booms with just a hint
Of war-guns, parley now long ceased.

The sun comes up and floods the world
With golden glory from his store;
From every dwelling are unfurled
Our country's colors,—flags galore.

Fire-crackers pop and children shout;
Huzzas are heard along the way.
No need to wonder what about,
It is the nation's glad birthday!



THE SAN MARINO REPUBLIC.

BY ALICE G. PEIRCE (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

SAN MARINO is the smallest independent republic in Europe and has an area of only thirty-three square miles. It lies between Forli and Pesaro-Urbino and includes Monte-Titano, part of the Apennine Mountains. Monte-Titano has three peaks: Guaita, Cucco and Gista called the three Penne, which translated means the "Three Feathers." Early in the third century a certain Dalmatian mason with a comrade, who is immortalized by the neighboring castle and cathedral of San Leo, settled in this region. The mason was called Marinus from which San Marino derived its name. The city of San Marino has only sixteen hundred inhabitants and for many years was reached by only a mule track, but since 1875 there has been a good carriage road. Other villages are Serravalle, Taetano, and

with a government, by the people and for the people like our own glorious republic?"

THE DAY I CELEBRATE.

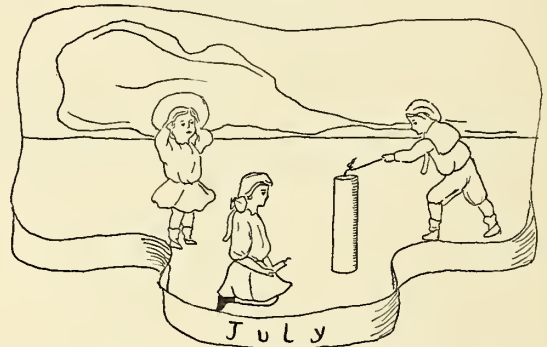
BY KATHARINE R. NEUMANN (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

HURRAY! Hurray! the day, the day
For noise and joy and fun!
I'll light this bunch of "babies" gay
And the cannon,—then I'll run.

Hurray! Hurray! the day, the day
When girls stuff up their ears
And then dress up in fine array
To cover up their fears.

Hurray! Hurray! the day, the day
When all the world is glad
And Grandma does not nag or say,
"This noise will drive me mad."



"HEADING." BY AGNES NICHOLSON, AGE 12.

Montegiardino, and each has the remains of castles and fortifications.

This republic is governed by a large council of sixty members named for life. Out of this body are elected the council of twelve which with the assistance of a legal adviser decides in the third and last resort. Two captains-regent are elected every six months and represent the state, which also has its home secretary, minister of foreign affairs, chancellor of the exchequer, an army of nine hundred and fifty men, and a regular budget.

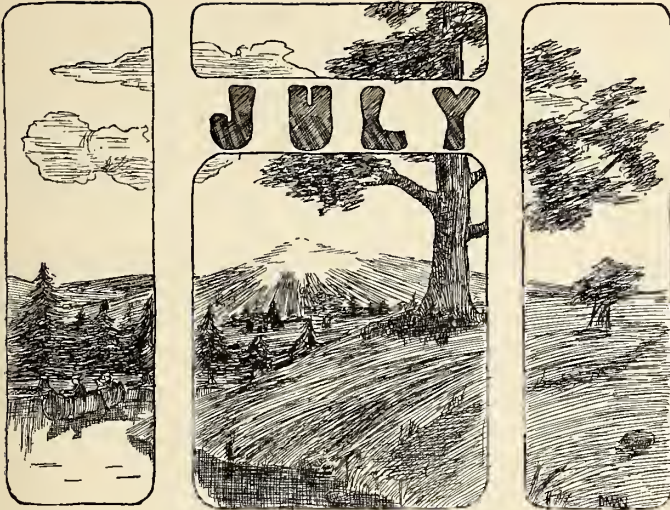
San Marino's oxen and wines are highly prized and the production of wine and cattle occupy the bulk of the population. Agreeing to grow no tobacco of its own San Marino is allowed to buy foreign tobacco duty free, and by treaty with Italy, instead of having a customs line of its own, receives a certain amount of Italian customs revenue.

To avoid any difficulty about copyright this republic has no printing-press.

San Marino is located as a bulwark between the hostile



"HEADING." BY ELISABETH EVANS, AGE 11.



"HEADING." BY GEORGE LYMAN, AGE 13.

houses of Montefeltro and Malatesta. It luckily attached itself to the ducal throne of Urbino. As a reward for the help which it gave Duke Federigo and his allies, the king of Naples and the Pope, against Sigismondo Malatesta, it was given in 1463 the castle and territories of Serravalle, Taetano and Montegiardino.

The independence of San Marino was acknowledged when in 1631 Urbino was annexed to the states of the church.

AFTER THE CELEBRATION (AS TOLD BY THE
FIRE-CRACKER).

BY E. VINCENT MILLAY (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

The shiny pistol, the little red cap, my torpedo friend
and I,—
Of our comrades bereft, we are all that is left of the
glorious Fourth of July.
We little thought we would come to this; when the
morning sun first shone
We could not tell that ere evening fell, we four would be
left alone.

The shiny pistol grew warm and moist in a sticky, childish
grasp,
And the dull marks made on his side betrayed a smutty
finger-clasp.

In the little round box all torn on the grass, this morning
the little cap lay,
And the world seemed fair as she nestled there, with her
sisters cuddled away.

Torpedo was one of seventeen, snug-tucked in a sawdust
bed,—

And was it to-day that my comrades lay by my side in
their jackets of red?

One by one they were torn away, to leap with a shout
through the air,

To fly with a trail of sparks, to lie on the lawn with the
others there.

And ah! 'T is a glorious death to die, in the smoke and
the fire-glow,—

A hissing call, a blazing fall to the ground
where the hot sparks blow.
Oh! How I longed for the grimy hands to
carry me off to the fight,
But all the day they were borne away,—we
four are alone to-night.

There on the grass are my comrades strewn,
their red coats blackened and torn,
In the quiet I lie and mourn where I am all
that is left to mourn.

Oh! That I lay where my comrades lie, as
blackened and torn as they.

Exulting I'd go to my death, could I know
the smoke and blare of the fray.

But the peaceful light of the setting sun falls
calmly down where we lie,—

The shiny pistol, the little red cap, my
torpedo friend and I.

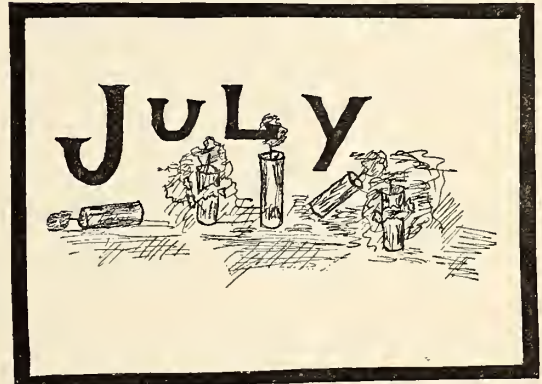
THE HARVEST HOME.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 8).

(Honor Member.)

GRAPES on the vines are hanging;
Hops, on the poles, droop low;
From blossom to blossom flitting,
The bee goes to and fro.

In the lanes, the purple asters,
With the goldenrod's yellow flame,
Seem like the heart of a jewel
Set in a golden frame.

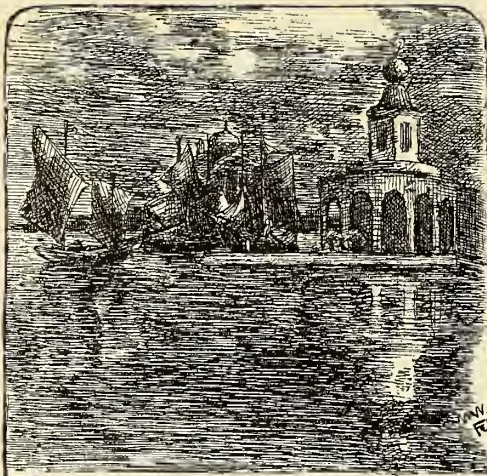


"HEADING." BY MARGARET VAUGHAN HANNA, AGE 9.

In the forest, the leaves are turning
From green, to red and brown;
And the sumac's crimson blossoms
Are blooming, for Autumn's crown,

The wheat, for reaping is ready;
For husking, waits the corn:
The ruddy fruit in the orchard
Hangs ripe, in the glowing morn.

Dame Nature is celebrating
Where'er her footsteps roam,
With flower, fruit, grain and insect,
The time of the Harvest Home.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE JULY

"HEADING." BY MARY WOODS, AGE 15.

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 entitled them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Blanche Leeming
 Dorothy Barclay
 Emmeline Bradshaw
 Maude W. Fowler
 Jean Russell
 Doris F. Halman
 Charlotte P. Smith
 Katherine Habersham
 Marion Carey Dinsmore
 Elisabeth Eliot
 Sidney Sherwood
 Annie Laurie Hillyer
 Elizabeth B. French
 Margaret Elizabeth Allen
 Medora Ritchie
 Louisa F. Spear
 Jean Gray Allen
 Katherine McGonnell
 Dorothea S. Walker
 Aileen Hyland
 Christine Fleisher

VERSE 2.

Katharine Putnam
 Elinor Babson
 Gertrude Josephine Shannon
 Wilbur K. Bates
 Catherine E. Montgomery
 Catharine S. Chapin
 May Bowers
 George H. Childs
 Edith Peterson
 Lucile Delight Woodling
 Helen Kirwan
 Dorothea S. Dandridge
 Carol Thompson
 Alice R. Cranch
 Dorothy Gordon King
 Enid E. Jacobs
 Mary B. Guy
 Velma Jolly
 Rose Norton

Virginia Archibald
 Marion S. Olney
 Fred Herrmann
 Lawrence B. Johnson
 Miriam Thompson
 Beulah Elizabeth Amidon
 Lillie Garmany Menary
 Ruth Pearson
 Elinor Frances Amidon
 Doris M. Reed

PROSE 1.

Martha Harold
 Arthur J. Cramer
 George C. Wright
 Edna Krouse
 Elsie Watson
 Pauline Hamilton
 Freeman
 Catharine H. Straker
 Thomas French
 Frances B. Perkins
 Cleos L. Rockwell
 Madeline Smith
 Eleanor Sickles
 Grace Horney
 Pauline Nichthausner
 Eleanor McCandless
 Margaret G. Fiske

PROSE 2.

Lorna D. Burrows
 Eleanor W. Lewis
 Beatrice Frye
 Gladys M. Adams
 Allen Frank Brewer
 Freda M. Harrison
 Natalie Hallock
 Edward G. Gay, Jr.
 Madelaine F. H. Airtiene
 Marguerite McCord
 Mary Regina Kuntz
 William F. Dever
 Helen Elise Mason
 Winona Robbins

Walter Lewis Ross, Jr.
 Herbert M. Davidson
 Mary Williams Stacy
 J. Pierson Ackerman
 Frances M. Barranco
 Kenneth B. Edgerton
 Margaret R. Yeich
 Kosalie Waters
 Irma Miller
 Roger Dod Walcott
 Susan J. Appleton
 Mabel E. Edwards
 Elliot C. Bergen
 Iona Nesson
 Phyllis Ackerman
 Delia E. Arnestein
 Perle McGrath
 Stanton Coblentz
 Margaret Barrette
 Brendon Murphy
 Helen Cliff
 Frances Woodworth
 Wright
 John Dunn, Jr.
 John A. Beaman
 Mabel Sondheim
 James H. Coghill
 George Switzer
 Vincent Imbrie
 John Blackiston
 Eleanor Steward
 Cooper

DRAWING 1.

Charlotte Waugh
 Vera Marie Demens
 Margaret Ramsay
 Olive Gardner
 Mary B. Martland
 Marian Turner
 Francis Irwin Smitz
 Otto Peichert
 Michael J. Kopsco
 Ella Neely
 Charles E. Mansfield
 K. L. Havens
 Iris Weddell
 J. Lakin Baldrige
 Adeline H. Kull

Margaret Albright
 Rosamond Parkinson
 Bertrand Kelton Hart
 Leicester C. Spalding
 Nellie Hagan
 Dorothy Ochtman
 J. D. McCutcheon
 Catharine Ely Mann
 Thomas Fessenden
 Marcia Jenne
 Marshall Cutler
 Harry J. Burden
 Eleanor Johnson Tevis
 Kathleen Buchanan
 May Baker
 Genevieve A. Legerwood

DRAWING 2.

Marguerite B. Clark
 Grace F. Slack
 Gladys Nelson
 Junius Edwards
 Lucia E. Halstead
 Mary V. L. McCain
 R. Holt Hitchins
 Emily W. Browne
 Everard A. McAvoy
 Marjorie T. Caldwell
 Julia Halleck
 Albert B. Izor
 Franklin B. Wright
 Alice M. Lennon
 Dorothy Conner
 Elizabeth Schwarz
 Francis D. Whittemore
 Carola von Thielmann
 Mary Taft Atwater
 Ellen E. Williams
 Elbert F. Moore
 Virginia Brand
 Elise De Celle
 Stuart B. White
 Evelyn Buchanan
 Roland W. Crandall
 Kathryn Maddock
 Frances Isabell Powell
 William Baker
 Wilhelmine Mitchell
 Jeanne Demètre
 Cornelia N. Walker
 Roy A. Ward
 Jeannette Houseman
 Mary S. Falconer

Charlotte A. Garrett
 Juanita Gray
 Anna Christine Richards
 Dorothy Starr
 Muriel E. Halstead
 Shirley Clement
 Arthur Munro
 Charles Ray
 McCallum
 Rudolph Emmerich
 Adelaide Nichols
 Janet L. Shontz
 Dorothy Campbell
 Frieda Funck
 Marian Walter
 M. Udell Sill
 Ward Lockwood
 Stella G. Piatkowska
 Margaret E. Kelsey
 J. Ward Swain
 Helen M. Anderson
 Caroline E. Bergmann
 Margaret Farnsworth
 Hazel Halstead
 Rachel Blair
 Ray Whitman
 Harold L. Parr
 Alice C. Lloyd
 Robert C. Hume
 Marjorie E. M. Kuehl
 Ethel Burke
 Morgan Bogart
 John G. Heyburn
 Ralph Douglas Wheeler
 Arthur Stanley Weeks
 Isabel Aird
 Arthur F. Ochtman
 Frances Hale Burt
 Ezra Draper Hart
 Philip S. Brown
 Emma C. Brady
 Dorothy Seligman
 Marjorie Cluett
 Helen Baker
 Isabella B. Howland
 Robert Wilson
 Julia La Bau
 Edith Benedict
 Ethel King
 Edward W. Smith
 Helena V. O'Brien
 Edward Pilkington
 Woodworth Wright
 Anne Eunice Moffett

Jack Hopkins
 Harold Fischel
 Dorothy Davies Randle
 Albert Mitchell

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Elise F. Stern
 Mary M. P. Shipley
 Lewis P. Craig
 Alfred C. Redfield
 Dwight B. Pangburn
 Tom K. Richards
 Martha Clow
 William M. E. Whitelock
 Corrin Lockwood
 Ernest A. Stifel
 Gertrude W. Richards
 George B. Watts
 Alice D. Laughlin
 Charles F. Billings
 William Dow Harvey
 Laurence K. Boothe

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Helen Parfitt
 Launcelot J. Gamble
 F. W. Foster
 Franc P. Daniels
 Warden McLean
 Norman Averill
 Mabel Francke
 Josephine Holloway
 Russell A. Plympton
 William M. Conant, Jr.
 L. W. Rogers
 Mary Geraldine Cabot
 Arthur T. Brice, Jr.
 Allan Lincoln Langley
 Fred Dohrmann
 Marion Hays
 Hortense Brylauskis
 G. Huntington Williams
 Ada M. Sharwell
 Eleanor Eyre Edwards
 Gerald Barnes
 Ruby M. Palmer
 E. Winifred Campbell
 Lucia A. Warden
 Ellsworth Duden, Jr.
 Anne W. Brewster
 Frances Woodward
 Mary H. Davis
 Irene Robertson
 Ely Whitehead
 Eunice Parr Stebbins
 Willie S. Allen
 Alice Mooney
 S. Gaylord Payne
 Eugene Mooney
 Alexander Ewing
 Susan Kimberly
 Edwin C. Brown
 Christine R. Baker
 Marjorie Pope
 Charlotte Colman
 Ruth Patterson
 Margaret Cornell
 Jarvis J. Offutt
 William C. Moore

PUZZLES 1.

Philip J. Dwight
 Russell S. Reynolds
 Elizabeth R. Bevier
 Caroline C. Johnson
 E. Adelaide Hahn
 Phoebe S. Lambe
 Marianna Kroehle
 Gilbert S. Barlage
 Dorothy P. Chester
 John U. Burke
 Hester Gunning
 Dorothy D. Leal
 Marjorie Peeples
 Samuel Goldstein
 Cornelia Chapin



A LANDSCAPE

"A LANDSCAPE." BY MARGARET OSBORNE, AGE 13.

PUZZLES 2.

Marcella Whetsler
 Donald A. Cook
 Albert Gerry Blodgett
 Ruth S. Coleman
 Maurine Clapp
 Irma A. Hill
 Ruth Burnett
 Charlotte Eleanor
 Pepper

Lilly Ward Rupert
 Mary Emily Russell
 Harriet Mumford
 Margaret Walbank
 Agnes I. Prizer
 Elizabeth Brandeis
 Margaret Andrews
 Emily Tucker
 Karl G. Stillman
 Kate G. Brown
 Maude T. Morris



"HEADING." BY WALDRON FAULKNER, AGE 9.

AN OLD MEMBER'S GOOD-BY.

NEWARK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was with a great deal of regret that, a few days ago, I sent my last contribution to the dear old League. Since I have not yet graduated from High School, this seems like my first step upon the path which leads from the child's world, to the world of maturity. I think that it would not be possible for me to tell of all that the League has done for me. I am sincerely grateful for all of its kindness to me.



"JULY." BY LILIAS TORRANCE, AGE 11.

I believe that no one could have been a member of St. Nicholas League without receiving benefit. Even if he received no tangible reward for his efforts, he learned one lesson, at least, how to meet disappointments,—and what a priceless lesson that is.

Thanking the League for all that it has done for me, and wishing it true success, I reluctantly say,

Good-by,
 LOUISA F. SPEAR.

Other welcome letters have been received from Celestine McCarthy, Gladys Cline, Maude Sawyer, Ethel Anna Johnson, Elizabeth Palmer Lopar, Minna Lewison, Katharine D. Kendig, Martha Detchon, Ronald Foster, Lucy Gregory, Louise Hodges, Alice Ruth Cranch, Katharine Putnam, Grace Jamieson, Elizabeth Hay, Dora Guy, Hanny C. Mottee, Donald Malven, George Amunsden, Jennave L. John, Mona Mundell, Margaret Gray Bonestell, Marion Hussey, Lilla M. Robertson, Frank H. Nelsen, Irene G.

Farnham, William P. Waters, Mattie Walker, Edna L. Crane, Rudolph F. Emmerich, Eliza MacLean Peggott, Sibly Fish, Bertha E. Dickey, Walter G. Byrne, Edith Elliott, Constance H. Smith, Ewing Cockrell, Flora Cockrell, Outterson Bernier, Donald V. Newhall, Helen K. Ehrman, Elsie Watson, Eleanor White, Helen Virginia Gohon, Elsket Bejach, Launcelet J. Gamble, Eleanor Augusta Sykes, Enid Foote, Frank S. Prohaska, Enid Ewing, Margaret Varner, Margaretta V. Whitney, Mildred D. Yensawine, Elinor Balson, Henrietta B. Havens, Clifford Slater, Eleanor Coverly, Katharine E. Carter, Esther Hanson, Esther Bamburg, Marie Kathryn Becker, Rachel Talbott, Carolyn Hutton, Katharine Lewis, E. Vincent Millay, W. Clinton Brown, Gertrude A. Hochschild, Alice Needham Very.

"MANY THANKS."

(Acrostic.)

NEW YORK CITY.

M y dearest dear ST. NICHOLAS,
 A lovely thing has come to pass.
 N o, I could not believe my eyes
 Y et down in print I saw "Cash Prize,"

T hen came my name and then my age—
 H ow joyously I scanned that page!
 A h! 't is the honor most I prize,
 N or could the money I despise.
 K ind 't was of your the check to send
 S o soon unto your little friend.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN.



"GOOD-BY." BY GLADYS NOLAN, AGE 13.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 93.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 93 will close July 20 (for foreign members July 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the words "The Ride."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Horseback Adventure." (Must be true.)

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Horse" or "Horses."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "Horses" or "On Horseback" and a November Heading or Tailpiece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

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 shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
 Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

NATICK, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time that I have written to you. My brother has taken you about ten years. I enjoy your stories very much. My favorites are "The St. NICHOLAS League" and "The Letter-Box."

My mother saves all the ST. NICHOLASES so that when any of the children are sick they have them to read.

My brother made a launch. We keep it on a lake and we have a fine time riding and fishing in it.

Last winter we made a skee-slide. It began at the top of the barn and went across the field and over a stone wall. It was great fun skeeing.

Yours truly,
RACHEL FARWELL (age 9).

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six years, and I doubt if my Christmas would be entirely complete if I did not receive my subscription. I was interested in one of the letters in which a girl said she made paper dolls out of the characters in "The Crimson Sweater" and "From Sioux to Susan." I made up a story combining the two, just for fun, and I certainly did have it. Will you please send me a League Badge and leaflet?

I have been collecting postal-cards and have a very beautiful collection.

Hoping for the success of ST. NICHOLAS, I remain,
Your faithful reader,
LOUISE A. HAESELER (age 14).

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before and so thought I would write.

I don't belong to the League, but I like to read the stories the other children have written.

I just received the April number yesterday, and I think I shall like "Fritzi" very much.

I am glad there is going to be another story by Ralph Henry Barbour, as I have read a good many of his books and like them so much. I have taken you for about five years and have all the numbers bound. I think it is great fun to read the old numbers.

I have a brother who likes to read "Pinkey Perkins" (and so do I). He is eight years old.

From your loving friend,
HELEN LITTLE (age 11).

P. S. My father said he took ST. NICHOLAS when he was a boy, and liked to read "Phaeton Rogers" and "The Fairport Nine."

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The certificate came day before yesterday, and papa had it put in a frame and hung up in the parlor. I am going to send you a contribution, "a heading" for April, and I am going to send one every month, too. I hope and believe that I will some day get a prize, and I SHALL try HARD to Live to learn and Learn to live. Would you please tell me how much a year's subscription for ST. NICHOLAS would be from 1904, September, to 1905, September.

This will show that one little reader of ST. NICK is fond enough of it to send for the back numbers in order to get the full benefit of all its stories and of its other reading. Well, I think I will close.

Your loving, constant reader,
K. CUNNINGHAM (age 10).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been one of the few fortunate enough to have seen the Cardinal bird in winter, in the snow. It was on Washington's Birthday in Central Park, when the ground was covered with snow and the sky was a clear blue, that I had my first glimpse of this beautiful bird. These little verses will tell you how we felt:

A crimson flash across the snow,
A gleam on the sky of blue,
And through the frosty winter air,
A brilliant Cardinal flew.

"'T is nature's flag!" the children cried,
We echoed what they said;
For the crimson flash across the snow,
Made blue, and white, and red.

Your little reader,
CONSTANCE WILCOX (age 10).

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two boys and we go to the same school. One of us has taken you for nine years, so we often read your old copies. In your later magazines, our favorite stories are "The New Boy at Hilltop," "Pinkey Perkins," and "Captain June."

A short time ago some friends and ourselves gave the play called "The King of the Golden River," the story of which is by John Ruskin. In it everything went well, even the mountain scene, the arrangement of which taxed our brains to the utmost. Behind the scenes there was a great deal of bustle and fun at such times as when Gluck, the hero, changed to the constable, and hurried in to arrest the Black Brothers. As there were not many of us taking part, most of us had to assume more than one character. We charged no admission, the play being purely for fun.

Wishing you many successful years, we remain,
Your loving readers,

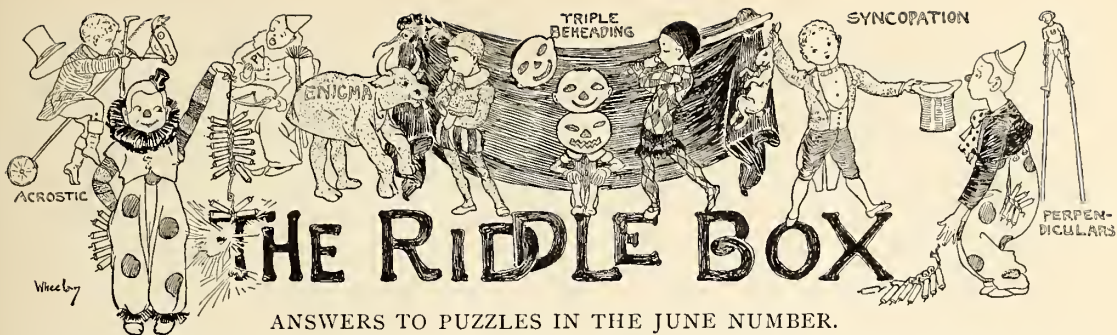
SPENCER JONES.
CHARLES HERR.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am glad to see that you are going to have a new story, something like "The Crimson Sweater," which used to be my favorite story, though I like "Pinkey Perkins" almost as well. I belong to the "ST. NICHOLAS League," but have not sent in any competitions as I am a new member, but I am trying hard.

Your reader,
ROLAND HORNER.

OTHER interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, were received from Ruth Soderquist, Marion Leigh Mailliard, Lucy Barbee, Hilda B. Smith, Earl Andrew, Portia K. Evans, Ruth Josephine Bigelow, Bertha C. Isaacs, Albert Gerry Blodgett, Dorothy B. Loye, Amy Anderson, Grace Lienhard, Marion Church Calkins, Emma L. Cochran, Paul R. Ashby, Ralph Wilhelm, Miriam Wallace, Margaret Purdom, Virginia Phillips, Margaret McCraig, Hazel Louise Berge, Grace M. Gile, George Brown German, Ruth B. Crocker, Josephine McGregor-Harold C. Grier, Mary Isabel Doolittle, Charlotte Well, come, Callie Dudley, Margaret L. Day and Josephine P.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS.
Roosevelt. 1. Py-ram-id. 2. Dr-on-es. 3. St-or-es.
4. Ho-stag-es. 5. Ch-eat-ed. 6. In-vent-ed. 7. Br-east-ed. 8. Al-leg-ed. 9. At-tend-ed.

REMOVALS. Flag Day. 1. Cur-few. 2. Out-let. 3. Err-and. 4. Mar-gin. 5. Can-did. 6. Man-age. 7. Ban-yan.

NATIONAL ACROSTIC. From 1 to 2 United States; 3 to 4, red, white, blue. 1. Umber. 2. Names. 3. Imbed. 4. Trawl. 5. Epoch. 6. Davit. 7. Scent. 8. Tepee. 9. Acerb. 10. Title. 11. Elihu. 12. Sever.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS. Begin at C on top line. Charles Dickens, Oliver Twist, Great Expectations, Barnaby Rudge, Bleak House.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. S. 2. Ale. 3. Slide. 4. Edith. 5. Ethel. 6. Helen. 7. Level. 8. Never. 9. Lemon. 10. Roses. 11. Never. 12. Set. 13. R.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 5th, from Jo and I—Louis Sill—Erma Quinby—Mary Wyman—W. and H. Beaty—"Queenscourt"—Eileen Colonna—Gertrude Souther—Muriel von Tunselmann.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from E. Tucker, 1—C. Horr, 1—J. S. French, 1—M. Read, 1—C. I. Ricker, 1—J. Morris Lowell, 3—R. J. Wright, 1—John U. Burke, 10—J. Calder, 1—Myrtle Alderson, 10—Mina L. Winslow, 9—C. and A. Colgate, 4—A. J. Stern, 1—Caroline C. Johnson, 10—Warren E. Burr, 9—Caroline H. Cushman, 10—W. Conway, 1—F. E. Watts, 1—E. Banning, 1—Wm. S. Davis, 1—B. Kinnick, 1—Edna Meyle, 10—R. Lewis, 1—D. J. Ortman, 1—Eleanor Chase, 8—Gladys C. Lawrence, 3—V. W. Hoff, 1—C. E. Ferguson, 2—R. S. Reynolds, 10—Catherine Ward G., 1—J. Halladay, 1—Sam. Mumma, 3—E. L. Monk, 1—Ruth Stanley, 5—Lauri Green, 5—S. Gilbreath, 1—D. Thorburn, 1—J. Le Conte, 1—Dorothy Gould, 6—J. N. Daeter, 3—Cornelia Crittenden, 9—Alida H. Moss, 10—F. G. Stritzinger, 3d. 10—Harriet T. Barto, 10—No name, San Francisco, 5—"Duluth," 10—Doris and Frances, 10—Genevieve Alvord, 9—"Pleasure Hour," 8—Lois Breadwell, 10—Helen L. Patch, 10—Herbert A. Cohn, 9—E. Parker, 1—G. B. Story, 1—Margaret W. King, 6—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 10—D. B. Rupley, 1—Clyde Orris, 4—Helen Marshall, 10—Clarence Groettum, 10—R. Workman, 1—Paul Johnson, 10—Margaret Griffith, 9—M. Calkin, 1.

A BIBLICAL STAR.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



FROM 1 TO 2, the first of the patriarchs; from 2 to 3, a famous law-giver; from 3 to 4, the mother of Isaac; from 4 to 5, a king of Judea; from 5 to 6, the second king of Israel; from 6 to 7, a daughter of Jacob; from 7 to 8, the first of the minor prophets; from 8 to 9, the first high priest of the Israelites; from 9 to 10, Isaac's uncle; from 10 to 1, a little maid who announced that Peter stood at the gate. Each name contains five letters.

PAULINE M. DAKIN.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, spell the name of a great soldier, who was born in July.

BEHEADINGS. Barbour. 1. A-bet. 2. B-ale. 3. B-rig. 4. O-bey. 5. B-old. 6. B-urn. 7. T-ram.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Napoleon; finals, Waterloo. Cross-words: 1. Narrow. 2. Arabia. 3. Parrot. 4. Office. 5. Leader. 6. Enamel. 7. Octavo. 8. Nuncio.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "If it is right, there is no other way."

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Arab. 2. Rape. 3. Apes. 4. Bess. II. 1. Meat. 2. Ella. 3. Alum. 4. Tame. III. 1. Stadt. 2. Toper. 3. Apple. 4. Delta. 5. Treat. IV. 1. Salt. 2. Area. 3. Left. 4. Tatu. V. 1. Tart. 2. Alas. 3. Rata. 4. Tsar. VI. 1. B. 2. Bet. 3. Besom. 4. Toy. 5. M. VII. 1. B. 2. Baa. 3. Barns. 4. Ant. 5. S. VIII. 1. E. 2. Are. 3. Erupt. 4. Eph. 5. T. IX. 1. U. 2. One. 3. Unapt. 4. Epi. 5. T.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An army officer. 2. A wind instrument. 3. A holiday decoration. 4. A steeple. 5. Closes. 6. Parts of a ship. 7. A city of Georgia. 8. Devises. 9. A color. 10. A product of the pine tree. 11. Sober. 12. To convey.

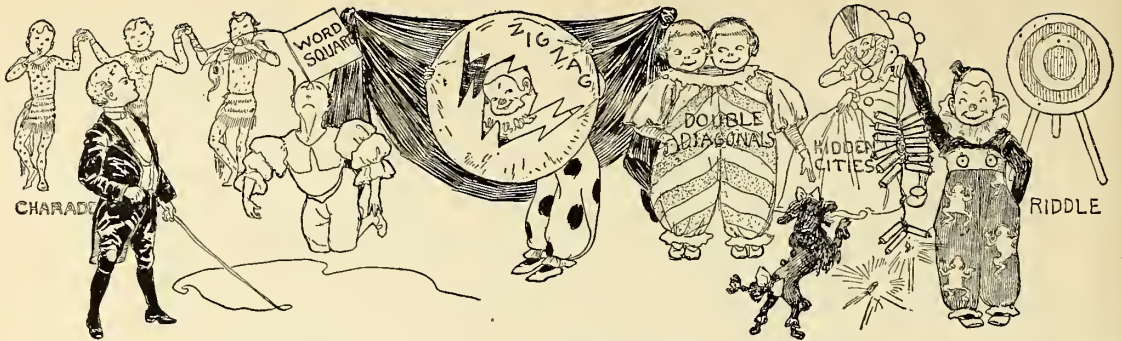
LOWRY A. BIGGERS (League Member).

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each couplet.)

- 'T is best at eve to take a walk,
With just one friend for kindly talk.
- With first a mention of the weather,—
How else to start a talk together?
- Is there a doubt, a Lenten diet
Conduces to a state of quiet.
- Here Uncle Sam ended the strike;
And smiles? You never saw the like!
- Take off your hat,—I've found a way
To soften Derby hats to stay.
- Now talk is pleasant, we agree,
When terse and spicy as you see.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.



CHARADE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is a very small room;
 My second, the end of a flume;
 My third we oft hear
 When a donkey is near,
 And my fourth the cat does to cook's broom.
 My whole,—I will have one myself
 If these lines are not laid on the shelf.

DOROTHY GIBSON.

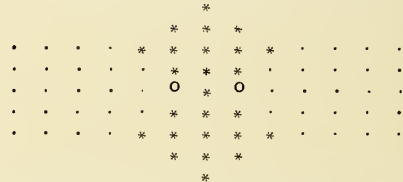
second letter of the fourth, and so on. The zigzag thus obtained will spell two familiar words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Of the color of sand. 2. A lagoon island. 3. At no time. 4. Local positions. 5. A mineral. 6. To agitate. 7. A recently discovered African animal. 8. A feminine name. 9. A fruit. 10. A fall flower.

LAURANCE B. SIEGFRIED (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To cram with something. 2. The whole. 3. An old word meaning "useful." 4. Untrue. 5. To deride.

II. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Summer flowers. 2. An earth used for paint. 3. Coast. 4. Mistake. 5. Prophets.

III. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In flowers. 2. Guided. 3. Not so many. 4. Moisture. 5. In flowers.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In flowers. 2. Passage. 3. Nations. 4. Nevertheless. 5. In flowers.

V. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Condensed vapor. 2. Period. 3. Manner.

DONALD BAKER.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A bird. 2. To venerate. 3. Enacts. 4. Upright. 5. Bird homes.

L. A. BIGGERS (League Member).

A CORKSCREW.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, take the second letter of the first word, the third letter of the second word, the second letter of the third, the third letter of the fourth, the second of the fifth, and so on to the end. The "corkscrew" will spell the title of a story by Hawthorne.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A heavenly body. 2. Very pale. 3. A rent. 4. To confine. 5. A name for Ireland. 6. A pronoun. 7. To fume. 8. To surfeit. 9. An island. 10. A minute object. 11. To urge. 12. To twist. 13. A Roman emperor. 14. Secure. 15. A poet. 16. A filmy substance. 17. An eft.

RUSSELL S. REYNOLDS (Honor Member).

A HOLIDAY WHEEL.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



By beginning at a certain letter, and skipping the same number of letters each time, four familiar words may be spelled.

STELLA E. JACOBS.

A DOUBLE ZIGZAG.



FROM 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a flower.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to an eon. 2. In a glow. 3. A bird's claw. 4. A kind of silk. 5. A fruit. 6. To diminish. 7. Commonplace. 8. Foolish. 9. A bird of prey.

GERTRUDE T. NICHOLS (League Member).

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first letter of the third, the



MORNING ALONG SHORE.

ST. NICHOLAS

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MORNING ALONG SHORE

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY —

HARK, oh, hark, the elfin laughter
All the little waves along,
As if echoes speeding after
Mocked a merry merman's song!

All the gulls are out, delighting
In a wild uncharted quest—
See the first red sunshine smiting
Silver sheen of wing and breast!

Ho, the sunrise rainbow-hearted
Steals athwart the misty brine,
And the sky where clouds have parted
Is a bowl of amber wine!

Sweet, its cradle lilt partaking,
Sounds that hover o'er the sea,
But the lyric of its waking
Is a sweeter song to me!

Who would drowse in dull devotion
To his ease when dark is done,
And upon its breast the ocean
Like a jewel wears the sun?

"Up! forsake a lazy pillow!"
Calls the sea from cleft and cave.
Ho, for antic wind and billow
When the morn is on the wave!



TOM DICK, AND HARRIET

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater"

CHAPTER VIII

THE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY HAS A SETBACK

"You tell him," said Roy, subsiding upon an inverted bucket with a sigh.

"No, sir," answered Chub, "you 're chairman and you make the report to the—er—meeting."

"Well, you don't have to tell me anything," said Harry, who had just entered. "Papa told mama about it at supper. He thinks it 's a joke!"

"That 's just what he thinks," said Roy, ruefully.

"But you told him it was n't a joke, did n't you?" Dick demanded, impatiently.

"Yes, several times, but he only smiled and said he guessed it was n't quite practical—"

"Practicable," corrected Chub.

"Practical!"

"Practicable. I noticed especially and thought what a nice word it was."

"Well, I 'm chairman, and if I say practical—"

"Practical it is," said Chub.

"Talk sense!" said Dick. "Do you mean that he has forbidden us to go ahead with it?"

Roy looked at Chub and Chub looked at Roy, and presently each shook his head.

"No, he did n't forbid anything," answered Roy finally. "He just laughed and—and—"

"Acted as though he was humoring a couple of mild lunatics," added Chub, resentfully.

"But what objections did he make?" said Dick.

"Objections? Oh, he was n't very—what do you call it?—specific. He thought at first we were fooling, and then when we both told him we were n't, that we 'd started the scheme and that we 'd made him honorary president, he—"

"Laughed as though he had a fit?" said Dick. "Well, what did he say?"

"Oh, he said he guessed we wanted a dormitory, but that we 'd better not force events—or something like that; said thirty thousand was a big sum to raise, and that we 'd better wait awhile and see—how things shaped themselves."

"Whatever that means," added Chub.

"Did he accept the honorary presidency?" Dick asked.

"I don't know; he said something polite."

"But he did n't decline it?"

"No; did he, Chub?"

"Nary a decline," Chub chuckled. "He said something about you, Dick."

"What was it?"

"Said he liked your enterprise, but maybe you 'd better apply some of it to your studies."

"I 'm disappointed in papa," said Harry, sorrowfully.

"Oh, well, don't you care," Chub replied, cheerfully. "We 've had a lot of fun out of the scheme. I guess none of us really expected to make a go of it, anyhow, so there 's no sense in being disappointed. I move that the treasurer be instructed to return the subscriptions, and that the Ferry Hill School Improvement Society be declared disbanded."

There was silence. Harry and Roy looked questioningly at Dick, who, in turn, was gazing thoughtfully at the lantern.

"Any one second that?" continued Chub.

Again silence fell. Finally Dick looked up.

"There 's no use in you folks trying to bust up the society," he said, "because if you do I 'll organize it again."

"What?" exclaimed Chub. "But what 's the use? We can't do anything without the Doctor's help, and he 's as good as told us to 'forget it!'"

"He has n't forbidden us to raise the money for a new dormitory," said Dick, doggedly, "and I for one am going to go ahead. If any of the rest of you want to stay in and help, all right; if not, you can withdraw, and I 'll go it alone."

"I want to stay!" cried Harry, promptly.

"I, too," said Roy.

"Oh, you can't scare me," said Chub. "If you want to go ahead, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton is right with you. I don't see what we can do, but I 'll stick as long as any one. We 'll nail the flag to the mast, by jingo! 'Shoot if you must, this old gray head, but spare the Ferry Hill flag! she said!'"

"I 'm as much in earnest about this as any of you," declared Roy. "But what 's your scheme, Dick?"

"Have n't any," answered Dick, promptly; "but I 'll find one pretty quick. Ferry Hill 's going to have that dormitory! You wait and see! It may take longer than I thought, but it 's coming. I 'll think up a way, all right; just you give me time."

"Good for you!" said Chub, soberly. "I believe you will, Dickums. And I 'm with you. I never believed much in that dormitory before, but hanged if I can't pretty near see it to-night!"

"You could make a fellow believe in any old thing, Dick," laughed Roy. "You ought to be a general in the army, and lead forlorn hopes."

"What 's a forlorn hope?" demanded Chub; but no one paid any attention to him.

"Then I 'm still secretary and treasurer!" said Harry. "I was *so* afraid you were going to break up the society!"

"No, we 're not going to do anything of the sort," said Dick, stoutly. "We 're going right ahead, only we 're going to keep it quiet until we get things started. We can't look for help from the honorary president, Doctor Emery. He has n't declined the office, so he 's still 'it,' whether he knows anything about it or not."

"That 's lovely!" cried Harry, clapping her hands and beating her heels against the grain chest on which she was seated. "It 's such a dandy joke on papa!"

"Well, he won't help us," Dick went on, "and so we 'll have to make a new start in a new direction. And I 'll have to find what that new direction is. But you folks want to think about it, too; four heads are better than one. And now, as it seems to be a thousand degrees below zero in here, I move we adjourn."

"When 's the next meeting?" asked Harry.

"I don't know. We won't have another until somebody has thought up something. We 'll adjourn subject to the call of the president."

"That 's great!" said Chub. "I never did that before. It makes me feel real 'chesty'. The secretary and treasurer will kindly carry the lantern so that she won't break her neck. I hope the next time we hold a meeting the janitor will manage to have the rooms of the society a little more comfortable as regards heat. I think I have chilblains."

"Let 's discharge that janitor," laughed Roy, as they went out.

"All right," agreed Dick. "Who is he?"

"Methuselah," answered Chub, promptly.

Two days later Chub and Roy encountered each other in the campus. As though at a prearranged signal each exclaimed: "Where 's Dick?"

"That 's what I was going to ask," added Roy.

"What 's become of him? I have n't seen him more than twice since Monday night."

"Nor I. I thought maybe he was at the Cottage, but Harry says she has n't seen him."

"Was he at dinner?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I wonder where—I tell you! Maybe he 's in the library. Did you look there?" Roy shook his head.

"No. What would *he* be doing there?"

"Search *me*," said Chub. "Maybe he 's grinding. He 's been having a hard old time lately, I

guess, with Cobb. Let 's go over and see if he 's there."

At first glance their search looked to be fruitless, for none of the half-dozen boys about the big table in the library proved to be Dick. But Roy stepped inside the door and spied their quarry down in a corner of the room by the magazine shelves. He was seated on the top of the little step-ladder with a magazine spread open on his knees and his head bent closely above it. Roy and Chub tiptoed softly toward him, but he heard them coming and smiled placidly as they drew near. Roy thought he turned the pages of the magazine, but was not sure; at all events when Roy snatched it out of his hands, it was opened at an article entitled "The Art of Fly-casting."

"What are you reading that silly rot for?" he whispered. "Come on and talk to us."

But Dick shook his head calmly.

"I 'm very comfortable here," he answered. "I 'm improving my mind."

"Well, I don't say that is n't possible," whispered Chub, scathingly; "but you 'd better be studying other things than fly-casting. Come on."

But Dick was obdurate and as the rules forbade noise or scuffling in the library they were forced to let him have his way; but they had the satisfaction of telling him softly but earnestly what they thought of him. When they reached the door and looked back, Dick was once more intently reading.

"Silly chump!" growled Chub as they reached the hall. "What 's he want to study fly-casting for, especially at this time of the year?"

"I don't believe he was reading that at all," answered Roy. "I think he turned the pages before we got to him. I 'll bet he 's up to something, though."

But when supper was over and they looked around for Dick, that person had again disappeared. They searched the two dormitories and then traveled across to the library again. There sat the missing one, perched once more on the top of the step-ladder with a magazine before him. This time they did n't enter, for Mr. Buckman was on the other side of the room, and they knew he would not allow any conversation. For awhile they huddled about the radiator in the corridor and waited for Dick to appear. He did n't come, and presently, as each had studying to do, they were forced to depart without him.

But Dick could n't hope to elude vengeance forever, and when bedtime came, he found himself in the hands of his enemies.

"How 's your mind coming on?" asked Chub

very sweetly, as he pulled Dick over backward on his bed and sat on him. "Improving, is it?"

"Know all about fly-casting by this time, I suppose," remarked Roy, as he rubbed the captive's nose the wrong way. "It 's a fine thing to know about, Dick—fly-casting."

"Oh, great!" Chub agreed, jumping himself up and down to an accompaniment of groans from Dick. "When I consider, Roy, how little I know about fly-casting, I 'm utterly appalled at my ignorance. And think of the time we 're wasting, too! Why, we might be out on the river all day long, Roy, casting the merry little fly across the ice. Think of that, will you?"

"Let me up!" groaned Dick.

"What? Let him up? Why, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton, I think you 're sitting on the gentleman! How careless of you! Kindly remove yourself from the Champion Fly-Caster of Ferry Hill School. Let him up, Chub, and he will cast a few flies for us. Kindly look around, Chub, and catch a fly or two."

"Don't tell me," begged Chub, almost tearfully, "that this gentleman here is Mr. *Somes*, the world-famed fly-caster! Don't tell me that I have offered such an indignity to one so—so honored! I beg of you not to tell me, Roy!"

"You get—off of me—or—I 'll tell—you something—you won't want to—hear!" gasped Dick, kicking wildly.

"The gentleman seems uneasy, Roy," said Mr. Thomas H. Eaton. "Suppose you place your thumb on his nose and bear down gently but firmly. There, that 's it; I beg your pardon, sir? You will do what? You will kick—Roy, did you ever hear such language in all your life? Is n't it disgraceful? Why he absolutely threatens us with bodily harm! My dear Mr. Fly-Caster, let me beg of you to calm yourself! There, I feared you would hurt yourself! That iron is quite hard, is n't it? Broken your shin? Oh, I trust not, Mr. Fly-Caster."

"Let him up," laughed Roy. "We 'll be late for bed, the whole bunch of us."

"Then let us fly," said Chub. With a bound he cleared the bed just ahead of the blow Dick aimed, and went racing down-stairs to the Junior Dormitory. Roy made for the washroom, and as Dick was encumbered with some of the bedclothes which had wrapped themselves about his legs during the struggle, he reached it in safety and was able to stand off the enemy with a tooth-mug filled with water until terms of peace were agreed upon.

Strange to say, on the following day Dick was again mysteriously missing, and this time he was not to be discovered anywhere. The corner of

the library was deserted, he was not in the dormitory or the gymnasium, Harry had not seen him, and, in short, he seemed to have taken wings and flown. Roy and Chub were on their mettle and were resolved to find him and bring him to book. But late in the afternoon, after a whole hour's search, they were forced to own defeat.

"I don't see where he can be," said Chub. "We 've looked everywhere. Look here! I 'll bet Harry knows where he is! Let 's go over, and make her own up."

But Harry vowed she knew nothing of Dick's whereabouts, and the others were again stumped.

"It 's mighty funny," growled Chub. "And he 's up to something, too; you mark my words! He 's up to mischief!"

"And we 're not in it," grieved Roy.

"Oh!" cried Harry suddenly. "Have you tried the barn?"

"No!" answered the two in chorus. "Come on!"

They raced together along the curving drive, while Harry stood and watched them. Chub held up a warning finger.

"He must be in here," he whispered. "We 've looked everywhere else. So let 's surprise him. Go easy and I 'll try the door."

They tiptoed up and Mr. Thomas H. Eaton lifted the wooden latch. The door yielded. With a frightful yell Chub threw the door open and they darted in. There was no one in sight.

CHAPTER IX

ON THE TRAIL

Roy and Chub stared at each other blankly.

"Well!" said Roy.

"Foiled again!" muttered Chub, darkly.

The barn was dim save about the open door and where, high up, the late sunlight found its way through the dusty window in the loft. They peered about in the shadows, but saw nothing but Methuselah's eyes gleaming uncannily.

"Maybe he 's in the loft," said Roy softly.

"Pshaw, there 's nothing up there but bats and spiders and dust," answered Chub. "What would he be doing here in the dark, anyhow? Come on; I 'm freezing."

"Well, let 's yell out and see if he answers."

They called "Dick!" several times, but the only reply was from the parrot, who chuckled wickedly in the darkness. "Come on," said Roy.

They left the barn, closing the door behind them, and returned to Harry, who was waiting.

"The only way to do," said Chub, "is to watch him and not let him know it. After supper we 'll keep him in sight, and when he sneaks off we 'll follow him."

"That 's it! We 'll be detectives," agreed Roy with enthusiasm. "I 'm Sherlock Holmes."

"I 'm Vidocq."

"Who 's he?"

"A French detective," answered Chub. "He had Sherlock Holmes fried to a frizzle. Besides, he was real, and that 's more than Holmes was."

Every time he put his fork to his mouth Chub scowled knowingly; every time he took a drink of milk, Roy looked meaningly at Chub; and when Dick called for a second helping of cold meat, the two detectives smiled triumphantly. When Dick came out of the dining-hall Roy and Chub were standing near by, ap-



"'I 'M SHERLOCK HOLMES' SAID ROY. 'AND I 'M VIDOCQ,' SAID CHUB."

"I 'll bet you Holmes could have given him ten yards and beaten him," answered Roy, stoutly.

"Get out! Sherlock Holmes is only a fellow in a book, anyway!"

"That does n't make any difference. He was the best ever. And I 'm he. What we ought to do, Thomas H., is to disguise ourselves; every detective uses a disguise."

"That 's so, but we have n't got any," laughed Chub. "Suppose we turn our sweaters inside out?"

During supper Dick was watched every mo-

parently deeply engrossed in conversation. Chub saw him coming, and hoarsely whispered:

"Don't let him suspect."

With amazing effrontery Dick joined them.

"What are you fellows up to?" he asked.

"Nothing," answered Chub with great unconcern. "Just talking."

"Yes," agreed Roy, "just talking."

"You don't say?" responded Dick, with a grin.

"What are you going to do to-night?"

"Study," answered Chub, promptly. "I 've got a lot to do, and so has Roy. We 're going to be busy."

"That 's all right; so am I," said Dick. "Don't let me disturb you. See you later."

He put on his cap and walked unhurriedly toward the door.

"Watch him!" hissed Chub.

The door closed behind him. Silently they waited a moment. Then both sprang toward the portal and as Roy put his hand on the knob it was opened quickly from without, and Dick confronted them.

"Hello!" he said quizzically. "Going to study outdoors?"

"N-no," stammered Roy. "We were—"

"Just going to get a breath of air," said Chub, coming to his assistance.

"Oh," said Dick, "well, you 'll find plenty of it out there."

He held the door open and the other two sauntered out, trying to seem at ease. The door closed behind them. They looked at each other and smiled sheepishly.

"Where 's he going?" whispered Chub.

"Study room, maybe. We 'll wait a bit and then go in. You go up-stairs and I 'll look around down here. He 's on to us, is n't he?"

"Sure," answered Chub. "But it won't help him. Vidocq is on his trail."

"And so is Sherlock Holmes," muttered Roy. "Come on; we 've been out long enough to get the air."

"I 've got all I want," replied Chub with a shiver as they entered the corridor again. "You look in the study room and I 'll go up-stairs."

Roy nodded and they separated. Chub found both dormitories seemingly empty, but to make certain that Dick was not in hiding, he looked under all the beds. This took some time and when he got down-stairs again and sought Roy, that youth was not to be found. There were several boys in the study room, and as Chub entered unconcernedly, Whitcomb looked up from his book with a frown.

"It 's the middle window on the end," he said. "And please shut it after you; I 'm getting tired."

"What are you gibbering about?" asked Chub.

"Oh," said Whitcomb, "I thought you were in it too."

"In what?"

"The game—or whatever it is. First Dick Comes comes in and jumps out of the window. Then Roy comes along and I tell him about it and he jumps out. And neither of them closes the window after him, and I 'm tired of jumping up, and—Hi! Where are you going? Well, say, Chub Eaton, *shut it after you, will you?*"

But Chub was outside up to his knees in a snowbank. Whitcomb sighed, pushed back his

chair and slammed down the window for the third time. "Is n't it great to be crazy?" he muttered disgustedly.

Of course Chub might just as well have gone out through the front door, but he felt that that would have been far from professional. He struggled out of the snowbank and peered about him. It was very dark and very cold. Lights shone from the windows of School Hall and from the Cottage, but there was no sound to be heard, and there was no one in sight. He crossed to School Hall, and as he turned the corner to reach the doorway, a figure detached itself from the shadows in the angle of the wall and slunk across the path into a thicket of leafless shrubbery. Chub paused and drew back into the darkness, his heart thumping with excitement. The other chap was discernible, but Chub could not distinguish his features. For several minutes the two stood motionless, watching each other. Chub's toes and fingers began to ache with the cold. He wished Dick would go on so that he could move after him and get warmed up a bit. Finally, just when Chub decided that he would have to stamp his feet to keep them from freezing, the other chap called across sternly:

"You might as well come out," he said. "I see you and I know who you are."

Chub gave a snort of disgust and walked into the light.

"Is that you, Roy?" he called.

"Yes, is that—Say, I thought you were Dick!" responded Roy disappointedly, as he scrambled out of the thicket.

"That 's who I thought you were," Chub answered. "Did you see him?"

"No, he jumped out of the window in the study room. I went after him, but when I got out he was gone. Then I came over to the library and he was n't there. I was wondering where to look for him when you came sneaking around the corner there. Where do you suppose he got to?"

"How do I know?" answered Chub shortly. "You 're a nice Sherlock Holmes, you are!"

"And you 're a fine Vidocq, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton," replied Roy, just as scathingly. Then they laughed.

"Well, we must n't stand here in the light," said Chub, "because if he is around here he will see us." They drew back into the shadow of the building. "What shall we do now?"

"I guess the best thing to do is to go back and get to work," replied Roy. "I 've got some studying to do to-night."

"So have I. I say, let 's let him go to thunder. Who cares where he is, anyway? If he does n't want us to know what he 's up to, I guess

we can worry along without knowing, eh?" and the boys went silently back to the dormitory.

CHAPTER X

FOILED

THE next day was Friday, and it would have been very evident to a much less careful observer

amused observation; but Roy shook his head. "I don't think it 's that," he answered. "He would n't have to run away out of sight every day to just think. He 's *doing* something; you see if he is n't."

"Well, he can just go ahead and do it, for all I care," said Chub. "I 'm not going to stand around in the snow for him, I 'll tell you that."

"Nor I," replied Roy. "Besides, to-morrow will be the time to play detective. We won't have anything to do in the morning, Chub, so let 's track him. He won't get away from us in daylight as easily as he did last night. And whatever he 's up to, he will be sure to try and sneak off in the morning. Let 's watch him, eh?"

"All right; Vidocq again takes up the relentless pursuit."

"What we need," said Roy, "is a clue. Every detective ought to have a clue."

"That 's so; supposing we ask him for one? We might tell him that if he does n't give us a clue, we 'll pay no more attention to him."

After breakfast the next morning, which was Saturday and a holiday, Chub and Roy went up to the Junior Dormitory and stationed themselves at the windows overlooking the campus. Chub from his post of observation had a clear view of School Hall and the path to the river, while Roy could see the Gymnasium, the Cottage, and the path to the village. They had left Dick at the breakfast table, but it was after eight o'clock and he would have to leave the dining-room shortly. If he came

up-stairs they would hear him, while if he went out of the building, they could not fail to see him; but the minutes passed and nothing happened.

"Anything doing, Sister Ann?" asked Chub.

"Not much. Billy Warren and Pryor are going over to the Gym, and Sid and Chase are throwing snowballs down here."

"Oh, well, let 's call it off. It 's a dandy day,



"THEY SCUTTLED HURRIEDLY TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND SUBSIDED IN THE BUSHES." (SEE PAGE 874).

than a detective that Dick was absent-minded and preoccupied that evening. Once he laid down his fork and began tracing patterns on the table-cloth with his thumb nail, and several times he paused with his glass of milk in mid-air to gaze frowningly into space.

"I 'll bet he 's thinking up some scheme to get that money," said Chub after a few moments of

and I 'm not going to waste it up here. Let 's go skating. We 'll get Harry and—"

"S-sh! There he goes!" whispered Roy, hoarsely. Chub ran to the other window.

"Don't let him see us," he said. "He 's going to the village, I 'll bet. We 'll wait until he gets past the Gym and then we 'll scoot down."

Dick was swinging off along the path with long strides. In a moment he had passed the Gymnasium and was making for the gate.

"Come on!" cried Chub.

Side by side they raced down-stairs, seized their caps from the rack in the hall, and then cautiously opened the door. Dick was out of sight. They hurried after him. At the gate they paused and reconnoitered.

"It 's all right," said Chub. "He 's just turning into the road toward the Cove. Come on, but keep low."

So they skulked across the athletic field, and reached the road just in time to see Dick pass around the first turn, some three hundred yards away. It is a mile to Silver Cove, and for that distance Chub and Roy stalked Dick, tirelessly. They had to keep at the side of the road lest he should turn around and see them. Luckily, however, there are many twists and turns between Ferry Hill and Silver Cove, and so the detectives' task was not so difficult. Never once, as far as they could tell, did Dick look back.

"He does n't suspect," said Roy, triumphantly.

"No," chuckled Chub. "Little does he reckon that the human bloodhounds are hot upon his trail."

"What 's reckon?" asked Roy.

"Don't you study English?" scoffed Chub.

"Yes, but I never head of reckon; and, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton, I don't believe there is such a word."

"That 's all right, my boy. When we get back I 'll show it to you in a book I was reading the other day. Look out!"

They scuttled hurriedly to the side of the road and subsided in the bushes. Dick had stopped and was standing in the middle of the road looking intently at what appeared to be a roll of paper which he had taken from his pocket.

"Must be a map," said Roy. "Perhaps he 's lost his way."

Chub laughed. "Whatever it is, I wish he 'd put it away again and go on. There 's a peck of snow down the back of my neck."

"Oh, little you reckon," said Roy, cheerfully.

Dick had thrust the roll of paper back into an inner pocket and was once more on his way.

Ferry Hill is only a small town, and the business portion of it occupies but a few blocks along the main street which runs to the river and the

bridge. Dick turned to the left there, and Roy and Chub hurried after. When they reached the corner they peeked cautiously around just in time to see their quarry enter one of the stores.

"We must n't get too near," said Roy, "or he will see us when he comes out."

"Let 's go over to the drug store, buy some hot chocolate, and watch through the window," suggested Chub. That seemed a good plan and they followed it. The drug store was almost opposite the shop which Dick had entered and for several minutes the detectives sipped their hot chocolate and watched for him to reappear.

"It 's a stationery store," said Chub. "Wonder what he wants there."

"When he comes out," said Roy, "one of us might go over and find out what he bought. That might give us that clue."

"Yes, but we 'd get separated. He is a dangerous man, and we must stick together for mutual protection. I wish he 'd hurry up."

They finished their chocolate, and Chub bought ten cents' worth of lemon-drops. They munched those for awhile, their eyes fixed on the door of the stationery store. Ten minutes passed. Then Chub grew uneasy.

"He must have come out," he said.

"He could n't have. I 've been watching every instant."

"Then there 's a back door, and he 's gone out that way!"

"Pshaw! Why would he do that? He did n't know that we were following him."

"N-no; at least, I did n't think he knew it. But it looks now as though he did. If he does n't come out in five minutes, we 'll go over. We can make believe we want some pencils."

"All right," Roy agreed. They cast anxious glances at the store clock from time to time. Never had five minutes taken so long to pass! But finally: "Come on," said Roy. "Time 's up."

"We 'll ask for some pencils if he 's there," whispered Chub, as they crossed the street. The stationery store was small and as soon as they had closed the door behind them they saw that Dick had vanished. The only occupant was a middle-aged man who was arranging some boxes on one of the shelves back of a counter.

"We 're looking for a fellow who came in here a while ago," said Roy. "Has he gone?"

"A young fellow about your age?" asked the shopkeeper. "Yes, he 's been gone about twenty minutes; but he said you 'd be along asking for him, and he left a note. Let me see, where did I put it?"

"A note?" faltered Chub.

"Here it is," said the man. "I guess that 's for you,—is n't it?"

Roy took it and read the address: "Mr. Thomas H. Eaton or Mr. Roy Porter."

"Y-es, that 's ours," he muttered, looking sheepishly at Chub. That youth had thrust his hands in his pockets and was whistling softly. Roy unfolded the sheet of paper, read the message and handed it silently across to Chub. Chub read it, refolded it carelessly and turned toward the door.

"Well, there 's no use waiting," he said. "By the way, I suppose he went out the back way, did n't he?"

"Yes," replied the shopkeeper.

"I see. Did he get what he wanted here?"

The man chuckled. "Yes, but he said I was n't to tell you what it was, because it was a sort of surprise to you boys."

"Oh, he did, eh?" muttered Chub wrathfully as they went out. "He thinks he 's mighty smart, does n't he? Let 's see that note again."

"You put it in your pocket," said Roy.

"Oh, yes, here it is. 'Dear Friends: A red sweater shows up great against the snow. Sorry I can't wait for you. Dick.' It 's all your fault. You might have known that he would see that sweater a mile off. He knew all the time that we were following him. He makes me tired. Let 's go home."

"What 's the use? Now we 're here let 's loaf around a while. It 's only half past nine."

Roy's advice prevailed. After awhile their good humor returned, and they found the laughable side of the adventure.

"Dick 's a cute one all right," said Chub, admiringly.

"He surely is," said Roy. "It is n't many fellows could fool Sherlock Holmes and Vidocq at the same time!"

"We 're a nice pair of detectives," laughed Chub. "But we 've got to get even with him somehow, Roy, and we 're going to do it."

"I say, let 's tell Harry about it. She 's got great ideas—for a girl. Maybe she can suggest something. What do you say?"

"All right. Just as soon as we get back."

They had a pretty good time of it until after eleven; went through the stamping works and saw them make tin cans and boxes, walked out on the bridge a way, Roy standing treat for the

tolls, and ended up at the saw-mill. And it was at the latter place that they found their "clue."

They were sitting on a pile of new boards, basking lazily in the sunlight, and watching the big band-saw eating its way through the logs, when one of the men came by and saw them.

"Hello," he said, "want to buy anything?"

"No, sir," answered Roy. "We are just looking. Are we in the way?"

"Not a bit, not a bit. Glad to have you. Only there was a fellow here the other day buying some stuff. He was about your style and I thought maybe you wanted something, too."

"Was he a big fellow with yellow hair?" asked Chub, eagerly. "With a gray sweater on?"

"Yes, I think so. Friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir. What was he buying?"

"I don't remember; some kind of lumber, two or three sticks, I guess."

The man went on and Roy and Chub fell to speculating eagerly on the meaning of Dick's purchase.

"What 's he want with lumber?" asked Chub. "He could n't lug it back to school with him!"

"Anyway, it 's a clue, Mr. Thomas H. Vidocq," said Roy. "Even if it does n't tell us anything. Let 's go home. We 'll find him and make him tell us."

"He won't, though," said Chub.

They trudged back in the noonday sunlight over the snowy road, and had almost reached the school, when one of the rattle-trap carriages which hover around the Silver Cove station overtook them. They paid no particular attention to it, save to draw to the side of the road out of its way, until the occupant of the rear seat addressed them. Then they looked up to see Dick lolling there at ease and smiling down at them as he rattled by.

"You 'd better hurry up," he called. "It 's almost dinner-time."

"*What do you think of that!*" gasped Chub, as the carriage left them behind.

"He must have plenty of money," said Roy. "They charge fifty cents to bring you over from the Cove."

"But he 's been over there all the morning, when we thought he was back at school! He—he 's just fooled us right and left! I wish I 'd shied a snowball at his silly head!"

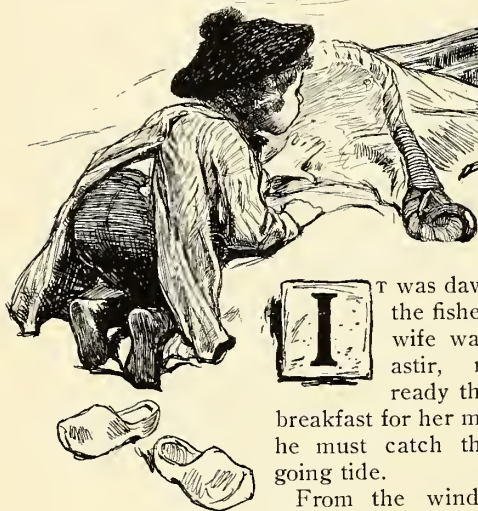
"Wait till we get hold of him!" muttered Roy.

(To be continued.)

The SPELL of the SEA.



BY
GEORGINA HOMER.



It was dawn, and the fisherman's wife was early astir, making ready the little breakfast for her man, for he must catch the outgoing tide.

From the window of the low, thatched cottage

he could see the water, the turbulent Channel, wind-swept and blue.

There was already coming and going around the dozen brown fishing boats, beached high and awaiting the tide to bear them out on the sea for the day's work. For this hamlet of fishers had no piers or modern ways. With the tide they were swept home, with the tide they went forth.

"Haste thou, Marie," said the husband, as he sat before the table in the low-ceiled kitchen, bare but clean. "Hasten, for I must be moving."

Marie brought the bowl of steaming coffee, the long loaf and a crisp fried egg, and sat looking on with pleased pride as they disappeared.

He rose: "A fine day before us, wife."

"God willing," she said, and putting her hands on his shoulders, looked affectionately into his face.

She had come of fisher people, had seen her mother mourn the men out in the tempest, had, herself, known grief, and could never see her strong young husband go out to earn his bread

on the treacherous waters without a fear in her heart.

"The little fellow?" said Jacques. "Well, I won't break his sleep; kiss him good-by for his dad, and tell him to be on the sands to welcome me back," and off he went, tightening his red sash, his brown face smiling and bright.

All was ready, and soon Marie saw the boats lifted high upon the wave and carried out on the water.

She watched them go; watched till they were far out, for it was early yet, the day was long, and soon she would waken little Pierre and feed him with the same thankfulness with which she had fed the father. For food was something to thank the good God for. It came so hard, and sometimes, when the winter drove the sea into fierce heights, and all were housed with naught to earn and little to eat, then meat was not always to be had, and the evening soup and the morning bread for the winter-time had to be well toiled for through the short fishing season, and at all times must be eaten gratefully.

These thoughts were in the mother's mind as she waited for little Pierre to waken. Pierre, the sturdy and the mischievous, who spent long hours looking out upon the sea and watching the strange, far-off ships go by, for he, too, was to be a fisher just like his father, whom he thought the finest man in the world.

"Well, well," said Marie at last, after the room had been tidied, the fire freshened, and the table

laid for the little man who still slept on; "Well, well, I must take a peep at the laddie." So she crept softly into the other room of the house—there were but two—and lifted a corner of the curtain which shut in the child's bed from the current of air so feared by the peasant.

With a low cry, she tore open the curtains and felt in the tumbled bed. "Where art hiding, Pierre? Come forth, dear, do not tease thy mother."

But no Pierre peeped out with merry eyes, nor crept up from behind to startle "*Maman*."

Looking hurriedly around, she saw that his clothes so neatly folded over the little chair, were gone; that his wooden sabots, too, were gone, that he must have clothed himself, and stolen out to play, while she had been busied in the kitchen.

Running out, she searched the narrow street and asked the urchins about if they had seen Pierre.

"But, no, madame."

And so she ran down by the sea, that fatal sea which charmed Pierre away from his play and from his mates. She hurried along the sand, sure of finding him breakfastless and sleepy, sunning himself and watching the white-caps.

But Pierre was not there, and quickly the alarm spread. The village was small, and every lane and climbing path were soon searched and nothing, nothing was to be seen of little Pierre. Then, indeed, all eyes and thoughts turned toward the ocean, and the stricken mother reached out her hands to the distant boats with a wail for the husband and father sailing away from her in her grief. What could he do? She did not know, but he should be there to help. But the fleet had gone far, and stalwart Jacques was smoking his black pipe and looking silently out on the water, while his mate hummed a song and wondered what would be the catch that day. And beneath a piece of an old sail, out of sight and fast asleep, lay little Pierre. He had crept out of the house before daybreak to carry out a plan he had long nursed, for it was so slow, this growing up, and whenever he had begged to go with his father, the answer had been: "Wait a bit, my boy, you are but six; grow fast and then you can climb into the boat with long legs like dad, and pull in the nets with stout arms like dad, and then you will be a fine fisher boy; none better." And he was dandled on his father's knee and told many a story of the perilous ocean. But this did not satisfy his seafaring heart. He had watched the boats come in, and had watched the boats go out, till his head and heart were filled with a desire so big to go too, that this night he had crawled into bed with a fixed determination to sail along with dad the next morning.

Before the village was awake, he had dropped

out of the low window, and had run along the beach in his bare feet, carrying his wooden sabots in his hand, for their clatter would have betrayed him. He knew well his father's boat, for it had its own place among its brown companions. To clamber in was not so hard, he had done it before; and full of glee he stowed himself away beneath this bit of cloth under the high seat, and curled up to await the start.

But it was long coming and he was very sleepy, so the first that Pierre knew, he was hearing a splash, splash, and feeling so deliciously rocked, as sometimes in his mother's arms. Slowly he opened his eyes, and slowly his wits came back to him and lo, he found himself in the very heart of his longed-for adventure.

He was only six, but he had a roaming soul, and to feel that he was going, going somewhere—and that this somewhere was on the sea—the big, big sea!

But, oh, he was hungry! And now he must surprise dad, so he carefully lifted up his head, pushed aside the covering and called joyously: "Good day, my father."

But there was nothing but fright on the father's face as the tiny form crept out and climbed over the ropes coiled on the bottom of the boat.

"Heaven save us, what is this!"

"'T is I, my father, Pierre," and the urchin laughed gleefully at the success of his surprise.

"Oh, thy mother, Pierre, thy mother! Oh, what will she do? She will think thee dead—drowned." And the fisherman clasped his little boy and looked back toward the far-off shore. Pierre, frightened and hungry, clung to his father while the two men talked. What should they do? They were well under way, neither of them could afford to lose the day's catch. Money is so much to a poor fisherman; and the tide was not right. They talked the matter over seriously, and decided to go on for the fish, and because the boy's eyes were so frightened and beseeching as it dawned on him that he had done wrong, and that his dear, dear mother was suffering—because of this, and for love of the little lad, the father snuggled him down and sought in his pocket for a bit of bread and cheese to comfort him.

Then they both smiled. The father, because he could not bear that little Pierre should be sad, and the child, because his father's face had cleared, because the bread and cheese were so good, and because the sky was blue and the big waves were dancing, and the boat lifting him high, high up, and then dipping downward as if to let in all the ocean on them.

This was being a fisher-boy, and as he munched his food and lay in his father's arms, he was content.

And so the day went by, and Pierre was never weary of the waves, nor of looking out to see the wonderful big ships, which his father pointed out. They were not like the fishing vessels, but high, and stately, and white, against the sky.

And he wondered where they were bound, and

the flapping sails were great brown wings bearing him back to land and taking away from him this one beautiful day. He was not at all glad to see the distant line that meant land, not at all glad to see it grow darker and bigger, and he lost his joy in the dashing waves as he saw his day ending.



"THE FATHER STOOD UP AND LIFTED THE BOY HIGH IN THE AIR."

why. He watched the men pull in their nets, and was never a bit afraid of the squirming, glittering fish that struggled vainly in the meshes. For this was life to the boy; the catching of fish, the bringing them homeward—this was the story of the sea he loved, and he cared for no other.

As the boat sped toward home, under full sail and with a brisk wind, it seemed to the impatient heart of the father to stand still, for he knew full well how the mother's heart had sorrowed that day. But to little Pierre the boat flew, and

He pressed close to his father, looking up wonderingly at the eagerness in his father's eyes.

By and by the houses came into view, and by and by they could see a gathering of folk upon the beach—women in short petticoats and white caps, old men and children—the whole village there waiting—waiting to break the news to the home-coming father, while the broken-hearted mother knelt in the village church praying for her child.

As soon as the boat neared the shore, the

father stood up as well as he could and lifted the boy high in the air for the people to see, hoping that the mother was among them. At first the little dancing speck was not seen to be a child, but when at last the folk saw that it was Pierre, a great shout of joy went up. The women wept for gladness, and some among them ran to the church. As they entered, they crossed themselves and bowed the knee, then ran straight for the little chapel where poor Marie was kneeling, as she had knelt since noon, for she knew of nothing more she could do for her child but pray. "Marie, Marie, listen; he is given back to thee, given back by the sea, alive and laughing; come, oh, come!"

As the boat came in on the breast of a big wave, the father leaped into the water, thigh deep, and brought the boy to his mother's arms. And there was much rejoicing among them, and

much pardon for the little lad who so loved the sea—their sea, that provided them all with bread and shelter—that he must be off even before his time.

There was no punishment awaiting Pierre, only bountiful forgiveness and love. But when he saw his mother's tear-worn face, and guessed somewhat of the grief he had brought her, he needed no other punishment, for he loved his mother well.

He told her all that was in his heart and whispered: "Never, never, will I so grieve thee again, my mother; I will wait patiently till I am grown."

But she soothed him and said: "Dear lad, if thou so lovest the sea, thou shalt fare forth with thy father on fine days. I will not deny thee, for those that are born to the sea will aye find their own."

SYLVIA'S AUTOMOBILE PARTY

BY F. MAUDE SMITH

THE feminine part of the family, just one month before the opening of this story, had sat in solemn council.

Little Sylvia's sixth birthday was but four weeks off, and they could not think of a single thing that was new. She had had every sort of party, beginning with a Mother Goose, and they simply had to conjure up something new and amusing. Ever so many ideas were suggested, and, as quickly, rejected. Mama, almost in despair, looked all over, from the ceiling to the floor, and even out of the window, for ideas.

Just then an automobile whizzed by.

"I wonder if we could manage an automobile show party," said she, thinking of a clever toy Uncle Tom had just given her little daughter.

"Just the thing," said Aunt Mary. "I think every child we know has some sort of automobile toy."

And so it happened that invitations with programs enclosed were speedily sent to Sylvia's little friends. Down in the corner of the invitations were the words "Automobile Show." The program was more complicated, and many a boy or girl guest had to consult some motor enthusiast before knowing just what to do about this automobile show party which was to be held "at

'The Oaks,' in the Nursery, from three to six o'clock. The judging will begin promptly at three." The following particulars were carefully studied:

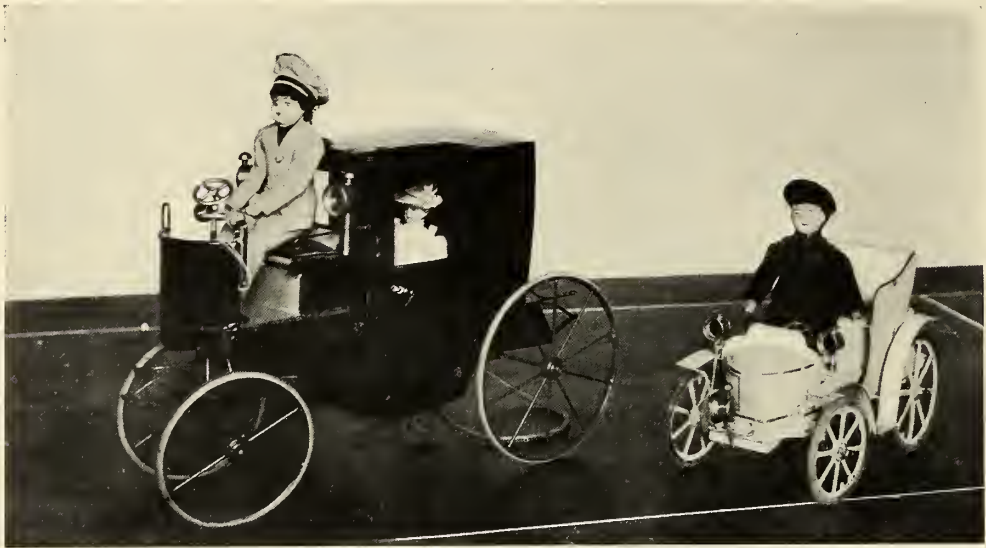
Judges

- MR. AND MRS. CROSMAN, MR. AND MRS. TYLER.
 3.00, Class 1—Prize: Silver Cup.
 Motor broughams, suitable for lady doll. Appointments to count 50 per cent.
 3.30, Class 2—Prize: Automobile Clock.
 Station wagons.
 3.45, Class 3—Prize: Doll's Motor coat in Ermine.
 Motor Victorias, appointments to count 50 per cent.
 Lady doll owner must be driven by chauffeur engaged at least three months previous to this exhibition.
 4.15, Class 4—Prize: Silver Cup.
 Runabouts.
 4.30, Class 5—Prize: Doll's Automobile.
 Motor phaëtons, suitable for lady doll, appointments to count 50 per cent. Lady dolls must drive own cars.
 5.00, Class 6—Prize: Silver Cup.
 Racing cars. Chauffeurs attempting to exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour will be disqualified.

Promptly at three the little guests began to arrive, some of them in charge of nurses, but most of them brought by their mamas, who were almost as expectant as the little folks themselves.

With each arrival came a mysterious parcel, from which the wrappings were removed in the

cloak-room along with those of the owners. The procession up to the nursery was the strangest stood where they could quickly minister to their charges and help them out in case of accident.



ONE OF THE SPACE ALLOTMENTS AT THE SIDE OF THE NURSERY.

you ever saw. Each little boy and girl carried some sort of a small doll, while mama, or nurse, held an automobile.

And there was such a time straightening them all out, as only exhibitors were allowed in the ring. The mamas were shown to rows of chairs at the farther end of the nursery, and the nurses

The space allotment was along two sides of the nursery. It was marked off with chalk, so there was no confusion. And very lovely they all looked, especially the lady dolls in their broughams, Victorias, and phaetons with their chauffeurs and "tigers." Each little owner was near his or her entry, while the prizes were temptingly ar-



"THERE WAS SUCH A TIME STRAIGHTENING THEM OUT!"

ranged on a table which stood in the center of the ring. The table was on a rug, the whole Edith Putnam looked as sweet as a rosebud as she guided her entry round.



LINING UP FOR THE RACE.

representing the judges' stand. On the table were also pitchers of lemonade and ice-water.

The judges, you must know, had a dreadful time.

No sooner was the first class sent round the ring than the gentlemen judges picked out Amy

"That may be," said the gentleman judges, trying to look very severe, "but we are giving prizes for autos and not for their pretty exhibitors."

There was the same trouble with the class for Victorias, in which there was yet another hitch Sylvia's own entry might well have been the win-



IN THE LADIES' PHAËTON CLASS.

Brown's entry. They said that not only was the motor good, but that the lady doll and her chauffeur were both pinks of perfection. The lady judges admitted that was so, but contended that

ner since every detail was perfect from the chauffeur to Victoria Eugenie herself, who sat back luxuriously as if conscious of her grandeur, only mama had explained to her that most likely she

would not herself receive a first prize. And so it happened that in this class Minnie Walton was awarded the doll's motor coat in ermine for her motor phaëton. Minnie's motor trimmings were blue, while Sylvia's were red, and as Sylvia's papa, who was one of the judges, said, some people might think blue was the best style.

Sylvia understood and was content with her red ribbon. She really preferred that her guest should receive the blue ribbon and the coat.

The motor phaëton class took a lot of time. You 've no idea how fine the wee owners looked, nor how fetching were the lady dolls with their "tigers" up behind.

But any delay was made up in the other classes. There was, for instance, only one station wagon in class 2, and somebody said that would have done as well for a motor 'bus, so the winner of the auto clock had a "walk over."

On the other hand the runabout class was a very full one. All the exhibitors were boys and Jimmy Sloan would have been dismissed at a show less kindly managed, for he ran into Jack Dawson's runabout, turning it completely over. The entries for the race were all boys, too. Lest

any little guest be disappointed there was, in addition to the regulation blue, red, yellow, and white ribbons, an unlimited supply of pink rosettes, which served as "consolation prizes."

To come back to the race, which was very exciting, there was n't a single "spill," though Freddie Adams and Albert Hart barely escaped a collision at a curve. No sooner was the judges' table removed than everybody crowded around the happy winners to ask questions and offer congratulations. Then they all went down to the big dining-room and had supper, the mamas dividing their time looking on and having tea in the library. The supper was really too good to eat, because, as Minnie Adams said, "Ev'ning was so inte'sting." The center-piece was a candy automobile filled with candy flowers; the sandwiches stood in individual toy automobiles, which were the favors, while the very real looking ice-cream automobiles made a fascinating and delicious dessert.

It was a question whether Sylvia, her mama, or the guests, had had the most happiness, but the children agreed that the automobile show was "more fun" than any other party they had attended.



A MISTAKE IN THE DELIVERY.

ANGRY CUSTOMER: "SEE HERE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SENDING ME A COLLAR LIKE THAT? YOU OUGHT TO KNOW I COULD N'T USE IT!"

JIM'S EXPERIMENT

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

THE five o'clock trolley from Putney dropped a boy at the Fairport station just three minutes after the train he had planned to take pulled out. This bit of tardiness left an unwelcome hour on the boy's hands. He took a turn through the waiting-room and tried to look quite at his ease while he wondered whether he would have the ill luck to run across anybody who knew him. In one corner a bronzed young fellow of his own age was trying to persuade a collie dog to beg for a cracker. The boy strolled over and looked on.

"That's a fine dog," he remarked. "Yours?"

"No, he belongs to the station, I reckon, or else strayed in. He *is* rather a beauty, is n't he?" And the brown-faced boy fondled the collie's head. "Going far?" he asked.

"New York."

"That's jolly. So am I. Been down for the summer in Maine, just going home. Same with you, maybe?"

The first boy shook his head. Then a great desire to explain matters overtook him. "No," he said, "I live over in the next town. New York's only the end of the land journey; I take the steamer there. I'm going to Panama." He tried to bring out the last sentence casually.

The brown-faced boy stopped playing with the collie. "Panama? I say, that *is* jolly! How are you going? I mean, is it just for fun or for work or—why?"

"My cousin's got a position down there, he's an engineer, you know. And he's invited me to go along."

"My, but that's great! I say, you're quite an adventurer, are n't you? I'd like to hear about

it—if you care to talk, you know. My name's Gordon, Philip Gordon."

"I'm Jim Bradstreet. There's nothing much to tell. I meet Jack—that's my cousin—in New York and we sail to-morrow. It's hot in here. Come out on the platform, won't you?"

Gordon shook his head. "Got to keep an eye on the duds over there. Checked all yours? Or do you travel light?"

Jim Bradstreet flushed. "I'm not taking much.



"'THAT'S A FINE DOG,' HE REMARKED, 'IS IT YOURS?'"

I'll get what I need in New York. Father does n't approve of my going," he blurted out. "He wrote 'no' to Jack's letter inviting me to visit him down there and he does n't know anything about this."

Gordon looked at the other boy seriously. "I see," he said, "you—you 're running away."

Jim nodded.

Gordon smoothed the collie's head with slow fingers. "How 'd it come about?" he asked.

"Oh, we argued it back and forth. Father threw in my face all the schemes I 'd ever had and declared that in three months this would have gone the way of all the rest. Could n't see this was different. He would n't hear of my leaving school—even for Panama. Said when I was eighteen I might decide for myself on China or Patagonia and he would n't oppose me, though he wants me to go to college. Said Panama would keep. I got wrathful. I 've education enough, more than many chaps get; and besides I want to see the canal in the making. Father thinks I don't know what I want, but I 'm old enough to decide for myself. It 's my own life anyhow—he has n't got to live it."

"He 's got to see you live it," said Gordon soberly. "But how about your cousin? Will he take you along—now?"

"Oh, I 'll have to explain things to Jack, but he 's got sense, he 'll understand my reasons, and he 'll be able to stow me away somewhere, I guess."

"What 's to hinder your father telegraphing your cousin right off to-night when he misses you?"

"He won't miss me. He won't know anything about it until he gets my letter after the steamer sails. Father and I don't see much of each other, we 're alone except for the servants and I 'm often off all night at some fellow's. He 's too deep in his books—he cares more for them than he does for me." Jim spoke quite simply, without bitterness, but with conviction.

Gordon studied him attentively for a minute. "Is your father James R. Bradstreet, the writer?" he asked.

Jim nodded.

"Oh, I say," remonstrated the other boy. "My father likes his things," he added. "He says they 're great."

There was a little silence. Philip Gordon was trying to imagine himself and his father in a like situation. "He *will* miss you," he said.

"He 'll have his book, the new one. Oh, no, he won't really mind."

"I don't believe it," flatly declared the other boy. "Fathers always do. Why, mine— Do you know your father very well?" he asked abruptly.

Jim Bradstreet stopped fumbling with the bills and change in his pocket—his allowance had opportunely fallen due the day before, an ample monthly income—and stared at the questioner.

"*Know* him? Why, of course. We 've lived—" Then he shut his mouth. When he stopped to think about it there was not a boy in Putney with whom he did not feel better acquainted.

"Because," went on Gordon, "if you don't know him well, it seems to me you 've been a bit hasty, not quite fair. Maybe he has his reasons and



"ALL THAT AFTERNOON FATHER AND SON TRAMPED THE COUNTRY ROADS AND EXPLORED THE THICKET-TANGLED WOODS."

good ones. You ought to give him the benefit of the doubt just as you would to a fellow you did n't know very well."

Gordon waved his cap to a man who came hastily into the waiting-room. "My father," he explained. "Do you know, I used to feel about him just the way you do now about your father. That was before we got acquainted. Oh, but my father 's great! He 's the best friend I 've got and the jolliest. See here, Bradstreet, I reckon your father 's worth getting acquainted with, more so than most. I heard father say once when he 'd finished reading one of his books, 'There 's a man worth knowing.' Hullo, here 's

the train." Gordon began to collect suit cases, golf bag and the miscellaneous paraphernalia of summer sports. The tall man strode toward them.

Jim Bradstreet held out his hand suddenly to the brown-faced boy. "Good-by," he said. He swung out of the station, his head up, the light of determination in his eyes, and caught a passing car for Putney.

Twilight had fallen when he reached home. In the dusky garden he could see his father busy over his favorite rose-bushes. He looked big and strong and gentle, not at all a ferocious man, nor one likely to drive his only son to the desperate strait of running away.

But as for getting better acquainted with him Jim discovered it no easy task. One great difficulty lay in Mr. Bradstreet's utter ignorance of the purpose underlying his son's loiterings in the hall, his frequent excuses for a trip to the garden when his father was busy there, his unwonted lingering over meals and his unusual talkativeness. When Jim entered the library with an awkward, "I think I 'll study here if you don't mind," his father would nod a pleasant acquiescence and turn to his work again, leaving Jim to his books with a consideration for his son's study hours that would have quickly unsealed the boy's lips had he understood it. He did not know how his father watched him while he struggled over a tough problem in algebra or wrestled with a knotty passage of Cicero.

It had never taken Jim long to get acquainted with any of the boys he knew. He grew impatient of delay; had he given up Panama for this?

Two weeks had dragged their unsuccessful way through Putney, and Jim's ardor had dulled to a somewhat discouraged persistence when, turning a corner in company with a half-dozen boys one Saturday afternoon, he caught sight of his father swinging down the other side of the street, heading for the woods and fields on his usual Saturday afternoon tramp. An idea struck Jim.

"I say, fellows," he cried, "you 'll have to excuse me this afternoon. Sorry— Good-by."

He sprinted after the tall striding figure.

As the rapid steps that overtook him brought his son's face alongside, Mr. Bradstreet stopped abruptly. "Why, Jim! What 's the matter? Anything wanted—?"

"Oh, don't stop, father. Keep on, please. I just wanted to ask—do you mind if I come along?"

All that afternoon father and son tramped the country roads. Through the fields they pushed, explored thicket-tangled woods, investigated a swamp, examined the forsaken nests of a flicker

and a humming-bird, and exchanged opinions on every subject that occurred to them from sermons to snaring rabbits. When they came up the maple-guarded path together five hours later, hot, dusty, tired, Jim's eyes were shining happily.

"It 's been bully," he cried. "You 're better company than any boy I know, father. I wish I 'd discovered it sooner. May I go next time?"

"Every time, Jim," answered his father, heartily. "They have been pretty lonely, these rambles of mine. Come every time you like."

The words were simple but the man's hand rested for a minute on the boy's shoulder. Jim liked to feel it there. He spoke out in unstudied fashion the thought that was in his mind.

"Do you know, dad," he said, "I rather fancy we 'd make a pretty good pair of pals."

Up-stairs, Jim, as he scrubbed his hands, was saying to himself, "Some day I 'll tell him how near I came to being in Panama this afternoon."

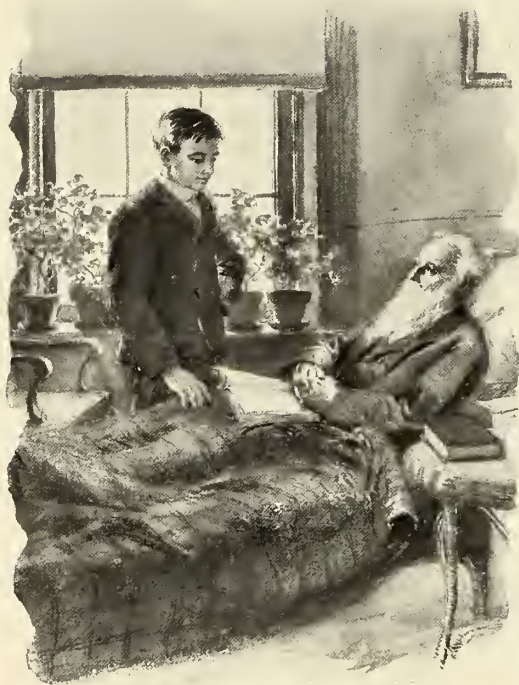
That Saturday proved to be only the first of many, and on week-days Jim and his father were no longer strangers to each other. As the winter wore on, snow-shoeing, skating, skeeing kept them together for hours, traversing the white fields, skimming over the shining lake, flying in long leaps down the rolling snow-covered hills. Their confidence in each other's sympathy grew as the weeks passed. Jim brought to his father his boyish puzzles and often shared with him his day-dreams. And the man's mature sense imparted to the boy balance and steadiness and breadth. Sometimes as they sat in the library, each at work, Mr. Bradstreet would glance up and catching Jim's eye read aloud some sentence, his own or another's, that had struck his fancy, certain of the boy's interest if not of his full appreciation, and not infrequently glad of his fresh, youthful point of view.

So it came about quite naturally that one day his father spoke to Jim of the book he was writing. Mr. Bradstreet was reticent in such matters. He seldom mentioned his own literary affairs, and when he began to speak to his son about them Jim recognized it as final proof of a degree of intimacy his most daring fancies had failed to picture. In the pride he felt at becoming his father's literary confidant, he at first gave no thought to the book as a possible rival. But gradually, as with the wearing on of winter the book grew and added pages to pages and his father's absorption in it grew also, an old idea returned to Jim's brain, the feeling that he had expressed to Philip Gordon, a sense that what his father cared for the most in all the world was his work.

One day he overheard his father speaking to a

friend of many years' standing. "It is the best yet, Melrose," Mr. Bradstreet said, touching with a gentle lingering gesture the pile of closely typed sheets on the desk. "I'd like to be remembered by it. I would willingly risk my reputation on this one book. Why, do you know," he laughed a slow laugh of humorous self-appreciation, "I am grown positively maudlin about this story. I am as timid over it as a hen over her one chick, and that a duckling! If anything should happen to it—but nothing can. You see it is my dearest possession."

The very next day Jim was sent by his father to return a book to an elderly invalid friend. In



"HE SPOKE TO JIM OF HIS FATHER'S NEW BOOK."

the course of conversation the old gentleman spoke to Jim of his father's new book and of the enthusiastic hopes the author had for its success.

"I've got to beat that book," Jim whispered to himself on his way home.

Spring deepened through a mist of young green into the fuller tones of summer and Jim and his father prepared to spend the long vacation together. Hitherto they had been much apart in the summer. July of this year saw them established together in a cottage that clung to the skirts of the bigger hotel perched above a

translucent Vermont lake. Mr. Bradstreet found it easy to work there. He had been too deeply in the swing of it to leave the book behind, and for several hours each day he wrote steadily. Meanwhile Jim amused himself with the youth of the hotel and cottages. He was quite used to being pointed out to transient visitors as the "son of James R. Bradstreet, you know, who is summering here," but the young people hailed him with no allusions to his father. Among his contemporaries Jim needed no references.

He was beginning to confess himself baffled and sometimes he felt he almost hated the story he had gloried in a few months before. He was not used to playing a secondary rôle.

Toward the end of August Mr. Bradstreet was called away suddenly and Jim was left for a day or two to keep bachelor's hall in their three-room apartment.

"Oh, yes, he will be back very soon," the boy explained to an interested group of ladies on the hotel piazza. "In fact, I expect him this very evening, Mrs. Gray. No, it was not sickness at all, Mrs. Bacon. Lonely, Mrs. Green? Oh, I'm coming on first rate, and there's a fishing trip that will keep me busy this morning. I see the fellows are waiting—if you will excuse me—" and Jim bowed himself off.

Mid-afternoon instead of noon saw the return of the anglers. From the point where they had struck into the woods they rowed swiftly, hungrily back toward the hotel landing.

"Hello," cried Ned Fellowes suddenly, "I wonder what's doing over there by the hotel?"

There were signs of unwonted activity about the hotel, men, women and children, guests and employees, could be seen running across the lawn. Several of the women carried pitchers and pails, the men were unwinding a coil of hose. From over the trees that shut out a view of the cottages puffed a delicate spiral of smoke.

The first boat turned a bend in the lake.

"Jiminy!" gasped the boy in the bow, twisting his head around. "It's a fire! Row, fellows, row! Don't let's miss it!"

"I say, it's yours, Jim," shrilled an excited voice. "It's your cottage!"

"Yes," said Jim quietly. "Keep her head steady, Bill." With long strokes he sent the boat ahead of the others, darting in a swift streak toward the hotel pier. Jim had seen at a glance the location of the fire, and there was room for but one thought in his brain.

At the landing he sprang out and raced across the grass and down the little stretch of shaded road. Smoke was pouring from every window



"BEFORE THE MEN COULD COMPREHEND HIS INTENTION HE HAD DARTED INTO THE BURNING COTTAGE."

of the cottage where were his and his father's rooms. The crackle of flames came to him as he ran; he could see forked red tongues licking at the roof. Now a broadside of fire burst through the windows on the south—his own rooms opened to the north. Two or three men played a futile stream of water on the roof, others strove to bring into action two more lines of hose.

Employees of the hotel urged the guests back out of danger; they made a cordon around the cottage.

"Keep back, please."

"Nobody else allowed inside."

"Can't let you through, Mr. Jim—it 's a furnace in there—Here, stop that boy!"

The one idea had kept its place preëminent in Jim's brain as he ran. His father was gone, and his father's manuscript lay in his care. His father's words, "If anything should happen to it—it is my dearest possession," seared themselves on his consciousness. There was no envy now. It did not occur to him now to wish "to beat the book." He swerved a little from his

straight course, passed the head waiter who had forbidden him passage, and darted into the burning cottage.

WHEN Jim awoke to consciousness some hours later he felt rather than saw, for his eyes were bandaged, that there were people by the bed.

"Dad," he whispered tentatively.

"Yes, Jim," answered his father's voice close to his ear. "Here I am, my boy!"

Jim felt very tired and very uncomfortable, but anxiety welled up within him. "Dad, is the—did you find the book—all right?"

"The book is safe, Jim," said his father. And

then suddenly his voice hurried on with a little catch in it, "Jim, boy, what did you think I cared for that wretched book compared with you?"

A warm feeling stirred at Jim's heart. He tried to move the hand that lay on the coverlet. It was big and heavy with bandages and hard to lift. His father understood the movement and laid his own on the poulticed fingers. Jim smiled, content, but still a little bewildered.

"It is n't a wretched book," he contradicted, weakly. "It 's a bully one, the best yet, and—you said you 'd like to be remembered by it."

"*You* are the book I 'd rather be remembered by, Jim," said his father gently.

A LITTLE FIELD OF GLORY

BY MARY CATHERINE LEE

Author of "A Quaker Girl of Nantucket," "Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift," etc.

CHAPTER V

A GUEST IN HIDING

"SIR," at length said Thomas, faintly, but more effectually. "Are we—are we in the palace of the king? Sir, who are you?"

"I am a humble servant of the king."

"Tell me what I may properly call you, sir."

"Call me Friend."

"And will Dick come here?"

"Aye, no doubt."

"So I must not stay," thought Thomas.

The friend stepped quickly away to the small, inner room, and as he moved the gay attire which had been laid out, there was a tinkle of bells, and a great chatter, with responses of "Hold thy peace, Poll!"

You must know that the portion of the palace into which Thomas had come, contained the apartments of all the higher officers of the king's household, which included that of the court jester, who was a very important and respected personage at that period, and occupied a rank equal to that of a gentleman of the king's bedchamber. But as to favor and influence, neither lord nor lady, though of the king's own blood, was privileged with such intimacy with the king, to whom he had access at all hours. His tongue could say that which would have cost another his life. He was privileged to play with the crown and scepter as with his own bauble.

This may be said of other jesters, but it was

Will Somers alone who could quiet the king's fury; who rhymed with him and cheered him in his sad or dull hours, with "melody which was of a higher straine"; and urged him to kind deeds as though he had held the royal tyrant by the heart-strings. He was even listened to as a counselor; and few were more beloved by the court or more endeared to the people.

Thomas waited for hospitalities but for a moment. When his friend returned to him he had removed his cloak and showed a thin and rather stooping figure, "yet was he a comely fool, indeed, passing more stately. He lookt as the noon broad waking."

While Thomas basked in the sunshine of his friendliness, the days and weeks moved on. He remained like a favored prisoner, with a keeper that he loved. Though no other ever came to him, no other voice spoke to him, he was sufficiently content. It was next to living with Dick.

At some time of every day, the friend entered his little inner cell, closed the door, and from thence disappeared, to leave Thomas to his own devices for hours. During these, the little man had no resource but the parrot's companionship, and that of climbing up to gaze from the windows at the movements in the court, or at the numberless boats, wherries, and barges which thronged the river below.

While the king was fighting in France, and the Earl of Surrey's army on the Scotch border, it was quiet at the court of England. They were

peaceful sights that Thomas saw. To-day, it was the turnout of the young queen, going for her ride in the forest, with the master of horse by her side, and her ladies and attendants in train; to-morrow, she sailed down the Thames in her gilded barge; another day she walked in the park or garden, with her maids of honor.

His life-long loneliness and separateness had shut Thomas away from the sight of a kindly woman's face. His little heart had dreams of a gracious lady's smile, and he came to watch for the glowing Spanish face of the queen with enthusiasm. He wished with all his soul that he was the sort of man who might do something for which she would smile upon him.

And sometimes there were to be seen from his window grooms leading superb horses; falconers with their hooded falcons basking in the morning sunshine; huntsmen holding in the leash shaggy wolf hounds, slender coursing dogs and wiry vulperts.

Then followed the mounting and setting out of the royal hunting party. Thomas saw the last flutter of the long feathers that floated from their caps; saw them return with their trophies, and marveled how it would seem to have the broad field and freedom of a grown man.

But these contemplations were scattered to the winds by the matters which arrived in the late autumn days.

First, a herald rode importantly into the court, and Thomas heard him announce that the king had landed at Dover!

Then there was a stir; officers and servants of the household moving ceaselessly to and fro like newly wound-up machinery; more banners streaming from the turrets; all the service of the house marshaled into line and position.

Then up over the old Kent road from Dover came the cavalcade of the victorious king returning from his first experience of war,—from that famous "Battle of the Spurs" which, in his Majesty's own opinion, was the greatest conquest ever achieved.

What a sight for Thomas! King, nobles and knights and so much of that world-renowned gorgeousness, which had camped in silken tents before Terouenne, as they could bear along with them!

Thomas almost fell through the window in the desirous ardor with which he leaned to look down upon them,—trooping into the court with a great flourish of trumpets.

It was not because the splendor was new and great to him that he gazed with such breathless palpitating eagerness. All that he looked and longed to see was Dick.

One superb fellow held the bridle, and another stood by the stirrup, while the king dismounted. They had neither of them the ruddy face and brown curls that Thomas loved.

But something Dick must have done by this time, which would give him a conspicuous place among the king's followers. Thomas did not expect to see him dismount and enter the palace by the grand chief doorway, with the king and his nobles. Of course not—yet. But in the next rank would surely be found those whose nobility was that of brave deeds and uncommon worth. There Dick would be, if anywhere.

But no, the whole train turned and disappeared, and not even among those who entered by the back door, so to speak, was Dick to be discovered!

What then?

Then he was dead.

Thomas recalled, in a lightning flash, how Dick had flourished his sword in the hall and talked about the field of glory.

There, then, he had been left,—so soon,—upon the field of glory! His great, grand Dick! His own, only Dick!

Thomas slipped down to the floor, and crouched there under the window, while the walls of the room seemed to bow and rock and whirl around him.

CHAPTER VI

HONORS TO THE BRAVE

BUT the king had not planned for Dick to die on the field of glory. He was too well built, too ornamental for that. Among the royal servitors, was a corps selected from the whole kingdom for their height and size, called Yeomen of the Guard. Their office was to bring the dishes from the kitchen to the king's table, in handsome procession; to stand on guard, and keep the way clear, on occasions of crowded ceremony, and to be a garnish to any circumstances in which they served. To this corps the king had destined Dick. He liked Dick, and he took care that his service in France should be a safe one.

That evening, when the royal baggage train came up from Dover, among those who had it in charge was a strapping youth with brown curls close cropped, and a downcast, disappointed expression of countenance.

Very soon he was arrayed in a scarlet uniform, with the golden rose and crown on back and breast. He was then the most conspicuous and handsomest domestic of the king's household. It was he who came first in the dish-bearing procession, and it was he who served the king him-

self. Yet he was not happy. He belonged not with those who could die on the field of glory, but with that corps lightly named "Beef-eaters" by the people. Lucifer, at the bottom of his fall, was not more chagrined.

And especially was this his feeling on that night when the king honored the heroes who had been with him in France, and those, too, who, at nearly the same time, had fought under the Earl of Surrey at the battle of Flodden Field.

The new yeoman of the guard stood at his post by the grand principal entrance to the reception hall of the palace, like an immovable statue, with halberd erect, and saw men no braver than himself receive recognition of their bravery; saw them arise to knighthood; saw the queen, with her own hands, fasten decorations upon knights, raised now, for their valor, to the peerage.

And to these things the handsome yeoman of the guard, Dick by name, to this he had aspired; to this he could never, absolutely never, attain. He was but one fine appendage to the unlimited splendor of a king whom men feared as well as loved.

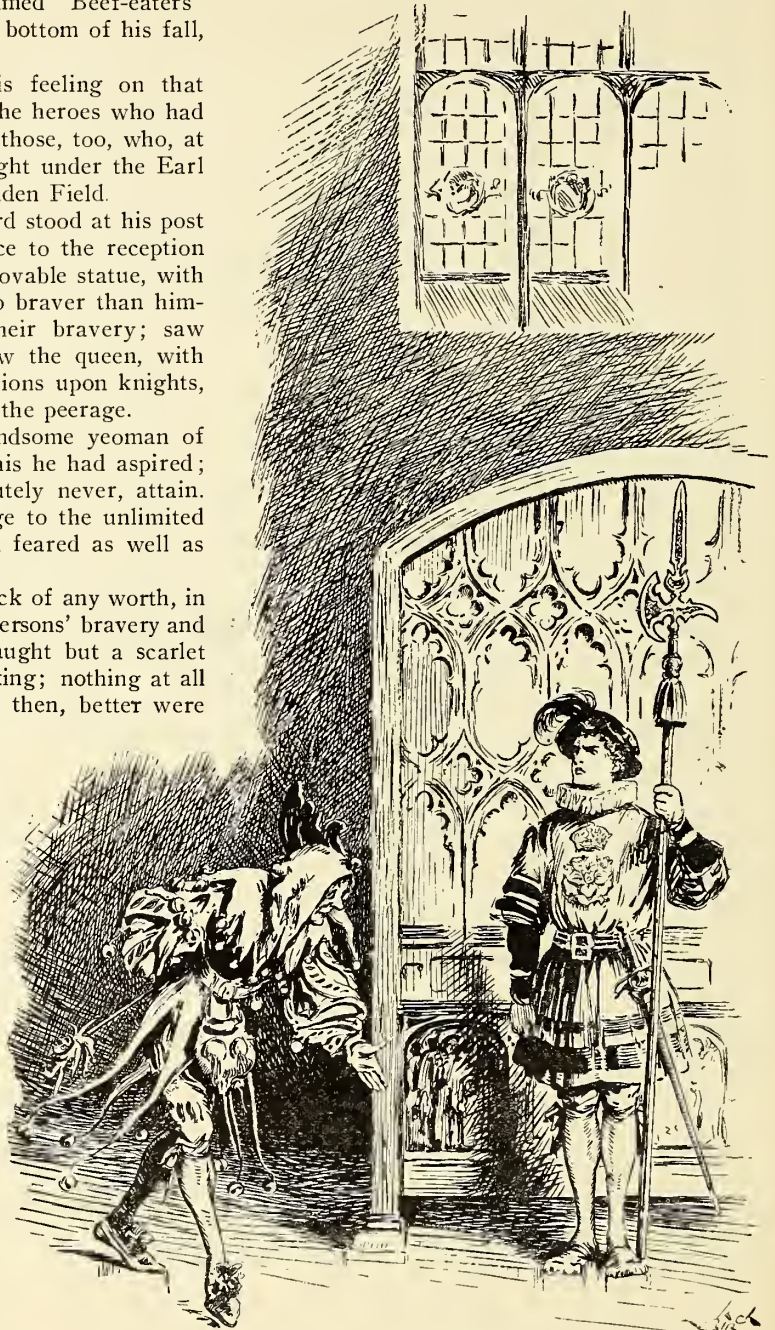
Nothing, then, seemed to Dick of any worth, in all the pompous signs of other persons' bravery and nobility. If he could gain naught but a scarlet and gold coat by serving his king; nothing at all by being a brave fellow, why, then, better were it to be in the old house of his fathers, poor as it was. Better and far dearer than a king to serve had been the little one who clung to his breast as to a strong tower. At the memory of those days when he had chafed at this obstacle to his ambition, his heart was pierced as by a dagger. Tears leaped to the eyes of the king's favorite yeoman of the guard.

But, presently, with a light step, and the merriest jingle that ever made melody in this discordant world, the king's fool tripped by him with the most joyous look that Dick had seen on any face that evening, not excepting that of the new-made knights.

"A fair good even to thee, Sir Lucifer," he said in passing, and Dick frowned at him.

He seemed gaily content to be a fool, just at that moment, and he was more than ever like a butterfly of the sunshine, in his motley of gold-

color and white, with red rosettes on his garters and shoes, and a fiery red cock's comb on his



"A FAIR GOOD EVEN TO THEE, SIR LUCIFER," HE SAID IN PASSING.

high, pointed cap, that truly danced and laughed with bells.

His quick, slender legs twinkled through the

mazes of richness that filled the room. Superb dames and courtiers smiled as he passed, and some would fain have exchanged a quip with him, but he pushed on, as if important matters pressed, and made his obeisance to the king and queen.

"Well, William, what brings thee in such hot haste?" asked the king.

"Two causes, brother Harry," answered the fool. "Firstly, I got news that your Majesty hath received a fresh batch of heroes, by despatch, and I made me haste to come hither, that I might look at them."

"And secondly?"

"That they might look at me," said the fool, with a full peal of his bells, as he wheeled to the court with a gambol of such light grace as the cunningest imp might have envied.

Then, seating himself on the floor beside the throne, in confidential closeness to his master, and hugging his knees and his bauble, he continued—"But, tell me, Hal, how is one to know the heroes? I see none that seem of that ilk."

"Why, one should know a hero, as he knows a fool, cousin Motley."

"By having seen the ensample of one, eh?"

"Well answered for a fool."

"We aye choose by our own pattern," murmured the fool.

He surveyed the scene with a quizzical shrewdness, a knowing, smiling disdain, as of one who has goods offered him which he is too sharp to buy.

"Come, come, what 's amiss, thou simpleton?"

"Why, Harry, they 're but poltroons compared with a hero I know."

"Thy fooldom is forfeit, my lord of Misrule, an thou make not thy word good."

The fool leaped to his feet with a ring that turned all eyes to him. "What is a hero?" he cried.

Faces of varied expression—alert, languid, smiling, expectant—turned with the usual willingness toward Folly. He stood with the hand which held the bauble on his hip, and the other on the throne.

"Who asks that question should answer it," said the queen.

"May it please the gracious queen, there be two answers," said the fool. "One of the wise, and one of the foolish."

"We will hear them," said the king.

"Commonly, among the wise, it is writ that a man goeth forth in goodly company, well armed, well mounted, well enkindled, to meet his equals. An he puts some to flight, he is dubbed Hero."

The fool seldom wore so grave a look. It

seemed to bode that a rare jest was to follow. None wished to miss it.

"As for me, being a fool," he went on, with an accomplished toss of his bauble, "I choose heroes by a different pattern. I know a hero thou canst not match, Harry."

"An thou wouldst keep thine office, fool, he need be such as hath ne'er been heard of," said the king.

"Well, and so he is, unless another hath gone out alone and undefended to meet an army of giants," declared the fool; "to stand face to face with nameless monsters; to fall at last, fighting bravely, under the teeth and claws of a tiger,—not for renown, but for love."

"You find such in the kingdom of the fairies," said the queen.

"I found him in the kingdom of my king," said the fool.

"Out on it, Will, thou 'lt lose thy bauble, I promise thee," the king warned him.

"If it would please your Grace to see my hero—"

"By 'r lady," cried the king, "we would liefer see the mistress who inspires such bold deeds."

The ladies of the court, with one accord, petition to see the lover.

"Will your Majesties allow him to be presented?" asks the all-privileged fool.

There is hearty consent.

"And if I have spoken truly, shall my hero be honored, likewise?"

"By my halidom, he shall!" swears the impulsive young king.

"If your Majesty will but give the command, he stands just within the main ante-room."

The king gives command.

Every eye is turned to the great door opposite, and corresponding with, the grand public entrance.

In hushed suspense, the heavy folding doors are slowly and widely and ceremoniously parted, as if to admit a great conqueror, and there, upon the threshold, a mere shining dot upon the vast expanse of floor, stands the smallest man in the world.

There is profound silence. Every person sits or stands a frozen emblem of astonishment, while the elfin figure steps slowly forward into the starry strangeness of the room.

There is no other movement than his—not so much as the wink of an eyelid—as he advances.

In that moment of intense surprise and dubious expectation, the king is like a statue, and the queen recalls, with her hand to her heart, an old Spanish legend.

