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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XXXIX.

PART II.—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1912.

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8

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXIX.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1912.

CONTENTS OF PART II. VOLUME XXXIX.

	PAGE
AÉROPLANE, THE. (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>Harold S. Lynn</i> 982
AFTERNOON PARTY, AN—THE FIRST ARRIVAL. Picture, from a painting by J. A. Muenier..... 629
AMAZON, ADRIFT ON THE. (Illustrated by George A. King).....	<i>Dewey Austin Cobb</i> 1066
ARTIST AND HIS DOGS, AN. (Illustrated from paintings by Percival Rosseau)	<i>Frances W. Marshall</i> 963
AZTEC JINGLES. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>J. G. Francis</i> 710
Tranquillity Disturbed..... 1024
The Soul Serene..... 898
BALEARIC ISLANDS, THE.....	<i>Dr. S. J. Fort</i> 898
BALLADS OF THE BE-BA-BOES. Verse. (Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland)	<i>D. K. Stevens</i> 586
The Military Band..... 684
The Society Circus..... 782
The Fourth of July Regatta..... 889
The Annual Fishing Match..... 974
The Agricultural Fair..... 1106
The Unsuspected Talent..... 800
BALLOONING: PRESIDENT WASHINGTON AND FLYING. (Illustrated).....	<i>Marion Florence Lansing</i> . 800
BASE-BALL:	
How I Became a "Big-League" Pitcher. (Illustrated by Frank Tenney Johnson, and with photographs and diagrams).....	<i>Christy Mathewson</i> 605
Playing the Game. (Illustrated with diagrams and from photographs).....	<i>C. H. Claudy</i> 726
	804, 899, 1002, 1097
BATTLE-SHIPS. FOR THE PENNANT, OR, BATTLE-SHIPS AT TARGET-PRACTICE. (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>Charles B. Brewer</i> 771
BEEBLEBURG AMUSEMENT PARK, A SPRING EVENING AT THE. Picture, drawn by Harrison Cady..... 639
BEEBLEBURG, THE ANNUAL MOONLIGHT HOP IN. Picture, drawn by Harrison Cady 1096
BEEBLEBURG, THE GREAT JUNE PARADE IN. Picture, drawn by Harrison Cady..... 711
BIRDS, HOUSE-BUILDERS TO THE. (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>Harriet Gillespie</i> 698
"BOOK-LINE," THE. (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>Montrose J. Moses</i> 740
BOY AND THE BIRD, THE. Verse. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles F. Hardy</i> 700
BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER, A. (Illustrated by George A. King).....	<i>Flora Macdonald</i> 778
BREAKFAST PARTY, THE. Picture, from a painting by Charles C. Curran..... 1089
CANNON, IN THE MOUTH OF A. (Illustrated by Jay Hambidge).....	<i>Mary Richards Berry</i> 1010
CHEERFUL LITTLE GIRL, THE, AND HER CHEERFUL LITTLE DOLL. (Illustrated by Alice Caddy).....	<i>Caroline Stetson Allen</i> 837
	933, 1028
CHILDREN'S LIBRARIES: THE "BOOK-LINE." (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>Montrose J. Moses</i> 740
CLUE CHASE, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>F. F. H.</i> 713
CREW OF THE "ESKIMO," THE. (Illustrated by I. W. Taber).....	<i>Thomas Hollis</i> 867
CROFTON CHUMS. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....	<i>Ralph Henry Barbour</i> 590

DADDY DO-FUNNY'S, OLE, WISDOM JINGLES. Verse. (Illustrated by George A. King)	<i>Ruth McEneyr Stuart</i>	1020
DAISY FIELD, THE. Picture, from a painting by Charles C. Curran.....		820
DEBORAH'S CHANGE OF HEART. (Illustrated by W. F. Stecher).....	<i>Helen Ward Banks</i>	579
DOGS, AN ARTIST AND HIS. (Illustrated from paintings by Percival Rosseau)	<i>Frances W. Marshall</i>	963
DOMESTIC PIRATE, A. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Charles F. Lester</i>	884
DOROTHY OF SALEM TOWN. Verse. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....	<i>Alix Thorn</i>	780
DREAM-SHIP, THE. Verse. (Illustrated).....	<i>Miriam S. Clark</i>	799
"DUET, A." Picture, drawn by Gertrude A. Kay.....		835
ELECTRICITY, HOW, IS GENERATED. (Illustrated with diagrams).....	<i>Albert Walton</i>	1022
FAIRY-TIME. Verse. (Illustrated by Elizabeth Colborne).....	<i>Frances W. Marshall</i>	874
FAMOUS PICTURES. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles L. Barstow</i>	1090
FISHING-ROD, THE MAGNETISM OF THE. Pictures, drawn by Hy. Mayer.....		999
GALÁPAGOS TORTOISE: POSITIVELY THE OLDEST INHABITANT. (Illustration from photograph).....	<i>Augusta Huiell Seaman</i> ...	688
GIANT, THE END OF A. Verse. (Illustrated by Albertine R. Wheelan).....	<i>Pauline Frances Camp</i>	802
GORDON, CHARLES GEORGE. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn, R. Talbot Kelly, and from photographs).....	<i>Hamilton Fish Armstrong</i>	927
HIGHWAYMAN'S SURPRISE, THE YOUNG. Pictures, drawn by C. F. Lester.....		906
HORSELESS CARRIAGE, UNCLE JOHN AND HIS. (Illustration from photograph).....	<i>Marian Phelps</i>	914
HOW I BECAME A "BIG-LEAGUE" PITCHER. (Illustrated by Frank Tenney Johnson, and with photographs and diagrams).....	<i>Christy Mathewson</i>	605
JINGLES. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Charles F. Lester</i>	1116
JOHNNY'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION. Picture, drawn by C. F. Lester.....		836
KING'S VACATION, THE. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>Alfred Hayes</i>	1085
KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN SPUR, THE. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch).....	<i>Rupert Sargent Holland</i> ..	631
KNOTS, HOW TO TIE. (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>H. D. Jones</i>	1026
KNOX, GENERAL, HEADQUARTERS: A RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION. (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>Everett McNeil</i>	786
LADY-BIRD, THE—A FOLK CHARM. Verse	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	923
LADY OF THE LANE, THE. (Illustrated by E. C. Caswell).....	<i>Frederick Orin Bartlett</i> ...	642
	734, 790, 907, 978	
LIMERICKS. Verse.....	<i>Minnie Leona Upton</i>	906
LUCKY SIXPENCE, THE. (Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher).....	<i>Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe</i>	596,
	702, 826, 876, 988, 1075	
MAGIC BOTTLES, THE. (Illustrated by Rachel R. Elmer) Adapted by.....	<i>Julius Robinson</i>	617
'MAGINARY PEOPLE ONLY! FOR. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....	<i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	675
MARY SUNSHINE. (Illustrated by E. C. Caswell).....	<i>Marjorie Louise Hillis</i>	1124
MATHEWSON, CHRISTY: HOW I BECAME A "BIG-LEAGUE" PITCHER. (Illustrated by Frank Tenney Johnson, and with photographs and diagrams).....		605
MAY-DAY SONG, AN OLD TIME. Verse. (Illustrated by Otto Rebele) Adapted by.....	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	585
MAY-FLOWERS. Verse.....	<i>Pauline Frances Camp</i>	641
MIRACLE, THE. Verse.....	<i>Harriet H. Pierson</i>	628
"MORNING," "NOON," AND "NIGHT." Pictures, from paintings by Francis Day.....		1071
MOUSE, MR., AND MR. TOAD. Picture, drawn by E. G. Lutz.....		898
OLDEST INHABITANT, POSITIVELY THE. (Illustration from photograph).....	<i>Augusta Huiell Seaman</i>	688
OSTRICHES, A TEAM OF. (Illustration from photograph).....	<i>Lawrence W. Neff</i>	915
PANTRY GHOSTS, THE. Verse.....	<i>Frederic Richardson</i>	1009
PEACE PAYSON'S MOTTO. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....	<i>Elizabeth Price</i>	1059
PENNANT, FOR THE, or, BATTLE-SHIPS AT TARGET-PRACTICE. (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>Charles B. Brewer</i>	771
PERSIAN KITTEN, THE. Picture, from a painting by Louise Cox.....		779
PETRONEL'S LIGHT. (Illustrated by Edwin J. Prittie).....	<i>Isola Forrester</i>	893
PHONOGRAPH AND THE BIRDS, THE. Picture, drawn by Walt Kuhn.....		897

PICTURES, FAMOUS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles L. Barstow</i>	1090
"PLAY BALL!" Verse. (Illustration by E. W. Kemble).....	<i>Arthur Chamberlain</i>	1097
PLAYING THE GAME. (Base-ball Series) (Illustrated with diagrams and from photographs).....	<i>C. H. Claudy</i>	726 804, 899, 1002, 1097
POINT ROCK. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Frank Stick</i>	912
POLLY'S INHERITANCE. (Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright).....	<i>Edna Payson Brett</i>	924
PRESIDENT, SEEING THE. Verse. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....	<i>N. F. Richardson</i>	834
PRINCE SCARLET, THE STORY OF. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch).....	<i>Mary Stewart</i>	796
PRINCESS MARY. (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>Marion Ryan</i>	723
PURITAN MAYING, A. (Illustrated by Edwin J. Prittie).....	<i>M. Eloise Talbot</i>	690
REVOLUTION, A RELIC OF THE. (The General Knox Headquarters House) (Illustrations from photographs).....	<i>Everett McNeil</i>	786
ROMPING. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Marian Greene</i>	875
ROSSEAU, PERCIVAL: AN ARTIST AND HIS DOGS. (Illustrated from paintings by Percival Rosseau).....	<i>Frances W. Marshall</i>	963
SADIE SWUNG, SALLY SUNG. Verse.....	<i>James Rowe</i>	604
SEA-SERPENT, THE. Picture, drawn by Bonnibel Butler.....		987
SENSITIVE PLANT, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Mary S. Cowles Clark</i>	701
SHORE, BY THE. Verse. (Illustrated by S. Wendell Mitchell).....	<i>Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer</i>	969
SIESTA, THE. Verse. (Illustration from photograph).....	<i>Carl Werner</i>	696
"SIMPLE THOUGHTS ON GREAT SUBJECTS.".....	<i>George Lawrence Parker</i>	
The Body-Guard.....		640
The World We Live In.....		712
Coming Home Again.....		997
Making a Living.....		1115
SKY, THE. Verse.....	<i>Laura Spencer Portor</i>	1065
SONG-SPARROW: A BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER. (Illustrated by George A. King).....	<i>Flora Macdonald</i>	778
SONG-SPARROW, THE STORY OF THE. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch).....	<i>Mary Stewart</i>	885
SOUL SERENE, THE. (An Aztec Jingle) Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>J. G. Francis</i>	1024
"SPRING FRESHET, A." Picture, drawn by Gertrude Kay.....		616
SUDAN, SIGHT-SEEING IN THE. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....		715
"SUMMER." Picture, from a painting by Frank W. Benson.....		973
SUMMER BATTLE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Rudolph F. Bunner</i>	1025
SUMMER FANCY, A. Picture, drawn by C. F. Lester.....		873
"SURFMAN No. 7." (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....	<i>George C. Lane</i>	970
TALE OF THE TAILLESS CAT, THE. Verse.....	<i>Pauline Frances Camp</i>	1117
TEASE, THE. Verse.....	<i>Minnie Leona Upton</i>	683
THOUGHTFUL LITTLE FRIEND, A. Picture, drawn by A. Z. Baker.....		595
TOWNSEND TWINS, THE—CAMP DIRECTORS. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....	<i>Warren L. Eldred</i>	622 715, 813, 916, 1013, 1117
TRANQUILITY DISTURBED. (An Aztec Jingle) Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>J. G. Francis</i>	710
TRICKED! Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>May Aiken</i>	630
TRIPLETS' PLAIN PARTY, THE. (Illustrated by E. A. Furman).....	<i>Elizabeth Price</i>	821
TROUBLE IN HIGH LIFE. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....		836
"TUG OF WAR, THE." Picture, from a painting by Fred Morgan.....		905
"TWINS, THE." Picture, drawn by Gertrude Kay.....		697
WAITING FOR THE SHOWER TO PASS. Picture, drawn by Harriet Repplier.....		648
WALCHEREN, HOLLAND, SUMMER DAYS ON THE ISLAND OF. Pictures from photographs.....		1012
WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT, AND FLYING. (Illustrated).....	<i>Marion Florence Lansing</i>	800
"WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS." Verse.....	<i>Edith M. Russell</i>	630
WHEN THE DAY IS OVER. Picture, drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.....		937
WHIPPOORWILL, THE. Verse. (Illustrated).....	<i>Edward N. Tcall</i>	803
WHO-OO? Verse. (Illustration by Maurice Clifford).....	<i>Jean Halifax</i>	714

WIRELESS STATION, AN EVENING AT THE. (Illustrated by Otto Rebele, George Varian, and from photographs).....	<i>Francis Arnold Collins</i>	1110
WRONG SIDE, THE. Verse.....	<i>Alice E. Allen</i>	789

FRONTISPIECES

"Springtime," from a painting by Sydney Kendrick, facing page 579 — "Homeward Bound," by C. M. Relyea, facing page 675 — "Oh, Pardon Me, Your Excellency! I cried," by Arthur E. Becher, facing page 771 — "Gathering Wild Asters," from a painting by Charles C. Curran, facing page 867 — "In the Forest," from a painting by Percival Rosseau, facing page 963 — "The Amateur of Painting," from a painting by Meissonier, facing page 1059.

DEPARTMENTS

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK. (Illustrated)

What Happened to Betty and Polly.....	<i>Nora Bennett</i>	652
Picking Flowers. Verse. ("Jack and Jane and Betsy Anne").....	<i>Katharine M. Daland</i>	754
The Bossy Calf. Verse. " " " " " "	" " " " " "	755
The Drum-Major. Verse.....	<i>Wells Hastings</i>	850
Willie's Air-Castle. Verse.....	<i>Edwin C. Beal</i>	851
Making Friends. Verse.....	<i>F. W. M.</i>	851
"Jack's Circus." Verse. ("Jack and Jane and Betsy Anne").....	<i>Katharine M. Daland</i>	946
"Beside the Sea." Verse. " " " " " "	" " " " " "	947
"In the Hayfield." Verse. " " " " " "	" " " " " "	1042
"Jerry's Joke." Verse. " " " " " "	" " " " " "	1043
The Wolf and the Little Lamb.....	<i>Venie van Blarcom</i>	1136
BOOKS AND READING. (Illustrated).....	<i>Hildegard Hawthorne</i> ...	649
	764, 861, 956, 1052, 1148	
NATURE AND SCIENCE. (Illustrated).....	654, 747, 842, 938, 1035, 1129	
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. (Illustrated).....	662, 756, 852, 948, 1044, 1140	
THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated).....	766, 1150	
THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated).....	671, 767, 863, 959, 1055, 1151	
EDITORIAL NOTES.....		958



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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR MAY, 1912.

	Page
Frontispiece. "Springtime." From a painting by Sydney Kendrick.	579
Deborah's Change of Heart. Story Helen Ward Banks	579
Illustrated by William F. Stecher.	
An Old Time May-Day Song. Verse. Adapted by Arthur Guiterman	585
Illustrated by Otto Rebele.	
The Military Band. ("Ballads of the Be-Ba-Poes.") Verse D. K. Stevens	586
Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland.	
Crofton Chums. Serial Story Ralph Henry Barbour	590
Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	
A Thoughtful Little Friend. Picture. Drawn by A. Z. Baker	595
The Lucky Sixpence. Serial Story { Emilie Benson Knipe and	596
Illustrated by Arthur Becher. { Alden Arthur Knipe }	
Sadie Swung, Sally Sung. Verse James Rowe	604
How I Became a "Big-League" Pitcher. Christy Mathewson	605
Illustrated by Frank Tenney Johnson, and with photographs and diagram.	
"A Spring Freshet." Picture. Drawn by Gertrude Kay	616
The Magic Bottles. Story. Adapted by Julius Robinson	617
Illustrated by Rachael Robinson Elmer.	
The Townsend Twins—Camp Directors. Serial Story Warren L. Eldred	622
Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	
The Miracle. Verse Harriet H. Pierson	628
An Afternoon Party—The First Arrival. Picture. From a painting by J. A. Muenier	629
"We and Our Neighbors." Verse Edith M. Russell	630
Tricked! Verse May Alken	630
Illustrated by the Author.	
The Knights of the Golden Spur. Serial Story Rupert Sargent Holland	631
Illustrated by Reginald Birch.	
A Spring Evening at the Beetleburg Amusement Park. Picture. Drawn by Harrison Cady	639
The Body-Guard. ("Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects.") George Lawrence Parker	640
May-Flowers. Verse Pauline Frances Camp	641
The Lady of the Lane. Serial Story Frederick Orin Bartlett	642
Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.	
Waiting for the Shower to Pass. Picture. Drawn by Harriet Replier	648
Books and Reading. Hildegarde Hawthorne	649
Illustrated.	
For Very Little Folk:	
What Happened to Betty and Polly. Story Nora Bennett	652
Illustrated from paintings by Percy Tarrant.	
Nature and Science for Young Folks.	654
Illustrated.	
St. Nicholas League. With awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles	662
Illustrated.	
The Riddle-Box	671
Illustrated.	
St. Nicholas Stamp Page Advertising page	24

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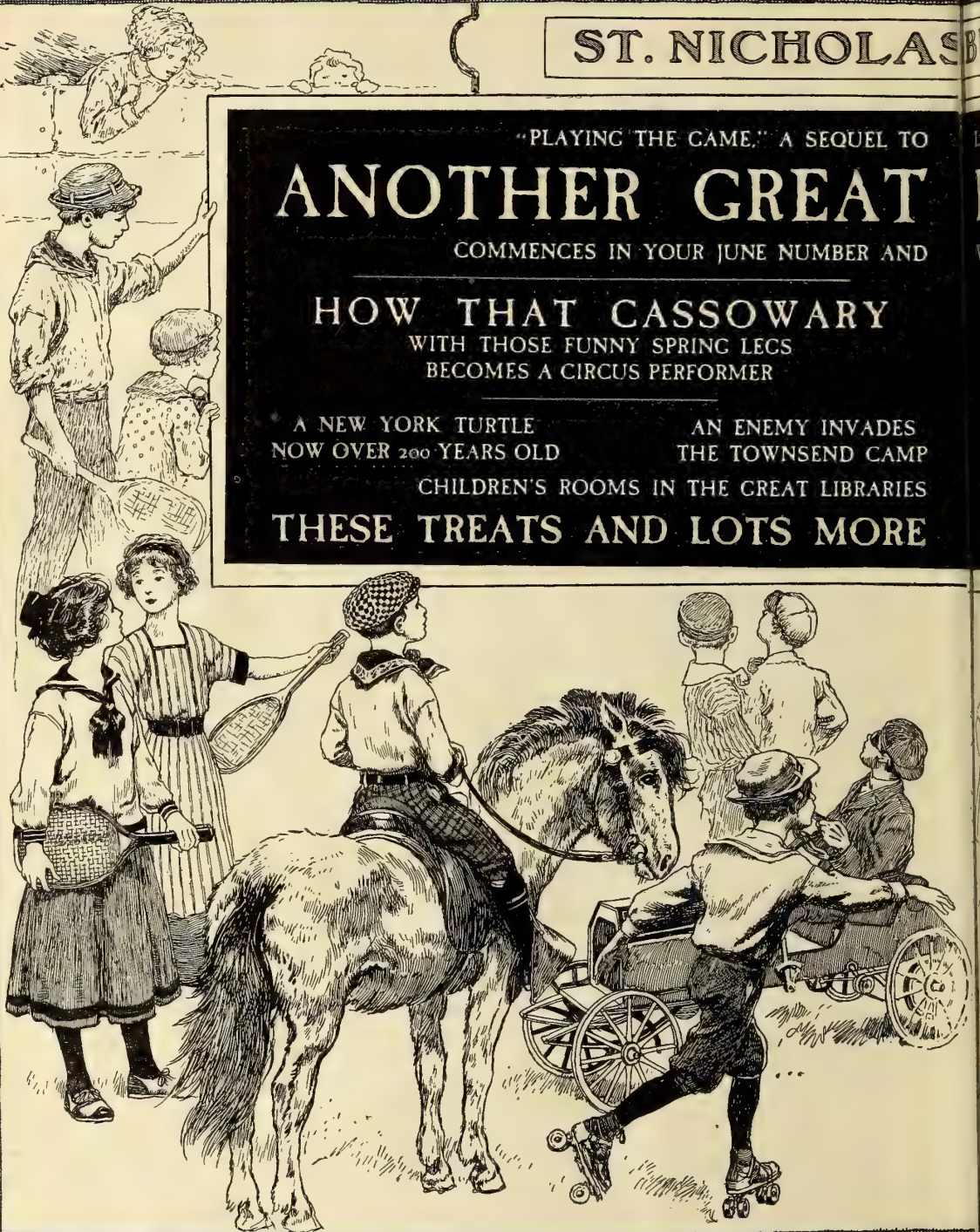
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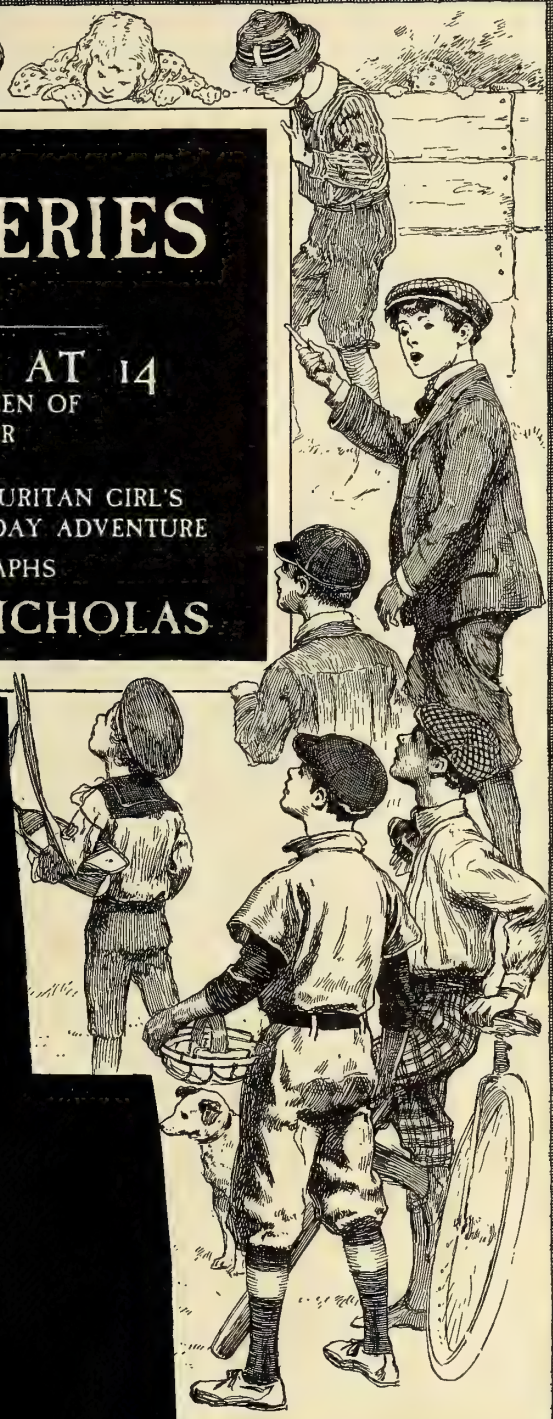
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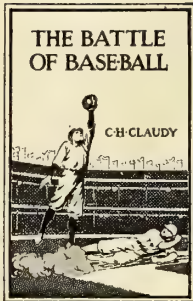


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"SPRINGTIME." FROM A PAINTING BY SYDNEY KENDRICK.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

MAY, 1912

No. 7



DEBORAH'S CHANGE OF HEART

BY HELEN WARD BANKS

"Of course I can't have what the others have. I'm too homely," murmured Deborah. "But I hate her when she talks like that."

The corners of her mouth drooped, and her eyes filled with tears. There were so many things Deborah hated: the bare, angular house perched on the hillside, the plainness of her daily living, the vision she saw reflected in the mirror,—a small figure clothed in checked-brown-gingham, and a pale face with drooping mouth and hair drawn tightly back into two braids. She could have seen eyes blue as gentians if she had looked long enough, but she always turned away after the first glance.

"I don't love a thing but my garden," thought Deborah. "It's the only beautiful thing I have. Maybe I love Auntie Jones a little scrap, and I used to love Josie, because she's so pretty. I hate ugly things. I'm going to hate people now, too. I hate Josie when she talks like that."

Pretty Josie Fenton walked on down the hill with Fred Dillon, unconscious that her words had been overheard. "It's too bad Debby is so homely," she had said carelessly.

Deborah watched them out of sight. She would have given all she owned to walk unconcernedly down the street with Fred. He was so merry and good-looking; any girl would be glad to have him for a friend. She picked up her trowel from the

door-sill, and went slowly down the walk, her back to the ugly, little house. She knelt among her flowers, and laid a caressing hand on the nearest. The garden was gay now with foxglove and sweet-william and columbine. Later it would run riot with tiger-lilies and larkspur and hollyhocks.

"I love you! I love you!" she whispered passionately. "You're the only thing I have to love. Why do I have to be so ugly when I hate ugly things with all my soul!"

She dug vigorously among her pansies for some time. Presently she left the trowel sticking in the earth, and settled back, her hands clasped around her brown-gingham knees. She was too shy to have friends to talk to; she was used to thinking things out for herself.

"I am ugly," she thought, "and Auntie Jones is ugly, and the house is ugly. It must hurt everybody to look at us all, for ugliness is hateful. Why can't the world just be full of beauty?"

For a long time, she sat thinking about it, and then she slowly went back to her pansies.

"I suppose really to make all the world beautiful, every one ought to put a little beauty into it. All I have is my garden, but that's the prettiest in town, and I can make it prettier even than it is. It's the only point I have to start from, but I'll do it. I sha'n't pay any more attention to people,

whether they 're pretty or not. I 'm going to hate people, and hate ugly things all my life, and just give myself up to putting beauty into the world."

She rose to her feet and surveyed her garden with a dreamy look. Her eyes showed the blue in this direct glance, and the corners of her mouth did not droop quite so pitifully. She had at least an object in life.

"Yes," she said. "The larkspur is in just the right place, and the hollyhocks will be lovely against the fence. The phlox needs thinning,—but it 's time to go and help Aunty Jones get dinner now."

As she walked back toward the house, her eyes traveled farther up the hill. A new house was rising on the hilltop, and the newly graded earth made more raw ugliness in the landscape.

"It 's a beautiful house," thought Deborah. "It makes ours worse than ever by contrast. But it will take forever to get the new look off the place. How lovely rock-pinks would be on that slope!"

A sudden thought struck her, so daring that it sent the unaccustomed color over her face. Was this a broader chance in her mission of bringing beauty into the world? Could she take it out of the confines of her own little garden and spread it abroad?

"Oh, I could n't! I 'd never dare!" she exclaimed. "I 've plenty of pinks, and they spread like lightning, but I 'd never dare offer Mr. Danvers any."

She could not get the thought out of her mind, however. Every morning for a week, with a quick-beating heart, she watched Mr. Danvers walk by on his visit of inspection to his new house. Then one day, before she knew she had done it, she had opened the gate and was speaking to him.

"Rock-pinks would be lovely on that slope," she gasped, her cheeks aflame. "I have lots of them. Could I plant some out there?"

Mr. Danvers looked at her quizzically.

"You 're the girl with the pretty garden, are n't you?" he said, "and we are neighbors. I 've tried to speak to you before, but you always looked the other way. And you want to share with me? That 's very kind of you."

"Don't you mind?" stammered Deborah.

"I shall be very grateful. I 'm not much at flowers, and Mrs. Danvers won't be coming till later, for I want things settled before she arrives."

"And could I put a little bunch of pink phlox by the barn?" asked Deborah, eagerly. "The color will be so pretty against the gray."

"It will be extremely pretty. Do whatever you want to. How do you like my house?"

"I love to look at it," said Deborah, fervently. The glow stayed on Deborah's face all through dinner-time. She had never before spoken to a stranger of her own accord, and it was exciting. So was the permission to pour some of the beauty of her own little garden-plot into her neighbor's wide domain.

"I 'm really doing it!" she thought. "I 'm really putting beauty into the world out of my own garden!"

Then she stopped, struck by a sudden thought. Was she going to be able to carry out perfectly her plan of hating people as she spread beauty? How could she hate Mr. Danvers while she was giving him flowers out of her garden?

She did not have time to find an answer to her question just then, for transplanting kept her very busy. Josie Fenton's father was building the house, and he watched Deborah with interest as, day by day, she came over with a new perennial clump to tuck into its fitting nook. Deborah did not know he was watching her until he spoke to her.

"Are you sharing up that white piny? It 's the handsomest one in town."

"Do you think so?" Deborah asked shyly. "I did n't know any one ever noticed it."

"When it 's in bloom, I come down this way just to look at it," Mr. Fenton said.

"Oh, do you?" Deborah asked, with a little smile. She did not often smile. Then she added, shyly, "Would you like a root, too?"

"Indeed I would, if it won't be robbing you."

"I 'd like to give it to you," Deborah answered, and went home wondering if she could leave out from her hating the people who loved flowers.

She dug so hard at her peony roots that before she knew it she had kneed a hole straight through her brown gingham frock. She showed it in dismay to Aunty Jones.

"Never mind," said the kind, old lady. "It 's an old one. You go up to the store this afternoon and get you some new gingham, and I 'll make you some new dresses. I 'm slack of work just now; and I don't read as easy as I did once."

To the second brown gingham, clean and starched, Deborah added a brown sailor hat over hair tied tightly with a brown ribbon, and went to the store. She had to wait a long time for attention, for an automobile stood outside, and the two ladies who owned it were inside buying many things. Deborah sat patiently on a high stool and waited. She looked a good deal at the young lady who was matching embroidery silk, for she was very pretty. Presently the young

lady looked up and met the gaze. She smiled at Deborah, and Deborah had shyly smiled back before she knew what she was doing.

"I'm afraid we're keeping you waiting," said the older girl.

"I don't mind," answered Deborah. "I only want some brown gingham, and I have lots of time."

"If you're going to buy yourself a dress," the automobile girl said impulsively, "don't buy an-

you will remember what I tell you. Outside beauty does n't always strike in, but inside beauty always strikes out in time, though young folk are n't apt to think so. Will you remember that? Every girl wants to be pretty, and no girl can carry a brave, honest, merry heart without having it shine through, finally, to make people call her beautiful."

"My mother is preaching you quite a sermon," laughed the young lady. "Now remember, too,



"'ROCK-PINKS WOULD BE LOVELY ON THAT SLOPE,' SHE GASPED."

other brown; buy blue, to match your eyes. See, there's a lovely piece up there."

"Why," faltered Deborah, "I've always had brown."

"But that's no reason you always should. The blue costs the same, and pretty things are much nicer to look at than ugly ones, are n't they?" said her new friend, with a smile.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Deborah.

The young lady had the blue-and-white check pulled down, and held it against Deborah's face. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes were bright as she looked up.

"It's very becoming," said the older lady, with a satisfied nod. "I am going to make you a present of a blue hair-ribbon to match, so that when you look in the glass and find how nice you look,

what I tell you. Just wear blue always, and never touch another inch of brown. Wait a minute! I have a hat out in the car that would just suit you, I know, and it is n't my style at all. Will you take it to remember *my* little sermon? My mother's ribbon will make you remember to be good, and my hat will make you remember to wear becoming clothes. They're both very important."

The young lady dashed out to find the hat, and dashed back to leave it on Deborah's lap. Then she smiled once more, and she and her mother buzzed off in the automobile, leaving Deborah's head buzzing as fast as the car. She went home, scarcely knowing who she was, the blue gingham and the blue hair-ribbon done up in one parcel, and the hat—such a pretty one!—in another.

"I'm getting all mixed up on my hating plan," she thought as she went. "I've given Mr. Danvers and Mr. Fenton flowers; that's all right.

Deborah found the Bible marker at the account of Jehoshaphat going to meet the Moabites. She liked the swing of the old Jewish story. "He appointed singers unto the Lord and that they should praise the beauty of holiness," she read finally, and stopped to think what the words meant. The beauty of holiness was a thing she had not thought about, but in a flash she saw it was the only true beauty in the world; one must cultivate beautiful thoughts and deeds as well as beautiful flowers. That was what her hair-ribbon lady had meant, and that was why she found it hard really to hate people. Hating must always be ugly. To bring beauty into the world, one must bring love into it. Oh, but it would be much harder than transplanting flowers and wearing blue ribbons!



"IT'S VERY BECOMING," SAID THE OLDER LADY."

But I like them both. And I like the pretty, young lady and the hair-ribbon lady, too."

Aunty Jones chuckled comfortably when she saw the gingham. "I declare, Debby! I don't know as my needle 'll take to anything but brown. We might have thought of blue long ago, for it's a sight prettier. I'll enjoy sewing on it."

"I could read to you while you sew, if you like," ventured Deborah, quite thrilling with the soft, clear shade of her new dress. Aunty Jones's face brightened. "It would be a great treat. Maybe you'd read me my Bible piece first."

She finished the story, and shyly kissed Aunty Jones when she went to bed. The old lady looked up lovingly. "She is n't so awfully ugly," thought Deborah, wondering, as she went upstairs. "I guess she's beautiful inside, and it's shining through. I never noticed. I wonder if I could n't make her something soft and white to wear at her neck. Then she would look like the hair-ribbon lady."

Even transplanting the beauty of love was n't so hard when Deborah really tried it. Maybe the blue

frock helped along, for it was much more friendly than the old brown ones. Deborah, before she knew it, was having long flower discussions with Mr. Fenton, and a good many of her roots made their way into his garden. She found, too, that Mr. Danvers's head painter was very fond of milk, and she carried him a pitcherful for his lunch every day. When she proposed white muslin curtains for the sitting-room, Aunty Jones was quite ready to agree, and she brought out bags of carpet-rag pieces to start a new rug. Deborah chose all the blue, and while the old

Deborah chose all the blue, and while the old

lady peacefully cut and sewed and rolled, her niece read aloud all sorts of books that they both enjoyed. For the first time, the house had a gleam of home in it, because somebody had begun to love it.

All the spare time Deborah spent in Mr. Danvers's place. He had been away for a fortnight, and came back to find new little bunches of growing things in all sorts of odd places, and Deborah busy with her seedling zinnias.

"You're a born gardener," said Mr. Danvers, "but you need more material for this big place. Suppose you had everything you wanted, what would you put in over here?"

"Oh," said Deborah, "I've shut my eyes and seen that place over and over; it's full of dahlias—yellow ones!"

Mr. Danvers nodded approvingly. "Yes, that's good. I'll get some. Now how about over here?"

Before the morning was over, Deborah and Mr. Danvers had planned the entire garden. Deborah forgot to be dumb or bashful. She chattered and laughed, and glowed like any other happy, human creature.

Presently Mr. Danvers looked at his watch. "My! how the time runs away. I don't know when I've enjoyed a morning more. I have a train to catch now, and I sha'n't be back till next month. Are you going to oversee all this planting for me? If you will, I'll give you a percentage for yourself out of the dahlias and all the other things. And now I tell you what I want to do, Miss Deborah. If you have to look up at my place, I have to look down at yours. You have beautified my slopes; now I want to add a little beauty to your house. I have lumber here I'm not going to use, and I want Fenton to put a porch along the south side of your house. Will you let him? It will take down the height and will make a pretty little house of it. I want to do it for my own sake, if you'll let me."

Then he ran for his train, and Deborah did not really know whether she had said "No, thank you," or "Yes, thank you." But it must have been yes, for the very next morning Mr. Fenton's men began to saw and fit and hammer by the little, dingy house.

Those were exciting days. Boxes of plants and seeds arrived, and there was an experienced



"IF YOU 'LL INVITE ME IN, I 'LL CARRY THAT WATER-POT FOR YOU."

gardener at Mr. Danvers's who lived for nothing but to plant beauty as Deborah ordered it. The porch took on its outline and filled out to completeness. One day the painter whom Deborah had fed with milk handed back the jug with a very grave face.

"That there milk seems to have some magic in

it," he said solemnly. "I declare if it ain't turned into white paint; enough to cover your whole house. If you 'll say the word, I 'll smear it over odd times after hours; it 'll be a good-looking little place when it gets whitened up."

"Have n't you got some green cheese around, too?" laughed Mr. Fenton. "I was just thinking I 've got some blinds piled under a lot of rubbish over at the shop that would just fit these little windows. I took 'em off an old house ten years ago. I 'll hang 'em if you 'll daub 'em over with green cheese."

"Oh!" cried Deborah. "Everybody is so good. Could I really have blinds? Not having them has always made the house look like a person without any eyebrows."

"It 's nothing to put those on," Mr. Fenton said; "and it 's all the house needs to make it match the garden. My new flowers are doing finely. Why don't you come over and see 'em? Don't you ever come to see my girl?"

"She would n't want me to," stammered Deborah. She could not forget how homely Josie thought her.

"Of course she 'd want you," answered Mr. Fenton. "I 'll send her down here to prove it."

"Oh, don't," Deborah wanted to protest, but she did n't. Would she even have to love Josie Fenton?

The paint and the blinds were on before Josie came. Debby tried to be cordial and entertaining, but it was Josie who did most of the talking. They discussed the weather and the garden, and all the time Josie was casting little flying glances at Deborah.

"Oh, Debby!" she exclaimed abruptly at last. "Will you be mad? I 'm just crazy to fix your hair. I never noticed before how thick and soft it is. You could be stunning if you did it right. Come on up-stairs and let me try."

Most unwillingly Deborah led the way to her room and sat down before her dressing-table.

"Why, it 's gorgeous!" cried Josie, as Debby's loosened hair flowed over her shoulders. "But you must n't drag it back tight as if you were stuffing a pincushion. It 's got lots of wave in it. There, you must always roll it like that and keep it soft—so. Now where 's your blue ribbon? Why, Debby, you 're lovely! Just look!"

Confused, yet pleased, Deborah looked in the mirror which had so often reflected her plain face. But what did she see now? A warm flush in the pale cheeks; a happy smile on the discon-

tented lips; a friendly look in the downcast eyes; softly waving hair instead of the scalp-tight locks—and all this set off by a blue ribbon and a blue dress that made her eyes look like forget-me-nots. It was n't herself; it could n't be! She was so ugly, and this girl was a joy to look at! It was too good to be true.

"Don't you ever dare do it any other way!" said Josie. "There 's Father going home. I 'll catch a ride. Come and see me, Debby."

Debby felt almost too conscious to go down to supper. She stole another glance at herself in the mirror, and smiled at what she saw. "I 'm not ugly," she thought with a throb of joy. "People won't have to hate looking at me. Something has shined through, but I don't know what it is."

She went out to water her flowers after supper, with the smile still in the corners of her lips, the flush on her cheeks, and the brightness in her eyes. When Fred Dillon walked by, instead of turning her back, Deborah looked up and smiled. It was a friendly smile, born of her new sense of self-assurance.

"Hello, Debby!" the boy said. "If you 'll invite me in, I 'll carry that water-pot for you. My, what a dandy porch you 've got! You 'll have to have a house-warming for that, for sure!"

"So I can!" cried Deborah. "I 'll do it just as soon as the moon is full."

"Then I 'm invited, am I?"

"Yes," said Debby, "only I can't let you pass lemonade if you spill as much as you 're spilling out of that watering-pot."

"They 're wet enough anyhow," said the boy. "Let 's go sit on the porch and look at how much good we 've done them."

Debby led the way to the porch, her heart beating with a new glad glow of life. It was all so wonderful. Above her, Mr. Danvers's beautiful house stood against the evening sky, and his lawns sloped to her own pretty little home, painted and porched and shuttered, worthy of the garden in which it stood. Fred had come to see her, as he called to see other girls, and she was talking and laughing, and she was n't homely. Life was full of joy, where a few months ago there had been only heaviness and hopeless loneliness. And she loved everything and everybody.

"Loving is the biggest beauty in the world," Deborah thought. "The really ugly things are just hating and hatefulness. I guess we can put beauty anywhere if we have loving enough."



AN OLD TIME MAY-DAY SONG

Adapted by ARTHUR GUITERMAN

We 've been a-roving down the dale
Before the break o' day;
And now we lay before your door
A budding branch of May.
A branch of May that looks so gay
Before your door to stand;
'T is but a sprout, yet leaves no doubt
That Spring is in the land.

Awake, awake, my pretty maid,
Your latch is on the pin;
Awake from out your drowsy dream,
And take your May-bush in.
The whippoorwill she sings by night,
The meadow-lark by day;
So fare you well, we must be gone,
We wish you a happy May!



THE MILITARY BAND

by D.K. Stevens

AMONG the Be-Ba-Boes whose fame
Has traveled wide and far,
Drum-Major Roland Roly
Was a celebrated star.
He had studied his profession
With a master of the Art,
And of all the known drum-majors,
He was quite a thing apart.



Katherine
Mynadier
Deland
1912

He wore a bearskin busby,
Had a baton made of gold,
Which he twirled in such a manner,
'T was bewild'ring to behold.
He marched upon the Esplanade
Like troops engaged in drill,
And there he gave a daily
Exhibition of his skill.

But still he was n't happy,
 For he wanted to expand
 And be the real drum-major
 Of a Military Band.
 So he called his friends together
 And procured for each a suit,
 Together with a book which read:
 "Instructions How to Toot."



Katharine
 Maymosen
 Deline
 1912.

For forty weeks they practised,
 Rarely stopping for a rest,
 And ev'ry Be-Ba-Bo rehearsed
 The tune that he liked best.
 While standing on a barrel,
 With his baton in his hand,
 Drum-Major Roland Roly
 Led his Military Band.

At last they felt quite qualified
 To give a grand parade,
 And show the latest manner
 In which music should be played.
 The public came by thousands,
 (For, of course, the show was free,)
 And they never heard such music,
 As I think you will agree.

Grand Parade
 Drum Major
 Roland Roly
 and his
 Military Band
 Will give a
 Mammoth Concert
 Be sure to be on hand!

For one played "Annie Laurie,"
 And another "Bonnie Doon,"
 And one played "Turkey in the Straw"
 Upon the big bassoon;
 Another one played "Money Musk,"
 And one "The Last Request."
 In fact, each played, as he 'd rehearsed,
 The tune that he liked best.

Katherine
 Maynardier
 Daland
 1912.

Now, all that vast assembly,
 From the wisest to the dunce,
 Had never heard a band that played
 So many tunes at once.
 They cheered and loudly shouted
 Till they shook the list'ning earth,
 Because they felt that they, at last,
 Had got their money's worth.



And still the Band marched on, with each,
 Oblivious of the rest,
 Performing on his own account
 The tune that he liked best.
 And now upon the scroll of Fame
 These names forever stand:
Drum-Major Roland Roly
And his Military Band.



Katherine
 Maynardier
 Daland
 1912.

CROFTON CHUMS

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Kingsford, Quarter," "Team-Mates," etc.

CHAPTER XIII

HAWTHORNE COMES TO CONQUER

THE day of the Hawthorne game dawned cold and gray, with a chill breeze out of the east. Hawthorne, two hundred strong, took possession of the village before noon, taxing the capacities of the railroad restaurant and the various lunch-rooms to the limit. At one, Gil and Poke set off to the field.

"If you don't win, Poke Endicott," called Hope from the porch, as the boys started down the road, "I'll never speak to you again!"

"After that threat," laughed Poke, "I shall simply eat 'em alive, Hope!"

The rest of the household, Jim, Jeffrey, Hope, Mrs. Hazard, and Mr. Hanks, started an hour later. Mr. Hanks, having had foot-ball suddenly thrust into his philosophy, displayed an amazing interest and curiosity. "You see," he confided to Mrs. Hazard, "I have never witnessed a game of foot-ball. This may seem—er—strange to you, madam, for my college was, I believe, very successful at the game. The fact, however, is that I never had time to attend the contests. I am quite curious to see how the sport is indulged in. It must, it would seem, be—er—quite interesting."

When the Sunnywood party arrived at the field, Hawthorne, looking, in its black-and-orange, like an army of young Princetonians, was already warming up for the fray. Along the ropes, across the white-barred turf, Hawthorne's supporters were singing and cheering. It was cold enough for heavy clothing and rugs, and Hope snuggled down comfortably between her mother and Mr. Hanks on the grand stand. Beyond Mrs. Hazard sat Jim, with Jeffrey beside him. The Crofton side of the field was three and four deep with spectators; and at ten minutes before the time set for starting the game, two things happened simultaneously: the Crofton team, brave in new uniforms of crimson and gray, trotted onto the field to the wild shouts of its supporters, and the sun burst through the murk in a sudden blaze of glory. Hope waved her banner.

"That," she cried ecstatically, "means we shall win!"

Crofton took the field for practice, Gary, back in his togs once more, racing down the gridiron like a joyful colt. A moment later, Gil ran up and called excitedly to Jim across the rope.

"Come on and be our linesman, Jim. You see," he continued, as Jim ducked under the barrier and strode across the field with him, "you'll be nearer things, and can watch the game a heap better. There's your partner in crime over there with the chain. Introduce yourself like a gentleman, shake hands, and welcome him to the funeral. They've got a pretty husky set of men, have n't they? That's Gould, the little chap talking to Johnny. He's the man we've got to watch to-day. There's the whistle. Root for us, Jim!"

Hawthorne spread herself over the west end of the field to receive the kick-off, Duncan Sargent patted the tee into shape, poised the ball, and looked around him. "All ready, Hawthorne? All ready, Crofton?" questioned the referee. Both teams assented, the whistle blew, Sargent sent the ball spinning down the field, and the game was on.

Johnny had instructed his team to get the jump on Hawthorne at the start, and it obeyed him. From the first line-up, Poke Endicott tore off eighteen yards outside of tackle, and Crofton began a rushing advance that took the ball to Hawthorne's fifteen-yard mark. Hawthorne stiffened as the play neared the goal-line, and Arnold tried a forward pass to Tearney, right end. This failed, and the ball went to the orange-and-black. But on the very next play, Hawthorne's left half fumbled, and Benson, Crofton's full-back, dived into the scramble and recovered the pigskin. Crofton's machine started up again, and after three rushes, Poke shot through and over the goal-line for a well-earned touch-down. Sargent kicked goal.

The crimson-and-gray flags waved madly, and three hundred voices cheered and yelled. Even Mrs. Hazard clapped her hands, and Mr. Hanks, just beginning to understand the scheme of things, beamed approvingly through his spectacles. As for Hope, why, Hope was already breathless from screaming, and trembling with excitement. That was the only scoring, and the first period ended with the ball in Crofton's possession on her rival's twenty-seven yards.

Hawthorne's chief mainstay was her quarter-back, Gould, a remarkable all-around player. A brainy general, a certain catcher of punts, a brainty runner either in a broken field or an open, and a clever manipulator of the forward

pass, Crofton held him in great respect. Hawthorne's team was, in a manner, built around Gould, and in that lay whatever weakness it possessed. Johnny had coached his players to stop Gould, knowing that, aside from his perform-

The second period began with Crofton in high feather. Benson and Smith, left half, each made short gains, and then Arnold tried a forward pass from Hawthorne's twenty-five-yard mark. He threw too far, however, and the orange-and-

black received the ball on its thirteen-yard line. Gould kicked, and, thanks to two holding penalties, Crofton was forced back into its own territory in the next few minutes. Then Arnold's punt went to Gould on his forty yards. With the first real flash of form he had shown, the little quarter-back tore off fifteen yards. From the center of the field, and close to the side-line, he made his first successful forward pass, a hard, low throw along the edge of the field, to his right end, who caught the ball over his shoulder, and ran to Crofton's thirty-four-yard line. A try at the line netted two yards. Then Gould again hurled the pigskin, this time selecting his left end for receiver, and sending a low drive to him on Crofton's twenty-five yards. For a moment, it looked as though Hawthorne would score there and then, for the runner sprinted to Crofton's eight-yard line before he was pulled down from behind. Across the field, Hawthorne was wild with joy, and two hundred of her loyal sons shouted and danced with delight. Then Hawthorne tried one rush, and lost a yard. Crofton was now plainly over-anxious, and when, on the next play, Gould sent his right half-back at the right wing on a



JIM TAKES HIS EXAMINATION ON THE FOOT-BALL FIELD. (SEE PAGE 594)

ances, Hawthorne had very little to offer in the matter of ground-gaining feats. And throughout the first period, Gould failed to get away with anything. Crofton watched him as a cat watches a mouse, and every move of his was smothered. Whenever he caught a punt in the back field, Tearney and Gil were down on him, to stand him on his plucky little head immediately.

delayed pass, Tearney was drawn in, and the yellow-and-black player simply romped across the line for a touch-down. From this Hawthorne's right end kicked a goal from a difficult angle, and the score was tied.

Then it seemed that Hawthorne had found herself. The orange-and-black took heart, and after Crofton had kicked off again, Gould ran the ball

back thirty yards, eluding half the Crofton team, and placed it on her forty-five-yard line. Crofton's defense was now severely tested. Gould gave the ball to his backs, and twice Hawthorne made first down by short line plunges. The vulnerable spot in Crofton's defense was at left tackle, where Parker, willing though he was, lacked experience and weight. On her twenty-five-yard line, Crofton stiffened up, and Gould tried a forward pass that proved illegal. A plunge at center gave the ball to Crofton, and Arnold punted on the first down. Gould caught the ball, and was promptly laid on his back by Gil. A penalty for holding forced Hawthorne back to her thirty yards. Gould tried an end run that gained but seven yards, and then punted. Crofton made three yards through right tackle, and then Arnold got off a beautiful forward pass to Gil, and the latter, by squirming and crowding, finally reached Hawthorne's twenty-yard line. Two rushes failed to gain much distance, and Arnold dropped back to the thirty-yard line, and, with every watcher holding his breath, drop-kicked the oval over the cross-bar. It was Crofton's turn to exult, and exult she did, while from the opposite side of the gridiron, Hawthorne hurled defiance. A moment later the first half ended, the score 9 to 6; Crofton ahead by three points.

Jim returned to his party on the seats and squeezed himself down beside Jeffrey, looking very serious.

"Is n't it just glorious?" cried Hope, her cheeks crimson and her hair, loosened by the breeze, fluttering about her face.

"Glorious?" laughed her brother. "Yes, it is!" "Can we hold them, do you think?" asked Jeffrey.

Jim shook his head. "I don't know. I heard Johnny tell Duncan Sargent a minute ago that he 'd give a hundred dollars if the game were

over. If Hawthorne pounded away at the left side of our line, she could gain like anything. Parker 's doing the best he can, but he can't stop them." Then he turned to Mr. Hanks, and asked him: "How do you like the game, sir?"



"HE WAS OFF WITH A CLEAR FIELD AHEAD!" (SEE PAGE 595.)

"Very much indeed. I—I find myself quite interested. Hope has been instructing me in the —er—fine points, but I fear she has found me a very stupid pupil."

"Well, I don't think I can give you more than a C," laughed Hope. "And Mama gets a D minus. Awhile ago she wanted to know why the tall man in the white sweater did n't play harder."

"Well, nobody told me he was the referee, or whatever he is," declared Mrs. Hazard, smilingly.

"Jim, I hope we just—just gobble them up this half," said Hope.

"Gobble them up?" repeated Mr. Hanks. "Is that—er—a foot-ball term, or do you use the phrase metaphorically?"

"She means eat 'em alive, sir," laughed Jeffrey.

"We won't do that," said Jim, with a shake of his head. "All we can hope to do is hold them where they are. Is n't Gil playing a peach of a game? And Poke, too? Did you see him go through for that touch-down? He was like a human battering-ram!"

"How 's Gary doing?" asked Jeffrey.

"Putting up a great game; playing a heap better than Sargent, I think. But I suppose that 's natural enough. Sargent 's captain, and that always puts a chap off his game, they say. If I was that Hawthorne quarter, I 'd plug away at Parker and Sargent, and I 'll bet I 'd make some bully gains."

"They probably will this half," said Jeffrey. "Their coach has probably seen just what you have. Somebody ought to tell Gould, too, that he is punting too low. He does n't give his ends a chance to get down the field. We 've gained every time on exchange of kicks."

At that moment a voice cried, "Hazard! Hazard! Is Hazard here?"

Jim jumped to his feet and answered. A substitute player in a much begrimed uniform ran up. "Johnny wants to see you at the gym," he called. "Right away!"

"What the dickens does he want?" muttered Jim. "Keep my seat for me, Jeff."

He found the locker-room in wild confusion. Rubbers were busy with strains and bruises; twenty fellows were talking at once; the air was heavy with the fumes of alcohol and liniment. Johnny was deep in conversation with captain and manager.

"You wanted to see me?" asked Jim, pushing his way through the crowd.

"Yes, I do! Look here, Hazard, where do you stand?"

"Stand?"

"Yes," replied Johnny, impatiently. "Is n't there any way you can play this half?"

"I 'm afraid not," answered Jim. "Mr. Gordon wired that I 'd have to take an exam before I could play."

"You did n't take it?"

"No, sir. There was n't any way to take it that I knew of."

Johnny looked at Sargent questioningly. "You would n't risk it, would you?" he asked, in a low voice. Sargent shook his head emphatically.

"I 'd be afraid to. J. G. 's a tartar about that sort of thing. Better try Needham."

"All right." Johnny nodded to Jim. "Sorry. Thought maybe you could manage somehow to help us out. Better not go against the faculty, though."

"I 'm willing to risk it if you need me," replied Jim, quietly.

"I won't have it," said Sargent, decisively. "You 'd get fired as sure as fate, Hazard. Much obliged, just the same."

"Time 's up!" called Johnny.

Jim walked back to the field despondently. If they had given him any encouragement, he told himself, he 'd have risked J. G.'s displeasure and played. When he reached his seat, Jeffrey asked:

"What was it, Jim?"

"Nothing much. Johnny thought maybe I could play in this half. They 're taking Parker out. Needham 's going in. He will be twice as bad as Parker, I guess."

"Did n't Johnny know?"

"About me? Yes, but he seemed to think I might have taken an exam. I don't see how I could have, do you?"

Jeffrey shook his head. "No, I don't." Jim glanced along to find Mr. Hanks peering interestedly through his spectacles.

"Do I understand, Jim," he asked, "that you could play if you passed an examination?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so. That 's what Mr. Gordon wired, you know."

"Do they—er—need you, do you think?"

"They seem to think so," answered Jim. "They want a fellow to take Parker's place."

"Well—well—" Mr. Hanks's eyes snapped behind the thick lenses of his glasses—"do you think you could pass an examination now?"

"Now!" exclaimed Jim. "Why—why—do you mean—"

"I mean now!" repeated Mr. Hanks, crisply. "Now and here!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then I 'll examine you, and if you pass—"

"Jeff," cried Jim, as he jumped to his feet, "run over and tell Johnny to find some one to take my place on the line. Tell him I 'm taking my exam! Tell him to get me some togs, and I 'll be ready to play in—" he stopped and looked at Mr. Hanks.

"Fifteen minutes!" said the instructor.

CHAPTER XIV

JIM PASSES AN EXAMINATION

HAWTHORNE began to hammer the left side of Crofton's line at the start. Gould hurled his backs

time and again at Needham and Sargent. Gain after gain was made, Needham proving no harder to penetrate than Parker had been. Sargent was a tougher proposition, but even he was weakening. The first ten minutes of the third quarter was a rout for Crofton. From their forty yards to Crofton's twenty-five, the Hawthorne players swept, and then, just when success seemed within their grasp, a fumble lost them the ball. Poke reeled off twelve yards through the center of the Hawthorne line, and Smith and Benson plugged away for another down. Then Hawthorne held stubbornly, and Arnold kicked. After that, Hawthorne came back again, slowly but surely, banging the left guard and tackle positions for gain on gain, and now and then sending Gould on an end run for the sake of variety. Both teams were tiring now, and the playing was slower. Smith was hurt, and a substitute went in for him. With two minutes of the third period remaining, the ball was down on Crofton's eighteen-yard line, and the crimson-and-gray was almost in her last ditch. Had Gould chosen to try a goal from field there, he might have tied the score, but the plucky little general was out for a victory and insisted on a touch-down. He himself took the ball for a plunge through left tackle, and got by for three yards. Then a delayed pass went wrong, and before another play could be brought off, the whistle sounded.

At that minute, over behind a corner of the Crofton grand stand, Mr. Hanks nodded his head twice.

"You pass, Hazard," he said.

Five minutes later, Johnny had Jim by the arm, and was leading him along the side-line.

"Wait till this play is over," he said. "Then go in for Needham. Get the jump on those fellows and break it up! Understand? *Break it up!* You can do it; any one can with an ounce of ginger. There you are! Scoot!"

And Jim scooted!

"Left tackle, sir!" he cried to the umpire. That official nodded. Needham, panting and weak, yielded his head-gear and walked off to receive his meed of cheering. Arnold thumped Jim on the back ecstatically.

"Oh, look who 's here!" he yelled shrilly.

"Well, well, well! Now let 's stop 'em, Crofton!"

"Look out for the left half on a cross-buck," whispered Sargent from between swollen lips.

"And get low, Hazard. We 've got to get this, you know; we 've got to get it!"

"All right," answered Jim, quietly, eying his antagonist shrewdly. "Here 's where we put 'em out of business."

"Hello, son," said the opposing tackle as the

lines set again. "How 'd they let you in? Watch out now, I 'm coming through!"

But he did n't. Jim beat him by a fraction of a second, and was pushing him back before he knew what had happened. Sargent, having no longer to play two positions, braced wonderfully. In three plays Hawthorne discovered that the left of her opponent's line was no longer a gateway. Learning that fact cost her the possession of the ball, for she missed her distance by a half-foot. Crofton hurled Poke at left guard, and piled him through for four yards. Then came a mix-up in the signals in which Smith's substitute hit Hawthorne's line without the ball. Arnold kicked, but his leg was getting tired, and Gould got the oval twenty yards down the field. On Crofton's forty-yard mark, Gould got off a short forward pass that took the team over two white lines. Then an end run netted nothing, and again Gould kicked. Benson got under the ball, caught it, dropped it, tried to recover it, and was bowled aside by a Hawthorne forward, who snuggled the pigskin beneath him on Crofton's twelve-yard line. Two plunges netted nothing, and Gould fell back for a kick from the twenty-eight-yard line. Although half the Crofton team managed to break through, and though Gil absolutely tipped the ball with his fingers, the oval flew fair and square across the bar, and Hawthorne had again tied the score!

With only three minutes to play, the teams took their places, and Sargent kicked off. Gil and Tearney again downed Gould in his tracks. A try at a forward pass failed, and an on-side kick went out at Crofton's forty-five yards. The ball was brought in, and Arnold pegged at Hawthorne's center for twelve yards. A fumble by Gil was recovered by a Hawthorne end, and again the orange-and-black started for the Crofton goal. But there was little time left now, and along the side-lines it was agreed that the contest would end in a tie. When two minutes remained and the ball was in Hawthorne's possession on her opponent's thirty-eight yards, after two exchanges of punts, Gould dashed off around Gil's end of the line, and, with good interference, gained almost fifteen yards. Hawthorne took heart at this, and her cheers boomed across the field. A plunge at right tackle gave her five more. Then the unexpected happened.

Gould dropped back into kicking position, but when the ball went to him, he poised it, and waited to find his end to make a forward pass. Jim, hurling himself past his opponent, dodged a back, and before Gould could get the ball away, was upon him. Down went the little quarter, and away bobbed the ball. An instant of wild scram-

bling, and then Jim was on his feet again, the ball was scooped up into his arms, and he was off with a clear field ahead!

After him came the pursuit, foe and friend alike strung back along the gridiron. Past the fifty-five-yard line, and still well ahead, Jim edged in toward the middle of the field. Then Gould, making what was his pluckiest effort of all that long, hard-fought game, almost reached him. But behind Gould was Gil, and Gil it was who, just as the quarter-back's arms stretched out to bring Jim to earth, threw himself in front of the enemy. Over they went together, rolling and kicking, and Jim, with his breath almost gone, staggered and fell across the goal-line.

WHAT if Andy LaGrange, called on to kick the goal in place of Sargent, did miss it by yards

and yards? The game was won! For another year the crimson-and-gray held the championship!

Crofton was still shouting, still waving, still cavorting, when LaGrange missed that goal, and still at it when, after two plays, the final whistle sounded. Hope, standing on the seat, flourished her flag wildly.

"Is n't it perfectly jimmy?" she cried, looking down at Mr. Hanks and her mother.

Mr. Hanks, beaming with satisfaction through his spectacles, assented. "It is. We—er—as you would say, 'gobbled them up!'"

"Did n't we just? And did n't Jim do *beautifully*, Mr. Hanks?"

Mr. Hanks nodded slowly. "Yes," he replied, "your brother passed a very creditable, if somewhat hurried, examination."

THE END.



A THOUGHTFUL LITTLE FRIEND: "COME ON IN, HIPPO! THE WATER 'S FINE!"

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER X

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

As I stood amid the young officers aboard the *Good Will*, I felt much embarrassed, as my blushing face must have shown, for one of them stepped forward and addressed me most politely:

"You must excuse our manners, Mistress—Mistress—"

"My name is Beatrice Travers," I said.

"And mine is plain Guy Vernon, at your service," he returned. "These others are mostly lords of one sort or another, and, as you are like to be with us for some time, 't is fitting you should know them." Whereupon, with much ceremony and many low bows, he named them one after another. Each in his turn doffed his hat to me, and I courtesied the best I knew; and though, perhaps, there was a smile here and there among them, they did not mock me, and behaved as English gentlemen should to one who had come among them, e'en though it was from a rebel ship. 'T is fitting that I should say here that, while I was on the *Good Will*, these young officers treated me with every kindness, and one, indeed, proved a friend in need.

Once more, after this introduction, they began to ask me questions, but were again cut short by the officer who had brought me aboard. He was Lord Bedford, heir to one of the great dukedoms, but 't was not on that account that his commands were heeded.

"'T is gloomy weather when Bedford 's in charge," Mr. Vernon explained. "He is so monstrous earnest."

"One would think 't was a real war to see him act the martinet," exclaimed another.

"And is it not a real war?" I asked in surprise, at which they all laughed heartily.

"Nay, Mistress Travers," said Mr. Vernon, smiling; "it hath all the words of a war, I grant you, and there have been many declarations of this or that; but what can a few colonists do without an army, without a navy, and without a leader? 'T is no war, but a lark; and I, for one, hope they come early to their senses, for I have visited among them and like their ways. When all 's said and done, they 're Englishmen, like the rest of us, and it 's far from pleasant to have to kill your brothers because they have taken wry notions into their heads."

"Enough, Vernon," one of them called. "Stop

your talk of politics and your croaking that there will be no war. Send it may last long enough to gain promotion for some of us at least. Otherwise these old toppers of the quarter-deck will live forever."

Then they all began to talk among themselves, and divided into little groups, for 't was evident that they would have to wait to satisfy their curiosity.

"Vernon," said Lord Bedford, "I will leave the prisoner in your care, to be produced when Sir John is ready to receive her." And with that he, too, went off.

"'T is a weighty charge," said Mr. Vernon, seriously. "May I ask you, Mistress Prisoner, to give me your word that you will not try to escape, otherwise I fear I shall have to put you in irons."

"Am I really a prisoner?" I asked.

"You heard the earnest Bedford," Mr. Vernon replied; "but 't is not likely you can escape far from the ship, and aboard here we are so crowded, there is scarce room for a mouse to hide. The truth is we 're no war-ship, but a transport. 'T will be a comfort when we join the fleet and get rid of these landlubbers."

With that, Mr. Vernon led me below to a large cabin, and, after some trouble, I fancy, he found me a sleeping place which, though but a cubby-hole, was comfortable enough for one small maid. I then asked to have my portmanteau, but that was denied me until my interview with the great Sir John should be over.

Of him I had some fear, for in our talk Mr. Vernon dropped a hint now and then that the commander was not all a gentleman should be; that with his inferiors he was like to be a boor, while he was servile to those above him.

It was nigh eleven o'clock when, at last, I was summoned before the great man, and, as I went, Mr. Vernon gave me a final word of caution.

"I wish, Mistress Beatrice, for the credit of the navy, that you were going before another than Sir John, but here 's a hint: don't seem to fear him, or he will try to crush you. Take your courage in your two hands and talk back to him. If, by any chance, you have a relation with a title hooked to his name, let it out early; 't will help. Now go, and good luck to you."

It was with a beating heart that I entered the cabin where a group of older officers stood about the head of the table, at which was seated a coarse, red-faced man, whom I rightly took to be

Sir John. His head was bent, but as I entered he looked at me from under his brows and glared angrily.

Lord Bedford was standing and was speaking when I drew near.

"We saw the ship blown up, Sir John, and immediately sent two boats, in one of which I went myself. We picked up the maid here, and Lieutenant Trelawney went on to investigate. He reports that there was no sign of any one else, and that, except for a little wreckage on the shore, he found nothing. There was no evidence of any one having landed."

"Do you mean to tell me they blew up the ship with all hands?" growled Sir John, not looking at Lord Bedford, but staring at me beneath his brows.

"It seems likely," was the answer, "for the boats were all at their davits except the one this maid came in; of that there is no doubt."

"A fool's tale!" Sir John snapped. "Hold, and let me question the girl. Now, miss, the truth, or 't will be the worse for you. Tell us how came this accident to the *Bouncing Betsey*."

"'T was not an accident," I answered, as calmly as I could. "'T was by design."

"How know you that?" he demanded.

"I heard the captain talk about it to Mr. Green, the mate. He said he would send her to the bottom with all hands before he would let you take her."

"Did the men leave the ship before or after you?" was his next question, and his eye had a cunning look in it as if he thought to trap me.

"I saw none leave the ship before or after," I replied.

"But 't is unbelievable!" cried Sir John, angrily. "The shore was scarce a mile away. They could have escaped to the land."

"They feared the troops ashore," I put in voluntarily, for I knew that Captain Timmons wished those on board the *Good Will* to believe that all hands had gone down.

"So they knew that, did they?" said Sir John, more to himself than to any one else. "I would like to know how they found out"; then, seeming to break into a sudden rage, he brought his fist down on the table with a resounding thwack.

"I 'll not believe I 'm to be balked by a lot of rascally rebels!" he shouted.

"But, Sir John," one of the officers put in mildly, "it can scarce make any great difference. The powder is lost to them, and if the men have got ashore, which seems monstrous doubtful, they will be captured within two hours of their landing."

"But the powder is the smallest part of it!"

cried Sir John. "They carried aboard their ship something that meant more than ten times the powder." He rose from his chair and began pacing the room, glowering fiercely all the while; and the others stood in silence, shifting from one foot to another and seeming as uncomfortable as I.

At last Sir John stopped and addressed Lord Bedford.

"Was there aught else in the boat but this girl?"

"There were some boxes and a portmanteau evidently holding her belongings. They are on deck awaiting your orders."

"Have them searched at once," he commanded, "and bring me every bit of writing you can find. Look sharp, now, for this is no paltry matter of a few pounds of powder. 'T is not unlikely these scoundrelly rebels might make a messenger of the maid, thinking to trick us. Look to it, and bring me every scrap of writing that is found."

As Lord Bedford hurried away to search the boxes, my heart sank, for I knew, if no one else in that room did, for what Sir John was looking. It was, of course, the paper Captain Timmons had been so much concerned about, and which, at that moment, was hidden in the little book of Moral Maxims in my portmanteau. Now, it seemed to me that Sir John would surely find it, and I trembled for fear of what was to come, but I hid my anxiety and tried to look as indifferent as I could, for I knew that he was searching my face to see if, perchance, I might betray any knowledge of what he had hinted at. I took my courage in my two hands as Mr. Vernon had bade me, and, for love of the cause of liberty with which Captain Timmons had imbued me, I determined to do my best to keep the secret; but in my heart I was fearful.

While we waited, Sir John began to quiz me again.

"Why were you on the ship at all?" he asked abruptly.

"I was going to my relative in America," I answered.

"And who is that?" was his next question.

"Mr. John Travers, of Germantown," I replied, and then, thinking of another hint Mr. Vernon had given me, I added, "the Travers are cousins to Lord Harborough and to Sir Horace Travers of Kent."

I watched to see how he would receive this news, and was glad to note that it had made an impression, for he looked at me more closely than before, and stopped in his walk up and down the cabin.

"Is your relative the Lord Harborough who

lately married with the daughter of His Grace the Duke of Beaumont?" he said with a hint at a sneer, but I could see that, although he was not inclined to believe me, he was uncertain.

"'T is the same," I replied; "and it was because of the marriage that I am going to my cousin, Mr. Travers."

"A rigmarole," Sir John shouted. "Think you I believe such a tale from a waif picked up from a rebel ship? Stuff! Is Harborough like to have his cousins half over the world? I tell you plainly, girl, I do not believe you."

His doubting made me very angry all in a minute.

"Nevertheless it is true as is all else I have told you," I retorted, and I could feel my face flushing, which he noted as well, for his manner became a little more civil.

"Who is this relative to whom you are going?" he asked, after a moment's thought.

"'T is Mr. Travers, of Germantown."

"What kind of a man is he?" was the next question.

"I know but little of him except that he is an old gentleman and is reputed well to do."

"Of Germantown," Sir John muttered, repeating my words. And then he looked about the company in the cabin as if in search for some one.

"Where is Mr. Vernon?" he demanded. A messenger went out of the cabin hurriedly, and a moment later entered again with Mr. Vernon, who stepped up to Sir John, saluting in the naval fashion.

"I have heard that you have lately visited in the colonies, Mr. Vernon," Sir John began, "and that you had acquaintance with many people in Philadelphia. Did you by any chance ever come up with a Mr. Travers, of Germantown?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Vernon; "Jack Travers I knew very well, indeed."

"Is he, mayhap, a rebel?" asked Sir John.

"I fear so, Sir John," answered Mr. Vernon. "'T is only to be expected from a hot-headed young fellow with plenty of money."

"Young fellow?" demanded Sir John.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Vernon. "He came into his majority but last year. I was at the supper, and a good one it was, too."

But no one paid the slightest attention to the last remark, for Sir John had turned on me furiously.

"So, miss," he roared, "your old Mr. Travers turns out to be a young, hot-headed rebel! I did well to doubt you, and I believe you have that for which I am looking, in spite of your childish ways and your seeming ignorance about it."

And then, as if to put a cap to all my woes, Lord Bedford came in hurriedly and handed my little book of Moral Maxims to Sir John, who snatched it eagerly. But I covered my face with my hands, for very shame that my word had seemingly been proved false and that the paper was like to be discovered.

When I had gained control of myself sufficiently to take my hands from my face, I saw Sir John again seated at the table with my book before him.

He regarded it curiously for a moment or two, taking particular interest in the worked cover, so that my heart stood still, for fear he should discover the paper hidden therein. Then, to my great relief, he picked it up and ruffled the leaves, expecting, no doubt, that what he looked for would fall out. Failing in this, he began to go through it, leaf by leaf, but I noted that here and there he stopped to read what had been written, and, as he read, the scowl on his face grew deeper and deeper.

All in the room watched him, I, you may be sure, closest of all; and when, at last, he came to the end and shut the little volume with a bang, I had all I could do to keep back an audible sigh of relief.

Sir John glared at me, and then faced Lord Bedford.

"Was there naught else?" he asked.

"Nay, Sir John," was the answer. "There was no other writing, and we searched her boxes diligently."

Once more the commander turned his attention to me.

"So, cousin to Lord Harborough," he began, with a sneer, "you are naught better than a rebel spy. Why, there is enough treason in this book of yours to hang a dozen men! Take her away, Bedford, and have an eye kept on her till we come up with the rest of the fleet; then back to England we will ship her, where I have no doubt she will soon find other cousins a-plenty."

Lord Bedford nodded to Mr. Vernon, who stepped forward to lead me away; but I was in a panic at the thought of being sent back to England, with the fear added that I should not be able to deliver that paper after all. I knew not what to do, but my desire was to have back my property, so I stepped forward and held out my hand.

"I want my book," I said, as resolutely as I could. "The book that Granny gave me."

"Oh! you want your book, do you?" Sir John mocked. "Well, get that whimsy out of your head; I shall keep it. It will make interesting reading for Admiral Howe when we join him."

"But 't is mine, and you have no right to it!" I burst out recklessly, for I was become fair desperate, and felt I must have the book, not alone because of my fondness for it, but for what it contained.

"Right! right!" shouted Sir John, as if he scarce believed his ears; "you talk to me of right? Look you here, girl, 't is my right to clap you in irons for a rebel wench, with a cock-and-bull story of being cousin to Lord Harborough. Don't prate to me of right, and be off with you."

"'T is no Englishman, but a brute you are!" I cried, and would have gone on but that Mr. Vernon, catching me by the shoulder, whirled me round and gave me a little push toward the door.

"Hush," he whispered, "or you 're like to land in the brig. Save your breath, for 't is not Sir John who has the last word."

CHAPTER XI

I MAKE A FRIEND

MR. VERNON led me on deck and found a place for me to sit on one of the gun-carriages. He tried his best to console me, but, at first, I would not listen to him, being angered as never before in my life, and at my wit's end what to do, for I must have the book. Finally, seeing that I paid not the slightest heed to him, he spoke of it.

"And how have I offended, Mistress Prisoner?" he asked, assuming a most humble posture.

"Was it not you who shamed me before them all by saying that Mr. Travers was a young man, when you know it is otherwise?" I burst out. "They all believe that I have not spoken the truth, because you, forsooth, did not tell it."

"But Mr. Travers *is* a young man," he insisted with a smile, and as I looked at his face I knew that he was not lying, though it seemed impossible to believe.

"Are you sure?" I asked anxiously, for here was another source of trouble for me.

"Oh, yes, I am quite sure," he answered, "and, to speak plainly, Mistress Beatrice, it did seem a trifle strange to me that you should be going out to him, though *I* never doubted *your* word."

"But he has a father?" I pleaded.

"Nay, his father died a year or so ago, leaving only John Travers, the son, who has just come of age," replied Mr. Vernon, and from that I saw how the mistake had happened.

Aunt Prudence had thought she had written to old Mr. Travers, knowing nothing of a son, and, the names being alike, the young man had answered, never realizing that she was unaware of his father's death. Here was a further compli-

cation. It might well be that an old man would take in a girl when he expected a boy, but what would a young man think of it? His letter to Granny showed all too plainly. "I will take one of the boys, but, as I have no wife, I *cannot* take a maid."

"What shall I do!" I exclaimed, more to myself than to Mr. Vernon; but he answered quickly and sympathetically, for he must have seen that my distress was deep indeed.

"If you will tell me all about it," he said, in a most kindly way, "mayhap I can help; and, under any circumstances, I promise no one else shall know of it; but if, perchance, you hold any rebel secrets such as Sir John seems to suspect, keep them. Tell but about yourself, Mistress Beatrice, for you are n't a very big girl, after all, and you do seem to have more than your share of trouble."

So then and there, I told Mr. Vernon how I had come to leave home, and about Mr. Van der Helst shipping me off to a relative of whom we knew very little; but I said naught of the paper hidden in the book of Maxims, for reasons which any one will understand.

"'T is easy to see how you have been mistaken about Mr. Travers," he said, "and there is no need to be downhearted about it. You 'll find Admiral Howe a very different person from Sir John, and with him will rest the decision, for, whatever was aboard the *Bouncing Betsey* that Sir John is seeking, it seems to be of such importance that a report is to be made to Lord Howe."

Now that was the first of many long talks I had with Mr. Vernon.

That afternoon, a good wind sprang up. The sailors set the sails, and we bore down the coast; but the wind freshening constantly, the ship was headed out to sea, and before long we lost sight of land again.

That night a great storm came up, and we were blown out of our course, so that it was near a week before we made the rendezvous off New York. In that time, I became quite friendly with the younger officers, and was made much of among them. Mr. Vernon, in particular, seemed to have taken a liking to me, and it was from him I learned what took place on the *Good Will* after we saw her in the Thames. It seemed that when Lord Howe's great fleet was preparing, the *Good Will* had been sent to London to refit, and that there had been general instructions to detain all American vessels, but no special word about the *Bouncing Betsey*.

Captain Timmons had fooled them all completely, except Bedford, who was the officer with the trumpet. He had insisted upon stopping us,

but the others, certain that any vessel that manifested such enthusiasm over one of His Majesty's ships must be honest, had laughed at the idea that she was an American. Moreover, they were anxious to get to London without delay, for they knew that they were soon to sail again, and grudged the time necessary to investigate us.

Once in London, however, the news of what we were reached them as soon as they came to anchor, and so chagrined was the admiralty that we had gotten clear, that the man who had then been in command of the *Good Will* had been dismissed from the service, and Sir John put in his place.

They all seemed to think that this was a great pothor to make over the escape of a trading vessel; but it had become evident that she carried something of great importance, for the *Good Will* was provisioned with all speed, and sent off to capture her at any cost. They had guessed that the *Betsey* would not sail to her accustomed port, and this was borne out by the reports of two ships that had sighted us (for the *Good Will* had halted every vessel she met to get news of us). So they had followed, scarce more than a day behind, but we had had good luck until the wind failed, and then the capture was certain. "We should have boarded you that afternoon," said Mr. Vernon, "but 't is ever our witless way to wait until the morrow, so we put it off, thinking we had you safe caught, and gave your Captain Timmons a chance to do—" he shrugged—"I know not what!

"Sir John, I fancy, was none too pleased to find his prize sunk and its crew dispersed, whether drowned or not makes little odds. So, young lady," he ended, "you are all he has to show for his trouble, and he is like to make you out something of importance to justify himself."

This, you may be sure, was far from pleasing news to me, and Mr. Vernon, although he encouraged me to be brave and hope for the best, felt near certain that, in the end, I would be sent back to England, unless, by some chance or other, they found what they were looking for, in which case they might let me off, as having no further interest.

Of Sir John I saw very little. He was too great a man, or at least so thought himself, to be at all intimate with his inferiors aboard the ship, and contented himself with staying in his own quarters, only coming up occasionally to pace the quarter-deck, scowling at everything.

At dinner, however, he always sat at the head of the long table, and I, placed among the younger officers, at the foot, tried not to attract his attention, for I knew I had made an enemy

of him and thought it best not to intrude my presence. He, however, had not forgotten me, and occasionally, usually at some pert sally of mine which had brought peals of laughter from the young officers, he would look down the table and frown; but, as a rule, the gentlemen at the head did not trouble about us at the foot, so I was teased and spoiled by turns by the gay young fellows, who were glad enough to have something to amuse them.

Dinner was a very serious and ceremonious affair on board the *Good Will*, the officers all appearing in full dress and standing at attention until Sir John took his seat, so that it was indeed imposing; and I put on my best fallals, feeling very grown-up and important. It was, of course, proper for me to leave the table with the sweets, and I would make my courtesy to those near me, many of whom would rise at my going and salute me most gravely, although this I liked not, for it always brought Sir John's scowl.

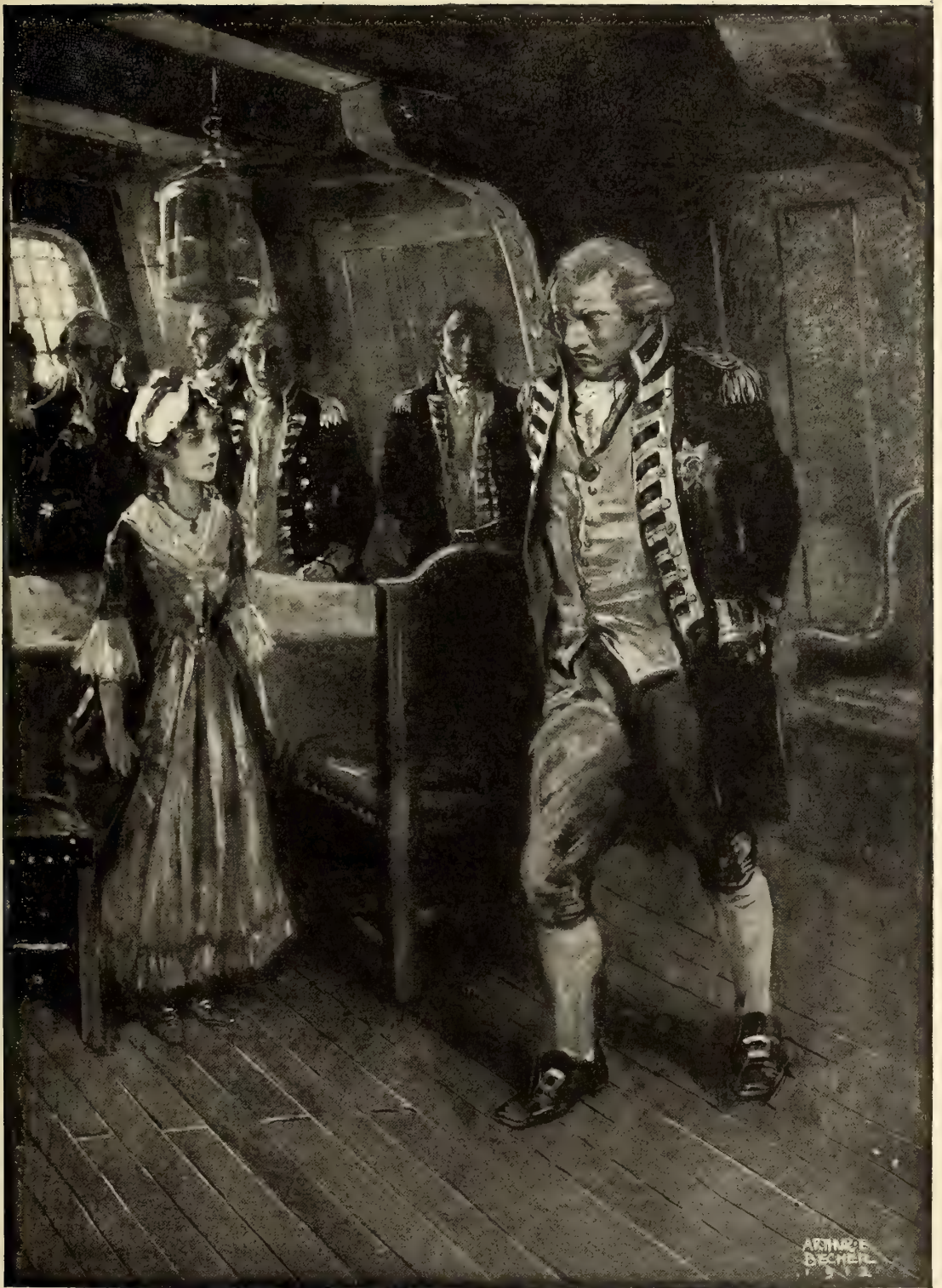
CHAPTER XII

ABOARD THE FLAG-SHIP

ALL this time, you may be sure, there was hardly a moment when the question how to regain my precious book of Maxims was not in my mind. The more I heard, the more certain I became of the value of the paper hidden therein, and the more needful it became that I should recover it. I appreciated that if the English had gone to such trouble to get it as to send a ship of the line after the *Bouncing Betsey*, then surely it must be equally important to the colonies. Everything that Mr. Vernon told me confirmed this, and, moreover, I was sensible enough to know that Sir John would not have paid so much attention to me unless he believed that in some way I was getting the better of him in a grave matter.

But, on second thought, I was not getting the better of him by any means; for, although he knew it not, the paper was in his possession, and at any time might be discovered. Also, I dared not put too much stress upon its recovery, nor continue making demands for it; that would only serve to excite suspicion, and they might go to the length of cutting the book apart to find out why I was so anxious to have it back. I spoke of it to Mr. Vernon once or twice, explaining that I had had it all my life, and treasured it on that account. He cautioned me to be patient, expressing the belief that sooner or later it would be returned; but he was by no means certain.

"You and that book are all they have to show for an eight weeks' chase across the ocean," he said; "and be sure they 'll make the most of it."



"HE BEGAN PACING THE ROOM, GLOWERING FIERCELY ALL THE WHILE." (SEE PAGE 597.)
VOL. XXXIX.—76-77.

So it was with a great deal of anxiety on my own account, and also on account of the little book, that the days passed while I waited the ordeal that would come to me when I faced the admiral of the fleet, toward which we were hurrying.

At length one beautiful morning, we sighted land, which Mr. Vernon said was the Long Island; and soon afterward we entered a broad, beautiful bay in which were all manner of ships at anchor, for here lay the English fleet over which Admiral Lord Howe had command. I shall never forget what a wondrous sight it was. There were many ships of the line, huge, stately vessels with masts that seemed to reach into the blue heavens, and peaceful enough they looked, riding at anchor on the sparkling waters, in spite of the guns showing through the ports. Flags were a-flying everywhere, and boats of all sizes were running from one ship to another, so that the bay had a most busy look.

Aboard the *Good Will* there was much bustling about. Everything had been made clean and bright, the officers all had on their best uniforms, and the sailors, too, were dressed for the occasion. The ship herself was bedecked from stem to stern with flags, and a gay appearance we must have presented, for many cheers came to us as we sailed to our station. As the great ship headed into the wind, the sailors manned the yards and the salutes to the admiral boomed out across the water. We came to rest amid the echoes of the answering guns.

Immediately Sir John appeared on deck, clad in a gorgeous uniform. A boat was put over the side, and, in a twinkling, our commander was being rowed to the flag-ship to make the report that was to decide my fate.

I stood against the bulwarks looking across the water, and watched him mount the ladder and disappear, my heart heavy with the thought of what was to come. I was near to weeping, for I felt my courage ebbing away rapidly and despair taking its place. As I stood there, Mr. Vernon came and leaned on the rail beside me.

"Nay, be not so downhearted," he said, noting the dismal look upon my face; "at worst it will only be a return to England."

"And what could be worse?" I cried out. "No one wants me there, and here I am treated like a criminal. None believe what I say. I am badgered and beset till I scarce know what I am about. No one but a fool like Sir John would treat a maid so."

"Nay, get that notion out of your small head," Mr. Vernon returned. "I 'll grant you he lacks manners, especially to his inferiors; but he 's far

from being a fool, my lady. He is one of the best officers in His Majesty's navy, and Lord Howe thinks much of his opinion."

"In that case I am lost," I cried. "Sir John will make it out that I am the worst rebel that ever lived."

"Now you are running to the other extreme," said Mr. Vernon, with a smile. "Lord Howe is no fool either, and, knowing all the circumstances, he is as able as another to put two and two together. He will take Sir John's chagrin and disappointment into consideration when he listens to the tale. I know not how it will turn out, but the admiral can be counted on to deal fairly by all, in so far as any human being is able to do that."

"Do you think Lord Howe will want to see me soon?" I asked, for it is ever my desire to be done with disagreeable tasks.

"I should expect them to send for you at any minute," he answered, and then looked at me very critically for a space, so that I wondered what was in his mind.

"I hope you will know me the next time we meet, sir," I said saucily, for his eyes searched me up and down, and I felt embarrassed.

"Do not jest," he returned gravely, "I am thinking of your good. Have you any other gowns?"

"Why, yes, to be sure," I answered, surprised at such a question. "Must I put on my best to visit Lord Howe?"

"Nay," he returned quickly, "that you must not do; but here is a suggestion I would take were I in your place: put on the plainest dress you have, and, if you can make yourself look younger, I would advise it. How to do it I leave you to contrive, but the more childish you seem, the more likely are you to get your way, for, you see, Sir John will try to make you out older and more responsible than you are, and if you appear very young, that will be a point in your favor at once."

I understood, and saw the wisdom of his suggestion. Since I had been on the ship, it had been my desire to seem older perhaps than I really was; for, though I think I was not a very vain or silly girl, I confess I had spared no pains to make myself appear grown up. It was but natural, as I was the only child among many who were older. To effect this I had always worn my richest petticoats and ruffles and tuckers, and dressed my hair as much like Aunt Prudence's as I could manage, though, to be sure, I had never dared to powder it. To make myself look younger than I had appeared on the *Good Will* was not difficult, for I had little calamanco smocks a-plenty, for morning wear about the house. In

one of these, with my hair in curls, I would look child-like enough.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Vernon," I said to him. "I see what you would be at, and shall make myself ready at once," and I was about to go to my cabin when he spoke again.

"Oh, another thing, Mistress Beatrice!" he cautioned. "Do not be saucy nor talk back.

The boat fairly danced over the water, and when at length I was landed on the flag-ship, I was taken at once below and ushered into a splendid cabin. Here were seated many officers, among whom was Sir John, and there was some talking going forward, for those who were with me held me at the entrance till an opportune moment should present itself for me to enter.



"MR. VERNON CAME AND LEANED ON THE RAIL BESIDE ME."

Tears are much more becoming to a child, under some circumstances, and the admiral is not Sir John."

"I understand," I replied, "but Sir John angers me so that 't is all I can do to hold my tongue. You know they call me Bee at home, not only because it 's short for Beatrice, but because Hal says I have a little sting, which is my tongue; but I shall try to keep it in check," and with that I ran off to change my dress.

I was scarce ready when the summons came, and I went at once on deck to find a boat awaiting to take me to the flag-ship.

Mr. Vernon saw me, and there was a twinkle in his eye.

"'T is capital!" he whispered as I passed him, and I felt somewhat heartened as I went down over the side and started off to learn my fate.

I knew at once which must be Lord Howe, for he sat at the head of the table, and those about him showed plainly that his was the deciding voice in all matters.

Presently at a lull in the talk I was brought forward, and the man in charge of me told them who I was.

At once there was a craning of necks, as I stood before them looking as demure as I could. For a moment there was silence, and then, as if at a signal, they all burst into a roar of laughter, all, that is, save Sir John and Lord Howe, though there was a smile about the latter's lips.

"And is this the blood-thirsty rebel you captured, Sir John?" one gentleman called out, slapping the table with his open hand. "Had we not better have a company of marines to guard us from so dangerous a foe, Your Lordship?"

"My faith, Sir John!" cried another, "'t is well you had the *Good Will*. Any smaller ship would scarce have done for so daring an enterprise."

I looked at Sir John, and his face was well-nigh purple with rage.

"'T is a trick!" he shouted above the laughter. "The vixen is older than she looks."

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" called Lord Howe from the top of the table, and at once there was quiet. "Come hither," he went on in the most kindly voice, and I stepped forward at once and stood beside him.

"How old are you, little maid?" he asked at length, and I answered truthfully that I was twelve.

"You scarce look so old," he replied, and then, to Sir John, "but even twelve is no great age, think you?"

At that there was renewed merriment at Sir John's expense, and, though I could have laughed with joy to see him so baited, I kept a straight face and lowered eyes.

"And now, my child," Lord Howe said, "suppose you tell us how you came to be upon this rebel ship."

Amid silence, for all about the table seemed much interested in what I was saying, I told once more the tale of my coming to the Americas and the reasons for it.

That my story was believed, in the main at least, was shown by the remarks that went around the table in regard to Mr. Van der Helst's behavior to me, and there were even several who blamed Granny for having let me go at all.

But ere long, Sir John cut in harshly.

"Your Lordship," he said, "I submit that this tale is scarce plausible. However, the point is this: I am convinced that the maid is the bearer

of certain advices from those aboard the ship to those on land. How important those advices are we all know. I thought of course that she carried a written message, but, having searched her effects thoroughly and found nothing, I can only conclude that they planned to convey the news through her by word of mouth, not daring to trust the written document with her."

"Nay, Your Lordship, I carry no such message," I burst out ere they questioned me; and this was true, for I knew not at all what the purport of the letter was, and it certainly was not sent by word of mouth.

"And I respectfully submit," said one gentleman thoughtfully, "that they would hardly have sent a messenger into the lion's mouth."

"The girl's truthfulness is already in question," Sir John cut in harshly. "By a lucky accident we discovered that the 'old Mr. Travers' she talked of was in fact a young man and a very active rebel. Those who made up the tale for her evidently did not count upon our having any one on board who knew Mr. Travers, and thought that her story would go unquestioned. If, therefore, we have found her tale false in one particular, what can we believe? Moreover, why run the risk? My suggestion is that under any circumstances we send her back to England without allowing her any communication with those on shore. She was found on a rebel ship, and I have no doubt she is a rebel spy. Surely there is enough treason in that book of hers to convict a dozen."

"Aye, that book," said Lord Howe, musingly; "I should like to see it."

Then for the first time in a week I saw my little volume of *Maxims*, as one of Sir John's aids handed it to the admiral.

(To be continued.)



SADIE SWUNG, SALLY SUNG

(*"S-thetic Sing-song"*)

BY JAMES ROWE

SALLY SIMM saw Sadie Snee

Slowly, sadly swinging.

"She seems sorrowful," said she.

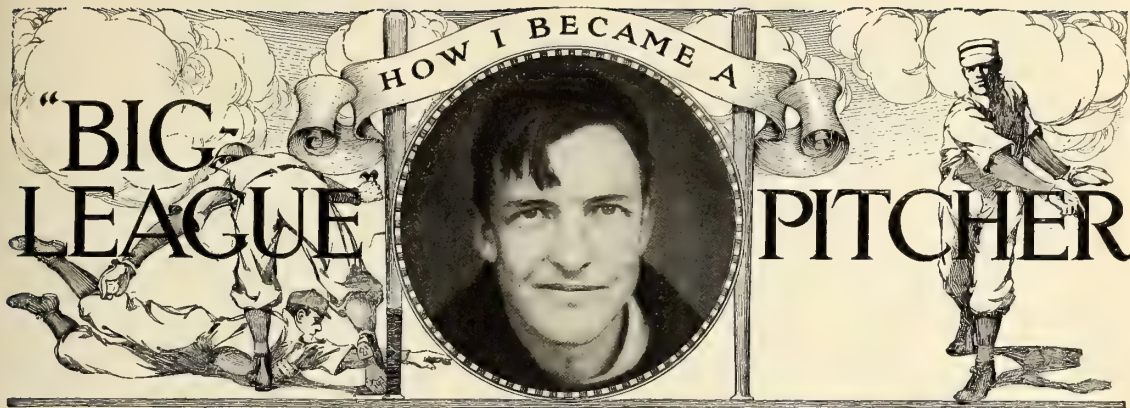
So she started singing.

Sadie smiled; soon swiftly swung;

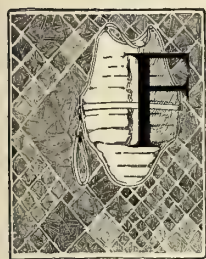
Sitting straight, steered stiffly.

"So!" said Sally, "something sung

Scatters sunshine swiftly!"



BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON



FEW of the boys who read this article will become Big-League pitchers. The majority of them probably have no such ambition. But nearly all boys play ball, and almost all boy players wish, at some time, to be pitchers.

The first necessity for a pitcher is to have control of the ball. That can't be emphasized too strongly. A boy may be able to throw all the curves imaginable, but if he can't put the ball where he wants it, the batters keep walking around the bases, and he will never win any ball games. Therefore, I would, first of all, advise my young readers to practise accuracy, until they can place the ball just where they want to send it. Let them pitch to another boy, with a barn or a fence as a back-stop, and try to put one *high*, over the *inside* of the plate, the next *low* over the inside, and then high over the *outside*, and again low over the outside; and keep up this practice patiently until mastery of the control of the ball is obtained. A boy will find that even if he can't pitch a curve, but has good control, he will be able to win many more ball games than if he has a lot of benders, but no ability to put the ball where he wants it.

There used to be a pitcher in the American League named "Al" Orth, who was called the "Curveless Wonder," because, it was said, he could n't throw a curve ball. But he had almost perfect control, and was able to pitch the ball exactly where he thought it would be hardest for the batter to hit it. The result was that, for several years, he was one of the best pitchers in the American League, with nothing but his control to fall back upon. But he studied the weaknesses

of batters carefully—that is, he was constantly on the alert to discover what sort of a ball each batter could n't hit—and then he pitched in this "groove," as it is called in base-ball.

When I was a boy about eight or nine years old, I lived in Factoryville, Pennsylvania, a little country town; and I had a cousin, older than I, who was always studying the theory of throwing. I used to throw flat stones with him, and he would show me (I suppose almost every boy knows) that if a flat stone is started with the flat surface parallel to the ground, it will always turn over before it lands. That is, after it loses its speed, and the air-cushion fails to support it, the stone will turn over and drop down. The harder it is thrown, the longer the air sustains it, and the farther it will carry before it drops.

My cousin showed me, also, that, if the hand were turned over, and the flat stone started with the flat surface at an acute angle to the earth, instead of parallel to it, the stone, instead of dropping, would curve horizontally. I began to practise this throw, and to make all sorts of experiments with stones.

I got to be a great stone thrower, and this practice increased my throwing power, and taught me something about curves. When I was nine years old, I could throw a stone farther than any of the boys who were my chums. Then I used to go out in the woods and throw at squirrels and blackbirds, and even sparrows; and many a bagful of game I got with stones. But, when aiming at game, I always used round stones, as these can be thrown more accurately.

All this time I was practising with stones, mainly for amusement; I had n't played any base-ball, except "one old cat," with boys of my own age. As a matter of fact, I did n't think much about base-ball. Gradually, however, I became

interested in it, and before long, I was allowed to stand behind the catcher when the Factoryville team was playing, and "shag" foul balls, or carry the bats or the water. For I was born with the base-ball instinct, and a "mascot," or bat-boy, is the rôle in which many a ball-player has made his start.

This Factoryville nine was composed of grown men, and it was not uncommon for small town teams to wear whiskers in those days. Many of the players, too, were really fat men. But, boy-like, I felt very important in being "connected with" this pretentious-looking club. My official name was "second catcher," which entitled me to no place in the batting order, but gave me a chance at all foul balls and other misplaced hits that none of the regular nine could reach. If I happened to catch a wild foul ball, I would often hear the spectators say, "That 's a pretty good kid. He 'll make a ball-player some day." But if I missed one, then it would be: "That kid 's pretty bad. He 'll never be a ball-player!"

So, at the age of ten, I became a known factor in the base-ball circles of Factoryville, and might be said to have started on my career.

My next step was learning to throw a curve with a base-ball, and one of the pitchers on the town team undertook to show me how this was done. He taught me to hold the ball for an out-curve, and then to snap my wrist to attain the desired result. After considerable practice, I managed to curve the ball, but I never knew where it was going. I used to get another youngster, a little younger than I, up against a barn, with a big glove, and pitch to him for hours. At last, I attained fair control over this curve, and then I began practising what is known in the Big Leagues as "the fast ball," but what most boys call an "in-curve."

Every boy knows that, if he grips a ball tightly and then throws it, with all his speed, off the ends of his fingers, the ball will curve in toward a right-handed batter slightly. This curve is easy to accomplish, as it is merely a matter of speed and letting the ball slide straight off the ends of the fingers,—the most natural way to throw. It does not require any snap of the wrist, but the bend of the curve is naturally slight, and that is the reason most Big Leaguers call it a fast ball, and do not recognize it as a curve. At the age of twelve, having no designs on the Big League, I called it the "in-curve," and reckoned, with some pride, that I could throw two curves—the "out" and the "in."

I first began playing ball on a team when I was twelve, but most of the other boys were older than I, and, as pitcher was considered to be the

most important position, one of the older boys always took the job without even giving me a tryout. In fact, they thought that I was altogether too good a pitcher for my age, because I had considerable speed, and it was natural that several of the older boys did n't want to see the "kid" get along too fast. So they put me in right field, on the theory that "*anybody* can play right field."

I was n't much of a ball-player, outside of being a pitcher, and it must be confessed that I never showed up brilliantly with that boy team. I could catch flies only fairly well, could throw hard and straight, and was pretty good at chasing the balls that got away from me; but I was n't a good hitter, and probably for just one reason.

I was what is known as a "cross-handed" batter,—and the experts will all tell you that this is a cardinal sin in a batsman. It means that I stood up to the plate as a right-handed batter does, but put my left hand on top of my right, which greatly reduces the chances of hitting the ball when a man swings at it. All boys should be careful to avoid this cross-handed method of holding the bat. It is a great weakness. No one that I played with knew enough to tell me to turn around and bat left-handed, or that I was probably, by nature, a left-handed hitter. I would advise any boys who have this fault to try hitting left-handed, and if this does not prove successful, to practise keeping the right hand on top until they are able to swing that way. No one will ever be a good ball-player who hits in the clumsy, cross-handed style.

I believe I got the habit from hoeing, and chopping wood, and performing some of the other chores that a country boy is called upon to do. At all events, it "came natural," as the saying is, for me to hold my left hand on top of my right when doing any work of that kind. The result was, that I batted as if I were hoeing potatoes, and seldom obtained a hit. Once in a while, I would connect with the ball, in my awkward, cross-handed style, and it would always be a long wallop, because I was a big, husky, country boy; but more often I ignominiously struck out. So it will be seen that my real base-ball start was not very auspicious.

But, even then, I would rather play base-ball than eat, and that is the spirit all boys need who expect to be good players. When I was fourteen years old, the pitcher on the Factoryville team was taken ill one day, just before a game with a nine from a town a few miles away, and the contest was regarded as very important in both villages. Our second pitcher was away on a visit, and so Factoryville was "up against it" for a

twirler. You must remember that all the players on this team were grown men—several of them, as I have said, with whiskers on their faces, and roly-poly bodies—but I had always looked up to them as idols. When the team could find no

Most of the base-ball population of the town gathered to see me get my tryout, and I pitched for two hours, while the critics stood around and watched me closely, to discover what I could do. They sent their best batters up to face the curves



"I PITCHED FOR TWO HOURS, WHILE THE CRITICS STOOD AROUND."

pitcher, some one remarked to the captain: "That Mathewson kid can pitch pretty well." But the backers of the team and the other players were skeptical, and, like men who come from Missouri, "wanted to be shown." So they told me to come down on the main street in Factoryville the next morning, which was Saturday, the day of the game—and take a "tryout." The captain was there.

"We want to see what you've got," said he.

I was throwing, and I was "putting everything that I had on the ball." After a full hour's dress rehearsal, and when, at last, I "fanned" out the captain of the team, he came up, slapped me on the back, and said:

"You'll do. We want you to pitch this afternoon."

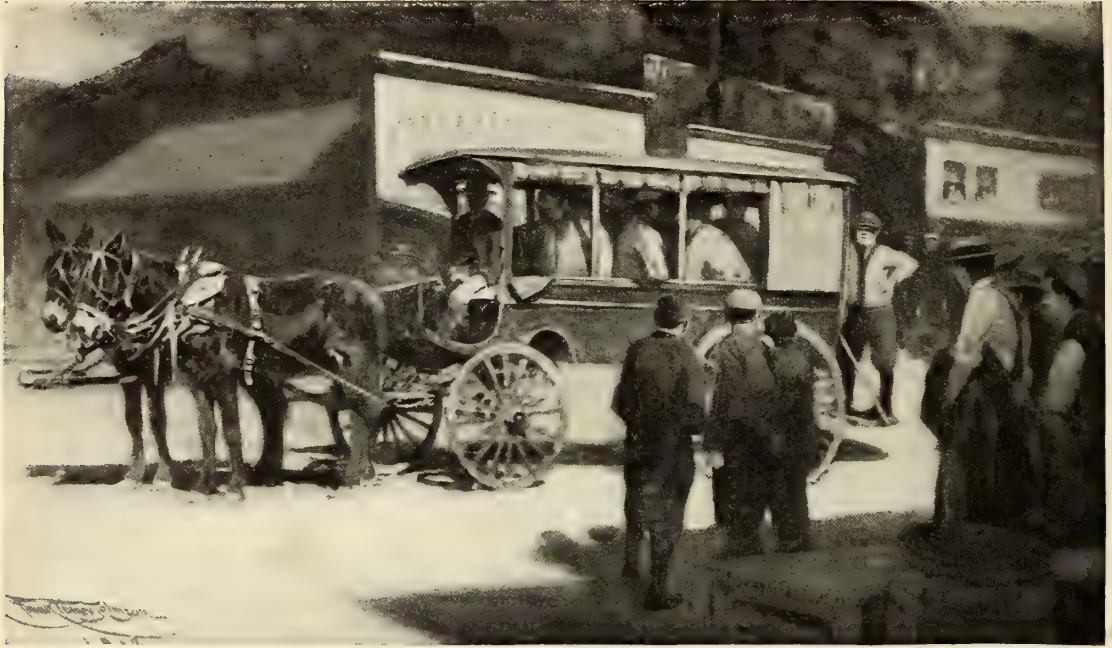
That, I am sure, was the very proudest day of my life. We had to drive ten miles to the opponent's town, and all the other boys watched me leave with the men. And you can imagine my pride while I watched *them*, as they stood on one foot and then the other, nudging one another and saying, "'Husk' is going to play with the men!" They called me "Husk" in those days.

It was a big jump upward for me, and I would hardly look at the other youngsters as I climbed into the carriage with the captain. If the full truth were told, however, I felt almost "all in" after the hard session I had been through in the morning.

I can remember the score of that game yet, probably because it was such an important event in my life. Our team gained the victory by the count of 19 to 17—and largely by a bit of good

luck that befell me. With my hands awkwardly crossed on the bat, as usual, I just happened to swing where the ball was coming *once*, when the bases were full, and I knocked it over the left-fielder's head. That lucky hit won the game; and that was really my start in base-ball.

This happened toward the end of the summer season; and in the fall I went to the Keystone Academy, after having completed the public-



"ALL THE OTHER BOYS WATCHED ME LEAVE WITH THE MEN."

school course, there being no high school in Factoryville at that time.

I played on the Keystone team during my first year at the academy, but I was still young, and they thought that it was up to some older boy to pitch, so I covered second base. I was playing ball with boys sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen years old at this time, and I was only fourteen.

The next year, however, I was captain of the team, and pitched (the natural result of being elected captain, as any of my readers know who may have led base-ball clubs!). While I was the captain of this team, I hit upon a brilliant idea, which really was n't original, but which the other boys believed to be, and so it amounted to the same thing. When we were playing a weak team, I put some one else into the box to pitch, and covered second base myself, to "strengthen the in-field." We had a couple of boys on the team who—like certain twirlers in every league—could pitch, but could n't bat or play any other position. I caught this idea from reading an article in a newspaper about McGraw and the Baltimore "Orioles." I worshiped him in those days, little thinking that I should ever know him; and it was beyond my fondest dreams that I should ever play ball for him.

I was still batting cross-handed on the Keystone team; but, in pitching, I had good control over my out-curve, which was effective against the other boys. During the vacation of that sum-

mer, I pitched for the Factoryville team, until it disbanded in August, which left me no place to play ball. And, remember, at that time I still would rather play ball than eat, and, big, growing boy that I was, I was decidedly fond of eating!

But one fine day, the captain of a team belonging to a town about five miles away came to me and asked if I would pitch for his nine.

"We 'll give you a dollar a game!" he said in conclusion.

"What! How much?" I asked, in amazement, because it was such fun for me to play ball, then, that the idea of being *paid* for it struck me as "finding money."

"A dollar a game," he repeated; "but you 'll have to walk over, or catch a ride on some wagon."

There was no trolley route connecting the two villages then. I told him he need n't mind how I got there, but that I would certainly come.

So, for a time, I went regularly over to the other town—Factoryville's old rival—and pitched every Saturday; and often I had to walk both ways. But they always gave me my dollar, which was a satisfactory consolation and a good antidote for foot-weariness. By this time, I was far ahead of boys of my own age, in pitching, and was "showing them how to pitch," and rather regarding them as my inferiors, as any boy will, after he has played with men.

In 1898, I was graduated from Keystone Acad-

emy, and as I had played foot-ball there, and was a big, husky, country kid, I was regarded as a desirable student by several colleges, and urged by friends at the University of Pennsylvania and by others at Lafayette College to enter one of those institutions of learning. But I finally decided to go to Bucknell.

During that summer, I happened to be in Scranton, Pennsylvania, soon after school closed. It looked a big city to me then, and the buildings seemed to be very high. As I was only there for the day, I made up my mind that I would make sure of seeing the Y. M. C. A. team play ball, which it did every Saturday. At the hour appointed for the game, I was sitting in the grand stand munching peanuts, when it was suddenly discovered that the Y. M. C. A. pitcher was missing, and they began to look around for some one to twirl.

One of their players, it seems, had seen me pitch in Factoryville, and, having recognized me in the stand, he went up to the captain of the team, and said: "There 's a kid up there who can pitch."

"Where 's he from?" asked the captain.

"Factoryville," replied my friend.

"I don't think he 'll do," said the captain. "Those small-town pitchers don't make good when they stack up against real ball teams. But I 'll remember him, and I may have to try him if the regular pitcher does n't show up."

The regular pitcher did n't "show up," and the result was that the two players came over to me, some ten minutes later, where I was still munching peanuts in eager anticipation of the game, and began a conversation in this wise:

"Can you pitch?" the captain asked me.

"A little," I replied.

"Want to work for us this afternoon?"

I was startled. Then, "Sure I do!" I exclaimed, and promptly climbed down over the front of the stand, leaving quite three cents' worth of peanuts on the seat, which was no compliment to my natural country thrift, and indicated that I was excited. They handed me a uniform, very much too big for me, the one that the regular pitcher usually wore, and as I was putting it on in the dressing-room, I began to wonder if the job would be as much too large. When I came out and the crowd got a look at me, everybody began to ask who the big country boy was, with the misfit uniform.

But I "had something" that day, and struck out fifteen men.

"You 're a pitcher!" said the captain to me after the game, and he ordered a uniform made to fit me. I was seventeen at that time, and was

still playing with teams whose members were all much older than I. And that was the second opportunity to pitch that came to me through a "break in the luck," as ball-players say.

At midsummer of that year, I went to Honesdale, Pennsylvania, where I was given twenty dollars a month and my board, to pitch for the team there. This seemed to me then a princely salary, and I began to speak of "J. P. Morgan and me."

In 1898, I matriculated at Bucknell, and played foot-ball there. It was then a college of less than two hundred male students, but the class of men was generally high. The next summer I went back to Honesdale, after having played on the Bucknell base-ball team. And, in the middle of the season, I was offered ninety dollars a month to pitch in the New England League, a salary which turned out to be only on paper, for the Taunton club disbanded before I was ever paid, and I received only an occasional five or ten dollars, which promptly went to the landlady.

Honesdale proved to be an important mile-post in my base-ball journey. Two things I learned during my stay there, and both have been of great value to me. First, and most momentous, I discovered the rudiments of "the fadeaway"; and, second, I stopped batting cross-handed. This correction of my hitting style was the result of ridicule. I was very large by this time—almost as big as I am now—and when I came up to the bat, with the wrong hand on top, and swung at the ball, I looked awkward. The players on the other teams and the spectators began to laugh at me and "guy" me. "Look at that big kid trying to hit the ball!" they would shout as I missed one.

I made up my mind to change my style, and I started to try to hit with the right hand on top, standing up to the plate right-handed. It was very hard for me at first, and for a long time I could n't hit nearly as well that way as I could with my hands crossed; but I stuck to the new style, knowing that it would be a big improvement in the end. I had batted the other way so long that it was hard for me to correct it. That is the reason I advise all boys with a tendency to hold a bat with the wrong hand on top to change *immediately*, because the longer they keep on hitting in that way, the harder it will be for them to adopt a new style. No one will ever be a hitter, swinging in this awkward manner, because the hands cannot guide the bat accurately. Since I changed my batting form, I have developed into a fair-hitting pitcher.

In Honesdale, there was a left-handed pitcher named Williams who could throw an out-curve to a right-handed batter. Now the natural curve

for a left-handed pitcher is the in-curve to a right-handed batter, and Williams simply exhibited this curve as a sort of "freak" delivery, in practice, over which he had no control. He showed the ball to me, and told me how he threw it, and I began to wonder why a right-handed pitcher could n't master this delivery, thus getting an in-curve to a right-handed batter on a slow ball, which surely seemed desirable. Williams pitched this ball with the same motion that he used in throwing his in-curve, but turned his hand over and snapped his wrist as he let the ball go. He could never tell where it was going to break, and therefore it was of no use to him in a game. He once played a few games in one of the Big Leagues, but lasted only a short time. He did n't have enough control over this freak ball to make it deceptive, and, as far as the rest of his curves were concerned, he was only a mediocre pitcher.

But it was here that I learned the rudiments of the fadeaway, and I began to practise them with great diligence, recognizing the value of the curve. I also started to pitch drop balls while I was in Honesdale, and mixed these up with my fast one and the "old roundhouse curve." I only used the drop when the situation was serious, as that was my very best, and a surprise for all the batters. Few pitchers in that set, indeed, had a drop ball.

The part of the summer with the Taunton team apparently did me little good, beyond teaching me the style of base-ball played in the New England League, and proving to me that there is sometimes a great difference between the salary named in a contract and that received. As a matter of fact, however, that portion of a season spent in the New England League was going to have a great influence on my future, although I could not foresee it at the time.

I returned to Bucknell in the fall, where I played full-back on the foot-ball team; and, oddly enough, I was much better known as a foot-ball player at this time than as an exponent of base-ball. Probably this was because I developed some ability as a drop-kicker, and, at college, foot-ball was considered decidedly the more important sport. Moreover, I received poor support on the college base-ball team; and no pitcher can win games when his men don't field well behind him, or when they refuse to bat in any runs.

In the fall of 1899, the Bucknell foot-ball team went down to Philadelphia to play the University of Pennsylvania eleven, and this proved to be one of the most important trips that I ever took. While our players were waiting around the hotel in the morning, a man named John Smith, known

in base-ball circles as "Phenom John" Smith, came around to see me. He was an old pitcher, and had picked up the name of "Phenomenal (shortened to "Phenom") John" in his palmy days in the box. He had been the manager of the Portland club in the New England League during the previous season, and had seen me pitch with the Taunton nine.

"Mathewson," he said to me, "I 'm going to Norfolk in the Virginia League, to manage the club next season, and I 'll give you a steady job at eighty dollars a month. I know that your contract called for ninety dollars last season, but you will surely get this money, as the club has substantial backing."

I signed the contract then and there. The colleges were n't as strict about their men playing summer ball at that time. *Now* I would advise a boy who has exceptional ability as a ball-player, to sign no contracts, and to take no money for playing, *until* he has finished college. Then, if he cares to go into professional base-ball, all right.

"I 'm going out to see you play foot-ball this afternoon," said Smith, as he put the contract in his pocket.

I was lucky that day, and kicked two field goals against Pennsylvania, which was considered to be a great showing for a team from a small college, in an early season game, regarded almost as a practice contest. Field goals counted more than—five points each—and there were few men in the country who were good drop-kickers. Hudson, the Carlisle Indian, was about the only other of my time. Those two field goals helped to temper our defeat, and we lost by about 20 to 10, I think. When I got back to the hotel, "Phenom John" was there again.

"You played a great game this afternoon," he said to me, "and, because I liked the way in which you kicked those two field goals, I 'm going to make your salary ninety dollars instead of eighty dollars."

He took the contract, already signed, out of his pocket, and raised my pay ten dollars a month before I had ever pitched a ball for him! That contract is framed in Norfolk now, or rather it *was* when I last visited the city with the "Giants" on a spring-training trip. The old figures remain, with the erasure of the eighty and the correction of ninety just as "Phenom John" made them with his fountain-pen.

As you will easily believe, I went back to Bucknell very much pleased with myself, with two field goals to my credit in foot-ball, and in my pocket a contract to play base-ball for ninety dollars a month.

The rest of my Minor League record is brief.

I went to Norfolk the next summer, and won twenty-one games, out of twenty-three, for the team. And on a certain day in the midsummer of

tunity to "break into the Big League"—the dream of my life. Only one year before, I had stood outside the players' gate at the Polo Grounds, on my way to Taunton, and had lingered to watch Amos Rusie, the great pitcher of the Giants, make his exit, so that I could see what he looked like in his street clothes, and also contribute a little hero-worship in the way of cheers. Now I was going to be a member of a Big-League club myself!

"I 'll let you know in a couple of days," I told Smith, in reply to his question about my choice of the two clubs.

Then I began to study the list of pitchers with each team. The Giants were a vastly different organization then from that of to-day, and were usually found near the bottom of the list toward the end of the season. But they were *in need* of pitchers, and so I decided that, if I went with New York, I, a youngster, would have a better chance to pitch regularly. They had n't much to lose by making a thorough trial of me, and they might give me an opportunity to work, was the way I reasoned it out.

"I 'd like to go to New York," I told Smith; and, needless to say, I have never regretted my decision.

That is how I became a Big-League pitcher, in the middle of the summer of 1900, at the age of nineteen years. George Davis was the manager of the New York club at the time, and



"I PROMPTLY CLIMBED DOWN OVER THE FRONT OF THE STAND."
(SEE PAGE 609.)

the first thing he did when I reported for duty was to summon me for morning practice.

"Now," he said, "I 'm going to order all our fellows to go up to the bat, and I want you to throw everything you 've got."

He started off himself, and I was nervous enough, facing the manager of a Big-League team for my tryout. I shot over my fast one first, and I had a lot of speed in those days.

This came to me as a great surprise, the oppor-

tunity to "break into the Big League"—the dream of my life. Only one year before, I had stood outside the players' gate at the Polo Grounds, on my way to Taunton, and had lingered to watch Amos Rusie, the great pitcher of the Giants, make his exit, so that I could see what he looked like in his street clothes, and also contribute a little hero-worship in the way of cheers. Now I was going to be a member of a Big-League club myself!

"That 's a pretty good fast ball you 've got, there," declared Davis. "Now let 's have a look at your curve."

I threw him the "old roundhouse" out-curve, my



From photograph by Paul Thompson.

AT THE FINISH OF THE "FADEAWAY."

pride and joy which, as the newspapers said, had been "standing them on their heads" in the Minor League. He stepped up into it, and drove the ball over the head of the man playing center field and beyond the old ropes.

So was an idol shattered, and my favorite curve wrecked!

"No," he said, "that 'old roundhouse curve' ain't any good in this company. You can see that start to break, all the way from the pitcher's box. A man with paralysis in both arms could get himself set in time to hit that one. Have n't you got a drop ball?"

"Yes," I answered; "but I don't use it much."

"Well, let 's have a look at it," he said.

I threw him my drop ball, and he said that it was a pretty fair curve.

"Now that 's what we call a curve ball in the Big League," declared Davis. "As for that other big one you just threw me,—forget it! Got anything else?"

"I 've a sort of a freak ball that I never use in a game," I replied, brimful of ambition.

"Well, let 's see it."

Then I threw him my fadeaway, although it had n't been named at the time. He missed it by more than a foot (I was lucky enough to get it over the plate!). I shall never forget how Davis's eyes bulged!

"What 's that ball?" he asked.

"That 's one I picked up, but never use," I answered. "It 's a kind of a freak ball."

"Can you control it?"

"Not very well."

"Try it again!" he ordered. I did, and got it over the plate once more. He missed the ball.

"That 's a good one! That 's all right!" he declared enthusiastically. "It 's a slow in-curve to a right-handed batter. A change of pace with a curve ball. A regular fallaway or fadeaway. That 's a good ball!"

And there, in morning practice, at the Polo Grounds in 1900, the "fadeaway" was born, and christened by George Davis. He called some left-handers to bat against it. Nearly all of them missed it, and were loud in their praise of the ball.

"Now," said Davis, in the club-house after the practice, "I 'm not going to pitch you much, and I want you to practise on that fadeaway ball of yours, and get so that you can control it. It 's going to be a valuable curve."

So, every morning I was out at the grounds, trying my fadeaway, and always aiming to get control of it—absolute, sure precision. I worked hours at a time on it, and then Davis would try me out against batters to see how it was coming along. He did n't give me a chance in a regular game until toward the end of the season, when he put me into a contest that had already been lost by some other pitcher who had been taken out.

But, the next spring, just before the opening game of the season of 1901, Davis came to me and said:

"Matty, I want you to pitch to-morrow."

This command was a big and sudden surprise to me. I went home and to bed about nine o'clock, so as to be feeling primed for the important contest. And the next day it rained! Again I went to bed early, and once more it rained! I kept on going to bed early for three or four nights, and the rain continued for as many days. But I

finally outlasted the rain, and pitched the opening game, and won it. Then I worked along regularly in my turn, and did n't lose a game until Memorial Day. And that brought me up to be a regular Big-League pitcher.

Many persons have asked me how I throw the fadeaway. The explanation is simple: when the out-curve is thrown, the ball is allowed to slip off the end of the thumb with a spinning motion that causes it to bend away from a right-handed batter. The hand is held up. Now, if the wrist were turned over and the hand held down, so that the ball would slip off the thumb with a twisting motion, but, because the wrist was reversed, would leave the hand with the thumb toward the body instead of away from it, I figured that an in-curve to right-handed batters would result. That is how the fadeaway is pitched. The hand is turned over until the palm is toward the ground instead of toward the sky, as when the out-curve is thrown, and the ball is permitted to twist off the thumb with a peculiar snap of the wrist. The ball is gripped in the same way as for an out-curve.

Two things make it a difficult ball to pitch, and the two things, likewise, make it hard to hit. First of all, the hand is turned in an unnatural position to control, or throw, a ball when the palm is toward the ground. Try to throw a ball with the hand held this way, and you will find it very difficult. Next, that peculiar snap to the wrist must be attained. The wrist is snapped away from the body instead of toward it, as in the throwing of an out-curve, and it is an unnatural motion to make. The secret of the curve really lies in this snap of the wrist.

Many times I have tried to teach other pitchers in the Big League—even men on opposing clubs—how to throw this ball; but none have ever mastered it. Ames, of the Giants, can get it once in a while, and Drucke oftener, but it is a ball which requires a great deal of practice. It is a hard ball to control, and unlimited patience must be used. If any boy desires to try it, let him practise for control first, and then try to make the curve bigger. Be sure to turn the hand over with the palm toward the

ground, and throw the ball by snapping the wrist away from the body, which will send it spinning slowly up to the batter. It comes up "dead," and then drops and curves in.

In conclusion, as at the beginning, I want to emphasize the value of control for young pitchers. Let a boy practise control, always, before he starts to learn curves; for again let me assure him he will win many more games if he can throw the ball where he wants to and has n't a curve, than if he has a big curve but can't control the ball. Another thing that a young pitcher must be careful about is the way in which he holds the ball. When I went to Norfolk to pitch, I was wrapping my fingers around the ball when I was going to throw a curve, so that it was evident to the batter what was coming. "Phenom John" Smith came to me one day and said: "Matty, you 'll have to cut that out. You telegraph to the batter by the way in which you wrap your fingers around the ball every time you are going to throw a curve. It won't do in this League."

I began to practise holding the ball in the same way for each kind of delivery, and then adjusting my fingers as I made the motion to let the ball go from my hand. Boys should practise this, also, as it is fatal to wrap the fingers around the ball



From photograph copyright by Paul Thompson.

A FAST ONE.

in such a way that a batter can see when a curve is coming. A pitcher should cover the ball up with his glove when facing the batter, anyhow.

I always hold the ball in the same way for

every curve, that is, with my whole hand around it, and not with two or three fingers wrapped on

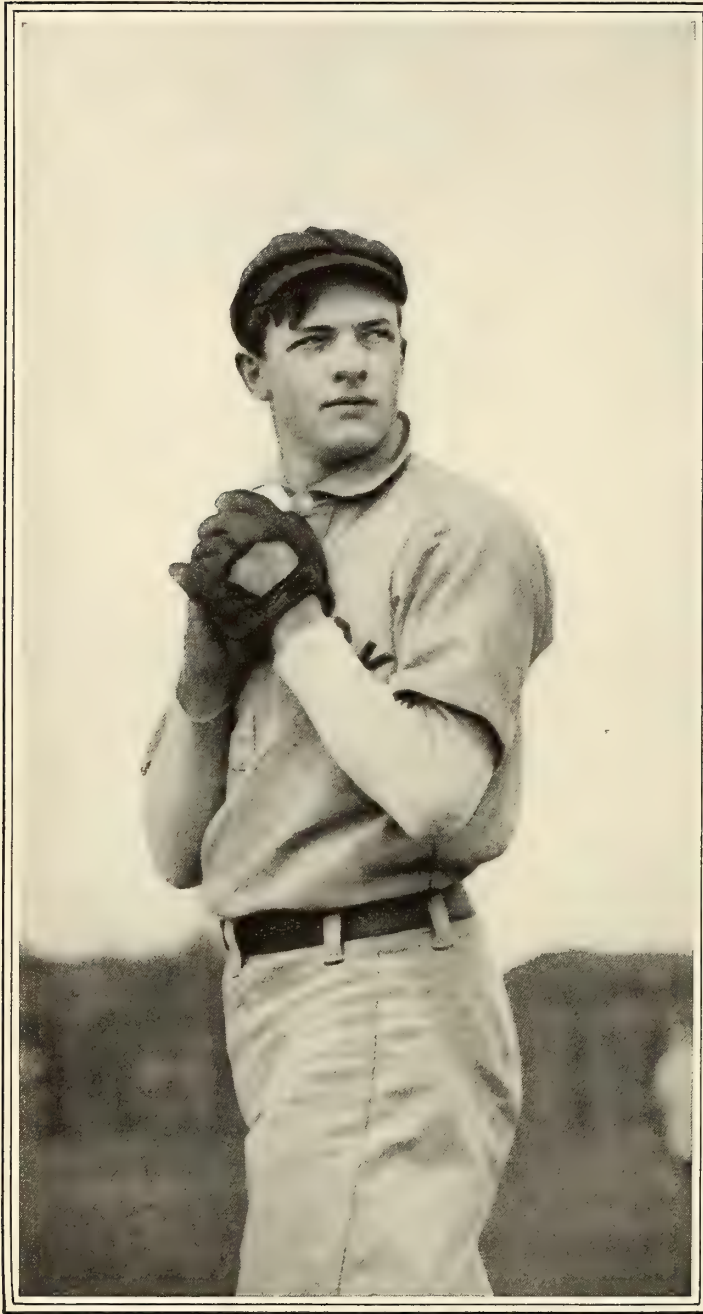
Many persons have asked me about the "moist," or "spit," ball. I seldom use it, because I think it is hard on a pitcher's arm, and difficult for the catcher to handle and for the players to field. It has many disadvantages. Occasionally, I used to try one on "Hans" Wagner, the great batter of the Pittsburgh club, because it was generally believed that he did n't care for a moist ball; but this, too, is only one of the many "theories" of baseball. He can hit a moist ball as well as any other kind! and I have stopped pitching it altogether now.

The only reason that I ever used it was to "mix 'em up." Next to control, that is the whole secret of Big-League pitching—"mixing 'em up." It means inducing a batter to believe that another kind of a ball is coming from the one that is really to be delivered, and thus preventing him from "getting set" to hit it. That is what gives the fade-away its value. I pitch it with the same motion as a fast ball, but it comes up to the plate slowly. The result is that the batter is led to believe a fast one is coming, and sets himself to swing at a speedy shoot. The slow ball floats up, drops, and he has finished his swing before it gets to the plate. I often pitch the fadeaway right after a fast ball; and, as for reports that I can't control it, I use it right along when I have three balls and two strikes on a batter, which is the tightest situation a pitcher has to face. For it is a ball that will usually be hit slowly, on the ground to the infielders, if the batter hits it at all. Its value, as I have said, lies in the surprise that it brings to a batter when he is expecting something else.

I have often been asked, if it is such a difficult ball to hit, why I don't use it all the time. The answer is that such a course would make it easy to bat, and, besides, it is a ball which strains and tires

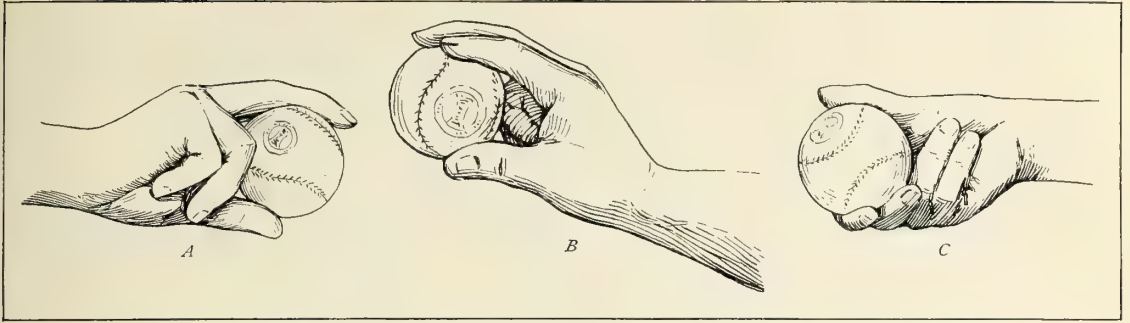
the arm of the pitcher, if thrown continuously.

Finally, I want to say that "Phenom John" Smith did a great deal toward developing me as a pitcher. He pointed out my weaknesses as he



"ON THE FIRING-LINE."

it. For a change of pace, I hold it loosely so that the ball can be thrown with the same motion as for a fast one. Sometimes, for a drop, I hold my fingers on the seam, to get more purchase on it.



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MATHEWSON'S FADEAWAY BALL.

"A. How the ball is grasped for start of the 'fadeaway.'

"B. The ball is held lightly with the forefingers and thumb, and a slow twist is given to it. It sails up to the plate as dead as a brick, and, when mixed in with a speedy straight or in-ball, often causes the batter to strike at it before it reaches him. It is a 'teaser' for the third strike.

"C. The ball leaving the hand as it gets the final twist of the wrist for the 'fadeaway.'"

saw them, and gave me a great deal of valuable advice. If any of my readers expect to play Big-League ball, let them find some friendly "Phenom John" Smith, and get his advice. There are scores of old ball-players ever ready to help an ambi-

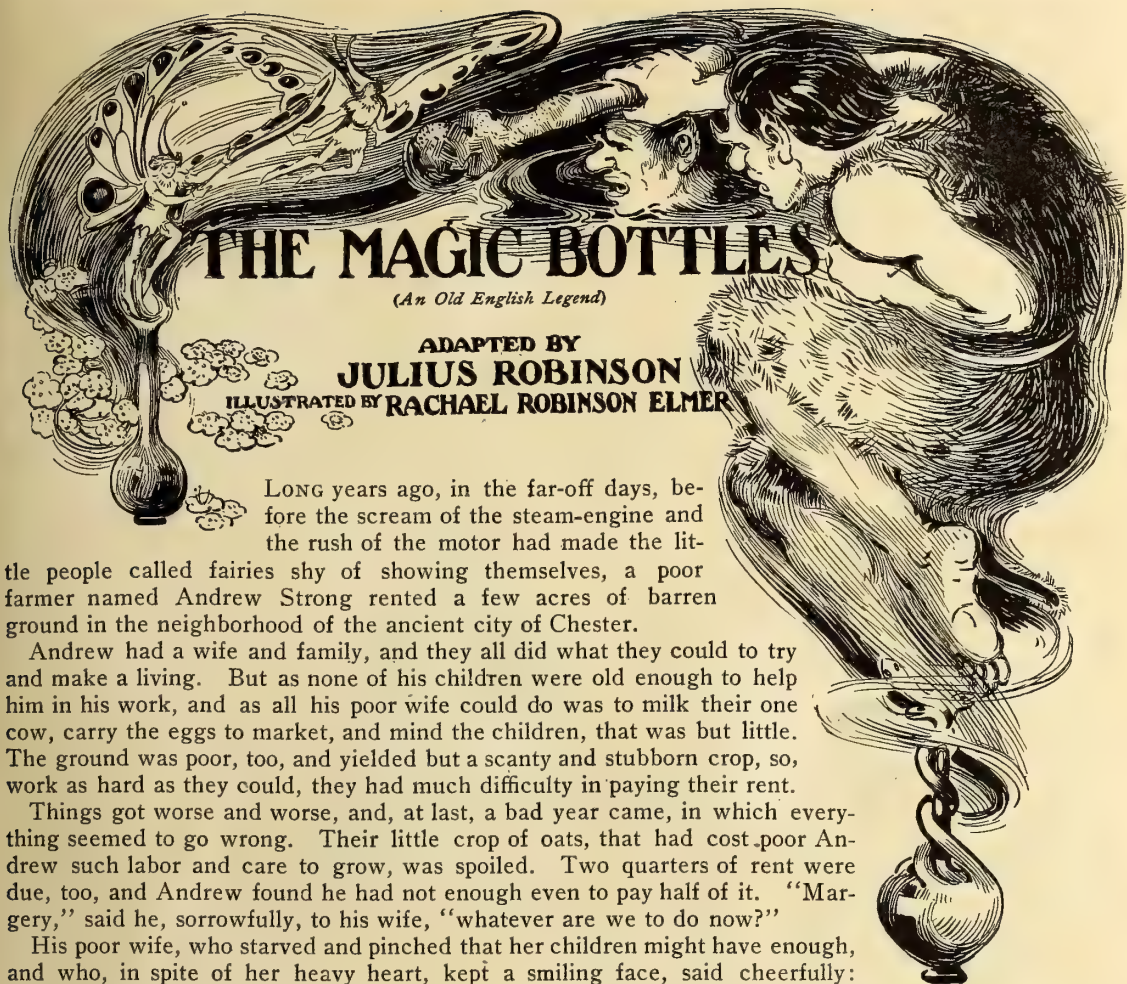
tious youngster, and they are the best-natured men in the world. And once more—as I said at the beginning—remember that *control* is the thing in pitching! No man was ever a Big Leaguer for long without it.



Christy Mathewson



"A SPRING FRESHET." DRAWN BY GERTRUDE KAY.



THE MAGIC BOTTLES

(An Old English Legend)

ADAPTED BY
JULIUS ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY **RACHAEL ROBINSON ELMER**

LONG years ago, in the far-off days, before the scream of the steam-engine and the rush of the motor had made the little people called fairies shy of showing themselves, a poor farmer named Andrew Strong rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighborhood of the ancient city of Chester.

Andrew had a wife and family, and they all did what they could to try and make a living. But as none of his children were old enough to help him in his work, and as all his poor wife could do was to milk their one cow, carry the eggs to market, and mind the children, that was but little. The ground was poor, too, and yielded but a scanty and stubborn crop, so, work as hard as they could, they had much difficulty in paying their rent.

Things got worse and worse, and, at last, a bad year came, in which everything seemed to go wrong. Their little crop of oats, that had cost poor Andrew such labor and care to grow, was spoiled. Two quarters of rent were due, too, and Andrew found he had not enough even to pay half of it. "Margery," said he, sorrowfully, to his wife, "whatever are we to do now?"

His poor wife, who starved and pinched that her children might have enough, and who, in spite of her heavy heart, kept a smiling face, said cheerfully: "Well, Andrew, we must sell the cow, that's all; and as Thursday is fair day, you must go to-morrow, that the poor beast may have a rest before the fair, so that you may get a good price for her."

Seeing tears in his wife's eyes, he exclaimed: "Margery, dear heart, you always look on the bright side of things, and I believe you are right, after all, so I won't be sorry that we have to sell the cow, and I'll go to-morrow with her."

So off he went with the cow next morning, his wife charging him not to sell her except for the best price he could possibly get.

It was an early June morning, clear and bright, and the fresh foliage, the dancing stream, and the sweet songs of a thousand birds dispelled the gloom in poor Andrew's heart, and made him hope again. By and by, he came to the top of a hill—"Bottle Hill," as it is called now, but that was not the name of it then—and just as he stood watching a lark falling, with sweet melody, from the sky, he suddenly became aware of a little man standing beside him. Rather startled, as he had seen nobody about a minute before, Andrew turned round and wished him "Good-morrow." "Good morning," said the stranger, who had a queer little squeak in his voice, like a rusty hinge. From his size, Andrew expected to see the chubby face of a boy, but, instead, he saw an old, wrinkled, yellow face, for all the world like a shriveled apple, and two little, restless, red eyes. The little man had a sharp nose, and long white hair, too, and Andrew did not greatly like the dwarf's company, and he drove his cow somewhat faster. But the little old man kept up with him, not walking like other men, but gliding over the rough ground like a shadow, without noise or effort. Andrew's heart trembled within him, and he wished that he did not have to mind the cow, so that he might run away. In the midst of his fears,

however, he was again addressed by his fellow-traveler, with, "Where are you going with the cow, honest man?"

"To Chester fair," said Andrew, trembling at the shrill and piercing tones of the voice.

"And to sell her?" asked the stranger.

"To be sure I am."

"Will you sell her to me?"

Andrew started. He was afraid to have anything to do with the little man, and he was more afraid to say no.

"What will you give for her?" at last said he.

"I tell you what, I 'll give you this bottle," said the dwarf, pulling a bottle from under his coat.

Andrew looked at him and the bottle, and, in spite of his terror, he could not help bursting into a laugh.

"Laugh if you will," said the dwarf, "but I tell you this bottle is better for you than all the money you will get for the cow at the fair; aye, than a thousand times as much."

Andrew laughed again. "Do you think," said he, "I am such a fool as to give my good cow for a bottle—and an empty one, too? No, no, not I."

"You had better give me the cow and take the bottle—you 'll not be sorry for it."

"Why, what would Margery say? I 'd never hear the end of it; and how would I pay the rent, and what would we all do without a farthing of money?"

"I tell you this bottle is better for you than money: take it, and give me the cow. I ask you for the last time, Andrew Strong."

Andrew started. "How does he know my name?" thought he.

The stranger proceeded: "Andrew, I know you, and have a regard for you; therefore do as I warn you, or you may be sorry for it. How do you know but that there will be many cattle at the fair, or you will get a bad price, or, maybe, you might be robbed when you are coming home?—but what more need I say to you when you are determined to throw away your luck!"

"Oh, no! I would not throw away my luck,

sir," said Andrew. "And if I were sure the bottle was as good as you say, though I always liked a full bottle better than an empty one, I 'd give you the cow."

"Never mind," said the dwarf, hastily, "but let me have the cow; take the bottle, and when you go home, do exactly what I direct."

Still Andrew hesitated.

"Well, then, good-by to you; I can stay no longer. Once more, take it, and be rich; refuse it, and beg for your life, and see your wife and children dying for want. That 's what will happen to you, Andrew Strong!" said the little man.

"Maybe 't is true," said Andrew, still hesitating. He did not know what to do; he could hardly



"ANDREW SUDDENLY BECAME AWARE OF A LITTLE MAN STANDING BESIDE HIM."

help believing the dwarf, and, at length, in a fit of desperation, he seized the bottle. "Take the cow," said he, "and if you are playing me false, the curse of the poor will be on you!"

"I care neither for your curses nor your blessings, but I have spoken the truth, and that you will find to-night, if you do what I tell you."

"And what 's that?"

"When you go home, never mind if your wife is angry, but keep quiet yourself and make her sweep the room clean, set the table in the middle of the room, and spread a clean cloth over it;

then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words: 'Bottle, bottle, do your duty,' and you will see what will happen."

"And is this all?" said Andrew.

"No more," said the stranger. "Farewell, Andrew Strong—you are a rich man."

"Heaven grant it," said he, as the dwarf moved after the cow, and Andrew retraced the road toward his farm; but when he turned his head to look after the strange little man, both cow and dwarf had disappeared.

His head in a whirl, he went homeward, muttering prayers and holding fast the bottle.

"Whatever would I do if it broke?" thought he. "Ah, but I 'll take care of that." So putting it into his bosom he hurried on, anxious to prove his bottle, and doubtful of the reception he should meet with from his wife. Balancing his fears with his hopes, his anxieties with his expectations, he reached home in the evening, to the surprise of Margery, who was sitting over the fire in the big chimney.

"What, Andrew, are you back already! Surely you did not go all the way to Chester. Where is the cow?—Did you sell her?—How much money did you get for her?—What news have you?—Tell me all about it!"

"Stop, Margery! If you 'll give me time, I 'll tell you everything. If you want to know where the cow is, that 's more than I can tell you, for a dwarf—I mean a stranger—went off with her."

"Oh, then you sold her; and where 's the money?"

"Wait, Margery, and I 'll tell you all about it."

"But what is that bottle under your waistcoat?" said his wife, spying its neck sticking out.

"Be quiet now, till I tell you," and putting the bottle on the table, with a rather uneasy expression, he said: "That 's what I got for the cow."

His poor wife was thunderstruck.

"Is that all! And what good is that? Oh, I never thought you could do such a thing! What will we do for the rent? And what will the poor children do for something to eat?" And the poor woman began to cry.

"Come, come, Margery dear," said Andrew, "can't you hearken to reason? Did n't I tell you how the little old man, or whosoever he was, met me—no, he did not meet me, but was there beside me—on the hill, and how he made me sell the cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me—"

"Yes, indeed, the only thing for you, you foolish man!" said his wife, seizing the bottle to hurl it into the fire. But he caught it, and quietly (for he remembered the dwarf's advice) loosened his wife's grasp and placed the bottle again in his

bosom. Poor Margery sat down, crying, while Andrew told her his story. His wife could not help believing him, especially as she had almost as much faith in fairies as her husband had. So she got up without saying a word and began to sweep the floor with a bunch of heath; then she tidied up everything, and spread the clean cloth on the table (for she had only one), and Andrew, placing the bottle on the ground, said, "Bottle, bottle, do your duty!"

"Look, look, Mamma!" said his chubby eldest son, a boy about five years old, "look here! look there!" and he sprang to his mother's side, as two tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with plates and dishes of silver and gold, full of the choicest food that was ever seen, and when all was done, went into the bottle again. Andrew and his wife looked at it all with much astonishment; they had never seen such plates and dishes before, and did not think they could ever admire them enough; the very sight of them almost took away their appetites; but, at length, Margery said: "Come and sit down, Andrew, and try and eat a bit: surely you ought to be hungry after such a good day's work."

"So after all the old man told me the truth about the bottle," said Andrew, in great delight.

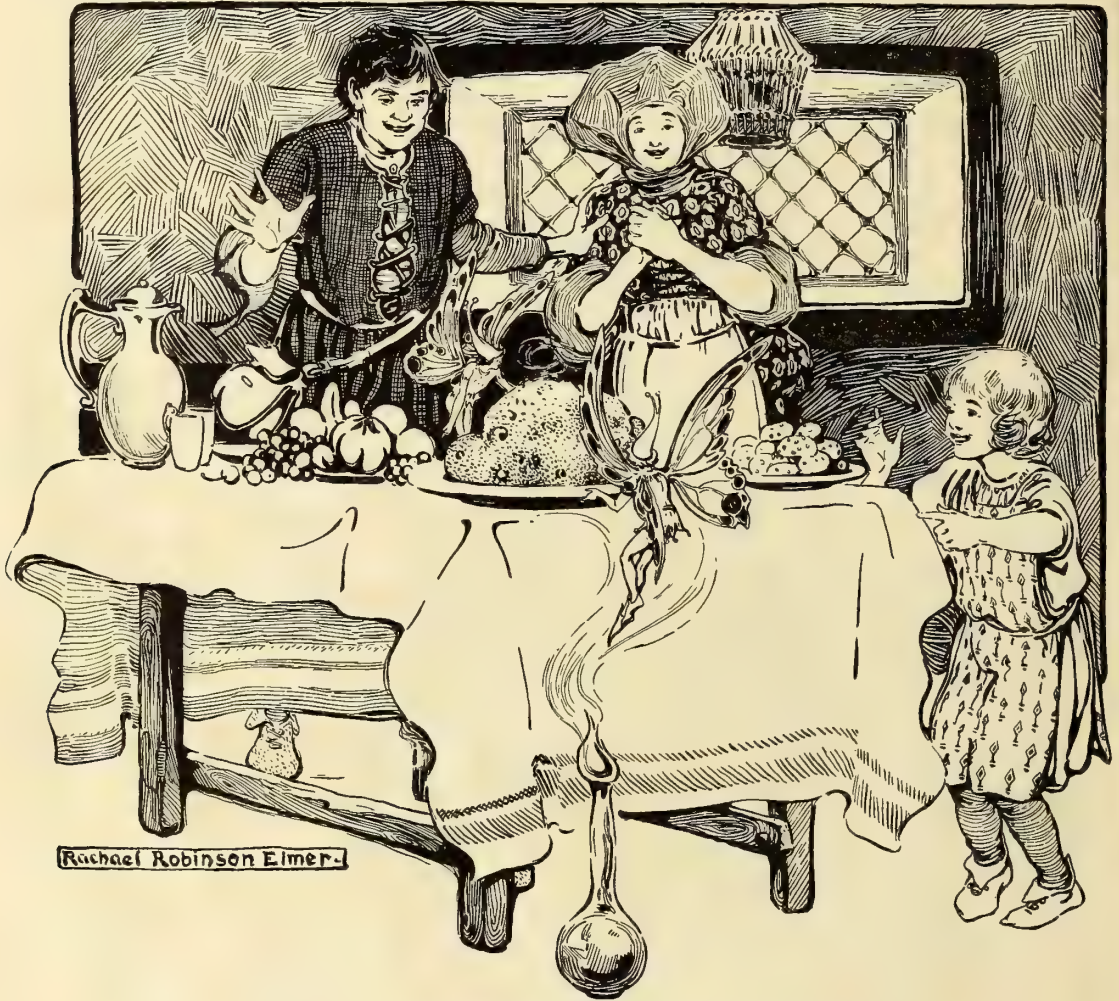
They all made a hearty meal. After they had finished, they waited awhile to see if the two little fairies would carry away the plates and dishes again; but no one came. So they went to bed, not, indeed, to sleep, but to settle about selling all the fine things they did not want, so as to buy all they did want. Andrew went to Chester and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and lots of fine things for his wife and children and himself.

They did all they could to keep the bottle a secret, but, at last, their landlord found it out. For, noticing how fine Andrew's wife and children had now become, and the many handsome things they had in their house, he came to Andrew one day, and asked him where he got all his money from—"surely not from the farm!" He bothered and bothered so much that, at last, Andrew told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a great deal of money for it, but Andrew would not give it, till, at last, the landlord offered to give him all his farm forever; and Andrew, who was very rich, thinking he would never want any more money, gave him the bottle. But Andrew was mistaken. He and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow, as before, and Andrew drove her before him to sell

at Chester fair, anxiously hoping to meet the little old man and get another bottle. Just as he had reached the summit of the hill, and was gazing for a moment on the fair valley which lay at his feet in all its early morning beauty, he was

"And good-by to you, sir," said Andrew, as he turned homeward; "and good luck to this hill; it wants a name, and it ought to be called 'Bottle Hill,' I think. Good-by, sir, good-by."

So he walked back as fast as he could, never



"TWO TINY LITTLE FELLOWS ROSE LIKE LIGHT FROM THE BOTTLE."

startled and rejoiced by the same well-known voice, "Well, Andrew Strong, I told you you would be a rich man."

"Indeed I was, sir, sure enough, but I am not rich now. But, sir, have you another bottle, for I want it now as much as I did long ago; so if you have it, here is the cow for it."

"And here is the bottle," said the little old man, smiling, and with a queer look in his little red eyes, "you know what to do with it."

"Oh, then I do, indeed."

"Well, farewell forever, Andrew Strong."

looking after the dwarf and the cow, so anxious was he to bring home the bottle. Well, he arrived with it safely enough, and called out in great glee as soon as he saw his wife, "Oh, Margaret dear, sure enough I've another bottle!"

"Bless us all, have you? Then you're a lucky man, Andrew; that's what you are!"

In an instant she had put everything right, and Andrew, looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out, "Bottle, bottle, do your duty."

In a twinkling, two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle (I do not know

how they found room in it), and belabored poor Andrew and his wife and the children till they lay on the floor roaring for mercy, when in they went again.

Andrew, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered, got up slowly and looked about him; he thought and thought, and at last he lifted up his wife and children; and leaving them to recover as best they might, he took the bottle under his coat, and went to his landlord, who was giving a great feast to his friends. Andrew got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him, and at last he came out.

"Well, Strong, what do you want now?"

"Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle."

"Ah ha! Is it as good as the first?"

"See for yourself; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen."

"Come along then." So saying, he brought Andrew into the great hall, where he saw his old bottle standing high up on a shelf. "Perhaps," thought he to himself, "I may have you again by and by."

"Now," said his landlord, with a smile of anticipation, "show us your bottle." Andrew set it on the floor, and uttered the words. In a moment, the landlord was tumbled on the floor, ladies and gentlemen, servants, and all were running and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking. Plates, cups, and dishes were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord gasped out, "Stop those two monsters, Andrew Strong, I say, or I'll have you hanged!"

"They never shall stop," said Andrew, "till you make me a gift of my own bottle up there."

"Give it down to him, give it down to him, before we are all killed!" roared out the landlord.

Andrew put the old bottle into his bosom; in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried both the bottles home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever, how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of their servants, fighting for the possession of the bottles, broke them both. But still the hill keeps the name



"THE LANDLORD GASPED OUT, 'STOP THOSE TWO MONSTERS, ANDREW STRONG!'"

of "Bottle Hill," and so it will be always to the end of the world; and so it ought, for it is a strange story.



THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

CHAPTER VI

THE JOYS OF CAMP LIFE

DOCTOR HALSEY stepped forward and removed his hat, as the lady turned toward him inquiringly.

"I trust you will pardon me for stopping you," he began, "but we are strangers here, and want to find the nearest neighbor who can supply us with food. We reached our camp about an hour ago, expecting our provisions would be there, but we don't find them. Our cupboard is in worse condition than that of old Mother Hubbard."

"Oh, I 'm so sorry!" was the compassionate reply. "Now, let me see! What can I do for you? Why, yes! We have plenty of bread and meat in the house—and milk and tea. So we can give you an informal luncheon. I cannot promise you very much, but in an emergency like this, it will be better than nothing."

"Indeed, yes!" exclaimed the doctor, gratefully. "It is very kind of you to suggest it, but I dislike to trouble you."

"Don't speak of it," was the prompt reply. "It really is no trouble"; adding, with a smile, "but I will drive on and get things ready. You will find our landing about half a mile up the lake, the next one to yours. Or, if you come by land, look on the left side of the road for a mail-box with my name on it, Mrs. Elizabeth Spencer."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Spencer," Doctor Halsey responded. "I hope some day we may have an opportunity of repaying your great kindness."

Mrs. Spencer nodded pleasantly and started the horses. "Come up and sing for me sometimes, and we 'll call the account settled," she said.

They went back to the bungalow, and removed the marks of recent travel as well as their resources permitted. Then they started for what Lefty called "the palace of Lady Bountiful."

It was nearly a mile by the road, but finally they found Mrs. Spencer's home—a pretty, white cottage with green blinds.

Upon the shady porch, shielded from the sun by awnings and climbing vines, sat the girl who had been in the carriage, and three others.

A sudden shyness seized the boys, and they felt a strange reluctance to advance. Then one of the girls disappeared within the house, and in a minute Mrs. Spencer came out to welcome them.

"I know you will be willing to take things just as you find them," she said half jestingly. "I 'm only sorry that I can do so little for you."

As she talked, she had led them into the dining-room. The lunch was all ready, and it seemed to the hungry boys as if they never had tasted anything quite as good.

Mrs. Spencer proved a kind and gracious hostess. Before the boys left the cottage, they felt as if they had known her a long while. The meal being over, Doctor Halsey excused the boys and himself, reminding their hostess how much work awaited them. With many heartfelt expressions of gratitude, they prepared to depart.

"Mrs. Spencer, can you tell us where to find Mr. Samuelson?" Tom inquired. "He was to cart our stuff over from the railroad station at North Rutland, and I want to hunt him up and see what 's become of it."

Mrs. Spencer hesitated. "You 'd better not go there—yet," she said finally. "You can inquire at the North Rutland freight office, and find out whether your goods were delivered, but I would n't let any one know, if I were you, that I 'd had any dealings with Mr. Samuelson."

The boys looked surprised, so she added, by way of partial explanation, "This will seem like very strange advice, no doubt, but I assure you that it is the best I can give. I earnestly hope we all may understand the matter clearly before the summer passes."

Wondering, yet not caring to question further, the party left their kind friend and walked back to Beaver Camp, discussing with eager curiosity the strange affair partially revealed to them by Mrs. Spencer's guarded warning. They had not yet settled upon any definite plan of action when they turned into the camp road.

All at once Eliot stopped short and stared about. "It looks as if some one had been dragging a big box or something else large and heavy through those bushes," he said, pointing toward the left. "See how the ground is scraped and torn up. Suppose we investigate."

They plunged into the underbrush, and within ten yards found a trunk. Walter Cornwall set up a shout of joy, and eagerly inspected his property to see if it had been damaged in transit.

Farther in among the trees and bushes was the ice-cream freezer, packed full of smaller articles. Scattered about were boxes, barrels, trunks, and bundles. Apparently everything was there except the cots, Jack's trunk, and the smaller one belonging to Cousin Willie, who had brought two in order to carry what his mother considered necessaries.

"Well, I wish whoever dumped this stuff out here in the wilderness would kindly tell us how to get it back," muttered Tom, who, nevertheless, was vastly relieved to know that so much of their equipment had arrived. "I don't see how we're going to drag it up to the bungalow."

"Hold on a minute," Eliot said thoughtfully, seating himself on a box; "it looks to me as if this stuff had been left up at the bungalow all right. Whoever stowed it away locked the door and put the keys outside under the mat. Somebody came along, read the sign, opened the door, dragged out all the truck, and dumped it here. Must have used a wheelbarrow or a stone-boat."

"All of which is very interesting, but what's it got to do with getting our house furnishings back under the ancestral roof?" Ed interrupted.

"My idea is to see if that stone-boat is n't around somewhere, load as many of our boxes and barrels on it as we can manage, and then drag it to the bungalow," Eliot went on. Luckily it was soon discovered, overturned on the ground, among some bushes. Then the tedious, back-breaking process of transferring all the equipment to the bungalow was undertaken.

Although twilight lingered long for their accommodation, it was dark before they finished.

While the boys still busied themselves unpacking the things, Doctor Halsey fried some bacon over the camp-fire, and made "camp flapjacks," which the boys pronounced "great." The evening meal was informal in the extreme, the bungalow being in a state of wild disorder, but the boys made the best of the situation.

Nine o'clock came—half-past—and, at last, the doctor said: "We have a whole vacation before us, and there is no need of doing too much the first day. Leave the rest until to-morrow. It's warm to-night and clear. We may as well curl up on the piazza, I suppose."

And they did. Wrapping themselves in blankets and pillowing their heads on sweaters or anything else soft that came handy, they drifted off to dreamland.

The doctor slept in the middle of the long line, with five boys on each side. Lefty found himself at one end with Cousin Willie next, between himself and Tad.

The boys were very tired, and soon fell asleep, in spite of their hard beds which afforded slight comfort for aching muscles.

About an hour later, Lefty stirred uneasily, then rolled over, seeking a more comfortable position. As he did so, he was conscious of a sound like a stifled sob from his next neighbor.

He smiled scornfully. What was the kid blubbering about, anyhow? Then Lefty's kind heart

reproached him. After all, he was only a little fellow, and this was the first time he ever had been so far away from home without his mother. No wonder the poor chap felt homesick!

Lefty rolled over quietly, and put his arm protectingly around the younger boy.

"What's the matter, kid?" he said gently.

At first no answer came from the sobbing boy, but at length his tale of woe was told. He was so lonesome and tired (he would n't say homesick) that he could n't go to sleep, and yet he did n't want the boys to know how miserable he felt for fear they would think he was a baby. Lefty smiled to himself when this statement fell falteringly from Willie's lips.

Lefty soothed and comforted the unhappy boy as best he could. "It won't be nearly as hard to-morrow, Willie," he whispered. "By that time, you'll be so happy that the vacation won't seem long enough. Don't feel badly, either, when the fellows tease you, because you'll notice that we make fun of one another every day. It's a sign they like you if they sort of jolly you along.

"Suppose we form a partnership, you and I. You want the fellows to think that you've quit being a kid. That's good! That's the proper spirit! If you're really on the level, I'll stand by you and help all I can, but I'll expect you to do your part, and you must n't feel sore if I sail into you like a Dutch uncle whenever you play the baby. I'll begin now by telling you to go to sleep. Just forget everything, and settle down for pleasant dreams."

"All right, partner," Willie murmured drowsily.

When the doctor awoke, soon after sunrise, and looked over the still forms about him, he saw the partners fast asleep with their arms around each other, and he smiled contentedly.

CHAPTER VII

"HOIST THE FLAG! THE GIRLS ARE COMING!"

MANY duties awaited the boys that first morning in Beaver Camp, and they were stirring before the sun was very high in the eastern sky.

Doctor Halsey paired them off, and set them to doing different things that needed attention. One pair cut wood and piled it near the camp-fire; another carried groceries into the room which had served the former occupants as a kitchen, and arranged them conveniently on the shelves; a third finished unpacking the boxes and barrels; another swept out the rubbish, aired the blankets, and made the premises tidy, while the last two boys carried water, washed dishes and cooking utensils that had just come out of boxes and barrels, and aided in the preparation of breakfast.

During the morning, Tom and the doctor arranged for a supply of milk, eggs, butter, and vegetables from a farmer in the neighborhood, while Jack and Eliot rowed across the lake to purchase some necessary articles. While they were gone, Tad and Lefty walked over to the railway-station at North Rutland, where they found the two trunks that had not yet been delivered, but no cots.

"Whatever has become of those bally beds?" Tad exclaimed helplessly.

"I wanted to warn Tom not to buy 'em," Lefty reminded him, "but you would n't let me. I knew something 'd happen to 'em."

"Maybe the railroad is using them. They have sleepers, you know."

"Sure! Maybe they 've used them for part of the road-bed."

"No. I know what, Lefty. Don't you remember the salesman said the legs could be folded underneath? They probably got tired, curled up their legs, and went to sleep."

"Well, anyhow, I wish they 'd come. The piazza floor may be swell for rugged constitutions, but there are things I like better."

"We won't sleep there to-night. We 'll cut branches and make camp beds. I read a book not long ago that told how to do it."

"Perhaps they 'll come to-morrow. There 's a freight up from the south every morning. I wonder if some one here would cart them over to the camp and bring the trunks at the same time?"

"Should n't be surprised. I 'll ask the supreme potentate of freight and baggage."

That official "guessed 'Zekiel Pettingill 'd bring 'em over for 'em if he had a load that way," and directed them toward the humble home of the worthy Ezekiel.

As they turned away from the office, they became suddenly aware that three boys, evidently natives of the place, were regarding them attentively from the top rail of a near-by fence.

"Mornin'," one of them ventured.

Lefty removed his hat and bowed low. "Greetings," he responded.

That stunned the trio into speechlessness, and it was not until Tad and Lefty had moved some yards away, that the previous speaker again found his voice.

"Reckon you fellers play ball?"

"Reckon we do! Want a game?"

The boy nodded. "Be you the fellers that 'r stayin' over on the lake?"

"We be—but not all of them. There are eight more."

"Campin' on the Raymond place, ain't ye?"

"We 're making a feeble stab in that direction."

The natives exchanged glances of ominous solemnity, and sighed in a manner which somehow conveyed the idea of awe, apprehension, and gloomy foreboding all at once.

"Reckon ye won't stay there long. There ain't a feller in the hull township that 'd go near the place. It 's haunted! They say there 's awful goings on after dark, and somethin' always happens to folks that stay there."

"I noticed it," Lefty solemnly assured them. "Last night, along about midnight, I heard a queer noise out in the woods. It was a wild, mournful sound"—he shivered as he recalled the experience, noting the fact, as he paused, that his auditors were visibly impressed—"like—like a man playing a bass viol in a prison cell. I seized the first weapon that came handy, which turned out to be a can-opener, and went forth to discover the cause—"

"All alone?" gasped one of the natives.

"Sure! If I 'd taken some one with me that would have made a pair, and it 's not time yet for pears. Well, I stole silently into the woods, and what do you suppose I saw? A red, white, and blue elephant with gleaming tusks and a steamer trunk! He was sitting on a log, singing, 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' Oh, yes! the place is haunted, all right!"

"Wal, I swow!" ejaculated one of the boys, and all three stared at Lefty with feelings too deep for expression.

"We 'll arrange a game with you the next time we 're over," Tad hastily assured them. "Come along, Lefty! We want to hunt up the great and only 'Zekiel and get him to bring the cots over when they get here. It 's no fun tramping over to the station every day, only to find out that there 's nothing doing."

They located Neighbor Pettingill, and made favorable arrangements with him, then started back toward the camp.

"Well, Tad, we seem to have landed knee-deep in an awful mystery," Lefty remarked. "We 've hired a haunted camp and discovered a man that we don't dare talk about when anybody 's around. I thought Tom said this was such a quiet section of the country."

"That was before taking. His present ideas have not yet been submitted for publication. I wonder if those fellows can play base-ball enough to keep themselves warm."

Lefty shrugged his shoulders doubtfully. "You never can tell about these country teams, Tad. They may be able to play all around us. Most likely they practise a lot, and have a bunch of heavy hitters on board. It is n't a good plan to underestimate a team like that. If you do get

walloped, it makes you feel like a three-cent piece with a hole in it."

"If Beaver Camp is haunted, it must have been spooks that moved our things out into the woods. Perhaps they put up the sign at the same time, warning us not to land on our own property."

"Oh, don't fret about Cousin Willie! The kid's got the right stuff in him, Tad. I had a talk with him last night, and he and I have formed a partnership for — er — for mutual improvement and development."

"That's fine, Lefty! A partnership like that ought to do you lots of good. I'm so glad, for your sake, that Cousin Willie has consented to improve you. You need it! Of course, I would n't say so to any one outside, but since you mentioned it—"

"Exactly! Cousin Willie has the right idea about camp life, Tad. I don't believe he's going to give up very easily, no matter what happens. At home, I suppose he's humored and petted to death, so he's grown to expect it. He knows that he can have his own way if he makes a fuss about it, consequently he rules the roost.

"He seems to have sense enough, though, to know that such a program does n't specially draw a crowd up here. He's a sensible kid! I don't know where he got his level-headed notions—"

"They come from our branch of the family."

"A lot they do! You'd have to give trading-stamps to get anybody to take 'em. Anyhow, Cousin Willie has made up his mind that it's time he quit being a kid. He wants to show the fellows up here that he is just as big as they are in feelings, and has just as stiff a backbone. I told him I'd stretch forth a helping hand to aid a stumbling brother as long as he acted as if he meant what he

said, and he quite fell on the offer."

"Good work, Lefty! I did n't think the kid had it in him. I hope he'll make good. It would tickle Mother immensely if he developed as she wants him to up here at camp."

Arriving at Beaver Camp, the fun-loving pair lost no time in proclaiming the fact that intelligent natives had declared the place to be haunted,



THE DISCOVERY IN THE UNDERBRUSH. (SEE PAGE 622.)

"Won't it make the fellows' eyes stick out when we tell 'em that they've struck a haunted house?" Lefty chuckled. "We'll work that idea for all it's worth, Tad. If you and I can't have some fun out of it on the side, it'll be a wonder."

"Cousin Willie'll have fourteen fits when he learns about it," Tad made answer. "He'll be so scared, he'll be afraid of his own shadow."

but the announcement excited only amusement and ridicule.

The boys, however, welcomed the invitation to meet the natives in friendly rivalry on the baseball diamond, and began to discuss ways and means of accomplishing their defeat.

"First thing on the program, we must get our diamond in shape," Tom suggested. "If we play in the village, they may want a return game here. Anyhow, we need plenty of practice. We want to make a good showing."

"Probably by to-morrow we 'll be able to tackle our athletic field," Charlie observed. "We seem to have things in fairly good shape around the place."

And it was agreed that this matter should receive attention the next day.

By mid-afternoon, the campers were comfortably settled in their new quarters, and they celebrated the completion of their hard toil by having an invigorating bath in the lake.

Cousin Willie stood timidly on the shore, after having waded in until his ankles were covered, shivering at the thought of plunging into the cold water.

"Let 's duck the kid," Bert proposed to Lefty.

"Don't you do it—now," was the pleading response. "He 's only a kid, you know, Bert, and if you go to work and scare him into fits the first time he comes down to swim, he won't get over it in a hurry. What 's the use, anyhow? We want to brace the kid up! Most likely he 'll enjoy it as well as any of us once he gets the habit. If he sees that we 're not going to bother him, he won't be afraid to come in."

"All right, deacon!" Bert laughingly replied. "I 'll help make a water baby of him."

He waded ashore as he spoke, and stood for a moment beside the younger boy, swinging his arms to keep warm.

"Can you swim, Willie?" he asked finally.

"A little."

"Better come in. The water 's fine to-day. Honest! It does n't feel cold after you 've been in awhile, and it 's a lot more fun than standing here shivering. Come on in with me. It is n't deep until—until you get out there where Ed and Tad are."

Willie drew back, reluctant to plunge in, but Bert threw an arm about his waist and lifted him into the water, where they both splashed about gaily for a few minutes. Then Bert swam off into deeper water, and Willie essayed a few strokes himself.

"Not bad, Will! Kick your legs out more. That 's the way!" Doctor Halsey called to him from the shore. Then he waded out to en-

courage the boy with a few suggestions and a little praise.

Will was very happy when the signal was given to come out of the water. New forces were stirring within him, and it seemed to him as if he were just beginning to be a real boy. Also he felt a growing regard for these lively, fun-loving, manly fellows, who seemed to take especial pains to be kind to him and to help him in the carrying out of certain commendable resolutions which he had made, and which he had partially revealed to Lefty when their partnership was formed.

The campers sunned themselves on the beach for a few minutes, in spite of the doctor's warning of possible sunburn, then dressed leisurely and wandered up toward the bungalow.

A dismal wailing, which reminded them of backyard fences at home, saluted their ears as they approached the house, and Charlie and Walter, who were in the lead, ran forward to investigate. No cat had been on the premises since their arrival, so they wondered whence came the unmistakably feline solo.

"A cat!" Charlie gasped. "In a cage, too! Well, did you ever!"

The others crowded around, and saw a small Maltese kitten imprisoned in a rough cage made of a crate. On this was tacked a sign bearing the inscription printed in red ink:

DANGER! DO NOT TOUCH! WILDCAT CAPTURED IN THE WOODS ON THE RAYMOND PLACE. MANY MORE AT LIBERTY! BEWARE!

The kitten had a piece of red ribbon tied around its neck, and a little bell tinkled when it moved.

"Must belong to some one in the neighborhood," Tom asserted. "We 'd better hang on to it until it 's claimed."

"Wonder how it got into the crate."

"Through the crater, most likely."

There was considerable speculation as to how and by whom the kitten had been placed on the bungalow piazza, but other matters claimed the boys' attention, and just then they were too busy to attempt a complete solution of the mystery.

A large flag was owned by Beaver Camp, and Tom, with the help of Eliot and Charlie, attempted to attach it to halyards on a flagpole near a corner of the bungalow. This required some little time, but they had just completed the task, when Bert came running up the pathway from the shore.

"Hoist the flag!" he cried breathlessly, as he neared the house. "The girls are coming!"

"What girls?" Tom inquired, looking calmly at the excited messenger.

"I think it 's the same pair that we saw yesterday in the canoe. They 're headed for our landing."

"All right! We 'll run up the flag. You 'd

"Excuse me for troubling you," one of them said, blushing a bit. "We have lost a little Maltese kitten that we are very fond of. If you see it around anywhere, will you please catch it and return it to us? We are Mrs. Spencer's nieces, and are staying with her."

"Why—why—I think we have your cat up at the bungalow. We found it there a little while ago when we came back from our swim. Does it wear a red ribbon around its neck and a bell?"

"Oh, yes!" the girls cried together. "That must be Cjax."

"Cjax?" questioned Bert. The girls laughed at his evident surprise. "We have four kittens," one of them explained, "and we named them Ajax, Bjax, Cjax, and Djax."

"But how could you tell which was which?" Bert inquired. "I should think you would be calling Ajax Djax and Cjax Bjax."

"Oh, no! They have different markings, and we can always tell them apart. It 's really funny, though, to hear people get them all mixed up when they talk about them."

"Won't you come ashore?" Bert asked, politely, suddenly remembering his duty as host.

The girls looked at each other uncertainly. Then one of them said: "We 'd better go up and get Cjax, Dorothy. He may run away again if some one brings him down to us, and then, you know, we don't want to trouble any one when it 's not necessary."

Bert helped them to step up on the landing, then lifted the canoe out of the water,

and placed it on the boards. The girls thanked him politely, and followed him along the path toward the bungalow.

Bert was fervently hoping that the girls might not discover the manner in which Cjax was delivered to the camp, but, alas! a long-drawn wail smote the air as the trio approached the bungalow, and the girls exclaimed sympathetically. A



"THE GIRLS DISCOVERED THEIR PET IN STRANGE QUARTERS."

better hustle down and extend a kindly welcome to 'em. They 'll need a guide if they come ashore."

Bert nodded, and hurried toward the landing, arriving just in time to see a canoe swing around in a quarter-circle and come alongside. In it were two of the girls who had been sitting on the piazza of Mrs. Spencer's cottage when the boys called for their first meal the day before.

moment later, they discovered their pet in strange quarters.

"That 's just the way we found it," Bert explained, fearing that they might think the Beaver Campers guilty of cruelty to animals. "We thought it was a pet, and that some one would claim it soon. We were afraid it would run away if we let it out, so we thought it would be safer to keep it right in the crate."

Eliot appeared on the scene just then, carrying a hammer, and it was the work of but a moment to liberate the imprisoned kitten.

"Poor Cjax!" murmured the girl addressed as Dorothy. "I wonder who shut you up in that thing."

"Just what we 've been trying to puzzle out," Bert assured her.

Then he told the girls of the sign which had saluted their arrival, of the mysterious removal of their baggage, and of the inscription which adorned the crate. He did not add that Beaver Camp was reputed to be haunted, for he secretly hoped that this might not be the last visit of the girls, and feared that news of such sort would frighten them away from the place.

The girls promised to let him know if they learned anything that might throw light on the case, and then said that they would have to hurry back in order to reach home before supper.

All the boys except Ed and Charlie, who were preparing the evening meal, escorted them down

to the landing and helped them to embark. Cjax did not like the looks of the water, and seemed determined to remain in Dorothy's arm. One cannot well hold a kitten and manage a paddle at the same time, however, so Cjax was deposited on the bottom of the canoe, which was headed for home.

He soon scrambled to his feet, clutched the side of the canoe, and looked over toward the boys, meowing vigorously. Bert waved his hand.

"Good-by, Cjax!" he cried.

But really he was thinking less of the cat than of—of—other things.

"Nice girls, those!" Jack commented. "I hope we 'll know them better before the summer 's over. I dare say they 'd make mighty good company if a fellow was well acquainted with them."

Walter nodded. "They 're not a bit stiff," he added. "Just pleasant and polite, not silly or fresh."

"Those girls were placed in a pretty embarrassing position, when you come to think of it, coming ashore among a lot of strangers to rescue a cat. Yet they carried themselves well and did n't do anything foolish. You can see that they 're well-bred," said Tom.

All unconscious of these compliments, the girls continued on their homeward way, arriving safely at length, in time for Cjax to enjoy the evening meal in the felicitous feline fellowship of his brothers Ajax, Bjax, and Djax.

(To be continued.)

THE MIRACLE

BY HARRIET H. PIERSON

A BABY seed all dressed in brown,
Fell out of its cradle one day;
The West Wind took it with loving arms
And carried it far away.

He laid it down on a bed of leaves,
And hid it with blankets white;
And there it slept like a weary child,
Through the long, dark winter night.

It woke at last, when the springtime came,
And stretched its arms on high,
And it grew and grew through the livelong day,
Toward the sun and the clear, blue sky.

It drew its food from its Mother Earth,
And it drank the cooling shower,
Till the small, brown seed was changed at last
To a sweet, wild, wayside flower!



AN AFTERNOON PARTY—THE FIRST ARRIVAL.

From a painting by J. A. Muenier.

“WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS”

'T is very hard to sleep sometimes; you see, the first of May,

A very noisy family moved just across the way.
There 's Mr. Bird and Mrs. Bird, and Master Bird and Miss,

And every morn at half-past four, they raise a song like this:

“A chirp-a-dee, a chirp-a-dee, a chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, chee!”

They do not seem to care a whit how sleepy mortals be.

We cannot ask them to vacate (this noisy concert band);

They occupy the highest tree there is at their command.

The elevator that they use is each his own swift wings;

Contented in this high abode the happy household sings:

“A chirp-a-dee, a chirp-a-dee, a chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, chee!”

You people miss an awful lot, who don't live in a tree!”

This family does not like the cold, and journeys south each fall;

And, though we say they wake us up, we long for spring's recall.

The minstrel troupe comes back to us as noisy as before,

And other tree-top neighbors come to sing before our door:

“A chirp-a-dee, a chirp-a-dee, a chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, chee!”

Who is it talks of little birds that in their nests agree?”

This lively band of singer-folk ne'er ask a stated fee,

But, like all other mendicants, subsist on charity;
Descending from their leafy boughs a-many times a day,

They ask for all the dainty crumbs that we have stored away.

“A chirp, chirp, chirp, a chirp, chirp, chirp!”

How funny that we keep

Our choicest bits to pay the folk who rob us of our sleep!

Edith M. Russell.

TRICKED!



EACH springtime cool the April Fool, his rain-drop bells a-chiming,
On rainbow wings a sunbeam brings to buds o'er dark banks climbing.

“Wake up and greet the May-time sweet!” he laughs, and startled flowers

Unclose their eyes in glad surprise—to drenching April showers.

May Aiken.



"THE CAPTAIN, LEAPING FROM HIS CHAIR BY THE FIRE, WAS SENT SPRAWLING." (SEE PAGE 636.)

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN SPUR

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

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

CHAPTER XII

A STORM IN THE HIGHLANDS

REAL SNOW came late that December, not the thin layer that sparkled on the grass, but deep drifts that almost hid the fences, and made the country about Westover House look very new and strange. Every morning, Roger woke up to find his bedroom windows covered with queer frost tracings, and, when he looked out, the trees had long icicle fingers, and their limbs shone as if they were made of glass. It was good to get into warm clothes and go down-stairs to a hot breakfast, and to stand in front of the blazing logs on the dining-room hearth.

His tutor left Westover House the day before Christmas, and Roger drove over with him to the railroad station. He had a few last presents he

wanted to buy in the village, so he told John, the coachman, not to wait for him. He had on his fur coat and cap, and his fur-lined gloves, and, after he had made his purchases, he started home on foot.

A few snowflakes were falling as he left the village, and the sun was a curious red-gold. With the eye of a weather-prophet, Roger predicted that a storm was coming. Then he dug his hands deep into his pockets and stepped on briskly. Soon the snow was falling faster, making a veil that hid almost everything but the road, and the sun had disappeared.

"Bad weather to be abroad in, is n't it?" asked a voice at his elbow.

Roger turned in surprise. Beside him strode a slender man, muffled up to his ears in a greatcoat, with a broad hat pulled far down upon his brow.

"My bonnie Scotland is not so kind to me as she might be," went on the stranger. "I love the Highlands best in sunny weather."

"Scotland!" exclaimed Roger, in a tone that sounded as though he thought his companion must be dreaming.

"Aye, bonnie Scotland," repeated the other. "We are not so very far from Perth, and if the snow were not so thick, you might see Kinnoull Hill. I must reach Perth before the dawn, but if the wind shift—" He broke off, and threw out his hands to show how he felt as to what might happen then.

Roger thought they ought by now to be near his father's house, but he did not say so. He walked on silently, save for the crunching of the snow under his heavy-shod boots.

"Don't you know who I am?" asked his companion presently, turning toward him. "I know you. Your name is Roger Miltoun."

Roger had been thinking hard. This man must be the last of the Knights of the Golden Spur, the slender man with the deep, dark eyes and the smiling lips, who had kept turning a great seal-ring upon his finger.

"I do remember you," he said finally. "You had a hat with a feather, and a blue coat under your cloak, and a seal-ring on your finger. I've been wondering who you are."

The man pulled his coat-collar a little away from his face, and Roger could see that he was very handsome, although very pale and thin. "My name is Charles Stuart," said he, "and by right I should be King of England and of Scotland, as my fathers were before me. But, instead, I am only called Prince Charlie, and the English troops are hunting me through Scotland like a common thief."

"Bonnie Prince Charlie!" exclaimed Roger. "Why, I've heard lots of songs about you!"

But Prince Charlie's lips had lost their smile, and he was staring very soberly ahead of him. "Tracked like a thief in my own Scotland," he murmured, "and driven back again to France. Roger, if it were not for the love some of these good people of the Highlands bear me, I had almost as soon sink into one of these great drifts and never rise again as to fight on." Then, very abruptly, he threw back his shoulders, and his eyes took on a new light. "Shame on you, Charlie lad," said he. "The heir of the Stuarts to whine because he's whipped! Nay, not so. Courage and a smile will always set doubts packing!"

Then he broke into a light laugh. "What a chase those Hanoverian soldiers have had after me! Once I was hid in the trunk of a tree as they shot past in full cry, and many a day I've

lain in a cave in the rocks with a few faithful friends, waiting for the cover of a dark night to steal away. But traveling in company became too dangerous, and so we scattered. And now I must reach the house of one Tammass Campbell, a gunsmith who lives just this side of Perth, for to-night I will find there men who will smuggle me on board the French ship that waits for me. It should not be a long way to this Campbell's but for this storm."

By this time, Roger thoroughly realized that they were not in the neighborhood of Westover House, but in a rough and hilly country. They were going uphill, and a new and piercing wind blew straight in their faces as if from a gap in the hills.

So they tramped on for what seemed like miles, through a white desert. They could see scarcely a yard in front of them, and it was only the banks that rose on either side that kept them in the road. Roger was chilled through, and every muscle ached, but he knew that he must go on fighting through the storm beside Prince Charlie. Every little while he glanced at the man beside him, whose broad-brimmed hat and shoulders were covered with drifts of snow, while now and then he would fling his arms about to warm them. Soon Roger found himself stumbling and almost falling, and needed all his wits to keep his feet moving on the road.

They were in very bad plight in all seriousness. Night had come and ringed them in, and the darkness added its fear to that of the cold and their ebbing strength. Then the road dipped, and he wondered if they could be coming down from the hills. Suddenly the wind veered and struck them from the left. It brought a great, whirling mass of snow that hit them with terrific force. It seemed as if they could not take another step forward, but must either be blown back or fall prone on the ground. Roger felt Prince Charlie's arm around his shoulders, and so they stood, holding to each other, while the sudden whirlwind beat mercilessly against them. Then it slackened a little, and Roger heard his companion shouting at him, "I thought I heard a dog's bark on the right. We must climb up the bank."

Roger had a remnant of strength left, and with it he fought his way beside the prince up the slippery ground at the side of the road. Then they stumbled on. Suddenly in the darkness they struck a wooden wall. Roger now heard the dog barking, and felt himself being pulled to the left. Then he heard the prince beating on wood with his feet, and, before he knew what was happening, the darkness opened, and he lurched forward into a lighted room. He felt a sudden, sharp

pain, as of fire, shoot through him, and then, in spite of his struggles, his eyelids closed.

When he opened his eyes again, he could not, at first, imagine where he was. He was lying on a couch covered with skins. His boots and his fur cap and coat were gone. Great logs were blazing in a fireplace, a table was set with plates and glasses in the center of the room, and a girl was pouring something steaming hot from a stone pitcher into a great bowl that stood upon the hearth.

A young man sat in front of the fire, swinging one leg slowly over the knee of the other. He wore a dark blue suit, but although Roger had only seen him in his cloak and high boots, he knew it was Prince Charlie. In a chair on the other side of the hearth sat an older man, of heavy build, with shaggy, gray hair. A boy, a little older than Roger, had just come into the room, and laid some logs of fire-wood on the hearth.

"I've drawn nae sword mysel this last year," the gray-haired man was saying, "for my right arm has lost its cunning and wull na bend. But my brothers and all the clan MacGregor followed the beacon light, and my little lad Angus here begged sae hard that I could na keep him hame. But I should beg your pardon, young sir," the man went on. "It may be ye are nae Jacobite yoursel, but hereabouts 't is hard to speak of anything but King Charles and the war."

"Poor King Charlie," said the girl. "Each night we say a prayer for him."

"An' hope he be safe and sound," added Angus, "and na skirling about the Hielands in despair."

The man in blue turned toward the girl. "Those prayers of yours will save him yet," said he. "Say them still after he goes to France, and he 'll come back again."

"Oh, do ye think sae?" said she, taking a few steps forward.

"Will he come back? Will Charlie cross the water?" exclaimed the old man in excited tones.

The young man rose and stood with his back to the fire. "Aye, he will come back," said he, "sae lang as Scotch hearts beat sae true to him."

"How d' ye ken?" asked the man, sitting forward in his chair.

The young man twisted the signet-ring about on his finger. "I should know," said he, "for my name is Charles Stuart, and I sail for France at dawn."

There was absolute silence for a moment, then the Scotchman rose from his chair and dropped on his knees before the man in blue, and the boy and girl knelt on either side of him. "Sae it is Your Majesty in vera truth!" the Scotchman ex-

claimed. "Forgi'e the likes o' us for being sae familiar."

"Forgive you for taking me in from the storm and saving my life?" said the young man, with a smile. "No, I shall never forgive that, nor forget it."

"I saw Your Majesty once—in battle," said Angus, "an' I was doubtin' just afore ye spoke—"

"And I too," said the girl. "I've a picture in my locket o' Prince Charlie."

"Of King Charles, Elspeth," corrected her father.

"No," said the young man, "not King, but only Prince Charlie. I love the name, for those who call me by it are fond of me."

"And weel they may be, sir," said the Scotchman, rising from his bended knee. "And when ye come again, I'll draw the claymore, right arm or nae right arm."

"And that will surely help to win the day for me," answered Prince Charlie. He spoke so frankly and so courteously that his very words seemed to make people love him. "But until that day comes, I must go back to France," he added, "and to do that I must reach before dawn the house of a gunsmith, named Campbell, on the edge of Perth."

"'T is na sae far to Campbell's hoose," said the Scotchman. "A mile straight doon the road. But ye 'll na be gangin' just yet. 'T is an honor my bairns and I will ne'er be forgettin' if we micht hae our bonnie Prince Charlie to sup on Christmas e'en."

"And Charlie would like that supper," said the prince, "for the scones smell very good, and so does that bowl of punch. Aha! see the lad on the couch prick up his ears at the naming of hot things to eat."

It was true. Even the comfort of the bed of skins was not so strong as Roger's appetite just then. He sat up, and soon, rising, stepped over to the fire.

"Is n't this a merry change, Roger?" asked the prince. "Instead of raging snow and biting wind, blazing logs, a stout roof, and a steaming supper. Come, let's to table."

Prince Charlie took the chair at the head. None of the others would have sat down, but he insisted. Elspeth had set all the dishes out, so that now she had little to do in waiting on them. The prince and Roger were so hungry that their Scotch host was kept busy cutting slices of venison to fill their plates.

It was a real Christmas eve feast, and it ended with Elspeth's pride—a fine plum-pudding. When the last of that had vanished, Prince Charlie pushed his chair back from the table, and told

them some of the strange adventures that had befallen him in the last few weeks. Then he asked Elspeth if she would not sing for him, and, with a flushed face, she stood up and sang the old Jacobite song of "The Young Chevalier," her sweet voice trembling as she looked at the prince.

The song ended, and the prince clapped his hands, crying, "Brava, brava, Elspeth!" But the words were scarcely out of his mouth before there was a loud knocking at the door, and a voice cried, "Open! open in the king's name!"

Then, before any one had time to think, the door broke inward, and an officer in English uniform stood in the room with sword drawn. And behind him came others, all with muskets. The first man cast his eye over the startled group, and singled out the young man in blue. "My orders are to hold you, sir," said he, with a bow, "until the captain-general comes out from Perth."

The Scotchman sprang forward, throwing himself between the prince and the English officer. "This mon bides wi' me, and ye maun e'en kill me afore ye can tak him."

"Nay, friend," said the prince. "This good soldier has made a mistake. He takes me for some other person than the simple man I am."

"Your pardon, sir, but I take you for Charles Stuart," answered the officer. "My men have been on your track since early day. There's no use fighting," he added, looking at the Scotchman. "It would only be good blood spilled."

The Scotchman looked as if he were about to throw himself on the officer, but Prince Charlie put a hand on his shoulder. "There is a time for everything," said he, gently but firmly, "and this is none for fighting."

The prince sat down again in his seat by the fire, and the officer bade certain of his men to guard the doors of the house. Then he helped himself to a glass of the punch.

"Sit here with me, captain," said the prince, invitingly, pointing to a chair near him. "Friends are much better gear than enemies."

All this time Roger had been watching everything, but saying nothing. Two of the soldiers sat down by the supper-table, and another was talking with the Scotchman and his son Angus in a corner. One stood, musket on shoulder, outside the front door, and another had gone to watch the door at the back of the house. Elspeth had slipped out of the room, and now Roger stole out of the room also. He found Elspeth in the little dark hall, crying as if broken-hearted.

"Where are my boots and coat?" asked Roger, in a low voice.

"Oh, the puir prince," sobbed Elspeth, seeing it was Roger. "And he sae bonnie, too."

"Get me my boots and cap and coat," said Roger. "Then if you can draw the soldier away from the kitchen door a minute, I'll slip out. Call him over to the fire for a dish of broth."

Elspeth returned in a moment, and Roger pulled on his boots and struggled into his fur coat and cap. "Now go back and get that soldier over by the fire," said he.

Again Elspeth did as she was told. Then, very cautiously, Roger looked in at the kitchen door. The only light in the room was what came from the fire. The soldier was standing beside Elspeth, watching her ladle hot broth into a big cup. Roger waited until the soldier took the cup in his hand and held it up to drink. Then he slipped around the edge of the room, keeping in the shadow, until he came to the door. The soldier had left this unlatched, and he could open it without making any noise. He crept out, and pulled the door shut after him.

The storm had ended. Before him lay a great white field of snow, and beyond were the lights of a good-sized town. Roger knew that must be Perth; so he turned up his collar, pulled his cap down over his ears, and headed for the road that Prince Charlie and he had left. Luckily there was enough starlight now for him to see his way.

CHAPTER XIII

WHAT HAPPENED TO PRINCE CHARLIE

ROGER knew that he must hurry if he was to aid Prince Charlie. The captain and the five men who were guarding him now were likely to be relieved at any moment by the arrival of others from the castle at Perth. His business was to get to Tammas Campbell at once. So he ran and slid and hurried down the highroad as fast as he could, until he could make out the blur of many houses, and could see spirals of smoke floating from chimneys across the starlit sky. Several cottages stood on either side of the road, and he stopped in front of each one and looked for a sign. They all seemed to be small farmers' houses, so he kept on along the road until he reached one that stood farther back from the highway. Following a path made by recent footprints, he came to the door, and peered up at a sign-board that hung creaking in the wind. He could make out two crossed muskets on it, and the words, "T. Campbell, Gunsmith."

Roger knocked boldly upon the door. No one answered him, so he knocked again, and then, after a little wait, a third time. He stepped back, and looked the house over. It was small, with a thatched roof, and all the windows were covered with wooden shutters. He was certain that this

must be the place that the prince had been aiming for, so he gave the door a stout kick with his foot. Almost instantly it opened, and a man looked out at him. "De'il tak ye! Why be ye

France?" he asked, turning around to Roger. "Ye seem to hae part o' a countersign I ken, but na the rap at the door. What is 't ye 'd say to me?"

Roger glanced at the men half hidden by the haze of peat-smoke. "I 'd rather speak to you alone," said he; and added, "that is if you are Tammas Campbell."

"Aye, lad, I be Tammas Campbell right enow. An' these be good friends o' mine wha ken all my secrets." Then, as if he understood the reason for Roger's hesitation, he said; "If there 's a man wha 's gangin' aff to France the morn, they be anxious to hear o' him."

Roger realized that this was no time for distrust. "I came through the hills with a man this afternoon," said he. "We were caught in a storm and had to stop at a cottage about a mile from here. Some English soldiers broke into the house after supper, and took him prisoner."

"An' why did they do that?" demanded Campbell.

"They said he was Prince Charles Stuart."

"Prince Charles Stuart!" echoed the gunsmith. He turned toward the group of men. "Now what think ye



"THE SOLDIER WAS WATCHING ELSPETH LADLE HOT BROTH INTO A CUP."

knockin' up honest folk this time o' nicht?" said the man, angrily.

"There 's a man up the road needs help," said Roger. "A man who wants to go to France."

The man at the door stared at him for a moment. Then he said, "I thought ye waur a troop o' horse by the racket ye made, but syne ye be only a lad, ye may e'en come indoors."

The gunsmith's main room was a strange-looking place. A peat fire burned on the hearth and filled the room with smoke. All about were the parts of guns, and odds and ends of old metal. The fire gave the only light, but it was enough to show Roger that there were a number of men on the far side of the room, a rough, weather-beaten lot, who looked like sailors or smugglers.

Tammas Campbell shut the door and bolted it. "What was that ye said about a man bound to

o' that? 'T is ill news the lad brings."

"An' was he Charlie himsel?" one of the men demanded.

"Yes," said Roger, "it was really he."

"Then by the blessed Saint Andrew!" exclaimed the gunsmith, "I 'll na be sittin' here. Lads, will ye leave him trapped in the hands o' yon English butchers?"

In a trice, they were all up, stamping, growling at the English, blessing Prince Charlie, feeling for their dirks, and making ready to set out at once.

"Every mon tak a gun," said the smith, pointing to a rack of muskets. "Noo, lad, lead us to yon cot."

Roger glanced at the crowd. There were a dozen of them, strapping big fellows, who looked as if they would rather fight than eat. "Come!"

he cried, and, unbolting the door, led the way out into the road.

It was harder work toiling uphill than it had been sliding down, but at last Roger could point out the cottage to Campbell. The gunsmith went first to reconnoiter, leaving the others crouched behind the bank at the side of the road. When he came back, he gave his orders, and the band of Scots crept forward. Two were told off to the front of the house, and these two came so suddenly and so fiercely upon the soldier on guard there, that, the first thing he knew, he was flung forward into a snowdrift, and so stunned that he could give no cry. Then these two stood by the door, and the others went to the windows. Roger, one of the gunsmith's muskets in his hand, stood his place with the rest, ready to break the window in front of him and fire as soon as he got the word of command.

He could see Prince Charlie and the English captain talking by the fire, and the soldiers sitting at the supper-table. Then suddenly the door was burst open, and Tammas Campbell stood on the threshold, a leveled musket at his shoulder. "Hands up!" he roared in a voice of thunder. Without waiting, he cried, "Fire!" Musket barrels broke the glass of every window in the room, and muskets, aimed at the ceiling, sent out a round of shot. Then, while the English soldiers were almost blinded by the smoke and dazed by the roar, the Scots sprang forward, dirks in hand, following Tammas through the open door.

The captain, leaping from his chair by the fire, was sent sprawling by a blow from Campbell's fist. The soldiers at the table threw up their hands when the steel of the dirks danced before their eyes. There came a cry of warning from the kitchen, and then the noise of a heavy man falling to the floor. Two Scots had taken charge of the guard at the rear, and handled him with the same skill and despatch their mates had showed with the soldier at the front. Roger dashed into the room just in time to see the enemy's complete defeat.

Campbell gave his orders sharply. The captain's sword and his men's muskets were secured, and their arms bound. Not until he had seen them made absolutely secure did he turn to the man in blue. Then he pulled off his woolen cap and bowed low to him.

"Heaven save Your Majesty!" said he. "Trust a Scottish mon to tak an English!"

"You've done it as neatly as ever hunter trapped a boar," answered Prince Charlie. "I'll never forget this night's work of you and your men. The boy brought you the tidings?"

"Aye, the lad here," said Tammas, nodding.

"Come here, Roger," said Prince Charlie. "Do you know that all the time I sat by the fire with the English captain, I had a hope that you'd be winning down to Campbell's?"

"He's a clever lad," said Tammas. "When he rapped at the door, he did na give the countersign agreed to, so I e'en let him rap. But he did na go away, but kept on poundin', so I took a look at him."

"Angus, my coat and hat and boots," said Prince Charlie. "They should be well warmed by now. We must be making for the French ship, or there'll be another rescue party climbing the hill."

Angus brought the prince's outer garments from the kitchen, and now helped him on with them. Prince Charlie shook hands with the boy and his father. "Keep those claymores sharp," said he, "for I shall be coming back soon, and if you two do not join me, my cause is as good as lost. But where is Elspeth? I must be hastening, but I want to say good-by to her first."

Elspeth, when she heard her name spoken, came into the room. The prince put out his hand and took hers. "No matter what happens to me," said he, "I'll never forget how you sang, 'Charlie is my darling.'"

She flushed, her eyes misty with tears. "And I'll never forget Prince Charlie," said she; and before he could stop her, she had bent and kissed his hand.

Leaving the English soldiers in the Scotchman's care, the gunsmith called his men together and placed Prince Charlie and Roger in the center of the square they formed. "So if we meet any soldier men," he explained, "they'll na see who we hae wi' us, but tak us for a band o' country loons singin' Christmas carols to the neighbors."

But they looked like anything but carol singers as they shouldered their muskets and started down the road. Tammas led the march, and turned off by a path to the right before they reached Perth. The snow was deeper here, but the men in front made a trail which provided easier going for the prince and Roger. At last they paused upon a slope and saw where just in front of them a lantern on a ship made a rippling path of light upon the water.

"Yon's the French brig," said Tammas, pointing to the rocking light.

A hundred yards more brought them to a small inlet, and there lay a long rowboat half hidden in beach-grasses. The Scotchmen stepped on board and took their places at the oars, Prince Charlie and Roger sat in the stern seat, and Tammas crouched in front of them. A man in the bow

cast off. "Noo," said Tammas, "pull for the brig yonder. All the redcoats i' the kingdom should na hae Prince Charlie noo."

The prince looked back at the shore they were leaving. "Farewell, Scotland!" he murmured. "My heart is sore at going, but I 'll come back. Yes, I 'll come back to you."

The Scotchmen pulled strong oars, the water splashed from their blades, and the light on the brig grew larger, and soon Roger could make out her lines and even see a group of men gathered in the bow, facing toward them. "Noo let her run!" called Tammas. The oars rose and stayed poised, and the long boat shot gently into the great black shadow made by the ship. "Here we are, Roger," said Prince Charlie. "In good time, too, for yonder streak on the horizon looks like dawn to me."

CHAPTER XIV

HOW THE KNIGHTS DECIDED

WHEN Roger woke up the next morning, he found the storm had cleared and he could see from his window the motionless white arms of the elm at the side of the house. But he did not jump right out of bed because he could not help wondering how Prince Charlie was faring in the French brig, and if he would really return to Scotland some day and fight for his throne again. As he was thinking that, Roger's father knocked at his door, and said, "Roger, you 'd better tumble out as quick as you can, or you 'll find it 's the day after Christmas."

That would never do; so Roger hastened to dress, and ran down to breakfast. He got there in time to find that it was still December twenty-fifth, and to wish all the family a Merry Christmas.

That was a wonderful holiday week, for the fine weather held, and the boys could live out-of-doors. But one thing worried Roger as the holidays wore on. Each one of the knights who had sat at the table had come to Westover House and taken him away with him, as they had agreed, and now he was afraid there would be no more adventures.

Christmas week passed, and he saw none of them. New-year's eve came, and Roger's father and mother drove away in a sleigh to a neighbor's house, for a dinner-party, and to see the New-year in. Roger sat reading in the library until the clock struck eleven. Then he put his book on the table and went over to the hearth, where he kicked the big logs into a blaze. He did not feel sleepy, and he did not want to go to bed. Then he remembered the book, bound in green and gold, that he had been reading on that

other night, and also the little amulet of jade. He took the book from the shelf and the amulet from its drawer in the cabinet, and carried them to the tiger skin before the fire. He stretched out, and opened the book at the page that was still marked with the slip of paper he had left in it. He read the lines again, out loud, to catch the sound of them.

He finished reading, and, looking down at the amulet in his hand, wished that he might see his knights again. Then, above the crackling of the fire, he caught a murmur of voices. With a beating heart, he got up and looked about. Yes, the room was as it had been on that other night, with tapestries hanging where the windows would have been.

Trembling with excitement, Roger dropped the amulet into his pocket, and walking across the room, pulled the tapestries apart. Beyond lay the hall of the Knights of the Golden Spur. The banner of white, with the spur of gold in its center, hung high above the shining table, and the torches in their rings about the walls lighted the faces and figures of the six men who sat about the board. One chair stood empty, just as it had before.

Sir Lancelot was speaking. "'T is well met we are, brothers," said he, "to cast our balance on this closing night of the year. When we last met, a lad of this new century came to us, eager to win yon vacant seat. Has each of ye seen him since?"

"Aye," came in a chorus of voices from those gathered there.

"And what think ye of him?" asked Lancelot. "Speak first, Prince Charlie."

The young man in blue smiled as he glanced about the circle of expectant faces. "Roger Milton went through a storm with me when we were like to perish," he answered. "He carried news of my capture to a house of strange men, and brought them back to save me. He was true as steel to me."

"What sayest thou, Philip Sidney?" asked Sir Lancelot, turning.

Sir Philip Sidney pushed his chair a little back from the table. "England needed help," said he, "for Spain's Armada was ready to descend upon us. Traitors were sending secrets across seas, and, when they might have slipped me, Roger pursued and wrenched the gilded tube from a traitor's neck. My gracious Queen Elizabeth has thanked him, and she is a judge of daring men."

"And I," said the tall man in the black armor, with the ostrich-plumes in his helmet, "can vouch his cunning and his courage. He won me back my father, who was duped by certain evil men."

"He helped me bring a young earl out of evil plight," put in Richard Cœur de Lion. "And his wits are of keen edge."

"So say I," said Little John. "We made him one of Robin Hood's band."

"He rode with me to Forfars," said Lancelot, "and but for him, I should never have seen Camelot again. How say ye? Is he worthy the seat that 's waiting there?"

Again came the chorus of voices, "Aye, he is!"

"I pray thee bring him hither, Prince Charlie," said Sir Lancelot.

Prince Charlie rose and stepped to the tapestries. He flung them back. There stood Roger, his eyes dancing with joy and excitement. "Oho," said Prince Charlie, "so you heard what I said about you!"

"I could n't help it," answered Roger. "I did n't know you were all here again, but when I found you, I could n't go away."

"There is no need of that now, Roger," said the young man in blue. "Give me your hand."

Prince Charlie led him past the curtains and up to the big arm-chair which stood on the opposite side of the round table from that of Sir Lancelot. The knights had all risen and were looking at Roger.

"Here is Roger Miltoun, my brothers," said Prince Charlie, "and he is as fit to be a knight of this new century as we each were of ours."

Roger glanced about the circle of faces, each so different from the others, and yet each that of an old friend. At last he looked at the splendid man in gold, whose clear, deep eyes were fixed upon him.

"We have all tried thee, Roger," he said slowly, "in peril of witchcraft and of storm, of treachery and craft, and we have all found thee steadfast. The last seat at the board is thine."

Then Sir Lancelot took a small golden spur that hung at his shining belt, and passed it to Little John. He, in turn, handed it to the Black Prince, and he to Prince Charlie. "This is the badge of our order," said Prince Charlie, as he placed the little spur in Roger's hands.

"Now," came the ringing voice of Lancelot, "our table is complete! Hail the last knight; give hail to Roger Miltoun!"

Each man drew his sword and flashed it above his head, pointing it toward the great banner that hung high above the table. "Hail, Roger Miltoun! Hail, the new Knight of the Golden Spur!" they cried.

The swords fell and were sheathed. Then Lancelot took his seat again, and after him in

order, Little John, Richard Cœur de Lion, the Black Prince, Sir Philip Sidney, and Prince Charlie. Last of all, Roger sat down in his big arm-chair.

One fear was in his mind, and he could not keep it from his lips. "Will the amulet and the verses bring you all again, Sir Lancelot?" he asked.

Lancelot smiled. "When there is need of brave work to be done, of wrongs to be redressed, of ills to be prevented, we will each come to thee, according to our need. When thou hast need of any one of us, hold the little spur in thy hands and speak his name. He will be standing by thee when thou lookest up again. Twice every year we meet here in our hall, one summer's night, and every New-year's eve. Thou wilt know we are here, for I shall summon thee."

Roger sat back in his chair, satisfied. He had never been so happy in his life. Then there boomed out on the night the first stroke of a great bell, ringing somewhere in the distance. Sir Lancelot stood up. "The old year passes, brothers. A welcome to the New-year!"

They all leaped to their feet, a sword shining in each unlifted hand. Roger felt instinctively at his belt. He found the hilt of a sword, and drew the blade forth. Like the rest, he pointed it toward the banner. "Hail to the New-year; to the New-year all hail!" came the loud chorus of voices, Roger's among them. So they stood while the bell rang out its twelve slow strokes, and at the last each thrust his sword yet higher toward the banner.

THE last stroke was still echoing in the air, but the torches, the table, and the knights were gone. Roger was standing at the bow-window in his father's library, looking out over the fields of snow. He heard the last echo grow fainter, fainter, and then vanish. He held something clutched in his left hand. He opened his fingers and looked down at it. It was a little gold spur, of an old-fashioned pattern and curiously wrought.

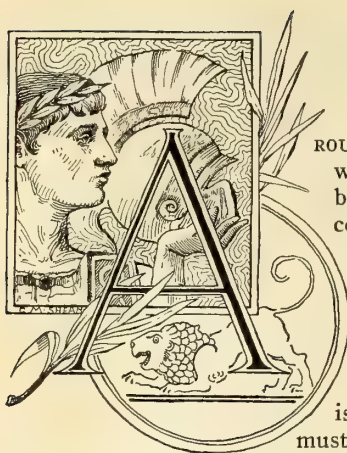
He turned and walked over to the fireplace. The book bound in green and gold still lay on the tiger rug where he had left it. He looked about the room. There was no doubt it was his father's library. "Yes, I 'm wide awake," said he, aloud, "and I 'm certainly here at home." He looked down at the spur again. "Yet here 's the spur they gave me; so it must be true. I 've only to keep it safe, and want one of them very much, and he 'll come to me. And more than that, I, too, am a Knight of the Golden Spur!"



A SPRING EVENING AT THE BEETLEBURG AMUSEMENT PARK.

THE BODY-GUARD

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER



ROUND every general when he goes to battle is a selected company of men, sometimes a whole troop, called his body-guard. Their main duty is to protect the commander. Whoever is in danger, he must not be; whoever

falls, he must not. They do not do skirmish duty, nor picket duty, this body-guard; they protect the general. Their business is to serve the whole army by guarding the life of the one who, in his turn, serves the army by commanding it. The position of these men is a proud one, and they are often the pick of the fighting force. To be near the general and responsible for his safety is an enviable post, and the warm sense of friendship between the chief of the whole army and this small part of it, is a prize that every soldier would like to call his own.

When we enter the fighting-field of life, as each of us must do, we are provided with a body-guard. In time we may come to command large armies in the field of business, or we may command forces in the field of art, as Raphael and Rembrandt and Turner did; or in the field of science, as Helmholtz and Edison; or in literature, as did Dickens and Stevenson. We may do all this, and yet be exposed to great danger and failure if our body-guard should desert or prove cowardly. And, on the other hand, it is well to remember that if we never hold a generalship or a place of command, this body-guard is still necessary. Every person needs it, and every person has it, whether he becomes as famous as Napoleon, or lives quietly in a country village all his life. It is as much needed in carrying on the smallest duties of life as it is in conducting campaigns of war or discovering a new comet. The body-guard I am speaking of, as you surely see by this time, is something that has to do with us as individuals, rather than as people who hold this or that position. It is the protecting force, the selected troop of habits, influences, and character, which is close to us to see that, no matter whether we win or lose the fight, we shall not lose the life of our best self. This body-guard may not keep a man from losing his money, but it

can and will keep him from losing his character. It may not make a boy win every foot-ball game, but it will help him to win every fight with meanness or selfishness or wrong. It will make him commander of himself and of his own thoughts and actions, even if the rest of his army is defeated. If the troops in the field become demoralized, as the phrase is, the body-guard remains to see that our real self is not defeated.

You see how important a thought this is. And, first of all, notice that there is a difference in the two body-guards I have mentioned. The general's body-guard is only provided for him after he becomes a general. But the body-guard of each of us as individuals, as Tom, or Mary, or Elizabeth, is provided for us from the very moment of our birth. We go on adding to it or strengthening it, but it is really there almost as soon as we begin to live. In other words, our body-guard grows up with us; it is not made up of strangers. It is around us from the first.

Who and what are some of the members of this body-guard—some of these things that are closest to us? We must know them by name, if what I have said of them is true.

The first I want to name is Character. Character is the quality that keeps us always ourselves. It stands nearest to that innermost part of us that each calls "myself"; sometimes it is even hard to distinguish the two. But I like to keep Character in my body-guard. Character stands firm under every trial, if we give it the chance to do so. It says to all the enemies,—temptation, discouragement, bad luck, the blues, and hosts of others,—"You may defeat the rest of the army, but you dare not come near the general." Character is the quality that always reminds me that I am myself. It stands just next to myself and goes on repeating, "Be yourself! Don't forget who you are; don't act below yourself." Whenever it began, Character is the first in our body-guard. He will never desert. A boy or girl who has character, who keeps character strong and alive, can never truly be defeated.

Then, in our body-guard, is one called Disposition. Some people have good characters, but unpleasant dispositions. Disposition obeys orders, and we really are to blame if he sulks constantly. He is more teachable than Character, and we can improve him if we begin early. If I am cross and ugly in my tone of voice or looks, it may not be bad character, but more likely it is bad dis-

position. What I need to do is to cultivate that Disposition, educate him until he grows better. If my character is really good, I must tell my disposition that he must not tell a falsehood about me, but must show me to others as I really am. Disposition must be made to keep step with Character. As the actors on the stage usually get their signs, or "cues," from another actor, so Disposition must take his sign from Character; otherwise we appear worse than we are. And, sometimes, if Disposition remains bad too long, he can even spoil Character entirely. Just as a poor player can easily spoil the acting of a great one.

Temper is in our body-guard, a most excellent protector if controlled. I will only say of him that he is like a good watch-dog. He does best service when he is chained up. Keep Temper in the body-guard, as we keep a good dog near the door of our house at night. He will bark when noise reaches him, but he must not run after noises a mile off that don't concern him. A great many boys lose their tempers over foolish things. Their watch-dog has run away, and is off duty. I have seen a boy get angry over a shoe-lace that had caught in a knot; then when, a few moments later, he saw another boy act rudely, he had no temper left to make him go up to that boy and say, in a quiet but strong voice: "You ought to know better than that."

In this chosen troop, so very close to us, is one called Habit. He is a kind of an outsider at first, yet he sooner or later manages the whole

body-guard. He will obey the general only. If I, that self of mine, give him strict orders, he will obey; but if I am careless, he obeys no one and tries to command every one. Habit is the timekeeper of the body-guard. He tells the rest of the troop just when the general needs help. Habit, if allowed to get slipshod, will at once spoil the rest of the body-guard, and then the general himself, and his right-hand man, Character, are in very great danger. Yes, very great!

The body-guard has many others in it whom you can write down for yourself. You will be wise if you call the roll some day soon. Ask Purpose if he is there; ask Good-will if he is there; call for Industry, Energy, Perseverance, Hopefulness, and for the whole splendid company. They like to be reminded of the general's care, and you are the general.

You see why the body-guard is a selected troop—the King's Own. And do you not also see that, as we go on through life, these are the things that stay nearest to us. They protect us; and between us and them grows up an affection and friendship which is far greater than we can ever have for mere skill, or cunning, or power, or knowledge. These last are good troops, and we need them. But far more do we need about us the body-guard of Character, Disposition, Temper, Habit, Purpose, and their sort. When the battle is lost, we are still victors if we can say, "My body-guard stood firm. I am still a conqueror, for I have been true to myself."

MAY-FLOWERS

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

A THOUSAND little plants should be a-greening o'er the land,
Whose seeds were planted January first, you understand.
And if they were well cared for, and the weeds pulled up each day,
Their buds, from sleep, should be a-peep this blossom time of May.

"Good resolutions" were the seeds they planted in the snow;
And kindly thoughts and words and deeds the blossoms that should blow.
Of course there have been many weeds, to choke the little plants:
Those naughty "Too much troubles," "I forgots," and "Won'ts," and "Can'ts."

So, in this lovely springtime, look about beneath the leaves,
And see if buds are showing, or have fallen prey to thieves.
For May-time is the bloom time, and if buds are wanting there,
'T is time the plants were getting just a little better care!

THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

CHAPTER XI

A GOOD-BY CALL

ONE morning a week later, Martin came in with the excited announcement, "They 're up!"

"Who 's up?" inquired Elizabeth.

"The radishes, and lettuce, and peas, and corn."

"They are!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Then I need n't worry any more about my dinner. I will have a salad and some green peas."

"Lors!" said Martin, "they ain't up that much. They 're just peeking out o' the ground."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Elizabeth. "Then they won't be ready to eat for a long time."

"Not for days and days," said Martin.

"Can't you hurry them along?" she asked.

Martin suppressed a smile.

"They have to take their time about growing, just as you and I do," he answered.

"When do you think they will be ready?"

"Lor! you 'll have radishes in a month."

"Very well," she replied magnanimously, "if that 's the best you can do."

"Would you like to see them?" he asked, with some pride.

"I will come out as soon as I 've finished my morning's work," she answered.

It was already beginning to be easy for her to prepare the early breakfast. There was a certain amount of excitement about this mixing of various dishes, sliding them into the oven, and seeing what resulted from the baking. It still seemed to her more like some mysterious trick than a science.

A great many things had seemed easier since the ball game. She found herself going gaily about her tasks. Roy's kindness, the friendliness of Nance, and the sight of her schoolmates, all helped to put her in a better frame of mind. She began to realize that if her friends had not called upon her, it was perhaps her own fault. She had certainly not been very cordial to those who had come.

Roy had already called twice at the little cottage since the game. He took such an interest in whatever she happened to be doing, that he always left her with the feeling that she was upon some great adventure. Mrs. Trumbull had told of how her grandmother had gone over the plains with the early pioneers, and of the hardships and privations she had endured. Of course

what she was doing could not be compared with that, and yet Roy made her feel that, in a small way, she was doing something similar.

"What are you thinking of?" inquired Mrs. Trumbull, this morning, as she noticed the girl's abstraction.

Elizabeth laughed.

"Martin wanted me to look at the garden," she answered, seizing the first excuse she could think of to escape further questioning. "Do you want to come?"

"No. Run along and I 'll go up-stairs and put my room to rights."

Elizabeth hurried out, still wearing her gingham apron. She found the brown earth alive with tiny sprouts, but she could not tell which were weeds and which were vegetables. She pulled up a few, but was still no wiser. As she looked around for Martin, she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs upon the grass, and saw Helen Brookfield galloping toward her.

Had it been possible, she would have retreated, but there was nothing to do under the circumstances but to look up and smile as the latter drew rein. It was evident from the expression in Helen's bright eyes, that she was charged with excitement of some sort.

"I 've just come over to say good-by, Beth," she began eagerly. "I 'm going away next week."

"Really?" Elizabeth replied with interest.

"It 's so grand and sudden, that I can't realize it yet. We—we are going to Europe for the summer."

"To Europe?" echoed Elizabeth.

"Yes. Father has to go on business, and decided at the last moment to take us with him."

She uptilted her head a trifle.

"Why, that 's really fine, Helen," answered Elizabeth.

"I will send you picture postals so that you 'll know where we are," said Helen, with great condescension. "I 'm afraid it will be lonely for you here this summer. Is this your flower garden?"

"No," answered Elizabeth, "it 's my vegetable garden."

"Really?" returned Helen, with a lift of her eyebrows. "And you planted it yourself?"

"With some help," nodded Elizabeth. "Martin helped, and Mrs. Trumbull helped, and Roy helped—a kind of coöperative garden, you see."



“OH NOTHING, ONLY—WELL, I SUPPOSE HE CAN'T HELP PITIYING YOU!”

"Roy? I think that very nice of him," she answered. "He is so tender-hearted!"

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Oh nothing, only—well, I suppose he can't help pitying you."

"Pity? Me?" cried Elizabeth.

"Of course we all do," Helen hastened to add. "But perhaps in the fall you can come back to school, though I suppose you 'll have to go into a lower class."

Elizabeth murmured something, she hardly knew what. For a moment, she felt only shamed and humiliated under the sting of being pitied. The heart went out of her, and she felt more like crying than doing anything else. She heard Helen say good-by and heard her gallop off, and then she turned back slowly toward the house.

The cruel part of this new point of view was that it came at just the moment when Elizabeth had ceased pitying herself. Even now she felt no trace of self-pity. And now to be pitied by others—even by Roy—destroyed at a single blow all the romance of her adventure.

She knew, to be sure, that Helen's remarks were always to be taken with a grain of salt, but, in this case, she felt there was a certain basis for them. Reviewing the incidents since Roy's first visit, they seemed to fit into Helen's theory. He had found her in the kitchen, and in his wish to make the situation easier for her, had tried to help her cook the doughnuts; he had returned, and, for the same reason, had helped her in the garden; he had noticed that she was not attending dancing school and had few visitors, and so had invited her to the game. It was for no merits or accomplishments of her own. She could not sing—except with the tea-kettle; she knew little French; she could not even play tennis. Before she was through with herself, she was convinced she could do nothing.

Once again she found herself dangerously near crying. She drew herself up sharply. Crying would do no good; it was worse than moping. Mrs. Trumbull's advice flashed into her head like a warning, and she caught some of that good lady's aggressiveness. She was sure the latter would n't waste any time in useless regrets. Neither would her mother. Both women would go ahead in some way and remedy matters. Her lips came firmly together.

If she had learned to cook, why should n't she learn to sing? if she had learned to keep house, why should n't she learn French? if she had learned to plant a garden, why could n't she even learn to play tennis? That she did not have these accomplishments at present was her own fault

for having neglected her opportunities, but she had the whole summer before her, and, if she worked hard, it might be possible to do much before fall. She felt that moment as though it was possible to accomplish anything before then. Another idea lent romance to the undertaking: she would do these things by herself, and then, when Roy and the others came back from their summer vacation, she would surprise them all. She would sing for Miss Santier as the latter always said she might sing if only she practised her exercises; she would address Helen Brookfield in French; she might possibly challenge Roy at tennis; and, finally, astonish her father with all three acquirements.

In the glow of her new enthusiasm, she ran swiftly into the house and up the back stairs to her own room. She put her hair in order before Mrs. Trumbull learned of her presence. When the latter finally heard her moving about, she opened the door.

"How 'd you find the garden?" she inquired.

Elizabeth kept her head turned away as much as possible. She did not yet wish to confide, even to Mrs. Trumbull, her great project.

"They are up," she answered, repeating Martin's announcement.

"You were gone so long, I did n't know but what you got lost," said Mrs. Trumbull.

"Helen—Helen Brookfield rode by," Elizabeth explained.

"Oh, she did, did she?" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull. "What did she want?"

"She wanted to tell me she is going abroad."

"Well, I 'm glad of it. I hope she 'll stay abroad."

"I hope she will stay until fall," answered Elizabeth.

Lightly humming a song, Elizabeth hurried down to the kitchen. She had no sooner arrived than she heard a knock on the door. She recognized it with a start. It was Roy. For a moment, she hesitated, and then retreated across the room on tiptoe, and hurried up the stairs to Mrs. Trumbull.

"There—there 's some one at the door," she said, a little out of breath with excitement.

Mrs. Trumbull looked up sharply.

"Well," she demanded, "why did n't you open it?"

"Because I don't want to see him," answered Elizabeth.

"See who?"

"Roy."

"Land sakes!" returned Mrs. Trumbull, in astonishment. "You don't mean to say that you two have quarreled! You have n't been so foolish!"

"No. It is n't that. But—won't you please tell him that I can't see him?"

"I don't—I really don't like to do it," Mrs. Trumbull said frankly. "But if you can give me any good reason—"

The knock was repeated, for Roy could tell by the smoke from the chimney that some one was at home.

"Is it because of anything that Helen Brookfield said?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull.

"It—it 's something she told me," Elizabeth admitted finally; "but—oh, please go down!"

CHAPTER XII

A NEW FRIENDSHIP

WHILE Mrs. Trumbull was dressing next morning, she heard, in the kitchen below, such a glad-some trill of fresh, young notes, blending with the morning songs of the birds, that she paused to listen. The voice was so strong and full of joy that it filled her own old heart, and sent her back in her thoughts a full twenty-five years. It was so Elizabeth's mother used to begin the day.

Hurrying through her toilet, Mrs. Trumbull stole down the stairs and stood a moment at the kitchen door. Everything in the room seemed to be singing: the fire in the stove, the kettle on top of it, and the golden sun, which, in a broad, warm stream, poured through the windows. Elizabeth, with crimson cheeks and in a gingham apron, stood beside the bread board cutting out biscuits, which were almost ready to go into the oven. She was still singing, and though her song consisted of nothing but exercises which Miss Santier had given her to practise last winter, there was music in every note. Mrs. Trumbull did n't know one tune from another, anyway, but she knew a singing heart when she heard one. And if ever the spirit of a summer morning could be expressed in music, it was being now so expressed.

Mrs. Trumbull stepped into the room, and, crossing to Elizabeth's side, kissed her on the forehead. With a laugh and a little courtesy, Elizabeth greeted her in French.

"*Bon jour, Madame Trumbull.*"

Madame Trumbull stared at the girl, as though fearing she had lost her wits.

"What 's that?" she demanded.

"It 's French for good morning," explained Elizabeth.

"What do you want to put it into French for? Seems to me that plain English is good enough for every-day Americans."

"*Vraiment?*" answered Elizabeth, with a twinkle.

"*Vraymong?* What is *Vraymong?*"

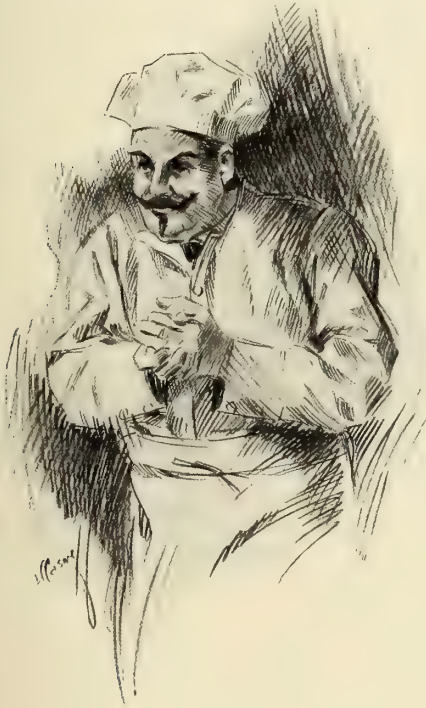
"It 's a polite way of saying, 'Really,'" answered Elizabeth.

"Bah! I don't call it polite answering a person back in a way she can't understand."

"But you must learn with me," Elizabeth explained enthusiastically. "If ever we should go to France—"

"Catch me going to France!" answered Mrs. Trumbull. "That chef up to The Towers is all I want to see of Frenchmen."

"There 's an idea!" cried Elizabeth. "I can practise on him. Thanks! I can practise on him!"



"WHAT IS IT POSSIBLE TO DO WITH
SOFT BOILED EGGS?"

For a moment, Mrs. Trumbull studied the girl sharply. She saw that Elizabeth was really in earnest, and that whatever was troubling her was no mere passing whim. She started reluctantly toward the door.

"All right," she said, "I 'll do it, but I don't like the idea at all."

She went down-stairs, and a moment later, Elizabeth heard her talking with Roy. Then in a moment she heard the door close. She tiptoed to the window and saw Roy striding down the path carrying his shoulders well back as usual. Unseen by him, she waved him good-by. "Oh," she exclaimed to herself, "I 'll show them! I 'll show them all!"

"Nonsense! Whatever has got into you this morning, anyway?"

Elizabeth placed her biscuits in a pan and put them in the oven.

"Lots and lots of things," she answered. "I'm going to learn to sing, and speak French, and play tennis, besides learning to keep house."

"What for?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull, with her usual directness.

"It's a secret," answered Elizabeth.

"I'll wager it has something to do with Helen Brookfield."

"Perhaps," answered Elizabeth. "She really did make me want to do all those things, though I don't believe she meant to."

"Well, you'll do whatever you set out to do," nodded Mrs. Trumbull. "But what in the world you want to waste time on that French nonsense for is more than I know."

That afternoon, Elizabeth paid a visit to The Towers. She found that the tennis-court there, though never used, was in very good condition, for Mr. Churchill never allowed anything about the estate to suffer from neglect. He strongly approved of tennis for girls, and had had this court made in the hope that it might attract Elizabeth to the game; but she, after playing in a desultory fashion for a season, had found that it required so much exertion that she had finally dropped it altogether.

The sight of the well-rolled court filled her with renewed eagerness, but one could not play tennis by one's self. Here was an obstacle which, in the first flush of her enthusiasm, she had not considered. With her classmates gone for the summer, she would be left quite by herself.

She went on to find the chef, in order to carry into effect at once her second plan. The latter was very glad indeed to see her, for he found much idle time on his hands since the mistress of The Towers had left. His choicest creations often went untasted, and, for breakfast, he was allowed to display his art in nothing more complicated than soft boiled eggs and hot rolls.

"Ah, ma'm'selle!" he said to her, in French, with a deprecatory wave of his hands, "what is it possible to do with soft boiled eggs?"

"Eat them," answered Elizabeth. "We often have them for breakfast. They are very easy to do."

"Easy? easy?" he answered, in contempt. "It is not ease that a chef seeks, but art."

Elizabeth laughed.

"I must tell that to Mrs. Trumbull," she answered.

"*Non! non!* ma'm'selle," he begged, "for then Madame Trombooll might wish to come up here."

And the man who held every one in his kitchen in abject fear, looked so very much concerned over this possible contingency, that Elizabeth hastened to change the subject.

"I'm going to practise my French on you," she announced.

Again the chef was startled, but he recovered himself and bowed gallantly.

"It is a too great honor, ma'm'selle," he protested.

"You mean you don't want me to," answered Elizabeth, somewhat chagrined.

"*Non! non!* It is not that. But listen—I have a niece—Ma'm'selle Gagnon. She has just arrived, and is very anxious to give the lessons in French. Perhaps—"

"That will be even better," answered Elizabeth, without hesitation. "You may send her to the house. But I shall practise on you just the same whenever I come here."

Again the chef bowed.

"V'enever ma'm'selle wishes," he agreed.

So that much was settled at any rate, and Elizabeth returned to her own house somewhat encouraged. She was just about to enter, when she heard a voice behind her. Turning, she saw Nance Barton, dressed in tennis costume and carrying a racket. Her cheeks were glowing as a result of her recent exercise, and she walked with the easy grace of one whose muscles have free play. It was almost as though she had come in obedience to the wave of a fairy wand.

As Beth went to meet her, her eyes expressed an even more cordial welcome than her words.

"Oh, Nance!" she exclaimed heartily, "I am so glad to see you!"

For a moment, the latter appeared a little taken aback, as though she had not expected such a warm greeting.

"I came over to see if you would be at home this evening," she said.

"Why, I'm at home now," answered Elizabeth. "I'm at home all the time, Nance."

Elizabeth looked wistfully at the tennis racket, but Nance misinterpreted the glance. Remembering Elizabeth's aversion to the game, she felt called upon to make an explanation, and said: "I've been playing with Miss Jerome."

"We have a very good court at The Towers," answered Elizabeth.

"I know you have," nodded Nance; "I saw it as I came by. I wish you knew how to play, Beth."

"So do I," answered Elizabeth.

"You—you do? You really do?"

"Oh, Nance, you don't know how much!" Elizabeth exclaimed, taking her hand impulsively.

"But—" said Nance, hesitating, "but I thought—" "That I'd rather sit on the side-lines and look on? That's what I told you, was n't it?" and for a second Elizabeth lowered her eyes.

"Somehow I never could believe you meant it—that you were in earnest," answered Nance.

"And I was n't," Elizabeth confessed, lifting her head. "Perhaps I thought I was then, but I know now I was n't. I'm ashamed of myself, and I want to make up for it if I can. I want to do things; I want to do everything."

"I understand, Beth!" "I don't suppose you'd want to play with me?"

"I'd love to, Beth." "But, you know, I can't play at all—yet."

"But it's in you," Nance declared. "Do you remember when I played Miss Winthrop?"

Elizabeth nodded. She remembered the whole episode, and was not proud of her part in it.

"I saw you watching me during the last set," went on Nance. "And I knew then that if you were in my place, you'd have won that match."

"I know that I wanted you to win," answered Elizabeth, with a laugh. "Oh, Nance! if you were only going to be here all summer."

"I am!" answered Nance. "You are n't going away?"

"No. It was decided to-day. Father can't leave, and so we're going to try camping out in the city this summer. Mother says we must."

"Then do you mean to say—"

"I'll play with you every day if you wish—yes, every day all summer long."

With an eager, glad cry, Elizabeth seized her friend's hand.

"Would you like to go up to the court now?" Nance asked.

"It—it seems too good to be true," Elizabeth laughed nervously. "It won't take me a minute to get into my tennis shoes. Come in with me, Nance?"

Elizabeth led the way into the little house, and Nance followed, a little curiously perhaps.

"Mrs. Trumbull," Elizabeth called, "I'm going to play tennis!"

Mrs. Trumbull came out with some sewing in her hands, and her spectacles shoved up on her forehead.

"Well," she observed, "I don't see 's that 's anything to get so excited about. Is it, Beth?"



"NANCE RETURNED THE BALLS WITHIN ELIZABETH'S REACH."

"Nance is to teach me, and she's going to be here all summer."

"Well! well! well!" replied Mrs. Trumbull.

"I don't believe any one would go away if they had such a nest as yours, Beth," declared Nance, who had been looking around with surprise and interest at the cheerful, sun-lighted little room.

"You like it?" Elizabeth asked eagerly.

"It's like a great big playhouse," answered Nance. "I should think you'd love caring for it."

There was a note of wistfulness in Nance's voice that surprised Elizabeth. She had thought the latter despised housekeeping and all indoor tasks.

"I did n't at first," Elizabeth admitted; "but now—I guess I like doing everything."

A few minutes later, the girls were at the court, and Elizabeth had taken her position as jauntily as Nance herself. She won the serve, and as a result of her keen observation and knack of imitation, so aped the form of a good player, that when she tossed up the ball and swooped down upon it with her racket, as she had seen Nance do a hundred times, the latter came up on her toes as though preparing for the attack of an expert. The ball, however, instead of speeding over the net and dropping to the inner court, flew off at an angle, as high and flighty as the dart of a barn-swallow.

"Oh, dear!" cried Elizabeth, "that is n't where I aimed it."

"You 're playing too hard," Nance cautioned her. "You must begin easy."

"But I don't want to play a lady's game; I want to play a man's game," said Elizabeth.

"It 's sureness that counts, whichever game you play," Nance returned. "I would n't try at first to do anything but get the ball in the court."

Somewhat reluctantly Elizabeth obeyed the advice, and dropped the ball lightly into the court. Acting upon impulse, Nance bore down upon it and made so swift a return that Elizabeth merely stood in her tracks and watched the ball speed past her.

"There!" she gasped. "You see what happens when I serve you easy ones."

"I ought n't to have hit it so hard," Nance laughed in apology. "But honestly, Beth, you look like such a good player, that, for a moment, I really forgot you are only just beginning."

After this, Nance returned the balls within Elizabeth's reach, and, considering everything, the latter did very well. Try as hard as she might, however, Elizabeth could not forget the humiliating fact that Nance did not find it in the least necessary to exert herself. But this did not vex her. It had rather the wholesome effect of strengthening her resolution.

At the end of an hour, the two returned to the little house by the lane, where they found that Mrs. Trumbull had made for them a pitcher of cool lemonade. She served with this some of Elizabeth's cake.

"Beth can do better than this," she explained, "but I don't think it 's anything to be ashamed of as it is."

"I 'm afraid I did n't get quite sugar enough in it," said Elizabeth, with the tendency of a good cook to undervalue her own production.

Nance tasted of it and gave her verdict instantly:

"It 's delicious."

Then she added, with some hesitation:

"Beth, could you—do you suppose—oh, Beth, would you mind trying to teach me how to cook?"

"You!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"I—I 'd like to learn."

"I 'll teach you all I know," cried Elizabeth. "And then Mrs. Trumbull will teach us both. But, Nance—I wonder how it happened that we never knew each other before?"

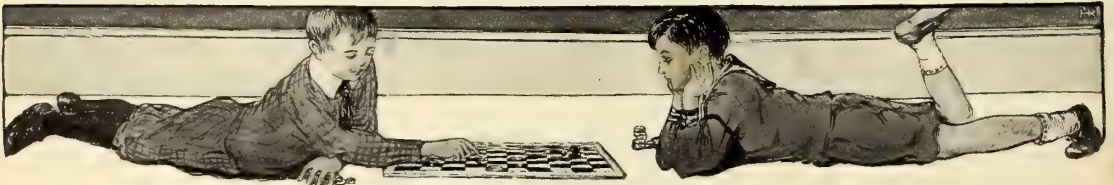
It was after Nance had left and Beth and Mrs. Trumbull were back in the front room that Elizabeth turned impulsively to the latter.

"Aunty Trumbull," she exclaimed, "I 'm beginning to love the little house by the lane!"

Mrs. Trumbull beamed down upon the girl.

"It shows all over you," she answered. "And it shows all over the house, too."

(To be continued.)



WAITING FOR THE SHOWER TO PASS.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

STORIES OF TWO VANISHED NATIONS

SOME rainy day when hardly any book seems good enough to make up for the disappointment of not being allowed to get outdoors, suppose you try reading one of Prescott's histories, either the "Conquest of Peru" or the "Conquest of Mexico." I think it won't be long before you have forgotten all about the weather, as you travel back on those delightful pages to a world that has vanished, a people that has died, a civilization picturesque and wonderful in the extreme, but, like a burst soap-bubble, gone with all its radiance and its beauty.

Few, indeed, are the histories written as these are, with such a vivid life to them, so that all the characters are real to you: the proud Incas, the Aztec rulers, the gentle Peruvians and fiercer Mexicans, the desperately brave but all too cruel Spaniards, with their leaders, Cortés and Pizarro, those two great conquistadors mad after gold and careless of danger, who swept the countries they invaded from end to end with death and desolation.

You will find these histories to be as full of breathless interest as any tale of adventure or romance written by Stevenson or Scott, for rarely have these delightful qualities been so combined as they were in these amazing conquests, where the old world overflowed into the new, but a new in name alone, for no one can tell how many centuries had gone to the making of the Peruvian and Aztec nations, to the building of those splendid palaces, cities, roads, and aqueducts, or the development of the arts and sciences and the strange forms of worship and of government. Many hundreds of them—that, at least, is certain—perhaps as many as had gone to the making of Spain. Unluckily the records left by these Western civilizations were few and almost unintelligible to their conquerors, so that the past of these wonderful peoples is lost in fog and darkness, fragments only of their history and their achievements surviving among the shattered temples and ruined towns,—the work of their hands,—fragments wonderful and interesting that make us long for more.

But before speaking further of these two enchanting books, I want to give you some little idea of the man who wrote them. He was odd in some ways, but of singular courage, simplicity,

and determination, a man not to be deterred from following his intention, a reticent man, confiding little of his hopes, his labors, or his sufferings to any one.

In his youth he was the friend of Marion Crawford's mother, and Crawford's sister, in her volume of reminiscences, tells some amusing things about the strange boy.

It seems that for over ten years Prescott was considered by his family to be a hopeless idler. Apparently he had no ambition or purpose in life, he kept almost entirely to himself, and he said nothing in reply to the criticisms made upon him.

