

ALL ABOUT OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

Two Boys and the Fountain

RICHARD GLENN lived only one block away from a beautiful green square where there was an ever flowing fountain. The rich and elegant persons who lived on the up-town side of the square and the fountain spoke of the place as Washington square. But Richard and all the other children who lived south of the square and the fountain called the square "Fourth Street park."

Richard adored the square. It was the one lovely place that the children who lived south of it knew anything about. It was delightful at all times of the year. In the winter there was snowballing if the policeman wasn't looking, and sledding if there was a sled that could be borrowed.

In the spring there was the fresh grass and the trees just budding out. There were flowers, newly planted, in the open space around the fountain, and there were innumerable "kids" whom one might play with or tease, as the occasion suggested.

But in the summer it was best of all. During the long vacation the square was Richard's region of delight. The grass got a little worn by August, it is true, from the ceaseless wear of baby feet, for the policeman allowed the little children to play over the green carpet. The flowers by the fountain, too, had stopped blooming at midsummer, the asphalt was hot and glittering, the babies, of whom the square was full, cried and fretted with the heat, but Richard cared for none of this. He was made happy by two particular circumstances; for one thing the band played in the square two evenings each week and for another the fountain seemed to gush forth more gloriously in midsummer than at any other season. There was a secret reason for Richard's joy at this. Not that the policeman did not know about it, because he had caught other boys at it more than once, but he had never caught Richard.

When he caught a boy at it that boy was marked. He was warned off in the first place and then when he did enter the park the policeman was so suspicious of him that he seemed to see him two blocks away and he never took his eye off him until the boy left the square.

The fact of the matter was that there couldn't be any greater fun anywhere in the world the boys around the square thought, than going in to bathe in that fountain. The big stream of the fountain rose into spray and poured into a huge basin, which encircled it. This pool was supplied by water pipes from below also and was altogether a fair sized bathing pool. One could hardly swim in it because there were so many water lilies and lotos blossoms in the way. Besides this it was almost too shallow to make swimming worth while. But to splash about among the gold fish and the water lilies, to feel the delightful spray of the fountain and to realize the danger that lurked in every policeman, in every outraged householder, residing in the big houses that encircled the square, made a sum of happiness that Richard was powerless to resist.

He sat contemplating the fountain and thinking of the delights of a plunge on one particularly hot August afternoon. Out of the tail of his eye he saw the policeman coming ponderously across the path. Richard had had great good luck so far. He had been in the fountain five times since the first of the month and he hadn't been caught yet. Mostly he had chosen the evening at about 10 o'clock, when the people were considerably thinned out of the park. Later than 10 he had found, although the people decreased rapidly, a swim was dangerous because there were two policemen on duty, and they were much more vigilant than during the day. But at about 10 "Mike," the single guard, had a habit of sauntering up toward the end of his beat, where there was a very comfortable saloon situated, and though it isn't possible that "Mike," being a policeman, ever went into the saloon, still it must be admitted that before he came back there was usually time for Richard to have had his plunge.

But now things had changed. There was a new policeman on "Mike's" beat, and he was a person without a habit. On three successive nights Richard had loitered around the park faithfully planning for a plunge. The new policeman, it is true, went up to the saloon end of the street at intervals. At least a dozen times Richard had come to the conclusion that he was to be gone some time and had planted "Leggy" Martin, the fastest runner on Third street, in the way to give warning of his return.

But, alas! he had hardly reached the fountain before he was alarmed by a wild whoop from "Leggy," and turned to behold that sentry desert his post and come sprinting toward him manfully. He did not need to wait to be told, after one such evening of disappointments, that the new policeman had turned without a moment's pause at the saloon corner, nor that he was a man without a habit.

It was plain then that something would have to be done. Richard didn't want the policeman to catch him. Policemen's eyes are not pleasant things to have following one about and a policeman can make it just as hard for a boy who has jumped into a fountain as if the boy had picked a pocket, if he's kind of a policeman.

"There's only one thing to do," said

Animals From an Absurd Alphabet

BY CAROLYN WELLS



V was a Vulture
Who said "I can sing
And play the piano
And dance Highland Fling."
Versatile Vulture.

