

JES, the "Pirates" surely did deserve it. Fact is, they deserve see they get plenty-'cause they're the meanest set of fellows I ever saw. You see, it wasn't more 'n a week be-

fore this happened that they poured a would. lot of grease 'n things on a circus tent we'd put up. They sneaked into Joe Stanton's back yard at night, when all of us were in bed. That's the kind of chaps the "Pirates" are! But we got ed up to where the clothes lay scateven, all-righty, all-righty.

Skinny began things by telling Bill Jones what a dandy canoe the "Bloody Robbers"-that's us-had hidden on Brewster's island. None of us would let Bill join the "Robbers," 'cause he can't keep a secret worth shucks, and Skinny knew first thing he'd do would be to let those "Pirates" know all about

the boat.

over to the island. 'Course, they didn't find any canoe, as there wasn't any to 'bout everything they get-and we find. But a fine swimming-hole is just off the island, so to forget the disappointment all of them plunged into the water, just like Skinny thought they

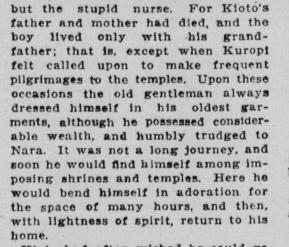
> Then Billy Mumford, who's our captain, sent Bill Kane and Jack Warner swimming cautious-like across to the island. They reached the bank, sneaktered about, and, before the "Pirates" knew what had happened, Bill and Jack had chucked all the clothes in the punt and were poling away for dear life. You can bet your life we howled, especially when the punt got 'way up the creek. But that wasn't all. We'd brought along a whole lot of old dresses

that the fellows got from their sisters. These we left on the bank, an' the So that very afternoon Mike Flannigan "Pirates" had to put them on, 'cause



"MAYBE THE FARMERS DIDN'T GUY THEM!"

led his "Pirates" out to the creek. But there wasn't anything else for them to we'd been looking out for them, and a wear. Maybe we didn't roar when they lot of us fellows were already hidden walked along the road, looking as



HE gods are calling me,"

times before.

Now Kioto loved his old grandfather

too much, and he was, besides, too

obedient, to show the least sorrow at

this announcement. But in his own

heart he told himself how lonely it

would be without his kind grand-

father, and with no one in the house

said Kuropi, suddenly, just

as he had said it many



Registioto's Pilorimooe Will

"BEAUTIFUL HANGING LAMPS ADORNING THE PORTICO"

moment did he suppose that it might be the evil one tempting him. The more Kioto reflected upon this summons from the gods, the stronger assurance he felt that it must be obeyed.

and plodded along the dusty road leading to Nara, Kloto was not far behind. He was sure his grandfather would not permit him to make such a intention. Successfully he had avoided only precious possession."

and his grandfather, in order that the old man should not pass from sight. Presently Kuropi climbed the steps that gave entrance to the greatest of these temples. Kieto stole silently through the doorway. His grandfather could not see very well, and the boy had slight fear of being detected, but he took every precaution As he entered, the inside of the temple filled him with wonder. Still more astonished was he, however, when he saw the colossal image of Buddha. Before this famous image Kuropi placed his offerings.

The lad, watching from a safe retreat, muttered to Tashiki: "The great god will be angry, Ta-

shiki, if I have no gift for him. What shall I do?"

Tashiki remained as stolid and unblinking as before, but Kioto continued, as though in reply to the doll: "I agree with you, Tashiki, when you say the all-powerful Buddha would care little for my simple toys journey, so he said naught about his or whatever else I have. You are my

Then the boy made a great resolve-

behind the bushes and rocks near Miller's bend. Right at this place the

that the Council adjourn. Carried.

