

ST. NICHOLAS



THE CENTURY CO

353-FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THE CENTURY

AND ST. NICHOLAS



When You Grow Up

When you were a baby mother bathed you — oh, so carefully — with the finest, purest soap, to keep your tender skin smooth and comfortable. Now that you are old enough to do your own washing, you should be just as careful, so that you may have a beautiful complexion when you grow up.

So instead of rushing to the bathroom and scrubbing your face and hands with the first soap you pick up, look for the cake of Palmolive. It will make washing easier and quicker because it dissolves dirt like magic! And while it is getting the dirt off it soothes and heals your skin because it is the mildest toilet soap made.

We blend Palmolive Soap from palm and olive oils, the same oils that were discovered thousands of years ago in ancient Egypt. Then only the rich could afford them, they were so scarce and high priced. Now, combined in Palmolive, they are within the reach of every boy and girl in America.

Your Geography Tells

Look in your geography at the map of Spain and read what comes from there. It will tell you that

this country produces the most and best olive oil in the world. We send to Spain for the olive oil used in making Palmolive.

Then turn to Africa, that far-off land so many thousand miles away. That's where we have to go for the palm oil which is blended with olive oil in making the firm, fragrant Palmolive cake.

The attractive green color of Palmolive is the natural color of the oils themselves, of the same soft, pleasing, mossy green. There is no need for us to color Palmolive artificially for Nature herself does it for us.



Miniature Cake Free

We will gladly send you a cute little cake of Palmolive, wrapped exactly like the big cake. Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to the Palmolive Company and then the miniature cake will be sent right away.

If your mother uses some other kind of soap, ask her to get a cake of Palmolive especially for you. She will like it so well that afterwards she will always use it for herself and the rest of the family.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY,
Dept. B-300, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
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Palmolive Soap.

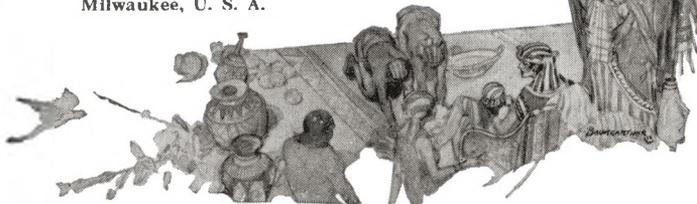
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City

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The Palmolive Company
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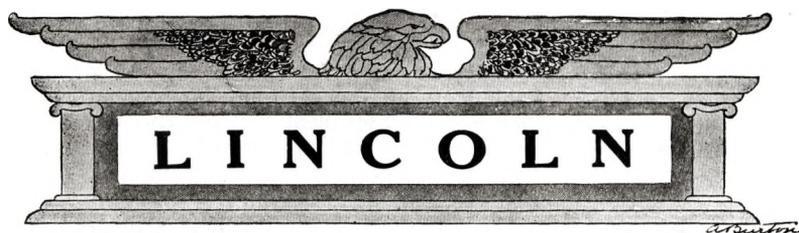
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Ask twenty people

who is the Great American? We have had many men whom it is fair to call great — many who have served their country with large abilities and splendid self-forgetfulness. But who of them all most fully expresses the term American; who is most typical, in his pioneer forbears, in his own struggle upward, in his most characteristic qualities? — the answer can only be



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ST. NICHOLAS

NEXT MONTH AND TO COME

A Tigress of the North **SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.**

The unending search for food, the price all wild folk pay for life, forms the basis of this story of Nanook, the polar bear, and her half-grown cub. Mr. Scoville's excellent text is admirably supplemented by Charles Livingston Bull's pictures.

The Cake-Vender of Moscow **LUCILE BERK**

Incidents in the life of Alexander Danilovich Menshikoff, one of Peter the Great's chief lieutenants, charmingly told by Miss Berk, and beautifully illustrated by Oscar F. Schmidt.

Tilbury Wood **BERNARD MARSHALL**

A second and concluding chapter of the adventure in which we found Dwarf Hildebrand and Sir Gregory of Colinwood playing an important part in the February St. NICHOLAS. By the author of "Cedric the Forester."

A Winter Day at Valley Forge **HENRY M. KIEFFER**

A visit to this American shrine of patriotism, with a high-school-boy as a guide. Profusely illustrated from photographs.

George Westinghouse **FLOYD L. DARROW**

A brief biography of the inventor of the air-brake, and some interesting facts concerning the invention and bringing to perfection of this great and useful device.

Malschick **LEON W. DEAN**

A man tried kindness in handling his string of half-wild Arctic dogs. Old sledgers said that it was a mistake — but in the end the error was theirs. The spirit of the story has been most successfully caught and expressed by the artist, Joseph T. Maturo.

A Month of Birthdays

FEBRUARY was good to this country of ours. It gave us Washington, the founder of the Republic, and Lincoln, the saviour of the Nation. Daniel Boone, that great pioneer who claimed and made our title clear to a great stretch of virgin territory, was a February lad, the eleventh being his day. And Longfellow, who sang of our original settlers as no other poet has done, was born in February — very near the end, though, for the twenty-seventh is his day.

Early volumes of ST. NICHOLAS contain poems by Longfellow, and many stories of the "poet of the children" have been told in later numbers.

No less a person than Theodore Roosevelt gave ST. NICHOLAS its interesting biography of Daniel Boone; and there are six other titles under our great President's name in the ST. NICHOLAS index, enough to list him as a frequent contributor.

The stories and articles about Washington and Lincoln are quite

numerous. Nearly every phase of character and habit have been touched. Yet interest in them is perennial, and in this very magazine you are now reading there is an excellent Lincoln story.

Lincoln, Washington, Daniel Boone — in their day, boys of all ranks and ages had little variety in literature. There were few books, and current happenings and stories were passed by letter and by word of mouth.

This is a fortunate age for youth, made so by the sacrifice, the unselfishness, the courage of these men and their kind. And not the least of the present-day blessings, we feel free to admit, is the opportunity to read ST. NICHOLAS each month. For fifty years, boys and girls have had a magazine of their own. Many a man and woman holds "dear old ST. NICHOLAS" in warm regard for all the good times it brought them in their youth.

If you are not listed with the regular subscribers at the present, you are missing a treat and a literary feast the first of every month. It is a simple matter to obtain this nourishing food for thought — send \$4 to The Century Co. now, and, post-haste, your own copy will come!

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S.N. 2-23

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Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Which Camp?

IT is not a very long time off when we will have to begin thinking about our summer plans, and how we can put to best advantage the three months of vacation that come between the middle of June and the middle of September. What has the summer of 1923 in store for us? This is a question that will deserve more than ordinary consideration as the next few weeks materialize. We cannot start too early to find out exactly what we want to do, and where we want to go.

What could be a more wonderful way to spend your vacation than in Camp — out in the Great Open which God gave us to enjoy and to make use of. Camping embodies every feature that could be desired for a summer holiday. It teaches mental aptitude; raises moral standards and reinforces the weak spots of the physical system. To-day a Camp is an efficient organization, and is past the stage of experiment; so that the problem for solution is not "shall we send" but "to what camp."

There are many camps that are situated at different points. There are those down by the seashore, where swimming, sailing and fishing are the main attractions. Then there are those camps which are located away in the forest, where the trees and the birds and wild flowers are aching to have boys and

girls come in to get acquainted with them; to learn their names and to share with them the wonderful sunshine and fresh air. Here the campers, loaded down with packs, go on long hikes, in the course of which the canoes and campers change positions many times before the hike is ended. Such camps as these are only for those boys and girls who have strong hearts and sound lungs. Another type of camp is that one which is situated on some lake or bay, near which may be found pines, spruces and other trees of the fir brand, whose exhalations sweeten the air and give health and vigor to the body. Some of the attractions common to all camps are swimming, canoeing, boating, fishing, tennis, all of which are very carefully supervised by competent councilors. All the different kinds of sports are included in their summer program, and the same spirit of keen rivalry exists between camps as between colleges and schools.

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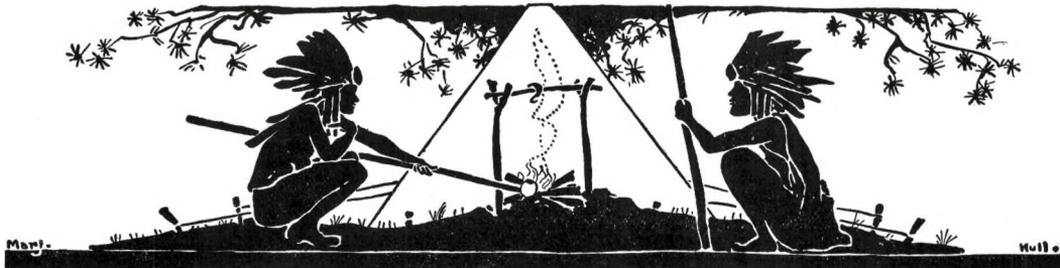
¶ In the following pages are camps that are situated in many different places. There are some that you will like better than others. We urge that you would get in touch direct with the camp director or directors of those you prefer, and should there be any information that we have it is at your disposal. You have but to write to us, stating just what you are seeking after, and we shall do our best to fit your needs.

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St. Nicholas Magazine

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SUMMER CAMPS FOR BOYS



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Aquaplaning With Speed Boat

Every Idlewilder a Swimmer

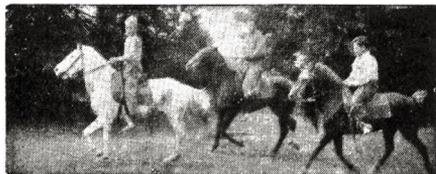
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Bonnie Dune

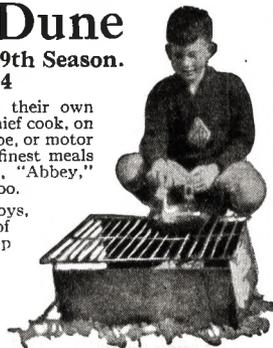
On Old Cape Cod. 9th Season.
Boys 8-14

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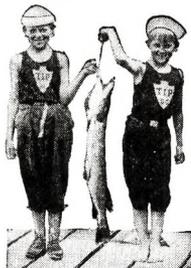
A. J. CONNELL, Director, Los Alamos Ranch School
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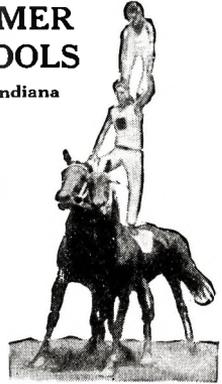
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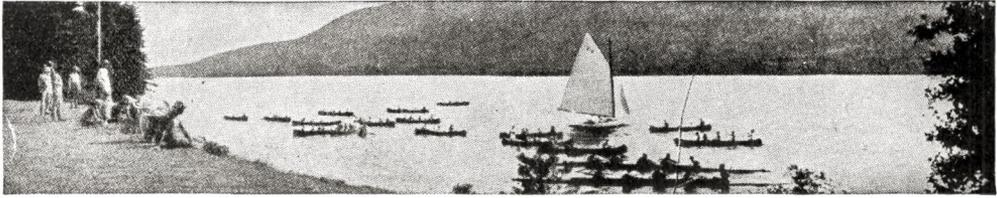
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13 to 17 years

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THE TURNER TWINS

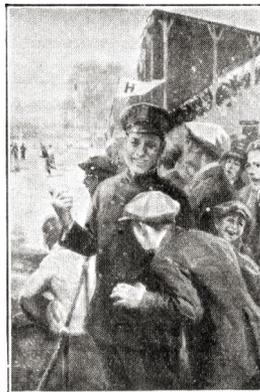
By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

A NEW STORY by Barbour is a great event to a large following of young people; and "The Turner Twins," his very latest, is in his jolliest manner, is chockful of fun, excitement and mystery, and makes the reader know as likable a group of characters as ever romped through a book.

The Twins were so much alike that no one could tell one from the other, and when having journeyed east from California they reached Hillman's School, they found the stage all set for their merry adventures. Hailed mistakenly as a football star, Ned philosophically accepted the situation, managed to conceal his colossal ignorance and won a place on the team. But it was his similarity to Laurie that saved him from disaster in the Big Game and only one other ever knew whether it was he or Laurie who kicked that winning goal and upheld the honor of the Turners!

That remarkable likeness helped again in the school entertainment and even Polly Deane, whose widowed mother kept the tuck shop, was startled. Polly was a great pal of the Twins, especially of Laurie, and it was Laurie who discovered the explanation of the mysterious sounds beneath the widow's cottage, solved the problem of what had become of old Coventry's money and so brought a happy Christmas to Polly and her mother.

Illustrated. Price \$1.75



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SUMMER CAMPS FOR GIRLS





The
22nd
Season

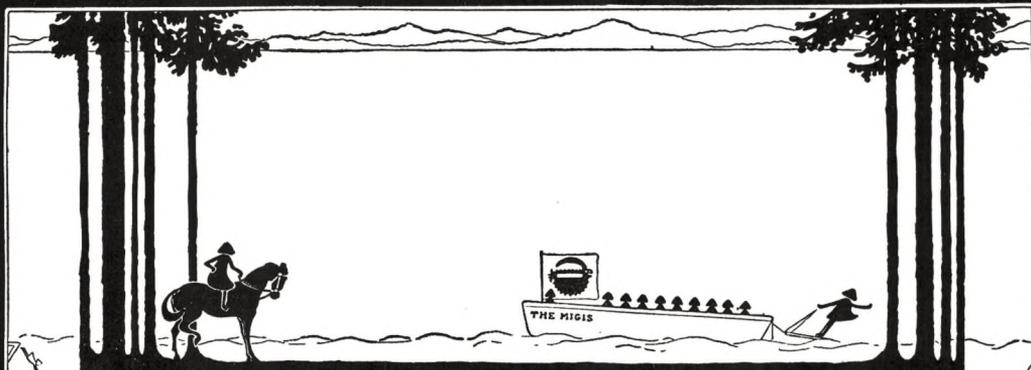
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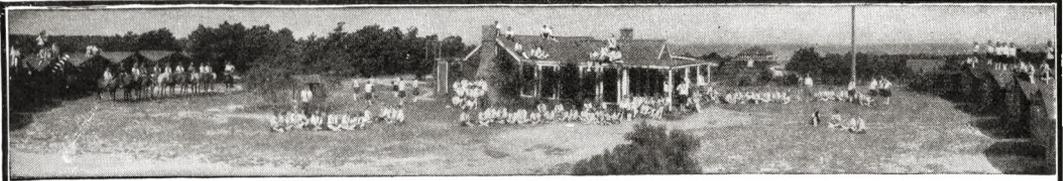


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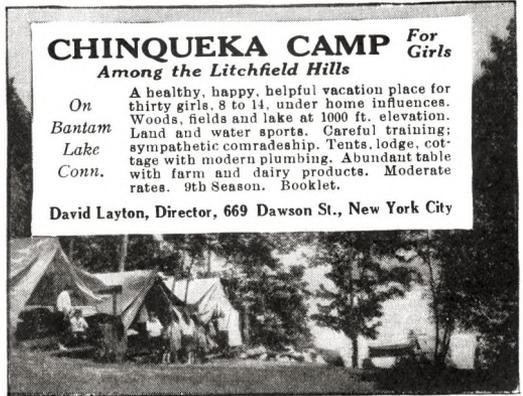
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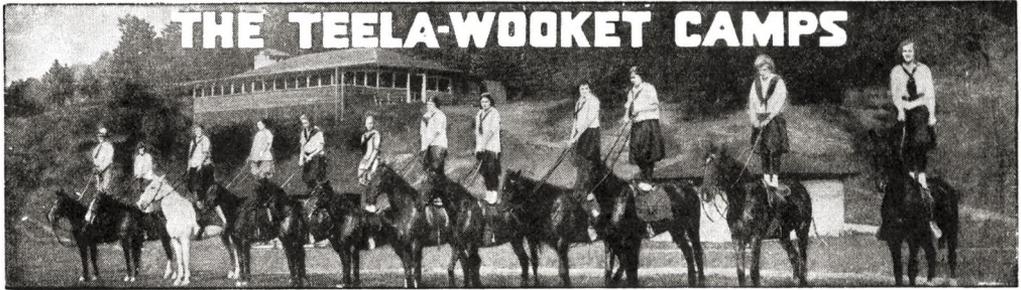
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Hello Everybody:

Written by Sally Blake

Merry Christmas has come and gone—Happy New Year has polished his specs and opened a new account-book (just like those brand new Teela-Wooket check-books we started so blithely last summer!), and soon George Washington will be inviting us to his birthday party. How are all you girls celebrating these holidays? Some of you are riding, I know — and, guess what! Our famous riding instructor, Mr. Boswell, has descended from his "high horse" and has entered the commercial field, in Cincinnati.

We are not losing all of our riding instructors though, Mr. Russlow is coming back, for the sixth summer, and Miss Martin (ain't she sweet, Ha! Ha!) for the third. With their new assistants they will surely maintain the supremacy of Teela-Wooket as "The Horseback Camp.

What do you suppose "Chop-and-saw" and "Bigview" look like these days — with a mantle of snow covering the historic spots where our rubber blankets gathered the early evening dew, and the bees "gathered" our early morning marmalade? How beautiful the country would look from Bigview if we could only climb it now.

As for the pond — b-r-r-r! Doesn't it make you shiver to think of swimming these days? Outdoors, that is! But some of you probably have access to good indoor pools, and why not practice a bit with the Field Day Exhibition and Races in mind? Esther Bell is working at diving, every chance she gets, and I know of at least one camper who passed the Red Cross Life Saving Test since leaving camp. It's an honor worth working for, girls!

Next month read, "A Midwinter Night's Dream," written by Mr. Brown.

You basketball girls will have to look to your laurels, too, next year! Some of the new campers have modestly confessed to playing "a little," so Mr. Brown says those who want to make the camp team will have to be right up on their toes.

And, speaking of incoming girls — remember that huge bonfire last year? And the mysterious procession? Sh! everybody!

Our star pitcher is bringing some new "curves" to camp, and a "new inshoot" that is warranted to strike out every councillor of any sex whatsoever who comes to the bat. The councillors, on their part, have no intention of dodging the issue (or the ball!) and are prepared to defend to the utmost their reputation as "Kings of Swat"! So get out your bats, girls, and prepare for the Great American Game.

St. Nicholas Girls, we invite you to Teela-Wooket, where every one "plays the game."

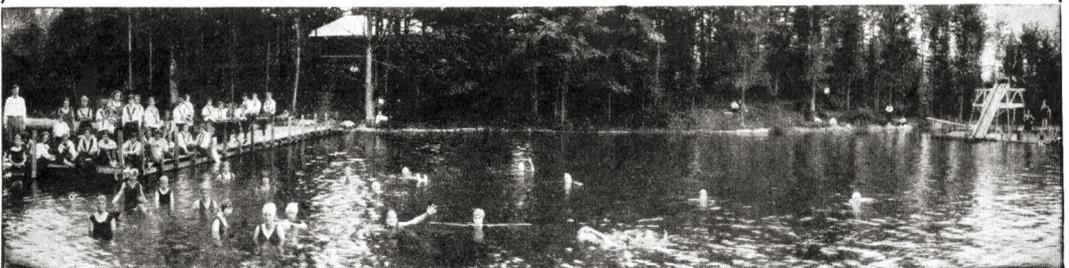
*Where the stars seem just a little brighter,
And hearts are just a little lighter,
Where the playday seems a little longer,
And friendships are a little stronger.*

Write for camp booklet to

MR. and MRS. C. A. ROYS

10 Bowdoin Street, Cambridge, Mass.

P. S. One of the girls has just told me she planned the Christmas decorations for her school — took a party out to gather the greens, and not only that, but was able to name all the varieties selected. Hurrah for Teela-Wooket and the Ramblers' Club!



Summer Camps for Girls—Continued



Aloha Camps for Girls

Fairlee, Vt. *Three Distinct Camps* Ages 7-13, 14-17, 17-30

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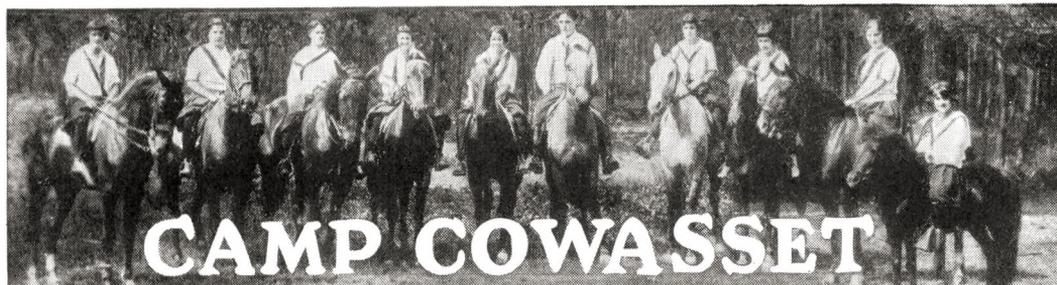
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Summer Camps for Girls—Continued



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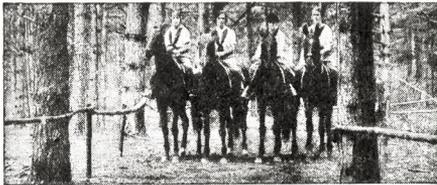


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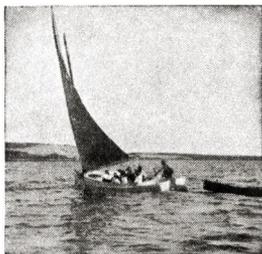
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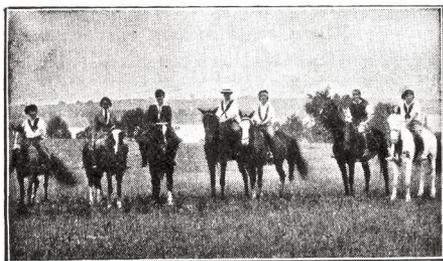
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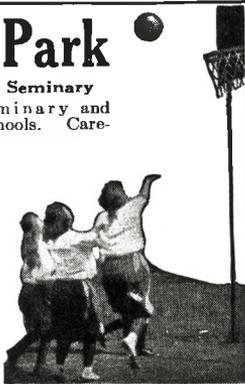
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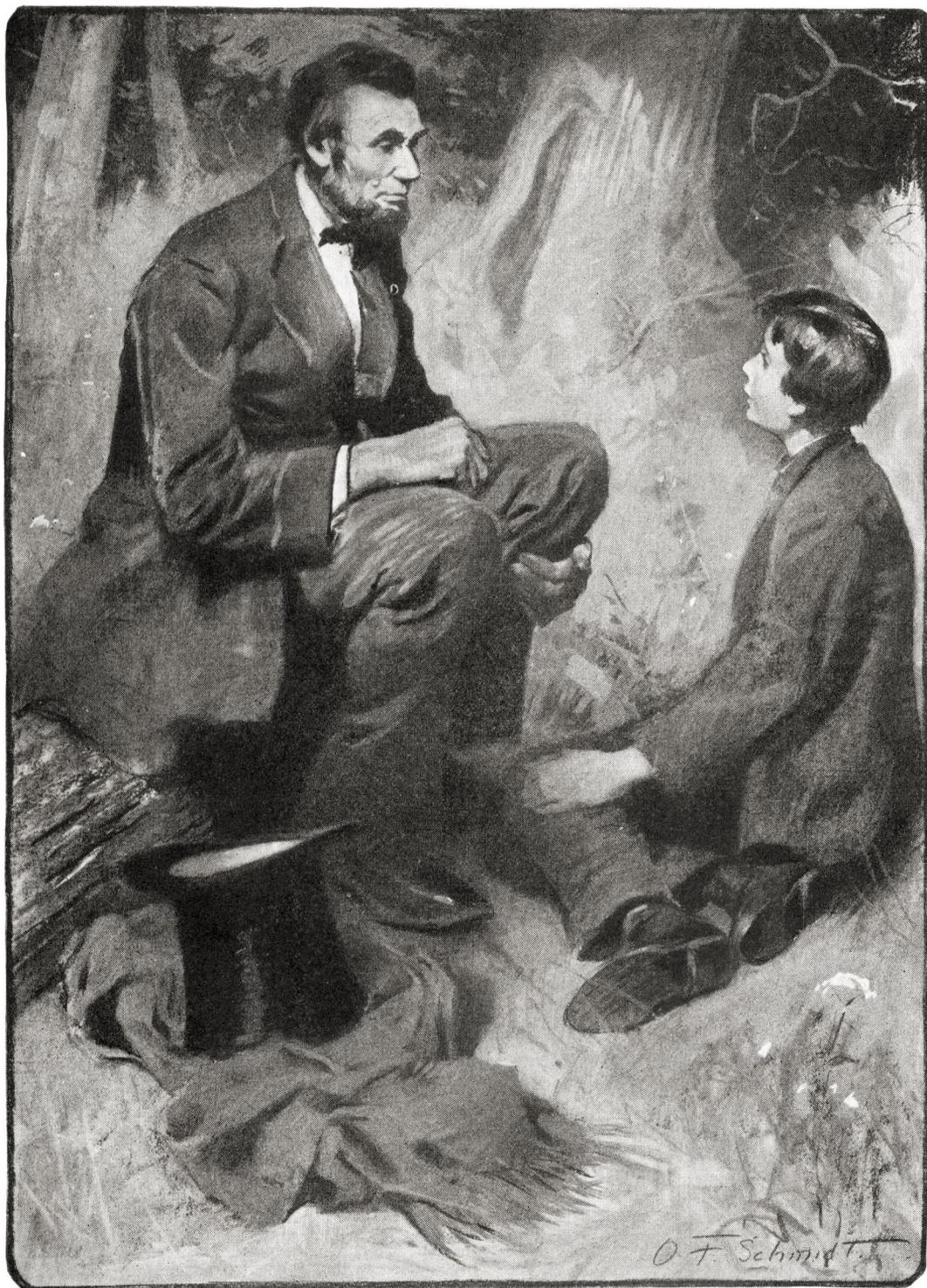
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(See Page 341)

ST. NICHOLAS

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“AS WE FORGIVE THOSE”

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THE brothers Ripley were as different in nearly every way as the rapids and still pools of a mountain stream. Perhaps that is why they loved each other in a degree not usually meant by “brotherly love.”

Will Ripley was the still pool. He was thoughtful to drowsiness, honest as daylight, mild-tempered, and twenty. He was up north in Pennsylvania somewhere, either alive or dead, for the date of this story is July 7th, 1863, which means, as you can read in the despatches of the time, that the terrible slaughter of Gettysburg was just over. The Ripleys, on their farm near The Soldiers' Home, outside of Washington, had not heard from him.

Although Will was no soldier at heart,—it hurt him even to stick pigs,—he had responded to Lincoln's call for more men two years before, leaving his kid brother Dan at home to help his father and mother. Dan was now fourteen, a high-strung, impetuous, outspoken lad of quick actions and hasty decisions. He was the laughing rapid. But for all his hastiness, he had a head and a heart that could be appealed to, usually. The only thing to which he could not reconcile himself was the separation from Will. Even Will's weekly letters,—which never missed their date except when the army was in retreat, and which always sent messages

of love to Dan, coupled with encouragement to stay on the farm as the best way he could aid the cause,—scarcely kept Dan from running off and hunting up his brother. Dan knew that he and his collie, Tam, were needed to look after the sheep; he knew that the President had asked the loyal to raise all the wool possible; he knew that his father was little more than an invalid since he had been hurt some time before by an accident on the farm. But to see the soldiers marching down Pennsylvania Avenue set him wild to be away with them. In fact, Tam seemed to be the anchor that held him; Dan sometimes even thought that he loved Tam next to Will.

The summer of '63 had been unbearably hot. Then there had been an increasingly ominous list of military disasters. Even the loyal were beginning to murmur against Lincoln's management of the war. Then Will's letters had ceased, and Mr. Ripley could get no satisfaction from headquarters. Even Will's uncle, a Colonel Scott, of Illinois, and a friend of Lincoln's, after repeated efforts to influence some officials at the War Department to aid him in securing news, had not been able to see the President, who was the last resort of everybody in those days of tribulation.

Dan was irritable with fatigue and his

secret worry; his family, nearly sick with the heat and tension.

The climax to this state came from an unforeseen event. Tam, either crazed by the heat or some secret taste for blood, ran amuck one night, stampeded the sheep, and did grievous damage. Farmer Ripley doubtless acted on what he considered the most merciful course by having Tam done away with and buried before Dan got back from an errand to the city. But to Dan it seemed, in the first agony of his broken heart, an unforgivable thing. Weariness, worry, and now this knife-sharp woe changed the boy into a heart-sick being who flung himself on the fresh mound behind the barn and stayed there the whole day, despite the entreaties of his mother and the commands of his father.

He shed no tears; tears would have been dried up by the waves of hot anger against his father. And while he lay there, he thought and planned.

That evening his mother carried some food out to him. He did not touch it; he would not talk to her.

Sometime later, as the night wore on, he stole into the house, did up some clothes into a bundle, took the food at hand, and crept from his home. Once more he went to the grave of his slain pal. What he said there, aloud but quietly, need not be told. Sufficient it is to know that a burning resentment toward his father filled him, coupled with a sickening longing to be with his brother Will. Ill with his hasty anger, he thought that Will was the only one in the world who loved or understood him. In the wee hours of morning he left the farm, forever, as he thought, and turned down the wood-road which led to the Soldiers' Home, where he hoped to find some one who could tell him how to get to Will's regiment. The sultry, starless heat of a Washington midsummer enclosed him; the wood was very dark and breathless; his head throbbed. But he pushed on, high-tempered, unforgiving; he would show them all! Suddenly he recollected that he had not said the Lord's Prayer that night. Dan had been strictly raised. He tried saying it, walking. But that seemed sacrilegious. He kneeled in the dark and tried. But when he got to "as we forgive those who trespass against us," he balked, for he was an honest soul. And this new gulf of mental distress was too much for him; it brought the tears.

There in the dark by the roadside, Dan lay

and cried himself bitterly into an exhausted sleep.

At the same hour another worn soul, a tall, lean-faced man with eyes full of unspeakable sorrow, was pacing the chamber of the White House. The Rebellion had reached its flood tide at Gettysburg three days before; the President had stayed the flood, bearing in tireless sympathy the weight of countless responsibilities. Now, all day long, the debris of affairs had been borne down upon him—decisions that concerned not only armies, but races; not only races, but principles of human welfare. He was grief-stricken still from Willie's death, and his secretary in the room downstairs, listening unconsciously to the steady march of steps overhead, read into them the pulse-beats of human progress. Lincoln had given instructions that no one was to interrupt him. He was having one of his great spiritual battles.

Finally, shortly before dawn, the footsteps stopped, the secretary's door opened, and the gaunt, gray face looked in. "Stoddard, do you want anything more from me to-night?"

The secretary rose. "I want you in bed, sir. Mrs. Lincoln should not have gone away; you are not fair with her or us."

"Don't reproach me, Stoddard," said Lincoln, kindly; "it had to be settled, and, with God's help, it has been. Now I can sleep. But I must have a breath of air first. There's nothing?"

"Only the matter of those deserters, sir, and that can wait."

The President passed his hands over his deep-lined face. "Only!" he murmured. "Only! How wicked this war is. It leads us to consider lives by the dozen, by the bale, wholesale. How many in this batch, Stoddard?"

The secretary turned some papers. "Twenty-four, sir. You remember the interview with General Scanlon yesterday."

Lincoln hesitated, saying: "Twenty-four! Yes, I remember. Scanlon said that lenience to the few was unjust to the many. He is right, too." Lincoln held out his hand for the papers; then drew it back and looked up at Stoddard. "I can't decide," he said in a low voice, "not now. Stoddard, you see a weak man. But I want to thresh this out a little longer. I must walk. These cases are killing me; I must get out."

"Let me call an attendant, Mr. Lincoln."

"They 're all asleep. No, I 'll take my chances with God. If anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. You must go to bed, Stoddard."

The two men, each concerned for the other, shook hands in good night, and Lincoln slipped out into the dark, his long legs bearing him rapidly westward. During the heat he usually slept at the Soldiers' Home, being escorted thither by cavalry with sabers drawn. But he hated the noise of it, and, during Mrs. Lincoln's visit in New York, was playing truant to her rules. When he neared the Home he felt slightly refreshed and turned into the woods, drawn by the need of companionship with elements as calm and benignant as forest trees. The sky at his back began to lighten.

By the time dawn showed the ruts in the road, Lincoln realized that he was tired. "Abe, Abe," he said half aloud, "they tell me you used to be a whale at splitting rails, and now a five-mile stroll before breakfast—By jings!" It was his usual "swear," that "by jings!" and this time it was occasioned by his nearly stepping on a lone youngster lying in the road. The boy raised his head from a bundle of clothes; the tall man stooped with tenderness, saying: "Hello, sonny, so you get old Mother Earth to make your bed for you! How 's the mattress?"

Dan sat up and rubbed his eyes. "What are you doin'?" he asked.

"I appear to be waking you, and making a bad job of it," said Lincoln.

"You did n't come to take me, then," said Dan, relieved. "I would n't 'a' gone," he added defiantly.

Lincoln looked at him sharply, his interest aroused by the trace of tears in the boy's eyes and the bravado in his voice. "There 's a misunderstanding here," continued Lincoln, "almost as bad a misunderstanding as Mamie and her mother had over Mr. Riggs, who was the undertaker back home." Here the gaunt man gave a preliminary chuckle. "Ever hear that story, sonny?"

Dan shook his head, wondering how such a homely man could sound so likable. Lincoln seated himself on a fallen tree trunk. "Well, it was this way. Back home there was an old chap used to drive an old rig around collecting rags. And one day when Mamie's ma was inside dusting the parlor, Mr. Riggs, whose job was undertaking, as I said, drops by for a friendly call, and Mamie sings out, country style, "Ma, here 's Mr. Riggs"; and her ma, thinking she 'd said the

man for the rags, called back, "Tell him we have n't anything for him to-day."

The joke broke on Dan, after one look at his friend's face, and his quick, impetuous laugh might have disturbed the early-rising birds. Lincoln joined in, and for an instant Dan clean forgot Tam dead and home deserted; and for the same fleet instant Lincoln forgot his troubles in Dan's laugh. "Tell him we have n't anything for him to-day!" repeated the boy, "I 'll sure have to tell that to Fa—" He did n't finish the word, remembering with a pang that he was not going to see his father again.

Lincoln had caught the swift change on his face and it was his turn to wonder. He knew better than to ask questions. You can't fish for a boy's heart with question-marks, neat little fishhooks though they be. So he said, "Our sitting here when we ought to be getting back home reminds me of another story."

"Tell me," said Dan, well won already to this man, despite the gray, lined cheeks and the sadness that colored his voice. Dan did n't know yet who he was. He 'd not seen the cartoons that flooded the country during election, he was too young to go in to the inauguration, and the idea of the President of the United States sitting with him in the woods was too preposterous to cross his mind.

"You and I are pretty lazy, Son," said the kindly man; "but we are n't as lazy as the two darkies in the battle of Chancellorsville. The order came to retire, but those darkies were too lazy to move. Presently, 'Ping!' a bullet had hit one of the darkey's canteen. "'Brother,' said the second darkey to him, 'I reckon we ought to be a-movin'.'" I reckon we ought,' said the first; but they did n't move. And it was n't long before the hat of the second darkey was shot clean off. 'Mercy sakes! I reckon we just ought to be a-movin',' exclaimed the other darkey, and he half rose to go; but it was too much exertion, and he sank down again, saying, 'Mebbe, if we hangs aroun' a while longer, we kin git *carried* away.'"

When Dan had got over that story, Lincoln said, "Well, since there 's no one to carry us away, sonny, I reckon we just ought to be a-moving, don't you?" He helped the boy with his bundle.

"Are you going to the war, too?" asked Dan. "I am."

"You!" exclaimed Lincoln, "why you 're no bigger than my own Tadpole, and he 's

only a wriggler yet. Does your father know?"

"I reckon he does by now," said the boy, darkly. "Father 's an early riser. You see, he killed my dog without my knowin', and so I lit out without *his* knowin'."

The hardness of the boy's voice hurt Lincoln, who said, "What 's your father's name, sonny?"

"William Ripley, that 's senior. Will, that 's junior, is my brother, off at the war. I 'm Dan. I 'm going to find my brother. I don't care if I never come back. I loved Tam better than—than—" His voice choked.

Lincoln put his hand on his shoulder. He was getting the situation. "Tam was your dog?" asked the big man, as gently as a mother.

"Yeh. And Father should n't 'a' killed him unbeknownst to me. I 'll never forgive him that, never!"

"Quite right," said the wise man, walking with him. "Don't you ever forgive him, Dan. Or don't ever forget it—under one certain condition."

"What 's that?" asked the boy, a trifle puzzled at the unexpected compliance of his elder with his own unforgiving mood.

"Why, that you also never forget all the kind and just things that your father has done for you. Why did he kill the dog, Dan?"

"Well—he—killed—some sheep," said the boy. He would be honest with this tall, gentle, and grave person who understood so readily.

"How old are you Dan?"

"Fourteen, going on fifteen."

"That 's quite a heap," said Lincoln, musingly, "quite a heap! In fourteen years a father can pile up a lot of good deeds. But I suppose he 's done a lot of mean ones to cancel 'em off, has he?"

"No," admitted Dan.

His frankness pleased the President. "I congratulate you, Dan. You 're honest. I want to be honest with you and tell you a story that is n't funny, for we 're both in the same boat, as I size up this proposition—yes, both in the same boat. I am in the army, in a way; at least, I 'm called Commander-in-Chief, and occasionally they let me meddle a little with things."

"Honest?" said Dan, opening his eyes very wide. He had been so absorbed in his own disasters that he had accepted this curious, friendly acquaintance, as a fellow will, with-

out questions. But now, although the forefront of his consciousness was very active with the conversation, the misty background was trying to make him compare this man with a certain picture in the family album, with another one pasted on the dining-room-cupboard door, the same loose-hung person, only this one had a living rawness—maybe it was bigness—about him that the pictures did n't give, like a tree, perhaps. But it could n't *be* the President talking to him, Dan. If it was, what would the folks at home— And again his thought stopped. There were to be no more "folks at home" for him.

"Honest Injin, Dan. But sometimes they yell when I do meddle. There 's a case on now. Last night I pretty nearly had twenty-four men shot."

"Whew!"

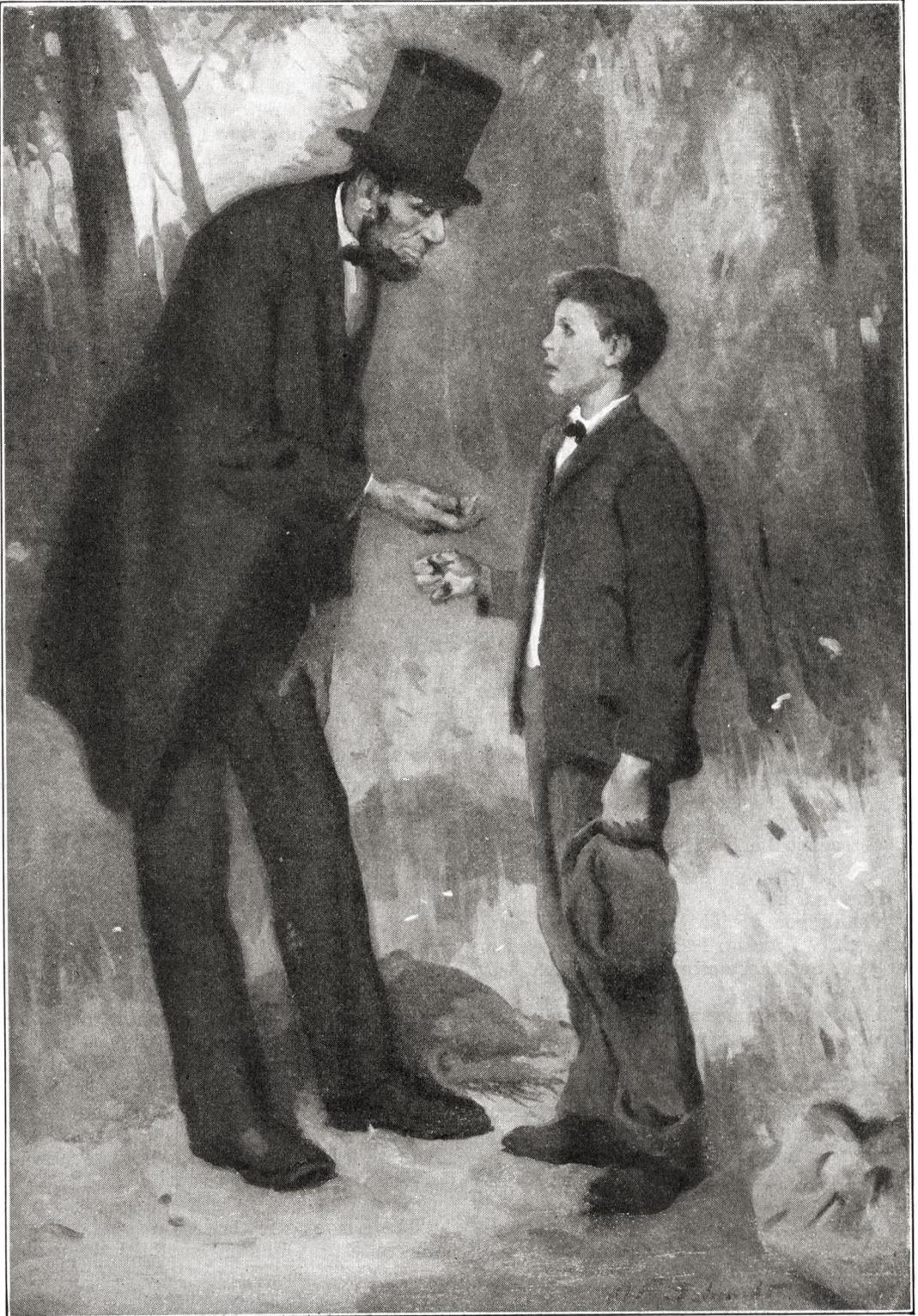
"But I had n't quite decided, and that 's the reason I came out here in God's own woods. And I 'm glad I came, for you 've helped me decide."

"I have!" said Dan, astonished, "to shoot them?"

"No! Not to. You showed me the case in a new light. Here you are, deserting home, deserting your father, bringing sorrow to him and to your mother, who have sorrows enough with Will in danger and all; you 're punishing your father because he did one deed that he could n't very well help, just as if he 'd been a mean man all his life. And it 's like that with my twenty-four deserters, Dan, very like that. They 've served years, faithfully. Then, can any one thing they do be so gross, so enormously bad, as to blot out all the rest, including probably a lifetime of decent living? I think not. Is a man to blame for having a pair of legs that play coward once? I think not, Dan. I tell you what I 'll do, sonny," and the tall man stopped in the road, a new light shining in his cavernous, sad eyes, "I 'll make a bargain with you. If you 'll go home and forgive your father, I 'll go home and forgive my twenty-four deserters. Is that a bargain?"

The boy had been shaken, but it was difficult to change all at once. "It is hard to forgive," he murmured.

"Some day you 'll find it hard not to," said the great man, putting out his huge palm for the boy to shake. "Is n't that a pretty good bargain, Dan? By going home, by ceasing to be a deserter yourself, you will save the lives of twenty-four men. Won't you be merciful? Perhaps God will remem-



"I 'LL MAKE A BARGAIN WITH YOU"

ber sometime and forgive you some trespass even as you forgive now."

Something of last night's horror, when he could not say the prayer, and something of the melting gentleness of the new friend before him touched the boy. He took Lincoln's hand, saying, "All right. That 's a go."

"Yes, a go home," smiled Lincoln. "I suppose I 'll have to turn, now."

"Where 's your home?" asked the boy, knowing, yet wishing to hear the truth, to be very sure; for now he *could* tell the folks at home.

"The White House," replied Lincoln, "but I wish I were going back to the farm with you."

The boy heard him vaguely, his jaw was sagging. "Then you—are the President?"

Lincoln nodded, enjoying the boy's wonder. "And your servant, don't forget," added Lincoln. "You have been a help to me in a hard hour, Dan. Generals or no generals, I 'll spare those men. Any time that I can do anything for you, drop in, now that you know where to find me."

The boy was still speechless with his assured elation.

"But you 'd better— Wait," and Lincoln began hunting through his pockets; "you 'd better let me give you a latch-key. The man at the door 's a sort of stubborn fellow, for the folks will pester the life out of him. Here—"

And finding a card and a stub of a pencil, he wrote:

Please admit Dan'l Ripley on demand.

A. LINCOLN.

"How 's that?"

"Thank you," said Dan, as proud as a cockerel. "I reckon I should 'a' guessed it was you, but those stories you told kind o' put me off."

"That 's sometimes why I tell them," and Lincoln smiled again. "It 's not a bad morning's work—twenty-four lives saved before breakfast, Dan. You and I ought to be able to stow a mighty comfortable meal. Good-by, sonny."

And so they parted. The man strode back the way he had come; the boy stood looking, looking, and then swiftly wheeled and sped. He had been talking to the President, to Abraham Lincoln, and hearing such talk as he never had heard before; but especially the words "You have been a help to me in a hard hour, Dan"—those words trod a regular path in his brain. He ran, eager

to get to the very home he had been so eager to leave. Forgiveness was in his heart, but chiefly there was a warm and heady pride. He had been praised by Abraham Lincoln! Of this day he would talk to the end of time. Dan did not know that the major part of the day, the greatest in his life, was still to come. Certainly the dawning of it had been very beautiful.

Breathless and eye-bright with anticipation of telling his tale, he leaped the fences, ran up to the back door, and plunged into his house. The kitchen was quiet. A misgiving ran over him; were they all out in search of him? Would he have to postpone his triumph?

In the dining-room, a half-eaten meal was cooling. He explored on, and, coming out on the spacious front of the house, found them—found them in an inexplicable group around a uniformed officer. Tears were streaming down his mother's cheeks. His father, still pale from his accident, looked ashen and shriveled. They turned at Dan's approach. He expected that this scene of anguish would turn to smiles upon his discovery. He was amazed to find that his return gave them the merest flurry of relief, and alleviated their sorrow not at all.

"Danny dear, where have you been?" asked his mother.

"The Lord must have turned you about and sent you home in answer to our prayers," said his father.

And then they turned back to the officer, pleading, both talking at once, weeping. Dan felt hurt. Did his return, his forgiveness mean so little to them? He might as well have gone on. Then he caught the officer's words. "Colonel Scott can do no more, Madam. The President cannot see him, and more pardons are not to be hoped for."

Mrs. Ripley turned and threw her arm across Dan's shoulders. "Danny—Danny—you are our only son now. Will was—" and she broke down completely.

"Will was found asleep while on duty, Dan, and—"

"Is to be shot?" asked the boy. "I wonder if he was one of the twenty-four." They looked at him, not understanding.

"The Lord has restored you to us. If we could only pray in sufficient faith, he could restore Will," said Farmer Ripley, devoutly. "Dear, let us go in and pray. We should release this gentleman to his duty. We can pray, dearest."

Dan realized with a sudden clearness that his brother, his beloved, was to be taken from him as Tam had been taken. It shook his brain dizzy for a moment; but he knew that he must hold on to his wits—must think. There was Abraham Lincoln, *his friend!*

"You pray," he cried to his father, shrilly, "and I 'll run."

"Run where, dear? Will is in Pennsylvania."

"To the White House, Mother. He said, 'Any time I can do anything for you, drop in.' *Any thing*, Mother. Surely he 'll—"

"Who?" cried both his parents.

"Why, the President, Mr. Lincoln!"

"But the President is busy, dear. This gentleman says that Cousin Andrew has not been able to see him, and he is a colonel, you know."

"He 'll see me—I know he will!" said Dan.

"Look! We have a secret together, the President and I have." And the boy showed his card and poured out his story.

The mother saw a break in her gray heaven, saw the bright blue of hope.

"We must go at once," she said. "Father, you are not able to come with us, but pray here for us."

"Please take my horse and wagon," said the officer.

"Yes," said Dan, "let 's hurry. Oh, I 'm glad, I 'm so glad!" And the joy at his lucky turning-back shone in his face as he helped his mother into the vehicle.

"May God help you!" said the officer.

"He often does," said the boy, thinking.

It was high noon when the doorkeeper of the White House, hardened into a very stony soul by the daily onslaught of Lincoln-seekers, saw an impetuous youth leap from a light carriage and drag a woman up the portico steps toward him.

"In which room is the President?" asked Dan.

"He 's very busy," said the doorkeeper, probably for the five-hundredth time that morning. "Have you an appointment?"

"No, but he said drop in when I wanted; and what 's more, here 's my 'latch-key,'" and Dan, trembling a little with haste and pride, showed him the card "A. Lincoln" had written.

The man looked quizzically at it and at him. "In that case," he said drily, "you 'd better step into the waiting-room there."

There must have been forty or fifty people

crowded into the anteroom, each on some errand urgent. Some were in uniform; all looked tired, impatient, important. Dan saw the situation and knew that Lincoln could never see them all. He whispered to his mother and put her in a chair, then went up to the door-boy and asked if the President was in the next room. The boy admitted the fact, but would not admit anything further, including Dan. The looks on the faces of the waiting-room people deepened in annoyance. "Does this urchin" (said their looks) "expect to see the President to-day, when so many more important persons (such as we) are kept waiting?"

Death has small regard for persons, and, in this respect, boys come next to death. Dan, not caring for etiquette when his brother might be shot at any moment, slipped under the arm of the door-boy and bolted into the room.

Lincoln was standing by the window. He looked around in surprise at the noise of Dan Ripley's entry, recognized his walking partner, made a motion for the door-boy, who had one irate hand on Dan, to withdraw, and said: "Why, Dan, I 'm glad to see you so soon again. You 're just in time to back me up. Let me introduce you to General Scanlon."