W was a Whale
Who danced on his tail;
Then put on his hat
And sat down to chat,
Whimsical Whale.

X was a Xiphias
Who, when awake,
Would clamor for hominy,
Crickets and cake.
Execrable Xiphias.

Y was a Yak
Who bought a new sacque;
And what do you s'pose?
It had red ribbon borus!
Youthful young Yak.

Z was a Zebu
Who said "I should squeal
If invited to ride
In an automobile."
Zoological Zebu.

Leggy Martin, who had come to sit by Richard, "and that's to try it after the two of 'em come on. You can never do it while he's here."

"But, they're a lookin' everywhere, too," objected Richard. Leggy grunted acquiescence. "I don't think they look as hard as he does, though," he commented. "He's the worst I ever seen."

The two boys walked home slowly, talking the situation over. Two things were agreed upon. They must not get caught, and they couldn't give up the plunge.

"Say," suggested Leggy, "we won't give it up. There's a fellow boarding at our house who's got an alarm clock and he gets up at two every morning. He's a street car man. And when he gets up he wakes me. I sleep right next to him. So you see I'll get up at 2 o'clock and come around for you and wake you up."

"We might try it then," agreed Richard, hopefully. "I don't believe those cops will be so wide awake then." The two boys separated with great hopes for their grand plan.

It was just a little after 2 o'clock when Leggy Martin climbed the rick-

ety stairs to the floor where the Glenns lived. He did not need to tap on the door, for Richard had arranged a plan by which he might be aroused without disturbing the other sleepers. Leggy bent down and carefully scrutinized the dirty floor. A piece of string extended under the door and across the threshold. Leggy twitched this gently and waited for a few moments. Then he twitched it again, more briskly this time. The third time he twitched it the string gave easily to his hand. He pulled it slowly and the string gave easily out under the door. He saw that it had just been severed from the toe of Richard, to which it had been tied, and took this to be a sign that that young person was awake. He had not long to wait. The door opened softly. Richard came out with the greatest care, and the two boys crept hastily down to the street, where they began a mad dash for the square.

Leggy, of course, got there first. When Richard came up with him he found Leggy exulting. The square lay bathed in the light of the moon so that every part of it could be seen and there was not a policeman in sight.

"Let's take all our clothes off," sug-

gested Richard. Usually they plunged in with trousers and shirt, leaving their hats and coats, if they had any, in the bushes. Being barefooted, their toilet was thus easily completed. But tonight was to be a night of nights, each boy stripped hastily in a clump of bushes. Not a soul occupied the nearby benches, and even the stragglers who dozed on the more distant benches were not of a kind to complain.

Once in the water they gurgled contentedly. It was glorious. "I wish I was a fish anyhow," said Richard.

"What was that?" demanded Leggy suddenly. Richard had heard nothing. He reared his head over the edge of the basin to take a peep. Not that he was much troubled, for no policeman could have gotten across the square in that time, and at night, and when he wasn't expecting to find boys in the fountain, it would be easy enough to get away, anyhow.

What he saw was two gentlemen strutting towards the fountain. They had been the nearest of the benches, as he recognized by the light checked knickerbockers of one of them, which had been plainly discernible in the distance.

The two men came on apace and to the consternation of the boys passed beside the fountain. They would not have cared if they had been ordinary park idlers, but there was a respectability about them that the boys associated with a fatal friendliness towards policemen.

"Keep low," whispered Leggy, earnestly.

Richard kept low. The men talked on many topics. For once in their lives the two boys were getting tired of the water.

"It seems to me there's something making quite a bustle in these waters," said the younger of the two men suddenly. The boys kept perfectly still.

"Goldfish, possibly. Yes, no doubt we have disturbed them," said the older gentleman. "I am exceedingly fond of goldfish. Yes, yes, very fond of them; yes, yes; I notice the rustling; he continued. "And of lotos, too—you see there are lotos in there—goldfish and lotos are to me an ideal combination. What a remarkable, what a strange, what a peculiar growth the lotos has! For instance, Conrad, notice this." He broke off his discourse abruptly and without a moment's notice to the boys thrust his light cane into the water among some lotos blossoms.