The believers in elfs and fairies look for remarkable effects from this eery visit.

But suddenly the silence is broken by a startling sound.

All eyes, sharp with suspense, turn toward the other great door, and there, not at his post, but occupying its center, stands the handsome, unhappy yeoman of the guard, looking strange and wild. He has dropped his halberd with a clang.

Heavens, what boldness! There are low-breathed ejaculations of horror, for in another instant, in presence of majesty and nobility, the mad fellow is tramping across the floor of the palace as if it were no more than a parade ground for the people; pushing his way between a princess and a duchess, and brushing the elbow of the Earl of Surrey as if he had been a man in Cheapside.

The guard advances, but he is far ahead, and before they reach him, there is another cry—a shrill, sweet cry,—“Dick! My Dick!”

Dick stoops, spreads out his great arms, and the court suit of white satin and gold-embroidered velvet, in which the fool’s hero was to have been presented to the king, disappears altogether in a bright scarlet enfolding.

The Master of Ceremonies, who has been prepared to understand this little drama of the fool’s contriving, has the bold yeoman and his light burden put kindly out.

While there was great joy in the ante-room, the fool, with his cunningest skill, told the tale of a small, sensitive man, whose chief horror was that of being looked upon as a curiosity, and to whom all the people of the world were giants, that pierced him with their stare. He painted the horror of a lonely meeting with dreaded ogres who shot their weapons from their eyes. What man would not rather march up to the bows and spears of his own kind?

Then, with his merry eyes moist with feeling, the gayest of jesters told how that small but manly man,—tenderly kept for his frailness and dearness, had offered himself, given himself, to a showman, to be stared at—and why. Told of the hideous weeks in the showman’s booth, in close contact with repulsive monsters; of the plucky contest with the tiger; and that, when all this had happened, and fear was at its utmost, that this brave fellow had prayed not to be taken to his home,—his only refuge,—and why.

Then, laying down his bauble, he said—“I surrender my office if your Majesty can show a hero to match with mine.”

“Take thy bauble, William,” said the king, “and bring hither thy hero. What is his name?”

The fool said it, and then, radiant, buoyant, tripped away to summon his little friend, while the king took from one of his knights a sword.

When the fairy hero again appeared, every woman’s eye caressed him, and even the rival heroes looked respectfully upon him.

Murmurs of contained feeling ran through all the court, for the scornors of romance did not live in the sixteenth century.

So that Dick might not be disgraced by any misstep of his, Thomas took great pains to move with dignity and the proper obeisance, as he had been directed, straight to the feet of the king.

And there he stood; not only the smallest, but the sweetest gentleman in all the world.

And Dick was looking on, and thinking himself in a dream, when the king said—“We have heard of thy courage and valor, and methinks we have seen an ensample of it.” The king smiled, remembering the Eve of St. John. “Kneel down, Thomas Apdike.”

Thomas kneeled.

Then the king touched him lightly with the sword, and said, “In the name of God and St. George, we dub thee Knight. Be still faithful, still brave, and always fortunate. Arise, Sir Thomas Apdike.”

Thomas was so astounded that for a few moments he remained fixed. Then he arose and looked down at himself, knowing not even what to think, much less what to do.

He had found Dick all magnificent, and walking through the palace as though he were quite at home. And it was probably because the king knew not how to reward Dick enough, that he had extended such honor even unto him. His Majesty had but confused things a little, when he said “*thy* courage, and *thy* valor.” Not for one moment did Thomas apply those words to himself.

His lips moved, for he would have thanked the king for Dick and for himself, but he looked so overtaken and bewildered, that the charming young queen—his beloved queen—took pity on him. She seated herself upon her own footstool, and summoned Sir Thomas to her side, where he was screened from the gaze of the court. And then she did smile upon him, even as he had longed.

There was no lack of gracious ladies’ smiles on that wonderful evening. And they sought to bring Sir Thomas to the understanding that he was honored for something brave that *he* had done. The understanding was more bewildering, even, than his doubts had been. *He*, a knight, of his own merit, without the least help from Dick!

It was Dick who was fitted to that dignity,—Dick, who, to the surprise of Thomas, stood afar off, with a vacant, dazed expression.

And when he was summoned to present himself as the beloved one for whom a gallant lover had gone

forth to do venturous deeds, he stood with the same bewildered, intoxicated look which he wore after the accolade of the fool, on May-day morning, and again the laugh went round.

Again Dick turned to King Harry, and with a repetition of his boldness said:

"Your Majesty—"

"Say on," said the amused king, good-naturedly.

"I understand naught of it," quoth Dick, quite beside himself, "but if aught of the laugh is for my brother—" a flash of the eye finished this period. "He was left small, that I might be big," continued Dick. "I robbed him of his bulk, but it is still his own, and if he hath any will to fight, he is able."

Dick's eyes looked daggers all around. He seemed to challenge the whole court.

"By my cock's comb," interposed the fool, "the

The king made the crest of Sir Thomas a tiger, but Thomas never used it.

With his title, were bestowed such other gifts of fortune as made him a man of resources and importance,—especially to Dick.

And when, in years that followed, the old house of Apdike was restored to its ancient prestige, and Dick was a great merchant, sending out fleets of ships, as his fathers had



"THOMAS KNEELED. THEN THE KING TOUCHED HIM LIGHTLY WITH THE SWORD."

arms of the Apdikes should be a spear crossed with a sword; a pair of fists and a sheaf of arrows; crest, a tiger rampant. Little or big, it matters not, their spirit is the same."

done, Sir Thomas took a joyous interest in it all, not only because of Dick's felicity, but because, somehow, he had had a hand in it; somehow, he had managed to do something for Dick.

WEE LITTLE LADIES

UP in the top of the maple-tree,
Hid in the branches where none might see,
Little green ladies, one and two,
Fussed and chattered the long night through!

“Katy broke a pitcher!”

“She did n’t!”

“She did!”

“Katy broke a pitcher!”

“She did n’t!”

“She did!”

Maybe the frog at the fountain brink
Closed his eyes for a wee, wee wink;
Maybe the bat in the cherry-tree
Slept a little, but never we!

Snug and warm in the nursery beds,
Four little pig-tails, two little heads;
Little white ladies, one and two,
Fussed and chattered the whole night through!

“You broke my dollie!”

“I did n’t!”

“You did!”

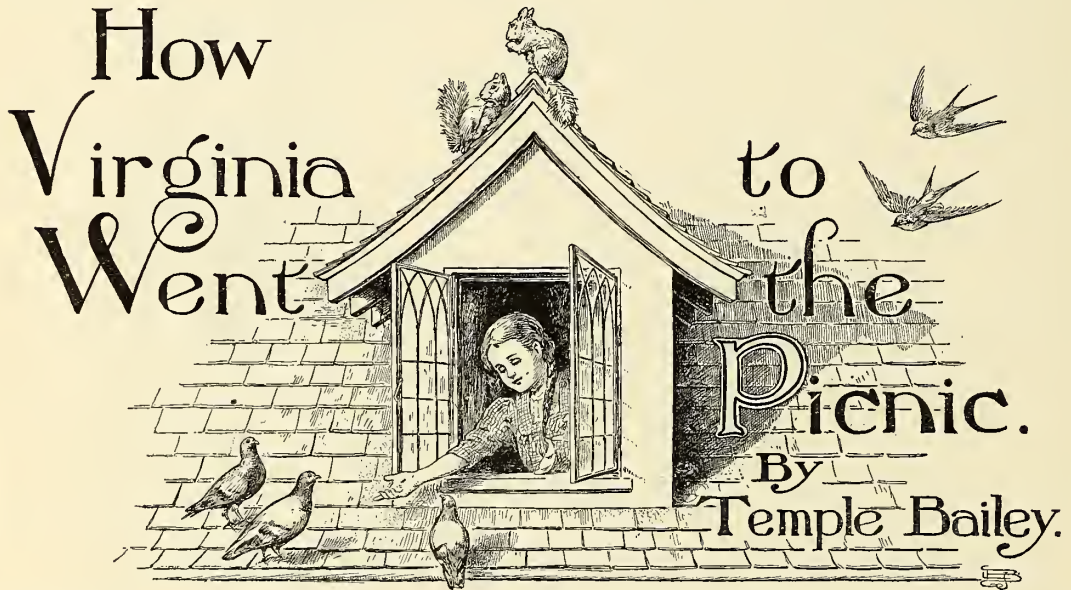
“You broke my dollie!”

“I did n’t!”

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Maybe the frog at the fountain brink
Closed his eyes for a wee, wee wink;
Maybe the bat in the cherry-tree
Slept a little, but never we!

Garnet Noel Wiley.



THERE was no doubt about the selfishness of the Morrison girls, and that was what made it so hard for Virginia.

Virginia was their cousin, and she and her mother lived in an attic room in the Morrison house; which was really not as bad as it sounds, for the roof of the attic room sloped down to the eaves, and the birds built in the corners of the little peaked window, and the doves rested on the broad sill, and every morning Virginia would lean out and say, “Good-morning,” and even the gray squirrels who lived in the great tulip-tree would stop for a moment to chatter a welcome

to the little girl in the clean gingham apron, with her shining hair braided into two long pig-tails down her back.

The Morrison girls had curls, and they were n’t always nice about Virginia’s straight locks, but Virginia’s mother would say when they teased her, “Pretty is as pretty does, dear heart; and I would rather have my little girl sweet-tempered than beautiful.”

There was no denying that the Morrison girls were not sweet-tempered on the morning of the Fourth of July picnic.

“We simply can’t all get into the surrey,” they

complained, "with the baskets and bundles and wraps."

"You should n't have invited the Boothbys," Mrs. Morrison reproved them. "You knew Virginia and her mother wanted to go."

"If you could just squeeze Virginia in," Mrs. Randall said, anxiously, "I should n't mind staying home."

"I don't see how we can," was Mrs. Morrison's response. "I certainly do hate to leave you all at home, but maybe I can get some one to stop for you."

"Maybe," agreed Mrs. Randall, patiently; but Virginia ran up-stairs to the little attic room, and threw herself on her bed and sobbed and sobbed, while her mother packed the baskets with sandwiches and cakes and everything that the Morrisons were taking to the picnic.

Virginia heard them drive away, and when her mother came up she sobbed harder than ever, "Oh, I wanted to go."

"I know," her mother said, with her arms around her; "but Cousin Julia is very good to let us live here. We should n't have any home if it was n't for her, and we must be grateful, dear heart."

"But if the girls had n't invited the Boothbys. They knew I wanted to go—" Virginia insisted; "and the Boothbys could have gone with their own family."

Mrs. Randall's lips were set in a way that showed Virginia that her mother agreed with her.

"We must try and make the best of it," was all she said.

But the making the best of it was n't easy.

Virginia sat and looked out of the little peaked window: "Everybody is going," she said, as she saw the carriages hurrying by with their happy loads, and her chin quivered.

"Let 's open the old trunks," her mother suggested, suddenly.

"Oh," Virginia clapped her hands, rapturously, "May I, mother, really?"

There were four trunks tucked away under the eaves, and Virginia's braids bobbed with excitement as her mother hunted out the little brass keys of the old-fashioned trunks, tied with faded bits of ribbon.

"The one with the white ribbon unlocks the trunk with your grandmother's wedding-dress, and the key with the pink unlocks the trunk with the dress she wore when your grandfather first saw her, and the others with the purple and green ribbons, are the keys to the trunks with the traveling dresses and house dresses. Which shall we open first? You may have your choice."

"Let 's begin with the pink," Virginia said, eagerly.

The little key was in the lock, when there came a resounding knock at the lower door.

Virginia, hanging out of the little peaked window, announced, "It 's a man in a big red automobile."

"You 'd better run down and ask him what he wants," said Mrs. Randall with her head in the trunk. "And you had better offer him a drink of well-water, Virginia."

The man who stood in the doorway was young and tall, and Virginia liked his smile as he said: "I wanted to know if I might go into your pasture and paint the cows."

Virginia's eyes grew round, "Paint the cows?" she gasped.

The young man threw back his head and laughed.

"I mean paint a picture of the cows," he hastened to explain, seeing that she had misunderstood him. "I won't hurt them."

Virginia laughed too, at that. "Well, it sounded so funny, the way you said it," she told him.

"There 's one cow," the young man explained, "that I like, and just now she is standing in the middle of the little stream, and there 's a wild cherry tree on the bank. I could n't pass and not get a sketch of her."

"Certainly," Virginia said, politely, "That is Buttercup, and she 's the prettiest cow in the pasture."

Then she remembered what her mother had said:

"There 's awfully nice water in our well," she informed him, "and I 'll get you a glass."

"I would rather drink out of the gourd." And "clinkety-clank, clinkety-clank" went the old chain as the heavy bucket splashed into the cool depths.

"A man can't get a drink like that every day," said the painter as he drained the gourd for the second time. "And now, if I may leave my car in the carriage road, I will go and paint the cows."

With a wave of his hand, he went away, and Virginia flew up-stairs and told her mother all about it.

Looking out of the little peaked window they saw him set up his easel, and then they went back and opened the trunk with the key with the pink ribbon.

"Your grandmother was very rich," said Mrs. Randall with a sigh; "and your grandfather met her first at a dance, and this was the dress she wore."

It was funny and wide-skirted, of pink satin, with a tight pointed bodice trimmed with yel-

lowed lace. There were high-heeled pink slippers and a long pink feather with a gold rosette that was tarnished and dull.

"Try it on, dear heart," her mother said, "and I'll fix your hair like your grandmother's."

For the next half hour she puffed and pinned and twisted, and at last when the little girl looked at herself in the glass that hung beside the peaked window, she saw reflected a vision of beauty,



"VIRGINIA TRIPPED DOWN-STAIRS AND OPENED THE DOOR."

with a coronet of bright braided hair. The pink plume waved back from her forehead, and the rosette, pinned amid the puffs, gave a finish to the whole effect.

And then, just as her mother was hooking up the pink gown, there came another knock at the lower door.

"It's that young man again," said Mrs. Randall, "and you will have to go, Virginia. I can't see any one in this dressing-sack."

So Virginia with her head held very carefully, tripped down-stairs in the pink satin slippers, and opened the door.

"By Jove!" ejaculated the painter, as he stared at the rosy vision.

"I was dressing up," Virginia explained with

a little blush as she picked at her skirt. "It's my grandmother's dress."

"Talk about luck," he went on, not seeming to notice her explanation. "Would you mind standing about half-way up that stairway?"

Virginia, all a-flutter in her silks and laces, did as he told her.

"There," he said, "Lean over that railing a bit. All you need is a rose in your hand. With that dark stairway as a background, and the clock on the landing, it is perfect."

"You see," he went on, as Virginia looked at him, questioningly, "I have to have an illustration for a book and here it is right to my hand. I am in need of an old-fashioned lady in an old-fashioned house— Would you mind at all if I sketched you now?"

"I'll go up and ask mother," Virginia said, and regained the attic in a whirl of excitement. "You must come right down and see him, mother," she said. "He's lovely."

So Mrs. Randall slipped on a pretty lavender lawn, and went down with the little girl, and talked with the artist while he sketched the pink figure on the stairs.

Virginia talked too, and told him about the Fourth of July picnic. "I was awfully disappointed at the time," she said; "But I think this is nicer."

"Where is the picnic?" he asked.

"In the grove by the bay. It's a lovely place."

"I'll take you down when I finish," said her new friend. "I will stop at the hotel for my mother, and we will all have supper on the beach."

"Oh, let's," said Virginia; but Mrs. Randall hesitated. "I don't know whether I ought."

"Please," he begged, and at last Mrs. Randall said "yes."

It was late in the afternoon when at last they got off, but there were so many things to do. First, Virginia had to put on her best white dress, and then there was the artist's mother to be called for, and a big hamper, which one of the waiters of the hotel brought out, to be strapped at the side of the car.

Virginia sat on the front seat with her new friend, and told him about the doves and squirrels, who made their home in the tulip tree, and of the world as she could see it from her little peaked window in the attic.

"It's Virginia Randall," gasped all the excited children, as the great red car whizzed into the grove.

The Morrison girls came running up. "Why, Virginia Randall," they questioned, "how in the world did you happen to come this way?"

And Virginia, who was so happy that she could n't bear any ill-will toward them, told all about it, with her eyes shining, and her braids bobbing.

"He 's going to give me a little picture of myself in the pink dress," she said; and they looked

was as cold as cold, and there were roast chicken and sandwiches and salad, and cake, and they ate all of the good things at the edge of the grove, where the blue waters of the bay broke in a silver line along the shore, and the sandpipers flitted back and forth on their thin little legs, and the



"VIRGINIA SAT ON THE FRONT SEAT WITH HER NEW FRIEND."

at her with increased respect as she added: "He says that he thinks straight hair is just *beautiful*."

"And he 's going to stay at the hotel all summer, and we are going to have lots more rides," was another bit of information that they talked over among themselves, as their fortunate little cousin made her way back to the big motor-car, and it "chug-chugged" its noisy course down toward the beach.

When the hamper from the hotel was opened, there were found knives and forks and plates and cups fitted in, in a most miraculous way, with a receptacle for ice, so that the lemonade

fiddler crabs scuttled like shadows over the hard sand.

"It 's a beautiful world," said the artist, with his eyes on the gulls that dipped and swayed above the restless blue.

"It 's a beautiful world," Virginia echoed that night, as she looked out of the peaked window, and saw the little moon through the branches of the tulip tree. "It 's a beautiful world, is n't it, mother?" and her mother murmured:

"It 's because there are such beautiful people in it, dear heart."

And then they went to bed, to sleep and dream of their happy day.



"AND WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"

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THE ANSWER—WHAT?

BY ANNE H. WOODRUFF

HERE is a picture with a story in it—a story which everyone who sees may tell for himself. It is copied from a painting by William Frederick Yeames, R.A., who was born at Taganrog, on the Sea of Azof, South Russia, in December, 1835. His father was the British consul there.

"And when did you last see your father?" is the title of the painting; and those who are familiar with English history may agree or disagree with me, just as they choose; but this is how the picture speaks to me, and the way in which I am going to tell the story:

Many years ago in old England a great struggle was going on between the Parliament and the king—King Charles I, who was afterward beheaded by order of the Parliament. The Royalists, or King's party, said that the king was a wronged and suffering martyr, murdered by his enemies; but the Parliament, or People's party, declared that he was a bad man, and a bad king, who made the people suffer. Though the nobility were most of them for the king, some of them sided with the Parliament.

All this made a great deal of trouble for everybody. Families were divided, because people cannot always see things in the same light; and this difference of opinion was the cause of great suffering, of many heartaches, and of disasters untold.

Of course in such a state of affairs there was sure to be war. There did not seem to be any help for it. On the side of the people there was an army under Oliver Cromwell, the great Puritan leader; on the side of the king were the Royalist troops; and very fierce and bitter was the feeling between them. Cromwell's army proved to be the stronger of the two, and although the Royalists clung to the king's cause with all their hearts, and sacrificed everything they had—many of them their lives—they were not strong enough to prevent what happened, and to keep the poor king from having his head cut off; and had to hide themselves away from the stern and ruthless Cromwellites. It was a crime in their eyes for an Englishman to favor the king; so we can understand—as we look at this picture—something of what is happening in this Royalist home.

The father is in hiding because very likely he has been making himself very objectionable to the Parliament by plotting and fighting for the king; and the Puritan soldiers have now come to his home to search for him, or to force from his family what they know of his whereabouts. They intend to make him a prisoner, and, it may be, to cut off his head as they did the king's, if only they can find him. They were very stern and severe—those old Puritans—and although Eng-

land to-day owes to their unyielding faithfulness to the cause of the people much of her freedom and liberty, they were not any too merciful. Perhaps they are not to be blamed very much, when all is told, for there had been great wrongs done to the people, and their patience could not last forever.

It may be that the Royalist father is not in the house at all; the picture does not give a hint as to that. He may have stolen home for a sight of his dear ones, and had just gone when the Puritan soldiers came; who can tell? But for the family to tell, would be to give the soldiers a clue—they will be sure to know that he is not very far away, and will lose no time in putting themselves on his track.

So here they have his little son—perched on a footstool—before them, one of the men ready to write down his words. What a cruel question it must seem to the child—a question which if answered truthfully will decide the fate of his dear father? How will he answer it? Pale, but brave,—though timid too,—the little fellow looks, with the eyes of these men fixed coldly and sternly upon him. He is afraid, but he looks them boldly in the face, trembling, but firm. His little sister—her hands pressed against her eyes, and dressed in the quaint fashion of long ago—sobs as she listens for his words; and his older sister, and his lady mother too, tremble as they watch the boy,

so like his father perhaps—that father so dear, and in such awful peril.

What will be the little Royalist boy's answer? I will tell you what I imagine he will say:

"Sirs, my father ever taught me to be noble—noble in nature, as I am in station. He taught me that to be a liar is to be base, and to be a coward is to be unworthy my father's son. I am a little child, but I must ever be true and brave as he would have me. So I cannot tell you what I know."

This is what I would wish him to say, but, alack! he does look so little and so weak!

Whatever his answer may be, who can look at the picture and not feel his heart stir with pity and compassion; and hope—no matter whether the Parliament is right and the king wrong; or the king right and the Parliament wrong—that he will speak exactly the right words, and no other? Who will not hope that he will answer truthfully and fearlessly, without doing wrong to either his father or his conscience? Poor little fellow! he is placed in a trying and cruel position; but perhaps no more cruel and trying than many a lad was placed in during those trying times. But really, this picture is so very lifelike that one is in danger of forgetting that it is only a picture after all, of persons living only in the mind of the artist, and not in poor, troubled England, long, long ago.

FRITZI

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan"

CHAPTER XV

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL

DAYS hurried on almost fast enough to trip upon one another's heels as days have a way of doing. The circus of the "Sharps and Flats" came and went, and a remarkable circus it was. Vacation ended, and Fritzi was enrolled as a pupil at Ivy Hall, with the three younger Hunters; the club met for weekly practice, and everything seemed moving on with ease and celerity.

Fritzi, under the happy conditions of her new home, had grown plump and rosy. Her hair was now long enough to fluff out in the old way, and except that now the curls were as dusky as once they had been golden, she was just as pretty as ever. With each day's straining, and Will's en-

couragement, it seemed that very shortly there *must* be a few curls long enough to tie back. Aunt Nancy, quite understanding Fritzi's mad longing for that moment, had already fitted her out with hair-ribbons, "not one less than *five* inches wide," Fritzi would laugh, as she tossed over the gay ribbons in her drawer. Fritzi was growing tall, too, and she was proving herself a good scholar and a jolly friend; indeed she was fast becoming a general favorite.

One sunny morning, when the younger Hunters were all at school, Aunt Nancy in the study with Mrs. Hunter, and Willis and Rob up-stairs buried in millinery, the door-bell rang. Willis, before her mirror, a bewildering little toque of gray fur and pale-pink roses perched on her head, was tipping her hand-glass to the required angle, while

Rob, seated on the floor, deep in the building of her own new hat, was looking up at her with admiring eyes.

"It 's perfectly charming and might have come from Madame Marie's, for all any one would know," she assured Will, "but, for goodness' sake, why does n't Uncle Christmas go to the door?"

"He is working out at the barn," replied Will, pausing to listen. "Huldy is out this morning and Mona would n't hear thunder, so I reckon I 'll have to go. Some agent likely," and with the hat on her head, glass in her hand, she went flying down to the front door, while Rob peeped over the banister.

Will threw open the door with a sudden flourish; upon the steps, impatiently waiting, stood a tall, homely man.

"Georgie!" gasped astonished Willis, wide-eyed and happy, but as the sound of that ridiculous name fell upon her own ashamed ears, she blushed crimson.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Gilbert?" she faltered, with what dignity she could muster, gravely offering him the mirror, instead of her hand. "Mother will be very glad to see you."

Rob, choking with laughter one moment, struggling with tears the next, leaned far over the banister and watched the tall visitor follow her sister into the library; then hat in hand, she flew to her mother's study, and thrusting in a tragic face announced in a sniffy whisper:

"The wolf has come. If you want to save Will, mother, if—if she wants to be saved, you had better be quick about it."

But if Mr. Gilbert came to see Will, he gave no sign of it, and when Mrs. Hunter went down, he gravely announced that having business in New York, he had felt it would be better to come himself—though it deeply grieved him—to tell her she had failed to receive the appointment of State Librarian.

For once the bearer of ill tidings was received with joy, for from Aunt Nancy down to old Barney, George Gilbert was accepted as a friend, by all except Rob—she ignored him entirely. If Mrs. Hunter suffered from his news, it was when she was alone, she was too brave, too gentle, not to hide from her guest and from her family her disappointment and her growing alarm.

The easy grace with which Mr. Gilbert fitted into the Eyrie life astonished Will as much as it exasperated Rob. Fred took him to the barn and showed him all the pets, Jo and Fritzi played for him, Peace never left his side, but went around holding happily to one of his great fingers, as if she had attached herself for life; Mrs. Hunter had long talks with him; and just when

Will thought surely she was at last to see him for a moment herself, did n't Aunt Nancy whisk him off to the study, and worst of all he seemed delighted to go. It was ten o'clock when he came down-stairs, bade them good-by, and departed.

Rob frowned, as she watched Willis standing, lost in thought, before her mirror, tugging at the little curl as she always did when unhappy or provoked, but when they were tucked in bed and the gentle silence of the night closed in about them, Rob grew more and more uncomfortable. At last, unable to bear it longer, she reached over and laid a comforting hand on Will's head.

"Asleep, dearie?"

To Rob's astonishment Will broke into such a merry laugh in which she was forced to join.

"Oh, Rob," giggled Will, when at last she could speak. "I 'd have died if you had n't spoken pretty soon. *Did* you see what a simpleton I looked when I offered him that hand-glass to shake? And if you believe it, he never quivered an eyelash, but shook it as grave as a judge."

"I don't believe you care a penny for him," said Rob, disgustedly, "or you would n't laugh like that."

"Care for Mr. Gilbert?" questioned Will, innocently. "He is just lovely to mother, and was n't he nice to Aunt Nancy to-night? But as for me *caring*, why should I?"

"Well, I 'll be jiggered," gasped astonished Rob. "Here I 've been having French fits. Will, you 'll never forgive me, but do you know I have really been scared to death, for fear you really cared. Was n't it silly?"

CHAPTER XVI

THE AMBASSADOR

"MR. GILBERT says we have gone at the matter in an entirely wrong way," explained Mrs. Spear to Mrs. Hunter the next morning, as they sat before the crackling wood fire in the library. Will, on a low stool, was basking in the heat like a pussy cat, while Rob was curled in the window-seat supposedly deep in a new novel. "He was so much interested in Fritzi's case," went on Aunt Nancy, "and was kindness itself. I read him some from the letters and diaries, and he asked me to let him take them with him, as he wanted to look over them at once. He says Judge Kirk, whom the President has just nominated ambassador to Berlin, is a friend of his, and that if we could only enlist the personal sympathy of the Judge, in Fritzi's case, half our trouble would be over. The Senate has confirmed the appointment and Judge Kirk was in Washington last week for a

final conference. Mr. Gilbert said he did not know whether he had already sailed or not."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Rob, dropping her book and staring out of the window. "It is—it *is*," she went on excitedly. "Talk about angels, and you know the rest. Aunty, here comes Mr. Gilbert walking as if the house was a-fire!"



"'OF COURSE THAT IS LONG AGO,' SAID FRITZI TO THE AMBASSADOR." (SEE PAGE 902.)

"What are you talking about, Rob?" asked bewildered Aunt Nancy. Will was already peeping out of the window at the young man stamping his feet impatiently upon the front veranda.

"Yes, suh. Walk right in, suh," came Uncle Christmas's delighted old cackle as he led his

guest toward the hall. "Miss Nancy, here is Mr. Gilbert."

Mr. Gilbert smiled his greeting to them all. "I 've rushed over here in the most unceremonious way, but, the truth is, I 've come to borrow Fritzi, and I want her on the instant."

"But she 's in school!" exclaimed every one of the family at once.

"Well, then, I reckon she will have to be sent for," laughed Mr. Gilbert. "This is a case of time and tide waiting for no little girl. Judge Kirk sails to-morrow morning. Yes, I 'll be seated if I have to wait, but while I explain to Mrs. Spear will you, Miss Willis, or Miss Roberta, bring Fritzi. I am sorry to put you to any trouble, but every moment counts."

"I 'll go," cried Willis, and away she went for her hat and coat, while Rob ran after her.

"Go back this minute," commanded Rob, as they reached the foot of the stairs. "He is not going to order *you* around while I 'm here, beside I can run twice as fast."

"I spent the best part of last night over those diaries and letters," Mr. Gilbert was saying. "The more I read the more interested I grew. This morning, the first thing, I called up the judge's office by telephone. They said he 'd sail to-morrow and could see no one, but at last admitted that he was at his town house. I called him up there and he promised to give me a few minutes. I said nothing about Fritzi, but I made up my mind I would come and get her—if you would lend her to me."

"You think he will be more interested after seeing her?" asked Mrs. Hunter.

"She would win any man's heart. To be sure I know there are people who doubt if the Judge has a heart, but we shall see."

"There they come," exclaimed Willis, who had been watching from the window, and a moment later Fritzi

and Rob burst into the house.

There was much flying around up-stairs while Rob and Will got Fritzi into her best bib and tucker, and it was a pretty, dainty girl in a blue velvet suit and hat, with a gray squirrel muff and tippet, that stood at last in the library door.

"I 'm ready, if you please," she said demurely.

"Well, this is rather a lark, Miss Fritzi, is n't it?" said Mr. Gilbert as they hurried along. "Did Miss Hunter tell you whom we are going to see? The ambassador to Germany and a very distinguished man even for that honor, Miss Fritzi, and I want you to be such a very charming little lady that you will walk straight into his heart. Don't be afraid,—well,—well just be your own self, and you will do."

"Yes, sir," agreed Fritzi in a low voice; she was wondering if ambassadors were very different from princes and if they made good fathers—and yet in spite of her suspense could n't help but enjoy every moment of this adventure.

To be called out of the class room during school hours; to have all the girls, as you skipped by for your wraps, asking, with eyes and pursed-up lips, why, and when, and where, that was great fun; but to be hurried home and dressed in your best, and to have Rob's furs and Will's best handkerchief fairly thrust upon you—showing how very important it was that you should look your "best"; to be bidden an affectionate, solicitous adieu by the whole family; and then to be rushed off by a grown-up gentleman, whom you very much admired, was n't that delightful?

Yet, in spite of all this joy, when they paused before the big stone house on Fifth Avenue, Fritzi felt an intense desire to go flying back to the Eyrie and to the safe harbor of Aunt Nancy's arms.

Fritzi never realized that it might be a dreadful thing to have a father one did not love—that one was afraid of—until she walked into the beautiful library, and saw sitting behind a great desk a very distinguished looking old man, with a close-clipped gray beard and black eyes, so cold and piercing that they seemed to look through rather than at you. Fritzi could n't imagine any one calling this man daddy, nor sitting on his knee, nor singing songs with him.

"Please, please," she tried to say, standing very pale and straight by the door, as Mr. Gilbert went on across the room, but her lips quivered so with fright that she made no sound.

"Well, Gilbert, I can give you a very little time this morning," the old man was saying, not having seen the little figure at the door. "But I judged from your message your business is of great importance."

"It is. Could there be anything more important than a search for a father? I have brought a little girl here I very much want you to know. Fritzi," said Mr. Gilbert.

Already Fritzi, thanks to the wise teaching of Mrs. Sims, was striving to adapt herself to the situation. She did n't understand, she did n't

want this man for a father, but evidently Mr. Gilbert wanted her, and stifling her fear, she walked bravely across the room and offered the old gentleman her hand.

"How do you do, father?" she said, simply, lifting her soft black eyes to the fierce old ones above her.

"Well, bless my soul!" ejaculated the astonished ambassador.

"Why, Fritzi," exclaimed Mr. Gilbert. Then the pathos and the humor of her mistake broke upon him, and, suddenly kneeling down on the floor beside her, he put his arm around her and said gently: "Dear child, it's all my stupidity. I never dreamed you thought I was bringing you to your father. This is our ambassador to Germany; the President is sending him to be a—well, a sort of father to Americans—to take care of the interests of our country over there, and so I thought, if we enlisted his sympathy, he would help us find your father. Please forgive me, Fritzi, I would n't cause you pain or disappointment for the world."

But to their astonishment a perfect shimmer of relief was breaking over Fritzi's face, and looking up with a delighted smile into Ambassador Kirk's astonished face, she said happily:

"Please, sir, I'm very glad you are not my father, for I'd rather not have an ambassador, or a prince, but just a nice, plain father. One you could love and take care of, a—a sort of a *daddy* father like the Hunters had, and oh, sir, if you find me that kind I'll be so much obliged!"

"Well, bless my soul!" said the old man again, but this time there was a twinkle in his eye, and he drew Fritzi to his knee and said in so kind a tone one could hardly have imagined it was the same voice that had spoken before. "Now, please, tell me about the father you have lost,—and why don't you want him to be a prince or an ambassador?"

"You see," explained Fritzi, "I know nothing about ambassadors except in fairy-stories where they speak of the ambassador of the queen—in 'Arabian Nights' he is the Grand Vizier, you know—and—and—well, in stories he is n't generally very nice. Of course that is long ago, and I suppose they are much improved, at least—"

"Oh, never mind me," said the ambassador, chuckling. "Present company is always excepted, you know. And so you did n't want an ambassador, but why not a prince?"

"Well, I never knew a really truly ambassador, but I did a prince, and after knowing *him*, I never, never could feel that I'd like one for a father." And then, before she knew it, Fritzi was relating the story of her sad little life. She gave

whole paragraphs of the diary and sentences from the letters that, by the aid of her little German dictionary, she had spelled out, showing how she had pored and dreamed over them, and showing, too, in her sweet simplicity, how she had longed for that lost father. "Aunt Nancy is almost as good as a really truly mother, but it must be so beautiful to have a father, and then I thought if I did find him I would share him with the Hunters, they 've been so good to me, just as if I belonged. This is Willis's handkerchief, her very best one, she just made me take it," and Fritzi wiped a great tear on its filmy folds.

"Well, Gilbert," said Ambassador Kirk, consulting his watch with a frown. "I have n't another second, but this is certainly most interesting. You have brought me all the information you have on the case?"

"Yes, here is a full statement. Of course there is nothing that I can see to prove the high rank Mrs. Spear is so certain of, but as you see Fritzi"—

"Does n't want a prince. Well, Miss Fritzi, I shall have to bid you good-by now, but do you know, my dear, although you don't want me for a father I should be very happy if you were my dear little daughter."

"I have changed my mind since I came in," said Fritzi, smiling at him. "I did n't dream ambassadors could be so kind and lovely. If you found me yourself for a father I 'd be very happy."

"Bless my soul!" said the ambassador for the third time, but the tone was very gentle, and he added under his breath, "Was there ever such a little witch?"

"Well, Fritzi, my dear," said Mr. Gilbert, as they stood at the curbing and hailed the lumbering old Fifth Avenue stage, "if I 'm not mistaken, you have made this morning, not only a friend at court, but a friend for life."

CHAPTER XVII

JUDY AND JO

SCHOOL was out, and the pupils of Ivy Hall were trooping down the steps, the boys, pell mell with whistle and shout, the girls, sauntering with their arms about each other, every tongue busy with its everlasting clickety clack.

"Do keep still a minute everybody," interposed Judy Biggerstaff, "I want to say something."

"Well, of all things," grumbled Bess. "Anybody would think Judy—"

"Oh, Bess, please listen," implored Judy, hopping up and down in her excitement. "I 've thought it all out. Fritzi's father, the king, came this morning in a perfectly beautiful coach, with

outriders and things, and then Rob came tearing after her—"

"And some day Fritzi will come back in an ermine robe and a golden crown," laughed Helen.

"But, honestly, I 'm not joking," broke in Judy again. "I 'm sure something wonderful has happened, for Rob was perfectly breathless, and so excited she could hardly tell Miss Hoover who was wanted."

All this time Jo Hunter, with her hands deep in her jacket pockets, trudged along with them saying nothing.

"If we had only told Fritzi how we adored her," went on Judy pathetically, "how we 'd banded together as her humble ladies-in-waiting."

"Ladies-in-fiddlesticks," burst out Jo, so suddenly Judy jumped as if a fire-cracker had exploded. "Judy Biggerstaff, you are a perfect simpleton! I reckon if you knew—"

"Knew what, Jo?" demanded Judy. "Oh, Jo, don't stop at that. Knew what?"

"Well," continued Jo, sullenly, "if you knew where she came from—you would n't be talking about princesses."

"You 're jealous, Jo, that 's what is the matter with you," chimed in Etta, for Etta was a shrewd young person and knew the best way to get Jo Hunter to talk was to make her lose her temper. "Ever since Fritzi came and we 've liked her you 've been huffy. It 's easy enough to insinuate, you know."

"I 'm *not* jealous," burst out Jo angrily. "Aunt Nancy found Fritzi when she had been living with a dressmaker who had gone off and left her."

"Oh! oh!" gasped Bess and Helen, their eyes round with horror.

"How perfectly lovely," cried Judy, prancing faster than ever. "Why, where is your imagination, Jo? Don't you see, the dressmaker had stolen Fritzi from her father, the king?"

"Nonsense," blazed Jo, angrier than ever. "Before that she lived with some common people, the man played the violin and taught Fritzi, she played with him, on the street, for all I know, and before that she did turns, whatever they are, on the stage, with a horrid man, a Prince Zanzabar, that was the reason they bleached her hair."

"Did n't I say a prince?" cried Judy, clapping her hands.

"Prince of fakirs, that 's what Aunt Nancy called him. A woman picked Fritzi up in a hospital where her mother died. Her mother was hurt by a street car—" Suddenly Jo paused. In her anger she had quite forgotten the diaries and letters, and now if she told of them Judy would be certain that Fritzi was a real princess, beside they might ask how she saw them.

"The mother was hurt by a car," said Judy reluctantly—that sounded very prosaic. "Of course, then, her mother could n't have been a queen or a princess. Queens and princesses don't go around the streets unattended as ordinary people do."

Fritzi would n't have liked it if she had known; she is always so sensible. Mother thinks she has beautiful manners. I just love Fritzi von Saal."

"And so do we," cried all the other girls.

"And so do I," faltered Jo, but looking so mis-



"'IT IS MINE,' SHE SAID SHYLY, 'ALL MINE.'" (SEE PAGE 906.)

"Well, I think," broke in sensible Ora, "that we ought to be a dozen times nicer to Fritzi than ever. If a girl has had all those dreadful things happen to her and yet kept as good and dear as Fritzi von Saal, she deserves a lot of credit. I never did believe Judy's princess theory, only it was lots of fun to pretend and sometimes I thought

erable that Judy ran to her and threw her arms about her.

"Now, don't you worry, Jo, because you've told," begged Judy, "and we know she is n't a princess. It's done us all a lot of good and we will be lovelier to Fritzi than ever. It's really awfully romantic to be picked up in a hospital.

And her having bleached hair, and coming in boy's clothes, and—and, oh, Jo, you know how sort of dear and graceful she always is. Cousin Anne said Fritzi had a 'distinct quality of manner,' does n't that sound lovely? And, well—what *did* Rob come for?"

"Oh, girls," cried little Peace Hunter, who had just come flying up the street with Effie to meet them. "Don't you think Mr. Gilbert has taken Fritzi over to see a man, oh, a wonderful sort of a man. Will and Rob were talking about it—anyway the President is sending him to see the Emperor of—"

"Germany," Effie caught up the story, "and he is going to find Fritzi's really truly father."

"And Rob says," broke in Peace, "that maybe Fritzi will be a little princess."

"There! There! There!" cried Judy, spinning around like a teetotum. "Did n't I say so all the time, and now, Jo Hunter, are n't you ashamed of yourself? You will have to go on your bended knees to Princess Fritzi and tell her how sorry you are."

"Well I won't! If she is king and queen and pope all pressed into one, I won't!" snapped Jo. "And, Judy, I used to think you loved me best of anybody, but now I know you just hate me, and I'll never, never speak to one of you girls again!" and away she ran through the gate of the Eyrie, up the walk, and then banged the front door after her.

"Oh, Jo!" wailed Judy, flying up the steps only to have the blank, unsympathetic door slammed in her face. "Oh, Jo, I do love you best, please, Jo!" she called entreatingly, but there was no answer.

When Fritzi an hour afterward went up to their room with a hop, skip and jump, she found Jo lying on her bed, with eyes shut, but so evidently awake that Fritzi with a happy giggle sprang upon her with a bear-like hug, and a resounding kiss.

"How dare you!" stormed Jo, upsetting Fritzi so suddenly that she slipped from the bed and sat heavily down upon the floor. "How dare you, Fritzi von Saal!"

"Why, Jo, what *is* the matter?" gasped Fritzi, "I only did it for fun, you looked so pretty lying there, and I knew you were n't asleep."

"Don't you ever dare address me again!" cried Jo, trembling with excitement. "You've made me miserable, just miserable, and wicked—and horrid, ever since you came. I've done things I've never dreamed of doing, you've stolen my dearest friend and you've turned my own little sister against me. You've—" just then her glance chanced to fall on the little gray tippet

still fastened around Fritzi's neck—"and now *you've* worn Rob's furs; she would n't be caught letting *me* wear them. And now I suppose you've come back a princess."

"But I have n't, Jo, I have n't," pleaded Fritzi. "I don't want to be a princess."

"You could n't help being a princess if you were born one," declared Jo, tragically. "You'd have to reign, it would be your duty, it says so in our histories—but, oh Fritzi," she moaned—and then her mood having swayed her as far as it would one way, like a pendulum it swung back, bringing a wave of remorse and self-pity that threatened to engulf her. Falling on her knees by Fritzi she smothered her with kisses and called herself names, and Fritzi, glad at what she supposed a reconciliation—though in her downright frank little heart she had n't an idea what all this fuss was about—petted and soothed hysterical Jo and took all the blame on herself.

"There! There!" she comforted, "it's too bad and I will never do it again, Jo, never," and Jo allowed herself gradually to be caressed and soothed back into her own smiling self.

"Don't say anything to anybody about it, will you, Fritzi?" said Jo when they had drifted back into their even current and were dressing for dinner. "It was mostly because Judy talks all the time about—somebody else—she never seems to care for *me* any more."

"Oh, Jo, how can you be so foolish when Judy just loves you?" exclaimed Fritzi. "Goodness me! if I did n't forget all about it. Why, Judy is standing down at the front gate now waiting for you. When I came in with Mr. Gilbert she told me to be sure and tell you."

But Fritzi was talking to space, for Jo had flown, and when Fritzi came down-stairs and peeped out of the hall window, there at the front gate, the red head pressed against the blonde, stood Jo and Judy with their arms around each other.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHITE ROSE

MR. GILBERT'S business in New York bid fair to detain him indefinitely. The case he was working upon promised, if brought to a successful issue, to advance him greatly in his career. Yet he found time to pass many hours within the hospitable doors of the Eyrie. Indeed Mr. Gilbert was the friend of every one at the Eyrie, except Rob, and she would have none of him. This was very amusing to those who knew and understood her, for it was so hard for loyal, fun-loving Rob to be "offish" with one who, was so kind to those she

loved, and beside, George Gilbert, in spite of his years, was such a boy when it came to having a good time, and from the first he was the ardent admirer and the ardently admired of the Sharps and Flats club.

Although Mr. Gilbert usually stood at the side of the pianist and meekly turned the leaves, he stealthily, now and then, much to the delight of the members of the orchestra, tried his hand at directing. He was great upon effect, on marvelous crescendos and wailing diminuendos and Rob, suddenly made wary by some unusual excess in these directions, would look behind her to find Mr. Gilbert still with guilty arm uplifted.

But if Roberta found it hard to carry on her quarrel with Mr. Gilbert before, it was well-nigh impossible when lagging winter at last arrived, for having spent most of his winters in the South, where such sports were impossible, he proved himself not only a most enthusiastic skater but the very king of coasters, and Rob loved winter sports and hardy daring. Indeed sometimes she wondered if her imagination had not misled her as to Mr. Gilbert ever having thought of Willis in any way save as the daughter of her mother, and she wondered if she was not behaving like a simpleton. Poor Rob, and the very next day proved her Waterloo.

"Oh, goody!" cried Fritzi, skipping excitedly into the sewing-room where Will and Rob sat with Aunt Nancy. "The expressman has just brought a perfect dream of a sled. It is wrapped and wrapped in papers till you can't see its color, or anything, and it is addressed to Mr. George Gilbert, and Bert wants to know, Aunt Nancy, if we can't pick just a weenty teenty hole in the paper on top so we can read the name, for we've all been trying to guess it; Bert says it's 'Speed-way,' Jo, 'Swallow,' Peace thinks it is 'Mary Elizabeth'—is n't that funny—that is what they have named the new baby over at Effie's, you know, and I'm sure it's 'Comet.' May we, Aunt Nancy?"

"My dear child, certainly not," replied Aunt Nancy. "What would Mr. Gilbert think of such naughty, prying children? Mr. Gilbert is coming over to dinner to-night and that will be time enough to see the sled."

When Mr. Gilbert arrived that night he was met far down the street by Fritzi and Peace: Bert being a boy would n't show any signs of curiosity, that being a girl's prerogative, though he fairly burned with it. Jo swung on the gate, trying to look unconcerned. Will sat on the stairs, peeping through the banister, but Rob, oh, Rob, splendid in her dignity, was sitting in the library, reading the same paragraph twenty times

over. Yet she heard distinctly the soft rustle of Will's gown as she descended the stairs, heard her gay greeting, and then suddenly her girlish voice in a surprised "Oh!"

Something in that soft little exclamation struck terror to Rob's soul. The magazine fell to the floor, and she, white and angry, went scurrying to the hall. There, at Will's feet, stood the beautiful sled, so long, and low, and slender upon its shining runners, it seemed about to start without mortal aid on some glorious race. It was snowy white even to the slender swans that finished the graceful arch of the runners. It was decorated with a border of gold, while upon its smooth top in gilt letters was the name, "White Rose."

"Oh, the beauty! The beauty!" cried Fritzi. "It's like a fairy-land sled."

"Fine lines," remarked Bert, standing with his hands in his pockets. "Looks as if she'd go."

"Go; well, I rather reckon so, young man," replied Mr. Gilbert, proudly. "She was built according to my design, and my direction, and under my supervision. What more would you have, sir?"

"She's perfectly lovely," declared Jo, "but she does n't look in the least like a gentleman's coaster."

"She is n't a *gentleman's* coaster," said Mr. Gilbert mysteriously.

"I know, I know," chanted Fritzi, dancing around in a ring. "I knew all the time, because it looks just like her."

"It's for a little lady who will understand why I have named it 'White Rose,' and who cares and—dares to claim it," said Mr. Gilbert, quietly looking from Rob to Will.

For a moment Willis hesitated, then, kneeling down to the pretty sled, she looked at the card that lay hidden under a great bow of rose ribbon that was tied about the neck of one of its swans. What she read there seemed to startle, and yet to please her, for though she blushed as rosy as the ribbon, she looked straight up into the homely, kindly face that was looking so tenderly down at her.

"It is mine," she said shyly, "all mine, but I won't be selfish with it."

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Fritzi. "It just looks like Will, all white and rose and gold."

"On with your wraps and hats, then," commanded Mr. Gilbert, stooping to lift Willis to her feet. "Scurry, every one of you, there is just an hour until dinner-time."

Away flew the children, but Will before going out with Mr. Gilbert to join them, looked wistfully after the silent girlish figure that was climbing the stairs without one backward glance.



Drawn by Frederic Richardson.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

MRS. DOE: "DOCTOR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH LITTLE FAWNY, HE IS ALL COVERED WITH SPOTS. DO YOU THINK IT IS THE MEASLES?"

THE CRUISE OF THE *JENNY LEE*

A PRIVATEER BALLAD OF THE OLD DAYS

BY WILLIAM O. STEVENS

I

No stouter ship e'er made a trip
Than ours, the *Jenny Lee*,
When, tight and new, with all her crew,
She first stood out to sea.

II

Her polished deck bore not a speck,
Her spars were smooth as silk,
Her guns of brass shone bright as glass,
Her sails as white as milk.

III

The name she bore was taken for
A maiden lost at sea;
(Of whom no word had e'er been heard
Since she left Italy.)



BUT NE'ER WAS SEEN AN EYE
SO KEEN TO QUELL THE
TIPSY TAR.

IV

The skipper bold was not so old
As most sea captains are,
But ne'er was seen an eye so keen
To quell the tipsy tar.

V

"Ahoy! my men," he shouted when
The harbor mouth we cleared,
"Where glory lies, or merchant prize,
This privateer is steered.



"STAND BY TO LUFF,
THEY'LL GET
ENOUGH!" OUR
GALLANT CAP-
TAIN CRIED.

VI

"The first one who could shame this crew
By showing craven fear
I'll shoot!" and then his sturdy men
Responded with a cheer.

VII

When morning broke, the lookout spoke
A hostile man-o'-war;
With all sail spread toward us she sped,
Her guns began to roar.

VIII

"Stand by to luff, they'll get enough!"
Our gallant captain cried,
With helm to port our ship wore short
And raked with her broadside.



OFF FLEW THE TURBANED HEAD!

IX

Again, again the deadly rain
 Poured down the foemen's deck;
 Her foremast fell, her main as well,
 Her hull became a wreck.

X

Then o'er the sea rose suddenly
 A gale as black as night;
 The waves washed high—a woeful cry—
 Our foe had sunk from sight!

XI

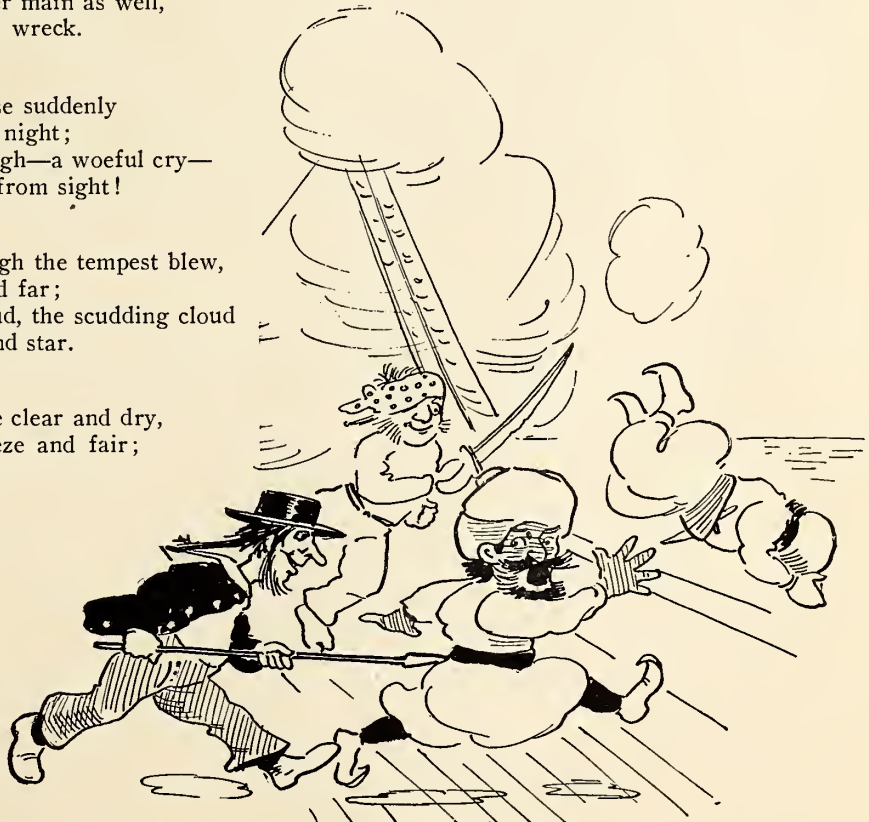
For three days through the tempest blew,
 It drove us fast and far;
 The shrouds sang loud, the scudding cloud
 Hid us from sun and star.

XII

At last, the sky shone clear and dry,
 Soft blew the breeze and fair;
 But, strange to say,
 that selfsame day,
 We spied a black
 corsair.

XIII

From Tripoli of Bar-
 bary
 The huge sea-
 rover hailed,
 On, on she came,
 with ports a-
 flame,
 As straight for us she sailed.



LEAPED MADLY OVERBOARD.

XIV

"Well, who's afraid?" our skipper said,
 "This chance we must not miss,
 The *Jenny Lee* was put to sea
 For just such work as this."

XV

Soon, swift and sure, the pirate Moor
 Ranged close along our beam,
 And ere she passed she grappled fast.
 Then, with exultant scream,

XVI

The heathen horde swarmed thick aboard—
 Ah, there was strife to see!—
 Not one would flinch or give an inch
 On board the *Jenny Lee*.

XVII

And, 'mid the clash and sparkling flash
 Of sword-play, with a shout
 The captains met; with blades blood-wet
 They fiercely fought it out.

XVIII

The fight was brief; the pirate chief,
By youthful looks misled,
Disdained to guard, his foe struck hard—
Off flew the turbaned head!



"'T IS SHE—'T IS SHE—MY JENNY LEE!"

XIX

At that dread sight the Moors took flight,
We put them to the sword.
A few thought best to yield, the rest
Leaped madly overboard.

Such was the cruise of the
Jenny Lee;
She sailed whene'er the rain
Kept me indoors to watch the
sea
Through streaming window-
pane.



ENVOI

The real Jenny, if you must
know,
Was very small and shy;
But she used to play with me,
and so—
The skipper?—it was I!

XX

"Open the hatch, perhaps a batch
Of prisoners we 'll find,"
Our skipper said when all the dead
To sea had been consigned.

XXI

It was too true, a feeble crew
Were brought up to the light;
A maiden fair stood with them there
With eyes divinely bright.

XXII

"'T is she—'t is she—my Jenny Lee!"
The captain loudly cried,
"Searched for in vain, now found again!"
Swift sprang he to her side.

XXIII

The crew, rejoiced, their feelings voiced
By thundering a cheer,
Then straight for home, no more to roam,
Their captain bade them steer.

XXIV

When port was gained, high honors rained
On captain and his bride;
The church bells clanged, the cannon banged,
The people cheered with pride.

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

HOW AN OLD-TIME ENEMY BECAME A FRIEND

HAD anything been wanting to bring Pinkey Perkins and his companions into complete and everlasting disfavor with Old Hostetters, the way in which they had rid themselves of Tige's vigilant presence at the swimming-hole, by the aid of fire-crackers, had forever settled that point.

Ever since the day that the panting, frightened dog had come yelping frantically through the barn-yard, on his way home from the swimming-hole, with a long piece of clothes line trailing harmlessly behind him, the irate owner had made no secret of his thirst for revenge.

One effect of the occurrence, however, had been to keep the boys from attempting any more swimming excursions to their favorite resort. They realized that matters had at last reached the breaking point between them and Old Hostetters and they knew that in future he would stop at no punishment within his power. Consequently, they were forced to seek other locations to satisfy their thirst for outdoor entertainment.

"What are we going to do Saturday, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny Morris one day, late in August. "We ought to have one more trip to the country before vacation's over."

"I think so too," agreed Pinkey. "I was just thinking the other day that we might get some o' the fellows and go fishing once more. Let's go down to the old mill dam on Cole Creek and stay all day. We can go swimming there too, all we like, without being afraid of Old Hostetters."

"That's a good scheme," cried Bunny, with delight, "I'm just crazy to go fishing again. We have n't had a good fishing trip for a long time."

Fired with this new idea, Pinkey and Bunny set out at once to consult several of their boon companions, and within an hour their party was organized. Nothing was wanting but the necessary parental permission. Pinkey had volunteered to furnish the transportation, in the shape of Old Polly, the family horse, and the two-seated surrey to which she was usually driven. Joe Cooper and Shorty Piper were to make up the remainder of the party, four being as many as the surrey would hold when the necessary luggage was considered.

By Friday afternoon, all the details were arranged, fishing-tackle was loaded in the vehicle

and lunches were in course of preparation. In the Perkins' barn-lot there was unusual activity, this being the place where the enthusiastic fishermen had decided to dig for angleworms.

"I hope we make an early start," said Pinkey.

Bunny stayed at Pinkey's house all night, and both boys were sleeping soundly when Mrs. Perkins called them the next morning and told them that it was time they were stirring if they wished to get an early start. They sprang out of bed without a moment's hesitation and in a few minutes appeared down-stairs fully dressed and ready for breakfast. While preparations were being made for the early meal, the boys fed and harnessed Old Polly so that no time might be lost.

Finally, however, everything was in readiness; lunch stowed away beneath the back seat, fishing poles lashed along the side of the surrey, while bait cans, horse feed and boxes of tackle took up their share of the remaining space. Pinkey and Bunny climbed in and started off in high glee to gather up the remainder of their party.

There was more or less delay at each stop, although Shorty came away from the table with his breakfast only half eaten and Joe hurried so that he forgot one of the poles he had intended to take along. So, in spite of their intentions to get away early, the court-house clock was striking seven by the time the party drove across the public square, started at last on the straight road to Cole Creek.

"Gee, it's getting late," exclaimed Pinkey, whipping up Old Polly, "we'll never get there at this rate."

"I wonder what's up now," exclaimed Bunny, as they turned the bank corner. "Look at the crowd around the post-office."

"Must be somethin' important to get Old Tin Star out this time o' day," commented Joe, as the bulky form of the town marshal loomed up among those gathered about the door.

"Old Hostetters is there too," observed Shorty. "We'd better look out,—maybe he's after us again."

"Well, we have n't time to stop if he is," said Pinkey, decisively. "We're going fishin' and we're not going near his farm and he can't stop

us," and again he urged Old Polly to the limit of her trotting abilities.

But they were not to get away so easily. As the surrey drew nearer the post-office the boys' spirits fell alarmingly as they saw Old Hostetters and Tin Star walk out into the road and stop in front of them, where Tin Star held up a warning hand and motioned them to stop.

"Which of you kids took Mr. Gordon's horse away from the hitching rack last night?" demanded the marshal. "Somebody drove him away and left the buggy down by the depot, but they took the horse away somewhere, and he thinks some of you did it."

This was a bold stroke on the part of Tin Star and one which he considered very shrewd. The facts in the case were that Farmer Gordon had driven to town the evening before and had tied his horse to the hitching rack near the court-house. When he started home, his horse was nowhere to be found, and he supposed that he had broken loose and gone home of his own accord. When he had found that this was not the case, he had come back to town early the next morning and had found his buggy at the roadside near the railroad station, but no trace of the horse could be found. He had notified Tin Star of his loss and the pair had come down town to enlist the aid of the stage drivers who carried mail and passengers between Enterprise and the smaller villages throughout the county.

Tin Star had no reason to suspect any of the boys of being implicated in the disappearance of the horse, except on general principles. He thought they might have hidden the animal as a joke, or a piece of mischief, and he had accused them thus boldly to scare them into an admission in case they were guilty.

For a moment no one spoke. They were all too surprised to know what to say, but at last Pinkey spoke up.

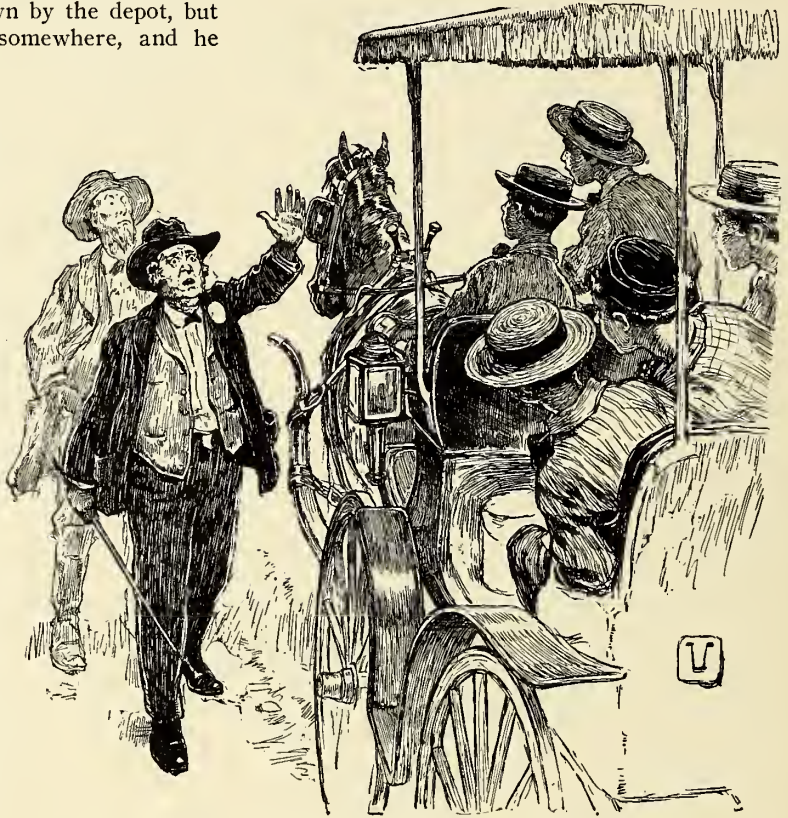
"Honest, Mr. Singles," he said soberly, "I have n't seen the horse, and if he's gone I don't know anything about it."

"I don't either," chimed in all the others. The

look of amazed concern on the faces of all the boys, left no doubt in the mind of any one of their innocence.

"Well, I just thought you kids might have been up to some more of your pranks," explained Tin Star, trying not to appear severe, "but I guess I'm wrong this time."

"I'll jist bet they *do* know where he is," insisted Old Hostetters. "Who else could have taken him if it was n't that Perkins boy and his crowd?"



"TIN STAR HELD UP A WARNING HAND AND MOTIONED THEM TO STOP."

They'd take the horse away and hide him and then—"No, they would n't either," interrupted Tin Star. "I've had a good deal to do with this crowd, more than you have, I guess, and I'll say this for 'em: they'll do most anything under the sun, but if they get caught, they won't lie about it. I never caught 'em doin' that, and never heard of any one who did."

"Maybe so," replied Old Hostetters doubtfully and then, turning to the boys, he said: "Anyway, if you see a big black horse with a star in his forehead and two white hind feet, I'd advise you to catch him and turn him over to me."

"I know the horse when I see him," replied Pinkey, glad to get out of his enemy's clutches so easily, "and if we see him we 'll bring him back," and as his two accusers stepped back on the pavement he clucked to Old Polly and proceeded in the direction of Cole Creek.

"I hope he never gets his old horse again," said Bunny, vigorously, when they had gotten out of hearing.

"Me too," agreed Shorty, "what right has he got to blame everything on us, anyway?"

"Both of 'em seem to think we don't do anything but bother them," commented Joe; "but if they 'd stop and think they 'd remember that they generally begin on us first."

"He 'll never get his old horse back, if he depends on *me* for it," declared Shorty, hotly, still resentful over the reflections cast upon him and his friends.

"I guess he 's not depending on you entirely," laughed Pinkey. "or any of us, for that matter, so let 's not worry any more about him and his troubles. Let him and Tin Star worry this time, we 're innocent for once."

The morning was somewhat cloudy and cool, and Pinkey did not hesitate to keep Old Polly going at a good rate a large part of the eight miles that lay between Enterprise and the old mill dam on Cole Creek.

Once arrived at their destination, everything was activity. Old Polly received attention first, and after she had been unharnessed and tied out to graze, fishing-tackle was brought forth and preparations for the day's sport were begun. Soon all were seated on the grassy bank, fishing-poles in hand, each secretly hoping that to him should fall the distinction of getting the first nibble.

After sitting in silence for about fifteen minutes, without any sign of luck, Bunny began to grow restless.

"I 'm going to move," he growled, "there 's nothing here—"

"Sh—," hissed Joe. "Keep still, can't you; how d'you s'pose anybody 's ever going to catch anything with you talking all the time?"

Bunny settled back into his place again, grumbling in an undertone that "some fellows always think they 're running everything." After another wait of several minutes, he arose without making any comment and went further up the bank where Pinkey was seated all alone, patiently waiting for a bite.

"Caught anything yet?" inquired Bunny in a hoarse whisper.

"No," answered Pinkey in disgust, drawing his line out of the water to inspect the bait.

"Have n't had the sign of a bite even. Let 's go way up above the old dam, around the big bend. I caught a lot o' big ones there last year. The only thing is, it 's rather hard getting there."

"I won't mind that if we can catch something," assured Bunny; "I 'd just love to get a good string o' fish and come back here and show them to Joe Cooper."

Hastily gathering up their bait-cans and poles, the two boys set out by the most direct route to the point Pinkey had in mind, saying nothing of their intentions to any of the others. Their way led through a thicket and it was only with considerable effort that they could make any headway at all, there being nothing but a poorly defined trail to mark their way. The dense woods were silent, except for the scolding of several crows who flew about disputing noisily the boys' right to invade their haunts. Owing to the wide curve of the stream, the route the boys took left a large area of forest and underbrush between them and the water.

When about half-way through the tangle of weeds, grass, and high, rank growth of all kinds, Pinkey's attention was suddenly attracted by what seemed to him human voices coming from the direction of the water.

He thought at first that some of the other boys were trying to make their way around the big bend by keeping along the bank, with the hope of surprising him and Bunny. But on second thought he knew this could not be, owing to the impossibility of making their way along the marshy ground which formed the bank at that point.

Presently he heard the sound again, and it seemed from the tone of the voices that some matter was under dispute. Bunny heard the voices this time and both boys held up warning fingers to indicate silence. Each stopped and listened attentively, then Pinkey tiptoed back to where Bunny was standing.

"Who d' you s'pose could be way back in there, Bunny?" he inquired.

"I don't know," replied Bunny, growing somewhat alarmed at Pinkey's manner, "maybe we 'd better go back where the other fellows are."

"What for?" spoke up Pinkey, bravely. "Whoever it is, they don't know we 're here, and they 'd never catch us with the start we 've got. Come on, I 'm going to find out who it is." Pinkey always seemed to grow braver as Bunny's courage began to fail.

"I would n't if I were you Pinkey," warned Bunny, "they say there used to be a band of robbers who lived in the old mill."

"Well, they could n't rob us of much. They 'll never hear us if we 're quiet."

Bunny reluctantly agreed, and, after laying down their fishing-tackle, he followed Pinkey as he crept stealthily through the thicket toward the sound of voices. It was difficult to make their way without noise and their approach was very slow.

Presently they found themselves nearing a sort of open space, and a few feet further on they were able to see to the edge of the grassy opening in the thicket.

The open space was several yards in diameter and beyond it was another thicket, which apparently extended clear to the water, which was not far beyond.

The sight which met the boys' eyes as they peered through the underbrush was enough to stop their hearts beating for an instant, and then to set them going at their wildest pace. Not forty feet away, at the opposite side of the clear space, was a rude, temporary shelter, made of boughs, in front of which smoldered the remains of a small fire. A few feet to one side and slightly in the rear of the fire were two men and a horse, the latter of which Pinkey immediately recognized as the one Old Hostetters had accused him and Bunny of leading away.

One of the men was kneeling down behind the horse, applying black paint to the horse's hind legs and feet with a small brush which he occasionally dipped in a can sitting on the ground beside him. The other man was trimming the horse's mane with a pair of shears, thus adding to the difficulty of his being recognized. Meanwhile both were keeping up a wordy argument, which seemed to be a dispute over how they should divide the money for which they were planning to sell the animal.

Pinkey and Bunny were spellbound with fright. Both recognized at once the necessity of getting out of their dangerous position and spreading the alarm before the horse could be taken far away, as was evidently the men's intention, judging by their conversation. They realized, too, that if the men caught them there, there was no telling what they might do.

Pinkey was afraid to even whisper to Bunny, but he made it clear by motions that they must withdraw as quickly as possible by the way they had come, and this both boys at once began to do. As they drew farther and farther away, they moved with more rapidity and less caution until finally they reached the trail again.

With no thought for fishing-tackle, or for anything except putting as much distance as possible between themselves and the men, Pinkey and

Bunny broke into a frantic run, stumbling and tripping as they tore along, never slackening their speed until they rushed headlong up to the spot where the other boys were sitting.

"What do you think, fellows," gasped Pinkey, "we 've found Old Hostetters' horse! Two men have got him up there in the bushes, and they 're painting him and clipping him until you 'd hardly know him."

"And we nearly ran on to 'em before we knew it," panted Bunny, wildly. "My! s'posing they 'd ha' seen us and caught us!" and he shivered at the thought of such a disaster.

Thus, in breathless, disconnected sentences they together told their wild-eyed companions of their perilous adventure and their miraculous escape. Needless to say, the story lost nothing in its telling that would add to its interest.

"Well, let 'em keep the old horse," said Joe, when he had heard the story. "They won't bother us if we don't bother them, and I, for one, am not in favor of helping Old Hostetters any."

"That 's what I say," agreed Shorty. "Old Hostetters has always been mean to us and it just serves him right to lose his horse, and then, besides, he accused us of taking it."

"Well now, don't make up your minds too quickly," advised Pinkey, after a moment's reflection, "that 's the way it struck me when I first saw the horse. But that is n't all, by a long shot; if we just keep our mouths shut and allow those men to take that horse away, it would be the next thing to taking him ourselves."

"Yes, but we are n't supposed to know whose horse it is," persisted Shorty. "We are n't even supposed to know there 's a horse there."

"But we *do* know there 's a horse there," argued Pinkey, "and we *do* know whose horse it is, at least Bunny and I know it, and I 'm not going to let those fellows run away with him without trying to stop 'em. I don't care whether it 's Old Hostetters' horse, or whose it is."

"Oh, come on, let 's fish," suggested Joe, who had succeeded in catching a couple of small ones, "they 're biting now."

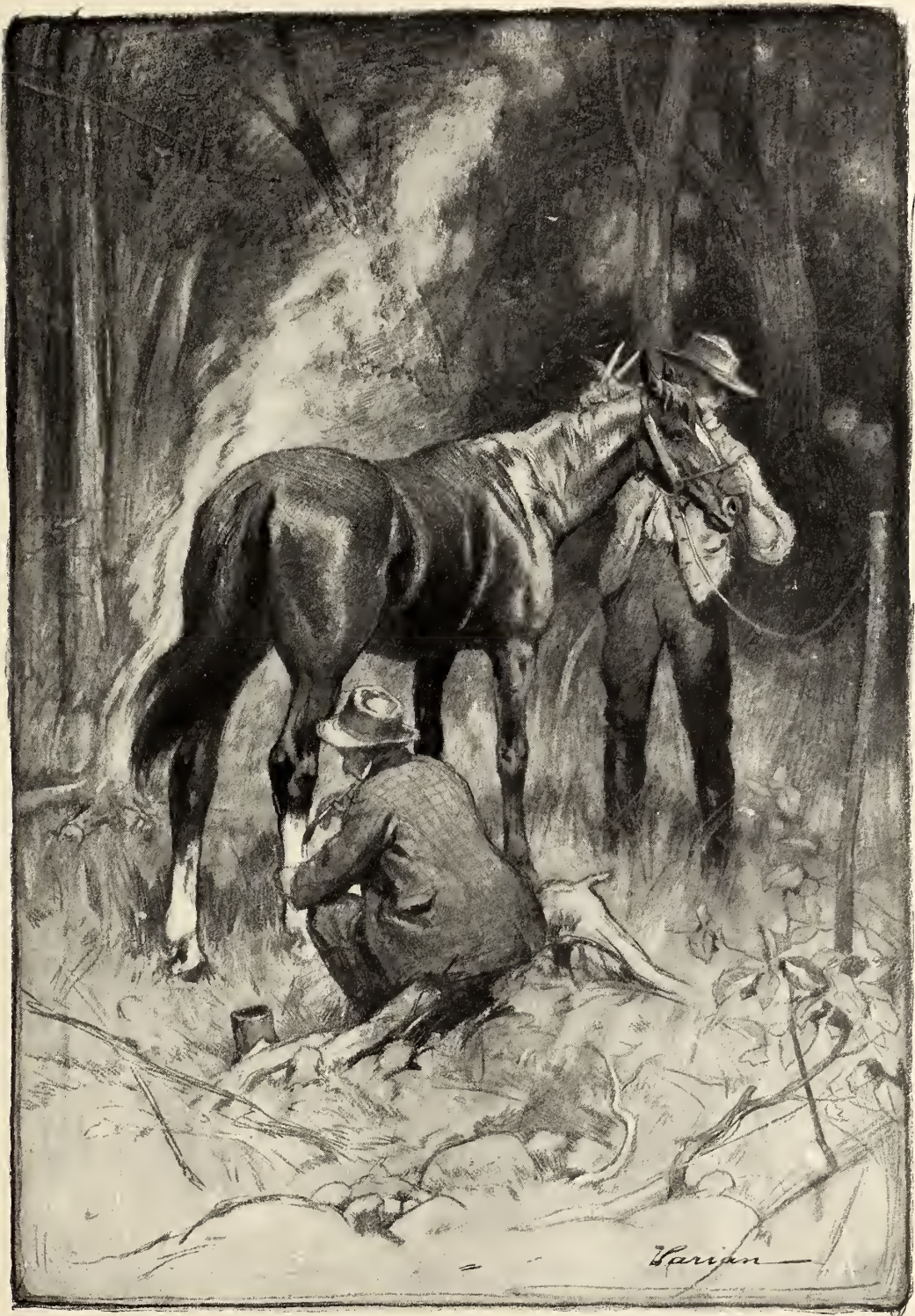
"No, siree," replied Pinkey, decisively. "Bunny and I are going to get on Old Polly and ride to Old Hostetters' house and tell him."

"And leave us here?" demanded Joe.

"Of course," said Pinkey, "just as you said: those men won't bother you unless you bother them."

"And miss a whole day's fishing?" exclaimed Shorty.

"Yes, and miss a whole day's fishing," repeated Pinkey. "What 's a day's fishing to catching a couple o' horse thieves?"



THE STARTLING DISCOVERY MADE BY PINKEY AND BUNNY.

"I think Pinkey's right," spoke up Bunny, who had so far kept out of the argument, "we ought to stop those men from getting away if we can."

"Even when it's Old Hostetters' horse?" argued Shorty.

"Yes, even when it's anybody's horse; whose horse it is has n't anything to do with it."

There was no further use of objection. Pinkey and Bunny had the better of the argument, for all realized that their point of view was the right one, and besides Pinkey had control over Old Polly.

In an amazingly short space of time, Pinkey and Bunny were galloping rapidly along the country road making good time in the direction of Enterprise, and, though nothing was said on the subject, each felt a shudder of relief pass down his spine as they left behind the dangerous occupants of the thicket.

Though they passed several vehicles on the road, the boys said nothing to any one as to the nature of their errand, but from the serious expressions on their faces, people must have known that there was something important under way.

About two miles from Enterprise, Pinkey turned into a side road, on which, about a mile further on, was Farmer Gordon's farm-house. On arriving there, Pinkey drew rein on the now thoroughly tired horse, and, accompanied by Bunny, jumped to the ground. Leaving Old Polly to enjoy the grass at the roadside they opened the front gate and marched boldly up to the front door. In response to Pinkey's knock, Farmer Gordon's wife came to the door and informed the boys that her husband was "somewhere out around the barn."

Old Hostetters had returned from town about a half hour before and was even then regaling several of his neighbors, who had heard of his loss, with the story of the mysterious disappearance of his horse.

"We've found your horse, Mr. Gordon," cried Pinkey, excitedly, as he and Bunny approached the group of farmers standing in the big barn door.

"I thought you'd probably be able to find him when you got good and scared over your rascality," observed Old Hostetters, knowingly. "Thought you'd better bring him back, did ye?"

"No, sir," declared Pinkey, "we did n't know a thing about him till we ran on to him in the woods, way down by Huffman's old mill dam, where a couple o' men had him hid away, painting his feet and clipping 'im so you'd hardly know him."

This put the matter in a new light, and Old Hostetters at once ceased his accusing manner

and listened carefully to the tale Pinkey and Bunny had to tell. Their story convinced him of their innocence and he actually seemed to appreciate their effort to assist him in recovering his horse and their offer to guide him to its place of concealment.

"Well, I never expected this from you kids," admitted the surprised farmer. "What's got into you, anyway?"

"Nothin' 's got into us," replied Pinkey, manfully, "except that we found your horse and thought we ought to let you know about it, just as we would anybody."

Old Hostetters said no more just then. Even his unsympathetic nature could appreciate a good deed, and he actually felt ashamed of his previous attitude toward the boys.

The neighbors all volunteered their services in attempting to recover the horse. Pinkey urged that there be no delay, for he had heard the men plan to leave about dusk that evening and if they anticipated any danger they would certainly leave before. A two-seated buckboard and a wide-seated buggy were soon ready to carry the party to the creek. Old Polly was left to rest and enjoy a generous supply of oats in the barn, and another horse was taken along to bring back the surrey. Pinkey seated himself beside his old-time enemy on the front seat, and was soon on his way to Cole Creek for the second time that day. Bunny was seated behind, and told the story of his and Pinkey's experience to the men on each side of him with a great deal more interest than he had exhibited during the enacting of the same.

Joe and Shorty were more than glad to see the buckboard approaching, and as it passed through the gate, they came running forward to meet it. In another minute Old Hostetters drew rein beside Pinkey's surrey.

"Have you seen 'em around anywhere," inquired Pinkey, springing to the ground.

"Not a sign of anybody," replied Shorty, evidently much relieved at the fact, "and we have n't been any closer looking for them, either. Honest truth, I did n't like staying here a bit after you fellows left."

"Well, then, they must be in there yet," said Old Hostetters, pointing to the thicket, "let 's see if they are."

With Pinkey as guide of the expedition, the party started slowly into the bushes, making their way cautiously along the difficult path. Bunny chose to accompany the men also, but Joe and Shorty said they "believed they'd stay and see to the horses" that were tied out to graze.

Presently Pinkey came upon the fishing-poles

he and Bunny had left lying on the ground and he knew it was the place to turn toward the water. After much effort, the party reached the point where Pinkey and Bunny had discovered the horse and his captors. Pinkey's heart was beating loudly and he was very much excited to be so near the scene of his morning's fright. He did not relish his position in the least and began to regret being so zealous.

At first there were no signs of life whatever, and then Pinkey discovered the horse standing

cinity showed footprints in the muddy bank of the stream, indicating a hurried exit by that route.

Pursuit was impracticable, and, as neither Pinkey nor Bunny could give a very clear description of the men, it was not attempted to follow them. Old Hostetters was rejoiced at the recovery of his horse, and did not hesitate to say so. He openly thanked Pinkey and Bunny for restoring his property to him and insisted that all the boys should come back with him

to his house for dinner. Pinkey had to go that way to get Old Polly, and as none of the boys cared to remain and fish after what had happened, all accepted the invitation. The extra horse was hitched to Pinky's surrey, and with old Hostetters proudly leading his newly-recovered animal the return trip was shortly begun.

Arrived at his house, Old Hostetters evidently intended to leave no doubt that he wished bygones to be bygones. He dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand and made the boys really feel that he was in earnest. They accepted everything in the same spirit and were glad to have another formidable enemy added to their list of friends.

"And now, boys," called Old Hostetters, as they drove away from his front gate late that afternoon, "remember this: whenever you want to go nutting, or skating, or swimming, just

come right down here to your heart's content, and whenever you want any apples, you're always welcome to go to my orchard and help yourselves. You kids are n't such a bad lot after all."

"Thank you, Mr. Gordon," replied Pinkey, speaking for the whole party, "we'll come down often," and then, turning to his companions, he added: "That's better than a day's fishing,—to get an offer like that from *him*, and besides we don't have to worry now over not having done the right thing about the horse."



"THANK YOU, MR. GORDON," REPLIED PINKEY FOR THE WHOLE PARTY, "WE 'LL COME DOWN OFTEN."

in the underbrush a few feet beyond the other side of the opening. The men were nowhere in sight. As soon as Old Hostetters and his neighbors saw the horse, they left all caution behind and rushed as fast as they could in the direction of the horse, hoping to surprise the men, who might possibly be asleep somewhere near.

But their efforts were fruitless. Indications of a hasty departure showed pretty clearly that one of the men must have been on the lookout and had given warning of the approach of the rescue party. At any rate, a search of the vi-

A STRANGE MISTAKE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

My daddy says that once he was
A little chap like me,
So why he says the things he does
I really cannot see.

He says he cannot understand
Why I so dote on noise,
And like to play that I'm a band,
Deserting quiet toys.

He says he can't imagine why
I stand upon my head,
Instead of on my dignity
Like boys who're better bred.

He says he cannot comprehend
The reason why I can't

When, up the stairs I mount, pretend
That I'm a human ant,

Instead of stamping on the stair,
As tho' I thought that I
Were nothing but a lively pair
Of hippopotami.

From all of which I greatly fear
In days beyond recall
My dear old daddy, it is clear,
Was not like me at all,

But like some other little chap,
Whose name I never heard,
Who likes to sit on some one's lap
And never says a word.



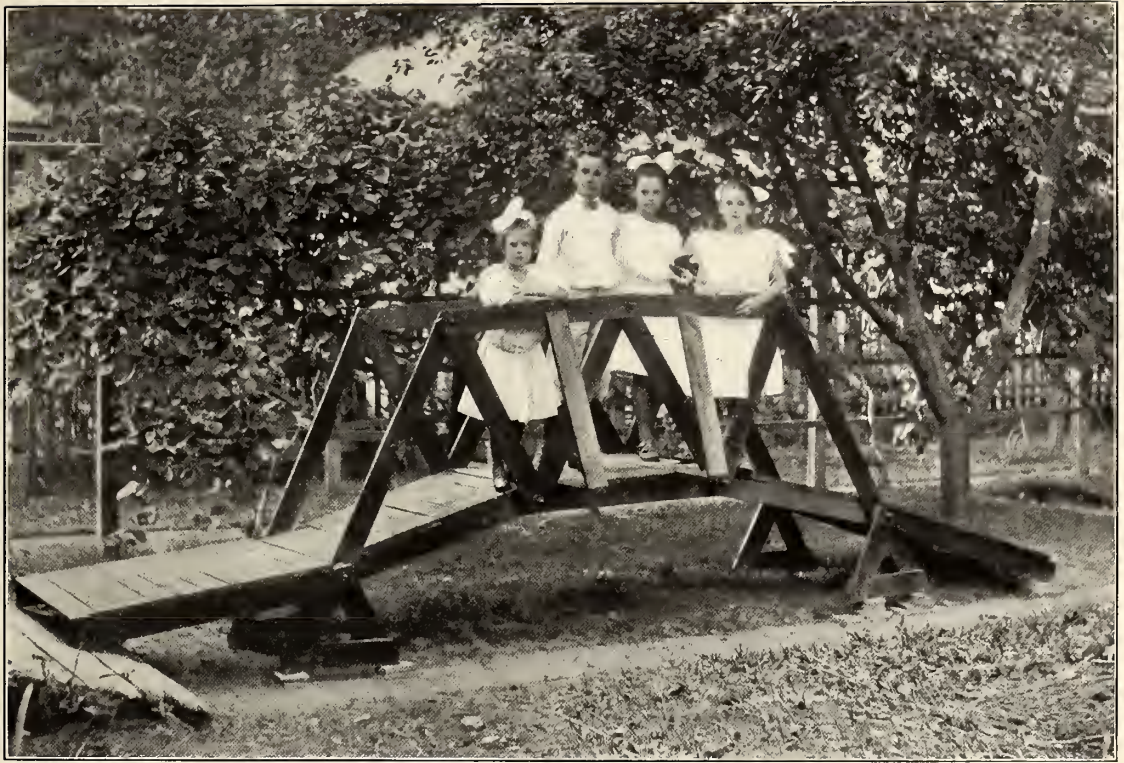


FIG. 1. THE COMPLETED BRIDGE.

A BOY'S OWN BRIDGE

BY EDWIN J. PRINDLE

SIDNEY had always been fond of using tools, and when his family moved to a new home, the lumber that was used for crating the furniture gave him plenty of material to work with. His father thought he could plan a bridge that would be the same in principle as a real "truss" bridge, and yet would be simple enough so that Sidney could build it, even though he were only twelve years of age. There was no real need of a bridge in the back yard, but a river could, of course, easily be imagined as flowing across the path to the barn. A pencil drawing of the bridge was made, and it looked rather hard to build before he started; but, like most work, as soon as he had made a beginning, it commenced to seem easier.

All the tools he used were a brace and bit for boring the holes, a saw, a hammer, and a try-square, for marking straight across the boards to saw their ends square. The lumber was all four inches wide and one inch thick, and it came in various lengths. Except for the flooring and four

side braces, all that had to be done to any board, after sawing it the right length, was to bore two holes in it, for they were simply held together by bolts and were not nailed in any way.

The bridge is what is known as a "truss" bridge, like most railroad and highway bridges. The first thing done was to saw the eleven boards for each of the two sides, or "trusses," making each board three inches longer than the distances between the two bolt holes it was to have, and then to bore the bolt holes an inch and a half from each end. Sidney got so interested that he could hardly sleep, and he was up and at work before breakfast, boring the bolt holes in all the boards, as this could be done without making enough noise to awaken the older people. When the boards, except the flooring, were all ready, the boards to form one side, or "truss," of the bridge were laid flat on the ground in the position shown in Fig. 5 and were bolted together. All the bolts were five eighths of an inch in diameter,

and bolts four and a half inches long were used where four boards came together, and three and a half inch bolts where three boards met. The A-shaped supports and the boards for the approaches were then bolted on at the same time. When the first side was completely bolted together, Sidney leaned it up against the wall, and stood upon it to see if it were going to be strong enough. It showed no signs of giving way. The two sides were then stood up vertically, and for the moment held by strips nailed across from one to the other, for he was determined to build the bridge entirely with his own hands and would not let any one help him hold the sides. Then the flooring was sawed and nailed on, and as each piece was nailed in place, it seemed to make the bridge stronger. Finally the four side braces

looking like a spider web to hold an enormously heavy locomotive and train? It is because every



FIG. 2. SHOWING THE RIGIDITY OF A TRIANGLE.

were put on. The bridge then had two coats of paint. The joy of that proud moment when he stepped on the finished bridge, and felt it firmly support his weight, and knowing that he had made it entirely alone, amply repaid all the work it had taken.

The cost of the bridge was seventy-two cents for bolts and washers, and eighty-five cents for paint. Sidney's mother says that, to be strictly correct, the cost of two shirt-waists, half a dozen towels, and a cake of sand soap should be added.

This bridge has held three grown people at one time, and four children at another, and could easily have held more. Its span is about nine feet between the supports. Why is it that such slender boards can hold so great a weight over so long a span? What is it that enables a railroad bridge



FIG. 3. A FOUR-SIDED FRAME WILL COLLAPSE IF NOT SUPPORTED.

bit of material in a truss bridge is put in the very best position to enable it to use its strength to the greatest advantage. I will try to make this clear.

You will notice that the sides, or "trusses," of the bridge are made up entirely of triangles, or three-sided figures. There is an object in this. A triangle cannot change its shape unless one or more of its sides is lengthened or shortened. Fig. 2 shows that the triangle is stiff and will bear weight up to the limit of its strength with-

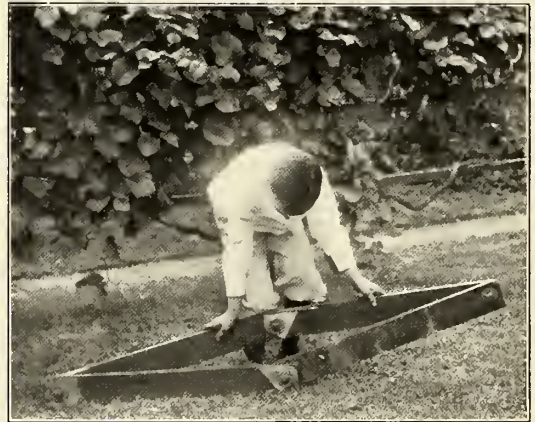


FIG. 4. THE COLLAPSED FOUR-SIDED FRAME.

out changing its shape. The first picture of the four-sided figure, Fig. 3, shows that the boards

must be held up to keep them from shutting up by their own weight, while the second picture, Fig. 4, shows what happens when any weight is

board will stand more strain if it is pulled, or pushed, in the direction of its length than if it is bent sideways. As each board in the truss is only

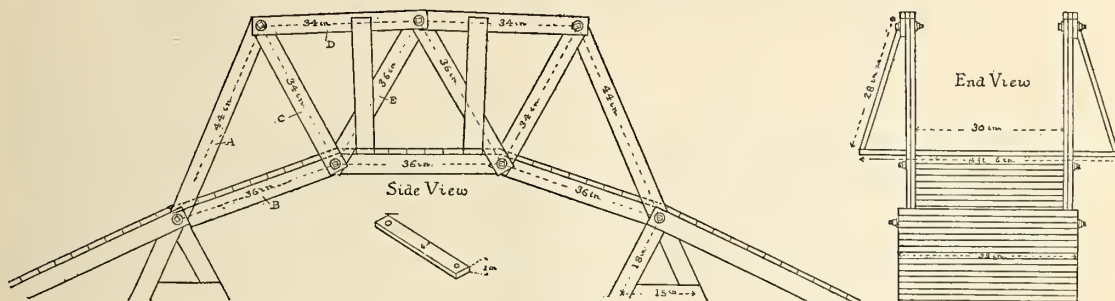


FIG. 5. WORKING DIAGRAM OF THE BRIDGE, GIVING DIMENSIONS.

put on the four-sided figure. Now look at Fig. 5 on this page.

Since the triangle does not change its shape, we build the bridge entirely of triangles. The first triangle at the left is made up of boards A, B, and C, and rests on the little pier, or support. Then the second triangle, which is made up of the boards C, D, and E, is formed by bolting the boards D and E to the ends of the board C, and so across from one support to the other, the truss of the bridge is made up of triangles bolted together. As no one of the triangles can change its shape, and as they are all bolted together, so that they cannot move on each other, they make a stiff framework much the same as if they were one solid board as large as the truss. The lengths of the parts of the bridge are given in Fig. 5. Bear in mind that these dimensions are what the engineer calls "between centers"—in this case, they are the distances from the center of one hole to the center of the other. Each piece of board, as has been said, should be one and a half inches longer at each end (three inches in all) than the distance "between centers."

Each board is simply fastened in place by a bolt that passes through each end, and so the board can only be pushed or pulled in the direction of its length. There is nothing trying to bend the boards of the bridge trusses sideways. A board will support a much greater weight if it is stood on edge under the weight than if the weight is laid on the side of the board while the board rests at its ends on supports. And the board will support a still greater weight if the board is hung up by its upper end and the weight is hung on its lower end. So a

fastened in place by a single bolt at each end, around which it is free to turn, the boards can only be pushed, or pulled, in the direction of their length, for you can't bend a board sideways that way. So you will see that the boards are all put

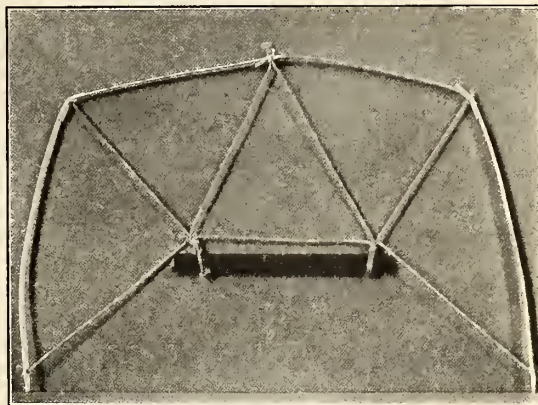


FIG. 6. A PAPER-AND-STRING MODEL OF A TRUSS BRIDGE.

into the bridge in the way in which they are strongest.

The paper-and-string model, Fig. 6, of the bridge truss is holding a piece of lead-pencil; and it shows that only the four boards that make up the "upper chord" of the truss are pushed on by the strains in the bridge shown in the model by their being bent, while all the other boards are simply pulled on. In a steel bridge, the pieces corresponding to the strings would be made of light, slender rods, while only the upper chord would have to be made of stiff beams.

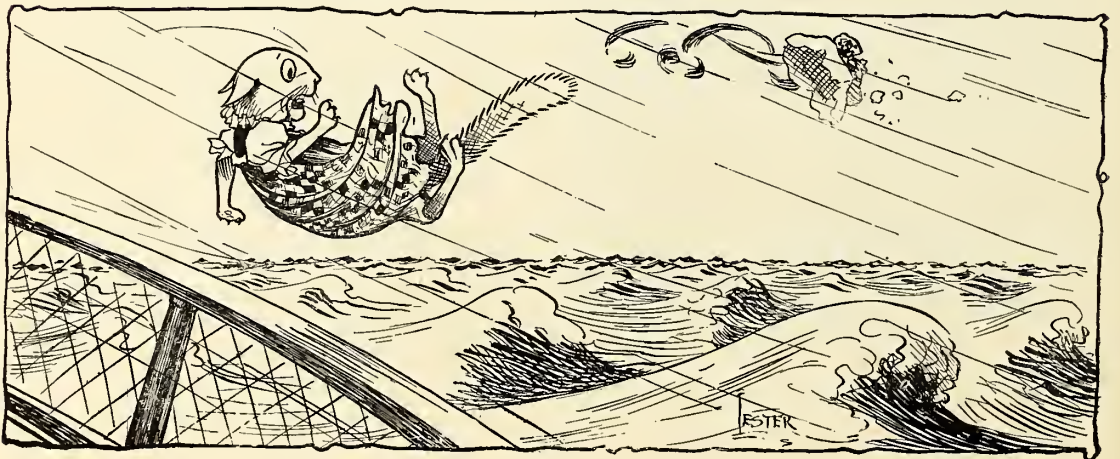
The Marriage of Kitty

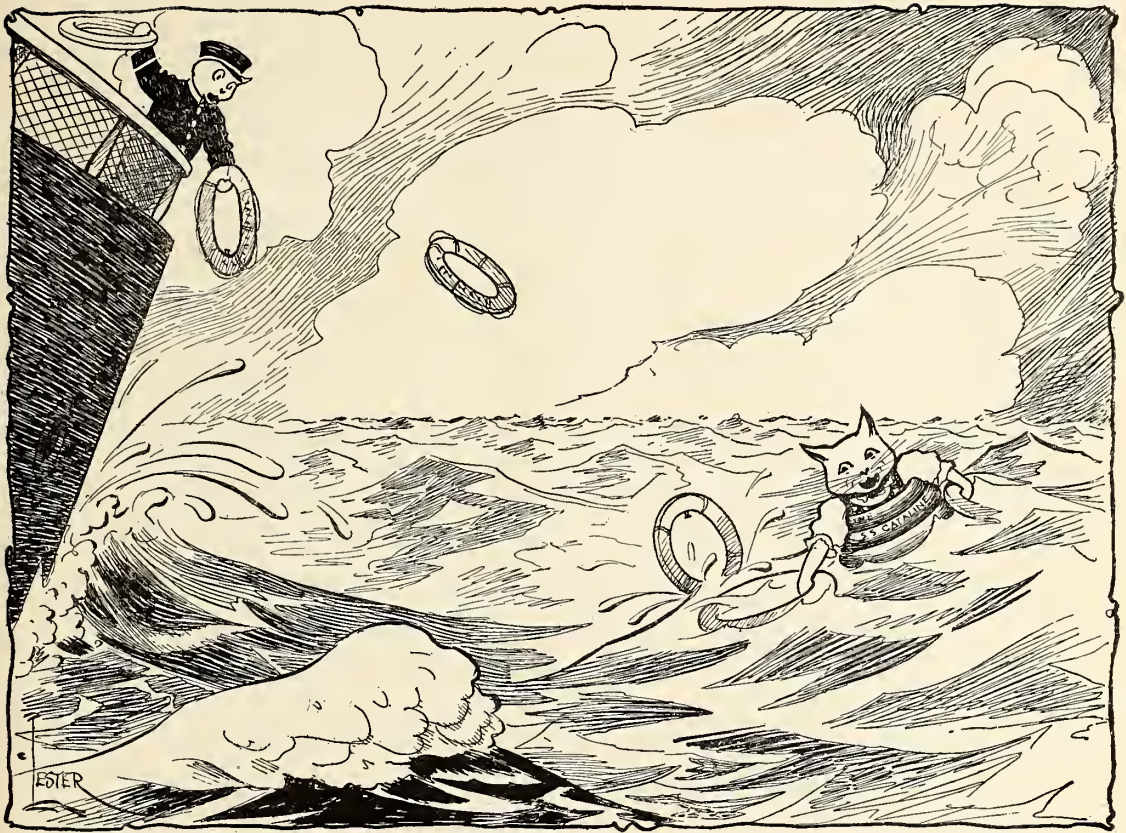


By HARRY PERSONS
TABER

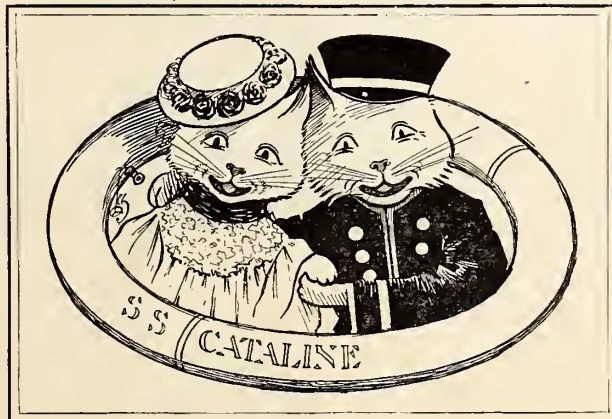
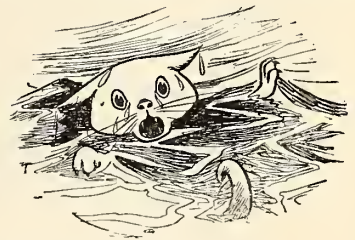
THERE was a little kitten, sailing on a kitten ship,
And the way the tempest roared was truly fearful;
But she kept up her courage, with a smile upon her lip,
Though the water in her eyes was "very tearful."
Then suddenly a gust of wind just swooped her off the deck,
And she fell into the dreadful salty sea.
She cried, "My goodness, gracious! Is there going to be a wreck?
And if there is, what 's happening to me?"

But Captain Thomas Kitten was a-standing at the wheel,
And he threw a life-preserver pretty quick.
Kitty Kitten put it on her, but she soon began to feel
That the motion of the waves would make her sick.
She quickly got inside it and she floated on the wave
Till she surely thought she was about to sink.
Then she shouted to the Captain, "If you want my lives to save,
You had better throw me nine of them, I think!"





Then Captain Thomas Kitten got the life-preservers out,
 Threw eight more of them to Kitty in the ocean.
 She put them all upon her and she floated on without
 Feeling any of "that awful, horrid motion."
 She thanked the Captain kindly as she drifted to the land,
 And the Captain said, "You 're welcome, Kitty dear!"
 And when he got ashore again he offered her his hand,
 So she married him within about a year. *



BIRD LANGUAGE

BY NIXON WATERMAN

WHEN I go out to study birds with glasses and a book,
Sometimes it 's rather trying when I have to look and *look*,
In order to identify some little, feathered thing,
By just a touch of color on its head or breast or wing.

'T would help so much if all the birds could be as nice as some
Who are so kind and civil that whene'er they see us come
A-peeping through the leafy boughs and seeking them afar,
To learn their names, are good enough to tell us who they are.

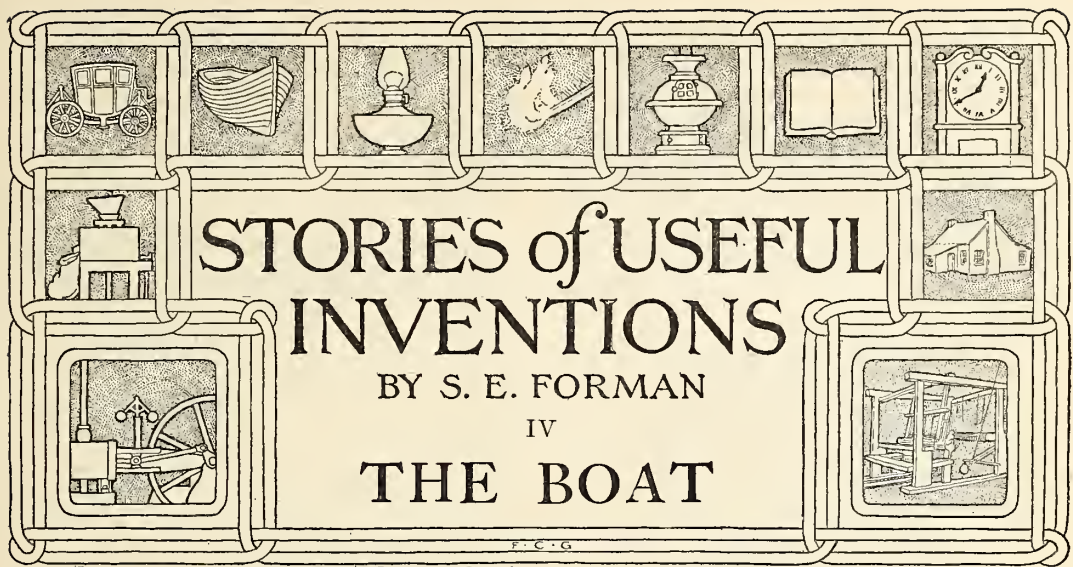
Our brave "Bob White" seems very glad to call that name of his,
And "Chickadee" is willing, quite, to tell us who *he* is;
And likewise, too, the "Whip-Poor-Will" and Mr. "Bob-O'-Link,"
The "Cuckoo" and the "Phoebe" bird, the "Pewee" and "Chewink."

Yet, while those birds are very kind, they might do something more
To help us learn their Latin names; the task is such a bore!
How fine if one of them should call, through twilights calm and still,
"*An-trós-to-mus vo-cif-e-rus*" instead of "Whip-Poor-Will"!

Should Robin Redbreast gaily shout, instead of his old tune,
"*Me-rú-la mi-gra-tó-ri-a*" we 'd know his name full soon;
There 's much in nature-study birds could pleasantly beguile
If all of them would sing their names in Latin for awhile.



NOT EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT.



At first, when a man wanted to cross a deep stream, he was compelled to swim across. But man at best is a poor swimmer, and it was not long before he invented a better method of traveling on water. A log drifting in a stream furnished the hint. By resting his body upon the log and plashing with his hands and feet he found he could move along faster and easier. Thus the log was the first boat and the human arm was the first oar. Experience soon taught our primitive boatman to get on top of the log and paddle along, using the limb of a tree for an oar. But the round log would turn with the least provocation and its passenger suffered many unceremonious duckings. So the boatman made his log flat on top. It now floated better and did not turn over so easily. Then the log was made hollow either by burning (Fig. 1), or by means of a cutting instrument. Thus the canoe was invented. Very often if the nature of the tree permitted it, the log was stripped of its bark, and this bark was used as a canoe.

The canoe was one of the earliest of boats, but it is not in line with the later growth. The ancestry of the modern boat begins with the log and is traced through the raft rather than through the canoe. By lashing together several logs it was found that larger burdens could be carried. Therefore the boat of a single log grew into one of several logs—a raft. By the time man had learned to make a raft we see he had learned something else: he had learned to row his boat along by pulling at an oar instead of pushing it along with a paddle. Rafts were used by nearly all the nations of antiquity. Herodotus,

the father of history, tells us that they were in use in ancient Chaldea. In Fig. 2 we have a kind of raft that may still be seen on some of the rivers of South America. Here a most important step in boat-building has been taken. A *sail* has been hoisted and one of the forces of nature has been bidden to assist man in moving his boat along.

The raft was bound to develop into the large boat. The central log was used as a keel and about this was built a boat of the desired shape and size. Stout timbers, called ribs, slanted from the keel, and on the ribs were fastened planks running lengthwise with the vessel. To keep out



FIG. 1. THE INVENTION OF THE CANOE.

the water the seams between the planks were filled with pitch or wax. Thus the raft grew into a large spoon-shaped vessel with keel and hull. We may call this boat a *galley*. The early galley was usually propelled by oars, although a single

sail sometimes invoked the assistance of the wind. It had no rudder and no deck, and if there was an anchor it was only a heavy stone.

In the early history of the boat there was no such thing as a rudder. The oarsman had to steer his craft as best he could. With the appearance of the galley a steersman comes into view. He steers by means of a paddle held over the stern of the boat. Within historic times, probably about the time of Homer (1100 B.C.),

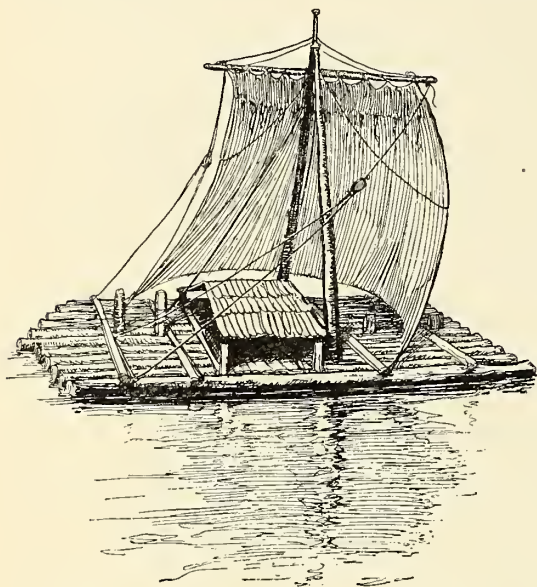


FIG. 2. THE RAFT—SHOWING ALSO EARLY USE OF THE SAIL.

the rudder first appears. In its first form it is simply an oar with a broad blade protruding through a hole in the side of the galley well to the stern (Fig. 3).

The older galleys had one row of oarsmen (Fig. 3), but as the struggle for the mastery of the sea became keener the boats were made larger and more rowers were necessary. Galleys with two and three, and even four rows of oarsmen, were built by the Roman navy. When there was more than one row of oars the rowers sat on benches one above another.

The oarsmen were slaves or prisoners captured in war, and their life was most wretched.¹ They

were chained to the benches on which they sat, and they were compelled to row as long as a



FIG. 3. A ROMAN GALLEY OF ONE TIER OF OARS, INTRODUCING THE RUDDER.

spark of life was left. Sometimes they dipped their oars to the music of the flute, but more often it was to the crack of the lash. Fig. 4 shows us how the Roman galley looked when Rome was at the height of her power (100 A.D.). The picture, however, shows but 30 oars on a side, whereas oars were operated from all the forty openings, making 200 oars on a side.

The ship in which William of Normandy sailed (Fig. 5) when he crossed over the Channel to give battle to Harold (1066 A.D.) was not so impressive as a Roman galley, yet it was, nevertheless, a better boat. In the first place William's boat was a better sailer; it relied more upon the force of the wind and less upon the oar. In the second place, it could be steered better, for the rudder had found its way to its proper place and was worked by a tiller. Finally, the shape of the Norman boat fitted it for fiercer battles with the waves.

After the invention of the mariner's compass about the middle of the 13th century, and especially after the discovery of America, great im-

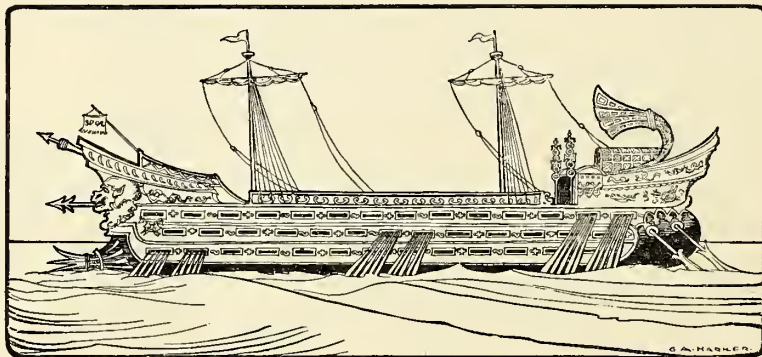


FIG. 4. A ROMAN GALLEY WITH THREE BANKS OF OARS.

provements in the building of sailing vessels were made up to the end of the 17th century. In the

¹ For a spirited account of life on a Roman galley read Wallace's "Ben Hur," pages 127 to 164.

18th century another step was taken. You remember that in that century inventors were everywhere trying to make a steam-carriage. They were at the same time trying to make a steamboat.

France, England, Germany, and America were all eager to have the first steamboat. In this race America won, although France and England came out with their colors flying.

Among those who worked upon the problem was James Rumsey of Shepherdstown, Virginia. Rumsey in 1786 propelled, by means of steam, a boat on the Potomac River, moving at the rate of five miles an hour. It is almost certain that this was the first boat ever moved by steam. How did Rumsey drive his boat? The piston was



FIG. 5. THE SHIP IN WHICH WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR CROSSED THE CHANNEL IN 1066.

worked by a steam-engine. When it was raised it brought water in and when it was pushed down it forced the water out behind and the reaction of the jet pushed the boat along. A remarkable revival of a very ancient idea! Just as Heron turned his globe by reaction, just as Newton pushed the first steam-carriage along by reaction, so Rumsey pushed the first steamboat along by reaction.

Another American who worked on the problem was John Fitch. In 1787 he constructed a boat that was paddled by steam-driven oars, but it was not a great success.

While Rumsey and Fitch were making their boats in America, European inventors were not idle. On the contrary they were so very active

that they almost won the honor of making the first successful boat. One of these, William

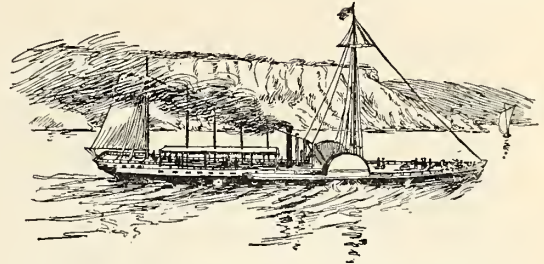


FIG. 6. FULTON'S STEAMBOAT, THE CLERMONT, 1807.

Symington, an Englishman, built a boat that may, with much justice, be called the first practical steamboat that was ever launched. This was the *Charlotte Dundas*, which made its trial trip on the Clyde and Firth Canal in 1802. On the *Charlotte* was a paddle-wheel instead of Fitch's two sets of paddles. The wheel was placed at the rear of the boat and was worked by means of a crank which was turned by a rod attached to the piston-rod.

The first successful steamboat was built by a man who kept his eyes on Rumsey and Fitch and Symington, and made the best of what he saw. As all the world knows, this was Robert Fulton. In August of 1807 Fulton's steamboat the *Clermont* (Fig. 6) made a trip on the Hudson River from New York to Albany, a distance of 150 miles, in thirty-two hours, and returned in thirty hours. Fulton advertised for passengers, and his boat was soon crowded. "The *Clermont*," says an English writer, "was the steamboat that commenced and continued to run for practical purposes, and for the remuneration of her owners." Here was the boat that was wanted—one that was financially profitable.