Dan looked into the amazed and angry eyes of a Union general who, practically ignoring the boy, went on to say: "Mr. President, I repeat, that unless these men are made an example of, the army itself may be in danger. Mercy to these twenty-four means cruelty to near a million."

The President, worn not only from his sleepless night, but from the incessant strain of things, looked grave, for the general spoke truth. He turned to Dan, "Did you go home, sonny?"

Dan nodded.

"Then I shal' keep my half of the bargain. General, this boy and I each walked the woods half the night carrying similar troubles, trying to decide whether it was best to forgive. We decided that it was best, as the Bible says, even to seventy times seven. Dan, how did your folks take it?"

Dan spoke quickly. "It would 'a' killed them if I 'd run off for good, for they just got word that my brother Will—you know I told you about him—is to be shot for sleeping on watch. I just know he was tired out—he did n't go to sleep on purpose. I told my mother that you would n't let him be shot, if you knew."



"I WANT TO THANK YOU SIR. OH, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!"

Lincoln groaned audibly and turned away to the window for a moment. The general snorted.

“I brought my mother in to see you, too,” said Dan, “seeing as she would n’t quite believe what I said about our agreement.”

Lincoln looked at the boy, and his sunken eyes glistened. “I agreed for twenty-four lives,” he said; “but I don’t mind throwing in an extra one for you, Dan.”

And this time the general groaned.

“Stoddard,” added the President, “will you see if there is a Will Ripley on file?” The secretary left the room. Lincoln turned abruptly to the general. “You have heard me,” he said. “I, with the help of God and this boy, threshed out the matter to a conclusion, and we only waste time to discuss it further. If I pardon these deserters, it surely becomes a better investment for the United States than if I had them shot—twenty-four live fighters in the ranks, instead of that many corpses under ground. There are too many weeping widows now. Don’t ask me to add to the number, *for I won’t do it!*”

It was rarely that Lincoln was so stirred. There was a strange silence. Then the secretary entered with, “Yes, sir, a Will Ripley is to be executed to-morrow, for sleeping on duty. The case was buried in the files; it should have been brought to you earlier.”

“Better for the case to be buried than the boy,” said the President. “Give me the paper, Stoddard.”

“Then you will!” said Dan, trembling with joy.

“I don’t believe that shooting the boy will do him any good,” said Lincoln, as the pen traced the letters of his name, beneath this message, “Will Ripley is not to be shot until further orders from me.”

Dan looked at it. “That ’s great! Oh, thank you!” he said, “Can I bring Mother in to see it—and to see you?” he asked.

The President looked down into the shining face and could not refuse. In a jiffy, Dan had dragged his mother into the presence. She was all confusion; the general was red with irritation.

She read the message; it did n’t seem quite clear to her. “Is that a pardon? Does that mean that he won’t be shot at all?”

“My dear Madam,” replied Lincoln, kindly, “evidently you are not acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till orders come from me to shoot him, he

will live to be a great deal older than Methusaleh!”

She stretched out both her hands, crying, “I want to thank you, sir. Oh, thank you, thank you!”

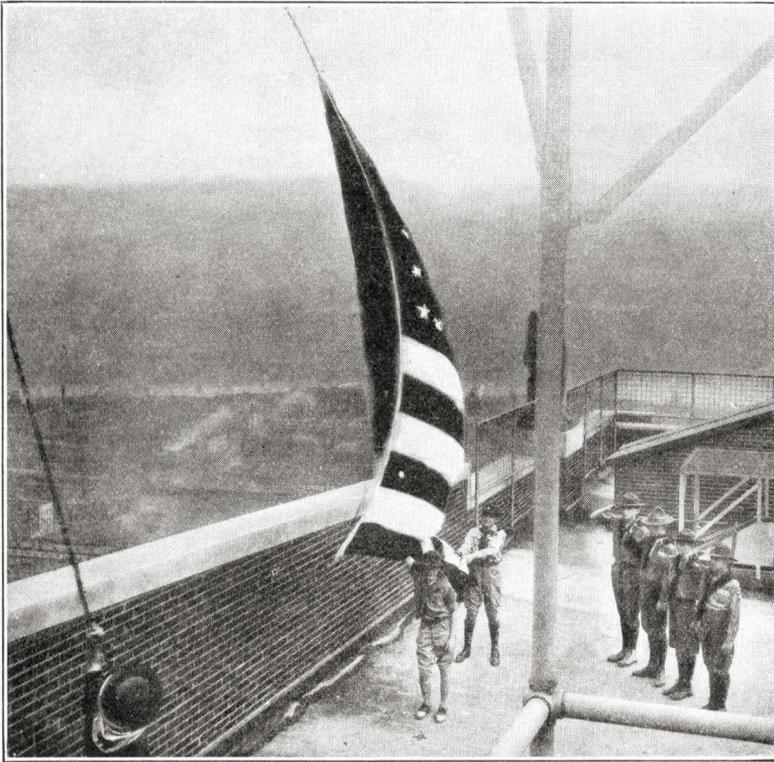
“Thank Dan here,” said Lincoln. “If he had not let the warmth of forgiveness soften his heart, Will Ripley would have died. And perhaps, if I had not met him in the woods at dawn, I might have gone into eternity with the blood of these twenty-four men on my hands. Dan helped me.”

The boy looked as one transfigured. Lincoln went on: “And all this only confirms my notion that it is selfish, stupid, and destructive not to forgive if you ’ve got a loophole for forgiveness left. It reminds me of a little story. Will you excuse me another moment, General?” The pink officer bowed stiffly and Lincoln said: “One of my neighbors back home was a Quaker named Silas Greene, and he was known as a very mild and forgiving man. He was so mild-tempered that his wife could not even induce him to shoot the chickens which persisted in scratching up her garden. ‘Consider, dear,’ Silas used to say, ‘consider the hen. Any creature that is so useful before it is born and after it is dead deserves a little consideration during its short lifetime, does n’t thee think?’”

Everybody in the room laughed but the general. The President concluded: “And that ’s the way I feel about these erring soldiers, Mrs. Ripley. We must consider what they have done and what they will do, as intently as we consider the wrong of the moment. Good-by, Dan, we shall both remember to-day with easy consciences.”

THE waiting crowd in the anteroom could not understand, of course, why that intruder of a boy who had dragged the woman in to see the President so unceremoniously should bring her out on his arm with such conscious pride. They could not understand why the tears were rolling down her cheeks at the same time that a smile glorified her face. They did not see that the boy was walking on air, on light. But the dullest of them could see that he was radiant with a great happiness.

And if they could have looked past him and pierced the door of the inner room with their wondering glances, they could have seen a reflection of Dan’s joy still shining on the somber, deep-lined face of the man who had again indulged himself in—mercy.



BOY SCOUTS RAISING THE FLAG ON THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BUILDING
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

THE MANHOOD OF TO-MORROW

In tribute to the thirteenth anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America

By JOSEPH B. AMES

Author of "Under Boy Scout Colors"

SEVERAL years ago in a suburban town a number of representative men gathered together to discuss the forming of a local Boy Scout Council. At that meeting, doubts were expressed by two or three as to whether the permanent value of such an organization would be worth the time and trouble and personal attention involved.

"Of course, we believe in the Boy Scout movement," said one. "We know it 's a good thing in keeping the boys occupied and saving them from hanging around street corners and getting into bad company. That 's a well-known fact. But in this particular town is n't it rather a duplication of effort? Have n't we already enough welfare and other organizations which will accomplish virtually the same result?"

This sort of criticism, from the average looker-on, the man who knows a little and judges superficially without really informing himself, is perhaps the most common one

with which the Boy Scout organization has to contend.

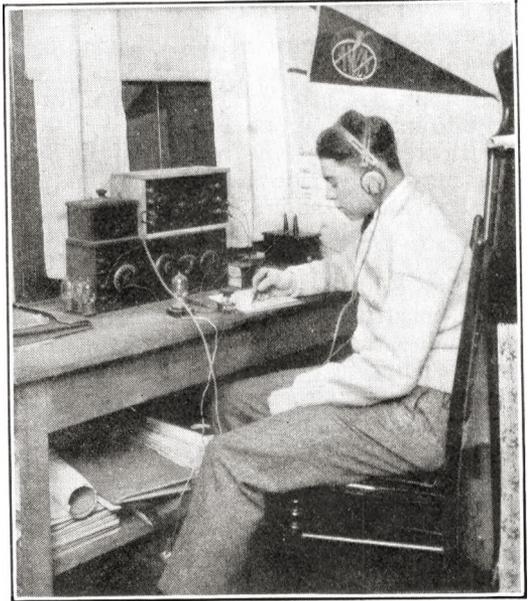
You see a passing crowd of boys off on a Saturday hike, laughing, joking, indulging, more likely than not, in a little horse-play along the way. In summer you motor past a Boy Scout camp at a moment when the inmates are enjoying their morning swim. Of course, they yell and shout and duck each other and seem to be generally raising Cain, as boys always have and always will under such conditions. You chance to read in your local paper of this troop or that giving a play, or entertainment, or sociable at their headquarters, and perhaps you remember, with a touch of envy, that in your own youth no such organization existed for the purpose of giving the boys such a "jolly good time."

What you did not see, what you can not well know unless you are actively and vitally interested in this great movement, is all that lies beneath these surface details. The prog-

ress of that hike was not all fooling and laughter. Quite the contrary. Back of it was the absorbing study of nature, the mastering of woodcraft science, the tracking, the learning to make a fire without matches, cooking in the open, the score of other practical and valuable details which was the real object of the hike. In speeding past the lake, you missed the classes in swimming and life-saving. What means had you of knowing anything about the careful discipline of the camp, the instruction, the adroit mingling of work and play by which those sympathetic, tactful adult leaders foster so wonderfully the spirit of obedience and self-reliance, the ability to take care of himself—and others—under unfamiliar and sometimes difficult conditions, in even the shyest, most backward, or tenderly nurtured boy? The weekly meetings at the troop headquarters are far from being all fun and entertainment. There are at times, to be sure, games and songs and story-telling. But these are the lighter interludes, moments of relaxation in a program of work and study against which most boys, unless it were presented to them in a form so interesting and stimulating, would instantly and forcibly rebel.

That is—at first! Afterward comes the thrill of accomplishment, the joy of doing

something worth while, either with brain or hand, a little better than the next fellow.



MANY SCOUTS ARE RADIO EXPERTS

He reacts readily to the constant, healthful sense of competition and stimulation which is present in every well-conducted troop.

In every boy worth his salt, there is an



AN HOUR OF REST IN THE BUSY LIFE OF A SCOUT CAMP

irresistible fund of energy which constantly seeks an outlet. He is imaginative, romantic, constructive, but, above all, amazingly active. During the greater part of his waking hours he must be doing something, and if the proper outlet is denied him, more likely than not his sheer exuberance leads him into mischief, if not to worse.

With great insight, the founders of the Boy Scout movement made use of this dominating characteristic as the basis of their program. Instead of stoning birds and squirrels, the scout is taught to foster and protect the dwindling wild life. He feeds the birds in winter, constructs and erects houses for their use, studies their habits and becomes their friend, finding in the process a much truer and more lasting pleasure than in the sight of some maimed and helpless wild thing fighting desperately for life, or the sight of a limp, still fluff of feathers lying on the snow.

He comes to appreciate the value and beauty of a stately forest tree as against the distorted, mangled ruin produced by a few minutes thoughtless, idle hacking with an ax.



A LESSON IN FIRST AID

He discovers of his own accord the satisfaction of a growing proficiency in first aid, in wigwagging and wireless, in doing things with wood and metal. He has a pride in his troop, his order, in himself, and in the grow-

ing recognition of the community. He obeys the scout oath and laws, not because he has promised, but because he wants to. The scout motto, "Be Prepared," means more to



A SCOUT AND HIS DOG—THE SCOUT IS THE ONE ON THE RIGHT

him than just mere words. Instead of a drudgery or something to be got over, perfunctorily and as easily as possible, the daily good turn becomes a keen pleasure.

Thirteen years ago this month the Boy Scouts of America was merely an idea. To-day it has nearly 500,000 active members, and over 123,000 men are giving voluntary service as scout-masters, troop committeemen, and members of local councils. In those thirteen years, upward of 2,000,000 boys have been scouts.

The organization is indorsed by virtually all the religious bodies. It is recognized by the schools as a valuable supplementary aid to education. Many of the colleges have installed courses in scouting, and such organizations as the American Legion, Rotarians, Kiwanis, Elks, and others, show a warm interest in the movement for better boyhood, and on many occasions have rendered substantial assistance in leadership and by financial support.

Perhaps the greatest step forward in the past year or two is a growing tendency to recognize in the Boy Scouts an important civic aid in all sorts of situations and emer-

gencies. In many communities the regulation of traffic at dangerous crossings is turned over to them at specified times. They are looked to, as a matter of course, to perform special services at parades and other public gatherings where large crowds are involved. They have done, and are constantly doing, valuable work in connection with anti-fly and anti-mosquito campaigns, in city clean-ups, acting as sanitary squads in schools, and the like. In many towns they serve as regular firemen's aids, responding to every fire-alarm, patrolling burned districts, preventing looting, keeping back crowds, and performing many other services.

tell. They range from bringing a pail of water to a thirsty horse, to saving human life. Many of them, of necessity, are trifling and unimportant; others sometimes, alas! end in the supreme sacrifice. But all are dominated by the same spirit—the spirit of service to others, the service which neither seeks nor expects reward or even recognition.

Impossible, you say, incredible, exaggerated! On the contrary, what I have narrated is made up of simple facts, and then not a tenth of the story is told. By working on a vital, basic trait of youth, by suggestion and precept, never by coercion or compulsion, the immense, abounding energy of boy-



THE SIXTH LAW OF THE SCOUTS IS KINDNESS, ESPECIALLY TO ANIMALS

To their work in connection with great disasters, the public press bears admirable tribute. During the influenza epidemic in 1918 they were tireless in their efforts to help the overworked doctors and nurses. During the Pueblo and San Antonio floods they were promptly on the spot, and more than one life was saved through their skill and devotion. At the Knickerbocker Theater tragedy in Washington last winter, they were among the first to reach the scene and served in relays until all the injured had been removed from the crushed and ruined building.

These are merely examples taken from scores of similar instances. Of individual personal good turns, there is no space to

hood has been directed into the right channel and a seeming miracle has been performed.

The Boy Scouts of America has, in short, become in these thirteen years a definite and recognized institution of our country. It is to-day a leading factor in the reduction of juvenile delinquency, a powerful Americanizing influence, a molder of character, a maker of good citizens. And when one considers those two million boys whose formative years have been passed under its influence, one looks to the future with more serenity and confidence. For the boyhood of to-day is the manhood of to-morrow; and there is every cause for conviction that those boys who have been scouts will in their time be real men in every meaning of the word.

THE REDUCING CLUB

By MARGARET TAYLOR MACDONALD

THE "QUIET-HOURS" proctor stood hesitatingly in the corridor in front of room 428 and shifted bath-towel, tooth-brush, and soap-box from one uneasy, bath-robed arm to the other. She was a timid girl, rather chubby and appealing-looking, flushed as to

428



"A TIMID GIRL, RATHER CHUBBY AND APPEALING-LOOKING"

cheeks and damp as to hair—signs which betokened a rapid exit from the tub. For the quiet-hours proctor was feeling the great responsibility of her position—and tubs must not be taken after ten o'clock. That would be an even more heinous crime than the noise which was issuing from room 428—a loud, rumbling noise with plenty of dull thuds, giggles, and one hearty laugh mingling with it. The quiet-hours proctor rehearsed rapidly under her breath, "Do you people know it 's after ten?" and stepped one step nearer the door. She had raised a timid hand to knock, when a figure appeared from around the corner near the stairs. It wore the hat and trim suit and carried the hat-box

and small suitcase which are the marks of the week-ender.

"Hullo there, Alice Harvey!" it said, in a penetrating whisper. "Help me with this hat-box and I 'll bless you f'rever. The mean old elevator-man would n't bring me up because it 's after ten."

The quiet-hours proctor dropped bath-towel, tooth-brush, and soap-box in an orderly pile and ran softly to the rescue.

"Goodness, Maud! What a noise!" ejaculated the week-ender, as they reached room 428. "I can plainly see that my room-mates need my steadying influence. You 're proctor this week, are n't you? Well, come on in, my dear, and I 'll help you give them a call-down." She threw open the door without ceremony, and was nearly knocked down by a rolling object which collided with the hat-box. The object, after a few bewildered seconds, picked itself up, and evolved into a short, stocky girl, clad in middy and bloomers. She leaned against the door-jamb, scarlet-faced and panting.

The week-ender glanced comprehensively around the room. Three flushed and giggling gym-clad figures sprawled on the couch, while, cross-legged on the window-seat, sat another small figure, who occasionally imperiled her equilibrium by bending double with convulsive mirth.

"Sh-shut the door, for goodness' sake!" gasped some one.

"Too late, my children, too late," returned the week-ender, gently pushing in the hat-box and pulling in the quiet-hours proctor. "Alice was just going to give you a call-down, when I asked her to help me in with my things."

"A-a- just a warning," murmured the quiet-hours proctor, embarrassed.

"We 're awfully sorry, Alice. Really, we did n't realize how much noise we were making." A tall girl with nice frank eyes extricated herself from the couch and stood up.

"Phew! that 's my third warning. It 's the self-gov board for me!" The small figure on the window-seat uncrossed her legs and swung them down. "Wish you 'd been in it, Betsy," she addressed the week-ender, "then I 'd have you for consolation. Have a piece of cake, Alice, before you go."

But the quiet-hours proctor, abashed at

the havoc she had created, had crept quietly away.

"We 'd better go too," said the two on the couch and she who had been lately the rolling object. "Good night, and thanks for the party, and remember to-morrow night—nine-thirty—" They tiptoed out, and a suppressed giggle floated back from the corridor.

"Girls! What does this mean?" said the week-ender, attempting the inimitable tones of the boarding-school teacher. She flopped



"HULLO THERE, ALICE HARVEY!"

down upon the cot, pulled off her hat, removed a troublesome hair-pin from her curly hair, and surveyed the still giggling three. Since their guests had departed they seemed even more convulsed.

"The joke 's on Jo!" gasped Theo, the tall girl who had answered Alice Harvey.

"Well, I 'm not so sure," replied the small figure on the window-seat, shaking her straight wisps of light hair out of her eyes. "I 'd say it was on Marge and you just as much. Look what you 've got yourselves into—" And she bent double again.

"For mercy's sake, tell me what you mean before I go crazy," begged Betsy. "Marge, you begin."

Marge took a long breath. "Well, you see," she began, "Jo was going to have a party—"

"And Jo *did* have a party," broke in Jo. "You can't deny that."

"And she said she 'd provide the food," went on Marge, oblivious of interruptions, "if we 'd help serve it. It was going to be a sort of charity party to entertain those forlorn-looking freshmen who live down the hall. And she thought she 'd be real plutocratic and give 'em chicken à la King—" Here her composure gave way and she began to laugh helplessly again.

"Betsy, it was just this way," Jo went on. "That new man down in the grocery store said two cans were enough to feed six people, and I believed him, of course—besides, it says so on the can!"

"Show Betsy the size of the can, somebody," gasped Theo; and Marge dove under the couch and produced two mutilated tin cans about four inches in length and three in diameter.

"He said you just added water—" began Jo.

"We *did*," said Theo, drowning her out. "And the stuff *shrank* right before our eyes. There was about enough for two people. And that was *all* Jo had provided except a cake and crackers and jam and olives. And Marge and I had n't even thought of asking Jo about the stuff till the party was almost ready to begin. But Marge—Marge was tactful. Marge will make a perfect hostess some day. Marge will always get out of any fix whatever without making a break—Marge—"

"Well, what did Marge *do*?" Betsy was growing curious.

"I did the only thing there was to do," broke in Marge, in her slightly drawing voice, a beautifully assumed abused expression in her brown eyes. "I spread the chicken à la King as far as it would go on three crackers and gave it to the guests."

"And when they asked why we were n't eating any of it, she said—that is she *insinuated*—we were all reducing." Jo nearly fell off the window-seat again.

"But it was Theo who really made the thing plausible," said Marge. "Theo has an inventive mind, and, before any one could say anything, she was telling about the new club she wanted to organize. First time I had heard anything about it, but Theo seemed to have it all planned out. She said we were going to contribute fifteen cents a

week, and, at the end of the week or month, the person who had reduced the most got all the money. That was so there would be an extra incentive—commercial as well as esthetic. I wish you could have heard her! She got them all so interested that they just ate mechanically and forgot to notice that we were making up on cake and jam and olives for losing out on the chicken King.”

“I ’m to be official measurer and weigher of the great club,” put in Jo. “Want to join, Betsy?”

“I might have known that you kids would go and do something crazy if I left you,” said Betsy, severely.

“Don’t cast asparagus at my plan,” returned Theo. “We ’re to meet every night from nine-thirty to ten for reducing-exercises. We began right away to-night, to counteract the effect of the party. You really ought to join, Betsy. You need it. We all do!” And she smiled complacently at them all.

“Well, maybe *I* do,” owned Betsy. “I don’t see that *you* need it very much. You are tall and you never will be small; but I should n’t call you fat. Goodness knows, if Jo tries to reduce, what will become of her. There won’t be any Jo left. But there, I ’ll join,” Betsy agreed. “I suppose I ’ll have to uphold the family honor. And don’t you think it would be a good idea to ask Alice Harvey to join? She certainly needs it. And besides, she ’ll make everybody stop making a noise after ten, and we won’t run the risk of call-downs every night.”

“Betsy, you certainly have brains!” said Theo, admiringly. “I ’d run down and ask her now, but I s’pose she ’s asleep.”

Thus the famous Reducing Club was founded—the club which was to go down in the annals of the college and become a topic in Dr. Coddington’s hygiene lectures to the freshmen for years to come. Just why and how is evident from its brilliant, but brief, career.

Its first invited member was Alice Harvey, who accepted with alacrity. She became the most rampant of the reducers. Her attendance at the 9:30 sessions was most faithful. She turned to reducing with the same conscientious zeal that she had for her proctor’s office. Indeed, several times she even forgot that important duty so far as not to hear the ten-o’clock bell. And at those times the seniors who lived beneath 428 appeared, with threats of reporting them all to the self-government board.

The other girls were almost appalled at the change in Alice. She had always been a rather timid, shy girl, usually on the outskirts of all the fun—never entering in. But reducing was evidently her strong point, and, as the other members of the club were novices in the gentle art, she took the lead, rather eclipsing Theo, who had been elected president. Alice had much literature on the subject of reducing, which she distributed during rest periods. Under her tutelage, the Reducing Club became not exactly what one might term a quiet and retiring organization. It went into things with a vim. It rolled. It skipped rope. It did deep-knee bending. It touched the floor without bending its knees. It went through all sorts of complicated calisthenics, and rolled again between each set. Jo’s asthmatic victrola endeavored to furnish invigorating music. And those who lived in the neighborhood of 428 made it a point to go somewhere else between 9:30 and 10.

The founders of the club who were not of such a size that reducing was absolutely necessary to endure life began to find the approved reducing exercises a bore and substituted others more interesting. While others rolled, Jo and Marge practiced a series of balancing stunts, which later proved an important acquisition at the Hall Stunt-party; Betsy skipped rope or tried esthetic dancing. But their heavier and more conventional sisters, led by Alice Harvey, were contented with the more accepted sorts of reducing-exercises. Marge was a little worried for fear that, as founders and officers, they were not living up to the spirit of the club, but Theo reassured her. Any exercise, she argued, ought to reduce one.

Despite the lack of proper spirit on the part of the founders, the club still flourished. With unflinching regularity, the members appeared at 9:30. And soon the rest periods between exercises were devoted to a new discussion—dieting. Dieting, Alice informed them, was the necessary complement of exercise for reducing. Many exciting evenings followed, in which arguments pro and con as to different forms of diet were put forth in terms of calories and vitamins and other strange new names.

As the founders of the reducing club had somewhat chafed under Alice’s rigid system of exercises, still more did they chafe under the prospect of dieting.

“I ’m too hungry at meals,” objected Jo. “And I won’t give up my dessert. The



"THE REDUCING CLUB BECAME NOT EXACTLY A QUIET AND RETIRING ORGANIZATION"

college does n't give us half enough anyway—one forlorn little cookie apiece for lunch."

"By giving up that cookie," Alice remarked, importantly consulting a small pamphlet, "you lose—er—er about 187 calories, I should judge."

"Well, I might give up potatoes every other day," Jo conceded, "but not dessert!"

And Theo seconded her.

"Why, I thought all you people began dieting before exercising," said Alice, laboriously trying to touch the floor without bending her knees.

Theo and Jo looked a little embarrassed.

"It's Marge who started the dieting," they explained.

"I eat neither potatoes nor dessert," Alice went on, and did not notice their embarrassment.

"What do you eat, Allie?" asked one of the girls, coming up from a lengthy roll. "I never see you in the dining-room any more."

"I—I'm trying a new diet," Alice answered cautiously.

"Tell us," and the Reducing Club crowded around curiously. But Alice refused to

divulge anything except that she had found out an absolutely sure and quick way to lose pounds and pounds. She refused to tell any more, assuring them that in a few weeks,

when she had lost these pounds and pounds, she would let them into the secret.

As the days went on, the founders of the club became more and more disquieted at the way the other club-members were leaning toward dieting.

"Honestly, Theo," said Betsy, one evening just before dinner, "do you think it's right for people to diet the way some of the girls are doing? Why, Mildred Palmer does n't have a thing but milk for two whole days, sometimes."

"Oh, bother 'em all!" groaned poor Theo, to whom this subject was proving a worry. "It's up to them, if they want to kill themselves.

I wish I was n't president of this organization. Every third person I meet on the campus asks me if I'd recommend a milk diet or a fruit diet or some other kind of diet. I'm tired to death of it." She threw herself at full length on the couch and scowled angrily.

"Oh, Theo," said Jo, in particularly sweet tones, "I found a note on your door-pad from a freshman, asking about a new diet—"

"If anybody says diet to me again—" threatened Theo. And luckily for Jo, a knock interrupted the conversation.

One of the maids stood there with a small



THE SENIORS LIVING BELOW THREATENED TO REPORT THEM

notice in her hand. Miss Theodora Coldenham was wanted at the warden's office immediately.

"What have you been a-doin', Theo?" asked Jo, gleefully. "Cutting classes? Chapel slips?"

"I can't think—" Theo was rapidly twisting up her hair, and, with a final adjustment to collar and tie, departed.

In a few moments she reappeared.

"*What* do you suppose Carvie asked me?" she demanded, hanging on to the door for support and surveying the group in the room for a second.

And then, without waiting for guesses, she disclosed the answer, slowly and impressively.

"She asked me if I belonged to a reducing and dieting club!"

"Theo!" cried Jo, running forward to support her room-mate, who had clasped her brow with her hand in mock-fainting fashion. She supported her to the couch with a display of great care.

Theo flopped on the couch. "I don't know what it is we 've done," she said, "but Carvie wants to see the whole club right after chapel to-night. Run around and tell people, will you, Jo? I 'm too overcome to move!"

It did not take Jo long to collect the club-members. They were all easily located, with the exception of Alice Harvey, who, some one informed them, had been sent to the infirmary that morning.

"We 're in for it, all right, I 'm afraid," Theo told them gloomily. "Carvie looked serious and awfully cold-blooded. Do you s'pose it 's the noise we 've been making after ten?"

"I 'll bet a hat," cried Jo, with an indiscreet bounce that nearly sent her out of the window, "that we knocked the ceiling down last night that time we all jumped together! And those underhanded seniors have gone to Carvie without even warning us. We 'll have to take all the treasury money to pay the bill!"

But Miss Carver's motive was still unsolved, even after a prolonged discussion at dinner. At precisely 7:20 the Reducing Club gathered in a body in the corridor near the door of the warden's office, which was slightly ajar, and, after Theo's knock, filed into the room. Miss Carver was sitting at her desk, and in the arm-chair beside her was the stout and impressive figure of Dr. Coddington.

Jo gave her one startled look, and whispered to Betsy, "Ye gods! Do you s'pose we killed one of the seniors when we knocked the ceiling down?"

"Come in, girls, and sit down—" Miss Carver gave her usual anxious look about the room for chairs, but the Reducing Club solved the problem by seating itself upon the floor.

"Are you all here?" Dr. Coddington asked crisply.

"All but Alice Harvey," answered Theo, politely.

"*Exactly!*" Dr. Coddington nodded at Miss Carver, showing all three of her double chins. Her life, it appeared, had never been disturbed by reducing clubs. "All but Alice Harvey," she repeated, with a certain significant inflection that puzzled her audience. "And do you know *why* Alice Harvey is n't here?" She turned sharply upon the embarrassed Theo, who murmured something about the infirmary.

"Infirmary! *Exactly!*" Dr. Coddington picked her up. "And I suppose all the rest of you will end up there within the next week."

The Reducing Club looked somewhat startled, but wholly unintelligent. It stared a trifle blankly at each other and shifted its position uneasily. It somehow conveyed its complete bewilderment to Dr. Coddington, for she came to the point at once.

"Tell me exactly what you do in this club?" she asked. She seemed to be addressing Theo, who, after an appealing look around the group for help, began the story. She told of the 9:30 meetings and the reducing exercises. She even confessed the incentive—commercial as well as esthetic. When she had finished, Dr. Coddington looked as if something were being kept from her.

"How many of you are dieting?" she asked, leaning forward quickly and impressively.

"Why—why—" Theo felt bound to answer, for the doctor was staring straight at her. "I—I don't eat bread and potatoes at lunch, except when we have hash—and then I don't eat the hash."

"And you? and you?" Dr. Coddington pounced upon the next girls, hardly waiting for replies which were for the most part nods of the head. She questioned the whole group.

Finally she said with elaborate unconcern, "I suppose you don't know what is the matter with Alice Harvey?"

"No, Dr. Coddington, we don't," Theo answered again.

Dr. Coddington looked a trifle skeptical, but went on:

"When Alice Harvey was sent to the infirmary this morning we could n't understand how any girl in this supposedly safe and sane college could have got herself into such a condition. Acid! It's a wonder that she has n't turned into vinegar. And it took us some time to find out that for about three weeks she has been subsisting on a diet of acid food—lemons, tomatoes, grape-fruit—and *vinegar!* She's nearly ruined her digestion—and all due to this silly organization for reducing!"

The Reducing Club was quite appalled. Theo tried to murmur something about their never having dreamed— But Dr. Coddington interrupted. She got heavily out of her chair and stood looking down at them.

"Girls," she said, "don't be so unutterably silly! I want this club disbanded immediately! If you must reduce, don't roll around on a carpeted floor—go out and play tennis or basket-ball or hockey out of doors. And eat what's set before you three times a day regularly!" She gave the group a searching glance which finally became fixed on tall Theo.

"You look as if you'd been dieting too much, child," she said. "Report at the infirmary at ten-thirty every morning for two weeks, and tell the nurse to give you an egg-nog. The rest of you look as if you had n't done yourselves much harm yet." She gave a little nod toward Miss Carver and departed majestically.

The club sighed with relief when it was finally allowed to leave the warden's office. It sputtered for fifteen minutes in 428, but finally, of necessity, departed for a belated cram for the psychology "written," which was to provide gloom and discussion on the morrow. Theo, Betsy, Jo, and Marge were left, still talking things over.

"What a mess!" sighed Betsy.

"Mess!" echoed Theo. "You-all need n't talk. I'm the one that's hit most—except poor old Allie. If you knew how I hated egg-nogs!" She shuddered and flopped down on the couch beside Marge. Jo chose the window-seat. Betsy wandered aimlessly around the room.

"But I can't see why Alice Harvey did n't tell us—" began Jo, for the twentieth time.

"Oh, I do," put in Betsy. "Poor kid! She probably wanted to surprise us by sud-

denly becoming a *slyph*. And our reducing exercises were n't quick enough."

"Oh, why did we start the wretched thing, anyway?" groaned Marge. "Now we're on the outs with the wardens again! After we'd just lived down the scandal of being caught out after ten. We'll have to be angels now, and go and drink tea in Carvie's room 'most every Sunday and talk about knitting and art for evermore!" She sank back on the couch disconsolately.

"It was Theo's fault," volunteered Jo, helpfully. "She made up the whole thing."

"Well, I never would have had the inspiration to make it up if Marge had n't suggested that we were reducing," insisted Theo.

"That was n't a fib either," said Marge. "I merely insinuated that the rest of you were. I was reducing, anyway. You know I have n't eaten potatoes since fall! It was Jo's fault, I think."

"I should say so," agreed Theo. "If you had had enough to eat at your old party, Marge would n't have had to make excuses and I would n't have had my brilliant inspiration about the club. I can't *help* being brilliant, you know!"

Jo bounced down from the window-seat and threatened Theo with the hardest pillow, while the others *sh-sh-ed* warningly, it still being quiet-hours.

"It was really the grocery man's fault for telling me—" began Jo, in self-justification.

"Oh, children, stop squabbling!" Betsy joined the others on the couch and gently knocked together the heads of Jo and Theo. "As a matter of fact, it was just as much *my* fault for making you ask Alice Harvey to join. No one else would ever have done such a silly stunt as she did. Anyway, we've had all the fun we could out of the club, and it was beginning to get boring. If we've lived down one scandal, we can live down another! Let's stop arguing and get to work on psych. How about comparing lecture notes?"

They extricated themselves from the couch, produced note-books from peculiar places, and settled down to work in earnest, Betsy and Marge at the desk, Theo stretched out full length on the couch, and Jo, as usual, cross-legged on the window-seat.

But they could n't get to work.

"I'm 'fraid it's just retribution!" sighed Marge. "In the first place, we—we—I mean, I—slightly prevaricated about dieting. And then we did n't go into the club with the right spirit—"

"Lucky for us we did n't," said Betsy. "We all might be in the 'infirm' if we had. Let 's stop talking and work for a change.

But this time Jo interrupted. "'Scuse me, Betsy, but I 've just thought of a most practical question."

The rest stared at her.

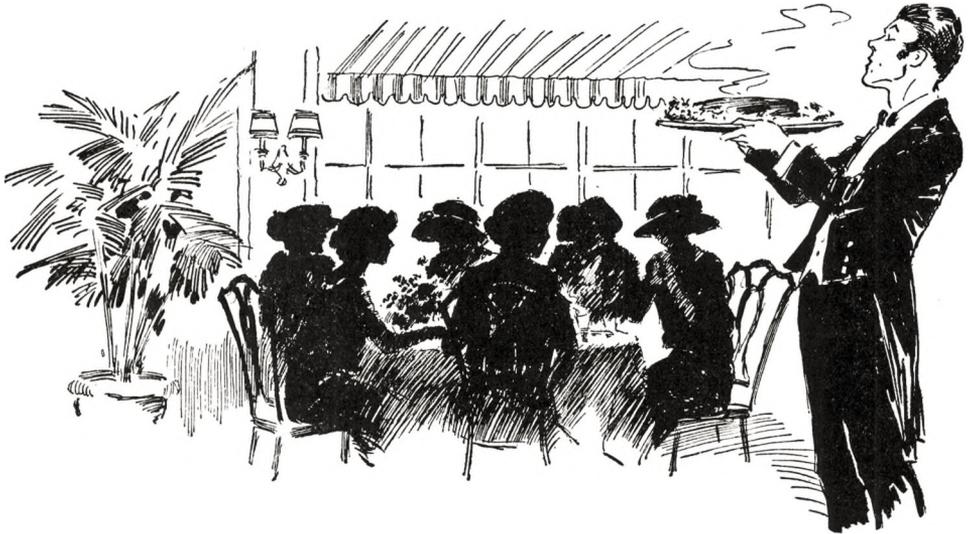
"What," asked Jo, "are we going to do with the money we now have in the treasury?"

"Of course, we 'll have to ask the rest of the club—" began Betsy.

"Let 's have a grand dinner at the Rose Tree Inn," suggested Theo, rising to the occasion with an inspiration, "as soon as Alice gets well enough to eat it. Everybody will like that, and Doctor Coddington ought to approve. We could have chicken à la King—"

"We could *not!*" said Jo, emphatically. "Don't ever mention chicken King to me again! We 'll have steak!"

And they did.



TWO SINGERS

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

TO A WOODPECKER

YOUR vocal efforts are harsh and shrill;
You have not mastered the song-sparrow's
trill,

Or learned the art of the fluting thrush,
Deepening the awe of the hills' lone hush;
Nor can you rival the oriole's tune,—
As fluid gold as the light of noon,—
Or the fountaining joy of the sun-lost lark,
Or the owl's long quaver that brims the dark.

But you can drum out another sound
That echoes far in the woods around.

A workman, you, with a cap of red
Set tight on your busily vibrant head.
The virtuosi may flit and shirk;
You stick to the song of plain hard work.
You cling to a chestnut's withered knob
And stoutly proclaim you 're on the job,

Settling right down to brazen tacks,
Like the navvy's pick or the woodman's ax.
And so, good lad, though I praise the rest,
Yours is the music I like the best;
For the iterant rap of an honest blow
Is the cheeriest sound that ever I know.

A MOCKING-BIRD

A MEW, a clatter,
A burr, a trill,
A rollicking spatter,
A squeak, and a shrill
Iteration of chatter,
Like pellets that patter
And bounce and scatter,
Pouring out faster
And faster, until
With a "That 's all"—he 's still.
Encore, little master
Of vaudeville!

SAM LOVELL'S RIDE

By FRED COPELAND

AT Montreal's famous old toboggan-chute they used to tell of Sam Lovell's ride. It was a ride quite unexpected, one that probably could not be accomplished again, and certainly no one, not even Sam, would care to try it over.

Sam had accepted an invitation from his chum Joe Blakely, a student at the university in Montreal, to visit him for a few days and enjoy the winter sports which have made the Canadian metropolis famous. It was late in February, and the Park Slide on the west slope of Mount Royal was at its height of activity.

No sooner was Sam in the city than he found himself in a carriole, a low, boatlike sleigh. Smothered in furs, both Sam and Joe were whisked across the dazzling business lanes of the upper town, up past the residential terraces, and to Mount Royal. Sam was completely lost in the beauty of the broad, white, moonlit boulevard sweeping gracefully up around the breast of the great forested mountain park. As their carriole climbed higher, the giant scintillating crescent of Montreal sparkled up at them from far below with its myriad of brilliant electric lights. Suddenly, as they made a turn where a rocky outcropping of Mount Royal had hidden the dazzling spectacle of the toboggan-chute, Sam half arose with a cry of surprise and seized Joe's arm. "Is n't it steep? See how it shines!" he exclaimed.

They left their carriole in the jam of dozens of others, where the famous chute passes in mid air above the boulevard, and walked higher up toward the stockade of the club-house yard. Slanting abruptly from their feet, as they turned to look, the dazzling white slope of Mount Royal dipped westward to far white levels spreading for miles to the Ottawa. Far away, where they looked, they could distinguish the moonlight reflected on the icy surface of the Lake of the Two Mountains, and beside them the great chute flamed back in iridescent mockery under its string of arc-lights. Even as they stood there, there came a hissing roar which vanished like a ghost. Six darkly bundled toboggans had flashed by them, smothered in ice spray. In a second they were black dots far down on the level.

At the gate to the club-house yard Joe

showed a red-ribbon badge, with the ancient coat-of-arms of the Park Club on it, and was admitted. Nearly every one had the badges of previous years sewed in rows across the breasts of their blanket coats.

Leading up to the long enclosure at the head of the chute was a flight of steps, roped into six lanes. Not less than fifty tobogganists were lined in each lane, and every second or third person held upright his toboggan. After Joe had equipped Sam with a Canadian blanket-suit and procured his toboggan from a locker, both he and Sam joined the line.

"Some nights it's so crowded you only get four slides," Joe explained hurriedly when, after a wait of fifteen minutes, they stood, with none in front of them, at the brink of the chute.

Near by, two men deftly pulled two levers. Each had released three toboggans. The six dropped from sight as though whisked into eternity. A deep roar came up from below as the levers swung forward and six guard-boards came into sight, closing the entrance to the tracks.

Silently, Sam watched Joe slap his toboggan on the inclined bench leading to track one. The hood of the toboggan was laid snug against the retaining guard-board.

"Hurry!" shouted Joe.

It was a time of intense activity, for five other toboggans were being loaded.

Sam lay flat, just back of the hood. Suddenly he lifted himself on his elbows. As suddenly he cringed back.

"You there, Joe?" he asked, in a high, strained voice, his eyes fascinated by the board which held them from the plunge.

"You're all right!" sang out Joe. "Keep your knuckles turned in on the ropes, or they'll get skinned. And don't look over the edge!"

But that strange fascination so common to those unaccustomed to high places had seized Sam. Again something within him made him look over the edge. The dazzling, opalescent tracks, overflowed with water each morning till they were solid ice, dropped seemingly straight down. It seemed as though they were about to fall head foremost. No one could think fast enough to steer. Supposing the toboggan failed to keep to the icy, troughlike track!

"Had n't I better go behind, the first time?" cried Sam, his eyes wildly glued to the immovable board in front of the hood. "I'm awful dizzy, and—"

With catlike quickness, Sam had sprung sidewise off the toboggan just as the man was in the act of pulling back the lever.

Instantly the guard-board had released and the toboggans had plunged.

Sam sat up on the floor beside the toboggan bench. The attendant was bending over him.

"What's the matter? Look too steep?" inquired the man, with a smile.

Sam got to his feet, a little dazed. Something within him had made him get off the toboggan. "I'm all right," he said, still wondering over the thing that had made his overstrung nerves play him so strange a trick.

He hurried down off the chute with an idea of meeting Joe as he returned from the slide. Half-way down along the slide, where the throng of spectators was thickest, at the point where the superstructure carrying the six tracks first touched the slope of the mountain, Sam stopped and waited beside the tracks for Joe, little realizing that before he ever saw Joe again he would go down the chute.

Nearly all those who were standing near Sam at the very edge of the tracks were visitors who had left their carriages for a better view of the rushing toboggans. A stiff winter breeze whipped in on them from the levels far beyond the valley of the Ottawa, and nearly every one by the track side, both men and women, were dressed in furs.

Shortly after Sam had stepped to the edge of the tracks, a set of rushing toboggans had skimmed by, smothered in a cloud of tiny gleaming diamonds. Either from the whip of the wind or the suction of air following the toboggans, a muff was snatched from one of the sight-seers. As quick as light it spun far over into the center of track four, where it would be ground to pieces by the next toboggan.

"I'll get it for you, ma'am," cried Sam, as he stepped over the ice embankment of track one, and began working his way across the slippery troughs.

Instantly a warning yell came to Sam from dozens of throats. At the head of the chute a familiar deep hum drifted ahead of a set of toboggans which had pitched out of the house at the top of the chute for the

plunge just as Sam had started across the tracks.

When the toboggans had sent down their first warning note, Sam had reached the muff and was in the act of picking it up. For an instant he glanced up the shimmering tracks. It was hopeless to pick his way back. It was all he could do to cling to the icy ridges bordering the tracks. The excited shouts of those beside the tracks and the nearing roar of the coming toboggans dinned in his ears. He was paralyzed.

"Straddle the track—straddle the track!" he heard repeated in a loud shout.

With the toboggans almost upon him, he rose slowly, his legs spread far apart, with his feet clinging to the opposite embankments of track three. As he straightened, balancing dangerously with trembling knees, the toboggans were upon him.

A rush of ice dust caught him, filled his eyes and stung his face. He felt his feet snatched from under him by a toboggan hood. Too quickly for his senses to grasp what had happened, he was pitched face downward. A vise-like grip had him by the legs and around his back. It was impossible to see.

Suddenly the roar in his ears grew less. He twisted his head sidewise and opened his eyes. Two other toboggans were gliding swiftly and quietly beside him along the level stretch reaching away from the foot of the chute. Those on the other toboggans were watching him curiously.

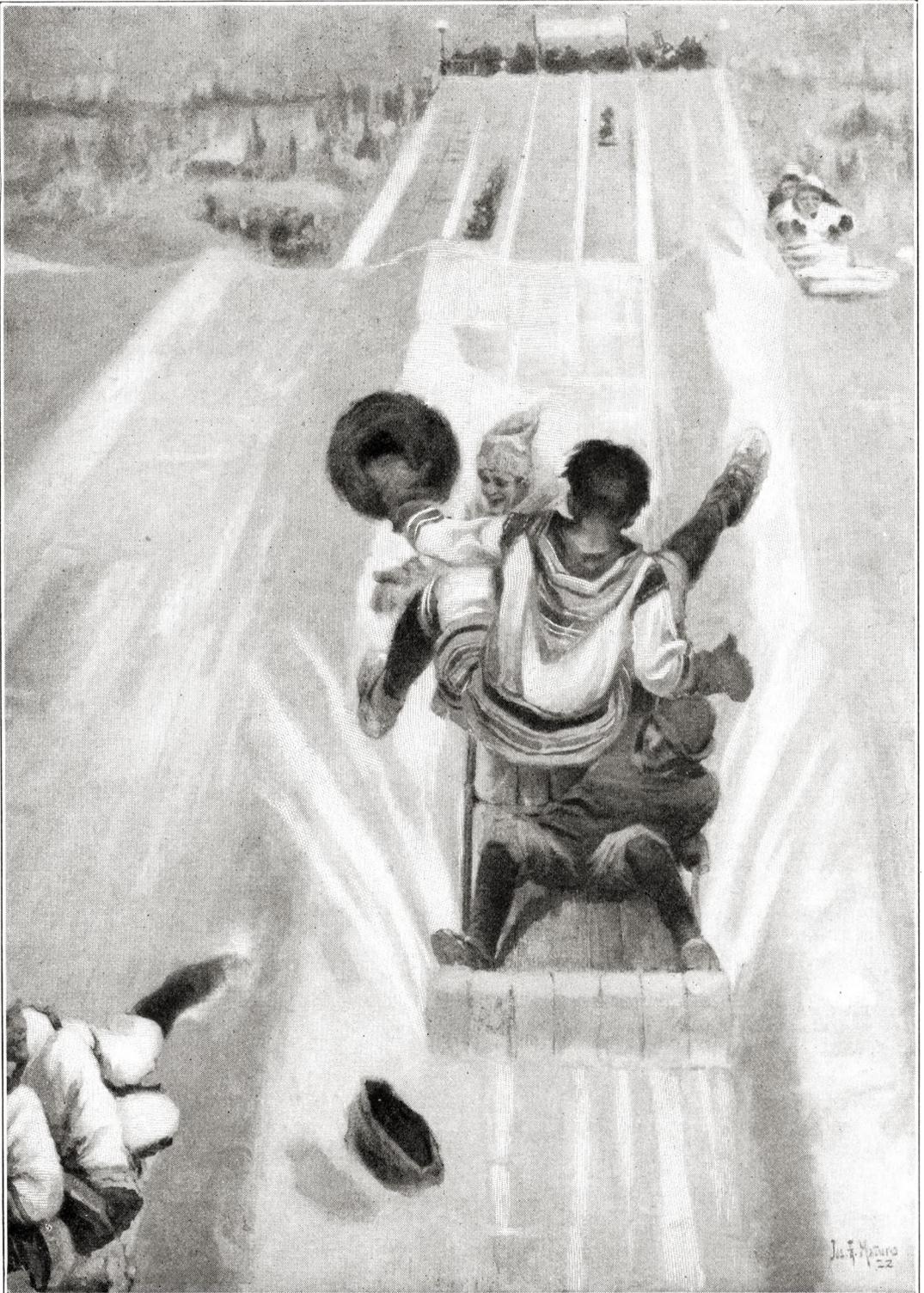
When they came to a stop, the strong grip on his legs and back was quickly released. He rolled off the toboggan and stood up dizzily. Two blanketed tobogganists, who had seized him the instant their toboggan had tripped him head foremost upon them up on the chute, jumped from their toboggan and rushed him off the tracks. They felt him over and asked many questions. There was not a scratch on him.

One of the men curiously took Sam by the elbow and lifted his arm. "What's this?" he inquired wonderingly.

Sam looked at the object clutched tightly in his hand and blinked twice in astonishment before he could answer.

"Why! that's the muff—the muff the lady lost—that I went out on the tracks after! I must find her. She'll be worrying."

The man broke out in laughter. "Yes, I guess you'd better find her—I think she'll be worrying!" he said.



"HE FELT HIS FEET SNATCHED FROM UNDER HIM"

The Rhyme of Belinda Ballew

by
Grace
Strickler
Dawson



Now this is the tale of Belinda Ballew,
Who loved to read fairy-books all the day
through.

The princesses fair, with their arrogant air,
Their graces and laces and palaces rare,
So captured her fancy that weary she grew
Of the commonplace life of Belinda Ballew.
"I 'll do no more dusting or sweeping,"
said she,

" 'T is not to my taste in the slightest degree.
I know I 'm a princess whom somebody stole;
I feel just like royalty clear to my soul!"

Her parents, dismayed, found it vain to
upbraid,

In whispers confessing that they were afraid
Her obstinate whim they could not overrule.
She even refused to go longer to school.

"I 'm weary of sums; I would like something
new.

I 'll study no more," said Belinda Ballew.
One morning her father just over the way
Fell in with a wizard called Pippin O'Day.
With a twinkle said he: "Some fun I foresee.
I 'll fix Miss Belinda; just leave her to me."

Said Pippin that day to Belinda Ballew:

"The Princess Dorinda looks so much like
you,

'T would be very strange, but not hard to
arrange,

I think we might manage a brief interchange.
Thus you could be princess at least for a day;
And if you both like it, perhaps you might
stay."

Belinda, delighted, agreed with a zest
And begged him to hasten and put it to test.
So Pippin O'Day hurried quickly away
To Princess Dorinda the plan to convey.

