THE SILENT READING HOUR

THIRD READER

6—1132 3rd reader

The Silent Reading Hour

THIRD READER

BY

GUY THOMAS BUSWELL
Associate Professor of Education
University of Chicago
Author "Fundamental Reading Habits: A Study of Their Development," etc.

AND

WILLIAM H. WHEELER
Co-author "Wheeler's Graded Literary Readers with Interpretations," etc.

Illustrated by
LUCILLE ENDERS
AND
MATILDA BREUER

CHICAGO
WHEELER PUBLISHING COMPANY
1923

Published November, 1923

PREFACE

Silent Reading. Silent reading is not merely non-vocal reading. It is the complex process of getting thought from the printed page and involves an entirely new pedagogy. Silent reading objectives will never be attained by oral reading methods.

Eye-Movement Investigations. It is a well known fact that in reading a line of print the eye does not move smoothly across the page. It moves with a series of jerks and pauses. By means of a complicated apparatus it has been possible to

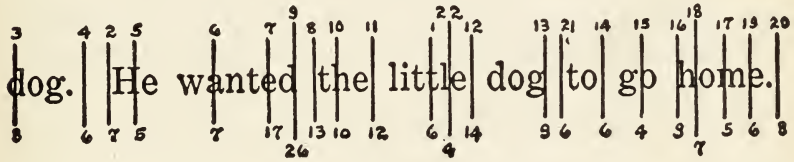


Fig. I

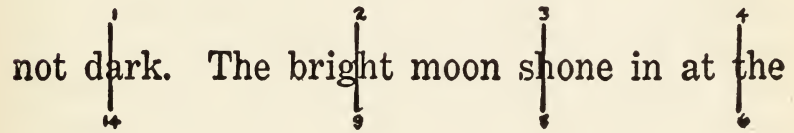


Fig. II

The position of the eye-fixations are represented by short vertical lines drawn across the line of print. The serial numbers above the vertical lines indicate the order of the pauses. The numbers below each vertical line indicate in 25ths of a second the duration of the fixation.

photograph and time the eye-movements of pupils as they read. Figure I shows part of such a record for a typical pupil in the second half of the first grade; Figure II, for a typical college student.

The facts disclosed by these investigations have a most important bearing upon the pedagogy of silent reading. Such investigations give an exact and objective record of one's reading habits. It is the task of the school to change the crude reading habits disclosed in Figure I to those of the mature type of reading shown in Figure II. Scientific investigations have shown that only by silent reading can such rapid and rhythmical control of eye-movements, as exhibited in Figure II, be secured. The superiority of the silent-reading process is now fully established.

Types of Silent Reading. There are various types of silent reading. These types are the natural result of reading for different purposes, such as

1. Reading for enjoyment or general information.
2. Reading in a careful, precise manner to get specific information; and also many other distinctly different types.

Importance of First Type. It is a significant fact that with proper training, children can, by the end of the fourth grade, be taught to read *simple* prose for enjoyment or general information almost as well as the average college student (Figure II). However, if the habits shown in Figure I, namely, short recognition spans, long pauses, and many regressive movements, have not been corrected by the fourth grade, it is extremely difficult to correct them after that.

Furthermore, the first type of silent reading mentioned above, namely, reading for enjoyment or general information, is by far the most common type of adult reading.

Careful Silent Reading. Eventually children should master all kinds of reading, but while they are forming their reading habits, the two types of reading mentioned above are antagonistic and should be treated separately. The chief aim

in the primary grades should be to develop the habit of reading rapidly and easily large amounts of simple narrative material. When this habit of reading is firmly established, other types of reading may be introduced. Wherever habits are involved, the introduction of too many types of technique simultaneously is recognized as incorrect pedagogy. This series of readers, therefore, attacks one fundamental type of silent reading and leaves the other types for supplementary treatment. For these reasons all the varied devices that are sometimes used for teaching exact, analytical reading have been purposely excluded from these books.

THE TEACHER'S EQUIPMENT. To set up and fix correct habits of eye-movement and to develop genuine thought-getting in silent reading in the primary grades is a delicate task, calling for the best of teaching ability. This book attempts to make the task easier by supplying not only a comprehensive Manual and Lesson Outlines, but also a plentiful supply of suitable reading matter, suitably arranged and free from objectionable features.

A NEW TYPE OF CONTENT. In the selection of reading matter, two main purposes have been dominant: first, to provide selections which will so interest the child that he will develop a *habit* of extensive silent reading; and second, to deal with situations that children actually encounter in real life and that are within the realm of possible rather than fancied experiences. This book attempts to supply the type of fact content which is essential for training a child's constructive thinking and which will supply the kind of information needed for normal mental growth. Children's literature discloses a great dearth of such material; and, in addition to several stories which were specially written, this book presents a very considerable portion of all the interesting, factual, third-grade material in published form today.

The authors do not contend that imaginative material should be entirely eliminated from schoolbooks, but rather that such material should be supplemented by selections that have to do with the world in which the child actually lives. Furthermore, the schools are already supplied with fairy stories, folklore, myths, and legends. As the children know many of these stories by heart, it is not only wasteful but also undesirable to give the same sort of material in a silent reader. This book presents, therefore, in interesting, narrative form, selections that are true to the actual or possible experience of children.

THE TYPE PAGE. In size, type face, spacing, and leading, the type page corresponds to accepted standards. Investigations have repeatedly shown that shorter lines than are commonly used would be desirable in any reader. This is especially true of a silent reader, as the short lines of even length assist the child to form the rythmic eye-movement habits that will be required in adult reading.

LONGER SELECTIONS. The story units are longer than would be desirable in a book intended for oral reading. These longer stories give an interest in and familiarity with the characters not attainable in short disconnected selections. They also lead naturally to the reading of entire books.

VOCABULARY. The vocabularies of the first two books of this series consist largely of the words of commonest occurrence as shown by the Teacher's Wordbook, by E. L. Thorndike.

With these useful words as a basis, it is possible to cover a wide range of interesting stories in this book without undue vocabulary difficulty. By the time a child reaches the third reader, he should begin to show some ability to get the meaning of new words from the context, without assistance.

THE PLACE OF ORAL READING. Oral reading will doubtless continue to be useful in the primary grades, especially in the early development of a reading vocabulary. Inasmuch as oral reading will have served its purpose by the end of the primary grades, it is well to keep in mind that oral reading is only a temporary expedient.

This series of readers is intended to be used with whatever method of oral reading the school has adopted. The value of this book as an instrument for teaching silent reading will be seriously impaired if the child is allowed to read from it orally.

CORRECT MENTAL ATTITUDE. Until a child thinks of reading as a process of thought-getting rather than as a process of word-calling, he has not even started to read. Reading should ultimately be as natural as breathing. The learner should never be allowed, much less encouraged or compelled, to make hard work of it.

GUY THOMAS BUSWELL
WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER

CONTENTS

THE PIRATE STORY

Once upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city; and in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. A very narrow road led down a steep hill to the wharf, and anybody who wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road. And because ships had come there for a great many years, and all the men who had business with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the stone sidewalks were much worn. That was a great many years ago.

The river and the ocean are there yet, as they always have been and always will be; the city, too, is there, but it is a different kind of city from what it used to be. And the wharf is slowly falling down, for it is not used now; and the narrow road down the steep hill is all grown up with weeds and grass.

One day, in the long ago, the brig *Industry*

From *The Sandman:* His Ship Stories, by special arrangement with the publishers, L. C. Page & Company.


M Brewer

lay at that wharf, and she was all loaded and ready for another voyage to the far country. She had made one voyage, and had been refitted as much as she needed to be; she had some new sails and new rigging; but Captain Solomon hadn't his crew yet, nor had he put aboard the things to eat nor the water that they would drink. For the sailors all go away when a ship has finished a voyage, so that there isn't any crew; and when the ship is ready to sail again, the owners of the ship have to find some more sailors for that voyage, and the sailors all have to sign a paper agreeing to help sail the ship until she gets in again.

And so it happened that Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob had advertised that the *Industry* would soon sail for the far country, and that they wanted sailors for her. They made this fact known by posting printed notices in that part of the city where the sailors lived. But some of the sailors were men who lived at their homes when they were ashore, and who liked to sail in the *Industry;* so they had watched her being loaded, in order that they could know when the time came for signing the crew.

The mates, however, had been picked out before that time.

So, one morning, there was a great crowd of men in the office of Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob. Captain Jonathan was there, and Captain Jacob, and Captain Solomon, who would command the ship; and the mates were there, both the first mate and the second mate. Besides these, there were all the men who wanted to be the sailors. Captain Solomon remembered all the men who had sailed with him before, and he engaged those men first, and they signed the papers. Then he picked out, from among all the other men, those who seemed the biggest and the strongest.

Captain Solomon soon got his crew, and the men that he didn't want, he sent away. He then told the crew to get their things and come the next day, because the *Industry* would sail very early on the morning after, at high tide.

Then he had all the things that they would eat put into the ship, and also the water they would drink. They put two little cannons aboard and the ammunition for the cannons;

and they put a lot of guns aboard and the ammunition for the guns. But Captain Solomon had all the guns put into his cabin, with the ammunition, for he didn't want them to be where the sailors could get them, until he was ready to give them to the sailors. He put the cannons into the hold of the ship until he should be ready to have them brought on deck.

The reason why the cannons and the guns were put on the ship was that Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob had told Captain Solomon that they wanted him to stop at a certain place on his way to the far country; and, in order to stop there, he would have to go past parts of a small ocean where pirates sailed. Many of the people of that country were pirates, and some great nations paid these pirates money every year to let their vessels alone. But, when the pirates found a vessel sailing all by herself, they were very apt to think that it would never be known how she was lost if none of the crew came back home again; so they would capture that ship, if they could, and kill all the sailors or sell them to be slaves. Captain Solomon, therefore, had asked

Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob for the cannons and the guns.

The crew of the *Industry* came the next day, as they had been told to do; and, on the morning after, at high tide, the ship sailed away from that wharf and out into the great ocean. But Captain Jonathan was not there, to see her go, nor Captain Jacob; for it was much too early to be convenient for them. The wind blew, and it was a fair wind for many days, but not a great wind; so the *Industry* set all her sails and sailed away over the great ocean for many days.

And when she was a day's sailing from Gibraltar, Captain Solomon had the cannons brought up from the hold. He then had them mounted on the deck, one of them in the fore part of the ship, and one of them in the after part. He had the ammunition for the cannons brought up, and stowed where it would be easy to get at it. Then he had the guns brought out of his cabin, and the ammunition for them. He looked over the guns very carefully, to see that they were all right, and he had the guns put where the crew could get

them. Then he called the crew together and told them about the pirates. The sailors were a little excited, but not so much as you would have expected, for they hoped, in their hearts, that the pirates would come.

Captain Solomon kept two sailors up in the crosstrees, one on the mainmast and one on the foremast, to look out over the water and see any vessel that was coming. They kept a sharp lookout, but they didn't see anything. Captain Solomon kept those men there, looking out over the ocean for only two hours, when he told them to come down. He then sent two others up in their places. For he knew that the men would get sleepy if they had to stay up there too long at a time, with nothing to do but look out over the ocean and the tossing waves. The men kept a lookout all that night, but they didn't see anything. Very early the next morning, however, when it was just beginning to be light enough to see, the sailor in the main crosstrees called out:

"Ahoy! The deck!"

And as soon as he had called, the sailor in the fore crosstrees called out, too.

The first mate answered and said, "In the crosstrees." For Captain Solomon had stayed up all night, and he had gone into his cabin to get a little sleep.

"Sail on the weather bow!" cried the sailor in the main crosstrees. "Hull down. Can you see it from the deck, sir?"

And the mate looked where the sailor had said, and he saw just the peak of a sail that looked as if it were sticking up out of the water. If you have lived near the water in

the summer, and that body of water is wide enough, you may have seen just the tops of the sails of vessels when you couldn't see any of the lower part of them. That is just how this sail looked.

"Yes," answered the mate; "but I can't make it out. What rig is it?"

"Looks like a lateen rig, sir."

A lateen rig is a queer kind of sail that was used by pirates.

"I'll come up," said the mate. So he told one of the sailors to go down and call the captain, and he took the long glass under his arm and climbed up the rigging. The long glass could be pulled out until it was about four feet long, and it made things that are far away look bigger and nearer.

And when the mate had got into the cross-trees, he looked through the long glass and he saw the sail plainly. He saw, too, that it was a lateen rig, but he couldn't see any of the hull of the vessel, because that was down behind the roundness of the world. The mate looked a long time, and then he shut up the glass again.

"Them's um," he said, and he was smiling as he said it. "Call all hands!"

But it wasn't necessary to call all hands, because all the sailors had crowded up on deck as soon as they had heard of the strange sail. One of the sailors who was on watch had stuck his head down into the forecastle where the sailors sleep, and had shouted out the news; while Captain Solomon had run up the cabin steps, three steps at a time, and was already halfway up to the crosstrees.

Captain Solomon looked through the long glass and he saw that the strange sail was the kind that the pirates use; so he went down to the deck again, and the mate followed him. But he left the sailor in the crosstrees, to watch the vessel. Captain Solomon then told the mate to get the men together, and to tell certain ones of them to man the forward cannon, and certain others to man the after cannon; he was also to see that the guns were given out, and ammunition for them. The mate did all that, and the men who manned the cannons got out the powder and the shot for them, and piled it on the deck.

Captain Solomon then had the sailors shoulder their guns, and walk back and forth on the side of the ship that was nearest the pirates, and he had the sailors who manned the cannons stand in plain sight. He then had the course of the ship changed so that she headed almost directly for the pirates. The pirates were pretty near by that time, not more than two miles away, which on the water, is not very far.

When the pirates saw the *Industry* change her course and head directly for them, they did not know what to make of it; for they had expected her to try to run away. They thought that perhaps she was a warship, for she was painted like one, with a white stripe around her, and black squares on the white stripe, as if the black squares were places where the cannons were. So they hesitated for a few moments, and then they changed their course, to try to get around her and see more of her. Captain Solomon let them go around a little, so that they could see the black squares all around, on the white stripe, and so that they could see the sailors walking back and forth,

with their guns, and the sailors who manned the cannons.

And the pirates saw all those men and their guns, and they couldn't make up their minds what kind of ship it was. A great many ships were painted like that, to look like warships, but not many ships had so many men with guns and not many ships had cannons. So they changed their course again and presently the *Industry* changed her course, too, so that, if the two vessels kept on, they would sail past each other, and very near. And that was just what the pirates wanted. For if they thought it were safe to do so, they could suddenly put their vessel alongside the *Industry;* and, as they had a great many men lying down where they couldn't be seen by Captain Solomon or any of his sailors, these men would be all ready to jump up and get aboard the *Industry,* with knives and pistols. On the other hand, if they decided it wasn't safe, they could sail past; for the pirates' boat was much faster than the *Industry.*

And the pirates came near and hailed the *Industry,* and asked if Captain Solomon didn't

want a pilot. Captain Solomon pretended not to understand, and made them say it over three or four times, while the course of the *Industry* was changed again, so that she was almost astern of the pirates' boat. The pirates kept asking Captain Solomon if he didn't want a pilot, and at last he understood. He gave a great laugh, and had the sailors all aim their guns at the pirates.

That was a sign that the pirates needn't try any more of their tricks, and they decided that it wasn't very safe to try to get aboard. So they began to sail away. But, as soon as they thought they were far enough off, they took the cover off of a cannon and fired a shot at the *Industry*. This shot went a little too high, and it went through some of the sails and cut away some ropes, but it didn't hit anybody and didn't do much damage. But it made Captain Solomon very angry.

"Let 'em have it, boys!" he cried.

And the sailors that manned the two cannons were eager for the chance; this was just what they had been waiting for. As soon as Captain Solomon had spoken, they fired the two cannons,

almost at the same time, so that no one could tell which was fired first. And the two shots flew and the sailors watched them go. They both struck the pirates' boat, and one of them went through the side, so that the water came in very fast; and the other struck one of the masts, and cut it into two pieces, so that the top, with the sail and the great yard, fell over into the water.

Then the sailors of the *Industry* raised a great yell and would have liked to go near the pirates' boat and fire at it some more. But Captain Solomon was afraid that he might have to rescue the pirates if their boat sank, and he didn't want a lot of rescued pirates on the *Industry*.

So he bore off for Gibraltar again. The sailors looked back, and they saw some of the pirates, busy in clearing away the wreckage of the mast and the sail while others tried to empty out the water as fast as it came in. Whether they succeeded or not, the sailors never knew; for they were soon out of sight, and that was the last they saw of those pirates.

—*William J. Hopkins*

WAR-BABY AND TAR-BABY

This story happened while there was still a war. At that time, even little boys and girls were trying to help in some way so that the war would not make so many children unhappy. War may seem like an exciting game to big men, but it seems like a very poor game indeed to little children.

Ted and Bob and Betty Hubbard did all they could think of to help. Once, they had a store in their garden, and the children that lived near them came and bought things. They put a sheet over two clotheslines for a tent, and put the things they had to sell on a table under the tent. All this was before the weather was too cold. Ted and Bob had made things with their tools, little chairs and beds and tables for dollhouses, match boxes with a piece of sandpaper on them, pin trays, and little Noah's Arks that would hold only the two doves; the two elephants surely could not have crowded in. Betty made two things. She made some very nice little bags to hold

marbles, and she made some doll's dishes out of mud. She let them get hard in the sun and then painted them. They would break very easily, of course, but the dolls could give one

dinner party with them, anyway. Mother gave them some cookies and gingerbread to sell, too; and they sent the money to help buy food for hungry children across the ocean.

But not long before Christmas, Bob and Ted and Betty thought of something new to do. They had read and heard stories about little French children who no longer had anyone to take care of them. They heard how people in America were bringing these little children across the ocean to live with them and have a home. So one morning, early, they went to Father to see what he thought of their new idea. Father was sharpening his razor, and was about to shave. His face was all soapy.

"Father," said Bob, "there is something we want."

Father smiled through the soap and said, "Oh, you do? What is it this time?"

"We want a baby," said all three at once.

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Father, and cut his cheek with the sharp razor.

"We want a French one," said Ted.

"We want to bring it up," said Betty.

Father did not say another word until he

had finished shaving, and then he put away his razor and shaving-brush, and wiped his face on the towel.

"Come along and we'll see what Mother says," he said.

They went down into the dining room where Mother and Katie were putting breakfast on the table. And while they talked it all over, they ate their good breakfast and remembered that they had never really been too hungry in all their lives. First, Mother asked Katie if she would wash and cook for one more little child.

"Sure!" said Katie. "What's a few more little clothes in the tub, and another potato to peel if he is the kind of child that minds what's said to him?"

Then Father told the children that in order to bring up another child they would all have to do without things. The children all said that there were a great many things they could do without.

"You remind me," said Father, laughing, "of a wise old man who lived many years ago, and who used to walk about the streets of the

city he lived in, looking into the shop windows. That was before the days of window-panes, so he could not press his nose flat on the panes the way you children do now. And what do you suppose he was looking to see?"

"If he was like me, he was looking at the things he would like to have," said Ted.

"No, sir!" said Father. "He was looking to see how many things there were that he could do without. And that is what we shall all have to look for if we take a little French child to raise. And it is what Mother will do more than all the rest of us put together."

Then Mother told the children that she and Father had been thinking for some time of taking a little French boy, about five or six years old. And she told them that soon after Christmas a ship was going to bring some French children over to this country. "Shall we ask for one to be sent to us?" she asked.

All the children said, "Yes! Yes!"

"Very well. Then suppose we begin giving up things by giving up Christmas this year," said Mother.

All the children sat very still.

"No tree, no stockings hung up, no presents," said Mother.

All the children looked at one another. At last they all agreed to give up the Christmas that was coming, as well as other things; and they also agreed on a little boy not over six years old. And they decided to call him War-Baby until they knew his real name. That very morning Father sent a telegram to somebody in New York, and then the whole thing was fixed.

When Christmas came, Mother had a happy idea. They would buy toys for War-Baby, and make a place in the nursery for him. This made Ted and Bob and Betty almost forget that they were to have no presents. The boys made a little table to hold War-Baby's toys, and put up a shelf to hold his books. Betty made a big scrapbook for him, and pasted into it the prettiest pictures she could find. Katie made him some handkerchiefs and put a *W* on each one. But they could not buy any clothes for him until they could see how big he was.

One day in January a big ship sailed away

from France with seventy little children on board. There were big and little ones, boys and girls, and there were some that were only babies. They were given very good care, and had all the bread and milk and oranges and apples they wanted. Some of them played about the ship and had a very good time; but some felt very strange and lonely. None of them had ever before been on a big ship on the ocean. They had lived on pleasant little farms, some in houses whose roofs were made of straw. Some of them were big enough to remember sunny summer days when the wheat-fields had been full of poppies. They used to talk together about their homes. "Me, I had a father and a big brother who used to cut the wheat when it was ripe," said one. And another said, "Me, I saw once two poppies growing on the very top of our roof, and they were like two little red mouths laughing at the sky."

But there was one little boy who did not talk or play with the rest. He sat very still, and looked at the big ocean, and tried to think where he was going. He could not remember anything back of one day when he

was lost and all alone in the world. Kind people had found him and taken care of him, and now, here he was on a big ship. He did not know where he was going. He was five years old and his name was Jean.

When the ship with these children on it reached New York, Father and Mother Hubbard were there to get the child that was for them, and it was little lonely Jean! Mother took him in her arms and kissed his little thin cheeks, and Father bought a balloon, a big yellow one, from a balloon man, and put the string into Jean's hand. Jean held the string tight and looked very solemnly at the balloon with his big black eyes.

When they got home, he was afraid of the big, happy, noisy children who talked words that he did not know.

"If I know what's what, he's a lamb!" said Katie, and she tried to make him eat more than ten little boys could hold.

After supper Mother held him on her lap as they all sat about the fire and sang songs. Once or twice Jean tried to sing, too, but his words and his tunes were different from theirs.

And after awhile he fell asleep with his head on Mother's shoulder.

Well, they all loved him from the very first, and there was not anything that any one of them would not do for little Jean. He soon learned to talk English, but he did not talk very much, and only now and then would a smile light up his face. He sat still most of the time and watched the other children play. He did not care to run and jump himself. And when they were at school, he played quietly with his toys, or sometimes sat at the window with a far-away look in his eyes, as if he were trying to remember something. But he never laughed, or looked bright and happy, like the other children.

Three months went by, and then there came a beautiful Saturday morning in May, when the grass was green and full of dandelions and the lilacs were in flower and the air was warm and pleasant. Father and Mother were talking together. Father said, "What shall we do to make Jean laugh? He can laugh in French if he wants to. I don't care how he laughs, just so he does it."

"Dear little War-Baby!" said Mother. "We have tried everything. I do not know what else we can do."

Then Father whistled for Bob and Ted. He had a whistle for each child. Bob and Ted came to see what he wanted.

"Boys," said Father, "If you felt lonely, and did not want to play with other children, what would you want, most of all?"

And both boys, without stopping to think, said the same thing. "A dog!"