Some engineers thought that the paddle of a boat should be placed at the stern, and be entirely out of water. John Stevens, an engineer of Hoboken, New Jersey, in 1805 built a steamboat according

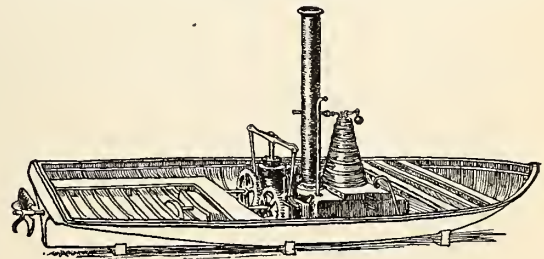


FIG. 7. AN EARLY PROPELLER.

to this notion (Fig 7). A close inspection of the wheel of the boat would show that it is spiral, or

screw-like, in shape. Stevens' boat made a trial trip on the Hudson and worked well; but after Fulton's great success the little steamer with its spiral-shaped wheel in the rear was soon forgotten. The idea of a screw-propeller, however, was not lost. It was taken up by John Ericsson, a Swedish engineer, who, in 1839, built, in an English shipyard for an American captain, the first screw-propeller that crossed the Atlantic—the *Robert F. Stockton*. This was the last step in

the development of the boat. Since 1839 there has been marvelous progress in ship-building, but the progress has consisted in improving upon the invention of Ericsson rather than in making new discoveries.

With the screw-propeller in its present form we may close our story of the boat. The homely log propelled by rude paddles has become that magnificent and marvelous creation—the huge twin- or triple-screw steamship of to-day.

THE BUILDING OF A GIANT LINER

BY W. G. FITZGERALD

ALTHOUGH Ireland is supposed to be a very poor country, it is a curious fact that in her city of Belfast is built a larger percentage of magnificent ocean liners than anywhere else in the world. For there is one "yard" in that city turning out with monotonous regularity monsters like the *Adriatic* of the White Star line. The gross tonnage of this enormous ship is 25,000, and she transports nearly 4000 souls across the broad Atlantic in less than a week.

Imagine what a hive of industry and machinery must be the place where such colossal ships are born. Think of 14,000 men, assisted by a whole world of thunderous engines, extending over eighty acres, and all at work upon gaunt skeletons which in a few brief months will be floating palaces of the sea!

In one year eight of these giants have been launched, and they developed altogether the power of more than 100,500 horses. Most of them have nine decks, and carry about 3,000 passengers and a crew of 500 or 600. Glance for a moment at the very latest product, the immense *Adriatic*, now the largest vessel in the world.

Her length—about 750 feet—exceeds that of two towering skyscrapers placed one on top of the other; and her funnels, being twenty-four feet in diameter, would easily admit a couple of full-sized trolley-cars driven abreast throughout their whole length of 155 feet! Passengers taking their morning stroll on deck will understand that a circuit of the ship three and a half times means covering almost exactly a mile.

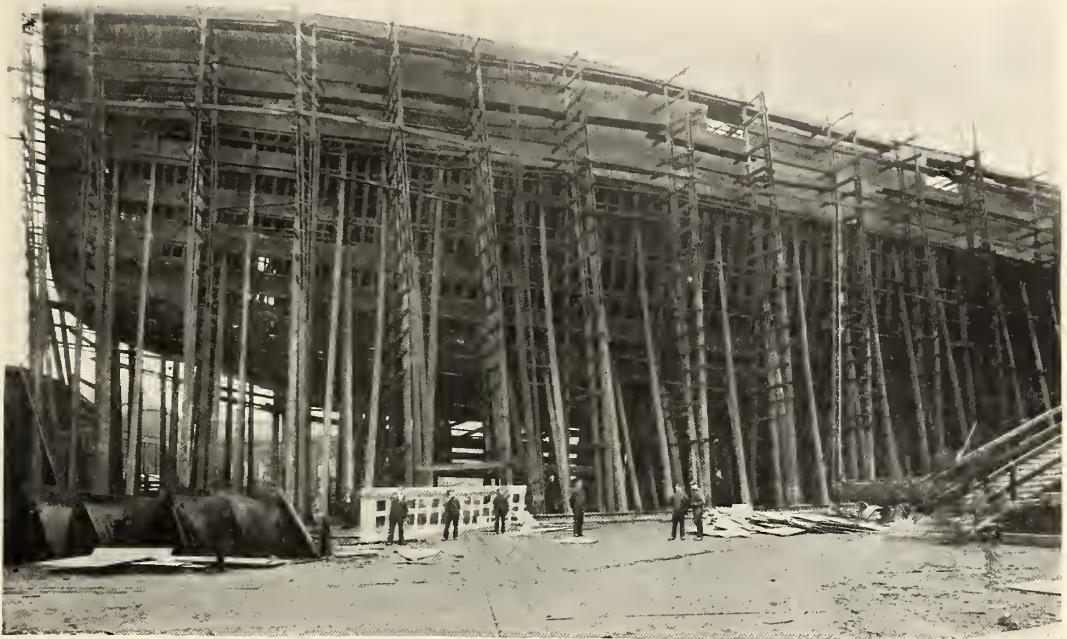
As the monster lies on the ways, one obtains an admirable idea of her vastness. It is like looking up at one of the Pyramids; only instead of rising from a desert, the towering hull commands one of the busiest industrial hives of men.

Stand on the forecastle in the very eyes of the leviathan, and the ground is nearly a hundred feet below. A confused hum floats up from the joiners' and blacksmiths' shops, for all are busy upon the giant carcass which, even in this bare state, weighs over 16,000 tons,—even without engines, boilers, and palatial accommodation for passengers.

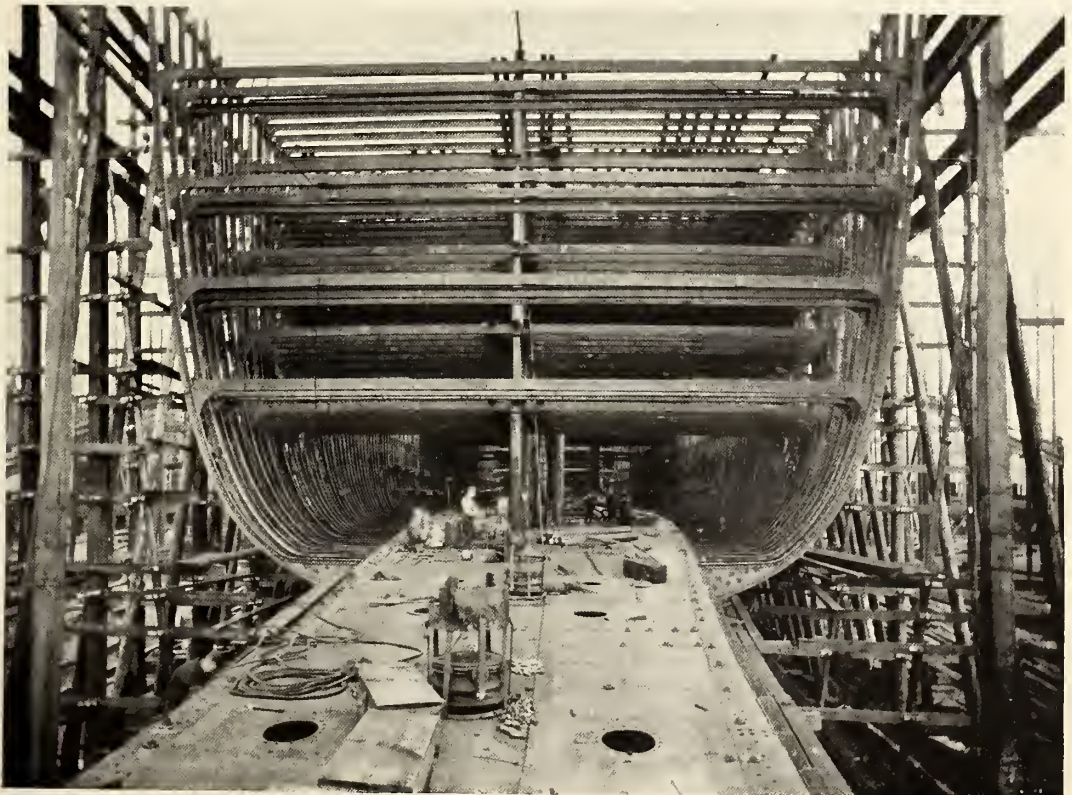
These, with the water in her boilers, her stores, and her 7000-ton coal-bunkers filled with the best of the mines produce, will raise the ship's weight, without cargo, to 45,000 tons. The lowest deck of all is known as the "lower orlop"; then, rising tier by tier, we have the orlop, lower, main, upper, shelter, promenade, upper promenade, and boat—nine decks in all. A ship of this kind, the very latest, most luxurious and largest product of the marine architect, is absolutely unsinkable, being divided into no less than 175 separate water-tight compartments.

Her vast ribs are covered with 26,000 steel plates, the largest forty feet long, and weighing about five tons. To fasten these to the mighty structural framework took 4,500,000 rivets, and some of these weighed three pounds. The rudder alone weighs sixty-five tons; or including the castings for the stem, stern-post, and shaft-bracket, 280 tons. Three anchors of ten tons each are carried to control the giant, and each is provided with 1800 feet of cable, made up of twenty-two inch links, the iron in which is nearly four inches in diameter. Think of a chain of which every link weighs a hundredweight and a half!

There are even electric elevators for both passengers and mails. As to the electric light, there are over 5000 lamps fed by 200 miles of cable. One novel feature is a kind of central inquiry



BOW VIEW OF THE *ADRIATIC*. COATING HER SIDES WITH 26,000 STEEL PLATES.



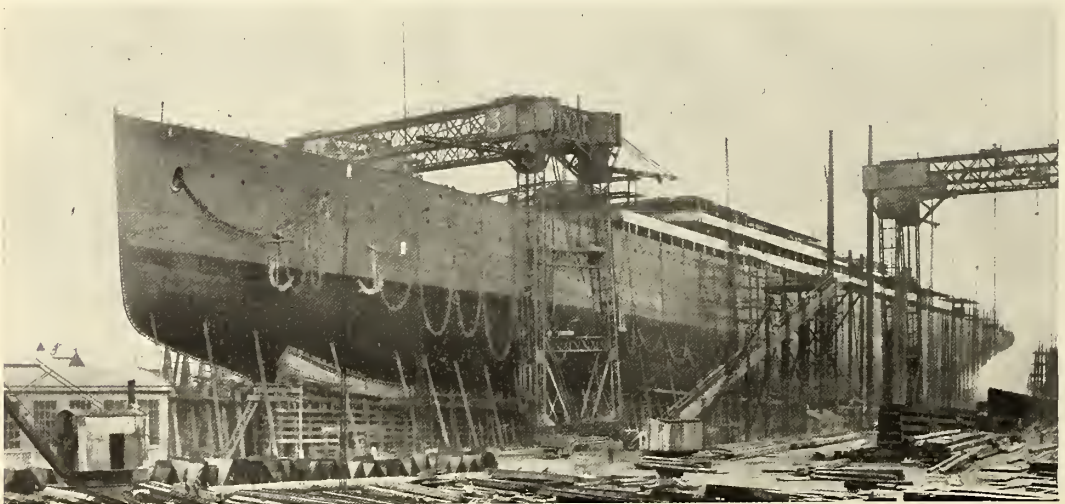
A VIEW OF THE SHIP PARTLY FRAMED, AND SHOWING THE TANK TOP PLATING.



THIS IS NOT A RAILROAD BUT MERELY THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE *ADRIATIC* IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT BELFAST.

bureau which may be rung up by any one of the thousands of passengers upon any matter on which information is desired. Is it any wonder that such a ship would require a strength of 70,000 horses to drive her across the ocean?

And in the place where such ships are built there is also a kind of marine hospital where surgical operations on a vast scale are conducted. The great Indian liner, *China*, for example, was a patient. She sank in the Red Sea near Perim,



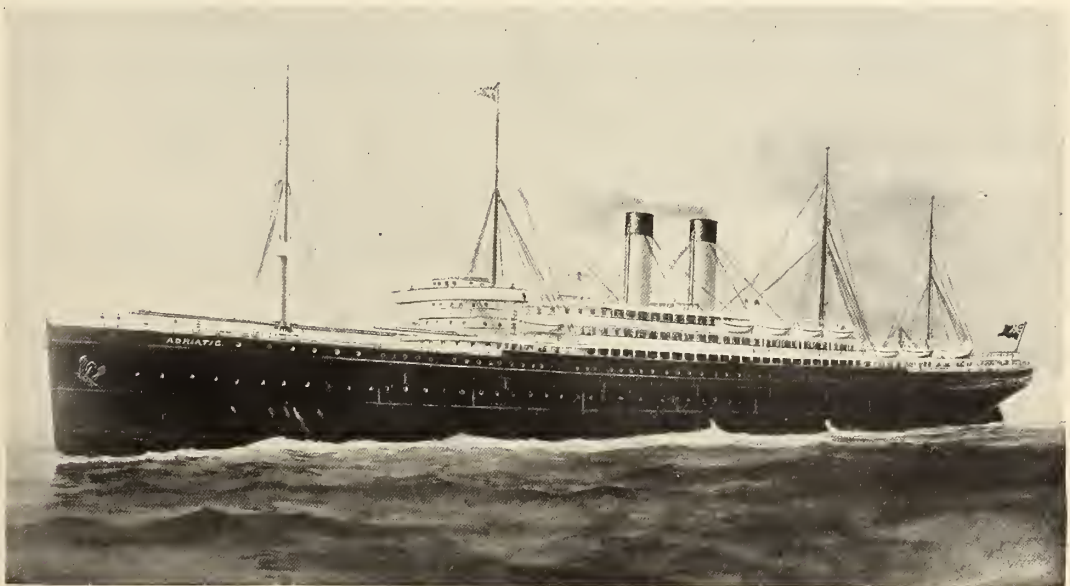
THE COMPLETED HULL ON THE STOCKS READY FOR LAUNCHING.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE STEAMSHIP *ADRIATIC*. LEAVING THE WAYS.

and her bottom had to be entirely reconstructed. Another case was the *Paris*, now renamed the *Philadelphia*. She had run onto the dreaded Manacles Rocks off the coast of Cornwall, England, and required an entirely new stern, as well as new engines and boilers which were ruined.

Again, the South African liner, *Scot*, was taken into dock here in Belfast, cut clean into two parts, and an additional length of fifty feet built into her body amidships. A similar operation was performed on the Hamburg-American liner *Augusta Victoria*.

A recent incident showing the value of these water-tight compartments, is that of the steamship *Suevic* which ran upon the rocks off the Lizard on the English coast this year. The forward part of the vessel was badly crushed but the water-tight compartments prevented the water from filling the vessel. After the high sea had abated the rivets of the framework and outer plates were loosened and, assisted by a blast of dynamite, the vessel was separated into two parts—the forward one third remaining on the rocks, while the after two thirds *proceeded to Liverpool under her own steam*.

THE *ADRIATIC* AT SEA.



THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL AND THE QUAINT SQUEEGEE

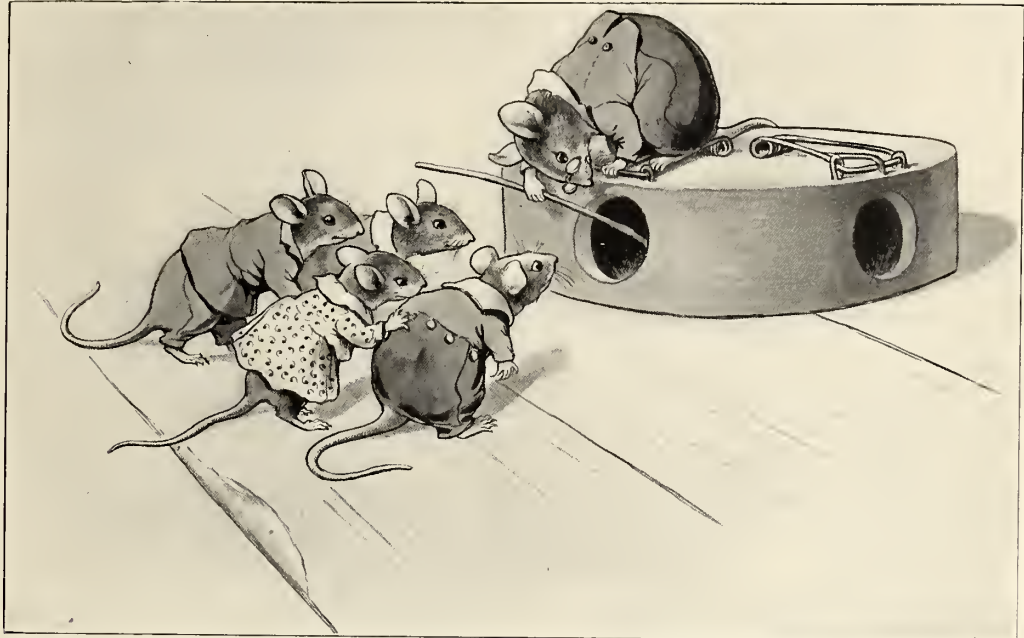
BY CHARLES F. LESTER

THE Sweet Little Girl and the Quaint Squeegie,
They met by the shore of the violet sea ;
'T was Midsummer Night, and the moon shone bright ;
He was dressed in purple and she in white,
And a fairy-wind blew o'er the sea.

"Oh, Sweet Little Girl!" said the Quaint Squeegie,
"A measure, I pray you, come dance with me !"
'T is Midsummer Night, and the moon shines bright ;
To dance with you I should deem a delight,
While the wind blows over the sea !"

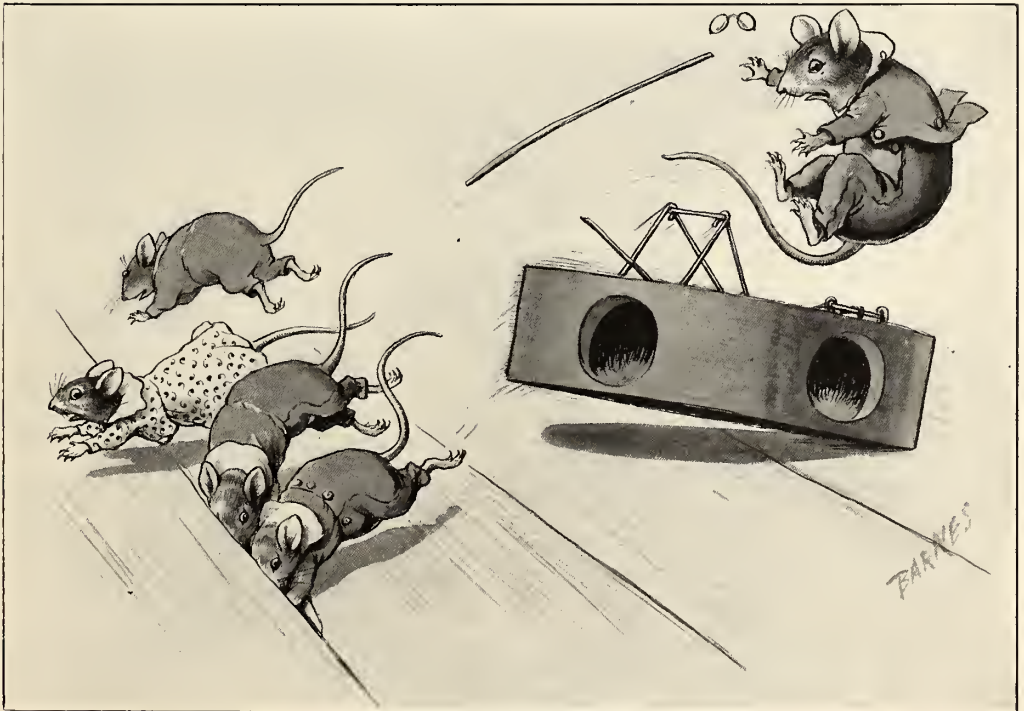
Said the Sweet Little Girl to the Quaint Squeegie,
"A measure, with pleasure, I 'll dance with thee !"
So that Midsummer Night, while the moon shone bright,
They danced and bowed in a manner polite,
And the wind blew over the sea.

Then the Sweet Little Girl and the Quaint Squeegie
Said good-by on the shore of the violet sea,
While the moon so bright, with its ruddy light,
Still shone through the magical Midsummer Night,—
But the fairy-wind fled from the sea.



"NOW, CHILDREN, THIS IS ONE OF THE GREATEST AND MOST DANGEROUS TEMPTATIONS YOU WILL EVER MEET. I WILL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS SO THAT YOU MAY REMEMBER AND ALWAYS AVOID IT."

THE BABY MICE ARE INSTRUCTED BY THEIR FOND PAPA



AND IT WORKED FINELY!

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

HOW POLLY HAD HER PICTURE TAKEN

BY EVERETT WILSON

It was a bright spring morning, and all the animals on the Meadowbrook Farm had been given their breakfast, and the Piggy-wig family had settled down to a cozy nap. Suddenly there was heard a great noise and rushing out in the apple orchard. Old Mother Piggy-wig jumped up on her hind legs and looked over



the fence of her sty to see what it was all about. The little pig that went to market, and the little pig that stayed at home, also jumped up, quite as excited as their mother. Then the little pig that had roast beef, and the little pig that had none, woke up, and they, too, scampered about, wishing to know what was going on down under the apple-trees. But before old Mother Piggy-wig could tell them, the little pig, who, one day, could not find his way home, found a big hole in the lower board of the sty, and at once shouted :

“Oh, I see what it is! It is little Polly going to have her picture taken.”

And, sure enough, there was Polly's brother Ned with his camera ; and after him came Polly, and after Polly came—guess what !

Well, first there came Blackie, the cat ; then came Banty, the hen ; and then came Gyp, the dog. And such a mew-mewing, and cluck-clucking, and bow-wowing you never heard !

Polly had often had her picture taken, but it was always with her papa or her mamma, and she had never had her picture taken with her pets. So brother Ned had promised that on her birthday he would take her picture with all of her pets—if they would only keep still. This day was Polly's birthday, and, as the weather was fine, her brother had told her to follow him out to the orchard.

Ned fastened his camera on its three sprawling legs, while Polly tried to gather

her pets around her. But by this time Blackie, the cat, was chasing a squirrel (though he did not catch him); and Banty, the hen, was away off scratching for worms; and Gyp, the dog, was barking at a bossy calf down by the brook, for, of course, Polly's pets did not know it was her birthday and that they were to have their pictures taken with her.

Polly called, as loud as she could: "Here, Blackie, Blackie; here, Banty, Banty; here, Gyp, Gyp," and as quick as a wink the animals came running up to her.

At first she sat down, but all three of her pets got in her lap until you could scarcely see Polly behind them. That would not do, of course, because it was Polly's picture that was the most important.



Finally, she stood up and made her pets stand up, too. Then she had more trouble, for Gyp wanted to stand next to her, and so did Banty, and so did Blackie, but she told them if they were not good and did not stand just where she put them, they could not have their pictures taken at all. She even said she would get the little pig that could not find his way home, and would

have her picture taken with *him*. They did not like that, so they promised to be good. She stood Banty on one side of her, and Gyp on the other side, and then she put Blackie on one end next to Banty. But Gyp and Blackie jumped around so lively that brother Ned ran into the house and brought out Polly's toy cow, and stood her next to Blackie, and that kept *him* quiet, because he was afraid the cow would hook him with her horns—he did not know it was not a *real* cow. Then Ned brought out Polly's toy lion and put him next to Gyp, and that kept *him* quiet, because he thought the lion would eat him up,—he did not know it was not a *real* lion.

So, after they were all nice and quiet, Ned called out:

"Ready! Look pleasant! One, two, three—all over!"

And here is the way they looked in the picture that Ned took that morning.



BEFORE FATHER COMES

By EMILIE POULSSON



Watering the Flowers.

(Face Washing.)

THE lily-bank¹ some water needs,
The pansies², too, are dry;
And dust upon the roses³ here
And on the pinks⁴ I spy.
But see! with just a little care
The flow'rs again are fresh and fair;
And fresh and fair these flow'rs should be
For Baby's dear papa to see.

¹ Brow. ² Eyes. ³ Cheeks. ⁴ Lips.



Funny Fishes.

(Hand Washing.)

SOME funny fishes went to play
In Washbowl Pond, not far away.
Against the Rock of Soap they rubbed,
And nicely one another scrubbed!
Then Baby brought them all to land,
He carried five in each small hand!
What kind of fishes, pray, were these?
Why, finger fishes, if you please!



With Brush and Comb.

ALL tumbled and tangled
Is Baby's soft hair,
But Brush comes, and Comb comes
And go to work there.
And Brush keeps on brushing, and Comb
combs apace,
(Repeat while brushing the hair.)
Till Baby's bright locks are all smoothed
and in place.
Then Brush and Comb vanish
For, tidy and neat,
The Baby is ready
Her father to greet.



CLIMBING PLAYS

BY EMILIE
POULSSON



I.

Ha, ha!

STURDY and tall the big chestnut tree stood,
Up went the squirrel as fast as he could.

Perched on a bough,
There he sits now.

“Ha, ha!” says the squirrel, “a high seat is
good!”

Ha, ha!¹

¹ Father's shoulder.

² Baby will soon learn to echo this.



II.

A Strange Walk.

A PLACE to walk the baby knows,
A place where only Baby goes.
Not on the floor, but up instead
From Father's feet to Father's head!

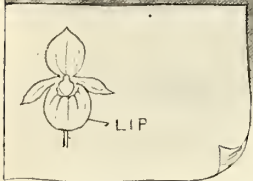


III.

Up to her Throne.

QUEEN BABY, Queen Baby,
The dearest queen known,
'T is this way she reaches
Her very high throne.





THE SHOWY MOCCASIN FLOWER (*CYPRIPEDIUM REGINAE*).

The small sketch shows the pouched lip which is a feature of the ladies' slipper group.

HOW TO KNOW OUR ORCHIDS.

WHAT is an orchid? To many, the name suggests only those eccentric flowers which perch upon the trees of tropical forests in such strange form and glowing colors as to rival the painted plumage of the birds. But we need not go to foreign countries to know this interesting family, for there are over fifty species native to the United States. How shall we know them then? What is an orchid?

One peculiar feature is the great irregularity in form; for, although their parts are arranged in threes, these parts are not in symmetry. One strangely formed petal is called the "lip" and may be expanded into a pouch, delicately fringed, or brightly marked and covered with bristles. Sev-

pictures. The great feature of the family, however, is the joining of stamens and style upon one support which is called the "column." By this structure the pollen and stigma are brought into a peculiar relation with each other; a relation which makes possible a more perfect and remarkable system of cross-fertilization by insects than can be found in any other family. Other differences might be noted, but we see already that the orchids are a highly organized family and possessed of exceptional interest.

Let us glance at a few of the most beautiful. The lady's slipper group (*Cypripedium*) naturally attracts us first because of the size and fame of its members. First of all is the showy moccasin-flower (*C. reginae*) and entirely appropriate is the Latin name which signifies queenly attributes. This regal flower has none of the wayside blossom's familiarity, but rears itself about the hemlock-shaded pools of deep swamps and above the bog lands on remote hillsides. By the middle of June these secluded haunts may be searched with confidence, and the tangled thickets and treacherous bogs along the way are forgotten when we see, against the dark background of evergreens, the white-fluted pouches and spotless petals of this orchid depending from their leafy stems.



THE HABENARIA GROUP.

A spike of the white fringed orchis (*H. blephariglottis*) is shown in the center, and at the left two views of a single flower showing its strange form, fringed lip, etc. To the right of center the first flower is from a spike of the purple fringed orchis, and the other from the ragged fringed orchis.

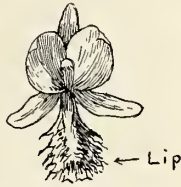
eral forms of the lip are shown in the small sketches which are drawn on or with the larger The pink moccasin-flowers may be found on dry hillsides, but they also grow in cool, shady woods.

What a picture they make, when the dim light filters down through the heavy foliage of forest

or snake-mouth, whose rose-colored blossom nods on a slender, grass-like stem, nearly twelve inches



ROSE POGONIA OR SNAKE-MOUTH, AND ENLARGED FLOWER.



SINGLE FLOWER OF ARETHUSA



THE GRASS-PINK, LIMODORUM TUBEROSUM.

With its spire of flowers and a single flower. Notice the queer, up-raised lip.



solitudes and discloses to us a group of these pink-veined globes nodding above some deep spring, which reflects, tremblingly, their bright forms!

In drier woods we find the large yellow moccasin-flower and the small yellow, which looks like the first, but rarely grows over an inch long. The small white moccasin-flower is also to be found on wooded hillsides, but only by rare good fortune will the ram's-head (*C. arietinum*) reward our search. It is most grotesque with its sac-like, dependent pouch, and so rare that its habits are unknown.

The Orchis group, bearing the name of the family itself, has only two members in the United States. They might have been described first if we consider the time of flowering, for the showy orchis (*O. spectabilis*) often appears by the twentieth of April. The lip in this group has wavy margins and is prolonged behind into a spur for nectar. The stalk of the showy orchis rises between two glossy, green leaves to the height of twelve inches and often bears six beautiful, pale purple flowers, nearly an inch long.

The *Habenaria* group has an arrangement of many small flowers clustered on a tall spike or wand. The lip is often deeply cut or fringed, and the color may be white, yellow, rose purple, or green. Usually they keep to the deep swamps and bogs, although the finest specimens of the purple fringed orchis ever seen by the writer were growing beside a dusty road. The purple fringed orchis often grows five feet tall, and its feathery mass of bloom forms a superb and decorative feature of the August swamps.

The *Pogonia*, *Arethusa*, and *Limodorum* groups grow along grassy lake shores and among the shimmering sedges of our marshes in June. The *Pogonia* group is represented by the rose pogonia

high. The drooping, bearded lip gives the flower its scientific name. The larger flowered and deeply purple *Arethusa bulbosa*, with its richly splashed and crested lip, is the beautiful and only member of the *Arethusa* group. The flowers are borne singly on the stems while in the *Limodorum tuberosum* an angled stalk bears a spire of from three to fifteen delicate lavender blossoms. This orchid is set apart by the peculiar position of the



THE ARETHUSA BULBOSA IN THE MARSHES.

lip, which is raised above the flower instead of hanging below it, as in all other members of the family.

The perennial rosette of the rattlesnake plantain with its white-veined leaves is familiar to us all, but the flowers are not so well-known. When found and examined the spike will show a gathering of many small, round-bodied flowers, having a lip curled up into a sac with its edges turning outward.

Late in the summer the slender wands of the ladies' tresses rise from the dry hillside or wet meadows. Of this group (*Gyrostachys*) we have seven members, two being very common through the months of September and October. In *G.*

laria; and *Aplectrum*, springing from a double bulb, which gives the common name of Adam and Eve.



THE RATTLESNAKE PLANTAIN IN THE EVERGREENS.

A single flower is shown enlarged in the sketch.

cernua the stalk is somewhat twisted and gives the likeness which prompted the name of ladies' tresses, but only in the smaller *G. gracilis* is this feature clearly seen. In this plant the white flowers seem to be mounting a winding stair as they twine in graceful spiral upward about the slender stem. These two varieties often grow in the same situations.

Briefly we have glanced at a few of our orchids. Only mention can be made of the other groups: the rare *Epipactis* with its queer, swollen lip; the *Listera*, also called twayblade; *Achroanthes*, with its graceful white and greenish flowers; the *Corallorhiza*, or coral-roots, with their parasitic habits; the rare *Hexalectris*; *Leptorchis*, of unknown habits; *Calypso*, whose pouched lip once grouped it with the lady's slipper; the rare *Tipu-*



THE LADIES' TRESSES GROWING ON THE HILLSIDE.

The two nearest spires to the left are *Gyrostachys cernua* while the other, more slender ones are the *Gyrostachys gracilis*. The enlarged single flower is that of *G. cernua*.

These rare and beautiful American orchids are becoming more rare every year. Heedlessly they are picked in quantities and uprooted by the ignorant, who know nothing of their wonderful structure and the remarkable movements their parts describe to continue the race. Let us, who know them, pledge ourselves to leave them undisturbed in their secluded haunts, so that their queen may reign indeed, so that her faithful servitors, the moths and bees, may freely perform their curious



THE PARASITIC CORAL-ROOT, (CORALLORHIZA MULTIFLORA).

An enlarged flower is also shown.

and needful office, and allow this royal race of plants to increase. HOWARD J. SHANNON.

"GUGULACK," THE PERPENDICULAR ROOSTER.

In one of my extended rambles into the back country, I stopped at an isolated farm-house for a glass of water and a few moments' rest.



"SOMETIMES HE WAS TOO 'STRAIGHT,' FOR HE LEANED BACKWARD. HIS MANNER SEEMED TO ME MORE LIKE THAT OF A HEAVY AND SOMEWHAT RHEUMATIC OLD MAN THAN THAT OF WADDLING AQUATIC BIRDS."

After the usual preliminary talk, the kind-hearted woman who bade me welcome said, "I have a rooster in the back yard that, I think, will interest you, as you are a naturalist."

"In what way," I said, "is he peculiar?"

"He stands upright like a human being."

"What!" I exclaimed; "have you a rooster that walks upright like a man?"

"Oh, no. He does n't walk like that. He waddles and rolls from side to side like a duck; but he stands up straight. Come and see him."

Sure enough, there was the rooster, standing as straight as a soldier. Sometimes he was too "straight," for he leaned backward. His manner

seemed more like that of a heavy and somewhat rheumatic old man than that of waddling aquatic birds.

I at once bought him, and had him on exhibition for several months at my home in the city, where he was invariably greeted with cries of admiration from the young visitors at my "pet house," and exclamations of surprise from the more mature. He was as gentle as a kitten, and could be handled about as easily as could a big Teddy bear. The young folks dressed him and redressed him as they would a doll, but in a greater variety of costumes. It was one boy's especial delight to add to the bird's ludicrous attitude by supplying striking contrasts in dress, but



"THE ROOSTER CONTINUED TO REPRESENT AN OLD WOMAN, WHO LIVED IN THE DISTANT COUNTRY, AND HAD BEEN ON A LONG WALK TO THE VILLAGE."

when I suggested that he might be put into a captain's uniform, the suggestion was declined, and

the rooster continued to represent an old woman, who lived in the distant country, and had been on a long walk to the village. The boy's idea seemed to be so interesting to the other young folks that I arranged the background and made the accompanying photograph.

"There," said Helen, "he-she has been traveling in a grassy path across a great field and is tired by the long journey."

The rooster's most amusing performances cannot be described by words nor pictured by photography. When he was gently handled or stroked, and when the young people were carefully dressing him, he expressed his satisfaction by "g-g-r-r-r," long drawn out, in rooster tone but in a contented rumbling like the purring of a cat. When he was in a cage, or promenading about the yard, and was surprised by an unusual noise or by the sudden approach of a visitor, he made a sound like an hysterical laugh, inexpressible in type, but suggesting gu-gu-h-lah-lah, at the top of his voice; so the young folks named him "Gugulack."

WOLF PUPS.

THE United States Department of Agriculture kindly lends ST. NICHOLAS the accompanying very interesting photograph of nine wolf pups at the entrance to a wolf den.

Wolf puppies are almost as attractive and play-



THE WOLF PUPS AT ENTRANCE TO DEN.

ful as are those of dogs, to which they are distantly related, and which they resemble.

UTILIZING A VERITABLE HEN-HAWK.

THE morning of March 29th being mild and pleasant, I started on a stroll across the fields



THESE FIVE CHICKENS WERE HATCHED BY A HEN-HAWK IN HER NEST UP IN A TREE, THIRTY-FIVE FEET FROM THE GROUND.

toward a piece of neighboring woodlands. My path led me deep into the woods, where I could hear the harsh cries of a flock of crows wheeling over the tree-tops. Presently I saw a broad-winged hawk fly from a nest in a large maple tree, followed by a swirling mass of tormenting crows. The nest was evidently a new one, there being evergreen twigs woven into the structure. Close by the maple was a hemlock, having branches nearly to the ground. This made a convenient ladder, and soon I was peering into—an empty nest. One week later I made another visit to the nest and found therein one egg, beautifully marked with blotches of reddish-brown on a pale bluish-white ground. Wishing to secure a set of these eggs, I appropriated this one, and a few days later two others, which completed the set.

A week passed by. I chanced to pass through the woods, when, behold! a hawk sailed away from the maple. But there were no eggs this time. This gave me an idea, and before night I had placed in the nest, six large hens' eggs fresh (?) from the store. Would the hawk be stupid enough to sit upon those eggs? The next morning I learned that she was! Twenty-one days later I might have been seen in the dusky top of the maple. My hand sought the interior of the nest; it counted six eggs, warm, but nothing more. Two days I waited, and the twenty-third day Madame Hawk slid off the nest reluctantly, uttering shrill screams, and alighted in a nearby elm. Hurriedly climbing the tree, my hand went up, over, and into the nest. It touched something soft which moved. Five parti-colored chickens were then deposited in my capacious pockets! Again the nest was empty. The chicks were

just hatched and had some difficulty in balancing on their little feet. Had they remained in the tree a day longer undoubtedly they would have fallen to the ground, thirty-five feet below. From the dangerous neighborhood I carried them home, and soon they were eating moist bread-crumbs. When about a week old they were given the liberty of a small yard out of doors, and at night they were ready to be placed in the box back of the kitchen stove.

As the days became warmer the chicks grew rapidly, and to the casual observer, looked not unlike ordinary chickens. Often as I worked in the fields I would hear the weird notes of a broadwing soaring overhead. Perhaps she was calling for her lost chickens, or, more probably, lamenting that she had not made a meal of them. But the chickens grew, unconscious of their parents soaring high above them. They mingled with the other fowls, knowing little and caring less about their origin. Surely few hawks have had

THE SATIN BOWER BIRD.

THE bower bird is related to the bird of paradise, and is a native of Australia. It receives its name from the strange habit of making a little bower-shaped playhouse, about which and through which it seems to have great sport amusing itself and friends.

These bowers are built in the woods far from settlements, and are only made for the birds which have helped to build them. The base of the bower is made of sticks firmly interwoven, on the center of which the bower itself is constructed from longer and more flexible sticks and twigs. The bower is made so cleverly that the inner passageway or run has no projecting forks or branches of the sticks to offer an obstruction to the bird's rapid passage through it. All the forks project on the outside instead of on the inside.

Immediately near, as well as within this bower, are strewn a quantity of various gaily-colored shells, stones, feathers, and any transportable



THE SATIN BOWER BIRD.

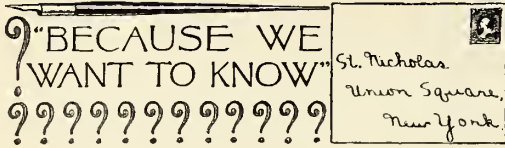
This bird is a little larger than our robin. The male is a deep, shining, blue black, looking like satin, excepting the wings and tail, which are velvety black. From the satin color and the bower playhouse the bird takes its name.

such an experience, nor can many chickens boast of nativity in a forest tree. Though the hawks lost their first sitting of eggs, besides about five weeks' time, I am convinced that a family of Raptores was reared after all.

WALTER B. MANN.

gaudy article that the birds can find. Some of the feathers are stuck in among the twigs, while others are scattered about near the entrance, and with these the birds play as would young folks at their playhouse.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.



THE MOTH THAT SQUEAKS.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I am very much interested in the Nature and Science department. I am writing this note to ask if you can tell me the name of a moth that squeaks.



THE DEATH'S HEAD MOTH.

Father said that there is such a moth, and he wanted my sisters and me to try to find out its name. I have asked a great many people, but they have not been able to tell me. Hoping that you can tell me the answer, I remain

Yours sincerely,
PHYLLIS EATON.

The moth to which you refer is known to scientists as *Acherontia atropos*. It is found in Great Britain, and is often called the death's-head moth because the markings on the back of the thorax have been fancied to resemble a skull.

This moth makes peculiar sounds somewhat suggesting the squeaking of a mouse. How these sounds are made, naturalists have not been able to satisfactorily explain.

HOW A FLY CLEANS ITS MIDDLE LEGS.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why do flies rub first their front two legs together and then their back ones? And why don't they rub their middle ones together?

Yours truly,
RALPH D. WHEELER (age 11).

My observations of the house-fly confirm those of Mr. Wheeler, and it seems that the middle legs are never rubbed together. The hind legs are rubbed together and are used to clean the back and wings. The front legs are rubbed together and are used to clean the face and mouth parts. The object of rubbing the legs together is to clean them, and especially to clean the foot-pads which are apt to accumulate minute fragments of dust. The middle legs cannot well be rubbed together, since the fly sits so low that they cannot

be put together under the body. If he attempts to put them both forward at the same time they interfere with the front legs; if he attempts to put them both backward at the same time they interfere with the hind legs. The question then arises, how are the foot-pads of the middle legs cleaned? One of my assistants, Mr. Couden, purposely soiled the feet of a house-fly with some sticky substance, and noticed that the middle legs are cleaned one at a time. The fly thrusts one of its middle legs forward and cleans it between the two front feet; then returns it to its standing position and thrusts forward the other one which is cleaned in the same way.—L. O. HOWARD.

A QUEER GROWTH OF ROSE.

POTTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found a curious growth on a rose-bush to-day. The old flower petals have dropped from a full-blown rose, and from the center of the receptacle has sprung another perfect rose. Fine, green, leaf-like things also have grown from the old receptacle. What causes this growth, and is it frequent? I send a drawing to illustrate.

Your interested reader,
HELEN STETSON JEWELL.

Growths the same, or similar to the one that you describe, are interesting but not uncommon, especially in the Rosaceæ. Many text-books of botany refer to them. To a certain extent the



QUEER GROWTH OF ROSE.

From a drawing sent by the writer of this letter.

California orange is a similar growth, the "small orange" in the end being a secondary formation, but not separated from the first by a lengthening stalk as in your rose. Similar growths are com-

mon in so-called double apples, and as you doubtless know, the apple is a member of the rose family. No one can explain why they occur. In fact it is impossible in most cases to answer the question, "Why?" when applied to nature's operations. Botanists state that such formations are due to a "disturbance of the general growth," but that assertion you can readily see does not explain why.

HE SAW A RARE LUNAR RAINBOW.

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—A lunar rainbow is one of the most rare and interesting spectacles in nature. On a voyage from Halifax to Boston, in July, 1904, it was my good fortune to see a real lunar rainbow. There was a full moon and the night was misty. There had been a heavy fog all day. A true rainbow appeared extending from the horizon more than half-way to the zenith and remained visible for an hour or longer. So far as could be learned it was the first lunar rainbow that any of the passengers or the crew had ever seen. The well-defined colors of the solar rainbow were absent. The appearance and shape were the same as that of an ordinary rainbow except instead of being in bands of colors it was of white light and of great beauty against the background of gray mist.

Your interested reader,
ESTHER BURDICK (age 14 years).

WHY THE WATER DID NOT OVERFLOW.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—We were trying an experiment a short time ago which I think is very curious and I would like it explained. My papa brought to our dining-room, after finishing breakfast, a glass of water, the water coming exactly to the top of the glass. We placed in that glassful of water eleven pennies, four nickels, six dimes and ten quarters without the water overflowing. This seems very queer and I am curious to know how it can take that sum of money and still not run over.

Your very loving reader,
FLORENCE M. WARD (age 10 years.)

If you will fill a tumbler "full" of water several times, or fill several tumblers at one time, and look at them carefully, with your eyes just a little below the level of the top of the tumbler, you will see that the term "full" does not always mean the same thing. We speak of the tumbler as "full" when the surface film of the water comes to the edge. But the film may touch the edge and yet the center of the tumbler be less or more than full. That is, the surface film does not always extend straight across the tumbler; it may curve downward or upward, and thus the tumbler be "full" with different quantities of water.

I filled two tumblers with the surface film of water in both as nearly straight across as possible, as is shown in the left tumbler in the illustration. In the right tumbler I put the thirty-one coins mentioned in your letter, dropping in each piece very carefully. The surface film, which has strength and is elastic, curved upward to make room for the coin. If the tumbler, at

first, had been "full" with the surface film curving downward, I could have put in even more than you mention.

There was an interesting article on the surface film of water (showing its strength sufficient to



THE TWO TUMBLERS OF WATER WITH WHICH I EXPERIMENTED TO ILLUSTRATE THE ANSWER TO THE QUERY IN THE ACCOMPANYING LETTER.

support a floating needle and yet curving downward under the pull of its weight) published on page 932 of "Nature and Science" for August, 1900. See article, "Skating on the Water."

FISH IN AN AQUARIUM.

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have three aquariums and have lots of fish. Among them are goldfish, darters, bass, mudminnows, suckers, and shiners. There is also one stickleback that we cannot keep with the others, because he kills them.

Could you tell me what makes the little black spots on the shiners, and what they are? They come on for a while, then some of them disappear.

Yours truly,
JEAN I. HUTT.

WOODVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a bowl of goldfish. One morning I noticed a small black spot on one of them. This spot increased until the fish was almost entirely covered. Another fish was affected the same way. Will you please explain this?

Yours sincerely,
HARRIET E. VENTRESS.

The question about fungus on goldfish is one that comes up continually. It is due to improper conditions, impure water, lack of plant life in the aquaria and improper feeding. When a fish is badly affected it is best to kill it and get another specimen. People who keep fishes in aquaria should have a small book and study the subject. Such books can be had of book-dealers generally. A badly diseased specimen cannot be cured by an amateur.—CHARLES H. TOWNSEND, Director New York Aquarium.



"HEADING." BY OTTO FEICHERT, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

VACATION LONGINGS.

BY ALISON L. STRATHY (AGE 16). (*Gold Badge.*)

I LONG and yearn for the wind to blow
 I long and yearn for the sea,
 To rig my ship and sail away—
 And naught but a sailor be.

The wind could roar and the waves could lash—
 O happy my heart and free,
 If I could leave home and sail away
 Far over the silver sea.

I could hear the sea-gull's lonely call
 Way off in the empty skies.
 I could see the long cold trail behind
 And the bubbles sink and rise.

At night when the twinkling stars peep out,
 And the wind has sunk to rest,
 I 'd lower my sails and drift away
 Far out on the ocean's crest.

PERHAPS there is a League member now and then who makes a drawing, or a photograph, or writes a story, or a poem, which he has every reason to believe is very good indeed, and which is so in fact, but strangely enough the sender of it never hears from it again, not even on the Roll of Honor. Perhaps that sender wonders why, and maybe thinks he has not been well treated; but does it ever occur to him that *he* may have been the only one to blame? Of course the contribution may never have reached the ST. NICHOLAS office. Contributions *are* lost sometimes, though not often. The chief reasons *why* good contributions are sometimes wasted are as follows:

The sender may have omitted his name. He may have written it so illegibly that no one but himself could read it. He may have omitted his age. He may have failed to have his contribution indorsed as original. If a drawing, it may have been made with colored, or colorless, ink—not black, as the rules require. If a story, or a poem, it may have been written on both sides of the paper, in which case it is not even read. Or it may have contained too many words (of prose), or lines (of verse). All the requirements are carefully explained each month in the rules on the last League page, and are very easy to follow. If the young artist or writer expects to become a grown-up artist or writer, he will have to prepare his work with care and correctness,

and, soon or late, follow most of the League rules, for these things are just as necessary to success as that the work should be well written or drawn. Two very excellent stories were omitted this month because they contained more than four hundred words. But what could we do? The rule is the rule, and the editor has neither the time nor the authority to cut out the extra words. In the world of art, care is quite as important as talent.

And this brings us to a special word to the young photographers. A good many photographs come to us not "squared up" as we say, on the paper. Of course, in using a hand camera, even when the right point of view is selected, the camera may tip a little at the instant of exposure, and the vertical lines be thrown out of plumb. But in the print this is easy to correct by trimming, and it *ought* to be corrected before the picture is sent to the League, whether the print is mounted or not. It is by no means easy to appreciate even a good picture when the buildings or the trees are all sliding down hill, as if an earthquake were going on, or when the horizon line of a marine view has a pitch that would cause all the water to run out of the sea in less than three minutes. A horizon line should be perfectly horizontal. The upright lines of a building should be truly perpendicular. We have received pictures of croquet grounds that no properly con-

structed croquet ball would stay on half a second unless it was pegged down, and we have examined street views where the wagons and cars could not have got out of the way quick enough to save themselves, if the houses had been really as they appeared in the pictures. Make your picture carefully, then print it carefully and, finally, if necessary, trim it carefully, in order to have it appear as nearly like the object photographed as possible. Then it will be far more certain of careful consideration.

PRIZE-WINNERS, MAY COMPETITION.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verses. Gold badges, **Theodore L. Fitz Simons** (age 14), 27 Meeting St., Charleston, S. C., and **Alison L. Strathy** (age 16), 5 Selkirk Ave., Montreal, Can.

Silver badges, **Laura Moench** (age 15), Gowanda, N. Y., **Elizabeth Flournoy** (age 11), Sioux City, Ia., and **Carol Thompson** (age 11), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Prose. Cash prize, **Knowles Entrikin** (age 15), 2113 7th Ave., Moline, Ill.

Gold badges, **Nan Pierson** (age 16), Box 933, Boise, Idaho, and **Robert W. Hobart** (age 10), Price Hill, Cincinnati, O.

Silver badges, **Bessie Little** (age 14), 633 W. Main St., Helena, Mont., **Lucile G. Phillips** (age 10), 205 E. Magnolia St., Stockton, Cal., and **Arthur J. Kramer** (age 14), 209 Main St., Galena, Ill.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Otto Peichert** (age 15), 75 Hartford Ave., New Britain, Conn., and **Catharine Van Wyck** (age 14), 507 Maple St., Bellingham, Wash.

Silver badges, **Charles E. Mansfield** (age 15), 541 Baker St., San Francisco, Cal., **Margaret Erskine Nicolson** (age 11), 10 Orman Road, Hampstead, N. W., England, **Colin Campbell** (age 9), 56 Blaine Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Photography. Gold badges, **Elizabeth L. Clarke** (age

13), Williamstown, Mass., and **Roland Redmond** (age 14), 309 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Margaret B. Wood** (age 14), 815 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md., **Louis Werner, Jr.**, (age 10), 251 W. 102nd St., N. Y., and **Nathaniel Hathaway** (age 9), 515 W. Chelton Ave., Germantown, Pa.

Wild-Creature Photography. First prize, "Mr. Pos-



"A VACATION MEMORY." BY ELIZABETH L. CLARKE, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

sum," by **J. Sterling Halstead** (age 12), Mamaroneck, N. Y. Second prize, "Canada Wild Goose," by **Edwin C. Brown** (age 14), 1918 Queen Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Third prize, "Fawn," by **Dorothy E. Billings** (age 11), 138 Highland St., Milton, Mass. Fourth prize, "Herring Gull," by **George Curtiss Job** (age 14), Kent, Conn.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Ellen E. Williams** (age 14), 241 Broadway, Norwich, Conn., and **Herbert M. Davidson** (age 11), 3128 Paseo, Kansas City, Mo.

Silver badges, **Alida Chanler** (age 13), Tuxedo, N. Y., and **Walter Davidson** (age 8½), 238 East 69th St., New York City.

Puzzle - Answers. Gold badges, **Helen Gallup** (age 14), 335 Huron Ave., Sandusky, O., and **William H. Bartlett** (age 11), North Scituate Mass.

Silver badges, **Edward Jun-tunen** (age 13), Box 778, Laurium, Mich., and **Malcolm B. Carroll** (age 10), West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.



"A VACATION MEMORY." BY ROLAND REDMOND, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

NOTICE.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers for the purpose of intellectual and spiritual progress. There are no fees. A badge and instruction leaflet will be mailed free to any address.



"A VACATION MEMORY." BY LOUIS WERNER, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE JOURNEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY KNOWLES ENTRIKIN (AGE 15.)

(Cash Prize.)

FROM among the pine forests of Minnesota there emerges a stream that, ever broadening, sweeps through the basin cut for it by an immense glacier ages ago, and at last flows into, and mingles its yellow stream with, the Gulf of Mexico.

Many varieties of scenery present themselves to the eyes of the traveler upon its bosom. At its source the Mississippi flows among lakes and forests which are fast disappearing under the ax of the greedy lumber companies.

It emerges upon fruitful plains passing between majestic bluffs, and by the marvelously noisy, dirty, big and bustling cities that line its banks.

Old river towns that flourished under the reign of the steamboat have succumbed to the influence of the railroads and become manufacturing centers.

Many, however, have lacked the vitality necessary for this change, and their moldering warehouses, levees and wharves stand as monuments of former prosperity and present decay.

Farther down it flows between the cane and cotton fields of the new South and past the quaint old and astonishingly new city of New Orleans, and then dividing its stream, spreads out over the delta, and at last falls into the arms of the waiting sea.

Many and strange are the

tales that the Father of Waters murmurs to his lovers. For those who live near his heart he has many: a ballad of tragedy, a song of spring and renewed life, a symphony of summer and its fruits, a harmony of youth and love.

Under the summer moon he flows, tranquilly caressing the boats that float upon his surface. Amidst the spring gale he rages, swollen and harsh-voiced, majestically beautiful.

He has moods. At times immense, strong, big-hearted, cruel, kindly; he is always, in all moods, under all skies, beautiful.

VACATION.

BY THEODORE L. FITZ SIMONS (AGE 14.)

(Gold Badge.)

THE partridge calls across the field,
The mocking-bird is singing,
Their notes blend lovingly together,
Like tinkling bells a-ringing.

The hawk sweeps by, across the sky—
On quivering wing he hovers,
And marks with eager eye the mouse,
That scrambles through the covers.

The bittern booms amid the sedge,
His call is loud and clear;
It rings, and echoes through the wood,
Borne by the fresh spring air.

Peacefully the buzzards float,
In gracefulness of motion,
Upon the sea of fragrant air
Like ships upon the ocean.

The forest black is at my back
Asong its pines are singing,
The lullaby of nestling birds
That in its boughs are
swinging.

The river flows on calm and
blue,
Beneath the morning sun.
The martin whistles cheerily,
Vacation has begun!

MY JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD.

BY NAN PIERSON (AGE 16.)

(Gold Badge.)

LAST summer I made a journey around the world. I can almost see the incredulous look in your eye as you look at me with a doubt of my sanity when I add that I did not leave my native town.

"How in the world did you do it?" I almost hear you ask; so I will tell you all about it.

Ever since I can remember, my fondest day-dream has



"A VACATION MEMORY." BY MARGARET B. WOOD, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE.)

been to some day travel abroad. Last summer I longed as I had never longed before to travel, but it could not be. Then an idea came to me. I planned a reading course which included stories told by great travelers. I journeyed in Clifton Johnson's rural Ireland and Scotland, and in Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun." I fairly reveled "In Darkest Africa"; Carpenter's Geographical Readers were read and liked that summer in spite of the fact that I had hated them when they were lessons to be learned at school. I visited almost every country in the world with Knox's "Boy Travelers." But the journey I enjoyed by far the most was in Nansen's "Farthest North." All these books I read and re-read until I knew them thoroughly.

Sometimes I look at a little journal that I kept during my traveling days. It is the record of my journey and it is full of interesting notes I gleaned from my reading.

The walls of my den are almost covered with postals I collected last summer while I was abroad.

If ever my dream comes true and I go abroad, I trust after my last summer's reading course, I will go with a clearer and better idea of what I am to see.

VACATION DAYS.

BY ELIZABETH FLOURNOY (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

In vacation time on sunny days,
The woods ring out with children's plays;
Even the birds are a happy throng,
The branches are full of their merry song.

The squirrels play and frisk about,
The children laugh and play and shout,
The old sun smiles at their childish ways;
Oh happy, happy vacation days!

A JOURNEY.

BY ROBERT W. HOBART (AGE 10).

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHEN I was about five years old and my brother seven, we had been down on Cape Cod for the summer, and were on our way to Cincinnati.

We left Boston at half-past ten in the morning; there was a wreck on the road which delayed us about two hours, so we lost our connections at Albany.

The train at Buffalo waited for us, but it was one o'clock in the morning when we got there.

Mama was very glad indeed to catch the train, and we children were sound asleep, and the nurse woke us up and put on our hats and coats, and we went out on the platform of the train, and the porter lifted us two little boys off on the station platform and went back to get Mama and the bags.



"A VACATION MEMORY." BY NATHANIEL HATHAWAY, JR., AGE 9.
(*Silver Badge.*)

Just then the train gave a jerk, and jerked again, and moved!

Mama wanted to get off, but the porter would not let her, and Mama was so scared about leaving us that she wanted to jump off.

She was so excited that she just beat the porter so he would have been black and blue if he had not been black already.

But he would not let her off because the train was going too fast, and he would not stop the train.

It went about a half a mile out in the freight yards.

We were left on the station platform all alone at one o'clock in the morning. We were awfully scared.

Presently a man came up and spoke to us and asked us where we were going, and we said "Our train is gone away and our Mama is on it."

Then the man said: "Yes, I know." And then he just took us away over on to another platform, and we were frightened.

We waited, and waited, and the train came back, and the man went up to Mama and said: "I know where your children are."

And we were glad to see our Mama again.



"A VACATION MEMORY." BY GEORGE KOCH,
AGE 12.

VACATION.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 9).

(*Honor Member.*)

No books, no work,
Just fun, and mirth, and laughter.

With sunny days,
And joys that follow after.

Our hearts are full of Life, and glad elation,
The world seems ours — for it is now vacation.

MY VACATION FRIEND.

BY LAURA MOENCH (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

I HAVE a friend I do enjoy,
A truer heart there never beat
Than that of my own farmer boy,
With broad-brim hat and brown bare feet.

He rakes the garden and plants the corn
And loves to fish in the blazing sun;
Always busy from early morn—
His honest eyes so bright with fun,
My farmer boy.

We sit in the golden heaps of hay,
With naught around us to annoy,
And chat and dream in our own free way.
I and my brother, my farmer boy.

MY JOURNEY TO MADAME TUSSAUD'S
WAXWORKS.

BY LUCILE G. PHILLIPS (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

I WAS very much interested three years ago when my mother, father, grandmother and myself were abroad, to be able to see Madame Tussaud's waxworks. It made it doubly interesting after having read the story of "A Comedy in Wax" which ran in ST. NICHOLAS.

When we first entered the building we noticed beside the door, two guards. They were perfectly motionless, but thinking them alive we paid little attention to them, until one of the ladies in our party said she was going to touch them. The left one she thought real, the other, a wax figure.

Upon touching the left one, she remarked upon how still he stood. She then looked at the right one and exclaimed upon the apparent realness of him, when he suddenly laughed, embarrassing her greatly.



"CANADA WILD GOOSE." BY EDWIN C. BROWN, AGE 14.
(SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"MR. POSSUM." BY J. STERLING HALSTEAD, AGE 12.
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

In the main room there were rows and rows of knights and presidents and guards. In the middle were big platforms, and on one of them was the wax figure of Shakespeare, behind which Lucy was hidden by Madame Tussaud in the story.

All the figures were dressed beautifully. The women in long, sweeping trains and velvet capes, and the men in silk hose and beautiful mantles.

The figure of Madame Tussaud was very sweet, dressed in a black dress, with a black ruffled hood and a cape to match.

Her face was beautiful! so motherly and loving that I am sure she really would have helped a little girl as she did Lucy.

She stands at the head of a cradle in which lies the wax model of King Alfonso, as an infant; but to-day the cradle was empty. To our question the guide explained that the wax baby had real hair and that so many children patted the little curls that they soon became loosened from the wax, and had to be replaced.

On the lower floor was a long hall on each side of which little rooms were divided off with glass fronts and in them were pictured historical scenes, two of which were the beheading of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lady Jane Grey. The guide's explanations were so interesting that we all regretted to leave.

VACATION.

BY FRANCES HYLAND (AGE 8).

DICKEY and Bertha were a boy and a girl,
Dick had straight hair and Bertha a curl;
They skipped to school hand in hand,
They ran and jumped on the shining sand.

They started off at half past eight,
So they were not one moment late
When they got to their school—
On the bench or stool.

With bobbings of ribbons of blue and of red,
The teacher looked over her desk and said,

"To-morrow vacation comes,
So do no more sums."

And Dickey and Bertha were so very glad
They were really inclined to act very bad.

A LONG JOURNEY.

BY ARTHUR J. KRAMER (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

ONCE upon a time there lived a youth who loved a bright, but far distant star. After thinking of many ways to come



"FAWN." BY DOROTHY E. BILLINGS, AGE 11. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

to it, he determined to build an airship. He took the bright hopes of youth, and with cunning fingers he fashioned them into a ship, light and buoyant as any aéronaut might wish.

One night he loosed his bonds and sailed straight upward toward his star. The star itself, by its very brightness and mystery, seemed to beckon to him and he, never doubting of final success, mounted upward until the earth was but a speck beneath him. Finally it disappeared altogether and he was free to bend all his thoughts on his star.

His will was sufficient to guide his light craft, and kept it on a straight course toward the star.

Now he came up among the lower stars. He amused himself by watching other men on vessels similar to his. One in particular he watched. The frail boat, built of hopes not strong enough to raise its occupant to his goal, seemed almost ready to fall to pieces. Finally it fell, and its occupant with one last cry fell into space.

He looked upward at a bright star. He saw a man ascending to it. The star opened and he heard a burst of music telling of the final triumph of another striver after higher ideals. He met some men who were going on to the higher stars, and some few who were going to the star of his ambition. With these he joined himself that he might have companions on his journey.

Ever and anon as he watched the ships above him, he saw one disappear. Asking his companions about it, he learned that these were those who had grown old in the quest, and were taken away to their star to live in peace, after their strivings.

The glories of the star grew more manifold as they proceeded, and days, months and years passed as seconds on earth while they gazed upon it. One day our youth, now an old man, heard his name called from the star: "Comrades," he said, "I am called. Be faithful and

we shall meet again at the star," and he vanished from their sight.

While they watched in wonder, they seemed to see the star open and their comrade go in, and a far-off burst of music proclaimed that one more mortal, after a life of striving, had reached his ideal.

VACATION DOWN SOUTH.

BY E. BABETTE DEUTSCH (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

Lil' chile, lil' chile wid 'lasses on yo' nose,
Come an' kiss yo' Pappy, lil' Tipsytoes.
Now dey ain't no lessons to be leahned no mo',
Go an' make yo' mud pies by de kitchen do'.
Do yo' miss de schooldays, an' de book an' slate?
Pappy 'll play de school-ma'am, "Chilluns sit up
straight!"

Nevah mine mah honey, don' yo' waste a teah.
Pappy an' yo' mammy 'll make fun all de yeah.
Mammy 'll make prime biskits, yo' will like dem, sho',
Nevah mine, mah honey, dat school don' come no mo'!

ROSE'S LIFE JOURNEY.

BY BESSIE LITTLE (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN Rose was a little girl it was a long, long time ago.

Rose's hair was fiery. Her temper matched it. She had a good mother. One that meant to teach her daughter well, but did not always say the things she meant.

Rose was not bad. Her temper sometimes overcame her. She grew as other children.

At the age of twelve she began reasoning. Most children do. She reasoned more than others.

She heard people talk. She compared. She read.

"I may have children some day.

"I shall want them polite, loving and good.

"I must be capable of leading them along those paths.

"Children learn more from example than from chastisements. They will repeat what they hear.

"They will hear much from me.



"HERRING GULL." BY GEORGE CURTISS JOB, AGE 14. (FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"A VACATION MEMORY." BY FRANCES WOODWARD, AGE 12.

"I cannot fall into good habits. I must grow into them"; and she did.

Her temper she conquered.

Many times she failed, or seemed to fail, and gave up hope. Again she was inspired, and tried.

To-day the once fiery locks are soft and white, and to-day the once fiery temper is subdued and quiet.

Her self-control will not stop, but will continue down through generations to come; and her reasoning while a child, has brought her along her journey to a happy old age, surrounded by children, children's children and hosts of friends.

VACATION DREAMS.

BY ARTHUR A. MYERS (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

WHILE geometric problems puzzled
not my tired head,
And my dreaded Virgil lesson lay before me still
unread,
I dreamed—of quiet country nooks, of flowers
the woods conceal;
Of babbling brooks, of shining trout, of men
with rod and creel,
Of laughter borne on gentle breeze, from fields
of new-mown hay,
Of balmy air and azure skies that
make a perfect day.
Alas! 't was but an idle dream—the
school-room looked so drear,
I idled still, and sadly wished vacation
time were here.

But now, alack, since school has closed
and idling time has come,
When e'er I seek a quiet nook far
from the city's hum
I'm dreaming still—'tis not of flowers,
nor woods, nor country life,
But of the happy hours at school, the
joy of football strife,
Of pleasure that keen study gives, and
satisfaction, too,

Of classes strong, and spirit bold, of work the whole
year through.
Ah me! 't is strange. Vacation dreams at school, are
all in vain,
Yet, while vacation time is here, I dream of school
again.

MY JOURNEY TO ELLIS ISLAND.

BY HELEN A. RUSSELL (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

DURING a recent trip to New York, I visited Ellis Island.

We started out on a cold, bright afternoon, from the Battery, on a ferryboat which had brought immigrants from the island. The ride took about ten minutes.

Leaving the boat, we went up a broad walk which led to a large brick building. On entering this, we were given passes, and told to go where we chose.

We went to a gallery overlooking a large room containing foreigners of all nationalities. At one end of the room were desks, at which were seated officials who, after questioning them, gave the immigrants slips of paper telling where they were going.



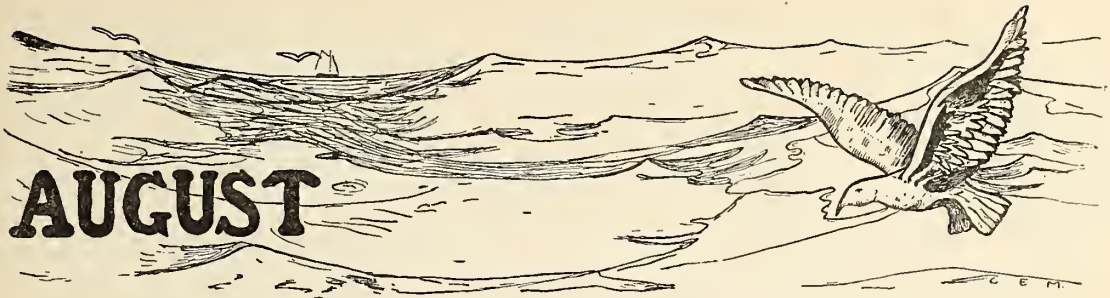
"A VACATION MEMORY." BY KATHARINE CUNNINGHAM, AGE 10.



"MY VACATION FRIEND." BY MARGARET ERSKINE NICOLSON, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

One family which I saw consisted of the father, mother, and six children, the eldest of whom was not over ten. She carried her three-year-old sister, and the boys carried the luggage. But the most interesting to me were the twin babies, who were not more than two months old. They lay at opposite ends of a large basket which was carried by the father and mother, by means of handles at either end. There were many other interesting families, some of whom seemed too nice and respectable to have come in the steerage, but none were as interesting as this family of eight.

Later we went to the other end of the gallery to see what was going on in that part of the room. Coming up some stairs were a large number of men who carried in their hands slips of paper. At the top of the stairs sat an official who stamped these papers before the men passed on to a medical examination.



AUGUST

"HEADING." BY CHARLES E. MANSFIELD, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

The first examiner looked for swellings, and if any were found, it was indicated by a chalk mark on the immigrant's coat. I saw one man with "Hand" written on him, meaning that his hand was defective.

Next, the immigrants passed a doctor who examined their eyes, quickly lifting up the lids, then passing them on if all was satisfactory. Some poor fellows, however, had to wait with those who had been marked, for a closer examination, but the others went on.

Soon after this, we left the building, taking the boat for the Barge Office, with a load of immigrants, some of whom we had seen before, waiting at the desks.

our nurse, gives us our supper, but it does not taste half as nice as if mother was here to spread our bread for us, or to pour the milk.

Bed-time comes and no good-night kiss! Now we will admit we really, honestly want mother. Lisbeth calls us her little "Lambs" but it does not sound one-half as nice as mother's one word, "dear."

When morning does come we try to dress. Never, never again would we be glad to have mother go away, as it is very hard trying to dress all alone with no mother to watch you to see if everything is all right.

We can hardly wait until after breakfast, because papa

says that mother will be home soon. We rush to the station and when the train puffs in we are so glad mother has come back to us once more, and that mother does not take a journey very often.

THE CHILDREN'S VACATION.

BY STEPHEN R. BENSON (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

PLAYING, playing the long day through.

Underneath a sky of blue:
Playing, playing all the day,
In among the yellow hay.

Now to bed the children go,
While the evening breezes blow;
And their little tired heads
Soon asleep in cozy beds.

Morning comes; the same old song
All is right and nothing wrong.
Into the garden they all run
To have again a day of fun.

Playing, playing the long day through,
Underneath a sky of blue;
Playing, playing all the day,
In among the yellow hay.

WHEN MOTHER TAKES A JOURNEY.

BY NATALIE HALLOCK (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

WHEN mother takes a journey, Bob and myself at first feel just a wee bit glad because we can do just what we please. After mother's carriage drives away, somehow our little joy is turned to sorrow and we sit down and try to keep back the tears that must come.

The afternoon passes slowly, very slowly, until tea-time. Lisbeth, that's



"MY VACATION FRIEND." BY CATHARINE VAN WYCK, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

ON A VACATION MORNING.

BY ELEANOR V. R. CHAPIN (AGE 14.)

(Honor Member.)

BUILDLED from a pile of sand,
Grew a castle tall and grand,
With its moat and winding stair,
And a turret here and there.
Standing guard beside the sea,
What could more imposing be?

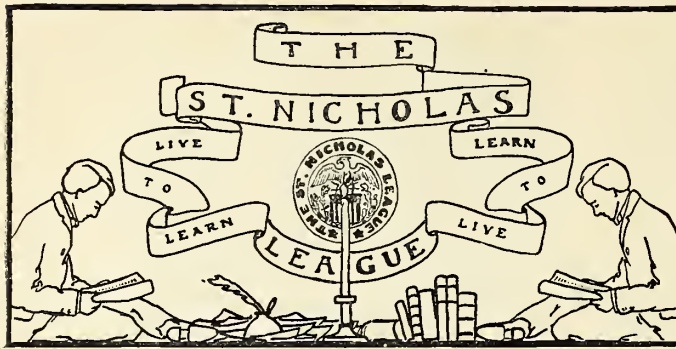
From the shells, and pebbles too,
Kings and queens and princes grew.
This white pebble on the stair
Represents a lady fair;
And these tiny ones of gray:
Soldiers to the king are they.

Two and two they marching go,
Bravely forth to quell the foe.
Look! The enemy draws nigh,
How the shells and pebbles fly!
Terror-struck they turn and run,
So the victory is won.

'Cross the moat and through the door,
Back the soldiers come once more.

* * * * *

Soft the tide crept up and then,
Softly crept it back again.
And the castle tall and grand?
Pebbles in a pile of sand.



"HEADING." BY RUTH CUTLER, AGE 16.

RUTH CUTLER
1917

VACATION SONG.

BY E. VINCENT MILLAY (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

SHINE on me, oh, you gold, gold sun,
Smile on me, oh, you blue, blue skies,
Sing, birds! and rouse the lazy breeze
That, in the shadow, sleeping lies,
Calling, "Awaken! Slothful one
And chase the yellow butterflies."

Laugh! Sober maiden in the brook,
Shake down your smoothly plaited hair,
Let it fall rippling on the grass
Daring the wind to leave it there,
Dancing in all its sun-kissed folds,—
Laughing low in the sun-kissed air.

Frown if you will, you staid old trees,
You cannot silence the birds and me;
You will sing yourself ere we leave you in peace,—
Frown if you will but we shall see.
I'll pelt you with your own green leaves
Till you echo the strains of our minstrelsy.

Oh, mower! All the world 's at play,—
Leave on the grass your sickle bright;
Come, and we 'll dance a merry step
With the birds and the leaves and the gold sunlight,
We 'll dance till the shadows leave the hills
And bring to the fields the quiet night.

A JOURNEY TO WONDERLAND.

BY RUTH LOUISE NORTHUP (AGE 16).

THE entrance to this Wonderland, which I visited, is in the Strait of Gibraltar. When, standing on the deck of our little steamer, I saw the many-colored town of Tangier rising out of the sea to greet my amazed eyes, I felt that I had really found my Wonderland.

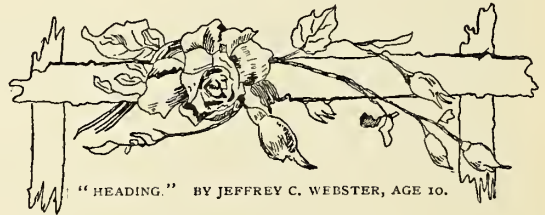
Slowly the tiny specks, which I had seen in the distance on the bay, changed into little boats, waiting to receive passengers. When the shore was finally reached, I found that my journeys in Wonderland were to be made on the back of a donkey, accompanied by a donkey boy. In this manner I rode through streets so narrow that an umbrella would reach from side to side, past a city well as old as the famous one of Jacob, past Eastern-looking buildings, and, most strange of all, past groups of the inhabitants; wondering, hostile-looking people, and yet with a certain nobility of feature.

A hotel, which was one of the few prosaic places in this Wonderland, now loomed before us.

Next morning, from the balcony of my room, which faced the sea, I could see a procession as wonderful, as varied, and withal as pitiful, as any ever beheld. Long caravans of little donkeys, heavily laden with all sorts of burdens, were constantly passing, with the owner riding in front, peacefully smoking, and away back in the rear, the poor wife, or perhaps wives, of this august personage, staggering along under huge loads.

All of the many strange sights seen that day but confirmed my first impression that this was Wonderland. In the market place especially, numerous, unusual people were seen—a snake charmer, amusing the people;

a quaint man whose chief occupation and accomplishment was to open his mouth very wide; Moorish women with modestly-covered faces; strange, barbaric, desert chieftains; old beggars; merchantmen with all their goods spread around them on the ground. All kinds of people in all kinds of clothes, with all kinds of customs, made up scenes certainly like nothing I had ever seen before, and making a Wonderland which I never expect to enter again.



"HEADING." BY JEFFREY C. WEBSTER, AGE 10.

VACATION.

BY KATHARINE RUTAN NEUMANN (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

THE robins have always vacation,
Among the cool, green trees,
Or up in the sky they carol,
Doing whatever they please.

The squirrels have always vacation,
Running about all day;
As up in the high shady branches
Of the beautiful trees they play.

The flowers have always vacation,
For they come up whenever they choose;
And never have to learn lessons,
And have only themselves to amuse.

But I have never vacation,
'Cept Summer and Christmas and Spring,
And a day or two at Thanksgiving,
And I think it's an awful mean thing.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

HASKINS, IA.
DEAR EDITORS: My little girl is quite anxious to join the "League" and wishes me to write for a badge and leaflet for her.

The League is a great help and inspiration to the children of the cities and larger towns, no doubt, but it means much more to the "district school" children, who have no "drawing lessons" and very little work in composition.

My brother and I always called our file of ST. NICHOLAS our en-

cyclopedia and I am sure my little girl as she grows older, will find them even more valuable than we did for she will have so many more volumes for reference. We have every number of the St. NICHOLAS from first to the present.

Enid is just beginning to read the little stories for herself but it is no task for the older members of the family to read St. NICHOLAS to her.

Ever your friend,
Mrs. KATE L. ANNAS.

A CHAPTER LETTER

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Since you last heard from our chapter we have accomplished several things.

On Thanksgiving Day we presented the children of the Chase Home with fruit and on Christmas Eve we gave the matron a small gift to put in each child's stocking.

On the eighth of December we gave an entertainment and sale in the Unitarian Chapel for the purpose of establishing a library for the children at the Chase Home. The entertainment was Madam de Portment's School and was given at four and eight p. m. Two of our members gave selections upon the piano and another, our honorary member who now lives out of town, rendered several pretty songs. Following that was a sale of cake and candy. In all we made a sum of about \$40.00.

Last fall our set of rules were completed, which we find very useful. They are composed of eight articles, each one having several sections. As a result of the notice which you kindly published in the October number, we received several letters from other chapters, that we now correspond with.

Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY YEATON,
Secretary of Cosey Corner Club, Chapter 754, St. Nicholas League.

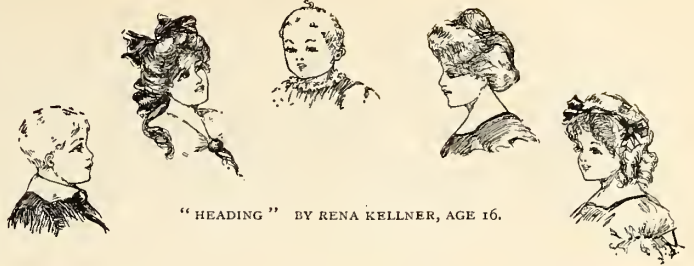
MEMPHIS, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Let me thank you very heartily for the great pleasure you have given me, by awarding me a gold badge. I was never more pleased and surprised in my life than when I saw my name in the April St. NICHOLAS. The badge just came to-day, and I think it is beautiful. I wore it to school, and all the girls think so too.

You know that on the League certificate are the words, "With hearty good wishes for her pleasure, progress and success." I used to think, "Well, I have had pleasure, and perhaps have made a little progress, but have had no success." Now I can say that I have experienced all three, but I have not made half enough progress. Winning a badge shall only encourage me to do better.

Your loving friend,
CORINNE J. GLADDING.

Other welcome letters have been received from Hilda Smith, Josephine Johnson, Eleanor Gill, Joseph B. Stenbuck, Norman Keedaisch, Hester Hargetson, Baylis Wait, Joyce Leunstrand, Frances Woodward, Honor Gallsworthy, Lucia E. Halstead, Howard W. Coombe, Julia Law, Pheobe A. Warren, H. D. Marvin, Mary W. Ball, Mary Parker, Florence H. Doan, Robert E. Naumberg, Walter Belknais, Martha Ellicott D'Unger, Ruby Rooke, Gertrude J. Shannon, Florence Davy, Mary B. Cowan, Arthur Minot Reed, Katharine E. Carter, E. Allina Champlin, Mary Graham Bonner, Frances Woodworth Wright, Nellie Hagan, Eben Richards, Jr., Fannie Mood Wright, Manie Sily, Dorothy Wood, Catherine M. Dameron.



"HEADING" BY RENA KELLNER, AGE 16.

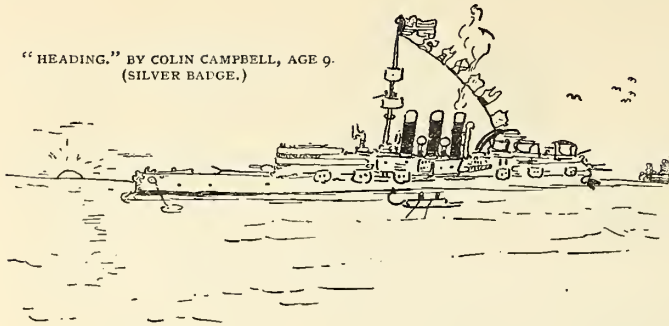
NEW CHAPTERS.

- No. 952. "Maid of the Twentieth Century." Edna Hanawalt, President; Hazel Harris, Secretary. Address, 906 Green St., Michigan City, Ind.
- No. 953. Edward F. Cullom, Secretary; Elizabeth Royall, Treasurer. Address, Wake Forest, N. C.
- No. 954. "St. Nicholas Six." Florence Page, President; Helen Synder, Treasurer; six members. Address, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
- No. 955. "Bonnie Brier." Katharine Eberhardt, President; Doris Johnson, Secretary; five members. Address, 28 Walnut St., Arlington, Mass.
- No. 956. Pauline Horton, President; Nellie Donaldson, Secretary; Olive Hodges, Treasurer; eight members. Address, 528 Columbia Rd., Washington, D. C.
- No. 957. "Maid of Normany." Katharine Hedrick, President; Anna Stapp, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 23 South 3d St., Harrisburg, Pa.
- No. 958. "The Jolly Girls." Dorothy Teller, Secretary; five members. Address, 430 Vine Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.
- No. 959. "The Flower Girls." Eleanor Davidson, President; Marion Matteson, Secretary; six members. Address, 160 Elm St., Ludlow, Ky.
- No. 960. "The Violet." Leila Taylor, President; Florence M. Hewlett, Secretary; five members. Address, 86 W. 103d St., New York City.
- No. 961. "The Mechanicsburg Chapter of St. NICHOLAS League." Horace W. Mumper, President; Jasper N. Deeter, Jr., Secretary; six members. Address, 2d and Walnut Sts., Mechanicsburg, Pa.
- No. 962. Edith Washburn, Secretary; five members. Address, Main St., Franklin, N. H.
- No. 962a. "St. Nick's Best Chapter." Aileen Hyland, President; Gladys Williams, Secretary. Address, 55 Summer St., Rockland, Me.
- No. 963. David Goldstein, President; Herman Cohen, Secretary, ten members. Address, 55 East 100th St., New York City.
- No. 964. "Pussy Willow Chapter." Thelma Kellog, President; Addie Eales, Secretary; six members. Address, Vanceboro, Me.
- No. 965. Ruth Powers, President; Erle Frady, Secretary; six members. Address, Beaumont, Cal.
- No. 966. "The Pleasure Hour." Elizabeth A. Halloran, President; Francis Fitzgerald, Secretary; four members. Address, 220 Main St., Bay State, Mass.
- No. 967. "Canton Chapter." Dorothy Russell, President; Marie Bernier, Secretary; four members. Address, Canton, N. Y.
- No. 968. "S. A." Dorothy Starr, President; Lois Gilbert Sutherland, Secretary; two members. Address, 6027 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- No. 969. "S. S. U. C." Gladys Corkum, President; Amy L. Corkum, Secretary; six members. Address, Billerica, Mass.
- No. 970. "En Avant Chapter." Raymond Parker, President; Harold Buzzell, Secretary; four members. Address, 6136 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- No. 971. "The J. B. B." Eunice Eberhardt, President; Valborg Swenson, Secretary; five members. Address, 21 Mt. Vernon St., Arlington, Mass.
- No. 972. "The N. F. Club." Annie Sides, President; Rachel Pressy, Vice President; five members. Address, 104 Washington St., So. Groveland, Mass.
- No. 973. "The Barn Owls." Florence Barker, President; Ruth Barker, Secretary; four members. Address, 295 Broadway, Newport, R. I.
- No. 974. "The Star" (Six Pointed). Marianne Mathieu, President; Elise F. Stern, Secretary; six members. Address, 1998 Pacific St., San Francisco, Cal.
- No. 975. "The Perseverance Chapter." Gertrude Spencer, President; Flossie Blatchford, Secretary; six members. Address, Wyoming, N. Y.
- No. 976. "T. M. Q." Ruth Summer Draper, Secretary; four members. Address, Canton, Mass.
- No. 977. "The Shamrock." Carrie Brown, President; Lucile McClaugherty, Secretary; four members. Address, Union, W. Va.
- No. 979. "Chapter of Pansies." Frances Stevenson, President; Marjorie Cartwright, Secretary; seven members. Address, 590 Centre St., Wallingford, Ct.
- No. 980. "The Truthful League." Doris Onderdonk, President; Gertrude Sterling, Secretary; eight members. Address, 418 Milton Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.



"HEADING," BY VERA MARIE DEMENS, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

"HEADING." BY COLIN CAMPBELL, AGE 9.
(SILVER BAUGE.)



HEADING. COLIN CAMPBELL AGE 9.

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 entitled them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Gertrude Emerson
Marjorie R. Peck
Marion Selmes Olney
Emily Winstone
Miriam Noll
Emmeline Bradshaw
Annie Lauris Hillyer
Frances L. Ross
Helen H. Shaw
Margaret Budd
Velma Jolly
Aileen Hyland
Frances Ward
E. Adelaide Hahn
Frances Couetts
Jane Rhys Griffith
Elizabeth Page James
Dorothy Dunn
Helen A. Ross
Dorothy Mae Reynolds
Pansie M. Cook
Mary Lee Turner
Rose Norton
Lucy Fancher
Beulah Elizabeth Amidon
Margaret E. Howard
Murray Wroog
Elizabeth Toof
Doris Halman
Anna Eveleth Holman

VERSE 2.

Ruth Sawtell
Daisy Glaze
Katharine Putnam
Grace J. Conner
Ruth A. Dittman
Mary Yenta Westcott
Helen Peabody
Jessie Morris
Primrose Laurence
Verna B. Sweetman
May Bowers
Jean Gray Allen
Inez Pischel
Margaret Cameron Cobb
William Stengel
Sarah C. McCarthy
Elizabeth Mary Ruggles
Isabel D. Weaver
Georgiana Myers Sturdee
Harold Kell
Adelaide D. Bunker
Mary Louise Powell
Dunwoody Strong
Martha Uimer
Lillie Garmany Menary
Anita C. Lynch
Virginia Archibold
Virginia Coyne

Maron E. Thomson
Carol Arkins
Mabel Winstone
Carrie Andrews
Helen Hunter
Esther Tonkongy
Constance Cormick
Kennard Weddell
Eugene L. Davidson
William Eliot
Elizabeth A. Troy
Eleanor Frances Amidon
Eleanor Bruce Goodrich
Juanita Gray
Warren Smith
Catharine Emma Jackson

PROSE 1.

Anne Eunice Moffett
Eleanor V. Kellogg
Jeannette Munro
Francis B. Manning
Dorothy Elizabeth True
Marguerite McCord
Paul Newgarden
Vivian Persis Dewey
Marjorie May Harrison
Jean Louise Holcombe

Emma L. Harrison
Maude Sawyer
John L. Taylor
Isabel Foster
Alice G. Peirce
Elizabeth C. Peck
Irma Miller
Florence Moote
Marguerite Hughes
Esther Fox Feicker
Carl Gutzzeit
Ruth Babson
Dorothy Lydecker
George Koenig
Dorothy H. Herman
Margaret Barrette
Lael Maera Carlock
Ada Pawson
Rosamond M. Morse
Helen D. Tibbits
Virginia Buck
Marjorie Boyd Corey
Eleanor McCandless
Dorothy Moffatt
Beulah Naylor
Carmencita Van Gorder
Charlie D. Hewson
Blanche Perryman
Sylvia Harding
Ise Bosch
Florence Nettleship
Ida C. Kline
Frances S. Bradley
Walter Boyer
Jeannette Sommer
Horace Norweb
Helen L. Stokin
Howard Ansley
Murphy
Doris Campbell
Mildred Maiden
Cass Carlene Tuller
Frances Elizabeth Huston
Ethel B. Rawles
Gretchen Steiner
Sarah Tobin
Ward Reece Bukland
Alice May Townsend
Delia E. Arnstein
Alice May Flagg
Carlton Smith
Adelaide Solbery
Helen Lathrop
Lorraine Ransom
Marguerite C. Hearsey
Rosalie Waters
Joseph Lipschitz
Gertrude H. Brown
Nicolson
Freda M. Harrison
Edith Macallum
Frances V. Comfort
Lucile Upham
Partridge
Thoda S. Cockroft
Homer Bassett
Gladys M. Adams
Edith Hills
Irene Bowen
Grace M. Smith
Gertrude Hearn
Alice Stoeltzing
Helen H. Stafford

Phyllis R. Newby
Arthur F. Ochtmon
Fayette Taylor
Stuart B. White
Rose T. Briggs
Myron C. Nutting
Dorothy Connor
Marion Tiffany

DRAWING 2.

Elizabeth Illsley
Stuart I. Taber
W. D. Horne, Jr.
Caroline Upham
Jack Hopkins
Gordon Dodge
Helen Cohoon
Helen Burns
Elna E. Johnson
Theodora P. Tiffany
Edith Mankivell
Elizabeth Melville
Burkhard
Willie Bernheimer
Catherine Snell
Gladys Nolan
Charlotte Jadwin
Alice C. Lloyd
Aida Lucille Getz
Josephine Bell
Esther Banning
Ernest Townsend
Ruth Conkey
Charles Bartlett Gray
Margaret Fournworth
Theresa J. Jones
Catharine H. Straker



"HER VACATION FRIENDS" BY STELLA BENSON,
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Christiana Drummand
Councilman
Elizabeth Morris
Doane
Deborah L. Douglas
Paul Quarry
Ruth S. Coleman
William Donald
Murphy
Edward Weiskopf
Ruth Montgomery
Olive Sheldon

Harriet L. Pifer
Charlotte A. Garrett
Dorothy Wellington
Eleanor Powell
M. U. Sill
Margaret Foster
Cornelia Chapire
Charles Boyd
Albertine Cleveland
Dorothy Starr
Cicely Smith
George Lyman
Marion Walter
Arthur Munro
Theodora Troendle
Engenia Vansant
Robert Charles Miner
Frances Stevenson
Dorothy Yaeger
James W. Allison
Gertrude Faye
Leadingham
Christine Schoff
Anna M. Paddock
Muriel Tytler
Jeanne Demetre
Rosamond Parkinson
Irene A. Farnham
Ruth Colburn
Alma W. Ward
Louise Jenkins
Evelyn Buchanan

PROSE 2.

Marion D. Freeman
Dorothy Q. Boggs
Herbert E. Smith
Margaret Hotchkiss
Lillian M. Andrews
Edward G. Gay, Jr.
Marjory Kerr
Celia Campbell Higgins
Pauline Werney
Mary L. Ruchti
Eva James
George Braunlich
Ruth A. Spalding
Margaret E. Wright
Henry Resch
Bertha Cooke
Dorothy W. Rhein
Elizabeth Johnson
F. Trevelyan Smith

DRAWING 1.

Dorothy Ochtman
Harriet Ide Eager
F. Irwin Smith
Margaret Osborne
Lucia E. Halstead
E. Alena Champlin
Michael J. Kopsco
Roland D. Randall
Beryl Morse
Judith Rosenfeld
Decie Merwin
Adelaide Werner
Marshall B. Cutler
Herbert F. Moore
Muriel E. Halsted
Hazel Halsted
Helen Keen



ST. NICHOLAS
LEAGUE
AUGUST
MCMVII



"HEADING." BY ALLYN COX, AGE 10.

Katherine Dulcebella
Barbour
Virginia Brand
Alice Hirst
Milched Lambe
Susan Jeannette
Appleton
Frank Wright
Tuttle
Doris Caroline Huxford
Henrietta Havens
Helen Price
Charlotte Waugh
Honor Gallsworthy
Elizabeth Eckel
Rose Connor
Florence Hanawalt
Sybil Emerson
Everard A. McAvoy
Elizabeth M. Laue
Emily W. Browne
Maude King
Harold A. Breytspraak
Mary Toplin Clarke
Kathryn Sprague
De Wolf

Dorothy Q. Applegate
Hazel Cockroft
Marguerite Wyatt
Anna L. Davis
Ewart C. Carney
Muriel L. Fortuine
Eunice L. Hone
Ruth Parshall Brown
Hazel Grace Andrews
Hazel Bird
Vera Mason
Alice M. Lennon
Mabel Alvarez
Muriel G. Reade
Isabel Ransford

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Eva B. Miller
Walter O'Brien
Roger Dod Wolcott
Marjorie Walbridge
Brown
Gretchen Wollé
Warren S. Baker
Pauline A. Shorey
Espearance Ghirardelli
Henry Snow Hall
Fannie M. Stern
Gladys Bailey
Helen I. Phillips
Arthur A. Scott
Madeline Harding
Ygnacio Bauer
George W. Edwards
F. D. Pemberton
Robert M. Benjamin
Marguerite McCord
Ethyl Sayers
Dorothy K. Marsh
Elizabeth Warner
Harold Hagen
John W. Beatty
Elsie Wilson
Penderton Schenck
Mary Geraldine Cabott
Wilbur H. Tusler

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Jarvis J. Offutt
Frank Phillips
Margaret Kivland
Edward E. Hazlett
Helen Parfitt
Leroy Newcomb
Dorothy Foster
Mary D. Pentemer
Jessie Atwood
Philip Gray Russell
Percival Wilcox
Whittlesey
Gladys Shafer
John Emlen Bullock
George B. Watts
Frederick R. Bailey
Eleanor C. Hill
Arday Luther
Helen Bennett Brooks
Agnes Page Brown

Robert L. Rankin
Virginia Smith
Francis D. Wittmore
Jack Stewart, Jr.
Dorothy Gilpin
James Harvey Mohr
Nannie B. Nelson
Grace Adeline
Spaulding
Carlton J. King
Valentine C. Bartlett
Richard Hyde Cutler
Hugh J. Weldon
Marie Demetre
Sarah P. Mendinhal
Joel Newell Garfield
Conrad Nolan

James M. Walker
Marjorie Martin
Koy Phillips
Bess Pangburn
Helen F. Bell
Margaret Clarke
Rucker
Sam M. Dillard
Robert McLean
Margaret Rhodes
Carol S. Williams
Madeleine E.
Rochester
Margery Durbrow
Cornelia Needles
Walker
Eleanora Lenihan
Nellie Hagan
F. W. Dillingham, Jr.
Vera Van Nes
Constance Freeman
Helen V. Frey
Floyd R. Miller
Grant Fewsmith
Gladys Smith
Edmonia M. Adams
Mildred Penney
Jeannette Berolzeim
Ruth Kellogg Pine
Kstrihe Adams
Dorothy Arnold
Margaret Moore
John Wentworth
Margaret Lee
Ruth Seymour
Francis Bassett
G. Isabel
Landsborough
Myles Standish, Jr.
Edward Juntunen
Hazel Hulbert
Isabel Henderson
Charlotte L. Eaton
Geo. B. Curtis
Hope H. Stone
Ruth Thayer
Robert Wood
Margaret Watson
Wand
Eleanor Bisbee
Ethelwyn Power
Herbert Marshutz
Katharine G. Sprague
Louise Walker
Dorothy E. Duncan
Amy Owen Bradley
Geo. T. Hubbell
Willard B. Davis
Elmer Beller.
Evelyn L. Thorp
Cornelia Chapiro
Felix Bolte



"HEADING," BY WALDRON FAULKNER, AGE 9.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 94.

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 94 will close August 20 (for foreign members August 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the words "Christmas Tree."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "My Favorite Christmas Story."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Fireside Friends."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "Running Water" and a December Heading or Tailpiece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

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 shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

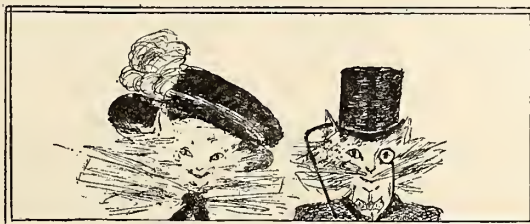
RULES.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied* but, wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"VACATION FRIENDS." BY MARIE BEGOÛEN, AGE 15.

THE LETTER-BOX

EDITORIAL NOTE.

IN response to an inquiry for an explanation of his statement that "Tenderloin of beef is less nutritious than shoulder," Mr. Crittenden Marriott, author of the article "Queer Fuel" in our April number, sends this reply: "Weight for weight, the tenderloin and shoulder are about equal in food qualities, but price for price, the shoulder is twice as valuable. That is to say, for twenty-five cents one can get twice the nutriment from shoulder that he can from tenderloin."

PLAYING INDIANS.

BY WILLARD SPENSER, JR., (AGE 13).

It was a nice cool Saturday in May when Robert said, "Let 's play we 're Indians." Of course we all consented to do so immediately.

"I 'll go down cellar and cut out tomahawks," said Jack.

"All right," said I. "We 'll go into camp and make a wigwam out of Mother's new camel's-hair shawl. It will make a dandy tent because it has such a wild-sounding name. Mother 's away and we can't ask her, but I don't think she would mind anyhow."

"Are you all ready?" said Jack.

"Yes," we replied.

Well, the tent was perfectly gorgeous. Robert's name was "Big Think," because he thought of doing it. Jack's name was "Papakewis." Of course we thought that was a silly name, but Jack said he had read of an Indian, who had that name in a book called "Hiawatha."

My name was not decided upon until I had taken a feather out of Mrs. Brown's best rooster; then I was called "White Feather."

First we went and looked in the window at Annie, who was baking pies. We felt very hungry. Real Indians never ask for anything, but take it. We thought we 'd try the experiment. Annie had put the pies in the pantry to cool. We got in the window and sneaked up to our pies on tiptoes. We each had a pie in our hands, when Annie suddenly appeared.

With a wild yell, she made a rush for us. We dropped the pies and fled.

After we got over our fright some one suggested, "Let 's have a water fight," so away we went around the house to get the hose. We took sides, one to have the hose and the other to try and get it. I had the hose first and Jack was trying to get it from me.

I was sousing him in the face splendidly when suddenly Robert took the hose nozzle and bent it backward.

Of course a fellow was n't supposed to stand that, so I dropped the hose and beat a hasty retreat toward the parlor window.

Now if "Big Think" had thought a little more it never would have happened, but what did he do but point the hose my way. Of course the water went right in the window and all over the parlor cushions. The colors looked as though they were going to run and so did we.

Just then Father and Mother came home. I have n't got the heart to say what happened, only it was the last time we ever played Indians.

THE LOAD OF HAY.

THE following story, sent by a contributor, while not being absolutely new, may be so in this form, and may interest those of our readers who have never before heard it.

Mr. Smith, a farmer, coming in from the field one day to

dinner, found a load of hay upset near his gate, and a young lad working industriously to re-load it.

"Helloa, my boy! You 've been having bad luck have n't you?" called Mr. Smith.

"Yessir," replied the boy without pausing in his work.

"Well, come in and have some dinner, then I 'll help you load the hay," said Mr. Smith.

"Oh, no! I must n't, Father would n't like it."

"Oh, pshaw! Your Father won't care. Come right in and have some dinner. You 're hungry, are n't you?"

"Yessir, but I don't think Father 'd like it if I went," persisted the lad.

"Of course he would," declared Mr. Smith. "Come right along and get a good dinner. The work will be all the easier for it."

The boy, hot and flushed, looked longingly toward the house, but repeated, "I don't think, sir, Father 'd like to have me stop."

However, Mr. Smith finally overruled the boy's repeated refusals and insisted upon taking him in to dinner.

Throughout the meal the boy seemed uneasy, hunched around in his chair, looked over his shoulder, ate rapidly and was so manifestly uncomfortable that his kind-hearted host pitied him.

"Don't worry about your hay, boy. I 'll help you load it. Eat a good dinner."

"I know Father won't like it," reiterated the boy.

"He won't care, why should he? You just eat a good dinner and don't worry."

"I 'm sure Father won't like it," persisted the youth.

"Well!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Smith. "What kind of a man have you for a father, anyway! Where is he?"

"He 's under the load of hay, sir."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

It is pretty lonely staying at home, when all the other girls are in school, and I have to find things to amuse me. One morning I threw some bread crumbs out on the back walk for the birds. Every crumb was gone by noon! The next morning some sparrows came hopping on the back walk looking for more. Every morning since then I have thrown out crumbs. While I am throwing them, the sparrows sit perched on a branch not two yards away from me, and a little above my head. As soon as I shut the door, they fly down and eat them.

They have gotten so they expect me to throw crumbs out every morning. I think it is fun, and I love to watch them eat.

I enjoy reading you very much. I know that the story, "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," is going to be fine.

The first ST. NICHOLAS I ever got was the September number, 1906, so I have not read, "The Crimson Sweater," but I have friends who have, and they tell me it is fine. As in "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," are going to be used some of the same characters as in "The Crimson Sweater," I know it will be fine.

I hope I will get a prize for the drawing I sent in.

The early chapters of "Fritzi" sound very exciting.

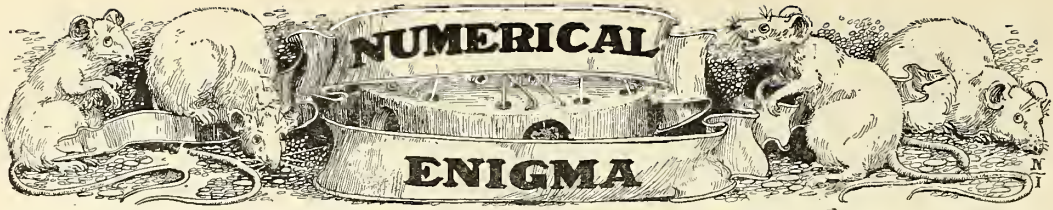
Yours truly, your interested reader,
MCLEAN YOUNG (age 10).

NEW YORK.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I want to tell you about my dog. He is a bull terrier, and has one white spot on his neck, and one on the tip of his tail; four white paws, and a white chest, the rest of him is all brindle. His name is "Tariff," for "protection," but we call him "Tarry" for short.

Yours truly,
DOROTHY A. FOSTER (age 11½).

OTHER letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Nelle Carolyn Greene, Alfred C. Fenn, Jr., Lawrence Eugene Purdy, Elizabeth Evans, Frances Ryan, Pauline Clarkson, Vivienne M. Delany, Margaret Whitmore, Vivian Bowdoin, Elliott Glover, Jr., Isabel Fink, Alice Smith, Margaret Coover, Nellie M. T. Duguide, Elizabeth Keenan, Beatrice Outcalt, Anna Bemis, Ernestine Rulison, Alison Douglas, Frances Cameron, Kenneth A. Coler, Martha Seeley, Sara R. Kendall, Dorothea Flintermann.



I AM composed of sixty-two letters and form a couplet from Pope.

My 59-35 is thus. My 14-48-15 is an edict. My 55-31-21-45 is a number. My 10-6-25 is a hovel. My 2-39-17 is dried grass. My 12-50-58 is a plaything. My 62-27-56-41 is permission to use. My 4-16-7-60-28 is a worker in stone. My 46-51-9-23-54-57 is a fastening. My 40-5-32-18-42 is a running knot. My 52-36-53-8-43-29 is part of a coat. My 33-13-19 is a rodent. My 49-26-61-24-3 is another rodent. My 1-20-11-30 is what both should dread. My 38-34-44-47-22-37 is what both are very fond of.

V. D.

DIAGONAL.

1. BIRDS of prey.
2. Utters a long cry of distress.
3. Residences.
4. Looks forward to as a thing desirable.
5. To direct the course of.

Diagonal, from upper left-hand letter to lower right-hand letter, a famous poet.

SEARGENT P. WILD (age 9).

ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS story teller :
SHINE STAR AND SNARE CHIN.

AN HISTORICAL DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the diagonal (from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of the goddess of the chase.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An ancient Asiatic state. 2. A city of France. 3. One of the Muses. 4. The first day of each month in the ancient Roman calendar. 5. A famous Archbishop of Canterbury, born in the fifteenth century. 6. The title of the heir to the French crown. 7. A name of Dionysus.

ARCHIE KNODLE (League Member).

METAMORPHOSES.

EXAMPLE: Change *feel* to *hear* in three moves; change one letter at a time, making a new word at every change. Answer, Feel, heel, heal, hear.

1. Change HAND to FOOT in five moves.
2. Change SOCK to BOOT in four moves.
3. Change FIND to LOSE in four moves.
4. Change GIVE to TAKE in four moves.
5. Change CORN to OATS in five moves.

PHOEBE SCHREIBER LAMBE (League Member).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail a country, rearrange the remaining letters, and make to crowd in. Answer, Ge-rma-ny, rain.

1. Positive, and leave a rodent.
2. Permitted, and leave a nocturnal bird.
3. Vexed, and leave at a distance.
4. Detaining, and leave a kind of pastry.
5. European song-birds, and leave a greasy liquid.

6. To change one's place of residence, and leave a worthless scrap.

7. Scolded, and leave a sailor.

8. To that, and leave before.

9. A part in music, and leave a light tap.

The initials of the nine three-letter words will spell the name of a prominent character in a St. NICHOLAS story.

HERBERT M. DAVIDSON.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

I . . . 3
* * * *
* . . . *
* * * *
2 . . . 4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Jewish title of respect. 2. Outer garments. 3. The island on which St. Paul was shipwrecked. 4. Useful to monkeys. 5. Spruce.

From 1 to 2, pertaining to a famous city; from 3 to 4, the country in which that city is located.

MILDRED MCKENZIE (League Member).

CONNECTED STARS.



I. 1. In probable. 2. Two letters from probable. 3. A fruit. 4. Having two hands. 5. A hut. 6. Certain vegetables. 7. A place where tanning is done. 8. Two letters from sorry. 9. In sorry.

II. 1. In chatty. 2. Two letters from chatty. 3. An old word meaning "named." 4. Any flight or exodus. 5. Certain trees. 6. Raises. 7. A poltroon. 8. Two letters from radiates. 9. In radiates.

III. 1. In radiates. 2. Two letters from radiate. 3. An adept. 4. To desire ardently. 5. Pertaining to tides. 6. A rubber. 7. To free. 8. Two letters from radiates. 9. In radiates.

MARY ANGOOD (Honor Member).



THE BOY FALCONER.

BY NICOLAAS MAES.

From the Wallace Collection,
London.

Photograph by W. A. Mansell Co.



ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIV

SEPTEMBER, 1907

No. 11

“WITH HAWK AND HOUND”

BY N. HUDSON MOORE

HAVE you ever noticed a hawk soaring and floating high up against the sky? Have you seen him busy apparently in embroidering a wonderful pattern of loops and curves, putting in a wing-beat here and a long float there, and then, suddenly, without a moment's warning, seem fairly to drop to the ground, pause a moment, and then rise slowly and fly to some near-by tree?

The splendid flight was made with a purpose. He was looking out for his prey, and when he saw with his keen eyes some field-mouse scampering across a field, or a tiny bird cowering in a bush, or picking up a meal among the grass, he fell from the sky, seized the little creature, and took it off in his talons to eat it at leisure in some convenient tree.

This method of pursuing his prey was taken advantage of in the Middle Ages and later times to provide for man one of his most popular forms of hunting. The birds were chosen with greatest care, each kind was trained to hunt for his own particular sort of prey, and great parties of lords and ladies, followed by many attendants, rode out into the fields and marshes to “fly” their birds, as they called it, and watch them “strike their quarries.”

I have said that hawking was practised in the Middle Ages and later. Perhaps I should have written that at that time it was most widely practised, for, indeed, as far back as the fourth century hawks had been trained by mankind to hunt. These birds were so highly esteemed that they were known as emblems of royalty, and that

man of rank was considered disgraced who gave up his birds, save for the most dire necessity. In fact certain varieties of hawks and falcons were allowed only to the nobility, and none others were allowed to own or fly them.

Hawking was a sport which was not confined to men only, but ladies and children enjoyed it as well. See our pretty little boy, in the picture, with his pet bird, which is poised on his wrist and ready for flight.

Now-a-days we have men who train horses for running, jumping and hunting, as indeed they had, too, in hawking days; but the man who trained the hawks for a great noble or a king, filled a most important part in the household. Just think,—the *Grand Fauconnier* of France had fifty gentlemen to attend him when he rode out, and fifty assistant falconers! He was allowed to keep three hundred hawks; he issued a license to every man who sold hawks in France; and received a fee for every bird sold in the kingdom. Even the king himself lent him consequence, for he never rode out on any grand occasion without this officer attending him.

In England the sport was just as highly considered. Our little picture boy was an English child. I look at him often and wonder who he was, for I do not know. All that I have been able to find out about him is, that he was the son of a great nobleman, and that this portrait still hangs in the castle gallery where once he lived.

Although the sport was commonly called “hawking,” different kinds of birds which hunt

their prey in a similar manner were used. Falcons were flown after herons or other water birds, and, indeed, most of the old descrip-

tion for an earl, and the "faulcon of the rock" for a duke; and the "most noble eagle, merloun, and vulture, for an emperor."

Do not think that one could go out and fly a hawk in any way he liked, as you or I would go fishing; for this could not be done. If you or I had lived in the castle with our picture boy, and had been going out hawking with him, this is the way I believe we should have done:

The night before, if the wind had been in the right direction and it promised to be a fine day, we should have sent word to the falconer to have the hawks ready in the courtyard on their perches at dawn. It was, you see, a very "early bird" kind of business! You could n't turn over and take another nap, and say that you 'd come on the next trolley, or that you 'd come with mother in the auto—you 'd have to be on time.

Then, after directing about the hawks, you would send word to have the coursing jennets (or small hunting horses) ready at the same time for a day at hawking. You would bid the pages look to it that your gloves were ready, for stout gloves with gauntlets were worn to protect the hands and wrists from the sharp talons of the birds. Then you went to bed early yourself, so as to be early astir.

When the falconer got your order he went to look at the birds. He washed their feet in water, he saw that the "hoods" with which they were kept blinded or "hood-winked," when not flying, were well set on their heads, and he did not feed them, lest, on the morrow, they should not be keen enough to fly well for their game. He took particular care of his young master's bird, a fine and beautifully feathered hawk from Barbary, we will say, which he had trained himself. Then he looked at the "jesses," for all hawks when carried on the "fist" wore little straps of leather called jesses fastened to their legs. These straps had knots and loops in them which came between the fingers so as to hold the bird steady. Sometimes the jesses were made of silk, but leather was the ordinary material, and it might be scarlet or any other color that the owner wished. The hoods, too, were of leather, and very gorgeous, with a crest or coat of arms wrought on each, or perhaps a bright feather or two woven in it, which gave the bird a wild look indeed. Of course being kept in confinement and hooded most of the time, made the birds wild and fierce, which was a necessary condition for their doing their work well.

You will see bells on our bird's legs. These were the most important part of the trappings, for if the bird went out of sight the tinkle of the bell led the hunter to where the falcon was. The



"THE FALCONER."

From the statue by George Simonds in Central Park, New York.

tions of hawking speak of the hunters coursing along the river's edge or the brookside. Species of hawks went by many different names: there was the "hobby" for a young man; the "marlyon" for a lady; the "faulcon peregrine"

bells were fastened to the legs by thongs of deer-hide called "bewits." Great care was taken to have the hide soft so as not to chafe the legs, and the bells must be chosen with care, not too heavy so as to impede the flight, of a clear and musical sound. For ordinary birds any cheap bell would do, but for our falcon, there must be Milan bells of gold, or at least silver, ringing.

At dawn, after a hurried breakfast of coarse bread, some white herring, sprats or salt fish, washed down with beer or ale for the grown-up people and milk for the children—all trooped down to the courtyard, eager to start.

The pages held the horses, the falconers hurried about with the birds, the hounds struggled at the leashes, and the huntsman held his horn in readiness to sound a blast for the warder to let down the drawbridge so that the party could ride gaily forth over the moat, down into the green fields and so on to the open. When the meadows were reached, runners and dogs were sent ahead to start up the birds along the water-courses. Each hunter saw to it that the strings of the hawk's hood were loosened so as to be easily pulled off, the jesses were cast aside, and all was made ready so that the hawk could be quickly thrown from the wrist as soon as the prey was sighted.