The Princess Dorinda assented; and so,
Exactng their promise that no one should
know,

He whisked them away, while in slumber
they lay,

Each to her new dwelling, did Pippin O'Day.
Then little Dorinda, a princess no more,
Had boy and girl playmates as never before.
She could romp in the garden and gather the
flowers,

Or lie on the grass in the meadow for hours.
What she best liked to do (I am telling you
true)

Was to polish the glasses for Mistress Ballew.

When Pippin that night came to fetch her
 away,
 She told him that she had decided to stay.
 "Please say to that girl that her wish has
 come true;
 I 'd much rather live as Belinda Ballew."
 Now this, to be sure, Pippin thought, would
 allure—

Alas! his opinion was quite premature.
 Belinda wept bitterly. "Take me away—
 Oh, take me back home again, Pippin O'Day!
 I hate this old palace; I have n't a throne;
 These nurses and tutors won't leave me
 alone.

"I have to say lessons, and longer ones, too,
 Than ever they gave to Belinda Ballew.
 They make me walk always so primly about,
 I hardly dare smile, and I 'd *never* dare
 shout.

There are no children here, and I can't run
 and play.

Oh, take me back home again, Pippin
 O'Day!"

So there was poor Pippin. He did what he
 could

To comfort Belinda. He bade her be good;
 And as soon as Dorinda consented, he said,
 He would whisk her right back to her own
 little bed.

The trouble was this: It was easy to see
 Dorinda was happy as happy could be,
 And she could n't, she just simply *could n't*,
 she said,

Go back and be Princess Dorinda instead.
 In the school that Belinda had hated (alas!)

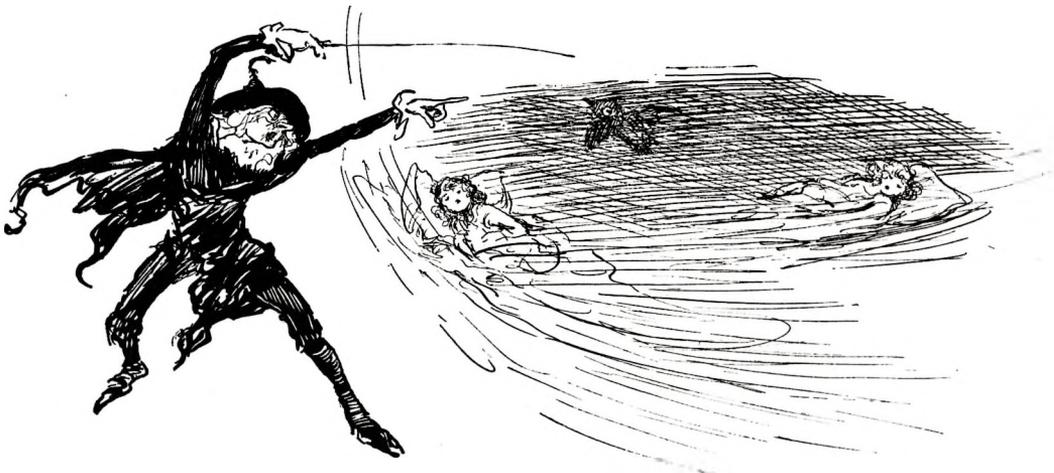


"YOU COULD BE PRINCESS AT LEAST FOR A DAY"

Dorinda rejoiced to be head of the class;
 And she daily delighted good Mistress
 Ballew

With the pleasure she took in the work she
 could do.

And meanwhile, Belinda tried hard to be good



"HE WHISKED THEM AWAY WHILE IN SLUMBER THEY LAY"



"TAKE ME BACK HOME AGAIN, PIPPIN O'DAY! I HATE THIS OLD PALACE!"

And acted the princess as well as she could.
She wept every night at the thought of her
plight,
And vowed she 'd go home again, happen
what might.

So she fled all alone from the palace so grand,
And traveled on foot down the length of the
land.
The palace resounded with cries of dismay;
"The princess is lost! She is stolen away!"
But down in the cottage of Mistress Ballew,



"PRINCESS DORINDA REFUSED TO LEAVE MISTRESS BALLEW"

Instead of one dear little maid, there were
two.

Then Pippin confessed to his part in the jest,
And Mistress Ballew held them both to her
breast.

The story came out, as such stories will do,
But Dorinda refused to leave Mistress
Ballew.

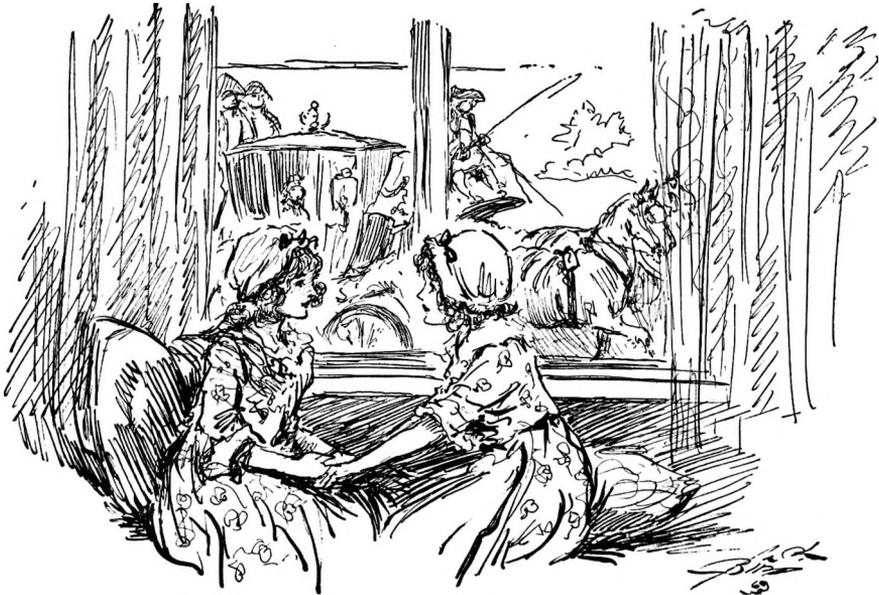
'I'll abdicate gladly. I'd much rather stay

Down here with Belinda and study and
play."

The nobles went back to the palace and found
Another young maid, who was glad to be
crowned.

When the new princess rides in her coach
down the way,

Two little girls smile, and Belinda will say:
"I'm glad it is she who is princess. You see,
It is n't such fun as I thought it would be!"



A WONDERFUL LEAP

By WALTER K. PUTNEY

IN a glass case in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington there was for a time a stuffed cat. This tabby did not belong to any President of the United States, nor did she possess any special pedigree, but she once made a wonderful leap that brought fame to her and her skin to the Smithsonian Institution.

A number of years ago, before the Washington monument was fully completed, this cat found herself at its base and thought that she would make a tour of inspection. So she climbed up the interior of the shaft until she was a hundred and sixty feet above the ground. There she rested, gazing peacefully around over the landscape.

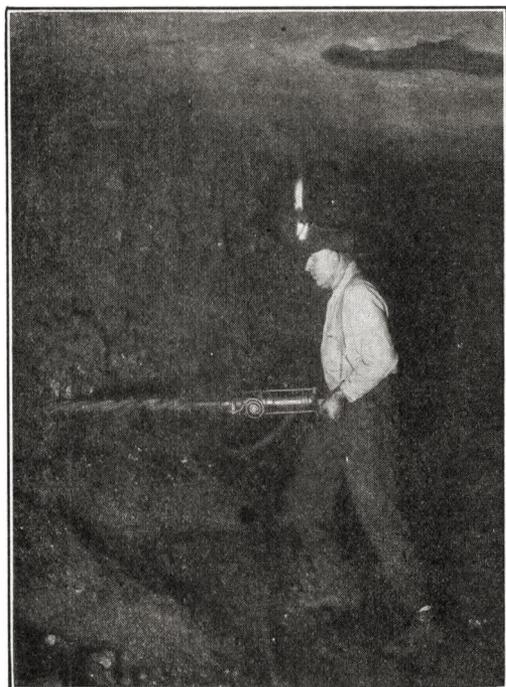
This happened early in the morning.

When the workmen arrived and began to ascend the noise so frightened poor Tabby that, just as some of the men reached the upper landing she ran to the outer edge and jumped to the ground. The workmen expected to see her crash to the earth. Imagine their surprise, therefore, when Tabby spread herself out much as a flying squirrel does, and alighted on all fours. She rolled over several times, as if dizzy, and then started to run away. Unfortunately, a dog pounced upon her just then and shook her so furiously that she died. A representative of the Smithsonian Institution had the skin stuffed and placed upon exhibition, with a card telling of her leap to fame.

THE STORY OF COAL

By FLOYD L. DARROW

ONE rainy evening nearly a century and a half ago, Philip Ginter, a poor hunter and trapper, was slowly making his way down the side of Bear Mountain in the Lehigh Valley region of Pennsylvania. Tired and discouraged after an unsuccessful day in the



DRILLING, PREPARATORY TO BLASTING A VEIN OF COAL

woods, he was returning to his log cabin. Suddenly his foot struck a shiny, black stone and drove it on before him. At once his curiosity was aroused. Could this be the newly discovered fuel called coal? All about him lay the black rocks in abundance. He paused to examine them, and the next day reported his find to Jacob Weiss at Fort Allen. A quarry was soon opened, and the mining of Lehigh coal became a factor in the industrial growth of the nation.

But this rough huntsman did not know that he was standing at the dawn of a new day. He little dreamed of the vast industrial era which in a few short decades would be entirely dependent upon this black, earthy substance that kindles and burns "like wooden coals." He did not glimpse deep mines with their grimy toilers, innumerable

smoking chimneys, the steam-engine, the blast-furnace swallowing four hundred tons of coal a day, iron belts that span the continents, floating palaces of iron and steel, big guns and armor-plate, huge sky-scrappers, vast workshops, and an age of electricity—all of which would be impossible without these black rocks dug from the depths of the earth. For coal is the symbol of power. Without it, nations wither and decay. Together with its twin brother iron, it has spelled industrial and political dominion. Along its black trail we trace the ever-expanding growth of world trade. But none of all this did the hunter see.

And yet the incident just related does not mark the discovery of coal. Its first use goes back to a much earlier time. Tools and cinders found near the ancient Roman wall in England indicate that the Britons used this fuel previous to the Roman invasion in 54 B.C. By the English people it was first used as a fuel in 852, and, in the blast-furnace for the production of iron, in 1612. In America those intrepid Jesuit missionaries, Joliet and Marquette, discovered coal near the present site of Utica, Illinois, in 1673. That the Indians were acquainted with numerous coal-beds and actually burned these black stones instead of fire-wood, there can be no doubt. The oldest coal-mines in America are those in the bituminous fields near Richmond, Virginia. The story is told that a boy discovered these beds in turning over stones in search of bait for fishing. In 1760, anthracite coal was discovered in Rhode Island, and, two years later, settlers from Connecticut discovered anthracite in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania. In 1769, Obadiah Gore, a blacksmith of the Wyoming Valley, first burned anthracite in his forge. Others soon followed. Farmers and blacksmiths began to mine it for their own use. Still, with virgin forests and an abundance of fire-wood, the introduction of the new fuel was slow. Those who used it, too, were frequently subjected to ridicule.

The rich beds of the Schuylkill were discovered in 1770. Five years later the government of Pennsylvania floated coal down the Susquehanna to Harrisburg, then known as Harris Ferry, and hauled it by wagon to the arsenal at Carlisle for use in the manu-

facture of ammunition. Judge Jesse Fell, one of the pioneers in the introduction of coal to the public, used it in the manufacture of nails in his factory at Wilkesbarre in 1788.

At about this same time another hunter, Nicholas Allen, found coal near Pottsville, Pennsylvania. He, too, had hunted all day, and at nightfall built his camp-fire under a ledge of black rocks. After preparing his supper, he wrapped himself in his blanket and was soon sound asleep. Some time in the night he was awakened by a strong light shining in his eyes. Leaping to his feet, he discovered to his amazement that "the mountain was on fire!" He had built his fire on an outcrop of coal, and, by this fortunate accident, located one of the richest coal regions of the State. Still another hunter, John Charles, came upon coal in digging out a woodchuck.

THE ORIGIN OF COAL

COAL is crystallized sunshine. Millions and millions of years ago—countless ages—this planet passed through what geologists call the Carboniferous Period. The continents, then somewhat differently arranged from what they are now, were enveloped in a dense atmosphere, hot and humid. Tropic climates extended far beyond the present torrid zone. Along the borders of the sea and about the shores of inland lakes were vast swamps. In them grew a most luxuriant vegetation. At no other time has the earth seen its like. Huge tree-ferns, often eighty or ninety feet in height, other forms akin to modern horse-tails and scouring rushes, ferns like the maidenhair of China and Japan, and immense trees, similar to our club-moss and ground-pine filled these swamps in the utmost profusion. Breathing the carbon dioxide of the air through their leaves and drinking with their roots the soluble plant-foods in the rich soil beneath, the energy of the sunshine

united these substances into the woody fiber of the tree.

From time to time these swamps sank beneath the water and the plants were killed. Then the rivers, pouring in their sediment, buried this vegetation beneath deep layers of sand and mud. At first a peat-bog was formed similar to those existing to-day in Ireland and along our Atlantic coast. Gradually, as the layers of sediment grew thicker, their tremendous pressure, and the heat developed by it, squeezed out the gaseous matter and changed this vegetation into coal. Here is Nature's coke-oven. In it has been produced every variety of coal, from peat and lignite to bituminous and anthracite, the particular kind depending upon the degree of pressure and heat to which the vegetation has been subjected. Over and over again was this coal-making process repeated. At intervals of thousands, and even millions, of years fresh swamps formed, were submerged, and buried with sediment. In the shale and sandstone rocks just above a coal-bed we very often find impressions of the plants from which the coal was formed. In



A COAL-CUTTER AT WORK

the "underclay" beneath the bed, we find fossil roots and rootlets of the coal-producing plants. These rocks also contain fossil remains of the animal life of that distant age. No human being, mammal, or bird had

existed upon this planet at that time. The living forms consisted chiefly of fish, reptiles, and insects. Yet the species were very different from those existing to-day. Strange, is it not, that we can know with certainty the kind of animal and vegetable life that existed upon this planet a million years ago?

And did you ever stop to think that the heat liberated from burning coal is some of the sun's energy that has been preserved for us through vast periods of previous geologic time? It was the energy of the sun which, in Nature's greatest laboratory, produced the woody fiber that later became coal. The light that beams upon you from an open fireplace is sunlight, second hand. Electric light and power, too, are solar energy transmitted through coal and steam. What would become of industry and civilization without these seemingly inexhaustible supplies of fuel and power?

THE EARLY USE OF COAL IN THE UNITED STATES

GRADUALLY the coal industry grew. In 1803, two boatloads were shipped to Philadelphia, but the stuff could not be made to

a grate. In 1808, Judge Jesse Fell gave a public demonstration in which he burned coal in the public room of his hotel at Wilkesbarre. This was regarded as a great event, and people flocked to see it as they would to a circus. White and Hazard, wire manufacturers at Schuylkill Falls, spent all night in an unsuccessful attempt to make coal burn in their furnace, and gave up in despair. Fortunately, they left the door shut, and a workman, returning some time later to get his coat, found a red-hot fire.

In 1805, John and Abijah Smith, from Derby, Connecticut, settled at Plymouth, Pennsylvania, and immediately formed the coal firm of Abijah Smith and Company. This was the first coal company in America. Transportation in those days was entirely by water, and they shipped their coal in crude boats called "arks." Each boat carried sixty tons and was manned by a crew of four men. Seven days were required to reach tide-water on the Susquehanna, a distance now covered by rail in a few hours. In those days, coal sold in New York and Baltimore for ten and twelve dollars a ton. Considering the greater purchasing power of money at that time, it will be seen that coal was then an expensive luxury.

The oldest coal company in America, still in existence, is the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, organized in 1818. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, the second oldest, began business in 1825. Anthracite was first used in the smelting of iron at Schuylkill Falls in 1812. Its first use in the generation of steam-power was at Thompson's rolling-mill at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, in 1825. But in England coal had been



CONVEYING COAL IN A MINE BY ELECTRIC-MOTOR

burn, and was used in place of gravel on the sidewalks. A little later, Colonel George Shoemaker was driven from the streets and threatened with arrest for attempting to sell a few wagon-loads in the Quaker City. But its use as a domestic fuel could not long be stayed. About this same time, Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, first burned coal in

used for this purpose for nearly a century. In 1839, in the Pioneer Furnace, at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, anthracite was used to produce pig-iron continuously for one hundred days. As a recognition of this achievement, Mr. William Lyman, of Boston, owner of the furnace, was awarded a prize of five thousand dollars.

EARLY MINING METHODS

FROM the earliest times, the coal-beds, or seams, as they are called, have been reached by one of three methods—the “shaft,” the “slope,” or the “drift.” The shaft, either round or rectangular, is sunk vertically down to the coal; the slope is a tunnel driven downward at a steep angle; while a drift is a horizontal tunnel leading into a coal seam. Where a shaft is sunk through water-bearing strata of rock, a water-tight lining, or “tubbing,” must be provided, to prevent the flooding of the mine. All water that enters a mine flows into an excavation called a “sump,” and must be pumped out. From the bottom of the shaft, or tunnel, one or more main entries are driven into theseam, and off from these lie the “rooms” in which the coal is mined.

The mining of coal has always meant hard labor. In the earliest mines it was broken loose from its long resting-place with crude picks and thrown into baskets strapped to the backs of carriers, who toiled up and down long ladders or rough stairways. Later, it was placed in sleds at first and then in carts, which were dragged by women and children to the foot of the mine shaft. From there, a bucket and windlass, operated by horses or mules, brought the coal to the surface. Gradually, mules were substituted for the women and children; and eventually steam and electricity were harnessed to the work of lifting the coal from the mine. To-day, coal-mining has been placed almost entirely upon a machine basis.

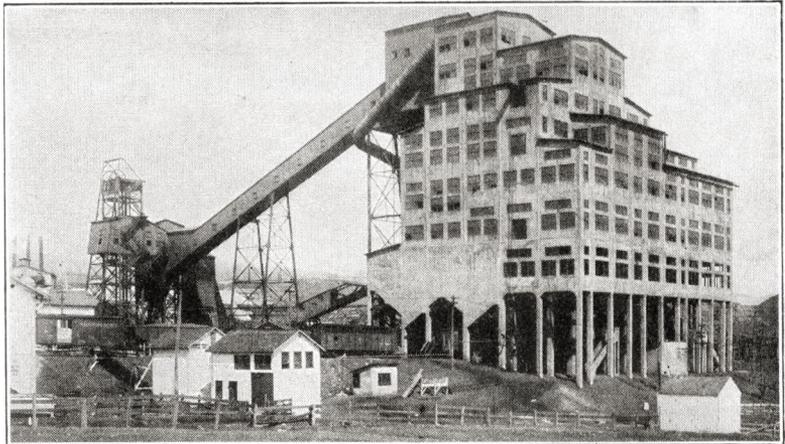
COAL-MINING MACHINERY

STILL, much of the drudgery and cheerless toil of coal-mining remained. The output of the mines, too, was small. But the introduction of coal-mining machinery has done much to change these conditions, and has increased enormously the quantity of coal mined. These inventions, too, have been almost entirely the work of Americans.

One of the first additions to be made was the “coal-breaker,” in which anthracite coal is broken, screened, and sized for market. One feature of the breaker is the picking-

table, a slowly moving belt-conveyor beside which men and boys stand and pick the pieces of slate from the coal as it passes by. This tedious hand-labor still seems to be a necessity, for no very satisfactory mechanism has been devised to take its place.

The first really great advance in coal-



Underwood & Underwood

LARGEST ALL-CONCRETE COAL-CRUSHER IN THE WORLD, AT SCRANTON, PA.

mining methods came with the invention of the rock-drill. The idea of attaching a drill to the piston-rod of a steam or compressed-air engine is very old, but its practical application has been quite recent. The first mining machine on record was patented in 1761 by Michael Menzies at New-Castle-on-Tyne, England. It was a clumsy device and served only to point the way.

In America, although a number of early inventors devised more or less successful machines, it remained for Joseph A. Jeffrey, a prominent business man of Columbus, Ohio, to do the pioneer work in this field. One day, in 1877, as Jeffrey was passing a store window, he noticed on exhibition the model of a coal-cutter. Mr. Francis M. Lechner, the inventor, had placed his model there for the purpose of interesting in its development and manufacture some one of means and ability. Jeffrey at once saw its possibilities, and, through his efforts, the Lechner Mining Machine Company was organized. What this machine did was to undercut the coal previous to blasting and to take the place of the laborious method of hand picking. The first machines worked fairly well, but they soon went to pieces. Still, there was no damping of the enthusiasm of the inventors. One of their chief difficulties was the opposition of the miners themselves. Here was a machine intended

to ease their burdens as nothing else had ever done, but still they looked upon it as an enemy. Despite every obstacle, Jeffrey forged ahead. The foes of a new and better day were finally vanquished. Better machines

machines are now operated by electricity. Electricity lights the mines and lifts the coal to the surface. It has also been harnessed to handle the coal in the breakers and at the docks along the Great Lakes. And this application of electricity has been almost wholly an American achievement. Foremost among the inventors in this field has been the engineering staff of the General Electric Company, at Schenectady, N. Y.



PICKING SLATE FROM COAL

were built. The output of coal rapidly increased. Yankee ingenuity did not rest, and, as a result, we now have a single machine that undercuts the coal, knocks it down, and loads it into the mine car—all in one operation. And more, it requires the attention of but one man!

Many others have been prominent in the development of coal-mining machinery. James P. Upham and Albert Ball founded the Sullivan Machinery Company, a strong rival of Jeffrey. The names of Rand, Ingersoll, Sergeant, and Leyner, a group of brilliant American inventors, are known wherever coal is mined, the world over.

ELECTRIFYING THE MINES

The first electric locomotive to be exhibited, even as a curiosity, did not appear until 1879. Yet within three years from that date, electric locomotives were doing service in the coal-mines of Saxony. Inventors were quick to see that electricity could be made to eliminate much of the drudgery of coal-mining. In 1887, electric traction was introduced into the mines of Pennsylvania. More than ninety per cent. of coal-mining

machines are now operated by electricity. Electricity lights the mines and lifts the coal to the surface. It has also been harnessed to handle the coal in the breakers and at the docks along the Great Lakes. And this application of electricity has been almost wholly an American achievement. Foremost among the inventors in this field has been the engineering staff of the General Electric Company, at Schenectady, N. Y.

You frequently read of frightful mine-disasters. These result usually from explosions of what miners call the deadly "fire-damp," damp being the old name for a gas. This gas, known to chemists as marsh-gas, or methane, collects in the mines, and, when mixed with air, is violently explosive. The early miner's lamp, consisting of a naked torch attached to the cap, only invited disaster. As the miner entered a danger-zone, no warning was given. A terrific explosion, with the caving-in of rock and the entombing of scores of miners, was a frequent occurrence.

SAFETY-LAMPS FOR MINERS

A little more than a century ago, the "Society for Preventing Accidents in Coal Mines" applied to Sir Humphry Davy, director of the Royal Institution, in London, for the invention of a safety-lamp. In a very short time, Davy produced his famous lamp. He surrounded the flame with a cylinder of copper gauze. So good a conductor of heat is copper, that the heat of the flame is unable to pass through and ignite the explosive gases on the outside. By the appearance of the flame, too, the miner is able to tell when he is approaching danger.

Electric safety-lamps are now in common use. Probably the most successful of these is that invented by Edison. It employs his famous storage-cell, strapped to the belt of the miner, as a source of current.

VENTILATION AND MINE RESCUE WORK

ONE of the biggest problems confronting the mining engineer is that of ventilation. In the early mines the only ventilation known was that obtained from the natural circulation of the air. But in modern mines the breathing of hundreds of men and animals, the poisonous gases issuing from the coal seams, and the "after damp" from blasting necessitate large supplies of fresh air. Nowadays, huge ventilating fans, expensive machinery, and an elaborate system of airways insure circulation in every part of the mine.

Through the carelessness of miners, electric short-circuits, and spontaneous combustion of coal-dust, fires and explosions still occur. Therefore mine rescue work is of vast importance. The recent practice of removing coal-dust from mines as completely as possible and coating all surfaces with non-inflammable rock-dust has done much to prevent fires and explosions.

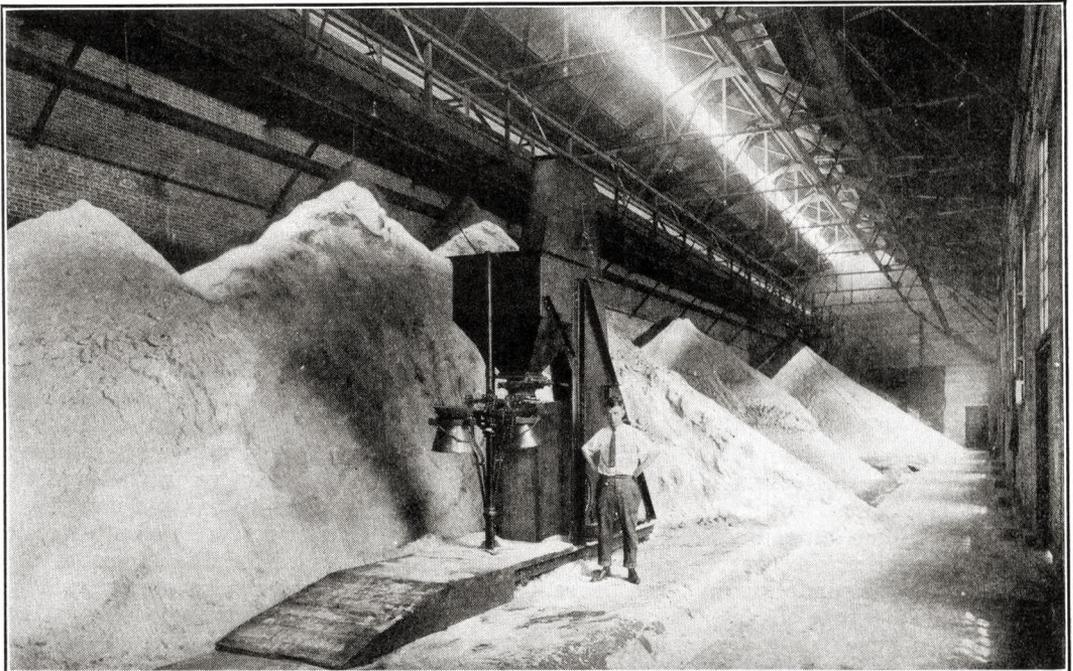
Still, "rescue cars" must be maintained to be rushed to a scene of disaster at a moment's notice. These cars contain oxygen breathing-apparatus, helmets, oxygen cartridges, lamps, tools of every sort, rubber gloves, disinfectants, stretchers, fire-extinguishers, pulmotors, flash-lights, and complete first-aid equipment. A new device invented by French scientists and improved by American

engineers is the "geophone." By its aid, sounds may be heard through rock 2000 feet thick, and talking, through rock fifty feet thick. With this instrument, it is possible to determine the location of entombed miners or the position of a fire in a burning mine.

COKE AND COAL-TAR

COKE is one of the three most important raw materials of chemical manufacture, and coal-tar is the chemist's storehouse of magic substances. Both are obtained by heating soft coal in huge ovens cut off from contact with the air. For a generation, coke has been the chief fuel in the smelting of iron ore, and coal-tar is a tremendous resource both in peace and war. Every blast-furnace in the country swallows up four hundred tons of coke every twenty-four hours, and coal-tar is needed in prodigious quantities as a source of dye-stuffs, drugs, and explosives. Yet little more than a half-century ago, this black, foul-smelling tar was regarded as an unmitigated nuisance, and, for more than a hundred years had been treated as pure waste.

The man who changed all this was Sir William Perkin, and he did it when but a lad of seventeen. While a student at the Royal College of London, young Perkin had been assigned the task of producing quinine from coal-tar. One evening, at the close of an



TONS OF FERTILIZER, OBTAINED AS A BY-PRODUCT OF THE COKE INDUSTRY

unsuccessful day's work, he poured alcohol into a dirty, black mess of aniline oil and other chemicals. Immediately, there flashed into view a beautiful purple color. Perkin would not rest until he had separated this color compound and learned how to prepare it. He persuaded his father to build for him a factory, and in it began the romance of coal-tar dyes. In a short time he succeeded in producing alizarin, the brilliant "turkey red," from coal-tar, and thereby sounded the death-knell of the madder-plant industry, from which this color substance had formerly been obtained. A few years later, German chemists won another great triumph in the artificial preparation of the ancient dye-stuff, indigo, from coal-tar. Its price immediately dropped to a few cents a pound, and the value of the annual crop of the indigo-planters quickly fell from \$20,000,000 to practically nothing. From coal-tar the chemist draws the explosive that wounds and the balm that heals. Like a magician, he makes it yield the most delicate perfumes known to nature. In it, the physician finds an inexhaustible storehouse of powerful drugs for the stilling of pain, the allaying of fever, and antiseptic uses. From this unsightly stuff is obtained a sweet substance five hundred times sweeter than honey. The photographer draws from it his great variety of developers and exceedingly sensitive preparations for films and plates. Surely, coal-tar has proved to be a veritable treasure-house of chemical wealth.

But in this country, before the Great War, these valuable by-products of the coking of coal went to waste. Coal was coked in wasteful "beehive" ovens, which allowed the coal-tar, gas, and ammonia to go up in smoke. It is estimated that \$75,000,000 worth of these products was lost each year. But the by-product coke-ovens are changing all this. Instead of being dependent upon Europe for these chemicals, essential to the arts and industries, we now produce our own.

AMERICA'S COAL SUPPLY

BUT what of our fuel-supply? Is it inexhaustible? Will these prodigious inroads upon the crystallized sunshine of a former age never consume our sources of power?

When America was discovered, there were locked up in its underground storehouse 3,541,000,000,000 tons of coal. Of this vast supply we have used, up to the present time, about 14,000,000,000 tons. This leaves us 3,527,000,000,000 tons, a seemingly inex-

haustible supply. This enormous reserve is divided as follows: 17,000,000,000 tons of anthracite, 1,510,000,000,000 tons of bituminous, and 2,000,000,000,000 tons of lignite, the poorest variety of coal. In addition, we have an estimated peat-supply of 14,000,000,000 tons. Our supplies of peat and lignite are still untouched; and from the bituminous store, we have drawn less than one per cent. Still, great as our coal-reserves are, it is estimated that the anthracite coal will be gone in seventy-five years, and, if the present rate of increase in consumption should be maintained, our total supply of all kinds will be exhausted in another century.

In 1870, we mined but 33,000,000 tons of coal, while now we are taking nearly 700,000,000 tons a year from our fuel estate. In 1870, the steam-engines in our factories, mines, and quarries developed only 2,460,832 horse-power, whereas these industries now use 31,250,000 horse-power. And, if we add to this figure the steam-power used on ocean liners, naval vessels, electric power-plants, railroads, and other enterprises, we shall have a total of 96,000,000 steam-generated horse-power, most of which is produced by burning coal. More than 150,000,000 tons of the coal mined each year are burned under the boilers of railroad locomotives, and burned in a very wasteful fashion. If our fuel-supplies are not to be recklessly squandered, very great economies must be effected in their use.

Our petroleum reserves are also going rapidly, and, at some future day, both petroleum and coal will have been exhausted. "What then?" you say. Well, we shall still have the energy of falling water, the tides, and the almost limitless quantities of sunshine. It is estimated that the solar energy falling upon the Sahara Desert in a day is equivalent to the burning of 6,000,000,000 tons of coal. Some day we shall invent engines to utilize this vast supply. Steinmetz, the foremost electrical engineer of today, says that when we fully develop and use the waste water-power of the nation it will be sufficient "to operate every industry and engine and locomotive in the land by electricity." And then, too, we may learn how to tap the vast reservoirs of sub-atomic energy locked up within the atoms of the elements. This source is inconceivably great, and we have only to find the key. Of one thing we may be perfectly sure—as long as the race is here, its energy needs will be supplied.

FIRE-FAIRIES

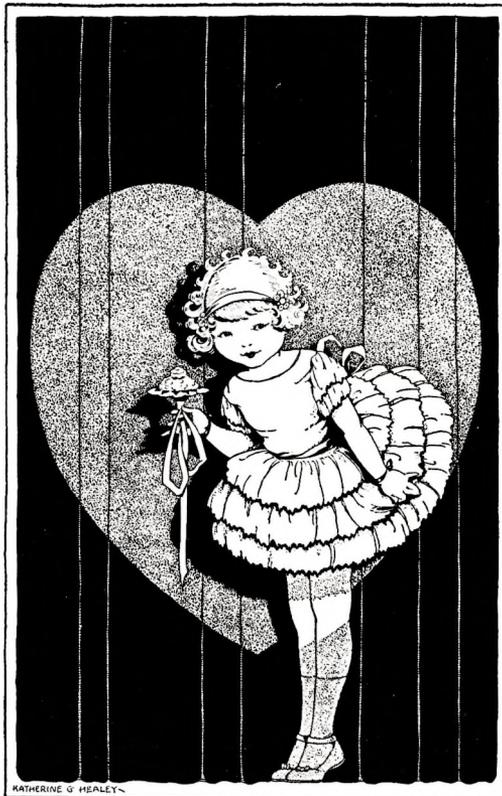
By GEORGE B. CARPENTER

WHEN the fire cracks and sputters
In defiance to the snow,
And the fire-fairies sparkle
In the ruddy afterglow,
Did you ever, ever wonder
How they happen to be near,—
Just to break the wood asunder,—
And so quickly disappear?

Through the long and drowsy summer
Every sunbeam streaming down
From the azure arch of heaven
Into forest, field, and town,
Finds some cozy nook or crevice,
Where the forest watchers creep,
Burrows deep beneath the surface,
Cuddles up, and goes to sleep.

But when winter steals upon us
And the fender shines again
In the mellow light of hemlock,
Oak, or maple—it is then
That the sunbeams break their bondage
And, from woody fiber free,
Each becomes a fire-fairy,
Sparkling there in ecstasy.

Leaping, laughing, in the fire,
Casting shadows on the wall,
Rising higher, higher, higher,
Till the snowy ashes fall,
And they 've vanished up the chimney,
Leaving here, within the den,
All the fragrant warmth of summer,
Which will bring them back again.



A MESSENGER FROM GOOD SAINT VALENTINE

NID AND NOD

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "The Turner Twins," etc.

CHAPTER I

IN THE LITTLE BLUE SHOP

"STRAWBERRY and lemon mixed, please." Laurie Turner swung himself to the counter.

Polly Deane laughed as she added one syrup to the other in the bottom of the glass. "You and Ned think of the most outlandish concoctions," she said. She turned the soda faucet and then set the bubbling drink beside him. "Where is Ned, Laurie? I have n't seen him for days."

"You 'll probably never see him again," answered Laurie, sampling the mixture. "He 's taken up golf. Found two or three fellows as bad as he is and plays every afternoon, rain or shine. At least, he has for three days! Sort of tough on me, Polly, to have my twin brother go wrong like this. Folks 'll say I should have looked after him better."

"I think golf is lots of fun," said Polly.

Laurie shook his head. "Maybe, but you 've never lived with a golf-nut, I guess. Why could n't he have gone in for something sensible, like tennis or baseball?"

"Oh, do tell me about Kewpie! How is he getting on?"

A shadow crossed Laurie's face as he set his empty glass down. "Punk," he answered.

"Oh, well, it really does n't matter, I suppose."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Well, does it?" asked Polly. "I mean that it does n't matter if he does n't learn to pitch very well. He 's only doing it because he did n't have anything else to do and was getting so sort of—of morose, and eating a lot of pastry and sweet stuff, and—"

"One moment, prithee! That 's the reason I 'm doing it, you mean. That 's the reason I 'm spending half to three quarters of an hour with him every morning, when I ought to be preparing my next lesson, letting him try to pitch to me. But that is n't the reason Kewpie Proudree 's doing it, not by a long shot! Kewpie 's doing it because he really thinks he *can* pitch and wants me to persuade Mr. Mulford to take him on the baseball squad!"

"I know, Laurie, but—"

"He 's got a couple of books on 'How to Become a Pitcher,' and he studies the diagrams and then gets out and tells me he 's going to pitch a drop, say, and I go and chase the ball into the next lot! Why, that poor chap could n't *ever* make a pitcher! That is—"

Laurie stopped abruptly, scowled, and stared silently at the white marble soda-fountain. He was a slim, round-faced boy of fifteen, with reddish-brown hair, a somewhat impertinent nose, and very blue eyes. At school he was known as "Nod," and his brother, as "Nid." That had been Kewpie's doing last autumn when they had entered Hillman's.

"Of course, Mr. Mulford would n't take him on the nine," said Polly. "We none of us expected that, did we? The idea was to keep Kewpie from ruining himself with tarts and cream-puffs, to give him something to interest him, so that he 'd be of some use in football again in the fall. And it has done him good, Laurie. He does n't ask for pastry any more, and he 's lost six pounds, he says, and he 's quite like his old self again. So I don't see that it matters much if he does n't really learn to pitch. Only you must n't say anything to discourage him, of course—"

"I could n't," said Laurie, grimly. "No one could. I 've tried, and I know." He relapsed into silence again. Then, "Look here, Polly," he said. "I might as well tell you. I went and made a fool of myself the other day, and now Kewpie 's *got* to learn to pitch!"

"What *do* you mean?" asked Polly, her brown eyes opening very wide. They were pretty eyes, and, excepting her smile, were her chief attraction. Polly was just short of sixteen, and when she was not attending high school she took her mother's place behind the counter of the little shop in which our story opens. To the boys of Hillman's School, two blocks distant, Mrs. Deane was known as "The Widow," and to the widow's they flocked daily in quest of sodas and ice-cream and candy and pastry. Just now, since the hour was half past five, the rush was over, and Laurie and Polly had the place to themselves, Mrs. Deane having

retired to the combined living-room and kitchen in the rear. Dropping around to the little blue-painted shop in Pine Street after five o'clock for a glass of soda and a chat with Polly had become rather a habit with Laurie.

"Well," said the boy, "it was like this: three or four of the baseball crowd were in the cage in the gym the other afternoon before practice—Nate Beedle, the first-string pitcher, you know, Captain Dave, Gordon Simkins, and Elk Thurston. Also yours truly. Well, Nate said something about me running a kindergarten for pitchers, and then Elk took it up. You know he's had it in for me ever since that day I borrowed his bicycle without mentioning it to him and he came in here and was going to punch me, only your mother walked in just then. You remember."

Polly nodded. "You should n't have taken his wheel, Laurie."

"No, and he need n't have been so huffy about it. Well, anyhow, he got ugly and said Kewpie would n't ever be any more of a pitcher than I'd be a catcher,—we're both trying for substitute catcher, you know,—and a lot of stuff like that; and I got sort of peeved and said—" Laurie paused and shook his head ruefully, "—said Kewpie was a better pitcher right now than Elk was a catcher, and that he'd be pitching for the team before the season was over!"

"Why, Laurie Turner! What ever made you say such a thing?"

"I don't know, but I did say it. And they all laughed and—well, now, by jiminy crickets, he's just got to be a pitcher!"

"But you just said yourself—"

"I know, but Ned and I talked it over and decided that the honor of the Turners was at stake, and that we'd just have to make good somehow. So we put it up to Kewpie, and he agreed to work hard and do the best he could; and I agreed to ask Mr. Mulford to give him a try-out, and there it is."

"And did you—ask Mr. Mulford, I mean?"

"Yes, and he promised. Seemed to think it a huge joke, but said that if Kewpie ever got so he had anything to show, he'd look him over. Sort of a mess, eh?"

"We-ell, of course," said Polly, judicially, "if you can't make good, Laurie, you just can't."

"Got to! Said I would, did n't I? Besides, I'm not going to have that Elkins Thurston calling me a quitter. He makes trouble enough as it is, always ragging me

about my playing. I'm not much worse than he is, by jiminy! Though," he added, "that is n't saying much!"

"Why, I thought you were doing very well," said Polly.

"Oh, I don't know. I manage to stop most of 'em, and I've been batting pretty decently; but when it comes to plugging to bases, I'm just not there." He was silent again, his thoughts returning to his self-imposed task of turning the school team's center-rush into a baseball pitcher. Finally he sighed lugubriously. "The trouble with me is," he murmured, "I talk too blamed much!"

Conversation was for the moment interrupted by the tinkling of the bell in the back room and the opening of the shop door to admit a pleasant-faced little lady in a queer, old-fashioned dress and a funny black bonnet. When Polly returned, after a moment, she sighed quite as deeply as Laurie had.

"I do feel so sorry for her," she said.

"What's the matter? Who is she?"

"That's Miss Comfort. Did n't you recognize her? She's the lady who makes most of our pastry and lives in the little white house at the corner, facing the park."

"Oh, yes. But why are you sorry for her?"

"Because she must get out of her house the first of the month and she has n't any place to go. And she must be almost seventy, Laurie. Just think of it!"

"Tough luck!" said the boy, sympathetically. "Are n't there any other houses in Orstead, though? Seems to me I've seen two or three empty ones, Polly."

"She could n't afford them. You see, she was allowed the use of the house she's in as long as her sister lived. Her sister was married to a man named Goupil, Mr. A. G. Goupil, and lived in Iowa, I think. Yes, Sioux City, Iowa. She was younger than Miss Comfort, and used to teach school in New Jersey until she met this Mr. Goupil. Then she married him without saying a word to Miss Comfort about it, until afterward. I guess Miss Comfort did n't like that. Besides, the man was French, and she does n't think much of French people, either. Anyhow, she and her sister sort of quarreled. At least, that's what Mama thinks. Then, last December, Amanda died, and now Mr. Goupil—no, his lawyer out in Sioux City—has written and told her she must be out of the house by the first of May."

"And to-day 's the ninth of April! Did n't she get after this Goop chap? Write him or anything?"

"Yes, she wrote him two or three weeks

ing, anyhow, the miserable old Shylock?"

"I don't know, but Mama thinks he has plenty of money. The Goupil Machinery Company is the name of the firm."



"A PLEASANT-FACED LITTLE LADY IN A QUEER, OLD-FASHIONED DRESS"

ago, when she got the lawyer's letter, but he 's never answered."

"Maybe the letter went wrong."

"That 's what Mama told her; but she said it could n't have, because she sent it to his office. And, of course, even if he had moved his home when his wife died, his office would be the same, would n't it?"

"I reckon so. What does he do for a liv-

ing, anyhow, the miserable old Shylock?"

"Gee, that 's tough luck!" said Laurie. "Must be some place she can go to, though."

"There 's only one place I know of," said Polly, sadly, "and that 's the poor-farm. Of course, she 'd be well taken care of, and they 'll let her go on making cake and selling it; but she hates it dreadfully."

"That does n't sound French to me," objected Laurie, frowning. "How does he spell it?"

"G o u p i l. It 's a funny name, is n't it?"

"Crazy," agreed the other. "He must be a pippin to throw the old girl out of her home like that. You say she has n't any money at all?"

"Not more than enough to pay for moving, Laurie."

"How come?"

"I guess she never did have any. That house belonged to her mother, and she died a long time ago and left a funny will that let Miss Comfort stay there until her sister died. She 's been getting along pretty well by making cakes and things and selling them. She makes the best cake in town and every one buys of her. But I guess she 's never made more than enough money to just live on. I know that winter before last, when coal was so high, she shut up all the rooms except the kitchen and lived there, with just the stove for warmth. And goodness knows when she 's had a new dress. I declare, she 's worn that one she had

on just now ever since I 've been in Orstead, Laurie!"

"I should think she might! At her age! Gee!"

"Mama and I thought of having her here, but there 's only the two rooms upstairs; and while it would be all right for awhile, it would n't do as a—a permanent arrangement."

"But is n't there any one else who could give her a home—some one who has more room? What about the folks in her church?"

"Well, of course there 's been talk of helping her, and I 'm certain quite a lot of folks will give money; but I don't believe she 'd take it, Laurie. And even if she got quite a lot, even a hundred dollars, it would n't pay house rent very long, would it?"

"A hundred dollars!" snorted Laurie. "Say, they must be a lot of pikers. Why—"

"Why no, Laurie, they 're not. You see, they 're not very well-off themselves, and the congregation is n't a large one at all. A hundred dollars would be quite a lot of money to them."

"So the poor old lady 's got to go to the poor-farm, eh?" mused Laurie, frowning.

"I 'm afraid so!" sighed Polly. "She 's never talked to me about it, but Mama said this morning that she guessed Miss Comfort had about reconciled herself. And just now she came in to apologize for not sending two cakes she had promised for this afternoon. I guess the poor dear 's too worried and upset to make them."

"Yes, I guess so," Laurie agreed. "I call that tough luck. 'Miss *Comfort!*' Gee, I 'll bet she has n't really known what comfort is, Polly!"

"Not since her mother died, probably. But she 's always been just as cheerful and happy as any one could be, until just lately. She 's a perfect dear, Laurie, and I could cry when I think of her having to go to that po—poor-farm!"

Dismayed by the catch in Polly's voice, and horribly afraid that she was really going to cry, Laurie suddenly recalled the fact that he must get back to school. "Well, I—I suppose there is n't anything any one can do," he murmured awkwardly. "Maybe the poor-farm won't be so bad. I suppose it 's the idea of it that sort of gets her, eh? Well, I must be trundling along. See you to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night," said Polly. "But you did n't need to run away. I had n't any intention of cry—crying!"

CHAPTER II

LAURIE SENDS A TELEGRAM

FUNNY how things happen, is n't it? If Bob Starling had n't emerged onto his side porch just as Laurie's head became momentarily visible in the break in the hedge where the gate hung, this story would have been lots different. Perhaps, indeed, there would n't have been any story at all!

As it was, Bob came, saw, and shouted, and Laurie paused. Bob was a day-student at Hillman's, a slim, well-built chap of sixteen, with a good-looking countenance and a jolly smile that made friends readily. His father was the chief engineer in charge of the work on the new bridge being built near Orstead, and he had leased the big square residence known as the Coventry Place for the term of his stay.

"Been over to the Widow's?" asked Bob, as he joined Laurie at the gate. "How 's Polly? Have n't seen her for days."

"She 's bearing up as well as might be expected," replied Laurie. Then, avoiding the other's playful punch, he added, "She 's sort of broke up, though, about Miss Comfort."

"Who? Oh, the old lady that makes the good cake. They 're putting her out of her house, or something, are n't they? Aunt was saying something about it at breakfast."

Laurie nodded. "It 's a blamed shame, too," he declared indignantly. "Why, say, Bob, she 's over seventy! One of the nicest old ladies in town, too. Always cheerful and happy and—and sunny, you know. One of the—er—well, a fine character, Bob."

"Why, I did n't know you were so well acquainted with her!" said Bob, in evident surprise.

"Well, I don't know her so very well, personally," replied Laurie, "but Polly says—"

"Oh!" chuckled Bob.

Laurie scowled. "I don't see anything very funny in it," he protested. "A perfectly corking old lady like Miss Comfort having to go to the poor-farm! At her age! Almost eighty!"

"Hold on! She was seventy a minute ago! Who says she 's going to the poor-farm?"

"Pol—everybody! I call it a downright shame!"

"Why, yes, so do I," agreed Bob; "but I don't see why you are so het up about it."

"You don't, eh? Well, if she was *your* mother—"

"But she is n't, Nod. And I don't believe

she 's yours, either, no matter what you say."

"I did n't say she was," replied Laurie, a trifle irritably. "I only said—I was just trying to make you see— Aw, you have n't any heart at all!"

"Oh, don't go up in the air," laughed Bob. "I have n't said anything against the poor old soul. I 'm mighty sorry for her, just as sorry as you are, but I can't do anything about it, can I?"

"No, but you need n't laugh at her!"

"I was n't laughing at her, you nut! I—"

"Besides," continued Laurie, "if every one took your attitude about—about things, saying, 'I can't help, can I?,' I 'd like to know what sort of a world this would be!"

"Well, hang it, I can't!" said Bob, emphatically, getting a trifle riled at his friend's unreasonableness. "Neither can you. So why stand there and—"

"How do you know I can't?" demanded Laurie, with much hauteur. "I have n't said I could n't. In fact, I—I 'm going to!"

"You are?" exclaimed Bob, incredulously. "How, Nod?"

The note of respect in Bob's voice dispelled Laurie's annoyance perceptibly. "I don't know—yet," he answered. But there was something in his voice, or maybe in the emphasis put on the final word, or possibly in his manner, that caused Bob to think that he did know. "Oh, come on and tell me, Nod," he asked. "Let me in on it. Maybe I can help, eh? I 'll say right now it 's fierce to use a fine old lady like that! Are you going to get up a subscription or a—I know! A benefit, eh?"

Laurie shook his head, glancing at his watch as he did so. "I can't tell you anything about it—yet," he replied. "But maybe—as soon as I get the details settled—I 've got to do a lot of thinking, you know, Bob."

"Sure! Well, listen, let me in on it, will you? I 'd love to do something, you know. I always thought Miss Comfort was a mighty fine old girl—I mean lady, Nod!"

"She is," said Laurie, almost reverentially.

"Sure," agreed Bob, solemnly.

"Well, I 'll see you to-morrow. Keep it to yourself, though. I don't want my plans all spoiled by—by a lot of silly talk."

"I 'll say you don't! Good night, Nod."