The cane struck the head of Richard, and the moon beaming down revealed the face of that abashed boy among the lotos blooms.

"Merciful goodness," cried the elderly gentleman, "it's a boy."

"I thought the goldfish a little over-ly," remarked Conrad. "Come, kids," he added to the boys, "out with you."

The boys emerged sheepishly. Mr. Conrad surveyed with tremendous seriousness and held them by an arm apiece while they completed their dressing.

"And now, then, tell us all about it," he demanded. Richard told him. The elderly gentleman had not yet recovered from his astonishment, but the eyes of Mr. Conrad twinkled.

"Don't you know that fountains are for nymphs," he asked seriously. "Fountains are not for boys. You should go swimming in the river or the ocean."

He put a hand on each of the boy's shoulders. "And you shall, too," he said. "I'm only in town for a few days, but before I get ready to go away I want you to be ready to go with me. I've got a little place in the country where the swimming doesn't get tangled up with the goldfish."

And that's how it came about that Richard Glenn and Leggy Martin went to spend a whole month at Mr. James Conrad's delightful bungalow, which was hardly a stone's throw from a most delightful river, where there was a swimming hole and a diving place and fishing to boot.

Not Fit to Publish
A represents a ticket office.
B represents lines of people waiting to purchase tickets.
C represents the point where Jones stood at 8 a. m.
D represents the point where Jones stood at ten minutes past 8.
E represents the point where Jones stood at 8:15.

In addressing Highlanders who placed wreaths on the memorial cairn at Cul-loden on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle recently, T. Napier said "The Hanoverians" had now ruled for 200 years, and he thought they should "make a graceful bow and retire."

Prize Stories Written by The Herald's Young Folks

NELLIE PARAMORE, Hyde Park, Los Angeles county. Class A—\$2.00.
PEARL PALLA, Santa Ana. Class B—\$2.00.
VIOLA VANKIRK, Corona, Riverside county. Class C—\$1.00.

A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER'S NEST

By Nellie Paramore—Class A—Thirteen Years

One day my little brother and I were playing under a pepper tree in our back yard. There was a swing under the tree. I was swinging and my brother was digging around the tree with his little shovel. Suddenly the boy shoved the door, off a spider's house. He ran away, expecting to see a spider jump out, because mamma had always cautioned him to keep away from spiders.

The spider came to the top and I supposed it was going to escape, but when it saw us it went down again. I poured some cold water in the nest and thought I would drown the occupant out of its home, but it did not come out. Then I poured some hot water in the nest, but still the spider did not come out. I decided it was dead, so I began to examine its home.

The nest was made very wonderfully considering the tiny creature who built it. The door was perfectly round and as large in circumference as a nickel. It was lined with a substance almost as smooth as silk. This substance was very tough. On one edge there were two little holes about as large as pin holes and about a sixteenth of an inch apart. I suppose they are what the spider uses when he goes inside and closes his door. The nest itself was lined with the same tough substance.

After I had seen how much care had been spent in building the house, I was sorry I had killed the wise little creature.

TALE OF A TURKEY

By Pearl Palla—Class B—Twelve Years

One day a little crippled turkey was found in the brood. It was given to me. I splintered its broken leg and placed it in a box behind the kitchen stove, where it was warm. It missed its mother very much at first, but soon it ate and the broken leg healed rapidly. It did not like the splints bound on its leg and would pick and try to remove them with its bill. In time it grew into a fine big bronze turkey hen.

Mother told me if I watched I would find my hen had a nest. It was several days before I found the nest, as she was cunning and sly about it. It was hidden in the fence corner on the ground. The eggs were nearly covered with sticks and straws. The eggs were white, with brown specks on them, just like Sammy's nose when the summer sun kisses it.

