

Why the Bubble Party Failed

WHEN Captain Mike Flannigan, of the "Bloody Pirates," gave his bubble party the "Bloody Robbers" were naturally disdainful. Nothing the "Pirates" did was ever of any account you know.

But when Bill Jones described the affair to Captain Billy, who commanded the "Robbers," the doughty captain became interested in spite of himself, and wasn't quite so sure that the pastime was "fit for only asses." Bill was altogether neutral, being attached to neither of the "bloody" bands, and so was permitted at times to be an on-looker at the sports of both camps.

"You see," said he, "all the 'Pirates' got on the balcony that runs round the second story of Mike's house. Each fellow had a basin of water and a bubble pipe. And then he'd try to beat

treasury of the "Robbers" and commissioned to purchase the necessary pipes for the party.

On the morning of the next day Joe went upon his highly important mission. "Mr. Jenkins," said he, with the most commanding air boy ever wore, "I want some bubble pipes—fact, a whole lot of them."

The storekeeper rummaged among cases and under counters. After some minutes' search he turned to the lad and said apologetically:

"I'm very sorry, Joseph. I haven't a single bubble pipe left. A crowd of boys from the other side of town came in yesterday and bought every pipe I had."

Joe stared aghast. Discouraged, he shuffled his way out of the store, only to see Mike Flannigan grinning from the opposite side of the street. Joe did not hesitate. With a hop, skip and a jump he was across the street and battle was on.

But even Joe's victory did not tend to lessen the anger and disappointment of the "Robbers" when they learned that the "Pirates" had discovered in some manner that a bubble party was to be given by their rivals, and that they had therefore scraped together as much money as possible and bought all the soap bubble pipes at Jenkins—the only store that sold them.

Meantime, Captain Billy and his band are looking for that mean chap who tattled about their plans to the "Pirates." When they find him—well, there'll be some fun.



"I WANT SOME PIPES"

the other fellow in makin' the largest and the prettiest and the funniest sort of combinations. "Course, the bubbles would float all the way from the balcony to the ground, and when the sun struck them as they'd fall you'd see some of the grandest colors that ever was—just like rainbows and kaleidoscopes and things like them. Mike's big sister gave out prizes for the boys who did the best. Pete Maloney won a dandy baseball cap for blowin' the most bubbles in a minute. Say, why don't you 'Robbers' have a party like that?"

Captain Billy did not reply at once to Bill Jones' question. But he thought the matter over very carefully, and when the "Robbers" met in Jack Warner's hayloft that afternoon he broached the subject.

"Well, it looks like we might have some fun dolly' something of that sort," observed Skinky, thoughtfully, "but we mustn't let the 'Pirates' hear about it, or they'll say we're covin'—as they say."

When the matter was put to a vote it was decided to have a bubble party the following afternoon on Pete Hamilton's balcony, which was quite a distance from the ground.

Joe Stanton was intrusted with the small amount of savings held in the

A Leaf Cradle

HAVE you ever seen a leaf used to cradle a baby? When a mother in Brazil does her washing, she takes baby along with her to the river. Here grows a water lily with a leaf a yard wide and a yard long. All about this leaf there is a turned-up rim, which prevents baby from sliding off. And upon this soft, green bed baby is laid until mother finishes her work.

The lily is called the Victoria Regia, and it was named after Queen Victoria. Its lovely flower is the largest in the world.

Wanted It Exchanged.

An evening party was being held at Dr. Blank's house the other evening, when the servant ushered in two little boys carrying between them a heavy basket.

"What have you here, boys?" asked the surprised physician.

"Oh, please, doctor, Jimmy an' I have brought back the baby, and we want to know if you'll give us a puppy dog instead."

Another Use for It.

It was little Milly's first experience in church. So when the collection box was passed around she was a bit nervous. "No, thank you, I'm going to buy candy with mine."

The Better Form.

Teacher—I should like to have some one in the class give a better form of the sentence, "John can ride the mule if he wants to."

Bright Pupil—John can ride the mule if the mule wants him to.

