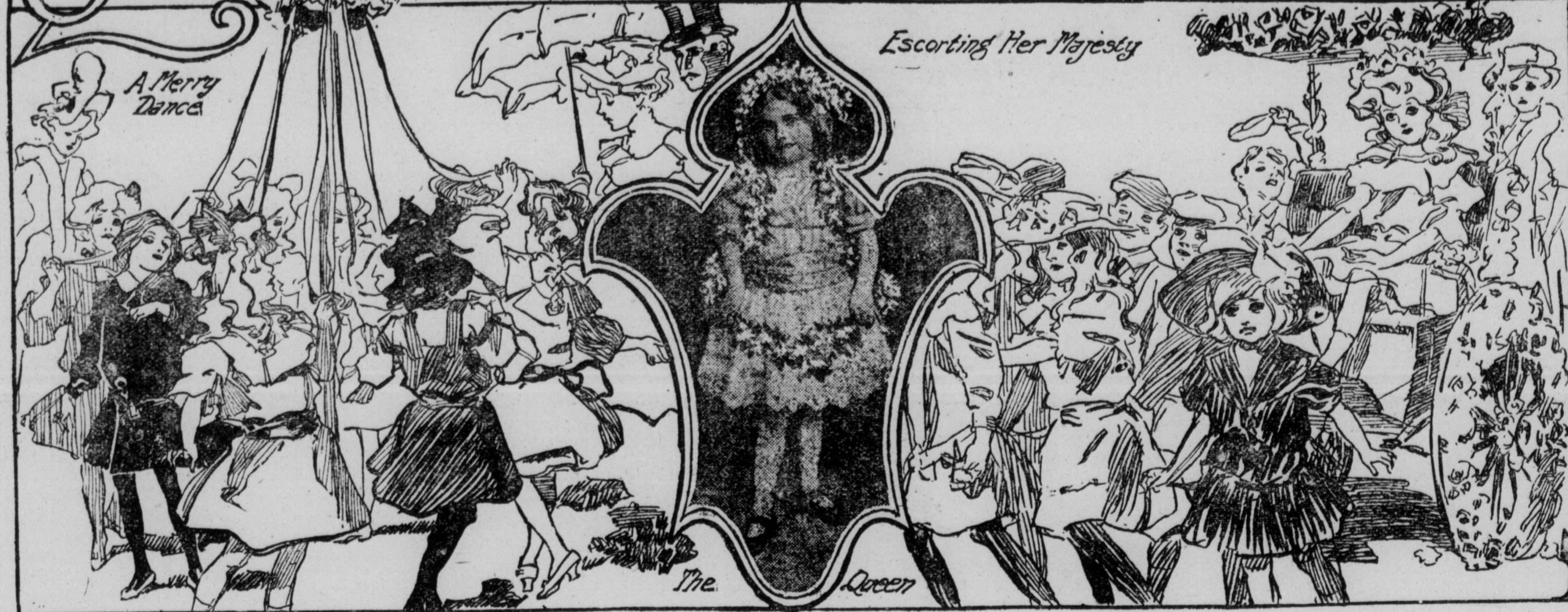


QUEEN FLORENCE - STORY OF A MAYDAY TRIUMPH.



ANY, many years had passed since the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon the shores of New England. And it was long ago that the close descendants of those Pilgrims founded the little town of Mayfield. Men they were of grave and solemn mien; strictly upright and just, yet, without seeming to find little joy or cheer in life.

Miss Katherine glanced about the schoolroom in which were seated her many pupils—some very good, some very mischievous, and some (by far the greatest part) just half way between. Although the ancestors of nearly all of them were stern-faced Puritans, not a gloomy countenance was to be seen here. Miss Kitty wondered what those self-same Puritan ancestors would say to the plan she was about to propose to their boy and girl descendants.

The 1st of May would arrive within

the week. Mayfield had never celebrated May Day. The Pilgrims frowned upon May dances and maypoles and all such frivolous amusements, and somehow the celebration was never adopted by their grandchildren or their great-grandchildren. But Miss Kitty was determined there should be a festival this year. Fancy any place having the name of Mayfield and then not celebrating in properly the glorious season of May!

So, first of all, the teacher described to her charges how May Day was celebrated, both in olden and modern times; how some of the ceremonies are derived from Roman observances in honor of the goddess Flora; how the maypole itself was originally used in the worship of nature in the East, and how many new customs, among them a pilgrimage to the fields and meadows, followed by a feast, were introduced by the people of Merry England.

This recital interested every boy and girl so much that when Miss Kitty unfolded her plan it was received with enthusiasm. They were anxious to prepare for the celebration at once. At first they desired to have a king, as well as a queen of May, but their teacher explained that the king of May had passed out of existence a long time before. Who was to be queen? The choice

How Jacky Won the Prize

JACKY felt that, indeed, because he was not permitted to enter the contest. You see, father had offered a prize to the boy who captured the largest fish during their excursion to the creek that afternoon. Harry, Robert and Jim were to go. Off they trudged, laden with fishing tackle, while lonely Jacky was left behind.