"Right-O!" said Father. "Why didn't I think of that before? I believe that is just what we want." And he took Bob and Ted with him to help him choose a dog. He could not wait another minute.

When they came back, Mother and Betty were in the garden. Betty was sitting in the swing reading *Uncle Remus*. Father had something in his arms, and Bob and Ted were very much excited.

"Where is Jean?" asked Father.

"In the kitchen with Katie," said Mother.

"Katie lets him do lots of things in there she won't let me do," said Ted.

"She even lets him cut out cookies," said Bob.

Then Father put the thing he had in his arms down on the grass. "Let us see if this little engine works."

And the little engine was the dearest, funniest little black puppy you have ever seen. Did it work? Well, it jumped, and wagged its tail, and licked everybody's shoes, and ran around and around, and fell over the grass blades, and fell over itself, and jumped at the swing, and was never still a minute.

"Oh!" said Mother, "he is just what we want. What shall we call him?"

Betty looked at the *Uncle Remus* book she had been reading, thought a minute, and then said, "Call him Tar-Baby."

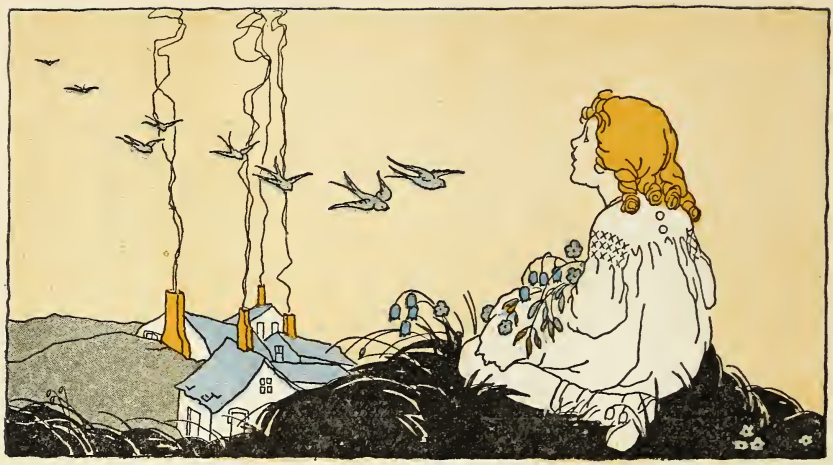
And Father laughed and said "Right-O!", and then he whistled for Jean. Jean came out the kitchen door with a cooky in each hand. Katie looked out the kitchen window. Everybody stood still to see what Jean would do. Jean stood still, too, with his big black eyes fixed on the puppy; and then all of a sudden he remembered something. His little mind went back across the ocean, and he remembered a

sunny day in a garden and a little black dog that was warm and friendly and that licked his face with a little red tongue. And then he threw away his cookies and ran and put his arms around Tar-Baby. And Tar-Baby put out his little red tongue and licked War-Baby's face. And War-Baby laughed! Right out loud! It was like the sweetest music you had ever heard. Then the little boy and the little dog rolled over on the grass, and jumped up and ran about, and the little boy waved his arms, and the little dog wagged his tail and jumped and wriggled and wobbled. And then War-Baby picked up the two cookies, and sat on the grass with his arm about Tar-Baby. And War-Baby ate one cooky, and Tar-Baby ate the other, and then he licked the crumbs off War-Baby's mouth.

"Hurrah!" cried Katie from the kitchen window. "The cork is out of the bottle now!" And by that she meant that now that little Jean had laughed once, he could go right on laughing.

And that is exactly what happened.

—Helen Coale Crew



CHIMNEY SMOKE

I see the smoke from chimney tops
Curl upward to the sky,
So clear it hardly shows at all,
Upfloating far and high.
The swallows cut across its path
When they go flying by.

O upward curling, soaring smoke,
When you to heaven go
Do you forget the friendly flames
Upon the hearth below?
Do you forget the little child
That likes to watch you so?

—Helen Coale Crew

HOW THE HOME WAS BUILT

Once there was a very dear family—Father, Mother, big Brother Tom, little Sister Polly, and the baby, who had a very long name, Gustavus Adolphus; and every one of the family wanted a home more than anything else in the world.

They wanted a home of their very own, with a sunny room for Mother and Father and Baby, with a wee room close by for the little sister; a big, airy room for Brother Tom; a cosy room for the cooking and eating; and, best of all, a room that Grandmother might call her own when she came to see them.

A box that Tom had made always stood on

Mother's mantel, and they called it the "Home Bank," because every penny that could be spared was dropped in there for the building of the home. This box had been full once, and was emptied to buy a little piece of ground where the home could be built when the box was full again.

The box filled very slowly, though; and Gustavus Adolphus was nearly three years old when one day the father came in with a beaming face and called the family to him.

Mother left her baking, and Tom came in from his work; and after Polly had brought the baby, the father asked them very solemnly: "Now, what do we all want more than anything else in the world?"

"A home!" said Mother and Brother Tom.

"A home!" said little Sister Polly.

"Home!" said the baby, Gustavus Adolphus, because his mother had said it.

"Well," said the father, "I think we shall have our home if each one of us will help. I must go away to the great forest, where the trees grow so tall and fine. All winter long I must chop the trees down, and in the spring

I shall be paid in lumber, which will help in the building of the home. While I am away, Mother will have to fill my place and her own, too, for she will have to go to market, buy the coal, keep the pantry full, and pay the bills, as well as cook and wash and sew, take care of the children, and keep a brave heart till I come back again."

The mother was willing to do all this and more, too, for the dear home; and Brother Tom asked eagerly! "What can I do?—what can I do?"—for he wanted to begin work right then, without waiting a moment.

"I have found you a place in the carpenter's shop where I work," answered the father; "and you will work for him, and all the while be learning to saw and hammer and plane, so that you will be ready in the spring to help build the home."

Now, this pleased Tom so much that he threw his cap in the air and hurrahed, which made the baby laugh; but little Polly did not laugh, because she was afraid that she was too small to help. But after a while the father said, "I shall be away in the great forest

cutting down the trees; Mother will be washing and sewing and baking; Tom will be at work in the carpenter's shop; and who will take care of the baby?"

"I will, I will!" cried Polly, running to kiss the baby.

So it was all arranged that they would have their dear little home, which would belong to every one, because each one would help; and the father made haste to prepare for the winter. He stored away the firewood and put up the stoves; and when the woodchoppers went to the great forest, he was ready to go with them.

Out in the forest the trees were waiting. From sunrise to sunset the men worked steadily; and although it was lonely in the woods when the snow lay white on the ground and the cold wind blew, the father kept his heart cheery. At night, when the men sat about the fire in their great log house, he would tell them about the mother and the children who were working with him for a home.

Nobody else's ax was sharper than his or felled so many trees, and nobody else was

gladder when springtime came and the logs were hauled down to the river.

The river had been waiting through all the winter, under its shield of ice; but now that spring had come, and the snows were melting, and all the little mountain streams were tumbling down to help, the river grew broad and strong, and dashed along, snatching the logs when the men pushed them in and carrying them on with a rush and a roar.

The men followed close along the bank of the river, to watch the logs and keep them moving; but at last there came a time when the logs would not move, but lay in a jam from shore to shore while the water foamed about them.

"Who will go out to break the jam?" said the men. They knew that only a brave man and a nimble man could go, for there was danger that the river might sweep him away.

They looked at one another; but the father was not afraid, for he was sure-footed and nimble; so he sprang out in a moment, with his ax, and began to cut away at the logs.

"Some of these logs may help to build a home," he said; then he found the very log that

was holding the others tight, and as soon as that was loosened, the logs began to move.

"Jump! Jump!" cried the men, as they ran for their lives; and, just as the logs dashed on, with a rumble and a jumble and a jar that sent some of the logs flying up in the air, the father reached the bank safely.

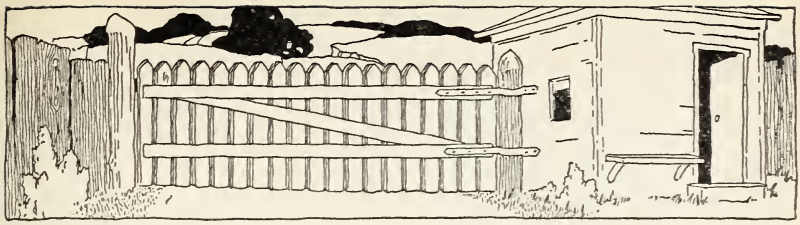
The hard work was over now. After the logs had rested in the log "boom," they went on their way to the sawmills, where they were

sawed into lumber to build houses; and then the father hurried home.

When he came there, he found that the mother had baked and washed and sewed and taken care of the children, as only such a precious mother could have done. Brother Tom had worked so well in the carpenter's shop, that he knew how to hammer and plane and saw, and had grown as tall and as stout as a young pine tree. Sister Polly had taken such care of the baby, that he looked as sweet and clean and happy as a rose in a garden; and the baby had been so good, that he was a joy to the whole family.

"I must get this dear family into their home," said the father; and he and Brother Tom went to work with a will. And the home was built, with a sunny room for Father and Mother and Baby, a wee little room close by for good Sister Polly, a big airy room for big Brother Tom, a cosy room for the cooking and eating, and, best of all, a room for the dear Grandmother, who came then to live with them all the time.

—*Maud Lindsay*



BEYOND THE TOLLGATE

Barbara was not a very large girl, and she had seen only a little of the world; but she was much pleased with what she had seen, and was always interested in everything new and strange. All the first years of her life had been spent in the heart of the town, and there she had been kept most of the time in the house with her mother. But Barbara did not think it was stupid to stay in the house so much; her mother talked to her a great deal and could always think of some way to amuse her. Mrs. Snow sewed all day except when she was working about the house; and sometimes Barbara sewed, too, for she was already clever with her needle; and sometimes she played with her doll. Every day she had to read two pages and to

From *Play Days* by Sarah Orne Jewett, by permission of and special arrangement with, the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

learn a spelling lesson, and sometimes she wrote on a slate, "Barbara Snow, Barbara Snow," — a whole slateful of Barbara Snows, in queer tumble-about letters. Her father used to set the copies on the slate after Barbara had gone to bed, and sometimes in the morning she would find, "Will you take a walk tonight?" and would copy it just as carefully as she could.

One night, a while before my story really begins, Mr. Snow had come home looking very much pleased about something, and after supper he told Mrs. Snow and Barbara that he had something to show them. Barbara could not think what it could be, and she became more and more puzzled when, after walking a considerable distance, they took a street car and rode a long way. But at last they came to a pleasant, shady side-street, and Mr. Snow stopped before a pretty gray house, unlocked the front door, and asked them to walk in. It was a little house, and it was shaded by the trees in the street. There was a little garden at the back with a tree of its own, and a grape-vine by the kitchen window and a grass plot; and there under the tree, was a seat. After

they had seen it all, Barbara's father asked if they really liked the house, and Barbara's mother said it was the nicest house she had ever seen for a little family of three; so you can imagine how proud Mr. Snow was to tell them that he had bought it that very day, that he had almost money enough to pay for it, and that he thought he could save enough to pay the rest by the last of the summer.

Barbara and her mother were as happy as queens. They went about to see everything again and to look into each of the rooms. Barbara found that the window of her room overlooked the little garden, and that she could put her hand out and catch the leaves of the tree. At last, they had to lock the door and go away, though they would have liked to stay much longer. Barbara thought it was great fun to have a ride in the street car so late in the evening. They kept passing other cars with bright red lights, and her father let her have the money to pay her own fare. The conductor smiled pleasantly at the little girl, and the bells on the street car seemed to be saying, "Barbara's new house — Barbara's new house

— Barbara's tree — Barbara's tree," all the way home.

It was very soon after this that they moved; and before long it seemed to Barbara as if she had always lived in the new house. It seemed homelike at once when the furniture was put in its place; but I know you will believe me when I tell you that every day Barbara found something new. Once it was a pansy in bloom in the garden; and another day, some scarlet-runner beans, which her mother had given her to plant, came up long before she had expected them; and one morning, a woman who lived alone in the next house but one, gave her a dear, gray kitten. Mrs. Snow was very busy all the first week getting the house into good order, and Barbara helped her whenever she could, and learned to keep her own bit of a room as neat as wax. It was too bad that her father could be at home only in the evening; but that could not be helped, and he was as happy as they, and whistled and sang merrily. He put up shelves and mended the cellar stairs and drove nails somewhere or other until it was too dark to see. And he kept saying that

Barbara was growing rosy, and it was worth everything to all of them to live in that fresh air; he was very glad he had bought the house, and a man felt like somebody when he had earned a home of his own like that.

Barbara could go outdoors as much as she chose, for the streets were very quiet; and she used to like to walk up and down and look at the other houses. There did not seem to be any children living very near except two or three little babies. Two girls and a boy used to go by every day to and from school, and Barbara used to wish that they would stop and say something to her. She was very shy with other children, and would not have thought of speaking to them. She was going to go to school herself when the next term began in September.

One day when she had been living in the new house about three weeks, she took a longer walk than usual along a street that she had never followed before, and she came to a place where there was a gate across the road. She walked up close to it, and could not think what it meant. The road looked very pleasant

beyond, and there were some teams not far ahead which had surely got past the great gate somehow. Barbara wondered about it and stood still watching until a woman drove up in a rattling wagon. She seemed in a great hurry, and an old man came out of the little red house at the side of the gate; then the woman gave him some money, and he opened the gate and she went through. The tollgate-keeper was just going into his house again when he saw Barbara.

"Did you want to go through, little girl?" said he.

And Barbara answered sadly, "No, sir; I was only looking." And then with great bravery she asked, "How much would it cost?"

"Only a cent for you, my dear," said the tollgate-keeper, who seemed to be a very kind old man.

"Perhaps I shall go in some day," said Barbara.

He smiled at her as if he would be glad if that ever happened. "You just call, 'Gate,' if you don't see anybody, for these warm days I don't sit by the front window. But I don't

keep folks waiting." And then he nodded and went in.

There was a little seat at the side of the house, and Barbara sat down there and watched the people who drove and walked through the gate. A great black and white cat came and rubbed against her, and once a hand-organ man came and played three tunes, and the tollgate-keeper himself came out to listen to him. You don't know what a good time Barbara had that afternoon.

And after this, she thought of nothing so much as this tollgate and the pleasant tollgate man; and she went there three or four times to sit on the bench by the house and watch the people. Her father told her all about it; that it was a turnpike road and that they made people pay who went that way, because it took a great deal of money to keep it in repair. There were some bridges farther on. Somehow or other, Barbara believed it was much pleasanter on the other side of the gate than it was on the side where she lived, and she wished with all her heart that she could go through and see for herself what was there.

In all, four hand-organ men had gone that way and she had never seen any come back, and there were not nearly so many people coming out from this beautiful country as went in; but you see, Barbara was always there in the afternoon, when people were all coming out from town.

When the gate swung wide open, she could see some gardens, and there were children playing about and shouting and calling to one another. And one hot afternoon a breeze came through and over the gate as if it were very cool and comfortable beyond. Little by little, Barbara made up her mind that everything pleasant was to be found on the other side of the tollgate, and that she could never be quite satisfied until she could see that part of the world about which she thought so much by day and of which she sometimes dreamed at night.

One day when she had been to do an errand for her mother, she saw a bit of money on the ground and it proved to be a silver three-cent piece. Barbara looked up the street and down, but could not see anybody. So she shut the

money in her hand and ran all the way home.

"I suppose you can have it," said her mother; "it is not much, and if we hear of the owner I will pay it back. I don't believe you could find the owner, there are so many people passing back and forth all day."

"I hope it did not belong to a little girl," said Barbara gravely, "for she will be so sorry about it. Can I spend it all at once?"

"What for?" asked her mother, smiling.

"To go through the tollgate with one cent, and to come back with one cent, and to spend the other in there. I will truly be back before it is late. Oh, please, Mother!"

Little Barbara was very much in earnest about her plan. Her mother said, "What a funny girl you are. I wonder why you care about doing that?"

"It is so pleasant there," said Barbara. "I wish I could go." And so, Mrs. Snow said she might, but she must not wander too far, and must keep on the same side of the street all the way, and not trouble anybody.

So that very afternoon Barbara brushed her hair smooth, and put on her best dress and the

hat she wore to church, and kissed her mother goodbye as if she were going on a long journey. Indeed, she felt as if she were, and her heart failed her for a minute as she went back to see if there was any milk in the kitten's saucer; but she would not have given up going for all the world, and went away bravely down the street.

Barbara hurried, she was so anxious to get to the gate. The old tollgate-keeper looked surprised when she came up to his window and reached up her hand with the three-cent piece. "I'm going through today, sir," said she, and the old man nodded as he gave her the two cents in change.

"I hope you will have a good time, my dear," he said kindly; then Barbara took two or three of her short steps, and was really on the other side of the gate.

It was a little strange that the street and the houses and the people were, after all, very much like those she had always seen. It was very pleasant, but it was not so different as she had supposed it would be, though there were fewer houses and a great many more fields.

She picked some flowers that were growing by the side of the road, and these were worth coming for; she had thought there would be some flowers. Once, some ladies drove by in a pretty, low carriage, and they smiled at Barbara, and she smiled at them, but they did not know she was a little girl who had half hoped to find fairyland on that side of the toll-gate.

Barbara could not help growing sorry; it had been better to think all those treasures were there and not to go through the gate, than it was to be here and find everything so much like what she had seen before. There seemed to be no place to spend her cent, and it would have been very hard if she had not had the flowers.

But by and by, when she had walked out into the country a long way, or so it seemed to her, she came to a small house with rose-bushes all in bloom around it, and vines growing on strings that were fastened to the low eaves, — morning-glories and scarlet runners; and such a pretty cat sat in the doorway. Barbara stopped to speak to her. Just then,

somebody came to the door, and when she saw Barbara she said; "Don't you want to come in and see the pussy?" So Barbara went in.

"Whose little girl are you?" she asked, and Barbara told her. Then the woman asked if she had been sent on an errand, and Barbara told her about wishing to see what was beyond the tollgate; that her mother knew, and had said that she might go as far as she liked, only not to cross the street for fear of the carriages.

"You have walked a long way," said the new friend. "I think you had better come in and see me a little while, and play with the cat; perhaps I can find something else to show you."

Barbara was really getting tired, and she was glad to unlatch the little gate and go into the house with her, for she seemed very kind; and in the room at the right of the door, what did she see but another old woman who looked exactly like the first. Barbara looked first at one and then the other with great wonder.

"Why, you're just alike!" said she, while they both laughed.

"We are twin sisters," said the first one she had seen. "This is Miss Rhody Brown and I am Miss Ruthy."

Barbara looked at them very hard, and saw that one had a black bow on her cap and the other a green one, and one had a rounder face. Miss Rhody told her sister to fetch the kittens while she briskly went into the next room and came back with a little chair just large enough for Barbara. The kittens and the old cat played together with some spools, and the old sisters and their little visitor watched them, and laughed a good deal at their frolics. Barbara got rested and had a very pleasant time. She told Miss Ruthy and Miss Rhody about her father and mother and the new house, and it was so strange to think that they knew the old tollgate man very well. She picked up their balls of yarn whenever they dropped them, and they said to each other afterward how thoughtful and good she was for such a little thing, and so well mannered. And they gave her a picture of a boy with a dog, and showed her a great many other pictures, besides a large box full of shells, which their brother had

brought home from sea a great many years before, and these Barbara would have liked to play with for hours.

And at last Miss Ruthy, the black-bowed sister, disappeared for a few minutes, and when she came back she asked them to come out into the kitchen; and there was a little round table spread with a feast for Barbara. There was a little cup full of milk, and a plate of gingerbread cakes cut in ever so many different shapes, — a star and a heart and a leaf and a cat; and there was a crisp turnover with a crinkly edge.

Barbara did not know what to say, for it was a great surprise to her. She shyly sat down in the chair that Miss Ruthy had placed for her, and she wished her mother knew what a good time she was having. She was really very hungry, and everything tasted so good. The old sisters smiled at each other and were greatly pleased. Miss Rhody said two or three times that she thought when she was making that turnover, it was a pity some little girl couldn't have it.

It would have been very sad to say goodbye

if they had not told Barbara many times that she must come and see them whenever she could, and that sometime she must come and stay all day, if her mother were willing. Miss Ruthy meant to walk part way home with Barbara; but just as she was getting her bonnet, a man stopped at the door with a wagon; and after he had finished his business, the sisters asked him if he could take a little passenger as far as he went. And presently, after Barbara had kissed both her friends good-bye, and had patted the cat and each of the kittens, and had put one of each kind of the cookies into her pocket, she climbed to the high wagon seat and drove away in state. It was growing late in the afternoon; the sunlight was growing yellow, and the birds were flying about; the shadows of the trees and of the people they met were very long on the turnpike road. Barbara's flowers had wilted, but she still had them. The old ladies had picked some bright red roses for her, and she kept taking a sniff of these every little while because they were so sweet. The man was very kind; he told her that he had a little girl

at home who went to ride with him in that very wagon almost every day. He stopped just before they came to the tollgate, and he took Barbara out carefully and gave her two cents, so she could come that way again some day.

And it seemed as if a great deal had happened since she had seen the old tollgate-keeper. He knew her at once, and looked glad to see her. He took the cent she gave him, but when he had done talking, he took another cent out of his own pocket and gave it to her for a present. So Barbara went home both rich and happy. There was a great deal to tell her mother. Mrs. Snow had known the two old sisters herself, years ago, before she was married, and she said she must go to see them very soon. Barbara made each of the old ladies a spoolbag; a black silk one and a green silk one, like the bows on their caps. And Barbara often went to see the tollgate-keeper. She spent many pleasant days that summer beyond the tollgate, and she thought everybody there tried to make her have a good time.

—*Sarah Orne Jewett*

THE SANDY ROAD

Once upon a time, a merchant, with his goods packed in many carts, came to a desert. He was on his way to the country on the other side of the desert.

The sun shone on the fine desert sand, making it as hot as the top of a stove. No man could walk on it in the sunlight. But at night, after the sun went down, the sand cooled off and then men could travel upon it.

So the merchant waited until after dark, and then set out. Besides the goods that he was going to sell, he took jars of water and of rice, and also some firewood so that the rice could be cooked.

All night long he and his men rode on and on. One man was the pilot. He rode first for he knew the stars, and by them he guided the drivers.

At daybreak they stopped and camped. They unyoked the oxen, and fed them. They built

From *Jataka Tales*. Published by The Century Company, New York City.

fires and cooked some rice. Then they spread a great awning over all the carts and the oxen, and the men lay down under it to rest until sunset.

In the early evening, they again built fires and cooked some more rice. After supper, they folded the awning and put it away. They yoked the oxen and as soon as the sand was cool, they started again on their journey.

Night after night they traveled in this way, resting during the heat of the day. At last one morning the pilot said, "In one more night we shall be out of the sand." The men were glad to hear this, for they were tired.

That night the merchant said, "You may as well throw away nearly all the water and the firewood. By tomorrow we shall be in the city. Yoke the oxen and start on."

