

Sold His Reputation for a Songbird

SOUNDS of merry laughter and the gay tinkling of cymbals fell upon the ears of Pierre, vendor of bird-cages. One observing the dejected air of the young man, as he trudged stolidly along the dusty road, would hardly imagine that music and gaiety could possibly find place in such a soul.

Yet Pierre seemed to respond to the inviting strains. He straightened out the crook in his back, balanced anew the long pole upon which his wares were suspended and stepped forward almost blithely.

"Perchance 'tis a wedding," thought he, "and should I take advantage of the general spirit of goodwill, I may be able to dispose of my cages. At all events, the music is certainly pleasing."

"Whose wedding is it?" asked he of the first person he met upon entering the town, which bore signs of great rejoicing among its inhabitants.

"Wedding, numskull? Why, don't you know this is the first day of May—a day when only idiots and those who court misfortune dare marry; and haven't you ever heard of the crowning of the May Queen?" The fellow gleefully repeated Pierre's question to bystanders, and these mocked at him, saying:

"Surely such an ignorant boobey does not deserve to sell his goods."

The poor vendor of cages shrank from the rough fellows who assailed him on every side. Seeing that he stood no chance of making a single sale, he dejectedly made his way back toward the road whence he had come.

But, once out of sight of his tormentors, Pierre's courage revived sufficiently for him to ask a wayfarer, whom he overtook on the way, to purchase a cage.

Upon the man's replying that he had no need of such an article, Pierre, made despondent by hunger, cried:

"If you don't want to buy, be merciful, at least, and give me enough money to buy one meal!"

"A big, healthy-looking fellow like you should be ashamed to beg," retorted the other.

Pierre convinced him, however, that people would not buy his cages—they preferred to eat the birds in the sky, rather than in a cage—therefore was he staving.

The stranger looked at the vendor long and searchingly. "Pierre," said he, "I am going to help you."

Drawing from his pocket a bird with magnificent azure plumage, he placed it in one of the empty cages. Then he continued:

"Whenever you wish to have anything simply say to this little bird: 'O bird of azure blue, I crave a boon of you—and then name your wish. You will receive what you desire.'"

Pierre immediately put the stranger's words to the proof by wishing for a splendid dinner. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the most beautiful dishes lay on a table before him.

"Oh, sir!" cried the overjoyed vendor, "thank you with all my heart! Surely you must be an angel."

"I am St. Elmo," was the reply, uttered just as the good saint suddenly disappeared from sight.

After a hearty meal, Pierre wished for a horse, a handsome suit of clothes and plenty of money. Strapping behind him the horse, the suit and the money, he drew from his pocket a card containing the rest of his cages and journeyed to seek fortune, singing as he rode.

Presently he arrived at a mansion where many nobles and gentlemen were gathered together for entertainment. Finding that there were distinguished guests, Pierre very courteously made his magic bird summon both minstrels and jugglers.

The ladies imagined Pierre was some person of great importance, and all were anxious to dance with him. He found one so beautiful and graceful that he was seized with admiration for her many good qualities, and immediately fell in love with her. And that very evening Pierre asked her hand in marriage.

"Alas! I cannot," sighed the lady.



STEPPED FORWARD ALMOST BLITHELY

for, although I love you, I am betrothed to another.

Now, it so happened that the nobleman to whom she was betrothed was of a most avaricious bent of mind. So impressed was he with the wonderful bird that he had been following Pierre about the whole afternoon, hoping to effect a bargain whereby the bird would come into his possession. Thus it was that he chanced to hear the conversation between his lady and Pierre. Striding forward, he said:

"Sir, you may have this lady for your bride, provided you give me the magic bird."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Pierre, without a moment's hesitation. Rushing toward the cage, he first prudently made a wish for great riches and vast lands. This done, he handed the birdcage over to its new owner, and hastened to claim his bride.