When he had reached the corner it began to dawn on Laurie that, as Ned had told him recently, he talked too much! "Got myself into a nice mess," he thought rue-

fully. "Suppose I 've got to go ahead and bluff it out with Bob now. Wonder what got into me. No—no discretion, that 's my trouble! I ain't so well in my circumspection, I guess. Better see a doctor about it! Oh, well—"

If you know Orstead, New York, you will recall that the town occupies the slope and summit of a very respectable-sized hill that begins almost at the river's edge and rises, never very abruptly, to what, in the old days, was called The Plain. The principal approach to The Plain is Walnut Street, a broad, tree-lined, winding thoroughfare, whose lower blocks are occupied by stores and whose upper reaches are given over to comfortable, sometimes rather palatial, residences. Hillman's School occupies the most of a large block just before Walnut Street stops climbing. The four buildings, of red brick, are approached from Summit Street. West Hall, a dormitory, comes first. Then School Hall, an older edifice with a slate roof, interposes. East Hall is beyond the recitation building, and finally, somewhat in the rear, is the gymnasium. Hillman's accommodates some fourscore students in the two dormitories and admits a few day-pupils, the school catalogue usually containing the names of some ninety-odd boys.

It was toward the farther building, East Hall, that Laurie Turner made his way after leaving Bob Starling. At the head of the first flight he walked along to the end of the corridor and paused at the portal numbered 16. Below the number, in a little metal slot provided for the purpose, were two cards, bearing the inscriptions, "Edward Anderson Turner," "Laurence Stedman Turner." A vandal hand, suspected to be that of Kewpie Proudree, who roomed across the corridor in Number 15, had added the further inscriptions, "Nid" and "Nod."

Ned Turner was brushing his hair before the glass of his chiffonier when Laurie entered. A description of Laurie answers perfectly for Ned, for the twins were startlingly, confusingly alike, a circumstance that had led to numerous complications, sometimes amusing, sometimes annoying, since their advent at Hillman's the previous September. Only their closest friends and acquaintances were able to distinguish Nid from Nod without a second or even third look. Ned Turner was not alone in the room, for very thoroughly occupying a Morris chair beside the table was Kewpie Proudree. Kewpie was not tall, but he was broad enough to

atone for the fact. He was rotund of face and body and had short, stout legs and arms and deserved his nickname. He was n't really fat, in spite of a winter of idleness and steady patronage of the Widow Deane's pastry-counter, although he had undoubtedly put on weight since he had played center so efficiently in the game against Farview. At

"Marvelous," replied Laurie. "Carpenter must be pretty punk, I 'd say. That my blue tie you 've got on?"

"Yes, want it?"

"What if I did?" asked Laurie, sarcastically. "Kewpie, you ought to be mighty glad you 're not a twin. Nothing that I own is sacred to this robber."



"THIS LUNATIC HAS BEEN GOLF-GUFFING ME FOR HALF AN HOUR!"

Laurie's advent Kewpie sighed immeasurable relief.

"Thank goodness you 've come, Nod!" he exclaimed. "This lunatic has been golf-guffing me for half an hour!"

"Did you go over to the Widow's?" asked Ned, still plying his military brushes and regarding his brother in the mirror.

"Yes. Thought maybe you 'd show up there. Have a good game?"

Kewpie started a fervid protest, but Ned got ahead of him. "Corking, old son! Played Billy Carpenter and had him three up at the seventh. Not so bad for a dub, eh?"

"Huh," said Ned, "who wore my best golf-stockings yesterday? How 's Polly and the Widow? I have n't been over there since Sunday."

"They feel your neglect," answered Laurie, "but they 'll probably pull through. I suppose you fellows have heard about poor Miss Comfort?"

"I 'll bet it 's good," said Ned. "Spring it, old son."

Laurie frowned. "It 's no silly joke," he said sternly.

"Sorry," apologized his brother. "What 's happened to her?"

Thereupon Laurie told his tale to a sym-

pathetic audience, managing to make it just a wee bit more pathetic than when it had been told to him. Laurie "put on the tremolo" to such effect that even Kewpie, notably serene and cheerful, got quite incensed over the outrageous conduct of the far-off Mr. Goupil. Laurie did not, however, hint that he had any intention of interesting himself in the matter. He had, he reflected, done enough damage for one day by letting his tongue get away from him! The supper-bell found Kewpie in the middle of an unflattering estimate of Mr. A. G. Goupil's character, and sent him hurrying out of the room to get washed.

The next day Laurie diligently avoided Bob Starling, for he knew that Bob would demand more particulars anent that unfortunate assertion of his. Once, at recitation, Laurie encountered Bob's inquiring gaze, and after that did n't dare look in his direction again. In the afternoon, during practice at the field, his usefulness as a baseball candidate was somewhat mitigated by the realization that either he must make a bluff at coming to Miss Comfort's aid, or acknowledge to Bob that he had n't meant a word of what he had said over the gate. Neither alternative pleased him. And then—perhaps it was the sudden invigorating rush of cold water that did it—a brilliant idea came to him while he was having his shower! He would, in the name of an outraged community, dispatch a protesting telegram to Mr. Goupil in Sioux City. If nothing came of it, he would at least have saved his face!

With Laurie, to decide was to act. By telephone he summoned Bob to an after-supper conference, and when that youth arrived he laid before him and Ned the plan to aid Miss Comfort. Bob was instantly in favor of it, but Ned demurred stoutly. They had no business butting in on the lady's affairs, declared Ned; and if they did, they would certainly land themselves in a heap of trouble. Laurie called him "hard-boiled" and appealed to his sense of justice. He also asked him if he had a heart. Ned replied that he had, and that he also possessed a remnant of common sense. Thereupon Laurie put tears in his voice, again pictured the dire fate hovering above the defenseless gray head of Miss Comfort, and spoke shudderingly of the poor-farm as a residence for a lady of her years. He now had Miss Comfort "over eighty." Eventually, Ned capitulated, and the task of composing a message was begun. It proved difficult, but

at last it was accomplished, and at a quarter past eight the following telegram was filed at the telegraph office:

A. G. Goupil,
Goupil Machinery Co.
Sioux City, Iowa.

Have you authorized eviction aged sister-in-law? Orstead indignant. Answer immediately.

LAURENCE S. TURNER.

They each paid a third of the cost of the message, and returned to school feeling rather daring and extremely noble.

All the next day, which was Saturday, Laurie waited for an answer which did not come. Hillman's played her second game of the season that afternoon, the opponent being Lincoln Dale High School. The contest went to ten innings, and was called with the score 7 to 7 to allow the visitors to catch their train. Laurie watched the game from the bench, and, with mingled feelings of relief and envy, saw Elk Thurston substitute Cas Bennett, the regular catcher, in the eighth.

On Sunday, when, after dinner, Laurie, Ned, and Bob went over to the Widow Deane's to get Polly and her chum, Mae Ferrand, and go for the usual Sunday afternoon walk, that telegram to Sioux City still remained unanswered. Polly declared that it would be answered, however; that Mr. Goupil's self-respect would demand it!

"Of course," agreed Mae. You could depend on Mae agreeing with Polly always. She was a very pretty girl of Polly's age, with hair like gold and a skin like peaches-and-cream. The similes are Ned's.

"I don't know," said Laurie. "Reckon a man who 'd put his own sister-in-law into the street has n't got any self-respect."

"If he does n't answer," asked Mae, "what are you going to do next, Laurie?"

"Me?" Laurie shrugged. "Is n't anything more I *could* do, is there?"

"Oh, Laurie!" exclaimed Mae, in disappointed tones.

"Don't be silly, Mae," laughed Polly. "He 's only fooling. You ought to know Laurie well enough to know that he is n't going to give up as easily as that! Why, I dare say he has it all settled this minute, only he does n't want to tell us."

"I have n't either," protested Laurie. "Look here, this is n't any business of mine, and—"

But Polly only laughed as she slipped an arm around Mae and gave the latter a

reassuring squeeze. "We know, don't we, Mae?"

Laurie opened his mouth for further denial, but recognized the futility of it. Instead, he seized Ned by the arm. "Come on," he said helplessly. "Let's go."

They went, but not to walk. Polly took them to the little white house on the next corner and ushered them into the presence of Miss Pansy Comfort. There, seated uncomfortably about the rather bare front parlor, they were entertained by the little lady with layer-cake and conversation. Miss Comfort did n't look more than sixty, and she had very sharp bright eyes and a most energetic manner. She had a pleasant voice, as well; and when she smiled you felt more than ever the injustice of her impending fate. She had been told about the telegram, and, although she said she was certain Mr. Goupil would not reply to it, she was almost embarrassingly grateful, and thanked Laurie at length and with a quaint formality that made him squirm.

Laurie emerged from the little house ruefully aware of the fact that Polly had been right. He was n't going to give up so easily. If nothing came of that telegram, he would simply have to think of something else!

Nothing did come of it, and on Thursday Laurie announced the next step. Somewhere in Orstead, he declared, there must be a place for Miss Comfort; a shack that could be made habitable, a room above a store, a gardener's quarters over some one's garage or stable—any of these would be better than the poor-farm. On Thursday and Friday they scoured the town; and on Friday at dusk they wearily returned to the little blue shop, convinced that there was no such place. And then, the next Sunday, they went to walk again, and chose the river-bank, going down-stream past the wharves and the coal-yard until they reached

The Basin, a favorite skating-place in winter. The Basin was a shallow pool lying back from the river, its lower end close to the big quarry that was eating away Little Crow Hill. It was connected with the river by a narrow inlet, over which the railroad crossed on a short bridge. Near by, moored in the quarry company's dock, was the old ferry-boat, the *Pequot Queen*, the sight of which reminded them of winter days when they had crowded into its engine-room and warmed themselves at a driftwood fire in the old rusty fire-box.

"It's funny some one does n't buy her and break her up," observed Laurie.

"Nobody knows whom she belongs to," answered Bob, as they passed the boat. "The ferry company went bust and left her here, you see; and, of course, the quarry folks can't claim her, although I've heard they've got a big bill against her for dockage, or whatever it's called."

"They might push her out, if they don't want her," offered Ned. "Looks as if she was considerably in the way."

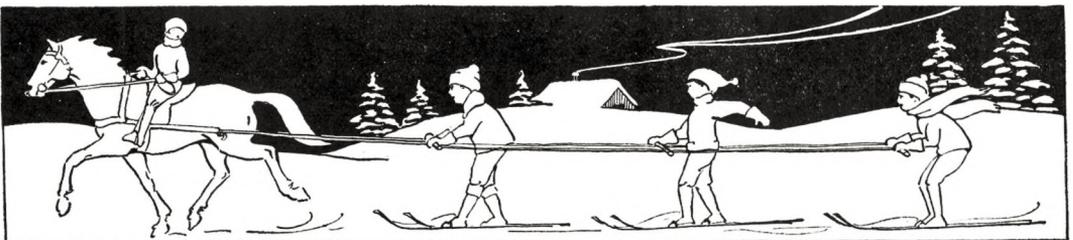
"Guess she is, but if they put her out into the river she'd be a what-you-call-it—menace to navigation."

"Well," said Polly, "I hope they won't, because she makes a lovely club-house for us in winter, does n't she, Mae?"

Mae agreed that she did, and Ned said he guessed Polly need n't worry. "Looks as if she'd stay right there and rot," he said.

For the rest of the walk Laurie was strangely silent and drait. Skirting the back of Little Crow, he made so many missteps and bumped into so many trees that the others viewed him with alarm. Ned offered to lead him, but Laurie refused assistance, explaining, in a far-off voice, that he was "just thinking." He might have added that he was mentally wrestling with a Great Idea, but he did n't.

(To be continued)



SKI-JORING—MORE FUN WITH LESS EFFORT



"BY MY FAITH, SIR GREGORY, YON MAN IS TOM O' TILBURY" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

DWARF HILDEBRAND

By BERNARD MARSHALL

Author of "Cedric the Forester"

FOR half an hour and more, young Gregory, the sixteen-year-old heir of Colinwood, and Dwarf Hildebrand, the archer, had been sitting on a fallen log amidst the green and gold of the autumn woods. The hunting was forgotten and their bows and shafts lay in the bracken beside them, while Hildebrand regaled his young master with tales of the varied life he had seen in his wanderings—of archery meets and tourneys, of minstrelsy and conjuring, of merry and riotous or grim and desperate adventures with many a hair's-breadth escape from death or maiming.

That morning they had ridden with Lord Colinwood ten miles and more on the road to Shrewsbury; but on the hither side of Kelsey Brook had left the highway for a path that led among the yews and beeches straight east to the woods of Tilbury and Mordaunt, where they hoped to slay a deer. A mile or so from the highroad they had tethered their horses in a close thicket, and now had come on foot through the forest to this glade, which Hildebrand remembered as a likely spot for hunting.

'T was well indeed that through the overhanging hazel branches they could see and not be seen, for now of a sudden Sir Gregory interrupted a merry tale with a grip on the arm of his companion and a pointing finger which indicated two men who had appeared from the undergrowth two hundred paces off and now came forward slowly. The first was tall and powerfully built, with black and heavy brows and huge mustachios. He wore a cap of steel and a shirt of woven mail that

hung nearly to his knees; a short and heavy sword hung from his belt, and in his hand he carried a crossbow, ready braced. The other was of medium height and most evil countenance, with the livid scar of an old wound distorting his mouth and cheek. He seemed to wear no armor, but a poniard hung at his girdle, and with this his right hand constantly toyed as he talked in low, half-muttering tones.

"The knight is Sir Richard of Mordaunt," whispered Gregory.

"Aye," answered the dwarf, in a cautious undertone, "the Black Mordaunt and Scar-face of Belmere! 'T is an ugly couple, in good sooth. I warrant there 's some poor wretch to whom their converse bodes no good. And if we be, as I think, on Mordaunt's lands, 't will be well for us if we be not seen. The Mordaunt, as I know full well, bears no good will to Lord Colinwood, thy father. But hold! Who is this fellow in Lincoln green that now joins them?"

Through the open wood at the right, Gregory could now see approaching a tall man in the dress of a forester, but wearing over his upper garments a braced and quilted jacket such as were often employed by the yeomanry and men-at-arms in place of breastplates of steel. In his hand he bore a longbow; at one side hung a quiver of cloth-yard shafts, and on the other, a dagger in its leathern sheath. The man walked with the springing step of a deer or other woodland creature, and scarcely lowered the green feather in his hat in his greeting to those who awaited him.

Hildebrand's eyes were dilated with the intensity of his watching, like those of a cat at the entrance of a mouse's retreat. Now he clutched Sir Gregory's arm and whispered:

"By my faith, Sir Gregory, yon man is Tom o' Tilbury and no other!"

"The robber chief? Him that my father's threats drove from the country-side three years ago?"

"'T is he and no other. I saw him at Deping when the village folk had made him prisoner and prepared to hang him for his crimes. I 'd know him in a thousand."

"This bodes no good to us or any other honest men," whispered Gregory.

"Nay, verily," returned the dwarf; "'t is best we slip away while yet there 's time."

So saying, he drew his short legs over the log and crawled into the fern-brake behind it, closely followed by his young master. It was their intent to emerge on the side away from the beech-tree, make their way over the little rise of ground beyond, and so out of the neighborhood ere the ill-omened trio could see that they had been observed. But fortune favored not this design; for no sooner had they crouched among the ferns, than they heard the voice of Sir Richard, who had advanced along the path toward their retreat and who now called back to the others:

"Come hither, I pray ye. Here is a fallen log where we may sit and discuss this matter at our ease."

In a moment he had seated himself on the log and had been joined by his companions. The two youths in the bracken, ten feet away, had no choice but to lie low and hold their breaths. To rise and fly would be to invite challenge and pursuit and perhaps a deadly shaft from the outlaw's bow; while by lying as silently as hares in a thicket, they might avoid all notice and thus preserve whole skins.

"Now this falls out most fortunately," resumed Mordaunt. "Thou sayest, Tom, that Colinwood hath indeed ridden toward Shrewsbury, as we had news he would. What company had he and with what arms?"

"Three men-at-arms with swords and bucklers, the boy Gregory, and the dwarf Hildebrand, that lately returned to his household. Both these carried longbows."

At this, Sir Richard clapped his hand to his thigh in glee and turned to Scarface with a cry of triumph.

"Heard thou ever the like, Belmere? This opportunity is made for us. On their return to-morrow, we 'll strike down father and son

together and fairly wipe this breed of Colinwood from our neighborhood. Thou and I will wear the Lincoln green and serve with Tom o' Tilbury; and it shall go forth that forest robbers have slain them."

"Aye," answered Scarface, grimly. "There 'll be no tender heir to rouse the sympathy of neighbor folk, and whose claims might later interfere with the wise plans of our most gracious lord, Prince John. With the lad well out of the way, he will far more surely keep the promise he hath made and confer on thee the title and estates."

Now, indeed, the listeners among the ferns knew whose lives and fortunes were threatened by this ugly trio. No course remained for them but that of utter silence, for if discovery had before meant danger, it now meant certain death.

"And what is my stake in all this?" demanded Tom o' Tilbury. "Why should I risk the lives of my men in this venture? 'T is not reported that Lord Colinwood will bear with him any booty of gold or gems."

"Listen, thou greedy one," answered the Mordaunt. "All such booty as may be had will be thine; but 't is not in any such gear that thy stake in this venture consists. With Colinwood and his son removed, I become the Lord of Colinwood. Colinwood himself hath sworn to hang thee. Will not thy trade thrive better with me, thy friend, in his place?"

"'T is so," urged Scarface, "Thou 'lt be altogether secure, and, within reasonable limits, may ply thy greenwood trade in safety. 'T is a good bargain for thee, Tom; I warrant it."

The robber made no reply, and for a moment there was silence in the glade. Then came a strange interruption. Whether from dust from the dry leaves so near his face or a shred of floating down from some dead flower, the nose of young Gregory had begun to feel a most insistent tickling and to warn him of a coming sneeze. Twice and thrice his face grew almost purple with his efforts to repress it, while Hildebrand watched his struggles in horror, thinking that he suffered from a seizure. At last Gregory, despairing of longer delay, turned on his face and muffled the explosion as best he might among the leaves. Had this occurred while one of the plotters was speaking, it might perhaps have passed unnoticed; but now the sound was plainly heard, though none of the three could tell the direction whence it came.

"What was that?" demanded Mordaunt, starting from the log and gazing wildly about.

The others made no reply, but listened, open-mouthed.

Just then there came a voice from the bracken, thirty yards away, on the farther side of the brook that ran below the pathway—a strange and eery voice, half whining and half jeering:

“Mordaunt—Black Mordaunt!”

“What ’s this? We are spied upon!” exclaimed Mordaunt. “I’ll soon see by whom.”

At a bound he cleared the stream, then dashed up the slope beyond and into the bracken.

Then again came the voice, this time from fifty paces to the right. Evidently the eaves-dropper was running on all fours behind the ferny screen.

“Black Mordaunt and Tom o’ Tilbury.”

At this, the two remaining plotters sprang forward and joined Sir Richard. With cries of rage they plunged through the tangle toward the spot whence the last call had come.

Instantly, Dwarf Hildebrand seized Gregory’s wrist and drew him away to the upper side of their ferny shield; then, on hands and knees, they scurried over the rising ground and away into the woods beyond. In a moment they rose to their feet and ran, as silently as might be, toward the rocky glen where their horses were tethered. In a quarter-hour they reached it safely and found their mounts still browsing undisturbed. Full soon thereafter they were on the highroad, riding hard for Shrewsbury.

At sundown, they came into the town and found Lord Colinwood at the inn of the Golden Seal. Upon Gregory’s insistence that they bore news that could wait for nothing, but must have instant telling where none could overhear, Lord Colinwood led the way to the great bedroom on the second floor, which he had taken for the night, and sat him down to listen. Gregory, first seeing to it that the door was safely bolted, breathlessly began his story of the return of the Tilbury robber chief and his alliance with Mordaunt and Scarface to the end of the downfall of the house of Colinwood.

At the end of the tale, the elder remained silent and pondering for a space. Then his face lightened up with a sudden resolve.

“’T is fortunate indeed,” he said, “that their wicked plans are thus revealed to us. I will ride to-morrow through Tilbury Wood, even as they expect, and with but a small company, although we’ll wear linked mail beneath our garments that will turn the shafts of archers. And half a mile behind us

shall come my friend, the Knight of Grimsby, with a hundred men-at-arms and bowmen. While the outlaws are engaged with us, there will come down upon them a force sufficient for their certain overthrow. ’T will be an ill day for Mordaunt, I’ll be bound!”

“Oh, glorious!” cried Gregory, “’T will be my first day in arms, and against enemies whom I would fain repay for the fright they gave me. But now I wonder sorely who that man could be whose timely calling rescued us to-day, and whether he got safely away. He was a right bold fellow to beard them thus. I would I could shake his hand and speak my thanks.”

Lord Colinwood sat with knitted brows, thinking on this puzzling matter. Neither of the youths had any word to offer, and the room was silent save for the sounds that came faintly from the inn-yard below. Gregory was facing the half-opened door of a closet within the apartment, and staring vaguely with the eyes of one whose thoughts are far away.

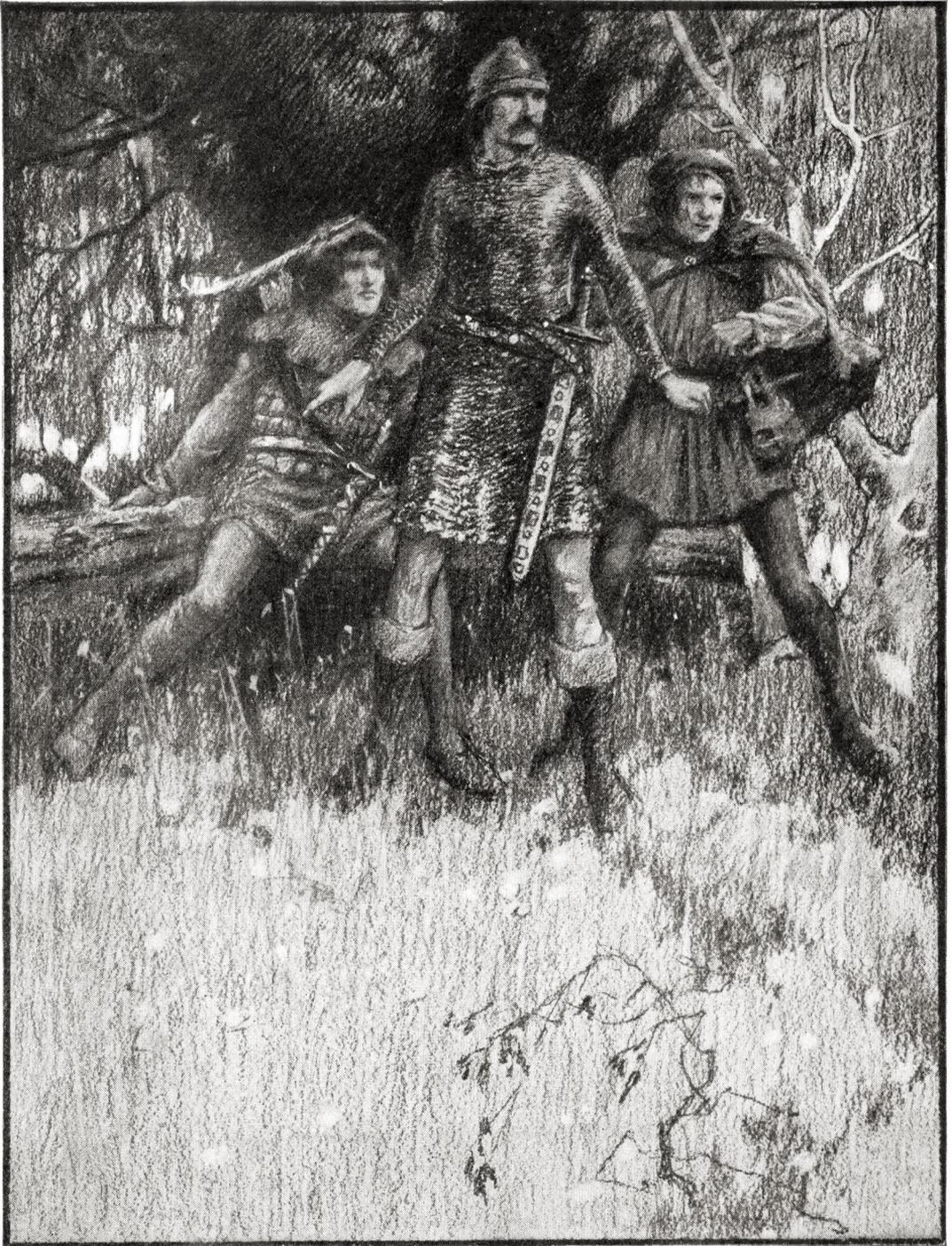
Then from the darkened space within the closet came a voice, half whining and half jeering:

“Mordaunt—Black Mordaunt!”

Gregory froze to his chair in horror, and the hair slowly rose on his head. This was the voice they had heard in the forest—the voice that Mordaunt and the others had vainly pursued. Was this a ghost or a demon that had saved them? If a mortal man, how could he have preceded them through all their hard-ridden miles to Shrewsbury and have hidden himself here? It was not possible, without witchery.

After a dazed moment, Lord Colinwood sprang up and threw the closet door wide open. The waning twilight shone full into the recess beyond, and showed it *empty!* For another instant he gazed in bewilderment, then of a sudden wheeled about toward Hildebrand and laughed full loud and long.

“Hildebrand, thou imp of Satan!” he cried, “Thou hast well fooled us all—first Mordaunt and his crew, and now ourselves. I had quite forgot that conjurer’s trick of thine of throwing thy voice afar, and verily believed that ’t was some reckless fellow who rescued thee in Mordaunt Wood and that by stealth or by magic he had placed himself in our closet here. I’ faith! if ever clowning was put to sober use, it has been so put to-day. When we are home again, thou shalt ask whatever boon thou wilt, and it shall go hard if Colinwood can not grant it thee.”



"We are spied upon,"
exclaimed Mordant. "I'll soon
see by whom."





BEHIND THE KHAKE OF THE SCOUTS

A GIRL SCOUT PAGEANT

By FANNIE MOULTON McLANE

(Instructor in Scoutcraft, Columbia University)



SPiRiT OF YOUTH

CHARACTERS

Reader of the Verse
 Spirit of Youth
 Group of Girl Scouts
 Roman Citizen
 Knight
 Robin Hood
 Pilgrim Mother
 Colonial Dame
 Indian
 Flower
 Sea-Nymph
 Star
 Zephyr

This pageant can be adapted to central staging in a large gymnasium or to a regular stage with footlights. It can be elaborated as much as the director desires, with additional music, dancing, and characters.

(Before the reading is begun, there is heard, played very softly, the music of the opening bars of Dvorak's "Daybreak." The music continues, very softly, all through the reading, up to the entrance of the Spirit of Youth, when it changes swiftly to dance music.)

READER OF THE VERSE

The spirit of youth is ever on a quest.
 It comes among us lovely as a flower;

Coy and shy and wild as a forest bird,
 Scarce touching earth, it flits, it comes, it flees,
 Stays not a moment, but must seek beyond,
 Ever and ever on—and then beyond.

What is this quest that all youth goes upon,
 With its crusader's heart, its knightly soul,
 Its love, devotion, ardor, tenderness,
 Its Roman rectitude, its Indian pride,
 Its eager, dancing feet and heart and eyes?

It searcheth ever and it searcheth far—
 For what? It cannot tell. It only knows
 Something has bound it to an endless quest
 And all its being thrills with vague desire.

It fain would all things know and do and find.
 The gray old world is full of mysteries:
 What are the sun, the moon, the clouds, the stars?
 What is a flower, a leaf, a tree, a bird?
 The eyes of youth look far beyond the sky;
 The heart of youth is deeper than the sea;
 Desire of youth is limitless as space;
 And youth's own heart is full of mysteries.

(The Spirit of Youth enters, clad in short, white, flowing draperies, and dances a dance which expresses the spirit of the lines just read—youth, lovely, shy, and wild, urged on a quest by its own eagerness. At the close of the dance, the Spirit of Youth sinks down upon the floor, center, as if wearied and despairing of the quest. All through the appearance of the rest of the characters, Youth

watches, curious, wondering, and becoming more and more satisfied. A file (or group) of Girl Scouts in uniform enters. They stand in a line, or mass, from behind which the rest of the characters appear.)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, youth finds
Its answer, and the ending of its quest.
For in that khaki line the wise can see
A shadowy pageant ever passing by:
A pageant of the ages, answering
The youth of all the world for ages past,
Telling of how they dreamed and yearned and
sought,

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, we see
The glorious knight, the flower of chivalry.
In our Scout's honor find we *his* ideal,
His knightly honor; in our scouting code,
The code of chivalry. We alike are bound
To loyalty, to helpfulness to man,
To courtesy and to fair gentleness,
To stern obedience and to duty's call.
His shining armor and his knightly sword,
His shining honor and his knightly soul,
Behind the khaki of the scouts is hid.

(Enter Robin Hood, in Lincoln green, with bow and arrow. If staging permits, he may shoot an arrow.)



1. THE KNIGHT. 2. THE ROMAN CITIZEN. 3. ROBIN HOOD.
4. THE PILGRIM MOTHER

And, seeking, found, and gave the world their
gift
Forever, in the khaki of the Scouts.

(The Roman citizen enters.)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, we see
The noble figure of the citizen.
A score of centuries ago stood Rome,
Mighty republic, mistress of the world,
Mother of mighty law that yet endures
In all the nations of a larger world
Than old Rome knew. She taught us these
ideals:

The honor in the name of citizen,
The duty of the citizen to the state,
The love of order, high respect for law,
The self-control that means true liberty,
The love of country that the noble know,
A Roman pride in Roman rectitude—
All these, Rome taught us; in them, Rome still
lives
To-day, behind the khaki of the scouts.

(The Knight in shining armor enters.)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, we see
The picture of a merry band and free
That dwelt in England's forests. Robin Hood
And all his sturdy, merry-making band
Still live in every troop that takes the trail.
His life we live; with *his* heart do we love
The fires of twilight and the feast and song;
And *his* life do we live, for every day
Is gay adventure and the righting wrong.

(The Pilgrim Mother enters, in a neat gown, with sweet, yet resolute, face.)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts we read
One other tale of steadfast hero heart:
Three centuries ago there came a band,
The most heroic women that we know—
The Pilgrim Mothers, who, for conscience' sake,
For faithfulness to duty, love of God,
At home did brave the prison and the stake,
Then left their homes and braved the trackless
sea,
Faced hardships grave, and unremitting toil,
The wilderness, the hate of savages,
And made a home, that conscience might be free.



THE COLONIAL DAME

She lives to-day, brave, steadfast, and devout,
Behind the khaki of the steadfast Scout.

(The Colonial Dame enters. If desired, she may do so to the music of a minuet.)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts we see
A dainty figure, sweet, adorable:
The lady of the colonies, gentle bred,
Taught in the graces of a stately world;
A gracious hostess and a welcome guest,



THE INDIAN



THE STAR



THE FLOWER AND HER BUTTERFLY ATTENDANT

With wit and wisdom, woman's nicety
Of taste and manner, and a woman's pride
In household graces and in household skill.

(Indian enters.)

Behind the Scouts, a lissome figure glides,
Quick, lithe, and silent, sturdy to endure.
Since the first savage traced the woodland path,
Swam the first river, builded the first fire,
Made fire his slave, wrought home from wilder-
ness,

The whiff of forest and the tang of smoke
Have been the quest of all the weary world.
Behind the khaki of the Scouts we find
Skill of the woodlands, wisdom of the trail,
Feet that can softly step and long endure,
Hands that can wrest a living from the wild,
Iron endurance, noble scorn of pain,
And brotherhood to all the great outdoors.

(Enter together the characters representing various phases of nature—a Flower, with a small attendant dressed like a butterfly, a Sea-nymph, a Star, a Zephyr. The Flower may have a dress cut to represent the petals of a flower; the Sea-nymph may have a clinging robe of cheese-cloth, dyed blue at the top, shading to green at the bottom, pinned with a starfish and bordered with shells; the Zephyr may have a robe similar in cut, but in faint, intermingling hues of light blue, lavender, and pink. She should carry a square scarf of silk similarly dyed, which she holds above her head with both hands and keeps in motion, as if a strong wind were blowing. The Star may have a very dark blue or black gown, dotted with stars.)

Behind the khaki of the Scouts, we see
Nature, the mother of a smiling world.
In the Scout's heart is love of nature-lore,



ZEPHYR

A love that comes of knowledge, and a love
That comes of wonder. For the Scout can call
The trees and stars, the birds and flowers,
by name.
She is the mistress of the wind and wave;
She is the comrade of the birds and flowers.
And so to-day youth finds an answer clear—
Its answer and the ending of its quest.

(By now, the symbolic characters have made a complete circle, central staging, or half-circle, regular staging around, the Spirit of Youth. As each is mentioned in the next lines, she vanishes behind the line of Scouts.)

Always the khaki of the Scouts will mean
The citizenship of order, duty, law;
The code of knighthood and its honor pure;
Forest adventure, fire and song at eve,
And daily quest in search of wrong to right;

Devotion brave that dares for conscience' sake;
Fine courtesy and grace and woman's skill;
The wisdom of the wild, the wood, the trail;
Knowledge of wind and wave, of star and bird and flower.



THE SEA-NYMPH

(By this time all the symbolic characters have left the stage. There is left only the line of Scouts with the Spirit of Youth. The music of "Daybreak" begins again, very softly, as the reading continues):

This is the vision; to the outside world,
Only the khaki of a line of Scouts. *(Exit Scouts.)*

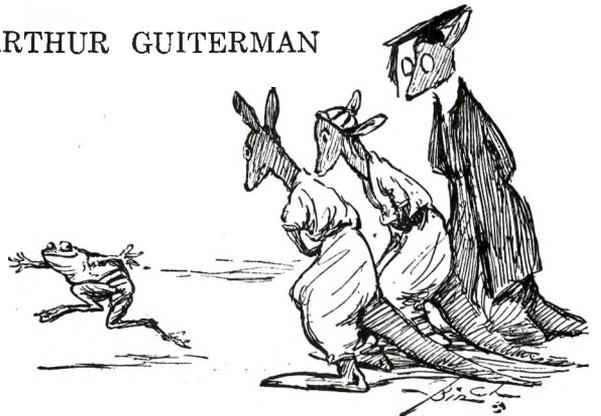
(The music swells till it is triumphant and victorious. Youth watches the retreating Scouts, then lifts her arms after them and follows them.)

AMBITION

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN



A FROG who lived beneath the village pump,
Said, "Really, I am growing much too plump!
So I 'll pack my green regalia
For a trip to far Australia
Where I 'll teach the little kangaroos
to jump."



THE LAST PARRAKEET

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

Author of "The Boy Hunters in Demerara"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT

Two young naturalists, Fred Milton and Paul Jenkins, known as "Skinny" and "Fat," have just returned to New York from a collecting trip in South America. They are crossing Broadway when they rescue an old gentleman from a passing fire-engine. He proves to be Robert C. Whitehouse, proprietor of a large cattle-range in the Everglades of Florida. In conversation he mentions that he has seen parrakeets near his home, and later invites the boys to visit him there. Several weeks pass, when the boys, busily at work cataloging and labeling their specimens, are called to the office of Dr. Keene, the head of the museum, who informs them that they are to be sent to the Everglades in search of a living Carolina parrakeet, long supposed to be extinct. Five thousand dollars has been offered by the United Ornithological Societies for evidence that the birds still exist. Strangely enough, in a bundle of feathers brought to their laboratory by the United States Customs officers, the boys had just discovered part of the fresh skin of such a parrakeet. Encouraged by this to hope that their search may not prove in vain, they return to the laboratory, and find that some one had been handling the parrakeet skin. The invitation of Mr. Whitehouse is recalled and the boys decide to take him at his word.

CHAPTER IV

AN UNPLEASANT GREETING

SEVENTY-TWO hours after the events just narrated, the young collectors disembarked from their Pullman at Fort Myers. Only one incident had marred the journey; and that was soon forgotten in the pleasure obtained from watching the ever-changing panorama from the car window. South Carolina, with its vast stretches of impenetrable, moss-hung cypress-swamps, had been traversed; Georgia, with its flat, interminable miles of pines, had swept by; and finally the train had drawn into the city of Jacksonville, Florida.

As there was a full hour to wait until the train started for points farther south, the boys decided upon a walk, to stretch their legs and freshen their muscles; but just as they were about to leave their seats, they were surprised by a voice calling for Mr. Fred Milton. A small uniformed messenger-boy, black as a lump of tar, entered the car and, casting a sharp glance at its occupants, advanced down the aisle.

"Mistah Milton; telegram fo' Mistah Milton!"

"Guess that 's me," Fred muttered in an aside to his companion, and, holding out his hand, called, "Here you are, boy!"

The messenger gave Fred a shrewd, piercing glance and shook his head, showing a full set of ivory teeth in a grin which seemed to run completely across his small face. "No, suh," he said, "this hyar is fo' Mistah Milton."

"I am Mr. Milton," Fred quietly answered.

"Sho', are yo' now? Why, yo' is only a boy. I 'm shuah yo' is—"

"He 's Mr. Milton, all right," cut in Paul, hurriedly, for a titter could be heard coming from other occupants of the car. "Give him the telegram and wait to see if there is an answer."

The boy, with evident hesitation, handed Fred the yellow envelop, and, shaking his head dubiously, stood at one side while the latter perused its contents. Having scanned the type-written words, Fred handed the telegram to Paul, who studied it with rising perplexity stamped on his round, cherubic face. This is what he saw:

"Did you take parrakeet skin with you? If not, where did you store it?"

Paul read this aloud, and dropped the missive to stare at his chum. The telegram was signed by Dr. Keene.

"W-what does he mean?" he stammered.

"It 's lost!" was the short response; and requesting a blank from the young negro, Fred dashed off a message to the head of the museum in which he stated that the skin had been left in a certain locker in the laboratory. When the messenger-boy had taken himself off, enriched by half a dollar and smiling from ear to ear, the two stared at each other for a moment without further comment.

"How could it be lost when it 's in that locker?" finally demanded Paul, in a bewildered tone. "I put it there myself, and Dr. Keene knows where it is."

"That's just the point," gravely declared Fred. "Dr. Keene must have looked there and failed to find it. That's the reason for the telegram—he thinks that, at the last moment, we may have taken it with us. Somebody *else* has taken it, Fat!"

"But who could possibly know we had it?" the other persisted. "Dr. Keene is the only person outside our selves who knows that such a fresh skin is in existence."

"Somebody examined the plumes while we were in Dr. Keene's office, don't you remember?"

"By Jove, 'that's so!' exclaimed Fat. "Whoever looked those over is the person who has taken the parakeet!"

"That must be it," agreed the other. "And, after all, I don't suppose the loss is so very serious."

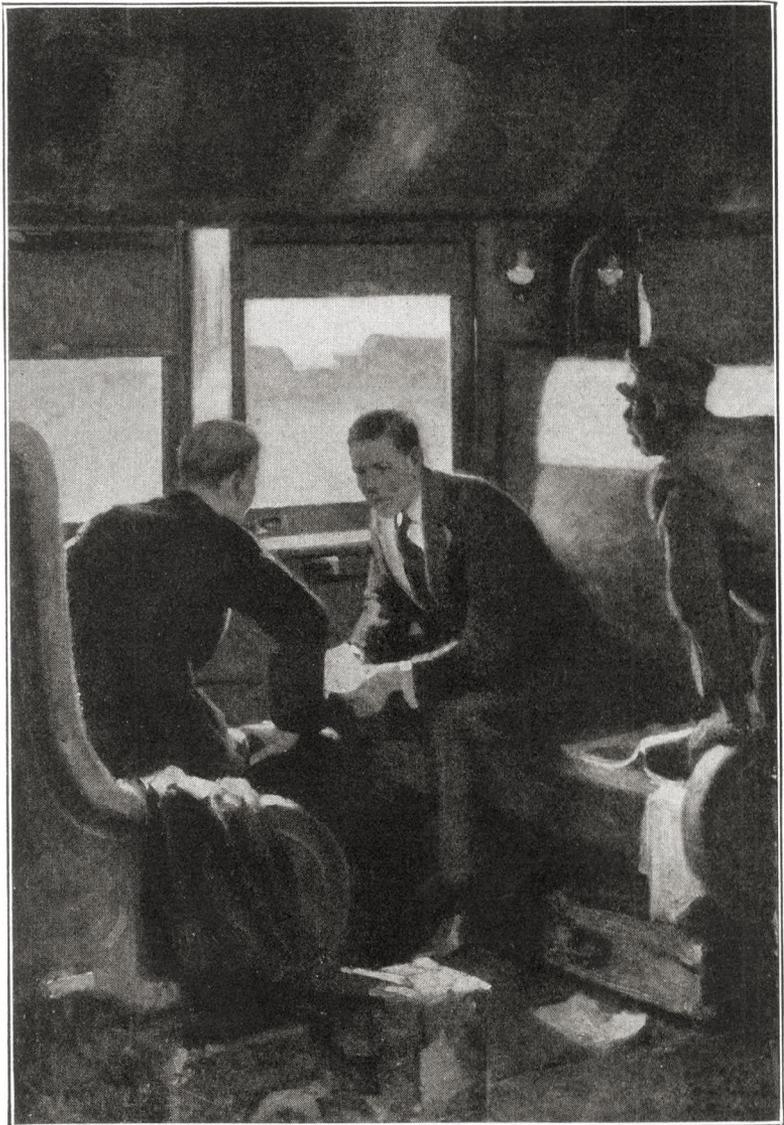
"Not *serious!*" half-shouted Paul. "Why, it may lose us five thousand dollars! That skin is almost fresh, and any unscrupulous person could easily palm it off as being collected by himself within the last month. Not serious? I call it a black catastrophe!"

There was no denying the truth of Paul's words. In improper hands, the possession of those wings might spell disaster to the expedition and sound the knell to their hopes for the reward.

"If the skin really has been stolen and later is submitted to the societies, our only hope remains in Dr. Keene," acknowledged Fred. "He knows about it, and, although he has n't seen it, he could at least hold up the award of the prize until we get back."

After a long and tedious trip from Jackson-

ville, they at length reached Fort Myers, where they changed cars, continuing their journey on one of the small branch railroads in which Florida abounds. The thirty miles



"'W-WHAT DOES HE MEAN?' HE STAMMERED. 'IT'S LOST!'"

they traveled on this proved the longest they had ever experienced in a train.

It was by the merest chance that they caught the train in Fort Myers, there being no regular schedule on the line worthy of mention. An engine and two passenger-coaches were supposed to leave the fort at six o'clock each morning, but lack of steam, or a derailment farther along the line, a burnt bridge, a fallen tree, or any one of a

hundred other possibilities, generally necessitated a delay; any train might be from two to twenty-four hours behind its schedule. Fortunately for the travelers, on the day in question it was merely a hot-box which had caused some slight damage, and by noon the little "Special" was ready to proceed.

When Fort Myers finally was left behind, the young collectors felt that the end of the journey was in sight. The country through which the special crawled at a fifteen-mile gait was flat, sandy, and covered for the most part with a straggling pine forest carpeted with pine-needles and low, bushy palmettos. It stretched for an interminable distance, farther than the eye could penetrate through the hot smoky haze, the sultry atmosphere of a Florida spring. The dreary, uninviting sameness of it undermined the ardor of the travelers.

But there were breaks in the monotony. At rare intervals, which became more frequent as they advanced toward the interior, the track led over small creeks where verdure abounded in true tropical luxury, where gaunt, enormous cypress-trees, spangled and laced with streamers of silvery moss, reared tall crowns skyward above the smaller pines, and the bright-green live-oaks interlocked over the narrow waters. Here taller palms of the cabbage variety rose above the ragged groups of stunted palmettos. Great ferns fringed the banks, and here and there a stately royal palm sent up its shaftlike trunk to rival the tallest cypress. On the whole, however, it was an uninviting region, as viewed from a car window—barren pine-land, varied here and there with bleak, tree-filled swamps.

With scarcely a single exception, the pines had been striped and gashed for pitch from which to manufacture turpentine. The trunks, on opposite sides, were torn free of bark for varying distances, the gashes sometimes reaching six feet or more from the ground. Driven into the yellow, exposed surface, projecting strips of tin acted as spouts to catch the oozing sap and direct it into long, narrow receptacles of burnt clay, which hung beneath. When these were filled, their contents would be scooped out and transported to a central station set up in the midst of the forest. There, after the turpentine had been distilled off from a huge vatful, the residue would remain as resin.

During the course of the journey, the train pulled by one of these distilling stations, and the boys sighed when they saw acre upon

acre of barrels—thousands of them—lying on their sides, filled with resin and awaiting transportation.

"If the people continue tapping the pines at that rate, there soon won't be any trees left to tap," Paul observed with conviction, and he was right.

The State of Florida has been largely denuded of its forests by seekers for turpentine, and it is safe to say that fifty years more will see the last of all the pines. The process of extracting the sap, in present use, is fatal to the tree, as sure death to it as if the tree were chopped off with an ax—but it takes longer. The larger, more sturdy specimens live for years under the unremitting strain, but in the end all succumb, unless first converted into lumber. Little by little the lower branches drop off, then those higher up; and finally the top turns brown and dies. It has become a custom to lumber off the forest just before the trees commence to die; but millions of the trees are tapped when too young, and therefore are worthless as timber. They shrivel and die before their more hardy companions are ready for the ax. Great open glades have thus formed in the once dense forest, which now at best is a thin, sparse, uneven growth. It is a waste—sheer, unmitigated destruction; but the tapping will go on until the end is reached, for turpentine is a most necessary essential oil.

The train crept on through this devastated region until at last, at five o'clock, the travelers reached their destination. And what a fitting climax it was to such a journey! There was no town. The station consisted of a tumble-down open shed, with a rusty, corrugated iron roof which opened to the blue sky in a dozen places. A large, weather-beaten house stood a hundred yards away. It was built of clapboards innocent of the touch of a paint-brush, with a roof of tin, colored red. Running across the front was a large porch almost level with the ground, on which were scattered half a dozen chairs in a high state of ruin. A narrow road of white sand ran by both house and station, and, suddenly curving, became lost in the darkness of the pine forest. This was the settlement.

Not a soul occupied the station as the train drew, faltering, to a standstill. The boys stepped out, carrying their hand luggage, and saw that their trunk had preceded them from the forlorn baggage-car. Scarcely had they set foot upon the uneven mass of cinders which formed the station platform

than the special, in a cloud of steam from a leaky cylinder-head, an outburst of asthmatic wheezes, and the clatter of loosened brakes, rumbled off, and, like the village main street, became lost in the pine-land. The end of the railroad journey was indeed reached.

For a minute or two the travelers spoke not a word, so awed were they by the dreary atmosphere of the place. No vehicle was in sight, no person, no sign of humanity, save the ramshackle house in the background. They seemed as definitely cut off from civilization as if they were at the head-waters of the Amazon. A satirical grin spread over Paul's rubicund countenance as he stared at the weather-beaten sign which hung from the eaves of the shed and on which he faintly discerned the printed name, "Prosperity."

"Prosperity!" he chuckled, wryly. "Say, Skinny, what 's in a name? If this is Prosperity, what must the city of Calamity be like?"

Fred smiled and agreed that the settlement did not have the appearance of a booming town; and then he dubiously inquired, glancing at the empty road and the uninviting house:

"What 's next on the program?"

"Dunno," grinned Fat, with unflinching spirits. "It looks as if we 'd have to pitch camp right here and wait until some one comes along. Mr. Whitehouse telegraphed that he 'd meet us here, but I reckon he 's lost track of the train. We might see if we can rouse somebody in that house."

They walked down the dusty road and mounted the rickety step which led to the equally rickety porch. The place appeared deserted, but, undaunted, the boys banged heavily on the door with their fists.

"Nobody 's home, I guess," decided Fat, and they were about to leave the porch when, to their joy, the door slowly opened. A man stepped out and closed it behind him.

"Good evening," said Fred. "We thought no one was at home."

The man said nothing, but stood looking them over from head to foot, slowly, as if they were a foreign species. He was tall and thin and wholly unprepossessing. His clothes—a dirty white shirt and a pair of torn, baggy trousers—were unfit to grace the person of a tramp. His face was covered with a black, straggly, unkempt beard, which thoughtfully hid the ugly features beneath, a battered straw hat sagged over to one side, one eye was missing, but that fact was almost concealed by the hat. The other, watery

green though it was, glittered with wickedness as it glared at the new comers. In one hand he held a Winchester rifle.

"Er-er, good evening," stuttered Fat, clearing his throat and throwing a doubtful glance at the weapon.

"What are yo' all doin' hyar?" growled the man, in an uncompromising voice, throwing the rifle across his arm in a threatening attitude. "Who are yo' and what do yo' all want?"

The man's good eye traveled beyond them and rapidly took in the station shed, the forest, and the road which wound beyond. Apparently satisfied at what he saw, he repeated his questions.

"We came on the train," answered Fred, indicating their trunk and bags, which still reposed near the shed. "We expected some one to meet us, but as he is n't here, we are looking for a place to spend the night. Can you put us up?"

The request was met with a snarl. "No, suh! Yo' cyan't sleep in this hyar house! What 's yo' names and who are yo' lookin' fo'?"

"It 's unnecessary to tell you that," Fred soberly retorted, though his cheeks reddened at the surliness of the man and his inhospitable reception of their request for a night's lodging. "If you can't put us up, that 's all there is to it."

"No it ain't," rumbled the disagreeable creature,—he could hardly be called a man,—fixing the boys with his glittering eye. "What 's yo' names and what do yo' all want?"

"I told you—" began Fred, but was interrupted by his chum.

"We are expecting a friend of ours—Mr. Whitehouse—to meet us," he said shortly, and, turning, with a word to Fred, started to leave the porch.

An exclamation from the stranger caused them to face around. At the name of Whitehouse, his whole attitude had altered. Before, he had been calm enough, albeit surly, but now he seemed to radiate rage from his entire being. His lone eye fairly bored the boys through and through; his whole body quivered; his hands shook, and he partly raised the rifle.