Then the pilot again took his place at the head of the line; but instead of sitting up and guiding the drivers, he lay down in the wagon on the cushions. Soon he was fast asleep, because he had not slept for many nights, and the light had been so strong in the daytime that he had not slept well then.

All night long the oxen went on. Near daybreak, the pilot awoke and looked at the last stars fading in the light. "Halt!" he cried to the drivers. "We are in the same place that we were in yesterday. The oxen must have turned around while I slept."

They unyoked the oxen, but there was no water for them to drink. They had thrown away the water that was left the night before. So the men spread the awning over the carts, and the oxen lay down tired and thirsty. The men, too, lay down saying, "The wood and the water are gone—we are lost."

But the merchant said to himself, "This is no time for me to sleep. I must find water. The oxen cannot go on if they do not have water to drink. The men must have water, too. They cannot cook the rice unless they have water. If I give up, we shall all be lost."

On and on he walked, keeping close watch of the ground. At last he saw a tuft of grass. "There must be water somewhere below here, or that grass would not be there," he said.

He ran back, shouting to the men, "Bring the spade and the big hammer!"

The men jumped up and ran with him to the spot where the grass grew. They began to dig and by and by they struck a rock and could dig no further. Then the merchant jumped down into the hole they had dug, and put his ear to the rock. "I hear water running under this rock," he called to them. "We must not give up!" Then the merchant came up out of the hole and said to a serving lad, "My boy, if you give up we are lost! You go down and try!"

The boy went down. He stood up straight and raised the hammer high above his head and hit the rock as hard as ever he could. He could not give in. They must be saved. Down came the hammer again. This time the rock broke; and the boy had barely time to get out of the well before it was full of cool water. The men drank as if they could never get enough, and then they watered the oxen.

Then they split up their extra yokes and axles and built a fire, and cooked their rice.

The next morning they reached the city. They sold the goods, and then returned home.

—Ellen C. Babbitt

THE LITTLE PATH

The little path, the little path,
That climbs up on the hill,
That loops about the lily-pond
And circles 'round the mill,
It need not go to town at all,
But wanders where it will.

The big road, the big road,
Gets up before daylight
And steps along, and steps along,
To reach the town by night.
The big road my duty is,
The path is my delight.

The little path, the little path,
Goes dancing, dancing by.
A green fern is its lovely hair,
A violet is its eye.
It climbs the hill that I love best
And zigzags to the sky.

—Helen Coale Crew

SUNRISE

Do you ever get up in time to see the sun rise? Or do you always stay in bed until Mother has to call and call and call? It is a wonderful thing to see the sun rise. And I think the most wonderful place to see it is in Switzerland.

Max and his sister Trudel lived in a valley in Switzerland. On both sides of the valley the mountains rose up very high. Down one side a waterfall tumbled, scattering foam and mist into the air; and when the water reached the foot of the mountain, it fell roaring into the river that flowed through the valley. Max and Trudel lived in a little house close by the bridge that crossed the river. On summer days their mother put their dinner into a basket and the two children drove their two cows up the side of the mountain to a place where there was a green pasture. There they sat on the grass, or on a warm, sunny stone; and while Trudel knitted a stocking, Max carved pieces of wood. Sometimes he carved leaves on

the handle of a spoon, or bunches of grapes around the edge of a wooden bowl. He did the carving with the big, strong knife his father had given him for a birthday present. Trudel knitted very fast, and her bright knitting needles flashed in the sunlight.

When the sun was high over their heads, Trudel opened the basket and they ate their dinner. There were slices of rye bread and cheese and a few sugar cookies. If it were June, perhaps there would be some cherries in the basket, or some pears if it were late in the summer. The two cows never strayed away very far; and even if they did wander out of sight, the children could still hear the sound of the bells that hung about the cows' necks.

When their dinner was all eaten to the very last crumb, they ran about and played and shouted, and sang songs, and gathered the wild flowers that grew there. They could see the waterfall and hear its roar as it fell into the river. They could also see the red roof of their own house among the pear trees, far down below. On the other side of the river rose a mountain so very sharp at the top that it was

called the Needle. On the top of the Needle was a big hotel, though even this big hotel seemed small from down where the children stood looking up at it. Their father had told them about a steep railroad that ran up the other side of the Needle. People very often went up that way to the hotel, and stayed all night, just to get up early the next morning and see the sunrise from that high place. On the side of the Needle that the children could see, there was a narrow, steep trail; and often groups of men and boys climbed up this trail on moonlight nights, in time to reach the top before sunrise. It took several hours of climbing to do that.

Max and his sister wanted very much to climb up the trail with their father, but he told them they were neither big enough nor strong enough to do that. But one time when Uncle Fritz, who lived on the other side of the Needle, came to see them, and heard how much Max and Trudel wanted to see the sunrise from the top of the Needle, he made a plan with Father. He said the children could go back with him in his big wagon. It was from the

town where he lived that the cars ran up to the big hotel. He would put the children on the car, and they could stay at the hotel all night. Meanwhile, Father could climb up the trail that night, and Father and the children could see the sunrise together. Then the children could go down the trail with Father; for while going down was not easy, it was not so hard as going up.

This pleased the children very much. Mother said that she would get a neighbor's boy to take

the cows to pasture each day till the children got home again. So on the morning that Uncle Fritz started home, they climbed into his wagon, and away they went down the valley, and around the foot of the great Needle. It was nearly a day's journey. Aunt Anna was pleased to see Max and Trudel. She gave them a hot supper and sent them to bed early. They must have a long sleep that night she said, as they would be up at the hotel the next night and would have to get up early to see the sunrise.

In the morning Aunt Anna showed them the beautiful blue lake that lay in the valley, and then they walked all over the little town, and saw the white church, the schoolhouse, and all the pear trees loaded down with pears. They saw many branches of the pear trees propped up with poles, because the pears were so heavy. And they also saw the railroad going up, up, in a straight, steep line, to the top of the Needle.

They had a wonderful day; and after an early supper, Uncle Fritz and Aunt Anna put them on the car. They had already telephoned up to the hotel, asking the housekeeper to take care

of the two children. The gong sounded and the car started up its steep journey. It was pulled by a strong steel rope that ran over little wheels in the middle of the track. Max and Trudel held each other's hands and did not dare look behind, where it seemed as if the whole world were slipping away from under them. When they got to the top of the mountain, the housekeeper, a stout, pleasant faced woman, took them into the hotel. There they sat by a big log fire and looked at picture books until bedtime. During the evening a group of big girls came up. They also had come on purpose to see the sunrise next morning.

That night Max and Trudel had two little narrow rooms in the hotel with a door between them. After they were in bed they talked until they fell asleep. And it seemed only a short time until they heard some one going through all the halls beating on a big gong. That was to tell everybody to get up and get dressed if they wanted to see the sun rise.

Max and Trudel got up and dressed quickly, and ran downstairs. The housekeeper took two

shawls and wrapped one of them around each of the children, right over their coats, for up on a high mountain in the early morning it is very cold. By this time the big girls who had come up the night before were all ready, and they all went outside together. They went up a steep and winding path to a little platform that stood on the very highest point of the Needle. This platform had benches on it, and a railing around the edge of it.

Then Max and Trudel saw more of the world than they had ever seen before at one time. All around them the Needle ran sharply down into far-away valleys hidden in mist. And beyond these valleys there rose up into the sky a perfect ring of mountains. Some had sharp peaks capped with snow. Some had white glaciers, which looked like long snowy fingers, extending down their sides.

Up the trail on the side of the Needle came boys and men who had been climbing up in the night. All had strong, sharp pointed sticks to help them climb. They kept calling and hallooing to one another. Most of them had packs on their backs. One had a bundle of

kindling wood, and another had an accordion.

Soon the children heard a whistle that they knew very well. It was Father! They whistled back to him, and very soon he reached the platform. By this time it was quite light, and everybody was talking and laughing. Then suddenly the snow on all the mountain tops began to take on a rosy glow. Somebody said, "The sun is coming!" In the east, over a mountain top, they saw a thin strip of golden red light, the edge of the sun. Little by little it rose. Everybody stood very still, watching. Up and up it came, like a beautiful golden balloon. At last the whole great, round, ruddy sun stood in the sky. Then the young man who had brought the accordion began to play upon it, and everyone joined in singing a song of greeting to the sun.

By this time the mist had cleared away from the valley, and they could see the great waterfall, which looked like a silver ribbon on the mountain side far down below. Then they heard the faint and lovely sound of the bells as the cows were being driven up to the grassy meadows. Father pointed out many things to

Max and Trudel, and told them the names of some of the snow-capped mountains.

After a while they went back to the hotel for breakfast. They were glad to have the big cups of hot coffee that Father had let them have for a great treat. They also had rolls fresh from the oven, and plum jam and little round pats of yellow butter. After breakfast they said goodbye to the housekeeper and started down the trail. They had to be very, very careful. They went slowly, and rested often. They did not talk very much. Father said they might slip and have a bad fall if they did not keep their minds on what they were doing.

At last, after two or three hours, they reached their own pasture, and there was the neighbor's boy with their two cows. They sat down there to take a little rest.

"Well, children," said Father, "was it as fine as you thought it was going to be?"

"Yes, Father," said Max, "but the sun did not make any noise when it came up."

"You did not think it would, did you?" asked Father.

" No," said Max, "and yet I could not help being surprised at the silence."

" The sun rises silently and sets silently," said Father, "and millions of stars come out without a sound. Millions of blades of grass push up out of the earth with no noise. Whole groves of oaks grow for years and we never hear them. Many things that are great and wonderful are silent."

" But the waterfall makes a noise," said Max.

" And so do I," said Trudel, and she opened her mouth round and wide and gave a great shout.

Then they went down the rest of the way and crossed the bridge over the river and were soon at their own door. But before they went into the house, they looked up again at the top of the Needle. And the big hotel where they had slept all night looked like a tiny toy.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

A LETTER FROM SNOWBABY

Here is a wonderful letter that was written by Admiral Peary's little daughter. Do you remember that it was Admiral Peary who discovered the North Pole? This little girl was born in the cold Snowland, and for this reason she was called Snowbaby.

The first four years of Snowbaby's life

were spent with her father and mother in the frozen Northland. Then they all came home for a long visit. But the next summer Father returned alone to the far away Snowland to continue his search for the North Pole, and left Snowbaby and her mother at home with dear friends.

Snowbaby was nearly five years old now. She spent the summer on a farm, where there was much to learn and where everything was new to her. There were so many things to be done that the days were hardly long enough.

When the summer came to an end, Snowbaby returned to her kindergarten. The days and the months flew by, till there came a time when Snowbaby and her mother had not seen Father for more than two years. They then decided to make one more trip to Snowland and promised to bring Father home with them. Their one thought was to get on board a big ship and get started on their long journey. For weeks they were busy getting ready; and at last the day for starting came.

That night Snowbaby wrote in her diary: "Glory, glory, at last Mother and I are on

our way to see Father. I wonder how long it will take us. I can hardly wait."

But poor little Snowbaby had to wait a long time. She spent her seventh birthday and also Christmas Day on the boat. When she wrote this letter, she had been on the boat eight months, and it was still frozen in the ice. She did not know when she would see Father, or that she would ever see him again.

Four of Snowbaby's seven birthdays had been spent in Snowland, and she had seen many wonderful sights there. She had been taken to see a glacier and had been told that it was a river of ice that flowed down towards the sea, moving very slowly, not more than a few feet in a whole year. She had seen great floating icebergs, and she had also seen the sea when it was frozen solid. She had been there when the sun shone brightly through the whole twenty-four hours and there was no night; and she had been there when for four months the sun did not shine at all and there was no day.

But the most wonderful sight of all was when she saw her father alive and well and looking like a great giant all dressed in fur.

And this happened just one year from the time Snowbaby and her mother started, on Father's birthday, too; and so they celebrated by all sitting down to breakfast together for the first time in three years.

February 21, 1901.

My dear Grossy and Tante and Uncle,—

I am afraid you will be worried not to hear from me for so long a time, so I take this first chance to write this letter to you. I will come to see you soon, I hope. I want to see you all very much. I play on the ice every day and have a fine time with Billy and the Eskimo children. We have been in the ice for ever so many days. We have had a good time most always, but I want to see you all.

I will tell you how I spent my Christmas. A week before, we began to get ready for the holidays. Mother baked a whole stack of raisin loaves and cut fifteen stockings out of some canopy lace, and I worked them round with red worsted. These we filled with peanuts,

dates, chocolates, homemade taffy, mixed candy, a silver dollar, pop corn, prunes, and oranges.

At eight o'clock on Christmas eve I went down into the forecastle with Charley and gave each man half a loaf of raisin cake, and a big pot of chocolate for all of them. They cheered and clapped and I left them to enjoy their feast.

I played parchesi with Mother and the Captain until ten o'clock; then I hung up my stocking and went to bed.

In the morning my stocking was full; and I found in it several pieces of money, two pieces of pink ribbon, a book, a paper doll and her dresses, and a box of chocolates. I was delighted, and could only wish Father and Grossy and Tante and Uncle had been here to see how happy I was.

While on deck a little later, playing with the Eskimo children and Billy, Mr. Warmbath handed me a lovely card and a box of beads.

About two P. M. Mother called to me that it was time to invite all hands down into the cabin to get their Christmas stockings.

When we all came down, there, in the middle of the table blazed a beautiful Christmas tree, which Mr Warmbath had made for me as a surprise. It looked as if it had just been cut in the woods, and yet he made every bit of it. I will tell you how.

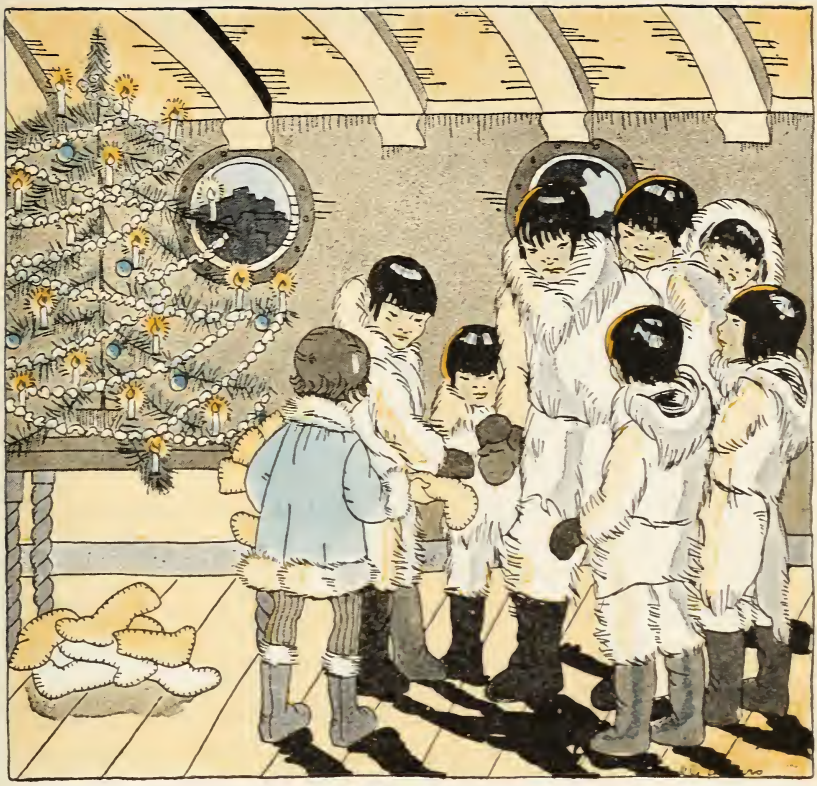
First he made a skeleton tree, using a broomstick for the trunk and making the

branches out of heavy wire; then he covered the wire with softened wax, until some of the branches were one half an inch thick and others not so big. Some wax was also put on the broomstick, and when trunk and branches were entirely covered with wax, they were all thickly sprinkled with coffee grounds, well pressed into the wax. This made them look just like the branches of a pine tree without its needles. Next he took some hay and laid it out straight on a box and painted it green. When the paint was dry he cut the hay into pieces about as long as pine needles and with melted wax stuck them all over the branches of the tree. It looked so real that I thought I could smell the lovely pine woods at home.

All around the tree Mother had put the stockings. It was a fine sight.

The tree was trimmed in chains made of pop corn, and some of tin foil "silver dollars," and two dozen candles.

The Eskimos were very sober at first



because they thought we were worshipping it, but when they saw us laughing and I gave each one a stocking, they, too, shouted and laughed. Mother gave them cake and coffee, and I tried to tell them that trees like this grew in the ground where the white man lived; but they did not believe me, and said,

"Oh, you can't fool us, we saw Mr. Warmbath make this one."

For our Christmas dinner we had roast beef (canned), stewed tomatoes (canned), dandelion greens and corn (canned), and baked beans; then plum pudding with sauce.

After dinner we had songs and games, and for a little while I quite forgot that I was thousands of miles away from home and hundreds of miles from any other white people. Mother and I had been invited to take tea with Captain Sam in the forward saloon, and we spent a pleasant evening. I wondered if Father had a good Christmas and if he were coming to us soon. This is the first real Christmas tree celebration the natives have ever seen, and I am sure they will never forget it.

So you see I had a good time, only I wanted you all to be with me, too. I send you much love and many kisses.

Your loving

SNOWBABY.

TRASH DAY

Robin was not very fond of house-cleaning time. He wondered why Mother wanted to have the house all cleaned up from cellar to attic in the warm and lovely May days, when it would have been so much pleasanter to go to the woods and hunt for wild flowers. Father agreed with Robin. He did not like house-cleaning time either.

One fine spring morning they sat at the breakfast table. Sarah brought in a plate of hot muffins and some honey. Mother poured coffee for Father and milk for Robin, and then she said, "Father, I think we shall clean your study today."

"What!" cried Father. "Clean my study?" His eyeglasses fell off into his plate, and he pretended to be very angry. "No, indeed!" he said, "I'll stay home from the office and stand in my study doorway with a gun, and if Sarah tries to get in with a broom I'll push her out!"

"And I'll stand in my doorway with my new popgun!" cried Robin.

Mother laughed. "Very well, then," she said, "I'll tell Sarah to sweep you both up into the dustpan and throw you out."

Robin began to get anxious. "Mother," he said, "will Sarah throw out any of my things when she cleans my room?"

Father gave a groan. "Will she throw out my golf sticks and boxing gloves?" he asked.

"No, of course not," said Mother. "She will throw out only trash. And that makes me think of trash day. How I used to love trash day!" She smiled sweetly as she sat there thinking of something pleasant that she remembered. And when Robin asked her what trash day was, she told the following story. Of course you can guess that the little girl she calls Nan was she herself.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Nan Ellicott, and she had two big brothers and two middle-sized brothers and one little brother. Mr. Ellicott used to say that when he *looked* at his children he could count only six of them, but that when he *listened* to them he knew there were a whole dozen.

Every springtime, before she cleaned the two

rooms that belonged to the two big boys and the two middle-sized boys, their mother used to make them go over all their treasures and put everything they did not want into a big clothes-basket. Her idea was to have these things thrown away before the rooms were cleaned, but Nan and little Toby would not listen to that. They wanted some of the things out of the basket. And so, when the basket was full, Harry and Nelson and Bonnie and Billy would shout "Trash day! Trash day!" When Nan and Toby heard this joyful sound, they would run upstairs as fast as they could go. Sometimes the news went about several days in advance that on Saturday the Ellicott boys were going to have a trash day. And then Jean and Robert White next door, and the three Brown children at the corner, and Tommy Tucker from across the street, and the Tucker's cook's little girl, Tilly, all came running in on Saturday just as soon as they heard the shout of "Trash day!"

There was just one person who did not like trash day, and that was the Ellicott's old nurse, Mammy Bridget. She was tall and

thin, and ages old, and had the crossest voice but the kindest heart you have ever known. She thought the nursery was full enough of trash without bringing more into it. "My broom is tired out," she used to say.

You should have seen that clothes-basket when it was full! There were always books, and most of them were about hunting gorillas in Africa, or getting cast away on desert islands, or running off to the circus, or going to sea and being caught by pirates. And on this particular day I want to tell about, there

was even one about taking a journey to the moon—imagine that! Then there were marbles, and magic lantern slides, and old boxes of paint with a hole in the middle of each cake, and a saw with rusty teeth, besides other tools that would not work very well. Then there was a funny looking thing that Harry had made out of pieces of wire and a lot of empty spools. He said it was meant to be a skeleton. It had arms and legs and fingers and toes and ribs, but no head. Nan grabbed it up quickly. She thought it would make a nice doll if she could get her mother to make a head for it.

Then there were also in the basket, bolts and door-knobs and bottles made of green and blue glass, and dumb-bells and games. Tommy Tucker took the bottles and said he would keep a drug store in his back yard. Tilly nearly tore the pocket off her little pink apron by trying to put the door-knobs into it, and Toby took a game of parchesi; and as all the counters were lost, he went off to get some buttons out of his mother's sewing basket to use instead of the counters.

Then Nelson said, "I guess I am done with this fireman's suit," and he put it into the basket. It was old now, and besides Nelson thought he was too big to wear it. Robert White and Ted Brown both wanted it and they both pulled at it and growled at each other like two little puppies quarreling over a bone, but Robert got it at last, and put it on over his sailor suit. There were trousers and a coat and a belt and a helmet. Robert's sailor suit was new, and Robert was very proud of it, but what is a sailor suit beside a fireman's suit that you can turn the hose on, if you want to do so, and also have a shining helmet for your head?

And then all of a sudden Nelson changed his mind and decided that he wanted to keep the fireman's suit. "You can't have that suit, after all," he said to Robert.

"Yes I can," said Robert, "because you threw it away."

"Well I want it anyway, and I am going to have it," said Nelson. "Take it off."

But instead of taking it off, Robert ran downstairs and out of the house as fast as he

could with the suit still on him. Nelson ran after him, and then all the rest of the children ran after them. They ran all around the block, and through gardens and over fences, and down alleys and up streets, and through the market place and across the school playground. A big crowd of other children joined in the chase without in the least knowing what it was all about.

Poor Robert! He could not help thinking about Peter Rabbit. He knew he felt just the way Peter Rabbit did when he ran across Mr. McGregor's cabbage patch. His heart was beating very fast and hard, but he made up his

mind that he would run to the very end of the world to keep that fireman's suit.

After a while the smaller children could not keep up any longer, and they turned back with Nan and Toby and all sat down on the Ellicott's porch to rest. After what seemed a very long time they saw the others coming along, hot and tired and dusty. With them came their own big blue policeman, holding Nelson by one hand and Robert by the other. Robert was crying, and his sister Jean was crying, too. Mrs. Ellicott came running out of her front door to see what it was all about. Then all the children tried to tell the story, all talking at the same time; but after a while Mrs. Ellicott really got it straight.

"What shall we do about it?" asked Mrs. Ellicott.

"Well, ma'am, if you ask me," said the policeman, "if the suit was really in the basket, I think Robert ought to have it."

"All right," said Mrs. Ellicott, "but where *is* the suit?"

Everybody looked at Robert. All that was left of the suit was the belt.