So all ended happily for Pierre. But not so with the greedy nobleman. He began at once to test the wonderful powers of the bird. No sooner did he make the first wish, however, than the beautiful feathered songster changed into an ordinary cuckoo, and his wishes remained unfulfilled. In this way was he punished for his lack of honor.

All through Provence it was said of him that he sold his reputation for a songbird. Even today, when one recklessly throws away honor, we say:

"He has sold his reputation for a song."

MYSTERY OF JUDITHA LEE

SYNOPSIS
 JUDITH, when a baby, is cast ashore from a shipwreck, and is adopted by Tommy Lee's father. Tommy and Judith grow up together as brother and sister. Through accident they fly away in an airship, which Tommy's uncle has invented, and land on a tropical island in the South Pacific ocean. Here they are met by a strange little girl, who takes them, in a submarine boat, to the home of her father, Professor Livingston. This house, strange to say, is built beneath the ocean waves.

LEAVING Professor Livingston's study, Marjory showed them their rooms. Magnificently appointed rooms they were, with every convenience. Tommy and Judith marveled more and more at the wonders of this strange palace under the sea.

At dinner the professor gazed meditatively into vacancy, nor did he utter one word. He ate absent-mindedly whatever was placed before him by Roberts, the one servant. Roberts, however, had been with his master a long time and knew well how to give him proper attention.

As Tommy and Judith were naturally very much fatigued, they retired to their beds shortly after dinner. But their



A PLOT OF GROUND DEVOTED TO THE RAISING OF GRAIN

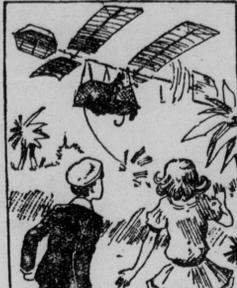
brains were so busy going over the events of the last two days that some time elapsed before they finally drifted into slumberland.

"Boom! boom! boom!" thundered a deep-toned bell through echoing corridors and high-ceilinged apartments.

Both Tommy and Judith sat up in their beds and rubbed their eyes bewilderedly. When they realized where they were, they hurriedly dressed, and soon joined Marjory and her father at breakfast.

"I think I shall examine your airship this morning," remarked the professor, an hour or so later. So the little party walked to the "landing stage." Entering the little submarine boat, Tommy and Judith went through the fascinating experience of rising through the "chimney" and then gliding smoothly along but a short distance above the beautiful tropical gardens on the ocean bottom.

"I shall be glad, indeed, to have such an opportunity—that of studying a really successful airship," observed Professor Livingston. "As you have seen, I have



A MONKEY STEALS THE AIRSHIP

not been some slight apology for the path, which Roberts had cleared, passage would have been impossible.

Marjory now took the lead. She had just proffered the information that the airship was only a few rods distant, when there was a sudden whirr as of huge wings, accompanied by the fierce chatter of half a dozen monkeys.

Startled, the members of the party raised their heads and were astonished to see above them the airship—and in it a monkey!

"Meddlesome little beast!" exclaimed the professor; and then, as he noted the direction of the airship's flight—"I fear we shall never recover your airship, my friends."

The professor was right. Out over the sea sped the machine, with its terrified and lonely passenger. Soon it was lost to view.

For a long time they looked in the direction whence it had vanished. Then, turning to Tommy and Judith, the professor said quite soberly:

"It seems that you must remain our guests a while longer."

In order to comfort them, however, he promised that as soon as he had finished a very important experiment which he was conducting, he would see that they reached home safely.

Tommy and Judith were shown little plots of ground upon which Roberts cultivated grains. But other food could be

obtained without difficulty. There were coconuts, bananas and all manner of queer fruits growing in abundance.

