

JOE HARKER'S ADVENTURE IN FROG HOLLOW

BY FRANK CRANE.

"SAY, Joe, aren't you lying down on your job?" asked Joe Harker, Jr., with a puzzled look on his face.

"Why?" answered Joseph Harker, Sr., with mock seriousness, "here it is three days since vacation began, and not a single redskin taken into camp! I took a look at your tent last night and failed to find a solitary scalp drying on the ridgepole."

Joe was stumped for a very small fraction of a minute. It was a pretty difficult proposition for Joe's father to look serious, and he usually made a sorry mess of it.

"Well, you see it's this way, Dad," said Joe. "We haven't started on the warpath yet. The Grammar School boys have a little job on hand that is going to be attended to today. Our team proposes to put the Oyster Pirates' nine out of business for the rest of the summer! We're going to make history to-day, Dad, and your little boy Joe is the twirler that is relied on to do the trick! Just feel of those lips, Dad. You couldn't expect a chap when he's training for an important event like this to take any chances of getting laid up by a stray bullet."

"I don't know but you're right, Joe, in being cautious, because I've been told the boys from along the shore are putting a strong team in the field this year."

"Of course we wouldn't play 'em if they weren't worth while," said Joe. "But it's dollars to little apples that we do them up good and plenty."

"Well, I don't like to encourage betting, Joe, but I'll just wager a new pair of tires for your wheel against the old ones that you're ticked."

"You're on, Dad," said Joe, rightly interpreting the nature of the "wager."

"If you don't quit your sporty talk and finish your breakfast," broke in Mrs. Harker, "you'll never get the 8:45 train. And, goodness knows, if you ever missed having to suspend operations for the day."

"All right, mother, I'm off. But just hold out Joe's dinner until I hear what the score is."

After breakfast Joe sauntered out on the street, feeling all the importance that the occasion demanded, and not one whit more for Joe was a modest boy, and the airy perfidie that he exchanged with his father was just a little way they had. But there was no denying the fact that he was the star and mainstay of the Grammar School nine, and no one realized this better than the captain of the Oyster Pirates, a team made up of the boys whose parents lived along the shore of Bayville. Joe was well aware of the respect in which he was held by the opposition and was somewhat surprised at the cordial manner of Bill Larkin, whom he met just outside of the gate. Bill appeared to be aimlessly pattering along, but when he saw Joe he immediately joined him, extending meanwhile an effusive greeting.

"Hello, Joe," cried the captain of the Pirates warmly. "I hope you're feeling in good trim! It's a bully day and we ought to pull off a great game—I mean," he corrected himself, "you fellows ought to pull off a great game."

"Why, aren't you going to play?" gasped Joe. "Nope," replied Bill. "Mother got a telegram this morning from a big oyster firm about some deal or other, n' Pop of course had to be on the



He Was Gazing Absently in the Direction of the Hook.

Polly. And of course the Polly is about twenty-five miles down the Sound buying seed oysters, and I've got to deliver that telegram and bring Pop home on the Jumping Jack."

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," said Joe. "And so he was, but he couldn't help thinking what a ditch it was for the Grammar School boys with Bill out of the game. Big Bill, Larkin was not only the captain and brains of the Pirates but he was also the best backstop in Bayville and the hardest man to fool when he was at the bat that Joe had ever been up against."

Joe, however, was as game as a pebble and too keen a sportsman to be elated at any such advantage. He didn't want a walkover and really felt sorry for Bill. "Never mind, old chap," said Bill, "guessing what was in Joe's mind. 'The Pirates will do you up without me. But I would like to be there and soak you for three bagger just for fun!'"

When Joe started from home he had no particular objective point, but just kept strolling on with Bill, until he now found himself at the Water street landing.

"There's the Jumping Jack. You've never seen her before, have you?" asked Bill.

"No," replied Joe. "She's a Jim dandy all right, isn't she?"

"Bet your life! Why, she can cut circles all around anything in the bay; she's only twenty-two feet long, but the motor is ten horse power and she goes like a train of cars. Say, Joe!" exclaimed Bill, as if an idea had just popped into his head. "Why can't you take a sail with 'em?"

"I'd like to, all right," said Joe, "but you won't be back before night, and I've got to pitch that game, you know."

"Oh, of course, you couldn't go at the say, but you could sail around the Hook. That's about seven miles, and it's only about a mile walk across the Hook to go home. You can do all of it in about an hour and a half and it's just nine now. I'd just like to show you how the Jumping Jack can walk."

This was a very tempting proposition to Joe. He gazed out on the dancing waters of the bay and noted the white caps in the distance. Inshore the ripples glistened in the sunshine and seemed to say, "Come on! you'll play ball all the better for your little outing."