Robert began to cry harder than ever, and between his sobs he said, "The trousers are caught on a back fence somewhere, and the jacket got torn off when I crawled through a cellar window, and the hat fell off in the market and rolled under a meat stall. And I wanted to wear them in the Decoration Day parade next week.

And then every child began to offer Robert something to wear in the Decoration Day parade. Pretty soon Nelson began to feel ashamed of himself, and he said, "Say, Robert, stop your crying. I'll go and find the helmet and things and you can wear them in the parade all right." And off went Nelson down the street to hunt for the lost pieces of the fireman's suit.

"Ma'am," said the policeman, "it looks as though the war was over. But there will have to be a punishment and I'll leave that to you, ma'am." Then he went off up the street.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ellicott, "there will have to be a punishment."

All the children were afraid they knew what the punishment was going to be.

And then she said, "NO MORE TRASH DAYS!"

This ended Robin's mother's story. Robin said, "Mother, may I have a trash day?"

And Sarah said, "There's no more trash in your room, Robin. I cleaned it all up yesterday while you were roller skating."

Robin's face grew very grave, but Father laughed and said, "Cheer up, son, house-cleaning time comes but once a year!"

—Helen Coale Crew

THE PUPPIES WHO LIVED ON THE ROOF

In New York City there is a tall building that looks like many other buildings with its rows of staring window eyes, and its cornices way up against the sky. You look far up, and the top finishes off square like any other proper building.

But on the top of this building there live three bulldog puppies. Yes sirree, really and truly. Once Annabel Louise Jones went to call on them, and she saw them with her own eyes.

She walked into an elevator that shot up, and up, and up. She walked even higher, up some little turning stairs. She went in a door like any other door — and there she was in a little house, way up in the sky. There were white curtains flowing at the windows, and on beyond there was blue sky, and white clouds, and more blue sky. The windows to

Reprinted from *Puppy Dogs' Tales*, by Francis Kent. By special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

the right looked out at another tall building. But all the other windows looked over the roofs far away to fairy places.

"Ki yi! Ki yi yi! Grrrrrump!"

"Who's that?" said Annabel Louise.

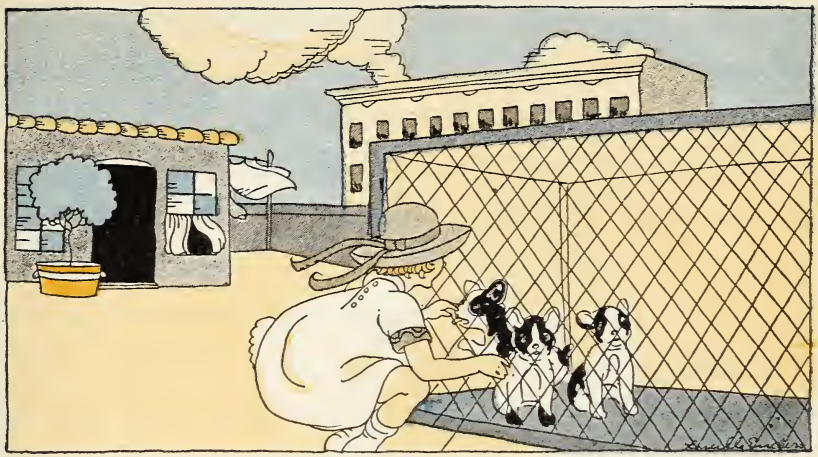
"Just puppies, Nancy," said her mother.

"But we must see the puppies right away," said the lady who lived in the little roof house.

So they walked out into her yard. Oooh, what a wind blew there! It made Annabel Louise's white skirts wave out like a flag, and her hair whistled at her ears.

What a queer front yard. The floor of the roof was all painted dark brown. Behind the little house, clothes were flapping out to dry. Boxes of flowers were bright in the corners and a little tree grew in a tub by the front door. At the side, there was a big wired-in space, and three brown and white bulldog puppies were clamoring at the wire.

Annabel Louise squeezed her hand through the wire and patted their funny heads, and pulled their ears. When they snapped at her fingers, it didn't hurt at all. One puppy went right back to the piece of dog biscuit he was



worrying about. One turned his back and sat gazing into the sky. And one kept jumping at Annabel Louise, and trying to nip her fingers. They had big round heads, and great brown eyes but very small bodies, and the most foolish, little soft legs that wabbled when they walked.

"This wind is too dreadful! One has to shout to talk! Let's go in," said Mrs. Jones. "Nancy may stay out here with the puppies. Do you want to stay here, Nancy?"

Annabel Louise looked at the high cornice, all 'round the yard, which was up to her chin. No, she wasn't afraid. She wanted to stay and watch the sky.

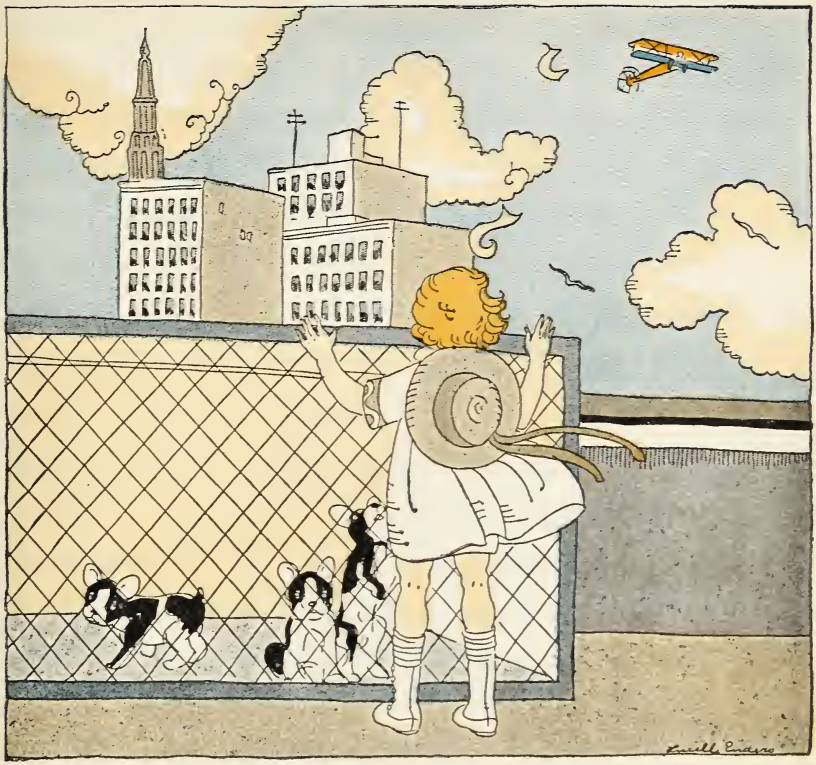
The door shut and Mother appeared at the window, watching her and talking. She looked at the blue sky all about her, and took a deep breath of the great wind. What lucky puppies, to live way up here. She wondered what they could see of all this skiey world, and sat down on a low little bench beside the cage.

The puppies couldn't see any of the comfortable little roofs of red houses and brown houses, nor any church spires, nor any thin white streaks of street and sidewalk way below.

The puppies could see the big building on the right, just its top stories, and the people in its windows, working away at their desks or tables. They looked like little toy people.

The puppies could see a fairylike tower, pale blue in the distance, way off against the edge of the sky.

The puppies could see wonderful clouds — waving pennants of soft white clouds, streaming across the bright blue of the sunny sky. They could wink at the sun himself, when he got a little higher. There was a sea gull, slowly turning on quiet wings, way, way up and out. Annabel Louise wished that she



could fly like that. She watched the sea gull for ever so long, while the puppies made little whining noises, begging her to look at them, instead.

Suddenly there was a queer rough buzzing sound, like a great bumblebee. It came nearer and nearer. It was right over their heads. It was an airplane!

The puppies sat quite still with surprise on

their wobbly little legs, for at least one minute. Annabel shaded her eyes and looked up. It was as beautiful as the gull, shining in the sun, and turning in great curves over the city. The puppies barked loudly and ran about wildly as they watched it. What a wonderful place a roof was, indeed! The plane circled so slowly that Annabel thought she could see the man in it. Oh, no, those were the great goggle eyes of the airplane itself, and the man must be steering inside.

Suddenly a burst of white left the side of the plane. It separated into long streaks of white paper, that fluttered slowly down to the city. If only one would come to Annabel! She held her breath—yes, it was coming. It fell slowly down, straight into the puppies' cage. If it had been hers, she would have kept it forever, this wonderful present from the sky. But she couldn't reach it, and the excited puppies tore it into tiny shreds in two winks.

"There's another!" shouted Annabel. The puppies saw, it, too, and leaped against the wire. She ran over toward the cornice to get it. But it was just beyond her reach. She

watched it float lazily down, turning into funny shapes, now like an S, now like an O, now like a V, until some children snatched it in the street far below. Why! here she was looking way down without holding on to Mother's hand. And it wasn't the least bit frightening. But she guessed she'd run back to the puppies, and talk it over with them.

The puppies were resting after the excitement. They puffed and heaved their fat little bodies. The airplane was a white shadow in the sunlight far off by the fairy tower, and its buzz was lost in the wind.

But other noises the puppies must hear all day long. There was a dull purr and a pounding from the street below and the auto horns sounded like the puppies' sharp little barks. What did they think of those whistles from the river? It must be the ships. And the sharpest whistles, were those of the tugboats. There was a big long one. "That must mean that a ship is starting to cross the ocean," thought Annabel.

The puppies were sound asleep when Mother knocked on the window. "Time to go home!"

she said; and so Annabel had to leave the windy roof and the lucky puppies, who could hear the ships all day long, and watch the gulls, and talk with the airplanes.

Down, down went the elevator, and Mother walked quickly across the great wide street that had looked so narrow from the roof.

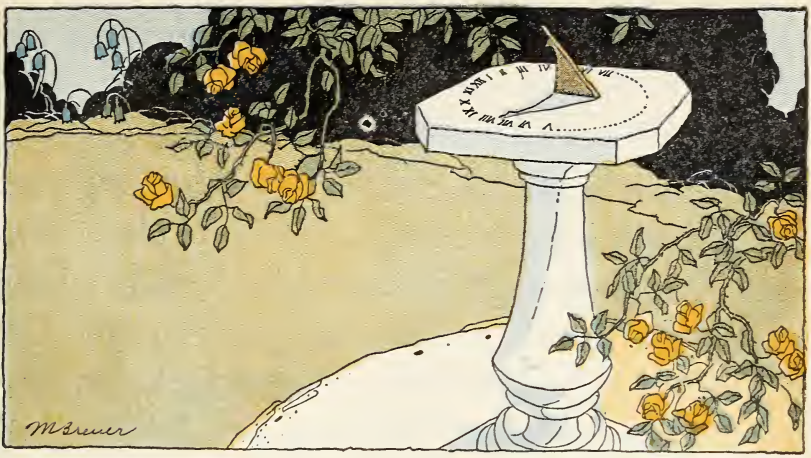
"It must be fun to be roof puppies," said Annabel Louise Jones. "I'll never, never forget them. But my own puppy must be happier with our big yard to play in, don't you think so, Mother?"

"Your Towser is a lucky dog," said her mother. "But why do you think he is happier than the roof puppies?"

"Oh, he can smell the good grass, and dig under the hedge, and chase other dogs out of the garden, and — and he can see the sky too, all the time."

"Perhaps some day the roof puppies will come down to the earth to live." And Mrs. Jones and Annabel walked down the subway stairs to go home to Towser.

—Francis Kent



THE SUNDIAL

The sundial by the roses there,
That measures off the light,
Would very lonely be, you'd think,
Upon a cloudy night.

It measures sunbeams sunny days,
And when I'm in my bed
It measures moonbeams if it's clear,
Until the night has fled.

I'll tell you! When, some cloudy night,
The house is wrapped in dreams,
I'll let it have my candle there,
And measure candle beams!

—*Helen Coale Crew*

A HAPPY DAY IN THE CITY

Ned and his mother stood on the corner by the florist's shop waiting for the trolley car. Soon it came jangling up the track. Ned waved his hand to the motorman and the big wheels squealed like a dozen little pigs as the car slowed down and stopped.

Ned had the money for their fare held tight in his hand—he always gave it to the conductor himself. He and Mother stepped aboard; and, as the car started up with a jerk, they tumbled inside and made their way unsteadily to the only seat that was not already filled.

Oh, but Ned was happy! He loved to go downtown on the trolley car. He loved the bumping and the jiggling and all the wonderful sights. Today he was especially happy because he was going to meet his cousin, Ruth, and her mother, who lived in the country, and they were to have a long, beautiful day together in the city. He did not know what they were

going to do to have a jolly time. Mother had kept that a secret, but he had seen Father slip out of the front door very quickly and mysteriously that morning as if he were carrying something, and he guessed — but then, never mind what he guessed — it was all a secret.

As Ned looked out of the window, he saw a long row of stores with the gaily decorated front of a moving picture theatre among them; and then they whizzed past a row of tall apartment buildings, three and four stories high, where people made their homes all on a floor, one family above another. It was on the top floor of just such a building that Ned and his father and mother lived. Apartment houses and then stores, and then more apartment houses and more stores. That was what he saw all the way downtown.

"When I grow up," cried Ned as their motorman clanged his bell loudly, "I'm going to be a motorman!"

"Oh," said his mother, "I thought you said yesterday that you wanted to be a hurdy-gurdy man and have a street piano and a monkey."

"No," announced Ned positively, "I'm going to be a motorman, and then you'll see how I'll bang my foot down on the bell and make a big noise, clang, clang! clang, clang! and all the people will run to get out of the way of my car!"

So they went on for almost an hour, sometimes whizzing, sometimes jogging, sometimes crawling in a crowd behind some slow-moving delivery wagon that could not get off the tracks. At last they crossed the river and reached the market place of the city, where all the fruit and vegetables came in. There the delivery wagons, with their backs to the sidewalk, were crowded so close together, that the horses stood straight out into the street, their noses up to the very trolley tracks.

"Oh, Mother! we almost nipped that horse's nose!" squealed Ned, as they passed.

Shortly after that, Mother pressed a button beside their seat, to let the conductor know they wanted to get off. The car stopped and they stepped down on a crowded crossing, among automobiles and wagons, right under the tall iron framework where an elevated

train was rushing by with a roaring, rumbling noise overhead.

All the buildings they passed, as they walked along downtown, seemed turned a soft pearly gray by the city smoke; everything was gray except the bright colored signboards which stood out strikingly, and the gay red, yellow, and purple fruit in a fruit stall here and there.

Mother would not let Ned linger today to look at anything; for they must surely be in time to meet Ruth. Inside the great station, they crossed the clean, marble-paved floor and went up the broad stairs to the place where the trains came in. A great iron fence shut off the tracks from the rest of the station; but a guard in blue uniform was already opening the gate to the platform where Ruth's train was pulling in, and a number of people were crowding about to meet friends whom they were expecting.

"Oh, I see her! I see her!" cried Ned, "and there's Aunt Frances, too!" Sure enough! there they were, coming along in the midst of the crowd. Soon everybody was kissing everybody else, and Ruth was telling Ned


8
SAN FRANCISCO
OVERLAND
LIMITED
CHICAGO
OMAHA
VALLEY
FREMONT
SCHUYLER
OGDEN
KEARNEY
NORTH PLATTE
SAN
FRANCISCO
DENVER
SPECIAL

about her new kittens, and the garden she had made, and how she could read in her primer, all at once. Mother and Aunt Frances started on ahead, talking, with the children following behind them.

"Where are we going today?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, that's going to be a s'prise. You mustn't ask," said Ned.

"But I want to know," insisted Ruth, who never could wait for surprises.

"Well, this morning I saw Father slip out the front door, and I'm almost sure he was carrying——!" But there Ned stopped, smiled mysteriously, and would not say another word.

II

Mother and Aunt Frances went down a long flight of stairs and out of doors to a place where they all climbed up into a queer, old-fashioned bus, which was drawn by horses, and ran from the station to the great stores. When the bus was filled with people, the driver climbed up into his seat in front, cried "Gedap!" to the horses and they started off. But they had only gone jiggling and joggling a short distance over

the cobblestone pavement, when they heard the great noise of an alarm bell ringing, and the bus stopped. Ruth and Ned turned around and looked excitedly out of the window.

They had just come to the bridge over the river; and, as the bell kept on ringing, people were hurrying and scurrying to get across. No sooner was the bridge empty, than a chain was stretched over the approach to it and a big policeman took his place there to prevent anyone else from stepping on it. Then the huge structure parted in the middle and the two sides were raised straight up in the air by machinery from a little house on the shore.

Next, a great steamer with tall funnels, too tall to have passed under the bridge when it was down, was pulled by a little puffing, smoking tug slowly past the crossing; and the little tug whistled shrilly for the next bridge up river to open out of its way.

"Oh, Ned!" cried Ruth, as she watched all this with breathless interest, "I wonder how it would be if anybody would just hang on to the bridge and swing right up with it into the air?"

"Well," laughed Mother, "unless anybody was a fly, I think anybody would not hang on very long."

"Splash! He'd go into the water!" said Ned, "and we'd have to fish him out."

When the bridge was down again, the bus went jiggling and joggling on, till it came to a great store, where everybody got out. The store took up a whole block and was at least fifteen stories high. All about were buildings so tall that, as they lifted their uneven outlines against the sky, the street seemed but a narrow slit between them. The bigness of it all made Ruth feel small and lonely, and so she came nearer to Ned and took fast hold of his hand. But that wasn't the way the big buildings made Ned feel at all.

"When I get big," he cried, "I'm going to be a builder, and build way, way, way up till I can touch the sky!" As he looked up to think how very high he was going to build, he stubbed his toe and fell flat on the sidewalk, pulling Ruth half way down with him.

"My dear little boy," laughed his mother as she helped him up and brushed him off,

"before you can build to the sky, you will have to learn to look where you take your next step!"

Inside the building there were many people, but the store was so large it did not seem crowded. There were any number of counters about, covered with lace, and ribbons, and gloves, and handkerchiefs, and many other things; and in one place there was an opening in the ceiling, four or five stories high. Way, way up, so far it almost took your breath away to look, the roof of the great opening was a dome all made of tiny bits of colored glass that shone like jewels. "Just like the castles in Fairyland," said Ruth.

They passed under a great archway draped with American flags and then Mother and Aunt Frances stopped at the button counter. Ned was stooping down looking into the lower part of the glass show case, and thinking what fine wheels for his trains some of the big buttons would make, when all of a sudden, Ruth disappeared. They all three turned around toward the aisle at the same time, but she was nowhere to be seen.

Aunt Frances called her, but she did not answer; not one of the saleswomen or the floor-walker had noticed where she went. So Mother, Ned, and Aunt Frances hunted and hunted, and at last they found her a long way off looking longingly at a pile of little girls' parasols, and half covered up by a pink one that she had opened over her head.

"Why, Ruth Maxwell Martin!" said Mother, "we've been hunting fifteen minutes for you. You're big enough now to know that you must not wander away."

Ruth hung her head and looked foolish, for she was indeed big enough to know. But after Aunt Frances had made her understand how much trouble she had given them all, Mother bought her the little pink parasol to have for her own. Then Aunt Frances said, "Most of our shopping isn't very interesting to the children; we would better leave them for an hour in the playroom."

So they all crossed over to a row of elevators, got into one, with a great crowd of other people, and went up to the fourth floor. Then they passed through the beautiful toy

section and saw all the dolls, and the dolls' houses, and dolls' furniture, and dolls' clothes, and toy animals, and toy villages, and toy automobiles, and toy airplanes; and toy trains, that would really run by electricity; and toy stoves, that would really cook by electricity; and oh, such a number of other things, that Ruth sighed with delight, "I wish I could LIVE in a place like this!"

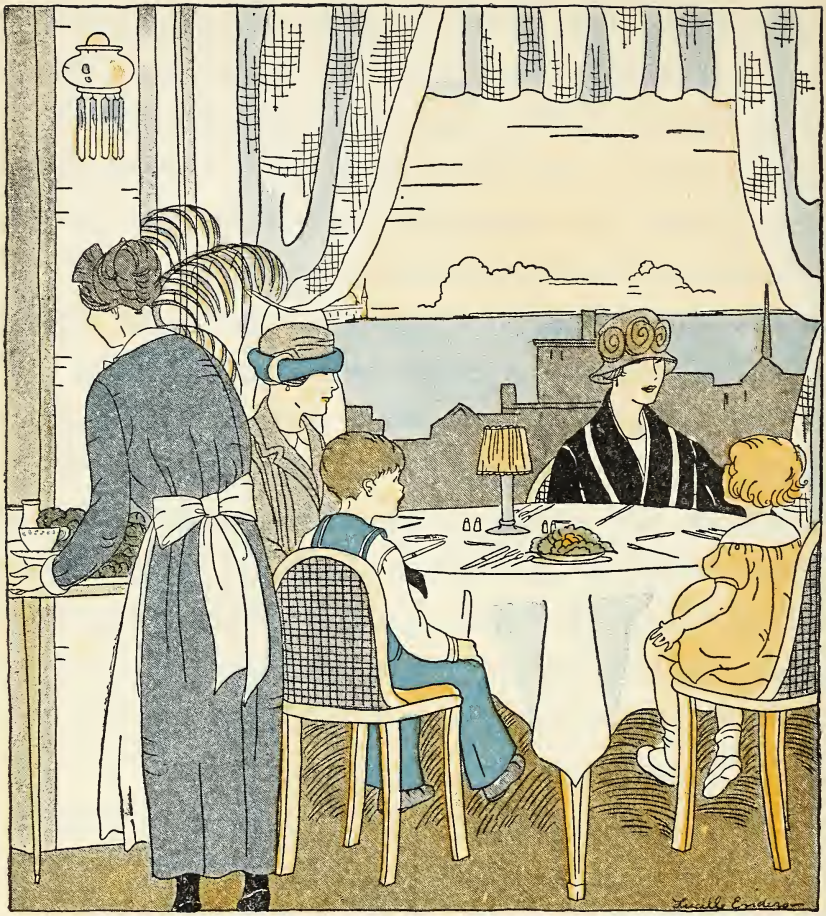
"Well, you can live here for an hour," laughed her mother as they went on into the playroom. A great number of children were there, laughing and chattering, playing in sandboxes, sliding down wooden slides, rocking back and forth on great horses as big as life, riding on little merry-go-rounds, or swinging in the swings. Ned and Ruth had time to try everything that was fun in the whole place before their mothers came back again.

When they all started out once more, the hands of the big clock above the elevators pointed to twelve o'clock; so they went into the nice clean marble washroom and got ready for lunch. Then they went up to the restaurant. The room where they found themselves

was one of five or six lunchrooms that covered the whole seventh floor of the building. It was very gaily painted, and had a number of little tables about. In the centre of the room there was a beautiful fountain with a statue in the middle and goldfish swimming in it. Ned and Ruth could hardly bear to leave the little darting goldfish, even to order lunch.

But when Aunt Frances called them, they went and sat down at a table with a white cloth on it; and, in the centre of the table there was a candlestick with a pretty pink shade. Then a neat young woman dressed in blue, with a white apron, came and brought each of them a card that had a list of all the good things they might have to eat.

