

of woven hemp cloth make them the most gorgeously dressed of all the uncivilized Filipino tribes."

"What are the Bagobos, Uncle Dick? I mean, what is their religion? You told me the Moros are Mohammedans; the Irogot have a kind of spirit worship; the Negritos worship the moon, and I want to know what kind of a religion the Bagobos have?"

"They are pagans still and worship their own particular gods and goddesses. They have human sacrifices still, believing that they develop their bravery. They are also 'head hunters.' A man's standing in his tribe is decided by the number of heads he has taken in war, just as our Indian braves used to be honored by the number of scalps hanging to their belts. There is still another thing about these Bagobos that is different from all the rest of the native tribes. They have horses. Not a few merely for the use of their leaders, but a horse for every man, woman and child. The animals are small, but they are hardy and the Bagobos raise them in sufficient numbers to supply all possible demands. But really, Jack, we must go on to the Visayan village. We have spent plenty of time among the uncivilized Filipinos and there is so much to learn about the really representative natives of the islands."

—Mae Harris Anson.

## AN AERIAL RUNAWAY

By W. P. and C. P. Chipman.

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### CHAPTER II.

#### A CRY FOR HELP.

THE signboards in Bayville were covered with huge posters. The shop windows were full of the same placards. They attracted the attention of old and young alike. Excited groups stood before them and looked them over. They announced that Oldport, an enterprising city fifteen miles up the coast, would celebrate its two hundredth anniversary on the coming Fourth of July in a gorgeous and imposing manner.

There were to be aeronauts and acrobats, battalions and bands, concerts and contests, dances and decorations, feasts and fireworks, guns and games, historians and humorists, poems and parades, readings and races, speeches and shows.

Among the first to read the showy posters were our young friends, Rod and Todd. While on their way down to the bay for an afternoon sail, the placards in an adjacent window attracted their attention, and they paused to look them over. As they continued their walk, Todd remarked:

"We must go over to Oldport in the Rescue on the Fourth, Rod."

"Yes," assented his comrade; "and there is something else we must do. It is to enter our boat for a race. If you noticed, Class C takes in all sailboats twenty feet and under, and is open to all competitors. It meets our case exactly."

"So it does!" exclaimed Todd, enthusiastically; "and I remember the course. It is out around Black Rock Lightship and return—a good twenty miles for the round trip. If there is a stiff breeze that day, we shall have a sail we aren't likely to forget in a long time."

They had now reached the dock opposite their sloop, and Rod looked the stanch boat over with a complacent smile as he replied:

"It will make little difference to us what the weather is. The Rescue can stand any wind or sea we are likely to have off the lightship this summer. Light breeze or strong, once let us enter that race, I believe the cup is ours."

"Of course it is," returned his chum. "But the race comes at two and Professor Barton's balloon ascension at four. We can hardly get back to the city in time to see that, and I hate to miss it."

"Oh! I expect you would like a chance to go up in it, Todd!" retorted Rod, with a good-natured laugh. "You've always had a weakness in that direction. But there is also an ascension at noon. You can see that, and let the later one go."

"Oh! the noon trip is of little account," Todd answered, somewhat contemptuously. "They only let the balloon go up a thousand feet, and don't loosen its fastenings. It is so that Madame Barton can jump out with a parachute. It's worth seeing, of course. But that afternoon ascension is the real thing; for the professor is going to cut the cable, and make a real voyage skyward. I wonder where he'll land?"

"Perhaps out on the ocean where we are," suggested Rod, jocosely. "Then we can pick him up, win his deepest gratitude, and go with him on his next trip as a reward for our bravery. How does that suit you, Todd?"

"First-rate!" responded the lad, with ready good nature. He was used to Rod's banter, and enjoyed it.

"It overthrows all my objections," he continued. "We'll enter for the race, and trust to luck to give us the cup—and a chance to pick up Professor Barton."

It was not difficult for them to obtain the consent of their parents to enter the Rescue for the race. In fact Mr. Todd became so interested in the matter that he accompanied the boys to Oldport, and saw to it personally that every preliminary essential to a proper entry of the craft was complied with.