"A friend of yo's!" he half shouted. "Hyar yo'—a friend of yo's! I 'd kill any—"

"Jest drap that rifle and let 's talk it over a bit!" a voice interrupted from the far side of the veranda. "Drap it, I say, and be quick about it!"

A man stepped out from the cover of the side of the house and advanced toward the trio on the porch with a pistol in his hand, which he kept aimed at the owner of the rifle. The rifle clattered to the floor, and, the man with the frowsy beard stepped back a pace. The new-comer strode up to him, placed his foot on the rifle, and, still watching his enemy, spoke to the boys.

"Are yuh-all Fred Milton and Paul Jenkins? Mr. Whitehouse is expectin' yuh, an' sent me down to collect yuh. He was perverted from comin' hisself account o' hurtin' his arm. I 'm his head man, Jeff Down, an' I 'll lead yuh along jest as soon as I fix this hyar diamond-back.

"Can either of yuh drive a flivver? Yuh can? That 's fine! She 's down the road a piece. Go fetch her and get yo' stuff aboard, an' then meet me hyar."

CHAPTER V

JEFF DOWN

DUMFOUNDED, the boys left the porch and hastened down the road in the direction indicated by Jeff Down. They caught a fleeting glimpse of the one-eyed ruffian backed against the door, with their new friend standing before him waving his pistol and talking; then a corner of the house shut out the sight.

"He 's what I call a bad customer!" exclaimed Paul, breathing a sigh of relief when they were safely away. "What do you suppose got into him? We certainly were n't looking for trouble, and there he comes pointing his rifle at us and acting as if he was about to shoot us. Yes, sir, he 's a desperate character!"

"He looked it," agreed Fred, with a nod. "I thought he really was going to shoot, when that chap Down appeared. If the country 's full of ruffians like him, Fat, it looks as if we might have an exciting time of it here. And all for no reason, so far as I could see."

"And did n't Jeff Down handle him most beautifully, Skinny?" chuckled the other, fast recovering his spirits. "The one-eyed chap just wilted right down—and so would I if some one pointed a pistol at me in that manner. I hope he does n't break loose from Jeff until we get our things loaded into the car."

They discovered the small Ford station-wagon half-hidden in a thicket of low palmettos around a turn in the narrow road, and in a few seconds, with Fred at the wheel,

were plowing through the sand past the house toward the shed. As they swung by the porch they beheld Down and his victim in the same attitude as that in which they had left them. The little car chugged and spluttered down to the shed, and in five minutes was back, fuming and rattling, in front of the house.

"All ready, Mr. Down!" shouted Fred, throttling down the engine. "What 's the next thing to do?"

For answer, Down picked up the fallen rifle and, with his pistol, motioned the disgruntled ruffian out into the road beside the car.

"Going to take him along?" Paul asked.

"No, suh! We ain't goin' to dirty the cyar up with no sech vermin as him. He 'll stay right hyar."

With these words, Down climbed into the truck, carrying the newly acquired rifle. He was clad in faded khaki riding-breeches and a blue flannel shirt, which served to reveal the lithe muscles of the man beneath. He was thin and tall—six-feet-one in his stockings, and must have tipped the scales at a hundred and seventy-five pounds. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh was wasted on his supple body. His face was tanned to the shade of cordovan leather by long exposure to the weather, and his gray eyes, stern in time of need, held habitually a humorous glint. He was a superior type of Floridian "cracker."

Jeff took the steering-wheel. His enemy stood glaring after him as, with a more determined stutter than ever, the yellow car jerked forward. As it swept around the dilapidated house, the boys looked back in time to see the ruffian raise a fist and impotently shake it in their direction. Then he was lost in a cloud of dust.

"Who was he?" demanded Fred, after they had proceeded a short distance in silence.

"A leetle bit of low-down trash," was the answer.

"What 's his name?"

"Dan Boulton."

"Why was he so rough on us?"

"I reckon yuh must have told him that yuh was friendly with Mr. Whitehouse, did n't yuh now?"

The boys nodded vigorously. "Of course we did," declared Paul. "He seemed so suspicious, and I thought the mention of Mr. Whitehouse would smooth things over a bit."

Jeff Down broke into a roar of laughter. "Yeow!" he chuckled; "so yuh thought it would smooth things, did yuh? Sort o' reacted different, did n't he, than yuh thought he would?"

Fat ruefully acknowledged that this had been the case, and Jeff Down renewed his mirth. Presently, when able to articulate with some degree of freedom, he said:

alone is quite some job, thar bein' more'n a hundred mile of it; but no sooner do we git it done, than other cattlemen begin cuttin' it to let thar cattle through. Mr. Whitehouse is an easy-goin' sort o' man, an' fo' a while he don't do nothin' but patch up the fence where it 's cut.

"Things go along in that way fo' near on a year, an' the ol' man begins to git peeved.



"THE RIFLE CLATTERED TO THE FLOOR, AND THE MAN WITH THE FROWSY BEARD STEPPED BACK"

"Of course he did. Him and Mr. Whitehouse are about as friendly as a hen and a wildcat. Yuh see, it 's this way: The Thrasher Ranch comprises about fifty thousand acres, which is quite a bit o' land, yuh 'll admit—runs from about five mile below hyar clear down into the Everglades. As yuh can see from the country around hyar,—his is mostly like this, all pine forest, cypress swamp, hammocks, and palmettos,—it ain't exactly what yuh 'd call overburdened with verdure for cattle grazin'. Howsomever, his stock manages to git along without starvin'.

"But when other men turn thar cattle loose in the territory it makes the feed come scarcer than ever, so thar 's nothin' to do but keep the other cattle off. The land belongs to Mr. Whitehouse, so what does he do but run a wire fence around it. That

Then one day I find a stretch of five mile wiped out, stakes an' wire clean swept away an' buried somewhere. Well, say! that jest about finishes Mr. Whitehouse's good temper. Right then an' thar he declares war on the wire-cutters. And let me tell yuh, when he gits riled up, thar ain't no stoppin' him! As a result, thar 's been a leetle blood-lettin' on both sides, an' the wire-cutters are gittin' scarce around hyar. Fo' the last six months they 've found this bit o' country mighty unhealthy."

Intensely interested, Fred inquired, "Why did n't Mr. Whitehouse appeal for protection from the State or county?"

Jeff chuckled dryly. "Thar are n't much perfection in this hyar State," he declared.

"Surely you can have the law-breakers arrested and tried."

But Jeff shook his head. "No, suh, that 's jest what yuh cyan't do. Our politics ain't none o' the best hyar; they 're kind o' mixed up, so to speak, each man pullin' in a different direction. I 'm only speakin' now of this neighborhood around hyar, understand—the rest o' the State has good standin' enough, I reckon. But right in this section, things are in mighty poor shape. Yuh cyan't find a local jury that 'll convict a wire-cutter—not in this county, yuh cyan't. Cause why? Half of 'em sympathize with the wire-cutters. Sympathy 's a mighty prevalent disease 'round hyar. Until a few years ago all this war common land, open fo' grazin' to everybody. People kind o' got the idea that it 'd always be so, even when cattlemen come in an' begun to buy the land up an' fence it. An' they ain't got over the idea yet—that 's what 's the matter. No, suh, Mr. Whitehouse tried the local courts, but did n't git no satisfaction that-away.

"I suppose Boulton is a wire-cutter?" inquired Fred. "Is that what makes him so bitter toward Mr. Whitehouse?"

"It sho' is. Dan Boulton is, or uster be, a big cattle owner about hyar. When the ol' man took up the Thrasher he bought him out, an' Dan left the country. Bimeby he came back dead broke, an' that 's the time the worst wire-cuttin' commenced. We had a leetle scrimmage along the line one night last fall, an' Dan, he lost an eye, as yuh may have noticed. He holds it up against the ol' man fo' that, and has sworn to shoothimonsight. That's all thar is to that."

"But don't they hang a man down here for killing people?" demanded Paul, amazed.

"Sho, no!" shrugged the man, "only niggers when they attack white folk. They might say somethin' if it wore done in the big towns; but out hyar in the country—no, suh. Did n't I tell yuh the sheriff ain't goin' to arrest no one who 's got relatives who says he sha'n't? Yuh 've got to take the law into yo' own hands hyar."

"Well, that beats me!" murmured Paul. "Do you mean to say that you could have shot Boulton and no one would have said anything about it?"

"Course I could—in self-defense; but I don't like shootin' unless I *have* to do it. If we 'd known he war goin' to be in Prosperity, we 'd a' telegraphed yuh to git off the station befo'. None of us are lookin' fo' trouble."

At the close of this astounding discourse the boys rode for several miles without further speech. Here, indeed, was food for

thought. What kind of uncivilized region was this? Even in the interior of the vast Amazonian wilderness there had been a greater semblance of law and order; there, at least, one savage Indian respected the rights of another; whereas here, in the civilized State of Florida, in their own United States, the reverse appeared to be true. And they had the evidence of their own eyes to prove it.

Five miles from Prosperity, Down stopped the car at a gate which swung across the mouth of a side road, and dismounted. Flinging it open, he motioned Fred to drive through, and then, as it clanged to, he again mounted beside them. They had entered the outposts of the Thrasher Ranch.

The pine forest continued here, and the trees were larger than those noticed from the train windows. Thus far they had been left unmarred by turpentine hunters. Apparently the forest had been overlooked by the ax of the lumberman, and grew in its natural luxuriance. And scattered, feeding in twos and threes on the coarse verdure which littered the forest floor, were numerous small, lean cattle.

It was spring of the year, and though the northern migration was well under way, the trees were still full of birds. Robins flew about in scores; great pileated woodpeckers called hoarsely from the tree-tops; flickers were to be seen on the lower limbs; and the car flushed a covey of quail for every quarter of a mile progressed. Once it startled a rabbit, which darted across the road and became lost in a clump of palmettos. And again it passed a slough where stood a tall, dignified Ward's heron, fishing alone in solitary grandeur.

The miles sped by. A long black-snake wriggled almost from beneath the wheels. The light vehicle bounced from side to side, now plunging through white sand, which rose almost to the hubs, now tearing over a road hidden by growths of palmetto and a coarse sedge. The character of the country altered. The pine forest became broken by great stretches of cypress swamp, where the gaunt trunks and branches were festooned with pale-green, needle-like leaves and long straggling tufts of Spanish moss. These morasses, in turn, gave way to open glades a-sparkle with pink and white flowers and a species of sedge which grew in luxuriant abundance. They passed a pond nestling in the center of a glade, a mile in diameter, from which rose a score of little herons, colored

both white and blue. A large, long-necked bird, as big as a duck, and as awkward, half fell from a dead tree-top and then soared around the glade, rising higher and higher with each revolution, until it looked not larger than a sparrow high up in the sky.

Fred nudged his chum and pointed to this disappearing object. "Recognize that, Fat?" he asked.

"Looks like a snake-bird," nodded the other, "an anhinga or water-turkey. I wonder if it's the same species as that found in Demerara? There, look at him; he's coming down!"

The anhinga came lower, circling just as it had gone up, fluttering, then soaring, and fluttering again. Each revolution carried it closer to the ground, until, with a frantic beating of wings, it alighted on the same tree vacated a few minutes before.

"This country looks good to me," declared Fat, in a voice ringing with enthusiasm. "It's ideal, for the forest is alive with birds, and these open glade-swamps seem literally swarming with life. It certainly looks better than it did from the train!"

Then, bethinking himself of their errand, he asked, "Do you ever see any parrakeets here, Mr. Down?"

"No, suh, not nowadays. I ain't seen one fo' near on a year now, though thar uster be thousands of 'em. An' yuh 'd better call me Jeff. I ain't got no mister to my name—to my friends."

"All right, Jeff," grinned the boy, "I don't like the 'mister' business either. But I'm sorry to hear you say that there are n't any parrakeets left. Those are what we came down here to find."

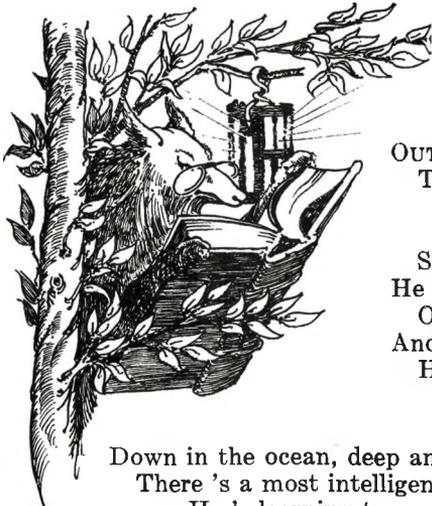
"Well, thar may be, Mr. Jenkins—"

"Steady there, Jeff," the boy interrupted, "my name is Paul, and my friends call me Fat, and this long-legged chap by my side is commonly known as Skinny. There's no mister to our names, either."

"Very well, Fat; I was goin' to say thar may be some left a few mile further south in the Everglades proper. If they've only quit comin' hyar fo' a year, thar must be some left down thar, don't yuh think?"

"I hope so," heartily agreed the boys, "because we sure do want to see one alive."

(To be continued)



THE FOX AND THE SHARK

By JOHN RICHARDS

OUT in the green, mysterious woods
 There's a wonderful, wise old fox;
 He reads all night
 By glow-worm light,
 Shut up in a leathery box;
 He thinks and blinks and blinks and thinks,
 Over a great blue book;
 And if you know a brotherly bear,
 He'll take you there for a look.

Down in the ocean, deep and blue,
 There's a most intelligent shark;
 He's learning to speak
 In Flemish and Greek
 By thinking hard in the dark;
 He talks and squawks and squawks and talks
 In a delicate minor key,
 And if you are friends with a kindly whale,
 He'll carry you down to see, to see.
 He'll carry you down to see.



WHO ROCKED THE BOAT?—A HINDU STORY

By W. NORMAN BROWN

IN a village of India, there lived three friends who once decided to go to a near-by city for a holiday. They put on their best clothes, took their savings of several months, and set out. Now it happened that the city was a few miles down a river, and the quickest way to get there was by boat; so these three friends strolled to the waterfront to find some one to take them. After some bargaining, they at last agreed to pay a farmer eight annas apiece for the privilege of riding on a boat-load of watermelons he was carrying to market.

The day was bright, the air clear, a little breeze rippled the water, and the nearer the boat got to the city, the higher rose the friends' spirits. Presently, one of them began to hum a catchy air; in a minute he was singing it, and singing with such gaiety that the others were captivated. Then the second began to clap his hands and beat on the deck with his heels to keep time; and in a moment the third was doing a clog-dance.

Everything was jollity in the bow, where the passengers were riding; but the farmer, who was in the stern holding the tiller, did not share the fun.

"Be careful!" he called, "You 're rocking the boat!"

They were indeed rocking the boat, which was rather small; and he had hardly got the words out of his mouth, when the load of melons slowly started to slip, the boat suddenly listed to one side, and, before any one could say three words, the melons, the farmer, and the three friends were all splashing in the water, while the boat sluggishly drifted away upside down.

Fortunately, they were just opposite the city, and it was only a few minutes' work for the onlookers to rescue the four men and haul the capsized boat ashore, although the melons had disappeared.

The farmer, of course, could not easily bear to lose his melons. "You shall pay for this!" he shouted. And as soon as he landed he called a policeman and had the three taken into court.

There the case was argued before the judge. The farmer told how he had agreed to carry the young men to town with his watermelons, how they had sung and beaten time and danced, how he had warned them,

how they had overturned the boat, and how he had thereby lost his melons, which he could easily have sold for thirty rupees. The three friends, however, denied their responsibility.

"I only sang," said one, "and surely no one would ever maintain that singing could have upset the boat."

"Neither could my beating time have upset it," said the second.

"Nor was it my dancing," asserted the third, "for it was really the slipping of the melons that made the boat turn over. The trouble was that the cargo was not packed properly."

It was a knotty case. The judge looked in all the law-books for a "precedent," but there was none to be found. Never before in that kingdom had a boat been upset in such circumstances. The case was more than he felt himself able to decide, and he called in his fellow-judges. They all put their heads together, and at last, rendered their decision.

"It is the opinion of this court," solemnly announced the presiding judge, "that the defendants are innocent. For neither singing nor beating time nor dancing upset the boat. The blame is with the farmer. If he had packed his melons properly, they would not have slipped; and, if they had not slipped, they would not have fallen overboard and been lost."

In vain the farmer protested that the melons had been all right until the singing and dancing began: the judges had decided, and the decision must stand.

It happened that all this time there had been in the courtroom the wise young Raman, who had in the past so cleverly solved a number of cases that had been too difficult for the judges. When he heard this decision so solemnly uttered, he burst into laughter. The chief judge looked around annoyed and saw him. If it had been any one else, he would have sentenced the offender for contempt of court, but he had long ago learned to respect Raman.

"Perhaps," he remarked a little sarcastically, "you could decide this case better."

"I certainly could," answered Raman. "This case," he said, "is not to be decided against the farmer. It is true that the boat

would never have capsized if the melons had not slipped; but the melons would never have started to slip if it had not been for the dancing. The farmer did not agree to let his passengers dance on the boat; therefore the man who danced is responsible for the accident."

At this point he paused, and the other two men looked pityingly at the one who danced, and felt very comfortable themselves, for they thought he would have to pay all the damages and they would escape scot-free.

"However," continued Raman, "the man who danced is not altogether responsible. He would never have started to dance if the second man had not been beating time."

Again he paused, and now only the first of the three friends kept his look of comfortable assurance.

"But," went on Raman, "the second man would never have started to beat time if the

first one had not been singing. I therefore find all three of the defendants guilty; and I award to the farmer the thirty rupees damages which he asks. And this is the way the payment of the damages is to be divided. The man who sang shall pay five rupees, the man who beat time shall pay ten, and the man who danced shall pay fifteen; for this is in proportion to each one's degree of responsibility."

Hereupon the entire court-room applauded; and even the three friends, who were, after all, rather good sports, admitted that the decision was just.

But when the three had paid the damages, they had no money left for a good time, and they went silently back to their village, determined the next time they got on a boat to keep their mouths closed, their hands folded, and their feet crossed.

IN THE WINTER WOODS

By ANNIE J. FLINT

IN the desolate forest the snow wreaths cover
The dead things over with ermine pall,
And the bare brown cup of a nest forsaken,
Where no birds waken with jocund call,
Is filled with the silence of cold flakes drifting
And lightly sifting that o'er it fall.

But neither of grief nor of gloom 't is
telling,
This empty dwelling where song is stilled;
It whispers yet of a day of gladness
Untouched by sadness, by joyance thrilled,
Of a dream come true, of a finished story,
The rainbow glory of hope fulfilled.

'T was a cup poured full of the wine of
pleasure
Unstinted measure o'erflowed its brim;
And the near and the far, the new, the
olden,
The gray, the golden, to earth's wide rim,
Had each a share in that joy of living,
A beauty giving no cloud might dim.

For your hearts were in tune with the great
earth-mother's,
O little brothers of airy flight!
No fear of the future your thoughts in-
vading,

Of green leaves fading or skies less bright,
Since you knew ere the chill of the frost could
scare you
Your wings would bear you beyond its
blight.

O wee, brave souls of a cheer unfailing!
How unavailing the loads we bear;
And oft I long, when I hear you singing,
Your far flight winging through sunlit air,
To rise, like you, to the heavenly places—
In wide, free spaces to lose my care.

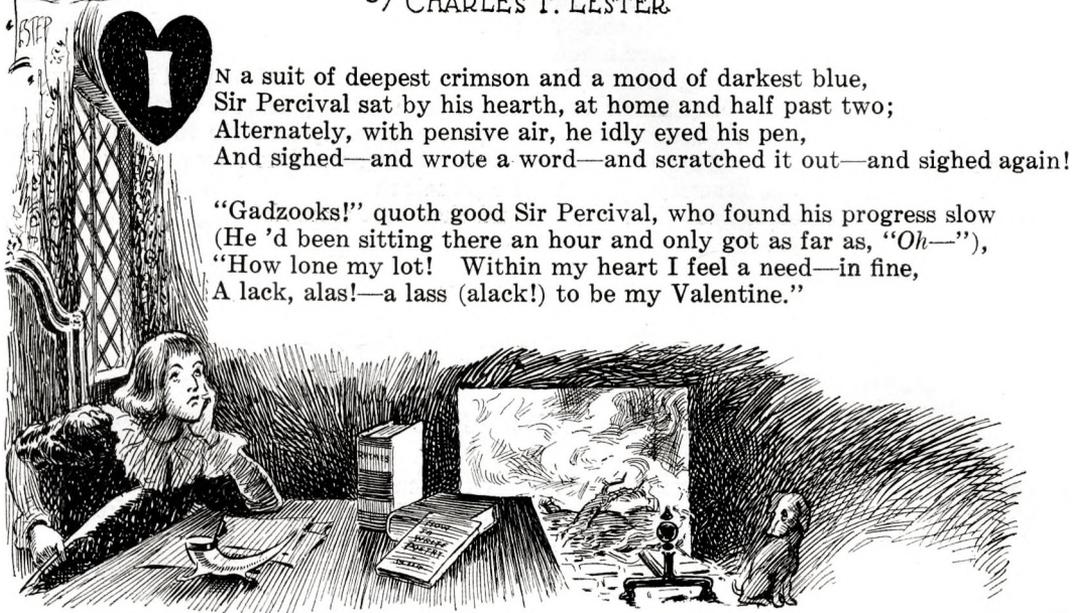
Dear earth-born dwellers, akin to heaven,
To you is given a mission sweet—
Between them ever a chain you 're weaving,
The blue depths cleaving on pinions fleet;
And the notes you glean at that radiant
portal,
From songs immortal, your own repeat.

In the hush of the woods by their memories
haunted,
A land enchanted, where dreams have
birth,
I linger long, for I fain would capture
The wraith of rapture, the ghost of mirth;
But I know they are shut in their snowy prison
Till Life, new risen, shall wake the earth.

SIR PERCIVAL'S REWARD

A BALLAD OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

By CHARLES F. LESTER

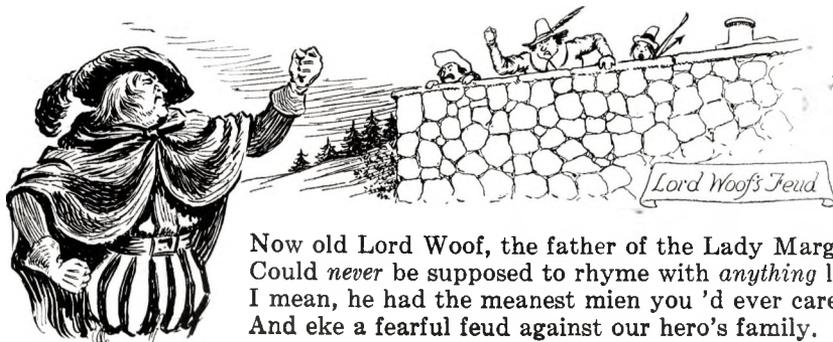


IN a suit of deepest crimson and a mood of darkest blue,
Sir Percival sat by his hearth, at home and half past two;
Alternately, with pensive air, he idly eyed his pen,
And sighed—and wrote a word—and scratched it out—and sighed again!

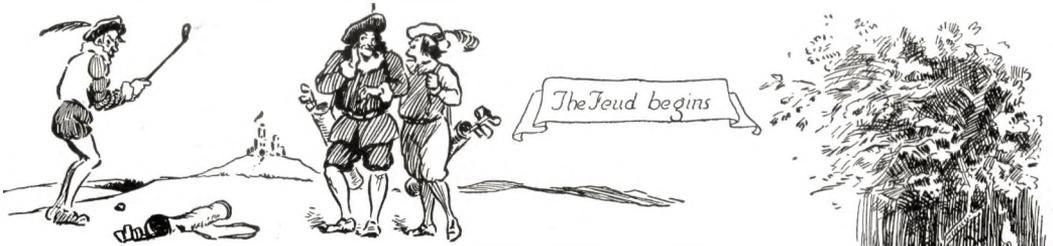
“Gadzooks!” quoth good Sir Percival, who found his progress slow
(He’d been sitting there an hour and only got as far as, “Oh—”),
“How lone my lot! Within my heart I feel a need—in fine,
A lack, alas!—a lass (alack!) to be my Valentine.”

Right here, to make the tale more lucid, I’ll elucidate—
(What’s that?—“Explain ‘Elucidate’ ”? It means “explain.”) But wait;
Don’t interrupt! We’re coming to the Lady Marguerite,
Who rhymes with several adjectives, but best of all with “sweet”!

With eyes of pink and cheeks of blue (Hold on, now! I’m afraid
That’s twisted!)—well, be sure there ne’er was made a fairer maid.
And so thought young Sir Percival, and that is why we find
Him writing valentines in such a sorry state of mind.



Now old Lord Woof, the father of the Lady Marguerite,
Could *never* be supposed to rhyme with *anything* like “sweet,”
I mean, he had the meanest mien you’d ever care to see—
And eke a fearful feud against our hero’s family.



This feud, if you 'd inquire, arose from quite a trifling thing—
When Lord de Putte had made remarks about Count Niblick's swing
But come! Let 's back to Percival, who, while we 've been in talk,
Has sallied forth in sadness and his rubbers for a walk.

Meandering on in most morose and melancholy mood,
He wandered woefully within a wild, wide waste of wood;
When all at once he heard a hail from somewhere over him,
"Ho! help, fair sir! I simply can't *stand* sitting on this limb!"



"There 's a most ferocious Wampus camping underneath this tree.
I came out here a-hunting, and he went and hunted *me!*
And if you can dispose of him (which may be quite a task),
I 'll gladly give you just about 'most anything you ask!"



Just then the angry Wampus charged our hero with a roar.
The fight was brief; a cut—a thrust—the Wampus was no more!
And when it all was over, there scrambled from the tree—
Lord Woof himself! (Of *course*, ere now you 've guessed who it would be!)

Well, here 's the bottom of our page! The rest I 'll quickly tell,
Lord Woof made good his promise—and forgot his feud as well;
And what it was our hero asked, I 'll leave you to divine;
I 'll only say, he had no need to *send* that valentine!



BLAZES, BRUCE, AND BED-SPRINGS

By EDWARD MOORE

"SHE steps some, does n't she?"

Bruce Conover, a sturdy lad of sixteen, stood with his father and mother on the dock at Kasmó watching the little lake-steamer *Aletha*, which had just rounded a point a quarter of a mile away, bear in toward them. Long and narrow in beam, for her size, the small craft heeled over a bit, coming back to a straight course, and threw a bow wave big enough to make a respectable comparison with that made by a destroyer.

"Wonder what that stern mast 's for?" Bruce queried again, half to himself. And then, as the boat swung into closer view, "Say, she carries an aerial. What do you suppose they want a wireless outfit on a little tea-kettle like that for?"

The son of an engineer, who had spent his short life on the Pacific Coast, Bruce was well acquainted with ocean-going craft, from tugs to liners, and had, indeed, "talked" with such of them as would deign to break the rules to listen to him on his own wireless set, when his location allowed him to reach them with his amateur apparatus of limited power. Never before, however, had he seen an inland steamer, and this trip, occasioned by the transfer of his father to a more responsible position as bridge engineer with a trans-continental railway, was accordingly very interesting.

Naturally, it was n't long after they got aboard before Bruce had found his way up to the upper deck and was looking eagerly in at the door of the wireless-room, a tiny cabin just behind the wheel-house. He ran his eye appraisingly over the apparatus, identifying each instrument, and then turned to a young man in a blue uniform, sitting in an easy chair, who had been reading a magazine, but who was now interestedly watching the visitor.

Bruce colored a bit when he saw he was observed, and then, by way of introduction, fired a question:

"Excuse me, but do you find that type of jigger works all right? I tried to make one, but—"

"So you know the game," the young man cut in, kindly. "Come in and look the outfit over."

And after half an hour the boy was able to put to the operator the same question he had

asked his father as they stood on the dock.

"It is a bit unusual," came the explanation. "But you 've probably seen how well fitted the *Aletha* is all round. There 's really not a lot of use for this set, and I have things pretty easy. Sometimes, though, it does come in handy for the superintendent up at the works at the head of the lake. You see, the boat belongs to the company and, while she is run as a regular carrier, there 's a lot of things we can do for them. For instance, we don't ordinarily call at Kasmó on the up trip—means coming back fifteen miles across the lake. But sometimes some big gun like your father drops off the afternoon train, and if we did n't pick him up, he 'd have to hang around there, where the accommodation is n't anything to brag of, till morning. There 's a 'phone line from Kasmó to the works, so, any time this happens, the superintendent, Mr. Littlefield, gets one of the boys to call us. Then they sometimes want things from the other mine at Semus, down at the foot of the lake, or want a message delivered to the foreman there, and it 's easy to get me anywhere on the lake. Tidy little tub, this," with justifiable pride. "Would you like to have a look around?"

"Feel those engines," came from the wireless operator again, as they reached the main deck. "They make her step along at about fourteen knots. Nothing on the lake can touch her."

A minute or two later, Bruce stopped inquiringly beside two upright steel pipes rising just above the rail outside the deck-house amidships and ending in shining brass caps, looking as though they were meant for large hose-connections.

"Never saw anything just like this before," he noted. "I 've known intake pipes on oil-burners, but you always burn coal, don't you?"

Givens, the wireless man, smiled.

"That 's another interesting point about this boat," he explained. "Littlefield is a crank on fire protection, and since there are some pretty good-sized buildings around the dock up yonder at the works, he got the idea of making the *Aletha* into a sort of fire-tug. You 'll find water outlets like that at the

other side, and there 's a couple of nozzles each at the stern and bow on the upper deck. You see, we lie at the head of the lake all night. One or two of the crew sleep aboard. I suppose, if any trouble did develop up there, it would likely come at night. And I guess," with a spirit of pride in his voice, "it would n't get far. She surely throws a wicked stream, either from her own nozzles or through a line of hose. Probably you did n't notice those big pumps in the engine-room—sort of hidden by the crank-shaft framing. But she has the capacity, they tell me, of about three of the city fire-engines. It takes all the steam we can make to keep 'em going."

Bruce, naturally, insisted on seeing the other hose-outlets and then went back to the engine-room to get a line on the pumps, which, set off to one side, four feet below the grating which constituted the engineer's platform, were not likely to be noticed. Going back to the wireless-room, Givens suggested that he try his hand at the "machinery," and after a minute or two of tuning he picked up an amateur at Grandview, and then the company's station at Semus. The boy was so interested that he did n't notice his father when the latter came up to call him, just as a shriek from the *Aletha's* whistle announced approach to the dock at Creston, their destination.

"Here 's your new home, son," Mr. Conover announced, smiling. "I thought you 'd like to have a look at it from the lake."

Rushing out on deck, Bruce saw a sizable town, seemingly grouped closely about one or two main streets and evidently built almost entirely of wood, located on the rocky bank which, at this point, rose almost precipitously a hundred feet from the water. A set of wooden steps with several landings, and a long ramp running less steeply and also less directly along the face of the bank, with a roadway, led down to a good-sized dock. Patches of timber were visible just behind the town.

"The new bridge lies over the hill on the other side," Mr. Conover explained. "The square wooden tower, standing out in front of the trees yonder, is the hose-tower on top of the fire-station. They use an old-type steam pumper here, run it down to the edge of the cliff at either end of the town, and drop their suction hose down into the lake. That does away with any expense for a waterworks system. There was a small fire when I was here a month ago."

Bruce, while he was listening, was at the same time thinking the things which come to any boy about to enter a new home in a strange town. And he was so intent on studying the place that he forgot to notice, as he had meant to, how neatly the *Aletha* slid in alongside the dock and, with scarcely any manœuvering, was tied up.

He did remember to run back to say good-bye to Givens, and to thank him for his kindness.

"We 'll be at the hotel for awhile," he said. "But as soon as we get into a house of our



"'COME IN AND LOOK THE OUTFIT OVER'"

own where I can get up an aërial, I 'll rig up my outfit and talk to you a bit, if you like. I 'm going to have another try at that jigger."

"Glad to hear from you," Givens replied. "Come down and see me once in a while. We sometimes lie here for half an hour when we 're ahead of time. Perhaps I can help you a bit."

FOR several days Bruce was fairly happy around the town. He soon found that the few other lads he met did not promise to be specially congenial and that, in consequence, he would have to depend largely on his own initiative for entertainment. One day he spent at the huge new bridge Engineer Conover was supervising at the river crossing, five or six miles away. His father left early in the morning, and, when he got back, usually late in the evening, was too tired to do much but go to bed. That day, spent in watching huge girders swung into place and in trying to understand something of the mass

of blue-prints the engineers were continually poring over, was wonderful. He made it a point almost every day of going down to see the *Aletha*, on both her up and down trips, and soon was on the best of terms with Givens, who would either call him up to the little steamer's upper deck, where he was able to fuss with the wireless apparatus till the warning whistle sent him scurrying ashore, or who would himself come down to the dock and talk till the steamer was ready to pull out.

Even this grew monotonous, and one morning, in a fit of eagerness to be doing something, Bruce carried the soap-box in which he had carefully packed his wireless outfit, up to the little room which had been assigned to him at the back of the hotel, and, borrowing a six-foot length of plank from the carpenters working on a new store across the street, began to mount his apparatus on this, though he had no expectation of being able to use the set immediately.

"Wonder if these old batteries have any life left," he said to himself, lifting four rather worn-looking dry-cells from one corner of the box and connecting them up in series. "We'll see."

A moment's groping in the box brought forth a rough-looking home-made voltmeter, and when connections were made from this to the battery terminals and the needle in the center of the little coil teetered quarter-way round the circle, the boy grinned.

"Enough juice there to kick off a good fat spark," he thought. "Now, if I only had an aerial!"

It had been windy all the morning. Bruce had felt the strength of the breeze when a sudden gust in the middle of the street caught the plank he was carrying and spun him round sideways. It was quieter up there in the third story of the hotel, but occasionally, as an extra-heavy squall hit the frame side of the attic above, it rushed with a whistling sound through a space left by a loose piece of siding.

"Bet that breeze will whip the lake up some," Bruce meditated. "The *Aletha*'s about due—believe I'll take that old jigger down and let Givens have a look at it. Perhaps he can tell me what's wrong."

He had to hold his cap when he got down to the top of the steps leading to the wharf, and from there he could see the white-crested waves breaking over the end of the dock. The *Aletha* was perhaps a quarter of

a mile away, and, with her stern to the wind, was traveling nicely. When she got in close, instead of running neatly alongside the dock as usual, she turned a hundred yards out, heeled over a bit as the gale struck her, and then, turning again, came up cautiously, bow into the wind, in the lee of the dock, till she was close enough to toss over the bow line. This made fast, she reversed and slowly edged round against and in the shelter of the wooden pier.

They were in a hurry that morning, and Bruce only had time for a word with Givens, who was checking over some freight. "Some gale," the older man remarked, across the gang-plank, without coming ashore. "There'll be one or two sick people on this clipper to-day. Out there in the narrows she swings like a hammock. Like to make the trip—?"

The query was cut off by a blast from the whistle, and thirty seconds later, after Bruce cast off the stern line, the little steamer was away from the pier and heading out again into the whitecaps.

Bruce stood watching her for perhaps three minutes, after every one else had gone above, till she swept out of sight around the island, and then, thinking of the picture she would make out there in the narrows, made his way slowly up the long flight of steps. As he paused for a moment at the last platform, there came to him, during a lull in the gale, a peculiar, half-deadened *ding-ding—ding, ding—ding-ding—ding-ding-ding*.

Knowing instinctively that it must be the local fire-bell, he jumped up the last steps three at a time and, gaining the top, saw, somewhere in the direction of the hotel, a mass of smoke rising till it was caught by the wind and whisked off to the south.

Running up half a block on the road which ran along the top of the cliff, he was about to turn on one of the cross streets, when shouting voices caught his attention. Coming down the hill toward the lake front at a breakneck pace, with four or five men and several boys trying to hold it back, was the town's big steam-pumper, smoke pouring from its stack. At the moment, Bruce could not understand what had happened. He learned afterward, however, that in the excitement of a fire breaking out suddenly in a restaurant, just three or four doors from the hotel, some excited members of the local volunteer brigade, too anxious to wait for the heavy team of horses which was usually used with the engine, had got it out of the fire-

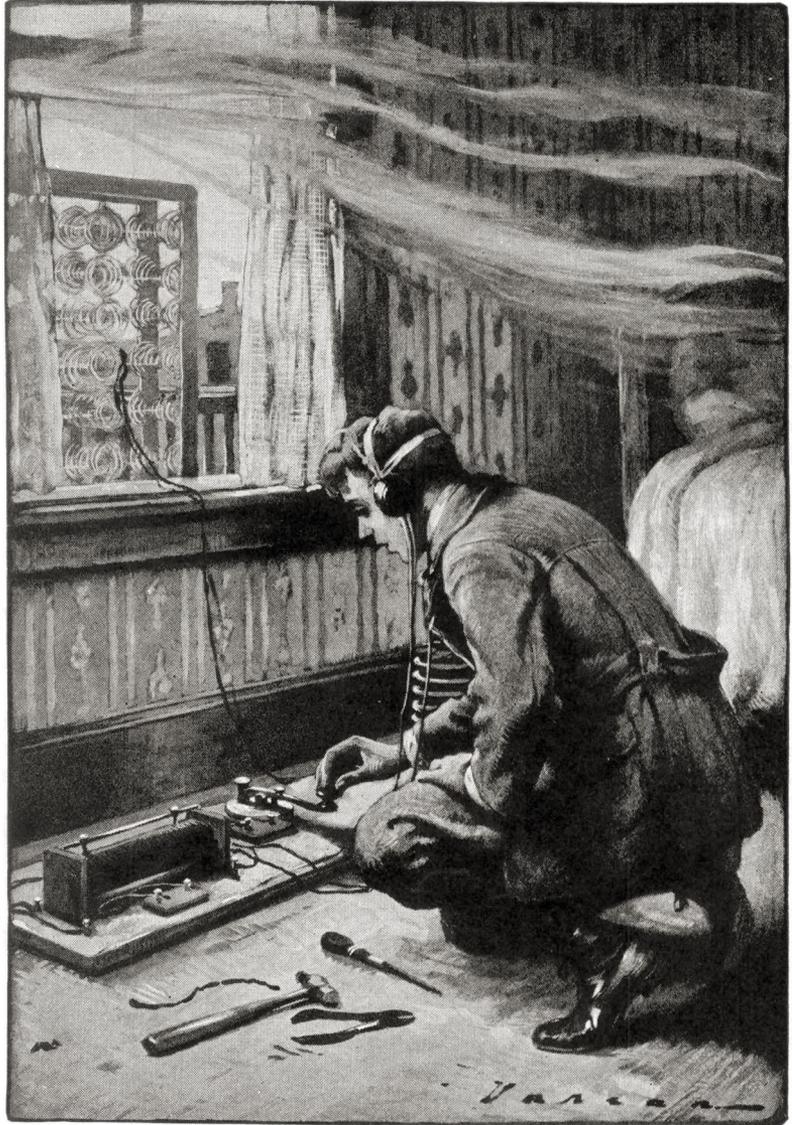
station and, with good intentions, if exceedingly poor judgment, had started with it down toward the usual location for pumping. If the engineer, George Pepall, had been on hand, he would have set the brakes as usual, but George, usually prompt, was at the other end of the town when the fire started. Thus came the resulting catastrophe.

The heavy steamer gained speed as it traveled down the grade, and, when it reached the cross street, was moving too fast to be controlled. Two of the men, on the end of the wagon-tongue, tried vainly to steer it around the corner; but one of the others, with better judgment, shouted to them to jump. With the front wheels half turned, the big machine, carrying most of its weight on the rear end, skidded in a half-circle, and, crashing through the timber railing which protected the upper roadway, toppled over the bank. Rushing to the rail, Bruce saw it slide down sideways, crash and rebound on the ledge road below, and then disappear into the lake.

For a moment or two Bruce, as well as the men and boys, all of whom had fortunately escaped injury, were appalled by the suddenness of the accident. They came back to actualities when a hose-reel, much lighter and under control, came down the hill, laying a line of hose. Bruce says he will never forget the expressions on the faces of the hosemen as they turned the corner and looked around for the engine.

When he approached the hotel, a few moments later, Bruce found his mother in a

group of other women huddled in the shelter of the doorway of a brick store, watching the fire. The restaurant was a mass of flames, as also was the shop next door. And as he



"ANOTHER MINUTE OF FRANTIC CALLING! THEN ANOTHER MINUTE OF LISTENING" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

looked, Bruce saw the wind sweep the flames across the intervening space and against the hotel. The chief of the volunteer brigade, in a red coat, big rubber boots, and a helmet, was shouting orders to two groups of men who stood, just out of the heat zone, holding nozzles at the end of hose lines, confidently waiting for water from the steamer. As he watched, one of the hosemen ran up to the

chief and began shouting an explanation. Then, borne on the wind, they heard his below, following a moment of indecision.

"Get this hose out of here, boys, and get those buckets out of the station! The engine's over the bank and smashed up. We'll have to—"

One of the firemen, running past, following the order, shouted: "You people had better get up on the hill, out of this! The whole town will go in this wind!"

AND just then—how, he never has been able to tell—Bruce got his idea. Slipping away from his mother, as the group was crossing the street, he rushed through a cloud of smoke, darted through the alley between the jewelry store and the hotel and, coming into the clear, cool air behind, looked up at the fire-escape which connected the balconies of each of the three stories. Like many old-fashioned hotels, this one had balconies running its full length back and front. Bruce's room opened on the topmost of these rear balconies. That he was doing a foolhardy thing did not occur to him. Just then his youthful mind was open to but one idea. He scrambled up the iron ladder, the one bit of metal about the building, and, all out of breath, tumbled over the railing of the top balcony. He landed almost in front of his window, but, instead of going through, ran along the balcony, almost to the end, and came back in a moment dragging an old set of

bed-springs, which he had noticed in an exploring trip a day or two before.

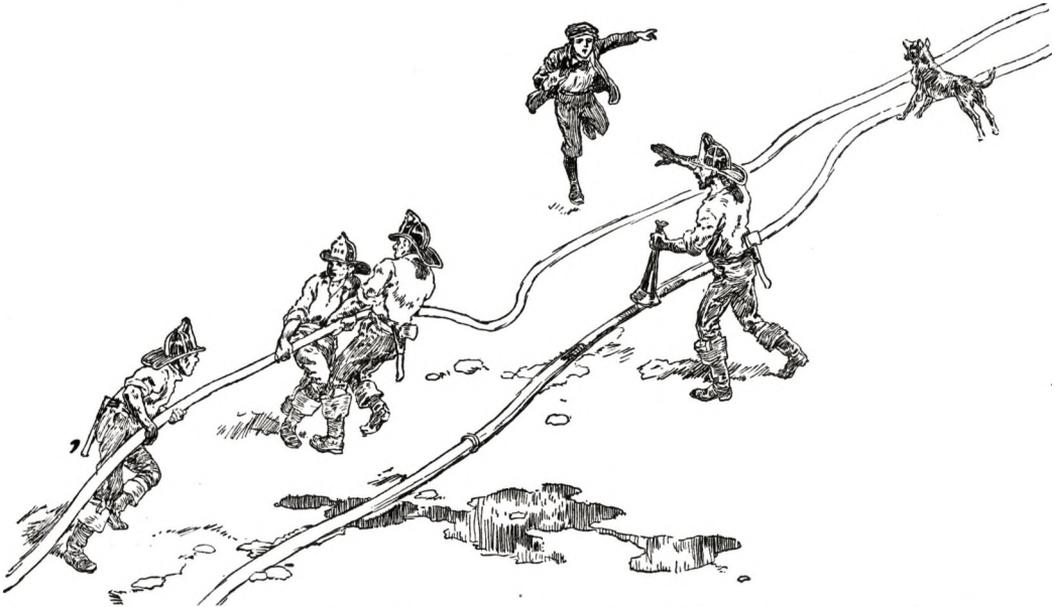
"Talk about an aerial!" The thought raced through his brain while he turned the wooden framework, carrying the wire netting, on its edge just alongside the window, and then dived inside. "Why did not I think of this before?"

It was only a moment's work to shift the plank bearing the apparatus, batteries and all, from the bed, where, in default of a table, he had been working an hour before, and to slide it to the floor in front of the window. Another minute, and he had the coil-terminals run out over the sill and attached to the wire netting of the bed-spring frame. And then, turning to the *Aletha's* wavelength, he tried the key. At the first tap a fat blue spark jumped the terminals on top of the coil, and, with joy in his heart which he could not express in any other way, he began pounding out the *Aletha's* call—XYZ DE ABC.

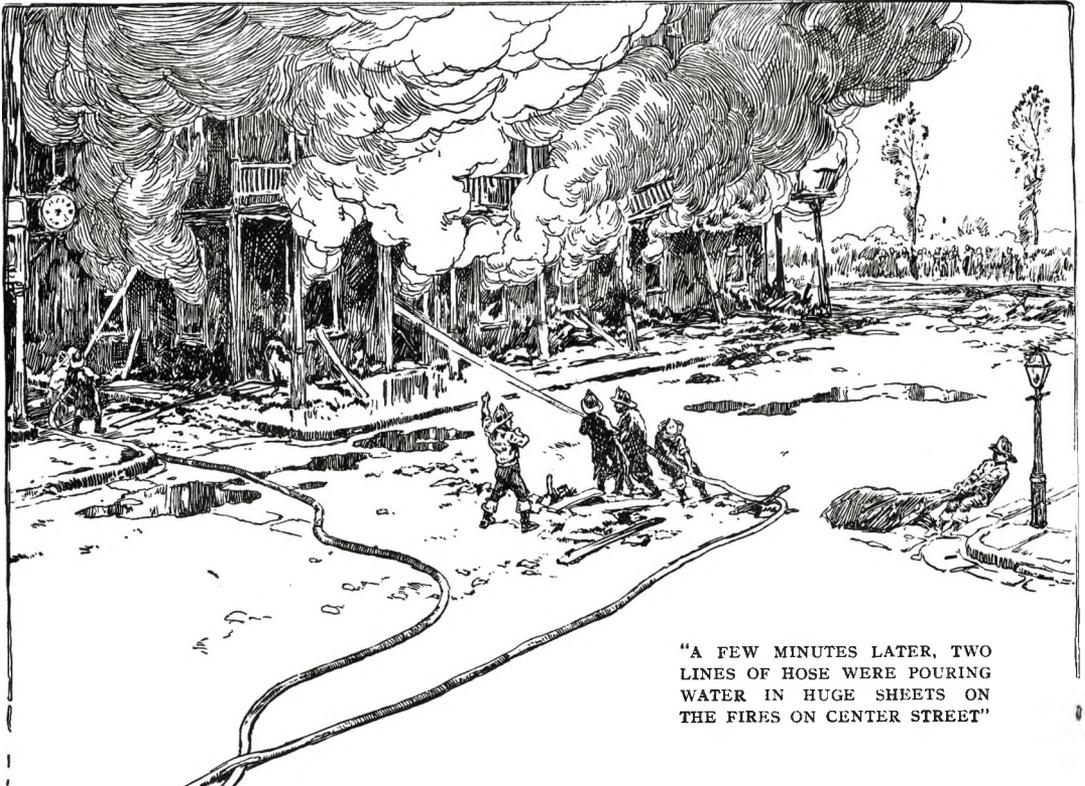
Half a dozen times hesitated the call and then, grabbing the ear-pieces and shoving them over his head, he hit the plank a crack with his fist, to get the cat's whisker on a sensitive point on the detector crystal, and listened a moment. He got the sputtering of a station forty or fifty miles away, but a full thirty seconds brought him nothing from Givens.

Another minute of frantic calling! Then another minute of listening!

He knew he was breaking the rules in call-



"WHEN BRUCE SHOUTED, 'CONNECT UP WITH HER FIRE-PUMPS,' THE FIREMEN JUMPED TO ACTION"



"A FEW MINUTES LATER, TWO LINES OF HOSE WERE POURING WATER IN HUGE SHEETS ON THE FIRES ON CENTER STREET"

ing so persistently, and knew, too, that there was only a chance that Givens would be on duty, particularly on that stormy day.

But—

Another session of key-work, and then—

A chill ran through the boy as he got the reply, clear, distinct, from the more powerful professional apparatus. And then, without waiting for further message, he switched in his key and began sending:

"CONOVER — CRESTON — BAD FIRE — ENGINE BUSTED — TOWN GOING — BRING ALETHA BACK — HELP US — CONOVER — CRESTON — BAD FIRE — ENGINE BUSTED — TOWN GOING — BRING ALETHA —"

Suddenly he noticed that he was sending very irregularly and pulled himself together as he noted mentally, "I wonder if Givens can take me. Wish I'd got this kit going before," all the time pounding more steadily.

Five times he hammered out that message, and then, switching to receiving, he waited tensely. For a long while nothing came, and he was just reaching out to switch over again when he got a clear, sharp receive-signal.

He was so concentrated on that message

that he did n't notice a burly figure cloud the window. The message was interrupted, however, when a big hand caught him by the coat-collar and hauled him out through the opening. When Bruce realized what was happening he heard, coming from a big man out of breath:

"—young rascal—what do you mean? Want to tumble through down below? Know the whole inside of this place is—afire? One of the girls saw you—climbin'— Thought you were n't comin' out— Get down—that ladder—"

Bruce wanted to get the rest of that Morse reply, but the command and the physical persuasion behind it were stronger even than his wish. As he climbed on the iron ladder a burst of smoke came in under the door of the room and another swept round the corner of the building.

"Now, get out of here," Schank, the hotel owner bellowed, when they reached the ground in a cloud of smoke. "An' thank your stars somebody saw you climb up there."

Bruce ran along the alley, through some more smoke, and made his way to the street, near the next corner. Looking back, he

could see that the balconies at the front of the hotel were tottering, ready to fall, and flames were shooting out of all the upstairs windows. The fire had spread to the jewelry store and to the post-office across the street. Men were running up with buckets of water and tossing it against the side of the big, brick-fronted general store. A house in the street behind was burning.