"Don't sit locked up in your library all day long, eating soap," they would cry, in desperation. For the only thing ever seen on Prescott's table besides the ink-well was a cake of soap, at which he constantly nibbled, asserting that, in his opinion, people ought to be clean inside as well as out. But Prescott continued to keep his own counsel, never letting any one into his study unless he were sitting quite idle, keeping all his papers locked up in the deep drawers—and then, finally, his first great historic work appeared, to the admiration of the world, and the tables were turned.

But besides these rather trying characteristics, trying, at least, to an anxious and flustered family, Prescott had a fund of enduring courage and dogged persistence not found except among the truly great. For he suffered from almost total blindness, having lost one eye in an injury in early youth, and spending many years without being able to see at all, though the other eye had periods when it partially recovered its powers. When you remember that all his writing was, of course, based on manuscripts and documents gathered up from many sources and printed or written in many languages, you can imagine what a terrible handicap this misfortune was to him.

After the failure of his second eye, he had to work through a secretary, who read to him for hours at a time, Prescott the while taking quantities of notes by means of a sort of writing-machine made for the blind. This machine he always used, for though, at times, he was able to read print as long as daylight lasted, he found more difficulty in writing, and he could not read manuscript. When his history of Ferdinand and Isabella was written and ready for the last revision, he felt that to do this properly he must read it himself, instead of having it read to him.

So he had a single copy printed, and made his alterations and corrections on that. This will give you a notion of how thoroughgoing he was. His secretary was obliged to read his notes to him over and over, while he worked out his chapters; and as his writing was very hard to decipher, this was a slow task.

But he never complained of all this hardship. On the contrary, he wrote a preface to his history of Peru in which he explained his methods of work, saying that he had heard that he was reported to be blind, while on many days he was really fortunate enough to be able to see in a good light. He seemed to want no sympathy, asserting that he had no such difficulties to contend with as the world supposed, speaking in the most cheerful manner, even when he admitted that he could not long count upon even the little sight he then possessed.

It is an inspiring record, that life of Prescott, one that puts a glow into your heart, as heroism always does. And I think you will read his wonderful and exciting books with all the more interest when you know under what a strain they were produced. The books themselves give no hint of this; they read as easily as though each sentence had flowed of itself from the ink-well on that big, empty table. Picture after picture, splendid with color and motion, is painted for you in words of an unforgettable clearness. Surely the writer loved his topic, and was happy in his work.

Besides the charm of Prescott's style, he had a fine discrimination, and was most just and unprejudiced in his opinions and conclusions. His chief desire is to set things down with truth. The men whose characters he portrays appear on the page as they must have been in life, with their faults and their virtues—the Incas with their lofty and silent acceptance of whatever fate sent; Cortés, that mighty captain, with his genius, his immense endurance of hardship, his cruel spirit. Pizarro, who, on an earlier expedition under Balboa, had been one of the handful of white men who first gazed upon the Pacific, is shown with all his fierce and dangerous qualities, as well as in his finer moments. Bad he was, and bad his end, for he was murdered by his own people, and buried hurriedly by the few friends left him—buried in the dead of night, for fear of outrage, with no one, as the old chronicle says, to say, "God forgive him." Prescott calls him a "by-word for perfidy." He cheated every one, friend and foe, caring nothing for any promise, however sacred, and he disgusted every one. Yet there was some good in the man, and what there was Prescott shows us, as well as the training and environment which made him what he was.

But it is not alone the tale of the invading Spaniards and their new order that is told in these bewitching histories. They also contain a great deal about the strange nations as they were before ever a white man came to conquer and ruin them.

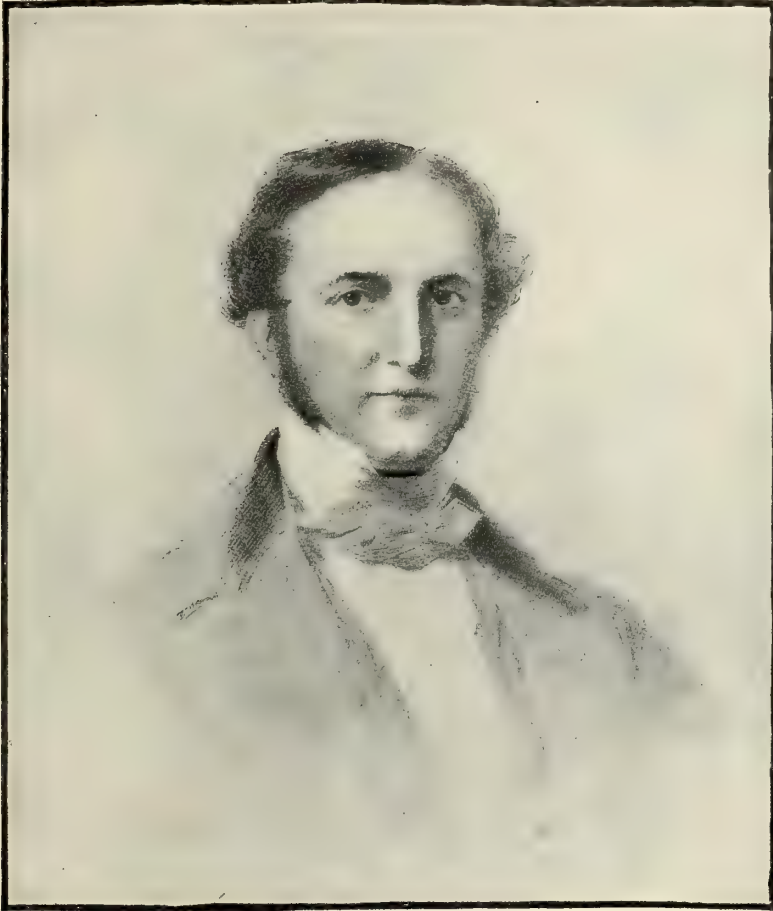
The Peruvian government was remarkable in several ways. There was no such thing as a beggar, or any one without enough to live upon, in the whole country. Neither were there any very rich people. The laws did not permit it, and each man, woman, and child was taken care of by the government, given their work, told whom to marry, where to live—treated as a father might treat his young children, in fact. You see, though no one was allowed to suffer, no one was permitted to have a will of his own, either. Not a soul drew a free breath except the Inca, who was supposed to be descended from the sun (which was worshiped by the Peruvians); and so he was believed to be half divine. Although they were great fighters, the Peruvians were gentle and always mindful of human life, taking wonderful care of their soldiers when in the field, and inducing conquered races to become citizens as soon as possible, much as the Romans did in their time.

Great public works were carried through too. Splendid roads, hundreds, even thousands, of miles long, were made, chasms being filled with solid masonry and bridges swung over dizzy canyons and swift rivers, these bridges being hung on cables made of a particularly tough osier. On these roads posts were established short distances apart, and runners were kept ready to take messages, fruits and viands for the Inca's table, war notes and signs, anything a man could carry easily, from one end of the country to the other. These posts traveled a hundred and fifty miles a day when necessary, while the closest communication between the capital and the most distant villages was maintained by their aid. This same system was in force in Mexico, although the two nations had no knowledge of each other, and both countries were far ahead of Europe in this respect.

There is one thing especially that makes Prescott excellent reading, and that is the story interest. He always makes you realize that the life and death of nations, with the extraordinary changes which have occurred in the world, are more marvelous than any imaginary tale. The past was warm and alive to him, as it was to our other great historian, Motley, who lived at the same time as Prescott. Almost one might fancy that these two men had discovered some magic spell which allowed them to slip back in time as

far as they chose, to live with vanished peoples and see with their own eyes the men and the deeds they wanted to describe; much as the children in Kipling's "Puck o' Pook's Hill" stories are supposed to have done. Anyhow, when you

were also beautiful and interesting, cultured and artistic. They ruthlessly destroyed these peoples, with their splendid cities, their cultivated lands, their palaces and temples, killing and burning wherever opposed in their mad search for gold.



WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

read the books of either, you certainly feel as though you were right on the spot, looking on at a world different, indeed, from the one we live in nowadays.

There are sad, there are terrible things told in the two "Conquests," for the world has done much wrong and gone through much suffering on its slow and painful march to our time. To-day, even, the nations are still capable of war and bloodshed, after the long centuries of gradual improvement; so we are not surprised to find dark and cruel deeds in a true record of olden times. Cortés and Pizarro invaded countries fair and flourishing, living happily enough under civilizations that may have been barbaric, but which

The civilization that exists there to-day was laid on the hot ashes of two races who had attained a wonderful development, coming from no one knows just where, enduring no one knows how long, mysterious as a dream, and as utterly swept away.

And yet, in spite of the sadness of the stories, they are also a record of marvelous fortitude and desperate courage, of an unyielding determination in the face of amazing dangers, of many a fine and noble action. And though they are true, they are more full of romance and adventure than any wild west or wild east yarn that ever was spun by a teller of tales or listened to by eager boy or girl.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



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WHAT HAPPENED TO BETTY AND POLLY

EVERY year, when the apple-trees put on their pink-and-white spring dresses, Betty and Polly went to Uncle John's farm for a long visit.

Betty and Polly were just the same age and the same size, and each had blue eyes and red lips that parted very often to let a bubbly laugh come through. But Betty's hair was curly and brown, and Polly's hair was curly and yellow; if you did n't notice this, it was hard to tell which was Betty and which was Polly.

Each morning they went together and fed the chickens, and then Betty went to feed the pigeons and Polly went to feed the ducks. The chickens soon grew used to them, and would come and take the grains of corn from their hands. But the ducks and the pigeons were shy, and always waited until Betty and Polly had gone away before they would come and eat the breakfast that had been brought to them. Betty and Polly often wished they were as tame as the chickens.

But one warm day, as Brown Wing, the mother duck, was floating about in the shade of the bridge with her three little ducklings, Downy and Fluffy and Topsy, she said to them: "Duckie dears, that seems to be a very kind little girl who brings you such a nice breakfast every morning. I think it would be quite

safe, and much better manners, for you to meet her politely when she comes instead of waiting for her to go away before you eat the food she brings you."

Just then one of the pigeons was flying by and perched on the bridge for a moment, in time to overhear what Brown Wing was saying; the pigeon turned this over in his mind and decided she was quite right, so he flew back home and told the rest of the pigeon family, and all agreed that the idea did her credit.

The next morning Polly pattered down the garden path to the brook to watch the little ducks for a few minutes. As soon as they saw her, Downy and Fluffy and Topsy paddled toward her as fast as they could. Then they scrambled up the stone steps to where Polly sat, quacking and stretching their necks to see what she had brought them for breakfast. And then, while Polly, who could scarcely believe her eyes, held the dish, they ate up everything in it.

At the same time, Betty had carried the dish of corn and crumbs to the low bench beside the rain-water barrel, where she could look up at the pigeons in their house on top of the pole.

The pigeons stood in their tiny doorways watching her, cocking their heads from side to side. Then one very brave pigeon flew down and perched on the bench. As Betty did not move, two more flew down, and began to eat the crumbs from the dish; and then, best of all, Silver, the prettiest pigeon, spread his white wings, and came and picked the crumbs from Betty's hand.

As soon as their dishes were empty, Betty ran to find Polly, and Polly ran to find Betty, to tell each other the wonderful things that had happened to them.

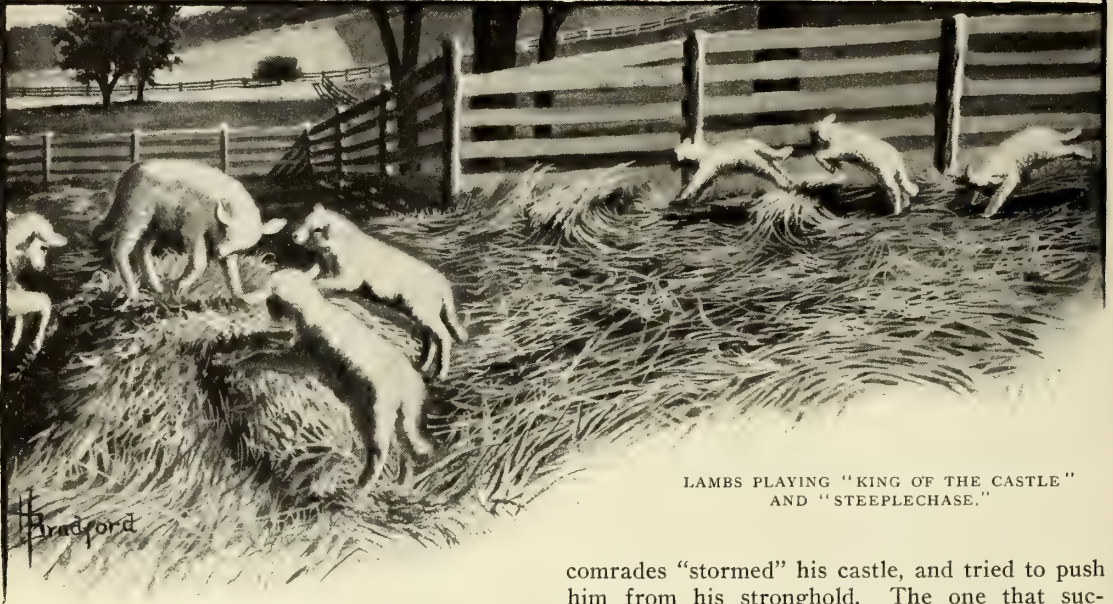
Nora Bennett.



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NATURE and SCIENCE *for* Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



LAMBS PLAYING "KING OF THE CASTLE"
AND "STEEPLECHASE."

ANIMALS AT PLAY

"THE faculty of amusement comes early in animals given to play," writes the author of "Animals at Work and Play," and he adds, "Many animals make it part of their maternal duty to amuse their young. Even a ferret will play with her ferocious little kittens, just as a cat will with hers."

The same author very interestingly describes the game of "I'm the King of the Castle," as he



DOGS ARE COMIC AND PERSISTENT WRESTLERS.

saw it played by some lambs. One lamb mounted a pile of straw and rubbish, and immediately his

comrades "stormed" his castle, and tried to push him from his stronghold. The one that succeeded had a chance to defend the position as the former one had done, and the performance was kept up until all were tired out. A steeplechase was another exciting amusement. In this they jumped over a row of old feed boxes as they ran back and forth across the barn-yard.

For genuine amusement in the home, select two well-matched kittens and set them to playing—or they will do it without urging. The saucy "faces" they make, with ears turned back, as they wait to close in with each other, are very amusing. It seems strange that they can keep such serious faces themselves while carrying on such funny performances. But we must remember that all their quick attacks and stealthy actions while at play are training them for more serious business in later life.

Dogs get a great deal of exercise in their play, but they are not so sly nor so graceful as members of the cat family. My dog has "killed" many a rag while playing at rat-catching. Dogs seem to obtain great enjoyment from their play. Their capers with a stick thrown for them to bring back from the land or the water have amused many a small master.

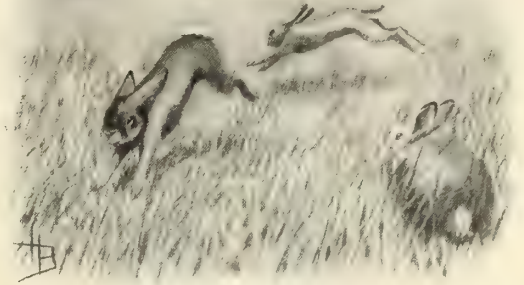
Little pigs play with as much vigor and dexterity as any animals that I have ever seen; but later in life, this capacity entirely disappears.

While some young animals enjoy playing with

one another, there are others which seem to prefer to play alone. So far as I have observed, young rabbits are of this latter class. Many times I have seen young rabbits amuse themselves by suddenly starting off from where they were nib-



A YOUNG PIG OFTEN GENTLY BITES ANOTHER'S EARS—"JUST TO MAKE HIM SQUEAL!"

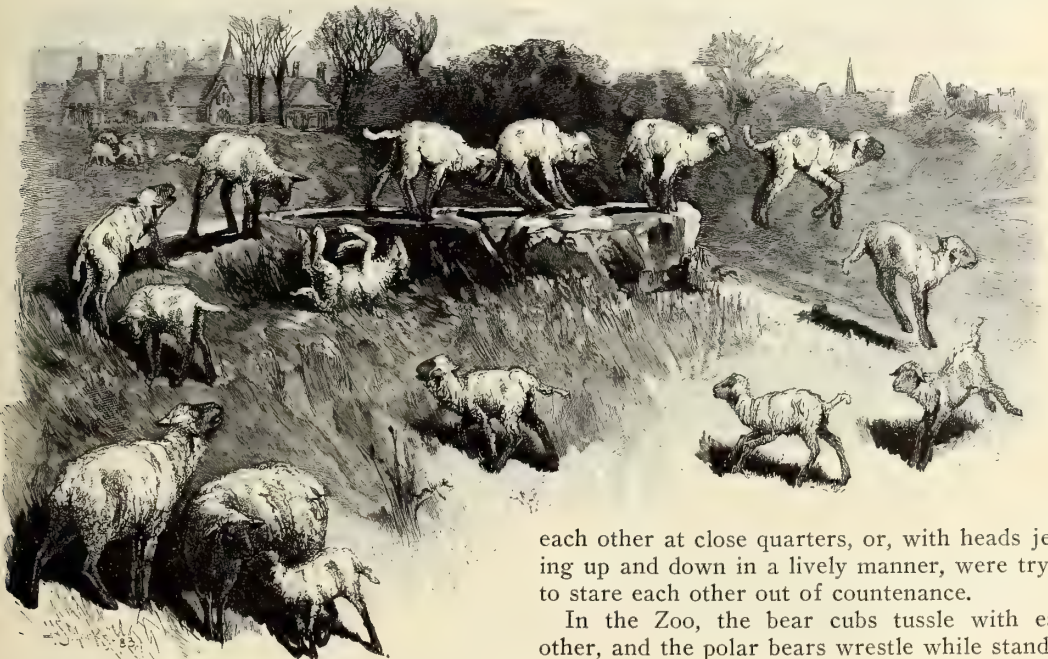


YOUNG RABBITS ARE FOND OF FROLICS.

bling grass, and going "like lightning" for ten or more feet, then, with a sharp turn, come back

will stop and listen. Then they shoot off again and turn themselves in the air with a kick of the hind feet as they skim over the ground.

I think few have looked into the barn-yard where fowls are found, without having seen several comical actions which could come under no other heading than that of play. It would seem that the young chickens were trying to make themselves "cross-eyed" by looking steadily at



LAMBS COMBINE "FOLLOW THE LEADER" AND "RING AROUND A-ROSY."

with a leap in the air, and snap about again for another run in another direction. Suddenly they

each other at close quarters, or, with heads jerking up and down in a lively manner, were trying to stare each other out of countenance.

In the Zoo, the bear cubs tussle with each other, and the polar bears wrestle while standing in their pool, three feet deep, or try to see how long one can hold another under the water. The graceful but grotesque gnu, in performing his antics, cuts up the ground of his yard with his sharp hoofs. He runs about his inclosure with great



BEARS ARE FOND OF REAL AND "MAKE-BELIEVE" WRESTLING.

rapidity, turning sharply, and digging the earth at each quick turn as he wheels about. Monkeys are, of course, the master players at the Zoo. The ostrich dances about with wings spread and head swinging in a laughable way.

While mentioning the play of birds, the author of "Animals at Work and Play" says, "Tame

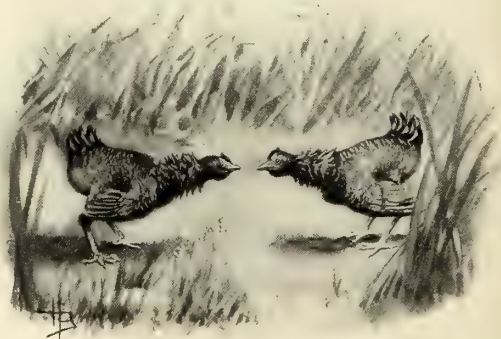


THE OSTRICH DANCES IN A LAUGHABLE MANNER.

rooks often go through an elaborate performance of 'killing' a biscuit before eating it, and tame sea-gulls play a game with sticks and stones,

throwing them into the air and catching them in their beaks just as they would a fish."

There seems to be an inborn desire for active movement in most creatures, and by such motions they get healthful exercise as well as amusement. Advanced thinkers on hygiene tell us that the most recreative exercise for human beings may be had in play. This active movement, when mind and muscle are both engaged, brings to



COMIC COMBAT OF HALF-GROWN CHICKENS.

both body and mind greater benefit than can be had from any other form of recreation. Nature long ago taught her humbler creatures this, but we have been slow to learn the lesson.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

BIRDS NESTING IN NOISY PLACES

MANY birds that are shy and retiring in other respects, show very little fear of the creaking and groaning of heavy machinery, or the thunderous roar of heavy trains. I recall reading some years ago of a pair of courageous little sparrows that started a nest at one end of a large turn-table in a roundhouse. This turn-table was the same at both ends, and the birds built two nests—one on each end, working one day on one end, and the next day on the other, as the turn-table was reversed. Here, in the midst of din and confusion, they finally selected one of the nests, and raised a happy brood of young.

In the western States, the mourning-dove is wild enough to be considered a game-bird, yet the accompanying picture shows the frail nest of a dove with its two delicate, white eggs, resting on the sloping side of a railroad grade, and barely three feet from the rails over which a dozen heavy trains thundered every day. Less than a mile from this nest, was the nest of a pin-tail—the wildest and wariest of all wild ducks—within eighteen feet of the rails; and the mother duck, as she brooded her eleven great clay-

colored eggs, could no doubt feel the rush of air and the tremor of the ground as the great iron monsters roared by.

The king-bird is a bird that seems to delight in the activities of man. One of their nests was built in the framework of a railroad mail-crane standing four feet back from the rails, at a desolate little way-station. Here the lonely postmaster came each day and hung the mail-sack, and as the fast train rushed past, it roughly grasped the sack from the crane; yet, notwithstanding the postmaster's daily visits and the fast train's noisy interruption, Mr. and Mrs. King-bird persisted in building their home, and, after the four beau-



THE FRAIL NEST OF A DOVE ABOUT THREE FEET FROM THE RAILROAD TRACK.

tifully spotted, cream-colored eggs were hatched, rearing their young in this peculiar location.

I remember another king-bird's nest built on the edge of a water-tank, where the thirsty engines belched forth great clouds of black, sooty smoke which must have almost suffocated the patient little mother bird in the nest. Yet another pair of king-birds built their nest between the two diagonal braces of a large farm gate, barely five



A KING-BIRD'S NEST IN THE FRAMEWORK OF A MAIL-CRANE.

feet above the ground, but, although the gate swung back and forth many times each day, and horses, cattle, and men were continually within a few feet of the nest, the brave little mother



A NEARER VIEW OF THE NEST IN THE FRAMEWORK.

was never molested, and raised four lusty young ones without accident.—ROBERT B. ROCKWELL.

A CAT MOTHER'S GOSLINGS

A CAT in Hannibal, Missouri, has adopted five goslings as her family. She tries to keep them warm, and gives them as careful attention as



THE CAT IN A PAN WITH GOSLINGS.

she would give her own kittens. Every evening she gets them together in a pan, where they stay, as shown in the illustration. It is a strange fact that when a cat's kittens are taken from her, the mother instinct turns toward almost any available young. There are many examples of a cat's having adopted chickens, squirrels, and even rats. The photograph was forwarded by F. L. Kelley, President of the Hannibal Humane Society, and we are using it through the courtesy of "Our Dumb Animals," Boston, Massachusetts.

HORN-CARVING

THE horns of cattle have from the earliest known times been utilized in various ways, sometimes as trumpets, drinking-horns, powder-horns, and, in former times, as inkholders.

In the Viking age, from the second to the



HORN-CARVING.

From the top downward: Miles Standish landing at Weymouth on his expedition against the Indians. Scene from an expedition over the Rocky Mountains in 1864. A deer hunt. A fanciful piece (at bottom). Cuckoo sounding horn (at left).

twelfth century, horns were used as war trumpets and as drinking vessels. They were highly ornamented with carvings representing war and domestic scenes. A good illustration of them may be found in "The Viking Age," by Paul B. DuChaillu, Vol. I, page 242. That they were so used long before the Christian era, there is convincing evidence.

The powder-horn has played an important part in the history of this country. During the Revolutionary War, the powder-horns were not carved, but were engraved or etched. Some were thus ornamented by expert engravers, but most of them by the soldiers who made them. History says that there were ten thousand in use during the war, but this must be a mistake, as more would be required, since every man had one. Some bore unique inscriptions, some had maps of the country, or figures of fish, deer, birds, and other animals.

Horn-carving may be made a work of art equal



HORN-CARVING.

Cats in a flower garden. Chanticleers. A fox hunt.

to ivory-carving. A finely carved ox-horn is worth from five to ten, or even twenty-five, dollars.

The old-time New England ox-horns, such as the soldiers of the Revolution carried, are now hard to find. We must get them from the western stock-yards if we want large ones. Cow-horns will do for beginners in carving, but even they are getting scarce, as so many cows are being dehorned.

To prepare a horn for carving or engraving, the best way is to file the entire surface (it may be scraped with a piece of glass or a sharp knife), then sandpaper it smooth, so that you can draw on the surface any design that you want. You may first polish it, if you like, with pumice-stone and water, followed by chalk or whiting and

water. Then rub, rub, rub. It will take two hours to give a horn a good polish.

For engraving, use ordinary engraver's tools. For cameo carving or raised work, use fine Swiss carving-tools. Common gouges and chisels will do, but the finer tools hold their cutting edge longer and better.

Horn is in a class by itself. There is nothing just like it. Few acids will affect it. It can be stained by potash and red lead, which is used to produce the tortoise-shell effect on some combs. Many think that horns must be softened in order to carve them. This is a mistake. They can be softened only by a high degree of heat, either dry or moist, but they will remain soft for not more than ten minutes.

In carving horn one must cut away all except the figure that one wishes to represent. This is slow, hard work. Engraving is much easier, but not so artistic.
T. S. HITCHCOCK, M.D.S.

A CARROT HAND

THE photograph of a hand-shaped carrot was sent by Mr. E. Kay Robinson of London, Eng-



THE CARROT THAT GREW IN THE FORM OF A HAND.

land, who says the carrot was dug up in the garden of an inn called "The Hand." This inn, by a remarkable coincidence, has as its sign the upright red hand familiar in baronets' coats of arms. Mr. Robinson supposes that the growing-point of the carrot had been injured, or perhaps obstructed, and that it then formed five secondary, finger-like branches. It is an interesting example of a freak of nature.

A PIECE OF WOOD RESEMBLING A SNAKE



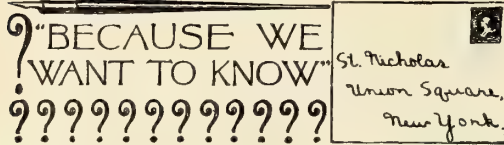
HERE is the photograph of a piece of wood that, at first glance, looks much like a snake. The end of the stick is remarkable in its close resemblance to the snake's head. It was found by Mr. Walter E. Boyd, Red Bank, New Jersey, while he was strolling in the woods.

A STRANGE DRESS FOR TREES

EDITH WHITMORE, Bedford, England, sends to "Nature and Science" an interesting photograph of trees that have been sewed up in cloth. She explains that they needed to be protected in this manner from the locusts that come in great numbers. The covering is said to be effective, but it gives the trees a very odd appearance. The "hoppers," as the locusts are called, attack nearly all kinds of plants and trees, and often destroy every green leaf. In the morning or in the evening they are easily driven, and many are then destroyed in various ways. The photograph was taken on an estate in the Argentine Republic.



TREES COVERED WITH CLOTH.



WHY REPEATEDLY BENDING A WIRE MAKES IT HOT

OSSINING, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why it is that when you bend a piece of wire back and forth for a while it becomes hot?

One of your devoted readers,
KATHERINE LEWIS.

The "energy" expended in bending the wire appears as heat. A similar result is obtained by hammering a wire, or other piece of metal, or by rubbing it briskly.

Heat is a form of motion (see Tyndall's book on this subject), and the motion used in bending the wire is changed into this other form of motion called heat. We believe that this heat is due to a rapid motion (vibration) of the particles (molecules) of which the metal is composed. These molecules and their motion are far too small to be seen.—H. L. W.

KITTENS AND CATS SHOULD BE CAREFULLY HANDLED

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You would do me a great favor if you could tell me whether it is true that "cats have nine lives." We had a kitten; it was three weeks old. A little boy friend let it drop out of a third-story window. It seemed not to be injured at all.

From your interested reader,
MARIELI BENZIYER (age 12).

Decidedly no. The little boy who let the kitten fall from a third-story window, as I understand from the letter that he did, was a very careless little boy indeed, and it was only a lucky chance for the kitten that it was not hurt. Cats and kittens are very tender, delicate things, easily hurt, and very subject to nervous shock, but seldom showing the full extent of their suffering to a chance observer. I have known cats to come through terrible experiences apparently unharmed, but die of the effects weeks after.—JANE R. CATHCART.

SUNSHINE AND SNEEZING

KENWOOD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My baby sister just loves to sit out on the grass, but Mother always turns her back to the sun because she says that it makes her sneeze if the sun shines in her eyes. Can you tell me why this is?

Your devoted reader,
ADELE NOYES.

A certain nerve sends one branch to the inner parts of the eye, and a second branch to the lining of the nose. The strong light irritates the

nerve branch in the eye, and by what is called "reflex action,"—that is, an action over which we have no control,—the irritation seems to be conveyed to the branch in the nose, and makes us sneeze. To tell why the effect is produced would call for a long lecture on anatomy and physiology. The nerve in the eye sometimes becomes so sensitive through disease that ordinary daylight, or even the light of a lamp, will make the patient sneeze.—A. C. S.

THE EYE ADAPTS ITSELF TO THE QUANTITY OF LIGHT

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please explain to me why my kitten's eyeballs are sometimes round, and then shaped somewhat like a cigar, in the second case being parallel with her nose.

Your constant reader,
LAWRENCE GREENE (age 13½).

The shape of the eyeballs cannot change. Any alteration must be in the form of the opening between the eyelids, caused by a movement of the lids themselves. But when you refer to the eyeball, you probably mean the pupil, or what appears to be a little black spot on the front of the eye. This changes its form by the movement of the iris, the colored part of the eye, which expands in dimly lighted places and contracts when looking at a bright or very intense light. In man, the pupil is naturally circular; in the cat, it is naturally long, narrow, and upright, and under the influence of the light may become somewhat cigar-shaped and parallel with the nose. It is impossible for the ball of the eye to become altered as you describe.—A. C. S.

A RAINBOW MAY BE IN THE WEST

WALLOON LAKE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have for some time wanted to know why the rainbow is always seen in the east, and usually in the evening.

The other morning one of the people around here called my attention to a "wonderful rainbow in the west." I could not see that it was wonderful, but I asked, and the reply was that the rainbow very rarely is seen in the west; but no one could tell me why.

Your affectionate reader,
MARCELLINE HEMINGWAY.

The rainbow is produced by the reflection of sunbeams by falling raindrops. We must look *toward* the raindrops in order to see the reflected rainbow, and not toward the sun, which must be behind us. In the afternoon, when summer thunder-storms occur, the sun is west of us; therefore, we turn our backs to the sun, and see the rainbow east of us. We can see a rainbow in the west when thunder-storms occur in the morning,—that is, in the west while the sun is in the east.—WILLIS L. MOORE, Chief U. S. Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

**GLOBULES ON THE INSIDE OF A GLASS
CONTAINING WATER**

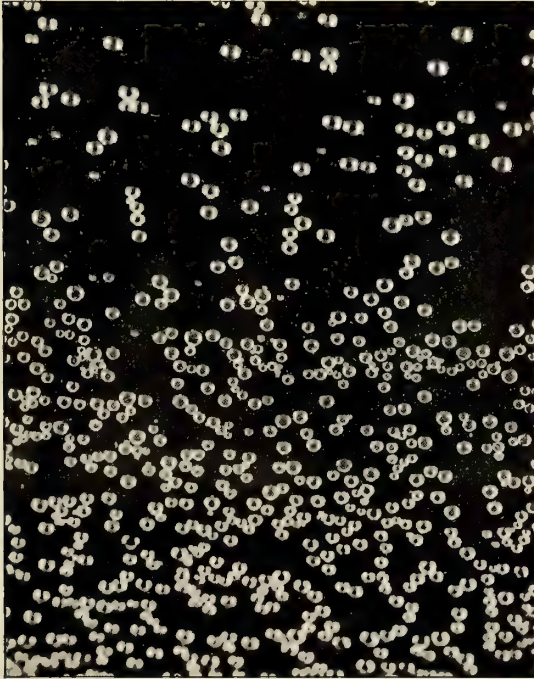
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me why little drops of what looks like salt gather on the inside of a glass of water? I have often watched water in a glass, and it always gets those little drops.

Your interested reader,

CATHERINE JOHNSON.

The formation of tiny bubbles on the inside of the glass is explained by Professor H. L. Wells as follows:

Water dissolves the gases of the atmosphere (otherwise fishes could not live in it), and the colder the



GLOBULES OF AIR ON THE GLASS ON THE INSIDE
OF AN AQUARIUM.

water the more of these gases, chiefly oxygen and nitrogen, are dissolved. So that when cold water which has taken up air is warmed, some of this gas usually appears as bubbles.

Therefore, whenever water which is saturated with air is heated, gases are given off. These gases may go off invisibly when the warming is slow, by evaporating at the surface; but when the warming is more rapid, bubbles of gas collect on the walls of the containing vessel, or may rise up through the water.

If you watch fresh water heating in a kettle, a great many bubbles of gas will be seen rising, and they get larger as the water approaches the boiling point, as then the gases contain much water vapor. Finally, when boiling begins, all the gases are removed, and after a short time, pure steam comes off.

If cold, fresh water has been left standing in a warm room for some time, the gas bubbles often form inside the glass as the water gradually becomes warmer. The bubbles sometimes look bright from reflection, so that they might be compared to salt in appearance.

A CAT'S EYES NOT ALIKE

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why the eyes of some cats differ from each other in color. Is it a disease or are they born like that? At the school where I was we found a little kitten which had one very light blue eye, and the other was a greenish brown.

Your loving reader,

OTIS BROWN.

In reply to the letter regarding "odd-eyed" cats and kittens, I am glad to tell you that this condition is not a disease, many kittens, especially white ones, being born with this peculiarity.—
JANE R. CATHCART.

EMPTY ROBIN'S EGGS IN A NEST IN WINTER

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday my brother and I were out walking, when we found a robin's nest. It was in a shrub three feet from the ground, and had three eggs in it. We were surprised that a robin should be nesting at this time of the year. When we looked at the eggs, we saw that there was a hole in each one, and that they were empty. As there were several cracked nuts lying near the eggs, we think that a chipmunk, or squirrel, must have robbed the nest. But how could the eggs keep such a long time without breaking? They were so near the road that any one could have seen the nest. Will you kindly tell me how late the robin nests?

Your interested reader,

GLADYS E. LIVERMORE (age 12).

The work of red squirrels no doubt. Egg-shells often remain in nests until the following spring.
—C. W. B.

TO SEE THE STARS IN THE DAYTIME

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been told that if one is in a deep well, or looks through a long tube, or a pipe, he is able to see the stars in the daytime. I have never had an opportunity to try the experiment, and I would like to know if this is so. Do you see the same stars you see at night? If you do, do the stars turn around with the earth? This has puzzled me quite a little, and I shall be very grateful to know.

Your interested reader,

HELEN L. KNAPP.

Stars are in the sky in the daytime as well as at night. The only reason why we cannot see them by day is on account of the glare of the sky illuminated by the sun. Very little of this glare would be cut off by going down a well, and, consequently, we would be able to see from a well only the very brightest stars. For several days, at certain times, Venus is so bright that it can be readily seen during the daytime with the naked eye, if one knows just where to look for it. By means of a telescope, one can see the bright stars in the daytime.

Stars rise and set like the sun and moon, and for the same reason, because the earth is rotating on its axis. There are stars in every direction from the earth.—S. A. M.



Of the contributions in prose and verse this month, those that well deserved to be printed would fill almost an entire number of ST. NICHOLAS; and we assure the League members named on the First Roll of Honor that their compositions would certainly have been printed if room could have been found, or made, for them.

Both "Spring" and "Winter" have their ardent partizans, and this month's experience has taught the Editor one impressive lesson: never to offer a *choice* of *two* seasons to the League poets in a single competition!

As to "The Book That Has Helped Me Most—and Why," it called out a response that has rarely, if ever, been equaled in the history of the League. The essays here printed speak for themselves, and very eloquently. But they give hardly a hint of the variety and cleverness of the many, many others that deserved to be placed beside them.

It was pleasant, and instructive too, to note how wide a range of literature was covered in these contributions.

From that sacred book of books, the Bible, and from the world-famous Shakspeare, the young folk wandered afield among the works of classic fiction, poetry, and biography, and, naturally, among the well-known classics of childhood. "Little Women" led the list of favorite books of girl-readers; but "David Copperfield" was a close second. Even the "Dictionary" and "Spelling Book" had their advocates; and one clever girl admits that her "bank-book" has "helped her most," and tells just why!

Nor must we fail to mention one tribute that has touched us deeply, both with joy and pride, for a great many League members have named ST. NICHOLAS itself as the "book" of their choice, and have rendered homage to the magazine in beautiful and affectionate words. Modesty forbids our awarding prizes to these offerings, welcome as they are. But we cannot resist the temptation to show some of them to our readers, and, in grateful appreciation, shall give a page to them in next month's LETTER-BOX.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 147

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Marjorie Trotter** (age 17), Toronto, Can.; **H. Hardy Heth** (age 15), Montpelier, O. Silver badges, **Grace King** (age 17), Toledo, O.; **Doris Longton** (age 17), Keighley, Eng.; **Mary Kathryn Fagan** (age 13), Savannah, Ga.; **Jennie E. Everden** (age 12), Ithaca, Mich.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Marion E. Stark** (age 17), Norwich, Conn.; **Marion Thanouser** (age 12), Milwaukee, Wis. Silver badges, **Eleanor E. Carroll** (age 14), West New Brighton, N. Y.; **Genevieve C. Freeman** (age 12), Milford, Neb.; **Elizabeth Connolly** (age 9), Palisades-on-Hudson, N. Y.; **Joyce Cook** (age 16), Tiverton, Eng.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Charlotte Tougas** (age 17), Dorchester, Mass.; **Margaret Ayer** (age 14), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Frank L. Hayes, Jr.** (age 17), Oberlin, O.; **Harold C. Lewis** (age 15), Traverse City, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Eugenia Parker** (age 17), Winchester, Mass.; **Grace E. Toole** (age 17), Branford, Conn.; **Lily A. Lewis** (age 15), Bear Creek, Pa.; **Eleanor H. Verner** (age 14), Wayne, Pa.; **Mary Dawson** (age 12), Newark, N. J.; **Leslie M. Burns** (age 14), Cripple Creek, Colo.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Jessica B. Noble** (age 11), Hollywood, Cal.; **S. H. Ordway, Jr.** (age 11), New York City.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **William D. Woodwek** (age 15), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Clara Parks** (age 15), St. Louis, Mo.



"AN EXCITING GAME." BY EUGENIA PARKER, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"AN EXCITING GAME." BY GRACE E. TOOLE, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST—
AND WHYBY MARY KATHRYN FAGAN (AGE 13)
(Silver Badge)

THE Bible, the book of books, has done me more good than any other book. From beginning to end, it is full of heroic and wonderful deeds. It is *the* book. Sir Walter Scott on his death-bed said: "Bring me the book." "What book?" asked a servant. "There is only *one* book, the Bible," answered the great writer. What boy wants any more exciting stories than of



"AT WORK." BY CHARLOTTE TOUGAS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

David killing the Giant? or of Joseph being sold into slavery by his unworthy brothers? or a more marvelous one than that of the little boy's loaves and fishes feeding the five thousand? Or what girl, any more fascinating stories than of Mary and Martha? or Naaman's slave-girl? What would this country, *our* country, be without this wonderful book? We would have—what? No churches, no colleges, no hospitals, no art, no homes for the poor, friendless, or orphans. And last, but not least, no books, for are not most of our good books inspired by the Bible? More copies have been sold and translated into other languages than any other book, which shows its popularity. So, dear reader, do you not agree with me that this book, the Bible, has done more for humanity than any other book, for has it not taught us truth, and honesty, and all good, and helped to make better the great world we live in?

THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST—
AND WHYBY MARY CARVER WILLIAMS (AGE 14)
(Honor Member)

WHEN we consider this subject we cannot but be a little puzzled. Many books have helped us, each in its



"AT PLAY." BY MARGARET BRATE, AGE 15.

own way; and so the question seems to be, "Which is the best and greatest way?" As this is almost impossible to decide, our minds turn to follow another avenue of thought, which is, "What book has helped in the most ways?"

There are many kinds of literature—novels, descriptions, essays, sermons, poems, and dramas. These are all for a purpose, and each educates us in a dif-

"AN EXCITING GAME." BY LILY A. LEWIS, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

ferent way, or awakens a new interest. There is one book which contains all these, and in reading it we are impressed anew as each variety unfolds itself.



BY PAULL JACOB, AGE 17.



BY ELEANOR H. VERNER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



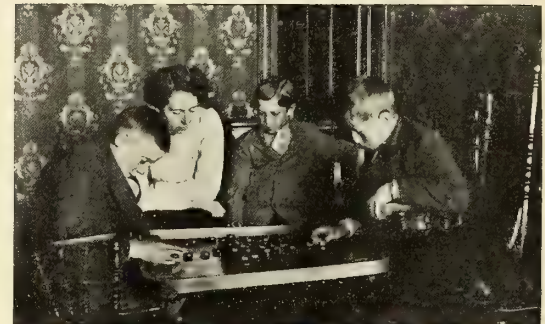
BY MARY DAWSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GROSVENOR S. MCKEE, AGE 16.



BY EDWARD GINN, JR., AGE 15.



BY LESLIE M. BURNS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

AN EXCITING GAME.

What more beautiful description than the Songs of Solomon? and what more impressive sermon than Christ's sermon on the mount? Some of the most wonderfully melodic poems of history are found in the Songs of David, and the greatest drama ever enacted is the Passion Play, or the life of Christ. We cannot think of another book which shows within its covers wealth, poverty, love, hatred, sin, repentance, death, and beside all these, many other phases of life dealing with every form of character, from such a man as Judas to The Master himself.

And so we come to the conclusion that the book which has helped us the most is the one that has helped us in the most ways—the Great Book—the Book of Life—which every one may read and understand, from the little child just entering into the struggles of life to the old man waiting to enter the "Golden Gate." Surely no more helpful book exists!

THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST—
AND WHY

BY RACHEL LYMAN FIELD (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

I CLOSED the battered covers, laid the well-worn book down, and thought of the times I had read and re-read the dear, shabby old volume—days when spring was transforming the world with its irresistible youth and greenness; when summer flowers bloomed and birds sang; when autumn burst forth clad in scarlet and gold, or when snow covered the ground like a mantle. There had been dark days, bright days, days of rain and of sunshine, but scarcely a day that I had not lifted my copy of "David Copperfield" from the book shelves.

Hardly a day had passed that I had not wandered on the beach with David and little Emily; trudged

under the stars with the lonely little boy, or smiled and cried over Dora, who, with all her weakness, was yet so human. I felt the awful majesty and power of the sea when the frail boat bearing Steerforth was wrecked. I admired Ham's bravery, hated Uriah's deceit, or journeyed with Mr. Peggotty in his weary search. I can see Agnes as plainly as ever David did; shining like a star across his path.

But whether I am sad or lonely, glad or gay, tired or light-hearted, I always find in this book just what I need most. It seems always to respond to my every mood, and I laugh or cry with the dear people whom Dickens has given to us all for friends. These are the reasons why I say that "David Copperfield" has helped me more than any other book.

SONNET TO SPRING

BY ISABEL M. ADAMS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

SEASON of birth and reawakening,
 Symbol of all things unfulfilled and young,
 Laughing, thou passest the green fields among,
 Glad of thy power and loveliness, O Spring!
 To the dull earth thy careless tread doth bring
 New life, which courses through her age-worn veins.
 Thine is the music of the fitful rains
 And thine the happy song the streamlets sing.
 Ripe summer's languid glory is not thine,
 Nor thine the soul of autumn, wise and mild.
 Victor of hoary winter! Oh, fair child,
 Passionate, wilful! thou art passing sweet—
 For in thy noble promise we divine
 The poignant beauty of the incomplete.

THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST— AND WHY

BY H. HARDY HETH (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

EVERY good book is a friend that never fails. And we owe tribute to many authors for giving us such companions. Who could forget Louisa M. Alcott, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Ralph Henry Barbour, Henry Van Dyke, or Lew Wallace and his great "Ben Hur"?

But as I look over my library, one small volume outshines all the others. It is written in words of one syllable, so that any child may read; and as it has been in my possession ever since I was such, this book is a friend tried and true. Upon the cover is printed in gold, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

There are many reasons for my choice, naturally the first being that the story is just as beneficial now as when I first read it years ago. Indeed, I believe the oftener it is re-read, the more helpful it becomes.

Then, I greatly admire Bunyan, the author.

He was the son of an English tinker, and for a time adopted his father's trade, but early in life began preaching. As he led a body of people whose ideas were opposite to those of the king, he was arrested in 1660 and retained in prison until 1672. During those long years spent in Bedford jail, "Pilgrim's Progress" was written. His persistence in time of trouble and disgrace proves him an example well worth noticing.

The book itself has innumerable good qualities. It is uplifting and appeals to the imagination, yet never does it make light of worldly cares. Nothing is over-drawn; everything is real and practical. The hero

faces trials and triumphs that any pilgrim on life's way must meet. His experiences aid me in mine.

The object of every book should be to help mankind. I believe John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" fulfills this purpose a hundredfold.



"AT PLAY." BY GWEN BLENKINSOP, AGE 16.

WINTER

BY GENEVIEVE C. FREEMAN (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

AUTUMN is going fast. Her last sweet breeze
 Shakes from the half-clad boughs the last dry leaves;
 Then, gathering up her robes of russet gold,
 And settling firm her crown of wealth untold,
 Sweeps out of sight. The golden sunbeams there
 The while dance round and through her auburn hair,
 And slowly the surrounding mists enfold
 And hide from sight the form of brown and gold.

When, hark! there falls upon the startled ear,
 The blast of clarion trumpets, loud and clear;
 And all the trees, where once the birds built nests,
 Robbed of their cheery, silver-throated guests,
 String up their silver harps to mournful tone,
 And play the sad sweet music of their own.
 And speeding on the north wind's mighty wing,
 Amid a blare of bugles, comes the king!

A robe of sparkling whiteness does he wear,
 A wreath of snowflakes in his snow-white hair,
 And hair, and beard, and robe, so long and bright,
 Mingle in one great cloud of sparkling white.
 And while the stinging frost-imp draws his bow,
 He scatters far and wide the soft, white snow.
 All hail the lovely queens, Fall, Summer, Spring,
 But call, from mount to mount, "Winter is king!"

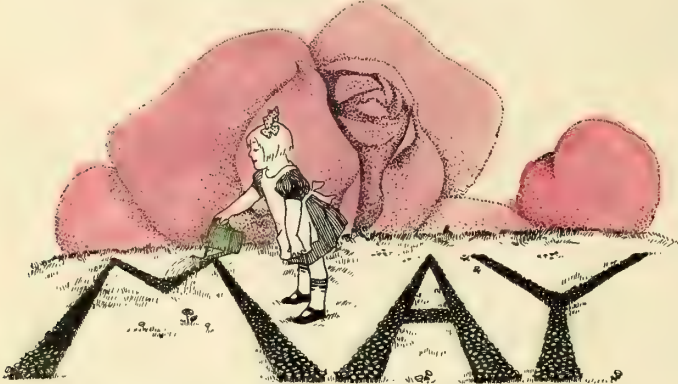
THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST—
AND WHY

BY JENNIE E. EVERDEN (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

BARRING the Bible, "Little Women" stands forth.—strongest and brightest from my list of dear old friends.

My reasons are many, so many that I could not give them all. But I love that book, or "friend" I



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY HAZEL S. HALSTEAD, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

think I may call it; and when one loves a friend, does not that friend always help you? And strengthen and cheer you often?

"Little Women" is composed of several books, all within one story.

In it you have home life and sisterly love, not as a dry topic or marvelous endowment, but as an example. It sets forth many examples, in fact, which might be changed slightly so as to fit into any circumstance of one's own life.

Amy's gay experiences abroad, with Laurie to make them comical, are enough for one story.

Meg's trials and home troubles are so funny, yet deplorable, that they alone might fill a little book.

Last, but not least, there are poor dear Jo's trials, ambitions, and temptations! For some of Jo's faults are so similar to my own, it helps me so much to see how she overcomes hers.

If any one does not find "Little Women" very helpful and interesting, I give below my directions for putting it to a practical test:

If you have the "blues," go with Amy to the Parisian ball. It will cheer you wonderfully.

If you think the world has used you badly, sympathize with Jo, and you will feel better.

If you want to laugh, read about the pranks of Laurie and Jo, or of Jo's trials when Laurie tried to propose to her.

One can find almost anything needed in "Little Women" if she only tries.

SPRING

BY ELIZABETH CONNOLLY (AGE 9)

(*Silver Badge*)

LITTLE snowdrop, lift your head
From the brown earth's wintry bed;
Blue-eyed violet, come up, too,
Blue-eyed violet, shy and true.
Spring has come to call you all.
Hark! I hear the bluebird's call!

WINTER

BY MARION THANHOUSER (AGE 12)

(*Gold Badge*)

OH, merry winter gnomes are we!
We dance and prance in impish glee.

And for our band we have a sign,
A tiny branch of scented pine.

In snowy ermine we are dressed,
And in the day we take our rest.

But when the moon hath risen high,
Away we go on feet that fly!

Oh, short and plump and quick are we!
Our faces round and lit with glee.

Upon the forest's silver floor
We dance as in the fairy lore.

We creep into the farmers' huts,
And steal their stores of winter nuts.

We dull their saws, enchant their wells,
And o'er their meadows cast our spells.

The mortals ever we molest;
But leave the furry folk at rest.

We bare the trees, and freeze the streams,
And send them off to winter dreams.

We silence all the world with snow,
And pipe to make the north winds blow.

Oh, merry winter gnomes are we!
We dance and prance in impish glee.

THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST—
AND WHY

BY MURIEL AVERY (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

A row of books lines the shelf before me. Among the familiar titles, one seems to stand forth most prominently. Not because of its size, certainly, yet it is the book that has helped me most.

It is "The Desert of Waiting," the story of Saphur. While he is crossing the desert toward the Golden Gate of the City of his Desire, which opens but once a year to common merchants, his camel falls lame, and he is forced to stop and see the caravan pass on without him. Losing hope of ever reaching the city, he wishes but to die. Soon, however, a bee, buzzing persistently around him, arouses his interest. Following it, he reaches the palace of Omar, the alchemist of the desert. Finding this wonderful man, he expects him to turn his wares to gold with his magic. But, instead, Omar sends him to the rose garden, where each night, until dawn, he must pick the rose-leaves. The task is pleasant at first, but soon the thorns prick, and he doubts if all this labor will profit him anything. At length Omar calls him to him. With the rose-leaves he has picked may be made a wonderful attar, so costly that only princes may buy, and for the bearer of which the Golden Gate will open wide. So, through patience, Saphur gains the City of his Desire.

Last year, moving to a strange town, thrown among strangers, and, at the same time, taken from school because of ill health, I thought often of this story, and of that one sentence, "From the daily tasks, that prick

thee sorest, mayest thou distil some precious attar, that will gain for thee a royal entrance to the City of thy Desire."

THE BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED ME MOST— AND WHY

BY MARJORIE TROTTER (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge*)

APART from the Bible, which is acknowledged by every one in our day to hold highest place among books, both from a literary and moral standpoint, it is difficult to decide what books are most helpful, for there is such an abundance of good literature, ministering to such widely varied needs. It seems to me the books I need most are not those that inspire to mighty deeds in the dim future, or show me how to solve great problems I may never meet, but books that help me, here and now, to live an unselfish life. And when I ask myself what books have influenced me most in this regard, I am compelled to make an answer of which I am almost ashamed, for my choice is no masterpiece of writing, but merely a series of simple stories for girls,—the "Little Colonel" books.

They contain no sermons, no wearisome digressions from the story. They are full of activity and fun, but the sweet atmosphere round the winsome Kentucky heroine that breathed fragrance into the lives of all she met, unconsciously influences those who read her history. It was Lloyd's high aspiration "to live in scorn of miserable aims that end with self," and any thoughtful girl, watching her character develop from baby days to the dawn of her gracious womanhood, will herself be stirred to this lofty ambition. Besides Lloyd, Mrs. Johnston draws, so vividly that we feel them to be intimate friends, hosts of other charming characters. Especially lovable are the jolly Wares, whose sturdy determination "to remain inflexible" before all their troubles is a beautiful example of cheery optimism. Their many other teachings cannot be enumerated here, but I have never opened one of these books without receiving fresh stimulus in the pursuit of my ideals.

THE SPRING

BY JOYCE COOK (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHEN the birds begin to sing,
When every one of them 's a-wing,
When primroses and daffodils are showing;
When the trees once more are green,
And in corners all unsewn
Blue violets are blowing,
It is spring.

When hart's-tongues droop and quiver
By the merry rippling river;
When the cherry-trees are white again with bloom;
When we tiptoe as we find
A tiny bird's nest close behind
That fir-tree in the gloom,
Oh, yes, it 's spring!

When the sky is softly blue,
And the clouds o'er it are few,
But in the west there 's promise yet of rain,
Then we feel, as ne'er before,
That we 're truly at the door
Of the fairy-world, that comes again
In spring.

SPRING

BY DORIS ROSALIND WILDER (AGE 11)

By a shadowy, babbling brook,
'Neath tall pines that overlook
Fields of daisies gold and white,
Like stars in summer sky at night,
Every gentle breeze that blows
Bears the scent of briar rose,
Transparent ferns, and mosses rare,
Sunny skies, and balmy air.
Now and then a warbling note,
From some joyous robin's throat,
The shining air of summer fills,
And echoes 'mid the distant hills.
Fleecy clouds as white as snow,
Memories of long ago;
'Neath the trees dim shadows lie,
Mysteries of by and by.

But the babbling of the brook
Breaks the silence of this nook,
Gurgling, murmuring as it flows,
"Memories linger, but time goes."

THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST— AND WHY

BY DORIS LONGTON (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

OF the many books I have read, and reading is my favorite occupation, Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" has influenced me most.

It contains many lessons of unselfishness, charity, and economy, showing how happiness may be got



"AT PLAY." BY MARGARET AYER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

from very simple pleasures irrespective of riches. Also the perseverance and trials of four girls, very like other girls, who struggled hard against, and overcame, each one her special failing, seem to urge you to try to follow in their foot-steps.

Jo is my special girl. I seem to have cared for her from the first. She is so real and true. How I enjoyed reading the part where, through working hard, she got well planted on the road leading to successful authorship, scribbling away in the attic on her strange desk. How tender a nurse she made when, the mother away nursing a sick father, her little Beth took scarlet fever; and how she made peace with Laurie's irate

grandfather, when both were angry and hurt, although she, herself, was angry when Laurie played such a rude trick on Meg.

As for Beth, with her piano, her dolls, her dish-tub, and dusting,—gentle, shy, little Beth did every one good by her patient duty-loving ways and manners, even to harum-scarum Jo.

Meg overcame her vanity and walked unscathed through "vanity fair," growing, when the mother was suddenly called away, from girl to woman, striving to care for the younger sisters and keep the home.

The little artist Amy learned a hard lesson with Aunt March, growing to think of others before herself and curb her vanity.

Louisa M. Alcott knew girls were not perfect, but what reward could be more than Mr. March's observations on his return from the war, when he was able to remark upon such improvement in his girls?



"AT WORK." BY FRANK L. HAYES, JR., AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

WINTER

BY HATTIE ANUNDSEN (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

My friend, have you seen the northland
When the rivers are barred with mail?
When the pines bow low, 'neath the wind-heaped snow,
And sing through the rushing gale?

Then hark to the mighty blizzard
As it roars through the northern night
Till the dark trees gleam like a misty dream,
Through a flickering veil of white.

But listen! the wind is dying,
The clouds have been swept away;
And the moon sails high in a star-gemmed sky,
O'er a world that is light as day.

Then ho! for the winter moonlight!
The monarchs of all are we,
By the heart atune to the winds that croon,
And the song of the gliding skee.

But ever the home lure calleth,
Till it kindles a wild desire;
Then fare we back o'er the gleaming track,
To drowse by the open fire.

IN YE WYNTER TYME

(An Acrostic in Archaic Spelling)

BY ELEANOR E. CARROLL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

IN ye joyeuse wynter tyme,
Neare ye fyre I lyke to sytte.
Yellowe blazes upwarde clymbe,
Ever leaping: ne'er they quitte.
When ye blyzzards rage outsyde,
Younge and olde together synge,
Now aboute some ancylene bryde,
Telling usse of her wedding;
Else, about a vallyante knyghte
Roving 'rounde throughout the lande,
Tyll he fynds some wronge to righte;
Yea, he does onne every hande.
Months fly past, eache as a gieste,
Every one lykes wynter beste!

SPRING

BY ELIZABETH MACDONALD (AGE 10)

SPRING on the hillside,
Ankle-deep in flowers,
Her favorites flocking round her,
Or hanging back in bowers.

Resting in the valley
Like a tired child from play,
Lying in the fern and moss,
Breathing scents of May.

Spring is in the woodland
More beautiful than all,
Budding blossoms round her
Opening at her call.

Birds singing o'er her,
Blue sky above,
God surely sent her
To fill the world with love.

THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST— AND WHY

BY GRACE KING (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

I HAVE been helped and educated by many different books, but I believe that during the last three years, the one that has helped me most has been my bank-account book. Before I was given my bank-book, I spent my allowance heedlessly; in fact, I spent my money so quickly that I really could not give my parents an accurate account of what it had all gone for.

So, finally, on my fourteenth birthday, my father gave me a bank-book, and he told me to put my allowance (which was twenty-five dollars a month) into the bank and draw out five dollars every week, which should last me through the week for all my expenditures. He told me to keep an accurate account of every penny that I spent during the week, and to record these weekly accounts in my bank-book.

At first I thought this would be an awful task, but I soon learned to take pleasure in being careful with my expense accounts, and then my father rewarded me for my extra trouble by adding another five dollars to my regular monthly allowance.

I am very glad now that I was taught to keep a bank-account, for it certainly did succeed in making me more economical, and more careful with money.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY HAROLD C. LEWIS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

SPRING

BY MARION E. STARK (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge*)

SPRING comes dancing o'er the sunny hilltops,
Trees are budding, filled with sap anew;
Birds are winging, joyful, to their home-land,
E'en the sun has springtime beauty, too.

Now 's the time when all the busy housewives
Sigh and frown upon the dirt and dust,
Roll their sleeves, and don their work regalia,
For clean house, indeed, they surely must.

And their patient husbands groan and wonder,
As they beat the carpets out-of-door,
If, perchance, when this hard task is ended,
They can find sweet comfort any more.

Everything within the house is missing
From its own accustomed shelf or hook;
For a hat, or pen, or clock, or necktie,
No one ever knows the place to look.

And the springtide's glory bright is darkened
By the clouds of dust that upward rise,
Veiling our fair land in all its beauty,
Casting gloom upon e'en sunset skies.

Thus, though spring comes dancing o'er the hilltops,
And birds are winging, joyful, to our homes;
Spring house-cleaning sways relentless scepter,
And through our land tyrannically roams.

TO WINTER

BY MARGARET M. CASKEY (AGE 15)

WITHDRAW, thou cruel tyrant of the cold!

Desert thy heaped-up fastnesses of snow,
Strike off thy icy chains from earth, and go
Far hence; and let Spring's buds unfold—
The purple of the violets, the gold

Of crocuses; let Spring new life bestow.
Depart, dread king, fair Spring's most deadly foe,
Lead forth thy legions of frost spirits bold
Who sheathe with ice each tender growing thing.

The birds, the minstrels from the south, will come
To take their place; and butterflies will sail
Through verdant trees, with opalescent wings;
Among the flowers sweet the bees will hum,
And Spring's allies shall o'er thy power prevail.

SPRING

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

A LITTLE stir,
A winged whirl,
A flash of blue
And crimson, too.
The world is new!

A first robin's thrill,
A tree's soft, green frill,
A brook's flashing thread,
A white violet bed.
Blue sky overhead!

Splotches of gold on a rolling green,
Perfume of flowers that blow unseen,
Apple-bloom down-balls the breezes fling,
Wee, shrilling voices that sing and sing,
"Glory to God, for it 's spring! It 's spring!"

THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST— AND WHY

BY DORIS IRENE KNIGHT (AGE 14)

"THE book that has helped me most," I thought to myself. Upon which of my many favorite books should the choice rest? Should it be "Captains Courageous," "The Jungle Books," or, perhaps, Thompson Seton's stories of animals? But no; a second reading of the title changed my ideas. "The book that has helped me most," it read. That book is surely the ST. NICHOLAS. And why?

The League has given me a chance to write once a month, or, at least, to think about the new title, so it has kept me in practice.

Then what a drill in patience St. NICHOLAS is. For instance:

And they turned in their stirrups to see Nether Hall one great blaze.

"Heavens!" gasped Captain Hood.

They dashed back with white faces.

(*To be continued.*)

or words to that effect.

ST. NICHOLAS, too, always can settle any dispute as to punctuation, capitals, etc., because it always has the "latest" in printing.

All the stories are good and well written. Altogether, I do not see how I ever could get along without "the book that has helped me most."

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Elizabeth C. Walton
Katherine Judson
Dorothy Rogers
Margaret Vaughn
Marie Merriman
Mary E. Van Fossen
Helen Gawthrop
Elizabeth D. Macy
Helen Grace Garnham
Jeannette Glead
Nathaniel Dorfman
Anna Charap
Frances E. Cavanaugh
Mittie Clark
Anne K. Warren
Arthur Nethercot
Catherine F. Urell
Lucile E. Merrill
Elsie Stevens
Anna Rimington
Louise S. May
Florence L. Smith
Adeline Rotty
Hazel B. Pawlowsky
Hattie M. Ulke
James Sheean
Antonia Schwab
Myrtle Doppman
Mildred Thorp
Louise Lieber
Fredrica McLean
Walter L. Chappin, Jr.
William W. Ladd
Lenore J. Hughes

PROSE, 2

Dorothy A. Heinlein
Vernon P. Williams
Max Muench
Jessie V. H. Westfall
Naomi Lauchheimer
Alfred J. Murray
Hyman Estrin
Mildred Weissner
Vera B. Hall
Joseph Kaufman
Ethel M. Feuerlicht
Anna Laura Porter
Evelyn V. Palmer
Marguerite Sisson
Sarah Polansky
Mary Daboll
Catherine Johnson
Roxana Chadbourne
Etienne Donovan

VERSE, 1

Bruce T. Simonds
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.
Josephine N. Felts
Martin Stahl
Anita Grannis
Elizabeth Zerrahn
Betty Humphreys
Katharine Baker
Elizabeth Wilcox
Ethel London
Margaret B. Laws

Helen E. Master
Isabel W. Strang
Helen E. Dougherty
Vera F. Keever
Glenn Ashdown
W. J. Cresswell
Doris N. Chew
Eleanor Johnson
Dorothy W. Lord
Rowena Lamy
Marion Ellet
Harold A. Brower
Elizabeth B. White
Elizabeth McN.
Gordon
Carolyn Krusen
Jean E. Freeman
Florence W. Towle
Marjorie P. M.
Guthrie
Charlotte Hawes
Madeleine Ward
Rose Schwartz
Dorothy C. Snyder
Elizabeth B. White
Helen K. Tolles
Ruth M. Miller

VERSE, 2

Mildred W. Longstreth
Alberta M. Davidson
Henry D. Costigan
Quinta Cattell
Edna Millman
Bertha F. Hirschberg
Olga M. Marwig
Elinor Hopkins
Elsie L. Lustig
Lazare Chernoff
Vivian E. Hall
Ray Del-Monte
Elise S. Haynes
Naomi E. Butler
Erna Gunther
Anna Roberts
Donald C. Dorian
Marian Wightman
Hortense Lion
Dorothea Rush
Owens Berry
Florence Clark
Polly May Gorringe
Hope Satterthwaite
Katharine L. Trippe

DRAWINGS, 1

Venette M. Willard
Dorothy Handsaker
Alison M. Kingsbury
Lily King Westervelt
Horace Graf
Walter K. Frame
Lucie C. Holt
Lucy Blenkinsop
Jean Hopkins
Schofield Handforth
Frances M. Patten
Ethel King
Hunter Griffith
Bodil Hornemann
Rosemary H. Robinson

Beatrice H. Robinson
Beryl Margetson
Margery R. Dawson
Tecla Ludolf
Catharine M. Clarke
Susan Frazier
Lucy F. Rogers
Dorothy Hughes
Elizabeth Winston
Kathleen Culhane
Goldie Zucker
Marjorie Flack
Caroline Cox
Ruth Seymour
Henry Herzog
Marion H. Medlar
Ethel Warren Kidder
Marina Foster
Dorothy Deming
Leo Swift

DRAWINGS, 2

Evangelina Pendleton
Dorothy A. Babbage
Lucile Hotchkiss
Adelaide White
Max Margolius
Dorothea Quitzow
Dorothy von Colson
Virginia Palmer
Mary T. Bradley
Charles Case
Phyllis Coate
Paul Johnson
Edna C. Haines
Philip N. Rawson
Joe Jaroszynski
Gertrude Russell

PHOTOGRAPHS

Marion Rawson
Stephen Wheatland
Delaware Kemper
Hilda F. Gaunt
Robert Levison
Gertrude Davie
Caroline Bancroft
James B. Taylor, Jr.

PUZZLES

Phoebe Schreiber
Lambe
Emilie Jeannette
Daggett
Sam Bronsky
George Hobart
McDonald
Elizabeth E. Abbott
Maryalice Moody
Cecelia Rea
Margaret Stanley-
Brown
Harriet Henry
Lois B. Perley
Gustav Diechmann
Helen C. Young
Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Roy Elliott

WRONG SUBJECT. William Kalning, Harry Salzman, Bella Schnall, Isadore Schnall, Frances Brooks.

FULL ADDRESS NOT GIVEN. Minna Schwarz, Elsie L. Morey, Lucile Lesser, Ellen Lee Hoffman, Theresa E. Tobiasen, Joseph Barrett, Eleanor Mishnun, Walter J. Bažza.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Gertrude Zwisler.
IN PENCIL. Margaret Beauchamp, Clement Kell, Lois Gubelman, James O'Brien, Esther Huntington, Joseph Deprimo.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 151

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 151 will close **May 10** (for foreign members **May 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **September**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of the Woods."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Seaside Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "On the March."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Left Behind," or a Heading for **September**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

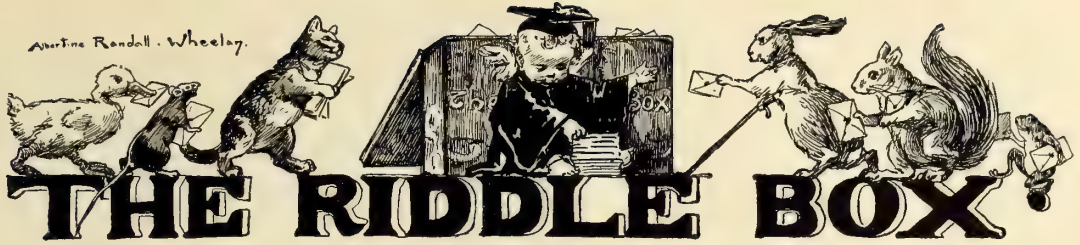
A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

LATE. Robert S. Welden, Hortense Douglas, A. F. Gilman, Jr., Parker McAllister, Christie Douglas, Betty Quick, John Argens, Valentine C. Hart, Laura Cook, K. O'Hanlon, Helen Fortier, Madelaine Schreiber, Helen Stearns, May C. Jacobs, Beatrice Woodruff, Hannah B. Trainer.

NOT INDORSED. Mary E. Mumford, Sally S. Palmer, Anthony F. Brown, Jr., Albert C. Kringel, Eleanor M. Sickels, Cyril G. Laub, Donovan Hinchman, Lucille MacAllister, Sophie Duwall.

NO AGE. Ray Inman, Jr., Catharine Clement, Theodore Neustaedter, Marian Spielman, Helen Beeman, Catherine B. McCoy, Nellie Melrose, Audrey Cooper.

Merrilee Randall. Wheeling.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Cross-words: 1. Weight. 2. Earthy. 3. Relent. 4. Mettle. 5. Wander. 6. Loiter. 7. Finish. 8. Rescue. 9. Atomic. 10. Stream. 11. Tavern. Walter Scott; Talisman; 1 to 8, Waverley; 9 to 15, Marmion.

DIAGONAL. Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Susceptible. 2. Chronometer. 3. Anachronism. 4. Backsliders. 5. Perpetrated. 6. Supposition. 7. Discrepancy. 8. Omnipotence. 9. Assassinate. 10. Forefathers. 11. Irrevocable.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG. Zigzag: Spartacus; Primals: Gladiator. Cross-words: 1. Gates. 2. Lamps. 3. Arena. 4. Diary. 5. Inlet. 6. Atlas. 7. Tunic. 8. Oakum. 9. Rings.

GREEK CROSS OF SQUARES. I. 1. Solar. 2. Olive. 3. Lines. 4. Avert. 5. Rests. II. 1. Layer. 2. Adore. 3. Yokes. 4. Erect. 5. Rests. III. 1. Rests. 2. Ethel. 3. Share. 4. Terse. 5. Sleet. IV. 1. Sleet. 2. Lunar. 3. Entry. 4. Earns. 5. Tryst. V. 1. Sleet. 2. Leave. 3. Eaves. 4. Event. 5. Tests.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 10 from Jean S. Peck—H. L. Schmaling—Clara Parks—Philip Franklin—William D. Woodwek—Horace T. Trefethan.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 10 from Claire Hepner, 11—Frank Black, 11—Geraldine A. Cuthbert, 5—Agnes L. Thomson, 8—Reginald G. Hammond, 6—Joseph B. Kelly, 6—Gertrude M. Earle, 2—Helen L. Pendergast, 10—Isabella Wood, 4—Edna Levinson, 3—Grace King, 3—Margaret Warburton, 10—Marjorie Hyder, 4—Muriel Colgate, 2—Leonard Kimball, 3—Evelyn Thurber, 3—Marian Watts, 3—Eleanor Stevenson, 3—Mary V. R. Lorillard, 4—Harrison W. Gill, 5—Edna R. Meyle, 8—Elisabeth Weld, 11—Theodore H. Ames, 11—Helen C. Wouters, 11—Thankful Bickmore, 10—Gladys S. Conrad, 6—“Chums,” 9—Duncan Scarborough, 10—Edith Anna Lukens, 2—Frederick W. Van Horne, 8—S. Pereira Mendes, 4—Eleanor O’Leary, 8—Marion L. Letcher, 8—Henry Seligsohn, 5—Frances F. Gregory, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. T.—M. S.—S. V. J.—P. M.—B. W.—H. C.—J. M.—H. F. A. D.—A. B.—G. H.—F. A. F.—M. N. B.—H. M.—H. M. R.—I. A.—J. McL.—G. H. A.—M. L. K.—F. M. B.—E. L. G.—J. T.—E. W.—C. O.—M. M.—F. S.—E. D. A.—A. B.

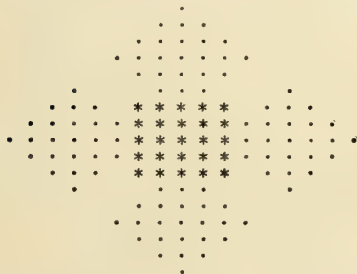
NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. The primals spell the name of an American poet, and another row of letters the name of a famous English general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a spur. 2. Sarcasm. 3. A flowering shrub. 4. Relating to a kind of fairy. 5. To grant.

HELEN MOULTON (age 15), League Member.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In grappling-irons. 2. A state of equality. 3. A beautiful city. 4. A small umbrella. 5. Attained a height. 6. A near relative. 7. In grappling-irons.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In grappling-irons. 2.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Asses. 2. Scent. 3. Sense. 4. Ensue. 5. Steep. II. 1. Peach. 2. Eagle. 3. Aglow. 4. Clove. 5. Hewed.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. Primals: Georgia; third row: Atlanta. Cross-words: 1. Grand. 2. Eaton. 3. Oella. 4. Roach. 5. Gonic. 6. Intra. 7. Adams.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

“When most afflicted and oppressed From labour there shall come forth rest.”

CHARADE. Friendship.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Price. 2. Rides. 3. Idols. 4. Celia. 5. Essay. II. 1. Say. 2. Ale. 3. Yes; 1. Era. 2. Rip. 3. Ape; 1. Sea. 2. Ell. 3. All; 1. Boy. 2. Ore. 3. Yet. III. 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Stove. 4. Eve. 5. E; 1. A. 2. Yet. 3. Æsop. 4. Toe. 5. P; 1. E. 2. Ass. 3. Essay. 4. Sap. 5. Y; 1. T. 2. Sec. 3. Tears. 4. Ere. 5. S.

A small, flat fish allied to the flounder. 3. Having a rounded top. 4. A kind of roof. 5. A small fruit. 6. An Algerian governor. 7. In grappling-irons.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Sound. 2. A place of public contest. 3. One of the mechanical powers. 4. Sluggish. 5. Missile weapons.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In grappling-irons. 2. An obstruction. 3. An evil spirit. 4. Gulches. 5. Excavated. 6. Induced. 7. In grappling-irons.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In grappling-irons. 2. To strike very lightly. 3. A river of Tasmania. 4. A Mohammedan month. 5. An Irishman. 6. A beam of light. 7. In grappling-irons.

M. W.

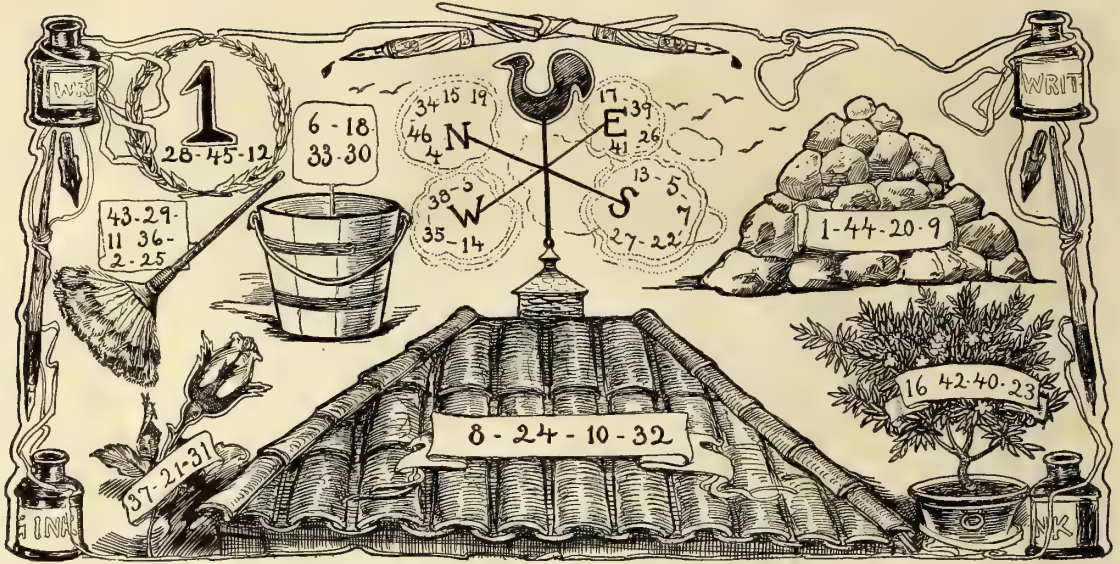
NOVEL ZIGZAG

Table with 2 columns and 11 rows of numbers: 1 2, . 3 4, . . 5 6, . . . 7 8, 9 10, 11

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A prawn. 2. A place where food is sold. 3. To discharge from the stomach. 4. Inclines. 5. An underground place. 6. An image.

Zigzags, from 1 to 11, a famous author who was born and who died in the same month of the year; second row of letters, reading downward, one of his most famous characters.

HELEN L. BEACH (age 11), League Member.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-six letters, is a quotation from Dryden.

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag through the first and second columns will spell the name of one of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous metropolis of the United States. 2. A Grecian city. 3. A city of Vermont. 4. A State capital. 5. A German port. 6. A South American country. 7. A southern State. 8. A South American river. 9. A State capital, named after a famous valley in Greece. 10. A country in Africa. 11. An island owned by Denmark. 12. A country of Europe. 13. A New England State capital.

JESSICA B. NOBLE (age 11).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My first is in collar but not in tie;
 My second, in weep but not in sigh;
 My third is in sob but not in sigh;
 My fourth, in pupil but not in eye;
 My fifth is in cake but not in pie;
 My sixth is in far but not in nigh;
 My seventh, in ground but not in sky;
 My whole is a thing that cannot fly.

S. H. ORDWAY, JR. (age 11).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals spell the first, and the finals the last, name of an American author who died in May.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A biblical character. 2. A girl's name. 3. Believe. 4. To stop. 5. Chief. 6. One of the Roman emperors. 7. A Bavarian river. 8. To acquire by service. 9. A narrow road.

HELEN ROHE (age 13), *League Member*.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD

WHEN Nora went bathing at first at the shore,
 She ventured in fully two inches or more.

But no new arrival or old swimmer bold
 To her present achievements a candle can hold.

Be he later or earlier it matters not,
 He 'll always find Nora right there on the spot.

He cannot escape from a race if he tries,
 She 's always the winner and captures each prize.

It 's almost distressing she always should win;
 Just think how we laughed the first time she went in.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DIAMOND

1. In manliness. 2. To rest. 3. A relish. 4. A great number. 5. To pollute. 6. A small point. 7. In manliness.

HAROLD COY (age 9), *League Member*.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

```

* 7 3 *
5 * *
* * *
* * *
* 4 *
* * * 10
* * * 8 *
I * * *
* 9 * *
* * * 6
* * *
2 * *
* * *
    
```

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Puts in motion. 2. A finger. 3. Heals. 4. An inclined slide or tube. 5. The fact of being elsewhere. 6. Long-winged sea-birds. 7. Untied. 8. To caper. 9. To whinny. 10. The capital of Croatia and Slavonia. 11. To arm. 12. Foreign. 13. A large bay-window.

The two zigzags, reading downward, spell the name of an artist and the place in which are his most famous paintings; and the figures from 1 to 5, and from 5 to 10, two of his best-known works.

M. F.


everywhere to be

The
Beauty Soap
of the World



"All rights secured."

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.



Everyday pictures of the good times
around home are easy to take with a

Pocket Kodak

Kodaks from \$5.00 up. Brownie Cameras (they
work like Kodaks), \$1.00 to \$12.00. Catalogue
free at your dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Black's,
Birmingham,
Ala.



Mullen & Bluet Clothing Co.,
Los Angeles, Cal.



Gimbel Brothers,
N. Y. City



The Fair,
Chicago



The Kleinhans Co.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Why Success Sell Ho

Holeproof Hose—six
by the greatest stores
original guaranteed
experience. Six pair
pairs will be given for

edge is only
lear brain—
at knowledge.

that brain-
don how the

Nuts

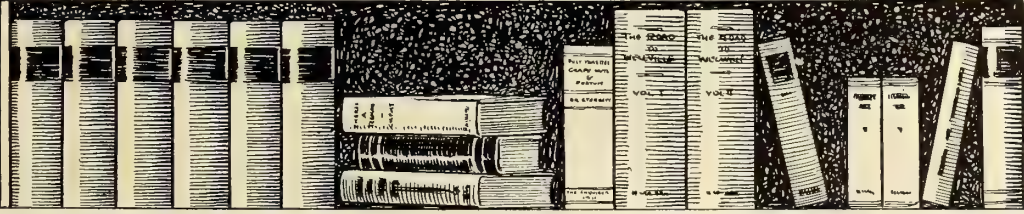
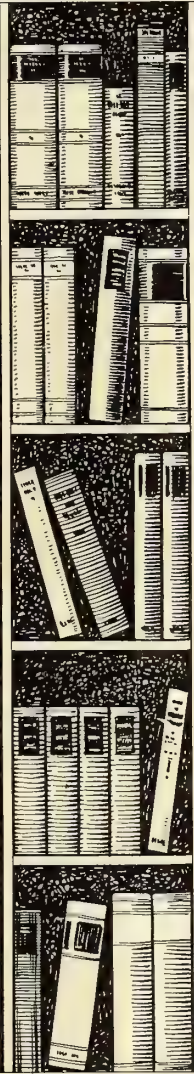
Food


—made of wheat and barley, was de-
vised and is scientifically prepared to sup-
ply the certain elements, including the
Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain),
required by Nature for building and
maintaining the nerve and brain cells that
make up Memory's Storehouse.

“There's a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.





Everyday pictures of the good times
around home are easy to take with a

Pocket Kodak

Kodaks from \$5.00 up. Brownie Cameras (they
work like Kodaks), \$1.00 to \$12.00. Catalogue
free at your dealers or by mail.

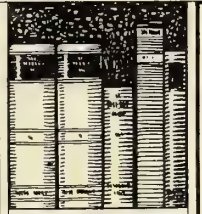
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Success

...edge is only
...ear brain—
...at knowledge.
...t that brain-
...on how the



Grape Nuts

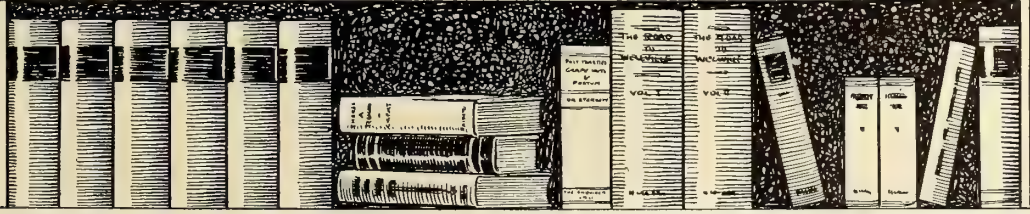
Food

—made of wheat and barley, was de-
vised and is scientifically prepared to sup-
ply the certain elements, including the
Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain),
required by Nature for building and
maintaining the nerve and brain cells that
make up Memory's Storehouse.

“There's a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.



Spring and Children

When they get out of doors and roll their hoops, and spin their tops, and bat the ball, we know that Spring has really come.

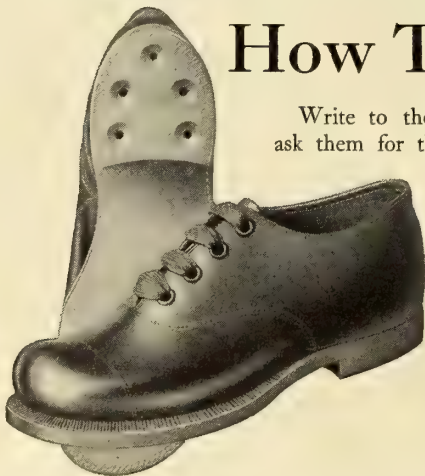
They run a good many miles on those little feet, trotting steadily about all day long. Nature provided them with soft pads on their heels; custom has put hard leather with nails that strike the floors and pavements, and send a jar through the delicate nervous system of your girl or boy.

Do you know that you can save them from all those jolts and jars by attaching



O'Sullivan's Heels Of New Live Rubber

and that there is at least one shoemaker in the United States who makes a specialty of children's shoes, made on the most scientific lines, with O'Sullivan's Heels attached?



How To Get These Shoes

Write to the Broadwalk Shoe Company, Haverhill, Mass., and ask them for their catalogue. They will give you full information.

If you have difficulty in getting O'Sullivan's Heels that just exactly fit your child's present shoes, let us know and we will be glad to discuss the matter with you.

It is our business to see that your children, and your children's father and mother, are made comfortable when walking or standing.

When Nan is Cook.

"Cooking is dreadful hard work, I s'pose, even when you know how, and when you don't, it's awful."

Bobbie's bashful chum would like to say something complimentary, but "dasn't." Nan continues:

"It's nice to give this kind of dinner, for it doesn't have to be cooked. The

JELL-O

is the nicest part. And I made it just as e-a-s-y."

"Just as easy" is the Jell-O way. The dessert is an important part of any dinner, and making it takes a good deal of the housewife's time when she doesn't use Jell-O. The most delightful Jell-O desserts can be made in a minute by anybody. They do not have to be cooked.

There are seven delicious Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Peach, Cherry, Chocolate.

At all grocers, 10 cents a package.

The price is never more than **10 cents**, however high everything else goes.

Let us send you the famous recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O



Which do you like best a song, a band, or a funny story?

You probably like them all best—most boys and girls do—and you can have them all in your home all the time if you own an Edison Phonograph. All the songs that other boys are whistling, all the pretty music which grown up people hear at the theatres, you can enjoy too if you get the Edison Phonograph Records which your dealer has to sell you each month.

Edison Records for May

Go to the Edison dealer and have him play them for you. Every new Edison Record makes your Edison Phonograph new. Your spending money will buy more fun if spent for Edison Records than if spent for anything else.

AMBEROL CONCERT RECORDS

- 28014 Vito.....Paulo Gruppe
- 28015 Coppelia—Entr'Acte and Waltz, Armand Vecsey & Orch.
- 28016 Old Folks at Home.....Margaret Keyes

AMBEROL RECORDS

- 987 A Songologue—Winter Garden.....Stella Mayhew
- 988 Mary Was My Mother's Name.....Joseph A. Phillip
- 989 That College Rag.....Walter Van Brunt and Chorus
- 990 I Want Some One to Care for Me.....Lottie Gilson
- 991 You've Got Me Hypnotized, Ada Jones & Billy Murray
- 992 Take Me Back to the Garden of Love.....Reed Miller
- 993 (a) Three Little Owls and the Naughty Little Mice
- 993 (b) I'm Old But I'm Awfully Tough.....Cal Stewart
- 994 The Passing Caravan Patrol..New York Military Band
- 995 My Lou—Winter Garden, Stella Mayhew & Billie Taylor
- 996 That Coontown Quartet.....Premier Quartet

- 997 Your Own Dear Kiss.....Elizabeth Spencer
- 998 When I Was Twenty-One and You Were Sweet Sixteen
Joseph A. Phillips and Chorus
- 999 Peggy Gray.....Manuel Romain
- 1000 Good Night, Mr. Moon.....Campbell and Gillette
- 1001 That Hypnotizing Man.....Premier Quartet
- 1002 Alexander's Ragtime Band Medley...Fred Van Epps
- 1003 Cujus Animam—Stabat Mater...Charles W. Harrison
- 1004 Rockin' in de Win'.....Bessie Volckmann
- 1005 Are You Going to Dance?—"The Count of Luxembourg"
Elizabeth Spencer and Irving Gillette
- 1006 Old Folks at Home, with Variations...Andre Benoist
- 1007 One Fine Day—"Madame Butterfly"...Agnes Kimball
- 1008 Let Joyous Peace Reign Everywhere, Anthony & Harrison
- 1009 Count of Luxembourg—Waltzes, Amer. Stan. Orchestra
- 1010 God is Love, His Mercy Brightens
Agnes Miller, Reed Miller and Frank Croxton
- 1011 Happy Days.....Venetian Instrumental Trio

STANDARD RECORDS

- 10551 Spanish Dance—Suite "Bal Costume," U. S. Marine Band
- 10552 Pickaninny's Lullaby.....Elsie Baker
- 10553 I Want "a Regular Pal" for a "Gal," Walter Van Brunt
- 10554 'Lizabeth Ann.....Campbell and Gillette
- 10555 Scotch Country Dances.....National Military Band

- Edison Phonographs....\$15 to \$200
- Standard Records......35
- Amberol Records (twice as long) .50
- Amberol Concert Records......75
- Grand Opera Records... .75 to \$2.00

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED
81 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N. J.



Why Big Stores Sell Holeproof Hose

Holeproof Hose—six pairs guaranteed six months—are sold by the greatest stores in the country. "Holeproof" are the original guaranteed hose, the kind backed by 38 years of experience. Six pairs are guaranteed six months. New pairs will be given for any that wear out within that time.

The original has the greatest demand of any guaranteed hose on the market because of its vastly superior quality.

Only the Best Yarn Used for "Holeproof"

We use only yarn that costs an average of 70 cents per pound, while yarn can be bought for 30 cents.

But ours is three-ply, soft and fine. It is more pliable than two-ply. Hence the hose can be made at once lighter and stronger.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Then, "Holeproof" are made in twelve colors, five grades and ten weights, suiting every man's preference. For long wear in hose of correct style and good fit there is nothing to equal the genuine "Holeproof." See the assortment at the good stores in your city *today*.

Avoid Imitations

To avoid imitations—amateur brands—look for the "Holeproof" trademark and the signature of Mr. Carl Freschl on the toe of each pair.

The prices range from \$1.50 to \$3.00 for six pairs, according to finish and weight.

Six pairs of children's stockings, guaranteed six months, \$2.00. "Holeproof" are just the thing for romping, growing children. Decide today to try "Holeproof."

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.

154 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.


Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can., Distributors for Canada Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic

Are Your Hose Insured?

(317)

If children don't care—

Or if they forget—

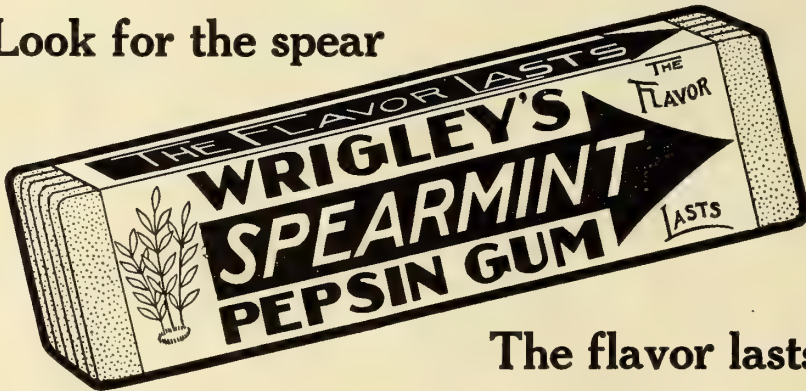
Wrigley's **SPEARMINT**  makes it easier for them to care for their teeth than not to care.

If your children chew it every day, the friction and the mint leaf juice preserve their teeth indefinitely.

While they chew it they also help digestion. Most children don't chew food properly—don't create enough saliva. Chewing this dainty helps digest the "gulpings."

And all this applies to you—Mr. or Mrs. or Miss!

Look for the spear



The flavor lasts

BUY IT BY THE BOX

of any dealer. It costs less.

Pass it around after meals.



No Trouble to Prepare

A woman can get too much Exercise, and Housework is monotonous Exercise at that! It is said that the preparation of meals takes up fully one-half of the housewife's busy day.

That time could be shortened and she could have more leisure for enjoyment if

Post Toasties

Were used more frequently.

We do the cooking for you, Madam, in a factory that is spotlessly clean.

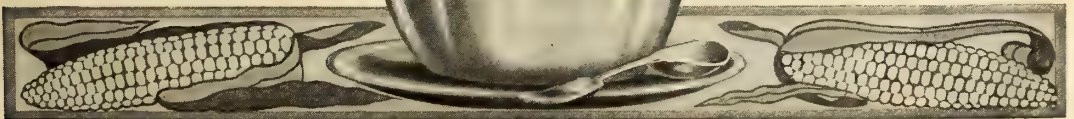
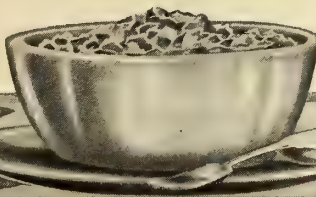
And remember, too, that in the making, "Toasties" are not touched by human hand!

These delicious bits of crisped Indian Corn are all ready to serve from the package instantly. And your family will like them, too—

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 125.

Time to hand in answers is up May 10. Prize-winners announced in July number.



WE shall certainly have to suppress that uppish young friend of ours, Alexander the Little! He is too fond of bringing in what he considers good ideas for competitions. The trouble with Alexander is that he is lazy, and does n't wish to carry out his notions, preferring to let most of the work be done by others. If it were not for the bright wits of our competitors, Alexander's ideas would be flat indeed; but it really is interesting to us to see how you can take the merest suggestion and, by the use of your own clever brains, convert it into something worth while.

Alexander's latest idea is that you shall use an unfinished sketch of his as a basis for an advertisement of something not already advertised in ST. NICHOLAS which would be suitable for its advertising pages. It may or may not be something advertised in other magazines, the choice of the thing to which you are to fit the drawing being left to you.

We are going to give Alexander this one more chance, and then if it does n't prove to be a good plan for a competition, we shall give the boy a piece of our mind and send him away on his vacation.

As we understand it, his idea is that you shall not change the lines which he has already drawn, but shall add to them whatever lines you please, carrying his sketch to completion and fitting your drawing to an advertisement of your own, with text that seems to you suitable. You may cut out and use the sketch printed above, or you may make a tracing of it. Either will be accepted.

Between ourselves, we doubt whether Alexander had any clear notion of what he was going to draw, but we have no doubt that you

will be able to make out of it an interesting picture. Of course you can put what you please into the hands of the figure, make a background to suit yourself, add lettering, and so really construct an advertisement, using the suggestion above only as a beginning. Your drawing should be suitable either to a full page or half page of ST. NICHOLAS, but it is desirable that the size should not be larger, either way, than twelve inches.

The prizes will be given for the best advertisements submitted, both text and drawing being considered. Care and neatness will count in awarding the prizes, which are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the one who submits the best advertisement.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to those who submit the next best advertisements.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to those who submit the next best advertisements.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to those who submit the next best advertisements.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (125).

3. Submit answers by May 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 125, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 20.)

Two little
minutes a day
now—
or years
of regret
later on

IT is common sense to care
for your teeth regularly
—and it takes but little
time each day. You'll have
better teeth, better looks and
better health if you use

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Cleans *safely*, with no harmful grit to scratch or cut.

Cleans *antiseptically*, checking decay-germs and leaving
the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid.

Cleans *pleasantly*, with a delicious flavor that you'll like.

Take care of your teeth and you'll have better
health for sport or study—for work or play.

Ask Mother to get you a tube—or send 4 cents postage for a generous trial size. Ask for "The
Jungle Pow Wow" too, for your little brother or sister—a funny animal rhyme book with colored
pictures. It's free.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. 60

199 Fulton Street

New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined



REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 123

In looking over the answers sent in this time, and noting the mistakes made, the Judges are wondering if some of you did n't find that March wind very much of a gale. There is an old saying about its being "an ill wind that blows nobody good," which seems to be true here because some of you in chasing the bits of paper that blew out of Alexander's portfolio made some very interesting discoveries about ST. NICHOLAS advertisements. And it blew somebody good, too, as you will notice from the list of prize winners.

But to come back to the interesting discoveries. A great many found that "O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber" was the article advertised and not "O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels." Quite a number also learned how March received its name. How many of you know how our Quaker friends speak of the various months, and why?

There were many excellent essays, but they were accompanied by lists containing mistakes and of course could not be ranked with those which had both good essays and correct lists.

Most of the mistakes, the Judges are sorry to say, were careless ones. You see, it really does pay to do things with

thought and care, and those of you who are disappointed in not getting prizes this time, just make up your minds to get into the habit of always being careful and thoughtful in whatever you do.

Take for example the word "The" which occurred as part of the name in some of the articles advertised. Quite a few did not pay any attention to this, and of course their papers could not be considered as highly as those who took care to write the names of the articles as they appeared.

Everything considered, however, most of you did very well. The prize winners, whose names follow, did excellent work:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Horton H. Honsaker, age 14, California.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Lenore J. Hughes, age 14, Massachusetts.
Arthur Nethercot, age 16, Illinois.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

James F. White, age 13, Ohio.
Elvene A. Winkleman, age 9, Minnesota.
Gertrude Welling, age 16, New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Gilberta G. Torrey, age 13, Ohio.
Paul Olsen, age 15, Washington.
Elisabeth Sutherland, age 12, Massachusetts.
Hortense Hogue, age 13, Oregon.
Clara McMillen, age 13, Indiana.
Byron Webb, age 10, Kentucky.
Tom Whinery, age 12, Michigan.
Malcolm Good, age 13, Ohio.
Anna S. Gifford, age 15, Maine.
Anna E. Greenleaf, age 17, New York.

HONORABLE MENTION:

Dorothy Handsaker, age 13, Washington.
Edith M. Johnston, age 12, Washington, D. C.

(See also page 18.)

if bought separately, and they would not be so convenient nor so up to

Here are some of the library, however small:

- English Dictionary
- Atlas
- Cyclopedia
- Thesaurus
- Book of Quotations
- Dictionary of Authors
- Biographical Dictionary
- Lexicon
- Classical Dictionary
- Gazetteer
- History of the World

as well as many books on arts, sci

All these books and man together in The Century copiously illustrated with plates, maps, charts or di in twelve compact, clearly nificantly bound volum

This coupon brings information. Tear it off, fill out and mail to us today.

The CENTURY CO.
Union Square, New York



New York City

Send me today full information about the new edition of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia and Atlas, with the understanding that this request incurs no obligation or expense on my part.

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON

Name

Street

Town State

St. Nich. 5-12

Cyclopedia & Atlas

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

perforate; that is, the stamps are issued in rolls instead of sheets as ordinarily. These rolls are either sidewise or lengthwise of the stamp. Moreover, the perforations, instead of being the usual size of twelve, are only size eight, which means twelve holes or perforations in a space of twenty millimeters. Such stamps have no perforations either at the sides, or ends, as the case may be. A series of these in shades would add to the interest of the collection.

Our correspondent might go further and collect her stamps in pairs, for here again occur differences. Some stamps on the sheet are only two millimeters apart, others three millimeters.

Perhaps by the time these words reach the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, the new two-cent stamp with numerals in the corners will be in use. It might be interesting for other readers of this page to begin a similar collection with the first specimens of the new stamp. Give a full page to each perforation, both singly and in pairs, and see how many shades of each kind you can find. There is no limit to the pleasure of such a search.

"DON'T"

THERE are a few important don'ts which are of interest to the beginner, and one of the most important of these is "don't" get discouraged. A good collection takes time, and patience, and perseverance. Things which seem difficult at first will soon become like "a, b, c." Then, don't paste your stamps in your album—use prepared hinges. These cost only a few cents per thousand, and will preserve your stamps. Don't fasten unused stamps with their own gum. Don't trim the perforation off the stamps. Don't handle your stamps unless your hands are clean. Don't cut your envelop stamps round; have them square, and with large margins. Don't buy several cheap packets unless they are from a non-duplicating series. The cheaper stamps will be duplicated in each packet. Don't buy a stamp unless it is a good copy. Avoid all stamps that are damaged, or very heavily canceled. If you have a printed album, don't put any stamp into it until you are sure which is the proper place for it. Examine the perforations and water-mark before putting the stamp into the album; it is sometimes hard to remove them, and even with the best hinges there is the possibility of injury to both stamp and album. If you should get a stamp in the wrong place, don't try to remove it until the gum has had time to dry. The peelable hinges can be removed much easier after they have dried than when just applied and still moist. If the corner perforations get turned under, don't try to bend them back without first moistening the stamp; this makes the paper more pliable. If you get an imperforate pair, don't sever the stamps; keep the pair intact. Don't throw away a stamp because it looks dirty; sometimes a soft sponge and a little benzine and water will make a soiled stamp worthy of a place in any collection. And don't forget that the editor of the *Stamp Page* will always be glad to help you over any difficulties which may arise if you will tell him about them.

TWO-CENT STAMPS

ONE of the *ST. NICHOLAS* girls writes that she has formed a very interesting collection just of the every-day two-cent stamp. She has collected as many shades of it as she could find, arranging these in rows, the lighter shades at the left and the darker at the right. She has many shades not only of the perforated but of the imperforate varieties, and writes for suggestions toward making the page more complete and attractive.

The advantages of such a collection are evident. It can be easily made. The stamps are everywhere and cost nothing, while there is much training of eye and mind in the making of it. One learns much about color, and the eye is trained to note slight differences. Such a collection is called, technically, "specializing." The collection can be broadened considerably. The current two-cent stamp is issued not only perforate and imperforate, but also part-

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

THE CONTINENTAL STAMP ALBUM, published for beginners. The best on the market. 8 x 5 inches, holds 560 stamps, 160 illustrations. Special bargain price 1c. 108 all different stamps from Paraguay, Turkey, Venezuela, etc. 10c. Finest approval sheets at 50 per cent. discount. Agents wanted. Write for a selection to-day. SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

TAKE NOTICE

U. S. Envelopes cut square at 50% discount, each one correctly numbered.

NEW DIME SETS

4 Ecuador 1899, 2 Nyassa 1901, 4 Nyassa Rep. 1911, 5 Portugal Rep. 1910, 5 Japan (China) 1900-08, 4 Finland 1885, 7 Portugal 1910, 5 Finland 1882, 6 Nicaragua 1912. 1912 Price List *free*. Best Hinges. Ideal 15c. per 1000. Ideal Jr. 10c. per 1000.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.

43 WASHINGTON BUILDING BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



STAMP ALBUM and 1000 foreign mixed, 10c. 1000 Old U. S., 25c. 25 rare So. and Cent. Am., 10c. 25 diff. unused, Cuba, Nic., Salv., Phil., etc., 10c. 25 diff. rare (Catal. \$2.50), only 25c. 15 diff. China, 10c. 7 Siam, 12c. 10 Finland, 4c. 3 Soudan Camcl., 5c. 8 beautiful Borneo, Labuan, etc., pictures, 10c. 25 Persia, 25c. 25 Japan, 5c. 150 all diff., 6c. 200 all diff., 9c. 8 Java, 5c. 5 Crete, 5c. 1000 best hinges, 5c. 100 all diff. free for names of two active Stamp Collectors and 2c. postage! Finest Approval sheets in America at 50% to 80% discount. Try them! Large 112 pp. Bargain Lists. \$3.00 worth of Coupons, etc., free! We give valuable stamps free to our agents! **WE BUY STAMPS** and Large Collections. C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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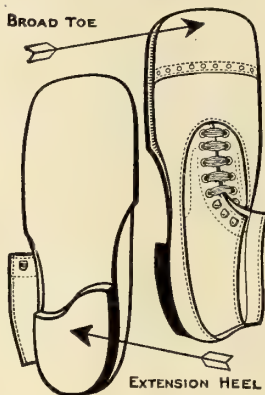
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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE, 1912.

	Page
Frontispiece. Homeward Bound. Illustrating the story "For 'Maginative People Only!" Drawn by C. M. Relyea.	
For 'Maginative People Only! Story..... Dorothy Canfield.....	675
Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	
The Tease. Verse..... Minnie Leona Upton.....	683
The Society Circus. ("Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes.") Verse..... D. K. Stevens.....	684
Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland.	
Positively the Oldest Inhabitant Augusta Hulell Seaman.....	688
Illustrated from a photograph.	
A Puritan Maying. Story..... M. Eloise Talbot.....	690
Illustrated by Edwin J. Prittie.	
The Siesta. Verse..... Carl Werner.....	696
Illustrated from a photograph.	
"The Twins." Picture. Drawn by Gertrude Kay.....	697
House-Builders to the Birds Harriet Gillespie.....	698
Illustrated from photographs.	
The Boy and the Bird. Verse..... Charles F. Hardy.....	700
Illustrated.	
The Sensitive Plant. Verse..... Mary S. Cowles Clark.....	701
Illustrated by the Author.	
The Lucky Sixpence. Serial Story..... { Emille Benson Knipe and } Illustrated by Arthur Becher. { Alden Arthur Knipe }	702
Tranquillity Disturbed. (An Aztec Jingle.) Verse..... J. G. Francis.....	710
Illustrated by the Author.	
The Great June Parade in Beetleburg. Picture. Drawn by Harrison Cady.....	711
The World We Live In. ("Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects.") George Lawrence Parker.....	712
A Clue Chase F. F. H.....	713
Illustrated.	
Who-oo? Verse..... Jean Halifax.....	714
Illustrated by Maurice Clifford.	
Sight-Seeing in the Sudan. Picture. Drawn by Culmer Barnes.....	715
The Townsend Twins—Camp Directors. Serial Story..... Warren L. Eldred.....	715
Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	
Princess Mary Marlon Ryan.....	723
Illustrated from photographs.	
Playing the Game. (Base-ball Series.)..... C. H. Claudy.....	726
Illustrated with diagrams and from photographs.	
The Lady of the Lane. Serial Story..... Frederick Orin Bartlett.....	734
Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.	
The "Book Line" Montrose J. Moses.....	740
Illustrated from photographs.	
Nature and Science for Young Folks	747
Illustrated.	
For Very Little Folk:	
Picking Flowers } Verse..... Katharine M. Daland.....	754
The Bossy Calf }	
Illustrated by the Author.	
St. Nicholas League. With awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles.....	756
Illustrated.	
Books and Reading Hildegarde Hawthorne.....	764
The Letter-Box	766
The Riddle-Box	767
Illustrated.	
St. Nicholas Stamp Page Advertising page	24

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The Fourth In
The Townsend Camp

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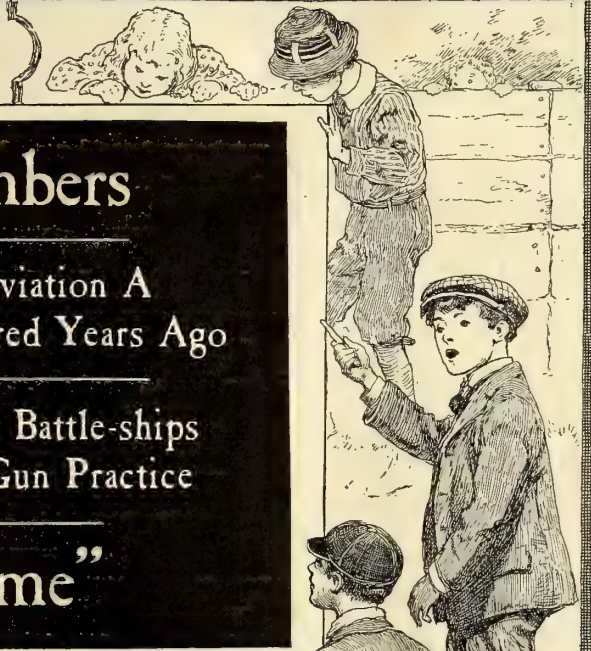
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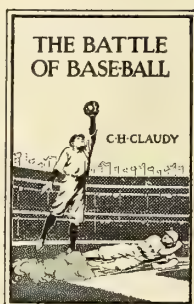
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(ILLUSTRATING STORY, "FOR 'MAGINATIVE PEOPLE ONLY!" PAGE 68o.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

JUNE, 1912

No. 8

FOR 'MAGINATIVE PEOPLE ONLY!



By
**DOROTHY
CANFIELD**

ANY boy or girl who has to be warned about the dangers of the 'magination may read this story. Other folks keep away. Only if you don't know what the dangers of the 'magination are, you might as well read it and find out.

It is something that happened to us. In fact, it has just this minute got through happening, and I 'm sitting down to write it out while Pete and Sallie can help me remember. The baby was in it, too, but he is so little that he does n't count. It began about one o'clock this afternoon—it 's nearly six now—when we heard Nora come in great excitement down the stairs. We can always tell if she is coming in excitement or not, because if she 's quiet in her mind, she only trips two or

three times. If she 's excited, it sounds as though she fell all the way from the top to the bottom. This time—well, we all jumped up from the lunch-table, perfectly sure she had broken herself to pieces.

But she had n't. She was even right side up when we got there. But she *was* ever so excited! Her big, blue eyes were standing right out from her pretty Irish face, and she could hardly talk straight. "Th' little bur-rd! Th' little yally bur-rd! Somebody lift th' dure to his cage open, and he 's gone. An' I ran to th' windy and looked out, and I saw him in th' crab-apple-tree by th' gate!"

Nora is only over from Ireland a few months, and does n't talk very plainly, so maybe I 'd bet-



"WE SAW HIM RUNNING DOWN THE STREET."

ter explain that what she meant to say was that Pete's canary-bird was loose again. We have a dreadful time with that canary. Pete's always forgetting to shut the door to the cage, and Dick is forever getting out. But he never flew out-of-doors before.

Pete looked anxious, and he and Nora ran as fast as they could to the front door and down the walk to the crab-apple-tree. Sallie and I stopped to put the baby into his go-cart, for it was a lovely warm day in May, and we knew it would do him good to get out. When we reached the apple-tree, Pete was n't there. We saw him running like the wind down the street—he can run really very fast if he is only eight. Nora was jumping up and down (she does get so excited!), and crying to us that just as they got to the tree, they saw Dick fly out of the upper branches and go down toward Mrs. Albright's.

"Come, Sallie, we'll go along and help Pete," I said. "We can soon catch up with him."

"Oh, please, ma'am, can't I come, too?" said Nora; "I'm so interested in th' poor little bur-rd, so far from his home, and it's such a grand day and all!"

Nora has been rather homesick and low in her mind ever since she landed, and I thought perhaps getting out in the sunshine might do her good. So I said she might come along if she'd take off her apron. It was rather crumpled. Sallie suggested that we hang it on a limb of the crab-apple-tree until we came back, but Nora thought we might need it to wrap Dickie up in when we brought him home, so we tucked it down back of the baby in the go-cart, and started after Pete.

We found him talking to young Mrs. Albright. She was doing up lace curtains, and looked very cross and tired and pale. We heard Pete say, ". . . a little yellow canary-bird about as big as *that*, and when he chirped, he went *so*." Pete whistled.

"Oh, Mother, Mother," said Dolly Albright, "don't you remember, just a minute ago, a little bird came and sat on the porch railing and winked his eye at us?"

"Oh, that's Dickie!" said Pete. "He has such a cunning way of winking his eye!"

"Was it a yellow bird?" I asked.

Mrs. Albright had begun to look quite interested. "Why, I *do* remember! And it flew up into the lilac bush."

"Yes, yes!" said Dolly, clapping her hands.

"And then went around the corner toward the new tennis-courts on Elm Street."

Pete had already started as hard as he could run toward Elm Street.

"Oh, please, Mother, may n't I go along?" begged Dolly.

Mrs. Albright said at first, "Good gracious no, child! You're not over your cold yet!" But as

she looked out at the sunshine on the new grass, and the lilacs all in blossom, she said: "Well, dear, it is a nice day. I've been so busy, I had n't noticed. I tell you, Dolly, I'll go along with you to make sure you don't get your feet wet." She seemed to have forgotten all about her lace curtains, half on and half off the drying-frames, and we none of us said a word about them as we hurried along after Pete, down Elm Street toward the tennis-courts. It is quite a walk, and we almost caught up with Pete before we were near enough to the courts to see that a big negro man was dragging a roller about.

As we came along, he stopped working and leaned on the handle of the roller to stare at the crowd. Remember, there was Pete, and Sallie, and Nora, and the baby in the go-cart, and Mrs. Albright, and Dolly, and me. That 's a bigger crowd than generally walks around together on the streets of our town, especially at that hour of the afternoon, when most people are supposed to be busy tending to things at home.

"Wheah you-all gwine?" called the negro, and then we saw that it was 'Rastus Smith, who always beats our carpets for us at house-cleaning time. Pete called to him, "Why, my little canary-bird, Dickie—you know Dickie—he got out of his cage, and flew down to Mrs. Albright's and up in her lilac-bush, and then around the corner this way. Did you—"

But 'Rastus was already down on the walk with us, his eyes rolling so the whites showed, and he was pointing toward the place where Elm Street turns north. "Right dere, honey," he said; "right dere, Mister Pete. Not more 'n half a instanter ago, I see yo' little yaller bu'd, flying 'long des es chipper as though he had business to see to. He went 'Queet! queet!' like dat."

"Oh, that 's Dickie!" said Pete, Sallie, Dolly and Nora. "That 's just the way he goes!"

"Well, foller me, folks," said 'Rastus, and we all went along down the road. It 's rather a long way, and the children had time to get big bunches of dandelions. It was too early for buttercups, so we tried with dandelions to see if the baby liked butter, but he ducked down his fat little chin, and giggled so, it was hard to see.

At the turn of the road,



" 'WHEAH
YOU-ALL GWINE?'
CALLED 'RASTUS.'"



'Rastus gave a start, and cried out: "Dey he! dey he! Right dere by dat patch of brambleberry bushes!"

"Oh, I see him! I see him!" the children said, and began to run. Mrs. Albright and Nora and the baby and I came along after, but when we caught up with them, as we did in a few minutes, there was no Dickie to be seen.

"Where is he?" asked Mrs. Albright, very much interested. A pretty pink had come up in her cheeks from hurrying so in the fresh air.

"He flew that way!" Sallie said. We were now almost out in the country, standing by a field that a farmer was plowing, with some hens pecking around after him in the fresh furrows.

"No, it was *that* way!" said Pete positively.

"'T was n't ary one of *them* ways," said 'Rastus. "He went over to'des that there ho'se-chest-nut-tree. Der ain't no question 'bout dat."

"Let 's ask the farmer," said Mrs. Albright. So she did, explaining that it was a pet bird of the little boy's, and that he was very fond of it, and all.

The farmer leaned on the handles of his plow and looked down at Pete. "Well now, that 's too bad," he said. "I 've got a little fellow 'bout your age. He ain't got a canary, but he 's got a lame hen that he sets great store by. I know he 'd feel awful bad if she ran away from home."

"But did you, see my Dickie?" said Pete; "a little yellow bird about—"

"Well, I don't know but what I *did*, come to think of it," said the farmer, looking around. "Yes, sir, I remember now. I saw him flying along close to the ground. He went into the woods yonder."

Pete looked pretty sober. "Oh, we 'll never catch him there!" he said, with a tremble in his voice and a little quiver of his lips.

The farmer took up his lines again and clucked to his horses. "Never you fear," he said; "he was flying real slow, as though he was tired. We 'll find him in one of the first trees. Now,

you just walk along while I plow this furrow. That 'll bring me to the edge of the woods, and then I 'll tie my horses and go in with you to find your bird."

We walked along on the grass, watching him. None of us had ever been so near a real plow



"THE FARMER LEANED ON THE HANDLES

while it was plowing, and it was fun to watch the bright, sharp blade go tearing through the sod and turn up a big, brown ribbon of earth.



"How good it smells!" said Mrs. Albright. "It must be nice to live in the country."

The children were laughing over the antics of the hens. The minute the plow started up, they ran to get the best position behind it, and as fast as one fat angleworm after another was turned up, they gobbled him down. Sallie grew interested in one thin, little pullet who never could get

snatch it away from her. Finally, Sallie could n't stand it any longer, and catching hold of a long, fat fellow with her own fingers, she held it out to the little pullet. She was so set on seeing fair play, that she forgot entirely that usually she 's as afraid as can *be* of angleworms.

Nora began to wipe her eyes. "It 'minds me of home—the purty field and all," she said. "It 's the happiest hour I 've seen in th' new country."

The farmer was now at the end of his furrow, and we were at the edge of the woods. He tied his horses to an oak-tree and helped us climb the fence. "Here, I 'll carry the baby, cart and all," he said, and so we set off.

It was lovely in the woods—all the spring flowers were out, and a brook ran full over clean pebbles.

"Now, let 's see," said the farmer. "Where 'd he be likely to go?"

And just then Pete pulled my skirt and pointed to two men who sat in a corner of the fence, with a pack of greasy cards in front of them. They were such rough-looking tramps that I was very glad the farmer and 'Rastus were with us. When the farmer saw them, he asked them about Dick, and began to describe him.

They did not look up from their cards. "No, we ain't see' a yellow bird, nor any other kind," one said crossly, and dealt out another hand.

We went on, and 'Rastus began to chuckle. "Dey ain' seen Dickie 'cause dey ain' *look'!*" he said. "Dey said dey ain' seen him nor no other bu'd, and dat presact minute dere was a highhole buildin' his nes' in de tree dey had dere backs up against, and fo' meadow-larks wuz a-sittin' on de top fence rail, singin' fit to bu'st deyse'ves!"

And really the trouble in the woods was to pick Dickie out from among all the other birds who were flying and singing around. I had n't any idea that there were so many birds in the whole world as the farmer pointed out to us that afternoon. He knew them, every one, and told us



OF HIS PLOW AND LOOKED DOWN AT PETE."

anywhere fast enough to have her share. Some big, greedy hen with her crop already just burst-open would pounce down on the worm and

ever so many things about how they built their nests, and what color their nests were, and all, and whether they were good-natured or quarreled with their neighbors. He grew more and more observant himself, and was almost as pleased as the children when he showed them a little bunch of leaves, and after making them guess what it was, pointed out an opening on one side, and, inside, four speckled eggs, as yellow as cream. It was an oven-bird's nest, he told them, the bird who called, "Teacher, *teacher*, *TEACHER!*" all the time. He said he guessed he 'd have to bring his own little boy out and show it to him.

"I declare," he said, "I ain't been out in the woods in springtime before in I don't know when! There 's always such a lot of farm-work to do then."

Finally they did catch sight of Dickie again; then they kept seeing him fly from one tree to another, very slowly they said. It was plain he was tired. Poor Dickie, why should n't he be?

It was the first time he 'd done more than to fly across the room and back.

At last he settled in the tiptop of an ash-tree that was ever so straight and tall. "Now," said the farmer, "I tell you what. We could n't catch him now if we should climb up there. But I 'll mark the tree *so*, with my knife, and early, early to-morrow morning, just before daybreak (you know birds are so dead asleep then they can't move), I 'll come out and get him, and bring him into town. Will that do?"

I said it would do very well, and that we ought to be getting home, for it must be late. Pete and Sallie and Dolly suddenly remembered that they were empty down to their toes—"just starved!"

The farmer looked at his watch, and told me it was five o'clock. Then he said: "Now, we 've come clear through the woods to the other side, and my house is just over that next field. You go along and have a drink of milk all around, and



"SO WE ALL SET OFF."

I 'll get my horses and hitch up and take you to town. I 've got to go anyhow."

So he helped us over the fence, and went back for his horses while we walked along through a field that was, actually, honestly, just as I tell you, *red* with wild strawberries. We kept stopping to pick them, and we ate and we ate! And

they were so good, and it took us so long that the farmer was at the house before we were.

There were a lot of cups of cool milk and a plate of cookies set out on a tray on the porch, and the farmer called to us from the barn where he was hitching up, that his wife had put them



there for us. We sat down on the steps, and drank the milk and ate the cookies, and we agreed that never in all our lives had we tasted anything so good. Then we wet our handkerchiefs in the watering-trough and put them around the big bouquets of wild flowers we had picked in the woods, and then the farmer came rattling out of the barn.

He had hitched up to a hay-wagon with a deep layer of straw, just the kind you read about, and he lifted us all in pell-mell, laughing and squealing. All 'cept the baby. We laid him down on Nora's apron, turned clean side out (you see it was a good thing we had that along) in a nest

of the straw; and he went sound asleep that very minute, and never woke up all the way in.

It was a wonder, too, for we made a lot of noise. A straw-ride, we found out, is just as much fun as they say it is. The children sang some songs they'd learned at school, and then 'Rastus began. We none of us ever dreamed he had such a lovely voice. We are going to get him to sing for us at our next school entertainment. He sang one lovely old negro song after another, some funny and some sad, and we applauded after each one as though we were at a concert. It was *like* a concert, he sang so well.

When we got back to the tennis-court, he climbed down and went to rolling again. "I hopes you gets yo' bu'd all right," he called after us. "I 'm much obliged fo' takin' me 'long!"

At the Albrights's we dropped Dolly and her mother. "I 've had a lovely time!" said Mrs. Albright, holding up the big bunch of white violets. "Do let me know about it when you get Dickie back."

When the hay-wagon drove up to our house, we all began to shout at the tops of our voices to make Bridget (Nora's aunt and our cook) come out and see us. We were dying to surprise her! She 's a very good cook, and nice when the children are sick, but she 's a cross old thing who

never will be the least bit interested or pleased in anything, nor show that everything is n't just the way she expected it to be. You know there 's

strawberries he 'd picked for his father's supper; but Bridget hardly looked at us when she came out—only at the strawberries, and then she sniffed. "That 'll be all you get fer ye'r supper," she said; "I ain't had no time to cook, you-all running away to pleasure yourselves in the woods, and I'aving me to half break my neck over that squawkin' little Dickie bird!"

Remember there were now in the hay-wagon, Pete, and Sallie, and Nora, and the farmer, and me—the baby was still asleep, and he could n't talk anyhow. Well, as true as true, it sounded as though just one person with a monstrous big voice shouted out, "*DICK!!!*" we all said it together so.

"Yes, Dick!" snapped Bridget, crossly. "Just after you-all went out, I heard him squallin'. Master Pete had lift the dure to th' cage open again, and th' little fool bird had flew out and got his feet tangled up in the net curtains. I had to climb on a step-ladder to git him down—me at my age—and the rheumatism in me knees something fierce!"

It was so still when she stopped talking, you could hear the little chink of the bits in the horses' mouths. Nobody said a word until I asked Nora, in a very queer-sounding voice, "But, Nora, I thought you looked out of the window and saw him fly into the crab-apple-tree?"

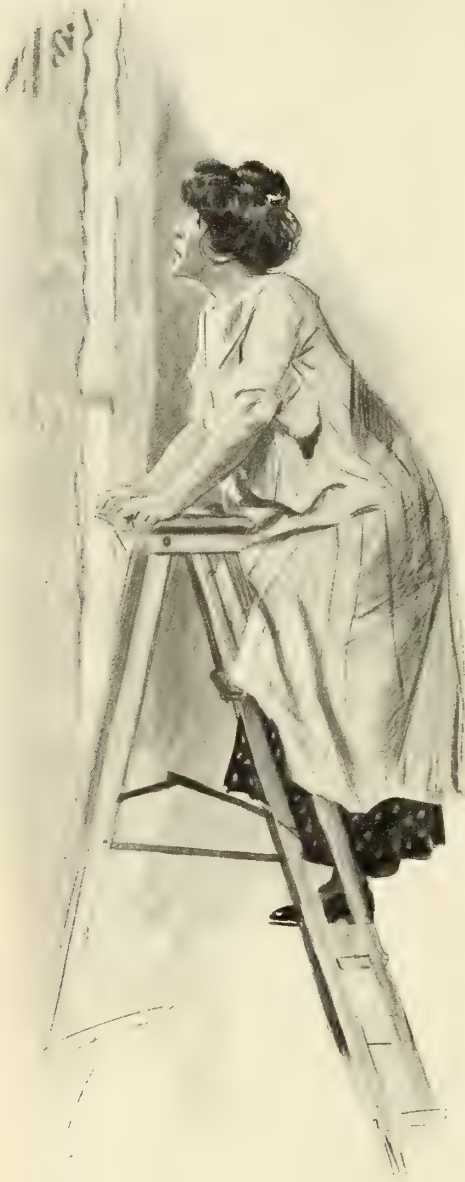
And Nora said (her voice was very queer-sounding, too, and she hung down her head): "Sure, now I mind me that th' windy was shut."

There was such a great noise back of me just then that I thought something had exploded. It was the farmer laughing. And then I laughed. And then Pete and Sallie did. And then all of a sudden, Nora threw back her head, and her laugh was the heartiest and jolliest of all. She had n't looked so cheerful since she landed.

Well, we laughed, and we laughed, and we *laughed*, and Bridget got crosser and crosser, because we could n't get our breaths enough to tell her the joke; and so, shouting and choking and gurgling, we unloaded ourselves, thanked the farmer, and said good-by. As far away as we could see him down the street, we could make out that he was still doubling over and whacking his knee with his hand, and then holding his sides as though he certainly would fly to pieces.

We went into the house and had supper—Bridget had a beautiful supper ready. She always does, for all her talk—and we put the baby to bed.

Then Pete and Sallie and I had a serious talk on the dreadful dangers of being 'maginative, and to fix it in our minds, I wrote all this down, and read it to them to see if it was right. They



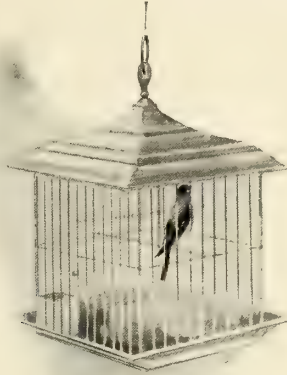
"'L'AVING ME TO HALF BREAK MY NECK OVER THAT SQUAWKIN' LITTLE DICKIE BIRD!'"

nothing more disagreeable than somebody who *won't* be surprised. We thought this time we surely would give her a turn, driving up that way in a hay-wagon, with our hands full of wild flowers, and Pete's cap running over with wild

say I have everything in but that about the fish in the brook, and I can't go back and tell about that now. The story is told.

P.S.—But now it is later, Pete and Sallie have gone to bed, and their father and I have been talking things over; and I must say that it 's only fair to put down something I thought of. It 's

this: it came over me with a rush that the only people in this story who were n't 'maginative were those tramps and Bridget; and they certainly missed all the lovely, lovely time the rest of us had! So perhaps it is better, if you have to choose, to be 'maginative rather than not, but you must not mind looking very, very foolish when somebody who is n't tells you what 's what.



THE TEASE

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

JUNE is in the meadows!
 June is on the hills!
 Everywhere, everywhere,
 Her merry laughter thrills!
 Gone are all the discords,
 Everything 's in tune—
 Wonders, wonders,
 Wrought by winsome June!

From the darkest corners
 Flowers are peeping out.
 Who 'd have thought, who 'd have thought
 This could come about?
 Boughs that would not listen
 To a word from May
 Overflow, overflow
 With sweetest bloom to-day!

And oh, this burst of glory
 In gardens, one and all!
 Splendor, splendor,
 By the roadside wall,

Brightening the ledges
 Graved with Ocean's rune—
 Roses, roses,
 Come to welcome June!

All the little laddies
 And lassies, fair and wee—
 Tiptoe, tiptoe—
 Bubble o'er with glee!
 What are they expecting,
 So merry and so wise,
 Looking, looking,
 With their shining eyes?

Ah, June holds VACATION
 Within her rosy hands!
 See her, see her,
 Laughing where she stands,
 Holding back the treasure
 Awhile, the saucy tease!
 Coax her, coax her—
 "Please, please, please!"



THE SOCIETY CIRCUS

by D. K. Stevens



In a social way, I am proud to say
 That the Be-Ba-Boes are extremely gay,
 And they all peruse
 The society news
 With a view to emulation;
 So, when they saw on the printed page:
 "Society Circuses All the Rage!"
 They said: "That 's new;
 We will have one, too,
 And create a grand sensation!"



Katherine
 Maynard
 Deland
 1912.

So they forthwith went and secured a tent
 That was large enough for the great event;
 And they made a ring
 That was just the thing
 To show a horse's action.
 The trapeze hung at a giddy height,
 The jumping-board was pronounced just right,
 And they had a stand
 Where the Famous Band
 Would be a chief attraction.

For the beasts, they drew on the regular Zoo,
 As all the amateur circuses do,
 (And of course you know
 There are *some* who go
 For the animals that they see there).
 And most extensive plans were made
 For pop-corn, peanuts, and lemonade,
 For, lacking those
 At circus shows,
 You might as well not *be* there.

To conduct the show, (with the whip, you know,)
 They chose the Talented Be-Ba-Bo,
 And they searched the town
 For a competent clown,
 Though later they came to rue it.
 For an acrobat they were quite at sea,
 Till Peter Poly claimed that he
 Performed with ease
 On the Flying Trapeze;
 So they said: "Let 's see him do it."



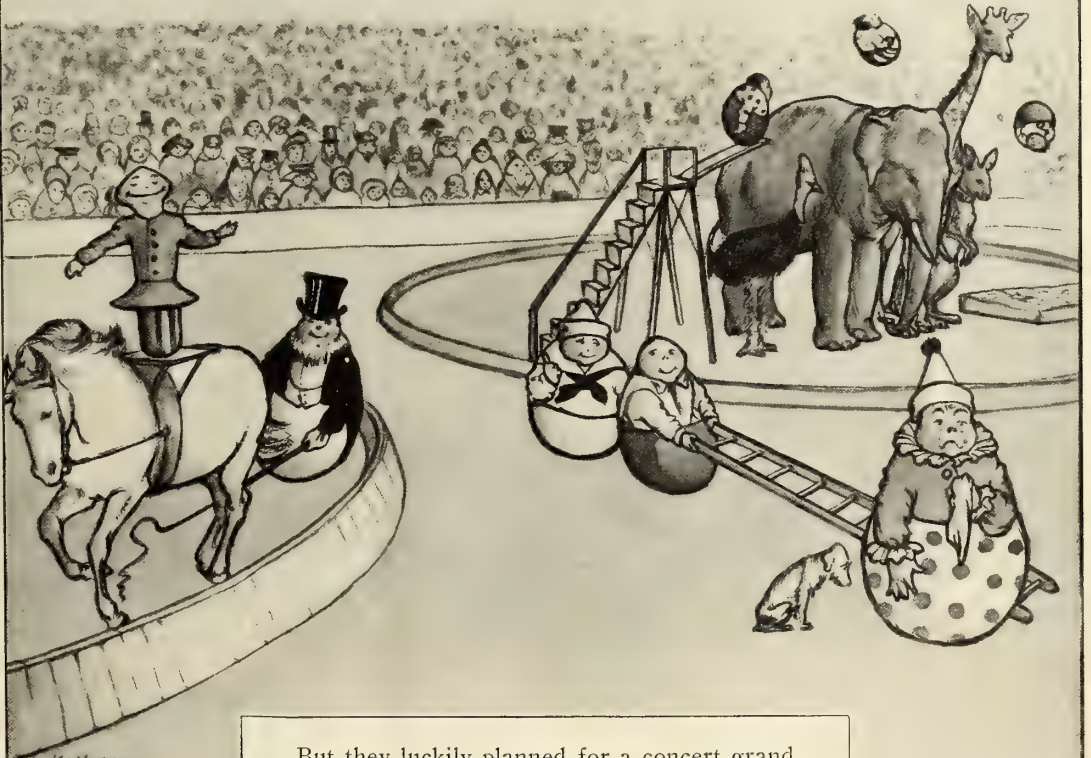


Well, it turned out right, for the day was bright,
 And the Big Parade was a beautiful sight.
 They had a gnu
 And a kangaroo
 And the Spring-leg Cassowary;
 There were chariots, each with a charioteer,
 While a steam piano in the rear
 Played music which
 Was off the pitch,
 For that is customary.

The scene was gay in the tent that day
 When the company came—in the Grande Entrée!
 The walrus snored
 And the lions roared—
 You'd have thought they were surely fighting;
 While the Band, in uniforms green and pink,
 Went *boom-zing-a-zing-boom—pillie-willie-wink!*
 The horses pranced
 And the elephant danced—
 It certainly *was* exciting!



But the rest of the show—it was rather below
 The average mark, as circuses go;
 For the clown just cried
 Whenever he tried
 To be funny; they should n't have let him.
 And as for the widely boasted ease
 Of Peter's act on the high trapeze—
 He hung in the air
 In a state of despair,
 And they had to go up and get him!



Katharine
 Maynadier
 Deland
 1912.

But they luckily planned for a concert grand
 At the close of the show, by the Famous Band;
 And those who remained
 Were entertained
 By popular songs and dances.
 As a charity thing, there was no expense,
 And the net receipts they were quite immense;
 And the money goes
 To Be-Ba-Boes
 In straitened circumstances.

POSITIVELY THE OLDEST INHABITANT

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

It is something to be able to boast that one is the oldest inhabitant of one's town or section. To make good this claim usually involves the possession of a plump one hundred years. The *Tes-tudo vicina*, or Giant Tortoise, of the New York Zoölogical Park, however, might smile scornfully on so paltry a record. For his *two centuries* of existence entitle him to the honor of being the oldest living creature in the United States.

The Giant Tortoise is not native to North America, but hails from the Galápagos Islands in the Pacific, several hundred miles off the coast of Ecuador. He seems, nevertheless, entirely happy in his New York surroundings, and apparently regrets in no wise the change of scene and climate. We are inclined to gasp when we learn his age, but there is something besides that astounding fact to recommend him to our interest and curiosity. He and his companions of the park, and a few scattered specimens in one or two other zoölogical gardens, are almost the last surviving members of a vanished race. Their extinction is due less to the usual combat with natural foes, as is the case with most wild creatures, than to a senseless and wasteful slaughter that has practically wiped out their species—during the last fifteen years.

The enemies of this Giant Tortoise were three: the wild dogs and the natives, who killed them for food, and the oil-hunters, who sought them for their fat, from which an oil was extracted. Of the three, the last must bear the burden of responsibility for their greatest destruction.

For the last hundred years, ships have touched at the Galápagos Islands and not infrequently, on leaving, have marooned there some unwelcome canine passenger. From these stray animals sprung a race of wild dogs whose chief food was the smaller tortoises, and often the eggs.

The natives also entertained a decided liking for tortoise meat, and had some discretion been used in the killing, it would probably have made but little difference in the steadily increasing race. But, alas! too prodigal with a stock they considered all but inexhaustible, they went about obtaining tortoise meat with the most deplorable recklessness. In numberless instances, one of the great creatures would be killed, only that some native might obtain a pound or two of the meat and a small piece of fat with which to cook it. All the remainder of the valuable flesh would be left for the wild dogs and carrion-birds.

But it was with the discovery that tortoise fat rendered an excellent oil, that the wholesale slaughter commenced. In 1903, it was reported that the shells of one hundred and fifty tortoises had been found lying near one of their drinking-pools, and half a mile away, at another pool, one hundred more—the work of a single raid! Is it any wonder that, in 1912, a few scattered specimens in zoölogical parks are all that remain of what was, fifteen years ago, an innumerable race?

In his native haunts, the Giant Tortoise subsists mainly on grass, cactus leaves, and water. Water he must have, and when, in the dry season, even the pools disappear, he makes good the deficiency with the succulent pulp of the cactus plant. In the Zoölogical Park, however, he fares much better, and vegetables of every variety are his in their seasons. It is reported that he exhibits a particular fondness for tomatoes. From the illustration may be seen the expectant, almost jubilant, expression of his countenance while contemplating a yellow banana.

The Giant Tortoise is amiable and law-abiding in disposition, while his life is simple and uneventful to a degree. He eats at all times and seasons, lumbers about his quarters with exceeding deliberation when in need of exercise, basks in the sun when not otherwise occupied, and spends hours without number drawn into his shell, fast asleep, oblivious of all creation. It is only during the warmer months that he is on exhibition in the outside inclosure. In the winter, he and his companions are gathered into an inner room of the reptile-house, where they sleep away the time, waking only to consume a little food occasionally.

The following incident is the only one on record, to show that the Giant Tortoise ever varied the peaceful monotony of his existence at the park by creating any excitement. It is reported that one snowy winter day, when every tortoise was supposed to be wrapped securely in the arms of Morpheus, some one inadvertently left open the door of the inclosure. No one knows just how it happened, but our friend of the illustration must have waked, apparently realized his opportunity, and in the absence of any too watchful keeper, bethought himself of taking a stroll. A quarter of an hour later, there were noticed strange tracks in the snow on the path leading down to the bear-dens. For a time, it was supposed that one of the young elephants had es-

aped, and great was the consternation in consequence. But the tracks, though somewhat like an elephant's, were still obviously *not* an elephant's, since none of that tribe were missing. Subsequent investigation discovered our friend the Giant Tortoise serenely contemplating his fellow-captives of the bear-dens! The problem of returning him to his own inclosure was met by fac-

along the Atlantic coast represented all that was to be the future United States; James Oglethorpe had not yet founded the colony of Georgia; and twenty years must elapse before the *birth* of George Washington.

While yet this reptile was, comparatively speaking, a mere infant, the American and French revolutions occurred, and the United States as-



THE GALÁPAGOS TORTOISE AT THE ZOÖLOGICAL PARK—DINNER-TIME.

ing him in the proper direction, and giving him a smart rap on his shell. In the course of time, his leisurely locomotion brought him back to his own lawful domain. Perhaps in all the two centuries of his existence, he had never experienced anything quite so exciting before!

But it is the astonishing *age* of these reptiles that suddenly causes us to look upon the span of threescore years and ten as a paltry and insignificant thing indeed. Let us stand before the inclosure and consider these facts: here is a living, breathing creature, moving about and consuming food even as ourselves. Yet when it first saw the light (1712 or before), Queen Anne still occupied the throne of England, and Louis XIV that of France. A line of thinly settled villages

sumed its place among the nations; and no one can tell to what age this creature may yet attain. That it has grown since its introduction to the park, the increased number of rings around the segments of its shell attest. Possibly it is now enjoying only middle life, and will be viewed with interested speculation by our descendants of the fifth and sixth generation, even as it is by us.

If simple vegetarian diet, a nervous-system perfect almost to the point of non-existence, congenial surroundings in which there is small likelihood of accident, and an absolute lack of anything to do or worry about, be conditions that permit the possibility of indefinitely prolonging life, then are those conditions triumphantly vindicated by this very Methuselah of tortoises!

A PURITAN MAYING

by

M. Eloise Talbot



It was springtime in the village of Plymouth, more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

There are sweet, bright days in New England now, but the Plymouth of to-day is a very different thing from the village of that time, for then only one street sloped down to the water's edge, and on the hill above stood a fort with shining cannon.

Huldah and Timothy Speedwell stood talking eagerly at their father's gate.

"Oh, Timothy, I am afraid she will not come."

"Patience!" replied Timothy. "Cecile always keeps her word. She is not like most girls."

"But, Timothy, the shadow of the meeting-

house is growing long, and you know we must be back by supper-time."

"Look!" cried Timothy, pointing toward a fence farther down the street.

At that moment, a little girl sprang over it, and came running toward them.

"I thought the sewing would never be done!" she cried. "And at the very end, Aunt Dorcas kept me to warn me of the Indians. She said if she were my father, I should never leave the stockade."

"It is true about the Indians," said Timothy. "I overheard the governor saying to my father yesterday that they were threatening the settlements again. Come quickly, Huldah, lest my mother hear."

"Nay, if the Indians be coming—" began Huldah, hanging back.

"I do not care for Aunt Dorcas when my father gives me leave," cried Cecile. "Huldah, if you linger, we shall have no time left to go a-Maying."

"What is that?" asked both children together.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed Cecile. "Have you never brought home the May? Tomorrow will be May-day, and we must gather boughs and fasten them against the door-posts, to please the fairies."

"But," interrupted Huldah, "I am sure that must be wrong, for tales of fairies are idle inventions."

"My grandmother told me," retorted Cecile, "and, pray, how should you be wiser than my grandmother? Last year, in England, we trimmed the May-pole on the green with flowers and ribbons, and danced about it until sunset."

"Oh, oh!" cried Huldah. "Now I know it must be wicked, for it is very sinful to dance. My mother told us so."

"Is it?" said Cecile, regretfully. "I did not know it. So many things are sinful, now that I am come to New England. But surely there can be no harm in gathering flowers to show that the spring has come, even in this cold Plymouth."

Huldah and Timothy had found life much more interesting since Cecile had come from England to join her father in the Plymouth settlement. They had seen her first on a Sabbath morning. She had worn a white gown, and a wonderful hat with nodding pink roses, from beneath which her blue eyes looked with frank surprise at the bare church and grave congregation. But the grown people shook their heads. They whispered of Master Goodwin's young French wife, who died when Cecile was a baby, and they said the child's name was scarce a godly one.

Aunt Dorcas did her best. She spun early and late, till Cecile was clad in a suit of gray, as befitted a child of the wilderness. She braided the golden hair, and taught Cecile to sit silent in the presence of her elders; but every day the curls grew tighter, and all the silence in the world could not banish the laughter from her voice.

Master Goodwin was a grave man who had crossed the sea for conscience' sake. He never interfered with Aunt Dorcas's strict rule, but if the elders of the church could have looked into his great oak chest, they would have rubbed their eyes to see a child's hat with pink roses laid carefully away. Fortunately big chests keep their secrets well, and neither Cecile nor Aunt Dorcas knew.

Timothy and Huldah had never known anybody before who seemed to think it was the chief business of life to laugh and play. This afternoon Cecile was too happy to walk. She skipped along, singing a little French song, and when they had passed the high palisade which guarded the settlement, she seized Huldah's hand and broke into a run, which only ended as they entered the forest.

Hundreds of birds were flying among the trees, and fresh, young leaves were unfolding, but the winter had been hard, and though the children wandered far, no flowers could they find. Timothy, weary of the search, climbed a tree, while Huldah, still doubtful of the lawfulness of the enterprise, contented herself with gathering twigs into her apron. All at once Cecile shouted joyously. She had been pushing the fallen leaves about, and suddenly she uncovered a lovely, trailing vine, the like of which none of them had ever seen before. Its leaves were small, and peeping

out beneath them were starry blossoms, pink and white, and sweet as are no other flowers but those of the Plymouth woods.

"Look!" cried Cecile, "these flowers must be the May that grows in New England!"

Timothy scrambled down from the tree, and Huldah forgot her scruples. They filled their hands as full as they could hold, and Huldah fell to plaiting a basket of rushes, which Cecile heaped with blossoms.

"Will you hang this at your aunt's door?" asked Huldah.

"No!" exclaimed Cecile. "She does not love flowers. I shall hang it at the door of my best friend in Plymouth. But, dear Huldah, what is it? What frightens you?"

Huldah's face had grown suddenly white, and she was staring into the distant hollow with terrified eyes.

Cecile whirled around. The evening had crept upon them unnoticed. At first she could see nothing among the trees, but gradually she perceived a figure outlined against them. It was a tall, gaunt man. There were horrible marks upon his face, and a feather above his head cast an unearthly shadow.

"It is the Evil Spirit," whispered Huldah, with trembling lips. "Oh, Cecile, it is because of these wicked May-flowers!"

"Do not be afraid," said Timothy, throwing his arm about her, but trembling, too. "I will take care of you. Let us leave the flowers, and go home."

But Cecile looked steadily at the motionless figure.

"If it is the Evil Spirit," she said, "I will tell him to go away."

She laid down her basket, and walked straight into the shadow.

Huldah hid her face in horror, and even Timothy did not dare to stir. They could feel the thumping of their hearts, while a moment passed that seemed an age; then they heard Cecile's clear voice.

"Thou foolish Timothy, be quick! Fetch me some water! It is but an Indian, and his poor arm is bleeding."

Huldah gasped again and clutched at Timothy, for an Indian was hardly less dreadful to her than a wicked spirit; but Timothy pulled himself away, ashamed, and ran to help Cecile.

The Indian had seated himself upon a big boulder. His strong, brown arm was torn from shoulder to elbow as if by the claws of a wild beast, which was further indicated by some raw pieces of bear's meat on the ground beside him. Cecile was tearing her apron into strips. She

dipped them into the water which Timothy brought from a brook hard by, and bound them firmly round the injured arm. Gradually the bleeding stopped.

The Indian gave no sign of the agony he endured, but he drew one long breath, and a pleased look stole into his eyes. He rose to his feet without a word, and bent his head till it touched Cecile's little fingers. Then he plucked out a bit of the May-flower which she had fastened on her dress, placed it within his belt, and vanished into the forest as silently as he had come.

Timothy shook his head.

"It was but an Indian," he said, "but he was painted like those who came out to fight a year ago, and my mother said that it was the cruel thoughts within that showed upon their faces."

The next morning Cecile was up before the sun had crimsoned the waves of Plymouth Bay. She crept down-stairs, May-basket in hand, and opened the street-door softly. She went on past the houses till she came to one over which an English flag floated. It was the home of Miles Standish, the captain of the colony. She twisted her basket-handle into the door-knocker; then she hid herself behind a bush in the garden, and waited.

Meantime, within, Miles Standish was pacing to and fro, in grief and perplexity. Upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay another company of Englishmen had made a settlement some years before, and named it "Merry-Mount." They were different men from the God-fearing Puritans. They gave fire-water to the Indians, which maddened their brains, and sold them firearms, so that a horrible danger threatened the infant colonies if the tribes should break out into warfare.

Furthermore, these Englishmen loved wine and hunting, and spent much time in amusements which the settlers at Plymouth did not approve. The day before, word had come that they had raised a May-pole in their village, and had bidden the neighboring Indians to join them in a dance around it.

All night long, the Plymouth elders had sat in solemn council. They decided that so great an insult to Puritan laws must be punished, and though they grieved to attack men of their own blood, Captain Standish was ordered to march at daybreak with twenty men, to wipe out the blot from the fair fame of New England.

The light was just shining in the east, when the captain stepped out upon his threshold. His first thought was that the morning air smelled sweet; then he saw the swaying blossoms. Cecile held her breath. She thought he might

guess who hung the basket there, for had he not called her his little maid, and taken her upon his knee to tell her stories of the time when he was a boy in England, he, the fiery soldier, whom all the other children feared?

Then the captain spoke, and his voice was so loud that it startled the people of the village, and several of them hurried into the street to listen.

"Who hath done this thing?" he cried out. "Who hath dared to bring in this mummery of the May?"

The people looked at each other in wonder. Timothy and Huldah, who had come running out with flowers in their hands, drew closer together. Captain Standish saw them, and fixed his flashing look upon Timothy.

"Timothy Speedwell, was it thou? What dost thou with flowers like these? Nay, turn not like a coward. Speak!"

"Captain Standish, listen. Do not be angry with Timothy. It was I who hung the flowers."

Cecile pushed the bushes aside, and stood out before the captain.

"I brought the May to thee, Captain Standish. I meant to give thee pleasure. I am sorry."

Her voice shook, but Miles Standish was in the throes of one of those terrible passions which made him dreaded throughout New England. He seized the basket, and hurled it far away from him.

"There let it lie to be trodden on and die! Is it not enough that we go out by day to fight against these heathen customs, but must we watch all night lest they steal to our very doors? Away to thy spinning-wheel, child! One may teach wisdom to a lad at a rod's end, but there is small hope for a foolish girl."

So saying, he turned abruptly into the house, seized his sword and musket, and strode forth through the astonished crowd to the end of the palisade, where his twenty men, among them Master Goodwin, were already assembling.

Cecile hid her face, and burst into tears. A hand was laid heavily on her shoulder.

"Come," said the stern voice of Aunt Dorcas, "wilt thou make thyself a gazing-stock for the whole town? This is what happens when maids wander idle abroad."

Cecile suffered herself to be led home without a word. Aunt Dorcas allotted to her bread and water, and many long turns of the distaff, but she made no complaint, and crept silently up to her little chamber.

Meantime Miles Standish and his twenty men marched through the forest. As the sun rose high in the heavens, the captain ordered a short rest and called Master Goodwin to his side.

"What think you, my friend? Shall we reach the Bay of the Massachusetts before nightfall?"

Master Goodwin looked up at the sun, and sent a keen glance into the faces of his companions.

"The trail is heavy," he said. "Would it not be

shift the burden of food and ammunition which he carried on his back. A tiny pink flower peeped above Master Goodwin's sword-belt. Miles Standish's eye fell upon it.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "Since when, my friend, do you wear a favor?"

Master Goodwin's face softened; he had witnessed the scene that morning in the captain's garden.

"It is a bit of bloom which my maid gave me ere I left her. May heaven keep her! She loves each bird and blossom that she sees."

Miles Standish made an inarticulate sound, and strode forward.

The day was far spent, when a trail of smoke was seen against the sky. Captain Standish called his men together, and proceeded cautiously, till they found themselves on the edge of a clearing. A strange sight met their eyes.

On one side of the open space stood a dozen houses of bark. A huge bonfire had been kindled, which threw a ruddy glare over the place. In the center of the clearing stood the trunk of a tall tree, stripped of its branches. It bore large bunches of flowers upon its top, and from these hung down bright-colored streamers, which waved in the breeze. Around its base were groups of Indian squaws, wearing flower-crowns, and other groups of English colonists, with gay festoons pinned upon their hunting-shirts.



"CECILE BOUND THE STRIPS FIRMLY ROUND THE INJURED ARM."

well to rest this night in the forest, that the men may be fresh to attack in the morning?"

"And leave the sinners to finish their impious rites?" broke out the captain. "I will fight till my arm drop, before it shall be said that they of New England dance around a May-pole!"

"God forbid!" replied Master Goodwin.

"Then forward, say I," said the fiery captain, "and make good speed."

As they had halted for a moment in the forest track, each man had taken the opportunity to

Hand in hand the settlers circled around the May-pole, singing a boisterous song, and making fantastic leaps into the air. Outside the circle sat a dark and silent group of lookers-on. These were the Indian braves, who, too dignified to join in the wild sports of the whites, yet watched them with grave curiosity.

Miles Standish's eyes grew bloodshot.

"Upon them!" he whispered, "and spare neither powder nor sword!"

Under cover of the trees half of his men moved

to the other side of the clearing; then at a signal both parties rushed forward to the attack.

Instantly the scene changed. Shouts of anger filled the air. The frightened squaws, dropping the toys with which they had been happily playing, fled, shrieking, to the Indians, who withdrew them into the woods.

The careless settlers of Merry-Mount, who had stacked their guns with never a man to watch, found themselves surrounded by enemies, disposed to grant no quarter. In a short time, the entire company were overpowered, and secured within their own wigwams, and the Puritans were left masters of the field.

"Tear down those baubles!" cried Captain Standish, waving his sword toward the May-pole, "and throw them upon the fire. To-morrow we will kindle it anew, when we cut down this tree of iniquity."

No sooner said than done. In five minutes the May-pole stood bare, and the festoons of the Indian women lay black in the dying embers of the fire.

"Now we may take rest," said Captain Standish. "Two of us shall guard in turn. Friend Goodwin, thou and I will take the first watch."

Deep quiet fell upon the tiny village, so full of tumult an hour before. Master Goodwin, reclining upon his arms, felt drowsiness stealing upon him. Suddenly he was brought to himself by a grasp on his arm, and a sharp whispered,

"Friend, what is that?"

Miles Standish was standing beside him, peering into the encircling wood.

Master Goodwin sprang to his feet.

"I see nothing moving but the shadow of the trees," he said.

The captain shook his head without speaking, and moved off across the clearing. Master Goodwin followed. All was still at the forest edge. They advanced a few rods into the thicket.

"All is well," said the captain, in a low tone. "A weary brain creates strange fancies."

Just at that moment he felt his arms pinioned behind him, his musket was torn from his grasp, and he was thrown heavily to the ground.

As soon as he could look up, he saw that he was surrounded by several dusky figures. Some yards off was Master Goodwin, also bound and helpless. The place still lay in perfect silence; the soldiers, sleeping heavily, had heard no sound.

The captain addressed the tallest of the group in the Indian tongue.

"Do the braves war against serpents, that they beat their enemies upon the ground? Let me arise, and look upon a man."

His request was granted in silence. Two of

the younger braves raised him to his feet, while a third did the same office for Master Goodwin. Then they drew back, loosening the tomahawks in their belts.

"What dost thou advise?" said Standish to Goodwin in English. "If we halloo to our men, we shall have the whole pack of Indian braves upon us at once, for I doubt not there are at least a hundred lurking in the woods."

"It may well be," replied Master Goodwin.

"Then we must use persuasion," said Standish, "though it ill fits the tongue of a soldier"; and turning to the Indians, he continued in their language:

"Why does my brother wear the war-paint when the white man smokes the peace-pipe? Have hostile tribes dealt unjustly with the Massachusetts? Why does not the sachem come to his great white brother at Plymouth, that he may receive help?"

A look of contempt stole into the stolid face of the Indian.

"Did the white chief wear the peace-plume when he came among my brethren of the Mount, six hours ago?" he asked. "Did he offer the peace-pipe to my squaw, that she fled to her husband? The raven flew in the trail of my brother, and his shadow darkened the sun."

"It was the avenging wrath of the Great Spirit," replied Standish.

"Does the Great Spirit command that the white man shall war against his brother?" asked the Indian. "The Narragansetts may war against the Iroquois, and their young men may hang the scalp of the Delaware upon their breasts, but the hand of the Massachusetts is ever within the hand of the Massachusetts. The white chief of Merry-Mount is our friend, and he has been bound with thongs; therefore we bind the chiefs of Plymouth, and carry them to our wigwams, that our squaws may laugh. To-morrow we will meet their braves upon the war-path."

"Nay, then it is useless, Friend Goodwin," said Standish, "and we must raise the halloo, though methinks our scalps will be severed before we have finished shouting."

"Wait yet a moment!" exclaimed Goodwin. "Perhaps kindness may yet move these poor savages to mercy."

So saying, he came a step forward out of the tree's shadow into the starlight. Suddenly the manner of their captor changed. His face lighted with an expression of surprise; he uttered an exclamation, and, springing forward, he snatched something from Master Goodwin's belt. It was the May-flower which Cecile had given him in the morning. The Indian passed his hand within

his girdle, and pulling out another flower, its counterpart, though faded and dry, he raised them both to his forehead. Then he glided to a rock a little distance off, and motioned to his warriors, who, leaving two to stand guard, followed him.

Then the leader descended, and approached Master Goodwin. He took his hand and laid it upon his own right arm, which the colonist for the first time perceived was wrapped in a bandage, much spotted with blood.

The Indian tapped it significantly, and pointed southward in the direction of Plymouth.

"Eyes of the sea, and hair of the setting sun," he said in broken English.

With a quick movement, he cut the withe that bound Goodwin, and in an instant he and his warriors had disappeared into the forest.

The captain was the first to speak.

"Art thou hurt, friend?" he asked.

"Not by a hair," replied Goodwin.

"The savage showed thee a token," said Standish, in an oddly softened voice.

"Aye," replied Goodwin. "It was a strange thing, which I do not understand."

The captain was silent for a moment, then he said gravely:

"My friend, I see that gentleness is more mighty than anger. Lie down and rest. I will end the watch, for I have no mind to sleep."

The next morning the captain was singularly thoughtful. He said little during the preparation for the homeward march until his men led out their prisoners to place them in the column, when he peremptorily ordered them to be released.

"Let us leave the men here," he said, "in possession of their homes. We will carry the ring-leader, John Morton, to Plymouth, but who can tell whether his followers may not repent of their evil ways? It becomes us to show mercy."

"They will return more like to their dance around the May-pole," grumbled one of the soldiers, a good deal chagrined at the unusually pacific mood of the leader of the expedition.



EDWIN JOHN PRINDLE.
1 * 2 * 1 - 2

"I BROUGHT THE MAY TO THEE, CAPTAIN STANDISH. I AM SORRY." (SEE PAGE 692.)

He lifted one arm above his head, and broke into a passionate harangue. His prisoners waited in breathless suspense. He was interrupted now and then by grunts from his hearers, which Standish's practised ear interpreted as signs of disapproval, but still the eloquent voice went on, till little by little the discontented murmurs died away. At length, as the chief ended, the braves spoke out in chorus, uttering one word of assent.

"Nay," replied the captain. "Let the May-pole stand, till some fitter hand come to cut it down; that of Miles Standish has not earned the right."

It was nearing the close of the second day, when the little band came once more in sight of Plymouth. The people had been anxiously awaiting its return, and great was the rejoicing that the difficult mission had been accomplished without bloodshed.

It did not take Master Goodwin long to unravel the mystery of the Indian. He took Cecile in his arms and kissed her, so that she straightway forgot all her troubles.

"Oh, dear father!" she whispered, "I do not mind the spinning, nor the hunger, nor even Aunt Dorcas since you are not angry with me."

Her father kissed her again, but contented himself with saying, "Thou must be obedient. Thy aunt is a good woman."

But a more wonderful thing was to follow.

The next evening, Cecile was called down from

her chamber. Below stood the great Captain Standish, holding a bunch of flowers in each hand. One was withered, for it had lain in the dust of his dooryard; the other, which was sweet and fresh, he had searched the Plymouth woods to find.

"My little maid," he said, in the voice which could be the sternest and the gentlest in New England, "I am come to say to thee what Miles Standish says to few men: I have done wrong. I reprov'd thee harshly, and I scorn'd thy innocent flowers. I will keep thy May-gift that it may teach an old man a lesson; and I bring these blossoms to thee, that thou mayest show thou canst forgive."

Thus it came to pass that the May and the springtime gladness entered into the house of Miles Standish at Plymouth, and every year since, under their coverlet of fallen leaves and almost before the winter's snow has gone, have the May-flowers bloomed in the Plymouth woods.

THE SIESTA

BY CARL WERNER



SANDMAN, Sandman, why do you come so soon?
 You should n't come till six o'clock, and here you are at noon!
 I've swept the floor and dressed my doll, and made a pie or two,
 But this is Monday, and I have my washing yet to do.
 I wish you'd wait until I get my clothes out on the line,
 Before you throw your slumber-dust in Dolly's eyes and mine.
 Sandman, Sandman, please to go away;
 I'll welcome you at six to-night, but not at noon to-day!



"THE TWINS." DRAWN BY GERTRUDE KAY.



SOME OF THE BOYS' BIRD-HOUSES.

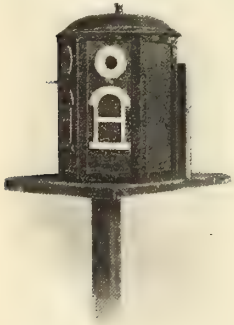
HOUSE-BUILDERS TO THE BIRDS

BY HARRIET GILLESPIE

BUILDING houses for the little feathered creatures of the air is a fad with the boys of one of the public schools in the Borough of the Bronx, New York City, or, at least, it was, perhaps, a fad when they first began to develop this branch of architecture; but to-day their interest in birds is so real that several hundred bird-houses have been constructed and set up, and more are constantly being built.

It is interesting to see how many and varied are the styles of these houses, some of which show genuine talent on the part of the young carpenters. In addition to this, the adaptation of the houses to the needs of the various species of birds that haunt the Bronx, shows that the boys, while acquiring skill with tools, have also studied the habits of the birds.

All that the boys needed was a bit of encouragement, and this their school principal, an enthusiastic ornithologist, supplied. The natural result was the making of all these charming, up-to-date bird-houses. And one of the best things about it is that the boys themselves built every bit of the houses, doing the work at home, with



A HOUSE MADE OF A SOAP-BOX AND A SAUCEPAN LID.



A BUNGALOW, AND A HOUSE WITH GLASS WINDOWS.

no supervision, simply carrying out in their own way suggestions made by their principal. Practi-

cally no outlay was required, for their tools were of the most common sort, that all boys know how to use and generally possess, and their materials were obtained from old boxes of various sorts.

It all goes to show that boys can do about what they set out to do, and, just because they live in big cities, there is no reason why they should abandon birds to their fate—and a very tragic fate it is too, sometimes—when, with a little ingenuity, they can protect them against the attacks of their enemies.

“For,” as their teacher said, “there is no need of city boys and girls lamenting the fact that, as they so rarely see the various birds, they can do nothing for their welfare. On the contrary, they have opportunities that their country cousins may not possess. The park authorities are always willing to help any one to protect and foster bird life, and one of the best ways to help birds is to give them a safe place in which to rear their young.

“And, in this way, the number of birds is increased, hence the work that they do for us in destroying insect pests is much greater. There is no boy or girl who reads this article who cannot, with small effort, help some birds to live more comfortably and safely.

“The illustrations show what one school alone has done in half a year, and not a large school at that. In constructing the houses, the boys adapted them so as to provide openings for the entrance of the bird and larger apertures for the cleaning of the houses, though the latter were kept closed

or covered with glue and sawdust. Bark, taken from a dead stump, and brought back from some



THE MINIATURE EDGAR A. POE COTTAGE.

excursion into the country, served more than one for the covering of their bird-houses. Some boys who had access to more tools, or were more skilful, made houses after plans of bungalows and similar buildings that they found in various illustrated publications.

“Then, of course, all the boys studied the books on birds to get an idea of the size of the bird, in order to know of what size to make the entrances to the houses; for it must be remembered that not all members of the bird family live in harmony, and the sparrow has often been known to rout out from a comfortable abode a more useful but less

by a latch, or by making the door slide in a groove, or by some similar device.

“Most of the houses were painted a dull color

pugnacious bird. Thus the hole for a wren must not be larger than a twenty-five-cent piece, or a sparrow may take possession and poor Jenny-



SOME OF THE MORE SIMPLY CONSTRUCTED HOUSES.

wren will be forced to look for another apartment, just at the time, perhaps, when her family is about to break out from the shell.

"By coupling the study of history and literature with the study of birds, some of the boys made houses that had a double interest. For example, one lad who lived near the cottage that Edgar Allan Poe occupied when he lived in Fordham, New York City, made a bird-house that reproduced the Poe cottage with considerable fidelity. The old-fashioned shutters, the plain doorway, the simple porch, the shingled roof, the red chimney, and the little cramped windows squeezed in under the eaves, all gave it a very realistic look. He believed in making the most

of local opportunities, and he took the house in his neighborhood that had the greatest traditional interest, and adapted it to his purpose.

"The school had no shop and no instructor in carpentry, or even in the working of wood. It did have a few tools and a vise, and a window-sill at which work could be done. The work you see in the pictures was not done there, however, but at home. Interest, the greatest factor in education, made the boys find ways and means. It made them careful of material; it made them take what others had cast aside as of no value, and adapt it to their own ends; it made them eager to learn the proper use of tools; it helped them to form the habit of patient effort."

THE BOY AND THE BIRD

BY CHARLES F. HARDY



A LITTLE boy, with some little tools
 In a little tool-chest new,
 Was looking around for a little work
 For his little hands to do,
 When a little bird, with a glossy breast,
 Flew down to a cherry limb
 That was very close to the little boy,
 And twittered a song to him.

The little song pleased the little boy,
 Who said to the little bird:
 "Your song is sweeter, it seems to me,
 Than any I ever heard.
 But I can tell, by your tone of voice,
 That you 're wanting something now,
 And I 'll gladly help you, as best I can,
 If you 'll only tell me how."

The little bird, with a little hop,
 Came a little closer then,
 And a joyful note from his ruffled throat
 Came bubbling in song again.
 And the little song told the little boy
 That a pretty thing to give,
 Is a little house to a little bird
 Who 's hunting a place to live.

The little boy, with some little tools
 In a little tool-chest new,
 Was happy, indeed, for a little work
 That his little hands could do.
 And the little bird with the glossy breast
 Soon found near the cherry limb,
 A little house that the little boy
 Had built with his tools for him.

The little bird saw the little house,
 And his heart was filled with glee;
 And I need n't say he hurried away
 For his little mate to see.
 And they built their nest in the little house,
 Where they live in peace and joy,
 And the tree-tops ring with the songs they sing,
 In thanks to the little boy.



THE SENSITIVE PLANT

Oh, the sensitive plant
Is awfully queer!
If you just lightly touch it,
It shrinks up with fear.

It seems to grow timid
From living each day
By the big tiger-lily,
So fierce and so gay.

I guess you 'd be frightened—
I would, don't you see?
If a big yellow tiger
Lived next door to me!

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XIII

I OFFER SIXPENCE TO AN ADMIRAL

My heart stood still for a moment as I watched Lord Howe take up my little book of Maxims. He looked first at the cover, and then, to my great relief, began turning over the leaves, reading here and there with a smile on his lips.

"'T is a human document, gentlemen," he said to the table at large; "well worth the perusal, but it will have to wait till this matter is settled. Now, Mistress Beatrice, you are before us on a grave charge, and what to do with you is by no means plain. Were you a loyal English maid, it would be our duty to see you safe to your friends, no matter who they were. On the other hand, rebels must be treated as—as rebels, though circumstances may be taken into consideration. Perchance, after all, you are loyal at heart. All this talk we read in this little book is just the silly chatter of others with whom you have come in contact, and which, in your case, could be easily forgiven if you forget it. So, you see, there is an alternative for you to choose. If you tell us that you are really a loyal subject to King George, we can arrange to send you to Mr. Travers. If, however, you say that you are a rebel—well, that 's another pair of shoes! Now declare," he ended, leaning toward me and speaking impressively, "are you a loyal English maid as I hope, or are you, as Sir John says, a rebel spy?"

It seemed that freedom was before me and an end to all my troubles in sight, if I could only say that I was a loyal subject of the king; but I could not say it. To have done so would have been to deny what was in my heart; for, although I was but a child and knew little, mayhap, of the real matters that had led to the war with the colonies, yet Captain Timmons had won my sympathy for his cause. To deny that would have been to lie, and that I could not do.

For an instant I was tempted, but I scarce waited to reason it all out, and answered truthfully.

"Your Lordship," I began quietly, for I had no wish to be defiant, "I am no spy; but if to be sorry for the colonies and to think that the king's ministers have not treated them fairly makes a rebel, then am I one."

There were murmurs about the table. I had hidden my face in my hands, thinking that all was over and that I would be sent back to Eng-

land, and caring little what else might happen. I heard Sir John speaking sharply.

"There is nothing more to say, Your Lordship. Shall I order her sent back?"

Although I had no hope, I listened eagerly for Lord Howe's answer, because Mr. Vernon had said his was the final word.

"Nay, Sir John," he answered, and at the word my heart leaped. "We do not war with children. Remember that, if I carry a sword in one hand, I also carry the olive-branch in the other. My motive in asking the child to declare herself was to find out whether or not she was truthful. I think all at this table will agree that she is, and, therefore, we may believe she is not a spy, and can send her to Mr. Travers."

There was a loud murmur of approval around the table, and it was all I could do not to look my triumph at Sir John, who, I noted out of the corner of my eye, was very glum, and nervously fingered a pen lying on the table.

"Miss Beatrice," Lord Howe continued, "we will send a safe-conduct to Mr. Travers, so that he may come and fetch you. In the meantime, you will stop aboard the *Good Will*. That, I see, makes you glad. Well, though you are a rebel, you are an honest one, which is a good deal in these days." And with that he bowed to me in dismissal.

I wanted to run, but having obtained my freedom was less than the half of my desire if I must leave behind what was more valuable than the liberty of any small maid.

"Please, Your Lordship," I said, stepping forward, "may I not have my little book? 'T was Granny gave it to me, and it can be of interest to no one else in the whole world."

"Why do you not give it to me for a keepsake?" he asked, picking it up from where it lay before him.

"I should certainly keep it," growled Sir John. "There may be a cipher message in it, plain enough to those to whom she is going."

"Nay, I know no ciphers," I said hastily. "Please, Your Lordship, let me have it." And then the lucky sixpence, hanging about my neck on a ribbon, came into my mind, and, being but a child, I took it off and held it toward the admiral. "Here is a better keepsake, My Lord. It is my lucky sixpence, and you may have it in exchange for the little book," I said eagerly. "'T is a *very* lucky sixpence, the Egyptian said, and I should



"THE SAILOR TOOK THE COIN AND SNAPPED IT IN HALVES." (SEE PAGE 704.)

love you to have it because you have been kind to me."

Evidently the idea took his fancy, perhaps because sailors are superstitious; at any rate, he accepted it with a smile.

"And what will you do for a talisman?" he asked.

"Oh, I am but a little girl," I answered; "I do

piece with the ribbon still strung through the hole. "Now we shall each have a part. I shall have mine pierced, and, like a lover and his lass, we'll always wear them. If you need me, send me your half, and I will come to help you."

"And I shall do the like for you, Your Lordship, if you send yours," I said very gravely. "And now may I have my book and go away?"



"LOOK UP, FELLOW, AND—AND—" HE STOPPED AS THEIR EYES MET." (SEE PAGE 708)

not fight and shall not need it. Perhaps it will keep you from harm in the war, and, indeed, I hope so."

"Nay, I know what we'll do," he replied. "We have a sailor aboard who is so strong that he breaks coins with his fingers; so we will e'en divide it." With that he gave an order, and in a few moments a great, tarry sailor came in, knocking his forehead and seeming very much out of place in that splendid cabin. The admiral gave him the coin, telling him to be careful to divide it equally, whereupon he took it, and, bending it this way and that, snapped it in halves.

"That will be even better," I said, struck by a sudden memory, "for the Egyptian's prophecy said 'the half would be luckier than the whole.'"

"Good!" said Admiral Howe, handing me the

He picked it up as if to give it to me, when Sir John spoke up once more.

"I beg Your Lordship not to give it up. I am convinced that the maid has not told all she knows. She is too clever by half. The book has more significance than appears on the surface, I am sure."

Well had Mr. Vernon said that Sir John was no fool. Had his enmity toward me personally not showed so plainly, I feel certain that his opinion would have prevailed, and I would have gone back to England willy-nilly. The admiral sat for a few minutes handling the book and looking at the cover, then he raised his eyes and gazed at me, while I stood trembling with anxiety, twirling my half of the sixpence between my fingers.

With a smile meant only for me, he glanced

down at his half of the coin lying in his palm, and, without another word, handed me the book.

I knew, as well as if he had told me, that the lucky piece was as a bond between us, and, because of that, he had yielded to its dumb pleading.

I seized my little book, and, with low, murmured thanks and a courtesy, I hurried away with my heart beating joyously, for I saw an end to my troubles at last and an honorable discharge of the responsibility put upon me by Captain Timmons of the *Bouncing Betsey*.

CHAPTER XIV

I AM DENIED

How gloriously the sun shone, and how beautiful and sparkling were the waters of New York Bay that day! It was all I could do to sit still in the little boat while I was being rowed back to the *Good Will*. I wanted to sing and laugh,—to do anything, in fact, to give expression to my joy at being free once more; for I had been a prisoner. But, best of all, I had the little book of Maxims pressed close beneath my arm. The precious paper was safe, and, though I had not the least idea what it was all about, I knew it was vastly important, and I was anxious to put it into Mr. Travers's hands. It had been a fortunate day for me, and all the heartaches and anxieties of the last few weeks were forgotten.

As I gained the deck of the *Good Will*, Mr. Vernon was waiting, and he could see by my face that matters had turned out to my liking, for he smiled gaily as he stepped over to me.

"'T is easy to see that you have won the admiral!" he cried. "Is everything satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes, everything!" I exclaimed. "Lord Howe is going to send for Mr. Travers to come and fetch me, and he gave me my book back again, and—and—" but there were no words to tell how happy I felt, and I could only dance up and down from sheer delight.

"I am glad for your sake," said Mr. Vernon, "but I, for one, shall feel sorry indeed to see you go, and there are others that I could name at our end of the table who will miss you."

"And I shall be sorry to leave you, for you have been very good to me," I answered.

"Well, you are like to be with us a day or so yet," Mr. Vernon returned, "so you need not be in any hurry to pack."

"Will it be so long?" I cried in dismay; "I thought I could go at once."

"We must first get a message through to Mr. Travers; and, even if he starts at once, there is no telling where he is nor what he is about. I should fancy that he's a very busy man with his

rebellion unless he's vastly changed since last I saw him."

This was far from good news, for, now that I could go, I was impatient to be off. But even the delay could not dampen my spirits much that day, and the hours passed pleasantly enough, for there was always something of interest going on in the bay.

First of all there was constant visiting of officers from ship to ship, and drums were beaten to quarters to receive this or that guest with fitting pomp, so that there was a never-ceasing bustle of excitement.

Then there was an unending stream of people coming out to the boat with things to sell. There were vegetables such as I had never seen, one in particular which was quite long and had a jacket outside, and inside, little beans stuck, in some way, on a stick. Later I found that it was Indian corn, and really most toothsome.

Two days passed without a sign of my cousin. On the next morning, about noon, I was standing near the ladder leading to the landing-stage, watching Sir John and his staff come aboard on their return from the admiral's ship. I had often stood so in the past, and Sir John had stalked by me without a word or a look. This time, however, he stopped before me and stared down with such a smile of satisfaction that I was frightened at once.

"So, Mistress Travers, cousin to Lord Harborough," he began slowly, drawling out the words mockingly, "I have the last laugh after all, and there is a saying that 'he who laughs last, laughs best.'"

"What mean you?" I cried, a great fear clutching my heart.

"That your so-called cousin, Mr. Travers, though a rebel, is evidently an honest man, and will have none of you!" he answered, altering his tone and looking at me fiercely. "You are a prisoner again, and back to England you go on the first troop-ship that sails!" Then, turning, he addressed the officer in command: "Keep an eye to her; she is a prisoner of war!"

I know not what I did for a moment or two. The shock seemed to rob me of all thought or action. It was too severe a blow for tears, and it had come so suddenly that I could only stand staring straight before me. Then I bethought me that this could not be, and that Sir John was trying to trick me, and I sought Mr. Vernon's face, hoping to find there something to encourage me; but, alas, as he stood waiting for Sir John to leave the deck, he was careful not to look in my direction, and I was sure, knowing his good-will for me, that this latest and worst news was true.

Almost blindly I made my way to the forward end of the ship, and there alone, behind one of the great cannon, I crouched down and cried and cried, as if my heart would break. And, indeed, it was near to breaking.

I know not how long I had been there when Mr. Vernon came and seated himself beside me. "I 've been looking everywhere for you," he said, and his voice showed how sorry he felt.

I stifled my sobs as well as I could.

"Is it true?" I asked.

"Yes, it 's quite true," he replied; "he wrote saying he knew nothing of any maid."

"And neither did he!" said I. "He expected a boy!"

"Oh, yes," agreed Mr. Vernon.

"But he will come if it is explained to him. I 'm sure he will!" I cried, my hopes rising a little.

"Yes, I think that not unlikely," said Mr. Vernon. "But," he went on, shaking his head, "he has cut himself off from coming. He will never have another safe-conduct, and without one he would n't dare to come."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Here 's how it is," Mr. Vernon explained. "Travers has evidently forgotten all about his relatives in England and the message he sent by the *Bouncing Betsey* months ago. That would be natural enough. The word sent to him by Lord Howe said nothing about the *Bouncing Betsey*, but merely related the fact that there was a relation of his, a little maid, waiting aboard the *Good Will*, and that a safe-conduct would be given to him to come and get her. Travers then, knowing nothing of a maid, thinks he scents a plot of some sort, and, though his answer was quite polite, there was clearly the suggestion that he did n't think the admiral was acting openly, and that there was a trick somewhere. Lord Howe was furious, and I don't blame him. So, of course, Sir John saw his chance and took it. That is the whole story, and what to do I don't know. I think you are the most unlucky small girl I ever met!"

Unconsciously I fingered the ribbon about my neck on which hung the half of a small coin.

"And yet," I made answer, "the Egyptian said it was a lucky sixpence."

CHAPTER XV

A PERSISTENT PEDDLER

I CAN scarce describe my wretchedness and misery as I sat on that gun-carriage weeping my eyes out. Perhaps another girl might have been braver; I know not. The blow had fallen so sud-

denly that I had no chance to summon fortitude. One moment I had been looking forward eagerly to an end of all my troubles, and the next they were upon me again. Worst of all, Mr. Travers had denied me. I could only cry—and cry—and cry!

Mr. Vernon tried vainly to ease my sorrow.

"I cannot stand it!" he said at length, almost roughly. "We must do something. Try to cease your weeping and think if there is not a way out of it!"

He rose to his feet and began pacing the deck, muttering to himself now and then, and as often shaking his head, showing all too plainly that no solution came to him.

At length I managed to stay my tears, though, indeed, I still shook with dry sobs, and Mr. Vernon seated himself beside me once more.

"I can see no help for it," he confessed sadly. "If Travers had not been so impudent, the admiral might have been prevailed upon to let you try again, but now it is useless to look for aid in that direction."

"Yes, I suppose so," I answered hopelessly; "there is nothing to be done, only—only—"

"Only what?" he asked.

"Nothing—except that I should have liked Mr. Travers to know the truth of it," I answered. "Think you they would send a letter to him if I wrote?"

"Nay, that they would not!" he answered. "But," he went on, lowering his voice, "write your letter, and I will see that it reaches him, only you must let me read it. You can understand my reason."

I went at once to my cabin to write the letter. I wrote out fully the reasons for my coming and all that had befallen since that distant day when I boarded the *Bouncing Betsey* in London, and told, as well as I was able, just how everything had happened and something, too, of my own sorrow and disappointment. I wished to tell him of the paper that had been intrusted to me, but dared not, knowing that Mr. Vernon must read it. This left me in a quandary, for I wanted to let Mr. Travers know of my effort to bring it safe into his hands.

I bit the end of my pen in perplexity, trying to solve this riddle, and then there popped into my head what Captain Timmons had told me to do in case I needed to see Mr. Travers privately on a matter of importance.

"Just whisper to him that tea has gone up thruppence a pound," the captain had said. Writing it might do as well, though what I hoped to gain I know not to this day. Still, once having seized upon the idea, I straightway wished to put

it into practice, but here another matter came to plague me. To put the sentence in alone, without connection with anything else in the letter, would excite suspicion, so I tried to think of some manner in which I could include it naturally. At last, after much puzzling, I wrote the following:

I regret that I have no gossip of London for you, but I was there so short a time that I scarce had a chance to see aught but a few shops. Granny says 't is a most extravagant place, and that tea has gone up thruppence a pound. I know not whether you will be interested in this, but Captain Timmons told me a story of the Boston Tea Party. Perhaps that is the reason it is so high.

I read this over many times, wondering if the true purport of it would be plain to Mr. Vernon, and then, deciding that he would see only what was written, I copied it into the letter and so finished.

Mr. Vernon was on deck, and together we went back to the gun-carriage. It took him some time to read, the letter being long, but at last he finished it, and folded it for me to place the wafers.

"'T is a sad letter," said he, "and your information about the tea touches upon a tender point. For tea is a sore subject in America these days. But I will see that it starts on its way at once," and, with a smile, he went off.

There was nothing now for me to do but wait until a troop-ship bound for England should be ready. The hours passed uneventfully, for I had lost interest in everything, and a sort of numbness had come upon my spirits which, though it eased the pain of my disappointment, left me quite indifferent.

One morning some four days after I had written my letter, I became aware of a man standing before me, holding out some plums as if for sale. He was a young man, as I could see at once, though the rough sort of cap he wore was pulled down over his forehead, and the collar of his rather torn and soiled coat was turned up. I looked at him for a moment, and was about to tell him that I did not wish to buy, when he lifted his head suddenly and looked me full in the face, his eyes meeting mine squarely. There was something in the bright glance that held my attention, and then—he deliberately winked!

"Tea has gone up thruppence a pound," he whispered—and my heart stood still.

"Come, buy my plums," he went on in a loud voice. "They are the best in the Jerseys, and I'll make them cheap for an English maid. (Do not look so frightened," he added under his breath. "'T is all right, and I am your cousin John.) Come, mistress, buy my plums!"

For a few moments, he went on in this strain,

praising the fruit and urging me between whiles to compose myself, and, indeed, I had need to, for my heart was beating furiously and I was panting from excitement.

We stood alone on the deck, but there were sailors passing constantly, and at such times Mr. Travers, for it was, indeed, he, would raise his voice for me to buy, like any hawk.

"Nay, now, do not look so pale!" he said in an undertone.

"But if you are caught, they will hang you for a spy!" I whispered back.

"Indeed, that 's true!" he answered, with a reckless little laugh. "But these British are so cock-sure of themselves, they 'd never suspect that any one would dare brave their mightiness. 'T is their conceit will be their undoing. But enough of that! I was much distressed when your long letter reached me and I found what I had done. How did you manage to get it to me? I had not thought they would be so obliging, after my refusal to come for you."

"Mr. Vernon sent it," I answered.

"Not Guy Vernon?" he asked, with a note of anxiety in his voice.

"The same," I replied; "he is aboard this ship."

"And he would know me in any sort of dress," Mr. Travers went on, more to himself than to me. "Oh, well, it makes the adventure the more diverting, that 's all. Now what of the message from Captain Timmons? for he would never have given you that word about the tea, if there had not been something behind it."

"I have the paper," I told him. "'T is most important, though I know not what it is about; but the English know of it, and it is on that account mainly that they wish to keep me prisoner."

It was some minutes before we could go on, for two officers stopped near us and talked for a while, during which time Mr. Travers kept up the patter about the fruit. But not content with showing his wares to me, he must needs go up to the officers as well, while I looked on in a panic.

"They 're good loyal plums," I heard him say; "grown in the Jerseys, and never a Whig near them. Come, Your Excellencies, buy, and mayhap you 'll convert a rebel."

The officers, laughing at his audacity, told him to be off, and themselves walked away.

"Where is the paper?" he asked, coming back to me, and I told him.

"I guess what is in it!" he exclaimed. "Would it were in the general's hands."

"Let me get it for you now!" I urged. "I can pretend to go for my purse."

"But I cannot take you now," he said.

"Oh, but never mind me!" I replied. "The paper is ever so much more important."

"Nay," he answered, with a resolute shake of his head, "you have brought it so far, you shall take it all the way. Besides, I came not for that alone. Indeed, no! I came to fetch my new cousin."

"But how?" I asked, for I could see no way of his doing that.

"Listen!" he said, glancing about him. "Think you you can come on deck to-night without being seen?"

"Yes, I can manage that," I answered, for the position of the little cubbyhole in which I slept made it easily possible.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Come then as the ship's bells strike six to-night. That will be eleven o'clock, as you, no doubt, know. I will be waiting at the landing-stage for you. Be ready, and come on the stroke of the bell."

"But there is always a guard on the landing-stage," I returned.

"Yes, one," he answered with a smile. "Do not fear that he will stay you. Put on a dark dress, and come with the book. Your other things must be left behind. Will you be there?"

"Yes," I answered, and was about to speak further, when a step sounded near us and my cousin raised his voice again in praise of his fruit. This same thing had happened so often before that I thought nothing of it, till a voice spoke to me, and I looked up to see Mr. Vernon standing beside us.

"They are fine-looking plums," he said pleasantly.

"Yes," I answered, "I was thinking of buying some, but my purse is below. I will go and fetch it."

"Why trouble?" returned Mr. Vernon, taking a coin out of his pocket. "Let me have the pleasure of presenting you with the fruit. How much are they, fellow?"

"Nay," I hurried to reply, for I feared the moment when he would discover the identity of the man before us. "Nay, he has pestered me so that I have lost my desire for them. Let him go."

"Pestered you, has he? Then we 'll teach him better manners!" Mr. Vernon replied, and reaching out a hand, he put it under the other's chin and raised the bowed head. "Look up, fellow, and—and—"

He stopped as their eyes met. Mr. Travers said no word, but gazed back at him with a half-reckless, half-serious smile on his face, as if he cared not what was the issue. But Mr. Vernon was visibly affected, and I trembled with fear; for a word from him meant death to my cousin.

How long they stood thus, I cannot tell, but it seemed to me like hours; then in a harsh and rather husky voice, Mr. Vernon spoke:

"Be off with you! and hereafter sell your plums on some other ship; for, if I find you on the *Good Will* again, you 'll not get away so easily!"

Picking up his baskets, Mr. Travers hurried along the deck, and, a minute later, I saw him run down the ladder and jump into a small boat.

CHAPTER XVI

SIX BELLS

I WAS in a flutter of excitement for the rest of that day, and when night came down upon us I thought the hours till eleven o'clock would never pass. I went early to my little cabin, and got into my berth to await the time when I must attempt my escape.

All was prepared as best I knew how. I had ready a gown of linsey-woolsey, and under it hung my pack-pocket filled with those things I could not bear to leave behind. They were trifles mostly: the shoe-buckles, a brooch, and such like things that Granny had given me, and also the tiny tea-set carved out of bone by Jim Tasker, the boatswain of the *Bouncing Betsey*. So, with my precious book of Maxims clutched in my hands, I lay and listened for the ship's bells to sound the half-hours.

Finally five bells struck, and I rose quietly and put on my dress. Then again I waited. Oh, how long it seemed! Everything about the ship was exceedingly still, and the occasional rapid foot-falls of those crossing the deck above my head only served to make the quiet more complete. My heart was beating furiously and my breath was coming in little gasps, so great was my anxiety. I was sure it must be past the time, and that the sailor whose business it was 'had forgotten to ring. When it began to sound, the first tap of the bell seemed so loud and ominous that it startled me; but, summoning all the courage and fortitude I possessed, I stole forth.

There was no one to heed me as I made my way on deck, and, once there, I saw a clear path to the break in the bulwarks where the companion-ladder dropped down to the landing-stage below. Gaining that, and beginning to feel almost safe, I looked down—and there, softly whistling a tune to himself, was the guard standing near a lanthorn that made a circle of light over the black water which gently lapped the sides of the ship. I hesitated at the top, not knowing what to do, for surely the sailor below me would put a halt to my flight and rouse the ship should I make a struggle. My heart sank

like lead, for I had not expected him to be there, having relied on my cousin's words of assurance that the guard would be taken care of. All, then, was lost, I supposed. For some reason or other the plan had miscarried. Still, I meant to play my part to the end, and so took the first step down.

There was a creak as the ladder moved slightly under my weight, and the sailor, catching the sound, turned and looked up at me. I noted the surprised expression of his face as he opened his mouth to speak; but, at the same instant, a dark shadow came into the ring of light, and a boat touched gently against the stage.

Out of it leaped Mr. Travers, who immediately sprang upon the guard and thrust a handkerchief or cloth, I know not which, into his half-opened mouth, thus preventing any outcry. Then followed a short, sharp struggle, but the guard, taken wholly by surprise, was no match for the other, and, in a moment, was on his back with Mr. Travers atop of him.

Meanwhile I had run down the steps, well knowing what was going forward, and stood beside the struggling pair.

"Ah, you are just in time," whispered my cousin, looking up at me with a smile. "This fellow is tougher than I thought for, and you will have to help or he will rouse the ship. Bind his arms with *that*," he ended, nodding toward a coil of rope which he had doubtless brought with him for the purpose.

As quickly as I was able, for my fingers trembled greatly, I put the rope under the guard's shoulders. Then making a noose, I drew it as tightly as I could about his arms while Mr. Travers held him. Once this much was accomplished the rest was simple, and in a few moments he lay helpless, though little the worse for his handling. A moment later we stepped into the boat and, in less time than I can write it, Cousin John had rowed away from the ship and we were swallowed up in the darkness of the bay.

We rowed on in silence, the boat cutting through the water with scarce a sound. All about us were the lights of the British ships. Should my escape be discovered, an alarm would bring a swarm of searchers; but our luck held, and one after another we passed the dim hulks of the huge vessels, till at length we were free of the fleet.

"And now, Cousin Beatrice, we can talk to our hearts' content!" cried Mr. Travers, and he began plying his oars vigorously, caring little what noise we made.

"And am I safe at last?" I asked, taking a long breath and speaking aloud for the first time.

"Aye," said he, "for though there are plenty of redcoats about, they 're on the other side of the bay at Staten Island. But tell me, have you the paper safe?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I am anxious to be rid of it."

"No doubt, no doubt!" he agreed; "but you must carry it yet a while, for we have a good way to go before we reach the town, and I do not mean to stop until we are there."

"Cousin," I said anxiously after a few moments, "can you forgive me for being a girl instead of a boy?"

"'T is a great tax on my forbearance," he made answer; and, not being able to see his face, I knew not how to take it.

"Even though I am a girl," I went on, "I shall try not to be a burden to you, and hope in a little while, after I have learned the customs of America, to be useful. Granny says I 'm a good housewife and—"

"Nay," he interrupted, breaking into a hearty laugh, "housekeepers are easy come by, and I have a most excellent one already. But"—and he dropped his voice, so that he spoke seriously—"sisters are a different matter, and now that I have found one, I mean to keep her. Do not trouble your head on that score, Beatrice. I 'm right glad you 're here, and I hope you will soon love me as, by reason of your steadfast courage, I have already begun to love you."

He was much in earnest, as I could tell by his voice, and I was very, very glad.

"I know I shall love you," I answered, a little huskily; "and I should like you to call me Bee, as they did at home, if you will."

"Good!" he exclaimed, "'Bee' it shall be, and I am Brother John. Is that agreed?"

"Yes, Brother John," I hesitated.

"That 's right," he laughed; "now we shall be truly brother and sister"; and he said it in so kindly a way that all the heartaches and disappointments were forgotten, and I felt that, though I had, indeed, lost one home, I should soon find another.

We talked while he rowed, and he asked me all manner of questions about Granny and the boys, and was very properly disgusted with Mr. Van der Helst, though he admitted owing him something for sending him a sister. So, with the feeling of safety and the realization that my troubles were at an end, I must have dropped asleep, for one moment I was listening to Brother John's voice in the darkness, and the next I opened my eyes to find that it was broad daylight, and he laughing at me as he still rowed the boat.

"I 've been waiting very patiently for you to

wake up," he said half banteringly. "I want to see that paper now that there is light to read."

"Oh, yes, the paper!" I cried, taking up the book and breaking a thread in the cover with my bodkin. "Here it is!" and I drew it forth and handed it to him.

He opened it eagerly, and I saw his face light up with joy.

"'T is splendid!" he cried, "and will put some heart in the doubting ones, beside giving us a place to buy powder for our army. Hold it safe, Bee," he went on excitedly, "for the general must have it before he goes on his daily rounds!" and he picked up the oars and rowed furiously.

"And may I not know what it is now?" I asked, for I confess that the contents of the precious document had greatly aroused my curiosity.

"Aye!" he answered heartily. "Though 't is a secret, you deserve to know, and I need not fear to trust your discretion. 'T is a letter, Bee, from our agent at the French court, saying that, although King Louis is not at this time willing to

come out before the world as a supporter of the new government of America, for fear of war with England, he, nevertheless, bids us count upon him as a friend, and adds that the ports of France are open to us."

There could be no doubt that he was overjoyed, but somehow it seemed little for both the Americans and British to make such a potter over.

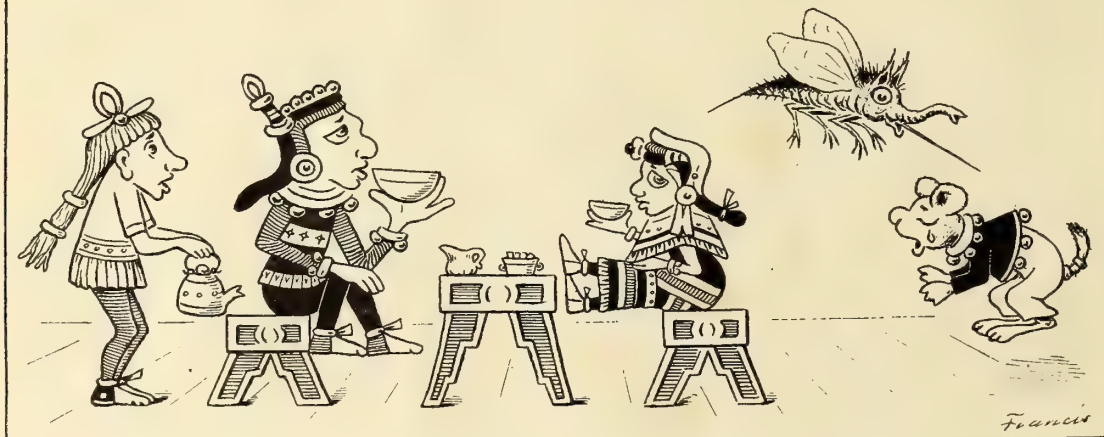
I think he must have seen what was in my mind, for he spoke further.

"You cannot possibly understand all it means to us, who are fighting not only the British army and navy, but many of our own people, who, from fear, or hope of gain, stick to the Tory side and do all in their power to discourage and hamper us. For us to be able to say that France is our friend will bring money and men to our colors, and we need both sadly. Then, too, the chance to secure arms and ammunition is most important. You have brought glorious news, Bee, glorious! and His Excellency, General Washington, will be overjoyed when you hand it to him!"

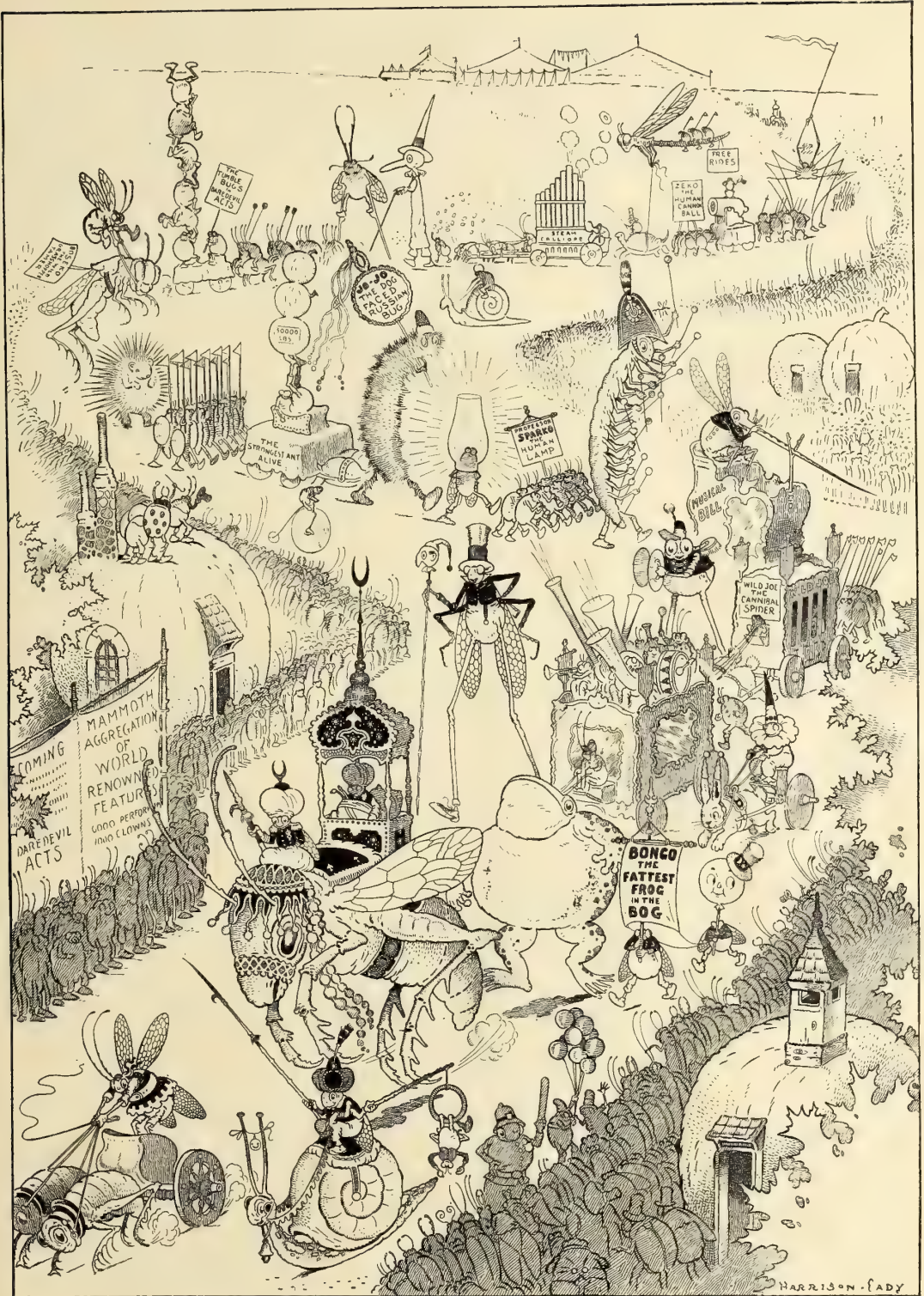
(To be continued.)

Tranquillity Disturbed.

"It is seldom," said an Aztec to his Wife,
 "That we find our Dog so brisk and full of life.
 James, before you serve the Tea, you must try to catch that Bee,
 For we really cannot stand this noise and Strife!"



FRANCIS



THE GREAT JUNE PARADE IN BEETLEBURG.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

(“Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects”)

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

WHEN Robinson Crusoe landed on his island, the first thing he did was to look about him to find out where he was. And it is pretty certain that any person who lands in this world of ours must do the same thing, if he is going to get through life at all well and nobly. The reason many young people stumble at the threshold, as some one expressed it, is because they have not taken a square look at the world where they are going to spend their lives. A certain book says, “The wise man’s eyes are in his head,” that is, they are where they ought to be, where he can look straight in front of him and all about him, and take a survey of his surroundings.

I often meet with persons who say to me, “If I had only had some one to tell me, I would n’t have made that great mistake.” Now it is well enough to have some one to tell us, but it is vastly better to learn how to see for ourselves, and so gain our knowledge at first hand. It is better to have our eyes in our own head, and so be wise, than to have them in some one else’s head, and so be only second-hand wise.

So in what I am now saying, I do not want you to take my eyes, but to learn to use your own. I only want to tell you one or two directions in which to look. And if you honestly look, you will see what sort of a world we live in. Seeing that, you will know both how to make a friend of the world and so gain companionship, and also how to conquer the world instead of letting it conquer you.

The word friend is a good one to begin with. For, first of all, the world we live in is a friendly world. It was not meant to be an enemy to men. Its coal-mines warm us. Its seas carry us around as a father carries his child on his shoulders. Its sun gives us light by day, and, as if that were not enough, we have the stars at night. Even the air which, as it seemed, would never be conquered, will, before long, prove itself a servant, perhaps, wafting our air-carriages here and there. It is true that the forces of nature sometimes kill men by scores and hundreds; but, in the long run, nature is on our side, not against us.

It is important to know this friendly character of the world, for this reason: no man is ever half a man if he is all the while afraid. I used to be afraid of the wind at night. I used to be afraid of the dark; I am ashamed to confess it. The little room up-stairs where I slept was very far away from the rest of the family. I used to be

afraid of a dozen or more things, and suffered accordingly, until I took a good look at them. Then, one day, fear suddenly left me. Since then all these supposed enemies have seemed to me like old friends. If we run from such things, we will always fear them; if we look at them, we will no longer do so. It reminds one of the story told of a great general in our Civil War. Speaking of a certain battle, some one asked him if he was not very much afraid. “Yes,” he replied, “I was. But the lucky thing was, I did n’t run away!”

That ’s the whole secret! To be afraid, and yet not run away! That is bravery! To look at the world, and make it our friend by standing still, right at our post. And all this we can apply to people as well as to things. There are evil men in the world, but, after all, there are a great many more who want to do us good than there are who want to do us harm. Beside which, evil men are always cowardly, and the best thing to do is to look them in the face and say, “I am not afraid.” It then becomes *their* turn to run away. I have seen them do it.

Another thing to learn about this world is that it was here, most of it at least, and running along comfortably, before we came to it. Most of us seem to think that we must make it all over again. We waste many years trying to rebuild it. Now, of course, we must change things about us as we go along, but we can do that for the better only when we realize that much has been very well done without our help. It does n’t do to be always criticizing. Good men have worked in all past ages, and we are their heirs. So a wise man or boy must always look behind him as well as before him. Old books, old stories, old ways, old lessons of honesty, and old thoughts of goodness, many of these have been tried and found worthy. We cannot afford to throw them all away, even though we may hope to add something of our own to them.

Yes, it was a world, an old world, before we came; and we ought to learn some of its old lessons, be ready to listen to the past, before we get on very far in it. Of course, we want our own new enthusiasm, and our fresh eyes to see things for ourselves, but we must also link up with all that the world can tell us about itself.

And if we use our eyes rightly, I think we must next see that, though the world is old, it is not yet complete. No matter how much has been done, there is much yet to *be* done. It will never do to

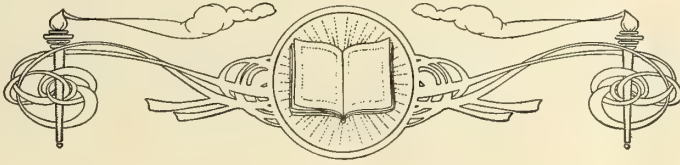
say, "Everything is finished. I have no chance; and I have no responsibility." Each of us has a responsibility, and we cannot get rid of it. If I fail in my place, or you in yours, we make a spot of failure in the world.

And the world is not complete yet. I have still a chance, as good a chance as the very first man had. I have a responsibility. In this sense, the world is not finished, but brand-new, almost as if it waited for me to come and do my part. One of the saddest things is to feel that the world does not need us; to feel "out of place," as we say. But no person is out of place who realizes how much in this old world still remains to be

done. The United States would never have been the United States except for the minute-men of Lexington. The world will not even continue to be as good as it is now unless we are world "minute-men," ready, at short notice, to step out and fight in the places of those who fall or pass on.

These are some of the things that seem very plain about the world we live in. It is, first of all, a friendly world. Then it is a world with a past that I must listen to and heed. And then it is a world with a great future, that depends upon me and asks me to do my best for it.

Like Abraham Lincoln, let us sign ourselves, "Yours to count on."



A CLUE CHASE

BY F. F. H.

A HARD-UP band of vacation spenders wanted something to do. Therefore the "plotter" laid a plot. With pencil and bits of paper he wandered about, keeping "shy" of the rest, till at last he announced he knew where there was "buried treasure."

The mention of buried treasure at once aroused interest. "What?" "Where?" they asked. But he would not say what it was nor where it lay. He offered, instead, to help them on their way toward finding it by giving them a few clues.

The clue "to begin with" was simply a sprig of hawthorn which he presented to the searchers. Of course they all went straightway to the little hawthorn-tree standing in the yard. In a few moments they discovered well up in the branches, where some of the tallest of them could just reach, a bit of gray paper stuck upon a long thorn.

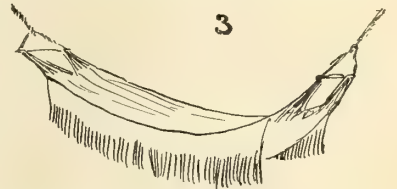
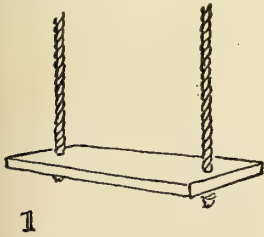
Opening the folded paper, they found a sketch done roughly with pencil (Fig. 1). They took this to be a swing, and knowing where such a swing was hung, went and examined it. Sure enough! on the under

side of the board was a similar gray paper clue fastened with a pin.

This time the clue showed the drawing of a bridge (Fig. 2). The only bridge like that was a quarter of a mile away, but off they went up the creek till the bridge was reached and every crack in its

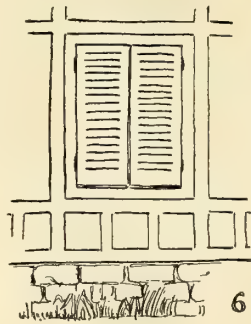
planking examined, as well as even the crevices of its abutments searched. At last in a hole behind a loose stone appeared the welcome gray paper (it was always the same color), which led them a step farther in the hunt. This step was a long one, for it carried them back almost to the starting-place, since they thought they recognized the hammock (Fig. 3).

But they found there were two hammocks very much alike on neighboring verandas, so that a



search of both had to be made. Then while one division of the party looked in vain for the gray slip, the others whooped the announcement from the veranda they had invaded that it was found (pinned to the back of the valence of the hammock), and all got together quickly to try to make out whose portrait (Fig. 4) had been discovered.

The drawing—as one may judge—gave a good chance for guessing, but finally the man whom the majority thought the victim was surrounded and “held up” till out of a hip pocket came the telltale clue. By this (Fig. 5) they were directed to a certain tree, from the tree to a closed



shutter on a near-by house (Fig. 6), until they found the last bit of gray paper inclosing, in place of a drawing, a pinch of sand with a wild-rose blossom and a spray of sumac leaves.

The sandy beach was tramped back and forth till a wild rose and sumac were found together. In their shade was a spot where the sand had evidently been lately disturbed. Digging down at this point, a box was soon uncovered. In this



UNEARTHING THE BURIED TREASURE.

box was still another box wrapped in the fancy paper of a confectionery-store, on which was inscribed:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{"4 all } \overline{) 2 \text{ divide}} \\ = \text{each 8 (and 0 over)} \end{array}$$

The boy who first reached the spot and located the “treasure” sat down beside the hole and waited till all had gathered and “had a look” before opening the inner box. Then the contents were divided. There was truly nothing over—except the hunt.

WHO-OO?

BY JEAN HALIFAX



I WONDER if you have ever heard
Of the queer, little, dismal Whiney-bird,
As black as a crow, as glum as an owl,—
A most peculiar kind of a fowl?
He is oftenest seen on rainy days,
When children are barred from outdoor plays;
When the weather is bright and the warm sun shines,
Then he flies far away, to the gloomy pines.
Dreary-looking, indeed, is his old black cloak,
And his voice is the dimmest kind of a croak,
And his whiney cry makes the whole house blue,—
“There ’s nothing to do-oo! there ’s nothing to do-oo!”
Did you ever meet this doleful bird?
He ’s found where the children are, I’ve heard.
Now, who *can* he be? It *can't* be you.
But who *is* the Whiney-bird? *Who-oo? Who-oo?*

SIGHT-SEEING IN THE SUDAN



"LOW BRIDGE! LOW BRIDGE!"

THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRÉD

CHAPTER VIII

AN INHABITANT OF IVY-CLAD RUINS

ABOUT the same time the girls were nearing home, the boys at Beaver Camp were assembling to sample the specimens of camp fare which the amateur cooks provided.

"This business of sprawling around here on the grass to eat, is highly informal, no doubt," Bert remarked; "but what are you going to do when it rains?"

"We must build some sort of shelter around our fire," the doctor replied. "We 'd better have two fires—one for cooking purposes in the rear of the bungalow, with a protection over it, and a wind-shield, another out in the open, to be lighted after dark for warmth and cheer. On stormy nights, we 'll kindle a fire in the big fireplace over there in the corner of the assembly-room, and make a cozy place of it."

"Yes, that 's all right, but how about us?" Bert persisted. "I was n't thinking of the fire. When it rains, where shall we eat?"

"Oh, we 'll take our meals inside," Tom told him.

"You generally take 'em inside, don't you?" Lefty chuckled. "How about a dining-room table and chairs? A few luxuries would n't hurt us."

"We can make a table out of those packing-boxes that our things came in," Eliot suggested. "They would give us plenty of material."

"Sure! Every time we want to make it bigger, we 'll just add a box. Then it 'll be a kind of multiplication table. But if you sit on the floor and eat off a box, don't you think it will be just a trifle awkward? Don't let me discourage you at all. I 'm willing to sit on the box and eat off the floor, if it gets to be stylish up here. I only mention the matter because it lies very close to my heart," and Lefty concluded with a comical flourish which drew howls of merriment from the others.

"There 's a sawmill over at North Rutland," Tad observed. "Why not get some planed boards and make a few benches? Neighbor Pettingill can bring 'em over with the cots and trunks, and we could put 'em together, easy enough."

"We ought to have *something* to sit on," Bert asserted vigorously. "We may have visitors some time, and you would n't want to ask them to sit on a trunk or a barrel."

"If we have some visitors I know of, we may have to sit on you," Lefty reminded him. "For instance, Mr. Cjax Cat may call."

"I was n't thinking of Cjax," Bert protested.

Finally it was agreed that some one should visit North Rutland the next day, and order enough lumber to make several benches for the comfort and convenience of the campers and their possible guests.

The cots had not arrived at nine o'clock, so the party sought Tad's camp beds laid out on the piazza floor. The night was warm and still. There was no moon, and the dark shadows of the woods seemed to shut the bungalow in on every side.

Edgar Sherman did not know how long he had been asleep, when suddenly he opened his eyes and looked about him. Perhaps a muscle had become cramped; perhaps a bad dream had aroused him; perhaps some unusual noise had disturbed his slumber. Whatever the cause, he awoke with a start, and seemed vaguely conscious of something amiss.

He raised himself on one elbow and looked up and down the piazza. As far as he could see, each camper was in his place, some sleeping quietly, others restless, but asleep nevertheless.

Then he sat up to survey the grounds. Nothing unusual there, except—what was that light, gleaming for an instant along the path to the lake, then becoming invisible, only to shine out again? It must be a lightning-bug; but, no! the fireflies darted hither and thither, and, by contrast, their glowing lights were dim. As Edgar watched, the mysterious light moved, as if signaling to some one in the bungalow. What could it mean?

He crept to the end of the piazza and peered into the dark shadows beyond. Involuntarily, he gasped in astonishment. There was another light, so like the first that it might have been a duplicate. It gleamed and signaled from the dense blackness of the woods near the camp road.

For a minute, Edgar was paralyzed with bewilderment, and stood staring at the uncannily swinging of these strange signal-lights. Then a novel plan suddenly suggested itself, and he quietly disappeared inside the house.

Hurrying through the hall and out of the back door, he found that a pile of glowing embers still remained in the trench dug for the camp-fire. A few of these he hastily transferred to a small pan, using two pieces of wood as a pair of tongs. He stopped in the house only long enough to grasp two objects, shaped like cylinders, and then returned to the piazza.

Yes, the two lights could still be seen. Now they were drawing closer together and nearer the bungalow. Onward they came, slowly, uncertainly, nearer, ever nearer! Now stealthy footsteps could be heard; now a cautious whisper

reached Edgar's ears; now the lights stopped less than ten yards away.

Edgar held one of the cylinders over the pan, close to the red-hot coals. Then, rising quickly, he hurled it toward the lights.

There was a sharp, sudden explosion, two distinct cries of terror, a crash, a sound of breaking glass. Then the intruders could be heard running away.

The explosion rudely awakened the campers, and Edgar was surrounded by an eager group of blanket-clad forms, all talking and questioning at once. He told them of the invasion of their premises, of his discovery of the intruders, and of his suddenly formed plan to discomfit them. Some of the boys had purchased a few fireworks to celebrate the Fourth of July, which was close at hand. Edgar knew where the giant crackers had been placed for safe-keeping, and, in this emergency, had thought of using one to hurl at the trespassers. In the stillness, the explosion had sounded like the bursting of a bomb. Little wonder, then, that the intruders were so terrified that they fled at top speed, leaving behind them a broken lantern.

Of course, the camp was now thoroughly awake, and excited comments fell from the lips of one and another of the boys.

"You say one came up from the lake, Ed?" cried Lefty. "Let 's have a lantern! I 'll go down and investigate if somebody 'll come along. Who 'll go with me?"

No one cared to volunteer. The shock of sudden awakening, and the sensational news graphically and excitedly told by Edgar, had, just for a moment, stricken them with the paralysis of panic. Then a voice cried:

"I 'll go with you, Lefty!"

The boys were dumfounded. It was Cousin Willie!

"All right, kid! Put on your shoes, and come along."

Some one had brought a lighted lantern, and this Lefty took. Waiting only long enough to slip on their shoes and wrap their blankets about them, the two boys hurried out into the dark shadows. Then Willie discovered that he had his right foot in his left shoe, and his right shoe on his left foot; but he was too excited to pay much attention to the discomfort.

They made as little noise as possible, and kept close together as they hurried down the path, now colliding with a tree when they failed to notice a turn, now stumbling over some obstruction, but keeping steadily on until, finally, they stood on the landing.

Lefty flashed the lantern around, but there was

only one thing that betrayed the presence of the marine division of the invaders. To one of the little posts on the landing a piece of rope was tied securely. Inspection of the end showed that the rope had been cut with a sharp knife, a little more than a foot below the post.

"He 's gone, Willie!" Lefty cried. "Listen! Maybe we can hear something."

Faintly, over the water, came a sound of splashing oars, growing ever more distant.

"H-m-m! He can't get away fast enough!" Lefty chuckled. "Say, kid, you had your nerve with you all right to come down here in the dark with me. I noticed that none of the others were specially eager to come."

"I guess the doctor would have gone with you, Lefty, but he did n't know anything about it," Willie made answer. "He and Tad were looking for that other man."

Lefty could hear Willie's teeth chattering now, and his voice trembled as he formed the words, though he tried hard to control it.

"Well, you get the credit, anyhow," Lefty observed approvingly. "I think you deserve promotion, kid. Hereafter, I 'm not going to call you Willie or Cousin Willie. From this time forward, I christen thee Bill!"

Cousin Willie was so overcome that his terror was banished, and he gasped in pleased surprise. This honor meant more to him just then than a doctor's degree, and he felt well repaid for forcing himself to appear courageous at a time when really he was quaking with fear.

"Will you, Lefty?" cried the delighted boy. "I 'd like it ever so much if you would; but I 'm afraid I was n't very brave. I was awfully scared coming down here."

"So was I," Lefty cheerfully confessed. "You can't help getting scared sometimes, Bill, but a gritty fellow 'll pull himself together and do what he thinks ought to be done, even if he is scared stiff."

"You said you 'd stick to me, Lefty, and I was n't going to have you come down here all alone when I could risk it just as well as you."

"Good for you, Bill! You 've made a fine start! You 've got all the fellows sitting up and taking notice. Keep it up, and you 'll surprise yourself. See if you don't!"

And the boy mentally resolved that he would.

Returning to the bungalow, the pair reported the discovery of the rope, and this added a new bit of sensation to the chronicle of the invasion.

There was little more sleep in Beaver Camp that night, but the sun rose early, and made the restless period of waiting seem shorter. As soon as it was light enough, the boys explored the

grounds, hoping to find some further clue to the identity of their unbidden guests; but nothing could be discovered except broken pieces of the lantern.

The bright sunlight and the quiet, peaceful atmosphere of early morning in a measure calmed their fears. They began to think that the intruders came with a purpose mischievous rather than malicious. They fancied that possibly the parties responsible for the peculiar appearance of Cjax might have returned to regain the cat and play some further trick on the unsuspecting campers. At any rate, the headlong, precipitate flight of the trespassers proved that they were badly frightened, and the boys believed that they would not soon venture upon property so vigilantly guarded and so noisily protected.

This was the day that had been set apart for work on the athletic field, and, after an early breakfast, the transformation was attempted. It was an ambitious undertaking to convert a rough clearing into a base-ball diamond, with possibilities of basket-ball, tennis, and a running track; but the boys were determined to overcome the natural obstacles, and this seemed to assure success.

It was hard work—digging, leveling removing rocks and stones, cutting down bushes, and trying with a sickle to get rid of the tall grass. They were glad to stop at half-past ten, and plunge into the lake to cool off, and to gain rest and refreshment from the change in exercise.

They went to work again after dinner, for it seemed as if only a beginning had been made during the morning. Tad and Lefty were excused, having announced their intention of visiting the sawmill at North Rutland to purchase lumber for the benches.

"It 's hot here in the sun," Lefty declared when they were on the main highway. "Let 's cut through those woods. It 'll be cooler, and it looks as if we 'd come out again on the road. See! it bends around just the way the woods run."

Climbing over a rickety rail fence, they entered the woods and walked along in the shade. At first, they tried to keep the road in sight, but finding this difficult, they decided on what was believed to be a parallel course, and held to that. Presently the trees became more scattered, and the boys could see fields beyond. A barbed-wire fence barred their progress now, but they scrambled through, each holding the wires apart for the other to crawl between. Once on the other side, however, no trace of the road was visible.

"Oh, it 's just over here a little way," Tad said,

halting and pointing to the right. "I wonder what that thing is over yonder."

Lefty looked at it a minute, then suggested, "Maybe it 's a ruined castle, Tad, like those they build on the Rhine to make it romantic."

"Ruined mill, more likely! or maybe the ruins of a fort. You know this is revolutionary country all through here, and that could easily be an old fort, or some such thing. Let 's take a look at it."

The building in question had been constructed of brick and appeared to have been partially destroyed by fire. Its blackened and crumbling walls and gaping window openings were almost completely covered with ivy, which shielded their bare ugliness, and softened the appearance of extreme desolation.

The boys changed their course and approached the building. Suddenly, a dog sprang out, barking and growling angrily. Close behind him came a man almost as savage in appearance. He held a heavy stick in his hand, and as he approached the boys, he shouted excitedly,

"Get out of here! get out of here!"

CHAPTER IX

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE AND IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY

THE boys were so startled at the sudden appearance of these savage guardians of the ruins, that they neither moved nor spoke. The dog halted within a yard of their feet, growling in a manner most trying to the nerves, while the man flourished his club wildly, meanwhile shouting commands to leave the premises, and threats of dire vengeance if they presumed to delay their going.

Presently Tad found his voice.

"We are trying to reach North Rutland," he said in a pacific tone. "Will you be kind enough to tell us how to reach the road? We seem to have lost our way."

"We did n't know that we were trespassing on your land," Lefty added. "We got off the road, and now we 're trying to get back to it again. We 're not trying to steal your—er—your dog. All we want is to get to North Rutland."

The man looked suspiciously at them, and remained silent for a moment. Then he spoke sharply to the dog, and abruptly turned back toward the ruins, his canine companion reluctantly following.

"Thank you!" Lefty called after him.

The man swung around and strode toward him, while Lefty held his ground and faced him defiantly. When about four feet from the boys, the hermit stopped and raised his club menacingly.

"What did you say?" he snarled angrily.

"I merely desired to assure you of our appreciation of your great kindness in directing us toward North Rutland," Lefty replied calmly. "Not many men, I fear, would have taken so much trouble for strangers."

The hermit stared at him a moment, as if he had failed to understand. Then he pointed toward a fence in the distance, and said roughly:

"See that fence? Just keep following that till you get to the road. Now clear out! If you come sneaking around here again, you 'll wish that you 'd stayed home!"

"We do now," Lefty muttered.

"And if you tell anybody that you found me here—well, I 'll make you wish you 'd kept still. Get along, now!"

"Au revoir," Tad responded, bowing politely. "Very glad to have had the pleasure of meeting you, sir!"

They turned away then, keeping a sharp lookout for the dog, and tried to cross the field at a pace swift enough to be prudent, though not so rapid as to suggest flight.

Several times they looked back, and each time found the monarch of the ruins watching them, the dog, meanwhile, crouched near him. The two figures scarcely moved as long as the boys remained in sight, and they could almost imagine that they still heard the savage growl of the four-footed sentinel.

"Pleasant man to meet," Lefty ventured, after a little.

"Extremely! so amiable and sweet-tempered! But, really, I think he 's crazy, Lefty. That 's the reason I spoke gently to him. I 've heard that it 's better to humor an insane person."

"I don't believe he 's been humored much. He did n't seem specially humorous. Do you think the dog was loony, too?"

"Sure! he had the same wild look in his eyes."

"And the same pleasant voice. I don't know what 's going to become of us, Tad. We lease a camp, pay our hard-earned ducats in advance for it, and arrive on the spot to find a sign warning us not to land. We arrange to have our stuff lugged over from the railroad station, and lo! it appeareth in the woods. We lay us down in peace to sleep, and behold! stealthy stealers steal stealthily upon us. We go splashing in the lake, and find that Cjax mysteriously cometh among us. We walk peacefully through the verdant meadows, and a crazy man with a loony dog sort of hints that our presence is undesirable. The strain is awful! and just think—we 've been here only one full day and parts of two others! What will become of us before ten weeks roll around?"

"I can see where we all have to take refuge in a sanatorium," Tad gloomily predicted. "Is n't our life quiet and restful up here? No noise, no excitement, just a peaceful, drowsy, monotonous existence—not!"

After a little, they found that the hermit had correctly informed them, for, by following the fence which he pointed out, they came presently upon the road to North Rutland. The hot afternoon sun blazed down upon the highway with almost no shade to relieve the heat, and the light breeze felt like the hot blast of a furnace.

The boys did not feel inclined to hurry, so it was mid-afternoon when they reached the railway-station. Wandering over to the freight-house, they hailed with delight a dozen long, flat bundles, tied in burlap wrappings and consigned to "THOMAS TOWNSEND, BEAVER CAMP, NORTH RUTLAND, VT." These were the much-desired cots.

Neighbor Pettingill announced his intention of bringing the cots, and the two trunks not yet delivered, over to Beaver Camp the next morning, and they quite easily persuaded him to add to his load such lumber as they would need for half a dozen benches.

Next they visited the sawmill.

"We want board, Tad," Lefty whispered, "but not table-board. Don't let the man get mixed up and charge us for table-board when we want it for benches."

"When you 're buying lumber, you have to plank down your money in advance," Tad responded; and Lefty collapsed.

Having bought their supplies, they prepared to return to Beaver Camp.

"Do you suppose they sell ice-cream or soda-water in this benighted place?" Lefty asked, looking up and down the village street. "I 'd like a banana split or a maple-nut frappé."

"Maybe they sell ice-cream at the feed store," Tad responded doubtfully; "but don't go to calling for any of those fancy mixtures. If you do, the natives 'll think you 're trying to make fun of them. Where shall we go—to the tinsmith's or the shoemaker's?"

"Not much variety to confuse us. There 's only the railway-station, the general store, the sawmill, the feed store, and the two industrious citizens you mentioned. Let 's tackle the general store."

This shop displayed ancient confectionery in a glass case, and sold root-beer, ginger-ale, sarsaparilla, and birch-beer in bottles (eight cents each, and a rebate of two cents for the return of the bottle), but the beverages were not kept on ice, so Tad and Lefty decided to forego them.

Just as they turned away from the counter, two young men entered the store, and the boys had a good view of them. Their clothing and manner betrayed the fact that they were not natives of any farming district. Indeed, they appeared like college students, enjoying a summer holiday.

One of the young men, turning suddenly, discovered the scrutiny of the two boys. For a moment, he appeared startled, then abruptly turned his back and became much interested in the wares displayed for sale.

Tad and Lefty walked slowly out of the door. Once on the piazza, they looked back, and found both youths watching them with very apparent interest.

"Well, I hope they 'll know us when they see us again," was Tad's comment, and Lefty responded:

"I wonder how those fellows come into the family. They seemed surprised to see us, and terribly interested in something connected with us. Well, I 'm shock-proof, now! Nothing that happens hereafter will upset me in the least. Mysteries are getting to be every-day affairs."

"Maybe that crazy old hermit was one of those fellows in disguise," Tad laughed.

"Sure! maybe the other fellow was the dog!"

Several other theories, some more sensible, some equally ridiculous, were advanced during the homeward trip. They discussed the hermit, too, without reaching an agreement as to his sanity. Tad thought him crazy; Lefty believed he was only surly and ugly. Neither had conclusive proof, so each held to his original idea.

They agreed to say nothing about their adventure, except to their fellow-campers, and as it was now close to supper-time, they postponed the recital of their experiences until the big campfire was lighted and all had gathered around it.

Then, with all the dramatic power of which they were capable, Lefty and Tad related their adventures, concluding by telling their companions of the peculiar interest which a certain pair of young men had taken in them, at the general store in North Rutland.

To say that the boys were excited is expressing the situation very conservatively.

"What kind of a dog was it, Lefty?" Charlie asked, after the first torrent of questions and exclamations had spent its force.

"A character like that would, of course, have a little black-and-tan," was the bland response.

"But we were afraid of turning black and blue," Tad supplemented. "It looked dangerously like it when those two brutes got after us. It was a big dog, Charlie. Also it was a fierce dog."

Also, I think it was a cross between a wolf and an elephant—very cross, in fact.”

“What do you suppose the old fellow does out there in the wilderness?” Walter asked curiously.

“Maybe he ’s one of the witches of ‘Macbeth,’ and the dog ’s another.”

“Yes, but there were three! Where ’s the third witch?”

“Give it up! attending a dress rehearsal, may-hap,” was the reply.

“I wonder if he really is crazy.”

“He certainly acted crazy,” Tad affirmed. “He had a wild, vacant look in his eyes, and you ought to have seen how worked up he got when we did n’t clear out just as soon as he told us to.”

“He may be crazy,” Lefty admitted; “but it seemed to me that he was more ugly than batty. Perhaps he acted in that wild, loony way just to make us think he had wheels in his head. I believe the old fellow has something out there that he does n’t want anybody to see. He keeps this dog—a great, big, savage brute—and it ’s not likely that anybody would go near the place while he was around. Perhaps he has a wonderful invention that he ’s half crazy about, and does n’t want anybody to steal his ideas. That would n’t be anything very unusual.”

“Sure! he may be building an aëroplane.”

“That ’s right! He seemed to go up in the air when he saw us coming.”

“I ’d like to find out what he ’s up to,” Jack ventured eagerly. “I wonder if we could coax the dog away, and explore those ruins.”

Lefty looked doubtful. “Perhaps you could, but I ’m afraid the dog will be a hard animal to coax, Jack. He seems to have very positive ideas—dogged determination, I suppose. If you attempt to persuade him to leave the premises, I advise you to do it by telephone.”

“Send him a wireless, Jack,” Edgar suggested. “Fling a thought-wave at him.”

“Climb up into a tree and make a noise like the bark to attract his attention,” Bert added. “Do you suppose he sleeps nights?”

“Maybe he does,” Tad replied, “but it would n’t surprise me a bit to hear that he walked in his sleep. I ’d hate to fall over him in the dark. He has a peevish, fretful manner, and his society would be most unpleasant after such an accident.”

“I ’d like to have a look at the place,” Tom observed. “I ’m curious to know what the old fellow is doing out there in the wilderness.”

“It ’s our duty to call on him,” Charlie added. “He ’s one of our neighbors, and we ought to get acquainted with him. I wonder it did n’t occur to you to ask him if he had reception days.”

“Considering the dog, had n’t we better call at night?” Lefty inquired. “An evening call at nine or ten would be quite dressy. I think we shall find him in, and if he and the dog are asleep, of course we won’t be rude enough to disturb them.”

“Why not go to-night?” Tom urged. “We ’re all worked up to it now, and if we put it off, likely as not the doctor won’t let us go, or somebody ’ll back out and break up the party. Let ’s start now! it ’ll be dark when we get there.”

“By the way, where is the doctor?” Eliot asked. “I have n’t seen him since supper.”

“Gone up to see Mrs. Spencer. She sent for him to come at some convenient time, and he lit out as soon as we finished eating. Did n’t you notice how he was fixed up? Tell you what! Purple and fine linen are n’t in it with the doctor on dress-parade.”

“I wish I had a chance,” Jack groaned. “All you fellows have your fixings, but my trunk has been gathering dust over there in North Rutland, waiting for Neighbor Pettingill to get ready to bring it over. It ’s a good thing I had some stuff in my suitcase, or I ’d look like a scarecrow.”

“Far be it from me to hint at anything like that,” Lefty retorted. “I have wondered why the pretty crows with their musical voices passed us by, but Jack has suggested the reason.”

“Crows go for the corn, and we have n’t any.”

“Have n’t we? You look in the kitchen closet, Jacko! I saw a whole can of corn on the shelf this afternoon.”

“What were you doing in the kitchen closet?”

“Oh—er—why, I just looked in to see if there was anything needed in North Rutland; but we ’ve decided to do our shopping across the lake, hereafter, have n’t we, Tad?”

“Sure!” was the good-natured response. “They don’t sell ice-cream, or banana splits, or maple-nut frappés, or cantaloup sundaes in North Rutland.”

“Of course not!” Tom exclaimed indignantly. “They sell wholesome food, like beans, and flour, and peppermint sticks. You have n’t any money to waste on those fizzy things, Tad. You ’ll need it before the summer is over.”

“That ’s the worst of having a little brother,” Tad complained. “He lets out all the family secrets. Besides, proud critic, I have financial resources that you know not. I have this day sold unto Cousin Willie a two-cent stamp and a postal card, receiving therefor three cents in cash,” and Tad rattled the coins triumphantly in his pocket.

“Be good and we ’ll give you some ice-cream to-morrow,” Tom promised. “It ’ll be the Fourth of July, and we ’re going to celebrate.”

"Well, I hope old 'Zekiel Pettingill will celebrate by bringing my trunk over," Jack complained. "This costume is getting a bit monotonous."

"Cheer up, Jack," Lefty remarked consolingly. "When you have only one suit, you don't have to worry about what you'll put on. It might be lots worse! Just suppose you were sailing over the briny deep to visit the crowned heads of Europe,

that way." But Eliot, too intent on his subject to notice Tad's nonsense, shook his head doubtfully as he responded: "I was just planning for straight, plain benches, extra strong."

"And extra soft?" Lefty inquired.

"Why—er—no! Who ever heard of soft benches? Such luxury would n't be good for us, I'm afraid."

"Well, are we going over to call on our mys-



"NOW STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS COULD BE HEARD; NOW THE LIGHTS STOPPED." (SEE PAGE 716.)

with your baggage on a different steamer. I've heard of such tragedies."

Jack sighed and shook his head. "I could be cheerful, too, Lefty, if your outfit was missing," he declared. "It's lots easier to bear trials philosophically when they strike some one else."

"Now, Jacko! You know that your tender heart would be wrung with pity if I was minus clothes," Lefty remonstrated.

"Speaking of being without things reminds me of our furniture," Eliot remarked. "Did you get the boards for those benches while you were at the hustling metropolis?"

"Oh, yes," Tad assured him. "Can't we make them up in the mission style, Eliot? It would be really 'dressy' to have the bungalow furnished

terious neighbor?" Tom demanded, after a little. "It's quarter-past eight now. If we're going, we ought to get started."

"So say we all of us!" Tad agreed. "Get the lanterns and any other trappings of war which the camp can furnish. Then let us sally forth to fling the gage of battle before yonder brave knight of the ivy-clad castle."

"Yonder dark night!" Bert grunted. "Do you know the way, you two? It'll be dark as tar pretty soon."

"Aye, follow the trusty guide!" Lefty announced, with a dramatic flourish. "We will be in yonder moated grange (whatever that is) before the stars that wink in yonder sky have marked the passing of another hour."

They walked rapidly along the camp road, and followed the highway at a brisk pace in the gathering darkness until they came to the place where Tad and Lefty had regained it after their encounter with the hermit and his dog. The two

cidence with the exciting venture which claimed their attention.

Tad and Lefty were in the lead, the others following close behind. All at once the guides stopped, and pointed across the fence.

The others looked in the direction indicated, and could dimly see a dark mass off in the middle of the field beyond. It was the ivy-clad ruin.

Silently and quietly, they climbed over the fence and cautiously approached the abode of the mysterious hermit. Not a sound betrayed the presence either of man or dog, and the boys grew bolder as they advanced. Now they were close to the walls.

Cousin Willie had an electric pocket-lamp that displayed a bright light when a button was pressed, so Lefty mounted the smaller boy on his shoulders, directing him to look inside the nearest window and see what was within.

Determined to appear brave, although he really was much frightened, the boy steadied himself against the wall, and took from his pocket the electric flash-lamp. His hand trembled violently, but it was so dark that the boys could not see his agitation, for which Willie was thankful.

The wall was thicker than from the outside it appeared to be, so Willie stepped up on the broad bottom of the window opening, and edged forward, feeling his way carefully.

The bricks and mortar had been there for many years, and even his slight weight was more than could be sus-

tained. While the boys waited eagerly for the flash of his lamp, and nerved themselves for any sensational result that might follow, they heard a sudden cracking, crumbling sound, a frightened cry, and a soft, dull thud.

At once they realized what had happened: Cousin Willie had fallen inside the ruins!



"THE MAN FLOURISHED HIS CLUB, SHOUTING COMMANDS TO LEAVE THE PREMISES." (SEE PAGE 718.)

boys had carefully noted this spot for possible future reference.

Here they turned, climbed over a stone wall, and, with lanterns unlighted, crept along in the shadows. No one ventured to speak, and if some hearts were beating faster than usual, perhaps it was only reasonable to expect such a coin-

(To be continued.)

PRINCESS MARY

BY MARION RYAN

PRINCESS MARY of England is probably the best-loved little princess in the world to-day. Not only is the princess adored by her people throughout the country, the beloved sister of five brothers, and the idol of the court circle, but, as the only daughter, she is specially dear to the king and queen. So it is rather surprising that, instead of being a spoiled, ill-tempered, exacting princess, impressed with her own importance to the exclusion of everything else, she should remain, in spite of all this adulation, a bright, jolly, and unaffected girl.

A few years ago, when Edward, Prince of Wales, her elder brother, started off to school, Princess Mary, with tears in her eyes, begged her mother to allow her to go to boarding-school also, but the queen could not make up her mind to give her consent. She did arrange, however, to have her daughter with her as much as possible, so that, after all, Mary is not as lonely as she feared she would be, as, one by one, her brothers are sent off to various institutions to complete their education.

