

CONSPIRATORS



"THE CONSPIRATORS"

IT ISN'T that I begrudge Tim Watson his honor of being president of our school class, but I do think he might have gotten it honestly, 'an' not by mean trickery.

You see, teacher told us how the big boys and girls have their presidents in important positions by getting in the right way to a person. So, Watson is the biggest boy. He had no trouble frightenin' all the little chaps to vote for him, but most of the girls were for me. Election was to be next morning, fore school time.

"Course, I was mighty anxious, 'an' I schemed good I knew how. I got a pretty good plan, too; 'an' if somebody who pretended to be my friend hadn't tattled to him, I'd 'a' been president now. I'd like to catch that fellow."

We had to walk most a mile to school. It'd been snowing and there was lots on the ground. My idea was to hide our fellows in the bushes, and when the little fellows came along, to make them prisoners. Then one of us was to watch 'em while the rest of the fellows ran to schoolhouse and voted for me. In this way I'd have what teacher calls the "majority."

Well, sir, we hid among those bushes till we were about frozen. After a while Tim 'an' some of his big friends passed, as well as lots of the girls. Indeed, so many girls went by that Bill Jenks whispers to me:

"Gee! I never know there was so many girls 'n' bunny. I don't seem to know all of them, neither."

But it was so cold that all were muffled up, so we 'spected nothing. That is, until the school bell rang, and we had to hustle to school or be late.

Then we found that Tim had already been 'lected president! And that he had made the little fellows put on their sterner dresses and coats, so that we had been robbed of our privileges.

"Now, I know how you did it, Tim Watson! You hid 'em, didn't you? 'An' I think I've got a better right to be president."

"A Speedy Trip"

SEE here, James," said Mr. Blank, calling his office boy. "If Mr. Burns should happen to call while I'm out, be sure to tell him that I've sailed for England."

Hardly had the employer disappeared when Mr. Burns entered.

"Mr. Blank has gone to England, sir," volunteered the office boy, when he had assured himself of the identity of his visitor. "Sailed this morning, sir."

"When will he return?" impatiently queried Mr. Burns.

James looked reflectively at the opposite wall and dug his hands into his trousers pockets for inspiration. At last came the highly intelligent response: "Don't think he'll be back till after lunch."

Possibly Will Be.

A schoolboy essay read like this: "America is a foreign country. America has much coal beds. When it is all used we shall have to use our brains for fuel, and it will be scarce."

THE BURTONS' HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND

"HURRAH, it's come! I can see it in mummy's face!" shouted Sid.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" echoed Bess and Marian and Billieboy.

Mother smiled at this enthusiasm. "Yes, it's come," said she, producing the letter just received from daddy, "and he wishes us to join him just as soon as possible."

"Goin' to see daddy?" piped Billieboy, while the rest all laughed joyously.

You see, the Burtons had decided to build a home in Switzerland in which they planned to spend the greater part of each year. But it is no easy matter to purchase the right sort of ground, so Daddy Burton had been spending some time in Switzerland during his negotiations. Then, too, he wished to personally superintend the building of their little chalet, for although the builders knew perfectly well how to lay out the house to best advantage in order that certain parts would receive the sunlight and others the cooling breezes in summer—there were certain modifications especially desired. Now, however, the dwelling was completed, and he wished his family to take possession at the earliest possible moment.

The reunion was a happy one. There was no one, like daddy, you know, and they had missed him sadly during his absence.



THE PROCESSION STARTS

At luncheon Sid told of his rather discouraging experience in attempting to make the natives understand him.

"I tried both French and German at the village, but they didn't seem to know either language. However, I came to the conclusion that it wasn't altogether their fault when I spoke what I thought was pretty good French to a Frenciman at the hotel. He listened to me for a while as though puzzled, and then asked me if I wouldn't mind using French, as that was the only language he understood."

When the laughs had died away, Sid went on to tell of a celebration which was to be held at the village on the morrow.

"Yes, it's what they call the Chalmers Mass, a celebration held always on the first day of March to welcome the return of spring," explained Mr. Burton.