He tried to stop one of the uniformed firemen, who dashed past with an empty bucket, grabbing him by the arm and shouting, "*Aletha*—got her by wire—" But the man only shook him off uncomprehendingly, and ran off to the well around the corner. With this, Bruce understood the futility of making any one try to understand. No one knew what he had been doing. No one would believe him if they did.

There was only one thing for him to do. As he waited there at the head of the stairway to the dock, it seemed an hour—in reality it was not more than twenty minutes—till he saw the trim green-and-white hull swing round the island and straighten out on the run with the wind.

This time Bruce's assurance got him to the chief, and that and his excitement carried weight enough to make the dispirited official, who saw no way to keep his town from being wiped out, listen to anything. Even when the steamer's sharp whistle broke in on the explanation, proving the boy's story, the man's half-dazed mind did not grasp the situation. But when Bruce shouted, "connect up with her fire-pumps," the firemen jumped to action.

A few minutes later, two lines of hose, with twin unions, making four nozzles, were pouring water in huge sheets on the fires on

Center Street. Givens and the roustabout from the *Aletha's* crew, not being needed otherwise, had spliced all the steamer's available hose, ran a light auxiliary line up Caroline Street, and played on the burning house there.

And in another half-hour—well—

When Engineer Conover with his little car, crowded with men from the bridge camp attracted by the smoke, rushed down the hill and along Center Street he found his son in the middle of a group in front of the half-burned general store, telling how he'd done it. The four nozzles still played on the smoking ruins, but the danger was past.

"Bed-springs!" one of the firemen objected, scornfully. "Could n't be. It would n't work. You have to have—"

Givens, with his blue suit badly bedraggled, with a black face and minus his cap, stepped into the group from where he had been listening.

"It brought us, did n't it?" he cut in, just as scornfully. "That water," pointing to the pouring streams, "proves it. I got the kid's message out there in the narrows. And it looks to me like a mighty fortunate thing he had the nerve and knowledge to know what to do. You people—"

"I guess you're right." The sweaty-faced, but smiling, chief took up the argument when Givens stopped for thought, and, putting his big arm across Bruce's shoulders, said: "And it looks to me as if some of us from the other end of the town, whose places would n't be there now but for him, are going to see that the lad gets a new set of wireless to take the place of the one melted up in the ashes yonder," pointing to the ruins of the hotel. "What'll she cost, son?"



"HE SAW THE TRIM GREEN-AND-WHITE HULL STRAIGHTEN OUT ON THE RUN WITH THE WIND"

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sirpence," "Beatrice of Deneewood," "The Luck of Deneewood," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

ONE night in June, 1777, Patty Abbott, at Haddonfield, New Jersey, is awakened by the arrival of visitors and hastens down to prepare food for them. The kitchen door opens mysteriously and a note signed "E. P. U." is dropped on the floor, warning of danger on the Gloucester road that night. This does not alarm Patty until she learns that General Washington, who is one of the visitors, means to take that road into Philadelphia. She helps to persuade her father to go upon the general's errand, and the party has just set out when there is the sound of musket-shots. In the encounter, Major Tarlton, of the British army in America, takes Mr. Abbott prisoner in mistake for Washington, bringing him to Springhill en route to the British camp on Staten Island, where Mr. Abbott is likely to be tried as a spy. Patty, although the house is guarded by British troopers, contrives her father's escape. After the British officers leave, Patty finds on the floor a continental dollar-bill, inside of which is concealed a cipher message. Although she can not read it, she feels that it is of importance, and hides it inside an old rag doll which she takes with her when she goes to Philadelphia to spend the winter with her aunt, who is a Tory, and by whom Patty is received as a rebel.

CHAPTER VII

I MEET A FRENCH GENTLEMAN

I DID not concern myself greatly over Mrs. McDonald's prediction that rebels would not be welcome in the house of my Aunt Augusta. One thing my father and his sister had in common, and that was a bold and open expression of their opinions and a certain sturdy courage to battle for their convictions. There was no false pretense on either side; and if we knew that Aunt Augusta still was loyal to King George, she was equally aware of our sentiments; which, however, did not alter the fact that I was her niece and that blood gave me a claim to her protection.

So the old housekeeper's grim looks and dark hints added no whit to what I had looked forward to; and having made up my mind to go through with it, I did not intend to spoil any pleasure I might find by anticipating difficulties which I could neither avoid nor mitigate. Just at present I was glad to have so good a breakfast, and proposed, when I had done, to take Jinny and explore a little of the city pending the return of the family from Harrogate.

"Like master, like man" is an old saying that I found true in this household; and though that fact would make small difference to me, Jinny would surely suffer.

"Deed, Miss Patty," she began at once, when she came to my room to help me, "'deed, Missy, these folks is all Tories, the whole of 'em. There ain't one that ain't for these here redcoats. This ain't no place for us, Miss Patty."

"We 'll have to put up with it the best we

can," I replied. "Attend strictly to your duties and leave politics to your betters. That is what I mean to do, and I shall keep you with me as much as possible."

Mrs. McDonald eyed me rather sharply when I told her we were going to walk abroad, but said naught to stay me. Dinner, she informed me, would be at the fashionable hour of four o'clock; but she thought it scarce likely that the family would have returned by that time. I remarked that I expected we should be back long ere then; and purposely ignoring her appearance of ill-humor, I smiled on her as if, indeed, she were my dearest friend and we were on the best possible terms.

Jinny and I found the streets of Philadelphia exceeding busy, and, although the day was hot, people of all conditions were hurrying hither and yon bent upon their affairs; but all save the Quakers, who apparently would be calm in the midst of an earthquake, were excited and nervous, or so it seemed to me. There was a restlessness in the air, a feeling of uncertainty, which was natural enough, seeing that no man could foretell from day to day what the morrow might bring forth.

I noted, too, that many eyed their neighbors with sidelong glances, as if they trusted each other not. Here and there, close under the shade of the houses or in the angle of a garden wall, two or three would be gathered, whispering earnestly together, with set and serious faces. Occasionally, a lady with her maid-servant would rustle by, her glance averted; but it was too warm upon the streets for any to tarry in the sun, and these

were fashionable dames, whose complexions were of more moment to them than the outcome of the bitter struggle over the question of whether a king or a congress should rule their country.

I noticed many fierce-looking foreigners, mostly in soiled uniforms of European armies. About them all was an air of scorn for us colonials, and yet they had come to beg places among us and expected to be paid out of all proportion to their abilities.

Father had told me of these men, and of the difficulties Mr. Washington and Congress had in dealing with them. And here on the streets of Philadelphia I met them, strutting up and down as if their mere presence was the granting of a boon to these sorely tried colonies.

As we moved from street to street, admiring the many fine houses and shops, in the windows of which much was displayed that smacked of a luxury ill becoming these uncertain times, several gentlemen known to me by sight passed us, these having been pointed out to me by Father on previous visits to the city. One was the famous Dr. Rush, possibly bent upon a visit to a patient at a pretentious residence up the steps of which he hurried. A little farther on we saw Mr. Nicholas Waln, a well-known Quaker, of whom Father had said, "He would ever twist the truth to fit his wit, nor care who might be hurt thereby."

We came upon the new state-house on Chestnut Street, and, the Congress being met there, the square was full of people, many going in and out of the building. We walked to and fro among the trees, grateful for the shade, and passed a group of foreigners in conversation with one of the gentlemen of Congress, a Mr. Lovell, as I later learned. They were all jabbering French as we passed, and that being a tongue with which I was familiar, I could not help overhear something of what was being said. It was evident in a moment what the trouble was. Here was another company of foreign adventurers importuning Congress for places in our army, but I gathered from a chance word that there was little likelihood of their pleas being successful.

"We are sorry, gentlemen, but at the moment, there seem to be no commands to offer you," Mr. Lovell said, and again there was a violent protest, with the accompanying French gestures that, to the onlooker, promised to be an introduction to fisticuffs.

But among those who pleaded was one I

could not help noting. His face, though I would not call it handsome, had a certain boyishness in it that made one sure he must be a bright and pleasant youth. I should not have thought he was much above my own age, that is to say, sixteen or seventeen years, so immature did he look; but there was something of authority about him that made one glance a second time.

We passed, and I soon forgot all about the scene there under the hot sun on Chestnut Street, though I recollect saying to myself that here, at least, were some who would have to look elsewhere for easy wages, and feeling a certain satisfaction therein.

Jinny's persistent complaints of the heat led me to the conclusion that I had better take her back to Aunt Augusta's; but when I suggested it, she protested that she would rather be boiled; so we turned our steps to the outskirts of the city and soon found ourselves in the shade of the huge trees of the Governor's Woods. Aimlessly we wandered on till we came to the river Schuylkill to the west of the city, a pleasant running stream that tempted us to cross over and visit the opposite side, where many beautiful mansions had already been built, particularly Woodlands, the country home of one Mr. Galloway, a notorious Tory. We sat down on the bank under the shade of a mighty chestnut and rested after our long walk, Jinny chattering about everything she saw, and I letting my thoughts drift along unhampered by need of paying attention to her.

I could not help speculating somewhat upon the adventures of the night before, although now, in the peaceful quiet of the country, with the river running smoothly and silently below us, it was hard to realize that two armies were facing each other in this bright land and that all the people were involved in the mighty struggle; that the principal topic on every one's tongue was what the outcome of this strife would be and where would it all end.

I think I dozed a little under that tree, and I know Jinny did; but presently I roused myself and took thought upon the speeding hours. The shadows were lengthening, and it was high time we were starting back.

I gave a last look at the lovely country across the river and turned to follow the path leading to the main road into the city. Upon reaching it, we came upon a country lad almost shouting to a man whose back was turned to us.

"You go *there* to the city," he cried, point-

ing to the south, which was along the path we had come and wholly away from Philadelphia. He gesticulated wildly and there was a sly twinkle in his eye, so that I guessed that without doubt he was bent upon deceiving one who had asked his way.

"You know the city is not in that direction," I said to the boy; but he gave me a wink and laughed outright.

"He 's just one of those Frenchies, and it will do him good to walk a while," he had the impertinence to reply, and then ran off with a shout. But at my words the stranger had turned, and I recognized him as the young gentleman I had noticed near the state-house among the group of foreigners talking to Mr. Lovell.

"Monsieur," I said, speaking in French, "if you wish to go to the city, it is in this direction. Perchance the boy did not understand." This was not strictly true, as I knew, but I had a reluctance to admit, even to myself, that one of my countrymen would deliberately set a stranger on the wrong road, and I did not want a gentleman of foreign birth to think there were those in America who would do so unkindly an act.

His face lighted up with genuine pleasure, and, doffing his hat, he gave me a most distinguished bow.

"A thousand thanks, Mademoiselle," he replied, in the same language. "I have so little English that 't is small wonder the boy could not understand what I wanted, but it is delightful to hear you speaking my language. Will you forgive me if I make a compliment?"

He spoke so gently, so modestly, and looked so boyish withal, that I could not but smile back at him, which he took for an acquiescence in his request, and forthwith paid me the threatened compliment.

"It is indeed that you speak French very well, Mademoiselle. You have been in Paris, is it not so?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur, but all my life I have had a French lady for governess, who has but lately gone back to her own country—since we went to war, in fact."

"She was indeed a lady," the gentleman declared. "That I can tell from the way she has instructed you to pronounce our language. You have been an excellent pupil, Mademoiselle, and it is a pleasure to meet an American so accomplished." He spoke easily and in a manner I had been taught to recognize as the French of polite people; but indeed there was about him an air of breed-

ing that was unmistakable. It was hard to believe that this young man was an adventurer in need of money, come to the country for the sake of gaining a military rank he could hardly hope to win in his own land.

Simply and courteously, he had stepped to my side, and we had walked on together in the most natural way in the world, Jinny dropping back a pace or two, and presently we found ourselves chatting amiably together, almost as if we had been old friends.

"It is because I am most unhappy that I have lost myself, Mademoiselle," he said. "I went into the forest after a very bitter disappointment, thinking not at all of where I was going, and I had little knowledge in what direction lay the city."

"I am sorry you have been disappointed, Monsieur," I said. "I suppose you wish to join our army?"

"It has been my earnest desire since your gallant country began its battle for freedom," the young man replied ardently.

"All men seem to like to fight, Monsieur," I remarked.

"Oh no, Mademoiselle," he denied quickly. "It is not the fighting I am in love with, but the cause. It is that which has brought me here. Listen, Mademoiselle. Since I was a child, liberty and freedom have stirred my heart—yes, truly, since I was a little child. In my country I have a master, my king. Ever he has been kind to me and I have no wish that is not for his good; but my country will not always have a king, Mademoiselle. Before I die, who can tell, even France may be a republic; but that I can not think will happen while I live. Yet it must come in all lands. It is here it begins; and ah, Mademoiselle, what would I not give to have a hand in its making!"

He stopped and sighed, looking out across the green fields as if indeed he saw a vision and it was beautiful. But his earnestness and sincerity were so evident that I felt that here was no paltry adventurer, after all, but a man carried away by a wonderful faith, who was ready to hazard all for the fulfillment of his desires.

"And will they not let you join our army, Monsieur?" I asked.

"They tell me there is no room," he answered mournfully. "It seems not possible."

"But there are so many who have hurried from, oh, everywhere, Monsieur," I told him. "Saw you not that Philadelphia was overrun with foreign officers?"

"I have but just come," he answered, "and since my arrival have seen little; but Decoudray I met, and if your gentlemen of Congress believe all he tells them—"

"But they all say they are ready to die for the cause, Monsieur," I interrupted.

"Yes, that is so," he agreed. "It is a pity that the words are the same whether spoken by an honest man or a scoundrel. Liberty sounds just the same when I say it or when it is mouthed by a poltroon. But it is not the same, Mademoiselle, and your gentlemen in Congress should be able to detect the difference."

"I know you have talked to them, for I saw you with some others in the park before the new state-house," I said.

"Yes," he answered, with a touch of bitterness in his voice. "We sent word to Mr. Hancock, the President of your Congress, that we had come. He replied that Mr. Morris would attend to our case; and that gentleman sent us a Mr. Lovell, who took not even the trouble to invite us into shelter against the sun, but dismissed us briefly on the streets with word that we can be of no use to them. Ah, Mademoiselle, you can have no idea of the humiliation. For myself I complain not, I am young; but there is the Baron de Kalb, who came with me. A wise man, old in the service of France. A fine general, ready to give his best for this country. Mademoiselle, it breaks my heart to think that they have refused him. Of what are they dreaming? It is unbelievable!"

"I am sure that if you could see General Washington," I began, for it will be apparent that this young man had quite won me to his cause; but here he interrupted me.

"Ah, General Washington!" he exclaimed, and his face lighted up with a new fire of enthusiasm. "Would that I could see him!"

"I saw him night before last, Monsieur," I said, rather proud of myself and not taking pains to hide it.

"Tell me what he is like, Mademoiselle," the young Frenchman begged.

"That is not so easy, Monsieur," I replied, wrinkling my brow. "You know that he is large, above the average. That he is grave of mien, and—but there is something more, Monsieur, something which you can not put into words, something which you only feel."

"I know! I know!" cried the young man. "It is a sense of reverence, is it not?"

"Something like that, but not quite," I answered. "That sounds as if he were an angel or a saint. But he is n't that at all.

He's just like any other man, only—only different."

I laughed and so did the gentleman at my silly saying.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, it is so with all great personages. They are like everybody else only—only different. Ah, but Monsieur Washington! What would I not give just to serve beside him! I care not for rank nor for money. Those things I have. Just to serve with General Washington, that is all I ask; mayhap, in time to come, that he may find I am useful to him and give me a command of my own, which would please me more than I can say; but just to serve with him—that is all I ask."

"Have you told him that, Monsieur?" I inquired, for this did not sound like the proposal of an adventurer, and I could see naught that should prevent its acceptance.

"Mademoiselle, I do not know what I have told Monsieur Lovell. I am so beside myself with disappointment and so hurt for my friend, the Baron de Kalb, and those other French boys who came with me, that I could not be calm. And Monsieur Lovell, he said he was very sorry, but nothing could be done. Always that—'Nothing can be done; very sorry!' I ask not for sympathy, but for a chance to work, to free this land from the English king!"

"Monsieur," I said, after a moment, "were I you, I should sit down and write a letter to the gentlemen of the Continental Congress and tell them what you have told me—that you care not for money or rank, but that you just ask to serve the cause near the person of Mr. Washington. That is what I should do."

"But will they listen?" he asked eagerly.

"They will read, Monsieur, at their leisure," I explained. "That is something gained at once. They will not be interrupted at what they are doing. A letter you can pick up at your convenience. Then when they find you ask nothing but to serve, they will see you are not like the others. At any rate, Monsieur, it can do no harm, I am sure, and in the end you are no worse off than you are now."

"Mademoiselle," he cried, quite fired with this idea, "I went out upon this walk quite desolate. I saw naught ahead of me but a return to France with a heart humiliated beyond words. You have given me hope. I go at once to my inn to write as you tell me."

We had come into the city by this time and reached the place of parting.

"Good luck to you, Monsieur," I said with a smile.

"And to you a thousand thanks, Mademoiselle," he answered, saluting me with his hat doffed and a profound bow, which somewhat embarrassed me, I confess, as there were many on the street who smiled as they looked. "I shall ever be in your debt. When I have finished my letter to your Congress I shall write my wife that a kind maid has put new courage in her husband."

"Your wife, Monsieur?" I questioned, not able to hide my surprise, for he looked scarce out of school, younger indeed than Val.

"Aye, to be sure!" he laughed at me. "I know what you think—that I am so young. It may be so, in years, but where I live we grow up very quickly. I have a little daughter in France, and my dear wife is as much a patriot as I and sent me here with a blessing. Her name, Mademoiselle, may interest you. She is the Marquise de Lafayette."

CHAPTER VIII

TWO IN A MIRROR

I CONFESS to having been somewhat surprised to find that the simple French boy to whom I had given unasked advice was a marquis; but I was by no means put out of countenance thereby. Among us, there were lords a-plenty, of one sort or another, mostly arrogant men who were needy and who ridiculed the very people through whom they hoped to repair their fortunes; but these gentlemen were, to a man, for the king, and here was one who not only proclaimed his belief in a free government, but was willing to fight for one. That fact impressed me more than aught else he had said, and I might have spoken of it, but he left me ere I could recover completely from my surprise, and another incident put the young gentleman out of my thoughts for the moment. My Aunt Augusta's chariot, very richly mounted and vastly stylish, passed at the instant the Marquis de Lafayette made his parting bow to me, and as I looked up I saw my aunt staring at us out of the window. There was a puzzled look on her countenance, and it was plain that she was not sure she recognized me.

With Jinny, I hurried on to the house, but the occupants of the carriage were already entering when I arrived.

"So, it was you, after all!" were my aunt's first words of greeting, spoken in her loud,

harsh voice as she stood fronting me in the broad hallway.

"Yes, Aunt Augusta," I replied as cheerfully as possible. "I've come to town to stay awhile with you."

"Oh, you have!" she blurted out, nowise pleased with this news. "Well, miss, if you are to be under my protection, let it be understood at once that I shall not permit you to walk in the streets with foreign adventurers."

"He is no adventurer, Aunt Augusta," I replied, more warmly than my interest warranted. "I am sure he is a most sincere and earnest young Frenchman."

"Fiddlesticks!" my aunt burst out.

"I thought him a vastly pretty gentleman," came the voice of my cousin Rosalie, as she stole up beside me and circled my waist with her arm. "I was quite envious of you, Patty. And mayhap Mother was, too," she ended with a light laugh.

"Hold thy tongue, child," Aunt Augusta admonished her daughter sharply; but I could not feel any start of fear upon the part of Rosalie, nor did she hold her tongue.

"Tell me his name, Patty," she went on roguishly; "I'll warrant 't is no common one."

"He is the Marquis de Lafayette," I answered. "At least, he said his wife was the marquise, so I judged—"

"A marquis!" shouted Rosalie; then, with a falling voice, "But if there is a marquise, we must e'en send him to the head of the table with the elders."

"Indeed, he shall not sit at my table," Aunt Augusta declared roundly. "I'll have no rebels feasting in this house. And see you here, Patty Abbott," she continued, turning on me rather fiercely; "I know the traitorous views your father holds toward our good King George, and I doubt not you hold similar ones; but let me warn you, my girl, I'll have none of your whiggishness here. Understand that plainly. You may stay as long as you conform with the ways of the house and keep your rebel sentiments locked in your own bosom. Were you aught but a child, I should send you packing ere I would even seem to countenance an unruly spirit under this roof."

"Indeed, Aunt Augusta," I cried, stung to anger at this speech, "'t is only because I have nowhere else to go that I am here at all!"

At this she turned on me, doubtless to be as good as her word and send me packing, but Rosalie intervened.

"Oh la, Mama!" she cried, "are we never to rest from politics? Must we have them for breakfast, dinner, and tea? I vow I 'm fair sick of them. Come, Patty, let us to thy room and talk of something pleasant."

She led me quickly to the foot of the stairs and so up to my room, chattering merrily

"I vow, Patty, I 'm right glad you 've come," she rattled on. "I know naught and care less of all this great pother between the king and the colonies, save that it spoils all our fun. None talk of aught but politics, and all the young men are serving in one camp or the other and strut around in their

uniforms to be admired. I vow I shall be glad when it is done, whether 't is a silly king or a stupid congress rules over us. But now a truce to all such dry subjects. Let 's have a look at thy gear, child. Those are matters that a female can take some pleasure in discussing."

I can not give any idea of the sprightliness of my gay cousin Rosalie. That she won my heart at once was natural enough, for whereas I had expected a proud and haughty girl who would patronize me for a clumsy country maid and sneer at my lack of fashion, I found one who, although three years my elder, treated me with no hint of superiority and was as simple as I. In fact, she seemed in some ways younger; for I, having been brought up to discuss all serious questions with Father, found Rosalie interested in naught but what pertained to the lightest pleasures. Dresses, balls, routs, tea-drinkings, dancing-parties, and a great desire to go to a play were



"WE 'RE EXACTLY ALIKE—WE 'RE LIKE SISTERS—TWIN SISTERS!"

and giving me no chance to say a word; for which, indeed, I thanked her in my heart, seeing that I was angered by my aunt's harshness and had forgot that I had made up my mind to submit in silence to just such encounters. I felt very grateful to Rosalie, in that her quick wit had saved me more unpleasantness. But she stopped not her gossiping when we reached my room.

the things she was always ready to enlarge upon; but the more sober duties of life she would have none of, and politics of any sort she shunned even to name. In my mind I put her down as a feather-witted young lady, intent upon her own pleasure and vastly more concerned with her adornment than with the government of her country or the just treatment its citizens craved.

I soon grew to love her, in spite of the fact that her indifference to serious things sometimes shocked me sorely. Once or twice I tried to bring her to take an interest in the great controversy, thinking that, if once she heard our side of the case, she must be convinced that the Revolution was no mere outbreak of a few discontented orators; but she would have none of it, and held her hand across my mouth, vowing that, if I so much as began, she would go away and never come back.

When we came down to dinner I gave Aunt Augusta the letter I had brought from Father and she read it through with a frown.

"He 's vastly secret about his mission," she burst out at the end, with a sneering laugh; "as if we did n't know that he sailed on the *Saucy Sally*, two nights ago, and fares for France to see that prating old politician, Dr. Franklin. A secret mission indeed!"

"But how could you know, Aunt Augusta?" I exclaimed, vastly astonished.

"We know all things," she retorted harshly. "'T is the business of the king's loyal subjects to know his enemies and their goings and comings. See to it that you step carefully, else the end is sure and the retribution certain."

Thus began my stay in that house, and I confess to having been somewhat frightened at this omniscience of Aunt Augusta's. Evidently, the British spies were everywhere, and my aunt's house seemed to be a center for the Tory intrigues that went on in secret throughout the city.

Of my Uncle Robert Roberts I saw little. He was there at dinner, but he scarcely noticed me and kept up a continual hum of light gossip with my aunt and Rosalie, who answered him in like vein; but only, I fancy, to keep him amused, for, when he left the house, there was always a sigh of relief that he had quitted it. He belonged to a club that had rooms in the Indian Queen Inn, I think; and there a number of macaronis, to his liking, met and discussed the changes in men's fashions and deplored the scarcity of such news from England. I am sure he had little part in the constant plotting that went on around him.

That there were conspiracies afoot I was soon aware, although the purport of them I could only guess at; but there were comings and goings of secret messengers, sudden muffled soundings of the knocker at night would waken me, and I would hear distant

movements and occasionally a stealthy step along the hall. The house was a large one, and the old nursery on the top floor did service as a parlor for me, where frequently I had Rosalie for company, although she was forced, so she said, to leave me now and then when there were guests of note in the drawing-rooms below.

I do not think that at any time any real conspiracies originated in the house in Philadelphia. I soon arrived at the conclusion, though by what reasoning I can not say, that the trips to Harrogate were entirely political, and that it was in her country house that my aunt set on foot what plans she made looking to the complete restoration of King George in our colonies; for that she was deep in such intrigues I had not the slightest doubt. Indeed, she made no attempt to hide this from me, satisfied that, so long as I had no actual fact to hang an accusation upon, I could hardly do her injury were I so minded; for that she was against the Congress was already known to every one in Philadelphia, and she scrupled not to express her opinion loudly upon every occasion, thus perchance bringing them to name her as noisy, but harmless.

Why those in authority took no measures to put a stop to such plottings, I know not, though my belief is that they considered my aunt's activities quite trivial and cared not to turn a mayhap embarrassing partizan into a martyr who would gain sympathy out of all proportion to her importance.

The days which I spent in that house were, in spite of what I have said, a rare delight to me because of my fondness for my cousin; and although I could not interest Rosalie in what I considered the important concerns of life, she gained my attention when she talked of the things she vowed a girl should think most upon. It would have been strange indeed had I, at fifteen years, scorned pretty gowns, fine laces, and brocades. Indeed, I loved them the more, perchance, because I had been starved of such vain pleasures all my life. Not from lack of means to buy them, for Father would have stinted naught to pleasure me, but mainly because, in my busy life at Springhill, other interests claimed my attention. Thus when I had naught else to do but satisfy a curiosity suddenly stimulated by Rosalie's vanities, I was nigh as ready as she to waste my time and substance in fallals and fripperies, and to enjoy myself to the full in satisfying my desires, without the thought I should have given to

what the money so expended would have done for our cause. I must accuse myself of this, with the poor excuse that fifteen is not a great age after all.

From the beginning of my visit, Rosalie took vast pleasure in dressing me up in her finery, first in one gown and then another. She fixed my hair this way and that, discoursed upon my looks and countrified ways and how to correct them; she taught me the steps of the minuet, and all in such a sweet fashion that I knew not myself that I was being instructed in those little refinements of manner that experience had denied me.

"Now, Patty, my dear," she would say, "we will pretend that I am Mr. Montague Chalmers and that I have come to take you to the Assembly. 'Ah, 'pon my soul, Miss Patty, my eyes are ravished at sight of you. I vow the beaux will envy me to-night.' Thus she would go on, imitating the high-pitched voice of the dandy, and strutting about as if holding a quizzing-glass to her eyes; at which, at first, I would start a-laughing and she would scold me roundly."

"How think you, Patty, you will ever learn, and you act like that?" she would cry. "You may not laugh down your beaux in society. It is not mannerly. Hold up your head, child, and look at every man above his collar. There, that is better! Now, while I bow, slightly lower your eyes and incline your head an inch, not more—so! Now we will go on."

But such games were not all I delighted in. Rosalie would have it that my wardrobe needed replenishing, and to this end she introduced me to the mysteries of fine shopping. Together we went from store to store, handling silks, satins, sarsenets, and lutestrings, and spending vastly more than I should have done upon such vain luxuries.

My cousin was bent, also, upon having a dress made of the same material as one I had chosen, a paduasoy, vastly elegant it was, and Rosalie would not rest until she had fetched in a seamstress and had the gowns made up alike.

The day they were finished she proposed that we both arrange our hair high upon our heads and powder it.

"As Peggy Shippen does hers," she explained, "though I love it not so monstrous high as Peggy wears it."

"But we have no glass butterflies or other ornaments," I said regretfully.

"Have we not, indeed?" and she flew to her room, to come back with a box of them.

"Oh, where did you get them, Rosalie?" I cried.

"I 've had them for long, Miss," she replied haughtily. "I 've been keeping them for a fitting occasion."

We set to work, each helping the other, and a fine mess we made with the flour; but we accomplished it, and then naught would do but that we should put on our paduasoy and see if they became us. Rosalie ran to her room to attire herself, and Jinny, who helped in all these plays of ours, held up my skirts, which I managed to glide under, getting my head through the placket without disturbing the vast structure erected upon it, wherein I felt that I had accomplished wonders, and after that I was soon ready.

"Come here," Rosalie called from her own room, and I went to her at once.

It ill becomes me, in the circumstances, to proclaim how lovely she looked, so I will say naught of it, but as I went in she held out a hand to me and, in sport, I took it and curtsied over it. She lifted me up and, turning, led me to the long glass that reached nigh to the floor. Thus, hand in hand, we moved toward it, and our reflections came toward us. A few feet away we halted, and Rosalie was for curtsying to our two images; but I stopped, looking in the glass quite bewildered.

"What 's the matter, Patty?" Rosalie asked.

"Why, don't you see, Rosalie," I cried, when I found my voice, "don't you see? We 're exactly alike—we 're like sisters—twin sisters!"

"'T is your hair being up does it. Have n't you noticed it before, silly?" she replied.

"No," I answered, "have you?"

"From the moment I saw you," she laughed. "We could easily be taken for each other."

The close resemblance so startled me that I could not get it out of my head. We were exactly of a height. The color of our hair was the same. Our faces were so close a match that it would be hard, were we dressed alike, to say this is Rosalie or that is Patty. Talk not to me of beauty unadorned. In my plain country frocks, Patty was so vastly inferior to Rosalie that I knew not even that we resembled each other; but in silks and satins, with powdered hair piled high and gleaming with fragile ornaments, the likeness took me aback.

"Ah, Patty," said Rosalie, saucily, "I fear I have set thee thinking too much upon thy own beauty. Vanity, my child, is one of the

deadliest of sins, as my Quaker friend, Tom Wharton, told me when I refused to marry him and become a Quaker, too."

"Indeed, Rosalie," I confessed dolefully, "I think thou art right. I find myself much engaged with speculation upon thy beauty."

"My beauty, indeed!" she flashed back, and then, throwing up her head, laughed gaily. "My country girl is growing apace, but do not think to dodge vanity by bestowing your admiration upon me."

"And why not?" I asked. "'T is no sin to think another is comely."

"Nay, that 's true," Rosalie admitted. "But what would you feel were I to say I fancied you the most beautiful girl in Philadelphia?"

"I should say you were right," I laughed back; "excepting only one other," I added, and ran from her to my own room.

It was evening of that same afternoon when, upon my way to the dining-room for our usual light supper, in passing Aunt Augusta's chamber door, I heard her speaking to some one inside.

"I tell you, he will be here to-night!"

"But why is he coming?" I heard Rosalie question, and there was an irritable note in her voice which I had never noticed before.

"Probably to explain why he failed," said Aunt Augusta.

"Does he fancy we are interested in excuses?" Rosalie returned. What further she said, I know not, for I was by that time out of earshot; but I was puzzled at the anger in her voice. Never, in our short acquaintance, had Rosalie seemed sufficiently interested in anything to be angry over it.

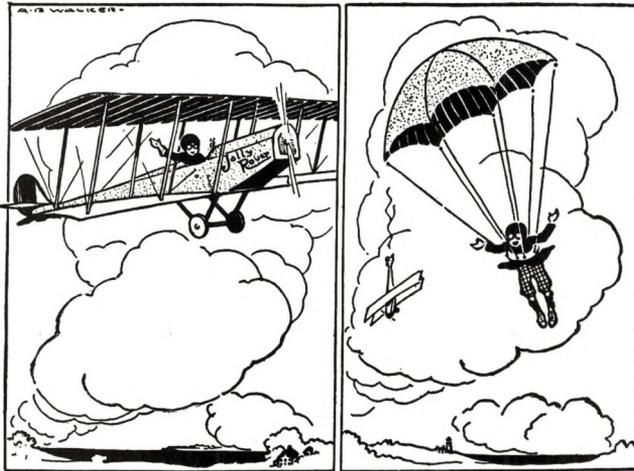
But there was no evidence, when we all assembled at the table, that anything unusual was toward. Rosalie was as dainty and as indifferent to serious things as ever, and chattered lightly of a dance the Chews were giving. Aunt Augusta was more silent than usual, but seemed in no wise concerned over anything secret; so that I forgot about the conversation I had overheard.

We were about half-way through our meal when the knocker sounded, and presently Small, the butler, came and whispered to Aunt Augusta.

"Fetch him in at once and set another place," she commanded, and the servant disappeared into the hall again.

In another moment the new arrival stepped into the dining-room and I, all unprepared, looked up to see Major Tarlton, dressed in citizen's clothes.

(To be continued)



THERE was a boy in our town
Who was so wondrous wise
He built himself an airplane
And sailed up through the skies.

But when he found his controls jammed,
With all his might and main,
He jumped off in a parachute
And sailed back home again.



Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

A FOREST RANGER'S TEMPORARY SUMMER STATION COVERED WITH SEVEN FEET OF SNOW

FORESTRY ON SNOW-SHOES

By ETHEL C. BRILL

WHEN we think of the forest we usually picture it with all the trees, hardwoods as well as evergreens, in full leaf, and, underfoot, rich green mosses and the pink or white blossoms of low-growing plants; or we may have in mind the autumn woods, broad-leaved trees aflame with red and gold, pine and spruce seeds floating through the air from opening cones, and scarlet bunchberries glowing in the trail. Few of us ever see the real forest at any other time, and so, when we think of the work of the forest service, we are apt to imagine it as going on during the warmer weather only. But what are the men of the forest service doing when, in our more northern States and even in the high and mountainous parts of the southern forests, the low plants and shrubs are buried deep in snow and the evergreens and bare-branched hardwoods are gleaming with frost and ice? They must have some work to do in winter. What is it?

One very important part of forest work, patrolling the woods to prevent fires, is largely suspended in winter. After the heavy rains and first snows of autumn, there is little danger of fire spreading, and the men

hired especially to guard against it are not needed for that purpose. For a few weeks they may be put to repairing roads and trails or to any other work left over from summer. When winter sets in in earnest they are laid off. But the duties of the forest supervisors, the district rangers, the men in charge of such special work as timber sales and grazing, and the young men in training are not over by any means.

The forester's work is not all done in the open. There is much indoor work, too, and, the summer being the busiest season, all such work that can possibly be postponed is left over for winter. Winter is the "map and report" season, and much time is occupied in putting into shape information gathered during the summer. Reports of general forest management, of fires and fire conditions, of timber sales, of grazing, of game and fish, and of all manner of forest affairs, with recommendations, and maps of field surveys must be prepared by the rangers and the supervisor and submitted to their superiors.

Promotion in the forest service is by examination, and, during the winter months

courses of study are followed and examinations given. Forest field-men must know an almost bewildering variety of things—from how to saddle a pack-animal, to a scientific understanding of how trees grow and why. They must be prepared to solve all sorts of problems and cope with all sorts of emergencies. In the Tahoe National Forest, California, virtually all of the men took the Red Cross First Aid course last winter.

The office of the supervisor, the chief executive of a forest, is usually in a town adjoining the forest. The district rangers have cabins in the district where they are in charge, and in some cases they live in these forest cabins both summer and winter. In many places, however, where there is a small town or village near his district, the ranger makes his home in the town in winter. There he can more easily be reached by those who have business with him, he can have his family with him if he is a married man, and he can go into the woods whenever necessary; indeed, he often spends much of his time in the forest. Even in the mountainous, far-western country, where wild storms and snow ten to twenty feet deep may make all work impossible in the higher situations, there is still a great deal to be done in the more accessible parts.

A necessary work that takes men through

trees forever uncut. The wood is to be used as it is needed, but it must be cut in such a way that the supply will not be exhausted. Timber-cruising, therefore, may be undertaken for various reasons. The purpose may be to find out how much timber of useful kinds a whole forest contains; the cutting of the trees in a certain place or of a specified amount of timber of one kind may be contemplated; then each tree that is to be cut must be marked, or, if a section is to be cut clean, survey lines must be run to show the limits of the cutting. Surveying, map-making, and timber-estimating go hand in hand.

As travel through the woods is often easier in winter, when the lakes and swamps are frozen, the fallen trees and tangles of undergrowth buried in snow, and the tormenting mosquitos, "no-see-ems," and black-flies gone, much surveying and timber-cruising are done in winter. A party of eight spent the whole of the winter of 1921-'22 cruising timber on parts of the Superior Forest. Among them were rangers from Michigan, Colorado, and Wyoming, sent from the forests of those States, where there did not happen to be much winter work, to help with the timber-survey in Minnesota and to learn how it was done. They worked in crews of two, one man running the compass, carrying the front end of a steel tape to measure dis-



Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

FOREST OFFICERS MOVING CAMP WITH STOVES AND TENTS ON SLEDGES

the winter woods is the timber survey—estimating the timber and mapping the country where it is found. "Timber cruising," such work is often called. The purpose of our national forests is not to preserve the

tance, and tallying the trees, while the other man, the cruiser or estimator, called off the diameter and height. The readiness and accuracy with which an experienced timber-cruiser judges the dimensions of forest trees



Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

A SNOW-SHOE TRAIL, SUPERIOR NATIONAL FOREST, MINNESOTA

seem to the amateur like unexplainable magic.

When the snow was not very deep the men waded through it, but when it reached a depth of about two feet, they took to web snow-shoes. Even with snow-shoes, however, going was hard until just before the spring break-up, when the melting by day and the freezing by night formed a firm crust that made rapid traveling possible for a few hours each morning. Each crew carried at least one small ax, and, in a forest where birch-trees abound, a good hot fire could be kindled in a few moments with a handful of bark and dry wood chopped from a charred pine snag. The thermometer goes low in the Superior Forest, which runs to the Canadian boundary-line; 30° below zero is not uncommon, and sometimes 40° is reached, so a fire was necessary at noon to keep the men comfortable while eating their midday meal, and in the heat of it they had to thaw out their frozen sandwiches.

Severer hardships must sometimes be endured in the large far-western forests. There surveying parties and timber crews may be out for weeks at a stretch in wild, rugged, mountain country, where a log cabin half-lookout, or a line of telegraph-wire running through the woods is the only sign of civilization. Sometimes the men must haul their

equipment and supplies by hand on sleds, and camp in temporary shelters or tents warmed by portable stoves.

Tree-cutting is often done in winter, some of it by the forest service itself, to obtain the fuel supply for the officers and men and for summer campers, or to thin stands of trees that are too thick to develop properly. When timber is sold to commercial lumber companies, it is usually sold standing, and in some parts of the country the logging is done on snow roads. The trees are felled, skidded into piles, and then hauled on sleds to a lake or stream (where they are piled on the ice and left until spring to be rafted out) or to a railroad to be taken to the sawmill.

Of course, forest officers must be on hand to see that the lumber company cuts only what it is entitled to and to scale the logs. Scaling means measuring the sound timber in a log, and is done with the aid of prepared mathematical tables. Each log is then numbered and stamped with the official "U.S." At whatever season the timber is cut, the brush and trimmings must be burned in late fall or winter after the ground is wet or snow has fallen. Hundreds of forest fires have been started by burning trimmings during dry weather.

Other things besides logs can often be hauled more easily after the snow is deep enough for sledding. Where good roads are

few, heavy material for building and repair work can be taken by means of snow roads over rough country that would be impassable in summer. Snow roads are not difficult or expensive to build, as the work consists of little more than clearing a path wide enough for team and sled and packing snow into the holes. Over such roads, three eighty-foot steel fire-lookout towers, to replace old wooden ones, were taken deep into the Superior Forest this winter.

One of the many duties of the forest ranger is to watch out for timber thieves. Persons who have homes within the limits of the forests or near their boundaries can usually be supplied with fire-wood free or at a trifling cost. But if the woods were left entirely unguarded, there are unprincipled people, some of them in large lumber companies, who would not hesitate to strip accessible parts of the forest bare of every tree large enough to cut. Even with the rangers alert and watchful, timber thefts do take place sometimes, and then the task is to estimate how much has been taken, trace the thief, and secure his conviction in the courts. From the diameter of the stump remaining and of the top cut off, the amount of timber in the missing trunk must be estimated.

In many parts of the Western forests, cattle and sheep grazing is permitted. Most of the ranges can be used only in summer, but in some situations there are winter ranges. The forest-service men must keep an eye on these ranges to see that they are not overgrazed and reduced to desert land, and that the stock is not allowed to stray into forbidden parts of the forest. In the winter, too, foresters visit the ranches of men who have had grazing privileges during the summer, and take their applications for permits for the next year.

The effects of forest cover on rain and snowfall, and of the rain and snow on the character and growth of the trees and on the

flow of the streams, are constantly being studied by the forest service. Heavy snow may fall in the high mountains, when there is little or none at lower levels. So snow-scales, devices for measuring the depth and density of snowfall, are placed at different elevations and situations. To read the scales, the forest men must make long trips on snow-shoes or skis, through valleys, across ridges, up mountain slopes, and through high passes, even into parts of the forest where the weather is so severe and the snow so deep that no other winter work is attempted there.

Keeping in repair the telephone-lines that connect the various forest stations and fire-lookouts also necessitates long trips, especially after heavy storms of snow or sleet. These lines are essential to fire protection, and must always be put in good working order in the spring.

Some entire forests and parts of others are wild-life refuges, where no hunting is allowed and the mere possession of a gun not in a case is considered a violation of the law. In all the forests the state laws for the pro-



Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

FORESTERS MEASURING THE DEPTH AND DENSITY OF A SNOWFALL

tection of game-birds and animals are enforced, and the district rangers watch for violations, report them to the state wardens, collect evidence, and make arrests. Game protection is an important part of the winter

work and takes much time, especially in the big game-forests of the West, such as Shoshone National Forest, in Wyoming, where the rangers must make the rounds of the licensed trappers' camps, see that the laws and regulations are obeyed, and patrol the woods against poaching.

Rangers themselves may do some hunting and trapping now and then, where the increase of wild animals causes them to become

If you could look into the log cabin of a surveying party or timber crew on a bitter-cold or stormy winter evening, you would not be likely to find any evidence of suffering among the hard-muscled men gathered about the open fireplace or red-hot stove. Contented enough they seem, doing the writing and figuring that finishes the day's work, or, when that is over, telling stories, playing games, or mending the clothes that

may have suffered in the hard going. For a moment, however, you might think you had entered a clothing store instead of a survey camp, when you see the many woolen socks, four or five pairs to a man, and other pieces of clothing, hanging over the stove to dry.

Nevertheless, forest field-men, from the chief officers to the newest and most inexperienced ranger-in-training, must be able men, hardy of body, firm of will, quick in decision and action. They are responsible for the safety and welfare of the great forests, and they must know what is going on in the snow-covered woods. Life in the winter woods



Photograph by courtesy of the U. S. Forest Service

MOUNTAIN LION SHOT BY A FOREST RANGER IN COLORADO

too destructive. Where there are grazing ranges, predatory animals, that delight in a meal of fat mutton or tender veal, must be got rid of. Indeed, wolves and mountain-lions are very sure to be regarded as outlaws in any forest, in the interest of game protection, for they love venison quite as well as they do lamb. So the ranger may turn hunter on occasion, and may have a thrilling experience now and then in the pursuit of savage prey.

From all these varied occupations, and these are only part of the winter work, you may see that summer is not the only season of activity in the national forests. But the men who do forest work in winter do not find it as disagreeable as most of us might think. They soon become accustomed to the cold, know how to dress for it, and how to meet such emergencies as a sudden hard storm or a plunge through the ice into freezing water.

has a fascination of its own, and at times it is not without thrill and adventure, but it is a strenuous life and oftentimes a trying one. More than one young fellow, with rosy dreams of the life of a forester, has been discouraged by a laborious, back-breaking, muscle-wrenching tramp on snowshoes through the roughest sort of country in the most unfriendly weather, or by long days of isolation in a remote cabin half buried in snow. He has found that the life of a forester is not composed entirely of riding horseback along good trails through the summer woods, or of thrilling adventures chasing timber thieves or hunting mountain-lions and grizzly bears. Undoubtedly, the forest service in winter or in summer is a fascinating profession and business for the man who is fitted for it by nature. But no cowards, weaklings, or lazy, stupid fellows need apply.



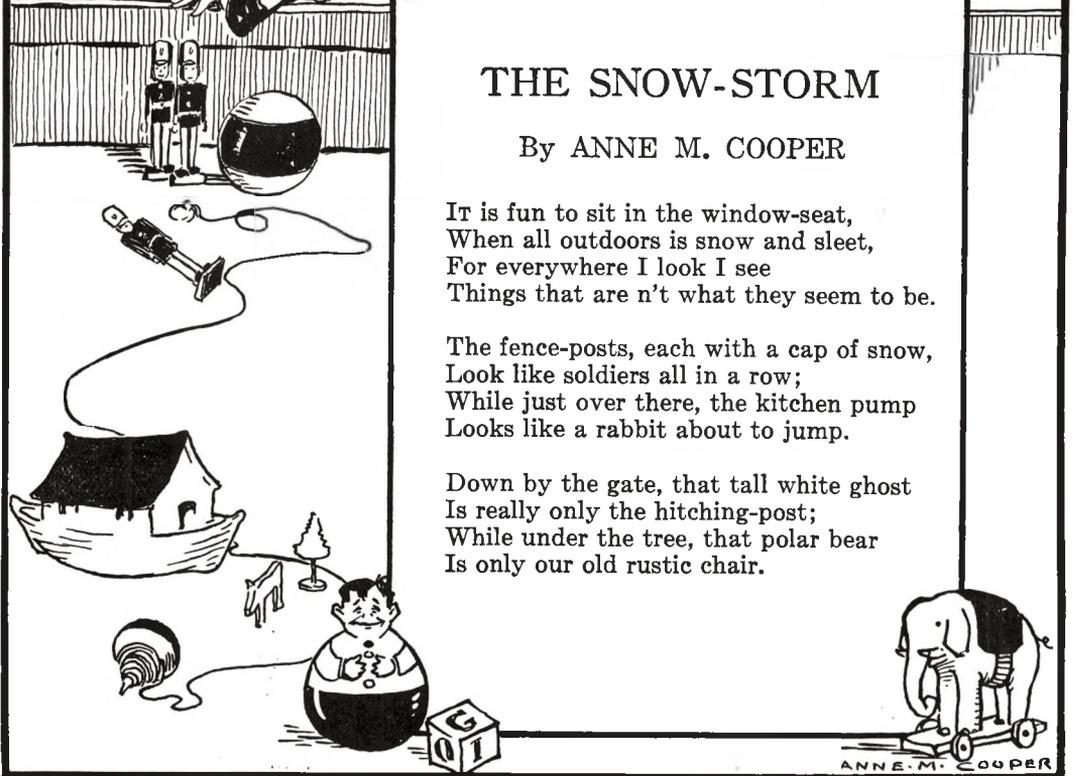
THE SNOW-STORM

By ANNE M. COOPER

It is fun to sit in the window-seat,
 When all outdoors is snow and sleet,
 For everywhere I look I see
 Things that are n't what they seem to be.

The fence-posts, each with a cap of snow,
 Look like soldiers all in a row;
 While just over there, the kitchen pump
 Looks like a rabbit about to jump.

Down by the gate, that tall white ghost
 Is really only the hitching-post;
 While under the tree, that polar bear
 Is only our old rustic chair.



ANNE M. COOPER



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

PATRIOTISM AND CHORES

IN the days of Washington, and in the days of Lincoln, life was simpler than it is now. There were not so many people living in cities; there were not so many conveniences; there was less specialization; and everybody had to do more of the daily work of keeping things going, in all departments, than we do nowadays.

Almost everybody, in those days, knew what it meant to have to do chores. Folks might make money and move into the city and have servants; but pretty nearly everybody began life with a practical knowledge of what the dictionary describes in this definition:

CHORES — The regular or daily light work of a household or farm, either within or without doors.

Girls had housework to do, and perhaps dairy work. Boys had errands to run, wood to chop, water to draw, and a thousand and one items of endless routine. You could n't go to the telephone and call for what you wanted; you went after it.

We don't suppose the boys and girls of those days enjoyed the doing of chores much more than the boys and girls of to-day would. But we do think that the responsibility was a good developer of character, and that the discipline made the youngsters grow up into sturdy men and women, with a strong sense of duty. And we are inclined to think, also, that there was a satisfaction in that way of living that does not come to us fidgety, nervous moderns in the same manner or measure.

Please understand, we are not saying that "those were the happy days," or that the people were better, braver, or stronger than

the people of these days. We are not sorry that we did not live fifty, or a hundred and fifty years ago. This twentieth century suits us very well; we belong to it, we are glad to belong to it, and we want to make it as happy as we can while it lasts, and as pleasantly remembered as possible after it is gone.

Still, we are able to see some defects in our own time and ways and some advantages in the old customs, as well as the other way round. And we wonder if the America of 1922 would not be a bit the better for a little more of the old-time discipline!

Self-discipline, it would have to be; and self-discipline is the very best kind.

Self-discipline means: More faithful school work; greater helpfulness in our homes; more earnest thinking about the things of lasting importance in life; and careful study of what good Americanism means in our age of history. And these things, simple enough, to be sure, bulk up into a program that would do more to keep America prosperous, useful, and happy than all the conventions and conferences and congresses that ever you heard of.

This is one way to make the honors we pay this month to Washington and Lincoln "mean something" in the life of this nation.