The hawks had to be trained to return with their prey to the hunters and not to let it escape or tear it, which would destroy it for food. For, while, of course, the chief purpose of hawking was sport, yet the birds brought down were sometimes a very welcome addition to the table, where salt

meat or fish were the main dishes, unless the deer- or boar-hunters had been successful on *their* part.

You will never guess what caused the decline of hawking. Why, the invention of the musket! This provided the same amount of exercise, it brought down all kinds of creatures, birds as well as beasts, so that hawks became altogether unnecessary, and most noblemen were glad to be relieved of the immense expense which had to be incurred to keep up the "mews," or buildings in which the falcons were kept, provide attendants, and train the birds for their work.

In that noble story of Sir Walter Scott's, "Quentin Durward," when Quentin first appears, he says he has been called "the Varlet of the Velvet Pouch." This was on account of the bag or pouch which he wore over his shoulder to carry food for his hawk, which had been killed when he attempted to fly it in a royal preserve. This was a serious loss to poor Quentin, since a well-trained bird was worth a hundred marks, a large sum of money for those days.

In the time of James I, many years later than the period of Quentin Durward, a "cast of hawks" signifying two or three birds, well trained of course, would bring several hundred pounds. As the sport was largely indulged in by the nobility, so all the details connected with it were costly, from the silver whistles which were used to reclaim or call back the bird, to the trappings of the birds themselves, the expense of their keepers, and the buildings that housed them all.



"CLEAN OVER—JUST TO SHOW THAT HE CAN DO IT!"



THE SUN-DIAL



BY EDITH S. TILLOTSON

In a garden planned with care
 In a day gone by,
 Stands a sun-dial quaint and old,
 Looking at the sky.
 And around its gray old face—
 There among the flowers,
 Is this motto carved—"I count
 None but sunny hours."

Like a sentinel it stands
 While the hours run,
 Marking out the messages
 Given by the sun.

Should there come a time of storm—
 Cloudy days and drear,
 Patient and serene it waits
 Till the skies are clear.

Oh, you gray philosopher,
 With your motto true!
 Hear me make a solemn vow
 To be brave as you—
 Be life's weather what it may,
 Sunny days or showers,
 Memory shall register
 "None but sunny hours!"



AN ALPINE ADVENTURE

BY GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN

THE Mortimer family had but the night before arrived at the tiny Alpine village in the high Bernese Oberland.

The next morning Arthur, Mr. Mortimer's thirteen-year-old son, clamored for an expedition, and immediately after breakfast donned his stout, hobnailed shoes, seized his alpenstock, and with the rest of the family party set forth by a little path through the meadows and forests to some rocky crags beyond, a famous view-point of the locality.

Not a breeze stirred, not a sound could be heard save the drone of insects among the flowers. All at once Arthur was startled by a few clear, musical notes, which seemed to come from beyond a pile of rocks ahead of him. He started to a sitting posture, and in an instant the air about him, the sky overhead, was filled with wonderful strains of music, like the chanting of some great cathedral choir. For a time, Arthur sat bewildered and enchanted by the strange, weird music which was again and again repeated. Finally, tiptoeing forward, he peeped around the intervening rocks. There, stretched on the ground beside a long Alpine horn, was a rugged, sun-tanned Swiss lad of his own age. His had been the few clear notes, and the after-music was the wonderful echo of the same back and forth among the overhanging crags.

Just then the horn-blower raised his head, and looking about him caught sight of Arthur.

"Good morning," exclaimed Arthur, in his most polite school-German, as he stepped out into view, and received a courteous welcome.

"Won't you let me look at your horn? Is it hard to blow? I should like to try it, and see if I could make the echo answer. Did you make the horn yourself? I believe I could make one. Do you do this all the time? Do they pay you for it? Do you like to do it?"

All these questions, in a jumble of German and English, tumbled out of Arthur's lips in rapid succession, as he came forward and examined the horn with great interest and curiosity. After a little, by repeating his questions more slowly, he succeeded in making himself understood, and better still, in getting answers in the uncouth German-Swiss dialect, whose meaning he partly caught and partly guessed at. By the time his father and the rest of the party had appeared, Arthur had acquired a brief outline of the Swiss boy's past history, his present mode of life, and

his future ambitions, and had even tried a note or two on the horn himself.

The others had also heard and been captivated by the notes of the horn and the exquisite music of the echo. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, smiling at Arthur's enthusiasm, exchanged greetings with the player and slipped a few bright coins into his hand before continuing on their way.

"Good-by," said Arthur, "I 'm coming up here every day to hear you play, and you will teach me to do it, too. I shall not forget."

"He is just my age, father," continued Arthur, as they went on up the path. "His name is Ulric Baumann. His father was a guide, but fell and was killed on one of the big mountains. Ulric is going to be a guide when he is old enough. His uncle, who is also a guide, is going to train him. He blows the horn all summer to earn money for his mother and three little sisters. The tourists give him money for the echo music. His mother works in the potato field and his oldest sister helps take care of the goats, and they get along very well, but when he is old enough to be a guide, they will be quite rich, he says, for guides often get a hundred francs for one trip, and then he will build a chimney in his mother's house like those in the valley."

"Well, my boy, you have learned a great deal in a short time," said Mr. Mortimer.

Little by little this chance acquaintanceship ripened into a warm friendship. Perhaps this was due to the very contrast of the boys' natures, for while the one was quick, impulsive, heedless, and inclined even to recklessness, the other was slow, sure, cautious, and faithful in the minutest detail. As Ulric was charmed and entertained by Arthur's glowing accounts of the outside world, and especially of the wonders of America, Arthur, in turn, was fascinated and enraptured by the store of mountain tales which Ulric related to him, as they sat for long hours on the cushiony heather in the open, sunny pasture.

The topic which engrossed them the most, however, was a guide's life, his possible adventures, his certain dangers, his chances for fame and his responsibilities.

Arthur envied Ulric his future and regretted the plans for college and professional life which his father had laid for him.

"Oh, Ulric! think of your chances! This glorious mountain life forever, and the opportunity

to climb to the top of those highest peaks. Oh, it makes me sick to think of that stuffy office and revolving chair to which I shall be tied all my life! Never mind, I shall try to make money enough in it so that I can come every summer to Switzerland, and you shall be my own special guide and we'll do some 'stunts' in mountain climbing that will surprise the world."

At words like these, Ulric would shake his head slowly.

"No, I can never be your guide. I think too much of you, and you do not know the obedience which is necessary. It is a terrible thing to be a guide—for there is always the fear that you may make some mistake, and lives depend upon your strength and wisdom! Then so many of the foreign gentlemen who come to climb are not wise and do not obey. They think because they know so much of other things that they know even more than their guide of the mountain ways and secrets, and then comes the disaster! Sometimes I think I will give it all up, but it is in the blood. My father was a guide, my grandfather, and his father before him. Oh! you can not get away from it when it is in the blood!"

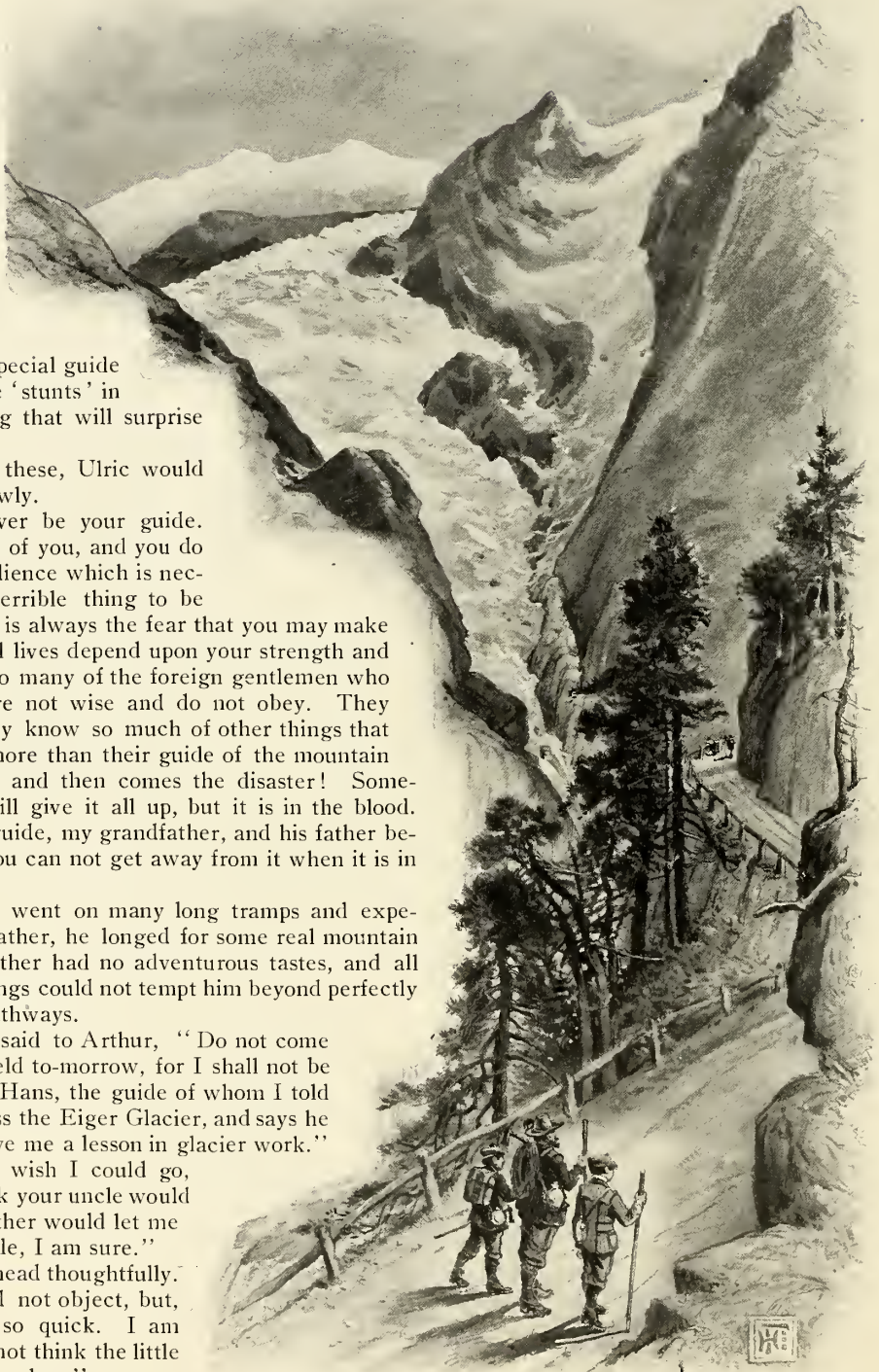
Though Arthur went on many long tramps and expeditions with his father, he longed for some real mountain climbing. His father had no adventurous tastes, and all of Arthur's pleadings could not tempt him beyond perfectly safe and secure pathways.

One day Ulric said to Arthur, "Do not come up to the echo field to-morrow, for I shall not be there. My Uncle Hans, the guide of whom I told you, is going across the Eiger Glacier, and says he will take me to give me a lesson in glacier work."

"Oh, Ulric! I wish I could go, too. Do you think your uncle would take me? My father would let me go with a real guide, I am sure."

Ulric shook his head thoughtfully. "My uncle would not object, but, Arthur, you are so quick. I am afraid you would not think the little things necessary to obey."

But Arthur begged so hard, and



"THERE WAS A LONG TRAMP AND CLIMB TO BE TAKEN BEFORE REACHING THE EDGE OF THE GLACIER."

promised so faithfully, that Ulric's fears were silenced, and with his father's permission and Uncle Hans' consent, he joined them the following morning early, before the sun had risen, as there was a long tramp and climb to be taken before reaching the edge of the glacier.

How beautiful the mountains looked in this morning twilight! The deep valleys of the Lauterbrünnen and the Trümmelbach were still mysterious with the purple shadows of night. Far overhead the topmost peak of the snowy Jungfrau was tinged with the faint rosy glow preceding sunrise. By the time they had reached the upper pasture of the Wengern Alp and paused at the herder's summer station for a drink of warm milk, the whole face of the great mountain was aglow.

Before setting forth, Uncle Hans explained to the boys the treacherous surface with which they had to deal, full of unexpected cracks and crevasses, owing to the slow and steady moving of the great ice river.

"Although I crossed here ten days ago," he said, "I may find, where there were unbroken stretches then, deep cracks, difficult to cross, and we must go slowly and carefully. We shall tie ourselves together with this rope, Master Arthur in the middle, as he is our guest; and you must remember, boys, never to let the rope grow slack. Keep it always taut and then if one should slip and fall the rest of us can easily pull him to his feet again. But beware of a slack rope, for a sudden fall may snap and break it."

All went well, and long before noon they were far out in the midst of the icy field. Arthur was elated with their success, for they had crossed a number of difficult cracks and he felt himself to be already an expert. After eating a lunch of bread and good Swiss cheese, they started on with refreshed vigor. As it was necessary for Uncle Hans at the head of the line to look ahead and watch and plan their route, it was Arthur's task to watch the space of rope between them, and Ulric's to take care of the distance between him and Arthur. At the wider cracks they all stopped until the whole party were safely across, but it was easy to bestride many, indeed the majority, of the narrower ones, and progress would have been too slow if all had stopped for each of them. Uncle Hans and Arthur had just passed one of these narrow cracks, which, they had noticed in passing, looked unusually deep, and Ulric was on the point of stepping over. Arthur, in his impulsiveness, seeing an unbroken stretch ahead of them, and having already forgotten the crevasse he had just crossed, hurried ahead to ask some question of Uncle Hans, thereby allowing the rope between them to

slacken considerably. His sudden start ahead gave an unusual pull on the rope behind, causing Ulric to jerk forward and his foot to slip on the very edge of the crevasse. He clutched wildly in the air trying to regain his balance, but the treacherous ice was too slippery and he shot swiftly downward, dragging Arthur backward over the ice because of the slackened rope ahead. Then came the inevitable result. The swiftness of the fall and his weight, for he was a large and heavy boy for his years, snapped asunder the rope and he fell with violent force into the depths of the crevasse. Fortunately, some forty feet down the ice walls narrowed so that his fall was checked, but he was so tightly wedged in that he could move neither hand nor foot.

Arthur had been dragged swiftly backward almost to the edge of the crevasse, and he scarcely realized what was happening until he felt himself stopped by the sudden snapping of the rope. Uncle Hans, with the cool courage and resourcefulness of the Swiss guide, was at the edge in a moment, calling down heartening words to Ulric and devising a means of rescue. Noosing one end of his extra coil of rope, he lowered it, calling as he did so:

"Fasten it under your arms, Ulric, my boy, and we 'll soon have you up again."

At first Ulric found it impossible to free his arms from the ice, but exerting his utmost strength he finally succeeded and fastened the rope according to his uncle's directions, with fingers already growing numb with the cold.

But pull as they might, they could not move him, for from the waist down he was tightly jammed between the walls, driven in by the force of his fall. Then as Arthur was too weak to lower Uncle Hans, Arthur himself was lowered, pick in hand, to make an effort to chop away the ice. But the crevasse was so narrow that it was difficult to wield the implement, and the task soon proved too great for his inexperience and lack of strength. Uncle Hans quickly came to the conclusion that the only thing remaining to do, was for him to return as swiftly as he might and secure help.

"I cannot take you with me, Master Arthur, as I must make haste or Ulric will die of the cold before we can get him out."

"Indeed, I would not go with you, if I could," answered Arthur, almost angrily. "Do you think I would leave Ulric here alone? Before you go, lower me again to him and give me the brandy bottle. I can keep him awake and give him courage till you come back. It is all my fault! Oh, if I had only remembered—only obeyed!"

"It is a good idea—that of lowering you. I

should not have thought of it. Down you go then. Keep the lad awake, for if he goes to sleep in the cold he will never wake again. And do not sleep yourself. Your own danger is not great, for you can move about and exercise. Good-by," and he was off.

A great loneliness came over Arthur as the two boys were thus left alone in the icy desert, deep in that cruel ice crack, and a more vivid sense came over him of the desperate danger which faced Ulric. Indeed, it faced them both, for if by any chance Uncle Hans should slip and fall, or be prevented from returning, Ulric certainly, and probably he, too, would be frozen to death before any search-party would be sent to seek them out.

Ulric was a brave lad and a mountaineer, and knew the danger he was in. Now that his arms were free, he began to use them continually and vigorously in exercise, swinging them up and out, and inhaling deep breaths to keep up his circulation. Now and then Arthur gave him a tiny swallow of the fiery brandy, which started the sluggish blood afresh and sent it down into his rapidly chilling legs and feet. Arthur himself kept plying the ice-pick, more to keep himself warm than anything else, for he seemed to be able to make no impression on the solid walls which imprisoned Ulric.

The minutes seemed hours, and the hours dragged themselves out interminably. At length Arthur began to notice that Ulric's efforts at exercise grew weaker, that the brave, cheerful talk which he had thus far kept up, slackened. He began chafing his hands and wrists, beating his back and shoulders. Oh, those

pitiless green walls on either side! Oh, the bitter cold!

"Ulric—don't stop trying! You *must not* sleep!"

Even as he spoke he saw Ulric's eyelids begin to droop, his head to sway. He murmured drowsily:

"Don't — mind — Arthur. Let me sleep—one minute—then I will wake."

The lad's head fell forward on his breast and his eyes closed. Arthur, in an agony of fear, seized him by the shoulders and shook him fiercely, desperately, pried open his jaws and poured a great draught of brandy down his throat. "Wake, Ulric, *wake!*"

Just then from far up and across the ice he heard a sound of faint hallooing, which increased with every instant, drawing nearer. It was Uncle Hans and his band of helpers, shouting as they came to give courage to the helpless and almost frozen boys.

Laughing aloud in his relief, Arthur shook and pounded Ulric with fresh energy, and kept the drowsy eyes open a little longer, until the help came. Strong arms soon cut the almost frozen boy loose and carried him up into the sunshine. Restoratives were applied, and the life, which had almost slipped away forever, was in a little while brought back for a long period of useful service.

Arthur had learned a lesson which he never forgot. His thoughtlessness had almost cost his friend's life, but his brave courage and resourcefulness in staying by him, in some measure atoned for the fault of that day, and the bond of friendship be-



ARTHUR IS LOWERED INTO THE CREVASSE.

tween these two has never been weakened by time nor by the wide ocean which rolls between them.



THE PIRATE AND THE BUTTERFLY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

A PIRATE sat on a rosebush twig,
And brave and bold was he;
When along came a Butterfly, fierce and big,
And as savage as he could be!

The Pirate shivered and shook with fear,
He gave a despairing cry.
He said, "I could brave a Buccaneer,
But I'm scared of a Butterfly!"

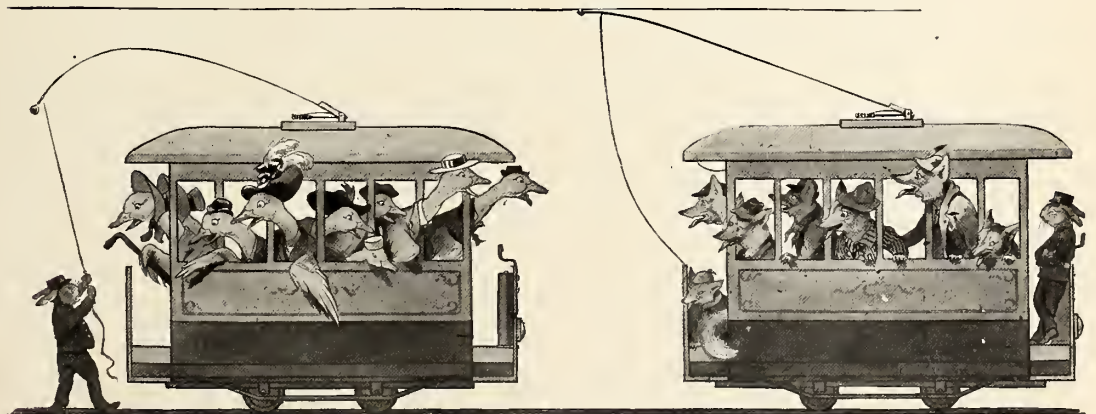
The Pirate's teeth were chattering fast,
The Pirate's blood ran cold;

He thought each minute would be his last,
As he watched that Butterfly bold.

He quivered and quavered and quaked and
quailed.

He whimpered and whined and wept,
He shook in his shoes, and his visage paled,
As the Butterfly nearer crept.

Now I've told you the tale as far as I can,
For I'm sure I do not know
What became of the poor little Pirate man,
And his fierce, ferocious foe.



CONDUCTOR, PULLING DOWN THE TROLLEY: "ALL
OUT! TAKE THE CAR AHEAD, PLEASE!"

THE PASSENGERS IN THE "CAR AHEAD" WONDER
WHY THEY DON'T COME.

TOM, DICK, AND HARRIET

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater"

CHAPTER XI

THE ADVENTURES OF ESTRELLA

THEY were not able to take Harry into their confidence immediately, however, as by the time they reached school it lacked but a few minutes of dinner-time. And after that meal, when they called at the Cottage, they found that Harry had not returned from Silver Cove but had remained for dinner with one of her girl friends in the village. In the dining-room Roy and Chub had treated Dick with contemptuous indifference and afterward had observed him pass out of the building and across to the library with supreme unconcern. He smiled tauntingly as he passed them in the corridor, but both Roy and Chub looked impassively by him.

"Who 's your friend?" asked Chub audibly.

"Never met him," responded Roy loftily.

It was not until after supper next day that Roy and Chub found Harry. They called again at the Cottage and were ushered by Mrs. Emery into the little parlor. Harry joined them soon afterward and in a few moments was made acquainted with the situation relating to Dick.

"It 's a mystery!" she declared excitedly.

"It surely is," Roy answered. "And we want you to help us find out what the silly chap is up to. Will you?"

"Yes, and I 'll be a detective too!"

"All right," answered Chub, "but I don't think I ever heard of a female detective, did you, Roy?"

Roy shook his head, but Harry protested.

"There are female detectives, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton," she asserted stoutly, "I read of one once in some book. She was awfully smart and found the stolen diamonds after every one else had failed!"

"All right," said Chub. "What was her name?"

"Why it was—oh dear, I 've forgotten it!"

"I don't see how you can be that distinguished person, if you don't even remember her name," teased Roy.

"I shall recall it," answered Harry with dignity. "Besides detectives have aliases."

"Oh, the cheap ones do," replied Roy. "Sherlock Holmes did n't change his name."

"Did Vi—Vi—Vidocq?" asked Harry.

"Yes, often," answered Chub. "He was the real thing, too. He caught more desperate crim-

inals than Sherlock Holmes ever thought of! And he was great for disguising himself, too."

"Oh, that 's it!" cried Harry. "I must have a disguise!"

"Wear your hair on top of your head," suggested Roy laughingly.

"Put your shoes on the wrong feet," added Chub.

"Never you mind, Mr. Chub Eaton," said Harry, with sparkling eyes. "I know what I shall do. You wait and see. But if you recognize me—if you penetrate my disguise, I mean—you must n't let on. You won't, will you? Because it might spoil everything."

"You may depend upon us," replied Roy gravely.

"We ought to have a pass-word," Harry continued. "So when we meet each other we can communicate."

"'R-r-r-revenge!'" muttered Chub with a ferocious scowl. Harry clapped her hands.

"That 's it! That 's the pass-word. 'Revenge! Don't forget it.'"

"Trust us," said Roy. "We 'll think of nothing else. 'Revenge!'"

"'Revenge!'" echoed Harry.

"'Revenge!'" growled Chub.

Then they looked at each other and laughed enjoyably. And suddenly Harry gave an exclamation of triumph.

"I remember!" she cried. "It was Estrella!"

"What was?"

"The name of that lady detective. Estrella—Estrella—oh, I can't remember her last name, I guess Estrella will do, won't it?"

"Yes, I should think so," Chub said. "It 's a fine-sounding name, all right. Roy, allow me to present you to Miss Estrella, the lady sleuth."

"What 's a sleuth?" asked Harry anxiously.

"Oh, that 's just a slang name for detective."

"Well, I don't believe lady detectives would use slang," she said. "So I guess I won't be a sleuth, if you don't mind, Chub."

"Have your own way about it. It does n't make much difference what you call yourself, Harry, if you 'll only find out what Dick is up to. He 's got to be punished for the way he has treated us all. It—it 's a low-down trick, that 's what it is!"

"Yes, we owe him something," Roy agreed. "And we 'll pay him back, too. But we must try

and make him think that we are n't watching him any more."

"Yes, lull his suspicions," said Chub.

"Then maybe he will get careless and we 'll catch him red-handed."

"Red-handed!" echoed Harry with gusto. "Is n't it lovely? I do wish I could start to-morrow, but I suppose you can't detect on Sunday!"

"Hardly," Roy agreed. "But on Monday we 'll begin in earnest. We must n't let him out of our sight a moment."

"I don't see how we can help letting him out of our sight," Chub objected. "We have our recitations to attend and Harry has to go to Silver Cove."

"Well, after school, then," answered Roy. "In the afternoon, we 'll—we 'll—"

"Dog his very footsteps," added Chub. "I read that somewhere; good, is n't it?"

"Fine," laughed Roy. "Little he recks—!"

"K-yindly desist," growled Chub good-naturedly, "and come on home."

Harry went to the porch with them and there, at her suggestion, they clasped hands and cried "*Revenge!*" together in a thrilling chorus.

"We meet anon," said Chub. "Farewell!"

And thereupon Vidocq and Sherlock Holmes slunk away into the enveloping darkness, and Estrella, muttering "*Revenge!*" under her breath, closed the front door and stole stealthily into the library to ransack the shelves for the detective story which recounted the adventures and triumphs of her namesake.

The next day Dick was inclined to be chummy, but Roy and Chub repulsed his overtures coldly.

There was no hockey practice on Monday and so when Roy had finished his last recitation in School Hall, he hurried across toward the dormitory to dispose of his books,—with the idea of then finding Dick before that mysterious youth had whisked himself out of sight. But before he had covered half of the distance between the two buildings, he had forgotten all about Dick. For, on the steps of Burgess stood a most remarkable figure. Roy stared and marveled. At first he thought he was looking at an elderly woman, but the next moment he changed his mind, for the small, slight form was youthful in spite of the attire. There was a vividly blue cloth skirt which swept the ground; a black fur cape, rather the worse for service, which reached almost to the waist; a large hat with brown feathers, and a heavy black veil which completely hid the face. One hand clutched a silver-handled umbrella and the other was lost in the folds of the voluminous skirt.

"Well, that 's a funny looking scarecrow!" muttered Roy as he approached. The lady, who-

ever she was, seemed to be viewing him from behind the thick veil, and Roy ceased staring. But as he mounted the steps he could not resist another look. Through the close meshes of the veil he caught sight of two bright eyes and a rather impertinent nose, and—

"Revenge!" said a smothered voice.

Roy stopped and stared with wide-open mouth.

"I—I beg your pardon, ma'am!" he faltered, uncertain whether he had imagined it. "Did you speak?"

"Revenge!" said the voice again. Roy gasped.

"Harry!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"S-sh. Would you betray all?"

"Oh, but you 're a sight!" said Roy, standing off to obtain a better view of her. "Where *did* you get the clothes, Harry?"

Then he leaned up against the opposite railing of the porch and gave way to mirth. Harry stamped her foot and thumped the umbrella.

"Roy Porter, you 're just as mean as you can be!" she declared aggrievedly. "And you can do your own detecting!"

"But, Harry," Roy gasped, "if you could only see the way you look!"

"I don't care; I fooled you all right enough, Mister Smarty!"

"That 's so; I thought you were an old woman at first! It 's a dandy disguise, Harry."

"Do you really think so?" Harry asked, somewhat mollified. "I had a terrible time getting the things, because, of course, I could n't ask for them; if I had, my disguise would have been no longer a secret, would it?"

Roy shook his head.

"And so I had to swipe—borrow them, I mean, without saying anything to mama. And if I should meet her would n't she be surprised?" Harry giggled behind the veil.

"I 'll just bet she would," laughed Roy. "Have you seen anything of—"

"S-sh! Some one approaches!" cried Harry. "Follow me, but take no notice!"

Several boys had come out on to the steps of School Hall and were looking curiously across. Harry seized the folds of the ridiculous blue skirt and lifted it so that she could walk without tripping over it. Then, raising the silver-handled umbrella in a gesture of caution she turned and stole stealthily into the building. Roy, vastly amused, followed. Harry crossed to the dining-room, opened the door and beckoned. To enter the dining-room outside of meal hours was strictly against the rules, but Harry was a law unto herself and Roy ventured after her. Then she closed the door, turned the key in the lock and raised the black veil.

"Now," she said, "we are safe for the moment."

"Yes, that 's all very well, but supposing Dick takes it into his silly head to disappear while we are in here talking?"

"Then we must find him."

"But we said we were going to watch for him and follow him. What 's the good of letting him get away? I left him in School Hall, and he will be out in a few minutes."

"We'll maybe we 'd better go," said Harry. "But I did want to talk to you a minute."

"All right, go ahead. What do you want to talk about?"

"Do you think Dick would recognize—would penetrate my disguise if he met me?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't believe he 'd let you get near enough," answered Roy with a laugh. "I 'll bet if he saw you coming he 'd run a mile!"

"Now you 're being mean again," said Harry.

"Well, honest then, Harry, I don't believe your own mother would know you!"

"But she 'd know her clothes," Harry said laughingly. "Supposing then, that I go over toward School Hall and wait for him to come out? Then I can follow him and he won't suspect anything."

"All right, but I would n't let him think you are after him," Roy advised.

"Of course I sha'n't. I 'll just make believe that I 'm a visitor looking around the school. And maybe I 'll meet him and ask him some questions. Would n't that be funny?"

"He 'd know your voice in a minute," said Roy.

"I 'd disguise it like this," Harry replied, sinking her voice until it sounded like the croak of a raven. "Now I think we 'd better go, don't you?"

Roy agreed, and Harry carefully lowered her veil. At the door she turned.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," she said. "I found

that book last night after you went, and my name is Estrella De Vere. Is n't it lovely?"

"Fine and dandy," answered Roy. "It sounds almost real."

He remained inside until Harry had passed down the steps and was sauntering with elaborate unconcern toward School Hall. Then he



"'OH, THAT 'S THE INSANE ASYLUM,' ANSWERED DICK, READILY."

went out on to the porch and watched. Harry, her blue skirt trailing regally behind her, stopped in front of the entrance, leaned on her umbrella, and studied the architecture of the building. A group of boys on the porch stopped talking and viewed her curiously. Presently, with a nod of approval, Harry turned and walked slowly up the path toward the Cottage, pausing at length to take in the details of that modest structure quite as thoroughly. The boys on the porch,

Roy observed, were laughing and making fun of the queer figure. At that moment the door of School Hall opened again and Dick hurried out and along the path toward Harry who had now turned and was sauntering back toward the Hall. As he went he cast a quick and cautious glance about him, and Roy, although he tried to draw back out of sight, knew that Dick had seen him. Dick's gaze now was on the person in the black veil. When he reached the place where the path to the Cottage branched off from the road to the barn, he seemed to hesitate an instant. Then he turned to the right, toward the Cottage and Estrella De Vere.

By this time Harry had made up her mind to a desperate venture. As Dick reached her she sank her voice to sepulchral tones.

"Pardon me, young man," she said, "but can you tell me what building that is?" She pointed the umbrella toward School Hall.

Dick stopped and touched his cap, looking very intently at the black veil. But Harry kept her head averted as much as she could and flattered herself that Dick was far from suspecting her identity. But she did wish he would n't look so hard!

"Yes, ma'am," answered Dick. "That is the Biological Laboratory." Harry gave a gasp. "And further along," pointing out the dormitory, "you see the Astronomical Observatory." Harry gasped again. Dick swung around and indicated the gymnasium. "And that building, ma'am, is called *Somes Hall* in honor of Mr. Richard *Somes*, who gave the money for it. It cost two million dollars and contains the *Phrenological* and *Optimistic Departments*."

Harry had a wild desire to giggle, but conquered it. She wondered for an instant whether Dick knew her, after all, and was trying to tease her. The expression of his face, which was one of the utmost seriousness, told her nothing. She almost forgot to disguise her voice as she answered him.

"Thank you so much," she said. "And—and the small house here?"

"Oh, that 's the *Insane Asylum*," answered Dick, readily. "I have but one case confined there at present, a young girl. It 's really very sad, ma'am. I don't think she will ever be any better. She imagines—" he dropped his voice to a confidential whisper—"she imagines that she 's a detective! Very sad, really!" He touched his cap again, gravely, and politely, and went on toward the Cottage, leaving Harry a prey to conflicting emotions, the strongest of which was exasperation.

"Now how did he know me?" she wondered. "I think he 's just as mean as he can be!"

She stood motionless and watched Dick ring the bell. In a moment the door was opened and he passed into the Cottage.

"And what do you suppose he 's gone there for?" she asked herself. "Perhaps he 's going to tell mama that I 'm out here with her old blue skirt and fur cape on! Let him! I think he 's the meanest—!"

But at that moment the mystery was explained. She had put up one hand to make certain of the arrangement of her veil, which since she had first donned it had been giving her not a little trouble, and discovered that it had become undone at the back, leaving exposed a small expanse of red hair.

"That 's how he knew!" she exclaimed. "If it had n't been for that he 'd have been fooled just as Roy was! Beastly old veil! And I just know he 's told mama, and they 're having a lovely joke about it! I 'm going in!"

She hurried to the Cottage and attempted the front door only to find that it was locked. Wrathfully she rang the bell. Steps sounded in the hall, the door was opened a little, and Mrs. Emery's face appeared for a brief moment. Then:

"Nothing to-day, thank you," said her mother, and the door closed again sharply before Harry had recovered from her surprise. Then she beat upon the portal with the umbrella and stabbed at the button until the bell fairly outdid itself. A window opened up-stairs and Mrs. Emery put her head out.

"If you don't go away at once," she said, "I 'll call the man to put you off the grounds. We don't allow peddlers here."

"I 'm not a peddler!" cried Harry. "I want to get in! I 'm Harry!"

"*What! Harry?*" exclaimed her mother. "Well, I am surprised!"

But Harry noticed that she was smiling broadly as she closed the window and disappeared. In a moment the door was opened and Harry passed inside, a little bit sulky.

"You knew it was me—I mean, *I!*" she declared. "You just did it to tease me!"

"What, knew you in those clothes?" asked her mother. "Why, how could I, my dear? And with that veil over your face? And tied so neatly too!"

"Yes, you did know; Dick told you! And he 's as mean as mean can be!"

"Dick? No, Dick did n't tell me, my dear. But I saw you leaving the house half an hour ago and my blue skirt was missing from its rack."

"Where 's Dick?" demanded Harry.

"Oh, he 's been gone some time. He came and

asked if he might pass through the house and go out by the back door; he said you and he were playing a game called—Detective, was n't it? So I told him he might, and the last I saw of him from my window he was climbing over the hedge into the ball field."

Harry sank into a chair, the black veil trailing from one hand, the silver-handled umbrella in the other.

"Foiled again!" she cried despairingly.

CHAPTER XII

THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED

HARRY told her story later to Roy and Chub, who laughed immoderately and, as Harry thought at first, somewhat unkindly. But after a while she joined her laughter with theirs.

"Oh, he 's a peach!" declared Chub. "He 's too much for us!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Harry. "He got the better of me to-day, but—"

"A time will come!" suggested Chub.

"And I'll catch him yet; you see if I don't! He 's not so awfully smart."

"Well, he seems to be smarter than any of us," said Roy. "I vote we leave him alone. When he gets good and ready, he will probably tell us what he 's up to."

"Leave him alone nothing!" said Chub. "Even if we can't find out what he 's doing, we can make his life a burden to him. And I, for one, propose to

do it. Look at the way he treated us in Silver Cove the other day! Let him alone? Guess not!"

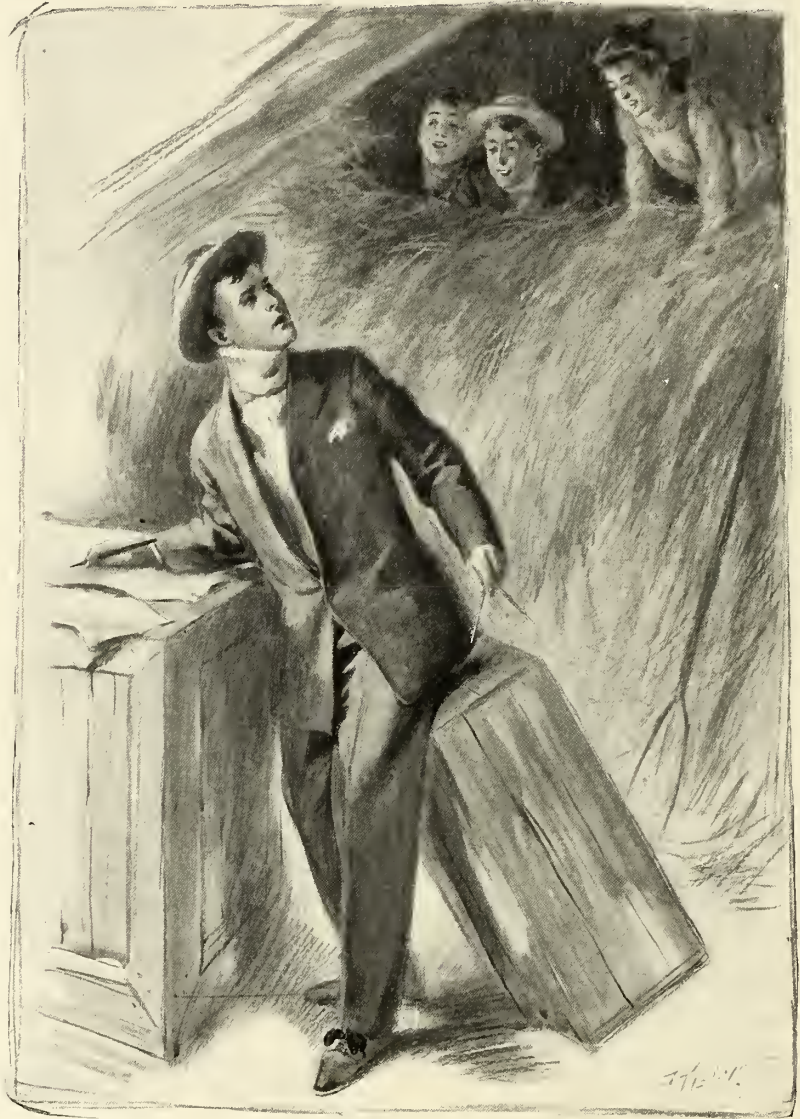
"No, indeed," agreed Harry, "it 's war to the death!"

"Revenge!" suggested Roy laughingly.

"You bet!" answered Chub.

The next day, Dick, for some reason, refused to disappear or even attempt to. And that was

a great disappointment to Harry, who had made all preparations to follow him and discover his secret—although without the aid of a disguise. When they met, as they did several times in the



"THE SILENCE WAS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY AN APPALLING 'AH, THERE!'"
(SEE PAGE 978.)

course of the day, Harry passed him with her small nose held at a disdainful angle. Dick only grinned.

There was hockey practice that afternoon, and Dick went down to the rink to look on. Of course Harry and Chub followed at a discreet distance, doing their best to appear unaware of his presence in the world. During practice Dick stood

across the ring and smiled amusedly at them whenever they glanced across, a proceeding which drove Harry to heights of exasperation. Once in a lull of practice Roy skated up to them.

"Do you see him over there?" he asked softly.

"Of course we do," answered Harry disgustingly. "Do you think we 're blind? He 's been grinning and grinning at us for half an hour."

Roy shook his head gravely.

"Ah," he muttered, "Little he recks, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton. Little he recks—"

Then he dashed away out of Chub's reach.

But the next day brought triumphs to Sherlock Holmes, Vidocq and Estrella De Vere, proving the truth of the old adage which declares that he laughs best who laughs last. For at noon Roy and Chub, tumbling out of School Hall after a recitation, found Harry awaiting them. Her eyes were dancing and she was all excitement.

"Revenge!" she whispered dramatically.

"Good! What 's up?" asked Chub.

"I have tracked him to his lair!" whispered Harry. "All is discovered! The miscreant is in our power! Estrella De Vere has—"

"What do you mean, Harry? Have you found out about Dick?"

"I have discovered all! Listen!"

And Estrella De Vere, the Female Detective, with Sherlock Holmes on one side and Vidocq on the other passed down the path.

Ten minutes later Dick came out of School Hall and stood for a minute on the porch, looking idly about him. The snow which had covered the campus a foot deep a fortnight before, was almost gone, and in places the sere brown turf showed through the worn and tattered coverlid of white. It was quite warm to-day, with a muggy atmosphere and a leaden sky. There was a steady *drip, drip* from the eaves and ledges and the walks were showing borders of trickling water. Dick frowned and looked anxiously into the sky. What he saw there seemed to please him but little, for the frown deepened.

"Two or three days of this sort of weather," he muttered half aloud, "and the ice won't be worth a cent."

Then, looking carefully about him again, he went down the steps and turned to the right toward Burgess. There were several boys in sight, but, and this was suspicious, neither Chub, Roy, nor Harry was to be seen. Having apparently decided upon a course of action, he left the study room, crossed the corridor and opened a door which gave on to a descending stairway leading to the cellar. Down this he went very quietly, reached the furnace room, and from there gained the outer air by way of a flight of stone

steps. He was in a small stone-paved court behind the building, with the hedge marking inner bounds but a few paces away. There was a gate here, and, making his way between a double row of ash-barrels, he passed through it and plunged into the Grove. Then he turned to the right and wound between the trees, crossing the path to the boat-house and river at right angles, and keeping well out of sight of the windows of the Halls. Five minutes of this brought him to the corner of the hedge. Here the trees ceased abruptly and gave way to snow-covered fields. Crouching behind the hedge so that his head was below the top of it, he followed it at right angles to his first course until opposite to the barn and stables. Here he raised his head and reconnoitered. There was no one in sight and presently he was wriggling his way through a hole in the hedge. From there he passed around the back of the small stable and fetched up before a small door leading to the basement of the barn. That door required careful handling, for it hung only by one leather hinge. But Dick managed to get through it, displaying a certain degree of familiarity with its idiosyncrasies, and closed it behind him.

He found himself in total darkness, but without hesitation he crossed the earthen floor and climbed a narrow flight of steps. As he went upward, the darkness gave way to gray twilight and when he reached the main floor of the barn behind the cow stalls it was light enough to allow him to see distinctly about him. So far, he had made scarcely a sound since entering the building, and now he crept very quietly along until he could see the closed door. The barn was deserted, save for the inmates of the boxes across the bare floor, and even they were so quiet that no one would have suspected their presence. Dick gave a sigh of relief and walked less stealthily to the back of the barn where a ladder led straight upward to the edge of the loft. He sprang nimbly onto it and ascended until he could crawl over the edge of the upper flooring.

In the center of the loft, under the small window, was a large packing box and beside it, was a small one. On the larger one were spread several sheets of brown paper, pencils, a square, a rule, a pair of dividers and other tools of the draftsman. There was a good light from the window in spite of the fact that its four small panes were obscured with dust and spider-webs.

Dick went to his improvised table, took up a piece of kneaded rubber which lay there, and played with it while he studied the top sheet of paper. It was pretty well covered with lines and figures, but only the designer knew what they stood for. After a moment he drew the small

box up and sat down on it, discarded the eraser for pencil and rule, and set to work.

It was very quiet in the barn. Now and then Methuselah moved in his cage and muttered unintelligibly, or a bat squeaked somewhere overhead in the darkness. Soon Dick was quite oblivious to everything save the work before him. He drew lines with his pencil, used ruler and dividers, set down figures on a smaller sheet of paper and multiplied or added or subtracted, erased lines already drawn, and through it all wore a deep frown which told how wholly absorbed he was in the task. And so he did n't hear the soft rustlings which came from the top of the haymow a few feet away, when three heads were thrust into view. Heard nothing in fact, until the silence was suddenly shattered by an appalling "*Ah, there!*"

He heard then; oh, yes, quite plainly!

Down dropped his pencil, over went the smaller box with a slam and Dick was staggering away in an effort to find his feet, his face very white and his mouth wide open for the exclamation of alarm which he was too frightened to give. There followed a brief moment of silence during which Dick stared at the three laughing, triumphant faces topping the haymow. Then the color crept back into his cheeks and he slowly closed his mouth.

"Humph!" he said at last.

"Move hand or foot," cried Chub dramatically, "and you are a dead man!"

"We have you in our power at last!" added Harry. "And—"

"Little you recked," said Roy.

Dick picked up the box and began to grin.

"Well, you caught me at last, did n't you?" he asked. "But I don't see why Harry left off that lovely disguise of hers."

"If you had n't seen my hair—" began Harry vehemently.

"Be careful what you say," interrupted Chub, sliding down from the top of the mow, "for it will be used against you."

The others followed and Roy playfully dug Dick in the ribs.

"Old Smarty was caught at last, was n't he?" he cried.

"Took you long enough, though," said Dick. "And gave you some good exercise, too, eh?"

"We don't deny, my boy, that you fooled us very nicely several times," answered Chub, "but the expression on your handsome countenance a moment ago made up for everything."

"I dare say," laughed Dick. "I was scared stiff when I heard your '*Ah, there!*' How did you find out about this drawing-room of mine?"

"That was Harry," said Roy. "She came in here this morning before school and let 'Thuse-lah out of his cage, and he climbed up here and would n't come down. And as she had to hurry to school she came up and got him and saw the things here. Then she told us about it, and after school we hurried over here and hid in the hay."

"Well," said Dick regretfully, "I wish I 'd stuck to my first plan and gone to the Cove instead of coming up here. Then you 'd all have had a nice quiet afternoon in the hay."

"But you did n't!" said Harry triumphantly. "And it was the female detective that discovered you. Sherlock Holmes and Vidocq were out-detected by Estrella De Vere!"

"Eh?" asked Dick.

Then they told him all about their impersonations and he thought it was a huge joke, and mollified Harry completely by congratulating her on her triumph over the others. Then they compared notes for the past week.

"Where did you go the day we followed you to the stationery store?" asked Roy.

"I went out the back door and came around to the street and watched from the next corner until you crossed and went into the store. Then I went—about my business."

"And that reminds me," said Roy, "that we don't know yet what you 're up to. Are you going to 'fess up now?"

"Sure. I 'd have told you all about it long ago if you had n't begun this detective work. When I found what you were up to, I thought I 'd just give you a run for your money."

"Is it anything about the F. H. S. I. S.?" asked Harry. Dick shook his head.

"No," he replied. "The fact is that 's at a standstill, I guess. I 've had it in mind right along, but I can't think of any way to go ahead. How about you?"

"I have n't thought of anything," Harry confessed. And Roy and Chub answered the same way.

"Look here, Dick, what does all this mean—eh?" asked Roy, who was staring perplexedly at the drawing on top of the packing-case. "Are you inventing something?"

"Pshaw," said Chub, "that 's just a problem in trig., is n't it, Dick?"

"Well, as you know all about it, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton, what 's the use of asking me?"

"No, go ahead and tell us like a good fellow," said Roy.

"Well, then, it 's the plan of an ice-boat."

"Ice-boat!" exclaimed the others in chorus.

"Yes, why not?"

"But—but what 's it for?" asked Chub.

"To sail."

"You mean you are going to make one?"

"Yes, it 's being made now."

"Well, I 'll be jiggered!" Chub exclaimed. "Whatever put that into your crazy head?"

"Oh, I 've wanted it ever since I saw that one of Thurston's the day that Roy took a cold bath. So I found out all I could about the things, read everything I could find, you know. That was what I was doing in the library when you thought I was reading about fly-casting or something."

"Did n't think anything of the kind," Roy disclaimed. "I saw you turn the pages as we came up."

"Did you? All right. Well, I finally got some idea about the things and had a talk with a fellow at the Cove. He builds boats, but has never tried his hand at ice-boats before. He did n't want to have anything to do with it at first, but I finally got him interested. He said I 'd better go to some fellow at Poughkeepsie or somewhere who knew all about them, but I told him I wanted it made where I could have a finger in the pie. So he got busy. I made the drawings and he 's building accordingly."

"Is this it?" asked Roy interestedly, pointing to the plan before him.

"No, that 's only the sail-plan. The other 's at the Cove; Johnson has it."

"That 's what you bought the lumber for!" exclaimed Chub. Dick nodded.

"Yes. And I 've bought a lot more since then. It 's costing like anything, but it 's lots of fun. I want you all to go over with me Saturday and have a look at it."

"How big is it, Dick?" asked Roy.

"It 's just a smallish one," was the answer. "She 's twenty-nine feet long by eighteen wide."

"Phew!" cried Roy. "It does n't sound small! When will it be done?"

"I don't know; in a week or so, I guess. The worst thing is figuring about the sails. You see I don't know very much about sailing; never sailed anything in my life but a kite. So it 's puzzling and I 'm more than half guessing. Maybe the fool thing won't go when it is done."

"Of course it 'll go," said Chub. "A sail 's a sail."

"What are you going to call her?" asked Harry.

"I have n't thought much about the name yet.

Usually they call 'em *Icicles* or *Jack Frosts* or *Blizzards*, but I 'd rather have something a little newer."

"Well, you can name her after me if you want to," observed Chub modestly.

"Yes, call her the *Chump*," said Roy.

"Let 's all think of names for it!" cried Harry. "We 'll write them down so as not to forget them and then we 'll give them to Dick and he can select one."

"And the one whose name is selected," suggested Chub, "gets a prize, like—like not having to ride on the boat."

"You 'll be glad enough to ride on her when you see her," said Dick.

"Who, me?" queried Chub. "Well, maybe so; 'I 'm naturally of a brave and reckless disposition. In fact, as far as I 'm personally concerned, I 'd like it, but there is the community to think of. Of course, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton owes it to the community to be careful of himself, and not—"

"You 're talking a great deal of nonsense," said Harry. "If Dick asks me to go with him I 'll go mighty quick!"

"If it 's any sort of a boat that 's just the way you will go," observed Roy dryly. "So quick you won't know what 's happening to you."

"But say, you fellows," interrupted Dick, "I 've got to finish this plan this afternoon so as to take it over to-morrow. I don't want to seem inhospitable, but if you 'll just let me alone for about an hour, I can do it."

"Of course we will," Harry declared. "We 'll go right away. Come on, Vidocq and Sherlock Holmes!"

"You 're sure you don't want me to stay and help you?" asked Chub. "I 'm a terror at planning; once I planned a dog-house."

"I 'll bet it was a peach!" jeered Roy.

"It was. I put a door at each end so Cæsar could get in and out easily, but the fool dog thought it was a tunnel and used to run through it full tilt like an express train."

"Get out!" said Dick.

"Fact, really! He 'd get a good start and go through like sixty; and he used to whistle as he went in."

"You come on home after that, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton!" cried Harry.

"All right, here goes," laughed Chub. "This is no place for real genius, anyway. After you, Miss Estrella De Vere."

(To be continued.)



BY

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

THERE never were seen such beautiful gardens as bloomed in Kissington-by-the-Sea. Not only every chateau and villa had its parterres spread with blooming rugs of all colors, but each white-washed cottage, every thatched hut, boasted its garden-plot of dainty posies. Each had some quaint device or some special beauty which distinguished it from the others. For there was great horticultural rivalry in Kissington-by-the-Sea.

Now this was all because Hugh, the Lord Mayor, who was very fond of flowers, had offered a prize for the prettiest garden in the town. The Lord Mayor himself lived on a hill in the center of the town, in the midst of the most beautiful garden of all. It flowed down the hillside from the summit in ripples of radiant color,—roses and lilies, pinks and daffodils, larkspur and snapdragon. All the flowers of the land were there, and many foreigners beside. Through the garden wound the yellow driveway by which the Lord Mayor passed in his golden coach. He loved to drive slowly down this road, sniffing the fragrance of his flowers, and then out through the streets of the town, observing the beautiful gardens on every hand,—the result of his own love for flowers.

When the Lord Mayor saw all the fair maidens down on their knees in the flower-beds, watering the buds with their little green water-pots, nipping off dead leaves, pulling up scrawny weeds, coaxing the delicate vines to climb, he would rub his hands and say:

"Ah, this is good, this is very good indeed! We shall have the most beautiful town in the world, blossoming with flowers, and the most beautiful maids in the world, blossoming with health and sweetness like the flowers they tend.

"THE COUNTESS SPIED THE LORD MAYOR'S SON GOING PAST HER VILLA."

It will be hard to tell which is the fairer, the maidens or the flowers. Hey! Is it not so, my son?" Then he would chuckle and poke in the ribs the young man who rode beside him.

The Lord Mayor's son was very good to look upon, tall and fair with curly golden locks and eyes as brown as the heart of a yellow daisy. When he drove through the town with the Lord Mayor the maidens down on their knees in their garden-plots would pause a moment from their chase of a wiggling worm or a sluggish slug to look after the golden coach and sigh gently. Then they would turn back to their flowers more eagerly than before. For there was the Prize!

You see, the Lord Mayor's son was himself part of the prize to be won. The Lord Mayor had vowed that Cedric, his son, should marry the girl who could show by late summer the most beautiful garden in Kissington-by-the-Sea. Moreover, he promised to build a fine palace to overlook this prize garden, and there the young couple should live happy ever after, like any Prince and Princess. And this was why the maids worked so hard in the gardens of Kissington-by-the-Sea, and why the flowers blossomed there as no flowers ever blossomed before.

Now one day the Lord Mayor drove through the village in his golden coach and came out upon the downs near the sea-shore. And there, quite by itself, he found a little cottage which he had never before seen: a tiny cottage which had no sign of a garden anywhere about it,—only a few flowers growing in cracked pots on the window-sills, and on the bench just outside the door.

"What!" cried the Lord Mayor, stopping the coach. "What does this mean? There should be a garden here. I must look to the reason for this contempt of my offer." And he jumped down from the coach and rapped sharply upon the door.

Presently the door opened, and there stood a girl, all in rags, but so beautiful that the Lord Mayor's son, who was sitting languidly in the golden coach, shut his eyes as one does when a great light shines suddenly in one's face.

"Hey!" cried the Lord Mayor, frowning. "Why have you no garden, girl? Have you no pride? Do you not dream to win the prize which I offer?"

"I am a stranger," said the maiden timidly. "No one has told me of a prize. What may it be, my Lord?"

"It is a prize worth trying for," said the Lord Mayor. "The hand of my son there, and the finest palace in the land for the mistress of the prize garden. Does that thought please you, girl? If not you are different from all the other maidens."

The girl lifted her eyes to the golden coach and met the gaze of Cedric fixed upon her.

"I love flowers," she said. "I had once a little garden in my old home. But now I am too poor to buy plants and bulbs and seedlings. How then shall I make a garden to please your Lordship?"

"I will send you plants and bulbs and seedlings," said the Lord Mayor's son, leaning forward eagerly. "You must make haste, for September will soon be here, when the gardens will be judged."

"Thank you, fair sir," said the girl. "I shall love my garden dearly, if you help me."

Now when the Lord Mayor and his son had returned home, Cedric hastened to keep his promise. For Gerda was the fairest maid in Kissington-by-the-Sea, and already he loved her so dearly that he hoped she would win the prize and become his wife.

He sent her the most beautiful flowers that he could find and from his father's garden its choicest seedlings; he brought shrubs from the city market.

The meadow between Gerda's cottage and the sea was transformed as if by magic, and became a mass of rare and lovely flowers. The choicest

foreign plants, the gayest native blooms, the shyest wild posies,—all were at home in Gerda's lovely garden over which the sea-breeze blew. But Gerda herself was the fairest flower of them all. She watched and cared for her garden tenderly, and like the garden she grew fairer every day, she was so happy. She did not know how the other gardens grew, for she did not go to see. But sometimes the Lord Mayor's son came,



"BUT SOMETIMES THE LORD MAYOR'S SON CAME."

disguised as a courtier, to see how the flowers fared. And he said that she had the most beautiful garden in all Kissington-by-the-Sea, and he hoped that she would win the prize, which was very encouraging.

No one else knew about Gerda's garden. It was far from town, and no one dreamed that a stranger had come to live there. Besides, the neighbors were so busy, each with her own af-

fair, that they had no time to go about or ask questions, or gossip; which was a good thing.

No, I am wrong. One person had discovered the open secret. In a villa not far from the Lord Mayor's house dwelt a Countess who was very rich and proud. Until Gerda came she had boasted the finest garden in Kissington-by-the-Sea, made by a whole army of gardeners whom she kept at her command. She was quite sure of winning the prize in the end, and it made her very gay, though she cared nothing at all about flowers. She left all the care of her garden to her gardeners and scarcely ever wandered down its lovely walks. But she longed to marry the Lord Mayor's son and live in a palace. It was the palace that she coveted as a prize, and the honor of being the Lord Mayor's daughter; to ride in the golden coach.

She cared no more about Cedric himself than she did for her lovely flowers.

One day this Countess, who had very sharp eyes, spied the Lord Mayor's son, in his disguise, going past her villa with his arms full of curious flowers such as were never before seen in Kissington-by-the-Sea. And because she had unusually sharp eyes the Countess knew who he was.

"Aha!" she said to herself. "This is strange! Cedric is meddling with some garden. I must look into this!"

Secretly she followed Cedric through the village and out to the sea-shore until he came to Gerda's garden. And there she saw him walking with the fair stranger up and down among the flowers. And the secret was discovered.

The Countess was a very wicked woman. When she looked over the transformed meadow and saw the beautiful garden which Gerda had, she nearly died of rage. She knew at once that beside this one her own garden had no chance of winning the prize. She stamped her feet in jealous fury and cried:

"She shall not have the palace! She shall not ride in the golden coach! I will see that she shall not!"

The Countess stole home with wicked wishes in her heart and wicked plans in her head. The next day but one was the day of the award, so she had no time to lose. That night when every one was asleep she crept out of her villa and along the road by which she had followed the Lord Mayor's son, to Gerda's garden. Everything was quiet and peaceful. The flowers looked very fair in the moonlight, breathing drowsy perfumes. But the wicked woman cared nothing at all for them. Taking a great pair of shears from her cloak she moved quickly in and out among the garden beds, cutting and slashing the precious flowers and trampling them under foot.

When she had finished her cruel work, not a single bud lifted its head from the ruin. The flower-beds looked as though a tempest had swept over them. Poor Gerda's garden was quite destroyed!

The Countess chuckled as she hurried home through the night: "We shall see now who wins the prize!"

The next day Cedric thought that he would visit the garden of sweet Gerda in which he had taken such an interest. Dressed in a gardener's green smock he went through the town, whistling happily as any yokel. But when he reached the little cottage by the sea, he ceased to whistle. Gerda was sitting upon the door-stone weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, Gerda?" asked Cedric anxiously, and he sought to comfort her. She could only sob:

"Oh! My dear garden! Oh! My poor flowers!"

With a sinking heart Cedric ran to the garden-close, and there he saw all the ruin that the wicked Countess had wrought.

"Alas! Who has done this?" he cried.

But Gerda could not tell. Cedric's heart was nearly broken. For he loved Gerda so dearly that he thought he could not live if another should win the prize. To-morrow would be the day that would determine his fate. What could they do? Suddenly he had an idea.

"Farewell, Gerda!" he cried, and without another word he strode away.

Then Gerda wept more bitterly than ever. She thought that the Lord Mayor's son was angry with her because her garden was destroyed. This was worse even than the loss of her flowers.

But Cedric was far from angry with her. He had gone away in order to think and plan. He had one hope. He remembered that he had a friend who had once promised to help him in his time of trouble. The time had come.

That very night when the moon rose over the water, Cedric went down to the sea and stood upon a rock and recited this charm:

"Mermaid, Mermaid, rise from the sea!
I am in trouble. Hasten to me!"

Hardly had he spoken the words when there was a little ripple in the water at his feet, and a beautiful Mermaid appeared, clinging to the rock over which the waves dashed prettily in the moonlight. And she said:

"Lord Mayor's son, you have spoken the charm which I taught you, and I have come from the bottom of the sea. I have not forgotten how once a cruel fisherman caught me in his net and how

you had pity on me and took me to the ocean and set me free. Then I promised to help you, if ever you should be in trouble. What is your grief, Lord Mayor's son?"

Then Cedric told her about Gerda's garden and its mishap. "Ah! She must be the sweet, ragged

you find out the cruel person who has destroyed Gerda's garden? And can you restore the garden itself before to-morrow? I ask these two things of you."

"It is easy to find the jealous woman," said the Mermaid. "Her you will know at the right time.



"THROUGH THE TOWN THE MERRY PROCESSION MOVED."

maid who used to sit upon the rocks and gaze down into my ocean," said the Mermaid. "She has a good heart and loves the sea. Early this morning I heard her weeping bitterly for her lost flowers and for you. She loves you dearly, Lord Mayor's son, and I love you both. What shall I do to help you?"

"Dear Mermaid," said Cedric eagerly, "Can

But the garden is another matter. However, I will do my best for the two whom I love. And now, farewell!"

With that word she slid down the rocks, and in a little splash of spray vanished into the sea.

Now the morrow was the day when the Lord Mayor was to judge the gardens of Kissington-by-the-Sea. In all the towers the bells were ringing merrily, and on every side the flowers and the fair maidens were blooming their brightest. Through the town rode the Lord Mayor in his golden coach drawn by six prancing white steeds, their necks wreathed with flowers; and behind followed a great rout of townfolk, eager to see the gardens judged. In the Lord Mayor's coach

sat Cedric by his father's side. He was dressed all in white, as became a bridegroom, and in his hands he carried a huge bouquet of white roses. His cheeks were white, too, for he was anxious to know what this day should bring, and what maiden was to receive the bridal bouquet.

Through the town the merry procession moved, and stopped in turn before each garden, at the gate of which a sweet maid waited, her little heart going pit-a-pat beneath her prettiest gown. The Lord Mayor inspected each garden carefully, making notes in a little white and gold book. And each fair maiden gazed at the handsome Cedric and hoped that the Lord Mayor was writing down her name to be his daughter-in-law!

But all the gardens were so beautiful that it seemed impossible to choose between them. In each the Lord Mayor looked and looked, smiled and nodded,—“Very good! Very good indeed! Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! I am truly proud of the fair flowers and the fair maids of Kissington-by-the-Sea. Surely, never such were seen before!” Then he would note his little memorandum, make a low bow to the maiden and would mount into the golden coach and whirl away to the next garden.

At last, when they had gone in a circle around the village, they came to the villa of the wicked Countess. The crowd murmured admiringly. There was no doubt about it; hers was certainly the finest garden of all. When the Lord Mayor saw the gay parterres and fountains, the shady alleys and cool grottoes, the wonderful flowers and shrubs growing luxuriantly everywhere, he clapped his hands with pleasure and said:

“Ah! This is Paradise indeed! Here surely we must look for our bride. Countess, I congratulate you!”

The Countess was dressed in a most costly gown of white satin and dark velvet, indeed, as though she were sure beforehand that hers was to be the prize. She arched her neck and smiled maliciously at the Lord Mayor's son, in whose eyes was no love for her.

“I shall be proud indeed to ride in your golden coach,” she said.

Cedric had grown very white, and he looked at the Countess with disgust. She was so much less fair than Gerda, and her eyes so wicked. Must he marry her after all? Yes, unless the Mermaid had wrought a miracle in Gerda's ruined garden. To that hope he still clung.

“Father,” he said earnestly, “before you judge that this lady has won the prize, remember that there is one more garden to visit. Have you forgotten the stranger maiden who lives beside the sea, and how you bade her make a garden as the

other maids were doing?” Let us first go there, for she may be waiting.”

“Ho, ho!” said the Lord Mayor laughing. “I had in truth forgotten the pretty beggar. It is absurd to dream that she should have a garden worth visiting after that of our Countess here. Yet we will go to see, and do her justice.”

The Countess laughed shrilly. “A beggar's garden!” she cried. “That must indeed be a wondrous sight!”

“Do you come with us, my lady,” said the Lord Mayor politely. “Sit here by my son's side in the Lord Mayor's coach. For I trow that here will soon be your rightful place as his bride.”

Now it pleased the Countess to ride in the Lord Mayor's coach, and it pleased her more that she was to see the shame of Gerda and the disappointment of Cedric when Gerda's pitiful little garden should be judged. So with a great rustle of satin and lace she gave her hand to the Lord Mayor and mounted proudly into the golden coach. But Cedric sat beside her pale and silent, little like a happy bridegroom.

With a snapping of whips and tooting of horns off they went, rattling through the streets of the town, out over the downs toward the sea. Behind them followed the townsfolk in a great crowd, wondering exceedingly whither the Lord Mayor was leading them. For they knew of no garden here. Presently, with another flourish and a cracking of whips, amid the barking of dogs and the shouts of little boys, the Lord Mayor's coach drew up in front of the tiny cottage by the sea. And the people wondered more than ever. For there was no garden anywhere to be seen.

The Lord Mayor alighted, chuckling as if it were all a great joke, and helped down the Countess, who was grinning maliciously. Last of all Cedric descended and stood waiting eagerly while the Lord Mayor with his staff beat three times upon the door.

Presently the door opened, and there stood Gerda, dressed all in a gown of sea-green silk, with a string of pearls about her neck and a pink coral wreath in her hair. She was so beautiful that all the people in the crowd cried “Oh!” with a sound like the wind in the top of a pine-tree, and the Lord Mayor himself fell back a step, staring in surprise. The Countess turned saffron yellow and bit her lips with envy; but still she smiled, for she knew what she had done to Gerda's garden.

As for Cedric, he stood and gazed as though his eyes were glued to fair Gerda's face, until after a bashful silence of a moment she spoke.

"You have come to see my garden," she said. "It is not like other gardens, but I think it is very beautiful. Will you come with me?"

She led them around the cottage to the meadow beside the sea where once had been the beautiful little garden which the Countess had destroyed. But what was this? Where were the lawns and hedges and beds of flowers? Where

"Father," he begged, "let us go nearer, as the maiden asks, and look at this which she calls her garden. Mayhap we shall find something new to Kissington-by-the-Sea." For when Cedric saw how sweetly the maid was dressed in colors and tokens of the ocean, his heart leaped with hope that the Mermaid had in some mysterious way redeemed her promise.

"Very well," said the Lord Mayor, frowning. "Let us see what this foolish whim betokens. Show us your garden, girl."

Down the slope they went, followed by the gaping crowd which cast curious looks upon Gerda as she walked by the side of the Lord Mayor's son.

"Tell me, what has happened, Gerda?" he asked her, speaking low so that no one else might hear.

"Last night," she whispered, "I went to bed weeping for my lost flowers and my lost hope. But at midnight I was awakened by the roaring of the sea.

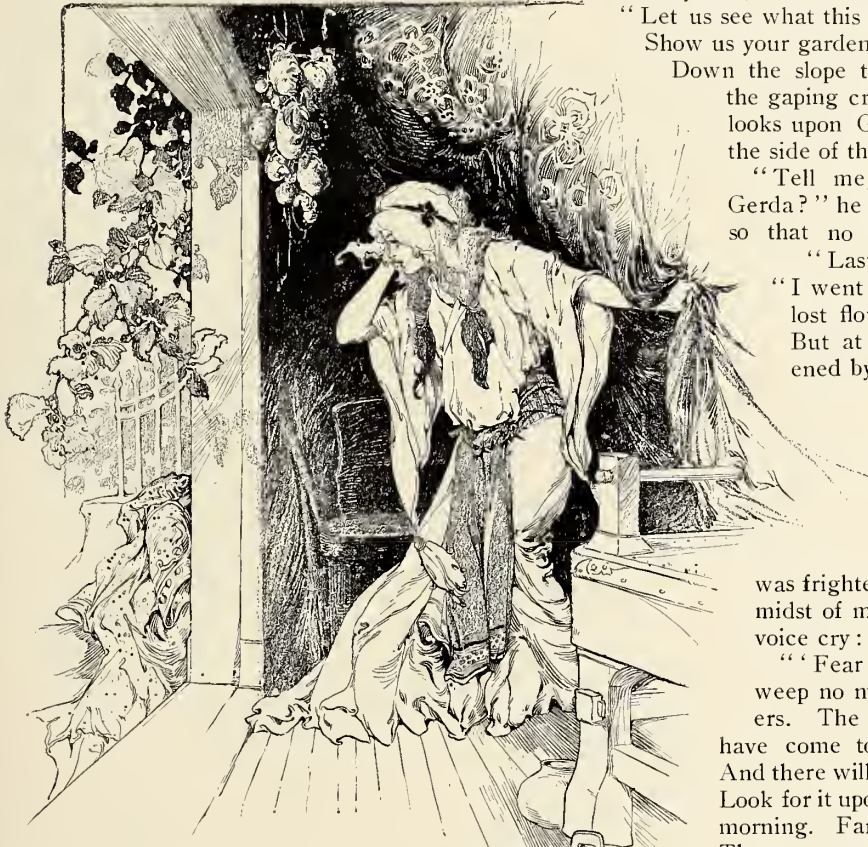
It grew louder and louder, and at last a great wave seemed to burst over the sea-wall and come foaming up even to the cottage door. I

was frightened sorely. But in the midst of my terror I heard a soft voice cry:

"Fear not, gentle Gerda, and weep no more for your lost flowers. The gardeners of the sea have come to restore your garden. And there will be a fine gown for you. Look for it upon the door-stone in the morning. Farewell!" That was all. The sea ceased its roaring, and peacefully I fell asleep. In the morning I found upon the door-stone this green gown. And when I looked upon the plot where late my poor little garden bloomed, I saw *this*. Behold!"

As she spoke they came to the edge of the pool. And a chorus of wonder was rising from the crowd. The Lord Mayor stood with hands raised gazing down into the pool; and every one else was gazing too, with eyes of wonder.

The water was as clear as glass, and one could see to the very bottom of the hollow which had once held Gerda's unlucky garden. Now the basin was floored with polished mother-of-pearl, with beds and borders of colored



"GERDA FINDS THE MERMAID'S GIFT UPON THE DOOR-STONE."

was the green grass? Gone! Over the spot lay a sheet of rippling water, reflecting the blue Summer sky.

"What does this mean?" said the Lord Mayor, turning to Gerda sternly.

"I ask to see a garden, and you show me a pool of water. Girl, do you jest at the Lord Mayor?"

"Nevertheless, this is my garden, sir," said Gerda gently, "and a fair garden I think you will find it if you deign to look closely."

"Nonsense!" said the Lord Mayor crossly, and "Nonsense!" sniffed the Countess with her nose in the air. But Cedric stepped forward with his eyes shining, for he wanted justice done.

shells in lovely patterns. There were lawns of many-hued ocean moss, bordered by shrubs of coral, blossoming in every form and size and color,—spikes and clusters, daisy-stars and bell shapes, all the variety of a flower-garden. Sea-anemones and other living plants opened and shut their tender petals. Delicate sea-ferns like maiden-hair and flowering grasses grew upon rockeries of coral. Hedges of sea-weed, green and brown, yellow and pink, waved their fronds gently in the water as leaves do in the air. And to and fro among the branches of sea-trees moved glittering shapes of gold and silver, pink and pale blue. These were the rainbow fishes, birds and butterflies of ocean, their delicate fins moving more gracefully even than wings can do. Dear little sea-horses ran races up and down the coral alleys, and luminous forms moved among the sea-weed, lighting the garden with living lanterns. Here and there were grottoes of coral and pretty arbors, and the garden was thronged with a multitude of curious sea-creatures even the names of which no man knows. For the gardeners of Cedric's friend the Mermaid had scoured the ocean to find the rarest and most beautiful wonders which grow in a deep-sea garden, such as no mortal eye ever sees.

After a time the Lord Mayor recovered breath to speak. "Maiden," he said, "however you came by this wondrous ocean-garden I do not care to ask. It is enough that we have such a treasure in Kissington-by-the-Sea. Among all our lovely gardens it is the fairest. Among all our curious flowers these living ones are rarest. I therefore judge that to you belongs the prize."

Then a great cheer arose from the border of the pool where all the folk were bending eagerly to study the wonders in the waters below. Even the maidens whose gardens had not won the prize cheered,—all except the Countess. She ground her teeth with rage, for she saw that her wicked plot had been in vain.

The Lord Mayor stepped forward and took Gerda's hand. "Come hither, my son," he said, "and take this fair stranger to be your bride. In this spot where her little cottage stands, I will build for you a beautiful villa.

Then with a happy face Cedric took Gerda's hand in one of his, and with his other gave her

the great white bouquet of roses. "I obey my father's wish," he said. He needed not to tell that it was his own wish, too.

Thereupon every one cheered again, waving caps and handkerchiefs, for no one could help



"TO TAKE THE NEAREST PEARL SHE HAD TO BEND LOW."

loving the beautiful pair and wishing them happiness. Only the Countess stood silent and frowning, looking ugly as a goblin.

When the shouting had ceased Gerda stepped forward and spoke sweetly to the people.

"Kind friends," she said, "I am a stranger to your town, yet my garden has been judged worthy of the prize. But I am sorry for the fair maidens who have so long and faithfully tended

their lovely flowers. To me it seems that they also should have a reward. In my garden grows a hedge of plants bearing precious fruit,—the pearl oysters, which you see gaping with the white pearls in their mouths. I would have each maid of the town come and take one for her own."

There was great rejoicing and murmuring of thanks as the maidens came forward one by one and bent over the pool to choose each a precious pearl. The Countess alone hung back.

"Come hither, Countess," said the Lord Mayor when he saw that all others had been rewarded save her only. "Come hither and choose your pearl. You should indeed have the finest, for your garden would have won the prize but for these sea-wonders by which it was outdone."

"Choose, fair lady," said Gerda, smiling kindly. But the Countess would not come.

"I have pearls enough of my own," she snapped. "I need no charity from a beggar!"

"What!" cried the Lord Mayor frowning. "Such words are not meetly addressed to my daughter-in-law. Nay, they show an evil heart, Countess."

"Say that she shall do this, Father," cried Ced-

ric, stepping forward eagerly, for he seemed to hear a secret whisper from the Mermaid prompting him. "Else we shall think that she was the wicked one who destroyed another's garden in the hope of winning the prize herself."

At this challenge the Countess came forward sullenly to the edge of the pool. To take the nearest pearl she had to bend low, until her face drew close to the water. Suddenly the watching crowd saw a flash and a splash and heard a shrill scream. The Countess rose, shrieking horribly. A huge crab had fastened himself to her nose; and not easily could she be freed from this unwelcome ornament! At last they tore away the crab, but the tip of the Countess's nose was gone, and she wore a scar always, even to the end of her unhappy days.

This was the Mermaid's punishment for her own cruel harm to Gerda's garden.

But Gerda and Cedric lived happily ever after in the beautiful villa which the Lord Mayor built for them on the edge of their wonder-garden beside the sea. And sometimes the Mermaid herself came there to visit them, and to bring them some new precious thing from the watery world where she dwelt.

A MODERN CONTRARY MARY

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Mary, Mary Quite Contrary, fashioned she was
this way:

She 'd always shirk when she ought to work and
sulk when she ought to play.

If you offered a peach she had wished a pear, if
you said "Let 's read" she 'd sew;

'T was always "No" when you looked for "Yes"
and "Yes" when you hoped for "No."

And when April came and they gave her seeds for
her pretty flower-plot

She said, "I am sure these are not right," and
planted another lot.

Mary, Mary Quite Contrary—how did her garden
grow?

With worthless seeds and untouched weeds it
made a sorry show:

There were tangled vines and stunted stalks and
bushes all forlorn,

Poison ivy and "sour-grass," thistle and rue and
thorn;

Never a bee came pilfering there nor humming-
bird to woo.

Never a robin perched and sang, the whole long
summer through.

Mary, Mary no more contrary,—what did she do,
poor thing?

She shut the gate on her garden's fate, and bided
another Spring.

And while she waited she thought some thoughts,
and came at last, to find,

That it is n't just wise to set your mind 'gainst
every one else's mind.

So now there is joy in the flower-plot when Sum-
mer comes to call,—

Rosies and posies,—and Mary Maid, sweetest and
best of all!



LINING UP FOR THE RACE

FOR BOTH

BY SALLY CAMPBELL

SOMEBODY had given Paula Powers two boxes of beads for her birthday. She was stringing a beautiful chain now.

"What a nice present!" said Mrs. Pratt, who was calling. "They would be delightful for my hospital children,—keep the poor little things amused for a long time."

That gave Paula an idea. She would play that she was a hospital child. She loved new plays.

So she propped herself up on the sofa, with a shawl over her knees, which was like being in a cot in a ward, and pretended she was Jane Smith.

Jane was wild over the present that a kind lady had brought her. She asked the nurse to let her make a necklace at once. The nurse—who generally was Mrs. Powers—let her.

But when you get one idea you are very likely to get another. Did you ever notice that about ideas? That they don't stop?

I am not sure whether Paula said to Jane or Jane said to Paula:

"Why don't you make it real, instead of only a game? Instead of pretending to be a hospital child, why don't you *be* a little lady (ladies are of all ages) and send one of your boxes to Mrs. Pratt's hospital? You have two."

Paula—I am sure that this was Paula—held tight hold of both her boxes as though some one were pulling them from her.

"How foolish!" said she. "You don't give away your birthday presents. It is n't polite. You enjoy them yourself."

She jumped up from the sofa and ran over and looked out of the window.

But the idea followed her.

"Uncle Robert told me about a man that was a king who had a birthday," she remembered. "He had some Christian captives locked up in his

dungeons. So he called for his jailer and told him to take the keys and open their doors and let them all go out free, to keep his birthday. I said it was a perfectly splendid way to keep it. I said I wished I could do something like that for mine. This is n't much like it, but it 's a little. But I don't want to do it."

Mrs. Pratt was looking at her watch.

Paula ran up-stairs to her grandmother's room. "Would you mind if I gave away your beads to somebody that 's poor and sick? It is n't for impoliteness; it 's for keeping my birthday."

This was not very clear, Paula knew. But things do not have to be very clear to grandmothers. They understand.

"I should love it," said grandmother.

When Paula spoke to Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Pratt said:

"Come with me, Paula! Get your hat, and we will go together and give your present."

They did exactly that.

Did you ever go to a hospital where a little girl named Melia Thompson—or some other name—

was wondering how long an afternoon could be that had been so very long already and it was only half past two o'clock? Did you ever walk into the room just when she was deciding that, even if she was nine years old and there were four more Thompsons at home younger than she was, she was not too old to cry—quietly, under the edge of the sheet—taking into consideration the pains in her hurt leg, and "the fidgets" in her other, and how tired she was, and that her heart was 'way down at the foot of the bed? Did you walk straight over to her, before she could begin, and change everything in a twinkle, and make everything nice and lovely and exciting, instead of horrid?

If you never did, then you do not know how much Paula enjoyed her birthday afternoon. So if you wish to appreciate this story—or one like it—you will have to take a present to a hospital child yourself. For, after all, the best way to know how things feel is to feel them.

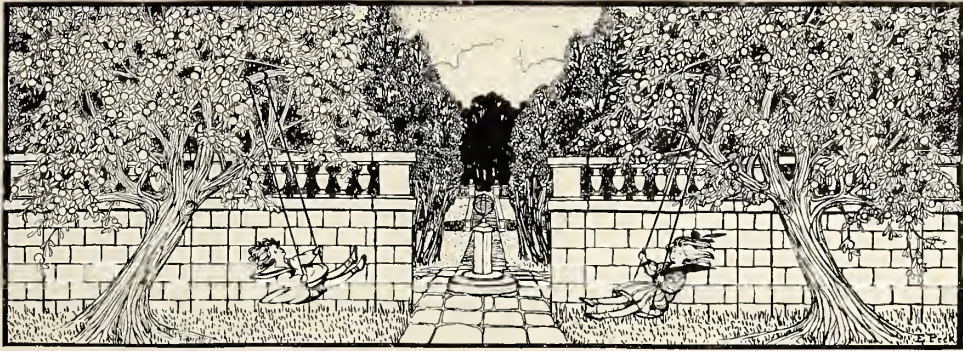
Pictures are pretty nearly as good as beads. But beads are newer.



LEAP-FROG BY MOONLIGHT



"HE 'S MAKING UP SOME GAME ABOUT MY DOLLY AND HIS HORSE."



WHAT BETTY THINKS OF BOBBY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

<p>My brother is the grandest boy! You ought to see him jump From big, high steps where I 'm afraid, he just comes down ker-plump!</p>	<p>And when we play, he lets me choose what I think is most fun; Then, if he does n't like that game, we choose another one.</p>
<p>I 'm just exactly Bobby's size, 'cause we are twins, you see; But Bobby knows such heaps of things,—and tells them all to me.</p>	<p>Bobby is very brave and bold. I s'pose, as like as not, If 'leven tigers came at once, he 'd kill them with one shot!</p>
<p>He tells me every single day, "You don't know nothin' 't all! Now, Betty, while I fix this play, you sit still on the wall."</p>	<p>For Bobby says he 's not afraid of bears or any beast; And he can shoot an elephant! He told me so, at least.</p>
<p>Sometimes he says, "Don't bother me," and then I know, of course, He 's making up some game about my dolly and his horse.</p>	<p>I do love Bobby. And sometimes I tell him so. But he Says gruffly (he 's a boy, you know), "Oh, pshaw, don't bother me!"</p>
<p>And if I tell him what to do, he 'll do it,—but he 'll say, "Pooh, Betty, I know <i>that!</i> I meant to do it, anyway!"</p>	<p>Of course I 'd rather be a girl,—but lots of fun I miss, When Bobby says, "No, girls can't go. You could n't stand it, Sis."</p>
<p>He 's very kind, my brother is,—he 's not like other boys; Why, when he does n't want them, I can always have our toys.</p>	<p>I guess I could! I 'm big as Bob; for we are twins, you see. But Bobby knows so much, of course, and tells it all to me.</p>
<p>And generous! He always offers me the biggest bun; But 'course I have to be polite,—I take the other one.</p>	<p>Sometimes he lets me hear him say his spelling lesson through; And then I do his sums for him, and he says, "Good for you!"</p>
<p>He lets me watch him building things; he does n't mind a bit. And when he wants a nail or string, he lets me run for it.</p>	<p>It makes me feel so glad and proud, to think that I can be Even a little help to Bob, when he 's so good to me.</p>



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THE BLACKFISH ON THE BEACH.

ROB DUNSTAN'S FIRST BLACKFISH DRIVE

BY EDWARD MORGAN

ROB DUNSTAN and Charlie Fearing stood on the high bank above the beach, looking out over the bay.

"I don't see a sign of anything," said the latter, after he had scanned the surface of the water in all directions.

"Neither do I," replied Rob. "I guess we might as well go home."

"Perhaps there 'll be a school to-morrow," suggested Charlie, hopefully.

"I don't know. Blackfish don't seem to be so plenty as they used to be. Why, my mother says she can remember the time when four or five schools used to come into the bay every summer, and all last year there was only one." Rob's tone was a little despondent.

"Yes, but that was a big one," said Charlie. "I tell you what, Rob, you ought to have been there. We nearly capsized once."

Rob knew all about it, for that was Charlie's first drive, and for a month after it took place it was all he talked about, when he could get the

younger boys to listen to him. Rob was a year younger than his companion—too young to have taken part in that drive—and he had had to content himself with watching it from the shore with



AFTER THE DRIVE.

the women and children. But the minute the work of getting the blackfish out of the way of

the tide had begun, he had run down among the men and older boys, and had tugged with all his might until the last great body had been hauled up high on the beach. He had been so earnest and absorbed in the task that he had not noticed that Captain Jim Dale, the strongest man and the best fisherman in the place, was watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Been workin' pretty hard, have n't you, son?" the big fellow had said to Rob, as the crowd were hauling up the boats.

"Not so very, I guess, Cap 'n Jim," the boy had replied.

"Well, I should n't wonder if there 'd be a show for you in my boat, if there 's any run next year."

That was all that had been said, but through the winter Rob had looked forward eagerly to the opening of spring. But the spring had come and gone, and as yet there had been no signs of blackfish.

One morning, however, about a week after the boys had turned so despondently from the watching-place on the bluff, Rob was at work in the little garden back of his mother's house, when he heard a faint shout from the direction of the shore. Another, and yet another repeated the cry. He listened a moment. Yes, 't was "B-l-a-c-k-fish; b-l-a-c-k-fish." Again and again new voices took it up, until the welcome news was spread all over the village. Rob dropped his hoe, and ran to the gate. Captain Jim was just hurrying past.

"Can I go, Cap'n Jim?" he cried.

"Yes, son; run in and tell your mother and don't waste any time, for the down-town boats are off there already."

Mrs. Dunstan had heard the cry, and was coming down the path. She had also heard Rob's question and Captain Jim's answer.

"All right, Rob; run along," she called out. "Don't get in the way, and don't fall overboard."

Rob heard the first part of the sentence, but before it was finished he was speeding down the road after the big skipper as fast as his bare feet could carry him.

By the time they reached the water front, the down-town men had launched their boats, and were already trying to turn the blackfish toward the land; but as yet they were too few to have much success. However, boats were now putting off all along the shore for a distance of four or five miles.

All the time a great shouting and splashing of water was kept up. For once in their lives, the boys who were large enough to be allowed in the boats were urged to make all the noise they could. Rob was hearing his hat with one hand, while with the other he pounded a kit-board with a

bailing scoop, yelling all the time at the top of his voice. Captain Jim steered the boat, while four husky men rowed it.

Slowly the great mass of dark backs was forced toward the land—now moving along quietly, "like cows," as the fishermen say, now making a vain endeavor to break through the cordon of boats.

They had almost reached the shoal water, when suddenly half a dozen blackfish turned and made for the outer bay just between Captain Jim's boat and a down-town dory. Both the dory and the boat started to close the gap. Like a flash the whales (the blackfish are really pilot whales) swerved and darted for the space which now appeared at the stern of the boat. Rob was standing near the rail just aft of the oarsmen. The boat was headed a little toward the shore, so that he was the nearest to the escaping blackfish. Before the headway of the craft could be stopped, he poised himself on the gunwale, and then leaped out almost in front of the school. He sank out of sight, but came immediately to the surface, still clinging to the bailing scoop. Keeping himself afloat with one hand, he splashed the water with the bailer. The barrier was slight, only a boy and a piece of wood, but it was enough. The great creatures, not knowing their own strength, and bewildered by the noise, and the number of their enemies, turned again, and the gap was quickly closed.

Captain Jim stopped to pick up Rob, who still had the scoop in his hand when he was hauled into the boat. He was not in the least hurt—wettings did not count at such times; and, moreover, it was midsummer, and there was plenty of exercise ahead.

Captain Jim looked at the boy a little sternly for a moment, but all he said was:

"Remember, son, that you have n't got a father, and your mother has but one boy." Not another word did he say—not a sign of approval.

In the meantime, the other boats had been gradually closing in on the blackfish, which were now in the shallow water near the shore.

"Start the work," some one cried, and the throwing of harpoons and lances began.

"Do you suppose, son, you could handle that oar?" asked Captain Jim.

"Yes, sir," promptly replied Rob.

"Then you, Tom, take the iron, and let the boy there."

Round and round went the panic-stricken blackfish, never attempting to escape offshore. Their tails lashed the water into foam, and more than one of the smaller boats narrowly escaped being capized by their violent struggles.

When the last black body lay motionless, the

work of hauling them up on the beach out of the tide's way began; and, when it was finished, hundreds of blackfish lay on the sand.

Men were told off to watch them during the night, and the boats started for their landing places.

"You might as well run along, Rob," said Captain Jim, as the bow touched the shore. "We 'll haul her up. It 's comin' on night, and you 're all wet."

Rob started on a brisk run up the road. His clothes were somewhat dried by this time, but they were still damp enough to be a little chilly in the night air.

The supper table was all set as he opened the door, and his mother was at work over the stove.

"Well, Rob," she said, looking at his clothes, "I guess you managed to get overboard after all by the looks of you. Run upstairs and get on something dry, and I 'll be putting supper on the table."

Rob's summer attire was not extensive, and he was soon in his place trying to satisfy his hunger, and tell his story of the day's events at the same time; but the result was a series of disjointed sentences which only a woman born and bred on the sea-coast could put together.

"Did any one buy them?" asked Mrs. Dunstan, as Rob began to ease up a little in his attack on the food.

"No, not yet," replied the boy; "but Cap'n Tom Lane was there looking them over. They 're going to wait till to-morrow. Mr. Phil Jennings is coming over then."

There was spirited bidding between the two buyers the next morning, and, when the blackfish were finally knocked down to Mr. Jennings, it was for a sum far beyond what had been realized from the drive the year before.

Then came the settling of accounts. It was not an easy task to pick out those who were entitled to share in the proceeds. Some, who had just

reached the shore in time to lend a hand at hauling the blackfish out of the water, claimed and were allowed a share, while others, who had been among the first on the spot, had hard work to get what they were entitled to. In the end, however, about every one received nearly all that belonged to him, and a few what did n't belong to them.

When they came to Rob Dunstan, whose name had been put in for a half-share by Captain Jim, some one near by objected:

"See here, now, that boy don't get a half a share—he is n't old enough."

"Yes, I am," sung out Rob, as ready to stand up for his rights as he had been to jump overboard in front of the blackfish.

But he had no need to do so—Captain Jim was there.

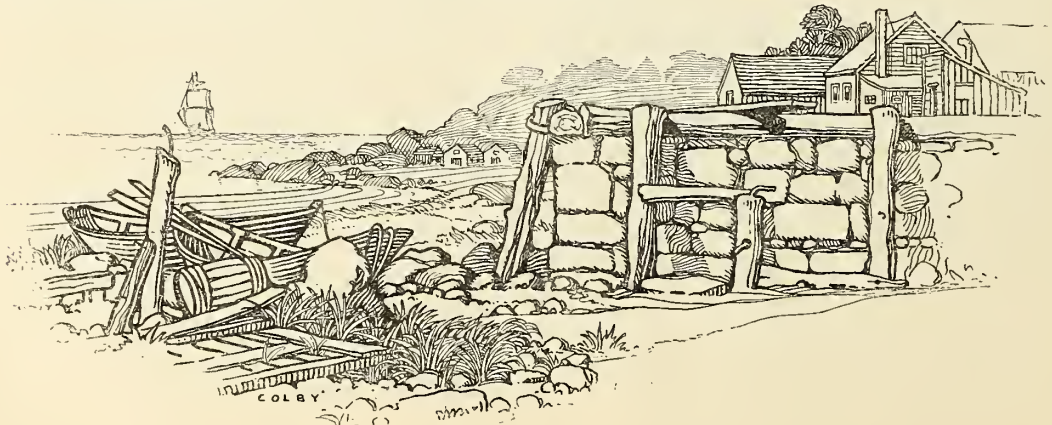
"Not old enough!" exclaimed the latter. "Well, I want to know! Now, I tell you right here that that boy pulled an oar with the best of 'em; and he 's goin' to have his half a share, or there 's some of this crowd who are lookin' for whole ones that won't get even a half. Look here, Cal Allen," turning to the objector, "you know as well as I do that the boy earned more 'n a whole share. You saw him go overboard when the blackfish headed offshore, and, what 's more, you know he stopped 'em."

"Was that Rob?" asked a dozen men, all speaking at once.

"That 's who it was," said Captain Jim.

"Put him down for his half of course," said another man standing near.

That settled it. Rob's name went on the list and an hour later he was scampering up the road with two ten-dollar bills tightly clutched in one hand, while four silver dollars filled the other; and when he burst into the house and dropped the whole amount into his mother's lap, Mrs. Dunstan felt that her Rob was "getting to be a man."

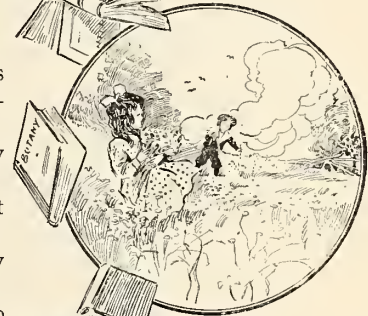




FALLING LEAVES

BY ARNOLD FOSTER

The sentimental poet always grieves
 When he beholds the falling Au-
 tumn leaves;
 But I think their importance very
 small
 Compared to other leaves that
 swiftly fall
 From my big calendar, as day
 by day,
 The months of glad vacation slip
 away.
 Each night I pull a leaf off, and I
 sigh
 To think how fast the summer
 pleasures fly;
 There goes the day I fished the
 brook for trout,
 There the three days the boys and
 I camped out,—
 There goes the day we spent down
 by the sea,—
 The day we cut our names upon a
 tree;
 The day we waded in the shady
 pool,—
 Oh, dear! Just six more days,—
 and then comes *School!*

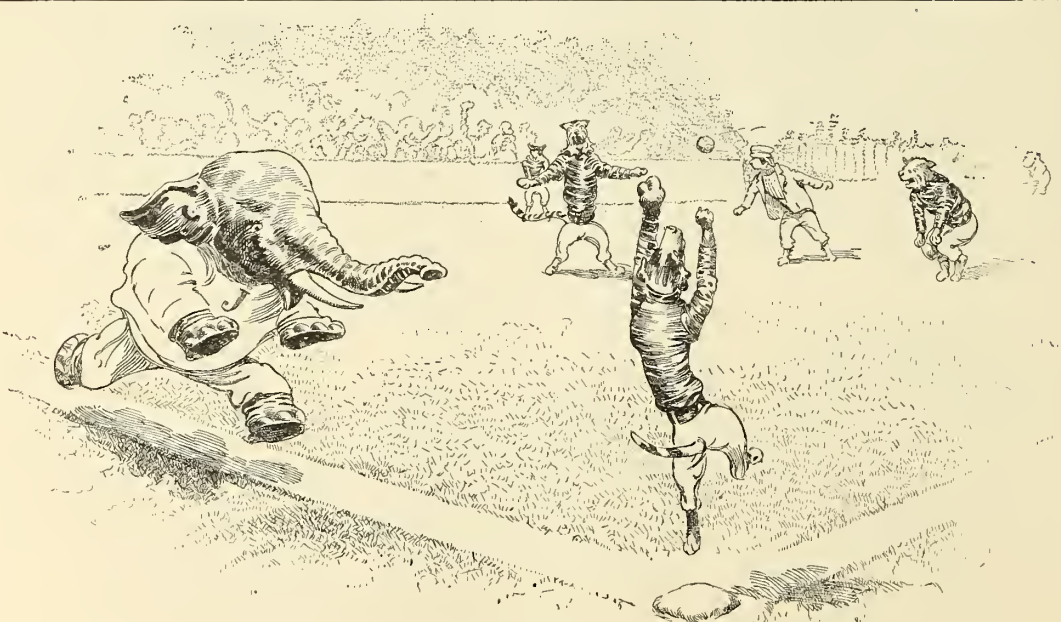


Base-ball in Jungleville.

Drawn by I.W. Gaber.



Score 9 to 9—last inning. The heaviest batter up.



A "skyscraper" throw to first. "He's good for second!"



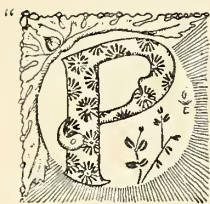
Rounding Third. "Good boy Elly!
Now check your trunk for home!"



Won by a nose! Score 10 to 9

FRIENDS AND RIVALS

BY GEORGE H. FORD



"POLLY BROWN did it."

"Don't believe it."

"Yes, he did. We saw him."

The individual at whose head these and a multitude of similar exclamations were hurled was a lad who at the moment was seated on the gate-post in front of a pretty cottage in the village of Browntown, industriously engaged in whittling.

He was surrounded by half a dozen or more smaller and younger boys whose costumes varied, from the country boy's chosen summer style of a cotton shirt, a pair of butternut trousers held by one suspender, and bare feet, to that of a well-dressed and booted city lad.

In one respect at least these boys were alike,—the hair of all was soaking wet. Proof positive that they had just returned from swimming.

Ned Saunders, for so our whittler was named, was a city boy and not a product of Browntown, but he had spent so many of the summers of his short life there,—he was just past fourteen,—that he regarded himself half a native, at any rate, and in fact was so regarded by the villagers.

The whole river on the banks of which Browntown stood was a magnet strong enough to draw any boy; and fishing and swimming formed the principal occupation of all the village lads.

In these sports, especially in swimming, Ned Saunders was an acknowledged leader among the boys. Of course he did not claim to vie with George Brush, who was eighteen years old. But within the limits of a boy's strength even George could not view Ned as anything but an equal.

When we say, however, that Ned was a leader we do not mean that he was *the* leader of his mates. There was another, the Polly Brown whose name opens our story.

What "Polly" stood for, no one knew. It might be Pollux or Polyphemus or Apollonius. The nickname certainly was not given for any trace of girlishness in his character, for if there ever was a strong, manly, boy he was one.

Born in the village, the son of a boatman, Polly's life had been spent in the open air, and, straight as a lance-shaft and as lithe as a hare, he was a dangerous competitor at any sport, and divided with Ned the swimming honors.

Such were the rivals, both self-respecting boys, who also each respected the prowess of the other. Ned's brain then was continually racked to

"stunt" Polly in swimming, and the latter's ingenuities were no less taxed to down Ned.

Up to the day our story opens the accounts were even between them, each one having safely accomplished every task set by his mate.

"Well," said Ned, finally, when the babel of voices had ceased, "what did he do?"

"He went off the cedar pile!" shouted the chorus.

"Jump or dive?" queried Ned.

"Jump."

He inwardly heaved a great sigh of relief. Jumping into the water from a height is one thing and diving is quite another.

Ned, like most boys, had never figured out all the reasons why it was easier to jump than to dive, he only knew that it was, and it was a relief to him to know that if Polly had really set any new "stunt" for him it was a jump and not a dive from the cedar pile.

He turned to Bob Spencer and said: "Now, Bob, tell me honest. Did he jump off the cedars?"

"Yes, he did, Ned, but are you going to try it?"

"I 've got to," gravely answered the older boy, "as long as Polly has."

The next morning, just as the first rays of the sun began to lighten the sky, the back door of the Saunders' house was stealthily opened and Ned emerged. Hastily proceeding along the deserted streets he soon reached Smith's Dock. With him he took some twenty-five thin wooden wedges made of old shingles which he had found in the woodshed the day before. Hastily climbing on the pile of logs from which Polly jumped, he inserted the wedges under the logs in such a way that a firm path was made to the very edge of the pile—if you knew just where it was.

Now, there was more than ordinary reason for Ned's taking all these precautions; he intended not only to take up Polly's "dare," but to give good measure and *dive* instead of *jump*. But of this he said nothing to his friends. Two hours later Ned answered the bell which summoned him to breakfast.

Breakfast over he strolled out of doors. He was too absorbed to play a game of tennis with his sister and her friend, who was their guest.

So after a stroll about the grounds he wandered out to the street and had barely mounted to his familiar seat on the gate-post when he spied little Spencer and Redney Foster coming down the street together.

Without a moment's hesitation Ned walked over to them.

"Redney," he said, abruptly, "you are a friend of Polly Brown, are n't you?"

"Yes, sir-ee," responded Redney.

"Well, you 're the fellow I want," continued Ned. "Will you come down and be witness if I do it?"

"When?" asked Redney, sarcastically.

"Right now," replied Ned.

"Let her go," assented Redney, with ready slang, and they then started off for Smith's Dock.

A walk of a few minutes brought the three boys to their destination and the two witnesses stationed themselves on the string piece at the outer end, while Ned, after carefully measuring with his eye the distance from the pile of logs to the edge of the crib dock, climbed to the top.

He walked carefully over his pathway, testing it to see that it was undisturbed, and then hailed his waiting companions.

"All ready down there?"

"Yes"; "All right," came up from below, and Ned retired to the further end of his path and turned to start. Then, swinging his arms two or three times, he leaped into the air, in a graceful curve cleared the edge of the pier, and, with both arms extended well over his head, took the water like an arrow.

The instant he felt the coolness of the water, out went his legs and arms to stop his downward rush. A few strokes and he emerged on the surface, and, amid thunders of applause from Bobby Spencer and a rather perfunctory hand-clap from Redney, swam quickly to and clambered upon the dock.

Polly, who, strangely enough, had come around the dock in a boat just in time to see him jump, called heartily, "That was a great dive, Ned. I guess we 're square now."

"Don't you think we are something *more* than 'square'?" replied Ned, ignoring Polly's attempt at being friendly.

Polly's resentment rose like a flash, and he walked over to Ned and said: "I 'll show you right now that you can't and never could 'stunt' me. But if I am hurt remember it 's your fault and not mine. I nearly rolled off those loose logs at the top, the last time I jumped"; and Polly began to pull off his few garments.

Ned watched this proceeding with varied emotions. Polly's warning troubled him, and he thought of the advantage his solid path had given him in a good firm footing. He knew he had not been fair about this, and now Polly would go up there ignorant of it, and over those rolling logs

—Ned shuddered. He must tell him. But how could he stand the ridicule of the boys. Polly might, but they never would forgive him. On the other hand suppose Polly should slip and fall. He glanced down at the jagged rocks with which the old crib was filled. He *must* tell him.

Polly was by this time at the foot of the inclined way which led to the top of the pile. Ned hastened after him and called, "Polly, don't try it. It 's too risky."

"Much obliged for your kind advice," replied the lad, without pausing in his climb nor deigning to glance back.

"Polly," continued Ned, "hold on, will you. I don't want you to try it. I 'll take back the dare. Come on down."

"I will stop him," he thought, as he began to climb the pile, "if I have to fight him for it."

But alas! As his head rose above the pile his first glance showed Polly running across the insecure logs right at the edge.

Ned's lips opened to shout a warning, but ere he could utter the words Polly was gone, leaving no trace of his presence behind, save, at the very edge, one cedar log, rocking ominously on its uneven base.

The group of boys watching from below had noticed the loose logs, and, relieved to see him pass safely beyond them, watched with absorbed interest his progress through the air.

They saw his head and arms turn down and at the same time his legs straighten out and begin to swing upward more and more slowly till his whole figure was in perfect line and flying downward to the rapidly nearing water.

A burst of applause greeted this clever performance but was quickly hushed as they noticed that the diver's legs were slowly passing the perpendicular.

They understood his efforts to control them, throwing back his head, following his back, drawing his arms back, but nothing availed, and slowly, but without a check, his feet went farther and farther from a straight line.

Then they noticed the agonized and helpless face, the final struggle, loss of control, and "splash"; he struck the water on his shoulders and back and disappeared.

They waited silently for him to come up—a second—two; he did not appear. Faces began to grow red, then white, till Jack Griffith broke silence with, "He 's fetchin' bottom to fool us."

"No, he is n't, he 's drowned!" exclaimed Ned, as he rushed to the edge of the dock.

He had heard of many rescues of drowning men and boys, and had witnessed the resuscitation of one such case, and he knew that if he

kept his head, with George Brush hastening to the rescue in the skiff, Polly might be saved.

"Here, Ned! I think I can see him on the bottom," shouted George to Ned, as the latter was pulling off his shoes.

"Where?" cried Ned.

"Right there," the latter replied, and in a moment Ned had plunged straight for the bottom.

To "fetch bottom" in fifteen feet of water was nothing to Ned, and ere the impetus of his dive was exhausted he struck out downward manfully. Looking ahead he could see the bottom plainly now, but nothing of what he was seeking. Where was it? He swung a trifle to the left and there at last it lay.

Stretched out flat on the rocky bottom lay that lithe form he knew so well. Horrified as he was at the sight he struck out wildly for it. That minute and a half seemed an hour to Ned. He never could well remember just what he did, but the first thing he can recall was seeing George Brush's face over the edge of the boat, and feeling his arm clutched, and being drawn into the boat, where he fell helpless and tense on the seat at the stern.

A few deep-drawn breaths of the fresh summer air revived Ned wonderfully, and he looked up and saw first Polly, laid across the middle thwart of the boat, resting on his chest, with his head and arms dangling on one side and his legs on the other, and beyond him George pulling his hardest to the dock, which they soon reached.

Here together they lifted out the lad as gently as possible and laid him first on his face, while George, kneeling astride, pressed firmly on his shoulder-blades and back to expel the water from his chest, under which he had placed a tightly rolled coat. Then, turning him on his back, he endeavored to induce respiration.

Ned, under George's direction, had already dispatched Bobby for Dr. Watt, whose house was near at hand, and had set Foster to chafing Polly's legs, and thus they worked for nearly ten minutes.

What 's that? The flutter of an eyelid, another, a tinge of red on that deathly cheek, a faint sigh and, as Ned lifted his hands, a long-drawn breath, hurrying footsteps near and the doctor's cheery voice, "Bravely done, my boy; you 've saved him," and Ned, past the limit of his endurance, fell like a log in a dead faint.

RETURNING consciousness found Ned in his own white bed at home with a vague remembrance of being carried and of riding in a carriage, but with a very real throbbing headache and a sore-

ness of body that he was at a loss, for a while, to account for.

Gradually, however, the whole exciting experience of the morning came back to him.

His first question was. "How is Polly, mother?"

"Alive, dear, thanks to your skill and courage. And now, not another word about it. The doctor says you must be quiet."

This scant information was, however, all that Ned needed to relieve his anxiety, and he dropped into a restful sleep which lasted till the doctor came to look him over.

This he did thoroughly, and pronounced Ned as "sound as a dollar. He is only exhausted from his own exertion and the mental excitement, and will be all right soon," he said.

Left to himself at an early hour that he might have a good sleep, Ned lay for a long time pondering the events of that exciting day, and the more he thought of it the less he was inclined to be satisfied with his own conduct.

It was all very well to be dubbed a "hero," and a "noble son," and all that, but that little performance of his in the early hours of that morning was certainly neither noble nor heroic. It was, he admitted to himself, "low down" and "sneaky," and he went to sleep with a firm determination to tell Polly all about it as soon as he saw him.

No evil effects developing in the morning, Ned was released from confinement and strolled in to breakfast with all the airs which he felt his present dignity required.

NED had called with numerous messages to Polly, who was improving daily. At last, one evening, Mrs. Brown told him that as Polly wished to see him, they thought he might do so the next morning if Ned would come up about eleven o'clock.

He was promptly on hand, and was ushered up to the sick-room by the nurse.

There was his hero, propped up on his pillows, with an eager smile of welcome on his pale face.

"Hello, Ned, I 'm mighty glad they let you up. I 've been awfully lonely," said Polly. "Sit down."

Ned took the chair which the nurse placed for him at the bedside.

"How is your back now, Polly? Does it pain you much?" he asked.

"Not half so much as it did when old Farmer Haskins got through with us the day he caught us riding his old mare. Do you remember?"

"Do I!" replied Ned, put at his ease at once

by this assurance of Polly's interest in earthly affairs, "I should say I did!"

"Polly," said Ned, after an interval of silence, "have you ever done anything so mean and sneaky that you were ashamed to tell of it?"

"No, I never have," answered Polly. "I 'm

talk about," laughed the nurse, jumping up; "only don't get too interested, because Master Saunders will have to go in half an hour," and she retired.

"I want to tell you this thing, Polly," said Ned, when they were alone, "because—well, because I 've been waiting to

tell you; because—well, because I want you to know."

This was certainly a rambling preamble, but Ned did not know just how to start the confession he was about to make.

"Happen since I 've been sick?" asked Polly.

"No—o, not since; in fact, Polly, it was just before. It was something I did to you. Oh, Polly! I 'm so sorry I did it. It 's all my fault that you hurt your back. I did n't mean it; I really did n't; and I tried to stop you, Polly, but you would do it. I want to tell you all about it and I will, so listen"; and Ned doggedly went over the whole story, and at its conclusion sat with averted face waiting the burst of anger which, from his knowledge of his friend's character, he felt he had every reason to expect.

Not a word came to his ears, however, and when Ned at last turned to look, Polly sat with hand outstretched to his unhappy friend.

Ned seized on it, and gave it such a squeeze that its owner winced, and in spite of the big lump in his throat Ned managed to gulp out, "Thank you, Polly."

"That 's all right, Ned,"

and then they were interrupted by the nurse, who announced that time was up and abruptly hustled Ned off home, lighter hearted than he had been for many a day.

THAT evening Ned sought out his father as he was enjoying his quiet evening cigar alone on the veranda after dinner.

"Father," said he; "do you remember that you



THE RESCUE.

mightily ashamed of some things I 've done, but I 'd just as soon tell about them. Have you, Ned?"

"Yes," said Ned, "I have, once—"

"When was that? or don't you want to tell?"

"I 'll tell you some time when—well—" with a side glance at the nurse who sat reading by the window—"when you get well," stammered Ned.

"Oh, I 'll run away if you boys have secrets to

asked me some time ago what I wanted for my birthday present?"

"Yes, my boy, I do," responded Mr. Saunders; "and you modestly asked for a new breech-loading shot-gun."

"Well, sir, I would very much like to know if you had decided to give it to me," proceeded Ned.

"Now, Ned," said his father, "this is altogether too eager. Your birthday does not arrive until next Monday."

"No, father," persisted the boy; "that is not what I mean at all. I saw Polly to-day and I told him about the whole matter, just as I did to you last night, and he was so kind and generous, and so forgiving, that I thought as I had been so hateful to him I should like to do something for him. Now, he has no gun at all, and whenever we go shooting he has to borrow one from somebody, and I thought that if you meant to give me a new gun, I should like it better if you would give it to me to give to Polly."

"But, Ned, what will you do?"

"I'll do very well. I can use my old single barrel still, and it is not so much of a nuisance after all when one is used to it. Please let me have my way about it, father; that is," he added, "if you did mean me to have the new gun."

"Very well, Ned; it shall be as you wish, and I'll order the gun to-night from New York. How would you like it marked?"

"I had n't thought of that, but I will, and let you know in a little while," answered his son joyfully, as he started to go upstairs. "Thank you so very, very much."

Retiring to his bedroom he closed the door, emerging an hour later with a slip of paper which he handed to his father, saying, "That is what I should like, sir, if I may. Only it might be engraved better than that."

Mr. Saunders smiled as he read this legend laboriously traced on the slip of paper:

*Polly Brown
from Ned Saunders
Aug. 4. 1906.*



"I think I can understand this, Ned, but you have made a mistake about the date. Your birthday will be the tenth and you have written this the fourth of August."

"I know, sir. The reason I did that was that it should always be a reminder to Polly of our making up to-day."

"All right, Ned, but don't you tell Polly, and we will make it a surprise. I want to do some-

thing for him myself. We will have it all shipped by express to arrive Monday morning."

Ned could scarcely wait for Monday to come, so excited was he at the thought of the "surprise party," as he termed it, he was preparing for his friend.

On Sunday, Polly was pronounced fit to sit up, and the next day, in honor of Ned's birthday, he was to be allowed to come down-stairs.

It must be confessed that Ned, on his birthday morning, when he looked over the gifts laid out for him in the breakfast-room, did feel as if he was making a pretty big sacrifice.