Each day the hen carefully turned each egg. When there were fifteen she sat on them. In twenty-six days amid bursting shells were hatched fifteen little turkeys. Then I named my turkey Mrs. Wiggs because she had all that family to rear. How carefully she watched over them! She ate little herself, feeding the babes all the nice tidbits of fat bugs and grasshoppers.

Turkey hens talk to their little ones, which understand and mind every word, perhaps because the mother makes no idle threats. If she says "bug" they all run to get it; if "hawk" they run and hide. One day I was feeding them on the open bare ground when a little blue hawk darted swiftly overhead. The mother said "hawk," and every little turkey dropped close to the ground, and as Mother Nature had clothed them in their grayish black color they looked just like the earth. They never moved until mother turkey said "It's gone, come!" They jumped up and began to eat. If she says "snake" they all come to look at it circle around. They stretch their necks and all say "Snake, snake!" carefully keeping out of reach until Mr. Snake doesn't know how to get away.

If Mrs. Wiggs sees a strange dog she flies at him, sometimes losing a mouthful of feathers before I can drive him off. If a coyote appears she flies up in a tree, making a great ado about it. She will raise two and three broods of turkeys in a season.

LULU'S SURPRISE PARTY

By Viola Vankirk—Class C—Eleven Years

It was on the morning of Lulu's birthday, and she sat in her rocking chair in her bedroom reading a pretty book which she had just received from her aunt. Lulu was very happy sitting there, and as the sunshine came in, it made the room look bright and cheerful.

The little girl's mother was surprised to see Lulu reading alone, for she thought her daughter was out playing with some of the neighbors. But she said: "You will expect my present this afternoon dear, and I am sorry I could not give it to you sooner."

Lulu smiled, closed her book and went out with her mother. She found that her mother had been making jelly tarts and she was very fond of them. Her mother then said: "Lulu, you may take some of these tarts on this plate and eat them under the elm tree with the little girl who lives next door, if you like."

Lulu was happy when eating the tarts under the big elm tree with Elizabeth. Pretty soon she was called in to dinner, so she bade Elizabeth good-bye and went into the house. After dinner her hair was curled and a clean dress put on her. Then she looked very sweet indeed.

Lulu asked her mother why she had to have her hair curled. Her mother answered: "Because probably some one will be over to see you, as it is your birthday."

Half an hour later, there was a loud ring at the bell. Lulu flew to the door, and as she opened it, a lot of boys and girls, ready to greet her, shouted "surprise!" She was so surprised that she could hardly speak. As soon as she realized what she was doing, she welcomed her guests.

Then they played games until they were tired. About half past three they were taken into a beautifully decorated room where the table was laid. All the children were soon enjoying pink and white icecream, cake of different sorts, fudge, cookies and punch. This was Lulu's present from her mamma.

After the guests had gone home Lulu had a long talk with her mamma. But that night when she was tucked in bed, she told her mother she would never forget her first surprise party, and the kindness of her mamma.

The Little Cherub

He was a cherubic youth of four, with a beautiful, blue-eyed countenance and an angelic smile—the kind of boy that honest persons long instinctively to kidnap. He sat on the fence, swinging his heels and humming a kindergarten song.

"Oh, you darling! cried an impulsive young woman, pouncing upon him and giving him a hug. "Has your mother any more like you? Have you any little brothers?"

"Yop," replied the angelic boy, "got three. Me and Jack and Billy and Frank."

"Which one do you like best?"

"Jack, I guess," replied the youngster after a moment of deep thought. "Yop, I like Jack best."

"And why," asked the young woman, "do you like Jack best?"

"'Cause he did such a lovely errand for me once."

"What was that lovely errand?"

"He bit Billy on the leg," replied the sweetly serious cherub.

"Why," pursued the young woman, "didn't you do your own biting?"

"'Cause I hate the taste of Billy's legs," was the calm reply.—Exchange.