Moved by Councillor brown and

accounts were seconded by Councillor Coombs

shamefaced as you please, an' maybe the farmers didn't guy them! 'Course, creek widens out, and Brewster's island is just in the middle. We watched the "Pirates" loose Farm-er Hamilton's punt and pole their way

'pisq b

Kioto had often wished he could go with his grandfather. And today his longing to penetrate the mysterious temples was greater than ever before. "It must be that the gods are call-ing me, too," thought he. Not for a

Most Important Eaby REFTTY GIVES THE ANCESTOR PARTY

growled the pirate, scowling at the cavalier. The wicked sailor man then paid

en, he proceeded to smi

"Scurvy rogue!" cr

lier's lady.

heed to the cavalier's words, but

non the cava-

d the cavalier at

lped down the last two biscults in one allow. After he had accomplished

this juncture, as much offended that the pirate should draw attention from his

verses as that he should be guilty of

"I shall take Tashiki with me," said he to himself, "and he will tell me what to do." Tashiki was a doll more than 200 years old. It had be-longed to Kioto's ancestors, therefore the lad had deep veneration for it. When Kuropi, then, took his staff

the nurse, and now he was following Kuropi. By noon the two pilgrims-old and

no less a one than to part with his. beloved Tashiki. At the very thought he paled and his voice trembled as young-were passing through Nara's streets. Kioto marveled exceedingly at the number of magnificent temples. he whispered into the doll's ear: "My own Tashiki, I have naught to He lessened the space between himself offer but you. The god demands that which I hold dearest. I must give

You up. You will understand." And, as Kuropi arose to leave the temple, the little boy crept forth and reverently laid his treasure at the foot of the giant idol.

"O great god Buddha, accept this," ny offering," he prayed. Then he nurried forth in pursuit of Kuropi. Lonely, indeed, he felt without Ta-Lonely. shiki and the advice he imagined the doll could give him. But he consoled

himself, murmuring: "I could not but give him up, and the good god may look more kindly upon me, now that Tashiki is gone." Still keeping his grandfather in Still keeping his grandfather in sight, Kloto came to the noted temple of Kasuga, which the old man entered. The boy <u>paused</u> a while to examine the beautiful hanging lamps adorning the portico. Then he, too, slipped into the temple. New wonders he saw <u>here.</u> So small was he that he stood unperceived among the worshipers and looked upon the Kagura-the religious dance in which the costumes

and gestures of the dancers are the same as those used twelve centuries And so the lad followed his grand-

father from shrine to shrine, until the old man at last turned his steps homeward.

So tired was he, and hungry as well. that Kioto could hardly keep his feet. But the thought that he had success-fully made his first pilgrimage cheer-ed him and helped him bear the fatigue.

No sooner did Kuropi arrive at his home than the nurse ran to meet him, crying excitedly:

"Master, your grandson is misse". We have searched for him every-where, but he is not to be found." At this moment, however, a little figure crossed the rustic bridge below, and there stood before them little Kioto, weary and travel-worn.

"You did wrong not to speak to me at first, Kioto." reproached the old gentleman, after the lad had told about his travels.

"Yes, grandfather, but I was sure the gods were calling me-just as the great god Buddha called upon me to give up Tashiki," pleaded Kioto. "You left Tashiki at the temple?"

queried the man, with a start of sur-

Kioto nodded. "The god demanded Tashiki," said he, simply. Then turn-ing to his grandfather, the little fellow earnestly asked:

Don't you think, grandfather, that the gods appreciate most of all those gifts which are really sacrifices?" For a long time the old man was si-lent. His reverie ended, he smiled sad-

ly; and replied: "My child, you rebuke me. You have undoubtedly pleased the gods more in your one pilgrimage than I have in in your one pilgrimage than I have in my scores of pilgrimages. My gifts, even the most generous of them, have never been sacrifices; for I missed them not. "I am old, my boy. Hereafter I shall make no more journeys to Nara. But I shall reflect upon the lesson you have taught me, and it may be I shall yet be able to do good in a way that will win me greater favor with the gods than all my pilgrimages."

than all my pilgrimages." And as Kioto heard his grandfather speak thus solemnly, the hope came to him that although he had lost the companionship and advice of Tashiki per-aps the good god Buddha might favor lim with counsel and comfort.

Even a married man may have his own way-after his wife decides on the direction.

along in a ro drawn by horses, and a miniature train and rallway station. Besides these, he has electrical toys, steam toys, all sorts of mechanical toys and toys that talk from hidden phonographs. Then, too, the royal baby possesses magnificent clothes and jeweled canes. The gems that



sparkle on these would more than fill the cradle in which Alexis formerly lay. Many Httle boys, long to be soldiers: The little czarevitch is already, colonel of a Finland regiment, of a Lithuanian" regiment, of a Siberiah regiment, of a Lithuanian regiment, of a Siberiah regiment, of the Artillery of Guard regiment, of two dragoon' regiments and of the corps of cadets of Tashkent, besides being com-mander of the Cossacks. 'This is fnough military honor for any boy, isn't it-especially, when the boy is not much more than 4.