His mother's present and his sister's, and those of an aunt or two, who still remembered to send him a necktie or pair of gloves, were there, but his father's gift, always the great prize of these occasions, was, of course, absent, and the boy felt for a minute rather like a martyr to duty.

This feeling, however, was only momentary, and after thanking them all he hurried through breakfast and ran off to the Browns.

He found Polly down-stairs at last, and after receiving his and Mrs. Brown's congratulations, they sat down to a game of checkers. Ned was usually the master at this game, but this time was disastrously beaten through his inability to attend to his play.

Several times he started up at the sound of approaching wheels, only to find that they were not attached to the vehicle he was so anxious to see; but at last, when his patience was almost exhausted, up drove the expressman and stopped at the door.

"Wonder what he's got?" queried Polly. "Come for the nurse's trunk, though, I suppose."

"Probably that's it," answered Ned, with wonderfully assumed calmness, considering his state of mind. "But, Polly, he seems to be taking something off. It's a long box and there's another, a square one."

"What in the world can it be," said Polly. "Suppose you call mother, Ned. Mr. Slocum will want his book signed."

Ned, choking with excitement, summoned Mrs. Brown from her housework and resumed his seat as she opened the door to Slocum.

"Morn', Mis' Brown," said the latter, as he stood on the door-step wiping his brow with his red bandanna handkerchief, for the morning was a warm one; "I got two boxes hardware from New York for ye."

"For me, Mr. Slocum? What can it be?"

"Wal, 't ain't marked for you, exactly; but I jedged that P. Brown, Browntown, N. Y., came putty nigh meanin' Polly. Ain't he expecting nothing?"

"Not that I know of, but perhaps it is for him, Mr. Slocum. Is there no way of telling?"

"Let somebody open 'em up, Mis' Brown, and if they ain't for Polly you can have 'em nailed up again and I 'll put 'em in the office to be called

"I 'll tell you what I 'm afraid it is, Ned," replied Polly, solemnly.

"What?"

"Crutches. Doctor Watt said I might have to use them for a while, you know."



"'NED!' CRIED POLLY, 'WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?'"

for. Sign the book, please. No; no charges. All paid. Good day," and off went Slocum.

Ned volunteered to bring the boxes into the sitting-room, and did so, while Mrs. Brown went to get the ax and hammer.

"What do you think it is, Polly?" asked Ned. "We must all guess, you know."

"Crutches nothing," responded Ned savagely, relapsing into slang under the pressure. "There is something heavy in both boxes. I guess it must be an electric fan. You know in those hot nights how you needed one. Perhaps they sent for it."

"If you will only hurry, we 'll soon find out," urged Polly. "I am almost dying with curiosity."

"Take it easy, pardner, I 'm almost ready with the long one. There, off she comes. Whatever it is, it is all wrapped up in paper. I 'll move it over and you can unpack it yourself now, while I open the other one."

He attacked the other box with seeming fury, under cover of which he slyly watched Polly as he carefully laid back the paper coverings and at length lifted out the flannel case containing, Ned well knew what.

"Why, Ned!" exclaimed Polly, a little anxiously, "come here! This can't be for me. I think it 's a gun, it feels like it."

"What?" responded his "innocent" companion. "Let me heft it. Why, it is, Polly, sure as you are born!"

"It can't be for me," said Polly. "I presume there are plenty of P. Browns in this world."

"Let 's have a look at it, anyway," cried Ned. "We can have that satisfaction. Slide off the case, Polly."

Off it came and disclosed a beautiful double-barreled, breech-loading shot-gun, with pistol-grip and safety-guard, all silver-mounted and inscribed on the side of the lock in letter and device inlaid with gold:

Polly Brown, from Ned Saunders,



Aug. 4, 1906.

"Ned," cried Polly, "what does this mean?"

"It means, Polly, that I had a new gun given me, and I just could n't bear to part with my old one yet, so I had the new one marked for you."

"Oh, Ned, how could you! But I can't take it, Ned, I can't indeed. You wanted a new one so much. You really must take it back."

"Impossible, old fellow. It 's marked now, and would n't shoot for any one but you."

"But, Ned, the date, August 4th, what does that mean? Why, that was last—I see now," he went on, after a pause, "what you mean and I 'll keep

the gun, Ned, and always remember. But it shall shoot for you, Ned, and we will use it together every day this autumn, if," he added, mournfully, "we can ever afford to buy shells for it."

"Father has settled that part of it. The square box is full of shells. That is his present to you. He is a brick, is n't he, Polly?"

"He has been very kind to me, Ned, and some day, when I grow up, I hope in some way to repay him. I 'll have to hurry up and get well, for I cannot stand it long to have that gun and not fire it. But, Ned, what in the world is this?" for Polly while talking had been fumbling in the gun box and now drew forth a second flannel case. "It 's another. Open it Ned, quick, quick! Oh, hoo-ray! hoo-ray!" he shouted as Ned tore off the enveloping flannel and disclosed a second gun, the counterpart of the first in all save the inscription, which read:

Edwin Saunders, from his Father,
August 10th, 1906.

Ned stood still for a few minutes gazing at the gun, which he held at arm's length, and speechless with delight, and rather sobered by this new token of his father's generosity.

"A brick! Ned, you said he was a 'brick.' I think he is a whole diamond mine. Hurry up and open the other box and let us feast our eyes on it all."

Duly opened, the second box was found to contain not only ammunition in abundance, but two fine cartridge-belts and two corduroy shooting-jackets, lined with blanketing, and proof against cold and storm, and with pockets everywhere of all sizes desired by a sportsman.

Two happier boys Browntown never held than Ned and Polly that morning as they sat and fondled their new weapons and chattered away making plans for the future, so that, by the time Mrs. Brown came in to say that "Ned must run home to dinner as it was one o'clock," they had already, in spirit, become mighty Nimrods, and had even planned a hunting-trip to the Far West.



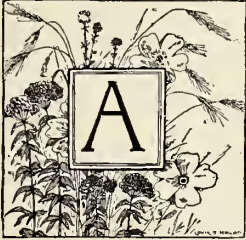
FRITZI

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan"

CHAPTER XIX

A RUNAWAY



ALL the hill that stretched down from the Eyrie was again pink and white with fruit blooms, where it was n't purple with lillacs, or velvety green with fresh springing grass, that in its turn was starred with a thousand crocuses that were lifting

wee goblets to the sun.

In the summer-house Mrs. Hunter and Miss Franklin sat sewing in the pleasant sunshine. No one had been happier than good Miss Franklin at the news of the engagement of her favorite nephew to Willis Hunter, and with the first whiff of May she had accepted Eyrie's urgent invitation to spend a month under its hospitable roof. Every one loved her for her cheerfulness and her quaint mannerisms, and Mrs. Hunter found herself already leaning upon the little old woman's sound common-sense and good business judgment. As they sat sewing together that sunny May morning, the desire grew and grew in the troubled heart of Mrs. Hunter to pour all her worry out to this strong, upright woman, and when once she had begun there was no leaving off until Miss Franklin understood the whole situation.

"Of course I ought to have told Nancy at once," admitted Mrs. Hunter.

"You ought not to have mortgaged Eyrie in the first place," said Miss Franklin, emphatically, taking off her spectacles and looking reprovingly at the delicate troubled face opposite her; "and, since you had done such a foolish thing you had no business to keep it to yourself."

"No, I suppose not, but I had hoped so for my book."

"No doubt, no doubt. But the book is neither here nor there. That was depending upon a very slender and desperate chance, and leaving your children to depend upon it, my dear."

"Oh, I know it!" cried Mrs. Hunter, wringing her hands. "I don't see what I was thinking of. But I felt when their father died that I could not snatch them out of their old happy life. I felt I must have money for their immediate needs.

The mortgage of the Eyrie seemed the only way. If I could only have gotten that appointment."

"Tut, tut, and have made your children motherless as well as fatherless? Now, my dear, you are cheating your children every day of their lives—"

"Oh, Miss Franklin!"

"Every day of their lives. It's their blessed right and privilege to take care of you, and help you bear the burdens. I'm not at all sure but that the best thing a boy or girl can wake up to is the absolute necessity to forget self, to think for others and to suffer. Then you have n't treated Mrs. Spear well."

"Miss Franklin!"

"No, I mean what I say. She is a strong, fine woman, and would have been glad to help you carry this burden which has been far too heavy for you. My dear, we have none of us the right to be too self-sacrificing, not when we are cheating others out of their right to sacrifice themselves for our sakes. The first thing you must do is to have a family conference. Don't put it off a day, and tell them the whole truth."

"It will break their hearts to lose this home. They have all loved it so."

"You have looked at this thing too long, my dear, you have lost your sense of proportion."

But for all Miss Franklin's encouragement, the news fell a heavy blow upon the family—when, that evening, Fritzi having gone to see Bess, and Peace being safe in bed—Mrs. Hunter called them into the library.

Bert went over and put his arms about his mother, but Jo hid her face in Aunt Nancy's lap, and tried not to believe it.

She was taking it badly, she knew that. Will, and Rob and Bert were all talking at once, pitying, comforting mother, and protesting that it would all turn out for the best, and so on and so on; but Jo scarcely heard.

It was only when Miss Franklin went on to say: "Of course, with such a very large family—five children, yes, six with Fritzi—expenses will be always large," that Jo's mind turned from the everlasting problem of what Judy would think,—poor Jo; she was forever measuring herself and her family by Judy's rule—but now she thought of *Fritzi*—not a voice was raised to say Fritzi was an unnecessary expense, for such a thought touched no mind except that of selfish Jo.

Fritzi had a delightful evening with Bess, and after a flutter into the library for a good night to the three ladies of the household she ran, humming softly, up-stairs to bed. The light was not turned on, and at the window sat Jo with her unbraided hair tumbling over her shoulders, the moonlight falling full on her pretty face. Fritzi had no need to ask if there was anything the matter, for Jo was gifted at displaying

despair. Rob often told her she was always casting shadows like a little thunder-cloud.

"I 'm so, so sorry," faltered Fritzi, dropping



THE NEWS FELL AS A HEAVY BLOW UPON THE FAMILY.

down on a little footstool at Jo's feet, and looking up pleadingly, "what have I done?"

"Nothing," responded Jo, turning her face away. "No, let me alone, you—you can't do anything."

"Oh, Jo, it is something about me then; please

"Oh, Jo, it is something about me then; please

tell me. It frightens me so. I'll be good, I truly will. Did I break anything or lose something, or did n't you like Rob giving me that extra solo? Please, what 's the matter?"

"It is n't anything to do with you, except of course you—you add to it—if you must know. We're paupers."

"Paupers—you—Aunt Nancy? Why, Jo, what do you mean? I don't understand at all."

"I mean just what I say," returned Jo, petulantly. "Mother told us to-night that—that Eyrie's mortgaged, and we won't have any home. Of course, Mr. Gilbert won't marry Will—not when we're disgraced—" this last with a piteful wail; for it had just at that moment occurred to her—"and Will will just pine away and die—"

"Don't be a goose," said Fritzi, suddenly sitting up very straight and angry. "You know very well Mr. Gilbert is the dearest and best—"

"Well, anyway, we're just as poor as church mice, and we will have to open a school, or take boarders. Just think of that!"

"Oh, that will be fine!" cried Fritzi, jumping at a thought that would mean action. "You and I can wear white aprons and wait at table."

"And what would Judy think of *me* waiting at table?"

"Or of *me* even, for that matter," and Fritzi was heartless enough to giggle. "Bess told me to-night about 'Princess Perhaps' and the 'Ladies-in-Waiting'—goodness, and I vowed I'd never tell!" gasped Fritzi, popping both hands over her mouth.

"And I suppose you quite believe it, and expect to lord it over me. You a princess and me a pauper?"

"Jo Hunter, you act *worse* than a goose," cried Fritzi, scornfully. "I just thought it was nice, and so silly, and so like Judy; and I never did want to be a princess, but if I should get to be one, you know just as well as you breathe, I would just love you all, and carry you off to my castle."

"I don't want to go to your old castle," muttered Jo, rebelliously. "Miss Franklin said one more is always an added expense, and we are so many," and Jo looked pensively out of the window. "Of course, Aunt Nancy did n't know at the time how very poor we were, or I suppose she would n't have brought you home that night."

Fritzi sat very still, so still that, by and by, Jo, alarmed at her silence, stole a glance at the quiet figure.

"Did your mother or Aunt Nancy say anything about my being an added expense?" asked Fritzi at last, in a low voice.

"No—o, but Miss Franklin did, and of course you are going to Ivy Hall and—and having everything just as good as I have—"

Mechanically Fritzi got ready for bed. She said nothing more even when Jo spoke to her; but long after Jo slept she lay there thinking.

The sun was just up when she awakened and crept out of bed. She dressed herself carefully in her best blue suit. She knew better now, she thought with a sigh, than to go about in boy's clothes,—such foolish ignorance belonged to the old days—and how dreary and dreadful that other life seemed, and yet she was going back to it, for there seemed nothing else to do.

In her pretty pocket-book, when Mr. Gilbert gave it to her at Christmas, she had found a crisp one-dollar bill, and when Miss Franklin came she had added another. Fritzi had had great plans, in which these bills had played a prominent part, of a wonderful necktie case she would buy and embroider for the coming of her father, but now she sat down at her desk and wrote a note into which she tucked one of the precious dollars. A tear slid down her cheek as she wrote—"Dear Aunt Nancy" (who had been as good as a mother)—but it burned itself up, as she took a long strip of paper and printed in large resentful letters "GOOD-BY"; this last she stuck on Jo's pin-cushion in a most conspicuous place.

Next she tied all the precious diaries and letters into a package; these she would never part with, and oh, how disappointed father would be when he came and found her gone! At the sound of her quick sob, Jo turned restlessly, and Fritzi fairly held her breath, until once more Jo's even breathing told she was asleep. Then taking the bundle and her fiddle in its green bag, Fritzi waved a mute farewell to the dear, pretty room where she had been so happy, and slipping noiselessly down the stairs, she let herself out of the big front door.

CHAPTER XX

MAID-OF-ALL-WORK

FRITZI stood on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, and looked about her in astonishment. She had not seen it since that night, over a year before, when she had followed Aunt Nancy away into the dark and rain. A whole year, and yet here was the familiar corner looking so exactly as it did in the old days, she might never have left it. At fourteen one does n't imagine the world standing still any such time as that. But there was a change she had n't even dreamed of,—there was a new policeman at the corner keeping the crossing clear!

At such an early hour the passers-by were all hurrying along to work, and no one took the slightest notice of the young girl, carrying a little green bag, who started up Twentieth Street. She hesitated a moment before the long flight of stone steps that led to her old home; but Fritzi felt no desire to interview dragged Mrs. O'Brian and her sticky six. Indeed at each step that led back to the old life her spirit rebelled the more.

"Oh, if only I had good kind Mama Sims to go to. It is n't the being poor I mind, nor—nor common," thought Fritzi, hugging her fiddle close to her heart as if it were a living thing. "It 's—it 's the dirt, and the sort of sunk-enness. I don't believe Mrs. O'Brian wants to be clean. I believe she just enjoys scolding the children and living in the basement. Oh, dear, *dear* Aunt Nancy!"

Ever since impetuous Fritzi had started from the Eyrie, a something had been troubling her conscience. She would n't acknowledge it even to herself, and tried to feel very noble and self-sacrificing, but over and over the nagging something pricked her. Was this the way to treat her best friend, Fritzi thought, the friend who had been almost a mother to her? Would Aunt Nancy approve of her going back to the old life from which she had snatched her? Was it brave to steal away like this? Would n't it have been better and far more honest, to have gone straight to Aunt Nancy and say she, Fritzi, feared she was a burden, and let Aunt Nancy decide where her home should be until her father came for her. At the thought of her father, Fritzi's courage almost failed her. Suppose he should come and she be gone—that dear father for whom she longed!

The doorway that led to the McCartys' flat was even this early in the morning filled with children; but Fritzi saw no sign of little Mary as she climbed the stairs. The woman who opened the door, in answer to Fritzi's timid knock, was as different as possible from motherly little Mrs. McCarty.

"Does n't Mrs. McCarty live here any more?" inquired Fritzi, anxiously.

"My name is Hovey, and I go out by the day or the hour," replied the woman in a brisk voice, taking no notice of Fritzi's question. The room was clean and neat, but very unlike its old cozy homelikeness, when there had been pink geraniums blooming in the window, and a shiny upright piano that Officer McCarty was buying for little Mary on the instalment plan.

It was these geraniums and the piano that had brought Fritzi to McCarty's door. They stood for something above the level of the old life, and

Fritzi had thought perhaps kind Mrs. McCarty would let her give little Mary lessons on the violin for her board.

"Could you please tell me where I 'd find Mrs. McCarty?" asked Fritzi again.

"Well, you see," began the woman, settling heavily back against the door-frame to talk, since there was no work in prospect. "Old Patrick Murphy—he was Mrs. McCarty's father—died and left them a few hundreds and they have all gone off to Ireland to visit his folks. Everybody was real glad for them. McCartys is nice folks. Won't you come in?"

"No," faltered Fritzi, her eyes suddenly filling with tears. It was so hard to give up the geraniums and the piano—she did n't know in her foolish girlish heart it was far harder for her to give up the idea that Mrs. McCarty would persuade her to return to Eyrie or inform Aunt Nancy of her whereabouts.

"Say, Lizzie, Patsy McCarty did n't go," the man had arisen and came to look over his wife's shoulder. "He is boarding over to Mrs. O'Brian's down the street a piece."

"It was n't Patsy she wanted, was it?" inquired the woman. "Patsy 's a messenger, and did n't want to give up his job, but I did n't suppose it was him you was wanting."

"I don't," said Fritzi, backing away. "I guess I 'll go now, good-by."

"If I see Patsy, who shall I say was here to see his ma?" asked the woman, inquisitively, following her down the hall.

"Oh—oh, just Fritzi; but it does n't make any difference, I just wanted to see his mother. Good-by."

The first and most reasonable plan of earning her living must be abandoned, but Fritzi had more than one string to her bow, and having halted before a window to peek in to settle her hat and perk out her hair ribbons she started off determinedly to make another adventure. There was one real objection to the second plan in Fritzi's mind, it brought her too near in memory at least, to Prince Zanzabar.

When the Prince's funds ran low he had always found work at the studios, and once, when an artist had wanted a little girl model for an illustration he was doing, the Prince had persuaded Mrs. Sims to let him take Fritzi. She had never forgotten those pleasant afternoons in the beautiful room hung with all sorts of rare and wonderful things. To be sure, it had been rather hot and unpleasant, to stand in her own blue cloak and red tam-o-shanter, in the precarious attitude of running as fast as she could when she was standing still, but Mr. Keys, when he

had n't forgotten all about her in the ardor of his work, had been very kind. While she was resting she had walked around admiring things, smoothing the leopard's skin, trying the divan and looking at the pictures, and once he had made her a cup of tea in a queer little kettle, and given her queer little cakes to eat.

Fritzi climbed flight after flight of stairs and at last stood breathless before a door at the very top of the house.

One thing was sure, Mr. Keys had n't gone to Ireland, for there, on the narrow ledge above the landing, was the same bronze figure with the world on its shoulders that had always stood there; and here, beside her, was the Japanese armor that had frightened her, until the artist had told her its story; and here were the scarlet and black and gold draperies that, filling the studio inside, had overflowed into the narrow hallway.

The door opened a very narrow crack in answer to Fritzi's knock, and a quaint little old lady in a black silk gown, with a lace cap set upon her pretty white hair, and a starched white apron tied around her trim waist, looked out.

"My son is away," chirped the old lady in a tremulous voice, then, seeing no one but Fritzi so timidly waiting, she opened the door and said:

"Why, come in, child, come in. I get kind of nervous away up here alone. I am not used to living so high above ground, and feel afraid of my shadow."

It was the same old softly-lighted room, with the carved chests and the innumerable hangings, with the queer odor of paint and incense, its unfinished pictures and stretched canvases, but on its careless charm a blight had fallen.

"I've been tidying up," explained the little old lady. "I don't know what Artie will say when he comes home; but dear me, it was so jumbled I could n't stand it another minute. Here draw up a chair to the fire. Just draw up and make yourself comfortable. I am ever so glad to see you. Artie has gone out to see about some work, and I get so lonesome with nothing but my knitting. I started Artie's socks the moment I got here, and the things he was wearing were awful, my dear, just awful, these are good heavy silk and handsome enough for a prince, Artie says."

"Prince," said Fritzi, then paused, for the little old lady's presence in Mr. Keys' studio had been such a surprise to her, and the old lady's conversation had run on at such a pace that Fritzi had almost felt she might be wound up with a key, but the word "prince" had brought her back to earth and her errand.

"Please, does Prince Zanzabar come to Mr.

Keys any more?" asked Fritzi, moving to the extreme edge of her chair.

"Well, of course, my son knows all the great



"LOOK OUT FOR THE CORNERS, CHILD, AND DON'T LEAVE ANY SETTLINGS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

people in New York, but he never spoke of any Prince."

"Oh, *he* is n't great. He is a model, a little fat man with a bald head and a very red nose."

"Is he your Pa, dear?"

"Oh, no! I don't like him; but I came to see

if Mr. Keys wanted a little girl like me in one of his pictures. I posed for him about a year ago."

"Umh," said the little old lady.

"You see," faltered Fritzi, "I have to earn my own living right away—" and before Fritzi knew what she was doing, in her usual impetuous way she began telling her story. The little lady tapped the chair arm and listened most attentively, and by a skilful question now and then drew out even more than Fritzi had meant to tell.

"Umh," she said at last, when Fritzi had finished. "Umh! Well, it seems to me your running away is about as much to spite that girl you call Jo, as it is to relieve your Aunty. But of course that is neither here nor there. Seeing that you never intend to go back."

Fritzi wriggled miserably in her chair; she had many times doubted that she was doing right.

"I don't know as Artie needs a little girl model, and I don't know but that he does—but I do want a little maid-of-all-work. I have come to stay with Artie for a spell. His Pa died two months ago. He was a good man—I could n't stand the stillness of the old home any longer without Pa, so Artie said I was to come; but I could n't bide the cooking at the cafés, and it was lonelier than a dog at the boarding-house, so Artie rigged up the nicest little kitchen and dining-room for me, back of this, you ever saw. Artie said last night if I just had a nice young girl to come in days and wash up things, and be company, it would be fine. Of course he meant she should go home nights; but there is a cot in my room down in the hall a piece, that will do first rate for you and I won't be nearly so lonesome."

This was n't at all what Fritzi had dreamed. She was running away to become a famous violinist, or to be painted in a famous picture and show Jo Hunter a thing or two. But this insistent little old lady, whose tongue ran on as if she was wound up, had hired her and set her to work before Fritzi had time to decline—and after all how could she decline? Where could she go for a place of refuge? She believed she could not do better than to stay right there.

So, though the tears stung her eyes and she inwardly rebelled against fate, she was tied into a blue gingham apron, with a handkerchief knotted over her curls, and set to dusting the bric-a-brac that cluttered up the shelves.

"I 'm not steady enough on my legs to be climbing," said Mrs. Keys, as Fritzi mounted the wobbly step-ladder, "or I would have dusted them long ago. Look out for the corners, child, and don't leave any settlings."

CHAPTER XXI

JO IN PURSUIT

"AUNT NANCY!" There was such a note of terror in Jo's voice that every one sprang up from the breakfast table, every one except Miss Franklin, whose nerves were of the steadiest.

"Aunt Nancy!" shrieked Jo again, coming down the stairs two steps at a time, her unbraided hair tumbling over her shoulders, her blue dressing-gown flying from the throat. "Aunt Nancy, Fritzi 's gone!"

"Gone, child? Fritzi gone? What do you mean, Jo?"

"She has run away," gasped Jo. "I overslept—we had a sort of quarrel last night, but I found this note on the dressing-table for Aunt Nancy, and oh, such a dreadful good-by to me pinned on the cushion. I thought at first it was a joke, but I looked, and her blue suit and hat are gone, and her violin."

"What did you do to her, Jo Hunter?" demanded Rob.

"Hush, Rob," said Aunt Nancy, gently. "Give me the note, Jo. I 'll see what this means."

The little note, with the crisp dollar bill folded in it, was brief, but Aunt Nancy's loving eyes read between the lines the affectionate gratitude that filled Fritzi's heart as she wrote:

"DEAREST, DEAREST AUNT NANCY:

"It is n't because I don't love to be your little girl the best of all the world that I 'm going away, for I love you almost as much as I do my father—but I know I must cost a great deal, so I feel I just can't be a burden to you any longer, and if I tried to say good-by I never could go, for I love you all so, and the world seems so big and lonesome—but I am not so very much afraid. I 'll try and be a good girl, just as you taught me, and when I get rich and famous I 'll come back and take care of you all. The money is for the blue suit, I know it cost a great deal more, but it is the best I could do now, and so I leave that, and all, all my love to everybody, but most to darling Peace and to you—oh, most to you. Tell Mr. Gilbert I 'm so sorry I could n't wait for my father, that 's the hardest.

Your own little girl,

FRITZI.

"Jo," said Aunt Nancy, sternly, when she had read the note over several times. "Did you tell Fritzi I thought her a burden?"

"No," faltered Jo, as she stood looking down and wrapping the cord of her dressing-gown around and around her fingers. "I said that there was such a lot of us, and—that now we

were paupers—one more would be an added expense.”

“I want Fritzi,” sobbed Peace. “What are poppers, mother? We are n’t them, are we?”

“Jo, how can I ever forgive you,” said Aunt Nancy.

But it was her gentle mother’s words that hurt the most.

“This is the first time a Hunter or a Fairfield has ever failed in hospitality; and to think it should be my daughter, and to the poor, motherless, little Fritzi.”

“Tut, tut,” cried Miss Franklin. “Likely the child feels badly enough as it is. Don’t all come down on her at once. To be sure it was n’t kind of Jo, but neither was it kind of Fritzi to run away. Johanna never thought of her doing that.”

“Of course I did n’t,” faltered Jo, her eyes filling with tears. “I just thought—”

“You just wanted everything for yourself as you always do,” broke in Rob. “Dear Miss Franklin, I don’t agree with you. I think it was noble of Fritzi to go away that she might not be a burden.”

“Tut, tut, child, I ’m not saying it was n’t. But at the same time I like common-sense mixed with nobleness; and was it showing gratitude to leave you all to worry?”

“My dear Miss Franklin,” interrupted Mrs. Hunter, gently, “one does n’t expect common-sense in a girl of fourteen, but one does expect kindness of heart, courtesy to a guest, and sympathy to a homeless child, and not one of these has Jo shown. Fritzi is a dear, loving little girl. Peace is a changed child since Fritzi came to us, and there is not one of us that did not love her, except Jo.”

“Oh, mother, I do, I do love her,” groaned Jo. “But you have driven her away.”

“And where would she go?” broke in distracted Aunt Nancy. “I went the other day to see if Madame Sarti had really left the city, and Mrs. O’Brian said she had, and that the McCartys, the only other friends Fritzi had that I know of, had gone to Ireland. Oh, Jo, how could you do it!”

But suddenly Jo had turned and fled up the stairs into her own room, locking the door after her.

With the key turned in the lock, Jo’s dressing-gown flew one way and her slippers the other.

She rushed to her closet for her brown suit; she combed her hair like a whirlwind; she pulled off buttons, she lost pins, and knotted strings, but for all that in fewer moments than ever before in her life, Jo, properly dressed, stood before her mirror savagely pinning on her hat. Then at last ready with her purse in her hand, she went stealthily down the back stairs and out of the back door, where she ran straight into the arms of Uncle Christmas as he came up the steps.

“Wha’ you all goin’, honey?” he asked, sternly, laying a hand on either rail to bar her exit. “Dis ain’t de way out fo’ de ladies. How many times I dun tell you to go out de front do’, same as your gran’mammy did. *She* did n’t go pellmellin’ from de back do’ like no servant. She sailed out de front do’ wif her haid up, jes’ like de quality she alluz is.”

“Oh, Uncle Christmas,” moaned Jo, tragically wringing her hands. “If you cared one penny for the Hunter name you would let me fly, so that I could make it all right. Please, Uncle Christmas!”

Evidently Uncle Christmas was impressed; he scratched his old gray head and shuffled his feet in indecision.

“Does yo’ Aunt Nancy know?” he inquired again.

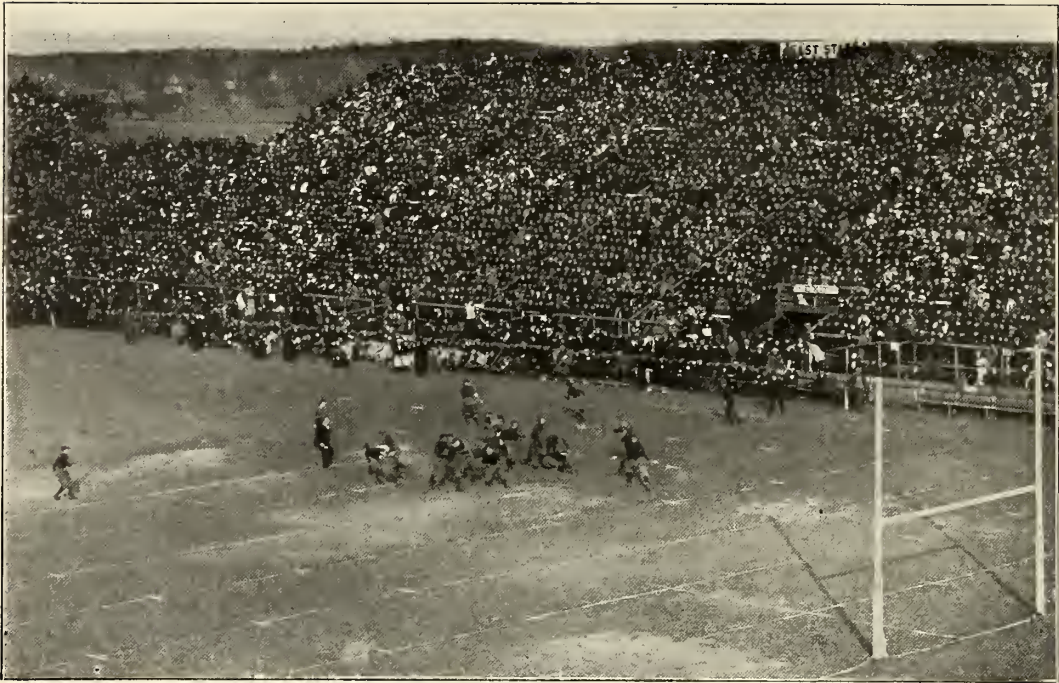
Just then there was a faint tinkle of the door-bell. Some one was at the front door. Uncle Christmas shuffled his feet more uneasily, and Jo, feeling her advantage, changed her tactics. She would try the haughty Hunter manner, of which he was forever bragging, upon him.

“Out of my way, Christmas!” she cried. “Is it possible you no longer know the respect due a Hunter?”

So startled was poor old Uncle Christmas he almost fell over backward in his haste to make way for her; and off sped Jo, only pausing at the gate to grin wickedly back at him, as he stared after her.

“Fo’ de lan’ sake!” muttered the old man. “If she did n’t look plum like her granny den. Pretty near scared de lif’ out ob me, but dat grin wuz all Fairfield, no Hunter ’bout dat, I reckon. You ol’ brack nigger, you, you ’s made a fool ob yo’self agin. Dat gal ’s up to some mischief. Hain’t goin’ to bover Miss Nancy wif et yit, anyhow. Hain’t goin’ to git nobody in my wool long as I kin help it.”

(To be concluded.)



From a photograph by The Pictorial News Co.

SCENE DURING THE YALE-HARVARD GAME AT NEW HAVEN, NOV. 24, 1906.

FOOT-BALL IN 1907

BY WALTER CAMP

THE rules for the season of 1907 promise to afford a great deal of interest to spectators and students of the game, a continuance of the startling upsetting of coaches' notions, and almost as great an amount of wonderment and worry for the players as began last season.

Last year it was inevitable that some action should be taken that should make it necessary to gain a greater distance in three downs. Mass play had become so well perfected, and at the same time so wearing, that some alteration that should make it less efficacious was imperative. Opening the game so that the play could be seen and concealed roughness should be out of the question was on the horizon over two years ago; and had the ten-yard rule been adopted then, it would have simplified matters greatly.

Probably the greatest advance made through the season of 1906 was apparent in the effect of the Committee's plans looking toward a more strict and certain enforcement of the rules, and a more forceful backing of the officials in performing this duty. Coaches, players, and public were impressed with the demand everywhere for good

officials—men who knew the rules and were competent to properly and strictly enforce them. Outside of the ten-yard rule, the few important alterations that had the greatest effect upon the play were the rule providing that a kicked ball on touching the ground should put the men on side; the rules forbidding tackling below the knees, and the dropping back of any of the five center men; and finally the rule permitting the forward pass. It was argued that if a team were required to gain ten yards in three downs, anything like a running game would be out of the question. This proved untrue in that in two of the big games one team went half the length of the field without an on-side kick or forward pass.

It was quite manifest that end-running was easier in the days when tackling below the knees was not permitted, and any one can readily see that, with the old method of warding off by a sweep of the hand a would-be tackler, the man running around the end, if obliged to protect himself only down to the knees from tackling, would get in better and longer runs as well as be less liable to injury. Hence this rule was

adopted, with the proviso, however, that if the man tackled above the knees and then slipped down it would not be considered a foul.

It was also evident that any arbitrary placing of the men on the defense would mean either a very decided slowing up of the play while the attacking side waited for the opponents to get into position, or else repeated claims, if the attacking side played rapidly, that their opponents were not in position, and hence the attacking side would claim a distance penalty. After much consideration, therefore, the plans for arbitrarily stationing the defense were abandoned. A method was, therefore, sought which should cause the defense to draw a man back from the line of their own accord, and this was accomplished by enacting that when a kicked ball struck the ground the kicker's side should all be put on side as the ball thus bounded.

This made it necessary to guard the back field more closely from kicks, and, as was hoped, it automatically weakened the defense.

The forward pass was based upon the same principle, and proved effective and brilliant.

The provision of a neutral zone, that is, separation of the two rush lines by the length of the ball, enabled the officials to see more clearly cases of "holding" in the line; this proved, upon the whole, an eminently satisfactory change.

Such were the results of the first year of "reformed foot-ball" as it is called. It has proved not only more satisfactory and interesting to the spectator, but, contrary to the belief of many of the coaches and some players, has made the game more attractive to those who take part in it.

The alterations in the rules which will govern the season of 1907 are, on account of this very extended revision which took place in the spring of 1906, very slight, and have but little effect upon the play. The rules will be better codified and made rather more complete.

The duties of the two umpires will be more clearly defined so as to place responsibility upon the proper shoulders, and also to further assist the referee.

The alterations which pertain directly to the play itself are: An increased length of playing time, making the halves the old time of thirty-five minutes again, instead of thirty minutes as in 1906. The penalty for an illegal forward pass and one which strikes the ground before it strikes a player of either side has been made less severe. In 1906 it meant the loss of the ball to the side which made the pass. In the rules of 1907, on the first and second down, it will mean a loss of distance—15 yards only—and not the loss of the ball. On the third down, however, the old rule applies of loss of ball. *This really is the main point of difference between the rules of 1907 and those of 1906.*

The ten-yard rule stands as it did last year, and the on-side kick. A player is considered as having an opportunity to make a fair catch when it is possible for him to reach the point where the ball is falling before the ball strikes the ground.

As there was some discussion last year as to whether a line man could run from his position in the line and take the ball from the quarter, the rule has been made specific in this case. It will be remembered that the rules of 1906 provided that the five center men could not be dropped back into the half-back field to run with the ball, and some questioned whether a tackle or guard could run from his position. The rule now provides that a line man may run from his position in the line and take the ball, provided he does not leave the line until the ball is actually put in play.

It will be seen that players of this fall will be obliged to perfect themselves in forward passing, open running, kicking, and catching. In fact, there is no more important part of the game under this fall's rules than that of catching and kicking. It is probable that the forward pass and the on-side kick will both be developed further, and many new and novel plays attempted. All this adds to the interest of the game.

As already mentioned, a strong feature of the game of 1906 was the better standard of officials, and this promises to be brought to a still higher state during this season.



THE HERO

BY SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER

THE new organ in the South Parish Church at Weare Village was finished at last, and the "opening" was to be at four o'clock that August afternoon. Already the people were beginning to come. Franky Wilson had secured betimes a seat in the very middle of the very front row of pews. He was particularly interested in the occasion. To begin with, he was "musical" himself. At least his mother said he was, and had made him "take lessons" of Miss Tapper for a year. As a net result he could, on sufficiently urgent demand,

organ. He had seen the long boxes looking like giants' coffins unpacked, and their hundreds of pipes laid all over the tops of the pews. He had seen the strong clean-looking frame set up and bolted together. He had seen the rows of "trackers" fitted, like thin white nerves, to carry the orders from the keys to the pipes. He had seen the "swell-box" built, the "wind-chests" connected, and the "action" installed, and all the other wonderful secret doings that happen when the organ builders go to church. Then had come the rank-



"THE STAIRS HAVE FALLEN IN," HE CRIED. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

extract "The Happy Farmer" and the "Steel King March" from the cabinet organ in the "best room" at his home.

Besides, he was inquisitive, which is only another way of saying he was a boy, and by the favor of Uncle Seth Howe, the sexton, he had watched every step in the erection of the new

ing of the pipes themselves by families, wood and tin, long and short, fat and slim—the varied inhabitants in a beautiful city of music. As a great privilege, Franky had been sometimes allowed to blow the bellows while the "voicer" taught all the pipes of one family to speak the same language, and the tuner who followed insisted that

they speak it correctly. Franky was mechanical, which is again only *another* way of saying he was a boy; he had learned more about "levers," and "wind-pressures," and "friction," and "reverse-motions," and "acoustics" than he ever could have learned at school. Altogether, as he sat in the front pew and looked at the carved oak case and the silvered front-pipes and the creamy key-boards he almost felt as if that new organ belonged to him.

He was actually jealous of Mr. Short, the famous organist, who had come from Boston to give the opening recital. Franky had stolen in that morning and listened to him practise over his program and try all sorts of experiments with the organ. There was one piece on the program that had bothered Mr. Short a lot. It was called "Improvisations on Wagner's Fire Charm." Mr. Short played it without any music in front of him; but every now and then he had to stop and peep at a paper he kept in his pocket as if he was ashamed of it. Franky wondered whether he could get along without consulting that paper this afternoon. He was sitting on the platform now with the minister, Mr. Bloodgood; and the organist smiling and chatting and shooting out his cuffs two or three times a minute.

And the people were pouring in faster and faster; there were more than Franky had ever seen at "meeting." There were all the South Parish folks, including a lot who never came on Sunday. There were all the North Parish folks too. They had repainted their steeple and hung a new bell last year, and they felt a bit nervous now lest the South Parish had "gone them one better." Then there were all the summer boarders. Any change from sitting on the piazza or driving in a dusty carryall was welcomed by them. Franky could n't help thinking how much better Sunday service would be if as many folks as this would come to it. They were crowding thicker and thicker up the narrow shaky stairs; for the auditorium was on the second floor. Even the gallery above it, where nobody had sat for years and years, was filled. No wonder the air felt close and hot. By the time every one was seated there was scarcely an empty pew to be found—a wonderful sight in a New England meeting-house to-day.

The big clock in the steeple struck four clangs with a jar that seemed to shake the floor. Mr. Bloodgood, the minister, who was noted for his punctuality, rose promptly as the final stroke sounded, and came forward to the edge of the platform. Everything was very still.

"Brethren and sisters," he began, in his deepest and smoothest voice, "we welcome you here to-

day. We welcome our good friends of a sister church. We welcome the strangers within our gates. To each and all we reach out the right hand of fellowship and say: 'Rejoice with us!' This is a memorable occasion for us all. It is indeed rarely that within these hallowed precincts there falls—"

He was interrupted by a long ripping crash from the back of the auditorium—a sort of wooden thunderclap, as if a dozen wagon-loads of planks were all being unloaded at once. Mixed with it were muffled shouts and screams. Everybody jumped up and turned round so simultaneously that you might have thought them all pulled



"PUMP, PUMP, UP AND DOWN, HE WAS PANTING FOR BREATH!"

by one string. Then there was a second of horrible silence. Franky suddenly felt an awful choking inside, as if he had swallowed a whole Thanksgiving dinner at one gulp. In the middle of the silence Uncle Seth, at the rear of the church, called out: "The stairs have fallen in!"

And as a white cloud of plaster-dust puffed through the doorway, Silly Billy, next to him, cried in a high squeak—

“Fire!”

A sort of shudder seemed to run over the people, with a queer bubbling groan. Mr. Bloodgood raised his hand warningly.

“Keep cool! Sit down!” he shouted shrilly, as a herder shouts to a flock of sheep. Nobody paid the slightest attention. Silly Billy’s cry echoed again—“Fire! Fire!” Other cries joined it. The aisles were full of people; those by the door were pushing toward the windows, those near the windows were struggling for the door. Some were standing on the seats, some were crawling under them. Franky had lost every idea he ever had. He stood stock-still, watching Mr. Bloodgood. Mr. Bloodgood spun round to Mr. Short, with a half-scream, “Play something, quick!” Mr. Short’s face was very white and his answer sounded very far away—“I can’t. The blower has n’t come!”

Franky never knew how it happened. His head felt just as vacant as before, but he heard himself cry out, like some other boy, “I’ll pump!” At the same time he discovered himself climbing over the edge of the platform and dashing into the narrow crooked passage that led behind the organ to the little closet for the blower. He fell upon the bellows-handle like a young maniac, and the slim white finger of the wind-indicator slid down in a moment to show that the bellows were full. At the same instant the pipes around him began to sound: Mr. Short was playing. Excited as he was, Franky recognized the piece at once; it was the “Improvisation.” He was quite close to the player, though separated by the panels of the organ-case; the music

was not very loud, and he could hear Mr. Bloodgood’s hoarse exclamation, “For mercy’s sake don’t play that! That’s the *Fire Music!* Give us something brisk and cheerful!”

There was an instant’s pause. Franky saw all the stop-actions beside him move outward, and then the full organ burst into a roar of sound. It was his own best show piece, the “Steel King!” All the pipes were at it, big and little,



“THERE HE IS ACROSS THE STREET, SHAKING HANDS. FOLKS SAY HE’S A HERO.”

tooting and blaring and whistling. The sound was almost deafening, and Franky had all he could do to keep the bellows full. As for the hubbub in the auditorium he heard no more of it than if he were in a boiler-shop a hundred miles away. He began to wonder if people were getting hurt. Was that shouting, jostling crowd a

"panic?" And how about the fire? No time to think now! There was that white finger sliding up, and he must keep it down! Pump—pump! Up and down! He was panting for breath. The "Steel King" had finished and was beginning all over again as loud as ever. What a blast those big bass pipes made close to his head, and how they used up the wind! Faster with that handle there,—faster, faster! Up and down, up and down! His face was in a perspiration. It was terribly hot in that little closet. Was there something besides the summer afternoon that made it so? Was that smoke or dust creeping in? No time to think now! His job was at that pump-handle, up and down, up and down, fighting that old wind-indicator that jumped and jeered at him without a pause. And what a roaring! Suddenly he found it was not perspiration alone that was running down his face—he was crying from sheer excitement and fatigue. He would have been sobbing had he had the breath, but his lungs seemed absolutely breathless.

Pump! pump! pump! Could he hold out much longer? It was getting very dark around him. Should he be burned up all by himself there? His back felt like a rusty hinge; his arms he could not feel at all. Up and down, up and down! He had a sudden burst of foolish anger against that sickly white finger that was beckoning him on every moment to further trouble. There was another beginning of the "Steel King." How many times did that make? He hated that tune, and always had! The fire must be very near now. What had become of Mr. Bloodgood and all the people? Was he all alone in the world? Pump, pump, for very life! It *was* for life, for he knew now that he was a sailor on the reeling deck of a ship in mid-ocean—a ship that was both afire and aleak, with all hands at the pumps, up and down, up and down! The roar of the flames and the roar of the water and the roar of the wind filled his head to bursting. Everything was roaring and reeling and turning black, the ship was sinking—sinking—

WHEN he awoke he was doubled up across the floor of the blower's little closet. Everything was quiet. Outside, it was getting dark. His head ached fearfully. He felt as if he had been playing a dozen foot-ball games at once, and getting horribly pounded in every one of them. He was so stiff he could hardly stand. He crept

painfully out of the little alleyway into the auditorium. It was empty and not at all burned! Ladder-heads at several of the windows showed the way that many of the people had got out. Down near the door Uncle Seth Howe was poking among a pile of pew-cushions, hymn-books and palm-leaf fans.

"Why, hello, Franky," said he, rather crossly. "What you doin' here? Ain't nobody allowed in; 't ain't no ways safe, they say."

Franky peered down into the empty staircase—well at the pile of rubbish covered thick with plaster-dust.

"Then there was n't any fire?" he asked. "*Was* n't there any fire?"

"Fire? No," snapped Uncle Seth, "no more 'n my cat's tail 's afire. If folks had only acted half-ways sensible, they would n't ha' been all this Billy-oh!"

"Was n't anybody hurt?"

"More scairt than hurt, I guess. Ol' Mis' Spencer's lost her false teeth, but I 'll be jiggered 'f I c'n find 'em!"

"Then there was n't any need of all that playing the organ?"

"Oh, yes they was, too. That 's what kinder heartened folks up and stiddied 'em till the ladders was got h'isted, and somebody remembered the side stairs was all right. I guess that organist feller saved the bacon. It beats all how some folks is always handy when they 're wanted. Everybody 's wild about him. The reporter fer the Boston papers has got his photygraph to put on the front page. Folks is talkin' about gettin' up a testimonial for him. There he is acrost the street now, a-shakin' hands still. Folks say he 's a hero."

Franky dug his toe into the pile of hymn-books meditatively.

"I 'd like to be a hero," he said. "Some day I mean to try."

Uncle Seth shook his head.

"I come nigh bein' a hero onct, myself," he observed, "only another feller could swim faster, and pulled the gal out afore I reached her. He got a medal, too. But I dunno. I don't take much stock in this hero business—it 's too uncertain. They ain't much in it."

"No, I s'pose not," said Franky, wondering what the "hero" would have done without a volunteer to keep the air in the organ-pipes. "Well, I guess I 'll go home."

BETH'S PREMIUM

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

It was very hot to sit still and sew. The needle would get sticky in spite of all the help the little emery strawberry could give it, and Beth's fingers had never felt so clumsy and uncomfortable. If only May and Billy would play a little farther off it would help some, but there they were in plain sight, under the very shadiest maple, with all the games Beth liked best.

It was an apron she was making—white cambric with wee cunning pockets and bretelles that

handing. Mama, busy at her own sewing, heard a long-drawn sigh and looked up to smile comfortingly. "I think you 'll be through by five o'clock, Bethy," she said. "You know we must send it off to-night so as to have it entered on time. You 've done beautifully, dear, and you deserve a premium whether you get it or not." Beth smiled back and decided that, after all, it was n't so dreadfully hot, and five o'clock was n't very far away. "Do you think I 'll get it, Mama?" she asked, for the twentieth time.

"I don't know, dear. If Mama was judge, you surely would, but they have n't invited me to award any prizes. You must n't count on it too much, for you may be disappointed, but your time has not been wasted even if you get nothing but the pretty apron, and the pleasure of knowing that you made it yourself, and very neatly."

"What is this talk I hear, of premiums and mysteries?" demanded Uncle Ed, coming in from the porch.

"It 's the County Fair, Uncle Ed—next week—and they have offered five dollars to the best sewing under fourteen years old, and I 'm trying to get it," explained Beth, excitedly.

"Which you surely ought to do, for I can testify that your sewing is considerably less than fourteen years of age," declared the roguish uncle. But Beth was too full of her subject to heed teasing. Uncle Ed had been away for a month, and it was such a comfort to find somebody who had n't heard the matter discussed over and again.

"I 'm only eight, Uncle Ed, but I 've been most as careful as fourteen, don't you think?" and the needle-roughened forefinger pointed to the tidy hem. Uncle Ed hunted for his eye-glasses—"because I can't see them at all without," he declared. "Of all the ridiculously small stitches—why, Beth, I 'll be surprised if those near-sighted judges don't think you 've glued that petticoat together."

"It 's an apron, Uncle Ed," explained the small seamstress, patiently. "It 's very important, because if I get the money it 's to go into the bank to help my education, so I can be a teacher, and Mama won't have to work."

"I see. And if you don't get it you 'll have to



"DO YOU THINK I 'LL GET IT, MAMA?' SHE ASKED FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME."

were to come quite up to her shoulders, and narrow, delicate tatting over-handed every bit of the way around only the belt. It was n't at all like the aprons little girls wear nowadays, but it was stylish then, and very pretty. Beth had made it, every stitch—seams and facing that had to be hemmed down so carefully, and it was all done except a part of the tatting. But oh! there had been such a lot of that—yards and yards it seemed to Beth, as she glanced longingly out once more at the shade, and May, and Billy, and the games. When you are only eight years old there are things that seem more interesting than over-

be an ignoramus all your life. I should think it is important!"

And then May and Billy clamored at the window, and Beth set the last careful stitch, and the clock struck five.

THE County Fair began as usual; just as if Beth's apron were not a part of it. It was too far away for Mama and the children to attend, but Uncle Ed went on the last day, and he was to bring back word of the result. Beth was certain she should not sleep a wink until he came, no matter how late that was, but Mama insisted on her going to bed as usual and the next thing she knew, it was broad daylight. Uncle Ed was down in the dining-room, but he did n't say much—just looked over his eye-glasses and talked about

premium pigs and mowing-machines and pretended he had n't heard a word about aprons. Beth crept away by herself. She understood—she had n't gotten any premium and Uncle Ed did n't like to tell her. Well, if she could n't ever be educated she 'd have to be a dressmaker like Mama, and sew, no matter how hot it was.

And then breakfast was ready, and Uncle Ed called her to come quick before he starved.

She slipped quietly into her chair, and slowly lifted her plate to release an edge of the napkin; and there, under it, folded neatly, lay her very own cambric apron with a blue ribbon pinned fast, and across it a smooth, gray-green, fascinating five-dollar bill.

And this is n't a made-up story at all, for it every bit happened.



A FLOOD IN THE CONGO VALLEY.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE ANIMALS AS MR. ELEPHANT TRIES TO GET ABOARD.

THE TROUBLES OF THE PORCUPINE AND OTHER FABLES

BY BOLTON HALL



PORCUPINES are little animals like fat rabbits, with long hairs that have grown into spikes that are called quills.

Once upon a time a porcupine agreed with a rabbit that they would work together. Of course the rabbit had to run about a great deal to get his

food, and could see a great many things, but the porcupine could not run very fast. So when the rabbit found trees that had the kind of bark that the porcupine liked to eat, he told the porcupine; and when foxes or dogs came, the rabbit crept under the porcupine and they could not touch him because they were so afraid of the porcupine's quills.

The two got on very nicely together, and finally the porcupine said that he would like to sleep with the rabbit, and the rabbit said, "All right," but the second night the porcupine curled himself up so that a long spike stuck out and pricked the poor rabbit, and when the rabbit asked him not to do that the porcupine said, "You are a horrible cross thing, and I won't work with you any more."

So off he went and found a wildcat; and he said to the wildcat, "You work with me." The wildcat had to go long journeys so as to catch rabbits and mice and birds, and when he found the right kind of trees he would tell the porcupine, just as the rabbit used to do; and when the porcupine was climbing about the branches and found birds' nests he told the wildcat and the wildcat ate the eggs and the birds. So they were getting along nicely, until one day the wildcat said he knew of some trees that were very hard to find, so he would show the porcupine where they were, and off they set together. It was pretty hot walking, and the porcupine, to let the air in, raised up his spines straight and they stuck into the poor wildcat. The wildcat said, "Oh, don't do that," and the porcupine said, "I will too—I want 'o." "Well," said the wildcat, "I won't find you any more trees," and he left him then and there, and the porcupine said, "What a horrid disagreeable thing a wildcat is!"

The porcupine started to go home, and on the way a storm came up and it was blowing hard, and when he came to a house he thought he would go and take shelter in the cellar. As he passed the front door there was a hitching-post, and it had got a little loose in the ground from the horses' pulling at it. Just as he went past, it blew over a little bit and at once the porcupine turned around his tail and hit it a bang with his spikes, and a lot of them went into the hitching-post. Of course the post did not care, but it hurt the porcupine awfully. The porcupine said, "I think the meanest, hatefulest people I ever met are hitching-posts."

The people in the house were really very kind people, and they used to give him apples and grease (which porcupines love to eat) and pretty soon he got so tame that he would come up and take the apples out of their hands. Their dog was a wise dog and knew enough to let the porcupine alone, and so really this porcupine was quite a pet. The little girl Doris used to feed him and to stroke him from his head to his tail on the sharp spines and he smoothed them down so that they would not hurt her hand.

But one day, when she was petting him that way, the stupid porcupine stuck up his spikes and two of them went into Doris's hands, and she ran away frightened and told her papa. Her papa took a big switch and switched the porcupine so badly that he went away as fast as his legs could carry him, saying to himself, "I think girls are horridly unkind."

As he was going along the wagon-road he met a horse and wagon and he did not get out of the way of the wagon at all; the driver was asleep in the wagon and the horse was jogging along. He was a nice horse, besides which he did not want to get his leg full of porcupine quills, so he just stepped aside and the porcupine sat there as grumpy as could be; and the first thing he knew the wheel came right at him so that he had just time to scramble to the side, and as it passed he struck it with his tail. Well, of course the wheel was made of hard wood and it smashed the quills of his poor tail and the edge of the wheel went over his hind paw, and the porcupine said, "The cruelest, meanest things I know are wheels."

See what troubles one has, when one is a porcupine!

THE CROSS SQUIRREL

ONCE there was a squirrel that did not like its home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. Its papa squirrel had long gray whiskers, and so was wise—beside which he could shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel, "My dear, as you do not like your home there are three sensible things you could do—

Leave it,
or Change it,
or Suit yourself to it.

Any one of these would help you in your trouble."

But the little squirrel said, "Oh, I do not want to do any of those; I had rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing.

THE STUPID MICE

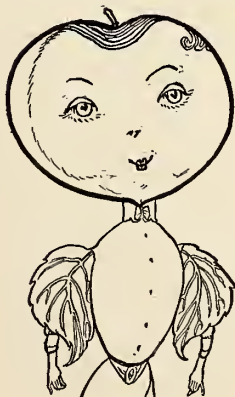
THERE were five little field mice. Their mother was very wise and one day when they went out to play she told them that when she chirped like a bird, they must lie perfectly still. That seemed so funny that the mice were surprised, and began to ask each other a great many questions about it. It would have been much better to ask their mama, but they were very little.

Just then their mother saw a hawk in the sky and chirped. One poor little mouse got frightened and forgot all about what she said; and one dived down into a hole. Unfortunately there was a weasel in that hole; and the weasel got him. Another ran off and got lost in the grass, and never was found again. Another ran and tried to hide under a leaf, and a hawk swooped down and ate him up. Another jumped into the bushes and a snake swallowed him. The fifth stayed quite still and, though he did not know it, he looked so like a withered leaf that neither the snake nor the weasel nor the hawk saw him at all.

Which one do you think was the wisest?

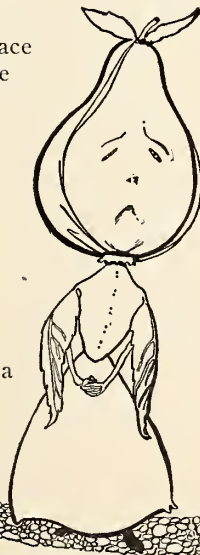
MISS PEACH AND MISS PEAR

BY HELEN W. ROLLINSON



MISS PEACH has such a lovely face
I think it would be out of place
To tell you that, tho' never tart,
She has a very stony heart.

POOR Miss Pear has a swollen
cheek;
She 's had it, too, for nearly a
week;
If you ask me now how that can
be—
I 'll tell you why: She fell out of a
tree.



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

HOW PINKEY PROFITED BY A DOUBLE TRADE

IN times gone by it had often seemed to Pinkey Perkins that unless he became the possessor of some certain thing upon which he had especially set his heart, his whole existence must become a dreary failure. He had run the course of skates, rubber boots, and steam-engine, with an interval when a scroll-saw claimed his whole attention, and had devoted more than the allotted time to the different outdoor sports of kite-flying, baseball, and similar amusements.

But now, after all, he realized that never before had he *really* wanted anything. All his other desires were mere weak and passing fancies compared to the yearnings that had been consuming him of late. What made him all the more disturbed, was the fact that he was uncertain as to which of two things he most desired.

For some weeks, Pinkey had thought of nothing but bicycles during his waking hours. He had read all the bicycle catalogues he could lay his hands on, until he could recite to his father from memory all the attractive points about each make of wheel he had any hopes of coaxing him to buy. At night he had dreamed of bicycles and bicycle rides, until it seemed that unless he soon became the owner of one, life would not be worth living.

But after a visit of a few days in the country while this longing for a bicycle was at its height, Pinkey returned with a new desire, more violent, if possible, than the one he had been cherishing up to that time. He had become overwhelmed by a passion to own a team of goats and a wagon to which he might drive them. This new state of affairs had been brought about by the fact that a boy who lived near where he had been visiting owned such a team, and during the short time he had been there, Pinkey had learned to hitch up the goats, and drive them wherever he chose. He had shown no fear of them, and they had made no attempt to frighten him by the usual antics of such animals.

To Pinkey's unbounded delight, he had learned by questioning that the goats and wagon were for sale; but when he made bold to ask what the price might be, he was pained to learn that the amount was just seven dollars more than he had at his command.

When he had returned home, all aglow with

tales of the wonderful bargain he could make regarding the goat team, his pleadings fell on deaf ears as far as any encouragement from his father was concerned. Mr. Perkins had no objection to his son having a bicycle or the goats, but he also believed in putting him on his own responsibility in the matter of securing either.

In Pinkey's mind there was no question as to which he most desired; the goats had entirely supplanted the bicycle in his estimation, though finances were the great difficulty in the attainment of either. He went so far as to promise his father that if he would buy the goats and wagon, the subject of bicycle should be dropped at once; although they would cost much less than the cheapest bicycle. But even this assurance failed to melt his father's heart, and Pinkey's disappointment was deeper than ever.

There was one glimmer of hope, however, which Pinkey could see through the sea of dependency into which he had been plunged; but he refused to consider it unless all other possibilities failed. There was a boy in town who owned a bicycle which he would sell, and which Pinkey could buy with the slender means at his disposal. But Pinkey hated the idea of buying a second-hand machine. He had no prejudices against second-hand goats and wagon, but that was a different matter. The owner of the bicycle that was for sale had grown too large for it, and had offered it to Pinkey at a very low figure; but it had never been a high-grade machine, and was much the worse for hard usage, and Pinkey feared that he could never be satisfied with it.

Pinkey did not conceal his enthusiasm concerning the goats, but on the contrary talked among his companions on the subject as much as he had on the subject of bicycle up until this time.

"I'd give anything if I had them," he said to Bunny Morris one day, when talking of the subject uppermost in his mind. "I could drive them anywhere, and besides having a lot of fun out of them, I might make some money."

"But how are you going to get them?" persisted the practical Bunny.

"I don't know as I'm ever going to get them," retorted Pinkey; "but there's nothing to hinder me talking about it, is there?"

"There does n't seem to be," replied Bunny, dryly.

"Well, any way, I 'm not going to give up hopes yet awhile," asserted Pinkey.

He set his mind to work to devise some plan by which he might earn the additional amount necessary to purchase his heart's desire. School had just begun, so whatever he did would have to be done during evenings and Saturdays.

After several days' pondering over how he could add to his insufficient wealth, he was plunged still deeper in despair by the realization that he had talked too much about his fondest hope. Shiner Brayley, who had always been more or less jealous of Pinkey's acknowledged leadership among the boys of their age, announced to a crowd, while Pinkey was present, that he believed he would buy the goats himself. He had saved up enough from his summer's wages as a delivery boy to seal the bargain.

"I don't think that 's square," said Pinkey, frankly. "If it had n't been for my finding out where they are, and telling you about them, you 'd have never known anything about them, and I don't think it 's right for you to buy them until I give them up."

"Humph, that 's all you know about it," replied Shiner. "I 've always wanted a team of goats, and if you can't afford to buy them, I don't see what 's the matter with my doing so, if I want to."

"I have n't said I was n't going to buy them or that I can't afford to," replied Pinkey, hotly; "and as long as I 'm still in the trade, you 've got no business to come along and spoil it."

"Well, I 'll do as I please about that," replied Shiner, walking away; "and if I spoil your trade, that 's your lookout, not mine."

Pinkey knew he was helpless to stop the trade, for if Shiner went to the owner of the goats with the proper amount of cash, of course he would get them. He tried to think of some plan of preventing their passing into his rival's hands, but there was no way out of it. After discovering the goats, and announcing his intention to own them, it was a bitter disappointment to see them pass into any one else's hands, and especially into Shiner's.

"Well, fellows," said Shiner, gaily, as he approached a group of his playmates a few days later, "I 've bought the goats and wagon Pinkey Perkins was talking so much about, and I 'll have them Saturday. Come around and have a ride." Pinkey was not present when this speech was made, or perhaps Shiner's tone would have had less of a suggestion of bragging about it.

"Pinkey does n't care," spoke up Bunny

bravely. "He 's bought Billy Baker's bicycle. He went down a while ago to look it over, and as soon as they fix it up a little, he 's going to ride it home. He wanted a bicycle long before he ever thought of having a team of goats."

Bunny was trying to protect Pinkey's pride, which had suffered a severe blow, as he well knew. But he spoke truly, for Pinkey had really effected a trade for the bicycle, and had gone down to bring it home that evening. He felt that his defeat would be less apparent if he bought the wheel before Shiner bought the goats.

That evening, Pinkey rode his new bicycle home, and as he pedalled his way along the street, he tried to believe that he had not made such a bad selection after all. He was trying to coax himself to feel that he had got what he really wanted; but down deep in his heart, he knew better. The wheel was old and rickety, and hard to run, and but for the distinction which went with owning a bicycle, he could not call his transaction a very profitable one.

That evening after supper, he rode his new purchase all over town, and made several trips around the public square; and it was a source of much comfort to him to see that the allegiance of his friends had not been decreased by his loss of the coveted team of goats.

"Let me ride around the square once, Pinkey," was the request that greeted him on all sides, every time he appeared on his new mount. Pinkey was very generous in granting these requests, when they came from those who could ride, and it was a pleasure to him at any rate to have something which his friends could enjoy with him.

"I saw Shiner's goats coming in a while ago, Pinkey," called Bunny, as he vaulted the fence at Pinkey's house the following Saturday morning. "Let 's go down and see them."

Pinkey was oiling his bicycle, and pretended not to hear Bunny's remark. He had been hoping that the deal might fall through, and that Shiner might not get the team after all.

As Bunny drew nearer, he repeated his statement, adding that the whole outfit, wagon, harness, and all, had been brought to town in a big wagon by the father of the boy who owned them.

"What do I care," replied Pinkey. "I 've got all I can attend to here, without bothering myself with Shiner Brayley's business." Then he added: "Are n't they a dandy team; did you see them near-by?"

Bunny did not let it appear that he noticed the lively interest Pinkey had betrayed in spite of himself.

"No, I did n't see them close, but I thought I 'd go down after a while, and see what they 're like."

"Let's see who can ride around the block the quickest," proposed Pinkey, changing the subject instantly. He did not like the idea of Bunny leaving him to go down to Shiner's house. Much as he would have liked to go, his pride kept him from considering such a possibility.

"I don't believe I can stay very long," replied Bunny, uneasily. "I just stopped in for a few minutes."

"Oh, come on, and stay," coaxed Pinkey. "We can ride all around, and have a lot of fun; and then you can stay for dinner."

"I'd like to, Pinkey, but I can't right now. I've got to go; but maybe I'll be back after a while." Bunny was torn between his desire to stay with Pinkey, and his curiosity to see the wonderful goat team, and he found the latter desire too strong to be overcome.

Never before had Bunny been in a hurry to leave Pinkey's house. On the contrary it was frequently necessary for Mrs. Perkins to remind him that he and Pinkey had played long enough, and that it was time for him to go home.

Pinkey felt pained that his chum should leave him thus, but he also realized that the attraction was strong, and made no further effort to detain him; though, as Bunny departed, he felt his load of disappointment increase doubly.

After trying to raise his drooping spirits by taking a long ride on his wheel, Pinkey returned, tired, hot, lonesome and disgusted. Riding alone was no fun; the bicycle seemed to run harder than ever; and all around he was not glad of his purchase, and was growing to regret it more, every ride he took.

When he returned, he left his bicycle leaning against the buggy shed, and went inside to nurse his gloomy spirits. Never before had life seemed quite so empty, or the future to present such a dismal outlook. He had lost what he had set his heart upon, and had made bad matters worse by buying something which was not as desirable a substitute as he had hoped.

He was still sitting on the box in the shed, when Bunny returned after an absence of nearly two hours.

"Well, Pinkey," said Bunny, after a rather mournful reply to his signal whistle had told him where his chum was. "I guess Shiner is n't so tickled over his trade, as he was. He can't do a thing with his goats, now that he's got them."

"What's the trouble?" inquired Pinkey, assuming a less despondent appearance. "Can't he manage them?"

"Manage them! Well, I should say not. They won't let him come anywhere near them. He's scared to death of them, and they know it. Every

time he goes near them they just take after him, and chase him all over the place."

"Well," said Pinkey, decisively, "he'll never get any good out of them now; 'cause if a goat once gets it into his head you're afraid of him, that ends it." One would have thought from Pinkey's tone that he was an authority on such subjects.

Bunny stayed at Pinkey's house for dinner, as Pinkey had suggested in the morning. During the meal he noticed that Pinkey was deep in thought, and had but little to say, though he gave no one any idea of what was going on in his mind. Bunny feared that he had done something to offend Pinkey, and wondered if his going down to Shiner's house could be the cause.

As soon as the boys left the table, Pinkey got some old rags, and began a thorough cleaning of his new bicycle. He polished all the parts, oiled all the bearings well, packed the tools carefully in the tool-bag, inflated the tires to their full capacity, and tightened up any loose nuts and bolts that he could find needed it.

Bunny assisted him all he could, but he could get no satisfactory reply to his questions bearing on the reason for this sudden cleaning up.

When the work was completed, the wheel looked better than it had since the newness had worn off after its original purchase.

"Where are you going, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny, as Pinkey led the bicycle out to the front gate, and prepared to mount.

"Never mind where I'm going," replied Pinkey, with a business-like tone in his voice. "You stay here till I come back."

"But Pinkey," persisted Bunny, "let me go along," and he started to follow Pinkey as he rode away.

"No," answered Pinkey, decisively, "I don't need you. I'll be back before long."

Bunny was perplexed at Pinkey's action, but further persistence or questioning was useless. There was nothing to do but obey orders, and await developments.

When Pinkey set out on his wheel, he was not certain himself as to his exact movements, but he had a general idea of what he would try to do. He did not go directly to Shiner's house, which was his real destination, but took a roundabout course, so that he could come by that way from the opposite direction, as though he had done so accidentally.

As he approached the house he rode slowly, and did not "let on" that he had any idea of stopping; but he kept a keen eye out for any sight of Shiner and his new belongings.

As he hoped and expected, he saw Shiner in the



"NO SOONER HAD HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, THAN THE SECOND GOAT 'LANDED' ON HIM." (SEE PAGE 1026.)

back yard, and to his delight there were no other boys around. Shiner did not see Pinkey coming, nor did Pinkey call to him. He dismounted at the front gate, and led his wheel through the front yard, and around the house to where Shiner was.

Just as he came in sight, he saw Shiner untying the goats with the intention of making a desperate effort to hitch them up. He had no more than



"HE FINALLY GAINED THE FENCE, AND SCRAMBLED TO THE TOP OF A POST, TO WHICH HE CLUNG FRANTICALLY."

taken the rope in his hands than one of the animals ran as far as he could go in one direction, while the second went at full speed in the other. With Shiner between them the goats had him at their mercy, and they seemed to know it. The one behind him turned, lowered his head and came at Shiner, full speed. Before he could turn around, Shiner had received the full effect of the goat's attack, and went sprawling on his hands and knees several feet away.

No sooner had he scrambled to his feet, than the second goat "landed" on him as the first had done, and down he went again.

When their thoroughly-frightened victim arose the second time, he was in full flight, and away he went in a frantic effort to reach the fence before the incensed animals close at his heels could overtake him. Just as he neared the fence both his pursuers struck him at the same time, and sent

him flying with considerable speed headlong to the ground again.

Struggling to his feet a third time he finally gained the fence, and scrambled to the top of a post, to which he clung frantically, while the goats planted both feet on the lower boards, and shook their heads threateningly at their conquered master.

"Hello, Shiner," called Pinkey, as though nothing out of the way had happened. For all Shiner knew, Pinkey had just arrived.

"Hello," replied Shiner, from his perch on the fence. There was no animation in his voice, and he seemed worried.

"What 's the matter with the goats?" inquired Pinkey. "Are they acting up?" He was careful not to appear pleased over what he had seen, and to refrain from any appearance of teasing Shiner over his experience.

"Yes, they 're awful wild, and I would n't go near them, if I were you. I don't believe they 've ever been broken to drive at all. When did you get here?"

"Just a few minutes ago," replied Pinkey. "I was riding by on my wheel, and stopped in to see your new team. Have you hitched them up yet?"

"Not yet," answered Shiner sadly. "I wonder if they 're the same goats that boy used to drive so nicely. If they are, he 's the only one that can drive them. They chase me whenever I try it. They act just as if they 'd never been tamed."

All the time the boys were talking, the goats kept close vigil over Shiner, but seemed to pay no attention to Pinkey whatever, though he was not far away.

"Well, I 'll have to be going on," said Pinkey, turning his bicycle around, and starting toward the gate. "I believe I 'll take a ride down to the depot, and see the train come in."

"Say, Pinkey," called Shiner, when Pinkey had almost reached the house.

Pinkey stopped and turned around.

"What 'll you give me for these goats?" continued Shiner.

Pinkey had difficulty in controlling his delight at this question. He knew he did not dare to make the proposition, and had feared unless Shiner said something before he got away, that the object of his visit would be lost. Now he saw hopes of the success of his scheme.

"What do I want with them, if they are n't broken to drive?" replied Pinkey, doubtfully. He did not want to appear too eager to trade, else Shiner might change his mind. But in his present state of mind, there was not much chance of that.

"Oh, I guess they have been driven some, and maybe they 'd like you all right. They don't like

me at all, for some reason, and I don't believe I 'll ever be able to do anything with them."

"Well I have n't anything to give for them except my wheel, and I have n't had it but a few days."

This was the reply Shiner had hoped Pinkey would make. He was sick of his bargain already, and heartily envied the independent way in which Pinkey could ride around anywhere he pleased.

"I would n't mind trading," continued Shiner, after a moment's silence. It was a difficult admission to make, but it was the only solution he saw for a bad situation.

At this, Pinkey came back slowly toward the fence. The goats had by this time ceased their vigilance and had gone to grazing in another part of the yard, giving Shiner a chance to climb down from his perch on the fence.

Pinkey did not go near the goats, since he did not want Shiner to know that they were gentle until after the trade had been settled one way or the other.

In a very short space of time the trade was effected. Shiner rode the wheel up and down the walk a few times and promptly decided that he would willingly part with the two incorrigible goats

and the wagon and harness, to become the possessor of such a gentle steed. Pinkey was delighted beyond words at attaining what he had given up as lost to him forever, so each was highly pleased to think that he had the better of the bargain.

No sooner had the trade been closed than Pinkey took the two bridles from the wagon, walked confidently over to where the goats were grazing and, with no resistance whatever, bridled first one and then the other, and led them over to where Shiner stood looking on in amazement. The animals came along as peacefully as a couple of sheep, and stood quietly while Pinkey hitched them to the wagon. They seemed to remember him, and to know that he was not in the least afraid of them.

"I guess they 're all tired out chasing me," said

Shiner, trying to excuse his own failure to handle them; "but wait till they get roused up again."

"They 'll be all right, I guess," replied Pinkey, "just as long as they know I 'm not afraid of them. Anyway, I 'll risk it."

When he had the team hitched up, and was satisfied that everything was in readiness, Pinkey climbed in the wagon and, with a heart as light as it had been heavy for days past, drove gaily out of Shiner's gate up the road toward his home, eager to show the waiting Bunny the outcome of



"PINKEY CLIMBED IN THE WAGON AND DROVE GAILEY OUT OF THE GATE UP THE ROAD TOWARD HIS HOME."

his mysterious excursion. His ambition had been attained and he was the owner of the first and finest team of goats that Enterprise ever boasted.

Pinkey felt no reluctance at having traded his wheel to Shiner, for Shiner had suggested it, and was satisfied with the exchange. He had secured what his slender means had prevented his buying in the first place, and, at the same time, Shiner, glad to get rid of his undesirable property at any sacrifice, felt that he had made the best trade of his life.

Long after Shiner's bicycle had been consigned to the scrap-heap, Pinkey and his team of goats were a familiar sight on the streets of Enterprise, and the pleasure which he and his friends derived from his exchange could not have been measured by the value of many such bicycles as the one he had traded for his coach and pair.



WILL HE GET THEM?

RANDOM RHYMES

BY NIXON WATERMAN

SILENT LETTERS

OF vowels, all—good, better, best—
The loud, round “O!” is noisiest:
The rest have ways more laudable
Because they ’re all in-A-U-d-I-bl-E.

PRUDENCE

THOUGH the doctor’s thoughts may be at war
With those who seek a cure,
He has to keep his temper, or
He ’ll lose his patients, sure.



THE RIVER ELF

BY
MARY C. METCALF

He wears a bit of river mist
About him as a wrap,
And from the dainty jewel-weed
He gets his peaked cap.

He sails abroad upon the web
The water-spider weaves;
And green above, and red below,
He paints the lily leaves.

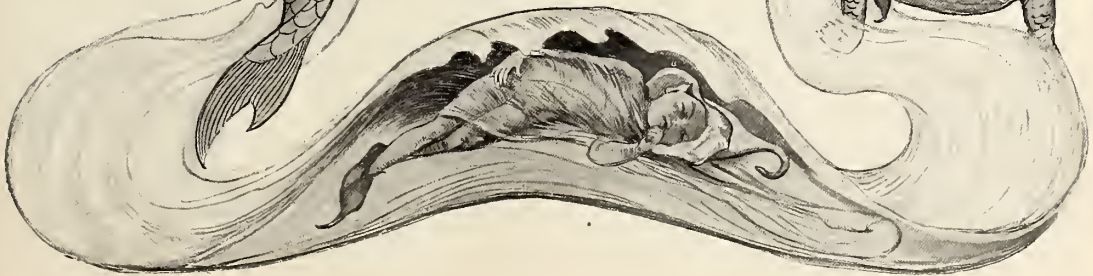
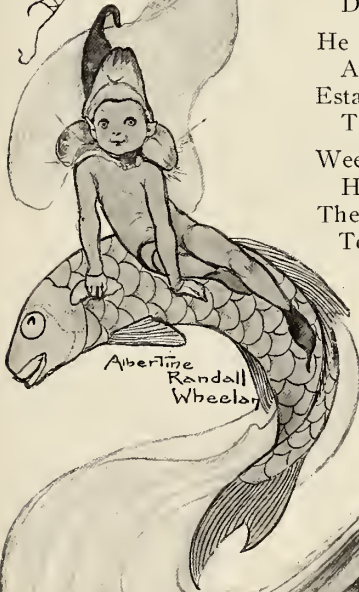
He colors, with a yellow gay,
The turtle's horny hide;
And on the darting dragon-fly
Delights to steal a ride.

He polishes the fishes' scales,
And always in the spring
Establishes his evening school
To teach young frogs to sing.

Wee bits of mud with moonbeams bright
He fashions at his ease,
They flit away as fireflies
To dance among the trees.

And when dark night has hushed
the leaves

And hid the king-bird's nest,
Upon a softly curling wave
He slips away to rest.



RIDING ON FATHER'S FOOT

BY
EMILIE POULSSON



Over the Gate.

THE rider is ready,
All mounted in state;
So gallop and gallop
And jump¹ the high
gate.

To Tumble Town.

RIDE to market,
Ride to mill,
Down the valley,
Up the hill.
All the roads, up or
down,
Lead at last to Tumble
Town.²



¹A sudden upward fling of the foot represents the jump.

²Baby enjoys the little tumble with which this play ends.



"And jump the high gate."



"Down the valley, up the hill."

TROTTING PLAYS

By EMILIE POULSSON

The Good Steed.

HERE 's a good steed
To serve you at your need,—
Walk at slow pace
Or gallop in a race.
If you ride Witch
She 'll throw you in a ditch ;
If you ride Dare,
He 'll toss you in the air ;
But here 's a good steed, etc.

(Repeat rhyme.)

Trit-trot.

TROT, old Blackie; trot to town ;
Shake your rider up and down.
Trit-trot fast, and trit-trot far,
Trit-trot home again. Here we are !



Where is Baby Going?

HURRAH for a canter
And visit besides !
For off to see Grandma¹
The Baby now rides.



Two Jolly Trot Horses.

Two jolly trot horses
Stand here side by side ;
Choose now, little lady ;
Which one will you ride ?

(Child chooses and mounts.)

OH this is the horse that walks and walks,
Steady, steady, slow, slow ;
And trots when the rider laughs and talks,
Faster, faster, go, go !
Then, all of a sudden, jumps and balks,
And tries his rider to throw, throw !



¹Before repeating the stanza the baby who is old enough should name the person he wishes to visit.



A Jolly Ride.

THE baby goes riding—away and away!
Goes riding to hear what the cat has to say.
“Mew, mew!” says the cat.

The “horse” comes to a stop at “say,” and waits while Father or Baby says the “Mew, mew!” says the cat.

Other stanzas may tell of the dog (“Bow, wow!” says the dog), the hen (“Cluck, cluck!”), the chicks (“Peep, peep!”), the duck (“Quack, quack!”), the cow (“Moo, moo!”), the pig (“Umph, umph!”), the sheep (“Baa, baa!”), etc.

THE NAUGHTY FOX AND PUPPY

ONCE upon a time a young fox lived in the woods near a farm. He used to run after the farmer's chickens. So the farmer set a trap and caught him. He was chained to a stake and his house was an old tub.

On this same farm there was a little puppy named Fido. He was like the fox. He was naughty sometimes and would chase the farmer's chickens. So he was chained up, too. But something else was done to him. They put a muzzle over his nose and mouth so that he could not bite.

Here are pictures of the fox and the puppy. Maybe, if they are good, the farmer will give them some milk, too.



"IF MASTER FOX'S CHAIN WERE LONGER HE COULD GET SOME OF PUSSY'S MILK, TOO!"



FIDO: "IF MY MISTRESS WOULD ONLY TAKE OFF THIS MUZZLE I COULD HAVE SOME, TOO!"



**NATURE AND
SCIENCE
FOR YOUNG FOLKS.**
Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

NATURAL POSITION OF *ARGIOPE RIPARIA* IN WEB.

The zigzag line is supposed to be put in for strength. The white object at lower right hand is a grasshopper wrapped in a broad band of silk.

THE GARDEN SPIDER AND HER ENEMIES.

TOWARD the close of September you may notice, in the tops of the weeds at the side of the road, a number of reddish-brown objects, like tiny in-

eggs of the big, black-and-yellow spider (*Argiope riparia*) that one finds standing with her head downward in the large circular webs so frequent among the bushes. This is the one, which, when disturbed, shakes the web so rapidly that both spider and web appear to be little more than a blur. She is supposed to do this either to capture the intruder, or else to protect herself from an enemy.

In these egg-cases, which are fastened to the bushes by strong threads, the spider has made a warm, dry shelter for her young. Put a few of them under an inverted tumbler and you may have some interesting experiences, and make some interesting observations.

If all goes well the eggs will soon hatch. Now the food problem confronts the little spiders, for they must still remain for several months in the egg-case, or until the weather is warm enough for them to come out, and they settle the question by eating one another. When spring arrives the few that remain are large enough to care for themselves. This habit of eating one another continues throughout their lives.

With sharp-pointed scissors we will open one of these egg-cases, for the interior is interesting. Near the center is a tiny silken basket with a flat, close-fitting top, and in it are the eggs—nearly a thousand of them, says Dr. H. C. McCook. The space between this "basket of eggs" and the outside waterproof cover is filled with loosely-spun, brown threads. In the spaces among these



THE ICHNEUMON-FLY LAYING HER EGGS,
PIERCING THE COCOON.

The cocoon is firmly fastened in the weed-top by the strands of web in all directions.

verted balloons, and about the size of small hickory nuts. These are the cases that contain the

threads the young spiders live, and probably hide to protect themselves from their hungry fellows. To make the outer covering, the mother spider uses the broad silk band which she employs to wrap around her own captives. This is the normal condition, but later in the season some of the cases will, perhaps, show a totally different state of affairs. The basket is now flattened against the outer wall and has in it only some white chaff, while the case itself is almost filled with a spherical cluster of silken cocoons adhering



THE LARGE AND THE SMALL PARASITES UNDER A GLASS WITH THE EGG-CASES.

tightly together. We know that young spiders never spin cocoons, but here they are. How did they get here?

When we ask Mother Nature a question we must needs wait patiently for the answer. Put this cluster of cocoons under the glass with the others, and in the spring you will find your answer in the form of pretty little black bees with orange-colored legs banded with black. These belong to the family of ichneumon-flies. If you are fortunate, you may see, in the fall, a bee repeatedly stinging one of these egg-cases. She is laying her eggs on the inside, and when the young are hatched they will devour the little spiders and then spin the mysterious cocoons.

Probably before these ichneumon-flies appear you will notice some tiny bees, not more than one sixteenth of an inch long, flying around inside of the glass. These are secondary parasites which have devoured the young of one of the larger



THE EGG-CASE OF *ARGIOPE RIPARIA*.

At A, with side cut away to show position of the "basket of eggs." At B is shown the "basket of eggs" removed with the top raised to show the eggs inside.

bees after it had spun its cocoon. Look closely and you may see minute apertures about the size of pinholes. These were made when the secondary parasites escaped.

Should all the spiders survive until spring, they would still have a very uncertain chance of living until the frosts of early autumn put a natural end to their lives. Birds and toads eat them in large quantities, but perhaps their greatest enemy is the mason wasp that builds the mud cells on the rafters in the garret. The wasps



A, the egg-case containing the cocoons of the larger parasite. At B is shown the large parasite. C shows the smaller parasite.

capture them when they are but half-grown, paralyze them by stinging, and pack them into their cells to serve as food for the young wasp. When we consider the thousands of their enemies, we



The mother spider uses the broad band of silk in weaving the outside covering to the egg-case.

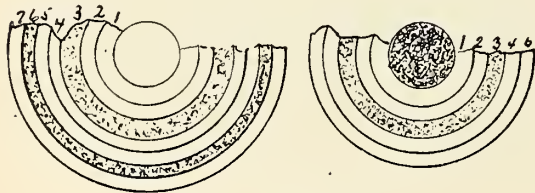
readily understand why so many eggs were packed into the little basket. It was necessary if Nature wanted any spiders to escape.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

STRUCTURE OF HAILSTONES.

At Fort Worth, Texas, very large hailstones fell and the interior structure was examined carefully by D. S. Landis. He says, in "Monthly Weather Review":

"The hail fell for fifty minutes, and the stones were plentiful for several hours after the storm had passed. The hailstones of this storm were very symmetrical, the prevailing form being an oblate spheroid, that is to say, the shape of a Rugby foot-ball, about two and a quarter inches in the long diameter by one and three quarter inches in the short axis. The largest stones had nine definitely marked concentric layers outside of the central nucleus. There were three other styles of formation, viz., those having three, five, and seven layers. These layers were distin-



LAYERS OF HAILSTONES.

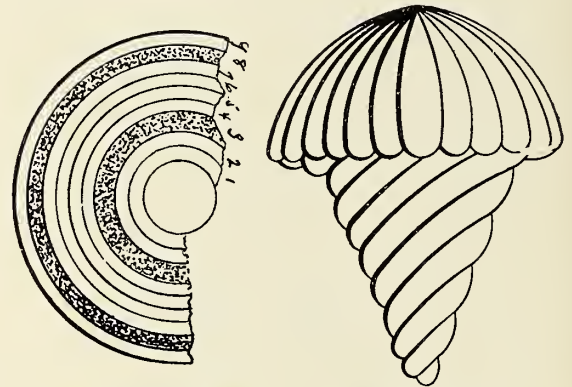
Arrangement of seven, and of five. The dark portion represents compressed snow. (Cuts used by the courtesy of the Weather Bureau.)

guishable by being cemented, or congealed, together by sheaths of a thin white non-crystal ice so thin as not to be called a layer, yet in the cross-sections the lines of sepa-

ration were as well marked as those of the layers of an onion.

"It was noted that every stone had an odd number of layers in its formation, the series running three, five, seven, or nine layers. The outside surfaces of all stones were quite smooth and of crystal ice. In the seven- and nine-layer hailstones the layer next to the surface layer was snowy, something of the nature of a snowball dipped into water and slightly compressed, forming a sort of mushy amorphous ice, usually very white. In the five-, seven-, and nine-layer formations, the third layer, counting from the nucleus outward, was a layer of snow so definite in structure as to admit of no doubt of its being moist snow. This third layer was about as thick as heavy blotting paper. In the seven- and nine-layer formations, the nucleus and all layers were crystal ice, excepting the third and the layer next to the surface layer."

At Morgantown, West Virginia, there were found hailstones of corrugated shape as shown in



Arrangement of nine layers of hailstone.

Hailstone of corrugated, "corkscrew" shape.

the accompanying illustration. These stones were about two by one and one half inches.

Attention is also called to the fact that some hailstones, when melting in a pail of water, end their career by giving up a large bubble of air. It is supposed that this air was inclosed under great pressure in the white snow which forms the center of hailstones. The Bureau suggests that they be melted in soapy water so that the bubble will not burst as soon as it reaches the surface, but will remain long enough to have its diameter measured. Records as to variation in pressure may thus be made. Perhaps some of our young folks will search for hailstones with air in them, and make this experiment. The right kinds are those formed at a great height in the thunderstorms of spring and summer. The sleet or frozen rain of the winter is entirely different, being formed rather low down in the air, and consisting wholly of small particles of ice.

Hailstones are easily divided by a knife, or cracked by striking with a small hammer, or piece of iron. They are interesting when thus prepared for examination, even if not of unusual structure.

THE SELF-DEFENSE OF UNARMED INSECTS.

MANY insects apparently entirely unarmed for the fight for existence have means of defense that



THE HARMLESS-LOOKING CATERPILLAR ASSUMES A FORMIDABLE ATTITUDE.

are very interesting and unexpected. The harmless looking caterpillar above is a good example.

The quiet, inoffensive looking worm-like larva in the upper figure became a very demon in appearance upon being touched up with a stick. The decorative spots along the back culminating in a larger one on the shoulders became a fierce and terrible "eye," and two flame-colored horns were thrust up where there was not the slightest sign of them before the attack. At the same time a drop of acrid fluid was discharged from the mouth. Its rampant and drawn-back attitude thickened it to twice its normal size. It seemed to swell out with fierceness, making a terrible looking creature out of an apparently unarmed insect.

HARRY FENN.

AN EARLY AUTUMN BIRD.

No other birds are so closely associated with the early autumn, with the coming of the golden rod and the asters, as are the white-throated sparrows; and many nature lovers eagerly watch for the arrival of these fall songsters from the north. When they are first seen, their only note, a feeble *tseep*, tells little of their musical power, as they seem to have an agreement not to dash into our presence with a song, but to wait for a week or more after their arrival before surprising us by a display of their real ability.

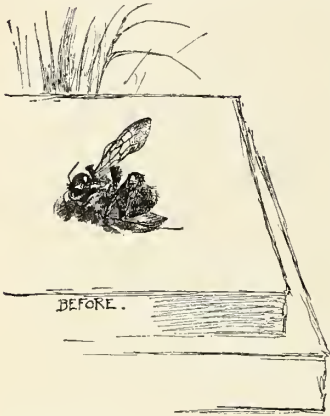
Many kinds of birds are especially sociable in the autumn, but none are more so than the white-throated sparrows. Their gentle companionship and plaintive song seem especially adapted to the dreamy days of our Indian summer.



WATCH FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROWS IN SEPTEMBER.

REVIVING A TIRED HONEY-BEE.

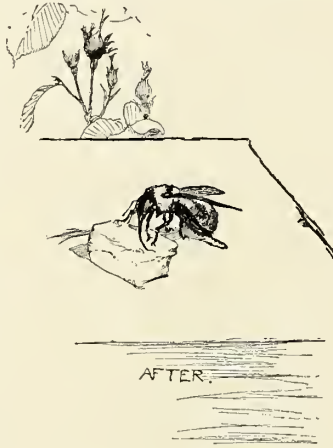
THE honey-bee is proverbially industrious. When everything goes well with it, no form of



This shows a bee beaten down by a heavy rain—exhausted.

animal life has more vigor, works more zealously, nor defends its home more bravely. But the bee soon loses its activity when separated from its home so that it cannot return, as, for example, when it gets into a room and falls to find its way out. Cold, rain or lack of food also soon put it into a

feeble or exhausted condition, making it appear as if it were discouraged. But nearly all of its usual activity may be restored by a little sugar or honey. Sweetmeats mean even more to it than to the young folks, for they not only give the bee pleasure but life. In the first of the accompanying illustrations is shown a bee exhausted by a beating rain, and by isolation from the hive; in the second it is seen applying itself to the restorative—a moistened lump of sugar.



This shows how he "braced up" when given a lump of sugar.

In a cold, wet season, or when, for any other reason, honey bees cannot gather nectar from the flowers, to convert into honey, and there is a shortage of food for the bees, the beekeeper feeds them with a syrup made of water and granulated sugar.

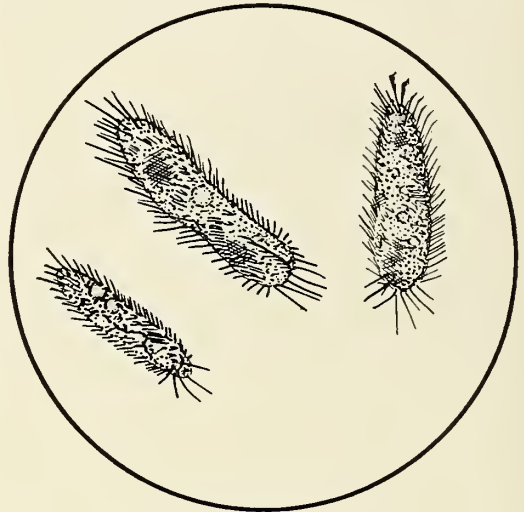
The nectar of flowers is practically sweetened water plus the peculiar flavoring of the particular plant from which it is taken.

Honey bees are fond of sweets in almost any form. I have placed ordinary candy, especially that in the penny stick form, within hives of honey bees and found that the candy was eaten

very rapidly. Honey bees sent through the mails are supplied with food consisting of a hard paste candy, a mixture of sugar and honey.

TINY SLIPPER-SHAPED ANIMALS.

If we put a small handful of hay in a tumbler of water, let it stand for a day or two, and then place a drop under the microscope, we shall be sure to find it crowded with living animals. These are infusoria, sometimes called animalcules, and among the throng we may usually find some that resemble those shown in the figures,



THE SLIPPER-SHAPED ANIMALS.

where they are highly magnified. The straight lines about the margin of the body represent the organs by which the animals row themselves rapidly through the water. These cilia, as they are called, are in constant movement, except when their owner stops to eat or, perhaps, to rest. We are not able actually to prove that they rest, although this is probable. But that they eat is seen whenever we see one of these infusoria. In the middle figure you will notice a line extending for a short distance from what seems to be the front. This is a channel that leads to the mouth nearer the center of the body. Small cilia connected with this furrow make currents in the water, which set in toward the mouth and carry the food particles. When something acceptable comes along, the animalcule takes it, but anything that is not pleasing is allowed to pass on. These infusoria are only about one one-hundredth of an inch in length.

These little animals and others associated with them are to be found only in *impure* water.

PIGEON MISTAKEN BY BIRDS FOR HAWK.

HEARING a great commotion from robins, vireos and other small birds in a roadside grove, I said to my companion, "A hawk is the cause of all that noise; let us have a look at him." So we peered among the upper branches and soon discovered what looked like the dreaded sharp-shinned hawk sitting upright and motionless with angry little birds storming about him. But a second glance showed the big bird to be only a domestic pigeon!

So rarely does a pigeon alight among the leaves of a tree that even the birds themselves did not know the innocent one in his novel surroundings. I frightened the pigeon, who flew away out of the



PIGEON (THE LARGEST FIGURE) MISTAKEN FOR HAWK.

Birds mistakenly alarmed by it are the robin, red-eyed vireo, yellow warbler and chipping sparrow.

grove with the usual clatter of wings, and the little birds became quiet.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

A LITTLE MARINE ANIMAL THAT CUTS OFF BIG POSTS.

I HAVE a friend whose business is to erect wharves and piers on the sea-beach, whence they extend down into the deep water. He builds these of stone, and claims that although they cost a little more, they are more economical than they would be if built of wood at less expense, because they last longer. To prove one part of this claim he has many posts and other pieces of woodwork that have been taken from the ocean and are badly bored, or even entirely cut in two by ship-worms.

These specimens seemed so interesting to me that I took the two accompanying photographs, one of the fragment of a post, and the other of a piece of an old knee from a sunken ship.

This remarkable wood-cutting is done by a little sea animal, a marine mollusk, known to



A PORTION OF THE SHIP'S "KNEE" BORED BY TEREDO.

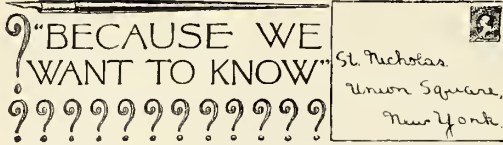
scientists as the *Teredo navalis* or ship-worm. "Vast numbers of these animals enter the wood and burrow in various directions, but they never interfere with one another, a thin partition of wood always being left between adjacent burrows." How the burrowing is done is not well known. The little animal does not eat the wood.



WHARF PILE BORED BY A TEREDO.

Both illustrations show that the wood is not bored near the bars of iron. (Photographs from specimens by courtesy of Mr. F. S. Wardwell.)

The ship-worm is said to have been the cause of the famous break in the dike at Holland, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.



WHAT IS A SEA-BEAN?

JEFFERSON, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending under separate cover a cracked sea-bean. Will you please tell me something about sea-beans? Are they poisonous?

From your loving reader,
LORRAINE GRIMM (age 12).

The term "sea-beans" is applied generally to the hard, stony seeds of leguminous (bean-like) plants which grow on or near the sea-shores and whose fruit drops either directly into the sea or is washed there by rains and streams. There is naturally a very large variety in the sea-beans,



ONE SPECIES OF SEA-BEAN AS IT IS IN GROWTH.
(Drawn from photographs.)

ranging from the minute red "black-eyed Susans" to the immense snuff-box beans several inches in diameter. They grow in tropical and subtropical regions in all parts of the world and are wafted

by currents for long distances, there being in them a space filled with air which adapts them for floating. This particular specimen appar-



SEA-BEANS, SHOWING THE AIR SPACES WHICH GIVE THEM BUOYANCY. SECTION OF POD AND SEED.

1. Section of pod and seed (of *Lens phasiolides*) having an air space inclosed between cotyledons. 2. Seeds (of *Guilandina crista*) with air space between kernel and shell. No. 2 is the kind the writer of the accompanying letter sent.

ently belongs to the genus *Stizolobium*, but its fragmentary condition and the lack of data accompanying it make it impossible to determine the species accurately.

As you know, some of the sea-beans take a very high polish and are used as watch charms and for other ornamental purposes; some of them are used in medicine, but most of them are mere curiosities.

You may be interested to learn that certain sea-beans similar to the specimen you submitted were found cast up by the sea on the Orkney Islands in the year 1693. They were recognized by Hans Sloane as the seeds of plants which he had seen in Jamaica. Their occurrence in this remote place suggested to Sloane the existence of the current which was afterward known as the Gulf Stream, and, in 1696, he published a paper in which there was for the first time offered the true explanation of the means by which the beans were transported. Great numbers of sea-beans are thrown up each year by the Gulf Stream on the Azores where, however, the plants have not succeeded in establishing themselves. Seeds collected there by Darwin were sent by him to Sir Joseph Hooker. These were planted in the Kew Gardens and many of them germinated and grew into fine plants, "showing that their immersion during a voyage of nearly 3,000 miles had not affected their vitality."

H. M. SMITH.

CONDITION OF GOLDFISH SHOWN BY COLOR.

H———, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had one goldfish which was once a bright red, but now it is pure white. Will you please tell me why this is?

An interested reader,
HENRIETTA ROWE.

Goldfish in aquaria not infrequently lose their color, owing largely to a lowering of their vitality. The brightest colors are met with in the healthiest fish, and in those whose food and water supply and general surroundings are just right.

DR. H. M. SMITH.

THE SONG OF THE CICADA.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where we go in the summer there are a great many cicadas. All that I have seen come out of a brown, brittle shell, shaped like a cicada without wings. My brother and I used to get up very early, about four o'clock, and catch the cicadas when they first came out of the shell. They are very pretty, pink and green, with gold or silver stripes on them. Their wings are not dry, and they are shriveled up into a soft, green mass. They grow darker all day until finally they lose all their pretty colors and turn a very dark green. I was interested to know that they lived as long as seventeen years, for all the old cicadas we caught died in about a day. Next summer I shall watch them more.

Your interested reader,
MARGARET JULIET SHEARER (age 13).

MUSKRAT TAILS.

C———, MARYLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you by mail a very strange looking tail.

This is a very old brick house in which we live, and when the cellar was cleaned in December about two dozen of these tails were found under some boxes.

There were a great many rats in the cellar, and some people thought the rats had eaten each other, and left the tails.

Will you please tell me what you think they are and how they could get into the cellar during the summer.

Your interested reader,
FRANCES W. STEEL (age 15).

The tails are of muskrats. It seemed probable to me that some one near by had trapped the animals, disposed of the skins and bodies, and cut off the tails to keep as souvenirs or as proof of number captured. To gain more information bearing on this supposition, I inquired as to nearness of a pond and received the following letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was surprised to receive your letter asking for *more* tails. We have three left which I will send you, but the rest were burned.

There is a large mill pond about a quarter of a mile back of our house. It is not deep, but full of mud which has accumulated for years, and there is a great deal of brush and swamp and weeds around it.

There were no skeletons with the tails. As the cellar was thoroughly cleaned last spring, and the floor is hard stone and earth, and the foundation is solid stone, we do not understand how the tails got in there.

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These are all the particulars I can think of. Hoping they may be of interest, I am

Very respectfully,
FRANCES W. STEEL.

It is evident that the tails were cut off by some trapper.

"American Animals" (Doubleday, Page & Company) has this interesting account of the use of the tails:

"The signal with which one warns the rest of danger is a smart slap of the muscular tail on the water.

"One morning, before the light had begun to come in



THE MUSKRAT TAILS.

Sent by the writer of the accompanying letter.

the east, I was sitting on the margin of a stream where there is a muskrat colony, waiting for the wild ducks that come in from the sea at daybreak.

"Behind me was a dark swamp of heavy old-growth hemlock where the great horned owls were calling loudly to each other. So long as they kept at that distance the muskrats apparently paid no heed to their hooting; but the instant that I replied to one of the owls, counterfeiting its hollow, low-toned voice as closely as I could, the nearest muskrat swung his tail in air and brought the flat of it down on the water with a whack, and it was most amusing to hear the succession of whacks that responded all along the edge of the water, farther and farther away, each followed by the hurried plunge of its owner beneath the surface."

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"HEADING." BY EDWARD S. GOSLIN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE)

THE RETURN OF TEDDY.

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS (AGE 12). (*Gold Badge.*)

TEDDY had been on a journey,
A very long journey to Maine;
And when he returned to the city,
Of course he was terribly vair.

The dolls were not worthy of notice,
He passed them with nose in the air;
And as Jumping Jack slangily put it,
He became a most "stuck-up"
young bear.

He hinted of marvelous wonders,
Though he never told just what they
were.

"They can't understand if I tell them,"
He said, with a pat of his fur.

Though Teddy would have no one know it,
This secret I'm going to tell you:
Just where he went, or what he saw there,
I do not think Teddy Bear knew.

SEVERAL months ago, and once at least since then, we asked for pictures of "Honor Members" (i.e., those who have won gold or cash prizes in the regular League competitions), and of those who have won distinction in their work since they outgrew the League, whether they obtained prizes in the League competitions or not. We asked that the "Honor Member" pictures be taken about the time of the winning of the "Honor" prizes, so that the League album for which we are collecting them should present in appearance, as nearly as possible, the winning membership of the League.

We have received a good many photographs and a few are coming all the time, but they do not come in as rapidly as they should. We should like to have our first League album complete by



"HAPPINESS." BY FANNIE M. STERN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

next January, and it would contain over a thousand photographs if every Honor Member should respond to our request for a picture. Perhaps it would not be out of place to say that if the likenesses already received are fairly representative of our "Honor" list, then that album when completed will show the most intelligent collection of young faces ever gathered together in this or any other country. Let us have the pictures, by all means. It is not only worth while to belong to so worthy a group, but to be gathered with it in pictured form and feature.

We gave a practical hint or two last month to the young photographers. Perhaps a word to the young illustrators may not be out of place. The size of a picture is important. If the work is done with pen and ink and the lines

are bold and black, it may be two or three times as large as a ST. NICHOLAS page. If the lines are fine and delicate, then the drawing should not be more than half as large again as the picture is to appear on the printed page. If the work is done in wash—that is, in flat tint, put on with a brush, a good deal of latitude as to size may be allowed, but always the best results are obtained where too great a reduction is not necessary to get the picture down to the width, or half the width, of the page. Some reduction is always desirable—the bolder the drawing, the more it will stand. Bold black lines are always best, especially for the beginner. Very delicate lines, unless they are clean and sharp and done by a practised hand, are almost always disappointing. Do not use colored paints, or chalks, or draw with a pencil. Use white paper and India ink, or very black writing ink, and keep your work neat and clean.

PRIZE-WINNERS, MAY COMPETITION No. 91.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered—**Verse.** Gold badges, **Dorothy Cory Stott** (age 15), 3263 Perry St., Denver, Col.; **Virginia Coyne** (age 13), 188 Ossington Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can., and **Adelaide Nichols** (age 12), 280 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Ruth S. Coleman** (age 9), 743 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.; **Medora S. Ritchie** (age 17), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Arnold Kornicker** (age 14), 241 E. 79th St., New York City, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Kathleen Cronyn Betts** (age 16), 536 Queens Ave., London, Ont., Can., and **Virginia B. Gammon** (age 15), 454 Ward St., Newton Centre, Mass.

Silver badges, **Carmencita Van Gorder** (age 13), Punta Brava de Guatao, Cuba; **Richard Emmerich** (age 8), 135 W. 123rd St., New York City, and **Conway Barry Barbour** (age 10), Montebello, Cal.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Edward S. Goslin** (age 14), 2414 Lamotte St., Wilmington, Del., and **Charles E. Mansfield** (age 15), 541 Baker St., San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Margaret Rhodes** (age 15), 146 South Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.; **Elise R. Russell** (age 13), 47 Grove Hill, New Britain, Conn., and **Billee Purvis** (age 11), Blencathra, Rotchell Park, Dumfries, Scotland.

Photography. Gold badges, **Dorothy Foster** (age 17), Westbrook, Darlington, Eng.; **Wm. Dow Harvey** (age 13), Golf Lane, Wheaton, Ill., and **Fannie M. Stern** (age 16), 2016 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Helen M. Andrews** (age 14), 208 S. 15th St., La Crosse, Wis.; **Elsie J. Wilson** (age 16), Box 798, Winnipeg P. O., Man., and **Dugald Caleb Jackson, Jr.**, (age 11), 1920 Arlington Place, Madison, Wis.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Young Deer," by **Dixie Virginia Lambert** (age 14), Cedar Island Lodge, Lake Nebagamon, Wis. Second prize, "Pelicans," by **John H. Hill** (age 11), 1102 Grove St., Evanston, Ill. Third prize, "Great Horned Owl," by **Kenneth E. Fuller** (age 13), 80 Court Street, Exeter, N. H. Fourth prize, "Squirrel," by **Elise F. Stern** (age 13), 1998 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Auguste Chouteau** (age 16), 3617 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., and **Lauri Gren** (age 15), Calumet, Mich.

Silver badges, **Nettie Kreinik** (age 15), 583 Amsterdam Ave., New York City, and **Emily P. Eaton** (age 9½), 80 Vandeventer Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Puzzle-Answers. Gold badges, **Albertina L. Pitkin** (age 16), 425 West End Ave., New York City, and **Margorie Anderson** (age 15), 603 Wayne St., Sandusky, O.

Silver badges, **Louise Fitz** (age 16), Peconic, L. I., and **J. Elise Kalbach** (age 9), 250 N. Duke St., Lancaster, Pa.

RETURN!

BY DOROTHY CORY STOTT (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

COME back, and bring with thee soft zephyrs low,
And perfume faint, like breath of Maytime sweet;
No deeper joy my spirit e'er did know
Than dancing where have tripped your fairy feet.

Elusive nymph, who haunted childhood days,
Come teach to me the songs I long to learn;
Ah, I would roam with thee in long-lost ways,
Wouldst thou return!



"HAPPINESS." BY DOROTHY FOSTER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Beyond the limits of to-day's dull page,
Hid in the memories of careless mirth,
Far in the realms of a forgotten age
We wandered free o'er all the spring-drenched earth.

My mind has grown in knowledge, but my heart
For some ungranted gift doth ever yearn;
Ah, what a wealth of joy thou couldst impart,
Wouldst thou return!

Spirit of youth, Dream-fairy, come again;
Bewitch my soul with your sweet, magic powers,
That I may feel your soft touch in the rain,
And see you smiling 'mid the apple-flowers;

And all along the joyous Summer's lease
My heart with happiness, thrice sweet, would burn,
Dear playmate, I should dwell in perfect peace
Wouldst thou return!



"HAPPINESS." BY WILLIAM DOW HARVEY, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY KATHLEEN CRONYN BETTS (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

WE were speeding along the wide, dusty road, at four of the clock, one bright August afternoon, in a big racing car.

My uncle was teaching me to run the machine, and I had put on his goggles and motoring gauntlets. Beside us ran the river Esk, for we were in Scotland, and around us the sun beat down on rolling wastes of heather, nothing but heather, except where the river lay, like a band of pure crystal zoned with pale gold where the sun struck it, across the gray of the vast moor.

I noticed that, a little way down, the road turned abruptly away from the river, and realized with fear and trembling that I would have to make the turn, as my uncle could not see against that wind without his goggles. I had them, and there was no time to change. Quickly I turned the wheel one whole revolution in the direction I wanted to go, quite forgetting you should turn in the opposite one with that car, and we were in the river.

The bank was steep and it was a considerable drop, also it was quite im-

possible to clamber out anywhere along the side we were on.

With one accord we left the car and turned our heads toward the opposite shore. With as little fuss as possible we made our way across and waded up the beach. Then, as my uncle was about to express himself, over the top of the little hill at the foot of which we stood, came men, women and children, gesticulating madly.

It seemed that we had violated one of their oldest laws. Long ago young Lord Lochinvar had swam across that very place, and in consequence they held it sacred. They came at us like a whirlwind.

My uncle explained with great presence of mind that we had not swam all the way across, "only from that wheel sticking out of the water," he said, pointing to where the steering gear of the motor was visible above the surface.

The crowd then dispersed as quickly as it had collected. After drying our clothes we hired a trap and drove home.

Of course, I got a great scolding, but am able to say now that I "swam the Esk river where ford there was none."

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

(In Hoosier-boy dialect.)

BY VIRGINIA COYNE (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

ONE time I said an awful word,
I really did,
An' paw was angry when he heard,
An' so I hid.
An' they was huntin' everywhere,
An' my! I gave 'em *such* a scare!
Don't be mad 'cause I did n't care,
I was jist a kid.

But when it got all dark an' cold
Why I was scared,
For 'en I was n't over bold,
An' 'en I cared.
I could see lights dancin' here an' there,
An' they was huntin' everywhere,
An' when they found me, I did n't care
If I *had* swared.

But when maw called me her poor child,
An' did n't scold;
An' paw looked mad but soon got mild
'Cause I was cold,
An' maw got clothes, 'cause mine was
wet,
For it had rained, — why 'en you bet
I was sorry I swared, an' I 'm sorry
yet,
So don't *you* scold.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY VIRGINIA B. GAMMON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

IT happened when my grandmother was a little girl. She had gone, with her grandmother whom she was visiting, to a quilting-party at a cousin's house, a mile and a half away. They returned late in the evening and, worn out by the unusual excitement, grandma soon fell asleep. During the



"HAPPINESS." BY HELEN M. ANDREWS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"YOUNG DEER." BY DIXIE VIRGINIA LAMBERT, AGE 14.
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

night she dreamed that she was again going to the party. Then she really got up in her sleep, and went softly down stairs and out of the house. She walked through the woods and, coming to a little stream, crossed on the foot-log. Arriving at her cousin's house she was awakened by the barking of the watch-dogs. She was frightened, of course, to find herself so far from home at night and with nothing on but her night-dress. She did not dare to go in the gate for fear of being torn to pieces by the dogs, and though she called and called, no one heard her. At last she was forced to start home again, alone through the dark, silent woods. Poor little girl! She was so cold and so afraid that a bear might jump out at her from behind one of the big trees. When she came to the brook she could not find the foot-log, although it is certain that she had come across on it in her sleep, for her gown was quite dry. Now she had to wade through the icy water in her bare feet. It seemed hours to her before she reached home, tired and even colder than before. No one had missed her and she had to rouse the household as she could not open the door herself, although, this, too, she had done an hour or two before in her sleep.

RETURN AFTER VACATION.

BY ARNOLD KORNICKER
(AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WHEN summer-time is passing,
And days are growing cool,
Across the land a merry band
Comes trooping back to school.
From haunts among the hill-sides,
From nooks along the shore,
From happy isles with beaming smiles,
The children come once more.



"GREAT HORNED OWL." BY KENNETH E. FULLER, AGE 13.
(THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

R-E-T-U-R-N.

Acrostic.

BY MEDORA S. RITCHIE (AGE 17).

(*Silver Badge.*)

RIVULETS running wild and free,
Ever born of the sun and the sea,
Telling secrets, that of old,
Unsuspectingly were told,
Returning, when their journey's through,
Never failing their ocean blue.

STRANGE AËRIAL ADVENTURES.