Mother and Aunt Frances told the waitress what to bring; so she went off and came back soon with her big tray loaded. There was some orange and banana salad in a pretty nest of lettuce for each of them. There were some buns covered with sugar and currants, and four little bottles of milk. For dessert they each had chocolate ice cream. It was then that Ruth said, "Oh, I'm having such a happy



time, but I do wish I knew where we are going this afternoon."

"Well," said Mother, "suppose we all go home and take a nap!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" shrieked both children.

But that was all Mother would say.

III

After lunch they left the big store, and came out on the crowded street. Such a number of people as there were, all busily hurrying somewhere. There wasn't any lingering here. Everybody had something to do, and was keeping right about his business of getting there to do it. In the street there seemed a tangled mass of automobiles and wagons and trolley cars. But there were two policemen on the corner; and when Ruth and Ned reached there, they could see that what had seemed such a tangled mass, was very orderly after all. When the policeman whistled once and held up his hand, all the automobiles and wagons and trolley cars on one street waited, while the others crossed; and when he blew his whistle twice, they crossed, while the others waited; so they never interfered with one another.

"When I grow up, I'm surely going to be a big policeman," said Ned.

"Then you'll hold up your hand and make all the wagons wait while I cross the street, won't you?" said Ruth.

Soon they came to the wide boulevard where

were all the finest small shops in the city. On the farther side of the street was a pretty strip of green park with shrubbery, flowers and statues, which stretched all the way up the avenue. But Ned, Ruth, Mother, and Aunt Frances were chiefly interested in the windows of the shops on their own side of the street, as they walked along. Ned stopped in front of the electrical shop, where were washing machines and fans and all sorts of things running by electricity. Ruth lingered by the big waxen figures of beautiful ladies like great wax dolls, dressed in such beautiful clothes they made the little girl think of the princesses in her fairy tales. Mother and Aunt Frances looked in at the linen and jewelry, and they all stopped together to peep at the candy and the flowers.

"I know where we're going," whispered Ned to Ruth; "to Father's office."

Sure enough. They went into a large office building, rode up in the elevator, and walked down a long hall into Father's office. There was Father working busily at his desk.

"Well, hello!" he cried as he whirled around

in his chair, kissed Ruth, put his arm around Ned, shook hands with Aunt Frances, and smiled at Mother.

"Oh, Uncle!" cried Ruth, "please tell me, where are we going this afternoon?"

But Father wouldn't tell either. He just smiled, got up and left the room. While they were waiting for him to come back, the children went over to the window and looked out. They were up very high and the people and automobiles in the street below looked very small. Near by, on the other side of the street, was a great stone building with two fine bronze lions on each side of the broad steps, guarding the entrance. In the carved border about the top, where Ruth and Ned could see them clearly, a number of pigeons roosted, while others flew circling about in the air or dropped down into the park below, to bathe and play in the waters of the fountain. Farther on, beyond the green stretch of parkway, they could just see the tops of trains on a track down below the level of the ground. From the engines rose little cottony white and gray curls of smoke, which floated

away and melted into the soft haze hanging over the lake beyond. Sometimes the sunlight pierced the haze and flashed back brightly from the water, from the white sail of a boat, or the wing of a great white bird. It was all very soft and bright and lovely.

In a few moments, back came Father, and there, as he stood in the doorway, the children saw he had the big picnic basket over his arm.

"Oh, we're going to have a picnic, that's what we're going to do! I thought so!" cried Ned. "Where are we going?"

"How would Lincoln Park do?" asked Father. "I brought the basket down this morning and it's been in Mr. Smith's ice box ever since."

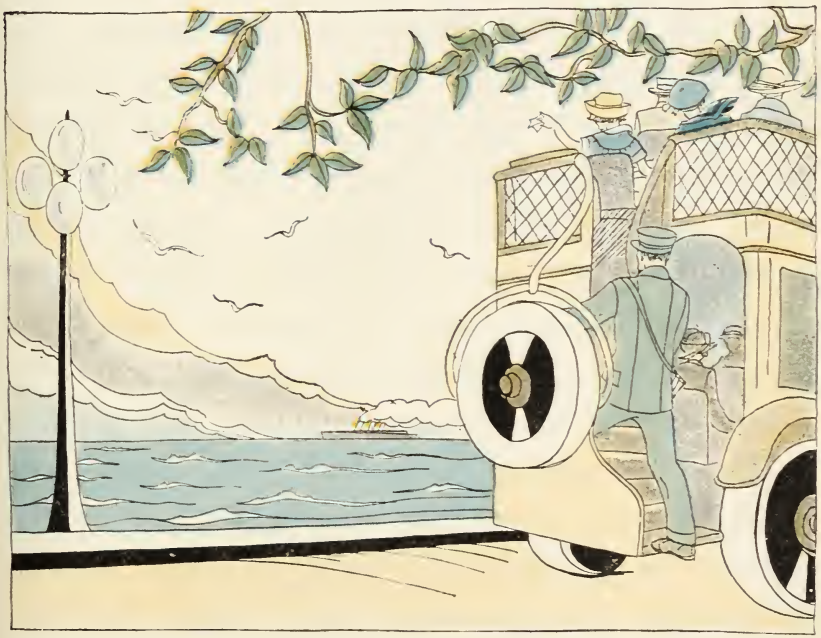
"Oh, goody, goody!" cried the children.

They waited on the corner for the motor-bus. The bus ran just like an automobile and, beside the inside seats, it had seats on its roof. Ned and Father let the ladies go up first; so the bus had started before they and the picnic basket got to the top, and it was the queerest, wobbliest feeling to stagger up,

clutching hold of the rail, and tumble into a seat.

Up there one could see everything. The bus made a loop around the main streets downtown, then it started out toward the park. Soon it was running along the smooth black pavement of a wide boulevard, past beautiful homes and under fine old trees. Oh! but it was jolly to be right up in the treetops!

At last they came into the fresh green park and passed a little harbor, where a



number of pretty launches were anchored. They went over a stone bridge, past beds of beautiful flowers, by a marble band stand, and beneath a great towering statue of General Grant on horseback. Then they all got off at a pretty knoll with a fine view over the lake. There in the shade of a tree, Mother and Aunt Frances sat on a bench to rest. Father, after he had put down the lunch basket, started with the two children to see the animals and birds.

In the birdhouse there was such a screeching they could hardly hear themselves think, and in the cages round about, there was every kind of gay- or sober-colored bird from all the corners of the world. In the center of the room was a pond filled with water birds. Some of these were very long legged, some were very short legged, and some were very queer indeed, especially one important old white pelican who strutted about and seemed to think he owned the pond.

"When you grow up, Ned, how should you like to be a pelican?" asked Father with a twinkle in his eye, but just at that moment,

Ruth covered her ears with her hands and said, "Oh, it's too noisy here. Let's go on."

So they walked on past the zebras, the llamas, the deer, the camels, and the buffaloes. Then they came back over some steps and by the pits of the bears, the foxes, and the wolves. They saw the giraffes eating hay out of a high trough, and the elephant swinging his trunk and flapping his ears beneath a canvas canopy. They spent a long time laughing at the ridiculous antics of the monkeys; and, last of all, they visited the great house where the lions, tigers, and leopards were kept.

"I'd like to see a real wild tiger prowling around in the jungle," said Ned as they were returning. "That's what I should!"

"Oh, dear! I shouldn't," said Ruth. "What would you do, Ned, if you did see one?"

"I think," answered Father very solemnly, "that Ned would run after the tiger like a brave man and sprinkle salt on his tail!"

By the time they got back to Mother and Aunt Frances, they were ready to sit down on the soft grass beneath the tree, and rest. But even here there was plenty of interest to

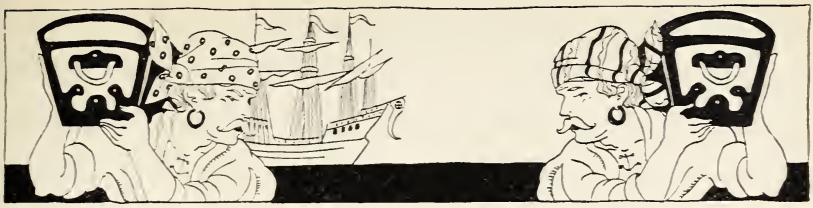
watch. Nearby a party of children were having a picnic, laughing and playing pretty games, while strings of Japanese lanterns had been strung up around them through the trees. On the sandy beach of the lake, a number of other children were wading or bathing; and every now and then, farther out beyond them, a boat of some kind passed.

It was all so pleasant, the time seemed to fly on wings. Before they knew it, supper was all spread out on the grass. It was growing dusk, and the little Japanese lanterns which had been lighted were twinkling among the trees, when Aunt Frances said, "Now, girlie, we must start for home, or you'll never be able to keep your eyes open till we get on the train."

So Ned and Ruth kissed each other goodbye. Father hailed the south-bound bus and helped Ruth and Aunt Frances aboard. Then, as they rode away, Ned and Ruth waved their hands to each other and cried:

"Goodbye! Goodbye! We'll have another happy day like this next year!"

—*Olive Beaupré Miller*



CAPTAIN KIDD AND THE KIDDIES

Bobby and Juliet had company. Two days before this story begins, their two cousins, Jasper and Tom, had come to spend a week with them. Tom and Jasper lived in the very middle of Indiana, and they had never before seen big Lake Michigan, on the shores of which Bobby and Juliet lived. They had seen rivers and little streams and little ponds near willow trees, where you could go swimming and catch tadpoles and apple-smellers. You know what an apple-smeller is, don't you? It is a little creature whose body is the shape of a canoe and whose long legs spread out on both sides of the body like oars; a little creature that rows itself about on the surface of the water in very quick, nimble jerks. But what Jasper and Tom had never seen before was a broad, white sandy beach and a great wide sheet of water reaching to the very line

of the sky, where big steamers puffed and smoked their way along, and big ore boats dragged slowly along as though tired out by the heavy loads of iron ore or coal they carried.

The night before this story begins, at supper time, little rosy-faced Tom had said to Bobby's father, "Uncle Robert, I wish I could sit in the lake with the water up to my neck and have my breakfasts and dinners and suppers carried down there to me."

"Just the thing," said Bobby's father. "We'll have a beach party. How about it, Mother?" And Mother smiled and nodded and said "Just the thing!"

After breakfast Mother and Father had a little talk together about what sort of beach party it should be and when they had decided on that, Father went to his office in the big city, and Mother took her market basket and went to town. But the things she brought back were not things for dinner. No, indeed! And when she came home she went to her desk and wrote some little notes to Bobby's and Juliet's friends who lived near by. This is what each note said:

"Captain Kidd commands all the Kiddies to meet him on the beach tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock. Each Kiddie is to carry a shovel or a spade and wear an old suit of clothes and a very fierce look."

All that afternoon Mother was busy cutting and sewing pieces of red and of black cheesecloth; and when she had finished cutting and sewing, she went to see the mother of each child who had received a note and she left a package with her. Bobby and Juliet noticed how mysterious Mother was, but Jasper and little Tom used their eyes only for seeing the lake. They did not bother their heads about what other people were doing.

The next afternoon, when the Kiddies appeared on the beach, every one of them wore an old white suit with a red sash around the waist, a black handkerchief around the neck, and a small black mask with big round eyeholes in it over the upper part of the face. Even the little girls wore white trouser suits, which they must have borrowed from their brothers. Everyone carried a spade or

a small shovel, and everyone had a fierce look on his face. But the fierce look was not at all like "the smile that won't come off." When they looked at one another, they could not help laughing, and then the fierce look slid right off their faces; and it was hard to put it back on again.

Mother had gone down to the beach with Bobby and Juliet and Jasper and Tom; and when the Kiddies had all come, suddenly she pointed up the beach and said "Look! Here comes your Captain!" All the Kiddies looked. Yes, it was Captain Kidd himself. He had on big boots and carried a sword. A dagger was stuck in his red sash, and he wore a red bandanna handkerchief around his head under his black felt hat. He came walking along, taking great big steps and reading from a piece of paper as he walked. When he saw the Kiddies, he said, "Ha! My men! Salute your Captain!"

All the Kiddies tried hard to keep their fierce looks while they saluted. But Juliet's fierce look fell off and she said, "You can't fool me, Daddy! That's only you."

Captain Kidd pointed his sword fiercely at Juliet and said, "This Kiddie shall be punished. She must eat all her dinners backward for a week, beginning with the dessert."

Then the Captain told the Kiddies he had discovered that a wonderful treasure of arms and money and jewels had been buried on this very beach, and that the paper he held in his hand told just how to find it. But another band of pirates, he said was coming by ship across the lake to hunt for this wonderful treasure, too, and so they must work very fast.

First of all he appointed four Kiddies to patrol the beach, and to cry "Ship, ahoy!" if they saw a ship coming. But it was such fun to cry "Ship ahoy!" that the patrol Kiddies kept crying it out even when there were no ships in sight. Every time they did this, however, they were given a punishment, and four other Kiddies were put in their places.

Then those who were hunting for the treasure, led by Captain Kidd, followed the directions written on the piece of paper. These directions told them to go twelve feet one way;

then twelve feet another way; then across two piers and over a big rock and under an old rowboat that lay upside down far back on the beach. In one place the paper said, "Advance a stone's throw from where you stand," but it did not say which way to throw the stone. So each Kiddie threw his stone the way he wished, and this sent them all off in different directions. Jasper's stone fell into the water, and he took off his sandals and went in a little way and dug hard just as a Kiddie should. Still nobody found the treasure. But suddenly Captain Kidd stubbed his toe on something and fell flat.

"Ha!" cried the Captain, "The treasure at last!" At this joyful sound the four patrol Kiddies deserted their posts and came running to see. The Captain said to them, "Halt, deserters!"

The four deserters halted quickly.

"You must be punished!" cried the Captain. "You must live backward for a week. You must go to bed the first thing every morning, and get up and dress as soon as bedtime comes." But he did not send them back to


BEWARE
M. Brewer

their posts. He said all hands must now dig and dig fast.

The thing that Captain Kidd had stubbed his toe on was the corner of a big black box. All the Kiddies began at once to dig with their shovels; and as they got in one another's way, it took a long time to get the box out of the sand. It was a wooden box, painted black; and on the top, a skull and crossbones were painted white, and under that, the word "BEWARE!" was painted in big red letters. Inside the big wooden box was another wooden box, and inside of that was a tin box; and when Bobby seized the tin box and opened it with a jerk, out fell the treasure and it rolled away in every direction on the sand. There were necklaces and bracelets and watches and rings and earrings, and dagger-like knives, and what appeared to be hundreds of shining pieces of money.

"Plunge in, my noble Kiddies!" cried Captain Kidd. And then the Kiddies took off their masks and threw them away in order to see better, and scrambled about, picking up some of the treasure. While they did this,

Captain Kidd built a fire on the sand, Mother went home and brought the baby in the baby carriage to see the fun, and cook brought a big basket, laid a tablecloth in the shade of a tree that hung down from the bank over the sand, and spread out the supper there.

"Now then," said Captain Kidd, "we will destroy the enemy." The enemy proved to be three whole roasted chickens, and the Kiddies were allowed, in true pirate fashion, to cut off their own pieces with their daggers, and to eat them in their fingers. While they did this, Captain Kidd told them the story of the real Captain Kidd, to which every Kiddie listened with both ears. Then all hands and faces were washed, and the children were no longer Kiddies spelled with a big K, but just everyday kiddies spelled with a little k. And then they had sandwiches and cookies and lemonade in polite company fashion. That is, all but the baby. He held tight to his chicken bone and growled if anyone tried to take it way from him. So the Captain, who was now just plain Father, tied a red sash

around the baby and put a black handkerchief about the little bobbing head, and the baby growled and growled over his bone very happily till the end of the party.

When the last cookie crumb was finished, they toasted marshmallows at the fire; and then Mother told them how she had surprised the Ten Cent Store people by buying so many rings and watches and necklaces, and that the daggers were really knives that "Uncle Sam" had bought for his soldiers a few years ago to use in eating their food. She had bought these knives also from the Ten Cent Store. "Look at the letters on them," said Mother. Every knife had U. S. on it. Some of the children said that stood for Uncle Sam, and some said it stood for United States, and both were right. Then all the shining Lincoln pennies were put away to help make a picnic for other children.

By this time twilight had come. And then they sang songs until the sky was full of trembling stars and the baby was sound asleep with the bone still tight in his little fist. At last they went home, suits dirty, sashes torn

or lost, feet weary, and eyelids heavy, but with hearts happy and as light as the down of a thistle. Last of all little Tom turned for a last look at the "Shining Big-Sea-Water," which he loved so much and which many a little Hiawatha must have loved long, long years ago.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

WHAT HARRIET DID ON SATURDAY

The very minute her eyes opened, Harriet called, "Is the sun shining? Are we going to the beach today?"

And her mother answered, "Yes, it is just the right kind of day to go to the beach."

You may be sure it did not take Harriet long to dress on *that* morning; but poor Florella May, her doll, got no attention at all. She lay in her little crib in her nightie for another long day, but she didn't seem to mind it a bit. As her little mother often had said, Florella May had a very nice disposition.

From *About Harriet* by Clara Whitehill Hunt, by permission of and special arrangement with the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Harriet was so excited that she could not eat enough of her oatmeal to uncover the picture of the Japanese garden on the bottom of her dish. She could hardly wait for Father and Mother to get ready to start, but it was really only a short time before they were closing the big front door and walking down the street toward the street car.

Father carried a suitcase, which held the lunch-boxes, the towel, Harriet's rompers, Father's book, and Mother's knitting. Mother carried a cloak for Harriet in case cool winds should blow up before the end of the day. And Harriet held a bright yellow pail and a shiny new shovel, and *you* know what *they* were for!

Down at the corner they stopped for the street car. Although it was quite early in the morning, the very first car that came along was almost full of happy little boys and girls with their mothers and aunties and their lunches and pails and shovels. There were not many fathers on the car, because not all the little children were so fortunate as Harriet in having a father who could play with her on Saturdays, now and then.

The motorman stopped the car. Father helped Mother into a seat and swung Harriet up into Mother's lap; then he stood in the aisle because all the seats were filled.

It was not a very pretty ride through the city streets, but Harriet was interested in everything she saw. They soon passed the Park, and that was lovely. It was very pleasant to look in under the trees and see the children at play on the soft grass.

In less than an hour they were getting out of the car and walking through a great high open building out on to the board walk from which they could see the ocean, with its little waves dancing and winking in the sunshine, and its big waves rumbling and roaring as they broke on the sand under the board walk.

After a long, happy first look at the water and some deep, long breaths of its salt breezes, Father said, "Come, we don't want to stay here among the merry-go-rounds and side shows. Let's go over to Sunset Beach, where we can get down on the sand and enjoy the waves."

So they walked and walked, first on the board walk and then on the sand. Harriet kept her

hand in Father's because this was her first visit to the ocean for almost a year, and she was a little bit afraid that the big roaring waves might run up so high that they would gobble her up and take her down, down into the green water.

After a while, they came to a nice quiet part of the beach and Father paid a man for two easy seats with awnings over them to shade them from the sun. Then Mother told Harriet she might take off her shoes and stockings and put on her rompers.

Oh, how good the soft sand felt to little feet that had been cooped up in shoes and stockings for almost a year! Very soon Harriet lost all her fear of her old friend, the ocean, and was merrily playing tag with the little waves, which every now and then caught up with her and gave her feet a splashing.

After she had run, and jumped, and pranced, and squealed, "letting off steam," as Father called it, she ran to her Mother and said, "Mother, I'm hungry!"

"I thought so!" said Mother, with a laugh. "Very well, you may have a little lunch now

to make up for the breakfast you did not eat, but we'll not have our real luncheon until later."

So Harriet sat down beside her Mother's chair and ate two thin bread-and-butter sandwiches and one large cooky, and then she drank some milk out of one of the little paper cups that Mother always kept on hand for picnics and traveling.

After her little lunch was finished, she took her pail and shovel down where the sand was damp. First, she filled the pail with sand and patted down the top very smoothly with her shovel. Then she pressed her hands into the smooth sand; and then she ran up to her Father, saying, "See, Daddy, I have two hands in my pail and two hands on my arms."

"So I see," said Father. "You are quite a handy young person."

Next, Harriet dug a deep hole, sat down and put her feet into it, and then scooped the sand back into the hole, burying her feet tightly under the sand.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried, "I've lost my feet. The little gnomes down in the ground are pulling them!"

"You don't say so!" said Father. "Then I suppose you'll have to use those two extra hands in place of feet, hereafter."

Next, Harriet decided that she would make a house. With the edge of her shovel, she marked out a square on the sand. This was the kitchen. Then she made a little mound of sand against one wall of her kitchen, cut off the top and the sides of the mound so that they were flat instead of round, and this was the kitchen stove. She marked six little circles on the top of the stove for the places on which to set the cooking dishes.

After looking with pride at her stove, she was about to begin on a table, when a little girl with sparkling black eyes ran up to her and, after a look at Harriet's work, said, "Hello! Are you making a house?"

"Yes," answered Harriet.

"I'll make one next door and then we can visit each other."

"All right," said Harriet, very much pleased to have a playmate.

The two little girls worked busily side by side for some minutes. By the time Harriet

had finished her kitchen, and Marjorie, that was the new girl's name, had marked out a good many rooms, but had not finished any of them, the little neighbors began making calls on each other. And before long Marjorie said, "Oh, let's dig some wells and see the waves come up and fill them!"

So they left their houses unfinished and began to dig deep holes, keeping watch to run out of the way when a wave, now and then, ran up high and filled the holes.

In a short time Marjorie said, "My mother brought my tin dishes in her bag. Let's make some pies and cakes in them."

Marjorie ran off and soon came running back with her tiny doll dishes in her hands. She gave half of them to Harriet. In a few minutes each little cook had made a row of pies and cakes, which looked so good that Marjorie said, "They look good enough to eat. Let's!"

By this time Harriet was so charmed with her lively new friend that she was ready to do anything Marjorie suggested; so those two little girls put as much as a spoonful of damp sand into their silly little mouths!

How they spluttered and made wry faces! And Marjorie said, "Ugh! It's almost as bad as medicine. Oh, I'll tell you! Play you're sick and I'm the doctor and I'll come to visit you."

"W-e-ll — but don't make me take any bad medicine," said Harriet doubtfully.

"No, I'll just say you are run down and need to go to the country at once for a good, long rest."

This sounded very nice. The next thing to do was to make a bed. This they did by digging a long, shallow place in the warm, dry part of the sand. First, Harriet lay down in the bed, then Marjorie tried it; but it was not big enough for Marjorie, who was two years older than Harriet.

So Marjorie changed her mind about being the doctor, and decided that she would be a patient, too, lying in a hospital bed next to Harriet's.

Harriet and Marjorie had a beautiful morning, and when their Mothers called them to lunch, they agreed to play together again after they had eaten.

Oh! what a good lunch Mother had brought, all wrapped in waxed paper, which had kept the sandwiches fresh. There were lettuce sandwiches and chicken sandwiches and egg sandwiches, and little round sandwiches made of brown bread and cream cheese. There were olives and cookies and oranges and pink-and-white candies. There was milk to drink for Harriet and hot coffee from the thermos bottle for Father and Mother. And they ate and ate, till every crumb was gone. And after it was all eaten, Harriet didn't seem to care about playing!