Shortly before daybreak next morning they were awakened by the musical tinkling of bells in the distance.

At breakfast Mr. Burton observed that early in the day all the boys of the village go about the streets ringing bells hung about their necks.

"In a little while," said he, "they will gather about the fountain in the public square, after which they will have their procession."

"Oh, can't we go and see it?" pleaded Marian.

"Yes, I mean to take you," replied Mr. Burton.

Breakfast was disposed of hastily, and soon they were in the village. The procession was an interesting one. It represented the return of the cattle to the summer grazing grounds. First came one of the largest of the boys, who was dressed in black knee-breeches, white stockings, old-fashioned wooden shoes and a long nightcap. He carried a milk pail on his arm, and was supposed to be the owner of the herd. The others followed in single file, each personating a cow. At the end of the line another large boy, dressed in rough clothing and wearing a broad-brimmed hat. In his hand he carried a staff. This boy is the herdsman, whose duty it is to see that none of the cows drop out of line (the cows always march in single file) or stray from their accustomed pastures.

Singing a "yodel-song," this procession frequently now, and had already made quite a number of friends. Today he asked his father if he could not attend the national athletic carnival, which he had heard would take place within the next few months.

Mr. Burton promised to go with him, and then gave a very interesting talk on athletics and sports in Switzerland. Besides shooting, the Swiss have very few of the sports with which we are acquainted. But nearly every Swiss man and boy engage in gymnastics, wrestling, running and the like. The instruction is almost entirely under the control of the government, and there are branch clubs of gymnasts in nearly every town. There are a great many contests and reunions which are more or less local, and once a year a great national assembly, when winners in special events are presented gifts by the "crowned maidens."



"WITH BELLS HUNG ROUND THEIR NECKS"

absence. So you may imagine how delighted they were to see him again and to inspect their quaint little home.

"Looks just like the Swiss cottage we've seen among the toys in America," commented Bess, after a thorough examination of the chalet.

"Yes," replied Marian, "but I never

What interested Marian and Billieboy most was the opportunity of enjoying every kind of weather. When it was summer down on a level with the chalet all you had to do to get a fine ride on your sled was to trudge up the mountain side for a distance, where there was any amount of snow. They enjoyed themselves immensely.

Amid such surroundings as these it did not take long for the weeks, and then the months, to slip by. Soon came autumn, and with its ending the festival of the Appentlading, when the return of the cattle from the mountains was celebrated. Here in eastern Switzerland, in the lofty valleys of Engadine, all the original customs had survived.

"As we saw the spring festival we certainly shan't miss seeing this," said Mr. Burton.

Sid climbed all the way up the mountain to where, in tiny chalets, dairymen and women had been making butter and cheese during the summer months. The men and women now packed these products in large baskets, which they loaded upon their shoulders and carried to the base of the mountain. Here the butter and cheese were packed in wagons. The cows, who had been feeding on the tender grass high up the mountain all summer, were now driven down. Then the long train of cattle and wagons began its march toward the village.

In the meantime, their friends at home prepared to welcome them. A delegation, led by a company of children, set out to greet the returning train. The boys and girls were arrayed in their very best garments and carried wreaths of flowers, while the older members of the party bore banners and various devices made of colored paper.

When they met the train the children stood on both sides of the road and sang their "song of welcome." Then they decorated the heads of the cattle with wreaths, and packed themselves upon the great piles of cheese with which the wagons were laden.

Sid was shouting and waving his flag with the best of them as the procession entered the village. His sisters and brothers cheered him from the roadside. All the villagers united in song.

Finally a stop was made, and the cheese and butter were removed from the wagons and stored. Later in the day there was a grand frolic on a grassy plot near the town, where games were played and songs were sung.

Tired, but thoroughly pleased with all they had seen, the Burtons entered their chalet that evening. And as Bess and Marian began to sing softly the first line of the festival song, "Hurrah for the Alps," the irrepressible Sid threw up his hat and shouted:

"Hurrah for the Alps and Switzerland!"