Soon it became very irksome in the house, with no one to play with but a sleepy cat—a cat that didn't want to play at all. Therefore Jacky ran out of doors through the orchard and into the meadow beyond.

Plunging himself down under the old apple tree, Jacky looked into the brook which rippled along close by. But this only served to make him more dissatisfied with himself. Harry, Robert and Jim were looking into water, too—but they were fishing!

Then a sudden thought came to him. Searching in his pocket, he brought forth a tangled piece of string. Somewhere about his jacket he found a pin, which he carefully bent into a hook. He'd often seen little minnows in the brook, so he was going fishing, too.

A fat worm was found and placed upon the hook, the cone was tied to the hook, and soon the wee fisherman was busy. The minutes passed, but he didn't notice time now. Wasn't he fishing? He was supremely happy.

All at once there came a tug, and the next instant a big fish leaped right out of the water upon the bank. Quick as a wink, Jacky seized the struggling fellow in his jacket and ran with all his might through the meadow and the orchard, up to the house.

Harry and Robert and Jim came home each with a good catch. Harry claimed the prize for the largest fish. But just as father was about to bestow upon him the splendid fishing-rod, mother and Jacky cried: "Wait! Father was taken out into the kitchen, and there was pointed out to him the huge trout Jacky had captured in the brook. It was ever so much bigger than Harry's fish.

So, amid the congratulations of his brothers, Jacky was awarded the prize.

was a matter of greatest importance. Many of the girls were exceedingly popular; indeed, probably the only lassie who fancied she wouldn't have the slightest chance to be queen was little Florence.

Only a few weeks before this time Florence had bidden good-bye to the sunflowers of Nebraska, and begun her journey eastward. Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary had pleaded that the little girl be sent to them for a while, in order that she might receive a good school training. Where Florence lived, in Nebraska, she was too far from the nearest school. Nor had she a single boy or girl playmate. Yet she was not lonely. Her four-tooted friends among the horses and cattle were numerous; even the rolling prairies, a green-covered ocean, with its heaves and swells, and the vast cornfields, seemed like friends to her. And so, sorry she was to leave such friends, and the little house under the shadow of a great mud bank, and father

and mother. Then she was ever so shy among school children. She did not know that her gentle and unassuming ways had already won her many friends.

It was Tommy Smith—generous, impulsive, kind-hearted Tommy—who suggested that inasmuch as strangers should be shown every courtesy and made to feel at home at once, Florence should be honored by the choice of queen. And she was! The shy little girl was so unselfish herself that every other girl felt ashamed of her own selfishness, and eagerly greeted Florence as sovereign.

As though pleased at the homage rendered her, Mother Nature was in her very best mood on May Day. But among those who greeted Mother Nature there could be no one more joyful than Queen Florence, as, seated in her flower-decked chariot, she was drawn by her faithful subjects to the scene of festivity in the meadow.

The "Pirates" Score One

DIFFICULT enough it was to obtain Farmer Green's permission to use the old flat-bottomed scow. But Captain Billy Mumford accomplished the task, and the "Bloody Robbers," in consequence, were jubilant.

That Saturday, they reasoned, would surely be the finest kind of a day. Hadn't it rained the last four Saturdays? So it couldn't possibly be bad for "the straight," as Skinny expressed it.

And on Saturday they were going to hitch Juke to the scow and have him tow them up the creek to the best capping ground they could find, where they intended to stay for at least three days. There would be no trouble about Juke, because he had already been "promised" by Joe Stanton's father.

Saturday afternoon came and found every member of the "Bloody Robbers" at the Cove. Provisions were



RIDING LIKE "SIXTY"

LEGEND of the THREE OAKS



THREE brothers stood on the summit of the hill. A pretty hill it was—as pretty as any in Derbyshire—with a pleasing view stretching on all sides. But none of the

brothers felt its beauty this morning, for they were bidding one another good-bye. A little while and they would be separated, gone along three different paths, perhaps never to meet again.

Which is the worst? Three Forms of Death which are Horrible to Describe.

What is the most terrible form in which death comes? Here are three, but which one of them is the worst it is hard to say.

In Peru and parts of South Australia there is found a small spider about half as big as a pea. When this insect digs its fangs into its victim it inserts a poison which begins at once to act. It scorches up the blood-vessels, and spreads through the tissue, causing most dreadful agony. The worst part of it is that the victim usually suffers for two days, but death in the end is inevitable.

Another fearful death results from eating "bhat," a vegetable which grows in the East, of which a few grains cause violent mania, ending in death. "Bhat" occasionally grows in among the rice crop, from which it is hard to distinguish until dry, when the poisonous grain is of a brick-red color.