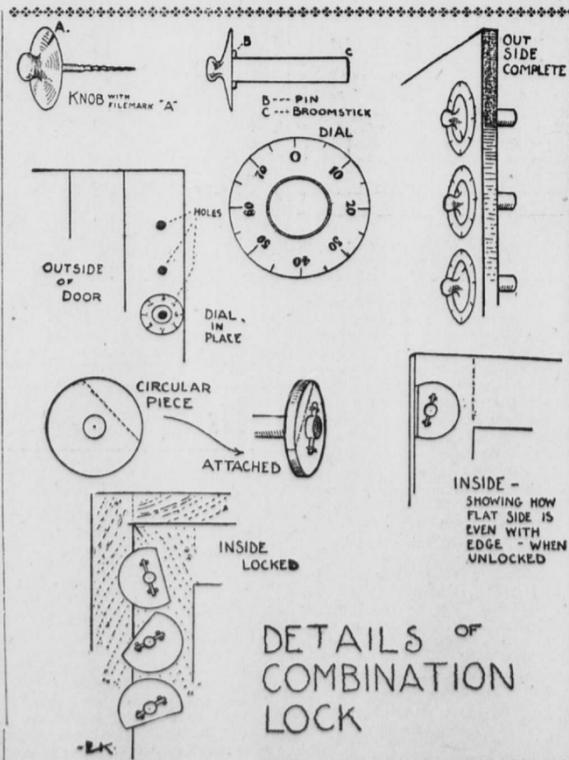
How to Construct the Useful Combination Lock

THERE is a fascination about a combination lock. You invite all to open it; there is no key, just turn the knobs right, but no one but you can open it. Any boy with a little skill can make a combination lock that will defy the efforts of the most prying. Then with his knowledge of the combination he can unlock his hut or money box when all others will be locked out.

To make a combination lock secure several knobs, say three, such as are placed upon drawers. With a file make a mark on one side of each and attach the knobs to the ends of a smooth piece of round rod, like a piece of broomhandle. Make a hole in the box cover a bit larger than the broomhandle, so that it will turn easily therein. Make as many holes as you have knobs. Three combinations will ordinarily be sufficient protection. So, now we have three brass knobs with short pieces of broomhandle, each fitting nicely into three holes in the box cover. The distance of the holes from the edge of the cover must be the same. Make three dials with whatever numbers or letters you desire and make a hole in each dial the size of the holes in the cover or larger. These dials are to be tacked tightly on to the cover so the hole in the dial is over the hole in the cover. When the dials are attached and the short rods with knobs are put through the holes, the marks on the knobs will point to the figures on the dials, and the outside of the lock is done.

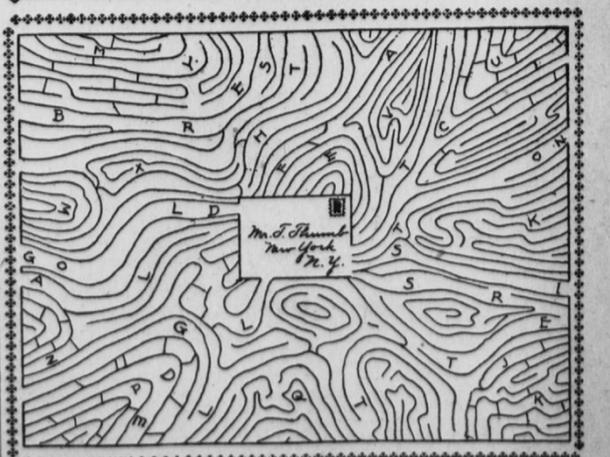
Next get three round pieces of board, each with a radius a little, quite little greater than the distance the holes are from the edge of the cover. These are to be firmly attached to the inside ends of the broomsticks, close to the cover, so that they will turn with the knob and not slip on the broomstick. This can be done in several ways. A good way is shown in the illustration.

Before attaching the circular pieces of wood a flat side is to be made on each, so that when the knob is turned



to a certain letter or number this flat side will correspond or be even with the edge of the cover, and the door may be opened. Take note of what number produces this result and after attaching the circular pieces shut the door and give the knobs a twist and invite your friend to open it.

Secret of a Puzzling Labyrinth



There are only six ways to reach the letter at the center of this figure. Each time you reach the center write down the letters you find on the way. In each path is a word. The six words together, if rightly arranged, will make a well known proverb.