BY CONWAY BERRY BARBOUR (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE truant boys of the Los Angeles public schools yesterday under the direction of the school superintendent gave the first kite exhibit ever given in Los Angeles.

The fifteen hundred children saw the various kites, made



"PELICANS." BY JOHN H. HILL, AGE 11. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

or invented by their schoolmates, have many strange adventures in the air. It was almost impossible for the boys to keep their kite strings from getting tangled because of the high wind.

The most interesting kite was the centipede-kite. It was made of many parallel sticks, something on the principle of a Venetian window-blind. It could be folded up like a Venetian blind and carried under the arm of a man. These parallel sticks were made of bamboo decorated with all kinds of bright colored paper. The head of this centipede had huge eyes that winked when the wind hit them. It took the first prize for 'the most curious kite, the most artistic, and the strongest pulling kite.

Another wonderful kite was the man-kite. It looked just



"HEADING." BY CHARLES E. MANSFIELD, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

like a man, and his paper clothes were painted red, white, and blue. He wore a tall hat painted in the same way. When the boys and girls saw it flying they called it "Uncle Sam." It looked so picturesque that it won the second prize of a silver cup.

Another wonderful thing was the yacht race. In this the boat was built of paper, and the wind blew it up to the kite on the string, and when it reached the kite it changed its course and came back again. They had a race and the yacht that went a quarter of a mile and back the fastest was to win a prize of a pearl stick-pin.

A Japanese made a kite on the grounds in about half an hour; he won the third prize for beauty.

The sight of so many different kinds of kites all flying at once made a strange and exciting scene.

see if there could be anything under her saddle to make the horse so uneasy. Before the peon could re-saddle her horse it ran away. Mama was left alone in the tall grass about twenty minutes before the peon returned with her horse.

A few minutes after mama and the peon had ridden on, a "puestero" (shepherd) passed on his rounds and discovered, just a little way from where mama had been left alone, a beautiful big tiger that was lying by an ostrich nest waiting for the return of the ostrich.

The reason mama's horse had been so uneasy was that the wind was from the direction of the tiger, and the horse had scented it. To this mama owed her life, for had the wind been in the other direction the tiger would have known where mama was.

The "puestero" and his wife killed the tiger. The "puestero" made himself a belt out of the tail, and mama had a brooch made out of two of the claws.

THE RETURN TO SCHOOL.

BY RUTH S. COLEMAN (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

The school-house windows are shut no more;
Wide open stands the school-house door.
The children hate to go again,
And take up paper and a pen.
They'd rather far go romp and play,
Down by the barn, and in the hay.
Vacation time can be no more,
When once inside that school-house door.
They have to write, they have to sing,
And loud their childish voices ring.
Oh, the school-house windows are shut no more,
And wide open stands the school-house door.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY CARMENCITA VAN GORDER (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THIS is a true story about my mama when we lived in the Argentine Republic, on a large cattle ranch.

One day mama went out riding, taking a peon along with her, to hunt up a lost cow. As they were riding through the tall grass, mama's horse suddenly became very uneasy and showed signs of fear; mama told the peon to



"SQUIRREL." BY ELISE F. STERN,
AGE 13. (FOURTH PRIZE, WILD
CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE RETURN TO SCHOOL.

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge Winner.*)

How oft in the forest I wandered,
Through many a moss-grown dell;
Where the song of a bird,
Is a concert heard,
To the one who loves it well.

How blue are the waves at the seaside,
As from shore to shore they reach;
And, dashing high,
When a storm draws nigh,
Rush, foam-capped to the beach.

When the fruits are ripe in the autumn,
No more in the fields I roam;
But I bid good-by,
With many a sigh,
To my dear old summer home.

Then, oft as I sit in the firelight,
In the midst of Winter's reign;
I think once more,
Of the rocky shore,
And the forest-haunts of Maine.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY RICHARD EMMERICH (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN I was small, we took a trip to the Alps. My sister and I saw a big zigzag path from our hotel window that looked but a very few steps away (it was very far, but we did not know it). So we thought we would explore the path and see where it led to. We walked on and on, until at last we reached it. We climbed up the mountain all alone, feeling very proud. At last we reached a glacier. In this glacier there was a cave. We went in. It was a wonderful sight. The sun shone through it in all colors. We got out and found it was late, and started to go home, then discovered that we were lost. We cried, and thought of our parents worrying at home.

All at once we came to a little hut. The owner of the hut felt sorry for us and took us home. How glad we were to get home. This story is all true.

THE RETURN OF AUTUMN.

BY LOUISE FROST HODGES (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

THE summer days have slipped away,
And now with footsteps light,
Another season tiptoes in,
And 't is the Autumn bright.



"HAPPINESS." BY DUGALD CALEB JACKSON, JR., AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

The Autumn time, when in the fields
Is heaped the golden corn,
And lovely days good Autumn pours
From out her lavish horn.



"HAPPINESS." BY ELSIE J. WILSON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

We love to see the cool, green leaves
All turn to red and gold,
But all of lovely Autumn's things
Could never half be told.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY DOROTHY POUND (AGE 12).

WHEN my grandfather was a young man he was sailing on a merchant ship named the *Rainbow*. This ship was the first clipper ship from New York, and was going to China to get a cargo of tea.

The ship was going through a strait near the Malay Peninsula when it was attacked by pirates. The pirates' boats were long, shallow ones. There were about two hundred in a boat.

The pirates tried to throw a grappling-iron on the ship but they missed it. The ship had only one gun on it and that was used for signaling, and the sailors filled this gun with nails, screws, and little pieces of iron which they fired at the pirates and sunk the boat. Grandfather said the water was black with pirates.

Another pirate boat came up and threw a grappling-iron, which caught in the rigging. The pirates were trying to draw their boat up against the ship so they could capture the sailors. But their plan was spoiled.

A boy fourteen years old was coming down the rigging and the iron caught at his feet. He saw what the pirates were trying to do and that something must be done at once. He took his knife from his belt and cut the rope that was tied to the iron. The wind took the boat by, before it could turn back the sailors fired at it and sunk it. This boy's presence of mind saved the ship and all the sailors' lives.

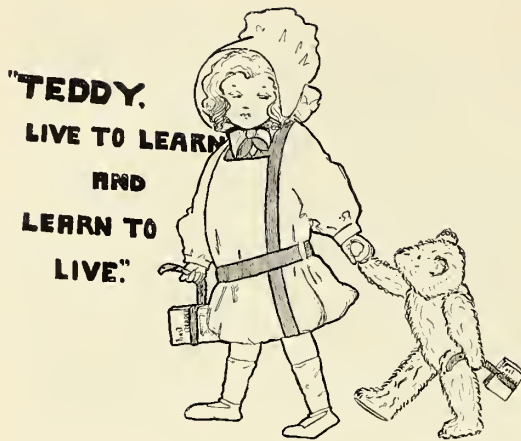
On the return voyage when near the Cape of Good Hope the boy was climbing in the rigging when he fell. He struck his head on a pump and was killed.

THE SWALLOWS' RETURN.

BY THEODORE L. FITZ SIMONS (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

WITH bright sunbeams glinting,
Their dark feathers tinting,
Their joy never stinting,
They glide through the air ;



"HEADING." BY MARGARET RHODES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

While, slipping and sliding,
The light zephyrs riding,
They hold jubilee in the blue atmosphere.

On martin pole swinging,
And chirping and singing,
With mellow notes ringing
Upon the spring air;
Rejoiced at returning,
On April's fresh morning,
The swallows' sweet callings
Announce "We are here!"

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY VOULETTI T. PROCTOR (AGE 15).

FRANK and Martin were two mischievous little boys.

It was Frank's birthday and his father gave him a cute little donkey, which they named Jim; and a little buckboard. The only trouble with Jim was, so the boys say, that sometimes he was *very* stubborn, as most donkeys are.

One day, about the middle of June, Frank and Martin were out driving. They had gone quite a distance when Jim stopped and refused to go any farther. Martin got out and tried to persuade Jim to go on, by pulling and tugging; but without success. Frank was coaxing Jim from the cart. It was useless.

"I know what to do!" said Frank. "We can build a little fire under him and then when he feels it, he will go all right."

They got some sticks and started a small blaze under Jim.

"Jump in, quickly," cried Martin, "for if Jim goes, he will go on a gallop."

They both got in and waited, but only for a second, for Jim felt the fire and calmly walked a step or two, only as far as he had to, so as not to feel the warmth of the little blaze; so of course the cart was right over the fire. The boys jumped out and tried to pull Jim, but he refused to move! Then they saw that was useless, so they quickly unharnessed the cart.

In about half an hour Jim realized that he was no longer harnessed to the buckboard, so all of a sudden he went galloping down the road toward home without the boys, who were resting under a tree near by. The boys jumped up and started after Jim.

"It's no use, we may as well take our time," said Frank, "Jim will be home long before we are." So they walked slowly home, dragging the cart, and deciding never to try such a trick on Jim again.

RETURNS.

BY KATHARINE R. NEUMANN (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

AT morning when I'm just awake,
Nurse says to me, "For pity's sake,
You lazy child, you're very late!
Here is one stocking—where's its mate?"
And then I just turn 'round and say,
"I know it is n't time for day."

At night when nurse says to me,
"The clock strikes seven, do you see?
And now, my dear, you go to bed,"
I turn to her, and shake my head,
"See, nurse, it is very light—
I know it is n't time for night."

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY THERESE BORN (AGE 11).

WHEN my ST. NICHOLAS came this month, I, as usual, looked first of all to see the prose subject. After I had found it, I immediately began to rack my brain for some strange adventure.

My life has been unusually calm. I do not remember any time when I was "lost in the streets of a great city," or any equally exciting adventure, for I was carefully guarded by our nurse.

Finally, I thought of something that might answer for a strange adventure.

One day while we were living at a hotel my brother proposed a race to the elevator. It was not allowed, but the coast was clear.

I wanted to win the race and I did not stop until after the goal was past. Luckily for me (so I thought) the elevator door was open, and just as I was gazing triumphantly at my brother, I felt myself rising (my weight is not that of a feather, and in my jump to pass the goal, I had jarred the elevator).

When I found myself "going up" I thought it was fun and began to laugh, but when I found myself rising higher and higher, I began to scream, which drew the atten-



"HEADING." BY ELISE R. RUSSELL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

tion of nearly every one in the hotel.

My thoughts turned to my family. I knew they would be sad, for I was certain something dreadful was going to happen to me. I thought I knew no way to help myself, but after all I was not ready to become an angel, so I *tugged* at the wheel. Finally, the elevator stopped. I was above the top floor and could not get out, and I saw the machinery of the elevator looming ahead, so I screamed some more. The elevator boy (who was talking to some one at the time of my mad dash) was up-stairs almost as soon as I, and assisted me out over the transom of the elevator door.

Now, when I get into an elevator, I walk in a slow and lady-like way.

Even if the "vaulted skies" were reached by such sudden flight, I should not care to repeat my adventure.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY LAURA F. LACY (AGE 14).

My great-uncle, Barnet Lacy, was once traveling from Warren, Pa., where he practised law, to Tionesta, Pa., to see his brother, my Grandfather Lacy. At this time there were no railroads connecting the two places, so Uncle Barnet set out on foot.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY BILLEE PURVIS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

He reached a place called Hickory, in time to take supper with a friend, and was invited to stay all night. However, as it was a clear moonlight evening he declined, saying he would reach Tionesta late that night.

After he had journeyed on for about two or three hours through the forest, which at that time was practically unbroken all the way, he heard a slight noise, and looking around, saw an animal which proved to be a wolf. He immediately picked up a stick and kept on his way, at the same time watching the wolf. Before long it was joined by another, and soon a third appeared, and they became bolder as they grew in numbers. As there evidently were more not far away, he became alarmed and decided that he must find a place of safety. Some distance ahead he saw a log cabin, the roof of which had fallen in, but the walls were still intact. He at once climbed to the top of the shanty, which was about seven or eight feet high. By this time a number of wolves surrounded him and tried to jump up, but he still held the stick and beat them off as they came too near.

In this manner he spent the night, and when morning dawned the wolves gradually went away. When all had gone he climbed down and continued on his journey. About noon he reached Tionesta, in safety, but well tired out.

THE VETERAN'S CELEBRATION.

BY ELIZABETH TOOF (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

WITH roll of drum and martial tread
They come, they pass, they go,
While like the windswept autumn boughs
Their shattered banners blow.

Nor were the sacred laurel wreaths
That Greece triumphant gave
More hallowed than these tattered flags,
Or borne by men more brave.

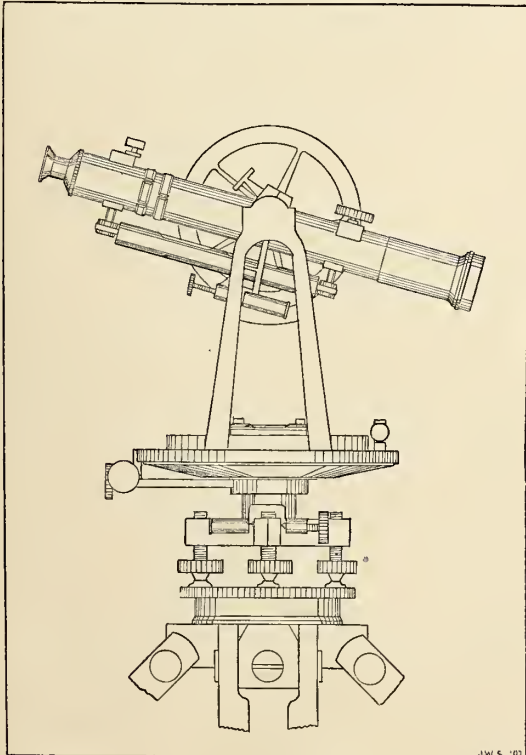
For worn and dim with battle stains,
Their ragged folds proclaim
How heroes' toil may sanctify,
And heroes' love acclaim.

Though on a thousand starry fields
The morning sunbeams fall,
They light the veteran's battered flags
More brightly than them all.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

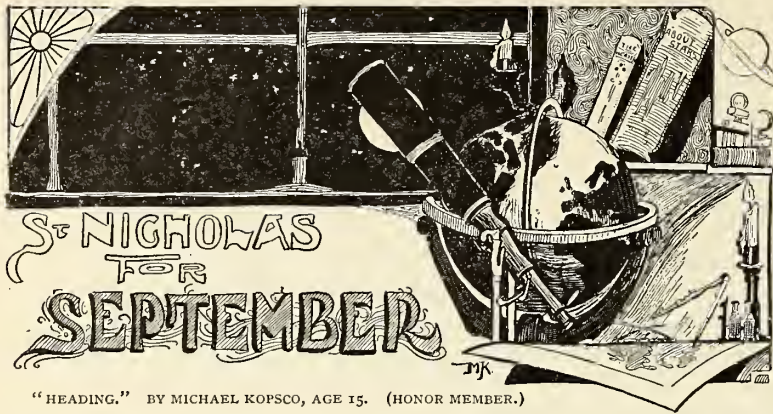
BY LOUISA L. CLARK (AGE 13).

ONE midsummer afternoon five of us went fishing. The party consisted of two of my brothers, two friends, and myself.



TRANSIT

"WHAT I LIKE BEST." MECHANICAL DRAWING BY J. WARD SWAIN, AGE 15.



"HEADING." BY MICHAEL KOPSCO, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

After getting the necessary rods, bait, and boat, we rowed across a channel and tied to a post.

We unwound our lines, but before baiting mine I let it down into the water to see if it was long enough. It was all right, so I jerked it up. When it was part way up I felt a great tugging and pulling. I was frightened, but held on tightly, and tried to pull it in. Those who could, helped me, and lo and behold, a large fish was flapping furiously at the end of my line! The hook was caught in its gills so evidently it had not been swallowed. The fish weighed about three pounds.

After much trouble we freed the hook. Thus it is that I caught a fish without any bait.

After that we caught only small perch, so we concluded that this large fish had been trying to catch the smaller fish; and that it had happened to be caught on my hook as it was swimming past.

We ate that fish for supper and it was good.

THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

BY GERTRUDE EMERSON (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

A FEW years ago, before moving west, I had the opportunity of visiting the George Junior Republic at Freeville, N. Y. After much experience with delinquent children in New York City, Mr. W. R. George conceived the unique idea of the republic. He had found that the majority of reformatories only produced confirmed criminals by the prison-like treatment of the inhabitants, and his aim in founding the republic, was to make it possible for the great "Bowery" class of children in large cities to become good citizens.

It was a hot July morning when we started, and a hotter July noon when we arrived, after a long train ride, and two miles of dusty bicycling. I was curiously disappointed at first sight of the republic. I had expected to find a somber, stone building, with barred windows, and the prisoners inside, under guard. I had looked forward to that queer feeling which all insane people and prisoners produce in a child—fascinating, yet repelling. Instead, there seemed to be only a few, ordinary-looking, little cottages scattered around, without even a wall or a fence to separate them from the beautiful, rolling hills. And yet this was the place where boys and girls were sent who had committed misdemeanors of many kinds.

I was still more surprised to learn that the whole republic was managed by the children themselves. The boys erected all the buildings, did the farming, and similar work, while the girls were the cooks, waitresses, laun-

dressers and housekeepers. Both held "government" positions, as they were called, such as judges, secretaries, treasurers, and police officials.

"Nothing without labor," was their underlying principle, and the children, who ranged in age from eight to eighteen, had to pay for everything they received, but they were also paid at the rate of ten cents an hour for all the work they did, and two dollars a week to attend school. (I wished somebody would pay me to go to school.) The republic had a special aluminum currency, which was redeemed at twenty cents on the dollar when any one left. My disappointment had changed to admiration during

the course of the afternoon. Everything interested me greatly, because it was all so novel.

The George Junior Republic teaches many things, but above all self-control. It is an institution of practical philanthropy, and may well be reckoned among the world's great works.

THE ROSES.

BY MARY GIBBS (AGE 8).

The roses are blooming,
In pink dresses so gay
It makes me so happy,
To kiss them to-day.

The roses are blooming,
In the garden afar,
But none of those roses,
Are sweet as mine are

"MY FRIEND."

(The Story of a Cardinal.)

BY J. DONALD MC CUTCHEON (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

A CARDINAL GROSBECK family had their nest in a tree in the woods near us one year, and about the last of May a young Cardinal pipped his shell who gave great promise to his parents. He did not disappoint them and, when he was full-grown, he was a very beautiful bird and the red-



"HURRY, MASTER, IT'S RAINING." BY JOHN W. KEYES, AGE 14.

dest of Cardinals. His top-knot was high and waved in the gentle breeze, and his beard was black and crisp.

The third year after he pipped his shell he was full-grown, and that spring he showed himself to a little lady with whom he was very much in love, but he had a rival in whom the little female was taking great interest also. My Cardinal strutted and sang his very best. The two suitors were very close now, each trying to prove himself a better singer than the other. Finally the little lady stepped to my Cardinal's side. He was then the proudest of all birds and soon they built a beautiful nest. It was not flimsy like most Cardinal's nests, but was cup-shaped, and instead of being built in a vine, it was built in a wild rose bush.

One fine morning when the Cardinal came to take his turn on the nest, he got a little peck from his wife. He thought she was cross at him so he got another big worm. She ate it quickly and when he came back with another, she got off the nest, and instead of four eggs, there were only three, and one little naked birdling. The Cardinal was delighted to see the little one demand food and was so anxious to give him enough that he nearly choked him. The little Cardinal was the only one of the four eggs that hatched, but he was well worth the other three, he was such a fine birdling. He grew much larger than his father in time.

My Cardinal and his wife hatched two other broods that season, and I hope will build another nest this spring when they return from Florida, where they are spending the winter.

THE St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. There are no dues. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be mailed free on application.

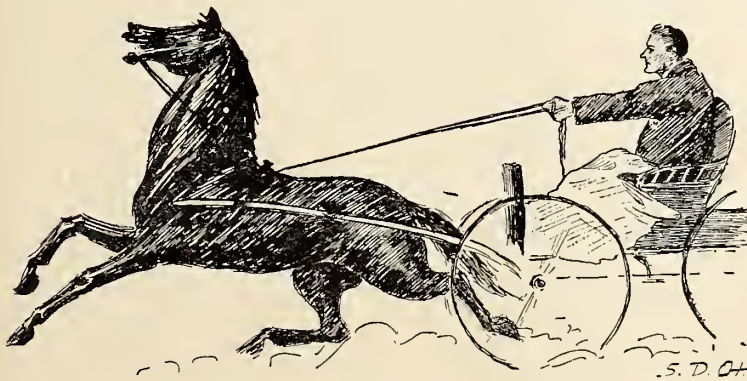
LEAGUE LETTERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For over two years I have been training in your great school, and still six bright years stretch out before me.

You have taught me at least one great lesson in that time which I shall never forget. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

When, in April, 1905, I won my beautiful silver badge, I received with it a certain feeling that any work would pass, so I commenced doing my work carelessly, spending only half an hour on work that should have received ten times that amount of time. It has taken me two long years to discover my mistake, but I shall always consider them to be the two most profitable years of my life, for during that time I have found what a high standard of excellence is set by the literary world. Hoping my experience will help others, I remain

Your devoted League Member,
BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON (age 12).



"WHAT I LIKE BEST," BY SAMUEL DAVIS OTIS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)



TOMMY'S CELEBRATION.

M. VIVIAN GURNEY (AGE 12).

TOMMY had two giant crackers, Called them "Whoppers," called them "Whackers." Lighted them—Hurrah!—The nation! What—! was Tommy's celebration?

Listening hard for every sound,
While all the others play around.
Lying in bed while Mother sings.
Alas, those horrid cracker things!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How many there are every month who write to you telling how long they have taken you, how they love you, what they love best, and how, once knowing you, they could never get along without you! And I am only one more writing to tell you the same things over again,—and they will be told and told as long as you live and as long as there are girls and boys to read you!

As we have been traveling somewhat, I have never subscribed for you, but I have bought you every month for over six years, and have read and re-read from all of those good old stories in the oldest volumes of you at the library, down to "Abbie Ann" and "Pinkey Perkins."

In nineteen hundred and one, five of us formed a chapter and joined the League, and soon after we won second prize—twenty-five dollars' worth of books—in the League charity competition which you used to give every year at Christmas. Our chapter has been broken up though, for since then we have been scattered far and wide,—one in the Hawaiian Islands, one in New York, and three in different parts of California. Individually, though, we are still St. Nichollites.

About a year and a half ago, I won a gold badge for puzzle-making. I was in the San Francisco earthquake and fire, and all of my old ST. NICHOLASES were burned, but, as the best fortune in the world would have it, my badge was on my dress, and is, therefore, still being proudly flourished, especially when, as often happens, I meet other "young hopefuls," competing in the great field of the League.

Wishing you continued success for years and years to come, so that the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of all of your present readers, will have as much pleasure and happiness and friendship with you as all of us do now,

I am, very sincerely,
EDNA KROUSE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Nearly a month has passed since I learned that I was awarded the Cash Prize for drawing, and I confess that from then until now I have been trying to compose a letter that will convey to you some idea of my pleasure upon seeing my sketch first in your pages.

But I have given up the attempt as hopeless, and have decided that no one but myself and the other League members can know just what it is to think, and work, and wait for three years, for something that comes at last with a sudden rush and leaves one breathless, striving to realize that it is really true.

I shall continue to contribute to your pages with the same keen interest that I have always experienced in doing so, and after I am too old to draw for you longer I am sure that I shall still look back upon the hours spent in work for you as among the happiest and most profitable I shall have spent.

So I will simply say that I thank you most sincerely for your invaluable help and encouragement, and for awarding the Cash Prize to

Your devoted League member,
VERA MARIE DEMENS.

(Letters continued on last League page.)

LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used, had space permitted.

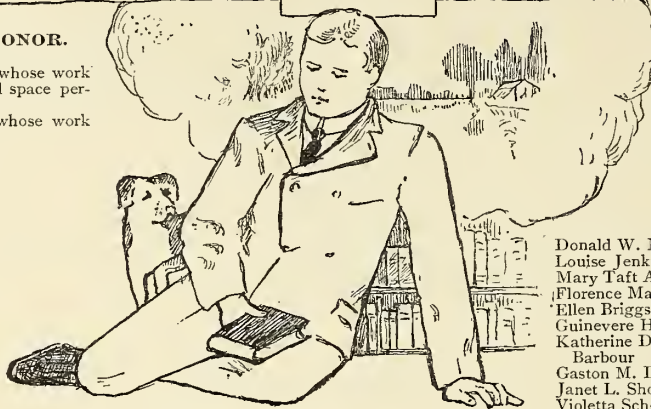
No. 2. A list of those whose work is especially promising.

VERSE 1.

Marion Bell
Catherine H. Straker
E. Vincent Millay
Lillie G. Menary
Barbara K. Webber
Twila Agnes McDowell
Primrose Laurence
Catharine Jackson
Robert K. Humphrey
Gladys Nelson
Ruth R. Dittman
Marjorie Abom
Ethel Alicia Abbott
Alice S. Hopsen
Ennice G. Hussey
Maud Mallett
Jeannette Munro
Portia K. Evans
Allen Lichtenstein
Edith P. Baldwin
Eleanor Johnson
Raimund Osborne
Joseph D. P. Hull
Anne Eunice Moffett

VERSE 2.

Margaret G. Lose
Annie Laurie Hillyn
Ines Guiteras
Eleanor Janvier
Alice Nevin Mitman
Harold W. Hamilton
Josephine Whitney
Carolyn Bulley
Roger D. Wolcott
Robert E. Innis
Jessie Morris
Mabel C. Franke
Margaret Kyle
Marjorie S. Harrington
Leon A. Pape
Dorothy Kerr Floyd
Freda M. Harrison
Lewis D. Stilwell
Aleen Hyland
Clara E. Colling
Dorothy A. Sewell
Frances Beniece
Bronner
Jean Gray Allen
Joseph Bickel
Eleanor Louise Halpin
Walter Boyer
Oster V. Peters
Lois Donovan
Dorothy Gordon King
Rachel Talbot
Alice R. Cranch
Sarah Webster
Rose Norton
Elizabeth M. Ruggles
Ragna Von Encke
Archie Knodle
Buford Brice
Josephine Freund
Isabel D. Weaver
James Boyd Hunter
Florence Adelaide
Hood
Mary Frances Williams
Angeline Scott
Marguerite Wendell
Carleton W. Kendall
Carol Thompson



"HEADING," BY MYRON C. NUTTING, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Winifred Rogers
Elizabeth Crawford
Katharine Keen
Blanche Loeb
Marguerite Underhill

PROSE 1.

Beulah Elizabeth Amidon
Elizabeth S. Kinney
Irene Horsley Clopton
Samuel H. Thompson
May D. Buttemer
Thoda Cochroft
Louise Gagebin Ballot
Robert A. Webb, Jr.
Kathleen Cronyn Betts
Katharine N. Steinhilf
Frances Wolff Levy
Rosalie Waters
Elise F. Stern
Madeleine Dillay
Eleanor Kellogg
Lillian Soskin
Ruth E. Abel
Alma Krause
Herbert E. Smith
Eva James
Ruth A. Spalding
Laura E. Guy
Rachel Bulley
Gertrude Hearn
Marion F. Dix
Virginia T. Loomis
Allen F. Brewer
Emma L. Harrison
Susan Jeannette
Appleton
John Wentworth
Ray Bouton
Helen Marie Mooney
Dorothy Gibson
Ruth Louise Crane
George Deane
Hartshorn
Edith Solis Cohen
Margaret Hotchkiss
Ruth Thomas
Matilda Kandel
Elizabeth L. Clarke
Bernard Bronstein
Charlotte Overell
Ida C. Kline
Elizabeth Brandeis
Carol T. Weiss
Frances H. Burt
William Vandell Elliott
Knowles Blair
Louise Chapman

PROSE 2.

Marjorie May Harrison
Frances Couetts
Katherine Sigourney
Pauline Hopkins
Dorothy Coleman
Aaron K. Taylor
Frances Victoria Burton
Patty Richards
Pansie Marie Cook
Amy P. Zimmerman
Margaret E. Walbridge
Jessie Irene Derickson
Winthrop T. Penock
Mary G. Ruchti
Inez Overell
Carol Florence Cotton
Guthrie Ingraham
Francis B. Morss
Helen Youngs
Eleanor I. Tucker
Margaret A. Dole
Florence M. Hewlett
Margaret Metzger
Marguerite Melord
Gertrude Skjermo
Blanche Perryman
Nina Williams
Beatrice Kerbin
Mildred Mae Mott
Virginia Hosea
Olive Hall
Emma Butler Ketchen
Eleanor Scott Smith
Louis K. Kendall
Mary V. R. Buell
Charlie D. Hewson
Edwin L. McMaster
Dorothy Winthrop
Emery
Jeannette Griffin
Stuart Marsden
Marjorie Boyes
Franklin Mohr
Henrietta S. Gerwig
Lucile Gertrude
Phillips
Margery Durbrow
Elizabeth King
Miriam Thompson
Elizabeth Pauline Wolf
Marjorie Trotter
Eleanor Hussey
Arthur Kursey
Dorothy Q. Boggs
Eugene Brownstone
Elizabeth C. Peck
Edith Dean Fanning
Eleanor Mead

Edward G. Gay, Jr.
Carol Bird
Georgiana Reynolds
Laura Anna Mead
Mary Clausen
Henry C. Feigenbaum
Erma Bertha Mixson

DRAWING 1.

Stella Benson
Beatrice Eugenie Carleton
Margaret Armstrong
William Witter Wright
Emily W. Browne
Katharine L. Havens
Marjorie E. Chase
Nancy Weir Huntly
Harry Griffith
Ruth Cutler
Evelyn Buchanan
Rosamond Parkinson
J. Chas. O'Brien, Jr.
Margaret Ramsay
Henrietta B. Havens
Christine Schoff
Louise Alexander
Robinson
Ruth Colburn
Nadine Hickman
Hazel Halstead
Muriel E. Halstead
Hutton Wendover
Webb Mellin Siemen
Addison L. Luce
Dorothy Starr
Walter Rukeyser
Arnuf Weland
Jeffrey C. Webster
Ruth W. Seymour
Isabella B. Howland
Muriel Minter

DRAWING 2.

Genevieve Allen
Winifred Hamilton
Bessie B. Styrn
Betty Lisle
Marion Strausbaugh
Dorothy Douglass
Francis D. Whittemore
Homer Bassett
Russell Tandy
Maude G. Barton
Dorothy Griggs
Kathryn Sprague
DeWolf

Agnes Tait
Phyllis Lyster
Lucia L. Yates
Marcia Jenne
Alicia C. Lloyd
Jeannette McLellan
Dorothy Bastin
Margaret E. Kelsey
Mabel Clarke
Julia S. Davies
Ella Wheeler Rizson
Helena Stevens
Jessie C. Gibson
Irving C. Whittemore
Madge A. Dunnell
Margaret Cunningham
Baxter
Katherine A. Robertson
Charles H. Baker
Maron E. Thomson
Margaret Erskine
Nicolson
Leila M. Taylor
S. R. Benson
Elizabeth M. Burkhardt
Conrad Nolan
Herbert Barry
Kathryn Stout

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Edwin C. Brown
Ellen J. Hixon
Mary Lambert
Nellie Shane
Valentine Bartlett
L. J. Gamble
Tom K. Richards
H. Louise Nesmith
Dorothy Evans
Rebecca LeSensé Tait
H. Ernest Bell
Jarvis J. Offutt

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Dorothy Quincy Smith
Ygnacio Bauer
Dorothy Langhaar
Eva B. Miller
Theodore Hussey
Gertrude E. Burwell
Frederick R. Bailey
Alice Marguerite Shaw
Mattie Kroeher
George Switzer
Emily Wellington
Norman Kiedaisch
Marianna Lippincott
Aline Chown
Helen A. Foust
Robert L. Warren
Sam. M. Dillard
Vera Van Nes
Vimont C. Welch
Ada Wallace
Beatrice Verral
Bessie Haldeman
Maud Clarkson
Margaret R. Long
Beatrice Grant Pennant
Spencer Kennard
Fred Dohmann
John Douglas Taylor,
Jr.
Dorothy Harbottle
Hester D. Mathews
Delia E. Champlin
Dorothy Hurd
Marion R. Bailey
Ely Whitehead
Margaret Hyland
George W. Griffith
Pauline V. Whitmore
Willard Burke
Marion L. Bradley

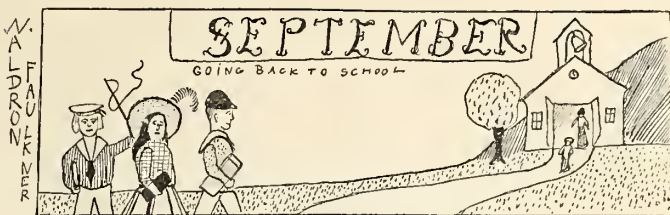
Hilda F. Brazer
 Rutherford Platt, Jr.
 Margery Beaty
 Lenora Ivey
 Wilson H. Roads
 Grace M. Schaeffer
 Dorothy Bruce
 Samuel Northcott
 Hamaford
 Frances M. Desbecker
 Lucia A. Warden
 Preston H. Early
 Frances Hartshorne
 James M. Walker
 Ethel King
 William F. Brown
 Gladys Felker
 Helen Hill Hopkins
 Frances Stoughton
 John Percy Redwood
 Josephine Stoughton

PUZZLES 1.

Carlton D. Ford
 Karl G. Stillman
 Irma A. Hill
 Hoyt Fronefield
 Honor Gallsworthy
 Caroline C. Johnson
 Fritz Breitenfeld
 Alice Bragg
 Phoebe S. Lambe
 Carl Gutzzeit

PUZZLES 2.

Merrill A. Durland
 Anna W. Perkins
 Katherine Heard
 Louise Ward
 Gertrude Souther
 Catherine Mackenzie



"HEADING." BY WALDRON FAULKNER, AGE 9.

LEAGUE LETTERS—Continued.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You cannot imagine the joy and pride I experienced, when I found that I had won a gold badge in your magazine.

My fondest dreams have at last been realized, and I cannot express my appreciation and thanks.

I shall always have a place in my heart for dear old ST. NICK.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year,

I remain, your devoted reader,

IDA C. KLINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am often sorry to think that I am too old to compete for badges. When I lived in Greece, it was always such a true pleasure to draw pictures and send them to you, across the ocean, in the hope that I should be successful. Yet it seemed so long to wait before I knew whether the drawings had been accepted or not. One day I received a beautiful and shining gold badge, and I was indeed very proud when I showed it to my friends!

Most of my life has been spent in Athens, and when I was quite tiny I used to climb the Acropolis steps and then endeavor to sketch temples; but I found it rather difficult! It seemed easier to draw children,

consequently I devoted more time to the latter than the former. Although I have taken a few drawing-lessons, both in Athens and Switzerland, as well as in this country, I have never made a serious study of art. I spend much time in drawing, and find it a pleasant resource. At Christmas-time I am always quite busy.

Two years ago I spent the winter in Madrid, and occasionally I passed the morning in sketching figures from Velasquez's paintings.

And now that I am living in this country, every year I enter drawings in the Woodstock Agricultural Fair, and I have won several prizes.

I am too old to enter the competitions, but I am never too old to read and to enjoy you.

I remain, yours sincerely,

DOROTHY HARDY RICHARDSON.

Other valued letters have been received from Annie Stowell, S. R. Benson, Hilda Smith, Bernard P. Trotter, Margaret L. Breet, Doris Helen McIntire, Louise Davies, Francis Y. Kimball, Ferdinand Wead Haasis, Muriel Halstead, Katharine V. H. Robinson, Hugh M. A. McEachran, Frederick Schmidt, R. Palma Wilson, Leona Gale Watt, McLean Young, Guinevere H. Norwood, Vera Leighton, Anna Katharine Morris, Winifred Hutchings, Charlie Waters, Josephine C. Kelsey, Amy Bennett, Edward F. Weiskoff, Catherine Guion, Adelia Bernhard, Catharine D. Brown, Hazel Wyeth, Sylvia Wigglesworth, Dorothy Black, Marjorie P. Comyno, Mildred Seitz, Margaret W. Shaw, Marjorie S. Harrington, Katherine E. Spear, H. I. De Clark, Anna G. Hill, Miriam Starr, Marian Gill, John W. Hill, Mary Frances Williams, Leslie Fosness, Mary O. Emmet, Elizabeth M. Johnson, Elizabeth S. Billings, Harriet Scofield, Arthur R. Clarke.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 95.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 95 will close September 20 (for foreign members September 25).

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the words "Storm" or "Snow-storm."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "Lost in a Storm." (Must be true.)

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "After the Storm."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Snow-storm." and a Winter Heading or Tail-piece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

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 shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
 Union Square, New York.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST, DAY-DREAMS." BY DECIE MERWIN, AGE 12.

THE LETTER-BOX

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a photograph I took, and thought perhaps you might think it good enough to print. It is not a real place, but a miniature scene in our back



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A MINIATURE LANDSCAPE.

yard. My sixteen-year-old brother made the boats, automobiles, and houses.

We have a cemented river in our back yard, where we sail our boats. I read the ST. NICHOLAS every month, and hope to win some prizes.

ANGUS NOLAN (League Member), age 10.

FORT EDWARD, N.Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not take the ST. NICHOLAS, but my sister, Elizabeth, does. Nevertheless, I read the stories and enjoy them very much. I think I like "Abbie Ann" the best.

We live on McCrea Street, named after Jane McCrea, who was killed by Indians during the Revolutionary War period. This incident is told in full in the "Fort Edward Book." A little way above the corner of Broadway and McCrea Street is a monument erected in her memory by the Jane McCrea Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. At the other end of McCrea Street, where the bank of the Hudson River is very steep, one place projecting out sharply is called the "Point." It is claimed that an officer during the Revolution when pursued by Indians, rode his horse over the bluff and was never heard of again. The Hudson River at this place is very beautiful. Opposite the town is an island connected with the town and the opposite shore by a bridge. There are numerous houses on this island where many people live. A few miles further up the river, opposite the village of Glens Falls, is a cave of soft rock foundation. This is described in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans."

Wishing you good luck in the future, I am

Your interested reader,

MARION A. HOEY (age 12).

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I have sent things to the League, and I hope that something some day will be good enough to be published. We have always taken you, and the bottom shelf of my book-case is filled with bound numbers. This is the land

of the coal mines, and though I have never been down in a mine, I have ridden under a breaker. In the summer we leave the valley and go into the mountains near here, and all summer long we swim, play tennis, and ride horse-back on my little brown horse, "Peggy." I wish that I had time to tell more about her.

Your devoted reader,

ELIZABETH G. ATHERTON.

MRS. CAMP REPLIES TO A YOUNG CRITIC.

IN the January number, Mrs. Pauline Frances Camp, in a bit of nonsense verse entitled "Christmas Eve in Wild-wood Hollow," told of "Miss Centipede" who had "a hundred warm foot-muffs."

Commenting upon this, a young correspondent from France, whose letter we printed in the May Letter-Box, asks why Miss Centipede had one hundred muffs instead of fifty, adding "Would n't it be rather funny for a lady to have a muff for each hand?"

Mrs. Camp, seeing this criticism, has good-humoredly sent to ST. NICHOLAS the following amusing reply to her young critic:—

From the dear little critic, in far-away France,
Miss Centipede begs, at *her* side, just a glance.

One muff for two hands, is most certainly right,
But one muff for two *feet*, is another thing, quite.

Just borrow a muff, and put in both your feet,
Then go for a stroll, if you please, down the street!

With your two little trotters, in one muff tucked tight,
I fear you would be in a very sad plight,

And acknowledge Miss Centipede quite up to snuff,
In providing each foot with a separate muff!

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three or four years and this is my first letter. I lived in the South for two years. I used to spend some days on my Papa's plantation, where I had a little burro, named "Bucky." One day I took a little friend with me to see Bucky. We both got on his back for a ride. He grew tired of us, I guess, because he threw us both over his head and we landed in a sand pile, then he ran into the woods.

MADELEINE KIMBALL (age 10).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy living in Paris. I am going to a French school which I like very much, but as boys, I choose Americans. I have been a subscriber since nineteen hundred, but this year I buy it every month. I like Mr. Barbour's stories, and I am glad to see the new story about "Harry," "Roy" and "Chub." I like "Pinkey Perkins" very much. I have a lot of photographs, one very good of the Eiffel Tower. They say it is not safe, so the highest structure in the world is closed.

Your devoted reader,

EDWARD McILVAIN, JR.

OTHER letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Willie Webster, Margaret Sanderson, Helen Walker, Bertha M. Bogert, Russell Williams, Virginia Taylor, Margaret Carver, Rose Hahn, Eleanor I. Bennett, Marjorie F. Seligman, Charlotte Wellcome, Annie Coburn, Nancy Payson, Sara B. Bloom, Helen Root.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CHARADE. T-u-i-l-p.
 DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Martin Van Buren; finals, Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Martha. 2. Absorb. 3. Reader. 4. Tacoma. 5. Inrush. 6. Nebula. 7. Victim. 8. Actual. 9. Napoli. 10. Berlin. 11. Uralic. 12. Rialto. 13. Enamel. 14. Nation.
 NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, John Smith third row, Jamestown. Cross-words: 1. Jejeune. 2. Opaque. 3. Hamlet. 4. Needle. 5. Sesame. 6. Matron. 7. Ironed. 8. Tawdry. 9. Handle.
 WORD-SQUARE. 1. Pistol. 2. Impure. 3. Spirit. 4. Turbot. 5. Oriole. 6. Letter.
 CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Dome. 2. Oxen. 3. Mead. 4. Ends. II. 1. Sale. 2. Acid. 3. Line. 4. Eden. III. 1. Sole. 2. Owed. 3. Lean. 4. Edna. IV. 1. Note. 2. Opal. 3. Tack. 4. Elks.
 NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.

ANAGRAM. Hans Christian Andersen.
 AN HISTORICAL DIAGONAL. Artemis. Cross-words: 1. Assyria. 2. Orleans. 3. Euterpe. 4. Calends. 5. Cranmer. 6. Dauphin. 7. Bacchus.
 METAMORPHOSES. I. Hand, band, bond, fond, food, foot. II. Sock, rock, rook, book boot. III. 1. Find, fine, line, lone, lose. IV. Give, gave, cave, cake, take. V. Corn, core, care, cars, oars, oats.
 DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Roy Porter. 1. Certain, rat. 2. Al-low-ed, owl. 3. An-noy-ed, yon. 4. Ke-epi-ng. 5. Or-iol-es, oil. 6. Mi-gra-te, rag. 7. Be-rat-ed, tar. 8. Th-ere-to, ere. 9. So-pra-no, rap.
 DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Roman; 3 to 4, Italy. Cross-words: 1. Rabbi. 2. Coats. 3. Malta. 4. Tails. 5. Natty.
 CONNECTED STARS. I. 1. A. 2. pb. 3. Apricot. 4. Bimana. 5. Cabin. 6. Onions. 7. Tannery. 8. Sr. 9. Y. II. 1. Y. 2. Ch. 3. Ycleped. 4. Hegira. 5. Pines. 6. Erects. 7. Dastard. 8. Sr. 9. D. III. 1. D. 2. aa. 3. Dabster. 4. Aspire. 5. Tidal. 6. Eraser. 7. Release. 8. rs. 9. E.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City
 ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Caroline Johnson—John Flavel Hubbard, Jr.—James A. Lynd—Walter H. B. Allen, Jr.—Georgea Wiseman—William M. Rabinovitz—"Benjo"—Peter and Paul—Anton G. Hardy—"Ted and Eleanor"—Ada May Burt—"Queenscourt"—Eleanor Rantoul—"Herb"—Laura Delano—Frances Bosanquet—Margaret Brown—Herbert Marshutz—Emma D. Miller—Jo and I—Carl H. Weston—Mabelle Meyer—Frances McIver—Gertrude Souther—Carol T. Weiss—G. N. Pennethorne.

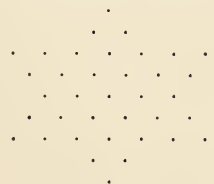
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from R. J. Wight, 1—D. W. Philbrick, 2—"Garfield Pl," 1—Mary E. Clayton, 3—Mary E. Warren, 4—J. T. Wagner, 1—E. Parkins, 2—M. Hiss, 1—T. Bridgeman 1—Eleanor W. Parker. 5—G. George, 1—H. G. Reynolds, 3—H. Shepardson, 1—K. Woodruff, 1—Francis Edmonds Tyng, Jr., 8—V. Viall, 1—Eddie O'Brien, 7—C. Newman, 1—Edna Meyle, 6—M. Patterson, 1—Alice H. Farnsworth, 8—Annette Howe Carpenter, 8—Daniel W. Hand, Jr., 8—Dorothy Gould, 5—D. Hubbell, 2—D. Wilson, 1—J. S. Sarker, 2—Philip and Fred, 2—Muriel von Tunzelmann, 8.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a famous dictionary.
 CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A bird. 2. Comfort. 3. Without feeling. 4. To throw lightly. 5. A single thing or person. 6. A nation. 7. A period of time.
 CARLOTA BROOMALL, (League Member).

A STAR PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



1. A letter in mythological. 2. A conjunction. 3. A sole ruler. 4. Obliteration. 5. One who exercises authority. 6. A yarn used in embroidery. 7. One who believes some doctrine contrary to the established faith. 8. Two letters from the mythological. 9. A letter in mythological.
 LAURI GREN.

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. Behead five letters from venerable, and leave the limit. 2. Behead five letters from to make clear, and leave a specified time. 3. Behead five letters from not

pardoned, and leave bestowed. 4. Behead five letters from an offense, and leave a deed. 5. Behead five letters from bold, and leave a circle. 6. Behead five letters from that which may be separated, and leave competent. 7. Behead five letters from to pass from place to place or from hand to hand, and leave tardy. 8. Behead five letters from very good, and leave loaned. 9. Behead five letters from in an unproportionate manner, and leave a confederate. 10. Behead five letters from an interpretation, and leave a people. 11. Behead five letters from a fuzzy worm, and leave a column. 12. Behead five letters from a soldier, and leave a conjunction. 13. Behead five letters from to act as a friend to, and leave termination.

When rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous American writer of short stories.

AUGUST CHOUTEAU.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a weapon, and leave a body of water and a snare. Answer, bay-o-net.

1. Syncopate a water jug, and leave a depression and a pronoun. 2. Syncopate depressed, and leave vulgar and a color. 3. Syncopate a small flag, and leave a writing instrument and an insect. 4. Syncopate division, and leave a state of equality and an epoch. 5. Syncopate located, and leave to hold a session and consumed. 6. Syncopate whim, and leave a covering for the head and a cold substance. 7. Syncopate the end of six months, and leave equality between two extremes and part of the head.

The seven syncopated letters will spell the name of a well-known magazine.

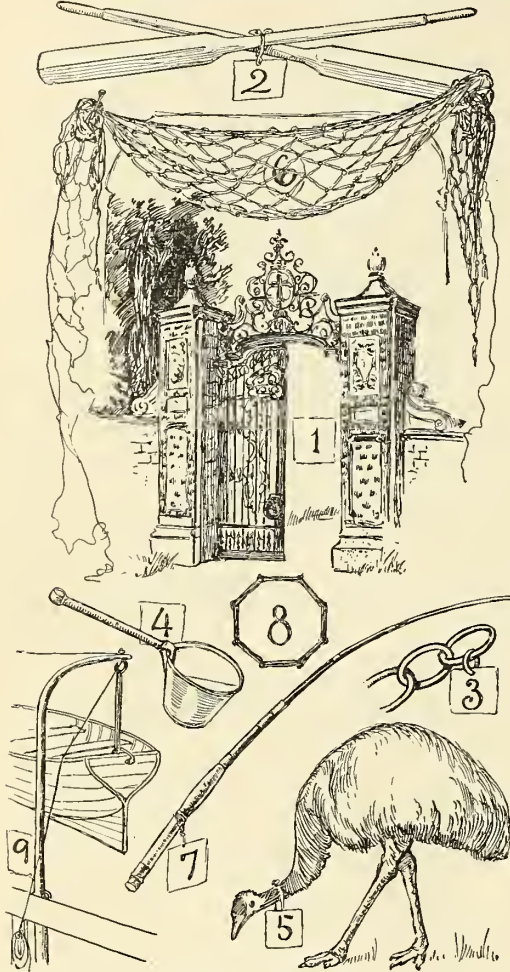
NETTIE KREINK.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MONTH. 2. To worship. 3. Part of a spur. 4. An island. 5. A feminine name.

E. K. MARSHALL, JR., (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the nine objects in the above picture have been rightly guessed, and the names written one below another in the order given, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell a flower.

Designed by JEAN C. FREEMAN.

CHARADE.

My first is just beyond the gate;
My second egoists most use;
My third is oft the lookout's news;
My whole is called an island, though
I'm almost sure it is not so.

LOUIS STIX WEISS (Honor Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-four letters and form a quotation from Coleridge.

My 33-8-25-43-12-17-26 is observing. My 4-50-54-30-18-48 is imitates. My 35-22-39-45-41-52 is in the direction

of. My 6-16-20-28-27-14-47 is pertaining to number. My 1-29-3-38-9-36 is to unite firmly or closely. My 21-34-51-40-23 is a builder. My 31-2-46-24 is disposed of in return for money. My 10-15-19-32 is a cool substance. My 7-37-5-13-11 is gleamed. My 44-53-49-42 is a kind of hood usually attached to a gown.

MARGARET DARKOW (League Member).

ANAGRAM.

A beloved American:
WILL MOVE ONE RED SHELL.

CHAIN PUZZLE.

FILL each blank with a word of four letters. The last two letters of the first word will form the first two of the second word; the last two of the second, the first two of the third, and so on.

At Mrs. Brown's the boarders meek
Are served with . . . five times a week.

An injured . . . , a tender sprain,
Will make the bravest wince with pain.

With loud huzzas, across the beach
The soldiers rush . . . the breach.

My brother Jim, though short and fat,
Can . . . a larger load than that.

Around the fire the hunters bragged
Of goose or . . . last season bagged.

I know Leander very well,
I've . . . met his sister Belle.

For work or . . . the tattered tramp
Has little use—the lazy scamp.

LESLIE REES.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous sea battle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A line of English kings. 2. A great fleet sent out by Spain in 1588. 3. A general who crossed the Rubicon in '49. 4. A continent. 5. The surname of the man who planned to blow up the Houses of Parliament. 6. A Saxon king. 7. A village in County Galway where a battle was fought in 1691. 8. A Danish king. 9. A legendary war of Greece.

HONOR GALLSWORTHY (Honor Member).

A MUSICAL PUZZLE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



WHEN the letters representing the above twenty-four notes have been written down, they may be so arranged as to form six four-letter words. These words may be defined as follows: 1. Part of the head. 2. Not up. 3. A restaurant. 4. Father. 5. Inanimate. 6. Margin.

When these words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the front of a building.

EMILY P. EATON (Age 9½).



Drawn by Frank Stick.

"THE MOTHER BEAR HAD LIFTED A HUGE LOG AND WAS TELLING
HER CUBS TO STAND FROM UNDER."

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIV

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 12

AN OPEN TRAIL

BY FRANK STICK



It has been said somewhere that every complete animal biography must end in a tragedy; but I doubt if this broad statement would have held good regarding the Black Bears of Lakeland.

From what I learned concerning them, during a long residence in the North Country, the only enemies they seemed to fear were men, and if they had only known it, the inhabitants of those parts really considered them most desirable as neighbors. You see, it was

these people's occupation to take care of the city folk in search of recreation, who tarried at their lodgings, and the sight of a real wild bear would richly compensate these town-bred folk for days and weeks of rather poor angling. As few strangers came into those parts excepting the peaceably inclined city people, the bears were in little danger, even from mankind.

After all, it is possible that the animals got a certain amount of amusement from these visitors.

We know a bear's inquisitiveness is highly developed. And as a man was reasonably sure to be winded or sighted, long before he had any knowledge of the bears' whereabouts, what an easy matter it was for them to scuttle noiselessly through the brush, and from a vantage-point to the rear of some log or rock safely to contemplate the actions of the queer two-legged animal.

For the entire summer that marked the cubhood of the young members of a certain bear family, my home was a comfortable "A" tent, pitched in a sheltering cluster of pines and hemlocks. From the front door one could cast a "spoon"—slap!—on the bosom of Shichaboga Lake, and through the tiny window in the rear I could see high above me, an eagle's nest on the brow of the big hill, called by the Indians "Long Look."

That summer I had very little to do in the way of duty, and months of sunshine in which to do it. So at odd times, I struck up a sort of one-sided acquaintance with Mrs. Bear and her children. It could scarcely have been called a close acquaintance, for, until weeks passed, I never came nearer to the entire family than some two hundred feet. However, binoculars worked such magic on this occasion as to enable me to imagine myself removing a fat cockle-bur that adorned Madam Bruin's left ear; and with the aid of the glasses and by studying their tracks and the signs left by them in their travels, I learned almost as much concerning

the habits of these animals as from watching them with my own eyes.

My first meeting with the bears occurred while paddling home from fishing one evening—at the hour of yellow sunset and purple silhouettes. As I rounded a wooded point, the canoe sliding softly through the still water, I saw the family on the beach some seventy-five yards distant. The mother bear had lifted a huge log that must have weighed nearly half a ton, and with it balanced in her arms, was telling her cubs—in bear language—to stand from under. The little creatures, intent on the good things entombed in the rotten wood, were dancing and tumbling around beneath, in great danger of being flattened into fur mats.

Seizing an opportune moment, the mother allowed the log to crash to the sand. My! How the cubs did poke their little black noses and slender tongues into every crevice and worm-hole, and how they did slap and tear the soft wood, and growl and smack their pursed-up lips over the larvæ and insects that rewarded their efforts.

Unheeded, the canoe had drifted against a scraggy, half-submerged log, from whose dangerous embrace I freed it with a couple of strokes of the paddle. When I glanced up, the beach before me was perfectly bare of animal life. There was not a glimpse of the big bear or the little ones. I rubbed my unbelieving eyes, and looked and looked, but not a sign of any bear could be seen. Nothing but the broken log, and—when I came to examine the beach more closely—numberless tracks, to prove it was not a dream. Not even a distinct sound from the bears' quick scramble for cover had disturbed the evening quiet, though later I fancied I could remember the echo of a grunt from the old one.

On a Sunday, while gathering a mess of raspberries along a bush-smothered foot-path, I noticed a black speck high on the slope of the Long Look. Focusing the binoculars, an old black bear came into my field of vision. Lower on the hill I spied a cub, then another, and later, still another walked into view. Like myself they were berrying, and had evidently happened on a windfall.

Mother Bear gathered the ruby-burdened bushes to her with both arms and was licking the fruit into her champing jaws as eagerly as though thorns were unknown.

The baby bears, at somewhat of a disadvantage by reason of their short stature, still managed very well indeed. The favorite method employed by them when the berries were too high to be easily reached, lay in bending the bushes to the ground by waddling over them.

One could not but envy the cubs their perfect

enjoyment of the feast. Seemingly, they had not a single care. No thought beyond keeping little round bodies filled to bursting with the good things so bountifully supplied all about them. Yet, underlying this seeming peace and content, the very foundation of an animal's existence, lay the great fear; the fear of mankind, to which every other instinct takes second place. Every other instinct, did I say? Let me retract this statement, for there is a greater something, but whether an instinct or a thought, no man knows. As strongly it comes to the bird as to the beast. Ay, as strongly to the she-bear, for all we know, as to any other mother; for "mother-love" we call it.

Often as the old bear fed, that day on the Long Look, she would rise high among the bushes, her forepaws hanging close at her sides, and with twitching nostrils would search the atmosphere for any hint of danger—turning her keen eyes to the mountains first, and then to the country of lakes and pine groves below her. After a bit, still feeding, the family moved out of my sight around an elbow of the hill.

Several weeks after this, as I flipped breakfast flapjacks in front of my tent, an old Indian, a friend whom I had not seen for many days, came up from the landing—striding flat-footed and noiselessly in his moccasined feet—and grunted a greeting:

"How?"

"How?" I answered, without looking up from my labors. And this was the extent of our conversation, till later,—our breakfast disposed of,—he asked for whisky.

"No!"

"Got tobac?" was his next query, in a disappointed tone.

Yes, I had tobacco, plenty of it; and I gave him a goodly supply.

His silence disappeared somewhat under the cheer of the smoking, and, because I questioned him concerning them, he talked to me about bears.

Yes, he had killed several; a half dozen, maybe; but none of late years. The last killing had happened several winters back, when he found the trail of a big she-bear in the snow, and had followed it thirty, forty miles to a shallow den under a shelf of rock she had chosen for her winter sleep. This was pure luck, he thought. He had once met with an old bear and her two cubs in a berry patch. The big one ran and the cubs climbed a burnt pine, but he shinned up after them.

It seems the mother bear returned, searching for her offspring, and made considerable disturbance. Old Buckskin showed me four claw



"SHE WAS CLAWING EAGERLY AT A JAGGED RENT IN THE TRUNK OF A TALL MAPLE, FROM WHICH ISSUED A STORMY ARMY OF BEES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

marks on his shoulder, one of them reaching to his waist. She had hit him twice, sending him head over heels into a snaggy windfall, where he lay till she left with her young.

In his entire experience he had never known of a bear doing battle with a man unless it was a mother bear with cubs. He considered them shyer beasts than foxes, lynx or deer—more difficult to hunt than any other animal.

Many truths he told me of the woods; things not generally found in natural histories, nor yet in new nature libraries; and, later in the day, he took the trail for a little lumbering town eighteen miles distant.

One day I shouldered my canoe along an ancient lumber road, bound for a small river of hard-fighting bass and whopping muskalonge. In the big timber, things appeared in a half gloom, though the sun shone fervidly in the open. Here and there, where its rays filtered fitfully through the lesser interlacing of branches above the winding roadway, lay warm, irregular spots of yellow. The canoe resting upon my neck and shoulders, hid from my view objects to the right and left of me, but in front the trail was open, as all trails should be. The day smelled fresh and fragrant with the growing of green things. Through the deep forest lay the penetrating silence of a big cathedral; only the high strain of insects to make the silence felt the more.

As we sometimes suddenly become aware of a far-off sound of music that creeps but slowly into our thoughts, I became aware of a new voice in the forest stillness. Rather a faint confusion of many small voices; more piercing, though of less volume than the note of any instrument. Now, if I had been a grade higher in the school of woodcraft, I should, no doubt, have dropped my canoe and crept forward to investigate, for I recognized the sound as coming from a swarm of bees, fighting mad. A few yards farther, as I rounded a turn in the road the whole comedy was before me.

My bear family of the lake shore and the berry patch were about to dine. Not standing out in bold relief from the surrounding cover, as a domestic animal would have appeared, but rather mellowing and merging into it, almost a part of the inanimate things of nature, they seemed. Mother Bear was clawing eagerly at a jagged rent in the trunk of a tall maple, from which issued a storming army of bees, intent on protecting their treasure of honey. In front, and nearer to me, the three cubs waited in eager expectation, their attention somewhat disturbed by the little warriors who harassed them.

As I looked, one of the youngsters tumbled

backward with a squeal of rage, where he rolled into a growth of ferns—a fat, animated muff—rubbing his nose vigorously the while.

Things happened rapidly after this. The she-bear somehow became aware of my presence—though she could scarce have winded me in the stillness—and whirled around on her hind legs, snarling. I must have made a strange and startling appearance, with the canoe overtopping me by four feet, the prow curving downward like the beak of some huge bird. At any rate, one look was enough, and with an earnest command to her usually obedient family, she disappeared in the brush, two cubs trailing close behind, and poor little Bear-of-the-Sting completely forgotten by her in the rush; but not by me. Oh, no! Within a few yards of the youngster, he saw me coming, through his pain, and made off down the road, yelling his fear huskily. As I took after him, something hot and stinging—like the dart from a blow gun—hit me on the cheek, and another above my right eye. A hot cinder crept up my sleeve and stayed there, burning. Yet these stings I scarcely noticed, in the joy of the chase.

The cub was cornered for a moment by the river, but the sight of me sent him splashing into the water. Ten feet from shore I caught him and smothered him in the depths of a flannel shirt to stop his raging. I carried him home with me.

Arrived at camp—of course the fishing was given up for the day—I coupled together two strong chain stringers and with a length of rope fastened Master Bear to a young birch. Then, after rubbing the swellings on his and my own face with mud and soda, I tried, with little success, to make his acquaintance. All that day he sulked under a stunted fir-tree, and refused to eat or drink. Even maple syrup, and that rich concoction, locally known as “spotted puppy” tempted him not at all.

Next morning the tin in which I had offered the food was licked clean—whether by the cub or the thievish pine squirrels that awakened me each morning, I could not tell. That day I tried to make friends with him, and the day following and each succeeding day; but no, my advances were in vain. This was a strange cub indeed, for usually they can be tamed easily.

Often at night I heard him whining and worrying at his tether, and at times, he would burst into a long “y-a-a-a!” of grief; an evil thing for any young animal. He was losing flesh rapidly. All the plumpness of his body was gone, his nose grew dry and scaly, and even his coat became dry and lusterless,—always a sign of ill health in furry creatures.

The eighth day after the incident of the bees, I was awakened some time after midnight, by a most direful wailing from my captive. I lay and listened for some time, loth to leave the comfort of my blankets. Then inquisitiveness getting the better of my lazy drowsiness, I crept to the front of the tent, unlaced the flap and looked out.

The cub had crawled up the birch as far as possible, and, grasping a branch with his fore-paws, half hanging, half clinging to the trunk, was calling mournfully. At intervals as I listened, from far up above on the Long Look, came an answering note, but so faint and far away it was, I could not be sure of the nature of the animal that called—it was somewhat like, yet unlike, the drawn-out, grating bark of a fox. The cub, with his keener sense of sound, no doubt read its meaning aright. This animal, whatever it was, at least was free, and he was in chains.

Closer to us were other sounds, soft voices of the night, full of content. The light wind that rustled and whispered through the trees; bull-frogs, rumbling bass on the lake shore; peepers, joining their high trebles, plainly audible, a muskrat's gnawing, and the splash of a mink or some venturesome fish in the shallows. From the northern horizon, reaching high above the soft silhouette of pines, with moving points and streamers of light, the aurora borealis blazed and played incessantly, dimming the stars with its luster.

I remembered another captive I had known in a distant city. A young student, a "country mouse," who, searching for knowledge, had strayed from pleasant places and lay for months marooned in the heart of a great metropolis. And I remembered how he longed, with a ceaseless craving—as it must have been with the cub—for the scenes of his heart's desire. Not but that there were oases of beauty in that prison of his, for the parks were fair to look upon, and free to all who cared to enter. But the parks were sur-

rounded by rusty brick buildings, and by chimneys that belched out black smoke. Even the church spires were dingy, and the tinsel on them was tarnished. Inside the parks were iron posts and chains, and even guards with clubs. Only at night, when mantling darkness hid smoke-stacks and buildings, would he sometimes slink into the depths of the bushes, and lying there, imagine the artificial lights reflected on the clouds were the northern lights of his distant home.

That night the trail up the Long Look was plain before me, and more easily traveled than I had ever found it before, even in the brightest sunlight. I took the cub some miles up the slope of Long Look and set him free.

Since that night, I have seen neither mother bear nor her young, for my long vacation came to an end shortly following the night when the cub and I went up the trail together.

As I stood by the box-car station, waiting for the train that was to carry me back again to the big city, my friend Buckskin approached to give me his good-by and good luck, and we fell into conversation. All too soon my train came rumbling in, and I climbed aboard and made myself comfortable in a double seat. Then I raised the window that we might continue our talk.

"All aboard!" sounded, and the drive wheels of the little engine shrieked in the sand as we slowly started. As a fitting climax—knowing how interested I was in the animals (I have no doubt, the Indian kept quiet about it till the last moment), he casually mentioned seeing the family of bears on the big hill, the day before.

"The cubs!" I shouted, half out of the window in my excitement,—*"how many cubs?"* Then a perfect calm settled over me, for my last sight of Buckskin showed him standing stoically on the tiny platform, his hand raised before him almost as though he were invoking a benediction, and one,—two,—*three* fingers is what I counted.





SOMETIMES when I am tired of play
 My mother says to me,
 "Come, daughter, we will call to-day
 On Great-aunt Lucy Lee."

And soon, by mother's side, I skip
 Along the quiet street,
 Where tall old trees, on either side,
 Throw shadows at my feet.

The houses stand in solemn rows,
 And not a child is seen;
 The blinds are drawn, the doors are shut,
 The walks are span and clean.

Then when we come to number three,
 I stretch my hand up—so!
 And find the old brass knocker's ring;
 I rap, and in we go.

There Great-aunt Lucy, small and prim,
 Sits by the chimneypiece;
 Her knitting-needles clicking go,
 And never seem to cease.

Aunt Lucy's eyes are blue and kind,
 Her wrinkled face is fair;
 She hides with cap or snowy lace
 Her pretty silver hair.

Aunt Lucy's voice is sweet and low,
 Her smile is quick and bright;
 She wears a gown of lavender,
 And kerchief soft and white.

I fold my hands in front of me
 And sit quite still and staid,
 Till Great-aunt Lucy, smiling, says,
 "Come hither, little maid!"



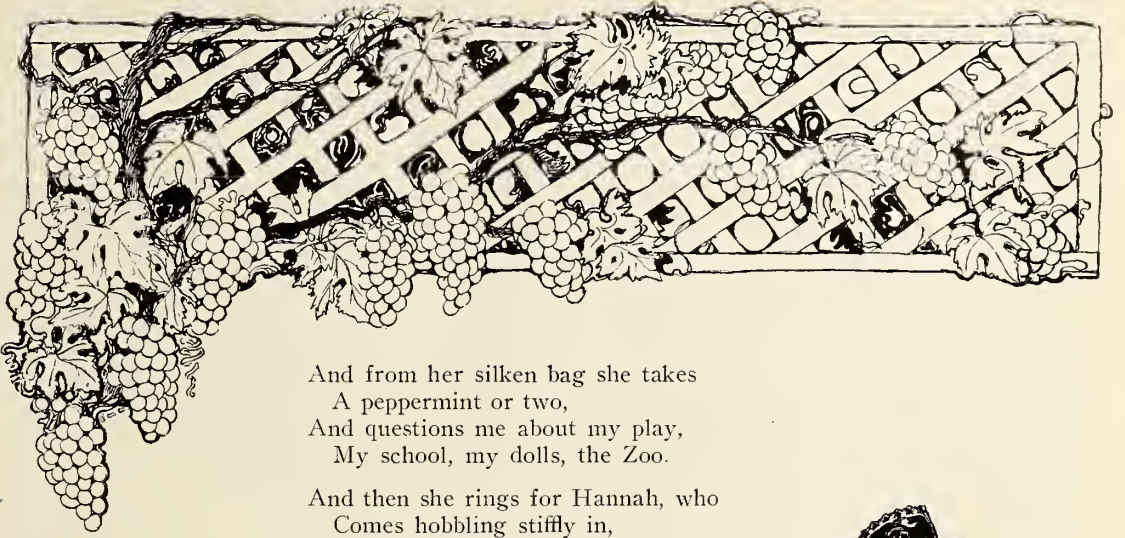


Here Great-aunt Lucy
small and prim
Sits by the chimney-piece
Her knitting needles clicking go
And never seem to cease





Rare roses of a hundred leaves
Sweet-William, Four-o'clocks
Pinks, daisies, bleeding-hearts and things
All bordered round with box



And from her silken bag she takes
A peppermint or two,
And questions me about my play,
My school, my dolls, the Zoo.

And then she rings for Hannah, who
Comes hobbling stiffly in,
With sugared cakes and jelly-tarts
Upon a shining tin.

When I have eaten all I can,
Aunt Lucy bids me go
Into the garden, where all kinds
Of lovely flowers grow.

Pale roses of a hundred leaves,
Sweet-william, four-o'clocks,
Pinks, daisies, bleeding-hearts and things
All bordered 'round with box.

And there 's an arbor, where the grapes
Hang low enough to reach;
A plum-tree just across the path,
And by the wall a peach.

And oh! I think it very nice
To come and visit here;
The house, the garden and the folks
All seem so very queer!

And though I am well satisfied
A while to romp and play,—
A wee old lady, kind and dear,
I want to be some day;

And so I hope that when I, too,
Have grown to eighty-three,
I 'll be a lovely lady like
My Great-aunt Lucy Lee.





"CHILDREN'S SPORTS GIVE HINTS TO WISE MEN."

SCIENTIFIC KITE-FLYING

DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S EXPERIMENTS IN LEARNING TO FLY

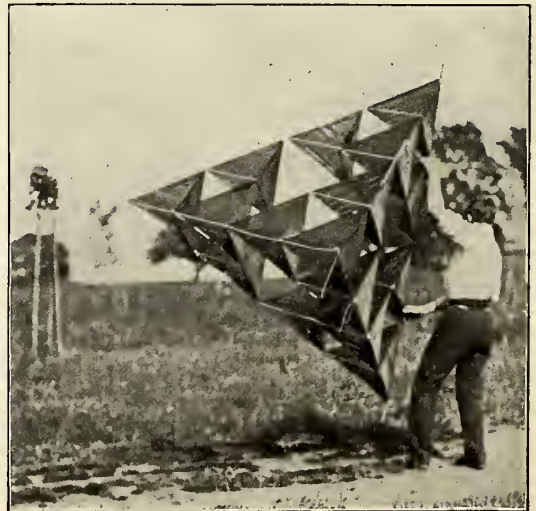
BY C. H. CLAUDY

It is a queer thought that grave and famous scientists sometimes betake themselves in dead earnest to the childhood sport of blowing bubbles,—not for sport, but to study some very difficult and hard-to-understand problems that trouble their learned minds. Perhaps it is even queerer to see a man whose name is known the world over for his learning, his inventions, his wonderful mind and his earnestness in the pursuit of knowledge, chasing after a queer-looking kite and noting its behavior, and doing this, too, in the most serious manner.

For it is a serious matter, this scientific kite-flying, and the work, as it is done by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the famous inventor of the Bell telephone and dozens of other useful things, is a task which he hopes will some day result in a practical solution of that most baffling of riddles—how is man to learn to fly?

That a plane surface of not too great weight, properly held at an angle with moving air, will rise in the air and stay up, is a fact known to every boy who ever begged rags from "mother" for the tail of his kite. The problem of "flying" is

to get a kite big enough to hold a man or men, strong enough to stand the strain, steady enough to fly without danger and stable enough to fly



CAUGHT JUST IN TIME.

without a cord and to alight without destroying itself!

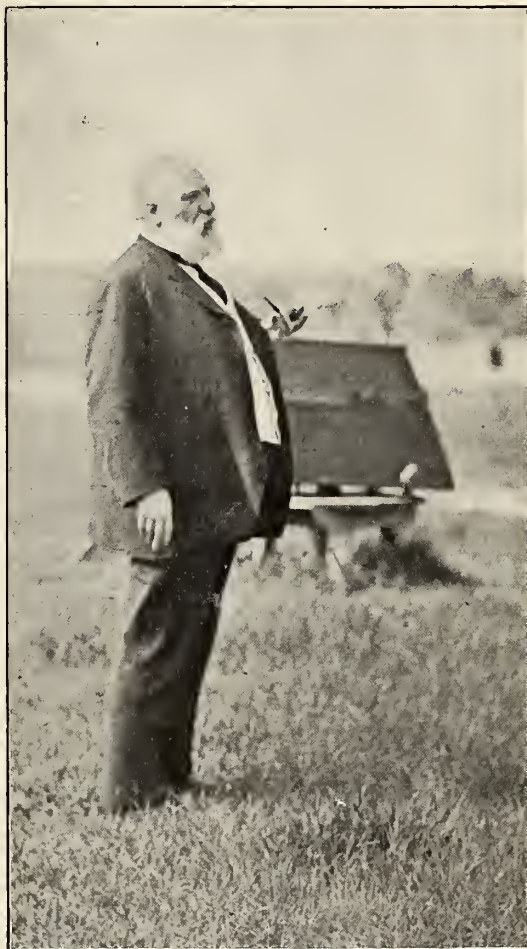
It would seem that if a kite of, say, ten square feet surface would lift ten pounds in a certain wind, a kite of twenty square feet would lift twenty pounds, and thirty square feet thirty pounds, and so on. But, unfortunately for this easy solution of the problem, when two or more kites are added, each to each, they lack strength, and, to get the strength, more weight must be put into the frames and in cross-bars and braces; so that, when the kite gets very large, indeed, large enough to lift a great deal of weight, it weighs as much as it will lift! To make a kite which would grow stronger as it was made larger,—a kite the lifting power of which would increase just as fast as the weight, and which would be just as strong (in proportion) big as it was small,—was the first step in Dr. Bell's problem. This has been done, within wide limits, and the result is a kite called by the hard name of "tetrahedral."

A tetrahedron is a "solid bounded by four plane, triangular surfaces," according to the dictionary. But the picture "Caught just in time" shows you what it is, or looks like, better than any big dictionary words could. For in this picture you see a *collection* in one kite of more than a dozen small tetrahedral kites. In this kite the tetrahedral "cells" are not solid, but made of slender sticks of wood—four triangles, edge to edge and point to point, forming a triangular pyramid; and on two sides of this queer little frame are wings or sails of cloth. The peculiarity of these little cells is that they may be fastened together in any shape, hundreds and hundreds of them, connected only by the points, and the strength of the whole will be the strength of one multiplied by the number of cells. That may not be scientifically accurate, but it is plain to be seen that if each cell has a definite lifting power in the wind, and if a lot fastened together are rigid and strong without extra braces—if, in other words, the weight and the lifting power increase in proportion to each other, there is no limit within reason to the size to which these kites can be built.

But, having the cell, and knowing its strength and its wonderful possibilities as a building "unit," the ease with which any shape or size kite can be built from its use is one thing; finding the very best form and shape for the finished kite is another. And we know so little about the air, and the way things will act in it, that the only way to go at the problem is to build, build, build, and build again, and then try, try, try, and try again, until a kite is produced which will fly steadily and strongly in light breezes and in heavy winds,

and which gives promise of its being able to carry and be propelled by an engine instead of by a cord connecting it with the earth.

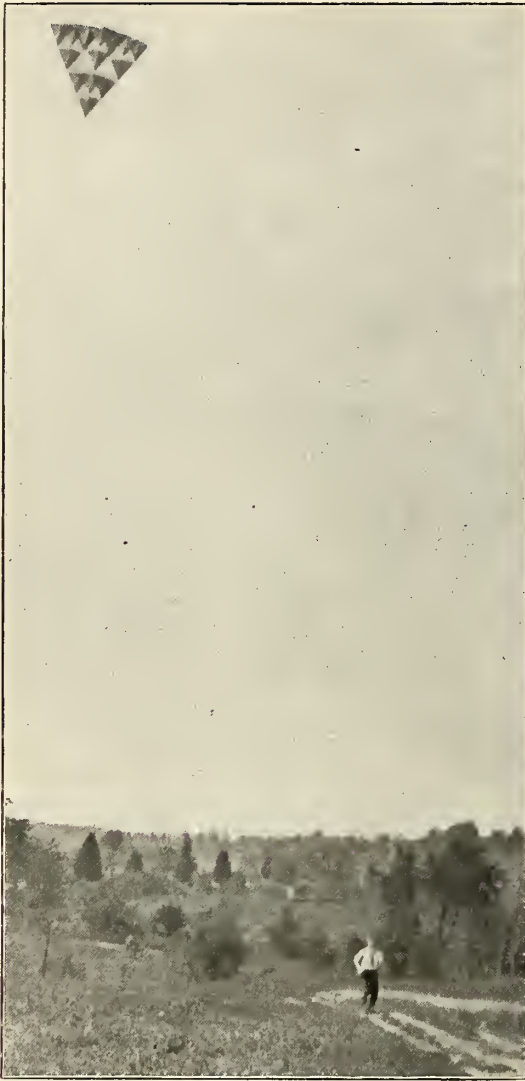
The tetrahedral kite flies easily; it will rise from the ground without a man's having to run with the cord, except in the lightest of breezes. It will fly in a dead calm if pulled fast enough. It has no tail, and needs none; but it flies more steadily in some shapes than in others, and better



DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, WATCHING A KITE IN THE AIR. KITE-REEL IN BACKGROUND.

with the cord at one place than another, and these, also, are special problems that will have to be worked out to obtain the best results.

But the work has been going on some time, and much progress has been made. Beyond Fort Myer, near Washington, D. C., Dr. Bell has a kite house and shop, where he flies kites; and in his beautiful summer home in Nova Scotia he has

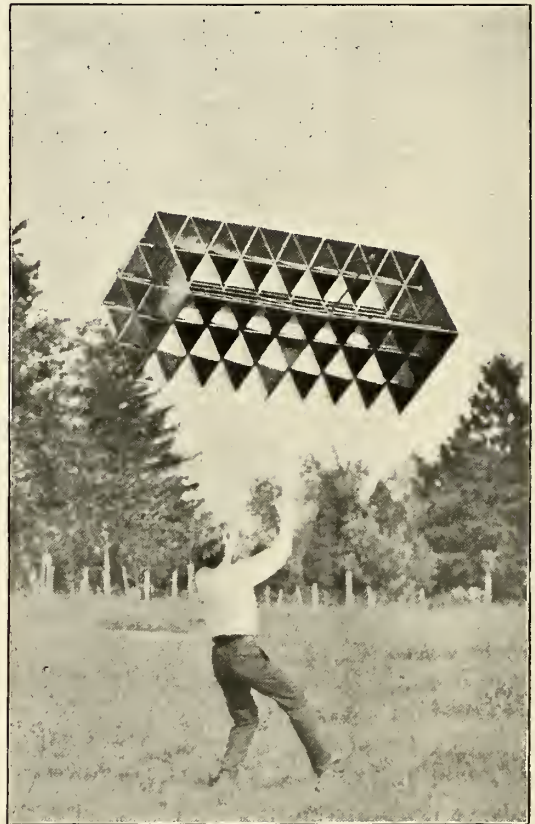


RUNNING BENEATH A FLYING KITE TO NOTE ITS BEHAVIOR.

a large laboratory and a large force of workmen, engineers, and experts of various kinds, where every summer, and all summer long, the chief end and aim of life is to make the perfect kite, and the kite that will finally fly alone, with a man and a motor, and graduate from the ranks of the experiment and the name of kite to the ranks of the success and the name of flying machine. That the kite has strength, stability, and lifting power is well known. The kite shown in the pictures on page 1072—a big X-beam kite—can barely be held by four men in a moderate breeze, and this is a baby compared to the big thirteen-hundred-cell kites at Cape Breton. This X-beam kite, so

called because it is like an X in its construction across the center, has four hundred and some cells.

One of Dr. Bell's plans for the summer of 1907, if things went well, was to put a motor in his kite and see what it would do. He has been experimenting for some time with motors and propellers, and drives an odd-shaped boat with air propellers to see just what the action is. Of course, there will be no man in the kite for the first attempt, and the trial will be made over water, so that there will be the possibility of saving the kite if, or when, it falls. Dr. Bell has several motors, and if the first trial gives any encouragement, a more extensive and elaborate experiment will be made, and perhaps—who knows?—a man may make the attempt, flying without a cord, with a motor, and with a rudder to steer. That is the goal in view; between it and



TO SAVE A "SMASH" AS THE KITE COMES DOWN REQUIRES SWIFT RUNNING AND EXPERT CATCHING.

what has been done extends a great deal of unknown and unexplored aerial country, but the man who is exploring has long scientific training and large knowledge to bring to it; better yet, he

has the means and the enthusiasm, without which in an inventor knowledge is of little use.

The picture showing four men standing on a slender framework is interesting because it shows the enormous strength of the tetrahedral cell construction. These small tubes are of brass, and the whole is but a model of a section such as will be used in some bridge- and tower-construction which Dr. Bell has under way to see what use may be made of the tetrahedron in building work. The tiny bits of wood which make the tetrahedral cells in the kite (wood so slender that it may be snapped between the fingers,) yet combined work up into a structure amply strong enough to sustain a man's weight, if only it is properly distributed.

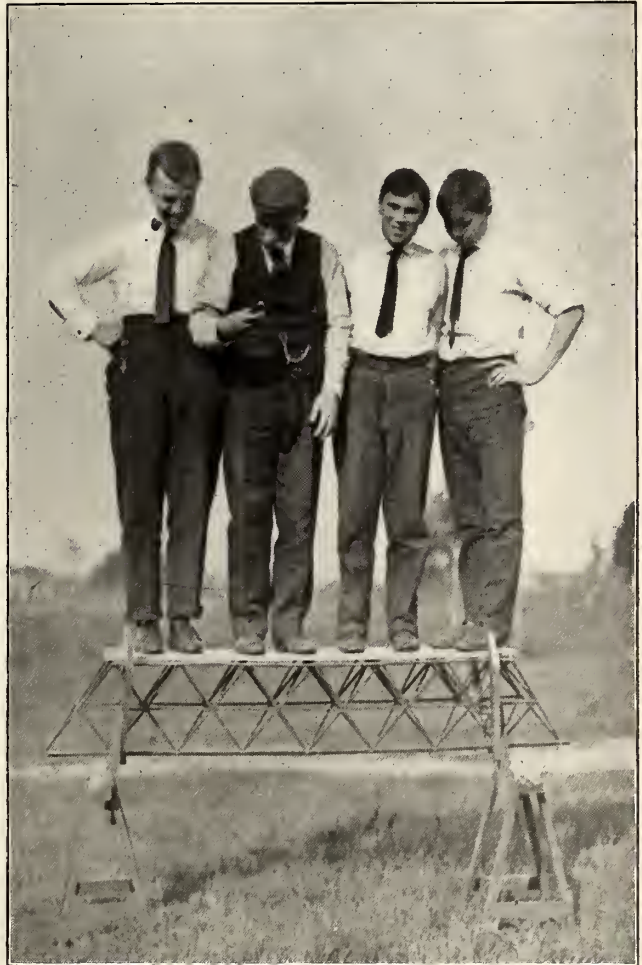
Of course, it takes patient work to construct one of these kites, and but a moment to "smash" one to bits. If it is ill-balanced, if it suddenly comes down, from want of wind, and is n't caught just right, a mass of splinters, torn red sails, and utter destruction is all that is left. But there is always something learned, and with the infinite patience and the unconquerable enthusiasm which made the telephone and did so much for the deaf and dumb, Dr. Bell keeps right on—a new kite, made in a new way, another day,—and a new experiment.

Dr. Bell has an able staff, and he is willing and glad to have their ideas and to try them. The X-beam kite, for instance, was built according to the ideas of one of his engineers, Mr. Baldwin, who is standing next to Dr. Bell in the picture on page 1072. X-beam and I-beam structures are noted for strength and lightness, so this form was used in this kite. It is as yet too early to say whether this or another will be the final form used with the motors.

Some day, somehow, somewhere, man is going to fly. Everywhere all over the world, men are trying, in different ways, to conquer the only element left to man to conquer. Some with gas-bags and slender cars, some with big broad wings and wheels beneath, some with balloons alone, some with balloon and aeroplane combined, all are after the one end—to fly, to fly safely, to fly strongly, and to fly and carry weight. Among them, of them, yet distinct, in that his methods are distinct, Dr. Bell flies his kites with their red sails (red because red photographs best in the air), smashes

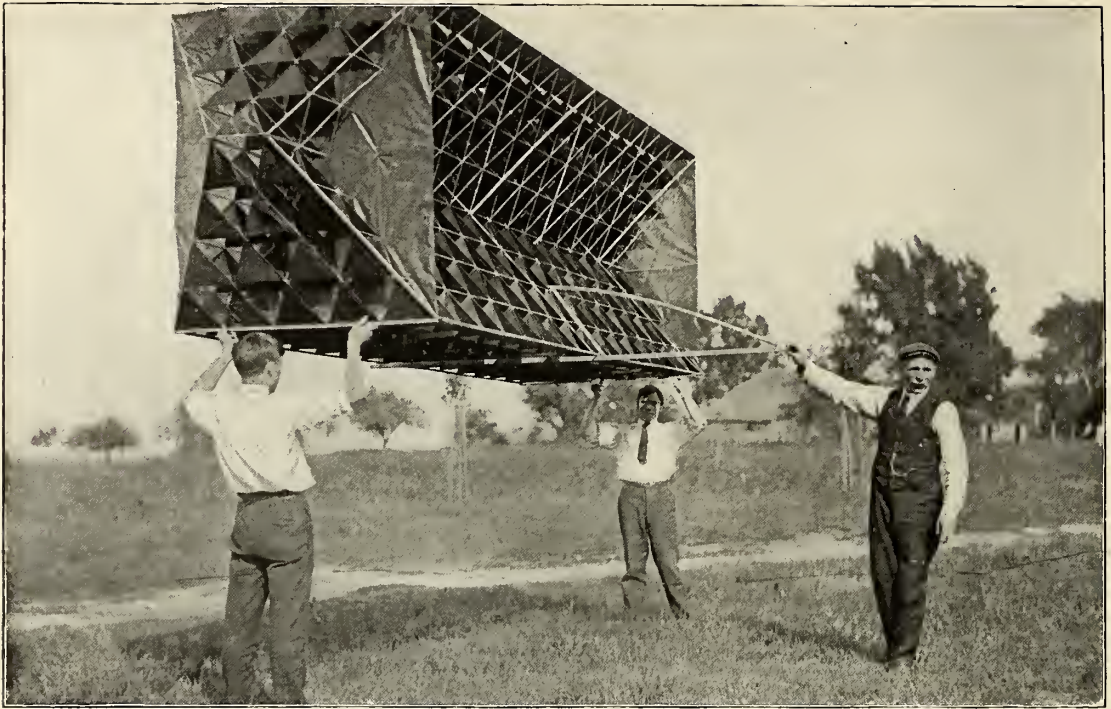
kite after kite, makes new ones, new shapes, new sizes, and always, if slowly, forges ahead a little bit in extracting from old Mother Nature the dearest of her secrets,—the secret which only the birds know.

I wish I could bring before the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* a really good image of Dr. Bell; kindly, enthusiastic, courteous, happy-looking; a man to



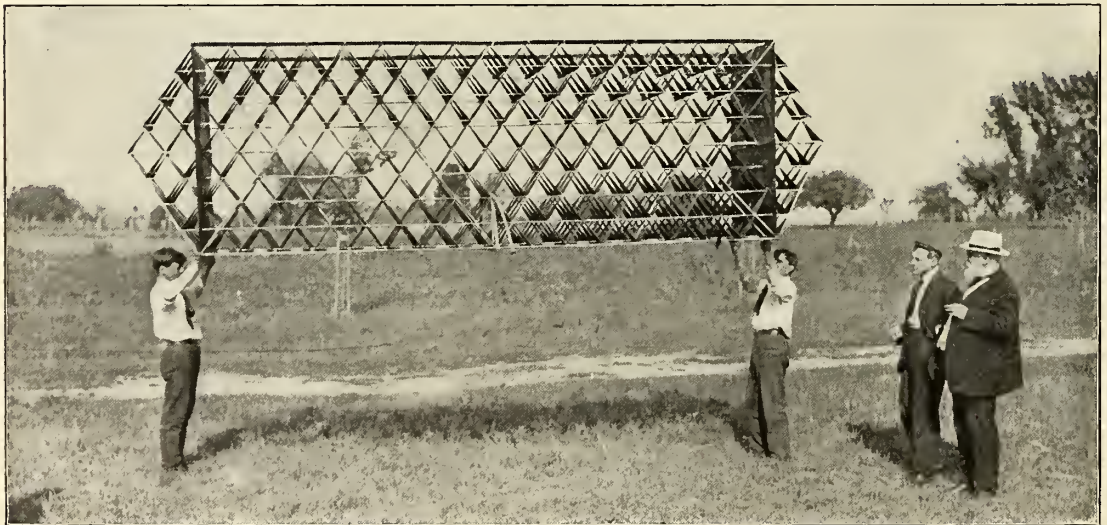
SHOWING THE STRENGTH AND RIGIDITY OF A FRAMEWORK MADE OF SMALL BRASS TUBES WHEN FORMED INTO TETRAHEDRAL "CELLS."

whom it is a pleasure to talk and a still greater one to listen—as simple and unaffected as if he was n't one of the greatest of scientists, and as if his name was n't known from end to end of the earth. Failing the ability to do more than show the pictures in which Dr. Bell appears, think of him as he is there, flying kites for the benefit of



X-BEAM TETRAHEDRAL KITE, SHOWING THE BRACE FROM WHICH THE BRIDLE AND CORD ARE LED. MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED "CELLS" COMPOSE THIS KITE.

the world, devoting all his energy and knowledge to the development of what has hitherto been little more than a boy's plaything, into what will be, if successful, the most important invention ever made, and one which will make a greater change in the lives of men than any invention ever made before.



X-BEAM TETRAHEDRAL KITE WHICH FOUR MEN HOLD WITH DIFFICULTY IN A MODERATE BREEZE. DR. BELL ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, NEXT TO HIM IS MR. BALDWIN, WHO DESIGNED THIS PARTICULAR FORM OF KITE CONSTRUCTION.

A RIDDLE

BY DONALD A. FRASER

I HAVE a head, a little head
That you could scarcely see;
But I have a mouth much bigger
Than my head could ever be.

That seems impossible, you say;
You think 't would be a bother?
Why, no! My head is at one end,
My mouth 's 'way at the other.

I have no feet, yet I can run,
And pretty fast, 't is said;
The funny thing about me is,
I run when in my bed.

I 've not a cent in all the world,
I seek not Fortune's ranks;
And yet it 's true that, though so poor,
I own two splendid banks.

I 've lots of "sand," yet run away;
I 'm weak, yet "furnish power";
No hands or arms, yet my embrace
Would kill in half an hour.

You think I am some fearful thing.
Ah, you begin to shiver!
Pray, don't; for after all, you know,
I 'm only just a river.

JUNGLE LIGHTS

Said King Jumbo: "I can't read my paper!
Here you ape, for a light quickly caper.
If you can't get the moon,
Then return pretty soon
With a couple of *Lynx* or a *Tapir*."



TOM, DICK, AND HARRIET

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater"

CHAPTER XIII

THE ICE-BOAT TAKES THE ICE

WHEN Saturday came the four, guided by Dick, walked over to the Cove through a blinding snow-storm to view the ice-boat. Dick piloted them down to the edge of the river, where, in a little shed in Johnson's shipyard, were two timbers bolted and braced together in the shape of a cross which Dick declared was the ice-boat. The mast was ready, but not yet stepped, and the narrow oval at one end which Dick called a cockpit was still unfinished. Harry was distinctly disappointed.

"I 'd be afraid to sail on that, Dick," she confided earnestly. "I might tumble off."

Roy and Chub, however, were enthusiastic over the craft. The sails, Dick explained, were promised for the middle of the next week, and on the following Saturday the boat was to be launched. On the way back to school there was little opportunity for conversation, since it was necessary to fight against the wind and sleet at every step. But afterward, before a roaring fire in the study room, they discussed the matter of a name. Harry had written down eleven names and Roy and Chub had one or two to suggest besides. Harry's suggestions, much to her disappointment, did not find favor. Such names as *Ice Queen*, *Reindeer* and *Fleetwing* were, Dick thought, rather too "ladylike," as he expressed it.

"Oh, I 've got just the thing," answered Chub modestly. "What do you say to *Polar Bear*?"

"Might as well call it *Teddy Bear*," scoffed Roy. "Polar bears are n't fast."

"Besides," said Harry, "polar bears are n't green, and the boat 's going to be green."

"Polar bears are green before they 're boiled," said Chub flippantly. "And anyway the boat is n't painted yet. It could just as well be white as green."

"Why don't you name it *Dick*?" asked Roy. "You 're about the fastest thing on ice I know."

"*Glacier*?" queried Chub.

"Icy, but slow," said Dick.

"I know!" cried Harry. "*North Wind*!"

"That 's not bad, is it?" asked Dick. "Only I suppose it 's been used dozens of times. I 'll put that down, anyway. Try again, Harry."

Harry settled her chin in the palm of one hand and frowned intensely at the leaping flames.

"Is n't there a bird that lives on ice?" asked Harry suddenly.

"Never heard of one," Roy laughed. "He 'd get cramps."

"I mean that lives where there 's nothing but ice, Smarty," said Harry indignantly.

"Then he 'd have to eat it, would n't he?"

"Quit your fooling," said Chub. "Estrella De Vere is in earnest. You are quite right, Harry. The little bird you are thinking of is the ice-pick. It makes its nest in refrigerators and lives on lemon ice-cream and pineapple sherbet."

"I think you 're all horrid," said Harry. "There is such a bird, Dick, is n't there?"

"There 's the eider-duck," answered Dick.

"Which plucks the feathers from its own breast and makes them into eider-down quilts," added Chub. "We will call the boat the *Eiderdown Quilt*."

"Thomas Eaton, talk sense," said Roy.

"You ask the impossible," murmured Chub.

"Well, so far we 've got only one worth considering," said Dick. "That 's *North Wind*. Maybe we 'll think of something else before Saturday."

"Wait!" cried Harry. "I know the very thing," went on Harry with sparkling eyes.

"Out with it," said Roy.

"*Boreas*!"

The three boys looked at each other inquiringly.

"That 's not half bad, is it?" asked Dick.

"I like it," Roy declared. "It sounds sort of blustery and cold and—and—"

"*Boreas* it is!" said Dick with decision. Chub leaped up and seized Harry's hand and shook it enthusiastically.

"I congratulate you," he said earnestly. "You have won the prize and won't have to risk your life on the boat!"

"But it 's a good name, is n't it, Dick?" Harry asked eagerly.

"Fine," Dick replied. "I had a feeling all along that you would be the one to find a name for us."

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked Chub indignantly. "I could have suggested *Boreas* long ago, only I wanted to give Harry a chance to save her life."

"Now we 've got a name," said Roy, "all that"

remains is to get the boat. Three cheers for the *Borcas!*"

Just a week later the *Borcas* took the water—I should say ice. The launching was not a ceremonious affair, nor was it largely attended. There were present that Saturday morning Dick, Chub, Johnson the builder, three small boys and the builder's assistant. I mention them in the order of their apparent importance. The *Borcas*,

really no launching at all, since the boat was on the ice when the boys arrived at the scene—were short and simple.

Dick unlashed the sails and hoisted them one after the other. They looked very fine in the sunlight and he ran his eye over their expanse of creamy whiteness with admiration. Then he and the builder turned their attention to the mooring line, and Chub, curled up in the steering-box with his hand on the tiller, sang "Mister Johnson, turn me loose!" And a moment later they were gliding gently away from the shore with the runners singing softly as they slid over the hard ice. Dick took the tiller and the boat's head turned upstream. They waved a good-by to the figures on the shore, and none too soon, for the gleaming sails caught the wind fairly and the *Borcas* began to gain speed every moment.

"Say, can't she go?" asked Chub, watching the shore go by with amazement.

"She seems all right, does n't she?" replied Dick. "But she is n't really going now. The wind's dead astern."

"Well, it's pretty good for a starter," answered Chub. "A fellow feels a little bit uneasy just at first, eh?"

"Well, it's sort of funny, and that's a fact," owned Dick. "And until I've learned a little more about the thing I'm not taking any chances. There are several tricks I want to try."

"How fast do you suppose we're going?" asked Chub. Dick shook his head.

"Blest if I know. I was never on one before. We'll call it fifteen miles an hour."

"Bet you it's nearer thirty!" said Chub.

"When you go that fast you'll know it," Dick answered grimly.

"Watch out for Thurston's boat," said Dick. "If we come across her we'll get a line on our sailing ability maybe."

"Don't see anything of her," answered Chub. "What's that over there across the river?" Dick turned to look.

"Coleville," he answered.

"What!" cried Chub. "Already? Why, we have n't been going a minute! Talk about your automobiles!"

News of the ice-boat had got out days before, and when the *Borcas* drew near to the landing at Ferry Hill most of the school was on hand to welcome it. For a first attempt Dick's handling of



THE LAUNCHING OF THE *BOREAS*.

resplendent in new dark green paint, was awaiting the ceremony on the edge of the ice, varnished spars shining in the sunlight, creamy sails furled on the booms and the wire rigging gleaming like silver strands.

The *Borcas* was rigged with jib and mainsail. Doubtless experienced ice-yachtsmen would have found much to criticize. Even Dick acknowledged that the mast was far too short and the sail area much less than it should have been. Also there were awkward points of construction resulting from lack of knowledge. But Dick was very well satisfied for all of that, and Mr. Johnson viewed the result of his labor with pride. The ceremonies attending the launching—which was

the craft as he swung it around and ran its nose into the wind beside the landing was very creditable. Dozens of eager hands aided to hold the boat and numerous voices were raised in petition.

"Let me go with you, Comes?"

"You promised me, Dick! Don't forget!"

"Can't I go, Dick? Just for a minute, eh?"

"Don't bother him! He 's going to take me this time."

"I 'm not going to take any one this time," answered Dick. "I 'm going to get the hang of her and maybe I 'll turn her over. And I don't want any fellow to get hurt. I 'll give every one a ride when I get around to it. Shove her bow off a bit, will you Chub?"

For the next half-hour he put the boat through her paces, while the group on shore watched. He had read everything he could find on the subject of ice-yachting and there were many things he wanted to settle to his own satisfaction. One of them was the fact that an ice-boat will go faster across the wind than with it.

When, at last, after a half-hour, he headed back down the river on a broad tack for the landing he was quite ready to exchange the steering-box of the *Boreas* for a place in front of the fire-place in the study-room. Willing hands helped him pull the boat up on the bank and furl the sails. Then, with Harry and Roy and Chub as immediate body-guard, he set off up the hill toward the dormitory and dinner.

In the afternoon Roy had his first trip, and later, when he had been safely returned to the rink for the hockey game, Chub took his place. The *Boreas* spun up the river for some fifteen miles and by the time the cruise was over with Chub was as enthusiastic an ice-yachtsman as ever wept in the teeth of a gale.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DOCTOR INTERVENES

I AM sorry to say that for something like a fortnight past Dick's lessons had been suffering. He did n't really intend that they should, but when one is studying the science of ice-yachting and at the same time superintending the building of a boat, one is likely to be pretty busy; and that was the case with Dick. There was n't time for ice-boat and lessons too, and so he made the mistake of sacrificing the lessons. And very soon he wished he had n't.

The weather held clear and bitterly cold, and on Monday the *Boreas* was once more flying up and down the river. There was a light breeze, but enough to make the boat show plenty of speed to leeward. Harry had her first sail that afternoon

and enjoyed it immensely. Dick was careful to run no risk of capsizing and kept a safe distance from rough ice. They ran down to Silver Cove in a series of long reaches and then came back up the river before the wind. Off Coleville they sighted Joe Thurston's boat, but its skipper refused to come out and try conclusions, although the *Boreas* hovered tantalizingly about for some time. The red boat hugged the shore closely and finally snuggled up against the Hammond landing and dropped her sails. Although Dick was anxious to race he was not altogether sorry to have the opportunity deferred, for with Harry aboard he would not have wanted to let the *Boreas* out to full speed. But he made up his mind that the following afternoon he would run over to Coleville and make Thurston race with him. But there 's never any knowing what twenty-four hours will bring forth!

At breakfast the next morning Dick's name was among those mentioned by the Doctor and Dick was one of a half dozen boys required to pay visits to the Doctor's office at noon. Dick went out of the dining hall feeling rather uneasy and wishing that he had given more attention to his studies of late. Roy and Chub captured him outside and decoyed him into the study room. They were both looking preternaturally solemn, and Chub insisted on wringing his hand silently.

"Of course you can come back next year," said Roy. "It is n't likely he will fire you for good."

"That 's so," said Chub. "Might as well look on the bright side of it. And if you try you can study at home enough to keep up with your class. Of course there 's the disgrace of it, but—well, you can live that down in time. And—er—you won't want to take the ice-boat home with you, I suppose. So I 'll take charge of it for you, old man."

"We both will," added Roy. "Anything to oblige a friend."

Dick listened with a sheepish smile on his face. "Go ahead," he said, "and have a good time. I don't mind. Children must be amused."

"Ah, don't let it harden you," pleaded Chub. "Face it like a man and live it down. After all, there are worse things in life—"

But Dick's patience was at an end and Chub's philosophizing was cut short by the sudden necessity of defending himself against Dick's onslaught. A minute later the three disentangled themselves, panting and puffing, and proceeded to repair their attire.

After the final morning recitation Dick turned his steps toward the office. Of course there was no question of being expelled, but nevertheless he was anxious to know what awaited him. There

were two boys ahead of him. But finally the suspense ended and he found himself facing the Doctor.

"Somes, I hear from Mr. Buckman and Mr. Cobb that you have been doing very poorly in your studies of late, and my own observations bear out their report. What 's the trouble?"

Dick was silent.

"Maybe we made a mistake in putting you in the Second Senior Class. I was in doubt about the advisability of it at the time, you will remember. Perhaps you had better drop back a class. Does that appeal to you?"

"No, sir," Dick answered with emphasis.

"But if the lessons are too hard for you?"

"They 're not, sir."

"They 're not? Well, that 's a refreshing thing to hear, Somes. I 've just been talking to several other boys and had begun to think that we were driving the students too hard here. Then you don't find the lessons too difficult?"

"No, sir."

"Then may I ask again what the trouble is? If they are not too difficult why can't you learn them?"

"I can, sir," answered Dick after a moment's pause. "I—have n't been studying very hard lately. I 'm sorry, sir."

"So am I. Because you are wasting your time, and you are wasting our time. For some two weeks or so you have been coming into class with your lessons half prepared. You have n't kept your part of the agreement, my boy. Supposing I were to tell you that an agreement broken by one of the parties becomes void? You realize what that would mean?"

"Yes, sir, replied Dick troubledly.

There followed a moment of silence during which the Doctor, leaning back in his chair and rolling his pen between his fingers, studied Dick attentively. Then:

"I believe you have lately bought some sort of an ice-boat, Somes. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir. I got it Saturday."

"Hum! How long have you been negotiating for this boat?"

"I—I ordered it about two weeks ago."

"Rather a coincidence that, don't you think, Somes? It looks to me as though that ice-boat explained matters. What do you think?"

"Yes, sir, I guess it does explain. I was so—so busy thinking about it, sir, that I did n't have time to study much," answered Dick honestly.

"Have you sailed it yet?"

"I was out Saturday and yesterday, sir."

"Like it, do you?"

"Yes, sir, very much."

The Doctor was silent a moment. Then, smiling slightly, he asked:

"Do you know what I am considering, Somes?"

"I think so, sir. You 're going to take the boat away, I guess."

"Not exactly. I could n't absolutely take it away from you, for it is, of course, your property. But I could forbid you to use it while at my school. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what I am going to do is to forbid you to use it again until you have caught up with your lessons. How long that will be depends on you. You acknowledged yourself that you can learn your lessons, and so I must insist that you do so. This ice-boat seems to have proved a disturbing element. So I propose to eliminate it for a while, until, in fact, you have shown that you mean to keep your part of our agreement. Do you think I am unjust?"

Dick gave over examining his hands and looked at the Doctor.

"No, sir," he answered. "I guess you 're—pretty white."

The Doctor bent his head to conceal the smile that trembled about his mouth. Then:

"Well, that 's the way it stands then. Catch up with your studies and you can go back to the ice-boat. But until then—leave it strictly alone and try to forget about it. That 's all, I think. Good morning, Somes."

"Thank you, sir. Good morning."

Dick found Chub after dinner, told him what had happened and asked him to take the boat back to Johnson's yard for the present.

FOR the next week or so Dick studied desperately; even Roy and Chub, who knew what he was capable of in the way of concentration, were surprised at the zeal he displayed. All their efforts to entice him out of the library or the study room in the afternoons went for naught and in the end they were invariably forced to take their departure without him, leaving him alone in his glory and often to the undisputed possession of the room. Day after day of bright, cold weather came and passed, days with crisp winds which would have brought joy to the heart of the ice-yachtsman. Harry was very indignant at her father's action and confided to Roy and Chub that she had scolded him severely.

"I guess he felt pretty much ashamed of himself," laughed Roy. "Is he going to apologize to Dick?"

"N—no, he was very unreasonable," answered Harry. "He said he guessed things would have to stand the way they were."

"You 'll have to manage him better than that," Roy said with a shake of his head. "Your authority is in danger, Harry."

Saturday evening Dick took a brief vacation from study and there was a meeting of the F. H. S. I. S. in the barn. But nothing was accomplished, although ways and means were discussed for some time and all sorts of schemes for raising the money were advanced.

"If only Ferry Hill had turned out a few dozen millionaires," mourned Chub. "Every school ought to graduate a millionaire a year."

"Maybe some of the Ferry Hill grads are millionaires," said Dick thoughtfully. "If we only had a list of them we might be able to find out."

"I thought millionaires did n't go to school," said Harry. "They 're self-made, are n't they?"

"They always used to be," Roy replied, "but I guess the new crop is different."

"Yes, they 're degenerating," Chub added. "It 's the same way with Presidents. It used to be that you could n't be President unless you had been a poor boy and had worked on a farm. But look at the Presidents nowadays! Just ordinary rich men! Why, most anybody can be President now!"

"There 's a chance for you," suggested Roy. "You never split a rail in your life."

"And I 'm sure he never studied by the light of a log-fire," laughed Dick.

"I think it 's beautiful about Abraham Lincoln," said Harry wistfully. "I wish I had been born a poor boy so I could have done the way he did and been President of the United States."

"I suppose if you were President," said Chub, "you 'd make Methuselah Secretary of State, would n't you?"

"Yes, and you could be Secretary of the Navy, and Dick, Secretary of War, and Roy—"

"Secretary of Agriculture," Dick suggested.

"No, I 'd make him my private secretary."

"Roy always does have all the luck," grieved Chub. "I 'm mad; I resign from the cabinet!"

And with Mr. Thomas H. Eaton's resignation the meeting broke up.

ON Wednesday Dick had made up his lost studies and the embargo on the *Boreas* was removed. And on the same day Harry sought him with tidings of a challenge from Joe Thurston.

"He told Grace—that 's his sister, you know—to tell me to tell you that he wanted to race you with his ice-boat. It 's name is the *Snowbird*. Is n't that a pretty name, Dick? And he wants to race to-morrow after school, and says he will meet you at the landing here at half-past three.

But how can you get the boat?" she asked anxiously.

"I 'll go down in the morning before breakfast," he answered. "Mr. Cobb will give me permission all right. Did he say how far he wanted to race?"

"No," said Harry. "And, Dick, I suppose I could n't go with you, could I? I 'd like to awfully." But Dick shook his head.

"I 'd be afraid to have you," he answered. "I guess I 'd better go alone; unless Thurston takes some one with him; if he does I 'll get Chub to go with me. You could n't kill Chub if you tried."

"Do you think you can beat the *Snowbird*?"

"Well, I guess the north wind is faster than any old bird ever made," laughed Dick. "But Thurston knows a heap more about sailing than I do, I suppose, and that ought to help him a lot. But I 'll do my best."

"And Dick, you must have a Ferry Hill flag on the mast!"

"That 's so, but I 'll have to borrow one somewhere. I don't own one."

"You shall have mine," cried Harry. "It 's a lucky flag, Dick, and if you have it you just can't help winning the race!"

CHAPTER XV

THE RACE OF THE ICE-BOATS

A BITTERLY cold, lowering day with a northeasterly gale blowing almost straight down the river, nipping fingers and ears and noses. Now and then a fitful flurry of snow, driving past like a miniature blizzard.

In front of the Ferry Hill landing two ice-boats, heads to the wind, sails snapping and wire rigging singing in the blasts; one with red hull and a cherry-and-black flag whipping from the mast-head, the other glistening in new green and bearing the brown-and-white banner of Ferry Hill on high. About them some sixty boys from the rival schools, turning and twisting in and out on their skates in an effort to keep warm in the face of the biting gale. And over all a leaden, cheerless sky.

The race was to be windward and return, a distance of about fourteen miles. The starting-line was opposite the northern end of the boat-house, the turning-point some seven miles up the river at a place called Indian Head, where a small islet rose from the river near the west bank to serve as a mark. The boats were to finish opposite the boat-house. On the *Snowbird* were Joe Thurston and his friend Bob Cutler, while the *Boreas* held Dick and Chub. Whitcomb, with a small starting pistol in his gloved hand, was trying to push the



THE RACE BETWEEN *BOREAS* AND *SNOWBIRD*.

crowd back so that the boats might swing into the wind at the signal.

The warning was given, the rival skippers declared themselves ready and the pistol barked, its sharp report being instantly whisked away on the wind. The slender noses of the two boats were turned, the sails filled slowly, and after a moment of seeming hesitation the *Snowbird* and the *Boreas* started slowly across the ice on the first tack to starboard, while behind them the rival groups shouted encouragement to the yachtsmen and defiance to each other. With every instant the boats gathered headway, gliding away across the glassy surface like gaily hued dragon-flies above the surface of a pool.

"Cold!" shouted Dick above the singing of the runners and the whistle of the wind. Chub nodded and made a grimace without taking his gaze from the *Snowbird*, which, some fifty feet away, was bowling along finely.

"She 's gaining," said Chub presently. Dick turned and looked, glanced at his sails and eased the helm a little. Then it was time to go about again, since the shore was becoming dangerously rear. The *Snowbird* was already turning, slowing for a moment as she pointed dead to windward and then springing away again as the gale slanted across the sails. The *Boreas* had lost and on this tack she was sixty or seventy yards behind her rival. The latter's larger sail area was telling. Chub looked anxiously at Dick, but that youth was gazing across at the *Snowbird*, a hand held in front of his face to break the wind. When he turned there was a little frown on his face and he pointed the nose of the *Boreas* closer into the wind. For a while she seemed to be holding her own. Then the *Snowbird* went about again, this time on a mile-long reach made possible by a bend in the river. The *Boreas* was almost half a minute behind now and Dick was growling things to himself that Chub could n't catch. The wind seemed to be growing stronger, though perhaps it was merely that it had a broader sweep here where the stream turned toward the east.

"How fast?" asked Chub, his hand to his mouth.

"Twenty-five, I guess," Dick shouted back.

Chub tried to whistle, but could n't. Beside them the ice was only a blurred surface that rushed by without form or substance, a grayish-green nothing, as it seemed, above which they were speeding with a rapidity that almost took the breath away. The wind shrieked and roared and strove to blow them from the box to which they were clinging. A sudden flurry of snow rushed down upon them, hiding the shore and the

other boat from their sight, and blinding them so that for a moment they had to close their eyes.