UNCLE SAM IN THE PHILIPPINES

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month, the *Maine* was blown up in Havana Harbor. The American people had been very much aroused over the cruel treatment of the Cubans by Spain, and the destruction of the *Maine* aroused the nation to a high pitch of feeling.

The war with Spain began in April, 1898.

Although the war was fought out in Cuba, the first great victory it brought was that of Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay; and when the treaty of peace was made, in March, 1899, the United States gave Spain \$20,000,000 for her possessions in the Pacific—the Philippine Islands.

The war had been opposed by many Americans who thought we had no call to intercede in behalf of Cuba, and at its close there were many who objected to the acquisition of the islands, because such expansion involved us in international complications. "Imperialism" was the cry they raised.

But the islands were bought, and with their 114,000 square miles of far-away territory we acquired also the troubles that Spain had been having with the restless native population.

There had been rebellion in the islands, but Spain had bought off its leader, Emilio Aguinaldo. In the change of ownership he saw a new opportunity, and organized a revolt against American authority. In March, 1901, he was captured by General Funston, and advised his people to submit.

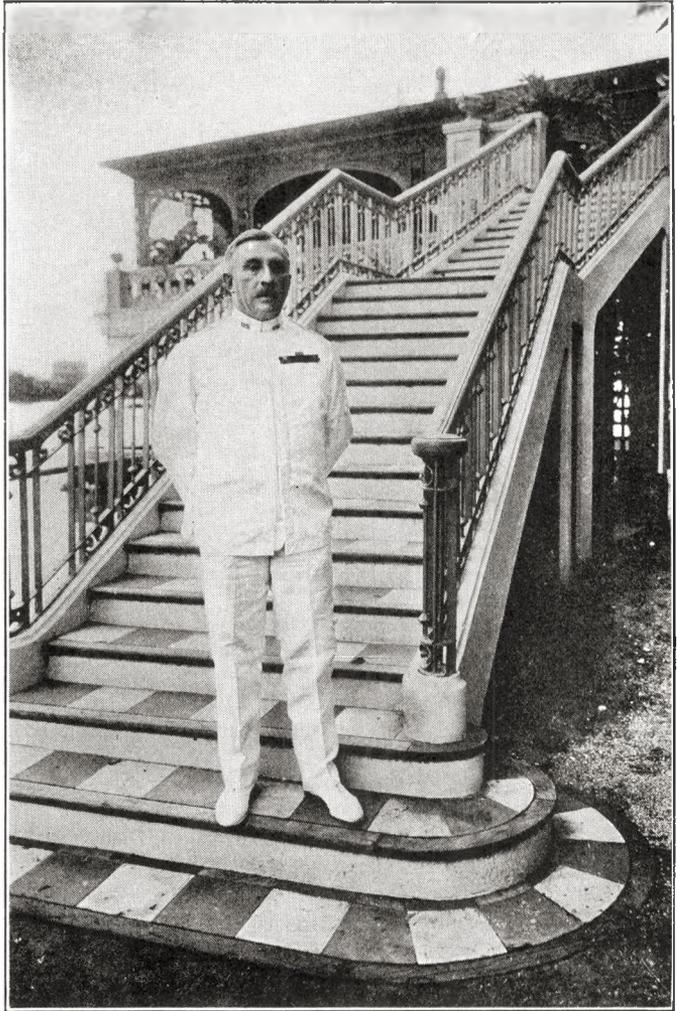
Not until 1902, however, when Roosevelt had succeeded McKinley, was the insurrection completely suppressed.

The United States declared its purpose of educating the Filipinos for independence. It set up a government, organized a school system, improved the roads and the sanitary system in the islands, and developed the rich natural resources of the territory.

The American people have not exploited the islands at the expense of the people; we have never imitated the methods of European countries maintaining colonies for what could be got out of them. We have never had any intention of building an empire in the Pacific. Our ownership of the Philippines has brought us advantages, in trade; but it has brought to the island people vastly greater advantages in the development of civilization.

Naturally, there are among the Filipinos

many who are in a hurry to break away from us and stand among the nations as an independent people. They have more than once asked Congress to give them complete independence. Some Americans believe that the time for separation has come; many more—and the Government stands with them—think that more time is needed to



Wide World Photos

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD E. WOOD AT HIS OFFICIAL RESIDENCE IN MANILA

prepare the Filipinos for self-government.

One of those who see it this way is Major-General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippines. He declined to become provost of the University of Pennsylvania, preferring to stay in the Philippines and finish his work there. A little dispatch from Manila in December reported that President Quezon of the Philippine Senate and Speaker

Roxas of the House had called on the governor-general "to express their gratification at his self-sacrifice in his decision to remain, and to reiterate their intention to cooperate with him in his program."

That was a pleasing item for those who think they are the best friends of the Filipinos when they advise the island people to stay happily with us a while longer. It shows that the most powerful influences in the Philippines accept that view as a wise one.

And perhaps the wording of the dispatch, "to complete the work he (General Wood) has planned," may indicate that the day of friendly parting is nearer than is commonly supposed. We trust it may not be too soon for the safety of the ambitious Filipinos, and, on the other hand, that it may not be postponed longer than will be for their best interests.

An extremely interesting chapter of history will come to its close when we say to the Philippine people: "We have done what we could for you; the time you have waited for so long has come, and we are going to let you paddle your own canoe. Don't forget your old friend, Uncle Sam. Good-by, and good luck!"

POLAND'S PRESIDENT ASSASSINATED

ON December 16, Gabriel Narutowicz, first president of the republic of Poland, was shot and killed by an assassin named Niewadomski. The president had been elected only a week before his death, and was in the second day of his career in office.

Such acts, the result of political excitement working on an unbalanced mind, are apt to shock a nervous electorate into an acute sense of political responsibility. They are hateful, horrible; but they have this value: that they carry the only rebuke to violence that violent campaigners are able to recognize.

Poland at once arranged for a new election to be held December 20, and reports from Warsaw immediately after the assassination were that the Polish people had been sobered by the tragedy and were thinking less excitedly, and, therefore, more intelligently.

PROSECUTING A PROSECUTOR

THE attorney-general of the United States is the chief law officer of the Federal administration. He has charge of the prosecution of cases in courts of the United States. To see

an attorney-general on trial would be somewhat like seeing a citizen arrest a policeman. But Representative Keller, of Minnesota, accused Attorney-General Daugherty of improper conduct in office, and endeavored to have him impeached.

Impeachment is simply a "fancy" word, used to denote the bringing of charges of mal-administration against a high public officer of the National Government, the House of Representatives alone can order the trial, and the Senate alone can conduct it. The penalty, if the accused is found guilty by a two-thirds vote, is removal from office and disqualification for any further office-holding under the United States Government. Convicted officers are, however, subject to subsequent trial in court.

The most famous impeachment case in our history is that of President Johnson. In 1798, a senator from Tennessee was impeached; in 1804, an associate-justice of the Supreme Court was tried by the Senate; and other cases have been: 1803, 1830, 1862, 1905, and 1914, United States District Court judges; 1876, a Secretary of War; 1912, an associate judge of the United States Commerce Court. In only three of these cases was the necessary two-thirds vote obtained for a verdict of guilty. In one case the proceedings were dropped; and in six, the accused was acquitted. In one instance the vote was: Guilty, 55; not guilty, 37. But this heavy plurality was short of the decisive two thirds, and an acquittal followed.

When Judge Landis became Commissioner of Baseball, a congressman asked to have him impeached, but nothing was done.

Representative Keller's attack on Attorney-General Daugherty was begun last September. He brought fourteen charges, including "wilful and deliberate" attempts to prevent prosecutions of the anti-trust law, favoritism to great corporations, and refusal to prosecute war grafters.

In December the House Judiciary Committee, investigating the charges to decide whether the matter should be carried into the House, called upon Representative Keller to give testimony, and the congressman, losing his temper, dropped out of the case.

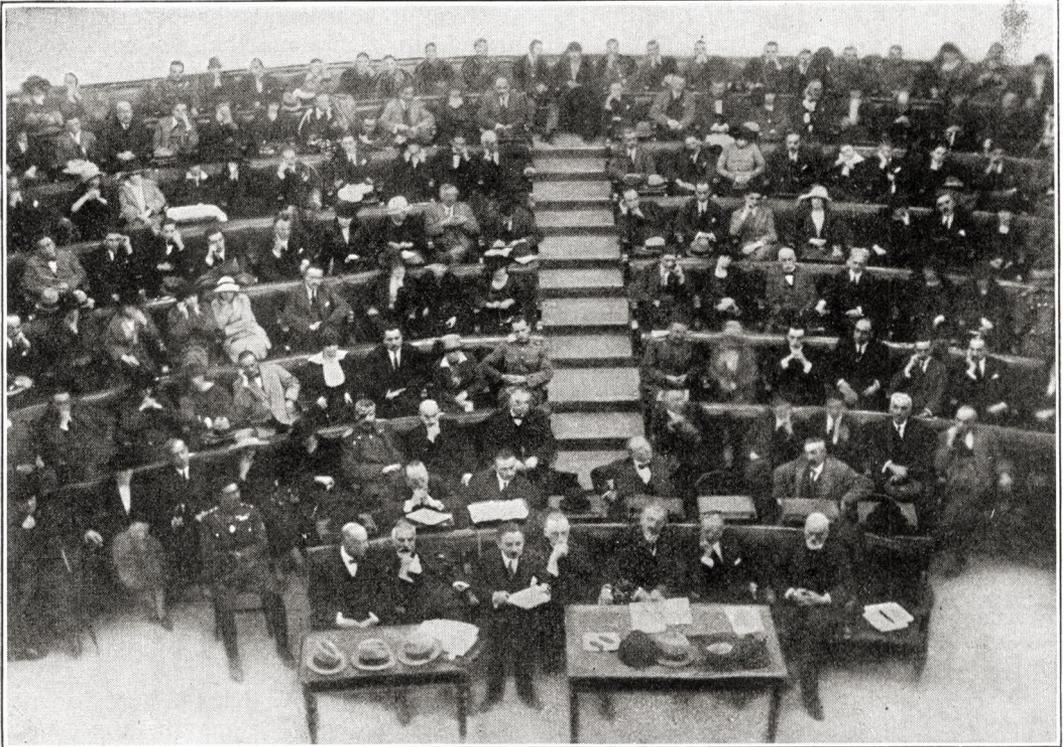
The charges were somewhat vague and had the appearance of a political attack rather than of a court case.

For us, the incident is important because it draws attention to the responsibility of officers of government. Bringing such charges is a most serious matter, for suspicion tends

to destroy the confidence on which the whole structure of government rests.

Mr. Keller put that confidence to a strain, without—apparently—the proofs to support his charges. He accused the House Judiciary Committee of trying to “whitewash” the attorney-general; that again was not conducive to confidence in the merit of his case.

The court-martial that ordered the executions declared that the men had acted against public opinion and had met all opposition from their countrymen with “terroristic methods”; that they had pretended to make an attack on Constantinople, and that, by dividing the Greek forces for a nonmilitary purpose, they had made possi-



Wide World Photos

THE GREEK MILITARY COURT TRYING SOME OF HER STATESMEN AND MILITARY LEADERS (SEEN IN THE FRONT ROW) FOR THEIR PART IN THE GREEK MILITARY DISASTERS

Mr. Daugherty was not quite so dignified in his answer to Mr. Keller as we might wish. He, too, adopted the personal tone.

It seemed as though things had gone too far to make it wise to stop short of a definite decision—either that Mr. Keller was wrong, or that the attorney-general had indeed misused the powers of his office.

IS GREECE CIVILIZED?

IN December, the world was shocked by the news that five former members of the Greek cabinet and a general of the Greek army had been executed for treason. One Greek newspaper published in New York said: “Greece has ceased to be a civilized country. She is another Mexico.”

ble the victory of the Kemalists Turks, “thus deliberately delivering a large part of the army into the enemy’s hands.”

Another Greek newspaper published in America defended the action of the court-martial, saying that the men were tried legally and fairly, and were found to have betrayed their country into the great disaster. It said that they were guiltily responsible for “the uprooting of the Thracian civilian population,” for the loss of 80,000 Greek soldiers, and for “the unbearable misfortune which fell upon one and a half million refugees.” It blamed them for “the national dishonor and shame and reproach which Hellenism will bear in all the ages.”

But most of us would approve the description of the event by one American newspaper

as "vengeful and barbarous." Most of us were inclined to view the acts of the men who were executed as acts of bad judgment rather than of treason. The Greeks rejected Venizelos; they welcomed back King Constantine;



Wide World Photos

CLEMENCEAU LEAVING THE WAR COLLEGE IN WASHINGTON DURING HIS RECENT VISIT

they would have honored and rewarded their generals if Constantinople had been taken.

After the fall of Port Arthur, the Russian General Stoessel was condemned to death, as Marshal Bazaine had been by France after the Battle of Sedan in the Franco-Prussian war. But the sentences against these defeated commanders were not carried out.

One newspaper in the Middle West remarked that if the penalty for failure in a war of aggression were death, "few kings and premiers would have war policies"—and there 's something in that. But the general opinion is that while these Greek leaders deserved punishment, the military executions were not justifiable according to civilized custom.

Greek revolutionists have forfeited the friendship of nations that do not tolerate such ideas. Great Britain withdrew her minister from Athens, and many Americans who had been friendly to the Greeks found it difficult to see that they were superior in civilization to the Turks.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

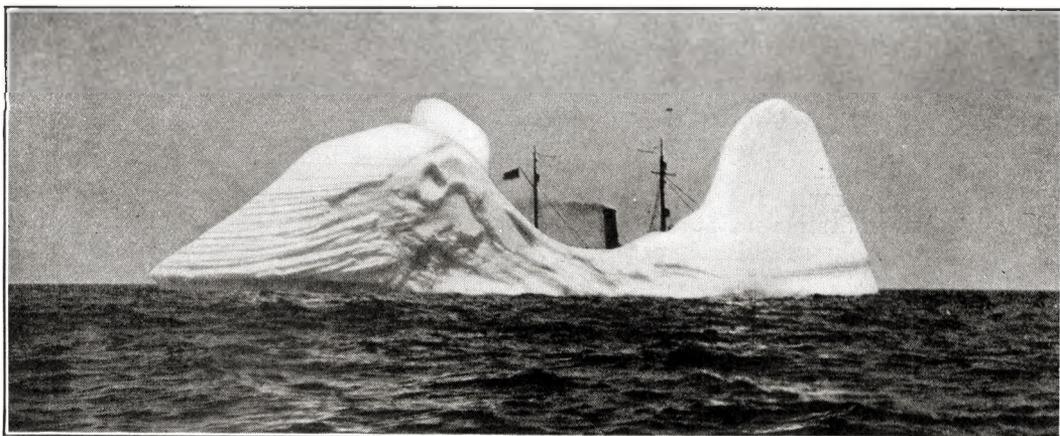
M. CLEMENCEAU's visit came to an end in December. The war-time premier of France talked to us quite frankly, urging America to take part in European affairs. He had a fine reception, but as he sailed away it did not seem that his tour had made much difference in America's attitude. We sent back a message of friendship for the French people, but gave them no reason to expect that our Government would depart from the principles by which its conduct has been ruled—while, at the same time, we assure France that we are always open to conviction, and ready to meet new situations with new measures.

As a subject, the Ku Klux is hard to write about patiently. For months the papers have been full of reports of the Klan's activities; no need to retell the story here. The Klan professes to be devoted to true Americanism. If any of our readers are not quite sure what to think of this claim, let them ask themselves, *Do Americans working for America need to wear masks?*

THE reparations situation developed surprisingly in December. Everybody began, all at once, to expect Uncle Sam to take a hand in it and offer a new plan for the arrangement of international finances.

HAVE you noticed how President Harding's promise to try to reduce expenses of government has been kept? A good many steps in the direction of economy have been taken, and it looks as though there would be, ultimately, a pretty complete reorganization of departments, bureaus, and the whole system of running the people's business.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK



A MONSTER ICEBERG UNDER OBSERVATION BY THE COAST-GUARD PATROL

TAKING THE DANGER OUT OF ICEBERGS

FLOATING icebergs, broken from glaciers in Greenland, are carried by the Labrador Current down into the vicinity of the Grand Banks, Newfoundland, where they menace navigation, particularly passenger-ship traffic, during the early spring months. Many of these icebergs weigh millions of tons. When they collide with steamships the results usually are fatal. The *Titanic* disaster, in which over 1500 people lost their lives, was due to a collision between this ship and a mammoth iceberg.

In order to make the recurrence of such a tragedy impossible and to render the North Atlantic Ocean safer for navigation

during the iceberg-danger period, from the first of April until the thirtieth of June each year three cutters of the United States Coast Guard patrol the ice zone, keeping watch on the movements and locations of all dangerous bergs and fields of ice and warning steamships of their positions, the courses they are traveling, and their velocities.

Early in the spring, the *Seneca*, a coast-guard boat of 1400 tons displacement, makes a special observation trip through the ice zone, studying the conditions of wind and current as well as the extent and character of the ice-fields. The latter part of March, when the icebergs begin to drift down from the north into the lanes of steamship travel near the Grand Banks, the Coast Guard



A COAST-GUARD PATROL-BOAT AND ITS CREW

operates at least two large vessels, which keep in constant quest of derelict icebergs and warn all vessels by radio messages what courses to follow to avoid the bergs. Since the inception of this service about a decade ago, not a single wreck has resulted nor a single life been lost as a result of collision with icebergs.

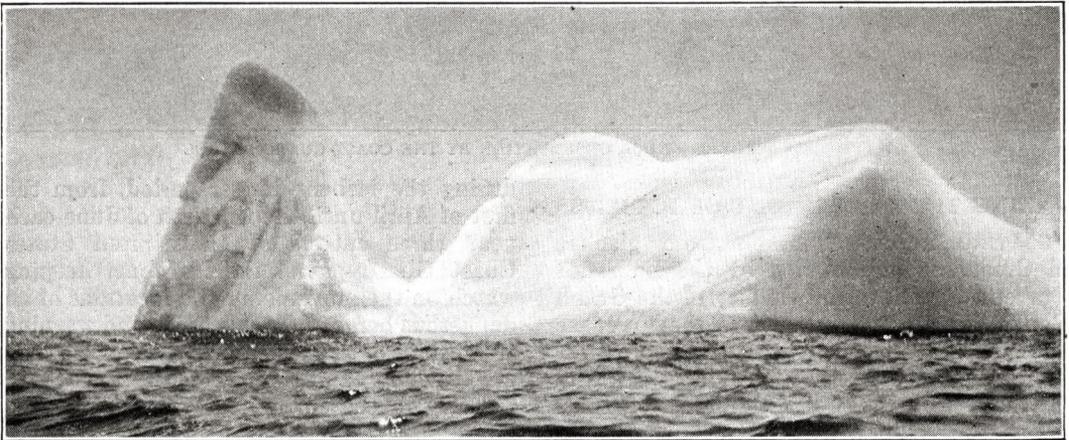
The icebergs soon break up and melt in water of a temperature of sixty degrees or warmer, and passenger steamships take advantage of this fact by holding their courses far enough south so that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream maintain the salt water approximately at this temperature. When they are near the iceberg zone, they

North Atlantic Ocean, and they also keep track of the courses followed by all ships. This permits them to warn in time any vessels which steer into dangerous territory, so that they can shift their courses and avert the disaster which may be bearing down upon them in the guise of drifting derelicts of ice.

G. H. DACY.

A TRUCK THAT SWIMS RIVERS

ONLY one familiar with the broad sweep of the Hudson River between the upper end of Manhattan Island and the steep Palisades that rise on the opposite shore can well appreciate the thrilling achievement of the new "amphibious" truck which, on the fifth of last De-



A MOUNTAIN OF ICE, SEVEN TIMES AS LARGE AS THE PORTION THAT APPEARS ABOVE THE SURFACE

take frequent water-temperatures, as this is one of the best guides as to whether or not the boats are liable to run into icebergs. Just to show the magnitude of some of these drifting icebergs, it is worthy of mention that the largest one sighted and surveyed last year measured 1600 feet long, 1200 feet wide, and 247 feet high. This was only one seventh of the entire berg, being that part which appeared above the surface. The submerged part of an iceberg is always six times as large as the exposed portion. On this basis, the berg under discussion weighed in the neighborhood of 950,000,000 tons.

The coast-guard patrol-boats study the size, shape, drift, character, and condition of each berg which they locate. They make meteorological observations near the bergs to determine the direction of future winds as nearly as possible, while they also photograph the huge masses of ice for future identification. They plot the courses of all icebergs on their wanderings through the

ceMBER, not only sped up Riverside Drive to Dyckman Street at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, but, after being ferried across the river, climbed the steep slopes of the Palisades at a 40 per cent. grade (the crew had to hang on to keep from falling out), then ran a hundred feet till it found a level place to turn, when it slid back to the water's edge and swam across the broad flood under its own power. A wonderful feat when one remembers that the river is almost two miles wide at this point.

This remarkable machine was invented by Walter Christie, who used to drive racing automobiles and who has designed various sorts of gasolene motors. The official name of the invention, which is primarily intended for military uses, is "gun-carriage equipped for road, field, and water service," and representatives of the War and Navy Departments were present at the test, as well as several hundred members of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

The vehicle is a sort of combination of truck and tank. It has six sets of double wheels, of which the rear set does not touch the ground when the machine is used as a truck on a highroad. But when it is necessary to leave the road and strike across rough country, such as is represented by the face of the Palisades, a caterpillar tread is attached, thus making it virtually a tractor. When a stream is reached, the vehicle is transformed into a motor-boat by attaching propellers to shafts at the rear of the tractor-truck.

The admirable construction of the new machine, which was built by the United States Mobile Ordnance Manufacturers, was brilliantly demonstrated by an accident which occurred just as the trip started—an accident which would probably have put any vehicle but a tank out of commission. Not far from the beginning of Riverside Drive, a

broken bolt, and the truck started off again and continued its journey successfully, though the fore axle seemed a bit sprung and the front wheels wobbled a trifle.

As at present designed, the machine carries



© Keystone View Co.

THE AMPHIBIOUS TANK ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY, AFTER SWIMMING THE HUDSON



© Keystone View Co.

THE NEW TANK, ON THE HUDSON RIVER, TAKING LIKE A DUCK TO THE WATER

bolt in the steering-knuckle broke, and the machine, which has the enormous weight of six tons, ran into the curbstone. The two mechanics in charge quickly replaced the

one three-inch field-gun, with the crew to man it, a shelter for the latter, food for the men and ammunition for the gun. The War Department was represented by Brigadier-General S. D. Rockenbach, commander of the Tank Corps, who declared the test highly satisfactory.

One observer summed up the action of the vehicle amusingly and neatly by saying that it was a cross between a big duck and a turkey, with a strain of crab thrown in. The crab action was seen when, equipped with its caterpillar treads and propeller, it was marching through the mud before actually beginning to swim.

Although designed for military use, one

can scarcely doubt that ere long some enthusiastic motorist will call for such an adaptation of this "duck of a car" as shall fit it for cross-continent touring.

M. TEVIS.

A GIANT AMONG FLOWERS

OUR picture shows one of the largest flowers in the world, a member of the birthwort family, whose botanical name is *Aristolochia*. It is found in various parts of the world in warm and temperate climates, and is noted for the great variety of curiously shaped and colored flowers which it contains. Strangest of all, perhaps, is the one shown in our picture, which is taken from a specimen exhibited in London not long ago and coming from the far-away island of Java. This species is very often cultivated in green-



THE ARISTOLOCHIA, ONE OF THE LARGEST FLOWERS IN THE WORLD

houses because of its beauty and oddity. It has no corolla, but the calyx, which is tube-shaped, much resembles the tube-shaped corollas of such flowers as morning-glories.

These huge flowers, which are often twenty inches in diameter are very striking looking, not only because of their size and shape and the purple veins and splotches with which they are adorned, but also because the point of the heart-shaped top of the calyx ends in a long string, like the cracker on a whip. This string has received the queer name of the "tail" of the flower, and is sometimes as long as three feet long.

The full name of this plant is the *Aristolochia grandiflora*, variety *Sturtevantii*, and, like most of the species in the family,

it is a woody climber, twining around trees or other supports. At the bottom of the tube or cup of the great blossoms is a sort of honey, which is very attractive to various sorts of insects and, apparently, likewise to mice, since these little creatures are said to be frequently trapped within the deep cups, whose smooth walls they are unable to climb in order to escape after feasting on the honey. But besides its honey the flower has another lure, a very strange one to our mind, since it consists of an overpowering, unpleasant odor, which attracts flies and other insects. They swarm eagerly to the flower, and, as they burrow into its depths, they distribute the pollen, which is necessary for the formation of the seeds.

The general name for this species is *A. grandiflora* but it also has several picturesque popular names such as swan's neck, pelican's neck, goose neck, and duck's neck, all of which refer to the quaint manner in which the tube of the calyx is bent—a fact which our illustration does not reveal.

DONOVAN McCLURE.

SOME FACTS ABOUT WATER

CAN you answer these questions?

How much water is there in the sea?

How much salt does it contain?

How deep and where is the deepest place which has ever been measured?

I wonder if these questions make you think of the same thing they make me think of. I'll tell you what they sound like to me: they sound like questions which the cruel father in a fairy story might ask the suitors for his daughter's hand, and which he insists must be answered before the beautiful princess can be won. You know how it goes—one by one the suitors fail, of course; then the hero undertakes to answer the questions. While he is at the hopeless task of trying to measure the ocean with a tea-cup, along comes a poor old woman, his fairy godmother in disguise. He is kind to her, and, in gratitude, she helps him out. After many strange adventures, the questions are answered and the princess is his.

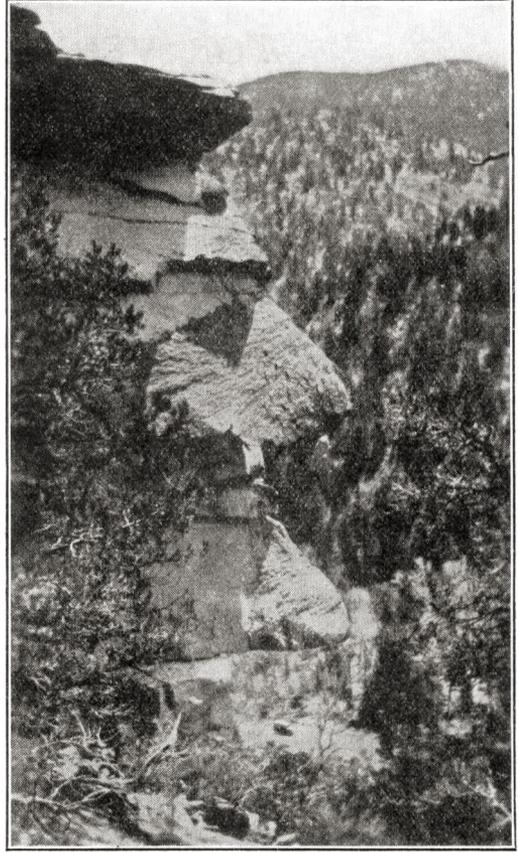
But, after all, these are not trick questions. Uncle Sam's specialists in Washington can answer them for us, and without the aid of a fairy godmother, too.

According to the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, the ocean contains about 302,000,000 cubic miles of water. Can you imagine that amount of wet?

There is enough salt in the sea (although its weight is only three and a half per cent. of the whole, and of this only three quarters is common salt), according to the same bureau, to make a mountain more than a mile and a half high over the entire surface of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, so though the coal supply may be exhausted some day, and all the oil-wells run dry, we need never worry over the prospect of a shortage of salt, especially as we have scarcely tapped this mighty reservoir, the supply now in use coming largely from mines of rock salt or from the evaporation of brine obtained by boring.

From the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department comes this information: On June 2, 1912, the German ship *Planet* sounded a depth of 5352 fathoms, or over 32,000 feet, off the coast of Mindanao, one of the southern islands of the Philippines. This is the greatest depth which has yet been measured, and can be better understood when we remember that the highest mountain in the world, Mount Everest, one of the peaks of the Himalayas, is only about 29,000 feet high. If we could put this mountain upside down in the sea at its deepest point, it would not only be completely submerged, but there would be a depth of 3000 feet of water to spare above it. A depth nearly as great has been found near our island of Guam.

PAULINE BARR.



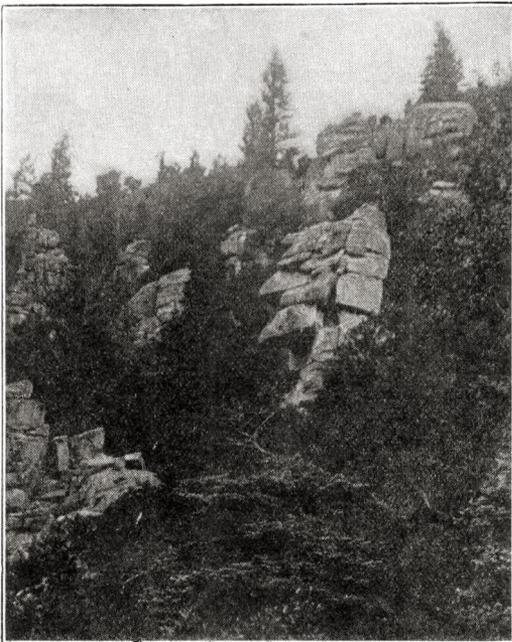
LOOKING DOWN UPON THE ROCK FACE OF "DR. JEKYL"

A "TWO-FACED" NATURAL ROCK

THERE are many faces of natural rock in the country, but in the Cimarron Cañon, Colfax County, New Mexico, we have a complete head and face of natural rock formation, called "Devil Rock," which we believe merits the term unique. It might also be termed nature's attempt to portray *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*.

Our two pictures of this head and face clearly show how "two-faced" even nature can be. The first picture is the view one obtains from the road, when the sinister and malignant expression of the face and the evil expression of the eye explains the name "Devil Rock." The second picture is a "close-up," and is taken from the other side, looking down upon the face and the road. The size of the face can be imagined by comparison with the automobile shown on the road below. This view shows a face which is kindly, good-natured, and even benevolent, and wrinkles of merriment surround the eye.

GEO. E. REMLEY.



THE VIEW FROM THE ROAD—"MR. HYDE"

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



THE BLUE ROBIN

By MARY E. WILKINS

THE country over which King Chrysanthemum reigned was far inland, so there was very little talk about the sea-serpent, but everybody was agitated over the question whether there was, or was not, a Blue Robin.

The whole kingdom was divided about it. The members of parliament were "F. B. R."—For Blue Robin—or "A. B. R."—Against Blue Robin. The ladies formed clubs to discuss the question, and sometimes talked whole afternoons about it; and the children even laid down their dolls and their tops to search for the Blue Robin. Indeed, many children had to be kept tied to their mother's apron-strings all the time to prevent them from running away to a Blue Robin hunt. It was a very common thing to see ladies going to a Blue Robin club with a child at each apron-string, pulling back and crying, "I want to go hunting the Blue Robin! I want to go hunting the Blue Robin!"

The country was agitated over this question for many years; then finally, there were riots about it.

People had to lock themselves in their houses, and, when the Blue Robin party was uppermost, paint blue robins on their front doors; and, when it was not, wash them off. After the riots commenced, it was really almost all that people could do to paint blue



"CHILDREN HAD TO BE TIED TO APRON-STRINGS"

robins on, and wash them off, their front doors.

At last King Chrysanthemum had to take extreme measures. He decided to consult the Wise Man. A committee and a chairman were chosen, and they set out at once, marching four abreast, the chairman with his chair leading the way, to consult the Wise Man. He had to be found before he could be consulted, however, and that was a very difficult matter. The Wise Man considered it the height of folly to live like other people in a house immovably fixed upon one spot of ground, and therefore he always carried his house about with him, as a turtle carries his shell.

He had fashioned a little dwelling of cloth and steel ribs, something like an umbrella, which he strapped to himself and lived in, traveling all over the country in pursuit of wisdom.

The committee marched a whole week before they came upon the Wise Man, one afternoon, in a pasture where huckleberries grew. He was standing quite still when they approached and made their obeisances. The chairman of the committee placed his chair, a rocking-chair with a red-plush cushion, before the Wise Man, seated himself, and spoke.

"All hail, Wise Man!" said he, in a loud voice.

The Wise Man's house had a little door like the door to a coach, and two tiny windows. One of the windows had the curtains drawn, but out of the other looked the Wise Man's calm blue right eye. There was so much wisdom in his two eyes that he knew people could not comprehend it, so he always curtained one window. The house was about one foot higher than his head and reached to his ankles. They could see his feet in leather sandals below it.

The Wise Man said not one word in response to the chairman's salutation, only looked at him with his blue right eye. Then the chairman laid the matter before the Wise Man and besought his aid in the terrible situation of the country. After the chairman had ceased speaking, there was a silence for half an hour. Not a sound was to be heard except the creaking of the chairman's rocking-chair. Then the Wise Man cleared his throat. The committee leaned forward expectantly, but they had to wait another half-hour before he spoke, and then it was not very satisfactory.

"Ideas are not as thick as huckleberries in this pasture," was all he said.

The committee looked at one another, and nodded ruefully. It was quite true, but it did not help them in their dilemma. They waited another half-hour; then the Wise Man began moving off across the pasture.

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried the chairman. "Stop, stop!" cried the committee. They all ran after him, and begged him not to go

away until he had given them some useful advice.

"Offer a reward!" called out the Wise Man, as he scudded away.

"For what, for what?" cried the committee.

"For finding the Blue Robin," called out the Wise Man; and then a puff of wind caught his umbrella-like house, and he was lifted quite off his feet and bobbed away out of sight over the huckleberry bushes.

The committee hastened back to the city, and reported. Another special parliament



"ALL HAIL, WISE MAN!" SAID THE CHAIRMAN IN A LOUD VOICE"

was called, and the reward for finding the Blue Robin was offered. That was really a difficult matter, because the Princess Honey was only five years old, and the customary reward—her hand in marriage—could hardly be offered. However, it was stated that if the finder of the Blue Robin was of suitable age when the princess was grown, she should be his bride; and furthermore, that he and all his relatives should be pensioned for life and that he should be appointed poet laureate, and given a regiment, a steam yacht, a special train, and a pound of candy every day from the national candy-mills. The offer was painted in blue letters on yellow paper and pasted up all over the country; and then the search began in good earnest. Business all over the kingdom was at a standstill. Nobody did anything but hunt the Blue Robin.

People ate nothing in those days but cornmeal pudding, hastily mixed and boiled. There was no bread baked, because all the bakers and all the housewives were out hunting the Blue Robin. The mothers un-

tied the children from their apron-strings; and the schools were all closed, because it was agreed that finding the Blue Robin and establishing peace in the kingdom was of more importance than books, and all the children who were old enough were out hunting—that is, all the children except Poppy.

It should be stated here that everybody in this country, with the exception of the princess, had a flower-name. The princess was so much sweeter that only the inmost

frocks for Petunia and Portulacca. They were twins also, five years old.

As Poppy sat in the window and sewed, with his right foot rocking Pink's cradle and his left foot rocking Phlox's, with Petunia and Portulacca sitting beside him on their little stools, he told them all he had ever heard about the wonderful Blue Robin.

"Nobody is ever quite certain he has seen it, himself," said Poppy, "but he knows somebody else who knows somebody else—and go back farther than you can count—who has; and if you ever could find the first somebody, why, he could tell where the Blue Robin was."

"Can't they find the first somebody?" asked Portulacca.

"I guess he died before people were born," said Poppy. Then he went on and told Petunia and Portulacca about a wonderful blue stone in the king's crown, which was unlike all other precious stones and was said to be the Blue Robin's egg; and how there was a little blue book in the king's library which had a strange verse in it about the Blue Robin.

Then Poppy repeated the verse. He had learned it at school. It ran in this way:

"He who loveth me alone,
Can tell me not from stick or stone;
He who loveth more than me,
Shall me in fullest glory see."

"What does that mean?" asked Petunia and Portulacca.

"I don't know," replied Poppy. Then he mended faster than ever. Many children ran past the window, hunting the Blue Robin, but he did not complain, even to himself.

That night his father did not come home, and Pink and Phlox cried, as usual, and he had to rock them and trot them. About midnight, however, they both fell asleep in their cradles, and Poppy began to think he might get a little rest himself. He could scarcely keep his eyes open. Petunia and Portulacca had been sound asleep in their cribs ever since seven o'clock. Everything was very still and he was just dozing, when he heard a sound which made him start up wide awake at once, although the children never stirred. He heard a single sweet bird-pipe, sweeter than anything he had ever heard in his life, and it seemed to be right in the room, at his elbow. When the babies fell asleep, Poppy had blown out the candle, the hearth-fire had gone out, and the room



"CAN'T THEY FIND THE FIRST SOMEBODY?"
ASKED PORTULACCA"

sweetness of all flowers was good enough for her name, and she was called Honey.

Poppy was about ten years old, and his father was an editor of a newspaper and very poor. He could scarcely support his five children. His wife had died the year before, and he could not afford to hire a house-keeper.

So Poppy had to stay at home and keep the house and take care of his four young brothers and sisters while his father was away editing, and he could not hunt the Blue Robin. It was a great cross to him, but he loved his little brothers and sisters and he made the best of it.

After the search for the Blue Robin began, his father was much busier and had often to be away all night; so Poppy had to rock and trot the twin babies, Pink and Phlox, and go without sleep, after working hard cooking and washing dishes and sewing all day. Poppy had to mend the children's clothes, and he was even trying to make some little

had been very dark; but now something which gave out a wonderful blue light was shining on the table like a lamp. The sweet pipe came again. Poppy stared at the blue light on the table, which grew brighter and brighter, until he saw what it was. The Blue Robin shone on his table like a living sapphire, its blue wings seeming to fan the blue light into flames, its blue breast brighter than anything he had ever seen.

While all the world was out searching for the Blue Robin, the wonderful bird had come of its own accord to the faithful little boy in his poor little home.

The children all slept soundly and did not stir. Poppy stood up trembling and went over to the table; and immediately the Blue Robin flew to his hand and clung there.

Then Poppy went out of the house and down the road to the king's palace, with the Blue Robin on his hand. Although it was so late, scarcely anybody had gone to bed. They were all out with lanterns, hunting for the Blue Robin.

When Poppy, with the Blue Robin on his hand, came in sight, all the lanterns went out.

"What is that?" the people cried; "what is that wonderful blue light?"

They crowded around Poppy.

Then all of a sudden they shouted: "Poppy has found the Blue Robin! Poppy has found the Blue Robin!" and followed him to the king's palace.

The shouts were heard in the newspaper office where Poppy's father was hard at work, and he ran to the window. When he saw his son with the Blue Robin, he was overwhelmed with joy. He stuck his pen behind his ear and came down on the fire-escape and also went to the palace. The king had not gone to bed, though it was so late; neither had the queen. They were talking on the front door-step with the prime minister about the Blue Robin and the perilous state of the country.

When they saw Poppy and the Blue Robin and all the people and heard the shouts of joy, the king tossed his crown in the air, the prime minister swung his hat, and the queen ran in and wrapped up the Princess Honey in a little yellow silk gown, and brought her to see the wonderful sight.

It was wonderful—the Blue Robin on Poppy's hand seemed to light the whole city. Poppy, by the king's order, stood on the top door-step, and everybody could see the bird on his hand. Then the Blue Robin began to sing, and sang an hour without ceasing, so loud that everybody could hear.

When the bird stopped singing, the king advanced. "You shall now receive your reward," he said to Poppy, "and I will take the Blue Robin and put him in a golden cage and have him guarded by a regiment of picked soldiers."

The king extended his hand and Poppy his; but just as the king touched the Blue Robin, he disappeared. There came a faint song from far above the city roofs, and people tipped back their heads and strained their eyes, but they could not see the Blue Robin. They never saw him again as long as they lived.

However, he had been seen by many witnesses, and the object of the search was attained. There were no longer two parties in parliament, and the country was in a state of perfect peace. Indeed, parliament only



"THEN THE BLUE ROBIN BEGAN TO SING"

met afterward to agree and eat cake and ice-cream and shake hands.

Poppy had his reward at once,—that is, everything but the hand of the Princess Honey,—and he and his father and his little brothers and sisters were very rich and happy until he grew to be a man. Then the Princess Honey had grown to be a beautiful maiden, and he married her with great pomp, on Valentine's Day, and the king gave them the Blue Robin's egg for a wedding-present.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY SIDNEY SILVERBERG, AGE 16
(SILVER BADGE)

As all the world knows, the shortest month of the twelve has the honor of including the birthdays of our two greatest Presidents; and in its

February issue ST. NICHOLAS has almost invariably paid tribute to the beloved Washington and Lincoln. This year we must postpone until March two contributions in which our famous first President figures: one, in ballad-form, "A Song of Heroes," and the other an interesting article, with numerous illustrations, entitled, "A Winter's Day at Valley Forge."

For the present number, our opening feature is a fine story, "As We Forgive Those," written in homage to the life and character of the great Preserver of the Union, which you must not fail to read; and there could be no more appropriate introduction to these February League pages than the accompanying decorative portrait by one of our young draughtsmen. It is an interesting fact, moreover, which we are proud to note here, that Mr. Oscar F. Schmidt, the well-known artist who has so admirably illustrated Mr. Longstreth's Lincoln story, began his artistic career as an Honor Member of the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

There is a pleasing variety in the verse and pictures printed this month, and each of the prose "nature stories" has its own special interest, either in the subject itself (as in the battles between the mole and the garter-snake, and the hydra and the water-beetle, or that every-day wonder, the grass) or in the charm and original touches with which several young League members have described the procession of the seasons or contrived effective stories of nature—and "human nature!"

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 275

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Mary Abby Hurd** (age 12), Connecticut; **Violet Whelen** (age 15), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Rosemary P. Brewer** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Janet J. Muir** (age 12), Washington; **Shirley Armitage** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Sheila Bampfield** (age 12), Canada.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Theodora Thayer** (age 17), Wash.; **Margaret W. Nevin** (age 16), Pa.; **Suzanne Leves** (age 11), N. J. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth H. Rich** (age 16), N. J.; **Caroline Sneed** (age 12), N. Y.

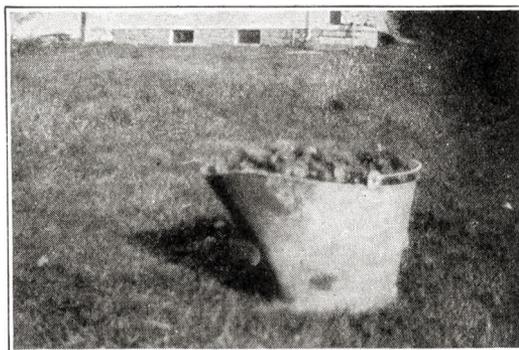
DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Lois Gilbert** (age 14), Ohio. Silver Badges, **Sidney Silverberg** (age 16), New Jersey; **Emelyn Wyse** (age 17), New Mexico; **Isabell Jeannette Fickes** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Mary Garrison McClintock** (age 14), Maine.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Doris David** (age 15), New York. Silver Badges, **Erma Elizabeth Williams** (age 12), North Carolina; **Ellen Stowess** (age 14), Massachusetts; **John Bindley** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Leonora J. Hanna** (age 14), New Jersey; **Thora Scott Ronalds** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **C. Leroy Custer** (age 13), Calif.; **Martha Lacy** (age 13), Mass.; **Thomas O'Hara** (age 7), Ill. **PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver Badge, **Paul F. Clement** (age 14), Mich.



BY JEANNETTE R. BEECHER, AGE 13



BY ELLEN STOWESS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT"



BY DORIS DAVID, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE)
SILVER BADGE WON JANUARY, 1921)



BY LEONORA J. HANNA, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)



BY THORA SCOTT RONALDS, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT"

BY THE FIRESIDE

BY MARGARET W. NEVIN (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1922)

WHEN the wind howls through the rafters,
And the shutters groan and creak,
And the window-pane is frozen
By the bitter air and bleak;
When the world is gray and spectral
With the dark clouds sweeping low.
And the straining house-boards quiver
With the shock of swirling snow,
Oh, wretched be the traveler
At such a time to roam!
And happy he with blazing hearth
And fireside, safe at home!

With his household clustered round him,
In the rosy firelight gleam,
To sit with not a trouble
And to read and think and dream,
Till the crackling logs are crumbled
Into sparks and ember-light,—
When the winter nights are longest
And the earth is wrapped in white,
Is a joy and peace and freedom
That only he can know
Who cherishes his fireside
And loves its warming glow.

A NATURE STORY

BY MARY ABBY HURD (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1922)

EVERY year Nature writes for us a story. Listen to the story as she tells it, by seasons:

First, the spring's wonderful story. This is of plants upspringing, of bursting buds, of the released streams leaping toward the sea, their destination.

Then the summer's tale—perhaps the sweetest of all the year. It is of fragrant flowers, of beautiful shade-trees and soft green grass. It tells of birds sweetly caroling in the tree-tops as they call to their mates. It is a tale of the summer bathers, whom the sea welcomes with open arms. It tells

of mountains, clothed with verdant foliage, with a crown of eternal snow upon their brow.

Next comes autumn's story. She tells of the trees, gorgeous in radiant splendor, of mountains in their autumn glory, of the wide ocean lashed into a thousand furies by the great storms.

But autumn must give place to winter—grand old King Winter. His tale is of frosty days,—bright yet chill,—of imprisoned rivers striving to be free, of the vain attempt to freeze Old Ocean. He tells of forests, heavy with snow, or magically brilliant with ice, of snow itself, that wonderful and elusive thing, of all things beautiful and bright because of him.

And now the tale must end. Let us pause for a moment, that we may realize the wonder of the harmony of Nature. Its story is as old as the world, and as young as to-day. It is ever present, yet each season, in its turn, must pass away. But let us pray for eyes that see and ears that hear and a willing heart, that we may understand Nature; and know our Father more completely.

BY THE FIRESIDE

BY CAROLINE SNEED (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

AROUND the open fire we sit
And talk of "yesterday"—
When all birds sing and roses bloom
And balmy breezes play.

The little elfin flames—they dance,
All in a yellow ring;
They are the little flowers bright,
That bloom in early spring.

And when the flowers leave us, then
They change to little flames.
They do not die as we've been told,
They simply change their names.

So when the spring comes, bright and fair,
Be sure to greet the flowers!—
Remember, they're the Elfin Folk
Who danced through winter hours—

BESIDE THE FIRE

BY THEODORA THAYER (AGE 17)

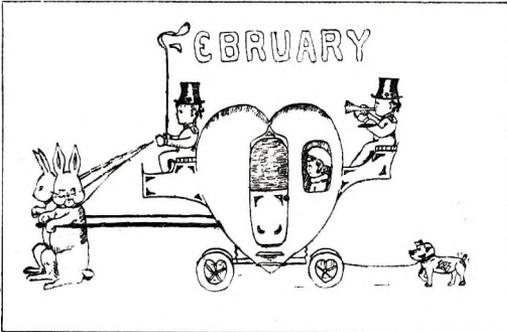
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1922)

ALONE in my cabin, the black night shut out
And the fire blazing red on the hearth;
Through the woods the wind roars like the ocean
storm-tossed,

And the rain patters fast on the roof.
But I am secure and at peace with the world—
Alone with the fire on the hearth.

The flame rushes upward, pure orange and gold,
With a dancing blue light at the base,
Which flickers and changes, now violet, now green,
Disappearing, then shining again
O'er the glowing red coals at the heart of the fire
Slowly fading to ashes, soft gray.

And still the rain steadily pours overhead,
And the wind moans outside through the trees;
But the fire fills the room with a soft ruddy glow,
And on time-darkened rafter and wall
Hand in hand play the light and the shadows,
while I
Am alone with the fire on the hearth.



BY MARY GARRISON MCCLINTOCK, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"A STORY OF NATURE"

BY VIOLET WHELEN (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1921)

THE soft pad-pad of feet over the blanket of snow drew nearer and, as it drew nearer, grew more stealthy. A dark form paused, motionless, before the white barn, then, sniffing gently, it entered. A smothered squeal—a long silence—and a dark form stole out again and disappeared into the depths of the forest. Black Wolf had found his prey.

The soft pad-pad of feet over the blanket of snow drew nearer and, as it drew nearer, grew more lively. A dark form bounded into the cave and was greeted by another form and three little forms. Black Wolf exhibited his spoil with pride.

Then indications of curiosity and excitement came from the little wolves, for before them lay a tiny, squealing puppy. But from Gray Wolf there was not a sound. The pathetic little object had stirred within her the dog instinct of generations past, and, leaning down, she softly licked its comical little face.

The soft pad-pad of feet drew nearer, and, as it drew nearer, grew more stealthy. Gray Wolf crouched silently within the cave.

They were strange footsteps that were coming nearer and nearer. The sound of them made her stiffen and grow tense.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the entrance, and the head of a great lynx appeared framed in the opening.

There was a flash of brown, and a huge dog appeared on the scene. But a second, and it had grasped the throat of the snarling yellow beast in a deathlike grip.

That night Black Wolf returned to find his mate standing above the body of the brave dog. And, with that instinct born in animals, he rubbed his huge bulk comfortingly against her, and understood.

The next day Black Wolf and Gray Wolf left the North Country and sped far away. Their soft pad-pad died out forever.

"BESIDE THE FIRE"

BY ELIZABETH H. RICH (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN you look deep down in the heart of the flames

Where the ruddy embers glow,
And you hear outside, 'mid the gusts of wind,
The rush of the driving snow;
Don't you love to gaze in the back log's flare
Where the fire-elves come and go?

Night after night I have watched them thus
In their dazzling robes of flame;
Night after night have I seen them dance—
And never twice the same;
And over and over they still dance on
In that dance without a name.