King George, too, devotes a great deal of time to his little daughter. He gave her her first riding lessons not long ago, and, when she had mastered the art of sitting her horse well, of galloping, trotting, and jumping, he presented her with the most beautiful chestnut pony for her very own.

Until two years ago, Princess Mary was a genuine tomboy. She used to declare that she hated being a girl, and she insisted upon taking part in all her brothers' games and sports. The Prince of Wales pronounced her a "first-class cricketer," and the younger boys admitted that she could beat them as a fast runner, or even as a high jumper. In those days the princess used to weep bitterly when she was summoned indoors to hem or knit, to practise scales on the piano, or to have an hour's French or German conversation with her governesses. She behaved much like any other small girl on these occasions, if the truth must be told. Now, however, since her elder brothers are away most of the time, games have lost much of their charm for her, and she does not seem to mind the tasks which once caused her such anguish. She makes all sorts of useful garments for the poor, she is always sketching or painting little pictures for church fairs, and she does all the things her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother did before

her, and which are considered necessary to the development of an English princess.

As a matter of fact, Her Royal Highness's days are pretty full, and she is not allowed many idle moments. She usually rises at seven and has a ride in Hyde Park, or around the grounds at Windsor, if the court is there. In very bad weather, however, she prepares, instead, some of her lessons at this early hour. She generally breakfasts with Queen Mary at half-past eight. At nine-thirty, she goes to the school-room, where she works till one. After luncheon, she does some sewing or painting, and the rest of the afternoon she spends with her mother, unless the queen has some public duty to perform in which the princess cannot take part. In the evening, she can play games with her little brothers, and *parcheesi*, *lotto*, and checkers are great favorites in the royal nursery. Sometimes she is taken to a concert, or sometimes she dines with her father and mother, and listens to music afterward in the queen's own private boudoir, where only the family and very intimate friends are admitted.

Reading is Princess Mary's chosen pastime at present, and she would like to have more leisure for this than she is allowed. She does not care at all for girls' books, but loves tales of adventure—Henty, Ballantyne, and Rider Haggard are her favorite authors. Rather a curious selection for a sedate young damsel of fourteen. Poetry, too, has some charms for her, and only recently she got into trouble by reading in bed, long after she was supposed to be asleep, Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Queen Mary happened to visit the children's rooms that night, and found her small daughter sitting up in bed, her yellow hair done in two tight braids, just as it had been prepared for the night, her cheeks flushed, and her blue eyes filled with tears for the woes of Elaine. As nursery rules and regulations are very strict at Buckingham Palace, Queen Mary took the book away, administered a fitting rebuke, and turned out the light, in spite of pleas from her daughter to be allowed to read "just one more page." Next day, there was an extra task added to the ordinary ones of the princess, for Queen Mary is not an over-indulgent mother, and the offense was a serious one in her eyes.

Princess Mary has lovely, golden hair which waves and curls and will not stay pinned back or restrained in any way, but is always escaping from nets and ribbons. Her eyes are gray blue.

Her face is very bright and animated when she is talking, and she has a charming, silvery laugh—just such a laugh as a princess in a fairy tale might have. She has a rather quick temper, but she tries hard to control it, and is always deeply

him. She is exceedingly proud of him, talks of him continually, and writes to him every other day, eagerly awaiting his replies, which are not very prompt. As Edward is now away most of the time, preparing for his duties when he comes

Prince Albert.

Prince Henry.

Edward, Prince of Wales.



Prince John.

Prince George.

THE PRINCESS AND HER BROTHERS.

From photograph by W. & D. Downey, London, Eng.

mortified whenever anger gets the best of her. Not long ago, she asked one of the officials of her mother's household to perform some small service for her. He answered that he would do as she desired as soon as he finished a task on which he was engaged. The princess became very impatient, stamped her foot, and demanded that he should at once do as she wished. Queen Mary happened to be in the next room, and heard all that had taken place. She came at once and joined her daughter, saying quietly, "Mr. — is here to serve me, not to wait upon naughty little girls who do not know how to behave themselves. Go to your room immediately and wait till I come."

After a talk with her mother, the princess apologized to the official for her rudeness.

Of all her brothers, Mary is most fond of the Prince of Wales—"Eddie," as she always calls

to the throne, Mary is thrown upon the companionship of her younger brothers, and last summer in Scotland she learned Scottish dances with them, and also took up golf. The boys found great difficulty in mastering the difficult reels and foursomes—as a reel with four dancers is called—which are danced in the Highlands, but Princess Mary enjoyed her lessons and learned quickly.

Golf proved a joy to all the royal children. They played on the links at Balmoral, which have been specially laid out for them, and, as it was holiday time, they passed whole days following the little white ball.

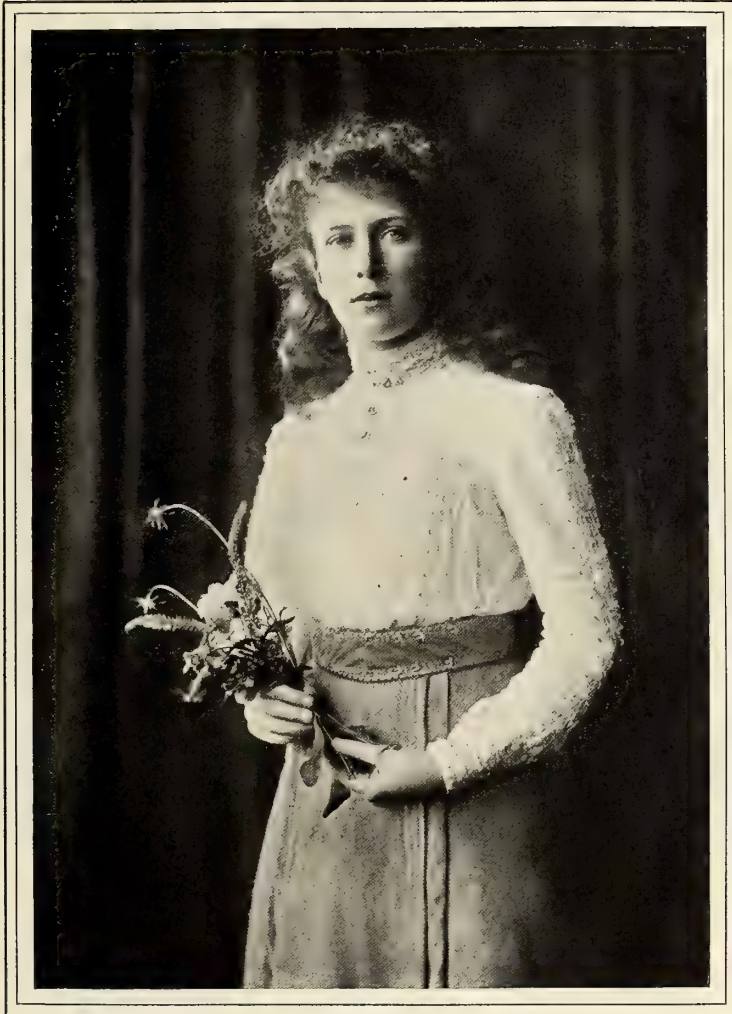
When Prince Albert first commenced the game, he begged Mary to come and watch him "drive off," so his sister took up her position near him and waited events. Prince Albert started with a tremendous flourish, but only hit the earth. He

tried again and yet again, with the same result. At last he did move the ball about a foot. Princess Mary watched him with her blue eyes dancing with mischief, and at last she said quietly, "Oh, Bertie dear, don't be so violent! You will lose the ball if you are not careful."

Certainly no one in all England enjoyed the coronation more than Princess Mary. She rode in a carriage with four of her brothers, and the

must behave as such. When she put on her pretty, white coronation frock, her pale-blue velvet robe, and the coronet of her exalted rank, the princess was quite delighted, and nothing would do but she must make a tour of the palace and show herself to her favorites in the royal household, before getting into the state coach to drive through the streets to Westminster Abbey.

On the whole, Princess Mary of England is a



From photograph by Lafayette, Ltd., London, Eng.

PRINCESS MARY.

royal children were greeted with as much applause as the king and queen themselves. Mary bowed right and left, and could be seen nudging her small brothers on the opposite seat, to remind them that they must bow to the crowds, and not get so interested in all around them as to forget that they, too, were a part of the pageant, and

very fortunate girl, indeed, and considers that she has but one grievance in life—that she has no sister; nor has she in England even any girl cousins of her own age, but Queen Mary has promised her that she shall have some of the European princesses as guests at Buckingham Palace, a privilege, we may be sure, she will fully appreciate.

PLAYING THE GAME

(A sequel to "The Battle of Base-ball")

BY C. H. CLAUDY

CHAPTER I

THE THEORY OF THE ART OF PITCHING

"PLAY ball!"

With the first touch of the spring breezes, and often long before the frost is well out of the ground, a hundred thousand men and boys hunt

spent in which he has not had a base-ball in his hands. And, if he be a true knight of the leather sphere, the green diamond, and the three bags (so near together, yet oh, at times, so very far apart!), he is seldom happy if he has n't had at least one chance to demonstrate to his companions and fellow-players how he can "curve 'em over."



RUSSELL FORD, OF THE NEW YORK HIGHLANDERS.

Showing the "follow through" motion, as the ball was released for the pitch long before the arm crossed the body of the pitcher.



RUCKER, OF THE BROOKLYN CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE.

A remarkable picture of a noted left-handed pitcher in action. Note the "follow through" of the arm, the shoulder, and the body, and the perfect poise of the whole figure, showing that the throw has not over-balanced the pitcher.

up the old gloves, the much-used bats, the dented masks, the stained and roughened balls, and begin the summer's campaign. Most of them play "just for fun," a few to make themselves better ball-players, but all for the love of the greatest of games. And in the intervals between their own games, these players read the papers, watch the Big and little League games, and, most of all, the scores of the sixteen Major League clubs in their battles, day by day.

Meanwhile the average boy is not content with reading of fine base-ball, and counts that day ill

Were it a possible thing, every nine of lads would have nine pitchers! To the boy who would play ball, there is always an especial fascination in pitching, and this, be it said, quite outside any ability he may possess in this direction. He wants to pitch, whether he can or not, probably because he knows the pitcher often holds the opposing team in the hollow of his hand; because on him seems to rest the greatest responsibility; and also, perhaps, because the pitcher is the busiest player in the field and has more work to

do than the rest of his fellows. And all boys love to "work"—*on a ball-field!*

If only it were possible to convince boys that no one position is of greater honor than another! If only that team of lads of fourteen, of which the writer was once a member, could have realized that each position on the team is of equal importance with the rest, that no special merit should belong to any one position! But, alas! there was only *one* boy who really knew anything about pitching, and they would n't let the author pitch more than one game in nine! Of course, only when he pitched was there any decent hurling done at all. (What *are* you laughing at?) But every boy wanted his "turn" on the mound, and, being a democratic group of lads, every one of them got it, with the sad result that only about two games in ten were won!

Now, admitting for the sake of argument that

absurd; that out of any nine boys or men, one or two *must* pitch far better than any of the others.

In this chapter and the next, it is hoped to



BROWN, OF THE CHICAGO CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE.

He has just finished pitching an out-drop, which has swung his body and arm far over to one side. He has "followed through" his pitch, and is instantly ready to field the hit which may be made, particularly if it is a bunt, in the handling of which this pitcher is especially skilful.

pitching represents more fun and less waiting,—that you have more to do when you pitch, and, therefore, have a better time,—let us also agree that the plan of rotation in the pitcher's box is



"CHIEF" BENDER, OF THE WORLD'S CHAMPION ATHLETICS, AMERICAN LEAGUE.

He has just pitched a straight fast ball. See the easy swing of his whole body in the "follow through" pose in which the camera caught him, and note how the shoulder has backed up the arm in making the pitch. Bender led the American League in 1911 in percentage of victories with a mark of .773.

show something of the way to such success, and also of the way in which a young captain and manager can determine which of his nine players is already the best pitcher.

Before you can either pitch well yourself, or judge another's pitching from the pitcher's standpoint, you must, of course, know something of the theory of pitching—both the mechanics, or science of the actual muscular act of pitching a ball, and the theory on which the game is built, or the reasons why the pitcher must do the various things he does.

What is a pitcher for?

"To fool the batters!" "To prevent the batters from hitting the ball!" "To strike out as many men as he can!" "To pitch balls for the batters to strike at!" "To prevent batters making hits and getting on first base!"

These and many other answers come quickly to mind. Yet it is rather hard to define, in one sen-

tence, a pitcher's duties and his reason for existence. And perhaps the best definition of what a pitcher is for would be a collection of all those answers given above and a few others. It is true that a pitcher is supposed to fool the batters; but he must do much more. It is true he wants to prevent the batters from hitting the ball, if he can do so easily and without strain to his arm; but he would be a poor pitcher who forgot that there were eight other players on the team, and who tried to win the game all alone. It is true that striking out the batter is a feat which any pitcher is glad to perform on occasion; but few pitchers in big leagues accomplish it often.

Ten or twelve strikeouts in a game is a big record,—and the Big-League strike-out record for the season of 1910, of 313 men, made by Walter Johnson, of the Washington Club, was admitted by the holder to be entirely too big, since, in 1911, he had fewer strike-outs, by many, but he won a greater percentage of his games! Surely it is the pitcher's business to pitch balls for the batter to strike at, inasmuch as if there were no pitcher, there could be no ball game. Yet any boy knows that the

balls thrown for the batter to strike at must be pitched in as puzzling and deceiving a manner as possible. Pitchers do try to prevent batters from making hits and getting on first base, yet there are times when it is the wise thing to do to let the batter get "on," and get rid of him in that way, in favor of a weaker hitter. For instance, Mathewson, the great, passed "Home-Run Baker" in an important game of the last World's Championship, rather than take the chance of another one of those disconcerting home runs.

So the question of what a pitcher is for is complicated, and not to be answered in a breath.

As to the question of the theory of the mechanics of pitching, it is a matter of record that the great pitchers are those who have heads as well as arms. Mathewson, Bender, Walsh, Ford, "Old Cy" Young, are all men with brains as well as brawn. So it may well be that if you will go a bit into the theory of the art of pitching, and try to understand just what makes a base-ball act in such peculiar ways when thrown with various grips and motions, you will, as a result, be able to pitch winning ball.

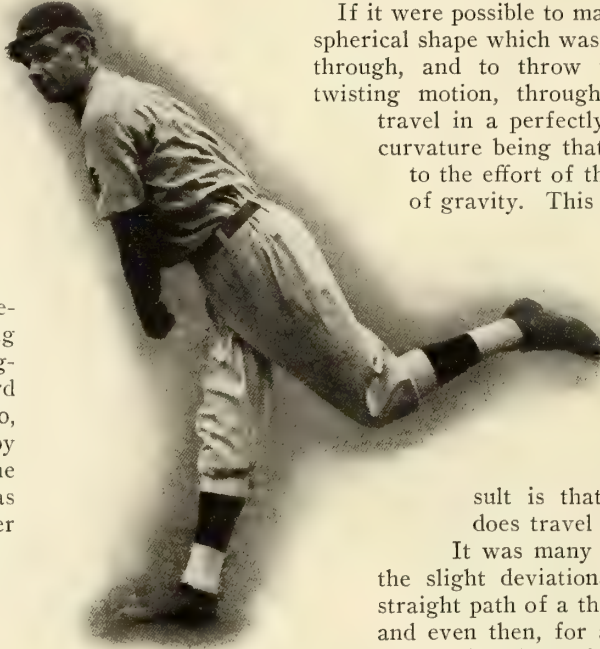
If it were possible to make a ball of a perfectly spherical shape which was of the same density all through, and to throw that ball without any twisting motion, through a vacuum, it would travel in a perfectly straight line, its only curvature being that of rise and drop, due to the effort of the throw and the action of gravity. This is easily understood.

But no such ball is ever made; it is very difficult to throw any ball without some twisting motion being imparted to it, and no balls are thrown in a vacuum. The re-

sult is that no thrown ball ever does travel in a straight line.

It was many years, however, before the slight deviations from the supposedly straight path of a thrown ball were noticed, and even then, for a long time, they were supposed to be optical illusions. But with the discovery, not only of the fact that a ball did curve in the air naturally, but could be made to curve in any direction, came a revolution in the art of pitching. Now this finger magic has been developed to a point where the pitcher *seems* to have control of the ball even after it leaves his hand!

But note this, and note it carefully. While, once the ball has left the pitcher's hand, nothing that he can do can have any effect upon its course, the position which his hand, arm, and body take, *after* the ball has been pitched, has much to do with the way the ball travels. It is the theory of "follow through," which finds a place in all athletic sports involving the use of a ball. The football kicker kicks a ball off the ground. A snapshot picture of his kick shows his leg at the finish of the kick almost on a line with his head. Yet the ball was several feet away from him at that time. But by kicking his foot as high as his head, he got the maximum of force into his kick.

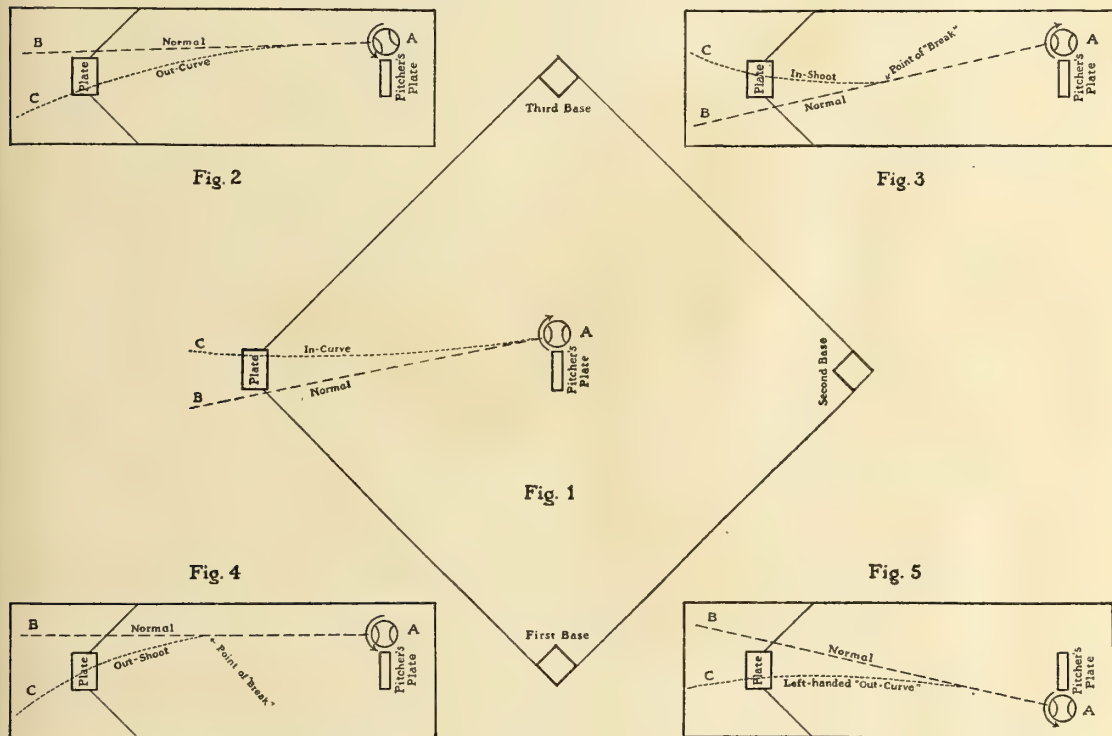


MARQUARD, OF THE NEW YORK CLUB, LEADING PITCHER OF 1911, NATIONAL LEAGUE, WITH A MARK OF .774.

Showing a pronounced "follow through," a perfect after-pitch poise, and how the whole body gets into the work of pitching a ball with terrific speed.

The golf-player hits the elusive golf ball on a tee, and photographs have shown that the ball almost instantly leaves the head of the club. Yet he continues his swing on and up and over his shoulder. If he did n't have force enough in his swing to do that, he would n't drive the ball very far. The tennis-player should serve (according to an eminent English authority) so that the racket continues down until it hits his knee! Yet the ball leaves the racket in service, overhead. But if the racket were checked in its course, not

A ball from a gun will not shoot true for any distance, if the bore of the gun is not rifled, or cut in spiral grooves. These spiral grooves impart a rotary motion to the ball or bullet, the axis of which is the line of flight of the bullet, which keeps it true on its course. It is also rotary motion on a base-ball that causes it to curve, and variations in this rotary motion and its direction with reference to the line of flight of the ball which is responsible for all the different curves. But pitchers not only make a ball curve, in, out, down



DIAGRAMS OF CURVES AND SHOOTS.

all the force possible would have been in the swing of the racket-strings against the ball.

So in pitching. The hand, arm, and body must "follow through" the pitch. Failure to throw with an effort which will swing the hand and body to their limit of motion, means failure to get the full effect of which the pitcher is capable.

But, impossible though it is for any one to control the path of a thrown ball after it leaves his hand, it is certain that a pitcher can make the ball do his bidding by the way he handles and throws it. And this wonder is accomplished by no more mysterious means than the grip upon the ball, the position of the hand, arm, and wrist at the instant the ball is let go, the angle at which it is thrown, and the way the throwing force is applied.

(and, as some have even claimed, *up*), but they make the ball "jump" and "shoot" suddenly and oddly. Moreover, they control, with an ability which is quite uncanny, the place at which this jump or shoot of the ball is to occur! These jumps and shoots are the result not only of the revolution of the ball about its own center, but of the force of the thrown ball, piling up a billow of air in front of it, which suddenly becomes dense enough materially to affect its progress, acting almost as a solid obstacle, and deflecting its course. Add to this the practice of moistening one side of the ball, and the result in the so-called "spit" ball is a series of aerial antics which fool the wisest batsmen. Finally, the pitcher can even control to some extent the *apparent* size of the ball.

It is wise to get at least the elements of the theory of base-ball curves into one's head, before attempting to pitch a curve. The whole theory is not understood. No one has yet been able to calculate all the factors which enter into the apparently simple fact that a pitched ball curves in different directions, nor all the reasons for its acting as it does—so many complicated problems in physics and mechanics are involved that even mathematicians and astronomers have balked at the problem. But its elements are simple enough.

Let us suppose a ball is traveling from A to B (Fig. 1), and revolving in the direction of the arrow. It is obvious that the side of the ball toward the bottom of the page is traveling faster against the air than the side toward the top of the page, since it is moving against the air, not only with the forward motion of the ball, but with the revolution of the ball. The side of the ball toward the top of the page is rubbing against the air through which it passes with its forward motion, but *less* its speed of revolution.

The ball, going through the air at speed, compresses, or piles up, or "billows" the air in front of it, just as a boat, moving through the water, piles up a little billow or wave of water in front of its stem. There is, of course, friction between the cover of the ball and the air. And the friction is greatest on the lower side of the ball in Fig. 1, because that part of the ball is rubbing faster and harder against this billow of air than the side of the ball nearer the top of the page.

The ball naturally follows the path of least resistance. All its impulse is to continue in a straight line, but the greater friction on one side fairly pushes the ball out of a straight line, making it follow the path A—C (greatly exaggerated in the diagram).

Now, if you will imagine this ball to have been thrown by a right-handed pitcher, with a side-arm motion, and that his hand had grasped the ball tightly with two or three fingers before he threw it, you will have a fair conception of the in-curve of a right-handed pitcher.

But just here let it be said that there is a vast difference between the sweeping in-curve of a right-handed pitcher and the *in-shoot* which pitchers use to fool batsmen. The natural in-curve is a wide curve, a "barrel hoop," as it is sometimes called, and the ball curves almost from the time it leaves the pitcher's hand. It is easily seen and easily judged, and fools no one who has ever hit against it. Because it is thrown with a side-arm motion, it is seldom seen in "Big-League" base-ball, where all pitched balls must look alike when they are delivered. The in-shoot, while curving in the same direction, "breaks," in-

stead of curving from the time it leaves the pitcher's hand—in other words, it goes straight for a while and then curves suddenly, and when well pitched, is hard to hit (Fig. 3). It is hard to learn to pitch and control, compared to the ordinary wide or barrel-hoop curve, particularly when the in-shoot has to be pitched so that it does not look like one when it starts!

All the various curves are produced, however, by imparting a rotary motion to the ball as it is thrown. Pitchers say "the ball curves the way it is pinched," which means that the direction of the curve is toward that part of the ball which received the most friction from the fingers. The harder the ball is pinched between the fingers, the more drag or pull the fingers exert on the surface of the ball when it is released (see Fig. 9); and the faster the revolution, the more decidedly the ball curves, providing always that revolution is at an angle with the line of flight. Only, be it noted, the speed of the ball affects the curve also—thus, a ball traveling fast and revolving fast will "break" or "shoot," where one traveling slowly and revolving swiftly will curve more slowly; hence one hears much of the "fast in-shoot," "a fast jump ball," "a fast, waist-high ball which broke sharply," and but seldom of slow-jumping or breaking balls, although there are ways of throwing a slow ball which, if it does not exactly jump, does act as if controlled by an imp. Of these, more later.

The more common curves are the "out," the "in," and the "drop," which are thrown or pitched so that, in the out-curve, the ball revolves from right to left, the in-curve, from left to right, the drop, in the direction in which the ball is going. The so-called "raise ball" probably never was pitched, although "Iron-man" McGinnity is credited with having mastered it; theoretically, a ball pitched forward and revolving backward ought to travel on a straight line gradually bending upward into a curve. But the action of gravitation is too strong for the feeble pull of the friction of the cover of the ball against air to overcome. So the "raise ball," so-called, does not really rise up out of a horizontal course, but it does refuse to drop at the same point at which a "straight" ball would drop. And it has other effects, some of them at times very curious. In Fig. 2 is a diagram of the out-curve, usually the easiest of all curved balls to throw, apparently because the curve to the ball is imparted by a motion of the hand and wrist which is a natural continuation of the natural curve of hand and wrist when used in the act of throwing. In this diagram, the ball is made to revolve from the pitcher's right to the pitcher's left. The heaviest friction has been ap-

plied by the ends of the fingers and the side of the index-finger, the back of the hand being to the

handed pitcher can pitch what is to the batsman an in-shoot with the same ease the right-handed

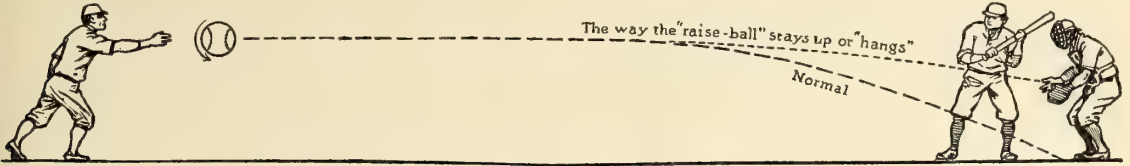


FIG. 6. THE "RAISE BALL."

right and down when the ball is released between fingers and thumb. Following the pitcher's rule, that the curve is in the direction of the heaviest pinch, this ball curves to his left, or the batter's right, hand. If a right-handed batter, the ball curves away from him; hence it is called an "out-curve."

Figs. 3 and 4 show diagrams (all these diagrams are, of course, greatly distorted and exaggerated, in order to make the direction of the curve plainly visible) of an in- and an out-shoot, which are different from an in- and an out-curve in that the

pitcher handles the out-shoot, that he is so valuable to his team—he can get a wider, sharper break on the in-shoot than can the right-handed pitcher. Hence it is that the left-handed pitcher is not used against teams of men who bat left-handed, as often as against a right-handed team, and that, when a left-handed pitcher is announced, so many managers will shift their line up, to bring more left-handed batsmen into play.

In Figs. 6 and 7 are found diagrams showing the so-called raise ball and the drop ball. In these diagrams, the spectator is supposed to be standing

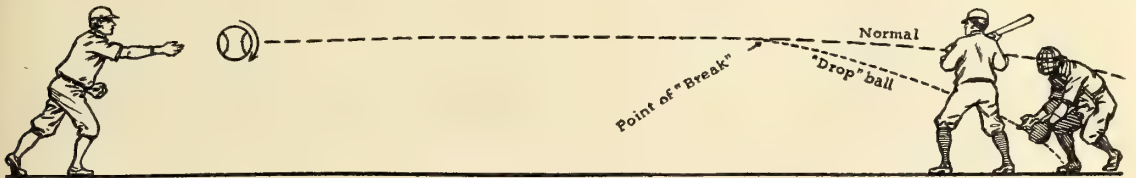


FIG. 7. THE "DROP."

ball, while shooting in or out, commences its curve later than with the simple curve, and breaks more sharply. Pitchers usually claim that the difference between the shoot and the simple curve is a difference in pinching the ball, and the presence or absence of a wrist twist or flick at the instant of delivery, which adds greatly to the speed of the revolution of the ball; also the inclination of the axis of this revolution with reference to the line of flight has much to do with the point at which the "break," or deflection, occurs.

on the ball-field, looking at right angles to the pitcher. In Fig. 6, the ball is seen leaving the pitcher's hand with a reverse revolution; it is going forward but revolving backward, and the greater friction against the bottom of the ball (that part toward the earth) tends to hold it in its course longer than if it was a straight ball. It does n't drop when the batsman expects it to, in other words.

Fig. 7 shows the reverse: the ball, sent from the pitcher's hand so that it drags off the surface

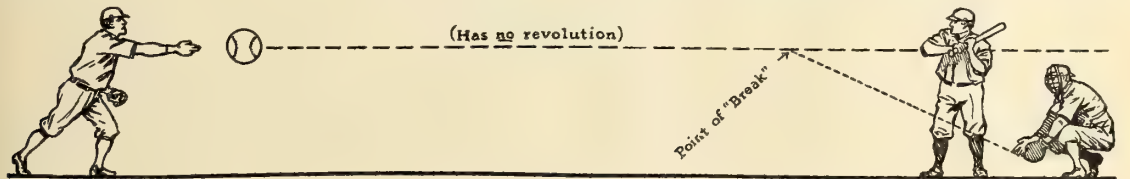


FIG. 8. THE MOIST, OR "SPIT," BALL.

Fig. 5 shows an "out-curve" as thrown by a left-handed pitcher. To him it is thrown with the same motion and effort as the in-curve is thrown by a right-handed pitcher. It is because the left-

of the fingers underneath the ball, instead of on top of the ball, is revolving in the direction of its motion. As soon as a little billow of air is created in front of it, it is forced out of its normal path

away from this friction, and drops, sharply, aided, of course, by gravity.

But it must not be imagined for an instant that there are only four varieties of curve balls. There are almost as many curves as there are pitchers. Moreover, balls curve differently and "break" at different points, according to the position in which the hand may be, with relation to the body of the pitcher, at the moment of release. Add to these factors each man's individual knack of grasping a ball, holding it, letting it go, and it can easily be seen why there are so many varieties of curve balls, "hooks," "shoots," "jumps," "floaters," etc., in the arsenal of the Big-League pitchers.

Nor does the pitcher's equipment end with his multitudinous varieties of curve balls, his armory of jumpers and breakers. He also has that most puzzling of weapons, the change of pace, and a curious thing called a slow ball. Consideration of these takes one at once from the realm of physics and mechanics into that of athletics, muscle, and the action of the mind. It is a curious fact but a true one, that a ball which revolves rapidly while traveling through the air looks smaller than one which does n't revolve. A plain, slow ball, thrown without any attempt to produce a curve or deceive the batter, looks "like a balloon," as the players put it. Pitch a dozen fast balls to a batter, and then, without warning, a slow one, and he will almost fall over in his anxiety to hit it. He generally hits *at* it before it gets to him! But pitch him another immediately, and he will judge it correctly, and knock it out of the lot! The ball did n't deceive him the first time; he saw that it was bigger and slower than the fast curves, and knew just what he ought to do, but being "set" for faster ones, he did n't have time to get ready to advance on the slow one, his swing was too quick, and he "fanned." But the slow ball may be delivered so that it looks small, like a fast one; and one of the most puzzling of the various deliveries it is! Like the curves, it is made to revolve by friction with the fingers, but its direction of revolution is directly opposite to its line of flight—it is, in fact, one variety of the raise ball. But whereas the raise ball, like all the more puzzling of the curve balls, is thrown with swiftness, since the higher the speed and the greater the revolution the sharper the "break" of the curve, the revolving "floater" is not thrown fast at all. All the muscular effort ordinarily imparted to the ball in an endeavor to get swiftness is here put into a flip of the wrist and a squeeze of the fingers, to get a sharp backward revolution of the ball. It is hard to describe, but it may be said, perhaps, that the effort is made to throw the ball forward and pull

the hand throwing it backward at the same time, so that the ball is made to revolve very rapidly backward. It comes up to the plate looking like any other swift and curving ball, small to the eye, since it is revolving swiftly, and as it can be thrown with the same motion of the arm and apparently with full muscular force, the batter has no reason to doubt that it is a fast ball. So he strikes at it, and the ball, of course, being much slower than it looks, has n't got there yet! and the batter looks, as he feels, foolish!

You must never forget that the batter seldom, if ever, hits at the ball. He hits where he expects it to be. He has only a fraction of a second to make up his mind where he is going to hit that ball; only a tiny interval to make his plan and swing his bat. So when he sees a ball start toward him with the same motion and the same appearance which accompany a very fast ball, he gets all ready, and hits at that fast ball. It is for this reason that the real slow ball, as developed by all good pitchers nowadays, is so effective, and why the average boy has no success with it. The Big-League pitcher pitches a slow ball which looks like a fast one; the lad pitches a slow ball which is simply his fast ball thrown with less effort.

But still we are not at the end of the pitcher's collection of "teasers." There is what is known as the "spit" ball. It is n't a very pretty name, but it is highly descriptive of the thing itself—a ball one part of which is moistened to make it slippery. It is obvious that any ball held in the hands must be held on more than one side. It is also obvious that to make that ball revolve, one side must have a heavier friction from one part of the hand than the other part has with the other part of the hand, at the instant the ball is let go. So it seems plain enough that if that part of the ball where friction is not wanted is made slippery, the fingers will slide off it more easily than otherwise.

That is the reason for moistening one part of the ball—to make it slippery. But it is not, as might be imagined, simply to produce a wider curve. It is to make the ball indulge itself in antics which fool batsmen—nay, which fool the pitcher himself sometimes, and his catcher not infrequently.

A pitcher named Elmer Stricklett is credited with the invention of the spit ball. He was with the "White Sox," in training camp, and one day pitched a ball in practice to the batters which none of them could hit. One of them said afterward:

"That ball was bewitched! You can't tell *me!* I've been playing ball all my life, and Major-League ball for seven years, and I never saw a

ball do two things at once before! It starts off like a curve, and then wobbles round in the air like a slow one, and ends up with a jump!"

And that is n't a bad description of a spit ball, at that. It is a little doubtful if the ball really does all these things. What probably happens is this: the ball is held very much as one holds it for an in-curve. The thumb is placed squarely against a seam of the ball, and the ball tightly gripped to make the thumb's skin "bite" on the seam. Then the ball is moistened with saliva, where the fingers will grip it. The ball is then pitched overhand, with great force. The result is that the ball, slipping out from the moistened fingers, gets its

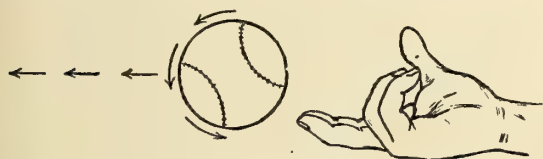


FIG. 9. THE PRINCIPLE OF ALL CURVES.

Look at this diagram and suppose it is from the point of view of a man standing beside a pitcher. It shows a drop ball—one revolving the way it is going, and having its greatest friction on top.

only revolution from the thumb, which has not surface enough to impart much revolution. It progresses toward the batter without much spin of any kind—the seams are sometimes visible to the man waiting for it at the plate.

Now a ball without revolution and thrown swiftly is at the mercy of the air—as a billow of air piles up in front of it, it "wobbles" from one side to the other, in the effort to escape this obstruction. Finally, as the speed dies out but as the billow of air gets most dense, the ball breaks sharply down (Fig. 8) and to one side or the other—and the batsman is left staring at what has to him at different times in its flight appeared a slow ball, a fast ball, a curve, a straight one, and which finally ends up as some variety of a drop! Do you wonder that it is hard to hit?

Here are different accounts of it by two men who ought to know a great deal about it. Clark Griffith, formerly a star pitcher, now manager of the American League Washington Club, said to the writer: "The ball is misnamed. It ought to be called a thumb ball, because it takes its last impulse and friction from the thumb, which is down under the ball when it is pitched."

"Doc" White, the great left-handed pitcher of

the Chicago White Sox, told the writer: "This ball slips off the fingers and thumb together, and because the fingers are slippery from being moistened, the ball has practically no revolution at all. It differs entirely from a 'floater' because it is thrown with great force. And some people never can get a spit ball to 'break' for them, and others can't get it to 'break' on certain days. When I pitched in the city of Mexico, which is eight thousand feet up and where the air is thin, I thought I had lost my curve—I could n't get any of them to 'break.' But when I got down in New Orleans, I thought I was getting younger—I had all kinds of curves in that damp and heavy air!"

Since the advent of this form of pitching, many pitchers have become proficient in its use, notably Walsh, of the White Sox, in whose hands it is a wonderful delivery. And here a curious condition has arisen. Walsh does n't pitch the moist ball nearly as often as he seems to! Batters expect it from his hands, and are so worried over it, that he has found it to be a very effective pitching method to pretend to pitch it and really pitch something else! Half the time he is only pretending. And sometimes he will pitch the ball with a side-arm instead of overhead motion, when it will break "out" instead of down, in a most puzzling way. This ball requires great strength of arm to pitch well, and many pitchers think it injures their arms to use it. But how, then, does it happen that it is so successfully used by so many pitchers who do not seem to suffer from its employment?

The second part of this article on pitching, to be published next month, will contain some hints as to the way *you*, a lad, can learn to curve balls; the way *you*, not yet at your full growth, can learn "finger magic" without injury to your arm; the way *you* can do something, at least, of what the Big-League pitcher does. Meanwhile, by way of caution, take this to heart: never throw a ball which hurts you to throw, or throw a curve until your arm is warm, and don't try to master all the curves at once. If, between the time you read this and the next half of this account of the art of pitching, you have mastered the difference between a straight ball (which is your natural throw) and the out-curve (which is the easiest and most natural curve), you will have cause to congratulate yourself on your progress.

"Make haste slowly" is a good motto.

NOTE: The various diagrams and figures are all greatly exaggerated in drawing, to make them easily understood. Of course, no "spit" ball, for instance, "breaks" from a player's shoulders to his knees within a few feet of the distance traveled, but it has been so drawn here to show plainly a "spit" ball's behavior.

The plate in the diamond diagrams has been drawn as a rectangle instead of a five-sided and pointed figure (which it actually is) to avoid confusion in tracing the path of the ball over it.

The balls in all the figures have been drawn much too large in proportion, in order to make their direction of revolution perfectly plain to the reader, who will clearly understand this exaggeration and the reason for it.

(To be continued.)

THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

CHAPTER XIII

A GUEST FOR SUPPER

ELIZABETH proved herself gifted by nature with three essentials of a good tennis-player—quickness of thought, quickness of eye, and quickness of movement. It remained for her to make her racket obedient to these faculties. This was a matter largely of practice, but, if she had not had such a good coach as Nance, she might, in the meanwhile, have acquired faults that would have taken her long to correct. Like most girls, Nance had learned the game in a haphazard fashion, and had only seen her mistakes after she had progressed to a point where they made all the difference between an exceedingly good player and a merely fair player. By that time, they had become so fixed as to be extremely difficult to overcome. From the first, Nance insisted that Elizabeth play very carefully, even though the result made a game more like battledore and shuttlecock than tennis.

"It 's very poky," protested Elizabeth, who longed to hit the ball as hard as she could.

"I know it," Nance agreed. "But it 's the only way to learn. In a game I generally feel the way you do, and pay for it by getting beaten. Miss Winthrop knew this, and just waited for me to beat myself."

"Does n't she play good tennis?" asked Elizabeth, in some surprise that Nance should put this forward as an excuse for her defeat.

"Indeed she does!" Nance replied quickly. "It 's good tennis to take advantage of your opponent's weakness."

"I thought you played a better game than she did in the tournament," said Elizabeth.

"At times I did," laughed Nance. "But that is n't what counts. It 's better to play a good game all the time than a brilliant game part of the time."

"I don't believe it 's as much fun though," Elizabeth declared.

"In the end it is," answered Nance. "It 's steadiness that wins, and winning is *part* of the fun, anyhow."

Day after day they used the court at "The Towers," and, for three weeks, Nance insisted upon making the play as slow as it was possible to make it and keep the ball moving. She allowed Elizabeth to attempt nothing but straight shots.

"For," she explained, "the first thing to make sure of is that your return lands in the court. The fastest and prettiest stroke in the world won't count you a point, if it goes out of bounds."

But, even using no speed, Nance was able to keep Elizabeth running about the court in a way that gave her plenty of exercise. And though, at first, this practice seemed dull to Nance herself, she discovered before long that it was proving just as valuable to her as to her pupil.

In this way Elizabeth became thoroughly limbered up, and learned to keep her eye on the ball, and to move her racket almost unconsciously. The little she had played the year before helped her in this.

The next step added both interest and excitement to the game, without increasing the speed of the ball; Nance instructed Elizabeth to do as she herself had been doing all along, and to attempt place shots.

"You ought to know just where every ball is going when you strike it, and just why you want it to go there," explained Nance. "But you must n't forget your first lesson while you are trying this. Remember, the thing that always counts is to have the ball land somewhere in the court. It gives you one more chance."

To emphasize the value of placing, Nance at first stood still at the end of each play until the ball on the return struck the ground. This gave Elizabeth an opportunity to see just how far out of reach of her opponent she succeeded in driving it. It taught her, furthermore, to look for open spaces and to keep Nance on the move.

This continued for another three weeks, and then Nance allowed more speed.

"Hit the ball a little harder, Beth," said Nance; "but don't try any cuts for the present. A hard, straight ball, well placed and sure, is better than a hundred fancy strokes that go wild. Miss Winthrop taught me that, though I ought to have known it before."

By the first of August, the two girls were playing a game that was really interesting to watch. It was straight, heady tennis, with some speed and few faults. Every point was contested as much with the brain as the arm, and, though Nance, of course, was still beating Elizabeth, she found it necessary to work harder every day.

But the thing that made it interesting, after all, was Elizabeth's intense earnestness. Some new

quality had been roused in her which gave her not only eagerness but patience. From the beginning of every game to the end, she played each point as hard and as conscientiously as possible. She never flagged. The last game of the last set called forth as much in her as the first game. More, perhaps, for it nettled her to think she was not yet able to press Nance to her best.

"You keep on playing better all the time," laughed Elizabeth, at the end of one hard-fought set.

"You make me," Nance replied quietly. "But, even if I beat you, I'd rather play with you than any one I know."

"Now, Nance!"

"Honestly. I have to use my head more."

The compliment pleased Elizabeth, and she knew it was sincere. Nance was as outspoken as a boy, especially in the matter of tennis.

"And I love to play with you, but I can't help wanting to beat you, Nance," Elizabeth answered with equal frankness.

"I think you will, in the end," Nance answered. "But, if you do, you'll make me play my hardest."

"And it's playing hard that makes it fun," added Elizabeth, with her lips firmly together.

But, if Elizabeth was catching up with Nance on the tennis-court, Nance had the satisfaction of seeing herself catch up with Elizabeth in the kitchen. It added to the interest of both girls to work together, and, under the able tutoring of Mrs. Trumbull, they advanced rapidly. Mrs. Trumbull had much the same idea about learning to cook that Nance had about learning to play tennis.

"Learn the plain, simple things first," she said. "After that there's time enough to fool round with folderols. Beth's mother made the best bread I ever ate. A man won't starve to death if he has good bread."

At first, Nance found it impossible to work up very much enthusiasm over this new acquirement. Only a sense of duty, and Elizabeth's eagerness, saved the task from drudgery. That was all it had ever been considered at home, where the constant worry over securing and satisfying a good cook made housekeeping a real burden. But, at the end of a few weeks, Nance imbibed a new spirit here in the house by the lane. The kitchen was not so much a feature of housekeeping as it was of home-making. This was equally true of the other necessary duties. The result was the creation of so intimate and personal an atmosphere under this roof that the presence of a servant would have seemed almost like an intrusion. From cellar to garret, this was Elizabeth's house—as much a part of her as she was a part of it.

Though Nance, of course, did not have an equally personal interest in the house, she found herself in a very short time sharing, to a large extent, Elizabeth's enthusiasm. Mrs. Trumbull made her feel that, as a woman, she would be called upon, some day, to direct a household, and that it would then be to her honor that she was prepared.

"A man is n't a man who can't handle tools and animals!" Mrs. Trumbull exclaimed one day, as the conversation drifted back to what boys used to know in the old days. "No, sir, not if he's president of a bank! And a woman is n't a woman who can't take care of a house—not if she's the wife of a bank president. A woman can be whatever she likes *after* she knows how to sew and cook and make a home; but she's got to know that first to be a woman."

"But a great many of them *don't* know how to do those things," laughed Nance.

"I've learned that since I came up here," Mrs. Trumbull answered. "And I've no patience with that kind! They are as helpless as kittens when the cook leaves, and of about as much use."

"All girls don't have the chance to learn that Beth has had," answered Nance.

"If I'd had my own way, I would n't have had the chance," laughed Elizabeth. "You don't know how I hated to come down here."

"You were different then, Beth," answered Nance.

"So were you," replied Elizabeth.

That evening after Nance had gone, Mrs. Trumbull observed:

"I wish every one of your friends could live here a while with you."

"Even the Brookfield girls?" asked Elizabeth.

"Well, it would do them good," declared Mrs. Trumbull; "but I must say I'd hate to be around."

"There's Daddy," began Elizabeth, with a little break in her voice, and a wistful look toward "The Towers."

"It would do him more good than any one," Mrs. Trumbull affirmed.

"But he won't come."

Mrs. Trumbull placed her hand affectionately on the girl's shoulder.

"There, child, there!" she said. "Don't worry about him. It takes time to change a man as set in his ways as he is."

But it happened that this very evening, as they were sitting down to supper, there was a rap at the front door. Elizabeth answered it, and found her father there. She threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Daddy, but I'm glad to see you!" she cried. "You don't know how very glad I am!"

He softly smoothed back her hair without speaking.

"We were just sitting down to supper. You 'll stay, Daddy?"

"I 'm afraid not," he answered, "I just stopped to see you for a moment. I have a great deal to do to-night."

But, seizing his hand, Elizabeth drew him into the dining-room. The table looked very dainty, and the simple repast very tempting. Before he had time to protest further, she had run about and brought a chair to the table, and set a place for him. The next thing he knew, he found himself seated.

"You 're getting as tanned as though you had been at the sea-shore," commented Mr. Churchill, as Elizabeth handed him his tea.

"Why should n't she?" challenged Mrs. Trumbull. "Every one around here seems to think there is n't any sun or blue sky at home. They act as though they did n't dare breath fresh air unless they pack up and go off a hundred miles. Lors! if you could see Beth racing round that tennis-court every day!"

"You 've taken up tennis again?" asked Mr. Churchill.

"Nance and I," nodded Elizabeth, who was disappointed that Mrs. Trumbull had divulged the secret. She had planned to surprise her father in the fall, as well as her school friends.

"That 's fine!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

"It 's Nance that makes it fine," said Elizabeth. "Oh, Daddy, she 's been awfully good!"

"It 's six of one and half a dozen of the other," Mrs. Trumbull broke in. "But I must say Nance is a nice girl."

"I rather think all girls are nice when you get at them," smiled Mr. Churchill. "You look very homelike here, Beth."

"You think so, Daddy?"

That he did, he proved to her satisfaction, by the way he enjoyed his supper, and by staying until nearly nine o'clock. Even then he left reluctantly, and with many backward glances as Elizabeth stood at the door and watched him out of sight.

CHAPTER XIV

AN ACQUAINTANCE REAPPEARS

WITH every hour of every day occupied, the month of August sped by like a single week.

"I don't see where the time goes!" Elizabeth exclaimed to Mrs. Trumbull, as the latter announced at breakfast that it was the first day of September.

"I wonder about that twice every year; once in the fall, once in the spring," said Mrs. Trumbull.

"I wonder about it every day," laughed Elizabeth. "I wish there was a year between now and next month."

"What happens then?"

"Nance goes back to school on the twentieth."

"You need n't look so sorrowful about that," Mrs. Trumbull said gently. "That is n't the end of her, is it?"

"No, only—well, I suppose it will give me more time for my French," said Elizabeth, grasping at the only consolation she could think of at the moment.

"And preservin' time will be here afore we know it," added Mrs. Trumbull.

"Preserving time?" questioned Elizabeth, not understanding.

"We ought to make some jelly and pickles, and put up some plums and grapes and quinces."

"I thought you bought those things all put up," said Elizabeth.

"Maybe some folks do, but I don't," answered Mrs. Trumbull. "What do you want to buy them for when the things are growin' all around you?"

"I don't know," answered Elizabeth, "only most people do."

"Most people are plumb lazy!" snapped Mrs. Trumbull. "No, sir! we 'll have our shelves full before snow flies. I know your father has n't had anything of the kind for fifteen years."

"We can have them for Thanksgiving!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

Mrs. Trumbull nodded.

"It 's time we were beginning now. Perhaps we can get around to it by next week."

"We might keep that to do for the week after," suggested Elizabeth. "I 'll want a lot to do then."

"There 's plenty to do all the time, if you do things right," said Mrs. Trumbull.

There was certainly plenty to do on this, the first day in the month, for Elizabeth, in the morning, tidied up the whole lower floor of the house, and finished the forenoon by making a cake. Immediately after luncheon, Mademoiselle Gagnon came for an hour, as she did three times a week. She had scarcely gone before Nance appeared.

Elizabeth played an unusually good game that day, pressing Nance to her best and winning the first set by six four. It was the first time she had ever won against Nance.

"I told you I 'd beat you!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "And oh, Nance, I 've done it! I 've done it!"

In her excited joy she gave a step or two that resembled an Indian war-dance. But Nance was looking serious.

"That 's only one set," she answered soberly.

"I know it, but think of winning even *one* set from you!" cried Elizabeth.

"It won't count unless you win the second," replied Nance.

The latter was seated on the wooden bench by the side-lines, nervously tapping her foot with her racket, anxious to begin again. She was really disturbed, for she always felt keenly every

It was Nance's serve, and she shot a fast ball over the net that completely baffled Elizabeth. Changing to the other court, she repeated the feat, making it thirty love. The third time she tried, she served twice into the net, but succeeded on the fourth attempt in making the score forty fifteen.

By this time the smile had left Elizabeth's face.



"SEIZING HIS HAND, ELIZABETH DREW HIM INTO THE DINING-ROOM." (SEE PAGE 736.)

defeat. She was a girl who could be more generous to a defeated opponent than to a victorious one. In this case, remembering how short a time ago it was that Elizabeth could play scarcely at all, the defeat was particularly humiliating.

Elizabeth danced to her side and placed an arm about her.

"You don't mind if I'm glad, Nance?" she asked.

"No," answered Nance; "but I'm going to do my best to beat you this next set."

"Then come on!" cried Elizabeth, flushed with victory. "I'll try hard, but with no hard feeling!"

Vol. XXXIX.—93.

Her lips became firm, and she held herself alert. She stood back farther for the next serve, and succeeded in returning it. Nance swooped down upon the ball, and, attempting to drive it at full speed, drove it into the net. A moment later she made a double fault; and now with the score at deuce, Elizabeth again returned the serve and ran up to the net. Nance lobbed the ball, but Elizabeth recovered it and sent it back very deliberately along the side-lines for the advantage. Once again Nance attempted to win on the serve, and, putting her full strength into the strokes, shot two fast balls into the net, and lost the game.

She was by now thoroughly aroused, and waited eagerly for Elizabeth's straight serving in order to recoup. But, though Elizabeth attempted neither cut nor curve, there was considerable speed in her serve, and much precision. She varied the serve to the right and left of the court with an occasional slow ball that was extremely irritating. It dropped lightly over the net, and was very difficult to return for one who was waiting far back for a swift ball. It bounced low, and Nance, if she reached it, was pretty sure to return it out of bounds, because of her impetuosity. In the process, she not only lost her point, but more and more of her self-control. In this way, Elizabeth actually won the second game. This gave her such self-confidence that in the third game, where Nance steadied down a little, she lost only by a single point, and this was contested back and forth in a hard-fought rally.

"Good, Nance!" exclaimed Elizabeth, as her opponent finally succeeded in passing her.

A gentle handclapping came from the sidelines, and she looked around to see there a light-haired young man, whom, at first, she did not recognize. He stepped forward.

"I beg pardon," he said with a smile. "May I interrupt the game long enough to inquire if you have completely recovered?"

"Recovered?" stammered Elizabeth.

"It's rather a foolish question, is n't it?" he faltered, as he noted her red cheeks. "I should have called before if I had not been away."

It was not until then that Elizabeth brought to mind all the episode of the frightened horses at the country club.

"Oh! Mr. Crawford!" she laughed, extending her hand. "I remember now. But I was n't hurt at all."

He still looked so solicitous that, for a moment, Elizabeth felt concerned that she had received no injury worthy of his anxiety. There was something foreign in his deferential courtesy and in the slight stoop of his shoulders.

"I am very glad," he answered. "I was n't told that the horses were afraid of automobiles."

Elizabeth introduced the new-comer to Nance.

"I must n't interrupt your game," he apologized, with a bow.

"Our games are never finished," answered Elizabeth. "Will you not come to the house and meet Mrs. Trumbull?"

He hesitated.

"My house is just below here," she said, pointing to the house by the lane.

He glanced in that direction with some surprise. A bed of many-colored zinnias lent a touch of color to the quiet gray of the house,

while the rose vine over the porch made it stand out like a cool oasis among the formal houses to be seen beyond.

"May I?" he asked.

Elizabeth led the way across the fields, and, as she saw him still studying the cottage, she said:

"It's a very old place. It was my mother's."

"Then I should n't call that very old," he answered.

"It must be twenty-five years old, at least."

"Oh!" he exclaimed in surprise. "You don't call that old—really?"

"What would you call old?"

"Why—five hundred years," he answered.

"But the Pilgrims had n't come over then, so a house could n't be that old!" she exclaimed.

"I did n't think of that," he answered with a smile.

Mrs. Trumbull was somewhat surprised to see the girls returning with a stranger, but, as soon as Elizabeth explained, the good lady greeted the lad cordially.

"Beth never told me a word about that scrape," said Mrs. Trumbull. "I s'pose she misses death by a hair a dozen times a day that I don't know anything about. It all comes of having those fool automobiles round loose."

"I like horses better myself," answered Crawford.

"Then you must have been brought up in the country," declared Mrs. Trumbull.

"I was," he admitted.

The girls excused themselves for a few moments to put their hair in order after their exercise; but Mrs. Trumbull, with her old-fashioned and informal hospitality to the guest who "happens in," insisted that he should remain and share with them the lemonade and cake which she always had ready for the girls after the game. He watched her with interest as she made her preparations.

"You don't happen to be a State of Maine boy, do you?" she asked, with good-natured curiosity.

"No," he answered.

"Vermont, perhaps?"

"No," he answered. "I'm an Englishman."

"An Englishman!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes," he nodded. "I came over here for the summer, to see something of America. I'm going back to-morrow."

"Well, well, well!" she murmured, quite confused for the moment over this revelation. "Then you visited Maine?"

He shook his head.

"I spent most of my time in New York and Chicago, and the rest of it on trains."

"Land alive!" she protested, "do you call that seeing America!"

"I don't know," he replied wearily. "At any rate, I can't say that I 'm keen about what I saw. It all seems so new."

He gave a quick glance around the room.

"Do you know," he added impulsively, "I like it here better than any place I 've been."

"Well, I reckon this is better than some places, anyhow," she answered proudly. "And it 's all

"No," laughed Elizabeth, "you saved her from beating herself."

"I 'd like to play with both of you," he assured them, "only I 'm afraid I can't. You see, I sail to-morrow."

"Back to England, where he lives," put in Mrs. Trumbull, a little proud of having already learned the fact.

"Then that 's why you did n't think the house was very old!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"It really does n't seem very old compared with buildings that have been standing for four or five hundred years, does it?" he asked.

"Five hundred years!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull. "I must say that I should n't want to undertake keeping a house neat which was *that* old. Would you, Beth?"

Mr. Crawford laughed.

"You must come over sometime and see how we do it. You have visited England?"

"Once," answered Elizabeth; "but it seems as though we were either in hotels or trains most of the time."

"I know, I know," he replied quickly. "That 's the trouble with visiting other countries, I fancy. But when you come again—will you let me show you another side of it?"

"Thank you," answered Elizabeth.

"And perhaps we can have our game over there," he added with a smile.

It was almost supper-time before he rose to go, and then it was with evident reluctance. This was one of those quick friendships which seem to cover months in a few hours. He left, promising to write, and exacting a promise from Mrs. Trumbull that if she ever visited England, she would let him know.

"But," she assured him, "I 'm too set, at my age, to go skylarkin' around the world."

So, in a single afternoon, the young stranger came and went. But as Mrs. Trumbull said to Elizabeth and Nance, who were eagerly discussing who he might be, "he 's the kind of lad that makes you feel that you are bound to see him again."



"MRS. TRUMBULL WAS SURPRISED TO SEE THE GIRLS RETURNING WITH A STRANGER."

due to Beth. She likes it better than 'The Towers,' though she 's lived here only a few months."

"It seems very homelike," he said, boyishly. "I suppose that 's because I found most of my friends living in houses like hotels."

"Like the big house yonder?" she asked.

"Yes," he laughed, "I was afraid, at first, that Miss Churchill lived there."

"No, siree!" answered Mrs. Trumbull. "She lives right here."

At this point Beth and Nance returned, and the conversation became more general. They talked of tennis, and found that Crawford played.

"You must come out some day and have a set with Nance," said Elizabeth.

"With Beth," Nance corrected. "You saved me from being defeated to-day, Mr. Crawford."

(To be continued.)



CHILDREN'S ROOM FULL—WAITING TO GET INSIDE. TOMPKINS SQUARE LIBRARY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE "BOOK LINE"

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

They trail through the alley and mart
 To this Palace of Tomes —
 Wee urchins, red-hatted and swart
 As their underworld gnomes,
 And hundreds of quaint little maids
 Wearing ribands of green
 Or scarlet on duplicate braids,
 Quick-eyed, orderly, clean,
 And silent. Some take from the shelves
 Of the volumes a-row
 Those legends of goblins and elves
 That we loved long ago;
 Yet more choose the stories of men
 Whom a nation reveres —
 Of Lincoln and Washington; then
 Of the bold pioneers
 Who plowed in a blood-sprinkled sod,
 Whose strong hands caused to rise
 That Temple which these, under God,
 Yet shall rear to the skies!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

A DECREPIT book, like a fire-engine horse too old to pull the truck, like a faithful "mount" of the traffic police put out of service, is a book too old to circulate. There used to be a time in the lives of boys and girls when they had to rummage about for themselves among musty books for something to read, and to find fairy tales in the

midst of ponderous tomes was like finding a sweet rose in the forest primeval. More often would the time be spent in looking over some startling pictures in the books for grown people, pictures that one would remember for years after, just as Charles Lamb remembered the Stackhouse Bible, or Coleridge the bulgy pantaloons of the queer gentlemen in "The Arabian Nights."

The American boy and girl had often to rummage in the same way. "The New England Primer" was their chief delight, and we are told that the reason this little book is so rare to-day is because of its great popularity and its constant use in the past. But the older children read things far beyond their years; Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, were John Marshall's chief relish before he was twelve; and nearly all boys were well versed in the classics. But by those who were not so fortunate as to be near a library, books were had only after a tramp of miles, and then they did not ask for the kind of books most boys and girls ask for to-day. Lincoln borrowed "Æsop's Fables," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe"; he read the dictionary

page by page; he pored over the statutes of Indiana. He was ravenous to read, but there was no library near him.

Now all this has changed; perhaps in no period of the world's history is there better opportunity for girls and boys to have all the books they want. In most libraries to-day there are special rooms for them in which all manner of good reading is spread upon the shelves. There are nearly fifteen thousand places in New York alone where books may be had free of charge. There is hardly a home of a boy or girl in the city more than a mile away from a library; and if, by chance, in certain sections of a crowded city, the children do not belong to a library, then clubs are formed and boxes of books are sent to them, and distributed in the afternoon from one of the member's homes.

One day, in the vestibule of a children's library, I noticed a bench. A row of boys and girls sat upon it, and I wondered what they were doing. They were busy watching the eager crowd inside; from their position they saw a line of readers drawing out books, another line returning them. It was a busy room—a boy in a corner looking over a college story, a girl in another lost in some adventure. Any question they might ask was answered by the librarian, whose special duty is to know the books and to tell which are best to read. If a boy wants some sea stories, she mentions a whole list; if a girl is anxious for a summer tale, she can

name two or three good ones. This is what the "benchers" saw, and it was all this that decided them to join the library later.



A ROOF READING-ROOM. RIVINGTON STREET BRANCH OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The general idea seems to be that a library is, on the one hand, a kind of storehouse for books, and, on the other, a place from which books may be drawn. But this is only one part of what a library means. It is also a room in which one may sit and read, and that is a great thing in the lives of boys and girls who have no such luxury at home; it is a place in which one should cultivate the *habit* of good reading, in which to have a good time with a book means to enter heartily



THE CHILDREN'S ROOMS IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.



CHILDREN'S LIBRARY, PRATT INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

into the story, to relish the strength of adventure, to lose one's self in the realm of fancy, and to become friends with Puck and Robin Hood.

In the children's room there are not simply stacks and stacks of books; it is a playground for minds and hearts; you may make merry over a book,—you may sport by forest and stream; you may shout with the legions of advancing armies; you may win a foot-ball game or a tennis match—all within the compass of a window-seat, and without uttering a word.

There are some children's rooms in which ingle-benches are built on either side of large fireplaces; here in winter-time big logs send flames leaping up the chimney, while the librarian gathers around her as many boys and girls as may be comfortably warmed by the blaze, and tells a story, just as at home some of us have been brought up to expect the story hour in the twilight.

This story hour in the library is a splendid treat. In Pittsburg the children flock so eagerly to the different libraries that only three hundred in an afternoon can be cared for at one branch. Norse vikings, Greek heroes, myths, and legends are talked of, and afterward there are books at hand in which the same stories may be read. A Cleveland library has an interesting mantelpiece

with tiles around it, a picture on each square representing some special tale or fable. This in itself means a separate story for every tile, and if the librarian has told one story and there is yet time for another, a girl or boy from the group volunteers to be the narrator. And sometimes these boys and girls are the best of storytellers, for there is special joy in making others feel the same interest, the same excitement, the same sympathy, you yourself have felt over a hero or a deed.

A bench before a fireplace gives one a feeling of coziness, whether the opening be aglow with flame, or a mass of green or of dogwood. Usually the walls and ceiling of the room are warm in color, and by degrees the libraries are being decorated with pictures which are full of images one must love as well as know. The libraries are thus making homes for young readers, to whom a book is something real. Take the comic supplement of a paper, and put it by the side of the *Jeanne d'Arc* pictures by Boutet de Monvel. You will *feel* the difference.

In the Boston Library the children's reference-room contains a fine ceiling decoration called "The Triumph of Time," while for the reading-room the late Howard Pyle painted eighteen water-colors dealing with incidents in the career



CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM, CARNEGIE LIBRARY, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

of Washington, and with characteristics of colonial life.

The children's department in the Pittsburg Library consists of three rooms—one for study, one for reference and reading, and one for general circulation. The first object you are sure to notice as you enter is a drinking-fountain, which sends a thin stream of water into the mouth of any youngster who presses the silver top. This in itself is great fun, as the picture on another page will show. But no sooner does one go beyond the librarian's desk, into the spacious room, with its low book-shelves filled with inviting books, than there is a different sort of thirst to satisfy—the thirst for something good to read. There are legions of fairy tales, battalions of nature books, companies of stories ranged within easy reach; it is simple to find what you want in this way, or to refer to the card catalogue, which every one should learn to use. If you will look at the cards under Alcott, Barbour, Henty, and such authors, the worn condition of the edges will tell you how popular their books are with boys and girls.

"This way to the Mall" is a sign in Central Park, and in the same way a picture bulletin in the library is a sign-board which gives you a list of interesting books, the books being placed just

below the bulletin-board to look at. What boy would not like to know something of airships? What young naturalist would not stop to examine some illustrated volumes on birds, flowers, and butterflies? The library is a place where all tastes are satisfied in some way, in all seasons. But it is often the case that readers like stories which later they dislike, because they have had so much of a kind. One girl asked a librarian if she had any "weepy" stories, and was told, "Yes, five of them." "However," said the librarian, "if you read one, promise me you'll read the other four." By the time she had finished the third, she began to grow weary, and never again, after she had completed the fifth, did she pledge herself to one kind of story alone. After the first few volumes of a series, do we not begin to want a change?

A Russian boy, whose whole love was wrapped up in his violin, searched one day for some music at the library, but only found a volume of short pieces for the piano. "If you had books for the violin," he wrote the librarian, "I would play them over and over again." Such a request is easily satisfied, for the chief object of books is to give joy, and the library welcomes a healthy desire. Of course we turn to some volumes for facts, but there are many young readers who

throw a book aside merely because on looking through the pages they do not see "conversation." Perhaps they have a wrong idea about a type of book which the librarian and the teacher have spoken of as "non-fiction." A girl once

ally depend upon the children for stories. Another Russian boy I have heard of used to take an English book and translate as he read aloud to his father and mother. Still another, who had attended a story-hour course one winter, where the tales of Shakspeare were being told, would hasten home each time and report them carefully to his family.

The Museum of Natural History in New York has done great service in lending to the different children's rooms special exhibits which do more than illustrations to whet one's interest in manners, customs, and dwellings of strange people and strange animals. On Staten Island an arctic exhibit drew crowds of children, to whom Peary among the ice-floes of the North was like the heroes of ancient times. There were "story hours," explanations of the snow-shoes, blankets, and other strange details hung on the walls, and then a story. In the children's room of the Medford (Mass.) Library, a beehive was placed for a while, and a hole pierced through the window-glass so that the bees might go in and out. Every one could watch the comb being built and see the bees fed on sugar and water when winter came.

But the museum exhibit, the bees, the bulletins, the book lists, the talks, would be of no use in the library if they did not result in the boys and girls reading books which relate to the subjects. That is why librarians are only too glad to receive suggestions from the members of the library, and I have often thought, on looking through the St. NICHOLAS League each month, how much the young artists, writers, poets, could do for the librarian if they would tell of those things which most please them in the children's rooms, or would suggest what they wanted most to see there; if they would draw bulletins containing their own welcome ideas, and make lists of books they specially recommend to other readers of their age.

Where there is a library, there is always a school near by, and the relation between the two is close. Not only do the classes draw books, but they also go in groups to the children's room, where they are shown how to use reference books, how to find quickly what they want, for besides catalogues there are magazine indexes, cyclopedias, and dictionaries, which are useful only to those who understand the *machinery* of their contents. But besides the training in the use of reference works, there is the delight of reading for the mere entertainment, and in New York I have seen groups of girls listening in deep interest while a librarian talked to them of the books she had read when she was their age, giving to each an introduction to stories which



A HOMELIKE CORNER IN A CHILDREN'S LIBRARY.

read "The Scottish Chiefs," by Jane Porter. "I suppose you would call it non-fiction," she said, "because it is full of historic facts, but I found the story splendid," which proves that the worth of any book—fiction or non-fiction—is in the reading.

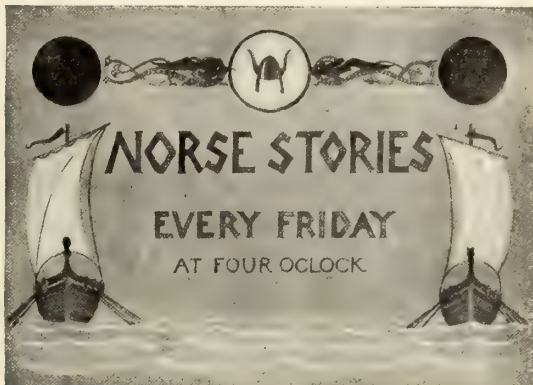
But the children's rooms are not used by children alone. A boy once drew out a simplified "Robinson Crusoe" and came back with it the same afternoon. "I want a harder 'Robinson Crusoe,'" he said, and the librarian found out that his father was learning English, and that the son was helping him. Indeed, among the foreign people, the grown-up members of a family gener-

they ought to know, not because they were informing, but because they were good and added to her love of life, to her understanding of the ways of people. A young critic was once asked to give her opinion of "Little Women," and said: "There is n't anything in the book that I don't like," a hearty indorsement which not every author can have.

Reading clubs dot the city of Cleveland; they are generally formed in connection with the children's reading-room, and they are sometimes the beginning of a children's library in a new neighborhood. Those girls I mentioned above went away fully determined to band themselves together, keeping notes on what they read, not with any artificial or forced feeling, but with enthusiasm over something they might enjoy. For, however far from fact a book may be, it should in some way add to our growth, by enriching our fancy, our imagination, our character, our experience, else it had best never have been written. In the case of boys, interest in a subject usually results in debates, which any library-club leader is glad to organize and to aid in the required research and reading.

Can you imagine six million five hundred thou-

number two million one hundred and seventy-five thousand were taken by children. That means



A STORY-HOUR BULLETIN.

a large amount of reading only in one direction, for there are besides traveling libraries that try to reach rural districts, just as the rural free delivery now tries to reach every isolated neighborhood with the mail.

One must remember also that there are many children of foreign birth, who, when they or



CHILDREN'S ROOM, BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

sand books strung in a row? The line would represent the number of books read by New York City people during 1908, as they were drawn from the regular library buildings; of this

their parents came to America, left behind them a rich store of folk-tales, which the children should never be allowed to forget. In large cities there are foreign quarters, and the libraries are

trying to have stories told in the native tongue to the Italians, Slavs, Bohemians, and Russians. A foreigner, even though he wishes to become an American, a good citizen, need not forget that he has had something given to him out of the past

dren's Library Helpers have done much in collecting a special case of books called "A Child's Own Library," kept behind glass, which not only represent the children's own personal tastes, but in many instances are gifts from the members.

The chief desire of the children's room is to create associations, for there are many who would never have them, were it not for such story hours, such cozy corners, such decorations, as are to be found here. I know of two girls whose whole knowledge of mythology was gained while taking long walks with their father; he never tired of repeating to them the adventures of the Greek heroes. The story hour is supposed to take such a place as this father occupied, among children who otherwise would never have the dreams of golden deeds to remember.

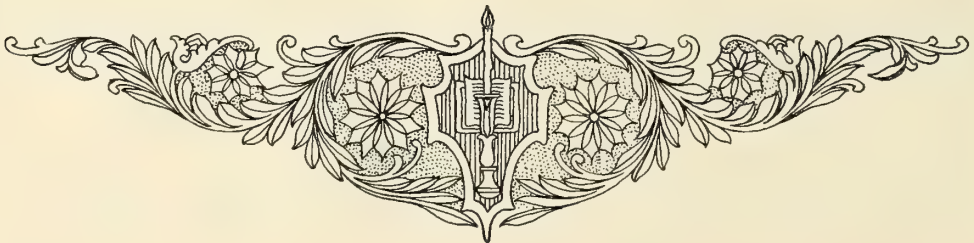
In a crowded district of Pittsburg, where the steel-works are, and where the flare of light and the smoke of furnaces fill the air, there is a children's reading-room which might well be called a "bookless library," because of the constant circulation of all the good volumes on the shelves. One has only to imagine how many boys and girls handle the books, to realize why they soon become decrepit and have to be replaced by new ones. Speaking of "Hans Brinker," "The Age of Fable," and "Little Women," a girl of thirteen once wrote: "I have read them so much, I can almost recite them from memory." But, unlike the feeble fire-horse or the policeman's "mount," too old for service, a decrepit book is not past its usefulness. Those books which are no longer strong enough for vigorous circulation are sent to the sick-wards of the hospitals for youngsters whose whole days depend on bright stories and fresh flowers. Then there are the very, very old books, falling to pieces—too old, indeed, to do anything with, save to throw away. These, however, before they are taken from the library, are gathered together, and scrap-books made of the illustrations, and thus to the very last the books of the children's room are kept in service, and fill their chief purpose of giving readers a good time.



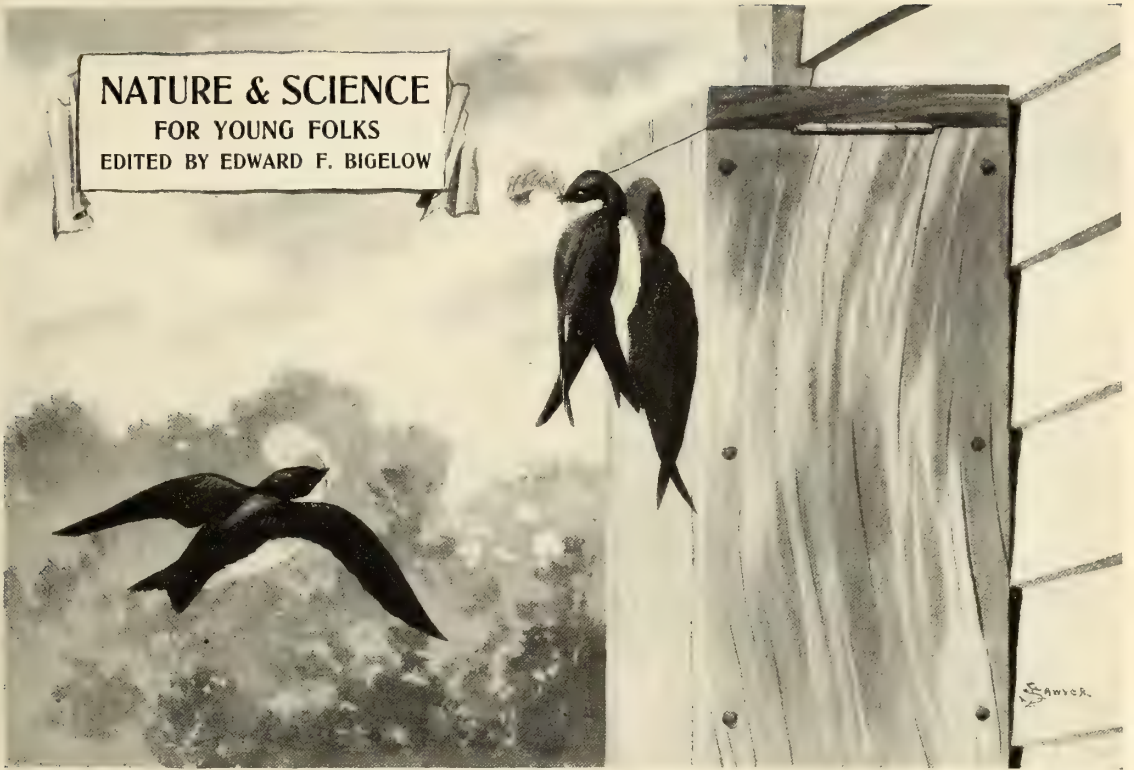
THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN IN THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S LIBRARY, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

which is part of his speech, his education, and the way he thinks.

The main idea of a public library is to show in what way one may reach the best book—the most interesting book; but the room is being so fitted up that each girl and boy soon feels a certain pride in being part of it. In Providence the Chil-



NATURE & SCIENCE
FOR YOUNG FOLKS
EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



SWALLOWS CARRYING FEATHERS TO A BIRD-BOX.
The top of the box is hinged.

COÖPERATING WITH THE BIRDS

THE mere strewing of strings and bits of yarn about the premises, haphazard, so that the birds may find and use them in nest-building, is a practice that I would discourage, because it is not intelligent coöperation with the birds.

For several years a pair of Baltimore orioles built in an elm in the yard of a charitable lady of my acquaintance. One day she, in the kindness of her heart, put out a quantity of yarn for the birds. They were not long in finding it, nor in building a large and many-colored nest. All went happily until the young orioles were well grown, when the nest began to sag, and one day the bottom fell out under the weight of the growing birds, so they fell to the ground and perished. Common white wrapping-twine or any cord equally strong, carpet-thread or stout rope ravelings, in lengths of from two to four feet, and horsehair, are the best material for orioles. The quality of the material for other birds, excepting vireos, is not so important. For robins strips of cloth and pieces of wrapping-twine are best. For house wrens, feathers and horsehair; for tree-swallows (who readily build in bird-boxes),

feathers and straw; for warblers, rope ravelings of cotton and hemp, cotton batting, and raw wool; for phœbes, horsehair. The materials should always be placed in a conspicuous position where the wind will move them but not blow them away. Wads of batting may be nailed to a post or a fence; horsehair may be wedged in a splintered post or a fence board or a branch. The stuff should not be placed too near the nest, I should say at least a hundred feet from it.

There are several other birds beside those named above that may be coöperated with in a similar way, but they are not commonly found near home; the king-bird, crested flycatcher, orchard-oriole, and indigo bunting are a few of them. One of the illustrations shows a nest that I helped an indigo bunting to build. The bird started the work in the edge of a briar patch about a hundred feet from my tent. I gathered some wool from the barbed-wire fence of a sheep pasture a mile away, and hung it with a few strips of cloth on a wire fence about fifty yards from the nest. The bird promptly found these, and with them built the most picturesque and artistic bunting's nest that I have ever seen.



"THE MATERIALS SHOULD ALWAYS BE PLACED WHERE THE WIND WILL MOVE THEM BUT NOT BLOW THEM AWAY."

In addition to the raw material, I furnished a little delicate "landscape gardening" immediately about the nest; the bird did the rest.



SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR FASTENING BUILDING MATERIAL FOR NESTS.

The rope should be frayed out more than is here represented.

For the very reason that so much has already been written about bird-houses, a few additional words would seem in place here. In the majority of bird-houses the birds are expected to cooperate with us. But we should endeavor to take our ideas from the birds, as far as possible, rather than expect them to conform to our notions. As a rule, there should be only a deep hollow with a small opening near the top, a description that cov-



"A NEST THAT I HELPED AN INDIGO BUNTING TO BUILD."

ers the essentials of a common-sense bird-box. For bluebirds, wrens, and tree-swallows let the width be four or five inches, the depth from twelve to sixteen, and the openings, which should be round, two inches, one inch, and one and a quarter inches respectively. The opening in each should be within two inches of the top. The top or one side may be on hinges, so that the box may be inspected and cleaned.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

NO "HOLES IN THE AIR"

AVIATORS find an unevenness in the air and places where the machine suddenly drops for a short distance, and some of them have been claiming that there are "holes in the air," meaning by that that there are places where there is no air of sustaining qualities. The expression, "holes in the air," is, of course, only figurative, defining

the effect noticed but not the cause. If one were to step into a hole in ice, there would be a sudden drop on account of lack of support. So the aviators claim that there are places where the aeroplane drops from lack of air support.

Scientific men prefer not to call these places "holes in the air." Professor Elihu Thomson says that, while this sudden drop may be explained by descending currents of air, such currents are not by any means so serious as the "following gust"—or a wind which increases so fast as to overtake the machine before it can speed up, assuming that the wind blows in the same direction as that of the aeroplane. A suddenly slackening head wind, which has been holding the aviator back, may give rise to effects similar to those of the "following gust." While the descending current does not prevent control, the "following gust" and the "slackening head wind" may destroy all power of control by planes or rudders, and the aviator falls, as the kite does with its string cut. For control of an aeroplane it is absolutely necessary that it be moving fast enough to push upon the air with its planes and rudders. It must go fast enough to produce a strong head wind in the face of the aviator.

When a boy flies a kite, if there is no wind or an insufficient wind, he must run fast so as to get the same effect as if a wind was blowing against the sloping kite surface. When there is a good wind, he need not run, for the wind itself slides under the sloping kite and lifts it. If the string breaks, there is nothing left to hold the kite facing the wind; it turns edgewise, and falls in an irregular course, for it has lost all guidance of any kind. When the engine stops in an aeroplane, there is similar danger, for it is the propeller which pushes the machine against the air, taking the place of the kite-string.

When the engine stops, the aviator is compelled to soar or slide downward in a sloping course, and so maintain as much as possible the headway he has and which the engine, when running, gives him. The "following gust" and "slackening head wind" really deprive him of headway against the air, at least for a time, and put him in imminent danger. If the machine could pick up speed, as fast as the wind can in a

gust, there would be no danger. But, unfortunately, this a heavy machine cannot yet do.

A QUEER PLACE FOR A STONE

In blasting for a road in the Catskills, a big stone was thrown high in the air and then lodged in a



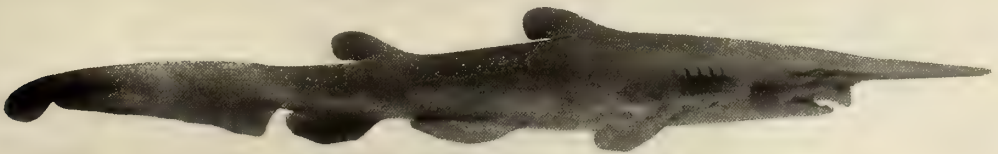
A STONE THROWN BY A BLAST AND LODGED IN A TREE.

tree, as shown in this photograph, sent to St. NICHOLAS by E. K. Anderson of Brooklyn.

JORDAN'S GOBLIN SHARK

A VERY rare shark, named *Scapanorhynchus jordani* by the scientists, was discovered in the deep sea, off the coast of Japan. Its curious long "nose," protruding jaws, and small eyes give it an exceedingly grotesque appearance. Its mouth is full of sharp, slender, pointed teeth.

There is only one other species of shark like it, and this also is found off the coast of Japan. In earlier geologic ages, these sharks were quite abundant, as is shown by the frequent finds of their fossil teeth. The largest goblin shark ever caught was eleven feet long; the species probably grows to a length of fifteen feet.



JORDAN'S GOBLIN SHARK HAS A GROTESQUE APPEARANCE.



THIS TEA-SET WAS MADE FROM CODFISH BONES.

A TEA-SET MADE FROM CODFISH BONES

THE photograph here shown is of a tea-set, the pieces of which were made from the vertebræ—that is, from the bones that together form the backbone—of a codfish. After they had been boiled, they were flexible and easily molded into any shape. They were then bleached in a solution of lime chloride, which gave them a peculiar appearance, like alabaster. The photograph was sent to us by Miss Florence Meigh, Ash Hall, Stoke-on-Trent, England.

AN INTELLIGENT CHIMPANZEE

"SUSIE," a chimpanzee purchased by the New York Zoölogical Society, has been attracting much attention at the park. She manifests a great amount of intelligence and some apparently human traits. She sits at the table and eats her meals in a dignified manner, making a fairly good use of fork and cup. It is said by the keepers

that, in a week, apes may be taught to behave at table much like human beings. Susie was obtained in Africa by Professor Richard L. Garner while on a trip there, during which he was engaged in the study of the habits of the gorilla and the chimpanzee. When first captured, she was too young to walk, and was fed on milk and fruit juices. From the very first, her owner sought to teach her how to distinguish geometric forms, such as the cube, cylinder, cone, sphere, square, circle, and rhomb. He also showed that the great apes are not color-blind, because he arranged a series of movable flaps of such colors as green, yellow, blue, and red, and Susie soon learned to lift the different flaps at the word. She also learned to pick out the different geometric forms, and to pick up objects to the number of one, two, or three at command.



"SUSIE" AT HER STUDY TABLE.

THE RAREST LIVING ANIMAL

THIS is a photograph of a part of the rarest kind of animal in the world, rarer, perhaps, than the zebra-like okapi of Central Africa. It is the head



THE HEAD OF A WHITE, SQUARE-MOUTHED RHINOCEROS.

of the gigantic, white, square-mouthed rhinoceros from the Lado district of the Upper Sudan. It was shot, in 1910, by Colonel Roosevelt, and presented by him to the New York Zoölogical Park, where it is preserved in the Collection of Heads and Horns. It is one of the most noted trophies of Colonel Roosevelt's African hunt.

AN IMPRESSIVE STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE

THIS picture is a photograph of a tunnel for a canal near Paw Paw, West Virginia. This tunnel is 3130 feet long, 27 feet wide, and 22½ feet in height from the ground to the keystone in the arch. When the canal is full, the water is seven feet in depth.

Note the *white spot*, a little smaller than a pin-head, apparently just above the railing. This is the opening in the other end of the tunnel, and is an astonishing example of what the artist calls diminution by perspective.

The reader is familiar with the fact that the farther away the object is the smaller it looks

to us. As you have stood by the railroad, you have observed that the farther you look along the track the narrower seems the space between the rails, and the nearer together the rails themselves appear to be. This is a good example of an optical illusion. One of the laws of nature here acts in such a way that our eyes would be deceived, if we did not correct the illusion by an act of our intelligence. We have learned by experience that "seeing is not always believing," and in this case we know that the rails do not come together in the distance.

The little white spot in the photograph is another example of an optical illusion. In the picture, the entrance to the tunnel seems to be 1¼ inches in width, while the white spot is, perhaps, only the ½ of an inch, yet the spot is the opposite opening of the tunnel, reduced in size by distance, as the result of the law of perspective.



A TUNNEL STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE.
The white dot is the farther opening of the tunnel.

BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW
 ?????????????????

St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York

PINK ROSES SUCCEEDING RED ON THE SAME BUSH

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last spring, we had a red Rambler rose-bush in our garden. All through April and June it bore red ramblers, but later, on the same bush on which the ramblers grew, there were pink rosebuds that looked like moss-roses. Maybe you can tell me why that was; if so, you will oblige

RUTH WHITING.

This was evidently due to the hot, dry weather. The coloring-matter was not produced as freely under such circumstances, and, in addition to this, the great heat of the sun bleaches out the color that is formed. During a trip last summer among the rose-growers in Europe, I noticed that, in the moist and cool climate of England, the roses had a much darker and richer color than similar roses had when grown in countries where the air is hot and dry. I also noticed similar effects in France and in Germany. It is probable that all your roses would have been deeply red, if the weather had been cooler and more moist.—ROBERT PYLE.

MANUFACTURING A TWELVE-THOUSAND-POUND CHEESE

APPLETON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Whenever anything is done in an uncommon way, or better than usual, or on a larger scale, or with remarkable rapidity, it makes a reputation not only for the man who does the work, but for the State and

the city in which he lives. This has been plainly shown by the making of the big cheese by which Appleton has been so widely advertised.

On the morning of August 15, on all the roads around Appleton, farmers were traveling, and each was carrying milk to the dairy factory nearest to him. They had the milk from eight thousand cows. A big cheese was to be made. To make it right, the cows were all milked at the same hour, and the milk was all cooled to the same temperature. At the dairy factories (there are thirty-two of them), the milk was turned into vats, and, by rennet dissolved in sour milk, was changed to curd. The curd was conveyed from the thirty-two different factories to Appleton, where thirty-five expert cheese-makers in white uniforms awaited its arrival.

Here the curd was dumped into seven vats, each with a capacity of seven hundred gallons, and was allowed to stand until the separate little flakes became united into one mass. It was then cut into strips, which were passed through a mill and chopped into fine pieces. These were thrown into a mold.

The mold, an iron frame five feet high and five feet in diameter, was built on an outdoor platform. Four hundred pounds of cheese-salt were added, and the cheese-makers stirred vigorously until the mixture was evenly salted. A thousand-pound cover was fastened on and the press applied, to force the water from the cheese. It was then seven o'clock in the evening. The men now left the cheese, for the first process was complete; but just before going to bed, they tightened the press. Next day the side of the huge cheese was rubbed vigorously to keep it from sweating.

A case was built on the outside leaving a space six inches in width between it and the rim. Into this space ice was packed. The cheese was stored in the warehouse to ripen and to await the time of its shipment to Chicago.

On October 20, another refrigerator was built around it, and it was sent on a special flat-car to Chicago, where it was put on view. President Taft, in the presence of a large crowd, cut the first slice from the cheese at the National Dairy Exhibition. A Chicago store purchased the cheese for advertising purposes.



THE SKILLED CHEESE-MAKERS AT THE PRESS AND THE VATS OF CURD.

When this monstrous cheese, which weighed exactly twelve thousand, three hundred and sixty-one pounds, was cut up, it was sold immediately for about fifty cents a pound.

Large crowds had witnessed the making, and moving pictures of all the work were taken for the Agricultural Department of the United States.

To make this great cheese cost about six thousand dollars.



THE SPECIAL HOOP AND PRESS USED TO FORCE THE WATER FROM THE CHEESE.

This is eight feet in diameter and five feet high.

This is undoubtedly the biggest cheese ever made. It was remarkably successful not only in the making, but in the quality, which was pronounced excellent. It has given Appleton and Outagamie County great prestige as a dairy center.

FRANCIS BRADFORD.

SPEEDING AROUND A CURVE

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If an automobile tipped when going around a curve, would it tip toward the inside or the outside of the curve, and why?

Yours sincerely,

STANLEY DAGGETT.

The automobile will upset toward the outside. This is a test question of physics in some schools, and probably a "catch" question elsewhere. For it is likely that nine out of ten persons would at once answer that the machine would upset toward

the inside of the curve. And, as we all know, it is the tendency of a body moving rapidly in a circle, or the segment of a circle—a curve—to fly from the center. A horse, or the rider on a bicycle or motor-cycle, instinctively leans toward the center to counteract this tendency; and the builder of a railroad follows the same law when he constructs his road-bed slanting downward toward the inner side of the curve.

But, with the automobile, the road is presumably as level on the curve as elsewhere. In going around a curve, therefore, the centrifugal force causes the automobile to tip *outward*, increasing the weight on the rubber tires of the outside wheels, and of course taking off the weight from the inner wheels.

Theoretically, even a little motion on a curve produces some of this effect, but the tipping is not visible except in higher speed. With speed increased sufficiently to cause the centrifugal force to overcome the weight, the automobile is overturned—and, it will be found, invariably *outward* from the curve.

If the chauffeur, in racing, takes a man to help "hold down the machine," that man leans to the inner side of the curve, as shown in photographs of machines rounding a curve in a race.

If the occupants of an automobile, running at high speed, fear that it will overturn on a curve, they should lean *inward*, to help hold down that side of the machine, just as each would do if he were riding a bicycle.

VARYING COLORS OF DIFFERENT PARTS OF OCEAN OR LAKE

LOON LAKE, ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why does the water seem to be gray in some parts, green in others, and blue in others? Hoping you will answer my question, I am,

Your loving reader,

CHARLOTTE DEMOREST (age 9).

The ocean water holds many kinds of mud in suspension, and many salts in solution; hence its own color varies from pale blue and pale green to muddy yellow or white. When we look at seawater, we get some of its real color mixed with the sky light that happens to be reflected just then from the surface of the ocean, and this compound color may be blue, white, gray, or red, etc.; consequently, the color of the ocean will seem to be different in different directions on different days. Blue for clearest water in clearest weather, and light green in cloudy weather; gray for muddy water in cloudy weather.—WILLIS L. MOORE, Chief U. S. Weather Bureau.

With lake or pond water, this explanation applies with the exception of the "salts in solution."

JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

“PICKING FLOWERS”

RHYMES AND PICTURES



JACK and Jane and Betsy Anne
Drove Ned, the donkey, through a lane ;
They found a spot all bright with flowers,
“ Oh, stop ! ” cried Betsy Anne and Jane.



Out Betsy hops ; Jane reaches up
To get the blossoms on the tree ;
Ned chose the wreath on Betsy’s hat !
And so they had wild flowers for three.

JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

"THE BOSSY CALF"



SAID Jack to Betsy Anne and Jane,
"We 'll fetch the Bossy home to tea!"
The rope is tied round Bossy's neck,
And then what happens, you shall see.



For Bossy frisks and jumps about,
Then races off in antic glee;
Jack, Jane, and Betsy Anne hold tight—
While Bossy brings *them* home to tea!



ST. NICHOLAS
LEAGUE

LIVE TO LEARN JUNE LEARN TO LIVE.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY CHARLOTTE J. TOUGAS, AGE 17.

THE list of prize-winners this month is so long that it leaves us only scant space for mention and encouragement of those whose contributions would have been printed if only ST. NICHOLAS could have made room for them. The task of selection has never been more difficult than in this competition; and in the effort to include as many offerings as possible, we have been compelled, for once, to omit the Second Roll of Honor. Therefore, every name that appears upon the Honor Roll this month represents a con-

tribution of surpassing merit and quite worthy to rank with many of those here printed. It is as disappointing to the Editor, as to the contributors themselves, that so many of these clever essays, poems, and pictures are crowded out. But some of the young authors and artists who sent them are already Honor Members; and it is only a question of time when the rest of these ardent workers will join the ranks of the leaders of the League—both in its pages and its prize-lists.

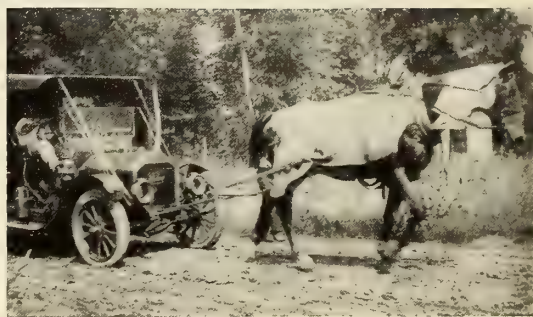
PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 148

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

- PROSE.** Gold badge, **Dorothy M. Rogers** (age 17), Gloucester, Mass.
Silver badges, **Eva Jane Lattimer** (age 11), Columbus, O.; **Helen L. Beede** (age 12), Orleans, Vt.; **Dorothy May Russell** (age 15), Albany, N. Y.; **Susan Cleveland** (age 7), Bryn Mawr, Pa.; **Elizabeth Hendee** (age 14), Hopkinton, Ia.
- VERSE.** Silver badges, **Stanley Bonneau Reid** (age 14), Oakdale, Cal.; **Ellen Lee Hoffman** (age 14), St. Louis, Mo.
- DRAWINGS.** Silver badges, **Jean Eleanor Peacock** (age 11), Norfolk, Va.; **Rebekah Howard** (age 14), Pittsburg, Pa.; **Walter K. Frame** (age 16), Pittsburg, Pa.
- PHOTOGRAPHS.** Silver badges, **Genevieve Blanchard** (age 14), Oak Park, Ill.; **Olive L. Ladd** (age 11), Lincoln, Neb.; **Elizabeth H. Armstrong** (age 13), New York City; **Hazel Chisholm** (age 14), New York City; **Nancy Ambler** (age 14), Burlington, Ia.; **Mary Hogan** (age 13), Decatur, Ala.; **Marjorie C. Huston** (age 12), Coatesville, Pa.; **Josephine Sturgis** (age 15), Boston, Mass.
- PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **Marjorie K. Gibbons** (age 15), Paignton, England.
Silver badges, **Margaret Waddell** (age 13), Colville, Wash.; **Eleanor King Newell** (age 11), Lausanne, Switzerland; **Marion J. Benedict** (age 13), North Tarrytown, N. Y.; **Fannie Ruley** (age 14), West Philadelphia, Pa.
- PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badge, **Dorothy Belle Goldsmith** (age 14), New York City, N. Y.



"COMING HOME." BY GENEVIEVE BLANCHARD, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"COMING HOME." BY OLIVE L. LADD, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE TOILERS

BY STANLEY BONNEAU REID (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

'T is dawn; that time when breaking day
Lifts the veil of night away.
From yonder hills of sapphire hue,
Fading now to lighter blue,
The sun comes up, and, lo, the plain
Becomes a rose-touched sea of grain.

Now come the toilers, scythe in hand,
A merry, wholesome, peaceful band,
Who spread abroad o'er all the field,
To gather in the golden yield;
With arms that ache, but hearts that sing,
Each man as happy as a king.

Hotter and hotter grows the day,
The cooling shade seems far away;
Each busy man is pausing now
To wipe the sweat from off his brow,
Or leans to rest his tired back
Against the nearest fragrant stack.

* * * * *

At last the day of work is o'er;
The weary toilers, hot and sore,
Wind homeward o'er the dusty trail,
And through the evening's gathering veil,
Until they vanish from our sight.
The stars are in the sky—'t is night.

AN EVENT OF YESTERDAY

(A true story)

BY EVA JANE LATTIMER (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

In the days when our city was a little village, there were Indians all around it. Some of them were friendly, and some were hostile; but most of them would respond if the white people did them a kindness.

Among the citizens was a man who had been very



"COMING HOME." BY ELIZABETH H. ARMSTRONG, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

kind to the Indians. He was called away on business, and left his wife and eight-months'-old baby alone in their cabin.

One morning the child was lying in his cradle, and the mother was doing her work in another part of the room, when, to her terror, two tall Indians appeared in the doorway. They took the baby in their arms and walked swiftly away toward the woods. The mother followed, screaming to them to give back her child. The Indians made signs to her to go back, but as she could not understand their language, nor they hers, neither knew what the other said.

She soon lost sight of them, and rushed to her nearest neighbor's; but in all the village there was not one man, for they had all gone away to fight some hostile Indians.

The women assembled in the mother's cabin to discuss what to do. In about two hours, while they were still undecided, to their surprise and joy the Indians again appeared, with the child in their arms. They laid him in his cradle and left the cabin.

As the women crowded around the baby, they noticed



"THE MUSIC LESSON." BY LOUISE F. DANTZEBECKER, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

that on his feet were a pair of beautifully wrought Indian moccasins. The Indians had carried away the child to fit the moccasins to his little feet, and they meant this as a kindness to the baby's father, for the favors he had shown them.

A SCENE OF YESTERDAY

BY HELEN L. BEEDE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

ONE night I sat by the fire reading, when things slipped away, and I seemed to be in another land.

The scene I saw was a stretch of woods with a quaint old church, and just as I decided I was viewing a scene of 1620, I noticed a small procession of about fifty men, women, and children coming into view.

The leader was the parson holding the large Bible, followed by the men. They were dressed in the old Pilgrim style, and carried huge guns. They were followed by the women and children. They were also dressed in the old style, and the children looked very quaint and pretty.

The procession passed on and went into the church, leaving a guard at the door.

Scarcely had the service begun, when I could see savage forms crawling up behind the trees.

Just then the guard discovered them and gave the alarm.

Bang!!!

I had been asleep, and my book had fallen to the floor.

I have often wondered whether the Pilgrims were victorious, but I have never been able to finish my dream.



"COMING HOME." BY KATHRYNE ALLING, AGE 13.

THE TOILERS

BY ELSA B. CARLTON CLARK (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE world is old, the way is long; its toilers ply their labors still,

A heavy-laden, weary throng, ascending now the cloud-capped hill.

The hill of Progress they must climb; its mist-clad summit hid from sight—

Perfection is a thing sublime, not yet revealed to mortals' light.

From east, from west, from south, from north, the free, the slave, the man, the child,

They make their journey bravely forth into the unfrequented wild;

They struggle on, a ceaseless stream, in art, in craft, to rise up higher,

I see them pass as in a dream, half marveling they never tire.

Their fathers' paths they leave behind, revered; for Time must bear them on,

And oft they sadly call to mind the Past—irrevocably gone!

Half-joy, half-sorrow is the way, all fraught with unimagined change,

Transient the Past—an honored day!—the veiled Future new and strange.

What is their Present? great or mean? noble or worthless their advance?

A tragic or a glad scene? or some strange interlude of chance?

The toilers see not as they go; they bend beneath their burdens' weight,

The way is long, they yearn to know the hidden issue of their fate.

The darkness still obscures the day; but, mystical, Faith's mighty wave

Bears into the dim far away the dauntless spirits of the brave.

So toiling man doth leave behind the o'erlived Past he doth revere,

And, in the unstable Present, find a perfect future drawing near.

AN OLD GARDEN

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

SURROUNDED by a grove of tall, dark trees,

An old, old garden lies, deserted, sad; And o'er the grass-grown beds the summer breeze

Bewails the beauty which before they had.

Flowers have vanished; here and there a rose Blooms wanly,—only waits for life to close.

Farthest within, a fountain may be seen,

Once clear and sparkling, now a stagnant pool;

The brim was gay with flowers too, but e'en

These now are dead; yet where the earth is cool, One slender, pale blue iris still has grown, And quiet stands there, musing all alone.

AN EVENT OF YESTERDAY

BY DOROTHY M. ROGERS (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

It was my eleventh birthday, and to celebrate the occasion my mother had invited three of my cousins and a small boy neighbor to pass the day with me.

During the afternoon, we tired of playing around the house, and took a walk, which finally led us to a gravel pit. This pit is very deep, and the side from which the gravel is taken is almost forty or fifty feet high.

I had found a patch of blackberries, and was eating them as fast as I could, when I heard the boy say:

"I'll bet I can stump the whole of you."

My cousin Pauline was standing on the edge of the pit where the turf overhung the steep slope. Hardly had the boy spoken the words, when the turf gave way, and she went over and over down the slope in a series of back somersaults. We were horror-stricken, for the



"THE MUSIC LESSON." BY JEAN ELEANOR PEACOCK, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

child wore glasses, and, besides, she was dislodging gravel and rocks.

Half-way down she partially caught herself on a large piece of turf, but this started to slide, and she continued her way down to the bottom among a lot of rocks, gravel, and turf.

We all rushed toward her as she stopped, thinking to find a badly hurt, if not unconscious, child.

The boy reached her first, and was about to offer his assistance, when, to our joy, she got up as if her unexpected descent was an every-day affair, and said to the boy:

"Now you try that stunt, Dick!"



BY HAZEL CHISHOLM, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY LUCY GREY, AGE 11.



BY WARE CATTELL, AGE 9.



BY NANCY AMBLER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY NATALIE A. NOYES, AGE 13.



BY MARY HOGAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY THOMAS, AGE 16.



BY RUTH MARSHALL, AGE 14.



BY MARJORIE C. HUSTON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ANNA FRANCES PATON, AGE 14.



BY MARGARET KEW, AGE 15.



BY MARY SMITH, AGE 15.

"COMING HOME."

THE TOILERS

BY PRUDENCE K. JAMIESON (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

HIGH aloft in the old oak-tree,
A woodpecker toiled through the long, hot day;
As he pecked and pecked the dry bark away,
He twittered and chirped to himself, chirped he:
"Here 's a nice, fat worm for my wife wee;
A grub apiece for the nestlings three;
And, ha! here 's a big one left for me!
I 'm as happy and gay as a bird can be!"

Down in the mine, near the old oak-tree,
A coal-miner toiled through the long, hot day;
As he picked and picked the hard coal away,
He whistled, and sang to himself, sang he:
"There 's a nice, warm shawl for my wife wee;
A toy apiece for the kiddies three;
And a pipe o' tobacco left for me!
I 'm as happy and gay as a man can be!"



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY REBEKAH HOWARD, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

AN EVENT OF YESTERDAY

BY DOROTHY MAY RUSSELL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

ONE day in the springtime, beneath the trees of a beautiful old orchard that were in bloom, was Bess, a little girl of four, with long, golden curls, and her brother Bob, a manly little boy of eight.

They were playing horse. Bob put the reins over Bess's head, then twisted them around his wrist. Then they ran. The golden curls bobbed up and down beneath the trees that smelled so sweet, King, their dog, barking furiously, when Bess disappeared, and Bob was pulled to the ground.

"The old well! help! help!" Bob cried.

King seemingly understood and ran away.

"Mother! Mother!" Bess screamed as she fell and felt the reins tighten under her arms. She was held at the mouth of the well. "Pull me up, quick."

"I can't, Bess; but if you 'll keep still, I can hold you till Mother comes," Bob said, and manfully dug his toes in the ground, and grasped the branch of a bush. The minutes seemed years.

"Pull me out, Bob, oh, please!" Bess cried.

"You must keep still."

"I 'm so afraid."

"Bess, shut your eyes and say your prayers."

"Now I lay me down to sleep—Bob, don't let me fall!"

"No, Bess, I 'm holding; go on."

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep. If I should die"—a scream, "Mother, quick!"

"Go on, Bess; I 'm holding." But, oh, how cruelly the reins cut the boyish wrist, drops of blood staining the white reins! Slowly, but surely, he was being pulled into the dark well. He tried to say,

"I 'm holding on," but the words were drowned in the barking of King, steps were heard,—and Mother's strong hand grasped the reins. Bess was pulled up.

"My brave boy," his mother said.

"Oh, that 's nothing, Mother," said Bob. "A fellow had to hold on."

A SCENE OF YESTERDAY

(A true story)

BY MARGARET MC MAHON (AGE 11)

ABOUT forty years ago, in Rome, in an apartment-house, lived a little girl with her mother.

As the little girl was fond of music, her mother gave her music lessons. They had no piano in their apartment, so the little girl would go down to the music-room on the floor below to practise.

One day when she was playing an air from the opera "Lucia," she heard a step in the hall. Turning, she saw a tall, handsome man with long, white hair and a wart on his forehead, coming in the door.

As she turned, he said, in a very sweet manner: "Go on playing, little girl; I love music, too." The girl, not at all frightened, played again, and while she played, he showed her how to hold her hands.

When she had finished playing, he asked her if she would like to have him play it for her. With an excited face she answered: "Yes, please."



"COMING HOME." BY JOSEPHINE STURGIS, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

He took his place at the piano and played it for her. He played other things from Bach and Beethoven, and when he had finished, he turned and said to her:

"My dear little girl, you have a talent for music, and if you work hard, you will become a fine musician." Then he went away, leaving her speechless, for her mind was still on the beautiful pieces he had played.

It was not until some time later that she learned that the great king of the piano, Franz Liszt, had played for her, and had given her a lesson.

AN EVENT OF YESTERDAY

BY SUSAN CLEVELAND (AGE 7)
(Silver Badge)

THERE was a little girl who wanted always to see every-thing.

Yesterday her mother brought home a big package, and, of course, she wanted, right away, to see what was in it; but her mother put it in the garret.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ETHEL F. FRANK, AGE 13.

She grew very inquisitive, and, at last, she could stand it no longer, so she got out of her bed and put on her slippers, and went up to the garret, where the box was. She was just going to open the box, when a sudden fear came upon her, and she stopped; and again she tried, and this time she did. And what do you think was in the box?

Nothing!

IN THE OLD GARDEN

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 13)
(Honor Member)

WHERE Grandmother's footsteps used to tread
Beside the garden wall,
There bloom fair hollyhocks, pink and red,
In stately grandeur tall.

And where she sat near the old stone gate,
The pansy bed still lies;
And the flowers seem to watch and wait
For her dear, smiling eyes.

The larkspur blue, and the pink moss-rose,
Bloom as in long ago;
And the summer wind still gently blows
Their fair heads to and fro.

The sweet-peas sway, and the poppies red
Lull them to sleep full well;
While the moon and stars shine overhead,
And weave their magic spell.

For when the still of the night does fall,
There gleams a silver glow,
And Grandmother's sweet voice seems to call
From the realms of long ago.

VOL. XXXIX.—96.

AN OLD GARDEN

(Villa d'Este, near Rome)
BY ELLEN LEE HOFFMAN (AGE 14)
(Silver Badge)

IN sunny land, 'neath azure skies,
Where ilex trees to slim heights rise,
An ancient garden rests in sleep,
While centuries their vigils keep.

And fountains fair their waters plash,
And in the sunlight gleam and flash;
While roses tinge the unkempt stair,
And fill the air with perfume rare.

Once down these moss-encumbered ways
Proud ladies walked, in bygone days,
And harken'd to the tales of love
Breathed fervently to heav'n above.

Gay peacocks followed in their train
With tails outspread in grand disdain,
Mimicking ev'ry haughty air
That ladies fine are wont to wear.

Hundreds of years since then have passed,
And Myst'ry her soft spell has cast
To bathe this garden full of dreams,
In purest sunlight's golden beams.

A SCENE OF YESTERDAY

BY ELIZABETH HENDEE (AGE 14)
(Silver Badge)

THE sun was sinking in a cloudless sky; the day had been hot and scorching, and the little band of men and women who were traveling across the prairie land were weary and almost despairing. Such a long, long time it seemed since they had left their eastern homes and started for that distant country known only as "the West."

Now they had reached it; and what had they found?



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY HAZEL S. HALSTEAD, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A vast unbroken plain, whereon no tree grew to soothe their forest-loving eyes, nor hill arose to remind them of their own beautiful mountains.

But with the morning they took fresh heart, hitched their teams to the great covered wagons, and again pressed on.

And at last they were rewarded by the sight of a broad stream of water, with a few cottonwood trees growing along its banks.

Here they stayed through the night, and in the morning the men rose early, to begin work on a sod house. Day after day they worked, building more houses, and shelter for the horses, and in every way possible preparing for the winter.

When it came, it was long and hard, and four of their number died; one of sickness caused by exposure, two in a blizzard, and one shot by an Indian.



"THE MUSIC LESSON." BY WALTER K. FRAME, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

When the next summer came, more easterners arrived and settled near them, until they had quite a little village, with broad fields of corn spread round about them.

As time went on, trees were planted, frame houses built, and more towns sprung up near them.

Now the whole great Middle West is populated, and is no more a pioneer country. And to whom do we owe it all? To the little bands of people who left their comfortable eastern homes to suffer hardships and privations in a land they knew little about. Ought we not to feel grateful to those men and women of the yesterdays?

A SCENE OF YESTERDAY

BY ELEANORA MAY BELL (AGE 12)

As we look behind us at the road to yesterday, we sigh. We have yearned to come to the land of to-day, and now that we are here, we wish we were back in the land of yesterday.

Behind us stretches a road; it is white, but not smooth. Here and there is a stone, and it reminds us of some blunder we have made.

We stretch out our arms and implore, "Oh, cannot

we go back to yesterday for just a little while?" A breeze gently shakes the trees, and we hear a soft voice whisper, "Yes."

An old stage-coach rumbles by. On the driver's seat sits a man. He wears high-topped boots, a long-tailed coat, and a cocked hat.

"Can we go to the land of yesterday?" we ask. The man replies that we can, and we get in. We gaze out of the window, and queer sights meet our eyes. We see men and women dressed as our grandmothers and grandfathers might have dressed. Everything looks strange and old-fashioned. At last we come to a town. The main street is very narrow, and on either side are small houses. You could almost call them huts. Women sit on the porches, spinning. Along the sidewalk comes a puritan maiden. She wears a quilted petticoat of sober gray, and carries a prayer-book, so we know she is going to church. A faint whiff of lavender is wafted on the breeze as she passes. We hear a voice whisper in our ear, "Time is up." We suddenly find ourselves back in the land of to-day, behind us is a mist, but in front of us stretches the long, white road of to-morrow.

AN OLD GARDEN

BY HÉLÈNE MATHILDE ROESCH (AGE 10)

O RED and yellow tulips,
Your brazen beauties show
When zephyr's tender breezes
Amid your petals blow.

And thou, O lovely daisy,
Thy golden, sunlike face
Is hidden by white petals,
And blended in with grace.

And in a sunlit corner,
Our pussy, gray, doth sleep;
While hollyhocks and roses
Our garden old complete.

But one sweet head's forgotten,
And that's of silv'ry gray,—
Ah, yes! 't is little Grannie,
Who owns this garden gay.



"THE MUSIC LESSON." BY DOROTHY TAYLOR, AGE 11.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

- | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| PROSE | Muriel W. Avery | Cora Kane |
| Gladys Naramore | Irene Ivins | Henrietta L. Perrine |
| Helen A. Winans | Dorothy H. De Witt | Rutledge Atherton |
| Dorothy von Olker | Agnes Hines | Fanny Bradshaw |
| Fredrika W. Hertel | Walter E. Halrosa | Gladys B. Furst |
| | Jennie E. Everden | Ethel M. Feuerlicht |

Margaret E. Beakes
Edith M. Levy
Marcella Smith
Sybil Cobb
Priscilla Robinson
Lois Hopkins
F. Earl Underwood
Ruth B. Brewster
Elizabeth F. Bradbury
Nancy A. Fleming
Lillias Armour
Mary C. Lines
E. V. Huiell
Winifred Birkett
Gertrude V. R. Dana
Dorothy Talbot
Edith M. Howes

Doris F. Halman
Rachel L. Field
Marian Thanouher
Virginia E. Hitch
Pauline P. Whittlesey
Eliz. McN. Gordon
Nellie Adams
Elizabeth Zerrahn
Harriett T. Miles
Rebecca Merrill
Janet Hepburn
Betty Humphreys
Dorothy Ward
Edith H. Walton
Dorothy C. Snyder
Marian Wightman
Anna S. Gifford

Phyllis Coate
Margaret Taylor
Jack Merten
Justin Griess
Nora M. Mohler
Elizabeth Moore
Hester B. Curtis
Alison M. Kingsbury
Adelaide H. Elliott
Rosella M. Hartmann
Marian Walter
Margaret V. Hanna
Margaret Brate
Catharine H. Grant
Lucie C. Holt
Dorothy Hughes
Ray Miterstein
Philip N. Rawson
Lucy Blenkinsop

Glady West
Charles S. Roll
Paul Jacob
Elwyn B. White
Charlotte L. Bixby
John Toole
Willet L. Eccles
Meredyth Neal
Frederick Bülch, Jr.

PUZZLES
Madelyn Angell
Edith F. Stickney
Lucy Lewis Thoms
Charles A. Stickney
May Gunn
S. H. Ordway, Jr.
Deborah Iddings

John M. Kellogg
Bessie T. Keene
Richard H. Randall
Anthony Fabbri
Julis Singer
Josselyn D. Hayes
Martha V. Pallavicino
Stephen Jacoby
Jessica B. Noble

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 152

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 152 will close **June 10** (for foreign members **June 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Message," or "A Messenger."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Good Beginning."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Curiosity."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Fashion," or "Fashionable," or a Heading for **October**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

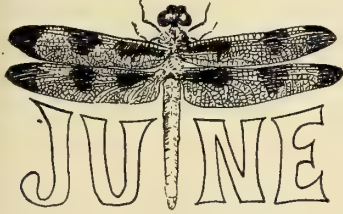
Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MARGARET ELLIOTT, AGE 15.

Arthur Bent
Henry Van Fleet
Clara Holder
F. Marion Brown
Marian G. Banker
Walter L. Chapin, Jr.
Doris Knight
Harriet Henry
Katherine L. Guy
Elmer H. Van Fleet
Mae L. Casey
Frances Cavanah
James Sheean
Marion C. White
Marian Shaler
May Ody
Sarah Davison
Mary C. Burgoyne
Eliza A. Peterson
Hester R. Hoffman
Hilda Mabley
Edgar Krauch
John B. Main
Catharine Clement
Vida Cowin
Mary Daboll
Ruth B. Sentner
Harold A. Lemmler
Caroline E. Lipcs
Celia Carr
Sarah Roody
Alison Hastings
Landis Barton
Margaret R. Bell
Marion Pool
Frances M. Ross
Geraldine B. Beach
Naomi Lauchheimer
Roy L. Mangum
Hattie M. Wulke
Betty A. Weston
Adeline S. Paul
Grace Grimes
William W. Ladd
Elsie Terhune
Mildred Thorp
Frances Morrison
Grace B. Philp
Eleanor De Lamater
Arthur Nethercot
Edna C. Eifler

VERSE

Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.
Vera F. Keevers
Alice Trimble
Katharine Riggs
Isabel Adami
Bertha E. Walker

Eleanor Hebblethwaite
Leisa G. Wilson
Mildred Ascheim
Dorothy McClintic
Edith H. Besby
Fay E. Doyen
Vera J. Leighton



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY AUDREY COOPER, AGE 16.

Lillie G. Menary
Arminie Shields
Helen K. McHarg
Elsie E. Glenn
Phoebe S. Lambe
Hazel Sawyer
Marion E. Stark
Cleary Hanighen
Clarisse Sheldon
Helen B. Weiser

DRAWINGS

Harleigh Wathen
Chester B. Morris
Elizabeth Wilcox
Jean E. Peacock
Lily King Westervelt
Margaret A. Foster
Dorothy E. Handsaker
Dorothy Calkins
Harry Till
Harry Zitter
George T. La Due

PHOTOGRAPHS

Mary O. Sleeper
Hazel Pawlowsky
Betty Comstock
Dora Stopford
Evelyn Holt
Margaret Moon
Emmie H. Goetze
Margaret Condit
E. Alden Minard
Mary R. Stark
Florence Maclaren
Beatrice Stahl
Willie Meffert
Alice Moore
Elverton Morrison
Leslie M. Burns
Wilson Meyer
Renée Geaffrion
Margaret Leathes
D. Everett Webster
Claire Walker

Virginia Ronan
Henry E. Eccles
Persis D. Moore
William A. Nuzum
Dorothy Hall
Margery Andrews
Mary Botsford
Caroline F. Ware
Ellen R. Sherman
Kiki Roest
Ethel Malpas
J. Sherwin Murphy
Augusta Michael
Dorothy Parks
Howard Sherman
Louise Ladue
Valerie Underwood
Paul C. Rogers
Anne Ashley
Francis B. Wreaks
Margaretta Archbald
Adele Lowinson
Julia F. Brice
Alexander Scott

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

VACATION DAYS

JUNETIME is here again. Vacation will be the next thing. Vacation, with all its fun and frolic, its outdoor life, its boating, swimming, tramping and camping, fishing and riding.

The chief joys of vacation are, naturally, those to be found outdoors, and you are all of you probably full of plans for country doings. The days are going to be filled full of green growth and of sunshine, and you are going to be out in it every waking minute. Only, of course, the days won't all be bright ones; picnics and tennis parties will have to be given up just as often this year, on account of rain, as in the past; rain that lasts all day, or sudden thunder-showers that send you scampering home. And there will also be sultry afternoons that are made for the hammock under the apple-trees or in the shady porch corner; or chill evenings when you prefer sitting around the lamp in the living-room.

It is these quieter times that can be made as memorably delightful as the rest, if, among your rackets and clubs and fishing-rods, you have packed along a few well-chosen books.

BOOKS TO TAKE ALONG

It is the choice of these few books that I want to talk over this month. Once you are away in your country home, it won't be so easy to get a book as it is now; on the other hand, your trunk has just so much room, and you must n't waste it on a book you are not going to find worth while. Six or eight well-chosen books ought to be enough. You can fill a summer full of good reading with that number, if each one is of value, if it is enjoyable and, at the same time, able to add to your possessions—those inner possessions which are so much more enduring and precious than the outside things we are apt to work so hard to get.

In making up your mind as to just which books you will take on your vacation with you, books that won't bore or disappoint you, books that won't be so light and frivolous as to waste your time, nor yet so heavy as to make it a burden, you must take certain things into consideration. In the first place, the things you like and the things you don't like. That seems easy enough. "But hold!"—as they say on the stage. Are you

sure you don't like the things you think you don't like? Perhaps you have never given them a fair chance. Suppose you've always said—and thought—that you hated history. Now, history is really a very wonderful and exciting subject, and it seems likely that if you got over your prejudice, you might find history as enthralling as other people have found it. Last month I spoke of Prescott's histories as being such excellent reading. One of these on your summer's list may help to open fascinating new regions to you. Or you might try a history of a different kind, more like a story, such as Lanier's "Boys' Froissart" and "Boys' King Arthur," or Bulfinch's "Legends of Charlemagne." Biography belongs with history. Too many of you are afraid of it, without ever really endeavoring to discover whether or not you would care for it. There are lives of Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett that beat most adventure stories for excitement. There is also a world of entertainment as well as information in a book like Miss Seawell's "Decatur and Somers"—originally published as a serial in *ST. NICHOLAS*—or in any of Frank Trevor Hill's delightful histories and biographies on American subjects. Buffalo Bill's story of his life is capital, and so are General Grant's *Memoirs*. So don't decide too hastily that you dislike books on certain subjects—subjects that most people find to be interesting.

The best choice for a group of summer books is a varied one. Don't be afraid to be interested in many things; it will help you to grow mentally, just as a variety of good food helps your physical growth. Most of you have, however, some favorite subject, and that is as it should be. You want a book on that. Perhaps it is nature. In that case be sure to take along a book by John Burroughs, or William T. Hornaday, or John Muir. Muir's splendid "Mountains of California" has been issued in a new edition this year, and is a real treat. Or you might take one of Thoreau's books, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," for instance, or "Mount Katahdin." Some of you prefer Thompson-Seton's animal stories, with their excellent drawings. And one of the best of the late books is Overton W. Price's "The Land We Live In," which is simply crammed with interest and value from cover to cover.

If you are interested in art or music or science, be sure to take a volume on these subjects, or a

life of one of the men associated with them, of which there are many. There are many books, too, that tell how to know and understand the best in pictures or in the operas, and other wonderful volumes on recent discoveries and inventions. Send to any bookseller for a catalogue on your special subject, whatever it may be, and then choose one of the books from his list.

Always take along a volume of poetry. Not to love poetry is very much like not loving flowers, or sunsets, or sweet thoughts, or noble feelings. You will lose a great deal if you do not learn to love it; and the best, in fact the only, way of learning to love it, is to read it. You can take a book of collected poems, like "The Golden Treasury," or "The Oxford Book of Verse." Or you might choose Macaulay's "Lays," or Longfellow's "Hiawatha," or Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." And an excellent choice is Pope's translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Or there are Riley's lovely songs; and Stevenson; and Field; or Scott's stories in verse.

You surely want a good long novel or tale of adventure, like Scott's "Rob Roy," or his "Quentin Durward." Then there is the always new "Tom Brown at Rugby," by Hughes, or perhaps Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," a moving story full of stir and incident. There are Stevenson's stories; there are Dickens and Victor Hugo; there is Howard Pyle, with his "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," and many another, the pictures as delightful as the text, and both made by him. Or you might enjoy a quiet story like one of Louisa Alcott's, or Jane Austen's, or Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," or Miss Yonge's "Dove in the Eagle's Nest," or Kenneth Grahame's beautiful "Golden Age." Let your story, however, be by some writer you know to be good, and not too recent, so that it has had time to ripen. For that is good for books, just as it is for fruit.

As for fairy tales, I always think there is room for a bulky volume of those delicious things, just as there is room for moonshine in a summer night or golden shadows in a wood. Perhaps you have n't yet read Fergus Humes's "Chronicles of Fairy Land." If not, you ought to, for it is an adorable book. Then, too, there is Jean Ingelow's charming "Mopsa the Fairy," and George MacDonald's "Back of the North Wind," and "The Princess and the Goblin." As we all know, there is practically no end to the good fairy stories.

Let's see: you now have a book on history or biography; a book on your favorite subject; a book of adventure or story; a book of verse; a fairy book. That still leaves room for one or two more in our little list for rainy and lazy summer days. I believe that, even though it may not

be your special subject, you ought always to include a nature book dealing with some particular form of natural life, a book that tells you about the birds, the wild flowers, or the trees of the locality where you are to be. Or you might choose a volume on geology, on the depths of the sea or the heights of the sky and the shining stars. There are stories about bees, ants, and spiders that are brimful of interest and of surprise. Nor should you neglect the small animals of field and woodside, the snakes and moths, or any of the manifold lives that go on so near you, yet remain such mysteries unless you study them.

It seems to me that another type of book you cannot afford to neglect is the travel story. Here you have again a wide choice, for you have the whole round earth to voyage over, once you embark in a book. You can take some old volume, like Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," or else a comparatively new one, like Stanley's "Darkest Africa," or Peary's "Farthest North." A book that is n't exactly a travel book, but near enough, is "The Crooked Trail," by Lewis B. Miller, which tells of a thousand-mile ride along the Texan border in the days when the Lone Star State was wilder than it is now. This book gives a true and unforgettable picture of the West, and you are sure to like it immensely.

Well, now we have about as many as we meant to take along with us. It is n't a great number, but if you make up your list in some such order as I have suggested, your summer will hold plenty of good reading. Of course you are taking about as much of the great ocean of literature in this little handful of books as you would be taking water from the sea if you filled a cup with it. But that cupful of water has the tang and smell of the ocean, its wetness, a hint of its color. And your handful of literature will give you a taste of all reading, with its wealth of fact and fancy, of imagination and information, song and story.

It is far better to read seven or eight good books thoroughly, than to waste your time doubled up over a worthless collection of stories, all more or less alike. Summer is the time for you to keep outdoors, to play and gather fresh impressions, to laugh and grow tanned. Any of it you spend indoors you ought to make very worth while, and hours spent reading a detective story or a lot of cheap stuff that leaves nothing behind but tired eyes, are foolishly spent. Better not read at all for those free months. But if you use the time you spend with a book in the company of one who is clever and sympathetic and interesting, who has something to tell you and tells it well, you are doing a wise and a pleasant thing.

THE LETTER-BOX

IN accordance with the announcement in the League pages for May, we take pride in devoting the Letter-Box this month to the following contributions by girl readers of the magazine who loyally declare that ST. NICHOLAS is "the book" that has "helped them most." And we extend our thanks to these young friends for the kindly appreciation so cordially expressed in their letters.

"THE BOOK THAT HAS HELPED ME MOST— AND WHY"

SINCE I first learned to read, I have read a great many books of almost every description, yet I cannot think of one of them that has helped me in so many ways as the ST. NICHOLAS.

The funny verses make me laugh when I am feeling "blue"; the advertising contests and the puzzles help to keep my brain from becoming too rusty, and the stories are pleasant to read after the work is done (and sometimes before), or in the evening.

The League is where I think I have received the most help, for it has given me a chance to make use of my love of writing "stories." Since I was able to write, I have been writing thoughts on paper that amuse my small sisters, but are not worth wider attention. The League has given me a chance to see whether I could do anything worth while in composition or not.

Since my mother first urged me to write, I have sent every month but one, and every month but one I have been rewarded by seeing my name on either one Roll of Honor or the other. My silver badge made me feel very proud and happy, but I now long to possess a gold badge, and I have not much more time in which to win it.

I know, however, that when I truly deserve it, I shall receive it, and so it rests with me to make my work worthy of this honor from the League.

DOROTHY M. ROGERS (age 17).

THE book that has helped me most is ST. NICHOLAS. I have taken it since I was four years old, and only missed a year and a half.

In 1905 or 1906 there was a poem about "Smiley Boy." Mother, when I was cross, would say, "Remember Smiley Boy." Then I would get over my crossness. Later came the story of "Queen Silver-bell" and how she lost her temper. The temper was a little fairy in a silver cage. When I was about to lose my temper, Mother would remind me of "Queen Silver-bell."

So ST. NICHOLAS has done for me more good than any other book.

KATHERINE JUDSON (age 10½).

MANY books pass through my mind. First come two great stories of chivalry—"Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott, and Malory's "Morte Arthure." And then comes the "Chaplet of Pearls," a historic novel of France. After these come many college stories. But, as I reflect, there is one book which comes to my mind and remains there. Does this not contain legends of chivalry, historic stories, and stories of to-day, as well as other useful and desirable knowledge? What

book is this? Why, it is my bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS. My favorite school story, "The Crimson Sweater," first appeared in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

I am much interested in foot-ball, and if there is any point in the game I do not understand, I have only to turn to my well-worn volume of ST. NICHOLAS and read the splendid articles by Walter Camp. The base-ball articles are very interesting. I understand the game much better since I read them. If a question arises in connection with nature or science, it is usually answered by consulting ST. NICHOLAS. Only a few days ago, I wished to know why some days were called "weather-breeders." When my last number of ST. NICHOLAS came, the answer was found in its pages.

We often wish a change from the popular "rag-time" music. Then, what can please us better than the old-time ballads, published in ST. NICHOLAS? Can any book be found more useful, entertaining, or instructive than dear old ST. NICHOLAS? The book, then, that has helped me most is ST. NICHOLAS; and it has helped me because it always contains something easy, something hard, something new, something old; but, best of all, I always find something that I need most to know.

ELIZABETH C. WALTON (age 15).

I HAVE books and books! Why, one Christmas I received fifteen books, but the next Christmas, I received only one, and that one was the ST. NICHOLAS.

Of course I was delighted to get this magazine, but I was very disappointed that I did not receive more books; as the months rolled by, however, I found out how very foolish I was, and how valuable this *one* book was, and how very interesting the stories were; and not only this, but I found out the League was the most interesting of all amusements. It helps one along; it makes one have an aim, something to look forward to; whether you are an artist or a writer, you are sure of having a chance.

MARIE MERRIMAN (age 13).

THE book that has helped me most is ST. NICHOLAS.

ST. NICHOLAS is not only a story-book, but it is a book that teaches many things that one has not known before.

ST. NICHOLAS makes one think more about the things around us, especially the pages of "Nature and Science and Because We Want to Know"; and others are very instructive.

The stories of "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl," and "Crofton Chums" are interesting and helpful.

Dorothy's trips in her car took one back to some of our most noted writers' homes. One could just imagine seeing the homes of Longfellow, Louisa M. Alcott, and others as much loved by all.

I was reading "Little Women" at the same time Dorothy was visiting the author's old home.

The prize competitions and puzzles set our minds to working hard, and doing a lot of thinking about the work, and the way we write and express our thoughts.

So far as the good we get from books and magazines, ST. NICHOLAS has helped me most, and I am sure that all of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will agree with me.

MARGARET VAUGHAN (age 13).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals: Riley; third row: Wolfe Cross words: 1. Rowel. 2. Irony. 3. Lilac. 4. Elfin. 5. Yield.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. P. 2. Par. 3. Paris. 4. Parasol. 5. Risen. 6. Son. 7. L. II. 1. G. 2. Dab. 3. Domed. 4. Gambrel. 5. Berry. 6. Dey. 7. L. III. 1. Valid. 2. Arena. 3. Lever. 4. Inert. 5. Darts. IV. 1. R. 2. Dam. 3. Devil. 4. Ravines. 5. Mined. 6. Led. 7. S. V. 1. R. 2. Tap. 3. Tamar. 4. Ramadan. 5. Paddy. 6. Ray. 7. N.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. Zigzag: Shakespeare; second row: Hamlet. Cross-words: 1. Shrimp. 2. Bakery. 3. Emesis. 4. Slopes. 5. Cellar. 6. Statue.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "He who purposes to be an author should first be a student."

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG. North Carolina. Cross-words: 1. New York. 2. Corinth. 3. Rutland. 4. Atlanta. 5. Hamburg. 6. Ecua-

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 10 from Judith Ames Marsland—"Midwood"—R. Kenneth Emerson—Constance Guyot Cameron.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 10 from Robert L. Moore, 7—Ruth Adele Ehrich, 7—Ralph P. Barnard, 8—M. W. Johnstone, 8—Margaret Thurston, 7—Agnis L. Thomson, 8—Isabelle M. Craig, 7—Harmon B., James C., Glen I. Vedder, 7—Nellie Adams, 7—Philip Franklin, 8—Dorothy Belle Goldsmith, 8—Courtland Weeks, 7—Florence S. Carter, 7—Thankful Bickmore, 8—Theodore H. Ames, 7—Mrs. W. G. Hafford, 7—Gladys S. Conrad, 3—Margaret B. Silver, 3—Horace L. Weller, 2—Guy R. Turner, 6—Elizabeth B. Williams, 3—Claire Hepner, 6—Elizabeth J. Parsons, 2—Janet B. Fine, 4—John Martin, 3—Mary Lorillard, 2—Katharine L. Drury, 2—Dorothy Bowman, 5—Edna R. Meyle, 4—Henry Seligsohn, 5—Elizabeth Heinemann, 3—Kathryn Lyman, 5—Emily L. Abbott, 5—George B. Cabot, 4—Joseph B. Kelly, 5.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. F.—F. C. S.—H. F.—E. E.—L. R.—W. E.—E. T.—D. W.—M. Y. R.—B. K.—W. L.—B. H.—G. R.—B. E.—M. D.—M. B.—B. M.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-two letters and form a quotation from Lowell.

My 24-15-52-7-30-37 is a clown. My 35-1-26-8-28-51 is empty pride. My 12-5-20-42-10-39-3-21 is a rambling composition. My 16-40-13-48-27-25-44 is non-professional. My 33-18-17-29-32-11-31-43-49 is formed. My 19-34-45-36-23-9-46 is protection. My 38-50-4 is the call of a bird. My 14-6-2 is flowed. My 22-47-41 makes a winter sport.

ESTHER DEMPSEY (age 16), League Member.

CHARADE

My first is a creature decidedly small,
My second once rescued the race,
My third comes along with a telegraph call,
And my whole is a far distant place.

GERTRUDE RUSSELL (age 12), League Member.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC OF CONCEALED NAMES

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

IN each of the following sentences a feminine name is concealed. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a president of the United States.

1. That teacher made linear measure seem easy.
2. She wore a bonnet tied with blue ribbon.
3. The odor is very sweet.
4. Pedro sees the monkey.
5. The lean organ-grinder begged for money.
6. Ask Edwin if reddish brown will do.
7. At San José Phineas met his uncle.
8. The man handed him a license.

dor. 7. Alabama. 8. Orinoco. 9. Olympia. 10. Algeria. 11. Iceland. 12. England. 13. Augusta.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Leopard.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Cross-words: 1. Noah. 2. Anna. 3. Trow. 4. Halt. 5. Arch. 6. Nero. 7. Iser. 8. Earn. 9. Lane.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD. 1. Event. 2. Valor. 3. Elate. 4. Notes. 5. Tress.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Sit. 3. Salad. 4. Million. 5. Taint. 6. Dot. 7. N.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Zigzags: Michael Angelo, Sistine Chapel; 1 to 5, David; 6 to 10, Moses. Cross-words: 1. Moves. 2. Digit. 3. Cures. 4. Chute. 5. Alibi. 6. Terns. 7. Loose. 8. Dance. 9. Neigh. 10. Agram. 11. Equip. 12. Alien. 13. Oriel.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 10 from Judith Ames Marsland—"Midwood"—R. Kenneth Emerson—Constance Guyot Cameron.

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ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. F.—F. C. S.—H. F.—E. E.—L. R.—W. E.—E. T.—D. W.—M. Y. R.—B. K.—W. L.—B. H.—G. R.—B. E.—M. D.—M. B.—B. M.

9. "Get in the car, old fellow!" he shouted to his dog.
10. "Meet me under the oak at eight o'clock."
11. "Ah!" cried the hussar, "ah, could I see thee but once again!"
12. The new bass viol gave the boy great pleasure.
13. Use the funnel lying on the table.

MARION J. BENEDICT (age 13).

KING'S MOVE FLORAL PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
T	U	I	N	N	O	I	A
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
L	A	O	B	A	R	N	T
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
V	I	O	G	E	C	S	U
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
P	I	L	R	S	E	O	C
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
T	E	H	C	O	R	Y	
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
O	P	P	I	D	R	S	C
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
S	P	Y	A	D	L	D	I
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
Y	N	A	P	H	A	I	A

BEGINNING at a certain square, move to an adjoining square until each square has been entered once. If the moves are correctly made, the letters in the succeeding squares will spell the names of eleven well-known flowers.

ELEANOR KING NEWELL (age 11).



ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC

EACH of the eight pictured objects may be described by a word of five letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the middle row of letters will spell the name of a June visitor.

NORA BENNETT.

insect. 11. Part of a window, and make part of the neck. 12. Part of a doorway, and make misfortunes. 13. A sound, and make a memorandum. 14. To whip, and make a game.

The initial letters of the new words will spell the name of an English poet.

MARGARET WADDELL (age 13).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND QUADRUPLE CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Triply behead and quadruply curtail unimportant, and leave consumed. Answer, imm-ate-rial.

In the same way behead and curtail: 1. Simple, and leave human beings. 2. Inflammatory, and leave an aim. 3. A period of forty days, and leave hastened. 4. A manager of another's affairs, and leave a despicable fellow. 5. According to the principles of mathematics, and leave to edge. 6. Control, and leave maturity. 7. Written names of persons, and leave a boy's nickname. 8. Relevancy, and leave a metal. 9. Pertaining to parts under the skin, and leave a kind of lyric poem. 10. Pierced with holes, and leave a preposition. 11. Continuous bendings, and leave a large tub. 12. To free from prejudices, and leave an epoch. 13. Pertaining to a phonotype, and leave a negative adverb. 14. Wavers, and leave evil. 15. Unsettled, and leave a vehicle. 16. Monarchs, and leave before.

The remaining words are all of the same length and their initial letters spell the title of a play by Shakespeare.

FANNIE RULEY (age 14).

TRANSPOSITIONS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Transpose to forfeit, and make part of a shoe. Answer, lose, sole.

In the same way transpose: 1. To weary, and make a dress. 2. To wander, and make above. 3. Naked, and make an animal. 4. A residence, and make a direction. 5. A minute orifice in a body, and make a stout cord. 6. Recent, and make a story. 7. Apparel, and make to boast. 8. Dreadful, and make a kind of excursion. 9. Answers the purpose, and make poems of a certain kind. 10. Handles awkwardly, and make a winged

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

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* * * * * 0 * * * * *
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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Speed. 2. A Greek letter. 3. A twig. 4. A pronoun. 5. Earnest.

II. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In prestige. 2. Uninteresting. 3. Immense. 4. An animal. 5. In prestige.

III. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. In an automobile. 2. A fruit. 3. Fatigues. 4. Open to view. 5. Musical signs.

IV. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In prestige. 2. A drinking vessel. 3. Sin. 4. To work steadily. 5. In prestige.

V. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In prestige. 2. A period of time. 3. Snares. 4. To imitate. 5. In prestige.

VI. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In prestige. 2. A card. 3. Panic. 4. Before. 5. In prestige.

VII. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To stop the progress of. 2. To be sufficient. 3. Tests. 4. Public. 5. Plagues.

VIII. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In prestige. 2. A mineral spring. 3. A garden tool. 4. To join to. 5. In prestige.

IX. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Transparent. 2. Permission. 3. Consumed. 4. To turn aside. 5. Tears.

MARJORIE K. GIBBONS (age 15).

Your Candy

Every one in your home gets "candy-hungry." Peter's Chocolate fills the ever-present demand for chocolate candy—because it has that peculiarly delicious taste which you have always considered the *ideal* chocolate flavor.

PETER'S MILK CHOCOLATE



"High as the Alps
in Quality"

is the food and candy combined.
It is as wholesome as it is delicious,
and you can give your family all
they want of it.

Peter's is the *original* milk
chocolate. For more than thirty
years it has been the *purest* milk
chocolate made.

**It is the business of the Peter Factory
to give you good chocolate candy**

Dioxogen

An Advertisement to Children

THE disease germ is a tiny, living thing that can only be seen through the most powerful microscope.

Though so small, he has done much harm in the world.

It is he that gives you sore throat, measles, whooping-cough, and all the other "catching" sicknesses. It is he that makes your sore finger get well so slowly.

Even the doctors are afraid of him and always try to destroy him.*

To-day every disease germ lives in mortal fear of Dioxogen. One touch of it means death to him.

That is why doctors, nurses, and wise mothers and fathers use Dioxogen at once for every kind of wound. Why they want you to gargle with it, or at least rinse your mouth.

When it is busy killing germs, Dioxogen bubbles and foams. You can see it work. Ask mother to let you try it yourself.

Dioxogen is a germicide — a germ destroyer — not merely an antiseptic. It is absolutely harmless, too.

Three Sizes: Small (5 1/3 oz.) 25c.
Medium (10 2/3 oz.) 50c. Large
(20 oz.) 75c.



Dioxogen, 98 Front Street, New York City



Fine Morning "Eats"

Here are some fine morning Eats for Miss Business.

Here are the Eats that are always ready to serve and that taste delicious.

Post Toasties

—the crisped bits of toasted Indian Corn—delicately browned, wafer-like and appetizing.

Serve them for your breakfast tomorrow morning—and you'll probably serve them again, and again, for—

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR

THE glistening whiteness and clear, sparkling crystals proclaim the absolute purity of Crystal Domino Sugar. The dainty, easy-breaking shape is the last touch of perfection.

Because it is sweetest and purest, it is also the most economical—as thousands of housewives have learned.

One of the "Quality Products" of

The American Sugar Refining Company

117 Wall Street, New York

Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet, sent on request. Address Dept. L.



*The
Comfortable
Day*

Begins at the
Breakfast Table

The most common table beverages—coffee and tea—contain a drug—*caffeine*—which to some persons is an irritant, and interferes with digestion.

If you find this to be true in your own family, stop the coffee and tea and use

POSTUM

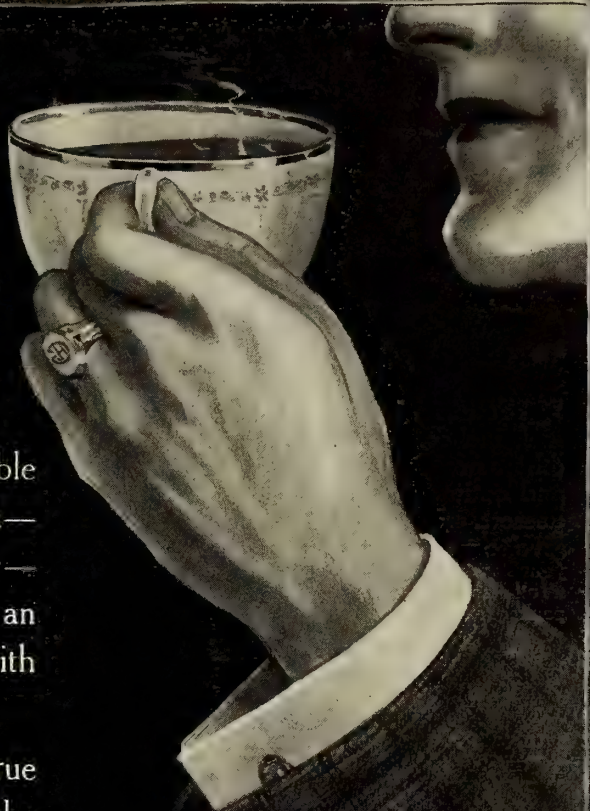
Well boiled, according to directions, it is a comforting drink resembling Java coffee in color and taste.

The test is worth the trouble and may solve the problem.

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.





Let's all have a good time

HERE'S a Junket Party. The original is in bright, pretty colors—size, 8 x 12 inches. See what a good time the children are having eating Junket, and others are coming to join them. ¶ You may have a good time, too, making and eating Junket—so easy to make, so good to eat, and unlike any other dessert. Junket Desserts are made with milk and Junket Tablets. Just fine to give to your friends when they come to your real party. ¶ All you need do is to send your name and address and Ten Cents, and you'll get this beautiful toy, a Junket Recipe Book, and a full-size package of Junket—enough for ten parties. We will send, all charges prepaid, three packages of Junket with book and toy for 25 cents. ¶ Sit down right now and write for them.

THE JUNKET FOLKS

Chr. Hansen's Laboratory,

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

FOR LIVELY BOYS AND GIRLS



Velvet Grip

RUBBER BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER

Has all the good features—security, neatness, "handiness," and wear value. Buy it by name and be sure.

Children's sample pair 16c. postpaid (give age).

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON.
(Also makers of famous Boston Garter for Men.)



MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

FOR MINE



For Prickly Heat and Sunburn
Relieves all Skin Irritations

Sample Box for 4c stamp

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.



Trade-Mark

See America NOW



This Summer visit the Storied Northwest, Yellowstone National Park and the North Pacific Coast.

Low Summer Tourist Fares daily June 1st to September 30th. Special Convention Fares May 15 to 17, 27, 28; June 3 to 6, 27 to 30; July 1 to 5, 11, 12; October 12, 14, 15:

\$65 To Pacific Coast and return from Chicago and Milwaukee.

\$55 From St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha.

Correspondingly low fares from all points East and South.

\$55½ For Yellowstone tour of 5½ days from Livingston, Montana.



This Park rate includes all meals, lodging and stage transportation in the Park.

Write for booklets about the trip and service. Enclose 6 cents for "Through Wonderland," the most beautiful book on Yellowstone ever issued. Address

A. M. CLELAND
General Passenger Agent
ST. PAUL, MINN.



Northern Pacific is the Direct and Only Line to Gardiner Gateway, a best entrance to Yellowstone Park.

Panama-Pacific Intl Expo, San Francisco, 1915



“The difference between knowledge and wisdom is the difference between seeing an opportunity and seizing it.”

—CHARLES CLARK MUNN

Great are the opportunities offered by ST. NICHOLAS to reliable advertiser and wise is that advertiser who does not overlook the young folks.



"Our
Eskay
Baby
has never
had a

sick day,"
Mrs. W. B.
Melone,
Cupertino,
Cal.

IF baby's food isn't right, he cannot stand the summer heat without serious illness.

ESKAY'S FOOD

is used by thousands of physicians, nurses and mothers who have learned from experience that pure cow's milk modified with Eskay's can be digested by baby's delicate stomach with no more effort than mother's milk.

"Ask your doctor" about Eskay's, and let us mail you our helpful mother's book, and **TEN FEEDINGS FREE.**

Smith, Kline & French Co. 462 Arch St., Phila.



*Preferred
Above
All
Others*

Its reputation is international. Its quality and goodness, above criticism. A delicious drink for every occasion.

At All Leading Grocers

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

The unique Luncheon Restaurant is a popular resort for ladies—afternoon tea 3 to 6



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,
10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET
COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



Time to hand in answers is up June 10. Prize-winners announced in August number.



It is very evident to any one reading those departments of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE which are the work of the readers themselves that there are few subjects more interesting to those who favor us with contributions, than pet animals. In the Letter-Box and in the League alike, communications appear constantly testifying to the interest of owners in their pets.

This has suggested to us a form of competition somewhat novel, and yet appealing to most of you, both because the subject-matter is interesting and because the thing to be done is one well within your grasp.

The art of advertising consists in conveying to a reader a knowledge of an impression in your own mind, and in conveying that impression so strongly as to make your advertisement act upon his mind. Thus the making of an advertisement involves clear understanding of its subject, the choice of those parts of it which make the strongest appeal, and the putting of your statements into convincing form.

Knowing, therefore, that so many of you are believers in keeping pets, such as dogs and cats, ponies and birds, we ask you to write out a statement showing the benefits of the keeping of pets upon their owners. The task that you have to perform is to tell plainly why it is of benefit to young people to have the care of pets, to study them, to care for them, to observe their ways, and to become acquainted with their characters.

The objects to be borne in mind in writing such a statement are: First, to compose it as if you were writing an advertisement that would induce people to keep pets; secondly, put your facts not only strongly, but briefly, as if you had to pay for the space required and therefore meant to make every word valuable; third, to make such a statement apply either to the keeping of one kind of pet or to the keeping of pets generally, as you may prefer.

You may put your facts and reasons into any of these forms:

1. A "reader," which means a brief article from 500 to 800 words in length, such as might be printed upon the advertising pages in ST.

NICHOLAS, something after the manner of the "Old Bicycle Days," in the current numbers. This means writing an article readable for itself alone, and yet useful in advertising.

2. You may write in the form of an imaginary advertisement.

3. You may write in letter form, telling of a pet or pets, and then winding up by the statement of what pleasures pets afford those owning them.

In no case should your statements in 2 and 3 exceed 300 words.

Though it is not necessary, you may also send a picture of a pet if it adds to the attractiveness of your paper.

You will see that the purpose of this competition is to test your ability to express facts and arguments effectively, just as is necessary in writing advertisements.

The prizes are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the one who submits the best advertisement.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to those who submit the next best advertisements.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to those who submit the next best advertisements.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to those who submit the next best advertisements.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

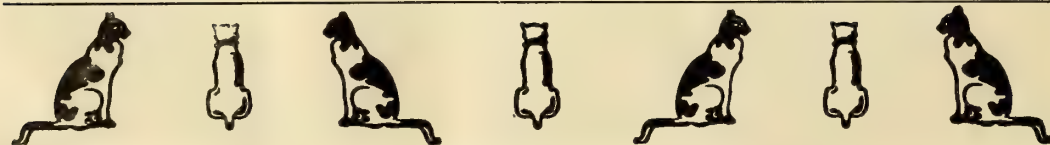
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (126).

3. Submit answers by June 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 126, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.



(See also page 22.)

The "Good Old Bicycle Days"

Making a Bicycle Tire—Third Article

By Harry Davis

WHEN my last article closed we had a cargo of crude rubber on the wharf at a South American port ready for shipment to the United States.

In that article I told you all about the sharp-eyed little brown men of the Tropics—how they carry on the first stages of the great rubber industry, gathering sap from the tall, stately rubber trees and smoking it over palm nut fires until it hardens and takes the form of big balls, or "biscuits."



Split balls of crude rubber—called "biscuits"

This month we will visit a factory. There we will see how the crude rubber is made into bicycle tires.

Suppose we select for our trip one of the great plants operated by the United States Tire Company. This concern has four immense factories. Each is equipped with the most modern machinery known to the rubber industry, and at each hundreds of men work twenty-four hours (in three "shifts") every day, making tires—bicycle, motor-cycle, and automobile. As we enter the door the musical buzzing of machinery greets our ears, and we soon discover that this factory is a very busy place.

An attendant meets us and will show us through.

First of all we will go to the store-room where thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of crude rubber is kept. Here we find the balls that have come by steamboat and railway train from far-off countries.

A workman pushes a wheelbarrow into the room, piles it full of split balls and pushes the load away. Let's follow him.

He wheels up alongside of a large metal tank filled with water. Dip your finger in it. Hot, is n't it?

Into this water the crude rubber is dropped and the actual

work of making a bicycle tire has begun. The object of placing the rubber in hot water is to soften it. Several hours of soaking are required to get it in shape for further handling.

After being removed from this tank the first process in the treatment of rubber is washing. This is a very important step. Above everything else rubber must be clean. Every particle of sand, bark, and other substances that have dropped in while the liquid was being smoked must be washed out of it; otherwise, a perfect tire cannot be turned out.

The washing is done on huge rollers over which trickle streams of pure water. The rubber is rolled and washed and washed and rolled until it is absolutely clean. At this stage rubber resembles bands of crushed sponges. The bands vary in size. They may be as much as half an inch thick and four feet wide. In this form rubber is known as "crape."

Following the crape as it leaves the washer we are led to the drying room. We won't care to stay more than a minute or two here. It is too warm. You know how hot it gets sometimes in Summer. Well, in this room it is just as hot all the time as it is on a scorching August day. A temperature of about 90 degrees is maintained.

The bands of crape are hung in rows in this hot room, where they are allowed to remain for several days until they are thoroughly dried.

Now comes the mixing process. You may have watched your mother, or perhaps the cook, mixing bread. You know how she kneads the dough with her two hands until it is ready for the baking pan. Well, rubber is handled in much the same way except that the work, instead of being done by human hands, is performed by powerful rollers. The rubber is fed into them and is squeezed and rolled and rolled and squeezed until it becomes a big plastic mass looking for all the world, except as to color, like an enormous batch of bread-dough.

Before we go any further let me ask you—do you think your tires are made out of pure rubber? If you do you're mistaken. You probably would use up a set of tires every week if they were. Pure rubber tires would be too soft to wear. Therefore the rubber gum must be mixed with mineral substances to make it strong and tough. This process is called compounding. Sulphur and other materials are used to give your tires wearing qualities.

After rubber has been thoroughly mixed with the compound it is almost ready to go into tires. But there are several important steps yet to be taken.

In my next article I'll tell you about them. Don't fail to read it.



Washing rubber

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 124

The Judges were rather surprised to find that almost all of you had different ideas as to how dens should be furnished. They ranged all the way from that little crowded room in the attic which mother uses to store old furniture, trunks, and odds and ends, to a large room in your brand-new house, as yet only partially furnished because you have n't found just exactly the right kind of chair for that particular corner.

The Judges are pleased to note that most of you sent in your papers so carefully wrapped and so clean and fresh, that it was a pleasure to open them.

Of course there were some of you, as usual, who did n't read the rules carefully and failed to copy and enlarge the drawing of the room itself; and quite a number put too many things in their dens, in spite of the warning we gave them, with the result that the room looked very crowded and anything but neat. It was also very difficult for some of you to get the right perspective.

There were a large number of rooms that really were furnished very prettily, but the Judges, as you know, can award only a certain number of prizes, and it is always

quite a task to select the best papers and be fair to all.

There were some dens, however, which looked so comfortable and cozy that the Judges just could n't help but give them prizes right away. The work was really very good, and showed much taste and care.

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Eleanor T. Middleditch, age 16, New York.

Jean P. Mumford, age 13, Pennsylvania.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Isabel Dell Shelplan, age 12, Missouri.

Margaret Conty, age 16, New York.

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Wilbur A. Moore, age 9, New York.

Dorothy Morris, age 12, Illinois.

Theodore S. Wray, age 11, New York.

Dorothy Pickhardt, age 14, New York.

Beatrice Holliday, age 11, Massachusetts.

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HONORABLE MENTION

Anita Ferguson, age 14, Canada.

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Ruth Aldridge, age 15, New York.

Hildegard Beck, age 13, Wisconsin.

Iverne Haus, age 14, Colorado.

Russell Clark, age 12, New York.

Marjorie MacMonnies, age 14, New York.

Wortha Joy Merritt, age 13, California.

(See also page 20.)

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONFEDERATE LOCALS

THESE lines are addressed mainly to those readers of ST. NICHOLAS who live south of the Mason and Dixon line, and who have access to old letters written in the early sixties. The so-called Confederate Locals are all rare, and many of them exceedingly so. Some of them are not really stamps, but are provisional envelopes. Do not destroy an old envelop because no stamp appears upon it. Many postmasters, having no stamps to supply the demand, manufactured a "provisional" stamp or envelop in this manner: they surcharged one corner of the envelop with what looks like a circular post-mark. This usually reads, "paid five cents" or "paid ten cents," and is without date, while the canceling post-mark which appears also upon the used envelop is usually in a different colored ink and bears a date. Do not destroy such envelopes because they seemingly bear no stamp, but submit them to some experienced collector. There are doubtless many varieties of these provisionals yet to be discovered.

APPROVAL SHEETS

IN the making of a collection the source from which additions to it may be made is a vital and interesting problem. After the beginner has exhausted the various opportunities at hand, he usually resorts to some dealer for the continuance of supply. Here one may buy in three ways—packets, approval sheets, and want-lists. If the collection is only a small one, money can be invested to the best advantage in the purchase of a packet of stamps. Buy as large a packet as your pocket-money will allow, or, if you wish to spend only a small sum at a time, buy one of a series of what are called "non-duplicating" packets. Any of our advertisers can give you a list of many kinds of packets—all sizes and varieties to fit the needs of every purse. After having purchased either a large packet or an entire series of non-duplicating packets, it is obviously unwise to depend upon this source of supply unless one is willing to run the risk of accumulating many duplicates. Recourse then should be had to what are called "approval sheets." These are sheets of paper, varying in size, and ruled to accommodate twenty-five, fifty, or one hundred stamps, as the case may be. In each space is placed a stamp and the price for which that particular stamp is offered. Some dealers give also the catalogue number and price of the stamp. The collector who receives the sheets compares the stamps offered with those he already has, and so selects for purchase only such as are additions to his collection, returning the remaining stamps to the dealer who sent the sheet, with a remittance for those taken from it. In this way no duplicates are accumulated. The stamps on these sheets are nearly always in good condition, genuine specimens, and offered at attractive discounts from the catalogue prices. Most of the sheets for beginners are offered at fifty per cent. discount, and this by dealers of unquestioned responsibility and integrity.

Stamps from approval sheets can be sold by a dealer at greater discounts from catalogue prices than if called for on a want-list. This is because of

the saving of time in the making up of the sheets. They are made up in this manner: for sheets containing twenty-five stamps a series of drawers is made, each drawer containing twenty-five compartments. In each compartment the dealer puts one hundred or more specimens of a certain stamp. Each compartment is marked with the price of that especial stamp. He has then before him the material for one hundred sheets. The sheets bear the request that they be not torn or soiled. Stamps taken from the sheet by the first recipient can be readily replaced from the corresponding boxes in the drawer, and the sheet is as good as it was originally. This means a great saving of time to the dealer and enables him to offer the stamps at large discounts.

When asking any of our advertisers for approval sheets, always mention about how many stamps you have in your collection, and tell him about how much money you can spend if the stamps sent are such as you desire. When a minor asks for stamps, it is necessary to have some responsible person guarantee the payment of the account.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

GAIN we must caution correspondents to be particular about inclosing their address with their inquiries. We are always glad to answer questions, and if a stamped envelop is inclosed, we will reply more promptly than can be done through these columns. We have before us a letter from Mrs. M. A. C., who gives no address, but inquires about the value of certain Civil War Revenues and some stamped envelopes. In reply we would say that some of the stamps referred to are quite scarce and desirable. But there is a great deal of technicality about stamps, and the description given is not sufficient to definitely determine the stamp. For instance, one of the stamps is mentioned as the "one-cent internal revenue of 1863." This stamp was issued imperforate, part-perforate, and perforate, and also has different wordings in the label. It may be "Express," or "Playing Card," "Proprietary," or "Telegraph," and its value varies with its label. If Mrs. M. A. C. will send her address to the Editor of the Stamp Page, fuller information on the subject will gladly be given. ¶ A collection of "entires" means a collection of entire envelopes still bearing the stamps which were used to pre-pay the postage. The earlier issues, especially the very earliest, are much sought after on the entire envelop or cover. Certain stamps like the "local" issues of the United States are worth much more when on the cover. ¶ The private match and medicine stamps of the United States should be saved. Many of them are scarce and all are interesting. Many of the older collectors devote themselves entirely to collecting these and the United States Revenues. ¶ A stamp with perforated initials is worth only about one half as much as a similar specimen without the initials. The varying initials are those of large firms which use stamps extensively—purchasing them in entire sheets and perforating them as a guard against theft. These sheets should not be found outside the premises of the firm indicated by the initials.

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR JULY, 1912.

	Page
Frontispiece. "‘Oh, Pardon Me, Your Excellency!’ I cried." Illustrating the story "The Lucky Sixpence." Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.	
For the Pennant, or, Battle-ships at Target-Practice Charles B. Brewer.....	771
<small>Illustrated from photographs.</small>	
A Brave Little Mother. Story..... Flora Macdonald.....	778
<small>Illustrated by George A. King.</small>	
The Persian Kitten. Picture. From the painting by Louise Cox.....	779
Dorothy of Salem Town. Verse..... Alix Thorn.....	780
<small>Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.</small>	
The Fourth of July Regatta. ("Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes.") Verse. D. K. Stevens.....	782
<small>Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland.</small>	
A Relic of the Revolution. (The General Knox Headquarters House.) Everett McNeil.....	786
<small>Illustrated from photographs.</small>	
The Wrong Side. Verse..... Alice E. Allen.....	789
The Lady of the Lane. Serial Story..... Frederick Orin Bartlett.....	790
<small>Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.</small>	
The Story of Prince Scarlet Mary Stewart.....	796
<small>Illustrated by Reginald Birch.</small>	
The Dream-Ship. Verse. Illustrated..... Miriam S. Clark.....	799
President Washington and Flying. Illustrated..... Marion Florence Lansing.....	800
The End of a Giant. Verse..... Pauline Frances Camp.....	802
<small>Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan.</small>	
The Whippoorwill. Verse. Illustrated..... Edward N. Teall.....	803
Playing the Game. (Base-ball Series.)..... C. H. Claudy.....	804
<small>Illustrated from photographs and with diagrams.</small>	
The Townsend Twins — Camp Directors. Serial Story..... Warren L. Eldred.....	813
<small>Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.</small>	
The Daisy Field. Picture. From the painting by Charles C. Curran.....	820
The Triplets' Plain Party Elizabeth Price.....	821
<small>Illustrated by E. A. Furman.</small>	
The Lucky Sixpence. Serial Story..... { Emilie Benson Knipe and } Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher. { Alden Arthur Knipe }	826
Seeing the President. Verse..... N. F. Richardson.....	834
<small>Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.</small>	
"A Duet." Picture. Drawn by Gertrude A. Kay.....	835
Just for Fun:	
Johnny's Fourth of July Oration. Picture. Drawn by C. F. Lester.....	836
Trouble in High Life. Picture. Drawn by Culmer Barnes.....	836
The Cheerful Little Girl and Her Cheerful Little Doll. Serial Story..... Caroline Stetson Allen.....	837
<small>Illustrated by Alice Caddy.</small>	
Nature and Science for Young Folks. Illustrated.....	842
For Very Little Folk:	
The Drum-Major. Verse. Illustrated..... Wells Hastings.....	850
Willie's Air-Castle. Verse..... Edwin C. Beal.....	851
<small>Illustrated by Mary Anderson.</small>	
Making Friends. Verse..... F. W. M.....	851
<small>Illustrated from photographs by Alice L. Clark.</small>	
St. Nicholas League. With awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated.....	852
Books and Reading. Illustrated..... Hildegard Hawthorne.....	861
The Riddle-Box. Illustrated.....	863
St. Nicholas Stamp Page Advertising page	18

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“OH, PARDON ME, YOUR EXCELLENCY!” I CRIED.”

(“THE LUCKY SIXPENCE,” PAGE 827.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

JULY, 1912

No. 9

FOR THE PENNANT OR, BATTLE-SHIPS AT TARGET-PRACTICE

BY CHARLES B. BREWER

EVERY boy who reads this might have been rather angry if he had heard some of the naval officers, who had been keenly watching the progress of foreign navies, go to the President several years ago, and claim that the gunners on our battle-ships could not shoot.

Some of the ordnance men in the department probably felt that way about it. At any rate, they would not believe it. But President Roosevelt, who knew a good deal about shooting, half-way believed it, and decided to find out for sure. He ordered some special tests made to try out the shooting, and, sure enough, as good shooting goes, they *could n't* shoot!

Old methods were quickly and thoroughly changed. What is known as "continuous aim," that is, keeping the guns on the target all the time, instead of the old method of aiming them after they were loaded, soon became very popular. The number of "hits per minute" piled up so rapidly as to be almost unbelievable. This was smooth-water shooting, however. So when shooting in rough water was added to the requirements, the big scores took a tumble. But the former training had served the men splendidly. They had learned how to shoot rapidly. So, with intense competition, the scores soon began to grow again. To-day, from what we know from foreign reports, our shooting is better than that of any other nation, and, in addition to this, the distances of the targets are much greater.

Our fine gunners, of whom we have the right to feel proud, no longer shoot at a bull's-eye. Like Buffalo Bill, they have moving targets; and battle practice, held each April and September, is as much like a real battle as it is possible to make it. At night practice, however, the targets are stationary.

When the fleet goes to battle practice, to the Southern Drill Grounds, about 100 miles off Hampton Roads, it separates, for convenience, into divisions of four battle-ships each. Each division fires on separate ranges—or firing courses—about twenty miles apart.

When the signal is received from the flag-ship, each division starts out in search of the "enemy." After a division passes a ship known as the "range vessel," they get their first sight of the targets. A signal known as "general quarters" has been sounded on each ship, and every member of the ship's company has gone to his assigned "battle-station," which is the place to which he would be assigned in a real engagement.

The firing vessels are not allowed to know the speed at which the targets are towed, or how far away they are. This must be mathematically worked out. The course which must be followed diverges enough from an exactly parallel course to that made by the targets to necessitate working out new ranges every time the guns are fired. At the battle practices, the ranges are often about 12,500 yards, or over seven miles—the

longest ever known. Imagine what Nelson, who sometimes fought with his ship lashed to the enemy's, would have thought of such ranges!

While the firing is in progress, certain officers, called "spotters," act as the eyes of the ship. They are in the "spotters' top" of the "waste-basket" cage mast, about 120 feet above the water. This is purposely placed as high as possible (the height being limited to that which will pass under the Brooklyn Bridge), so that the splash of the projectile, as it hits the water, may be observed to best advantage, and the gunners, if necessary, directed by telephone or speaking-tube to point more accurately for the next shot.

The writer was in one of these tops on the *Michigan* (which, later, won the pennant) during the September practice, and had a wonderful bird's-eye view of all the guns of the division, which, in a few minutes' time, fired 100,000 pounds of steel at a speed of thirty times that of an express-train making sixty miles an hour. To do this, 50,000 pounds of powder is required.

While we are speaking of weights, it is interesting to know (and few people, even those accustomed to dealing with ammunition, have knowledge of the rule) that the actual weight in pounds of a projectile is very close to one half the cube of its diameter. Thus, the actual weight of a twelve-inch shell is 870 pounds. Applying the rule, $12 \times 12 \times 12 \div 2 = 864$ pounds. The rule holds approximately true for all sizes, even down

to a 0.32 caliber pistol ball weighing but a fifth of an ounce.

After the first vessels finish firing, the target screens must be removed and brought on board the individual ships for the umpires (always visiting officers) to count the hits and send their reports, through the flag-ship, to Washington. The shot-up masts of the targets must be replaced by the "repair-party" from the vessel that did the shooting; and, this done, the first vessels to fire become observers of those that follow. You are then close enough to see that the tiny speck at which you have been shooting really has some size. Yet it is only about one fifth the length of a battle-ship.

From an observing ship a sublime sight commences when the other ships open fire. A vivid flash is seen through the heavy atmosphere, though the firing ship itself is scarcely discernible at this range of six or seven miles.

Eleven seconds can be timed between the flash and the arrival of the shell at the target. Bursts of snow-white mist and sea ("geysers," they are called) are dashed to the towering height of 200 to 300 feet as the shells hit the water. The belated sound arrives a few seconds later. A second, and sometimes a third, smaller burst of mist can be seen two or three miles beyond, as the shell ricochets, or rebounds, along the water's surface in the final stages of its seven-mile journey before going to its last resting-place.



THE BATTLE-SHIP "MICHIGAN."



From photograph, copyright, 1911, by Enrique Muller.

THE "MICHIGAN," AT FULL SPEED, FIRING EIGHT TWELVE-INCH GUNS, AT A TARGET 12,000 YARDS DISTANT.

In the ricochet the shell sometimes leaves its line of flight many degrees, usually to the right, being thus influenced by the rapid rotation given it by the rifling of the gun-barrel. For this reason, it is usual for observing vessels to remain some distance away, unless they are to the left of the firing vessel.

It seems scarcely credible that the flight of a twelve-inch shell moving 2800 feet a second can be followed with the eye, yet it can be so traced if a position is chosen well in the line of fire. A position to the *rear* is doubtless more popular, but the observers of the test of the dynamite guns of the old *Vesuvius* had such faith in the limit of its reach, that many of them *faced* the shell as it was fired. A twelve-inch shell in flight can also be seen at times from one side, when a "geyser" from another shot happens to form a background at the appropriate instant.

Many things are happening during the eleven seconds that the shell is in flight. So perfectly have the ammunition parties and the gun crews been drilled that the heavy twelve-inch gun is almost ready to fire again before its former shell has landed; and some of the crack crews of the seven-inch guns, which can be loaded more rapidly, actually had *two shells in flight at the same*

time. The handling and loading of the charge for a twelve-inch gun is as pretty a piece of clock-work as could be done by human hands. It takes more than a score of men to supply and feed its shell and its four bags of powder. Each of these men has a particular part of the job to do, and, like a foot-ball player, has learned to do it just at the right moment and in the shortest possible time. Strength is required as well as skill, for one load weighs over half a ton, and must be raised from the handling room to the turret, a height of forty or fifty feet.

During the same period that the ammunition and gun crews are handling and loading the powder and shell, the pointers and trainers are "getting on" the target. This seems almost a superhuman task; for the ship, by rolling and pitching, and steaming ahead at the same time, is given a peculiar zigzag or "corkscrew" motion, and the target has also had time, while the shell is in flight, to move 100 feet and change its position vertically ten feet with one wave, and start in the opposite direction on the next. Reference to the skill of these men means "skill" in its broadest sense.

Target-practice, like everything else in this era of progress, has been a development. Many



From photograph, copyright, by Enrique Muller.

SPLASHES OF THE "MICHIGAN'S" TWELVE-INCH SHELLS.

problems had to be solved and all sorts of obstacles overcome by long experience, before four immense crewless and rudderless target hulks could be successfully operated at a speed which would faithfully represent cruising vessels.

It has been but a few years since the target consisted of a stationary piece of triangular canvas, ten feet high, stretched between two masts, and intended only as an aiming point. Observers

near the target would note the splashes and calculate how many shots *would have been* "hits" had the targets been 25 feet by 100 feet. Actual holes in this target were not looked for.

On a recent practice, an old boatswain on the *Michigan*, who had served on the *Kentucky*, told me how, at her early practices, the latter vessel had used an island for a target. The island was inhabited by gulls. If the shot struck anywhere



From photograph, copyright, by H. R. Jackson.

SHELLS FROM A SHIP SEVEN MILES DISTANT ARRIVING AT THE TARGETS.

on the island, the gulls would fly up. If they were seen to rise, the shot was counted a "hit."

Since that time our gunners have made marvelous strides. As fast as they advanced in skill, new conditions were prescribed and the distances increased. The best thought throughout the service has been put on the subject. Training has been incessant, and the most advanced methods have been introduced to attain accurate aim and rapidity of fire.

Actual conditions are imitated, as far as practicable, to prevent false training even in the drill practice. The "dummy" ammunition is made just the proper shape and weight. One end of the powder bag is even painted red to accustom the teams to keep the ignition powder, or fast-burning end of the bag, next to the primer, though both kinds of powder used at drill practice are actually represented by a harmless bag of beans.

The pointers and trainers are drilled even in port with actual firing. The miniature target is ingeniously rigged on a spar a few feet away, to move with the gun, and presents itself whichever way the gun is trained. The firing is done with a rifle which shoots a ball the size of a pea. This rifle is rigged sometimes inside and sometimes

key is pressed, a gun is always actually fired. The crack of a rifle is heard, however, instead of



From photograph by Brown.

A TARGET UNDER A STRANGE LIGHT.

the roar of its big brother. Effective preliminary training is thus secured and a great saving effected, for the ammunition to fire a twelve-inch gun costs \$360, and the gun generally requires



From photograph by Brown.

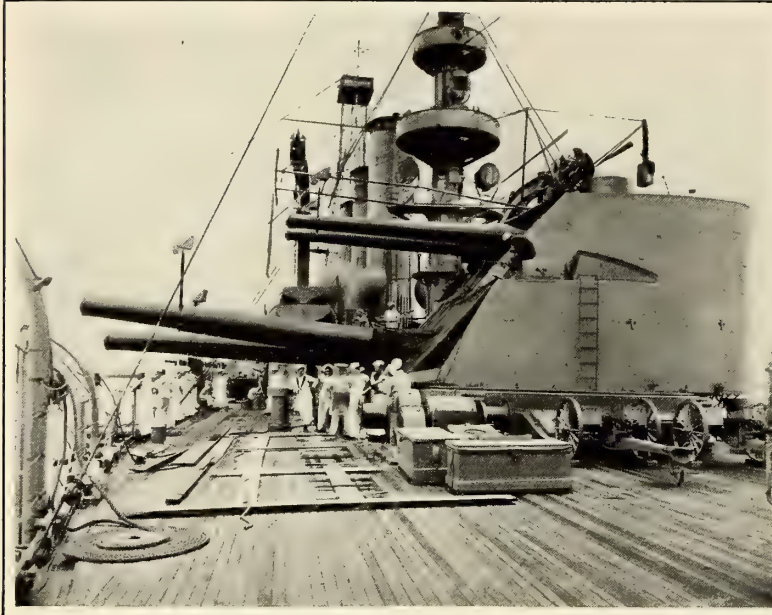
FIRING A BROADSIDE.

outside the bore of the large gun, yet always arranged to move and point with it. Thus when the pointers and trainers are "on" and the firing

reboring after about 100 shots. The ammunition of the new fourteen-inch guns for the *New York* and *Texas*, now building, will cost \$750 per shot.

The victory at Santiago was complete, and a grateful country will never minimize the work

changed as to its fundamentals since men began to fight on land or sea. The purpose is, with a stronger force, to



From photograph by H. R. Jackson.

AFTER TURRET OF THE "NEBRASKA," WHICH HOLDS THE RECORD OF TWENTY SHOTS, TWENTY HITS IN TWO MINUTES, FIFTY-FOUR SECONDS.

of the men who fought and won that famous and effective sea-fight. At that battle, however, the efficiency of our gunners was only from *two to four* per cent. of the shots fired. We cannot but feel gratified, therefore, to know that the efficiency of our marksmen has increased over a thousand per cent. since that time.

Percentages for battle practice are not made public. In elementary practice the men are allowed prize-money. This will average about \$10 per man, but has run up as high as \$125 in an individual case. Prize-money is not allowed for battle practice. The trophy which the successful individual can win is a small pennant, intrinsically worth about five cents. Yet the honor of possessing this bit of cloth is such that an enormous interest is manifested by the men. They have been quick to appreciate the difference between winning a game—a contest—and winning out in actual test under battle conditions.

Mr. Harrington Emerson, writing in "The Engineering Magazine" on another subject, recently paid a great compliment to the American Navy in the following words:

Probably the most marvelous and valuable example of standardized operations anywhere in the world is on our American fleets in battle practice. The art of war has not

overwhelm the weaker opposing fleet; to strike first, hardest, and quickest. It was Goliath's idea to pick off the Israelites one by one, and a modern pugilist could defeat a hundred men if they charged him singly, and he could down the first before a second came up. . . . A battle-ship steaming as fast as any rivals, bringing more guns into action than any rival, hitting an enemy at seven miles, could destroy the whole of an opposing fleet one by one, even as the pugilist would take the lighter weights one by one. But the horse-trotting, fire-fighting, American stop-watch practice is also in the Navy, and it was realized that if these big guns could be fired four times as fast, it would be very nearly the same as having four times as many guns, or four times as many dreadnoughts; and also that if the skill of aim could be increased fourfold, if four shots would reach the target as compared with one in the older



From photograph, copyright, by Enrique Muller.

A TUBE TARGET GUN.

practice, one modern *Arkansas* or *Wyoming*, with twelve twelve-inch guns firing four times as fast and hitting four

times as often, will, for the time being at least, be sixteen times as effective. . . .

I have also watched diminutive and juvenile Igorrote savages shoot dimes from a forked stick at sixty feet with bow and arrow. The Igorrotes show us the beginning of offensive skill; modern American battle-ship target-practice shows us the highest speed, accuracy, and distance yet attained, and we may not doubt that our present achievement is but a step in man's ultimate achievement.

A requirement which will be far-reaching in its importance in advancing the Navy even beyond the state referred to by Mr. Emerson, was added winter before last by the Secretary of the Navy for succeeding battle practices. Thereafter the

chusetts, on August 15, 1911, in the presence of the whole Atlantic fleet, to be held by her for the year ending June 30, 1912. The pennant, red in color, with a black ball in the center, was hoisted to the foretop on that date. It had been made by the *U. S. S. Maryland* of the Pacific fleet, which recognized the marked efficiency of her successful competitor, and at her own expense sent an enlisted man across the continent to deliver this silk battle efficiency pennant to the *Michigan*.

The magnificent performance of the *Michigan* was graciously recognized by President Taft in the following letter to her captain, now a rear-admiral:



From photograph by Herbert.

COUNTING THE HITS IN A TARGET SCREEN.

final battle efficiency was to mean both gunnery and engineering efficiency, and the ability of the vessel's crew to keep up their own repairs. Thus the efficiency of the ship in its entirety becomes of first importance to every member of its company, from the captain down to the coal-passer and the mess-boy handling ammunition in the magazine; and even greater results may be looked for than those already accomplished. The pennant which was then offered to the most efficient vessel, in addition to the trophy which goes to the individual, was for the first time won by the *Michigan*, a splendid ship and our first dreadnought. This highest honor in the Navy that can be won by a ship, the battle efficiency pennant, which now flies from the *Michigan's* foretop, was, for her success, awarded to her at Provincetown, Massa-

The White House,
Washington, D. C., August 9, 1911.

My Dear Captain: As the *U. S. S. Michigan* under your command, in competition with all the other battle-ships of the Navy, has obtained the highest combined final merit in gunnery and engineering for the year ending June 30, 1911, and has been awarded the battle efficiency pennant, I take great pleasure, as the commander-in-chief of the Navy, in announcing this award to you; and I wish to commend you and the officers and men of the *U. S. S. Michigan* for the zealous and efficient handling of all the elements, the proper coördination of which has made the *Michigan*, with the material placed at her disposal, the most efficient battle-ship of the Navy in guarding the country's interests.

I have directed my naval aide, Lieutenant-Commander Palmer, director of target-practice and engineering competitions, to deliver this letter to you in person.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) WM. H. TAFT.

Captain N. R. Usher, U. S. N., commanding *U. S. S. Michigan*, Provincetown, Mass.



A BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER

BY FLORA MACDONALD

WITH a wonderful burst of golden song, she welcomed me from the top of the summer-house, that first morning at Sachem; and all through my busy day of making the house homey before the boys arrived, I was conscious of that glorious accompaniment.

Often I stopped to listen, that I might not lose a note of the music she gave to me so generously. Sometimes she would sing from the veranda rail, sending her trills in through the open window like the delicate notes of some rare instrument; sometimes she preferred a top branch of the scrub cedar, pouring out her song in bursts of clearest melody that seemed to cease only when it reached the vast blue dome above; and when at sunset I came out onto the rocks to rest, she perched sociably near and sang to me her bird-song of the sea. The next day was Fourth of July.

THE boys came bringing fireworks and full of excited plans for celebrating the wonderful day.

The song-sparrow hopped curiously about as targets were fastened in between the rocks and holders for the huge crackers were set up. The cottage itself was built upon the rocks, that extended some distance out into the water on three sides. The other side was green lawn to the white, sandy road. Chicory, wild rose, and bay bush grew wherever there was a bit of sod on which to root.

Fourth of July morning broke perfectly. A soft south wind came in on the new tide from Long Island shore. The boys were up and saluted the sun as he peeped up over the rim of the sea behind Falkner's. Then pandemonium reigned. So great was the noise and confusion the big cannon crackers made, they seemed to fairly shake the rocks. Suddenly I was conscious, above it all, of the pure, sweet notes of the song-sparrow. She must have been singing for some time before I noticed her. Stepping out onto the veranda, there she was, not safely perched on the summer-house, but right in the midst of the noise.

"Mother, watch this little bird," Jack called

when he saw me. "She just sings at every explosion. She does n't seem afraid at all."

As Jack spoke, he touched off a big cracker, running a safe distance from it as it exploded. The song-sparrow perched on a rock only a short distance away. When the deafening explosion came, she simply flew to another rock, then burst into volumes of wonderful song.

"She does that every time, Mother," Jack informed me. "Look now, when we fire the gun at the target."

I looked, filled with deep concern, as the sharp cracks of the cartridges cut the air all about her; but not once did she show actual fear. Only, after every explosion, she sang her splendid song.

All the morning the firing went on, until the rocks looked as if a battle had been fought upon them. Still never once did the little brown bird cease to sing, neither did she leave the rocks, as far as I could see, to seek the least refreshment.

After lunch the boys went over to the clubhouse, and the place was quiet again.

Curious to learn, if possible, what had held the bird so persistently to those rocks, I began searching cracks and crevices. For a while I found nothing, and the song-sparrow herself, flying from rock to rock, only misled me. But finally a bunch of chicory, growing on a ledge of earth that formed a bit of bank beneath it, attracted my attention. And there, in a tiny nest, fastened securely to the clay, I discovered five gray babies.

My eyes suddenly grew dim as I realized that they had been there all during the terrific firing above them, comforted only by the burst of mother song, the bravest song that ever left a bird's throat. Dozens of times she had risked her little life, and had borne the fright of the noise, that she might be near to tell her babies not to be afraid. For as long as the mother bird sang her brave, beautiful song, they knew all was well. With swelling heart I looked out over the Sachem Sea. Surely no soldier on the Gettysburg field stood more bravely for his country, nor did Joan of Arc ride more fearlessly before the armies of the French, than did the song-sparrow of Sachem sing to her little family that Fourth of July day.





From a Copley print, copyright, 1908, by Curtis & Cameron, publishers, Boston.
THE PERSIAN KITTEN. PAINTED BY LOUISE COX.

DOROTHY OF SALEM TOWN



BY ALIX THORN

DOROTHY of Salem town, from her corner,
long ago,
Watched the stately gentlefolk tread the minuet
so slow;
Lustrous gowns a-sweeping wide, powdered
gallants stepping high;
Polished floors, and candlegleams yellow as the
sunset sky.

Dorothy of Salem town saw the narrow streets
run down
Till they met the waters blue and the wharves all
warped and brown;
Saw the roses rioting, fountains leaping, sun-
dials gray;
Wore her sober little gowns, worked her sampler,
every day.



Dorothy of Salem town saw the village,
 legends say,
 Through her tears, one April morn, in the
 distance fade away.
 Did she sigh, the gentle bride, for her tranquil
 girlhood's hours?
 For the hedges, for the sea, for her garden gay
 with flowers?

Dorothy of Salem town, yet her presence haunts
 the air,
 In the rooms she knew and loved seems to linger
 young and fair;
 Curious travelers of to-day wander through her
 home at will—
 See! from out her tarnished frame, Dorothy is
 watching still!



THE FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA

by D.K. Stevens

THE one great day that the Be-Ba-Bo
Holds high in his estimation,
Is the Glorious Fourth, with the torpedo,
The squib to light, and the horn to blow,
In the annual celebration.

Well, the Fourth which I have now in mind
Was a rather strenuous matter,
For the Sports Committee was forced to find
Some big event of a novel kind ;
And they hit on a Grand Regatta.

They had two excellent rowing crews,
I've heard, though I never have seen them,—
So nearly alike it was hard to choose:
The "Resolute Reds" and the "Baby Blues"—
But only one boat between them!



K. J. ...
M. ...
D. ...
1922.

Yet, nevertheless, it was carried by vote
 To engage in the competition;
 For they all declared it was worthy of note
 That to race two crews in the very same boat
Was a singular exhibition.



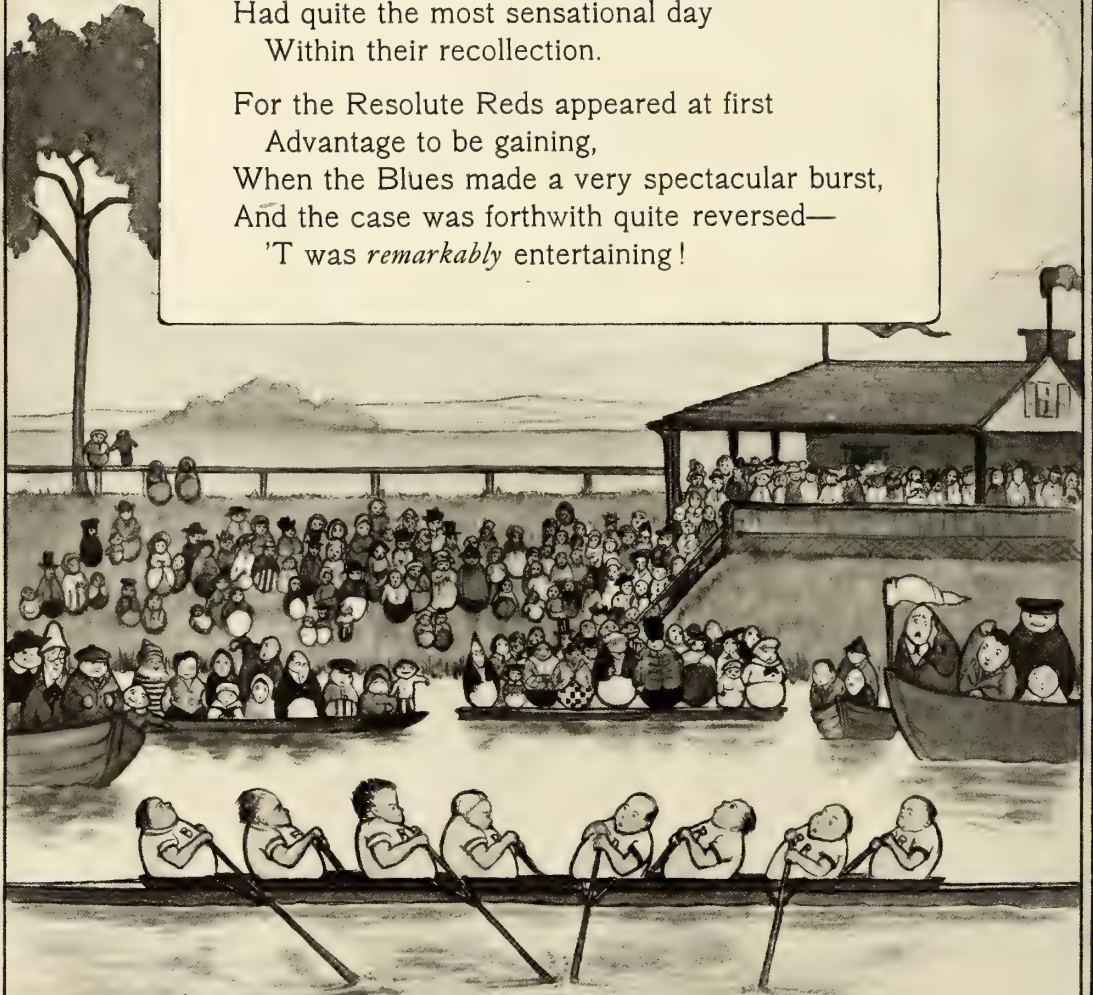
Well, the hour arrived, and the crowd did, too,—
 They are all quite fond of racing;
 Each end of the boat had a dauntless crew,
 The front being held by the Baby Blue,
 Which the Resolute Red sat facing.

When the pistol popped, 't was a glorious sight,
 For they all got away together;
 Their form was unimpeachable, quite,
 For though they pulled with a terrible might,
 They never forgot to feather.



Now the Blues were rowing, of course, one way,
 And the Reds in the other direction ;
 And the Be-Ba-Boes, I will venture to say,
 Had quite the most sensational day
 Within their recollection.

For the Resolute Reds appeared at first
 Advantage to be gaining,
 When the Blues made a very spectacular burst,
 And the case was forthwith quite reversed—
 'T was *remarkably* entertaining !



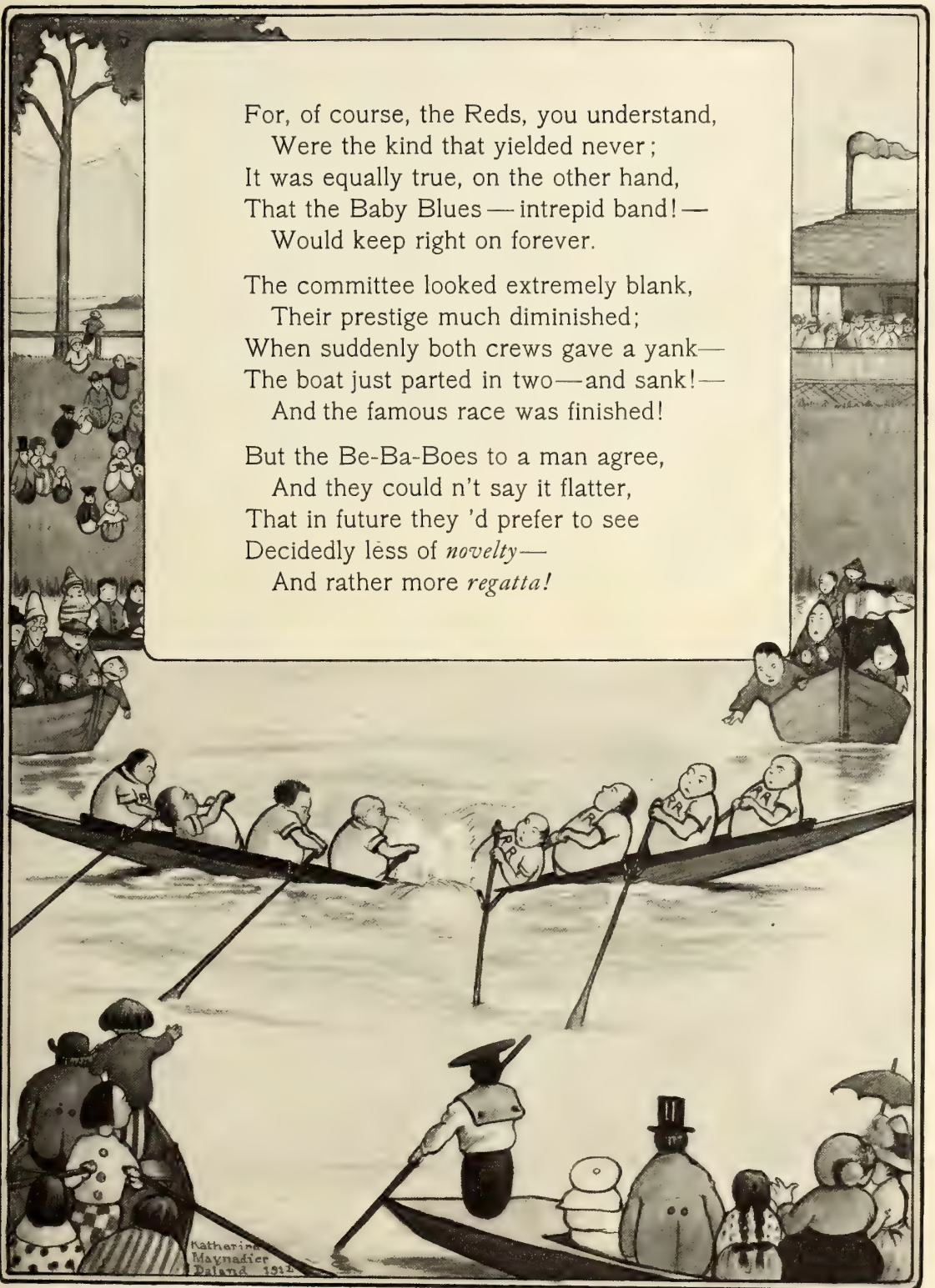
Well, it finally came to a tug of war,
 And neither crew could mend it ;
 When all of a sudden the people saw
 That in case it continued to be a draw,
 There would be no way to end it !

Katharine
 Maynard
 Daland
 1912

For, of course, the Reds, you understand,
 Were the kind that yielded never ;
 It was equally true, on the other hand,
 That the Baby Blues — intrepid band! —
 Would keep right on forever.

The committee looked extremely blank,
 Their prestige much diminished ;
 When suddenly both crews gave a yank—
 The boat just parted in two—and sank!—
 And the famous race was finished!

But the Be-Ba-Boes to a man agree,
 And they could n't say it flatter,
 That in future they 'd prefer to see
 Decidedly less of *novelty*—
 And rather more *regatta*!



Katherine
 Maynard
 Baland 1912



FRONT OF THE GENERAL KNOX HEADQUARTERS HOUSE.

A RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION

BY EVERETT McNEIL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ONE of the most interesting old houses that time has spared us from the days of our Revolutionary fathers is the General Knox Headquarters House, situated near the little village of Vail Gate, some five miles southwest of Newburg, New York. The house was built about the year 1734, by John

months during the last years of the war; and, as a consequence, this house was made the military headquarters, at different times, of three of his generals, Greene, Gates, and Knox. General Knox occupied the house for a longer period than did either of the other two generals, and therefore it is to-day known as the General Knox Headquarters House. General Knox was Washington's chief of artillery during the war, and one of his favorite officers; consequently, while he made his headquarters there, Washington was a frequent visitor at the house, along with Lafayette, Rochambeau, and others who helped to make the history of our country.



THE EAST END OF THE HOUSE.

Ellison, and was still the property of the Ellisons at the time of the Revolution. Washington and his army were in camp near there for many

—a pane of glass, in one of its windows, on which a French officer had scratched, with the diamond of his ring, the names of three belles

of that day; but, unfortunately, this pane of glass was removed from the house by a former owner, so that this curious and interesting souvenir of the past cannot now be seen in its proper setting. Benson John Lossing, the historian, tells of visiting this old house in 1848, and of finding the pane of glass still in the window, with the three names showing as plainly as when cut with the diamond of the French officer's ring. The curious will find facsimiles of the names printed in his "Pictorial Field-book of the Revolution."

The story of how the names came to be scratched on the pane of glass is interesting and worth repeating.

While General Knox had his headquarters here, Lucy Knox, his beautiful wife, wishing to enliven the dullness of the season, gave a grand ball in honor of Washington and his generals. The ball was opened by Washington himself, with pretty Maria Colden, one of the belles of the occasion.

one of Lafayette's French officers, were standing in a little group together.

"The rooms are so warm!" said Gitty Wynkoop. "Let us try to find some cooler place."



THE WEST END, SHOWING THE SOLID STONEMWORK.

"Good!" declared Maria Colden, laughing. "A full moon shines in the sky. Let us sit by the window and watch it."

Accordingly the three couples made their way to one that looked out toward the west.



THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, SHOWING THE LONG, SLOPING ROOF WITH TWO CURIOUS WINDOWS CUT IN ITS APEX.

Later in the evening, Maria Colden and her two friends, Gitty Wynkoop and Sally Jansen, and their gallants, a couple of American officers and

"Of a surety this has been a most delightful evening!" Maria Colden sighed, as she seated herself on the wide sill of the window. "Never did

I dream of such an honor as having our great General Washington for a partner! Oh, but is n't he a wondrous man! I do not wonder there be some who think him almost more than mortal. Truly I could not have felt more awed had I been treading the measure with an archangel!"

"And truly I would not care to dance with an



THE PARLOR FIREPLACE, ABOVE WHICH WERE THE SECRET PANELS.

archangel, howsoever great the honor might be!" laughed Gitty Wynkoop, with just a little touch of envy in her voice. "I would prefer the colonel here," and she glanced archly at her escort.

"The night, indeed, has been one of great pleasure," and the eyes of the French officer rested with admiration on the face of his companion. "Already has its memory been written deep in my heart," and he bowed low to the fair Maria. "But I would leave here some souvenir

of this delightful hour, something that will tell to aftertimes that this room and this hour were graced by the presence of three most beauteous and winsome maidens. Ladies, allow me," and the courtly Frenchman rose from the window-sill, where he had been sitting by the side of Maria Colden, and, bowing to each girl in turn, slipped a diamond ring from his finger and turned to the window. "Allow me to inscribe here, on this pane of glass, the names that this evening has cut deep in our hearts!" and, pressing the sharp edge of the diamond to the glass, he slowly scratched the names of the three girls, Maria Colden, Gitty Wynkoop, and Sally Jansen, while the girls joked merrily over the awkwardness of his writing.

One must regret the removal of this unique and interesting souvenir of the past from the house where the gallant French officer made it, on that far-off night when Lucy Knox gave her great ball in honor of Washington and his generals.

But the General Knox Headquarters House has an interest all its own, aside from its historical associations.

In one room there is a secret treasure-vault dug under the floor, with a carefully concealed trap-door opening down into it. The hole is large enough for several men to hide in it, and is supposed to have been made during Revolutionary times to hide the valuables of the house, or, on a pinch, to conceal an American or two, in case of a sudden raid by the British soldiers.

In another room there are two small closets, made in the chimney above the fireplace and concealed by panels, in every way like the others with which the wall above the fireplace is faced, except that they now have keyholes and hinges. In former times they are supposed to have been locked and opened by the pressure of secret springs. They must then have looked exactly like the other panels, and no one could have told that there were secret recesses behind them. Valuable papers and jewels might have been hidden in them in time of need.

Another interesting feature of the old house is found in the large hall that runs directly through the middle of the main building. A thick stone partition, with a narrow door passing through it, divides this hall, midway, into two parts; and from the front part a stairway leads to the upper rooms of the house. At the first landing on these stairs, where they make a turn, is a large square hole cut through the thick wall of the partition and looking very much like the embrasure of a fort; and probably this is what it was intended for—an embrasure through which the Americans

could fire on the Indians or other enemies, should they attack the house and break in the door at either end of the hall. At least it would answer such a purpose very well; and there seems to be no need of it for either light or ventilation.

Running from the second floor to the garret in the main building is another curiosity, a very queerly constructed stairway, known as the witches' stairway, possibly because the stairs go almost straight up, and yet one can walk up them quite easily without the aid of the hands. The steps are made in the form of right-angled triangles so placed on alternate sides of the steep, narrow, box-like stairway as to enable one to walk up the stairs by swinging the feet alternately upward, from the step below to the step above on the opposite side. A very convenient arrangement, where the stairs must occupy little space; but it is almost like a ladder.

The General Knox Headquarters House, like

all old houses, has its legends, weird and otherwise. From one of its rooms, in Revolutionary times, a young girl is said to have disappeared one dark night, never again to be seen alive, and this room is now declared to be haunted by her uneasy spirit. There is also a legend of a secret passage running from the old house to Murderer's Creek, a quarter of a mile away, and of a buried treasure; but the secret tunnel appears hardly probable on account of the rocky nature of the ground through which it would have had to be dug, and the buried treasure has never yet been found.

Surely this quaint old house, that tells so much of the past and how the people of that past lived, should be held in remembrance, and kept as a hallowed shrine, where the young and the old may come to have their thoughts turned anew to the great and good men it once sheltered, and to whom we, who live now, owe so much.



THE OLD BRIDGE OVER SILVER STREAM, NEAR THE KNOX HEADQUARTERS HOUSE.
General Washington and other Revolutionary heroes must often have crossed this bridge.

THE WRONG SIDE

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

In his bed, fully dressed, on a day warm and fine, I found little Ted, and the clock had struck nine! "Why," I cried, "Teddy, dear, are you ill, little man?"

If not, hurry down just as soon as you can!"

"I was cross when I got up," said queer little Ted, "They said I jumped out of the wrong side of bed; So I came back again just as quick as I could,— I 'll get out on the right side—and then I 'll be good!"

THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

CHAPTER XV

ROY'S RETURN

As the opening day of school approached, Elizabeth grew more and more serious. She wanted to go back with Nance and begin again. For the first time in her life, she felt a desire to learn and to do for the sake of learning and doing, whereas, the year before, what little incentive she had sprang from pride alone. It was only the fear of appearing stupid that had made her study at all. But now, having proven her power in one direction, her ambition had been roused to excel in others.

The semi-victory over Nance in tennis brought it to a head. She laughed gaily to herself as she realized the surprise to her old friends this new acquisition of hers would be. She had made Nance promise not to breathe a word to any one of their practice during the summer. She laid awake nights picturing to herself how the girls would smile when she went upon the court, and the amazement which would follow should she beat one after another of the minor players. And she knew she *could* beat them. At times she felt as though she could beat even Nance—perhaps even Miss Winthrop. Ah, if she could win a game against Miss Winthrop!

And, after all, there was a good spirit back of these dreams. It was no self glorification she sought. Rather she seized upon the opportunity as a chance to redeem herself. She saw herself now as others had seen her, and it brought the hot color to her face. If they had looked upon her as proud and indolent, it had been her own fault. The spring tournament had roused her somewhat, but it was the inspiration of Mrs. Trumbull and the house by the lane that had completed the work. One fared ill in attempting the rôle of pretty incompetence before Mrs. Trumbull.

Several times she was upon the point of asking her father to allow her to return to school, but in the end her pride checked her. It would n't be worth much coming that way. She must win the right to go back, as she wished to win other things, by her own ability.

Three days before school was to open, her father dropped in one evening for supper. He watched her with unusual keenness as she presided at the table, and later as, with Mrs. Trum-

bull, she made the dining-room and kitchen tidy for the night. Even after they had gone into the sitting-room, he said nothing until he was about to leave. Then he asked, as casually as though it were an every-day matter:

"Elizabeth, would you like to go back to school this fall?"

"Daddy!" she exclaimed.

"I've had a talk with Miss Grimshawe, and I've told her that it's the Lady of the Lane and not the Lady of 'The Towers' I wish to enroll. Am I right?"

Elizabeth for a moment hung her head. The comparison brought back very vividly that first episode, now almost forgotten.

"Look up, my daughter," said Mr. Churchill. "I want you to understand that I'm very proud of you!"

Mrs. Trumbull rose and placed her arm about the drooping figure.

"I won't have her shamed by no one," she asserted aggressively. "If Miss Grimshawe or any one else dares—"

"But Miss Grimshawe wants her very much," he said reassuringly to Mrs. Trumbull.

He turned to his daughter.

"I think that, in spite of everything, she has a warm place in her heart for you, Elizabeth."

"She'd better have," Mrs. Trumbull warned.

"What do you say, Beth?"

"I'll be very, very glad to go back, Daddy!" she exclaimed. "Only—it does n't mean giving up the home, does it?"

"It would hurt me very much if you wanted to give up that," he answered.

And so, after Elizabeth had cried a moment on her father's shoulder, and Mrs. Trumbull was through sputtering about Miss Grimshawe, the matter was all settled.

"I suppose you will need some new clothes, Beth," said her father. "Perhaps Mrs. Trumbull had better go into town with you to-morrow and help you pick out what you need."

Elizabeth finished her shopping in a very few hours, where, a year ago, it would have taken her several days. Somehow gowns did not seem to count for so much now. What she did select she chose with her usual good taste.

She told the news to Nance when the latter came that afternoon, and Nance was almost as delighted about it as Elizabeth herself.

"Then you 'll enter the tournament, after all!" exclaimed Nance, when they had talked over several other matters. "But, Beth, I hope you are n't drawn against me in the preliminaries."

"Why not?" asked Elizabeth with a smile.

"Because it 's going to make me feel just as

"I know," Nance answered slowly. "But—well, there 's no use trying to cross a bridge before we come to it. Anyhow, we must practise



THE TENNIS GAME. (SEE PAGE 794.)

bad to beat you, as to be beaten by you. I 've half a mind to keep out of it this fall."

"Nonsense!" answered Elizabeth. "That would n't be fair to either of us. I guess we can both stand a beating now and then, if it comes to that."

hard these next few weeks. Are you too tired to have a game this afternoon?"

"Why should I be tired?" asked Elizabeth.

"You said you were shopping all the morning."

Elizabeth made a wry face at the recollection.

"The first time I ever get tired shopping, I'm going to stop doing it," she answered.

"Good!" laughed Nance. "Then come on. Mr. Crawford won't be here to watch us to-day."

"Did n't you like him?" asked Beth, as they started arm in arm for the court.

"Well enough," answered Nance. "He seemed rather foreign."

But it happened that, even with Mr. Crawford on the high seas, they did not find themselves free from interruption. Before the first ball was served, Elizabeth heard a familiar voice, and turned to find herself facing Roy Thornton. Tanned and ruddy, he strode toward her, with—first of all—a surprised greeting to Nance.

"Mrs. Trumbull said you were up here," he explained. "I could n't help coming over, even though—"

He paused and studied Elizabeth a moment, as though to learn just what her attitude toward him might be. She looked uneasy, but he caught a smile about the corners of her mouth that encouraged him.

"Shake, please!" as we boys say. Won't you?" he said, extending his hand; and she obeyed.

"I'm glad to see you again, and I'm glad to see you out here."

He crossed to Nance.

"You, too, Nance!" he added. "You both look as though you had been at it all summer."

"And you had a pleasant summer?" Elizabeth asked, anxious to change the subject.

"Fine!" he answered enthusiastically. "Wenham, Harden, and I took a walking trip through New England. We covered hundreds of miles."

"That must have been good fun," said Nance.

"Great! We started without a cent, and worked our way—just to see if we could do it. But—excuse me! I'm interrupting your game; I'll watch a minute, if I may. Do go on!"

"I'd rather hear more about your trip," Elizabeth said hastily. "Would n't you, Nance?"

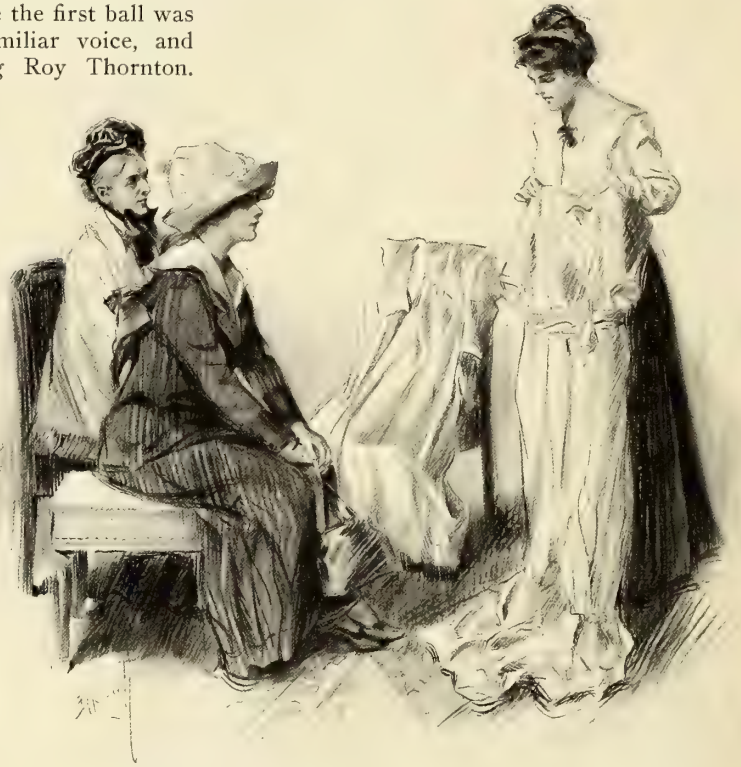
Nance, understanding Elizabeth's motive in not wishing to play before Roy, nodded. But the latter would not hear of their giving up the game.

"If you won't play, I'll go," he said decidedly.

"The story can wait, but you are n't always sure of such tennis weather as this."

There seemed to be no alternative. They had either to play or let him go, so Elizabeth reluctantly picked up the balls. While doing this, however, she found a chance to whisper to Nance:

"Don't you dare speak, no matter how badly I play!"



ELIZABETH GOES SHOPPING. (SEE PAGE 790.)

Elizabeth took her position, and with an awkward swoop of her racket, sent the first ball spinning twenty feet out of the court. The next one she served into the net. She made herself as awkward as possible, and, when it came time for Nance to serve, acted just as ridiculously in trying to return the ball. Nance began to laugh, and soon reached a point where she could not control herself. As a result, she played about as badly as Elizabeth.

"Oh, look here, Beth," protested Roy, "take things easier."

This was just after she had run under a gentle lob from Nance, missing it entirely.

But Elizabeth was able to keep up the farce no longer. "I don't feel much like playing to-day," she said. "I'm not doing at all well."

"Oh, you must n't get discouraged, Beth!" Roy said seriously. "I wish you 'd let me come up and play with you some day."

"I 'm afraid I 'd give you as dull a game as poor Nance has had to endure," she replied.

"We 'll arrange for it some Saturday, shall we?"

"I 'll see," she answered, without committing herself. "But I expect to be very busy. School begins Monday, and that, with my housework—" "You 're going back to school?" he exclaimed.

She nodded, though her cheeks turned scarlet, for a second, at the word "back."

"Good! that 's great!" he went on, and added in explanation, "somehow it made you seem awfully grown up, not being in school."

The three returned to the house by the lane, and there Roy was persuaded to tell more of his summer adventures.

"We wanted to see if we could n't be as good pioneers as our great-grandfathers were," he said, "so we started from Portland to find out just how far we could work our way. It was easy enough. We chopped wood, helped with the haying, and lived like kings. I guess we could have kept on going clear to the Pacific Ocean, if we 'd had time."

"I 'll wager you could," agreed Mrs. Trumbull.

But it was only bit by bit that he was induced to tell the interesting details of the experiment. In fact, they kept cropping out all winter.

"Don't forget about the tennis game," he said, as he was leaving.

"Oh, Beth!" exclaimed Nance, when they were alone, "I—I tried not to laugh."

"I don't know that it was a very nice thing to do," Elizabeth apologized, "but I did n't want to give away my secret just then. And I *won't* play with him until after the tournament."

"I would n't, if I wanted to keep the secret," laughed Nance. "I don't believe you could play so outrageously a second time."

In many ways, Elizabeth dreaded the ordeal of that first day at school, but when the time came, to her surprise she found it no ordeal at all. Miss Grimshawe greeted her with a cordiality that, in a moment, effaced all memory of the past. Neither in word nor manner did she in any way refer to it. And little Miss Santier actually wept at sight of Elizabeth.

"*Cherie! cherie!*" she choked, "the school was n't the same without you."

And when Elizabeth answered her in very good French, the little woman was forced once again to wipe her eyes.

But with the girls it was another matter. There was a great deal of gossip which, as usual, started

with the Brookfield pair. The latter, in new frocks, bought abroad, held their chins high and vouchsafed Elizabeth nothing but a nod in passing. It might have hurt had she not known her chance was coming—a chance which came before a week had passed, with the opening of the fall tennis tournament.

CHAPTER XVI

ELIZABETH PLAYS MISS WINTHROP

WHEN the entries for the tournament were posted in the school corridor, and Elizabeth Churchill's name led all the rest, the Brookfield girls could hardly believe their eyes. But there was no denying that her name was there, written in her own firm, round handwriting. They called the attention of several other girls to the strange fact, whereupon there followed much giggling.

"It will be worth watching; won't it, Jane?" Helen observed.

"Why, she can't play at all; can she, Helen?"

"I call it very bold of her even to try," answered Helen.

But if they were surprised that Elizabeth was daring enough to enter the contest, their astonishment knew no bounds when, after the drawing, it was found that she was pitted in the preliminaries against no less a player than Miss Winthrop herself, and intended to fight it out.

"I heard her say so!" exclaimed Helen to an excited group of eager inquirers. "I was standing close by when Miss Winthrop came up and asked her if she did n't mean to forfeit the set. And Elizabeth answered, as cool as you please, 'No, I mean to play it.' Those were her very words; were n't they, Jane?"

Jane nodded.

"And Miss Winthrop turned as red as a beet, and said she thought Elizabeth might want to save herself the trouble."

"And Elizabeth said, 'No trouble at all,' put in Jane.

"Just like that," nodded Helen. "It 's no trouble at all, Miss Winthrop."

A chorus of exclamations and giggles greeted this, interrupted by the arrival of Nance at the bulletin board. As the latter saw the result of the drawing, her face grew serious.

"What do you think of that, Nance?" demanded Helen.

"Of what?" answered Nance.

"Why, of Elizabeth Churchill daring to play Miss Winthrop. She refused to forfeit the set, you know."

"I 'd be ashamed of her if she did," answered Nance, her spirit and her color rising.

"You don't mean to say she has a chance?" exclaimed Helen.

"You can tell better after the game," replied Nance, hurrying away. She found Elizabeth at her desk, reviewing her morning lessons.

"It's hard luck, Beth," she said in a whisper.

"What is?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Drawing Miss Winthrop at the start."

"Pooh! I don't mind at all," Elizabeth answered with a smile. "Do you know she wanted me to back out?"

"I know. Helen is spreading it all over the school."

"She is, is she?" answered Elizabeth, her lips growing firm. Then she laughed. "All right. Just you wait, Nance! Honestly, I think I can play better against Miss Winthrop than against any one in school. I'll be fresh and sure of myself, and she'll be a little over-confident. You see if she is n't. I'd rather play her than you. And I'll beat her."

"Good! good!" exclaimed Nance. "Oh, Beth, but the game will be worth seeing!"

When Roy heard the news, he came straight over to the little house by the lane.

"They tell me you drew Miss Winthrop in the preliminaries, Beth, and that you are going to play her!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"Why not?" asked Elizabeth, with a smile.

"My stars, but you're game!" he cried delightedly.

"Is n't it what you would do?" she asked.

"Every time!" he answered. "I don't believe in being whipped before you are—no matter what the odds. But, Beth, to-day is Monday and the tournament is n't until Saturday. If you *could* get in a little practice before then."

"I shall," she answered coolly. "Nance has promised to come over every afternoon."

"Then you don't want me?" he asked.

"Thank you, Roy. It is good of you to offer, but I've been playing with Nance all summer, you know."

"Yes, I know," he answered, somewhat crestfallen.

"And I really can play better than I did the other day," she assured him.

"I want you to do your best, Beth," he replied seriously, and as though he did not have much confidence in that statement.

"I'll do that, anyhow," she answered lightly. "You'll be at the game?"

"Helen Brookfield invited me," he answered significantly.

Elizabeth flushed.

"And Wenham and Harden are coming down for over Sunday with me. But, Beth—"

"Yes," said Elizabeth as he hesitated.

"I won't come if you'd rather I would n't."

"You're afraid I may disgrace myself?"

He turned away, more embarrassed than he had ever been in his life. Then he faced her again with his hand extended.

"No," he said. "Because I know you'll do your best, and when a fellow does that, he's done all he can."

"Then you'd better come," she answered with a smile.

The day of the tournament turned out to be fair and crisp—ideal weather for playing. The whole school was present, for the stand Elizabeth had taken was the chief topic of discussion throughout the week. The Brookfield girls arrived late, and took positions on the side-lines next to Roy and his two friends; but after the greetings were over, Roy gave his whole attention to the field and forgot the girls. He was decidedly worried. Even admitting that Elizabeth could play better than he had seen her play, even admitting the fighting blood in her which would lead her to play her best, it did n't seem within the bounds of possibility that she could offset the skill and experience of as clever a player as Miss Winthrop. And, when the latter stepped out on the court, he knew that Elizabeth could expect no mercy. It was certainly plucky of Beth to stick to her determination to play, but also, it seemed to Roy, decidedly foolhardy. For one thing, he knew that, in her first attempt, she would take a beating very much to heart, and it might destroy her confidence for a long time to come. He wished sincerely that she had drawn a less experienced antagonist.

When Elizabeth appeared, however, he led the applause, and urged Wenham and Harden to do their best. The crowd, always, if unconsciously, in sympathy with the weaker, took it up, and gave Beth a brave greeting. But if she heard it, she gave no sign. Her face was tense, and her lips tightly closed. She showed no trace of nervousness as she took her position, but it was evident that she was under a strain.

Miss Winthrop won the toss, and chose the serve, there being no advantage in either court. She began with a vicious cut that sent the ball off to one side, where it bounded at a sharp angle. It was slower and more baffling than anything Nance served, and bothered Elizabeth. She missed the first three points, which made the score forty love.

"Too bad," muttered Roy.

Harden, who had been watching her carefully, heard him. "She's studying that out," he said. "I have a notion she'll master it in a moment."

Elizabeth stepped in a little closer, and nearer the middle of the court, where she could jump either to the right or left, the ball having invariably struck close to the side-lines. This time she returned it without, however, a very close calculation as to direction. Miss Winthrop ran up to the net and volleyed back, but Elizabeth was ready, and sent it along the side-lines for a neat pass.

"Good! good!" exclaimed Roy, and led a vigorous applause.

Miss Winthrop changed her next serve to a swift, straight ball, but this was the kind that Nance had been using largely, so that it was easier for Elizabeth than the cut. As Miss Winthrop ran to the net, Elizabeth lobbed the ball over her head. Miss Winthrop reached it, but, by that time, Elizabeth herself was at the net and turned it one side at a sharp angle, thereby winning her second point.

Somewhat nettled, Miss Winthrop returned to her cutting serve, and succeeded in winning her final point and the game. But both Miss Winthrop and the gallery began to realize that this was not to be quite the farce that both had anticipated.

When it came Elizabeth's turn to serve, she sent a straight line ball, hitting it with a full-arm swing that gave it great speed. Miss Winthrop was not looking for this. It sped past her before she had even swung for it. On the second ball, she moved farther back, but that time Elizabeth, with the same motion, served one of her easy ones, which barely dropped over the net. Once again Miss Winthrop was taken completely by surprise. Mortified by having been so deceived, she lost her head at the next serve, and, swinging wildly for it, sent it into the net. She did better on the fourth ball, but, with a pretty return, slow and accurate, Elizabeth placed the ball just out of her reach, making the score in games one to one.

But this was only the beginning of one of the hardest-fought and most exciting contests that the school ever witnessed. The experience of Miss Winthrop helped her to win the first set, but she was forced to use every trick and every ounce of strength at her command. And when she began the second set, it was like having to begin all over again, for she found her antagonist just as fresh, just as steady, just as determined as at the start. Elizabeth was neither disheartened nor excited. She proceeded to take advantage at once of all she had learned in the first set, correcting the faults she had then made, and forcing Miss Winthrop hardest where she had discovered the latter's weakness. She was

especially successful in teasing her opponent with slow balls. Miss Winthrop could not resist the temptation that they offered to attempt kill shots, and, being accustomed to fast playing, almost invariably made a fault. By the middle of the set, which stood four-two in Elizabeth's favor, the latter resorted almost wholly to this game, returning the balls slowly, but with rare accuracy and judgment, and waiting for Miss Winthrop to beat herself.

Roy fathomed Elizabeth's tactics and glanced at Harden. The latter nodded his appreciation.

"That 's great head-work," he said.

"And it 's head-work that wins any game!" exclaimed Roy. "Miss Winthrop is getting rattled."

It certainly looked that way, and the fact that she knew that, after all, she was playing with an inferior player, added to her confusion. In the last three games, she went to pieces completely, while Elizabeth, steadily and coolly, took full advantage of her opponent's slightest faults. The set went to Elizabeth at six-two.

Roy could hardly contain himself.

"It 's wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I don't understand how she does it!"

"I think she has been very lucky," suggested Helen.

"Lucky!" returned Roy, hotly. "There 's no luck in such playing as that! If there 's anything besides clean tennis, it 's grit!"

For the third and final set, Elizabeth once again took her place with no trace either of fatigue or nervousness, while Miss Winthrop looked decidedly worried and a trifle exhausted. She was paying for her wildness with both mental and physical fatigue. But now she went to another extreme and played with such excessive caution as to place her strictly on the defense. Elizabeth, on the other hand, in this third set played more aggressively than she had at any time before. She used more speed and took chances as she had not dared to do before. She kept Miss Winthrop running from one end of the court to the other, until the latter was in utter rout. The set went to Elizabeth at six-two, the last game being a love game.

Elizabeth hurried up to Miss Winthrop to shake hands. "I 'm glad I won," she said heartily; "but I 'm sorry you lost."

"I did n't expect to lose, but I know I deserved to," answered Miss Winthrop.

Roy, Wenham, and Harden rushed up to Elizabeth with congratulations, with Nance close at their heels. Through eyes shining with joy, Elizabeth thanked them in some way, and then, with Nance's arm about her, sought the club-house.

"Beth, you did wonderfully!" exclaimed Nance.

(To be continued.)

The Story of PRINCE SCARLET by Mary Stewart



THERE was once a prince whose robes and mantle were always of gorgeous, scarlet silks. Upon his head he wore a crown of rubies, and his golden belt and sword-hilt flashed with the same splendid, red stones. He rode a milk-white horse, and could be seen miles away, a shining spot of red and white.

But when the people of his father's kingdom saw him coming, they ran into their houses, or hid behind trees; and as he rode proudly up to the palace, no one cheered him, not even the small boys. Even his father, the king, was afraid of him, and his sisters, who were little girls, hid beneath the table rather than speak to him.

For this Prince Scarlet, as he was called, was mean and cruel; his eyes were narrow and sly, and his voice harsh and loud.

The king knew that he was growing old, and that soon this son would be king in his place. That thought worried him a great deal, for he knew what a wicked ruler the prince would make.

So the old king sent for the forest fairies, who had always been his friends, begging them to come and advise him in his trouble.

In answer to his summons, they all flew in at the palace window one bright morning; and when they had folded their rainbow wings, and settled

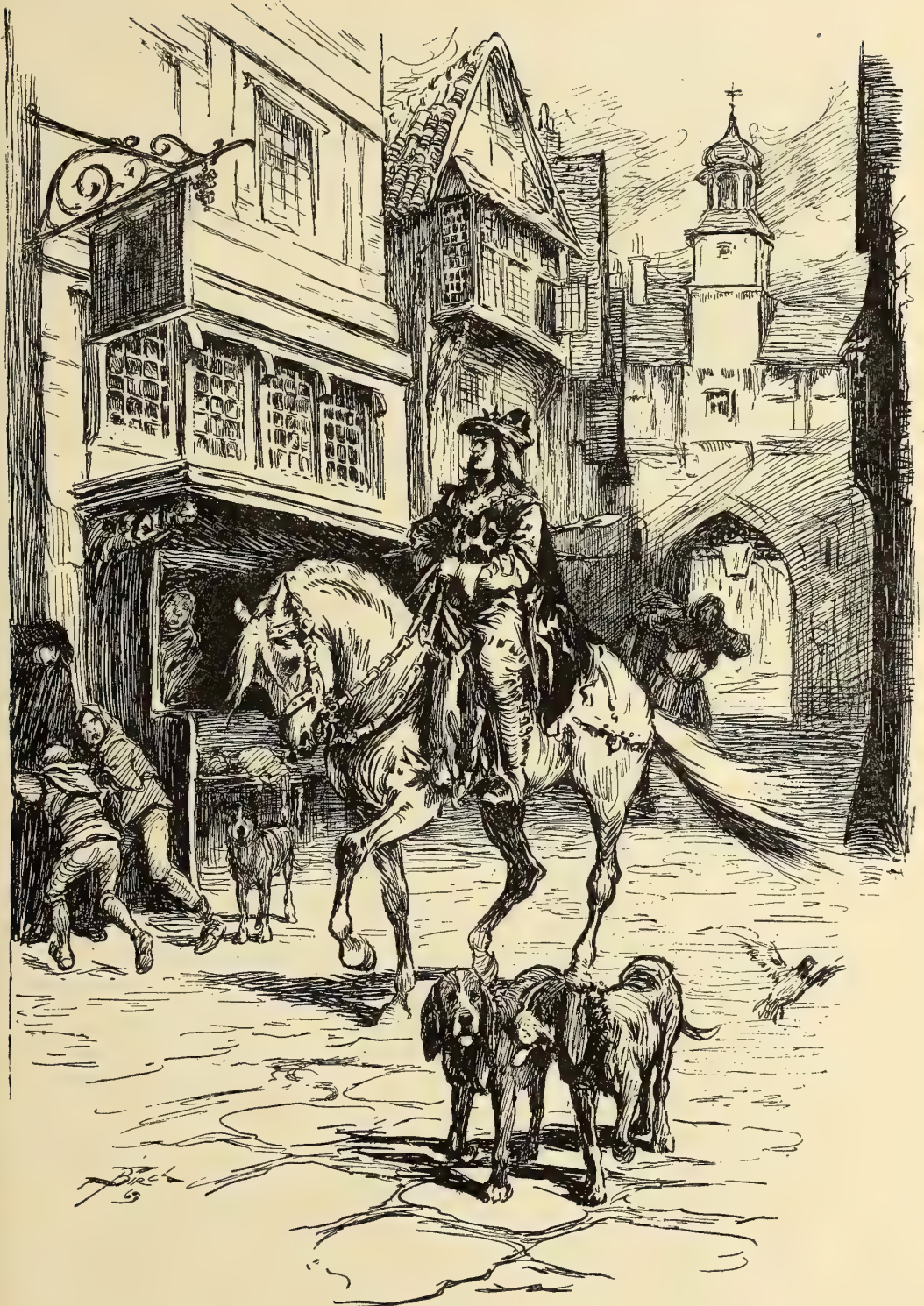
in a circle around the king, they looked very serious. They knew why they were needed, and the night before, in the forest, they had discussed the problem by the light of a full moon. There they had come to one decision: before Prince Scarlet became king, he must be taught how to behave in a kingly fashion.

The king agreed to this. "But how?" he asked sorrowfully; "how can such a cruel man be taught?" And the fairies answered together, "He must become the bird he is most like." "What is that?" questioned the king, and the chorus of fairies answered: "A crow!"

"I do not see how that will teach him anything," moaned the king. But the fairies promised that if the prince were left entirely in their hands, they would teach him to wish to be kind; and the king promised.

When the prince awoke the next morning and looked for his scarlet clothes, they were gone. In their place lay a mantle of black feathers. Angry and puzzled, he kicked it aside, but immediately it sprang up, and folded itself around him. He became an ugly crow, and crying, "Caw! Caw!" flew right out of the palace window to the forest beyond.

He was furious; but anger was of no use.



"WHEN THE PEOPLE SAW HIM COMING, THEY RAN INTO THEIR HOUSES."

When he tried to shout with rage, the only word he could utter was a harsh, dismal "Caw!" and the only motion he could make was a flapping of his wings. Round and round the trees he flew, until he was so tired and miserable that he dropped upon the ground. But soon he began to think how hungry he was, and as there was no chance of a dozen servants bringing him dainty food in

as I did when that gun was pointed at me? How sorry I am I did not help them!"

At that moment, although Prince Scarlet did not know it, one of the feathers beneath his wings turned to a brilliant red.

A very miserable life the prince led for the next months. Sometimes he found a bite to eat, often he was driven away by the fear of a gun or a scarecrow; and at last the cold weather came. He did not have sense enough to fly south with the other birds; perhaps the fairies did not mean that he should, for the first snow-storm taught him another lesson. As he ruffled his black feathers and shivered with the cold, it flashed across his mind, "How often have I scoffed at people shivering in rags. Oh, how sorry I am!"

Then another feather turned scarlet, and the fairies smiled, and rustled their wings with delight.

As the poor crow flew across the snow-covered fields in search of food, he passed a little girl crying bitterly. Perching on a tree near by, he cried, "Caw! Caw!" which sounded so dismal, that the child cried harder than ever.

"If only I could sing one sweet note to comfort the poor little girl!" thought Prince Scarlet, and at once, *all* his feathers turned to a gorgeous scarlet! He had become the most splendid bird you have ever seen, a cardinal-bird, and out of his little throat poured a beautiful, clear song.

The child stopped crying at the sound, and when she looked up and saw the cheerful red bird beside her, she smiled with pleasure.

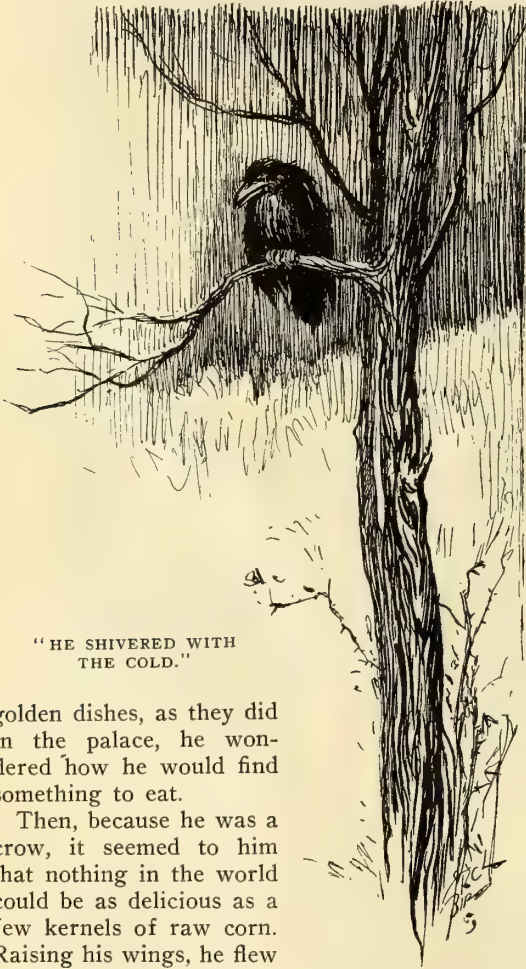
After that, Prince Scarlet's life was a very happy one. He sang his ringing song in storm and sunshine, comforting many who were tired and sad and sick. And never in his life as a prince had he been so contented.

The fairies watched him closely, and at the end of a year, they circled around him as he perched on the bough of a forest tree, already covered again with green leaves. "We have come," they cried, "to give you a wish as a reward for the useful life you are leading."

Do you suppose the scarlet bird wished to be a prince again? Not at all; he had grown to think first of others.

"I wish," he answered, in his lovely bird voice, "that in all the dark places beside the road and on banks of streams, there could be something as bright and cheerful as my red feathers."

The fairies waved their wands, and among ferns, bending over brooks and streams, along bare roadsides, and in dark nooks of the forest, appeared,—not a red feather,—but a red flower as brilliant and cheerful as the cardinal-bird.



"HE SHIVERED WITH THE COLD."

golden dishes, as they did in the palace, he wondered how he would find something to eat.

Then, because he was a crow, it seemed to him that nothing in the world could be as delicious as a few kernels of raw corn. Raising his wings, he flew across the tree-tops to a corn-field, and was just about to alight and eat from the ripe ears, when he saw a farmer standing below pointing a gun straight at him. He dashed aside just as the gun went "bang!" and flew quickly back to the deep woods.

Prince Scarlet was now frightened as well as hungry, two feelings that he had never experienced before; and as he cowered down upon the ground, he suddenly thought, "How many times in my father's kingdom have I seen hungry folks whom I laughed at! Did they feel as wretched

"The cardinal-flower will remind many people of your sweet song," sang the fairies. "And your wish was such a beautiful one, you may have another."

"Oh," sighed Prince Scarlet, "there are so many homes I cannot fly to, so many people who need my song, can you not send other cheerful birds to them?"

Again the fairies waved their wands, and in response a great flock of scarlet birds filled the air, and flew, singing, across the forest to gladden the hearts of many, many people.

"Now for a third wish," cried the fairies, "and we must tell you, first, that the king, your father, is too old and feeble to reign any more; the people are looking for a new king, and there is strife and discontent within the kingdom."

"I have but one desire for them," answered Prince Scarlet. "May they find a king as brave and faithful as my father!"

Once more the fairies waved their wands, and in an instant the cardinal-bird was flying straight to the palace. As he reached its long flight of marble steps, he alighted, and then,—the bird had gone!

In its place stood a young prince in gorgeous red robes. Could he be Prince Scarlet? His eyes were so kind, his mouth so smiling, and his voice so sweet and ringing, that a crowd of people gathered around him, crying, "Our King! Our King!"

And so Prince Scarlet was crowned king; and

as the golden crown was placed upon his head, his robes seemed to glow, to flutter, to fill the air



"OUT OF HIS LITTLE THROAT POURED A BEAUTIFUL SONG."

with a ruby light. "Almost like the wings of a cardinal-bird!" exclaimed the joyful people.

THE DREAM-SHIP



A SWEET little ship stole up from the South
With a cargo of baby dreams;
Of dolls and kittens and warm little mittens,
And rose-colored peppermint-creams;
A wee wind wafted it on its way,
And it sailed along, at the end of day,
Down the sleepy streets where the lights were lit,
To leave each child some wonderful bit.

"Oh, hush, little child, if you want a dream,
You must close your eyes—ah, yes!
For the dream-ship carries a gift for you
More lovely than you could guess;
Perhaps a moon that will shine all day,
Perhaps a gown of color gay,
Or a queer little fish
In a silver dish—
Sail away, little boat, and away!"

Miriam S. Clark.



PRESIDENT WASHINGTON AND FLYING

(A true story)

BY MARION FLORENCE LANSING

"WHAT 's this, Grandfather?" asked Robert, rising from his seat on the floor, and bringing to his grandfather a folded paper, yellow with age, with a picture of a balloon on the outside. "It looks as if it had a story."

Robert and his mother had come to tea, and, according to an old custom, Robert was rummaging in Grandfather's drawer of keepsakes, with the understanding that if he found anything that "had a story," Grandfather would know it and would tell him about it.

"That?"—Grandfather adjusted his spectacles and looked at the closely printed page—"I have n't seen that for years! You *have* found something this time!

"Helen," he continued, calling to the boy's mother, who was just then passing in the hall, "did John ever tell you that his grandfather saw the first successful attempt at flying in America, and that George Washington was there?"

"Never," said Robert's mother.

"It 's a story! Come, Mother! Let 's hear it!" cried Robert, excitedly. She came gladly, and sat down by Grandfather, who was poring over the old paper.