"Look out for the shore!" cried Chub, with a gasp. There was an unintelligible word from Dick in reply as a gray shape suddenly sprang out of the snow-mist. "Hold hard!" he shouted. Chub had just time to obey when over went the tiller, there was a loud *slur—r—r* as the runners ground sideways against the ice and the *Boreas* threw herself about so suddenly that it was all the boys could do to keep their places. Then a quick leap forward and the boat was on the other tack and the snow-squall had passed. They looked eagerly for the *Snowbird*. She had gained some, but not much. The *Boreas* with a rush and a roar swept after her. It was a short tack this time, since Hopple Rock lay ahead off the west shore, and soon they were once more on the port tack, the windward end of the runner-plank standing high above the ice.

"There 's the Head!" said Dick.

Perhaps two miles up the frozen river a somber rock, tree-crowned, arose from the gray ice like a rugged sugar-loaf. There was no mistaking it, although neither Dick nor Chub had ever journeyed so far up-stream. The boats must pass around it before they turned homeward. Dick, as best he could, shading his eyes with one mitted hand, studied the river. Then he moved the tiller slowly and cautiously until the boat was heeled so far over that Chub was forced to cling frantically to the backbone to keep from rolling off onto the ice. But the boat responded with increased speed. Chub, with the tears streaming from his eyes, held on, at once fearful and fascinated. Surely they were flying through air and that grayness flowing swiftly beneath them was cloud! It was hard to believe that they were on solid ice!

"Hold tight!" cried Dick.

Chub wondered how he could hold any tighter with his numbed and aching fingers. Then the windward runner dropped quickly to the ice, the *Boreas* swung about on her heel and Chub found himself rolling over against the backbone as the new tack began. A half a mile ahead the *Snowbird*, a low streak of red topped with a snowy spread of sail, was crossing in the opposite direction, the cherry-and-black flag at the masthead standing out as stiff as though starched.

"She 's got us beaten!" said Chub.

But Dick made no answer. He was calculating his chances. It was evident that the *Snowbird* was going to round the rock on the starboard tack. That meant, as Dick figured it out, that she would make two more reaches first. But to Dick it seemed that perhaps something was to be

gained by hauling closer to the wind at the next turn and making a long tack to port until a point was reached near the east shore and slightly below the rock. From there he could round the mark with a short tack to starboard and start home on a long course with the wind abeam. It meant allowing the *Snowbird* to gain now in the hope of cutting down her lead later. So when the *Boreas* again came about Chub found that it was not necessary to hold on for dear life. The boat was headed closer into the wind and the steering-box was no longer canted at an alarming angle. The speed was less, but the boat demonstrated the fact that she could do fast work when close-hauled. The *Snowbird* crossed twice ahead of them during the next few minutes and finally, just as the *Boreas* was nearing the end of her final reach to port, she shot from around the island and turned homeward. Chub looked anxious and perplexed. Then over went the helm once more, there was a sharp swirl as the *Boreas* swung about and the black rock rushed toward them. As they skirted it the starboard runner was scarcely more than six yards from the gray boulders that lay about it. Then the wind was behind them and with a rush and a bound the *Boreas* started toward home. The *Snowbird* was, as Dick estimated, three-quarters of a mile ahead, running fleetly on the opposite tack.

A stern chase is a long chase, they say, and the crew of the *Boreas* found it so. And yet, before half the distance to the finish had been reeled off, they knew that they were gaining slowly but consistently on their opponent. Joe Thurston was making the mistake of sailing too closely before the wind. Dick, on the other hand, strove to keep the wind well on his beam, and while, in order to do this, it was necessary to put the *Boreas* on shorter tacks, the result was warranting it. Little by little the green boat cut down the distance that separated her from the red. But with three miles still to run it seemed that the handicap was too large. The *Snowbird* looked then very much like a winner to Chub and he wondered how Harry would reconcile the defeat of the *Boreas* with the fact that her lucky Ferry Hill banner was flying from the masthead. If the boats had made speed going up the river they were simply flying now, although as the wind was behind them the difference was not very appreciable to the boys. Thirty miles an hour when you are scarcely a foot above the surface seems a terrific pace.

Two miles above Ferry Hill the *Snowbird* was scarcely a quarter of a mile ahead. She was starting on a long reach which, if all went well with her, would be the last but one to bring her to

the line. The *Boreas* was on the opposite side of the river and as she swung across on a new tack it was evident that Dick was ready for any hazard. Chub found himself in danger of rolling off onto the ice, while Dick seemed every moment about to topple down upon him.

For a moment he vowed that he would never trust himself again on an ice-boat with Dick Somes. But by this time they were gaining every moment and the quarter-mile lead was down to an eighth. Suddenly Chub gave an exclamation of surprise. The *Snowbird*, then in mid-stream, had suddenly left her tack and headed again toward the east shore.

"Ice-crack!" shouted Dick in explanation. "I saw it when we came up."

"Better change your course then," said Chub anxiously. But Dick only shook his head. That the *Snowbird* had decided to go around it and so give him a good chance of winning was no reason why he should follow suit. The *Boreas* held her course. Chub glanced in alarm at the calm, set face beside him and something that he saw there quieted his fears. He looked forward. Ahead, rushing toward them, was a black fissure, an ice-crack which extended almost directly across the ice. How wide it was Chub had no idea. Nor did he have much time for speculation, for:

"Hold for all you're worth, Chub!" cried Dick.

Then a twelve-foot expanse of water and broken ice swept up to them, Dick eased the helm until the boat was at right angles to the crack and the fore runners struck the slightly raised edge of the fissure at the same instant. Chub closed his eyes and held on convulsively. The *Boreas* rose bodily in the air, there was a momentary sensation of being shot through space, and then the runners clanged down upon the ice with a soft jar and the *Boreas* was tearing along toward the finish, having taken the gap with a twenty-foot leap as a hunter takes a fence!

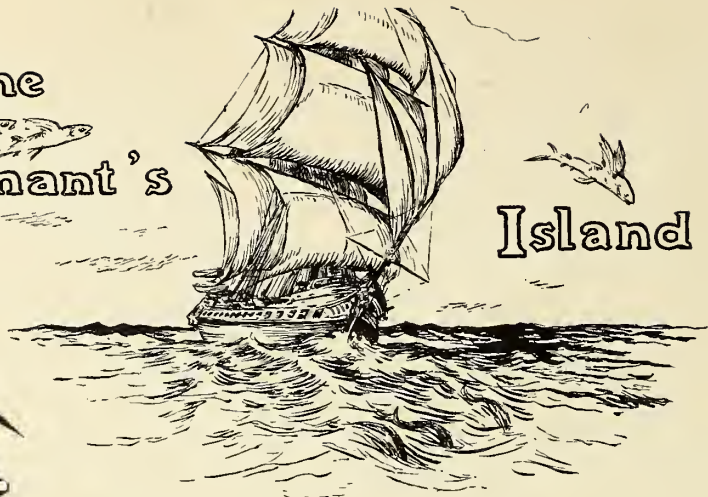
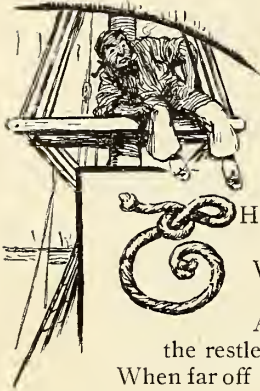
Chub opened his eyes. The crack was just a dark thread behind them. Near at hand the *Snowbird* was charging along with them neck and neck. A half-mile away was the finish line and the groups of dark figures.

"Hold on!" cried Dick again. And this time there was exultation in his voice. The *Boreas* heeled to the blast and drew away from the red boat, foot by foot, yard by yard. Twenty seconds—and there was a gap between them! Thirty seconds—and there stretched the length of a boat between! Forty seconds—and the *Boreas* was charging past the waving figures at the finish, the brown-and-white flag at the masthead flapping in triumph. Dick had won by a scant ten yards!

(To be continued)

The Lieutenant's

Island



BY KENT PACKARD

THE British *Flame* was cruising in the southern seas one day
While flying fish were flying and the porpoise dashed the spray ;
A lookout in the crosstrees idly watched
the restless sea,
When far off to the south'ard a strange island seemed to be.

With hearty voice he shouted out the news both near and far ;
The echo fell upon the ear of England's greatest tar.
Lieutenant Gadzooks Peters-Brown climbed up the shrouds apace,
With eager look with eagle eye, he scanned the ocean's face ;
Then hastily he slid below, gave orders, and the *Flame*
With all her speed approached that land, an isle without a name.

Lieutenant Brown sprang on the shore, then sent the boat's crew back,
And in one hand above his head he waved the Union Jack.
The sailors gave three hearty cheers that made the woodlands ring,
As their bold leader took this isle for England's gracious king.
Soon he advanced within the glade, his new-found isle to view,
And striding gaily 'neath the trees, walked on a mile or two.



From every rock and tree and bush a savage seemed to spring,
Until around our naval friend they formed a hostile ring.
(Alas! from out his Order Book no time to seek advice ;
For pouncing on him by the score, they 'd bound him in a
trice.)

The dancing band took off his hat,
they grabbed his sword and
gun,
And from our gallant seaman's
breast took
medals every
one.



Length they 'd reached the palace, with their captive in the lead;
Lieutenant Gadzooks Peters-Brown (his chance seemed slim indeed).
His heart sank as he listened to these words their king set forth:
"We 'll fry this naval man at dawn, and make him into broth."



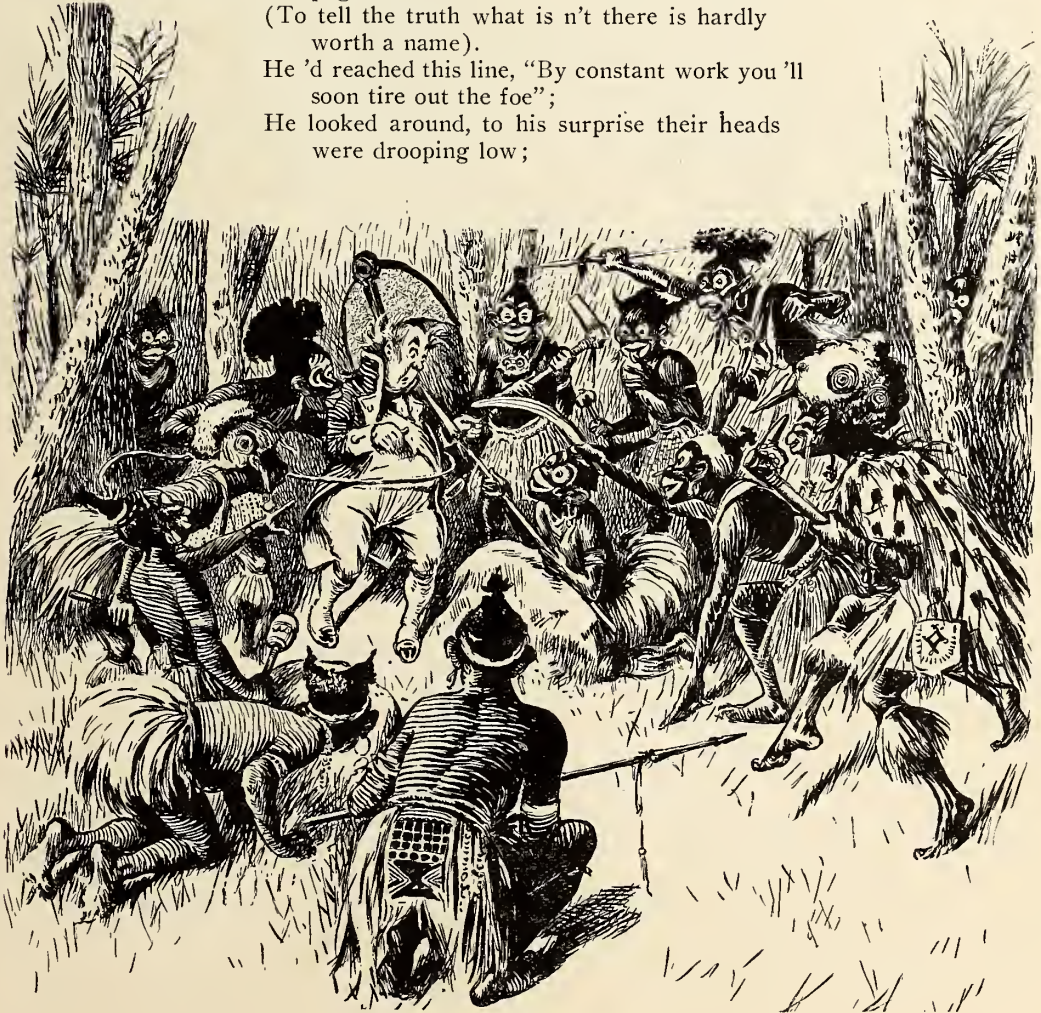
They set him 'fore the palace gate, then gathered by his side
To see what he would have to say, what thoughts he would confide.

From out his pocket, Peters-Brown produced his greatest friend,
His book of "General Orders" (of advice without an end),
And running quickly o'er its leaves soon came upon the place
That tells of what diplomacy is right in such a case.
Then he began to read aloud (the type was very small);
He read, and read, and read, and read. (There
seemed no end at all.)

An hour passed, and still the rules from off its
pages came
(To tell the truth what is n't there is hardly
worth a name).

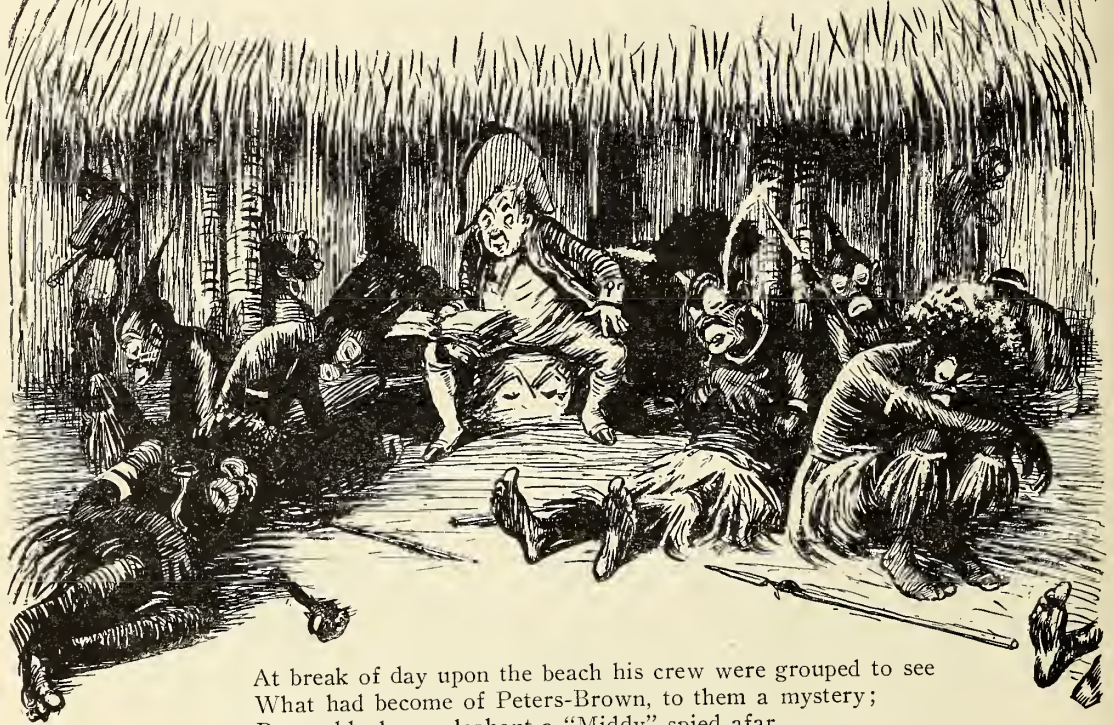
He 'd reached this line, "By constant work you 'll
soon tire out the foe";

He looked around, to his surprise their heads
were drooping low;



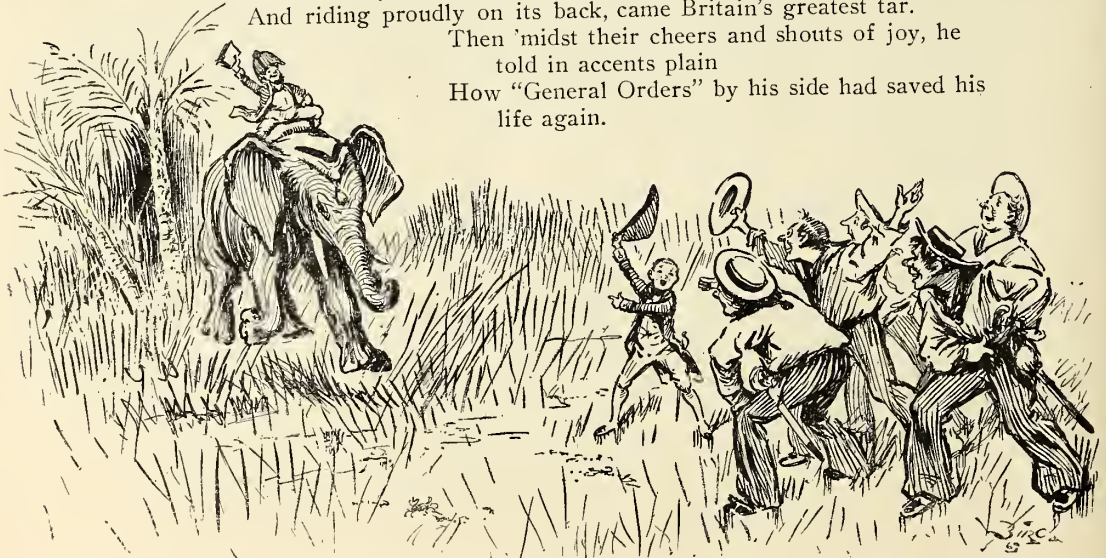
THE LIEUTENANT'S ISLAND

For his reciting of those rules (they are so dull
and dry)
Had put them one and all to sleep, and closed
each weary eye.
Now creeping softly o'er the ground, with ropes
he bound them tight,
And on the Royal Elephant rode swiftly through
the night.



At break of day upon the beach his crew were grouped to see
What had become of Peters-Brown, to them a mystery;
But suddenly an elephant a "Middy" spied afar,
And riding proudly on its back, came Britain's greatest tar.

Then 'midst their cheers and shouts of joy, he
told in accents plain
How "General Orders" by his side had saved his
life again.



FRITZI

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan"

CHAPTER XXII "ON THE TRAIL"

Jo missed the car, and she missed the ferry, and the boat "poked" when she caught it. She fairly glared at the face of her little enameled watch, bit at the tips of her gloves and tossed her heavy red hair till it angrily whacked the back of the seat; but none of these things increased her speed, and it was just noon when she sailed around the Twentieth Street corner.

"Oh—oh, pardon me," she gasped, for in her impetuous dash she had run into a boy who was coming on a dog-trot up the street.

"Excuse me," replied the boy, taking off his cap but making no motion to move out of her way. "Dis ain't de foist time we 've had a collision. How is Fritzi?"

"Oh—oh!" cried Jo. "What luck! You 're Patsy McCarty, are n't you? Can you please tell me where to find Fritzi?"

"Ain't she over to youse house?"

"No, she ran away this morning, and oh, Patsy, I must find her! I have made a vow that I will never go back until I take her with me."

Patsy pricked up his ears. He liked the sound of this, for Patsy had leanings detective-wise, and besides, he had a warm Irish heart beating beneath his blue messenger coat.

"Lemme have de fac's, an' I 'll give youse an opinion," said Patsy, spreading his feet far apart and sticking his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat.

Jo was too much troubled to detect the patronage of his tone, for it had seemed a much easier task to find Fritzi, as she hurried about getting ready in her own room, than it did now in all the rush and turmoil of the city.

"Well," said Patsy, hesitatingly, when she had finished, "I 've got to hustle to de Bronx wid a message; de fact is, my woik 'll keep me till five, but if you kin wait for me, I bet I kin find her."

"Wait where?" asked Jo.

Patsy scratched his head. If his mother had been home—but there was the place—at least Mrs. Hovey's room was clean and respectable. He led the way across the street and Jo was soon climbing the stairs that Fritzi had descended only a few hours before.

Mrs. Hovey was at home and welcomed Patsy and Jo with joy, and at once poured out her tale

of the pretty girl in the blue suit with the green bag, who had been there that morning to see his mother.

"Trail hot," remarked Patsy, oracularly. "De young lady 'll stay here till I get back, Mrs. Hovey," and, with the promise to Jo to be back as soon as he could, this little Irish Hermes of the warm and chivalrous soul was gone.

Jo never knew that the lunch Mrs. Hovey prepared for her was bought with Patsy's pennies, nor the reason her every secret was not dragged from her was Patsy's stern orders that she was to be let alone. The hardest heart could hardly have devised a worse punishment for guilty Jo than that long afternoon in that dreary room. The seconds lagged, the minutes crept, the hours were everlasting. She was so homesick it seemed she would die. Oh, for the sight of mother or Aunt Nancy, the sound of Bert's laugh, of Fritzi's merry fiddle! Were they worrying about her at home? Would they think her right to rush out to find Fritzi, or would they condemn her? She grew very pathetic and self-pitying as she saw in her mind's eye her empty chair, her violin lying mute, and her limp frocks swinging from the hooks in her closet.

But after all there is no such antidote for the poison of selfishness as enforced solitude, and by and by, in spite of herself, Jo's mind—a nice, normal, healthy mind it was, with *self* washed out—began to take a more just and sane view of life than it had taken for months.

Mrs. Hovey had gone out to work, the children were at school, and the only sound in the cheerless room was the tipsy tick-tock, tick-tock, of the cheap clock upon the shelf. There were no books to read, no pictures to look at, and she soon tired of the window, and sat there waiting, while, step by step, she went back over the last year. She thought of Fritzi, who had come to the Eyrie from just such a home as this, yet who by her sweetness and unselfishness had taught them all to love her. She thought of her own life so full of love and care and teaching, and yet was she as good a girl as Fritzi von Saal? Jo fretted and fumed inwardly, but once aroused, her conscience demanded its answer. Where Fritzi had been unselfish, she had been selfish; where Fritzi had been true, she had been false. Against Fritzi's modesty her vanity, Fritzi's gentleness and good nature her envy and jealousy. Jo had suffered

over her sins before; she had agonized and wept, and had straightway gone back to them again; but to-day she did not cry, she did not bewail nor berate fate, there was no way to escape, so she just sat there and fought it out inch by inch. And by and by the good that was in Jo arose and straightened itself and stood once more erect. Not that being a sinner she was now a saint. Bless you, no; that is n't the way we grow; it's bit by bit, day by day, but sometimes new determination is born of an hour, and Jo had turned a new page to write something stronger and truer of character.

It was beginning to grow dusk when Jo heard Patsy's clumsy feet outside.

"Oh, Patsy, I thought you 'd never come!" she cried, springing for her hat and coat.

"Say, I 'll bet dis ain't goin' to be no job at all," broke out Patsy, as he led the way, on a brisk walk down the street. "You see Mrs. Sims, she did n't 'low Fritzi to chum wid folks, and 'side me an' me mudder and fadder, an' de Madame, an' dat Prince guy, an' Mrs. O'Brian, an' de painter feller, she did n't know nobody. Well, me folks is udder side de pond, Madame and de Prince's gone off de earth, Mrs. Sims she slid out, an' Fritzi she ain't been to Mrs. O'Brian's, fur I just come from dere. Say, some of youse folks wuz ober dere askin' fur youse an' Fritzi dis aft."

"Patsy!" exclaimed Jo.

"Yep, an' as I wuz sayin', Fritzi did n't go to Mrs. O'Brian's, fur de same reason you did n't, likely,—dirt. So dat leaves jest de painter guy what made her pictures."

"Is it far?" inquired Jo.

"Naw, jest next street. Here we are. You better git ready fur a climb."

"What 'll we do next, Patsy, if she is n't here?" panted Jo, as they mounted steadily toward the roof. "And what will we ask him?"

"Oh, we 'll make de bluff," whispered Patsy, as they stood before the closed door of the studio. Patsy was very important and thoroughly enjoying himself. "Youse need n't be scared. Sure dis feller won't hurt youse. I 'll take care of you."

"Come, hurry, Patsy! Knock!" begged Jo.

In reply to Patsy's vigorous rapping, the door opened softly, and a sweet wrinkled old face appeared.

"Why,—oh, I suppose you want Artie, my son. Well, he stepped out for a moment," said the old lady, nervously, preparing to close the door. "Go away, little boy. We don't want any, I 'm afraid of telegrams."

Now this was n't at all what Patsy had ex-

pected, and for once his ready tongue failed him. It was Jo, springing out of the shadow, who cried out earnestly:

"Oh, please, it is n't a telegram. It's just Patsy McCarty, and I 'm Jo Hunter, and I 'm hunting Fritzi von Saal. Oh, please, is she here? I 'll just die if we don't find her! Is she here?"

A rush, a scurry, and the little old lady found the two girls in the middle of a most ardent embrace, for Fritzi and Jo in their repentance, forgiveness, and joy, swept her up as in a whirlwind.

"Why, me! Why, my!" cried the bewildered little old lady.

CHAPTER XXIII

A BUSINESS CONSULTATION

"OH, George, is that you?" cried Willis, flying down-stairs to meet Mr. Gilbert, to whom Uncle Christmas had just opened the door. "I was n't looking for you until to-morrow. George,—George, we 're in such awful trouble."

"It's only George Gilbert!" ejaculated Rob, who came flying out from the library at the first tinkle of the bell. "Oh, Will," she groaned, "how can you two be happy? They have run away, George."

Mr. Gilbert looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Oh, yes, dear!" wailed Will, "and mother, and Aunt Nancy, and all of us, are perfectly wild. It's getting night, and we've been over—"

"If you would only explain, Willis."

"Will Hunter, you make me crazy," moaned Rob. "Why don't you tell him sensibly that they have run off—and—and—and I 'll forgive you anything—taking Will from me and everything—if you will only go and find them."

"Well, is it you?" Aunt Nancy, pale and troubled, came quickly down the stairs. "If—oh, if you would only find them!"

"Oh, my dear boy," it was Mrs. Hunter now, who appeared like a little wan ghost at the library door. "I can trust you to—"

"Please, Mr. Gilbert," begged Peace, "hurry!"

"Are you all mad, or am I?" groaned the badgered man. "This would be funny if it were n't so tragic. Who has run away, and where did they run to, and what do you want me to do?"

"Dordie," and Miss Franklin's crisp, unruffled tones against that background of wails rang out like music. She sat in the library calmly rocking and knitting, entirely undisturbed by the distracted, hysterical family that had "rampaged" about her all day. "Dordie, come in here," she called, "and let me explain. If I had my way, those two foolish girls would be locked up on

bread and water for a week, for the way they have upset this household. Of all the silly capers that I ever heard of—and one girl is just as bad as the other, in my way of thinking—but that is neither here nor there. Here are the plain facts of the case: . . .”

But just as Miss Franklin was in the middle of her story, being subject to much interruption by the excited family, the telephone bell rang.

“Oh, run, Rob!” cried Will. “Quick. Perhaps it is news!”

“It ’s Judy, I suppose. She has called me up every half-hour since she knew Jo was missing. Dear Jo,” groaned Rob, listlessly taking down the receiver. Then all in a flash a new Rob stood at the telephone, radiant, beaming.

“They ’re there? . . . One or both? . . . How can we thank you! . . . Yes, we ’ll come right away. . . . Once more, the number? . . .”

“Good-by,” then bang went the receiver into its place, and away spun Rob, her dress whirling out like a balloon.

“Found! found! found!” she sang. “Oh, how good! Safe and sound! Both together, but dying to come home.”

“But where, and *when*, and *how*?” shrieked Will, beginning to spin, too.

“At a studio in Twenty-second Street. Did n’t ask when, and did n’t care how—but they ’re found! found! found!”

“George, for heaven’s sake, stop them!” demanded Miss Franklin. “To save my life I don’t know which is worse, a Hunter in joy or a Hunter in sorrow,” but for all that, there were tears in the twinkling old eyes, and she grasped Rob’s arm as she flew by, and pulled her down for a hearty kiss. “And now you three clear out as fast as you can and bring those naughty girls back home.”

“Pooh,” grunted disgusted Bert, who had spent his whole afternoon tramping from the Eyrie to the ferry and back again, hoping against hope for news. “If I could n’t run off any better than that, I ’d quit. Up like a rocket and down like a stick—if that is n’t just like a girl.” But Bert was glad Fritzi and Jo were coming safe home again, and were n’t those two foolish things rejoiced to see the gleaming lights of the Eyrie!

Indeed, the two girls came back so meek and repentant that no one but Miss Franklin had the heart to scold them. Shrewd little Mrs. Keys had spared Fritzi in nothing she thought would cure her of ever wanting to run away again, and that long, dreary homesick day she had been maid-of-all-work was indelibly stamped on Fritzi’s memory. Besides, the little old lady, who, in spite of her chatter, knew what she was about,

gave both Jo and Fritzi such a stern sensible talking-to while her son had gone to telephone of their safety to the Eyrie, that “they were materially improved,” as Jo confessed to Judy.

Fritzi clung closer than ever to Aunt Nancy, and now that the plans for the musicale were running steadily on, every one would have been happy if—and it was such an important *if*—if they had only known what they should attempt to earn a living. It was, after all, kind old Mr. Masters who solved the problem.

He proposed letting the Eyrie, furnished just as it was, since, in that way, it would bring a good rental. They were then to take his vacant house in New York, which he could let them have at a very low price, and he proposed they should open a school for Southern girls, as Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Spear could, without a doubt, obtain many pupils from among their old friends in the South.

“But the furniture?” demanded Rob.

“Oh, I settled that while Mr. Masters was talking,” confessed Aunt Nancy. “I shall rent Bramblet, and bring all my traps up here. My furniture is old-fashioned—”

“Old mahogany and Chippendale chairs,” gasped Will. “Why, Aunt Nancy, we shall be perfectly swell.”

“*We* shall!” exclaimed Mr. Gilbert in dismay. “What have you got to do with this, Will? I thought you were going to marry me in June.”

“Tut, tut,” remarked Miss Franklin, looking up from her knitting. “How you two do wander from the subject in hand, and never allow your elders a chance for a word. I was about to say, when George broke into the conversation, that there was all of my furniture over in Newark. It is n’t old mahogany nor Chippendale, but it is good, substantial walnut, and will do very well. We will put Mrs. Spear’s things where they will show most, and fill up with mine—”

“But *your* furniture, dear, dear Miss Franklin!” cried everybody.

“Goodness gracious! You did n’t suppose I was going to let all this fun go on without my having a finger in the pie, did you? Besides, it is only fair. Will is to go and take care of my nephew, and I ’ll stay here and rattle around in her shoes, though with all becoming modesty I must add, that while I may not be able to fill her particular shoes, I think I shall make a better general manager than she would.”

“You darling, darling Aunt!” cried Will, kneeling down beside the pudgy old lady.

“The best aunt a fellow ever had,” said Mr. Gilbert, patting her puffs.

"Tut, tut, don't muss my hair, Dordie," she scolded, poking Will lovingly with a knitting-needle. "It 's through you two I have inherited the Hunter family, and I hope I 'm properly grateful."

"And now since these important matters have been settled," remarked Mr. Gilbert, drawing a very foreign and official letter from his pocket, "I have some very wonderful news for you."

"From the Ambassador!" exclaimed Aunt Nancy. "Shall I call Fritzi?"

"No, I believe not. At least, my idea would be to keep it a secret between ourselves until we have further word. But here is what the Ambassador has to tell us, after some matters political and unimportant. He says:

"At last, Gilbert, I have some great news for your little protégée. This has been a difficult business. These persons of title are so hedged in by their high places, and an ambassador must move with such caution, especially as I had not the slightest idea to what height this investigation might lead us; for I must admit the little lady's personality had led me to expect strange things. The foregoing explains my silence and delay, and yet I had quietly made inquiries until I knew just whom we should address. So you can imagine my—yes, I confess it, old stager in matters of diplomacy that I am—my pleasure, in learning at an official dinner that I was to take in no less a personage than the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Prieth, whom I had never met.

"You can imagine, too, with what peculiar interest I beheld the great lady, and how attentively I observed her, searching for some resemblance, however slight, to your Fritzi; but in her placid blonde loveliness there was n't a hint of that intense, vivid little face I remember so distinctly. She was most gracious, and was soon relating some of the pranks of her children in a way that showed me she was, as most German women are, a mother at heart; and I was glad to see this for our little girl's sake, and made up my mind to attempt to learn her identity then, even at the risk of being foiled later.

"The Duchess gave me a beautiful opportunity for an opening before the first course was over by saying: 'I suppose an ambassador's position brings him secrets and stories of all sorts?' It was a half question, and throwing precaution to the wind I replied that the most interesting story had come to me upon America's shores, before I had started for my post, and then I began with your account of little Fritzi.

"I confess I expected some display of emotion, but not, I declare, such radiant joy as illuminated

her lovely face as I reeled off the long list of the child's names.

"'Ach, this is *most* good, most wonderful!' she cried; but at that moment the ladies were leaving the table and she had time only to beg me to come to her in the drawing-room, before she was swept away. By this time my curiosity was fully aroused, and you may know with what impatience I listened to brilliant speeches and stupid jokes; but at last we were set free and I at once made my way to the Grand Duchess. Her sister, the Duchess Marie was with her, and their joy at sight of me was pretty to see.

"Well, Gilbert, Fritzi is safe in her happiness. She is n't a princess. She is the child of one Gustave von Saal, a German of the noblest character and most charming personality—if one is to trust these enthusiastic ladies. The titles of '*Prince*' and '*Princess*' used in the diaries and the letters were only the playful fancy of the loving wife and mother. Herr von Saal was, however, a baron, and was the secretary and trusted friend of this great family for years; and his awful sorrow at the death of his wife and the disappearance of his child has lain heavy upon all their hearts. Von Saal knew his wife had started for Germany after the death of her father, but when no further news reached him he at once appealed to the German consul in New York. After much difficulty and delay, it was reported that his wife and child were traced to a hospital, only to find there a record of the wife's death, and that the little one had been given into the charge of a nurse, whose husband had shortly afterward represented to the hospital authorities that he and his wife were going abroad to find the child's father. Whether this was really done, or whether it was only a blind to keep the child themselves you, of course, will be a better judge than I. He journeyed to New York but failed to find her. And when nothing more was heard of the child, no word came year after year, von Saal, broken-hearted, insisted on leaving his post, and has lived ever since in the little cottage where he spent his honeymoon.

"The American wife was much younger than he, beautiful and good, and when these Germans love, they love.

"All this I learned only last night. The Grand Duchess says she will carry the glad news to Herr von Saal herself, and that the child must be brought, or sent here at once. Instructions will be cabled—"

"Oh!" gasped Aunt Nancy. "How can I give her up! And just to think of that wicked Professor Sims—for he never thought of taking her abroad! But I 'm so glad for her, so glad!"



"A RUSH, A SCURRY, AND THE LITTLE OLD LADY FOUND THE TWO GIRLS IN A MOST ARDENT EMBRACE."

"It is wonderful; just like a story," said Willis. "Now listen to me," said Miss Franklin. "Fritzi must not be told one word of this or she will worry herself sick. When instructions come it will be time enough to tell her. This musicale is all the excitement she ought to have just now."

"Oh dear, I just won't let her go!" cried Rob. "Why, she is just like one of us."

"But think of her father," said Mrs. Hunter softly. "Suppose it were Daddy, Rob—and he had lost you!"

"Oh, I know. Of course she must go if he wants her—but—we want her so much, too!"

"Yes, it will be hard," and Aunt Nancy touched

lovingly the violin that lay on the table; some way Fritzi's fiddle always seemed a part of her. "I dread letting my little girl and her music go out of my life, but she belongs to her father."

CHAPTER XXIV

"MEIN VATER"

Nor tell Fritzi her father was found? Of all the absurdities! With Will's smiles, Rob's twinklings, Aunt Nancy's wistful tenderness, yes, even Miss Franklin's very cheerful sternness focused upon her the moment she entered the room.

"Oh—oh—oh!" she cried, growing pale as milk,

and then flushing like a rose as the joy of it entered her heart. "I know—you all look at me so—so lovefully! You have heard from my father!"

That was the beginning of strenuous days for the Eyrie.

"We positively have to sleep with an eye and an ear turned on Fritzzi for fear she 'll explode with happiness," grumbled Rob, but with tears of sympathy in her bright eyes. "We keep her busy, or her feet would n't stay on earth."

Fritzzi was busy. After the cablegram came saying Herr von Saal would sail at once, and that the *Zoeland* would arrive on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the very day of the musicale, she certainly was busy. How she practised—she must do her best for her father's sake; how she burrowed into her German grammar—and her father must n't be ashamed for her; and how she pored over the diaries and old letters—the coming of her father made her girl mother seem so dear and real. So the days went, and quickly too, though Fritzzi had declared they never would pass. She had wrung a promise from Mr. Gilbert that the hour, day or night the *Zoeland* came in should find a little daughter waiting on the pier for a long-lost father.

"I could n't have him land and not find me there, Mr. Gilbert," she confided. "Why, he might think I did not care, and, you see, I love him so much!"

So Mr. Gilbert promised and Fritzzi blissfully waited, but when a dense fog delayed the *Zoeland* a whole day, her disappointment was so bitter, that the hearts that loved Fritzzi ached with sympathy. The morning wore away, the afternoon slipped into the past, and still no message came from Mr. Gilbert. If Fritzzi's laugh failed to ring clear, if her smile was even a little puckered, no one blamed her a bit.

DINNER was over, and Joe and Fritzzi were helping each other to dress—these two were the best of friends since the runaway. Down-stairs Will and Rob were putting the finishing touches to the garlands that wreathed the white columns separating the hall and the living-room. In the library beyond, the conductor's platform, piano and music-racks, were all in place.

"Pur—r—r—r—t, pur—r—rt!" It was Judy's cheery call, and up she came bounding two steps at a time. "I 'm bringing a gift to the Princess Perhaps from the Duchess Rosalie," she laughed, lightly tiptoeing up behind Fritzzi, who sat before the dressing-table, to lay a wreath of pink roses on her curly pate. "'T is thus, fair liege lady, I crown thee Queen of the Musicale!"

"Of all the goosies!" exclaimed Fritzzi, nod-

ding her thanks in the mirror. "It is just lovely, Judy; but I don't believe you 'll love me any more, now that you know I am an every-day girl."

"Fritzzi von Saal," solemnly replied Judy, "I shall love you forever and ever, and so will every girl in the—"

At this instant the half musical *ooee-ooee* of an automobile siren sounded down in the darkness, and then around the corner and up the hill toward the Eyrie, a big glaring touring-car swept, and stopped its ponderous self before the gate.

"It 's George Gilbert!" shrieked Jo, leaning half out of the window. "Oh, Fritzzi, he has come for you!"

"How can I go like this?" cried Fritzzi wildly, as Will and Rob came flying up the stairs. "Look at me! How can I go!" for there she stood arrayed in her concert frock of creamy mull, her slender throat and arms bare, and her dark curls crowned with Judy's wreath. "How can I go like this?"

"It is too bad, but you have no time to change." Rob dived out of the room and in again. "Here, this long cloak will hide your finery, and never mind your posies. Now go!"

With a puff, and a piff, and a *oo—o—o—ee*, *oo—o—o—ee*, they were off, Fritzzi, Will and Mr. Gilbert. Did ever a big red touring-car carry such joy before?

"We 'll just make this ferry, and the run on the other side to the pier can be made in no time," explained Mr. Gilbert, looking at his watch. "I started the moment I got word the *Zoeland* was coming in, and I left Patsy McCarty on the pier to waylay the Herr should he land before we get there."

"I hope he will stay on board until we come," said Will, firmly holding Fritzzi's trembling little hand. "You see, we 've set our hearts on greeting him."

"Oh, we 'll make it," promised Mr. Gilbert. "We 'll make it."

And they did, for as they stepped from the car at the pier they saw Patsy wriggling his way among the people who were just coming ashore, calling shrilly:

"Herr von Saal! Is Herr von Saal here?"

"There he is! There he is!" cried Fritzzi, bounding away so suddenly she left her long cloak in Will's detaining hand, for her quick, eager eyes had seen a gentleman pause expectantly at the sound of that shrill calling. A tall, stately gentleman with iron-gray hair and mustache. A handsome man with a face both old and young—young with the youth that lives, but old with sorrow. He paused, then pressed his way through the ever-thickening crowd toward Patsy.

"Herr von Saal! Herr von Saal!" shouted Patsy again.

"Here!" called the gentleman.

"Father! Father, dear!" The crowd parted as a slender girl in white, with a rose wreath

It was here Mr. Gilbert found them, clasped in each other's arms, the big father and the slender little daughter, utterly oblivious to the people who surged around and about them, and hurried them away to the automobile, where Will was waiting.

"I've got him, Will! I've got him!" cried Fritzi, straining at the dear hand she held and laughing and crying all in a breath. "He's the loveliest, and the dearest, but I'm going to share him with you."



"'DO YOU NOT REMEMBER ME JUST A LITTLE, MY DAUGHTER?' HE SAID."

awry, came flying up the pier. "Father, father!" she cried, "I'm Fritzi!"

"Fritzi—dear child—my little daughter—"

Again the crowd closed about them, but Fritzi, in the shelter of those dear arms, felt at last that joy of which Rob had told her—that father-love, so strong, so comforting, so safe.

"Oh, I really, really," looking fondly up at him, "'belong' at last!" she whispered through her tears.

AN hour later Fritzi, violin in hand for her solo, stepped upon the platform. Love, pride, and yearning struggled in her father's face. The graceful girl with the flying bow would have been beautiful and satisfying to any father's heart, and this fond father had waited so long, so hopelessly. There, too, was the sad but beautiful memory of that other girl who had stood with her violin just so, that fair young mother who had played for the baby cooing and smiling in its father's

In her pretty cream gown, with her little brown fiddle tucked under her chin, Fritzi was happy; and how the child played! Carelessly, joyously, at first, as if the girlish soul of her sang through the sweet tones. Then wistfully, sweetly, as cheek to cheek, she and her little fiddle talked together until one scarcely knew whether it was voice or string that made the silvery song. Then, strong, rich, triumphant, as if all the love and all the joy in her happy heart poured out into the night.

There was a hush when the fantasia was ended, followed by a storm of applause that half frightened while it delighted her. She was back in her place now among the first violins, a blushing, shy girl and glad to hide her hot cheeks behind her music, but oh, how her heart sang—one glance from her father's eyes had told her what she so longed to know, he was *proud* of her—that dear father that she would never, never lose again!

"Is n't she a dear?" The guests were departing and Aunt Nancy smiled up at Herr von Saal in sympathy. "I am glad I can say Fritzi is as good and sweet as she is pretty. She is true, and brave, and generous."

"How am I to thank you, dear lady?" Herr von Saal's face beamed with gratitude. "You who have been a mother to my little girl."

"Oh, Fritzi has repaid whatever I have done many times over. I love her so dearly I shall find it very hard to give her up."

"Ach, but that you have not to do. I shall stay in America, at least for some years. I wish my child reared in her mother's land. Then, too, I must find the good Mrs. Sims, who rescued my child and was so good to my poor wife. I hope she may never know of her husband's deceit—and yet, let us not forget, he loved, too, my child, and was good to her. No, I shall not take Fritzi from America."

"How happy that makes me! Ah, here she is! Now, Fritzi, take your father out upon the veranda, and show him the lights across the bay."

Ah, dear Aunt Nancy, she knew how those two longed to be alone together!

"Do you not remember me just a little, my daughter?" said the Herr, wistfully, when he had told her of her mother, the young mother who had loved her so.

"I try and try. There 's just the *least* little memory of a pretty, sunny room, and mother, and a man—of course that was you—but I never remembered that until I came here. And I know you loved me, daddy, and did n't I use to sit on your knee just like this? And did n't you sing to me?"

Her father drew her close and began to croon in his deep bass:

"Wer hat die schönsten Schäfchen?
Die hat der gold'ne Mond.
Der hinter unsern Bäumen
Am blauen Himmel wohnt."

"Oh, I remember, daddy, I remember!" cried Fritzi, clasping her arms around his neck. "And I *loved* you so! But I did n't call you 'daddy' then, I know—I know, I said 'Mein Vater.'"

THE END



NOT SO EASILY CAUGHT.

CHORUS OF SIGHT-SEERS.—"NOW, BILLY, YOU GO IN, AND IF IT'S WORTH SEEING WE 'LL GO IN AFTER YOU COME OUT."



FISHING ON HORSEBACK

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

I KNOW of no more startling contrast than that between gay and crowded Ostend, with its huge Casino, the summer palace of King Leopold, and all its palatial villas and hotels,—and little Nieuport, only a few miles away, but separated from the outer world by a rolling desert of silent sand-hills.

A peaceful place, unvisited by tourists, who little dream that lost among the glistening sand-hills there lies a little town whose inhabitants carry on the quaint industries of their forefathers in a manner that would delight an artist. Life flows so placidly at Nieuport. You will see little signs of life, indeed, save only a few old fishermen overhauling boats and nets, or a housewife peeling vegetables at her cottage door.

And yet farther along the harbor the little town plays a joke upon you—calls itself Nieuport Bains (or "Baths"), and pretends to be a seaside resort! There are two or three sleepy, languid hotels and a few bathing machines on crumbling wheels.

Round about the little town extends a cheerless desert of rolling dunes, cutting it off from the big, bustling world outside. The cottages are hidden away among the sand-hills; and no doubt in olden times the chief occupation of their owners was wrecking and smuggling. Mere huts they are, consisting often of one room. The snow-white walls are fitted with alcoves, screened with stiffly starched curtains concealing various beds. There is little furniture and that of the simplest; but the pavement of red tiles fairly shines from

scrubbing; and inside the huge chimney are hung the polished copper pans and quaint old specimens of Delft pottery, given up by the sea from old-time wrecks.

Every morning at dawn the strangest company you ever saw musters in this odd little street. A company, one would think, of medieval cavalry. The slouch hats of the riders recall the helmets of Cromwell's Ironsides. The bulky baskets might be shields and bucklers; while the bristling net-poles suggest pikes, lances, and halberds.

And lastly, tarpaulin jackets and thigh boots glisten like armor. Watch one of these remarkable fishers careering along a remote and solitary beach, with great wing-like nets stretching out on either side of the crupper, and you will at once recall Don Quixote returning from a tilt at the windmills. And surely no such fishermen were ever elsewhere seen. Ask them where are their boats, and they burst into laughter, pointing to the sturdy, placid beasts beneath them.

And how carefully these are prepared for their battle with the sea! First comes a pack padded out with straw, and on either side of this the large panniers are adjusted to receive the catch. The traces for dragging the net are now attached to the collar in the ordinary way, and the big net itself poised behind the pack. An extra basket is hung upon the side, and then at last Don Quixote may mount—no easy matter, by the way, since there is little room amid the elaborate gear. Twelve or twenty of these strange plowmen of



A GROUP ON THE WAY TO THE FISHING-BEACH.

the sands meet together thus, and make their way down to the beach when the tide is at its lowest. Here they are joined by other companies of the curious army, with irregular helpers in the shape of women and children. All are soon busily spreading out and arranging the nets, while the big, patient horses stand motionless, waiting to do their share. Poles keep the mouths of the nets wide open, and the moment the fisherman mounts, the horses step fearlessly into the foaming water, going out ever deeper and deeper, till at length little more than the animals' heads are above the gentle rollers. Regular manœuvres are gone through. Lining up in a row, the horses begin their journey along the waves, dragging the heavy

nets behind them, heedless of the heavy breakers and strong currents. They never stop to rest, never change their pace; and the riders pull vigorously at cheering pipes, having little more to do than sit still and hold the rope that regulates the net, while the harvest of the sea is being gathered.

Now and then the men on the extreme outside of the marching squadron—that is to say, those in deeper water—suddenly change their course, and wheel round shoreward, while the others slow up and change places. The object of this is to give each man an equal chance and get the catch fairly divided. Naturally those fishing in the deeper water have an advantage over the others. Grad-



A COMPANY OF MOUNTED FISHERMEN HAULING THE NETS.

ually one notices the ropes by which the nets are attached growing tighter—a sure sign that the weight of the “take” is increasing. But not until a full hour and a half of marching in the sea and plowing its sandy floor has been accomplished is any move made toward the land. The catch is almost always a good one; and as the nets emerge from the last ripples it looks as though some of them might break with the weight of their quivering load.

Objectionable jelly fish and worthless shells and seaweed are cast aside, and the rest of the catch put into baskets by the men, assisted by the women-folk and children. Once more the fishing cavalry face their ancient enemy, sometimes drawing lots for the best positions in the line. A new furrow is plowed this time, and now and then a specially big wave will come along and completely submerge both horses and riders for a second or two.

The animals, by the way, seem to

enough fish are taken. The catch is roughly sorted and washed, the nets are rolled up, and the homeward march is begun in a grateful cloud of tobacco smoke among the men and lively gossip among the women and children.

A very charming sight is this return of the fishers on horseback to little Nieuport. Sometimes the setting sun is casting its last rays over the bright blue, rippling sea, and its vast expanse



ALL IS READY AND THE HORSE STEPS INTO THE SEA.



A “PILOT” AND HIS “CRAFT.”

be born to it. I gathered from old prints and bits of pottery that this form of fishing has been practised for ages along the coast of Flanders, although it now survives only at Nieuport, Coxyde, and a few smaller villages. The horses are amazingly hardy; their coats are allowed to grow very thick, and their sagacity is so great that the old villagers declare they could go out and do a day's work by themselves! After four hours, however,

of golden sands; and the city visitor is soothed by the marvelous silence. No sound disturbs the ear save the crunch of the horses' hoofs on the wet sand, the ceaseless beat of gentle surf, or the sharp cries of ravenous gulls as they swoop down to seize the scattered remnants left where the fishermen sorted their catch. On arrival at the cottages, each fisherman spreads out his nets to dry on the long, quivering grass of the sand-dunes, and both horse and rider prepare for a well-earned rest and a good meal.

Meanwhile the housewife is getting ready her great copper pots for the wriggling shrimps, small eels, soles, flounder, and other fish that have found their way into the nets. Nothing but the shrimps are sold, however. For I should explain that all along the coasts of the North Sea, shrimping is one of the chief industries; and the whole of northern France, including Paris, and the greater part of Belgium are supplied by these villagers.



COMING IN

A more ordinary method is for the shrimper himself to wade out to sea, or else drift about in a small boat, raking the shallow bottom with nets. But the waders, pushing nets in front of them by means of poles, cannot go out into deep enough water; nor can the boatmen force along their nets with sufficient vigor. Hence the value of fishing on horseback, as seen on the lonely beaches of Nieuport, Oost-Duinkerke, Furnes, and Coxyde.

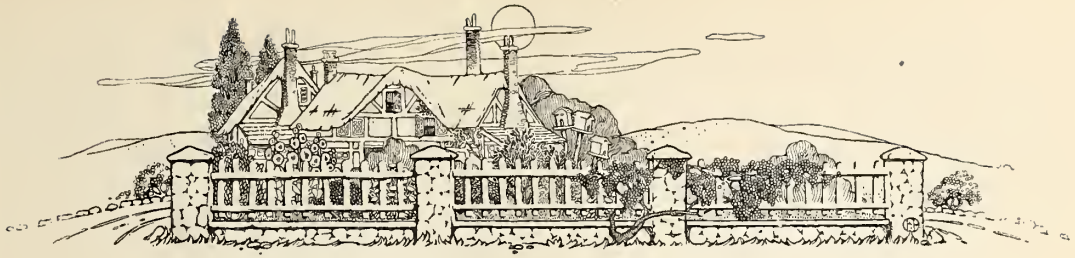
The following morning the fisherman's good *wrouw* assumes an air of importance and bustle, for upon her devolves the sale of the sea's harvest, so curiously obtained. In the tiny yard behind the cottage, a son or daughter is loading up

the sturdy donkey, and a few minutes later the good old house-wife begins her long, slow journey over the sandy desert to the nearest large town, which may be even fashionable Ostend itself. She will return the same day—the donkey with empty panniers but she with a pocketful of shining silver coins. These are soon tucked away in an already well-loaded stocking which is the family's bank.

This, then, is the daily life of a remote and interesting little Belgian community, and oddly enough these humble folk actually despise the roar and bustle of the outer world, secure in their own possession of the "simple life."



WASHING THE NETS AFTER THE FIRST HAUL.



A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

BY SARA WARE BASSETT

"LESSONS certainly are frightful things," said Madeline Maynard as she threw down her "Cæsar's Commentaries" after an afternoon of study. "I do believe if Cæsar had lived now and had tried to learn English, he would n't have liked it any better than I like to learn Latin!"

The bang of the front door arrested her.

"Why, it 's Tom! Hello, Tom!" she cried, "I 'm up here!"

Up the broad staircase came "Brother Tom," two steps at a time, and Madeline sprang to meet him and dragged him into her cozy study.

"How came you up from Harvard to-day," she asked, "cutting lectures?"

"No," replied Tom, ruffling up her neatly smoothed hair with the brotherly instinct to tease, and returning her greeting a bit uneasily, "I just had the chance, and so I came home for dinner."

"Tom!" cried Madeline, "there is something the matter. What is it?"

"Oh, no, there is n't—that is, not much; I simply wanted to see Dad." Tom averted his eyes and looked out of the window in nervous embarrassment.

"Now, Tom, see here," said Madeline firmly, "there is something the matter; I know it perfectly well. You have gone and over-spent your allowance—I know you have—and you are going to ask Father for more money. I 'd be ashamed to," she went on with blazing eyes; "here it is, your second year in college and you 've never pretended to keep inside the big allowance which Father gives you."

Tom walked away impatiently.

"Is Father ashamed of me?" he asked, turning on her in startled awe.

"He is disappointed, Tom," said Madeline more gently. "Besides that, I do not think he is well; he has been awfully quiet lately, he does not eat, and he and Mother talk a lot together. I think she 's worried, but I can't get her to admit it."

Tom grew thoughtful and Madeline continued: "For several nights they have stayed down-stairs talking until twelve o'clock, and one night I went in to speak to Mother and found her crying. Maybe it is n't anything, but I think something is bothering them."

Tom listened intently to his little sister; although five years younger, Madeline was still his playfellow, and a pretty sound adviser when he needed her opinion.

At this moment the maid announced dinner and the young people joined their parents in the dining-room.

"Well, Tom, my boy, this is a surprise!" said his father cheerily, as the boy and girl entered the room. "How came you home?"

"I just dropped up—if it is possible to perform such a feat," laughed Tom, not, however, quite naturally.

"I 'm glad you came," resumed his father, somewhat sadly, "for I want to talk with both you and Madeline after dinner."

Later, when they all were in the library, Mr. Maynard spoke:

"I want to tell you children something; it is not pleasant news, but I want you both to know and help your mother and me. Of late I have had a great deal of worry about my business; some of my investments have turned out badly and carried away most of our money. I have saved enough to keep an inexpensive roof over our heads, but that is about all. There is no shadow of disgrace in it," he went on proudly; "but it is a very great misfortune. I am deeply sorry for your mother and you children—I do not care for myself."

Mrs. Maynard crept closer to her husband and took his hand fondly in hers:

"You know, Henry, that I do not mind anything so long as we are all together and we are well."

"Father, dear, I 'm so sorry for you," cried

Madeline, "but I am sure it will all come out right. We all love each other so much that we can be happy anywhere. Shall we move away from here?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her father. "We can't afford this big place and the necessary servants. Your mother and I think it best to go up into Vermont where the old Maynard farm is. Living is cheap there, and we have the house; the doctor thinks I had better rest a little while. Later we will see what we can do."

"Go to Vermont to live!" cried the boy and the girl in a breath.

"After all, children," broke in Mrs. Maynard, "there are lots of nice things to do there in the winter; there is snow-shoeing, skating, and sleighing. I think it will not be unbearable."

"No place is unbearable if it is best," cried Madeline, bravely. "What do you say, Tom?"

"Tom is n't going," answered his father. "I have managed to save enough out of the wreck so that Tom can finish college and make his mark. I can't have him cheated out of that."

Tom colored and took his father's hand. "I don't deserve it, Father," he said huskily, "I am not worth your making any sacrifice for; I am going with you to help you if I can."

"Good, Tom! That is spoken like the man I know you are; but your father has set his heart on your finishing your college course and he wants you to do so, too. It will be money wasted to stop with it half done," said Mrs. Maynard, decisively.

"I should be disappointed, my boy," said his father. "It was one of my first thoughts and the money for your expenses and tuition is already laid aside; it won't be much of an allowance but you will make it do, I am sure."

Tom was sick at heart. He thought of the bills he had run up at college for pleasures and luxuries; the money his father would advance for both tuition and living would by no means cover them. Madeline was right in surmising that he had come home for more money. His father had never refused to give him what he asked, and the possibility of there being no money to give him had not once crossed his mind. In the face of the present conditions, Tom was far too proud and too ashamed to mention his troubles, and he returned to college late that night determined to find a way out of them.

The preparations for moving went steadily forward in the Maynard household. It was hard for Madeline to give up her school and all the girl friends she had made there, but they agreed to write to her, and Mrs. Maynard promised that after the family were settled, some of them should come

for a visit. Madeline was too sensible a girl to mourn about what could not be helped, and she loved her parents too deeply not to wish to help them all she could. So she was cheerful and helpful through all the packing and when they drove up to the tiny Vermont farmhouse on a clear fall day a few weeks later, she exclaimed cheerily:

"Mother, dear, see the sunset; what a glorious sky—is n't it beautiful! We never saw so much sky in Boston. I am sure we are going to love it here," and Mr. Maynard bent and kissed the cheek of the courageous little daughter who was letting the sunset turn rosy all the family difficulties.

It was Madeline who proved the life of the house, who helped place the furniture, dust, and make the beds, and who went singing about the rooms from morning to night. It was she who took long walks with her father, and returned with her arms full of glorious autumn leaves whose brilliant coloring brightened the whole house.

When everything was settled the wee dwelling was surprisingly homelike. The familiar furniture seemed to have been in its new surroundings for years, and the rooms were cheery with fresh muslin curtains and open fires. Many of the wallpapers were shabby and the one in her father's and mother's room was worst of all.

"Oh, Mother dear, how I wish you could have a new paper in your room!" cried Madeline one day, as she sat helping her mother do some of Tom's mending.

"There are lots of things to be done before that," laughed her mother, "perhaps a little later we can afford it. I want the rest of the house pretty for you and Tom and I really do not mind very much."

But Madeline knew her mother did mind, for no one in the family loved fresh, dainty surroundings more than Mrs. Maynard.

"If I had any money," said Madeline to herself one day when alone in her room, "I'd have new paper in that room."

She thought of it often, and at last she hit upon a plan. While at school she had taken a good many drawing lessons, and she had often drawn and painted paper-dolls for younger children of her acquaintance.

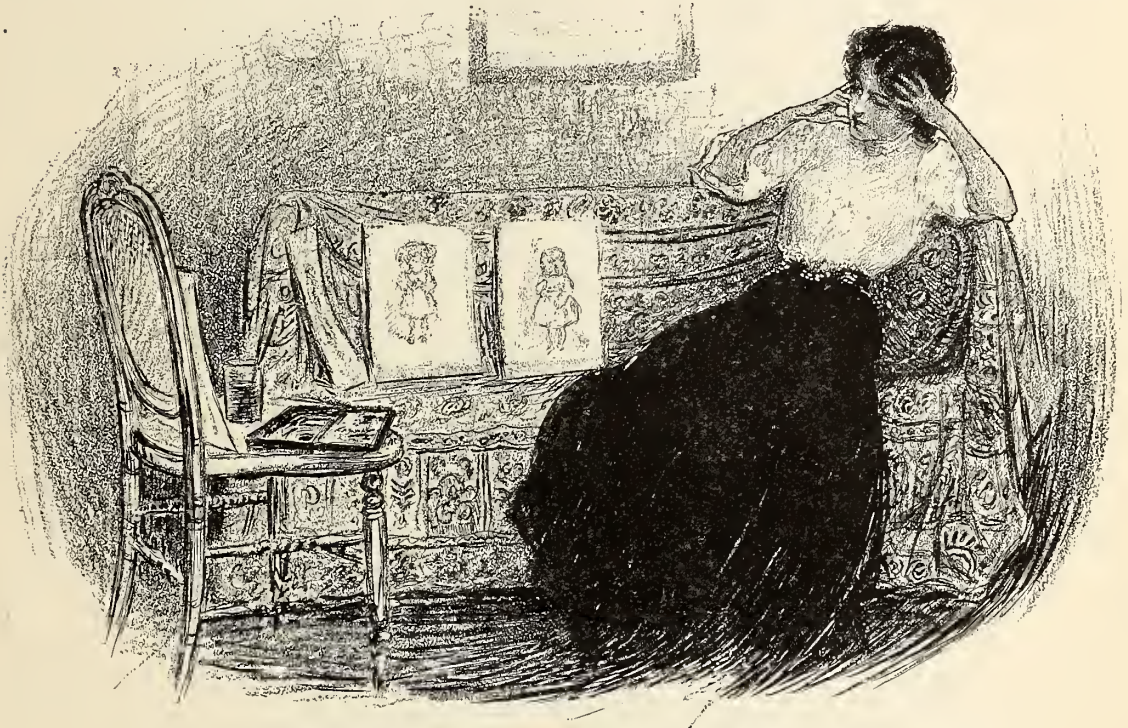
"What if I could paint some paper-dolls and sell them!" she exclaimed aloud.

She flew to her desk and seizing paper, pencil, and water-colors, worked patiently all day. By night, four dolls, with the daintiest of gowns, smiled at her from the four sheets of paper. Madeline mailed them right away to one of the stationers whom she knew in Boston, and sent a

tiny note saying that if he could sell them, she would like to make some more. She kept her secret to herself; she could hardly wait for the mail to come each day. After four days' waiting she began to be discouraged, but on the fifth day came a letter from Boston and she flew to her

business, and it was then that Madeline had her opportunity.

The moment the carriage disappeared down the drive, Madeline turned, and grasping Nora, the old mammy who lived with them, by the arm, and almost pulling her through the hall, she cried:



"FOUR DOLLS, WITH THE DAINTIEST OF GOWNS, SMILED AT HER FROM THE SHEETS OF PAPER."

room to read it. She tore open the envelop and laid the letter on the bed:

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, November 4.

MY DEAR MISS MAYNARD:—We have sold for two dollars a set the paper-dolls which you sent us, and we are mailing you a check for them. We can sell as many more as you care to send.

Trusting to hear from you again, we remain,
Yours truly,

Brown & Swift.

Madeline fairly gasped—she had never dreamed of earning money so easily! You may be sure she set to work right away, and she was the happiest girl in the world.

"Madeline is the busiest one in the whole family," said Mr. Maynard, pinching her cheek playfully. "What are you doing, Daughter?"

"You 'll know some time, Father," replied the girl gaily.

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Maynard were forced to go to Boston to attend to important

"Nora, Nora, we are going to have such fun! The men are coming this afternoon to paper mother's and father's room, and we are going to make it the prettiest room in the house! It is all right—I have earned the money myself and it is to be Father's birthday present. I have ordered the loveliest paper with delicate blue flowers like the room at home, and you and I are going to cover the couch and pillows with blue chintz—I have it up-stairs. Yes, we *can* do it; you come right up-stairs, and we 'll begin this very minute."

A few days and the room was indeed transformed. No one would have dreamed it to be the shabby place of a week before. The paper was very dainty, and the fresh chintz, with its garlands of flowers, made it gay and cheerful. Madeline capered about in delight.

"It is simply sweet, Nora, perfectly adorable, and I can hardly wait for them to get back and see it, and won't they be surprised?" she cried.

Tom, who was to spend his vacation at home, arrived that night: "You are a trump, Madeline," he said heartily, when he had seen the room. "They will both be tickled to death when they

the exclamations of surprise and delight. It was such fun to tell them how it all happened, and then there was such a laughing, and kissing, and almost a crying!



"'YOU ARE A TRUMP, MADELINE,' SAID TOM, WHEN HE HAD SEEN THE ROOM."

see it. I have a present for Father, too; but I am not going to tell you about it yet."

The night before Mr. Maynard's birthday, the father and mother returned to the Vermont home, and Madeline could keep her secret no longer. She and Tom stood on the stairs with Nora and watched Mr. and Mrs. Maynard go into the room; with beating hearts, they heard

After it was over, and they were all sitting cozily and quietly together before the fire, Tom said shyly:

"I have a present for you, too, Dad; I thought I'd keep it until to-morrow, but I guess I won't wait until then," and he handed his father a neat purse. "It's the money you gave me for my allowance and tuition. I was awfully ashamed of

myself that night at home, and I went back to college and went to studying as hard as I could. I found some of the fellows wanted a tutor, so I pitched in and worked with them evenings. I have earned enough to pay up everything, tuition included, and I guess you won't have to give me

any more money while I am in college." That night as they said "good-night" Mr. Maynard laid a hand on the head of each of his children: "I am the richest man in the world; I would far rather have a brave, unselfish boy and girl, than all the money in the-country!"



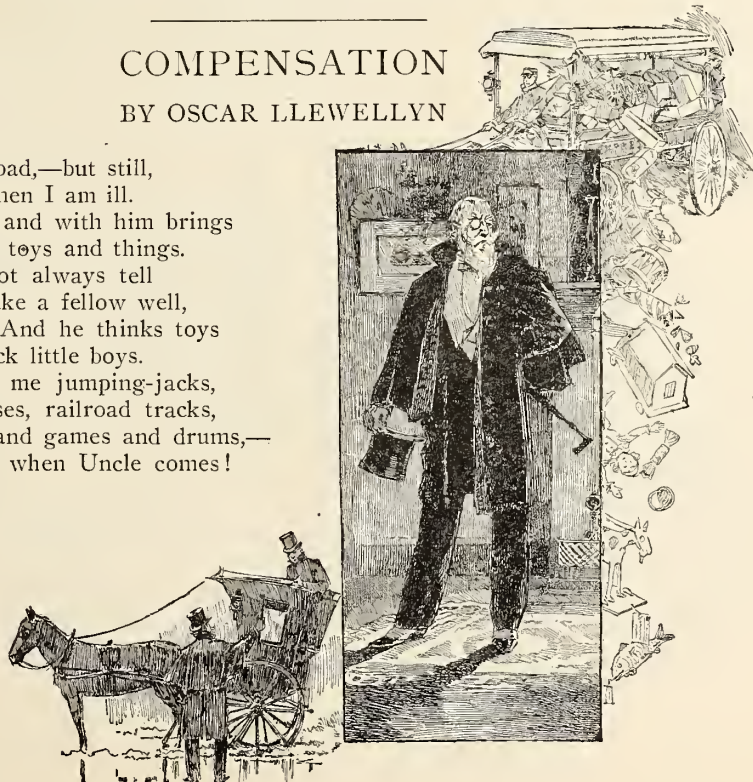
THERE was an old inventor once, who did a clever thing;
He invented a contraption to teach the birds to sing.
A complicated trumpet he laboriously made,
And thought the birds would imitate the music that he played.

But though that wondrous instrument played noble strains and grand,
And though the birds would listen and seem to understand,
And though the old man patiently would teach them o'er and o'er,
They sang their songs exactly as they had done before!

COMPENSATION

BY OSCAR LLEWELLYN

MEDICINE is bad,—but still,
I have fun when I am ill.
Uncle comes, and with him brings
Such a lot of toys and things.
Doctors cannot always tell
What will make a fellow well,
Uncle says. And he thinks toys
Often cure sick little boys.
So he brings me jumping-jacks,
Soldiers, horses, railroad tracks,
Noah's arks and games and drums,—
Oh, it 's gay when Uncle comes!



A Jingleville Outing.

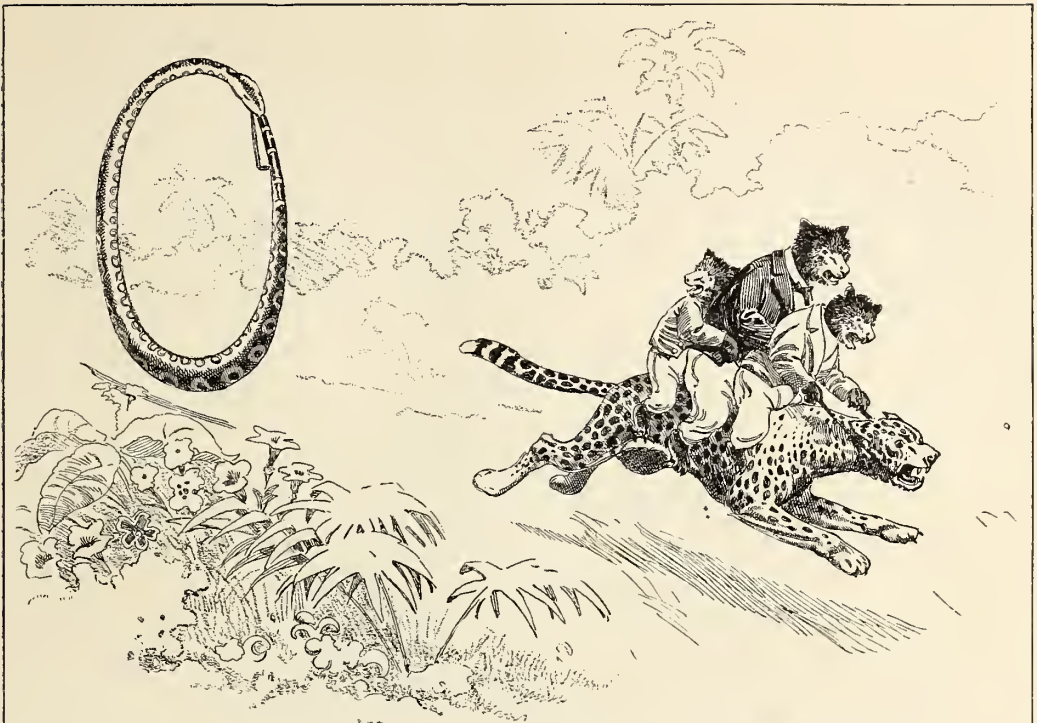
Drawn by I.W. Taber.



"How funny!" said the wee Bear.



"Very strange!" said the medium sized Bear.



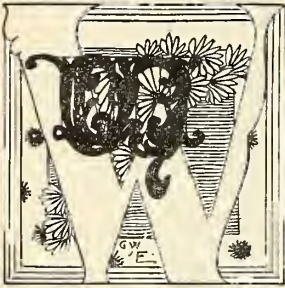
"We must move!" said the big Bear.



"Why, he wanted a ride!" said all three.

LUCKY JOE

BY HENRY GARDNER HUNTING



“WHAT do you do it for? You ’re foolish.”

“Mr. Penfield said to do it.”

“Well, it ’s mighty little attention he pays to what any boy in the store does. He just tells ’em all to do everything in sight and that if they do

they ’ll get a better job and then he forgets they ’re alive. It ’s just because he wants to get all he can out of you.”

Little Joe Brent and Tommy Murry sat together over their lunch in a sheltered corner of one great floor in Flemming’s big department store. Joe had been talking very earnestly. He was very much troubled because he was feeling, for the first time in his life, that hard work and faithfulness in the service of an employer do not pay. And because mother, whom he was working to help, had always told him that hard work and faithfulness and willingness do pay always and everywhere, and because Mr. Penfield, who had hired him, had said the same, he was very much puzzled and worried, besides being discouraged, over the way things looked to him. And now what Tommy was saying was adding to his trouble, for Tommy had been in Flemming’s longer than Joe and was supposed to know.

“How long have you been here?” asked Tommy.

“Five months,” replied Joe.

“Did n’t Mr. Penfield tell you that you ’d get a better job if you would ‘look out for opportunities to make yourself useful?’ ”

Joe nodded. He could n’t deny it, though he did n’t like Tommy’s mocking tone as he quoted Mr. Penfield’s words.

“And have n’t you worked hard?” pursued Tommy. “Why, every fellow on the floor says you ’re a fool to do so much for everybody. You ’re always showin’ people where to go—that ’s the floor-walker’s business, not a door-boy’s. You ’re always helpin’ those ribbon-counter girls fix their boxes and so on, after hours—that ’s a clerk’s business, but they just think you ’re easy.”

“Well, there is n’t anything *else* to do,” said Joe unhappily.

“You got your own work as door-boy. Ain’t that enough? It ’s all you ’re being paid for,

ain’t it? You don’t get paid for those other things.”

“I know, but that ’s the way to get up to a better job.”

“Humph!” Tommy’s scorn was great. “You *are* easy! Say, don’t you believe that. There ’s nothing to it. You do just what you get paid for and you ’re lucky if you don’t get fired, that ’s all. I don’t work any harder ’n I have to, and the other fellows don’t either.”

Tommy had finished his lunch. He swung himself off the packing-case on which he had been sitting and walked indifferently away to join a group of other boys just then off duty. Joe tried to finish the sandwich he had been eating, but he felt that his appetite was gone. He laid it down and looked after Tommy with a feeling that was growing bitter and hard and angry.

Part of what Tommy said was true anyway, he thought,—the part about the other boys not working any harder than they had to. There was not one of them all who had worked as hard as he had, he knew, and though he had never talked about it before, he had thought much and often of it. And now it seemed that all the rest of what Tommy said *might* be true. Mother had said exactly the opposite, but perhaps—perhaps mothers could n’t always quite know. And Mr. Penfield—well, as Tommy had said, Mr. Penfield probably *did* want to get all he could out of everybody in the store. Almost all these boys had been at the store longer than he and none of them had been promoted, and those who loafed and “soldiered” got along just as well as he did, to all appearance. What could really be the truth about it? Who was right?

The hands on the big clock pointed to the hour mark and Joe climbed off his box to return to work. He was not happy. Indeed, he was very far from it, and it was rather an unusual mood for him. But he was very, very much afraid that Tommy might be right, and if he were, why, that spoiled all of Joe’s hopes, that was all.

Joe was a door-boy at Flemming’s. It was his stated duty to attend one of the big revolving doors that opened upon the street.

Perhaps some boys and girls, who have never been in a store like Flemming’s, in winter weather, have not seen a revolving door. It is a device like a turnstile, made up of four doors, rather than one, each fastened by an edge to a central pivot, which is set in sockets in the floor and

upper casing. The four are braced by steel bars so as to stand at right angles to each other. They swing together in a circle, following each other around the pivot toward the right like a great paddle-wheel, and they are enclosed in a big, circular, box-like structure set in the place of the store door, with openings inside and out, through which the people pass. A man enters from one side, pushes a right-hand door ahead of him, it turns on the central pivot and lets him out on the other side, while another door follows right around after him and closes up to the opening behind him. The purpose of it all is to keep the big door practically closed all the time, so that cold drafts and rain and snow cannot sweep into the store as they would through ordinary doors so constantly used.

Joe's task was no easy one. It was surprising how many people wanted to go to the left through the big door, which was not meant to turn that way. It was his duty to direct them to the right. Then many a one, men

and boys particularly, would push the door so hard that it would whirl far too rapidly after they had left it for timid women to enter at once. It required strength to stop its mad spinning at such times, and that was part of Joe's duty, too. Sometimes people got provoked because they were not allowed to go to the left or because the door was turning too fast for them when they wished to pass, or some one would stop or move so slowly that the door would bump against him and stop, and so bump every one else who was passing at the moment. And often people looked at Joe or spoke to him as if they thought it was his fault that they were annoyed.

So the work was not the easiest in the world, and to Joe, on this afternoon, when his courage

had sunk rather low and discouragement and doubt were heavy, just like something that rested on his breast and made it hard for him to breathe, it seemed that he could n't do it much longer. And when, late in the afternoon, the floor-walker gave him a sharp reprimand for a moment's absence from his post, when he had run after a lady shopper to restore to her a glove she had dropped near him unnoticed, he was too angry and proud and hurt to explain and just walked back to his door and nursed the feeling bitterly.

"And I won't try any more," he told himself. "I'll do Tom's way and the way the rest do. I've got just as good a right, and this way is no good."

But it was just then that a singular thing happened under Joe's eyes that made him think again. Mr. Penfield, whom Joe did not see often, was coming down one of the aisles. Just in front of him, a poorly dressed woman seemed to be having a hard time with a package from which the string had slipped, and which she was



"'HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?' ASKED TOMMY."

awkwardly trying to tie up again. No one else had noticed her, but the manager had. Stepping up to her, he spoke a pleasant word and then deftly bound her package neatly and securely. A dozen clerks were within call, but Mr. Penfield did not call any of them, and a moment later he carried the package to the door for the woman and bowed to her pleasantly as she passed out. As he turned back, the floor-walker hustled up importantly.

"Why did n't you let the boy there do that, Mr. Penfield?" he asked.

The manager's keen, dark eyes turned for an instant on Joe.

"The boy is busy," he said quietly, and passed on, and as Joe's gaze followed him wonderingly, he saw him touch a tilted box of ribbons on a

counter into safer position, turn a piece of bric-à-brac into a better light and call a floor-walker's attention to a broken stool at a counter side, before he had turned the corner of the next aisle.

The first question that entered Joe's mind was, Could anything escape such sharp eyes as those? The second, Is it Mr. Penfield's business to do those little things? And when he had thought

was in the right place at the right time for "luck" to find him the very next day.

It was noon, just the time for Joe's lunch-hour, but Miss Pryor, a ribbon-counter girl, had asked Joe to help her with a pile of boxes that had been emptied and that must be carried out. This work was not Joe's and Joe knew it. There were boys hired specially for this work, but none of them was available just then, and Miss Pryor wanted the boxes out of the way, so Joe helped her. He was standing at the ribbon-counter with his arms full, just about to start away, when two men, whom he afterward knew to be the floor-manager and a plain-clothes officer, stopped just behind him and he overheard a very brief but startling conversation.

"That makes three reports this week, McGraw. This is very serious—three cases of pocket-picking in the store. Some clever thief is prospering at the expense of our customers."

"That's right."

"It's got to be stopped. We can't have another one. We've got to protect people and—"

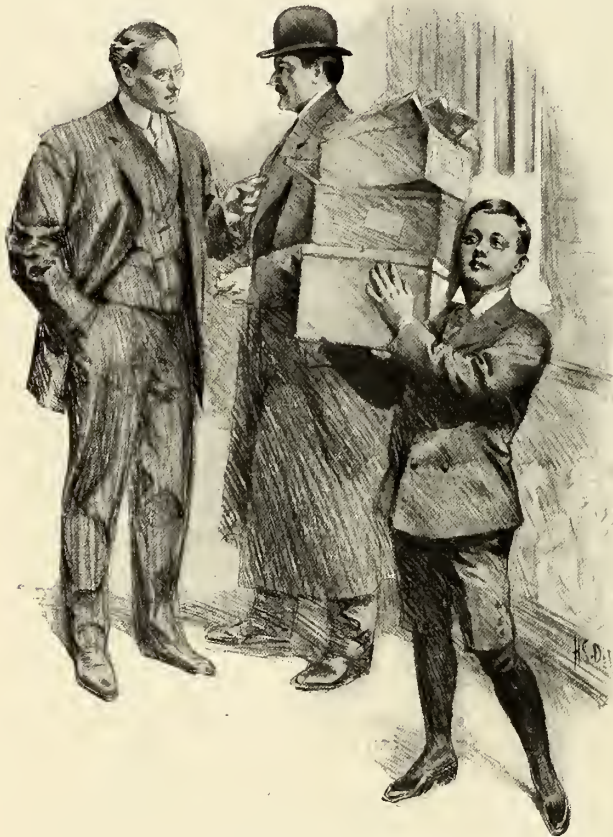
But the voice passed out of hearing just then.

Joe was curious and much interested, but it did not occur to him that the matter concerned himself. When he had made a hasty lunch, however, and was back at his place again, he thought more about it.

It was pretty serious, as the floor-manager had said—very serious, that a pickpocket could work undetected in the store. If people learned of it, they would not feel safe there and it might keep them away. And of course they would learn of it. He wondered how the store detectives worked to find a man who might be picking pockets in a great crowd like

this in the store now. He wondered what a pickpocket would look like. Not very different from other men, probably. He wondered how they could hope to catch a thief. Even if the alarm of a theft was given quickly, would n't it be easy to escape pursuit in such a throng?

He looked down through the big main aisle. Hundreds of people were coming, coming, coming endlessly toward him, and other hundreds were going. To and fro, back and forth, crossing, stopping, turning into side-aisles, some slowly, some rapidly, each man or woman or child with a



"JOE WAS STANDING AT THE RIBBON-COUNTER WITH HIS ARMS FULL OF BOXES."

out the answers to those questions, he had somehow forgotten how badly he had felt before.

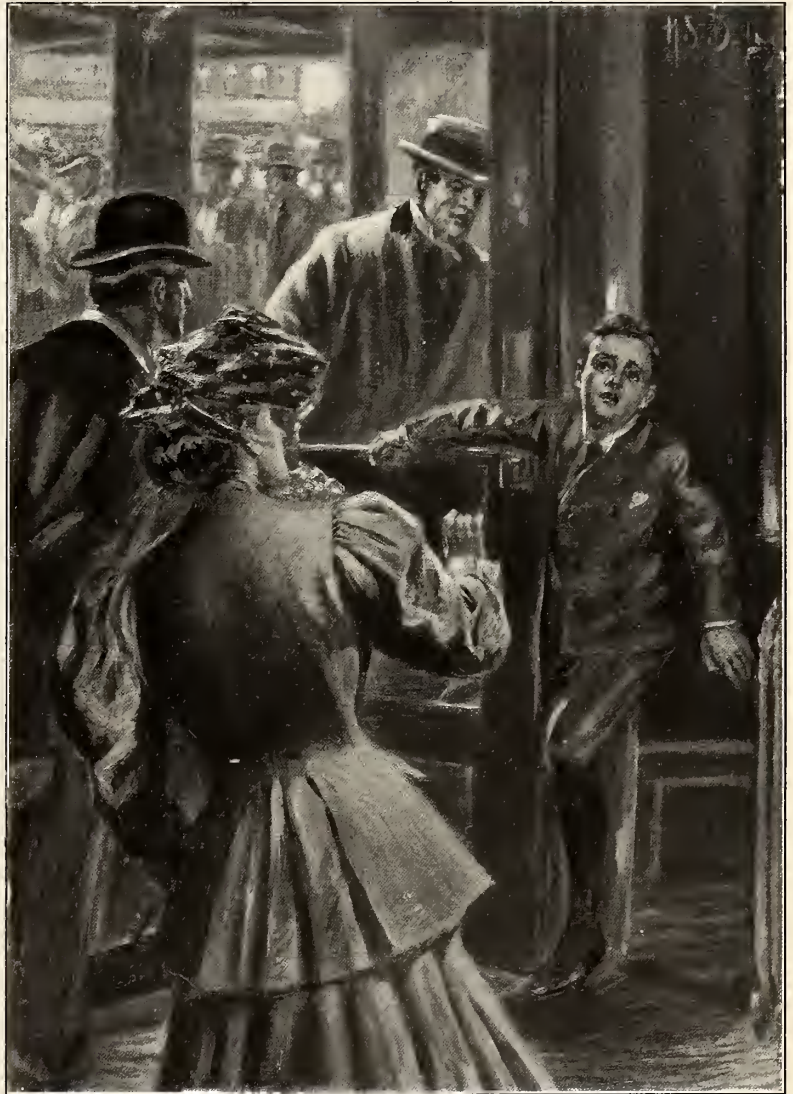
Now many people are apt to call it luck when a man or a boy or a girl suddenly wins success by a single bit of good work, but, more often than not, if we could know all about how that person happened to be able to do that bit of work, or how he happened to be at the right place at just the right time, we should learn that the luck was simply the result of some kind of ordinary service being well done. And because Joe changed his mind that night, and decided to try once more, he

separate aim or purpose, in a seeming great confusion, they passed and repassed. And then he found himself almost forgetting his door as he scanned now this man, now that, trying to guess what kind of men they were. And then he laughed, for even he understood that it was a little ridiculous for a small boy to be thinking about detecting a pickpocket in a big place like Flemming's, where men were specially hired to guard shoppers against such marauders.

But the idea clung to Joe's mind. Every time his door was quiet for a moment, he turned his eyes on the crowds with the new impulse to search and look. Men who entered passed under his scrutinizing gaze and were classed in his mind. Men who went out sometimes looked curiously down into his face and he found himself embarrassed at the consciousness of having stared at them.

A man in a long gray overcoat had been standing near the door for some time, apparently waiting for some one. Joe had noticed that he often watched women who came in till they had passed some distance down the aisle, and unconsciously he had been interested to see the man's dark eyes turn from person to person—in a quiet, harmless sort of inquiring way which never suggested a thought to Joe other than that they were rather good-looking eyes. He had watched some time, when a woman, richly dressed, entered quickly from the street, and, with evident certainty as to just where she wished to go, crossed the first aisle to the lace-counter, and Joe saw the man's eyes follow her also. And then all at once something happened. It happened so quickly that Joe himself could scarcely remember afterward just how it had happened. It all occurred very much more quickly than it can be told. The lady shop-

per laid her pocket-book on the counter beside her, while she examined some lace on show. The man by the door turned quietly, crossed leisurely to her side, and stood, apparently unconcerned for a moment; then, while shopper and clerk



JOE CATCHES A THIEF IN THE REVOLVING DOOR.

studied some lace-pattern together, he turned easily, and covering the momentarily forgotten pocket-book with his hand, transferred it, without any sudden movement, into his big coat-pocket. In another instant he was sauntering coolly back to his old position, as quiet and unconcerned as ever.

All the blood in Joe's small body seemed to rush at once to his heart and head. It had all

been so quick and simple that he could scarcely believe he had witnessed a theft. He could not call out for help—that would mean almost certain escape for the thief. He himself dared not leave his place for fear the man would be gone before he could return.

But, all at once, the shopper at the lace-counter discovered her loss. Joe saw that, too, from the corner of his eye. He heard the quick exclamations, saw the fumbling search among loose bolts of lace, and then the widening commotion as others about understood. And then, slowly and calmly, the man in the gray coat turned and walked directly up to Joe's door and started to pass through it and out into the street.



“THE YOUNG MAN CARRIED HIM TO THE ELEVATOR.”

Joe's heart stood still. Then the thief had pushed into the big, revolving door and the door started to turn, and Joe knew that in an instant he would be gone.

With a sudden cry the boy leaped to his feet.

“Thief! Thief! Stop him! Help! help!” he

screamed, and then suddenly, as the door turned, a queer idea occurred to him and he acted instantly. He thrust out his stout little leg between the door which followed the passing man and its casing, and with a sharp cracking sound the big turnstile stopped, and the thief was halted by the door and caught for the moment as if in a trap.

The shock and pain were severe, as the door shut on Joe's leg, for it had gained some momentum, but the boy did not draw back. He screamed again for help, and people on all sides turned toward him. But the man caught in the door was quick-witted. He made only one clumsy effort to push on again, after the door stopped, and then, turning, saw what the boy had done. Instantly he aimed a kick at the little unprotected knee that was pinched inside his trap, and, but for the cramped space and uncertain light, might have hurt the boy badly. He missed, and the next instant a big young man who did not belong to the store, but who had seen it all, and who was quick to think also, had caught hold of the inner door and wrenched it aside, and a moment later was dragging the thief out into the open aisle.

Of course excitement was general. Everybody crowded up, and before he could realize that he had done anything remarkable Joe had told his story, and was being informed on all sides that he was a good one and a brave boy and a hero, and many other complimentary things. He saw the shopper get her purse and heard her say things to him which he did not remember, though he remembered her smile. And then he suddenly remembered that his leg was very badly bruised indeed and hurt him very much, and things began to grow dim around him, till the big young man, who seemed to have taken a sudden liking to him, and who called him “old man” most chummily, picked him up and carried him to the elevator and up into Mr. Penfield's office.

After that Joe had a very embarrassing time, for Mr. Penfield asked him so many questions that he could n't help telling the whole of the story, almost as it is here, while Mr. Penfield's eyes glanced at him with what seemed eager enjoyment. But when the story was done, the manager said a thing that settled Joe's mind forever on one question that had troubled him.

“You 're the boy who has been helping everybody down there, too, are n't you?” he asked; and as Joe did not reply, he went on: “I know; I 've been watching you. And now I guess we 'll have you help us up here instead. We can use boys like you, who help.”

And when Tommy Murry said later that it was just “luck,” Joe was sure that he was wrong, though he could n't convince Tommy.

THE BUILDING OF A "SKY-SCRAPER"

An article, for the older readers of St. Nicholas, on an up-to-date industry

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

A QUIANT story is told of an old architect of the Middle Ages who prepared his plans for a great cathedral by sitting silently before its site for several years, smoking and meditating upon his work, before he drew a single line upon paper. The construction of a modern sky-scraper goes ahead astonishingly faster. The great steel structures, which are so characteristic of American ingenuity and energy, are built more after the manner of Aladdin's palace.

When the builders receive a definite order for such a structure it is a question only of hours before it will be actually under way. Before the architect has touched pen to paper, or perhaps before he has found time to give a thought to the design of the building, gangs of workmen have probably been rushed to the site to begin the preliminary work.

Should it be necessary to tear down a building it is quickly attacked, so that a few days after the order has been received the site will be marked by a cloud of dust. Even when a great steel structure is to be built upon a vacant lot the workmen are hurried to the place, the ground will be cleared, and the preliminary work will soon be well in hand. It is not a question of deciding upon a date a week or a month in advance to make a beginning. In most cases the work is actually under way before the sun is set.

Meanwhile a great staff of assistants lined before long rows of desks are busily at work figuring on the general form of the building, the weight the floors will support, the size and form of thousands of pieces of steel used in the construction, the quantity of stone, wood, and plaster, and the various materials employed. As soon as the builders know the height of the building, the number of stories, and its general form, they are able to order a great deal of the material needed, so that valuable time may be saved. It is not so much a question of saving material, or the cost of labor, expensive as these may be, but of saving *time*, which in busy streets, and when so much capital is involved, is very costly.

Each department is, of course, carried on by men skilled in their line, and these men must be gathered and employed. Orders must be sent to the quarries, perhaps hundreds of miles away, for the necessary stone. The lumber mills must also be told just what the orders will be so that they may get to work. In addition there are

plumbers, electricians, plasterers, carpenters, decorators, and hundreds of workmen to be engaged, all as far as possible in advance.

It is only a few years since the first work in erecting a building was to dig a deep hole for the foundations. If the building was to be a large



TWO MEN IN A BUCKET ENTERING A CAISSON.

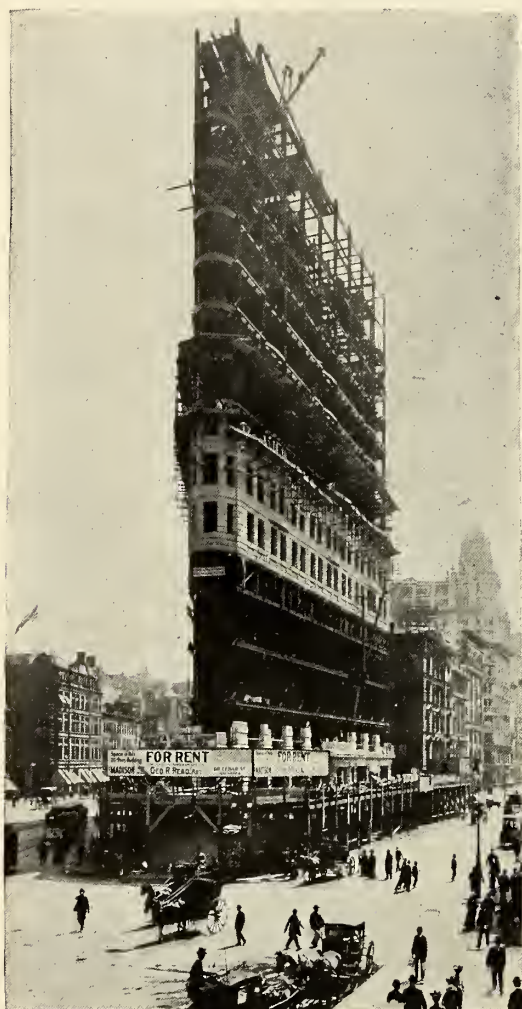
one the excavation had to be very deep and wide. Large gangs of workmen with carts and horses were employed. It would frequently happen that great masses of stone must be blasted and, with the sand and dirt, carted away. Until this great hole was completed everything was at a standstill. To-day all this is changed. As soon as the site for a sky-scraper has been cleared for a modern steel structure, the ground is quickly filled with powerful machinery which would not have been dreamed of by the builders of a few years ago. In many cases the site is actually floored

over with heavy timbers before the work commences. The machinery, which is quickly assembled, consists of powerful derricks, great drills, chutes, tall engines, odd-looking machines

a cathedral for instance, the foundations were simply made deeper and wider. The plan of building foundations by means of caissons, which is an American idea, is of very recent origin. These foundations consist of pillars of artificial stone extending down into the ground, a great many of them for a considerable distance. These pillars, which form the foundation, are run down into the earth till they rest upon solid rock or at least a very firm basis. A building of twenty or twenty-five stories, for instance, usually rests upon foundations extending about sixty feet below the surface, and in some cases in New York, as far as eighty-five feet, depending upon the nature of the earth.

The foundations for the great steel structures are built by means of caissons in which the men can work under a great pressure of air. It is a very interesting sight to watch them, and the best of it is that any one may see them at close range from an adjoining sidewalk. The caisson is a hollow steel cylinder open at the bottom and just large enough to permit a man to work. The workman climbs down a ladder in this tube and digs away the earth at the bottom. As the earth is taken away the steel tube is gradually lowered. The earth is taken out by a bucket which is lowered and raised by a tall derrick at one side. As the caisson sinks, air is pumped into the compartment containing the man. This is to force back any water or dirt that might fill the hole from the outside as fast as the workman removes it from within. The pressure of this air is often so great that a man can work but an hour or so at a time. At the top of the caisson is a steel cylinder with an air-tight door at either end which serves as a kind of vestibule to the tube below. When one of the caisson workers starts to go to work he opens the door or lid at the top and climbs in, when the opening is once more tightly closed. This door or lid is air-tight. After the opening to the outer air has been closed the workman opens the door at the bottom of this steel compartment and lets in compressed air from the caisson below. It takes a few minutes to become accustomed to breathing this atmosphere, for the heavy air makes the head ring. As soon as the workman can do so he climbs down into the funnel below, closing the lower door of the steel ante-room as he does so. All this must be done in the dark. If the workman wishes to signal the outer world he may do so by striking the steel sides of his narrow prison with his shovel. He usually signals in this way when the bucket is to be raised or lowered.

The work on one of these sky-scrappers goes forward so quickly and smoothly that few people realize how difficult is the problem to be solved.



"WALLING-IN." THE "FLATIRON" BUILDING,
NEW YORK CITY.

for mixing cement, and many curious steel frames to be used for building the odd chimney-like "caissons," as we shall explain later on. Such groups of machinery may be seen to-day in the most crowded streets of all large American cities.

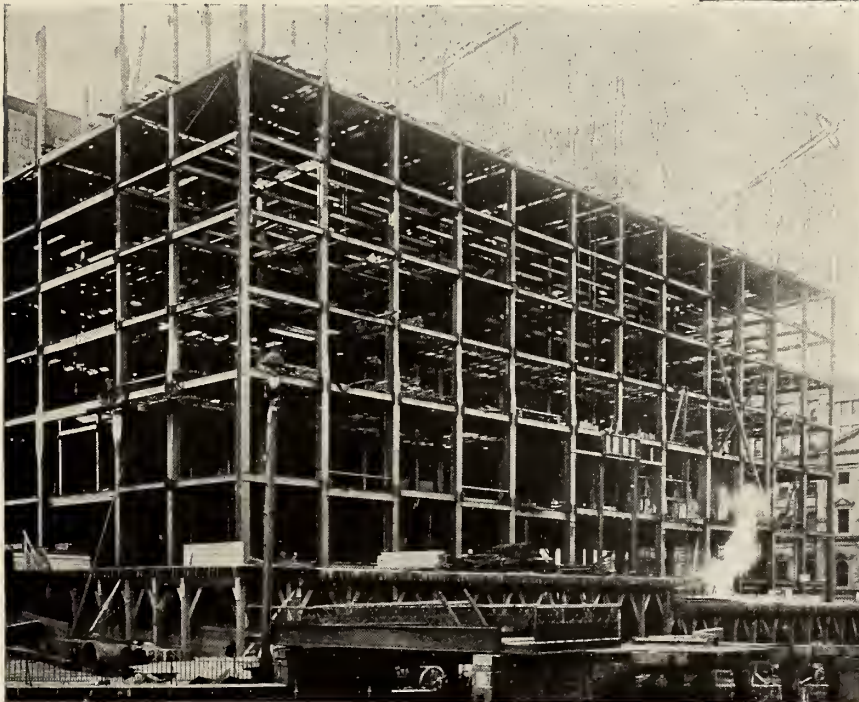
For many centuries, in fact since the first stone buildings were raised by man, the general plan for building foundations has been much the same. It consisted merely in building a wall deep enough and wide enough to support the structure above. When a very large building was to be erected,

When the ordinary house is to be built, the bricks, stone, and lumber are piled about to be ready when needed. Now the steel structures with the tons and tons of material for all their great bulk are almost always built upon the busiest and most crowded streets of large cities and have literally no room to spread out. The streets and not even the pavements can be blocked even for a few hours. This fact, which few people stop to consider, makes the task exceedingly difficult. The work must be so arranged that the thousands of steel girders, the tons of bricks, stone, and lumber will be delivered only as it is needed and a day or two's supply at a time. Everything must move like clockwork. The directions for the work on such a building read like a time-table. If, for instance, the cement for the foundation should be but a few hours late in arriving, the entire force might have to stand idle. Should one of the steel girders be late or be delivered out of its turn, the iron-workers and all the men who depend upon their work would have nothing to do. The work goes forward so fast that every part depends upon something in one or more departments. And since as many as fifteen hundred men are employed on one of these steel structures at the same time, the loss of a day or so would cost thousands of dollars.

It has been asserted that Solomon's Temple, which was considered a great building in its day, was so constructed that when the materials were brought together they fitted perfectly, and so the structure rose without the sound of a hammer. A modern steel structure, which is vastly more complicated, is built in much the same way, every part,

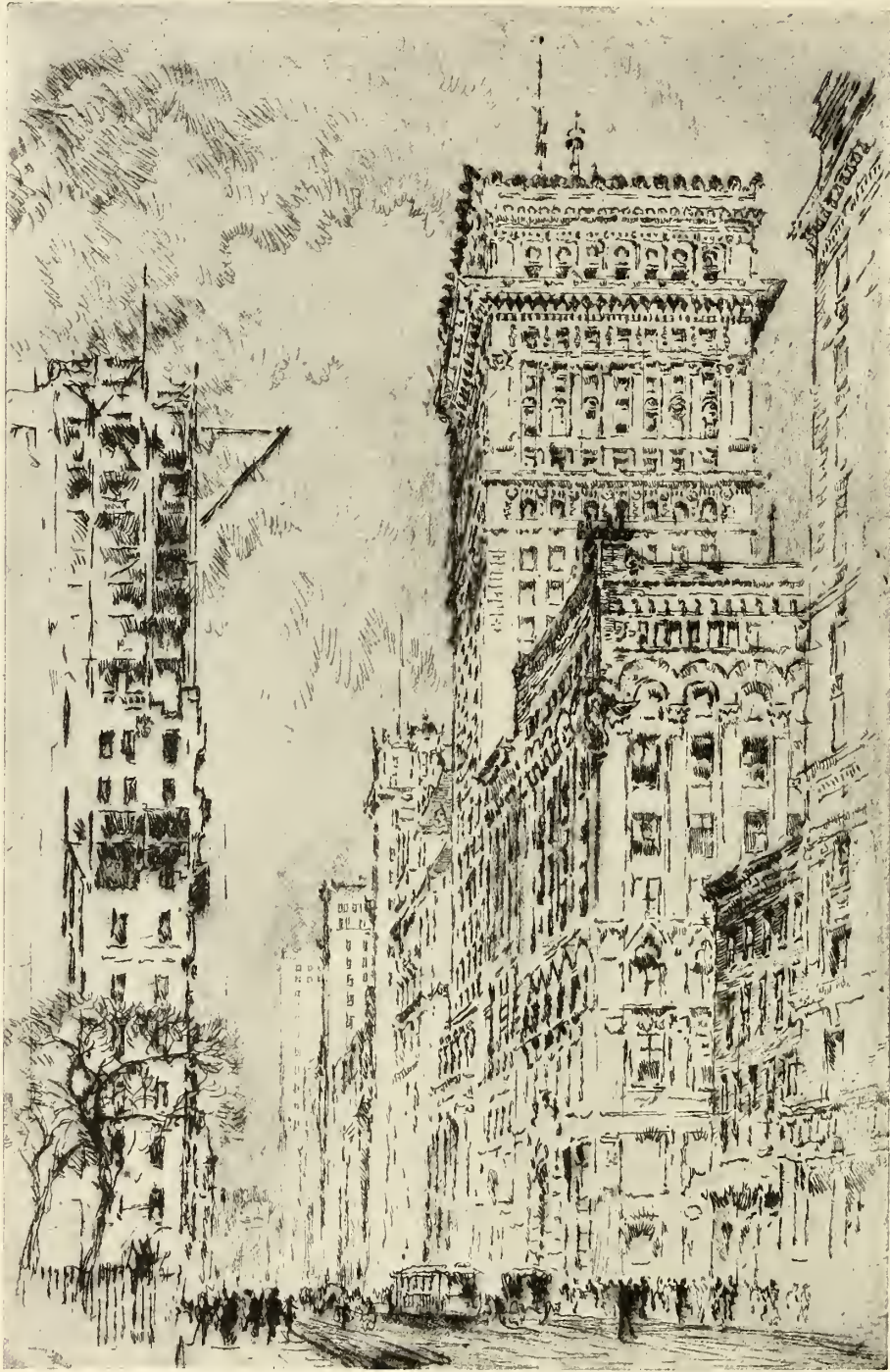


"THE CAÑON,"
WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.



THE FRAME OF A MODERN "SKY-SCRAPER."

thought be made hundreds of miles away, fitting into its place. There is a great contrast, however, about the sound of the hammer, for the steel building must be securely riveted together. The builder first calculates exactly what each floor will be called upon to support and from this he will know the size and shape of the girders to be used. These he orders at some steelworks, probably hundreds of miles away, while he fixes the exact date when they are to arrive. It is the same with the



SKY-SCRAPERS ON LOWER BROADWAY, NEAR WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

stone, the bricks, the wood, and the many other materials. When these materials arrive, perhaps from all over the country, each piece will be marked in somewhat the same way as the material of Solomon's Temple, so that each may be put in its place.

The rapidity with which these structures rise is always a surprise. They seem to spring up almost in a day. As a matter of fact, under favorable circumstances, one of the buildings rises at the rate of about four stories a week. The finishing of them will of course take much longer. First the steel uprights are raised by the powerful derricks and swung neatly into place, while a gang of workmen, as many as can work together, quickly rivet and bolt the steel bars. The rivets are heated to a bright red heat, while the workman, sitting astride the cross-pieces, perhaps hundreds of feet above the street, hammers away till the great network rings like some giant smithy. In a few days a great forest of steel has sprung up, open on every side to the wind and weather.

The most astonishing thing about these huge structures is to watch them rising against the sky without walls of any kind. The steel network supports the building and the walls are merely a shell to be hung to this later on. And so we see these buildings with their walls beginning at the fourth floor and with the iron skeleton below entirely open. The steel buildings, however, are not the first to be built in this way, although the idea of doing so originated in America. The steel sky-scraper is, after all, the outgrowth of the old American frame house. Ordinarily a building rests upon its walls; the old-time frame house was held up by its frame, and the walls, whether they were of shingles or clapboards, were nailed on afterward. The quaint old-fashioned houses of a century ago would probably not claim to be relations of the gigantic steel buildings of to-day, though the family resemblance is unmistakable.

As quickly as the steel beams are in place in the sky-scrapers the masons are hurried to their work. The plan generally followed is to keep the stone-masons, housesmiths, and plumbers one floor behind the iron-workers, the carpenters one floor behind these, and, one floor behind these, in turn, the plasterers, and so on till the work is complete. In every department of the work

again are to be found ingenious time- and labor-saving devices. The scaffolding used by the bricklayers in walling-in for instance, is well worth watching. The builders of a generation ago were obliged to set up a heavy scaffolding which had to be raised with great trouble or be added to as the wall rose. It was a common sight to see a large building completely covered with such staging. The scaffolding of to-day, on which scores of men may work at the same time, swings clear of the walls and is held by wire ropes which run to a point eight or ten stories above. These ropes are held by an ingenious device in the form of a pulley which makes it possible for one man to raise or lower the entire platform ten stories below. As quickly as a layer of stone or brick is laid the platform is raised so that not a moment is lost.

The hod-carrier of a few years ago has disappeared, as has his ladder, and in his place will be found a series of fast electric elevators which carry the material to the twelfth or twentieth story in as many seconds. The drilling of the holes for the plungers of some elevators is another curious problem. For every foot that the elevator rises in the completed building, a counter-weight plunger must go straight down into the ground. The hole into which this weight descends is usually about a foot in diameter, so that a hole of this size must be bored into the earth perhaps three or four hundred feet for each elevator. These holes are drilled with diamond drills which will pass through the hardest rock.

It might be possible to build sky-scrapers of stone or brick to the same height as the steel structures, but such buildings would be no safer, they would be vastly more expensive, and would take very much longer to put up. Then again the lower walls of a stone structure would have to be so very thick that there would be but little room left on the lower floors, or space for windows. The only question which remains is how long these buildings of steel will stand. The walls do not matter, for even if they should crack and fall away, they could readily be replaced, for it is the steel frame that carries the weight of the floors and their contents. And it chances that even this question has been answered, if at frightful cost, by the sky-scrapers which survived the great fire in Baltimore and the earthquake at San Francisco.



THE MERRY PRINCE

BY LUCY FOSTER

THE gay Prince Popinjay Peacock-Feather
Would play on his lute for hours together ;
And feathery-weathery afternoons
He 'd warble hilarious, various tunes.
He 'd airily, merrily roam the street,
And sing to all he might chance to meet ;
And if any were grumpy or gloomy or glum,
Along the Prince Peacock-Feather would come,
And sing them an affable, laughable lay,
Until they were gleeful, and glad, and gay,
They 'd forget their bothers, and pother, and
wrongs,
When they listened to Popinjay's popular songs.

So let 's be light-hearted, every one,
Like this frolicsome, rollicksome Prince of Fun !

THE "NAUGHTY" BABY

BY BOLTON HALL

OF course baby cries about very little things sometimes, because he is only a baby. When there are big things it is right for big people like mama and your uncle to cry, too.

Do you think the baby cries about nothing? Big people sometimes think you cry about nothing—but you know you do not; there is always something.

I saw a tiny baby one day in his little wagon. He looked as well and as strong as a baby could. It was a fine, bright day and he had a rattle to play with, and he had a nice, soft, white carriage cover and a pillow and a white sunshade to keep the sun off, but he was crying and crying and crying. The nurse thought he was hungry and gave him a bottle of milk,—the baby would not drink it. She took him up, still the baby cried and the tears ran down his little pink cheeks. She looked to see if a pin was sticking him—no. What could be the matter? The baby cried and cried. He had everything that he wanted. The nurse gave him a stick to put in his mouth; he cried just the same. Then she got him a red wheel to play with; when the wind blew, the

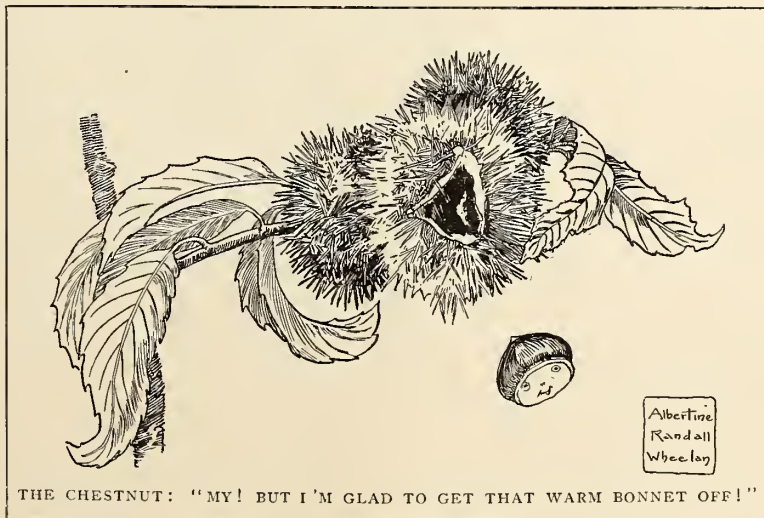
wheel would turn round. The baby cried just the same.

The nurse sat down on a seat under a tree; then the baby stopped crying; when she began to move off, the poor little one cried again and stuck his fat fingers in his eyes.

The nurse said: "It is just naughty, he is." Now was n't that a stupid nurse to think a tiny baby would be naughty for nothing?

So I went and looked at that baby. His poor little eyes blinked and winked and screwed themselves up. The white sunshade and the white carriage cover made the light so bright in his face that I know it shone into his eyes and hurt him. Maybe baby had a headache. Maybe his eyes would have got sore after a while, so that he could not see at all. I told the nurse, and she turned the dark side of the cover out, which looked funny, and put a dark veil over the sunshade. The baby smiled and began to crow at once.

Now you see what made the baby cry, for nothing happens without some reason. If our baby cried, we would not say it was naughty, would we? No, indeed. What would you do?



THE CHESTNUT: "MY! BUT I'M GLAD TO GET THAT WARM BONNET OFF!"



MR. PERKINS.



HATTIE WARREN.



PINKEY PERKINS.



"BUNNY" MORRIS.



MRS. PERKINS.



"RED FEATHER"



EDDIE LEWIS.

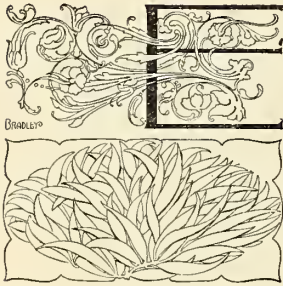
PINKEY PERKINS

"JUST A BOY"

BY CAPT. HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

HOW PINKEY WAS ALMOST "BEST MAN"



EVERY boy and girl of Enterprise became more and more depressed as the opening day of school approached. The thoughts of long, dreary days, weeks, and months to be spent indoors, poring over lessons, and plodding through recitations and examinations, were anything but alluring.

"I don't mind it as much as I did last year, though," asserted Pinkey Perkins one day, as he and several of his companions were sitting in the park, discussing the dismal outlook. "Red Feather has eased up on us, it seems to me. She's fair and square, I say, when it comes right down to facts."

"That's what she is," echoed Bunny Morris. "Look how she gave Tin Star his walking papers, that day at the base-ball game. That was fine and dandy!"