It didn't occur to Joe just then that this was the first invitation he had ever received from Bill Larkin to take a sail with him. If he had only stopped to think, "But what boy can do much of a thinking act on a day like this, with a crackerjack launch tugging at her moorings and the waves beckoning him to come on?" "Anyhow, what's the harm?" thought Joe. "I'll be back by eleven and the game doesn't start until two."

By this time Bill had got aboard the Jumping Jack and was getting everything shipshape preparatory to casting off. Joe watched him test the batteries, fill the oil cups, &c. But he didn't notice that the captain of the Pirates was craftily watching him out of the corner of his eye. He was, though, and he observed that the motor was weakening every minute.

"Just watch her, Joe!" he cried, giving the flywheel a turn. Letting her run out the length of the line, he deftly stopped the motor and pulled her back to the landing, hand over hand. "Say, she'd

go from here to Boston 'n' never miss a spark! Better get aboard, Joe; I've got to start now."

"All right, Bill; let her go. So long as I get back by noon it's all right," said Joe. But as he jumped aboard there was



A BEGINNER IN MODEL AEROPLANES

BY LEON GIELLERUP

THE amateur model aeroplane builder should always bear in mind that it is not always the complicated model that wins out in a race. In a recent aeroplane contest of the Thirteenth regiment of Brooklyn it was a very simple model that won the race. The trouble with the complicated model is that it contains too much framework and too many planes and therefore offers too much resistance to the air. This is a point which all model builders should avoid.

The model which I am about to describe is a very good one for beginners.

First, extract from your bank forty-five cents, the entire cost of the aeroplane. Purchase ten dowel sticks (one cent each) from any hardware store. Get three three-eighths inch and the rest one-quarter inch. Then purchase a five cent cake of painter's glue at any paint store, a five cent spool of extra thick white linen thread, a bottle of shellac for ten cents, six yards of India rubber cord at two cents a yard and three cents' worth of thick wire.

The length of the largest plane is 26 inches and the width 10 inches. The sticks used for the planes are one-quarter inch. Cut these to length and fit the joints as shown in No. 1 of the diagram. Bind the joints with the thread, taking care to hold the sticks at exact right angles.

The length of the second plane is 19 inches and the width 8 inches and is also made with one-quarter inch dowels. Treat the joints in the same way as the larger plane. After you have bound both planes put your glue in a flat pan and place it on the fire. Spread the melted glue on the joints of which there are eight, and then lay your planes away to dry.

Take your three three-eighths inch dowels and sharpen one end of each one, as shown in No. 2 of diagram. Fit them together and place in the centre of the joint a wire hooked at one end, as shown in No. 3 of the diagram. Then bind them with some good stout twine, thus forming a long pyramid on the backbone of the

aeroplane. The base of this pyramid is vacant, so cut three one-quarter inch sticks just long enough to fit the base. Bind these to the long sticks and glue the joints. The base will then form a complete triangle. Across this bind two sticks parallel with the level on which the planes will go. These two sticks are one-quarter inch away from each other, so cut between them a tin tube one-half inch long. This will form a propeller shaft.

Then take your largest plane and bind it to the backbone three inches from the propeller shaft or the base of the backbone, so that the backbone will be exactly in its middle. Take your smaller plane and bind it to the backbone twelve inches from the larger plane. Then sandpaper the whole thing till it is clean. Procure some muslin or other kind of white material from your mother and sew it to the planes. Take care to sew it tightly and leave no wrinkles. Then shellac the whole thing, planes, cloth and all, with a soft brush.

To make the propeller get some thin strips of wood and cut them one-third of the length of your largest plane. Cut six of these and cover them with glue. Then drive a thin nail through their exact centres, and while the glue is still soft turn them so as to make a sort of double fan. (See No. 4 of diagram). Place a weight on this and leave it till dry. When dry cut down the propeller to the desired thickness.

Then take a wire and hook it at one end and pass the straight end through the propeller shaft, thus having the hooked end faced to the hook at the apex of the backbone. Slip a washer and a head over the straight end as shown in No. 5 of the diagram. Extract the nail from the propeller and shove the straight end of the wire into the hole. Wind the rather cord around the two hooks as many times as it will go, knot the two ends, and your model is finished.

THE RIDDLE

WHEN Cousin Bess comes home from school

She looks so very wise.
And through her large, round spectacles
You see her large, round eyes.
She gathers us upon the porch
And makes us lessons say,
But none of us could answer this
She asked the other day:—

"What something often rises
And yet stays in its bed,
And never eats or talks or thinks,
Though it has mouth and head,
And always keeps close to the banks.
But never asks a loan,
And very often falls and yet
It never breaks a bone?"