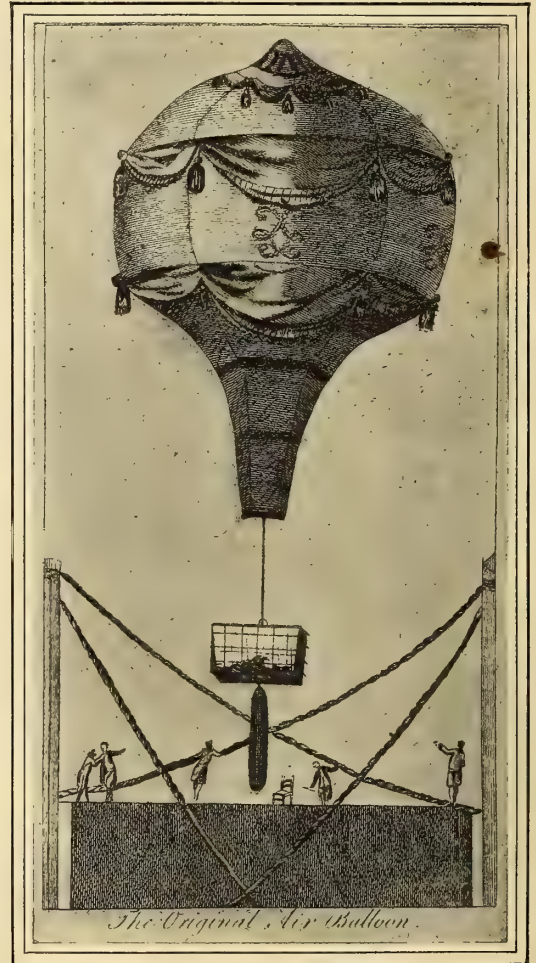
"Yes," said Grandfather, "this is a clipping from a Philadelphia newspaper giving an account of the flight. Here is the date, January, 1793,—that was just before the close of Washington's first administration, Robert. Congress met in Philadelphia, then, you know, and all the distinguished people of the capital went to see this Monsieur Blanchard make his exhibition of flying. How often I have heard Father tell all about it!"

"But I thought they did n't know how to fly till just lately," interrupted Robert.

"Not in aëroplanes; but ballooning had been invented a few years before by another Frenchman, named Montgolfier, and every one was greatly excited over it. The shops of the city were closed the day the ascent was to be made, and people came in from all the country round. Father used to tell how he was awakened at day-break by the booming of cannon, which was repeated every half-hour until ten o'clock, when the ascent was to be made from the prison courtyard. That was the only inclosed space in the city big enough for balloon and spectators."

"And Washington was there?" said Robert's mother. "It must have been a great occasion."

"Yes, it was really a wonderful event. Mr. Blanchard was one of the most famous balloonists of the day. He was the first man to cross the English Channel in the air, and he had made ascents before all the kings and queens of Europe. The remarkable thing was that a boy like



MONTGOLFIER'S FIRST BALLOON.

From the "Town and Country Magazine," London, 1783.

Father went. As the tickets cost five dollars, few children could go; but he was so eager that the family decided to take him."

"How old was he?" asked Robert.

"Ten years old," replied Grandfather. "Afterward people told him what a distinguished as-

ssembly of men and women it had been. He then cared for nothing but the balloon and its operator. He thought Mr. Blanchard the handsomest man he had ever seen. He used to tell us just how he was dressed. He had on a bright blue suit, with a white, fluted ruffle, and a three-cornered cocked hat with a huge white plume. He must have had a Frenchman's fondness for effect, for the bag of his balloon was of bright yellow silk with green stripes, and the car which hung below it was painted light blue with silver spangles. The bag was about half full of gas when Father got there, and he watched it fill gradually till it tugged at its cords like a huge creature trying to get away. Meanwhile the band played gay music, and Mr. Blanchard moved about, looking after his arrangements and greeting distinguished persons. Some one brought a little black dog and asked him to take it on the trip to see how it stood the upper air. Father said he would have given anything in the world to be in that little dog's place, as Mr. Blanchard took it and lifted it into the car.

"At last the bag was full. The band began a slow march, and Mr. Blanchard turned to bid farewell to the audience. Then President Washington stepped forward and shook hands with him, presenting him with an official-looking document. It was a passport. I see there is a copy of it here. Do you want to read it, Helen? The print is too fine for me."

Robert's mother took the paper and read:

"George Washington, President of the United States of America, To All to Whom these Presents shall come.

"The bearer hereof, Mr. Blanchard, a citizen of France, proposing to ascend in a balloon from the city of Philadelphia, at 10 o'clock A.M. this day, to pass in such direction and to descend in such place as circumstances may render most convenient—

"THESE ARE therefore to recommend to all citizens of the United States, and others, that in his passage, descent, return, or journeying elsewhere, they oppose no hindrance or molestation to the said Mr. Blanchard; And that on the contrary, they receive and aid him with that humanity and good will which may render honor to their country, and justice to an individual so distinguished by his efforts to establish and advance an art, in order to make it useful to mankind in general.

"Given under my hand and seal, at the city of Philadelphia, this ninth day of January, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, and of the independence of America the seventeenth.

"Signed,

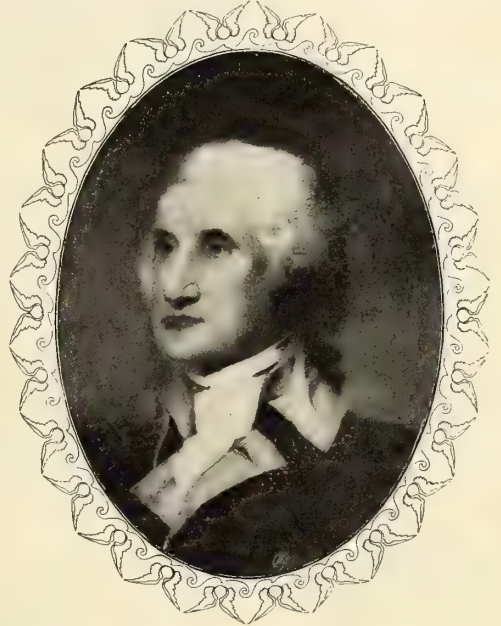
"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

[SEAL]

"Does n't that sound grand!" said Robert, with a sigh, when his mother had finished the reading. "Mr. Blanchard must have been pleased."

"He had reason to be very grateful for that paper later," replied Grandfather. "He put it away carefully in his breast pocket, then stepped

into the car. The ropes were untied, the ballast thrown out, and he sailed upward, standing hat in hand and waving a flag decorated on one side with the Stars and Stripes and on the other with the tricolor of France. For a moment nobody moved or made a sound; then there rose from the people within the courtyard a great cheer, which was taken up by the crowds watching from the



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From the painting by Trumbull, in the City Hall, New York.

roofs of the city as the balloon came into view and then sailed off over their heads. Father always said that was the most thrilling moment of his boyhood."

"What happened?" asked Robert. "Did Mr. Blanchard come back?"

"No," replied Grandfather. "Some gentlemen galloped off along the road in the direction he had taken, but they soon lost sight of him. They did not have steam-cars then, you must remember, much less telegraphs and telephones. That was one reason why every one was so excited over flying. Until balloons were invented, no one had traveled across country faster than a horse could take him. No; that was the last the people of Philadelphia saw or heard of Mr. Blanchard until seven o'clock that night, when news spread among the waiting crowds that he had returned and was at the President's house telling his story.

"When he had been in the air about an hour, the gas in his balloon had given out. He had to come down in the first open space he could see. He had made the descent safely and found him-

self in a field in the midst of woods. Then the question was what to do. He had no idea where he was. From his compass he could tell the general direction of Philadelphia, but he could only guess how far he had traveled. Fortunately some farmers came to his aid. They had been chopping wood near by, and, seeing him land, had come to investigate. It was then that President Washington's passport served him. The men were very much frightened. Mr. Blanchard could speak no English, and his French only increased their terror. He bethought him of the passport and gave it to them. As soon as they saw Washington's signature and gathered the meaning of the paper, they were eager to assist him. They brought a cart for his balloon, and escorted him to a near-by tavern. There some gentlemen welcomed him and entertained him at dinner. They told him where he was, which explained why the farmers had been so surprised to see him drop down out of the air. He was no longer in Pennsylvania, where the news of his flight had been carried far and wide. He had crossed the Dela-

ware River, and had come down some eighteen miles inland in the State of New Jersey. A paper was drawn up, which all signed, testifying to the place and hour of his landing. This newspaper contains a copy of it. It took Mr. Blanchard six hours to return by horseback, carriage, and ferry over the distance which he had covered in his balloon in less than an hour.

"This was the story which he told to President Washington, to whom he at once went to report in order to thank him for the passport and to present to him the flag which he had carried on the trip. The President showed great interest, congratulating him on his success, and making many inquiries about how the altitude affected his breathing and heart action, and how the country looked from such a height.

"So the next time you go to an aviation meet, Robert," concluded his grandfather, "remember that your great-grandfather saw the first successful flight in America; and add to the things which you know about Washington that he was the first great American to encourage aviation."

THE END OF A GIANT

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP



Albertus
Randall
Wheeler





THE WHIPPOORWILL

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

WHEN all the other birds have gone to bed,
And everything is still;
When Mister Moon Man with his lantern threads
The pine woods on the hill,
I hear each night The Bird That Sits Up Late—
I hear the whippoorwill.

"Whip—poor—Will!" he cries,
And sometimes, *"Whip—poor—Will!"*
I'm sorry for that other chap,
And glad *my* name is Phil!

His voice is like the whistle of a whip,
So sharp is it, and shrill;
I lie and watch the Moon Man climb the sky,
And listen to him, till
I wonder, "Can he be some dead bird's ghost
That haunts the old stone mill?"

"Whip—poor—Will," he cries;
"Poor Will—poor Will—poor Will!"
I pull the bedclothes to my eyes,
And whisper: *"My name 's Phil!"*





From photographs by the Pictorial News Co.

"BIG ED" WALSH, OF THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX, SHOWING THE EASY MOTION AND FINE BODY SWING THIS PITCHER HAS.

ALEXANDER, OF THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL LEAGUE CLUB, IN A PRELIMINARY "WIND-UP."

MATHEWSON, OF THE GIANTS, — WITH NO MEN ON BASES—GATHERS ALL THE MUSCLES OF HIS BODY PREVIOUS TO THE PITCH.

PLAYING THE GAME

(A sequel to "The Battle of Base-ball")

BY C. H. CLAUDY

CHAPTER II

THE PRACTICE OF THE ART OF PITCHING

MERE ability to throw a fast ball, pitch a curve, make the ball perform antics in the air, is, by itself, of no value whatever. The mere ability to pitch a ball with speed, with a curve, with a shoot, is of no value to a pitcher, *if he cannot put it where he wants it!*

Of greater value than any speed, or jump, or puzzling antic, is control—ability to pitch a ball with a reasonable assurance that, eight times out of ten, the ball will do your bidding and go to the exact spot you desire. Every League pitcher will tell you the same thing, and every year sees

dozens of widely heralded "phenomenal" pitchers turned back from the Major to the Minor Leagues for this one reason.

"He had the speed," the manager will say, "but he had n't learned control."

Better far, on any diamond, is the pitcher who can fool batsmen with change of pace and tease them into striking at wide balls, than one who, with every known variety of curve and shoot, sends man after man to first base on balls; or sees him jog there, painfully rubbing some part of his anatomy, because struck with a wild ball; or watches men galloping about the bases while his angry catcher chases a wild pitch.

Control, then, is the first thing to acquire.

And there is only one way to get control, and that is by intelligent practice. Note that mere practice in pitching won't do—the practice must be intelligent. In the first place, control of the fast ball comes before any other kind—and that can only be obtained by beginning with little force and gradually increasing the pace. Standing sixty feet from a catcher and hurling in a hundred straight balls with all your might in the hope that, by constant repetition, you can gage control, won't do one tenth as much good as throwing him ten easy ones, ten a fraction harder, ten more a little harder yet, and so on, until you find the amount of force and speed which begins to affect your accuracy of aim. Then use this as a starting-point and pitch at this speed until you can put one over the right, one over the left corner of the plate, and one over the center, half a dozen times in succession. Then begin to put a little more pace on the ball, and so, very gradually, train your muscles to obey your will, until you can send the ball with all your strength true and straight to the mark. This is the one and only known way of getting control—and it is n't a road to be traveled in a week nor even in a year—but it is the road to travel. And you will find, the first time you pitch a real game, after having ascertained to a nicety just how fast you can pitch and still keep control, that you can do more by teasing the batter with "near strikes" that just *don't* go over the plate, alternated with those which do, than you can by wildly hurling them with all your force in the general direction of the catcher, in the (almost always vain) hope that they will have the good luck to be "strikes!"

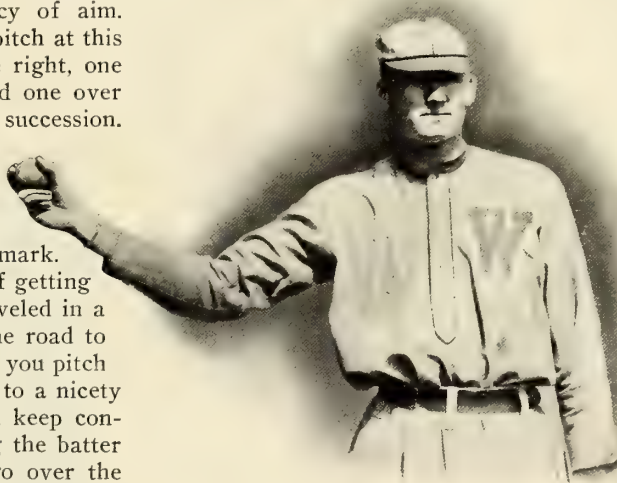
And just here let us note a very important point for all young pitchers to think about and remember. It is this: control means not only the ability to put a ball over the center, the inside, or the outside corner of the plate; not only ability to throw within a few inches of the plate at will, and to "tease" the batter into striking at a ball which will result in a foul or a weak roller to some fielder. It means, as well, control of the *height* of the ball as it crosses the plate.

Rule 31 says that "A fairly delivered ball is a ball pitched or thrown to the bat by the pitcher, while standing in his position and facing the batsman, that passes over any portion of the home base, before touching the ground, not lower than the batsman's knee, nor higher than his shoulder. For every such fairly delivered ball the umpire shall call one strike."

From knee to shoulder may be any distance from about twenty-six inches in the case of a

short man to thirty-eight inches with a tall man. A reference to Fig. 1, page 809, will show how much greater chance there is of fooling the batsman by altering the *height* at which the ball crosses the plate, than by changing its *direction* to right or left. The bat presents a much smaller target for the ball from A to C than it does from A to B. Hence the necessity of control of height as well as direction of the ball.

So your practice should include throwing low balls, waist balls, high balls, at the signal of the



Start of the out-shoot



Finish of the out-shoot.

HOW TO PITCH AN OUT-SHOOT.

Posed expressly for ST. NICHOLAS by WALTER JOHNSON, of the Washington American League Club.

"I shall be glad to show how I pitch this ball," said Mr. Johnson, "but it should be remembered that no two pitchers pitch this ball in just the same way. There is no standard way of throwing an out-shoot—I can only show you how I pitch it."

catcher, and not until you can throw a high ball, inside, outside, or "straight through," a waist ball, and a knee ball in those three positions, and do it, too, almost at will, can you step back satisfied that you really are able to control your fast ball.

If you have this control, and are able to use it on both a fast and a slow ball, you can (whether

you have the slightest ability to throw a curve or not) go in and pitch a better game, allow fewer hits, and strike out more batters than if you pitched half a dozen wide curves of which only one in six was true enough to be called a strike.

natured wilfully to throw so near the batsman as to make him fear to step too close to the plate. As his control is so perfect, and his disposition is so well known, players 'stand to the plate' when he is on the mound, and make more hits off him by so doing than they otherwise would. Even so, in 1911, Johnson hit but eight batsmen, and gave bases on balls to seventy more, having 1228 men charged with 'times at bat' against him, in 323 innings of play. Johnson, too, had wonderful control."

And, to clinch the argument—if any more be needed—consider the remarkable games pitched in both Big Leagues in 1911. In the American League there were two no-hit games pitched during the season, Wood, of Boston, turning this most unusual trick against St. Louis, and Walsh, of Chicago, shutting out Boston without a hit. Coombs, of Philadelphia, Wood, of Boston, and Walsh, of Chicago, each pitched also a one-hit game during the season. All these pitchers are men noted for control—on the days when they



Start of the slow ball.

HOW TO PITCH THE SLOW BALL.

Posed expressly for *ST. NICHOLAS* by Carl Cashion, Washington, American League.

Note how loosely the ball is held. It is thrown with the regular over-hand motion used for a fast ball.

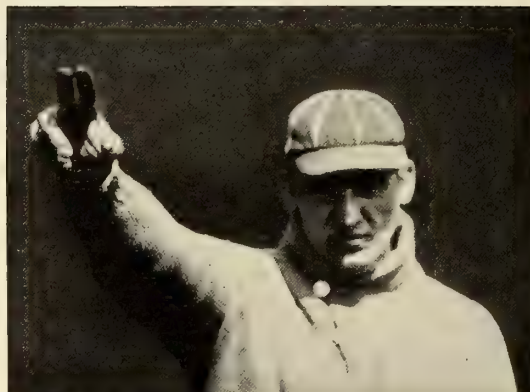
While talking base-ball to a group of boys recently, the author was emphasizing necessity of control.

"Shucks!" commented one young enthusiast, "control is all right, of course, but if I could just 'fade 'em' like Matty, or get 'em over as fast as Johnson, or as slyly as 'Rube' Marquard, I 'll wager I 'd win every game I pitched if I passed every other man!"

"But the figures, my lad, don't bear you out," was the reply. "The records show that Marquard, whose percentage of games won—.774—was the greatest in the National League in 1911, hit but four men during the season, and passed 106 men. At first thought this may seem a large number. But remember that 1007 men had 'times at bat' against him, that many more faced him not charged with 'times at bat,' and that these 106 passes were given during 278 innings of play. Marquard had control.

"Mathewson, always known as a pitcher with perfect control, hit one batsman in 1911 and passed thirty-eight men in 307 innings of play, and had 1169 men charged with 'times at bat' against him. Mathewson had remarkable control.

"Johnson, one of the leading pitchers in the American League, has always been handicapped by the fact that he is too kind-hearted and gentle-



Finish of the slow ball.

pitched these phenomenal games, they had practically perfect control.

In the National League there was no no-hit game in 1911, but ten pitchers pitched one-hit games. Compare the list with the pitchers' records, and you find almost all men of fine control. They were Moore, Philadelphia; Fromme, Cincinnati; Rucker, Brooklyn; Chalmers, Philadelphia; Steele, Pittsburg; Marquard, New York; Alexander, Philadelphia; Woodburn, St. Louis; Burns, Philadelphia, and Cole, Chicago.

Once having control of the fast ball, you are in a position to take up some variety of curve. Here you need advice (which, in all probability, you won't take) and caution about your arm (which you probably won't heed). The advice is this: don't try to master more than one curve, shoot, hook, or slant at a time; don't try ever to

master more than two or three. Great pitchers do not—why should you?

Walter Johnson, the American League pitcher (Washington), depends on his fast ball with a jump on it, his slow ball for a change of pace, one swift curve, and almost perfect control. He can throw other things, but these are what he does throw. Christy Mathewson, the great pitcher of the New York Giants, depends on his famous fadeaway, a high in-shoot, a slow ball, and a swift straight one—plus almost perfect control. Edward Walsh, the phenomenal steel-armed man of the Chicago White Sox, uses speed, a spit ball, a slow ball occasionally, a jump curve, and a plain, straight, not very hard ball which looks like a spitter and—is n't. He also has magnificent control of the ball.

Now just as there are no two faces in the

ascertain, before you begin to develop a curve or shoot, just which particular kind comes easiest to



Start of the drop ball.



Finish of the drop ball.

HOW TO PITCH A DROP BALL.

Posed expressly for ST. NICHOLAS by Dixie Walker, Washington, American League.

Note that this powerfully built pitcher pitches a drop over the side of his index-finger. Other pitchers sometimes release the ball over the ends of the fingers, with the back of the hand up.



Start of the knuckle ball.



Finish of the knuckle ball.

HOW TO PITCH A KNUCKLE BALL.

Posed expressly for ST. NICHOLAS by Jerry Ackers, Washington, American League.

The knuckle ball is a slow ball which wavers in the air. It is very puzzling when properly thrown and controlled.

world exactly alike, so no two arms in the world are exactly similar. Therefore no two boys or men will have exactly the same way of getting exactly the same curve. So it is vital that you

you naturally. It is likely to be some variety of the out-curve, because this curve, as previously explained, is thrown by the hand and arm and wrist in a position which is a continuation of the natural curve of hand, arm, and wrist in throwing. The ball, firmly grasped between thumb and first two fingers, is brought over the shoulder with the ordinary throwing motion, and the back of the hand is turned to the pitcher's right and slightly down as the ball is let go, so that it rolls off the sides of the index-finger and faces of both fingers, which serves to give it the necessary revolution from right to left to curve it to the pitcher's left and the batter's right. By bringing the hand directly down over the head and having the back of the hand toward the batter, the ball is made to revolve from top toward the bottom, or in the direction of its motion, so that it becomes a drop ball—dropping from its revolution, and not from impact with the air, as a spit ball drops.

Now, somewhere between these two, out-curve and drop-curve, is the out-drop. The position at

which the drop or curve commences is dependent on a good many things—the force of the throw, the speed of revolution, the angle of the throw (from the shoulder to the plate), and the position of the arm when the ball is released—whether fully extended, or something short of that. These

if his "motion" was at fault. Amos Rusie, the great "speed king" who pitched balls so hard and fast that none of his catchers could keep a good record all the time, had an almost perfect "motion." Walter Johnson, who, some players say, pitches as speedy a ball as ever Rusie pitched, has a perfect swing to his body, and uses not only his powerful arm and shoulder muscles, but those of his back, his thighs, and his legs, in his speed ball, so that he can finish a game almost as strong as when he began it. Mathewson's work has long been remarkable for the smoothness of his motion—he seems to propel the ball with his whole body, using his hand and arm rather to guide the ball than to propel it. Bender, who led the American League pitchers last year, has a long body, every bit of which gets into his throw—and similar instances might be multiplied without number.



Start of the in-shoot.



Finish of the in-shoot.

HOW TO PITCH AN IN-SHOOT.

Posed expressly for ST. NICHOLAS by WALTER JOHNSON, Washington, American League.

things must be experimented with by the individual until he finds which variety of this curve he throws with the least effort. For if he throws a slight curve with little effort, he may throw a sharp or wide one with greater effort; whereas, if a slight curve takes "all he has," he cannot, well, increase the speed or latitude of that particular curve. So it is very important to find the curve that you can throw most easily, and make that the basis of what you will develop.

But whatever the curve which seems to be most natural to your build and habits of throwing, and which seems to jerk and twist your arm the least in delivery, try to develop it not only with the arm and hand, but with the whole body. Having a good "motion" means a great deal to a pitcher. It means that every muscle in his body, almost, is used in his pitch, and that, as a result, he can get greater speed, a wider curve, a sharper break, with less effort on any one muscle than he could

The secret of good "motion," like that of control, is practice—only in this case the practice consists in throwing, throwing, throwing, using the arm as little as possible, save as a guide to the ball, and getting all the propelling effort possible by starting the pitch from a position in which the body is bent backward, stepping forward, and swinging the body from right to left so that all its muscles back up and supplement those of the arm.

Having mastered the elements of pitching—control, and a good body swing, or "motion"—a great deal of progress is made toward pitching a good game. But without some knowledge of how to apply what you know, you might as well toss the ball up to the batter and let him hit it. Recruit players breaking into the Big Leagues often start out with tremendous batting averages—for a dozen games or more. Then the pitchers discover their likes and dislikes, find out what they can hit with ease and what they hit with difficulty, and promptly the new-comers' batting averages shrink tremendously.

Of course any lad soon catches on to the peculiarities of his fellow club-members who stand at the plate and face his pitching. But suppose you go to the other side of town or to a neighboring town, to play a nine you never saw before—what sort of balls are you going to pitch those batters? Use speed, and trust to luck? Make every pitched ball different from the preceding one, in the hope of fooling the man at bat? Throw two balls in the hope of their being called strikes, stick one over, and then trust to your infield to get the batter out at first?

None of these systems will do. You must study the first batter the first time he comes to the plate, and deduce what you can from his size,

his hold on the bat, his position at the plate—later, when he has hit, you will have more data to reason from for his next time up. If the batsman holds his bat “choked,” that is, several inches from the end, and, instead of swinging, chops at the ball, your best play is a low ball rather than a high one. “Choked bats” don’t reach so far down, and are less likely to connect well with low balls than with those between waist and shoulder. Does the batter hold his bat at the extreme end and stand there waiting, swinging his bat in wide arcs? It is the trick of the free hitter—one who wallops the ball when he does hit it, and strikes out with a loud swishing noise of fanning air when he does n’t. Free hitters rarely face the pitcher; they stand facing the plate or three quarters of the way between pitcher and plate (Fig. 2). The ball that this type of batter likes least is that which comes close to him on the inside of the plate. He likes it least because, even if he does hit it, it is usually with the handle of the bat, resulting in a slow roller or a little “pop fly.” Change of pace is a great weapon against the swinging slugger, or free hitter: a fast ball well outside that he may

center. The chances are he will then hit too eagerly, and before the ball gets to him at all, or, if he does hit it, will drive a decided foul to left (if he be a right-hander—see Fig. 3).

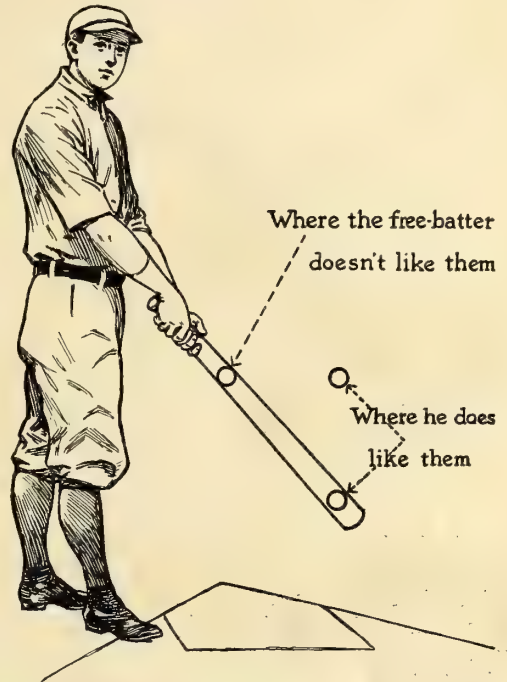


Fig. 2. The batters who stand sidewise to the plate can reach low balls with ease.

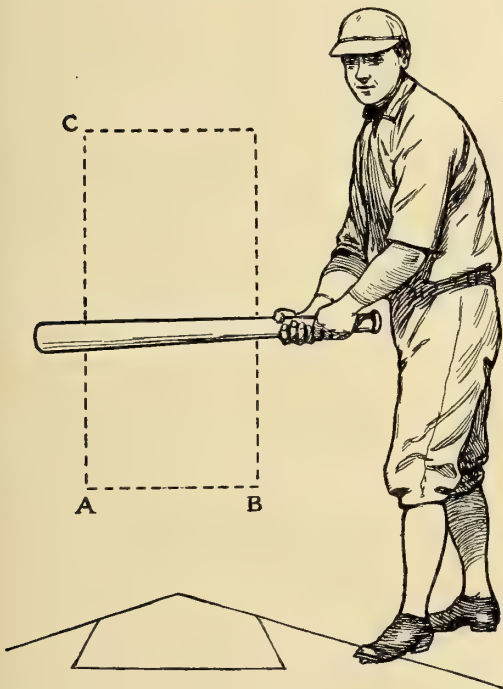


Fig. 1. Why variation in height, as in the drop-curve, is more puzzling to the batsman than flat curves “in” or “out.” A to B: width of plate. A to C: knee to shoulder of batsman.

not hit it, a fast ball well inside that he will not want to hit, then a slow, teasing, “floating” ball which crawls up to him fair and full in the

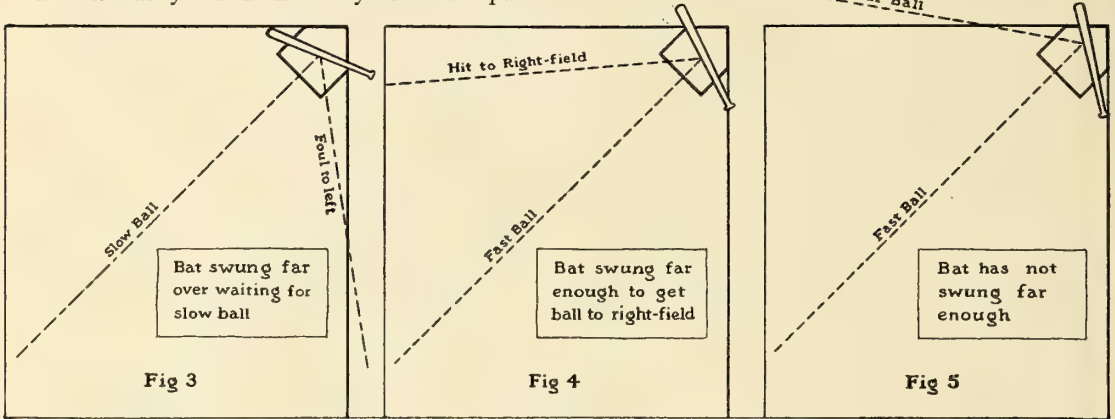
Snappy hitters—men who choke their bats and hit with a choppy motion, rather than a swing—will generally do more execution against a slow ball than a fast one. Not having to start their hit so soon, they are not so easily thrown out of balance as is the swinging hitter who must begin his swing some time before the ball reaches him, and who, therefore, on a slow ball he has n’t recognized, either fans or fouls to left.

Batters who do not fear the ball, and step well into it at the plate, not infrequently take the heart out of a pitcher by hammering his best curve ball before it has fairly had a chance to break. Such men should get balls as close to them as possible, and high or low, according to their manner of standing at the plate. Always remember that a man who stands sidewise to the plate can do anything he wants with the average low ball, but has difficulty in hitting a high one; whereas a man who faces the pitcher squarely can handle high ones easily and low ones with difficulty.

Batters who are timid—who “pull away” as they bat—are the easy prey of the pitcher with control—all he has to do is keep the ball on the outside corner of the plate. As the batter is

going one way, due to his pulling habit, the ball, at the same time, is "breaking" to the other side, and the usual result is a foul, a strike-out, or a weak hit easily handled. Players who "pull"

to right field (Fig. 4), all slow ones to left (the natural hit); others, by some peculiar mental twist, swing more quickly on fast balls (so driv-



have no place on a team playing real base-ball, according to the Big-League managers.

In some cases the pitcher may to a certain extent control the direction of the batsman's hit. That is, by knowing where the batsman usually hits a straight, fast ball, he can, by giving him a decided in-curve, or a decided out-curve sometimes, cause him to hit to right or left of his usual direction (see Fig. 6). Of course this little strategy won't always succeed—the batter won't always hit as expected—but it succeeds often enough for most Major League teams to notify the outfield and the infield by signal what sort of a ball is to be pitched to a batter, so that they may know what is the most probable result should the batter succeed in hitting it.

In the same way (see Fig. 7) the pitcher may control to some slight extent the probable direction of the hit, by knowing the batter's usual style, and changing the speed of the ball accordingly. This is not a particularly sure method, but often, with a canny batsman, it is of advantage in getting two strikes on him by the foul route, first, perhaps, with a swift ball, and, second, with a slow "teaser."

Of course there are a great many individual peculiarities which have no general application—every boy will have to master those of his opponents as practice shows him their weaknesses. Some can't hit a slow ball at all, others kill slow balls every time. Some batters will hit every time at the first ball if it is within reach—these should always get the first ball well outside the plate. Other batters almost never offer at the first ball—a straight, plain, swift one through the heart of the plate should be the first pitch to lads of this disposition. Some batters hit all fast balls

ing them to left) than they do on slow ones, which they recognize and which they unconsciously wait for, driving them to right. The diagrams show why a fast ball is usually driven to right and a slow one to left, but this is not a hard-and-fast rule. But it is a noticeable fact that pitchers of the Rusie-Johnson type, who have extreme speed, do get a lot of strikes by the foul route,

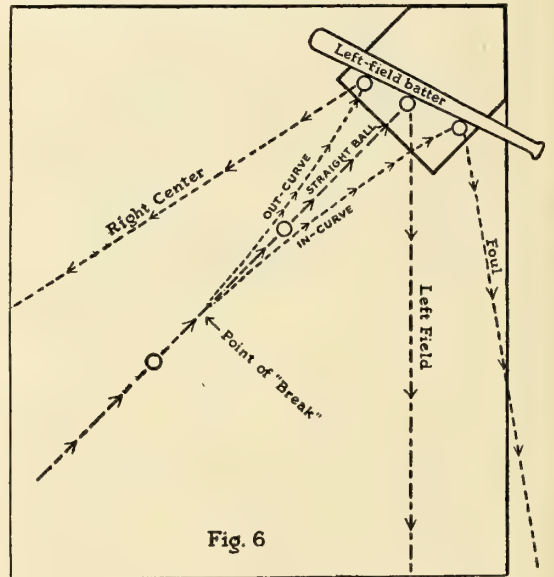


Fig. 6. Showing a left-field hitter hitting a straight ball to left field, and why he is likely to foul off a sharp in-curve, and why an out-curve may result in a clean hit to right center. These results vary with different batters—the diagram merely shows the principle.

and for the same reason that fast pitches are so often hit to right field—the ball is faster than the batter calculates, consequently his bat hits it

too soon in the flight of the swift ball over the plate, as shown in Fig. 5.

There are times when you must consider not only what the man at bat can do best, but what he is likely to try to do. Thus, with a man on third and less than two out, the sacrifice fly is often attempted. The hardest ball from which to hit a long, high sacrifice fly is a high ball. Naturally, therefore (unless this particular batter is one who hits all high balls particularly well), in this situation, keep the ball up. Similarly it is harder to bunt a high ball than a waist-high or low one—bunting a ball from a shoulder-high pitch is easily seen to be difficult. On the other hand, with a very speedy man at the plate who often chops the ball straight down, in the hope of it making a high bounce or two during which he can beat it to the base, keep the ball low.

It is highly necessary that the young pitcher realize the importance of having the same preliminary attitude previous to all pitches, and the same variety of "motion" in all deliveries, otherwise the batter will soon recognize that your little step backward before you pitch means a fast ball, or your slight hunching of the shoulder means a drop, or, whatever telltale motion you make means some one particular pitch. One of the reasons for Mathewson's great success with his fadeaway is his uncanny ability to pitch it with the overhand motion—the same motion he uses on his straight ball and his high in-curve. He could pitch his high in and his fadeaway with less effort and perhaps greater effect, if he could use his arm any way he pleased. But he cannot. He must use a motion which gives no indication of what is coming—so, indeed, must all pitchers. It is in this point, too, that the lad whose slow ball is but his fast ball thrown easily, fails so lamentably—any one can see what he is doing while he does it. Take a pitcher like Alexander, of the "Phillies," or Marquard, of the Giants, or

"Three-fingered" Brown, of the "Cubs," and you can't tell their fast ball and their slow one apart by their motion—the same attitude, the same speed of arm, the same everything—except the

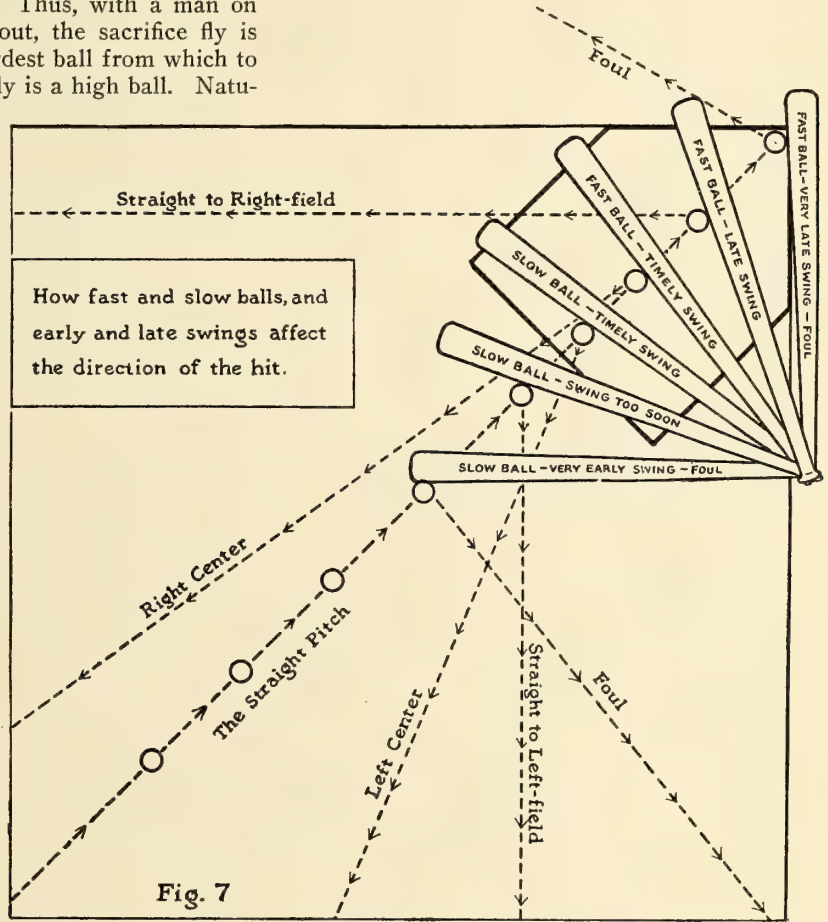


Fig. 7

grip and the last wrist flick, which does the business without any telltale hint to the batter.

While, perhaps, more properly belonging to the chapter to be devoted to fielding, a few words seem necessary here on the pitcher's duties outside the box. A pitcher might have every known delivery, deception, speed, slow ball, curve, fader, drop, everything, and still be hopelessly a "Minor leaguer," if he did not watch bases and hold runners on, as well as field bunts and cover first base.

Barney Peltz, pitcher of the St. Louis "Browns," recently stated that, in his opinion, it should be the pitcher instead of the catcher who was charged with a stolen base. Suppose the pitcher does not hold the runner glued to first. He gets off with a fifteen-, perhaps a twenty-, foot lead. The pitcher takes a bit of a wind-up, and the runner is twenty-five feet from first

before the pitcher gets the ball away to the catcher. The catcher must make his catch, step out of line of the batsman, who is probably "artistically" engaged in getting in his way, draw back his arm, and throw to second, where the ball must be caught, held, and tagged on the runner! When it is n't done, the catcher is charged with a stolen base, when, as a matter of fact, it is n't his fault at all, but the pitcher's.

Thinking base-ball critics, seeing the stolen base charged to the catcher, often add in their own minds, "but it was n't his fault." But that does n't help the catcher's record! Yet it is not to help out a catcher, but to play the game, that young pitchers must watch the bases. Throw often enough and suddenly enough to first to make the runner hug the base. Have a signal with the catcher as to when to whirl and throw. But don't throw the game away by throwing *too* often, or when there is no need of it. Watch the base—indeed, watch second and third, too, but most especially first base. Then, when you do turn to pitch, forget the runner entirely, and see only the batter and the plate!

As for fielding, you have only to refer to the scores of the World Series in 1911, to see how important it is for a pitcher to be a fielder as well. Bender had one put-out and six assists, Plank two assists, and Coombs one put-out and two assists, while Mathewson had two put-outs and nine assists, Marquard, Crandall, and Wiltse two assists each, and Ames one assist. In six games, then, the pitchers had a total of four put-outs and twenty-six assists. Is it coincidence that Bender, the Athletics' star pitcher, and Mathewson, the Giants' star pitcher, lead their teams in pitchers' assists? Both are expert fielders.

The pitcher who cannot run in, scoop up a bunt with one hand, and throw to first, is no pitcher at all.

But it is on first-base plays that the pitcher must be most especially alert, not-only in fielding bunts, but in covering the bag on bunts fielded by the first baseman, and on hits down the foul line or in short right field, which perhaps both second baseman and first go after. The instant a ball is hit toward first base, the pitcher should start for the bag. He has less distance to run than the runner, and can easily get there first. He should get there just in time to make the catch of the ball frequently tossed by the fielder while the pitcher is still running, since often the pitcher will not be able to stop.

As every boy knows, the sight of a runner, a pitcher, and the ball all meeting at first base (Fig. 8) is one of the prettiest plays on the diamond. As first is the only base where neither fielder nor runner need stop after touching the bag for the put-out, this play never occurs anywhere else.

But, remember, this fine faculty of running to cover first, arriving there just in time to step on the bag the instant the tossed ball is caught, is the result of hard practice, and the lad who will devote fifteen minutes a day to fielding bunts with one hand, and whirling and throwing, and another fifteen minutes to covering first and receiving fielded balls, will make a pitcher his nine will rather have in a game than that other lad who, superior, perhaps, in actual pitching, is yet unable, through laziness or lack of practice, to leave the firing-line and become one of the infielders—unable, in the real meaning of the words, to play the game!

(To be continued.)

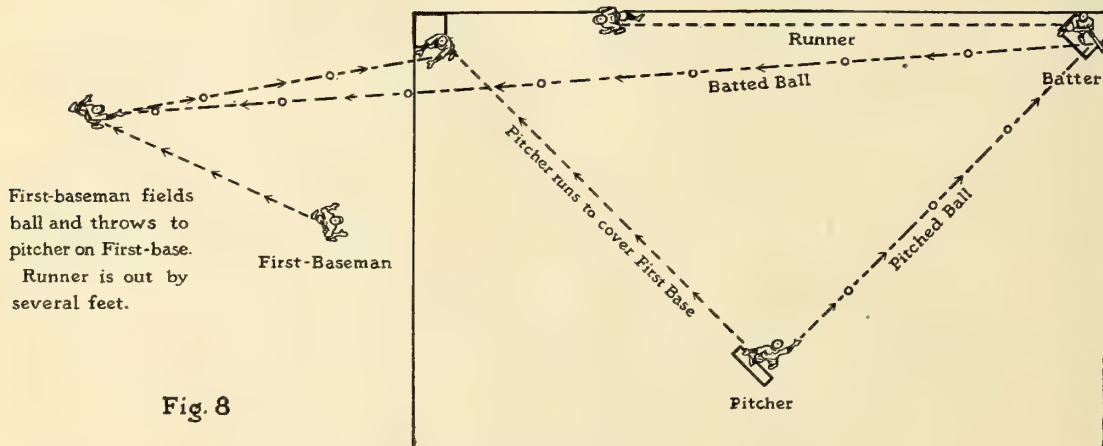


Fig. 8

A PRETTY PLAY. PITCHER COVERING FIRST BASE.

THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

CHAPTER X

AN ADVENTURE AFTER DARK

"To the rescue!" cried Lefty, dashing around toward the rear. "This way!"

Tad and Jack paused to light the lanterns which they carried. Then they rushed forward and entered the ruined building, where the others already were groping about in the darkness.

The two lanterns threw a partial light over piles of brick, mortar, and rubbish of several sorts which littered the interior. Cousin Willie was discovered in one corner, lying on a pile of hay, just as he had fallen—too terrified to move or speak. Except for him and the rescuing party, no one was in the place, nor was the dog in evidence. Tad hurried over to the corner.

"Hurt, Will?" he cried anxiously.

The boy sat up, pale and trembling, but silent.

"It's all right, Will," Tad went on consolingly; "nobody's around, you see, except our crowd. The old hermit and Fido have skipped. I guess the fall knocked your breath out, did n't it?"

Will nodded and gasped.

Lefty rushed forward and lifted him in his arms. "The chi-i-i-ld is saved!" he announced in a dramatic tremolo.

"But where's the dog?" Bert cried in surprise, picking up a stout club which lay near him.

"Fido seems to have skipped to the happy hunting-grounds," Tad announced. "May his bark find a quiet harbor!"

"Ah, how poetic!" murmured Bert, poking around with his stick. "It's a mighty good thing for Willie that the old man and his dog are not around. I thought he was a goner when that wall gave way."

"Yes, I thought it was all up with him," Eliot added. "He chose a good spot to fall—over there on the hay. It's a lot more comfortable to land on hay than on a pile of bricks."

"Bill showed artistic judgment in picking out a landing-place," Lefty agreed. "If only he'd gone to sleep, he might have been taken for Little Boy Blue—'under the haystack, fast asleep.'"

Lefty had been talking to Cousin Willie in a low tone, in an attempt to revive his courage, and the boy now had quite recovered from his fright.

Having found the ruins deserted, the Beaver Campers felt perfectly secure, and began a leisurely inspection of the dilapidated building. In the beginning of its history it might have been

a fort, or perhaps an old mill with a wheel turned by some stream that now flowed in another channel. The roof was broken through, and the rear wall had a gaping opening large enough to admit a two-horse truck. Here and there the vines which covered the outside had forced themselves in through the openings, and reached out bravely in an effort to cover the bare ugliness of the interior.

It seemed probable that the owner of the premises had stored some farm produce in the building during the months past, for a pile of old hay lay in one corner—fortunately for Cousin Willie—and several barrels and baskets were lying on the ground.

A rude shelter made of brush and boards marked the lodging of the hermit and his dog. A fire still smoldered before it, and empty cans were scattered about in disorderly confusion.

Bert poked around with his stick in an inquisitive fashion for a while, but found nothing especially interesting, so he threw himself down upon the pile of hay to wait until the others had satisfied their curiosity.

As he touched the hay, he uttered a smothered exclamation and sprang to his feet, rubbing one shoulder.

"What's the matter, Bert?" Ed cried in surprise.

"Ouch! There's something hard and sharp down there," said Bert; "and I landed right on it!"

"Maybe it's the hermit, Bert," Tad suggested. "He's hard and sharp."

"Take a look, Bert!" Charlie urged. "See what's hidden down there."

Cousin Willie had somewhat disarranged the pile of hay when he fell, and Bert's heavier weight still more noticeably had crushed and flattened it. Still nursing his shoulder, Bert grasped his stick and thrust it into the pile. It struck something solid, and he stooped to investigate.

Just then the stillness of the night was broken by a sound which struck terror into the hearts of the boys—the angry barking of a dog.

"They're coming back!" Tad cried in alarm. "Put out the lights and run for all you're worth!"

In an instant the lighted lanterns were extinguished, and the boys were scrambling through the opening in the broken rear wall. Onward they ran, stumbling over obstructions, breathless, frightened, yet spurred to their utmost exertion

by the deep, savage barking that seemed to be coming alarmingly near.

They reached the fence that ran down to the road after what seemed like a desperately long interval, and somehow they scrambled over it and gained the partial security of the farther side. Here they turned and hurried on.

"I suppose there 's no use trying to be quiet," Lefty gasped. "They can't hear us back there, and, anyhow, we made enough noise for a regiment, getting across that field."

"We 'll be all right if only that blood-thirsty brute does n't take a notion to follow us!" was Tad's breathless reply. "I suppose he can follow our track if the old fellow lets him."

"Sure! It would be right in his line! Where 's Bill?"

"I don't know! Is n't he in the crowd somewhere?"

"Don't see him! Hold up a minute, you fellows! Any of you seen Bill?"

"He was with me when we climbed over the fence," Tom reported. "I have n't seen him since."

Jack hastily counted the dark figures gathered around him. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—Cousin Willie was not with them!

"He 's probably fallen down somewhere," Walter ventured. "Seems to me I heard a fellow fall near me, right after we got over the fence. I did n't pay much attention then, because I took it for granted that whoever it was would pick himself up and hustle along."

"Hark!" cried Eliot. "Listen to that dog! Is n't he coming nearer?"

"He surely is!" Lefty muttered anxiously. "You fellows had better run along! Leave a lantern with me. I 'll climb up in this tree, and if the dog is following our trail, likely as not he 'll run right by me. After he 's gone on, I 'll walk back and look for Bill."

There was no time for argument or delay, because the sound of excited barking was coming closer to them, and it seemed apparent that the dog was in full pursuit.

Lefty fastened the lantern to his belt and climbed carefully into a tree not far from the fence, while the others hurried on toward the highway.

For some minutes, he sat in this friendly shelter. The sound of the rapidly retreating boys died away in the distance. Nearer and nearer came the dog. Now Lefty could hear him crashing through the bushes close at hand. At the foot of the tree, he seemed to hesitate. Here it was that the boys had stopped, and the dog ran around uncertainly, trying to pick up the scent.

Lefty held his breath in suspense, thankful that, even should the dog discover him, he could not reach him. Then Lefty heard a voice which he at once recognized as belonging to the hermit, and realized that the dog was being urged forward by his master, who seemed eager to overtake and punish those who so boldly had invaded his domain.

In a minute or two, the dog found the scent and ran forward, the man hurrying in pursuit, but Lefty judged that by this time his fellow-campers must have reached the road, and hoped that, once there, they might regain the camp quickly and in safety.

When the dog and his master had passed on, Lefty scrambled to the ground and unfastened the lantern from his belt. He plunged a hand inside his pocket, and then suddenly remembered that he had given his matches to Jack. He had no means of lighting the lantern which he had so carefully shielded in ascending and descending the tree.

"Thunder!" he muttered. "Also lightning!"

There was nothing to be done about it, however, so Lefty made the best of existing conditions, and retraced his steps over the course which the boys had followed along the fence. Every minute or two he whistled cautiously, and soon heard a faint answering signal.

"Is that you, Bill?" he cried, as loudly as he dared.

"Yes! All right, Lefty! Where are you?" and Lefty saw the bright light of Willie's pocket-lamp gleaming in the distance.

"Here! straight ahead! More to the right now! Well, Bill! I 'm glad to find you again. Where were you?"

"I caught my foot in getting over the fence," he explained, "and tumbled down in a lot of weeds and stuff. It did n't hurt me, but I got all mixed up and turned the wrong way—opposite to the other fellows. When I found out what I 'd done, I heard the dog coming, and was afraid to run back until he got out of the way."

"It strikes me that you 're getting more than your share of excitement out of this thing, Bill," Lefty responded, with a little chuckle. "I 'm glad you have that electric lamp. I 've got a lantern, but no matches, and, somehow, an unlighted lantern does n't give much illumination."

"I have a match-box," Will said, searching through his pockets. "Here! help yourself!"

Lefty gratefully "borrowed" a match and lighted the lantern. Then together they set out for the highway; and as they went, Lefty related the experiences of the party from the time of Will's fall to the discovery of his absence.

"Is n't it funny, Lefty, how you never know

what 's going to happen to you?" Will remarked reflectively. "If anybody 'd told me six months ago that I 'd be going through these things, I would n't have believed it."

"No, I suppose not! It may not be a bad thing though, Bill! You 'll get accustomed to being in thrilling adventures by the time you 've passed through half a dozen more, which at the present rate of progress will be about this time to-morrow night. Just think, Bill! It was only this morning early that you and I were pattering around in the dark after that fellow who got away in the boat."

"That 's so! It seems farther back than that, Lefty. It might have been a week ago, so much has happened since."

Thus talking together, they followed the fence until, at length, the highway appeared before them. Then they turned toward Beaver Camp.

Occasionally, they had heard the vocal efforts of the hermit's dog, and now Lefty noted with some anxiety that the sound was coming nearer.

"The fellows must have reached camp all right, Bill," he announced as calmly as possible, "because our kind-hearted neighbor seems to be returning from the chase, bringing his menagerie with him. If you care to see the procession go past, don't let me hinder you; but as for myself—well, there 's a brook just ahead, and I think I 'll stop under the bridge until the parade is out of sight."

"That ought to be a good place to hide, Lefty! The dog can't follow our trail in the water."

They reached the brook in plenty of time, and walked up the nearer bank a hundred yards or more in order to draw the dog farther away, in case he felt inclined to follow their trail. Then they removed their shoes and stockings and waded back through the brook until they were concealed under the bridge that carried the highway across the little stream.

Here they waited until after the dog had passed their refuge, and the heavy footfalls of his returning master had sounded upon the boards over their heads. Then they climbed out on the farther bank and made their way back to camp, where a joyful welcome awaited them.

The other boys had reached Beaver Camp safely, though it had been necessary for them to run most of the way. The dog had followed them even into the "clearing" around the bungalow, from which point he had been called off by his master. Shortly after their arrival, the doctor had returned from his call at Mrs. Spencer's cottage, and the full history of their adventure had been related to him.

Doctor Halsey was enough of a boy to relish

the excitement of this recital, and yet, being mindful of his duty as camp director, he reminded the boys of the folly and danger of plunging into reckless adventure, as well as of the lack of proper regard for him which they had manifested in leaving camp on such a mission without his knowledge and consent.

Just then Lefty and Cousin Willie appeared, and the doctor was eager to learn how they had fared.

"Anyhow, Bert saved the box that he fell on!" Edgar announced triumphantly, when Lefty and Willie had related the account of their experiences. "We have that much to show for our night's work!"

"That 's so!" cried Bert. "There 's been so much excitement since that I 'most forgot about it. I had just dragged the box out of the way when the blooming dog began to yawp, and we all beat it. I had the thing under my arm all the time, and never realized it until we climbed the fence. It was too late to do anything about it then, so I brought it back to camp with me, and here it is!"

So saying, he produced a box of heavy tin, wrapped in several layers of soiled and torn newspapers. The tin was coated with black japan, ornamented with gilt stripes, and the box looked just like some that the boys had seen in stationers' windows, designed to hold cash, jewelry, and valuable papers.

"No wonder the old fellow chased us!" Eliot exclaimed. "Most likely he 's a miser, and has a lot of money and all kinds of valuable things in that box. I 'll bet he 's gone off to get the constable, or whoever it is up here that does such business, and means to have us all locked up!"

"I should n't wonder," Jack added soberly. "If we 're found with that box in our hands, it won't do us any good to say that we did n't go over there to steal it!"

The doctor had another theory, but was quite willing that the boys should be conscience-stricken for a time, in order that the folly of rushing heedlessly into danger might be impressed upon their minds, and that they might learn to respect the property rights of their neighbors.

"You see how seriously you are involved," he remarked quietly. "Not only did you leave camp on a dangerous and needless mission at a time when I was absent and was trusting to your honor and good sense to keep you out of mischief, but you have trespassed knowingly on the property of a neighbor, you have actually stolen something that may be assumed to belong to him, and have placed yourselves in a position where you could be arrested and severely punished."

The boys looked frightened and ashamed. No one could frame an appropriate reply.

"What would your parents and friends in the city think if the news should reach them that you had been arrested for stealing?" the doctor went on. "You might convince them that it was a mere thoughtless prank, but I fancy they would be distressed and displeased to know that you had been so imprudent."

"We just went for the excitement of the thing," Bert urged in defense. "We 'll put the box back and the old hermit can see that we have n't taken anything. Anyhow, he did n't see any of us, and can't prove that we were there. He can't prove that we took the box, either, so I don't see what trouble he can make."

"He knows that some one was in the ruins to-night," the doctor replied. "He traced the trespassers with the aid of his dog, and found that they belonged here. While he may not be able to prove anything more, you have been very unwise, and I hope you will never again do a thing which might bring disgrace upon Beaver Camp and spoil our vacation."

The boys' were very penitent, and assured the doctor with much earnestness of their regret. He accepted their apologies, but gave them little comfort, and they wandered off by twos and threes to seek forgetfulness in slumber. By this time they were thoroughly alarmed, and had visions of arrest and all manner of unpleasant sequels to their nocturnal adventure.

"And just think! to-morrow will be 'the glorious Fourth!'" Lefty sighed unhappily. "We were going to have so much fun, but now—well, we can't tell what will become of us."

"We 're certainly in one horrible mess," Ed replied hopelessly. "I feel awful, but I 'm sorry most of all about the doctor. We left him sitting there all alone by the fire, and holding that old box that 's got us into such a snarl. He looked mournful as anything, and I 'll bet he feels worried."

At that minute, however, the doctor was smiling grimly at the leaping flames, as he remembered the alarm of the boys and reflected on its probable value as a moral tonic. Also he wondered how this box, so unexpectedly placed in his keeping, might fit into a strange story which Mrs. Spencer had told him that evening.

CHAPTER XI

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH"

THE boys' sleep was restless and troubled that night, and they awoke on the morning of Independence Day feeling downcast and apprehen-

sive. The box was not in sight, and the doctor did not refer to it. The dawn was not saluted with a roar of exploding gunpowder. Somehow, none of the Beaver Campers felt exactly in the mood for it.

When breakfast had been eaten, and the boys were busy, in a half-hearted way, about the camp, Doctor Halsey announced his intention of going up to Mrs. Spencer's cottage. The boys were surprised when he produced the box from a secure hiding-place and carefully deposited it in the boat, but they asked no questions.

Without dropping any hint of his purpose in taking the box with him, the doctor grasped the oars and started up the lake, leaving the boys plunged in a feeling of helpless, defenseless solitude.

"Well, what shall we do—stay here or quit the diggings?" Bert asked.

"Stay, of course!" Tom at once replied. "No matter what happens, let 's face the music!"

"It won't be very joyous music, I 'm thinking," Lefty observed in a mournful tone. "Chopin's Funeral March would be quite appropriate, I should say."

"Oh, well, we may have been foolish, but we have n't done anything desperately wicked," Tad remarked, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Let 's brace up! If anybody should drop into our merry midst, he 'd be apt to think we were guilty of something dreadful."

"Some one 's coming!" Jack cried excitedly. "We 're in for it now! I can hear the sound of wheels on the camp road."

Tad made a comical gesture of resignation. "Tell them I met my fate bravely," he muttered. "I yield, noble Roman—"

"Oh! Why, it 's only Neighbor Pettingill with the cots and stuff!" Jack announced, with very evident relief.

"Humph! I had all my yielding for nothing," Tad complained. "Next time, I positively will not surrender without a struggle. I sha'n't go through that performance again."

Mr. Pettingill, with the help of the boys, unloaded the cots, the lumber, and the two belated trunks. Then he drove off to join in the extremely mild hilarity of the North Rutland celebration.

"We may as well get busy on the benches," Tad remarked. "It 'll occupy our minds and keep us from moping around. Besides, it 'll look better if the police force pounces on us to demand the box. We can give them a seat for it, but not a receipt."

Some of the boys attacked the burlap wrappings which protected the cots, while others, in

an effort to construct a few benches that would stand the wear and tear of camp life, sawed and measured and hammered as Eliot directed.

While they were thus employed, their friend, Doctor Halsey, minus the box, returned to camp.

"Mrs. Spencer!" the boys gasped in bewildered surprise. "How *could* it belong to *her*!"

The doctor laughed at their astonishment.

"It 's a rather odd story," he said, "but I 'll tell it as simply as I can. Mrs. Spencer has occu-

ped the cottage above us for a number of summers. Mr. Raymond has lived here, and Mr. Samuelson (who, by the way, may be discussed now without fear) is an all-the-year-round resident of a comfortable farm below us.

"A year or two ago, Mr. Samuelson induced Mrs. Spencer to invest some money in a piece of property some miles back. It included a quarry and several acres of timber. He also had a share in the venture, and it promised to result quite favorably for them both.

"About a month ago, a company was formed to purchase this land and operate the quarry. Both Mrs. Spencer and Mr. Samuelson received an offer from this concern to buy their interests at good prices. They decided to accept the terms, and Mrs. Spencer brought up from the city all the papers relating to the matter. These were packed in the tin box which you discovered, and given to Mr. Samuelson, who acted as her agent in the matter.

"A week ago the box disappeared from his house, and all efforts to locate it have been unsuccessful. The man whom you discovered out there in the wilderness has been employed as a farm-hand by Mr. Samuelson, and it looks as if he stole the box

and was guarding it in that out-of-the-way spot. He is a wild, surly fellow, of whom very little is known; but he worked well about the farm, and help is so hard to get that he was kept, in spite of his shortcomings.

"Some man across the lake was anxious to prevent the formation of this company because he had an idea of getting possession of the property for his own use and profit. He must have learned



"'I GUESS THE FALL KNOCKED YOUR BREATH OUT, DID N'T IT?'"

"The box has been restored to its owner," he quietly announced.

"What did the old fellow say?" Bert asked with breathless interest.

"What old fellow?"

"Why, the hermit out there in the ruins! Does n't the box belong to him?"

"Oh, no! It belongs to our good neighbor Mrs. Spencer," said the doctor in a matter-of-fact way.

in some way that the success of the enterprise depended upon the ability of the company to arrange terms with Mrs. Spencer and Mr. Samuelson, because—too late—he called upon them, and tried to induce them to decline the proposition which had been submitted to them.

"This they were not at liberty to do, having signed certain agreements, but evidently this shrewd schemer planned to prevent the performance of the contracts by getting possession of the papers.

"He did not destroy them, or in any way alter them. Mrs. Spencer examined the contents of the box this morning, and nothing has been disturbed. She supposes that he had some hope that the men who proposed to organize this company would become discouraged and disgusted when they learned of the delay which would be occasioned, and would give up the idea. In this case his plan would be to have the box then found and restored, and make a bid on his own account for the property.

"He doubtless hired this man whom you thought a hermit to take the box and keep it in a safe hiding-place until it should be needed. He was shrewd enough to avoid having the box in his possession at any time, so that he could claim to have no knowledge of the affair, if necessary. You will see that some of these conclusions can only be guessed at, but they seem quite reasonable.

"I think the guardian of the box and the schemer from across the lake were the two prowlers who disturbed our sleep night before last. Perhaps they were meeting here to plan what next should be done.

"At any rate, the box now is in the hands of its owner, with contents unharmed, so there is good cause for a celebration of the glorious Fourth."

"Hooray!" cried Lefty.

"Well, how about our stuff being dragged out into the woods, and the sign, and the cat left here, and those tricks?" Tom asked. "The villain and the assistant villain were n't responsible for those things,—were they? Or *were* they?"

The doctor shook his head. "No. Mr. Raymond always left the keys to his buildings here with Mr. Samuelson, and I think Mrs. Spencer did, too. In their absence, he looked after the property and had repairs made when necessary. Mr. Samuelson arranged with Neighbor Pettingill to bring our baggage and freight over from the North Rutland station, and evidently he did so. I suppose some of our neighbors are trying to play a few tricks on us. The fact that those boys in the village assured us the place is haunted seems to indicate something of the sort."

"Why did n't Mrs. Spencer want us to talk about Mr. Samuelson?" Tom wanted to know.

"As soon as the box disappeared, he left home to trace it. He did not want his absence talked about too freely in the neighborhood. He was at Mrs. Spencer's cottage this morning when I called, and is much relieved to know that the matter is settled."

"What has become of Fido?" Tad inquired.

"I don't know. I rather think Fido and his master will disappear from the neighborhood. You are not at all likely to see either of them again."

"Farewell, Fido!" Tad murmured. "Joy be your portion evermore!"

"Another thing!" the doctor announced. "There will be a little celebration this evening at Mrs. Spencer's cottage, and we are invited. On your behalf, I accepted with much pleasure. Is that according to your wishes?"

"Sure thing!" cried Lefty, with much enthusiasm. "I am very anxious to see—er—Cjax again."

And the others seemed equally delighted at the prospect.

They discussed the mystery of the tin box with considerable enthusiasm, and the spirits of the boys rose rapidly. The reaction from gloom and apprehension carried them into a condition of exhilaration and noisy animation.

Tad lifted his cap from his curly locks. "A great weight has been taken off my mind," he announced. "No more do my eyes behold dismal visions of prison bars! No more do my ears hear the dull clanking of chains! No more does my nose—er—what does my nose do?"

"Reflects the beautiful sunset," Tom told him. "If I were as green as you, and had such a sunburned nose, I 'd be afraid people would mistake me for a poppy plant in full bloom."

"Why, the idea!" gasped Tad. "Hear the child talk! Never mind! It's only jealousy that makes him allude to my peachblow complexion!"

In the afternoon they had a jolly frolic in the lake, and used every noise-making article that the camp could furnish in an effort properly to celebrate the day. When all the gunpowder available had been sacrificed to salute the birthday of national independence, and the ardor of the celebrators had somewhat cooled, the Beaver Campers carefully inspected their several wardrobes so that they might appear at their best when they visited Mrs. Spencer during the evening.

"A collar feels extremely dressy after you've been wearing a flannel shirt!" Lefty groaned. "Ah! behold Bill in his white ducks. I see where William Ainsworth, Junior, makes a hit, all right!"



THE BEAVER CAMPERS CELEBRATE THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Cousin Willie laughed good-naturedly. Already he had caught the camp spirit, so contagious in this merry company, and it is doubtful if those who had known him in the city would have realized at once that this was indeed the same William Langley Ainsworth, Jr., of their acquaintance.

"I 'd lend you a pair, Lefty, only they would n't fit," he replied.

"Can you sit down in those things, Bill?" Charlie asked.

It was the first time that any one but Lefty had addressed him by this name, and the boy's satisfaction grew measurably larger.

"Sure! Why not?"

"I should think you 'd be afraid of getting them dirty."

"Oh, they can be washed, you know."

"Why, yes! That 's the reason they call 'em ducks," Tad explained. "They take to water so easily. Who 's got a button-hook?"

"Going to take your mandolin along, Tad?" Cousin Willie asked.

"I don't know! I guess so!"

"Sure! Take it along, Tad!" the others urged.

The Beaver Campers found Mrs. Spencer waiting to receive them, and soon were chatting pleasantly with her two daughters, and two nieces who were spending the vacation with her.

Of course the boys had to tell the story of their adventure, which resulted so happily, and their audience was entirely sympathetic and plainly interested.

Then there were fireworks to be displayed, and the campers gallantly offered to set these off, that the ladies might be saved exposure to possible danger.

Tad and his mandolin helped the evening to pass very pleasantly. He played a few instrumental pieces, then changed to songs which the others knew, and soon the clear, young voices were raised in chorus, much to the delight of Mrs. Spencer.

No celebration which numbers boys among the guests is quite complete without refreshments, and Mrs. Spencer knew boy life well enough to appreciate this fact.

Shortly before ten o'clock, they were invited into the dining-room where they had eaten the first meal after their arrival. This time it was

not lunch which was offered, but plenty of ice-cream and home-made chocolate cake cut in generous slices. To this festal fare the guests gave prompt and devoted attention.

A little more music followed, then the Beaver Campers reluctantly spoke their words of parting, and started back toward camp. Already they felt well acquainted with Mrs. Spencer, and perhaps equally so with the four girls. This prom-

ised to be an added feature of enjoyment in future plans.

"Well, it's been a really glorious Fourth!" Tom remarked. "We've had a fine day of it."

"Yes," Walter agreed. "You never can tell how a day is going to end by the way it starts."

To which philosophical remark there was a chorus of assent from all the boys as they made ready to enjoy the luxury of the new camp beds.

(To be continued.)



THE DAISY FIELD. PAINTED BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.

THE TRIPLETS' PLAIN PARTY

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

CHAPTER I

THE "Triplets" had stayed for a belated recitation, so everybody else had finished luncheon when they took their seats at the table.

"We 're sorry, Mrs. Bainbridge," apologized Eurie, unfolding her napkin. "But it was a case of necessity."

Madeline laughed out gleefully. "As if you needed to explain!" she said. "Don't you think Mrs. Bainbridge knows we are sorry if we have to be late for a meal?"

"And that nothing less than a 'case of necessity' ever keeps us from the table?" finished Kitty.

"Of course she knows it, girls!" Eurie assumed a superior look. "But it is usual in polite society, to which I have been accustomed, to ask people's pardon when you inconvenience them, even if they already know why you do so."

"Thanks, awfully. Your lessons on etiquette, Miss Martin, are the only safeguards of our behavior. Are n't they, Mad?"

"Sure thing! Mrs. Bainbridge, is there any more of this delicious soup, or are we too late to deserve any?"

The little woman smiled quietly. "There is plenty of soup," she assured her young boarder. "And it 's all right about your being late; one cannot always be on time."

"Only in this case it was three who could n't, and that hinders, I know."

Madeline passed her empty plate, and, as her landlady left the room, remarked impressively: "There is always plenty here. Nothing ever gives out—I never saw anything like it. But say, girls, do you suppose Mrs. Bainbridge ever eats anything?"

"Really, I can't be sure, since I 've had no ocular demonstration that she does, but the inference is that she must—sometimes, you know."

Madeline shook her head. "I don't believe it," she declared. "We 've been in this dining-room early and late, and even between meals, yet we 've never surprised Mrs. B. at the table. She 's learned the true inwardness of total abstinence, that 's my opinion."

"Well, hand me that salad, and stop wasting precious time on what does n't concern you. There 's an exam at three—maybe the fact has slipped your mind."

"I only wish it had!" Madeline nibbled a roll sorrowfully, for examinations were not her favorite

pastime. The subject being changed, the three tongues rattled on at a lively rate, teachers, lessons, and athletics each receiving a share of attention, till Kitty finally started up with a quick exclamation. "Girls, do you see that clock? We 'll have to fly!"

"I 'm afraid we ought to ask forgiveness again, Mrs. Bainbridge," Eurie paused to say. "We 've stayed so long and eaten so much. But we were hungry, and everything is so good. I wonder if you know what a dandy cook you are."

"It is n't your fault if I don't," Mrs. Bainbridge replied appreciatively. "You young ladies make the best of everything."

"But how about you? Don't you ever take time to sit down and enjoy your goodies?"

"Oh, yes, in a way. But, Miss Martin, it is n't the same when you do all the cooking and planning yourself. By the time one woman markets, arranges, and prepares the food, she has had almost enough of it."

"And no wonder! Such a quantity as it takes for your hungry tribe, too. All of us are ravenous always, are n't we? Good-by."

"They are fine girls." It was n't the first time the little boarding-house keeper had made this remark to herself, apropos of the Triplets, who were n't triplets at all, but, being inseparable friends and chums, had been nicknamed by their acquaintances in true school-girl fashion. They were students in the near-by high school, but, as their homes were some miles away in a neighboring town, the three, with a number of other out-of-town students, found a pleasant boarding-home with Mrs. Bainbridge.

There was a "spread" after school in the room of one of the older girls, and the Triplets were invited. The affair was more elaborate than the usual impromptu feasts, and the guests were duly impressed by its elegance. The Triplets were talking it over as they lounged before their open fire that evening. Lessons were finished for the day, and Eurie stretched her arms in luxurious ease as she declared: "I feel so leisurely now—just as if I should n't have to join the general scramble the minute I step out of bed in the morning. Girls, were n't those sandwiches the best things ever?"

"Which ones? Hortense's cream-cheese and brown bread?"

"Yes, and that fudge. What do you suppose she ever did to make it so creamy and delicious?"

"Don't ask me. Mine invariably sugars, as you are aware," and Madeline scowled darkly as she recalled repeated attempts and dismal failures in the manufacture of her favorite dainty.

"You can make gorgeous marshmallow buttercups," comforted Kitty. "You ought n't to expect to excel in everything."

"I don't—not quite," modestly confessed Madeline. "Eurie, do stop poking those coals to destruction, and tell us what's on your mind! As sure as you get an idea, you vent it on the fire and freeze us."

Eurie set the poker primly in its rack. "I am going to give a party," she announced, in the tone of one who expected opposition but was prepared to combat it.

"All right," was Madeline's cheerful rejoinder, while Kitty added: "Of course we'll have to, after all the invitations we've accepted."

Eurie still wore her defensive expression. "No, not that sort," she declared. "Not an obligation party, but just a—a—a plain party."

"Neither ruffles nor bias folds on her festivity," teased Kitty, nodding at Madeline.

"Go on, Eureka! The certainty cannot be more harrowing than this suspense. Tell us the worst at once, I beg."

"There is n't any 'worst' to it, Kit. It's going to be lovely, and you'll both help me." Eurie reached for the poker again, but Kitty got it first and hung it away in the closet, so her friend folded her hands and went on: "The idea has been simmering in my brain all afternoon, and since Hortense's party it has taken definite shape—"

"Like the genii that issued from the casket in the old fairy tale?"

"Exactly. Kindly refrain from further interruption. You remember how at Hortense's there was almost an embarrassment of riches and other bonbons. I could n't help thinking how some people would enjoy all those goodies—people who



"'I AM GOING TO GIVE A PARTY,' EURIE ANNOUNCED."

"Yes, both, and tucks and embroidery besides," insisted Eurie.

Madeline yawned and leaned back comfortably. "Too much for me," she said. "I may feel able to tackle puzzles to-morrow, but I draw the line now."

don't usually get invited to such places. So my party is going to be different; a sweet, homelike affair."

"Nothing like frankness in describing the attractions of your own spreads," said Kitty.

"So I think. I'm going to ask only the girls we know real well, and who will enter into the spirit of the occasion, with hearty enthusiasm."

"Oh, I see. A house-party, where the guests spend a week."

"Nonsense. We can do a lot of things in an



"'IT'S ALL PERFECTLY DELICIOUS!'
SAID MRS. BAINBRIDGE."

"If it is n't too much trouble to explain, what is 'the spirit of the occasion?'"

"And, incidentally, *what* is the occasion?"

"You girls are a great trial to me at times." Eurie sighed resignedly. "When one yearns for sympathy and intuitive understanding, it is most discouraging to have to stop and explain that b-a-t spells bat."

"Give our intuitions the merest crumb of a clue, and they'll go straight to work," promised Madeline.

"Sympathy has to have some foundation to rest upon. It is n't like an orchid, which subsists on oxygen—or is it carbonic-acid gas?" This from Kitty, who was studying botany.

"Now do hush and be as sensible as you can, girls," said Eurie, "and help me to think of every nice thing we can do. Mandolins, you know, and glees and charades and a sketching contest."

afternoon—Saturday, of course—and have a dream of a spread, too."

"I utterly refuse to go to a party where the refreshments are only dreamed of," began Kitty, but Eurie withered her with a glance.

"Chafing-dish stunts," the announcement proceeded, "and Russian tea, with little bits of pickles and crisp crackers and olives and caramels and cheese-straws."

"Served in the order named?" asked Madeline, meekly.

"Of course not, goose! You are to be the goddess of the chafing-dish, because you can do all the creamed things so well. Kitty, you can attend to the tea, because you can't cook a human thing—"

"Which, not being a cannibal, I do not contradict," interpolated that young lady.

"There is something still unrevealed." Madeline spoke with conviction. "She has n't told us the reason for this inspiration. I feel it!"

"I can do it in two words. Mrs. Bainbridge."
"Wha-at?"

"You heard. Yes, I mean it. I am—or, rather, we are—going to make her our guest of honor and entertain her royally, and, for once, give her something to eat she has n't had to prepare or even think about till it 's set before her!"

"Oh, but, Eurie! grown-ups would n't care for our harum-scarum spreads. We 'll have to have table-cloths and dishes, and—"

"No, ma'am." Eurie was firm. "Just a regular school-girl frolic, eatables and all. She 'll enjoy it, but even if she did n't it would do her good and give her something to think about for a day or two besides pork and beef and ice-cream."

"Maybe she might enjoy a change."

Kitty's voice was thoughtful, but Eurie was positive.

"Enjoy it? She 's suffering for it. She 's been as good as she could be to us girls all winter, and we have n't done a thing to show we appreciate it. I think it 's time we did."

"If you are determined to go outside our ranks, had n't we better borrow the dining-room?"

"No—no—no! Don't you see that the dining-room is the main thing we want to keep her out of—that and the kitchen?"

"But she could n't spare the time on Saturday. She 's always too busy."

"I thought about that, too. Girls—" Eurie paused long enough to make her next sentence impressive—"we, the Triplets, are going to help her with her work all Saturday forenoon. We will rub silver, polish glass, pare potatoes, and make French dressing, till our landlady won't have the ghost of an excuse to decline our invitation."

"Well, did you ever?" demanded Madeline.

"Cool, to say the least," remarked Kitty.

Eurie rocked calmly on. "There 's no use getting tragic," she declared. "It 's decided, and there 's nothing to do but fall in line. Honestly, girls, put us in her place. She is n't old nor ugly—though if she was both she 'd still be human—and she 's overworked and uncomplaining and good to us—and—she needs a lark."

"Anything else?" Kitty's tone was mildly ironical.

"Several things, only I had to stop to take breath. Anyhow, that 's enough, and we 're going to give her the time of her life." The speaker paused, but there was no response, so she bowed politely and remarked: "Thanks, ever so much. I knew I could depend on you both."

"Come on to bed, Mad. We could argue straight through till breakfast-time, and when Eurie 's in her present mood she 'd be unmoved."

Kitty twitched her room-mate's sleeve, but Madeline sat still. "I guess she 's right," she remarked presently. "I don't suppose it would be much fun to cook and wash dishes all the time without any recreation, and if we do it we might as well do it right."

"My sentiments, exactly." Eurie beamed.

"Of course I 'll give in when all my Triplets are against me," Kitty said, with mock gravity, but her eyes were bright as she added inconsistently: "She is a dear and no mistake. She shall have a lark to remember, or it sha'n't be our fault."

CHAPTER II

MRS. BAINBRIDGE was in the kitchen next day when they waylaid her. Not that the fact was at all remarkable, for she spent much of her time in that humble but very important apartment. She had a little worried line between her eyes, for Sarah Jane, her helpless "help," had just demolished a treasured dish, and the roast for dinner had not put in an appearance. She sighed heavily just as three bright faces peeped through the slide and three blithe voices chimed a greeting. She smiled, of course—who would n't with a picture like that in sight?

"Just one minute, Mrs. Bainbridge." Eurie was spokesman. "We are n't going to bother; we 've come to invite you to a party up in our room, Saturday from two-thirty to five-thirty. Oh, yes, you can. Why, bless you, lady mine! you 're the guest of honor—you can't send regrets. Yes, we do want you, so much we mean to have you. You won't be too busy—we 're coming to help you get ready. No, indeed! no full dress; gingham aprons if you like. Just a frolic, Mrs. Bainbridge. You 'll enjoy it. Good-by."

The three bright faces disappeared as suddenly as they had come, but somehow the kitchen seemed less gloomy. "The dears!" exclaimed Mrs. Bainbridge. "The idea of their asking me to their party!" Sarah Jane stared stupidly while her mistress wiped a suspicious dimness from eyes that nevertheless shone softly. "I 'd love to go. They do have such good times together. I often hear them laughing and singing, and it almost makes me forget that I 'm not a girl myself again. After all, it has n't been so long since I was their age. Bless their hearts! Sarah Jane, you may lay those pieces on the shelf. I think the dish can be mended."

"But you told me to throw them away, ma'am."

"So I did, but I 've changed my mind. And there comes the butcher's boy, so the roast is in time after all. It does me a world of good to think they want me, though of course I can't go."

But of course she did. She had not counted on her would-be hostesses when she said that. Early Saturday morning they appeared, "armed for the fray," as Kitty expressed it. Mrs. Bainbridge began a polite refusal of their assistance, but she never finished it, for Eurie seized broom and duster as one to the manner born, Kitty took forcible possession of dish-mop and tea-towel, while Madeline fell to seeding raisins with a practised hand. "You see," she assured her bewildered landlady, "we are not solely ornamental. We've been brought up to know a few useful things, just for the sake of variety."

Mrs. Bainbridge came to believe it before the morning was gone, for the work disappeared as by magic, and the drudgery of the Saturday baking was turned to a pleasure. Who would n't enjoy making cake with an admiring trio to exclaim over its deliciousness? Or pies, when three assistants begged for directions for making the flaky crust? Of course it kept them busy the morning long, but as they left to dress for luncheon, Eurie waited to say: "Two-thirty, sharp, Mrs. Bainbridge. We've got dinner planned so Sarah Jane can't spoil it if she tries, though, to relieve your own mind, I suggest that you put her to bed for the afternoon."

"I am coming if my dinner goes to rack and ruin!" was the reckless rejoinder. "After all that has been done to prove that you want me to go, I could n't do less than prove that I want to go. I'll be there, you dears!"

"She 's coming; now it 's up to us to make good." Eurie was earnest if slangy.

"We'll do it, never fear, even though it is a trifle complicated to run a boarding-house and cater for a banquet at one and the same time. Eurie, *have* you any alcohol for the chafing-dish?"

"I have. Also some oysters and patty-shells. Everything 's in the big bandbox. My hat? Oh, it 's in there somewhere. Don't spill that milk over my Sunday gown if you can help it. Kitty, count the spoons, will you? Not as a precautionary measure, but just to see if I must ask my guests to bring their own utensils. Somebody hook me up, please, while I open the olives."

They had kept their word in the matter of invitations, so the girls who helped to entertain the "guest of honor" that Saturday afternoon were as pleasant as one could wish to meet, and obeyed to a man the strict injunction each had received. "You are to act as if there was n't a soul there but ourselves. Be as silly and giggly as usual, and do all your entertainment stunts as if you were alone with your looking-glass."

Mrs. Bainbridge, in a pretty black dress, with a girlish pink bow in her hair, entered into the

fun with all her might, and after a while took her turn at the program and told a Southern dialect tale inimitably. That brought down the house, as it were, and put her on an equality with her entertainers. "Age limitations" were lost sight of, dignity forgotten, and stiffness thrown to the winds.

"But we'll have to get at our spread, girls, or we'll never finish by five-thirty," insisted Eurie, at last, passing pickles as she spoke and following them with caramels. Nobody cared, and, stranger still, nobody suffered from indigestion afterward, though every rule of dietetics was shattered. As for Mrs. Bainbridge, they heaped her plate with every dainty the bandbox offered, and she enjoyed them all.

"I have n't eaten as much in years," she declared at last. "Those patties were nectar and ambrosia."

"Not half as good as the ones you make," said Kitty, emphatically. "And, to be quite frank, the tea is bitter and the cheese-straws tough. But everything goes at our spreads, Mrs. Bainbridge."

That lady sighed contentedly. "It 's all perfectly delicious. Yes, Miss Madeline, just one more spoonful. I shall not eat anything there is down-stairs after this. No common boiled ham and mince-pies for me to-night!"

They would n't let her go till she had promised to spend an evening with each girl in turn, and had almost consented to a "reading" in her own parlor, where some of the favorite teachers from the school could be invited.

She broke away at last and hurried to the kitchen and the dinner for her boarders, but she ran down the stairs as if a half-dozen years had fallen away from her since she ascended them, and hummed blithely over her range the refrain of a college glee.

Up-stairs the Triplets were talking it over. "She 's a regular Cinderella in disguise!" declared Eurie. "I always knew she was nice, but I never dreamed how nice!"

"We started out to be self-sacrificing, but we surely did get left." Kitty's diction was emphatic, if not above reproach. "She 's as full of fun as any girl in the lot when she gets a chance to show it."

"We'll count her in after this whenever she'll let us," said Madeline. And they did.

It was a small thing, yes, but it led to many pleasant happenings, as small things sometimes do. The little landlady never again had to listen to the girlish song and laughter in her upper rooms, with a wistful longing for her own girlhood, only a little way behind. Instead, she was freely "counted in," both giving and receiving help. But of all her girl friends none were quite so near and dear as the Triplets.

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XVII

HIS EXCELLENCY, GENERAL WASHINGTON

BROTHER JOHN was so happy and so boyish, and so earnest withal, that I caught his enthusiasm over this good news from France.

"Oh, I am pleased!" I cried; "I hoped the paper would secure me a welcome, but if 't will help to beat the British and free us from slavery, I am more than glad!"

"Listen to the little rebel!" he mocked gaily. "When and where have you come by such treasonous notions?"

And this, of course, led me to tell of Captain Timmons and of our talks together.

"I fear 't will be a long time ere we see the captain again," said Brother John, rather sadly. "He and the crew have certainly been taken, and will be shipped to England. No doubt he expected to be exchanged sooner or later, and then give us the location of the cargo. But now 't is like to stay hid till the end of the war, and we need powder this minute."

"But I know where 't was hid," I exclaimed.

"Nay, do you, Bee? Then you are a treasure indeed! Tell me!" he cried.

But though the words were on the tip of my tongue, they would not come, and for a while I racked my brains.

"Aye, now I have it!" I said at last. "'T is ten miles north-northeast of the Candlestick."

"But where is the Candlestick?" asked Brother John, in perplexity.

"Nay, that I cannot tell you," I replied; "but Captain Timmons said that all the men on his part of the coast knew the Candlestick and—"

"Then we 'll find it, be well assured of that!" he vowed. And it will not be amiss to say here that it was found, and right useful it proved.

Meanwhile Brother John had been rowing hard, and we were now rapidly approaching the town of New York, which was situated on a point of land running between two great rivers.

I looked eagerly ahead as we approached it, and was surprised to see, instead of Indian wigwams, pleasant houses with gardens coming down to the water's edge.

But no sooner had Brother John brought his boat to land than he hurried me into the town. Once or twice we were stopped by sentries, and there were barricades in some of the streets. Soldiers were everywhere in a uniform that,

though strange to me then, was to become very familiar; and all about there were signs of great activity and preparation; for, although I did not know it, the British were expected to attack at any moment.

"And where are we going now?" I asked Brother John as we hurried along.

"To General Washington," he told me.

"But must I go?" I demurred; for from what I had heard of General Washington, not only from Captain Timmons, who seemed to worship him, but from the British officers as well, I thought he must be so great and splendid that I was awed at being obliged to go before him.

"Aye, indeed you are to go!" he cried. "Think you I would miss the chance of presenting so brave a sister? And, moreover, His Excellency would be sure to send for you; so I am saving a trip."

"But my dress and—and—" but he cut me short. "General Washington won't heed your clothes," he answered, "though he is somewhat particular on such matters, too. Come along and fear not. He is the best man in the whole world."

Shortly we reached a house before which stood sentries. There was some little delay before we were admitted, and Brother John grew impatient; but at last we were shown into a large room off the hall.

As we entered, the hum of voices stopped and the heads of some half-dozen officers turned in our direction.

"'T is Jack Travers," I heard some one say, and then two or three of them stepped back, leaving an opening in the group; and I saw General Washington for the first time.

There was no need to name him. I knew it must be he from the look in his face as he turned it toward us. He was so tall and stately that I thought no king could be half so commanding.

He stepped forward to meet us with a rather anxious face, I thought.

"You have it?" he asked, and his voice thrilled me.

"Yes, Your Excellency," answered Brother John, saluting. "And here is the maid who brought it. May I present to Your Excellency my sometime cousin, now my sister by adoption, Mistress Beatrice Travers."

My heart fluttered as General Washington turned his eyes to me, and why I know not, except that I was scarce aware of what I was

doing, I stood very straight, and, putting my hand to my head, made a military salute as had Brother John. A look of surprise came into the general's face, but, with much gravity, he raised his hand to his forehead in acknowledgment, and that action brought me to my senses.

"Oh, pardon me, Your Excellency!" I cried, my face going crimson with embarrassment; and I made the best courtesy of which I was capable.

"Nay, do not ask pardon," he said, taking my hand. "I think no man ever received a greater nor a sincerer compliment." And he smiled, bowing over my hand as if I had been a great lady.

With that he took the paper that I held out to him, and, with, "Your pardon, gentlemen," he read it through, with a very earnest face. At the end he lifted his head, and I saw that he was much pleased.

"T is all we have a right to expect," he said musingly, "and must be despatched with all speed to Philadelphia. Mr. Travers," he went on, handing Brother John the paper, "you will proceed at once to deliver this to Congress. This will fit in with the safe disposition of Mistress Beatrice, whom, I doubt not, you will be glad to see settled in Germantown. Once that is accomplished, you will report to Captain McLane."

"But, Your Excellency," Brother John broke in, and his face showed anything but pleasure, "the British may attack at any moment now, and I will miss all the fighting!"

"Enough!" cried General Washington, in so angry a voice that every one in the room jumped. "Enough, sir! Must I give my orders twice? You talk of fighting as if it were the whole duty of a soldier. His duty is to obey without words. Think you, Mr. Travers, that I like to stay back of the lines in safety, or that I never long to be in the thick of it? Each man of us has his part, and yours is to proceed as I have directed you without further delay."

He paused, and the red flush of anger that had mantled his face died out, leaving it a little drawn; then he turned to me.

"Mistress Beatrice Travers," and his voice had changed so that I scarce knew it for the same, "I read your letter to your cousin, Mr. Travers, and know with what faithfulness, zeal, and courage you have performed a most difficult task. For the welcome message that you bring the thanks of this sorely tried country are due you. Were the matter not a secret one, I should be glad to recommend to Congress that some special note be taken of it. That being impossible, I can only give you my words of thanks, and a pledge that my services are always at your command."

With that he held out his hand to me, bowing low to my courtesy; and though I wanted to say something, the words would not come to my tongue.

Somehow or other I found myself outside the room again, trying to keep up with Brother John, who strode along at a rapid pace.

"Oh, is n't he splendid!" I cried, meaning, of course, General Washington.

"Aye, he 's splendid," Brother John agreed, "and I would go through fire and water at his nod; but," he added, "he has a testy temper when he 's crossed."

Brother John grumbled mightily for a while because he was to miss the fighting, but that did not hinder his prompt despatch upon his mission. Two hours later we were across the river in New Jersey, having stopped only long enough in New York to buy the few things I stood most urgently in need of.

He was overjoyed to find that I could ride a horse, and, a pair being procured, we set off in high spirits; for it was not Brother John's way to be gloomy overlong, no matter what might happen.

There is no need to dwell on this first journey of mine in America. We met all manner of soldiers and officers hurrying toward New York, and all stopped us for news of what was going forward. Every one of these seemed extremely gay and happy, as if they were on a picnic rather than a war, at which Brother John would often shake his head, predicting that there would be another story to tell ere long. The weather was exceedingly hot, and the inns at which we were forced to stop for food and lodging were overcrowded, and our accommodation was so bad that I was well content to leave them in the early morning as soon as the sun was up.

Many, many things interested me, and I think Brother John must have been well-nigh distracted by my constant questions; but he never showed it, and now I find that what I most remember of that ride was the fact that he and I became, in truth, like brother and sister.

He seemed scarce older than Horrie, though he was bigger and stronger, of course, but he had a boyish recklessness and gaiety about him that made me love him at once; and soon we were as intimate as though we had been brought up together.

We crossed the Delaware River at a little town called Trenton, that was to become famous later on, and arrived in Germantown the third day.

I need not tell you that by this time I had gotten all over my funny notions that people in America dressed in tiger skins and lived in wigwams. Bro-

ther John had laughed very heartily when I told him what I had expected, but I had no notion what his home in Germantown would be like. He had spoken of Mrs. Mummer, his housekeeper, and of Mummer, her husband, who had been his father's body-servant and was now steward of the estates. But he had given me no idea of the size and splendidence of it all, so that when we turned into a lane bordered by beautiful trees, and he said, "This is Denewood," I thought we would come to the house at once, though, as yet, I could see nothing of it.

But in this I was vastly mistaken. We rode on and on through a wonderful forest that now and then opened out, showing meadows and grain fields such as are seen only on the finest estates in England; and when at length we came to a broad lawn running up a gentle rise to a splendid house set on the crest of a hill, I held back my horse and stopped to look about me.

"And is it all yours, Brother John?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes," he answered; "all as far as you can see. And yours, too, if you find that you can be comfortable in my—my—'wigwim,'" he ended, with a little laugh.

But I was too much impressed to think of aught but how beautiful it all was.

We rode on again and came to the house, where many servants, both white and black, ran out to welcome their master and to look curiously at the little girl he had brought with him.

At the door stood a plain, kindly faced woman with a smile of welcome for her master that showed a whole-hearted devotion, and behind her stood a thin, lantern-jawed man, his face twisted in a wry smile. These I knew to be Mrs. Mummer and her husband.

"We had news of you when you entered the woods, Master John, and there is food ready," were Mrs. Mummer's first words.

"Aye, you're going to stuff me as usual!" cried Brother John, patting her shoulder. "But here is another you must care for," he went on, bringing me forward. "The boy we expected, Mrs. Mummer, has turned out to be a maid, whom you have only to know to love as I do."

"Aye," returned Mrs. Mummer, stooping down and putting an arm about me, "I knew *that* the moment I set eyes on her pretty face." And she kissed me on the cheek, and I, glad of the comfort of having a woman near me once more, put my arms about her eagerly.

But Brother John had no time to lose, and after a hurried meal was off again to Philadelphia.

"Mrs. Mummer," he said before he left us, "you will see to it that the servants understand

that while I am away Miss Beatrice stands in my place in this house. To her, with your help, I intrust the honor and hospitality of Denewood. Good-by, little sister," he went on, stooping and kissing me; "'t is a great comfort to know you will be here to welcome me when I return, for it has been a very big home for just one lone man."

There were tears in my eyes when I stood in the portico with Mrs. Mummer and waved to him as he rode out of sight—and well there might be, for my heart went with him.

That night I took out my little book to write therein what had happened that day, and my eye caught the words of the prophecy set forth on the first page.

"She shall find happiness across great waters," I read. Surely it was a true prophecy, and my heart was full of thankfulness; for I had come among those who would love me, and had found a new home.

Then, noting the bit of the sixpence hanging about my neck, I thought of those other words of the Egyptian:

"The half shall be luckier than the whole."

Had that prophecy, too, been fulfilled? I thought so then, but I was mistaken.

CHAPTER XVIII

DOCTOR FRANKLIN

My first weeks at Denewood passed in a sort of dream. There was so much that was new, and the place itself was so extensive, that a large part of my time was spent in exploring the huge mansion and grounds. I had determined not to be a drone, and soon had my own special duties in that busy household. For Mrs. Mummer I developed a real affection, and she for me, and from her I learned much about Brother John and his father, who had been a most prosperous merchant, well respected of all Philadelphia, and had left this large estate and many trading ships to his only son.

There were many servants, both black and white, and many horses and cattle on the place; these were all under Mr. Mummer, a capable and valued steward albeit the most silent of men, whose name fitted as does a glove the hand. Mrs. Mummer would have me believe that he was in reality a talkative person, for she was constantly repeating some saying of his, either wise or witty, as the case might be, but I, for one, though he always treated me most respectfully, found it difficult to get more than a word or two out of him.

That summer was a time of preparation for the American patriots, and there was a busting about

all over the country. War was in the air, and we at Denewood talked of little else, seeing that scarce a day went by that troops of newly mustered men did not pass our way on their march to join General Washington's army.

And for us, too, it was a time of preparation. Even before I had come, Mrs. Mummer had begun laying away a vast store of provisions for the cold season; and when I asked what it was all for, she answered, as she often did, with a quotation from her husband.

"'In time of peace prepare for war,' so Mummer says. There 's many depend upon this house in winter, so I will make ready all I can."

Great quantities of flour, with corn and vegetables grown upon the place, were hid in deep vaults under the house, and, wherever it was possible, the entrances were sealed up so that no one would guess what lay behind the walls.

"Mummer says," Mrs. Mummer explained, "that war may well pass this way, and that an army is like a horde of locusts that devour all in their path. So I mean to keep something for ourselves in case of need."

Nor did Mrs. Mummer stop at what the farm produced. When salt had risen to twenty-five shillings the bushel, she doled it out as if it was so much gold; but she sent off to Philadelphia, which was but ten miles away, whenever she heard of a ship-load arriving, to buy as much as the regulations would permit.

"For," she said dubiously, shaking her head, "'t will go higher, and salt we must have."

I, too, did my share. There were jellies and jams to be made, and many other ways in which I could help Mrs. Mummer, so that she complimented me, telling me she wondered how she managed before I came. The days were long, for we were up at cockcrow, but they passed quickly nevertheless.

Of Brother John we saw little. He would come galloping in at the most unexpected times, perhaps only for a fresh horse, and would be off with scarce a word to any of us; but this was rare, for usually Mrs. Mummer would insist upon his staying long enough for some "decent food."

One day early in October he sent word ahead that he would be there to dine with a party of gentlemen on their way to town, and bade us see to it that the entertainment was worthy of Denewood. Mrs. Mummer went about her preparation calmly. There had been many distinguished guests in that house, and this was no new matter. But when it came to dressing me, she was all in a flutter, and well-nigh distracted me.

Since I had left my outfit on board the *Good Will*, I had been rather limited in my wardrobe,

having only those things that might be purchased in the shops of Philadelphia, and none of these suited Mrs. Mummer.

At last, however, the weighty matter was decided.

"This Indian muslin must 'e'en do," she said disconsolately. "But next year you shall have a gown worked over every inch of it. I'll make it with my own hands."

"Nay, and what 's wrong with the muslin?" I asked, thinking it very pretty.

"There is nothing wrong, but 't is scarce good enough for to-night's guest," replied Mrs. Mummer.

"Why, who will be here?" I asked, for I expected only some officers of the army.

"Doctor Franklin," she answered; "Mummer says he is second but to General Washington himself."

Now, of course, Doctor Franklin's name had been in every one's mouth, were he Whig or Tory, and when I heard this news, I was like to be as flustered as Mrs. Mummer.

Finally I was dressed to her satisfaction, and she held me at arm's-length for a moment.

"Sure, you 're a picture!" she said. "Mr. John wants you to have a maid, but I tell him none shall care for you but a childless, cross old woman by the name of Mummer."

"Nay, I want no other!" I said, and flung my arms about her, for she had been as a mother to me.

"Now bless your pretty ways!" she answered, with a hug. "But look to your dress and do not muss it. 'T is time for you to be off"; which was true enough, for we heard the men's voices in the hall below.

There were, perhaps, half a dozen gentlemen assembled as I descended the broad stairway, but one standing before the fire attracted my attention at once, perhaps because his dull, brown dress was in sharp contrast to the brighter uniforms about it. He was far from young, with a rather large, flat face, and I should not call him a pretty man, yet somehow I was drawn to him from the first.

As I reached the last step, he looked up and caught sight of me, whereupon he smiled broadly.

"Here she is!" he cried; "here is my hated rival, the writer of Maxims!" and he stepped forward and held out his hand. "Perhaps some day you will let me take a peep into that book and so start 'Poor Richard' on again."

"'T is Doctor Franklin, Bee," said Brother John, coming up; and I made my most respectful courtesies.

I was not awed, though that must have been

because I was a child, for, save that of General Washington, there is no greater name in the history of those times than Benjamin Franklin.

But what surprised me was that he should have knowledge of my book of Maxims, and I wanted to ask him about it then and there, but at that moment Sam, our black serving-man, announced dinner.

Doctor Franklin at once offered me his arm and led me forth like a great lady, the other gentlemen following.

Of the talk that night I remember some little, for I put down in my book several sayings I heard there. Of course it was all on one subject, the war with England. Some were gloomy, others recklessly confident, but all seemed determined to go on as they had begun to the end of the matter.

During the sweets, mention was made of Doctor Franklin's approaching departure for France, and there were many expressions of regret.

"We can ill spare you just now, sir," said Mr. Philips, "particularly from Philadelphia."

"In truth Philadelphia is a hotbed of Tories," said Doctor Franklin; "and when they are not Tories, they are what I like less: those who sit upon the fence with a leg on either side, ready to drop to safety no matter what befall."

"But we have some true patriots in Philadelphia," protested one gentleman.

"But *all* should be patriots," said Doctor Franklin. "Who shall row a man's galley if he will not set his own back to the oar?"

"Should France come out openly for us, there will be a scramble to our side of the fence," laughed Brother John; "and that Doctor Franklin will secure for us."

"But no one can be spared here," Mr. Philips insisted, "the doctor least of all."

"Nay, you all exaggerate," said Doctor Franklin. "As I told His Excellency, General Washington, I cannot fight. As the drapers say of their remnants of cloth, I am but a fag-end, at seventy years. If you will have the truth, gentlemen, I shall be of more use there than here."

So the talk ran on till it was time for me to withdraw, and I rose, making my courtesy to the table. Much to my surprise Doctor Franklin got to his feet also, and escorted me out of the room to the foot of the stairs, talking all the while.

"And now, Miss Maker of Maxims, good-by," he said, holding out his hand.

"But pray, Doctor Franklin," I said, "I have been dying all the evening to ask the question, but feared to interrupt. How did you know of Granny's maxims? There 's scarce a soul in the colonies who has heard of them, I think."

"My dear," he began, "if you will promise to cease saying 'the colonies' and to remember that you are living in the United States of America, I will tell you."

"I shall try," I vowed.

"Good!" he went on; "and now for your question. I am but lately come from a useless meeting with Lord Howe. He is a most gallant gentleman; but, if he thinks to win his cause with pardon for those who ask it not, he must fail, as he himself no doubt sees by this time. However, it seemed you disappeared rather suddenly and mysteriously from among them, and they inquired of your safe arrival. That led to our speaking of your book of Maxims, which Lord Howe gave up to you most reluctantly, I have his word for that."

"Do you know what was concealed in the book?" I asked in a whisper.

He nodded. "'T is somewhat on account of that message that I go to France."

"And I 'm sure you will convince them there," I said earnestly. "People say you are a wizard."

"And that I get messages from the clouds," he laughed. "Well, 't is not difficult to bewitch the enemy's brains."

"Did you do that?" I asked.

"Aye, by just speaking the plain truth to them," he answered, "for honesty is the best policy; and there 's a maxim for your book."

With that he kissed my hand and I ran upstairs.

But before I went to rest I had to recount all to Mrs. Mummer, and then Brother John slipped in for a moment to say good night and good-by.

"What thought you of Doctor Franklin?" he asked. "Did you like him as well as General Washington?"

"General Washington is splendid," I answered seriously, "and he is wonderful, too, but he seems very far away. Even when he speaks to you most kindly, 't is as if he were a cold mountain top and you were but a little flower growing down in the valley. But Doctor Franklin is like a nice, hot stove. He is near and comfortable."

Brother John exploded with laughter.

"Oh, I should love to tell him that!" he exclaimed.

"Don't, please!" I begged in agony.

"I won't," he promised; "but you know he would n't mind. He has invented a kind of stove that *is* most comfortable, and beside, he had a compliment for *you*."

"Oh, tell me!" I cried eagerly.

"He congratulated me upon the new mistress of Denewood," said Brother John, and with a kiss he left me to return to Philadelphia.

'T was with such occasional visits and dinner parties that the monotony of the autumn and early winter was broken; for Denewood was a convenient place of meeting between certain gentlemen of influence in Philadelphia and those who were with the army in New Jersey. But for the most part we were alone, and my only companion was Mrs. Mummer. True, there were children living near us; but Mrs. Mummer said plainly that they were "Tory turn-coats," and that I must have nothing to do with them.

So for a while I was a little lonely, but this came to an end one fine winter morning. As I ran down-stairs to breakfast, I heard the sounds of children's voices outside the front door, and opened it myself. There stood a girl somewhat older than I, a boy of about my own age, and two little girls. At sight of me the girls drew back, but the boy stepped forward.

"I am Barton Travers," he said, with a rather conceited air; "and I have brought my sisters to stop here. Who are you?"

His manner was so rough that I was angered, though at first I had been delighted at the thought that here were visitors near my own age; then I remembered that Brother John had said that all who came should be entertained, so I tried not to show my resentment.

"You are very welcome; won't you come in?" I said.

"But who are you?" the boy demanded again.

"My name is Beatrice," I replied, "and I am Mr. Travers's sister."

"Nay, 't is not so," he retorted; "John Travers hath no sister."

"That is true," I answered, trying to keep my temper, "but I am his cousin out of England, and we call each other brother and sister."

"I wonder John Travers hath an English Tory in his house!" he burst out rudely. "'T is then no place for honest Whigs like us."

"Nay, I am no Tory!" I replied hotly, for this was more than I could bear. "Come in if you will, and if not, at least let your sisters in out of the cold," and with that I went up to the largest girl and took hold of her hand.

She listlessly let me have it, and the older of the two small maids clung to her; but the youngest, a girl of five, looked up into my face and laughed aloud.

"I like you, Bu-Bu-Beatrice," she said, with a funny, little stammer, "and I 'll help you fi-fi-fight with Bu-Bu-Bart."

At this there was a laugh which seemed to smooth out all the difficulties, and though the boy, sure that I was a detested Tory, still looked

at me askance, they all came in, and Mrs. Mummer feasted us with hot chocolate.

The children were distant cousins of Brother John. Their mother had died long ago, and their father was fighting with Washington's army. Their home was in Haddonfield, in New Jersey; but since the defeat of the patriot army in New York and the steady advance of the British toward Philadelphia, their father thought it better that they should be in Germantown, and you may be sure I was glad to have them. Stammering little Peggy was my favorite, though in time I came to like Bart too; but Polly and Betty, the two older girls, were far too fine for me, and seemed to care for naught but their looks and the fashions, so that I was constantly reminded of my cousin Isabella in England.

Still the winter passed the more pleasantly for their being with us, and, except for Bart, we were all well content, especially as the schools were closed the greater part of the time, and we had but to amuse ourselves.

Peggy and I played little with dolls, but when we did, it was always at a war game, and we had soldiers dressed in brown and buff, or in red, like the Pennsylvania troop. Sometimes Bart would condescend to help us, telling us how to post our sentries and what to do to make it seem real. When I grew to know him better, I found that he was not a bad fellow. What galled him was not being allowed to go to the war. He was a patriot and longed to fight for freedom.

"I can shoot," said he, "as well as any man. I can march as far, and I would eat less."

But his father had forbidden his going, saying that if he were shot, there would be no one left to look after the girls. This was a sop that did not satisfy Bart. He suspected that it was only said to render him the more content, and his disposition suffered from his disappointment.

Spring came again, with the planting, and soon summer was upon us. In August the Continental troops paraded through Philadelphia wearing green sprigs in their hats, and all of us went to see them. What a fine show they made! While they were passing, there were in America no better patriots than Polly and Betty; but, like many another in the city that day, their feeling soon changed to the other side.

So far, though we had heard of little else than the war, it had not come near us, but in September there were rumors of our defeat in a battle at Brandywine Creek, and one day Mummer ran into the house with a face like ashes.

"The Hessians have entered Philadelphia," he cried; "and they will soon be upon us!"

With that he left us, trusting that his wife would know what measures to take in the house while he looked after the farm.

Mrs. Mummer at once secreted all the silver in one of the vaults and raised the Turkey carpets. Costly hangings and paintings were put away, and in a short time the place was dismantled of everything of value that could be hidden.

On the farm the horses and cows were driven into the woods to a place where 't was hoped they would not be found, and we did what we could to prepare for what surely would come to us unless all reports of depredations and outrages committed by the British forces were false.

But we had scarce finished the half of what we had planned, when one of the darky boys tore in with a blanched face, crying that the red-coats were on the road.

Ten minutes later, as I was about to go upstairs to my room for something, there was a galloping of horses, and then a thundering knock on the door.

"Open!" cried a voice; "open in the name of the King!"

CHAPTER XIX

I MAKE AN ENEMY

I SCARCE can tell why, but for a full minute I stood as one palsied. Then came another tremendous knock and shout.

"Open in the name of the King!" and with that there sounded a pattering of small feet along the passage. It was Peggy, and glad was I to see her, as if she had been a giant come to protect me.

"Cu-cu-come on, Bu-Bu-Bee!" she cried; "I 'll help you to fi-fi-fight the Bub-Bub-British!" and she took my hand and together we opened the door.

Before us stood a number of officers, and behind them on the lawn were many soldiers. All looked dusty, tired, and hungry, and the private soldiers eyed the place, wondering, no doubt, what they would find to fill their empty stomachs.

One of the officers doffed his hat as we came out, and, half apologetically, and in a most pleasant voice, spoke:

"I am come to ask if you will give us food and lodging for the night."

"And mayhap for some time to come," another snarled; "why ask when you can take?" he added.

"Strangers are never turned away from Denewood," I answered, as coolly as I could for a beating heart. "'T is the custom in this household to give food willingly to those who ask."

"Is it the custom also to furnish horses?" the rougher of the two sneered; "because I must on to Philadelphia, and the nag I have is foundered."

"Most of our horses are gone," I answered; "we have but two or three in the stable; I will do what I can, though the best I have may not suit you."

"It needs must suit," he replied. "Have it up at once, for I cannot even stay to eat."

A black stable-boy named Charley had come within ear-shot, and, at a nod from me, went off to get a horse. We stood waiting on the portico till he should return, for I was glad to speed so churlish a man on his way; and while we were there Mrs. Mummer appeared and took in the situation at a glance.

"Well," she said, addressing the officers, "Mummer says, 'what can't be cured must be endured,' so I suppose you 've come to stay?"

"Aye, my good woman," said the first officer, with a patronizing air; "if you will look after the men—"

"Nay," Mrs. Mummer cut in, her hands on her hips, "I 'm no good woman of yours! My name is Mrs. Mummer, and I 'll be glad, sir, if you 'll remember it. As for your men, forsooth, they 'll have to work for their keep. You 've scared nigh all the servants from the place, and there 's wood to carry and water to draw, and I know not how much else to do, to feed that lot of hungry soldiers."

I feared the officer would resent Mrs. Mummer's words, they seemed over-bold to me, yet he but laughed.

"Your pardon, Mrs. Mummer," he returned; "by all means make them work. They 'll be glad enough to do it, I warrant, if it brings their dinners to them the sooner."

By this time Charley had come with a saddled horse for the other officer. Where he had found it I know not, for so forlorn and dismal-looking a beast never lived at Denewood. I was for making some protest, but Charley caught my eye, and I saw a twinkle of mischief in his, and held my peace. And I was like to laugh outright at the contrast between the sorry animal and the gorgeously dressed man who was to ride it.

He, on seeing it, turned on me angrily.

"Now what 's this?" he demanded loudly.

"'T-t-t is a ho-ho-horse!" cried Peggy, at the top of her small voice. "C-ca-can't you see it 's fu-fu-funny legs?"

Whereat there was an explosion of laughter from all the officers about us.

"Gad, Blundell," cried one of them, "did you think it was a bu-bu-bu-bear?"

The man at first fumed and then smiled rather

sourly. I saw that he was really vexed, and ere long would take it out on some one, so I wanted to be rid of him.

"Charley," I asked the boy, "is that the best horse you have in the stables?"

"'Deed, Miss Bee," he said, touching his cap, "he 's a fine horse, 'deed he is. I 'low he ain't got much style, but he 's spry, Miss Bee, he suttently am spry. You don't think I 'd bring nothin' but de best we has for dese British gemmens?"

No sooner had Mr. Blundell put foot in the stirrup than the horse began to show signs of the "spryness" Charley had predicted; and when he flung his leg over and settled in the saddle, it straightway bounded in the air, throwing up its head in a most violent manner, and coming again to earth with all four legs stiff as boards. This it did again and again, so that a good horseman would have had difficulty to keep his seat; and Blundell was far from a good horseman, as



"'BUT PRAY, DOCTOR FRANKLIN, HOW DID YOU KNOW OF GRANNY'S MAXIMS?"

"But will the beast carry me to Philadelphia?" demanded Blundell.

"Did n't you hear the boy say he was spry," cut in an officer. Blundell shook his head doubtfully.

"If that 's the best you have, put the saddle back on my own horse," he commanded Charley; and I saw the boy's face fall.

"Sink me!" said another of the officers, "I 'll wager Blundell 's afraid to ride the beast."

It was said in a tantalizing way; it hit the mark.

"Fetch me the horse," said Blundell to Charley, angrily, "and I 'll show you whether I can ride it or not!" And with that he strode down and prepared to mount. We watched eagerly, for all were curious to see him seated on that sorry nag.

might have been guessed from his sensitiveness to the taunt that he was afraid. So after a plunge or two, he landed, sprawling, in the middle of the road, amid the boisterous laughter of all.

Now I, too, laughed—and no one could have helped it—and it was plain that the man was not hurt, for he leaped to his feet, the picture of fury.

"You rebel vixen!" he cried, venting all his spleen on me; "'t is a trick you and that black rascal have put upon me! I would that I had time to catch him now, but I promise you he 'll be well beaten when I return. There was a bur under that saddle, I 'll warrant!" And with that he stalked off toward the stables, and soon went clattering away on the horse that had brought him.

SEEING THE PRESIDENT

By N. F.

Richardson



OH, Grandma, could you ever guess!
Oh, Grandma, did you see?
The President went down our street,
And he took off his hat *to me!*

You know the others go to school,
And, just before they went,
They said they 'd have to hurry
So they 'd see the President.

I cried a little, though I 'm big
(But Mother thinks I 'm small);
And I was 'fraid I would n't see
The President at all.

But Mother said that I could go
And stand out by the gate,

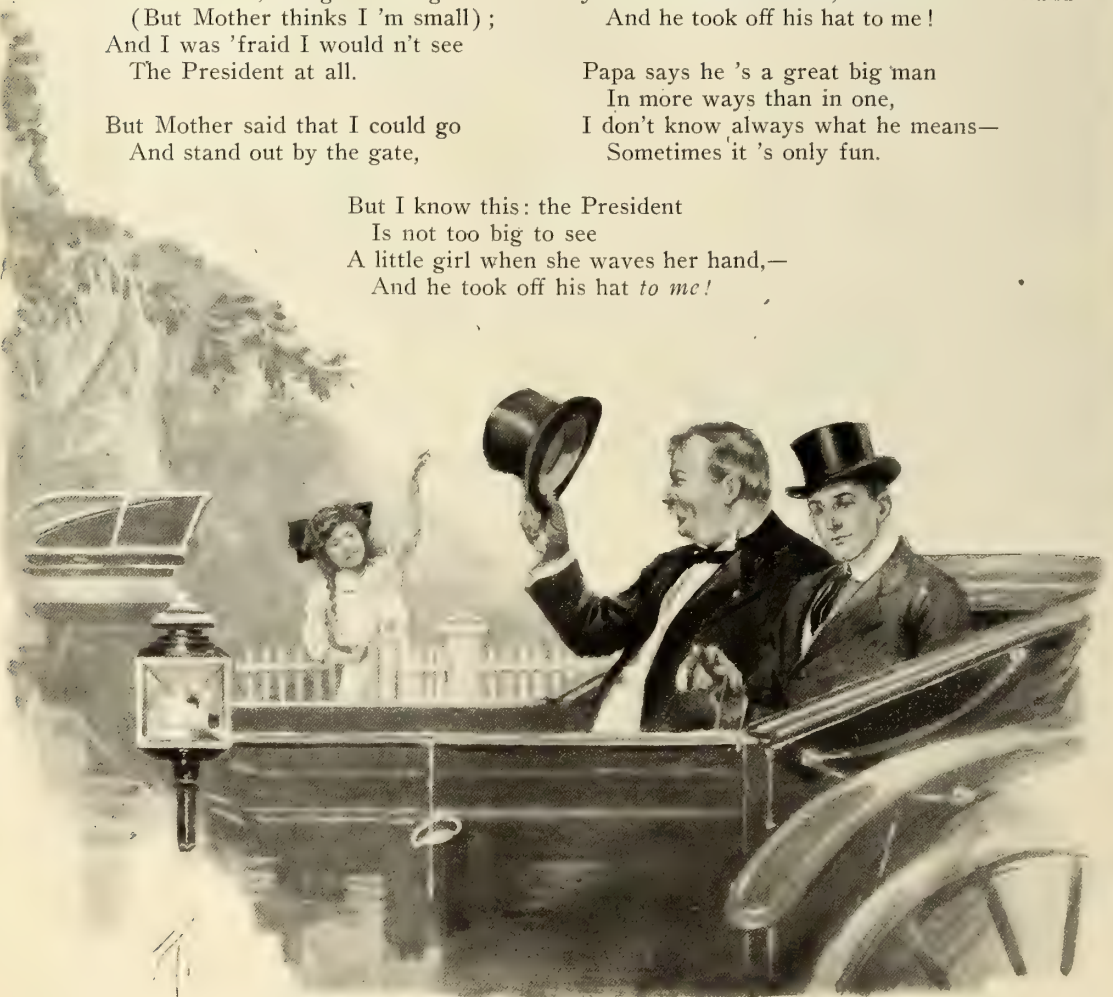
And maybe he might pass our house,
If I would only wait.

And then he did! I waved my hand,
And he saw me and smiled,—
The others all had gone to school,
So I was the only child.

Maybe the other girls and boys
All heard him speak, but he
Just smiled and smiled, then raised his hand—
And he took off his hat to me!

Papa says he 's a great big man
In more ways than in one,
I don't know always what he means—
Sometimes 'it 's only fun.

But I know this: the President
Is not too big to see
A little girl when she waves her hand,—
And he took off his hat *to me!*





"A DUET." DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY.

JUST FOR FUN



BEFORE.

DURING.

AFTER.

JOHNNY'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION. DRAWN BY C. F. LESTER.



Mr. Owl:

"Look here, Mr. Woodpecker! We have stood your turning day into night, but when it comes to putting ventilators in our apartment, you've got to quit!"

TROUBLE IN HIGH LIFE. DRAWN BY CULMER BARNES.

THE CHEERFUL LITTLE GIRL AND HER CHEERFUL LITTLE DOLL

(A "To-be-continued" story for Middle-Aged Little Folk)

BY CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN

CHAPTER I

CHOOSING THE DOLL

DEAR little girl, how much do you love your doll? Does she sit close beside you at breakfast and share your bread and butter? Does she sit in your lap when you coast, with your brother steering in front? And then, in the June days, when you and your doll are out in the fields, do you put her hand on the daisy petals and teach her, "One I love, two I love, three I love, they say?"

I knew a little girl who loved her doll quite as much as you love yours. This little girl's name was Elizabeth, and she lived in a pleasant village.

Elizabeth had long been wanting a new doll. "But there 's Edith Grace Ermytrude," said Mama.

"Yes, but she looks so grown-up, and her ears have melted off," said Elizabeth.

"And there 's Jamie Gordon."

"Yes; but boy dolls are n't as much fun," said Elizabeth, still more sadly.

"And there 's Susie Jane. You surely love *her*?" said Cousin Eleanor.

"Oh, yes, I love *her*!" And Elizabeth flew to catch her up from her willow cradle. "But Susie Jane needs a sister near her own age. She 's growing selfish."

So on Elizabeth's seventh birthday, Mama told her to put on her second-best hat (the one trimmed with brown ribbon and buttercups), and said they would walk to Miss Field's shop to buy a new doll. Elizabeth jumped up and down five times with joy, and ran as quickly as she could to the closet under the stairs for her hat.

"May Susie Jane come too, Mama?" she asked.

Mama was going to say "no," because Susie Jane looked as shabby as shabby could be; but she glanced at Elizabeth, and said "yes."

Elizabeth and her mama, Mrs. Dale, walked out of the front door, and down the path to the gate. The path was bordered with box; and when Mrs. Dale looked toward the fence on *her* side, she saw hollyhocks growing; and when Elizabeth looked toward the fence on *her* side, she saw sweet-peas growing.

And they raised the latch of the low green gate, and walked out into the narrow lane, and down the lane where a wood-thrush was singing,

and so to the street which led to the shop. I am really glad we have got to this part of the story, because I know you would like to go into this shop. It was n't like any other toy-shop. It was kept by a young lady who, even though she was grown up, was very fond of dolls. Her shop was arranged in three rooms, and as Elizabeth and Mama came up the street, they saw a doll looking smilingly out of the front window of each room.

One room was devoted to dolls' dressmaking, and two girls sat in this room, cutting, fitting, and sewing the dearest little petticoats, frocks, pinafores, and bonnets for dolls. How their fingers flew, to be sure!

In the second room a girl was making birthday cakes, and fruit tarts, candies, and mottos, to be used at children's tea-parties.

The third and last room was most important of all, for here sat rows upon rows of dressed dolls — rubber dolls, wooden dolls, china dolls, wax dolls, and other kinds, of all sizes, ready for sale. Miss Field herself, who was as pretty as a pink, and old enough to wear her hair on top of her head, stayed in this room and waited on the customers.

Now Mama supposed it would take, at the very least, ten minutes for Elizabeth to choose a doll; but five minutes had not gone by, when Elizabeth said decidedly: "*This* one, Mama dear, please!"

And no sooner had Mama looked at the doll than she knew why it was chosen. The reason was that its cheeks were so pink. Perhaps you think they were as pink as apple-blossoms? Pinker than that. As pink as the inside of a shell? Pinker! As pink as Baby's corals? Fully as pink, and I really think a trifle pinker. I can't tell you the exact shade, but it certainly was charming; and as she gazed at the doll, Elizabeth's own cheeks grew very rosy indeed.

The doll had soft, curly brown hair, bright blue eyes, a pretty mouth, and could say "Mama!"

"I won't climb trees with her—not ever," said Elizabeth.

"It is in-de-struc-ti-ble," said Miss Field, softly.

And then her mama said: "Yes, we will take it. And now I would like to look at those little parasols."

Guess whether she bought one, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II

NAMING THE DOLL

SHE did! the parasol had blue and white stripes, with the tiniest forget-me-nots sprinkled over the white stripes. It opened and shut easily.

Elizabeth carried the doll home, but you

him into the house, and up into the nursery, where he found, in the cupboard, a two-inch red flag, and hung it out of the window. "It's safer for the neighbors!" said he.

Don't you find it interesting to choose names? I do. It is half the fun when there is a new baby in the family. And with one's own doll and ever



"THIS ONE, MAMA DEAR, PLEASE!" (SEE PAGE 837.)

must n't think Susie Jane was forgotten. She was carried just as carefully under the other arm.

When they reached home, and turned in at the green gate, there was Uncle Nathaniel; and he looked fearfully frightened, and jumped behind the nearest apple-tree.

"What is the matter, Nathaniel?" asked Mama.

"Scarlet fever!" cried Uncle Nathaniel, pointing at the new doll's cheeks. Elizabeth chased

so many names to choose from—well, no wonder Elizabeth looked beamingly happy, as she sat in her little rocking-chair with the new doll in her lap.

"Have n't you thought of a name yet?" asked her brother Jack, after a few minutes. "I could name the thing right off! Call it Ann. That's a good short name."

"Oh, Jack!" said Elizabeth, "you don't know

in the least about naming a doll! Shortness is n't all. It must be a pretty name, and it must be *after* somebody—somebody I love; and it must be a name the children around here have n't got for their dolls."

"Don't name her Dorothy then. There are six on this street," said ten-year-old Sophie. "I 'll tell you! Let 's all write the name we like best, and put them in this box; and then you shut your eyes and take out two."

"That would be fine!" said Elizabeth.

So she called in Grandpapa and Grandmama and Mama, and Uncle Nathaniel, and Cousin Eleanor, and big Brother Bob. To each was handed a slip of paper, and Sophie passed around pencils. Every one wrote, and these were the names they chose: Grandpapa wrote Daisy, because he thought that the sort of name a little' girl of seven would like. Grandmama wrote Elizabeth, thinking her little granddaughter would like to give the doll her own name. Mama wrote Grandmama's name, Lucy; Uncle Nathaniel wrote Red-cheeks, just for fun. Cousin Eleanor wrote Alice, because she thought it the most beautiful of names. Big Brother Bob wrote Jemima, the name of their last-but-one cook, famous for her waffles and pop-overs. Sophie wrote Elsie; Charlotte wrote Beatrice; and Jack (with a defiant air) wrote Ann. Down in Yarmouthport lived Aunt Alice, who was "a perfect love," as Cousin Eleanor said; and the name Elizabeth herself wrote was Alice, because of this aunt.

And now a strange thing happened. When the papers had all been put into the box and shaken up by Jack as hard as he could shake, Elizabeth shut her eyes tight, and drew out two of the slips. She then opened her eyes and read the names, and "Oh, what *do* you think!" she cried; "they 're *both* Alice! And Alice is the very name I wanted!" And then all the family clapped their hands, and big Brother Bob and Cousin Eleanor especially clapped so hard that Teddy Hallowell ran over from next door to see "what those Dales were up to now." Every one, even Jack, agreed that the doll's name certainly ought to be Alice.

The christening was next day at three o'clock, in the clover-field back of the house, with only the family invited, though the calf, Bossy, seemed to like looking on with the rest.

Grandpapa gave up his afternoon nap to come, and complimented Elizabeth on the becomingness



"HE LET FALL A PERFECT SHOWER OF TINY SUGAR-PLUMS."

of Susie Jane's new buff frock, and on Alice's complexion, surprisingly healthy for one who had lived for some months in a shop.

They sat in a big spreading circle on the soft green grass under a butternut-tree. All the little girls wore girdles of daisy-chains, and Jack a daisy in his buttonhole. Edith Grace Ermytrude, Jamie Gordon, and Susie Jane (you remember, these were Elizabeth's other dolls) were made to look as if holding one another's hands, and the children sang for them a favorite hymn, "Brothers and sisters, hand in hand." Maybe you, too, have sung it on Sunday evenings at home.

Next, Mama made a little speech, and this is what she said:

"My darling children, I am glad that we have such a bright, sunny day, and I only wish your Aunt Alice could be with us. I am sure it will please her when she knows that her name was chosen for Elizabeth's doll. Every one loves Aunt Alice, because she makes people happy. When you are playing with this doll, try, yourselves, to be like this dear aunty, and teach the doll to have kind ways. She can let other little girls' dolls share her hammock, her books, and her toys of every sort. We will try, and they will try, to treat all these things carefully; but if any of the playthings are injured, Alice must be patient, must n't she, dears? I hope you will dress her simply; a doll should never wear jewelry on the street. Don't give her rich food, for I am sure you wish her to keep those rosy cheeks."

Then Mama, who, while she made this speech, had been standing, sat down, and Grandpapa stood up.

"Your mama is, as usual, perfectly right," said he; "but the sugar at the doll-shop is so extremely pure, that we may, on *great* occasions, like the present, indulge in a little candy."

With these words, he put his hand in his pocket, raised it high in the air, and let fall a perfect shower of tiny sugar-plums—pink, brown, yellow, green, red, and white; and the circle was for a moment broken up, as the children scrambled all about to pick them up. Grandpapa's speech, though short, was thought to be very good.

It was followed by another song. Then Elizabeth said: "I name my doll—"

"Ann," said Jack, loudly.

"No—*Alice!* I name her Alice, because Aunt Alice is so kind, and because I want my child to grow up just like her."

Then the family jumped up from under the butternut-tree. They said good-by to the babbling brook and to the calf, Bossy, and walked home. For the christening was over, and Elizabeth's doll had, for always, the beautiful name Alice.

"Don't you think *my* speech was best?" asked Grandpapa.

Guess if the children said yes, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III

THE DOLL'S CLOTHES

THEY did!

Well, now would you like to hear about all the different things in Elizabeth's doll's wardrobe?

Elizabeth had for her new doll, Alice, a nice little bureau. In the top drawer she kept Alice's handkerchiefs (six, and all neatly hemmed and marked with A, made by Elizabeth herself), her hair-ribbons, sashes, locket, beads, and other little ornaments. In the middle drawer she kept Alice's hoods, hats, knit jackets, and her morning, afternoon, and Sunday pinafores. The morning pinafores were of brown-and-white and blue-and-white checked gingham, and were high-necked and long-sleeved. They were to wear while working. The afternoon pinafores were also high-necked and long-sleeved, but were made of white barred muslin. The Sunday pinafores were of dotted white muslin, low-necked and short-sleeved, and were daintily edged with narrow lace. They also had pockets, edged with lace.

Cousin Eleanor had filled the lowest drawer with such neat piles of snowy underwear! Grandmama said it really was a joy to look in that lowest drawer. The stockings she knit were in it too. Oh, and I want to tell you that she finally decided to knit *six* pairs,—three pairs of stockings and three pairs of short socks. These socks, worn with ankle-tie slippers, were much admired by Elizabeth's friends. The party slippers were pink, the Sunday ones bronze, and the every-day ones black.

Alice's best hat was one she had worn home from the doll-shop. It was truly exquisite, made of the finest white muslin, with a wreath of eleven pink rosebuds. It fastened under the chin with pink satin ribbon, three eighths of an inch wide. Her every-day hat was of white piqué, the wide brim cut in little scallops all around.

Among the scraps taken from the chest in the attic was a piece of green-and-blue plaid, and Cousin Eleanor found that, by piecing under the hood, there was just enough of it to make a waterproof. It was the Gordon plaid, which, you know, has a yellow thread in it, and Cousin Eleanor lined the hood with yellow silk to match.

As to Alice's frocks, she had a white lawn, a "Dolly Varden" muslin, a pink cashmere, and a blue piqué. These were all for best wear. Then she had useful gingham frocks, some striped and some checked, made by a simple pattern and drawn in at the waist with a narrow brown leather belt. I wish you could have seen her in one of these every-day frocks, climbing a currant-bush to get at an especially large, juicy red currant she spied at the top. Elizabeth was all ready to catch her if she fell. And was n't it lucky that Alice was in-de-struc-ti-ble?

Alice looked very cunning, too, in her new bathing-suit. This was made of white flannel, trimmed with several rows of light green braid.

Sophie and Elizabeth and Charlotte sometimes played out in the meadow, the same meadow where Alice was christened. And the brook flashed in the sun, and babbled its low, crooning song, to which the daisies nodded drowsily. Sometimes a bright blue darning-needle whizzed near them. Butterflies—brown, yellow, and white—tilted on the swaying grasses. Bossy, the calf, played, too, and the children were very happy. Jack thought it rather stupid under the butter-



“YOUR MAMA IS N'T AS YOUNG AS SHE WAS ONCE,” SAID ELIZABETH.”

nut-tree. He liked better to fly his kite, and to dash with it from end to end of the field, Giest, the puppy, at his heels. The dolls sat in a row facing their young mothers. How quickly supper-time came! *Would* Mama remember that they wanted their bread and milk on the piazza instead of indoors?

Guess whether she did or not, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE DOLL WORKED

SHE did n't! Ah, I caught you *that* time! But wait a moment! As it happened, it did n't make one bit of difference that she forgot, because Uncle Nathaniel *did* remember, and reminded

Mama of the children's wish just as the blue-and-white bowls were being put on the dining-room table.

The next Monday, as Elizabeth was starting, directly after breakfast, to play in the nursery, Cousin Eleanor brought from the kitchen a basket of peas, and asked her to help her shell them.

So Elizabeth sat on the top step of the side porch, and she held Alice in her lap and showed her how to run her little thumb along the edge of the light green pod. Pop! why, this was as good as torpedoes on the Fourth of July! Out tumbled the peas, with a merry clatter, into the shining pan. Three peas bounced out onto the floor.

“Be careful, deary,” said Elizabeth, “your mama is n't as young as she was once.” And she hopped down nimbly, in spite of her seven years, and picked up the peas. Alice took great pains with the next pod.

“Are you at play?” asked Grandpapa, passing through to the vegetable garden.

“No, *indeed*, Grandpapa,” said Elizabeth; “we 're *working* very hard.”

“Bless your bright eyes!” said Grandpapa; “don't work too hard.” And he passed on to see how his tomatoes were coming along.

“Playing?” asked Uncle Nathaniel, coming up the steps with the morning mail.

“No, Uncle Nathaniel, I 'm *working* hard,” said Elizabeth.

“Don't work *too* hard,” said Uncle Nathaniel, as he went into the house.

“Sure 't is the rale hilp yez are!” said Hannah, the cook, when Elizabeth brought her the peas, all ready to be boiled for dinner.

After that, until the dinner-bell rang, Alice took a sound nap in her own little red-and-white hammock, while Cousin Eleanor and Sophie and Elizabeth and Jack had a game of croquet.

But as the days and weeks passed on, the doll was taught many kinds of work. When Baby's cradle was made up, she smoothed the pillow and tucked in the down coverlet. When Elizabeth tidied the nursery, Alice, too, held a wee duster, and dusted her own little bureau and rocking-chair. When the table was being set, she helped put around the bibs and napkins. And once—I think it made her feel an inch taller—she filled the salt-cellars! Oh, a doll, if she is obliging and well-bred, can do many useful things.

Guess if Mama was pleased when she saw her little girl and her little girl's doll helping so cheerfully, instead of being a care to others, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)



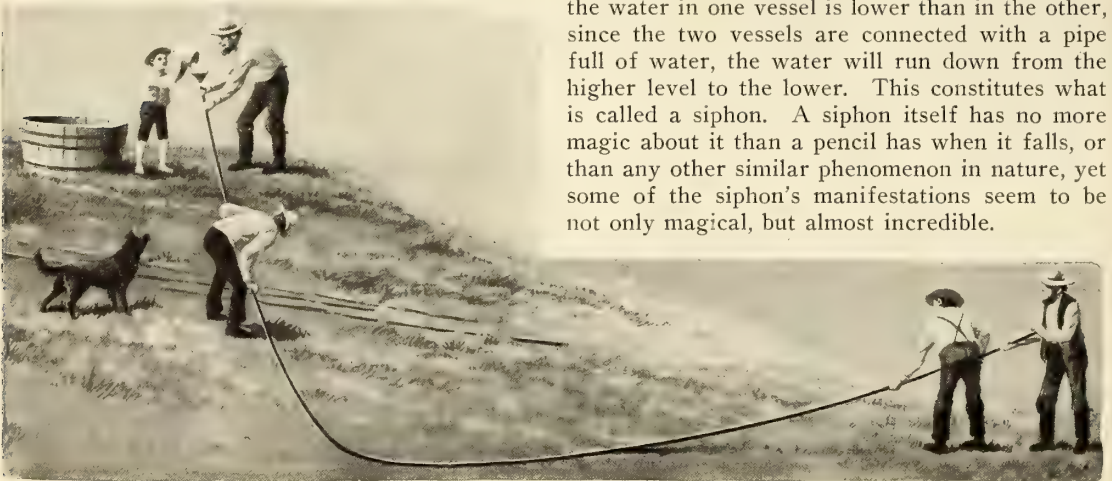
INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SIPHON

EVERY one knows that water flows downward. This fact is as familiar to even our youngest reader as is the fact that an unsupported pencil will fall to the ground or to the floor. The downward flow of water is due to exactly the same cause as the fall of the pencil—that is, to the power that we call the attraction of gravitation. If the pencil is attached to a string, and the string is passed over a pulley, it will balance at the other end of the string a pencil as heavy as itself, or will lift a pencil lighter than itself. The same principle applies to water in a pipe.

When a pipe shaped like the inverted letter U,

I WAVED MY HAT IN DELIGHT; THE EXPERIMENT WAS A SUCCESS.
It seemed to me that even the dog, "Daisy," appreciated the "magic."

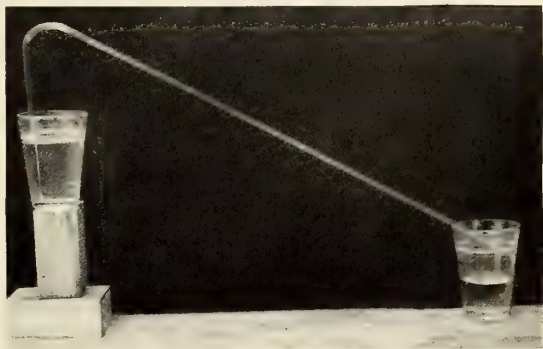
in which the arms are of equal length, is filled with water, and each end of the pipe is put into a separate vessel full of water, "the downward pull," or weight, of the liquid in each of the two arms will balance the other, and, if the water is at the same level in the two vessels, it will remain at that level in both vessels. But if the level of the water in one vessel is lower than in the other, since the two vessels are connected with a pipe full of water, the water will run down from the higher level to the lower. This constitutes what is called a siphon. A siphon itself has no more magic about it than a pencil has when it falls, or than any other similar phenomenon in nature, yet some of the siphon's manifestations seem to be not only magical, but almost incredible.



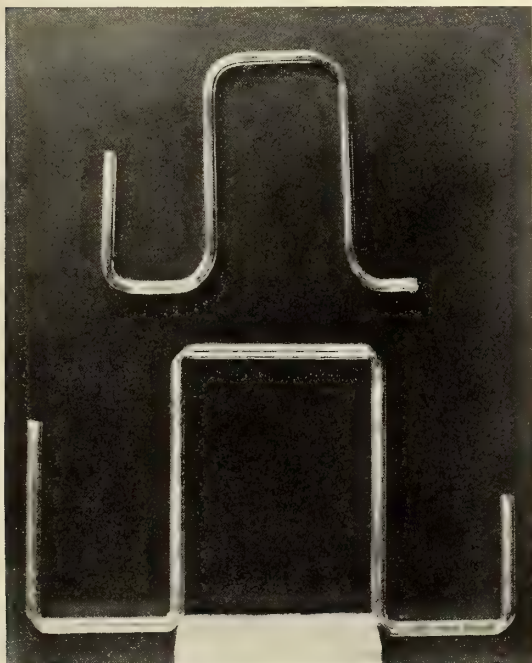
"I Poured in water by the aid of a funnel until the pipe was full."

I remember that in my early boyhood I took advantage of this principle of the siphon, and made experiments. Near my home was a well from which water was drawn by a bucket, and poured into a big tub from which the cattle drank. One day several of the workmen on the farm were gathered around this well. On the ground were several lengths of pipe that had been taken from a disused pipe-line between a spring in the distant pasture and the barn-yard. The action of the siphon had always appealed to me, and I quietly decided that I would play the magician and entertain these men with an exhibition of the siphon in action. From the discarded pipe I took a section about fifty feet in length, and

ward, but this downward slope was not necessary to help me in what I intended should seem like a magical performance. One man held the longer



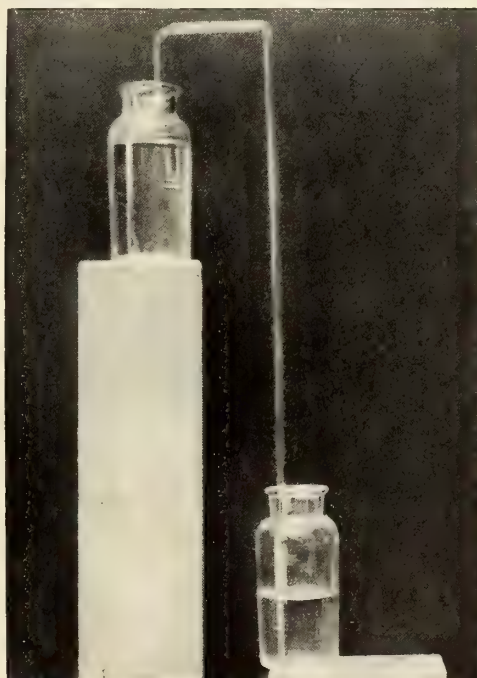
A SLANTING SIPHON CONNECTING TUMBLERS.



TWO FORMS OF SIPHONS THAT ARE "SELF-STARTING" AFTER SELF-STOPPING.

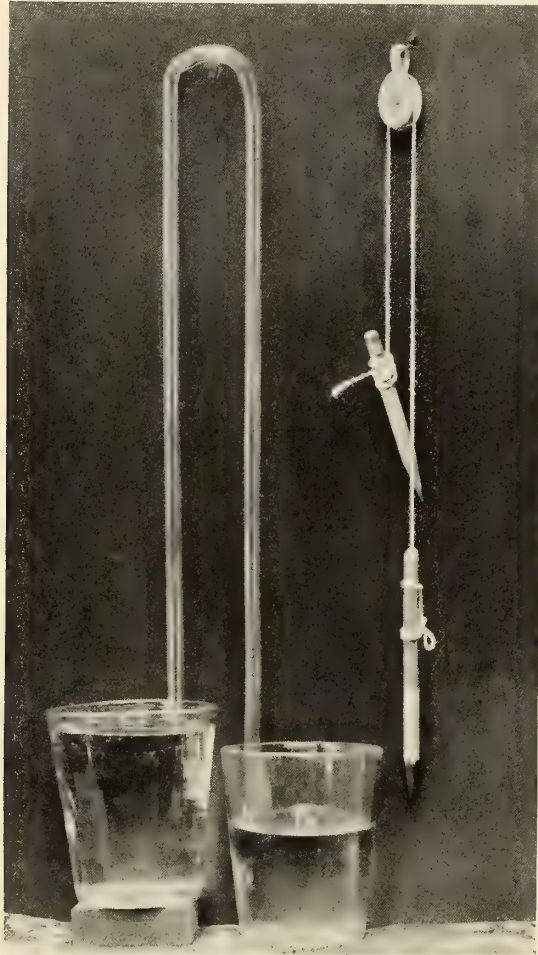
with the assistance of the men, who wondered "what the boy was up to now," I bent it into a curve so that the shorter branch was about twenty feet in length and the longer branch thirty feet. Holding the curved pipe in a horizontal position, I poured in water by the aid of a funnel until the pipe was full. Then I instructed a man to hold his thumb over one end of the pipe, and another man to hold his thumb over the other end. This pipe, thus kept filled with water, had all its parts in nearly the same level, because the curve was held horizontally. We then lifted the curved part in the air, and placed the shorter end in the tub of water. The ground about the tub sloped down-

ward, but this downward slope was not necessary to help me in what I intended should seem like a magical performance. One man held the longer arm of the pipe near the ground several feet away. And when I gave the order: "Remove thumbs!" the water began to flow in a steady stream, and continued to flow as long as there was water in the tub. I must confess that, even to me, it seemed almost like magic, when I realized that the water was flowing upward for almost twenty feet into the pipe, and doing it without any apparent cause. Of course our young people understand that it was the forcible downward "pulling" of the water in the longer arm of the pipe that was stronger than the weight of the water flowing upward in



A VERTICAL SIPHON CONNECTING BOTTLES.

the shorter section, and that it was this continuous downward "pull" that resulted in the contin-



THE LONGER AND HEAVIER COLUMN OF WATER IS "PULLING" UP THE SHORTER COLUMN AS THE HEAVIER LEAD-PENCIL IS PULLING UP THE SHORTER PENCIL.

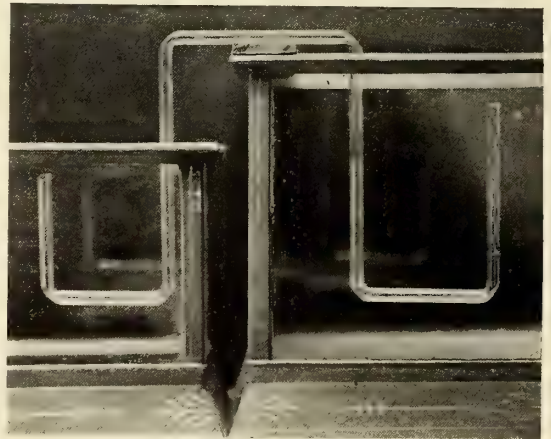
uous flow. The upward flow of the water in the shorter arm only depended upon the atmospheric pressure of the water in the tub, because the flow in the longer section tended to make a vacuum in the curve; but water was constantly driven in by the atmospheric pressure to prevent the formation of a vacuum.

This siphon at the well tub is illustrated in the heading to this article, and is also shown on a smaller scale by the two tumblers with the curved glass tube between them. Such a siphon will "pull" water over an elevation about thirty-three feet in height. The atmospheric pressure is not great enough to lift it higher than this to supply a vacuum. It will raise water to the curve as high as a suction-pump will lift it, and for the same

reason—both depending upon the fact that water can be raised by suction as long as its weight is less than the force of atmospheric pressure.

Our young folks may easily construct siphons in any form that they see fit, by using strong rubber hose, or small glass tubing, which may be easily bent into any desired shape by the aid of a gas or alcohol flame. The accompanying illustration shows a boy with a siphon, made of a series of glass tubes connected by pieces of rubber hose, that is only two inches lower at one end than at the other, and yet is raising the water some six feet above, and around, his head. The water will flow from one tumbler into the other, though the higher tumbler be raised, as in the illustration, only two inches (or even less) above the lower one, and the flow may be reversed by lowering the emptied tumbler and raising the one that has been filled. Thus the water can be made to flow back and forth, at first upward, then through the horizontal pipe above the boy's head, and down on the other side. All that is required is that the flow of the water be started by suction, and then it will continue as long as there is water in the higher vessel.

In all these forms of the siphon it is necessary to start the flow every time that the siphon is used. In the pipe at the well, I started it, as explained, by filling the pipe with water; in the piping over the boy's head we started it by suction; that is, we drew the air from the tube, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the water forced the water into the siphon until it was filled, when the downward pull of the liquid in the long



CONNECTING TWO AQUARIA BY THE "SELF-ACTING" SIPHON.

arm started the flow, which continued as long as there was any water to pull and to be pulled. It required little force to pull the water around the curve by suction at the end of the lower pipe.



THE WATER RISES SEVERAL FEET FROM THE HIGHER TUMBLER, THEN FLOWS ACROSS ABOVE THE BOY'S HEAD, AND DOWN TO THE LOWER TUMBLER.

The current may be reversed by putting the two-inch block under the other tumbler.

Siphons are used to draw off the liquid from a vessel containing it, especially where there is sediment at the bottom and we desire to take off the clear liquid without disturbing the sediment; or the reverse may be done, and we may remove the sediment with little of the liquid. Thus the siphon may be employed to remove the objectionable

refuse or debris from an aquarium, or for many other useful purposes.

I recently had occasion to connect together a series of aquaria, each with a glass bottom. It was impossible for me to bore holes in the glass, so I was necessarily forced to use the siphon; but a difficulty arose. If the siphon should fail to carry out the water as fast as it ran in, the aquaria would overflow; and if it should carry the water out faster than it came in, the aquaria would soon be empty and the siphon would no longer act, because the siphon could not fill itself. To overcome all this I devised a form of siphon with up-turned ends that will, after stopping, start into action without any aid. In the books of physics that I have examined I do not find this siphon mentioned. It is a useful form because, when a series of vessels are connected by it, the siphon will regulate itself, and will keep the water always at the same level. Adjustment is made by the length of the last upward curve of the pipe. The illustration shows the series of aquaria in which the water is kept to within an inch of the top of each.

These siphons, unlike the simpler ones mentioned in the books, may be lifted entirely out of the water, and when replaced will at once, or "voluntarily," as one may express it, resume their work, because they keep full of water.

A series of tubs might be thus arranged for fish, for watering cattle, or for other useful and labor-saving purposes. These suggestions may enable our young folks to make some interesting experiments in the use of the siphon.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF A CROW BY HIMSELF

MR. H. R. CAREY invented a device by which a crow took a photograph of himself when he pecked the bait, which was connected with a string that operated the shutter of the camera.



By courtesy of "Bird-Lore."

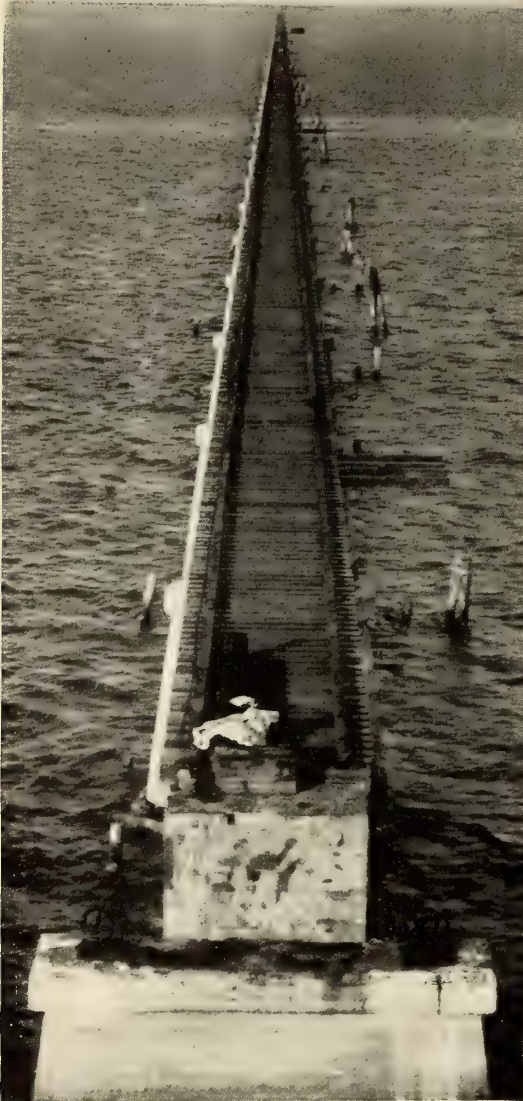
THE CROW'S SELF-PHOTOGRAPH.

THE SEA-GOING RAILROAD

THE railroad from the southeastern end of Florida to Key West is now completed and is open to the public. It is, indeed, a remarkable engineer-

five miles are over the water, and a considerable portion is over the sea itself.

The series of islands known as the Florida Keys may be called a series of stepping-stones leading into the ocean. They extend between the Florida peninsula and Key West in the form of a curve, the channels that separate them varying in width from a few hundred feet to several miles. Between the nearest key and the mainland is a stretch of prairie or marsh with insufficient water to float dredges, and not enough material within reach for wheelbarrow work. This condition made it necessary to dig channels on each side of the road-bed to accommodate the dredges used in building this section of the em-



A SECTION OF THE RAILROAD EXTENDING INTO THE SEA.

ing feat because it is really a railroad over the sea. This is not a figure of speech, for, of the one hundred and twenty-eight miles of track between Homestead and Key West, fully seventy-



ON THE VIADUCT OF HUGE ARCHES.

bankment. Channels were first dug so as to provide a depth of two and one half feet of water. Up these the two dredges slowly made their way, each digging its own channel deeper. They piled up between them the material thus dredged out, and with it formed the road-bed. The progress of the dredges was hampered and delayed in many places by the rocks, which came so near the surface as to necessitate the construction of locks to float the dredges over them. Nearly thirty islands are utilized for short stretches of the construction, the longest being sixteen miles on Key Largo. More than fifty miles of rock and of earth embankment had to be put in where the water is shallow, but, where the water is deeper and the openings exposed to storms by breaks in the outer reef, concrete viaducts were



AN EXPRESS-TRAIN GOING OUT TO SEA OVER THE ARCHED VIADUCT.

built, consisting of arch spans and piers, or steel bridges resting on concrete piers, some spans of the latter being two hundred and forty feet. This was the most difficult part of the work. The water is from ten to thirty feet deep, and the bottom is coralline rock. There are twenty-eight of these arch viaducts, aggregating ten and eight tenths miles in length, and eight steel bridges, aggregating six and one tenth miles in length.

The longest viaduct is between Knight's Key and Little Duck Key, seven miles, and is called the Knight's Key Viaduct. In many places the embankment for the roadway is eight or nine feet in height, the road-bed being ballasted with coralline limestone, of which these islands are composed. This makes a very strong, safe road.

In many places where the water is deep enough

to float an ocean steamship of large size, and where the locality is exposed directly to the gales from the Atlantic, much of the work has been performed with floats, on which the concrete was mixed and from which it was placed in position by means of powerful derricks. In the shallower waters molds for the foundation of the viaduct were formed by driving piling which held in place a water-tight framework, which, when the water was pumped out, was filled with concrete.

This, the only railway of the kind in the world, is now in actual operation, and reflects great credit on modern enterprise and skill. Both land and sea are laid under tribute; and these islands, which have been likened to lazy lizards sleeping through uncounted centuries, now teem with life and thrill with the rush of commerce.



A STRETCH OF STEEL BRIDGE AND CONCRETE PIER CONSTRUCTION.

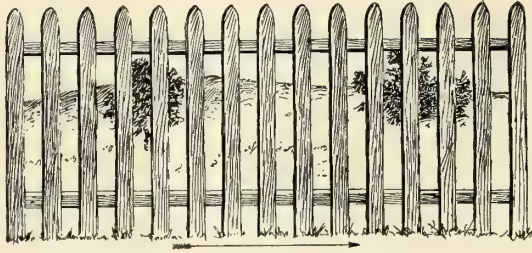
“BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW”
 ?????????????????

St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York

PUZZLING IMPRESSIONS ON THE EYES

FOREST GATE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I walk rapidly by vertical railings, and, as I walk, look at some object on the other side of these railings, all is clear. But when I turn away



THE FENCE WITH UPRIGHT AND HORIZONTAL BARS.

for a few seconds, there appear lines running before my eyes. What I want to know is, why are these lines horizontal, and why do they move horizontally, instead of being vertical lines moving horizontally, as you would expect from an image that remains in your eye?

Yours, puzzled,

R. T. CLAPP.

What happens is, that the upright bars of the railing make no lasting impression on your eye. As you look at the object on the other side of the

main at the same height, the horizontal bars remain in the same relation to the eyes and to the object on the other side, and make a strong impression on the retina. As they are darker than the background, they produce a sharp after-image when the eyes are turned away. There seem to be several horizontal lines in the after-image because you probably look for a while at the upper part of that object on the other side, then for a while at the middle part, then for a while at the lower part. With every raising or lowering of the eyes, the image of the horizontal bars falls on another spot in the retina, and leaves there the condition for another after-image, producing in this way a series of parallel horizontal lines.—H. M.

NOTE: A scientific friend says he has observed that when an automobile passes under a light at night, the wheels seem to him to run backward.

WHEN SPRING “PEEPERS” ARE HEARD

PURCHASE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me why peepers do not peep in the morning? If you can, I wish you would tell me.

Your interested reader,

BENJ. COLLINS, JR. (age 10).

Frog “peepers” are nocturnal animals, and seldom active except during the late afternoon or at night. I have heard them calling during the day, but they usually begin to evince signs of interest in things as the day comes to a close, and continue the calls during the night.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

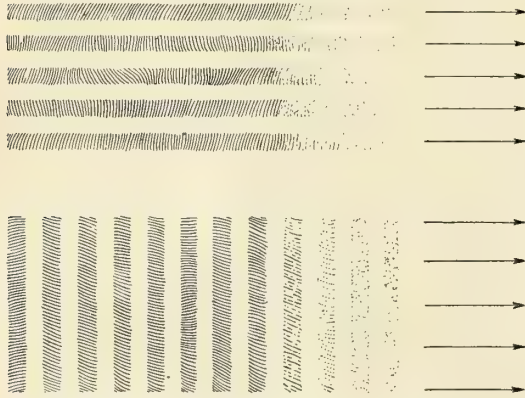
WHY BRUISES BECOME “BLACK AND BLUE”

NEW YORK MILLS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered what makes black-and-blue marks on your skin when you are bruised. I take physiology and am very much interested in it, but my book fails to answer this question. I should be very much obliged if you would tell the reason.

Yours as ever,

LOIS W. KELLOGG (age 13).



THE IMPRESSION ON THE EYES WAS OF HORIZONTAL BARS (UPPER PART OF THIS ILLUSTRATION) AND NOT VERTICAL (AS IN THE LOWER PART), AS ONE WOULD SUPPOSE.

fence while you are walking along, the vertical rods quickly pass in front of your eye and there leave no after-image.

But the image of the horizontal bars always falls on the same spot in the retina at the back of your eye, and as, in walking, your eyes re-

The color of blood is due chiefly to iron in the little blood-cells. When the iron is kept in these little blood-cells, which are living and traveling around in the blood-vessels, the color is red. Hit the skin hard enough to break some of the little blood-vessels beneath the surface, and the little red cells escape from the injured blood-vessels, wander about for a while in the tissues, and die. When they die, the iron that made them red before, then changes to black-and-blue coloring. After a while, this iron is taken up by the glands called the lymphatics, and made over again into nice red cells. The iron is taken up very much more quickly by the lymphatics if the black-and-blue spot is rubbed and massaged.—DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

FRAGRANT FIREWORKS

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Orange-peel fireworks are great fun. Papa and my brother Roland squeeze the rinds and I hold the match. Sometimes when the orange peel is



PRODUCING A FLASH BY IGNITING THE VOLATILE OIL FROM ORANGE PEEL.

fresh and full of oil, a great fountain of flame flashes more than a foot high. Squeezing the rind and at the same time giving a quick pinch, cause the greatest outburst of oil and so the largest flash.

The orange-oil as it is thus burned perfumes the room like incense. We never tire of fragrant fireworks.

Very sincerely yours,

MAZIE E. HODGE.

These interesting fireworks were exhibited to me by the son and daughter of Professor Clifton F. Hodge when I was a guest in his house. Sev-



HOW TO HOLD THE LIGHTED MATCH, HOW TO MAKE A SHARP BEND IN THE FOLDED PEEL, HOW TO FOLD THE QUARTER PEEL, AND HOW TO PEEL THE ORANGE.

eral demonstrations of the method were made. I took the accompanying photograph, and later another to show how the peel should be held. This experiment, like all in which a flame is used, however, should only be tried under the supervision of an older person, and care should be taken to keep at a safe distance from any inflammable materials.—EDITOR OF "NATURE AND SCIENCE."

VOL. XXXIX. — 107.

FIREWORKS FROM FLOWERS

THE gas-plant (*Dictamnus*), which has fragrant leaves and bears curious flowers, "gives off during hot weather a fragrant, volatile oil, which ignites when a match is applied to it."

Mr. Nathan R. Graves, Rochester, New York, sends the accompanying illustration of the bloom. He writes:

"I have found that the flash, when a lighted match is held near to the bloom, is more certain on a sultry evening after a very warm day. Then one seldom fails to get quite spectacular results."

The gas-plant is attractive and of value aside from its peculiar inflammable gas. The seeds should be sown in the autumn in a plant nursery bed where they are to remain for two years.



THE BLOOM OF THE GAS-PLANT, OR "BURNING BUSH."
(*Dictamnus fraxinella*.)

In dry, sultry weather the flowers sometimes give out a vapor which is inflammable.

They can then be transplanted to rich, heavy soil. They bloom in the months of June and July.

[The fireworks with orange peel and flowers have in themselves no danger, but, because matches are so common, one should never grow careless in the use of them, even to light a lamp.—E. F. B.]

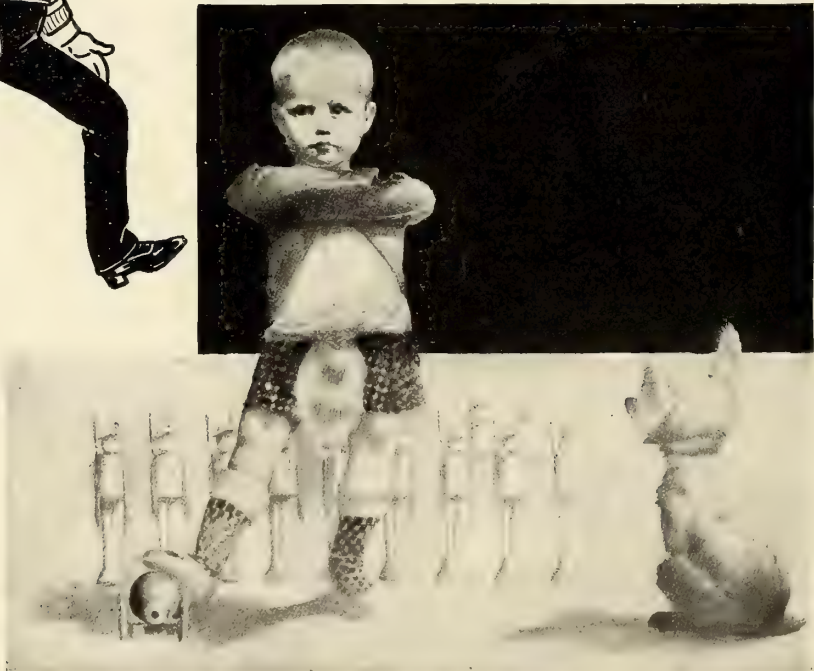
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

The Drum-Major

BY WELLS HASTINGS

Two and two, and two and two, go the
soldiers in the street,—
And, oh, but it's just wonderful the way
they work their feet!
Their captain rides a prancing horse, but
I would rather be
The man who twirls the shiny thing for
every one to see.

So when I drill my soldiers here (they 're
fine ones, dressed in red),
I am the man in the fur hat, who walks a
step ahead.
And though their captain's very fine, and
though his sword is bright,
I think they all depend on *me*, whenever
there's a fight.



WILLIE'S AIR-CASTLE

I wish I had an airship,
 One 'at would really fly ;
 I 'd take a ride all by myself
 Away up in the sky.

And when the trip was over,
 I 'd sit on Daddy's knee,
 And tell him all the funny things
 An airship man must see.

MAKING FRIENDS

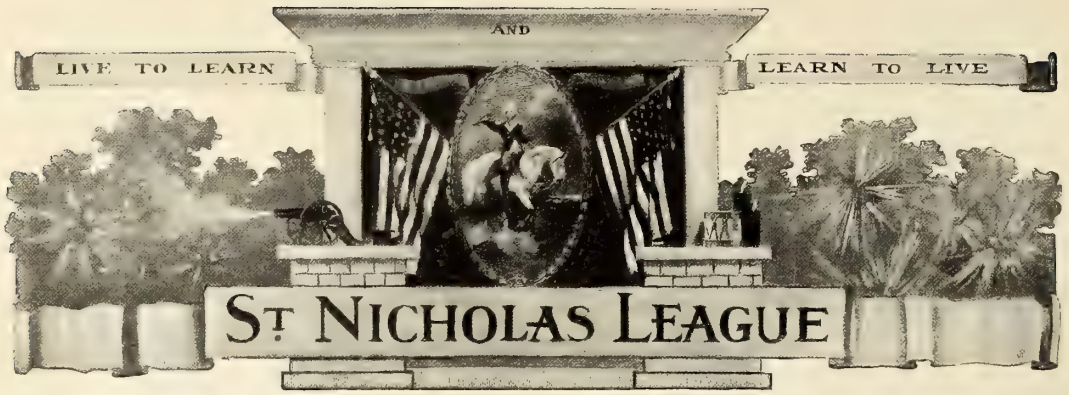
My mother called on his one day,
 So I, of course, went too.
 They talked and laughed, and talked
 some more,
 The way that mothers do.

Then Bobbie came in from a walk,
 While I was sitting there ;
 He 'tended not to notice me,
 And climbed upon a chair.



But when, at last, he turned his head,
 As shy as shy could be,
 I smiled and threw a kiss to him,
 And he smiled back at me.





THIS being the month for "celebrating," ST. NICHOLAS would be justified in sending up a special display of fireworks in honor of the contributions of its League members. Little stories of fact and fancy, told with remarkable skill and feeling; brief poems, brilliant in idea and beautifully worded; photographs of rare charm, whether of figure or landscape subjects; and drawings, showing the touch of the real artist—all these combine to form a delightful, inspiring exhibit of what earnest boys and girls can

accomplish nowadays. Our only regret is the familiar and oft-repeated one—that the space allowed us is altogether too small to admit scores of similar contributions which, in merit and cleverness, crowd closely upon those here printed.

But every month adds many recruits to our list of Prize-winners; and the disappointed contestants, every month, merely grow more determined, and exclaim: "Not yet—but soon!"

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 149

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Hester R. Hoffman** (age 16), Terre Haute, Ind.; **Betty Humphreys** (age 11), Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, **Lydia Selden Chapin** (age 15), Erie, Pa.; **Harriet Henry** (age 14), New York City; **Edith Townsend** (age 13), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Kathryn Hulbert** (age 13), Bangor, Me.; **Constance Kilborn** (age 14), Whitby, Can.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Ben Sleeper** (age 17), Waco, Tex.

Silver badges, **Frances Duggar** (age 16), Auburn, Ala.; **Martha Means** (age 15), Akron, O.; **Merrill T. B. Spalding** (age 14), Brookline, Mass.; **Hester B. Curtis** (age 12), Point Pleasant, N. J.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Alison M. Kingsbury** (age 14), Pittsburgh, Pa.

Silver badges, **Marion Monroe** (age 14), Muskogee, Okla.; **William McK. Murray** (age 17), Pittsburgh, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Dickson Green** (age 15), Syracuse, N. Y.; **Anita Delafield** (age 14), Lenox, Mass.

Silver badges, **Herbert F. Traut** (age 17), Sheridan, Wyo.; **Elwood H. Gallien** (age 17), Portland, Ore.; **Joseph Kiss** (age 16), Appleton, Wis.; **Margaret W. Taylor** (age 14), Haverford, Pa.; **Richard S. Emmet** (age 14), New York City.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "A" prize, **Dorothea B. Smith** (age 12), New York City.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Helen A. Moulton** (age 15), New York City.

Silver badges, **Isidore Helfand** (age 13), Cleveland, O.; **Laurens M. Hamilton** (age 11), Sterlington, N. Y.; **John M. Kleberg** (age 12), Cornwall, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Claire A. Hepner** (age 11), Helena, Mont.; **William T. Fickinger** (age 11), Sewickley, Pa.



"REFLECTIONS." BY MARGARET W. TAYLOR, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"SWIMMING BEAR." BY DOROTHEA B. SMITH, AGE 12.
(Prize, Class "A," Wild Creature Photography.)

CHIVALRY

BY HESTER B. CURTIS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

I LOVE a knight ; he loves me, too ;
 He wins the hearts of many.
 His voice is kind, his heart is true ;
 He 's nobler far than any.

He says I am his lady fair,
 He is my strength and light ;
 He shares my every pain and care—
 My father is my knight !



"REFLECTIONS." BY ELWOOD H. GALLIEN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

"MY HAPPIEST MEMORY"

BY HESTER R. HOFFMAN (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

HERR LUDWIG fingered caressingly the violin of his fathers with its four strings, Love, Hope, Memory, and the dark one—Hate. Then, settling the instrument comfortably under his chin, the old man bent his white head lovingly over the violin, his eyes assumed a far-off expression, and he drew the bow lightly yet lingeringly over the string Memory.

The notes, though soft, came forth clearly with unsurpassable sweetness, and, after lingering in the room, sped forth to the village street, where many stopped to listen, for they recognized the opening notes of Herr Ludwig's sweetest composition, "My Happiest Memory."

The violin was a human voice telling them of a day long ago when a German lad, carrying a violin, swung joyously along a country road. The boy was on his way to a music carnival, held by the emperor, and he, the young Ludwig, intended to pit his talent against the most renowned musicians of the empire.

Soon the boy reached the hall, and the rustling of silks and satins told him that the courtiers and their ladies were arriving. The rules were read and the contest began. Ludwig was the last to play. He murmured to his violin, tightened its strings, and began.

The violin in the old musician's hands thrilled again with that melody played so long ago. It was a melody telling of love and hope, as sweet and pure as the boy's heart from which it sprang. One note, high, sweet, triumphant, ended the divine harmony. There was a silence, and then could be heard the enthusiastic applause. The emperor rose majestically.

"Thou art a great musician, lad," said he, "and in addition to the prize, I give you this token of your emperor's homage to a great artist!"

The notes of the violin were jubilant, ecstatic, triumphant, depicting the state of that young heart. As the last high, sweet notes melted into silence, the listeners stole quietly away, leaving Herr Ludwig staring at a small gold medal, bearing the emperor's arms, which glistened as brightly in the twilight as that one incident shone in the old musician's memory.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

(As told by a kitten)

BY BETTY HUMPHREYS (AGE 11)

(Gold Badge)

LITTLE kitten,
 'This was written
 For you to obey :
 Stay at home
 Until you 've grown,
 That 's a kitten's way.
 If you don't obey this rule,
 You will be a kitten fool.

THAT was the rule my mother taught me. I had always obeyed it, until one day I could n't bear the poky old basket any longer. My mother had gone to catch mice in the cellar, so it was a good chance to jump out and explore the house, which I did.

I stole some fish, broke a vase full of flowers, almost caught the canary (I scared him, anyhow), and had a fine time. Then I came back and pretended to be asleep in the basket. Mother never knew how I enjoyed myself that day. My happiest memory was being a "kitten fool."

N.B. I have grown up now, and tell that story to my kittens, who are never tired of hearing it. I am glad to say, however, that *they* obey the kittens' golden rule.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY DOROTHY CALKINS, AGE 15.



"REFLECTIONS." BY RICHARD S. EMMET, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY IMOGEN CAMPBELL NOYES (AGE 10)

Six summers ago, our family ate their meals on the porch all the season. A chipping sparrow was attracted by the crumbs on the floor, and finally became tame enough to eat at the table with us. Every time we put the bread on the table, "Velvet," as we called her, because she had a little brown spot on her head, was always ready to be the first one at the table.

Once Velvet burned her toes in Papa's coffee, trying to get a drink of it. Sometimes we heard a flutter, and Velvet would light on our heads. I remember once that I had some bread crumbs in my hand, and went to look for Velvet to feed her. She came at once, and brought one of her baby birds, and he perched on my foot. Velvet flew to my hand, and got some crumbs to feed the baby bird, and while she was getting the crumbs, she let me stroke her feathers. She came to us two summers, and her visits were my happiest memories.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY ALISON M. KINGSBURY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY DOROTHY DAWSON (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

He was but a little jester,
Ugly, small, of low degree;
She his master's only daughter,
Fair and proud, a princess free.
At the jester's wit and folly,
All the company made glad,
She amongst them, no one dreaming
That one little heart was sad.

Came a prince from o'er the mountains,
Won her heart, and asked her hand;
And, one merry, sunny May-day,
They were wedded. All the land
Rang with mirth; glad merrymakers
Thronged to pay their homage due.—
Princess, thou hast won a king's heart!
Still one heavy heart beats true.

See! a rosebud on the pathway,
Fallen from her glittering hair.
It is his now, his forever!
She has many flowers as fair.
Hers a throne, true homage, splendor,
His a jester's cap and bells;
And of course his heart is merry,
Here 's the tale a rosebud tells.



"REFLECTIONS." BY DICKSON GREEN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, JR. (AGE 9)

(Honor Member)

IN days of chivalry, so I've been told,
All knights were gallant, kind, and bold;
But ladies, though ever so modest and sweet,
Made the bold knights kneel down at their feet.



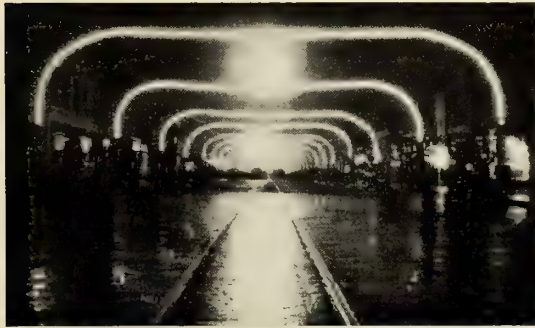
BY MILDRED H. GRAHAM, AGE 15.



BY HERBERT F. TRAUT, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARION W. DORSEY, AGE 13.



BY JOSEPH KISS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY M. BRUSH, AGE 13.



BY ANITA DELAFIELD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



BY ANNIE B. MALLET, AGE 14.



BY VIRGINIA P. BRADFIELD, AGE 14.

“REFLECTIONS.”

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY LYDIA SELDEN CHAPIN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

I WAS very small, and yet I felt awed and dazed. I did not quite understand it. My mother had taken me to the master's studio, had placed me high among a great

And every day after that, Mother would take me to the "wonderful place"—I still call it that—and set me high up among the cushions, high up in the sunlight, with my woolly dog. And then, one day, I did not go back any more, and a new little girl, sitting on a pile of cushions, clasping a little woolly dog, and smiling out of her golden frame, came to live in our parlor.



"REFLECTIONS." BY PAULL JACOB, AGE 17.

mass of silken cushions, had given me a little woolly dog to play with, and had told me to sit very, very still. Then she went off into another corner of the vast lighted room, and stood talking to the master, who began slapping at a large piece of canvas with long brushes such as I sometimes used to paint with in my picture books.

I began to inspect the wonderful vastness around me. Everywhere were great heaps of painted canvas and odd golden frames; on the walls hung tempting-looking pictures, tempting because children smiled out of them, smiled at me, and called me to them. They were all pretty children, little boys in rollicking sailor-suits, and little girls in bright-colored dresses; a few wore silks and satins, which I was sure must have been very uncomfortable when they wanted to play hide-and-seek. One of my pillows fell down; the master picked it up, and told me that I had been a very good little girl, that



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY SCHOFIELD HANDFORTH, AGE 14.

he had never known any one to sit quite so still before; then he went back to his strange occupation of painting in a very much glorified picture book. I wondered afterward why I had not told him about the children. Was I afraid of him? I never quite knew; the master was always a sort of strange and mystic being to me.

DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY MARTHA MEANS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

DREAMING, I watched the fire,
'T was red and yellow and blue;
I saw a black knight riding by,
'T was Richard—that I knew.

Then a lady in fine array,
With servants three she came;
Now a knight, with armor white,
To try with Richard for fame.

They came together with might,
'T was quite a serious bout;
Down went the knight in white,
But, alas, the fire went out!

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY HARRIET HENRY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

"Hi there! Git up!!" I start forward clumsily under the pain of the stinging lash, and the stupid driver jerks me back with brutal force. Oh, my heart is



"REFLECTIONS." BY WILLIAM L. CHAPMAN, AGE 13.

heavy these days. What with the cruelty of my master and the hard, hard work, my life is one weary round of misery. I think I would die if it were not for the pleasant memories of better days, which I so love to recall, and which blot out the dull agony of the present.

I like to dwell upon one May afternoon, ten years ago. I sped along a smooth, broad race-track while crowds on either side yelled loudly. A dapple filly was abreast of me and a big roan in front, while far behind, there straggled a half-dozen horses who were almost spent. I remember as if it were yesterday, Miss Constance leaning well over the rail with her head tilted

dubiously to one side and her pretty lips drooping at the corners. Did *she* doubt me? The thought gave me renewed vigor, and I shot forward, leaving the filly far in the rear. A great cheer rose from the crowd, and I overtook the roan. A moment later I crossed the line. All the men patted and praised me, and then Miss Constance came running up, and, standing on tiptoes, flung her arms around my neck.

"Dixie," she whispered, "Dixie, I 'm so proud of you!"

That was the happiest moment of my life.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY MARION MONROE, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

CHIVALRY

BY BEN SLEEPER (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

A QUEEN went forth to take the air
In garments rich, bejeweled, rare;
Her very shoes were 'broidered round
With pearls upon a golden ground.
In joyous mood she merry made
With all her brilliant cavalcade,
Who laughed at e'en the tiniest jest
The queen essayed (or tried their best).
But soon she stopped in dire dismay,
A filthy puddle barred her way;
She looked first at one satin shoe,
Then at the mud—what should she do?
She hesitated not for long;
From out the agitated throng
Stepped forth a youth of noble mien,
Who, bowing low before the queen,
His cloak of crimson velvet tossed
Into the mud. His monarch crossed.
Then, to complete the courtier's bliss,
Gave him her royal hand to kiss.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY EDITH TOWNSEND (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

My happiest memory is of Mother, when, on peaceful, tranquil evenings, after the romps and good times of the day are over, you climb into her lap, and entwine your arms around her neck; outside the wind blows little crystal snow-flakes against the window-panes, and the fire burns brightly. You feel so contented and you cuddle down, while she tells stories, or sings sweet songs of long ago.

Or when in the soft and balmy twilight of a summer evening you and Mother sit out on the porch, and listen to the crickets chirping, and the frogs talking to one another down in the swamp, until a sense of drowsiness steals over you, and you fall asleep. Per-

haps, better still, when you are older, and the bustle of the day has made you tired and cross, you go to her and put your head on her shoulder, and tell her all about the scrapes of school, of the losing of temper, or other trials that seem so great to you; then Mother seems to smooth out the snarls, and you are content.

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY KATHRYN HULBERT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

FIVE summers ago, Father rented a dear little cottage on the east side of Sebago Lake.

My favorite uncle and his family spent that summer with us, and we had the happiest of times together.

Our beach, long and smooth, was in a little cove, and we built a breakwater at the entrance, making our swimming-pool safe and quiet.

Our days began early and passed all too quickly, with the early morning strolls, the dip at eleven, the afternoon tramps, or quiet readings, and, best of all, the thrilling stories around the evening camp-fire.

Father and Mother often planned a picnic on Picture Rocks, rocks from which, tradition relates, Captain Frye, chased by Indians, leaped into the lake, sixty feet or more below, and swam over to the island which now bears his name. On these massive rocks are crude drawings of hideous Indians, canoes, signs, and a picture of Frye making his leap.

We always lighted the camp-fire early, so that evenings might be as long as possible; and as darkness came on, and the weird call of the loon came floating over the water, we gathered closer to the crackling logs, to listen to Uncle's always-anticipated story.

The stars peeped forth from the dark sky, the story closed, and later, long after the good nights had been said, we lay awake watching the red embers, which seemed like little dancing fairies with torches in their



"FREE!" BY WILLIAM MCK. MURRAY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

hands; and the fireflies, flitting past, flashed their tiny search-lights in reply.

Thus passed the summer, and with the fall, we turned our faces toward home and school, carrying with us the memory of a delightful vacation.

CHIVALRY

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

A PERFECTLY terribly rainy day,
 A little girl had come in to play
 With the little boy of the curly hair,
 Who snuggled up in the red plush chair.
 "Knight and lady," they planned their game,
 When another, almost a big boy, came.
 "Say, kid, you be the carpet-knight!"
 Quivering lips replied, "All right."—
 Poor little mite!

"Is n't that nice?" said the little girl,
 "I really wanted a great big earl;
 You can stay home and the coward be,
 And he 'll fight and kill you for love of me.
 The ink will do for a coward's gore,
 I 'll make a pool on the battle floor!"
 But, truly, it was an awful sight.
 "Oh, don't do that!" cried the carpet-knight,
 All in affront.

A terrified spring from the red plush chair,
 A push from the brave knight standing there,
 The craven fell in his pool of gore,
 And his mother stood in the open door.
 "Who made this ink-spot? You 'd better tell,
 I 'll get your mothers to spank you well,
 Or I will do it. Who caused this sight?"
 "I must not tell!" sobbed the carpet-knight—
 Chivalrous mite!

MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY CONSTANCE KILBORN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN spring is singing her joy in every tree, bush, and flower; when the sun filters through the green leaves, filling the woods with a strange glory, and I can wander



"FREE!" BY WALTER K. FRAME, AGE 16.

alone in their shelter, the dream pictures come, hazy, sweet, and far away.

I see a little old-fashioned English school-house where noisy, excited children are talking in little groups. Savory odors are floating from the kitchen as large hampers are packed with good things. Now many pairs

of little brown, bare feet are pattering down the gravelled driveway, and into the dusty road, sturdily climbing the steep mountain-side, and descending to the valley. A faint roar is heard, and the foaming, dashing, mountain torrent bursts into view, as, sparkling, it bounds to the valley below. There, hushed to whispered lullabies, it steals softly onward, amid the kisses of drooping ferns and gaily colored wild flowers.

See the little merrymakers, tired from their long walk, sporting in the cool waters with many childish screams of delight!

Oh, what a perfect work of Nature! this wild, secluded valley of the mountains, where the marring hand of man has not yet been; where the song of the bird mingles fearlessly with the gay laughter of little children, and the sun shines over all.

But now the dusk of evening is gathering, and twilight approaches, veiling in awful mystery these wonderful works of God. The little band is returning, with lagging steps and heavy heads; but soon kind hands have tucked them into little beds, and they are journeying into dreamland. The moon has risen, and sheds her pale glory over the sleeping earth. Peace reigns supreme.

The dream has flitted, and with a start my mind is brought back to earth and reality, for I am no longer a wee lass of six.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY MERRILL T. B. SPALDING (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE morning sun was rising on a day, long, long ago,
 When a knight upon his charger started out to fight the foe;
 He was clad from foot to helmet in a suit of armor bright,
 And as he left his castle's gate, his heart was gay and light.

A maiden fair, with golden hair, and wond'rous eyes of blue,
 Had given him that very morn her hand and heart so true;
 And as he rode along his way, beneath the azure sky,
 He thought of how he loved her—he would fight for love or die.

The sun was high in heaven on that day, long, long ago,
 When, with his band of followers, he marched against the foe.
 His look was stern and fearless as the enemy drew near,
 But his heart was warm and loving for the maid he held so dear.

The conflict raged, great blows were struck, and shields were split in twain,
 Both friend and foe alike did fight with all their might and main;
 But when the day was won, the victors' hearts were filled with grief,
 For among the dead and dying lay their brave and noble chief.

The silvery moon was shining on a bright and starry night,
 When by her dying lover knelt a maiden, clad in white;
 They interchanged a few sweet words, and then he softly sighed,
 He had kept full well his promise—he had fought for love and died.

IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY HOWARD BENNETT (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE brooklet laughed as it leaped along,
The castle frowned from its ramparts strong,
The robin caroled a joyous song,
In the days of chivalry.

The drawbridge fell and spanned the foss,
Two glittering horsemen rode across,
Each fiery steed gave its head a proud toss,
In the days of chivalry.

"My lord," said the younger knight, "I tire
Of the dull and harmless chase; I desire
To seek real adventure." For youth had its fire
In the days of chivalry.

"My son, I know full well how you yearn,
But, mayhap, if you go, you will never return."
For already the combat was grim and stern
In the days of chivalry.

"My father, the fairest maid in the land
Has smiled on me; for her sake I withstand
The fiercest dangers." For strong was the hand
In the days of chivalry.

The bowed old head did not gainsay;
The same human heart that rules to-day
Beat high, as the young man went his way
In the days of chivalry.

ONE OF MY HAPPIEST MEMORIES

BY ELSIE STEVENS (AGE 15)

So many beautiful memories crowd into my mind that it is difficult to determine which is best; but I think my happiest memories are those of little children.

None of us girls who have passed into our 'teens can turn back and be as we were seven years ago. We cannot lessen our height, shorten our dresses, or narrow our ideas to childish ones. But though we can never be children again, there is one thing which we may do, and that is, we may keep the heart of childhood, which may best be accomplished by bringing ourselves into close contact with those now in the midst of the land we have just left.

It is late afternoon. The rays of sunlight are streaming through the windows, lighting up a group of childish faces belonging to seven little people snuggled among the cushions of my window-seat. The faces are full of eagerness as they listen to a story which I am reading aloud. When I have finished, one little girl asks inquisitively, "But why?" How like myself, I think. I was the same inquisitive little body, always wanting to know the "whys" and "wherefores." And the primness of the child next to her, who casts a reproving glance at the interrupter—how she reminds me of Rose Mary, one of my early friends!

Perhaps I am speaking in too "grown-up" a manner, and talking as if childhood were a very distant past; but I think many girls try to appear very "young-lady-fied" and proper, and instead look very foolish and unnatural. I think that to have little ones about us is one of the best ways to make us realize that we are children still, for as I helped my little friends on with their wraps, kissed them good-by, and watched them go gaily down the street, I felt very near to the kingdom of childhood and the happy memories that dwell there.

CHIVALRY

BY FRANCES DUGGAR (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

LITTLE boy and little girl, on the grass at play,
And they hear the sound of dogs barking far away;
She is frightened, but he whispers, with his arms about
her neck,

"Do not cry, my sister dear, don't you know, while I am
here,

I won't let the bad dogs harm you,
I'll let nothing hurt nor harm you?"

Little girl and little boy, coming home at night,
And no silvery moon above them makes the pathway
bright;

She is frightened at the darkness, but he gently whis-
pers to her,

"Never fear, sister dear, don't you know, while I am
here,

I won't let the darkness harm you,
I'll let nothing hurt nor harm you?"

Many years have passed away,
They're no longer at their play;

But he still protects and shields her, still he proudly to
her says,

"Never fear, sister dear, don't you know, while I am
near,

Nothing shall disturb nor harm you,
I'll let nothing hurt nor harm you?"

CHIVALRY

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

NOT only when the trumpet's stirring sound
Shrilly proclaimed the opening tournament;
Not only when the victor, humbly bent,
Before his lady knelt, and there was crowned;
Not only when the knights of old renowned,
Arthur's companions, on their duty sent,
Rode far away, and helped where'er they went,—
Not only then may chivalry be found;

But now, whenever there is seen a man
Helping the weak as none but strong men can,
In quiet field, in busy, bustling mart;
Unstained in honor, speaking only truth—
Ah, where he stands, there is a knight in sooth;
True chivalry reigns ever in his heart.

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. (Unavoidably crowded out this month.)

PROSE, 1		
Hattie M. Wolke	Sophie E. Woods	Ruth Starr
Edith M. Levy	Norah Heney	Frances Weil
Dorothy H. DeWitt	Winifred Gaynor	Marion B. Reed
Charles R. G. Page	Elizabeth Macdonald	Julia M. Herget
Miette Brugnot	Helen Stearns	Elizabeth Boorum
Caroline C. Bedell	Dorothy H. Sutton	Fannie W. Butterfield
Elmer H. Van Fleet	Margaret Johnson	Sarah Sirit
Helen Casey	Elizabeth Boyd White	Howard Putzel
James Sheean	Marian Shaler	Minnie Gottlieb
Ruth B. Brewster	Helen A. Winans	Elsie Terhune
Amy C. Love	Robin Hood	Doris H. Voss
Rachel L. Field	Elsie Windsor	Mary E. Taggart
J. Marjorie Trotter	Dorothy M. Rogers	Isabel M. Cundill
Nathaniel Dorfman	Anna L. Porter	Jennie E. Everden
Emily S. Reed	John J. Hanighen, Jr.	Winifred M. Bateman
Alice M. Hamlet	Madeleine J.	Louise S. May
Elizabeth F. Bradbury	Greenbaum	Carolyn Weiss
Rebekah B. Hoffman	Cornelia S. Jackson	Mary Mason
	Dorothy May Owens	Alice Lee Tully
	Helen Bolles	Mary Dendy

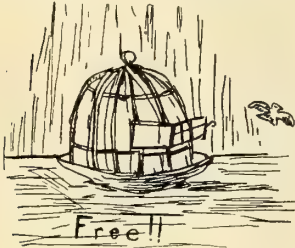
Frances Riker
Barclay V. Huiell
Dorothy J. Bogart
Mildred Thorp
Herbert Philippott
Anthony Fabbri
Katherine E. Read
Doris R. Wilder
Goldie Zucker
Lois Hopkins
Ethel M. Feuerlicht
Geo. F. Milliken, Jr.
Ethel London
Annabelle La Plant
Herbert Snider
Muriel W. Avery
Margaret C. Bland
Gertrude Thilly
Mary Van Fossen
Jane Coolidge
Margaret E. Beakes
Henry Wilson Hardy
Marie H. Wilson
Mary Nathan
Mildred Weissner
Mary Rhoades
Katharine McLain
Harold E. Newcomb
Lois Kellogg
Althea R. Kimberley
Florence L. Smith
Mildred A. Gutwillig
Naomi Lauchheimer
Emily M. Gile

VERSE, 1

Eleanor Johnson
Frederick H.
Strawbridge, Jr.
Irma A. Hill
Renée Geoffrion
Bernard J. Snyder
Vera F. Keevers
Henry M. Gardiner
Hazel Sawyer
Henry D. Costigan
Mildred W. Longstreth
Virginia Sledge

DRAWINGS, 1

Jack Hopkins
James Williamson
Marian E. Stearns



"FREE!" BY HELEN T. STEVENSON,
AGE 11.

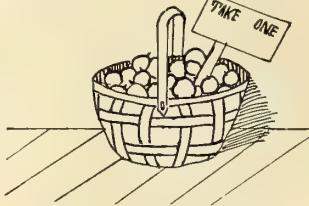
Genevieve K. Hamlin
Rosella M. Hartmann
Lily A. Lewis
Margaret Brate
Henrietta H. B.
Sturgis
Nellie L. Leach
Margaret Couty
S. Dorothy Bell
Dorothy Hughes
Marjorie Flack
Helen A. Baker
Gladys Cole
Gene Davis
Ellen W. Coates
Rebekah Howard
Margaret A. Foster

Agnes Abbot
Gustave Diechmann
Margery F. Morgan
Jessica H. Robinson
Lucy F. Rogers
Alice Carter
Marian Stabler
Harold Beck
George Bradley

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Jennie Hicks
Marian E. Taylor
Marjorie Beard
Bob Burgher
Mary H. S. Pittman
George Woodward, Jr.
Marion A. Reynolds
Elizabeth W. Pharo
Gordon Kent

Richard R. Haas
Mildred Wiley
W. Coburn Seward
Katherine L. Guy
Frances Scoville
Nellie Robinson
Nellie Melrose
Marjory F. Velie
Joseph M. Hayman
Allen Thomas
Charlotte M. White
Lavinia Sherman
Richard L. Bartlett
Mary P. Zesinger
Elsie Apel
Adele Noyes
Margery Andrews



"FREE!" BY RUTH BROWNE, AGE 11.

F. Cooley Eveleth
Emeline W. Kellogg
Harriot A. Parsons
Eleanor E. Barry
Gerald H. Loomis
Doris Buntun
Leopold A.
Camacho, Jr.
Dorothy Helmlie
Thomas C. Norcross
Eric H. Marks
Graham Mchaffey

PUZZLES, 1

Bessie T. Keene
Rebecca N. Vincent
Olga M. Griffin
Angeline Bennett
Calista P. Eliot
Lucile Robertson
Helen Briggs
Gilbert Templeton
Jessica B. Noble
Helen L. Beach
Gladys H. Pew
Fannie Ruley
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Eugene Scott
Alan Dudley Bush
Miriam Loring
Guy R. Turner
Norval D. Marbaker
Marjorie M. Carroll
H. K. Luce
Theresa W. Neuberger
Janet Putnam
Virginia M. Bliss
Arnold G. Cameron
Elizabeth Guerin

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

LATE. Clarice French, Annie H. Parrott, Lillie G. Menary, Hester D. Nott, Audrey M. Cooper, Elsa Clark, Donald Friede, Doris Longton, Beryl H. Margetson, Katharine H. Seligman, Marjorie Seligman, Hester Raven Hart, Dora Guy, Margherita Auteri, Loyala B. Lee, Elizabeth Martindale, Heather F. Burbury, Eleanor King Newell, Olive M. Kimbell, Charles P. Newton, Margaret Barcalo, Margaret Polhamus, Dorothy Smith, Elizabeth Dudley, Hester M. Dicksy, Edith Rice, Russell Hendee, Dora E. Bailey, Lucille Wardner, Ethel W. Kidder, Phyllis Coate, Mabel Patterson, Lillian Patterson, Claude Pelly, Antonia Schwab.

NOT INDORSED. Lucius H. Barbour, Julian Ross, Elizabeth Williams, Eleanor Fish, Elizabeth Robinson, Dorothy Phillips, Chas. Podaski, Emily Goltzmann, Erma Sheridan, Caroline de Windt, Maurice Irons, Dorothy Barnard, Eliot G. Hall, Elizabeth Waddell, Laurens Williams, Georgina Yeatman, Horace Yeomans, Wyllys K.

Ambler, John W. Cloghorn, Jr., Gordon Lane, W. Irving Harris, Simon Sneller.

NO AGE. Daniel B. Bencotter, James O'Brien, Alice Wilkins, Alice B. Young, James Lacey, Doris I. Knight, Adelaide C. Hibbard.

INCOMPLETE ADDRESS GIVEN. Lucile Luttrell, Howard Johnson, Reynolds S. Judah, Charles Judah, Jr., Phoebe Harris, Clement H. Watson, Jeanette Hecht.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Lillia Lyman, Alberta Burton.

IN PENCIL. Herman F. Blumenthal, Dorothy R. Oppenheim, Charles Churchill, Marion Isenman, Cecile E. Latrielle, Gretchen Rand, Grace M. Finch, Marcia F. Schenck.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 153

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 153 will close July 10 (for foreign members July 15). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Sentinel," or "On Guard."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Hero (or Heroine) in History—and Why."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Frolic," or "Frolicsome."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "On the Square," or a Heading for November.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,

Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



BOOKS FOR USE

DURING the summer many of us live in a world we know precious little about—the world of out-of-doors. It is a world that begins right at our door-step and continues on through space to the uttermost star, to the heart of the untracked forest or unclimbed mountain, or down to the depths of the ocean. It is a world of marvels, of strange transformations and thrilling adventures, beside which the world of fairy tale or fancied adventure looks dim and tame.

THE TIME WE WASTE

Now we do not take a tithe of the trouble to become familiar with this world at our door that we take to pore over scenes and adventures as well known to us as breakfast and supper. For one book we read that tells us something new and true of the woods, and fields, and the creatures that live there, we race through a hundred that repeat for us the story of some boys or girls living just about the lives we are ourselves living. The former books would give us accurate infor-

mation, and make us free of nature's lore. The latter only repeat what we already know.

It certainly seems a waste of time, and time is too wonderful to waste. We only have just so much of it, you know. We can't borrow it, or buy it, or save it; we can only use it. It is here, and then it is gone! And while it is here, we ought to get the best we can out of it.

SUMMER COLLECTIONS

MANY boys and girls love to make collections, and summer is the time to make most of those that are especially interesting and valuable. A collection of specimens that you have yourself found, or captured, and preserved, will teach you a quantity of things you could hardly learn in any other way, and help you, also, to be alert and quick of hand and eye.

A BOY FRIEND'S HOBBY

ONE boy I know has been greatly interested this winter in the magnificent collections of moths and butterflies to be seen in the Museum of Natural History at New York. As soon as school is over, he is going straight to the country, and he intends making as perfect a collection as possible of the moths and butterflies of the particular section where he is to be. The other day he asked me whether I could tell him some book that he could get which would not be too technical or difficult, but which would give him the assistance he required.

I remembered that I had found just what he wanted in two books by W. J. Holland, "The Moth Book" and "The Butterfly Book," two volumes written to meet the young collector's needs. They are not too big or "deep," and they tell in a most interesting way about the common moths and butterflies of America, as well as some of the rarer ones. There are numerous illustrations, and a vast lot of information concerning the development and life history of these lovely insects, the harm some of them do in their different forms, and just how best to capture them and mount them. In fact, if you have the least interest in this subject, you will be hugely pleased with these books.

Perhaps you are more curious about other insects, beetles, dragon-flies, or what-not? If so, get Leland O. Howard's "Insect Book." The field is broader, and you will be astonished at the won-

derful life histories recited. Insects are amazing creatures! Every pair of bright wings, or each tiny hum that attracts your attention during a summer day, has a past that is well worth the knowing.

Another entrancing book of the same character (although the subject must be studied by observing instead of by collecting) is Dugmore's "Bird Homes." It tells a host of facts concerning the birds and their young, and many charming anecdotes from personal observation. The pictures alone are a treat, showing the many varieties of nests and clay houses, and revealing the skill and care of the small builders, and how they adapt themselves to circumstances and make use of unusual materials. You will watch them at their work with double your present interest after reading this book, and you will learn how to discover nests and know the birds, besides telling one sort of "home" from another as soon as you see it.

In spring the first thing we hear that tells us winter is really over is the singing, or piping, of the frogs at evening.

But frogs do many things besides welcome in the spring, and you can find out all about them in Mary C. Dickerson's "Frog Book." You will like this book. Another, well worth while and delightfully written, is Ditmar's "Reptile Book." You cannot begin to guess how extraordinary reptiles are until you study them and try to watch them for yourself. Mr. Ditmar tells you, in the most entertaining way, of their habits and tricks and changes; also you learn how useful many of them are, especially some of the harmless snakes from which you want to run away. There are good and bad reptiles, in fact, as there are of other things, and you will be interested to learn to know them apart.

If you are fond of fishing (and what boy is n't, not to speak of the girls), you will enjoy the book by Jordan and Evermann on "American Food and Game Fishes." It tells you all about the fish you catch or hope to catch, as well as about those that are too rare or too far off for you to try for. You will also learn of the habits of the fish and where they are likely to be found, and of the many ways in use in catching them.

Speaking of fish makes one think of aquariums. This is a form of collecting that is especially satisfactory, since the specimens are all alive. There are many books on how to form an aquarium, that by Eugene Smith, "The Home Aquarium," being one of the best. Mr. Smith gives you all the information you need concerning a fresh-water collection, where to get your specimens of plant and animal life, how to care

for them and feed them, and how to make the aquarium itself. He tells, too, which of the little creatures get on best together, and which plants will look loveliest in the variously sized boxes.

NOT TO BE READ LIKE STORIES

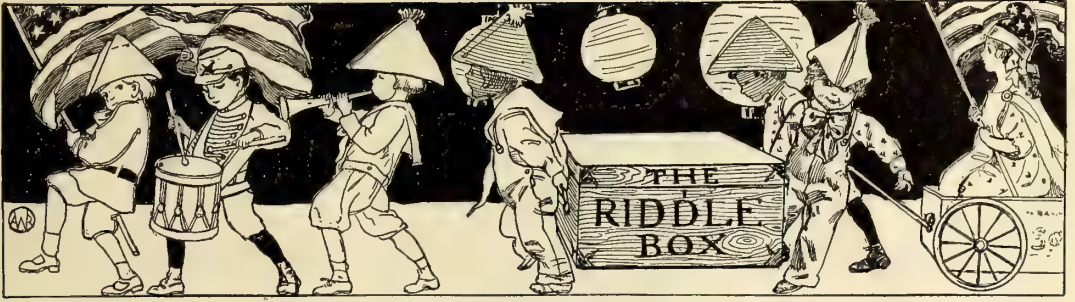
OF course none of you want to read a book like those I have been talking of straight through from cover to cover as though it were a story. Some portions are to be read that way, but there are parts to which you will want to refer as occasion calls, such as the descriptions of specimens, the classifications, and scientific data. How to use a book is almost as important a thing to know as what books to get. Some books are to be read through once, some many times, and others should be kept on hand to turn to, like dictionaries, not of words, but of things.

DON'T DROP THE OLD SUBJECT

If you decide to take up a new subject each summer, don't on that account entirely drop the old one. Have that in the background, as it were, but still be alert for fresh information upon it, for new specimens, even though the greater part of your activity is given to the new thing. If it was butterflies last year, be on the lookout for any that are new to you, even while you are perhaps collecting wild flowers or mosses or rocks or shells this year.

And don't think you will have to give up your play for this sort of work. In the first place, you are likely to find it the best of fun, and in the second you will have many a summer hour when you will be glad to have such an interest to fall back on. To discover a rare wild flower or shell, a new bird or butterfly, or to observe some fresh fact concerning an insect or an animal you already know, adds a marvelous zest to a country walk. And you will be a better camper and woodsman for each newly learned fact that has to do with nature. What you learn for yourself will stick to you. If you have a reliable book to fall back on, you won't make costly mistakes; and the summer will be richer for every secret of hers you discover.

The more interests you have in life, the more interesting life is going to be to you. If you can't play tennis because it rains, and you spend the afternoon grouching, you have really wasted your time. If you have turned joyously to doing something else, if you have a new specimen to mount or a plant or bird to study up, you never miss the tennis, and your day has been a success. Remember, there is n't just one thing, there are a hundred waiting for you to be interested in and to accomplish.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

CHARADE. Antarctic.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC OF CONCEALED NAMES. Andrew Jackson. Cross-words: 1. Adeline. 2. Nettie. 3. Doris. 4. Rose. 5. Eleanor. 6. Winifred. 7. Josephine. 8. Alice. 9. Carol. 10. Kate. 11. Sarah. 12. Olga. 13. Nelly.

KING'S MOVE FLORAL PUZZLE. 1. Rose. 2. Orchid. 3. Dahlia. 4. Daisy. 5. Crocus. 6. Carnation. 7. Begonia. 8. Tulip. 9. Violet. 10. Poppy. 11. Pansy. Order of the moves: 46-38-29-30-37-28-36-35-44-53-45-52-61-54-63-62-55-64-56-47-40-48-39-31-32-24-23-22-13-14-15-8-16-7-6-5-12-21-20-11-4-3-10-1-2-9-18-25-17-26-19-27-34-33-42-41-50-43-51-60-59-58-49-57.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND QUADRUPLE CURTAILINGS. Merchant of Venice. 1. Ele-men-tary. 2. Inc-end-iary. 3. Qua-ran-tine. 4.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 10 from "Dixie Slope"—William T. Fickinger—Claire A. Hepner—Theodore H. Ames.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 10 from Frank Black, 8—Ralph P. Barnard, 8—Judith Ames Marsland, 8—Isabelle M. Craig, 7—Thankful Bickmore, 7—Florence S. Carter, 7—Gladys S. Conrad, 6—Margaret B. Silver, 6—Kathryn Lyman, 5—Harmon B., James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 5—Guy R. Turner, 5—Henry Seligsohn, 4—Helen Wightman, 3—Gordon Pyle, 3—Elsa Roeder, 2—Eva Garson, 1—Mary Fought, 1—Douglass Robinson, 1.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

REARRANGE the letters in each of the following phrases to spell the names of countries. When arranged in the order given, the primals will spell the motto of one of the countries named.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Lend nag. 2. Rise pa. 3. Bar a lord. 4. Ted sat in suet. 5. O aim a run. 6. Lay it. 7. Big ~~fox~~ ^{is}. 8. A ~~ay~~ ^ury. 9. Save R. I. 10. Ties Ted's aunt. 11. Any ~~ow~~ ^{is}. 12. I eat students. 13. No coma. LAUREN'S ~~AM~~ ^{TOM} (page 11).

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS



- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scent. 2. Depressed. 3. Proceeding from the sun. 4. A large kettle. 5. An ancient Persian coin. 6. A fabulous bird. 7. In scent.
- II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scent. 2. A clique. 3. Place, or room. 4. Small steel instruments. 5. A claw. 6. A beast's dwelling. 7. In scent.
- III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In scent. 2. A small ani-

- Pro-cur-ator. 5. Mat-hem-atic. 6. Man-age-ment. 7. Sig-nat-ures. 8. Per-tin-ence. 9. Hyp-ode-rmic. 10. Per-fo-ated. 11. Cur-vat-ures. 12. Lib-era-lize. 13. Pho-not-ypic. 14. Vac-ill-ates. 15. Pre-car-ious. 16. Sov-ere-igns.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Bobolink.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Robert Browning. 1. Bore, robe. 2. Rove, over. 3. Bare, bear. 4. Seat, east. 5. Pore, rope. 6. Late, tale. 7. Garb, brag. 8. Dire, ride. 9. Does, odes. 10. Paws, wasp. 11. Paue, nape. 12. Sill, ills. 13. Tone, note. 14. Flog, golf.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. i. Haste. 2. Alpha. 3. Sprig. 4. Thine. 5. Eager. II. i. G. 2. Dry. 3. Great. 4. Yak. 5. T. III. i. Motor. 2. Olive. 3. Tires. 4. Overt. 5. Rests. IV. i. G. 2. Cup. 3. Guilt. 4. Ply. 5. T. V. i. T. 2. Era. 3. Traps. 4. Ape. 5. S. VI. i. S. 2. Ace. 3. Scare. 4. Ere. 5. E. VII. i. Estop. 2. Serve. 3. Tries. 4. Overt. 5. Pests. VIII. i. S. 2. Spa. 3. Spade. 4. Add. 5. E. IX. i. Clear. 2. Leave. 3. Eaten. 4. Avert. 5. Rents.

- mal. 3. Quoted. 4. Native characters. 5. Concise. 6. An English river. 7. In scent.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scent. 2. A snare. 3. A wanderer. 4. The goddess of vengeance. 5. Savor. 6. A metallic cutting stamp. 7. In scent.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In scent. 2. An age. 3. Applause. 4. To entreat. 5. Mother-of-pearl. 6. A bond. 7. In scent.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (age 15), Honor Member.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag through the first and second columns will spell the name of a famous ship, and through the third and fourth columns its popular title.

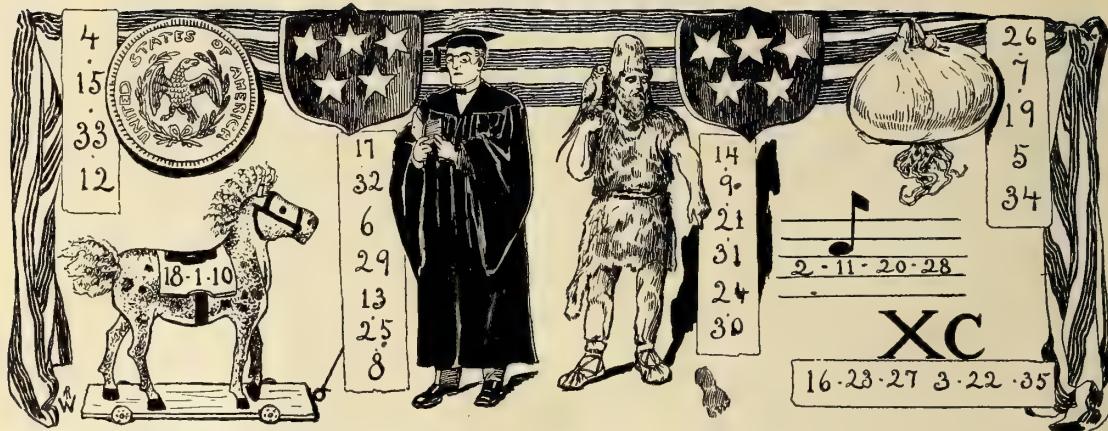
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Harvest. 2. To lose heat. 3. Knob. 4. The birthplace, in 1749, of an Italian dramatist. 5. To fatigue. 6. A dog's name. 7. A melody. 8. Quibbles. 9. Labor. 10. Fastened. 11. To yield submission to. 12. Small insects.

JOHN M. KLEBERG (age 12).

FRACTIONAL CAPITALS

TAKE 1/5 of the capital of California, 1/7 of the capital of Arizona, 1/6 of the capital of Louisiana, 1/7 of the capital of Washington, 2/5 of the capital of Oregon, 1/6 of the capital of Colorado, 1/8 of the capital of Wyoming, and make the capital of another State.

S. H. ORDWAY, JR. (age 11), League Member.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-five letters, is a quotation from Daniel Webster. W. V.

MUSICAL ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

*	35	62	4	20	40	65
60	*	29	55	66	11	48
52	14	*	41	39	7	22
33	56	49	*	9	18	68
63	15	38	17	*	57	3
27	8	25	47	31	*	24
55	12	6	23	45	5	*
67	53	30	13	2	*	36
51	21	46	1	*	44	59
47	16	71	*	26	70	64
69	34	*	32	37	50	43
42	*	54	10	19	57	20
*	61	38	28	58	44	68

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag of stars will spell the name of a famous composer, and the numbers from 1 to 11, 12 to 17, 18 to 26, 27 to 30, 31 to 37, 38 to 48, 49 to 54, 55 to 63, and 64 to 71, the names of nine of his works.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One of the United States. 2. A maker or solver of puzzles. 3. Rare. 4. A companion. 5. Prominent. 6. To try. 7. To mature. 8. A color. 9. A South American country. 10. A legal term meaning to invest with a fee. 11. A masculine name. 12. Idolizing. 13. Unlawful.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 13).

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 primals will spell the title and surname of one man, and the finals the full name of another, each of whom perished for his country in the American Revolution.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The ocean. 2. A continent. 3. To joke. 4. A solemn affirmation. 5. The title given to some princes in India. 6. A river of England. 7. A biblical character. 8. A feminine name. 9. Used in fishing. 10. A city in Pennsylvania.

HELEN A. MOULTON (age 15).

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD

(One word is concealed in each couplet)

Just see them coming down the street,
With such a span I can't be beat.

I am not able to aver
That this or that one I prefer.

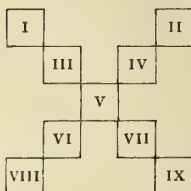
No, madam, I should hardly dare
To let you drive them to the fair.

In vain an early start we plan,
Where shall we find our missing man?

I have no fear, for all concede
So fine a span is sure to lead.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

CONNECTED CENTRAL ACROSTIC



THIS puzzle consists of nine groups of five-letter words. When the words described are correctly guessed and arranged as indicated in the diagram, the first letter of one group of words will be the same as the last letter of the adjoining group of words, and the central letters of the nine groups, reading downward, will spell the names of nine of the men who designed a famous document.

I. 1. A tenet. 2. A musical drama. 3. To scorch. 4. Unearthly. 5. A country.

II. 1. A nut. 2. Second of two. 3. The understanding. 4. Obtained from trees. 5. A place of contest.

III. 1. Designated hours. 2. Sarcasm. 3. To supply with strength. 4. Little women. 5. Attempted. 6. A kind of match.

IV. 1. A country. 2. To languish. 3. To evade. 4. A Roman garment. 5. The sea. 6. Less moist.

V. 1. A Jewish vestment. 2. Low carts. 3. A western farm. 4. Steps. 5. A phantom. 6. To entice into a snare. 7. Seizes.

VI. 1. The path of a planet. 2. A tilting match. 3. A measure of length. 4. Briny. 5. Avarice. 6. Kinds.

VII. 1. Meaning. 2. To lay out. 3. Short visits. 4. Coverings. 5. To call forth. 6. Strings.

VIII. 1. Heavy cords. 2. A kind of vehicle. 3. To combine. 4. A doctrine. 5. A game.

IX. 1. To discolor. 2. A kind of tree. 3. A jewel. 4. A wanderer. 5. To come forth.

EDITH PIERRONT STICKNEY (age 13), Honor Member.



All rights secured.

the boys and girls

KODAK

For to all the good times on the farm, at the lake or in the parks is added the pleasure of taking pictures. Then when summer days are over you have a really, truly picture story all your own about your friends, the places you saw and the things you did.

KODAKS from \$5.00 up.

BROWNIE CAMERAS (they work like Kodaks), \$1.00 to \$12.00.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Catalogue free at your
dealers or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



“The Man of It.”

“Talk about housekeeping being hard! Wish I never had anything harder to do than this getting my own meals for a day or two while Helen’s away.”

Poor man! He does n’t realize that “Helen” planned everything for him, and that the Jell-O dessert he is making is the only dessert which inexperienced man could make. Suppose he had to cook on a hot stove in hot weather!

JELL-O

desserts do not have to be cooked and anybody can make them. For this reason and because they are exquisitely flavored and delightfully cool and satisfying, they are the best possible desserts for summer.

They hit that spot in the summer appetite that nothing else ever touches.

There are seven flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each 10 cents a package at any grocer’s.

The splendid recipe book, “DESSERTS OF THE WORLD,” illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it is n’t there, it is n’t JELL-O.



Time to hand in answers is up July 10. Prize-winners announced in September number.

The Judges of the competitions do not believe that all ST. NICHOLAS readers appreciate how much information is contained in the advertising pages of the magazine, nor realize how many topics and subjects of interest are naturally suggested to an attentive reader who will read these pages with the desire to gain all the benefit they may afford.

Consequently, for this month's competition, the Judges have had prepared a set of questions which can be very readily answered by one who will examine carefully the advertisements which appear in the June issue. In trying to answer these questions, however, you may, if you choose, use your general knowledge, or may refer to books for information, since the answers need not be confined to the exact statements made in the advertisements. The object of the questions is to show that the interest of any intelligent person is justified by the information gleaned from reading the advertisements.

1. Where does rubber come from? Mention one or two countries that supply it.
2. What soap claims to be made from edible products?
3. What may you conclude from bacon's having a thin rind?
4. What is a "sampan," and in what part of the world is it used?
5. What is the name of the official entrance to Yellowstone Park?
6. In advertising "Domino" sugar, there is shown a little girl from whose neck hangs a mask. Why is the mask appropriately used in that advertisement?
7. Why is maize called "Indian corn"? What is the older use of the word "corn"?
8. An advertisement speaks of the Seven Wonders of the World. Mention the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, and then give an opinion as to what seven should be named in the Modern World.
9. How much water goes over Niagara Falls every minute? Put the answer in gallons.
10. What is a "Sheltie," and why is it so called?
11. In an advertisement of a shoe, it is said that the foot structure is "bene-fitted." Why is this word so printed?
12. In an advertisement of a steamship line is mentioned "a quick and attractive route to the Antipodes." Who are the Antipodes for us in America?

13. Another advertisement speaks of a "jacket party." How many different kinds of jacket can you describe? Show the connection between them.

14. In an advertisement of a germicide it is said: "To-day every disease-germ lives in mortal fear of Dioxogen." Criticize this statement, and, if you disapprove, tell how you would put the idea.

15. In an advertisement of stockings are pictures of Father Time. Why is he always represented with a lock of hair remaining above the forehead? What mistake did *Amy March* make about this?

16. In an advertisement of a perfume ("Florida Water") is represented a fountain upon the label. Tell why this suggests the "fountain of youth." What is there about this to suggest Easter Day?

17. Who was "La Belle Chocolatière"?

In answering these questions, the Judges do not insist upon any form of answer. They wish you to write out your ideas of what will explain the questions, and what the questions suggest to you. The prizes will be awarded for the *most interesting* answers, and will go rather to those who make good answers than to those who simply give the plainest answers possible. The object of the competition is to show what is brought up in your mind by the advertisements.

The prizes are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the one who submits the best answers.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to those who submit the next best answers.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to those who submit the next best answers.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to those who submit the next best answers.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (127).

3. Submit answers by July 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 127, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 14.)



"HIGH AS THE ALPS
IN QUALITY"

"I'm So Hungry!"

That's the cry all summer long.

Men, women and children are bathing in the surf—or sailing and motoring all day—or tramping over the hills.

Peter's Milk Chocolate

is what you want.

It is the food and candy combined, very nourishing and delicious—pure and wholesome. Does not create thirst. Don't try to satisfy your craving for food by eating all kinds of sweets—stick to Peter's, and keep in good condition all the year 'round.

*You never grow tired
of Peter's*

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 125

It was very interesting to see all of the various ideas which you boys and girls produced for Competition No. 125.

You know the Judges have always claimed that the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are the brightest, quickest thinkers of any magazine readers, and in your advertising work you always come up to expectations. This time you had a difficult competition to solve, because we gave you the outline of a figure which you were to complete and make your advertisement fit in. A great many of you were careless in working out your suggestions and, of course, you did not get much consideration from the Judges.

Here is another thing we have noticed. A great many advertisers claim that while the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are bright and well able to appreciate the many things that are advertised in its pages, still they do not buy the things which are advertised. Many of them have made tests in their advertisements to see just how many of you are interested in what they have to sell and have tried very hard to get you to write them. You know we must all stand by the advertisers who patronize ST. NICHOLAS because they are your friends as well as ours. They believe it is well worth their while to get you as much interested in what they have

to sell as it is for them to interest your father and mother; so whenever you get a chance to say a good word for the ST. NICHOLAS advertisers or buy what they advertise in our magazine, just do it, because you will know you are getting the best goods that can be bought and that you are securing the personal service of the manufacturer himself.

The advertisements this month which are entitled to prizes according to the rules in the competition were submitted by the following:

One First Prize, \$5.00 :

Ruth Emily Mann, age 14, Illinois

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each :

Cornelia Elliott Divine, age 13, Idaho
Margaret Conty, age 16, New York

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each :

Alex Schrier, age 15, New York
E. Leighton Doty, age 16, Massachusetts
Lois FitzGerald, age 18, New Jersey

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each :

Vera M. Monteagle, age 13, Massachusetts
Cleo Damianakes, age 17, California
A. Jere Norton, age 12, Massachusetts
Olga B. Olson, age 16, Massachusetts
Helen H. Hyde, age 15, Illinois
Lillian G. Olson, age 13, Massachusetts
Anna Dickenson, age 15, Ohio
Dorothy Pickhardt, age 14, New York
Spencer Myers, age 17, Pennsylvania
Louis L. De Hart, age 16, New Jersey

Honorable Mention :

Marjorie Berdan, age 13, New Jersey
Edith Armstrong, age 14, New York
Harry R. Till, age 16, Pennsylvania
Henry I. Pieper, age 15, New York

(See also page 12)

The "Good Old Bicycle Days"

Making a Bicycle Tire—Fourth Article

By Harry Davis

WELL, boys and girls, are you ready to continue our trip? Remember where you were when I left you last month? In the middle of one of the United States Tire Company's busy factories, weren't you? I'm sure you haven't forgotten any of the many facts you learned about the making of a bicycle tire.

When my article closed you had reached the compounding machine. I told you that compounding meant simply mixing rubber gum with mineral substances to give tires strength and wearing qualities which pure rubber does not possess.

In its present form the rubber, which we have been watching the workmen prepare, looks like a great mass of bread dough, but it is considerably darker in color. Now, we'll continue on through the factory and see what is done with it after it is taken from the compounding machines.

First of all the rubber must be flattened out into thin sheets. This is done between heavy rollers which are kept warm. After these sheets have been rolled out the stock is ready for the frictioning process. I will explain to you what this means.

Chances are that right here you are going to make an interesting discovery. Notice those big rolls of white cloth on that machine over there? Well, that cloth plays a most important part in the manufacture of tires. I want you to pay particular attention to it. Examine it closely. Notice the weave. Here, take a piece of it from the scrap-pile and try to tear it. Strong, isn't it? Looks as though it ought to turn buck-shot, doesn't it?

This cloth, known as fabric, is woven from the highest grade of long-fibre Sea Island cotton and is really the foundation of a tire. It contributes strength, helps to prevent punctures and gives your tires their shape. But before it can be used it must be "frictioned," and now we come to this important step.

Don't allow yourself to be confused by the word itself, for the process is simple enough.

The object desired is to give the fabric a coating of rubber. Not only this, but the rubber must be forced into the cloth and around the threads so that when the tire is finished it will be waterproof, and have sufficient spring and give to pass over bumps in the road without giving you a jolt or damaging the tire.

Watch how this work is done. You can get a good idea of it from the picture in this article.

A sheet of fabric and a sheet of rubber are passed between heavy rollers under great pressure and the rubber is squeezed between the threads of the cloth. Leaving this machine we have "frictioned fabric." And that is all there is to the frictioning process.

We now have a big roll of fabric which has been given its rubber coating, and we will follow it to the cutting room. Here it is placed in a big machine and we see it fed through automatically, and cut into strips about four inches wide, on the "bias."

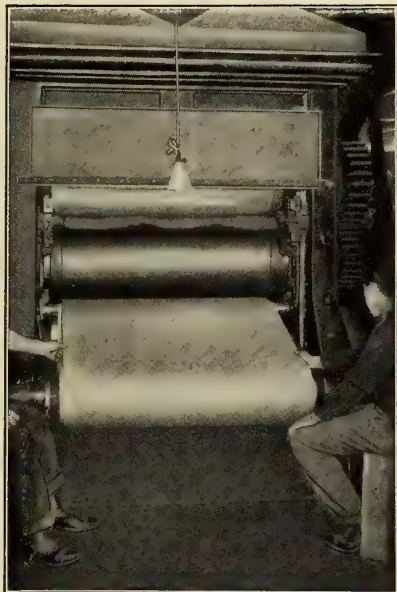
Ask your mother how dress-goods is cut on the bias. She can give you a very good idea of the shape of these strips of frictioned fabric when they come from the cutting machine.

As each strip comes from the machine it is taken up by a workman and placed in what is called a book. The back of this book is a board and the pages are formed by nailing one edge of plies of canvas to this board. The fabric is placed in here to keep it clean while it is being taken to the tire builders.

Everything is now ready for the actual putting together of a tire, so we will devote our attention to the builders. The tire we will watch them make is one of the single-tube variety, in which the tube, instead of being separate, is built into the tire. In this factory alone 58,000 such tires are turned out every month—696,000 tires a year. And the United States Tire Company has another big factory with an equally great output. This doesn't sound much as though the bicycle is a back number, does it?

In my next article I'll give you the final details in the manufacture of a tire. Perhaps when the article appears you'll be on your Summer vacation. If you are, arrange to have the magazine sent to you.

Maybe you'd like to know how your father's automobile tires are made. If you would, drop me a line. You can reach me at the United States Tire Company's general offices, Broadway at 58th St., New York.



Frictioning the Fabric

St. Nicholas Pet Department

Announcements of reliable advertisers only are accepted. The Department will gladly give advice to all those interested in pets. Address "PET DEPARTMENT," St. Nicholas, Union Square, New York.



Delight the children with a Shetland Pony

—an unceasing source of pleasure, a safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and robust. Inexpensive to buy and keep. Highest types here. Complete outfits. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalogue.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Box 9 Markham, Va.



WHITE SCOTCH COLLIES

EVERY American Boy should begin his vacation with a White Scotch Collie for a partner. Collies are brave, kind, gentle, graceful, active, enduring, hardy, and intelligent. Ideal for camp, city, suburb, or country. Ours are country raised (on an island), healthy, pedigree stock, and do not require artificial heat in the coldest weather. Will have some beauties to ship when school closes, and can send anywhere in North America. A pair will raise \$150.00 worth of puppies a year. No boy has had his full rights unless he has owned a good dog. Prices cheap. Order early.

Island White Scotch Collie Farms, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

PURE SHETLAND PONIES

of high class and good disposition for sale. Send a two-cent stamp for illustrations to

E. L. ANDREWS' SONS
Sta. B. Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

SHETLAND PONIES

Make Childhood Memorable



Fun, fresh air, and splendid training for mind and body go with a "Sheltie." Give your child this best and jolliest of childhood-comrades. We breed and train superb Shetland Ponies, 300 in our herd. Write for free Price List. "Pony Fairyland," a great book, sent for 6c to cover postage.

DUNLAP PONY CO.
20 Spring St., Greenfield, Ohio

A Shetland Pony

will do more good and give greater pleasure to children all the year round than any other investment of same amount.

Get a colt to raise, or buy a mature, well-trained pony. Costs very little to keep them. We guarantee satisfaction. Send for Sales List.

Stanley C. Dunning,
385 Putnam Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Refer to Harvard Trust Company, Cambridge



Breeders of
Pure
Shetland
Ponies

SUNNYSIDE

SHETLAND PONY FARM

Beautiful and intelligent little pets for children constantly on hand and for sale. Correspondence solicited. Write for handsomely illustrated pony catalogue to

MILNE BROS.
617 Eighth Street Monmouth, Ill.



ST. Nicholas appeals to the spirit of perpetual youth in fathers and mothers as well as in the younger ones. They all put their heads together in mutual enjoyment of its sparkling pages. In fact, St. Nicholas is always one of the family. Wise advertisers are sending their messages into the hearts of these families.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.



OLD COLONY
PATTERN



"Silver Plate
that Wears"

Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

Send for
catalogue "U-5."



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum

Strong in flavor, but
not offensive.

A delicate morsel, re-
freshing the mouth
and throat and allay-
ing after-dinner or
after-smoking dis-
tress. The refinement
of chewing gum for
people of refinement. It's
the peppermint—the *true*
mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the
packages. You can secure a
beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,
10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET
COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



Since 1857
**BORDEN'S
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK**

Has been the
Leading Brand
for Nursery and
Household Use



**BORDEN'S
Condensed
Milk Co.
New York**

Send for Recipe Book
Send for Baby's Book

"LEADERS OF QUALITY"

STAMP PAGE

ing the French influence. We have also a new "liberty" set from Nicaragua. This is the work of Waterlow & Sons, and is an attractive-looking stamp,



NEW ISSUES OF MONACO, PORTUGAL, AND NICARAGUA.

dated 1911. The five and twenty-five are in two colors, the others in one. We understand that the higher values will be of different design, and in two colors.

After a series of surcharges to use up the old stock of stamps on hand, the new republic of Portugal issues its first stamps. These are in solid color, like the Swiss. They bear the portrait of a peasant woman crowned with the Phrygian cap of liberty, in one hand a sickle, and in the other a sheaf of grain. This issue marks not only a change in stamps, but in currency as well. The milreis now becomes the escudo, and the reis is changed to centavo. The new centavo is equal in value to ten reis, while 100 centavos make the escudo.

No longer does the portrait of Leopold—"with his long gray beard and glittering eye"—adorn the stamps of Belgium. A new set is issued, the one-centime being orange and bearing a large figure one in a square label surrounded by an ornamental back-



NEW ISSUES OF ARGENTINA, INDIA, AND JAMAICA.

This time it is a three-penny stamp, brown on yellow. The stamp is very similar in design to the two-penny gray.

Liechtenstein has joined the ranks of stamp-issuing countries with a series of three stamps. Where is Liechtenstein? It is a small country, covering about sixty-five square miles, bounded by the River Rhine, Austria, and Switzerland, and having a population of approximately 10,000. Its first stamp issue is in proportion to the size of the country—only three stamps, 5, 10, and 25 heller (equal to about 1, 2, and 5 cents), so that all who read this page may easily acquire a complete collection of the



stamps of Liechtenstein. Almost everything in Liechtenstein shows the influence of Austria, and so it is but natural that these new stamps should resemble the Austrian issue. They bear, however, the portrait of Prince Johann II, and in the upper right corner the arms of the principality. Hitherto this country used Austrian stamps, which will not necessarily be superseded by the local issue. Either set can be used.

Another little country, Monaco, gives us a new issue of stamps. By the way, this name is pronounced Mon-a-co, and not Mo-na-co, as one sometimes hears it. Here the currency is centimes, show-



ground. The five-centimes shows the Belgian lion, and the higher values bear a full-face portrait of King Albert. All have the Sunday coupon as before.

The new United States stamps are out, and already several of the readers of the Stamp Page have sent in queries concerning them. The one-cent now has the head of Washington instead of Franklin, and the value in the lower label is changed from "one cent" to "1 cent 1." The two-cent has a similar change in value. The three-, four-, five-, and six-cent are not changed. The higher values now have the head of Franklin. The only marked change in color is in the fifteen-cent, which now is gray. The Post-office Department has also authorized the printing of a special series of stamps in commemoration of the opening of the Panama Canal, and the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915. There will probably be four values in the series.

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR AUGUST, 1912.

	Page
Frontispiece. "Gathering Wild Asters." From a painting by Charles C. Curran.	
The Crew of the "Eskimo." Story..... Thomas Hollis.....	867
Illustrated by I. W. Taber.	
A Summer Fancy. Picture. Drawn by C. F. Lester.....	873
Fairy-time. Verse..... Frances W. Marshall.....	874
Illustrated by Elizabeth Colborne.	
Romping. Verse..... Marian Greene.....	875
Illustrated by the Author.	
The Lucky Sixpence. Serial Story..... { Emilie Benson Knipe and }.....	876
Illustrated by Arthur Becher.	{ Alden Arthur Knipe }
A Domestic Pirate. Verse..... Charles F. Lester.....	884
Illustrated by the Author.	
The Story of the Song-Sparrow..... Mary Stewart.....	885
Illustrated by Reginald Birch.	
The Annual Fishing Match. ("Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes.") Verse. D. K. Stevens.....	889
Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland.	
Petronel's Light. Story..... Izola Forrester.....	893
Illustrated by Edwin John Prittie.	
The Phonograph and the Birds. Picture. Drawn by Walt Kuhn.....	897
The Balearic Islands..... Dr. S. J. Fort.....	898
Mr. Mouse and Mr. Toad. Picture. Drawn by E. G. Lutz.....	898
Playing the Game. (Base-ball Series.)..... C. H. Claudy.....	899
Illustrated with diagrams.	
"The Tug of War." Picture. From a painting by Fred Morgan.....	905
The Young Highwayman's Surprise. Pictures. Drawn by C. F. Lester.....	906
Limericks. Verse..... Minnie Leona Upton.....	906
The Lady of the Lane. Serial Story..... Frederick Orin Bartlett.....	907
Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.	
Point Rock..... Frank Stick.....	912
Illustrated by the Author.	
Uncle John and His Horseless Carriage..... Marian Phelps.....	914
Illustrated from a photograph.	
A Team of Ostriches..... Lawrence W. Neff.....	915
Illustrated from a photograph.	
The Townsend Twins—Camp Directors. Serial Story..... Warren L. Eldred.....	916
Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	
The Lady-bird—A Folk Charm. Verse..... Arthur Guiterman.....	923
Polly's Inheritance. Story..... Edna Payson Brett.....	924
Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright.	
Charles George Gordon..... Hamilton Fish Armstrong.....	927
Illustrated by Harry Fenn, R. Talbot Kelly, and from photographs.	
The Cheerful Little Girl and Her Cheerful Little Doll. Serial Story..... Caroline Stetson Allen.....	933
Illustrated by Alice Caddy.	
When the Day is Over. Picture. Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.....	937
Nature and Science for Young Folks. Illustrated.....	938
For Very Little Folk:	
"Jack's Circus." } Verse..... Katharine M. Daland.....	946
"Beside the Sea." }	
Illustrated by the Author.	
St. Nicholas League. With awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated.....	948
Books and Reading..... Hildegard Hawthorne.....	956
Editorial Notes.....	958
The Riddle-Box.....	959
St. Nicholas Stamp Page..... Advertising page 18	

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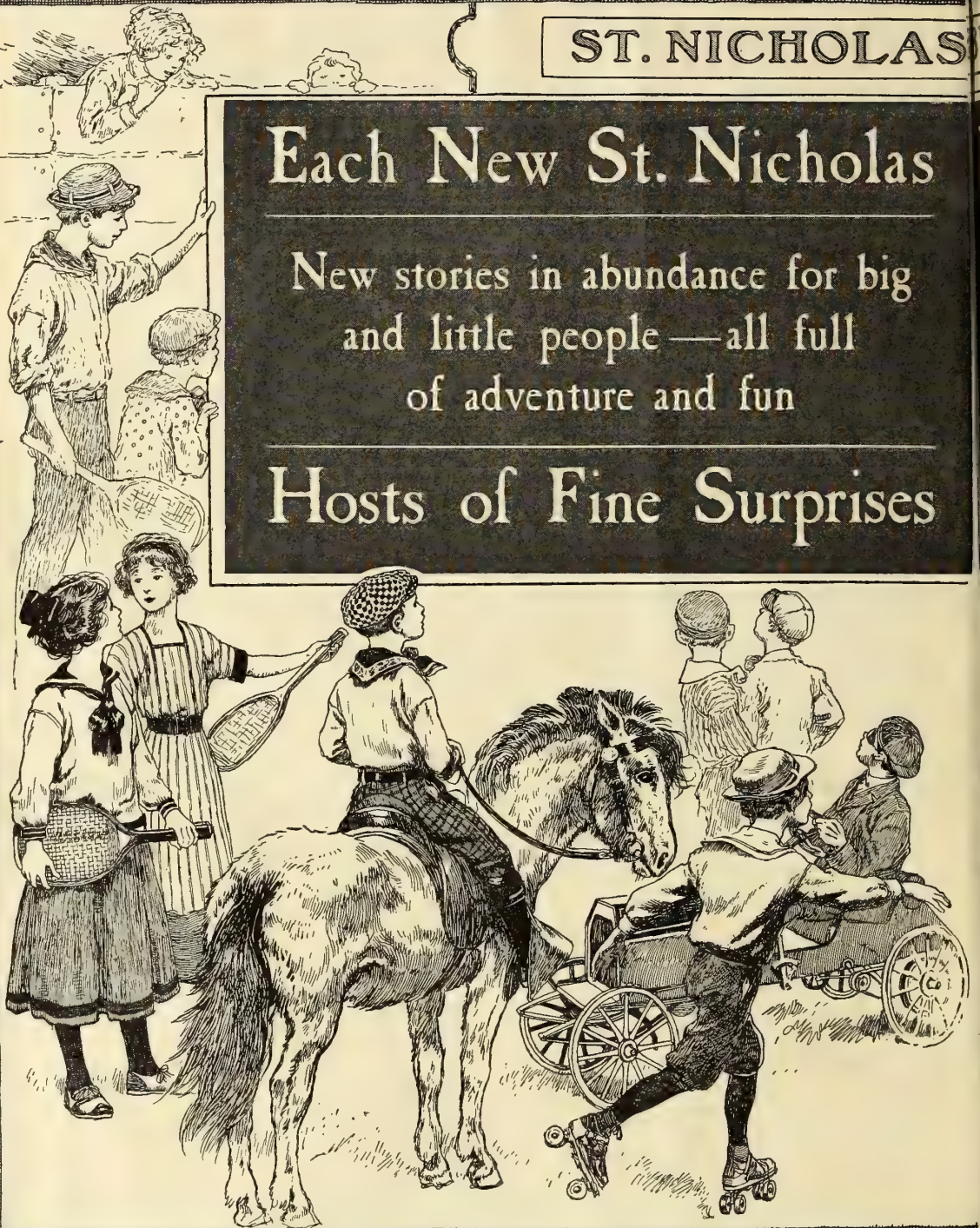
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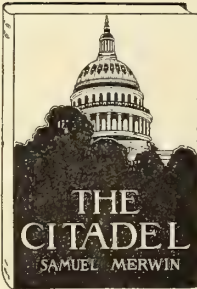


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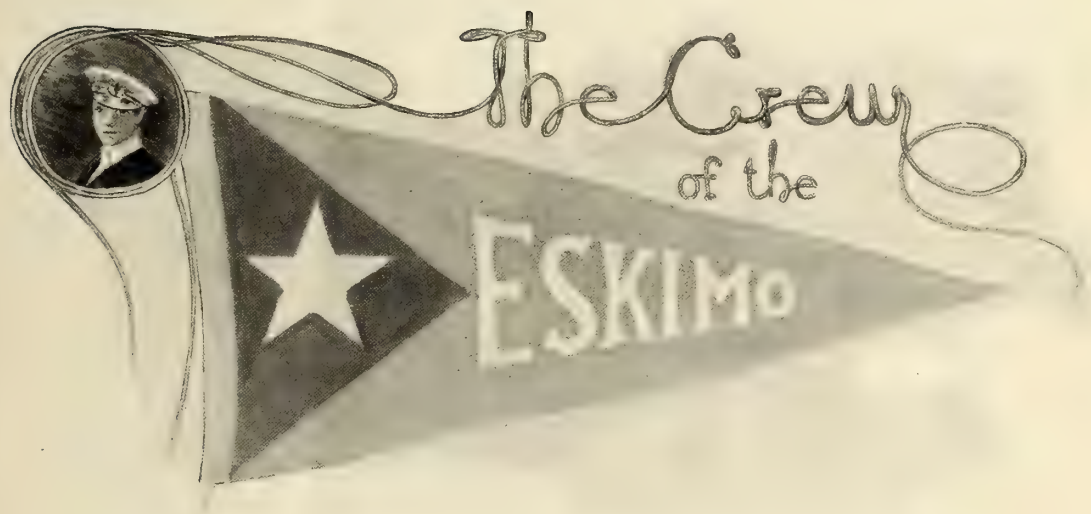
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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

AUGUST, 1912

No. 10



BY THOMAS HOLLIS

EXCITEMENT was running high at the South Shore. The rivalry in all sports was keen between the North Shore and the South; but never before had so much interest developed as was being manifested in the present contest for the Commodore's cup.