They made this trip in the little sloop, and as they were returning to Bayville, the gentleman looked long and earnestly off toward the lightship in the dim distance, remarking at length:

"My advice to you, lads, is that you go over your assigned course a number of times before the race. It will at the least familiarize you with it, and even that may be worth something to you when the contest takes place."

The boys were not slow to adopt this shrewd suggestion, and so it happened that they made the run about the lightship under light and medium and heavy winds. Some of the other craft that had entered for the same race were also out, wisely running over the course before the day of contest; and this enabled them to form some idea of the speed of their competitors.

The Fourth dawned fair and beautiful. At nine came the parades, and at noon, from the spacious park near the center of the city, the first balloon ascension

# PRIZES FOR GROWNUP JUNIORS

Sixty Dollars in Prizes for the "Reunion Number" of The Journal Junior.—Contributions to Be Wholly from Former Junior Writers, Who Graduated Between 1897 and 1904.

#### CARTOONS:

First prize, \$5. Second prize, \$2.50.

#### POEMS:

First Prize, \$5. Second prize, \$2.50.

#### FICTION STORIES:

First prize, \$5. Second prize, \$2.50.

#### "EXPERIENCE" LETTERS:

First prize, \$5. Second prize, \$2.50.

#### MY PRESENT OCCUPATION:

First prize, \$5. Second prize, \$2.50.

#### WHEN YOU "GREW UP.":

First prize, \$5. Second prize, \$2.50.

#### A "Reunion" Number.

A special edition of The Journal Junior whose contributors are to be "grown-up" Juniors,—that is, those who have left school or have graduated and so passed out of the ranks of active Juniors.

Some of the former Juniors have become newspaper writers.

One at least is a missionary on the China station.

Many have become teachers.

Several are "holding down" government claims.

Dozens of others are earning their livings in various ways.

And all of these necessarily have all kinds of stories of their experiences which will be of more than passing interest to their one-time associates in The Journal Junior work.

There were artists, and poets and storytellers galore in those golden days of their Juniorsdom, and the "Reunion Number" should fairly riot with the productions of their maturer days.

There are many former Juniors who by stress of circumstances were prevented from graduating from high school, a few, even, from finishing the grades. They are included in the term "ex-Juniors," and contributions are especially desired from them.

#### CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

##### Cartoons.

They must be twelve inches square and must be surrounded by a line border. They must be drawn in India ink on pure white paper or Bristol board. They must have some bearing upon Journal Junior work, former trials of School life or any other subject pertinent to Juniorsdom. Each cartoon should have some well-defined idea and the idea should have a "point."

##### Poems.

They may be upon any chosen subject, and they may be grave or gay. They must be strictly original and preferably not more than six verses in length at most.

##### Fiction Stories.

They may be upon any chosen subject, and must not exceed 1,000 words in length. They must be strictly original.

##### "Experience" Letters as to the Value of Junior Training.

In the lives of most Juniors who have gone out into the world for themselves, and in the lives of a good many who have not, there must have been at least one time when they felt that their Journal Junior training was of practical service to them. Address the letters to the Editor of The Journal Junior. They must not exceed 300 words in length.

##### My Present Occupation.

Under this head will come all sorts of stories and experiences about getting a start in the world. If you are a stenographer, it will call for some of your trials and pleasures. If a teacher, some phase of your work. If the holder of a government claim, something about the drawbacks of trying to get something for nothing, more or less. If a newspaper writer, an incident or two peculiar to the work. If a worker in any other line, anything pertaining to it that especially appeals to you, whether the "appeal" is pleasant or not. Some of the one-time Junior girls have married and they are especially invited to contribute. The stories must not be more than 300 words in length.

##### When I Grew Up.

There comes a day to every Junior, and it is, too, more or less of a surprise, when he realizes that in the eyes of some people he is "grown up." The family is often the last to realize this fact, and sometimes this leads to amusing or embarrassing incidents. Sometimes the "growing up" comes with the sudden necessity for an old head on young shoulders; sometimes it comes merely from the courtesy of those one meets socially. Sometimes it comes unexpectedly when one goes in search of work. In fact, it may come in many different ways. The older Juniors will be able to write upon this topic, even if the recent graduates can not. The stories must not be more than 300 words in length.