After the party returned to the house in their submarine boat, the professor invited them into his scientific laboratory and explained the uses of some of the queer-looking vessels and instruments they saw there. Just as they were about to leave, he turned to Judith, whom he had been watching reflectively, and said:

"Child, do you know, you bear a remarkable resemblance to my dead sister. Strange to say, her name was Judith, too. She and her little child were lost in a shipwreck upon the Atlantic coast of America. Her husband had made a fortune in that country and she was going to him. Up to that time she had lived with me in London. And it was after her death, when I had perfected my submarine inventions, that I built my giant ship, equipped it, and came hither in order that I might pursue my studies in quiet. Marjory's

Ralph's Lucky Whistle

MOTHER, you will get it for me, won't you?" pleaded Ralph.

"Tisn't that I want the suit as much, but I do want a lucky whistle. Billie Blake got one with his suit, and since then he's won every game of marbles. Besides, he hasn't had a bit of bad luck."

"And why does he call it a 'lucky whistle,' dear?" laughed mother.

"Oh, 'cause the rooster it makes is sort of friendly, and—oh, there's other things, too. Billie knows all about it. Some birds sound just like Billie. Billie can tell what all the lucky birds are."

Mother smiled. "I understand now," said she, giving after Ralph's sailor suit arrived. With it came the little metal whistle. Ralph whistled with delight. He felt immensely proud of his new



clothes, but his joy at owning a "lucky whistle" knew no bounds.

The very afternoon he sauntered forth in his new suit, which mother had permitted him to don at the lad's earnest request.

"Think I'll cut across fields to see Billie Blake as soon as I can," he said to himself.

Ralph had run merrily half the road, when all at once he remembered the savage bull. Indeed, he couldn't help remembering, for there was the angry brute charging madly behind him!

The lad could already feel his warm breath, when he suddenly thought of his "lucky whistle," still gripped tightly in his puffy fist.

One shrill blast, and the bull stopped in wonderment! With a quick dash Ralph flung himself over the fence and lay gasping in safety.

"No need to try your whistle," briefly observed Billie Blake an hour later when Ralph anxiously handed over his treasure and awaited a decision as to its "luckiness." "Any whistle that'll stop a mad bull is mighty lucky, no matter what it sounds like."

Clever Top-Spinning

HERE is an opportunity for you to display your skill in top-spinning—or, rather, in dish-and saucer-spinning, since the "tops" are made of plates and saucers with pivots running through them and spoons at the ends.

First spin the plates. Then set the saucer in motion, permitting the point of the pivot to rest in a little hollow of the peg set without the spool of the plate "top."

Angels' Bites.

Before Dorothy was tucked in her cozy little bed mother told her to go right to sleep and not be frightened, because the angels would watch over her.

Before long a dismal wail was borne by summer breezes to mother's ear.

"Mother, oh, mother," came in Dorothy's voice, "some of the angels have bitten me!"

The Kind of Light.

Officer (on board training ship)—Aloft there!

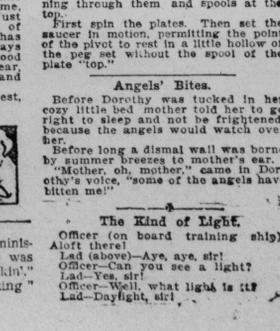
Lad (above)—Aye, aye, sir!

Officer—Can you see a light?

Lad—Yes, sir!

Officer—Well, what light is it?

Lad—Daylight, sir!



THE "TOPS" SPINNING

How Philip Won His Spurs

WHEN Philip came to Perkins' Row 'Twas winter time, and we had snow. Poor Phil the cold was new to him; It seemed to take away all vim And leave him cold and stiff and blue; His teeth would go a-chattering, too, Worse than the monkeys at the Zoo. We never thought that we would be In much the same sad way as he Had we come North and left a clime Where it is summer all the time; So we began to plague an' tease Poor Phil, as he would cough and wheeze And beat his hands and shake his knees. We guessed he must be awful meek To take our jeers an' hardly speak A word in turn; he never told He was too busy fightin' cold To notice us or pay much heed To what we thought of him—indeed, A good fire was his chiefest need.