Three years before, the South Shore had organized a yacht-club. After building a beautiful club-house, the pier, and the boat-house, it had surveyed and marked a course upon the lake, and held its first annual regatta, open to all. The South Shore boats won everything that year and the next, and their owners settled down to a feeling of complacency, which was rudely shocked by the appearance of the *Bounder*, a North Shore scow, and her reckless and not oversportsmanlike crew, who proceeded to antagonize everybody and carry off the next year's cups. The North Shore

exulted, while the South Shore vowed vengeance. But this was in the heat of the season; winter cooled things off. Of those who had agreed in August that a defender must be built, each had concluded by Christmas that the others would do it. The result, not uncommon in such cases, was that when the Regatta Committee checked up boats the following season, no new racer was found among them. Of course the golf- and tennis-players laughed, and told what they would have done, which did not improve matters. The watermen were dejected.

And then the Dorseys arrived. Billy Dorsey was seventeen years of age, and had three brothers: Jack, who was fifteen, and Andy and Jimmy, thirteen and eleven respectively. They had all taken to the water from infancy, and had sailed the *Jimcrack* the last season in such a manner as

to gain the admiration of everybody, and the personal commendation of the Fleet Captain in particular. Skilful seamanship had marked Billy as a coming man.

Two days after arriving, Billy hunted up the Fleet Captain, and entered the *Eskimo* for the regatta.

"Where is she?" inquired the Captain in some surprise.

"Up behind the point. We sailed her over from Cherry Station after dark last night," replied Billy.

"You did? What 's she like?"

"Come and see her," said Billy.

"Where did you get her?"

"Jack and I built her last winter from plans in one of the yachting magazines."

"You don't say so! What do you expect to do with her?" asked the Captain, smiling.

"Beat the *Bounder*," answered Billy, promptly.

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, astonished.

When the Captain saw her, he became intensely interested.

"She has a steel centerboard," Billy explained, "and a baby jib, which will give an advantage in heavy weather; and her lines are better than the *Bounder's*. What do you think of her?" And, in spite of his own confidence in the new craft, Billy waited for the verdict with a beating heart, while the Captain looked her over carefully.

"You boys are wonders!" he finally exclaimed. "I believe you will win if you sail her right. There 's one thing sure, anyway; you 've *done* something, and that 's more than can be said of the rest of us!"

The South Shore suddenly awoke. The *Eskimo* "tried out" in all kinds of weather to everybody's satisfaction. Yachting affairs took on a new aspect.

The first race of the regatta was sailed in all the wind the boats could stand up under without



THE RACE.

"She is a scow, and was designed to beat the *Bounder* type. We 've thought a lot about it, and we believe she can do it, too!"

"Well, of all the nervy youngsters, you fellows are the limit! Let 's go and look at her," said the Captain as he started with Billy for the point.

reefing. Fourteen boats were entered, but interest centered in the two scows. At the start, the *Bounder* went a little wide in jibbing around the stake-boat, and the *Eskimo* slipped into the gap and got to windward. She was never in danger after that; and the little white-suited crew



"WELL AHEAD!"

brought her across the finish-line well ahead of her rival. The latter went home without coming to the pier.

Of course a reception was held at the clubhouse that evening, and a vote of appreciation of the "Eskimos" recorded, "for saving the honor of the South Shore." The Dorsey boys were in danger of being spoiled.

The next race was not a happy one. The wind was light and changing—regular fresh-water trickery. At three of the buoys, the *Bounder* deliberately crowded the *Eskimo* out of the position to which she was entitled, and then, on the last leg, gained an advantage of the wind that brought her to the finish nearly a minute ahead of the *Eskimo*. Again she disappeared up the lake, and again there was a gathering at the clubhouse—this time an indignation meeting to urge the *Eskimo* to protest the *Bounder* for violation of the rules.

The "Eskimos," meantime, were closeted with the Captain. They adored the Captain, who always arose above petty considerations and looked at things in a manly fashion. They told him the whole story and asked his advice.

"What do you think about it, boys?" the Captain inquired.

"Well," said Billy, "we have made up our minds that you would not protest if you were in our place. We would rather try to win the cup by taking the next race, without any fuss."

The Captain nodded and jumped to his feet. "Boys, shake hands!" he said. "I am proud of you! There is something a lot better than winning cups, and I guess you 've got it. Come with me, and I 'll tell the crowd what I think of you."

He did; and when he got through the crowd cheered, and the "Eskimos" went home happier than if they had won the race.

The morning upon which the third race was scheduled to be sailed dawned with the wind blowing hard from the northwest. Soon after the *Bounder* arrived from the North Shore, the wind increased to half a gale. Before ten o'clock, the skippers were called together to consider postponing the race.

Just at this moment, Jimmy Dorsey came running up the pier, and said something to the Captain, who at once turned to the group of skippers.

"Look here, fellows," he said, "it seems to me that this race ought to be postponed, anyway. Somebody stole the peak-halyards from the *Eskimo* last night. Billy and Jack have gone down to Quimby's for new rope, but are not back yet. They can't possibly get back now by gun-fire. It's the most amazing thing I ever heard of."

There was an immediate outburst of indignation. Questions were hurled at Jimmy too fast to be answered. About all he knew was that the halyards had been cut close to the gaff, and had disappeared.

"Well, boys, what do you say?" said the Captain.

Everybody but Jennings, the owner and skipper of the *Bounder*, responded immediately in favor of postponement. He leaned against the boat-house whittling a stick and said nothing.

"True; and they knew it when they refused to protest last night," replied the Captain. "The gun will be fired at ten-forty. Whoever wishes to sail the course may do so. I stay ashore!"



"TO THE RESCUE WITH TWO REEFS."

"What do you say, Jennings?" asked the Captain.

Jennings slowly answered:

"The rules don't allow any excuses for not being ready at gun-fire. I am here, ready to race, and am going to sail the course whether any of the rest of you do or not. For all I know, those kids cut that rope off themselves, because they are afraid to sail in this wind. I—"

Jennings suddenly stopped. The Captain, his eyes blazing and hands clenching, was confronting him.

"Cut that out, Sid Jennings!" he exploded. "You have a right to stand on the rules; but you are not going to express any more opinions like that about those youngsters. If they had not wanted to beat you, fair and square, with no bad feelings about it, they could have protested you yesterday; and you know it, too!"

"It is too late for them to do it now," said Jennings, looking up from his whittling with a sneer.

"You have n't much to lose if you do," retorted Jennings, maliciously.

The Captain's jaw set and his eyes narrowed.

"No," he said cuttingly, "I could n't win the cup; but if I had a chance to win it, and should do it under the present circumstances, I should lose my self-respect"; and he started toward the club-house.

Three hours later, after a valiant struggle against wind and waves, the *Bounder* had crossed the finish-line, and was heading for home. No other boat had raised a sail. All but the Captain and one of the judges had gone to dinner.

The two who remained stood upon the yacht-club piazza, watching the *Bounder*. She was struggling to windward, handicapped by a jib that was too large to balance properly the closely reefed mainsail.

"Whatever we may think of Jennings as a sport," said the judge, "we have to admit that he is fearless in the wind, and a good skipper."

"Yes," replied the Captain, "it is too bad that he lacks— Good heavens, look at that! He is over— No! Yes, he is, too!" and he hastily trained his glass upon the *Bounder*.

A great gust, heavier than ordinary, had struck her, heeling her over until her sails nearly lay in the water; partly recovering, she had been struck again, and apparently had capsized.

After looking a moment through the glass, the Captain exclaimed:

"She has carried away her mast, and the waves are breaking over her! She will go ashore on the rocks at the head of the island! We must get them off before she hits!" and he ran to the telephone. Calling for help from the hotel, he rushed back to the judge.

"Come with me," he shouted, "and help reef the *Dolly*!"

But the *Dolly* was not to be needed. Before they had finished reefing, a cry from the shore drew their attention to a crowd from the hotel

On board the rescuing sloop, there was quick action as she cleared the sheltering point. With a slap, the first heavy gust from the open lake made effort to capsize her without more ado. In spite of her shortened canvas, she heeled wickedly, staggering beneath the weight of the blow. Her little crew, in their yellow oilskins, leaned far out to windward, while Skipper Billy, nothing daunted, pushed down the tiller and righted her, with a tremendous thump, on top of a rushing wave which sent a sheet of spray glancing from the backs of the oilskins directly into his face.

"Harden in the sheets!" he cried, dashing the water from his eyes. "Look out, Jimmy!" he loudly warned, when the little fellow began to pull upon the jib-sheet just as a curling roller bore down upon them. Billy skilfully met it, and then stood off, close-hauled, in the direction of the *Bounder*. Pitching, plunging, and pounding as only a scow can pound, the little sloop fought her way courageously and steadily to windward.



"'READY!' RETURNED JACK, BRACING HIMSELF FOR A THROW."

who were gazing earnestly up the lake. Jumping to the wharf, they looked around the corner of the boat-house.

Just coming around the point, within the curve of which she had her moorings, was the *Eskimo*, under two reefs and her baby jib. A cheer arose as it was seen she was going to the rescue.

Between flaws Billy explained his plan, the wind trying to drown his voice. As they approached the wreck, Jack crawled forward with a coil of rope and made one end fast around the mast, close to the deck. Then, with the coil in his right hand, and clinging to the shroud with his left, he waited, eying the *Bounder*.

Easing off a bit, the *Eskimo* headed to leeward of the *Bounder*, whose crew could be seen sitting in the flooded cockpit and clinging desperately to whatever they could get hold of. Water-logged as she was, the larger billows found an easier passage over, than under, her, and seemed to take pleasure in buffeting these fellows who had so defiantly challenged their power a short time before, and who now, between deluges, so anxiously watched the *Eskimo*.

"Ready, Jack!" sang out Billy at last. His boat was speeding toward the *Bounder* like a race-horse.

"Ready!" returned Jack, bracing himself for a throw.

"Let go the jib-halyards," cried Billy.

Little Jimmy obeyed the order promptly.

"Hard-a-lee!" yelled Billy; and forcing down the tiller, he brought the *Eskimo* into the wind just to leeward of the wreck, where, with boom slapping savagely about, she lost headway not twenty feet from the *Bounder's* stern.

The coiled rope shot from Jack's hand; caught by a lusty gust, it barely reached the *Bounder*. Jennings grabbed at it and missed; but one of his crew had better luck, and seized the end of the rope. In an instant Jennings had taken it from him, and, notwithstanding a wave which swept over him, slipped it around the rudder-post, drawn it taut, and made fast.

Held by this line across her bow, the *Eskimo* began to dip water like a duck taking a bath. The flood swept her deck from stem to stern, nothing but the combing around the cockpit preventing her from filling.

The real man in Jennings now came from his hiding-place and took command.

"You go first, boys!" he ordered. "Quick!" as they hesitated. "There's no time to lose!" and, seizing the one nearest to him, he actually forced him into the water.

Clinging to the straining rope, one by one the *Bounder's* crew made short work of gaining the *Eskimo's* deck, Jennings following close in their wake. The latter had barely pulled himself from the turbulent waters, when there came a great cry from the *Eskimo's* cockpit; in the excitement of the moment little Jimmy had risen up to get a better view, and had been knocked overboard by the boom.

We are constantly reminded that mean tendencies, of one kind or another, may be balanced in the same individual by heroic disregard of personal safety in emergencies. Jennings, catching a gleam of yellow oilskins as they sank beneath the waves, half ran, half tumbled along the rail, and, seizing the end of the main-sheet, which

happened to be lying exposed, plunged over the stern without an instant's hesitation and disappeared from sight. The rope ran out for a moment and then stopped. The suspense aboard the boat was awful; what if Jennings should come up—alone? But he did not! A shout burst from six unburdened souls as the waters parted and showed the yellow oilskins safe in Jennings' left arm. He had passed the rope around them both; in spite of the slapping boom, they were speedily pulled aboard.

"Give your orders, Dorsey; I'll help!" shouted Jennings, scrambling forward to the line.

"Untie and bring it astern so her bow will pay off. Up with the jib, Andy! All right; cast off, Jennings! Harden in your sheet, Jack!" Billy howled his orders out of an overflowing heart.

With plenty of ballast, now, upon her weather rail, the *Eskimo* tacked around the *Bounder* and stood for the pier. The *Bounder* hit the rocks before the pier was reached.

Little Jimmy, water-rat that he was, had suffered not at all from his ducking. As he stepped to the wharf behind the boat-house, he was grabbed by the Captain and passed up over the heads of the now hilarious spectators, until he landed in his mother's arms. One by one, his brothers followed, everybody laughing and shouting, except the little mother, who, smiling happily through her tears, tried to gather them all to her heart at once.

An hour later, the "Eskimos" were conversing with the Captain.

"It was the steel centerboard and the baby jib that did it," said Billy. "We never could have made it in time without them."

"Yes; what's the matter with the *Eskimo*?" said Jack.

"Or the 'Eskimos'?" said the Captain; "but, boys, while you have done a big thing, don't you let it turn your heads. I don't think it will; but if it does, and I catch you posing around here as the only things on the shore, I'll souse you in the lake till you get over it." Though he smiled as he said it, the boys knew he meant it. It was not for nothing that parents considered themselves fortunate when the Fleet Captain took an interest in their children.

The cups of the season were presented to the winners at the Commodore's reception, late in August, by the Commodore himself. The Commodore's cup remained upon the table after the others had been presented. Without touching it, the Commodore faced the company in silence for a few moments.

"In place of coming here to-day," he said presently, "Mr. Jennings has sent me a letter. He

says that the events which terminated in the loss of his boat taught him a lesson. He sees that those acts that grow out of good-will toward others are far worthier than those arising from selfish desires. He contrasts his treatment of our young friends, the 'Eskimos,' with their treatment of him, and finds nothing therein that re-ounds to his credit. He is grateful to them beyond measure. He admits his violation of the rules, and censures himself for taking the third race by default. He refuses to accept the cup, and hopes it will be given to the *Eskimo*. He hopes that the club will forget his past conduct, and will allow him to race a new boat next year, when he will try to demonstrate that he at last realizes what true sport means.

"I don't know when I have been so pleased. I have no doubt that you will vote with me to accept this letter in the spirit in which it was sent. And now, what has the skipper of the *Eskimo* to say about the cup?"

Billy had been conferring with the Captain, who now arose, smiling.

"The fearless skipper has suddenly become terror-stricken at the idea of addressing this terrible assembly!" he said. "He wishes me to say that he did n't win the cup, and can't accept it; but he would like to race Jennings for it next year."

The club adopted this proposal with enthusiasm.

"And now," continued the Commodore, "a word to the 'Eskimos.' The modesty with which they

have received the attentions of us all has pleased me even more than their courageous rescue of the *Bounder's* crew. It is their sportsmanlike spirit throughout that has caused me to have prepared for them a little token of the club's appreciation."

He unrolled a package and displayed a pennant, beautifully made in the club colors, with the name *Eskimo* in white, upon both sides. There was a burst of applause.

"Now," he said, his kindly face lighting with a smile, "if the modest crew of the gallant sloop *Eskimo* will come forward, I will give myself the pleasure of presenting this pennant to them in behalf of the club."

It was an embarrassing moment for the crew; but they found courage to approach the Commodore, who grasped them each kindly by the hand and presented the pennant to Billy.

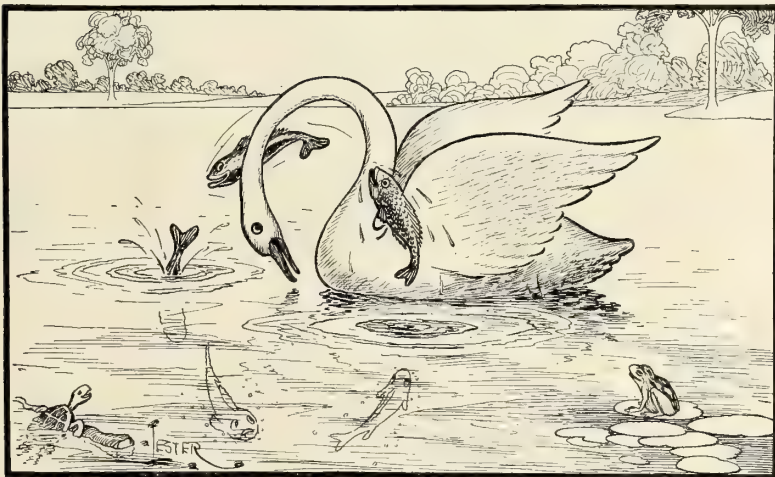
"Speech!" cried somebody in the back of the room. "Speech! Speech!" came from all quarters.

Poor Billy! He was ready to sink through the floor; but the Commodore put a hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Can't you say a word to them, skipper?"

Billy pulled himself together. "All I've got to say is—well—thank you; but if the Captain had n't threatened to duck us if we got the big-head, I don't know as we should have got this pennant."

After which the crew of the *Eskimo* melted into the laughing and applauding assembly.



A SUMMER FANCY: THE GOOD-NATURED SWAN AND THE FROLICHSOME FISH.

FAIRY-TIME

BY FRANCES W. MARSHALL



WHEN fireflies set their lamps alight,
And twinkle in the grass;
When stars come peeping through the sky,
I see the fairies pass.

You think, at first, a little mist
Is drifting up the glen,
But keep as still as any mouse,
And hide—and watch—and then—

The mist is not a mist at all,
But fairies dancing by,
As light as wind-blown thistledown,
Their lanterns swinging high.

Some folks may think I make this up,
But let them come with me
When fireflies set their lamps alight,
And hide—and watch—and see!

ROMPING

BY MARIAN GREENE



WHEN the clouds are fuzzy-wuzzy and go romping in the sky,
With their yellow edges mussed, like tangled hair,
And the grass is lying low, for the wind is blowing high,
There are flying gleams of sparkle everywhere.

When the shadows chase each other over every little hill,
And the jolly waves run races on the sea,
Then I simply don't see how anybody can sit still,
For the wind is whistling tunes to you and me!

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XX

BROTHER JOHN APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS

UNFORTUNATELY Blundell was right in his suspicions that a trick had been played upon him, for Charley had tucked a chestnut-bur under the saddle-cloth, as he confessed to me. It was a stupid thing to do, and bitterly did we regret it later on, for in Mr. Blundell we had made an enemy who liked nothing better than to pay his private scores under the pretext of subduing "traitors," as he naturally called us. In such instances he was very zealous for his cause.

But once Mr. Blundell was gone, we forgot the incident in our task of caring for those who were quartered on us. The assignment of their apartments troubled Mrs. Mummer.

"'T is Master John's room that worries me," she whispered; "we can't have them in there rummaging about. There 's no telling what they might find, though I doubt not his papers are safe hidden; still 't would gall me to see the redcoats in that room that was his father's."

"Do you think they would disturb us?" I asked, meaning Peggy and myself, who shared the same bed.

"Nay, they 'd better not!" cried Mrs. Mummer, bristling. "Think you we have no rights in our own house? Mummer says—"

"Then I know what we 'll do," I interrupted. "I 'll move into Brother John's room. We 'll put Peggy in the next one, and you shall have the dressing-closet between. That will give us a place to go when we want to be rid of them."

"Aye, that 's well thought of," she replied. And not being one to waste much time once her mind was made up, she soon had two of the black servants who had remained with us moving the furniture about, while I did my best to make a bachelor's apartment look somewhat feminine, and succeeded enough to befool a man-body, I hoped.

The next few days passed pleasantly as far as we were concerned, for although Mrs. Mummer made great complaint over muddy boots and such-like, those who were quartered on us were English officers and men, and treated us as considerately as the circumstances permitted. They were well housed and well fed, and troubled us as little as they could, so that we went about our daily tasks quite tranquilly.

But one morning, soon after breakfast, our peaceful existence was rudely interrupted.

I was busy in the dining-room, dusting about as was my wont, and beside me little Peg chattered away, while helping to "d-d-dust." Mrs. Mummer was at work in the root-cellars, and most of the officers were lounging in the hall before the fire, for the day was chilly.

I had heard the echo of the hoof beats of a horse being ridden up the long lane to the stables, but this was so frequent an occurrence that I scarce noted it. Then suddenly came a scream of pain, and Charley, the stable-boy, ran panting into the room, with a face nigh white with terror.

"Oh, missy, save me!" he cried, falling at my feet. "Save me from dat Blunder man. He done cotch me in the stables, and he say he 'll beat my black skin off'n me for playin' dat trick." Save me, Miss Bee! He 's mighty angered"; and the boy crouched beside me in terror, clutching at my skirt.

At the same moment Blundell rushed into the room with a stout riding-whip in his hand and made for Charley.

"Out of the way!" he shouted at me; "out of the way, unless you want some of the lash, too! I promised to flog that black rascal, and I 'm going to do it. Out of the way!" and he strode toward me.

"Nay!" I cried, "you shall not beat the boy. Run, Peg, and tell the officers!" I called, and the child went at once.

But Blundell, made half mad by anger, came on, and, gripping me by the shoulder, raised his whip, making a slash at the negro boy cowering at my feet. The stroke, however, never reached its mark, for a hand grasped the man's collar, and he was pulled back violently and flung to the floor. I looked up and saw Brother John standing before me, coolly regarding Blundell with a look of scornful contempt.

"'T is a pity, Bee, to have to deal with one of the few base cowards King George has in his army," he said calmly. "I am sorry if he is forced to take such sorry fellows when he should have gentlemen."

Blundell rose to his feet, fairly foaming at the mouth.

"Now you will give me satisfaction for this!" he shouted. But Brother John stepped back and shook his head.

"I fight but with my equals," he replied.

"Or your betters!" the other stormed. "I am Captain Blundell, and you, I take it by your own words, are nothing more than a shabby rebel."



"THERE WAS A RUSH FOR THE STAIRCASE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"And I will fight no blustering coward who bullies defenseless women and children!" cried Brother John, losing some of his coolness. "Say no more, or I will have my servants in to whip you as you deserve."

"Your servants!" shouted Blundell in triumph. "Then you 're John Travers, and naught but a spy!"

"Nay, I am no spy. I am within your lines on private business."

"And out of uniform!" sneered Blundell. "A rope will make a fitting ornament for your neck. You deserve no less."

"First you will have to catch me!" Brother John retorted with a smile; but even as he spoke a door opened, and full half a dozen British officers, brought by Peggy, came bustling in upon us. Brother John was trapped. So far as I could see there was no escape, and I grew sick with fear for him.

"Good day to you, gentlemen," he said in a cheery voice; "I 'm right glad to see you, though had you come a minute sooner you might have seen this—" he pointed to Blundell—"this fellow raising his whip to a child. 'T is a poor return for such hospitality as this house affords."

A murmur went up from the officers, showing plainly enough what they thought of the matter, and Brother John, seizing a favorable opportunity, slipped toward the door leading into the hall, while I, with a beating heart, ran across and stood beside him.

"Now I meant not to strike the girl!" shouted Blundell, "'t was the knavish black boy I was after. But enough of that. I have been sent back here to take command, and I order you to seize that man! He is John Travers, one-time owner of this house but now a rebel spy within our lines. Seize him, I say! Seize him!"

Brother John, brushing aside one or two outstretched hands, jumped through the door and was in the hall, while I followed close. The officers, thinking that he would strive to leave by the front door, ran to intercept him, drawing their swords; but, to my surprise as well, he made for the staircase leading to the floors above.

There was a pause, and Brother John, a third of the way up, turned to them.

"Gentlemen," he called loudly, so that all could hear him, "I am no spy, but am here on private business connected with my personal affairs."

"Art going to parley with a rebel?" cried Blundell, furiously. "Seize him, for whatever else he may be, he is Allen McLane's right hand."

At this there was a rush for the staircase. I, with the instinct to put myself between the brother I loved and his enemies, tore up before them, and was scarce five steps behind John.

There was a clatter of feet as they pursued, and shouts of "Post the guard!" Then a voice rose above the din:

"Nay, Blundell, do not shoot! You might hit the girl. He is trapped!"

The significance of these remarks was plain enough, and I felt a creepy sensation up my back as I flew on.

On the landing of the second floor John had turned toward his own room, but it was a wide house, so that there was time for all to see him enter, slamming the door behind him.

"We have him now!" they shouted, and indeed I saw no escape for him from there; but I rushed on blindly, and, arriving first at the door, stretched my arms across and stood before it.

"'T is my own room!" I cried hysterically. "You shall not enter!"

They halted for a moment, sure that escape was impossible, and not caring to use a girl roughly; but Blundell had no such scruple and strode forward with a growl.

"Out of the way!" he cried, and, reaching under my arm, seized the knob.

The door opened, and I, realizing the uselessness of further resistance, pressed in with the others. But the room was empty—there was no sign of Brother John!

CHAPTER XXI

A MIDNIGHT WARNING

I THINK there never was a more surprised party than we who entered that room. I expected nothing less than to see Brother John standing at bay, ready to fight for his life; and the officers must have had the same thought, for their swords were out and they ran in prepared for a struggle.

Blundell was the first to recover, and he turned angrily on his companions.

"I think the pack of you meant to let him go!" he cried, beside himself with wrath.

"Nay, do not talk like a ninny," answered one.

"Sure the fox knows his own earth," said another. "He 's here somewhere, and we have but to search to find a closet."

At this they set to work, turning the room upside down in their hunt; and when they came to the door leading to the dressing-room where Mrs. Mummer slept, they thought for sure Brother John had gone that way; but it was bolted on the inside, showing that he could not have escaped there. The windows also were all closed and fastened, save one that was opened a trifle at the top, so that his disappearance could scarce be accounted for that way.

It was most strange to me as well as to the

others, and when, at last, they gave it up and trooped out of the room, some laughing over the affair while others puzzled their brains for an explanation, they left me secretly affrighted; for, though seemingly Brother John had escaped, his going was so unnatural that I had thoughts of Marlett's tales of witchcraft.

I was about to return to the dining-room to finish my dusting, when Captain Blundell entered alone, a dogged, angry expression still on his face.

"He 's here somewhere—he must be!" he blurted out. "The guards outside saw naught of him, so that he cannot have gone that way. Therefore he must be inside the house. Where is he?" he demanded, suddenly turning upon me.

"There is a great vine without the window," I said, "but indeed I know not!" And I was so plainly puzzled that he troubled me no further, but searched the room again without result.

The rest of the day passed without incident of any particular kind, and after dinner I went upstairs with Peggy, and we played a while at soldiers with our dolls. At length the sleepy miss was ready for bed, but, ere she lay down, she took one of the dolls, dressed as a Continental soldier, and placed him on the broad ledge at the open window.

"'T is our se-se-sentry, Bu-Bu-Bu-Bee. He 'll give war-war-warning if the Bu-Bu-Bu-British come to take us."

"'T is well thought of," I answered, as I tucked her under the covers, and, putting out the light, went through Mrs. Mummer's room into my own. I lighted my candle and was about to undress, for we were all early birds, when my eye caught sight of a paper lying on my dressing-table. I knew it had not been there earlier, and I picked it up with much curiosity.

Upon it were written these words:

Sleep to-night with Peggy. I am safe. Do not worry about me.
J. T.

There was no doubt who had sent this message, but how had it come there? I puzzled my head over it, and was as far as ever from a solution of the matter when I slipped into bed without waking Peggy.

I soon dropped off to sleep, but it seemed that I had scarce done so when I opened my eyes again and saw, in the dim light coming through the window, the figure of a man dressed in a Continental uniform. He bent over me, whispering my name, and I knew him for Brother John.

"Hush!" he warned, speaking so softly that he did not disturb Peggy on the other side of the bed; "hush, and listen carefully! An hour before dawn you must rouse all our household. Take

food enough for a day or two, and go to the cellars till after the battle."

"Will there be a battle?" I whispered in awe.

"Aye," he answered, "over this very ground perhaps. 'T is for that I came to warn you; but tell Mrs. Mummer, and she will keep you safe, I hope."

I had never heard him speak so seriously.

"But what of you?" I questioned; "they have guards everywhere, and—"

"Fear not for me," he said, "your British friends will be gone ere morning. Some malignant Tory has given a warning. That I saw coming here. Would that the British were all we had to fight! But never mind, we 'll whip them yet—and say, Bee, have you a bit of white paper anywhere? I have searched the other room and cannot find a scrap. That piece I wrote the note on was all I could find.

"I have the piece if 't will do," said I, holding it out to him, for unconsciously I had kept it clasped in my hand.

He took it and pinned it in his hat.

"'T is so we 'll know each other in the dark," he explained. "Now I 'm off," and he leaned over the bed to kiss me.

"Are you sure there will be a battle?" I whispered, putting my arms about him.

"Aye," he answered, "Washington's army is on the Skippack road, and will be in Germantown before the dawn."

"And will you be there?" I faltered, fearing for him.

"Aye, please God!" he whispered, and he was so earnest and solemn that I put no more questions to him, and he disappeared in the darkness.

I was broad awake now, and trembling a little from fear and excitement at what was before me. I rose, and, going to the window with my time-piece, saw that it was midnight, so that I had a good four hours yet to wait.

Back again to bed I went, and must have dozed a while, for I started up with the sound of a shot ringing in my ears. A moment later there came a knocking on the door.

"Who is it?" I called, jumping out of bed.

"Oh, Bee, please let us in," sobbed Polly, brokenly; "we 're so frightened!"

"'T is not locked!" I cried, but I opened the door to admit her and Betty, who entered, shivering in their nightgowns.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, Bee!" exclaimed Polly, "we were awakened by a shot, and I made haste to the window and saw a man running; then there was another shot. Presently, without a sound, all the British

troops came out and silently marched away. Does n't that frighten you?"

Now perhaps if I had not had warning of this very matter, I might have been frightened too, as Polly and Betty were, and I was alarmed now, but not because the British had gone away. I was sure those shots had been fired at Brother John, and, though I knew how light of foot he was, I feared they might have reached their mark.

She was not long gone, however, and when she returned I saw that she was more fearful of what might come to us than she had been when first I told her the news. It struck me that Mummer could scarce have been a courageous counselor.

"You must all dress at once," she commanded. "Mummer says we 're like to be lost unless we hurry to the vaults. He has gone to rouse the servants and Master Barton. 'T is terrible, ter-



"I SAW A MAN IN CONTINENTAL UNIFORM LYING BEFORE THE LONG WINDOW." (SEE PAGE 882.)

"Did the man who was running stop when they fired at him?" I asked a little tremulously.

"Nay, he disappeared into the woods," answered Polly. "But why have the soldiers left us? That is what seems so strange to me. Think you they have gone to battle?"

"Let us not borrow trouble," I replied. "You girls get into bed here. I must speak with Mrs. Mummer"; and I went to her room, thinking it as well that she should know at once what was before us.

She listened to me while I told her of Brother John's visit in the night, and straightway rose and dressed.

"I 'll to Mummer and see what he says," she announced. "Bide you here till I come back."

rible, and I know not what will become of us." And with this she went off, wailing, to gather stores for our forced retreat to the cellars.

Peggy was awake long ere this, and I think was the only unfrightened one of us. Polly and Betty were in tears, vowing that they would be killed, and jumping at each sound. I confess that my fingers trembled so that it was hard work to manage buttons, for it was awesome there in the dark, expecting every minute to hear the roar of cannon.

Somehow or other we finished our dressing, and I led the girls down-stairs, to find Mrs. Mummer in the kitchen.

"Mummer is closing the doors and windows here below," she cried, as soon as she saw us.

"'T is true that the British are gone, which is somewhat to be grateful for in these wretched times."

"'T is useless to bar the doors and windows," said Polly, plaintively; "they 'll batter them in if they wish."

"That is near word for word what Mummer said," she answered; "but I told him that there was no use inviting them in by leaving everything open."

A few minutes later Mummer entered and spoke to his wife in an undertone. She nodded, and told us that everything was in readiness, and we forthwith descended into the vaults to await the coming battle.

'T was a most uncomfortable and dismal place, scarce large enough for all who had to be accommodated, and dark save for a candle which Mummer hid in a corner. We talked little, and I believe I dozed, for I had begun to forget my fear.

Suddenly I remembered that I had not seen Bart, and, when I asked for him, discovered that he had been forgotten.

There was much talk and wailing on the part of Polly and Betty, who were forever quarreling with him, but who now professed profound anxiety for their missing brother.

"Some one must go and see where he is," sobbed Polly. "He 'll be killed, I know."

I said at once that a search should be made, but my own idea of the matter was that he had stayed away of a set purpose, wanting to see the fighting and perhaps take a hand in it. I naturally expected that Mummer would go, but he never stirred, nor did any one else. True, Mrs. Mummer and he consulted in undertone, and at last Mrs. Mummer spoke aloud.

"Mummer says, 'regrets never mended a broken pitcher,' and if he is dead of a shot wound, who will care for the farm?"

"Some one must go," I insisted, getting to my feet; "and if no one else will, I 'll e'en go alone."

"I 'll g-g-go with you, Bu-Bu-Bee," said little Peg; but I shook my head.

"No, no, Miss Bee!" cried Mrs. Mummer. "Mr. John would never look at us again if we let you go."

"Nay, I think he would not be pleased to learn that we had made no effort to bring Bart to safety"; at which I went, though they still tried to persuade me to stop.

There was no particular bravery in this, for truth to tell, there was not the faintest sound about the place except the twittering of the waking birds. Moreover, I was glad to find an excuse to leave that stuffy vault and breathe into my lungs the fresh, sweet air of early morning.

I went up-stairs calling "Bart" as loudly as I could, but there was no answer, and then I tried the bedroom floor, with no better results. In my own room I paused a moment, looking out of the window curiously at the dense gray fog that enveloped everything. There were great hemlocks I knew, not ten paces from that side of the house. I could almost touch the branches from my window, but now I saw nothing of them.

I stood looking out curiously, as I said, when suddenly I heard a man below me shouting, "This way!" and the next instant the silence was shattered by a volley of musket-fire. Ere I shrank back from the window with a cry of terror, I saw little spurts of flame lighting up the fog, and I turned to run. At the attic stair I called frantically for Bart, then, with the noise of the fighting in my ears, I fled in terror to the vaults, and cried that the battle had begun.

For hours we sat trembling with apprehension as the battle of Germantown raged above our heads. The sounds came to us only faintly, but the discharging cannon made the ground shake, and low muffled roars reached us and set us shuddering. Sometimes there came a lull, and we would think it was over. Again it would begin with renewed vigor, and Polly and Betty would scream senselessly, while the negro women, huddled in a corner, set up a wailing cry that the end was upon them, and prayed aloud to be saved.

The hours dragged on fearfully, and we sat cramped in that stifling vault, wondering what had befallen our army.

I said more than one prayer in my heart for my dear brother, who I feared was in the thick of the battle. Mrs. Mummer was now the bravest of us all. The only timid word she uttered was on Master John's account, and while the cannon thundered, she was the one who cheered and comforted us.

As the afternoon drew to a close, I became restive. My head ached, for the air was most foul, and as we had heard no shots for long, I began to clamor to go out. It was no easy matter to gain Mrs. Mummer's consent to this, but, after some teasing, she finally let me have my way, insisting, however, that Mummer should accompany me. He, with much reluctance, agreed; and so, under strict orders to fly back at the first sound, we started to reconnoiter.

With bated breath and beating hearts we ascended the stair, thence through the kitchen and scullery and on to the dining-room, without seeing or hearing aught to alarm us. The gloom was intense, but Mummer had left a night-light in each room, and our eyes, accustomed to the darkness of the cellar, could see quite well.

As we went out into the great hall, Mummer grasped my arm and dragged me back, pointing at the door of a little room.

"What 's wrong?" I whispered.

"'T is shut!"

"Aye," I said, staring through the dusk, "it often is."

"But I opened every door in the house!" returned Mummer.

"Perhaps a draft has blown it to," I suggested.

"The windows are all closed," he retorted. "We 'd best go back, missis."

"Not yet, Mummer," I said decidedly; "we can't stay in the vaults forever. I must know who 's there. Most like 't is Bart, or it may be some of the officers returned."

"But how got they in?" he asked.

"That I know not," I replied; "but you wait here. I 'll go to the door and listen. If any one moves, I 'll slip through the library and join you again at the scullery. Is not that safe?"

"Yes," said Mummer, "unless, belike, there 's some one in the library as well."

"We can go by way of the library and make sure," I agreed. This we did, finding it empty. I tiptoed toward the door and put my eye to the keyhole. At once I saw that the light in there was gray, showing that a shutter must be open. Then I listened, holding my breath, and caught the sound of low moans.

"Mummer," I whispered, "there 's some one in there, and he 's wounded!"

"Then come away, missis," he begged, taking a step; but I grasped him by the arm.

"Nay," I insisted, "I am going in, and you must stay with me, for I may need help."

With that I thrust open the door, and saw a man in Continental uniform lying before the long window, which had been burst open. No one else was in the room, and Mummer taking courage, we crossed together and bent over the prone figure.

One look was enough. I dropped to my knees.

"'T is Master John!" cried Mummer, and from that moment he seemed a changed man, the cowardice he had exhibited before disappearing utterly.

Knowing that there was work for me to do, I summoned all my fortitude.

"Mummer," I exclaimed, "we must get him up-stairs at once!"

"Aye," he agreed; "but first I 'll bar this window, and we 'll have Mrs. Mummer up to attend him. She 's a rare doctor with wounds and such-like."

Brother John was no light load for one man and a girl, but I was strong, so that we managed

somehow; and when he was at last laid on my bed, Mummer hurried away to bring his wife.

She came running, and wasted no time in vain exclaimings, but straightway set about cleansing the wound in Brother John's head, which, so far as we could see, was his only hurt.

While she was thus busy, he opened his eyes and recognized us with a tired smile.

"I 'm all right," he whispered, and at once went off into another swoon.

A minute or so later the sound of galloping horses reached us, and we knew from experience that 't was made by a troop of cavalry entering the place.

Mrs. Mummer and I looked at one another in an agony of suspense, each with the same question in her mind.

"Were they friends or foes?"

In answer came a thundering knock on the door, and the summons: "Open in the name of the King!"

CHAPTER XXII

BEHIND THE BOOK-SHELF

THERE was no hiding the fact that here was a most perilous situation. While the summons of the British for admission still echoed through the house, Mrs. Mummer and I turned to the bed whereon Brother John lay, unconscious from the wound in his head.

"If it is Captain Blundell we are lost!" I whispered to her, and she nodded her head in silent agreement.

"Run and see!" she suggested, and at her word I sped along the hall and leaned over the balustrade, just as old Sam, the house-servant, shuffled toward the door, grumbling to himself as he went.

As they came trooping in, the sound of voices filled the hallway, and I listened for the first hint that would give a clue as to whom they were.

"Now this place pleases me," I heard one of them say in a high-pitched voice. "'T is like we 'll find food that a man may eat and not be sorry. My life on it, Blundell has been here before seeing that he led us—"

But I waited to hear no more. The dread news that I had half expected was enough to send me back to Mrs. Mummer in a panic.

"'T is he!" I cried, locking the door behind me. "What shall we do?"

Mrs. Mummer, wringing her hands, had no word of help to offer, and for an instant we looked at each other, not knowing where to turn.

"What is the matter?" came a voice from the bed, and we faced about to see Brother John, leaning on his elbow, gazing at us.

"Oh, 't is the British!" I said, running to him. "They are down-stairs and—"

"Now don't get flustered," he replied coolly, and he made an effort to rise; but this he could not do for weakness, and was forced to lie back on the pillow with a faint smile on his face.

"'T was a shrewd blow!" he whispered, "I 'm worse off than I thought." He closed his eyes again as if wearied, and we feared he had swooned once more.

But he was still conscious and a moment later he spoke.

"Mrs. Mummer," he began, looking about the room, "clean out all these bowls of water and bloody rags. There must be no sign to tell them you have a wounded man on your hands."

We both set about it at once, and in a twinkling the water was emptied at the window and the place put to rights.

"Though I like not such sloven tricks," said Mrs. Mummer.

It only remained to take away the telltale linen, and she was about to go with this when Brother John called her back.

"Nay, do not go yet," he said. "I 'll need you both to help me over there," and he pointed to a chair standing on the opposite side of the room against the wall.

"But, Master John," protested Mrs. Mummer, "'t will be the death of you!" And I, too, raised my voice against it, for I could see no reason in the move. But he cut us short.

"Nay, waste no time arguing the matter, for it must be done," he insisted, and rose swaying on the edge of the bed.

We put our arms about him, one on each side, and with our help he tottered to his feet.

"Come now," he said, addressing himself whimsically, "you 're no silly woman, to swoon in a case like this, though your head does buzz a bit"; and he took the first step toward the chair.

Somehow or other we managed to get him there at last, though more than once we thought he would fall, and he sat down with a sigh of relief.

"Now, Mrs. Mummer," he ordered in a faint voice, "burn those rags in the kitchen and have a care they are not seen. Nay, Bee, you stay with me," he went on, as I made a start to help, so I stood still with an arm about him, while Mrs. Mummer gathered the things together and went out through the dressing-room.

"Now, Bee," said Brother John, "you 'll have to do all the rest yourself, for we 're at secrets that none but my father and I have ever known. You will be the third, but you, too, are a Travers, and will have the place if aught goes wrong

with me. Take down the third book of the second row of the book-shelf. You 'll see a nail behind. Do you find it?" Brother John went on, his voice becoming still weaker, "for my head is going round and round."

I searched a moment, and there, sure enough, was a nail so contrived that no one would have noted it. "I have it!" I cried excitedly.

"Then turn—it—twice—to—the—right," he whispered, and to my horror he closed his eyes and slipped gently off the chair to the floor. At the same instant there came a sharp rap on the chamber door.

With my hand on the nail, I stood paralyzed for a second, then I turned it, and the whole book-shelf moved under my hand, showing a small room beyond.

I understood at last, and, summoning all the strength I possessed, I tiptoed to Brother John and began to drag him toward the secret opening.

Oh how I tugged, and with what a beating heart I listened for the next blow on the door, which I was sure would come!

I had dragged Brother John half-way through the little opening when the knock sounded again, and with it the voice of him I dreaded most.

"Mistress Beatrice," he cried, "are you there?" and he turned the knob of the door.

Panting with my efforts as well as the anxiety I felt, I dragged at the dead weight, and, at last, when I thought my strength must fail me, fetched him across the threshold of the secret chamber. Then leaving him, for I dared not delay, I stepped over his outstretched legs.

Sliding shut the panel, I stood panting, with my back to it, my hands pressed to my breast as if to stop the wild beating of my heart.

"Mistress Beatrice," Blundell called, again striking the door heavily; "Mistress Beatrice, are you deaf?"

"Who calls?" I answered, vainly trying to make my voice sound natural.

"'T is Captain Blundell," came the impatient answer; "there is a wounded man—"

"How know you that?" I cried in despair, too overwrought to measure my words.

"Because 't was I who brought him here," he shouted. "But what has that to do with it? The man is here, and needs attention; and though I 've searched for that sour old housekeeper of yours, I can neither find her nor the place she keeps her lint and bandages."

My heart began to beat more naturally again. "I shall come at once," I answered; "but do not wait for me."

"Nay, then," he returned suspiciously, "I 'll wait till I see you. Belike you 'll move the quicker."

I saw that the man meant to stay, and that the quicker he was pacified the quicker I could return to Brother John; so I went to open the door, though my heart bled to leave my brother lying on the floor of the secret room.

Captain Blundell stepped across the threshold of the room as I faced him, and his eye caught the tumbled bed where John had lain.

"So you were asleep!" he sneered. "I thought I should have to beat down the door to make you hear. 'T is a nice lazy life you have of it. Had I my way 't would not be the king's loyal subjects but the rebels who did the work."

And with that he went out of the room, saying "Come on" in his roughest manner; and I followed thankfully.

The hall below was full of officers who were strangers to me, and they were busy making themselves very much at home when we came down. Captain Blundell asked where the wounded man had been taken, and, receiving an answer, he would have led me on, but at that moment Mrs. Mummer came out of the library and met us.

"For shame to bring the child here!" she cried so loudly that the men about us stopped their talking to listen. "Wounded soldiers are no proper sight for a little maid."

"Hold your tongue, woman!" he answered.

"'T is time you all learned more fitting manners to your betters. I mean this lazy maid shall tend the man. Faith, there 'd be no such pother were it one of your own ragamuffin army! Out of the way! My mind is made up on the matter!"

"Aye, then, so is mine! And in she shall not go!" cried Mrs. Mummer, facing him valiantly. 'T was not so much on my account that she braved the man as for the sake of one lying helpless up-stairs and sorely needing attention.

I know not how that controversy might have ended, for Captain Blundell seemed determined to have his way, and Mrs. Mummer was one not easy to move; but, at that moment, a soldier came up to Captain Blundell, saluting.

"Colonel Taunton's compliments, sir," he said; "an' he wishes you should wait on him at once. He is taking up his quarters in this house."

I saw the captain scowl, for here was one who was his superior; but without another word, he turned and left us.

"And what of Master John?" whispered Mrs. Mummer, coming close to me.

"He is safe," I answered; "but I know not how he fares. He fainted, and I was forced to come away, leaving him lying on the floor."

"Go back," she said; "the wound may have started afresh, and he be like to bleed to death. I go to make him a posset."

(To be continued.)

A DOMESTIC PIRATE

BY CHARLES F. LESTER

I 'd like to be a pirate
And sail the ocean blue,
And capture "Indian traders"
With my gallant pirate crew.

I 'd glory in the tempests
And in the thrilling fights;
But I think I 'd like to fix it
So I could come home nights!





THERE was once a king who had two beautiful daughters. The eyes of one were gray, and her hair dark and long; she was called Princess Night; while the other, who had blue eyes and hair as golden as the sunbeams, was called Princess Day.

Princess Night wore a crown of diamond stars upon her waving black hair, and her dark blue mantle was embroidered with shining stars and a silver moon.

Princess Day wore a crown of jeweled flowers, her soft, white gown was held in place by a girdle of golden butterflies, and her mantle, which was sky-blue, was embroidered with birds of lovely colors. The two princesses were so fond of each other, and of the king, their father, that all went happily in the palace until one day the king married a woman who was a wicked witch. He did not know how bad she was, but he ought to have guessed, for her eyes were bold and cruel, and her mouth was narrow and ugly. She was a jealous stepmother to the two princesses, and the sweeter they were with her, the more she hated them and tried to do them harm. She was espe-

cially angry when she saw how the people loved them, for they cheered, waved their handkerchiefs, and cried "Hurrah," whenever the princesses passed; signs of love they never showed at the sight of her cruel face. So the witch made up her mind that she must get rid of her stepdaughters, at all costs.

She shut herself up for days in a room in the castle tower, a place with no windows, so that neither light nor sound could enter. She knew that the most wicked of her tricks would not work unless they were planned away from the light of sun and moon, and in a place where no song from man or bird could be heard. So behind the thick, stone walls of the tower room, lighted by the glow of a red lamp, she worked her ghostly incantations. She made a diamond star and a ruby rose that looked like one of the stars and one of the flowers in the princesses' crowns, but, oh, how different they really were!

They were filled with magic, as we shall see.

And all the time the stepmother worked, she kept the goblins and demons who were her slaves working too. She ordered them to build a high,

stone tower, with only one small window near the top to let in air, and to prepare a mist which would hide this tower from all the world. It was a strange mist, which no sound or ray of light could pass through, for the witch knew, as I said before, that a ray of light or a note of music would destroy her wicked charms.

In this tower she planned to imprison the two princesses.

At last her work was done—the star and flower finished, and the tower and mist ready. Then,



THE WITCH IN THE TOWER ROOM.

with a cruel smile, she kissed the princesses, saying she had a present for each of them—an addition to their lovely crowns.

They took the gifts without dreaming of harm, and thanked their stepmother prettily. Princess Night placed the brilliant stone star with the others in her crown, while Princess Day laid the ruby rose beside a shining water-lily.

And then—they fell into a sleep so deep and so long that they never knew when goblins surrounded them, lifted them, and flew with them to the lonely tower hidden in the silent, dreary mist.

When they awoke in the dark, they were terri-

fied, and if they had not remembered they were princesses, I think they would have cried. As it was, they tried to be brave, to wink back their tears, and find a way out of their prison. But the only opening was a tiny window far above their heads, through which came a glimmer of cold, gray mist.

So they held each other's hands, and through the long days which followed, they tried to forget their loneliness in talking of all the beautiful things they had once seen in the world, flowers and birds, stars and sunshine.

The goblins brought them food, so they did not starve, and sometimes they slept, although they never knew when it was day or night. That strange gray mist was never any lighter or any darker as it streamed through the tiny window.

The poor king was miserable when he found his daughters had disappeared, and the witch-queen made believe she was sorry, too. She said she feared they had run away with the two princes, Prince Night-wind and Prince Dawn, who were their dearest friends, and who had hoped sometime to marry them.

So the king sent for the princes, and when he found they had left the country, he was forced to believe that they had run away with his two daughters. He and his people put on black robes, and all the bells were tolled solemnly to show how the whole kingdom mourned the loss of Princess Day and Princess Night.

But, as *we* know, the princes had not run away with their lady-loves. Instead of that, they were trying their best to find the princesses. They knew what had happened, for the evening star, which twinkles in the sky before any of the other stars open their eyes, had seen the sisters carried away. This star sang a little song to the princes, telling them that far to the north, hidden by a thick mist, stood a tower in which the princesses were shut up. There was only one way to save them, the star said. If the sisters could be made to sing, to answer, perhaps, a song outside their tower, the charm would be broken.

That seemed very simple to the princes. They had often sung songs beneath the palace windows, and the princesses had answered with still sweeter music. So very hopefully the two young men hurried to the north until they reached the magic mist. All day they tried to sing there, but not one whisper could be heard through that grayness. And the light of the lantern they carried went out at once, for no beam could shine there, and the princes lost their way, and struggled back, disappointed and discouraged.

Just as they reached the edge of the fog again, the sun was rising over the world, and hundreds



THE RETURN OF THE PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.

of birds of all colors, and with many different songs, were singing gladly to welcome it.

"I have a splendid plan," exclaimed Prince Dawn. "Let us send two birds to sing to the princesses. They can fly over the mist, and when the maidens hear their song, they themselves will surely sing for joy."

"That is a fine idea!" answered Prince Night-wind. "Let us choose the most beautiful birds here to break the spell which imprisons our beloved princesses."

So they chose a bright blue and a gorgeous orange bird, and quickly they flew away over the mist. But when they reached the little tower window, all their notes had died away. They could sing beautifully in the sunrise light, but in a dark gray fog, they forgot their song, and slowly and sadly they flew back to tell the princes of their failure.

For a moment, Prince Night-wind and Prince Dawn stood silent and puzzled. Then, beside them, a little brown bird, a song-sparrow, twittered: "The darker the day, and the deeper the mist, the sweeter is my song. Do—send—me!" The last words were sung in three long, sweet notes, after which the sparrow gave a trill so gay and bright that even the sunrise itself was not more joyful.

The orange bird and the blue bird flapped their wings scornfully, but the princes were delighted. "Dear little sparrow!" they cried. "Sing like that to the princesses, and they will surely answer you."

So off over the gray mist and down to the tiny window flew the song-sparrow. On the window-sill it perched, and then, although the mist was grayer and colder than ever, it sang and sang, as if all the glory of the sunrise was around it.

Within the tower the princesses sprang to their feet, listening with shining eyes, and when the last trill died away, they sang in answer:

"O little bird, you sing of light,
From stars and moon and sun so bright;
The fragrance of flowers fills your song,
You bring us the hope for which we long."

As their voices rose, sweet and clear, a queer rumbling sound was heard, and at the last note the tower crumbled and faded away, while the mist lifted,—for the charm was broken!

The wicked queen was driving in the royal coach with the king at that moment; but, being a witch, she knew what had happened, and fearing that when the king found what she had done, he would shut her up in prison, she turned into an ugly old hag, and flew away on a broomstick.

Oh, how surprised the king and all his people were! But an instant later, they had another surprise, and a pleasanter one. For up the street, on a fine, black horse, rode Prince Night-wind with the Princess Night behind him, and beside them, on his white horse, rode Prince Dawn, with the Princess Day.

Then all the bells were rung again, wildly and happily this time, and the people danced in the streets while the king danced in his palace.

For his dear daughters had come home again, more beautiful and loving than ever, and with them had come the princes who had saved them, whom they married that very day.

And what music do you suppose they had for the wedding?

Not an organ, or fiddle, or flute; nothing but a chorus of little, brown song-sparrows; but the folks who were there say that never in all their lives had they heard music so sweet and joyous.



THE ANNUAL FISHING MATCH

by D.K. Stevens

IN August, if you should be found
Among the Be-Ba-Boes,
You'll witness that event renown'd:
The Annual Trip to the Fishing-ground,
Which all attend for miles around,
As I shall now disclose.

Bold Captain Roundy has command,
And, assisted by his crew,
He sails them out of sight of land,
While Roland Roly's Famous Band
Plays "Now, Farewell My Native Strand"
And "Life on the Ocean Blue."

A silver cup is made the prize
To the winner of the match;
So every anxious angler tries,
With minnow, worms, and patent flies,
And other things, to get a rise
And land the biggest catch.



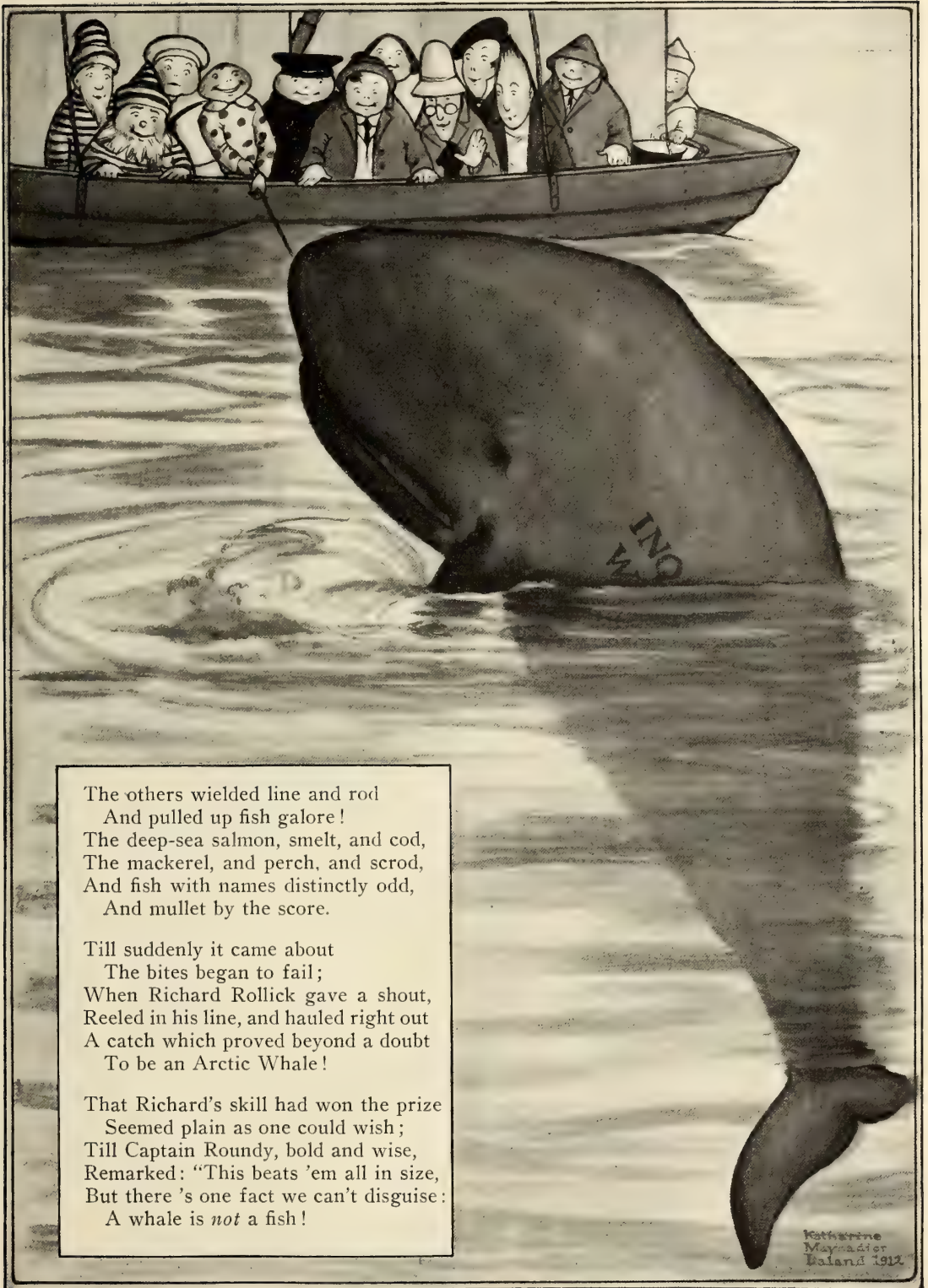
Katherine
Meyhadiet
Dahlgren
1922

Now Richard Rollick was a lad
Who studied fishing lore;
The information that he had
Concerning haddock, hake, and shad,
Was quite immense; and, I may add,
Was never known before.

So on their latest trip he went,
With hope and courage up;
His pocket-money he had spent
On tackle which was plainly meant
All kinds of fish to circumvent,
And so secure the cup.

That day the luck was simply great
For all—excepting one;
The fish would not, I grieve to state,
So much as *look* at Richard's bait,
Save one quite unattractive skate—
And that was worse than none.





The others wielded line and rod
 And pulled up fish galore!
 The deep-sea salmon, smelt, and cod,
 The mackerel, and perch, and scrod,
 And fish with names distinctly odd,
 And mullet by the score.

Till suddenly it came about
 The bites began to fail;
 When Richard Rollick gave a shout,
 Reeled in his line, and hauled right out
 A catch which proved beyond a doubt
 To be an Arctic Whale!

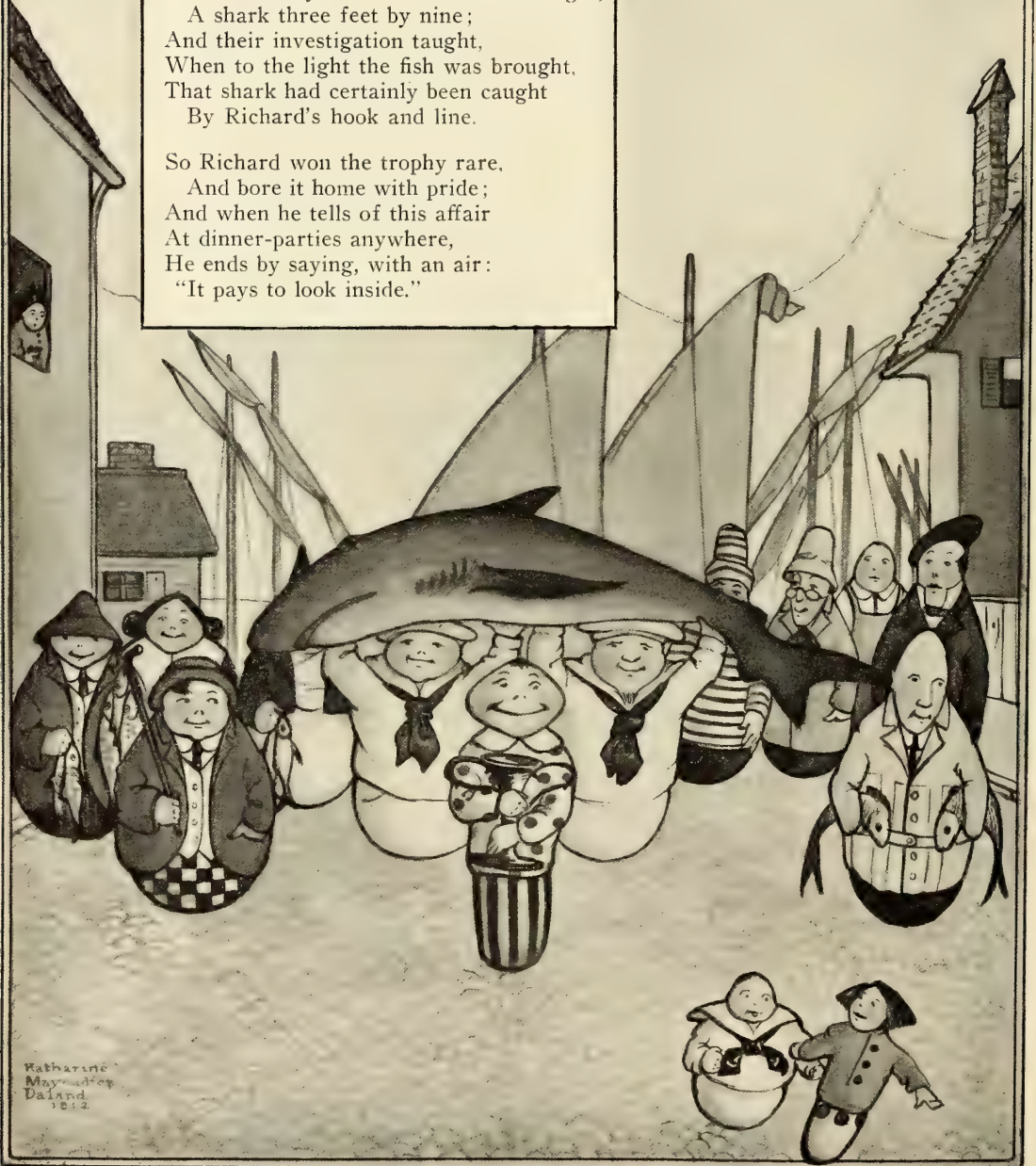
That Richard's skill had won the prize
 Seemed plain as one could wish;
 Till Captain Roundy, bold and wise,
 Remarked: "This beats 'em all in size,
 But there 's one fact we can't disguise:
 A whale is *not* a fish!

Katherine
 Maynard
 Daland 1912

"The rules for 'largest fish' decree,
 So Richard does n't win."
 But Richard said, "If you 'll agree
 This whale shall now dissected be,
 For on his back this sign we see,
 Which reads: *Inquire Within!*"

And there they found what Richard sought,
 A shark three feet by nine;
 And their investigation taught,
 When to the light the fish was brought,
 That shark had certainly been caught
 By Richard's hook and line.

So Richard won the trophy rare,
 And bore it home with pride;
 And when he tells of this affair
 At dinner-parties anywhere,
 He ends by saying, with an air:
 "It pays to look inside."



Katherine
 Maynard
 Daland
 1912

PETRONEL'S LIGHT

BY IZOLA FORRESTER

TALL sand-hills guard the harbor at Point au Manitou; great golden cones that catch the sunlight, and form the first glimpse of land to the craft on the lakes, as they pass the straits, and sail southward toward Chicago. But if they travel by night, it is Petronel's light by which they guide their course.

Every one called it Petronel's light after the captain was crippled at the wreck of the *Lucy B.*, from Petoskey. The *Lucy B.* was a big lumber boat, laden with Christmas trees, and she went ashore at the Point one bitter December night. There were Christmas trees along the icy beach for miles, Petronel remembered, and she could remember, as well, how the captain and the life-savers had tried to bring the crew ashore, while she and her mother watched up at the lighthouse window. They had saved some of them, too. The medal on the captain's breast helped him to bear being a cripple for life, and Petronel was always so very proud and glad when the summer visitors came over to the little garden at the lighthouse, and asked to see the captain and his medal.

The only trouble was that, after the wreck, the captain never climbed the long, winding stairs up to the great light-room again. Sometimes Petronel would go up and light the lamp, and sometimes her mother would; but, of course, way off at Washington, the official tender of the light at Point au Manitou was Captain Barty Buteau. Only the people around Manitou Islands and the lakemen knew that the real tender was Petronel. So they would always salute her when they passed. One, and two, and three whistles, the last very long drawn out. That is the way all the steamers, and lumber barges, and tugs saluted Petronel when they passed by day or

night, and I think those long whistles pleased her more than anything that happened in the lonely gray lighthouse far out on the Point.

Petronel was fifteen when the captain went to his long home beyond the bar. It happened in the winter, when the heavy nor'-westers would pile the ice around the lighthouse like great icebergs. They could hardly have pulled



"ALL THE STEAMERS, AND LUMBER BARGES, AND TUGS SALUTED PETRONEL WHEN THEY PASSED."

EDWIN JOHN PHILLIPS
1911

through, and kept the light burning, if it had not been for Hardy, one of the life-saving crew from the Point. Every day he would take the long walk down the shore from the harbor town, and see that Petronel and her mother were warm and had supplies; so that it was no wonder Petronel felt he was their best friend now that the captain was gone.

"I hope we shall always be good friends,

Hardy," she would tell him. "For I shall stay here at the Point all my life, and take care of the light, and you will be at the station all your life, and be a life-saver. I do not think the north shore could get on without us two."

Hardy did not say much. He would just smile, but surely in all the towns that edge the lakes, never was there such a smile as Hardy's, and his eyes were long and deepest blue, and they would almost shut up when he smiled. It was as if he smiled with his eyes too. Sometime, long ago, there had been a wreck, and Hardy had drifted in, like a little bobbing cork, with a life-buoy around his fat, little body, and too much of Lake Michigan in his system for solid comfort. The crew down at the Point station had adopted him for their own, and he had grown up with them, thinking that Captain Barty was the most wonderful sailor in the world, and that Petronel was the most faithful tender a light could have.

So it came as a severe shock and surprise to both when the news circulated around the Point that a new lighthouse tender was to be appointed in place of the captain. It appeared that down at Washington, where these things are arranged, nobody knew that it was Petronel's light, and that she always took care of it, and intended to as long as she lived.

"If you could just see the senator," Hardy told her. "I think he 'd understand. He looks sensible. He 's got short whiskers like the captain, and he laughs deep. Rathburn is his name."

"Where have you seen him?" Petronel demanded.

"He is at the hotel over Sunday. Why don't you go and talk to him? Why don't you tell him you want the light yourself, and that you and your mother can take care of it always?"

Petronel looked back at the far end of the pier. At the base of the tall gray stone tower was a little house. It leaned up against the tower confidently, and there was a very small, square garden-plot in front of it, where Petronel's sweet-peas and pansies fought for room with white clover and sorrel. It was all very, very dear to her,—gray tower, and little leaning house, and garden-plot. She rose, and unpinned her skirt.

"I will see him and tell him," she said soberly. "I will keep the light, Hardy."

But it was so much easier to say than do. She went over to the hotel that night, after she had rowed out to hang the lanterns on the tall piles that marked the harbor channel. She had made up her mind just what she would say to the man who went to Washington; how she would make him understand just what the light meant to her and her mother; how it almost seemed to belong

to them, they loved it so. But at the hotel they told her, very kindly but flatly, that the senator would see no one. He was resting from a nervous breakdown, and could not be disturbed.

The next day was Saturday and a very lively day at the Point. It was already August. The long winding row of summer cottages along the shore were filled with people from Chicago and smaller towns. The porches of the big hotel between the sand-hills looked like flower-beds, with the gaily hued dresses and parasols. Petronel's eyes followed them now, as she sat on the long pier. She liked to watch the summer people, but she never envied them any more than she envied the wild ducks that flew south in the fall. Rather would she have expected them to envy her, Petronel of the Point light.

On Saturday, Hardy always worked all day, cleaning the life-boat and everything at the station, until every speck of metal shone like gold and silver. And up at the light, Petronel would work too, polishing and cleaning everything, for on Sundays there was always a steady flow of summer visitors to inspect both places. But along toward evening, the clouds settled down over the lake, and the wind boomed up the straits like far-off cannon.

Hardy came on a run down the shore in his oilskins when the storm broke. Petronel was just shutting up for the night when she heard him call out.

"They want to know up at the station if you need help with the light? It 's going to be a wild one. I 'll stay if you want me."

Petronel backed up against the door, the wind whipping her hair across her face. She could hardly hear him in the gale, but she laughed back, and shook her head.

"We 're all right."

"There 's an excursion boat coming in from Mackinac," he shouted, making a speaking-trumpet with his hands. There was something else he said besides, but the wind tore down on them, and carried it away. Petronel could guess, though. If there was an excursion boat bound down the lake, laden with women and children, the Point light must watch for them like a mother's eye, and guide them into the harbor.

"We must be up all night, my .Pet," Madame Buteau said, calmly, when she heard of it. "We must keep the light very bright, and well trimmed. It is the beginning of the equinox, and we will have the very bad storm, I fear."

All night they sat in the little kitchen, listening to the crashing of the storm, and the roar of the heavy seas sweeping in over the long piers. Running, racing, pounding, they seemed like thou-

sands of feet to Petronel, just as though an army were assaulting the lighthouse, and trying to scale its high, stone walls.

Every half-hour they took turns climbing the

kerchiefs were waved at her, while the captain sent out his long salute to the light.

Somehow, in the darkness on the winding stair, the tears came freely, and she sobbed as



"SHE COULD HARDLY HEAR HIM IN THE GALE."

narrow stairs to the light-room, to be sure the big reflectors were working properly, and the great radiant eye was blinking regularly, now red, now white, then red again.

When it was Petronel's turn, her mother would wait for her at the foot of the stairs. It was impossible to catch each other's voices in the noise of the tempest. The thundering of the seas outside was like some mighty cataract, and overhead the real thunder of the sky crashed into it, and blended.

On the way down the stairs, each time, Petronel would stop to look out of the narrow windows, for some sign of the lights on the *Queen of the Straits*. She knew the steamer, and loved it, as one of her passing friends that kept her company. Twice a week it passed the Point, going up and down the lake from the straits to Manistee and Grand Haven. Petronel always watched for her, the slender, white-hulled boat, the decks crowded with pretty, summer-clad girls. She loved to wave back when all the fluttering hand-

she pressed her face to the chill window-pane, watching for the *Queen's* signals.

"Hurry, *cherie*," said the mother, anxiously, down at the foot of the stairs; but all at once there came a great peal of thunder, with a swift, terrible flash of lightning, and all the world seemed to be full of fire.

When Petronel uncovered her ears, and stood up again, she called out, but Madame Buteau was already up the stairs.

"Quickly, child, quickly!" she said in a low, steady tone. "See, the light is out. The tower has been struck! Bring me the lamp from the kitchen."

Just for a moment Petronel hesitated. She had seen a new kind of light out of the window, not the broad, beautiful pathway of clear, luminous radiance like the wake of the moon itself, but a vivid, reddish glow that seemed to make her heart stop its beating. Lightning had surely struck the lighthouse, and it was on fire.

And suddenly, out on the dark lake, there came

three long-drawn whistles. The *Queen* was trying to beat her way to the channel that led to the harbor, and had seen the light go out.

Without a word, Petronel sped down the stairs, through the low, white-washed tunnel that led to the keeper's dwelling. The telephone caught her eye, and she ran to it, and lifted the receiver. It sent thrills of electricity up her arm, and she could hardly hear the answer of the central office, through the strange crackling noises that filled the instrument. But she managed to convey the message that the lighthouse had been struck, and help must be sent at once. Swinging over the long table was the captain's favorite lamp. It had hung in the cabin of his schooner the *Huntress* for years, on long trips up and down the waterways of the great sister lakes. Petronel had always imagined it to be a very plump, motherly sort of thing, with its low, capacious brass bowl and large, spreading tin shade. The captain had laughingly humored the notion, and they had always called the old lamp "Madame," quite as if it understood.

Petronel lifted it from its hanging frame, and bore it carefully back up the winding staircase to the light-room.

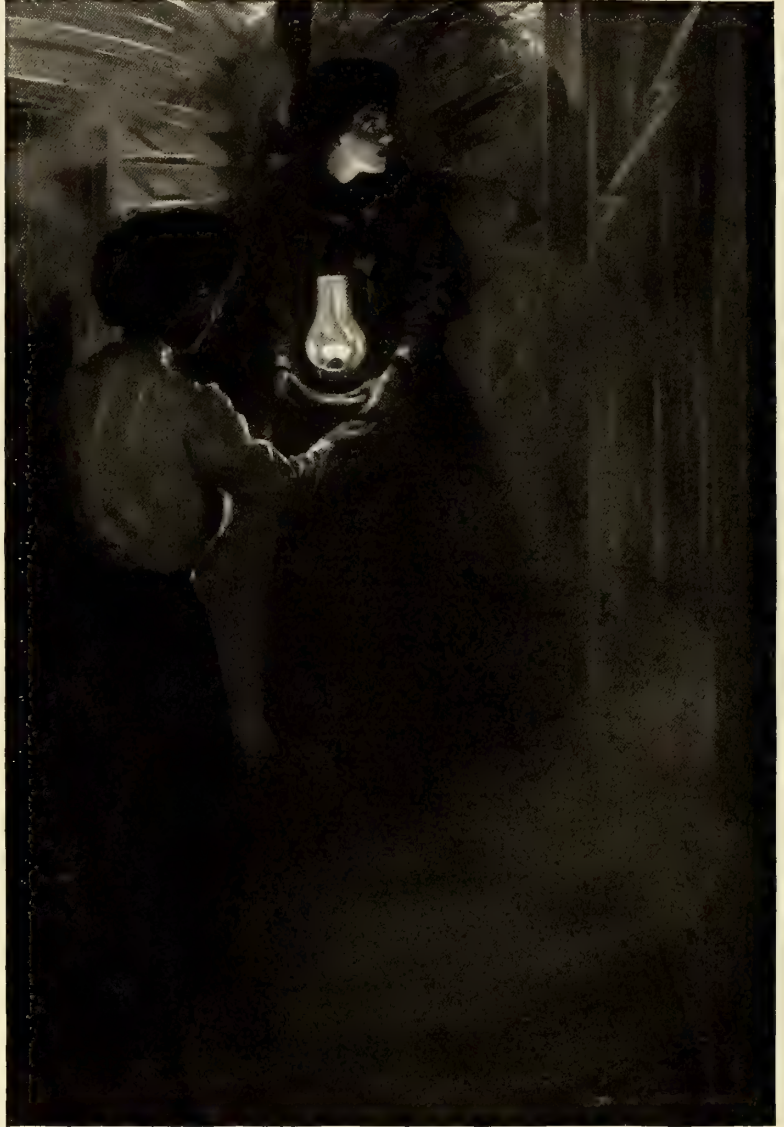
"That is well. Hold the lamp high, Pet," her mother ordered. She was working quietly, steadily, deftly, over the great, flat-wick lamp. Outside, the other light showed up in flares of yellow and red against the night. The big reflectors that moved by clockwork were still shifting back and forth, but there was no light to reflect.

"Mother," Petronel said once. "The tower is on fire!"

"So much the better. The ship will see the glow," answered Madame Buteau, cheerily. "It

is all of rock, child! It cannot perish. Only the window casements have caught, and this pelting rain will soon put it out. It is only for the light we must fear."

Again the long, appealing whistles called from



"PETRONEL BORE IT CAREFULLY BACK TO THE LIGHT-ROOM."

the lake, and before they died away, the captain's lamp was placed safely within the reflectors, and out over the dark channel waters shone the beams, showing the safe course to take, and bringing hope and safety to hundreds.

"It will burn now safely," Madame Buteau said. "Can you see the lights on the steamer, *cherie*?"

Petronel tried to peer out of the great lantern around her, but the light was too glaring, and she went down to the window on the stair landing. Pressing her face against the pane, she made out the port lights on the *Queen*, as she turned toward that beckoning path.

"She 's coming in, Mother dear!" she cried.

And as the steamer made the harbor in safety, after threading that narrow channel of peril, Madame Buteau held Petronel close in her arms, and thanked God for the lives that were saved from old Michigan that night.

It was Monday morning when Petronel came down the walk from the hotel, and her face was so smiling that when Hardy saw it, he smiled too, out of sympathy. For out of the many who had faced death on the *Queen of the Straits*, had been Senator Rathburn's own wife and daughter, and all during that night of storm and dread, he had paced the hotel porches and the beach, watching the steady, faithful pathway of guidance that the Point light sent out; and he had sent for Petronel the next day to tell her what he thought of a girl who could stand at her post like that.

"What did he say, Pet?" Hardy asked, as they swung away from the summer crowd, and took the short cut over the sand-hills to the light.

"Did he say you should have a medal like the captain?"

Petronel laughed, and shook her head.

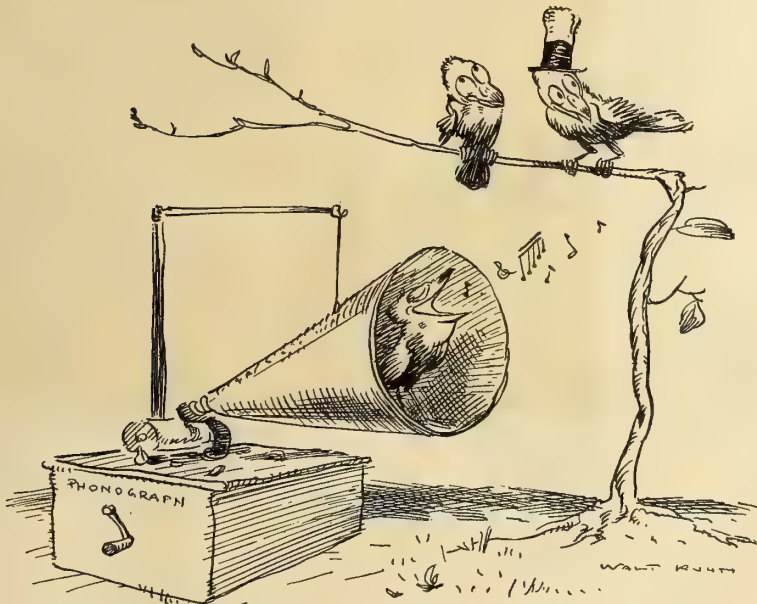
"He did n't say anything like that. He just told me our light was the bravest light along the lakes, and that we could keep it. He is going to tell them in Washington that nobody can tend the Point light so well as Madame Buteau and Petronel Buteau."

"We could have told him that all along!" said Hardy. "It is just because his own folks were on the boat that he knew how precious the light can be."

But Petronel shook her head.

"Mother says that love is the light that burns forever, and if he loved his own folks so, he will think of the others who were saved too, and thank our light for it."

And it happened just as she said, for only a month later, when the big resort had closed for the season, and the Point began to look bare with the autumn gales, a long, official letter came from Washington, with the appointment in it of Madame Buteau as tender of Point au Manitou lighthouse. So it said, and justly; but everybody among the shore people, and on the boats that saluted as they passed, called it Petronel's light.



ENRaptured AUDIENCE: "IT 'S PERFECTLY WONDERFUL HOW NATURAL THIS PHONOGRAPH SOUNDS."

THE BALEARIC ISLANDS

BY DR. S. J. FORT

If you will take your atlas and look at the map of Spain, you will see three islands of different sizes some distance from the western coast, the largest being called Majorca, the next largest, Minorca, and the smallest, Iviza, the entire group being known as the Balearic Islands. The name "Balearic" is derived from a Greek word meaning "the slingers," and was applied from the remarkable skill shown by the inhabitants in the use of the sling, at one time the only rival of the bow and arrow as a missile weapon.

Perhaps you will remember reading in history that the Spartan boys were early taught to ride, shoot, and tell the truth, the most severe punishments being meted out to delinquents in these foundational principles of education. We are also told that in the early days of the settlement of our own country, the boy who went hunting had his bullets counted. If he failed to bring

back game for each bullet expended, there was an uncomfortable quarter of an hour waiting for him, if the explanation of the missed shot was not satisfactory. Even the nursery jingles tell us that a certain Thomas Tucker was obliged to sing for his supper.

The island "slingers' plan went even farther than this, for they placed the food of their children on tall poles, and the inexpert marksman went hungry if he failed to bring down a meal with a well-directed stone. These primitive parents did not believe in making hunger a spur to the attainment of skill and then supplying intermediate lunches to the unskilful, so we can well believe that every boy became expert with his weapon, and that the fighting strength of the islanders was thus kept to a high figure of merit, so high, in fact, that the geographical name of the group has preserved it for all time.



MR. MOUSE: "PARDON ME, MR. TOAD, BUT DO I SEE YOU WEEPING?"
MR. TOAD: "ALAS, YES! I SLEPT IN AN ONION BED LAST NIGHT."

PLAYING THE GAME

(A sequel to "The Battle of Base-ball")

BY C. H. CLAUDY

CHAPTER III

THE FINE ART OF FIELDING

EVERY ball-player has an ambition; every ball-player has to avoid digging a pit for himself. The batter's ambition is a base-hit; the pit he would avoid, being struck out. The pitcher's ambition is a no-hit game; the pits he must not tumble into are wildness, passing batters, and allowing hits with men on bases. The fielder's ambition is to play his game without error or misplay; his pit, a mistake of judgment or "bonehead" play, which is far worse than the making of an error. Errors must happen to the best of fielders, at times.

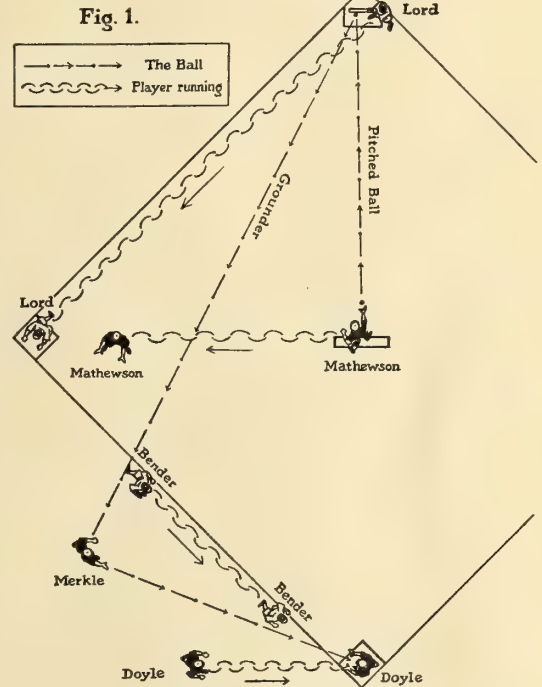
In nothing more does the attaining of ambition show to greater advantage, nor the results of failing to achieve it look uglier, than in the making of any play which results in an "f. c." in the score as an indication of how a certain runner attained a certain base. The "fielder's choice" looks innocent enough. It means that the man who gets the ball has two or more places to which he can throw it with the chance of retiring a runner. He chooses one, and either gets, or does not get, the runner; and the runner, going to the base he did *not* choose, is safe. But while the play may be errorless, it may be a misplay, a mistake, a "bonehead" play, and the game may be lost, then and there.

There was, for instance, a fielder's choice in the last World's Championship game between New York and the Philadelphia Athletics in 1911, which, had the fielder made a mistake, would seriously have affected the score of that game, perhaps even the series. No mistake was made, the fielder having perfect judgment in addition to errorless play; but an inspection of the diagram will easily show "what might have been."

The final score of the first game, played in New York, Mathewson pitching against Bender, was two to one in favor of New York.

With the score one to one in the fifth inning, Bender, at bat, hit to center, reaching first base safely. Lord followed him, and hit a sharp grounder to Merkle, New York's first baseman. Bender had to run for second, to make place for Lord. "Matty," like the fine fielding pitcher he is, covered first base. Merkle could throw either to first or second base and make an errorless play. By throwing to first base, he would get a

sure out, to second base a possible out. But as it was a force play, that is, one in which the ball need only beat the runner and does not have to be "put on him," Merkle took the wise chance, and threw to Doyle, at second. The ball beat Bender, who was thus forced out.



HOW MERKLE PLAYED WISELY A "FIELDER'S CHOICE."

Lord is at the bat—Bender on first base. Lord hits a grounder to Merkle. Mathewson covers first base. Bender has to run for second base. Merkle fields the ball. If he throws to Matty at first, Lord is a sure out. If he throws to Doyle, who covers second base, he may get Bender on a force play. It is a fielder's choice. Merkle tries for the force out, and the ball beats the runner.

That is what actually happened; and no one thought anything of it. Yet the game may have hinged on that one play. For Oldring, the next man up, batted for two bases, and Lord went from first to third. *Had Lord previously been put out at first, and Bender (who would thus have been safe) been on second when that two-base hit was made, he must have scored.* That would have made the score two to one in favor of Philadelphia; as New York made a run later, the score would then have been tied, and nobody knows who would have won in the end!

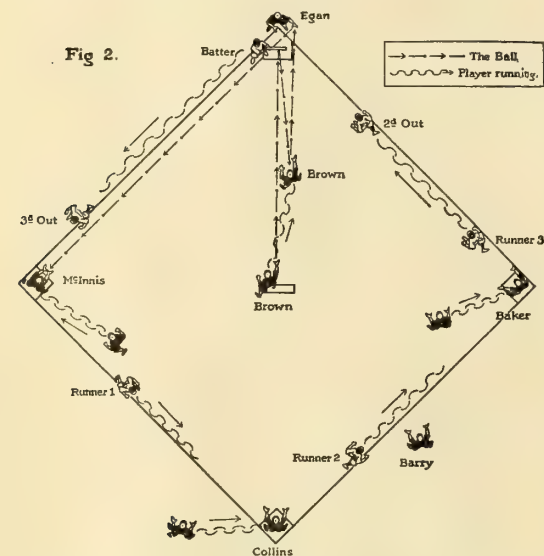
A pretty instance of a fielder's choice, which

resulted in a double play, was seen early in the 1912 season, in a game between the Athletics and the Washington club, American League. Brown, a recruit pitcher of the Athletics, was pitching, and was so unfortunate at one time as to have the bases full and only one out. The batter bunted to the pitcher. Brown fielded the ball, and had the greatest possible number of fielder's choices open to him, since the ball, fielded to any base, would retire a runner. But had it been fielded anywhere else than to home plate, the man coming in from third would have scored, and

choice should always be to get the leading man on the paths. It should—if there is a fair chance to get him! But to try for the leading man when the chances are against you is poor play. The old base-ball truism, "One out is better than none out," applies here very strongly. Play for the leading runner if there is a chance of getting him; but if there is not, play for the runner you *can* get, even if the other man scores. Very frequently, with a man on first when the batter lays down a sacrifice, you hear the stands crying madly, "Second base! second base!" in a well-meant endeavor to tell the fielder where to throw the ball. Then, when he turns and throws to first base with *seemingly* plenty of time to throw to second, the stands cry "Bonehead" at the player who has made a perfectly correct play. For he saw, perhaps, even if the spectators did not, that he would have to wait an instant for short-stop or second baseman to get in position to take the throw, and rather than take that chance, preferred a sure "out" at first.

You can be very sure that had he thrown to second and the runner beaten the ball, and the fielder at second thrown too late to first base to get the other runner, the cries of "Bonehead" would have been just as loud! It is sad but true that, in the mad desire to see the home team win, the average onlooker has little sense of the possible in base-ball, or consideration for the player who does not do the impossible.

With a man on second base and a sacrifice bunt to be tried, have you ever wondered why the ball is often laid down the *third* base line instead of the first? Putting the ball down the third base line means that the fielder who gets it—probably the pitcher—must run *away* from first base, field the ball, and then take his choice between throwing it to third base to catch the runner coming in from second, or making a long throw to first base. If the former is his choice, the third baseman must not only catch the ball, but touch the runner with it before he touches the bag. As the man on second usually has a long lead, and as fielding a bunt which seems to crawl on the ground is often slow work, the chances are all in the runner's favor, under such circumstances. Consequently, the ball is *usually* fielded to first, because at the initial corner there is no need of touching the runner; the ball merely has to beat him to it to effect a put-out. Hence the need of bunting down the *third* base line instead of the *first* base line; to make the throw as long as possible, and give the runner as much time as may be to beat the ball, thus turning the attempted sacrifice bunt into a hit, and increasing the chances of a subsequent score.



HOW THE ATHLETICS TURNED A FIELDER'S CHOICE INTO A DOUBLE PLAY.

Bases full, one out. Batter bunts to pitcher. Pitcher fields ball, throws to catcher. Runner coming in from third is forced out. Catcher does not have to tag him, and throws to first baseman, who covers the bag, returning the runner who has just batted. Double play, retires the side; no score. Had pitcher thrown to any other base for a force out, there would have been a score and but one out on the play.

there would have been only one out on that play, or two all together, and a chance for another score should the next batter hit cleanly. But the pitcher, in spite of the big lead of the runner from third, knowing the catcher would not have to touch the runner, threw "home." Egan, the catcher, caught the ball, stepped on the plate, and hurled the ball to McInnis, who had run in and covered first, the ball beating the runner by a hair, completing a double play, and retiring the side without a score, simply on a wise fielder's choice!

Note that the diagram shows Collins and Baker covering their bases, as well as McInnis. They could not know what Brown was going to do, and they had to be ready for any play he might choose to try to make.

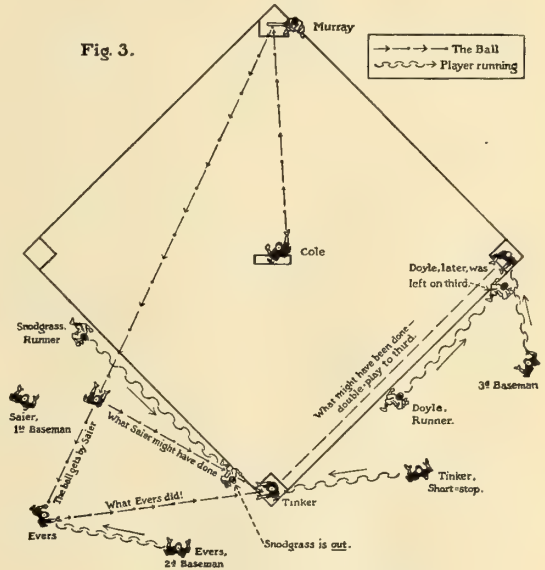
You may argue from this that the fielder's

Lads who play base-ball should make it a rule to think out in their own minds, swiftly but accurately, just what they will do with the ball if it comes to them, and before they do it. But this thinking out should not be to the effect that "If I get the ball, I will throw to first base for the runner," because that is a mental command which may well be obeyed in the excitement of the play, when the best place for the ball may be elsewhere. The making up of one's mind and the mental command should be entirely different: to the effect that "a double play is possible, if the ball is batted so I must run near second to get it," or, "I'll field it to first if it's a bunt I run in on, but if it's a ground ball I have to play back on, I'll send it to second." Leave yourself a "fielder's choice" in your mind, but never fail to calculate before each play what it may be possible to do, should the ball come your way; and make these calculations with a full knowledge of the inning, the score, and the "outs." Often, of course, there is but *one* thing to do, in which case the play is easier. Thus, with a man on third and less than two out, almost any *infield* hit should be fielded "home" rather than to first base, because of the more than usual chances of retiring the runner. On the other hand, with two out and a man on third, almost any infield hit should, of course, be fielded to first, because the third out is easier made there than anywhere else, the runner not having to be touched by the ball. And if the batter is out at first, the runner on third *cannot* score.

The theory and practice of "backing up" is a part of the game which deserves more serious attention than it usually receives from amateur teams. And it is in young teams, where wild throws, over throws, short throws, and other misplays are more common than in older teams, that such a necessity exists. The writer knows of one team of lads, the average age of whom is twelve years, which cleaned up all the opposing teams they could get to play with them on this one feature. Some one had started their captain on the road to success by convincing him of the necessity of every player backing up his neighbor, and he had made all his team practise the stunt so thoroughly that, although his fielders threw as wildly as their opponents, there was always a player backing up the man to whom the ball was thrown; and instead of opposing runners making two or three bases on a wild throw, they often made but one, and not always even that.

Such things as runs scoring from failure to back up are easy to understand. Consider Fig. 3 as an example, taken from a game played between Chicago and New York last year. There were

runners on first and second bases. Cole put over a good one, and Murray hit it for a sharp drive through fair territory between first and second bases. Saier, first baseman for Chicago, dived over to get the ball. Tinker covered second base. Evers, seeing Saier going for the ball, backed him up. Now, had Saier fielded the ball, he had



HOW EVERS BACKED UP THE FIRST BASEMAN AND MADE A PUT-OUT AT SECOND.

Runners on first and second. Batter hits the ball midway between first and second—first baseman goes after ball. Short-stop covers second, third baseman gets on his base. If first baseman fields ball to second, he probably gets a force out, and if short-stop is a good pivot, he *may* make a double play at third. If first baseman misses the ball, one run is certain, *unless* second baseman fields ball by backing up first baseman, when he *may* get a put-out at second, but, at any rate, holds the runner at third. He might also get a put-out at first base (not shown here) if the pitcher covered first base. If second baseman does not back up first baseman, the ball goes for a hit, and a run is scored—possibly even two runs.

a fielder's choice between three bases, although a throw to third would probably have been foolish. But he had a good chance for a put-out at second, and a possible double to first or third. Saier, however, did not get the ball. It struck his hands and bounded over his head. But it bounded into Evers's hands. Evers threw to second in time to get Snodgrass, the out at second was thus made, and Doyle, on third, did not get a chance to score. Had Evers not backed Saier up, the ball would have rolled to right field, and the chances are that both Snodgrass and Doyle would have scored!

In this play, Evers had nothing else to do. Saier was fielding the ball, which belonged to him; Tinker, the short-stop, was covering second base; and Cole was on the run to first in case the play should be made there. Another player might have said, "Oh, I'll take a chance. Saier is a

good first baseman, a fine fielder. He 'll get the ball. I will save my strength." And ninety-eight times out of a hundred, Saier would have fielded the ball cleanly, if once he got his hands on it. But this happened to be one of the other two times. And Evers was right where he belonged, backing Saier up. He fielded the ball which got by Saier, made the out at second, prevented one and perhaps two scores, and held the runner at third. It is plays of this sort that make Evers such a famous second baseman!

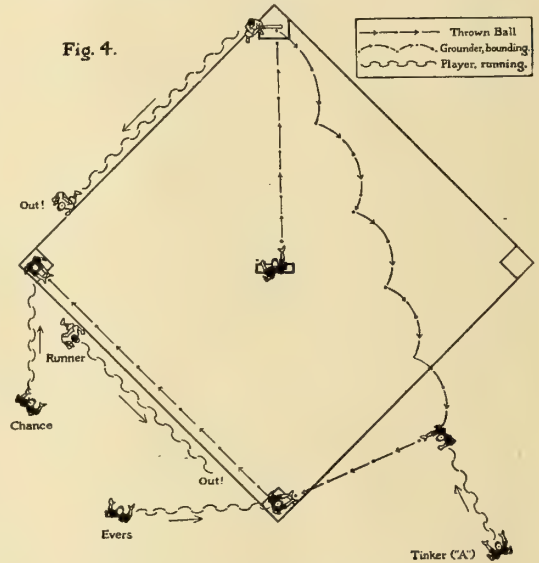
Now, of course, it is not always possible for infielders to back each other up on *every* fielded ball. The balls come too fast, and there are too many other things to do. It would be foolish, indeed, for one player to back up another when he has work of his own to do in covering a base. But there are nine men playing a defensive game, and it is a rare play which engages more than three or four of them at once (outside of a run-out between bases), so there is usually some one so entirely out of a play he must either stand and watch or put himself in position where, if anything goes wrong, he will be of some use to his team. Perhaps only once in a hundred times will his effort bear fruit, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is *playing the game*; and the hundredth time, when he manages to pull off the unexpected happening, he will be more than repaid for the effort he has put into his many correct but unproductive "backing-up plays," by the satisfaction of having played the game as well as it could be played.

Outside of the mere mechanical perfection of the fielder's work—his ability to "scoop up" balls, throw from curiously distorted positions, pick up grounders with unerring accuracy, etc.—the beauty of playing any infield position lies in its head-work; in a knowledge of how to "play the ball," and what to do with it after you get it. Often the latter knowledge is easier to come by than the former. Many a man who has a quick brain, a fine throwing arm, and a world of ability in handling the ball after he gets it, fails as an infielder because he lets the "ball play him," instead of "playing the ball."

"Playing the ball," not letting the "ball play you," is nothing more than base-ball language for "going after it." There are times, of course, when the fielder is lucky if he is able to get hold of the ball at all. But there are plenty of other times when he has a great choice as to where he will meet the ball, whether he will play back and let the ball come to him on a bound, or run in and scoop it up before it has a chance to bound more than once; and on this decision, occasionally, may rest the game! That, too, is one of the beauties

of base-ball: the entire game, at times a championship even, may depend, though the player knows it not, on *any* play he makes. There never was a close-score game played which could not have gone the other way had some one single play been otherwise accomplished.

Nowhere is this seen more clearly than in the making of double plays, those spectacular performances in which, with the bases full and one out, for instance, a most unfavorable situation is turned to the advantage of the defending team by two men being retired at once; or that equally interesting situation, "two on, none out, and a



HOW TINKER "CUTS IN" ON A BOUNDER AND SAVES A PRECIOUS HALF-SECOND.

"Tinker to Evers to Chance." This famous double play was achieved so often that the phrase in the score has become a byword. One reason why it was so uniformly successful, whether started by Tinker to Evers, or Evers to Tinker, was that both "played the ball"—neither let the ball play *him*! In the diagram, Tinker runs in on the ball and cuts off two or three bounds. He saves half a second. Had he let the ball "play him," and remained at the position "A," both runners would have been safe. As it was, both were out, simply because Tinker ran in on the ball and saved that half-second of time.

batting rally starting," which is nipped at the beginning by a double play that cuts off the two budding runs!

"Tinker to Evers to Chance," the lilting little line written in the score so many times when the great Chicago Cubs were winning four pennants and three World Championships, was possible, and became famous, for no other reason than that Evers and Tinker—as clever a second baseman and short-stop as ever played the game—are both like wildcats in their quickness, both alert, aggressive, and hungry for work, and both past-masters of the art of "playing the ball."

Consider the diagram in Fig. 4. Devore is on

first, Snodgrass is at bat. The score is a tie, the inning the ninth, one out, and one run wins the game for New York. Snodgrass hits a swift ground ball which goes leaping and bounding over the turf. The infield has been playing deep, expecting a hit-out rather than a bunt. Tinker runs lightly in, but very swiftly, watching the ball, and calculating to a nicety just how many times it will bound, where it will bound, and where he will meet it. He knows that the least "wobble" will mean a man on second *or third*, and still only one out. What he wants is, "no one on and—every one out!"

So he cuts in on the ball and saves, perhaps, half a second. He meets the ball, scoops it up, and whirls it over to Evers, who has lost no time getting on second base. The scooped ball is a little to Evers's right-hand side; Tinker is an artist. It is n't too hard for Evers to meet with both bare hand and glove at once, it is n't so hard a throw as to make a muff probable, yet it is swift—for those precious pieces of seconds that Tinker has saved by "playing the ball" and not waiting for it to "play him," must be utilized. Evers, getting the ball on his right side, has no need to move his arm far; he steps on the bag, turns his body, and the ball flies straight for Chance's mit, for Chance has covered first with the crack of the bat.

Twice the umpire waves a thumb over his shoulder—"Out—out," he calls, mits are unexcitedly thrown on the ground, the Cubs come to bat and have another chance to win, and "Tinker to Evers to Chance" appears in the box score under the heading "double play."

Had Tinker waited at A in the diagram for the ball to come to him, his half-second would have been lost, Devore would have slid in under his throw to Evers, and Evers's throw might well have landed in Chance's mit *after* Snodgrass had crossed the bag; and then there would have been two on and still but one out, and there would have been no "Tinker to Evers to Chance" in the box score!

The great Cub machine is not what it once was. Chance, the "Peerless Leader" has had to retire from active work, head trouble, due to being hit by pitched balls, making it impossible for him to stand the strain and heat of play. Nevertheless, "Tinker to Evers to Saier" appears reasonably often in the box score at that. And the Philadelphia Athletics, with their stars at short and second, are establishing a catch-line of their own. While "Barry to Collins to McInnis" lacks the lilting measure of the older, more famous, line, it is very much to the point—indeed, "Fletcher to Doyle to Merkle" is a frequent score phrase!

But whenever such a phrase appears, some one has "played the ball" instead of letting it "play him." Had the first man to get an assist in the double play waited for the ball, there would have been no double play to tell about. Hence it behooves all young infielders who study this diagram to study also the multitude of plays of which it is a type, and learn to judge the bounding ball, and meet it and play it as soon as it is possible to do so, never forgetting for an instant that every second means at least twenty feet for a tearing base-runner; that a quarter of a second clipped from the time in which the ball is played means five feet.

The time has gone by, and long ago, when an outfielder was merely a human ball-basket and catapult. Mere ability to catch fly balls, gallop over the turf and turn drives into outs, and then line the ball back to the diamond, even, with a strong throwing arm, to the plate, is not enough. Nor does adding a batting record of more than .300 to fielding and throwing ability make a player into a real outfielder—a Cobb, a Wheat, a Speaker, a Magee, a Milan, a Clarke, a Lewis, a Schulte.

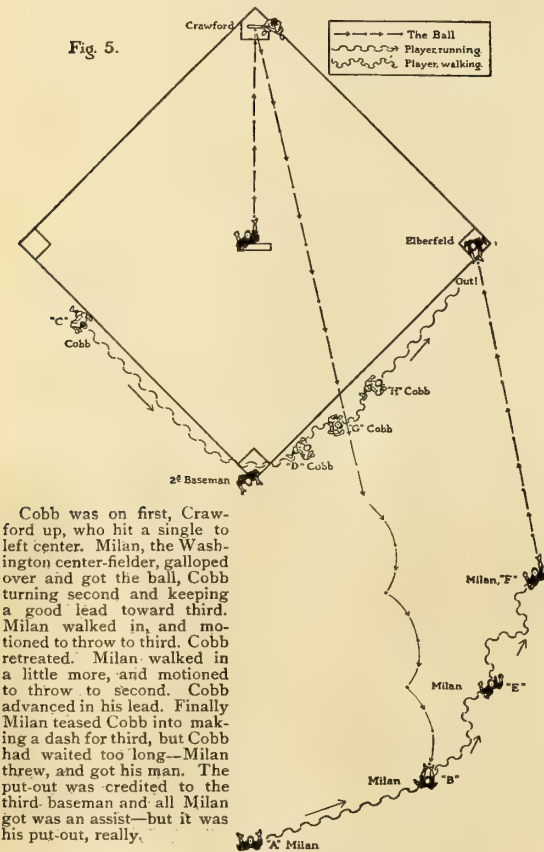
It takes more than batting, fielding, and throwing to make a *real* outfielder. It takes a head!

Look at the records of the great outfielders now playing the game, and you will see just what a quick brain means in outfielding. Oh, yes, we must start with Cobb! The player who led the world at the bat, in 1911, and his league, in two-base hits, three-base hits, greatest number of runs, and most stolen bases, can hardly be mentioned second to any other outfielder! Cobb had the greatest number of put-outs of all outfielders in the American League last year. Now there are other outfielders who are just as sure and certain judges of fly balls as Cobb—a number have higher fielding percentages. But Cobb adds to his speed instant judgment, and a splendid knowledge of batters; and he got the put-out record, regardless of the number of games played, solely on those things—judgment (head-work) plus speed.

Murphy, of Philadelphia, had the greatest number of assists: thirty-four for 1911. Incidentally, Murphy is captain of the Athletics this year, the veteran Davis being now manager for Cleveland. It may be stated that Connie Mack does n't pick the *least* brainy of his outfielders for his field captain!

Milan, of Washington, had thirty-three assists for the year, and was second only to Cobb in the number of put-outs he had to his credit—347. But Milan's fielding percentage for the year is the same as that of Cobb, and he was second in his league in the number of stolen bases, getting

a total of fifty-eight, to Cobb's eighty-three. This comparison is no attempt to make Milan seem a rival of Cobb, star player though he is. The figures are given because it shows that the two are not so very far apart when it comes to



doing the stunts which require heads as well as feet and arms, and to lend a point to the base-ball incident illustrated in Fig. 5. This particular incident, moreover, shows one play in which Cobb was both outguessed and outplayed—and those incidents, it must be stated, happen but rarely to the wonderful player generally conceded to be the equal, if not the superior, of any man who ever played the game.

Cobb was on first base, Crawford at bat, one out. It is a bad combination for the team on the defensive. Crawford has a mighty bat, and mighty arms, and many, many mighty hits are stored in both! The outfielders play deep for him, usually. This particular day he sent a slashing single to left of center. Milan, center-fielder for the Washington team, galloped over and

grabbed the ball after a bound or so, and turned to throw to hold Cobb at second. But he saw that Cobb had turned second, already taken a lead, and was facing the outfield. Milan knew what was going to happen. Cobb was going to "sprint" for third the instant he, Milan, let the ball go.

So he made a bluff throw. That is, he motioned, but did n't throw. Cobb laughed, and danced back a little toward second. His eye is too quick and his intelligence too keen to be fooled like that. So Milan inched in and toward left field a little, and bluffed again, this time toward second base; and Cobb increased his lead. Four times they went through this performance, Cobb seeming to dare Milan to throw to either base, Milan angling in and toward left field, seeming to dare Cobb to sprint. Of course Milan could have thrown to third at any time and thus have made Cobb retreat to second or try to beat the ball.

But Milan did n't want to. He is rightly proud of a throwing arm which has few equals, and while acknowledging Cobb as a great player, he did n't exactly feel that his arm should be made a mock of in that style! So he held his throw and angled always in and toward left field. You can see in the diagram how he did it—he started from A with the crack of the bat, went to B and got the ball, then loafed over to E, and finally to F, while Cobb, who had come from C to D with the hit, was increasing his lead toward third, going to G, and finally to H.

And there they stood: the great base-runner almost half-way to third; a great outfielder trying to outguess him. And he did, too! Cobb was a little too daring with the throwing arm that Milan wields. Cobb suddenly started for third, like a shot. But Milan threw, and the ball beat the runner, and in the midst of a cloud of dust, little Kid Elberfeld, at third, was seen jabbing a ball on the ribs of the famous runner! Cobb went to the bench, "out," amid the noisiest demonstration from the stands ever heard in Washington—greater than when a game is won!

It was brains that created that contest; brains which gave Milan thirty-three assists from the outfield in a year, and brains in Cobb which dares so great a chance, and "gets away with it" nine times out of ten. If he *always* got away with it, he would n't be human! That he does it so often makes him the great player he is.

And the "fine points" of playing the outfield—far beyond the mere mechanical ability to run, judge flies, catch them in spite of the handicaps of wind and sun, to throw cleanly, accurately, quickly, and strongly—are found in the brains and the wit, the keenness, of those men whose playing the outfield positions has made them famous.

Not only in outguessing the runner, but in knowledge of the batter and the effect of the pitch, are outfield brains shown. Cobb's 376 put-outs in 1911 came as much from his deep study of every batter—his knowledge of how they would be likely to hit each sort of pitched ball, and where it would most likely be hit—as from his speed and skill. Study the batters who play against you; study your own pitchers and what they pitch; learn which man bats an in-curve to right field and which to left; where he bats out-curves and straight balls; and then, knowing what is to be pitched, place yourself so that the hit, if made, will be but a single, and the seemingly safe line drive one of many unexpected and brilliant outfield put-outs. That, too, is playing the game!

It is not expected that you can emulate all that Cobb, or Milan, or Wheat, or Speaker does in the

outfield. Neither in mechanical ability, in knowledge of the game, or in completeness of knowledge of batters, can you really compete with men who make a business of what to you is play. But you can try steadily to make of your play something besides mere mechanical brilliance—something besides a mere catching of the ball and returning it to the base ahead of the runner. In playing the outfield, strive to outguess the runner, and get as many assists to your credit as you can; and even if most of them result merely because the runner tries to stretch a single into a double, a double into a triple, or a triple into a home run, now and then will come the chance to outguess and outwit the batsman, and then *you* can feel exultant in the thought that you, too, like Milan and Cobb, have played the game with brains and with wit as well as strength and skill.

(To be continued.)



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"THE TUG OF WAR." FROM A PAINTING BY FRED MORGAN.

THE YOUNG HIGHWAYMAN'S SURPRISE



"AHA! HERE 'S WHERE I GET SOME CANDY MIGHTY EASY. HEY THERE, YOUNG FELLER!"



"EH—UH—ER—HOW ARE YER?"

LIMERICKS

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

THE LIMITATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE

A PROFESSOR, both learned and wise,
Once heaved the profoundest of sighs:
"I am," confessed he,
"Absolutely at sea
On the subject of Gooseberry-Pies!"

NO TALKING SHOP

A SCHOOLMA'AM of much reputation
In her steamer chair took up her station,
And when asked could she tell
How some word they should spell,
She said, "Yes, but not during vacation!"

THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

CHAPTER XVII

"AN OLD-FASHIONED HALLOWE'EN PARTY"

ELIZABETH'S victory over Miss Winthrop was the talk of the school on Monday morning, but, before noon, she had furnished them with another topic for discussion, when she announced that she intended to forfeit her game with Miss Currier, a player very much inferior to Miss Winthrop. To all the questions excitedly asked of her, she only smiled and shook her head. But Nance knew the reason, and heartily disapproved of it. She herself had won her first game easily, and it was conceded that she would have no more difficulty with her next opponent than Elizabeth would have with Miss Currier. This, of course, would bring them into the finals against each other.

"You ought n't to drop out," protested Nance. "It 's like giving me the championship, and there 's no fun getting it that way."

"I can't help it, Nance," Elizabeth answered, determinedly. "I 'd feel just as badly beating you as I would being beaten by you, and that 's all there is to it!"

"I don't think it 's quite sportsmanlike," frowned Nance.

"Perhaps it is n't," Elizabeth agreed readily. "But it 's a fact."

She placed her arm coaxingly around her chum's shoulder.

"Don't be vexed, Nance," she pleaded. "I have n't played much, you know, and so when I play, I play with all my might. It seemed cruel to force Miss Winthrop when she was all tired out. I 'd never forgive myself if I played you that way, and it would n't be tennis any other way, would it?"

"No," admitted Nance.

"Then let 's not talk any more about it."

"All right," agreed Nance with a smile. "We won't."

And she did n't, but, on the following Saturday, she did not appear on the courts, and so lost her own set by forfeit.

"What 's the matter with you two girls, anyway?" demanded Roy, when he next met them.

"Some day we 're going to play off the match in private," answered Elizabeth.

"Oh, I see—and you 'll let me umpire?"

"No, sir!" laughed Elizabeth. "There won't be a single soul to watch us, not even you!"

During the next few weeks the school became about evenly divided between one group, centering around Elizabeth and Nance, and a second group which hovered around the Brookfield girls. Elizabeth herself, however, was far too busy, between her school and home duties, to give much thought to this.

Mrs. Trumbull had feared at first that Elizabeth, once back in her old circle, would lose interest in her home, but the direct contrary seemed to be the fact. The more she was out of the little house by the lane, the keener was her delight in returning to it. She went about her tasks with renewed zeal. Though Mrs. Trumbull, under the circumstances, thought it might be too heavy a burden for Elizabeth to carry, the latter refused to shirk a single duty. She was up as early as usual, and prepared the breakfast. Upon her return from school, Mrs. Trumbull had luncheon ready for her, but Elizabeth insisted upon preparing dinner and on devoting Saturday forenoon to setting the house in order.

"It would n't seem like my home if I did n't," said Elizabeth, when Mrs. Trumbull expressed concern lest the work be too much for her.

"Well, I must say you don't make much fuss about it," Mrs. Trumbull replied resignedly.

So late October came. The trees, after their harlequin carnival of the past few weeks, stood shivering beneath the cold fall blasts. The ground was strewn with leaves which fluttered and rustled about, like whispering children. In the garden a few dry corn-stalks and a clutter of frost-bitten pea-vines were all that were left after the garnering of the crops. Except the golden pumpkins. Those stood out like miniature suns warming the whole desolate tract. But in the cellar of the little house by the lane were full bins and barrels, and shelf upon shelf of tightly sealed jars.

And now, with these harvest tasks completed, Elizabeth was ready to put into effect a plan that had been in her mind ever since school opened.

"I want to give a housewarming," she announced to Mrs. Trumbull. "I think that, for some reason, half the girls are afraid to call here, and so I 'm going to invite them all, and introduce them to my home."

"Who cares whether they come or not?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull.

"Oh," laughed Elizabeth, "I want them. I 'd

like this to be a sort of gathering place for all my friends."

"Well, it would be a good way to find out who are your friends and who are n't, anyway," declared Mrs. Trumbull.

"I don't even care about that," answered Elizabeth. "I 'm friends with all of them, whether they are with me or not. I thought Hallowe'en would be a good time to begin."

"So it would," agreed Mrs. Trumbull. "Your mother always had a party on Hallowe'en."

That afternoon Roy dropped in and Elizabeth told him of her plan.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "This is just the place for a Hallowe'en party. You can't have a real one in an apartment-house, any more than you can have a real Thanksgiving in the city."

"I may have to call upon you to help me," she hinted.

"I 'd like nothing better," he answered.

"Then I 'll make out a list right away, and perhaps you and Nance can help me address the envelops."

"I don't star as a penman," he answered. "But I 'll stick the stamps for you."

A few days later, Roy, Nance, and Elizabeth were seated at their task in the sitting-room. Elizabeth had included in her list all her boy friends, and many that Roy had suggested, as well as all the girls in school of her own age. As Roy came to the names of the Brookfield girls, he scowled.

"I suppose you had to ask them," he said.

"Yes," she answered with a laugh. "Really, I don't want to quarrel with any one, Roy, and I thought that if they came and had a good time—"

"Supposing they don't come?" he demanded.

"Oh, I 'm sure they 'll come if only to make fun," answered Elizabeth.

"They 've no business to do that," he growled.

"Well, they have n't done it yet," returned Elizabeth, good-naturedly. "We must n't scold them beforehand."

"I 'm afraid of their tricks," said Roy. "They are so clever about such things that you never know what they 'll be up to next."

"I 'm not afraid of them," answered Elizabeth. "And I do hope they will come and have a good time."

"They would n't admit they had a good time if they came," answered Roy.

He would n't have expressed his opinion to any one else, but he was as frank with Elizabeth as with his mother. He had met the two girls only a few days before, and they had suggested that some one ought to arrange a Hallowe'en party. He had hinted then, as broadly as he dared, that

Elizabeth had something of the sort in mind. He had n't liked the expression in Helen's eyes as he told her this. It had left him with the feeling that he would have done better not even to have hinted. With this in mind, he tossed back to Elizabeth the envelop intended for Jane and Helen.

"Will you please address this?" he said briefly.

When he left that afternoon, he took all the invitations with him, and mailed them at the post-office. In the evening Mr. Churchill came over from "The Towers," and Elizabeth told him more fully her plans, of which he had already approved.

"I want to make it just like one of Mother's parties," she confided to him. "So now I want you to tell me everything you two used to do on Hallowe'en."

Elizabeth brought her chair closer to him so that she could rest her head upon his shoulder. He placed his arm about her. Mrs. Trumbull sat sewing on the other side of the fire. The setting was just as it was twenty years before. When he began to speak, it was with the worry of half a dozen business problems still teasing his brain, but as he went on, these were all forgotten. They were forgotten as they used to be in those days when business was always of secondary interest to the house by the lane and the home for which it stood. Then it was life and peace and happiness which counted most, and an event like one of these parties was to be remembered, even in the face of his biggest schemes for the getting of a fortune. So he sat for an hour telling of the decorations and the games and the people, until Elizabeth felt as though she herself had been one of the former guests.

"Oh, Daddy!" she exclaimed when he had finished, "I wish I had been there, too."

He patted her head.

"It does n't do much good to wish for impossibilities," put in Mrs. Trumbull.

"No," agreed Mr. Churchill.

"And I say we ought to be planning for the party to come."

"Right!" nodded Mr. Churchill. "For the party to come will soon be the party that is gone, and we must have pleasant memories of that too."

Elizabeth sat up.

"My party is all planned," she declared. "I 'm going to have everything just as Mother had it."

"Now that is n't a bad idea," said Mrs. Trumbull, looking up from her sewing.

"But I shall need you to help me, Daddy."

"I 'll do what I can," he agreed.

"Then—let me see. To-day is Tuesday, and the thirty-first comes on Saturday. Will you



ELIZABETH'S NOVEL HALLOWE'EN PARTY. (SEE PAGE 911.)

come home early, so that I may have you the whole afternoon?"

He hesitated.

"I 'm afraid—" he began.

"Daddy," she broke in, "you know I shall need you to hang all the high things."

"There 's Martin," he suggested.

"I shall need you—you and no one but you," she pleaded.

Still he hesitated, for he had at least one important business engagement for that afternoon, but, as he lifted his eyes, he caught in Mrs. Trumbull's glance a worried look that decided him.

"All right!" he submitted, "I 'll be here at two o'clock."

Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

"Now," she declared, "I 'm sure my party will be a success!"

But the next morning, Elizabeth received in the mail a little square envelop that took away her breath. On the surface it was inoffensive enough, but reading between the lines, it sounded like a declaration of war. It read as follows:

The Misses Brookfield desire the honor of Miss Elizabeth Churchill's company on Hallowe'en, October thirty-first, at eight o'clock.

R. S. V. P.

3 Aphwaite Court.

The Misses Brookfield must have received her own invitation that very morning. To be sure, this conflict might have been accidental, but something made Elizabeth recall Roy's words of warning. And whether accidental or not, this made a very embarrassing situation. There was no doubt but that both had invited about the same people. They had many friends in common, both at Miss Grimshawe's and at Roy's school. The two invitations would reach the same people at the same time, and this would leave them nothing to do but choose.

Elizabeth hurried into the kitchen with the letter and showed it to Mrs. Trumbull. The latter adjusted her steel-bowed spectacles and read it through.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Of all the mean tricks I ever heard of, this is the worst!"

"But we don't know for sure that it is a trick," Elizabeth protested charitably, though with her heart in her boots.

"Of course it 's a trick," answered Mrs. Trumbull, impatiently. "You wait until Roy sees this!"

"I suppose it means that I 'd better give up my party," faltered Elizabeth.

"Huh?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull, making herself as straight as a ramrod.

"I suppose—"

"Don't you suppose nothing of the kind," Mrs. Trumbull broke in. "We 'll have this party if every one else in the city gives one the same night! We 're sure of three, anyway."

"Who?" asked Elizabeth.

"Roy Thornton, Nance, and your dad. They are worth more than all the rest of them put together."

"Perhaps—perhaps Roy won't come," suggested Elizabeth.

"He won't, eh?" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull. "Well, I 'd be willing to stake my life he will!"

That night Elizabeth received five regrets—all from her girl friends. But the next morning she received as many acceptances, and these, oddly enough, were all from boys. On Friday came more regrets and more acceptances, again divided as before. Elizabeth was mystified, but she went on with her preparations with as good a heart as possible. Friday, after school, both she and Mrs. Trumbull were busy in the kitchen, making cake and doughnuts and pumpkin-pies. In addition to this, Elizabeth made fudge and walnut creams. Martin had plenty to do cracking nuts and hollowing out the pumpkins, cutting eyes, noses, and mouths in them, and preparing the candles. From the beginning, Mrs. Trumbull had insisted that if this was to be an old-fashioned Hallowe'en party, everything must be made at home. Mr. Churchill had suggested that the chef be allowed to make some of the pastry, but Mrs. Trumbull would n't listen a minute to that.

"No, siree!" she said. "This is going to be an American party, and my notion of an American party is where you put something of yourself into it."

"If I might make so bold as to say so, that 's an English party, too," observed Martin.

Elizabeth had very good luck with her candy. The fudge was smooth and firm, while the creams were every whit as good as any she could have bought in town. So was the cake, for that matter, and the caramel frosting would melt in your mouth.

Elizabeth received a note that day from Roy, saying that, with the foot-ball team and his studies, he would n't be able to come over and help, and that Saturday he was to play.

"I 'd ask you to come to the game," he concluded, "but I know you 'll be too busy. The whole team is looking forward to the party, and I 'm coming over early Saturday evening to help you with the finishing touches. Hooray for you!"

The whole team! Elizabeth was still pretty much confused as to what was going on about the two gatherings. So far, not a girl had accepted,

while every boy she had asked had written his enthusiastic thanks. She was too busy to worry much about this, but it certainly looked queer.

The next afternoon her father, true to his promise, appeared shortly before two o'clock, ready for work. She pinned a blue apron over his business suit, to make him feel that he really had a great deal to do, and then ordered him to sit down while she and Martin festooned the windows with long strips of yellow paper.

"What I want you to do, Daddy," she explained, with an airy wave of her hand, "is to sort of oversee things."

"Look here," he protested, "I want to do more than that!"

"Then," she permitted, "you may hold the hammer and tacks."

But that did not suit him either, and in less than a minute, he was mounting the step-ladder and doing the actual work, while she herself was overseeing the job, and Martin was holding the tacks. They draped the windows with the yellow paper, and ran it all around the room. From this they suspended long strips which reached to the floor. The idea was to produce the color effect of an autumn corn-field, and, to make it more real, Martin brought in several large stacks of the dried corn-stalks, which were placed in the corners. In each of the front windows one of the hollowed out pumpkins was placed ready for the lighted candles. The orchestra contributed by Mr. Churchill as his share was to be half concealed in a recess.

The dining-room was decorated in much the same fashion as the front room, the dishes brought out, and the sandwiches made. Every one was as busy as possible until it was time to dress for the evening. And no one was happier in the work than Mr. Churchill himself.

When Elizabeth came down-stairs, Roy was waiting for her with a box of jonquils. She tucked one of these in her hair, and wore the others at her waist. She looked like a young and very charming goddess of the harvest.

"I came early to see what I could do," said Roy. "And—and—I suppose you know the Brookfield girls are giving a party to-night."

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, with a smile, "I received an invitation."

"So did I. So did all the boys."

"So did all the girls," added Elizabeth.

"I know it. But—well, you wait and see what happens."

"I know one thing that will happen," answered Elizabeth, good-naturedly, "I'm afraid the boys who come here won't have many dance partners."

"So?" grinned Roy. "I'll bet my hat that the girls at the Brookfield party won't either."

"Roy," exclaimed Elizabeth, "I hope you did n't do anything to make the boys come here!"

"Make them?" returned Roy. "You could n't have kept them away!"

Just at this moment, Nance arrived, and fifteen minutes later, promptly at eight o'clock, the door-bell rang, and Martin, proud in his old regalia of "The Towers," swung open the front door. Not one boy, but sixteen, filed in like a well-drilled regiment. In greeting her guests and in presenting them to Nance, Elizabeth found her hands full, and, these preliminaries over, the party ran itself. Never did boys have a better time, and, for that matter, never did Elizabeth. She felt like a queen in the midst of her court. It seemed as though each boy vied with the others in his attentions to Nance and herself. For an hour, all struggled strenuously for the honors of the various Hallowe'en contests, and then the floor was cleared for the dance. Seven of the boys bound their arms with handkerchiefs and danced as girls. Roy led the grand march with Elizabeth, Grandon, the little quarter-back, seized Mrs. Trumbull and insisted that she follow as his partner, while Sears came after with Nance. The sport waxed merrier and merrier from that moment on. Two-steps, waltzes, quadrilles, and Virginia reels followed in quick succession. Mrs. Trumbull had not danced so much in thirty years, but no boy would be satisfied until he had had her, as well as Elizabeth and Nance, for a partner. In the midst of the gaiety Mr. Churchill himself appeared, and joined in as though no older than the others.

When it came to the spread, every member of the foot-ball team—and they were there to a man—broke training. Doughnuts, pie, and cake vanished as though by magic; sandwiches appeared only to disappear; and as for Elizabeth's candy, it melted like snowflakes before the sun.

It was eleven o'clock before the merriment ceased, and the boys reluctantly took their departure, vowing they had never had a better time in all their lives. They filed out in a body, and, as the door closed behind them, Elizabeth threw her arms about her father's neck.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried, "it *was* a success!"

"Hark!" he answered.

Sharp as the crack of a machine-gun the school yell rang out in the night air, ending with:

"Miss Churchill! Miss Churchill! Miss Churchill! She's all right!"

"Who's all right?" demanded Grandon.

"Elizabeth Churchill!" came the enthusiastic answer from seventeen strong young throats.

POINT ROCK

BY FRANK STICK

THE river winds around the base of the cliffs in a big curve that incloses several miles of pine and hard-wood forest in a sort of gigantic horseshoe. When seen from the foot of a wide-spreading white oak just above Point Rock, it resembles the practical omen of good luck to such an extent that the natives thereabouts have given this particular part of the river the name of Horse-Shoe Bend.

The oak that capped the bluff marked a favorite rendezvous for a boy and a dog I knew in my golden days, who, when tired with rambling over hill and down dale in search of squirrels and other small game, sought a suitable spot at which to enjoy the well-earned luncheon. There was never any regular hour for lunching—no twelve o'clock whistles or schoolhouse bell to be obeyed. If he was hungry the boy was wont to argue that there



was mighty little chance of a fellow's seeing game during the heat of the day—which might mean almost any hour between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M.

Many times, too, his decision to stop for lunch was due to the boy's thinking he noticed a hungry expression on the face of Bob, the dog. This fancy may have possessed a solid foundation, for beneath the love that existed between boy and dog, there had developed an understanding which is often lost about the time business or college takes the foremost place in a boy's thoughts.

A few rods below the oak, a cold, clear spring bubbles up into a little rock-rimmed basin and from there falls in a succession of tiny cascades to the river. This spring was one of the many attractions of the point, and you may be

sure the boy never neglected to refresh himself with its grateful coolness, ere he dipped into the satisfying substantial contained in the lunch-bag.

He always lingered for a time after eating, lying flat on his back, hands clasped under his head, feasting his eyes in their turn on the loved stretch of country below him. Every curve in the river, every grove and each tiny break in the timber became imprinted on his mind and possessed for him some secret individuality. Many of the rocks and trees were landmarks of events in his excursions in hunting or angling—the lightning-gashed trunk of the beech tree, where, one evening in early autumn, Uncle Lou's coon hounds had treed a lynx; the crooked cedar that marked the dens of those wily old foxes who defied his trapping knowledge for several winters. Almost directly below were Wild Cat Rapids—the head of a pool from which he had enticed many a sizable bass and channel-cat. And some distance down the river Baily's Falls glinted in the sunlight and sent their many voices up to him, there on the point.

The picture he saw from his perch beneath the oak never grew tiresome, because the tones and colors of it were ever varying. It changed not only with the seasons, which marked a huge difference, of course, but also with the days. There were cloudy days when all the landscape was grayed and simplified. Days of sunlight when the hills and opens seemed to throb and pulsate, and only the shadowed valleys and the point were cool. Sometimes he saw huge cloud-shadows sliding over his picture, and could almost feel them when they enveloped his tree. Now and then it stormed. Dark clouds would hurry up from the horizon, and soon there would come a veil of rain like a heavy gray cloud, pressing down the tree-tops and ruffling the peaceful river as it approached. There were outcropping rocks close at hand which made capital shelters, so the rain bothered him not one whit.

Mostly, though, there was the sun.

It is n't at all strange that the bigness and sweetness of this bit of "God's out-of-doors" should have impressed itself so deeply on his boyish mind that it influenced his grown-up life even to his innermost thoughts, and his days were the happier and his deeds the bigger and better because he had known this influence.

Sometimes I think it were good if every boy might learn the path to a Point Rock.



"AT THE FOOT OF THE WIDE-SPREADING WHITE OAK."

UNCLE JOHN AND HIS HORSELESS CARRIAGE

BY MARIAN PHELPS



From photograph by R. S. Patterson.

UNCLE JOHN'S DOG TEAM STOPPING FOR A REST.

THIS old darky and his team of dogs were once a familiar sight to the residents of Nashville, Tennessee, but they never failed to call a crowd of interested spectators. The old fellow was as proud of his horseless carriage as if he were the owner of the finest touring-car in the country, and he paraded the streets with as much joy as the most finished artist in the ranks of the chauffeurs.

He had his faithful dogs in good training, using neither reins nor whip, but guiding them by a word of command. He had only to say "Start!" and off they went at a "dog-trot"; "Stop!" and they came to an immediate halt; a motion of his hand, and they swung around a corner as deftly as the swiftest little runabout. Usually he had eight dogs in harness and three outrunners, but occasionally the whole eleven were in the traces, and a pretty sight they made. Not only did they lend picturesqueness and interest to the streets of Nashville, but the lesson of patience and love and

fidelity taught by this humble old colored man and his cheerful little servants was one that lingered in the hearts of all who knew them. Sometimes they were out on a pleasure trip, as seen in the accompanying photograph, but more often we saw them with a little delivery cart, for Uncle John earned his living with these canine friends of his. Once he was asked if they were not more expensive than one good horse would be, and he replied: "Law, child! dey don' cos' me nuffin'. De man what Ah buys mah p'ovisions f'om, he gives me meat foh de dawgs."

Though Uncle John has emancipated his team of dogs and now drives a mule, several of his canine friends still live and follow him on his daily rounds; while in the hearts of Nashville's young people, and, indeed, of many who are no longer young, lives the memory of the happy, noisy little fellows who barked their joyful greetings in merry opposition to the "Honk, Honk," of the motor horn.

A TEAM OF OSTRICHES

BY LAWRENCE W. NEFF

FROM the time when the oldest books of the Old Testament were written, and doubtless long before that time, the ostrich and some of its peculiar habits have been more or less familiar to dwellers in those portions of the earth where the human race appears to have had its earliest home. The writer of the Book of Job speaks of the ostrich, and there are several other references in the books of law and prophecy. Even before their era the rich and flowing plumes plucked from the wings of these great birds were in demand for the adornment of the dusky Oriental queens, so that parties of expert hunters went on long and dangerous journeys to the desert to procure them.

It remained for enterprising Americans to bring the ostrich-plumes to our very doors by bringing the ostriches themselves. Thus it came to pass that farms for growing them were established at various places in California and Arizona where climatic conditions were generally similar to those of their native haunts—the great deserts of western Asia and northern Africa. At these ostrich farms there are several thousands of the

adult and young birds, and the proper care of them has been reduced to a science as well as an industry.

None but very fleet horses can overtake the ostrich upon the desert. His strength enables him to carry a man upon his back and yet travel with remarkable speed. Upon a few occasions there have been exhibition races between a horse and an ostrich, each hitched to a racing sulky, and honors were usually divided. Yet it must be confessed that the ostrich is not strictly suitable for driving purposes. His stride at full speed is a trifle over twenty feet, and this is not at all conducive to the comfort of the driver; still less so when two are hitched together and are careless in the matter of keeping step. Of course a special set of harness is required to meet the needs of the case, but, as will be seen, this difficulty was overcome in a satisfactory manner. It is a strange spectacle to witness these gigantic birds, eight feet in height, trotting complacently along the highway and obeying the will of the driver as if they were to the manner born.



THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

CHAPTER XII

COUSIN WILLIE SEES A GHOST

AFTER the excitement which had attended the first few days at Beaver Camp, the boys were not sorry to have a period of calm, with no sensational developments to interfere with the quiet enjoyment of camp life.

On Sunday evening, they went up to Mrs. Spencer's and had an informal service of song about her piano, Tad and his mandolin joining in with the others.

Monday found them at work on the athletic field. This plot never would be ideal, but each day's efforts made it a little better, and Lefty hoped to commence base-ball practice by the end of the week.

Wednesday was clear and cool, so the boys attacked the athletic field again, and talked hopefully of arranging games with their neighbors.

Wednesday evening brought the first really startling experience of the week. It was Cousin Willie's turn to bring the drinking-water for the camp, so, when the others had gathered about the fire, he set off along the familiar path to the spring.

His courage was stronger than in days past, and he had grown somewhat accustomed to prowling around in the dark, so he took the lantern and pail and started on his way without any conscious shrinking from the unknown perils of the night.

Once within the shadow of the woods, however, he had to acknowledge a feeling of sudden fright. Something in front of him and a little to the right claimed his fascinated attention. It was tall—at least two feet taller than a man—and white. The formless whiteness seemed to slip in and out among the trees in a manner truly spectral, and the boy was sure that the figure drew nearer to him.

He rallied his rapidly waning courage, and tried to persuade himself that it was foolish to believe in the existence of ghosts. He even attempted to convince himself that the terrifying object was only a blanket which one of the campers had hung up in a tree and forgotten to remove. Still his knees trembled uncomfortably, and his teeth chattered. The report that the camp was haunted came freshly to his mind, and this increased his alarm. Had the ghost of Beaver Camp arrived for one of its reported visits?

He turned to retrace his steps, but just then a new and very reasonable idea occurred to him. Perhaps one of the campers, knowing that he must pass along that path after dark, had draped a ghostlike figure and placed it there to test his courage.

Well, he would just convince his companions that he had as much grit as any of them. It required heroic effort to turn about, pick up the pail, and walk resolutely forward, but his will power had been stimulated lately, and he forced himself to continue on to the spring.

He filled the pail with water and started back, a little astonished at his own "nerve," but thankful that every step would bring him nearer the camp-fire. Hurrying as fast as he could with his burden, he reached the clearing beyond the woods, and approached the boys grouped about the big fire.

"There 's a ghost in the woods," he remarked casually, as if such visitors were quite usual.

"A what?"

"A ghost. We heard that the camp was haunted, you know, and it looks as if one of the ghosts had come back to see who 's here."

"It 's probably a stray cow."

"No, it is n't, Eliot. Really! It was about eight feet tall, and white, and it had long arms, sort of stretched out."

"Wow! I 'm glad I did n't meet it, kid! Where was it?"

"Not far from the spring—off in the woods."

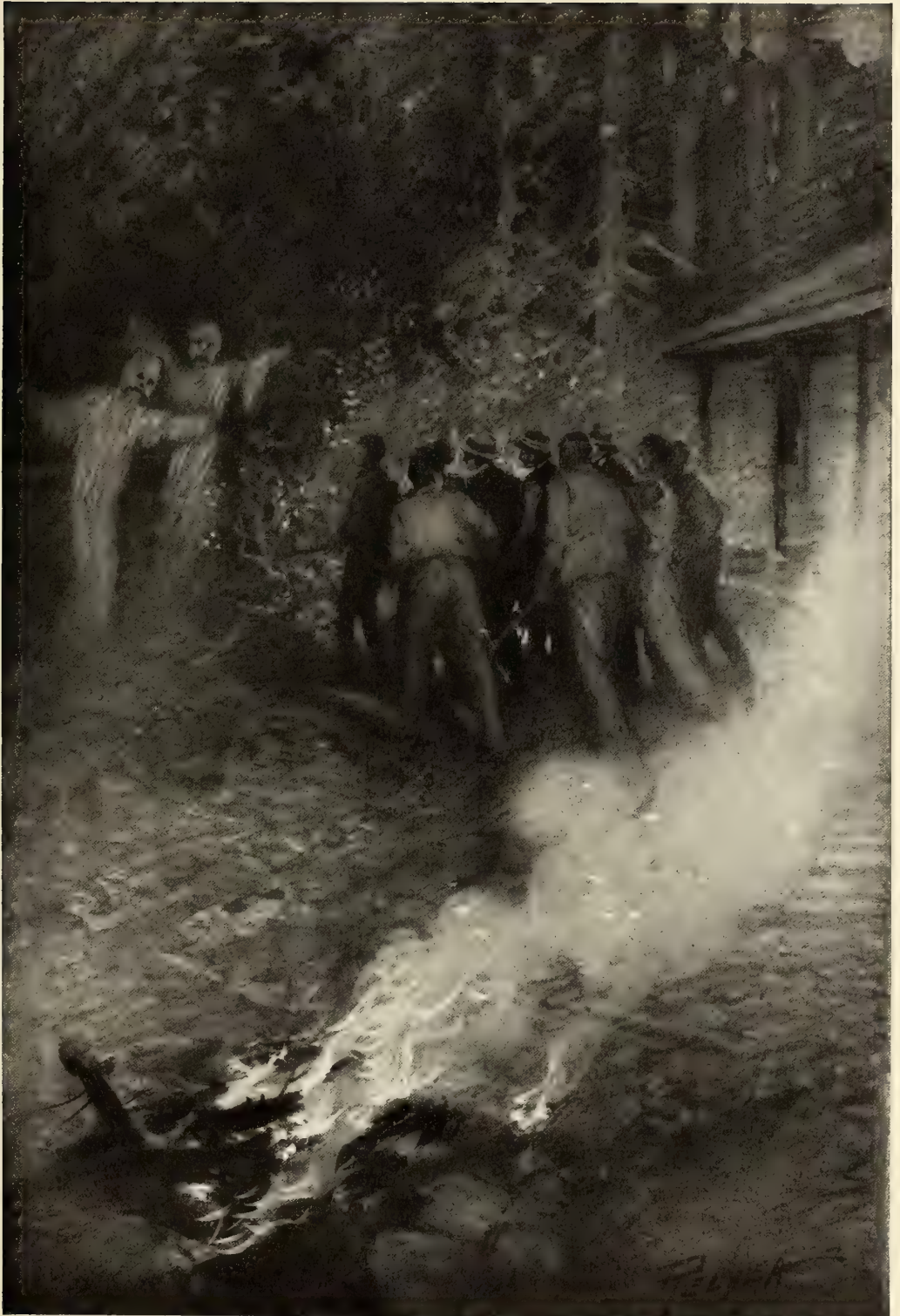
In spite of his effort to appear unconcerned, the boys could not help noticing that Cousin Willie had been frightened. They wondered what apparition had confronted him in the dark, silent woods.

"Shall we go forth and dare him to mortal combat?" Tom asked.

"Ghosts are not supposed to be mortal, you know," his brother suggested. "That makes it extremely hard to carry on any kind of combat with one. Of course I am ready to draw my sword in defense of Beaver Camp, but—er—had n't we better wait until the ghost comes out on the beach? There 's so much more space here, and the light 's better, not to say—"

"Oh, look!" gasped Charlie. "There comes the ghost!"

"Two of 'em!" added Jack, excitedly. "What spooky things! They must be fully eight feet tall, just as Bill said!"



"THEY WERE NOT REASSURING OBJECTS TO BEHOLD IN A DARK SPOT."

There could be no doubt about it! The ghosts of Beaver Camp really had arrived. Of course science and sense asserted that such things did not and could not exist. Yet one could not doubt what his eyes actually beheld, philosophical statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

Nor were the boys asleep, and merely imagining, as part of a dream, the existence of the specters. On the contrary, they were unusually wide-awake just now! Too greatly bewildered and startled to talk much, all had risen, and now they stood watching with a sort of hypnotic fascination the slow, impressive progress of the specters.

Each was fully eight feet tall. The heads were invisible except for the eyes, which glowed with a kind of phosphorescent brilliance. The long arms of the ghosts were extended, and occasionally these moved as if beckoning to the boys. Loose white draperies fluttered about the figures, and, taking them altogether, they were not reassuring objects to behold in a dark spot.

"There are only two of 'em!" Lefty muttered. "Let 's rush 'em! Come on! When I count three, all yell like pirates, and run right at 'em. One—two—three!"

A series of war-whoops which would have done credit to a tribe of Comanche Indians smote the stillness of the night. Then the boys rushed forward, Doctor Halsey with them.

The ghosts must have felt alarmed, for they halted, swayed unsteadily for a few seconds, then pitched forward, falling flat upon the ground. Behind each ghost stood a mortal.

This was a surprise to the boys, and their wild rush came to an abrupt stop.

Then one of the mortals addressed the doctor. "Good evening, Doctor. Pleasant evening after a fine day, is n't it?"

"We thought it would be neighborly to call," the other added, "and we brought the family with us."

"Well, of all things!" gasped the astonished Doctor Halsey. "Where did you two fellows drop from?"

"Why, we are boarding with one of your neighbors, Samuelson by name, and it occurred to us that our call might be more impressive if we brought our friends along."

"It surely was impressive, not to say spectacular," laughed the doctor.

Then he explained to the boys that these two young men were classmates of his in the medical school. He had not realized how near together they would be during vacation days, although he had known of their intention to spend the summer vacation along the shores of Lake Champlain.

Tad walked over to Lefty, and said in a low tone: "These are the fellows who eyed us so sharply when we were on our shopping trip. Remember?"

And Lefty nodded vigorously.

The "ghosts" proved to be nothing more than several yards of sheeting draped on poles, with heads rudely formed and features marked on the cloth. The poles were so arranged that the "arms" could be manipulated by one who stood behind them.

The Beaver Campers were duly introduced to the two young men, Franklin Storer and Paul Rutledge by name, and the whole party went back to the camp-fire to improve their acquaintance.

"We called here more than a week ago," Storer explained; "but you had n't arrived."

"So you made yourselves at home, and carried our things out into the woods," the doctor suggested.

"Well, we thought it would be so much healthier and more comfortable for them out-of-doors," Storer explained with an air of guileless innocence. "It seemed very warm and stuffy in your bungalow. We really took a great deal of trouble for your sakes. Some of those things were a trifle weighty."

"We noticed it when we put them back," the doctor observed. "How did you get in?"

"Oh, your kind and obliging neighbor had left the keys under a piece of carpet laid before your hospitable door. Also he had so published the fact that all visitors should know it."

"I suppose you put up the sign of welcome down by the landing!"

"Yes. Rather an artistic effort, we thought. Harmonized well with the scenery. Did n't you think so?"

"Oh, yes! Anything artistic appeals strongly to us. I suppose we must thank you for our feline visitor, too."

"Oh, do not thank us!" Storer begged modestly. "We did not do it for the sake of praise. The wandering minstrel appeared without explanation or excuse upon our porch, and we shared our blessing with you."

"For which we thank you!" Doctor Halsey said, smilingly.

Then, with the assistance of the boys, he told the two visitors of the numerous and varied experiences which had kept their camp life from becoming dull and monotonous.

"Well, I should say your first week had been a trifle strenuous," Rutledge observed. "Don't you feel now like taking the rest cure?"

"It 's so restful to get out into the country," said Storer. "The little birds sing blithely—"

"That 's right!" Doctor Halsey agreed with enthusiasm. "The little birds sing so blithely in the trees that you wake up at four o'clock and can't get another wink of sleep. The bees go humming and buzzing around your head until you are driven into frenzy. Hens cackle and roosters crow whenever you want to take a nap. The fleecy clouds, drifting across the sky, suddenly roll around and work up into a thunder-shower when you 're five miles from shelter. The soft summer zephyrs hit you in the back of the neck, and give you a cold that hangs on all winter. The highways are so dusty that you could n't see a wild flower if it did grow. Generally there 's nothing to be seen but burdocks. All kinds of creeping, crawling, flying things assault you, waking or sleeping. Oh, there 's nothing like life in the country—if a person is strong enough to stand it!"

"Pessimist!" Storer howled. "Barbarian! You have n't any poetic imagination."

After a time, the two visitors declared that they must leave, because late hours were not considered fashionable at their summer resort.

The Beaver Campers walked with them part of the way, and, on their return, they decided that the two young men would prove lively and most agreeable neighbors, whose presence and participation would add much to certain plans for the future which already were being discussed.

CHAPTER XIII

BEAVER CAMP VS. NORTH RUTLAND

By the end of the week, Beaver Camp had an athletic field. True, it left much to be desired, but it provided a base-ball diamond, marked out with infinite pains according to official measurements, so the boys felt repaid for their hard work.

Lefty, being a veteran player, was by general consent invited to captain the camp team, and he undertook the difficult and delicate work of getting out of each camper the best playing of which he was capable.

Some of the boys had played on teams at home, others had but little experience and less skill. All were willing to work hard, however, and this was the most encouraging development of the first day's practice.

Franklin Storer and his friend Rutledge walked up and helped Captain Lefty with numerous suggestions and criticisms. Doctor Halsey, too, dropped a valuable hint now and then, although he declared that base-ball was not his specialty, but that if they would play foot-ball, he might help them in a way worth talking about.

Whenever any of the campers visited North

Rutland, he found the natives eager to cross bats with them, so it was arranged, after a little time, that a series of three games should be played: one at North Rutland, one at Beaver Camp, and the deciding game, if one was necessary, at North Rutland.

Storer consented to umpire the contests, and Rutledge agreed to act as official scorekeeper.

One bright, warm Monday afternoon, the Beaver Campers, equipped with all the base-ball supplies that their combined resources could furnish, journeyed over to the village to meet their opponents in the first game of the series.

Before play commenced, Umpire Storer made a speech to the members of the competing teams and the small group of spectators, promising to award a stick of peppermint candy to each member of the team that should win the series. This excited general merriment, and seemed to inspire each player with a desire to secure the prize.

Beaver Camp went to bat, and the North Rutland players took their places. The natives were strong, sunbronzed fellows, who seemed able to give good accounts of themselves in any sort of athletic contest.

"Play ball!" cried the umpire.

The North Rutland pitcher wound himself up like an alarm-clock, and sent over a ball that cut the plate squarely in two. Strike one!

"Some speed!" Tad muttered from the bench. "Wonder if he can last."

"Sure thing!" Edgar replied. "He looks stronger than an elephant."

In the meantime, Charlie had struck out, and Lefty faced the rival pitcher, smiling confidently, but feeling decidedly uncertain as to results. After two strikes had been called, Lefty found the ball for a high in-field fly that was caught easily, and he joined his companions on the bench.

"Good start!" he observed with a cheerful grin. "I see six runs coming to us this inning."

"That 's more than any one else sees," Jack responded, as he picked up his glove. Eliot had been retired, on a grounder to short.

Lefty walked over to the box, and the first batter for North Rutland selected a favorite bat, and faced him with an air of jaunty confidence.

Lefty twisted himself into kinks, then suddenly straightened out and shot the ball over. Almost immediately a sharp crack followed, and the ball sailed out, out, out—some distance beyond the most remote out-fielder. Edgar reached it after it fell, and relayed it back, holding the runner at third. Here he cautiously took a lead toward home, while Lefty watched him, trying, meanwhile, to recover from the shock he had received from the opening number on the program.

The second man fouled twice in his anxiety to bring in a run, ending his performance by striking out. Lefty felt better.

The North Rutland captain had been talking in a low tone to the next batter, and Lefty wondered what sort of plot they were arranging. He tried a wide ball, but the man was not tempted. A strike was called next. Then the batter met the ball fairly, and it went speeding into deep right field.

Jack got under it, catching it as it fell, but threw wide to Tad, who had run out to relay it back, and the man on third went home.

The next man hit a clean single, but was put out trying to steal second, and the inning ended with the score one to nothing, in favor of North Rutland.

The second inning added another run to the score, while Beaver Camp was awarded a second goose-egg.

Lefty improved in the third, and the North Rutland men were unable to hit him safely. In the fourth, fifth, and sixth, also, neither team scored.

In their half of the seventh, it looked as if Beaver Camp would tie the score. Walter reached first on a well-placed drive, and stole second. Jack knocked out a long, swift grounder between first and second, but it was fielded neatly, and Tom, on the coaching line, held Walter at third. Then a wide ball passed the catcher, and Walter came home, with another run.

This ended their scoring, however, for Charlie's bunt put him out at first, Lefty knocked a high foul that was caught, and Eliot struck out.

North Rutland scored again in their half of the seventh, but in the last two innings, the ball did not get beyond second—nor did a runner.

The North Rutland boys cheered their opponents with hearty good-will, and the campers responded with, perhaps, a little less noise, as befitted a cheer that marked no victory but



"THE SECOND BASEMAN ALREADY WAS RUNNING TOWARD THE BARN."

that was merely a complimentary expression of proper spirit from a losing but determined team.

"We had to let them win the first game, you know, just to encourage them," Lefty observed, as they walked back to camp. "It would n't have been polite to wallop 'em the first time. Wait till

they strike our polished diamond. Then you 'll see the sparks fly!"

"The two teams are rather evenly matched, I should say," Storer remarked. "Those fellows have played together longer than you have, and they hit harder. You 'd better have a lot of batting practice before the second game."

The next few days were improved by the campers in developing the batting and fielding skill of the team, while Lefty and Bert spent an hour or more in daily battery practice.

When the North Rutland boys reached the camp diamond, Lefty's team felt able to handle them, though fully conscious of the strength and skill of their opponents, and having sufficient respect for these qualities to prevent over-confidence.

The Beaver Campers found it easier to hit the North Rutland pitcher during the second game. Somehow his delivery was not as puzzling after one became familiar with it, and by the end of the sixth inning, the campers had three runs.

Lefty was steadier than he had been in the first game. During the first six innings, he permitted only two men to walk, and struck out eight. Long drives were not as frequent as they had been before, and the two that went far beyond the infield were fielded perfectly, and came at times when the bases were unoccupied. A hit, a passed ball, a stolen base, and a well-placed sacrifice netted a run for North Rutland in the second, and this was their only tally, to the end of the sixth inning.

"If we can hold 'em down now for three more licks, we 're all right," Lefty said to Tom, as they walked out on the diamond to begin the seventh. "Our fellows certainly are giving me fine support."

"Yes, and they 're hitting better, too," Tom replied. "I hope we can get another run or two. Our lead is n't big enough to make me feel safe."

The weak end of the batting list came up now, and Lefty struck out the first two men, while the third put up a little fly that Tom caught without undue exertion.

In the second half, Bert got a single, and Tom attempted a sacrifice which third fumbled clumsily in picking up. Tom, by a narrow margin, was safe on first, with Bert on second, and none out.

The pitcher eyed them sharply as they took cautious leads, but Charlie at bat and Eliot on deck were weak in stick work, and he decided to get rid of them before he did anything else.

As he swung around to deliver the ball, Bert and Tom both started down the base line, running as if the Forty Thieves were after them. At the same time, Charlie swung viciously at the ball,

and the best the catcher could do was to smother it on the ground. He picked it up with all speed, and threw it to third, but Bert already was sliding, and reached the base an instant before the ball touched the baseman's glove.

Charlie struck out, but Eliot, without trying for such a result, managed to send the ball tearing along the ground just beyond the reach of first, who sprang to the right and stooped quickly to stop it.

Tom was almost to third by the time the ball struck the ground, and he quickly followed Bert across the plate.

A snappy double play ended the scoring, but five to one was not a bad lead, and hope reigned among the champions of Beaver Camp.

North Rutland scored again in the eighth, and had two men on bases in the ninth, when the last man went out on strikes. Beaver Camp added nothing to its tally, so the final score was five to two, in favor of the campers. Perhaps this is the reason why the cheers of the camp team were so much louder and more enthusiastic than they had been after the previous game.

"I feel more cheerful about my prospects of getting that peppermint stick," Tad remarked complacently, "but there are one or two weak spots that we 'll have to brace up before the final game."

Bert nodded, and mentioned several points where the team appeared to need greater strength.

Hard work and plenty of enthusiasm marked the interval before the final game, and Beaver Camp fared forth to North Rutland on the day appointed, prepared alike to battle for victory or to resist defeat, if such an outcome threatened.

Lefty was in his best form, and the team gave him splendid support. Likewise, the North Rutland pitcher seemed almost invincible, and flawless fielding kept the bases clear. At the end of the seventh inning, not a run had been scored by either team.

Edgar opened the eighth with one of the best hits of the game—a long, hard drive over center's head. This brought him to second.

Jack followed with a hot grounder that slipped between second's legs as he ducked to stop it, and Edgar went on to third.

Just as Tad stepped into the batter's box, the second baseman cried out in alarm, and pointed across the diamond.

The games at North Rutland were played on a level field just outside the village. Less than a hundred yards behind third base was a large red barn. Other buildings were grouped about it, but the barn itself was nearest the diamond.

Now, as the boys looked in the direction indi-

cated, they were startled to see a thin column of smoke rising from the building.

The second baseman already was running toward the barn, and the others quickly followed. Edgar and Jack hesitated until Storer beckoned for them to come. Then they, too, rushed to the rescue of the property.

The soft south breeze blowing through the rear windows forced the smoke out of the wide open doors. One side of the barn was almost completely filled with a great pile of hay, the top of which reached nearly to the roof timbers. The other side was empty, save for a small pile of old hay left from the previous summer. This was stacked on the floor, and now it was smoking and smoldering in a manner most alarming.

The campers feared that it might break into a blaze at any moment and set fire to the great pile of new, dry hay. In this case, nothing could save the barn.

"Smother the fire!" one of the natives cried. "Don't spread the hay out and let the air get in, or the whole place 'll be afire!"

The boys crowded about and began to beat the hay with bats and anything else near at hand, while two of the natives ran across to the stable for blankets.

Fortunately, a trough filled with water was in the barn-yard, and it required but a few minutes to find two heavy blankets, saturate them with water, and return to the fire.

These wet blankets were thrown upon the pile of smoking hay, and, thus protected, the boys dragged it out into the barn-yard, using the pitchforks and rakes which stood in a corner of the barn.

Once well outside the building, they could breathe more freely, for all danger was now past. They were careful to beat out the flames whenever a burning wisp fell from the pile, and some of the boys remained on guard within the barn to watch for signs of fire breaking out elsewhere, while the others scattered the hay around the yard, where the fire quickly burned itself out.

In the midst of the excitement, the owner of the premises drove up with another load of hay. He was almost overcome when he found the volunteer fire-fighters at work, and learned of the loss which he so narrowly had escaped.

He rushed inside the barn to assure himself of its safety, but, except for the smell of smoke and the charred floor timbers, there was no evidence of the danger which had menaced the building.

He explained to them, after he had somewhat recovered from the shock, that the old hay had been taken out of the mow that afternoon and stacked in the rear of the barn, in order that the

new crop might be stored. In some way which he could not explain, a fire must have started inside the pile.

Of course he appreciated the valuable aid which the boys had rendered, and assured them many times of his earnest gratitude.

There was nothing more to be done, so the boys went back to the interrupted game. By mutual consent, Edgar and Jack resumed their places on third and on first bases, respectively, Tad went to bat, and the first half of the eighth inning was continued, with none out.

The pitcher had not recovered from his excitement, so he gave Tad his base on balls, and then each base was filled.

Bert's long fly was caught, but Edgar dashed home, sliding to the plate in a cloud of dust just as the ball landed in the catcher's mit.

"Safe!" cried the umpire, who had run in to see the play at close range.

Jack went on to third during the excitement, but seemed likely to stay there, for Lefty's attempted sacrifice was snapped up so quickly that he was driven back to third. Lefty was out at first, making the second out.

Things brightened when Tom brought Jack home with a well-placed single, but here the scoring ended, for the next man struck out.

Lefty allowed but two hits when North Rutland went to bat, and neither produced a run, so the ninth inning opened with a score of two to nothing, in favor of Beaver Camp.

The final round proved rather tame. The boys were tired, hot, and excited, not only as a result of the game, but partly on account of the unexpected interruption.

Beaver Camp failed to hit the ball safely in the final round, and was forced to be content with a total of two runs for the game.

This proved sufficiently large, however, for one of their opponents struck out, another hit to second, and the third went out on a short grounder.

The two teams separated, with the friendliest feelings, after a complimentary exchange of cheers.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

"THAT man ought to be thankful we played today," Tom remarked, looking over toward the red barn. "If no one had been on the field, his barn would be ashes now."

"And nearly an entire crop of hay, too," Eliot added. "I'm glad we could save it. The loss would be as bad for him as a store with a stock of goods for a man in that kind of business."

"I wonder what set it afire," Walter suggested.

"Spontaneous combustion, most likely," Lefty explained glibly.

"How did it spontaneously combust, Professor Lefty?" Tad asked respectfully.

"Well, the hay had been stored in a cool, dark corner, and when it was moved, naturally the motion made it warm. The hay that was put down first had all the rest piled on top of it, and you know how hot that would be. By and by it was so hot that it commenced to blaze, but the hay near it was all in a perspiration, and this moisture kept the fire from spreading."

"Fine!" Tad murmured. "Science is a wonderful thing!"

"Mr. Farmer had a pipe in his pocket," Storer remarked. "I don't suppose he actually smoked in the barn, but he may have dropped a match in the hay or knocked the hot ashes from his pipe on the floor, and piled the hay on top."

"He 'll be more careful in the future, I 'm thinking," Jack ventured. "A barn is worth a good bit more than a smoke."

Then they discussed the game just ended, happy in the fact that victory had perched upon their banners, and feeling satisfied that they had fairly earned it.

The next morning, Tad visited North Rutland and came back in a state of mild excitement.

"Great doings!" he announced exultantly. "The circus is coming to town!"

"Hooray!" Jack cried. "We 'll all have to go—just to take Cousin Willie. He 'll want to see the circus, most likely, and it won't do for him to go alone. The rest of us simply will have to sacrifice ourselves for his sake, whether we want to or not!"

"When is it coming, Tad, and where?" Tom inquired.

"A week from Friday it 'll be over at Westport."

"That is well! We also will be over at Westport a week from Friday."

"I 've never been to a circus in the country," Edgar remarked. "It must be great!"

"If it 's half as wonderful as the posters make out, it 's worth going miles to see. They have trained elephants, tight-rope walkers, chariot

racers like the one in 'Ben Hur,' trapeze performers who stand on their heads and wave a flag in mid-air—"

"I suppose there 'll be a parade," Bert interrupted.

Tad nodded. "About ten miles long, I should judge from the pictures. Elephants, camels, wild animals in cages, all kinds of chariots and band wagons, Columbia and Uncle Sam on a float, brave men and be-oo-tiful ladies mounted on prancing steeds, dressed in bright red coats—"

"What? Prancing steeds in bright red coats? How odd!"

"Yes, and silk hats," Tad went on, unmindful of the interruption. "Clowns on donkeys, clowns in pony carts, clowns in disguise, and clowns in the parade—oh, it 's going to be a wonderful show!"

"Well, that 's something to look forward to," Jack laughed. "It 'll be a lot of fun to go to a circus up here. There 's so much that you would n't get in the city."

The Beaver Campers talked much of the circus during the days that intervened. Mrs. Spencer yielded to the persuasions of her daughters and nieces, and agreed to go with them, while Storer and Rutledge immediately declared their intention of joining the party. Others from North Rutland were planning to be present. The circus spirit pervaded the atmosphere, and it became apparent as the days passed that farmers would leave their crops, and storekeepers their merchandise; that busy housewives would forsake cooking, mending, and all domestic cares in order to enjoy the "colossal aggregation of unparalleled wonders."

The Beaver Campers were making plans for a picnic luncheon, at which Mrs. Spencer and the girls would be their guests, as would Storer and Rutledge. Indeed, it had become quite the usual thing to include these jolly student friends of Doctor Halsey's whenever anything of especial interest was being planned.

They expected to leave camp in the middle of the forenoon, cross the lake, see the parade, eat luncheon in some pleasant spot, and have a long afternoon in which to enjoy the circus performance.

(To be continued.)

THE LADY-BIRD—A FOLK CHARM

LADY-BIRD of scarlet gown,
Fly away to Lanark town!
Over mountain, moor, and fell,
Over pool and running well,

Over corn and over lea,
Over river, lake, and sea,
Fly you East or fly you West,
Fly to him that loves me best!

Arthur Guiterman.

POLLY'S INHERITANCE

BY EDNA PAYSON BRETT

"THAT 's your great-grandmother, Polly, that you were named for," said Uncle Eben, a few days after Polly's arrival at the farm for her summer vacation, and he pointed to a quaint old portrait hanging on the parlor wall. "Mary Lee Pritchard," he continued, "a beautiful name and a great inheritance. What makes folks call you Polly, I wonder?"

Polly stood gazing, fascinated by the bright face of Great-grandmother in her pretty ball dress, as she had looked before she became a pioneer missionary's wife. Many a thrilling tale had she heard of Mary Pritchard and her encounters with the Indians, but never before had Polly beheld her likeness.

Uncle Eben was looking intently from Polly to the portrait. "I believe, Mother," he said, turning to Aunt Eliza, "that Polly favors Grandmother Pritchard; and what 's more, I think she is going to *be* like her, too."

Polly's eyes shone, but only for a moment. Alas! Uncle Eben did not know what a coward she was, or he 'd never talk like that. How could she ever be like Mary Pritchard when she was scared to death just at the dark!

But Uncle Eben went right on: "Only give Polly a chance, I say, and she will prove herself worthy of her noble name." And from Polly's heart went up a prayer that this prophecy might some day come true.

A few days later, Uncle Eben received a letter announcing the death of an aged aunt.

"The funeral 's to-morrow, Eliza," he said; "we must certainly go, but what about Polly?"

Aunt Eliza shook her head. "It 's altogether too much of a journey for her. Martha 's coming to iron to-morrow at noon, and she could stay until we get home. I fear it will be pretty dull, though, for our little city girl."

"Oh, no," cried Polly, cheerfully, "I don't mind staying with Martha at all!" And so it was arranged.

The next morning, promptly at eleven o'clock, Uncle Eben drove the buggy to the door.

"Now, Polly," admonished Aunt Eliza in parting, "Martha 'll be along directly. Remember, child, you 're not to touch a lamp. If anything happens that we don't get home before dark, Martha will light up for you; and oh, one thing more: I left my best lilac dress by the attic chamber window to get the smell of camphor out before the minister's reception. If a shower should

come up, be sure, dear, that the window is closed," she concluded, giving Polly a farewell kiss.

"All right, I won't forget," answered Polly, as they drove away.

Polly turned quickly into the house. "I 'm going to wash the dishes myself," she said gleefully; and donning one of Aunt Eliza's big aprons, set to work at the cups and saucers left from the hurried lunch. When these were done, she looked at the clock.

"Ten minutes of twelve; most time for Martha! I 'll go out and meet her."

But no Martha was in sight. Polly climbed the stone wall inclosing the adjacent orchard and peered in both directions. The noon whistles sounded faintly from the distance.

"Queer!" mused Polly, after a while; "she must have stayed for dinner. I guess I 'd better stop watching and go to doing something. Let me see, I 'll work on Clarabel's dress first."

Down to the apple-tree Polly carried the pink muslin and Clarabel, and was soon busy at doll dressmaking.

By and by, a ragged little black boy came shuffling into the yard.

"Ma ain't coming," he announced solemnly; "baby 's sick." And turning on his heels, he was off again.

Polly stared after him helplessly. Martha not coming! The house could not be left, and no one would come near her until Hiram brought home the cows!

"Whatever shall I do, Clarabel!" and Polly sat down to think it over.

"I know!" she cried at length. "I 'll play I am Great-grandmother, and, Clarabel, you are little Miranda that I am sewing for while Great-grandfather is away." So Polly hemmed and stitched, and before she knew it, the dress was done.

"Now I will read my fairy tales," she said, "and I can pretend they 're 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" And Polly became so absorbed that she forgot to look up again until Hiram came in with the cows. She welcomed him joyously, and followed him about as he did the chores.

"Folks will be along pretty quick, I reckon," he said cheerfully, when he was about to go. "Are n't scared, are you?"

"N-no," answered Polly, trying hard to be brave and honest at the same time, but she had to fight to keep back the tears as she saw Hiram go down the road in the direction of his home.

Then she gave herself a little slap— "Polly Pritchard! have you forgotten who you are?" and she stole into the house straight to the parlor to Great-grandmother's portrait. With hands clasped tight behind her, Polly looked beseechingly at the beautiful face on the wall.



—Blanche Fisher Wright—

"OH, DEAR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER," SHE WHISPERED,
'I 'M AWFULLY LONESOME.'

"Oh, dear Great-grandmother," she whispered, "I 'm awfully lonesome, and they may not get home before dark; but I am trying to be brave like you!" Then Polly felt better and started for the kitchen, saying: "I 'll set the table now, so everything will be ready when they come."

The dishes all on, Polly went out on the steps to wait. No signs of the buggy yet! Gradually the sun sank behind the hills and the twilight deepened. No stars appeared, but gloomy black clouds began to spread over the sky.

"Oh," shuddered Polly, "it 's getting dreadfully dark! why don't they come!" But she tried to keep up her spirits by saying over all the pieces she had learned at school, and the Bible verses Mother had taught her.

Darker and darker it grew. Suddenly a rain-drop fell splash on Polly's nose; then another. Polly started. "Oh," she groaned, "Aunt Eliza's lilac dress in the attic chamber! and I promised if it rained, I 'd shut the window. But I can't! I can't go up into the dark attic alone. I just can't!" she wailed.

She strained her ears for the sound of the approaching wheels, but in vain. The raindrops were coming in earnest now. Polly rose resolutely to her feet.

"Polly Pritchard," she said, addressing herself sternly, "were n't you hoping for a chance to be brave? And now it 's come!"

"Ye-es," said her timid self, "but I did n't mean this kind of a chance; I did n't mean the *dark!*"

"Do you suppose Mary Pritchard prayed for *Indians?*" again spoke the other self. "But when they came, you know what she did."

"But I promised not to light the lamps, and how *can* I go in the dark?"

"You can, Polly Pritchard, and you *must!*"

With a prayer for strength, Polly went quickly into the house and fumbled for the stairway.

Half-way up the first flight she faltered. "Perhaps if I should sing, I would n't hear the boards creak so," she thought. She opened her mouth, but at first no sound came; and when it did, it was so faint and shaky that it frightened her more than the creak. But Polly persisted, and by the time she reached the dreaded attic, the tune came out victorious.

It was but a step to the front chamber now. She dared not stop to think, or to pause in her singing, but, entering the open door, she groped her way across to the window. She was just in time, the rain was beating against the sill. It was but a moment's work to find the spring, and down came the window with a bang that resounded like a cannon through the still house.

Polly turned. She longed to run, but, steadying herself, she continued her singing with renewed vigor, and began to feel her way downstairs again.

"WHAT can be the matter? Where is Polly?" at that very moment cried Aunt Eliza, in alarm,

as Uncle Eben drove into the yard and they saw no lights. Jumping from the buggy, they ran into the dark kitchen. Uncle Eben struck a match. "No Polly here!" he exclaimed in dismay—"but what 's that?"

From somewhere aloft came a childish voice singing, at first faint in the distance, but as it grew nearer, swelling out triumphantly:

"Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war."

"It 's Polly!" gasped Uncle Eben.

Polly's singing suddenly ceased. She had recognized the familiar voices, and, with a cry of

joy, rushed to Aunt Eliza, who exclaimed: "Polly, Polly, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Aunt Eliza, Martha did n't come! and I promised to shut the attic window, and not to touch the lamps, and I prayed for a chance to be brave, so I had to do it; but oh, it was awfully dark! and—" Polly's overstrained nerves gave way, and she began to sob.

"Poor little girl!" cried Aunt Eliza, "I would n't have had you do it for all I possess!"

"Plucky little woman, I say!" exclaimed Uncle Eben, "and I am proud of you! Mother, this is Polly no longer, but brave Mary Lee Pritchard, from this time forth."



"This is Polly no longer, but brave
Mary Lee Pritchard."

—Blanche Fisher Wright—



THE OLD CITY OF KHARTOUM.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

(A biographical sketch for older boys and girls¹)

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, Charles Gordon disappeared into the waste Sudan. To-day his monument in St. Paul's in London is still covered the year round with the bunches of flowers left there by his admirers. From a purely material standpoint, Gordon accomplished practically nothing; and yet it is on his monument that the flowers are laid, and not on the near-by tomb of the victor of Waterloo. What is the reason of this? Why is Gordon held in such high honor? It must be what he was, rather than what he did, that appeals to his countrymen.

The Gordons are an old Scotch race whose name crops up on nearly every page of England's troubled history. We see Gordons leading in the front rank of war, from the earliest, misty ages, down to the times of the latest and most illustrious representative of the race—Charles George Gordon, who was born January 28, 1833. He was the son of William Gordon, a lieutenant-general in the British army, who was himself the veteran of many wars.

We know little of the early life of Gordon, for unless a man early become famous, his boyhood is soon forgotten; and Gordon was almost unknown in his own land till after middle life.

After training in an academy at Woolwich, he first put on Her Majesty's uniform in 1852, when he obtained his commission as second lieutenant of engineers. Two years later, young Gordon was twenty-one years of age, and truly it was a good time for a young soldier to be beginning life. The long-smoldering embers of war had at last broken into flame, and Great Britain and her allies were driven into a conflict with Russia.

In December of that year, Gordon was ordered off to the Crimea on his first active service. During the ensuing months, we see him lying day after day in the trenches before Sebastopol, while the long siege went on. When the war had dragged itself to an end, he hurried home for a short rest, but was soon ordered off again, this time to China.

This empire seemed then to be the most hermetically sealed of all countries against any outside influences, but here it was that Gordon laid the foundations for fame. Within the sphere of his influence he stamped out, as best he could alone, the opium trade, that curse of the East, all the time thwarted on every hand by the English government itself, which derived too much revenue from this drug to have the traffic in it forbidden. After England's affairs were settled, Gordon, now a major, applied for leave of absence. This was willingly granted, for the officials were worried by the stand for justice and humanity that the young army officer had taken.

However, Gordon did not go home for his well-earned holiday. The Emperor of China gave him command of all his troops. These, by skilful manœuvring and undaunted zeal, he led to victory over the savage Tai-ping hordes, which, sweeping down from Mongolia, threatened momentarily to overwhelm the whole of China. And he won for himself the name of "Chinese Gordon," by which he is so widely known. Some say that Gordon saved this great empire. This is, perhaps, exaggerated, for the huge Empire of China is not lost or saved in a day. What he did do was to show the few who noticed, that he was,

¹ (See Editorial Notes, page 958.)

indeed, a leader among men, a master hand; but, above all, a gentleman, and one well worthy to bear the name of Gordon, which means, in the Celtic tongue, a "spear."

As far as promotion goes, he had done well enough in these four years of service. His own army advanced him until he held the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and he left China after indignantly refusing a large sum of money offered by the emperor. He only accepted a massive gold medal, which was presented in return for his brilliant work in suppressing the Tai-ping rebellion. This same medal he anonymously gave to charity when he arrived home.

Looking at Gordon in this light of his absolute indifference to material gain, and his faith in God, is it a wonder that the Chinese regarded him as a hero? But on the strength of these very characteristics, some of his countrymen branded him as a madman!

When he got back to England, he was appointed to a post at Gravesend. Here he had much time to himself, which he devoted to lightening the misery that he saw around him. He worked simply and quietly for the poor, helping here a starving widow, and there starting some street-urchin on a new path as a sailor. As was said by Sir William Butler: "Absolutely without parallel in our modern life, Gordon stands out the foremost man of action of our time. No gloomy faith, no exalted sense of self-confidence—but a faith which was a living, moving, genial reality, growing as the years rolled on."

In February, 1874, Gordon accepted the office of Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces in Africa.

This was a difficult post. For one thousand one hundred miles straight south from Cairo, the continent is naught but red, hazy desert and dead, rainless wastes, broken only by occasional gray sandstone hills, and the narrow belt of the Nile. Then the character of the country changes. A dark, damp vegetation succeeds the ever-shifting sands. This is the true Sudan, the Province of the Equator, the land of the blacks and of slave-dealers, of meandering rivers fringed with papyrus reeds, the land of unconquered pestilence and fever. As the ivory is almost all gone, only one export remains—slaves; and this is a never-ceasing source of revenue.

Slavery in Africa is due to two causes: the external demand in the Mohammedan countries, which is now happily decreasing, and the natural state of savage warfare among the negroes of the dark interior. It is good in only one light: where there is a slave trade, the captives are sold; where there is no trade, they are always slain.

Gordon arrived at Khartum, on the Upper Nile, in March, the hottest season of the year. But he did not delay there. With his usual celerity, he hurried off to Gondokoro, the capital of his province. During these days of travel, the misery of the land and the immensity of his task became apparent to him.

When at last he established himself at Gondokoro, the real work began: "learning the customs of the blacks; getting wind of the slave-dealers; organizing the so-called soldiers; establishing forts"; and, in addition, helping, as best he could, the miserable creatures with whom he came in contact. Seven eighths of the population are slaves. Imagine the intrepidity of the man that could write from the depths of this forsaken land: "I have a conviction that, God willing, I shall do much for this country. The main point is to be just and straightforward, to fear no one and no one's saying, to avoid all twisting, even if you lose by it, and be hard to all if they do not obey you."

Gordon moved like a whirlwind all over the land, now striking at slavery in Shaka, and a week later relieving the famine in far-distant Zeila, on the shores of the Red Sea.

But the old Mohammedan kingdom of Darfur was the chief seat of slavery, one of the bases of supply, and thither Gordon soon turned the head of his swift camel. The desert tracts over which he had to travel were almost always strewed with human skulls. Here, indeed, was a tangible evidence of incalculable misery. They were all the skulls of slaves who had perished while being driven to some Turkish market. It was always easier for the robbers to let a few of their slave-captives die off than to feed them properly. Gordon covered the country from end to end, continually fighting. At last he arranged to meet the chief slave-kings at Dara. Here he arrived, entirely alone, after an eighty-five-mile ride across the desert. The escort was far behind. "Imagine to yourself," he says, "a single, dirty, red-faced man on a camel, ornamented with flies, arriving in the divan all of a sudden." The chiefs were amazed at his daring, and, after much arguing, they were made to disband their followers and return home. It is a striking fact that Gordon never carried any arms whatsoever, except a light bamboo cane; but that cane became a power in Africa.

Now, what was all this labor for? What was the result of Gordon's untiring zeal? It is only too true to say that it was of no use! One man could not reform in a day the life of a continent. Gordon is like a star falling across the sky of Africa. The darkness of slavery, revolt, brigandage, and massacre closes in sullenly behind.

For some time, Gordon had fully made up his mind to leave the equator, and his resignation was finally accepted by the khedive with evident regret. When he resigned, there was no one left to carry on the work he had so well begun, and the vast region he had so nearly wrested from the slave-robbers was once more allowed to fall within their grasp.

When he was back at Cairo, the intrigues and petty double-dealings of the authorities were evident to Gordon. His just and impartial rule had

although outwardly rebuffing him, would not let him resign.

Gordon soon tired of inaction, and was prevailed upon to accept the position of confidential secretary to Lord Ripon, the new governor of India. But again he was so disgusted with the way things were managed there, that he resigned, and hastened to China, in response to an imperative telegram from the emperor. China was on the verge of war with Russia. Gordon, with his usual far-sightedness, showed them the folly of attempting to fight, and persuaded them to settle the matter peaceably. Here General Gordon shows his good sense, for China was entirely unprepared for war, and Russia would probably have made short work with her. After serving in Mauritius and as commandant-general of the Cape Government, Gordon took a short rest. Where did he go? He carried out a long-cherished desire to visit the Holy Land.

In 1883, England's influence was in a precarious position in Egypt. Her troops had been defeated, her allies were in open revolt, her prestige was gone, and the country was bankrupt. All the Arab sheiks had rallied around the standard of a false prophet, who claimed to be the Mahdi, or Messiah, foretold of old by Mohammed. He announced that it was his mission to free Islam from all her foreign enemies, and to once more establish the primitive faith. This was the condition into which the Sudan had drifted during Gordon's absence. It was due to deliberate neglect of his warnings. Gordon had repeatedly said that a suppression of the slave trade, unaccompanied by a firm system of government, must lead to future troubles.

And it did!

At this crisis, the British Cabinet decided to call upon the one man in the whole Empire of England who had this Sudan at his finger-tips. Late, indeed, it was to think of Gordon, but, putting aside all his personal feelings, he accepted the difficult rôle for which he had been cast. He was to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons, sever the Sudan from Egypt, and set up some sort of strong native rule among the wild dervish allies. In a word, he was to evacuate the country absolutely without bloodshed, almost single-handed, and practically without support from home!

The ministers began by giving Gordon the fullest authority and freedom to do as he saw fit. This was really the only way of accomplishing their plans. But this was too simple for those statesmen! As usual, he was hampered by the self-confidence of the meddling officials, who, instead of allowing him a free hand, began to issue fresh orders before he was half-way to Egypt.



From photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.
By permission of George Routledge & Sons.
GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.

been disconcerting to the corrupt officials of Egypt, and they were glad to get rid of him. He was despondent over the wrongs he could not right. Thwarted on all sides by his enemies, he wrote: "Every one laughs at me, but I do not care. I am much worn, and I wish I had my rest; but it will not come till I have done His work. I am at war with every one in Cairo—and my crest is a thistle."

At London his reception was worse than cold. His telegrams were distorted and cut, and then, with their new meaning, put in the papers. Only abroad was his ability recognized. The king of the Belgians offered him immense inducements to enter his service, but his own government,

At the time of Gordon's departure, a prominent magistrate in Pembrokeshire was heard to remark: "I see the government have just sent a

to the people, "to redress the evils of this land. I will not fight with any weapons but justice." His promise had hardly become known ere he proved his sincerity. To all who had complaints he gave a hearing. He flung open the doors of the jail, where the condition of the prisoners was terrible. Many of them were merely the political enemies of some native official; others, immured for years, had been only charged with crime, but never convicted.

By the middle of March, he had succeeded in sending almost three thousand people down the Nile into safety. But the Mahdi was daily growing stronger, and Gordon soon discovered that he could expect no assistance from without.

Chinaman to the Sudan." This gentleman's idea of the foremost soldier of his time was that he was a Chinaman, wearing the regulation pigtail!

When Gordon arrived at Khartum in February, he did not hesitate. He openly proclaimed his

On the sixteenth of April, he despatched his last telegram before the wires were cut. The rebels hemmed in the city; the toil of the siege had begun!

Gordon's resources were small, his troops ripe for revolt, and he had only four Europeans to



From "England in the Sudan." By permission of The Macmillan Co.
A SAND-STORM SWEEPING OVER KHARTUM.



A SAND-STORM IN THE DESERT.

course, and started to send away as many women and children and extra troops as possible. "I came without soldiers," he said in his first address

stand by him. He still had it in his power to leave with his friends who went down the Nile, but he did not feel that he could abandon the peo-

ple of Khartum. For if it were heard that Gordon, who was the moving spirit of the siege, had left, the city would soon have fallen before the assaults of the Mahdi.

Day after day during the weary summer months, they (or should we say he?) defended the post, while the enemy pushed their works closer and closer.

Toward the end of September, the river was at

alone maintained that city for over four months after the sailing of the *Abbas*! He seemed verily to *make* supplies. He crushed the conspirators, and reformed the remnants of the miserable "army." There he stood—alert by night, ceaselessly toiling by day. Then came the news that the *Abbas* was lost, and nearly all aboard massacred. This was, indeed, the last straw!

But let us for a moment tear ourselves away



GLOOM AND GLEAM IN THE DESERT.

its height. Now was the time, if any attempt was to be made, to communicate with the outside world. So on the night of September 9, the little paddle-boat *Abbas* stole off down-stream, with Colonel Stewart, a few foreigners, and some fifty soldiers, besides correspondence, journals of the siege, and state papers.

Gordon now remained alone in the great palace at Khartum. The knowledge of treachery within, the anxiety of ceaseless watch, the wear and tear of the siege—all this was now to be borne alone, while those "statesmen" who had brought down on him this famine and misery were working out intricate and conflicting political problems at home, and wondering why he did n't come away. He desert his post? He abandon his people, and let his duty to God and country go to the winds? Never such a thought entered his head! He was there, and there he would stay. The enemy was at the very gates. Treachery was at work. The ammunition was running short. His troops were deserting. Food was daily growing scarcer. Yet in the face of these seemingly insurmountable difficulties, he

from Khartum, and gaze across many miles of weary desert, to where the relief expedition, which had been finally started by the "statesmen," is toiling to reach in time the lone prisoner far up the river. What has been done at home during the summer months while Gordon was "sticking like iron" to his post? The executives had each expounded rival theories as to the proper plan of action, while red tape tied up the whole affair. But at last, in August, aroused by the protests of the people, the officials awoke and sanctioned the expedition which now, in October, was forcing its way up the cataracts of the Nile.

As December advanced, a foreboding silence settled over Khartum, and no news reached the expedition from the beleaguered city.

There are many slightly conflicting accounts of the memorable last few days at Khartum, but that told by Gordon's body-servant seems most accurate.

Before daybreak on January 26, 1885, the Arabs made a desperate assault. Treachery was at work, for Gordon was not even told of the attack. The Arabs forced the walls, which were but

feebly defended by the starved troops, and entered the lost city.

Gordon was roused from a short rest by the shrieks of the inhabitants and the flare of the burning houses in the city below, which was still

A couple of weeks later, when the relief expedition arrived, not a trace remained of Gordon's body. No grave contains what was mortal of one of the world's greatest heroes. For somewhere out in the vast waste, the field of his



STATUE OF CHARLES GEORGE GORDON. BY ONSLOW FORD.

The memorial erected by the Corps of Royal Engineers at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, England.
A copy of this statue stands in the Gordon Gardens at Khartum.

hid in the early morning mist. Taking a small party of servants, he moved toward the Austrian Mission Church, which served as the arsenal. The mysterious dawn of the East was breaking as Gordon's small party took their way through the streets. As they reached the head of the steps leading down to the mission, they came face to face with a band of Arabs. There flared out a quick musketry volley, and Gordon fell dead.

devotion, his dust lies covered by the ever-shifting sand.

Fifteen years earlier, Ruskin had prayed that a leader among men might arise who should "teach us how to live and how to die." Had not this prayer been fully answered?

"And He buried him . . . but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

THE CHEERFUL LITTLE GIRL AND HER CHEERFUL LITTLE DOLL

(A "To-be-continued" story for Middle-Aged Little Folk)

BY CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN

CHAPTER V

THE DOLL GOES A-MAYING

You were to guess, you remember, if Mama was pleased with Elizabeth and Alice.

She was! She said the doll was a blessing in the house. Think of that!

One bright May morning, Elizabeth awoke earlier than usual. She almost always slept soundly until seven o'clock, but on this morning she awoke at seventeen minutes past six.

First she leaned over and reached to Alice's crib, which stood close to her own little cot bed, and she lifted the doll up beside her. Susie Jane was there, too. Then Elizabeth propped Alice on her arm, and taught her to play:

Bean porridge hot,	Bean porridge in the pot,
Bean porridge cold;	Nine days old!

And just then, who should come softly tip-toeing into the room but Cousin Eleanor.

"Oh, Cousin Eleanor, you look so *sweet!*" whispered Elizabeth.

Cousin Eleanor's thick black hair fell in two braids over her shoulders. Her primrose-colored kimono was strewn with white cornel blossoms, and on her softly treading feet were primrose bed-slippers, tied with white ribbon. She stepped lightly over to her little cousin's cot, and lay down beside her.

"Do you want to hear a secret? And would Alice and Susie Jane like to hear, too?" she whispered.

Elizabeth's answer was a regular bear's hug.

"Well, then! But keep as quiet as mice, all three of you, while I tell you. By and by, when you've had your bath and dressed and eaten breakfast, we're all going a-Maying!"

Elizabeth bounced up and down on the bed, and pressed her lips tightly together to keep from shouting.

"Mr. Tom Gray has invited the whole family, and Teddy Hallowell's family, too, and we're to go in a barge, which, you know, is a big wagon.

"We're going to Hadley's Meadows," went on Cousin Eleanor, "though why it's called 'Meadows' I don't know, for it's almost all woods, except where parts have been burned over. Uncle Nathaniel says he'll drive, and Sophie and I are to put up the lunch."

"May I help, dear Cousin Eleanor?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh, how kind of you! I'd be *very* glad of your help," said Cousin Eleanor. And then she looked at her watch, and said they need n't whisper any more, for it was time for everybody to get up.

Elizabeth, now that she was seven years old, could dress herself entirely, except some of the back buttons. Sophie buttoned those for her, and Elizabeth in turn helped little Charlotte, who was five.

After breakfast, Hannah brought into the dining-room several loaves of bread, some pats of butter, and a large roast chicken. Cousin Eleanor did the slicing, Sophie spread the butter, and Elizabeth laid the half slices neatly together with chicken in between. When the sandwiches were all made and packed with the sponge cookies, Cousin Eleanor, who was hunting high and low for the lemon-squeezer, said: "Oh, here's the most fascinating little tin box! What can we put in it?"

"Let *me* have it, please, for Alice's lunch," said Elizabeth, eagerly. So the box was given to her; and first Elizabeth cut a nice piece of white paper to go inside. She then put in the box two tiny sandwiches (one of chicken and one of lettuce), two oyster crackers, a radish the size of a strawberry, an olive, a raisin, a freshly baked ginger-snap, and a little bottle of milk. Uncle Nathaniel said he should know where to come if he had n't enough to eat.

Promptly as the old hall clock struck nine, Mr. Tom Gray drove up to the front gate with the barge. He jumped down to help the ladies into the barge, while Uncle Nathaniel climbed up to the driver's seat and took the reins. Big Brother Bob got up beside him. All the rest were soon seated inside.

Along one side sat Jack (who liked to be near the horses), Mama, Charlotte, Elizabeth, Alice, Cousin Eleanor, and Mr. Tom Gray. And, facing them, in another long row, were Papa, Teddy Hallowell, Sophie, and four other Hallowells.

Elizabeth held Alice up to see everything they passed. At a cottage door, at the first turn of the road, a little yellow-haired girl of about Elizabeth's own age spied the doll in the barge,



COUSIN ELEANOR AND ELIZABETH IN
"HADLEY'S MEADOWS."

and held up her own rag doll, and waved her hand. Quick as a flash, Alice took out a little handkerchief from her jacket pocket, and waved it to the doll in return.

By and by they came to a brook, and the barge was stopped that the horses might drink. The horses' names were "Arithmetic" and "Geography," but they were called Mettie and Jog, for short. Alice was thirsty, too, so Elizabeth jumped out of the barge with her, and filled an acorn cup with the cool, clear water, and held it to the doll's lips.

Alice wore a pink dimity frock, and a cunning little sunbonnet to match. Over the frock she wore a white knitted jacket with pink buttons.

After about two hours of driving merrily along pleasant country roads, they came to Hadley's Meadows. Then every one got out of the barge, and Mettie and Jog were hitched to a tree, patted, and given each a lump of sugar and an apple. Most of the picnickers ran, while a few walked, into the woods, and Elizabeth and Alice so longed to see and smell the waxy, fragrant May-flowers, that they ran fastest of all. The flowers were so cunningly hidden away that many a grown-up might easily pass them by. But not so Alice! down she went on her knees, peeping here and there under the trees. How soft the mosses were on which she knelt! Her blue eyes were so bright that she soon spied the dainty blossoms. Trailing arbutus is one of their names, and epigæa is another; but *wæ* will call them "May-flowers," as did Elizabeth and Alice.

How could the May-flowers be afraid of Alice? She was very small, and clothed in their own color. She did n't pull roughly at their roots, so the May-flowers seemed to peer out at her from their secret places, and did n't at all mind being drawn gently from the moist ground, and put into the green nest of her basket. This basket, when heaped full, was emptied into Elizabeth's larger one.

Guess how many times Alice filled her basket before the sun sank low and every one had to leave the spicy-smelling woods. Guess—and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI

THE DOLL AT THE SEA-SHORE

ALICE filled her basket seventeen times. Would you believe it!

That summer, Mrs. Dale went away for a long visit. She stayed two days. Oh, it was a weary while! On the day before she came back, every one flew about, putting the house in apple-pie order, and Elizabeth and Alice were very busy.

Well, the afternoon that Elizabeth's mama came home from Lexington, and to celebrate her glad arrival, all the family went, next morning, to pass a day at the sea-shore. This time breakfast had to be very early indeed, so they might catch the morning boat from Boston.

Now you are eager to know what Alice had on that day. It was an unusually warm one, even for the middle of July, and she wore a thin white muslin frock, her white piqué hat, and carried the blue-and-white parasol. On her feet she wore short blue socks and ankle-tie slippers. The white frock was her Sunday one, to be sure, but then, one did n't go to the sea-shore every day. In a snug little parcel tied to the tin box was the doll's bathing-suit.

The trip began with a ride in the train to Boston. I am sorry to say that, for a while, neither Elizabeth nor Alice behaved very well. They tried to push Jack away from his place by the window. Jack had got there first, and I think if Alice had not been cross, and not said, "Get *away!*" and had not thumped him so hard (with Elizabeth's hand over her own), Jack would have given her the place she wanted. As it was, he did n't move, but grew red in the face, and thumped back.

But Cousin Eleanor was a peacemaker. She asked Jack if she herself might have his place next the window awhile, and she took the doll in her lap. She said Elizabeth and Jack should take turns, and while one sat beside her, the other should sit with Mama.

"Alice is going to count all the dogs we pass on this side of the train," said Cousin Eleanor, "and you, Jack, count all you see from your side."

Within fifteen minutes Alice had seen six and Jack eight dogs.

When Jack's face was no longer scarlet, Cousin Eleanor told the two children how grieved she felt when they quarreled.

"A journey on a hot day can be uncomfortable if we think only of how hot it is, and of what *we* want; or it can be a pleasant journey if we get interested in helping somebody else. Let's each think of something kind that Alice can do."

"She can give me her seat," said Jack.

"She can take your shawl, and fix it for a pillow under your head, dear Cousin Eleanor," said Elizabeth, helping Alice to so arrange the shawl.

Jack looked ashamed. He felt that his wish had been a selfish one, but he did not know how to say so. Cousin Eleanor knew what he was thinking. She softly patted his hand, while she thanked Elizabeth.

"Jack may sit by the window now," she said.

"Charlotte can," said Jack. And he ran to



"ALICE FILLED HER BASKET SEVENTEEN TIMES."

where Charlotte was sitting with Grandmama, a few seats ahead of them, and said: "Charlotte, Cousin Eleanor wants you, please."

He slipped into the seat beside Grandmama, and Charlotte trotted gladly down the aisle.

By and by the train drew into Boston. In the city they drove to the wharf. Then, oh, how happy the children were, as they sniffed the salt air, and found themselves on a steamboat!

Alice stood on the railing, and saw many other boats, some with flags. Behind their own boat streamed a broad white ribbon of foam; and there, in the steamer's wake, the waves were bigger, and a fisherman's dory bobbed up and down upon them in such a jolly way, that Jack quite burned to be in it.

Baby liked the fresh salt breeze in his face, and smiled to see Mama's bonnet ribbons flutter so prettily. He stretched out his arms toward the sea-gulls that made wonderful sweeping curves in their flight and dipped into the blue sea.

It was a long sail, so long that luncheon was unpacked and eaten before they left the boat. They had egg sandwiches, lamb sandwiches, great black cherries in plenty, and plum buns. Besides her own "special sandwiches," Alice found in her lunch-box two cherries, and a little bottle of lemonade which Elizabeth had thoughtfully provided, knowing how refreshing it would be.

"This is too bad!" said Uncle Nathaniel; "I

and Mama and Baby Hugh, in the shade of a great gray rock. Sophie, Elizabeth, Jack, and Charlotte at once pulled off their shoes and stockings, and waded to their knees in the refreshing water. Elizabeth thought she would teach Alice to swim. A fruit basket turned on its side made a good bath-house, and she took off the doll's clothes and placed them in the basket. Then the little white bathing-suit, trimmed with light green braid, was brought forth, and popped over Alice's head.

"Won't her hair get wet?" asked Sophie.

"Oh, dear!" said Elizabeth.

"See if this will fit her," said Cousin Eleanor.

She had foreseen that Alice would be aching for a salt bath, and so she had brought, and now handed to Elizabeth, a tiny bathing-cap made of oiled silk. It exactly fitted the doll's head; and all Alice's pretty brown hair was snugly tucked inside, and not one curl allowed to escape from under the elastic.

"Thank you, darling Cousin Eleanor! You always think of everything!" said Elizabeth.

Alice was now all ready to go into the water. But what was the matter? She put both hands to her eyes,

and looked as if she were about to cry.

Then Elizabeth took Alice in her arms, and said: "Why, you should n't be frightened, deary! See Bobby Shafto floating on his back out there. *He* does n't cry." Bobby Shafto was Charlotte's boy doll.

"Of course *he* floats! He's *rubber*," said Jack.

"Don't say that to her, Jack," pleaded Elizabeth, and Jack, thinking how queer girls were, plunged in yet deeper after his toy schooner.

"If Susie Jane sees that you are afraid, it will make *her* so, too," went on Elizabeth. "Put this shell to your ear. Is n't that a wonderful sound? More shells like that are under the water. It is whispering to us to come in and see the baby shells and the pretty pebbles. I see them all shining underneath the waves. Would n't you like to be a little mermaid? Would n't you like to make friends with the beautiful, sparkling sea?"



"'WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO BE A LITTLE MERMAIDEN?'"

think, when we are on the ocean, *somebody* might feel just a little, *little* seasick."

"Alice does," said Elizabeth.

"Oh, *do* let me see if her cheeks are pale!" said Uncle Nathaniel.

"No, but she has to go in the cabin and lie down," said Elizabeth. And she ran inside, and placed the doll on a soft cushion. When she came out, she found Jack and Charlotte fishing for brown and green seaweed, with bent hair-pins fastened to long lines of strong twine. Jack fixed a line for Elizabeth, and the three children fished until the boat touched the landing.

On reaching the shore, the family walked along the beach till they came to a quiet part where the sand was very fine and white. Here the children and the little curling waves ran to meet each other until the water *almost* touched their toes.

Papa found a nice, shady place for Grandmama

So, then, Alice went bravely into the water, and soon splashed Susie Jane, and Susie Jane splashed back! And Bobby Shafto gave both dolls a ride on his back.

"Alice just *loves* swimming!" cried Sophie.

"I thought she would!" said Elizabeth.

Later, everybody, except Grandmama, Mama, and Baby, went in bathing. Papa and Uncle Nathaniel were very jolly, and gave the children a glorious time.

Guess how many of them fell sound asleep in the train going home, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII

THE DOLL LEARNS TRUE POLITENESS

EVERY blessed one of them! Even Papa wakened only just in time to say, "Preserve us! Ours is the next station!"

As soon as the Dales got home, they ate a hot supper which Hannah had ready for them, and then the children were glad to go to bed.

The next day was still hotter, and Cousin Eleanor, who always felt the heat very much, lay upon a lounge, for she had a terrible headache. The sun streamed broadly through her south window, but she felt so ill that she dreaded even to get up to fix the shade.

"In just a *minute* I will," she said to herself, and closed her eyes. "If only that water-pitcher were nearer!" she thought.

She lay there for a little while with her eyes shut; and then Elizabeth came into the room with her doll in her arms. She stopped just inside the door, with her finger on her lip, looking toward Cousin Eleanor; and then, what do you think she did? First, she stepped, so softly that it was like a kitten stepping, over to the south window, and pulled the green shade slowly down until the sun was hidden, and cool shadows played over the floor.

You remember that, at the christening, Elizabeth said that she wanted her doll to grow up to be like Aunt Alice, down in Yarmouthport, who was always careful about being kind? So now

she considered what Alice could do. Presently she wound a soft handkerchief around and around the doll's hand, and arm, and tied it firmly. Next, she turned some cold water into the basin, and brought the basin, with great care, onto a chair beside the bed.

Cousin Eleanor did n't open her eyes. She thought, "I don't know what the child is doing, but I won't send her out if she likes to be here. She was such a darling to shut out that horrid sun. Oh, how my head *does* ache!"

Just then she felt something deliciously cool and soft and wet drawn lightly across her forehead. *You* know what it was. Again it came, and again. Never had anything felt so good to Cousin Eleanor! She said not a word. Alice, too, was so well-bred that she knew it was not a time to speak.

But by and by, Cousin Eleanor opened her eyes, smiled brightly at Elizabeth, and said: "I really believe the headache is going away!" And she sat up, and kissed Elizabeth, and then Alice.

So, now, the doll had learned another way to help.

"Thank you very much," said Cousin Eleanor. "It seems to me that Alice is growing to be a very well-bred doll. How thoughtful she was to bathe my forehead."

Elizabeth looked at Alice more happily.

"Who taught Aunt Alice to be polite?" she asked.

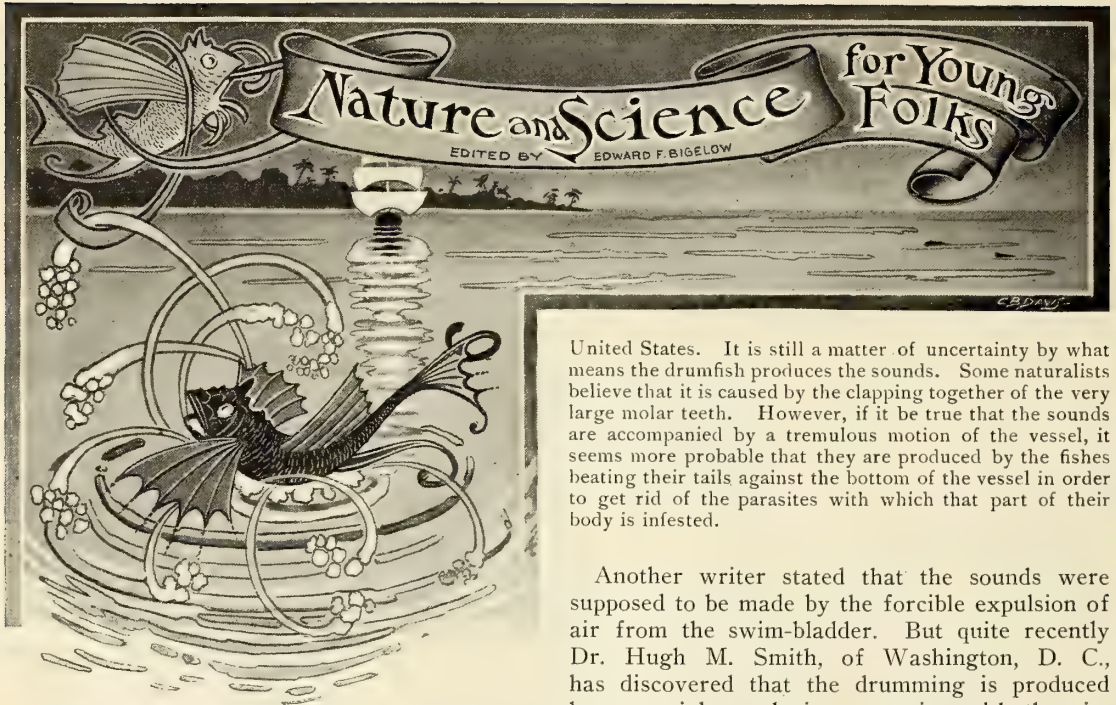
"Why, I think she was taught a great deal by her own kind heart," answered Cousin Eleanor. "Her mother died when she was a little baby. But I really believe Aunt Alice could not be happy a moment if she felt some one near her was uncomfortable. She puts her own wishes last. And now, honey, it's growing cooler outside, so let's take our pails and go out into the pasture and pick some huckleberries. If we get enough, I'll make a roly-poly pudding for our dinner, and you shall make a little one exactly like it for Alice and Susie Jane."

Guess what it was that made Cousin Eleanor's own manners so good, and I will tell you in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)



WHEN THE DAY IS OVER.



SOME ODDITIES OF THE FISH WORLD

FOR many years it has been known that certain fish make sounds known as drumming, and that others make noises that are somewhat musical and not unlike the croaking of a big bullfrog. Though the cause of these sounds could have been easily investigated, as such fish are widely found, this was not done until recently, although a number of suggestions were made by various writers as to the means by which the sounds

United States. It is still a matter of uncertainty by what means the drumfish produces the sounds. Some naturalists believe that it is caused by the clapping together of the very large molar teeth. However, if it be true that the sounds are accompanied by a tremulous motion of the vessel, it seems more probable that they are produced by the fishes beating their tails against the bottom of the vessel in order to get rid of the parasites with which that part of their body is infested.

Another writer stated that the sounds were supposed to be made by the forcible expulsion of air from the swim-bladder. But quite recently Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., has discovered that the drumming is produced by a special muscle in connection with the air-bladder, which acts as a sounding-board. The drumfish is found along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Florida.

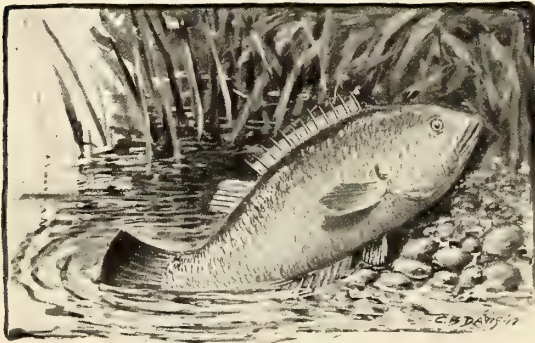
It is said that more than fifty species of fish are known to make sounds of some kind. The mud sunfish utters a deep grunting sound; the mullet, the catfish, and even the eel are known to be sound producers.

In Siam, a variety of sole, known as dog's-tongue (*Cynoglossus*), attaches itself to the bottom of boats and makes a sonorous sound which is more musical when several are attached to the same boat and act in concert. This sound is "something like that of a jew's-harp struck slowly, though sometimes it increases in loudness so as to resemble the full tones and sound of an organ."

The sea-robin gives a short, high-pitched grunt—whence its name of "pigfish," given to it in some places.

Darwin tells of a catfish "which is remarkable for a harsh, grating noise when caught by hook and line. This noise can be distinctly heard even when the fish is beneath the water."

In this connection it will doubtless be of interest to our young people to have their attention called to certain fish of peculiar form. One of the strangest is known by scientists as *Melanocetus*. Another is the *Eurypharyx*, also known as the pelican-fish. These are here pictured by



THE CLIMBING FISH.
Travels on land and even climbs trees.

were produced. In 1880, Gunther, a careful student, wrote as follows:

These drumming sounds are frequently noticed by persons in vessels lying at anchor on the coasts of the

our artist. They are deep-sea fishes, living over a mile below the surface. It is believed that the *Melanocetus* buries itself in the mud, and when the "feeler" is touched, suddenly opens its huge mouth and draws in its food.

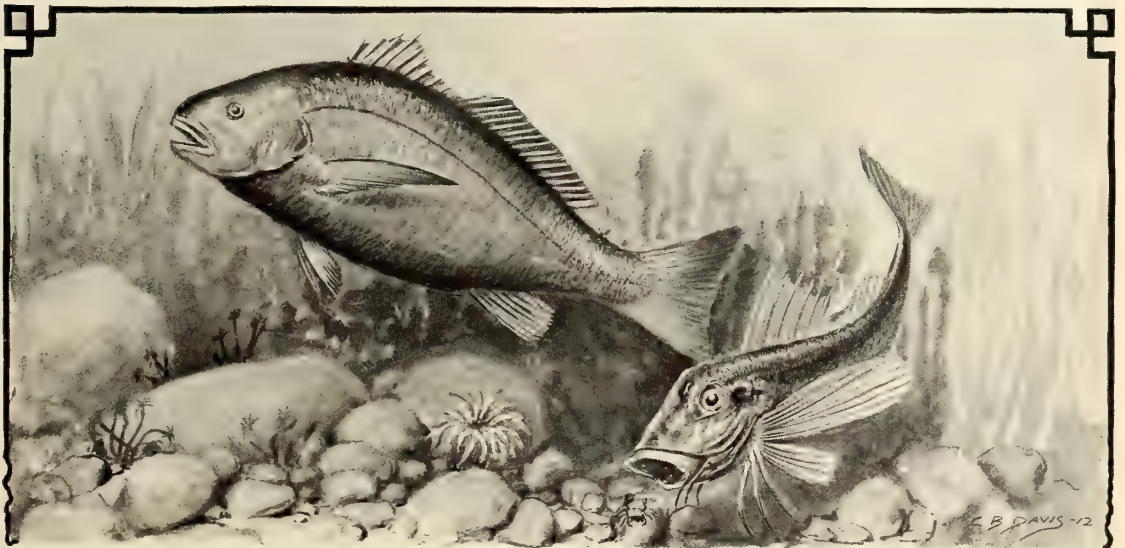
Among the most interesting fresh-water fish that are sometimes kept in household aquaria is the stickleback, which builds a nest. Some build these homes in the bottom of the streams, hiding the nest among the weeds and water-plants; others build on submerged boughs, or on stones or projecting ledges. All kinds of material are collected, and are matted together to form the bottom of the nest, being held in place by sand, small pebbles, leaves, stems, or twigs, all of which are glued together by an adhesive secretion of the fish. After the base has been formed, the sides and roof are made, with a circular opening at or near the top. In the fresh waters of Guiana, a beautiful, green-brown fish, the *Callicthys*, builds a nest of grass blades, straw, and leaves, not in the water, but in a muddy hole at the edge, and just above the surface. When the water dries away, the fish, by means of its fins, creeps to other wet or marshy places. It is said to live for twenty-four hours out of water.

Our common sunfish are nest-builders. Every country boy with observing eyes has noticed, at the edge of the pond, the clean appearance of certain spots from which all vegetable material, mud, and pebbles have been removed. This has been done by the sunfish, whose swaying body and moving fins and tail make currents in the water, that wash the spot and leave only the clean sand. Sometimes the pebbles and other unde-



QUEER FISH—THE "PELICAN" AND THE "DEEP-SEA ANGLER."

sirable objects are carried away in the fish's mouth. The stems of the surrounding plants are



THE NOISY "SALT-WATER DRUM" (AT LEFT) AND THE "SEA-ROBIN."

at times trained above the cleaned depression and form a perfect bower.

But of all strange nests, the one that has pleased me most is that of the Indian paradise-fish, kept in an ordinary house aquarium. This fish is novel, not only on account of its brilliant markings, but it also breathes air, and does not, like other fish, depend for its oxygen on that set free in the water by aquatic plants. But the most remarkable thing about it is its method of building a nest. These amazing nests not only float, but are formed of air bubbles. With its mouth the fish blows the little bubbles, and coats them with an adhesive or mucilaginous substance, so that they adhere together and form a floating, fairy-like mass, in which the eggs are laid, and in which the young are hatched. Occasionally a young fish will slip out, or apparently tumble out, of his home of bubbles, and circle away, finally falling to the bottom of the aquarium. Then one of the parents, in serious alarm at what has happened to the youngster, swims quickly to the bottom, draws the little one into its mouth, swims back to the delicate bubble mass, and literally "blows him up," because he was so careless as to fall out of bed.

A "SHOCKING" FISH

THE electric ray (*Narcine brasiliensis*) has a broad body covered with smooth skin, and is



THIS FISH CAN GIVE A STARTLING ELECTRIC SHOCK.

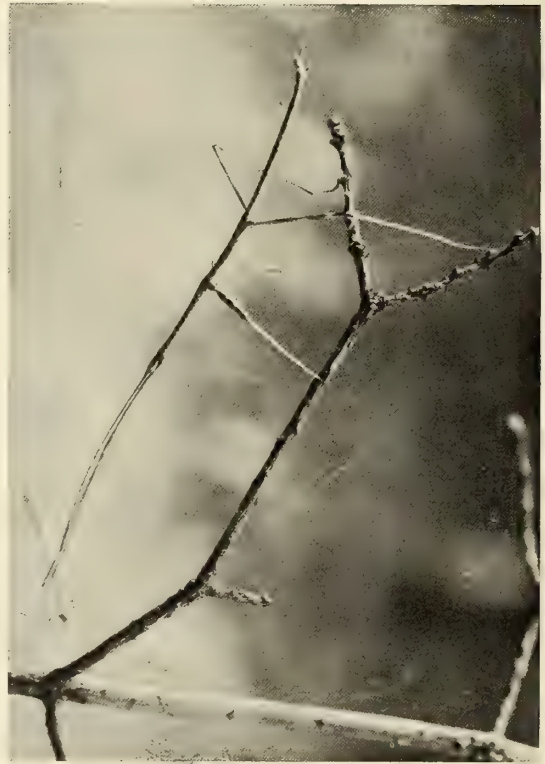
provided with an organ, consisting largely of a jelly-like fluid, which enables the animal to give

shocks similar in effect to that produced by a galvanic battery. The shocks delivered by these creatures are very startling, and barefoot fishermen have been known to be knocked down by accidentally stepping on them in shallow water.

The specimen here pictured was captured in the Gulf of Mexico near Veteran, Florida, and taken alive to the laboratory of Mr. A. G. Reynolds. The National Museum has specimens of *Narcine brasiliensis* from Cape Lookout, North Carolina, and from several localities in Florida, as well as from Cozumel Island and Jamaica. This ray is very small when compared with the common electric ray (*Tetronarce*), which reaches a weight of two hundred pounds.

B. A. BEAN, Smithsonian Institution.

THE WALKING-STICK INSECT



A RAMBLER in the forest is often surprised to find what seems to be a twig alive. This is the walking-stick insect. It has many relatives in the insect world, the family name being *Phasmidae*, from a Greek word meaning an apparition, a name that fits it well, for indeed it looks like the ghost of a twig. The accompanying photograph of this insect on a real twig was sent to St. NICHOLAS by John Boyd, Sarnia, Ontario, Canada.



WALRUS ON FLOATING ICE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

WALRUS AT HOME

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Harry Whitney, we here present an extremely interesting photograph of walrus on a cake of ice in the arctic regions. A young walrus from the Whitney Exhibition is now at the New York Zoölogical Park. It will be recalled by our readers that we published on page 841 of "Nature and Science" for July, 1911, an account of the young walrus from the Whitney Exhibition now at the park.

"MEMORY ROOT," AND WHY

"Do you know the memory root?" inquired one boy of another, during a ramble in the woods.

"No; what is it, and why is it called that?"

"Come here and look at it, and I will tell you why," said boy number one, showing his companion a root of the Indian turnip; and, as they bent over it, he continued:

"I once dug up one of these plants, and, being young and foolish, I tasted it, taking a very little piece to be sure. Just at first it seemed all right, but in a moment—phew! I thought I had tried to eat red-hot needles. I found out later that it is really full of tiny, needle-like prickers. One is n't likely to forget such an experience, so we call it the memory root."

Many plants are so placed by nature that they must protect themselves from the attacks of insects and of larger animals, in order that they may thrive and increase. Some have thorns to prevent the cattle from eating their leaves. Some have spines or prickles around the blossoms to exclude undesirable visitors. Many others have peculiar means of obtaining similar protection.

The jack-in-the-pulpit, or our "memory plant," has its weapons in the underground bulb, and these consist of minute needles of crystal, about one five-hundredths of an inch in length, invisible to the naked eye, but a few sticking to the lips or tongue will make themselves painfully known, for they burn and sting like fire. Birds may safely eat the cluster of red berries that "jack"



A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A SMALL PIECE OF "MEMORY ROOT."

lifts every autumn on the top of a long stem. But no boy or other animal will more than once molest the bulb, and our young folks should never eat the berries.

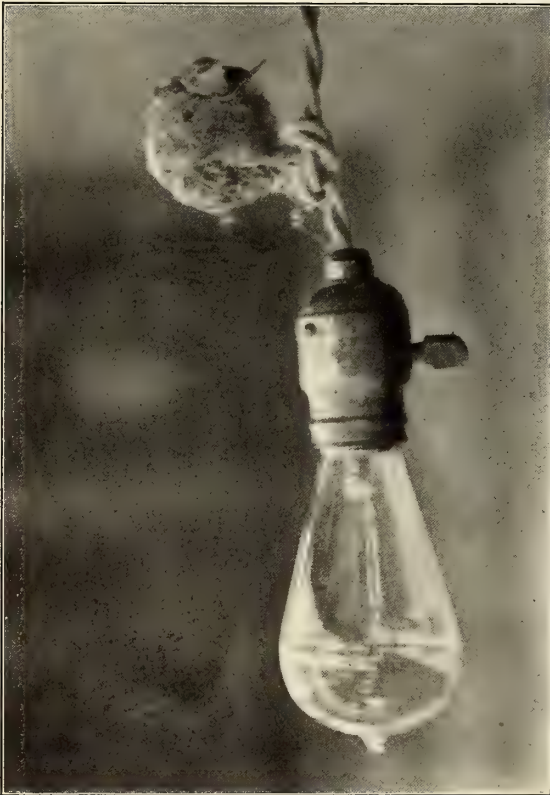
The picture shows a magnified bit of the root

of the memory plant, and, scattered over the dark surface, are many long needle-like objects. These are the sharp spicules, or needles of crystal, that pierce the tongue and cause the terrible burning sensation when a portion of the bulb is taken into the mouth. Jack's root is harmless in appearance, but it is well protected, and the microscope shows how.

The plant is also known as Indian turnip, because the Indians are said to have used it for food, first boiling the bulb, and this way, it is said, destroying the needles, or the spicules, as the botanist calls them.—CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

TWO ODD NESTING PLACES

THE first illustration shows a humming-bird's nest, that I took last summer on the porch of a friend's house. The electric light hung a little too low, so a knot was tied in the cord to raise it. That left a loop about two inches long, and the little hummers built their nest on it. The light was turned off and on every night and morning,



A HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST ON AN ELECTRIC WIRE LOOP.

but that did not disturb them in the least. The picture shows the heads of the young birds just a few days before they left their nest.

The second illustration shows an old horseshoe, which a friend of mine hung up in his wagon house to hold the buggy pole, and to keep it up out of the way. Early in the summer, a pair of humming-birds appropriated it for their own use. I hung the horseshoe in a tree to take the picture.

LEO C. THORNE.



THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST ON A HORSESHOE.

THE LARGEST APPLE ON RECORD

THE gigantic apple shown in the picture was grown by F. L. Post and Sons, of Chelan, State of Washington. It measures seventeen and one eighth inches in circumference, and weighs more than forty-one ounces. It grew on an eight-year-old tree on sub-irrigated land. The tree received ordinary cultivation, and the apple had no extra care except that it was inclosed in thin netting and tied to the tree to prevent it from falling to the ground. The apple is of the variety known as "Spokane Beauty." These apples grow to great size, are good to eat raw, and for cooking, and not specially coarse in grain. The flavor is sub-acid. In color they are a light pink with darker stripes. The tree which bore this apple grew on the shore of Lake Chelan, about two miles from the town of Chelan, within a stone's throw of the water.

The owner of the apple-tree which bore this wonderful fruit writes to ST. NICHOLAS:

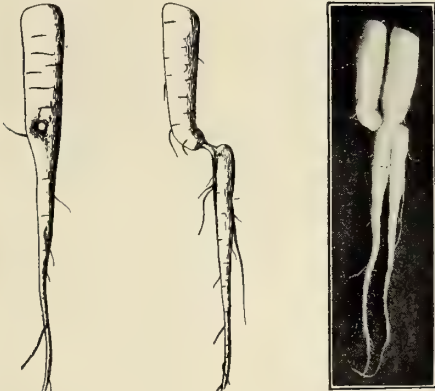


THE BIG APPLE IN COMPARISON WITH ONE OF ORDINARY SIZE.

"I sent the largest apple grown on that tree to the Canadian National Apple Show, where it carried off the great prize for the largest apple in the world—a hundred-dollar gold medal. Later, apples were sent to other shows and won the first prize. In one lot fifty of the largest apples weighed together eighty-five pounds."

A ROOT PUNCTURED A ROOT

SOME years ago, a gardener sent me the two radishes shown in the photograph. They were about six or seven inches long, and, as you see, one of them ran directly through the other. In the sec-



By courtesy of "The American Botanist," Joliet, Illinois.

DIAGRAMS TO SHOW THE SMOOTH, ROUND HOLE IN ONE ROOT, MADE BY CONSTRICTED PORTION OF THE OTHER ROOT. PHOTOGRAPH OF TWO RADISH ROOTS, ONE OF WHICH HAD GROWN THROUGH THE OTHER.

ond picture the two roots are shown after separation, and, as shown, the hole is quite small, while the root that ran through it grew to about normal size after emerging on the other side. The hole showed no signs of decay or injury. I do not know how one root managed to puncture the other in this case. The sharp-eyed readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* should be on the lookout for cases of this kind.

CHARLES E. BESSEY.

ONE OF NATURE'S TRAGEDIES

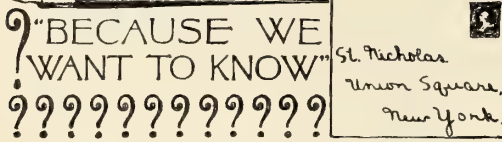
For several days, my brother and I had been searching the big pear-tree for the humming-bird's nest that we felt sure was there. Every time we came near the tree, the old bird left it with a loud hum, so we were trying to see where she came from. At last we located the nest on a limb well out from the body of the tree, where it blended perfectly with its surroundings, and looked like an old, rough knot. It contained two snow-white eggs, about the size and shape of



THE PEAR THAT KILLED THE YOUNG HUMMING-BIRDS.

small navy beans. Just a few days after the discovery, the young birds burst their white prison and appeared as two dark objects—long-billed, homely, wiggling. They grew with amazing rapidity, and then we noticed a pear, on the end of a slender twig just above the nest, which also was growing very fast. We intended to watch it closely and pick it if it got too close to the nest. Then we had to make a trip to another farm fifteen miles away on Green River, and, in the hurry and preparation for the trip, we forgot all about the little birds and their impending fate. When we came home after a week's absence, the pear had so grown, and its increased weight had so bent the twig, that it rested squarely on top of the nest, and had killed both the birds, which were nearly full-grown. The accompanying photograph shows the tragedy.

LEO C. THORNE.



DOES THE OSTRICH BURY ITS HEAD?

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know why an ostrich buries its head in the dirt when he sees anybody coming.

Your loving and interested reader,
MARION F. HULSTEAD (age 9).

Some naturalists refer to this widely known tale as a "foolish story," while others think it is possible, though not probable, that the ostrich does hide its head when frightened. Professor William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, says, in reply to the question:

"I really do not know. I do not know any one who knows. To me the story is marked, 'Not proven.'"

A CAT CLOSES ITS EYES WHILE LAPPING MILK

PALO ALTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cat always closes his eyes when he laps milk. Could you please tell me why he does that? He is pure black and not full-grown, but I like to play with him.

I remain

Your affectionate reader,
ANNA FRANKLIN (age 11).

I think that the cat closes his eyes while lapping milk as an evidence of extreme satisfaction and pleasure while so occupied. I notice my own cat has that trick when he considers himself especially happy, and it gives him such an expression of bliss—no "smaller" word expresses it—that it often makes me wish I could stand in his paws (I could n't stand in his shoes, of course), and see for myself how he feels!—JANE R. CATHCART.

THE VERY OLD GAME OF JACKSTONES

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was playing a game of "jacks" to-day, and I was wondering where the game first originated, and when and by whom it was first played.

I think it a very interesting game, because it requires practice and patience to do it well.

Your inquisitive reader,
LEONORA PARKER.

Nothing is known of the origin of the game of jackstones. It existed in classical antiquity, it is known in the Orient, and by children generally. The materials differ, but the rules of the game, as far as they are known, are everywhere about the same. Of certain games—chess, playing cards, dice—the line of descent may be traced, if not their precise origin. As far as I know, however,

there is no clue to the origin of jackstones. And the same is true of tops, bats and balls, and most children's games.—STEWART CULIN, Brooklyn Institute Museum, Brooklyn, New York.

HOW LONG CAN A GOLDFISH LIVE?

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How long can a goldfish live? I used to have three, but two of them died. The one I have now is well enough, but I should like to know how long it can live.

Your interested reader,
ANGELA MAGEE.

I knew of a very highly developed goldfish that lived for twelve years. This was the scaled



From "Goldfish Breeds." By permission of Innes & Sons, Philadelphia.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD FRINGETAILED GOLDFISH.

fringetail used as an illustration in Wolf's book on goldfish. I know of a person who claimed sixteen years for a moon telescope-fish. My mother raised some common fish twenty years ago. We had one of them for fifteen years, and then gave it to a relative, who kept it alive under very poor conditions for three years more. During these three years a number of younger fish died in the same aquarium. Under proper conditions I am sure it would have lived for twenty years, and I believe that such a fish can be kept alive for a quarter of a century. Highly developed fish, if they live to become six months of age, will usually then live from two to four years.—WILLIAM T. INNES, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



AN ODD-SHAPED OAK

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The accompanying photograph is of an odd-shaped oak-tree. The trunk has turned over until it somewhat resembles a horseshoe, and in between them a limb has grown uniting them firmly together, as shown in the photograph. The tree measures about one foot in diameter.

PETER KIRCH.

A LONG WORD IN CHEMISTRY

WHEELING, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just found in a history of chemistry, written by William Allen Hamor, Research Chemist of The College of the City of New York, a word containing forty-nine letters. I won't ask what it means, but is "pentamethyldiamidodithiodiphenylamindiodomethylate" surpassed in length by any word at all?

Hoping this will interest you as it has interested me, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ROBT. C. DARRAH, JR.

There is hardly any limit to the length of such words, and, if it were worth while, much longer words than the one given could be used to describe known or imaginary organic compounds.

Such chemical words are really compounds of a number of words. Sometimes hyphens are put in to separate some of the parts, but, following the German usage, according to which words of any length may be compounded, the hyphens are often not used by English-writing chemists.

I should insist that such chemical words do not belong to the English language at all, but to a

Vol. XXXIX.—119.

Germanized-English chemical language, and should bar them out from consideration as long words on the ground that they are compound words used without hyphens.—H. L. WELLS.

The comment of Professor Wells is perfectly correct, and I am heartily in accord with the opinion expressed in the last paragraph of his discussion. The word referred to by Mr. Darrah, Jr., is only given in my "History of Chemistry" ("Science-History of the Universe," 1909, Vol. IV; p. 2) to instance the chemical baptisms of our German co-workers, in this case Dr. Albert Maasen.—W. A. HAMOR.

A FLORAL TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

(From one of our grown-up readers)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you by this mail a photograph of a beautiful floral globe. It was at least fifteen feet in diameter, and was made of a framework with receptacles for potted plants. The coleus plants of which it was made were placed very close together, and the pots were invisible. The plants were watered from the inside as well as the outside. The "countries" were made of dark red plants, and the "oceans" were made of very light green



A GLOBE MADE OF LIVING PLANTS.

plants, with white and pale yellow variegations. The bed at the base of the globe was made of the same colors. I do not think there is any black-and-white picture that could ever do it justice.

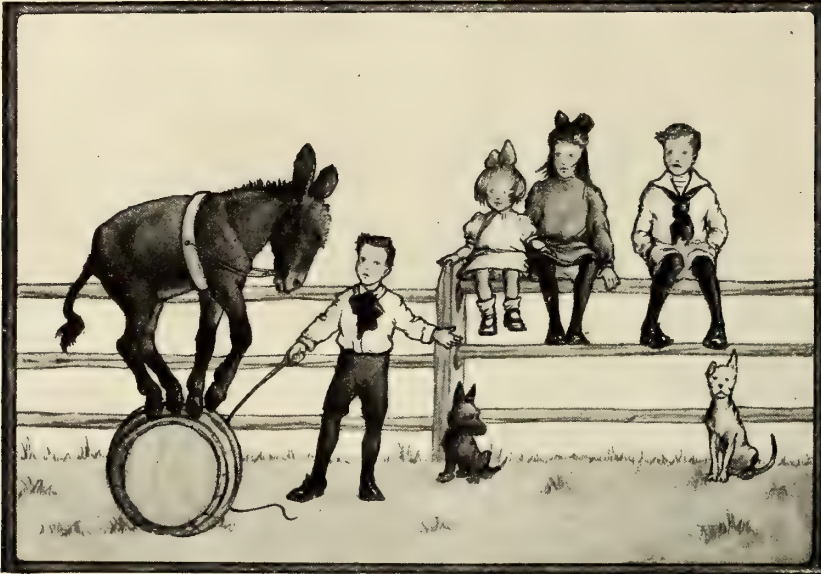
Respectfully,

RUBY BUTLER.

JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

"JACK'S CIRCUS"

RHYMES AND PICTURES



JACK thought he 'd have a circus,
(Having taught some tricks to Ned ;)
Billy, Jane, and Betsy Anne
Could n't stay away, they said.



Ned began upon a barrel
All his smart tricks to display,
Till the barrel smashed completely—
Then Jack's circus ran away !

JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

“BESIDE THE SEA”



By the sea, where sparkling waves
Ever leap and play,
Jack, and Jane, and Betsy Anne
Spend a happy day.



There they build a splendid fort,
Made of silver sand ;
Till the tide comes creeping up
And cuts it off from land !

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"THROUGH FIELDS AND LANES." BY HORACE GRAF, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE verses printed in the following pages, under the title "In Meadows Green," are as fresh and as full of the spirit of summer as if written yesterday, and give no hint that they were composed in mid-April—four long months ago—when, in our Northern latitudes at least, the meadows showed only the first faint promise of their present glory.

Our thanks are due to the young photographers, also, for a set of very beautiful summer pictures, as shown by the League heading this month and the photographs on page 951. And the story-writers and artists have sent us a list of contributions quite up to their usual high standard. As for scores and scores of other League competitors, we

send this special message to each and every one: if your name is missing from this month's Roll of Honor, we assure you that the name *was* there, nevertheless, along with some three hundred others. For *all* these, after being put into type, were crowded out at the last moment. Unfortunately, the spaces of the printed page will not budge an inch—and so it is often a question of "either—or." If *this* goes in, *that* must come out! But there is always the consolation for our young contributors that there will be other chances, other competitions, and other months in which to "try, try again," and sooner or later to win every prize the League can offer!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 150

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Merrill T. B. Spalding** (age 14), Brookline, Mass.

Silver badges, **Frederick R. Schmidt** (age 14), Chicago, Ill.; **Carolyn Moneypenny** (age 12), Ridgewood, N. J.; **Julia R. Melcher** (age 12), Winnetka, Ill.; **Granville B. Smith** (age 16), Scarborough, N. Y.; **Clarence Hatch** (age 15), Plymouth, N. H.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Bernice L. Kenyon** (age 14), Smithtown Branch, L. I.; **Albert Reynolds Eckel** (age 16), St. Joseph, Mo.

Silver badges, **Winifred M. Dodge** (age 13), Newton Center, Mass.; **Katherine Baker** (age 12), Norfolk, Va.; **Charles B. Moore** (age 15), New York City; **Gwynne A. Abbott** (age 12), Groton, Mass.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Harry Till** (age 16), Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Anna Lee Haynes** (age 15), Columbia, S. C.; **Vida Grimble** (age 15), Buckhurst Hill, Eng.; **Margaret Conty** (age 16), New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Horace Graf** (age 17), St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, **Franklin H. Jerauld** (age 12), Ft. Thomas, Ky.; **Margaret Leathes** (age 11), Toronto, Can.; **Willard Vander Veer** (age 17), New York City; **Fanny Ellsworth** (age 11), Bronxville, N. Y.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Philip Franklin** (age 13), Williamsbridge, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Mary O'Connor** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Elsie K. Reid** (age 15), Peacedale, R. I.; **Lois R. Fowler** (age 15), Summit, N. J.; **Ernest S. Crosby** (age 14), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Arnold Guyot Cameron, Jr.** (age 9), Princeton, N. J.

IN MEADOWS GREEN

(A Sonnet)

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

IN meadows green, where time so quickly goes,
 And what seem minutes there are really hours,
 There I could stay for days among the flowers,
 And try to learn the secrets no one knows;
 Learn from the brook its music as it flows;
 Learn from each unseen sprite his magic powers,
 That they might not be his alone but ours—
 Would I could watch each green thing as it grows!

Oh, what a world is this we call our own!
 Each breeze that stirs the leaves brings joy anew,
 And every fragrant flower-cup that 's seen
 Seems laughing, as if sorrow ne'er was known;
 And every blade of grass is hung with dew—
 Oh, what bright places are the meadows green!

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY MERRILL T. B. SPALDING (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

It was while camping one summer that I went through one of the most unusual and exciting experiences of my life. There were five of us: Bob Graham, Laurence Porter, Philip Gordon, Dick Hunter, and myself. Near our camp there was an old "haunted house," which was the cause of the experience I am about to relate.

One day Philip suggested that we visit this house, and, as every one was willing, we set out that evening, planning to spend the night there. Arriving, we stationed ourselves in a room on the first floor, and commenced our vigil. Somehow, hard as I tried, I could not keep awake, and soon fell a victim to the sandman.

I awoke to find Bob gripping my shoulder. He was beside me, his hair nearly on end, and beyond him, no less frightened, crouched Philip and Dick. Laurence, they whispered to me, had felt so nervous that he had gone back. They also said that they had heard groans

by my shoulder. With a last desperate effort I clutched at it, and then—I pulled away a sheet, and before us, nearly convulsed with laughter, stood Laurence! We four went back feeling rather foolish. Laurence had determined to play a joke on us when we had decided to visit the "haunted house," and he had certainly been successful.

Although there was no real ghost, I have since avoided all "haunted houses," keeping in remembrance this unusual experience and its anxious moments.



"AT THE GATE." BY MARGARET CONY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE RECREATION—AND WHY

BY CLARENCE HATCH (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE work is done, and now for a tramp in the woods! For a beginning, I start through the alder swamp.

There is not a bird in sight, but I stand still and whistle two high, clear notes, "Phee-bee." Soon I am answered by a few tiny whistles, or a plainer "tsic a dee dee." Then the bird appears, curious to see who is calling him, but determined to keep on eating, for all that. "Phee-bee," I whistle again, and more chickadees appear, one of them "Phee-bees," and in a few minutes a whole flock is around me, whistling earnestly and sweetly, till they or I get tired of it.

Leaving the chickadees, I go through the swamp and up the hill. Thump! thump! A rabbit jumps from under a hemlock, stands staring at me for a moment with his bright, frightened eyes, and lopes out of sight.

Farther on, I reach a great, irregular pile of boulders that form an ideal den for a family of porcupines, whose well-beaten path leads on up to their feeding-ground, a hemlock grove.

If I sit still here for a while, a little house-wren comes hopping around with his tail in the air, looking me over critically; a red squirrel, another tenant in the porcupines' mansion, yelps and chirrs impudently; a blue-jay catches sight of me, and with his comical, impish face peering through the branches, works up within a few feet of me. Then, away he rushes, as if to make up for lost time.

Next, perhaps, a new bird-call must be followed till



"AT WORK." BY DICKSON GREEN, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

issuing from an upper room. Just at that moment a scream resounded throughout the house. Terror-stricken, we huddled closer together. Then we heard some one descending the stairs, and a white figure appeared holding a bloody knife in one hand. It slowly advanced toward us, and raising its knife, grasped me

its author is learned; and wherever I go, something new is seen or heard.

And this, wandering through the woods with eyes and ears open, is, in summer or winter, my favorite recreation. Why? Because I love Nature and am interested in all her ways. Could I have a better reason?



AUGUST



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY HARRY TILL, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

IN MEADOWS GREEN

(A Sonnet)

BY ALBERT REYNOLDS ECKEL (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

IN meadows green, knotweed and mullen grow,
And dandelion, flower of brightest gold.
Ten thousand humming, buzzing insects hold
Gay carnival, while to each bloom they go.
As balmy summer breezes softly blow,
Shy meadow-larks and noisy blackbirds, bold,
Trill ceaselessly their joyous songs, world old,
Yet ever new; and lazy cattle low.

On meadow grass, thro' warm sunshiny days
In sultry summer, do I love to lie,
And dream, or read, or merely rest and gaze
Into the fair blue sky, where clouds sail by;
A peaceful, calm, yet ever-shifting scene.
So would I spend my days—in meadows green.

