

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

KITE DEVOTEES WAGE AERIAL WAR

THRILLING Contests in Which Schoolboys Send Up Wonderful Examples of Their Handicraft

ALTHOUGH most boys have taken to enthusiastically to aviation and the making of model aeroplanes, this does not mean that kites have lost favor with the schoolboy of today nor that the pleasure of building one's own kite and flying it in competitions or warring with it against the kites of the other boys is any less fun than it used to be before aeroplanes were ever heard of. There are lots of things which can be done with kites that cannot yet be done with aeroplanes, and among these are the kite wars which all boys who have ever engaged in declare to be



The Race for Position



Taking the "Pull."



A Group of Grotesque Kites

about as good fun as anything that could be thought of.

There is one school in New York whose annual kite contests and kite battles are so large and important an event that numbers of persons journey out to Astoria Field, where they are held, to look on at these interesting battles in the air. Kite contests and kite wars are not at all the same thing, be it understood, for kite contests are simply competitions in which certain boys and certain classes are awarded the honors for height, strength of pull, etc., while kite wars are genuine battles in the air, in which the kites fight for their lives and the victor brings down all possible captives, which remain his by the law of battle.

School No. 77 is the one whose expert building and flying of kites has attracted so much attention. Mr. A. E. Horn, the science instructor of the school, has helped to organize the kite contests and to make the rules of battle under which the kite warriors go into action. Mr. Horn thinks that boys ought to enjoy themselves in a natural way with the fine old games and plays that develop manual dexterity, physical endurance and a manly spirit. Kite building and flying is one of these sports, and in addition there is something to be learned in connection with the study of the atmosphere, which joins the play time and the school time together in a very interesting fashion.

The kite flying contests of No. 77 are modeled directly after those of Foochow, China, where the greatest kite contests of the world are held. There annually three thousand men fly their kites, wonderful and grotesque creations which could scarcely be found outside of China. No. 77 hasn't quite so many kite flyers as this, but it is making progress, and this year when the annual war game came off there were more than one hundred and fifty war kites in the air.

In preparing for the contests the boys make two kites, usually, one a war kite and one for exhibition purposes. The war kites are so frequently lost to their makers before the end of the battle that the boys are not willing to risk their exhibition kites in the battle. As a necessary preparation, also, the boys choose a class color for their kites. All the boys make their kites in the colors of their class, although they may be of any shape which the individual boy desires.

Each class obtains a tall pole, which is to be the standard of their class. Long, bright streamers, as many as they can secure, are tied to the top of this pole. These streamers are in the colors of the different classes. When the field on which the kite flying exhibition is to take place is reached the boys select a color bearer for each class. These color bearers line up with their color poles and the bugles sound the starting note. Then all the color bearers race for position on the field and plant their poles as a rallying point of their own class. One boy has been appointed by each class to carry all the mending material needed for the kites. They carry pieces of cloth, glue, pieces of wood, cord, etc., and woe to the kite commissary if his mending kit falls short at a critical moment and causes his class to fall back in the competition.

At the second call of the bugle the kites are raised and every eye follows their graceful curving into space.

The kites compete for height, the furthest distance out, the strongest pull, and the most unique design. No flies. Then slip the hook through the kite that does not fly is permitted in the competition, no matter how grotesque or interesting its design. The strongest pull is measured by means of scales. There are umpires and inspectors appointed, but when it becomes necessary to measure the distance of the furthest out kite it is necessary to call in the assistance of the teacher, and then at last it becomes evident why there should be such things as

with the object of puncturing the other boys' kites. Others put a pointed stick in the prow of the kite, which will pierce the other kites if it comes in contact with them.

After the bugle has sounded for the conclusion of the competition five minutes are allowed for everybody to haul down his kite. At the conclusion of that time it is understood that all kites remaining in the air intend to fight. A half hour is allowed for equipping the fighters, and then the battle begins. It is usually a very warm affair, as the boys go at it for dear life and give no quarter. At the end of the last battle only one kite remained in the air, and this was a British war kite. As trophies of its prowess it had pulled down ten other kites, some of them larger than itself. It was a four foot kite of the regular British war pattern. Strong bones had been constructed of an American kite before the contest, but, alas! when it came really to flying it was one of the first to succumb.