Even Mr. Burton joined in the hurrahs that followed, while Mrs. Burton whispered to herself "and hurrah for such a happy little home."



DECKING THEIR HEADS WITH WREATHS

Net Ball

THIS is one of the very newest games. A popularity greater even than that of "diabolo" is predicted for it.

Net ball resembles in some slight degree both diabolo and tennis. Each player (there are usually two in a game) is provided with a little net fastened between two sticks. When the sticks are held side apart the net is extended, and presents a surface similar to that of a tennis racket. When the net is held loose it forms a pocket in which the ball may be deftly caught.

Two balls (a lawn-tennis ball may well be used) are continually kept in motion, being tossed between the two players. Whenever a player fails to "return" within proper bounds, or misses a ball thrown to him, it counts a point for his adversary.

While it is easy to catch the ball in



TOSSING THE BALL

My Window Seat

A tiny brown cottage I see through the glass,

From my little window seat;

Sometimes I pretend 'tis a witch who lives there,

Of whom all good lassies and lads should beware,

Or the home of the big, middle-aged and wee bear—

But I'm safe in my window seat.

The nicest of all the nice places to dream

In my little window seat;

For there, in the light of the straying sunbeam,

A monarch I am, and my kingdom a dream

My own-inged, own window seat.

My Window Seat



THE dearest of all the dear places to me

In my little window seat;

Though comfy and bright is the gay

Just heaped up with toys, nice as you'll ever see—

I'm sure that most cheerless and dismal 'twould be

Without any window seat.

Great tales about fairies I carry to read

In my little window seat;

This window to fairyland seems straight to lead

And, seeking for 'princesses,' one look far from my window seat.

The Kingdom of Sunshine

MILICENT was a little girl who always looked on the dark side of things. She was constantly on the lookout for trouble, and expected the "most disagreeable things to happen."

It seemed to afford her a melancholy pleasure to be able to say "I told you so" when her worst fears were realized, and the weather proved stormy, or the baby refused to sleep when every well-behaved baby should, or the dinner burned to a crisp, or some such catastrophe occurred. Even when the sun shone and there were running smoothly, she hovered round with dismal forebodings, furnishing more than the necessary shadows to the brightness of the day. For, soon she had learned to teach us to appreciate the sun.

"Dear, dear," sighed her mother; "Millicent, I wish you would pay a visit to the Kingdom of Sunshine, and come back with a whole bundle of sunbeams to make up for the shadows you carry with you always."

"Is there such a person?" asked Millicent, eagerly.

"Certainly there is! But I cannot tell you how to reach his Kingdom. Those who do find it are ever after the happiest of mortals."

Millicent pondered over her mother's words all day. When evening came and she lay down to sleep, she fixed her eyes upon the moon, sailing through an unclouded sky, and her last waking thought was a wish that she might find the Kingdom of Sunshine.

The next thing she was conscious of was being lifted upon a moon-ray, and carried up, up, up, until she was laid on a cloud, luminous with moonlight.

"You wish to find the Sunshine Kingdom?" whispered a tiny star to her. (Millicent had heard of singing stars, but never before of a talkative one.)

"Follow me!"

She was carried in the wake of the



THE SUN GOD IN HIS BLAZING CHARIOT

twinkler, quite out of the land of moonshine, into a land of purple night—the realm of shadows, through which many must pass before they can reach the sun.

"We are traveling toward the east," twinkled her guide. "We will soon be greeted by Dawn. You will know her by her rosy draperies."

So, on and on, until a crimson light

glowed through the gray and kissed Millicent's cheek.

"I will stop here," said the star. "I am the morning star and must go on duty at once."

"Conduct me," said the little girl, "to the Kingdom of Sunshine."

So glowing and gorgeous it was that she was dazzled. The Sun King sat in a golden chariot drawn by fiery steeds. He reined them in at her approach.

"What would you with me, child?" he asked in golden accents. "Speak quickly! The hours are such feet-footed dandies that they will soon outrun me. I am in continual chase of them!"

"If you please, O Sun King, I would like a bundle of sunbeams to keep with me always, so as to be able to drive away the shadows!"