Across the Fields of Ice and Snow



"EACH TRAIN CONSISTED OF FOUR DOGS AND A LONG, NARROW SLED"

"DO YOU know, I'm growing sick and tired of this," grumbled Tom Blake. "Here I've been driving this confounded old delivery wagon for two years, and Skinton & Co., wholesale and retail grocers, seem to think I'll do forever on the same mean wages. Just think of it—no cent increase in wages for the past two years!"

"Well, I'm in the same boat, Tom. If that's any consolation to you," Bob Farrell replied. "I've been clerking for Skinton & Co., wholesale and retail grocers, for the same time, until now I no longer believe the old copy-book maxim that 'Faithfulness is Well Rewarded,' and so on."

"I tell you what, Bob," said Tom, suddenly, "let's go out of this slow Ohio town. Neither of us has any folks living. It's certain we'll never grow rich here. Suppose we strike for the West!"

As a result of this conversation, Skinton & Co., grocers, lost two of their valued employees. During the following weeks, however, those two employees sincerely wished they were holding their former positions, even at the old wages. It did not take them long to exhaust their scant savings, and "freighting" it cross country brought many hardships.

Indeed, they were a forlorn-looking pair when, having just sneaked from the railroad yards, they stood longingly before a restaurant in Seattle.

They did not observe a well-dressed man of learned appearance near them until the gentleman stepped up to them with the remark:

"Like to be inside, boys, wouldn't you?"

"That we would!" answered the lads, with a grateful nod.

"I should be pleased to have you for my guests."

Tom and Bob accepted the invitation with alacrity. Not until they had eaten their fill did the gentleman speak more than a few words. But when he saw their hunger was appeased, he said:

"You two look like strong, earnest boys, who really want work. Suppose

you're hunting for jobs, eh?"

To the boys' nods he replied, "I thought so. And therefore I propose that you enter my service for a time. My name is Dr. Selby. I want to study the habits of the Cree and Maltoaux Indians, who live some distance to the north of here, and I need two strong boys of 17 or 18 years of age to act as my assistants. Will you come with me?"

It did not take long for Tom and Bob to arrive at a decision. In fact, they accepted immediately.

Nor was it long after this that they were installed in a hut far to the north.



"HURLED HIMSELF UPON THE BOY"

No white snow. Here, with snow and ice stretching on all sides as far as the eyes could see, the doctor, the boys and the Eskimo helper made their headquarters.

The boys enjoyed their experiences immensely. Upon the very first trip the travelers came to grief. They took four trains of dogs, each train consisting of four dogs driven tandem style, attached to long, narrow sleds. One of the sleds containing provisions was upset, and

the goods, being insecurely fastened, tumbled down a steep gully, from which they could not be recovered. During the rest of the trip the party lived upon fat meat and tea. Strange to say, they thrived upon this diet.

Sometimes, when no shelter was at hand, they would build real snowhouses, and perhaps wake on the following morning to find their "houses" covered to a good depth with snow.

One morning Tom had no sooner arisen than the Eskimo hurried himself upon the boy and commenced rubbing his nose vigorously with snow. Tom protested, and there was a real scrimmage until the lad was made to understand that his nose was frozen and the Eskimo was trying to effect a cure. This occurred when the thermometer registered 50 degrees below zero.

For the second trip Dr. Selby secured St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs to draw the sledges, as he could not prevent the native dogs from stealing food supplies and continually fighting among themselves. The feet of the new dogs were not so hard. So the doctor shed them with a sort of thumbless mitten, with which they were so well pleased that they would sometimes wake him during the night to replace their mittens.

At first the scientist found great hostility against him. But after awhile the Indians became great friends with him. Indeed, to such an extent were they friendly that the doctor occasionally would awake to find a group of Indians whooping about his bedside—come for assistance of some kind—for they regarded the doctor as physician, surgeon, dentist and everything, all in one.

Tom and Bob were sorry when the trip was ended and they were once more back in Seattle. But this sorrow changed to the joy of anticipation when the doctor said to them:

"I now want you to come with me to South America, boys. I'm sure you'll find no end of adventure there."

Would they go? Of course; but that's another story—one that Polly Evans hopes to tell you before long.

Sarah's Pet, the Sea Serpent

"JUST wonder how they are made," murmured little Sarah. She was referring to the many wonderful fireworks she had seen the evening before at a nice garden party. She did wish she knew how so many splendid balls of fire and such pretty designs could be put in a little cylinder with a stick attached to it. But this wasn't all Sarah wondered about—she was always "just wondering." People wondered how she could possibly wonder so much.