There were kites of extraordinary shape both in the competition and the war game. After the competition kites have been down for about an hour and a half and have all been judged by the umpire the bugle sounds for these kites to be pulled down. Then comes the event which the boys like best—the war game. For some time after the competition is over there is busy preparation for war. Every boy on the field is seriously at work making his kite as formidable as possible for the fierce contest that is to come. All over the field boys can be seen rushing around with pots of glue and similar shrews of war, whereby they hope to make their kites indomitable foes. One of the ways in which the boys prepare their kites to defeat the others is by dipping two or three yards of the string of the kite in glue and ground glass. This is put on about twenty or thirty yards from the kite. This prepared portion of string will cut the other kites' strings if it happens to cross them. Some boys equip their kites with knife blades or old razor blades.

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THE POOR RELATION

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH



IN my nicest garden beds,
Bobbing up serenely,
Great big blue flags lift their heads—
Grandma calls them queenly.

But they look too proud to me,
Growing there so stately,
'Count of what my Aunt Marie
Told me 'bout them lately.

I had picked outside our fence
Lots of blue eyed grasses;
It's in June that they commence
And bloom till summer passes.

"In this book," my Auntie said,
'Listen, little Milly,
Boys are grouped beneath one head,
The Family of the Lily!'

So I put the blue eyed grass
And blue flag together
With fresh water in a glass,
In the nice spring weather.

Well, next morning, in their pride,
The blue flags paraded,
But the blue eyed grass had died—
All choked up and faded.

I threw the blue flags from the glass
And their lotly station,
I know they choked the blue eyed grass,
'Cause 'twas a poor relation!

CAMP CONVENIENCES WHICH A BOY CAN MAKE

BY WALTER KAHN



MANY boys look forward to going into the field and plant their poles as a rallying point of their own class. One boy has been appointed by each class to carry all the mending material needed for the kites. They carry pieces of cloth, glue, pieces of wood, cord, etc., and woe to the kite commissary if his mending kit falls short at a critical moment and causes his class to fall back in the competition.

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AN UNEXPECTED MAY QUEEN

BY ALICE LATIMER

MISS GABRIELLE'S school was having its May party on the edge of "Treasure's" woods. They had come out in motor buses from the school, and with the history governess and the French governess, who had charge of them for the day, there were twenty-two in the May party in all, and besides this there were several automobiles filled with other teachers or some of the relatives of the children, who lived near the school and who had come to watch the festivities.

Besides the May pole there were wonderful May Day costumes. Miss Gabrielle had said it was not warm enough to wear white frocks without coats, but over their warm little wooden frocks the girls had on the most adorable frocks of crinkled paper which had been especially made for them in town at the shop where all the favors and costumes for real grown up parties were made. As they gathered around the May pole they looked like a flock of flowers and butterflies.

Everybody was twittering and laughing and hurrying about arranging the flowers, and selecting those which were to represent the different girls. When suddenly Janet Joy had an inspiration. "I'm not going to have paper flowers for mine," she declared audaciously. "I'm going to have real flowers. I saw some real little wild



They Looked Like a Flock of Flowers and Butterflies

flowers in the woods as we came through, and I'm going to get some." Everybody thought that this would be a very delightful thing to do, and so Janet Joy and Minnie Thompson, who was one of the butterfly girls, and Tessie Kruger, who wore a sweet pea costume, started down a broad path through the woods, carefully protecting their wings and tails from the encroaching branches. They soon came upon the little spring beauty underneath a large tree. They were so pretty that every one agreed to pick a flower from the basket which the butterfly girls had sent from town. They bent over eagerly to pick some of the flowers when Janet Joy heard a tiny little voice at her elbow. "Are you fairies?" said the little voice.