"And is your heart large enough to contain them? It is only there that they

will consent to remain. The child that cannot carry sunshine in her heart will never be able to drive away the shadows. It is not necessary to come to the Sunshine Kingdom for them. They play about the earth many days of the year, children should catch them and store them up for use on cloudy days. They who look on the bright side of things and make the best of every hardship are able to spread more real sunshine than I have ever done. Go home, my child, and see that your heart is so filled with cheerfulness that it will overflow and spread to those around you. This is the kind of sunshine that knows no shade."

It may have been all a dream, but Millicent professed to feel by the lesson the Sun King taught her that today she is known both far and near by the name of "Little Sunbeam."

AMY SMITH.

Singing Kettles.

The Japanese, who know so well how to add little unexpected attractions to everyday life, manufacture in a great variety of forms, iron teapots which brew up the tea in the water boiler. The song may not be a very perfect melody, but it is perhaps as agreeable as the notes produced by some of the insects which the Japanese also treasure for their music.

The harmonious sounds of the teapots are produced by steam bubbles escaping from beneath thin sheets of iron fastened close together nearly at the bottom of the kettles. To produce the best effects some skill is required in regulating the steam, and the character of the sounds varies with the form of the kettle. These singing kettles have been used for many centuries.

Apprenticeship.

"Yes," said Mr. Pater, with ill-concealed pride, "my youngest boy makes some smart remarks at times. Only recently he asked me what it meant to be an apprentice. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement, and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done, and had to make himself useful in every way possible."

"What did he say to that?" asked one of the audience.

"Why, after a few minutes the young rascal looked up at me and said: 'Then I suppose you're apprenticed to mother, aren't you, dad?'"

A 3-Year-Old Colonel.

It is a wonder that the poor little grand duke who is the heir to the dignity of czar is not already overwhelmed by his titles. He is nearly 3½ years old. He is captain of all the Cossacks, chief of the regiment of the Guard of Finland, colonel of the Fifty-first Regiment of Infantry, and captain of the Twelfth Regiment of Infantry of eastern Siberia, of the Corps of Cossacks of Tashkent, and captain of the Fourth Battery of Horse Artillery. Notwithstanding these dignities, it is said that his greatest joy in life is a gollywog dressed in blue and red, for no reason than that he occasionally fights with his youngest sister, Princess Anastasia, who is 6 years old.

Mother—I am sorry to hear that Tommy Smith tied a kettle to a poor dog's tail. Why wouldn't you do such a thing, would you?

Bobby—No, indeed, mother. Mother—Why didn't you stop him, Bobby?

Bobby—I couldn't, mother; I was holding the dog.

DICK'S NEW HORSE



HE'S just the horse for little Dick; they say he hasn't got a trick.

Very nicely broken in.

Why, when an auto whizzes by, He doesn't even blink an eye.

He's never run away, of course— He's just a wooden rocking-horse.

Such gentle ways! He must have been

ES never show peculiarity, but he wrinkled the seam to prevent his legs from coming out of his arms, day should have been

oppose, how-long will be, so those suited them having their in short of

ES goes out comfortably all seasons

Only One for Him

AS the train stopped at a small station, the traveler leaned out of the window and called to a small boy standing on the platform:

"My boy, won't you please buy a bun from the shop yonder, and while you're about it you might as well get one for yourself for your trouble."

Very soon the lad reappeared munching a bun. Handing the traveler his change he said:

"Very sorry, sir, but there was only one left."

A Pertinent Question.

A little boy went to the dentist's to have some of his "brat" teeth extracted. After they were out the little fellow felt very unhappy about his loss, when the dentist, to comfort him, said:

"Oh, never mind about that; they'll come in again!"

The boy, his face clearing, asked the little boy, his face clearing, and said:

"A LAZY M. Do you know what Mrs. Haxby said? 'What be yore son doin' leavin' his city?'"

Mrs. Haxby—"He's studyin' fer a doctor."

Mrs. Haxby—"The doctor is th' doctor leavin' his city fer hisself!"