About the only thing about which Sarah had not wondered was a sea-serpent. And probably this was the only reason the sea serpent paid her a visit. Because he was tired—oh, yes; quite tired—of people who wondered whether there were such creatures as sea serpents. Of course, there were sea serpents. Wasn't he one?

"How do you do, little girl?" said the serpent, with exceeding politeness, as he squirmed and wriggled his way to where the little maiden stood on the beach. Sarah would have been afraid, and she would surely have run away, had she not been too busy wondering where such a strange monster COULD have come from.

"I hope you are glad to see me," continued the serpent, winking his eye jovially, and seeming not to notice that Sarah made no reply. Neither did Sarah respond to this question. You must not think her impolite, however. She was so busy wondering whether there was another living being in the



"GREATEST OF FRIENDS"

world so ugly as the serpent that she really forgot to answer.

But it was not long before Sarah and the serpent were the greatest of friends. The horrible scaly fellow was so good-natured that he even permitted Sarah to sit on his head, after which she stood still for most fifteen minutes, wondering whether any other sea serpent ever wore a bonnet.

Many times thereafter the serpent came to talk with Sarah. She said nothing about him to either father or mother, "cause she was sure they wouldn't believe it. Besides, she wanted to keep this a secret of her very own. She never wondered whether a secret was nice to keep. She knew THAT, as well as she knew that candy and cake and ice cream were among the most toothsome eatable things.

One afternoon, when Sarah and her pet had talked of everything, from stars to little fish, the sea serpent asked:

"Would you not like to take me where you live, so that I may see some of the wonderful things you tell about?"

"Why, certainly," returned Sarah. "How could we manage it?"

Without another word, the serpent proceeded to swallow his tail, and then more and more of himself, until he was nothing more than a hard, little ball. Sarah put him in her sand bucket, and tripped toward home.

Sad to relate, however, she carelessly left the bucket in the kitchen while she went to call mother, and Nora threw the ugly piece of wood, as she called it, into the fire.

The little girl returned just in time to see the serpent uncoiling himself in a wonderful hurry, amid a shower of sparks. But before he could accomplish this he was burnt up.

"Now I know," muttered Sarah, sadly, "how the phylloxera were first made. But I do wish I could have known it without having my deary, darling old serpent burnt to ashes."

In the World of Curiosities

(NO. 2.)

PLANTS closely resemble so many things that one is not greatly surprised to learn that some of them look very much like birds. But there is one plant the flowers of which



are so like white doves in appearance that a person cannot tell the difference though standing only a short distance away from the plant. In the picture you see this curious orchid.

Sure Thing.

Suste—Do your next-door neighbors take a morning paper?

Fred—Yes; if they get up before we do.

Search Without Fruit.

Father—Willie, can you tell me what a "fruitless search" is?

Willie—Certainly, pa. It's when you're hunting for apples in the pantry and find only potatoes.

New Babies at the London Zoo



BABY CAMEL AND THE CARACAL CAT

"SO THIS is the new baby, is it?" asked Mr. Twittering Sparrow.

Mrs. Caracal looked fondly upon the little cub nestling beside her. Then her eyes gleamed wickedly as she glanced at the sparrow.

"You're thinking what a fine meal I would make, aren't you?" calmly observed the sparrow. "But I'm going to tell you that if you wait until you catch me you'll go a long time without eating. In fact, your baby will be full grown before that time."

"And what a fine fellow he will be!" cried Mrs. Caracal, forgetting her spite against the sparrow. "I can just see him now, with his long, slender limbs, beautifully tufted ears, and a tail many inches in length. I had bewitched my ears, you know. In Persia, when I was captured, they called me a 'yagsh,' the word meaning 'tufted ears.'

And my coat then was much prettier than it is now. A delicate fawn color it was, with white underneath, just as pretty as baby's here."

"Oh, baby will soon be grown. Then I hope he'll be able to hunt you, as my relatives and I hunted gazelles, hares and birds of all kinds in far-off India and Africa and Arabia. Why, I remember I would leap as high as six feet in the air to catch little creatures like you."