There is a South American vine called the "knotter," which grips any living thing coming in contact with it. Its tentacles twine round the object seized, scorching and burning the flesh like red-hot wires. Then the prey is drawn into the heart of the foliage, and there crushed to death. The method is too horrible to describe in detail.

It is best to ask the girl who has said "No" to return your love letters. There may be good material in them to use again.

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A Charming May Basket



YOU can make a nice little May basket by cutting out this design from var-colored cardboard. The back should be exactly like the front, of course, and the two parts may readily be sewn together or attached in similar manner. Lacing back and forth through the holes will appropriate ribbon, is suggested. An attractive handle you can easily improvise; or use ribbon, if you will.

Steeplechase at Eton



A STEEPLCHASE is held each year at Eton College, in England. There are two events—one open to the "school" and the other to the "juniors." In this year's steeplechase, held some weeks ago, seventy-four boys were entered.

Among those competing in the junior event was the youthful earl of Lisburne. You see him, in the picture above, taking off his walking shoes. He is 16 years old, and the owner of 42,800 acres of land.

You also have a photograph of the runners lined up for the chase. The second figure on the right is a lad also of the nobility. This is Viscount Carlton, the 16-year-old son and heir of the earl of Wharnccliffe.

THE GRATEFUL CHIPMUNK

PATTER we called him. Inasmuch as the name doesn't even hint what kind of animal he was, I might as well tell you that Patter was a chipmunk. And a handsome fellow he was, too—all white underneath, from his forehead to the tip of his tail; a tawny red and brown above, with black and white streaks running lengthwise down his back, and black spreading over the upper surface of his tail. Then he had a cunning little face, with lines of white drawn from the tip of the nose to each ear.

Brother Billy and I were going after nuts one day last fall. Just as we passed Jenkins' barn, something that looked like a squirrel popped out the door and ran down the road. Billy threw a stone with all his might (boys always have a stone or something ready to throw, you know), and knocked the poor little thing over. I ran to it, picked it up in my arms and carried it home—after I'd scolded Billy, who certainly deserved it.

When father came home he said the animal was a chipmunk, not a squirrel, and that it didn't seem to be very badly hurt, except that one foot was lamed. I nursed Patter and cared for him until he was entirely well. By that time he had become so tame that he didn't wish to leave us.

So Patter stayed. I wouldn't have kept him otherwise, because father doesn't believe in caging poor animals.



TIGHTLY GRIPPING THE NECKLACE

of me. He never seemed to forget that it was I who brought him home and nursed him, and he appeared to wish to show how grateful he was whenever he had the opportunity.

Then the day came when Patter did something for which I shall always be grateful to him. You see, it was a really and truly beautiful pearl necklace that father presented me on my birthday. And when the necklace disappeared you can't imagine how I grieved. The most tantalizing thing about it all was that I couldn't think where it possibly could have got to. You see, I hadn't worn it. It still should have been lying snugly in my jewel case.

But Patter was a better detective than I. He knew something was the matter, and I'm sure he felt just as sorry as I. He did all he could to comfort me. Then he looked ever so wise and darted off without even a little squeak of good-bye. He scampered upstairs toward the attic, and that was the last I saw of him for a fortnight. I supposed he must be hunting mice.

But it was almost time for father to reach home, when I heard a patter at my elbow. Turning my head, I saw that dear little chipmunk, tightly gripping in his mouth the lost necklace! You may know how I hugged and petted him. You never saw a chipmunk smile, I suppose, so there isn't much use telling you how Patter looked. But he was mighty happy. So was I, you may be sure.

I didn't know where Patter had found the necklace until he caught it in my arm and coaxed me to the attic, where I found, in the wall behind an old trunk, the home of a mouse, where were many little stolen articles. Evidently the jewel case had been open, and a mouse had carried away the necklace.

No amount of money could have bought Patter after that. Even Billy, who didn't like the chipmunk a bit (I suppose because Patter didn't trust him), admired the cunning fellow immensely when he heard the story.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PUSSY THE MOUSER



Some men employ old methods in trying to get even.

WHERE THEY WERE.

"Where are the fish in the brooklet?" inquired the early spring sportsman.

"Brooklet!" echoed the landlord.

"You've made a slight mistake. The fish are in the brooklet."

That are much better off in the woods. But we were very glad that the little fellow did choose to stay. He wasn't any trouble to us at all, and he was just the very nicest pet I could have. He would perch on my shoulder and chatter in a gurgling sort of way that was very funny. And he'd eat 'most anything we gave him—raw meat, bread, cheese, milk, flies, beetles, butterflies, moths and other insects. Many a mouse he caught. Indeed, he was a much better mousetrap than Tabby, who wouldn't do anything but eat what we gave her and then nap.

Patter seemed to be especially fond