She climbed up into Father's lap and said, "Tell me a story, Daddy, please."

So Father, looking out over the wide, wide waters, away out to where the sky seemed to come down and rest on the ocean, told about brave sailors, and lighthouses shining out in the dark to save ships from going to pieces upon the rocks; and about tiny little coral animals that build big islands; and about divers who go down to the bottom of the sea for the pearls that are hidden away in oyster shells. And as Harriet watched the lovely sea gulls, now

flying high in the air, now floating like little boats on the water, Mother recited a poem that she had learned when she was a little girl. It was called "The Sea Gull," and it made Harriet look at the gulls with new wonder to think how fearless they were on the stormy waves and the night-black sea.

After a time, Marjorie came running up, and Father said, "You must introduce me to your new friend, Harriet."

So Harriet said, "This is Marjorie, Daddy and Mother."

And Marjorie shook hands with Harriet's Father and Mother, and then Father and the little girls had a game of romps.

Father was a galloping horse with each little girl taking a turn as a rider on his back. And when Father made believe that his drivers had worn him out, although they teased him to play with them longer, he galloped back to his seat beside Mother, and tumbling the little girls into the sand, he exclaimed, "Shoo! Shoo! I've got to get to work on this book."

So Marjorie and Harriet went back to their shovels, and they had such a good time that

they were quite surprised when Harriet's Mother called, "Come, dear, it's time for us to get ready to go home. We don't want to wait till the cars are crowded, as they will be later."

Harriet was sorry to say goodbye to Marjorie, but there was no help for it.

Soon the little bare feet were rubbed with a towel, the rompers came off and the shoes and stockings went on, the suitcase was packed, and Father, Mother, and Harriet were walking to the car.

Very soon after they were settled in the car, Harriet fell asleep in Father's arms. The salt air and the play and no afternoon nap had made her so sleepy that she only half-waked up when they got to their corner.

Father carried her over his shoulder to their home. Then Mother undressed her and laid her in her little bed and she did not know anything about what was happening to her, she was *so* sleepy.

So that is the end of the story about what Harriet did on Saturday.

—*Clara Whitehill Hunt*

JERRY THE KINGBIRD

If I remember correctly, it was about the first of May, 1883, that I first met Jerry. I was in the back yard watching the red ants clear a path from their home to a new pasture when I saw Jerry making love to a shy young bird about his own size and color. In spite of their love-making, however, both seemed to have plenty of time to catch a fly if it happened to come near them. While I was watching them, a beautiful yellow butterfly came flitting by. Quick as a wink, Jerry caught him. This butterfly must have been quite a prize, for while each had been eating whatever he caught, Jerry promptly gave this butterfly to his ladylove, and she took it and swallowed it greedily.

I want to say a word about the kingbird family. I am telling you the story of the kingbird because he is found in practically every state in the Union. Mr. and Mrs. Kingbird are flycatchers. They are known as flycatchers

because many species live almost wholly on flying insects. The male kingbird is usually a great fighter, especially when his mate is sitting. He perches on a branch over the nest and attacks every bird that comes in sight, and the larger the bird, the more certain he is to attack it. In fact, he is called the kingbird because he is such a little terror to other birds.

Jerry the kingbird must have had his own reasons for liking the Red June tree best, but I never knew what his reasons were. I do know, however, that Jerry and his wife decided to build their nest in the very top of my Red June tree. First, they selected a number of small dry twigs and placed them in the forks of some small branches. Next they went to the sheep-pen and gathered wool and made a thick lining for their nest. This was to keep it warm and to protect the eggs from anything that might strike the side of the nest. Next they began to use strings and horsehair. Of these he built a very neat nest inside of the wool lining. I say "he" for Jerry seemed to be the boss in building the nest. His wife helped all she could but Jerry bossed the job.

As soon as the nest was done, Jerry perched on the very topmost twig of the tree to protect their new home. Old Jim Crow, who was nesting down by the creek, thought that grasshoppers should be plentiful in the meadow; so he started across the orchard to this new hunting ground. When he was no nearer than two or three hundred yards, Jerry gave his sharp cry and made straight for Jim. The crow seemed to know what was coming, for with the first sound of Jerry's voice, he began to fly as fast as he could and he dropped down close to the tree tops hoping he would not be seen. Like a fury, Jerry was upon him in a moment, pecking him from above, below, both sides, circling round and round, chattering and scolding, and finally he alighted on the crow's back between the wings and began pecking and tearing out the feathers, some of which came fluttering to the earth.

The crow screamed in rage, dashed up and down, back and forth, and tried in vain to get away from Jerry; but it was not until the crow was a full quarter of a mile away that Jerry left him and came back to tell his wife

about the wonderful things he had done. He had hardly alighted on the tree top when he saw the family cat sitting quietly in the back yard. He thought that he had found another enemy, and so with his shrill cry he rushed for her. Poor kitty sat up, hardly knowing what to do, when whack! he struck her in the back of the head. She struck at him with her paw, but he was out of reach and kept circling round and striking her again and again. Before many moments, kitty dashed into the raspberry bushes for protection.

So it went all day long. A hawk could not come into sight, or a crow come nearer than two

hundred yards, or even a blue jay come closer than two or three hundred feet without having a fight with Jerry. For the six or seven years that Jerry nested in this tree, the cats would not come into the back yard in the daytime nor was a chicken ever caught by a hawk.

One year another kingbird decided to build his nest in our orchard. He selected a tree fully a hundred yards from Jerry's home, but Jerry claimed the whole orchard as his own. For a week the two birds were fighting almost all the time. Finally Jerry drove him away and he went to live in the big Pippin tree in the old orchard, a quarter of a mile away.

Jerry's wife hatched two broods of young birds the first year. When these young birds were able to fly, it took Jerry and his wife nearly two weeks to teach them how to catch insects. The young birds would sit close to their parents, first in one tree and then in another, watching for some insect to pass by. For about a week, the old birds caught the insects and fed them to the young. One day near the end of the week, one of the bravest of the young birds made a dart for a butterfly

and caught it. He then carried it back to the tree on which the family rested with as much show of pride as ever a boy felt when he brought home the first dollar he had earned. Soon one of his brothers made a dart for an insect and caught it, and within a day or two all of the young birds were catching insects. Then they all moved down into the plum orchard where there were grasshoppers as well as many other insects.

By the middle of August, Jerry and his mate left the Red June tree and were often seen flying across the meadow, back and forth, darting up and down, often swooping down to a head of clover or a goldenrod and rising again without alighting. There was a haystack on one side of the meadow, and a cornfield on the other. Jerry would often perch himself either on a tassel of corn or on the haystack, and watch for hours, making a dart after a grasshopper here or a fly there, each time returning to the same spot.

One morning before the first of September, the old birds with both lots of the young birds gathered in a plum tree, and as soon as they had

their breakfast they started for the Sunny South. The kingbird flies rapidly when he is about his summer's business; but when he starts southward his flight is very different. He flaps his wings three or four times and then sails twenty or thirty feet before flapping them again. In this way he rests fully as much as he works and so is able to keep flying for hours. He flies mostly at night and often stays for a few days at any place that happens to suit his fancy.

Early the next May, Jerry returned with his mate. For a day or two after returning they seemed tired, but when they had had a day or two of rest, they were as lively as ever.

We had a watering trough for horses near the Red June tree, and on hot days it was interesting to watch Jerry take his bath. Jerry did not bathe like other birds; but perching on a maple limb that hung over the trough, he would dive down into the water, going clear under, always alighting and shaking himself dry before taking another dip. Often he would keep this up for fifteen or twenty minutes, if the day were hot, making thirty or forty plunges before he was satisfied.

One spring after Jerry had been nesting in my Red June tree for years, I put a martin box up on the other side of the yard. I had wanted martins for two or three years, but had never made a box for them. Within four or five days a pair of martins came to live in this box and then trouble began in earnest. Jerry started the war, and the fighting lasted for five or six days. The martin is the one bird that is more active than the kingbird, and poor Jerry came out second best in every battle. The old spotted cat had not forgotten how Jerry had treated her and she now sat in the front yard enjoying the fighting. One day after a very hard fought battle, Jerry fell to the ground,—he may have been injured—I never knew. In a flash the old cat was upon him, and from the way she acted, I am sure she felt that she had caught not only her breakfast but also an old time enemy. Before night Jerry's mate went away. I had grown very fond of Jerry, and so I took down the martin house, hoping that the mother would return, but she never came back.

—Floyd Bralliar

A VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS LAND

Once upon a time there were two children, a little boy named Willie, and a little girl named Annie. Now, they could hardly wait for Santa Claus to visit them, and so every day they would say to their mother, "Oh, Mother, how many days until Christmas? Must we wait a whole month, Mother? Twenty days more, ten days more, only five days more, — how slowly the days drag on, Mother!"

Now, the busy mother felt the time slip by all too rapidly, but the children counted the days on the calendar and grew more and more impatient each day. At last they shouted in glee, "Santa Claus will visit us tonight, and tomorrow will be Merry Christmas!"

They borrowed the longest, strongest stockings which they could find; and when their mother came to tuck them snugly in bed and to kiss them good night, Willie said, "Do you know, Mother, I'm going to prop my eyelids wide open and watch all night for Santa Claus?"

From *Christmas Stories* by Georgene Faulkner, by permission of the publishers, Daughaday & Company.


M Brewer

"So am I," said Annie, "and when he comes down the chimney, we will ask him where he gets all the toys."

"Oh, no! you must go right to sleep and he will come all the faster," answered Mother, as she turned out the lights and left the nursery.

After she had gone downstairs, Willie whispered to Annie, "Say, Annie, are you awake?"

"Yes, I am, but I'm getting so sleepy I wish he would hurry and come right now. Let's sing our Christmas carols for him." And so the two children sang all the songs they knew.

"My, it does seem so long to wait. I am almost asleep," said Willie, with a big yawn. "I tell you, we can take turns — you watch for him awhile, Annie, and then I shall."

After a time Annie called out, "Willie, I'm so sleepy; it's your turn to watch." But she received no answer.

The next thing they knew, Annie and Willie were away up in the North Pole country, with snow and ice around them on all sides, and right in front of them stood a high ice-wall. "How I wish we could go through this wall—" said Willie, and just as he said this the ice

seemed to open and there was a great gateway leading into the strangest garden that you have ever heard of in all your life. It was a garden all of toys, and Annie and Willie could hardly believe their eyes as they saw the wonders about them. Hanging right over the wall there appeared to be something growing like morning-glories. When they looked again, the children saw that they were not morning-glories at all, but small, toy talking-machines; while on a trumpet-vine nearby they saw growing, like flowers, real toy trumpets. Willie picked a trumpet at once and played on it: "Toot-Toot-toot-toot-too-oo-."

"Oh, you must not touch the toys, Willie!" gasped poor Annie in fright. "We don't know who owns this garden." Just then the children saw the gardener of this wonderful land of toys. He was the merriest old man, dressed all in red, and his coat and hat were trimmed with ermine. His hair and beard were as white as the snow and his cheeks were like red, rosy apples, while his eyes twinkled like stars. The children knew who this gardener was at once, you may be sure. Why, it was Santa Claus,

of course! He was cutting down a crop of whistles with his sickle. He had a large, red sack at his side and smaller bags nearby, and he was so happy that he sang as he worked:

"In my wonderful garden of toys
Grows a crop for the good girls and boys.
Dolls, cannon, and drums,
Candy cake, sugarplums—
All grow in my garden of toys."

He was just ready to make up another verse when he spied the two children. "Oh, ho, ho, ho!" he laughed merrily. "How did you two children come here?"

"Please, Mr. Santa Claus," said Willie shyly, "we were waiting for you to visit us and the next thing we knew we were in this garden. We don't know how we came here, but, now that we are here, may we not help you to pick some toys?"

"Indeed, you may," said Santa Claus, "I need two such helpers. I was just wondering how I could gather all these toys in time for tomorrow. Willie, will you please go over to the garden-bed in the corner and pull up some tops?"

"Pull up some tops!" echoed Willie in amazement. But he took a red sack and went to the garden and began to pull up toy tops. There were large tops growing like turnips and little tops growing like beets and radishes. There were all kinds of tops; some would humm-humm-humm-m-m and make music while Willie pulled them up. Next, Willie climbed a tree and began to pick red marbles growing just like cherries; and he found purple and blue marbles growing on a trellis, just like grapes; so he filled many small bags with marbles. He also climbed other trees where he thought he saw apples and oranges growing; but, when he came near them, he found different-colored balls, so he picked a bag of balls for Santa.

"Oh, Santa, may I help too?" asked Annie. "Indeed you may my child," he answered. "How should you like to pick dollies?" So all this time Annie was busy getting him dollies, and she was very happy. "You dear, dear dollies!" Annie said, hugging each one in turn. "How happy all the little girls will be when they find these dollies on Christmas morning!" There were large dolls with the

cutest bonnets on their heads, growing just like roses, and other dollies with the dearest pointed hats, growing up like tall hollyhocks. And then there were tiny dollies like pansies turning their pretty little faces up toward Annie.

Presently Santa Claus began to water the grass; and suddenly every blade of grass was a tiny tin soldier with his musket erectly held, while soldiers' tents, like mushrooms, sprang up all around. Warships, sailboats, steamboats, motorboats, rowboats and canoes were all out on a lake nearby, but they could never sink, for the lake was a large looking-glass, and fishes, ducks and swans were swimming on looking-glass rivers. The children rushed from one garden to another and saw so many things to pick that they were kept very busy helping Santa Claus.

"Oh, see those pumpkins and squashes over there on those vines!" exclaimed Willie, but when he went to pick them he found drums, large and small, and footballs and basketballs lying on the ground, like melons and pumpkins turned brown.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee! Isn't this jolly! See those

funny brown leaves blowing in the wind," called Annie. "They are all sizes and shapes." When the children came near to pick them, they found no leaves at all, but brown teddybears with their arms and feet stretched out. The children hugged them in their arms and the Teddybears gave little squeaks of glee, for they were so glad to be gathered in with this harvest of toys.

Suddenly, overhead, the children heard a whirr-whirr-whirring noise, and when they looked up it seemed as if great swarms of dragon flies and butterflies were hovering over them. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Santa Claus, as he watched the surprised children. "Those are new toys; they only lately have come to my land — but, here, take these butterfly nets and try to catch a few of them." And when Annie and Willie brought these toys down a little nearer, they saw that they were not dragon flies or butterflies, but toy airplanes.

Tiny toy trains went gliding over steel rails, across switches, through tunnels, over bridges, and stopped at stations, quite like really, truly trains.

"How should you like to see my farm?" asked Santa Claus. And the next thing Annie and Willie knew they were in a toyland farmyard. Houses, fences, and barns with stalls for horses and cows, and everything as complete as a real farm. Horses rocked to and fro or rolled about on wheels; toy lambs, so woolly and white, said, "Baa-baa-baa," when their heads were turned to one side.

There was also a menagerie of wild animals nearby. Elephants and tigers, lions, and monkeys — more animals than you can tell about — were there, and they looked so real that at first Annie felt like running to hide behind Santa Claus. Then Santa Claus led them through toy villages; and they really felt like giants when they looked down on all the dolls' houses and different stores, toy theatres, toy post offices, toy grocery stores, meat markets, and in all these stores were dolls for clerks and dolls for customers.

Then Santa Claus took them far away from the villages, out through the orchard where the sugarplum trees were growing; and after they had filled many bags with candy, he led

them out to the Christmas-tree forest. Here they found Christmas trees growing with gold and silver tinsel and hung with glass balls and chains, while tiny, colored lights were twinkling through the branches. Santa Claus had to gather these trees and pack them with great care.

The next thing the children knew, Santa Claus had taken them right into his home. There they saw a dear old lady with snow-white hair who was sewing on some dolls' clothes. It was Mrs. Santa Claus, of course, and as she hugged and kissed the children, she said to Santa Claus, "The dears, where did you find them?"

"Out in the garden," answered Santa Claus. "I don't know how they came here, but they are excellent helpers. They have been helping me to gather my toys. I shall soon be ready now, after I do a little more work in my shop. You know, my dear, I must first test my winding toys, for that clock-work machinery does break so easily."

As he talked, Santa Claus took off his cap and coat, rolled up his sleeves and went right

to work. He wound and tested each toy, and Willie helped him by handing him the keys for each one. There was a honk-honk-honk, a toot-toot-toot, a chug, chug, chug, and a clang, clang, clang, as automobiles, boats, engines, fire engines, and all kinds of mechanical toys went running about the shop like mad. Next Santa was working with his saw and plane, his hammer and nails, and with a rap and a tap he finished the roof of a dolls' house.

Mrs. Santa had dressed all the dolls and furnished the dolls' houses. "What a cute little kitchen!" exclaimed Annie. "Oh, Willie, do you see this dining room and the cunning parlor and this little bedroom? How I should love to play dolls in this house! Then Annie turned to Mrs. Santa Claus and said, "May I not help you? I could thread your needles or help in some way."

"Why, so you may, my dear," answered Mrs. Santa Claus. "My eyes are getting old and if you will thread my needles it will be a great help." So Annie threaded needles and helped Mrs. Santa Claus to dress the last doll and to pack all the clothes in a dolls' trunk.

Santa Claus sat at his desk and finished writing a story and drawing the last pictures when suddenly the clock struck, Ding-dong-ding. Twelve times it struck and Mrs. Santa Claus said, "It is time you were up and away, sir." She helped Santa Claus into his big cloak and he pulled on his high boots and his warm gloves and pulled his cap down over his ears.

Just then the reindeer were heard prancing and pawing outside, impatient to be off and away. Santa Claus bundled his big pack of toys into his sleigh and put in all his Christmas trees. He kissed Mrs. Santa on both cheeks, and with a big smack on the lips called out, "Goodbye, Mother!" and, picking up Annie and Willie as if they were live dolls, tucked one under each arm and dashed out to the magic sleigh. They seemed fairly to fly through the air, and the moon and the stars seemed to dance in the sky as they went on faster and faster. Then they came down nearer and nearer to earth where the lights in the great city gleamed like fireflies far below.

The next thing Annie and Willie knew, they were on the roof of their own home. The next

thing they knew, they were down the chimney and — there they were right in their own, little beds! The sunlight was streaming into their eyes and their mother was calling, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, little sleepy-heads!"

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" they both shouted, as they bounced out of bed and rushed for their stockings which were fairly bulging with toys; and Annie was soon hugging and kissing a new dolly while Willie was blowing a new trumpet. In the other room stood a large Christmas tree which had come from the Christmas-tree forest.

"Oh, we know where these toys came from, said Willie. "They came from the garden of toys, for we visited Santa Claus Land last night."

Now, tonight, when you go to bed, close your eyes tightly and go to sleep and I am sure you, too, can dream about a visit to Santa Claus Land.

—*Georgene Faulkner*

TWO LITTLE BIRDS AND A GREAT MAN

One day four men were riding on horseback along a muddy country highway. After a hard rain storm, the sun was just coming out and the trees were glistening with little raindrops that looked like diamonds. As the men passed beneath a great oak tree, they suddenly saw a couple of robins fluttering anxiously about, and heard a faint chirping in the grass near them.

"What is the matter with those robins?" asked one of the men, reining up his horse.

"It looks as if some of their little ones had been blown from their nest by the storm," answered another. "What a pity! They will starve if they are not put back!"

"What's the difference if they do starve," cried a third man impatiently. "Who will miss two robins in this world? Come along! Here are four good lawyers, on their way to court dallying over some stupid robins. If we do not

Taken from *My Book House* with the permission of the publishers, The Book House for Children, Chicago.

hurry, we shall be too late for far more important things."

So the three men chirruped to their horses and went galloping off.

Now the fourth man had said not a single word. He had a kindly, tender face, though his figure was as ungainly as a gaunt, scraggly pine tree. Down from his horse he sprang as the others rode away. Among the grasses he searched till he found two little young birds. Gently he picked them up and held them safe in his great loving hands.

Their nest was high up in the tree, but not for a moment did that keep the man from doing what he meant to do. He was dressed in his best clothes, all ready to appear in the law court before the judge, but he climbed up that tree like a boy. Nor did he rest till he had laid the two little birds gently in their nest. There they cuddled down cozily while the mother and father birds hovered above them.

"I could not have slept tonight if I had left them," said the man to himself. Then he slid down the tree, jumped on his horse and rode off.

Who do you think he was—that gaunt, awkward, tender-faced man, who climbed the tree like a boy? Abraham Lincoln—that's who he was! After many years he became president of the United States. Today all the world honors and loves him, and dear to every American is he whose heart was so big and tender that he could not leave even two little helpless birds to starve by the roadside.

TOM GETS A SHAKING

Jack and Tom were up so early that Aunt Mary said they might play out of doors a while before breakfast.

They ran out of the house and into the yard.

"Come on, Jack, let's have some fun," said Tom.

"All right, why not go out into the garden and have a swing?" answered Jack.

"Oh, no, let's go into the barnyard and have some fun with the animals," Tom said.

Jack wanted to do everything he could to please his friend; so off they went to the barnyard.

"Here comes Mrs. Hen and her brood, out for a morning walk. Watch me catch one," said Tom.

Before Jack could say anything, Tom was off. The little chicks ran here and there. "Peep, peep, peep," they cried. "Mamma, Mamma, don't let the bad boy catch us!"

From *A Visit to the Farm*, by Laura A. Large. By special arrangement with The MacMillan Company, publishers.

At last Tom caught one. He poked his finger at it. He tried in every way to make it peep faster.

"Cluck, cluck," said the mother hen. She ran at Tom and would have pecked him had not Jack been there. Jack got a big stick and drove her away. He did not want his friend to get hurt.

"Put down the chick, or I will let the old hen peck you," he called to Tom.

Tom let the chick go, and it ran away to its mother.

It was not long before Tom caught sight of Mr. Gobble, the turkey. "There is Mr. Gobble, the turkey, with his wife," said Jack. "You can tell him by his coat. He is always dressed in a gayer coat than Mrs. Turkey ever wears."

"I wish I could see the turkey's tail," said Tom.

"He may show it to you sometime," answered Jack. "He spreads it when he wants to show off, or when he is angry."

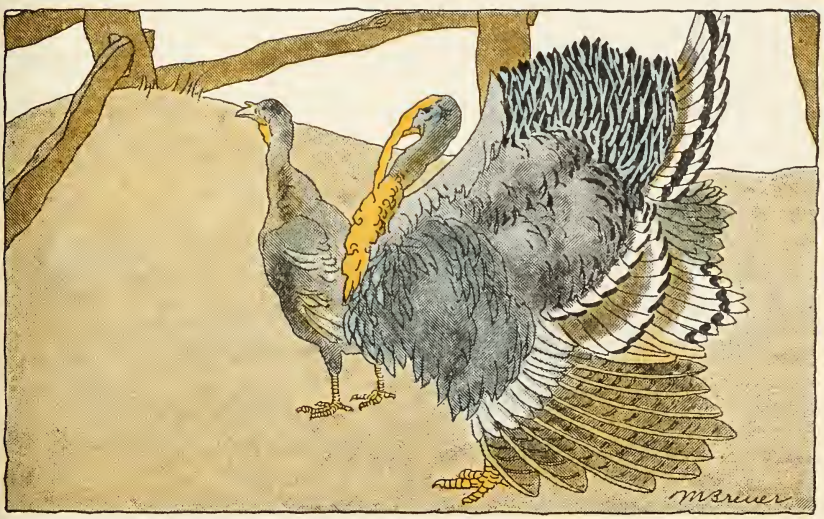
"I want to see it now," replied Tom. "I wish I could make him angry."