"Who's that you're talking about?" inquired Joe Cooper, joining the party in a rather hasty manner. "Red Feather?"

"Yes, and you'll be the first one to catch it when school begins," replied Shorty.

"Well, I'll not, though, because Red Feather won't be punishing anybody next year." As Joe delivered himself of this sage assertion, he assumed a very knowing and mysterious air.

"Why?" shouted everybody in unison.

"Because she's ready to quit teaching school. She's going to be married."

"What? Married?" cried Pinkey. "Red Feather going to get married?"

"That's what I said," replied Joe, proud to be the first to bring the news.

As the full effect of this intelligence showed itself in speechless amazement on the faces of the other boys, Joe continued:

"Red Feather comes to our house a lot, you know, because she and my mother used to go to school together; and last night she came over and told mother that she was going to quit teaching school and get married."

"Who's she going to marry? Mr. Graham?" inquired Pinkey and Bunny in the same breath.

"Of course. Who else could it be? Has n't he been going with her for the last two years?"

Mr. Graham was a member of the School Board, and more or less of a favorite with Red Feather's pupils; for he frequently visited the school-room and entertained them with interesting accounts of travel and historical events, which proved a much more agreeable method of acquiring knowledge than by school-room or home study and recitation.

"Well," said Pinkey, soberly, "I suppose it's about time she was getting married, but we're going to lose a mighty good teacher when we lose her."

"Listen to that, will you, fellows?" laughed Joe. "And from Pinkey Perkins, too! Who'd ever have thought *he'd* be speaking up for Red Feather?"

"Well, he's right about it, anyway," declared Bunny. "She may not be perfect, but we are n't either,—not by a long shot,—and we may get somebody who's a lot worse than she is."

"I 'm willing to run the chances on that," persisted Shorty, still unwilling to admit that he had discovered any of Red Feather's good points.

"She seems to have changed a lot since I began going to school," spoke up Joe. "Maybe the prospects of getting married has had something to do with it."

After discussing for a while longer the possible advantages and disadvantages they might derive from their teacher's resignation, the crowd proceeded slowly to the iron fence surrounding the park, ignored the near-by gate by climbing nimbly over the sharp pickets, and headed for the post-office, through force of habit.

It was a custom of everybody, man, woman, and child, in Enterprise to go to the post-office regularly twice a day, and the day never seemed complete without that formality.

Pinkey was the first to reach the door and pass inside. To his delight, he found two letters in his father's box, and he promptly informed his companions to this effect. The addressed side of the upper envelop was turned down, so he must wait until the clerk, who was busy just then, should hand the letters to him before he could tell where they came from.

Meanwhile, several of the others whose parents rented boxes discovered that they, too, would have some mail to carry home, which was always looked upon by them as a privilege.

After a few minutes' waiting, Pinkey, who stood at the head of the line at the side window, received his two letters. Hastily turning the first one over, he found that it was addressed to his father, and that it had been mailed at Enterprise.

A glance at the second envelop showed him that it was exactly like the other, except that it was addressed to him personally. That, at least, was good news, for letters to Pinkey were few and far between.

Putting his father's letter in his pocket, Pinkey hastily began tearing open his own, calling out to his companions as he did so:

"I 've got a letter. Wait till I read it."

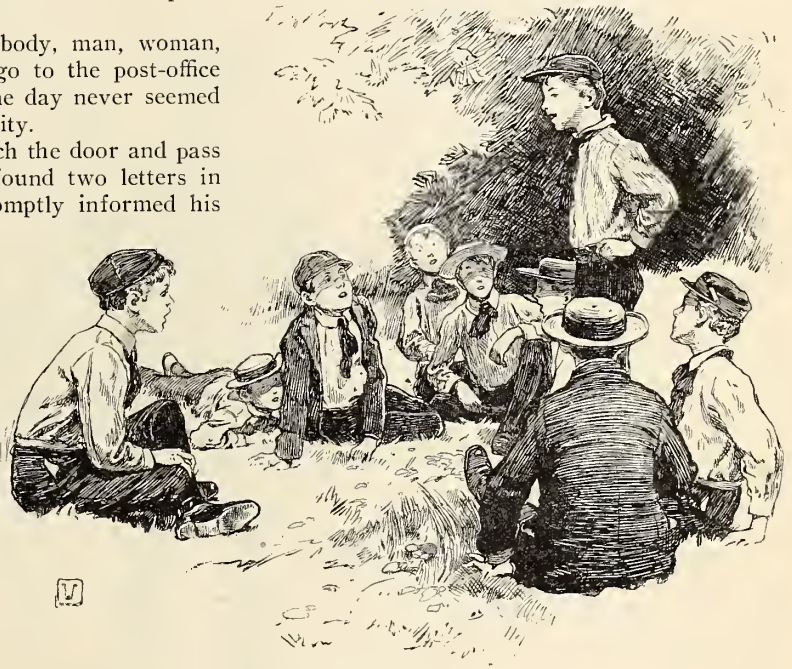
"So 've I," boasted Bunny and Joe, both in the same breath, each intent on hurriedly tearing open the envelop addressed to himself.

"It 's an invitation to Red Feather's wedding!" gasped Pinkey, incredulously, as he scanned the neatly engraved and printed sheet before him.

"So 's mine!" exclaimed the others, again in unison.

Meantime those who had had to wait at the general delivery for their mail had received what was there for them, and all who had known Red Feather as their teacher had likewise received invitations to her wedding.

Needless to say, the boys were in a high state of excitement, and though they hesitated to admit



"'SHE 'S GOING TO BE MARRIED,' SAID JOE."

it in so many words, they felt greatly flattered to be so well remembered.

"And what I like about it," observed Pinkey, "is that she sent us each an invitation separately, instead of putting our names in with our parents', or sending word to some one of us to tell the others."

"And I think it 's mighty good of her to invite some of us at all," said Bunny. "If I was in her place, I would n't have done it,—I tell you that!"

Every one seemed to think as Pinkey and Bunny did, and all resolved to go to the wedding and show how much they appreciated her inviting them. They were so desirous of getting home and informing their parents of the news, and of their own good fortune, that the party quickly broke up and the various members were soon on

their way to their different homes. Before they left, however, they did not forget to look in the mail-boxes of those of their friends who were not present, to see if they had similar envelopes awaiting them.

Mrs. Perkins knew from Pinkey's whistle as he came in at the front gate that he was in high spirits. She could always tell the exact state of his mind, whether he was depressed or happy, by noticing whether he came down the street with his hands deep in his pockets, or whether he came home with his head high in the air, whistling gaily.

Pinkey's mother was not surprised to learn that the news of the approaching wedding had been made public, for she had heard rumors that the event was near at hand. She, of course, had expected invitations for herself and Mr. Perkins, but she was agreeably surprised when she found that Pinkey, too, had not been forgotten. It told her that Miss Vance had taken the proper view of Pinkey's pranks, and had realized that whatever annoyance he had caused her in the past had been prompted by a spirit of mischief, and not through maliciousness.

"I'm awfully glad she has invited her pupils, Pinkey," said Mrs. Perkins; "for now you know she was not as bad as you used to think she was."

"I know it," replied Pinkey. "All of us know it. The only thing we hate is, that now, when we've just found it out, we won't have her any longer."

That night, after he had gone to bed, Pinkey was still much elated over the fact that he and his companions, who had so many, many times felt the strong arm of discipline, as enforced by Red Feather, should still be in her good graces sufficiently to be so signally honored.

Then the thought came to him that the pupils should in some appropriate manner show their appreciation of the invitations. Of course, they would all give her presents—that formality would be as necessary as wearing their best and most uncomfortable clothes and squeakiest shoes. Weddings and surprise-parties were on a level with them, as far as the giving of presents was concerned.

But Pinkey desired that Red Feather should be shown some unusual distinction by her pupils,

something that would indicate to her that her often-mischievous scholars, as a united body, had a warm and marked affection for her in their hearts.

How to do this puzzled him, and he lay awake a long time pondering over the best way to carry out his resolve. At last, he devised a scheme which he believed to be a good one and which he decided to carry out if the other boys would join with him. Then he fell asleep.

The following morning, as soon as he got through his work, Pinkey set out to find Bunny and talk over his plans with him. He found



"'T'S AN INVITATION TO RED FEATHER'S WEDDING!"
EXCLAIMED PINKEY."

Bunny at home, busily engaged with Joe Cooper in trying to erect a trapeze bar in the back yard. He joined them promptly, and after exchanging a few remarks regarding the work they had in hand, he launched forth on the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Say, fellows," he began, "everybody invited to Red Feather's wedding ought to do something to show her how we feel about her going away. Of course we'll all give her presents, but that's not enough."

"What do you think we'd better do, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny, who always wanted Pinkey's views before he expressed his own.

"It wants to be kept mighty quiet," went on Pinkey.

"Are the girls going to know about it?" asked Joe, doubtfully.

"Of course the girls will know about it," replied Pinkey; "but we won't say anything to *anybody* about what we're going to do, until just a few days before the wedding. They can keep a secret that long, and besides, I've found out that girls are about as good at keeping secrets as most boys, anyhow."

If Joe and Bunny did not thoroughly agree with this last statement of Pinkey's, they did not make bold to contradict it.

"Well, let's hear what you're planning to do," requested Bunny, impatiently.

Pinkey came closer, and in a low voice explained his plan of action.

"Now, the wedding is to be at the church, at high noon, you know—" began Pinkey.

"That's what the invitations say," interrupted Joe; "but what's 'high noon'?"

"It's just the fashionable way of saying 'twelve o'clock, sharp,'" replied Pinkey, slightly irritated; "and then the 'happy couple,' as the 'Citizen' always calls newly-married people, will hurry back to Red Feather's house to the reception."

"I knew that before you did," volunteered Joe, desiring to remind Pinkey of his familiarity with all the plans.

"Maybe you did, and maybe you did n't," retorted Pinkey. "Now, the wedding party will ride down to the church in carriages, and of course, when the wedding is over, they'll all get in and ride back to the house again."

"What're you goin' to do, Pinkey? Get the band-wagon for us fellows to ride in?" inquired Bunny, excitedly.

"No, something better than that," said Pinkey. "We'll all go down to the livery stable beforehand, and decorate another carriage in the finest style, and then, while the wedding is going on, and everybody is in the church, we'll have that carriage brought down to the church and put in place of the one Miss Vance came in. Then we'll have the driver unhitch the horses from it and tie a couple of long, white ropes to it, instead. After the ceremony's all over, and the wedding party starts down the aisle again, we'll all hurry out through the Sunday-school room, and be there all ready to pull the carriage down to the house ourselves."

"But we're all to sit on the front seats," informed Joe. "My mother says Teacher wanted all her pupils to sit up there."

"That's what makes it all the easier for us to

get out," said Pinkey, "for as soon as they start down the aisle we can get out without anybody's preventing us."

"That's great!" declared Bunny, when Pinkey had finished. "I'm in favor of it, are n't you, Joe?"

"I'm with you!" replied Joe, enthusiastically; "and I'll bet all the rest will be tickled, too."

After fully discussing the program and deciding just how it should be carried out, the three boys set out to join several of their companions, leaving the fixing of the trapeze bar until some future time.

During the days that followed, Bunny and Joe, true to Pinkey's instructions, kept mysteriously silent on the subject he had outlined to them. They could not refrain from letting it be known that there was "something up," but no amount of coaxing could influence them to divulge anything definite.

Slowly, but surely, the wedding-day approached, and a few days before the date set, Pinkey gathered together all the boys and girls who were invited, and swore them to secrecy about what he was going to tell them. After impressing on them the importance of remaining silent on what he was planning, he outlined the scheme fully, telling each one exactly what part he or she was to take. The girls were to get white ribbons and make big bows and rosettes to be placed on the carriage, while the boys were to get flowers of all kinds for the general decorations.

Of course, parents must be taken into confidence, for their aid would be necessary to make the plan a success. Pinkey would have to take the liveryman into the scheme, too, in order to make the proper arrangements with him. The main object was to keep the bride and groom from hearing of the plan to honor them so royally, and Pinkey believed that all who heard of it would join in the effort to keep it from them.

During the next few days all was activity among the children, each working faithfully and doing his or her part according to instructions, and so thoroughly did all enter into the spirit of things, that the news of the surprise in store for Red Feather did not spread beyond ears intended to hear it.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the wedding-day, a close observer might have noticed sundry bundles being carried into the livery stable which was to supply the carriages for the wedding party. Further observation would have shown that all these bundles went to a closed shed at the rear end of the carriage house and that none of them came out; nor did those who carried them come out until an hour or more later.

The decorating committee consisted of five boys and five girls, ably assisted and directed by a few older heads who had become much interested in Pinkey's commendable scheme. They attached streamers to the top of the carriage on both sides, with three long ones in the rear. They fastened the enormous bows and rosettes on both doors and to the back. Long festoons of smilax were hung in graceful curves all around the top, while the wheels were made into a network of colored flowers, woven in and out among the spokes. No carriage Enterprise had ever seen could boast such grandeur. The ropes which were to be used to draw the carriage were also decorated with ribbons and long cords made of flowers.

When all was finished the members of the happy party hurried homeward to dress for the wedding, radiant with the success which had so far crowned their efforts.

When the wedding party arrived at the church, and the new pipe organ for the first time gave forth the strains of the wedding march at a real wedding, all the guests had assembled and, as the bride had requested, all the pupils occupied the front seats. The church had been beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion, and the gay dresses of those present, especially the children, gave added charm and beauty to the scene.

The children could scarcely believe that the severe and strict teacher that they had known for so long, and the beautifully dressed, smiling bride, carrying the enormous bouquet, could be one and the same person. The transformation was complete beyond belief, and they all felt proud at having been under her rule and guidance for so long.

It was really a solemn moment for many of the children, for they had now come to appreciate the real value of the teacher they were losing, and it pained them to think that they must give her up. Many of the girls felt their loss so deeply that they looked on with tear-filled eyes.

After the impressive ceremony was over, and the procession started down the aisle toward the outer door, Pinkey waited until they had all passed the pews where the pupils had been seated before he gave the word to start. When he did so, all moved quickly and silently to the side doors, leading to the Sunday-school room.

This act caused much surprise to most of the older persons, for so well had the children's plans been guarded, that only a few knew the reason for their exit at such a peculiar time and in so sudden a manner.

As the bride and groom emerged from the

church door and started down the steps, they were confronted by a sight they could scarcely believe to be real. There in front of the church stood the gaily-decorated carriage, and instead of having horses hitched to it, two long lines of gaily-dressed children, holding to the ropes in front, were standing, smiling their greetings, waving their handkerchiefs and deeply enjoying their former teacher's surprise.

The crowd which had gathered outside the church, attracted by the sight of the vehicle, and by the chance of seeing the wedding party leave the church, also fell into the spirit of the occasion and joined in the applause by clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs in good-natured salute to the bride.

Red Feather, or Mrs. Graham, as she must now be known, was overcome by this evidence of her pupils' admiration. She tried to speak but was so filled with emotion that, for once in her life, she was unable to make an audible sound. Her feelings were eloquently expressed, however, in the look she gave, first to the children, and then to her husband. As the tears of joy came into her eyes, she started on again, and without delay proceeded straight to the carriage, leaning on her husband's arm.

Pinkey stood at the door of the carriage, holding it open, and as she was about to step inside, Mrs. Graham reached forth her gloved hand and laid it fondly on his head.

"Pinkey," she said, in a quavering voice, omitting, for the first time, to call him by the more formal "Pinkerton," "you're responsible for all this, and I appreciate it. It is surely the grandest prank you ever played on me, and I'll never forget it. I always said you were a good boy at heart, and this proves it."

Pinkey could only blush and turn his head away to avoid showing his confusion and happiness.

Once the bride and groom were inside the carriage, Pinkey closed the door and gave the word to start. Fifty willing hands drew tight the flowered ropes, and fifty willing feet set off down the street with Pinkey in the lead, en route to the bride's home for the reception.

Enterprise had never seen anything like it before, nor has it since, and hundreds of people turned out to see the pretty sight. If any doubt had ever existed that Red Feather would, in time, win an everlasting place in the hearts of her pupils, that doubt was forever set at rest by the enthusiastic and royal way in which she was escorted to her happy home on that eventful day when she became Mrs. Graham.



"'PINKEY,' SHE SAID, IN A QUAVERING VOICE, 'YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS, AND I APPRECIATE IT.'"

HINTS AND HELPS FOR "MOTHER"



Rainy Day Amusements in the Nursery SEVENTH PAPER—"BOTTLE DOLLS" INVENTED BY ADELIA BELLE BEARD

THOUGH there is a fragile sound to the name, these dolls of glass are quite substantial and almost unbreakable. What is more, they stand firmly erect and won't topple over or fall down. It requires no particular skill to make them, either, for they are nothing but glass bottles in tissue-paper clothes. Gather up your bottles (probably you possess a number, as they accumulate in every household), lay in a stock of white and colored tissue-paper, and you will have abundant material for a brand new entertainment for the children.

Any bottle and all bottles will answer, provided they are empty and clean. Big and little, fat and slim, with high shoulders or slender waists, you can make some kind of a doll of almost any bottle.

A group of bottle dolls of various sizes, made of a variety of bottles, is shown in Fig. 1. These are lady dolls, nursemaid, baby, little children, and even a man doll. The little ones look very winning in their wide hats and sunbonnets, their childish dresses and cloaks. One lady at the left wears a train gown with evening wrap and a scarf over her head. She is all ready for the theater; and the stout man at the right has on overcoat and hat, waiting to escort her to the play.

Figure 2 shows the lady in pink with her two children and nursemaid. The nursemaid wears a black gown, white apron, white collar, and white cap trimmed with a blue band around the crown and long blue streamers floating down the back; and she carries the baby, a little bottle dressed in

a long, white skirt, and a white cloak and bonnet trimmed with pink bows. The baby is tied to the nurse with a string passed around it under its cloak. The little girl wears a pink dress and cape, and white sunbonnet.

Mademoiselle Modèle poses for her photograph in Fig. 3. She wears her new Parisian gown, which is green and white plaid trimmed with black. It is made with a jumper waist over a white waist. Her hat is white, and she carries a black and white polka-dotted parasol. Mademoiselle Modèle has a pretty, trim, little figure; for she was once a slender bay rum bottle with a long, slim neck.

The lady in pink is stouter and more matronly in appearance. She came from the grocery as a vinegar bottle, as did also the nursemaid. The baby and the little girl were medicine bottles.

Count Otto (Fig. 4) is a German who came to this country as a German cologne bottle, bearing the label of the most expensive cologne. He is tall and slender, with a rather short neck and no waist-line. He carries a cane not for support but because it is fashionable.

Mademoiselle Modèle and Count Otto are out for a walk in Fig. 5, and truly they are a distinguished-looking couple.

Round bottles with long necks make the best lady dolls, while slim, short-necked bottles, either round or flat, are best for men dolls. Almost any shape will answer for the children and babies.

Whatever kind of bottle you use always put a cork in it first, then make a head by pasting a

strip of rather stiff yellow wrapping-paper around the neck extending it a trifle above the mouth of the bottle. Paste the paper together at the edges so that the head will be slightly cone-shaped, wider at the top than at the bottom, then cut off the point formed at the lap. If the head slips down too far a little paste will hold it in place. Draw the features with pen and ink, and the hair with a paint-brush dipped in ink. There should be room on the paper to extend the neck a quarter of an inch below the chin. Fig. 6 shows how the bottle looks when the head is adjusted.

The skirts, waists, cloaks, hats, caps, and bonnets of the women and children are all made of tissue-paper cut in circles of various sizes. Of course, the size of the circle must depend upon the size of the bottle you are dressing, and you will have to measure to find out just how large to make it. In making a skirt, measure from the waist down, allow about a quarter of an inch, and let that length be the length of half of the square from which you cut your circle. First cut your square, which will be twice the length of the skirt, then fold it through the middle into an oblong; bring the two short edges of the oblong together and make a square; fold the square diagonally through the middle and make a triangle, fold the triangle through the middle and make a sharper triangle, like Fig. 9. Cut this triangle off at top



FIG. 2. A SMALL FAMILY.

and bottom, curving the edge according to the dotted lines (Fig. 9), open it, and you will have a circle with a round hole in the middle. Make a slit down from the hole for a placket and there will be the little circular skirt (Fig. 11). Make the waist of a smaller circle, with a hole in the middle for the neck, and cut four slits from the bottom toward the center (Fig. 10). This divides the circle into four equal parts. The two parts A and B (Fig. 11) are sleeves. C is the front and DD the back of the waist. Now cut the waist open down the middle of the back. With the blade of your scissors crimp the edges of the sleeves, and the bottom of the front part of the waist. This is to imitate gathers (Fig. 12).

Before putting the waist on the bottle make hands like Fig. 13 with arms extending up as far as the elbow. Fold a piece of the wrapping-paper and cut out both hands at once. The yellow wrapping-paper is chosen for the doll's face and hands because it is almost the color of ordinary flesh. If the children want it pinker it can be painted with water-colors. Cover both sides of the top of each arm with paste, insert the arms in the sleeves, and bring the gathers of the sleeves together pasting them to the arms, as in Fig. 7. Put a touch of paste on the doll's neck at the front and back, then adjust the waist, as in Fig. 7.

Use paste, in putting on the doll's clothes, where you would use pins if



FIG. 1. A GROUP OF BOTTLE DOLLS.

the material were cloth instead of paper. Shape the front of the waist as you paste it to the body, pushing the fullness up while you gather it in at the waist-line. Bring the sides of the back forward to meet the sides of the front under each arm, leaving only enough fullness at the back to make the waist fit well.

Slip the skirt on over the doll's head, after bending her arms together to allow it to slide down. "Pin" the skirt at the waist-line in front



FIG. 3. MADEMOISELLE MODÈLE.

with a bit of paste to keep it from riding up, and fasten the placket together at the back. Now close your hand lightly over the skirt and draw it down; this brings the fullness in place and makes a perfectly-hung skirt (Fig. 8).

For the nurse's hat cut out a smaller circle of paper, and crimp it all around the edge like Fig. 14. All the women's and children's hats, caps, and bonnets are started by making first the little mob cap (Fig. 14), and then fitting it to the head in the desired shape. Put the mob cap over the top of a rather large spool and press the crown into shape (Fig. 15), then slip the cap carefully off the spool and the result will be a



FIG. 4. "COUNT OTTO IS A GERMAN."

little hat like Fig. 16. A touch of paste on top of the cork will hold the hat on the head.

The accessories of the costumes, such as trim-



FIG. 5. MADEMOISELLE MODELE AND COUNT OTTO.



Fig. 6. The bottle with the head prepared.



Fig. 7. The shirt-waist in place.



Fig. 8. Showing the shirt-waist and skirt.

mings, collars, and girdles, you can make to suit yourself or the children. A jumper waist is cut like any other, with the difference of short sleeves that are not crimped, and a low neck. A whole white waist should be put on under the jumper.

The parasol carried by Mademoiselle Modèle is made of a circle of paper crimped, and pasted at the point to a broomstraw handle.

Figure 21 is the pattern for the nurse's apron. Her cap is made like Fig. 14, and trimmed with a colored band and long, colored streamers.

In dressing a man doll first put on the dicky (Fig. 17); the dicky is made of white paper and is all the shirt he will need. Make his trousers

two legs to the trousers. Paste the paper together smoothly down the back with no other fullness than the plait in front. Cut a vest like Fig. 18, and a white collar with turnover points. Put these on the little man, and add a black or red necktie. For the coat, fold a square of paper through the middle forming an oblong; then fold



Fig. 9. The waist and skirt folded before cutting.

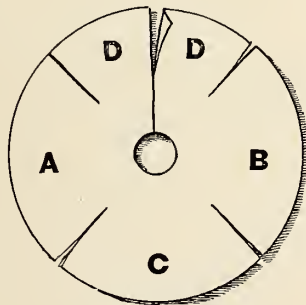


Fig. 10. The shirt-waist pattern.

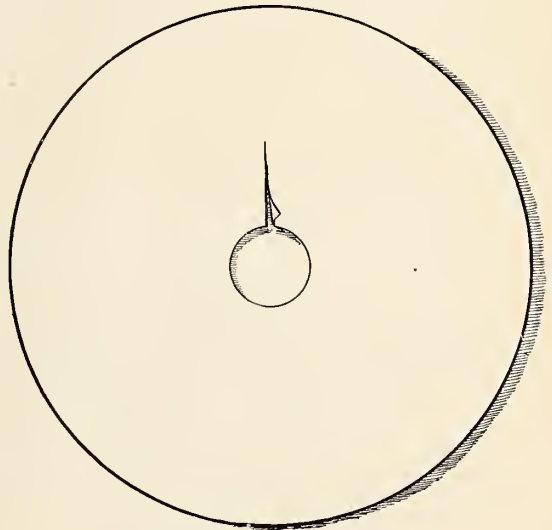


Fig. 11. The skirt pattern.

of a straight piece of paper with an inverted box plait in front. This will give the appearance of

the oblong into a square, and from the square cut the coat as in Fig. 22. Open the fold of the

coat and slit it down the front. Add a pocket with a white handkerchief and turn the lapels

enough to fit the cork (F, Fig. 20). This is the brim. Slip the small end of the cork through the

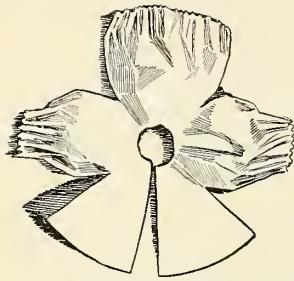


Fig. 12. Crimping the shirt-waist.



Fig. 13. Pattern for arms and hands.

over (Fig. 23). Cut out two hands (being careful to have one a right hand, and the other a left) and paste white cuffs around the wrists (Fig. 19); then

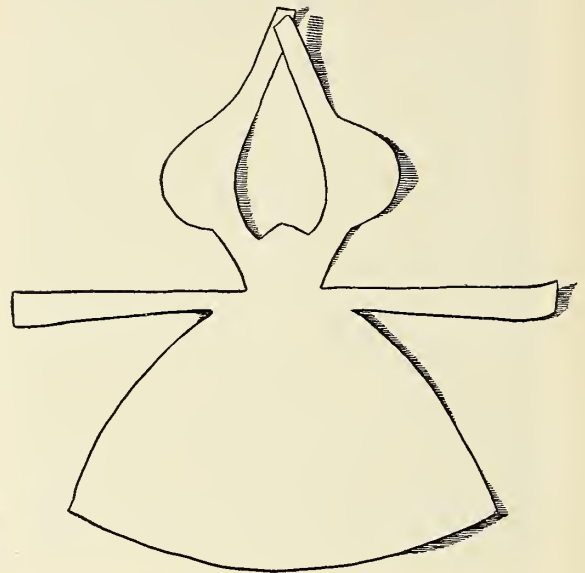


Fig. 21. The apron.

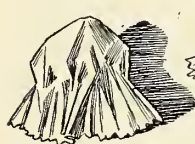


Fig. 14. The nurse's cap.



Fig. 15. Forming the cap.



Fig. 16. The cap complete.

paste the hands in the sleeves. Fit the coat to the doll, and paste the side seams together under the arms. If the coat is too wide at the back cut

hole in the brim, push the cork well down in the bottle, and the man's hat is firm on his head. Make a cane of a broomstraw, bent at one end to form a handle.



Fig. 17. The man doll's dicky.



Fig. 18. The man's vest.

it off at each side, or lap it under the front.

To make a hat for the man doll cut a circle of paper and cover the cork like E, Fig. 20. This is

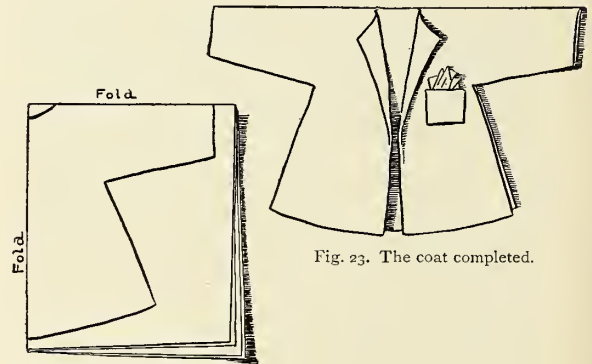


Fig. 22. The coat folded.

Fig. 23. The coat completed.



Fig. 19. The cuffs.

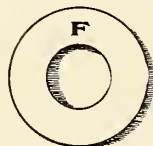


Fig. 20. The man's hat.



the crown. Then from the paper cut another circle, and in its center cut a hole just large

In all pasting that is done in the nursery it is usually more satisfactory to use either home-made paste, or, if heavy pieces of paper or cardboard is to be used, library paste. Mucilage, while it is very adhesive, takes too long to dry and is not so clean as the white paste.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

EDITH'S TEA-PARTY

BY LOIS WALTERS

EDITH was a little girl who was just learning to write. Her mother told her one day that she could have a tea-party on the next Tuesday, if the weather was fine, and that she could invite her little friend Helen, who lived on the same street, though not very far away; but she must write the letter to ask Helen to come. So, Edith got up at her mother's writing-desk and took some of her own writing paper, and began to write. She could make the letters but she could not spell very well. She asked her mother how to spell the words and then she wrote them down. And this is the letter she wrote:

Dear Helen.

Mamma says I may ask you to come
to my tea party next Tuesday at four o'clock

Bring your dolly.

your loving friend
Edith

Then she sealed the letter in the envelop, and put a stamp on it, and stood on the front piazza so as to give it to the postman herself.

When Tuesday came, Edith's nurse dressed her in a fresh, white frock, and Edith dressed her dolly in her best dress, and went out under the trees where her nurse had set the table for two. And then she sat in a chair at the table and waited. But the big town clock struck four and no Helen came; and then she waited for half an hour longer. Then Edith put her dolly down on the chair and went in the house to find her mother.

"Mama," she said, "I think Helen is very rude; she does n't come to my party and I invited her!"

"Just wait a little longer, dear,"



EDITH WAITING FOR HELEN.

said her mother, "and she will come. Maybe her nurse was busy dressing Helen's little sister and brother and could n't get her ready in time."

"But I invited her," was all Edith could say; "but I invited her, and she does n't come."

Then her mother went to the telephone and called up Helen's mother. In a moment she came back.

"Edith, dear," she said, "what day did you write Helen to come? Her mother says she thought it was to be Thursday, and so did Helen, and this is only Tuesday."

"But I *did* say Tuesday, mama," said Edith, who was almost ready to cry. "I remember because that was the hardest word to spell, and I think I made a blot when I wrote it."

"Well, never mind, dear; Helen is getting ready now and will be over in a few minutes," said her mama.

And Edith was very happy, and ran out to the tea-table under the trees with her doll to wait.

But she did not have to wait very long this time, for in a little while Helen came running across the lawn carrying her doll; and so happy were both little girls that Edith forgot all about the long time she had been waiting for Helen to come.

Helen wanted Edith to know that she had not been rude in staying away, so she brought with her the letter Edith had sent to her, so she could show



HELEN AND HER DOLLY.

it to Edith. And there, sure enough, the word "Tuesday" was written so badly that it looked more like "Thursday," and that was why Helen did not think she was expected on this day.

Well, the very first thing they did was to undress their dolls and put them to sleep under one of the bushes on the lawn—in the shade, so that the sun would not hurt their eyes, and so that the wax would not be melted from their cheeks. Edith put her napkin over both dolls for a comforter, for you never know when it will blow up cold, and little girls have to be as careful of their dolls as their own mothers are!

Very soon the maid came out with cookies and lady-fingers and make-believe tea, and another napkin to take the place of the one Edith had put over the dolls, and they had tea. Then the two little girls and Edith's nurse had a nice game of croquet, and they had a lovely tea-party after all, and Edith forgot all about waiting so long for Helen to come.

But Edith never again made a mistake when she spelled "Tuesday."



VERY HARD TO READ

BY CAROLYN WELLS

WHEN Uncle Bob came home from town, this is the
book he brought ;

I s'pose I ought to like it,—I really s'pose I ought.
It 's full of lovely pictures of animals and birds,
They 're very pretty pictures, but—there are n't
any words!

And so I said (I 'm sure I hope it was n't impolite),
“Uncle, they 've left the stories out, this book is not
made right.”

And Uncle only laughed, and said: “Why, you can't
read, my dear!”

But I know “Cat” and “Dog,” and even those words
—they are n't here!



ARRANGEMENT OF OBJECT AND SKETCHES MADE BY AID OF SHADOWS.

It would be interesting, for example, to have heard the presumable soliloquies suggested by the numerous faces at the neighboring windows, as I pried among the weeds on hands and knees, or, seated in the dirt, enjoyed a half-hour with the exquisite and innumerable faint, shadowy forms and silhouettes of grass and weed and shrub softly gliding on the sunny fence. There is a strange, awe-inspiring beauty in these pure, intangible shadows. The veriest homely weed, seen thus, as it were, in its disembodied spirit, becomes instinct with beauty. Wordsworth, it will be remembered, fell upon his knees before the daisy's shadow.—William Hamilton Gibson in "Happy Hunting-Grounds."

SHADOW PICTURES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

NATURE was the first artist, and a shadow sketch was the first picture made. She is still spreading

have no perspective and no shading. An easy way to arrange a vase of flowers or of leafy twigs for drawing, is to study their shadow on a wall while the vase is slowly turned, until the shadow shows them to be suitably placed.

We cannot draw a shadow by daylight for, if cast by the sun, it moves as that of the gnomon moves across the face of the sun-dial. A station-



A SHADOW AND NEST (ORIOLE'S).

Conveniently arranged for sketching. The shadow of the nest is thrown on the drawing paper.



A COCOON AND ITS SHADOW.

her beautiful designs wherever a beautiful object stands in the sunlight, and we are about to learn what she can teach us of her method.

In going along country roads and paths, have you not admired the shadows that the flowers and all graceful plants cast on the ground? Those of leaves and vines actually display the outlines of the plants to even better advantage than can be seen in the objects themselves, because shadows

ary, artificial light must, therefore, be used. Place the lamp on a level with the object to be drawn, and only near enough to make the pencil-point

distinctly visible. The object itself should be as near as possible to the paper, but with a space left between them large enough to receive the hand. The shadow will then be black and sharp, and slightly larger than the object. Now with a pen or a well-sharpened pencil, carefully trace the outlines of the shadow. To examine the work at any time before it is completed, carefully mark the place where the lamp stands, then move it aside till the shadow is free from the tracing. Do not disturb the object nor the drawing. The outline finished, the sketch may be left as it is or be filled in with ink to make a silhouette; or, it may be used as the outline of a more complete, free-hand drawing to be made by the artist. With the out-

There are many things in nature that may be selected for this purpose. Among them are



OUTLINE DRAWING, COMPOUND LEAF AND ITS SHADOW.



GOLDEN-ROD, ITS SHADOW AND DRAWING MADE FROM THE SHADOW.

flowers, leaves, birds' nests, cocoons, nuts, fruits, vegetables, wood formations, fungi, shells, arrow heads; even insects and cage birds may be drawn in this way; in fact, any solid object that can be made to stand motionless on a table.

As a rule objects like large leaves and birds' nests are best for simple outlining, while delicate and complicated shadows like those cast by vines and by most flowers are best for the blackened surface of the silhouette.

Shadow outlines make good records of flowers and plants if accompanied by the usual notes on color and habit.

In this way, interesting and "speaking likenesses" may be made of any of your friends who are willing to do some simple "posing." Place your "victim" with his side-face (profile) turned

line to begin with, it is easy for a boy or a girl who knows how to draw, to finish the picture by adding details not shown in the shadow. This, of course, is best done by daylight.



IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THE "ARTISTIC," NATURAL SHADOWS OF OVERHANGING GRASSES, TREES, FENCES, IN FACT EVERY OBJECT IN THE SUNSHINE.



THISTLE AND SHADOW.

sharply toward the lamp, and about six inches from the wall, to which the white paper has been fastened. To keep his head perfectly steady, have



GETTING THE OUTLINE OF A BUTTERFLY BY ITS SHADOW.

The details of wing markings are filled in later.

him rest his temple or his cheek-bone on the end of a stout support which he should press firmly against the wall. If you will draw the outline on the white back of black paper, to be had from any dealer in wall-paper, the face may be cut out with sharp scissors, and will make a striking and really valuable portrait.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

"CARVING" BY THE WAVES.

IN the southeastern portion of California is a great desert plain known as the Yuha Plain, which lies below the level of the sea. It is a portion of the Colorado Desert, in which is a depression below sea-level having an area of



AN INTERESTING PILE OF CURIOUS BALLS AND FORMATIONS FOUND IN A PART OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

3900 square miles. Some portions of this great sink are 265 feet below the level of the sea. The Yuha Plain is less than fifty feet below.

One portion of this plain, several miles in extent, is covered with remarkable stones—remarkable in that they have been shaped into many curious forms, and that independent of the hand of man. The waves of an ancient sea which covered the region in the prehistoric ages fashioned the stones, producing many resemblances to objects manufactured in workshops to-day or found in nature. There are stone balls varying in size from a marble to a cannon-ball, many of them as round and smooth as those cast for the great guns of a man-of-war. There are stone dinner-plates, as thin as the porcelain or china found on the tables of our dining-room and nearly as perfect in shape. Sometimes these are found in piles two or three feet high, as though arranged by the hand of man. There are stone flowers, stone cabbages, stone dumb-bells, stone canes, stone quoits, stone boomerangs, and even resemblances to birds and animals are discovered.

The peculiar freak of the waves in taking up the art of carving in this part of the plain, is

accounted for by the conformation of the desert at this point. When the waters of the sea occupied this region they were a part of the Gulf of California, the nearest point of which is now 90 miles distant. The tides came in to this ancient sea through the gulf from the south. They rolled up against what is now known as Superstition Mountains; the waters swept back against a low range of hills on the opposite side of the Yuha Plain, and recoiling, were again thrown back toward the Superstition Mountains, finally passing out at about the point whence they entered this arm of the gulf. This kept the waters at that particular point always in a swirl. This circular motion wore the rocks round, or nearly so, laminated some of them, carving the plates and thin pieces, kept small rocks and boulders revolving, turning out the balls and dumb-bells, and in like manner, by their peculiar actions.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

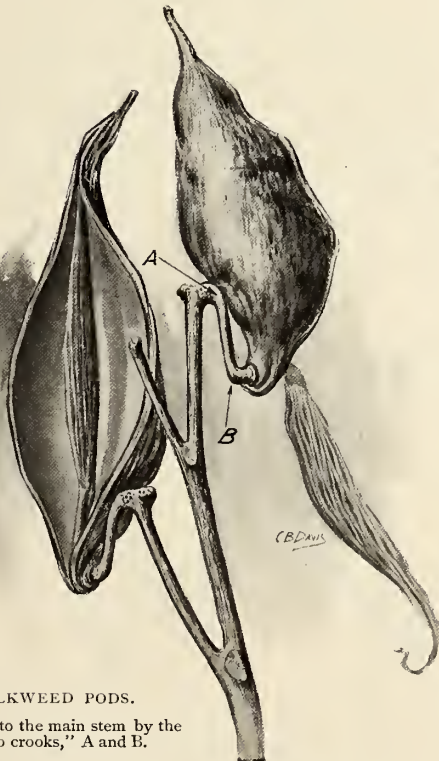
WHY THE TWO CROOKS?

You all know the common milkweed (*Asclepias cornuti*), with its pretty umbels of blossoms in summer, and its graceful pods, bursting with

quently aroused your curiosity. Look at illustration No. 1 and you will see that each stem has *two crooks*: one at *A*, where the stem joins the bush, and one at *B*, where the stem joins the pod.



FAMILIAR UMBELS OF THE MILKWEED.



MILKWEED PODS.

Attached to the main stem by the "two crooks," A and B.

their silken store after the first killing frosts of fall.

There is a curious condition of things in connection with these pods which has, no doubt, fre-

quently aroused your curiosity. Look at illustration No. 1 and you will see that each stem has *two crooks*: one at *A*, where the stem joins the bush, and one at *B*, where the stem joins the pod.

The reason for this is, indeed, a pretty puzzle. All puzzles lose their mystery, however, when the answer is known and this one is no exception. The explanation is simply this:—The blossoms of the milkweed are borne in clusters, called umbels. Each little blossom of an umbel is at the end of a long, slender stem. The weight of the blossom, very likely, bends this little stem over and lets the blossom hang downward. This forms the first crook, as shown at *A*. When the pod begins to grow from this down-hanging blossom it follows the natural order of plant growth and turns upward: thus forming the second, or lower crook, *B*, as the base of the pod.

In the second picture, No. 2, you see some of these familiar umbels and at the lower left-hand corner, at *C*, you see a young pod just beginning its upward turn. A few withered stems still adhere but will soon fall away as all the others have done.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

PHOTOGRAPHING A SPIDER'S WEB.

ONE of the most intricate and dainty of nature's structures is a spider's web. From the geomet-



THE SPIDER WEB.

rical point of view, these have for ages been admired more than any other one of nature's smaller works, with the exception, perhaps, of the comb made by honey-bees.

On account of the tenuity and transparency of the "threads," it is difficult to preserve the beauty of the webs, even by a photograph, except when a light dew has ornamented them with silvery droplets. In one of these attempts at photography, Mr. A. G. Gilmour of Lebanon, Ohio, has had remarkable success. To explain how he did it, he writes to "Nature and Science" as follows:

"This picture was made in the fall of the year when webs are plentiful. One must know where to look, and get out early in the morning. The sun was shining on this, and camera was pointing through the web toward the sun. The negative was made while the dew was on the web."

Mr. James H. Emerton uses an atomizer to spray webs with a solution of shellac before photographing. This suggested to Professor Frank E. Lutz a method of preserving them. He explains this in "Science":

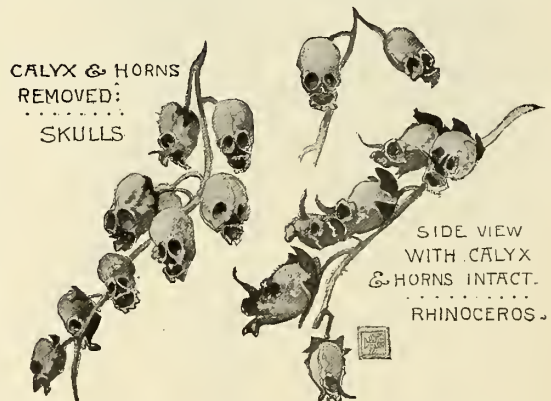
"The web to be preserved is sprayed with artist's shellac from an atomizer, in much the same way that crayon drawings are fixed, and immediately a clean glass plate is

pressed against it, carefully breaking at the same time, the supporting strands so that the web, which will stick to the glass, is freed from its former surroundings. Since every strand of the web is covered with minute droplets of shellac, they are rendered plainly visible and, furthermore, they adhere very tightly to the glass. In a short time the shellac will thoroughly dry, and the plates holding the webs can be filed away in a cabinet, or hung up for display. If desired, the web may be protected by covering it with another glass plate in the way that the film of a lantern slide is protected, but this is not usually necessary.

"The above directions apply particularly to the flat webs of the *Epeiridae*, but with a little ingenuity almost any spider's web may be preserved in its natural form. For instance, I obtained a permanent mount of the dome-shaped web of *Linyphia marginata* in the following way: A branched twig was cut and stripped of its leaves. This was fastened in an upright position on a suitable base, and several females of *L. marginata* put on it after sunset. The next morning I had a beautiful web with a perfect dome and all the outlying threads. The only thing that remained to be done was to spray it with shellac and set it away. The *Therididae* also give very satisfactory specimens in much the same way. But for the orb webs I think the glass plates are preferable."

SEED-PODS OF THE SNAPDRAGON.

THE *Antirrhinum*, or snapdragon, is one of the old-fashioned garden flowers known by every one. Although it is a visitor from southern Europe, it has been here so long that it has become naturalized. When we say "lion's-mouth," "frog's-mouth," "calf's-mouth," "rabbit's-mouth," we mean snapdragon, all these names being suggested by its grotesque, mask-like corolla. But there is something still more grotesque if we will wait till the seed-time and gather the dried, brown skeleton of the seed-pod. Look at them side ways, under a bright lamplight if possible, and you will find they have quite a resemblance



to a rhinoceros. Remove the calyx and the little horns on the nose, and look at them from the front, and they have a still more striking resemblance to human skulls; and by turning them about you get all sorts of queer expressions on the grinning mouth.

HENRY FENN.

FEEDING THE PELICANS.

THE European pelicans that are shown in the picture are kept in our large lake nearly all the



FEEDING THE PELICANS.

time, but in the cold weather of winter have to be placed in a steam-heated building. Their feeding time is one of the interesting daily events at the garden as the keeper tosses large fish to them which they catch in their wide bills and swallow at a gulp. To be strictly honest, I don't think that the pelicans shown in the picture were expressing anything like joy by running their long beaks through the keeper's hand. They probably were trying to get some of the corn that he apparently has in his left hand and were grabbed by him as they reached for it. A peculiar antic of pelicans on our lake is that they generally travel in pairs and hunt for small fish or crustaceans on the bottom of the shallow part of the lake. They get them by diving their heads and long beaks below the surface of the water, and it is quite noticeable, even to the most casual observer, that one never dives for food but the other does the same. They dive simultaneously as to make it appear that they have some secret signal as to when to start.—WALTER A. DRAPER, The Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden.

LONG BAG-LIKE NESTS OF CASSIQUES.

THE accompanying illustration shows the new group of crested cassiques and their nests at the American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

The label of the group gives the following description:

The Crested Cassique, which is also known by the names of Oropendula, Japu and Yellow-tail, is a tropical American relative of our Orioles, its nest, as the examples in this group show, being similar in plan to the smaller, bag-like structure of our Baltimore Oriole.

The Cassique, however, not only builds a larger nest, but one hundred or more nests may be suspended from the branches of a single tree. In conformance with the rule that fewer eggs are laid by tropical, than by northern, birds, the Cassique lays but two eggs, while our Oriole lays four or five.

The Cassique possesses a great variety of loud calls and whistles, some of which are very musical. In the nesting season, the male, which is noticeably larger than the female, has the singular habit of bending low his head while uttering a long-drawn, creaking call, which he follows by slapping his wings violently together over his back. A bird in the upper part of the group is represented in this act.

In spite of the comparatively small opening to the nests, the birds enter them in nearly full flight and when the presence of hungry birds demands frequent visits by the parents, a colony of Cassiques presents one of the most animated and attractive sights in the bird-life of our tropical forests.

The present species of Cassique is found throughout South America from Southern Brazil northward to Panama, and allied species extending northward to Mexico.

Poised before the orchid (*Miltona candida*), which appears in this group, is a Humming-bird (*Florisuga mellivora*) while on the ground an Ant-thrush (*Formicarius analis saturatus*) may be seen.

The position of the Cassiques, the Humming-bird, and the Ant-thrush in relation to their surroundings, illustrates the fact that brightly marked birds are, as a rule, found in the trees among leaves and blossoms, while the dull-colored species usually live on or near the ground.

The nests here shown were collected in Trinidad by Mr.



THE BAG-LIKE NEST OF CASSIQUES.

A. B. Carr. The group was prepared at the Museum under the direction of Mr. J. D. Figgins. The birds were mounted by Mr. H. Lang.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW" St. Nicholas Union Square New York

MANY TINY FORMS OF ANIMAL LIFE USED IN MILLINERY.

HARPSTER, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending a branch of a fern. I had never seen any of this kind before, and would like to know what kind it is.

Your loving reader,
LEEFE FOWLER (age 12).

The decoration for ladies' hats which you send has come into great popularity, so I am informed by the milliners, within the past few months. It is imported chiefly from Paris and is referred to as "French sea moss."

It is not a moss, nor a fern, as you surmise—in fact, not even plant life of any kind; but is a marine form of animal life known as *Sertularia*. These are hydroids that are called "the nurses of jellyfish." Hydroids are colonies of tiny animals that live together, in form resembling plants. The *Sertularians* are common objects of the beach, and are often mistaken for plants and gathered and pressed as seaweeds. They zigzag over the fronds of seaweeds or hang in fringes upon them, as well as upon rocks, stones, and shells.

A specialist at Wood's Hole Marine Laboratory



THE "SPRAY" OF SERTULARIA.

to whom I sent your specimen for careful examination writes: "I never thought that hydroids would adorn ladies' hats and bonnets." And I

share in your correspondent's surprise! Yet all naturalists who have admired hydroids cannot



THE SERTULARIA USED AS MILLINERY.

but approve of this fashion. Surely, if animals are needed in millinery, it is preferable to use "the nurses of jellyfish" rather than our feathered songsters!

THE MYSTERY OF THE BEECHNUTS.

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was in the woods one day and I found quite a number of burrs on the ground, and my curiosity led me to open them. Each burr contained two nuts snugly tucked inside. I strung them, and quite a number of people admired them. I inclose one to let you see it. Would you please tell me what kind of a nut it is?

Your friend,
ELIZABETH B. BERRY (age 12).

The nuts you send are beech. I examined them carefully and found no "meat" in them. All the books state that the beechnut is sweet. And there is a popular impression that a beechnut is the ideal of good eating.

Certain kinds of pork are called "Beechnut," as if that name signifies especially "good eating." But all the beechnuts that I have found, or young folk with me have found, have nothing inside of them to eat. The interior consists of a few tiny bits of dry fiber,—no "meat." I have carefully searched for nuts with "meat," and have inquired

at the stores that deal in nuts, but all in vain. I have never seen an edible beechnut.

Will our young folk please send a few that are "good to eat"? I desire to learn in what parts of the country the nuts are "meaty" and where shriveled and empty.

The United States Department of Agriculture writes:

"So far as can be told without an examination of the beech trees to which you refer as not bearing perfect nuts, I do not know of any reason why they should not fruit perfectly. It often happens that a part or a whole of the seed crop of some beech trees is imperfect, due sometimes to extreme drought, late spring, or early fall frost. I have not heard that the trees of New England or the Middle States invariably bear nuts without "meat" in them. This species is especially prolific and of large size in the Ohio Valley country and on the southern slopes of the Alleghany Mountains, as it has been also in the Great Lake country. Throughout these regions the seed crop is abundant, as is also the natural reproduction, which of course indicates that the seed borne is perfect."

Professor C. S. Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum writes:

"I do not know why beech trees behave in the way you say they do. Certainly this tree in the Northern and Middle States must sometimes produce good seeds, or there would be no seedlings, and the tree would in time disappear. The beech, so far as I have observed, grows to its largest size in the lower Mississippi Valley, that is, in such States as Kentucky, northern Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana."

So when the older authorities can throw no light on the situation, I must appeal to the young folk to solve my problem.

By the way, speaking of the fruiting of the



Beechnuts and their "burrs," or as the botanist calls them, "soft-prickly coriaceous involucre."

forest trees, we all know the sassafras in bloom, but who will send me some specimens of the fruiting of the sassafras. The books say the fruit is a "dark blue, oblong drupe." Will our young folk please send a few?

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AN ENLARGED BEECHNUT AND "BURR."

It is claimed by some that disappearance of fruitings of the sassafras is due to birds, but perchance some of our young folks know of sassafras "stone fruits" that have not been taken by the birds.

DEALING WITH A BUCKING HORSE.

UNITY, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want you to tell me why one man can get on a wild horse and give him his head and he will not buck at all, and another man that handled him as much as anybody can get on him and give him his head and he will buck him off as quick as he gets on him.

Yours truly,

HUGH TUCKER.

My explanation of the action of the bucking broncho is as follows:

We will presume, first, that both men have had the same amount of experience with the horse in question; second, that both men are equally expert horsemen,—then about the only solution to the problem seems to be that one is *master* of the horse, and the other is not. No animal will yield to a *master-will* more quickly and perfectly than a horse. Really this question resolves itself into one of temperament, or whatever you may choose to call it, of the man. It is something not acquired by experience, it is born in him.

The same thing will be demonstrated where a number of strange horses are turned together. It will not be long before the masters make themselves known. The first attempt made to conquer the wild broncho undoubtedly would necessitate a fight in any case. Some men will conquer him, others will not.—Professor E. H. Lehnert, Storrs, Connecticut.



"HEADING." BY ESTHER N. F. BROWN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE RIDE.

ISABEL RANDOLPH (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

O! THE ride, the ride, the rollicksome ride,
 On a crisp, October day;
 With the old gray mare, and the little dog-cart,
 Far over the hills and away!

O! the ride, the ride, the frolicsome ride,
 With a hunt for the chestnuts brown
 Among the meadows and among the trees,
 And thro' the old country town!

O! the ride, the ride, with its laughing crowd
 And the luncheon in the wood!
 With the chipmunks near, and the bird's soft note,
 Could anything be so good?

Then hip, hip, hoorah, for a country ride
 On a crisp, October day;
 With the old gray mare, and the little dog-cart,
 Far over the hills, and away!

THERE are some of us who prefer October to any other month. June is rarely beautiful, too, and indeed every season has its charm. But there is something serene and stately about October, when all the harvests are ripened, and all the hills are decked with altar fires of red and gold that celebrate the glory of vanished summer-time. June is like a young maiden with bare arms who scatters roses to the multitude, October is the crowned, benign woman throned amid the year's bounty, granting unstinted largess to those who have earned her favor. June is a flower girl, October is Queen Bountiful. June is a promise, October is fulfilment. June hymns a song of endeavor, October intones an anthem of triumph complete. We love her and we find quiet gladness in her balmy days, though we do not fail to think fondly of every month that lies behind her and before, for the year is so planned as to give memories of many kinds—of playtime and worktime, of flowers and of harvest, and of joy in every season.

It is with regret that the editor this month is obliged to announce the complete loss of the original October League. The misfortune occurred through the theft of a traveling-case, and no trace of any of the missing articles has been found. Of course there is still a bare hope of recovery, but in the meantime we have used the first half of the November League for October, and have repeated the October subjects, so that wherever it is possible members may duplicate their contributions. Fortunately, the November League is very large and the work of excellent quality, and by spreading it over two months we are able to use about twice as much as usual of the best things. So, as usual, the old motto holds, that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

For the benefit of new subscribers, we wish to add, in closing, that the St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. NICHOLAS readers, for the purpose of intellectual and spiritual growth. There are no fees. A League badge and leaflet will be mailed free.



"HORSES." BY SIDNEY D. GAMBLE, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

PRIZE WINNERS, COMPETITION

NO. 93—FIRST HALF.

IN making the awards, competitors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Hanly** (age 17), Thomaston, Me., and **Isabel Randolph** (age 15), 206 W. 96th St., New York.

172 Doyle Ave., Providence, R. I., and **Elizabeth T. McClintock** (age 15), Haverford, Pa.

Silver Badges, **Ruth Broughton** (age 14), 256 Thatcher Ave., River Forest, Ill., and **Walter Davidson** (age 8), 238 E. 69th St., New York City.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badge, **Gertrude Souther** (age 15), 29 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Silver badges, **Genevieve Alvord** (age 13), 1101 California Ave., Urbana, Ill., and **Rachel Talbot** (age 11), 1011 California Ave., Urbana Ill.



"HORSES." BY MILDRED LEECROFT, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Ruth Livingston** (age 9), 274 W. 127th St., New York City; **Nellie Goldsmith** (age 15), 116 E. Water St., Princeton, Ind., and **Agusta Ward Phelps** (age 17), 53 7th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Jean L. Fenton** (age 14), Perea, Sandoval Co., N. M., and **Philena Marshall** (age 12), New Hope, Pa.

Silver badges, **Ruth Kassler** (age 13), 1136 Logan Ave., Denver, Colo.; **George Edward Day, Jr.** (age 12), 845 S. 4th St., Springfield, Ill., and **Ferdinand Born** (age 9), 1308 S St., Lafayette, Ind.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Esther N. F. Brown** (age 15), Vilette, 35 Castle St., Salisbury, England; **Ruth Cutler**, (age 15), 360 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn., and **Laura Gardin** (age 17), 202 W. 103d St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Betty Cornwall** (age 13), Short Hills, N. J.; **William W. Westring, Jr.** (age 17), 668½ Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Margaret J. Marshall** (age 11), Bustleton, Phila., Pa.

Photography. Cash prize, **Sidney D. Gamble** (age 17), 521 Glenwood Ave., Avondale, Cincinnati, O.

Gold badge, **Mildred Leecroft** (age 11), Colbert, I. T.

Silver badges, **John Mitchell** (age 11), Manchester, Mass., and **Norman Kiedaisch** (age 16), 926 Exchange St., Keokuk, Ia.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Young Flickers," **Armand Tibbitts** (age 15), R. F. D. 3, Waukesha, Wis. Second Prize, "Young Crows," **Katharine Arnold** (age 11), 465 State St., Albany, N. Y. Third prize, "Robins," **Oswald Brewster** (age 11), 1705 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich. Fourth prize, "Blue Jay's Nest," **Valentine C. Bartlett** (age 15), Winnetka, Ill.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Helen R. Burr** (age 13),

THE STORM-KING'S RIDE.

BY ELIZABETH HANLY (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

A RUMBLE of wheels o'er the rocky ledge
Now on the pavement the stern hoofs beat,
And see! right there on the quarry's edge,
The storm-king guides his coursers fleet.

His chariot moves 'mid a cloud of snow,
From the jaws of his steeds the foam flies
fast,
The pine-trees bow in homage low,
They know that the king goes past.

The ruler of winds and storms is he,
Lord of the ice-bound north,
Many may hear, but none may see
The king of storms go forth.

Men say, "The winter night is wild,"
And "Hark to the tempest's blast."
But I, kind nature's loving child,
I know that the king goes past.



"THE HORSE." BY JOHN MITCHELL, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"YOUNG FLICKERS." BY ARMAND TIBBITTS, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY JEAN L. FENTON (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

ABOUT three winters ago I went away from home to go to school. It was only eighteen miles away, but in the mountains in winter-time it seems like a long way. I expected to go home for a holiday, and expected papa to come after me. But for three weeks no one came. It snowed for eight days and I began to think that they were snowed in. I asked the lady I was staying with if I might go home; if I could borrow a horse. She gave me her permission, and one of the neighbors was willing to lend me a horse, but when I went to get it he said it was too late to go that day. I thought that day and night never would pass away. The next morning was bright and clear and at last I started. The first part of the road was muddy and slippery, but my horse was willing to go until he came to snow. He was from a lower altitude and had never seen more than two or three inches of snow at a time, and that many or more feet scared him. He did n't want to go through it, and when at last I got him into it he floundered around and fell, so I got off and tried to lead him, but he would only run around and throw himself. He was so badly scared that the sweat was dripping from him. It was colored with adobe dust and I thought it was blood, and I was scared, too, until I found out what it was. It took some time to get him quieted. I led him for a mile or more and it was hard work plowing along in the deep snow. There was a hard crust on top of the snow and sometimes it would hold me up, and sometimes it would n't.

I finally got on the horse, but it was slow work and it took all day to get through it.

When I got over to where the trail was broken it was icy and that made it more dangerous than the snow, but I did get home alive after all my day of troubles, and I stayed at home, too.



"YOUNG CROWS." BY KATHARINE ARNOLD, AGE 11. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE BABY'S RIDE.

BY AUGUSTA WARD PHELPS (AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

DEAR little baby now waits his ride,
In his wee cradle boat, with mama by his
side,
Far off into dreamland he soon will glide,
This dear little, queer little baby.

The cradle's now rocking, and closed are
his eyes,
And quiet and peaceful the darling one lies,
Of all mother's treasures *he* takes the prize,
This dear little, queer little baby.

Guided by mother, his boat now steers
Through lands untroubled by cares or fears,
And everything joyous and bright appears
To this dear little, queer little baby.

He laughs and he crows till his
small face beams.
We wish *we* were having such
beautiful dreams.
How happy this world to a baby
seems!
To a dear little, queer little baby.

And as she rocks him, and looks in
the night,
Mother is praying he 'll grow up
aright,
Grow up a man of power and of
might,
This dear little, queer little baby.

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE OR LOST ON A PRAIRIE.

BY PHILENA MARSHALL (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

A FRIEND of my cousin's went out to a fort in the west to visit the colonel's wife. One evening, hearing there was a prairie fire near by, she asked eagerly if she might go with the colonel and some of the



"ROBIN." BY OSWALD BREWSTER, AGE 11. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"THE CIRCUS HORSE." BY NORMAN KIEDAISCH, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

soldiers to see it. She was a good rider, so the colonel immediately consented.

After they had been watching it for some time, the fire went down, it became suddenly dark, and a wind storm came up. The air was filled with sand and ashes. It was nearly impossible to see. The colonel told the soldiers to close around her. They did so, but her horse was frightened and plunged. The soldiers could not stop her, and she was soon galloping through coulees and across the plains.

It was very hot, for the embers were quite close. She held the reins with one hand, and with the other tried to keep the burning embers away. After she had ridden for a long time, the horse stumbled and threw her. Fortunately she kept her hold on the reins. Tired and stiff from her long ride, she failed again and again in her effort to mount. Knowing her only chance of escape was with her horse, she summoned all her courage, tried once more and succeeded. She rode on and on, all the time hoping to strike a road. And now the way seemed smoother. Could it be true? Was she really going to escape from the dust and heat?

Yes, this could be nothing but a road. Where would it lead? Back to safety and friends or away from them? She followed, and at length came to a hut, and in the doorway stood a man. Seeing her he started quickly forward and helped her dismount. He was one of the searching party, and had been looking for her for ten hours.

The necessity for effort over, she slid unconscious into his arms. He carried her into the hut and did what he could for her comfort. As soon as he could he sent word to the colonel that she was safe.

The colonel and his wife came at once.

They took her to the fort and cared for her tenderly, but it was many months before she recovered from the fatigue and excitement of the adventure.

MY FIRST HORSEBACK RIDE.

BY GEORGE EDWARD DAY, JR. (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE day, several years ago, when I was a very small boy, papa invited me to go for a walk; we took King, our dog, along with us.

We did not go far, but I thought it queer when papa turned in at a gentleman's house that he should go around to the barn. But when the gentleman came out in the yard leading a pretty pony, I was delighted. The pony was white, as you can see by the picture, only just his head was brown.

It was very gentle and would follow us around the yard without any halter.

It was so very small that with his front feet on a stepping-stone, the pony was not as high as a man's head, and when King stood up on the other side with his front feet on the pony's back, we could see old King's head over the top, then papa whistled



"WE COULD SEE KING'S HEAD OVER THE TOP." SEE STORY
"MY FIRST HORSEBACK RIDE."



"BLUE JAY'S NEST." BY VALENTINE C. BARTLETT,
AGE 15. (FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE
PHOTOGRAPHY.)

and the dog jumped right over him. I am sorry I can't send you a picture of the dog jumping, it looked just like a circus.

After awhile they put me on the pony, only I didn't feel very much like a circus rider, for I was dreadfully frightened.

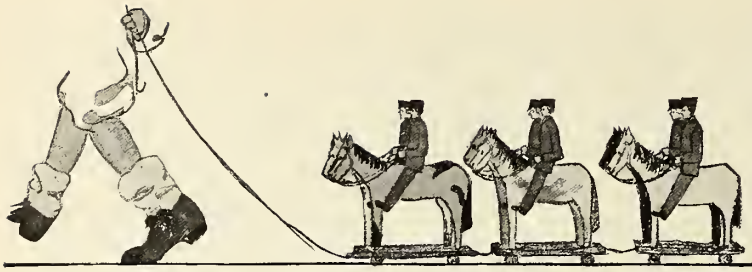
But that, of course, was because I was such a very small boy, and it was my first horseback ride.

They walked the pony around the yard slowly.

Although I did not say so at the time, I am willing to confess now, that I was very glad when they lifted me from his back.

There was a wagon with two seats, just large enough for the pony to pull.

All this was for that gentleman's little boy, who was not near as old as myself.



"HEADING." BY RUTH CUTLER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

RUTH CUTLER
1907

THE RIDE IN AUTUMN WOODS.

BY RUTH LIVINGSTON (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

As through the woods I rode one day,
The leaves were all in dresses gay;
Some wore crimson, and some wore brown,
Each one had a lovely gown.
They danced with joy as I went along,
To them the brooklet sang its song:—

"Autumn 's here, Winter 's near,
Drop like feathers to the ground;
Whirl and whirl and whirl around.
See, how swiftly, without fear,
Over rocks and rills I leap,
Never pausing for a sleep.

"Autumn 's here, Winter 's near,
Soon the snow will make a mound
Covering you all safe and sound.
As for me, heart full of cheer,
Straws and stones along I'll sweep
Onward to the ocean deep."

Thus did the brooklet sing its song,
Flowing away with current strong,
The trees they formed a kingly hall
With mighty branches over all;
The fireflies were the lanterns bright,
That lighted up the hall at night.

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY RUTH KASSLER (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

LAST summer, while were staying at our summer home in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, somebody proposed a picnic at a lake about two miles from where we lived.

The mountains are honeycombed with trails which early prospectors and railroad builders have made, so one can lose his way very easily if they do not know the roads well.

It was agreed that we should go on this picnic and come home by moonlight, as it was just time for a full moon. The picnic idea was accepted with great enthusiasm by everybody, especially the children, as they were not generally included in evening picnics.

About four in the afternoon seven people started on horseback, the rest wanted to go in the buckboard.

Everything was all right until we started to come home

about 7:30. It was very dark, clouds having hidden the moon.

We branched off in small parties before we started, which was a very foolish thing to do, as few knew the roads well.

My brother's party started first, and before they were home, their horses had scented a wolf. They were pretty badly frightened, but not hurt.

Mother, with the others, on horseback, started next and took the wrong road. They did not recognize it until they had gone about half a mile. Imagine their dismay when they

could not find their way back, as they could not even retrace their steps on account of the many trails that crossed one another. They stopped their horses and called, but they were too far away for any one to hear, or to answer them. By this time they were so badly frightened they did not know what to do; a night in the saddle or sleep on cold rocks confronted them. But fortunately mother's horse had been on the trail many times; so taking the lead, she threw the reins loose, and although it was now so dark one could not see a yard in any direction, all were guided safely home, through dark pine woods, by Dolly—the best horse that ever lived.



THE RIDE.

(Illustrated acrostic.)

BY MARY ESTHER PENDELL (AGE 8).

G OING to ride in Central Park,
O nly see my team to-day;
A nd don't be afraid to let me drive,
T hey will not run away.

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY FERDINAND BORN (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN I was a boy of six I had a pony. His name was Mike Lafayette, and he was a real Shetland pony.



"HORSES" BY HELEN V. FREY, AGE 14.

One day he kicked the door of his stall open and ran away, and was not caught for two hours. Mike was a good runner.

About a week or two afterward, I was riding him, in our coal yards, when an automobile came in, and Mike became frightened and kicked me over the fence, and I stayed in bed for three days, and I thought I would not ride him again.

About a month afterward I had gone to a circus and saw them do the hurdle-race and I thought I would do it; so I fixed up a lot of boards, and the first few times it went all right, but Mike got tired jumping, and ran away, and threw me, and the next thing I knew I was in Doctor's office. The Doctor made me go to bed for a whole day.

This ended my horseback riding.

THE RIDE.

BY NETTIE GOLDSMITH (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

We paddled slowly down the stream
That peaceful summer night,
O'er sparkling waves where moonlight fell
In floods of silvery light.

Among the drooping willow trees,
We drifted idly by;
On peeping through their waving boughs,
We saw the starlit sky.

The water rippled round our boat,
With murmurs soft and low,
And dancing in the moonlight bright
It followed as we 'd go.



"THE HORSE." BY GERTRUDE L. AMORY, AGE 15,
(SILVER BADGE WINNER.)

We floated slowly 'long the shore;
Through shady nooks and dells,
Where dark, fantastic shadows lie
And fay-like music swells.

Sometimes across the balmy air
A clear, sweet song was heard,
So lightly borne upon the breeze;
The "good night" of a bird.

Ker chug! our boat struck something hard,
But George soon made it fast.
Across the waves the music died,
And we were home at last.

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY BRENDA MURPHY (AGE 10).

THE Mamelukes were a band of slaves trained by the great Sultan, Saladin, and who had grown in power until they were the real rulers of Egypt.

The Pasha of Egypt decided to destroy them. To do this he invited them to a great feast in one of his cities. The whole band rode in on their splendid horses and from roofs and windows guns were aimed at them, while the gates closed after them.

At a signal the slaughter began, and soon all were dead but one man, their leader, Emin Bey. Spurring his horse over the bodies of his dead comrades, with a mighty spring the animal gained the battlements, and leaped down outside, where it fell dead. Emin Bey ran like a deer and reached a mosque, from which he finally escaped into the deserts.

A BOAT RIDE.

BY MAUD MALLETT (AGE 13).

The day is gently dying,
The sun is sinking low;
The water soft is sighing,
The cooling breezes blow.

Our boat is smoothly gliding
While we sing the songs we know;
It is pleasant to be riding
As we drift awhile, then row.



"HORSES." KATHLEEN SIGOURNEY, AGE 11.

Our craft is fine! Come cheer her!
 She 's painted green and white;
 How easy 't is to steer her!
 She 's graceful and she 's light!

We each take turns in rowing,
 And we 're a joyous crew;
 Now see how fast we 're going!
 Our boat 's the *Racing Sue!*

But calmly now we 're drifting
 As evening shadows fall;
 And stars from out their depths come sifting,
 Bidding "good night to all."

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY ELIZA MACLEAN PIGGOTT.

I SEND you a true story of one of my horseback rides. I love my pony almost as much as he loves sugar and white bread. When a new ST. NICHOLAS comes is about the only time I am indifferent to a ride, so mother says. Robin is not so young, either. He was tied to our Christmas tree about eight years ago when he was two and I was two. You see we are both ten now.



"THE HORSE." BY ROBERT W. MORSE, AGE 15.

The story which I shall relate seems funny when I think it over, but at the time that it happened it was very exciting and might have been serious.

Last spring, during the bright days, my teacher, who was the nicest, jolliest teacher a girl ever had, and two of my young friends and I went for a ride before breakfast every morning.

I rode my dear little pony, Robin, while one of my companions rode a sorrel pony which was a perfect match for mine. He answered to the name of Prince. Our teacher, Miss M., rode my mother's pretty bay mare called Lena. On this particular morning when we met at my home for the start we were all in fine spirits, and we went galloping away as fast as the uneven ground would permit. After we had ridden about three miles we decided that breakfast would taste nice, so we turned back. Our horses were ready for breakfast, too, so away we flew toward home—we on the ponies in front and Miss M. not far behind. We kept up this pace awhile, when all at once we heard a cry at our back. I pulled up short, as also did the boy, who was by me, on his pony. Imagine my fright, when, on looking back, I saw Miss M. thrown violently over the head of the horse as the animal fell to its knees. We were off our ridden in an instant, with our boy friend at Lena's



"THE HORSE." BY MARY PERKINS RAYMOND, JR., AGE 16.

bit. Lena had risen to her feet instantly, as if ashamed of her clumsiness, and seemed as anxious as we were to make sure that Miss M. was not hurt. After the first shock was over we all mounted and rode slowly homeward, much relieved that no damage was done either to horse or rider.

THE RIDE OF THE NIGHT QUEEN.

BY ARTHUR J. KRAMER (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge Winner.*)

SLOWLY and silently, calmly and peacefully,
 Down the white pathway lit up from above,
 Rides, in her carriage of heaven-wrought silver,
 The great queen of night on her mission of love.

To silence the earth and to still its vast tumult,
 To grant to its weary ones rest and repose,
 To lovingly cast, with a hand quick and tender,
 A balm o'er their sorrows, their sins and their woes.

Along the white pathway she glides on in glory,
 The earth in her presence so tranquil and still.
 One, listening, hears the blest songs of the angels,
 The anthems of comfort, of peace and good will.

So all the long night she rides over the pathway,
 Until from the east comes the monarch of day:
 With tears fresh and dewy she flees on before him
 Unto her home country so cheerless and gray.



"THE HORSE." BY ALICE LAURENCE, AGE 9.

A HORSEBACK RIDE.

BY OLIVE KINGBAUM (AGE 15).

My cousin from Vermont had come down to spend her summer vacation with me in Arizona. For her pleasure and mine also, we went to spend a few weeks on a ranch. After we had been there a week or so, a horseback ride was suggested, of which we all did approve. It was agreed that we would start the next day, as our friend's brother had to transact some business in a neighboring town.

The next morning, on account of some delay, we did n't start until about nine o'clock. My friend's brother had to drive a cow and calf twelve miles. So we had to go quite slowly; sometimes my cousin and I would ride some distance ahead of him.

We were all very thirsty, and it was six miles before we would reach any house. I did not think I could possibly wait that long. I would ride ahead quite far, then let my horse graze for awhile. Again I would chase jack-rabbits, which are very numerous on the Arizona plains.

At last we got a drink of water, and started on again. We were quite near our destination when the little calf just had to have a rest. Then we began to feel hungry, and the more we thought of it, the more famished we would get. After the calf had rested for some time, our friend went to see which way we had to go, and we looked after the cow, who tried numerous times to get away. Our friend soon returned and led the way. In one place we had to go under a large bridge.

Before we reached the bridge we had to cross several tracks where small electric ore cars run to and from the smelter. The noise frightened our horses, and we were between two car tracks when the horses began to rear in the air. The horse my friend was on began to kick and jump around, his rider narrowly escaped being thrown off. We girls were very much frightened. But our friend was quite calm. He told us to hold on, which I can assure you we did, as there was no chance of getting off, unless we were thrown, which I thought would happen any minute.

We were some time getting the horses quieted down. At last we were across the tracks and on our way under the bridge before any of us dared to draw a breath of relief.

A RIDE TO FAIRYLAND.

BY DOROTHY LE MAY (AGE 10).

THE loveliest ride I ever took,
Was when I sat in a cozy nook;
Although I was still, I seemed to float;
The river was pearl and gold the boat.

All over the boat were fairies bright;
At first I was filled with awful fright.
But when they began to sing and dance,
And looked at me with a friendly glance,

I saw that there was nought to fear,
And wiped away the gathering tear.
We glided down a mystic way,
They said 't was night, but it seemed
like day.

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And when I reached their beautiful land,
The fairy queen took me by the hand,
And led me to her palace so small,
Which stood 'neath a lily white and tall.

The things that I saw in that fairy dell
Were more beautiful than tongue can tell;
There came a breeze from the fairy stream
Which woke me and — 't was only a dream.

A HORSEBACK ADVENTURE.

BY IDA C. KLINE (AGE 13).

My great grandmother and grandfather were pioneers in Warren County. That part of Mississippi was very thinly settled, then, and their neighbors were few and far between. Their first home was a log cabin, roughly, but strongly



"RETURNING FROM WORK." BY LAURA GARDIN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

built, in the midst of their one thousand acres of woodland. The house and clearing were surrounded by dense forests and canebrakes, and every night my grandparents barred the doors and windows securely, for wild beasts were plentiful.

Grandmother was very brave, and often rode five and ten miles to visit her distant friends, attending quilting bees and corn-huskings.

One day she saddled her trusty horse, Lightfoot, and placing her little son, Matthew, in front of her, she galloped away into the dark forest, without a thought of danger or fear. The branches of the trees were so thickly interlaced that they brushed her head and shoulders as she passed.

Suddenly Lightfoot shied and snorted with terror. Grandma looked up and saw standing in the road several yards ahead of her, a large bear and two cubs. The bear was regarding her calmly, and gave no sign of fight. Grandma, clasping her babe tightly, quieted her horse. Then she rose in the saddle and clapped her hands loudly.

The bear, followed by her cubs, walked quietly off into the woods, and Grandma continued her ride, though she heard the weird, almost human cry of a panther, nearby in the forest.

It was late in the day when she reached her destination. Soon she was sitting in the midst of a merry crowd, and telling her adventure without a tremor. After a while dinner was announced, and the hungry guests gave full justice to the dainty Thanksgiving feast that was served.

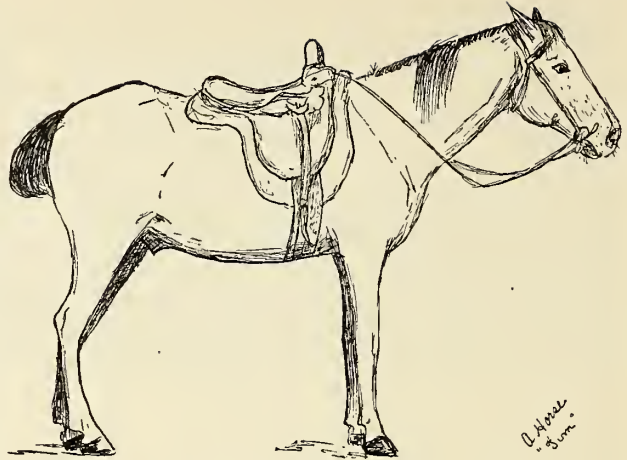
Grandma was detained until nearly sundown, and mounting her steed, she rode toward home faster than usual. As she neared the forest she noticed a red glare in the sky, and this time she really felt uneasy, lest it might be a forest fire. So she went on, in a fast gallop. When she reached the middle of the forest, she heard something crackling, and looking up, saw to her horror, a tall tree completely enveloped in flames and leaning across the roadside. Grandma was intent on getting home as quickly as possible, so, holding Matthew tightly in her arms, she bent over her horse, giving him the reins, and digging her heels into his sides, Light-foot sprang forward, and in a moment more they were out of danger and going toward home in a sweeping gallop. Grandma looked back just in time to see the tree fall across the road with a great crash.

THE RIDE IN THE WEST.

BY MARY VEULA WESTCOTT (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

The banner of sunset unfurled in the west
Mingles crimson with purple and gold;
And the streamers that flutter across the blue sky
Warn toil that the day has grown old.



"THE HORSE." BY BETTY CORNWALL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Years come and roll on, and the land grows apace;
Towns flourish and grow to world's fame—
And we honor the riders who rode to the west
Though forgot be their number and name.

Brave hearts! All undaunted they spread o'er the plain
Till they heard the loud boom of the sea,
And they built up a home in the land of the west
For the sons of the brave and the free.

THE RIDE OF THE PRINCESS THISTLEDOWN.

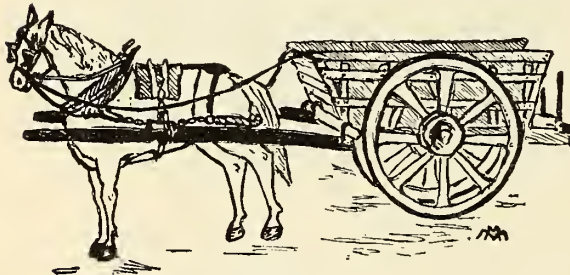
BY MARY TAFT ATWATER (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

Make way! I'm Thistledown, Princess of Night—
Through the darkness and gloom, on the bat, my steed,
I ride away from the morning light
To my cobweb bower in a distant mead.

AFTER a final fairy fling,
The ball is o'er in the Mushroom Ring,
And the fairies have scattered far and near,
For 't is late, and the dawn will soon appear.
The Dandelion's returned to his place
And with morning dew has washed his face.
The bird musicians are back in the birch;
Jack-in-the-Pulpit is ready for church;
The Bluebells's matins are in full swing:
The ball is o'er in the Mushroom Ring.

The King and the Queen have left long since,
And so has Lightheart, the fairy Prince,
And the Princess bright, in her starlight
gown,
Has fled,—sweet, timid, Thistledown.
On a bat's dark wings she has ridden
away
To her mossy cell, ere the break o' day,
And the Fire-fly flew along by her side
To light the way and to serve as guide.
All are sleeping now; but the birdlings
sing
Of the Princess's ride from the Mush-
room Ring.



"THE HORSE AND CART." BY MARGARET J. MARSHALL, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

The prairie, more vast than the vision can range,
Is unclaimed by man for his home,—
A wild tangled tract where the dangers still lurk
And numbers of buffalo roam.

Afar on the plain a dim moving speck,
And horsemen are wending their
way;
Stout hearts journey forth for to find
them a home
In the land of the close of the day.

The mountains loom high and the
valleys appall,
But their hearts are undaunted and
brave;

For they dream of a home on the
prairies so broad,
Where the starry, striped banner
shall wave.



"THE HORSE." BY KATHERINE DULCE-
BELLA BARBOUR, AGE 14.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Lost and damaged League buttons will be replaced on application. This rule does not apply to prize badges.

A HAY RIDE.

BY AILEEN HYLAND (AGED 14).

(Honor Member.)

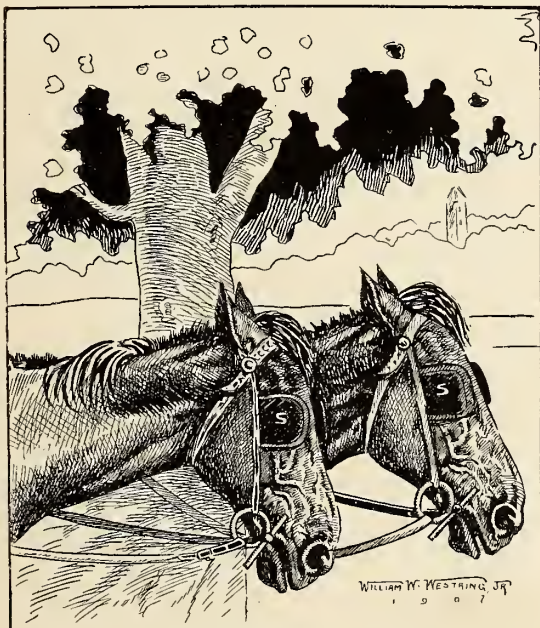
DOWN in the meadow a skylark is singing,
Filling the air with its echoing trill.
Up in the sky it is rapidly winging,
Seeming to fly to the blue heaven's sill.

Past flows the brook with its ripples and sparkles,
Tossing the spray on its moss-covered brink.
Over the water-worn pebbles it darkles,
And laughs at the lark low flying to drink.

Slowly along the gray path comes a wagon, high
Piled with the long-stalked and sweet-scented hay.
Over it hovers a four-winged dragon-fly,
Darting, now turning with others to play.

With soft pink checks dimpled and lips in a gay smile,
Two little children are nestled inside,
Buried in nests in the sweet fragrant hay-pile,
Singing with glee in their merry hay ride.

Laugh after laugh floats away on the breezes,
Seeming to change into butterflies gay.
Dear little children that everything pleases,
Happy your ride in the sweet-scented hay.



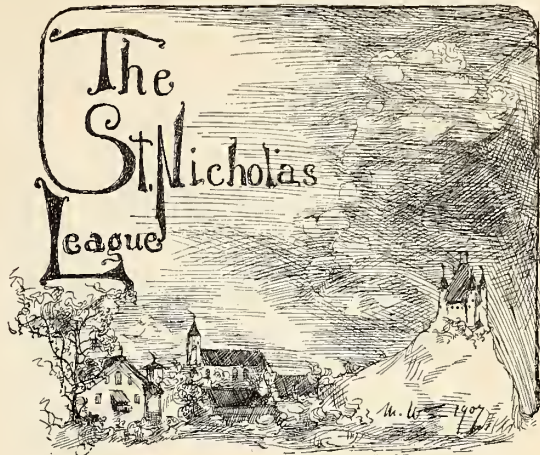
"HORSES."

"A FAITHFUL TEAM." BY WILLIAM W. WESTRING, JR., AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

LEAGUE LETTERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have belonged to the League for quite a long time but not until now have I started to send contributions.

I have two sisters who already belong to the League, and I also have a very intimate friend who first awoke my interest in the League. When I look over the ST. NICHOLAS magazine and see all the excellent



"HEADING." BY MARY WOODS, AGE 15.

stories and letters, oh, dear ST. NICHOLAS! I feel very much discouraged but I mean to work, oh, so faithfully.

Repeating these last words over and over again, I remain,

Your interested reader,

KATHERINE SIGOURNEY (age 11).

FAREWELL TO THE LEAGUE.

When the sear leaves fell in the Autumn blast,
In your garden fair I came,
And my hands were met with a friendly clasp,
When the League enrolled my name.

Now the Old Year wails like a feeble ghost,
That awaits its shroud of snow;
And afar from those who have helped me most
On my way, I, too, must go.

And although I pass through the outward gate,
Yet an echo bright of song
I will take to cheer when the hour is late,
And the path be rough and long.

For each goal I've won is a pleasant thought,
That will live with me for aye,
And the kindly help, in the lessons taught,
Will direct my upward way.

Now the field is wide for my stumbling feet,
And full steep the mountain side,
But upon its height, where the toilers meet,
There, success and joy abide.

Though at first I fail on the mist-veiled way,
And my songs no praises earn,
While the light gleams forth from the hill-crest's day,
I will ever "live to learn."

MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (age 18).

—, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for nearly twenty years for children in our family. Father gets it for me because I love nature very much. I liked "The Crimson Sweater" and "The New Boy at Hilltop," very much. I call my chum "Bunny" and he calls me "Pinkey," and we act out the stories. I am saving money for a microscope, as I have none. I saved a bird from being hung two years ago. Please send me a badge and oblige
WILFRED D. MILLS.

DEAR LEAGUE: You do not know the encouragement you give us by your prizes and honorable mentions. Some day we expect to develop real writers and poets by our efforts in our chapter, and we shall then say—ST. NICHOLAS League gave us the spur we needed, and helped us to persevere when we were children. Especially thanking you for your last medals awarded to Margaret Brett, and Gertrude Shannon,

Your devoted friends of

ST. GABRIEL'S CHAPTER.



"ON HORSEBACK," BY NAN LA LAUNE, AGE 15.

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.

VERSE 1

Marjorie Campbell
Magdalen Catherine
Weyand
Margaret E. Cobb
Elizabeth Page James
Constance P. Gill
Charles Horr
Tom Gill

Alama J. Hersfeld
Doris F. Halman
Maron E. Thomson
Lucile Quarry
Elizabeth Hugh Zachry
Florence Williams
Carol Thompson
Dorothy Miles
Elizabeth Eyre
Amy Bradish Johnson

VERSE 2.

Helen Marie Mooney
Lois Donovan
Charlotte Baum
Jeannette Munro
Constance Manchester
Esther Vroman Peters
Edyth Mildred Guptill
Katherine Harrower
Ruth Conkey
Eunice Moore
Anita G. Lynch
Grace E. Tuttle

PROSE 1.
Rosalie Waters
Mary Marshall Smith
Florence A. Williams
Emma Stewart Dunbar

PROSE 2.

Ellen Moore Burdett
Henry M. Davenport
Maude Sawyer
Frances Lucille Cregan
Dorothy Hayden
Edward G. Gay, Jr.
Rebecca P. Flint
Calla L. Miles
Kate Frances Scott
Freda M. Harrison
Helen Davenport Perry
Henry Resch
Marie Demétre
Miriam McKee
Marion B. Phelps
Mildred White
Ruth E. Jones
Velma Jolly
Elizabeth Maclay
Helen Elise Mason
Ruth Adams
Charlotte Baylies



"A TEAM," BY GLADYS NOLAN, AGE 13.



DRAWING 1.

Cornella Norris
Marjorie T. Caldwell
Catharine Ely Mann
George S. Lyman
Lydia C. Gibson
Samuel Davis Otis
Margaret C. Baxter
Marion Rubens
Margaret Erskine
Nicolson
Myron C. Nutting
Winifred C. Humilton
Evelyn Buchanan
Stella B. Ashton
Stanley C. Low
Marjorie E. Chase
Emil Belansky
R. H. Gibson
Peggy Middleton
Sherwood Chapman
Frank Kimmel
Helen G. Davis
Philip S. Day
Kathleen Buchanan
S. R. Benson

DRAWING 2.

Anne Geyer
Marshall B. Cutler
Dorothy Maitland
Falk
Evelyn Lawson
Heather P. Baxter
Margaret Farnsworth
Minnie J. Blum
Susan J. Appleton
Ruth M. Whidden
S. Margaret Miller
Nellie D. Hagan
Ruth Miller Scott
Bernard Shields, Jr.
Ina F. Greene
Margaret Nash
Elizabeth Jane Monroe
Alice M. Lennon
Gladys Waibel
Hazel Halstead
Mary Horne
Esther Victoria
Lundgren
Robert M. Klepfer
Dorothy L. Dade
Charlotte L. Gilder
Hutton Wendover
Bertram E. Kost
Felicity Askew
Eleanor Washburn
Dorothy Coker
Elizabeth Hiss
Robert Y. Jarvis
Cicely Rendell
Dorothy Gladys Spicer
Helen S. McClanahan
Frederick Eastman
Esther Hanson
Ethel B. Walker
Elbert Baldwin
Eleanor Gould
Jack Hopkins
Helen C. Hendrie
Robert Wade Speir, Jr.
Marjorie Bates
Harriet Harding
Ethlyn Lindley
Katharine Turner
Arnulf Ueland
Mildred Driesbach
Katherine Decker
Townsend Scott
Evelyn Arnold
Katherine Gibson
Marjorie Gibbons
Margaret Baxter
Carter G. Osborn
Helen C. Otis
Mildred Butler
Leonora Howarth
Loris Lisle
Catharine F. Playle
Dorothy Vivian Ely
Edith Standish
Robinson

Madge Dunnell
Eleanor B. Bedell
Bessie B. Styron

PHOTOGRAPHS 1

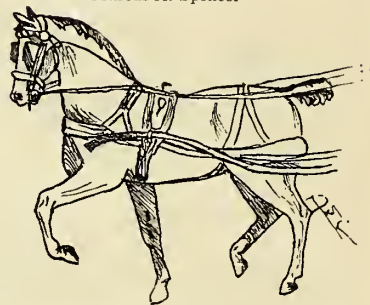
Ellen Winters
Rush S. Whiteside
Frederick R. Bailey
Donald H. Becker
Katharine Parsons
Augusta McCagg
Ellsworth Davis
George Hill
John C. B. Orth
Laura Houghteling
Canfield
Marion Ladd
Arthur T. Brice, Jr.
Roy McBee
Hester Mathews
Ellen H. Rogers
Janet McLean Scully
Dorothy S. Phillips
Galbraith Ward
Florence L. Loveland
H. M. Sabey

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Ada Wallace
Louisa G. Davis
Anna G. Clement
Robert Karlowa
Dorothy Evans
Alice MacDougal
Eleanor W. Lewis
Grace Schaeffer
Dorothy G. Clement
John J. McCutcheon
Ruth Seeley
Laura Emmet

PUZZLES 1.

Katie Schermerhorn
Marion F. Hayden
Dorothy S. Mann
Marcus A. Spencer



"THE HORSE," BY DOROTHY M. KEASEY, AGE 15.

E. Adelaide Hahn
Marjory Stoneman
Elizabeth Brennan
Sylvia Holt
Margaret B. Barker
Edna Krouse
Mary G. Mack
Ruth J. Perry
Dorothy R. Gore
Elizabeth Hoffman
T. Molchanoff
Thorley Bridgeman
T. E. Zreik
Christine Fleisher
Margaret F. Whittaker

PUZZLES 2.

Margaret Halloran
Eleanor C. Smith
Fredrica H. Atwood
Dorothy Coleman
Francis D. Perkins
Charles R. Larrabee
Clifford A. Furst
Marjorie C. Cooper

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 981. "Paterson Council of the St. NICHOLAS League." William Dey, President; Harold De Clark, Secretary; twenty-one members.

No. 982. "St. NICHOLAS Debating Club." Henry Brock, President; John W. Hill, Secretary; nine members.

No. 983. "Unseen Friends." Helen Dorena Marvin, President; three members.

No. 984. "Author's Chapter." Carroll Bernier, President; Outerson Bernier, Secretary; four members.

No. 985. "The M. M. M." Mary B. Conover, President; Elizabeth A. Lay, Secretary; four members.

No. 986. "The Club." Emilie Lindner, President; Elinor Roberson, Secretary; ten members.

No. 987. "Jewett Chapter." Henry Boucher, President; Lawrence Warbasse, Secretary; nine members.

No. 988. "St. Philips Chapter." Eloise Baxter, President; Hazel Pettit, Secretary; eight members.

No. 989. "The St. NICHOLAS Reading Club."

No. 990. "The 'S. S. S. S.'" Doris McMullen, President; Margaret Wardwell, Secretary; eight members.

No. 991. Clifford Slater, President; Lee Thompson, Secretary; five members.

No. 992. "The Merry Two." McLean Young, President; Ruth Alaveter, Treasurer;

No. 993. "Basket Ball Team." Hazel Wyeth, President; Mary Martin, Secretary; seventeen members.

No. 994. "Hooligan Glee Club." A. White, President; Edward Franklin, Secretary; three members.

No. 995. "Hemlock Club." Mary Johnson, President; Guinevere H. Norwood, Secretary; six members.

No. 996. "The Terrible Two." Eunice G. Hussey, President; Rosalea M. McCready, Secretary.

No. 997. "The Witches Brigade." Elizabeth Mary Ruggles, President; Maud Mallett, Secretary; six members.

No. 998. "The Look and Learn Club." Charles Horr, President and Secretary; four members.

No. 999. "Watson Club." William Minck, President; William Tracey, Secretary; ten members.

No. 1000. Maude Mansfield, President; Daisy Hirons, Secretary; three members.

No. 1001. "Conestoga Chapter." Elizabeth Falk, President; Grace M. Schaeffer, Secretary; four members.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 96.

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 96 will close **October 20** (for foreign members **October 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **February**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Sunset."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Fish Story." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Summer."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not

color). Two subjects, "The Angler" and a "February" Heading or Tail-piece.

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 shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

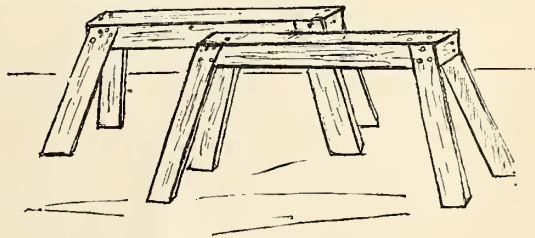
Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

THE ST. NICHOLAS League Editor is always glad to receive suggestions as to new features and subjects for competition.

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.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as

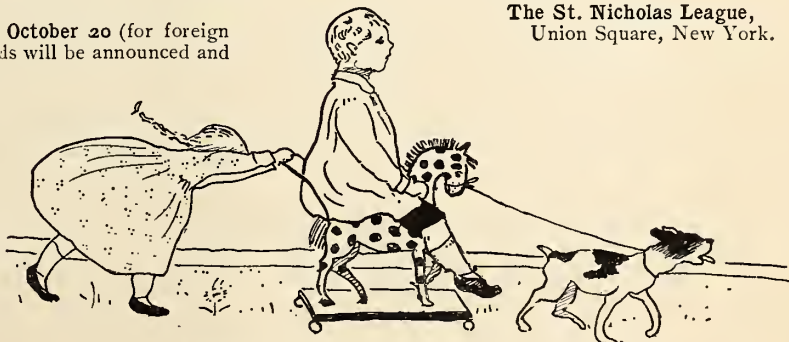


"HORSES," BY LOUISE SEYMOUR, AGE 14.

"original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied* but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"THE JOURNEY," BY STELLA BENSON, AGE 15 (HONOR MEMBER).



"Horses"

"A PRIZE EXHIBIT," BY RUTH ELLEN LANCASTER, AGE 13.

THE LETTER-BOX

CAPE MAY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a fish story, which is perfectly true, for it happened to my grandfather, grandmother, and aunt, and uncle.

A TRUE FISH STORY.

One morning some young people took some friends out in a small launch fishing.

They had taken a small row-boat (about half full of water) along to put the fish in, as the day was warm and they expected to be gone all day. They found a very good fishing ground and had caught about 160 bluefish, weighing from 2 to 3 pounds apiece. They thought they had enough bluefish, so they decided to go to a flounder fishing ground and try their luck. In going there they had to pass the inlet. It was rough, but the folks did not think it too rough to pass. They started and were nearly over when there came a swell and upset the little boat, fish and all.

They went to the new fishing ground, but they only caught about 30 fish. Their friends thought it a good joke on them.

I enjoy St. NICHOLAS very much. I like "Fritzi" and "Tom, Dick, and Harriet."

Your loving reader,

REBECCA E. LEAMING.

NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just begun to subscribe for you, but I like you very much indeed. I am nine years old, going on to ten. My favorite stories in you are "The New Boy at Hilltop," "The Cozy Lion," "Captain June," and, the best of all, "Pinkey Perkins." "Pinkey Perkins" is one of the best books I ever read. A boy lent the whole book to me, and I enjoyed it very much. It seems as if you come just when I have n't anything to do, or read. I wish to join The League, so please send me a badge and leaflet. I think that you have some fine poets and artists. I think I will try for a prize some time, I guess the next number, if I can. I have been to a few historical places,—the most interesting ones are Plymouth Rock, Bunker Hill Monument, Constitution, Charlestown Navy Yard, and The Old State House; I have also been in Longfellow's home. I have seen Lowell's and Whittier's homes. I have been in The Harvard Museum and it is a fine place. They have many stuffed animals and birds, but best of all, they have wax flowers of kinds I never saw before.

Your always faithful reader,

ELLERTON JAMES BREHAUT.

N. P.—, WEST AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is close upon three years since I became a reader of the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine. It was first brought under my notice by a friend of mine, who is also writing this month. I have often wished that we had an Australian magazine to come up to the American one which I take such an interest in. Ever since I have been taking it I have never seen a letter in it from any one in a country so far away from your own as Western Australia, and I thought it would be nice to see one of my letters in a book out of which I have gathered such an amount of interesting information. I have often wished that I could send in subjects for the different competitions, but that is quite out of my power as the ST. NICHOLAS is six weeks old when it reaches here. Through taking your magazine, I know more about the American birds, flowers and animals than I ever thought to do. The stories I took the most

interest in were "The Crimson Sweater," "From Sioux to Susan," while "Pinkey Perkins" is what I should take to be the true type of an American school-boy.

I should be very pleased if you would send me a League Badge and Leaflet.

I remain your constant reader,

DORICE RICHARDS (age 15).

SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you. I live in South Africa and there are very few white people where I live. My father is a Magistrate over the Kafirs. The people here are called Kafirs. They are black, and wear red blankets. I can speak some of their language. I go to a Public School. There are nineteen children in it. That does seem a small number, but there are so very few white children in this place. I have three cats called Duttumdee, Buzz, and Tinkie. Duttumdee is a very good hunter and catches as much as five rats a day. My favorite stories are "Fritzi" and "Pinkey Perkins." I always read the letter-box.

I remain, your most interested reader,

IRIS WARNER (age 11½).

TRINIDAD, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I like you very much.

I am a little girl and have lived in Mexico all my life, and have never written you before.

I want to tell you of a little rabbit which ran away from home just like the little rabbit in the story of Tiny Hare and the Wind Ball.

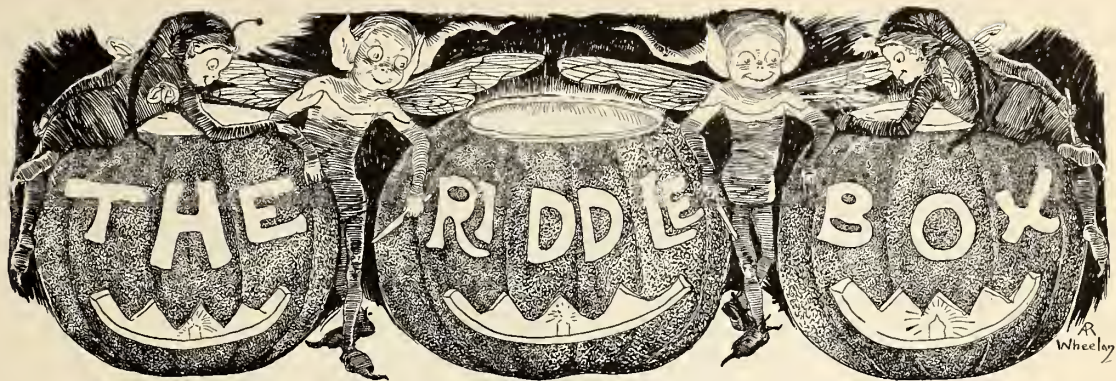
I was coming from one of the mines and our dog found a little rabbit. At first my father could not see what it was, but he soon saw that it was a little rabbit and gave it to me. I took it home and gave it grass and alfalfa, but it would not eat, so later in the afternoon we all took it back to where we found it and left it there, and the first thing it did was to jump over to one side and eat grass just as fast as it could. Then we went home and got caught in a hard rain.

Your faithful reader,

MARY HARROUN (age 10).

A YOUNG English subscriber writes to ask if any one of our Swiss readers could give her a drawing of a real sledge to hold two.

OTHER interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Marjorie J. Carleton, E. Dorothea Camp, Catharine Hanigan, Harold H. Fountain, Helen Walker, Priscilla Kimball, William McKittrick, Helen F. Batchelder, Robert Pope Holt, Forrest I. Officer, Stephen Baronian, Frances Lothrop, Schuyler N. Warren, Dorothy Cheirs, Margaret Albertson, Mildred F. Allen, Bruce Barclay, Nellie Frances Morse, Rhoda R. C. Buchanan, Ruth E. Budd, Frances G. Hammett, Ethel Moran Schreiner, Patience Childs Follett, Ethel A. Johnson, Hannah Booth Trainer, Eunice Clapp, Hellen M. Anderson, Margaret Shaw, Ruth A. Damon, May Dornin, Delia Purves, Bernard Shields, Theda Kenyon, Gertrude Douglas, Gladys Wade, Charlotte Moody, Videt I. Keiley, Mary I. Lancaster, Jane G. Akers, Fred S. McKittrick, Eileen Reed, Gismonde Baglione d'Este, Kitty Brown.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Century; finals, Webster. Cross-words: 1. Crow. 2. Ease. 3. Numb. 4. Toss. 5. Unit. 6. Race. 7. Year.

A STAR PUZZLE. 1. M. 2. Or. 3. Monarch. 4. Rasure. 5. Ruler. 6. Crewel. 7. Heretic. 8. Li. 9. C.

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS. Edgar Allan Poe. 1. Rever-end. 2. Eluci-date. 3. Unfor-given. 4. Malef-act-ion. 5. Unfea-ring. 6. Divid-able. 7. Circu-late. 8. Excel-lent. 9. Unequ-ally. 10. Ex-plain-a-tion. 11. Cater-pillar. 12. Warri-or. 13. Befri-end.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. Century. 1. Pit-c-her. 2. Low-e-red. 3. Pen-n-ant. 4. Par-t-age. 5. Sit-u-ate. 6. Cap-r-ice. 7. Mid-y-ear.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. March. 2. Adore. 3. Rowel. 4. Crete. 5. Helen.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Goldenrod. 1. Gate. 2. Oars. 3. Links. 4. Dipper. 5. Emu. 6. Net. 7. Rod. 8. Octagon. 9. Davit.—CHARADE. Road-land. Rhode Island.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom."

ANAGRAM. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CHAIN PUZZLE. 1. Ha-sh. 2. Sh-in. 3. In-to. 4. To-te. 5. Te-al. 6. Also. 7. So-ap.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC. Second row, Trafalgar. 1. Stuart. 2. Armada. 3. Caesar. 4. Africa. 5. Fawkes. 6. Alfred. 7. Aghrim. 8. Harold. 9. Trojan.

A MUSICAL PUZZLE. Facade. 1. Face. 2. Abed. 3. Café. 4. Abba. 5. Dead. 6. Edge.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 15th from Jo and I—James A. Lynd—Marion Swift—Virginia Bartow—Francis, Philip and Fred—Genevieve Alvord—"Peter Pan" and "Tinker Bell"—Frances C. Bennett—Sarah Barclay—Frances Bosanquet—Gertrude Souther—"Queenscourt"—Rachel Talbot.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 15th from E. Bohm, 2—"Neddy and Chisel," 4—C. P. Winsor, 3—Chas. Taft, 2—Cassius M. Clay, Jr., 3—Lois Hubbard, 9—E. W. Stiles, 2—Marion D. Plumb, 6—Edna Meyle, 5—Alice H. Farnsworth, 4—Eileen Floyd, 3—Eleanor M. Warden, 2—No name, Keyport, 2—Robt. Livingston, 2—"Frisco," 6—Ada M. Burt, 9—Harriet Barto, 7—"Puzzling Trio," 6—A. Reid, 2—W. H. B. Allen, Jr., 8—D. Thorburn, 2.

The following sent an answer to one puzzle: D. T.—C. R.—R. W.—M. O.—L. B. S.—H. C. Z.—E. K.—C. R.—K. A.—P. L. McG.—J. T. W.—D. M.—G. C.—A. C. C.—V. E. W.—R. B. F., Jr.—H. R.—R. P. H.—M. F.—K. G.—H. I. M.—M. G.—B. O.—W. D.—B. W.—S. W.—E. M.—E. J. H. C.—C. W.—F. I. C.—G. L.—K. S.—E. H. Z.—C. A. W.—I. F. G.—K. A. M.—E. B.—C. McC.—M. T.—L.—R. S.—E. N. V. D.—A. F. G.—G. McE.—D. G.—A. L. G.—P. W. G.—O. L.—H. C.—M. H.—M. C. W.—A. J. S.—M. E.—D. M.—V. V. W.—D. E. and D. L. L.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the initials will spell the name of a famous author; and another row of letters will spell the name of a famous philosopher.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A relation. 2. A frozen pendant. 3. Most uncommon. 4. A scribe. 5. Reply. 6. Acquires knowledge. 7. Educates. 8. To omit. 9. Haphazard. 10. Certain weapons. 11. A dastard. 12. Choice. 13. A prize. 14. Slightly colored.

CAROLINE C. JOHNSON (Honor Member).

A DIAGONAL.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL of the words described contain thirteen letters. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell two words familiar to our readers.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In a superficial manner. 2. An old-fashioned specimen of the photographer's art. 3. State of being brilliant. 4. With meaning. 5. Punishments. 6. An inhabitant of the capital of the United States. 7. Rudely. 8. Detrimentally. 9. Deprived of a franchise.

10. Benevolent. 11. Solidly. 12. Pertaining to the relations between two or more nations. 13. Certain optical instruments.

HELEN R. BURR.

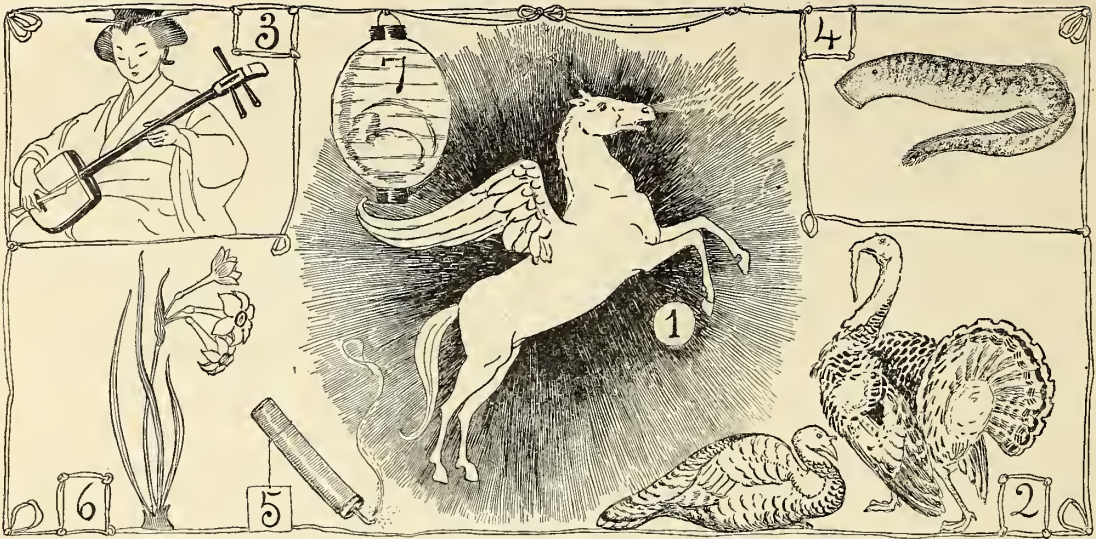
OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



1. In yellow. 2. Part of the foot. 3. A common verb. 4. A feminine name. 5. Faces of clocks. 6. The same as number four. 7. Signals. 8. To go in. 9. A brown pigment. 10. Little brooks. 11. A narrow side-street. 12. A large body of water. 13. In yellow.

WALTER DAVIDSON (age 8½).



ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.

ALL the pictured objects may be described by words of equal length. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another in the order in which they are numbered, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a word often used nowadays.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each line, and all contain the same number of letters. The central letters spell something described by the whole rhyme:

Come, every one, the rosy apples wait,
 You 'd better hurry or you will be late;
 You 've kept me long enough; come try your fate.
 Now, silence all! O Will, don't wriggle so,
 For see, downstairs now Sue and Edna go,
 Both backward, glass in hand. Slow, Edna, slow!
 Now here's a glass that 's full of water clear;
 Here's one that 's solid! an empty goblet here!
 Dip in, choose marriage now, ne'er, or next year.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

1. To include. 2. Preceding all others. 3. To make longer. 4. To relieve of a load. 5. Mixing. 6. An unmarried man. 7. The world. 8. Uncertainty. Initials, a famous explorer.

ELIZABETH PAGE (League Member).

TRIPLE BEHEADED AND CURTAILINGS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EACH of the words described contains nine letters. When triply beheaded and triply curtailed the remaining three letters will form a word. Example: Triply behead and curtail straps worn over the shoulders and leave a small instrument. Answer, sus-pen-der.

1. Behead and curtail a body of people appointed to examine into some special matter, and leave a fingerless glove. 2. Behead and curtail a substitute for yeast, and leave an age. 3. Behead and curtail an attack with cannon, and leave a prefix. 4. Behead and curtail concentrated, and leave a cave. 5. Behead and curtail concerns, and leave before. 6. Behead and curtail to make an ex-

cuse, and leave a section of the trunk of a tree. 7. Behead and curtail all letters that are not vowels, and leave near relative. 8. Behead and curtail supposing, and leave the aggregate of two or more numbers. 9. Behead and curtail postponed, and leave a pronoun. 10. Behead and curtail a follower of Wesley, and leave a receptacle for coal. 11. Behead and curtail a previous notion, and leave a word of denial.

The initials of the eleven three-letter words will spell the surname of a great musician.

RUTH BROUGHTON.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To change. 2. A stage of growth in insects. 3. To entertain. 4. To avoid. 5. Current prices.
 II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Portico. 2. A musical composition. 3. To come again to mind. 4. In a rough state. 5. Small, timid animals.
 III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A feminine name. 2. Nimble. 3. Severity. 4. Audibly. 5. Doves.
 IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Veracity. 2. Proportion. 3. To speak. 4. Rows. 5. A useful quadruped.
 V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A strip of leather. 2. The large stomach of ruminating animals when prepared for food. 3. A competitor. 4. Aside. 5. Preserved skins of beasts.

ELIZABETH T. MCCLINTOCK.