"What a bloodthirsty animal you are!" Mr. Twittering Sparrow laughed good-humoredly, as he continued:

"By the way, there's a new baby in the Zoo. And the mother came from near your native land."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Caracal, impatiently.

"Mrs. Camel," the sparrow replied. "The baby is a white little thing that

looks as though it would be as vicious and stupid as its mother—and that's saying a whole lot. Camels are the stupidest things that ever happened. The little camel has already been named Treelby. It has callous pads all over its chest and ankles and knees, so that it may kneel without discomfort.

"Mrs. Camel is as proud as proud can be, because it's a white camel. You know, camels are white, gray, brown and black. The black ones are much despised by the Arabians. When the baby's grown he'll be ever so much bigger than your child. Indeed, he ought to stand at least seven feet in height. And his mother is sure he'll have a splendid hump, though the hump depends altogether on the richness of the food. On the desert, during the dry season, when food is scarce, the hump shrinks until it almost disappears.

"The old lady talked so much about her baby that I grew tired. She told me that when a baby is born on the desert it is swung in a net upon the back of a full-grown camel. Then she began to brag about the value of her kind of camel, which is found in Africa, India, Persia and Arabia. She says that people utilize the milk, flesh, hair and even the bones of the animals. But she's no better than the two-humped camel. And they're all stupid, as I said before."

"But, good-bye; I'm off to chat with the elephant."

Mrs. Caracal followed the sparrow with her eyes as the cheerful little fellow flew away. And she told herself how much nicer her baby must be than the horrid little camel. Strange to say, Mrs. Camel was at that very moment thinking how much nicer her baby was than any other baby at the Zoo. But, as the picture shows, they're both very cunning.

Vain Miss Pussy

A VERY pretty little pussy cat she was, and one that Mrs. Tabby might well be proud of. So, with many good qualities and virtues, 'twas a great pity she should have been vain of her good looks.

And because of this vanity she sought Mr. Fox. That gentleman, you know, possessed a magnificent tail and brush, which Miss Pussy much envied.

In a handsome new dress, donned for the first time, Miss Pussy walked coquettishly down the road leading to Mr. Fox's hole.

"Good morning, Mr. Fox," said she when the wily fox came to the door in response to her knock.

Mr. Fox bowed very low as he said:

"Good morning, miss. This is, indeed, a pleasure."

"You are very kind, sir," Miss Pussy replied with a simper. "You are such a handsome fellow that I delight to come and admire you. Especially do I enjoy looking at your splendid tail. Mr. Fox, how did you grow such a handsome tail?"

The fox chuckled grimly to himself. "What a flatterer she tries to be!" But he gravely answered:

"'Tis the easiest thing in the world, Miss Pussy. If you will come with me, I will show you the one correct method."

Thereupon Mr. Fox directed the pussy-cat to follow him across a nearby field, upon the farther edge of which stood a tree having a great hole in its trunk.

"Now, my dear young lady," instructed the beauty doctor, "you must place your tail in this hole and gently wave it to and fro."

Miss Pussy obeyed. In so doing she disturbed a swarm of bees which lived inside. Immediately they stung the tail in a hundred places.

"Aoww—aoww—meoww—ouch!" she

No Hurry.

A gentleman living in the North was riding through the mountains of West Virginia, when he came across a boy driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you taking the pigs?" asked the man.

"Going to pasture 'em a bit," the lad replied.

"Why," said the man, "I should imagine it would be slow work fattening pigs on grass. Up where I live they pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yes, but what's time to a hawg?" was the crushing reply.

scrambled in her pain.

Scarcely a moment had passed ere the tail was swollen to a size as great as that of Mr. Fox's brush. Though her eyes were dimmed with tears of anguish, Miss Pussy could not help feeling proud, indeed, of this wonderful ornament.

Nodding good-bye to Mr. Fox, Miss Pussy tripped lightly homeward to show Mrs. Tabby the splendid new tail.

But, unfortunately for her, a hunter saw the waving plume, and imagining the animal to be a fox, gave chase to Miss Pussy. Before the poor pussy found no end of adventure there."

Would they go? Of course; but that's another story—one that Polly Evans hopes to tell you before long.

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