THER EAR" (CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.) YOU remember how Betty sent out her invitations to the Ancestor Party by burning the missives in the candle flame; then with what suspense she waited for something to hap-

Nor had she long to wait. For the very next minute there floated in through the window a charming lady in a costume of Queen Elizabeth's time, while right at her heels came a gallant cavalier. Alighting upon the floor of the attic, the cavalier bowed and the lady curtseyed, as calmly as though their mode of entrance was an everyday occurrence. Betty never marveled as to what her ancestors did. And now she

wouldn't have had time, anyway, inasmuch as the pirate uncle-with several "greats" before an "uncle"-bore down upon them from the window, and after him a sweet-faced old Puritan lady. There were ever so many other ancestors to whom Betty had sent invitations. But, somehow, no more appeared. There-

fore, after waiting for a time, Betty suggested that the company already assembled take places around the old tea table she had brought out from a corner, of the attic and carefully dusted. Then Betty conscientiously attended upon her guests' wants. You wouldn't think mere shadows would care to eat or drink very much; but i'the pirate consumed" such a quantity of biscuit and drank so much tea that Betty feared greatly that after a while she would be unable to replenish the supply of biscuit or to make more tea. She was spared further worry, however. The cavalier arose, and, with a stately bow, announced: FIIf it please the company, I shall recite a few of my excellent verses," 

1 1. 4 1. st 111 11 11 1 7 4

winking at the lady in such rude fashion. "Odds blood! It is thy blood or mine!" exclaimed the pire, springing savagely from his chair. "It will be thine!" returned the cavalier. Immediately they floated out through the window; and the cavalier's

lady, in fear lest her husband come to grief, followed after. The Puritan lady, noticing the look of horror on Betty's face, whispered sooth-

ingly in the little girl's ear:-"Be not alarmed. Shades can meet with no hurt." "iii.

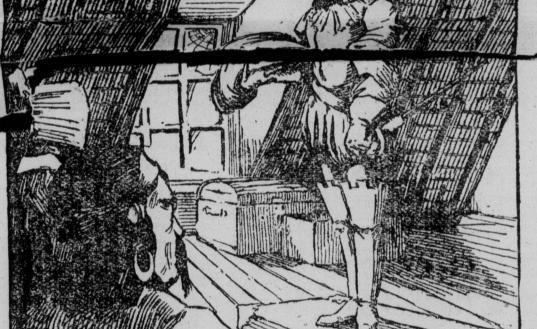
Then she added: "I do not wish to criticise, my dear, but think you not that the prate ancestor is not altogether to be desired at such a company? He may mean right enough, but he seemeth a rough sort or

"I shall never invite him again, grandmother." Betty tearfully assured her. "And next time we have-" Roddy.

But just at this moment there came a knock at the attic door. In a flash the Puritan ancestor disappeared and Betty 1 1 1 11



THEY SAT'AROUND THE OLD TEA TABLE N 1 1 1 1.3 31 at 1 100



THE CAVALIER. ENDEAVORS TO RECITE

tick & second ;

was confronted by her cousin, Roderick, tell Roddy about the ancestors. He would who had run over to pay a visit. "Who has been drinking tea?" asked

shade people. "Why, my an-;, I mean I have," replied Betty, in confusion. She couldn't

Freddy-No, you don't catch me shamming illness to stay home from school and get all dosed up with castor oil and such stuff. Johnny-Oh, I'm all right on that,

Was Invented.

touched turned 'to gold." What do you think of that? Billy-I've often heard it, but I have always thought that the story was in-

Homesick. from home and wants to get back awful bad-that is being homesick, ain't it? Mamma-Yes, dear.

Quite Prepared.

We're homeopaths at our house.

Bobby-"Everything that King Midas

vented by his advertisers. Tommie-Mamma, when a boy is away

Tommie-Well, when he's sick of staying at home and wants to go skating, what do you call it?

surely not understand. Betty was beginning herself to doubt whether SHE would ever understand those queer