Tom took up a corncob that lay on the ground. He threw it at the shy wife of Mr. Gobble, the turkey. How angry Mr. Turkey was! "Gobble, gobble!" he said. Then, sure enough, he spread his tail like a fan. He let his wings drop and dragged them along on the ground. "Leave my wife alone," he seemed to say.

"Don't throw any more cobs, Tom," said Jack.

"I won't," answered Tom. "But it is fun to see old Mr. Turkey spread his tail, isn't it?"

"Yes, but the poor fellow! He doesn't like



to see his wife hit with corncobs," answered Jack.

Jack had a good heart, and never teased the animals. That is why they all liked him, and would not run away when he came near.

"Hello! Here comes Mr. Gander, the goose," cried Tom.

"Be careful of him," answered Jack. "If he gets angry he will hurt you."

"I am not afraid," Tom said.

"Goosey Goosey Gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
In my lady's chamber,"

he sang.

Then "s-s-s-s" he called out, as Mr. Gander stretched his long neck to see who was singing near by.

"S-s-s-s-s," hissed Tom again.

"Run!" cried Jack, and he got up onto an old wagon which stood near.

Tom ran. He reached the wagon just in time to get away from Mr. Gander.

"We did not run any too soon, that time," said Jack.

"I was not so very much afraid," said Tom.

Jack laughed. "Run out there behind Mr. Gander and hiss at him again," he said.

"Not today" Tom replied. "It must be nearly time for breakfast, and I haven't seen the pigs yet."

Again Jack laughed. "You are like the rabbit who was not afraid until he heard the sound of the gun," he said.

"Come, we will go to see the pigs. It is fun to see them eat. Uncle Richard has them out in the pasture. I will take along a basket of corn."

The pigs saw Jack coming with the basket on his arm. They knew Jack and liked him because he never forgot to toss them a little corn. Sometimes he brought sour milk, too, and this they liked very much.

They ran toward Jack and Tom.

"Let me take the basket of corn," Tom said.

Jack gave him the basket. "You may feed the pigs if you wish," he said. "It is so much fun."

Tom showed the pigs what he had in his basket. How they rushed and squealed as they ran to him to get the corn! How hungry they were that fine morning!

Tom took an ear of corn from the basket, and threw it over the fence. All the pigs ran. Again they pushed and squealed. But, oh, dear! The corn was on the other side of the fence and they could not get it.

"Wee-wee-wee," they cried. Tom thought it great fun to see them push and to hear them squeal. One by one he threw all the ears of corn over the fence.

"Wee-wee-wee-wee-! How good that corn looks," cried the poor hungry pigs.

Jack was almost angry this time. "Tom, you're a tease," he said. He climbed over the fence, and picked up the ears of corn. He threw them over to the pigs, who then had a taste of breakfast anyway.

"Ugh-ugh-ugh," the pigs grunted as they gobbled up the corn.

At last the boys heard the breakfast bell. They walked across the cow pasture, because it was the shortest way back.

"How many cows have you?" Tom asked as they walked along.

"About ten," Jack replied.

"Do you dare me to ride one?" said Tom.

"No, I don't," answered Jack. "Cows do not like to have boys ride them!"

"Oh, but look at this fine creature," Tom said, as they came to a big black and white cow. She was lying in the pasture chewing her cud lazily.

"You'll give me a ride, won't you, Bossy?"

The cow went on chewing. She did not say anything. She was only thinking.

"Well, here I go," Tom said. He jumped up on the cow's broad back. "Get up, Bossy!"

The cow did get up. She got up so quickly that Tom almost fell off her back. She started off at once. Bump, bump, went Tom on the back of the Bossy Cow. "Whoa!" he cried, for he did not like the ride at all. The cow would not stop, and Tom screamed loudly. Jack's Aunt Mary and Uncle Richard heard him and came running from the house.

Just as they reached the pasture, Tom was thrown to the ground so hard that he rolled over and over.

The cow turned and looked at Tom. I think she meant to say, "A horse makes better riding than a cow, my young friend."

Tom lay on the ground as still as could be. Jack came running up. He was frightened. "Oh, Tom," he cried. "Are you hurt?"

Tom only moaned a little. He was too weak to talk. Aunt Mary and Uncle Richard carried him into the house. They bathed his forehead with cold water and put him to bed.

After a while, Tom felt better. He was not badly hurt, but he had a good shaking.

"I didn't mind the shaking very much," he said bravely, as he sat up in Jack's bed that afternoon; "but what a fine day this might have been for fishing."

—*Laura A. Large*

THE ORGAN AT CHURCH

When mother sings I dance and dance,
My feet are never weary;
And Father's whistle glads my heart,
It is so loud and cheery.

But when at church the organ plays
Those deep and rumbling tones,
It shakes the walls, it shakes the floor,
It shakes my very bones.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

A ROBIN HOOD PICNIC

Bobby and Juliet had come all the way from Chicago to the southern part of Indiana to visit their Uncle Tom and Aunt Anna and their two cousins, Jasper and little Tom. It was almost the end of June, and the house where their aunt and uncle and cousins lived was near some big trees that spread their branches high above its roof. Honeysuckle was growing up one side of the porch and red roses were climbing up the other side. If you sat very still on the porch steps, you would see bees getting honey from the flowers of the honeysuckle. You might see a humming bird there, trying first the roses, and then the honeysuckle, to see which flavor he liked better. Such a very little bird he is, not much bigger than a big black bumblebee. His wings flutter so fast you cannot tell what color they are.

Just before Bobby and Juliet left Chicago, they had seen a moving picture called "Robin Hood." Jasper and little Tom were very much interested in hearing them talk about it.

One day when they were out on the porch, little Tom said, "Father, does Robin Hood live in Chicago?"

They all laughed at little Tom; but Aunt Anna, who had just come out on the porch and had heard his question, said, "Never mind, son, you have put a good idea into my head." But she did not tell what the good idea was. She only smiled to herself over it.

The next day, Aunt Anna asked the children if they would like to have a picnic supper in the woods the next evening; and they all said, "Yes, yes, yes!"

"Very well," said Aunt Anna, "we will have our supper in the woods tomorrow. It will be the loveliest woods you two little Chicago people have ever seen. But all the children who are going must be on this porch this afternoon at four o'clock."

"Why, Mother?" asked Jasper.

"You will see when four o'clock comes," said his mother.

They made a list of sixteen of Jasper's and Tom's friends who were to be invited, and Aunt Anna went to the telephone and invited them.

At four o'clock sharp that afternoon, twenty children were on the porch. Not one was missing. Some sat on chairs, four sat in the porch swing, and some sat on the porch railing. Roses brushed against the cheeks of those who sat on the railing, and little green leaves tickled their ears. Aunt Anna came out with an armful of books, and sat in the rocking-chair, which the children had left for her. Out of one of the books she read to them the story of Robin Hood and his merry men, and how they lived and what they did under the leafy trees of Sherwood Forest long ago in merry old England. Some of the children had already read or heard the story of Robin Hood, but they listened just as hard as those who had never heard or read it before.

When Aunt Anna had finished reading the story, she passed around the books so that all the children might see a picture of Robin Hood. It is such a delightful story that those who know how to write stories like to tell it, and those who know how to draw pictures like to make the pictures for it. Next they chose which part each child would take and just how

he should dress for the party. Robin Hood and some of his men were to have green caps on their heads and green belts around their waists; and if they could find anything else green to wear, so much the better. Bobby was to be Robin Hood because he was "company." Johnnie Hart, the tallest boy, was to be Little John. Do you remember that Little John's real name was John Little and that Robin Hood and his merry men thought it was great fun to call him Little John? Jasper was to be Will Scarlet, and his cap and his belt were to be bright red. Little Tom was to be Friar Tuck, and his cap and belt were to be black. As to the girls, Juliet, also being company, was to be Maid Marion and wear a green dress. Betty Lester was to be Queen Eleanor and wear a gilt crown. Maisie Brown was to be the butcher, in a white apron and cap. Everyone had a part. When all this was planned, Aunt Anna brought out glasses of lemonade and after that the children went home.

You have never seen a more beautiful day than the next day turned out to be! The children were very much excited, but the

thermometer that hung on Uncle Tom's porch was not excited; it kept quite cool. The sun drank up the millions of shining dewdrops that were hanging on a million blades of grass. The sun was so bright and the sky so blue and the clouds were so white that you had to half shut your eyes to look at them at all. It seemed a very long time to wait for the afternoon to come, but at last it was one o'clock, and two big autos full of children stopped at the door. Buddy Jones and seven other children were in the car that Mrs. Jones was driving, and eight more children were in the car that Mr. Jones was driving. Then Uncle Tom got out his big car, and Aunt Anna got into it with her four children, her cook, Old Tilda, and Old Tilda's great-grandson, a big tall boy whose name was Homer. Homer was a wonderful boy. He could do pretty nearly everything. He could play any tune you might ask for on his mouth organ; yes, indeed, even "The Star Spangled Banner," which is not easy! Then besides all the children, there were baskets and bundles tucked in wherever there were not too many feet.

Well, they rode through sixteen miles of lovely country; not so fast that the meadows and fields would whiz by before they could half see them; but slowly, very slowly. Mrs. Jones stopped her car once to let the boys get out to chase a rabbit, and Uncle Tom stopped his car to let Jasper and Bobby pick a few wild raspberries that grew along a stone fence.

At last they reached the State Park, and drove through it until they came to the most beautiful place you could think of. It was a level and grassy place, shaded by tall trees. Great oaks lifted their big armfuls of leaves up above the rest of the trees and made a green roof of them. This green roof was so thick that the sun could hardly send his golden sunbeams through it. Big beech trees spread their branches down around their trunks until their leafy tips touched the earth. These beech trees made wonderful tents. On one side of this level space there was a large hill that the children could climb up, and on the other side there was a small hill that sloped down to a stream of water. Beyond the stream was a steep wall of rock that no one could climb.

"Children," said Uncle Tom; "this is Sherwood Forest!"

Then out of the autos tumbled Robin Hood and his merry men, and Queen Eleanor with her golden crown and all the rest. Old Tilda and Homer took the baskets and bundles and went off to a place just out of sight of the rest.

The children enjoyed making believe that they really were in that far-away Sherwood Forest of the long ago. With a little help from Aunt Anna and Mrs. Jones, and a new idea now and then from Uncle Tom and Mr. Jones, the children acted all the stories of Robin Hood and his men, one after another. There was the story of how Robin Hood first met Will Scarlet and made him one of his men; and of how Allan-a-Dale, who was Buddy Jones, took his fair Ellen away from the rich old man; and the story of the butcher, and the one about the beggars, and many more. Of course, they had the one of Robin Hood and Little John meeting when they were walking across a stream and each trying to make the other get out of the way. There was the stream,— and there was the log across it, ready at hand. But

they had to change the story about Friar Tuck carrying Robin Hood across a river on his shoulders. Friar Tuck, you remember, was little Tom. So they let Robin Hood carry Friar Tuck over, and that did just as well. And Allan-a-Dale sang before the Queen the song that begins:

Gentle river, gentle river,
Bright thy crystal waters flow,

but as he could remember only one stanza, he sang that one over three times. And that did just as well, too.

But best of all was the shooting match. For this Uncle Tom pinned a target up on the trunk of an oak tree. The target was a piece of thick white paper with blue and red rings painted on it, and in the very middle of it there was a round red spot. Then he took two bows and six arrows out of a long box. There was a big bow for the bigger children to use, and a smaller bow for the smaller children to use. At first they could not shoot very well. The arrows went every which way. Two fell into the water, but Mr. Jones got them out again. After trying a few times, however, they could all do

much better. After a little practice, some of them were able to hit the target, and pretty soon, Robin Hood hit the round red spot in the middle of the target.

"What shall we give Robin Hood for making the best shot?" asked Uncle Tom.

"The bow and arrows!" said everybody.

Uncle Tom gave the big bow and arrows to Robin Hood, and then he asked, "And shall we give the small bow and arrows to the one who made the worst shot?"

But nobody remembered who made the worst shot. And then the butcher, who was Maisie Brown, you know, said in a very small voice, "I'm sure that my three shots were all the very worst there were."

Now Juliet wanted the little bow and arrows very much, and she spoke without stopping to think first, which is not at all a good thing to do. "I think my shots were worse than Maisie's," she said, "and anyway, I am company-er than Maisie. I came all the way from Chicago."

At this Bobby frowned at Juliet and said, "Shame on you, Juliet!"

Then Juliet began to think. And then she ran to Uncle Tom and said, "Oh, Uncle Tom, I just *said* that! Give Maisie the bow and arrows. I don't think my shots *could* have been worse than her shots. I am sorry I was so . . . . so . . . ." And right there Juliet stopped because she could not think of the right word. And indeed that is a very good time to stop.

So Uncle Tom gave Maisie the bow and arrows, and then he asked Aunt Anna, "When do we eat?" And Aunt Anna gave the best answer there is to that question: "Right now!"

Then they all went to the place where Old Tilda had the supper ready. Old Tilda was so old that her face had many wrinkles in it, and so brown that her face and arms were the color of a brown leaf in October. But her eyes were bright and smiling, and her arms were very strong. When they all sat down around the white tablecloth that was spread upon the grass, Aunt Anna said, "Now children, this food is not going to be like the food that Robin Hood and his men ate, because Tilda said she wasn't going to worry herself with strange dishes.

There were wooden plates and kitchen knives and forks for all, and there was a tin cup at every place. In the middle of the cloth, was a big wooden bowl full of raspberries as large as thimbles. Old Tilda went to the fire. She had dug a trench and put potatoes into it and covered them with hot ashes. On top of the hot ashes were two big frying pans; in one of these pans was a round cake of corn bread, and

in the other pan there were slices of bacon. Over a small, bright fire nearby a kettle of peas was boiling. Old Tilda poured the fat from the bacon over the corn bread, and then turned the corn bread over to brown it. She poured the peas into a bowl, dug up the roasted potatoes, dished the bacon, cut the corn bread, and put everything on the tablecloth.

"Where's Homer?" asked Jasper. But Old Tilda did not answer. She was too busy making coffee for the grown folks.

Now if you don't think Old Tilda's supper tasted good, you should have seen those twenty children eating it! If you multiply twenty by twenty you will know about how many little white teeth were biting into that good corn bread.

Just as they were beginning to wonder what they were going to have to drink in their tin cups, here came Homer among the trees driving a cow! And then each child in his turn carried his tin cup over to where Homer and the cow stood, and brought it back full of white milk with bubbles over the top. While they were eating, Uncle Tom told them how Robin

Hood's men must have shot deer in Sherwood Forest, and cooked them in trenches like the one Tilda had cooked the potatoes in, only much larger trenches of course. And Old Tilda said, "I've seen many a deer roasted whole myself on holidays and fair-days."

Then they all turned to look for Friar Tuck, who, you remember, was little Tom, and he wasn't there! They looked again, and there he was milking the cow himself. He came back with about a teaspoonful of milk in his cup. "It was very hard work, but I did it all myself," he said, and drank the milk in one mouthful, as proud as a peacock.

Just then they heard music. It was Homer playing "Home, Sweet Home" on his mouth organ.

"We will take the hint, Homer," said Uncle Tom. And so they all walked to the autos, and very soon were riding back over the sixteen beautiful miles. It was getting dark, and the big round moon was just coming up. The wheatfields along the road looked like squares of gold in the pale moonlight. The fragrance of sweet clover filled the air. Lightning bugs

began their game of now-you-see-me-and-now-you-don't. Bats darted about as if they could not make up their minds just where to go. Up in the trees, turtledoves were saying good night to one another. Around little ponds that looked like big looking-glasses, frogs were talking about the weather. And at last they saw the lights of the town, and soon were at Uncle Tom's door. Sixteen happy voices told Uncle Tom and Aunt Anna that they had had the best time that ever was, and then two autos drove off.

"They were right, Aunt Anna," said Bobby as they went indoors. "There couldn't be a better time than we have had today."

Old Tilda smiled so hard that all the wrinkles on her face got mixed up together. "Now, honey," she said to Bobby, "if you-all will just stay here till August, I'll fix you up a fine corn roast that will make you forget all about this picnic."

But Bobby and Juliet knew that Old Tilda could not make them forget this picnic. "Not if she lived another hundred years," they said.

—Helen Coale Crew

THE STORY OF A PET BEAR

Ned always had a fine time when he visited his grandfather, who lived in Maine near the edge of the forest; and when he was twelve years old, he spent his summer vacation there. One day Ned noticed that some bees in the garden flew toward the woods instead of to the hives; and when he asked his grandfather the reason, he was told that these were wild bees who had a "honey-tree" in the forest. Ned was greatly interested, and his grandfather promised that they would look for the store of honey, explaining that they could find it by following the bees, which always fly in a straight line. Soon after this Ned started out with Dave, the hired man, to find the bee tree.

They found a hollow log among some rocks, and Ned thought this would be a fine place for the bees to hide honey. Dave knew it was not a bee tree, but to please Ned he chopped into it. After a few good strokes the

From *Pets for Pleasure and Profit* by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

log split open, and out rolled a big ball of fur. The big ball of fur quickly unrolled and proved to be a baby bear that winked and blinked in a surprised, sleepy manner.

The boys wrapped the cub in a coat, and hurried home as fast as they could for fear the old bear might find them. The little bear was given a cozy home in the woodshed and a big bowl of bread and milk, which he ate greedily. Then he curled up and went fast asleep. The next day Ned found his

pet, which he had named Bee, very contentedly washing his face in the remains of his supper. When he saw Ned, he sat up on his haunches and held out his paws in a most friendly and confiding manner. He was full of life and play and rolled over and curled and uncurled himself, and Ned was sure that he could teach him interesting tricks.

Every day Ned played with his pet; and by the time his vacation was over, the bear had learned to shake hands, to beg for a lump of sugar, to play dead at command, and to turn sommersaults. Ned wanted to take Bee back to Boston, but was compelled to leave him in his grandfather's charge.

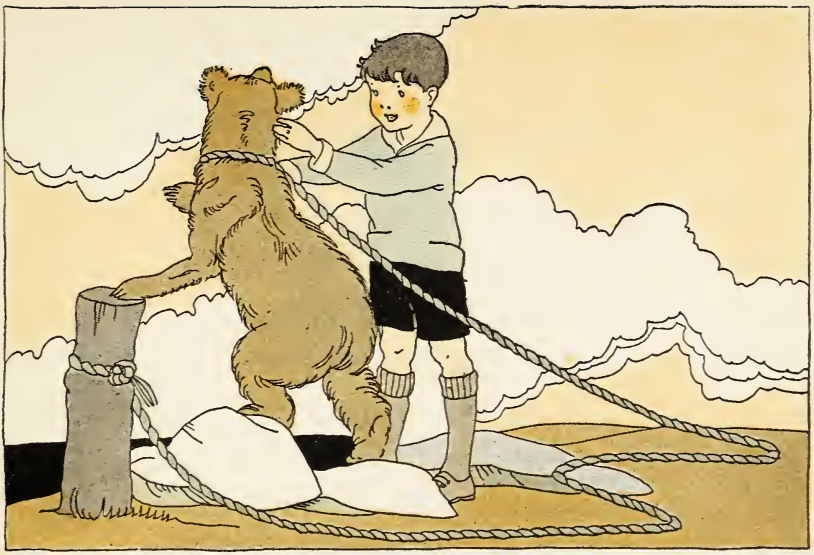
Ned's friends were greatly interested in the stories of the bear; and every one of his grandfather's letters was read and re-read, for each was filled with glowing accounts of Bee's antics. One day in November came the startling news that Bee had disappeared. Grandpa had gone to town for the day and had forgotten to fasten the door of the woodshed, and the next morning the bear was missing. The woods were searched and all likely places

were examined, but no trace of Bee could be found.

Early in April, Ned had another letter from his grandfather; and when he had read it he danced and shouted, for, wonder of wonders, Bee had been found!

It seemed that Dave had gone to the sugar-camp, about half a mile from the house, to get the log house ready for the sugar boiling. He found the camp half full of drifted leaves; and on raking them out from behind a big sugar-kettle, he discovered Bee, all curled up snug and warm, enjoying his long winter nap. Dave, greatly surprised, tied Bee securely without waking him, covered him with the leaves, and left him.

When sugar making began a few weeks later Bee was wide-awake and hungry; but he knew Dave and followed him readily to his old quarters. When Ned arrived on his vacation; he hardly knew his pet; he had grown into such a big, powerful bear that he had to be tied out-of-doors in the barnyard; but he was still good-natured and Ned was soon on the best of terms with him again.



Nevertheless, Bee was so big and clumsy and so rough in play that Grandpa was afraid Ned would get hurt and so suggested that he should sell him to a circus that was coming to a nearby town. At first Ned was unwilling to listen to this; but realizing that Bee was really too big to manage, he finally consented. The animal trainer visited the farm, saw Bee, and was very glad to get such a gentle, well-trained bear. Several times afterward, when the circus visited Boston, Ned saw his old pet.

—*Hyath Verrill*

FRIENDS

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace
Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face
Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing o'er the grass
To whisper pretty things,
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle Friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown*

THE GLADDEST BOY ALIVE

There was once a little boy living in the state of Indiana who was just the age that you will be when you read this page. After he grew up to be a man he wrote many poems which tell us just what boys and girls think about and also what they like to do. These poems, give us a very good idea of how he felt and thought, and what he did, when he was your age. In one poem he tells about a little boy who thought that he would be "the gladdest boy alive," if he could only drive a team of horses. And this poem and all his other poems make us think that there never was a gladder boy than he was. His name? Why, James Whitcomb Riley, of course!

The state of Indiana has no big mountains like those in the state of Colorado; and it has no ocean on any one of its four sides like the great ocean that lies all along one side of the state of California; and there are no cities in it so big as Chicago or New York.

But it has many little towns in it which are full of the kind of homes that children like to live in. There are thousands of little white or brown houses with big porches almost hidden by yellow honeysuckle and crimson roses. At the side of the house a swing hangs from a big tree, and at the back there is a pump where you can get the coolest drink in the world, even on the hottest day. The smell of fresh baked cookies comes from the open kitchen door. In the little garden patch there are green peas ready to eat in mid-June, and beans in blossom. The meadows round about these homes are thick with daisies and clover, and the hills that lift up against the sky are not far-away rocky, or snowy peaks, but just low and green and friendly hills. A child could climb to the top of the highest in no time at all. Little streams come sliding slowly over mossy stones; and then, seeming to forget where they are going, they suddenly turn right around in a loop and go back again. And there are so many pools to swim in, that all the children in Indiana could go swimming at once if they wanted to do so. This is the country that

the little boy, Whitcomb Riley, lived in; and from the bottom of his heart he loved it all.