And still I gaze, while the sparks grow dim
And the shadowy dusk draws nigher,
Far, far into the last deep glow
Of the burning heart of the fire,
And my thoughts with the smoke float upward
still
Higher and ever higher.

A NATURE STORY

(A True Story)

BY ROSEMARY P. BREWER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

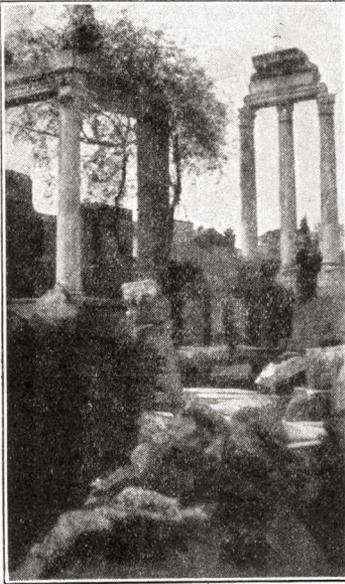
IT was spring and the lifeless-looking trees were just beginning to regain their dense green foliage.

The day was ideal for walking, and the temptation was so great that my family and I could not and did not resist it.

As we were going along the dusty country road, thickly wooded on either side we heard a rustling in the underbrush not far off. On coming nearer, we perceived two objects fighting. Upon closer observation, we saw a small garter-snake and a mole locked together in deadly combat.

As we stood motionless gazing upon this extraordinary scene, the mole, with his sharp, knife-like teeth, seemed to be getting the better of his opponent.

As the battle continued, the mole kept on biting in his savage way, and finally the snake, weary, bloody, and discouraged, fell back—dead; and the other crept off through the bushes—silent and triumphant.



BY JOHN BINDLEY, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)



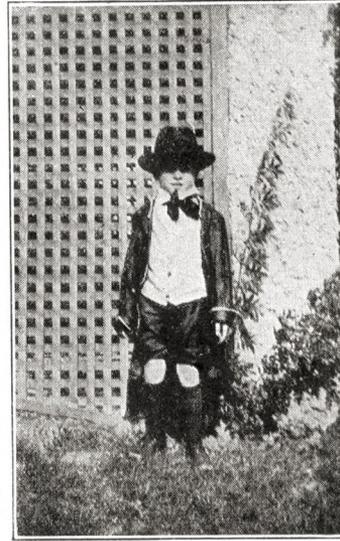
BY ERMA ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)



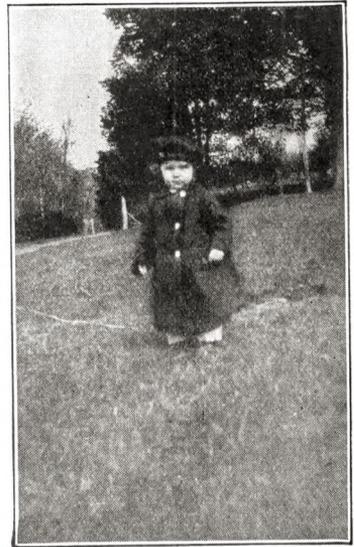
BY CATHERINE WEITZEL, AGE 14



BY FAITH H. POOR, AGE 16



BY ELEANOR F. ALEXANDER, AGE 11
"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT"



BY DOROTHY SMITH, AGE 14

A NATURE STORY

BY SHEILA BAMPFIELD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

ONE evening, not long ago, my brother Gerald and I were fetching the cows. As we passed near the creek we saw a huge beaver. "Look! look!" I whispered. We motioned to the dogs to be quiet. Then we sat down to watch it. Presently he dived, and we looked up the creek and saw another beaver swimming toward us. We watched it until it was quite close to us. Then it climbed out on the bank and began to cut the little silver willows that grew there.

As we were watching it, one of the dogs grew

restless and the beaver looked and saw us and dived.

We now turned our attention to the larger beaver. He was swimming toward the big dam. Gerald whispered, "I hope he crosses the dam." "So do I," I whispered back. We watched him cross the creek to the other side and swim right up to the dam. "Oh, look! He's going to cross," we whispered to each other. Sure enough, he climbed onto the dam and sat there. Presently the other one joined him. There they sat, two of Mother Nature's children.

As they were sitting there in the evening twilight, the other dog appeared on the bank. Splash! splash! And they disappeared.



BY FAUSTINA MUNROE, AGE 16
(HONOR MEMBER)



BY EMELYN WYSE, AGE 17
(SILVER BADGE)

"AT THE DOOR"



BY LOIS GILBERT, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE
SILVER BADGE WON AUGUST, 1923)

BESIDE THE FIRE

BY ELINOR COBB (AGE 13)
(Honor Member)

ALONE beside my fire I sit,
When loud the storm winds blow,
While on the wall the shadows flit
Like ghosts of long ago.

I watch the flames that leap and roar
With many a flying spark,
And hear without my sheltering door
The voices of the dark.

And happy thoughts come flying back
Of the bright days of yore,
Of wandering on the sandy track
Of Ocean's shining shore;

Of climbing where the hills lay green
Beneath a summer's sky!
Of friendly talks, with trees to screen
Our nook from passers-by.

And dreams of future joys arise
From out the embers' glow—
Of green spring fields where sunlight lies
And lovely blossoms blow.

Until the flames to ashes die,
And the stars come one by one;
Then I upon my pillow lie,
And day is closed and done.

A NATURE STORY

BY LOIS RAYMOND (AGE 14)

SOMETIMES as we think over the wonderful things Mother Nature has given us, we often overlook the grass. Probably we do this because we see it every day and think nothing of it.

Grass has been called "the forgiveness of nature." Fields that have been trampled in battle, saturated with blood, torn with the wheels of cannon, when left, grow green with grass, and the past war is forgotten. Forests may decay,

flowers disappear, but the grass still grows. It is sown all over the habitable universe.

The birds are grateful for its protection when their little ones are learning to fly. Indeed, it softens the outline of the world where we all live.

What should we do, if, in the spring, the grass did not turn green,—the sign of spring? It is like a clouded sky. When we see a sky full of rain-clouds, we expect rain and are hardly ever disappointed, as one might say. The same thing is true when we see our lawns turn green—we think of spring. Almost before we know it, the grass is a brilliant green.

Grass has not a bloom with which to charm us, nor yet fragrance or splendor, but the despised color of green is as enchanting as the lily, rose, violet, tulip, or any of our beautiful flowers. It yields no fruit or blossom, and yet, if it should fail to appear each spring, famine would surely overtake the whole world.

Perhaps we might think, after this description that I have written, that grass is quite helpful, but perhaps the most helpful things it does are to hold the water in the roots of each blade of grass and, in time of flood, keep the land from being washed away. It also furnishes nourishing food for cattle.

BESIDE THE FIRE

BY SUZANNE LEVES (AGE 11)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1923)

BESIDE the glowing fire, by Daddy's easy-chair,
We listen to the stories he tells us, sitting there.
Jackie, Joe, and Mary, all with sleepy heads,
Are nodding on his shoulders, ere they trot off to their beds.

Mother, with her knitting, is busy, sitting by;
Brother shuts the windows as the night winds moan and sigh.

And then we listen eagerly to tales that Daddy tells;

He holds us fascinated, as if under fairy spells.
And visions of fairy princes, clothed in suits so gay,

Escorting pretty princesses in beautiful array,

Seem dancing in the fireplace within the flickering light;

They thrill the hearts of all of us, our eager faces bright.

Then Mother, gazing at us, will send us to our beds,

As she sees our happy faces and our slowly nodding heads.

With my dear ones gathered by me, I really never tire

Of the times we spend together beside the blazing fire.

A NATURE STORY

BY JOHN BASYE PRICE (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

SOME tiny water-beetles, no bigger than the period at the end of this sentence, were swimming in and out among the water-plants of the aquarium. On the sunny side of the tank a hydra had attached himself. The hydra is a small, yellow creature of about the size of an "i." Through the microscope, it looks like a cuttlefish. The aquarium typified to me the peace and kindness of nature.

But as I watched through a magnifying-glass, a change took place. A beetle, in swimming, came too near the hydra, which grasped it with its feelers. Then began a life-and-death struggle, between them.

I saw the beetle kicking with all its might to escape. The hydra had grasped it with the very tip of its tentacles and was striving to pull it closer, to devour it.

The combat, in which I became absorbed, lasted for quite a time. For a while it seemed as if the beetle might escape; but finally the hydra began to win. Slowly but surely, the beetle was pulled toward the hydra's mouth. For many minutes the beetle fought his fate, and then gradually, very gradually, it was swallowed. The walls of the hydra were so thin that I could see the beetle inside. It was still kicking.

After the struggle the tank looked the same as before. The sun still shone brightly through the clear water, but something was changed to me. Gone was the kindness of the scene. Nature is essentially cruel.

BESIDE THE FIRE

BY MURIEL DOE (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

THE darkness falls on gray cliff walls, the forest lies asleep;

Our little cabin stands alone beyond the rocky-ledge,

And silent pines, in gloomy lines, a night-long vigil keep

O'er weary pathways far below that skirt the cañon's edge.

The winds are high, and cold is nigh; a storm is on its way.

O tired hunter, climb the hill, and you will find good cheer!

Our light shines far, a gleaming star, to guide you if you stray,

And you may stop to wait for day beside our hearth-fire here.

The drifts pile deep as from his sleep he wakes to stir the fire

And giant hemlocks moan and sigh to feel the North Wind's breath.

The wood fire roars, the blue smoke pours, the flames and sparks leap higher,

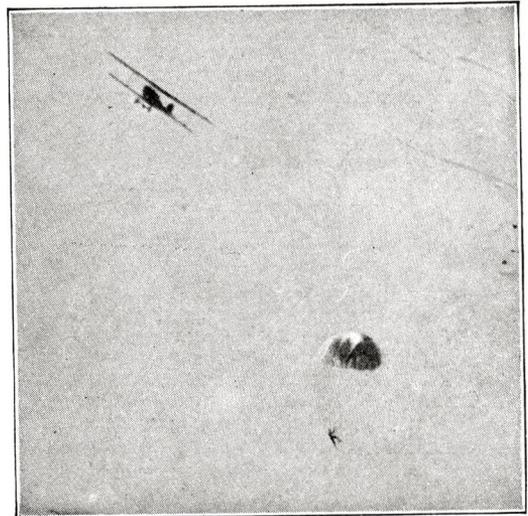
And grasp the birch-bark's curling strips, then sink in golden death.

The dawn skies flush, and rose-pink blush, and flame to glorious gold

That floods the cañon's gleaming depth and falls on glistening snow;

The gray clouds lift, and in the rift the winter sun gleams cold—

And with our warm fire, we have made another friend, we know!



"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT." BY L. O. FIELD, AGE 16
(HONOR MEMBER)

"A HUMAN-NATURE STORY"

BY JANET J. MUIR (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

CHARACTERS: Joe Williams, Jr., Agatha Williams, Nancy Williams, Jack Williams, Baby Anna Williams.

SCENE: Williams' comfortable library. TIME: 7:30 P.M.

(Mr. and Mrs. Williams have left for a comfortable evening at the "Metropolitan." Joe, Jr., is surrounded by books and papers: Two days ago Joe, Jr., flunked in Algebra and English. That evening Joe, Sr., and Joe, Jr., were closeted in the den. As a result, Joe, Jr., went around with a pillow strapped on. The next day he decided to become A Model Student. Hence the pile of books. Agatha is sewing, having finished her lesson, Nancy is reading; Jack is mending a football, or rather, trying to; Anna is looking at picture-books, comfortably established in a collapsible camp-chair. Silence reigns for ten minutes, then:)

JOE, JR.: Quadratic equations have two roots. NANCY (absent-mindedly). Stop, Joe.

(Joe stops. Silence for fifteen minutes.)

JACK (approaching Joe, Jr.), Joe, mend my football.

(Joe, Jr., cheerfully complies, giving Jack a few

lessons on the mending of footballs. In the meantime, Nancy, having tired of her book, slips to the piano across the hall and breaks into one of the popular songs of the day. Agatha accompanies her in a rich falsetto voice. Joe, Jr., after many attempts to stop them, tries to study. In vain. The collapsible camp-chair collapses, and, amid the baby's screams and the general confusion, Joe, Jr., slams the books shut, with more force than is necessary, and rushes off to Bob Smith's for a game of checkers.)

(CURTAIN)

BESIDE THE FIRE, OR A WINTER PICTURE

BY MARGARET HALEY (AGE 16)

BESIDE a glowing fire there sat
With gray head o'er gray worsted bent,
Personifying true content,
A woman old in years well spent;
And on a bright, home-made rag mat
Reposed a purring, gray-blue cat.

On copper pans such ruddy gleams
Reflected were from dancing fire,
It seemed the elves sought to conspire
To make them gold at their desire.
And on low, sturdy oaken beams
The fire threw shadows weird as dreams.

Outside, the snow fell soft and deep,
And laid white cloaks on every place,
Made everything a deep white case,
And tree-tops intricate as lace.
Inside, the household seemed to creep
Nearer the fire, then dropped to sleep.



"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT"
BY KATHERINE HELEN HARRIS, AGE 13

A NATURE STORY

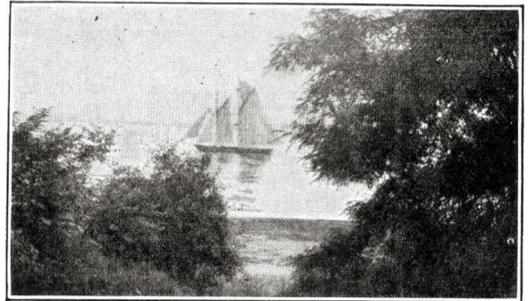
(Silver Badge)

IN one of the finest houses in a certain large city, misery, sorrow, and sickness prevailed. The only son and heir was wasting slowly away with disease. Death seemed inevitable. The pride and joy of his wealthy parents lay tossing in a destroying fever on his luxurious bed. Medicine after medicine had been tried to no avail. There were few doctors in the city who had not been consulted: they could do nothing. A specialist from a distant town would arrive that afternoon.

They waited, these grief-stricken parents, in almost hopeless anxiety.

He came; he prescribed. In a few hours the astounded family was preparing to spend several years on the great Arizona desert, in the hope that the specialist was right and that the dry air of the Western plains would cure their boy.

Three years passed over the big city; three years swept over the deserts in the West.



"AN ATTRACTIVE SUBJECT." BY ELEANORITA SULLIVAN, AGE 14

A strong, sun-tanned, handsome boy, cured of a disease akin to tuberculosis, and now, with his family, making his home in Colorado, ran back and forth on the tennis-court of a fashionable Colorado health resort, swinging, with remarkable agility, a light tennis racket.

He was well, he was happy, he was full of the spirit of healthy boyhood; he was popular, athletic an able dancer, and filled with ambition. Never again would his family return to the city home of his childhood; Nature had done for all of them what medicine, luxury, and position could not. They did not wish to desert her—they would ever remain close to her.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Ellen Guilbert
Martha Reed
Elizabeth Evans
Hughes
Hilda F. Harris
Minnie Pfeferberg
Mariana Werve
Ruth Barritt
Barbara Simison
Mildred Phippen
Margaret A. Durick
Elizabeth Merriam
Lucy C. Sanborn
Esther R. Girton
Ruth Clark
Regina Wiley
Alice Laster
Viola Farrow
Edith Short
Katherine Drescher
Polly Henry
Betty Raisler
Adella Looney
Ruth McLean
Mattfeld
Doris Ansbacher
Catharine Beard
Alice Kovar
Muriel J. Persons
Isabel Brooks
Ruth Clouse
Helen Felton
Madeline Blossom
Betty Packard
Janice Fink

Harriette E. Wearer
Pauline Garber
Claudia Jorgensen
Samuel Blumenfeld
Leon Blumenfeld
Rosalie Stark
Susan Crawford
Dorothy R. Bull
Betsy Green
Patricia W. Hawkin

Glynn Reger
Marian Welker
Wm. F. Hathaway
Violet A. Rankin
Edwin J. Smith, Jr.
Elizabeth King Fish
Jane Hintze
Esther Ruatz
Edith Catherine Reid
Robert Cressey
Myra Sobel

VERSE

David R. Inglis
Patricia Snyder
Johanna Hein
Ann Sommerich
Aline Fruhauf
Ella Dukes
Margaret P. Coleman
Anne Pratt
Adeline Rumsey
Maisy MacCracken
Blanche Zelifie
Harriet F. Marrach
Francie Wood
June Breese
Jean E. Eckels
Clarence Peterson
Elizabeth Brooks
Maureen Harrington

PHOTOGRAPHS
Norman S. Ingersoll
Helen Sturm
Frances G. Crossley
Jas. C. Perkins, Jr.
Helen Le Rossignol
Lillian Partos
Madeline Prentiss
Edith Heidingsfeld
Elizabeth H. Ufford
Nora Fortson
Alice McGuinness
Harriet E. Behrend
Eleanor Blitz
Elizabeth Blakely
Elinor Horman
Doris Weaver
Mary-Phyllis Brown
Edith Thacher
Ruth B. Lyman
Evelyn Best
Helen Blackwood
Walter C. McCrurg
Genevieve Jessup

DRAWINGS

Elease Weins
Marion C. Smith
Jean McCrumm
Betty Spadone

Mary B. Thompson
Jean E. Hays
Eleanor M. Coit
Henry B. Kamin
Erma E. Williams
Johanna Hekelaar

Ruth Combs
Harriet Dow
Mary Scattergood
Elizabeth Cassatt
Wilburta Ripley
Frances Hullihen

Elisabeth Perkins
Dorothy Pratt
Ruth Durbrow
Rosemary W. Ball
Martha Blackwelder
Helen L. Duncan

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Madelaine Karpeles
Mary Rumely
Beatrice Rosenwald
Lucia Jenney
Roslyn S. Abelson
Florence Hastings
Katherine Andrews
Margaret Dyer
Dorothea Chapman
Jane Eads
Virginia Cunningham
Barbara Montgomery
Gladys Alcorn
Elizabeth Haney
Helen Louise Berry
Rose Ginsberg
Fanny Thoms
Elsie Berocvitch
Theodora Hubbard
Mildred West
Margaret Coleman
James Spencer
Dearth
Margaret Halsey
Harriet C. McCurley
Elaine Babcock
Baxter Hathaway
Virginia Dickinson
Luise Roberts
Elizabeth Goodrich
Rose Nebohy
Helen E. Quaw
Louise R. Piper
Elizabeth L. Powell
Alva Christiansen
Edna B. Florence
Beatrice Barleen
Dorothy Baliff
Esther Morita
Ruth Suissman
Emily Keller
Jane D. Wilson

VERSE

Velma Cyert
Evelyn Renk
Catherine V. Sullivan
M. Virginia Middlebrook
Elizabeth Crosby
Margaret A. R. Kimball
Carolyn Ann Ashby

Jeanette A. Thruston
Doris Goldberg
Eleanor Smith Faller
Dorothy Farley
Grace E. Bauman
Mary Rose Meehan
Florence Hearne
Brenda Green
Melba Tadlock
Lois Taylor
John Hastie
Mary McR. Neale
Rosalis Van der Stucken
Jean Paton

Sylvester Gatewood
Earle Henry
Janet Gage
Margaret Smead
Ruth M. Rhodes
Ruth Fowler
Ellen L. Carpenter
Betty H. Young
Norman Hallock
Catherine Van Schenns

PHOTOGRAPHS

Quita Woodward
Eleanor S. Hirsch
Elizabeth Darcy



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY
ISABELL JEANNETTE FICKES, AGE 16
(SILVER BADGE)

Cecilia Lee
Doris Burke
Nelle Davis
Agnes M. Hubbard
Jane T. Nicholas
Elizabeth D. Brown
Helen Louise Whitehouse

DRAWINGS

Roy Langley
Mahala Wadsworth
Dorothy Hallock
Margaret L. Milne
Frank Volem
Julia A. Pratt

Elizabeth Shaw
Margaret McGinty
William Inglis, Jr.
Wallace G. Teare
Elizabeth Hawes
Frances Cochrane
Barbara Welch
Isabelle Johnston
Elizabeth McLaren
Mary Maude Howell
Olive Loucks
Mary Reeve
Catherine Goldsmith
Elizabeth Whipp
Dorothy Cover
Clarissa Thurston
Charlotte Page
Robertson
Edith H. Willcox
Edith Reeve
Alfred Child
Carlyle G. Duncan-Clark

PUZZLES

Joyce Porter
Margaret Harris
Sarah McIlvaine
Philip H. Ward
Mary Theurer
Charles M. D. Reed
Adele Wedemeyer
Francis Sturtevant
Caroline Taylor
Beatrice C. Miller
Viola Farrow
Marion Benward
Leslie Friend
Helen Slotman

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and now is widely recognized as one of the great artistic educational factors in the life of American boys and girls.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 279

Competition No. 279 will close March 1. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Old Friends," or "My Oldest Friend."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Wonderful Day."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not develop and print their pictures themselves. Subject, "A House Beautiful."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Before the Mirror," or "A Heading for June."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best and neatest complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to LEAGUE membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write in ink on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,
The Century Co.

353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY"
BY MARJORIE BLY, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)

THE LETTER-BOX

MOUNTAIN GROVE, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want you to know how much I enjoy and appreciate your delightful magazine. My brothers and I say that we were "raised" on ST. NICHOLAS, for my father began taking it for my two older brothers in 1880, I think, and *we* kept on till 1888, missing the year of '82 or '83. Then, in 1892, I subscribed, being at that time thirteen years of age, and continued taking it until 1901 or later, when my younger brother liked it as well as I did.

I remember hearing my older brothers talk of "The Fairport Nine," "The Land of Fire," "Marvin and His Boy Hunters," and "Jack and Jill."

Among my dearest recollections are stormy winter days, or long evenings, when my loved eldest brother read "Davy and the Goblin," "Magic Clocks," and other enjoyable stories to Mother and us younger children.

Then, when I was old enough to read to myself, how I did revel in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and many others!

Later still, my younger brother and I read and enjoyed together, "Two Biddicut Boys," "The Prize Cup," and most of all, the humorous and thrilling "Lakerim Athletic Club" and its sequel.

I now buy ST. NICHOLAS every month for my three youngsters, two girls, of thirteen and fifteen, and a boy of eight, and they like it so much!

We feel it necessary to be very economical, and to do without many things we'd like to have, but I do not feel it would be economy to put our beloved ST. NICHOLAS on that list.

The magazine has kept up to its old standard all through the years, and the stories now seem quite as interesting and uplifting as in the old days.

I note with pleasure the beautiful pictures by the favorite illustrator of my childhood, Mr. Reginald Birch.

Long life to dear old ST. NICK, and may my grandchildren enjoy it as much as did my parents and I!

Your old friend,
ELIZABETH LINDHOLM.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I got you last Christmas, and the first story I read was "The Turner Twins" and I like it the best. But the first thing I read now is those comical rhymes about the king and his court, and I laugh till my sides ache. It is nearly the end of my subscription. I have been teasing my mother and father to let me have another term of you; I said that I did n't care if I did n't have another thing for Christmas, I wanted you.

Your ever interested
EDITH NORINE MANNEL (AGE 10).

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you for three years, and there is always a scramble to see who gets you first and "bags" you, as they say here.

I liked "The Turner Twins" very much and was sorry that it ended. I was also greatly interested in "The Inca Emerald" and "The Mystery at Number Six," as both were very

thrilling, and I am sure that the new serial, "A Continental Dollar," will be just as nice and exciting as the "Denewood" stories.

We have been in England for a year, and find everything quite different from the States, although the same language is spoken. We had a lovely journey coming, for, after staying in Japan two years, we traveled through the Indian Ocean and Suez Canal, visiting many hot and strange countries.

Your loving reader,
KIYO SEKO (AGE 13).

PENN YAN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how much I enjoy you—I positively could not get along without you! You've been in our home ever since 1907, and everybody loves you. I always enjoy your stories, especially those by Emilie B. Knipe and Alden A. Knipe, Beth Gilchrist, and Augusta Seaman.

Augusta Seaman's story, "Three Sides of Paradise Green," which you published some time ago, was of especial interest to me, since the exiled Louis Philippe is supposed to have remained in hiding in a home near our village.

I also enjoy so much the beautiful covers, especially those by Relyea, and look each time for quite a while at his splendid drawings.

My sister, who has just recently returned from Buenos Aires and Montevideo, South America, says that she knows of a family there in which ST. NICHOLAS plays an important part and is very much enjoyed by all the household.

I only wish that more young people might read you and enjoy you as I do.

Your devoted reader,
ELEANOR M. AYERS.

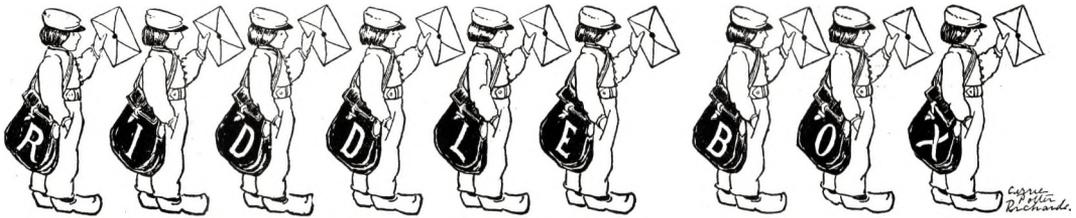
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might be interested to hear of a rather peculiar experience I had this summer.

While returning from Europe on the Cunarder *Mauretania*, one morning at breakfast, there seemed to be a little excitement among the stewards, and, having a normal amount of curiosity, of course I asked why. The reason was this: the night before we had a bit of a fog—nothing serious, but enough to make it uncomfortable for the watch. Suddenly, out of the mist, a large tramp ship loomed up in front of us, not only preventing us from moving on, but also, because it was so very close at hand, making it difficult for us to stop in time. Fortunately, by quick action this was accomplished; if we had not been able to stop, it is probable that we, being the larger vessel, would have gone completely through the tramp ship, perhaps taking some lives.

But the strange, unexplained thing about this was that all of us who were asleep were not awakened by any jar. Now it happens that the *Mauretania* is the fastest ship on the sea, and being forced to stop moving so very suddenly, would, of course, shake the whole boat. But all who were asleep slept right on, although one of the men on the bridge fainted from the shock.

Your loving reader,
CECILIA LEE (AGE 13).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Alone. 2. Needy. 3. Dynamo. 4. Motor. 5. Orange. 6. Georgic. 7. Icicle. 8. Least. 9. State. 10. Teller. 11. Erase. 12. Seat.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. New Year's Day. Cross-words: 1. Nation. 2. Effect. 3. Warmth. 4. Yankee. 5. Efface. 6. Ambush. 7. Rotate. 8. Sacred. 9. Dahlia. 10. Amazed. 11. Yellow.

LETTER-WORDS. 1. M. T. 2. S. X. 3. L. C. 4. I. C. 5. P. K. 6. N. E. 7. Q. P. 8. T. P. 9. A. T. 10. X. L. 11. S. A. 12. E. Z. 13. X. S. 14. N. V. 15. D. K.

PREFIX PUZZLE. 1. Sunbeam. 2. Sunflower. 3. Sundog. 4. Sunbonnet. 5. Sunfish. 6. Sundial. 7. Sunlight. 8. Sunset. 9. Sunshade. 10. Sunburn. 11. Sunbird.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Middle letters, Balboa. I. 1. T. 2. Baa. 3. Table. 4. All. 5. E. H. 1. E. 2. Ale. 3. Elate. 4. Etc. 5. E. III. 1. E. 2. Old. 3. Ellen. 4. Den. 5. N.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than November 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 445) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Esther Loughton—Paul F. Clement—Helen A. Moulton—Eleanor Thomas—Gertrude R. Jasper—Thelma Wade—"Eighth Grade, Slayton"—Kemper Hall Chapter—"The Three R's"—K. H. Davis.

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A BUNCH OF DATES

(Silver Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

The famous surrender of Cornwallis occurred in a certain year. One year before this, Arnold betrayed his country.

Seven years after this the Constitutional Convention was held.

Four years before this, boundary treaties were made.

Ten years later Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin.

Four years before this, Washington became President.

Ten years later Washington died.

Four years after this the Louisiana Purchase was acquired.

Three years before this, the city of Washington became the national capital.

Forty-six years after, the sewing machine was patented.

Fifteen years later a great war began.

Nine years later the Weather Bureau was first established.

In what year was it established?

MARTHA LACY (age 13).

CHARADE

My *first* is a vowel which often we use;

My *second*, an eatable none will refuse;

My *third*, an amusement all young people choose;

And my *whole* is a plenty for all.

VIRGINIA HEIS-LITZ (age 15), *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

IV. 1. N. 2. Doe. 3. Noble. 4. Elf. 5. E. V. 1. E. 2. Eve. 3. Evoke. 4. Eke. 5. E. VI. 1. E. 2. Era. 3. Erase. 4. Ask. 5. E. —, CHARADE, Band-box.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Carnegie; third row, Scotland. Cross-words: 1. Castle. 2. Arcade. 3. Roomer. 4. Notice. 5. Enlist. 6. Glance. 7. Ignite. 8. Ending.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Good nature is one of the richest fruits of true Christianity."

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. James was 10, his sister, 3, and his father 45.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Spear. 2. Plate. 3. Eaton. 4. Atone. 5. Renew. II. 1. Glass. 2. Larum. 3. Aroma. 4. Sumac. 5. Smack. III. 1. Wings. 2. Inert. 3. Nemea. 4. Great. 5. State. IV. 1. Arras. 2. Reave. 3. Raves. 4. Avers. 5. Sessa. V. 1. Eland. 2. Leper. 3. Apace. 4. Necks. 5. Dress.

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the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter—will spell two words often heard.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A flowering plant. 2. Tranquil. 3. To poise. 4. Provident. 5. Elastic. 6. A number. 7. A province in western Sicily. 8. One eighth of a mile. 9. Conceals. 10. Hallowed. 11. A rhythmical modulation of any sound. 12. Conspicuous or noticeable. 13. More juvenile.

NATALIE JOHNS (age 16), *League Member*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters and the final letters will each spell the surname of a President.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Famous. 2. A supply of anything arranged beforehand for affording relief at successive stages. 3. A celestial being. 4. A recess, usually within the thickness of a wall, for a statue. 5. General tendency.

KATHERINE B. HYDE (age 16), *League Member*.

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name borne by two cities and by a famous man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Freedom. 2. Somewhat alike. 3. A period of a hundred years. 4. One of a baseball nine. 5. Thrifty and frugal management. 6. Speedily. 7. The surname of a President who was born in Virginia.

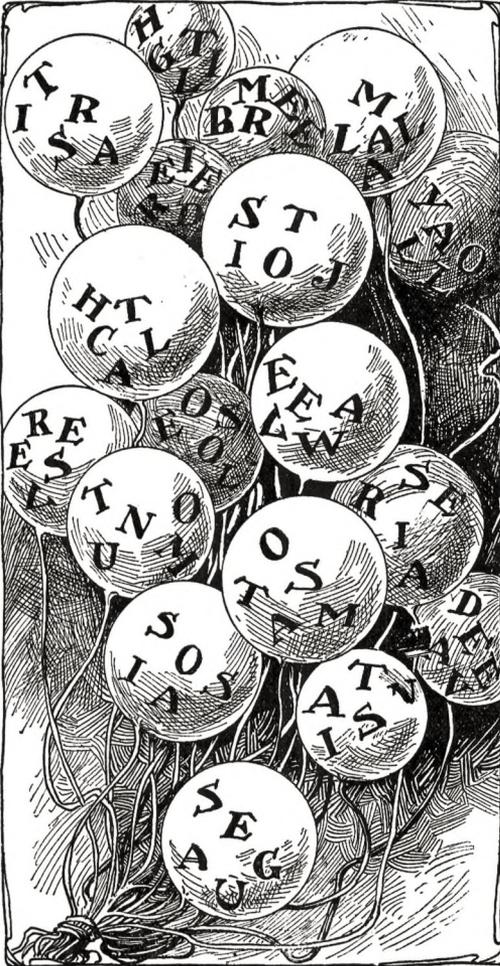
JANET COHEN (age 13), *League Member*.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A brute. 2. To follow. 3. in motion.
4. Pleases. 5. Concise.

HOLLIS S. FRENCH (age 12), *League Member*.

LETTER GROUPS



In the above picture are eighteen groups of five letters. The letters in each group form a word. When these eighteen words have been rightly arranged, one below another, the initials will spell the name of a noted American writer who was born exactly eighty-seven years, to a day, after George Washington was born. Who was he?

PI

Chene, dure twiner! drabbec dol flewlo,
Veren myerr, veren mewlo!
Lwel-a-yad! ni nair dan wons
Thaw lwil peke neo's reath wagol?

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading

downward, will spell the surname of a man who filled many important offices.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small Florida seaport.
2. Robust. 3. A favorite flower. 4. A famous city. 5. A small natural stream of water. 6. An important part of every meal.

LONGLEY WALKER (age 11), *League Member*.

A CLUSTER OF DIAMONDS

- I. 1. In heathen. 2. A popular name at Yale. 3. A feminine name. 4. Welcome in summer. 5. In heathen.
II. 1. In heathen. 2. A feminine name. 3. A feminine name. 4. Consumed. 5. In heathen.
III. 1. In heathen. 2. To confine. 3. A feminine name. 4. To snare. 5. In heathen.
IV. 1. In heathen. 2. A negative word. 3. A feminine name. 4. A color. 5. In heathen.

ALICE GEPHART (age 9), *League Member*.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

My first is in McKinley, but not in Washington;
My second, in Washington, but not in Grant;
My third is in Grant, but not in Pierce;
My fourth is in Pierce, but not in Madison;
My fifth is in Madison, but not in Garfield;
My sixth is in Garfield, but not in Jackson;
My seventh is in Jackson, but not in Adams.
My whole is an honored name.

THOMAS O'GARA (age 7).

CHANGED INITIALS

I am a feminine name. Change my initial letter only, and I become in turn a temple, rational, an inhabitant of a European country, to lessen, a pleasant path, a support, a compartment, ruin, and a weathercock.

DORIS BARTLETT (age 14), *League Member*.

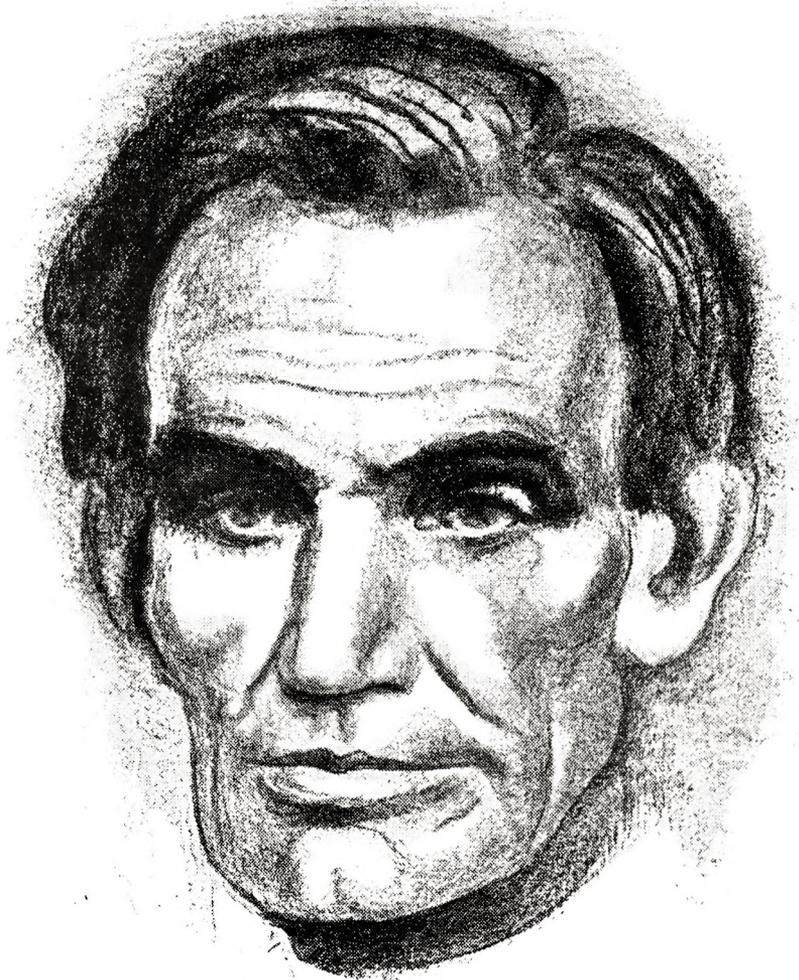
A PATRIOTIC ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

* 15	41	42	18	CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fancy
*	39	19	10	metal grating. 2. An inhabitant of arctic America. 3.
*	5	7	27	A fruit. 4. To return the
*	38	33	11	price of. 5. Small stones
*	24	26	2	and pebbles. 6. A kind of
*	29	34	40	pastry containing flavored
*	37	.	.	cream. 7. Made of wood.
*	14	35	43	8. To furnish. 9. Regular
*	23	17	.	method or order. 10. The
*	44	.	25	sun-god. 11. To charge with
*	9	.	6	a crime, in due legal form.
*	13	1	.	12. A representative of the
*	22	12	28	pope. 13. Ravenous. 14. A
				three-footed stool or stand.
				15. An exit. 16. A device
				for holding an object.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell a great personage; the letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 11 will spell a place where he passed many anxious days; from 12 to 20, will spell an office he filled; from 21 to 27, from 28 to 36, and from 37 to 44 each name a famous man.

C. LEROY CUSTER (age 13).



D.R.19

THIS head of Abraham Lincoln by Boardman Robinson is the frontispiece of the February CENTURY. We are reprinting it here because we know our ST. NICHOLAS friends will appreciate it.

You boys and girls in High School would find THE CENTURY MAGAZINE liberal, vital, and beautiful. Just at this time when you are a little uncertain where to turn for your more developed reading we wish we might put THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in your hands; it is a worthy successor to ST. NICHOLAS.

Speak to your Mother and Dad about having THE CENTURY in your home. They, too, would love and admire this magazine, with its gold and brown leatherette cover, its breadth of discussion, well-chosen stories, and beautiful illustrations.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is \$5.00 a year. Subscriptions may be sent either direct by mail or through your newsdealer

VITAMINES and CHILDHOOD

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Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

22-78



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For Every Bookshelf

OUR REPUBLIC

By S. E. FORMAN

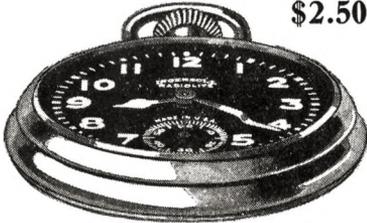
An authoritative, up-to-date, one-volume history of the United States, entertainingly written and with emphasis on the marvelous development of the country and not on dates and names and battles. "A comprehensive narrative," says the *Springfield Republican*, "designed to enlighten the adult reader."

("Our Republic," illustrated and with an index, is published by THE CENTURY Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Price \$5.00)



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remember:
it's just as good for cake
as it is for sandwiches

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

BRAZIL

BRAZIL is a country whose stamps have always had great interest for the stamp-collector, perhaps because Brazil was one of the first, if not the very first, to follow the example of Great Britain in the issue of postage-stamps. For this issue of Brazil was in the year 1843. And a most interesting issue it was also. No name appears upon it. No coin is indicated. Only a very large figure 30 in black upon a background of curved lines and ornamentation. This series is called the "Bull's Eye" series. We can recall how as a boy we used to gaze fondly upon the queer picture in the catalogue, then look in despair at the quoted price, and wonder that somewhere in the world there were grown-ups old enough and rich enough to own one, or even maybe all, of these stamps. Should we ever own even one? Our dreams never went beyond that stage of proprietorship.

¶Then, too, on the map, Brazil seems to occupy a position so similar to that of the United States. It seems the largest country in South America, even as the United States is the largest in the Northern Hemisphere. This similarity in size somehow always associated the two countries in our mind—united them, although we could never understand why the largest river in Brazil ran from west to east, while ours ran from north to south.

¶And again, we were rather pleased and took pride in the fact that Brazil had honored George Washington by placing his portrait upon one of her stamps. It is quite possible, however, that the main reason for the popularity of Brazilian stamps with the young collectors is the fact that most of them are very reasonably priced in Scott's Catalogue; consequently, a moderate outlay will fill many spaces and make a very presentable display. As doubtless many of our readers know, Brazil has been having a centennial celebration, commemorating her achievement of national independence. In connection with this happy event, there have been issued three stamps which we will illustrate this month. The first one, printed in ultramarine, is the one-hundred-reis value. By looking at the picture, we shall see that it is very evenly balanced. In the upper corners are figures of value,

while at the bottom is again the value "100 Reis"; to the left of this is the word "Centenario" (Centennial), and on the right the date, 1822-1922. The central design is labeled "YPIRANGA." History tells us that, in 1820, there was a revolution in Portugal, and this, instead of mitigating oppression in Brazil, which at that time was a Portuguese colony, simply put the screws on harder and made the friction and trouble in that colony still more unbearable. In 1821 the Portuguese viceroy left Brazil for home, putting the power of government in the hands of Dom Pedro, as governor-general. (This Dom Pedro was father of the bewhiskered man whose portrait appears on the Brazilian stamps from 1866 to 1883.) But Dom Pedro sided with the Brazilians, and the independence of Brazil was declared on September 7th, 1822, at a meeting held on the banks of a small stream, the Ypiranga, about 185 miles west to southwest of Rio de Janeiro. Later, a village was established on this site, but this village has since been absorbed in the city of São Paulo. At this meeting was uttered for the first time the watchword of the new state of Brazil—"Independencia ou Morte"—Independence or Death. The central portion of the design of the commemorative stamp is taken from a famous painting by Pedro Americo de Figueiredo, and the title of the picture is the watchword of the state: "Independencia ou Morte." ¶The second stamp of this new issue which we illustrate is the 200-reis value. On the column at the left is the date, 1822, while the similar column at the right is dated 1922. The portrait at the left has at the bottom the name "D. Pedro I," and above is the inscription, "Primeiro Imperador" [First Emperor], while the portrait at the right has the name "José Bonifacio," and at the top is inscribed "Patriarcha de Independencia" [Father of Independence]. Between the two portraits is a female figure of Peace placing a wreath of olive over each head. ¶The third stamp of the series is the 300-reis. The central design is a picture of the exposition grounds where the centennial is being held. The portrait inserted in the upper left corner of the design is that of Dr. Epitacio Pessoa, whose term as President of Brazil expired in November, 1922. Dr. Pessoa is a widely known man and a great orator. He has served his country in many capacities, leading up to the presidency. He represented Brazil at the Paris Peace Conference. The present President is Arthur de S. Bernardes.



APPROVAL SHEETS

THIS article is written not for our older readers, but for the younger or newer ones. You see, every month, every week, even every day, some younger reader of STAMP PAGE begins to collect postage-stamps. And these new collectors have to learn the rudiments of collecting, just the same as the older ones did before them. So it is wise for us from time to time to publish explanatory articles for their guidance. Indeed, the number of letters which we receive asking us what are "Approval Sheets" is evidence that a word or two on that subject is due. When the beginner starts his col-

(Concluded on second page following)

THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and as reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.



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(Continued on next page)

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BRITISH GUIANA, Red surcharges, set of 4, cat. \$1.60, net 53c. A. C. DOUGLAS, LUCAN, ONT.

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Concluded from second preceding page)

lection he at once gathers in all the stamps obtainable from Father and Mother, from Grandmother and the aunts. Having exhausted this convenient source of supply, he looks around for other avenues. And so he reads the advertisements in the St. NICHOLAS Directory. Here he comes in contact with that mysterious word "approvals." The purchase of stamps from approval sheets is the most satisfactory way in which to buy. Possibly nine-tenths of the stamp business is done in this manner. The main advantage, of course, lies in the fact that one purchases only the stamps which he actually desires. For instance, if you buy a "packet" or a "set" of stamps, it is necessary to take and to pay for every stamp in the packet or set. There is no opportunity for choice. If the beginner has only a very few stamps, the packet is the cheaper way to buy; but as his collection grows, there are found to be in the packets more and more stamps that duplicate those he already owns. And here is where the approval sheet shows to advantage. The collector receives the sheets from the dealer and looks them over. He rejects all those stamps which are duplicates of what he already has; he rejects any heavily canceled, badly centered or torn stamps, and buys only such specimens as meet with his thorough approval. He then returns to the dealer the rejected stamps, together with payment for those he has selected—approved of. Now as to the method of applying for these approval sheets. It is simple. Just read over all the advertisements in our Stamp Directory and decide which one appeals to you most; then write to the dealer who offers the stamps. Now St. NICHOLAS prides itself upon the high character of its readers, and we want you all to help us in the matter of keeping up this standard. When you write to the dealer, you will mention ST. NICHOLAS of course, but there are other things to think of as well. First, write your address very plainly. Indeed, it is better that the first letter should contain a stamped, self-addressed envelop. Then in your letter state how large your collection is, about how much you can afford to spend—25 cents, 50 cents, one dollar, the more the better. State that you write with the full knowledge of your father and mother, and that they will guarantee your account. Also give the name and address of some one as a reference. Your teacher's name will do. When, in due course of mail, you receive the sheets, try to handle them carefully. Most sheets have printed on them "Do not tear or soil these sheets." The reason for such a request, is this: when the sheets come back to the dealer he *re-fills* the empty spaces if the page is in good condition. Otherwise, he is compelled to make up an entirely new sheet, which is a great loss of time to him. Most dealers, in preparing an approval sheet, arrange in a drawer a number of small boxes corresponding to the number of spaces on the sheet. In each of these boxes he puts, say, a hundred copies of some stamp—material for a hundred approval sheets. But he makes up at first only ten. Then, when one is returned, he opens the drawer and picks out of the corresponding box one stamp to fill each emptied space. Then the sheet is ready to go out again at a minimum of labor and time. So we hope all readers of STAMP PAGE will exercise due care in handling such approval sheets.

Your Opportunity

Boys—and Girls, too—How would you like to take lessons in golf from the most famous teachers of the world? Wouldn't you consider it a rare opportunity?

You can do so, and at a comparatively small cost, under a plan that we have lately worked out.

Here's the Plan

We have recently gone through our files and carefully selected a dozen instructive articles by well-known experts on the game, covering every department of play, and had them reprinted in pamphlet form.

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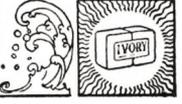
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“AD”
VENTURES of the

IVORY HEROES



CUTTLE-FISH!

Chap. — II

IT WAS high noon as the *IVORY White* like to a chafing steed broke loose across the sunlit sea — with awe-inspiring speed. Gnif had the wheel; Bob was below, as Betty, Snip and Yow kept lookout 'mid a whirl of spray and spindrift at the bow. The speed of that fast motor-boat was ninety miles an hour;

Bob reckoned that its engines were ten thousand *pony* power. The steadiness of their good craft excelled their fondest hope, as for its *buoyancy*, Bob said, 'twas just like *IVORY SOAP*.

So, it was not surprising that, by seven bells that night, their own homeland and mountain tops had faded out of sight. The sea went calm; the moon rose up. All being snug and tight, our heroes ate their supper with a monstrous appetite.



the dog watch.

Each hero had a watch to keep. Snip had the *dog watch*, and the cautious Gnif had everything most thoroughly in hand.

So, all was well. The first night passed. The *IVORY White* had run a course due south, and with a *bang* up rose the tropic sun. There on the port bow Bobby spied the ocean streaked with black, as if ten million quarts of *INK* had left their evil track.



the inky sea

“Dirt, ho!” cried Bob. “Aye, aye!” called Gnif, “ha, ‘verily methinks we’ve struck the Sea of Cuttlefish and dirty squirty inks. Hold hard, my hearties! Mind your eyes! Bob, keep our full speed steady. Snip, man our rapid-fire gun. Yow, get the soap-suds ready!” Mad was the rush of their staunch craft. Scarce had they time to wink when they were plunging madly through a *sea of squirmy ink*. Ah, 'twas a bravesome deed indeed, and doughty as you wish, to dash into that inky sea and *fight with cuttlefish*. Grim was the task all fraught with fits of splashy inks compounded when our brave crew beheld their craft by cuttlefish surrounded.

*Though dirt and danger menace them,
Our heroes keep up hope
While they have left to fight for them
One cake of IVORY SOAP.*



Don't you want to see how and when these marvelous adventures began? Then write to your friends, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, asking for a little book called “THE CRUISE OF THE IVORY SHIP,” by John Martin. It is a wonderful little bedtime book given *FREE* to you.



IVORY
IT FLOATS  **SOAP**
99 ¹⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



Arabs
used sand
to keep clean



"Wash"—Don't Scour Teeth Warns Modern Science

Years and years ago, before people knew about soap, Arabs used desert sand to clean their bodies.

Even today some people continue that "scrape off" method in cleaning their teeth. They use gritty, soapless tooth pastes, that scratch and scour. Nature will heal scratched skin. But even Nature does not replace your thin tooth enamel once it is scratched and worn.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is *safe* to use every day. It "washes" the teeth clean instead of scraping them as the Arab scraped his skin. You can use Colgate's during a long lifetime without in the slightest degree injuring the enamel of your teeth.

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
"Washes"—and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Children like Colgate's and use it regularly because of its delicious flavor. It cleans the teeth thoroughly. No safe dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25c. Why pay more?

For "Good Teeth—Good Health" brush your teeth after each meal and just before bedtime



If your wisdom teeth
could talk they'd say,
"USE COLGATE'S"

**CLEANS
TEETH THE
RIGHT WAY**

"Washes" and Polishes
Doesn't Scratch
or Scour

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture



"SEE HOW EASY IT IS"

JELL-O

America's most famous dessert



THE great merit of Jell-O is that it is always ready. It is made as easily as a cup of tea is brewed. Write for a free booklet describing a wide variety of uses.

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