And Johnny tried and so did Maud
And so did little Sue,
But none of us the riddle guessed,
And so it's left to you.

a little voice "way down" inside of him that seemed to whisper, "Joe Harker, you're a big fool!" If Joe heard the voice, he wasn't the kind of a boy to nope, or cry over spilled milk. He meant to enjoy the sail, and he did. Bill hadn't exaggerated the good points of the Jumping Jack a particle. Just as they pulled out, the Flying Fish, a crack motor yacht from Viewpoint, hoisted her anchor and started after them.

"Just watch me play with that fellow," said Bill. "She's got a mahoegian hull and cost about fifteen thousand dollars, but I can run right away from her." He then proceeded to "play with her" by letting her get almost ahead of the Jumping Jack, when, as he expressed it, he "hooked up" the motor and forged ahead quick, leaving the Flying Fish trailing a half mile astern.

This and similar incidents kept Joe interested, and they were rounding the point of the Hook before he noticed how far they had gone. "Here we are, Bill!" he cried. "I've had a bully sail, and if you will land me over there on that point I'll get home in plenty of time. I'm sorry you're not going back with me, old chap," he added, and meant every word of it.

"That's all right, Joe," answered Bill, who was landing over the motor. "We'll have it out some other time."

Just then there was a succession of tiny explosions, like a pack of miniature firecrackers going off, and the motor stopped. "Keep her head to the wind, Joe. A plug blew out. I'll have her working all right in a minute."

Joe obeyed instructions, meanwhile anxiously watching his companion, who continued to tinker with the motor. A shade of suspicion crossed his mind. Was this a scheme to keep him away from the game? No, that couldn't be. They were less than a quarter of a mile from the Hook and there were a pair of oars in the boat. He was sure Bill wouldn't try to keep him aboard by force, as he had whipped him twice and they both knew he could do it again. For that matter, he could jump overboard and swim ashore. A quarter of a mile swim meant nothing to Joe Harker.

When these thoughts were running through Joe's mind he was gazing absently in the direction of the Hook when his attention was attracted to a tall tree some distance back from the shore. As he looked he saw a red flag, or rather waving backward and forward from the branches, like a jackie wig-wagging from the masthead of a man of war. He glanced quickly at Bill, intending to make some remark about the phenomenon, and was somewhat surprised to observe that worthy gazing in the same direction. Before he could make a remark Bill called out:—"Look alive, Joe! I've got her fixed all right. Just point for that row of

ing Jack into the mouth of a small creek and deftly brought his craft to a stop as her prow gently grazed the pebbly beach. From this retreat, while unable to see the shore of the Hook, Bill's line of vision took in the top branches of the tree from which the red flag had waved a welcome on their approach. That particular bunch of foliage seemed to have a fascination for Bill, as he never relaxed his gaze from its direction for a moment.

In a short time his vigilance was rewarded. From the dark green background a streak of red appeared moving in eccentric curves! In less than ten it takes to tell it the Jumping Jack, hooked up to her utmost limit of speed, was racing through the waters of the Killa like a scared cat, headed for Bayville! Bill had evidently forgotten all about that important telegram for his father!

"Poor old Bill! it's a shame he can't be in the game," was the outspoken thought of Joe as he made tracks for home.

"Hello, Harker! What's your hurry?" At the salutation Joe had a mild attack of palpitation of the heart. He had just turned into the road on the outskirts of Frog Hollow and there, sitting on a fence rail, were "Red" Durkin and three of his chums. Up to this moment Joe had overlooked the fact that the only road across the Hook ran through Frog Hollow! It was as much as a Bayville boy's life was worth to be caught alone by the Frog Hollow gang, and here he was, on the most important day of his existence, face to face with the redoubtable leader of the gang! At this moment two more boys appeared from behind a cow stable, and as Joe looked at their grinning faces he realized he was in a very tight place.

He realized it more yet when he saw one of them shin up a big tree with a piece of red-shedding protruding from his pocket. The whole plot was as plain as daylight to him now, as he recalled the "accident" to the motor and how he had caught "Bill" pretending to be fixing it! In his mind's eye he could see the Jumping Jack streaking it for home, bearing the joyful news to the Oyster Pirates that the star pitcher of the Grammar School nine would be in the box that afternoon! But, while Joe gave no signs, but put on as brave a face as he could muster up.

"Hello, old Scout!" he replied to Red's query. "Can't stop a minute. We're going to do up the Oyster Pirates to-day. Coming over to the game?"

"No, I ain't comin' over 'n' you ain't goin' to play! grab him, Skinny!"

In telling the story afterward Joe declared he hadn't the faintest idea where they came from, but before you could say Jack Robinson he was surrounded by at least a dozen members of the gang!

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