Janet started and looked up and then she saw a queer little girl in a plain little frock who was looking at her with admiring and inquiring dark eyes. "Mercy," said Janet, "who are you and where do you come from?" The strange little girl pointed to a small

brown house which the girls had hardly noticed.

"I come from there," she answered. "I saw you all come. Are you really fairies?"

"Why, no," laughed Janet. "We're only girls like yourself; we're having a May party. You come too. Don't you like May parties?"

The little stranger smiled at her. "I don't know," she said. "I never had one. I don't know any other little girls. I don't go to school yet because it is so far and I have only the dog to play with and the birds and the flowers." She swept a pretty little hand around as if to show Janet her friends of the field and forest.

"Come," said Janet impulsively. "I have an inspiration, and grasping the new little girl by the hand she ran up the path to the assembled May party.

The butterfly and the sweet pea came along after, for they always knew that when Janet had an inspiration it was worth while.

"Oh, Joy, we were wondering where you were; we are all ready to choose," chorused the girls, "and your flower is the fly, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Janet hastily, as if it didn't at all matter, "but here is a real May Queen for us. I found her in the woods where real May Queens ought to come from, and her flower is the spring beauty."

Then the strange little girl, who told them that her name was Maggie Todd, became very shy and Janet had to hold her warily by the hand and coax her not to be bashful, and all the other girls were so pretty that every one agreed to pick a flower from the basket which the butterfly girls had sent from town. They bent over eagerly to pick some of the flowers when Janet Joy heard a tiny little voice at her elbow. "Are you fairies?" said the little voice.

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Ber

"May is here—the del May. With its slight fingers f and flowers; And with it comes a t away. Wasting in woodpaths tuous hours— A feeling that is lik wings. Restless to soar abov ishing things."

Mr. R. G. Baird, spent the week end and Mrs. Wm. Roos Accord."

Miss Eileen Lang, w spending the past six w her aunt, Mrs. Will of Chicago, returned ginning of this week.

Mrs. Bishop, of M visiting her sister, M. H. Breithaupt, Margar

Mrs. Tindall Simps being spending the win with her daughter M in Montreal, is visi friends.

Mrs. Arthur F. Purv the guest of friends in N. Y. for the past wee

Mrs. Archibald Ke few days in Ingersoll and.

Miss Birnie, of C is the guest of her uncl Mr. and Mrs. E. P. C

Mrs. Stewart, Qu North, is visiting her W. H. Orr in Graven

Miss Edna, Miss Ro Louis O. Breithaupt r Monday from a visi and Mrs. John R. Par ilton.

Mrs. Pattinson and Mrs. J. Mackenzie Wat ness, Fergus, visit Everet Hoffman at last week.

Miss Frances Krug week for an extende Lettbridge, Alta. Sh accompanied by her fat ther, Mr. and Mrs. Krug.

The "Beethoven M will hold its closing Tuesday evening, M teenth, in St. Jerome um. The following musicians will take a programme, Miss Be Mr. Maurice Pourc and Jordan, and a musc assured.

Mrs. Albert J. Roo ter Carl Roos are in City, where they will remain until the end

Mrs. Harry M. Lack little son Allister hav ing the week with Ton

Miss Blanche Clem turned from a deligh nine months, spent v in Vancouver, B. C.

Mrs. C. Everett H leave on Monday ne onto and Ottawa, ne with Ottawa friends on the "Laurentic," o Star Line, for Engli she will visit relatives

Mrs. Charles Picot Rica, Mrs. H. Fred. M. Dorothy Peares residing in Mrs. Pea on Young Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Har ner will take up th in their home at th Foundry and Weber soon as a number ments are completed. was at one time occu late Dr. Arnett.

Mr. Willie Clemen ganist of Trinity Ch summer months, took Sunday. Mrs. T. J. last week for Toron will visit her sister p ing Mr. Mowat in P She is a most effici and a thorough mu musical circles in Ber to lose her.

The Misses Jackso Hayward gave an "Aft for the young ladies, day, at their cozy ho Street North. It ha quiet in social circ weeks, and the young comed the opportu ing their friends, and