But by and by his cold thawed out, And later came HIS turn to shout; He showed a southern nerve and fire That made us fellers fear his ire. He won in almost every game, 'Cept where—the use for skatin' came— An' this he tried 'til he was lame. One afternoon when fine snow lay On Somers' Hill we held at bay A crowd of fellers from downtown, Who all about us gathered 'round. We held a fort on top the hill, An' on their heads we'd snowballs spill. But soon their number was too great, And we grew anxious 'bout our fate. They harder pressed and fought, until At last we fled—'cept hero Phil, Who, though he'd fall time and again, Fought on with all his might and main— And Phil thus glory did attain!

GOOD AND BAD AND BAD AND GOOD

that he must have been very good, indeed. There was no kindness too difficult or troublesome for him to attempt.

In the pictures you will see him helping his friends. The poor duck has grown so fat that she cannot even waddle; therefore, Good is patiently drawing her about from place to place on the little sled, in order that she may feed comfortably. And he also aids his friends, the chickens. The old mare is so selfish as not to permit the fowls to feed on the grubs about her feet. Good teaches her a lesson by getting a big scythe and with it making a hole in the feeding bag.

And as these pictures run upward on the page, Good rears higher and higher in his splendid career of worthiness.

There was once a little pussycat who was so very, very wicked that she went by the name of Bad. So you can see that she must have been very naughty, indeed. Nothing was too evil for Bad; there was no mischief too daring for her to attempt.

In the picture you will see her at some of her pranks. By swinging the great weight of the "cuckoo" clock she has broken the jar, so that the milk flows into the saucer which she has thoughtfully placed beneath. With malice in her heart she has scratched little Johnny's balloon, bursting it for him and causing the little fellow great sorrow.

And as these pictures run downward on the page, so Bad traveled lower and lower in her wicked career. Then she met Good.

There was once a little doggie, who was so very, very good that he went by the name of Good. So you can see of the horse, so that the grain falls upon the ground for the chickens to eat. And as these pictures run upward on the page, Good rears higher and higher in his splendid career of worthiness.

Then he met Bad.

Good and Bad looked at one another for a while in silence. Then Bad said: "Do you know, I should like to change places with you for a time, just to see how it feels to be good."

And Good replied: "Do you know, I should like to change places with YOU, just to see how it feels to be so bad."

All at once the Animal Fairy appeared before them. A wave of her mured against the choice of such a name for her; therefore she was christened Good.

And Good lived to a happy old age, when she died quietly and peacefully.

The little doggie who had been so very, very good, now became so very, very wicked that he was disliked by all who knew him. Not a single good trait remained. For instance, he would not hesitate a moment to knock a flower pot down on the head of the poor cat. On one occasion he ground off the end of pussy's tail in the coffee machine. As the pictures run downward on the page, so Good traveled lower and lower in his wicked career.

And from all of this, my children, you will be able to tell for yourselves which got the better bargain when the fairy waved her wand—when Good became Bad and Bad became Good. Dear me, this is really puzzling, isn't it? Just like Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers!" Of course, good has always been good, and bad has always been bad; then how is it that Good was Bad and Bad was Good? Dear me, it's growing worse and worse.

But, after all, good must be the best, mustn't it?

Some people who lack culture are not worth cultivating.

Some men are born great—then proceed to slump.

JUST GREENS. "A green winter makes a fat churchyard," quotes the Baltimore Sun. Also a green doctor, with the assistance of a green nurse or two.

THERE ALREADY. "But will you love me when I'm old?" Asked plain Miss Fortlaw; The man who sought her for her gold Said thoughtlessly: "I do."

LEAP YEAR WISH. "I'm weary of being a bachelor girl." "Well!" "Do you know of any fellow who's tired of being a spinster man?"

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE. The wife that joshes instead of scolds her husband for his erring ways won't need her neighbors' sympathy.

"Out of a job, eh?" asked the minister. "Yes. The governor said he was going to make a law that I was making." "What's so? What were you making?" "Mistakes."