AN UNUSUAL ADVENTURE

BY JULIA RICHMOND MELCHER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

OUR train was going at fifty-five miles an hour on a high but very good stretch of track. We were eating dinner in my father's private car with two visitors. The dining-room was at one end of the car, and was furnished with eight heavy chairs and one table, besides china, glass, and silverware. At one end there was a sideboard and a writing-desk.

All of a sudden there was a great crash and rumble, and the car slid down the bank and turned over on its side. The next thing I knew, I was pulled up by one of the guests, and saw my father take a chair and smash the door. This was the only way we could get out.

We were all extremely surprised, and thankful to find no one was killed.

After getting my mother out, we went up the track to a farm-house, where we had our few cuts bandaged.

The last three cars had also gone off the track, and had turned over into the ditch, but no one was seriously hurt.

Our belongings were soon gathered from the wreck, and we were again on our way in a few hours.

IN MEADOWS GREEN

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

IN meadows green the Queen Anne's lace
Uplifts its head with royal grace;
Above, with wings of blue and gold,
A swarm of butterflies, gay and bold,
In eddying circles wheel and race.

Come, seek with me a little place
Where Nature's hand we still may trace,
Where Beauty still has kept her hold,
In meadows green!

Forgetting there Life's maddening pace,
Far from all evil things and base,
Far from the world, so great and cold,
We shall, at last, find bliss untold,
Thus, hand in hand, and face to face,
In meadows green!

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY KENNETH HERSHEY (AGE 9)

It all happened a few days before Christmas, at one of the big stores of Walla Walla. I went there to see Santa Claus. They were also to give away Lincoln pennies at a certain time. I ran up onto the balcony where the pennies were to be given out.

A big crowd was already there. Suddenly, with a crash, the balcony broke down. I landed in a big pile of tin pans, and everything was falling all around me. Luckily I was not hurt a bit, though some of the children were. I got up and ran out the back way, as they had locked the front doors, and was soon safe with my mother, none the worse for my unusual experience.

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, JR. (AGE 9)

(Honor Member)



ONE beautiful day, last October, when we were living in California, I went to spend the day at Cawston Ostrich Farm. This is a lovely spot where tropical flowers and trees grow, so if ostriches appreciate nature's beauties, they may feast their eyes on every side.

I became acquainted with the guide during my many visits to this ostrich-haven, and when I arrived, he gave me a hearty welcome and allowed me to feed "Colonel" and "Mrs. Roosevelt." The Colonel was a veritable gourmand, and it was fun to

watch whole oranges sticking in his long neck and working slowly down to where they dropped into his stomach.

As a great favor, the good guide also allowed me to ride a gentlemanly ostrich named "Uncle Sam." At first I had trouble sitting on his sloping back, but, by grasping his wings, I found I could ride him easily.



BY MARJORIE PITTMAN, AGE 14.



BY CATHARINE TARR, AGE 14.



BY FRANKLIN H. JERAULD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY FANNY ELLSWORTH, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY BETTY COMSTOCK, AGE 14.



BY PAULL JACOB, AGE 17.

"THROUGH FIELDS AND LANES."

After a while, the guide went to a storehouse for more oranges, and while he was gone, I forgot my promise never to go near "St. Paul," a crusty old bachelor.

I was standing near this crabbed fellow's corral, when suddenly my hat was jerked from my head. A moment later I saw St. Paul picking out the rhinestones from its buckle. As you know, ostriches like to eat bright stones.

When the guide returned, I begged him to rescue my hat. This he did with some trouble, as St. Paul always tried to kick any one entering his corral, and an ostrich kick is worse than a mule kick.

When my hat was returned to me, I felt sad to see its one-time shining buckle sans brilliants, but the guide said I should be thankful I had not lost my eyes.



"AT WORK." BY MARGARET LEATHES, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

IN MEADOWS GREEN

BY KATHERINE BAKER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

In meadows green the lark lilts high,
Soft summer clouds are floating by,
And shy wild flowers lurk unseen
In meadows green.

Bright dragon-flies are overhead;
Dame Nature's lavish hand hath spread
The beauties of the summer queen
In meadows green.

The hairy spiders' work is done,
And shining in the summer sun
Are soft gray webs of silver sheen
In meadows green.

For they, when strung with dewdrops bright,
That sparkle with a diamond's light,
Are fit to robe the fairy queen
In meadows green.

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY GRANVILLE B. SMITH (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

WHILE I was on a ranch in California a few years ago, I had several exciting experiences; but the most unusual one was with a mountain-lion. These marauding animals have often been known to steal poultry and sometimes cattle, but very seldom to attack a man, except when protecting their young.

My brother, sister, and I started out for a picnic lunch in a grove of large oaks near our ranch. We were about to unpack the basket of good things, when, to our

great surprise, a baby mountain-lion came bounding out of a near-by thicket. As it was perfectly tame, we had no trouble in catching it, and it did not mind our caresses in the least. We were just trying to decide what we should do with it, when we heard a dreadful roar close at hand, and, on turning around, we beheld a large lioness approaching us in big leaps. We dropped the cub as if it had been a lighted bomb, and it did not take us long to climb up a near-by tree.

The lioness made several futile leaps at us, but we had climbed beyond her reach. Then she commenced to walk around the tree, uttering fierce growls, and every now and then tearing the bark off the tree with her sharp claws. Finally, there was a roar, which was repeated three times, far up the mountain-side. At first the lioness paid no attention to the call of her mate; but she answered the third call, and at the fourth, to our great relief, she bounded off with her little cub scampering at her heels.

When we were assured of her departure, we climbed down, and, picking up the basket, we set off for home, for we did not want to stay in such a dangerous vicinity any longer.

TO-DAY AND—TO-MORROW

BY CHARLES B. MOORE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THANKSGIVING has arrived at last.
There 's been prepared a grand repast.
'T is just this one day in the year
That Mother does not interfere.
So oysters, turtle soup, and fish,
Along with all that we could wish,
Of turkey, salad, and ice-cream,
We eat in quantities extreme,
And on the top of this we take
Plum-pudding with rich chocolate cake.
So we are most extremely gay,
And *this* is our Thanksgiving Day.



"AT WORK." BY WILLARD VANDER VEER, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

To-morrow dawns, and we awake,
And, oh! how our poor heads do ache!
It seems as though some unseen hand
Is pressing on a white-hot brand;
But this is not the only place
Where yesterday has left its trace,
For from our feet up to our head,
We feel as if we 'd soon be dead;
And since we are so awfully sick,
Our mother calls the doctor quick.
So then it 's his turn to be gay,
And *this* is his Thanksgiving Day.

MY FAVORITE RECREATION—AND WHY

BY FREDERICK REHM SCHMIDT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE little ball of hard rubber is a few feet from the goal, a cup neatly nestling in the almost perfectly level turf which extends for many paces around it. The player carefully scans the distance from the ball to the hole. See! the little sphere is deftly hit by the player with his putter. But look! the ball strikes a small twig in its course and misses the cup by a few scant inches.



AUGUST.

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY LOUISE GRAHAM, AGE 13.

Now the true spirit of the man who has missed the shot is clearly revealed. If he has the slightest trace of self-control and good-breeding, the player undoubtedly remains silent and does not expostulate. But if, on the other hand, he has neither, his opponent very soon sees an exhibition of his temper. In countless other instances the character of the individual may be easily ascertained.

All things considered, I personally think that golf is the greatest outdoor game. Primarily it insures a healthy mind and body, but develops as well one's reasoning power, good manners, and sometimes, if the player has been correctly instructed as a beginner, even develops character. Again, another strong point in its favor is its universal appeal, for golf can be played from early youth to old age. Name any other outdoor game that has all these advantages, including the one last named! Therefore, considering the pleasure and physical benefits derived from the game, golf is my favorite recreation and pastime—a subtle and fascinating sport.

VOL. XXXIX.—120.

TO-DAY AND—TO-MORROW

BY WINIFRED M. DODGE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

TO-DAY

A LITTLE child is playing on the lawn ;
The sky above her is a deep, rich blue,
With just a tint of rose far in the east,
While on the grass there lingers sparkling dew.

The child is smiling, gazing overhead,
Laughing with pleasure at the lovely sight ;
The pretty flowers, nodding their fair heads ;
The sun just rising, a huge ball of light,

Which makes the dewdrops change to flashing gems ;
They seem like playthings to the child so fair ;
She plucks a blade of grass and shakes them off ;
Once more her merry laughter fills the air.

TO-MORROW

A WOMAN, old and gray, with sorrow bent,
Yet with a face serenely pure and calm,
Sits by the window, dreaming, pensive-eyed,
Of a dear long ago that seems to charm.

The sun is setting, casting a last glow
On her sweet face, which once was very fair ;
It lingers lovingly, as if to kiss
And lay a blessing on her silv'ry hair.

Which is the fairer? Long ago, or now?
For she was the sweet child, the laughing girl.
The first is like to crystal, clear and pure ;
The other of rich gold, inwrought with pearl.

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY CAROLYN MONEYPENNY (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

WE were all asleep in the house, on a warm summer night, dreaming perhaps very peaceably, when suddenly

"SOMETHING FUNNY." BY VIDA GRIMBLE, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

I was awakened by our door-bell ringing. I jumped out of bed quickly, went down-stairs like an amateur heroine, and opened the front door. No one greeted me except the stars, which blinked down at me. The bell seemed to have no intention of stopping, and rang on as though somebody's finger was laying on it.

I ran up-stairs again, and Father came down, half dressed and very tired, as it was just one o'clock. He went to the back door, but saw no one. It was certainly a mystery, but soon the policeman, seeing our lights lit at that unearthly hour, came and inquired what was wrong.

Father told him, and they went on another hunt; down the cellar, out in the barn, all over the yard, and finally came back to the house, unable to give any reason for the ringing, as they had found no trace of any man.

We were all being deafened up-stairs, and were wishing it would stop ringing; but it kept right on, not paus-

But as for my companions here, they laugh me quite to scorn;

"You never will a hero be when dawn to-morrow's morn!"

But yet, although they say I will not be a great, good man,

I never say, "I cannot," but I try to think I can.

I can if I do what is right, and always leave the wrong;

I can if I try hard enough, and my desire is strong;

And all through life's long struggle, I shall try to be a man,
And never say, "I cannot," when I think, perhaps, I can.

Except in times of evil, when to good we are not true,
In times when we are so perplexed we don't know what to do;

Then, when I'm asked to do some wrong, I'll answer like a man,
And always say, "I cannot," even though I think I can.

So I shall base to-morrow on the ground I base to-day,
And always I'll be careful in what'er I do or say.

And when I'm asked to do some good, I'll answer, like a man,
I'll never say, "I cannot," when there is one chance I can.



"AT THE GATE." BY MARGARET FOSTER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ing to rest. In about half an hour the policeman chuckled and called Father into the kitchen. He pointed to the battery, and showed him where one part had been bent, and so caused the bell to ring. They fixed the bent part, and the ringing ceased. Joy to us up-stairs!

To think that they hunted all over the house and yard for a tramp or intruder, and never thought that the battery could be the cause of it; but, men are men!

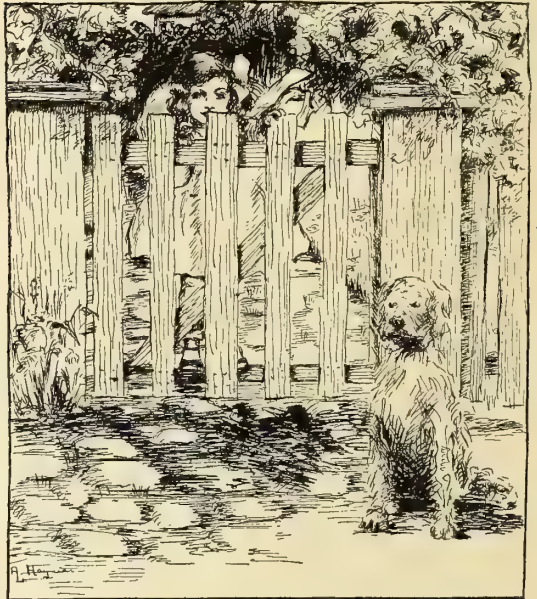
TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY GWYNNE A. ABBOTT (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

To-day I'm just a little boy. I always go to school; I try to do my very best, and never break the rule. But what I am most proud of is, that, acting like a man, I never say, "I cannot," but I try to think I can.

To-morrow will be dawning soon. To manhood I'll be grown; I want to be a hero with a name that will be known Through all the world. I wish to be a brave and great, good man,
To never say, "I cannot," but to think, perhaps, I can.



"AT THE GATE." BY ANNA LEE HAYNES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

PROSE

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| Arthur Nethercot | Frances D. Pennypacker | Fredrika W. Hertel |
| Vida Bloede | Kathryn K. Dowdney | Wilma Varelman |
| William W. Ladd | Cornelia S. Jackson | Mary E. Levey |
| Willie E. Money | Edith Stein | Mary M. Seymour |
| Catharine Pittman | Dorothy Hallett | Helen Creighton |
| Thelma G. Williams | Frances M. Ross | Margaret Cundill |
| Vivian E. Hall | Edgar Gibbs | Janet G. Banks |
| Harold Harris | Herman M. Hoffman | Ethel N. Pendleton |
| Julien H. Bryan | Adelaide Hibbard | Knowles Blair |
| Elizabeth Phillips | Hester R. Hoffman | Elizabeth Turner |
| Ethel Mary Feuerlicht | Muriel W. Avery | Carmen Mc Kercher |
| Pauline Cozard | James K. Angell | Katharine Thomas |
| | Charles G. Edwards | Hilda F. Gaunt |
| | | Edith L. Crouse |

L. Adrienne Evans
Sarah Davison
Edna L. Clay
Ruth Genzberger
Ellen C. Gary
J. Butler Wright, Jr.
Phoebe S. Lambé
Mildred H. Luthardt
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Jennie Mustapher
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Katharine Biggs
Marion Norman
Charlotte L. Bixby
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Rebecca H. Wilder
Marjorie Trotter
Henry Van Fleet
Elsie Stevens
Ruth M. Morriss
Marion C. White
Arthur N. Moore
Ethel London

Marion E. Stark
Marjorie Skiff
Stanley B. Reid
Marion F. Hayden
Bernard J. Snyder
Ellen L. Hoffman
Elizabeth MacLennan
Marguerite S. Pearson
Hazel M. Chapman
Ruth V. Hyde
Leonard Oliver
Ruth Stromme
Helen Clark
Alice Emge
Winifred Wood
Lucile Mayne
Mary Thayer
Frances C. Duggar
Mary V. Farrer
Fannie H. MacFadden
Vera B. Hall
Marion Shaler
Osie B. Lovelless
Effe C. Ross
John Cregan
Sophie E. Woods
Elizabeth Waddell

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Dorothy Calkins
Frank Leach
Rosella M. Hartmann
Jessie E. Alison
Geo. P. Lindberg
Reina Keefer
Jos. Leventhal
Marion C. Dinsmore
Ruth S. Strong
Walter K. Frame
Corydon Wheat
Rolf Ueland
E. Theodore Nelson
Katharine Reynolds
Frances Thomas
Margaret R. Bennett
Doris Grimbile
Dorothy L. Todd
Victor Child
Dorothy Seligman
Elizabeth E. Sherman
Madeleine Utard
Horatio Rogers
Frank Paulus
Goldie Zucker
Harry Zitler
Terrence Gallagher
Earl A. Garard
Henry J. Neal
Miriam Lathe
Fred Malkmus
Eleanor W. Atkinson
Clarisse S. De Bost
Helen A. Baker
Welthea B. Thoday
Constance Andrus
Paul Dettelsen
Henrietta H. Henning
Margaret E. Hanecom
Vincent B. Logue, Jr.
Howard R. Sherman
John B. Hyatt, Jr.
Arline A. Beecher
Homer Wallace
Agnes Smith
Raphael Blumenthal
Leo Peter Gusto
Margaret L. Duggar
Henry Greenberg
Ethel Warren Kidder
Caleb D. Elliott
Cornelia Bird
Kedma Dupont
Marie Smola
Jane Abbott
Mildred Johnson
Kenneth Rickett
Gertrude Praster
Florence Stevenson
Mary Laufer
George Wintermute
John Lamey
Roy L. Olson
Catharine L. Clark

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Josephine Sturgis
Dorothy V. Tyson
Rosamond Sherwood
Robert Burgess
Gwendolen Hampson
Faith Morse
Russell Jones
Helen G. Farrell
Eleanor O. Doremus
Margaret Kohn
Earle W. Paylor
Dorothy Fischer
Helen M. Kingman
Alice Parker
Hazel Whalen
G. A. Lintner
Lois W. Kellogg
Virginia Nirdlinger
Robert Banks
Emeline A. W. Kellogg
Alice W. Hall
Katharine E. Beatty
Katharine L. Guy
Martha Robinson
Lavinia K. Sherman
Caroline Aber
Marion Pomeroy
Dorothy P. Richardson
Perry B. Jenkins
Marion Roos
Elizabeth C. Carter
Charles Bartow
Ruth Haey
Caroline F. Ware
M. Josephine Boyd
Herbert Weidenthal
F. A. Stenbuck
Elizabeth Cains
Elizabeth Hayes
Stuart W. Kellogg
Rachel Talbot
Esther L. Faulhaber
Dorothy von Olker
Dorothy Peabody
Eleanor E. Barry
Margaret Pratt
Kenneth Smith
Margaret Kew
Josephine G. Taylor
W. Robert Reud
Anne Ashley
Eric Henry Marks
Gladyes E. Livermore
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Grace Freese
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Elizabeth W. Reynolds
Junior Scruton
Mildred Dudley
J. A. Mathews
Stewart Kurtz
Robert Clark
Mary De Witt
Betty Humphreys
Margaret Dart
Jeannette C. Owens
Ruth Marshall
Edna Hausel
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James Moody
Katharine Eldred
Leigh Stoek
Elsie Nichols
Dorothy G. Schwarz
William B. Bacon
John L. Loomis
Marie Rupp
Warren Dodge
Elwood H. Gallien
Timothy E. Holden

PUZZLES

Duncan Scarborough
Frederick W. Fuess, Jr.
Carl Muckenaupt
Le Roy A. MacColl
Edna F. Kaufmann

Helen Westfall
Jessie Wolf
Douglas C. Phelps
Robert U. Whitney
Katharine Jaeger
Brayton Blake
Beatrice S. Hecht
Margaret P. Hall

Ruth K. Gaylord
Rosemary Clarke
Verne Blankner
Ruth A. Ehrlich
Edith Sloan
Nellie Adams
Hilda V. Libby
Fred. Klein

Doris R. Ulmann
Norman Howell
Hobart Goewey
S. Chernoff
Louisa G. Wells
Harold Hawes
Elizabeth Wemple
Catharine M. Weaver

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 154

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 154 will close **August 10** (for foreign members **August 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS for December**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Best Month of All."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Title to contain the word "Christmas."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "On the Road," or, "A Good Listener."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "My Favorite Subject; or, What I Like Best to Draw," or a Heading for **December**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

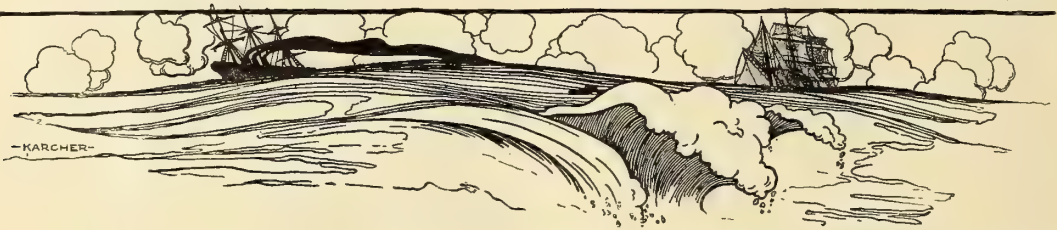
Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

VERSE

Susan B. Sturgis
Edith Sturgis
Lucile H. Quarry
Doris R. Wilder
Bertha E. Walker
Eleanor M. Sicksels
Nellie Adams
Thomas H. Joyce
Helen A. Moncell
F. Cleary Hanighen
Elise M. Mirkil
Madeline Schreiber
Claire H. Roesch
Forest Hopping
Frank H. Stuerm
Helen R. Tolles
Constance Bowles
Lillie G. Menary
Eleanor Johnson
Emily Goetzmann
Eugenia B. Sheppard
Charlotte MacDougall
Alice M. Hamlet
George M. Enos
Lois Hopkins
Kathryn Hulbert
Frances E. Burr
Dorothea Cronin
Harriett Peasley
Jean Knight
Virginia Job

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



THE SEA

AUGUST is here again, and the call of the sea comes home to most of us. It is hard to tell whether being in or on or beside it is the more attractive. The best way is to manage to do all three of these delectable things, and to do them over and over again, right through the month. What health and vigor, what freshness and strength, the ocean has, and how generously it bestows them on its lovers. A summer without the sea is only half a summer, or so all of us who have ever come to know it believe; the very smell of a tarry rope or a bit of seaweed will set our hearts to thumping if we are far inshore, and all the witchery of lake and river and mountain can never entirely satisfy the children of the sea.

Since the beginning of time, too, the sea has been associated with romance and adventure. It has been a mystery, a danger, a lure. Mighty battles have been fought upon it, and all the most daring voyages have been across it or around it. Pirates have plied their terrible but picturesque trade all over its vast surface and among its lonely islands. Wrecks have gone down in it, and it has rocked open boats under the stars and sun for agonizing weeks, mocking the dying crew with the glitter of its deadly water, fencing them from succor with the unbroken line of its horizon.

In ancient days, men fared forth upon the sea in cockle-shell boats propelled by oars and sails, getting along somehow, discovering new shores, and meeting countless perils. Once home again, they told great tales of their adventures, and were looked upon with admiration as a brave and hardy lot, whom nothing ashore could terrify; for they had faced the immeasurably more fearful perils of the high seas, which only the strongest and most courageous could survive. Men gathered about to hear what they had to tell, and women gazed admiringly upon them as they rolled along the street with a step that seemed

still to feel the monstrous heave of mighty waves. As for the lads, not one of them but longed for a sailor's life, and thought a ship's deck the finest thing in the world.

Ever since those old times, sea-faring men have told stories, or had stories told about them. And some of these sea tales are the best there are, with a swing and a go to them that set the pulses flying. Even to-day there is a world of romance and wonder left to the sea, and the life lived on it is very different from life on land, however adventurous that may be. Good books there are that tell the stories for us now, since few of us know a sailor who will spin a yarn at our request, more 's the pity! And I thought I would choose this hot month to speak of a few of these books. And as the murmur of the waves haunts the curved interior of a shell, so some of the coolness and sweetness of the great ocean may haunt my pages, put there by yourselves, however, as you read or listen, thinking of the long fall of the waves on the beach, and the white fury of the foam in a storm.

THE OCEAN'S STORY

A SPLENDID book to begin with is Ernest Ingersoll's "Book of the Ocean," for it tells the story of the sea itself; of its caverns and measureless deeps, its currents and tides; of the plants and strange creatures who live in it—fish and animals, and the storms that fall upon it. Not only does this book tell of the sea's own life, but also of the many kinds of boats and ships men have used to go forth on it, from the early galleys and pinnaces and galleons through all the history of the "hearts of oak," to the steamers and turbines of our age of steel and iron. It is a most absorbing story, told by a man who loves his subject, and therefore well told. Few of us really know anything definite of the sea and its history, and I think all of you will be surprised to see how much

interesting and various information Mr. Ingersoll has collected into this delightful volume.

SOME OLD STORIES

I've already spoken, in other articles, of such fine old sea stories as those by Whyte-Melville, "Moby Dick" and "White Jacket," and Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." Then there is Captain Marryat's splendid "Masterman Ready," which none of you should miss. It is one of the best sea and wreck stories in the world. Full of fun and adventure, full of the true sea life of that day, with characters who will be your friends through life, you will laugh and be thrilled all the way out to that Pacific island where the ship was wrecked, and until you and young Ready and his companions are safe back once more.

Another excellent story by Marryat is "Mr. Midshipman Easy." This was written for older readers, but it is a favorite boys' book nowadays. There are some delightful scenes and amusing adventures in the West Indies in this book, besides the life of the ship, and never were there two merrier youngsters than Easy and his chum. In the time when Marryat wrote, Cuba and Jamaica were at the height of their prosperity, and the planters lived on their plantations like veritable princes. Both these books are rollicking and jolly as Jack himself, and though there is some moralizing, as was the old-fashioned manner, there is not enough to spoil excellent stories, such as these are.

Other old sea yarns are those by James Fenimore Cooper, his "Sea Tales," and I pity the boy or girl who misses reading them. They are n't so well known as his Indian stories, yet several of them are better. There was a lot of privateering, and America was a great sea-power in Cooper's day, and these stories are full of vivid pictures and exciting adventures that show us that past time in a romantic, stirring light, such as Cooper loved.

A sea tale that is not exactly a story is Coleridge's wonderful "Ancient Mariner." In this poem there is something of the mystery and magic and terror of the ocean. You feel its immensity, its loneliness, its power and cruelty, as well as its beauty, while you read. A queer tale it is, to be sure, ghostly and eery, but the ghosts are sea-ghosts, as the Albatross of which the Mariner tells is a sea-bird; and we all have to listen to the end, like the Wedding Guest, while the Mariner has his will with us.

SOME NEW STORIES

BUT there are as good stories in the sea as ever came out of it, and this is proved by the stories

that are being told to-day. There are Frank T. Bullen's, for instance, and Joseph Conrad's. I've told you before of Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachelot." That is a book you must certainly read, but it is n't the only one. Bullen is a sailor, and he knows how to write—which is true of Conrad, too. Sailors always were yarn-spinners, and it's the same to-day. You cannot get a better yarn than Bullen's "Frank Brown: Sea Apprentice," and its sequel, "The Call of the Deep." There is another of this writer's stories that goes well with these, "The Compleat Sea Cook," which contains sketches of real seamen at work on ship or at play, sometimes, unluckily, in trouble, ashore. The first two books are specially written for you youngsters, however, and you will become sailors while you read them; you simply can't help it, they are so vivid, so fascinating; they put the sea and the ship so clearly before you; take you voyaging, in fact, for you get launched in these books precisely as you might in a brig or a schooner. Oh, but it's adventurous and rough and sane and healthy, this life of the sea, as Mr. Bullen tells of it; hard, too, but manly, and cramful of "doing things."

Mr. Conrad's books are, perhaps, too old for you just now, and had better be kept to enjoy later. There is a story of his called "Typhoon" which you will read some day, however, and never forget it, it gives such a marvelous impression of the actual occurrence. Both these sailor writers have an extraordinary power for getting the things they've seen and experienced into words, and so making their readers live the very happenings with them; and reading their books is an adventure in itself.

Then there is another writer of the sea whom I've spoken of before, Howard Pyle. He was an artist, and had precious little to do with the sea himself, but he loved it, and he loved the many stories of pirates which lie buried in old musty manuscripts and records. He dipped his pen into the very brine of old ocean when he wrote of them; his pages almost smell of the sea. And what splendid adventures he tells us! There is his "Stolen Treasure." It is full of turbulent buccaneers, who are up to mischief every minute, if you can call their wild deeds by so mild a term. Then there is "Jack Ballister's Fortune," a magnificent mixture of sea and pirate and the Colonies, of kidnapping and England, brave acts and wicked ones. Read it, and you'll have a week of glorious fun, and won't mind the hottest weather August can manufacture, you'll be so busy following Jack.

Frank Stockton wrote a good book about the sea, "Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast,"

which will fit in finely with Pyle's. All the more famous sea rovers are included in this delicious book. You get some notion of how the pirates themselves considered their "profession," for it was a real business in its way. Kept within certain bounds, people regarded it as excusable, if not precisely respectable. More than one pirate retired on his fortune, and became a stout, kindly old gentleman in his declining years.

Akin to the more law-abiding pirates, according to the law of those wild days, were the privateers, and there is a book on them by Jessie Peabody Frothingham, called "Sea Fighters from Drake to Farragut." Of course many of the men she writes of belonged to the regular Navy, but whoever they were, all the stories are good, and the roll-call of both men and ships in the volume is a noble one. They were men it is good to hear about, those old fighters of the sea, and the time you spend in their society will be well spent. It is not only the danger, and the daring and judgment they show, it is something fine and simple in their characters, that makes them lovable as well as admirable; though a few were grim enough, and fierce enough, more eager to meet a foe than a friend.

One great sailor you ought to know about is Captain Cook, and there is a story about his wonderful voyages written by a naval man, Lieu-

tenant Charles R. Low. Three times he sailed around the world, quite a feat a century ago, and it is nearly that. The ports he stopped at were some of them entirely unused to seeing a European ship, and many were his adventures with foreign potentates and savage chiefs. He was a very interesting man, and Lieutenant Low has not missed any of the romance of the tale.

Charles Ledyard Norton is another sea-story writer, mingling history with story, and most of you are sure to enjoy his three books, "Jack Benson's Log," "The Medal of Honor Man," and "Midshipman Jack." They are set in Civil War days, and give an excellent notion of the sea-fights and seaways of that time, of the gallantry of the men in the service, and the hardships they experienced.

So here you are, with quite a shelfful of sea tales to choose from. An old sailor I knew, and a writer as well, Charles Warren Stoddard, who had run away to sea when he was a boy, and gone to the islands of the Pacific, where he lived for a time with the savages, once told me no book could ever describe the sea as it was to the man who lived upon it. Perhaps not; but I believe these books I've been telling you about come pretty close to doing it—at any rate, they are among the best reading on earth, and that is a good deal.

EDITORIAL NOTES

WE print this month a biographical sketch of a unique historical character, Charles George Gordon, that strange combination of the dreamer and the man of action whose brilliant career held much of grandeur and came to such a tragic, solitary close when Khartum was captured by the desert tribes, in 1885. The article will appeal strongly to our older readers, and it has a double interest for young and old because it was written by a boy of sixteen—Hamilton Fish Armstrong, son of Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, the well-known artist.

AMONG the many responses received from League members this month were two "storiettes" which we cannot forbear giving to our readers, both because they are so quaintly told, and because they came from two little St. NICHOLAS readers in far-off Russia.

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY ELIZABETH LEONTIEFF (AGE 8)

I WANTED to make an Easter present for my mother, so I took a picture of one of Raphael's angels and glued it on a round piece of cardboard. Around the edge of the cardboard, I glued coffee-beans, and filled the other

space with millet. Then I gilded the coffee-beans and the millet, and put the picture on top of a cupboard where Mother could n't see it.

I took it down to look at it the next day, and I found, to my great astonishment, that the angel had a mustache. At first I did n't know where it came from, but then I saw that it had come from the gold, which had run over the angel's face. Of course I was sorry the picture was spoiled, but it looked so funny that I could n't help laughing.

If I ever see the real painting the angel was copied from, I shall surely laugh very much, because I shall remember how the angel looked with a mustache.

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY NICOLAS LEONTIEFF (AGE 9)

WHEN I was a little chap five years old, my mother, my aunt, my brothers and sisters and I, went to the zoölogical garden to see the animals. We went all around the zoo, and sat down in front of the bears.

Suddenly a bear began to climb over the iron fence. When we saw that, we were very frightened, and got up and ran away as fast as we could. While we were running away, a very hard rain began to fall. Luckily we were near the house where butterflies were kept, so we waited there for the carriage to come and take us home.

I don't know whether the bear really got out or not, for I never heard any more about him.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM. E Pluribus Unum. Cross-words: 1. England. 2. Persia. 3. Labrador. 4. United States. 5. Roumania. 6. Italy. 7. Belgium. 8. Uruguay. 9. Servia. 10. United States. 11. Norway. 12. United States. 13. Monaco.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS. I. 1. C. 2. Sad. 3. Solar. 4. Caldron. 5. Daric. 6. Roc. 7. N. II. 1. N. 2. Set. 3. Stead. 4. Needles. 5. Talon. 6. Den. 7. S. III. 1. N. 2. Cat. 3. Cited. 4. Natures. 5. Terse. 6. Dec. 7. S. IV. 1. N. 2. Net. 3. Nomad. 4. Nemesis. 5. Taste. 6. Die. 7. S. V. 1. S. 2. Eon. 3. Eclat. 4. Solicit. 5. Nacre. 6. Tie. 7. T.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Constitution. Old Ironsides. Cross-words: 1. Crop. 2. Cool. 3. Node. 4. Asti. 5. Tire. 6. Fido. 7. Tune. 8. Puns. 9. Toil. 10. Tied. 11. Obey. 12. Ants.

FRACTIONAL CAPITALS. Montgomery, Alabama. Sacramento, Phoenix, Baton Rouge, Olympia, Salem, Denver, Cheyenne.

MUSICAL ZIGZAG. Giuseppe Verdi. 1-11, Il Trovatore; 12-17, Ernani; 18-26, Rigoletto; 27-30, Aida; 31-37, Macbeth; 38-48, Luisa Miller; 49-54, Nabuco; 55-63, Don Carlos; 64-71, Falstaff. Cross-words: 1. Georgia. 2. Riddler. 3. Unusual. 4. Consort. 5. Salient.

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

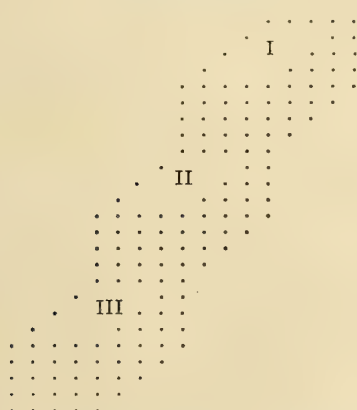
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 10 from Elizabeth Goldbeck—Ferris Neave—Arnold Guyot Cameron—Harry Guthmann—Theodore H. Ames—Elsie K. Reid—"Queenscourt"—Catherine G. Ames—Thankful Bickmore—Mary O'Connor—"Marcapan"—Judith Ames Marsland—Lois R. Fowler—Ernest S. Crosby—Helen Wouters—William D. Woodcock.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 10 from Claire Hepner, 9—Philip Franklin, 9—"Claire and Jean," 9—Alexander C. Bartley, 9—Dorothea Morelock, 9—Harmon B., James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 9—Margaret B. Silver, 9—"Dixie Slope," 9—Edith H. Baumann, 9—Marion L. Hussey, 9—Vivian Sauvage, 9—Frances D. Etheridge, 8—Blanche Baumann, 8—George S. Cattanach, 8—Frederick W. Van Horne, 8—Guy R. Turner, 7—Gladys S. Conrad, 7—Marjorie A. Ward, 6—Henry Seligsohn, 6—Edward C. Heyman, 5—Horace B. Davis, 5—Eleanor O'Leary, 5—Kate Menendez, 4—Ruth Dorchester, 3—Leonard Kimball, 3—Helena Braun, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from P. R. B.—A. M. B.—K. G. C.—C. O.—M. M.—E. M. P.—B. L. B.—A. M. P.—N. B.—E. C.—C. H. S., Jr.

STEP PUZZLE

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. Top: 1. A blackbird. Left side: 1. A vapor. Right side: 1. To gaze. 2. Tessellated. 3. The fact of absence. 4. An insurgent. 5. A Roman magistrate.

Front: 1. Apertures. 2. Boundary. 3. A Greek letter. 4. A fierce animal. 5. To look earnestly at.

II. Left side: 1. Wanders. Right side: 1. Concise. 2. A South African antelope. 3. Swift. 4. A game bird. 5. An interlacing line of osiers along the top of a hedge. Front: 1. To send back. 2. A select body. 3. One who digs for metals. 4. Articles. 5. Elegantly compact.

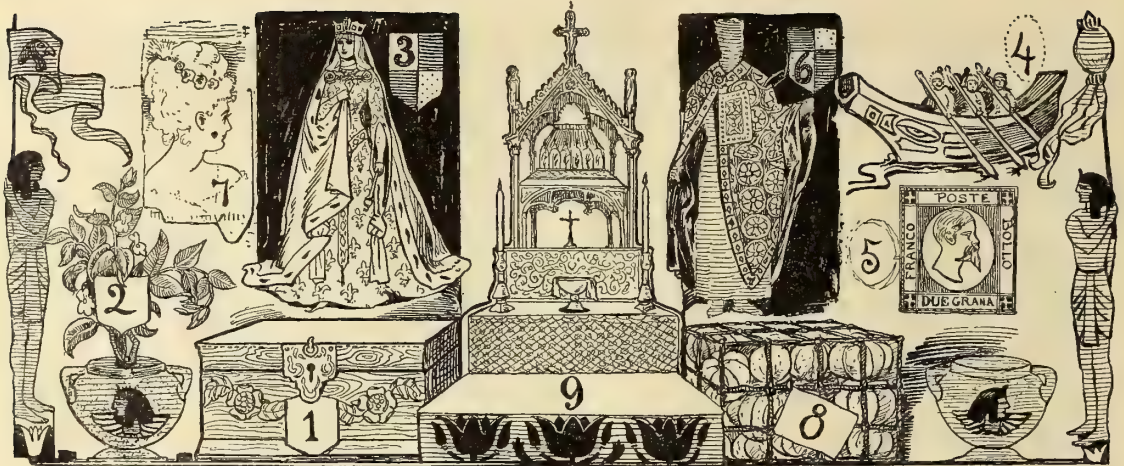
III. Left side: 1. To cook by exposure to heat. Right side: 1. The backbone of an animal. 2. Part of a door. 3. Daubed with writing fluid. 4. An obsolete word for a needle. 5. Senior. Front: 1. Cries aloud. 2. The deck of a ship where the cables were coiled. 3. The fact of absence. 4. A bird. 5. A thorn.

PHILIP FRANKLIN (age 13).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a famous writer, and the finals the name of an American hero, both of whom were born in August.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sweet substance. 2. Used by an Indian. 3. Opposite. 4. A small candle. 5. A candy. GEORGE H. McDONALD (age 15), League Member.



A ROYAL ZIGZAG

EACH of the nine pictured objects may be described by a word of five letters. When written one below the other, the zigzag, beginning with the first letter of the first word, will spell the name of a famous queen.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a modern explorer, and the primals will spell the name of his most famous discovery.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city of ancient Greece. 2. A city of Canada. 3. An island and bay southwest of Alaska. 4. A former tributary of the Thames. 5. A large island off the coast of China. 6. A range of mountains in Greece. 7. A seaport of Russia. 8. A town in Beira, Portugal. 9. A town in the Department of Saône-et-Loire, France.

DOROTHY B. GOLDSMITH (age 14), *League Member*.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead a musical drama, and leave a period of time. Answer, Op-era.

In the same way doubly behead: 1. Figures of speech, and leave uncloses. 2. To involve, and leave part of a bird. 3. A garment fabric, and leave a natural covering. 4. To deliver a sermon, and leave every one. 5. To enroll, and leave slant to one side. 6. Comfort, and leave a kind of trimming. 7. The finding of anything, and leave above.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written in order one below another, the primals of each set of words will spell the name of a famous play.

EUGENE SCOTT (age 14), *Honor Member*.

WORD-SQUARE

1. SMALL craft. 2. Made of a kind of meal. 3. To expiate. 4. Strained. 5. An unlovely thing.

NELLIE ADAMS (age 13), *League Member*.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

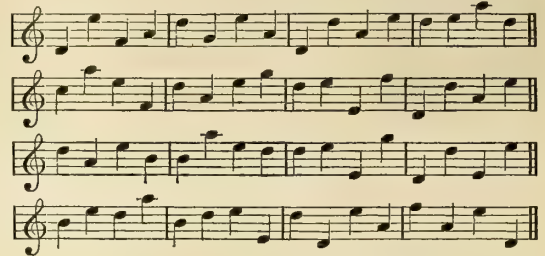
I AM composed of fifty-three letters and form a quotation from "Macbeth."

My 31-43-7-21-45-49 is a planet. My 23-6-36-28-38-24-50 is reflection. My 35-2-52-18 is to wander.

My 15-10-37-32-46 is what many wish to be. My 41-48-30-22 is a crowd. My 17-1-42 comes in winter. My 9-27-16 is a kind of bed. My 26-12-20-8-34-19-29 grows in Scotland. My 11-53-33-39 is a fable. My 13-4-14-51-44-5 is a tract of low land.

HELENA A. IRVINE (age 12), *League Member*.

MUSICAL CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES



EACH of the above lines forms a four-letter word-square, each measure containing a word. The four word-squares thus formed can be united as shown in the diagram.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 13), *Honor Member*.

PI

HET shelcuekyon yb eth rhope si estew,
 Nad siyon eseb nigw on form lobom ot omolb,
 Lufi hotal ot vaele, orf onedry nislswde etha,
 Eht hdeas dan slocone fo teh trafranr mogol.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG

EACH of the words described contains five letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals, and the zigzag through columns five and four will each spell the name of a character in Tennyson's poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To sneak. 2. An architectural order. 3. A product of turpentine. 4. A measure. 5. A Greek letter. 6. To acquire knowledge. 7. To turn aside. 8. An English town on the Strait of Dover. 9. A good-by. 10. A marriage portion.

HELEN A. MOULTON (age 15), *League Member*.



A Real Family Picnic

Father and Mother will arrive in a moment or two. They are taking the lunch baskets out of the wagon. But the children wouldn't trust Father and Mother to bring

Peter's Milk Chocolate

They brought that themselves.

Father expects to go fishing a little later, and he has got an extra supply of PETER'S in his kit that the children know nothing about.

The best lunches sometimes fail to satisfy, but PETER'S CHOCOLATE, the food and candy combined, always pleases everybody.





**START BY
THE PACKAGE**

**YOU 'LL END
BY THE
BOX!**

Every package has five sticks—every box has twenty packages of this real enjoyment that whitens teeth—purifies breath— aids appetite—but does *not* burden digestion.

**BUY
IT
BY
THE
BOX**



It costs less—
of any dealer

**Look for the spear
The flavor lasts**

Yes, thanks,
I'm quite well.

"Wouldn't know me? Well, I hardly know myself when I realize the superb comfort of well-balanced nerves and perfect health."



"The change began when I quit coffee and tea, and started drinking

POSTUM

"I don't give a rap about the theories; the comfortable, healthy facts are sufficient."

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



Through
Sleeping
Cars to
Gardiner
Gateway
daily
during
season

Northern
Pacific
is the
only line
to the
Official
Entrance

Visit Yellowstone Park

Season 1912: June 15 to Sept. 15

☐ You ought, by all means, to see this great Wonderland.

☐ Geysers, hot and mineral springs, emerald pools, mud volcanoes, cataracts, canyons, beasts, birds and fish—verily there is no place like it in all the world. A magnificent 143-mile coaching trip over Government-kept boulevards, pleasantly broken by stops in superb hotels where the service is equal to the best resorts in America. For the Season of 1911 a new, enormous and beautiful hotel was opened at the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. You should plan to spend a month there. The cost is moderate—you will never regret it.

☐ Low fares to Yellowstone Park and North Pacific Coast during the Summer. Specially low Convention Fares on certain dates. Ask about them.

☐ Send 6c. in stamps for the handsome book reproduced above—the best book on the Park ever published, easily worth a dollar—and full particulars about the Park trip. Clip the slip and send it to

Northern Pacific Ry

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul

YELLOWSTONE PARK AND NORTH PACIFIC COAST COUPON

(attach three "two's")



Name _____

Address _____



All Games and Good Times are more
fun for the boy with a

BROWNIE

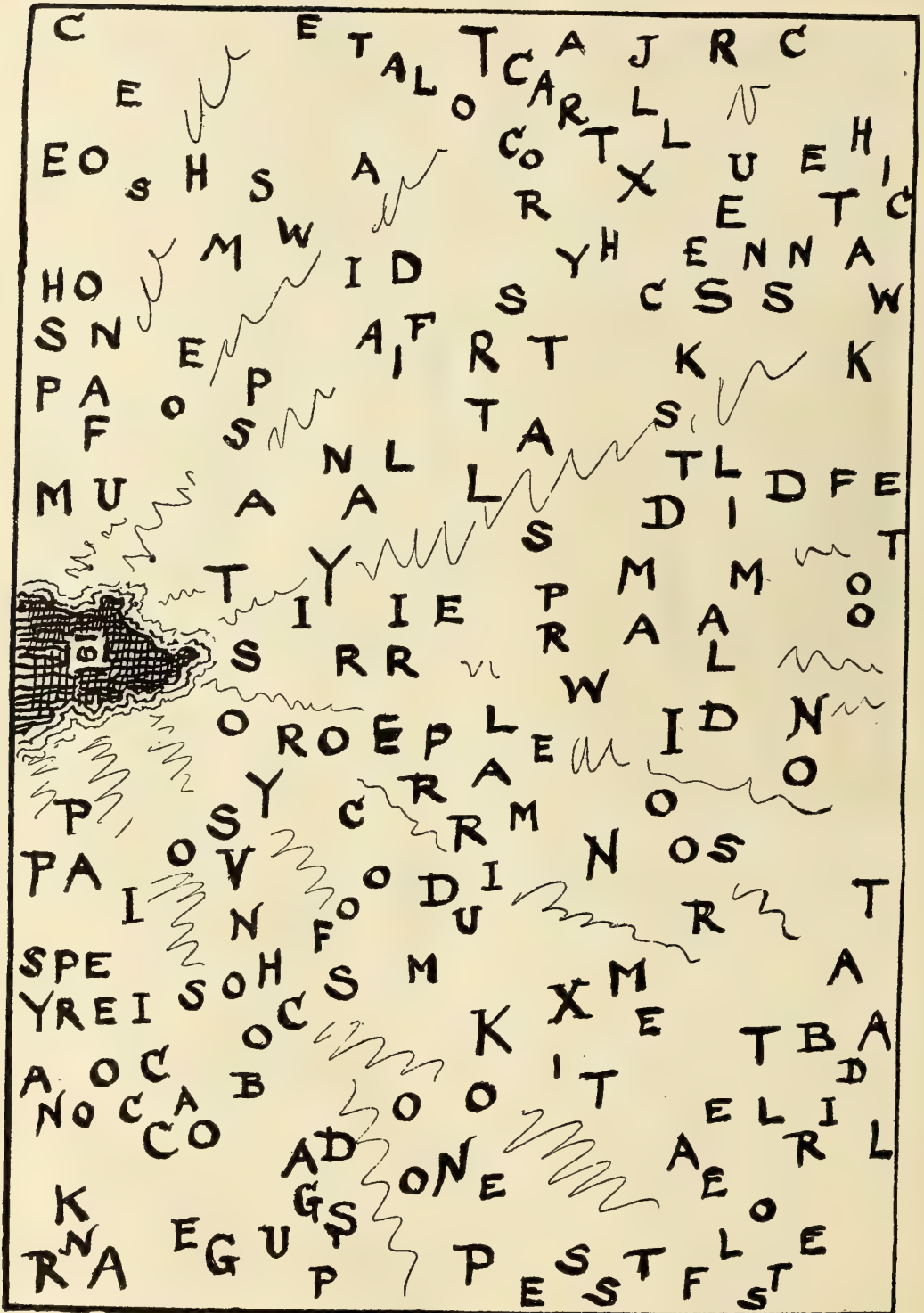
This camera works just like its cousin, the Kodak. The same men who make the Kodaks make the Brownies, in the Kodak factories. That's why they are so well made and so easy to use. Of course the Brownies are all by daylight cameras and any boy can develop his own films in the Brownie developing box.

BROWNIES, \$1.00 to \$12.00.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Your dealer will give or we will send
free copy of Brownie Book.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.



ST. NICHOLAS WIRELESS DISPATCHES.

(See also pages 16 and 20.)

The "Good Old Bicycle Days"

Making a Tire—Fifth Article

By Harry Davis

IN this article I am going to give you the final details in the actual putting together of a single-tube bicycle tire. Since we began this tour of one of the United States Tire Company's large factories, we have seen rubber transformed from its crude state into the mixed stock which goes into tires, and in turn have watched this mixed stock and cotton cloth associated to produce frictioned fabric. I told you all about this frictioning process in my last article.

We now have the frictioned cloth cut into strips and ready for the tire builders.

Before we go into the finishing touches of tire building, let me ask you to study carefully the illustration accompanying this article. The picture shows the "drum" upon which tires are made.

In starting to build a tire the operator takes a strip of inner-tube stock, stretches it out on his table, and cuts it to the proper length. He then secures a length of the frictioned fabric, lays on the strip of inner-tube stock, and rolls the two together. He next lifts this strip over to the drum, which you see pictured, laying the frictioned fabric next to the drum, and the inner tube face up.

The strip is brought around the drum, and the ends are joined together by vigorous rolling with the wheeled tool which you observe in the hands of the operator. The builder next finds the proper place to punch a hole for the valve, through which is inserted the valve stem cot. Everything now is in readiness to fasten the edges of the tire together and bring it into tubular form.

One edge of the strip is rolled over, after which both edges are thoroughly cleaned with

naphtha to remove all dirt and finger marks. The edges are next brought together and we have the foundation for a single-tube tire. But the tire must be stronger than it already has been made, and this is accomplished by adding additional plies of fabric, one on top of another, until it is a complete tire. The number of fabric plies depends upon the load the tire is expected to carry.

After the last ply has been rolled into position, the tire is thoroughly inspected and a small quantity of water is put into it.

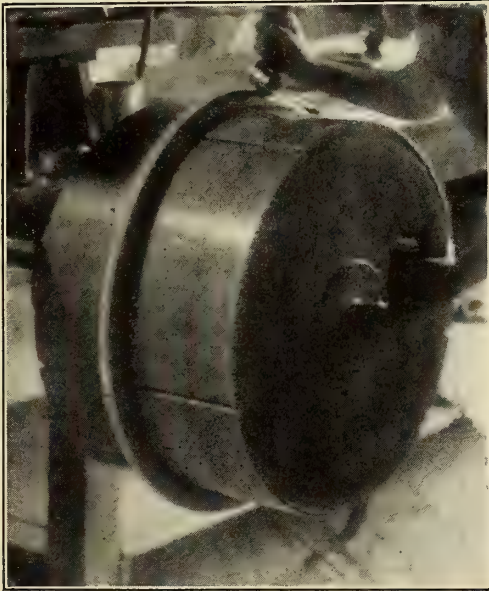
The tire is then sent to the vulcanizing room to be cured. Here it is placed in a mold, put in a press (which is really a big oven), and subjected to heat for a few minutes, in order to bring about the proper association of rubber, mineral compound, and fabric. After the tire has been baked it is reinspected, and if found to be perfect, is trimmed and sent to the stock room.

When the tire is placed in the mold, the water which has been run into it turns into steam and holds the walls of the tire out against the mold. This is the way the necessary internal pressure is obtained during the vulcanizing process.

Following the finished tire to the stock room we find rows and rows of tires—enough to equip thousands of bicycles—ready for shipment. The United States Tire Company ships bicycle tires to all parts of the civilized world.

After reading this series of articles you probably are convinced that there is more of a story to your tires than you ever imagined. From the time crude rubber reaches the factory, every step in its treatment must be a perfect one or your tires will not wear the way they should. The slightest defect discovered in a tire by one of the United States Tire Company's experts is sufficient cause to send it to the scrap-heap.

The care shown in their manufacture probably explains why United States Tires are so popular with bicyclists the world over.



DRUM ON WHICH TIRES ARE BUILT UP

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 128.

Time to hand in answers is up August 10. Prize-winners announced in October number.

The Judges wonder whether any of you have yet discovered that the schools are closed and have wondered how it has come about? To any who may have been puzzled by this, we hasten to explain that this is the Vacation season, so called because the schools are vacated. We are reliably informed that the schools will not require the attendance of their pupils again until the Fall.

Knowing that this cessation of study on the part of those of you who prefer to work all the time must leave you with much unoccupied time on your hands, the Judges have arranged for this month a pleasant little contest designed to take the place of a few of those studies you have so regretfully laid aside.

You will observe that the diagram herewith printed is a sort of plan, and represents the "ST. NICHOLAS Wireless Station" in the act of sending out the names of certain things that have been advertised in its pages in recent issues. It may seem to you at first sight that the despatches are rather confusing; but we are convinced that a little examination of the plan will show you that the letters are arranged in such a manner that you will be able to read them with ease if you will bear in mind the varying strengths of wireless messages sent. This hint ought to show you how to solve the puzzle.

When you have found out how to read the names, write them correctly as they appear in the advertisements, put them in alphabetical order, and number them—there are seventeen in all—and you will have solved the puzzle.

As the puzzle itself is not a hard one, we ask you also to submit with your answers a short letter on the subject, "What I Would Like to See Advertised in ST. NICHOLAS, and Why."

The prizes will be awarded to the senders of the most correct sets of answers, the letter being considered where competitors seem equally deserving.

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the one who submits a correct list and most interesting letter.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to those who submit correct lists and next most interesting letters.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to those who submit correct lists and next most interesting letters.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to those who submit correct lists and next most interesting letters.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (128).

3. Submit answers by August 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 128, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also pages 14 and 20.)

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

Standard since 1848



DELICIOUS ice-cream made at home—a real treat for all and a pleasing satisfaction to the housewife who serves it. To make sure of the smooth-grained and firm ice-cream that molds so nicely and dishes well, follow this recipe:

Kingsford's Ice-Cream—Sift together one half cup sugar, one half teaspoonful salt, one level tablespoonful Kingsford's Corn Starch. Add one pint milk and stir over hot water till it thickens. Cover and cook twelve minutes, stirring occasionally. Into one half cup sugar gradually beat the yolks of three eggs already beaten. Stir into the hot mixture, and keep on stirring till it thickens. Pour into freezer when cold, flavor to taste and add one pint cream, and freeze as usual.

To guard against disappointment, use Kingsford's wherever corn starch is required—in Blanc Mange, Pastries, etc. Ordinary corn starch will not give the results you desire.

Send your name on a post-card for Cook Book "D"—168 of the best recipes free.

T. KINGSFORD & SON

National Starch Co., Suc'rs.

Oswego, N. Y.

CLOTHES pure white and crisp—lin-
gerie waists dainty and light—fine
undergarments satin finished and
pliable—these are the results you get with

KINGSFORD'S SILVER GLOSS STARCH

Good washing alone won't produce them. Cheap bulk starches will stiffen a fabric, but they often leave telltale spots and stains. Kingsford's, the *pure natural* lump starch, is perfectly clean—used by careful housewives for three generations. Insist that the dealer send it. Direct the laundress to use it.

Sold in 1 lb., 3 lb., and 6 lb. boxes.

T. KINGSFORD & SON

National Starch Co., Suc'rs.

Oswego, N. Y.



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CHINA

WHY is a stamp-collector a little prouder of a stamp from China than from anywhere else? We do not know; but the fact remains that the ownership of a stamp from China gives one more innate satisfaction than can be obtained by the possession of several from any other country. When showing to our friends the stamps we have from China, we always wear a pleased expression.

It was to be expected that the success of the recent political upheaval in the country of our choice would find some expression in its postage-stamps. The stamps of the last issue have been surcharged or over-printed with four Chinese characters down the middle of the stamp. On some values we have seen, the surcharge is in red; on others in black. The characters of the over-print are "Chung Hua Min Kuo," which mean Chinese Republic, or, more literally, "Middle Flowery Peoples State." This last definition is on the authority of the monthly publication of one of our advertisers. Doubtless there will soon appear a regular issue for the republic. Meanwhile, we all should try to get a few specimens of this provisional issue.

PENALTY ENVELOPS

A READER of the Stamp Page sends us a query as to the meaning and use of "penalty envelopes." This term is not purely philatelic. The so-called penalty envelopes or wrappers are those furnished by the Government to be used by its employees in the despatch of strictly official business. They represent one of the phases of postal service which is performed by the post-office without remuneration, and are used in one form or another in all of the various executive branches of the Government. In the Post-Office Department, in the routine business of the Supreme Court, in the Army and Navy, the State and Agricultural Departments, the Weather Bureau, the Pension Office, the Geological Survey, and so on down the line to the smallest branches of public service, are found in use these "penalty envelopes." They are used by a large number of people, and in many, many ways. They get their name from the fact that in the upper right-hand corner they bear a printed notice which calls attention to the fact that such envelopes are for official use only, and that a *penalty* of three hundred dollars will be imposed for their use on mail of a personal nature. This notice is usually printed in black in an oblong frame, but sometimes it is in ornamental form with an eagle in the center. This latter device has been seen printed in blue. The envelopes and wrappers are in all sizes and in several kinds of paper. As no charge is made for transporting this mail, no value appears upon the envelop or wrapper.

In addition to what we have above described, there is now in use another and somewhat similar official envelop. Although it bears no prohibitory notice, yet it is intended strictly for official use, and would probably be subject to the same penalty as the others. This envelop is for the new Postal Savings Department,—the only branch of the National Government which uses postage-stamps. It is in appearance much like the common two-cent envelop,—an

oval stamp embossed in red with a value of two cents. The Postal Savings envelopes are much sought for by collectors, while the ordinary penalty envelopes are seldom collected.

The penalty envelopes and the privilege of using them must not be confused with that other unremunerative branch of the postal service known as the franking system. The franking right, or courtesy, is extended to the President and Vice-President, to senators and representatives, and to a few others—individuals and institutions. It does not require the use of penalty envelopes. The possessor of the privilege simply writes, stamps, or prints his name upon the letter or package.

Congress has also conferred upon the widows of all Presidents the right to use the frank, in such instances the privilege to cover not only their outgoing, but their incoming, mail. It is enjoyed by Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. Harrison.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE meaning of the words "essay" and "proof" is rather technical. We will suppose that some nation desires a new issue of postage-stamps. Its officials first ask for designs for such an issue. Sometimes prizes are offered for the best designs. The designs that seem most promising are then engraved on dies and printings made from these dies. These printings are made while the die is incomplete, as well as after it is completed. Printings from incomplete dies show the different stages of the work as it progresses. Often the central portion of the design is on a separate die. These two kinds of printings, incomplete and complete, if made from a design which is finally rejected, are called "essays"; if they are made from a design which is accepted, they are called "proofs." Both essays and proofs are made in many colors for each value. Printings in the rejected colors are called "trial colors," the others "accepted colors." These printings also come on various kinds of papers, as gold-beaters' skin, India, cardboard, etc. Great care is always taken in printing essays and proofs, and they usually show clear-cut designs and brilliant coloring. ¶ The largest and most valuable collection of stamps in the United States is doubtless the one owned by George H. Worthington, of Cleveland, Ohio. Probably no one knows its real value, but it is usually estimated to be worth about one million dollars. Needless to say, it contains nearly all of the great rarities. ¶ The most valuable collection of stamps of the United States is not in this country. It is in England, and is the property of the Earl of Crawford. Not only is it rich in the accepted varieties, but it shows a wonderful range of shades of all values and kinds. Moreover, it is said to contain the most important collection of essays and proofs ever made. A collector who was an employee of the American Bank Note Company had unusual facilities for getting essays and proofs, and his collection is now incorporated with that of the Earl of Crawford. ¶ The third query as to the largest collection in the world is readily answered: Count Ferrary of France is the owner of this. The collection is said to be exceedingly large; its value is unknown, but rumor has it that several clerks are employed to care for it.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

CONTINENTAL STAMP ALBUM, only 10c. 8x5 inches, heavy cardboard covers, 160 pictures. Spaces for 546 stamps from 135 countries.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

108 all different stamps from Paraguay, Turkey, Venezuela, etc., 10c. 35 different stamps from Africa, a dandy packet, 25c. *Finest approval sheets, 50% commission.* Send for big 84-page price-list and monthly stamp paper free.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN Co.
127 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK CITY

TAKE NOTICE

U. S. Envelopes cut square at 50% discount, each one correctly numbered.

NEW DIME SETS

4 Ecuador 1899, 2 Nyassa 1901, 4 Nyassa Rep. 1911, 5 Portugal Rep. 1910, 5 Japan (China) 1900-08, 4 Finland 1885, 7 Portugal 1910, 5 Finland 1882, 6 Nicaragua 1912. 1912 Price List *Free*. Best Hinges. Ideal 15c. per 1000. Ideal Jr. 10c. per 1000.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP Co.

43 WASHINGTON BUILDING BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

STAMP ALBUM with 538 genuine stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 dif. Japan, India, N. Zid., etc., 5c. Agents wanted 50%. *Big Bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!* We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP Co., DEPT. I, ST. LOUIS, MO.

RARE STAMPS Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 89c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. *Remit in Stamps or Money-Order.* Fine approval sheets 50% Discount, 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS. 10 Luxembour; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 6000 low-priced stamps free. CHAMBERS STAMP Co., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

COINS 20 different foreign, 25c. Large U. S. cent, 5c. 5 different Confederate State bills, 15c. F. L. TOUPAL Co., DEPT. 55, CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL.

5 VARIETIES PERU FREE. With trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N. Y.

WE WISH NO DULL SEASON

and during the months from June 1st to Sept. 1st will give 66% commission on our regular 60% sheets. One thousand mixed stamps and 10 varieties catalogued at 20c. for 12c., accompanied by our approval sheets. References, please.

PALM STAMP Co.
249 No. CARONDELET ST. LOS ANGELES, CAL.



STAMPS! CHEAP! 333 GENUINE FOREIGN Missionary stamps, 5c. 100 foreign, no two alike, incl. India, Newfoundland, etc., only 5c. 100 U. S. all diff., scarce lot, only 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 15c. Agts. wd., 50%. List free. *I buy stamps.* L. B. DOVER, D-6, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SNAPS 200 ALL DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS for only 10c. 70 All Dif. U. S., including old issues of 1853-1861, etc.; revenue stamps, \$1.00 and \$2.00 values, etc., for only 10c. With each order we send our 6-page pamphlet, which tells all about "How to make a collection of stamps properly." QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN Co., 7 SINTON BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.

STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT. For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP Co., TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A.

STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. *I buy stamps.* C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLIANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP Co., TOLEDO, OHIO.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U. T. K. STAMP Co., Utica, N. Y.

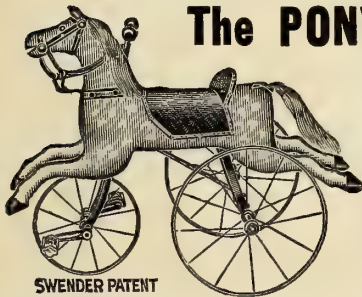
STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & Co., Sta. A, BOSTON.

FREE 50 different stamps to all sending for my approval books at 50 to 66% per cent. discount. Reference required. B. ELMER, 345A WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

SPOT CASH PAID FOR OLD STAMPS on original envelopes. Collections bought. Set 6 Philippine Insurgent Stamps, catalogued \$1.12; unused, 35c. E. S. APFLEGATE & Co., TRENTON, N. J.

It Rocks While You Ride

The PONYCYCLE



SWENDER PATENT

Latest and best out of door toy for boys and girls. Affords healthful exercise and amusement the year round.

Can be used indoors as Hobby Horse. Sent prepaid direct to you on receipt of factory price.

Made in Five styles, Three sizes each. Style "Billy," like cut, for child 2 to 4 years, \$5.50 prepaid and guaranteed.

Send for free booklet

A. W. SWENDER CO., 1007 Papin St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION
Sound Beach, Connecticut

For Adults as well as Young Folks.
Arcadia: Sound Beach, Connecticut.
Near to the Heart of Nature.
Seashore, Suburbs, and Country.
In Education and Recreation.

Send 10c. for "The Guide to Nature" for Adults, Giving Full Particulars.

PATRONIZE the advertisers who use ST. NICHOLAS—their products are known to be worthy of your attention.

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial

For Sale Everywhere



Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.

AYVAD MAN'F'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.



Educate Your Child at Home

Under the direction of
CALVERT SCHOOL, Inc.
(Established 1877)

A unique system by means of which children from kindergarten to 12 years of age may be educated entirely at home by the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of a school with a national reputation for training young children. For information write, stating age of child, to

THE CALVERT SCHOOL, 14 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.
V. M. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Headmaster.



Chiclets

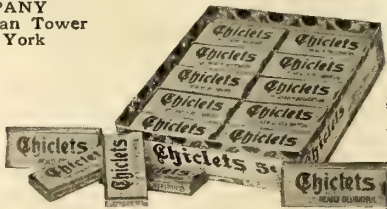
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the true mint. Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c., and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET
COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 126

The Judges were agreeably pleased at the quality of the answers to Competition No. 126, and the interest shown in the subject of pets. We are more than ever convinced that pet animals are in many ways valuable in almost every home, and it was quite interesting to read the prominent places pets occupy in the lives of the children.

This month the following are prize-winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Josephine R. Carter, age 11, New Jersey.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Gertrude Fitzgerald, age 13, Michigan.

Louise Gram Hansen, age 20, Norway.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Harry Pardee Keller, age 14, Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Williams, age 12, Texas.

Ethel L. Cornell, age 19, New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Arthur V. Hay, age 14, Texas.

Walter E. Halvosa, age 14, Massachusetts.

Margaret Ely, age 13, Connecticut.

Marion Chapman, age 13, New York.

Bernard Boggis, age 13, Michigan.

Leland Hume, age 15, Mississippi.

Mildred A. Hubbard, age 16, Massachusetts.

Eleanor Ball, age 10, Washington, D. C.

Marjorie Sanborn, age 15, Washington, D. C.

Helen Yelland, Pennsylvania.

(See also pages 14 and 16.)



**MURRAY & LANMAN'S
Florida Water**

Makes the daily bath a positive luxury. Its world-wide use for over a century has emphasized the delightful qualities of this matchless toilet perfume.

Leading Druggists sell it.
Accept no substitute!

Sample sent on receipt of
six cents in stamps.

Lanman & Kemp
135 Water St., New York



**THE BRIGHTNESS
OF EVERY HOME**

made safe and sure with little work if 3-in-One is always used.
3-in-One oils everything from garret to cellar. Sewing machines, bicycles, guns, tools, hinges. Won't collect dirt or gum.

3-in-One cleans and polishes all fine furniture, veneered or varnished. Removes dust, soil and ordinary marks of time and wear. Also **makes dusting easy and sanitary**. Contains no acid; no unpleasant odor.

3-in-One keeps bright and prevents tarnish on spigots, faucets, metal soap dishes, towel racks and all other nickel fixtures or ornaments in bath room or kitchen. It prevents rust on all black iron surfaces, indoors or out, in any climate.

FREE Write today for generous free sample and free 3-in-One Dictionary.

3-in-One is sold everywhere, 10c., 25c. and new 50c. Economical Household Size.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.

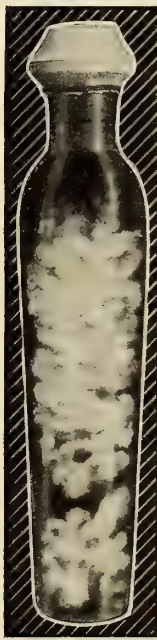
42 Q. G. Broadway -- NEW YORK



These tubes show the contents of baby's stomach under different conditions. They explain why cow's milk, when used for infant feeding, should be modified with

**ESKAY'S
FOOD**

The tough, cheesy curds, that form when plain cow's milk comes in contact with the gastric juices, are shown in the



bottle on the left. These curds are very indigestible and irritating to baby's delicate stomach.

Eskay's, added to cow's milk, prevents the formation of these tough curds, and makes the soft, fine, easily-digested flakes shown on the right.

Fresh cow's milk, modified with Eskay's, is the ideal substitute for mother's milk. It



solves the all-important nursing problem.

If your little one is not thriving, his food should be changed immediately. "Ask your Doctor"—he knows and recommends Eskay's Food.

TEN FEEDINGS FREE

Smith, Kline & French Co., 462 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Gentlemen: Please send me free 10 feedings of Eskay's Food and your helpful book for mothers, "How to Care for the Baby."

Name _____
Street and Number _____
City and State _____

St. Nicholas Pet Department

Announcements of reliable advertisers only are accepted. The Department will gladly give advice to all those interested in pets. Address "PET DEPARTMENT," St. Nicholas, Union Square, New York.



Delight the
Child's
Heart

A Shetland Pony

—is an unceasing source of pleasure. A safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and of robust health. Inexpensive to buy and keep. Highest types here. Complete outfits. Entire satisfaction. Write for illustrated catalog.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Dept. 9. Markham, Va.



WHITE SCOTCH COLLIES

EVERY American Boy should begin his vacation with a White Scotch Collie for a partner. Collies are brave, kind, gentle, graceful, active, enduring, hardy, and intelligent. Ideal for camp, city, suburb, or country. Ours are country raised (on an island), healthy, pedigree stock, and do not require artificial heat in the coldest weather. Will have some beauties to ship when school closes, and can send anywhere in North America. A pair will raise \$150.00 worth of puppies a year. No boy has had his full rights unless he has owned a good dog. Prices cheap. Order early.

Island White Scotch Collie Farms, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

AN ADVERTISEMENT

Joseph Jefferson

who played

Rip Van Winkle

for thirty-seven years
said to a rising star

"My dear, you are like all young actresses and actors—you play to the orchestra. Sometimes you include the first balcony. But there is something you must never forget there is a second balcony. It is true they have paid only a quarter to get in, but the boys and girls up there will in ten years be the men and women in the first balcony—many of them in the orchestra."

The Century Magazine

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE gives its advertisers not only the second balcony audience—but the first balcony and the orchestra audience.

Don't overlook the young folks

DON M. PARKER
Advertising Manager
Union Square, New York

AND

A REPLY

Philadelphia, Pa.

MY DEAR MR. PARKER:

Taking you at your word, and obeying an impulse, perhaps a foolish one, I am writing to tell you how much I am interested in your Advertising Campaign in ST. NICHOLAS.

It seems to me that you have grasped the key-note of the whole situation, in considering the children. After all it is they who are non-prejudiced—and progressive. They get out more; they see more than the grown folks. Then, too, they do most of the errands, and it is the inquisitive little girl and boy who are constantly suggesting innovations in the way of breakfast foods, brands of molasses, etc. They are naturally alert and impressionable, ready for something new, yet I believe that yours is the only magazine which recognizes in any way the "second balcony," while advertisers do not realize the golden opportunity they pass so rudely by.

I was commissioned to-day to purchase a pair of garters for my younger brother, and being somewhat at a loss, I asked him what

kind to buy, to which query he promptly replied, "Velvet Grip."

The wide-awake advertiser will captivate the children—they will do the rest, if the articles advertised make good.

Page twenty-eight in April's ST. NICHOLAS was just splendid!!

And now, having stolen quite enough of your precious time, and with best wishes and congratulations to ST. NICHOLAS, I am, very truly yours,

(Signed) RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON.

Velvet Grip
 RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTER

Gives Perfect Freedom

Buy by name
Velvet Grip

Gives the utmost wear value.

Always neat, strong and secure. Our exclusive rubber button saves stockings.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED SOLD EVERYWHERE


GEORGE FROST CO. MAKERS, BOSTON

Also makers of the famous **Boston Garter** for men.

Children's sample pair 16c. postpaid (give age).





MENNEN'S
Borated Talcum
FOR MINE



For Prickly Heat and Sunburn
 Relieves all Skin Irritations

Sample Box for 4c stamp

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
 Newark, N. J.



Trade-Mark

**A New Pattern—
 OLD COLONY**

The Old Colony is the highest achievement attained in silver plated ware. The design possesses individuality without sacrifice of simplicity or purity of outline. The pierced handle deserves especial attention. Appropriate for any time and place, it is pre-eminently fitted for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of 65 years.

Sold by all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "V-5."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
 Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
 Meriden, Conn.
 NEW YORK CHICAGO
 SAN FRANCISCO
 HAMILTON, CANADA






The spirit which inspires the making of Ivory Soap, as conceived by Charles A. Winter

I N S P I R A T I O N

Always is it faith in someone or something that inspires us to lift our work above the commonplace.

IT is the confidence which even the humblest worker in the Ivorydale factories has in the product he helps to make that is the basis of the superiority of Ivory Soap.

It is the knowledge that his efforts are given to an article worth while which inspires him to do his best.

It is the certainty that the soap which he helps to produce is the purest and most economical, the soap that is doing the greatest good in the world, which enables him to look beyond the drudgery of the moment and see his labor glorified.

And as his thousands of fellow-workers share the same inspiration, it is but natural that Ivory Soap should be the embodiment of the Spirit of Cleanliness.

Illustration copyright, 1912, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

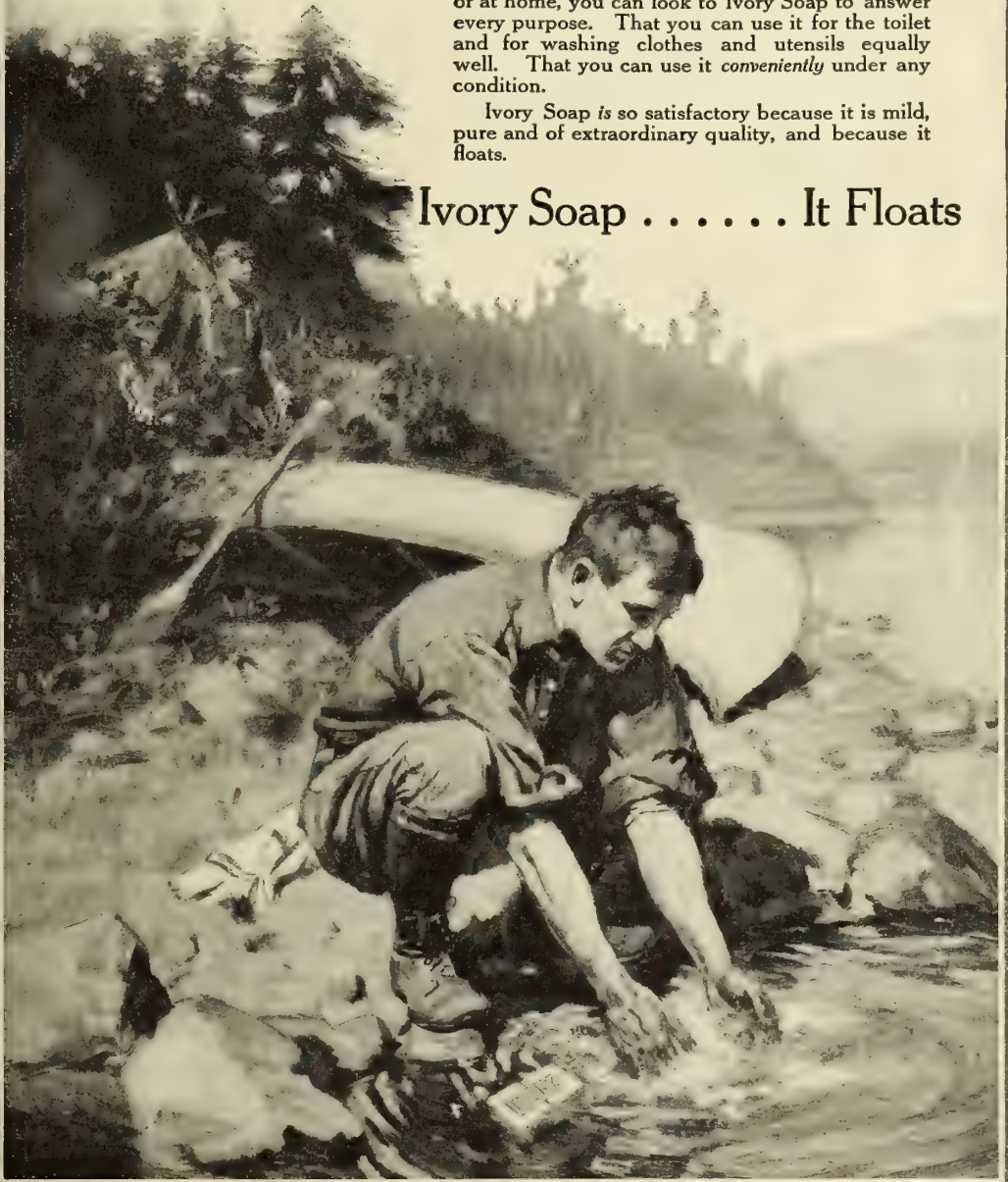
That men who go camping take Ivory Soap means more than the fact that Ivory is their favorite soap.

It means that out there in the silent places, far from civilization, where each of the few necessities brought from home must do its part, Ivory Soap can be depended upon to do the cleansing.

It tells *you* that wherever you may be, in camp or at home, you can look to Ivory Soap to answer every purpose. That you can use it for the toilet and for washing clothes and utensils equally well. That you can use it *conveniently* under any condition.

Ivory Soap *is* so satisfactory because it is mild, pure and of extraordinary quality, and because it floats.

Ivory Soap It Floats



St. Nicholas Pet Department

to all those interested in pets. Address "PET DEPARTMENT," St. Nicholas, Union Square, New York.

Announcements of reliable advertisers only are accepted. The Department will gladly give advice



WHITE SCOTCH COLLIES

A Nut Brown Maiden with a White Collie or a Tan Colored Boy with a White Collie is a sight to warm the heart of any lover of outdoors. Every home should have such a combination of color and life. Collies are brave, kind, gentle, beautiful, graceful, enduring, hardy, intelligent, and active, and are ideal for city, suburb, country, or camp. Collies are intelligent and sympathetic companions for adults, beautiful, graceful, and sensitive comrades for young ladies, tireless playmates and FEARLESS PROTECTORS for children, and dauntless guards of the home or farm. Every boy and girl has an inborn right to be brought up with a faithful pet. Girls especially should have a big, strong, brave dog to attract them to outdoor play and *protect them, on any occasion.* Ours are country raised (on an island) pedigree stock and are hardy, healthy, and rugged, and never require artificial heat in winter. We ship anywhere in North America. A pair will raise \$150.00 worth of puppies a year. Kipling said: "Buy a pup and your money buys love unflinching that cannot lie."



THE ISLAND WHITE SCOTCH COLLIE FARMS, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Easy to Buy and Keep.



A Child's Delight

A SHETLAND PONY

is an unceasing source of pleasure. A safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and of robust health. Highest type—complete outfits—here. Inexpensive. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Box 9, Markham, Va.

HAVE YOU EVER ASKED YOURSELF

- What breed of dog will make the best companion and playfellow?
- What kind of a pet is the best for me to keep in the city?
- Where can I get the name of a dealer whom I know to be reliable?
- What shall I feed my pets?

Let the St. Nicholas Pet Department Answer You.

"The difference between knowledge and wisdom is the difference between seeing an opportunity and seizing it."

—CHARLES CLARK MUNN

Great are the opportunities offered by ST. NICHOLAS to reliable advertisers and wise is that advertiser who does not overlook the young folks.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc. of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.



SHARON PATTERN



"Silver Plate that Wears"

Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

Send for catalogue "W-5"



Copyright, 1906, by Percival Rosseau.

“IN THE FOREST.”

FROM A PAINTING BY PERCIVAL ROSSEAU, IN THE POSSESSION OF EDMUND BLANC.

(SEE PAGE 967.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1912

No. 11

AN ARTIST AND HIS DOGS

BY FRANCES W. MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER & CO.

ON a Louisiana plantation, some years ago, a boy lived who wanted to paint pictures. In this home, with its wide-spreading acres, his ancestors had dwelt for many years—ever since they came from France—but, while offering everything in the way of comfort and pleasure that one could reasonably want, it lacked the one thing that this boy longed for above everything else—the opportunity of learning to draw and paint. If he could but go to Paris, he thought, where so many great artists worked and taught, instead of being sent to college! But the tradition of the family required that her sons should be college-bred, so there the lad went.

Throughout his student years, however, pencil and color-box were always at hand, and he sketched and painted in his leisure time. But college life over, and after several years of camping, cattle-driving, hunting, and fishing in Texas, Percival Rosseau finally sailed for France, where he began his chosen career under famous masters, full of the joy of doing the work he loved so well, and growing steadily in skill and reputation as a painter of figures and landscapes.

Several years ago, he chose Diana and her dogs as the subject for a picture. He painted the figure of the huntress with the utmost care, but the dogs were put on the canvas with such ease, that they seemed to paint themselves; for the artist

had been an enthusiastic hunter all his life, and his dogs had been almost his only companions for months at a time. Thus, it was not surprising that he should read dog-nature as if it were an open book, and should show his intimate knowledge in every stroke of the brush. When finished, the picture was hung in the great annual picture exhibition in Paris, and the keen-eyed critics at once saw that, while others painted huntresses as successfully, here was an artist whose dogs few could equal.

This suddenly opened Mr. Rosseau's eyes to the value to him as an artist of his wealth of experience as a sportsman, and ever since he has devoted himself to depicting "our friend, the dog." He has revisited America several times, giving exhibitions of his pictures—real dog-shows, but with never a bark or yelp to startle the throng of visitors.

At his home, not far from Paris, he keeps twenty or thirty dogs, and hunts with them during the fall and winter, making sketches and notes for pictures which he paints during the spring and summer. Imagine what a fortunate person this artist is, for, in order to do his work, he must first play, or, rather, his work for half the year is play!

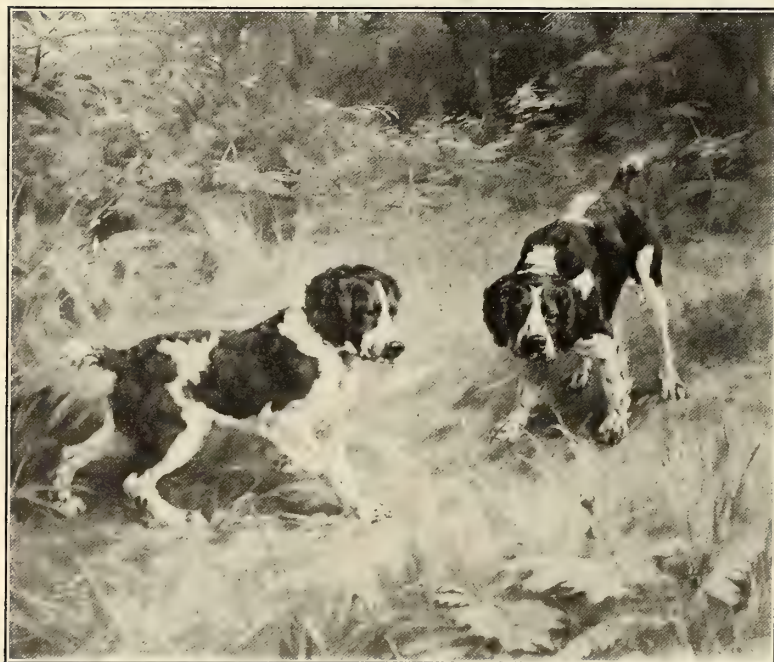
The dogs not only hunt in the season, but when at home they are brought into the studio and

taught to pose, though not in the exact positions they take in the field. A dog, if not running or walking, sits or lies down, but Mr. Rosseau's dogs have learned to stand on a table while he paints them. Usually at the end of twenty or thirty minutes, they are allowed to rest, but sometimes the artist becomes so absorbed that an hour slips away before he knows it; yet the model remains patiently posing until his master speaks. After three or four hours' work, however, the dogs tire, and sit down without permission, as a hint that they have done enough.

One day, one of the most intelligent of them, who had been posing for his portrait for several mornings, was off duty and lying quietly in the studio, when a dog needed for another picture was brought in and placed on the table. The former model rose deliberately from the floor, looked the new-comer over disdainfully, and, jumping upon the table, placed himself in front of the intruder, quietly but firmly shouldering him into the background, as if to say, "Don't meddle with things you don't understand. If a model is needed, I'm

"cloudy sky" that "proclaims it a hunting morning." Jack is English born, and when two or three years old was brought to France. One sad day he got in the way of a French racing automobile and was badly hurt. He was a poor suffering dog for many weeks, and his master had given up the hope that he would ever be well again, when the family physician was called in to attend one of the children of the household. As he was leaving, he saw Jack lying miserably on his cushion, and, with the quick sympathy of the good physician, bent over him and tried to find out his troubles. With as much care and thought as if Jack had been a human being, he then wrote a prescription for him. Jack took his medicine with exemplary patience and regularity, and shortly began to improve. In a few weeks he was about again, and before many months he was in the hunting field once more, as good as new.

Diane, his companion in the picture, is a rather accomplished individual, with charmingly well-bred manners. Her department in the dining-room, when she is admitted to the honor of attending the family there, does credit to her bringing up. She has peculiar notions of her own, the oddest being that she must not take anything from the left hand, no matter how much she longs for it. If a titbit is offered to her in this way, she regards it sadly for a moment, then turns her head away, as if to put the temptation out of sight. Offer the morsel with the right hand, however, and she accepts it as eagerly as her sense of propriety will allow. Her master has owned her for six years, but she never forgets this trick, although sometimes a year is allowed to elapse between the trials. Another more useful trick is her ability to find lost articles. Her master need only say, quietly, in his ordinary



"COCKER SPANIELS IN THE BRUSH"—DICK AND JIM.

the dog that 's wanted." This is only one of the many interesting anecdotes which the painter tells. Every picture and every dog has his own story.

The picture "October" shows the setter, Jack, and the French spaniel, Diane, "standing" the game, a beautiful landscape behind them, and the

voice, "Diane, I've lost something," and she immediately turns back over the way they have come, sometimes going several miles, but always returning with the missing object.

"Cocker Spaniels in the Brush" shows two youngsters, Dick and Jim, about eighteen months old, in the full enjoyment of their first hunting



"OCTOBER"—JACK AND DIANE.

season, their clumsy puppyhood not quite outgrown. They are the clowns among the bird-hunting dogs, for their lively imaginations and enthusiastic dispositions lead them into all sorts of absurd antics. Instead of showing by their attitudes where a quail is hidden, they consider the matter for a moment, and then plunge into the thicket, forcing their way through tangled thorns and briars and incredibly small spaces. The bird, who thought herself secure behind her green ramparts, does n't wait the arrival of her unwelcome visitors, but leaves so promptly that, as Mr. Rosseau says, it is as if a feathered cannon-ball hurled itself through the air, for a quail travels with marvelous rapidity when in full flight. A bird, by slipping along from cover to cover, can often lead a running dog for miles and tire him out at last; but the sledge-hammer methods of a cocker spaniel put such bird tactics out of the question. But with it all, these dogs are the most expressive, amiable, and affectionate of the hunting-dogs.

In "Pointing Pheasants," Diane, with her brown head and long silky ears, appears again,

but with another companion, "Tom," called a "Lemon setter," from his yellow markings. Tom's experience has been rather an unusual one in dog history, for he began life under a cloud. He came of a fine hunting family, but seemed quite unworthy of his eminent ancestors, for, though he went into training at the proper age and great things were expected of him, he seemed to have been born without the instincts of his race—he was absolutely indifferent to hunting and simply bored by the efforts of his trainers in trying to educate him in the family profession. His first master had no use for a dog that could n't or would n't hunt, and one day said to a friend that a no-account dog like Tom was n't worth his keep. But he had what young story-writers call the fatal gift of beauty, only, in his case, it was not fatal, but quite the reverse, for his master's friend saw that he would be a wonderfully fine dog in a picture, where his defects as a hunting-dog would not appear, and he would certainly be worth his keep to an artist he knew. So Tom left the parent kennel, and was shipped, properly tagged, to Mr. Rosseau, his new master. For a

year, he lived a placid life with the other dogs, going out for an occasional walk, having his picture painted, and making himself companionable; hunting was never mentioned in his presence—he had been given up as a bad job. But one warm

he can at least retrieve it," so, whistling to Tom, he started off. They had gone only a short distance, when Tom suddenly took the pose of the hunting-dog who scents game. His master looked at him disgustedly, and thought what a fool dog



"POINTING PHEASANTS"—TOM AND DIANE.

September day, the hunting season having begun, his master started out with the other dogs. The heat was so unusual that before the morning was over the dogs were completely fagged out, and the hunter saw a wasted afternoon in prospect, when his eye fell on Tom. "Not much use in taking him," he thought, "but if I get anything,

he was. Just then, however, a good distance ahead, a bird whirred up from the ground. "That's queer!" thought the hunter; "quite a coincidence that a bird should happen to be in there." And he tramped along. But Tom began to range over the ground in the most approved style. In a few moments, he stood again, and another bird flew up; but this time the hunter was ready for it. Again and again this was repeated. Never before had that particular hunter shot over a dog who made him work so hard. Tom, the no-account dog, had come into his own, and from that day took his rightful place at the head of the kennel.

"Tom," his master says, "is always just right. His judgment is perfect. He never makes a mistake; he never does the foolish things that other dogs do." When driven birds are shot from behind a cover, he crouches near his master, never showing himself except when he puts his head out to watch the shots and count the birds that fall. For Tom seems to have a kind of dog-arithmetic that never fails him. He always remembers the exact number of birds he is to fetch, and

goes back and forth unbidden until all have been brought in. On one occasion one of the beaters, in passing a dead bird, picked it up and carried it to Tom's master, so when Tom arrived at the spot, the bird was not there. Much perplexed, he circled around the place, then made a wider circle, and it was only when his master finally went

and dragged him away, that he gave up searching for that seventh bird.

Tom's sworn friend in the kennel is Jack, and when business separates them, they part sadly from each other; but their meeting is a joyful affair, and they rub noses in greeting like two Eskimos. Tom would be in a fair way to be spoiled if his master were less wise, for every one wishes to pet this handsome, clever fellow; but Mr. Rosseau finds that a dog who is made too much of by his human friends, gradually loses the keenness of his natural instincts, acquires a taste for the easy things of life, and no longer lives up to the best that is in him. And that, we all know, is a bad thing to happen to a dog or any one else.

When the hunting season opens, the birds soon learn that men and dogs are to be given a wide berth, so they leave the fields and open ground and seek shelter in the woods. Here, hidden in the thick underbrush, they are safe from the dogs—except the cocker spaniels, as we have seen—so men called "beaters" are ranged in a line at one side of the woods, while the hunters wait in a parallel line on the other. The beaters then advance, and the birds, driven from their retreat, rise and fly toward the open with amazing swiftness, passing high over the line of hunters, who must be quick and skilful, indeed, to secure any of them.

Beyond the woods, the birds scatter and settle down in the open ground, where the dogs, which have been tied during the "beating up" of the forest—the *battue*, as it is called in France—can be set to work. The frontispiece, "In the Forest," shows such a group waiting in the cool shade of the trees till their master shall need them. The three setters are our friends Jack, Diane, and Tom, while the two pointers are new acquaintances—Belle and Mirelle. This beautiful picture won a gold medal for the painter in the Paris exhibition.

"Early Morning" introduces us to the pointers, Rex and Leda, beginning their day's work. Rex, by his faithfulness, has won his master's warm regard; Leda's only peculiarity is her extreme timidity. If a stranger approaches, she retires to

a safe distance and lies down with an eye on the intruder till he withdraws.

A dog with a romance!—such is the orange-and-white pointer, Drack of St. Germain. A high-sounding name, is it not, as if the possessor came of noble family? But while Drack *may* have the bluest blood to be found in canine circles, we can only guess it, for it is impossible to trace his pedigree. His romance began when he was of a very tender age, for he was stolen from



"EARLY MORNING"—REX AND LEDA.

his home—the nice warm basket which he shared with a large family of baby brothers and sisters—before he had really opened his eyes on the world. His first master was a poacher, as a game-thief is called, and he trained poor Drack in his own dark ways, for he taught him to help him in gaining his dishonest living of stealing birds, rabbits, and even small deer, in the forest of St. Germain, about ten miles from Paris, in whose markets game always brings a good price. This fine forest is owned by the state, and large sums are paid for the privilege of hunting in it, while gamekeepers are placed in charge of it to see that only those who have the right to do so shall hunt there.

Poachers, like other thieves, are usually wicked and desperate men who do not hesitate at any crime if they are in danger of being caught; but they prefer to avoid an encounter with the gamekeepers, and so go stealthily about their work, hiding when any one approaches, and snaring their game, or taking it, as far as possible, without noise. A poacher's dog, therefore, must un-

derstand his master's business, and learn to be quiet and watchful, slipping out of sight when a stranger appears, and remaining motionless till he is out of sight and hearing.

Then, again, the first rule of conduct for an honest hunting-dog is to respect the game; he must show his master where it is to be found, and fetch it to him after it has been brought down; but catch it? Never! The poacher, however, has but one object in hunting—to capture his prey—so Drack was taught to steal upon and seize a rabbit lying quietly in his hollow among the brown leaves and grasses, or, with wonderful skill and quickness, to pounce upon a bird and bring it to his master.

But one lucky day, a sportsman in the forest, himself unseen, had the chance to observe Drack at work, and was so struck by his remarkable intelligence that, meeting his owner as if by chance, he offered to buy the dog, and the poacher parted with him readily enough for the sum offered.

So was Drack rescued from the bad company into which his misfortune had thrown him, and a new life began. It was a rather trying experience at first, for he had to unlearn all the many wrong habits to which he had been brought up, and to learn all those that would fit him to move in the society of well-trained hunting-dogs in which he now found himself. But one good habit he

had already acquired—absolute obedience, and so, though he doubtless became a little discouraged sometimes, and found it difficult to overcome the ways of his unfortunate past, he finally conquered them with the help of a wise and patient trainer. Then, too, the instincts which he had doubtless inherited from a long line of honest, well-bred ancestors, stood him in good stead, and, finally, he so far justified his new master's first opinion of him, that he was entered in the great national dog-show.

And then what happened? Why, Drack, the poacher's dog, the pointer with no pedigree, was awarded the first prize on his merits, over all the high-born dogs in the competition! This occurred for three successive years, and he also led in the field trials.

All this took place sometime ago, and Drack is beginning to grow old; but he still hunts for a couple of hours in the morning, probably to give the younger dogs an opportunity to observe his methods and profit by his example; but at the end of this time, he looks up at his master as if to say, "The excursion has really been very agreeable, but it has lasted long enough for to-day," and he trots back home. There he takes his ease, or, what he likes even better, poses on the table in the big studio while his master paints his picture—the portrait that shall win friends on both sides of the Atlantic for Drack of St. Germain.



"DRACK OF ST. GERMAIN."

BY THE SHORE

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER



WHEN tired of building forts and walls and ditching them about,
I sit upon the sand and watch the tide flow in or out ;

And always at the edge are waves, always, though there may be
No ripples on the water near, no tossing out at sea.

They may be little, little waves, perhaps an inch in height,
Yet they can rise and curl and fall and splash as big ones might.

Just as one dies another comes, and always more and more,
And ever runs their whispering voice along the quiet shore.

At night, when all is hid away in darkness, still I know
They curl and break, and up and down their little distance go.

And even in winter, I am sure, when I am far away,
There 's surf upon the beach, or else my tiny waves at play.





“SURFMAN No. 7”

BY GEORGE C. LANE

THE establishment of a volunteer life-saving service at Brenton Beach was Carl Allyn's idea, inspired by a visit to the United States Life-Saving Station at Wood's Point the previous summer. He had been much impressed with what he had seen at the station, and had decided then and there that, as soon as the other boys of his acquaintance arrived at Brenton's the following summer, he would put his idea into practice. He had not only written to them about his plans, but had succeeded in persuading his father, Commander Allyn of the United States Navy, to procure for the service an old metallic life-boat, which had been used on a government revenue cutter, and had lately been replaced by one of more modern design.

An old shed on the edge of the beach, which, in past years, had been used for storing marsh hay, had been appropriated for housing the life-boat, and, in imitation of the life-saving station, a double row of planks, reaching from the shed to the water, had been installed, in lieu of truck and rails, for the purpose of launching the craft. The boat was equipped with life-preservers, and lengths of rope were neatly coiled at bow and stern. The life-boat was propelled by three sets of oars, and there was an extra rowlock in the stern for the accommodation of the steering oar.

The rather too businesslike monotony of beach patrol had been dispensed with early in the season, as being irksome; but the boys had made it a rule that at least three of them should be on the beach daily during the swimming hour. Six boys comprised the crew at Brenton Beach Station, and Carl, as captain, was always on hand to

direct the daily beach practice, when the life-boat was run out of the shed and shoved into the breakers. By the middle of the season, the crew had become quite expert in the business of launching, so that, even when a high surf was running, they were equal to the task of getting out past the breakers without shipping water. This had not been accomplished, however, without more than one ducking, when the boys had failed to take full advantage of the back-wash between combers.

Carl's sister, Marjorie, two years his junior, had arrived at the beach the last of July to spend the rest of the summer. She had become interested at once in the life-saving service, and had applied to Captain Carl for a place in the crew.

“What use would a girl be in a life-boat, if there was ever any call for real work?” Carl had asked, laughing.

“Just as much use as any of you boys, perhaps,” Marjorie had answered warmly. “You know that when it comes to swimming, I can beat any of you.”

“Well, that may all be,” Carl admitted reluctantly; “but there's something to the business beside swimming. You'd be all right in a canoe up there on Lake Placid, but I'll bet you could n't handle a pair of our oars.”

Marjorie realized that she was a rather poor oarsman, but would not give up her ambition to join the crew.

“Well, let me steer, then. I guess I'm equal to doing that,” she persevered.

After a great deal of coaxing, Captain Carl finally decided to give his sister a trial at the

helm. He would not allow her to take part in launching the boat, however, and so, obeying instructions, she kept her seat in the stern, oar in hand, while the boys rushed the boat into the surf. The boys, Carl included, were frank to admit

after practice, which always ended in a swim off the bathing raft.

"Perhaps it would be—in a way," said Carl. "That 's what we 've been practising for, of course; but life-saving is such dead-in-earnest business, that I don't think I 'd exactly wish for a job."

Two weeks after Marjorie's arrival at the seashore, the schooner-yacht *Cécile*, a handsome little craft in glossy black, gold-trimmed, the property of Alexander L'Hommedieu, the French consul at one of the larger American ports, arrived at Brenton's. Monsieur L'Hommedieu and his daughter, Angèle, were to be the guests for a fortnight of Commander Allyn. Angèle and Marjorie were the closest friends, and those last two weeks in August were the happiest that either of the girls had ever spent.

Sailing parties nearly every day aboard the *Cécile*, and dancing nearly every night ashore, helped pass the time enjoyably, Marjorie's neighbors and acquaintances being glad of an opportunity to assist in entertaining Angèle, whose charm and vivacity won friends for her everywhere.

But the two weeks were over all too quickly, and the leave-taking of the two girls was a rather melancholy affair; for, in a few days, Angèle was going back to France to finish her schooling.

"Zat is ze sadness of ze good times, zis saying good-by, iss eet not, Marjorie?" said Angèle in her sweet lit-

tle voice. "But I hope I vill see you again nex' sommaire, or you vill come to see me, perhaps."

So the yacht's tender took Angèle out to the *Cécile*, which rode gracefully at anchor a half-mile from shore. It was an unusually calm day for late August, with not enough air stirring to fill the white sails, and the yacht, which was not equipped with an auxiliary engine, as most yachts



"ANGÈLE GRADUALLY, THOUGH FIGHTING DESPERATELY, DISAPPEARED."

that, with Marjorie as helmsman, they usually made neater work of launching. That was how Marjorie was admitted as a member of the crew, and came to be known, on Carl's suggestion, as "Surfman No. 7"; and Marjorie was proud of the nickname.

"Would n't it be great if we only had some real life-saving to do!" Marjorie exclaimed one day

are nowadays, was delayed all the morning waiting for a breeze that did not come.

There was the usual noontime crowd of bathers on the beach, and among them Marjorie, her brother Carl, and two of the other boys of the volunteer life-saving crew.

Naturally enough, Marjorie's thoughts were with Angèle, off there on the *Cécile*, and naturally, too, Marjorie's gaze was fixed frequently in that direction. There was not a sign of life aboard the yacht for some time, and then, finally, she saw Angèle come out on deck in her red bathing-suit and cap. Evidently she intended to have one last dip before sailing, Marjorie thought. An unaccountable feeling of uneasiness came over her that she could not shake off.

In her anxiety for Angèle, she ran to the pavilion and borrowed the keeper's binoculars. She could watch her plainly with the aid of the glasses. Instead of diving overboard, as Marjorie had expected her to do, Angèle went over the side and down the ladder, letting herself slowly into the water. Without looking back at the yacht, Angèle started out at once for the beach.

It was over a half-mile swim straightaway, but, with the tide that was setting past, one would be obliged to swim nearly twice the distance, and would be carried considerably beyond the raft and toward the rocks at the point. Marjorie's foreboding was followed by a feeling of genuine alarm, as she noticed how the tide was steadily bearing the swimmer down toward the point.

Shaking off the state of inaction, which dread and fright at Angèle's predicament had produced, Marjorie called out to Carl and the other two boys, explaining what she had seen.

"You don't suppose she's going to try to swim all the way inshore, do you?" Carl asked.

"What else is there for her to do?" asked Marjorie. "She could n't swim back to the yacht against the current, I'm sure."

"Well, come on, boys!" said Carl, without stopping to ask further questions.

Marjorie jumped into the life-boat and took her place in the stern, and the boys ran it down the smooth planks and into the surf with a rush that attracted the attention of the bathers and the other people on the beach. A little red spot, which showed up occasionally on the swells, in the line of direction taken by the life-boat, told them the object of the expedition, and every one was soon eagerly watching its progress.

Meanwhile, six strong, young arms were forcing the little life-boat through the water as fast as they could make it go. Straight on its course Marjorie guided the craft. Tears blurred the sight of that little red cap ahead of her, but the

distance between boat and swimmer was perceptibly lessening.

"That's it! keep it up, boys! We'll soon—"

Carl was interrupted by Marjorie's anxious tone and entreaty: "Oh, faster, Carl! Faster, boys! She's—she's gone—down!"

A little brown arm had stuck up out of the water for a second, as though waving a greeting, and then, just as Marjorie was about to wave in reply, arm, cap, and all disappeared!

Carl, who was rowing stroke, responded with renewed energy to Marjorie's appeal for haste, and with so hard a pull at the oars that—crack! his right oar was snapped off just above the blade, with a suddenness that nearly unseated him.

"Here, quick!" said Marjorie, and in a second she had replaced the useless shaft by her own steering oar. A few seconds later, Angèle came to the surface, struggling bravely.

"A little stronger on your left—there, two more strokes, then stop!" said Marjorie, coolly.

What then happened took place so quickly that the boys, looking on as they gripped their oars, could hardly believe their eyes. Quickly as her keen wits prompted the impulse, Marjorie, tying a slip-knot in the end of the coil of rope in the stern, slipped it over her shoulders, drawing it snugly under her arms, and, as the boat reached the spot where Angèle gradually, though fighting desperately, had disappeared, Marjorie plunged headlong!

The rope unwound in quick, even spirals from the flat, mat-like coil in the stern. Carl held his breath, as did the others, in fear and wonder.

Beneath, and considerably ahead of her, Marjorie could dimly make out Angèle's struggling figure, carried down and on by the tide. Straining every nerve and muscle, Marjorie swam desperately, with all her strength.

It seemed impossible to force herself farther down, but she could not, she would not, give up, with her Angèle almost within arm's-reach. The time had come to use the last resort. Expelling the full breath that she had naturally taken in before diving, she became less buoyant, and her progress downward was thus made easier.

If only she could hold out a little longer! The firm, strong beating of her heart exaggerated the passing of the time since her plunge, which could still be measured in seconds under a minute, although to her it was almost unendurably long and painful. She wanted air. It seemed as though her arms could not make another stroke.

"I must not—I must not give up now!" she told herself, and then—her strong, slender fingers clutched Angèle's shoulder. Her arms were

about Angèle's waist in the next instant, and with her remaining strength she drew her close. Then came a tug of the rope about her chest!

"There, I dare not wait longer!" Carl was saying. "Row ahead a stroke, while I pull in on the line!" he faltered.

A few seconds later, the two girls were being drawn into the boat. "Row with all your might for the yacht! Faster—faster!" Carl urged.

On the deck of the *Cécile*, Angèle was soon revived. With a pitiful little sigh she opened her eyes. Marjorie, tearful now, and the yacht's captain, were bending over her.

"Ah, at last! Our little Angèle has come back to us!" said the captain, and he murmured a reverent "Thank God."

Half an hour later, Carl was telling the story

to Angèle's father, who had just been rowed out from shore, and Angèle was explaining how she had intended to swim ashore to say good-by again to Marjorie, when a cramp had seized her, and had made her powerless to swim. Her father could not say enough in praise of the boys, and in gratitude to the volunteer life-saving crew. And as for Marjorie, it made them all happy again to see the way he hugged and patted her, in his enthusiastic manner, and called her, "Mon leetle Surfman Numbaire Seven!"

Nor was this quite all. The following summer, before the season had fairly opened, a stanch little life-boat of the best design, self-righting, self-bailing, non-sinkable, and non-cap-sizable, arrived from a grateful father for the Volunteer Life-Saving Station at Brenton Beach.



In the possession of Isaac C. Bates, Esq.

"SUMMER." FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK W. BENSON.

THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR

by D. K. Stevens

WHEN the time comes round for Cattle-Shows—
In the fall, as you 're aware—
When the harvest season nears its close,
The great event of the Be-Ba-Boes
(Who cultivate everything that grows,
Is the Agricultural Fair.

But the Be-Ba-Boes, at this annual meet,
Have a system all their own:
Instead of a prize for the largest wheat,
The largest corn, and the largest beet,
They urge all farmers to compete
With the *littlest* ever grown.

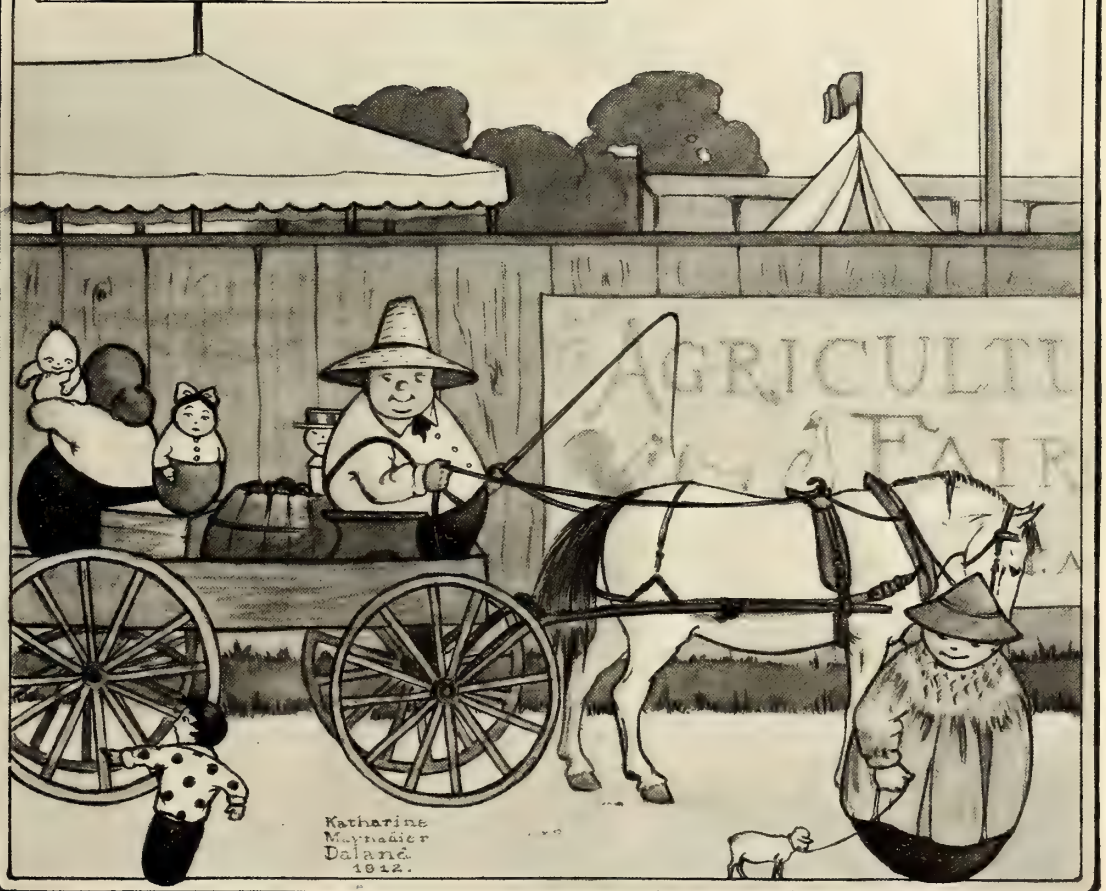
The particular fair we now review,
I never shall quite forget;
Such tiny turnips never grew;
Such *scrubbley* squash you never knew—
Of small things I have seen a few,
But these were the smallest yet!



The live-stock, too; it was properly fat,
 But the breed was extremely rare;
 For the winning sheep was the size of a rat,
 The pig was a pygmy—small at that,
 And the yearling calf you could put in your hat
 And never know he was there.

The principal prize for the Gardening trade
 Was a glittering Bag of Gold,
 For the smallest Pumplekin there displayed;
 And, of course, the deepest plans were laid
 By all who owned a garden spade,
 That dazzling prize to hold.

That you have anywhere ever seen
 Such Pumplekins, I deny.
 In sizes ranging all between
 A bantam's egg and a butter-bean—
 'T would take nine hundred and seventeen
 To make a Pumplekin-pie!



Katharine
 Maynard
 Daland.
 1812.

Now, Benjamin Bobster stood alone
 By the side of a gorgeous sign
 Which plainly read: "Right Here is Shown
 The Littlest Pumplekin Ever Grown";
 And Benjie claimed, in a truculent tone,
 "That prize is certainly mine!"

When the judges came to the Pumplekin Class,
 They examined his claim with care;
 They all looked hard with a powerful glass
 To see wherein this might surpass
 All other Pumplekins; but, alas!
 They could n't see *anything* there.

And so they cried: "What *does* this mean?
 Here 's nothing—great or small."
 But Benjie said, with an air serene,
 "It 's there—and it takes the prize, I ween;
 It *must* be smaller than any you 've seen—
 For you can't see mine at all!"

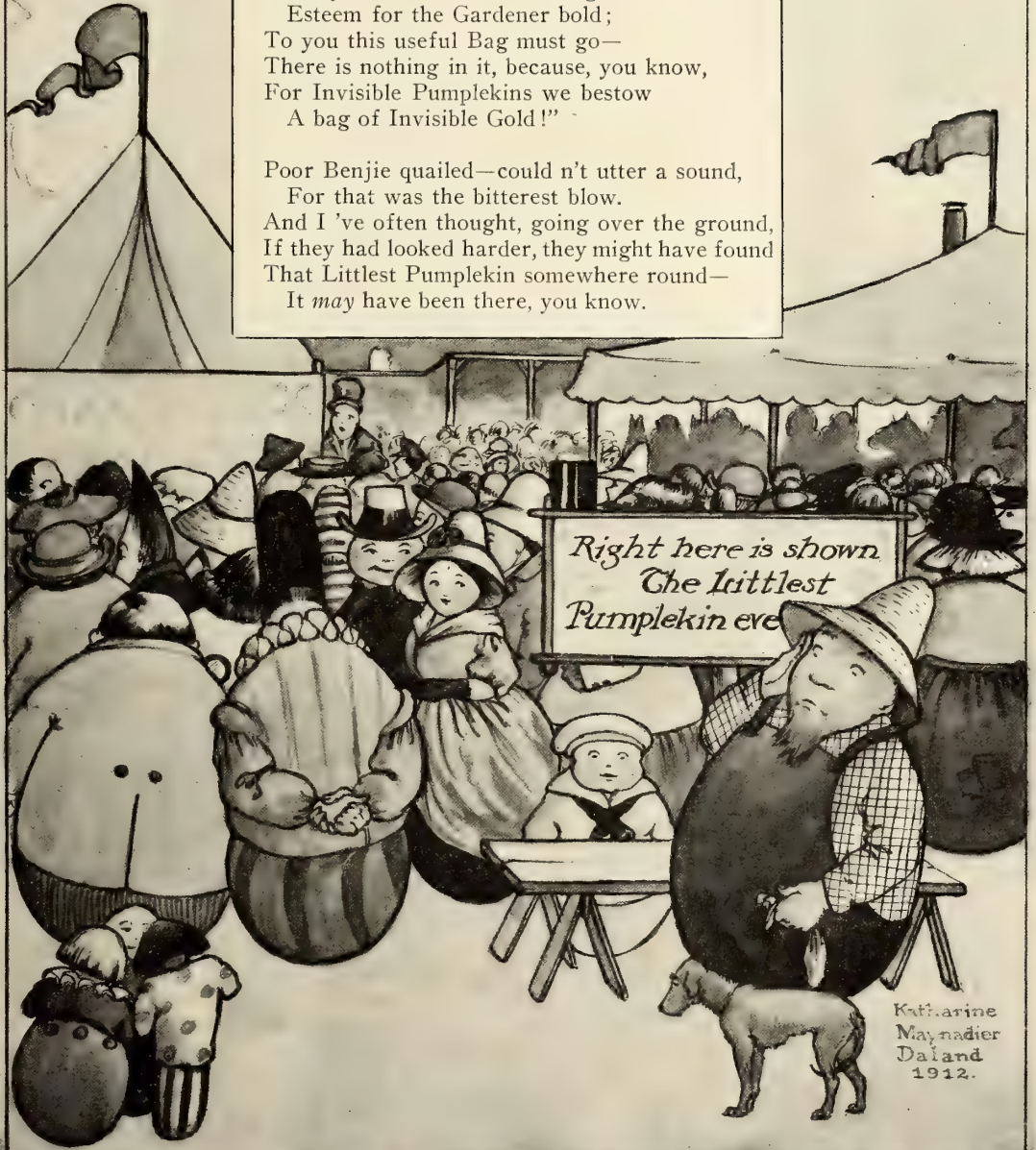


Katharine
 Magnadier
 Daland
 1912

'T was a logical view and bound to tell;
 The judges they hemmed and hawed.
 They said, "Mm-mm!" and they said, "Well,
 well!"
 This case had never a parallel;
 But since he loudly claims to excel,
 The prize we 'll have to award."

So they said to him: "We are glad to show
 Esteem for the Gardener bold;
 To you this useful Bag must go—
 There is nothing in it, because, you know,
 For Invisible Pumplekins we bestow
 A bag of Invisible Gold!"

Poor Benjie quailed—could n't utter a sound,
 For that was the bitterest blow.
 And I 've often thought, going over the ground,
 If they had looked harder, they might have found
 That Littlest Pumplekin somewhere round—
 It *may* have been there, you know.



Katharine
 Maynardier
 Daland
 1912.



THE LADY of the LANE

B Frederick Orin Bartlett

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

CHAPTER XVIII ELIZABETH'S DREAMS COME TRUE

THOUGH Elizabeth made no mention of the party at school on Monday, it was clear that, among the other girls, the two affairs were being discussed in whispers. Some of them talked freely with Nance, and she did not hesitate to paint in glowing colors the success of the party in the house by the lane. On the whole, however, most of the girls appeared rather sheepish, and avoided the subject.

That afternoon Elizabeth was very much surprised to receive a call from Miss Winthrop.

"Elizabeth," the latter began abruptly, "I've come to apologize."

"For what?" asked Elizabeth.

"For joining in Helen's plan, which was meant to hurt you," she answered without mincing matters. "Helen admits her party was a failure. Do you know there was n't a single boy there except two relatives?" Elizabeth smiled.

"Do you know there was n't a single girl at my party except Nance and myself?" she asked.

"Yes," Miss Winthrop confessed. "We ought every one of us to be ashamed!"

"You need n't be," answered Elizabeth. "I was sorry you did n't come, for I wanted you all there; but, of course, Helen wanted you, too."

"But she did n't," Miss Winthrop replied. "She just wanted to spoil your party. She says so herself, and—and she wanted me to tell you so, and to say she is sorry."

"Helen wanted you to say that!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"We all talked it over at recess, and decided it was the only thing to do. She ought to have come herself, but you know how hard that would be for her."

"It would n't be so hard as she thinks," answered Elizabeth. "I would have understood and forgiven her, and I *do* forgive her as it is."

Miss Winthrop's eyes grew moist.

"How dear and good and generous you are!" she exclaimed impulsively.

"I don't deserve that praise," answered Elizabeth. "But I don't have time to quarrel any more. You see, I have so much to do here."

Miss Winthrop glanced around the pretty room.

"You're certainly lucky," she answered. "I wish the rest of us had a chance to learn what you are learning here."

Elizabeth leaned forward and placed her hand on Miss Winthrop's knee.

"Do you, honestly?" she asked.

"Honestly!"

"Then listen," she began breathlessly. "I've been thinking over something ever since school opened. It may sound foolish to you, and if it does, I want you to say so right out. Will you?"

"I guess we'd be better off all the time if we always said things right out," agreed Miss Winthrop.

"That's Mrs. Trumbull's way, anyhow," smiled Elizabeth. "And, oh, I do want you and the other girls to know her! I did n't like her at first, but now—well, she's made me see everything differently. She herself is so different from us; she knows how to do the things women used to do. She knows how to cook, and to sew, and to keep house, and put up preserves, and—oh, I could n't begin to tell you all the things she knows. My mother was like that. She knew about such things, too."

"I don't think my mother did," confessed Miss Winthrop.

"I guess a lot of mothers to-day don't," mused Elizabeth. "That's probably why we girls don't learn."

"But I'd *like* to know," broke in Miss Winthrop.

"You're better than I was," admitted Elizabeth, with a short laugh. "I did n't even want to learn. I—I thought it was n't ladylike. Think of it!"

"You're no worse than the rest of us," laughed

Miss Winthrop. "We 'd think so now, if it was n't for you."

"And you don't think so now?" asked Elizabeth.

"I 'd be ashamed to look you in the face and say so," answered Miss Winthrop.

"I know you might be ashamed to say so, but do you *think* so?"

"Honestly I don't. I can't say I 'm crazy to learn to cook, but I know I *ought* to learn."

"Oh, you 'd like it after a little. Why now—I even like to get breakfast."

"Ugh! I don't believe I 'd ever get that far!"

"Yes, you would!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "You 'd get to like to do things for yourself, no matter what. It makes you feel so independent."

Elizabeth's face reflected her enthusiasm. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed. She had never talked so earnestly with any one about anything. She meant every word she said.

"But we have n't such nice little houses to learn in," answered Miss Winthrop. "It would n't be so much fun in an apartment."

"Then," exclaimed Elizabeth, "why don't you come down here and learn?"

"Why, Beth, what do you mean?"

"That you start a cooking class to meet here one afternoon a week; and a sewing class to meet another afternoon. I 'd love to share this house with you—with all my friends."

"Beth!" exclaimed Miss Winthrop.

"And Mrs. Trumbull says she 'll help us and—oh, *do* you want to do it?"

"Why, I think it would be great! We might make a club. We might call ourselves the Old-Fashioned Girls."

"Good!" agreed Elizabeth, her quick brain developing the idea. "And whatever we did we could do in an old-fashioned way. We could have dances and not allow any girl to come who had n't made her own dress; we could have spreads, but every girl must bring some of her own cooking. Each girl could make some one thing; I would make the butter, you could make the bread—"

"I make the bread?" chuckled Miss Winthrop. "I guess that would end the party."

"No, you can learn. Why, Mr. Harden can make biscuits, and Roy—"

"Can make doughnuts," Miss Winthrop finished for her. "Brother Dick says he 's prouder of that than being captain of the base-ball team."

"Well, it *is* something to be proud of," Elizabeth laughed, and Miss Winthrop rose to go.

"I 'll see Helen and Jane this afternoon," she declared. "I wish we could hold our meeting next Saturday."

"We can," agreed Elizabeth. "You talk with

all the girls, and then we 'll make out a list and ask them here to tea. But I only want those who honestly wish to learn."

"I think about ten of us will be enough to start with," nodded Miss Winthrop. "I 'll see you again, and we 'll decide whom we 'll take in as charter members. Then perhaps later we can make it larger."

BUT Elizabeth still had one thing at heart, more vital than her ambitions for the Old-Fashioned Girls. As November passed, and December came and Christmas began to loom up, and still her father lived his lonely and solitary life at "The Towers," she seemed to have failed in the one big undertaking which had furnished her with the spirit to enter upon her new life with such good grace. Apparently she had not yet made her home attractive enough to draw him to it. She had succeeded in making herself proud of it, in making her friends proud of it, but without her father it was not, after all, really and truly her home.

One day Elizabeth surprised Mrs. Trumbull by announcing:

"I 'm going to move into the spare room."

"What are you going to do that for?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull. "The front room is the sunniest and best in the house."

"That," declared Elizabeth, "is where Daddy is going to live."

"Where—do you mean to tell me your father has come round at last?" asked Mrs. Trumbull, excitedly.

"Not yet," answered Elizabeth. "But I expect him to live here after Christmas."

"What makes you expect that?" persisted Mrs. Trumbull.

Elizabeth only laughed.

"You wait and see," she answered.

Elizabeth transferred into the spare room all her own personal belongings. They were not many, and she had to buy a few simple things, because everything that was her mother's she left behind.

"Now," she said, after she had done that, "I want you to tell me, as nearly as you can remember, just how Mother's room used to look."

"It did n't look very different from the way it looks now," said Mrs. Trumbull. "A few of her things may have been packed away in her trunks, but almost everything is here."

"Then we must look through the trunks," explained Elizabeth. "There is one of them we have not opened yet."

"But what are you planning to do?" questioned Mrs. Trumbull, regarding Elizabeth with a smile.

"I want to make her room look exactly as it did when she was here," said Elizabeth. "Perhaps then, if I bring Daddy up here on Christmas Day, and he sees things just as they used to be, he 'll want to come back and live the way he used to live. And then—"

Her voice broke. She clung impulsively to Mrs. Trumbull.

"Oh!" she cried, "I do so want my daddy here! Don't you see, I can't really be the Lady of the Lane without him!"

"There, dear, there," whispered Mrs. Trumbull, tenderly. "I guess—well, I guess he 'll come home on Christmas Day."

They ransacked the attic and found many things which they had not noticed before. Elizabeth drew from a corner two of her mother's favorite chairs which had been put away because they were slightly broken; but Martin mended them, and they were as good as ever. Then there were some yellowed muslin curtains.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull, "I do believe these are the very ones she had when she first came down here!"

Washing and bluing and bleaching made them white and fresh again, and these Elizabeth herself hung in place.

There were also some old pictures, and Elizabeth dusted these, cleaned the frames, and hung them where, as well as Mrs. Trumbull could remember, they had been before. But the rarest treasure of all was a miniature portrait of her mother, which Elizabeth found tucked away in the bottom of a trunk. Mrs. Churchill had had it painted in her wedding-dress. Mrs. Trumbull put on her spectacles and stared at it until her own eyes grew misty. Then she handed it to Elizabeth.

"There!" she exclaimed, "if you want to see how you look to-day, look at this!"

"How I wish I were half so lovely!" said Elizabeth, her lips trembling.

"I don't believe in flattering girls, but you 're her living image!" answered Mrs. Trumbull, trying to wipe her eyes with her apron without being seen. "I declare! it seems almost as though she was going to speak to you."

Reverently Elizabeth pressed the picture to her lips.

"Dear mother!" she faltered.

"And if *that* does n't bring your father back here, nothing will," added Mrs. Trumbull.

"I shall put it on the little table by the bed," said Elizabeth, "and I shall bank it all up with holly and evergreen."

"You won't need the evergreen," declared Mrs. Trumbull. "I don't believe your father knows

about this picture. It will be almost like seeing her again."

A week before Christmas, Mr. Churchill came down one evening with an invitation for them both to spend that day with him at "The Towers." But Elizabeth shook her head.

"No, Daddy," she said breathlessly. "You must come down here on that day."

"But I thought—"

"Not another word, Daddy," answered Elizabeth, placing her fingers over his lips.

To her relief he did not insist.

"The chef will never forgive me if I 'm not there for Christmas dinner," he laughed.

"You tell the chef that he 'd better spend the day with his family," broke in Mrs. Trumbull. "That 's the place for folks on Christmas!"

"All right," agreed Mr. Churchill.

The next six days were busy ones in the little house by the lane. Wreaths of holly, tied with scarlet ribbons, appeared in every window. In the front room, and the dining-room, and "Daddy's room," as she now called the upper front chamber, Elizabeth also hung long festoons of green and scarlet. She quite exhausted two weeks' allowance in these purchases, which Mrs. Trumbull considered extravagant.

"First thing you know, you won't have enough to buy your Christmas dinner," protested the good lady.

"It is n't the dinner that 's going to count," declared Elizabeth, "it 's having the house bright and cheerful and homelike and Christmasy."

"Maybe you 're right," nodded Mrs. Trumbull.

On Christmas morning, it began to snow, and this emphasized still more the bright colors within. As early as ten o'clock, Elizabeth lighted the open fire in the front room.

"I wish I could light the candles, too," she hesitated.

"Sakes alive, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull, "you don't need anything more than that picture up-stairs. I feel as though your mother's presence were lighting the whole house."

"You do?" asked Elizabeth, eagerly. "And so do I. But Daddy—"

"Don't you worry about him. I 've kind of felt all this week he must have known that was up there. He 's been more like his old self than I 've seen him in ten years."

"Oh, I wish the day would hurry to one o'clock," Elizabeth exclaimed impatiently.

She went up-stairs to dress, and by the time she had finished, she had no more than time to hurry down and take a look at all the good things in the kitchen, before there was a knock at the front door. She herself opened it to admit her father.

"Merry Christmas, Daddy!" she cried.

"And to you, my dear," he answered.

She took his hat and coat from him and hung them up. Then as he stepped toward the front room, she seized his hand.

"Come with me, Daddy," she whispered.

In some wonder, he followed her up the stairs. Before opening the door, she paused and kissed him once again. Then, without a word, she led him in. His eyes fell at once upon the picture by the bed. With something almost like a cry he crossed to it, seized it, and held it before him with a trembling hand.

"Where—where did you get this?" he asked.

"It was here all the time—waiting for you, Daddy," answered Elizabeth.

He looked around the familiar room.

"It seems as though—it seems as though she *must* be here," he murmured.

Trembling, half between sobs and laughter, Elizabeth waited. There was so much she wanted to say that she could n't say! And yet she felt as though the picture was saying to him all that was dumb on her own lips.

"She *must* be here!" he repeated.

Then he turned to the girl. His tense mouth relaxed. He drew his daughter into his arms.

"Why, she *is* here!" he cried. "Dear little Lady of the Lane!"

"And you, Daddy, won't you stay here, too?" whispered Elizabeth.

"Yes," he answered. "This is the place for me—here in this little house with you."

FROM below there was the sound of a loud rap on the kitchen door, and a moment later they both heard Roy's voice in the hall, calling:

"Merry Christmas, everybody! where are you?"

"Merry Christmas, Roy!" answered Elizabeth.

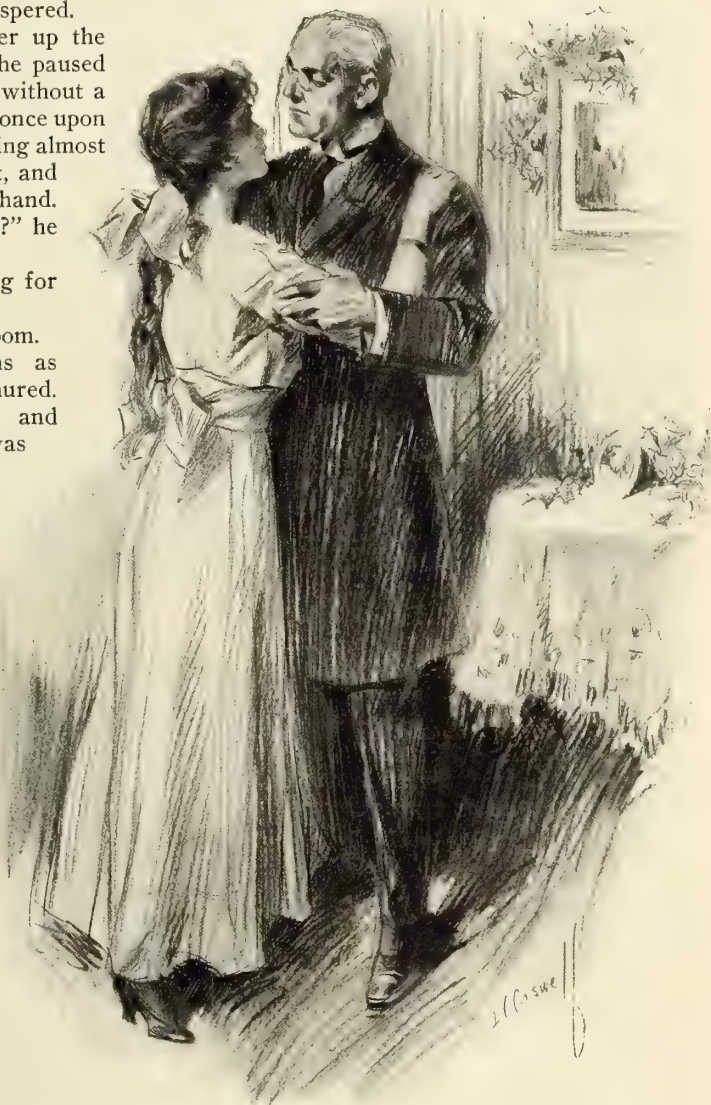
"Can you come down a moment?" he shouted back.

Holding her father's hand, Elizabeth led him down into the little sitting-room. Roy was carrying in his arms a box as tall as he was.

"From the fellows," he said as he presented it.

"To the little Lady of the Lane, with a Merry Christmas."

With trembling fingers, she undid the string, and found seventeen beautiful long-stemmed roses.

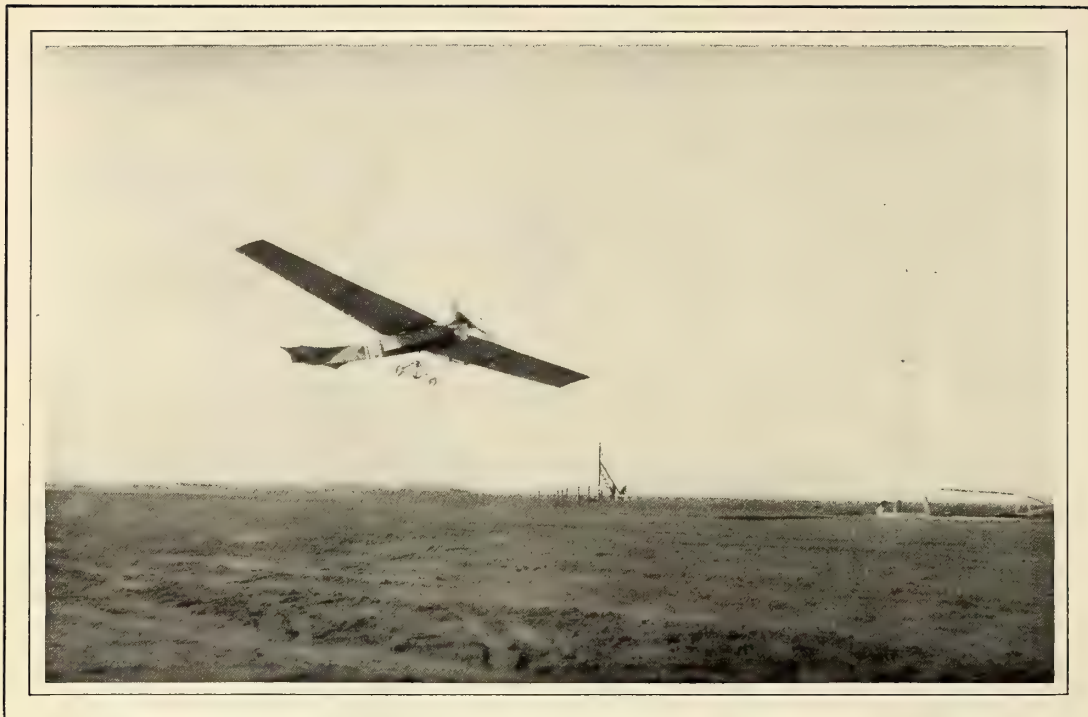


"'WHY, SHE *IS* HERE!' HE CRIED. 'DEAR LITTLE LADY OF THE LANE!'"

"Oh, Roy! How beautiful!" she faltered, her voice breaking, and her eyes growing moist.

But she did n't have time to say more before there was another rap at the door, and the expressman presented a second box which Elizabeth eagerly opened. It contained a beautiful tennis racket from the Old-Fashioned Girls, with the very best wishes for a Merry Christmas.

THE END.



AN ANTOINETTE MONOPLANE IN FLIGHT.

THE AËROPLANE

BY HAROLD S. LYNN

LESS than eight years ago, the aëroplane was unknown except to a few men who were conducting experiments in secluded parts of the country. The aëroplane is an American product, having been demonstrated as practicable by the Wright brothers, when others were just awakening to the possibilities of such machines. The Frenchmen have taken hold of this new invention in their usual way, and have progressed so rapidly in the art and science of mechanical flight, that they are several years in advance of us at present.

There are three different types of flying-machines, the ornithopter, the helicopter, and the aëroplane. The ornithopter is a type modeled after the birds, and was designed to fly by flapping or beating wings. Numerous inventors have tried this theory, but failed to accomplish anything of importance. The helicopter was designed to lift vertically into the air by means of propellers. There is a strong belief that the principle of the helicopter is correct, but, up to the present time, nothing has been achieved in that

direction, the aëroplane being the only type that has been successful as yet.

Under the general name aëroplane, we have the monoplane, the biplane, the triplane, and the multiplane. The monoplane consists of one set of planes, or wings, and resembles the bird in shape and design, while the biplane follows the lines of the old box-kite, and is made up of two planes, or curved surfaces, placed one above the other. Adding another plane above the biplane, we have a triplane. A machine consisting of more than three planes arranged in this way, we call a multiplane, as shown on page 984. Machines of the triplane and multiplane types have flown, but have proved very unsatisfactory and difficult to control while in the air.

An aëroplane consists of one or more curved surfaces so placed as to obtain the greatest amount of entering edge, a body, or frame-work, a vertical and horizontal rudder, ailerons, or wing-warping devices for maintaining lateral balance, and last, but not least, the vital part, the motor and propeller, which drives or pulls it

on its course. The motor is usually placed in the forward part of a monoplane, so that the propeller pulls the machine through the air; while in the biplane it is set in the rear, where the propeller pushes the machine. An aëroplane is made of wood, bamboo, steel tubing, wire, cloth, and light metal castings and fastenings. The planes are made of curved ribs, braced and held together by wooden beams and fine cable. These planes, or wings, are then covered on one or both sides with silk or canvas especially prepared or treated with rubber or a similar substance. All wires or cables are fitted with small turnbuckles to enable a person to wire the machine "true" and hold it rigid in that position. Cut or loosen the wires in an aëroplane, and it would be useless, so you can appreciate the value of this small item.

America has produced two successful aëroplanes—the Wright and the Curtiss—both of which are biplanes. France is apparently partial to the monoplane, having produced numerous types that have met with brilliant success. Foremost of her airmen was Bleriot, who, in 1909, was the first to succeed in making an aëroplane crossing of the English Channel, a distance of twenty-two miles. He used a monoplane of his own



A WRIGHT BIPLANE IN FLIGHT (NEW TYPE).
Showing the vertical and horizontal rudder in the rear.

much steadier flier than the biplane, owing to its decreased head-resistance. Many aviators also claim that the former is easier to handle and control during flight.

Designers and builders are constantly making changes in their measurements, and placement of controls, so that it is difficult to keep pace with



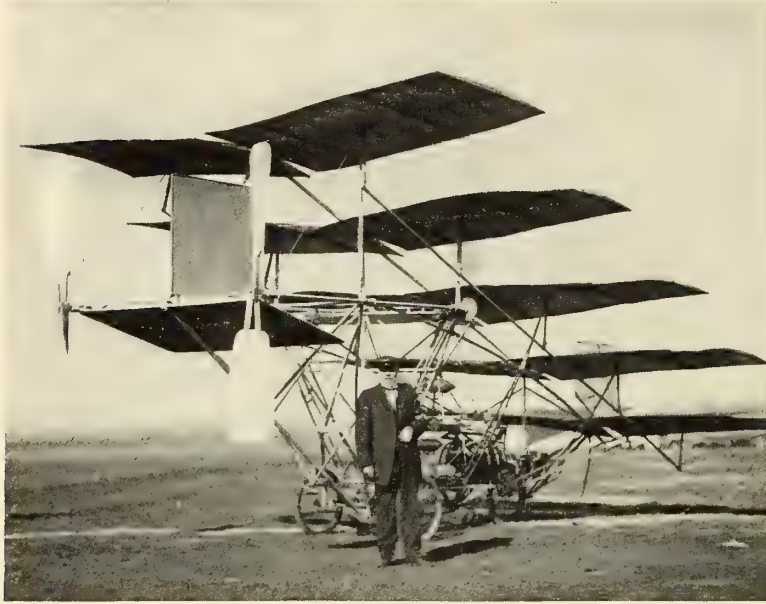
LATEST TYPE OF CURTISS BIPLANE. LIEUTENANT WALKER, U. S. A., ABOUT TO START.

make. This feat was considered wonderful at that time, although it has been repeated frequently since. The monoplane is very speedy, and is a

them. The rudder used for steering the biplane up or down (a horizontal rudder) was originally placed forward of the main planes, but builders

are gradually doing away with this, and placing it in the rear, together with the vertical rudder.

so that when he desires to turn to right or left, during flight, all that is necessary is to turn the wheel in the required direction.



A MULTIPLANE.

This machine was unsuccessful.

A machine without forward controls is termed a headless-flier. The Curtiss machine embodies the simplest and yet most natural control that has been produced.

The latest Curtiss machine, such as is furnished the United States Army, is small, compact, and swift. It weighs less than seven hundred pounds complete. The planes are double surface, that is, they are covered on both sides, whereas the old type was covered on top only, thus exposing the ribs and beams, and causing more resistance. The operator's seat is placed just forward of the lower plane, and, in front of this, is a vertical steering-post and wheel. A short bamboo pole connects the wheel with the front elevator (horizontal rudder), and by pulling this wheel backward or pushing it forward, the operator may ascend or descend. A small cable fits in a groove around the wheel and runs back to the vertical rudder at the rear,

When the machine is ready for flight, the engine is cranked by pulling down the propeller, which also acts as a fly-wheel. This propeller turns



A WRIGHT BIPLANE (OLD TYPE).

Showing the controlling levers, and position of the motor, radiator, and propellers.

from 1800 to 2000 revolutions per minute, and pushes against the air just as a small propeller on a boat pushes against the water. This mo-



Copyright by H. M. Benner.

GLEN H. CURTISS FLYING OVER LAKE KEUKA, NEAR HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK.

tion first propels the machine over the ground, and when it has attained a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, the operator pulls the wheel toward him, thus elevating the front rudder, and the machine gradually sails upward. When he has climbed to a suitable height, he slowly pushes the wheel from him, until the machine acquires a horizontal line of flight. If struck by a slight air-current on the side, it will cause the machine to tilt in a dangerous manner. To overcome this, the aviator leans in the opposite direction from that in which the machine is tipping, this action arranging the ailerons so that the one on the low side tilts up, causing that side to rise, and the one on the high side tilts down, causing that side to lower.

When he is ready to descend, he pushes the wheel away from him, tilting the elevator downward, and the machine then swoops earthward. When within several feet of the ground, he brings it back level by elevating the front control, and shuts off his motor. This causes the machine to gradually skim over the ground until stopped by the wheel-brake—and the flight is over.

We now come to the Wright machine, but as we have found out the principal parts, its description will not take so much space. The Wright machine, unlike any other, uses two propellers turning in opposite directions, which make only

four hundred revolutions per minute. They are, however, capable of driving this machine (which is considerably larger than the Curtiss) through the air at the rate of forty-five miles per hour. The planes are double surface, and heavier and thicker than those of the Curtiss machine. You will note in one of the illustrations that the controls differ considerably from that of the Curtiss. In place of a steering-post and wheel, they use two levers. The machine is equipped with three levers, but the two outer ones are duplicates, one being used when instructing pupils to fly.

The Wrights were the originators of a most novel and effective control. The lever shown in the center performs a compound duty,—first, that of warping the wing-tips at the rear edge in opposite directions (like the ailerons on the Curtiss machine), which is accomplished by pushing or pulling the lever back and forth; second, that of vertical steering, which is done by turning the handle at the top of this lever to right or left. The outer levers operate the horizontal rudder in the rear (formerly placed in front). These levers work in the same way as the steering-post on the Curtiss flier.

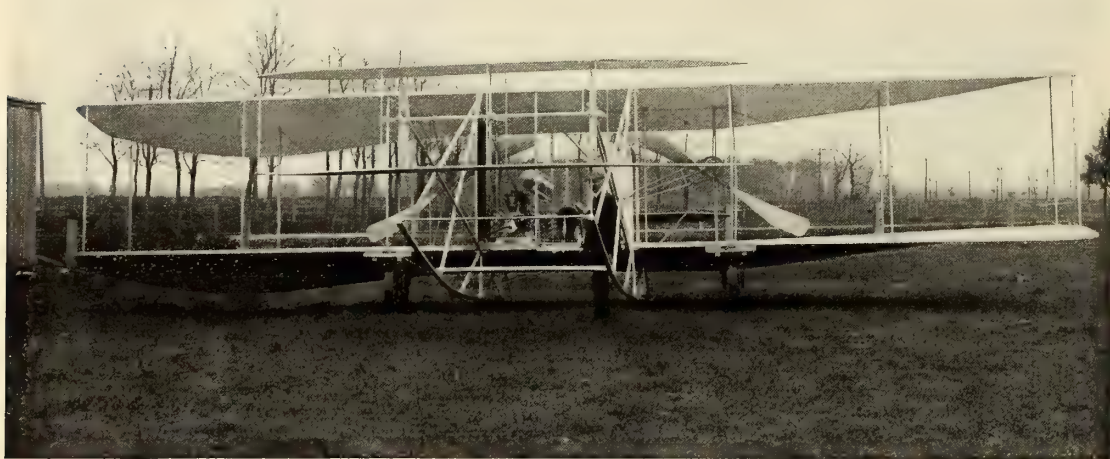
On many of the foreign machines, vertical steering is accomplished by using the feet in much the same manner as that with which boys steer a bob-sled when coasting downhill.

Progress in aviation during the past two years has been due to the improvement of the aeronautical gasoline motor. The designs and principles of the aëroplane as first produced by Bleriot, the Wrights, Curtiss, and Farman, are practically unchanged. Minor changes have been made in construction and in the placing of control rudders, but to the uninitiated they appear very much the same as they were two years ago. The cost of constructing a machine like the Curtiss is about \$400. An equipment, including motor, propeller, radiator, etc., will cost from \$1500 to \$2000, al-

It is possible, however, that some one will discover some new means of navigating the aëroplanes, and so do away with the modern aëroplane.

The value of the aëroplane in time of war is unquestionable, and the various governments, realizing this fact, have taken up the matter seriously, and are training men in the use of them. The United States Army and Navy have both been supplied with machines, and are constantly adding new ones to their equipment.

Recent experiments have been carried out to determine the possibility of carrying mail by



A WRIGHT BIPLANE (OLD TYPE).

Note the way in which the wings are worked to prevent the machine from turning over when in flight.

though not actually worth over \$500, so that the actual cost of an aëroplane is less than \$1000, and yet the price of a first-class machine, complete, ranges from \$3000 to \$10,000.

Commercially, the aëroplane is useless in its present state. It cannot carry any great weight, it will not stand any extra strain, and is unable to fly unless the weather be almost perfect. Automatic stability is still in an imperfect stage, and the motors are not altogether reliable. Last, but not least, it is a very expensive machine, both in its first cost and in the outlay necessary to keep it in proper condition.

These faults, as well as many others, must be overcome before we have a practical flying-machine. Danger must be eliminated to a greater degree, and to do this, it is necessary to produce a machine that will automatically balance itself. A thoroughly reliable motor and a machine capable of standing any extra strain suddenly placed upon it are other requirements of the future aëroplane.

aëroplane. It has proven to be a great novelty, but beyond that it is of no consequence. I believe that eventually it will be possible to transport mail by such means, but that it will be some time before such routes are permanently established.

In spite of the many fatalities of the past year, women as well as men are constantly taking up the study of flight, some as a means of making a living, while others follow it for the sport and pleasure they derive from it; and it is not unlikely that this will continue until the welkin is full of various aircrafts both public and private. Many predict that ten years from now the world will cease to wonder at the man who goes tearing along overhead at the rate of one hundred miles or more an hour, or the midnight air-riders who come sailing over the roofs of the sky-scrapers to settle on some hotel's landing-stage to partake of an evening luncheon. And probably we cannot even imagine, as yet, the great possibilities of the aëroplane of the future.



Bonnibel
Butler



THE SEA-SERPENT.
(AN ILLUSION.)
DRAWN BY BONNIBEL BUTLER.



THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XXIII

SLY PUSS PEGGY

I HURRIED back to Brother John as Mrs. Mummer bade me, and I noted on the way that the arrival of Colonel Taunton had had a decided effect upon the British officers. They had stopped their loud talking and laughing, and, instead of lounging about the hall as they had when I came down-stairs, they stood in groups, speaking in low tones and with an air of alertness about them. Evidently the new commander did not tolerate the lax ways of Blundell and his like.

This I thought might help us.

"At any rate, we won't be entirely at the mercy of Captain Blundell," I said to myself as I hurried back to my room.

Locking the door behind me, I hastened to the book-shelf, and in a moment had opened the panel letting me into the secret chamber. I had expected to find Brother John still lying as I had left him, but, much to my surprise and delight, he was stretched on the small bed in one corner of the room, and smiled brightly as he saw me.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are better," I exclaimed; for, though he was still pale and weak, he seemed more like himself.

"I'll be fit in no time," he answered; "but I played you a scurvy trick to swoon like a silly woman, and you alone! How did you manage to drag me in here?"

I told him just what had happened, and at the end he praised me for a brave girl, vowing that surely I had saved his life.

"For, Bee," he explained, "that man Blundell will not have forgotten that I was here once before, and he'd bring the charge of spy against me if I were taken, be sure of that. But he won't catch me now, Bee, though I'd like to catch him."

We talked a little further, and he told me what I had already guessed, that it was into this secret room he had disappeared so mysteriously once before. Soon, however, I saw that he was too weak to talk much, and remembering the posset, I went to fetch it.

Thinking it best to leave my chamber door locked, I passed through the dressing-room into the one where Peggy slept, and there found the girls on the bed. The long hours of anxiety in the vaults during the battle had worn them out. I, too, felt the strain of it, and would have

been glad of a rest, but I had other things to think of.

I tiptoed to the door, but some sound waked Peggy, who sat up in bed and called me.

"Oh, Bu-Bu-Bu-Bee," she cried, "did you know he's de-de-dead?"

"Dead, Peggy?" I said, alarmed, for the thought of her brother Bart popped into my head. "Who is dead?"

She got off the bed, and, picking up something in her arms, came running to me.

"He was sh-sh-shotted," she murmured, her voice breaking, and she held out to me the soldier doll we had posted at the window, and there, sure enough, was a bullet hole through his body.

"Poor fellow!" I said; "but we must remember that he was a brave soldier who died at his post, fighting for his country."

"Ye-ye-yes," answered Peggy, "and to-to-to-morrow we must bu-bu-bury him."

"Bury him?" called Polly from the bed, having waked at our talk. "Nonsense, child! Dolls cost good, hard money which is not easy come by. I'll mend the hole for you and put a sash over it, and he'll be as good as ever he was."

"Nay, you shall do no su-su-such thing!" retorted Peg, vehemently. "He di-di-died for his c-c-country, and he sh-shall never again b-b-be the s-s-sport of idle children."

It was a very grown-up idea for so little a maid, yet I sympathized with it fully.

"Yes, Peg dear, we will bury him as a soldier should be buried"; and telling her to hop back into bed, I went off for the posset.

It was quite dark by this time, and I had little fear that I should be seen carrying the bowl. Nor was I; and when I put it into Brother John's hands, I was overjoyed to see the hearty way he supped it. Afterward he felt much better, and said he was strong enough to get into bed without help, and that I had better go for a rest. So I kissed him good night and went out with the empty bowl, closing the panel behind me.

I wanted, of course, to be rid of the dish, for having it about our sleeping-rooms would create suspicion if it was seen; so I thought the best plan was to run at once to the kitchen with it.

The hall was dark, except where the lights on the floor below shone against the walls, and I started along without dread of danger; but scarce had I gone ten feet, when a figure stepped out of the shadow and gripped my arm, dragging



"SHE TOOK FROM UNDER HER APRON OUR POOR WOUNDED DOLL." (SEE PAGE 993.)

me to the top of the stairs, where the light from the lower hall made all plain.

"What have you there?" asked Captain Blundell, pointing to the bowl.

"'T is naught but an empty dish," I said as coolly as I was able.

"And who have you been feeding out of it?" was his next question, and I was put in a quandary, for I ever hated a lie. "Nay, do not think to fool me with some trumped-up story," he sneered, noting my hesitation; "out with the truth of it."

"If I told you," I began, "that I had been feeding the cat, you would not believe me, so I shall say nothing." And I closed my lips tightly, fearing lest they should tremble and betray the terror that had seized me at sight of him.

He looked at me suspiciously, and would have pressed the matter further but that there came the sound of gentle mewing from the room within, which surprised me even more than it did him, for he evidently believed what I had in-

tended he should, and fearing, no doubt, to make himself ridiculous, released me and went down the stairs.

I turned to the door, which was open a crack, and Peg's little head stuck out.

"'T is well I do-don't stu-stu-stutter when I mew," she said, with a sly laugh.

CHAPTER XXIV

I APPEAL TO THE COLONEL

THAT meeting in the hall with Captain Blundell was the first of many, for thereafter he kept up his spying so persistently, that for a time we were well nigh in a panic. What had prompted his suspicion I knew not, but that he had it there was no doubt, for at the most unexpected times and places he would appear with the demand of what my errand might be. He was not so bold nor so rough as he had been before Colonel Taunton came, for I think he feared to use openly brutal tactics; but he evidently remem-

bered how Brother John had given him the slip before, and meant to discover the secret of it if he could.

This, of course, made it most difficult for me to carry food to Brother John, and there were times when he had to wait throughout the entire day with but dry bread. I early brought a kitten to our rooms to give color to my previous suggestion, and it still served as an excuse in case of need; but the quantity and kind of food suited to so small an animal was hardly enough to sustain a large man, who, as he regained his strength and needed building up after his wound, developed a huge hunger that craved not victuals in bowls of kitten's size, but good dishes of roast beef.

Brother John fumed, and Mrs. Mummer was beside herself, but to show annoyance at this constant watching would be a confession that there were grounds for suspicion.

We were forced, then, to watch Captain Blundell as carefully as he watched us, and whenever he rode away on some errand, Brother John feasted royally; but this was seldom, because the British were very inactive, and seemed satisfied to occupy Philadelphia and the country near at hand.

But, even with Captain Blundell gone, our way was not always open, for there were soldiers about the kitchen, and Mrs. Mummer was forced to storm them out of it in order to prepare those dainties she considered needful for the invalid up-stairs.

Polly and Betty had no idea that Brother John was in the house, but of Peggy I could not be so sure. She was so little, and so devoted to me, that she was constantly at hand, and there were many times when Mrs. Mummer and I forgot her presence entirely. But she never hinted by word of mouth that she guessed the secret, though she would give me a glance now and then, as if to say, "I know."

Matters had been this way for some days when, one evening, I saw Captain Blundell ride down the drive leading out of Denewood. The other officers were just gone in to dinner, and it occurred to me that here was a splendid chance to get a good meal to Brother John, and at the same time to take away a huge pile of dishes that had been accumulating in his room; for taking his food to him was but half the risk.

I ran to the kitchen and whispered my news to Mrs. Mummer, and she, instantly seizing the opportunity, drove out the lounging privates, and filled a large platter for Brother John. I hurried with it to the secret room, and he fell upon it ravenously, for I think it was the first warm

bite he had had that day. When I told him that Blundell was gone, he agreed with me that it was too auspicious a moment to be missed, so I started back with a pile of empty dishes, planning to make two trips of it.

Peg was in her room when I went through, but, though she opened wide her eyes, she said nothing, and I stepped into the hall.

Hardly had I done so, when Captain Blundell stood before me.

"Ah, ha!" he cried triumphantly, "you thought I had gone, did n't you? Well, I came back—and just in time, too! 'T is a vastly hungry kitten you harbor," he went on, with a mocking sneer. "Art sure 't is not a tiger cub?"

"Think you no one eats here but yourselves, sir?" I retorted, determined to put a bold front on the matter, though far from feeling courageous.

"Nay!" he said, with a laugh. "Nay, I see quite plainly that there are others. One other at least," he added significantly.

"Now speak out what you want to do," I said desperately. I felt our position was most serious, for, though Brother John was well hidden, too strict a search might reveal the existence of the secret room. "What is it you want?" I went on. "You have dogged my steps day and night, till I cannot turn without running into you and listening to your hints. What is it that you wish?"

I think he was a little taken aback at my bluntness, but he felt sure of himself, and answered promptly:

"'T is in my mind, miss, that you have some one concealed in your room, and I mean to have it searched."

I set down the pile of dishes on the floor, resolved to do a desperate thing. I felt that a search would have to be made, but I meant to disarm suspicion if I could.

"That," I retorted, "you shall not do!"

"Vastly brave!" he taunted. "Will you prevent it?"

"Aye," was my answer, "for I shall ask for a search myself!" and I moved toward the stairs.

"I 'm go-go-going with you, Bu-Bu-Bu-Bee," said Peggy, who, having heard my talk with the captain, had come into the hall. So, hand in hand, we ran down the steps and entered the dining-room.

Now, although he had been there for some days, I had never come into direct contact with Colonel Taunton. First of all, because he was busy in the library, which he had made his own quarters, and, next, because I had little to say to any of the officers, though with two or three

of the younger men I had exchanged civilities, for the great majority had treated us with every consideration.

So it was not with fear for myself, or dread of how I should be received, that I trembled as I entered, but because of the desperateness of the step I was about to take.

As Peg and I stood in the doorway, there was a moment's silence, and Colonel Taunton, at the head of the table, saw us.

"Whom have we here?" he asked.

"'T is Mistress Beatrice Travers, who is chate-laine of this estate, sir," answered one of the younger officers who had always been polite to us. "And the younger miss is little Peggy Travers, her cousin."

Colonel Taunton, like the courteous gentleman he was, rose to his feet and made us so grand a bow, that I thought at first he must be mocking us; but I was mistaken.

"Pray be seated," he said, "and let me thank you for this opportunity to express our appreciation of your hospitality."

"Nay, I will stand," I replied; "my errand is soon told. I come to beg a favor."

"Now," said Colonel Taunton, heartily, "this is kind of you! Then will we feel less in your debt. What is it, and 't is done?"

"I would beg you, sir," I answered, "to have my chamber thoroughly searched, and then to relieve me of the spying of this—this—gentleman"; and I pointed to Blundell, who, rather red in the face, stood in the doorway.

"Have your room searched?" cried Colonel Taunton, in surprise.

"Nay, believe me, it is necessary!" I said. "I cannot even feed the cat but he must be after me, insisting that I have some one concealed there."

"You were not feeding a cat with a stack of dishes as high as your chin!" put in Blundell, sullenly.

I controlled a desire to drop that chin a little, for at the moment it was very high indeed.

"You have our dining-room—and you are quite welcome," I added to forestall polite protests; "but we must eat somewhere."

"Aye, to be sure!" said Colonel Taunton, catching the meaning I wished to imply. "I regret that matters are in such a state that it is needful for us to discommode you."

"Colonel Taunton," Blundell broke in desperately, "I am as certain as that I am alive that there is some one concealed in that girl's room, and I think it is a wounded man, from the posset I have seen carried there. She makes a plausible story of it, but I am sure she is lying to you."

"Nay now, Blundell, you go too far!" exclaimed one of the young officers, half rising.

"Gentlemen, silence!" said Colonel Taunton, sternly; "you forget where you are. Captain Blundell, you will be more careful of your speech."

"If you will but search the room, 't will end the matter," I said boldly.

"Nay, it goes against me to reward your hospitality in such a fashion," the colonel demurred. "What are these suspicions founded upon, Captain Blundell? Weightier reasons, I hope, than a few soiled dishes."

"Sir," Blundell began, "this girl is an arrant rebel, and, to be plain, in this house we are in a nest of them. Her brother, John Travers, is Allan McLane's right-hand man, and a pestiferous nuisance to boot. The last time I was quartered here the impudent rascal had the hardihood to enter the house and tell a dozen of us to our faces that we were to treat his sister somewhat differently; and when we went to take him, he vanished from this very room there now is talk of. I beg you take her at her word, for I think she is not so desirous of having a search as she would have us believe."

"Sir!" I broke in, "I was as ignorant of where my brother went as Captain Blundell himself, but he is mistaken when he says I do not wish the room searched. I should like the matter determined so that I shall not be constantly dogged with his attentions."

Colonel Taunton shook his head thoughtfully. I hoped he would agree to the search and perhaps go himself, and, taking a casual glance about the room, retire satisfied; but I saw plainly that he did not like the business, for he was a gentleman.

He lifted his head presently and beckoned Peggy.

"Come hither, little maid," he said. "I 've a babe about your age at home." It was evident that he was fond of children, for, when Peg went up to him, he picked her up and set her on his knee, caressing her in a manner showing that he was used to little folk.

Peggy perched there for a moment, regarding the colonel gravely, then she spoke:

"I 'm the youngest, bu-bu-but I 'm no ba-ba-babe."

"Nay, to be sure!" cried the colonel, starting back in pretended surprise. "I see that now, and I think you are old enough to tell a true tale."

"Aye," answered Peg, "I 'll tell no o-ther."

"Gentlemen," Colonel Taunton proposed, speaking to the table at large, "let us make this the test of the matter. 'Out of the mouths of babes,'



“FRIENDS, I GIVE YE GREETING!” (SEE PAGE 996.)

you know. Now tell me," he went on kindly to Peggy, "have you seen a wounded Continental soldier here?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir," said Peg, and I feared we were lost.

"What did I tell you!" cried Blundell, in triumph.

"And is he very ill?" asked the colonel.

A hush settled over the room while all waited for her answer.

"Oh!" said Peg, "wo-wo-worse than that. He 's de-de-dead!"

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "dead! where is he?"

"Ri-ri-right he-here," said Peg, and she took from under her apron our poor wounded doll.

A shout of laughter went up that shook the roof. Colonel Taunton wiped the tears from his eyes to discover that little Peggy was in real tears, for she thought they were laughing at her, and did not like it.

"I think there is no need of a search, Mistress Travers," he said, "and I will be your guarantee against annoyance in the future." Then he sought a gift for Peg, but could find nothing but a tiny gold snuff-box.

"'T will do for patches," he said, dusting out the snuff and offering it to her.

But she demurred.

"C-c-can I ta-take it, Bub-Bee, from a real B-B-B-Britisher?" she asked.

She was so innocent of offense that Colonel Taunton laughed as heartily as any one over this sally. And Peggy thanked him very prettily, and even offered him a kiss, when I said that she might keep the box.

"And how was the soldier shot?" asked Colonel Taunton, who was evidently loath to let Peg go.

"In the discharge of his du-du-duty," said Peg, gravely.

"Then," said the colonel, "he must be buried with all the honors of war, and, as his comrades are not here, we must do it for them."

And so it came about that, next day, Colonel Taunton directed the funeral, and one unknown private of the Continental army was buried with most unusual honors.

Thus, for the time being, we were no longer troubled by Captain Blundell; but he was a bitter enemy, and the hour came when he returned to take such a revenge that even now I tremble to think of it.

CHAPTER XXV

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

My direct appeal to Colonel Taunton had the effect we desired, and I had the satisfaction of see-

ing Captain Blundell ride off to Philadelphia the next morning, and heard from Lieutenant Rollins, the young officer who had spoken for me at the table, that he had changed his command, and that we were rid of him for a while at least.

Our chief worry now was the fate of Bart, for we had had no news of him; but we consoled ourselves with the thought that bad news travels apace, and hoped that "no news was good news," as the saying is.

In the next two or three days, Brother John improved wonderfully, and was wild to be gone. He fumed around the little secret room, vowing that there was work for him to do, and that he must be about it. But Colonel Taunton was too good a soldier to suit our purposes. The lax discipline that had prevailed heretofore was now amended, and, had it been a fort they guarded, the regulations could not have been more strictly enforced.

The question how he was to get free of the house and grounds was most perplexing, and Brother John puzzled over it day and night.

"That crack on the head stole away my brains!" he grumbled. "My wits are addled! Faith, were Allan here, he would have a thousand plans for playing with these British officers."

"Nay," I answered, for I wished to keep him, and feared to have him run any risks; "nay, Captain McLane, nor any other man, could come through their lines!"

"Bee, you don't know McLane!" exclaimed Brother John, his eyes lighting with enthusiasm. "There is none like him. He goes straight to his point, caring little what may be between. 'T is boldness does the trick, Bee, and no lion is bolder than Allan McLane. I give myself two days more to get back the strength in my legs, and then I 'll break for it, come what may!"

It was that very same afternoon that I heard voices in Peggy's room, and, knowing that Polly and Betty were in the great hall with certain of the British officers, I wondered greatly who could be there, and straightway went in to see. In the dim light I could distinguish the figure of a man, and caught my breath anxiously.

"John!" I exclaimed, for I thought, of course, that it was he, "how can you take such risks?"

The man turned a smiling face to me, and Peggy giggled, whereat I saw that I was mistaken, for, though the stranger wore much the same uniform as Brother John, he was at least ten years older.

"'T is Mistress Bee!" he said, bowing. "Faith, I 'd know you anywhere by John's description. I 'm Allan McLane, very much at your service," and he bowed again, advancing a few paces.

I curtseyed, yet here was another danger added, and already I seemed to have enough to do to hide one Continental soldier in a house full of the British.

"But what brought you here?" I asked, "and how did you get in?"

"I came for news of John, and I entered through the front door," he answered calmly.

"Through the front door?" I gasped. "Then they know you 're here, for the place is full of them!"

"Nay, they know naught!" he chuckled. "Though 't is true enough that there were many of them. Had there been less, I might have had to go out again, but one lone Continental among all those redcoats was never noticed. So I came in, without ostentation I may say, and seeing Peggy's black head at the top of the stair, I made for her. John told me she was never far from your side."

"And I bu-bu-brought him he-here," Peggy put in seriously. "It was qu-qu-quieter."

"Don't worry your head about me, Mistress Bee," Captain McLane said, reassuringly. "And now tell me of John? We have been most anxious on his account. We found no trace of him after the battle nor any news of his capture; so, thinking he might be trapped here at home, I came in to see. Peggy tells me I am right, and that he is here."

"Now, how did you know that?" I demanded of Peggy, and she, with a most injured air, replied:

"Well, I knowed it was n't a ki-ki-kitty, c-c-cause you would n't act like a he-hen with one du-du-duck for any one else but C-C-Cousin J-J-John."

There was a laugh, of course, but I was too troubled to forget my anxieties for long.

"And now take me to John," said Captain McLane, "for I am anxious to set eyes on him."

As he spoke a great doubt gripped me, and the thought of Captain Blundell popped into my mind. Was this a trick to gain my secret?

"Nay!" I answered. "I shall not take you to John until I know who you are. I have naught but your word, and your coming in so easily scarce seems credible."

"'T is a little late to think of that, Mistress Beatrice," he answered evenly; "but take me to John, and you will be well assured."

"Assured of what?" I demanded, now thoroughly aroused. "Nay, though you have trapped me into admitting he is here, 't is another matter to find him; but 't is a scurvy trick to play upon a child, if it is true you are a British officer disguised in the uniform of our Continentals."

"Nay, do not torture yourself so," he said most gently. "Truly I am Allan McLane."

"Oh, Bub-Bub-Bee," said Peggy, giggling again, "don't be a ni-ni-nizzy! Sure 't is Captain McLane. I 've seen him at ho-home with Fa-Fa-Father."

"Are you sure?" I asked anxiously, and she nodded her small head positively.

"In that case I can only ask your pardon, Captain McLane," I begged; "but I am so put to it at times that I scarce know how I stand."

"Nay, child, you are quite right," he returned; "and now let 's to John."

"If you will wait a moment," I said, "I will speak to him," and, leaving them, I locked the outer door and went in, setting the panel open as I sometimes did to freshen the air. But instead of telling Brother John, as I had first thought to do, it struck me as fun to surprise him, so I returned without a word.

Leaving Peg with instructions to call me if she heard any unusual sounds in the hall, I took Captain McLane in, and if there had been any lingering doubt in my mind, it was at once put away when I saw them meet.

"Allan!" cried Brother John, in a voice of surprised delight. "'T is impossible 't is you!" and he grasped the outstretched hand eagerly.

Captain McLane seemed equally affected, though he began at once to jest.

"You look like a plucked fowl, man!" he cried, standing off and regarding Brother John critically. "I knew there were short commons in the British camp, but had I known they were starving you in your own house, I would have driven in a herd of beeves with my compliments."

"Nay, I am stronger than I look!" John replied, "and had it not been for this tyrant here, I should have made a dash for it long since."

"And have been shot for your pains," I put in, "or taken prisoner, which is almost as bad."

"Aye, you 're right there!" John agreed, and with that Peg called me softly, and I went out, leaving the men together.

"What is it?" I asked, for I saw by Peggy's face that she had news of some sort.

"They are ta-ta-talking of Allan McLane do-do-down there," she whispered.

I hurried to the top of the stairs to listen, and, sure enough, Peg was right.

"Faith!" we heard Mr. Rollins say, "I love the man! I wish we had a few such in our army. A dozen troopers, you say? And he knocked them all about him and came through? Faith, 't is fine!"

"Of whom are you speaking, Mr. Rollins?" I heard Colonel Taunton demand sharply.

"Of Allan McLane, sir," the former replied unabashed. "Word has just come that he is within our lines, having bested a little matter of a dozen troopers."

"And you applaud him? Are you, then, a rebel sympathizer?"

"Nay, sir, I applaud him not as a rebel but as a brave man and a ready. I say had we more such, we would be better off."

"I cannot gainsay you," answered Colonel Taunton, "and I know well that, notwithstanding your admiration, you will not let McLane slip through your fingers if he comes within your grasp. As for me, I only wish he would make Germantown his goal! I'd like to see him! I think our British troopers might end by teaching him a lesson."

"But, sir," some one broke in, "did you not understand that he was seen coming into Germantown less than an hour ago?"

"Is that a fact!" cried the colonel. "Then we will have him within the next hour. You will see that the guards are doubled, Mr. Rollins, and we will issue further orders for the apprehension of this pestiferous rebel!"

Thereupon he sent out commands right and left, many of which I remembered and hastened to tell Brother John and Captain McLane.

"Nay, by my faith!" said Captain McLane, thoughtfully, "this gentleman would like to see me, I am thinking. Sure 't would be discourteous to disappoint him, for 't is in my mind to ask his help to pass the lines into Philadelphia."

"Nay, that you cannot do!" said Brother John. "Howe guards the city as a treasure. What mad idea have you in your mind?"

"Naught that is mad," answered Captain McLane, reproachfully, as one unjustly accused. "I think I will dine with Colonel Taunton and his officers to-night, that 's all. And to do it, I shall have to leave you now."

"But you cannot get out of here," Brother John demurred.

"Oh, can't I?" returned Captain McLane. "You leave that to Peggy and me. We talked that over the first thing. But ere I leave you, I must tell you that Bart won through the battle safely. I caught him, and I vow I thought the young rascal an Indian till I saw his light eyes."

"'T is good news!" cried John. "We have been much worried about him, and I suppose I should have put a collar and chain on him; but I confess I love his spirit."

"He is well and much puffed up with pride," Captain McLane went on. "He is inclined to think that if the war were but carried on under his orders, 't would soon be over. I sent him to

headquarters, where his advice will be appreciated, and incidentally he will see his father there and get the trouncing he stands in need of."

"That 's good of you," said John, warmly.

"No thanks," interrupted Captain McLane. "I must be off. You have my orders to remain here for three days more. Nay, do not grumble at your superior officer." Then he turned to Peggy. "Now, little lady, whenever you are ready."

Peggy, looking very important, left the room for a moment, and upon her return began to issue orders.

"You stay he-here, Bub-Bub-Bee, and listen for un-un-unusual n-n-noises, and, Allan McLane, yo-you c-c-come with m-me."

He lingered a moment to bid me adieu and to assure me that John would soon be right; but Peg stamped her foot.

"Did you n-n-not hear me say 'c-c-come'?" she demanded.

Captain McLane straightened, gravely saluting.

"At your command, General!" he said, and Peg, disdainingly to reply, led him away.

Much to our surprise, she returned very shortly.

"Is he gone?" I asked. "How did he get out?"

"Th-th-through the mo-mo-mouse's hole," said Peg, with a wise smile.

"A mouse's hole for that great man!" I cried. "What nonsense!"

"Nay, yo-you have your se-se-secrets, and I have m-m-mine," and that was all she would say of the matter.

CHAPTER XXVI

FRIEND WALN STEPS IN

THAT same day, when I took up Brother John's evening meal, I asked about Captain McLane's proposal to dine with the British officers:

"You don't think he really meant to do it?" I questioned, for it seemed wholly impossible to me, unless he wished to be captured.

"Aye, he meant it," replied Brother John; "and what 's more, he 'll do it!"

"I should love to see him catch them napping!" I cried; "but if he should be taken—"

"He won't be," Brother John interrupted confidently. "He goes about as if he had a charmed life, though often enough the charms are shrewd blows, as many a British trooper knows to his cost. He 'll be there, Bee, I promise you, and come away with some information. If you want to see him, 't will be easy to sit in the pantry behind the panel. I would I could be with you, for 't is like to be amusing."

So then and there I made up my mind to play eavesdropper at the officers' dinner that night.

We of the family held to our quiet country ways, but the officers dined, as we thought, very late, and often sat long over their wine, so it was well into the night ere they rose from the table.

On this evening, I took my way to the pantry, knowing that from there I could watch all that went on, and remain unobserved.

The way of this was very simple. In the fat days before the war, when the great roast which was then known as "a baron of beef" was served to the first table, to have a slice or two cut from it, and then go back for the servants, such barons were too large for easy handling, so slides had been made in the paneling through which they could be passed directly to a serving-table in the dining-room. Now, when Mrs. Mummer was put to it to make a little go a long way, the slides remained closed, but upon opening them a crack, I could see all that went on, while I remained unobserved. So I settled myself for a long evening.

When the officers came in, I was, of course, disappointed, for somehow I had expected Captain McLane to appear with them, though how he was to manage it I could not guess. However, the officers seated themselves and their dinner began.

They were at their soup when a loud knocking sounded at the door, and, as visitors after night-fall were rare, the conversation ceased while Mummer went to answer the summons.

Soon a fretful voice was heard demanding food and rest, after which, the visitor said, he would pass on.

Mummer replied that the family had finished their meal, but that if the gentleman would step into the library, he would send a boy to attend to his wants. The British officers were at meat in the dining-room, he explained.

"The Society of Friends has ever been on the side of lawful authority," came the querulous voice.

"That it has, the trimmers!" murmured one of the younger men.

"If thou wilt go and tell the officers who waits without, I think they will admit me to their table," the visitor insisted.

"Who shall I say?" asked Mummer, frostily, for he liked not Tories.

"Hast never heard of Joshua Waln?" asked the man, his tone showing surprise, and Mummer returned to the dining-room.

Then all could hear the man without giving directions for the care of his animal. "Feed the jennet well. A warm mash would not go amiss. A merciful man is merciful to his beast. Harry her not, and speak gently, nor meddle not with

the saddle-bags. There 's naught there for thee!" Within, Colonel Taunton spoke to his officers in an undertone.

"The Quakers are well affected. 'T is not our policy to offend them. Bid the gentleman enter, Mummer!" he went on, raising his voice, "and set a place for him upon my right."

I watched with interest as an oldish man, clad in the plain garb of the members of the Society of Friends, entered. He glanced around under lowered lids, and, with a rather pinched mouth, spoke:

"Friends, I give ye greeting!"

Then, as he was shown to his seat, he said, with a great show of humility, "I asked but a place at the foot of thy table." And again, as he helped himself to enormous quantities of the dishes Mummer presented to him, "We are of the lowly on earth. A piece of bread and a few herbs will suffice for me."

"Nay, now," said Colonel Taunton, "'t is well known that the Quakers are an influential and wealthy people, Mr. Waln."

"Call me not that!" said the guest with a pained look. "We hold not with vain titles. 'Friend' is a word I would liefer hear."

"Friend Waln, then!" said the colonel, a trifle impatiently. "And now may I ask you where you come from and whither you mean to go?"

"I came from Philadelphia this morning, having business in Whitemarsh, and to-night I return to Philadelphia. Had I not fallen in with some of Allan McLane's rabble, I had passed here long since and entered the city before night-fall."

"But why should they detain you? I thought 't was well understood that the Quakers were non-combatants."

"They took me for other than I am; for one of those who are known as fighting Quakers in fact," he explained. "I hold that a man who fights, aye, even one who resists oppression, is no longer a member of our society, for *they* seek in this world naught but peace and truth and righteousness, with equal rights for all men."

At this I heard a murmur among the younger men that they had not bargained for a "sermon," but Lieutenant Rollins leaned forward.

"Then," said he, "you have no servants among you?"

"Surely!" replied Friend Waln, with a great show of surprise.

"And call you that equal rights?" demanded Mr. Rollins, triumphantly.

"Aye," answered the Quaker, with a twinkle in his eye, "for to serve is a privilege. It is their right not to live out if they prefer to starve!"

"Nay," said Rollins, with a laugh, "you are too good a lawyer for a rough soldier!"

"Pray tell us," said Colonel Taunton, "what thought you of the American forces you saw?"

"They seemed an unregenerate body," said Friend Waln. "I fear they are lost to the beauty of spiritual things. They are a prey to worldly desires."

With that he pushed back his chair and rose.

"I must be on my way, for I know not how I will enter the city at so late an hour."

"That you can hardly do without a pass," said Colonel Taunton. "General Howe is very strict since the late battle. Moreover, there is a strong watch within the city."

"Now what dost thou tell me!" cried Friend Waln, in great distress. "My Deborah will be beside herself! This is much worse than before the British came—and we hoped for so much from their occupation."

"Nay," exclaimed the colonel, "say not so! I can give you a pass that will enable you to go where you will without trouble."

"If thou dost that, I will remember it in thy favor," said the Quaker, with much show of gratitude; "and I will see to it that our meeting shall be open to thee if thou shouldst come to Philadelphia."

"We shall soon be in Philadelphia," answered the colonel, "and, though 't is a confidence I am giving you, I feel certain 't will not be betrayed. I but await final orders to withdraw our troops within the city."

"Thee interests me vastly!" said Friend Waln.

"But I should be on my way, for Deborah will be anxious."

Colonel Taunton hurried to draw up a pass, and, with rather cool thanks for his entertainment, Friend Waln took his leave.

By this time I had given up all hope of Captain McLane, and began to grow sleepy, but there was no way for me to escape from the pantry without being seen, except through the kitchen slide, and I did not care to go the way of a baron of beef before the soldiers and servants there, so, perforce, I waited.

Dinner was long over, and the officers sat at dessert, when again there came a loud knocking at the front door.

"Now who will be our visitor this time," said Colonel Taunton, just as Mummer entered with a basket of wine.

"'T was a country bumpkin brought this, and said it was to be delivered to you," he said, holding it out to the colonel.

Around the neck of one of the bottles was a string, to which was tied the knave of clubs, with some writing upon it.

"Rollins, cut off the card and read the message!" said the colonel. "'T is most polite of some one, and no doubt is a gift from a loyal subject of the king."

"For Colonel Taunton," read the lieutenant. "To drink the success of the good cause and the health of his friend the enemy, Allan McLane, late Joshua Waln of the Society of Friends."

"My faith! Done!" cried Rollins. "But 't is worth it to have dined with a man like that!"

(*To be continued.*)

COMING HOME AGAIN

(*"Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects"*)

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

TWICE since boyhood I have had that eager feeling of wanting to throw my hat in the air and cry out, "Hurrah!" or "Hallo!" or some other good old boyish expression of wonder and delight. The first time was when I saw the ocean. I was nineteen years old, and had lived inland until I came east to enter college. My greatest "entrance exam" was when, in the very first week, I made my way by foot and trolley down to Morris Cove, and at a turn in the road, there it was! The Atlantic Ocean! I wonder if the people on that common, every-day trolley knew

what an uncommon occurrence was taking place in the mind and heart of one fellow-passenger. I had to keep my hands in my pockets, for the impulse to fling up my hat was almost too strong to resist. To see the great body of water that had no visible other side to it was a hat-lifting event.

The second time this same emotion seized me was when I returned, after three years abroad, to the shores of our country, and from the deck of the *Deutschland* watched the statue of Liberty loom up in New York harbor, and saw the Singer

Building and its smaller sky-scraping neighbors make that jagged line called the sky-line of New York City. It is about this second impulse that I want to tell you, for it has a great deal to do with what we all ought to feel when we remember that we are American citizens. And I want to do it because so many have written about their sensations in "going abroad," but so few about their sensations on coming home. And surely the best thing about going to Europe, and Asia, and Africa, as I had almost done, is in coming back to America.

We Americans are not thoughtless, yet sometimes when we talk of patriotism, we shout and "make the Eagle scream," instead of doing some honest thinking.

As the *Deutschland* swung her big black form up the bay, my first thought was, "Home again!" Here was my own land, people of my own speech, the green shores of the vast country, peopled by ninety millions, and stretching unbroken from New York Bay to San Francisco's Golden Gate—this great land that was "mine," for we all "own" the country of our birth.

But, that morning, as the statue of Liberty lifted her hand to me, I felt more than this. I had been living in Russia, and had seen how small are the chances there for a man ever being a man in the same degree that he can be so here. Many things are said of Russia that are not true. There are many splendid things after all in that great country. But still it is true that, coming straight home from living two years in that empire, I realized afresh how wonderful America is in the chance that she gives to her sons to be really men, to work out their own natures, and to be themselves. It suddenly dawned upon me how few hindrances and obstacles my country had ever put in my way. I saw for the first time that from my birth everything in my country's methods had been planned for my good, and to help me, or at least to help me to help myself. To be sure, there are some unfair laws, and some evils in our government, but its *general* trend since the first has been to help each man, and not to hinder him.

As I stood on deck that morning, one of hundreds of passengers, I understood, and my heart seemed to beat faster as I did so, that my country is really a challenge to me to be a superior quality of a man. I saw then that if I just looked around me, at our schools, our free institutions, all of which have been at my disposal since I knew how to use them, I would see enough to invite me to do my level best to rise above mean and low things, and to grow worthy of my country.

In St. Paul's Cathedral in London, over one of the doorways, is a stone in memory of the archi-

tect, Sir Christopher Wren, which says, "Reader, if you would behold his monument, look around you." So did my country call on me as I stood on the *Deutschland's* deck, "If you would see your reasons for gratitude, for good living, for being a man in the largest sense, look around you!"

Our country is so big that we may sometimes feel that we cannot "take it all in." Well, that's just where the opportunity and the challenge lies. I must be large-hearted if I am going to measure up to my country, for, in that old oratorical phrase, she reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. To be a base-hearted man in America is worse than to be evil in any other country, and to throw away chances here is more unworthy than anywhere else in the world. It was a new call to me as I came back home from continents cut up like checker-boards to a continent spread out like a wheat-field. I did not love Europe less, but I did love America more; and I think I had the right to do so. For it seemed to me at that moment as if I owed to my land everything in me that could be called big, or noble, or fair, or decent, or worth while.

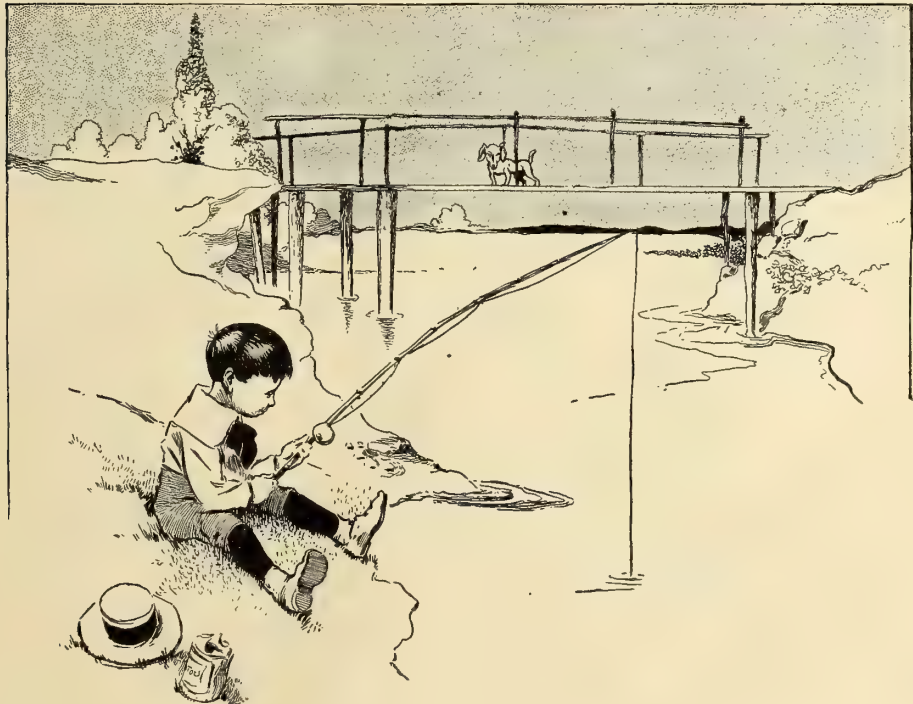
New York, I suppose, is not often thought of as a particularly homelike city. It has never been my own home. Yet that morning I felt toward it as if it were as small and lovable as my native village; while at the same time it was representative of my whole great country. As I stood on the deck of the *Deutschland*, I understood, as never before, the old story of the three brothers. They were told that the one of the three who, on returning home, should be the first to kiss their mother, should be king. As soon as they landed, two of them ran off home as fast as they could to embrace their mother, but the third fell down on the shore, put his lips to the soil of his native land, and kissed the earth. That was his true mother. And he was the king. Every American is a king the moment he realizes what he owes to his country, and only so can he be that true modern king—a good citizen.

Many immigrants were on the *Deutschland* with me that day, seeing the goddess of Liberty for the first time. None of them saw her with gladder eyes than I did. They were being born to this great land, I was being born again. They were coming to a new liberty, I was coming back to an old liberty which I had known but not appreciated before. As all this came to me, like something new yet old and dear, I did really this time take off my hat, as I had not done when I first saw the ocean. I did not shout, "Hurrah!" but I said, almost with tears: "Henceforth I will try to live up to the bigness of my country."

THE MAGNETISM OF THE FISHING-ROD



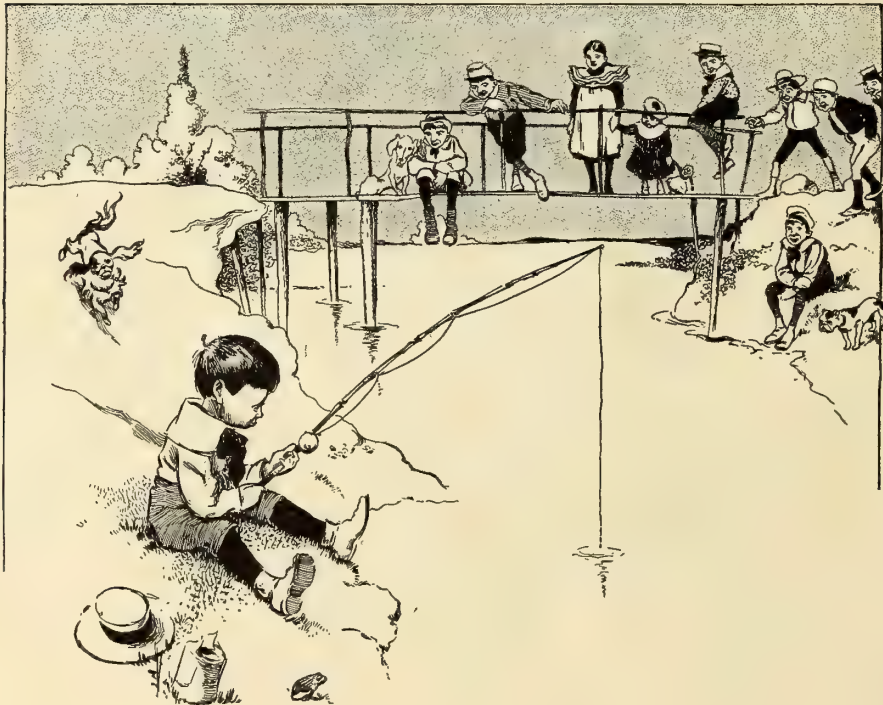
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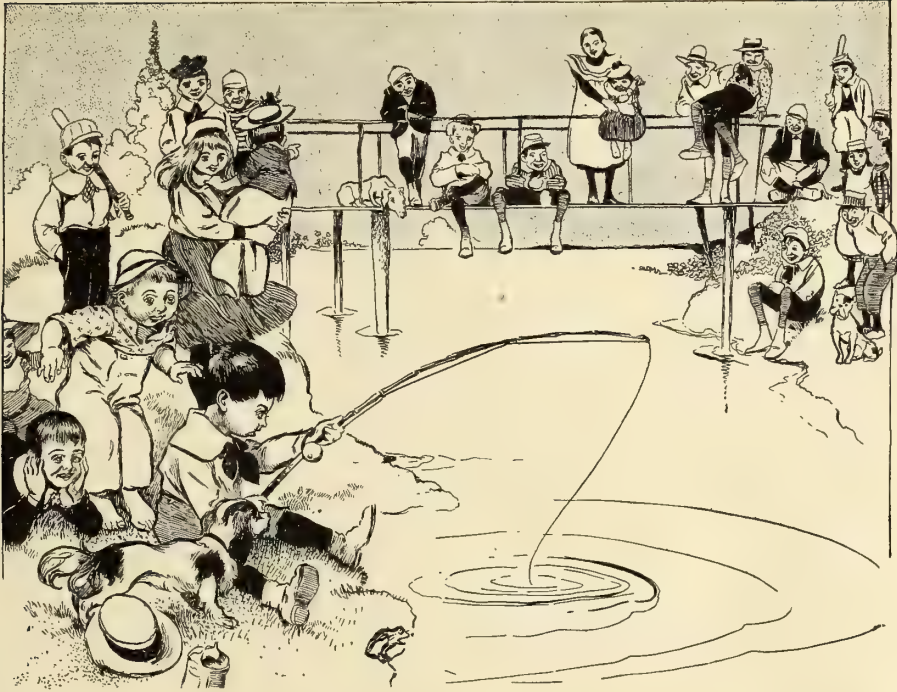
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PLAYING THE GAME

(A sequel to "The Battle of Base-ball")

BY C. H. CLAUDY

CHAPTER IV

SOME POINTS OF STRATEGY

THERE are things in a ball game not mentioned in the rules. A team made up of players who had never seen nor read of a game, and had never had any instruction outside of the rules, would have no hit-and-run plays; no squeeze plays; probably no men caught "flat-footed" off base; no double steals; no delayed steals; no shifting of the infield according to the runners on, the score, and the "outs"; no signaling; no signal-stealing; no hidden-ball tricks; no "stalling" tricks, by which a player is led to think a ball is fielded in one place when it is really fielded elsewhere—in fact, the very heart and soul of base-ball would be missing. The batter would hit or walk and patiently wait for his successor to hit or walk to advance him. Runs would be in exact proportion to hits, and outs would be made only in the stereotyped ways, and—nobody would care either to play or to see the game!

So it might be said, without much fear of contradiction, that the *strategy* of the game, the part played by brains and wits, is more to base-ball than athletic ability to run, hit, field, or throw, spectacular and exciting as plays made only by strength, muscle, and skill must always be.

In spite of the fact that many professional players complain that "there are no new plays," while it is true that much of the strategy of base-ball has become so usual as to be, in many of its special turns, well known, there is always a chance to invent something new, to "pull off something different." Indeed, this is one of the charms of the game. And if you sit down with a pencil, a piece of paper, a dozen small buttons for players, and work out some strategy of your own, you will only be doing what many a manager and player do in the effort to catch sight of a new angle of the game, and effect a play not generally known to base-balldom.

Perhaps the easiest and most effective way to play base-ball on a sheet of paper, is to take up some play or some situation, in a game you have seen, and try to figure out, from what actually did happen, what *might* have happened had the strategy of the play been different. For instance, Fig. 1 shows an incident of a game played last year between Philadelphia and Brooklyn. In the fifth inning, this is the situation: there is one

out, a man on second, and the batter (Number 8 in the batting order) bunts. The catcher fields the bunt midway down the path to the pitcher. A throw to third or first will get a man—if it is *in time!*

"Therefore," argues this catcher, "as I am equally distant from first and third, and want by all means to get the leading man, I will throw to third."

He does so, the runner slides around the third baseman, the other runner is safe on the "fielder's choice," and the game goes merrily on—two men on, and only *one* out.

The next batter, of course, bunts also, and with the bunt, the bunt-and-run play (or "squeeze") is tried; the runner from third scores with a slide, the batter being put out at first base, making two out. But this brings the top of the batting order up again, the leading man hits a sharp single to right, the man on second scores, and the batting team gains a lead of two runs, which finally wins the game.

Now, let us suppose that the catcher who started all this trouble had been a strategist as well as a stereotyped ball-player and thinker. His mental processes would then have run something like this:

"I am equally distant from first and third. I can throw to third without turning. But the man from second has a long, long lead. I *may* not catch him. I am *sure* to catch the runner going to first. And that brings the opponents' pitcher to the bat, and there will be two out. He can't afford to bunt, he must hit. He is a weak batter. He has struck out twice already. It is much better to have the sure out, two out, a man on third, a weak hitter up, than two on, one out, a weaker hitter who can, however, bunt (with only one out), and a leader of the batting list on deck!" (Fig. 2).

The two diagrams show this simple little bit of strategy very clearly, and the boy who worked this out on a piece of paper, after seeing this particular catcher lose a game, himself shut off a winning rally the very next afternoon with just the play here suggested—which might be called "taking the *safe* chance."

Perhaps the simplest, best-known piece of base-ball strategy is the "hit-and-run." With a runner on first, the signal is flashed that the batter will hit, say, the third pitched ball (if he can).

The base-runner gets as long a lead as he dares, and the instant the pitcher draws back his arm for the pitch, is off for second. If the batter misses the ball (as when the catcher has guessed the play and called for a pitch-out), the runner is making a straight steal; with perfect handling, he should be out at second by six feet or more. If the batter hits the ball, he may hit into a double play; he may simply "force" the man going to second; he may hit a plain sacrifice; or he may send the ball through the second baseman's position (second baseman having covered the bag to take the throw, as he sees the runner on first start), with the result that this runner careers on to third—which is really the whole object of the play (Fig. 3).

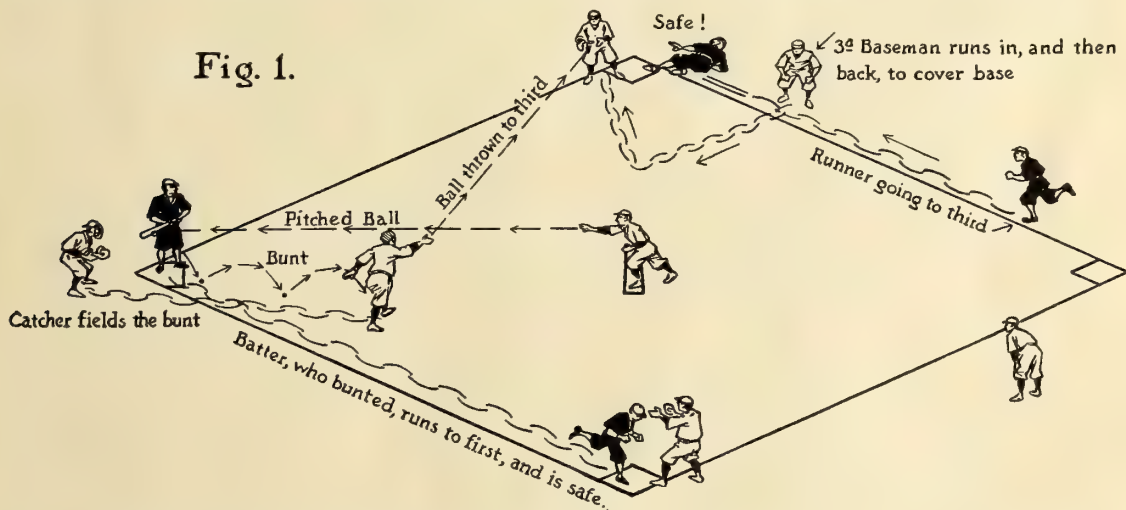
Base-ball generals have lain awake nights devising ways to stop this play. Some of them are quite wonderfully conceived, indeed! A small lad I know came to me recently with a diagram and many smiles.

"Why won't this stop it?" he wanted to know. "When the runner on first starts to steal, the second baseman covers second and the first baseman runs to the second baseman's position in the field.

And my little friend retired, crestfallen, to think up a better scheme. If the batter did hit over first base, with the first baseman drawn away to cover the second baseman's territory, the *probable* result would be an exciting play at the plate, and a man on third,—and all resulting from what should only have been, normally, a sure out, or, at most, a short single.

Generally speaking, the "antidote" for the hit-and-run is the "pitch-out." A careful attention to the outs, the inning, the score, the desperation of the attacking side, the character of the man at bat (that is, what he has done before, that day), and, if possible, a reading of the hit-and-run signal, will tell the expert catcher when the hit-and-run is to be tried, and enable him to call for the pitch-out, which will give him a chance to nail the runner at second (Fig. 4).

Base-runners, as they run well or ill, have much to do with the successful work of pitchers. The more runs the nine wins, the more easily the pitcher can work; the less "lead" the nine gives the pitcher, the more he must "put on the ball." Similarly, with a close game, the least wobble in base-running tactics may mean the game—get-



THE PLAY AS IT WAS PLAYED.

Pitcher pitches, ball is bunted, catcher runs in and fields bunt, has an F. C., and elects to throw to third. Third baseman runs in on the bunt, sees catcher is fielding it, scuttles back to third. Runner on second with long lead beats the throw, hook-slides around third baseman, and is safe, since he was not forced, and baseman had to touch him. Meanwhile bunter gets safe at first. Next batter also bunts, a run is scored, man now on first gets to second, and the following batter (top of batting order) hits a single, when man then on second scores, making two runs, which win game.

Then the ball, if hit toward the second baseman's field position, is stopped by the first baseman. And if there is no hit, there is some one on second to take the throw!"

And that was all right as far as it went. But I asked the lad this question:

"Suppose the batter hits directly over or just inside first base. Who is to field the ball then?"

ting caught off the sacks may not necessarily mean bad base-ball, but it is certainly an example of strategy gone wrong!

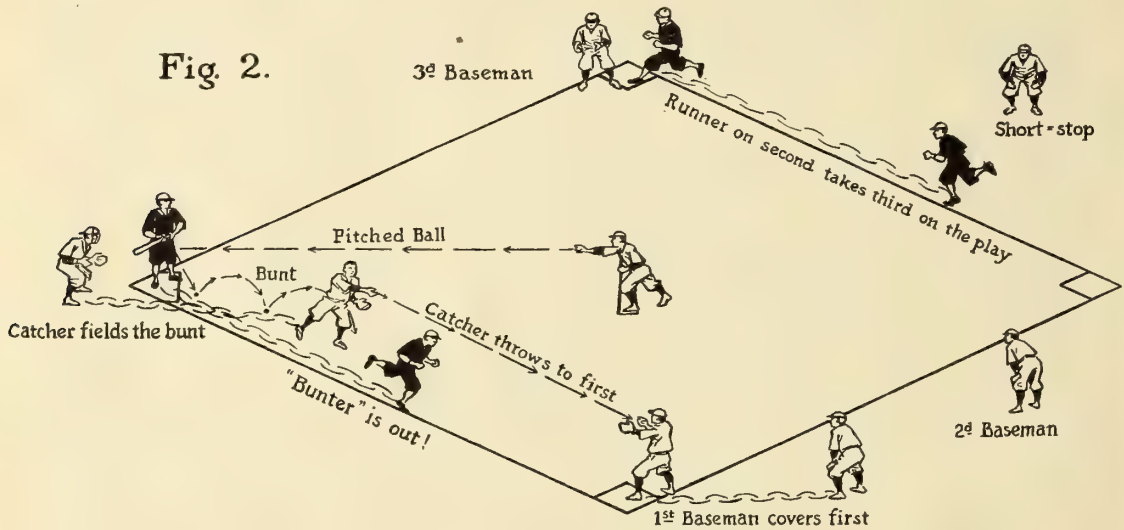
You remember, of course, the time Snodgrass, of the Giants, spiked Baker, of the Athletics, and there was such a howl raised about the New York player and his methods? Some one was anxious to stir up trouble, for, as every player

knows, with the score a tie in the tenth inning, and the chance to score in sight, no player is bothering about another, or laying plans to hurt him. What the runner wants to do is to score!

Snodgrass was on second. Lapp was catching. He was letting the Giant base-runner take a long lead, and he was getting pitch-outs, too, to catch him if he stole. He wanted him to try to steal. And Snodgrass wanted to steal. But he was afraid—afraid with the anxiety which must come to him who knows that on his shoulders

to Snodgrass, had permitted him long leads, and then had frightened him with wide pitch-outs, which Snodgrass was in the best position to see. So he had Snodgrass "going back" with the pitch—and that is not the way to steal bases!

Probably in no place in a game is the strategic brain of the captain or manager worked harder than with the "acute situation" to deal with. The acute situation, as every one knows, consists in having a man on third and one on first. It is acute with none out, more acute with one out,



THE PLAY AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN MADE.

Pitcher pitches, ball is bunted, catcher runs in and fields bunt, has an F. C., and elects first base. First baseman runs in, covers bag, receives throw, and runner who bunted is out by yards. Runner on second is easily safe at third base. But there are now two out, and the pitcher, a weak hitter, up. There being two out, he cannot bunt with any prospect of the play being successful. A hit is the only thing which will help. Being a weak hitter, he strikes out, and the side retires with no runs over. Compare with result as in other diagram.

Note for both diagrams: To avoid confusion, only the movements of players who take part in the play are shown. Of course every fielder starts in on an expected bunt, and, once the man who is to field it is clearly seen by the rest, the basemen all cover their bags. These movements are omitted in all diagrams for the sake of plainness.

rests, for the time being, not only the game, but perhaps a World's Championship. Finally Lapp had a passed ball. It may have been an intentional one—no one knows but Lapp. At any rate, it was short. But Snodgrass was not in position to take advantage of it—Lapp's evident alertness and those pitch-outs had made him nervous, and with every pitch he had started *back* a little toward second. He did so this time, then saw the passed ball, sprinted for third, crashed feet first into Baker, spiking him, was called out, and the Giants' chances went glimmering! Whether the passed ball was intentional or not, whether Lapp let the ball roll a few feet from him in an attempt to tease Snodgrass into trying for third, or whether it was an incident of the game, matters not. The strategy of the Athletics' catcher had caught Snodgrass just as surely, for he had had his pitcher pay no attention

and most acute with two out, from the standpoint of the running side. Of course, to the defense, the more men out, the easier the play seems!

The situation is acute because there are so many ways of dealing with it, and so many different angles of the play. Thus, the man on first steals second madly, the catcher throws to second to catch the thief, the runner on third scores. Lovely! Only it is almost never worked that way in the Big Leagues. Generally, it is like this: the man on first starts to steal second, the catcher throws, the man on third starts home, the throw goes to short-stop or second baseman, who has come in to take the throw, the ball is returned, and the run is cut off at the plate (Fig. 5). But this short-throw play had not been worked more than a dozen times before managers began to go about the offense differently. Instead of starting for second like a sprinter doing

the hundred-yard dash, the runner on first proceeded to jog, sometimes even to walk to second base! This was awful, indeed! Think of a club which permitted a base-runner to *walk* to second base! Yet the quick throw to the short-stop coming in and his return to the plate did not do a bit of good against the runner who tried to steal second base *slowly*. He merely kept on jogging and laughed, and, of course, the man on third, seeing the man going to second so slowly, watched for the fielder coming in and made his run back to third instead of to home. Meanwhile, the minute the short-stop let the ball fly to catcher, the man going to first woke up and ran in earnest, and with his lead of half the distance, no catcher could catch him. Result, one stolen base—a hit now means *two* runs!

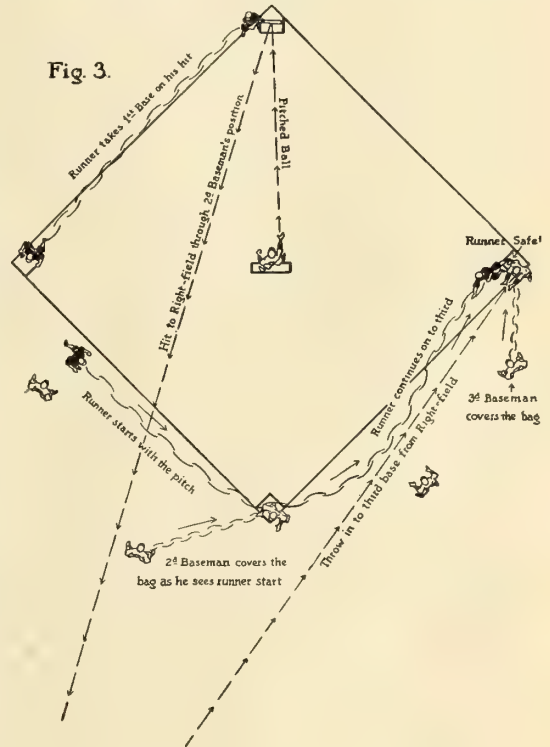
It took a little time for strategists to figure this out. But they did it. And the defense to the slow or "delayed" steal of second with a man on third, sometimes results in one of the prettiest plays in all base-ball. It consists simply in the short-stop, who runs in to take the short throw, holding the ball and making a motion to throw to third, which chases the runner back to third. Meanwhile, the short-stop is dancing over toward second base. Finally he throws the ball to second base, and the runner from first starts back to first again. He is either allowed to get back to first safely, or is run down, each fielder keeping a watchful eye on the man on third, and the instant he makes a break for the plate, leaving the man between first and second alone, and sending the ball home. Properly executed, this series of plays becomes spectacular in the highest degree, and it takes a cool hand, and an old one with the score book, to get all the "assists," "steals," "outs," and "put-outs" properly credited. Although it is too complicated to diagram, it shows beautifully on the record, and on the field it illustrates base-ball strategy (as contrasted with straight-hitting and straight-running base-ball) in the highest degree.

Have you ever sat in the stand and berated the pitcher for turning and throwing to first to keep an over-anxious base-runner glued to his sack, and scolded him for not, apparently, making any real effort to get the runner? And then have you cheered mightily when the catcher threw to the first baseman, who caught the runner off with neatness and despatch?

"Oh," you may have said, "that *catcher* knows his business, at any rate! Nothing weak about *his* throwing down to first! The pitcher could have done it a dozen times! He must be lazy. But, my! how that catcher did line that ball down! He's playing some ball, all right!"

Of course you have! And, in so doing, you may have shown that you do not always recognize strategy and generalship when you see it, and have demonstrated one of the reasons a ball-player cares so little for either the cheers or the jeers of the stands. He knows they cheer only at the obvious, and jeer when there is nothing to jeer at—so he just "does n't care."

What actually happened may have been something like this: the batter gets a short single—perhaps the first his side has had in four or five



THE HIT-AND-RUN, WHEN IT WORKS.

Pitcher delivers ball—runner on first starts with the throw. Second baseman, seeing runner start, covers second base. But batter hits the ball through second baseman's position. He would field it if he was there, but he is covering second to take the catcher's throw in case batter fails to hit. As batter does make base-hit, runner, with flying start, continues to third, beats the throw in from outfield by a slide, and takes two bases on a single. Batter, of course, is safe at first.

Note: If short-stop covers bag, of course second baseman would field ball. But, then, if batter hits through short-stop's position, the same conditions obtain.

innings. The coacher seems crazy. The manager is elated. The stands cheer. The pitcher and catcher approach each other.

"Tell him all about it now," yell the fans.

"Tease him a bit,—he's anxious," is what the catcher says.

So the pitcher pretends to be very watchful indeed, but throws rather lazily to first. The first baseman, who knows what those lazy throws mean, makes a great pretense of jabbing around

with the ball, trying to reach an elusive leg as it comes sliding back. Perhaps he even pretends to be a little lazy himself.

"You're too quick for me," he says with a grin, as the runner dances away, just a little farther. Then, when the pitcher, apparently disgusted at the violent yells from the stands to "Play ball!" "Go on with the game," etc., *does* pitch, he pitches wide, the first baseman darts back to the bag with the pitch, the catcher, waiting, turns and hurls the ball down to first, and the runner, having been teased and excited into taking a long lead, is caught "flat-footed." That is base-ball strategy, and the pitcher's lazy throws were as much a part of it as anything else, since they were designed to give the base-runner the idea that he could take liberties, get a little farther off, in his lead, every time, until finally, flushed with success and his agility in eluding being touched out, he dares just a bit too much, and then—zing! goes the ball *from the catcher*, and the runner is out!

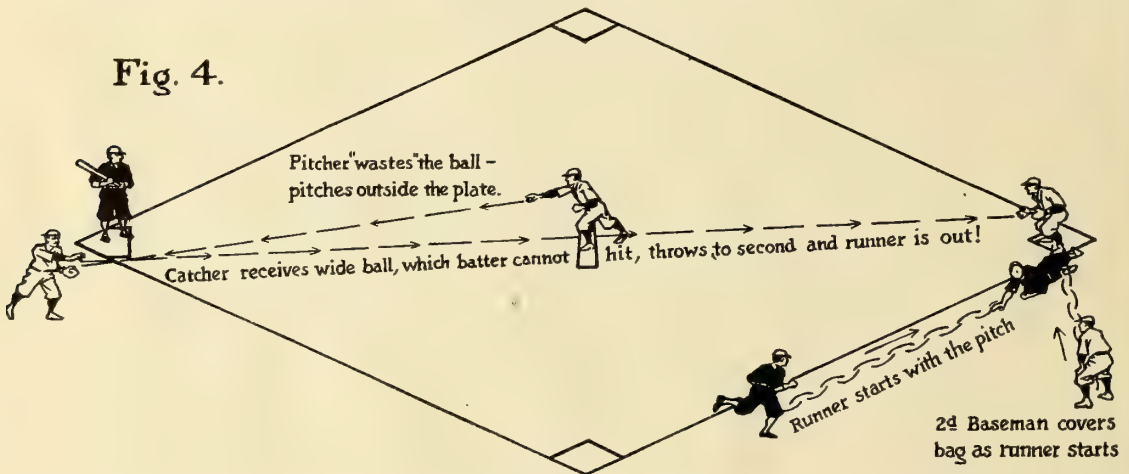
But even when "catching him flat-footed" is not possible, or, if tried, is unsuccessful, the lazy

poised on tiptoe, arms swinging; every muscle straining, first toward second, then back toward first; watching the pitcher like a hawk, and keeping an eye on the catcher, the first baseman, and his own coacher,—all this is tiring to a base-runner. And half a dozen slides back to first will "take the edge" off any runner for the time being. It may slow him up but a quarter of a second in his run for second base when he does make it—but a quarter of a second means three feet!

On the other hand, the oftener the pitcher can be made to throw to first, particularly if he can be teased into throwing hard, the more he "throws out of his arm," and the less effective he is going to be later in the game. Which is another reason for a pitcher's not hurling down to first too hard, not to mention that always possible error in which an overthrow "throws away the game."

It is a curious thing, how much base-ball so many base-ball fans don't understand! Of course, nobody knows all of base-ball; not even the players, or the managers, or the captains, know it all. Every now and then you will hear

Fig. 4.



HOW THE HIT-AND-RUN IS STOPPED.

Catcher guesses the play, and calls for a waste ball. Pitcher pitches outside the plate; batter cannot hit it. Runner on first starts with the pitch. Second baseman covers bag. Catcher gets ball, throws to second baseman covering bag, and runner is easily tagged out. Compare with Fig. 2 and see what happens when batter hits—this diagram shows exactly why second baseman (or short-stop, as case may be) must cover bag whenever runner is seen to start with the pitch.

throws from the pitcher have their use. With none out, a man on first and the game young, a steal is not apt to be tried at once.

"Wait and see if we can't hit a little," is generally the order.

But with *two* out, the man on first is going down to second if he possibly can; hence the greater alertness of the pitcher and catcher at that stage of the inning.

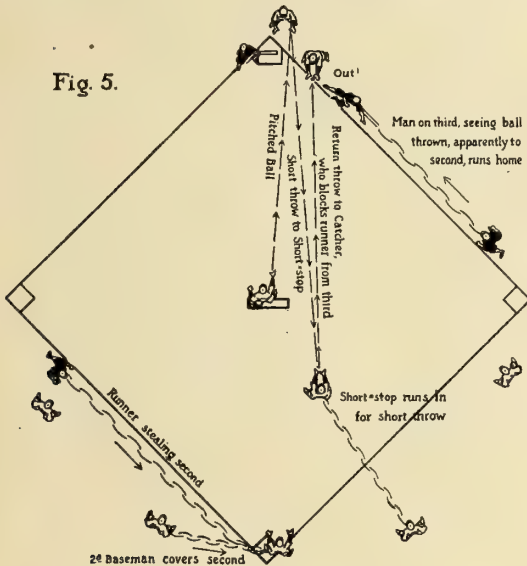
Now, standing eight or ten feet from the bag,

one of them say, "Well, I've been playing ball all my life, but that was a new one to me," referring to something that happened during the day's play. But the fan who shouts advice and condemnation, more often than not, does not really know anything about the real play of the game at all. He can appreciate a strike-out, or a three-base hit, or a neat bit of fielding, and probably knows why, with one out, the score a tie, and a man on third, the left-fielder lets a long foul

drop at his feet without making any effort to catch it; but there he stops.

"Why does not the infield play in for the runner on third to-day, when they played, oh, way in,

Fig. 5.



THE "ACUTE SITUATION."

Man on first and on third. Man on first starts to steal second. Catcher gets ball from pitcher and throws toward second. Runner on third, seeing ball thrown apparently to second, and second baseman running to cover the bag, starts home. Short-stop runs in, snatches the ball on the "short throw" long before it gets to second, and returns it to catcher at plate, who blocks runner and touches him out. While runner has time to score from third if ball really goes to second, he has not time if the throw is shortened. But the problem has complications when the runner on first steals second very slowly—since the temptation is then to play for him, and the man on third won't try to score while the delayed steal is being tried until he sees the play is being made for the runner from first.

yesterday, in *exactly* the same circumstances? They don't play base-ball—they just stand round and fool with the ball," exclaims a spectator.

But let us look at our score book. Yesterday there was a man on third in the fifth inning, with only one out. The score was a tie. The infield played way in, expecting a bunt. If the bunt got to any one's hands in time, the play would be at the plate, and the run cut off. If the batter hit it out and it went through the fielders, the run would score. But the run would score on a hit, no matter where the infield played. And if they played for a hit, of course there would be a bunt. So they had to play in for the bunt (Fig. 6).

But, to-day, the inning is the ninth, there is one out, a man on third, and the score five to one in favor of the team in the field. They don't play in, because they intend to *let* the man on third score, if, by so doing, they can get a good chance at the man going to first. What do they care whether the final score is five to one or five to four, so long as it is five to *something* in their

favor? Whereas, if they play in and *don't* field that bunt home in time, there will be a run in and still only one out, and so much more chance to prolong the game. And when you are ahead, it is a base-ball rule that the quicker the game ends, the better it is for you! The spectators forget, but the players don't forget, that there is always a chance of a hard throw home being fumbled, of the man sliding through or around the catcher, or the ball being dropped by the catcher in the *mêlée* at the plate. But the play to first base involves none of these risks—if the ball gets there first, that's all there is to it.

While strategic plays are often arranged by managers or captains, and result in plays involving half the infield, more often the strategic point which wins a game or cuts off a run is the result of some one individual's quick thinking or quick acting. An instance which illustrates the point came in the fourth inning of the first game in the last World's Championship Series; and as the score was two to one in favor of New York, it can fairly be said to have saved the day. Snodgrass received a base on balls—a welcome gift, as the hitting done against Bender that day was very light indeed. Murray sacrificed Snodgrass along, being retired at first, Collins to Davis. Merkle, crazy for a hit which would bring Snodgrass home, was over-anxious, and Bender struck him out, amid a demonstration of cheers from the crowded stands. Then Herzog was up, and he "came across" with a stinging grounder to Collins. Snodgrass raced for third as the ball was hit. Collins, ordinarily a sure fielder of grounders, fumbled; either the ball was too hard hit to handle, or he was over-nervous. Devlin, coaching at third, took a chance, and showed that his wise old base-ball head had learned much of strategy in its many years of guiding a crack player's body. He sent Snodgrass home! It was a chance, of course, and many a coacher would have hesitated to take it. But Devlin saw a mental picture and acted on it. He acted in the wink of an eye; yet what must have raced through his brain was this: "A fumble—rather short throw—ought to be accurate to catch Snodgrass—but Snodgrass has a flying start—is still running—Collins won't expect him to go home—will straighten up with the ball—then, suddenly seeing Snodgrass still going, he will throw—maybe a *wild* throw—*Go it, old boy!*" and his waving arms also told Snodgrass to scoot for home. The runner, of course, had no idea where the ball was, but the stands' uproar and a downward wave of Devlin's arm as he passed, told him the play would be close. So he slid at the plate—and slid safely, for Collins did exactly as Devlin had fig-

ured he would be apt to do—he sent home a throw which, though a fine one considering his position and the haste with which it was made, was yet anything but perfect, and by the time the ball was caught off to one side of the plate, Snodgrass was home! That was Devlin's run, if Snodgrass did make it, and it showed a baseball strategic mind of a high order to think all that out and send the runner home in the tiny fraction of a second in which it had to be accomplished.

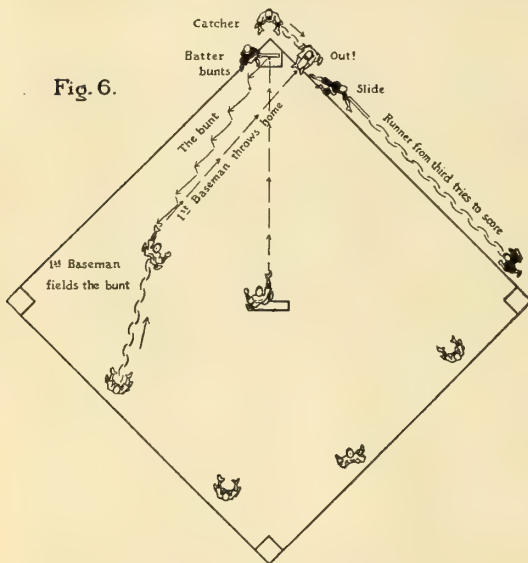
McGraw, king of strategists, says that base-stealing is "the gentle art of taking first a lead, and then a chance." Strategy then can surely be called "risking the opportunity!"

Not to be outdone, Myers, the great Giant catcher, showed his head-work as on a par with his arm. Ordinarily a man, when on first, does not steal second from a hit which has opened an inning. The chances are too good for a pass which will advance him automatically; or a hit-and-run, perhaps; or a hit or "sacrifice" which

and Baker could hit a single, the game would be won right there. Whereas, if he stayed on first and Baker singled, he might be held on second or third, and Murphy, who followed, had been helpless before Mathewson. So Myers watched his chance, and signaled to Mathewson for a "pitch-out" as Collins started for second; and Collins was easily retired with an accurate throw, as in Fig. 4, and the Athletics were never dangerous again. Later, the Giants batted out a clean run, and won the game strictly on their merits, for while Collins's fumble gave them their first run, it was Devlin's brains and judgment which made it possible, and it was Myers who cut off Collins from the chance of a score. True, Baker did not follow with a hit, but with Collins on second, there is no telling what he might have done. Indeed, later in the series, he demonstrated with two home runs and seven other hits, what he could do!

Before the "infield fly" rule was decreed, double plays in which runners had no chance at all, were occasionally made. With first base and second base occupied, for instance, the batter would send a little fly toward second base. The short-stop would let it fall—"trap it," in other words—thus making it a hit. The two men on the bases would then *have to advance*. Short-stop would pick up the ball, touch the man running from second to third (who had not dared to start until he saw whether the ball was caught or not), then toss the ball to second, thus retiring the runner from first by a force-out, and perhaps there might still be even a chance to get the runner coming down to first, by a quick throw. If so, it would complete a triple play. Now, however, with less than two out and first and second occupied, the umpire calls "infield fly" as soon as such a ball is hit, and the batter is automatically out, whether the ball be caught or dropped.

Nevertheless, a play on the "trap" order is not quite extinct, though managed in another way. A splendid example of it occurred in a game between Chicago and New York, in 1908, which finally ended two to one in favor of Chicago. With New York runners on second and third, and no one out in the seventh, things looked blue for Chicago. They looked worse when Seymour hit a high, short fly to right—a "Texas Leaguer." For Evers stood still; he made no move for the ball. Chance was too far off to field it. The man on third, seeing this, scuttled for home, and the man on second hurried for third, while Seymour tore down to first. But Evers was taking a chance. Once the runners were started, he made a wild dash, just managed to reach the ball,



PLAYING IN FOR A BUNT.

A man on third, one out, fifth inning, score a tie. The run at the plate must be cut off if possible. If a hit results, or a hard-hit ball which could be fielded to first (but not to home), the run scores anyhow. If they play back for a ball like this, a bunt is sure. So they play in for a bunt, the first baseman fields it, and the run is cut off.

But in the ninth inning and the fielding side far ahead, with one out, they play back, knowing that they can run in for a bunt in time to get the man at first, which will prevent the long continuance of the game, even if the runner on third scores, and sure they can also field the hard-hit ball to first.

may result in a fumble, thus giving two men a base instead of one. But Myers figured it all out that with the score a tie in the sixth inning, Collins would try to steal. Baker followed Collins, and Collins knew that if he was on second



SCENE DURING A GAME AT WASHINGTON PARK, BROOKLYN—THE "HOME GROUNDS" OF THE BROOKLYN CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE.

caught and clung to it; then, with the peculiar throw which he seems able to manage from any position, no matter how contorted he may be, he threw to the plate. Every runner immediately scuttled back to base! And Kling, seeing this, ran in on the throw, caught it, and doubled the runner at second base—and there were two out and *no score!* That ended *that* rally! Note that Evers did not try to double Seymour at first—he *first* cut off the run—then let Kling and Tinker do the double! Had Evers done as he could well

have done, trotted back and caught the little fly with ease, there would have been no attempt to run by any one; and there would have been but one out. But he tricked the runners into thinking the ball would fall safe—that he had lost its direction in the sun—and so he got a double play and no score. And that is *another* of the plays which Evers thinks up and displays on the instant—another evidence of the lightning-quick brain which so well directs the lightning-quick body. Thus skill *plus* strategy makes the star!

(To be continued.)

THE PANTRY GHOSTS

BY FREDERIC RICHARDSON

LAST night I had a horrid dream—
I cannot tell you why—
Huge pies and cakes of chocolate cream
And doughnuts passing by.

They looked at me with wicked joy.
I thought I heard them say,
"By night we haunt the foolish boy
That haunts our shelf by day.

"Behind us comes a nightmare grim—
You 'd better hide your head!—
And then some Things, all pale and dim;
So crawl down in your bed.

"We never mind a little slice,—
A bite or two,—but when
You eat *too much*, it is n't nice,
And we shall come again!"

IN THE MOUTH OF A CANNON

(A True Story)

BY MARY RICHARDS BERRY

"I SEE a star! Oh, I say, Father, is n't it 'most time to set off the rockets now?"

"Be quiet, you youngsters! Of course Father is n't going to let you set off the rockets when it 's still as light as day. Anyhow, the sooner you set them off the sooner you will have to go to bed. Don't you know that?" And Dave effectually quieted his younger brothers with his words.

It was a very trying hour for these restless boys, as the last fire-cracker had burned their fingers, and there was not even a stray cap to be found on the lawn which had not been exploded in the toy pistols. The lemonade had been consumed, and the ice-cream, except the one dish apiece which Mother was saving until after the evening fireworks.

Father always let them have a few rockets, candles, pinwheels, and red fire, but this year they had treble the quantity, due to Uncle Jack's generosity, for he was spending his summer vacation with them, and declared that he wanted "a real patriotic Fourth."

Would the sun *never* go down, the younger children wondered, while the older boys lounged about on the veranda, trying, with the superiority of their years, to enter into the conversation of their elders; but nevertheless they were as anxious as the youngsters to begin the fun.

Presently Uncle Jack came to the rescue, saying:

"Suppose I tell you a Fourth of July story; something that happened to me when I was a lad about your size, Ned."

"Hurrah! Uncle Jack is going to tell us a story! Here, don't push so, you fellows; you need n't think you can have the whole step!"

Finally, after some good-natured disputing, the boys were all attention, and Uncle Jack began:

"As I said, I was about the size of Ned, and had just passed my twelfth birthday. We were living in Brooklyn at the time, and we boys often went fishing at Fort Hamilton, which was a good four-mile walk from our home. But we never minded the walk, thinking all the time of the fun we would have when we reached the water-front.



"WITHOUT FURTHER WARNING HE PICKED ME UP."

"One day a chum of mine, Hal Wilson, and I decided to go fishing, so, with poles over our shoulders and a bait-can in our hands, we were

soon on our way. A new pier had been recently built by the government, and, as it was longer than the others, we decided to try our luck off the end of it. We sat just beneath a new sixteen-inch-bore gun which overlooked the harbor, and cast in our hooks for bass, bluefish, or anything else that came our way.

"The fishing was good enough, but the trouble was with the *catching!* We had caught only a few small ones and were dangling our lines in a listless sort of way, when I was startled to hear a gruff voice just behind me. I looked up and saw a couple of men. By his hat I knew one of them was a soldier, though, by the way he stood, a cloak hid his uniform. They were both chunky fellows. One had a dark beard and smoked a big black cigar. The other was just the same build, but his hair and mustache were somewhat gray. As we lived so near the fort, I was accustomed to seeing soldiers, and should have paid no further attention to these men, had it not been for what they said and did to me.

"Hello, sonny!" said the man who was not smoking. 'How 'd you like to have me put you in the cannon and shoot you out?'

"I should n't like it, sir, for it would probably kill me,' I answered.

"Then I saw him wink at the other man, the one with the cigar, and, without further warning, he grabbed me, picked me up, and made as if to squeeze me into the mouth of that cannon, head first!

"Oh, you would n't have laughed, boys, if you had been in my place, for I was about the scarest lad you ever saw,—except Hal. He was so scared he took to his heels as soon as he saw the man pick me up.

"I struggled and kicked and yelled, certain sure that they were going to put me into the cannon's mouth, head and shoulders, in spite of all my squirming. This tussle did not last more than a few seconds, but it seemed almost hours before they stood me on my feet once more. I grabbed my precious string of fish and started to follow Hal's example, when each of the men drew a dime from his pocket and, handing them to me, smilingly assured me that I was not in the least harmed and had no cause for fear.

"I accepted their dimes, but, still fearing they might wish to repeat their performance, I started to skedaddle along the pier toward shore.

"I had gone only a short distance when I was stopped by another military man. He was tall and slim, and had a sad face. Evidently he had seen my late adventure, for he said to me:

"My boy, don't you know who that man is who spoke to you—the man with the cigar?"

"No, sir,' I answered, 'I don't.'

"Why, it is President Grant!" said he. 'And don't you know who that other man is that put you into the cannon?'



"AND WHO ARE YOU, SIR?"

"Again I confessed my ignorance, and he replied:

"Why that is General Phil Sheridan!"

"I was pretty well overawed at hearing all this, but still had courage to say:

"And who are you, sir?"

"I remember the sad-looking face relaxed into a smile, as he answered:

"Oh, I am General Sherman. The three of us have been inspecting these new guns and are now waiting down here at the pier for the cutter which is to take us to Jersey City. There it comes now, so good-by, my lad!"

"I ran home as fast as I could to tell my wonderful story to my mother and to show her my dimes. And if you will turn on the electric light," concluded Uncle Jack, "I will let you see them, too, for I have carried them ever since; only we must hurry, for here comes your father with the biggest bundle of fireworks I ever saw!"



From photographs, by permission of F. B. den Boer, Middelburg, Holland.
SUMMER DAYS ON THE ISLAND OF WALCHEREN, HOLLAND.

THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

CHAPTER XV

AN EXCITING DAY

OWNERS of launches and small steamers were driving a brisk trade carrying passengers across the lake to points near the circus grounds. About ten o'clock, the boys were ready to start. They had arranged with the owner of a launch to call for Mrs. Spencer and the girls, then stop at the camp landing for them, and continue on to Mr. Samuelson's dock, where Storer and Rutledge were to be picked up.

They ran up the signal on a little flagpole at the end of the landing, and awaited the coming of the launch.

"I wonder what 's happened," Bert said, looking up and down the lake. "He was to call at Mrs. Spencer's before ten o'clock, then come right down here. I don't see a sign of his old scow, and it 's ten after ten now."

"Well, let 's hang around awhile and see if he appears," Edgar suggested. "He may show up a little later, and we still have twenty minutes or so to spare."

So they waited. They fretted and waited some more. They grew increasingly impatient, but still they waited. They kept on waiting. Then they grew desperate, and decided to cease waiting.

Lefty volunteered to row up to Mrs. Spencer's landing and see the guests safely embarked on any craft that could be hailed. This done, he was to return to camp, and the boys would get across any way they could.

After a time, Lefty was observed in the distance, returning with all speed.

"Well, did you get 'em started?" Tom called.

Lefty shook his head.

"What 's up? Are n't they going?"

Lefty rested on his oars, and the boat floated in near the landing.

"No one was around the place," he reported.

"House all closed up?"

"Yes. House closed, and not a sign of anybody on the premises."

There was a moment of silence, while the campers reviewed the situation.

"Well," Tom announced finally, "I think they 're across the lake waiting for us. Maybe the old skipper got mixed up and took 'em over before he called for us. There comes a little launch. Let 's hail it! There 's no one on board,

and we can just about squeeze in. We can't take Storer and Rutledge, though. They 'll surely think we 're lost! We promised to call for them, you remember."

"Oh, well, when they find that we 're not coming, they 'll make up their minds that something 's happened, and get across some other way," Eliot assured them. "Come on! Yell, or the boat 'll go past!"

They raised a united shout, and a shrill toot from the whistle of the diminutive craft told them that their signal was heard. The bow swung around and pointed toward the landing, and the boys prepared to embark.

"There hardly will be room enough on board for all of us," the doctor declared, looking doubtfully at the approaching boat. "Perhaps the man will tow one of our boats behind. Then we can put our luncheon in it, with two or three of us to keep it from escaping."

The skipper of the small craft good-naturedly agreed (for a consideration) to tow the larger of the camp boats, so it was made fast to the stern of the launch, and the campers accepted his invitation to "pile in."

Lefty, Tom, and Tad sat in the rowboat. The others crowded on board the launch, and slowly it chugged across the lake, reaching the eastern shore at about half-past eleven.

Roads were thronged with vehicles of many varieties, and people fairly swarmed in the direction of the circus tents.

"If Mrs. Spencer and the girls are here, how shall we find them?" Jack asked in a perplexed tone. "There 's such a mob, it 'll be hard work."

"Just keep moving and looking," Tad responded. "We 're pretty sure to run across them."

About fifteen minutes later, they were walking along a road that led back toward the circus grounds. Suddenly a familiar voice hailed them from a shady retreat, and, quickly looking upward, they discovered Mrs. Spencer and the four girls sitting upon a light shawl spread on the grass. With them, as calm and cool (well, perhaps not cool, considering the temperature, but untroubled, certainly), as if the original arrangements had been exactly carried out, sat Storer and Rutledge.

"Greetings!" cried Storer. "Salutations and a cordial welcome! We 've been waiting for you to bring the lunch."

"Well, you do beat all!" gasped the doctor.

"How did you get here, and how long have you been waiting?"

"How did we get here? Why, your old friend Charon, the boatman, called for us just as we arranged yesterday."

"He did?"

"He was very prompt," Mrs. Spencer added. "He called at our landing at half-past nine. Fortunately, we were all ready. There were a number of passengers on board, and we wondered where all you Beaver Campers would find room. The launch did not stop at your landing, however, and we supposed that you would be called for later. We kept right on down the lake until Mr. Samuelson's dock was reached, and there Mr. Storer and Mr. Rutledge came on board. After that, we were taken straight across the lake, and here we have been since, waiting in this cool, quiet nook which Mr. Rutledge discovered for us."

"Well, would n't that jar you?" Lefty asked. "The ancient mariner never came near us."

Then they drew graphic word-pictures of their anxious waiting and final disappointment. Mrs. Spencer and the girls, however, expressed such hearty sympathy that they were soon comforted.

The land on one side of the road sloped upward rather abruptly for eight or ten feet, being level on top of the rise, and well shaded. Here the party arranged itself comfortably. In the distance could be seen the white tents of the circus, and as the parade would soon pass along the road below on its way to town, they decided to eat luncheon, and await there the "grand, glittering display of public pageantry."

"Ah!" Storer cried suddenly, pausing with a sandwich midway to its destruction. "Sounds of martial music smite my ears! The monster street parade must have started."

Sure enough, a procession of red wagons, gaily ornamented with gold-leaf, was rolling out of the big tent. The band rode in the first chariot, and certainly worked hard in an effort to let people know that the procession had started. Onward it moved, nearer and nearer to the party under the trees.

Storer rose, assumed the manner of a ring-master, and began to explain the features of the procession for the benefit of his audience.

"First, we have a bewildering bit of bewitching band. Next, you will kindly observe the gorgeous galaxy of glittering glory, gregariously grouped. Now approaches the ponderous procession of prepossessing pachyderms. Next in line, we discover a dismal drove of dilapidated dromedaries, together with a colossal class of celebrated camels. We now see some savage

specimens of untamed animals. Keep your seats, ladies. There is no danger! Here we have a terrifying, tempestuous tiger. Now a wild, wilful wolf. Next, a languorous, lacerating lion. There, a huge, haughty hippopotamus. In the next cage, a ravenous, raging rhinoceros. Finally, a gigantic, garrulous giraffe.

"Now the brave riders and fair rideresses enter upon the scene. Behold the prancing steeds! Observe the ease and grace with which they are controlled! Notice the spirited picture which is here presented.

"Here come the clowns—joy of youth, solace of age! Comical, curious, clever, charming, captivating!

"Ah! Here is the familiar tail-end of the procession! Our shrinking little warbler the caliope! Well, that 's all of the parade! Had n't we better amble along toward the tents?"

The others were willing, even eager, to start, so the party walked leisurely along toward the circus grounds. Already dark clouds were rolling together in the west, and the wind was rising.

"We 're going to have a storm before long, I 'm afraid," Doctor Halsey said, rather anxiously. "I wonder if that tent is put up strongly enough to be safe."

"They must strike storms once in a while," Tom remarked. "If there 's any way of making a tent storm-proof, I dare say the circus folks know all about it."

"We 'll be careful to sit under a spot that does n't leak," Jack added. "It diverts your interest to have water splashing down on your head."

They reached the circus grounds after a short walk, and secured the bits of cardboard that entitled them to the unspeakable bliss of a circus performance. Already people were gravitating toward the ticket wagon, going thence into the menagerie, and on to the main tent.

"Most of the animals are out helping to lengthen the parade," Eliot observed, looking around the almost deserted tent.