Cartoons, poems, fiction stories and papers upon all topics, must be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior,

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING,  
DECEMBER 17,

at five o'clock. Send them as much earlier as possible. They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, and each paper must be signed with the name, address, school or town and year of graduation or leaving school. The words Reunion Number should be on the envelope. The papers must not be rolled.

took place, and a moment later the two lads left the crowd and hastened down the street toward the harbor.

They soon reached their boat, which had been left in charge of an old one-legged sailor, who was glad of this opportunity to earn an honest penny. He greeted the lads pleasantly:

"Here ye are, lads; and ye'll find yer purty craft in as good shape as ye left her. But I'm sorry for ye. There ain't goin' to be wind enough this afternoon to shake out yer sails. The race will be just a drift round the lightship."

"It certainly looks that way, Tom," Rod replied, as he slipped a bright silver dollar into the sailor's hand. "But the Rescue can drift as fast as the other boats, I'm thinking."

"Thank ye, sir," the lame man said, touching his hat as he received the coin; but when Todd, following his comrade's example, duplicated the gift, he edged toward the boys, saying in low tones:

"The rules 'low ye to turn the lightship from either side, so just shape yer course to the north end of Black Rock reef and round it from that quarter. It's the longest route, but ye'll cover it quicker, for there's a current to help ye on. While if ye round from the south end ye'll work against the current half the way back. Few know this, an' nearly every boat will go the wrong way. Mark old Tom Sparrow's words;" and in another minute he was hobbling away up the dock.

The lads looked at each other an instant, and then Rod remarked:

"It will be fair for us to use this information. We have a right to take every advantage of the wind and tide that we know of."

"Of course we have," Todd assented; "and it makes no difference how we learn of it. We'll follow that course—and win even tho' the breeze is light."

An hour and a half later, at the report of a pistol, the Rescue, as one of a dozen boats entered for the race, crossed the starting line, and with scarcely wind enough to straighten out her sails, as the old sailor had predicted, proceeded down the harbor.

"We hardly need take advantage of the north route," said Todd to his comrade in low tones, as he noticed the steady gain of their boat.

"I'm not so sure of that—look!" Rod exclaimed, slightly bending his head to the left.

Todd glanced in the direction indicated, and saw that one of the contesting boats was evidently shaping her course to round Black Rock reef from the north side.

"It's the Golden Plume, and Captain Luther of Oldport is sailing her!" ejaculated the boy. "He's an old timer here, and you can't fool him on either wind or current. Let us make the north turn also."

"I shall," responded Rod, who had the tiller; "but will not do so until we reach those dark waters a half-mile ahead. If I mistake not, that marks the beginning of the current Tom mentioned."

Not another of the contesting craft took the course of the head sloop, and from an occasional sentence that floated across the waters to their ears, it was evident to Rod and Todd that the occupants of the rear boats were making merry over what seemed to them to be a huge blunder on the part of their leaders.

In an hour and forty minutes the Rescue had rounded the lightship and was on the homeward stretch. The Golden Plume was now fully a quarter of a mile behind her, while the boats that had taken the south route were with a single exception still west of the reef.

"The race is ours unless we have some mishap," Rod now said, breaking a long interval of silence; "but I confess it is hardly worth the gaining. We shall barely cross the starting line within the four hours necessary to claim the race. I can tell you what I should have liked to have done," he added.

"What?"

"Had breeze enough to run the entire twenty miles in two hours, and come over the starting line with jib down, mainsail reefed and both of us clutching the tiller for dear life."

"It would have been exciting to say the least," his companion answered dryly. "Evidently this light wind is making you desperate, Rod."

There was no answer, and silence reigned again for some minutes. Then Todd suddenly exclaimed:

"There goes Professor Barton! I had no idea we could see the ascension so plainly from off here. It is almost as good as being at the park."

(To Be Continued.)