Little Whitcomb Riley did not lose any time when school let out that last day, do you think? He just threw his schoolbooks in at the door and called to his mother that he was going out to spend the night at Aunt Mary's, on the farm. Aunt Mary, he knew, would make a cherry pie for dinner, and let him have two pieces, maybe. So away he trudges up the long white dusty road, across the covered bridge over the river, and through the tollgate at the bend of the road. He is barefooted, of course, and his trousers are rolled up. His hat has a broad brim to keep the sun out of his eyes. And his face is freckled, and his hair, as he himself says, "as white as a dandelion ball."

On the way out to Aunt Mary's, he stops to look at the quarries, where men are digging out the beautiful white limestone, which is now used to build so many houses and post offices and libraries and colleges, not only in Indiana, but in other states as well. He stops to listen to the birds' song, and also to

watch a humming bird run its little slender bill into a honeysuckle flower growing on the stone fence along the road.

Then, just before he gets to Aunt Mary's, he washes his dusty feet in a little stream and lies on the grass while they dry, looking up at the white clouds in the blue sky. And when he reaches Aunt Mary's at last, sure enough, she is making cherry pies. She trims the dough with her knife, and dents a pattern around the edge of each pie with her thumb, and then Elizabeth Ann, the hired girl, puts them into the oven. Elizabeth Ann tells the little boy to run away now, so that she can get her work done. So he goes out and watches the Raggedy Man cut the grass around the house. And here comes the farm boy standing up while he drives the team, and whistling and waving his arm just to show how easy it is for him to drive. And little Whitcomb Riley surely thinks that he would be the gladdest boy alive if he could do that.

So the hot, sunny afternoon goes by as if every moment of it were made of glittering

gold; and little Whitcomb Riley tastes the sweetness of every moment. He climbs into the hayloft, he peeks into the pigeon house, he makes friends with the horses, he plays mumblety-peg with the farm boy. He eats mulberries off the big mulberry tree till his mouth is stained purple. He watches the pigeons come sweeping down from the sky as though the clouds were their real home. Perhaps he catches a fish or two, or picks cherries for tomorrow's pie. Perhaps, when he is tired, he lies on the grass and thinks how wonderful the wide world is.

At last the sun goes down; little Whitcomb Riley gets up and goes to the pump and washes his face and hands. Something has told him that it is almost supper time. Then he puts his head under the spout of the pump to make his hair wet, and brushes it smooth with his two hands. Shining drops of water roll down his neck or over his nose.

Then Aunt Mary comes out and rings the big bell, and there is supper all set out on the porch! Was ever anything so fine as that? And as he sits there eating his supper, preserves

and cookies and all, he feels the wind blowing over his damp hair, hears the call of a redbird in the poplar tree, smells the newly cut clover, and sees honeybees go bumping along on their way home to the hive.

And after that he and Uncle Si and little orphan Annie, who is growing up under this friendly roof, sit on the porch and watch the fireflies light up their little bicycle lamps and go for twilight rides. While sitting there on the porch, they hear the frogs croaking in the pond. Uncle Si tells them that frogs still talk Greek, as they did three thousand years ago. "Ko-ax! Ko-ax!" they say, whatever that may mean. Then Annie tells all she knows about goblins. Do you know anything about goblins? I do not, but my guess is that they are only little moonbeams. Certainly when little Whitcomb Riley went upstairs to bed that night and climbed into the high four-poster bed, and under the patchwork quilt, these moonbeam goblins looked in at him through the window, and laid a bag of funny dreams on the pillow beside his little sunburnt cheek.

—Helen Coale Crew

THE CIRCUS PARADE

Tomorrow, tomorrow's the circus parade!
Just think what I shall see!
What crowds of people in gay colored clothes
All lined up the street there will be.

And some of the children will have red balloons,
As up by the curbing they stand,
Then off in the distance we'll suddenly hear
The circus's big brass band!

Behind the crash bang! of the music they play,
Come riders in red velvet gowns,
And after them doing the funniest things,
A silly procession of clowns.

Then lions and tigers that pace up and down,
In wagons all painted with gold,
And monkeys a playing just all kinds of tricks,
As they grimace and chatter and scold.

O, next there come camels and elephants, too,
With men on their backs astride,
And queer little ponies, no bigger than dogs,
And a donkey perhaps beside!

And then there come chariots rumbling by
With horses all four in a row;
And the wheezing, old, piping calliope is
The very tail end of the show!

—*Olive Beaupré Miller*

LADY JANE THE SWAN

A warm south wind had been blowing for weeks and the snow was all gone, except a few great drifts on the north side of the woods near the creek. Robins and bluebirds came trooping north by the thousands. I was just a young boy; and every few minutes when I was playing out in the yard, I would hear the honk, honk of wild geese; then a long V-shaped line of them would come into sight on the southern sky and soon fade away in the north. Wild ducks were seldom out of sight for more than a few minutes at a time; but it was very unusual to see a flock of trumpeter swans pass over. The country was quite thickly settled, and most of the waterfowl had decided to go to the northern lakes in search of new nesting grounds.

A few miles north of the forks of Skunk River was a pond, which at high water covered several thousands of acres; and even in the

middle of the summer it was more than a mile across. This pond, known as Holmes Lake, was not deep even in the middle.

One day I suddenly heard a loud clear trumpet-call, like the blast of a French horn, and almost at the same time a voice crying "swans." Soon I saw a dim line of them approaching, which gradually broke into twenty large birds with their long necks stretched out far ahead and their legs sticking out back beyond their tails. Even though they were high in the air, they flashed white as snow in the sunlight. I did not have long to watch them, for the giant birds flapped their wings with a steady beat, which carried them many miles an hour. It was not many days until the rumor went around the neighborhood that a flock of twenty swans was hanging about Holmes Lake.

As the days passed, one pair after another of these swans grew restless and quietly slipped away into the northern sky. At last only two pairs were left, but they refused to leave so delightful a feeding ground.

At some distance from the shore was a small

island, with just a few scrubby bushes growing on its banks. One pair of these swans found a shallow place in the earth under one of these bushes, lined it with rushes, weeds, and grass, and inside this, built a nest of softest down, which the mother plucked from her own body. In this soft, downy nest the mother swan laid a great white egg larger than the largest goose egg. The next day the other pair of swans set up housekeeping under a bush not ten feet away. Every other day the mother swans laid an egg until there were eight in each nest, when they settled down to brood their eggs. For thirty days the mothers spent most of their time sitting on the nest, slipping off only for a short time each day to gather a hasty meal.

Though the mother left the nest for only a few minutes, she always covered the eggs with down to keep them warm and scattered enough grass and reeds over all to make the nest look like any other spot on the island; for she well knew that when a wildling leaves her nest there is no knowing how long she may have to delay her return, and also that

there is no telling what thief may visit the spot while she is away.

One day early in May, Dad Oswalt was riding past the lake, and he saw a swan fly out of the tall rushes and a number of fluffy balls of down scurry to cover as fast as their little legs could paddle over the water. He very much wanted to own a pet swan, but he had no time to stop then. Not many days afterward, however, he took me with him and we rode over to Holmes Lake. Quietly slipping through the bushes, we came upon the shore; and sure enough there were four old swans and a dozen young feeding near the bank. A swan would thrust its long neck full length under the water and strip off the tender shoots of the rushes and flags, or catch insects, pollywogs, snails, or any other eatable thing that came handy. It was a pretty sight to see a great white bird thrust its long neck under the water and stand with its tail in the air with bubbles coming up every few moments showing where it was feeding. First one foot and then the other would paddle a little to help the bird keep its balance or to hold it

under the water. Dad did not want to shoot any of the birds and he had no canoe. He had hoped to find the birds feeding on the land and by a bold rush, catch some of the young before they could get into the water; but the

swans, led by that good spirit which protects the wildling, kept well away from the shore.

One thing happened, however, which interested me greatly. Along in the early afternoon, a great snapping turtle quietly slipped off a log and started swimming toward the swans. Both Dad and I watched it. Quietly it moved with only its head sticking above the water until within perhaps twenty feet of the happy family; then it settled down till only the tip of its nose could be seen. Stealthily it moved forward till within five or six feet, when it disappeared. In a moment a young swan gave a flop and a squawk and disappeared under the water. The wily old turtle had risen from beneath and catching the young swan by one foot, had settled to the bottom, pulling the poor bird under.

Very many young wild geese, ducks, and other waterfowl lose their lives in this way where there are many turtles. In fact, I have a friend in Iowa, who tried to make use of a small lake near his house for raising ducks. He thought that the ducks could live on the food on its shores; but as soon as the young

ducks were allowed to go to this lake, the turtles began catching them, and soon had caught so many that he gave up and sold the few that were left.

Early in the fall, Dad Oswalt came back to the lake determined to get a young swan. The swans were just learning to fly; and after trying in vain to catch one, he finally shot one in the wing and it fell some distance from the lake. It was so badly injured that it could not fly; but when he tried to catch it, he found that he had a real battle on his hands. Even a young swan will weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds, and its wings are quite powerful. The swan put up a hard fight, biting and pounding with its wings until Dad feared that he would have to kill it after all. He finally succeeded in tying its wings over its back and taking it home. After binding up the broken wing with a splint, he placed the young swan in a pen and fed it as one would a goose or a duck.

Those who have never seen a young swan doubtless do not know that they are not like the beautiful, white bird we often see gliding

over the lakes in our city parks. A young swan is not white at all, but an ugly brown, and a young trumpeter swan remains that color until it is almost a year old. This explains why the young ones can so quickly disappear among the rushes and cat-tails in the lake, for even before they are feathered, they have that dull tint of brown which blends with almost everything in nature.

Dad Oswalt named his swan Lady Jane. Lady Jane had been in her pen only a few days when Beaver, a six-months-old puppy found her. Now Beaver never stopped to question whether this young swan had a right to be there or not. It was merely something new, and even though it might belong to the master, it would do no harm to have a little fun with it. He jumped into the pen and rushed at Lady Jane intending to frighten her out of her wits and to have great sport wallowing her and pulling her feathers, as he had sometimes done with a chicken in the barn lot. He had been taught that chickens were not to be bothered in this way, but no one said that he must not play with a swan. He

would take the chance, anyway. Grandmother saw him bound into the pen, but kept out of sight and watched to see what would happen. Lady Jane did not think it necessary even to hiss at this awkward puppy. She merely raised herself to full height and threw her head well back, half raised her wings and waited.

Beaver did not quite like this. He had thought that she would run as soon as he came near; but he was not a coward. He saw that it would be necessary to teach this bird a lesson in manners, and so in a moment, he sprang straight at her, meaning to catch her by the neck. While he was in mid-air, out darted the swan's long neck, driving the hard beak full into his face, cutting an ugly gash and knocking the puppy to the ground. The swan was not willing to stop here, though the puppy would have been glad to call it enough. Catching him by the back of his neck, she beat him with her wings till he fairly howled with pain and fright.

As soon as he could get free, the puppy ran howling to the house. Both puppy and swan

had learned a lesson. Nevermore would the puppy bother a great strange-looking bird, and the swan now knew how to fight dogs.

Lady Jane soon became so gentle that she was allowed the freedom of the place. She seemed to feel perfectly at home. There was a small pond near by where she could go swimming and fishing, and there was plenty of corn about the stable. What more could a swan want?

She soon became very fond of the master. Even before she had put on her grown-up plumage, she followed him wherever he went. It was a funny sight to see the old man get on Betsy, his riding mare, and start for town with the swan chasing behind, trumpeting and flapping her wings. The bird never flew in order to keep up, but ran behind flapping her long wings. Sometimes, if he rode too fast, she would catch the horse by the tail and hang on, flapping her wings, and touching the ground only every few rods. More than once, some dog would chase the swan that was following a man on horseback. But he always went back a sadder and a wiser dog, for,

strange to say, no dog ever proved quick enough to dodge her lightning beak or to escape the hammering of her mighty wings.

As spring came on, Lady Jane grew very rapidly. When fully grown, she weighed over forty pounds and could eat corn off the brim of Dad Oswalt's hat when the hat was on his head, and Dad Oswalt was a man six feet tall. Now she was snow white, all but her feet and legs and bill. These were black.

Lady Jane could swim faster than anyone could row a boat or paddle a canoe. She seemed to like to race in this way, always managing to keep just out of reach.

As spring drew on, she wanted to fly. She never tried to rise out of the water as a duck would, but ran or swam forty or fifty yards in the wind, flapping her wings before finally taking the air. It is doubtful whether this great bird can rise into the air without getting this running start. It is certain Lady Jane never did.

When the wildlings began to come north, Lady Jane became very restless, and trumpeted a great deal. She would take long flights, but

by sundown she was always sitting in her own pond, with her long neck curled over her back with just her black bill sticking out of the feathers — the only black spot on a ball of snow.

One morning, just at sunrise, we were all startled by a regular trumpet concert. Some of the trumpets were as heavy as a bass horn, others were as shrill as a flute, and there were all notes in between. One who has never heard such a concert can scarcely imagine its power. These swans can trumpet as loud as a horn player. In fact, their voices can be heard for two or three miles.

Peeping out of the window, I saw a large flock of swans sitting in the pond. They had doubtless been attracted by Lady Jane, and she acted as if perfectly delighted at finding others of her kind.

The flock stayed about the pond most of the forenoon. When the flock first left, Lady Jane stayed, but when they circled back over the pond calling, she finally followed. No one ever saw her again, though one night in autumn a flock of swans spent the night in

the pond where she had lived so long and some of them helped themselves to the corn in the crib.

There are very, very few trumpeter swans left in the United States. One day, early in March, 1920, I was startled by the almost forgotten note of this bird. Scanning the sky, I located two trumpeter swans. They came almost directly over my head and passed out of sight to the northwest. I have often wondered where these two birds came from and where they were going. Their summer feeding grounds changed, their winter feeding grounds no longer safe, the race has all but given up the struggle. It is to be hoped that these lone wanderers found safety in some place, and that they may live long and rear a large family.

We have in America another wild swan that is smaller than the trumpeter swan. It is known as the whistling swan. Many of the swans we see in our city parks are neither trumpeter nor whistling swans, but are of European origin.

—Floyd Bralliar

HUNTING WILD GOATS BY SEAPLANE

It was only for the purpose of hunting wild goats that Johnston and I went to San Clemente. We might have gone there by boat from Los Angeles; but why go by boat when we had a perfectly good seaplane and knew how to fly it? We decided that it would be more pleasant to wing our way across the sixty miles of open ocean, half a mile above the waves. We did it in forty-five minutes. The trip would have taken us from six to eight hours by boat.

San Clemente is one of the several large islands off the coast of Southern California. It is useful to many only as a sheep range. Cabrillo, the Spanish navigator, who discovered the island in 1543, said that it was worthless. Cabrillo did one good piece of work there, however. On a later voyage to the island, he brought over a herd of Spanish goats and set them free there for the purpose of providing a source of food supply for sailors who might be compelled to land on the island in distress.

The goats did not seem to think that the island was worthless. They thrived there and seemed very happy. In fact, their numbers have increased so rapidly that the island today is covered with herds of wild mountain goats. From year to year these goats have become wilder and wilder until they now are the wildest of mountain stock. They have great horns; they live in the roughest and highest crags of the island; and they can run like deer over ground where man is scarcely able to walk.

We were 2500 feet above the sea when I sent the seaplane circling downward to a landing in Choke Berry Cove. This Cove is a tiny harbor on the western shore of San Clemente. There are hidden rocks just below the surface of the ocean and it took some skill to set the big "bird" down on the water without knocking the bottom out of her. As I peered over the edge of the plane and looked down upon that tiny patch of blue water half a mile below, Choke Berry Cove looked about as big as a washtub. It looked as if it would take some skill to land the seaplane there without

knocking down a mountain. But the Cove proved to be much bigger than it had looked from half a mile above; and in a few minutes, we had glided over the rocks at the land end of the little bay, and were slipping along over the surface of the sea with the ease of a surf bird coming in to roost.

After breakfast the next morning, we put on our cartridge belts and hunting knives, shouldered our rifles and set out up the canyon above our camp. It was difficult going, and in spite of our best efforts to avoid them, we

gathered up cactus stickers until we felt like human pincushions. Less than half a mile from the camp we dropped in our tracks in the sand when the cry "Bah-ah-ah!" came echoing around the face of the ridge on the base of which we were plodding. We wiggled into the cover of a clump of cactus, and began looking over the surrounding country with our field glasses. A quarter of a mile away and on the very summit of a crag, we discovered the source of the cry. It was a lordly old billy goat, with a long beard and a wonderful pair of curved horns. Down on the wall of the canyon, only a few yards from the big billy goat, was a herd of smaller billies, nannies and half-grown kids.

There was no way of approaching the herd without our being seen by the old "sentinel goat"; so we just remained hidden until he hopped down off his perch. The moment he jumped down, we outlined our plan of action. We would climb to the top of the 500 foot ridge in front of us, work our way toward the goats on the top of the ridge, and then steal down upon them from the other side. We


Mormer

finally succeeded in doing this, and when we looked out from behind a clump of bushes, we were delighted to find that our goats were still there. They had moved down the face of the cliff, but they were within 200 yards of us.

As Johnston was the best marksman, we decided that he was to take off the big billy. I was to take the next largest one, and when ready to shoot, I was to call out—"FIRE!" and we were both to shoot at the same time. Gradually I worked my rifle through the brush until I had the sights on a fine big goat. In the meantime Johnston was sighting his rifle on the big fellow. Then he whispered—"Are you ready?" "Yes," I replied, "Let them have it!" Our two guns roared as one. In fact, I shouldn't have known that Johnston had fired if the ejected cartridge from his rifle had not struck me a stinging blow on the left ear. But our bullets had found their marks.

Getting our game into camp took the rest of the day and it was a man's work at that. Johnston's goat weighed at least one hundred and seventy-five pounds. My goat was nearly as large.

Four days of tramping over the hills and lugging goats into camp set me to thinking about how simple it would be to fly over the island with a seaplane, locate our game from the air, dive down, and shoot it. Could we hit the goats while going over their backs at ninety miles an hour? That was the question. The only way to decide it was to try it.

We were talking about this plan of hunting at breakfast on the morning of our fifth day, when from overhead came the drone of a seaplane motor. Our blood ran cold with the thought that somebody who knew how to fly a seaplane had found our "ship" at Choke Berry Cove and had gone joy riding in it — leaving us on the island. We were peering about in the sky for a glimpse of the seaplane when it burst suddenly into view through a rift in the clouds. Our fears vanished, for this was a red "ship" —not a green one like ours. By the aid of my field glasses, I made out the lettering "HOLLOWAY" on the underside of the lower wing. "That's Steve Holloway from Avalon," I called out to Johnston; "and he's probably going to land at Choke Berry Cove."

We grabbed our guns, jumped onto our motorcycles, and sped toward the cove. There we found Holloway with his plane anchored while he tinkered with the motor. He told us that he had come out from Avalon to search for a missing motorboat. He had sighted the boat and reported its position.

When we told Holloway about our plan of hunting wild goats from the air, he was keen to go with us. "Let me pilot your plane," he said; "and then we can have two gunners." An hour later we started. With Holloway at the wheel we tore out of the cove; we climbed steadily upward until we were 2500 feet above the ground. This was high enough to take us 500 feet above the highest peaks of the island. Then we began scanning the landscape for goats. We had gone inland scarcely three miles when we saw a herd of goats on the top of a mountain peak a thousand feet below. It was agreed that I should make the first shot; I crawled out on the nose of the seaplane. By stretching out full length, I could hook my toes over the cowl of the cockpit and bring my shoulders under two wires extending from

the upper wings to the nose of the seaplane. In this position my head and shoulders were out into space and there was nothing in front of me to interfere with my shot. Johnston strapped my feet to avoid any possibility of my slipping off, and Holloway sent the plane earthward in a nose-dive—I was going down head first. With my head and shoulders out over the end of the plane, it seemed as if I were riding through space on nothing, flying like a buzzard and diving down at the goats like an eagle. Up came the landscape and the goats with a dizzy rush. It looked as if we were going to crash against the mountain top; but with Holloway driving, I knew from his record with airplanes during his service in France, that he would "flatten out" in time to prevent our "cracking up" on the mountains.

When the goats saw that giant, hawklike enemy swooping down upon them, some of them dived headlong down the mountain side. In a few seconds after we began the next dive, we "flattened out" over a herd scarcely a hundred feet above them and the jagged top of the mountain. Goats were running every which

way, some fairly tumbling over others in their haste to run, they knew not where.

Meanwhile my rifle was cracking. The shots could scarcely be heard above the roaring of the seaplane. The wind pressure interfered with my aim so much that my first two bullets did nothing but split up a puff of dust on the top of the mountain. Seeing where the bullets struck, however, helped me to correct my aim. The third shot sent a big billy down in his tracks and the fourth bullet toppled over another. The fifth and sixth shots were misses, for by that time we had fully "flattened out," and the goats and the landscape were going under us so fast that I was merely wasting my ammunition.

I crawled in off the nose of the plane, and we circled around the top of the mountain several times to be sure the two goats were down to stay. We found that they were both lying just as they had fallen; so we took our bearing from the air with a view of getting them later. In flying over the first herd, Johnston had emptied his rifle over the side of the cockpit, but he hadn't touched a goat with

a single bullet. We proved that it was possible to shoot land game from a flying airplane and that it is far easier than hunting afoot. By sign language, I told Johnston that he should now take his position on the nose of the plane to do the shooting while I crawled out on the wing to shoot the next herd of goats with the camera. Then with Johnston on the nose of the seaplane, I took my place on the lower wing and we began soaring up over the island.

Around on the east side of the island we saw a lonely billy standing upon a cliff overlooking the sea. We dived at him, and Johnston sent him tumbling down the cliff to the beach with a well-aimed bullet. Ten minutes later we had landed on the sea, loaded the goat into the seaplane's hold and were up in the air again.

Going along the shore about three miles from that point, we came over a great canyon leading back from the sea. The canyon was fully 1500 feet deep and probably a thousand feet wide at the top. Its walls were alive with goats. Almost before I had time to realize it,

we were diving into the canyon, 500 feet below the rim. From my position on the wing I saw jets of fire flash from Johnston's rifle and three goats topple off the wall. In another moment we were whirling around in the canyon at ninety miles an hour with the airplane wing, on which I was standing, seemingly within fifteen feet of a solid rock wall.

After landing the plane in the sea near the mouth of the canyon, we trudged up the canyon and came back lugging the three goats that Johnston had shot. We intended to fly away with them; but three heavy men and four goats made too big a load for the big bird and she refused to take the air. We had to leave two perfectly good goats on the shore and fly away with the two that we could carry.

Returning to Choke Berry Cove after two and a half hours in the air, we put one of the goats into Holloway's plane and sent him winging his way towards Avalon. He said that he would need at least one goat to make his friends believe our story of hunting wild goats by seaplane.

—*John Edwin Hogg*