They procured programs and found their seats, and before long sounds of stirring music were heard outside. Nearer and nearer they came. Finally, with a crash of cymbals and a vigorous thumping of drums, the parade returned from its invasion of the town, and the performance began. The three rings at once became the centers of interest. Event followed event in rapid succession. Clowns performed all manner of droll antics. Horses danced gracefully to the music of waltzes and two-steps. Trapeze artists exhibited such skill and daring, that more than one spectator gasped apprehensively. Races of several varie-



"STORER ROSE AND BEGAN TO EXPLAIN THE FEATURES OF THE PROCESSION."

ties thrilled the excited watchers, and animals, more or less wild, gave convincing demonstrations of man's power over the brute creation.

Suddenly, a long rumble of thunder made itself heard above the varied noises of the circus. Sharp flashes of lightning could be seen through the canvas, and the wind blew with increasing violence, whirling loose papers and even small objects around in the confusion that precedes a storm.

The performance continued as if the hot July sun still shone. A vague restlessness, however, appeared among the spectators. A few made their way toward the exits. Others looked about them with undisguised apprehension. Attention was diverted from the rings.

"Shall we stay here, Mrs. Spencer, or seek some safer shelter?" the doctor inquired.

"I think we are quite safe," she replied quietly. "If we go outside, we may be exposed to the full force of the storm. It is probably only a thunder-shower. Perhaps the sun will be shining again when the performance is over."

The thunder rolled nearer and louder. The lightning flashes followed one another in rapid succession, and the wind gathered increasing strength. Now the rain came pattering and splashing down about the tent.

All at once came a blinding flash of lightning, followed almost immediately by a tremendous clap of thunder. At the same time, the flaming lights in the middle of the tent suddenly went out.

Women screamed in terror, and some of the spectators hastily fled toward the exits. Fortunately, the lights at either end of the tent still burned brightly, and nothing like a panic resulted, though many were visibly nervous and alarmed.

The Beaver Campers hastened to reassure Mrs.

Spencer and the girls, who were outwardly calm in spite of any misgivings which they may have felt.

Soon after the accident, the performance concluded abruptly, but most of the spectators kept



"HE APPROACHED THE MAN, WHO STEPPED BACKWARD IN ALARM."
(SEE PAGE 1019.)

their seats, choosing to remain under shelter. The mishap marked the climax of the storm. Presently the thunder was rolling faintly in the distance, the lightning flashes came more rarely, and the rain was falling less heavily.

"Well, this has been a great day!" Storer remarked cheerfully. "Who ever heard before of

a circus that presented acts not advertised nor entered on the program?"

"That was a real storm!" Rütledge added. "I'm afraid even the best of scenic artists would have failed to produce anything quite so realistic."

"We had everything but a blizzard with the hero and the shero lost in it," Lefty observed with a little laugh. "That would have been real drama."

"It's not raining much now," Tom announced a little later, "and people are moving out. Shall we swell the ranks?"

They should and did. They joined the slowly moving throng, and by the time they had gained the outer world, the rain had ceased, and sunshine was putting the dark clouds to rout.

There was some delay about getting across to the opposite shore, owing to the large number of people who desired to cross and the comparatively few boats at their disposal, but they reached Beaver Camp before sunset. Mrs. Spencer and the girls remained on the launch and continued up the lake a short distance to their landing, parting from the boys at the camp dock with cordial assurances of their pleasure and appreciation.

As they walked up the path, Lefty broke in upon the animated conversation with an exclamation of dismay.

"What's the matter, Lefty?" the doctor asked.

"Only that we'll have to sleep standing up to-night," he groaned dismally. "All our cots have been out there on the piazza during the storm, and I see their finish!"

And the others, without any difficulty, saw the same thing.

CHAPTER XVI

AN HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGE

"I wonder if we can't take a little trip while we're up in this region," Bert said one evening, as the Beaver Campers sat around the camp-fire.

"Easiest thing in the catalogue," Lefty assured him. "Tie a string about six inches from the ground across that path from the landing, and somebody will surely take a little trip."

"I believe it would be a good thing for several reasons," the doctor declared heartily.

"It would, undoubtedly," Lefty responded with equal heartiness. "For instance, it would illustrate the force of gravitation—"

"No, no! I was talking of the trip."

"Well, that's what I was talking of!"

"Where could we go?" Tom interposed hastily, fearing that the word-play might draw attention away from the original subject and that Bert's promising idea would be side-tracked.

"There is such a variety of possible trips that it is hard to make a selection," Doctor Halsey said slowly. "We can go back into the mountains of Vermont, or up north to St. Albans Bay—even farther, if you feel so disposed—with a side trip to Ausable Chasm. If you like, we can travel back from Westport to Keene Valley, and get up into the Adirondacks, or we can go south through country wonderfully rich in historical interest. North—south—east—west—the world is ours."

"It sounds like winter to talk of going south," Jack observed. "That trip up the lake, stopping at Ausable Chasm, sounds good to me."

"Yes, I'd like to see that while we're in this section," Tom said eagerly. "It must be great! All kinds of rocks, and waterfalls, and natural bridges, and rapids where you go shooting along in a boat—"

"What is there to see down the lake?" Jack interrupted.

"Well, there are the ruins of two forts—"

"There is a monument at Schuylerville worth going miles to see.

"Also there is the famous Revolutionary battlefield of Saratoga."

"You can keep right on going, if you start south," Bert observed. "There's nothing to stop you. Just sail down the lake, down the Champlain Canal, into the Hudson, and so on, into the ocean and the Gulf of Mexico."

"It's all very well to talk of taking trips," Edgar objected, "but where is the money coming from? It costs a heap to go gallivanting around the country."

"Well, if it's going to cost much, I see where this chicken stays in his own barn-yard," Lefty declared. "My income, gentlemen, is limited only by the size of my pocket-book."

"You have n't any pocket-book," Tom chuckled.

"Nor any income, either!"

"It ought not to cost so much," Eliot said thoughtfully. "There are certain things we have to buy every day, and I should n't think it would matter much whether we pay for them here or somewhere else."

"I suppose not—as long as we pay," Tom responded. "We've done well so far. I went over our accounts with the doctor a few days ago, and found that we had enough money left to carry us through the season, with a balance for emergencies."

"That comes to me," Lefty informed them. "I lost my balance yesterday."

"Even if we had boats, you would n't want to row so far, would you?" asked Cousin Willie.

"No, that 's too much of a pull," Bert declared. "We might do it in canoes if we had enough of them."

"I saw a dandy gasolene-launch for rent the other day," Tom announced. "The owner wants five dollars a day for it, though."

"People don't always get what they want," Tad reminded him. "If we bid twenty-five a week, I think we stand a very good show of getting it."

"Yes, but if you get it, who 's going to be engineer?" Jack wanted to know. "Can any fellow here run the engine or steer the thing?"

"Storer can," the doctor announced. "He knows all about engines and gasolene-launches and such things. He 's cruised around quite a bit."

"I see where he is asked to come with us, then!" Jack observed. "Most likely we 'd have wanted him and Rutledge in the crowd, anyhow. They spend about as much time here as they do down where they 're boarding. However, he 's sure now of a special invitation."

"He won't need much urging," Doctor Halsey assured them. "He and Rutledge will be glad to go, I am very sure."

"That 's settled then," Jack remarked, with evident satisfaction. "We have a boat and some one to run it. Now where 'll we go?"

"There are reasons why I think we 'd better postpone our trip north until later," the doctor responded. "We 'll see Ausable Chasm and the northern part of the lake before we go home, but not just now."

"Hist! a mystery!" Tad muttered.

"That trip south is all right," Tom assured them. "Let 's see, we sail right down the lake into the Champlain Canal, don't we?"

The doctor nodded. "Yes, and then as far down as we care to go. How long a trip do you fellows want to take?"

"Let 's hire the boat for a week, if we can get a special rate that way," Tom suggested. "Then we can start on Monday, and come back when we feel like it."

After considerable discussion, they arranged a plan for the proposed trip, "subject to change without notice," like a time-table.

Tom, with Tad and Jack, were to find the man who desired to rent his boat, and see what terms could be made with him. The doctor agreed to consult Storer and Rutledge, map out their course, and discuss transportation items. Bert, Lefty, and Cousin Willie were to inspect the supplies which the commissary department had on hand, and make a list of things needed. The others were instructed to gather as much infor-

mation as possible concerning points of historic interest in the country through which they would pass.

The rest of the week was spent in preparation. They secured the use of the launch for six days at a cost of twenty-five dollars, and planned to leave camp Monday morning, returning Saturday night.

Storer and Rutledge were enthusiastic over the proposed trip, and suggested that they travel as far south as Albany, stopping on the way down to examine any point of interest. Supplies were purchased and the hour of departure was impatiently awaited.

Monday morning dawned fair and warm. The launch was lying at the camp landing, and the boys' first duty was to convey supplies on board. They worked busily, and before ten o'clock everything was in readiness for a start.

Mrs. Spencer and the four girls came down to witness their departure, and to wish them a pleasant trip.

When each had taken his place in the launch, Storer busied himself with wheels and levers, the whistle tooted a shrill farewell, parting words were exchanged with those on shore, and the *Rainbow* moved away from the landing, and started down the lake.

Rutledge was steering, with Lefty and Eliot watching him carefully and learning how to handle the wheel. Bert and the doctor were listening to Storer's explanation of the engine, and the uses of various levers, wheels, and mechanical devices.

"It looks simple," Bert remarked.

"Why, yes," Storer assured him. "It 's just a matter of doing the right thing at the right time. Try it awhile, Bert! Nothing like practice, you know. She 's running all right now, and we have a clear stretch ahead."

Bert settled himself to watch the engine, while Storer wiped his hands on some cotton waste and walked forward. He faced the boys, assuming the manner of a lecturer, and commenced:

"Gentlemen and fellow-*Rainbow*-chasers! I desire to call your attention to the beautiful and interesting country through which we are passing. On your left, you see Vermont, with the Green Mountains in the distance. Here it is that the famous green cheese is prepared, from which the moon is made. Vermont is celebrated for many things, among which are quarries, maple-sugar, and Beaver Camp.

"On your right, you see the State of New York, with the Adirondacks standing out in bold relief against the—er—the cerulean blue. Adirondacks is an Indian word, meaning 'high.'"

"The guide-book says that Adirondacks is a name the Iroquois gave the Algonquins," Eliot remarked. "It means, 'he eats bark.'"

"Speaking of eating reminds me that it is almost time for lunch," Charlie ventured.

"Sure! That 's what I say!" Tad agreed. "There 's a good shady spot over yonder."

Rutledge took the wheel and guided the boat close to the high bank. The campers had no difficulty in going ashore, and soon made themselves at home.

Their first meal consisted largely of peanut-butter sandwiches, crackers, and apples which were furnished by a neighboring tree.

In the midst of their feast, sounds of rapidly approaching footsteps reached their ears, and presently two men, one short, stout, and red-faced, the other tall, awkward, and raw-boned, appeared on the scene.

"What 'r' ye doin' here?" cried one of them. "Can't ye read the signs I put up, warning trespassers to keep off?"

As the men drew nearer, Storer sprang to his feet with every appearance of alarm, and waved the pair back with warning gestures.

"Don't come any closer if you value your welfare!" he cried. "We 're doctors, in charge of these boys. And you don't want to catch what they 've got!"

The men stopped. "What is it?" asked the raw-boned one.

"I don't want to frighten the whole neighborhood, but I warn you to keep away!"

The thin man retreated at least ten feet, but the other held his ground.

"I don't believe a word of it! and I 'll have the law on ye!" he declared. "You watch 'em, Hiram! Don't let 'em get into that boat. I 'll go and get the constable. I vowed I 'd make 'n example of the next ones that trespassed on these 'ere premises."

He strode off, leaving the lanky Hiram to detain the invaders.

"If you stay on guard, Hiram, I 'd advise you to be vaccinated," Storer went on.

He approached the man, who stepped backward in alarm.

"Go 'way from me!" he cried in terror.

The campers hastily scrambled on board the *Rainbow*, Storer ran down and leaped in after them, and they soon left Hiram far behind, and hastened steadily southward, stopping at Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga, and recalling, as they wandered over the historic ground, the scenes which the crumbling walls had witnessed.

The fort at Ticonderoga has been restored to a condition as nearly as possible like that of Revolutionary days, and the boys spent considerable time in exploring the interesting building.

They camped that night along the shore near the south end of the lake, continuing their journey the next morning after an early swim in the cool water.

The second day of their cruise found them at Schuylerville, where they stopped to inspect the impressive Saratoga Battle Monument, climbing to its very top and studying as they went the bronze tablets depicting Revolutionary scenes. They felt well repaid for their toilsome climb by the magnificent panorama spread out below. North—south—east—west—every direction revealed a picture of surpassing beauty. Here they lingered nearly two hours.

Bemis Heights and the Saratoga battle-field were explored next. Aided by monuments which mark important spots, and by the unusually clear and interesting report of this battle which they recently had read in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," the Beaver Campers were able to live over again in imagination this stirring and important campaign.

Wednesday morning was cloudy, with heavy showers at intervals, so they took refuge in Stillwater and held a council of war.

"I think it 'll clear up this afternoon," the doctor announced. "Then we can resume our cruise."

The doctor's cheerful prediction was fulfilled. The sun shone brightly by one o'clock, and soon they were on their way.

Wednesday night found them in Troy, and most of Thursday was spent in exploring that city and Albany.

Friday morning, they started back toward camp, "all well, all happy, and all broke," as Lefty cheerfully reminded them.

"Yes, we 've spent all our surplus," Tom observed, "but we 've seen a lot of things that we 'll never forget. It was worth all we blew in!"

Saturday brought them back to Beaver Camp, and Storer agreed to convey the launch across to its owner.

The campers waited on the landing until he was almost out of sight.

"That 's the way all rainbows fade," Tad remarked. "They 're beautiful for a while, then they go away, and you have only memories."

"That 's right!" Lefty agreed. "Memories and appetites! I wonder if there 's anything in the bungalow to eat."

And they hurried up to investigate.

(To be continued.)

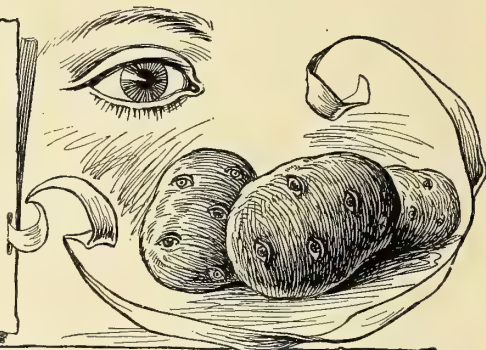


OLE DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

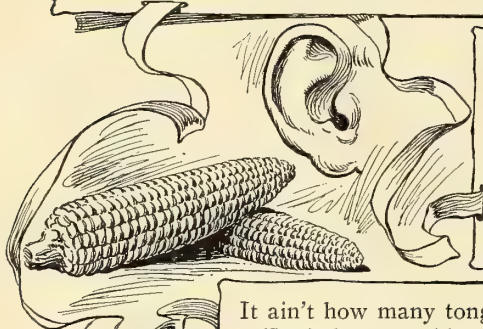
BY RUTH McENERY STUART

DAT 'S DE WAY MY LADY 'LL DO

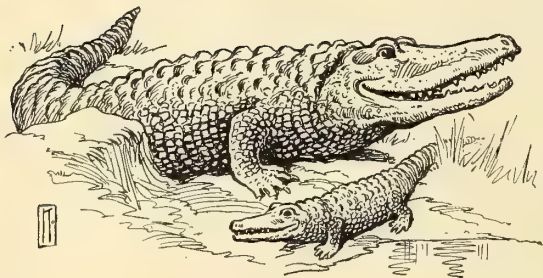
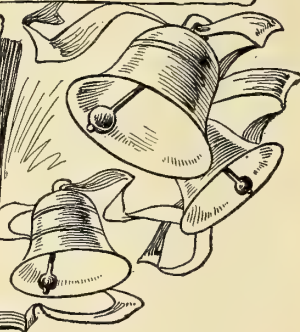
It ain't how many eyes you got,
'Les' needles could see an' potatoes, too;
An' "hookin' a' eye," as like as not,
Would be classed as a sin dat no lady 'd do.
But it 's keepin' yo' eyes turned to'des de
right,
An' to'des de wrong jes' shettin' 'em tight—
Lookin' out for ways to be polite—
Dat 's de way my lady 'd do!



It ain't how many ears you got
Dat makes you listen an' learn an' do;
Else a hill o' corn in a garden plot
Would be 'way ahead o' me an' you;
But it 's shettin' yo' ears to heartless speech,
An' listenin' whilst de teachers teach,
An' strivin' to practise mo' 'n to preach—
Dat 's de way my lady 'll do!



It ain't how many tongues you got,
'Les' shoes would talk an' wagons, too;
An' all de bells would gabble a lot,
An' tattle an' brag de long day th'ough;
But it 's gyardin' yo' tongue f'om talk dat's wrong,
An' passin' a helpful word along,
An' maybe singin' a hopeful song—
Dat 's de way my lady 'll do!

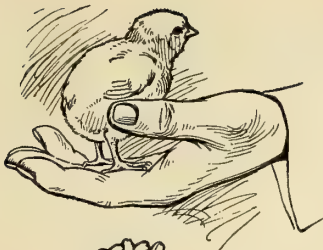


THE MAMMY ALLIGATOR

SAID de mammy alligator, wid a motherly grin:
"I niver liked babies wid dey dimples tucked in,
But our little pet, wid its horny hide,
Like its mammy's an' its daddy's, is de fam'ly
pride."
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

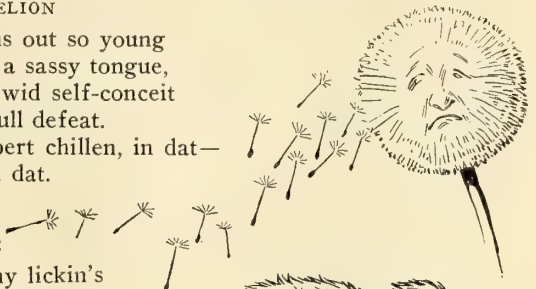
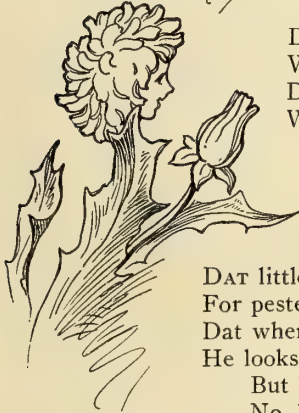
THE PET

DE little white chicken dat 's petted too much
Gits stunted in growth f'om de sp'ilin' touch.
An' she 'll niver make a hen so brave an' good
As ef she went a-pickin', an' worked wid de brood.
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.



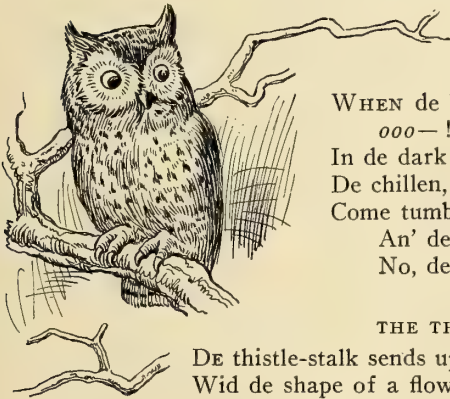
THE DANDELION

DE dandelion flower blooms out so young
Wid a look in its face like a sassy tongue,
Den it grows light-headed wid self-conceit
Wid a flighty ole age, for full defeat.
An' it ain't by itself, pert chillen, in dat—
No, it ain't by itself in dat.



A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

DAT little yaller pup 's got so many lickin's
For pesterin' all de ducks an' chickens,
Dat whenever he hears any barn-yard strife,
He looks over his shoulder an' runs for 's life.
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

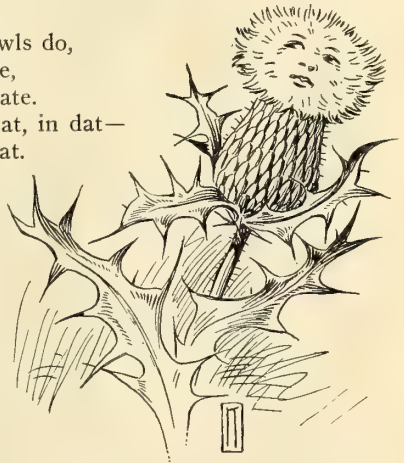


THE SCREECH-OWL

WHEN de big owl calls out "Who—ooo—
ooo—!!!!!"
In de dark o' de moon, like night-owls do,
De chillen, a-beggin' to play out late,
Come tumblin' back into Daddy's gate.
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—
No, dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

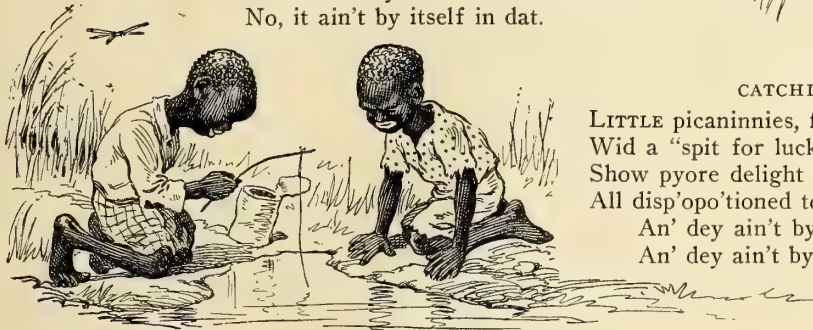
THE THISTLE

DE thistle-stalk sends up a noble bloom
Wid de shape of a flower an' de thought of a
plume,
But its prickly ways turn friendship down;
So it stands all alone, in its velvet gown.
An' it ain't by its lonesome self in dat—
No, it ain't by itself in dat.

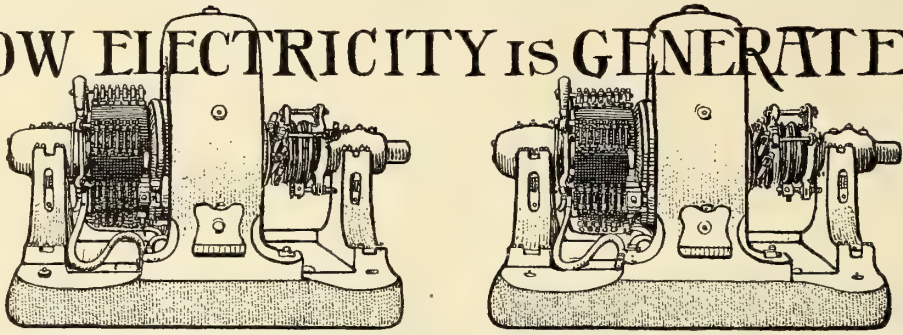


CATCHING DOODLE-BUGS

LITTLE picaninnies, fishin' in de doodle-bug holes,
Wid a "spit for luck," an' straws for poles,
Show pyore delight in de fisherman's aim
All disp'op'tioned to de game.
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat.



HOW ELECTRICITY IS GENERATED



BY ALBERT WALTON

ONE principle underlies almost the entire field of electrical development. And yet, strange to say, very few people not actually in the electrical business know of even the existence of this law or principle. Perhaps, however, this is not so strange, after all, for, though we see our electric lights and ride in electric cars, or use our telephone every day of our lives, these wonderful inventions are so common and work so well and are so seldom out of order, that we never see more than the outside of them, and it never occurs to us to wonder what makes them work as they do.

The incandescent lamp in your house, the arc lamp in the street, the motors under the car, all must have current supplied to them from a wire, and the current in the wire must come from some electrical generator. In almost every case this generator is a "dynamo," though, of course, there are other ways to supply it on a small scale. But, in commercial work, the dynamo is the source of electrical supply for all our lights and motors, telephone and telegraph systems, and the myriad other devices we depend upon for our daily comforts and necessities. It is interesting, therefore, to examine into this machine a little more

(1) If you send a current through a coil of insulated wire wrapped around a piece of iron, the iron immediately becomes a magnet—"electromagnet." (See Fig. 1.)

(2) The region around the magnet, especially at its ends, is influenced by the magnetism: that is, a "field of magnetism" is set up about the iron as soon as it becomes a magnet. (See Fig. 2.)

(3) If you pass a piece of wire sidewise across this magnetic field, an electric pressure will be set up in the wire somewhat as water pressure is set up in a water-pipe by a pump.

This pressure tends to force electricity from one end of the wire to the other; so if you were to continue the wire around in a loop and join the ends so as to form a complete ring, a current would flow right around the ring, forced by the pressure caused by passing a part of it through the magnetic field.

These three items, then, form the basis for the design of all our dynamos, from the little toy machines run by hand to the huge generators driven by steam turbines of ten thousand horsepower.

Now, if you should take in one hand a small straight magnet and in the other a loop of wire, and should move the loop past the end of the magnet, as a part of the loop cuts the magnetic field you would have generated an electric current in that wire. It will be a very small current, to be sure, but a true electric current will, nevertheless, flow around the loop. The stronger the magnet or the more magnets you have and the faster you move the wire, the greater will be the pressure, and, consequently, the current set up.

But, as we said, the best you can get by hand is a feeble current,—too feeble to be measured by any but the most sensitive of instruments. Sub-

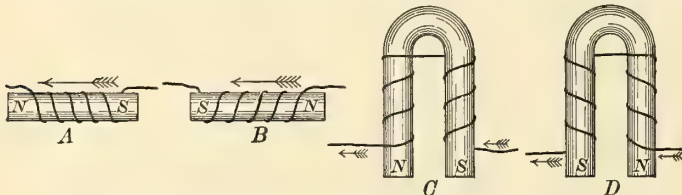


FIG. 1. A, B, C, D. ELECTRO-MAGNETS.

The arrows indicate the direction in which the current is moving. The poles are indicated by N and S.

closely than is possible on a casual visit to a power-house.

To understand how it operates one has to keep firmly in mind these three important facts:

pose, now, instead of having only one turn of wire you had not joined the ends to form a closed loop, but had brought them around again to form a double loop, and then, joining the ends, had performed the experiment. Two parts of the same wire would cut the magnetic field at once, and, the same pressure being set up in each part, twice the former current would flow. With three turns to the loop, or coil, three times the current would flow—and so on. The writer has performed this experiment in the field of a strong magnet with a coil of very fine wire of a great many turns, and, by jerking the coil very quickly through the field so as to cut it with one side of the coil, has been able to light a small battery lamp for an instant.

So, if you can get enough wire to cut the field of magnetism and do it fast enough and have the field strong enough, you can get very strong currents. But it would be of no use if the current continued but an instant, as it does in these experiments. So we arrange the turns of our coils on a cylinder or wheel, and fix a number

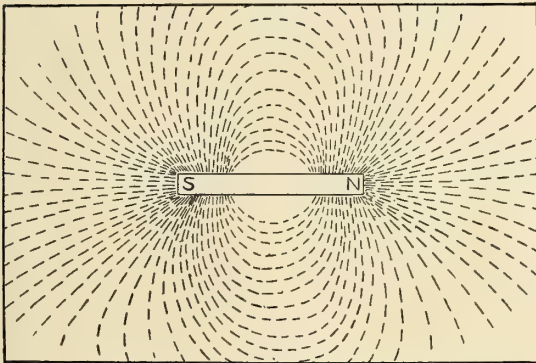


FIG. 2. THE FIELD OF MAGNETISM WITH THE MAGNETIC LINES OF FORCE, SHOWN IN CROSS-SECTION. THESE LINES ARE, OF COURSE, INVISIBLE.

of electro-magnets all around this and pointing toward it, and, by keeping the cylinder or wheel turning rapidly and continuously, we keep parts of our coils cutting the fields of magnetism all the time. And the pressures in all the small sections of wire that cut the fields add together and produce a continuous pressure around the cylinder in all the coils. (See Fig. 3.)

In the first machines made years ago by Thomas Edison there were only two magnets, and there was such a small coil of wire that he had to revolve the cylinder, upon which it was mounted, at a tremendously high rate of speed to make up for it. And even then, at over two thousand revolutions per minute, he got up an electrical pressure of only fifty "volts," or about one tenth of the pressure on our present trolley lines. In

contrast to this there are now machines in New York City with ninety-six magnets around a

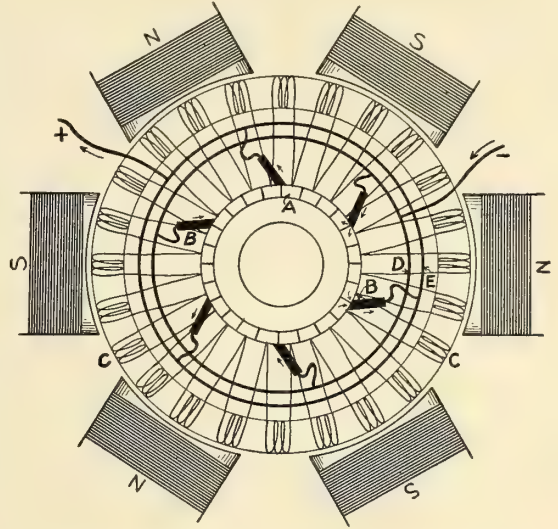


FIG. 3. DIAGRAM OF SIX-POLE GENERATOR, END VIEW. *A*, commutator segments; *B*, brushes; *C*, coils of wire collecting pressure impulses; *D*, wire connecting negative brushes; *E*, wire connecting positive brushes; *N-S*, the field magnets — *N*, north poles; *S*, south poles; +, the positive, or outflowing, current; —, the negative, or incoming, current.

huge wheel thirty-two feet in diameter, and they get from these machines a pressure of eleven thousand volts, and it takes an engine of eight thousand horse-power to run each of them. Al-

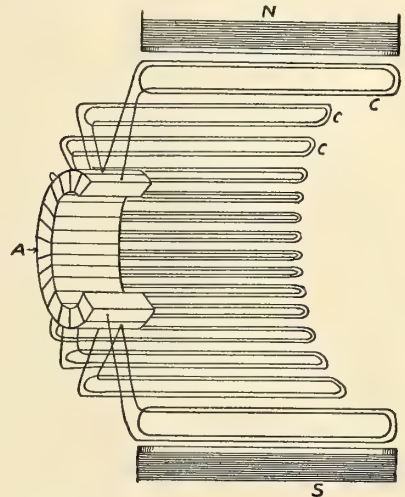


FIG. 4. DIAGRAM SHOWING SIDE VIEW OF ARMATURE WINDING, THE COILS, *c* (CORRESPONDING TO *c* IN FIGURE 3), AND HOW THEY ARE CONNECTED TO THE COMMUTATOR SEGMENTS, *A*. *N-S*, FIELD MAGNETS.

though the big wheel only turns over seventy-five times a minute, it is so big that the wires

cut the magnetic fields at the rate of a mile and a quarter a minute. So quite a pressure is set up in each part, and there is room for a great many sections of wire around so large a wheel.

But in order to use the pressure and current generated by thus passing these wires through the magnetic fields, it is necessary to take it from the coils and send it out over wire to where it is to be used. This is done in the commonest type of machine by arranging at one end of the cylinder or one side of the wheel a ring of small copper bars, each one connected by a copper wire to some part of the revolving coils. This ring of copper bars is called a commutator. Small blocks of "carbon," which is like compressed charcoal powder, are made to bear lightly on this revolving ring of bars, and are so placed that before one bar has passed out from under the block another is coming under it, so that at least one bar is always touching each block, or "brush," as it is called. (See Fig. 4.) By properly placing these "brushes" and connecting one set to the supply wire and the other set to the return wire, the current from the coils passes out to the copper bars and is "picked off," or is allowed to pass out, by one of these sets of brushes; goes out over the wire to the lights or motors and, coming

back on the return wire, goes into the coils again through the other set of brushes and the copper bars—all forced by the pressure set up in the innumerable small sections of wire cutting the magnetic fields. So, really, the wires outside the machine are like that part of the loop which you held in your hand in the first experiment, while the part of the loop which cut the magnetic field is mounted on the wheel and is continuously generating current as the wheel, or "armature," revolves.

So the work of a dynamo is simply to create an "electrical pressure" which will force a current to flow if a path is provided for it to flow through. This path is usually of copper wires leading to lights or motors or heaters which in themselves form part of the path the current follows. These wires are often very long and carry great amounts of power. In this country electric power is sometimes carried over two hundred miles from some mountain waterfall to a big city where there is a demand for it in all its many phases. In such cases the pressures are very high, fifty or sixty thousand volts, or over a thousand times as much as Edison obtained from his first machines. So much have we progressed in thirty years.

The Soul Serene

an aztec fable

When that grin, relentless deity, the Rain,

Compresses her big Sponge with might & main,

Gay Plumes & Summer Modes

flee in haste to

their Abodes!

But how calm
the walk of him
whose life is
plain.

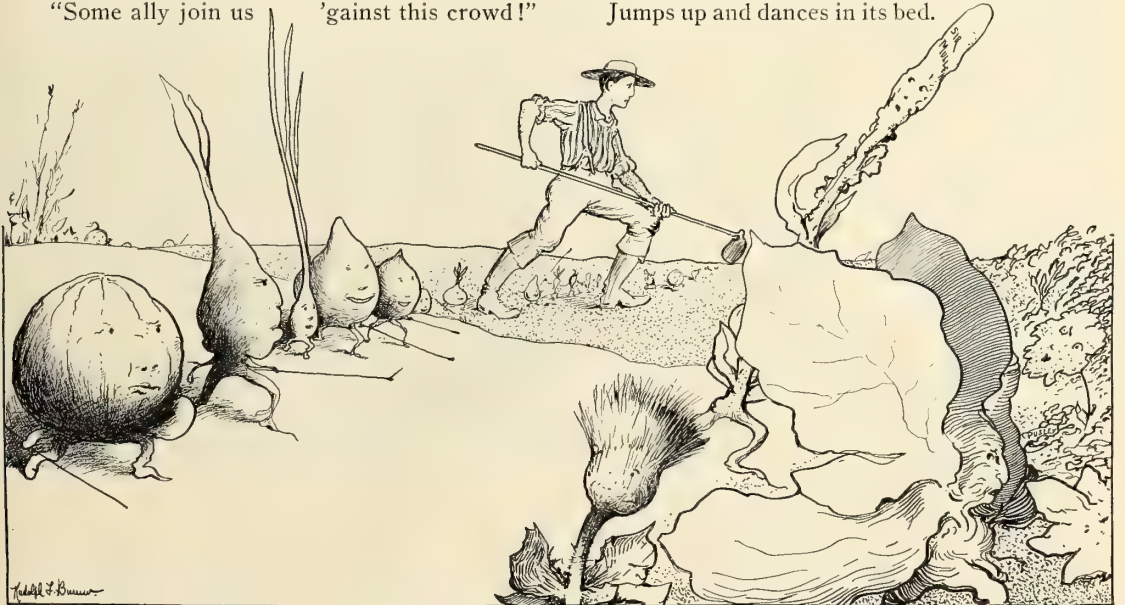




THE SUMMER BATTLE

THE tender vegetables cry,
 "Alas! alas! what do we spy?
 Armies of weeds our ranks assail,
 Our courage is of no avail!"
 Sir Beet so brave is faint of heart,
 E'en stout Old Squash may give a start
 When tough Lord Burdock joins the throng
 And tall Sir Mullein strides along.
 "Help! help!" they call in voices loud,
 "Some ally join us 'gainst this crowd!"

And at the cry there cometh, lo!
 The Man, the great Man with the Hoe!
 Now turns the tide of battle quick,
 The weeds fly fast and dare not stick,
 As all join in the charge so grand;
 The cantaloupes now have some sand,
 The merry corn its tassel waves,
 And says, "We never will be slaves";
 And every little radish red,
 Jumps up and dances in its bed.



HOW TO TIE KNOTS

BY H. D. JONES

NOTHING disgusts an old sailor quite so much as a landsman's clumsy attempts to tie a knot. Every one can tie a knot of some sort. But any one who thinks he or she knows how to tie a knot properly, and does n't do it as a sailor does it, has a lot to learn about the art of knot-tying.

Passing over in dignified silence the temptation to make a humorous point of the last words in the preceding sentence, the humor being entirely too obvious to deserve especial attention, let us return to the old sailor and his knotty point of order.



1. THE SLIP-KNOT THAT SLIPS WHEN IT SHOULD N'T.

He says landsmen only know how to tie "granny knots." The point is well taken. A landsman can tie what is called by him a "slip"-knot. A sailor will tell you the landsman's slip-knot is rightly named. It is a knot that slips; that is, one that slips when it ought to hold. The sailor ties his slip-knot so that it cannot slip in the way it is not wanted to. In fact, all the sailor's knots are tied to stay tied. For centuries the sailor has known that his very life may at times depend upon the firmness of a knot. So generations of sailors have had to study the art of knot-tying, seeking to improve on methods of fastening together two ends of rope or of joining the end or ends to a stationary object, so that nothing short of the breaking of the rope will cause a separation.

Through all these centuries, landsmen have gone contentedly on tying their "granny" or "slip"-knots, indifferent to the fund of information that sailors could give them on the subject. Men have n't time to learn to tie new knots. But boys have, or, at least, school-boys have.

This thought prompted one of the instructors

at the North East Manual Training School in Philadelphia to introduce his boys to scientific knotting. During his early life, this instructor had achieved a working acquaintance with all the knots used by sailors aboard ship, and this knowledge is now being imparted to the boys under his charge.

In the classroom is a case of specimen knots that the boys have to copy. All these knots are of a pattern calculated to be of most use to a landsman in his daily life. The knots are useful in many ways—

in tying a parcel, binding bundles, or any of the

score of emergencies when men and women have to tie a knot in a hurry. It is remarkable to one who studies these knots what a difference one little simple twist of the cord will make in the holding power of a knot. The "granny knot" is changed, by this little sim-



2. THE EXTRA LOOP THAT KEEPS THE SLIP-KNOT FROM SLIPPING WHEN IT SHOULD N'T.



3. FOR TYING BUNDLES.

ple twist, from a knot that comes untied with provoking readiness to one that tightens itself and becomes only more difficult to untie when pressure comes on the string.

Some of the simplest and most useful of the

knots were photographed by the instructor for the purposes of this article. It will be necessary to refer to the illustrations to understand per-



4. THE WRONG WAY TO TIE TWO PIECES OF STRING TOGETHER—THE GRANNY KNOT.

fectly how the knots should be tied. Those selected are knots that are of use in the daily life of almost every one.

One of the simplest and most interesting of the suggestions is that shown in the slip-knot, illustrations 1 and 2. Every one of us use this simple slip-knot, and we all make it in the same slipshod way. To make a slip-knot, we simply tie a single knot around the cord or rope, with the loose end, and this makes a loop through which the cord can be slipped and tightened. But it is like tying one's shoe-lace with a single instead of a double knot. The pressure is all on the single knot, and tighten the slip as you may, you cannot keep the cord perfectly tight, because the slip itself gives. The simple remedy is to tie the slip in a double knot instead of a single one, as shown in the sec-



5. THE RIGHT WAY TO TIE TWO PIECES OF STRING TOGETHER.

ond picture. Then it cannot come loose, and yet it will slip just as easily as it did before.

One of the simplest and most useful hints in the knot series is that shown in the picture marked "for tying bundles." It is the invariable rule for any amateur, wrestling with a knot for a bundle or anything that is to be tied with a simple double knot, to tie the first knot, and then ask some one to place a finger on the knot to hold it while the second one is tied. Look at the picture for a moment. You will see that the expert knot-maker has given an extra twist to the first knot. Then it stays in place, and there is no necessity for your own thumb or that of any one else being called into service to keep the first knot in place.

In tying two pieces of string together, almost every one ties the knot shown in the fourth picture. This knot will not stand any strain. It is a "granny knot." The right way to tie it is shown in the following picture. The loop of each piece is carried over both ends of the other piece, instead of over only one, and the knot will not give.



6. HOW TO HITCH A LINE TO A POST.

The proper way to hitch a line to a post is the subject of another illustration. If a simple knot is tied, the sort of knot that every one will use unless shown how to tie it properly, the line will slip down the post, for there is nothing to tighten it. It should be tied as shown in the picture, with two loops, one over the other. It can easily be seen by a little study of the picture which shows the hitch tightened to the post, how this grips and holds to the pole.

It will repay any one to study these knots. It may take a little time, if one is not familiar with the subject, to get firmly in mind how the knots should be tied; but once the idea is grasped, it can never get away, and the knack once acquired will prove of benefit every day of one's life. And one can readily imagine many important emergencies when this knowledge, having become so familiar as to be acted upon instinctively, might be of untold advantage to ourselves or others.

THE CHEERFUL LITTLE GIRL AND HER CHEERFUL LITTLE DOLL

(A "To-be-continued" story for Middle-Aged Little Folk)

BY CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN

CHAPTER VIII

THE DOLL BEGINS SCHOOL

I AM sure you like Cousin Eleanor from what I told you about her in the last chapter, and you were to guess what made her manners so good.

I think it was Love, don't you?

Well, the summer passed by, and September came; and Elizabeth's school opened. She began then to think of Alice's education, too.

"I will start a little school in the playhouse," said she, "and when we come from *our* school, I can show *her* about doing sums and things."

Uncle Nathaniel had, on Jack's last birthday, given him a tool-box, and in a short time, Jack had learned to use the tools very handily, and was now glad to help fit up the dolls' school-room. The playhouse itself big Brother Bob had fashioned out of a packing-box. It had three rooms—a parlor, a kitchen, and a bedroom. Elizabeth herself could stand upright in all these rooms. She decided to cut off part of the parlor with a screen she found in the attic, and to use the smaller part of it for a bedroom. The former bedroom she made into a school-room.

Jack contrived a simple desk for the teacher, and a bench for her doll-pupils. He also tacked up some pictures on the walls, and fastened little wooden pegs for Alice's and Susie Jane's and the other dolls' hats and jackets. Sophie contributed some pencils, which, from being long once, had dwindled to a size suitable for dolls to use. Cousin Eleanor sewed some small sheets of paper together for books, and in these books Elizabeth copied words from her Speller and First Reader.

The packing-box—excuse me, I mean the school-house, as it was now called—was out near the barn. In some ways this was a drawback. For instance, the attention of the three pupils, with which the school began, often wandered from the multiplication table when Bossy put her head in at the window. The chickens were even bolder than Bossy. They thought nothing of walking into the school-room and hopping up onto the young teacher's desk.

But, on the other hand, it certainly was delightful to hear the different sounds of horses, cow, dog, and poultry from the barn-yard.

And then often, when school was over, Eliza-

beth and Alice got a fine ride on Morning's back from the barn to the house. Morning was a gentle white horse. Jack liked best to ride Night, the black horse, who was a fast trotter.

On Friday afternoons, the dolls regularly spoke their pieces. Alice was taught every one of the pieces Elizabeth learned at *her* school. One of her favorites was "Seven Times One" by Jean Ingelow. Ask your mama to read it to you. Giest, the puppy, had a special invitation to come in and hear Alice speak that poem, and when the children clapped, after the last verse, he barked his very loudest, as if to say, "Well done, Alice!"

Bossy, the calf, was the assistant. She carried a bell tied about her neck, and when school was to begin, she rang this bell, or, if she forgot to do so at the proper time, Elizabeth or Charlotte rang it for her.

One afternoon, Mama, with Baby Hugh in her arms, came to visit the dolls' school. Elizabeth saw them coming, and was delighted. She sprang to the door to welcome her visitors.

"Good afternoon, Miss Dale," said Mama, shaking hands with the teacher. "My son wished to inquire into your methods, so we are come for a little call."

The son yawned, and said, "Ah, goo!"

"I'm glad to see you!" said Elizabeth. "Won't you walk in?"

But then she looked a little embarrassed.

"My school-room happens to be a little low today," she said regretfully; "but I'll put a chair in the doorway, and I'll let Baby—I mean Mr. Dale—hold Bobby Shafto."

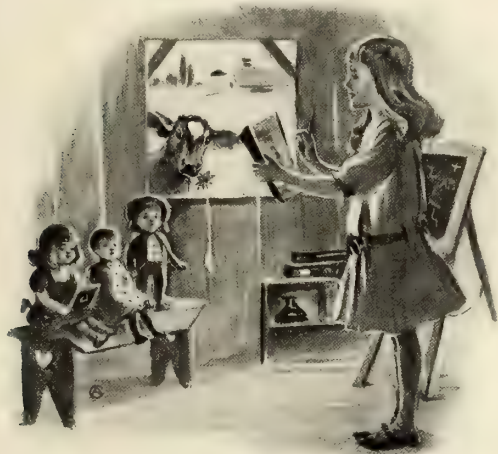
"That will be much nicer than sitting indoors," said Mama. "I am sure my son agrees with me that all school-rooms should be built so. I have brought a little gift for your pupils."

So saying, Mama handed Elizabeth a little package, which, on being opened, was found to contain seven slates. They were three inches long and two inches wide, and their wooden frames were neatly bound with red flannel to prevent noise. A little hole was bored in one corner, and from a red ribbon fastened through this hole in each slate hung a tiny slate-pencil.

"Thank you ever and ever so much, Mrs. Dale!" said the teacher, her face beaming with pleasure as she examined each slate separately.

"Children," said Elizabeth, turning to her row of rather drooping pupils, "sit up straight and see what the kind lady has brought you. Why, here 's Uncle Nathaniel! Oh, Uncle Nathaniel, you can't get in! You 're *much* too tall. Please sit by Mrs. Dale, Mr. Gordon" (that was Uncle Nathaniel's last name), "and I 'll put your hat and cane in the corner."

"Don't let my cane alarm your pupils," said Mr. Gordon, handing it to her with his cocked hat, "I only use it when cat is spelled d-o-g. I never *could* let that pass without correction."



ELIZABETH TEACHES HER PUPILS THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

Mr. Gordon wore a dark blue coat of the olden time, with brass buttons, a buff vest of faded satin, knee-breeches, white stockings, and buckled shoes.

"Where on earth!" began Mama.

"'S-sh, Madam!" said Uncle Nathaniel, "we interrupt the young ladies' song!"

The seven pupils (you see the school had grown) sang together so well, that you might have supposed you heard but one voice. They sang,

"Where has my little basket gone?"

Said Charlie-boy one day,

"I think some little boy or girl
Has taken it away."

Just then young Mr. Dale gave a piercing shriek, making every one jump. A bee had stung him on his plump shoulder. So Mama, trying her best to soothe him, carried him to the house.

"Come again!" shouted Elizabeth.

"Yes, thank you," called Mama.

"Which class would you like best to hear, Mr.

Gordon?" asked the teacher, when they had settled back in their places.

"The class in analytical geometry, if you please," said Uncle Nathaniel.

"We are n't studying that this term. To-day it 's spelling or arithmetic."

"We 'll have a go at arithmetic," said Uncle Nathaniel. "How many is one and one and one and one and one and one?"

"Edith Grace Ermytrude, *you* tell," said Elizabeth. But Edith Grace Ermytrude would n't, or could n't, tell. Uncle Nathaniel reached for his cane.

"Oh, Uncle Nat—oh, Mr. Gordon, you said it too *fast* for her," said Elizabeth. So Mr. Gordon, obligingly laying down the cane, said it once more, very slowly and distinctly. Even then, alas! Edith Grace Ermytrude would n't speak up.

"Why, I 'm *ashamed* of you!" said her teacher. "Not to know *that*, and you half-past five, and going on six! Bobby Shafto, *you* may say," but he violently shook his rubber head. Elizabeth threw a glance of despair at the visitor, who said:

"Sad! sad! very sad!"

"I think Mr. Dale bit him, and that makes him feel a little bit—"

"Bitten, you mean," said Uncle Nathaniel.

"A little bit stupid," said Elizabeth. "Bobby, you may lie down awhile on the bench. Susie Jane, tell the gentleman how many is one and one and one and one and one."

"And one," added Mr. Gordon, leaning forward eagerly, and gazing encouragingly into Susie Jane's blank face.

"Think, dear!" said Elizabeth, patting Susie Jane's bald head.

"Six!" came the triumphant answer.

"*Very* good. Go to the head!" said Elizabeth.

"Something 's gone to *her* head," said Uncle Nathaniel; "mark my words, that child studies too hard. Every hair gone! You never heard *me* giving right answers at her age. And in arithmetic, too! Take her out of school for a year at least. It 'll do wonders for her."

The young teacher rather heartlessly broke into laughter.

"Jamie Gordon," said she, "tell the table of two."

Jamie Gordon rose stiffly, and said in haughty tones:

"Once 2 *is* 2
2 x 2 are 4
3 x 2 are 6,"

and so on, up to 12 x 2.

"Wonderful! Really wonderful!" said the visitor.

"Please, Mr. Gordon, I 'd rather you did n't

praise them. Jamie Gordon 's a little proud already."

"Of his bathing-suit? Tell him it 's giving out at the arms," said Uncle Nathaniel.

"He 's acted proud ever since Grandmama made him the Scotch cap," said Elizabeth. "Alice, say the sevens."

Alice, looking a perfect dear in her blue checked gingham and afternoon pinafore, arose cheerfully, and began promisingly:

"Once 7 is 7."

("Sure it is!" from Mr. Gordon.)

"2 x 7 are 14
3 x 7 are 21
4 x 7 are—are—25
5 x 7—(a long stop) are 35
6 x 7—6 x 7—"

Elizabeth took from her belt a toy watch, and gave a start of surprise. "Why! it 's past recess-time! Where *is* that calf? She 's never on hand to ring her bell."

"I 'll whistle, instead," said Uncle Nathaniel, blowing through his fingers. Out filed the pupils for recess. They played "Button, button," and Mr. Gordon sat on the grass and played with them, and shoved off the chickens that came to interrupt. They played "Round the green carpet here we stand," and when they came to the line, "Take your true love by the hand," Uncle Nathaniel took Susie Jane's rag hand in his, because she *was* so bald and looked so *hopelessly* shabby that he feared she might not otherwise be chosen by any one. They played "Puss in the corner," in which Jamie Gordon distinguished himself (but was not praised), and they played Alice's favorite, "London Bridge."

Then school went on again, and Uncle Nathaniel, as he sat outside the door, looking on, noticed many little acts of Alice that particularly pleased him. For one thing, she recited in a low, sweet voice. Then she was kind to the very little dolls, and helped them learn their lessons; and when in spelling she went above Edith Grace Ermyntrude, she was modest about it. She kept her books in an orderly pile, and her slate washed.

Guess how many 6 x 7 is, and I will look it up, and tell you the answer in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX

THE DOLL'S LETTER

I FIND it is forty-two.

"Have you written to Grandmother Gordon to thank her for the quilt she made for your doll?" asked Cousin Eleanor of Elizabeth one afternoon, laying down the magazine she had been reading.

Now Elizabeth had just settled herself to paint a portrait of Alice in the position she always chose for making pictures—lying flat on the rug with her heels in the air. On the floor in front of her were her paint-box and paper and a glass of water. Hiro, a Japanese doll-visitor, was watching every movement with the greatest interest.

As Elizabeth did not answer, Cousin Eleanor asked, "How would it be if *Alice* wrote the letter? Would you like that better?" she asked. "And would she like a sheet of my very *very* best light blue note-paper? It has E. D. in silver letters at the top, and those are your initials as well as mine."

Elizabeth rubbed her rosy cheek softly against Cousin Eleanor's. And Cousin Eleanor, who was apt to run in going up and down stairs, was back again in a jiffy. The delicate blue paper, with its silver E. D. held in a silver circle, was even prettier than Elizabeth had imagined.

"Oh, how lovely! Thank you very much, Cousin Eleanor," said Elizabeth. "But may I finish my portrait of Alice now and write the letter in the morning, please?"

"Yes, indeed, dear," said Cousin Eleanor.

So next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Alice sat on the edge of the desk and managed, with her little mother's help, to hold the pen. As Mama had taught Elizabeth, so now Elizabeth taught her doll to first write, in the upper right-hand corner, the name of the town, South Sherburne (Sherburne means "clear water"). Under the town, Alice wrote the date, September 17. Somewhat lower down, but to the left of the page, she wrote, "Deer Grate-Grandmuther."

The next line Cousin Eleanor told her should start under the letter n, and Elizabeth wrote:

My mama is reading me a story called the Seven little Sisters. But thay dont live in one place as Aunt Charlot and Aunt Sophie and Mama do. Cousin Eleanor got the book from the liberry. It has pictures of all the seven little sisters. It tells all about several places in the world. I wish I was an Eskymow.

With love from Elizabeth,

A. D.

P. S. Thank you very much for the cwilt. I like it on my crib.

Elizabeth began to think she liked letter-writing. She decided it would be fun to have a post-office out-of-doors, and then Charlotte's dolls and hers could write letters to one another. She ran to find Charlotte and tell her about the plan. Charlotte, too, thought it would be fun.

"But I can only spell four words," said she.

"What are they?" asked Elizabeth, anxiously.

"Cat and bat and rat and sat."

"P'r'aps, if I helped, a letter could be made of those," said Elizabeth, a bit doubtfully. And this

was Charlotte's first attempt, written in large letters, with Elizabeth's help:

Dear Susie Jane:

I sat and saw the cat till a rat came, and then I tuk a bat and hit the cat, so then it did not hert that rat.

From BOBBY SHAFTO.

"I 'll write your next letter," said big Brother Bob, who had been watching the children; "but tell me first, where is your post-office to be?"

it could very well be a post-office. Of course they were in a hurry to get a letter into the new post-office, and, as Brother Bob wrote so easily, they at once agreed that it was Charlotte's turn to write again, so big Brother Bob wrote for her:

My beloved Alice:

Yesterday Uncle Bob went to Boston, and bought



From a painting by Charles C. Curran.

Copyright by Robert Chapman Co.

"ELIZABETH HAD JUST SETTLED HERSELF TO PAINT A PORTRAIT OF ALICE."

"I don't know," said Elizabeth; "out in the field, I guess."

"Oh, it 's too hot there," said big Brother Bob; "I 'll tell you a great place. Look at this hole in the old oak."

Sure enough, there was a deep hollow, all nicely rounded out. Next month the squirrels might claim it for their winter's store of nuts, but now

something for my mother, and it is up on her bed in a brown paper parcel.

Yours with deep esteem,
ROSIE.

Rosie was one of Charlotte's dolls.

Sophie was the postmistress, and after this letter had been placed in the hole, Alice, wearing a very becoming garden hat, walked up and said:

"Is there any mail for me to-day?"

"What is the number of your box?" asked Sophie.

"8724," said Alice.

"I 'll see then," said Sophie. "Yes, miss, there 's a letter for you, and it 's marked special delivery—that means 'awfully important.'"

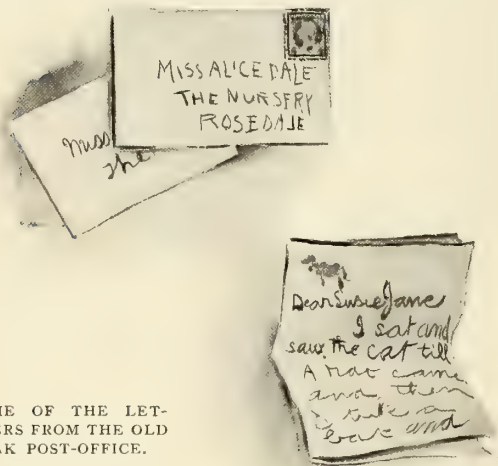
With Sophie's help the letter was read.

"The important part is for you, Charlotte," said Sophie; "go and see what Bob has put on your bed."

The two little girls raced into the house and upstairs, and there, as the letter had said, on Charlotte's bed was a brown paper parcel. She very quickly opened it, and found a charming little box of doll's note-paper. The paper was in three colors—pink, blue, and yellow, and on every sheet was a little picture of some animal—a kitten on one, a woolly lamb on another, and so on.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Charlotte; "and you shall have a sheet of every color, and a ambe-lope," she said to Elizabeth.

The rest of the afternoon was spent most happily by the little sisters. Besides the letters that passed between the dolls, they wrote letters to all the members of the family; and Jack, as postman, delivered them, and brought back the answers.



SOME OF THE LETTERS FROM THE OLD OAK POST-OFFICE.

Guess what my last chapter is to be about, and I will tell you the answer in a moment.

CHAPTER X

THE DOLLS' CHRISTMAS

"It 's almost Christmas!" cried Uncle Nathaniel, as he came out of his room, "and so I *have* to jump down-stairs four steps at a time!"

Behind him, jumping two steps at a time, came Elizabeth and Alice, Sophie, Jack, and little Charlotte.

Mama appeared at the dining-room door.

"I 'm so sorry, Nathaniel, about your breakfast," she began. "The kitchen stove won't work, and the man has n't come yet to fix it. I 'm afraid you 'll have to make out with bread and milk."

"What do I care? *Christmas is coming!*"

And he seized the children's hands, and danced around the dining-room table.

"Bread and milk is quite suitable for him!" said Papa, laughing. "And yet," said Uncle Nathaniel, taking his place at the table next to Charlotte, "it grieves me to think that stove acts so. Here I 've kept it warm all winter!"

"*You!*" said Mama.

"And now it refuses to work!" went on Uncle Nathaniel. "I met it with a stovepipe on this morning. 'Going out?' said I. It turned ashy pale. 'You 're always putting a damper on me!' I heard it say. 'Well, sir, just you remember *one* thing,' said I, 'no smoking allowed in *this* house!'"

"I don't *like* just only bread for breakfast!" whined Charlotte.

"Not *like* it!" said Uncle Nathaniel, opening his eyes very wide. "Why, I don't believe any one told you about its being *Baker's* bread. We hardly *ever* have *Baker's* bread, you know. Can I have as much as a whole slice?" turning to Mama.

"*Is* it Baker's bread?" asked Charlotte, doubtfully.

"Yes, honey," said Cousin Eleanor. Charlotte smiled, and began to crumble her bread into her bowl of milk, while Mrs. Dale, who had sat down to breakfast with a look of worry, began to feel at ease.

"See how it 's snowing!" said Uncle Nathaniel.

"I don't see one leastest bit," said Charlotte, twisting around in her high chair to look out at the bright blue sky.

"Oh, not out *there!*" and down came the last third of Uncle Nathaniel's slice of bread in a shower of snowy flakes into his bowl; for he had insisted on having a bowl of milk with the children.

"My crust is hard and cold," said Jack.

"Hurrah! Just the thing for icicles!" said Uncle Nathaniel; and he took Jack's crust, and cut it in five long strips, turning it, as if by magic, into a delicious treat.

Cousin Eleanor looked at Jack's now joyous face and Charlotte's contented one, and at Elizabeth keeping a motherly eye on her pink-cheeked daughter. She looked at Mrs. Dale's smooth brow, and then at Uncle Nathaniel, so eager and

boyish. Cousin Eleanor thought a bachelor uncle was a pretty good thing to have in a house. Hannah thought so, too, as, from the kitchen, she heard them all laughing cheerily.

Yes, it was the day before Christmas! And Sophie, Elizabeth, and Charlotte were soon busy tying up the parcels. Alice had taken the last



"JACK GAVE ALICE AND SUSIE JANE A RIDE AROUND THE TREE."

stitch in every one of her gifts, and now sat with folded hands. For her mama she had made a book-mark of scarlet ribbon, with a silver star on each end. For her eldest sister, Edith Grace Ermytrude, she had made a fan. The fan was first outlined upon cardboard and cut out, and then gilt paper smoothly pasted over it. (Sophie made the paste, of flour and water.) An edge of blue-laced paper was pasted on the fan. For her darling sister Susie Jane, Alice had printed a tiny story-book, telling all she could remember about "The Seven Little Sisters." She wrote Susie Jane's name in it, with ink, *and never a blot!* The cover was of Gordon plaid silk, stitched upon

cardboard. Alice could hardly sleep a wink for thinking of how glad Susie Jane would be when she should see the book. For Jamie Gordon, she had bought a watch at the doll-shop. The watch was so large, or, rather, Jamie Gordon was so particularly small, that it bade fair to cover a large share of his favorite costume, the bathing-suit. The hands of the watch would n't move, but, then, they pointed always to one o'clock—a charming hour, since it was dinner-time.

There was a present from Alice to Cousin Eleanor, too,—a handkerchief, hemmed with large stitches to be sure; and yet I *have* seen larger, and Mama said she was sure *she* had.

Now, don't you think that was a nice collection of gifts for a little doll to make?

At bedtime, not only the children's stockings but all the family's were hung up by the nursery fireplace.

Uncle Nathaniel was over six feet tall, and his feet of a size to match, yet he thought it necessary, before he hung up his gray sock, to stretch it, by squeezing into it one of his riding-boots. Next to this large sock hung Baby Hugh's wee white one; and all the dolls' stockings came promptly in line.

I have n't room to tell you what went into all of them, but Alice's and Susie Jane's held each, among other things, a pair of doll's knitting-needles, with balls of knitting silk—Alice's pink, and Susie Jane's green.

Jack put a generous bag of peanut candy in Uncle Nathaniel's sock. "He does n't eat candy much," he thought, "but I guess he 'll do *some-*

thing with it. I'm sure it won't be wasted."

"Try to go to sleep, deary," whispered Elizabeth to Alice, as she finally left her in her crib, staring with wide, blue eyes. "You ought to feel rested and happy to-morrow!"

It seems every year as if Christmas morning would never, never come, does n't it? And then—it is here! And this one was *such* a Christmas morning! The round-faced sun was so eager to see the insides of children's stockings, that he looked daringly in every window. The ice-clad trees flashed "Merry Christmas!" one to another; and on all sides of the house, as one looked off over the fields, lay snow—snow—snow!

And as the sun looked in at the Dales' nursery, he saw all the family hopping about the fireplace. Yes, hopping; even Grandpapa was hopping, as he tooted a most beautiful brand-new horn. Uncle Nathaniel was riding a hobby-horse, and big Brother Bob was beating a drum.

Susie Jane and Alice kissed each other in rapture as they found their cunning knitting-needles.

Where was Baby Hugh? Oh, *he* was up half-way to the ceiling, tossed by Papa, and crowing loudly, while Jack sent his scarlet-and-white ball even higher.

Cousin Eleanor had hung evergreen wreaths in all the down-stairs windows. They were tied with cheerful red ribbons. The breakfast-table was garlanded with holly, and had at Papa's end a bunch of mistletoe (because he was partly English), and at Mama's end a bunch of heather (because she was partly Scotch).

Elizabeth and Charlotte instantly spied in one corner a dolls' table, spread with a white cloth, and upon it a dolls' tea-set, of such a pretty design, all sprinkled with rosebuds, that the little girls jumped up and down, and jumped up and down, and clapped their hands! Bobby Shafto, clad in a becoming new sailor-suit, stepped gracefully to the head of the table, and Edith Grace Ermytrude, in festive white silk, rustled to her place opposite. The other dolls were soon seated along the sides, and bibs (bordered with holly) were found at their plates.

All the family wished Hannah a "Merry Christmas!" as she came in looking very proud of the dish of muffins she set upon the table. They were shaped like bells, and Uncle Nathaniel made believe cry when he found his bell would n't ring.

"We 're all going on a sleigh-ride to Dover, darlings," said Mama, as every one got up from the breakfast-table. "We 're going to get Aunt Alice and your Cousin Polly, and bring them home for the night."

Then what rejoicing! For, you remember, I told you Aunt Alice was "a perfect love." And as for Polly, the P in her name might just as well have been a J, though what the grown-ups said was that she was her Uncle Nathaniel over again to a T.

Jingle, jingle, jingle! round came the green-and-scarlet sleigh—such a big one!—drawn by Mettie and Jog. The horses tossed their heads, and stamped upon the snow. You could see their breath in the frosty air.

Alice sat on the front seat in Elizabeth's lap, a little gray fur hood drawn closely around her rosy cheeks, and her long gray coat buttoned every button, to keep out the cold. Every one

piled in, and away they went down the road—jingle, jingle, jingle!

But perhaps the happiest part of the day was toward its close, when they had the tree. Merry as every one had been throughout the day, they were then even merrier. Mr. Tom Gray and the Hallowells were invited over to share the fun. Mama and Cousin Eleanor trimmed the tree, all but the candles. Mr. Tom put those on, and they stood as straight as soldiers.

"I 'm so happy, I don't know what to do!" said Elizabeth. And, to express her feelings, she concluded to kiss Aunt Alice.

It was exactly as if all the seasons had joined around and about the tree. There were the white blossoms of spring bursting out everywhere, call them pop-corn if you will. If you wanted June roses, you had only to look at Cousin Eleanor in her pink merino, and at the glowing faces of the children grouped about her knees. Surely those were autumn fruits hanging amid the branches! And the fir-tree, self-forgetful, content to be almost hidden, stood for the winter joy of Christmas.

Alice had a little tree of her own, brought by Aunt Alice. You may be sure she shared it with all the other dolls. One of her own presents was a mite of a doll. Its frock was of pink merino, just like Cousin Eleanor's gown, and I think this kind cousin made it. Another present was a sled big enough to hold two dolls. Big Brother Bob made it. It was painted scarlet, and had "Alice" in white letters on the side. Jack immediately gave Alice and Susie Jane a ride around the tree, that they might see its splendors from all sides.

The presents of the grown-ups did n't look very interesting—just stupid aprons, paper-cutters, dry books, etc. Yet the grown-ups looked pleased. Especially did Aunt Alice look happy when, at night-fall, big Brother Bob put into her hands a bunch of white roses, and she found tucked among them this verse of Stevenson's:

Chief of our aunts—not only I,
But all your dozen nurselings cry—
What did the other children do?
And what were childhood, wanting you?

If there *only* were another chapter, I could ask you to guess who slept in a little cot-bed near Aunt Alice that night, and wakened the first thing in the morning to hear about Christmas in the olden time? Then, by merely turning over the page, I could tell you that it was Elizabeth, though you would probably have guessed it. But, you see, there is n't any next chapter. This is all.



THE SQUIRREL'S BRIDGE IN THE BRANCHES, A SIMPLE GIRDER-BRIDGE OVER A BROOK, AND THE SPIDER'S SUSPENSION-BRIDGES IN THE GRASSES.

across these supports to form the roadway. The railing, as shown in the heading above, has, of course, nothing to do with the strength of the structure, but is merely for the added safety of pedestrians and teams. In the foreground of the illustration is shown one of nature's suspension-bridges, the web of a spider. Sometimes the spider, in building such a bridge, suspends herself from a leaf, and from that leaf extends the threads of her web in every direction. The leaf affords a good point of attachment for the radiating web. Here, as in the well-known suspension-bridges that hang from cables, the strength depends upon the strength of the suspending fibers. Monkeys, in making use of a grape-vine over a stream, as travelers affirm that they do, are practically using a suspension-bridge.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND BRIDGES

BRIDGES seem simple affairs to young people in their first acquaintance with them. Perhaps they have noticed the natural bridges made by interlacing branches which the squirrels use as they scamper from tree to tree.

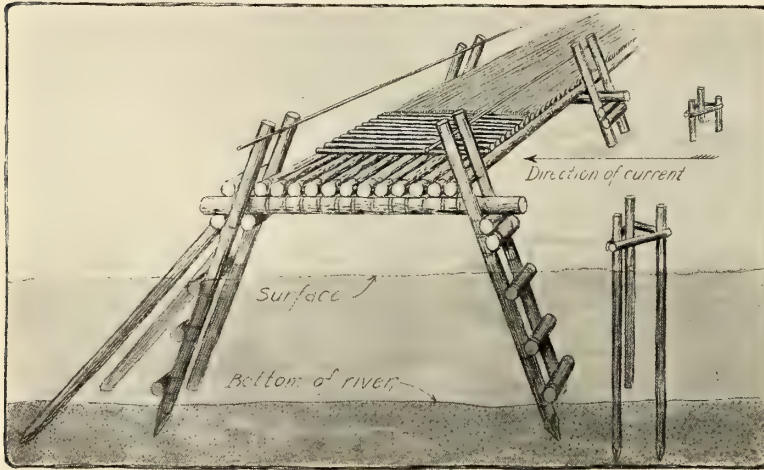
The bridges one ordinarily finds spanning small streams on country roads are made on as simple a principle. Across the brook from bank to bank are laid two or three logs or beams of sufficient strength and stiffness to support the weights that are to pass over the bridge. Planks are then laid

But the first bridge to give young people trouble is described in Cæsar's Commentaries "De Bello Gallico." The building of this bridge, Cæsar says, was of the greatest difficulty. And I know young people who wish that he had never attempted such a feat, but had stayed where he was. He tells us, after describing the breadth, depth, and rapidity of the river Rhine; that he thought he ought to cross it, and he devised this bridge. Then trouble began, not only for him, but for the young student, as he threw in the big timbers, and the big words, and the long sentences, ending with an explanation of his devices to prevent the enemy from sending down the

swiftly flowing current trees that might carry away his bridge.

Our young people, I think, will be glad to have

and fixed them at the bottom, and then driven them in with rammers, not quite perpendicularly, like a stake, but bending forward and sloping, so as to incline in the direction of the current of the river, he also placed two (other piles) opposite to these, at the distance of forty feet lower down, fastened together in the same manner, but directed against the force and current of the river. Both these, moreover, were kept firmly apart by beams two feet thick (the space which the binding of the piles occupied), laid in at their extremities between two braces on each side; and in consequence of these being in different directions and fastened on sides the one opposite to the other, so



CÆSAR'S VERY SIMPLE FORM OF BRIDGE.

us not only illustrate this bridge, but also give them a simple translation of the text explaining the construction, as follows:

"He joined together, at the distance of two feet, two piles, each a foot and a half thick, sharpened a little at the lower end, and proportioned in length to the depth of the river. After he had, by means of engines, sunk these into the river,

great was the strength of the work, and such the arrangement of the materials, that in proportion as the greater body of water dashed against the bridge, so much the closer were its parts held fastened together. These beams were bound together by timber laid over them in the direction of the length of the bridge, and were (then) covered over with laths and hurdles; and



A TRUSS IN THE FORM OF A BROAD "A" TO ADD TO THE STRENGTH.

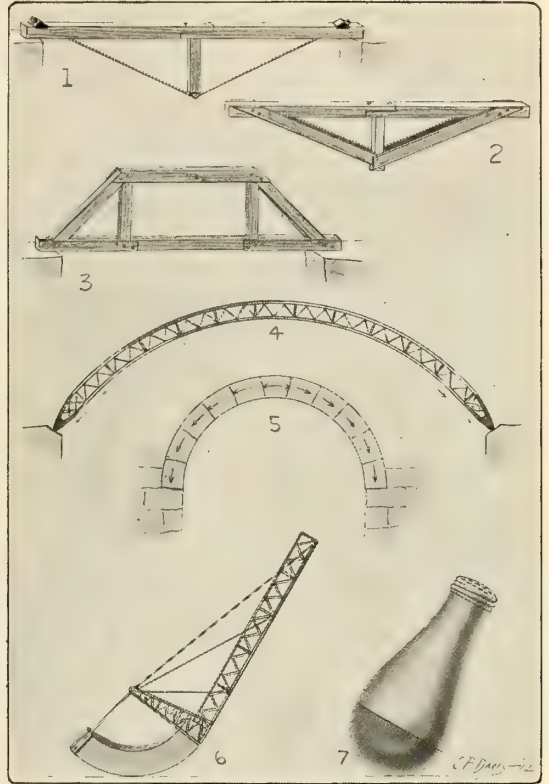
in addition to this, piles were driven into the water obliquely, at the lower side of the bridge, and these, serving as buttresses and being connected with every portion of the work, sustained the force of the stream, and there were others also above the bridge, at a moderate distance; that if trunks of trees or vessels were floated down the river by the barbarians for the purpose of destroying the work, the violence of such things might be diminished by these defenses, and might not injure the bridge."

Cæsar's bridge was practically a repetition of the simple bridges that we see on country roads over the brooks, with the exception that he built a series of them and put in piers to support the ends of each section. The strength of the bridge depended wholly upon the stiffness of the timbers. If one could imagine a series of brooks flowing side by side with a bridge over each, the result would be the same as Cæsar's bridge, with the exception that the narrow banks between the parallel brooks would be equivalent to the posts that Cæsar put at the different sections.

The next step in strengthening a bridge so that it shall not depend entirely upon the stiffness of the timber, is to put in on each side a truss shaped like a very broad A. This form of truss is used where the span is so great that the timbers laid from bank to bank need additional support. The vertical rod running from the timber underneath through the apex of the letter A holds up the center of the beam and prevents it from sagging. The lower ends of the A are kept from spreading by being bolted through the horizontal beam.

In our diagrams are shown these various types of bridges, as follows:

No. 1 may be used if the timbers are too short to reach across from one pier to another, and more than one length is needed. Where they are joined the rods beneath carry the weight, and hold up the floor timbers by supporting the upright post. No. 2 is the same, only, instead of rods and beams, it is made entirely of planks or iron girders bolted together, and the A may be under or over the bridge. In No. 3 there are two supporting posts (instead of a single one) united by a horizontal beam. In the arch bridge in No. 4, the principle is about the same as in the truss, except that in the arch it is the abutments that keep the ends from spreading. If the arc of the arch bridge is less than a half-circle, the ends will tend to spread. If the arc is a complete half-circle, the ends will not spread, but will rest with the weight pressing vertically on the piers. The arrows in diagrams No. 4 and No. 5 show the direction of the weight, and it will be readily seen that in No. 4 this weight tends to push the



SKETCHES TO ILLUSTRATE VARIOUS FORMS AND METHODS OF OPERATING OF PARTS OF BRIDGES AND ARCHES. These sketches are referred to by numbers in the accompanying article.

ends apart; but such spreading is prevented by the abutments. In No. 5 the weight on the ends is directly downward.

No. 6 shows the principle of the rolling lift-bridge, a form of drawbridge. The solid part is heavy, so as to balance the truss part, and to enable the bridge to be easily lifted out of the way of passing boats. One of these sections is on each side of the stream, and, when closed, the ends come together at the center. This bridge operates in a way similar to that of the weighted aluminium pepper-shaker figured in No. 7. The lower part of the pepper-box is a solid weight, which keeps the box right end up, and the lower part of the bridge No. 6 is a heavy weight that assists in raising the rest of the bridge.

In southern Africa there is a very high bridge over the Zambesi River. The workmen first fired a rocket over the river. To this rocket was attached a cord. The cord pulled a wire, and then the wire pulled a small cable across the river. On this cable was suspended a truck which took over the main cable of the bridge, and so, piece by piece, the bridge was gradually put together.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF LIGHTNING

NOVEMBER 11, 1911, was, in northern Michigan, a typical autumn day with short showers at intervals. On my way home, at about five o'clock in



THE REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF LIGHTNING.

the afternoon, the rain began to fall in torrents, and the lightning flashes were so vivid and, in some particulars, so interesting to a photographer, that I resolved to take a picture of a flash, as I had long desired to do. I set the camera on my porch, directed it toward that part of the landscape that would make a good foreground, opened the slide, and went to supper. But just before I sat down at the table, I looked out of the window and was met by an awful flash. I felt

that I had got a picture, perhaps more than I wanted. When I developed the plate, I had the accompanying photograph, at which I often look and always with joy. The next day, as I was bragging a little, one of my friends said that that lightning flash struck his clothes-post, cut it off close to the ground, jumped across to his neighbor's house, tipped over the sewing-machine, and tore the linoleum from the kitchen floor. Such a flash as that deserved to have its picture taken, and here it is.

A. B. COVEY.

STRIKING CONTRAST IN METHODS OF FEEDING

EVERY observer of the giraffe must see that nature has intended that the animal's food should be found at a considerable distance above the ground. The long legs and the very long neck suggest that, and observation proves it, since the giraffe, in its native haunts, gathers its food of leaves from the branches of the trees.

But it does not obtain all its nourishment in this way; it sometimes feeds from the ground. Of course its long legs and long neck are then hindrances rather than helps, so it has adopted an original device to overcome this trouble. This is to spread its front legs far apart, which, of course, lowers the body, and brings the head nearer the ground.

The accompanying photograph is remarkable because it shows both methods of feeding, as exemplified by the two Nubian giraffes, "Romeo"



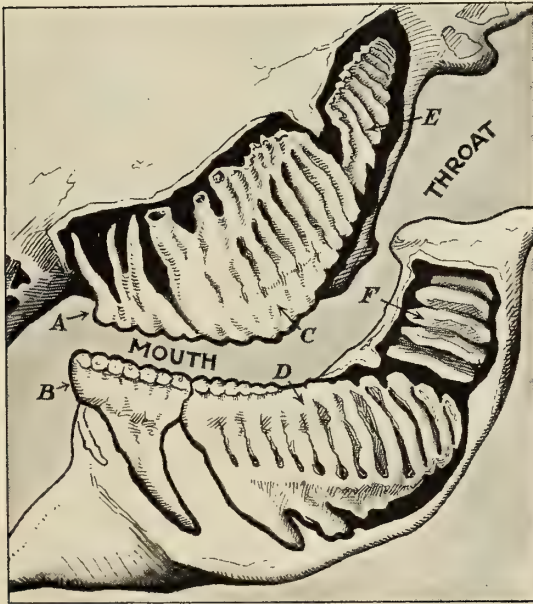
METHODS OF HIGH AND LOW FEEDING.

and "Juliet," in the New York Zoölogical Park, where the giraffe feeding from the tree is reaching upward to a distance of twenty feet.

HOW AN ELEPHANT'S TEETH GROW

THE elephant has no cutting teeth like most animals, but only a series of molars. These molars, or grinders, as they wear away, gradually move forward in the jaw, and the remnant of the tooth, when the surface is completely destroyed, is cast out in front. The same molar can thus be replaced as many as eight times. The tusks, which are only enormously elongated teeth, can be renewed only once.

This wearing process and the ejection of the stump of the tooth go on very slowly during the life of the elephant. Only one or two teeth at a time are in use, or in view, in each jaw. There are always other teeth waiting to pass forward and begin their work, although there is a limit to this succession, for, when the last has come into



A DIAGRAM OF THE MOUTH AND JAWS OF AN ELEPHANT—SIDE VIEW.

A and B show the teeth that have been pushed forward to the front of the mouth and are in use. When they are worn out, their place is taken by D and C, which work forward to supply the vacancy. The undeveloped teeth at E and F come forward to take the place of D and C, and later, as they grow larger and stronger, of A and B.

use and been worn down, the elephant can no longer chew his food, and must die of starvation, if he has not already succumbed to old age.

E. G. LUTZ.

PRICKLY-PEAR IN A TREE!

THIS picture shows a prickly-pear, *Opuntia lindheimeri*, growing on a mesquit-tree, *Prosopis juliflora*, in the crevice of a limb about ten feet from the ground.

It is three to four years old, and has received

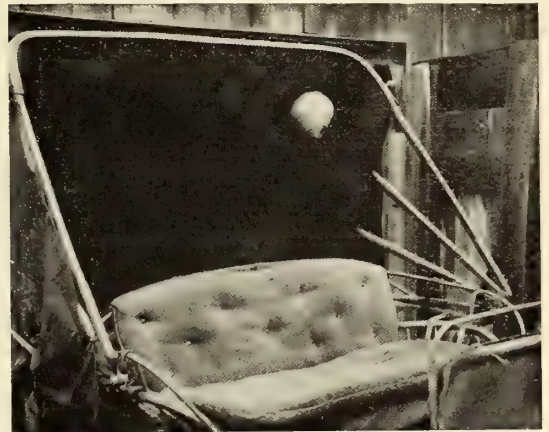


THE PRICKLY-PEAR GROWING UP IN A TREE.

its nourishment from the air, and not from the tree. The seed was probably carried to the place by a bird, and the germination and development of the plant to its present size show its wonderful vitality, especially when we consider the arid climate in which it grows. LESLIE L. LONG.

A HORNETS' NEST IN AN OLD PHAËTON

THE accompanying photograph, showing a hornets' nest built in the cover of an old phaëton, was sent to St. NICHOLAS by W. T. Ness, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The shed in which the phaëton stood was closed for the summer, and



THE HORNETS' NEST HANGING FROM THE TOP OF A PHAËTON.

the hornets carried on their nest-building without interruption.

Surely this is a novel place for a hornets' nest, and it would have made things decidedly unpleasant if the owners had attempted to take a ride.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW" ?????????????????

St. Nicholas Union Square, New York

objects" high in the air. Even if it is an unusual suggestion that tadpoles hatch out high in the sky, it does not seem to me impossible.—E. F. B.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE WITH HORNED TOADS

LLANO, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am having the best vacation down here in Texas. My uncle knows so much. We take long walks about the time the sun sets, and he tells

POLLIWOGS FROM THE SKY!

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few years ago, we had a shower in the summer-time, and as it rained, here and there coming down with the rain, we saw an occasional polliwog. There is a swamp not far from where we live. Do you think it was possible that the sun had drawn up the eggs, and then they had hatched as they came with the rain onto the dry ground?

Very truly yours, HELEN E. BIRCH.

While we keep no record of such occurrences, we do know that it is not at all unusual for objects like polliwogs, small fish, etc., to be sucked up, as it were, from water surfaces in strong currents. These are carried for distances, depending upon the wind velocity, after they have reached their highest altitude, and descend as soon as the force of gravity is sufficient to overcome the sustaining force of the wind. At times, such small objects are carried many miles before again coming to earth.

I am afraid that the suggestion of the little girl as to the hatching out of the polliwog eggs while in the air will hardly hold.—H. E. WILLIAMS, Acting Chief U. S. Weather Bureau.

At first thought, the suggestion that polliwogs had hatched in the air does seem ludicrous. And yet let us give it a little careful thought and see if it is impossible. Hatching we understand to mean the breaking of the living form out of its egg case. Frogs' eggs are so fragile that even a jarring of the masses may break the cases and let loose many lively tadpoles. If it is admitted that the water as it is sucked up takes up small



HORNED TOADS.

me about the flowers and cacti; and yesterday we saw the funniest little toad, all covered with thorns. He was squatted right down in an "ant road." You know the ants make little paths to different places; well, this funny "horned toad," as my uncle says it is called, was there, eating the ants. He just opened his mouth and they would run right in, and he just ate and ate as if they were as good as ice-cream. Then Uncle picked that toad up in his hands, and showed me that it would n't hurt you at all. And then he put it in his pocket. We found another one, and when we got back home, he took their pictures.

Don't you think them funny little toads?

MIRIAM GRACE DUNGAN.

P.S. We turned the toads out the next morning so they could eat more ants.

DO SNAKES TRAVEL AT NIGHT?

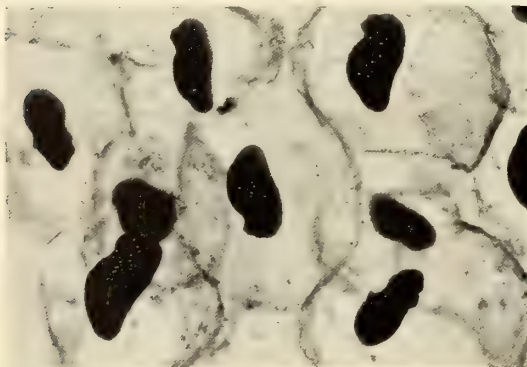
SALAMANCA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me through "Nature and Science" if snakes come out or travel at night, especially rattlesnakes.

Your friend and reader, JOHN SPENCER.

Many of the poisonous species of snakes travel at night. The greater number of our harmless snakes are day prowlers. The rattlesnake and copperhead snake are largely nocturnal in hunting their food, although they delight to bask in the sunlight. As an indication of their nocturnal habits, it is interesting to note that the pupil of the eye of these snakes is elliptical like that of a cat.

RAYMOND DITMARS.



TADPOLES READY TO BREAK OUT OF THE FRAGILE EGGS.

objects with it, then why not frogs' eggs? It seems not impossible that the tadpoles might be hatched out by the shaking caused by strong currents of wind, or by jostling against other "small

SOME BIRDS WHO LIKED A SHOWER-BATH

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you about a pretty sight I witnessed while visiting my aunt who resides in Indianapolis.

My aunt had rented a house for the summer. It was in the district of the city where there are a great many trees. In the yard was a large variety of beautiful flowers, and I had made it my duty to give these flowers water.

On a certain day I was in the garden giving them their daily watering. I had adjusted the hose to a spray, when, from a near-by fence, a robin flew and perched right on a stem which was exposed to the water, where he took a bath and seemed inclined to stay. In a few moments two other birds, of bluish color, also came and took a bath. For about three minutes they stayed under the spray, and if I turned the hose away, they would fly after it. Then they flew up on the fence to take a sun-bath.

I then turned the water off and went into the house, where, on questioning my aunt, she informed me that the owner of the house always gave the birds water and crumbs and let them bathe, and so made them very tame.

Another time as I went to turn on the water, I noticed a leak where the hose was attached to the pipe, and under that, in the shade, a sparrow was taking a shower-bath, being not in the least frightened when I came up.

These incidents impressed me very much, as in my home city, at least in the part where I live, we seldom see any bird but the common sparrow.

OLGA ALMA TAFEL (age 15).

LOOKING AT THE RISING OR SETTING SUN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered why we can look at the sun at its rising and setting and not at mid-day. I would be very glad if you would answer my question.

Yours sincerely,

KATHARINE WARD.

The reason why we can look at the sun when it is rising or setting, but not, usually, when it is high in the heavens, is merely because some of its light is absorbed in passing through our air, for the air is not perfectly transparent. Now when the sun is near the ground, its rays come to us almost horizontally, traversing hundreds of miles of our wet and dusty air before they finally reach our eyes; consequently, a much larger portion of the light is absorbed than when the sun is high up in the sky, and its rays pass through one hundred miles of air only, the upper nine tenths of which is so rare that it absorbs but little of the light.

It is an interesting fact that our atmosphere lets red light pass through it more easily than colors that are higher in the spectrum—that is, nearer to a blue color. So that when the air is unusually dusty, and hence not so transparent as usual, very much of the blue part of the sun's light is wholly cut off, and its disk then appears to us very red. This was strikingly illustrated in August, 1883, when the great volcano, Krakatoa, filled all the air of the earth with dust, and when for many weeks the sun at rising and setting was

of a deep red color. It is thought that if we could rise above our air altogether and look at the sun from empty space, it would look to us decidedly blue. On the other hand, some stars are great suns which are smothered under so heavy an atmosphere of gases that only the red light can work its way through. Such stars look to us of a blood red color.—E. D.

SOME BIG HAILSTONES

(From one of our grown-up readers)

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you herewith two photographs of unusually large hailstones which fell near here in the afternoon of May 11, during the progress of a storm which developed cyclonic proportions by the time it reached the town of Talladega, about one hundred miles to the east.

The hail, which fell for nearly forty-five minutes, was, in the beginning, of globular form and about the size of pop-corn; but as the storm continued, the stones increased



UNUSUALLY LARGE HAILSTONES.

in size until they attained a length of one and one half to two inches, as shown in the photographs. These larger hailstones were not globular, but were flattened on two sides, being shaped very much like biscuits. They presented the curious appearance of an opaque core surrounded by rings increasing in clearness toward the outer edges.

Yours very truly,

J. C. HALSTEAD.

JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

"IN THE HAYFIELD"

RHYMES AND PICTURES



BRISK Jane and little Betsy Anne
Bring hay for Jack, the "hired man,"
Who piles it up a bit too high
(So Neddy thinks, and so do I).



For they forget that little hill
Where loads of hay are apt to spill—
Right down on Neddy's back they go,
And Neddy *thinks*, "I told you so!"

JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

"JERRY'S JOKE"



BILLY, riding Jerry, spied
Some apples on the tree,
And reaching from his saddle, said :
" This one is meant for me !"



But Jerry had a different mind,
For just as Billy spoke,
The pony left him hanging there—
And that was Jerry's joke !



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY JEFFREY

CLARK WEBSTER, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

It seemed, as we were attempting to make the awards this month, as if some kindly spirit of excellence had inspired the efforts of every one of the League contributors. In each department of the competition the work is of an unusually high standard. Indeed it is so uniformly good that we find it difficult to offer any but the most all-inclusive congratulations. If, however, the work of a particular group is to be singled out for special comment, the wielders of the pen and brush must be mentioned first. They stand at the head of the prize-winners with an array of two gold and five silver badges to their credit. Of this honor they may justly be proud, for the drawings we have considered worthy of reproduction in this issue are remarkably clever, both in arrangement and in treatment. Two or three, in their technical excellence, compare favorably with the work of experienced illustrators. In fact, the task of sifting and selecting the prize-winning drawings from the great mass of material submitted was almost like choosing the winners of the Olympic meet—each represented the finished work of one well qualified to compete. Let us hope, in future competitions, that the selection may be as difficult and the quality as high.

Close behind the artists come the poets of the League, whose contributions, always good, maintain their usual standard of excellence. The mysticism and romance of the great forests, the solitude and grandeur of leafy boughs and shady dells, are voiced with rare feeling in many bits of exquisite verse, under the title, "A Song of the Woods." Seldom, indeed, have better examples of the songster's art graced the League pages, and never has the nature-thought been more beautifully and tenderly expressed.

Many interesting stories of "Seaside Adventures"—reminiscent or fictional in character—do much to reflect credit on the pens of their young authors. All of the stories are entertaining, some are amusing, and a few give great promise for the future. These, with a host of photographs showing all manner of animals and people "On the March," help to maintain the notable level of this month's competition, and make it difficult to single out any class of contribution as more worthy of comment than the others. *Everything* is good, and all our young workers can share alike in the glory, for there is plenty to go well around, with still some left over.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 151

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Elizabeth Finley** (age 13), New York City.

Silver badges, **Josephine R. Carter** (age 10), Elizabeth, N. J.; **Muriel Irving** (age 15), Tompkinsville, S. I.; **Dorothy M. Hoogs** (age 15), Honolulu, Hawaii.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Anna Torrey** (age 14), Providence, R. I.

Silver badges, **S. V. Benét** (age 13), Augusta, Ga.; **Margaret Tildsley** (age 11), Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.; **Nellie Adams** (age 13), Placerville, Cal.; **Margaret L. Shields** (age 15), Hillsboro, O.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Dorothy E. Handsacker** (age 13), Tacoma, Wash.; **Margaret Conty** (age 16), New York City.

Silver badges, **John Milton** (age 14), New York City; **Helen M. Roth** (age 15), Oakland, Cal.; **Leonora Bemis** (age 17), Milton, Mass.; **Dorothy Hughes** (age 14), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Marjorie Benson** (age 17), Flushing, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Paul Jacob** (age 17), Wellsburg, W. Va.

Silver badges, **Carol Clark** (age 14), London, Eng.; **Christine J. Wagner** (age 15), Mansfield, O.; **Catharine E. Langdon** (age 15), Toronto, Can.; **J. Sherwin Murphy** (age 15), Chicago, Ill.; **Dorothy Coate** (age 17), New Orleans, La.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Henry Wilson** (age 13), Columbus, O.; **Margaret M. Dooley** (age 16), Oakland, Cal.; **Mary Berger** (age 13), Milwaukee, Wis.; **Helena A. Irvine** (age 12), Vancouver, B. C.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **George Locke Howe** (age 14), Bristol, R. I.; **Alfred Hand, 3d** (age 14), Scranton, Pa.

A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY ANNA TORREY (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

DEEP in the forest, where a mighty oak
Flings grateful shadow o'er a wandering stream,
Where tall ferns nod, and velvet mosses creep,
I love to lie and dream.

I love to watch the shy, wild wood folk pass,
To hear the oak leaves murmur in the breeze;
And see the dancing sunlight try to pierce
Between the shading trees.



"ON THE MARCH." BY CAROL CLARK, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

I love to hear the brook, with song and laugh,
Go chattering and gurgling on its way,
By grassy banks where wild flowers scent the air,
By lichened boulders gray.

And when the twilight comes with soothing touch,
And whispering breezes healing coolness bring,
I love to linger in the woods at dusk,
And hear the thrushes sing.

A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY JOSEPHINE R. CARTER (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

ONE morning I was playing with a friend in the sand at a little place on Long Island. Not very far away, we saw a life-boat lying on the beach; we thought it would be fun to play in it, so we got in, and were rocking and trying to make it sail (on sand), when a big wave came up and lifted it a little.

We were delighted with this, and rocked it some more. Soon a bigger wave came, and this time it lifted the boat off the sand and carried it out.

When I realized this, I screamed for help. My little friend's mother was sitting on the beach, and when she saw us going, she screamed too.

A life-saver happened to be fussing with a boat near by. He caught the situation at a glance, and, dropping everything, rushed after our boat, which was going quickly out into deep water.

We were terribly frightened when we saw the big waves almost on top of us, and I do not know what would have happened if he had not caught our boat just when he did.

He watched his chance, and when the next wave came, rushed us with it to the shore. In a few moments we were safe and sound on the beach.

I tell you, I was never so glad to get back to the land in my life, and thus end my first "seaside adventure."

A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY S. V. BENNET (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

*There 's many a forest in the world,
In many lands leaves fall;
But Sherwood, merry Sherwood,
Is the fairest wood of all.*

They say that on midsummer night,
If mortal eyes could see aright,
Or mortal ears could hear,
A wanderer on Sherwood's grass
Would see the band of Robin pass,
Still hunting of the deer.

And sometime to his ears might come
The beating of an elfin drum,
Where Puck, the tricky sprite,
Would dance around a fairy ring,
With others of his gathering,
All on midsummer night.

Queen Guinevere would ride again
With all her glittering, courtly train,
Through Sherwood's lovely glades;
'Til dawn begins to glow near by,
And from the kingdom of the sky,
The magic darkness fades.

*There 's many a forest in the world,
In many lands leaves fall;
But Sherwood, merry Sherwood,
Is the fairest wood of all.*

THE MARSDEN GHOST, A SEASIDE
ADVENTURE

BY MURIEL IRVING (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

MR. ALLISON, his wife, and his son Will came to live at Bradford Manor in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-four. There was on this estate a high tower, named for Richard Marsden, an old astronomer, to whom the estate had previously belonged.



"ON THE MARCH." BY CATHARINE F. LANGDON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

There were many wild tales told about this tower. Some related how the ghost of a lady in white went weeping and moaning up and down the long winding stairs of the tower; others, that the swish of her dresses was heard in the wee, small hours of the night.

Personally, Will Allison had no belief in ghosts, but he determined to find out upon what this story was based. So, taking a lantern and a light lunch, he started out for the tower about eight o'clock one evening. From eight to ten, he heard nothing except the wind rushing through the trees and the open window of the tower. About ten o'clock he thought he heard something, and then he jumped with fright as a strange weird scream and a moan were heard. Then came a swish and he felt something soft touch him as it glided by. Although he was thoroughly terrified, he determined to go up the stairs to see if there was anything to be seen.

They found many treasures there which appealed to their boyish hearts, among which were two old guns, an old hand-bag, and some powder.

The boys, after investigating the cabin a little more, went back to their mother and the baby.

That night, at home, they had the bag cut open, and lo and behold, it contained nothing more or less than two red shirts and a red nightcap. When the boys' father saw the contents of the bag, he said, quite surprised: "Why, those are mine; your mother gave them to the Salvation Army a little while ago."

And all the family laughed heartily, for it was so.

A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY HELEN F. SMITH (AGE 9)

RATHER than riches and castles,
I'd have the daffodils mine;
Rather than rubies and diamonds,
I'd have the brook's rippling rhyme.

I love the woods more than glory,
I love the flow'rs more than fame;
I love the trees and the meadows
More than a heroic name.

And though some people will treasure
A ruby much more than a tree,
Give me the woods and the flowers,
And give me leave to be free.

A SEA ADVENTURE

BY DOROTHY M. HOOGS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

IN the Hawaiian Islands, almost all the natives are in constant contact with the sea, and they are just as much at home in the water as on the land.

Captain "Sam," an old and hardy Hawaiian sea master, was sailing off the rocky shores of Molokai one starlit night in the little schooner *Moi Wahine*. There was not a sound except for the little waves lapping against the boat. Suddenly she was rammed by the steel prow of the lighthouse tender *Kukui*, and sunk more than twenty miles from land. Captain Sam floundered about among the wreckage, and then headed toward the island of Lanai. Several members



"ON THE MARCH." BY CHRISTINE J. WAGNER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"ON THE MARCH." BY PAUL JACOB, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

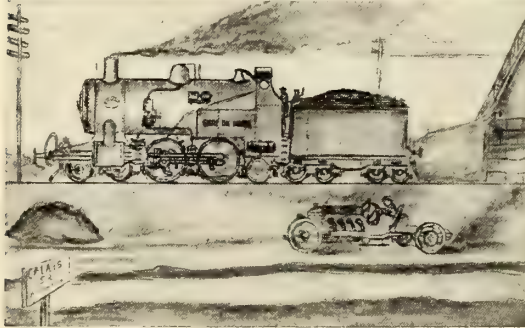
Slowly climbing the stairs, waiting every few seconds for a sound, which did not come, at last he reached the top. Again he heard the swish and felt something touch him. Turning his lantern toward the corner from which the sound came, he found—a nest of baby screech-owls.

A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY ALICE HINDLE (AGE 13)

THE broad Atlantic washes up on a certain beach in Massachusetts.

Down this beach, a few years ago, came a lady, a baby, and two boys. As the four came near to the ocean, the lady, taking the baby, sat on some shaded rocks.



"LEFT BEHIND." BY JOHN MILTON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"We're going down the beach a little ways," the oldest boy, Donald, said.

After walking a considerable distance, the boys came to an old wrecked ship. They quickly made their way into its cabin, which contained three bunks.

of his crew were with him, but they, being Koreans, were not so adapted to the sea as their master, and soon became too exhausted to keep up any longer, and went down forever. The captain struggled on, freeing himself of his clothes, and then struck out, bound to win in his race with death. His long-passed youth came back



BY HELEN L. MC CLURE, AGE 11.



BY VERNETTE SHERWOOD, AGE 14.



BY JULIA F. BRICE, AGE 15.



BY WILLIAM A. RANDALL, AGE 13.



BY DOROTHY COATE, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY J. SHERWIN MURPHY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARY J. HARROUN, AGE 14.



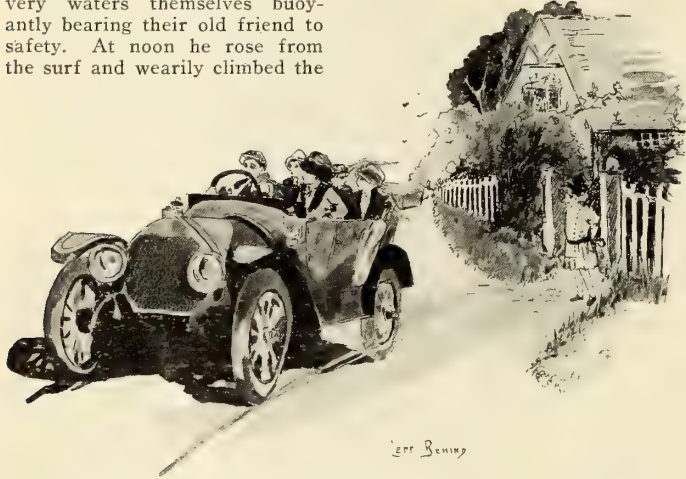
BY MILDRED OPPENHEIMER, AGE 13.

"ON THE MARCH."

to him, and, never fearing the lurking sharks with which he had played in childhood, kept bravely on. The little spiny crabs clung to him as he battled along, piercing his skin with their tiny claws. With the help of a couple of boards he kept on undaunted, and in the gray dawn saw Lanai looming up golden in the sunrise. With a new zeal he went forward, the very waters themselves buoyantly bearing their old friend to safety. At noon he rose from the surf and wearily climbed the

At the word "refuge" we cheered up, and walked as fast as we could to reach it. The water rushed after us wickedly, and seemed bent on surrounding us.

However, we arrived, and quickly clambered up into the little box standing on its thin legs. We were just in time, for that same moment the water rushed up and swirled round the legs, causing the refuge to shake visibly. But we were saved, and after waiting many weary hours, till the tide went out again, we returned home, tired and hungry.



"LEFT BEHIND." BY MARGARET CONTY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

rocky shore, crawling toward the familiar old cocoanut-trees near by. After a long refreshing sleep, Captain Sam awoke feeling none the worse for his fifteen-hour swim at the advanced age of seventy-seven years.

A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY GUENN ROBERISON (AGE 16)



THE REFUGE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

FAR away in the north of England, off the coast of Northumberland, lies a little island, bleak and dreary, called Lindisfarne. Its population is composed mainly of sturdy fishermen, and its simplicity and primitiveness make it most attractive.

My family and I were spending our summer vacation there a few years ago, and it was then that we experienced a most exciting "seaside adventure."

To cross from the mainland to the island it is necessary

to wait for the tides and to drive over the sands in very high carts. However, we preferred walking, and set out for a long tramp across the sands. We had been walking for some time, when we noticed, to our dismay, that the tide was coming in rapidly, and that we were caught. What were we to do?

The tide was, meanwhile, coming in still faster. It became serious, and we shuddered at the idea of being surrounded by water. But suddenly, as I looked around, I saw a dark, square-looking object perched on its thin legs. I pointed it out to my father, who immediately recognized it to be a refuge, though rather a quaint one.

A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY MARY CARVER WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

COME, Mab, of woodland fairies queen,
And sit thee down on mosses green,
'Neath shading oak, in cove unseen.
The silver brooklet now is singing,
The birds their morning calls are ringing,
And we our tales of joy are bringing.

We sing of our immortal race,
Of bold Diana in the chase,
And Orpheus' lyre of charming grace;
Aurora, robed in purest white,
Throws wide the curtains of dull night,
And ushers in the morning light.

We think not of Eurydice,
We sing of bird and bumblebee,
And all that possess liberty;
Phæbus, what boots it to our eyes
How fast across the turquoise skies
Thy gold-embazoned chariot flies?

We sing until the even shades
Begin to lengthen in the glades,
And e'en night's beacon o'er us fades.
Serene delight the shadows long
In us imbue, and thousands strong
We waft above, for done our song.



"LEFT BEHIND." BY LEONORA BEMIS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY MARGARET TILDSLEY (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

THE twilight deepens in the wood,
The sun has set behind the hill;
No stirring 's heard, no beast or bird
Has open mouth or chattering bill.

The evening dark has passed away,
And dawn comes with her golden hood;
Now stirring 's heard, no beast or bird
But knows that morning 's in the wood.



"AT WORK." BY DOROTHY E. HANDSACKER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY ELIZABETH FINLEY (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

THE seaside has always held a great attraction for me, and that is where I generally spend my summers. It was on a hot July morning, last summer, that I had an odd experience which gave me an exciting swim.

On this occasion, I lay basking on the sand after a brisk swim. The beach was almost deserted, and on such days, I generally had my bathing-suit on all morning, and ran in and out of the water continually. The only bathers were a couple of children and a young lady, but I paid no special attention to them.

I rose slowly and started toward the water. Suddenly one of the children, a boy, ran up to me and cried: "Quick, quick, there 's a lady drowning out there!" Of course I was much excited as I looked where he pointed. Sure enough there was a gloved hand and arm reaching far out of the water.

I never stopped to think how a woman with gloves on could be in the water, for she was too near the shore to have fallen out of a boat. Besides, if I had taken time to consider it, I would have known that the water was almost too shallow for her to drown in.

However, I did not think, and away I started on my heroic journey. As I swam on, for the water was too deep for me to walk in, it struck me as rather odd that the arm neither rose nor fell to any great extent; but I was too busy to think of it then.

I reached her! I grabbed her! Bracing myself to be clutched with the clutch of the drowning, I was almost thrown backward by the lightness of her. I pulled! and up came—a stick!!

Realizing that I was fooled, I turned indignantly toward the shore. The children and lady had vanished.

A SONG OF THE WOODS

(Triolets)

BY HOWARD BENNETT (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE whispering leaves
Have a secret to tell.
All nature believes
The whispering leaves;
Not a wood-creature grieves,
For they 'll know too well
The whispering leaves
Have a secret to tell.

The brook overheard—
The secret is sped!
'T was only a word
The brook overheard;
Yet the wind has averred,
And the chickadee said;
The brook overheard!
The secret is sped!

That sly little brook
Has been chuckling all day!
He 's a regular crook,
That sly little brook.
And the willow-trees look
Very grumpy, and say,
"That sly little brook
Has been chuckling all day!"

A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY BETTY HUMPHREYS (AGE 11)

(Honor Member)

THERE was going to be a race. A codfish, a blackfish, and a flounder were the swimmers. A lobster had agreed to be the judge, and the oysters were going to watch. The time came. They all met in a little cove by the beach.

"On your marks!" said the lobster.

The fish got in line and waited for the signal.



"LEFT BEHIND." BY HELEN M. ROTH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"One, two, three, g—"

"May I race, too?" asked a little herring, swimming up to the racers.

"You?" said the flounder; "you 're nothing but a herring."

"I know it." The herring looked hurt. "But can't I race?"

"Yes," said the lobster. "Where 's the harm? Get into position at the end of the line. One, two, three, go!"

Off darted the fish, while the oysters cheered. On and on they swam, till they were near the goal, then it was all spoiled.

The herring, who was in the lead, suddenly felt herself being lifted up. She tried to swim, but something held her. Then she knew what had happened.

"Help me!" she cried to the others. "I 'm caught in a net!" But they could do nothing.

Soon she was on a pile of dead fish, with two men bending over her.

"Huh!" said one, "nothin' but herrin'!"

"I 'll pitch him overboard," said the other, and once more the herring was in the water. She soon caught up to the others, who had given her up for lost, and were swimming slowly back to the cove. (They had stopped racing as soon as she was caught.)



"LEFT BEHIND." BY MARJORIE BENSON, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)

When they got there, the herring told them her adventure.

"So," she said in conclusion, "if I were n't 'nothing but a herring,' I 'd be dead now."

A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY MARGARET L. SHIELDS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

NIGHT in the forest!
A whisper of leaves at play,
A wind that sobs and sighs—to stray
Far from the brooding shelter of the woods.
A scud of some shy creature to its burrowed home,
A brook that, murmuring, threads its starlit way
To where a bank of drowsy daisies sway, asleep.
A hush of silence through the forest gloom,
And then—a thrill of rapture, trill of joy,
A song that soars, that flutters, dies away,
Is lost!

But hark! in the crowded haunts of man,
To the hurrying world-wide throng,
The master's wondrous violin
Is singing the woodland song!

A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY NELLIE ADAMS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

OH what so gay, on a summer day,
When sultry and hot the hours,
As a forest scene, with its pine-trees green,
And carpet of fairy flowers?
When the zephyrs sigh in the tree limbs high,
And temper the sullen heat;
With the leaves aloft, and the mosses soft
Spread smoothly for elfin feet?

Oh what so rare as the forest fair
When autumn brings frosty cold;
The pine-trees green, with a bush between
Aflame with crimson and gold?

But a winter night, when the snow is white,
Is lovelier yet, by far;
When every flake the snow-clouds make
Is a dazzling, diamond star.

But, oh! and it's spring when the glad hearts sing,
And the shy white violets peep;
When the herald's mouth calls the birds from the South,
And the wood-mice from their sleep.
And the wood folk sing, "From the fall 'til spring,
And from spring again to fall,
You may seek and roam, but the pine-trees' home
Is the loveliest spot of all."

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1		PROSE, 2
Helen S. Allen	Elizabeth Howland	Roger V. Stearns
Ruth S. Abbott	Muriel Ives	Belle Miller
Elinor P. Childs	Rose F. Cushman	Katherine Kitabjian
Henrietta M. Archer	Louise Collins	Albert Bayne
Frances W. Wright	Mary Dorothy Huson	Illa Williams
Lois W. Kellogg	Thyrza Weston	Edith G. McLeod
Constance Kilborn	Emma Faehrmann	Nell Upshaw
Frances Sweeney	Mary Conover Lines	Helen Curtis
Margaret E. Beakes	Ruth B. Brewster	Elizabeth Conley
Mary H. Wallace	Anthony Fabbri	Peyton Richards
Dorothy M. Rogers	Claire H. Roesch	Dorothy A. Fessenden
Charlotte L. Adams	Mary Daboll	Elsie Terhune
Madeleine Greenbaum	Helen E. Swartz	Isabel Browning
Anne K. Warren	Grace McA. King	Henrietta Shattuck
Lillias Armour	Eleanor Brown Atkin	J. Frederic Wiese
Mary E. Whelan	Genia R. Morris	Lena Turnbull
G. R. Burrage	Marion Smith	Mildred Weissner
Margaret V. Powers	Emily Frankenstein	Barbara Orrett
Arthur H. Nethercot	Kathleen T. Howes	Edna Arnstein
Mary van Fossen	William McBride	Alden Chase
Louise S. May	Marie H. Wilson	Ida C. Disbury
	Vivian E. Kistler	Frances D.
	Ruth Bawden	Pennypacker
		Paulyne F. May
		Mary Hall
		Frederick S. Whiteside
		Gerald W. Prescott
		Helen A. Dority
		Thurston G. Mirick
		Dorothy Dugger
		Frances Weil
		Frederick R. Schmidt
		Edith Brodek
		Albert C. Kringel
		Nathaniel Dorfman
		Jessie V. Westfall
		Edith MacGillivray
		Marion Fette
		Matilda Task
		Janet Tremaine
		Katharine Ferry
		Edward B. Annable
		Florence Lowden
		Mary Buhl
		Katherine Kelly



"LEFT BEHIND." BY DOROTHY HUGHES, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

VERSE, 1	
Elsie Stevens	Harriet A. Wickwire
Hester R. Hoffman	Bertha E. Walker
Robert Paine	Bernice L. Kenyon
Charles Samolar	Gwendolyn Steel
Louis Ellis	Anita L. Grannis
Helen Gould	Margery S. Amory
Edith Townsend	Gladys M. Miller
Alice Card	Forest Hopping
Berenice G. Hill	Dorothy C. Snyder
d'Arcy Holmes	Helene M. Roesch
Thelma Williams	Katharine Balderston
	Ellen Lee Hoffman
	Lilly Ruperti
	Ruth E. Sherburne
	Marian Shaler
	Marion Ellet
	Ellen B. Lay
	Florence W. Towle
	Katherine E. Read
	Flora McD. Cockrell

Josephine N. Felts
Dorothy Heirnimus
Samuel Sanderson
Lucia Barber

Thomas H. Joyce
Thelma Stillson
Helen A. Monsell
Ruth Jones
Jeanette Ridlon
Gwynne Abbott
Frances M. Ross
Katherine Palmer
Ruth MacC. Peters
Ann Hamilton
Helen S. Clift
Hope I. Stelze
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.
Isabel Draper
Francis C. Hanighen
Irma A. Hill
Alice P. Turner
Eleanor Mishnun
Virginia Franklin
Elizabeth Macdonald
Lydia A. Mullan
Katharine Beard
Madeline McLemont
Fannie W. Butlerfield
Lillie G. Menary
Margaret M. Caskey
Winifred W. Birkett
Lucy A. Mackay

VERSE, 2

Francis A. M. Smith
Gordon K. Chalmers
Mary A. White
Priscilla C. Hand
Hazel M. Chapman
Mary Franklin
Ruth S. Thorp
Frances Carveth
Beatrice Fischer
Elizabeth MacLennan
Helen Welty
Charlotte van Pelt
Margaret Johnson
Josephine Cohn
Amanda Hoff
Lucile Shafer
Louise Cramer
Rushia Dixon
Birdie Krupp
Elise S. Haynes
Irene Charnock

DRAWINGS, 1

Louise Graham
Martha P. Lincoln
Henry J. Neal
Calista P. Eliot
Jacob C. White
Welthea B. Thoday
Edward Verdier
Eleanor W. Atkinson
E. Theodore Nelson
Madeline Zeisse
Catharine M. Clarke
Martha Means
Walter K. Frame
Frances M. Patten
Horatio Rogers

Peggy Miles
Mary Bradley
Dorothy Taylor
Miriam H. Tanberg
Dorothy Deming

DRAWINGS, 2

Charles H. Grandgent, Jr.
Glady's Müller
Anna R. Payne
Blanche Haines
Blanche Fox
Marguerite Hicks
Margaret L. Duggar
Glady's E. Livermore
Katharine Schwab
Leodath C. Larrabee
Edith Sise
Dorothy Batchelder
Marion H. Medlar
Allan Clarkson
Frances Riker
Fred Sloan
Jacqueline Hodges
Grace C. Freese
Barrett Brown
Hortense Douglas
Katharine Thompson
Trueman F. Campbell
Betty Kennedy
Victor Child
Christie Douglas
Hunter Griffith
Emil Thiemann
Helen Beeman
Leona H. Carter
Edward Lynch
Carol L. Bates
Frances Eliot
Rachel Britton
Harry Speers
Margaret Grandgent
Estelle Simpson
Frances Lamb
Catherine Waid
Barbara Hoyt
Elizabeth E. Sherman
Lucile Borges
Isabel Knowlton
Lily A. Lewis
Winifred Glassup
Elizabeth Norton
Olyve Graef
Mary T. Bradley
Edith V. Manwell
Margaret van Haagen
Mary Younglove
Lois Myers
Philip Nathanson
Ruth Evans
Alex Berger
Elizabeth Hill
Margaret Brate
Catharine H. Grant
J. Bergs
Joseph S. McKeen

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Dickson Green
Nancy Eggers
Margaret Woodall

Genette Hemenway
Oliver Sorries
Mary K. Gensemer
Willard Vander Veer
Babette Joseph
Yvette Campbell
Elaine Leighton
Dorothy L. Griggs
Dorothy Peabody
Percival Wardwell
Hugh Black, Jr.
Helen Tyler
Margaret Kew
Gordon L. Kent
Alice F. Verner
Andrew Sutherland
Dorothy Stuart
Dorothy Perry
Katie Birmingham
Caroline E. Aber
Bryson Smith

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

W. Robert Reud
Ruth F. Stiles
Joey C. Smith
Harry Jefferson
Kenneth Smith
Elsie Stuart
Robert Banks
Ruth Coggins
Margaret Richmond
Kathleen Miner
Mary I. Lancaster
Louise M. Blumenthal

PUZZLES, 1

Helen C. Wouters
Benedict Jarmulowsky
Alfred Curjel
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Winifred E. Powell
Isidore Helfand
William P. Hall, Jr.
Eugene Scott
Helen Westfall
Sam H. Ordway, Jr.
Louise Ackerman
John B. Hyatt, Jr.
Ruth K. Gaylord
Edith P. Strickney
Wyllis P. Ames
Laura M. Clark
Elizabeth P. Robinson
George H. McDonald
Helen C. Young
Alan Loose

PUZZLES, 2

Margaret M. Laird
Frances Eaton
L. Chernoff
Merittia Frances
Katherine Pearse
Barbara Crebbin
G. Gordon Mahy
Edith Armstrong
Randolph Lewisohn
F. Earl Underwood
Dorothy Stewart
Catharine M. Weaver

NO AGE. Helen Marshall, Daniel B. Bencotter, Daniel V. Thompson, Jr., Hobart Goewey, Douglas Sprunt, Muriel Avery, Harry Sutton, Jr., Eliot G. Hall.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Irene Cerulte, Ralph Hoagliand, Jr., Hester A. Emmet, Margaret Bennett.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Jean Harrison.

DRAWING NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Duane Van Vechten.

TOO LONG. Margaret Spratt. J. Norman Kline.

TWO CONTRIBUTIONS. Marjorie M. Carroll.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 155

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 155 will close **September 10** (for foreign members **September 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **January**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Awakening Year."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Greatest Invention."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Around the Curve."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Through the Window," or a Heading for **January**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—*not one of each kind, but one only.*

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

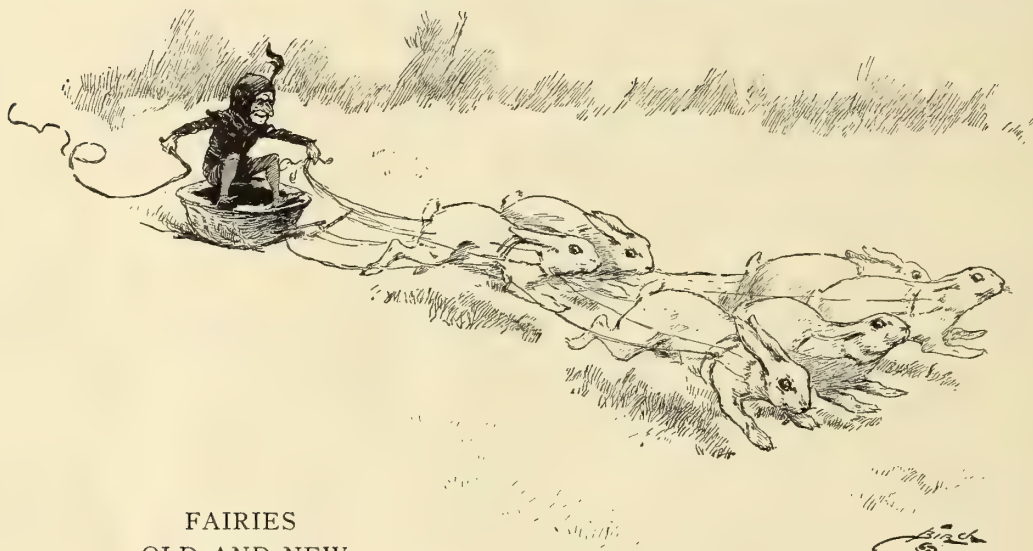
INCOMPLETE ADDRESS. Louis Cohen, Helen M. Lancaster, Florence G. Clark, Charlotte C. Starr, Irene Herrington, Meredith Fitch, Margaret Brooker, Oscar Pitschman, Phoebe Harris, Lillian Goldstein, Stella Bloch.

LATE. Beryl Margetson, Louise van B. Douglas, Meta E. Lieber, Margaret F. Foster, Marie Piquet, Adeline A. Rotty, Joseph A. Smith, Margaret L. Ayer, Charlotte Tougas, Louis F. Adams, Jr., Adelaide F. Kohn, Ruth Simonds, Margaret C. Bland, Bertha Dempster, Beatrice H. Robinson, Robert R. McIlwaine, Clara Leav, Arthur V. Metcalfe.

NOT INDORSED. Saul Werber, Elizabeth Griffiss, Novart Mosikian, Marie L. Faxon, Hannah Ratisher, Olivia Doane, Kenneth B. Jaffray, Hester Sheldon, Myrell Armstrong, Elizabeth B. Dudley, Barbara Kerley, Bella Pursin, Jessica B. Noble, Ethel Cox, Geo. Milne.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



FAIRIES OLD AND NEW

SEPTEMBER seems to me to be the fairy among the months of the year. She is so crowned with gold, so full of play and magic spells, she has no work to do, and it is she who transforms the green woods and gray marshes to wonderlands of fairy fire, and brings the great pale moon back round and full night after night into the skies. Yes, September has a magic!

That being agreed, I am going to talk about a number of fairy books that I have never seen before, and which you, too, may have missed, though some of them have been enjoying themselves in this world for quite a while. Anyhow, they are all good, which is particularly necessary with a fairy story, for the bad ones, like the bad fairies, are very bad indeed, and we want nothing whatever to do with them.

The books I shall speak about contain stories from all over the world, for I suppose there has never been a language spoken that has not been used for telling fairy tales. Whether in hot lands or cold, among savages or the most cultivated nations—why, not a moment passes in which some one, somewhere, is not telling a fairy tale, or listening to one, or reading one, or perhaps writing a new one. Which makes it delightfully probable that we shall always have them with us, however scarce the fairies may have made themselves in these prosaic and practical days.

I remember telling you, long ago, of Selma Lagerlöf's Swedish story of Little Nils and his adventures, as he flew from place to place on the back of a wild goose. Later on, she wrote another book about him, called, "The Further Adventure of Nils," which, if possible, is even better than the first. It begins with the story of a little dog who came near being shot, and it takes you hither and thither over Sweden, which is a beautiful country. Many strange and exciting things happen to Nils and his friends of the field and wood and air; almost do you feel the swish of the wind in your ears and hear the wild cry of the geese as you read the pages. Nils was certainly in luck! But you are almost as fortunate as he if you have his book.

To travel from a country that is sometimes fearfully cold to another that is always warm, is an easy matter if you chance to possess the magic carpet of the prince in the "Arabian Nights," or, not having that, a book of the right kind can manage the thing excellently for you. So, having left Nils in his white land, we will go straight to Cuba, and see what it is that they have to tell us there, among the oranges and hibiscus flowers.

"As Old as the Moon" is the name of the book, and in it are the stories the Carib and Antilles Indians told each other when the world was younger than it is now, and before the white man

had come to drive them out of existence. In this little book we find out how the sun and the moon came to Cuba, with many other interesting things. The Indians who left these stories, to last longer than they themselves have done, were a gentle and poetical people, and you will love the stories.

There are two books of Irish stories—Ireland being an island, too, made me think of them next—one by Seumas MacManus, "Donegal Fairy Tales," the other by Yeats. The Irish were a great deal fonder of fighting than the Caribs, and the stories they tell are full of fights, fights between giants and mortals, between good men and men who were bad enough to deserve being beaten. There is lots of fun in the tales, however, sly Irish wit, many a moment of amusing trickery, and plenty of fairies and witches, spells and transformations.

Jamaica also has her stories, stories told by the negroes in their tiny cabins, some of which have come all the way from Africa in the early times when the slaves were being carried to the West Indies as well as to our country. But they came from a very different part of the Dark Continent, and the stories told in Jamaica are quite different from those we know through Uncle Remus. They are animal stories, to be sure, but that is their only resemblance.

Pamela Coleman Smith collected a lot of them into a book called "Annancy Stories," Annancy being the name of the spider, who is the hero of almost every story. I was in Jamaica part of the time she spent there, and once in a while I went with her to the cabins to hear the old women tell the tales in their strange English, which you can hardly understand at first. They would sit cross-legged on the floor, and sway a bit back and forth, and croon their words. They usually had a *duppy*—which is a ghost—in the stories, and very afraid of *duppies* all the Jamaica blacks are, I can tell you. But there was fun in the stories, too, and the old women would laugh and laugh when they got to the funny parts.

A book of English fairy tales called "Fairy Gold," by Ernest Rhys, is one of the best I found. The stories are told so charmingly, and are so good themselves. Mr. Rhys has got some very old and long-forgotten ones, which leads him to say that "a fairy tale, like a cat, has nine lives. It can pass into many queer shapes, and yet not die. You may cut off its head, and drown it in sentiment or sea-water, or tie a moral to its tail; but it will still survive, and be found sitting safe by the fire some winter night."

"Fairy Gold" has the best sort of stories, the ones that begin with "Once upon a time," and

have princesses and younger sons and magic transformations, and all the splendid things one looks for in the real fairy story. The sweet and the gentle and the lovely and the brave triumph finally over all manner of wicked enchantments or evil witches, which is as it should be, or why should one read fairy stories?

I think you will like particularly the story of Melilot, and of the three frog-men with their eyes that were very, very eager, but not cruel, and with their web-feet. Never a more lovable child than little Melilot came to bless a story, and one is glad when things turn out so well for her after her troubles, and wishes one might go with her when she goes so sweetly out of the story with her soldier beside her.

Then there is the tale of the "Bag of Minutes." You won't find a better in a bag of days! You see, you must certainly ask your parents for "Fairy Gold" when your next birthday comes round.

I never seem to be able to get entirely away from Howard Pyle when I talk of good stories. Here is "Twilight Land," which is brilliant, for all its dim title, with tales of Oriental people and mysterious adventures. Proud princesses and adventurous youths in turbans do all sorts of amazing things, helped by genie and clever old men whom one does not suspect of being magicians until things point to it too persistently. Then there are some delightful pictures, also made by Mr. Pyle, good, oh, quite as good as the stories, for he knew how.

Mr. Pyle had a sister Katherine who also loves to tell fairy stories, and there is a book by her, called, "Where the Wind Blows," that has ten, each from a different nation. The stories, Miss Pyle says, are almost as old as the Wind himself. But I think they will be new to you. Germany and Japan and India and England and Greece and other lands come with a story to tell. It will be hard, when you have finished, to say which of them all you liked best. Probably you will manage to get round it by speaking for the one you read last. But if you re-read one of them again, you'll find yourself changing your mind, and voting for that one.

A fairy story that takes a whole book to tell is "The Flint Heart," by Eden Phillpotts. It is interested in things that happened about five thousand years ago, and Mr. Phillpotts says that if you think times were dull then, you never made a bigger mistake in your life. "It was the liveliest age before history," he insists, "in fact, no one ever had a dull moment."

Nor will you as you read the book, which begins by telling about Brokotoctotick, who was

simply called Brok behind his back, and of another man whose name was merely Fum. It is Fum, however, who makes the flint heart, helped by the Spirit of Thunder. It was a hard and dangerous heart, and many things happen because of it. But in the end you will be glad that it was made—and surely glad of the story that tells its history. It all happens in Dartmoor, England, and though the queer stone huts of the New Stone People have disappeared, the country remains not so unlike what it was in Fum's day, as you may see for yourselves if you go there.

I dare say a number of you have read George MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind." I can't imagine any one missing that story; in fact, one ought to read it more than once, as is true of all good stories. It is impossible not to finish it without tears in your eyes, even though the ending is not really unhappy; but the tears one sheds over a story do not hurt. Surely the little hero must have been glad to get back of the North Wind once more, though he could never come here again. And so you close the book half glad and half sorry, which, very likely, when the time comes, is the way one closes the Book of Life. And who can say but that the sorry part is as beautiful as the rest!

Now I must speak of one more story, a new one last year, at least to us who speak English. For it was written by a Frenchman, Anatole France, and translated by Mrs. John Lane into the prettiest English, with little songs running through it, songs that turn into music right on the page—"Honey-Bee," it is called.

This story tells about the young Lord of Blanchelande and his foster-sister, the exquisite

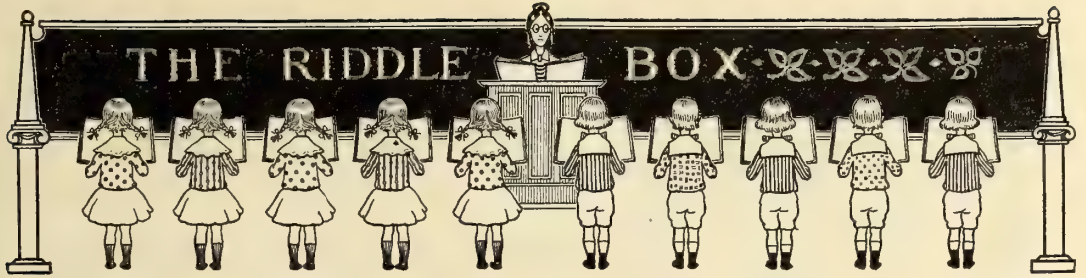
Honey-Bee of Clarides, after whom the book is named, with whose good and beautiful mother the little Lord George came to live when his own mother died. The two children grew up together, and loved each other so dearly that they never forgot each other. Not though George was captured by the nixies who lived in the lake, and kept a prisoner for many years in a wonderful crystal palace, while Honey-Bee was carried away by the dwarfs to the heart of the mountain, and became their princess, and was loved and wooed by their king, a gentle and kindly dwarf with a heart of gold, besides all the treasures of the world.

Of course I am not going to tell you all that happened, nor what it was like in the kingdom of the dwarfs, nor in the nixies' palace. Nor how King Loc helped George to escape, and what followed upon that escape. For that is just what the book tells, and tells so beautifully.

After you have read it all, you will have a new idea of the dwarfs, the little, industrious people who live under the earth, and of their king, the noble Loc, who could give away so generously what he loved best. The book is like a handful of fragrant flowers, so sweet and fresh and lovely it is, and I advise you to go to your book-shelf and pull it out and read it many times.

This will do for one month. There are as many good fairy stories as there are yellow leaves floating in the clear September air when the wind blows, and it is not possible to speak of them all, any more than you can count the leaves. Some of the latter you will bring home to press and keep; and so I, too, have brought home to you a few of the stories, to treasure for all times.





ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

STEP PUZZLE. I. 1. Merle. 1. Steam. 1. Stare. 2. Tiled. 3. Alibi. 4. Rebel. 5. Edile. 1. Slots. 2. Limit. 3. Omega. 4. Tiger. 5. Stare. II. 1. Roams. 1. Terse. 2. Eland. 3. Rapid. 4. Snipe. 5. Edder. 1. Remit. 2. Elite. 3. Miner. 4. Items. 5. Terse. III. 1. Roast. 1. Spine. 2. Panel. 3. Inked. 4. Neele. 5. Elder. 1. Roars. 2. Orlop. 3. Alibi. 4. Robin. 5. Spine.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Scott. Perry. Cross-words: 1. Syrup. 2. Canoe. 3. Other. 4. Taper. 5. Taffy.

ROYAL ZIGZAG. Cleopatra. Cross-words: 1. Chest. 2. Plant. 3. Queen. 4. Canoe. 5. Stamp. 6. Clqak. 7. Patch. 8. Crate. 9. Altar.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals: South Pole. Fourth row: R. Amundsen. Cross-words: 1. Sparta. 2. Ottawa. 3. Unimak. 4. Tyburn. 5. Hainan. 6. Pindus. 7. Odessa. 8. Lamego. 9. Epinac.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Boats. 2. Oaten. 3. Atone. 4. Tense. 5. Sneer.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 10 from Alfred Hand, 3d—"Midwood"—Doris Clare and Jean Frances—Claire A. Hepner—R. Kenneth Everson—"Marcapan"—George Locke Howe—Wm. T. Fickinger—Judith Ames Marsland.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 10 from Gavin Watson, 7—Dorothy Belle Goldsmith, 7—Catherine Gordon Ames, 7—Theodore H. Ames, 7—Geo. D. Kahlo, Jr., 7—Harmon B., James O., Glen T. Vedder, 7—Gertrude P. English, 6—Margaret M. Benney, 6—"Dixie Slope," 6—Eva Garson, 6—Madeleine and Helen Marshall, 5—Edward C. Heymann, 5—Henry Seligsohn, 5—Gjems Fraser, 5—Nelson K. Wilde, 5—Helen Bradley, 4—Frances Eaton, 4—Ruth Champion, 4—Alice and Martha Behrendt, 4—John D. Cooper, 3—Elizabeth Jones, 3—Elizabeth Bryant, 3—Mitchell V. Charnley, Jr., 3—No name, 3—Donald W. Atwater, 3—Minnie Beatrice and Margaretta Daugherty, 3—Alan C. Dunn, 3—Eleanor O'Leary, 3—Alice Berliner, 3—Marion Pendleton, 3—Fred Allen Strand, 3—Edward James Cooper, 2—Margaret Andrus, 2—Jessica B. Noble, 2—Elizabeth A. Kearny, 2—Grace Boynton, 2—Edith Anna Lukens, 2—Virginia Bullard, 2—Adele Mowton, 2—Catherine F. Tantz, 2—Mildred Miller, 2—Eleanor F. Tobin, 2—Eleanor Gilchrist, 2—Louise Copley, 2—Margaret Kindwood, 2—Julia T. Buckland, 2—Madge McCord, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. A. P.—M. L.—E. M. P.—R. W. S.—L. A.—E. S.—E. H.—K. K. S.—D. H.—N. S. C.—E. B.—S. W.—R. H.—F. M. L.—A. O.—M. P. S.—R. W. H.—D. O. W.—I. A.—K. E. G.—D. T.—A. H.—E. S.—K. L.—M. H.—M. D.—A. G.—E. C.—G. A. M.—M. P.—G. H. C.—M. B.—R. C.—D. N.—H. M.—A. L. O.—W. M.—C. S.—R. H. F.—R. L. T.—G. B.—G. P.—H. C.—M. G.—E. H. L.—S. M. I.—J. P. M.—L. B.—R. T. B.—D. M.—O. C.—M. F.—L. C. B.—R. E.—I. B. F.—M. B.—H. W.—R. W.—A. O. J., Jr.—E. R.—K. F.—P. and M.—H. D.—E. R. R.

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL

I 3 . . .
 . * * * .
 . . * * *
 . . . * 4
 2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Sarcasm. 2. Very small particles. 3. Blaze. 4. Tasteless from age. 5. Idiomatic.

From 1 to 2, a beautiful country; from 3 to 4, its most famous city.

BENEDICT JORMULOWSKY (age 13), *League Member*.

SHAKSPEREAN DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a character in "Twelfth Night."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A character in "Measure for Measure." 2. A name assumed by Portia. 3. A courtier in "Hamlet." 4. A character in "Antony and Cleopatra." 5. A character in "Pericles." 6. A character in "Twelfth

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Primals: Tempest, Othello. Cross-words: 1. Tr-opes. 2. En-tail. 3. Mo-hair. 4. Pr-each. 5. En-list. 6. So-lace. 7. Tr-over.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Come what come may
 Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

MUSICAL CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. 1. Fade. Aged. Dead. Edda. 2. Caf . Aged. Feed. Edda. 3. Abed. Bade. Edge. Deed. 4. Abed. Bede. Edda. Deaf.

PI.

The honeysuckle by the porch is sweet,
 And noisy bees wing on from bloom to bloom,
 Full loath to leave for yonder windless heat,
 The shade and coolness of the fragrant gloom.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG. Sir Galahad, King Arthur. Cross-words: 1. Skull. 2. Ionic. 3. Rosin. 4. Gauge. 5. Alpha. 6. Learn. 7. Avert. 8. Hythe. 9. Adieu. 10. Dowry.

Night." 7. A character in "Taming of the Shrew." 8. A character in "Othello." 9. The title of a play.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 13), *League Member*.

ANAGRAM

A FAMOUS man of Queen Elizabeth's time.

A HEART GREW ILL.

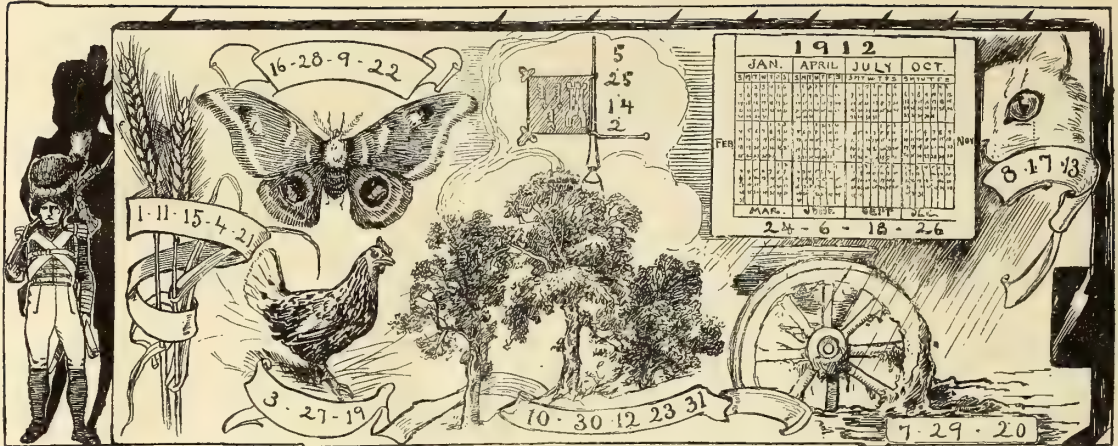
HISTORICAL DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of an American general who commanded the forces against Burgoyne until succeeded by Gates. 2. The surname of a president of the United States. 3. One of the thirteen original colonies. 4. An English nobleman for whom one of the original colonies was named. 5. The scene of a famous surrender in 1781. 6. An American general under whom Washington fought. 7. One of the principal naval battles of the Spanish-American War. 8. A famous queen of England.

The diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a very famous Revolutionary battle.

MARY BERGER (age 13).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-one letters, is a phrase first used by a famous American commander.

LETTER PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

One letter is suggested by each line.

My *first* is a body of water blue,
 My *second* makes men mean to you;
 My *third* is the end of time and space,
 My *fourth* increases each thing and place;
 My *fifth* and *second* are alike to see,
 My *sixth* is a part of the verb "to be."
 My *whole* is a Roman ruler whose name
 As soldier and statesman won great fame.

MARGARET M. DOOLEY (age 16).

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals and another row of letters will each spell the name of a famous composer.

Cross-words: 1. Fealty. 2. To awaken. 3. A nose. 4. A cloth dealer. 5. What no one likes to make. 6. Insignificant. H. R. LUCE (age 14), *League Member*.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A swamp. 2. A port of Peru. 3. Severity. 4. To chide. 5. Robust.
 II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small heron. 2. Rank. 3. Plunder. 4. Prepares for publication. 5. Rigid.
 III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A substance used in making

bread. 2. A masculine name. 3. A variety of quartz. 4. The evil one. 5. Tendency.
 IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Established custom. 2. Flavor. 3. A salt of soda. 4. A statue. 5. Assessed.
 V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A play. 2. A noisy feast. 3. To turn aside. 4. To swallow pp. 5. To vary.
 HENRY WILSON (age 13).

CONNECTED STARS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

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. . . * . . .
4 . . . * . . . 2
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5 . . . * . . . 7
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
8 . . . * . . . 6
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Cross-words: 1. In compass. 2. A negative. 3. An important island of Europe. 4. A convent. 5. A color. 6. A royal residence. 7. To place securely. 8. To depart. 9. In compass. 10. Thus. 11. A moral fable. 12. A beautiful city of Austria. 13. The river of forgetfulness. 14. To disfigure. 15. To invigorate. 16. To exist. 17. In compass.
 From 1 to 2, upright; from 3 to 4, great fear; from 5 to 6, to toss; from 7 to 8, to go in.
 Central stars reading downward (nine letters), a famous queen of long ago.
 HELENA A. IRVINE (age 12).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals spell a city, and my finals the State in which it is located.
 Cross-words (of equal length): 1. A vegetable. 2. To coax. 3. A defect. 4. To skin. 5. Likewise. 6. An animal's den. 7. A city of West Siberia.
 WINIFRED E. POWELL (age 12), *League Member*.

Natural Flesh Tints

THERE is no improving on nature. When art essays to depict beauty, the nearer to nature's own coloring it gets with its flesh tints, the more successful is the realization. This shows that only natural beauty is really effective. This was the prompting idea in the invention of



Pears' Soap

a hundred and twenty years ago. It is a soap composed wholly of such pure emollient and detergent ingredients as the skin naturally and freely responds to.

Pears never spoils the natural flesh tints. It improves them, by keeping the skin soft, fine and pure. Its influence is so kind, beneficial and refining that its use means the preservation of the dainty pink and white of a perfect complexion from infancy to old age. Pears is in accord with nature first and last.

The skin is kept soft and the complexion beautiful by using Pears which maintains the soft refined daintiness which is nature's alone.

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

A Signed-in-Ink Guarantee

Buy six pairs of Holeproof Hose of your dealer. He'll give you a *signed-in-ink* guarantee that the six pairs will wear six full months without holes. They will wear longer probably. Millions of pairs of "Holeproof" do. If they wear out in less than six months we replace them. The six pairs of cotton and mercerized cotton "Holeproof" will cost you only \$1.50—or up to \$3—according to the finish you want. We make "Holeproof" in gauze silk for men, costing \$2 for three pairs guaranteed three months, and \$3 for three pairs for women, guaranteed three months. But all Holeproof Hose are soft, stylish and comfortable, no matter what grade you prefer.

Only the Finest Yarn Fit for "Holeproof"

All of our cotton hose are made from the finest yarn. Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, costing an average of seventy cents a pound—the average top market price for cotton yarn. We use pure silk for the silk hose. No *unguaranteed* cotton hose contain better yarn, for better cannot be bought by any maker. We could buy cotton yarn for as low as thirty cents a pound, but the hose would be cumbersome, heavy and coarse, while "Holeproof" are light in weight, soft and attractive.



FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Since "Holeproof" came, there is no more need for the darning basket. It is no longer necessary to sacrifice wear and comfort to get style and fit. For in "Holeproof" is found the remarkable combination of unusual wearing qualities, together with perfect style and fit. And yet you pay no more for "Holeproof" than for ordinary hose, which lack the guarantee and other "Holeproof" features.

"Holeproof" the Original Guaranteed Hosiery

"Holeproof" is the original guaranteed hosiery. Imitators have attempted to ride into public favor upon the reputation that "Holeproof" has made. They came with a guarantee very similar to ours—they could reproduce that—but they could not reproduce "Holeproof" quality, "Holeproof" style and "Holeproof" fit.

So we urge you to be careful. Don't ask merely for guaranteed hosiery. Insist upon genuine "Holeproof." You'll find our trademark and the signature Carl Frieschl on genuine "Holeproof."

Sold in Your Town

The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

(375) Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Distributors for Canada

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Frieschl

Are Your Hose Insured?

A Business Girl

Needs a clear brain, steady nerves and endurance.

Each day thinkers use up brain cells.

Each day active workers destroy cells in the nerve centres.

This waste must be replaced daily by proper food. Otherwise nervous prostration and brain-fag result.

Nature cannot rebuild gray matter in nerve centres and brain without Phosphate of Potash—not from the drug shop, but as grown in the field grains.

Phosphate of Potash is more than half the mineral salts in

Grape-Nuts

—a food made from choice wheat and barley.

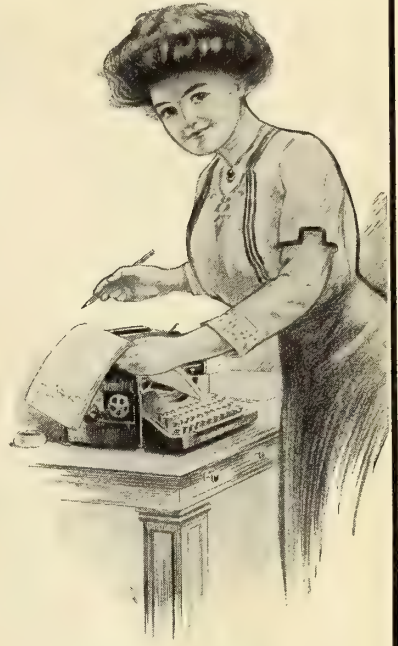
It is perfectly cooked—easily digested—has fine flavour and specially adapted for brain workers.

You can replace each day the worn-out parts of yesterday. The world pays well for efficiency.

“There’s a Reason” for Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



SUPPOSE you had to make a personal call to secure every customer for your goods.

Would you solicit everyone you met, or could approach regardless of their intelligence, influence and purchasing power?

Or would you devote your time and attention to those who were evidently able to appreciate and to purchase your product; those whose example would be most effective, whose patronage once secured, could not be easily diverted?

If intelligence, influence and purchasing power are the qualities most desirable in your prospective customers look to

THE CENTURY ST. NICHOLAS

consider their

Illustrations

Artists

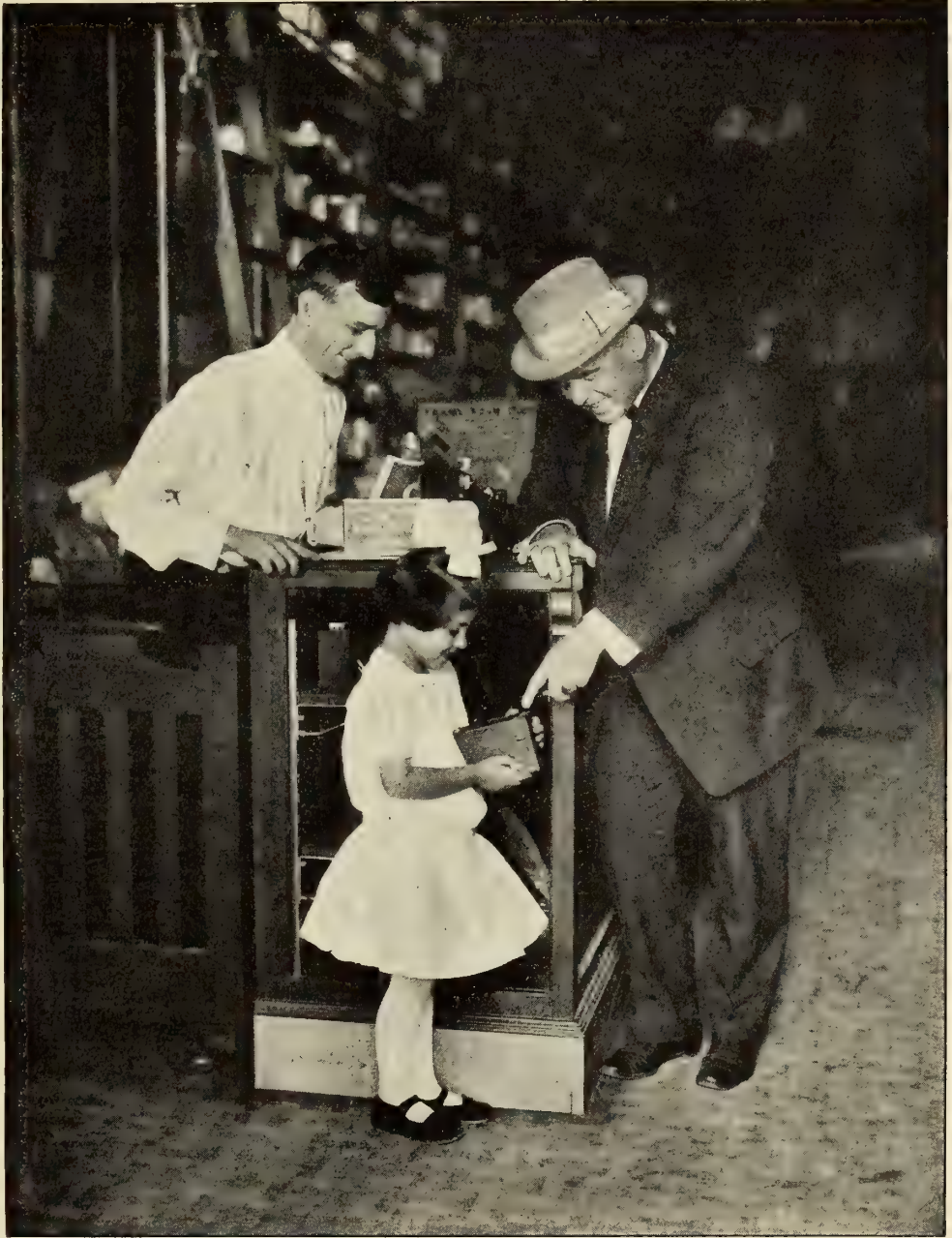
Advertisements

Letterpress

Authors

Advertisers

These magazines have for nearly half a century enjoyed the patronage of the best class of people and the best class of advertisers.



"I SEE HOW, PAPA, IT ISN'T A BIT HARD."

Of course it's easy, the littlest child can take good pictures
with a

BROWNIE

Catalogue of Brownies and Kodaks free at your dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 129.

Time to hand in answers is up September 10. Prize-winners announced in November number.

One of the most amusing competitions we have ever had in this department called upon the competitors to cut out portions from pictorial advertisements that have appeared in magazines and then to paste them on a piece of paper so as to make an amusing or striking combination. When cleverly done this gives rise to most astonishing results. The figures from different advertisements can be so brought together as to be irresistibly funny. The words to be put under the made-up picture may also be cut from advertisements, or you may write new words to suit yourself.

But it is required that you shall tell where each bit of a picture is taken from, so that the Judges may look it up, if they choose, and see that it is from some magazine advertisement.

Each competitor may submit three pictures or fewer, but not more. So pick out the best only, and send them in.

When more than one sheet of paper is used, they should be fastened together. We hope that there may be some that we shall feel bound to print when awarding the prizes. You may, as usual, have help from your elders in this competition and need not add any indorsement of originality.

Remember to tell where each cutting comes from. A good way to do this is to put a small number on each, and then to write on the back of your paper a list of the sources of each patchwork picture. It is also well not to roll or fold your competition paper, as the paste

dries in that shape and then the figures fall off when spread out flat.

Below is a Patchwork picture, not a very good one, just to show you what is meant. The pieces of which it is made are taken from the following:

No. 1. Baker's Cocoa, August ST. NICHOLAS.

No. 2. Peter's Chocolate, " " "

No. 3. Pond's Extract, " " "

No. 4. Paris Garters, August CENTURY.

You need not, of course, confine yourself to CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS.

Here follow the list of prizes and the rules:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the one who submits the cleverest picture.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to those who submit the next cleverest pictures.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to those who submit the next cleverest pictures.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to those who submit the next cleverest pictures.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (129).

3. Submit answers by September 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 129, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.



(See also page 16.)

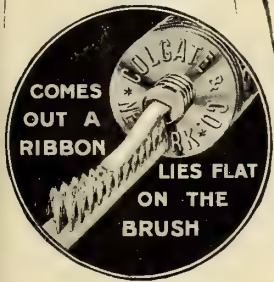


You *never* see your own teeth

Did you ever realize that you see only their reflection in the mirror?

But others do see your teeth every time you talk, smile or laugh and they know whether or not you keep them clean.

For clean, sound, good-looking teeth use



COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

It has no "druggy" taste but a delicious flavor that makes its twice-a-day use a pleasure.

Ribbon Cream has an antiseptic action which checks the growth of decay germs.

It has a polishing action which whitens your teeth without harmful "grit" to scratch the enamel.

Ask mother to get you a tube—or send us 2c in stamps for a generous trial tube. Ask for "The Jungle Pow Wow" too, for your little brother or sister—a funny animal rhyme book with colored pictures. It's free.



COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton St., New York

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 127

The Judges offer their sincerest sympathy to those boys and girls who did not compete in Competition No. 127. Quite a number of answers were received, but a great many of our readers missed a splendid opportunity to spend some of those long summer days in a very enjoyable and instructive manner.

Last month we took a trip around the world. We saw the rubber plantations of the Amazon; went gliding over the waters of the Far East in a queer sampan; called upon the enterprising people of far-off Australia; stopped at the Dresden Gallery long enough to look at the famous painting by Liotard of the Viennese chocolate girl—Annette Beldauf; and in our own country spent a few interesting hours at the mighty falls of Niagara and wonderful Yellowstone Park. We even traveled far, far back over the centuries that have gone since the wonderful hanging-gardens of ancient Babylon blossomed in all their Oriental luxuriance, and the myriad human lives perished in the building of the mighty Pyramids of the Pharaohs. In later times we traveled with Ponce de Leon on a beautiful Easter Sunday through balmy Florida in search of that marvelous Fountain of Youth.

We also delved a little into literature, and noted Amy March's famous remark about "taking time by the fetlock," in Louisa Alcott's immortal "Little Women." But, best of all, we used our brains, and many interesting answers were given to the question regarding the seven wonders of the modern world, and that referring to the phrasing of the Dioxogen advertisement. On the whole, we believe it was a most enjoyable competition for both you and the Judges. Most

of the papers were interesting and again confirmed our belief that the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are the brightest, most wide-awake youngsters in the world.

Reading advertisements attentively, thinking about them and their claims, investigating carefully all the topics suggested, is sure to result in a broader, general knowledge and make you a more interesting and more cultured person.

The Judges wish especially to commend the following named prize-winners and honor-takers for the excellency of their contributions:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Helen H. Blish, age 13, Washington.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Hildegard Diechmann, age 16, New York City.

Eleanor Steward Cooper, age 17, Pa.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Mildred Otis, age 16, Mass.

Ruth Williams, age 16, Pa.

Edwin Carter Adams, age 15, Syria.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Helen Boyce, age 14, Minn.

Helen J. Barker, age 13, Mass.

Frances C. Hamlet, age 19, Maine.

Lois Fitz Gerald, age 18, N. J.

Winifred E. Bowring, age 13, Cal.

Gladys C. Mead, age 17, Colorado.

Sophie Euston Woods, age 15, Mo.

Frances Dana Crane, age 11, Iowa.

Ophelia Davidson, age 13, Wash., D. C.

Agnes McGough, age 15, Ohio.

ROLL OF HONOR

Agnes Robbins, age 16, Iowa.

Jean Bone, age 12, Pa.

Bernice E. Gurney, ———— Mo.

Dorothy Prescott, age 11, Mass.

Dorothy Thompson, age 14, Pa.

Edith Silver, age 15, Indiana.

Nirna E. Mead, age 14, Colorado.

Edgar Gibbs, age 14, New York City.

Helen Brainard, age 14, Mo.

Ellen C. Gary, age 16½, Illinois.

Ruth Vaughan Keeley, age 13, N. J.

Marjorie S. Griffith, age 14, N. J.

Thelma Fay, age 14, Oregon.

(See also page 14.)

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

Standard since 1848

Delicious Home-made Pies with Perfect Crust and Tempting Filling.

To make light, flaky and delicate crust use part Kingsford's Corn Starch instead of all flour. Kingsford's insures a fine pie crust—dry and tender even in juicy fruit pies. In preparing the filling or custard use Kingsford's wherever your recipe calls for corn starch. In fact for all cooking purposes, Kingsford's is the corn starch to use in order to get the results you desire. It is the perfect corn starch—refined with extreme care—absolutely pure. Don't take chances with inferior substitutes.



Kingsford's costs no more. Insist on it.

Send your name on a post card for Cook Book "D" that tells all about making pies—and gives 168 recipes for all kinds of dishes.

T. KINGSFORD & SON

National Starch Co., Suc'rs

Oswego, N. Y.

Are You Sure that Your Laundress Uses *clean* Starch? Of course the clothes are thoroughly washed—but it takes the *pure natural lump*

KINGSFORD'S SILVER GLOSS STARCH

to give results the careful woman wants—*clear white*, crisp clothes—the finish that delights the eye of every experienced housewife. Every care is taken to make Kingsford's perfect beyond question. See that the laundress uses it and not one of the cheap starches containing impurities that spot or stain and spoil the good of the *washing* so far as looks go.

Sold in 1 lb., 3 lb. and 6 lb. boxes.

T. KINGSFORD & SON

National Starch Co., Suc'rs

Oswego, N. Y.



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

A VENETIAN STAMP

IF ever there were a place which appealed strongly to the universal imagination, it is Venice. What could be more fascinating than to dream of a city



where the streets are of water, where the street-cars are boats or gondolas? And now, after having charmed the imagination of all for so many centuries, the Queen of the Adriatic sends an appeal to stamp collectors in the issue of two stamps in celebration of the rebuilding of the Campanile. The center of attraction in Venice is the Square of St. Mark, or San Marco. Here stand many of the most interesting historical structures, and here stood the famous Campanile, or bell-tower. "Campana," the Italian word for bell, gave the name to all of these bell-towers which were once very common throughout Italy. The bells in these towers rang not only for religious services, but to summon the people to arms to resist an invader. In the maritime provinces, doubtless, they served also as guides to the sailors, possibly as primitive lighthouses at night. Of the many campanili which once existed, but few remain to-day. Of these perhaps the Campanile of San Marco is the most famous. It was begun by the Doge Morosini in the year 902, and was built of old Roman brick brought from the ruined city of Altinum. The original structure was altered many times, but finally reached an altitude of about 336 feet. At the top was a large, gilded angel. Originally this figure was posed so carefully as to move with the wind like a weather vane. On July 14, 1902, masons, engaged in work upon the tower, noticed bits of plaster falling. The alarm was immediately given, and all fled to a place of safety. At 10:40 A.M. the structure collapsed and fell, but fortunately no one was injured. Spectators say that the angel at the top seemed to spread its wings and slowly settle down into the clouds of rising dust. Certainly the statue was uninjured by its fall. Steps were soon taken for the rebuilding of the tower, which, after ten years, is now completed and dedicated. Among the various ways of commemorating the event was the issuance of two stamps—a five and fifteen centesimi. We illustrate the stamp showing the new tower. The round things in the foreground represent the domes of the Cathedral, over which towers the pride of Venice—the new Campanile.

pana," the Italian word for bell, gave the name to all of these bell-towers which were once very common throughout Italy. The bells in these towers rang not only for religious services, but to summon the people to arms to resist an invader. In the maritime provinces, doubtless, they served also as guides to the sailors, possibly as primitive lighthouses at night. Of the many campanili which once existed, but few remain to-day. Of these perhaps the Campanile of San Marco is the most famous. It was begun by the Doge Morosini in the year 902, and was built of old Roman brick brought from the ruined city of Altinum. The original structure was altered many times, but finally reached an altitude of about 336 feet. At the top was a large, gilded angel. Originally this figure was posed so carefully as to move with the wind like a weather vane. On July 14, 1902, masons, engaged in work upon the tower, noticed bits of plaster falling. The alarm was immediately given, and all fled to a place of safety. At 10:40 A.M. the structure collapsed and fell, but fortunately no one was injured. Spectators say that the angel at the top seemed to spread its wings and slowly settle down into the clouds of rising dust. Certainly the statue was uninjured by its fall. Steps were soon taken for the rebuilding of the tower, which, after ten years, is now completed and dedicated. Among the various ways of commemorating the event was the issuance of two stamps—a five and fifteen centesimi. We illustrate the stamp showing the new tower. The round things in the foreground represent the domes of the Cathedral, over which towers the pride of Venice—the new Campanile.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE Editor of the Stamp Page has received several queries from "C. J.," of West Somerville. To him and other readers of this page we would say that in publishing a magazine such as the ST. NICHOLAS, it is necessary to have all manuscript in hand some weeks in advance of the date of issue. This means rather a long wait for an answer. If you will send a self-addressed stamped envelop, a

reply will reach you sooner than through these columns. And again queries are not always of sufficient general interest to command space in the Stamp Page. ¶ There is a value over face for the three-cent stamp of the issue of 1861. How much this may depend somewhat upon the condition and centering of the stamps, and somewhat upon their shade or color. You can procure from any of our advertisers a copy of the "Standard Catalogue," which will give you quotations on nearly every stamp issued. No collector can well afford to be without a copy of this book. Not only does it give prices, but it illustrates all foreign stamps.

¶ United States envelops of the 1861 issue vary materially in the color of the paper. They are usually collected as white and buff, but some, if not all, values may be found in a paper distinctly amber, as well as buff, both light and dark. Printed stamp albums have spaces for envelop stamps in a "cut square" condition only. If you collect them in this way, cut them so that the margins are large enough to completely fill the album space. It is better, however, if you have the entire envelop, not to cut it at all, as some sizes of envelops are very rare. Collectors of "entire" envelops are interested not only in the color of paper, but also in the water-mark, in the size of the envelop, and in the shape of what is technically called the "knife." If you examine a few envelops you will see that while they may look very much alike in the front, yet the size and shape of the four folds on the back vary very materially. The flap itself is sometimes narrow, sometimes deep, and moreover there is a wide variety in the curve of the flap. These envelops are closed according to the shape of the knife which in the process of manufacture cuts them from the large sheets of paper.

¶ A water-mark is a design or series of letters, or both, which is introduced into the texture of the paper while it is being manufactured. Hold almost any sheet of note-paper to the light, and what is known as the water-mark will appear plainly visible. Manufacturers of paper use it to distinguish various grades, as well as to advertise their own make. It is introduced into the paper used in printing stamps as a help to prevent forgery or counterfeiting. If the water-mark cannot readily be seen by holding the stamp to the light, place the stamp face downward upon some black metal, like a sheet of tintype metal, and pour on it a few drops of benzine. Or one can get from any of our advertisers a benzine cup especially prepared for the purpose. The benzine will not injure an unused stamp nor dissolve the gum, while a canceled stamp is oftener cleaner and brighter for a benzine bath. ¶ The gage or size of perforation is not found by counting the holes around the edges of a stamp. All stamps are not of the same size, and so it is agreed that the gage shall be the number of holes or perforations that appear in a space of 20 millimeters. All dealers use what are called perforation gages. These are cards, or sometimes transparent pieces of celluloid, on which are printed a series of dots or points. Place the stamp upon the card, and move it along until the perforations compare exactly with the dots on the gage. On the margin of the card is noted the size of that gage. These cards cost only a few cents, and are very convenient.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

THE CONTINENTAL STAMP ALBUM, published for beginners. The best on the market. 8x5 inches, holds 560 stamps, 160 illustrations. Special bargain price 10c. 108 all different stamps from Paraguay, Turkey, Venezuela, etc., 10c. Finest approval sheets at 50 per cent. discount. Agents wanted. Write for a selection to-day. SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

SUMMER PRICES

1c. Postal Savings, 10 cts. One or two straight edges, fine. 1000 Ideal hinges in a box to be used as a watermark detector, 15 cts.

Commemorative Stamps of the World

A serial now running in our monthly paper. Sample free.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.

43 WASHINGTON BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS.

STAMP ALBUM with 538 genuine stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 dif. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Agents wanted 50%. *Big Bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!* We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., DEPT. I, ST. LOUIS, MO.

RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 89c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount, 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.
10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 6000 low-priced stamps free. CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



STAMPS! CHEAP! 333 GENUINE FOREIGN Missionary stamps, 5c. 100 foreign, no two alike, incl. India, Newfoundland, etc., only 5c. 100 U. S. all diff., scarce lot, only 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 15c. Agts. wtd., 50%. List free. *I buy stamps.* L. B. DOVER, D-6, ST. LOUIS, MO.

70 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS FROM 70 DIFFERENT Foreign Countries, including Bolivia, Crete, Guatemala, Gold Coast, Hong-Kong, Mauritius, Monaco, Persia, Réunion, Tunis, Trinidad, Uruguay, etc., for only 15 cents—a genuine bargain. With each order we send our pamphlet which tells all about "How to Make a Collection of Stamps Properly." QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., 7 SINTON BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.

STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT. For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps. C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLIANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

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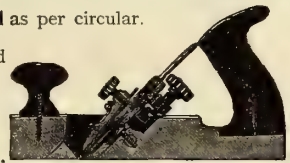
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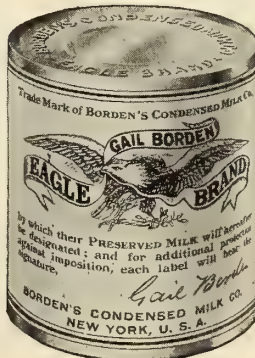
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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR OCTOBER, 1912.

	Page
Frontispiece. The Amateur of Painting. From a picture by Meissonier.	1059
Peace Payson's Motto. Story Elizabeth Price Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	1059
The Sky. Verse.....	1065
Adrift on the Amazon. Story Dewey Austin Cobb..... Illustrated by George A. King	1066
"Morning," "Noon," and "Night." Pictures. Painted by Francis Day.....	1071
The Lucky Sixpence. Serial Story. (Conclusion.) Illustrated by Arthur Becher.	1075
The King's Vacation. Story..... Alfred Hayes..... Illustrated by C. T. Hill.	1085
The Breakfast Party. Picture. From a painting by Charles C. Curran.....	1089
Famous Pictures. (Sixth Paper.)..... Charles L. Barstow..... Illustrations from paintings by Meissonier.	1090
The Annual Moonlight Hop in Beetleburg. Picture. Drawn by Harrison Cady.....	1096
"Play Ball!" Verse..... Arthur Chamberlain..... Illustration by E. W. Kemble.	1097
Playing the Game. (Base-ball Series.) (Conclusion.)..... C. H. Clandy..... Illustrated from a photograph and with diagrams, etc.	1097
The Unsuspected Talent. ("Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes.") Verse... D. K. Stevens..... Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland.	1106
An Evening at the Wireless Station. Sketch..... Francis Arnold Collins..... Illustrated by Otto Rebele, George Varian, and from photographs.	1110
Making a Living. ("Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects.")..... George Lawrence Parker.....	1115
Jingles. C. F. Lester..... Illustrated by the Author.	1116
The Tale of the Tailless Cat. Verse..... Pauline Frances Camp.....	1117
The Townsend Twins—Camp Directors. Serial Story. (Conclusion.) Warren L. Eldred..... Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	1117
Mary Sunshine. Story..... Marjorie Louise Hillis..... Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.	1124
Nature and Science for Young Folks. 1129 Illustrated.	1129
For Very Little Folk: The Wolf and the Little Lamb. Story..... Vente van Blarcom..... Illustrated by George A. King.	1136
St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles..... Illustrated.	1140
Books and Reading Hildegard Hawthorne.....	1148
The Letter-Box	1150
The Riddle-Box	1151
St. Nicholas Stamp Page Advertising page.....	20

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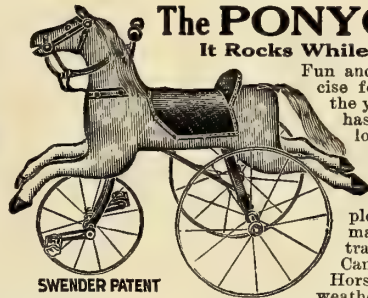
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(SEE PAGE 1090.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

OCTOBER, 1912

No. 12

PEACE PAYSON'S MOTTO

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

"WHERE is everybody, anyhow?" demanded Lucia, peeping in at a door which stood invitingly ajar.

"Here!" was the prompt reply. "Come right in, bridesmaid, and help yourself to a needle and thread."

"I've been wandering over the entire dormitory since I arrived, looking at empty rooms and rattling locked doors. What's going on? Party gowns or new curtains?" and Lucia eyed the yards of frills inquisitively.

"The very idea! Curtains!" Grace tossed a filmy sleeve at the new-comer. "Gaze upon the quality of that material, then insult it if you dare! Here's a thimble—baste that seam, will you?"

"We're awfully glad to see you back, Lu. Did you get your cousin safely married?" Madge Greyson chimed in.

"Quite safely, thank you, and launched on her honeymoon tour. Yes, I did bring some wedding-cake. No, I did n't get the bride's bouquet. That's the last question I'm going to answer till this excitement is explained," and Lucia assumed a determined air as she reached for the thread.

"You need n't insist. Can't you see we're dying to tell you? Gather this ruffle, Mabel, and, Sylvia, turn that hem. It's a gown, Lu, for our feminine Paganini. I do mean Paganini, don't I, Lora? He did play the violin, did n't he?"

"According to history, yes. I never met the gentleman, so I can't speak from experience."

"It's Peace, Lucia. We're all so proud of her, we are half crazy. There was n't a minute to spare after she knew what Herr Richter wanted her to do, so we all pitched in to help. Grace is modiste-in-chief, and we are all aides-of-the-staff. Is n't it going to be pretty? Only look at that front breadth—could you tell it had n't been designed by Paquin himself, or herself, as the case may be?"

"Peace's gown. Everybody proud. So much I have gathered. A few more items would n't come amiss. Proud of what, for instance?" Lucia sewed industriously as she made her inquiry.

"One moment, Mabel! She'll never understand your harebrained explanation. Hand me the scissors, Sylvia—the smallest ones." Grace snipped an armhole carefully before she went on. "It's the students' recitals, Lu. You know all of Herr Richter's pupils have been preparing for these great events since school opened last fall. The first one is to be given by the Young Ladies' Orchestra, and the way they have fiddled and twanged the past week was enough to drive a mere book-worm demented. The music-room is filled with woeful sounds at all hours of the day and night, and, incidentally, my boudoir is directly over it. You can imagine my sufferings."

"Glad I've been away. If there's anything heartrending, it is amateur violin playing!" Lucia spoke with emphasis, and Grace raised a warning finger.

"Sh! Peace is likely to come in any minute, and she must n't hear such treason expressed by this crowd. Truly, Lu, it's an honor, all right."

"Undoubtedly. Of what does it consist?"

"Let me tell," said Lora. "Grace is as far from the main issue as Mabel was. Herr Richter has arranged Handel's 'Largo' for this occasion, to be played by six of his best violinists, a professional harpist, and the big, three-cornered piano. Everybody says it's the grandest thing this college has ever perpetrated, and the students are simply daft over it."

Lucia laughed. "Most of this I knew, my love. You forget that I have only been away a week. Now proceed to the part of the tale I have n't heard."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lora. "It's very taxing on one's nerves to shirr frills for a star and relate prosaic details to unappreciative listeners."

"I'll finish," volunteered Sylvia. "Some people, being dull of comprehension, require more than one informant to make matters plain. Well, Lucia, we all knew, of course, that Peace would be one of the six, because she's a born musician, and makes her fiddle talk instead of caterwaul like some of the others. Nothing personal intended, Lu."

"No? Thanks! And, anyhow, I knew enough to give up my attempts before the habit became fixed. I have n't opened my violin case for two months. Go on."

"So Peace and five seniors have been industriously scraping away on all occasions, letting such trifles as Virgil and trigonometry alone, and concentrating every energy on the 'Largo.' At the rehearsals, Herr Richter performed the solo part, and nobody dreamed he was n't going to keep right on soloing to the end. But Tuesday evening he announced, without a moment's warning, that Peace Payson, our honored classmate, sophomore, and musician, would play that stunning part at the recital, mind you, while Herr Richter would n't do a thing but wave his baton!"

"You should have heard the din," Grace chimed in, laughing at the recollection. "I was up-stairs, and I thought something had broken loose. The orchestra clapped like mad, the bass drum boomed, the cymbals clanged, the tambourines rattled, and every girl cheered—all but Peace. When I got down to the music-room—I had to see what everybody'd gone crazy over—she was standing up there hugging her fiddle, and going pink and white by turns, like a blessed little

chameleon. Her head drooped forward as if it could n't hold up so much honor, and was ashamed to try. But she did that solo as if she'd been raised on it—Herr Richter himself applauded when she got through."

"I'll forgive you for taking a week to arrive at a piece of news like that." Lucia's own cheeks were scarlet. "Wait till I get hold of that modest mouse! Where is she now?"

"Practising, of course. She eats, drinks, and sleeps recital nowadays. She will let us fit her, and that's about all."

"How does it happen that Madam Smythe is n't making this festive gown?" Lucia had n't had time to think of that before.

Grace looked sober. "She said she could n't afford it. I'm afraid there's something wrong at home. You know Peace never loads her trials onto anybody, but if she were as care-free as she used to be, she never could make that 'Largo' sound the way she does."

"We all pounced on her to know about her dress, of course—with our usual delicacy—and she had to own that if there was a new dress at all, she'd have to make it." Lora paused to measure a band. "Now, Lu, you know how much of a success that would have been. She's no more of a dressmaker than a katydid, while Grace exudes style from her finger-tips."

Grace acknowledged the compliment with a sweeping bow. "Thanks, awfully! She would n't hear of it at first, but we simply made her give in. We told her it was our share of the honor to clothe the leading lady in a garb suitable to the occasion. So we took her purse (not as fat as it used to be), and Mabel and I bought the things ourselves. The rest of this crazy-patchwork recital you now behold with your own eyes. Here comes the star herself!"

The girls made room for Peace, who came in with her beloved instrument under one arm and a music satchel in her hand. "How's everybody?" she asked cheerfully, stooping to kiss the latest comer. "It's good to see you back, Lu. Did you have a fine time?"

"Gorgeous!" was the reply. "Weddings are no end interesting, Peace, especially when you're a bridesmaid and part of the imposing procession up the church aisle. But the news when I got back eclipsed even the marriage festivities."

"Is n't it wonderful, Lucia!" The blue eyes were earnest and grave. "But it's a great responsibility. How good one ought to be to deserve a privilege like this!"

"As if Peace Payson could be any 'gooder' than she is!" exclaimed Lora; but Peace shook her head, and found a place in the group.



"PEACE CAME IN WITH HER BELOVED INSTRUMENT UNDER ONE ARM."

"Don't say things like that, please!" she begged. "It makes me feel as if I'd been a hypocrite and deceived you all. Lucia, are n't they dear? Every bit of leisure time they've had since Tuesday, these girls have worked for me, and now you're at it, too. I'll never forget it! when I have made my fortune, I shall buy each one of you the sweetest, gauziest gown I can find, in memory of this one."

"Don't wait too long, honey! Gauzy gowns might not be becoming with corkscrew curls and wrinkles."

"No danger, Grace. I'm building the most daring air-castles since Herr Richter put the notion in my head."

"Does anybody realize that in fifteen minutes the supper-bell will ring?" No one had realized it, and a general scramble ensued, as the seamstresses folded away their work and fled to their own rooms. Only Lucia lingered for a moment's chat with this, her dearest friend.

"I'm so proud of you, Peace. I feel as if I ought n't to let you associate with me after the way I fizzled on my music," she began.

"The idea! Are n't you heaps of other splendid things, I'd like to know?"

"Not so you could notice it. How did it all come about, anyhow?"

"I don't know, Lucia. I came across an old English adage lately, 'Doe ye next thyng,' and I've been taking it for a sort of motto since. It means a lot when you study it out. So I had made up my mind to be contented to do 'ye next thyng' for Herr Richter, if it was only a wee corner among the second violins. I never once thought of this splendid chance, and I can't understand it yet."

"I can!" Lucia looked lovingly into her friend's steadfast eyes. "It's because you're so faithful when your 'next thynges' are trifles that you are ready to do justice to the big ones. You deserve it, Peace, every bit!"

"I really don't, but I'm glad you think I do, Lu dear," said Peace, happily, adding, "There's something else lovely that's going to happen. I just got the letter this afternoon. Of course, I wrote home the minute Tuesday's rehearsal was over, and Uncle Everett is coming to hear me play."

"You don't mean it! Why, I thought"—Lucia stopped and Peace nodded affirmatively.

"Yes, it's true. Uncle Everett does n't approve of college education for women, and he was n't pleased because Father sent me here. He said a high-school training was enough for any girl, and that I'd much better stay at home and learn to cook and sweep. He was very much

offended for a long time—would n't even write to me."

"The old—"

"No, no! you must n't say anything against him, for he's a dear, in most respects."

"And a bear in others. I see."

"Well, he's very fond of music—the violin especially—and since I've been getting along with mine, he has shown some interest in spite of himself. If I should ever make a really fine player, I think he'd be prouder than almost anybody else. So now he is actually coming to a woman's college to hear his niece perform! What do you think of that, Lucia?"

"That he might be in a much worse place, and on a less worthy errand."

"So he might. If he'd only feel differently about my education, I'd be so happy, for he is a good, kind uncle; but he's a bachelor, and Father says that accounts for his peculiarities."

"Very charitable view! Good-by, child. See you later."

Left to herself, Peace began putting her room to rights, keeping busy with her thoughts as she worked. "I could n't tell even Lucia that Uncle Everett would have no cause to be offended another year," she said to herself. "I'm not going to let any of them know that I can't come back again. They'd be so disappointed for me—they are such dear, true friends." She paused to straighten a kodak picture of a dozen merry faces, and her eyes dimmed as she tried to smile back. Then she shook her head determinedly. "I'll not be blue; I'll just be glad and happy!" she declared. "I'm going to hold on tight to my dearest little air-castle—the one that means that, maybe, if I do my recital work very well indeed, Herr Richter might let me try for the position of assistant next year. He needs help with the beginners, ever so much. If I could do that, and perhaps coach some of the preparatory-school students beside, I could pay my own way. It's worth trying for with all my might, for I don't want to give up now, and it's going to hurt Father so to have me."

The days flew by, and the evening of the recital arrived. These entertainments were always interesting, for Herr Richter roused his pupils to earnest, enthusiastic effort. The Young Ladies' Orchestra was, perhaps, his pet undertaking, and to its public recital he had given much preparation. He was a man of few words, and his rare praise meant much to his students. Peace had never suspected that he thought her work unusual, and his public recognition of her ability had stirred the whole school, for Peace was a general favorite, and all rejoiced in her good fortune.

She was looking her prettiest as she took her place on the stage that night. The dainty gown fulfilled its makers' fondest hopes, and its wearer

hear me," Peace murmured as she arranged her music and looked about at her companions.

The stage was not a large one, and the or-



"A SLENDER GIRL WHO PLAYED AS NO ONE HAD EVER HEARD HER PLAY BEFORE."

was fairly radiant. Uncle Everett was in the audience, ready to listen for himself and for the dear home folks. "And I shall not make him ashamed—I could n't, when he 's come so far to

chestra filled it, so the grand piano was pushed aside behind the scenes and out of sight of the audience. It was almost time for the curtain to rise. Herr Richter was in his place, frowning at

the empty piano-bench and shaking his head over the tardiness of its occupant. A telephone bell tinkled in a dressing-room, and he hurried out to answer its summons. He was back almost immediately, his face red and his eyes snapping.

"Miss Meade, our pianist, has but now fallen, on her way to this place!" he said to the first violins, drawn up beside his stand. "Her wrist iss sprained—it iss not to-night that she can perform!"

The first violins gasped as one. Their accompanist disabled—what could be done? Herr Richter's face grew redder and more apoplectic;

time his voice was sharp. "The solo I will myself play. It iss possible I may get through without a downbreak. Kindly go at once, Miss Payson, the people wait!"

She rose without a word. Herr Richter frowned again. "It iss maddening!" he declared. "No rehearsal! But you I can trust, Miss Payson, to do your best."

That was the only sweet drop in the bitter cup, and that Peace hardly noticed. She must not cry—every note must be watched with clear, undimmed eyes. She must not even grieve—there would be time for that afterward. But the thought pressing down on her heart was of Uncle Everett, looking eagerly for his girl, listening in vain for the sound of her violin, and going away carrying disappointment to the home folks she had hoped to make so happy.

She did her best in spite of it all, trying to bring out of the instrument the support the orchestra needed.

The curtain fell for the intermission at last, and the stage was emptied. Peace sat still in her niche beside the big piano, thankful that no one came to sympathize. "It must be my 'next thynge,'" she told herself bravely. "I did n't think it would be anything quite so hard, but, of course, that does n't change my duty."

Out in the dressing-room she could hear the buzz of excited voices. Herr Richter heard it, too—more plainly than she, for no words reached her ears, while he could hear distinctly through the thin partition. The speakers were not very coherent, to be sure, but eloquent, if fragmentary. They told of the beautiful gown they had made for her—their labor of love; of Uncle Everett, "who 's an old crosspatch, anyway, and will never forgive any of us for getting him here under false pretenses"; of the father and mother waiting at home to hear the story of their little girl's triumph. "And there she is, tucked out of sight—she might as well be dressed in a kimono and curl-papers—ding-donging on that piano, and Herr Richter being sarcastic to her! I hate him—yes, I do!" declared Lora.

"She does n't deserve to be treated this way!" another indignant voice chimed in. "She 's too unselfish—I should have told him plainly I would not do it."

"So?" That was all Herr Richter said before he tapped for them to return to the stage. But behind his heavy brows his thoughts were working busily. How could he be expected to realize all the things he was undoing? The girl had made no complaint—uttered no protest. As for the gown—for his part he much preferred a sack-



"YOUR NIECE HASS TALENT, SIR," REMARKED
HERR RICHTER.

the time was passing, the audience growing impatient. Suddenly the director turned sharply toward Peace.

"Miss Payson, it iss you who will play the pianoforte!" he announced. "A very bad business this—no rehearsal, no time; ach, it iss bad!"

Peace made one appeal. She was very pale, and her lips would tremble in spite of her. "The 'Largo,' Herr Richter!" she reminded him. This

coat to full dress. But girls were different. Perhaps he should have remembered that. It was n't an easy task he had set for her that evening, but she had done it remarkably well. But there! tangles were bound to come, and should be met with what patience one could muster.

The program proceeded, and the "Largo" came at last. Then it was that Peace had her reward, for Herr Richter laid down his baton and turned to the audience, where Uncle Everett sat, glowering. "I haf this to say, mein friends," he remarked. "There iss in the orchestra one young lady who to-night hass not been seen. In a time off gr-reat emergency, I turned to her for help, and she did not fail me. While the orchestra hass been performing to-night, this young lady hass been at the pianoforte furnishing the foundation on which the string music hass rested. Now, mein friends, it iss her turn to come before you, and it iss my pleasure to announce that Miss Payson will play the solo in the Handel's 'Largo,' next on the program, while I take her place at the pianoforte. The baton will not be used. The solo violin will play the lead, and she can be trusted to do it very well, now and always."

All but those who were to play the "Largo" withdrew from the stage, and the piano was rolled forward. The first thing happy Peace realized as she lifted her bow was Uncle Everett's face—no longer glowering, but radiant with smiles, while the only figure on the crowded stage for one proud listener was a slender girl with waving hair, who played, as no one had ever heard her play before, her beautiful "next thyng."

Peace's success was the signal for a wild ovation from her college mates, and they would not let her go back to the piano till she had played an encore, all alone.

Herr Richter was introduced to Uncle Everett after it was all over. "Your niece hass talent, sir," he remarked. "She wishes to teach, and I shall need her assistance in my work next year."

"You won't get it, sir!" said Uncle Everett, bluntly—he was never diplomatic. "She will have her hands full with her college and her own music. She will graduate here, of course, but, then—she is to take her postgraduate work in Europe." And Uncle Everett was quite able to fulfil his own prophecies.

THE SKY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I 've seen the sky when it was blue,

Blue as a bluebird's wing;

Or yellow at the dawn, as are

The orioles that sing

Sweet in the wild rose-bushes.

And red I 've seen it too—

Like the robin's breast,

Whose pretty nest

The lilac hides from view.

And as the lovely thrushes

Have speckled breasts, the sky

Is speckled, too, sometimes, with clouds

That float in little lovely crowds

Up high—high!

And then much lower down, some day,

The clouds shine white and silver gray,

Just like the soaring gull

With its white breast, and its wonderful

Gray wings. And lower still, sometimes, I see

Out of the west the mighty black clouds come,

Swift, awful; so that all things hasten home.

The bluebirds, thrushes, orioles, and robins take

quick wing

Back to their favorite bushes; their little frail

feet cling

To the bending, swaying branches. Oh, this is
no bird weather!

Hasten ye home, ye little birds! Hush! and wait
together!

The sky is angry!

This I saw.

And then there flew three ravens forth,

Black as the clouds. They flew straight north;

And as the oriole at dawn rejoices,

Or bluebird, 'neath June skies, I heard their voices:

And one said: "What fine weather! *Caw!*"

And the other said: "Yes! *Ah!*—*Yes!*—

A-A-Ah!"

So, black of wing as was the storm, they flew,

And that this was the sky they loved, I knew;

For high above the wind I heard their voices

Still, glad as a child or bluebird that rejoices:

"*What fine weather! Caw! What weather! Caw!*"

"*Ah yes!—Ah!—What weather!—A-A-Ah!*"

For every bird there is a sky; and whether


It be the gentle thrush or raucous raven, there 's
a weather

For each. And that is God's good way;—and
that is why

He made so changing and so wide a sky.

ADRIFT ON THE AMAZON

BY DEWEY AUSTIN COBB



It was the month of May, and the Amazon River was sweeping down to the sea, six hundred miles away, in the majesty of a stream ten miles wide and ninety feet deep. For a month past, it had risen at Santarem at the rate of nearly a foot per day, and its every tributary was swollen by the melting snows of the Andes. Great cedar-trees, torn from the banks by the resistless flood, floated down the stream; these, when captured and towed in to the scattered sawmills, furnished the most valuable lumber of all forest-trees, for its quality of floating on water is rare among tropical woods.

At the time of this strange adventure, I was the guest of an old Brazilian friend, Manuel Valdez, at his plantation on the Amazon, near Santarem. The management of sawmill and plantation, with nearly a hundred laborers, left him little time for sport; but José Dean, his sturdy nephew of thirteen, was always looking for some new and daring enterprise. He and I were in the gun-room one morning, trying to plan some excursion for the day, when "Uncle Manuel" entered, and his first words scattered our half-formed program.

"The river has n't been so high for years! Have you noticed how many big cedars are coming down? I must get some of them in for the mill, and that means sending a canoe six miles down the river, to get the chain for hauling them. I lent it to Señor Mendez, on condition that he

would return it before high water, but he has failed to do so. Now I propose that we all take a holiday. About two miles below here, there's a big floating meadow, which the water has been undermining for several years. There are over two acres, all overgrown with a jungle of trees and bushes, with a sod so thick and firm that you'd think you were walking on solid ground. There are always swarms of fish of one kind or another under these tracts; they feed on the grubs and insects that fall from it, I suppose. Let's take our fishing-tackle and guns—for we may see some game—and when the men go down for the chain, we can stop at the meadow and fish until they come back for us and our catch. We ought to get home again about sunset. What do you think?"

I was delighted, and said so, and José supplemented his spoken approval with a hornpipe and whoops of joy. My host's gun-room was stocked with the latest models of all that a sportsman could require for shooting, fishing, or canoeing, and under his general directions we selected what was needed. We took everything, including a well-filled lunch-basket, to the boat where the two paddlers were already waiting, and soon we were out of the little cove where boats were kept, and speeding down the river. At first the bank was steep and stony, rising several feet above the river, and surmounted by heavy woods. As we descended, the banks became lower, with here and there a strip of grass-grown meadow between forest and river, and at last turned to a sharp, straight edge of meadow turf, rising smoothly at a uniform height of about one foot above the surface of the unruffled water.

"This is the place," said Captain Valdez, "and there 's no underbrush close to the water, so we can make ourselves comfortable along this edge." The boat was drawn up to the edge, and our guns, lines, bait, and lunch-basket set ashore; then, after the canoemen had received instructions to call for us on the return trip, they went on down the river. We took our things back to a place of safety, then walked along the edge until we found a spot where the current would carry our bait under the sod, where the fish would see it, while we were out of their sight. It was soon apparent that this precaution was needless, for the sleepy, sluggish catfish herded there seemed destitute of any sense save that of hunger. As soon as a hook drifted near one, he would languidly take it in, make only a feeble resistance to being hauled out, and after a few perfunctory flops, lie still. We had caught perhaps a hundred pounds, when Señor Valdez wound up his line, remarking, "I 've only eighty people to feed now, and we have at least a pound apiece for them, so let 's quit. After luncheon, we 'll look about us a little."

José quickly followed suit, saying disgustedly, "Not much fun in this kind of fishing; it 's about as good sport as taking mackerel out of a kit!"

After spreading a tarpaulin over our catch, and refreshing ourselves from the basket, we strolled along the edge of meadow, which, as far as we could judge, extended for a hundred yards out over the river. At the shore end, a dense jungle sloped gently upward to terra firma; and the turf was so thick and firmly woven together, that, though we tried to produce a wave by all springing upward together, the effort failed. We explored for about half an hour, then returned to our fish; and here a surprise awaited us. José, who was a few yards ahead, suddenly stopped, and, in a voice of subdued excitement, exclaimed:

"Look, Uncle Manuel! There 's a big animal, eating the fish!" We hurried forward, just in time to hear some large creature slinking off into the thicket. Señor Valdez questioned the boy eagerly.

"Did you get a fair sight of him, José? Was he spotted like a leopard, or almost black, or yellowish gray all over?"

"Oh, yes, I saw him plainly; he stood there with part of a fish in his mouth, and turned and walked off with it when he saw me. He was a kind of tawny yellow—like a panther I saw once at the Zoo."

"It was a panther," his uncle answered, "only we call them pumas here. We have three kinds of big cats, all 'jaguars,' but we have different names to distinguish them. The different kinds

hate each other, and fight whenever they meet. The black ones are the biggest and wickedest, and we call them 'tigers'; the spotted ones are 'onças,' and the yellow ones 'pumas.' They live along the sandy banks of rivers, and fish a good deal; this fellow, I suppose, came to fish for himself, but was lucky enough to find dinner all ready for him." He looked at his watch, then turned to me. "Jim, I 'd rather like to try for a shot at that puma, would n't you? It 's three o'clock, and the boat won't be back for about three hours, so we 'd have time to follow him up. Pumas are n't quite so shy as onças, so we might get a chance at him. José, would you mind staying here with the catch? You can keep the little gun, and fire it for a signal if the boat comes, or anything happens."

"That 'll suit me better than crawling around in the thicket," answered José; "and, anyhow, if I went with you, I would n't dare shoot at a puma with this little bird gun. But I can fire it if the boat comes."

While we got our guns ready, Señor Valdez told us some new and surprising things about pumas. "Did you know," he said, "that the name the Indians in Buenos Aires have for the pumas means, in English, 'the Christian's friend'? A puma was never known to attack a man or a child, even in self-defense. They cringe and shed tears if hopelessly at bay, and a puma has been known to attack an onça that was threatening a child. I 've had one trot ahead of me like a dog, when crossing a *campo*, stopping and waiting if it got far ahead, and at last turning into the bushes when I got near a house."

"And you 're anxious to shoot a nice, friendly creature like that!" I exclaimed; "I confess, it takes away some of my enthusiasm."

He smiled wisely: "Ah, but they are the plague of planters, and we have to shoot them, to save our young stock, their favorite prey. They kill more colts and cattle than the onças do; so you need n't waste sympathy on them. Come along!"

Thus justified, I followed into the thicket where the puma had disappeared, and after advancing a little way, we found that there was a low, open path, made and preserved by the going and coming of animals to the river, for drinking or fishing. It was narrow and crooked, so we could not see far ahead; but we had not gone far, when we heard the movement of some creature in advance of us, and once we saw a dusky shadow rounding a turn in the path. We never once doubted that it was the same puma which José had seen; it did not seem much alarmed, and if we kept the trail long enough, we were pretty sure of a shot at it, for it would dash ahead a

few rods, then wait until we were quite near, then dart on again.

"He hates to leave those fish, or else his mate is prowling near here somewhere; they often hunt in pairs at this season. But his mate would hardly dare to hide in so small a cover as this, so he's probably waiting for a chance to get back and finish his dinner," Señor Valdez remarked. After advancing a hundred yards or so, we came to the point where the floating tract joined the solid land, marked by a slight depression extending on both sides as far as we could see. In this hollow were pools of water, which we had some trouble in crossing. As we scrambled over on an old log the trail had led us to, Señor Valdez explained the hollow at the joining. "The turf is cracked by repeated bending when the river rises and falls. It has been like this for two years now, but I never saw it quite so wide before. There goes our cat!" he broke off suddenly, pointing ahead to the puma, which was just disappearing again.

We pursued the creature through the woods until, at last, it took to a tree and hid among the dense foliage, to be brought down finally by a lucky shot; but that is too long a story to tell here. After the excitement of the chase was over, our thoughts reverted to José. More than an hour had slipped away since we had left the little chap, half forgetting him in the zest of the hunt; and though the boat was not yet due, we felt anxious lest we might have got beyond the sound of his gun. Leaving our trophy hung as high as possible, we started on the back trail; but after reaching the heavy timber, it became so dim and winding that, instead of following it far, we made straight for the river. On this account, we were not much surprised, or in the least alarmed, when we found neither the log where we had crossed, nor the little strip of water, but came to the broad river itself. Señor Valdez remarked that it was odd that he had missed the meadow, but that we must be above or below it. Then, after a moment's intense scrutiny, he almost shouted:

"No, Jim! Here's our log, but the meadow has broken away and floated off, with the boy on it—alone!" Rapidly he ran over the situation, anxiety in his voice. "The canoe won't be here for an hour; and there is n't another within two miles of jungle—an hour of travel. Even then, it would be too late to overtake that island before night, and we could not find or follow it after dark!"

Just then we heard the distant and feeble report of a gun, followed by a far-away, treble shout. Leaning out over the water as far as we dared, we could see our island. It was slowly

turning around, and now the meadow edge where we had fished was up-stream and nearest us, but fully a quarter of a mile distant. We could distinguish the boy, standing close to the edge and waving his straw hat. It was doubtful whether he could see us under the trees, but we both shouted, and fired a volley from our repeating guns. The extravagant waving of his hat and the feeble pipe of his boyish voice told us that we were heard; and it gave us added hope and courage to feel that the little hero was animated by the spirit of "don't give up the ship!"

Manuel Valdez was a resourceful man, and one of action, not of many words, when driven to the wall. Staring blindly over the water, he said: "Jim, you must stay here and watch that island, until it goes out of sight or is hidden by the darkness. I will make my way as best I can up the river-bank, on the small chance of finding a boat or a fisherman—I've heard of one or two half-civilized squatters, at the lower end of my land, a mile or more above here. If I don't find one, I'll push on home, get a boat, come back for you, and then start in pursuit."

"But your men will be here with the chain before you return. Perhaps they'll see the lad, and take him off," I suggested hopefully.

"They're not likely to see him, even if they come, for his island may move out toward the middle of the stream, as they usually do, while the boat will be sure to hug the shore for the slower current. Then the island is spinning round, and José can't keep on the side where he will be seen. No," as he turned his face up-stream, "there is not one chance in fifty of their finding him." As he began his difficult task, he threw over his shoulder his parting instruction:

"If the canoe comes before I get back, send it at once to find and overtake the island; but you had best stay right here, to give me the latest observation, then go with me." I heard him for a few moments, breaking through the thicket, and then the great silence of the forest by day fell on river and shore.

I watched the island until it was hidden behind a projecting point, half a mile farther down. It seemed to approach the shore, and was fairly in sight of a possible canoe coming up; but when it struck the cross current caused by the point, and before it was entirely hidden by the swift darkness, it was too distant to be seen and recognized by canoemen. Then I listened intently for the sound of the returning boat.

But the instant the sun had set, the nightly concert of the tropics began. Every bird and beast and bullfrog was wildly signaling its fellows. Several times I mistook the splash of a leaping

fish for coming paddlers, but after what seemed hours of waiting, I heard the unmistakable rhythmic beat of hurrying canoemen. Then a shout, "Hello, Jim! Where are you?" and the flash of a swinging lantern told me that Señor Valdez

often thrown almost straight across its bed by projecting points of land; the island when last seen had already started for the middle of the river. But, after living on the river all my life, I have found out that any two objects, like boards



"WE KEPT EACH OTHER FROM BEING LONESOME ALL NIGHT."

had returned with assistance. Guided by the flame of a vesta in my hand, he came in, and I made my report, and learned in turn that he had hailed two fishermen, a mile farther up-stream, and had impressed boat and paddlers into his service.

Just then his own men, returning with the chain, saw our light and hailed us, explaining that they were late because they had to wait for the borrower to return from hunting. They were not much concerned to find the meadow gone adrift, until they learned that José was on it. As we got under way, Señor Valdez announced his plan.

"If we go directly down-stream, we shall probably miss the island in the night, for the boy has no light. Then again, at high water, the river is

falling in from the mill, will keep near together for a hundred miles. Now, if we start where the island did, and let our boats go with the current, they will follow the same course, and, by sunrise, we shall probably sight it. The poor boy will have to spend the night alone, but he is safe enough, and the lunch-basket was not empty, so he will have some food."

The oldest paddler volunteered corroboration with, "That 's right, Señor; that 's the way we always find canoes that get adrift."

To wait in idleness, when the life of a human being is threatened by the forces of nature, utterly beyond our power to control or resist, is, perhaps, the severest strain ever brought upon a

sympathetic temperament. In our case, every nerve was tense with a desire to put forth some supreme effort to serve the lad whose bravery and infectious cheerfulness had endeared him to all who knew him. With three in each canoe to take alternate watches, while the others tried to get snatches of much-needed sleep, the voyage was begun. Neither Señor Valdez nor I attempted to sleep, and we rarely spoke. At midnight, the wild creatures along the shore gradually lapsed into silence, and the only noises were the whispering of the sleepless river, or an occasional splash which meant play, or tragedy, among the swarming fish.

That was the longest night I ever knew. At last daylight slowly penetrated the mists which hung over the river, but it was a full hour before we could see the shore. Then, as if at the command of some resistless power, the mist rose; not in broken patches, but foot by foot, everywhere, until we could see that we were near midstream. Both shores and two or three floating islands were visible, but we rowed down-stream a mile or more before sighting the wooded island of our pursuit, and it was nearly half an hour more before our strong paddlers brought us near enough to be certain that it was the one we sought. Something moving arrested our attention.

"Look there!" exclaimed Señor Valdez, with a laugh which held both relief and pride; "the plucky little rascal is still waving his hat!" Sure enough, there stood José; confident that we would come down the river after him, he had crossed the island, now turned half round, and was signaling to us from the side which had joined the mainland. We returned his greetings joyfully, and were within fifty feet of him, when suddenly Señor Valdez stood up in the boat and seized his rifle. He was bringing it to his shoulder, when José shouted in great excitement:

"Don't shoot, Uncle Manuel! Please don't shoot! He's as tame as a kitten, and he's been company for me all night!"

Señor Valdez complied, though he kept his gun in hand. Just then, a slight movement of a bush drew my attention to the snake-like head of a puma, peering at us with both fear and defiance

in his yellow eyes. The animal stood still until Señor Valdez stepped from the boat, then, with a growl, it darted through the thicket and sprang into the river. We saw its head, as it swam swiftly to a small fragment which had become detached from our island, and then it hid quickly among the bushes.

We received a joyful welcome from our young voyager, and soon took him on board, together with the fish we had caught. The lunch-basket was not forgotten, for it was not quite empty; six hungry men, however, soon attended to that. We made inshore to a slower current, and began our toilsome journey homeward; and, on the way, José told us of his voyage, and his strange companion, often interrupted by our eager questions.

"No, Uncle Manuel, I was n't really scared," said he; "that is, not until the island got into deep water, and the waves rocked it so I could see the trees swaying. That made me feel—well, rather anxious, and sort of seasick, too, so I thought I'd better lie down awhile. Pretty soon I heard a whining noise near me, and when I looked around, there was Mr. Puma peering through the bushes with his shiny eyes! It was lucky I'd just heard your story about their not attacking people, for it kept me from being frightened; and, anyhow, I could see that the puma himself was scared at the motion. He looked at the trees waving, and then he came close and nosed my hand and smelled at it, and seemed to think I was all right, for he laid down close beside me, just like a nice old pussy-cat. When I moved back to get away from the spray, he followed, and lay as close as he could; and it's funny, but I really went to sleep several times—though every time I looked, his eyes were wide open.

"We kept each other from being lonesome all night, and when the daylight came, the puma went clear around the island, looking for a place to get off; then he came back, and ate a fish I gave him. He heard the canoes long before I did, for the hair stood up on his back, and then he growled and ran behind the bush, where you saw him. But, don't you see, Uncle Manuel," José finished earnestly, "it would n't have been fair to shoot that puma!"



"MORNING," "NOON," AND "NIGHT"



PICTURES
PAINTED FOR ST. NICHOLAS
BY
FRANCIS DAY



MORNING.



FRANCIS DAY



FRANCIS DAY

NIGHT.

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XXVII

HALF A SIXPENCE

WHAT Colonel Taunton had told "Friend Walm" that night at dinner, namely, that he was awaiting orders to withdraw his troops to Philadelphia, proved true; and a day or two later, they left us, so that John was free to come and go about the house as he pleased, until he was quite strong again.

For a few weeks, we had peace at Denewood; but, with the beginning of that dreadful winter of 1777 and 1778, we were a prey to foraging parties sent out by the British from Philadelphia, where they were much put to it for food and fuel.

The whole country suffered, and we with the rest; but though our bins were stripped, our remaining horses taken, and what cattle they could find slaughtered, those vaults wherein Mrs. Mummer had hidden most of her provisions were not found, and for a while we had plenty.

But as the winter advanced and Brother John came with heartbreaking stories of the sufferings at Valley Forge, Mrs. Mummer opened her secret stores, saying she could not sleep for thinking of the bleeding feet and starving bodies of the Continentals. To be sure, there was not enough to feed even so small an army as that which General Washington then commanded, but it did something to relieve the distress of those cold weeks.

Brother John stripped the house of all the blankets and comfortables and other such coverings as we could possibly spare. Polly and Betty complained, but the rest of us were glad enough to think that a few more brave men might be the warmer for our sacrifice; and though at times Peggy and I, sleeping together for greater comfort, shivered in our bed, we willingly bore the discomfort, thinking, as little Peg said, that, "Our so-so-soldiers are co-co-colder than we are, Bub-Bub-Bee."

We had many visitors coming and going on business connected with the Continental army, and upon one great occasion, General Washington brought with him the Marquis de Lafayette. Poor Mrs. Mummer was so put to it to find a fitting dinner for His Excellency, that she fair wrung her hands in despair. But somehow she got together a fine meal, of which General Washington ate but sparingly, and when Brother John urged him further, he shook his head, say-

ing he could not eat heartily while he remembered that his good soldiers were hungry at Valley Forge.

Captain McLane was often with us, sometimes with Brother John, and again alone, for he seemed constantly on the go, with or without his troop, and would drop in at the most unexpected moments.

Brother John, too, like Captain McLane, was always on the go, annoying the British whenever the opportunity occurred, stopping supplies to the city, and falling on foraging parties which they had word of. He was entirely recovered from the wound in his head, and in spite of hardships he seemed to thrive.

Of course we heard much of the gaiety among the British and Tories in Philadelphia, mainly through Polly and Betty, who came with stories of these doings gathered from the Shaws and Shipleys. But it was from other sources that we learned how intense the suffering became among the poor, and how well-nigh impossible it was to obtain necessities.

As the spring advanced and General Washington moved to surround the city, this condition became more and more aggravated, and soon it was said that Philadelphia had captured General Howe, for now that he would like to come out, he found it not so easy.

We were glad when the warm days came at length, and Brother John, on one of his flying visits, told us with great glee that General Howe had been ordered back to England, and that Sir Henry Clinton was to have command.

"We 'll beat them yet, my little sister!" he cried gaily. "There will be no such winter as this again. 'T is now the beginning of the end. It may take years yet—indeed, the general thinks so—but it 's sure, Bee; it 's sure!" And he took my hands, and we danced about the great hall like two children.

The next day, Polly and Betty came with word of a great fête that the British officers and Tories were to give in honor of General Howe.

"'T is to be styled The Mischianza," said Polly, "and there are to be knights and ladies, and a pageant, and—and I know not what else. At night there is to be a ball such as Philadelphia has never seen."

"And why are they doing it?" I asked.

"To honor General Howe, as I have already told you," she replied pertly, tossing her head.

"I see no very good reason for such a celebration when so many are suffering," I burst out.

"Nay, I care nothing for your politics," interrupted Polly. "I know only that there will be fine doings, and that I am going."

"Nay, I think it would be more decent to stay at home!" I told her plainly. "With your father and brother in our army."

"Hoity-toity!" she flashed back, in a temper, "you are not my governess, Mistress Beatrice! I take no orders from a chit of a girl like you. I shall go, and take Betty with me."

I did what I could to persuade her otherwise, but she would not listen, and, having no authority, I must, perforce, let her have her way.

When they returned a few days later, I found that Madam Shaw, besides allowing them to see the pageant, had taken Polly and her daughter Ann to the ball, where each had several partners, and had their heads turned by foolish compliments.

"La, child!" said Polly to me, airily, "now who do you think led me out first? You 'll never guess, but I 'll not plague you. 'T was Blundell! I vow he is quite a personable man. And what think you he said to me?"

"Nay, I care not," I answered.

"He told me," she went on, "that he promised himself one more visit to Denewood before he left. Ah, that makes you start, does it?" and she stood back, shaking her finger at me. "To think you should have an affair with him!"

"Polly!" I cried, "how can you be such a ninny! I am but a child, and if Blundell comes back, 't is not for love, but hate."

"Oh, aye," she retorted scornfully, "'t is likely. And I suppose you 'll say as much of the gentleman who showed me the half of a sixpence that you had given him—as a lover's token, I doubt not."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Was Lord Howe there?"

"Aye, you sly puss," laughed Polly. "That wakes you up! He was there, to be sure, and though a very proper gentleman, I must say he is a trifle ancient for my taste."

"Oh, you foolish, foolish maid!" I replied, and ran off laughing at her silliness.

That same night Brother John came to dinner with us, and after the others had gone up to bed, I sat talking with him in the hall, as he meant to stay the night. We had much to say, for as I had grown older I was glad to find he put more and more responsibility upon me, so that, indeed, I began to feel I was of some use to him, and not just a burden.

I know not what we talked of, but in the midst

of it, we heard the clatter of a horse galloping up the drive, and Brother John jumped to his feet, not knowing who it might be.

We heard the horse stop at the entrance, and then the voice of a man speaking to the stable-boy.

"Take her and rub her down, but give her nothing for full ten minutes, or you 're like to founder her, and I have need of a good horse to-night."

It was Captain McLane, and we hurried forth to welcome him.

"Good!" he cried as he caught sight of Brother John, "I 'm right glad you 're here! There 's work to do. Where is Lafayette?"

"He is camped back of Barren Hill. Why, what 's up?"

"Howe has five thousand picked men out to take his rear, and is like to do it, if Lafayette is not warned. I got hold of it in Philadelphia this morning. I went in with some vegetables as usual, and made pretty pickings. But I 've had a time getting here. The redcoats are everywhere, and we have few moments to waste. 'T is Howe's last chance, and he hopes to end his command brilliantly, as, indeed, he would if his plan went through. But we 'll fool him, Jack, for once Lafayette has word, he 'll know what to do."

While he talked, I had brought food, and he ate it hurriedly and was ready for the road again, calling for his horse ere the poor beast had time to dry.

"Nay," said Brother John, "you wait here for half an hour. I 'll on by the main road, and you take the other. In that way, one of us will win through, and you 'll make better speed for a rested horse."

Captain McLane, seeing the wisdom of this suggestion, nodded, and with hardly a word of good-by, Brother John was gone.

Thus they often came and went; and although I liked it not, and was anxious till I had word of them both again, I was not surprised.

The next morning while I was tidying up my room, I heard Peggy calling from down-stairs.

I ran out, and leaning over the balustrade, answered her.

"Here I am, Peg; what is it?"

"There 's a bu-bu-boy down here asking for you, Bub-Bub-Bee."

At once my thoughts flew to Brother John and to his going off alone the night before to find his way among those British troops that Captain McLane had spoken of as "everywhere." Perhaps he was wounded and lying in the woods awaiting help. I ran down the stairs to the front door to see who the stranger might be.



"OPENING THE PANEL, I RAN TO LORD HOWE, STILL BLINDFOLDED—"COME!" I CRIED."

There I found a shock-headed country boy with one hand held behind his back.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

"Be you Mistress Travers?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, yes, tell me!" I begged impatiently.

He turned his head to one side, evidently suspicious.

"He bade me speak to no one save only Mistress Travers," he said doubtfully. "I bethought me she was a lady."

"I am Mistress Travers!" I cried, certain now that there was something wrong. "What is it you have to say to me?"

He looked at me again for a moment uncertainly, and then, with a solemn shake of his head, brought forth the hand that had been behind his back, and thrust it toward me.

"Know you that?" he asked.

Between the dirty fingers I saw the half of a sixpence!

CHAPTER XXVIII

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF

I TOOK that bit of broken sixpence in my hand, matched it with the half hanging from my neck, and could scarce believe it when they fitted.

"How came you by this?" I asked the boy, who stood looking at me stupidly.

"'T was given me by a man who waits in the wood below," was the answer. "He said he would have speech with Mistress Travers. Be ye sure 't is you?"

"Yes, yes!" I answered impatiently, beset with unknown fears, for it scarce seemed possible that the one to whom I had given that piece of silver could be waiting for me.

"What sort of a man gave you this?" I demanded next, at which the lad put his hand to his head and rubbed it in a perplexed sort of way.

"Nay, I know not," he replied deliberately, "save that he spoke as one who meant to be obeyed."

For a moment, I was in two minds what to do, but only for a moment.

"Take me to him," I said.

'T was but to the edge of the forest he took me, and there I found Admiral Howe waiting. I stared at him in astonishment, for 't was hard to believe my eyes.

"I bid you good morning, Mistress Beatrice," he said, bending over my hand. "'T is an awkward place to renew our acquaintance, but I think you must believe I am very glad to see you."

He spoke as coolly as if he were still aboard his flag-ship, surrounded by his officers.

"Why, how came you here?" were my first words, for I was far from cool.

"Is this the American hospitality I have heard so much vaunted?" he replied, with a smile; "or is it natural curiosity?"

"Nay, Lord Howe," I said, "'t is no lack of hospitality, nor have I forgotten what I owe to your kindness to a forlorn little maid nigh two years ago. But this is no safe place for you! Captain McLane or my brother may return at any minute, and if I am to serve you as I would, I must know how the matter stands."

"Aye, you are quite right, Mistress Beatrice," he answered readily, "and here 's the truth of it, though it reflects little credit upon any of us. My unfortunate brother, General Howe, wished to leave with some small achievement, and to that end planned a movement against Lafayette. So certain was he of the success of his expedition, that he told many friends in Philadelphia that they must prepare a fitting reception for the marquis when he was brought in a prisoner. He even invited ladies to dine with him. Then, too, he asked General Knyphausen and Sir Henry Clinton and myself, with some others, to go with him upon the expedition. So sure was he—and I submit the plan was well conceived—that we all thought failure impossible, and I, a foolish sailor, was glad to go. Well, it turned out otherwise, Mistress Beatrice, why I know not; but Lafayette did not stay to be captured! And seeing failure before us, I had no stomach to face the smiles of derision that would greet us upon our return to Philadelphia empty-handed. And so I turned my horse, thinking I could not miss the road, and would slip back alone and go on shipboard."

He paused a moment, giving a light laugh.

"The rest is plain. I cannot navigate upon the land, it seems, so I lost my way, lamed my horse, and had to abandon him. I stumbled on a foot till I was like to drop. Then I met the country lad, and learned from him that I was near Denewood. A little cousin of yours whom I saw at the great ball said that you were here, and, remembering my bit of sixpence, I sent it to you. It has been lucky, for it brought you to my aid, and I should like it back again. I fear that my poor brother has no such lucky piece."

I returned the broken coin, scarce knowing what I did, for I was thinking how I could help him.

"I will show you the road to Shaw's, Lord Howe," I said. "There you will be safe, and doubtless able to find a horse; for, being Tories, they have been spared, while we Whigs have been stripped of all our live stock. 'T is but a mile or so," I added, noting the look of disappointment that came into his face.

"Nay," he returned a little sharply, "first I must have rest, and I have not eaten since last night."

I was in a quandary, for, though I did not expect my brother nor Captain McLane, they might come at any moment; and though the capture of Lord Howe would be a fine thing for the cause, I had no wish to be a party to it. On the other hand, to turn him away with neither food nor rest seemed cruel. I know not why it is so, but a hungry man always seems to me the most pitiable thing in all the world.

"Come!" I said, making up my mind to take the risk. "I will get something for you to eat, but I warn you we may be interrupted at any moment, with what results I fear to think."

"I am in your hands, Mistress Beatrice," he said, and we started to make our way to the house.

He had not exaggerated his distress, and though he tried to hide it, I saw that he limped, and knew his foot was lamed.

As we came near the house, I bade him wait while I went forward to see who might be about. But there was none but Polly and Betty, busy with some needlework, sitting on the sod under the trees, and it would be an easy matter to pass them.

I returned to Admiral Howe, and drew him to the side of the house, entering the dining-room by the long window. He sank into a chair with a huge sigh of relief.

I ordered food prepared, and posted the black boy, Charley, to warn me in case any one appeared, after which I returned to the Admiral.

We chatted while waiting for his meal, and I asked him for word of Mr. Vernon, for though I had tried before to have news of him, I could never come by it. Lord Howe did not at first recall him, there being so many young officers in the fleet, but at last he succeeded in remembering that shortly after I had escaped from the *Good Will*, Mr. Vernon had sold his commission.

"I think he had no heart in the matter," said Lord Howe. "And indeed, Mistress Beatrice, 't is no easy task to bring Englishmen to killing Englishmen, no matter how wrongheaded they may be. Were it otherwise, we should not have need of Hessians to fight under the British flag."

At that moment, Mrs. Mummer came in, bearing some food for His Lordship; and plain enough it was, but he eyed it hungrily, and immediately pulled up his chair to the table.

No sooner had he taken up his fork than Charley hurried into the room with the most disquieting news.

"Mars Cap'en McLane don comin' at a gallop, Miss Bee," he announced, "and thar 's a troop behind 'im a-clatterin'—" But he had said enough, and, with a gesture, I sent him from the room.

Lord Howe was on his feet, his food still untasted, and he looked at me inquiringly.

"I must be hidden," he said in an undertone; "I have no wish to meet Captain McLane, having heard too much of that gentleman's enterprise."

"But where can I hide you from him in *this* house?" I answered. "He knows every foot of it, and—"

"But he will have no thought of search," Lord Howe broke in.

"That is true," I answered; and on the instant, I decided to put the Admiral in the secret room.

"Come!" I cried; and, snatching a napkin from the table, I hurried him up-stairs and into Brother John's apartment.

Shutting the door behind me, I went over to the Admiral, folding the napkin into a bandage.

"I must blindfold you," I said, and seeing him draw back, I hastened to add, "there is no other way."

"But, Mistress Beatrice," he demurred, "'t is asking much, and—"

"Nay, Your Lordship," I interrupted, for there was no time for argument, "it *must* be done. Remember, you are in the house of your enemies, and were you any other than yourself, I would never lift hand to save you. I owe much to you, and I will help you all I can with honor; but the secrets of this house I shall guard, and though, perchance, I break a trust, 't will be only after I have your word that you will not remove the bandage."

He looked at me quizzically for a moment, with a slight smile upon his lips; then he nodded his head in agreement.

"Bind my eyes, Mistress Beatrice," he said gently. "I give my word they shall so remain until you release me from my promise."

With that I blindfolded him, and, opening the panel in the wall, led him to a chair and left him seated in the secret room.

As I gently closed the panel again, I heard the sound of galloping horses tearing up the drive, and many shouts, mingled with a volley of shots. My heart stood still, and for a moment I could not move; then I ran to see what the matter was. But ere I could reach the front door, it was thrown violently open, and Captain McLane came in, shutting and locking it behind him.

"Ah, Mistress Bee," he cried, as he turned to me, "what luck that you are here! You must hide me at once, for there 's a score or two of redcoats will be searching high and low in a minute or two. The woods are thick with

them," and he started toward the room I had just quitted.

"No, no, no!" I cried, running after him as he mounted the stairs, "you can't go there now!"

"Not go!" he exclaimed, looking at me in amazement. "Not go? Why not? 'T is a matter near life and death to me! I tell you they're at my heels! Did n't you hear the shots? Come,

"Oh, no, no, no!" I cried, and then I burst into a fit of weeping, though I stifled my sobs so that no sound should reach the occupant of the secret room.

"Nay, Bee, do not cry," he said, for, like all strong men, he was not proof against tears. "I did not mean to be rough, but I like not to be captured. Cannot something be done?"



"STOP!" I CRIED, AND, RUSHING UP, SNATCHED THE BRAND FROM HIS HAND." (SEE PAGE 1084.)

open the panel," said he, as we reached the threshold of Brother John's room. "They may be here any moment."

"Speak softly!" I whispered, as we entered and I locked the door behind us. "Can't you go by Peg's mousehole?"

"Yes," he said grimly, "if I want to fall into their hands. Nay, it must be the secret room."

"But there is some one there already!" I cried in desperation.

"Ho!" he said, his face lighting, "'t is Jack. Well, with him I'd face the troop, were there need!"

"Nay, 't is not John," I told him, and his face grew very grave.

"I do not understand. Will you have me taken?" he asked, his face growing stern.

"Yes," I answered, "I can put you in the secret room, but you must let me bind your eyes, and promise not to look till I give you leave."

'T was like a drowning man clutching at a straw, for I thought I saw my way clear, if he only would consent. But he shook his head, and I saw he had no more fancy to be blindfolded than had Lord Howe.

"Nay, I will walk into no trap," he said hotly.

"Oh, Captain McLane!" I answered, distressed that he should hint at any treachery on my part. "Think you I would betray you?"

"But who is the man?" he broke in upon my speech.

"Nay, that I cannot tell you," I made answer.

"And I thought you were a true American," he muttered to himself, half turning from me.

"And so I am!" I cried, "but I cannot think the country would be better did I dishonor a pledge. Oh, Captain, 't is a private debt that I *must* pay! If you owed silver to a poor man, would you refuse to pay it because the country needed money? I owe this man a thousand times more than money; for, when I had most need of it, he stood my friend. I can do no less."

At that, the sounds of much talking and of heavy feet coming up the stairs brought us back to the peril of the situation.

"Here they come," said the captain, "and I am lost."

"Nay, let me bind your eyes," I begged. "You can trust me."

He looked at me earnestly for a moment, and then smiled.

"You must e'en have your way," he said. "But hurry with your blindfolding, for I hear them coming down the hall."

I ran to him, eagerly. My own handkerchief would scarce reach half-way round his head, and I looked about me in vain for a cloth.

"Let me have your handkerchief," I cried.

"And must I supply my own bandage?" he asked, putting a hand in his pocket, but not finding what he sought. "'T is lost," he ended, and at that moment came a rattle at the lock of the door and the murmur of voices on the other side of it.

Then followed a thundering knock.

"Open at once!" was the command, and I jumped with fright.

"Hurry!" whispered the captain. "They 'll batter it down in a moment."

But I could find nothing with which to bind his eyes. I thought I should go mad.

"Open, or we 'll break down the door!" cried the voice outside, and a resounding crash gave fair warning of what was to come.

"They 're on us," muttered the captain, crossing the room to where the panel opened in the wall. "I wish I had the secret of it."

I ran to him, in hot haste, and, seizing him by the arms, stood him face to the wall beside the secret entrance, yet so turned that he could see nothing of it.

"I trust you not to look," I said. "There is no other way, and my honor is in your hands." His shoulders straightened, and I knew that, until I gave the word, he would so stand, no matter what might come.

Meanwhile the order to smash the door had been given, and they were at it, but it was stout oak and held for a space, though the racket covered all other sounds.

Opening the panel, I ran to Lord Howe, still blindfolded and seated as I had left him.

"Come!" I cried, seizing him by the hand.

"But what does all this noise mean?" he demanded.

I said naught, but dragged him forth, and as he limped out into the larger room I left him. Then, seizing Captain McLane, I pushed him through the opening and closed the panel.

The lock was breaking, and as I plucked the bandage from Lord Howe's eyes, the door gave way. Then into the room, at the head of a half-score of men, stumbled a young officer with a drawn sword.

"Now yield you, McLane!" he cried. "We have you this time!" But even as he spoke, he recognized the man who stood before him. "*Lord Howe!*" he exclaimed, and his eyes opened wide with astonishment.

As for me, I was near overcome with the strain I had been under, and clung to the Admiral, laughing hysterically.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE LUCK OF A SIXPENCE

FOR a few moments, no other word was spoken, and I did my best to control myself.

"And now, sir, what do you mean by entering this house and battering down the door to a private room?" demanded Lord Howe of the young officer before him. "'T is an outrage the equal of which I have never met. What do you mean by it?" He spoke so sharply that the officer was visibly affected.

"I regret to have intruded, Your Lordship—" he began, but the Admiral cut him short.

"Cease naming your regrets," he snapped. "Why did you break down the door? That is what I wish to know."

"To find Allan McLane, Your Lordship," was the answer. "He came into this house, that we saw; and we have searched it until we reached this room and found the door barred. He must be in the house somewhere"; and the officer looked about him keenly.

"Nay," returned the Admiral with equal positiveness, "wherever else he may be in the house, I 'll vouch for it you 'll not find him in this room. I 've been here myself a full half-hour." Then I knew that, in the noise and confusion caused by the battering down of the door, Lord Howe had heard naught of Captain McLane's entering the secret chamber.

The young officer shook his head in perplexity, as well he might, but, seeing no sign of the man he sought, he evidently decided it was useless to go on with the matter.

"I have the honor to report, Your Lordship,"

he said, "that it was while looking for you, that I fell in with McLane. General Howe, having missed you, sent out several parties in search, with instructions that he would await you at the Shaw residence. I believe, Your Lordship, that dinner is being delayed pending your arrival."

At the word "dinner," Lord Howe was mightily cheered.

"Now at last you give me some good news, for I am like to starve. Come! We will go at once"; and he led the way down-stairs and out to the portico, where a horse was brought for him.

"I have much to thank you for, Mistress Beatrice," he said to me at parting. "How much, I am not quite sure, for there seems to have been some mystery afoot, and I cannot flatter myself into the belief that your alarms could have been wholly on my account. Nevertheless, you have given me an anchorage when I was in sore need of one, and my services are ever at your command"; and with that he kissed my hand as if I had been a woman grown, and a moment later, went clattering down the road with his escort of troopers.

I felt so weary that I should have liked to seat myself somewhere to have a minute's peace and quiet; but I had Captain McLane to think of, and I went at once to the secret room to inform him that he was free to go if he would.

"Aye, I'm anxious enough to be off!" he cried, when I had liberated him. "There are some English bigwigs scattered about the country here, and I would dearly love to pick up one or two of them; but I must have a bite to eat."

I led him to the dining-room, whereupon, seeing the food on the table, he gave a cry of joy, and set to work to finish it.

I could not help smiling a little when I thought that here was Captain Allan McLane eating a meal that had been prepared for Admiral Lord Richard Howe; surely 't was passing strange that matters should thus arrange themselves.

Captain McLane caught me smiling.

"Are you laughing because I am eating some one else's dinner?" he said, and I perforce nodded an agreement.

"I heard the hubbub, of course, but could not catch what was said. Who was the man?" he asked.

"Nay, I may not tell that," I answered.

"Well, I'll not plague you," he went on. "You look tired, and I doubt not this coming and going of soldiers is hard on a maid. But there will be little more of it. Sir Henry Clinton dares not stay in Philadelphia long, and the country will soon have a chance to recover itself. Now I'm off to meet John," he ended, rising.

"Where is he?" I asked as we left the room.

"He should be awaiting me with the troop on the Manatawny road," he answered, on his way to the door. "We have a little business to attend to at Chestnut Hill before nightfall, and I must hurry"; and off he went with a word of good-by and thanks.

I ran to my own room and threw myself on the couch, for I was worn out with the excitement and anxiety of the last hour. I wanted to be alone for a little while, and I thought how pleasant it would be to be back for a time in the peace and quiet of the old Dower-House in England. And that led me to remember Granny, and to wonder what she and the boys would say if they knew what I had been doing. In those few minutes, I longed for her unspeakably. It would be so comfortable if she were here to take me in her arms and let me have a good cry.

It seemed as if I had come to the end of my strength, but my hardest trial was before me; for, as I longed for quiet, Mrs. Mummer rushed into the room.

"We are lost, lost!" she cried. "There is another troop of redcoats, and—"

"Nay, I care not," I interrupted. "Let them come and do as they please. There is naught left for them to take but the roof over our heads. Am I never to have peace? I tell you I can do no more, and we must e'en let them have their way."

"Are you daft, child!" she cried. "'T is Captain Blundell, and he is after that very roof, for he vows he is here to burn down the house!"

With a cry of horror I sprang to my feet.

"Oh, no, he will never do that!" I protested, but all the while I knew this danger had been great for a long time. Stories of how the enemy had burned and ruined the houses and property of other Whigs had reached us again and again, but never had I thought it possible that the mansion at Denewood could be destroyed. There was no longing now for England or the old Dower-House. That was forgotten in the sudden realization of the love I had for my new home, left in my care by Brother John, who looked to me to preserve it.

"Come, rouse yourself, Miss Bee!" exclaimed Mrs. Mummer. "Down to the man and beg his mercy, if you have to go on your knees to him! Anything is better than that the house should be destroyed! Please go to him before it is too late! He has been asking for you."

"Willingly would I go down on my knees to him," I answered her, "if it would save the place, but it will not. Think you Captain Blundell knows the meaning of mercy? He would but laugh the louder. Nay, we must *do* something."

"Then cannot we find Master John or Captain

McLane?" Mrs. Mummer begged, for she loved Denewood, and to think of it in flames nigh madened her.

"There is no hope there," I said. "They are off to Chestnut Hill on some expedition; but there is some one else who will save it—if we have time."

"He vowed he would eat first," said Mrs. Mummer, "but I said to myself that he should kill me ere I give him food."

"Nay," I cried, "to feed him well is our only hope. Go, Mrs. Mummer, and give him the best you can find. Keep him at the table as long as possible, for, with a little time, I may be able to save Denewood"; and I ran to the window to see how matters stood there, for I wished to leave without being seen.

But here an obstacle met me at the very outset. The grounds were filled with soldiers, and I could see them carrying dry wood and paper to pile about the stables and outbuildings in preparation for their work of destruction. It would be impossible that I should not be seen the moment I had quitted the house.

"We are lost!" I cried in despair, "for I cannot get away without their stopping me."

"Oh, ye-ye-yes you ca-ca-can!" exclaimed little Peggy, who entered just then. "Do you wa-wa-want to, Bee?"

"Oh, yes, deary," I said, leaning down and putting my arms about her. "I must get away to save Denewood, but the soldiers will stop me."

But Peggy shook her head positively.

"No, not if you go by the mou-mou-mouse's hole," she insisted, and then I remembered her secret, and how she had let Captain McLane out.

"Show me the place at once, Peg; we have n't a minute to waste"; and without a word, she led me to the nursery fireplace, explaining that she had found it when hunting for the kitten one day.

Now, on either side of the fireplace were big hobs where water could be kept hot or a posset heated; but they did not go quite back to the wall, so that there was a space behind. Sharp to the right was a ladder-like stair going down within the wall of the house, which was pierced here and there to give light.

"Where does it bring you?" I asked Peggy in a whisper.

"Through the ho-ho-hole in the s-s-spring-house where the wa-wa-water comes out," she answered.

"Then go back," said I, "there is no need for you to come."

"You 'll have to go-go-go on all f-f-fours," Peg went on excitedly, "but the wa-wa-water is n't very de-de-deep. If you gather up your

s-s-skirts and take off your s-s-shoes and st-st-st-stockings, you 'll be all right."

I kissed her hastily, and bidding her stay with Mrs. Mummer, plunged into the narrow passage.

The steps were very steep and uneven, but I stumbled down as fast as I could go, and came to the water. I stopped not to remove my stockings, as Peg had counseled, but, tucking up my gown, splashed through as best I might, and at last ran out through the spring-house to the shadow of the surrounding trees.

I was free then to take my way as I would, and at once made across the fields on a run to the Shaw mansion, for there lay my only hope.

By road I suppose it was a mile and a half, perhaps more, but my way was shorter; and though my dress was torn by the clinging briars, and once or twice I stumbled and fell, I reached there finally, much disheveled, and panting woe-fully.

I came to the Shaw grounds at the back, and hurried at once to the front, meaning to enter; but at the threshold, I was stopped by a soldier.

"I must see Lord Howe at once!" I said to him. "He is here, is n't he?"

"Aye," answered the guard. "He and a dozen more of the gentry are eating their fill while we stand empty here—"

"Then let me in to see him," I interrupted.

"Hoity-toity!" he protested, holding me back with a rigid arm, for I had pressed forward. "Nof so fast! not so fast! What is your errand?"

"'T is not for your ears," I retorted.

"Then you 'll not get in," he replied shortly.

"Nay, but I must!" I cried desperately. "'T is a matter of life and death. But wait, give him this," I ended, and snatched my half of the sixpence and held it out.

The soldier took it in his great hand and looked at it closely.

"'T is a love-token," he said slowly. "I have seen the like before, and 't is no great worth." Then another guard joined him, and they talked a minute together while I fumed and fretted, wondering what I could do.

"If you do not give it to him at once," I called, stamping my foot with anger and vexation, "he will have you flogged."

"Were it I," said the second man, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I 'd get it to the Admiral, not knowing whether I 'd be kicked or thanked for my pains. The gentry are kittle cattle, but you 're as like to be right one way as t' other."

With a grunt of annoyance, the man turned into the house, and my bit of sixpence was on its way to Admiral Howe.

I had not long to wait, for almost at once there

was a muffled sound as of an exclamation of surprise, the clatter of an overturned chair, and Lord Howe came out to me.

"Who brought this?" he was shouting, but as he caught sight of me, his face changed, and he looked down anxiously.

"What is it, child? What is the matter? Art hurt?" and he pointed at my torn dress and muddy boots.

"Nay, do not think of me," I answered, and then, in as few words as I could manage, I told him what had brought me.

At the end he said one word—"Wait!" Then he turned back into the house. I heard him shouting orders right and left, so that men came running out. A bugle was blown, and I had scarce gotten back my breath before there were a score of troopers at the door, and Admiral Howe was mounting his horse.

"*You ride with me!*" he cried, reaching down a hand, and in less time than I can tell, I was galloping toward Denewood on Lord Howe's saddle-bow.

We talked little on the way, bending every effort at speed, and at last we topped the rise and Denewood lay before us.

As I looked down, a bitter cry broke from me, for ascending to the clouds was the black smoke of a newly kindled fire.

"I shall string the man to a yard-arm!" cried the Admiral. "On, men, on!" he shouted, and spurred his horse desperately.

On drawing nearer, it was plain that the mansion itself had not yet been fired, but as we rushed up the drive, my fears increased, for I saw men running into the house with bundles of straw, and knew only too well what it portended.

Almost before we stopped, I leaped down and ran into the hall ahead of the Admiral. There, gathered about a great pile of trash heaped up at the foot of the stairs, stood Blundell with a lighted torch in his hand, while before him, with little Peggy at her side, stood Mrs. Mummer, holding out her trembling hands as she begged for mercy.

"Stop!" I cried, and, rushing up, snatched the brand and flung it into the fireplace.

"So it is you, Mistress Beatrice!" he exclaimed, as he recognized me. "You are just in time. And because you have been so rude, you shall be my deputy, and light the fire yourself."

"Would I not do as well?" came the voice of Lord Howe behind me, and at this Blundell, turning red, saluted.

"I had not expected to see Your Lordship," he said.

"Aye, that I believe," replied the Admiral.

"But now that I am here, Captain Blundell, 't is my desire that you should take your soldiers and depart."

"I crave pardon, Your Lordship," replied Blundell, coolly, "but I have been ordered to burn all such Whig houses, and sure there is no more pestiferous establishment than this of John Travers. 'T is a rendezvous for all the rascally rebels in the country."

"And I say it shall not be burned," thundered Lord Howe. "Do you question my authority, sir?"

"Nay, Your Lordship," answered Blundell, "if you say that it shall be spared, that ends it. But, as a matter of curiosity, I should like to know why. Sure you must have some weighty reason for this clemency."

"Nay, nothing weightier than the half of a sixpence," Lord Howe answered, with a glance toward me. "But that is sufficient," he went on sternly, "and I shall expect you to remember that it is my wish that this house shall not be molested."

With that, Blundell, saluting once more, took his departure.

TRULY it was with a full heart that I tried to thank the Admiral for his promptness in coming to my aid, though I fear 't was but a halting speech I made him, for he stopped me in the midst of it.

"Nay, say no more, Mistress Beatrice," he cut in, "shall we cry quits?"

"Oh, My Lord, I shall always—always—be your debtor!" I answered.

"'T is nicely put, my child," he said gently, "but I think you owe me nothing, and I hope you may say the same."

"Nay, you still have my half of the sixpence," I replied demurely.

"To be sure," he said with a laugh, and putting his hand into his pocket, drew forth both halves, and handed them to me.

"'T was only my own piece I was thinking of, Your Lordship," I hastened to say; "you see the Egyptian's prophecy was right, for 't was half a sixpence saved Denewood."

"Aye, and an admiral," he replied. "But keep them both, Mistress Beatrice. Some day you will have need of my half, for, I hope, a better man than I. And as to prophesying—I am no Egyptian, but I 'll e'en venture to foretell the future for you. 'When again the halves are parted, two shall be made one.' Nay, puzzle not your head over that now, but write it in your book of Maxims to read in after years." And with that, he kissed me, and a moment later took his leave.

The King's Vacation

By Alfred Hayes



ONCE upon a time, an old King, who had ruled hard every day for a great many years, resolved to take a vacation.

So he called the chief scribes, and commanded them to write down all his laws in a great book, with a list

of crimes and their punishments, all carefully indexed, so that anybody could find them; and then he began to look about for a suitable person to rule in his place, while he was gone.

This proved to be a more difficult task than he had expected; until one day the Queen suggested:

"Why do you not hold a contest? Propound a difficult riddle, and let the successful guesser thereof rule in your place. By this means, you will be certain to leave your affairs in the hands of your wisest subject."

The good sense of this arrangement instantly appealed to the King, so, calling fleet messengers, he sent them out to all parts of his kingdom, with the following riddle:

"Why do not potatoes grow in January?"

As soon as it became known that the successful guesser of this riddle was to rule in the King's place while he was away, at an excellent salary, the greatest excitement imaginable prevailed.

Wise men shut themselves up in their offices and wrote and wrote and wrote. Wives helped their husbands, and mothers helped their sons. Doctors had no time to call upon patients, and even lawyers refused to take cases. The paper-mills ran day and night, to supply the demand for foolscap, and all the back streets and alleys were littered with empty ink-bottles.

The mails became choked with the vast mass of letters and rolls of manuscript, and a double force of scribes worked day and night sorting and classifying the correspondence.

A great many preferred to bring their answers

in person, and all day long, the weary King sat upon his throne, listening while they read or recited them, as they passed before him in an endless procession that began at sunrise and only ended when the King declared he must be excused and go to bed.

A large number of those who came personally were very certain they had the correct answer, and waited with impatience for their turn.

One important-looking old fellow, in a loud suit and flowing tie, strutted up when his name was called, and shouted confidently:

"Because they can't get their eyes open."

The King gasped, and reached for his smelling-salts.

"Throw him down the clothes-chute!" he commanded sternly. "Next."

"Please, Your Majesty," remarked the next contestant, a little, wrinkled man with a bald head and enormous spectacles, "it is a well-known scientific fact that all articles contract with cold; therefore, it is impossible—"

"Next," interrupted the King.

So it went on, day after day, until nearly all the answers were in, and the King began to grow nervous, for fear he should not get his vacation after all; for no one appeared able to guess the riddle.

Now it happened that nobody had thought it worth while to say anything about the King's riddle to the gardener, for he was a common, uneducated old fellow who spent his time trimming the rose-trees and pushing the lawn-mower; and when the King appeared in the gardens one day, looking tired and worn, the kind-hearted old workman inquired the cause of his trouble.

"Because no one can guess my riddle," sighed the King.

"It must be very hard," remarked the gardener.

"Not a bit of it!" snapped the King; "the easiest thing in the world. 'Why do not potatoes grow in January?'"

"They do grow in January—in some places," explained the gardener, snipping away at the rose-tree.

The King nearly turned a back somersault in



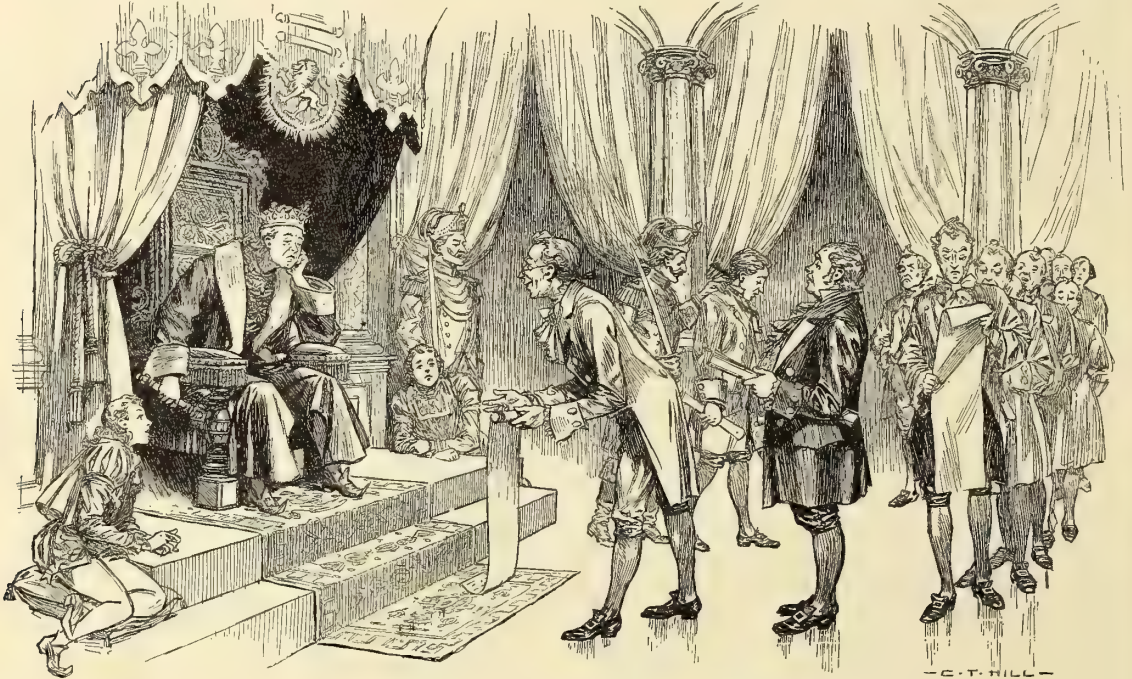
his astonishment, for this was the correct answer; and, seizing the gardener's rough hand in his own, he explained all about the contest, and congratulated him upon his great good-fortune.

"But I don't want to be king!" protested the gardener. "I did n't guess your old riddle on purpose."

"That does not make a particle of difference!"

All that day and the next, the sky remained blue and the soft breezes gently whispered through the rigging; but the third day, a terrific tempest came down upon them from the north, driving the ship before it, and, at last, casting her, a wreck, upon a rocky shore.

Such of the passengers as escaped with their lives were made slaves by the fierce old king of



"SO IT WENT ON, DAY AFTER DAY, UNTIL NEARLY ALL THE ANSWERS WERE IN."

shouted the King, gleefully. "You guessed it all right, and now you are going to take the job, whether you like it or not."

"But your crown is too big for me!" cried the gardener, catching at a straw.

"Put a cushion inside of it, then," laughed the King. "The lining is badly worn anyhow, and that will keep your forehead from getting scratched."

Seeing there was no help for it, the gardener slowly removed his apron and walked solemnly off toward his cottage, to break the news to his wife; while the King hastened back to the palace, to tell the Queen to pack the trunks at once, so that they could start early the next morning.

Long before sunrise, the King and Queen, dressed in ordinary citizens' clothes, slipped quietly out of a side door of the palace, and were soon safely on board a merchant ship bound for foreign lands, laughing and chatting merrily, all the cares of state forgotten and with nothing on their minds but to have a good time.

that country, the King being set to helping the cook, and the Queen to polishing door-knobs in the royal palace.

In the meantime, the old gardener was not having a very much better time of it.

The courtiers and nobles were much chagrined at having so uncouth and obstinate an old personage set over them; so they set their heads together, at the earliest opportunity, to make all the trouble possible.

They knew very well that the forty mischievous pages, who served in the palace, were the bane of the gardener's life, for they had often seen him running after them to box their ears for pulling his flowers or robbing birds'-nests; so they slyly suggested new pranks to play on the Vice-King, as the gardener was now called, and then stood by, with shocked faces, while the youngsters carried them out.

When the new ruler appeared, feeling very stiff and uncomfortable in his tight boots and kingly

robes, the two pages whose duty it was to stand behind him, quietly drew back the throne, as he was about to seat himself, and he came down, in a most undignified heap, upon the floor, while his crown slipped off and rolled out among the courtiers.

Forgetting all about his new office, the Vice-King leaped to his feet and ran after his tormentors, chasing them round and round the council-chamber, and out upon the palace grounds; where, having at last succeeded in coming up with them, he knocked their heads together until they roared, and then came back, very much out of breath, and resumed his place.

Several important matters were awaiting his attention, when it was suddenly discovered that the book of the law was nowhere to be found.

So the cases before him had to be dismissed until the lost volume could be recovered.

chance to advance his own fortunes, took the Vice-King aside and confidentially suggested that what he needed was a competent adviser, with full power to act.

The exasperated Vice-King was only too willing to adopt any means of getting out of his difficulties, and appointed the courtier Chief Adviser upon the spot.

He soon had cause enough to regret his decision, however, for the crafty courtier, whose name was Bounterwin, immediately took everything into his own vigorous hands, leaving the Vice-King nothing to do but sit on the throne and look wise.

When the pages started in as usual, snapping paper wads at the courtiers and each other, Bounterwin ordered them sent out to weed the royal onion beds, where, under severe taskmasters, they worked and shed tears all day long.



"THE KING NEARLY TURNED A BACK SOMERSAULT IN HIS ASTONISHMENT."

The next morning, things were no better; for the pages, having decided to go upon a picnic, had departed early with their lunch-baskets and fishing-rods, and there was no one to deliver the Vice-King's commands.

So things went from bad to worse; until one day a wily courtier, who thought he saw a good

The housemaids, who had decided that if a gardener could be Vice-King, they could, at least, be fine ladies, were all sent back to their places; the farmers, who had all set up for country gentlemen, with horses and hounds, were ordered back to their plows; while the millers, who had all gone into politics and were making more trouble

than anybody else, were given the choice of starting their water-wheels to turning or of going to the royal dungeons.

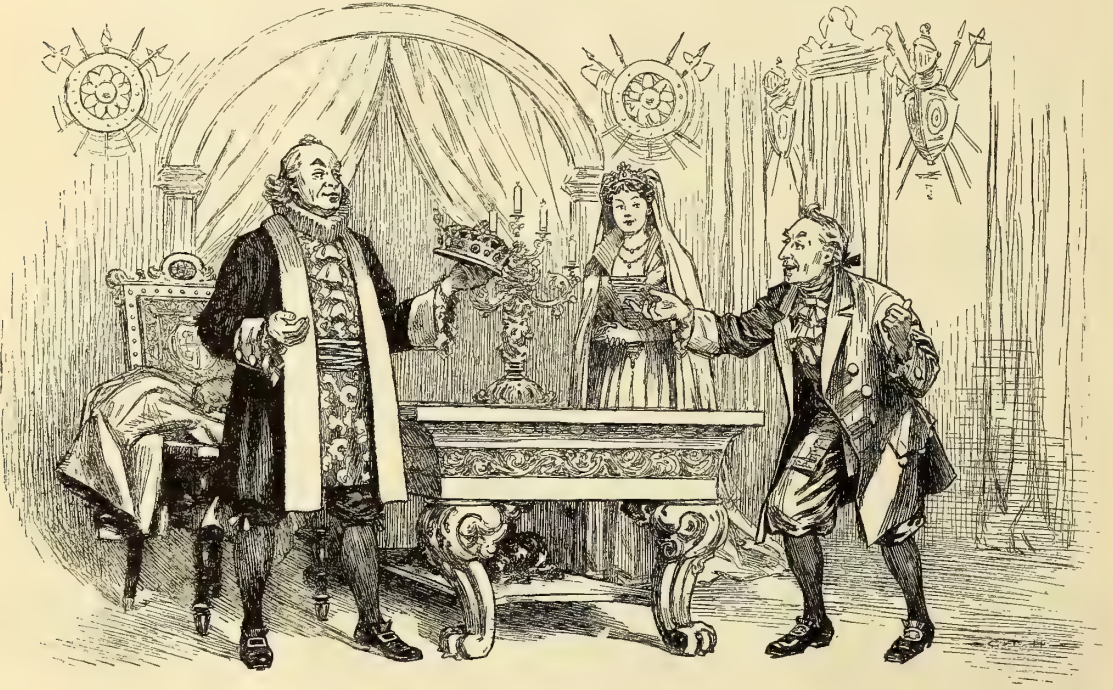
So there was no longer danger of starvation in the land.

Bounterwin next turned his attention to public improvements.

Roads were built, and libraries and museums of art established in every city. Great ball parks

of free drinking-fountains throughout the kingdom, the old King and Queen, who had somehow managed to escape and get back, slipped unobserved into the palace, and dressed themselves in their royal robes.

Now it happened that the Vice-King (who knew all about how things were going but was powerless to stop the mischief, because Bounterwin had shared some of his ill-gotten gains with



"'YOU APPEAR TO HAVE TAKEN GOOD CARE OF IT,' REMARKED THE KING."

were laid out and games held, free to all the people.

So everybody was soon shouting the praises of Bounterwin. They did not know that every time he drew a check upon the royal treasury, to pay for these things, half of the money went into his own pockets.

When the royal treasury was empty, he began taxing the people; but, while they complained some at this, they still continued to point to his various works with pride, and to think him a very great man indeed.

The old King had now been gone so long that everybody supposed him dead; so while the iron rule of Bounterwin and his many taxes pressed heavily upon them, the people were obliged to be satisfied, though they were far from happy or contented.

One night, while the Chief Adviser was busily engaged in figuring up his profit on an installation

of the more powerful courtiers, and thus made them his friends) lay tossing and worrying upon his bed, when he thought he heard a noise downstairs.

Drawing his pruning-shears from beneath his pillow, where he always kept them, he crept cautiously down, and when he discovered that the sounds he had heard were the voices of the returned King and Queen, talking over the happy surprise they would give their subjects in the morning, he was so overcome with joy that his hair, which had grown quite gray, instantly turned bright red again, and he rushed up-stairs, four steps at a time, to put on his best suit.

He determined to lose no time in acquainting the King with the exact condition of affairs; so, as soon as he was dressed, he hastened downstairs again, and knocked upon the door of the royal bedchamber.

"Come in," called the well-known voice; upon

which the Vice-King pushed open the door and advanced, with the crown in his hand, and presented it to the King.

"You appear to have taken good care of it," remarked the King, after looking it over carefully and placing it upon his head, to see if it felt natural.

After expressing the hope that both the King and Queen had enjoyed good health and had a pleasant journey, the ex-Vice-King started in and related all that had occurred during their absence, and how Bounterwin had planned to take the crown and declare himself king the very next morning.

"But he would not have been able to do that," concluded the old man, chuckling; "for I hid the crown in the piano last night, and only took it out when I saw you had returned."

After complimenting him upon his shrewdness, the King remained thoughtful for some time; then he spoke:

"Say nothing to any person whatsoever about my return," he said. "Go quietly to the houses of the royal guards and order each of them to report at the council-chamber at sunrise, well armed."

When Bounterwin appeared at the palace the next morning, he was surprised and infuriated to find the guards assembled without his orders.

"What are you here for?" he demanded angrily.

"To arrest you, unhappy wretch!" shouted the King, stepping from behind a curtain.

The guards immediately fell upon the culprit and loaded him with chains, and while he was borne off, struggling and begging for mercy, and the courtiers who had been his friends stood trembling in their shoes, everybody else crowded about the King, shouting for joy at his safe return.

The King's first act was to release the miserable pages from their work in the royal onion beds, and, after they had all been thoroughly bathed and supplied with new clothes, they appeared in the council-chamber, still rubbing their eyes, but very happy to get back.

Then the King took all the wealth of Bounterwin and out of it returned to every person the taxes he or she had unjustly been made to pay, putting the rest in the royal treasury.

As for Bounterwin himself, the King was quite undecided what his punishment should be; but, after inspecting some of the work that he had accomplished, he decided to spare his life. But he was stripped of his titles, and of all his rich trappings and jewels, and was then given the lowliest of all the offices in the royal palace—that of cleaning and regumming canceled postage-stamps.



From a painting by Charles C. Curran.

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THE BREAKFAST PARTY.



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A GENERAL AND ADJUTANT.

FAMOUS PICTURES

SIXTH PAPER—HISTORICAL PAINTING

BY CHARLES L. BARSTOW

IN producing a historical painting, the artist has a great many things to think of besides making a beautiful picture.

For, in addition to that, he must tell a story. He cannot narrate a succession of events as a writer can do, but he must select one single moment, and in that moment show us all that is to be represented.

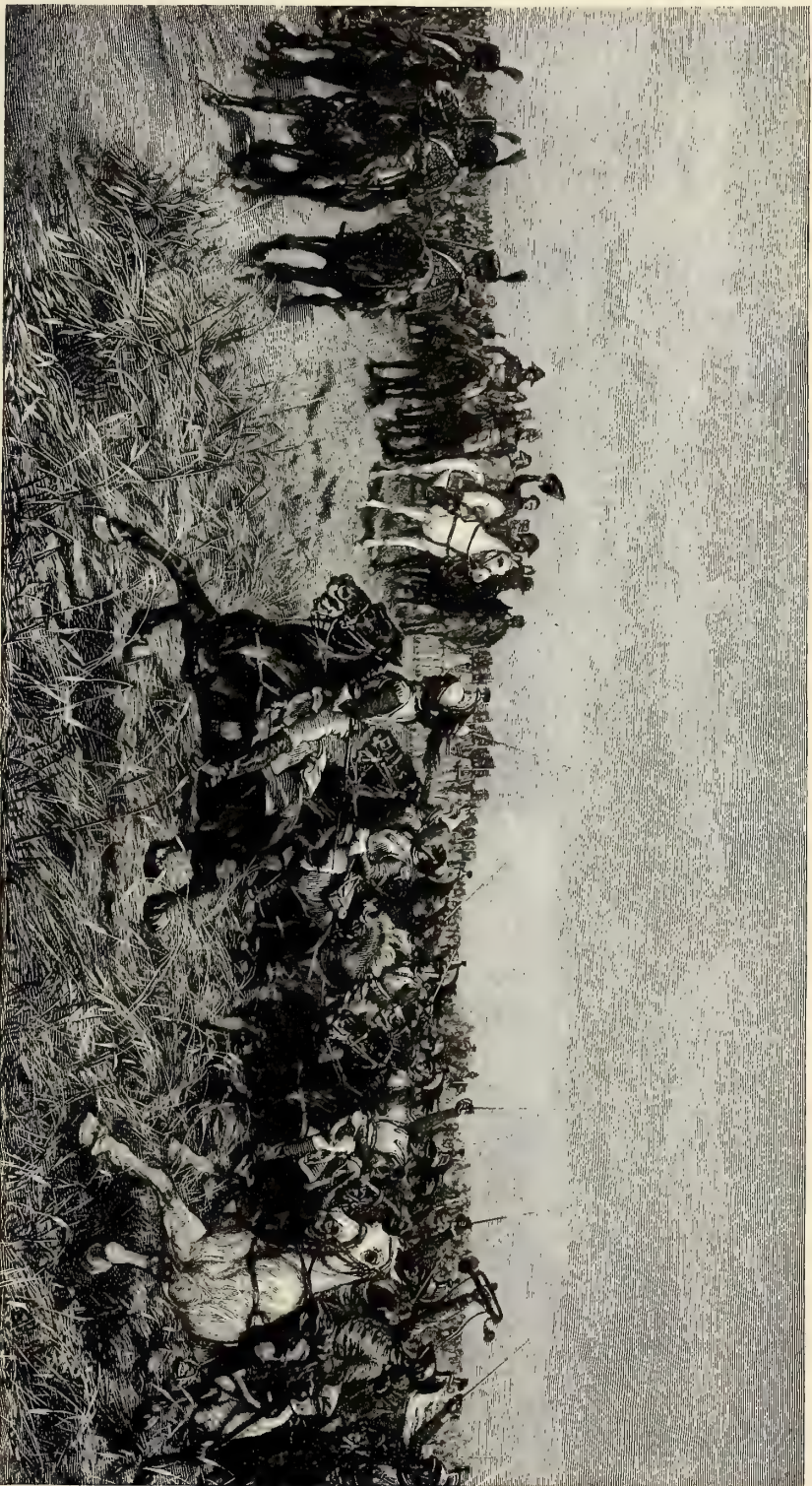
Such pictures are much more complicated than those we have considered thus far. Usually many figures are introduced, and the principal ones must be actual portraits of the characters, and must suggest their whole life in pose and gesture. All the costumes must be historically correct—often a matter of great difficulty.

When an artist has selected the moment to present, and has assured himself about the accuracy

of everything concerned, which may have meant the reading of many volumes about the times and events, he may still fail unless he has caught and can show the spirit of the scene in a way to inspire the beholder.

Our moving pictures, where thousands of separate photographs passing in rapid succession give us an actual occurrence, convey much less than the painter of a legendary or historical subject tries to do, for he may give us not merely a scene, but the spirit of an age.

Many historical pictures have been painted by royal command, to perpetuate the deeds of great men or events of national life, and are more valuable to us now as records of the times than as works of art. Such are many of the huge canvases in the royal palaces of Europe.



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“FRIEDLAND, 1807.”

From a painting by Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier.

“Napoleon, mounted on his famous white horse and surrounded by his generals and aides, is upon a slight eminence in the center of the picture. In wild enthusiasm the cuirassiers are charging before him through a field of unripe wheat, every soldier rising in his stirrups and shouting, “Vive l’Empereur,” as he raises his sword flashing in the light of the midday sun. The battle rages in the distance, and above is a clear blue sky with light floating clouds.”

"FRIEDLAND, 1807"

By Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier of the French School
(Born 1815, died 1891)

ONE of the most important parts of each of Meissonier's magnificent homes was his stable. He loved horses, and they appear in many of his pictures. His drawing of them was wonderfully correct, and he spared no pains in studying them. He had a track built on which a tram-car ran, and, as he rode in the smoothly moving car, pencil in hand, he would have the horses put through their paces, in a course parallel with the track, while he kept beside them, noting down every action.

His patience in perfecting every part of a picture was inexhaustible. "I never hesitate about scraping out the work of days," he said, "and beginning afresh, so as to try and do better. Ah! that 'better' which one feels in one's soul, and without which no true artist is ever content! Others may approve and admire; but that counts for nothing compared with one's own feeling of what ought to be."

He would often work out-of-doors twelve hours a day, scarcely stopping to eat. Success and wealth never made any difference in his industry. For example, he wished to make a picture of a horseman in a strong wind. As he often did, he first made a beautiful wax model of the horse and rider. The rider's cloak and hat and other apparel were made from the real materials, and carefully adjusted. Then, in order to get the effect of the wind on the cloak, he dipped it into thin glue and placed it where the wind would blow it until it became stiff, keeping the shape he wanted to paint.

Such things alone would not insure good pictures, but Meissonier's great success was in a measure due to this wonderful exactness which gave a sense of reality to his pictures, especially to his small interiors.

The picture before us, "Friedland, 1807," is one of the uncompleted series portraying scenes from the life of Napoleon, and is his most celebrated work. It was in his studio for fourteen years. It is said that every figure was made from a separate model, and that, in order to paint the trampled grain as it would really appear, he bought a field of wheat and hired a troop of cuirassiers to charge through it, he himself riding beside them, and carefully noting the attitudes of men and horses.

This is, indeed, realism, and we see from the result that he did get a feeling of tremendous reality into the picture. We are convinced that it is a real scene—no one could have painted it without drawing directly from the figures.

In order to fit himself for painting battle scenes, Meissonier, upon the outbreak of the war between Austria and Sardinia, in 1859, obtained permission from the emperor, Napoleon III, the ally of the Sardinians, to accompany the French army to the seat of war. He was present at the great battle of Solferino. When the Franco-Prussian War came, in 1870, Meissonier was one of the first to offer his services to his country, and during the siege of Paris, he occupied a high position on the staff of the National Guard.

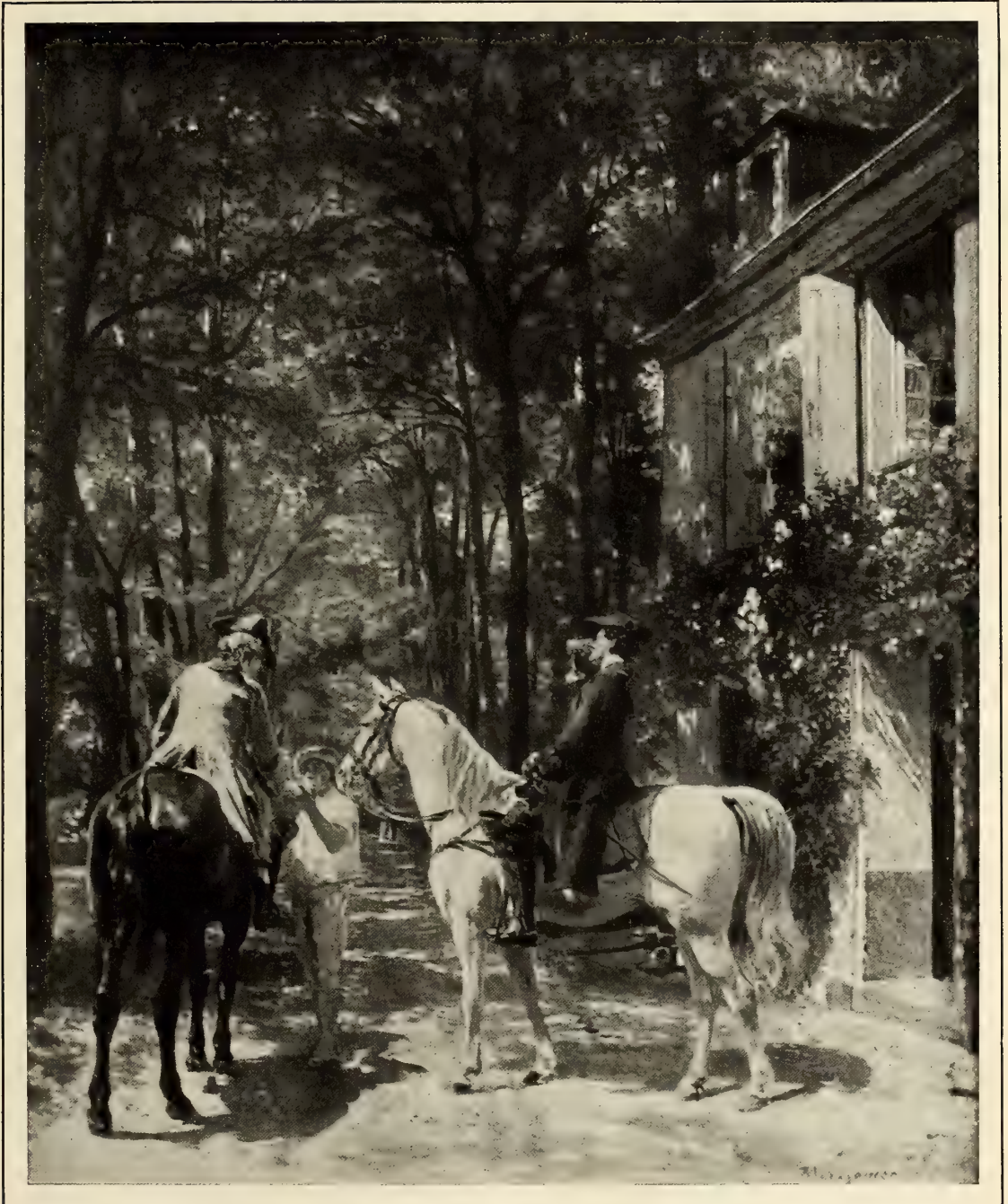
In referring to "Friedland," the artist said: "I did not intend to paint a battle. I wanted to paint Napoleon at the zenith of his glory. . . . The men and the emperor are in the presence of each other. The soldiers cry out to him that they are his, and the great chief, whose imperial will directs the masses that move around him, salutes his devoted army."

Unlike many of his "great little pictures," this one is painted on a canvas eight feet wide by four and one half feet high. It was sold by the artist to the late A. T. Stewart for \$60,000, and at the sale of the Stewart collection, was bought for an even larger sum and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where it now hangs.

We have seen that Meissonier strove with infinite care faithfully to reproduce the scenes he painted. But this very quality has led to unfavorable criticism, for many artists do not believe that this is the way to present a subject. As one writer has recently expressed it: "The artist should not try to make everything just as he knows it really is, but as the scene looks to him from the place where he is."

If you will examine the picture of "Friedland," you will see that the details of dress and feature are fully carried out at the right and left sides of the picture as well as in the center. Ask yourself the question whether, from any one point of view, any one eye could really see all these details at one time. I think you will agree that it would be impossible. Then, to put everything into a picture, is to represent what the artist could not have seen at any one time, and, therefore, all the tremendous labor of presenting everything as it really was, does not, after all, give a *true* view of the scene as viewed by the human eye.

And if it is not true, then it is not the right way to do it. If you watch a person walk down the street, you will observe that, as the figure goes away, one thing after another, that you could see when it was near, disappears and is blended into the general mass. Near by you can see the buttons on the coat, the wrinkles in the sleeve, the band on the hat, and, if you are drawing the



By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl, New York City.

THE ROADSIDE INN.

figure near at hand, those things would all be indicated. But if you wished truly to represent, the figure some yards away, you would not put in those things which you knew were there, but could not see; but would draw it as it looked to

you at that distance. If you did not, it would not appear in its true relation to the other things around it. The eye can see only a limited field at a time.

While Meissonier probably made a mistake in

this respect, he was so really wonderful in many others that he is accepted as a great painter, and this criticism, which we can understand, should help us in estimating not only his painting, but that of other artists.

ANECDOTES OF MEISSONIER

THE life of Meissonier reads like a fairy tale. He ran the gamut from extreme poverty to wealth that enabled him to have in lavish profusion everything he desired. His mother died when he was ten years old, and between him and his father there was little sympathy or understanding. Although in prosperous circumstances, his father gave the lad but a slight education, and secured for him at seventeen a position with a tradesman.

Here Meissonier swept the shop, waited upon customers, and became an unwilling but faithful clerk. He had always wished to study art, and finally his father agreed to give him a week in which to find a painting master, and a year in which to show whether he really had any talent. "At the end of that time, if you have not succeeded, you go back to the shop," was the warning.

He did not find a master, but was finally admitted to a studio, and there worked hard for several months. During this time, his father allowed him ten cents a day for food, and invited him to eat his Wednesday dinners at home.

Many a time, when Meissonier was nearly starving, he would go to his father's house for his weekly visit after dinner instead of before, because he was too proud to appear to be in need of his father's niggardly assistance.

Later, Meissonier got a place in the studio of Léon Cogniet, and there he had for fellow-pupils Daubigny, destined to become one of the world's great landscape artists, and other strong, young painters. Still in the grip of poverty, he painted fans and bonbon boxes for a living, and is said to have painted canvas at a dollar a yard.

Although Meissonier did not complain of these hardships, in after life he refused to talk of his early days. He was not bitter at the time, for he is quoted as saying, "Is it possible to be unhappy when one is twenty, when life is all before one, when one has a passion for art, a free pass to the Louvre, and sunshine gratis?" Meissonier satisfied his father that he really had talent, and he was never compelled to "go back to the shop." Before he was twenty, he had exhibited in the Salon. After this, he made a short journey to Rome, and on his return he established himself as an illustrator. As his reputation grew, his ability to make money increased, and at twenty-

eight he was married and the head of a household of his own, although the home was, at first, a modest one.

Artists care very much for the opinion of their brother artists. Meissonier, it is said, thought very highly of the opinion of Chenavard, a well-known painter from Lyons and much older than he. Once, when he came to visit Meissonier's studio, he examined all his canvases carefully, pausing for a long time before one of a violin-player. All the pictures, except the violin-player, were similar in idea and treatment to many other pictures to be seen in the Louvre and elsewhere. "Do you expect," said Chenavard, "to do these things better than Raphael and Michelangelo?" But in the little violin-player Meissonier's guest saw something original and individual, and from that time our artist devoted himself almost entirely to painting those little scenes from everyday life which brought him wealth and fame. His work was distinct and individual in at least two respects: first, he generally used very small canvases, some of them no bigger than his hand; and, second, he carried out every detail of his work with the most minute fidelity and care.

Meissonier was also a great collector, and when his paintings began to bring him fabulous prices, he bought all kinds of antiques—so lavishly, in fact, that he often had very little ready money. He built a magnificent house in Paris and a fine country place at Poissy. He was happier at home than anywhere else, and made few journeys. Some one once said to him, "You are rich—you can have as many of Meissonier's paintings as you like." "No," he said, "I cannot afford to have them; they have become too expensive for me."

We always like to know what a great man has said about his work, and how he feels about other things that are of interest to every one. Fortunately, Meissonier left a record of many of his feelings and opinions, published as his "Conversations." Of all the painters, Rembrandt was his favorite.

Among his sayings were the following:

"'Let well enough alone' is the motto of the lazy."

"The man who leaves good work behind adds to the inheritance of the human race."

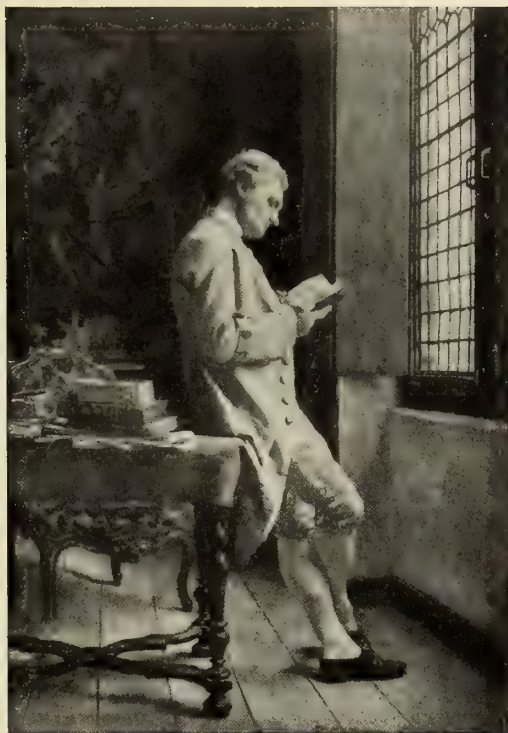
"The master is an artist whose works never recall those of some other artist."

"I would have drawing made the basis of education in all schools. It is the universal language."

"No artist would paint if he knew he was never to show his work, if he felt no human eye would ever rest upon it."

"I never sign a picture until my whole soul is satisfied with my work."

"'To will is to do' has been my motto. I have always *willed*. Oh! how I regret the lost time that can never be made up. As I grow older, I work harder than ever."



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THE READER.



By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl, New York City.

A CAVALIER.



THE SIGN PAINTER.



By permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

THE BROTHERS VAN DE VELDE.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF MEISSONIER PICTURES.



THE ANNUAL MOONLIGHT HOP IN BEETLEBURG.

"PLAY BALL!"

BY ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN



If you 've made a bad beginning,
If the batsmen all go wrong,
If the other team is winning,—
That 's the time to play up strong!

You know you made a fumble?
Well, keep your head, and wait!
Just watch the ball; don't grumble!—
You have it! Send it straight!

Don't fuss about the scoring,
Don't weaken at the din;
Let others do the roaring;
You—play the game to win!

And when life's conflicts meet you—
They come to one and all—
Don't let your fears defeat you;
Keep steady, and "play ball!"

PLAYING THE GAME

(A sequel to "The Battle of Base-ball")

BY C. H. CLAUDY

CHAPTER V

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT WIN BALL GAMES

In the Major Leagues, the race is usually so close that it is the little things, rather than the big ones, which tip the scales at the end and crown one side with final victory while the other goes down to defeat. The batting averages and fielding percentages of teams as a whole do not differ in magnitude as much as the winning and losing percentages.

In 1911, the Philadelphia Athletics finished the race with a winning percentage of .669, while the St. Louis Browns, the "cellar champions," or tail-

enders, doubtless looked with disgust at their mark of .248 for the season.

Yet Philadelphia's fielding percentage, as a club, was .964 against St. Louis' .945, and Philadelphia's batting average, as a club, was .297 against St. Louis' .248. That it is not the batting alone which wins games is easily seen by a comparison of the batting averages of a number of clubs as a whole with their winning percentages. At the end of the 1911 season, the standing of the American League clubs, with their percentages and the positions of the clubs according to their batting and fielding percentages, differed in a remarkable way, as the following table shows:

	PERCENTAGE	CLUB BATTING	CLUB FIELDING
Philadelphia669	.297 (1)	.964 (1)
Detroit578	.291 (2)	.953 (4 or 5)
Cleveland523	.282 (3)	.955 (3)
Chicago5099	.269 (6)	.960 (2)
Boston5098	.276 (4)	.949 (6)
New York500	.270 (5)	.948 (7)
Washington416	.259 (7)	.953 (4 or 5)
St. Louis296	.248 (8)	.945 (8)

Both Boston and New York outbatted Chicago, yet finished below the White Sox. Washington fielded exactly as well as Detroit, yet finished seventh to Detroit's second. Philadelphia made not quite five more hits per hundred chances than St. Louis, and St. Louis missed but fifty-five fielding chances out of every thousand, while Philadelphia was missing thirty-six chances out of every thousand. Yet one finished first and the other last!

The statistics of the National League race give even more surprising comparisons. Consider these figures, if any further proof be needed that it is the small things in base-ball which decide the close race, rather than the big things.

	PERCENTAGE	CLUB BATTING	CLUB FIELDING
New York647	.279 (1)	.959 (6)
Chicago597	.260 (5)	.960 (4 or 5)
Pittsburgh552	.262 (3)	.963 (1 or 2)
Philadelphia520	.259 (6)	.963 (1 or 2)
St. Louis503	.252 (7)	.960 (4 or 5)
Cincinnati458	.261 (4)	.955 (7)
Brooklyn427	.237 (8)	.962 (3)
Boston291	.267 (2)	.947 (8)

Here we have the remarkable fact, graphically presented, that the championship winner had a fielding percentage worse than five other teams; that Boston, which finished last, batted better than Chicago, which finished second; and that exactly twelve points in both batting and fielding separated the leader and the last contestant in this race, while in the American League the Browns finished forty-seven points behind the leaders in batting, and nineteen behind them in fielding!

But it is also remarkable how closely the records of the two winners bore out their performance in the World Series—Philadelphia had won its race by a larger margin, batting and fielding better than had New York in its race, and the Athletics won in the World's Series by both out-hitting and outfielding the Giants.

What, then, did win these pennants, if it cannot be laid always to batting and fielding superiority?

"Little things" is the answer—little bits of strategy, of keenness, of being able to take instant advantage of the opportunity, of speed when speed was essential, of being able to do the right thing at the right time. For instance, Philadelphia, in the American League, led the League

in the number of sacrifices;—in the ability to "come through" with the sacrifice fly, or the sacrifice bunt, when a man was on the bases and needing advancement. Philadelphia had *less* assists than any other club, showing a greater number of individual put-outs. More men were struck out by their pitchers; more men were put out on grounders fielded by the man who made the put-out; more men were retired by a caught fly or foul; in other words, Philadelphia was a lightning-fast team.

You don't have to look very far to find out what made New York win the pennant, other than its general batting performance. It was stolen bases! New York stole 347 bases during the season—or two and a quarter bases per game! Here it was speed and the instant taking advantage of opportunity which won; and at the present writing, New York is off to such a flying start of hitting and base-running and run-getting, that there looks to be little chance of any team overtaking it for the 1912 pennant. Yet, as the records show, in batting and fielding there is little to choose between New York and several other teams which that team beat out decidedly.

Now, the little things which win ball games and the ability to take advantage of the openings are characteristics of the keen base-ball general. Wherefore the stranger to the game might be led to inquire whether the leaders of the leading teams are recognized as great base-ball generals, and, if so, are they so recognized whether they win or not?

And the answer is most emphatically, "Yes!" John McGraw is generally conceded to have no rival as a leader, as a planner, as a strategist, as a possessor of the ability to find the opening and take advantage of it for a gain at every opportunity. And although McGraw does not always win pennants, his team is almost always in the race, and, win or lose, every team fears him, and his uncanny ability to lead, to stem defeat, to find talent and develop it, and to get the most from his men.

At the present writing, "Rube" Marquard, the great left-hander, has won only eighteen victories for New York. Still, as he has pitched only eighteen games, this may be considered quite a fair record! A few years ago, Marquard was regarded by all New York as a failure. He could not win. And the fans in the stands, both unreasoning and without knowledge, implored McGraw to get rid of Marquard. But McGraw knew ability when he saw it. He held on. He pitched Marquard. He taught him, encouraged him, had confidence in him. Last year, Marquard led his League as the best pitcher of them all. This year

he is, so far, beating all records as a pitching wonder.

Connie Mack, of Philadelphia, does not always win pennants, either. But he is always planning to win pennants, and, following the collapse of the great Philadelphia team of 1905, he built up a new one to win in 1910 and 1911. No one knows, yet, whether it is to repeat in 1912, or not, but it looks very much as if the bad start was to end in a good finish. Connie Mack is known as a leader whose greatest strong point—among a great many strong ones—is the ability to “size up” a player before he has developed, and then get hold of him and develop him. His present great infield—McInnis, Collins, Barry, and Baker—all young men, all recent acquisitions in the Big League, are cases in point, since none of them had any reputation at all before they “made good” in the present World’s Championship team. But Connie Mack also knows the game, knows when to take advantage of an opportunity, knows the opportunity when he sees it, and sees that his players know it, too.

So the answer to the question, “How can we win ball games?” which every player and every manager is always asking himself, is contained in the answer: “Have a leader who can lead; obey that leader; take advantage of every chance; be speedy, and ‘play the ball’”; just as much as it is in the obvious advice to outhit and outrun the other team. As the statistics have shown, the outhitting team does not always win!

The same advice which serves for Major Leaguers must also be the guide for the team of lads none of whom has reached his full strength or speed. Of course, if you can outhit, outrun, and outfield all your opponents, you do not need to be told how to win games. But if, in your junior league, the race is close; if the other teams are hitting and fielding as well as you are, then it will be with you, as with the Big Leaguers—that team which knows the most “inside ball,” and takes best advantage of the little things, will win the game.

It is obvious that you cannot know with certainty just where you stand with relation to the other clubs you play, if you don’t keep score and records. Boys are willing to practise hard and work faithfully to be worthy of the position they play. So it is no longer an unheard-of thing for a boy to keep his own record, if his team has no official scorer to do it for him. Sometimes the boys’ team does have an “official scorer,” and there are usually some lads who, for one reason or another, cannot play, and the gentle art of scoring a game, if well learned, is a real art. And from the score the record sheets are to be made up,

the principal items of which are the times at bat and the hits—to get the batting average—and the chances and the errors—to get the fielding percentage.

If no one keeps score of your games, keep your own individual record. It is not hard to remember the number of chances you have and the number of errors you make; putting these down every evening at home, together with the number of times legally at bat and the number of hits, will give you an excellent basis to find out what you really do, and where you really need to work hardest for improvement.

“Too much to remember!” Oh, no! You don’t really do so many things in a ball game as you may, perhaps, think. A first baseman in the American League averaged, in sixty-three games, 615 put-outs—just a little less than ten put-outs per game. He had not quite forty assists, or a trifle over six assists in every ten games. He only made ten errors, or one every six games.

Now, you don’t have to remember the number of games, because you build that up, one by one, at night. You have, then, to remember only the put-outs, the assists, and the errors. But any other position figures out about the same from the memory standpoint. A short-stop in the American League averaged, in eighty-eight games, 203 put-outs, mostly at second base, or less than three per game. He had 295 assists, or less than four per game, and made thirty-four errors for the season, or three in every ten games. That would not be so much to remember on the average, would it?

Now the matter of errors is one of judgment—put-outs and assists are matters of rule. There is not the least use in the world in trying to carry a record of your performance if you “favor yourself.” Don’t keep the record for any one else to look at. Keep it for yourself. And don’t call a muffed ball a hit just because it hit you on the shins and bounced over your head. Note your errors, too, and list them separately under “Fumbles,” “Boots,” “Bad throws,” and “Dropped balls,” and it will not take you long to find out just where you really stand as a fielder, and what you need to practise on.

One lad did this all last year. This year I found him, evening after evening, bouncing a ball against a wall at an angle and patiently diving after it, fielding it, and throwing it instantly at a mark on the wall. Then he would pick up the ball, go back again to his position, pitch the ball against the wall, field it, and again throw it.

“What in the world are you doing, Jack?” I asked.

“Fielding balls to my left,” he answered. “Last

year I made a lot of fumbles that way, and often I stumbled and made a wide throw. In this way I get practice on balls to my left, and that mark on the wall is the first baseman."

The boys in the neighborhood tell me that Jack is about the best short-stop they ever had. I wonder how much of it is due to his keeping a record and trying to correct the one thing he did with the least success until he conquered it?

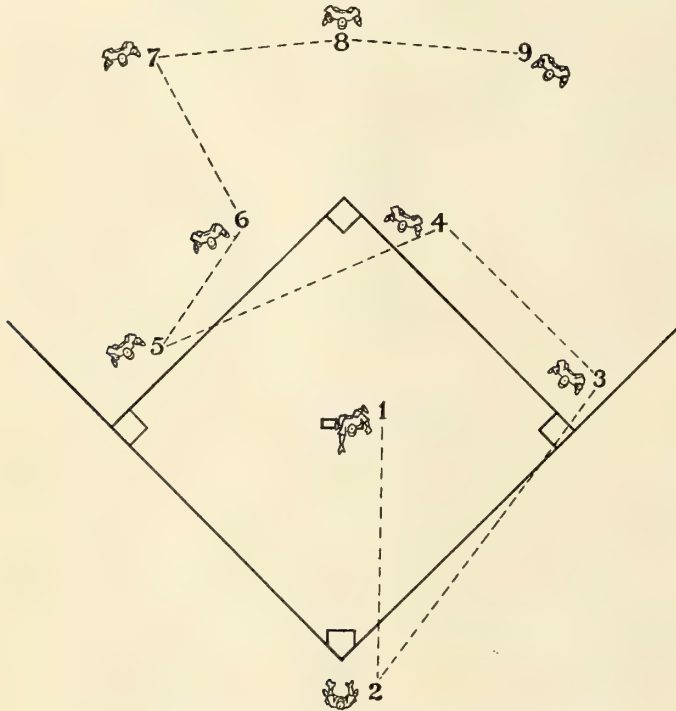


FIG. 1. PLAYERS NUMBERED FOR SCORING PURPOSES.

The dotted line shows the memory path by which the order is to be recalled, and the fact that the line goes continuously about the diamond and outfield.

Of course, every boy knows how a game is scored, but how to do it himself is another matter. Yet keeping a score is not a difficult matter, if you have a system and follow it. The trouble with so many amateur attempts to keep a score is caused by three things: first, not having a complete system and inventing new symbols as the play comes up, and then forgetting what they stand for; second, trying to keep more complete scores than you need to keep; and, third, getting so excited over the game that you forget to put things down as they happen!

There are almost as many ways of keeping score as there are people who do the scoring: One spectator contents himself with keeping the runs. Another keeps the runs, hits, and errors. A third keeps a record of every play, but pays no attention to put-outs and assists under the field-

ers' column. Another keeps a score so complete in every detail that he can tell you just how many balls were pitched to each batter, just which ones were balls and which strikes; and of the strikes, which were actual strikes and which "called"; and of batted balls, just how many times each ball bounded on the turf, and, if it was a hit, which player it went nearest to. In fact, such people score so interestedly that the game to them is merely an intricate puzzle of base-ball shorthand, paper, and pencil; and they are so busy writing down the plays, they never have time to cheer.

The best system for the average player to use, and for the average spectator as well, is one which fills out the score card sufficiently but does not try to trace the path of every ball all over the diamond. At least, that is the system most used, and while every one invents his own symbols for special plays, all have certain fundamental principles which are alike. In the first place, all systems number the players. Probably the most common one is that which follows the diamond, as in Fig. 1. The list, which is easily memorized according to the diagram, calls pitcher 1, catcher 2, first baseman 3, second baseman 4, third baseman 5, short-stop 6, left-fielder 7, center-fielder 8, right-fielder 9. In scoring any play by means of these numbers, the order of the numbers indicates the order in which the ball was handled. Therefore 4-3 in the little space where the play at first base is indicated, shows that the

batter hit the ball, that the second baseman fielded it, and that the first baseman received it and made the put-out. The hyphen can readily be omitted and 43 mean the play.

Letters form the symbols for many things. Thus "L" is foul, the figure after it showing who caught it, "K" is struck out, "S," in the center diamond, is sacrifice hit or fly—which one it is, is shown by the symbol and figure in the first base space—"S" in second, third, or home square shows a steal, "E" is error, and FC anywhere shows that the runner reached that station on a fielder's choice.

In addition to the numbers and letters there are certain symbols which have arbitrary meanings—these the scorer can invent for himself, or he can use those that custom has sanctioned. Fig. 2 shows a number of these and gives their meaning.

<p>⤵ One-base hit to right.</p> <p>⊕ One-base hit to center.</p> <p>⤴ One-base hit to left.</p> <p>✓ Scratch hit to right.</p> <p>4/6 Scratch hit to center, which short-stop and second let drop between them.</p> <p>⤵ Scratch hit to left.</p> <p>⦶ Two-base hit to center.</p> <p>⦶ Two-base hit to right.</p> <p>⦶ Two-base hit to left.</p>	<p>⦶ Three-base hit to center.</p> <p>⦶ Three-base hit to right.</p> <p>⦶ Three-base hit to left.</p> <p>⦶ Home run to center.</p> <p>⦶ Home run to left.</p> <p>⦶ Home run to right.</p> <p>⦶ Home run over right field fence.</p> <p>~~~~~ Grounder.</p> <p>⤴ High fly.</p>	<p>— Line fly.</p> <p>∧ Pop fly (if caught, the fielder's number goes into it; if a Texas League hit, the hit sign goes under it).</p> <p>⦶ Infield fly.</p> <p>K Struck out.</p> <p>T Punt hit.</p> <p>l2 Foul, catcher ran to right and caught it.</p> <p>l2 Foul, catcher ran back to catch it.</p> <p>l2 Foul, catcher ran to left to catch it.</p> <p>FC Fielder's choice.</p> <p>⦶ An attempt at a bunt, which turned into a fly caught by the pitcher.</p>
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<p>Batter singled, stole, was hit home (hit will be in a square below), play was made at the plate for him, ball being thrown by left-felder to catcher, who made an error, allowing the score.</p>	<p>Left on base.</p>
<p>Batter singles to left and takes second on the throw in to catch a man going home to the plate or going to third from second. Is not a two-base hit.</p>	<p>SCORING A DOUBLE PLAY.</p> <p>First man singles to right; steals second.</p> <p>Next man goes out with a fly to right-felder.</p> <p>Third man up hits a grounder to short-stop. Short-stop tosses to third baseman, who touches out runner, and then throws the batter out at first.</p>
<p>Two-base hit in the scoring square showing that a play was made for the runner at second base.</p>	
<p>Batter has hit a one-base hit to center, but is out, center-felder to second baseman, trying to stretch it into two bases.</p>	

FIG. 2. SYMBOLS USED IN MARKING A SCORE CARD.

They are used on the score sheet in certain places, and much is to be read from their position. Thus, if we find the symbol E I in the lower right-hand corner of the square in which is a diamond, opposite a player's name, we judge that he hit the ball to the pitcher, and that the pitcher threw so wildly to the first baseman that he was pulled off the bag, and so the batter got safely to the first sack. But if this square were blank and E I appeared on the upper right-hand corner, we should know that the batter hit to the pitcher, who threw far over the first baseman's head, the base-runner thus getting two bases on the error. And if E I appeared in the lower right-hand corner, and 34 appeared in the upper right-hand corner, and a 1, a 2, or a 3 in the central square, and there was no FC in the lower right-hand corner of the batter immediately following, then

we should know that the batter hit to the pitcher, who threw over the first baseman's head, who, nevertheless, recovered the ball in time to throw the base-runner out at second base.

Personally, I like to know whether a hit is clean or scratchy, hence the variations in the symbols of the hit. Sometimes a hit is clean, and is stretched into extra bases by fast running. In such a case it is interesting, in reading the score, to know whether it was, for instance, an easy two-base hit or one so close that a play was made at second base in the endeavor to throw the runner out, in which case, of course (if he is thrown out), he can be credited only with a one-base hit. But often the play is made and is not successful. In such cases, what is simpler than to stretch one arm of the base-hit symbol up to second base and put a ring about it, signifying that a play was

Oct 18 1910.

Where Played, Philadelphia

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB	R	B	P	O	A	E
Strunk	8	1/23	3/4		1/2	3/2	1/2												
Lord	7	2/53	5/2		2/2	3/2	3/2	3/2											
Collins	4	1/2	1/2		1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2											
Baker	5	3/3	3/3		1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2											
Davis	3		1/2		1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2											
Murphy	9		2/3		2/2	3/2	1/2	1/2											
Barry	6		3/2		1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2											
Thomas	2				1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2											
Coombs	1				1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2											
Total			2		1		6												

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Stolen Bases.....	Sacrifice Hits.....	Sacrifice Flies.....
Two-base Hits.....	Three-base Hits.....	Home Runs.....
Double Plays.....	Triple Plays.....	Number of Innings Pitched. By.....
Base Hits. Off.....	Legal At Bats Scored Against Each Pitcher.....	
Struck Out. By.....	Bases on Balls. Off.....	Wild Pitches.....
Hit Batman.....	Passed Balls.....	Time of Game.....
		Umpires.....

TWO PAGES FROM

These pages show the second game of the World's Series of 1910 between the Cubs and Athletics, at Philadelphia, October 18, 1910. The scoring only has been copied—the summary and the At Bat, Run, Hit, Put-out, Assist, and Error columns have been left blank. See if you can, with a pencil, fill in these columns correctly from the score. If you can—and there is nothing hard about it—you will have demonstrated the ease of keeping At Bats, Hits, Put-outs, Assists, etc., for your own team.

First inning: Chicago: The cards show Sheppard got a base on balls, and was forced at second by Schulte, Collins and Barry taking care of his grounder. Hofman got a base on balls, advancing Schulte, and both advanced again on Chance's hit. Zimmerman hit a sacrifice to Strunk, Schulte scoring. Steinfeldt struck out.

Philadelphia: Strunk struck out, Kling missing the third strike but getting the runner at first. Lord was out, Steinfeldt to Chance. Collins hit to right and stole second. Baker was thrown out, Brown to Chance.

Second inning: Chicago: Tinker was safe at first on Davis's error, but was doubled up with Kling on the latter's drive to Collins. Brown was out, Collins to Davis.

Philadelphia: Davis lifted a long fly to Hofman. Murphy got a base on balls. Barry forced Murphy at second, Tinker and Chance completing a double play.

Third inning: Chicago: Sheppard was given a base on balls. Schulte was safe, Davis's error getting credit for a sacrifice. Hofman fied out to Davis. Chance struck out. Zimmerman ended with a line drive to Lord.

Philadelphia: Thomas reached first on Steinfeldt's error. Coombs struck out. Strunk made a hit. On Lord's hit to Zimmerman, Strunk was forced at second. Thomas and Lord scored on Collins's double to left. Lord kept on home, as Steinfeldt fumbled Sheppard's throw. Baker was out at first on Zimmerman's assist.

Fourth inning: Chicago: Steinfeldt lifted a fly to Strunk. Tinker singled to center but was out stealing. Kling struck out.

Philadelphia: Davis was thrown out at first by Tinker. Murphy fouled to Chance. Barry singled. Thomas singled. Coombs struck out.

Fifth inning: Chicago: Brown reached first base on Coombs's fumble.

made, unsuccessfully? If the play is made successfully, put a one-base-hit symbol in the first base corner, draw the single line meaning "hit" up into second base, and on one side of it put the numbers of the man making the assist and put-out—say 86, meaning that the center-fielder chased the ball and threw it to the short-stop covering the base—or if it were a longer hit, the numbers might read 864, meaning that the center-fielder chased the ball, relayed to the short-stop, who relayed to the second baseman, who made the

put-out. In this case, the central diamond gets a figure, meaning the first, second, or third "out." When a man is left on base, put a cross in the central diamond—when he scores, put a black dot—and if he sacrifices, put an S in the central diamond after the figure indicating the number of his "out."

It is not necessary to put a symbol over the figures 7, 8, or 9, when a batter is retired by an out-field fly catch, but it is interesting to do so, both to show at a glance that it was a fly, and to indi-

"Cubs" vs "Athletics"

Where Played, *2nd Game, World's Ser.*

	Pts	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB	R	B	PO	A	E
Sheckard	7	1/46 B		X/B		X/S E1		X/H	X/B										
Schulte	9	F/C		X/S E3		S/3		2/S	3/H										
Hofman	8	X/B		1/A		X/B		X/B	X/B 4/6										
Chance	3	X/A		2/N		2/9		3/H	4/6 3/4				1/43						
Zimmerman	4	2/S 8		3/H			3/S 3	X/F C					X/H						
Steinfeldt	5	3/K				1/S 8		1/H					2/S 63						
Tinker	6		43 2/E2		2/H			X/H					3/B						
Kling	2		1/H		3/K			3/S					X/B						
Brown	1		3/43			2 3 E1		1/H					2/K						
Richie	1																		
Beaumont																			
Total																			

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

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Hit Bataman.....	Passed Balls.....	Time of Game.....
		Umpires.....

A SCORE BOOK.

ble. Coombs made a second fumble and Sheckard was safe, getting a sacrifice. Schulte sacrificed to Davis unassisted. Hofman got a base on balls, and Chance came to the plate with the bases filled. Chance flew out to Murphy, and on a throw to the home plate Brown was doubled.

Philadelphia: Strunk struck out. Lord singled to right and Collins forced Lord at second, Tinker to Zimmerman. Collins stole second. Baker walked. Collins scored on Davis's single to left, the latter going to second on the throw in. Murphy was out at first.

Sixth inning: Chicago: Zimmerman was walked. On Steinfeldt's fly to Collins, Zimmerman was doubled up at first. Tinker doubled to left. Kling flew out to Strunk.

Philadelphia: Barry fanned. Thomas went to first on four balls, and to third on Coombs's single to center. Strunk struck out. Lord's foul was caught by Chance.

Seventh inning: Chicago: Brown struck out. Sheckard doubled to right. Schulte lifted a fly to Strunk. Hofman was given his base on balls. Sheckard scored on Chance's single to center. Zimmerman's grounder forced Chance, Collins to Barry.

Philadelphia: Collins was given a base on balls. Baker singled to

right. Davis drove the ball to left for two bases, scoring Collins and putting Baker on third. Murphy doubled, scoring Baker and Davis. Barry's sacrifice, Brown to Chance, placed Murphy on third. Thomas singled to left, scoring Murphy. Coombs was out at first by Chance, unassisted. Strunk doubled to right, scoring Thomas. Sheckard dropped Lord's fly, and Strunk scored. Lord was out stealing, Kling to Tinker.

Eighth inning: Chicago: Steinfeldt doubled to left. Tinker lifted to Baker. Kling took first on balls. Beaumont batted for Brown and struck out. Coombs passed Sheckard. Three men were left on bases when Schulte popped a fly to Collins.

Philadelphia: Richie pitched for Chicago. Collins drove the ball to right for two bases. Baker was out at first, Chance unassisted. Davis was out at first, Chance unassisted. Murphy was out, Steinfeldt to Chance.

Ninth inning: Chicago: Hofman singled to left. Chance was out at first, Collins to Davis. Zimmerman doubled to left, scoring Hofman. Steinfeldt was out, Barry to Davis. Tinker was given his base on balls. Kling hit to Barry, and the latter stopped on second, forcing Tinker.

cate what kind of a fly. Similarly, the figure 3 in the first base square can be used alone to show that the first baseman had an unassisted put-out, but it does not show whether the batter hit a fly or knocked a grounder which he fielded, and then touched the bag. But a fly symbol or a wiggly line indicating grounder tells the tale with ease. It is all very simple, when you get used to it, and very valuable in settling disputes, and particularly valuable in showing you what you have done, if you keep your own record in this way.

Of course, no Big-League player is supposed to have glaring weaknesses which need correction by practice. If he has any very glaring faults, he is not a Big-Leaguer. But his record is kept with scrupulous accuracy, and not only his record, but the record of every League player anywhere in organized base-ball, so that any one, at any time, can know just what a player has done.

If it is necessary to keep the record of all the games played, and from these to make up the records and averages for all the League players,

who are at least supposed to be very expert, how much more necessary is it for you, as yet in the developing stage, to know exactly what you really do and don't do, with all the finality of cold figures. Hence I advise you to learn to score, or have some one score, your games, and each member of the team to keep at home his own record, batting and fielding, so that he may know where to improve. For by this one thing—finding the weakness and making it a point of strength—are won more games between otherwise evenly matched teams than in any other way. It is in "finding the holes and plugging them up"—in finding the weakness and going after the game through that weakness, that John McGraw and Connie Mack have made their reputations and built up their champion teams.

But, of course, that is not all!

It is only one of the little things that win ball games—perhaps it is the biggest of the little things. But there are other things, and among them none stands out with greater importance than these two—take the chance when it comes, and "cross" the other side.

"Taking the chance when it comes" hardly needs an explanation. It is the whole art of base-running, of coaching, and of batting, yet many a ball-player goes sliding down the hill from the Major to the Minor Leagues, because he never masters the art of "taking a chance." When Ty Cobb scores from first on a single, he is taking the chance that comes to him. When the base-runner slides into second and is on his feet on the instant, and sees the muffed ball rolling out of the way and dashes for third, he is taking the chance which comes to him. To wait to be batted around the diamond would hardly be playing the game.

Mathewson tells of a chance he took in the first game of the last World's Series, in which he invented a play and achieved it in the fraction of an instant. With Athletic runners on first and second, and two out, with Collins at bat, Matty had a bad situation. But do what he would, he could not keep Collins from hitting the ball, though the bunt was only a slow roller down the first-base line. Merkle dived after the ball—Matty dived for first base. Collins, seeing he could not pass both men, slid. And Matty saw he could not get to the base in time to receive a throw because Merkle was in his way. So he leaped at Merkle, and threw him at Collins!

"It was an old-fashioned foot-ball shove," said Matty.

One can imagine its results with a man like Matty shoving a man like Merkle on a little man like Collins! It seemed worse than foot-ball.

However, base-ball-players are usually too well hardened to get hurt, and the only hurt done here was to the Athletics' chances, since Merkle, impelled by that "foot-ball shove," touched Collins out before he could touch the bag. The spectators thought the Giants were playing loose ball and getting in each other's way, but they were not. They were playing the game! One of them was taking the chance which came to him, and inventing a new play and carrying it out all in the instant. That's one reason why he is known as so great a player—he has a head!

To "cross" the other team is to lead them to expect you are going to do one thing, and then do another. Signaling a hit-and-run so the catcher can see it, and then *not* hitting or running when he calls for and receives a wide ball from the pitcher, is a common instance—it serves to get the pitcher "in a hole." Pretending to try to steal home by dashing for the plate when the pitcher starts to deliver the ball, and stopping midway for a mad dash back to third as the pitcher falters in his motion, is another. Any trick which fools a team in a Major League must be a good trick and well worked—indeed, boys get so alert in their games that it has to be a pretty keen trick which will fool them. But it is done in the Big Leagues, and can be done in the boys' games, if a little thought be devoted to the art. With teams otherwise evenly matched, it may be the "little thing" which decides the game.

Instances in Big-League play are not hard to find. Two will suffice here as instances of how such tricks can be turned.

Chicago and Detroit were having a hard battle. White, Chicago's great "southpaw," was pitching, and the Sox were leading 1 to 0 in the ninth. Detroit had O'Leary on first base and two out. The pitcher was due to bat, and he had done nothing against White. So Jennings sent up Herman Schaefer as a forlorn hope. Not that Schaefer was not in the habit of delivering hits, but he had been out of the game for a month with broken fingers, and his hand was still bandaged. Now Schaefer knows about as much base-ball as any player living, and he knows too, as well as any man, the psychology, or *thinking part*, of the game. He knew perfectly well that White would think him "easy" because, when a player is "on the bench" for any long period, he usually loses his "batting eye." So Schaefer planned to get a ball "straight over." He did this by standing very carelessly at the plate, "jolly" his team-mates and the Chicago catcher, and standing far from the plate. White was sufficiently deceived to put the first ball square over the plate, thinking Schaefer would want to "look



From a photograph, copyright by The Pictorial News Co., New York City.

THE NEW GRAND STAND OF THE NEW YORK BASE-BALL CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Taken during the World's Series of 1911—Giants vs. Athletics.

at a couple" before he tried to hit, and naturally desiring to have those first balls strikes. But as White let the ball go, Schaefer "set" himself, drew back his bat, and sent the straight ball into the left-field bleachers for a home run, scoring O'Leary from first base ahead of him, and winning the game. It was a pure case of "crossing." The way it was done makes it seem a very, very little thing to do—yet it won a ball game!

In the last World's Series, Bender, who did such magnificent work, "kidded" the Giant players as he pitched to them. Bender owns a head, as well as a hand and arm, and he, too, knows the psychology of the game. But he met his match when he tried to "cross" Devore. In the seventh inning of the first game, with two out, and Myers on second, Devore came to bat. Bender opened fire at once, with perfectly good-natured banter.

"Ah, here 's the little fellow!" he said. "Sorry, but I 've to strike you out. See that?" as the umpire called, "Strike one." "Now another one. What? No good? Well, that 's too bad. Never mind. Here goes a real one—what did I tell you? Now for the third strike! Why did n't you hit at it? Knew it was a ball? Well, now it 's two and two, is n't it? All right, here goes a nice curve over the outside corner—watch it."

"I 'm watching," said little Devore.

And Bender, figuring that Devore would think he would pitch something else than what he *said* he would pitch, *did* send up a curve over the outside corner, and Devore, who had "crossed" Bender by guessing that he would do just what he said he would, batted the ball to left-field for two bases, scoring Myers! "Reckon I talked too much!" said Bender, as he came back to the bench! Here was another case of a "little thing" helping to win a ball game.

So it really is the little, rather than the big, things that win ball games. And if you, too, will attend to these "little things," keep a record, keep a score, find out what you do and don't do, and learn to do that which, as yet, you can't do, and, above all, keep your eyes open and your wits sharp, you will, ere long, "cross" the other side, and take the chances that come your way.

But don't expect to succeed all the time. Ty Cobb gets caught off bases, and put out at the plate not infrequently. But more frequently he "gets away with it." Part of the art of the "little things" is not to get discouraged if they don't always succeed. And remember that in every ball game which is not a tie because of darkness or rain, *one* team just *has* to lose!

THE END.

THE UNSUSPECTED TALENT

by D. K. Stevens

THE Be-Ba-Boes, from the very start,
Were always fond of the Musical Art;
Their *Orpheus Club*
Is the regular Hub
Of all things operatic.
And once a week, on a Tuesday night,
They practise singing parts at sight,
With shakes and trills
And similar frills,
As well as scales chromatic.

At last there came such a wide demand
For a public show, that the same was planned,
In Harmony Hall,
With the singers all
Conducted by Herr Roly;
But every one was *most* surprised
To find that they had advertised
As solo star—
Par-tic-u-lar,
“Professor Peter Poly!”

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Billy Bunty
Archibald Ball
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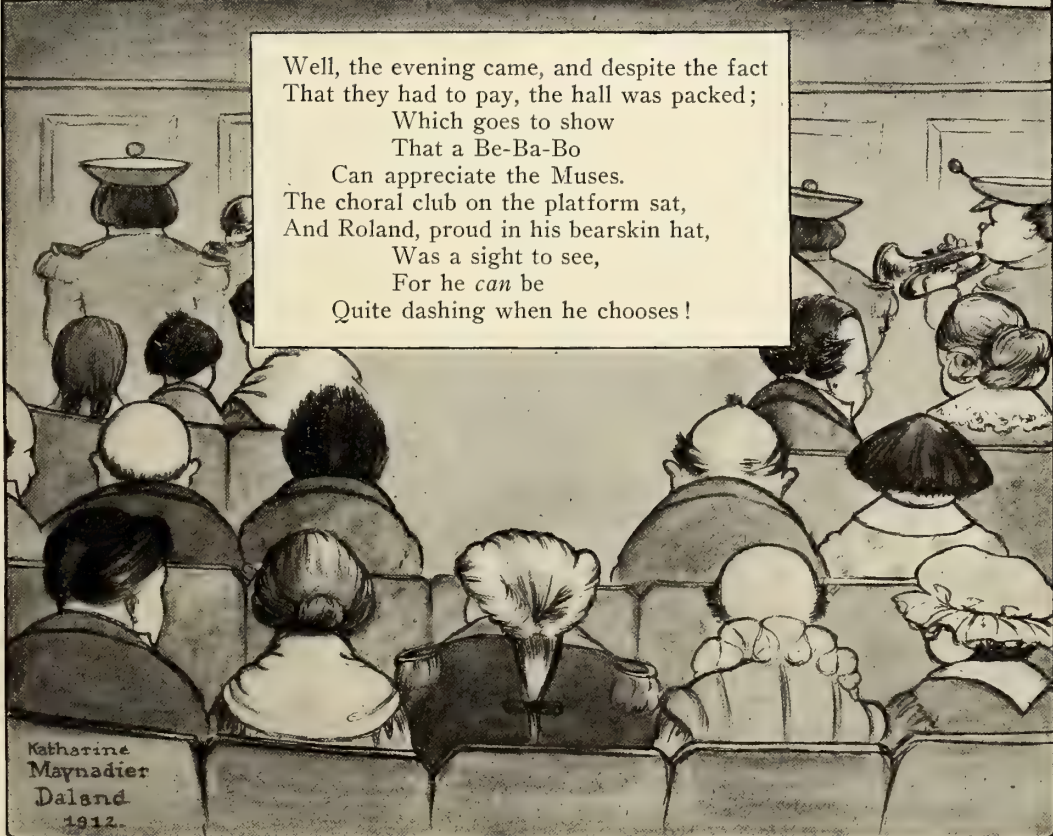
Katharine
Meynadier
Deland
1912

To all this seemed a singular thing,
For nobody ever had heard him sing;
But Peter said:
"Upon that head
I claim, and you can't deny it,

That, though I never have vocalized,
And my skill is only to be surmised,
We never will know
How far I 'll go,
Till I get a chance to try it!"



Well, the evening came, and despite the fact
That they had to pay, the hall was packed;
Which goes to show
That a Be-Ba-Bo
Can appreciate the Muses.
The choral club on the platform sat,
And Roland, proud in his bearskin hat,
Was a sight to see,
For he *can* be
Quite dashing when he chooses!



Katharine
Maynadier
Daland
1912.

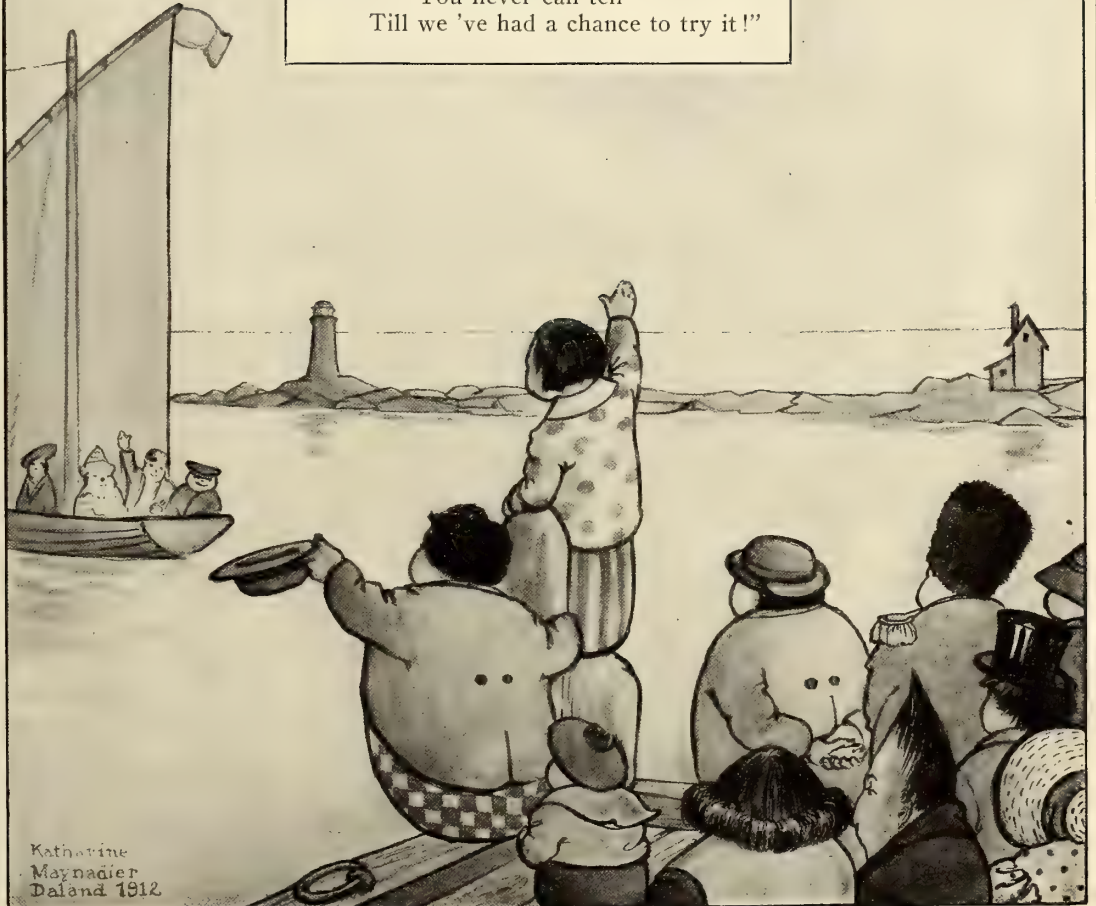
The program called for an English Glee
 Performed by all, in the key of G,
 A gay duet,
 A grand sextet,
 And a rather gloomy trio;
 And then the thrilling moment came:
 Professor Peter Poly's name,
 Announcing how:
 "He'll oblige us now
 With 'Rolling Down to Rio!'"

Most likely you will all infer
 That Peter failed, wherein you err;
 I am bound to say
 That he carried away
 His hearers—few can do so;
 His voice soared high, and it rumbled low,
Piano and Fortissimo;
 The people stared—
 And then declared:
 "He's better than Caruso!"



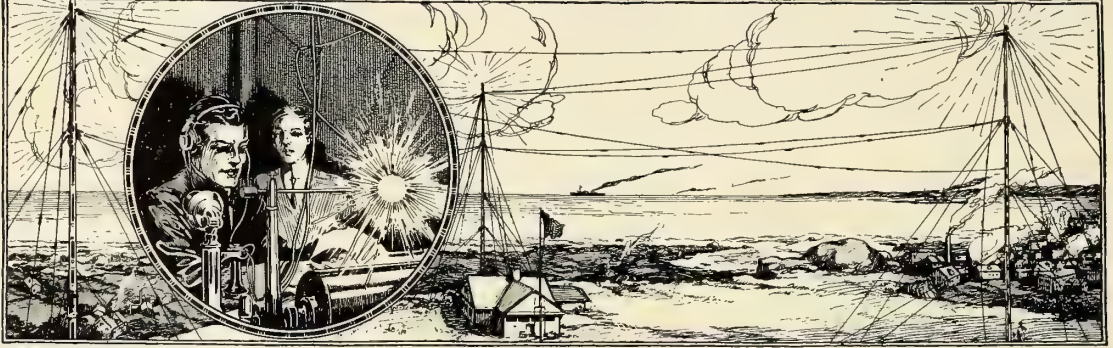
Not only did he sing his song
 In jovial voice, immensely strong,
 But he acted, too,
 In a way which grew
 Each moment more controlling;
 For he rolled right down the center aisle,
 And so contagious was his style,
 That great and small,
 Old folks and all,
 Could *not* refrain from rolling!

The grand *début* was successful, quite,
 For they kept him singing all that night,
 And the following day
 He sailed away,
 And made his fortune by it.
 And if Be-Ba-Boes are asked to sing,
 Or dance a jig, or some such thing,
 They *now* say: "Well,
 You never can tell
 Till we 've had a chance to try it!"



Katherine
 Maynard
 Daland 1912

AN EVENING at the WIRELESS STATION



By FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS



THE night-watch had just come on duty in the operating-room of the great wireless station. The operator had taken his place, the receivers clasped to his ears, in the midst of the mysterious machinery which filled the great room. A century or so ago, one of these operators, calling up the four corners of the world at will, would have been considered a witch of a very dangerous kind. Any twentieth-century boy, however, would recognize the apparatus at a glance, and

about one in five could take hold of the machinery and run it himself.

Imagine a gigantic spider's web with innumerable threads radiating from New York more than a thousand miles over land and sea in all directions. In his station atop one of the skyscrapers on lower Broadway, our operator may be compared to the spider, sleepless, vigilant, ever watching for the faintest tremor from the farthest corner of his invisible fabric.

"On a quiet night like this," the operator explained to our question, "we reach the equator



WIRELESS STATION, SIASCONSET, MASS., WHERE THE C Q D MESSAGE WAS RECEIVED FROM THE "REPUBLIC."

on the south and beyond, the arctic circle to the north; then, say, two thirds across the Atlantic, and far beyond the Mississippi to the west. The air is comparatively quiet just now, but things will soon look up. The evening is our busy time, you see."

It is difficult to realize the extent of this great area which may be covered in an instant by the click of the wireless instrument. The fastest ocean steamer would take more than a week to travel from one wireless boundary to another. The operators within ready call can report all extremes of weather. The message from some northern station telling of a raging blizzard arrives at the same instant a steamer in the tropics complains of intense heat. One vessel reports a breathless calm, while another message is interrupted by the violence of the storm and the rolling of the ship. And, too, the operators thousands of miles apart talk and joke with one another as though they were in the same room.

It is an unusual favor to be allowed to spend the night in the great station. The operators must, of course, be guarded from interruptions. At any moment of the day or night, a faint click may bring word, perhaps, of some vessel in distress, or other vital news, and the man at the key must listen in perfect silence and with the most anxious attention. The assistant operator, for there are always two on duty, having explained this, fitted to our ears the receivers connected with the delicate apparatus which mysteriously picks up the flying messages.

The air seemed suddenly alive with humming, clicking sounds. Probably nowhere else in the world is the air so charged with wireless vibrations as above New York. At times there are as many as a score of messages flashing back and forth. The great fleet of steamers passing in

and out of New York harbor naturally have a great deal to talk about. Add to this the vast volume of commercial work flying from city to city, and the messages between Government stations. But it is the incessant chatter of the amateur wireless operators which swells the chorus.

"I should say there were 75,000 amateurs scat-



OPERATOR ON AN OCEAN LINER SENDING OUT THE C Q D, OR DISTRESS, SIGNAL.

tered about the country," the operator explained. "The amateur messages we pick up here may be counted by hundreds, and, of course, there are thousands of amateur receiving stations listening to what we say."

There came a sudden interruption. Out of the maze of messages the experienced ear of the operator had caught a particular click intended for him. He bent quickly over the complicated series of dials and levers before him, turning the arrows this way and that. Instantly the wireless chatter became blurred and gradually died away,

as one message seemed to leap up and drown out all the rest. It is possible to "cut out" a particular message from a score of others.

"That is what we call a dead-head message," explained the operator. "It comes from a steamer 400 miles out at sea, telling her owners when she will get in. It is the commonest of all messages." The operator nodded to his assistant, who reached over and pulled a lever on the wall. The quiet of the room was broken by the whirl of a dynamo

The messages may thus be picked out of the sky and telegraphed or telephoned in an interval measured by seconds only.

"It is as easy to recognize an operator from his touch as you pick out a familiar voice in a crowd," the operator explained in the next lull. "They sound much alike to you, but you will soon get to know a man's speed, and touch of the key, whether light, strong, or hesitating. Almost every operator, besides, has some little trick of



INTERIOR OF A MODERN WIRELESS STATION.

suddenly released, while the room was lit up with a vivid greenish glare. From above came the sharp crack of the sending instrument notifying the steamer far out at sea that her message had been received.

Every preparation had been made in the great station for economizing time. At any moment, some message asking for help may be picked up, when every minute is priceless. Without moving from his chair the operator can call up the entire country. He sits with a telegraph instrument and a long-distance telephone at his elbow.

his own. Then there is a great deal of difference in the machines themselves. Let me show you just what I mean."

A touch of the arrow on the broad dial, and a single message suddenly leaped out of the confusion. "See how powerful that message is," he explained. "That comes from the Government station near by at the Brooklyn navy-yard. They are sending to Washington. The message is in cipher, so I can't read it. Now take this one." The operator translated rapidly. "'Will be over after school . . .'; that 's from two kid

amateur operators talking, probably not more than fifty miles away. Here 's another: 'Will meet you at dock with Mother.' The message is being relayed to an incoming ocean steamer. And so it goes."

A moment later the operator caught his own call. An incoming transatlantic liner, several hundred miles out, was clamoring to deliver her messages, and so, for the next few minutes, the operator wrote busily on his type-writer, taking down, as they came in, the numerous despatches addressed to all parts of the country. The messages were quickly relayed, some by telephone, others by telegraph, to their destinations.

"Many of the amateur wireless operators, boys and girls, too, are very successful, and they are all pretty good at it." The operator took up the conversation where he had been interrupted. "Sometimes just with a wire strung up like a clothes-line between trees, they are able to pick up many long-distance messages. I know one boy who catches messages sent out from Panama. I understand that a boy near here caught the news of the *Titanic* disaster among the first."

This seemed a good time to ask whether the wireless amateurs make as much trouble as some people imagine. Both the operators said, good-naturedly, that they were a bit of a nuisance, although they had a good deal of sympathy for them, nevertheless. Most of these amateur operators do not wish to be annoying, and respond very promptly when they are asked to keep quiet. Their sending apparatus is not often very powerful, and no difficulty is likely to arise except when they are within a few miles of the great stations. The wireless companies expect that this will soon be regulated by law, to the satisfaction of all.

"As a matter of fact," the operator explained, "the wireless disturbance from the amateur wireless is limited to a few hours each day. The boys get busy early in the evening, soon after dinner, and they talk as only boys can, until bedtime. When there is nothing coming in, I like to pick out their messages and listen to them. They begin by sending out their own particular private call. There are thousands of them all over the country. Then, with their apparatus adjusted, they begin to gossip about everything under the sun. They ask each other for the base-ball or foot-ball scores, make appointments to meet the next day, compare their lessons. And they quarrel and talk back and forth by wireless in regular boy-fashion."

The important long-distance work is usually done late at night. When the amateurs are safely tucked away in bed and the rush of com-

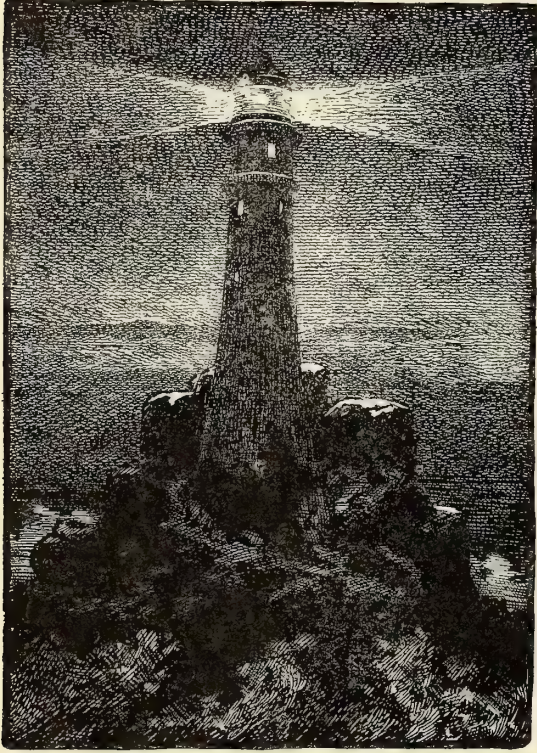
mmercial messages lets up, the great station does its best work. The delicate instruments are tuned to catch the faintest wireless vibration from oversea. When the conditions are at their best, messages leap the entire width of the Atlantic, or wireless calls are distinctly heard from far west of the Mississippi. It is common to talk with Panama, and soon, when the new station is installed in South America, despatches will be sent from points far south of the equator.

The alarm call of the skies is the famous C Q D or S O S. The distress signal is reserved for cases of extreme necessity, and when they are heard, everything is dropped, and the machinery of the station is put in operation to catch the message and forward it to its destination. The signal is picked up by the great New York stations much oftener than one imagines, or on an average of about once a week. Many of these distress signals are from small vessels, often from freighters which have broken down and need a tug to bring them in. And since there is no danger to life, the public does not hear of them.

One of the most remarkable instances of the S O S call in the experience of the New York station occurred some months ago, when a large passenger steamer ran aground down in the Bahamas. She was more than 1000 miles south of New York. The moment after she struck, she began sending out the S O S for all she was worth. It was late at night, everything was quiet, and this station caught practically the first message, clear and distinct. Word was sent at once to her owners, so that they were informed within a few minutes after the accident. Then there were the *Titanic* and the *Republic*. In the old days before wireless telegraphy, these ships would have gone down and the world would probably never have known what happened to them.

There is a great deal of interesting information floating about the air every hour of the day. Every steamship line, or wireless station, whether for private, commercial, or government use, has its own code or signal which it sends out before beginning a message. Upward of 200 such signals are in use within striking distance of New York. There is even a wireless newspaper service which is sent out broadcast at regular intervals. The ships far out at sea are on the lookout for this news, which is posted on the ships, or printed daily in the ships' newspapers. The news contains a summary of the happenings of importance, fires, elections, accidents, even interviews with prominent people, and winds up with the quotations from the stock-exchange.

There was a time when the keepers of lonely lighthouse stations were greatly to be pitied, and when some went insane from solitude. Soon

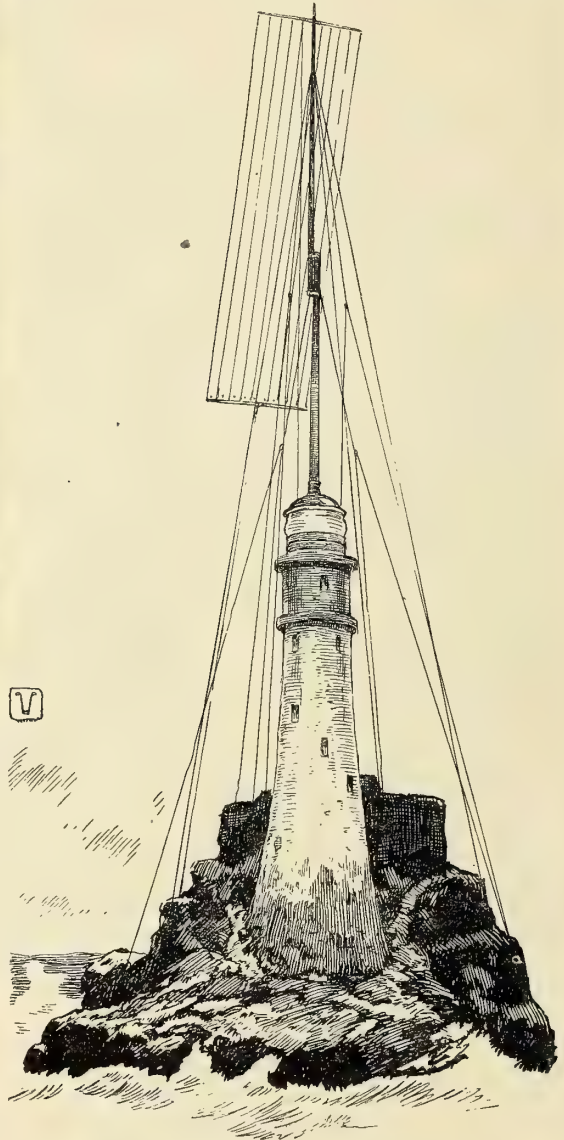


FASTNET LIGHT, OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND.

these men will be in touch with the affairs of the world, and learn the news as quickly as the man who reads the latest editions of the newspapers. For it has been proposed that in some of the lighthouses along our coasts a wireless equipment should be installed, and supplement the work now done by the beacon light. The advisability of doing this is being carefully considered by Government experts, and tests are being made with these "blind lighthouses" as they are called.

This plan seems very reasonable. To-day these great land beacons throw out a flash-signal or sweep of light, so that a vessel can recognize a particular lighthouse miles at sea. In very clear weather the most powerful of these lights are visible upward of forty miles, most of them, however, having a much shorter range. A warning by wireless may, of course, be thrown hundreds of miles to sea, telling a vessel many hours in advance that she is approaching a dangerous coast. Nor is this all. For, in the experiments now being carried on, these wireless signals do more than warn ships at sea of the perils of the shore—they actually enable a ship to calculate its

exact position, even should it be in the midst of the thickest fog or most blinding storm. The wireless, or blind, lighthouses flash their position, and the master of a ship receiving messages from two or more such points on shore can readily figure out his own position by a simple process



FASTNET LIGHT AS IT WOULD APPEAR IF CONVERTED INTO A "BLIND LIGHTHOUSE."

of triangulation. Such an extension of the wonderful system of wireless communication makes us realize that we have probably only begun to enjoy the benefits that this great discovery is destined to confer on humanity.

MAKING A LIVING

("Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects")

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

No matter what else we do in this world, we must make a living. Of course some people inherit enough money to keep them alive, but I think we shall see, before our chat is ended, that even they, too, must, in a sense, make a living.

In the first place, we must keep ourselves alive. That means we must have food, and clothing, and shelter. And these mean money. And that means helping to keep some one else alive. The world does not pay us for being here, but demands pay from us. We enjoy a privilege for which we must pay. At first glance this seems hard; but, looked at more closely, it is those who regard life as a privilege, something worth having, even though it costs a great deal, who really enjoy life. Very few great songs about happiness have come from countries where a living may be had for nothing. In general, it is true that very few have come from people who just live on fruit that drops off the trees into their open hands. They *pick up* a living, but do not *make* it.

In civilized lands like ours, making a living has come to mean that every one must earn at least enough to prevent him from begging others to keep him alive. And it is in this way that we must first look at the matter. When we leave school or college, we must begin to prove to the world that we are able to carry ourselves along. But it is not particularly pleasant to think of going on year after year doing the same thing, or even a number of different things, merely to prove that we can stay alive. I am sure we must find something more than this in making a living, or we will be a sad race of people.

First of all, then, there is the joy of really making something. Every boy and girl knows that the dullest day is brightened the moment we say, "Let 's make something." Whether it be paper dolls, or toy boats, or an engine, or any one of a dozen things, the charm lies in the word "make." The minutes fly, and even if we have only half finished what we started to do, we have entirely driven away the dullness of the day. To make something, to actually bring something into existence, is, perhaps, the highest joy in life. The man who does this in a big or unusual way is called a genius. Out of a few words he brings into being a great poem; out of a few colors he paints a great picture; out of a stone he carves a beautiful statue or a great figure, like that of the Lion of Lucerne; out of ill-clad, undrilled men he makes an army, as Washington did.

Now, while every man who makes a living is not a genius, yet the real joy of creating can belong to each of us in just as real and true a way. If we put into farming, or banking, or our school work, the sense of making something, we get the great treasure out of it. When we fill any task with ourselves, we make something. A girl says, "I made the room tidy," which simply means she put something of herself into the disorderly room, and so beautified it. After she had made it tidy, it reflected something of herself; it looked like some idea of order such as she had in her own mind. A boy says, "I made a good recitation in school yesterday"; and he is right, for although the lesson was already there, it had to wait for him to come along and make it a recitation.

So it is everywhere. Making anything means, no matter how simple the task, that we bring out something that did not exist before; and that that something is to some degree like the maker of it. We get out what we put in. If any one wants to be miserable, the surest way is just to do things without putting his whole heart and self into them. Think of the mere outside of the tasks, and they are not worth doing. But once put yourself *into* them, and all that is changed.

Here is a letter from my friend. The writing is just some scrawls of ink, not very graceful. Nothing very wonderful here, surely. But I open it, I begin to read it, I smile, then I laugh, then I read farther and farther on; and when I reach my friend's name at the end of it, I have really found *him*. Why, then it is n't just a letter: it's my friend himself! He has literally shut himself up in an envelop, put a two-cent stamp on himself, and talked with me.

The wonderful part of making a living is that, by making it, we show the world who we are. We carve ourselves out of our tasks.

So, then, we can go a step farther, and say that when we make a living, we make ourselves. Some one has put it this way: "A shoemaker makes the shoe, but the shoe also makes the shoemaker." If it were not for the shoes, there really would n't be a shoemaker.

Now notice the word "living"—the thing we make. It is n't so much money that we make, but something far larger. We make our own living. It is something entirely new; the world never saw it before! That is a wonderful thought! The world has seen other men make a living, but never before did it see you or me

do it, nor did it ever see just the living *we* make. It has seen many boys go to school, but it is very much interested to see just how you are going to do it. You must make the school live! You must, in turn, make the bank, or the church, or the railroad live, and in doing that you make yourself live. You keep them and yourself alive! And really this, in its way, is just as great a thing as making a poem, or a statue, or a picture. To make a living is n't the dull grind that many people suppose it to be. It is a constant surprise to us, and to every one else, too.

Now I promised to say a word about the people who do not seem to need to make a living, the people who inherit a great deal of wealth. If you watch them, you will see that they, too, work hard at making a living—in a sense. For they

are not happy unless they are busy. To many of them the securing of pleasure is a harder task than our toil is to most of us. Often they don't get their pleasure as they go along, but have to travel away off to Europe or, perhaps, Asia to find it. They have to make a living by spending a great deal of money all the time, while, to many simpler people, pleasure comes every day as they go about their work. So we need not criticize or blame these people too much; and least of all need we envy them.

It's a splendid phrase—"Making a living!" It really means making a life. While we may seem to do it just to get food and shelter, we are really doing it to get vastly greater things. I make myself, I make something for some one else, I help to make the lives of other people.

JINGLES

BY C. F. LESTER



MARY'S singing exercise
Makes Brother Bobby stare,
For on the highest notes, she has
To stand upon a chair!



"I've heard that flowers were alive,"
Said little Lucy Lee,
"And now I guess it must be so,
'Cause this one just *bit* me!"

THE TALE OF THE TAILLESS CAT

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

(Nor a sign of a tail does the Manx Cat wear.
Listen! the reason I shall declare.)

'T was long ago, when the world was young,
That the Lion, the king of beasts, gave tongue,
And the wondrous plan to the beasts unfurled,
That they should make a tour of the world.

"We 'll visit the land where the people sneeze;
We 'll mount to the top of the Pyrenees;
We 'll go where the heat of the sun 's immense,
And plunge through the forests and thickets
dense.

We 'll march in a line, in a grand parade,
And I 'll be the leader," the Lion said.

And so, when rolled round the appointed day,
With a mighty roar, he led the way.
Behind him, marching along in line,
Came Tiger, and Panther, and Porcupine,
Elephant, Jaguar, and Kangaroo,
A tall Giraffe, and a Puma, too;
An Ibex queer, and a long-haired Goat,
A Yak, and a Fox, and a white-furred Stoat.
Every animal, every beast,
And from the largest down to the least,

They leaped and trotted and pranced and
hopped,
Behind the Lion, who never stopped.

They traveled onward for miles and miles,
Till at last, when they reached the British Isles,
The procession had grown till it fairly wound
The circumference of the world around.
For so many had joined the marching ranks,
That the last, a Cat of the kind called Manx,
Found herself padding on cushioned toes,
Right under the Lion's lordly nose!
And that haughty leader, imagine that!
Was following *after* the humble Cat!
He!—the leader!—the Lion King!
To follow after that puny thing?
A roar, a snarl, and a vicious snap,
And between the two showed a dreadful gap!
A gap where the tail of the Cat had been.
And my tale must end where it did begin.

Not a sign of a tail does the Manx Cat wear,
And this is the reason I do declare.
Perhaps you don't think my story true;
If the Lion swallowed the tail, can't you?

THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

CHAPTER XVII

"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"

THE week following the trip was spent quietly at Beaver Camp. Lefty remarked that the only active thing was the practice of economy. This was in evidence every day, to the end that camp finances might be placed once more in a condition of strength that should rival the rock of Gibraltar. The campers did not grumble, however, but, on the contrary, made merry over privations, and began a keen rivalry to determine who could suggest the most thrifty idea or the plan that should save the largest amount.

Of course the time was not spent in idleness. Every day found the boys on the lake or in it—generally both. The enthusiastic anglers fished to their hearts' content. Those who favored

tramping explored fields and roads within a radius of ten miles. Cousin Willie took some pictures and spoiled many films in eager efforts to do his own developing and printing, under the friendly guidance of his "partner"—Lefty.

They used a developing tank, which was fortunate, since the bungalow failed to number a dark room among its other attractive features, and printed the negatives on post-cards, which the others were eager to purchase. Beaver Camp felt very exclusive (Tad said "dressy") in having "its own souvenir postals."

The intimacy which had commenced between Lefty and Cousin Willie at the beginning of the season had been of inestimable value in developing the latter. Lefty was just the sort of companion for such a boy—strong of body, clean of mind, patient, kind-hearted, and irrepressibly

cheerful. He furnished the kind of ideal which had been forming in more or less hazy fashion within the younger boy's mind.

Tad and Tom were quick to see this change in their cousin, and were beyond measure amazed, for they had long known an entirely different sort of boy. Instead of being jealous of Lefty's influence over Cousin Willie, they rejoiced in his emancipation from babyhood, and did all they could to encourage him.

The other campers, too, seemed to realize that the boy was doing his best to show the proper spirit, and admired him for it. Instead of having in their ranks a babyish, selfish, "spoiled child," to be treated with tolerant patience and a sort of contemptuous kindness (as they had anticipated), they happily found a very different specimen. They accepted Cousin Willie for what he tried to be, and treated him exactly as they treated any other camper, which filled the boy's heart with encouragement and content.

Cousin Willie was supremely happy. He had grown taller and heavier since coming to Beaver Camp. His face was round, rosy, and bronzed by sun and wind. Indeed, his shoulders and arms shared this wholesome color, since the campers wore sleeveless jerseys much of the time. Moreover, he had lost his feeling of restless discontent, as well as his air of bored indifference and his languid manner. The natural boy within him had awakened, and did not seem at all likely to be lulled to slumber again in the near future.

All the campers appeared to be in perfect health. For nearly two months, they had lived a simple, active life out-of-doors, and Nature had richly rewarded them for obeying her laws.

"I have an idea," Tom announced one evening at the supper-table.

"Pass it around," his brother advised. "It is n't polite to have something that no one else has."

"Do you mean to say that none of us has any ideas?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, no! not that! Only that nobody *could* have an idea like Tom's."

"How do you know what it is?" Tom demanded. "When I was in North Rutland this afternoon," he went on, "I saw a wagon all fixed up for a hay-ride. It was going toward one of the boarding-houses. Now, why can't we get one up for some evening next week? We shall have a full moon then."

"Hooray!" cried the irrepressible Lefty. "We'll invite Mrs. Spencer, and the girls, and Cjax—"

"And we'll get some horns and make a racket," Jack added.

"And sing 'Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party,' and all the old songs we know," Bert suggested.

"You seem to like the idea after all!" said Tom.

"Sure thing! 'T is well. 'T is swell!" said Tad, and all the others echoed his appreciation.

When the Beaver Campers welcomed an idea with unanimous enthusiasm, there was sure to be "something doing," as Lefty would have said. Hence, before another sun had set, plans were fully matured. A hay wagon was engaged, along with a strong team and a careful driver. Invitations were sent to Mrs. Spencer and the girls, and were promptly accepted. Storer and Rutledge agreed to assist Mrs. Spencer as additional chaperons. A town about five miles distant from North Rutland was selected as a destination, because it furnished "opportunities for refreshment," as Tom said with great dignity, and also for "several varieties of harmless amusement," he added. Horns were purchased, and then the time appointed for the start was impatiently awaited.

Promptly at the hour agreed upon, the boys left camp and walked out to the main highway, where the wagon was to call for them. Storer and Rutledge were already there, and they all perched on a fence near by to await the coming of the "chariot."

"It 's going to be a fine night," Storer remarked contentedly. "I 'm glad of that! It 's no fun to take a moonlight ride in the rain."

"I see you brought your mandolin, Tad," Rutledge added. "That 's good! We 'll have some music as we ride."

"Tad is so bright that he can play light airs in the dark!" Lefty announced. "Oh, yes! We 're the musical crowd, all right! Just look at all the horns!"

"Here comes the coach-and-four!" Tom cried, as the rattle of a springless wagon-frame sounded farther up the road. And so it proved. Soon they were getting settled on the fresh, clean hay. Then they drove up to Mrs. Spencer's cottage, where the ladies were awaiting them, and before long the fun commenced.

"The children have been very good, Mrs. Spencer," Storer assured the chaperon. "I watched them carefully all the way. Of course, they were noisy, but that 's to be expected of the little dears when they have an outing."

Mrs. Spencer laughed merrily. "I wonder if you will be as jolly when you are really Doctor Storer and have a lot of sick people to think of," she ventured. "If you are, I believe I shall send for you when I feel the need of a cheering-up prescription."

"Thank you, Mrs. Spencer," was the grateful reply. "I have the patronage of one admiring

patient promised already, you see, brethren. How is that for a start?"

"Fine!" Rutledge responded with a laugh. "It may be all right for you, but it's a bit unfortunate for Mrs. Spencer."

"Well, you remember what Solomon says—'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,'" said Mrs. Spencer; "and I suppose a physician and his patient both share the benefit."

"That applies to other walks of life, too," Storer declared. "A man can fight through almost anything if only he keeps cheerful. But let's leave all this deep philosophy until later. Who knows a good story?"

Almost every member of the party, it proved, knew at least one, so each could contribute to the general entertainment.

A vigorous tooting of horns saluted the end of the last story, and then some one suggested that a little music would be welcome.

Accordingly, Tad "tuned up" his mandolin, and played some of the familiar pieces that he could render from memory, and the others sang a vigorous and more or less tuneful accompaniment. Thus they made their way onward until the town that was their destination was reached, about nine o'clock.

Before many minutes had passed, the party found an ice-cream parlor, and the proprietor with his assistants spent a busy half-hour. Then the "joy-riders," as they called themselves, separated into several groups, agreeing to reassemble there promptly at ten o'clock.

The minutes passed quickly, and presently the boys and their companions might have been seen returning from several directions, shortly before the hour appointed.

Ten o'clock came—five—ten minutes after—still the party was not complete. Tad and Cousin Willie were missing.

"Who knows what has become of Tad and Will?" the doctor asked, a bit anxiously. "They were due here ten minutes ago."

Then, in the distance, Tad was seen hurrying toward them. He was alone, and Cousin Willie was nowhere in sight.

CHAPTER XVIII

VISITORS AT CAMP

TAD and Cousin Willie had not visited either of the two moving-picture shows which were among the attractions of the town. They declared that it would be more fun to watch the people, so they wandered along the main street, looking in store windows, and enjoying the mild bustle of the town which contrasted so strongly with the quiet

of Beaver Camp—quiet when the boys were absent, be it understood.

"Do we need any supplies, Bill?" Tad asked, as they approached a hardware store.

"I don't know of anything, Tad."

Cousin Willie was called "Bill" very generally now by all the boys, and proud he was to be hailed by this name which suggested a fellowship with these older boys whom he so ardently admired.

"That auto looks like yours," Tad remarked, as he pointed toward a touring-car that stood before the hardware store.

"That's right, Tad! It certainly does!"

"Better claim it, Bill, and ride back to camp in style."

Cousin Willie laughed, and they walked over for a closer view.

"Of course it is n't ours!" he declared; "but it looks exactly like it."

"Well, that might easily be. A company does n't make just one car of any certain model. Most likely this car is an exact duplicate of yours."

Tad walked around to the rear of the car.

"What's the number of your license-tag, Bill?" he asked.

"I don't remember the new one. I wrote the old one down in a memorandum book I used to carry, but Papa has another tag now."

Just then a man in a long linen automobile coat came out of the store. Tad saw him as he turned toward the car, and the amazed expression which spread over his countenance caused Cousin Willie to turn quickly.

The man noticed them at the same time, and stopped short in bewildered astonishment, as if he doubted the reality of what he saw.

"Papa!" cried Cousin Willie, springing forward.

"Why, Willie—" gasped the surprised Mr. Ainsworth.

"They call me Bill now," the boy ventured, clinging affectionately to his father, and Mr. Ainsworth smiled contentedly at the amendment.

Tad managed to squeeze in his share of greeting at this point.

"Why, son, how you have grown!" Mr. Ainsworth exclaimed. "And how well you look! I'm certain that you've never looked better."

"I don't believe I have," the boy agreed. "I feel fine, and you ought to see how my muscles have developed. I can swim and dive, and I can row and paddle for miles without getting tired."

Mr. Ainsworth seemed unable to take his eyes off the tanned face of his son.

"I declare, son, I don't believe your mother would have recognized you. Think so, Tad?"

"I 'm afraid she would n't, Uncle William, especially if he happened to be wearing clothes that she had n't seen. I think that most of the family would have to identify him by his clothes, as things are now."

"Why, he 's so much larger and broader! He 's grown every way!"

"That 's right, Uncle William!" Tad exclaimed heartily. "Bill has grown every way. There 's just as much change inside of him as outside. He 's a real boy now! He 's shown lots of grit this summer at different times, and I 'm proud of him. I 'd say so to any one!" and Tad concluded by laying his hand affectionately upon his cousin's shoulder.

Mr. Ainsworth was silent a moment. Then he said:

"Ah, Tad! how much we have to thank you for—you and Tom and all the others who have been so kind to our boy."

Tad was afraid the situation might become embarrassing, so he laughed, and replied lightly:

"You can see that it has n't worn upon us, Uncle William. The fellows *have* been kind to Bill, but it was because they liked him. But how under the sun did you get here?"

"We were coming up to surprise you," Mr. Ainsworth explained, "but it has turned out a surprise all around. How did you happen to be in town to-night?"

Then the boys told him of the hay-ride, and in the midst of the recital, Tad cried:

"Say, we were to be back by ten o'clock. What time is it now?"

Three timepieces were produced and compared. It was nearly ten minutes past ten.

"I think you 'll have to let us keep our boy overnight, Tad," his uncle declared. "I left his mother at the hotel, resting after the long ride, and I know she 'll want to see her boy."

"Of course!" Tad agreed. "I 'll explain to the others why Bill can't use the return part of his excursion ticket."

"You can look for us at camp to-morrow morning, Tad, if it 's clear," his uncle continued. "We 'll come over and return the boy to you."

"Can't you stay to dinner?" Tad responded cordially. "We have plenty to eat, such as it is, and we 'd be real glad if you would stay."

"Thank you! We shall be very glad to accept the invitation."

"I 'll have to run along now," Tad exclaimed. "I 'm 'way behind time, and the others 'll think I 'm lost."

He sent a message of greeting to his aunt, spoke a few hurried words of parting, and ran off to join the party on the hay wagon.

He found the others seated upon the wagon, impatiently awaiting his arrival.

"Where 's Bill?" several voices cried, as Tad approached.

Tad stopped, and waved an arm in a mysterious gesture.

"Bill is in the bosom of his family," he announced dramatically, climbing to his place on the hay; and, as the horses started, he continued:

"In other words, Bill ran into his father back there in town, and he was carried off to the hotel to spend the night. They 're coming out to-morrow morning to visit us at camp, and they 'll stay to dinner."

"Hooray!" Lefty cried. "Visitors at camp! That means a spread."

"I knew that they expected to look in upon us," Doctor Halsey admitted. "For that reason, I suggested that we postpone our trip to the northern end of the lake and Ausable Chasm. Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth expect to go there, and I thought it would be much pleasanter for all of us to go together."

"It would!" Lefty agreed. "Are we all going in the auto?"

"Hardly," the doctor responded with a laugh. "We 'll go by boat to Port Kent, then by train to Ausable Chasm, returning in the afternoon. It 's only a one-day trip."

"We might hire that launch—the *Rainbow*, you remember—the one we used for our historical pilgrimage," Tom suggested. "We can use it all day for five dollars. Then we can start when we want to, and come back when we feel like it. We won't have to bother with time-tables, or go tearing along like mad to make connections."

"That 's a good idea," Eliot remarked approvingly. "It 'll be cheaper, too, because the cost to each of us will be less than if we went the regular way."

"We 're nearly home now," Jack announced a little later. "Let 's serenade the moon."

And soon after, with merry "good-nights," the hay-ride reached a happy conclusion.

The Beaver Campers were astir early the next morning in spite of their natural inclination to linger in the comfortable luxury of their cots after the late hours of the evening before.

They were anxious to have everything in fine order, so that the visitors might receive a favorable impression of Beaver Camp and of the housekeeping abilities of the campers.

About ten o'clock, the Ainsworths arrived. Cousin Willie proudly introduced his parents to his friends, including Storer and Rutledge, who had "just dropped in to see what they were going to have for dinner."

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth seemed delighted with

everything. The views were superb and the bungalow was an ideal summer home.

They walked down to the beach and looked out over the lake. Then Cousin Willie invited them to step into one of the camp boats, and he rowed them alongshore as far as Mrs. Spencer's land-

flowers and ferns. Some one had suggested borrowing a table-cloth from Mrs. Spencer, but Tad declared that half the charm of the meal would be lost if they adopted any of the refining touches of life in the city.

It is doubtful if either Mr. or Mrs. Ainsworth had ever eaten a meal in more primitive style. They sat upon a bench at one end of a table made of boards and packing-boxes. They ate from heavy earthenware plates and enameled ware bowls, and drank from tin cups, but the genuineness of their pleasure was too real to be doubted.

The camp cooks had combined their skill to produce a dinner which should be worthy of Beaver Camp. There was vegetable soup, fish taken from the lake, roast beef, and two kinds of vegetables, with ice-cream and cake for dessert, and coffee as the final course.

They lingered long over the coffee, chatting in friendly fashion of many things, and telling stories of the busy, happy weeks now past.

After a time, they heard the sound of wheels on the camp road, and presently a buggy appeared. This stopped near the bungalow, and a man stepped out. As he came toward them, Tom cried:

"Why, it's Mr. Raymond! the man who owns Beaver Camp."

"So it is!" Tad agreed. "I wonder if he is going to dispossess us."

CHAPTER XIX

THE NEW OWNER OF BEAVER CAMP

MR. AINSWORTH quietly excused himself, and rose from the table.

"I think Mr. Raymond is looking for me," he said. "We are interested in some property in this section, and had arranged a meeting for this afternoon."

The two men walked back to the buggy, talk-



"THE MAN STOPPED SHORT IN BEWILDERED ASTONISHMENT."

ing and back again, much to their surprise and his own intense satisfaction.

When they returned to Beaver Camp, dinner was ready. The table had been moved out under the trees, and was prettily decorated with wild

ing earnestly, and continued their conversation for some little time. Then Mr. Raymond drove off, and the party about the dinner-table separated.

The Ainsworths declined an invitation to remain to supper, but promised to return in the evening to enjoy a real camp-fire with the boys. Then they left Beaver Camp with many hearty expressions of their enjoyment of the hospitality extended by the campers.

In the early evening, just as the doctor was touching a match to the kindlings of the big camp-fire, Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth arrived. Storer and Rutledge joined the company, too, a little later, so the group within the ruddy circle was larger than usual.

They discussed plans for the proposed trip to Ausable Chasm, and made final arrangements for this event which was to mark the end of their long vacation. After this, there would be only a few days left for packing and for making preparations to return to the city and its duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth invited the Beaver Campers, including Storer and Rutledge, to take dinner with them at the hotel when visiting the chasm, and the boys were rejoiced over the prospect.

The Ainsworths returned to town at ten o'clock, declaring that they did not propose to keep the boys up late for two nights in succession, and within a brief time after their departure, Beaver Camp was quiet, except for certain sounds proceeding from the piazza of the bungalow which suggested a village of sawmills in active operation.

Doctor Halsey and the Ainsworths called on Mrs. Spencer and the girls the following day, and invited them to pilot the party through Ausable Chasm and to share the fellowship of the dinner-party. Of course, they were happy to accept the invitation, and now there remained only the usual question as to what the weather would be.

The elements were kind, however, for the day which they had selected dawned clear and cool, with every prospect of remaining fair.

It was a merry party that left the landing at Beaver Camp about nine o'clock. The little launch was crowded to its utmost capacity, and it was almost a miracle that some of the boys did not slip into the water from the places in which they were precariously perched.

Fortune favored them, however, and all landed safely at Port Kent in time to connect with the train for Ausable Chasm. Mrs. Spencer and the girls had visited this marvelous specimen of Nature's handiwork on a number of former occa-

sions, so they were very well fitted to lead the way through the wonderful chasm of the Ausable River from Rainbow Falls to the point where they embarked in boats to "shoot the rapids."

By the time they had completed the tour of inspection, they were quite ready for the dinner which was waiting for them at the hotel.

It was more elaborate than that furnished by Beaver Camp a few days previous, and it was served in better style, but perhaps, after all, it was not more enjoyed.

When the last course had vanished, and the table had been cleared, Mr. Ainsworth rose and said:

"While we are all here together, I have an announcement to make. For some years, Mrs. Ainsworth and I have been promising ourselves that we would have a home in the country where we might spend a long vacation each year. We have looked at several places, but only recently have we found the long-sought spot.

"Will's letters concerning this beautiful region have been so enthusiastic that we felt inclined to investigate it carefully, with the idea of locating in the vicinity.

"We have been charmed with the beauty of the scenery and general attractiveness of the region, and, fortunately, have discovered a place for sale that just suits us. It has long been the property of Mr. Raymond, and, this summer, has been known as Beaver Camp.

"It is not our idea, however, to live alone. Will would not be happy without you, and we should feel decidedly lonesome ourselves. We shall expect to see the Beaver Campers year after year, as long as they find it possible to come, and it may be that they will feel disposed to seek others who need this kind of life, as our boy did.

"I hope they will. Mrs. Ainsworth and I would feel deeply gratified if we could know that we had a share in building up some boy in the same way that our boy has been built up during the weeks past—not only in physical strength, but in all that makes for manhood of the finest type.

"So Beaver Camp is going right on, and Mrs. Ainsworth and I expect to be Beaver Campers next year."

There was a vigorous demonstration of delight and a buzz of excited conversation. After a few moments, Tad rose and lifted a glass of water.

"Here 's to Cousin Willie," he said, "who, in one season, has been transformed into Bill. May we always have as good results during the years ahead."

And the others, springing to their feet, enthusiastically indorsed this sentiment.



THE MOONLIGHT HAY-RIDE OF THE BEAVER CAMPERS.

Mary Sunshine

By *Marjorie Louise Hillis*



HER name was really just plain Mary, and she was as quaint and old-fashioned a little girl as you could imagine. Her manner was already quite grown-up, but that was not surprising, for she had been born and brought up in a little village on the coast of Maine. She was a pretty child, although her hair was always parted in the middle and brushed smoothly into two braids down her back, and her dresses were always of the plainest kind. Her mother was a thrifty woman who did not believe in unnecessary trimming.

It was this trait of her mother's that brought the Artist to their house as a summer boarder. You see, the little town, although it was only a fishing village in the winter, had become a gay watering-place in the summer. At one end were summer hotels and cottages of all kinds, crowded together in a mixed-up sort of way, quite as if they did not have miles of ground behind them to spread over if they only wanted to. The other end was the all-year-round part, with the village stores and the homes of the "natives." Mary lived just between the two ends, in a pretty white cottage with green blinds, and her mother nearly always found some one who was glad to rent the "spare room" for the summer.

Mary could hardly believe it when she found that this year the boarder was to be a real, live artist. She had never seen one before, and she peeped from behind the parlor curtains when the bus drove up, hardly knowing what kind of a being she expected to see. She was rather disappointed at first, for he looked very much like any one else. But as soon as they were really acquainted, she got over this feeling, and found him quite different from the other people she knew.

He discovered at once that there was a twinkle in her eyes not at all in keeping with her prim little manner, and it was not long before he had driven the primness all away, and found her much like other children, only a little brighter and more imaginative than any he had known.

It was the Artist, too, who named her "Mary Sunshine." It happened the very day of his arrival, when he first asked her name.

"Oh, just Mary," she had answered, fingering the tight yellow braids that hung one over each shoulder.

"Just Mary!" he exclaimed. "Why, I think that is one of the nicest names I know."

"Do you?" asked Mary. "I don't. I think Rosalind or Marie Antoinette is much nicer. Even Rose or Lily is prettier than Mary. But Mother does n't believe in fancy names."

"Well," said the Artist, "I shall call you Mary Sunshine. It's prettier than any of those names, and it matches the color of your hair." So after that she was always Mary Sunshine.

It was not long before they became fast friends. This was really a wonderful event, for she had had few friends before, and never one like this. It was true that in the summer-time the Point was overrun with children, and some of them Mary Sunshine would have liked to know, but she had learned that though the summer visitors would smile quite kindly at her, and often exclaim, "What a dear, quaint little girl!" when they passed in their carriages, they did not care to have their children play with a little "native" in an ill-fitting gingham frock.

So it was more than wonderful that on the very day after the arrival of the Artist, Mary Sunshine should have found a second friend. It happened on the beach, where Mary Sunshine had brought the Artist. He had chosen a spot a little apart from the gay crowd of bathers, and while he was arranging his easel and making preparations to begin, Mary Sunshine had been so busy watching him that she did not notice the slow approach of a little boy on crutches. It was only when she began to find this rather dull,

and the Artist too preoccupied to talk to her, that she saw him, sitting on the sand not far away, and gazing rather wistfully in her direction. For a long time they sat there, stealing glances at each other, and each wishing that the other one might speak. It was in these glances that Mary Sunshine discovered two things: first, the big, sad eyes of the little boy, and, later, the crutches lying on the sand beyond him.

After a while, the Artist came back to earth,

"Yes. I'm staying over at Captain Welch's cottage—over there." He pointed to a lonely fisherman's cottage down the beach.

"I see," said the Artist; "I wonder if you would n't like to know my little friend. Oh, Mary Sunshine, come here a minute."

Mary Sunshine came, and rather shyly held out her hand.

"Is your name really Mary Sunshine?" the boy asked, raising his eyes to the bright face.



"MARY SUNSHINE HAD BECOME THE ARTIST'S GUIDE, FOR SHE KNEW ALL THE PRETTIEST PLACES ON THE SHORE."

and saw the children. For a moment he watched them with a smile, then he left his work and went over to the little boy.

"Hello, my boy," he said, holding out his hand.

"Hello," said the little boy, gratefully.

"Don't you like the crowd any better than we do?"

"I don't know," the boy answered; "I don't know them."

"Came over to the beach all alone, did you?"

"Yes, sir. You see there is n't any one to come with me. I'm just a Fresh Air Child."

"A Fresh Air Child?" the Artist repeated.

"Oh, no," she answered; "it's really just Mary, and the rest is only a nickname."

"I think it's a lovely one," the boy said wistfully.

"I tell you," the Artist exclaimed, "we'll give you a nickname, too. What shall it be, Mary Sunshine?"

Mary Sunshine clapped her hands. "I know. Once I read a lovely story about a Little Lame Prince. Let's call—" she stopped suddenly, seeing a look of pain on the little boy's face. "Oh, I'm so sorry."

The little boy smiled bravely. "That's all right," he said. "I think that's a fine nickname."

After that he was always the Little Lame Prince, and every day he played with Mary Sunshine. Mary Sunshine had become the Artist's guide, for she knew all the prettiest places on the shore and all the best views from the hilltops. Wherever they went they always found time to stop for the Little Lame Prince at the fisherman's cottage. And such beautiful times they had together, for the Artist could not only paint, but he could tell the most wonderful stories of brownies and fairies, of kings and queens, or just of little boys and girls. Almost every afternoon when he was tired painting, he would stretch out on the sand or the grass, and delight the children with some tale. Then, when it was over, if it was late and the Little Lame Prince was tired, he would take him on his shoulder and carry him back to the cottage by the sea.

It was not long before Mary Sunshine had discovered something quite surprising about each of her new friends. She found that her Artist was not a common artist at all, but a very famous one. Her mother's little cottage, that had once been passed unnoticed, was now an object of interest to all the summer people on the Point. Invitations were showered upon the Artist, and all the gayest ladies at the hotels did their best to meet him. Again and again he was asked to exhibit his pictures. (For nearly every villa owner wanted to buy one to hang on the wall of his city house, so that he could say to his friends, "Oh, yes, I got that in Maine; the Artist was living right near our cottage, you know.") But, with one exception, the Artist paid no attention whatever to these advances. The exception was a very young and pretty girl who lived in one of the largest of the cottages. Both the pretty girl and her mother had evidently known the Artist before, and the mother seemed to admire him very much, for she was always smiling on him and giving him invitations to her house. On these occasions the Artist would look questioningly at the pretty girl, but, as she was generally gazing indifferently into space and tapping her foot impatiently, the Artist would politely refuse the invitations and return to the society of Mary Sunshine and the Little Lame Prince.

The other discovery was about the Little Lame Prince himself. It was a very wonderful discovery, for it meant a change in the little boy's whole life. It was this: that some day he might be cured, so that he could walk and run, quite like other boys. Mary Sunshine never forgot the look that came into his eyes when he told her about it. But then his face grew sad again, for it would mean an operation, and that would cost a great deal of money—two hundred dollars,

perhaps. And the mother of the Little Lame Prince, although she was the most beautiful mother that any boy ever had, was very poor, and not nearly strong enough to earn so large a sum.

After Mary Sunshine learned about this, she thought of it nearly all the time. She felt so dreadfully sorry for the Little Lame Prince, and she wondered with all her might if there was not something she could do to help him. One evening, seeing the Artist walking beside the house, smoking a good-night cigar, she ran out and slipped her hand into his.

"Do you remember," she asked, "in the story about the Little Lame Prince—did he get well?"

"Of course he did," the Artist said.

"What was it that made him well?"

"Why, it seems to me it was mostly fresh air and sunshine"; he smiled whimsically down at the little girl beside him. "*Merry Sunshine*, I guess," he added.

Mary Sunshine looked a little disappointed. "Oh," she said, "our Little Lame Prince will have to have an operation. Would n't it have been nice just like the story?"

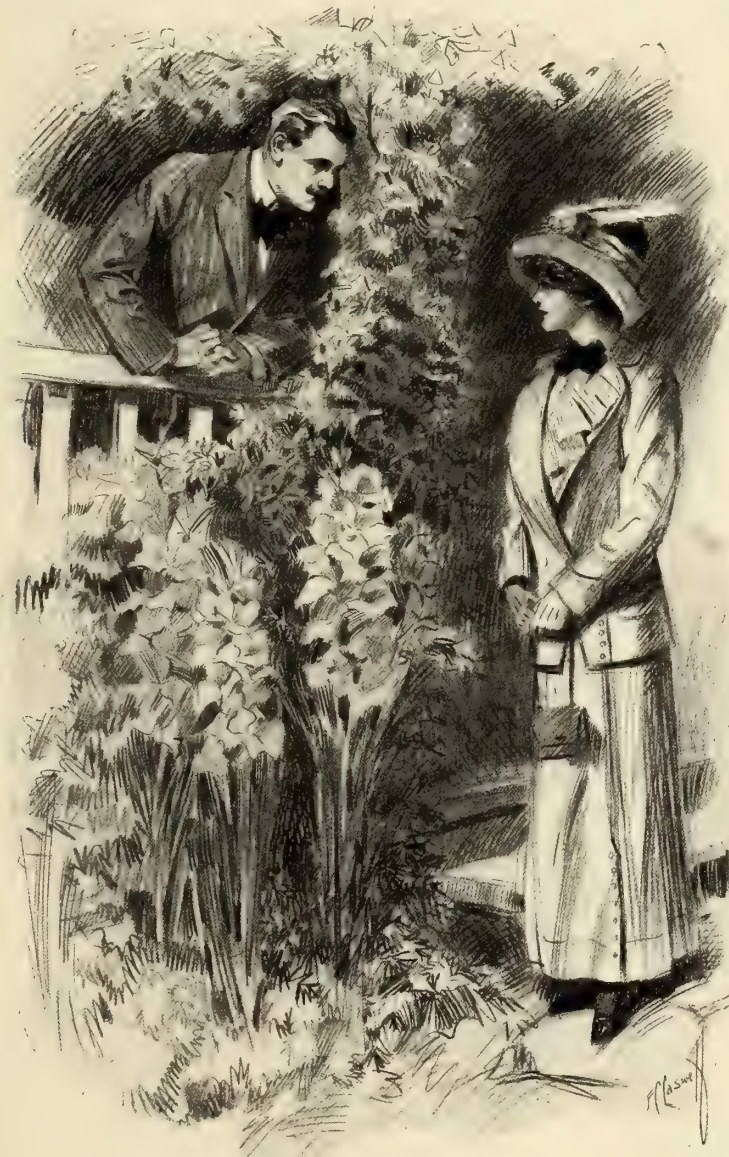
"Well," the Artist said, "I believe that even with this Little Lame Prince, Mary Sunshine can help a lot."

During the next week, Mary Sunshine was unusually thoughtful. She had made up her mind quite firmly that in some way she would help the Little Lame Prince to get well, and she had partly decided on a plan. You see, every year the summer people had a fair at the Casino. Mary Sunshine had only been once, but she knew that it was a very splendid affair. And she felt quite sure that if she should make something and tell them about the Little Lame Prince, they would sell it for her there. The great difficulty lay in deciding what to make. For at least a week she thought about it. Then, finally, she remembered that when she was there herself, she had seen, at the children's table, some beautiful big scrap-books with pictures in them of all sorts and kinds. She had looked at them longingly, but the price had been much greater than the sum her mother had given her to spend. So she was sure that a scrap-book ought to bring a large sum of money.

The very day after she had come to this decision, she hurried down-town to the drug store, and asked "Uncle Joe" (who was everybody's "uncle") if she might have some of the white wrapping-paper off the big white roll. Uncle Joe gave her more than she had hoped for, with a stick of candy besides, and Mary Sunshine was so happy that she forgot her primness enough to skip all the way home. That day she refused to

go on the daily excursion with her two friends, and they started off without her, the Artist rather puzzled, and the Little Lame Prince very much disappointed. Meanwhile, Mary Sunshine

very tired, Mary Sunshine was quite contented with the big scrap-book that lay in her bureau drawer, and went off to sleep dreaming of lovely pictures to be pasted on the white paper.



“I WONDER IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO GO FOR A DRIVE.”

spent most of her day in the kitchen with her mother's pinking-iron, neatly pinking the edges of the big sheets of white paper. It was late when she finished, but her mother, as she tucked her into bed, offered to stitch the sheets firmly together on the machine. So, although she was

want to ask your advice.”

“Yes,” said the Artist, settling himself on the top step.

“It 's about a scrap-book. I 'm making it for the fair to-morrow. It 's to help the Little Lame Prince to have an operation. And it 's all done but

You would think it quite an easy matter to fill a scrap-book, I am sure, but during the next ten days Mary Sunshine found it very difficult. The one magazine that her mother took was not profusely illustrated, and it was much the same in the houses of the neighbors. To be sure, she did find a few lovely colored picture-cards that people had been saving, and these made the first few pages quite gay. But when the fair was only two days off, there were still two pages entirely empty. Mary Sunshine had searched every place that she could think of. She had torn the colored labels off the cans of tomatoes and peas in the cellar closet. She had cut the figures out of the old circus poster that the hired man brought her from the barber-shop window. And, finally, she had cut out all the pictures from her mother's seed catalogue. Indeed, there was n't a place where she had n't looked, and still those two pages were empty. Poor Mary Sunshine could n't even find another black-and-white picture, and she began to feel quite desperate. Finally, she decided to ask the Artist for advice. She waited on the porch while he finished breakfast, then, when he came out, she stopped him.

“Please,” she said, “I

the last two pages, and I can't find another picture anywhere." Mary Sunshine was dangerously near to tears.

"I see," the Artist said, quite seriously. "I wonder if you would mind showing it to me?"

Mary Sunshine ran and got it, and the Artist looked it over thoughtfully. When he had finished he spoke.

"What would you think of my painting a picture on those two pages?" he asked.

Now Mary Sunshine realized that the Artist was a very great one, and she knew how kind of him it was to offer, but she did not really think that any picture painted by a man, by hand, could compare with the gaily colored pictures in a magazine or a seed catalogue. But she had been well trained by her mother. So she answered politely, if not enthusiastically, "That would be very nice. Of course it is n't quite the same, but I don't believe they'd mind much, do you?"

"We might try it, anyway," the Artist said modestly.

The next morning Mary Sunshine started for the Casino with the precious scrap-book under her arm. Her heart was beating very hard, and several times her courage almost left her. But she went on resolutely, even when she saw the automobiles crowded around the door of the Casino and heard the noise and bustle within. She entered very timidly, and stood for some time in the big room before any one had time to speak to her. Then, finally, she heard a very kind voice beside her.

"Did you want anything, little girl?"

She turned and saw the pretty girl who had been so cold to the Artist.

"Yes," Mary Sunshine answered, "I brought this scrap-book to be sold at the fair. It's for a Little Lame Prince—I mean a boy," she stammered.

"I don't quite understand," the pretty girl said, putting her arm around Mary Sunshine. "Come over here and sit down, and tell me all about it."

Mary Sunshine followed her into a quiet corner, and there she told her all about the Little Lame Prince, the operation, and, finally, the scrap-book. "Here it is," she said, at the end, unwrapping it with pride.

"Oh!" exclaimed the pretty girl, "what a perfectly lovely one! Did you make it all yourself?"

She turned the pages over carelessly until she suddenly saw the last one. "Why! What is *this?*"

Mary Sunshine blushed guiltily. "Why—that's—that's—well, you see, I could n't find enough, and the Artist that's staying at our house did it for me. Of course it is n't a real picture, but do you think they'll mind much? The water and sky are very pretty. The Artist said it was the best one he ever did. I really think if it was n't for that old boat, it would be *most* as nice as a real picture."

The pretty girl was looking at it with misty eyes. "I don't believe they'll mind a bit," she said gently. "You leave it with me."

Long before the fair began that afternoon the news had spread like wild-fire that a picture by the great Artist was to be auctioned off. And the little story that went with the news added not a little to the interest of the crowd that gathered to see the sale and to bid for the picture. But, strangely enough, it was the father of the very pretty girl who made the highest bid and carried home the scrap-book.

Late that afternoon, the pretty girl, looking more bewitching than ever, drove up to the cottage where Mary Sunshine lived. She had in her hand a check large enough to pay for several operations. In front of the cottage she stopped, and she blushed quite rosily when she saw the Artist sitting on the porch with Mary Sunshine and the Little Lame Prince. They all stood up as she approached, and waited silently for her to speak. She looked at Mary Sunshine.

"The scrap-book sold beautifully," she said. "It brought a great deal of money, and it's all in this envelop." She handed it to Mary Sunshine.

"Thank you! Oh, thank you!" Mary Sunshine said, quite simply. The pretty girl turned to go. She hesitated a moment. Then she looked bravely into the eyes of the Artist, and said softly:

"I wonder if you would like to go for a drive with me? I think the little girl has a surprise that she wants to tell to the Little Lame Prince."

THAT night, when the Artist came back, Mary Sunshine came out to meet him.

"Oh!" she said, slipping her hand into his, "it was just like a fairy story, was n't it?"

"Yes," the Artist said, thinking of something quite different, "just exactly!"



**SOME REMARKABLE HEAD-DRESSES
AND TAILS OF BIRDS**

WE are familiar with the suggestion that many of our trades and many kinds of our handiwork are copied from the work of birds and other animals, but all such notions are fanciful, incorrect, and worthless. Man built mud huts long before he knew anything about the mud-wasp, and woman fastened the edges of skins together with animal sinews or with vegetable fibers long before the tailor-bird was discovered, and in countries where such birds have never been seen; in

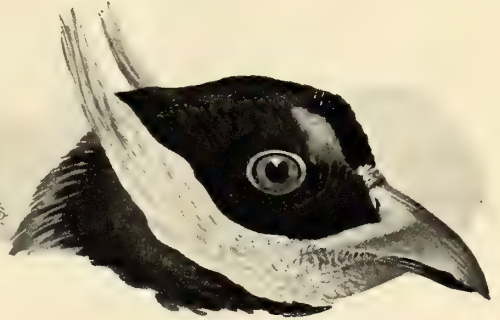
These natural head plumes of some birds seem to be true decorations, and of no more real service to their wearers than are the elaborate and costly hats that are made by the milliners of to-day.

As in the case of birds with resplendent plum-



THE HIGHLY DECORATED HEAD OF THE
CROWNED PIGEON.

Greenland, for instance, in Lapland, and in the polar regions of the earth. If man learned masonwork from the beaver, did the beaver teach the ancient Egyptians to build the pyramids? All such suggestions are silly, and every reader, especially every young reader, should disabuse his mind of all similar nonsense. But if such fanciful notions could be true, we might, perhaps, be allowed to imagine that the idea of decorating the human head was first suggested by the crests of certain birds, although the "bonnets" of birds were well developed ages before human beings dreamed of the extravagant head-gear that has been considered fashionable at different times.

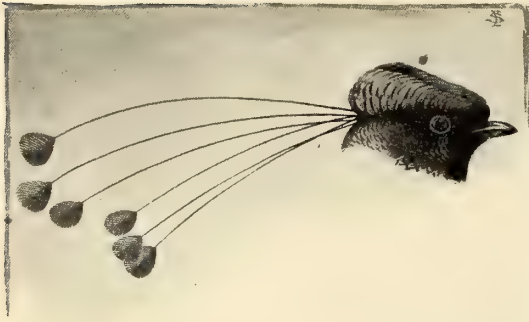


THE EARED PHEASANT.

age and highly ornamental tails, so those birds most remarkable for their head plumes are chiefly natives of tropical climates. The crowned pigeon is found in and near New Guinea, and the umbrella-bird in South America. The eared pheasant, however, inhabits the high mountains of China and Tibet, and we, too, have many crested birds—some of them, like the wax-wing, the blue-jay, and the cardinal, being nearly as familiar as the robin and the bluebird. But in point of development, and for sheer oddity of crest, such birds as the King of Saxony bird of paradise and



THE CURIOUSLY CRESTED HEAD OF THE
UMBRELLA-BIRD.



THE SIX-SHAFTED BIRD OF PARADISE.

the six-shafted bird of paradise are without peer among the feathered inhabitants of our woods and fields. More familiar, but perhaps equally attractive, are the wood-duck's flowing plumes, the California valley-partridge's jaunty crest, and the famous egret of the egret.

While all can readily appreciate the beauty of the remarkably shaped tails of the peacock and the lyre-bird, we must not overlook the fact that the usual symmetrical, fan-shaped tail structure is also beautiful, even when it has no



THE KING OF SAXONY BIRD OF PARADISE.

markings, as among the blackbirds. But nature, appreciating this opportunity for decoration, has made these appendages the objects of her special attention. It is the rule, rather than the exception, for a bird's tail to be so marked or colored as to give the impression that beauty, apparently for its own sake, was the end sought. Some tails are so decidedly ornamental in shape

that their bright color and fancy patterns seem a matter of course. The common barn-swallow furnishes us with an example of this.

Though nearly every conceivable color scheme and pattern are exhibited by the tails of birds, there are a few common, more or less distinct, plans which may be traced. In some, notably in the ruffed grouse, the feathers are of equal length and uniformly barred; in many others this is nearly the pattern, except that the two central feathers (always two, because the entire number of tail-feathers is always even) are comparatively plain. The purpose of this form of coloring may



THE TAIL OF THE BARN-SWALLOW.

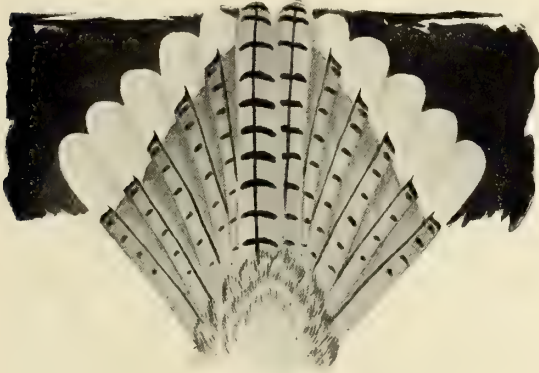
be to render the tail inconspicuous when closed; that, at least, is the effect, when one or two of the central feathers only are seen from above. Some of these birds have a habit of "flashing," or suddenly expanding and refolding, the tail. The effect is almost like the sudden turning on and off of an artificial light, the usual marking of such tails being a large patch of white or orange on the outer feathers. A common form is a light patch or spot usually near the tips of the feathers,



THE TAIL OF THE BARTRAMIAN SANDPIPER.

diminishing in size with each feather until it is lost or barely discernible in the two middle ones;

or, again, the outer feather on each side may be entirely white, the next one or two nearly so, while all the rest are without a trace of white. The marks may be confined to the outer vane,



THE TAIL OF THE BLUE-JAY WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL FRINGE OF WHITE.

when they will probably appear in the closed or nearly closed tail; they may be restricted to the inner vane, and be seen only in the spread or half spread tail; they may be conspicuous on one vane and obscure on the other; or they may extend impartially across the feather, and thus be constantly exposed.

Besides those shown in our illustrations, there are many other examples of beautiful tails among

the warblers, jays, cuckoos, hawks, shore-birds, and other groups. Many of the most elegant are to be found only in the tropics.

The striking patches of black and white, or dark and light, so common among warblers and woodpeckers, may, by their very attractiveness, be a bird's means of recognition, or of signaling, or both. As for the purpose of the fancy colors and patterns, the learned Darwin supposed that the birds themselves appreciate and admire their own beauty. It is not at all clear that they have any other "excuse for being" than that they really are beautiful.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

THE BEAVER

SOME students of animal life claim that the nearest approach to human ingenuity, among the creatures of fur or feather, is undoubtedly exhibited by the beaver. This wonderful animal closely resembles the common muskrat in general appearance, but is much larger, and has a tail flattened crosswise instead of up and down.

The remarkable intelligence displayed by the animals in selecting suitable sites for their dams, in felling the trees in convenient locations and dragging them into proper positions, and the wonderful manner in which the upper sides of the dams are plastered with mud and thus made perfectly water-tight, seem little short of impossible



THE REMARKABLY ORNAMENTAL TAIL OF THE PARTRIDGE (RUFFED GROUSE).

to any one who has not had an opportunity to see their wonderful work.

The beavers not only cut down trees for the purpose of making dams, but they also use the



FIG. 1. A BEAVER DAM.

small, upper branches as a storage supply of food for winter use. These branches are cut into lengths of two or three feet, and then are carried



FIG. 2. THE BIG COTTONWOOD TREE CUT DOWN BY THE BEAVERS.

beneath the water and into the beavers' houses, or burrows, where the tender green bark is used as the staple article of food during the winter.

Fig. 1 shows a dam made by the beavers.

Fig. 2 shows a giant cottonwood tree, nineteen inches in diameter inside the bark, that was cut down by beavers at the edge of their dam. The top of the tree fell into the water, where it was promptly cut up by the beavers and carried away to furnish their winter supply of food.

Fig. 3 is a typical "beavers' house," located not far from Denver, Colorado. This house was over ten feet in height above the water and thirty or forty feet in diameter at the water's edge.



FIG. 3. THE BEAVERS' HOUSE.

Fig. 4 shows a tree, now standing in the New York Zoölogical Park, which was partly cut down



FIG. 4. IN THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK.
Photograph from the New York Zoölogical Society.

by beavers while these busy little animals were building a dam. This photograph is interesting not only because it illustrates how successfully



A SUBSTANTIAL PLAYHOUSE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

the beaver can gnaw through the solid trunk of a tree, but because it proves that we have, within the limits of Greater New York, an excellent example of the work of these wonderful little creatures of the wild.

ROBERT B. ROCKWELL.

A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR A PLAYHOUSE

HERE is an illustration of Miss Ruth Lapham's playhouse at Waveny Farm, near New Canaan, Connecticut. Within this house she has all the equipments of an ordinary cottage, but in miniature; she has a miniature kitchen, with a stove and dishes, and a miniature sitting-room. Here, alone, or with her young friends, she does house-keeping for her dolls or for her associates in a most enjoyable manner.

A "NOSEY" BIRD

I FOUND this bird, a young, brown creeper, on the sidewalk. Thinking to make a picture of it, I took it home in my pocket.

With the camera in readiness, I placed my winged sitter on another tripod. It immediately fluttered off; which process was repeated many times, till, finally, it tired, and stayed where placed—but what was the use of picturing it now? It looked like nothing more than a rolled-up bunch of feathers.

After giving it a rest, I started to pick it up, when it hopped along my arm, to my shoulder, to my neck, over my head, and down to my nose, where it remained perfectly still.

Slowly moving to a mirror, I saw that the bird

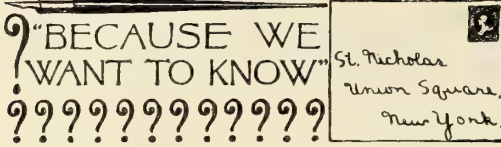
was in its natural shape, though on an unnatural support—but here was my chance and I took advantage of it. So I stood before the camera and



"THE 'NOSEY' BIRD."

pressed the bulb, with this odd picture as the result of my first attempt at bird photography.

ARTHUR E. ANDERSON.



**IS THERE ANY FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE THAT
CAN LIVE WITHOUT AIR?**

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is there any kind of an animal, insect, or bird that can live without air? I think there is, but I am not sure. I hope you will be good enough to answer my question.

Your reader,

VANCE PIDGEON.

No animals can live without air. There are some bacteria which can do so, but bacteria are plants rather than animals. During periods of dormancy, some animals can get along with very little air, and much less than during active life. Frogs in winter require very little, since their activities are nearly stopped, and there is enough air in the soil to support what little life they have in cold weather. The stories of frogs incased in stone for years are mostly false, and where there is any basis for such stories, the animals are in cracks in rocks where they have been, possibly, from the time of their larval life. They are always, however, supplied with air in these places. The only possible exception to the above statement which I know of, is in cases of some animals that can actually be frozen and resume their life upon being thawed out. Where this occurs, the animals seem to have no activities while frozen, and their life is stopped. They might, in this condition, remain alive for a while without any air, but simply because they are dormant.—H. W. CONN.

QUESTIONS REGARDING DOUBLE STARS

(For older readers)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like the following questions answered:

1. In what direction—that is, toward what constellation—is the proper motion of the star Alpha Centauri?
2. What is the average distance apart, in millions of miles, of double stars which are known to be really bound together in the chains of reciprocal gravitation?

Your constant reader,

CHARLES F. RICHTER.

1. This beautiful double-sun system is moving almost directly westward across the southern sky, in a direction toward the northern boundary of the Southern Cross.

2. This it is difficult to say, for we, as yet, know so very few dimensions that we cannot now even make a guess at the "average" size. It is

only those systems that are unusually near us whose size in miles has so far been found; and these are a very small percentage of the whole number. It can be said, however, that, in general, the systems are on a much larger scale than our solar system. For example, the system Alpha Centauri is made up of two suns which together weigh about twice as much as our sun, the distance between them being 23.6 times the distance from the sun to the earth. The system α Eridani is a triple one, two of the suns being separated by a distance as great as that from our sun to Uranus, but these two are separated from the great central sun about which they are both revolving by a distance at least twenty times as great. In fact, it is probable that many of the systems are hundreds and perhaps thousands of times as extensive as our own.—ERIC DOOLITTLE.

PET DEER

STELLA, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending to you a photograph of me and my deer in Kent Deer Park. My uncle owns this park. He has twelve big deer in the park. We take the little fawns from their mama and keep them in the



FEEDING THE DEER WITH MILK FROM A BOTTLE.

yard at the house so they will be gentle. They suck milk from a bottle. You will see in the picture that I am feeding them.

We have two shepherd-dogs. The fawns are not afraid of our dogs. There are lots of fox-squirrels in the park. They come to the crib and eat corn. We do not care. If our old cat is at the crib, they bark at her.

I will close for this time.

LEOLA IMOGENE COOK.

THE LINES OF LIGHT FROM A STREET LAMP

AMITYVILLE, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered why it is that, when I look at a lighted street lamp and close my eyes slowly, lines of light extend from it. If you can, I wish that you would tell me the reason why this is so.

MARION B. COOK.

The lines of light that you see, when you look at a street lamp with partly closed eyes, are due not to the lamp, but to a peculiarity of the eye itself. As you bring the lids together, the moisture which lies upon the surface of the eye is carried before them, and forms a watery lens, through which you view the lamp. This lens is saddle-shaped; that is, it is concave in the up-down and convex in the right-left direction. The rays from the lamp which strike the center of the watery lens pass on, straight through the pupil, to the center of the retina (the sensitive membrane) of the eye, and are thus seen correctly. But the rays which strike the curved surfaces of the watery lens are bent up and down, and thus reach the retina above and below the center. These rays are then seen as long streamers, projected downward and upward—the lines of light to which you refer.

For the especial benefit of our older readers I may add that the phenomenon is explained by Professor J. Le Conte, in his book on "Sight," 1881, pp. 87, 88.—PROFESSOR E. B. TITCHENER, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

WHO ARE THE WHITE INDIANS?

MATTAWAN, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Who were the white Indians? Where did they live? What were their customs and language, and what was their supposed origin?

Yours truly,

ROBERT SEWARD.

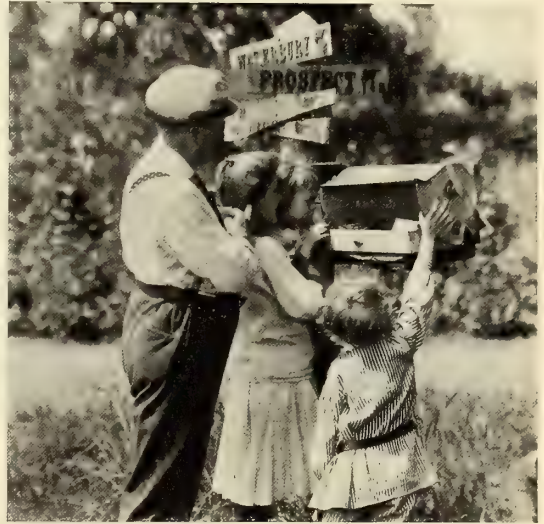
The term "Croatan Indians," popularly called "white Indians," is the legal designation in North Carolina for a people evidently of mixed Indian and white blood, found in various sections of the State, but chiefly in Robeson County, and numbering approximately five thousand. For many years they were classed with the free negroes, but steadily refused to accept such classification, or to attend the negro schools or churches, claiming to be the descendants of the early native tribes and of white settlers who had intermarried with them. About twenty years ago, their claim was officially recognized, and they were given a separate legal existence under the title of "Croatan Indians," on the theory of descent from Raleigh's lost colony of Croatan. Under this name they now have separate school provision, and are admitted to some privileges not

accorded to the negroes. The theory of descent from the lost colony may be regarded as baseless, but the name itself serves as a convenient label for the people.—Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C.

A MAIL-BOX FOR BIRD STUDY

BROOKSVALE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our mail-box had been in its place on the post only a few days, on our return to the farm for the summer, before we began to have trouble. At first we



THE EVENT OF THE DAY—GETTING THE MAIL AND SEEING THE WRENS' NEST.

found only a few pieces of short sticks which we thought some mischievous boys had put there on their return from school. After the box had been cleaned each day for a number of days, and the sticks, as we thought, were replaced by some one each day, Papa began to scold and talk about what could be done to people who interfere with mail-boxes.

Then we made a discovery—the sticks were all broken very evenly, and the children watching the box saw two small wrens busily at work. Papa said they were not to be disturbed, and in a few days the sticks took on the form of a neat home in one corner of the box. The lid did not close so tightly but that the small birds had access at all times, and then happened the most wonderful thing of all. In the nest appeared a small spotted brown egg and then five more—six in all. Every day came the R. F. D. mailman, and put mail in the box, and every day it was taken out by the children or some member of the family, who took this chance to peep at the eggs in the corner. In what seemed a very short time came another discovery—five of the tiniest little bodies occupied the home in the corner of the box. Really it seemed as though they were all mouths, and how busy the father and mother were taking care of their babies, and without being much disturbed by the daily visit of the mail-man.

Uncle Sam carries many queer things in the mail, and has to deal with many queer people, but we doubt if he ever before had tenants like the wrens who occupied our mail-box, or that gave so much real pleasure to children.

LINDA MCMASTER.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE WOLF

AND

THE LITTLE LAMB



Geo. A. King

BY VENIE VAN BLARCOM

ONCE there was a little lamb. He had soft white wool and pretty bright eyes, and he lived with his brothers and sisters and the old mama sheep on a big farm. All day long the lambs played in a field. But at night, when the sun began to go down behind the hill, the old farmer came, and locked them all up in a place called the sheepfold, where they would be safe and warm until the morning.

Now the little lambs did not like this at all. They thought it was horrid to be locked up while the meadow was still warm and sunny, and they fretted and grumbled because they had to come in so early. But when the old mama sheep told them it would soon be quite dark outside, and that then a great wolf would come prowling around looking for little lambs to eat, they were glad to be safe inside, all but this naughty little lamb who liked to have his own way. He wanted to see what the dark was like. He said he was n't afraid of an old wolf; he did n't believe there was one, and if there was, it could n't hurt him; he could run faster than any old wolf.

At last, one day, he crept behind a big bush and kept as still as a mouse until the mama sheep and his brothers and sisters were all locked up in the sheepfold and the old farmer had gone away to his house. Then he scampered out. How nice it was to be out all alone by himself! He could not keep still a moment, he was so happy. He ran round and round the big meadow. He nibbled at the green grass and sweet clover, and by and by, when he was thirsty, trotted off to the brook and took a good long drink of the cool water. Then he scampered through the field again, and rolled over and over in the soft long grass. The sun went lower and lower behind the hill, until at last he was quite gone and the little lamb could not see him any more. It grew darker and darker. Then the

stars came out, one by one, and blinked at him in such a strange way that he began to think he would not like being alone in the night, after all.

Then, up from behind the dark woods, came the big round moon. As it rose higher and higher in the sky, it seemed to be looking right at him. He tried to hide, but everywhere he went the moon was watching him, and seemed to be saying, "You naughty little lamb! You naughty little lamb!"

Big black shadows began to move over the fields. He had never seen anything like that in the daytime, and it frightened him. He was too frightened to play now, and he did n't even feel hungry any more. The night wind swept through the field, and the dew came down and wet the grass and his pretty coat and his poor little feet. He was so cold, he shivered.

Just then, from out the dark woods



"HE COULD NOT KEEP STILL A MOMENT,
HE WAS SO HAPPY."



"HE TRIED TO HIDE, BUT EVERYWHERE HE WENT
THE MOON WAS WATCHING HIM."

came a dreadful sound. It was the howl of the old wolf. Oh, how frightened the little lamb was! How he ran! Through the cold, wet grass, over briars and stones, and up the rough, dark road, never stopping till, all out of breath, he reached the sheepfold.

The door was shut. He pushed against it with all his might, and cried, "Oh, let me in! Please let me in!"

But the old farmer had locked it tight, and it would not open.

"Oh, let me in!" cried the little lamb, as he butted his poor little head against the door. "Let me in; the old wolf is coming; he is going to eat me up! Oh, please let me in!"

And the mama sheep heard him, and you cannot think how sad and worried she felt to have her little lamb out there

in the cold and dark, and the old wolf coming, too.

"Oh, my little lamb!" she called through the door, "how did you get out

there?" And the little lamb said, "I stayed out to see the dark; but, oh, if you only will let me in, I'll never, never be naughty any more."

And the poor mama sheep cried, "Oh, I cannot open the door!"

And just then came that dreadful sound again, the howl of the old wolf, nearer and nearer. The little lamb heard it; how it frightened him! The old mama sheep heard it, too, and oh, how frightened she was for her little lamb!

"Oh, my child, my child!" she called through the door. "Run, run to the thorn-bush, and creep away under to the very middle, and stay there all night long, so the old wolf will not get you! Oh, run! run quickly, my little lamb, my precious little lamb!"

And the little lamb ran as fast as he could to the thorn-bush, and pushed away under it, to the very middle, as the mama sheep had told him. The branches grew very close to the ground, and the big, ugly thorns stuck into him and tore his pretty coat and scratched him until the blood came. But he did not care for that or for anything, if only the old wolf did not get him. And there he lay all in a heap, he was so frightened.

Just then, up came the old wolf, snarling and growling. He went running and jumping round and round the bush, poking his nose in everywhere, trying to get the little lamb.

But the sharp thorns stuck into his nose and eyes, and hurt him so much, he was glad to jump back. Over and over again he tried, but every time the big, ugly thorns stuck into him and made him go howling back. And this made the old wolf so mad that he growled and snarled all the more.

The little lamb was almost dead, he was so frightened. Oh, how he wished he was with his mama safe in the sheepfold!

It was dreadful! But at last the long night was over, and down under the thorn-bush came little streaks of light



"OH, LET ME IN!" CRIED THE LITTLE LAMB."

that grew bigger and brighter every moment, and at last the old wolf crept away. He could hear him snarling and growling as he ran across the fields, but he was quickly lost to sight in the shadows of the dark woods.

The little lamb began to breathe easier now, but still he did not dare to crawl out from under the thorn-bush just yet, for fear the old wolf might come back and catch him after all. So he kept very quiet and just waited for the sun to come up and make it all bright day, for then he knew the sheepfold would open and his mama and all his brothers and sisters would surely come and look for him.

Then all the little birds began to twitter and chirp, and the morning air blew fresh and cool, rustling the leaves, and bringing the sweet odor of the clover from the meadows; and pretty soon the sun shone right under the bush, and then he



"JUST THEN, UP CAME THE OLD WOLF, SNARLING AND GROWLING."

he heard his mama calling, "Oh, my little lamb, are you there?" Oh, how glad he was to hear his dear mama's voice once more and know he was safe at last!

And when he crawled out with his pretty coat all dirty and torn, the good mama sheep just ran up and loved him, and called him her "precious little lamb" over and over and over.

And all his brothers and sisters crowded around him and smiled on him, they were so

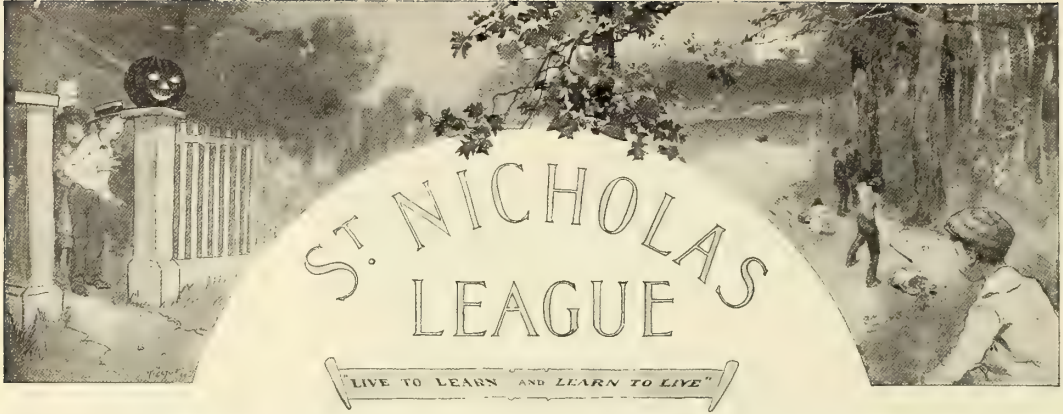
glad to find him safe and sound, and to know the old wolf did not get him.

Then the mama sheep took him down to the brook, and washed him and gave him some of the sweetest grass she could find for his breakfast, and let him stay in the warm sun, close by her side, all day, because he had been so cold and frightened all night long. And after that he never wanted to have his own way any more, but did whatever the mama sheep told him, and tried to be a good little lamb.



Geo. A. Fins

"THEN THE MAMA SHEEP TOOK HIM DOWN TO THE BROOK, AND WASHED HIM."



THE wonder-working minds of our clever girls and boys have wrought marvels indeed, this month; and almost all the prize-winners come from the new members of the League, which is very gratifying, and calls for a word of reminder concerning our method of awarding prizes. Competitors, remember, must win the silver badge *before* they can receive the gold one. Once in a while, as with the present competition, we almost regret the necessity of this rule, for several of the contributions here printed with the familiar (*Silver Badge*) amply deserve the first prize.

Let us all agree, however, that the rule is a good one. The successful competitors of this month will be spurred

by it to surpass even their fine introductory performance; and so we shall all be the gainers when, as they certainly will, they win the award that, this time, is withheld from them by the League rule of "Silver Badge *first*."

And, moreover, our joy in these October contributions is doubled by the fact that their excellence is not confined to one particular set of workers, but is shared in almost equal degree by the writers of prose and of verse, and by artists with the pencil as well as the camera. Assuredly, we have made "a good beginning" of another chapter—and let us hope the best—in the League's history and achievements.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 152

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Elisabeth Haerle** (age 13), Osnabrück, Germany.

Silver badges, **Marian Stuart** (age 14), Skaneateles, N. Y.; **Eleanor Steward Cooper** (age 17), Lansdowne, Pa.; **Janet Sheppard** (age 11), New York City; **Mary Frost** (age 11), Victorville, Cal.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Pauline P. Whittlesey** (age 13), Altadena, Cal.

Silver badges, **Janet Hepburn** (age 16), Bloomington, Ind.; **Edna F. Wood** (age 15), Northampton, Mass.; **Edith Shaw** (age 13), Westfield, England.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Margaret L. Ayer** (age 17), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Florence Fisk** (age 15), Springfield, Mass.; **Miriam Alice Gerstle** (age 14), San Francisco, Cal.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Esther R. Harrington** (age 13), Orange, Mass.; **Caroline Archbold** (age 16), Syracuse, N. Y.; **Rosamond Howland** (age 13), Chicago, Ill.; **Margaret P. Cooke** (age 15), Paterson, N. J.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **George H. McDonald** (age 15), Rock Island, Ill.; **Elsa Anna Synnestvedt** (age 15), Pittsburgh, Pa.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Mary A. O'Connor** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badge, **R. Kenneth Everson** (age 16), New York City.



"CURIOSITY." BY PAULL JACOB, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"CURIOSITY." BY JOSEPHINE MURPHY, AGE 13.

A MESSAGE

BY JANET HEPBURN (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

DARK stretched ahead the dreary days of life,
 And vacant, useless, seemed each hopeless hour,
 To him who, seized in Suffering's cruel grasp,
 Had lost his former joy, his pride, and power.
 How often had he drawn that faithful bow
 Across the sweet-voiced strings, while loud or low,
 Those glorious notes, fraught full with joy or woe,
 Had held the listening throngs in music's clasp!

But now his crippled hands no more could wake
 That mighty voice, yet he had gone, this night,
 To hear another draw those trembling trills,
 Those notes bespeaking saddened thoughts or bright,
 From out the singing strings. His friends had said,
 To hear another play would bring but dread
 Of all those idle, weary years ahead.—
 Softly the first faint note his sad heart fills.



"CURIOSITY." BY MARGARET P. COOKE, AGE 15.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

Louder, clearer, sweeter swells the music,
 The quiet hall is filled with rapturous strains;
 Then plaintive measures which the soul express,
 Soft falling like the spring's life-giving rains,
 Soon reach the old man's soul. His weary face,
 Grown bright with joy no suffering can displace,
 Reflects that love which pain may not debase,
 For Music brought this message: Happiness.

A GOOD BEGINNING

BY ELEANOR STEWARD COOPER (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

A BRIEF fifty-three years ago, the observations of Henri Dunant on the conditions following the battles of Magenta and Solferino, bore ample testimony to a great need, and roused civilization to fill it. At that time, the medical service attendant upon armies engaged in active warfare was appallingly inefficient. Military hospitals were not only ill equipped, but their ambulances, filled with wounded, were frequently attacked and their surgeons captured or killed. They were of purely national character; the hospital flags of one nation differed in device from those of another, and were, as a rule, unknown to the enemy.

To-day the armies of conflicting nations are attended by corps of surgeons and nurses who are competent and equipped to render adequate relief. Their red cross, of

international adoption, is a flag taking precedence of the flags of all nations whatsoever, holding the field in time of battle for the care of the wounded of both conquered and conquering, and standing, in time of peace, for bloodless warfare against ills incident to great disasters.

The Red Cross is a happy example of ideal accomplishment in that it realizes a vision of the past, and leads to the fulfilment of visions of the present. Close to our hearts to-day is the dream of so firm a federation in spirit of nations politically distinct that complete cessation of war and the peaceful arbitrament of difficulties will be possible. We are come to believe that our feeling and our work should be broad enough to be not only national but world-wide. It is a long step on a difficult way—a good beginning indeed—when nations unite to recognize the cause of humanity, and when we are no longer satisfied to translate our good-will to men into localized terms.

A GOOD BEGINNING

BY MARIAN STUART (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

It is spring, and that magic hour before dawn. The shade-trees on a large lawn are talking with the fruit-trees in the orchard. It is not a widely known fact, but trees *can* talk just before sunrise.

Although the trees on the lawn have dainty green dresses, they look enviously at the beautiful ruffled party gowns of the fruit-trees.

"You think you look very fine, don't you?" a particularly tall maple queries. "Wait until next fall. You have the good beginning, but we have the best ending. 'He who laughs last laughs best!'"

"Well," a saucy little apple-tree drawls sweetly as she shakes out her fluffy pink skirts, "I never saw the sense of that proverb. I'm sure I would as soon be gay and beautiful now as to wait—" but the sun is rising, and their hour of enchantment is over.

It is autumn, and the same magic hour. If the shade-



"CURIOSITY." BY CAROLINE ARCHBOLD, AGE 16.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

trees had to wait until they were matrons before appearing at their best, they have waited to some purpose. The lawn is resplendent with trees in gowns of rich reds, yellows, and browns.

The fruit has been gathered from the orchard, and nothing is left the fruit-trees but a few dry leaves and memories of a happy summer.

A particularly tall maple in flaming red looks over at

the little apple-tree, and asks, "Now don't you wish your beginning had n't been so good, and you were like us now?"

The little apple-tree does not answer. She is not thinking of the beauty, but of the usefulness of the orchard. She thinks of the good fruit the orchard has been able to give man because of the beautiful blossoms, and she knows a good beginning is best.



"FASHIONABLE." BY MARGARET L. AYER, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A GOOD BEGINNING

BY JANET SHEPPARD (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

BETSY was working in her garden. The sun was hot, and her back was tired, but she persevered, for her father had said that he would bring back from the city a lot of rose-bushes, and if she had her garden in good condition, she should have one. He was coming back this very day, so Betsy was very anxious.

Her garden was not large, but the beautiful order in which it was kept added greatly to its charm. There were pansies, violets, roses, and Betsy's special pride was a bed of old-fashioned pinks. This was in its glory just now, and Betsy hoped that the sight of his favorite flower in such profusion, with not a weed to hinder its growth, would help to induce her father to give her the rose-bush.

She rose slowly, for even ten-year-old backs will get tired stooping so long, and as she looked down the driveway and out to the road, she saw her father's carriage slowly approaching. She flew to get dressed, and when she came down-stairs, she found her father quite ready to go with her.

Betsy led the way with a mixture of pride and fear to her little plot. The roses nodded at her as if glad to welcome their sweet mistress, and the pinks seemed to say, "Come and kiss us, for you are one of us."

Betsy's father did not say all he felt, but praised her for her care, and said she might have the rose-bush.

Years afterward, little Betsy became a famous maker and planner of gardens, so while the work in the garden seemed all for the sake of a rose-bush, it really was a good beginning for much greater things.

TO A MESSENGER

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

CARRIER-PIGEON, carrier-pigeon,
Bird with never weary wings,
Hither to my airy casement,
Where the ancient ivy clings;
While the eastern sky is flaming,
Fly,—to whom, no need of naming;
Where the lattice, twined with roses,
Half conceals her, half exposes,
As she watches for this greeting
All my former vows repeating,
Borne by thee, O carrier-pigeon;—
Hasten with unwearied wings!

Carrier-pigeon, carrier-pigeon,
Art thou back so soon, with wings
Still unwavering, still unwearied,
Strong for greater, harder things?
Hast thou nothing, then, to leave me?
Ah! thou couldst not thus deceive me!
There I see the dainty token,
She is true,—our love unbroken;
Naught can part us now, but ever
She will hear my words, and never
Shalt thou fail to fly, O pigeon,
Back and forth, on willing wings!

A GOOD BEGINNING

BY MARY FROST (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

THE night passed on. The stars faded; faint streaks of light were seen on the eastern horizon. The mountain turned purple; gray clouds about it became pink, illuminated with the light of the coming sun. Heavenly perfumes of the first wild flowers floated in the air. Even the noble pines and firs, at the base of the mountain,

seemed to lose their blackness and become lighted by the magnificent glory of the rising sun. The eternal snow at the top of the mountain turned pink, then red. The rocks and boulders seemed to be on fire. The waving fields of barley and wheat, in the valley, became a sea of living green moved gently by the summer breeze. A nightingale's song was floated by the breeze into the valley, over the fabled mountain, and beyond, to the blue, blue sea.



"CURIOSITY." BY ESTHER R. HARRINGTON,
AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

The golden shafts of the sun shone through the clouds. The misty mountains on the opposite side of the valley looked hazy and blue in the distance. The



BY DOROTHY V. TYSON, AGE 16.



BY VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER, AGE 13.



BY ROSAMOND HOWLAND, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MAY DAIR ROCKAFALLOW, AGE 13.



BY MILDRED OPPENHEIMER, AGE 13.



BY KATHARINE W. TOWNSEND, AGE 14.

"CURIOSITY."

clouds grew yellow, red, orange,—and, lo! the sun was up in all his glory, shining above them.

Was this not a good beginning for a day?

A MESSAGE

BY IRMA A. HILL (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THROUGH all the night the storm had raged away,

Like some great dragon o'er the angry sea;

And when the night had almost ceased to be,

The heavy clouds hung threatening and gray.

Then suddenly, beyond the waning night,

One tiny sunbeam smiled through mists so drear,

And shone and shone, a message of good cheer,

Till once again the earth was filled with light.

So then shines hope—a single golden beam

Of sunshine—though the storm is raging still;

And when all else bows to the tempest's will,

When clouds the gloomiest and darkest seem,

Undaunted, always there, through good and ill,

Hope still shines on, a message and a gleam.

A GOOD BEGINNING

BY ELIZABETH JEANES (AGE 10)

LITTLE Sally Minor loved music, but as her parents were too poor to buy a piano and pay for some lessons, she never got any musical education.

But one day as she was walking along the street, she saw a sign on a piano store which read, "Come in and try our pianos."

Sally, not knowing it was only for buyers, walked in, and as no one was around at that moment, sat down at a piano, and began to play.

She played very well by ear, and soon a great crowd of people massed about her to hear this beautiful music. She stopped suddenly in the middle of a piece, looked up, blushed, and then tried to get away.

But the owner of the store checked her, and drawing her on his knee, asked her if she liked music.

"I like it very much, sir, only all those people frighten me," replied Sally, politely.

"But, my child, you play wonderfully," said Mr. Trainer, for that was his name. "Who teaches you? You must have a very capable teacher."

"Who teaches me?" said Sally, opening her eyes in amazement, "why, no one teaches me!"

"Nobody teaches you! You have never had any lessons? My dear little girl, you are the best child player in the world!" exclaimed Mr. Trainer. "But you need some instruction so that, when you grow older, you will reach a point where no one can outdo you. I will help you."

A music teacher was at once engaged for Sally, who worked earnestly for many years, and to-day Madame Sallina Minora, known before only as little Sally Minor, is a great musician, and very rich, famous throughout the world for her marvelous playing.

A GOOD BEGINNING

BY ELISABETH HAERLE (AGE 13)
(Gold Badge)

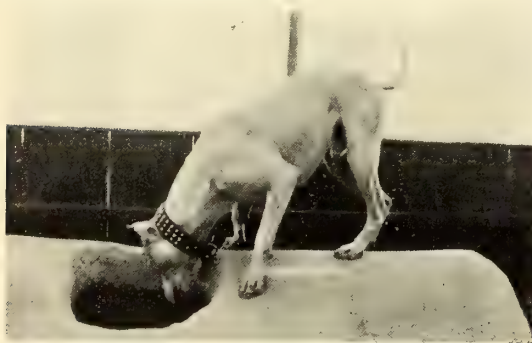
LAST summer, when I lived in the country, I learned to know a splendid way of beginning a clear day of early summer. I would get up long before breakfast, and hurry out-of-doors into my woodland. Any place is beautiful in the freshness of the morning, but my wood-



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY LILY KING WESTERVELT, AGE 15.

land especially so. My heart would sing for joy as I gazed around me, admiring the deep, clear, cool azure of the sky, watching the dew on the grass sparkle with rainbow hues, hearing the birds whistle with joy, and enjoying the green and gold symphony all around me, as the sun sifted its wealth through the branches of the trees. Oh, how fresh and invigorating was the air! How fragrant the wild roses, some of which had laid their golden hearts bare just to greet this morning!

"There never was such a beautiful world!" I would think, and such a thought is certainly a good one with which to begin a day. To see and appreciate beauty is always a good beginning for any day. And if the beauty is a sky-blue, crystal-clear, and golden morning in the woods, the glad memory of it will remain with



"CURIOSITY." BY GENETTE HEMENWAY, AGE 16.

one always, and brighten cheerless, gray days that may come afterward. But even these can be well begun by thinking beautiful or happy thoughts. Good beginnings of days lie in the heart, not in the beauty of things around us.

If I had not had gladness in my heart, the gladness of the morning would have been lost to me. To begin a day well one must feel beauty in the heart; and then one can truly appreciate whatever is beautiful that one sees or hears.

A FAIRY MESSAGE

BY PAULINE P. WHITTLESEY (AGE 13)
(Gold Badge)

A TINY fairy messenger
Before a spider stood,
The former clothed in Lincoln green,
And on his head a hood.
"I come from Mab," he said, "the queen
Who holds court in the wood.

"She wishes you to weave for her,
Upon the meadow green,
Three beautiful pavilions,
Full rich in silv'ry sheen.
And make these palaces with care,
Fit for the fairy queen.

"And gather at the dawn of day,
Dewdrops of crystal pure,
Make them the very prettiest
That you, sir, can secure.
Hang them about the palaces,
And that they 're fine, be sure."

So spoke the fairy messenger,
Then quickly went away;
And each one of those castles fair
Was spun without delay.
And you may see them if you look
At dawn on some warm day.



"CURIOSITY." BY REGINALD C. THORNHILL, AGE 16.

A GOOD BEGINNING

BY LELIA L. DELAPLANE (AGE 15)

ONE morning, a few days after the three young robins in the nest in the elm-tree had taken their first lessons in flying, Papa Robin decided that it was time for their singing lesson. He perched them in a row on a large branch, and took a seat opposite.

Each little robin sat perfectly still. Papa Robin opened his bill and gave a very easy little warble, and nodded to them to do it, too. All were perfectly still, so he patiently sang again, with no better results. A third and a fourth time he sang the little song, but in vain. A fifth time, and he became very much disgusted, and was just on the point of flying away to sooth his ruffled feelings, when suddenly a weak but very sweet little warble came from the throat of one small baby. Papa Robin was immediately puffed up with fatherly pride.

Eying his accomplished child, he seemed to say, "My dear son, a very good beginning indeed! I am very proud of you. You shall have the sweetest, juiciest worm to be found." And he flew away to find it.

THE FAIRY MESSENGER

BY EDNA F. WOOD (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

O LITTLE, flashing firefly,
Flitter, flutter, guide me by,
Past the horned owl so grim,
Past the shadows, wavering dim.

Lead me, by your tiny light,
Down the hill and through the night,
O'er the wall, until we come
To the mystic, fairy home.

Elves and fairies hurry here,
Guided by the lights so clear.
From the shadows comes the queen,
Sparkling in her satin green.

All the fireflies form a row,
Swaying, swinging, to and fro;
With the frogs, the cricket choir
Lift their voices, soaring higher.

Loved and honored, just and fair,
Queen of fairies, follow there,
Torches light her mossy way.
Dance along, O sprites so gay.

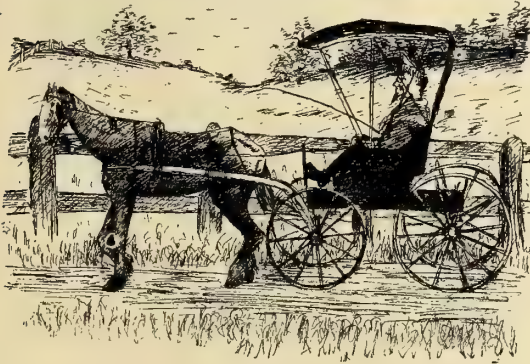
Thus they dance the long night through,
Till the moon is pale in hue;
Till the fireflies' torches wane,
And the owls wing home again.

A GOOD BEGINNING

BY DOROTHY M. ROGERS (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

A HUGE pile of soft, snowy-looking clouds were fast appearing over the northwestern horizon. Behind them came the fierce black thunder-cloud, looking ominous enough to daunt the bravest hearts. Distant rumbles of



"FASHIONABLE." BY ALLEN MCGILL, AGE 12.

thunder could be heard, and all who saw and heard prophesied a terrific storm.

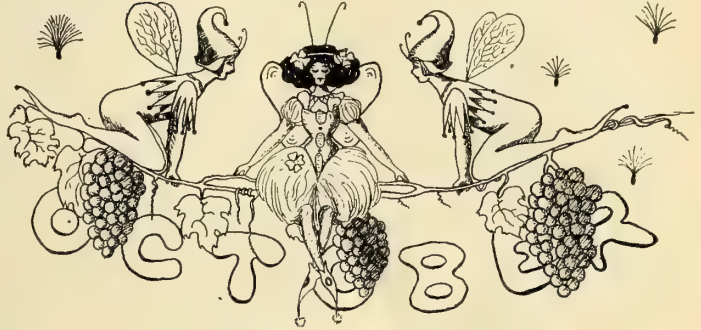
Higher and higher mounted the cloud, fiercer and more loudly sounded the wind, nearer and more distinctly could be heard the thunder. The timid quaked with fear, and even the boldest looked anxiously around.

By this time, the sun had become obscured and the earth was enveloped in a gray darkness. Lightning could be seen playing along the western horizon, and

each flash seemed nearer. Just as the people were expecting every next flash to be right overhead, the wind shifted suddenly to the southwest, and the black cloud changed its course, and went to the southwest also.

A few hours after the cloud had passed from sight, two farmers, each on his way home, stopped their horses for a few moments' conversation about the peculiar movement of the storm that was not.

"I tell ye, Bill," said the first, "I thought we was in



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY ETHEL F. FRANK, AGE 11.

fer it good 'n' plenty a while ago. Never saw the sky look so threaten'."

"I 'gree with ye, Jake; it was a good beginnin' sure enough, but it kinder petered out."

"Jes' so, Bill. I ain't kickin' none, fer my hay won't stand any rain jes' now, an' I ain't 'ticular fond o' thunder-storms."

"Neither am I, but when it acted so sort o' queer and shifted ter the sou'west, I says ter myself, 'Now ain't that the way with some people; they make er lot of fuss and bluster 'bout what they kin do, an' then they jes' sort o' fizzle an' go out.'" And after a few more words, the two old moralists passed on.

MESSENGERS

BY ALBERT REYNOLDS ECKEL (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

FROM powerful nations, and islands,
And states which have ceased to be,
They have come, and from desert and city,
Brought messages over the sea.

They ride on the missives they carry,
And never grow tired at all;
They are infinitesimal envoys,
But thousands respond when they call.

Though each can convey but one message,
They are ready to serve poor and rich;
And they stick to one thing till they get there,
With never a halt nor a hitch.

Full many have come to my albums;
And there they ever must stay.
There are thousands and thousands of them,
All ordered in neat array.

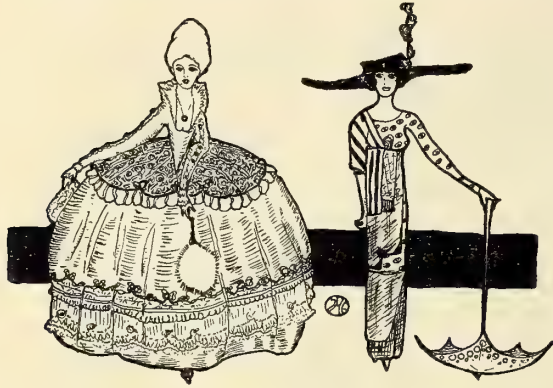
And often I sit and survey them,
These couriers which never need tramp;
And I think of the lands and the peoples
Which are served by the postage-stamp.

A GOOD BEGINNING

BY MURIEL W. AVERY (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THERE have recently been organized, in nearly every city, civic improvement societies, for the purpose of cleaning up and beautifying those cities. Parks are laid out, trees planted, and disfiguring bill-boards torn down.



"FASHIONS." BY MIRIAM A. GERSTLE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

In every case the result shows the worthiness of the undertaking. But there are places outside the city, beyond the reach of these organizations, that are fast losing their beauty, because of the carelessness of picnickers and campers.

Recently I visited one of the most beautiful glens in New England, one I had not seen for two years. Then, before it was connected by trolley-lines, it was a wild, woody place, frequented only by lovers of nature, who came either for the trout-fishing, up-stream, or to gather the trailing arbutus which grew abundantly there. Now I scarcely recognized it. Needless to say, the arbutus



"FASHIONABLE." BY FLORENCE FISK, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

was gone, torn up heedlessly by the roots, and scarcely one white birch stood unscarred. But greatest was my surprise, when, reaching the foot-bridge, I looked below to where the water, gurgling, slipped between the stones,—no, not stones now, but picnic boxes, sardine cans, olive bottles, rusty tin cracker boxes, and every known receptacle for something to eat. Naturally you ask who had come here? Picnics from the neighboring college towns; children and young people representing the most finely educated families in Massachusetts. Yet, unconsciously, each had contributed his portion, and, since "example is

powerful," every one had followed suit.

Surely something must be done to keep these places from being so defaced, and our duty revolves itself into four words, a phrase which fits the needs of every pic-

nicker, "Pick up after yourself." And cannot we, the young people of America, help to save these woods we have enjoyed, and, with that motto, give this new movement a good beginning?

THE MESSENGER

BY EDITH SHAW (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

HIGH in the heavens the sun shone down
With a scorching heat and strong,
But ever across the rolling heath,
The messenger sped along.

And ever he turned to north and south,
And ever to east and west;
Though never a creature met his eye,
His horse he faster pressed.

So many a weary hour he rode,
And never slacked his speed,
Till by a bubbling spring he stopped,
And there refreshed his steed.

But now the sun was sinking fast
Amid its western glow;
The messenger spurred hard his horse,
And sighed and muttered low.

And when the sun had disappeared,
And birds had ceased to sing,
There rode into the market square
The messenger of the king.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

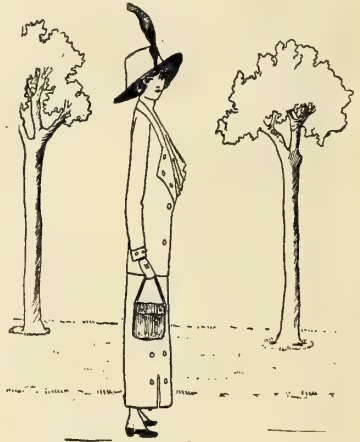
No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Elsie Terhune
Harriet W. McKim
Henry Pallatrone
Helen A. Douty
Wyatt Rushton
Helen M. Shoop
William W. Ladd
Katherine Guy
Frances D.

Pennypacker
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.
Ruth B. Brewster
Mildred Furst
Martha H. Comer
Arthur H. Nethercot
Louise van B. Douglas
Nathaniel Dorfman
Dorothy May Russell
Joseph B. Kelly
Naomi Lauchheimer
Catherine F. Urell
Lucy M. Hodge
Aileen L. Lefler
Henry Ackerman
William Karl
Daniel Greene
Emily Goetzmann
Jalie E. Neville
Nathan W. Wilensky
Eugenia Towle
Dorothy Reynolds
Grace Hirsch
Vernon P. Williams
John B. Hyatt, Jr.
Rosalind P. Bigelow
Cornelia Tucker
Marjorie Scudder
Leah Rosetti
Eliza A. Peterson
Helen C. Briggs
Marian E. Manley
Alison Hastings



"FASHIONABLE." BY CHRISTOBELL C. GUY, AGE 14.

Charlotte Chichester
J. Norman Klein
Thomas Stewart
Catherine Beck
Edith Townsend
Adelaide Noll
Margaret E. Beakes
Elizabeth Macdonald
Helen Roberts
Marion M. Casey
Mary Van Fossen
William L. Hawes

Mary C. Williams
Elizabeth Ziegenfelder
Frederika W. Hertel
Janet E. Prentice
Rebekah B. Hoffman

PROSE, 2

Beatrice B. Newport
Meyer Fineberg
Helen B. Jones
Virginia Williams

Nelson C. Munson
Helen M. Bailey
Marion Roper

VERSE, 1

Nellie Adams
Phæbe S. Lambe
Doris N. Chew
Lucile B. Beauchamp
Coralie Austin
George M. Enos
Mary F. Williams
Mollie Crandall
Elsie L. Lustig
Hazel K. Sawyer
Lucy A. Mackay
Joan Waterlow
Weare Holbrook
Eleanor Michnun
Vernie Peacock
Delma V. George
Marian Shaler
Clifton J. Furnas
Renée Geoffrin
Bertha E. Walker
Josephine N. Felts
Mary Smith
Elizabeth Kieffer
Elizabeth Eltinge
Katherine Bull
Laura Hales
Pattie Martin
Eleanor K. Newell
Leigh Hanes
Marion Dale
Margaret Finck
Lois Adams
Jeannette Ridlon
Elen L. Hoffman
Gladys H. Meldrum
Kathryn Turner
Sarah M. Bradley
Gordon K. Chalmers
Betty Humphreys
Eleanor Johnson

VERSE, 2

Isabelle B. Hill
Florence Cannon
Alice McElwee
Frances Struller
Georgene Davis
Ethel Litchfield
Dorothy H. Mack
Ella Loughridge
Coxey H. Ford
Joseph F. Scott

DRAWINGS, 1

E. Theo. Nelson
Jean McPherson
Alison M. Kingsbury
Jane B. Yeatman
Nellie L. Leach
Lily Madan
Maxine Durant
Edward E. Verdier
Earl A. Garard
Lucy F. Rogers
Harry Sutton, Jr.
Marian W. Vaillant
Dorothy Ward
Lois Myers

S. Dorothy Bell
Catharine F. Playle
Carol Taylor
Frances Cocke
Suzanne Bringier
Mereditth Howard
Margery Hughes
Harold C. Lewis
Walter K. Frame
Lily A. Lewis
Gladys E. Livermore
Elizabeth E. Sherman
Eleonora Ricasoli
Elizabeth Krebs
Helen A. Baker
Dorothy E. Handsaker
Marjorie Flack
Louis F. Adams
Nellie Melrose
Beatrice Riffard
Bess Winston
Charles P. Newton
Edward Shenton
Louise S. May
Margaret Conty
Evelyn Caldwell
Margaret Pratt

DRAWINGS, 2

Betty Quick
Margaret Duggar
Marx B. Loeb
Joan P. Wheeler
Marie L. Muziedas
Margaret Brate
Helen Cowell
Marguerite Murray
Helen Westfall
Catharine M. Clarke
Alan H. Westervelt
Cecil B. Baer
Eleanor Gottheil

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Caroline F. Ware
Claire Walker
John A. Frank
Dorothy G. Schwarz
Eversley S. Ferris
Howard Sherman, Jr.
Horton H. Honsaker
Marian McDermott
Harriette Harrison
Humphrey Morris
Edith S. Sloan
Anna M. Grant
Virginia A. Leffler
Willard Vander Veer
Louise A. Wiggenghorn
Lucile Wolf
Eric H. Marks
Stella E. Grier
Harold P. Whaley

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Marion Adams
Robertta Jennings
Dorothy Hall
Elizabeth W. Pharo
Isabelle L. Greene
Robert Banks
Robert Phillips

Dorothy Peabody
N. S. W. Vanderhoef
Oliver Newman
Carolyn Averbek
Olivia Doane
Helen Varelmann
Marjorie Dunn

PUZZLES, 1

Beatrice Holliday
Dorothy Brockway
Lenore Lemmler
Margaret Mortenson
Margaret P. Spaulding
Louise Cramer
E. I. Greenspun
George S. Cattnach
Philip Franklin
Margaret Warburton
James R. Angell
Betty Jackson
Norrine M. Peacock
Isidore Helfand
Rebecca S. Marshall



"FASHIONABLE." BY ELIZABETH MARTINDALE, AGE 12.

Mary Sullivan
Fannie Ruley
S. H. Ordway, Jr.
Alpheus B. Stickney, 2d
Charles M. Alford
Ruth Browne

PUZZLES, 2

Dorothy Collins
Walter K. Schwinn
Charles Pearson
Oliver Strunk
Adele Knight
Helen Weaver

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Arthur Bert, Amy Rothschild, Mary Caldwell, Martha McGranger.

NO AGE. Ruth C. Wilson, John Dinwiddie, Chrystie Douglas, Anita L. Grannis, Chester B. Morris, Victor Child.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Florence Hoagland, Elda Bran, Lawton Filer, Ida A. Ruperti.

WRONG SUBJECT. Marjorie Grey, Helen D. Hill.
TOO LONG. Sibyl R. Mandel.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 156

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 156 will close **October 10** (for foreign members **October 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **St. NICHOLAS for February**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Call of the Wild," or, "My Valentine."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Character in Fiction—and Why."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Flying Start."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Strangers," or a Heading for **February**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **St. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **St. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition:

NOT INDORSED. Fred Burgey, Helen Yeatman, Mildred Murray, Stephanie Marcinkowski, Hester A. Emmet, Caroline Tyson, Elizabeth Doremus, Rebecca Johnson, Walter J. Freeman, Jr., James Sheean, Sarah Tatum, A. Schweizer, Mary Markey, Doris M. Blamires, Helena Gray, Peyton Richards.

LATE. Wilfred Cresswell, Amelka Czosnowska, Victor Carrara, Mabel P. Brewis, Maureen G. Husband, Ruth Farrington, Thompson Blackburn, Cathleen Trask, Helena Gray, Edna Campbell, Hattie G. Sampson, Fred Mitchell, Robert R. McIlwaine, Serena E. Hand, Alma R. Kehoe.

INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS. Robert McLees, Augustus L. Putnam, Wilhelmina Ruperti, Verona M. Hess, Eleanor Kohn, Margaret Leathes.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

WILD PLACES OF AMERICA

I've sometimes wondered who it was that first thought of living in cities; especially when I have just got back to one after long weeks in the freedom of the woods and hills, the secret wild places of summer and autumn, to find myself again in the clangor and dust of town. Why, I think, do people take so much trouble to build walls that shut one in, when it is so much nicer without them? In fact, if that inventor of city life were before me, he might hear some uncomplimentary things in regard to his taste, and all it has brought upon us.

Of course he could find plenty to retort, for cities are crowded with a number of useful and admirable objects; with vast numbers of nice persons, of splendid shops, and theaters, and schools, and restaurants, and what not of the handsome, even the indispensable. Nevertheless, I feel as though I could look forward quite calmly to the finish of cities, at least as places in which to live. Nice for visiting and for seeing pictures and friends and hearing music in, but not so good for staying in.

Just now most of you are coming home from vacations in all sorts of spots by sea and lake and river, mountain camp or country farm-house, back to your city and town homes; coming back with quantities of lovely memories, plenty of tan, and stronger muscles, cramful of all the energy and joy of the out-of-doors. And I feel sure that during the long October evenings, after the sun has set red behind the housetops, you will like to snuggle down with a book that will continue your summer memories, will take you out on the long trail of adventure under the open sky, seat you by camp-fires in forest nights, and keep you a while longer in the company of nature.

There are many such books, and some are better than others; and among the very best and most delightful is "Wild Life on the Rockies," by Mr. Enos A. Mills. It would be a great pity for any out-door-loving boy or girl to miss this book. And since I cannot believe that there exists any boy or girl who does not love outdoors, that amounts to saying that every one of you should read it.

Mr. Mills has spent many years wandering among the Rocky Mountains all alone. Winter after winter, he went tramping the lonely and

splendid heights, traveling on snow-shoes, carrying no arms, just a folding ax, some raisins, no bedding, and a few candles which helped him to make a fire in strong winds and storms, when his hands were numb with cold. Usually he tried to make some hunter's or miner's hut before nightfall, but often he spent nights alone in the snow, sleeping at intervals, feeding his eager fire to keep from freezing, gathering wood by the dim reflected light of the stars. Sometimes the mountain-lion screamed, sometimes a chickadee chirped to its companion. "Even during the worst of nights," says Mr. Mills, "when I thought of my lot at all, I considered it better than that of those who were sick in houses or asleep in the stuffy, deadly air of the slums."

One winter he walked "On the upper slopes of the 'Snowy' range of the Rockies, from the Wyoming line on the north to New Mexico on the south . . . a long walk full of amusement and adventure." If you want to find out how long, look at your map; but remember it was "full of ups and downs," sometimes dropping as low as seven thousand feet above sea-level, occasionally climbing to twice that height.

There are fourteen different tales in the book, each one of which is a treat. There is the wonderful account of the Thousand-Year-Old Pine, that stood near the Mesa Verde of the Cliff-Dwellers. There is the extraordinary adventure of a Watcher on the Heights, when an electrical storm played havoc with Mr. Mills—in old times, people would have thought that gnomes and witches were at their sport, and the mountain would ever after have been called haunted. Then, too, there is the delightful story of "Scotch," the dog who was Mr. Mills's devoted comrade for many years, and who merits having a whole book written about him, if this short chapter is a fair sample.

And listen to this about a camp-fire:

I wish every one could have a night by a camp-fire—by Mother Nature's old hearthstone. When one sits in the forest within the camp-fire's magic tent of light, amid the silent sculptured trees, there go thrilling through one's blood all the trials and triumphs of our race. The blazing wood, the ragged and changing flame, the storms and calms, the mingling smoke and blaze, the shadow-figures that dance against the trees, the scenes and figures in the fire,—with these, though all are new and strange, yet you feel at home once more in the woods. A camp-fire in the forest is the most enchanting place on life's highway by which to have a lodging for the night.

Boys, is there one of you whose heart does n't thump a hearty "Yes" to that?

If you want an idea of what a walk in winter among the Rockies can be, read the bit that tells of the round trip from Estes Park to Grand Lake. There was n't anything from lions and bears to avalanches and tumbles over precipices left out of that jaunt, which Mr. Mills described as the most adventurous and entertaining short tramp he ever took.

Another book that will take you far into the wilderness is "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," by Dillon Wallace. It is an account of a disastrous but glorious expedition made by the author under the leadership of Leonidas Hubbard, with a half-blood Cree Indian for guide, called George Sheldon. A splendid man he proved to be, without whose faithful help the writer would have died in the wilderness, as was the fate of poor Hubbard.

It is a different book from the other, for it is full of hardships, desperate, lonely wanderings in rags and starvation, with the icy Labrador winter for bitter company. But how brave a tale it is, and how one learns to love the three men who fought so fine a losing battle!

In his preface, Mr. Wallace says:

The writing of the story was a work of love. I wished not only to fulfil my last promise to my friend to write the narrative of this expedition, but I wished also to create a sort of memorial to him. I wanted the world to know Hubbard as he was, his noble character, his devotion to duty, and his faith, so strong that not even the severe hardships he endured in the desolate North, ending with his death, could make him for a moment forget the simple truths that he learned from his mother on the farm in old Michigan. I wanted the young men to know these things, for they could not fail to be the better for having learned them; and I wanted the mothers to know what men mothers can make of their sons.

It is a true story, for the ill-fated Hubbard expedition is a part of history. And it is as dramatic and touching a story as ever man wrote down. What is it that draws men to undertake such perils, that sends them far from friends and home into the grim wilderness? You can guess, in reading this book, and come to understand how Mr. Wallace has returned alone since, and finished what Hubbard began.

But by no means is all the book sad. On the contrary, most of it is full of fun and high spirits, full of adventurous youth and of the generous ardor of men bound together for noble achievement. There are many wonderful and beautiful things told of the great, desolate country, and of the people, white, and Indian, and half-blood, who live in it. It is only at the end,

when the three friends are forced to separate, that the tragedy comes.

Certainly these two books show you men it is worth while to meet, if only in the pages of a book. They both tell of a simple endurance of hardship, a steadfast courage, cheer in difficulties, heroic physical effort, and a manly joy in danger; tell, too, many secrets of the wilderness, give you lovely pictures of natural things, reveal the habits of animals—and are stories that thrill you from cover to cover.

There is a good deal to America, as you know, and fortunately most of it is very far, indeed, from any cities. Another magnificent stretch of country is the Yosemite, and if you get J. S. Chase's book, "Yosemite Trails," you will learn a great deal about this wonderful valley in a most delightful way, for Mr. Chase writes with the charm and interest of the true enthusiast. He tells about the lesser known portions, the wilder forests and hidden lakes. But he does not neglect the age-old trees, the famous falls, and domed heights. What days and nights of jolly travel and adventure and splendid sights! What camps, what moons and suns! It will make you all anxious to get there for yourselves, and I hope that is just what you *will* do; I certainly intend doing it, some fortunate summer.

Now for one more book, and that, too, about the Rockies. This one is by an Englishman who came here to see what we could do in the way of wild ways and wild scenes, after he had been pretty much over the rest of the world. The book is called "Camps in the Rockies," and the author's name is William A. Baillie-Grohman. The book is as fresh as a mountain wind, full of ranchers, cow-boys, and Indians, of good stories and anecdotes, of a clean delight in the life, and a thorough appreciation of the people who lived it. The author went around a good bit, and saw the West very completely. He tells about the different aspects of the country, and the way the Indians live, and how the cow-boys make things hum.

These four books will do for the present. They have a whole winter's enjoyment in them, for you want to read them slowly, and get thoroughly acquainted with the men who wrote them, as well as with the stories themselves. Men who have little use for cities, to be sure, but who can find their way across mountain and desert by the stars, follow the trail of bear and lion, camp alone and comfortable where most of us would die of fright and exposure, and who know many things it is good and wise to know.

THE LETTER-BOX

MEDINA, OAXACA, MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were a birthday present to me, and a mighty good one, too.

I am away down in the jungles of Mexico, where there is not much to do; so my mother thought you would be a nice present for me.

We live in a colony with about seventy-five Americans. There is a little school, of which my mother is the teacher, a hotel, three Mexican stores, and a little depot.

The vegetation is queer down here. We hardly ever see a tree without parasitic plants all over the limbs, and the roots hanging down look like vines. The jungle is as thick as that of Africa. I have never seen the jungles of Africa, but I think this is about as thick.

We have many fruits down here, and I like most of them. We have oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, papaya, mango, figs, cumquats, and pineapples. The papaya is rich in pepsin. Our pineapples weigh as much as sixteen pounds.

I am your faithful reader,

HELEN COSTIGAN (age 12).

HAVELOCK NORTH, N. Z.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a New Zealand girl, and live in a little country town called Hastings. I did not know you were in the world till I came to school. I saw a volume as far back as 1894. We also have a farm where there are lots of wild horses, sheep, cattle, and lots of rabbits. We often go out shooting them. I can shoot and ride, and everybody at school nicknamed me "Indian." A river runs right through the farm, and it is eating into the land. Father had to get the men to back up the bank with willows. I guess you don't get many letters from New Zealand. I hope I will some day visit America.

I am twelve years old, and have got a brother eight years and a sister three years.

Much love from your little colonial friend,

SHEILA McLEOD.

GRINNELL, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't know what I should do without you. You have so many nice and interesting stories. You were a Christmas present to me from my papa. I have just been reading the letters in the January number. It seems so nice that the little children over in Italy and Holland can enjoy you as well as the children in America. I was much interested in the story, "The Lady of the Lane," and all of the other nice stories which have appeared in the St. NICHOLAS.

Your new and faithful reader,

HELEN E. JOHNSON (age 11).

NEWPORT, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Vermont, and I love it more than anything else I know of. Newport is on Lake Memphremagog, which is about thirty miles long, but only about six miles of it are in Vermont. The rest is in Canada. It is a very beautiful lake, and it is well named, for Memphremagog is the Indian name for beautiful water.

Owl's Head, I think, is the prettiest mountain in sight. It is about ten miles down the lake, and looks like the head of an Indian with his face turned to the sky. This is how it came to be called Owl's Head: a tribe of St. Francis Indians used to come to this lake for fish every summer, and they camped at the foot of

the mountain. The chief of this tribe was called the "Old Owl." One day a part of the tribe fished down at this end of the lake. Toward night, when they were going home, one of the Indians said, as he looked up at the mountain, "See the Old Owl. He has turned his face to the sky." This meant that the chief was dead, and when they reached the camping-place, they found that he had been killed; so, in memory of him, it has always been called the Owl's Head. This is the legend as I remember it.

I am very fond of St. NICHOLAS, and the stories I think I like best are the continued ones. I look forward very eagerly to reading you every month.

Your loving reader,

DORIS E. EMERY (age 14).

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought it might interest you to hear about a door-panel we made for the closet door in my room. We cut the pictures from the St. NICHOLAS covers, and mounted them on dark blue cambric, arranging them according to the months and the sports appropriate to them. It makes a very attractive panel, and I always keep my closet door shut now, which I used to forget sometimes.

My sisters and I have taken you for eight years.

Yours sincerely,

ISABEL W. BEUGLER (age 12).

BOLTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a recent issue of your magazine, I read an article on the giant tortoise of the Bronx Zoo. I should like to tell you of my experience with that same tortoise.

A few years ago, Mr. Loring, my brothers' tutor, who was at one time a Head of Department at the Bronx, took me "behind the scenes" at the reptile house. He there introduced me to the tortoise's keeper, who let me go right into the cage where the tortoises are kept in winter, when they are not on view. Then Mr. Loring asked the keeper if I might ride on the tortoise's back, and the keeper said he thought the "old man" would n't mind. So I was lifted onto the high, sloping back of the "old man," who, very slowly and with much dignity, walked around the cage to the bars, where he proceeded to rub me off. I guess he did n't like to have anything tickle his back. Of course I jumped off, upon which he slowly rejoined his comrade. That was my experience with the Bronx tortoise.

Your loving reader,

FRANCESCA U. MOFFAT.

PUNGANUR, INDIA.

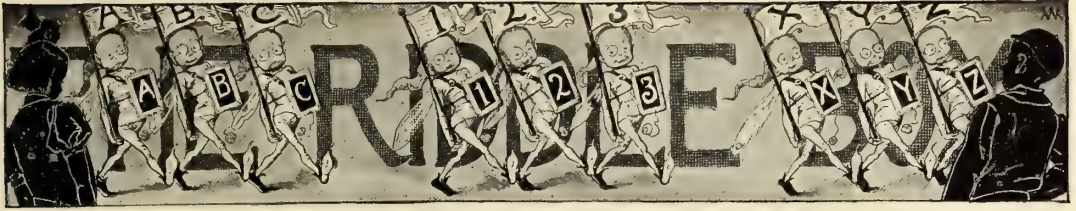
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much. I am the daughter of a missionary in India, and a pupil in Highclere School for missionaries' children. This school is on the Pulney hills.

We live in a place where we are the *first* and only white people. We are sixteen miles from any other white people, and twenty-four miles from a railway station. I have n't any companions except my younger brother and sister when I am here on the plains. But still I would rather live here than any other place in India.

I am going back to school soon. I have read nearly all your serial stories, and I like them very much.

Your loving reader,

HELEN THEODORA SCUDDER (age 10).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Italy; 3 to 4, Rome. Cross-words: 1. Irony. 2. Atoms. 3. Flame. 4. Stale. 5. Crazy.

SHAKSPEREAN DIAGONAL. Valentine. 1. Vincentio. 2. Balthasar. 3. Voltmand. 4. Demetrius. 5. Simonides. 6. Sebastian. 7. Katharine. 8. Desdemona. 9. Cymbeline.

ANAGRAM. Walter Raleigh.

HISTORICAL DIAGONAL. Saratoga. Cross-words: 1. Schuyler (Philip). 2. Garfield. 3. Virginia. 4. Delaware. 5. Yorktown. 6. Braddock. 7. Santiago. 8. Victoria.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

LETTER PUZZLE. Cæsar.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Handel; third row, Mozart. Cross-

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the roth of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 10 from Judith Ames Marsland—Mary A. O'Connor—Thankful Pickmore.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 10 from Dorothy B. Goldsmith, 8—Gladys S. Conrad, 8—Henry Seligsohn, 8—Richard Wagner, Jr., 8—Philip Franklin, 8—Harmon B. James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 8—R. Kenneth Everson, 8—Theodore H. and Wyllys P. Ames, 8—Clara Parks, 8—Margery E. Merrick, 8—Dixie Slope, 8—Dorothy Berrall, 6—Gertrude M. Van Horne, 6—Dorothy Dorsett, 6—Marshall Best, 4—Dorothy Covil, 3—Ellen Ewing, 3—Gerald H. Loomis, 2—Dorothea A. Codman, 2—Douglass Robinson, 2—Helen Miller, 2—Eleanor Johnson, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from E. B. H.—A. B., Jr.—D. A. H.—C. H.—D. W.—M. L. C.—M. C. H.—M. A. M.—J. B. R.—A. G. B.—C. O.—M. McL.—P. P.—H. W.—D. D.—E. R.—D. P.—G. H. P.—L. A.—C. K.—H. H. P.—F. L.—J. T. B.—A. B.—D. K.—M. S. H.—W. R. B.—J. Q.—R. E.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC

My primals spell the name of a President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. One of the New England States. 2. A South Carolina town near Augusta. 3. A river in Germany. 4. A country of northern Africa. 5. A river in India. 6. A region in Africa. 7. A river in Russia. 8. Mountains in South America. 9. A colony of southern Africa. 10. A village of Alberta. 11. A town in central New York. 12. A river in France. 13. A county of England. 14. A river of South America.

CONSTANCE GRIFFITH (age 14), *League Member*.

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. SALT-WATER. 2. A product of turpentine. 3. A small island. 4. A brother's daughter. 5. To penetrate.

II. 1. A kind of tree. 2. Once more. 3. To color. 4. A vessel regularly plying between certain ports. 5. Ingress.

MARJORIE K. GIBBONS (age 15), *Honor Member*.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Triply behead and curtail stubborn, and leave a metal. Answer, obs-tin-ate.

In the same way behead and curtail: 1. Pertaining to the south pole, and leave part of a circle. 2. State of being uncivilized, and leave an obstruction. 3. To make acquainted, and leave a slender stick. 4. A benefit, and leave an insect. 5. A planner of buildings, and leave to strike. 6. Unprejudiced, and leave skill. 7. Pertaining to a branch of mathematics, and leave encountered. 8. Finally doing away with, and leave

words: 1. Homage. 2. Arouse. 3. Nozzle. 4. Draper. 5. Errors. 6. Little.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Marsh. 2. Arica. 3. Rigor. 4. Scold. 5. Hardy. II. 1. Egret. 2. Grade. 3. Ravin. 4. Edits. 5. Tense. III. 1. Yeast. 2. Edgar. 3. Agate. 4. Satan. 5. Trend. IV. 1. Habit. 2. Aroma. 3. Borax. 4. Image. 5. Taxed. V. 1. Drama. 2. Revel. 3. Avert. 4. Merge. 5. Alter.

CONNECTED STARS. Centrals, Cleopatra. Cross-words: 1. C. 2. No. 3. England. 4. Priory. 5. Green. 6. Palace. 7. Deposit. 8. Go. 9. P. 10. So. 11. Parable. 12. Vienna. 13. Lethe. 14. De-face. 15. Refresh. 16. Be. 17. A.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Buffalo; finals, New York. Cross-words: 1. Bean. 2. Urge. 3. Flaw. 4. Flay. 5. Also. 6. Lair. 7. Omsk.

illuminated. 9. A discharge of firearms, and leave sick. 10. Mesmerism, and leave a negative. 11. Trickery, and leave a small receptacle. 12. Sucking up, and leave a celestial sphere. 13. An associate, and leave a grassy plain. 14. To attract, and leave a snare.

The primals of the remaining words will spell the name of a President of the United States.

ELSA A. SYNNESTVEDT (age 15).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-three letters and form a quotation from "King Lear."

My 5-13-37-34-49 is destruction. My 42-14-40-46-43-21-39 is part of an insect. My 8-50-36-10-15-26-41 was an Egyptian ruler. My 44-29-48-32 is a token of affection. My 16-35-6-53-9 is shelter from the sun. My 11-25-2-27-12 is a part of the body. My 3-28-31-47-22-52-20-18 is one who makes a kind of musical sound with his lips. My 4-1-51-7-30 is an article of apparel. My 19-17-23-33 is a plague. My 45-38-24 is to permit.

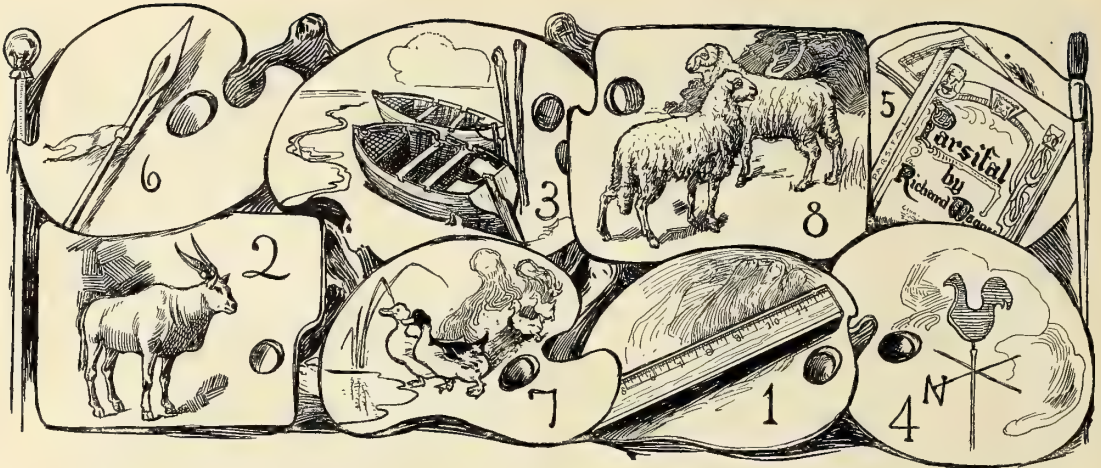
ALICE NICOLL (age 11), *League Member*.

ZIGZAG

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter, will spell the name of an English poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To intertwine confusedly. 2. A carpenter's tool. 3. A kind of three-leaved plant. 4. First. 5. To become visible. 6. Celebrated. 7. A pillar. 8. To select. 9. A small storage room. 10. A place of confinement. 11. To issue.

JESSICA B. NOBLE (age 12), *League Member*.



ILLUSTRATED NOVEL ACROSTIC

EACH of the eight pictured objects may be described by a single word, in each case containing the same number of letters. When written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a famous English painter, and another row of letters will spell the name of a younger artist whom he befriended. Both are buried in the same edifice.

F. M.

PERSIAN PI

EACH group of letters forms a word, the entire sentence being a Persian proverb.

Na nurteid indrfe si kiel na deknacure tun.

CHARLOTTE HODGES (age 10), *League Member*.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

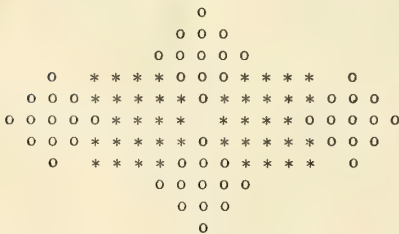
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal beginning with the left-hand upper letter, and the diagonal beginning with the right-hand lower letter, will spell the names of two American poets.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A measure. 2. An American descended from Spanish or French ancestors. 3. Joyousness. 4. To requite. 5. A drug obtained from seaweed. 6. A European song-bird.

HELEN MOULTON (age 15), *Honor Member*.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)



- I. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In masterly. 2. A boy. 3. Violent insanity. 4. Racket. 5. In masterly.
- II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Void of sense. 2. The post of a stairway. 3. To adjudge. 4. Courage. 5. Senior.
- III. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In masterly. 2. Sorrow. 3.

- Proceeding from the sun. 4. To devour. 5. In masterly.
- IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In masterly. 2. To decay. 3. The whole. 4. Exaction. 5. In masterly.
- V. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A marked feature. 2. To elevate. 3. In a church. 4. A small island. 5. Prongs.
- VI. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In masterly. 2. Finish. 3. A messenger. 4. A small point. 5. In masterly.

GEORGE H. McDONALD (age 15).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in peach, but not in pear;
 My *second* is in wolf, but not in bear;
 My *third* is in run, but not in walk;
 My *fourth* is in speak, but not in talk;
 My *fifth* is in cutlass, but not in sword;
 My *sixth* is in string, but not in cord;
 My *seventh* is in death, but not in life;
 My *eighth* is in flute, but not in fife;
 My *ninth* is in adjective, not in noun;
 My *tenth* is in city, but not in town;
 My *eleventh* is in loose, but not in tight;
 My *twelfth* is in wrong, but not in right;
 My *whole* took part in a famous fight.

EDWARD CAPPS, JR. (age 10), *League Member*.

SYNCOPATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC

SYNCOPATE, that is, drop the middle letter from, the following words of equal length. The remaining letters of each word will form a new word, and the syncopated letters, in the order given, will form the name of a famous institution of learning.

Example: syncopate pertaining to a duke, and leave twofold. Answer: ducal, dual.

- In the same way syncopate: 1. A noisy feast, and leave to move unsteadily in walking. 2. A surveyor's measure, and leave part of the face. 3. A soft, adhesive substance, and leave the head. 4. Speaks imperfectly, and leave parts of the face. 5. One of a series of steps, and leave a commotion. 6. Low comedy, and leave countenance. 7. Sins, and leave competes. 8. To bend down, and leave to tarry. 9. A character used in punctuation, and leave the popular name of a small animal. 10. Pertaining to the sun, and leave to fly aloft. 11. A food, and leave a nail. 12. Kingly, and leave actual. 13. A weapon, and leave to box.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 13), *Honor Member*.



Big Sisters and Little Brother

The whole family prefer

Peter's Milk Chocolate

because it tastes so good.

It is made of the best of cocoa beans, with pure milk and a little sugar.

Peter's is as wholesome as it is delicious.



"High as the Alps in Quality"

“Why are you bringing that?”
“Cause you promised me
a whole box of

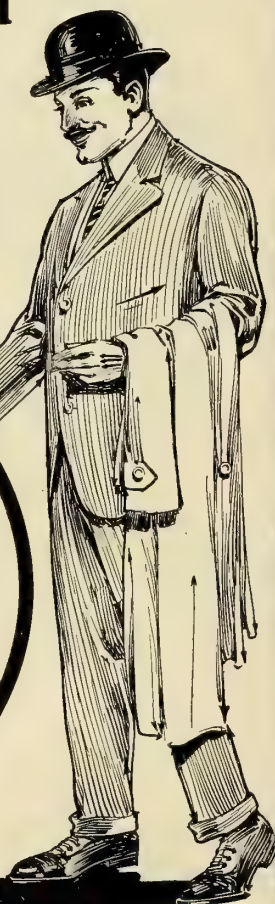
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT ”



Every stick of this mint juice dainty improves teeth—aids digestion. But if you buy it by the box, it benefits more, costs less, and stays fresh until used.

BUY IT BY THE BOX
of any dealer. It costs less.

Look for the spear.
The flavor lasts.



P

URITY, the key note of Crystal Domino Sugar, is proclaimed in its glistening whiteness and the clear sparkle of every crystal.

Only the best of the sugar crop is used and the refining and crystalizing are done under modern conditions of scrupulous cleanliness that insure its purity and wholesomeness.

The dainty, easy-breaking shape is the last touch of perfection.

One of the Quality Products of

The American Sugar Refining Co.

Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet, sent on request. Address Department L. 117 Wall Street, New York.

Full and half - size pieces



CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR



“Thank You, Mother—

“You’ve made my head so much better. That Mentholated Vaseline is wonderful, isn’t it?”

“Yes, dear. There is nothing that soothes and relieves a headache so quickly.”

Mentholated Vaseline

Mentholated Vaseline is a wonderful relief for nervous and tired headaches. It is simply a blending of Menthol and “Vaseline.” It is absolutely pure and harmless, and has no bad “after-effects.”

Mentholated Vaseline also relieves cramps, neuralgia, etc. Put up in handy tin tubes. Druggists everywhere.

Do you know our other “Vaseline” specialties—Capsicum Vaseline, for colds; Vaseline Camphor Ice, for chapped hands and lips; Carbolated Vaseline, for cuts and scratches, and the rest? They will help you cut down the family doctor’s bills for a lot of minor hurts and ailments.

Accept no substitute for “Vaseline.” An interesting booklet telling all about it costs you nothing but a postal showing your address. Write to-day.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company

16½ State Street, New York City

(Consolidated)

Branch Offices: London, Montreal



Velvet Grip RUBBER BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

Will stand
hard wear



IN STORES EVERYWHERE.
Child’s sample pair, postpaid,
16 cents (give age).

It gives satisfaction — doesn’t tear the stockings—doesn’t hamper the child — and wears longest.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON.

Also makers of the famous Boston Garter for men.



ESKAY’S FOOD

is as good for “grown-ups” as it is for infants.

When for *any* reason ordinary food cannot be taken, a nice, hot, freshly-cooked bowl of Eskay’s will be found ideal—because:

—It is digested almost without effort.

—It contains everything necessary to nourish and strengthen the body.

—It is particularly appetizing.

For *Free Trial Sample*, write

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., 462 Arch St., Philadelphia



Try This Time-Tested Hosiery

"Holeproof" are the result of 32 years of hose-making experience—the original guaranteed hose. Don't judge "Holeproof" by vastly inferior makes—hose created and made just to compete *in the stores* with "Holeproof." No other hosiery ever attempted to compete with "Holeproof" on the foot, for that's where the difference appears. You must wear genuine "Holeproof" to know this—so don't accept imitation makes—a name like "Holeproof's" and the same guarantee.

Six pairs guaranteed six months. New pairs will be given for any that wear out in that time.

Our Costly Yarns

"Holeproof" are not bulky or coarse. No softer or more silky hose can be made. They have a delicate lustre that is not found in ordinary hose. Our yarn costs an average of 70 cents per pound. We could use 30 cent yarn, but the hose would n't be soft and attractive like "Holeproof." We sterilize each pair twice in the making, so the colors are fast—the hose sanitary.



FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

"Holeproof" are made in 12 colors, 10 weights and 5 grades, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per box of six pairs, according to weight and finish. From this wide assortment you can get sox fit for the finest feet. Six pairs of children's stockings, guaranteed six months, \$2.00.

"Holeproof" Are Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Our free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy," is well worth reading. Send for it today.

Holeproof Hosiery Company

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
London, Canada



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off., 1906
Carl Fuschl

Are Your Hose Insured?

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 130.

Time to hand in answers is up October 10. Prize-winners announced in December number.

It is not to be forgotten that the educational part of our work in this department has to do with the appreciation and the making of good advertising. We do have puzzles in these pages, for these are brighteners of our wits, and help us to get acquainted with the skilful advertisers and their work; but it is time that we once more made some practical use of the knowledge we have gained, and so the wise Judges ask us to give you this time a competition that will require you to show whether you have learned something of the art of making advertisements.

Here, then, is your task: Make a good advertisement of a school. Let it be either one you know about personally, or one that you have learned of by the published advertising. Use pictures cut from the school's announcements, or secured in any way you like; or write an advertisement without a picture if you prefer. Make it of a size to fill a half-page in an ordinary magazine, and make it so that you will feel it is the best advertisement that school could have.

We hope to show that our girls and boys know just what should be said to make a school attractive to parents and young people. Of course, we shall be proud if

you can write an advertisement that the school you select will wish to publish.

Here are the list of prizes, and the rules governing the competition.

The prizes will be awarded to those who submit what the Judges consider the most convincing and attractive advertisements, whether they are illustrated or not, and without considering their length, as a short advertisement is often better than a longer one.

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the sender of the cleverest advertisement written by the competitor.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (130).

3. Submit answers by October 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 130, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 16.)

Ready
Sept. 1st

Harper's Young People's Library Indoors and Out



BUILDING A BRUSH CAMP

THE INDOOR BOOK
THE ELECTRICITY BOOK
THE MACHINERY BOOK

THE OUTDOOR BOOK
CAMPING AND SCOUTING
THE BOATING BOOK

These six volumes show a boy how his leisure time may be spent with pleasure as well as profit to himself. They are designed to give the boy self-reliance by encouraging him to think and act for himself—to develop his ingenuity and his practical ability to do things along lines which will enable him to have fun in the doing—to arouse his interest in the wonders of the world around him and to equip him to deal efficiently with his own specific problems later on—to equip him for the strenuous struggle of twentieth-century living.

The books contain about 700 illustrations and working diagrams, and are handsomely bound in two styles:

1. Imported art crash buckram with full gold back and side cover.
2. Leather binding of half-morocco with gold tops, head-bands, cloth sides, and decorative end papers.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Please send me, free of charge, full particulars about the special offer you are making of Harper's Young People's Library—Indoors and Out. S.N.10

Name

Address

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 128

As the Judges expected, once the solvers caught the clue to the Wireless Despatches, the answers were found without the slightest trouble; and that is what makes trouble when it comes to the awarding of the prizes. Really the puzzles ought to be made a little harder, but if they are made too difficult the fun of solving them is changed to dull labor. As only a small part of the answers sent in were marred by real errors, it was necessary in giving the prizes to look to the general minute correctness of the papers submitted, and especially to consider the interest and value of the letters telling what should be advertised in ST. NICHOLAS and why. These differed greatly in merit, and so it was possible to give the prizes to the most deserving. In the Roll of Honor, the age of the competitors has been considered and the very young have been given special mention where the answers were creditable, since the same care is not to be expected from the little ones as from their elders. There were hundreds of answers sent in, and the puzzle seemed to be one that all the competitors enjoyed.

The care exercised in the preparation of the papers was noticeable, and the Judges feel that this training of young people in care-

ful work is perhaps the most valuable feature of these competitions; they know that there are few qualities more valuable in after-life than the capacity for taking pains in the preparation of work.

Here follow the list of Prize-winners and the Roll of Honor:

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 128

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Catherine C. Lowe, age 17, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Beatrice S. Parker, age 13, Massachusetts.

Marcella Whetsler, age 13, Illinois.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Ethel Cecilia Branner, age 15, New York.

Helen J. Williams, age 17, Illinois.

Virginia Holland, age 14, Florida.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Frances Cherry, age 12, Kentucky.

Mary Hayne, age 10, North Carolina.

Marshall Best, age 10, Illinois.

Carolyn B. Bowlby, age 13, Ontario, Canada.

Nellie Grace Cherry, age 23, Kentucky.

Elizabeth M. Doane, age 15, Illinois.

Helen M. Wilcox, age 15, Connecticut.

Elsa Anna Synnsvedt, age 15, Pennsylvania.

Joe M. Weber (Miss), age 21, Georgia.

Esther Cassels, age 18, Toronto, Canada.

ROLL OF HONOR


(Age considered)

Howard L. Roberts, 9	Frances M. Sweet, 9
Stephen M. Wells, 10	Edwin Andrew, 10
Mary L. Rossetter, 10	Emily Hayne, 8
Monimia McRae, 10	Walter Cameron, 10
Allen Miller, 9	Byron Webb, 10
Alice Heyl, 9	Kenneth Hershey, 9
Elinor Hopkins, 10	Barentsen Bishop, 10
George T. Rowland, Jr., 8	

(Age not considered)

Sarah Whitman, Edwina M. Stevens, Frances Knoche Marlatt, Bronson Barber, Margaret Warburton, Anna E. Greenleaf, Helen G. Smith, Anna S. Gifford, Beryl Stuart, Edwin S. Fox, Lois Wuerpel, Wilhelmina T. Hoagland, Marion F. Hayden, Sarah Lewis Pattee, Agnes Multner.

(See also page 14.)



You Can Make All Sorts of Pretty Things with Plasticine

Even the littlest girl loves to "make things" and there is no more delightful nor profitable play than modeling with


HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

It puts a child on the right road to think and act for itself, develops the artistic sense and accuracy of observation and encourages the use of both hands. It holds endless enjoyment and inspiration for all ages. Harbutt's Plasticine is clean and absolutely antiseptic. It is not mussy like clay, as it requires no water, but is always ready for instant use. You can use it over and over again.

In various sized outfits with complete instructions for modeling, designing, housebuilding.

Sold by Toy, Stationery and Art Dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for free booklet and list of dealers near you.

THE EMBOSSEING COMPANY, MAKERS OF *Toys that Teach*
58 Liberty St., Albany, N. Y.



Bound Volumes of
ST. NICHOLAS

Two large, octavo, red and gold volumes—the year complete, of the prince of all magazines for young folks

**One Thousand Pages
One Thousand Pictures
The set, \$4.00**

Your own numbers bound to order, two volumes, \$1.50, carriage extra. Single numbers, to complete imperfect files, 25 cents each.

THE CENTURY CO. Union Square New York



A Cocoa of Peculiar Excellence

Highly concentrated and passing rich in food values. The ideal all-season food beverage. Wonderfully sustaining and nourishing.

At All Leading Grocers

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street
CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES
Afternoon tea, three to six, in the Luncheon Restaurant

From Bridge
to Ferris
Wheel

With a set of
wonderful,
fascinating

MECCANO

you can span a
make-believe
river, then later
use the same steel
girders and
beams to build
a Ferris Wheel.
The wheel will
turn and the
bridge can be
raised for
steamers.

These are but two
of the *working models*
illustrated and
described in our
catalog.

Write for illustrated catalog
and list of dealers.

You can build many others with
Meccano, made mostly of brass
and polished steel. Ask some good
toy or sporting goods store to
show you Meccano. *Be sure to
get Meccano. Look for the name
on boxes and literature.*

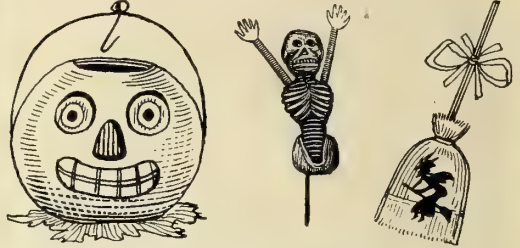
The Embossing Co.
23 Church St. Albany, N. Y.

Manufacturers of

"Toys that Teach"

HALLOWE'EN

A different kind of store. None just like it in America. We make a speciality of Favors and Souvenirs for Dinners, Parties, and Cotillions. A new 200-page Catalog free for the asking. In this advertisement are mentioned a few Favors for Hallowe'en. We have novelties for every conceivable occasion.



- Pumpkin Jack-o' Lanterns, Weird and Novel, 5c., 10c., 25c. each.
- Celluloid Skeleton or Devil on Pin, Shaking Arms, 5c. each.
- Crep Paper Witch Broom Case for Ices or Candies, 25c. each.
- Skull, Black Cat, or Devil Lanterns, 5c. each.
- Ghost Figures, 5c., 10c., 25c. each.
- Black Witch Cats, 5c., 10c., 25c. each
- Hallowe'en Novelty Noise Makers, 5c., 10c. each.
- Assorted Comic Figures, 5c., 10c., 25c. each.
- Assorted Miniature Metal Favors for Cakes, 15c. dozen.
- Miniature China Babies, 10c. dozen.
- Hallowe'en Melting Sets, 25c.
- Sparklers, 5c. box.
- Magic, Explosive Fruits, 15c. each.
- Skeletons, Spiders, Wishbones, Grottesque Mirrors, Brooms, Wedding-rings, Scissors, Love Thermometers, Surprise Nuts, Bats, 5c. each.
- Surprise Walnuts, containing Favors, 20c. per box of 1 dozen.
- Crep Paper Pumpkins and Witch Hats, containing Favors, 5c.
- Pumpkin Shape Ice Cups, 10c. each.
- Smaller size for Salted Nuts, 90c. dozen.
- Assorted Comic Weird Pin on Favors, 5c. each.
- Hallowe'en Paper Napkins, 35c. package.
- Hallowe'en Snapping Mottos, 50c. box.
- Pumpkin Jack Horner Pie, containing 12 Favors, \$3.50.
- Hallowe'en Tally Cards, 25c. dozen.
- Dinner Cards, 30c. dozen.

Send for our \$2.00 assortment of Hallowe'en Favors

We positively do not pay mail charges

B. Shackman & Co., Dept. 14, 812 Broadway, New York

JUST ONE CENT

postal will bring you a generous *free bottle* of 3-in-One Oil. Try it. See for yourself what a wonderful bicycle oil, gun oil, skate oil, fishing reel oil 3-in-One is.

3-in-One is equally good for three Boys' uses: It oils all bearings perfectly, making them fairly fly. It cleans and polishes all wood and metal surfaces, and it absolutely prevents rust.

We want you and every other boy to believe in 3-in-One. And after you give it this *free test* you certainly will believe in it.

SAY-BOY, YOU-

oil your bicycle frequently with 3-in-One. Will make it run much easier and prevent wear.

Also oil every part of your gun, inside and out, with 3-in-One, before and after shooting. 3-in-One is good for almost everything—skates, fishing reel, rod, catcher's gloves, mask and every tool. Won't gum and clog; contains no grease; no acid.

FREE—Write today for free generous sample. Sold everywhere; 10c., 25c. and 50c. bottles. Library Slips with every package.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.


42 Q. G. Broadway

New York



MENNEN'S


"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum **Powder**
keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.



Trade Mark

MURRAY AND LANMAN'S Florida Water

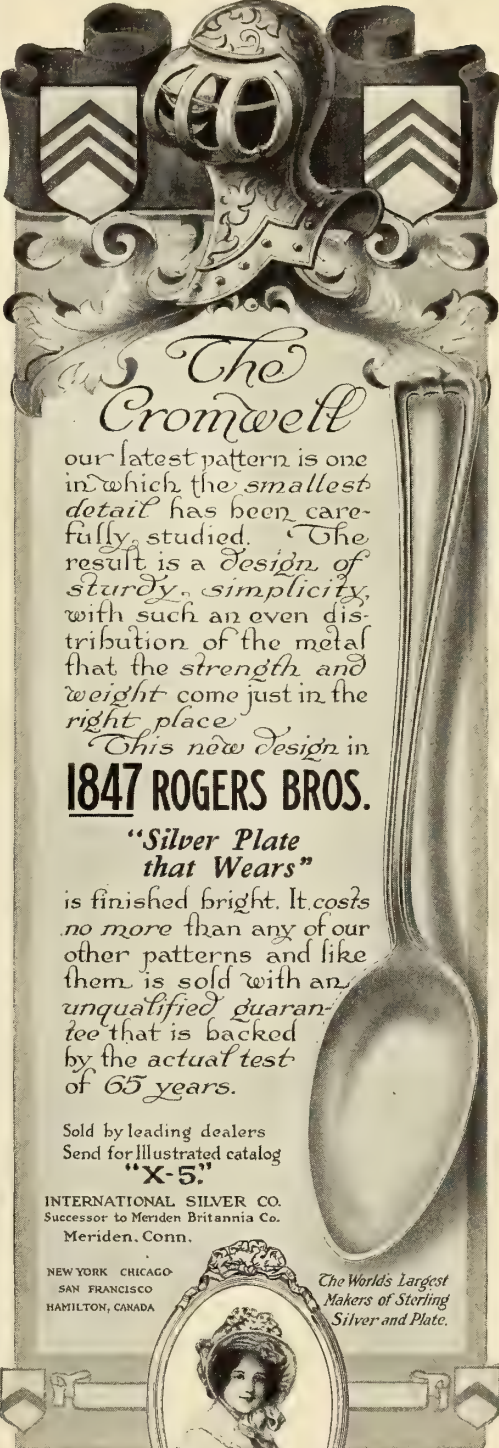
This fragrant and refreshing toilet perfume, in use for a century, makes the daily bath a luxury and a supreme delight.

Leading Druggists sell it.
Accept no substitute!

Sample sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.

Lanman & Kemp
135 Water Street
New York





The Cromwell

our latest pattern is one in which the *smallest detail* has been carefully studied. The result is a *design of sturdy simplicity*, with such an even distribution of the metal that the *strength and weight* come just in the *right place*.

This now design in
1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"


is finished bright. It costs no more than any of our other patterns and like them is sold with an *unqualified guarantee* that is backed by the *actual test of 65 years*.

Sold by leading dealers
Send for illustrated catalog
"X-5."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
Meriden, Conn.

NEW YORK CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest
Makers of Sterling
Silver and Plate.



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

THE HUEMUL

IN 1904, Chile issued a series of provisionals made by surcharging the telegraph stamps then in use. These had not been long in use before keen-eyed stamp-collectors noticed that there were two types of design. The difference between the two types was best exemplified by the drawing of the animal which supports the left side of the escutcheon. In Type I, the beast presents a rather incomplete appearance.



It has no mane and only a short tail, while in Type II, he glories not only in a mane, but a beautiful, wavy tail. Both designs could hardly be correct, and the question at once arose (and still often crops up in the queries which reach us): What animal is this on the arms of Chile, and what is its real appearance?

The animal is indigenous to Chile, and is called the huemul. Type I was engraved by the American Bank Note Co., while the second type is the work of an English artist. The scientific name of the huemul is "Cervus Chiliensis." As "cervus" is the generic name of deer, and as deer do not have manes and flowing tails, it seems probable that the American artist has depicted the animal more faithfully than his English cousin. Possibly the latter thought the beast was his own familiar unicorn. The second is the rarer type.

While the large-sized telegraph stamp of 1891 exists only in one type, the second, we use it for our illustration because it gives a clearer picture of the mane and tail of the huemul than would the smaller-sized stamp which was used for the provisional issue of 1904.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE new Venetian Memorial stamps are for use only within the Kingdom of Italy and its colonies. Under the rules of the Postal Congress they cannot be used elsewhere. The words to the right of the tower allude to the fact that the new Campanile is on exactly the same spot, and is of the same appearance, as the old. A good translation of the words would be, "As it was; where it was." We do not know the significance of the figure "1" which appears in a rectangular frame on the left side of the tower of the fifteen-centesimi stamp. There is a similar figure on the left side of the central dome of the five-centesimi. These tiny figures are so inconspicuous as to be generally overlooked. We have not received questions about them before, although their presence has been noted in stamp journals. ¶ There are two types of the new one-penny King George issue of England. They can readily be distinguished by any one. In the original issue the lion at the bottom of the stamp had little or no shading along his sides. The few lines which were there seemed to be the ribs of a hungry beast. The second type has the side of the lion heavily shaded. There are also two types of the half-penny

King George. In the original the beard and mustache are heavily shaded and run into each other. It is difficult to see where one begins and the other ends, and the hair of the head shows no part. In the reengraved stamp, the beard appears neatly trimmed, the outline of the mustache is clearly defined, and the parting of the hair is indicated by a white line. The background of the figure of value in the upper corners is much lighter, and the stamp has generally a more finished appearance. ¶ The word "Condominium," surcharged upon Fiji stamps for use in the New Hebrides, means co-dominion, or joint dominion, and refers to the fact that the affairs of the islands are jointly administered by France and Great Britain. You may distinguish the two types of surcharge by the fact that in the first the initial C is a capital, while in the second all are capital letters. On the later issues the co-dominion is indicated by combinations of French currency on paper bearing the English colonial water-mark, and by the appearance of the coats of arms of the two nations upon the same stamp. "G. R." is Georgius Rex. "R. F." is Republique Française. ¶ One should be careful about using water to soak paper from the back of a stamp. While most of the stamps issued to-day will stand such treatment, certain colors (especially the reds) are apt to lose some of their brilliancy. The early issues of Russia require especial care, as the color disappears entirely upon immersion in water. The half-penny green of Great Britain, 1900-1902, is apt to turn blue after a bath. If the stamp is a valuable one, place it face downward on a piece of white blotting-paper, and moisten slightly the paper adhering to the back. With care this can then be removed without wetting the stamp enough to injure the color. ¶ The one-centavo Argentine of 1888 (Scott's No. 69) and one-centavo of 1891 (Scott's No. 89) are very similar. The cuts in the catalogue do not clearly indicate the differences. While there are many minor differences in the shading, the most marked distinction can be found from studying the position of the words "Correos y telegrafos" above the head. In the second type this inscription begins and ends very close to the scroll which separates the upper and lower inscriptions. In the original type there is a space at either end sufficiently wide to insert another "c" at the beginning and an "s" at the end. This would not be possible in the second type.

A CORRECTION

SOME months ago, while commenting upon the portraits of the new Chilean series, we stated that O'Higgins, whose portrait is on the five-centavo stamp, was originally from the United States. Through the courtesy of one of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, we are able to correct this statement. We can now say that this illustrious patriot and general, Don Bernardo O'Higgins, was a native of Chile; that he was born at Chillán, August 20, 1776. His father, Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, an Irishman, was a lieutenant-colonel in the service of Spain, subsequently becoming Captain-General of Chile, and later Viceroy of Peru. Don Bernardo's mother, Dona Isabel Riquelme, belonged to one of the principal families of Chile.

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