



EDITED BY DAVID H. WALKER

SEA FIGHT.

BY OTTO CARMALT, SAN FRANCISCO.

JUST at sundown we sighted a Chinese junk. I was a boy upon my father's ship, the Four Winds. We were sailing the China Sea. My father, who was the captain and was also the owner of the Four Winds, had been cautioned to look out for Chinese pirates. His instinct told him that the junk was filled with pirates.

THE FIFTEEN JUDGES.

THE judges who will decide whether the boys or the girls have won the victory in their story-telling competition are named below. They are all County Superintendents of Education with one exception, George Morton Robertson, attorney-at-law, who is also the president of the Berkeley Board of Education.

HAROLD SERVED THE FLAG.

BY TOM GLEASON, STOCKTON.

ALL Americans had left Havana with one exception. A venture-told boy, Harold Otway, was missing when his parents hastily left their home in the city to take passage upon a steamer for Key West.

In a low voice by the chief of the desperadoes. The noise that followed told him that the Weyler must be near the Southern Planter.



THE GREAT TORPEDO EXPLODED.

On every street corner in Havana were gathered Spaniards who talked excitedly and threateningly about the "Americanos."

Hardly had the Southern Planter, the last American passenger steamer, departed from Havana when there was a sudden stir at one of the wharves, at which a mysterious vessel was moored.

Harold Otway, in the confusion of getting the vessel under way, had managed to get on her deck and hid himself under an overturned lifeboat.

Harold's blood ran cold as he heard these words. He knew that his father and mother, his little brother and sister, and many other Americans were on the Southern Planter.

The Southern Planter's location was indicated before long by a stain of smoke in the air. This became plainer and plainer as the Weyler gained upon her.

"Death to all Yankees!" This was the watchword of the murderous crew.

"Bring out the torpedo!" Harold heard this command, uttered

search of the person who had betrayed them.

Harold dropped over the side without noise and swam in the direction taken by the Southern Planter.

But the Southern Planter did not go far. Finding that she was not pursued, her master tried the effect of one shot first, but struck the floating torpedo.

Seeing this disaster the master of the Southern Planter sent boats to the rescue. One of the first persons picked up was Harold Otway.

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disappeared. Blossom looked around in fright and saw, away up in the sky, the witch riding on a large goose.

Blossom, "I am well rid of her," thought Blossom looked up the palace staircase and a little fairy maiden came running down to her.

"Come inside, my dear," said the little fairy, taking hold of her soft little hand as Blossom shyly stepped upon the fairy carpet and soon found herself face to face with the fairy queen.

A smile spread over Blossom's pretty face as she looked upon the queen's beautiful throne.

"Sing us a song, my dear," said the queen. So Blossom sang her little song.

"Ah, you shall have a reward," said the queen, stepping forward from her glittering throne and clasping little Blossom in her gentle fairy embrace.

Blossom's face grew crimson as her heart was beating with content.

The queen promised Blossom that she would show her something wonderful.

Leading Blossom by the hand down the staircase and, followed by her little fairy maidens, she entered the room of diamonds.

How queer it looked! Why, there was a little fairy man moving in the air and swaying torchlights to and fro.

His eyes were glittering with fire. Blossom saw little red men coming angrily toward her. She screamed aloud and looked around.

"Oh, where is the Queen of Fairyland?" she cried.



ENOS WHITE, THE PURITAN.

swallowing Spaniards who had been taken from the water, every American man on the ship took off his hat in respect to the courageous youngster.

BLOSSOM HAS A QUEER DREAM

BY VERA CHISHOLM, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE sun had just completed its wandering journey through the fleecy and tangling clouds and had sought comfort in the beaming west, and the dark folds of evening had enwrapped the quiet little village.

Upon the pathway which runs to the brooklet lay tired little Blossom with her mind in fairyland.

She had not had her tiny head a minute on the grass when an old lady stood before her. Blossom became frightened at first because the old woman looked like a witch.

"What brought you here?" cried the witch in a terrifying voice, which made little Blossom sigh.

"There are no sighs in Fairyland, and if the wind should hear you he would carry you beyond the fairy sea. I want to know your name and whence you came."

"I am Blossom. I lost my way and can't get home."

"Never mind about that," replied the disagreeable old witch. "Can you sing anything?"

"I think I can," said little Blossom, very nervously. "Mamma has taught me one about the Childish Heart."

"That's enough; don't talk any more, but come along with me." Leading across beautiful paths of purple, gold and silver, the little flowers bowed to them as they passed the grand lawns of Fairyland.

They had reached the golden palace, which was decorated with silvery laces.

The witch opened the palace door and

THIS WAS OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

All had vanished. There was nothing but midnight around her.

DOTTY'S VISIT.

BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON, RIO VISTA.

Doty was the only child of rich parents. She had every possible wish granted to her by her father, but yet one thing was lacking—health.

One hot summer, when the air of the large city became very close, Doty became very sick. The doctor said that she must leave the smoky city and go to breathe the fresh air of the country.

Mamma decided to take the little girl to grandma's. How slowly the weeks seemed to drag to Doty after that. But, after a few weeks, mamma and Doty were on their way to grandma's. Oh, what a pleasant time she had hunting eggs and playing in the hay. No more astringents spent on the lounge with a raging headache.

The only trouble was that the time went too fast. When at last the summer was over and mamma and Doty went back to the city, papa said that although he had greatly missed his little daughter, he was paid by seeing the roses on her cheeks.

Very soon the boys and girls may be asked to say what they would do if they could be war commanders on land or sea.

The Bumpkins have the war spirit and are trying their luck with a bomb throwing mortar at the Presidio. War will furnish all the excitement the lively little fellows can need.

THE CHINESE PIRATE JUNK.

side of the gun, from which the masking wall had been removed, and left a clear way for the cannon. The pirates did not know what we were up to and paused. That was their undoing, for the chains and slugs and other missiles swept across the deck like furies and half the pirates fell.

We seconded the work of the gun with a lively popping of Winchester's. The pirates who were able were at last scared. They dropped over the side of the ship into their boats and hurried away to their junk. We were too busy caring for our wounded men to fire at them. So they were working their sweeps to get away and they were soon out of rifle range.

TWO NICKNAMES.

BY E. BUMILLER.

Of all the girls so sweet and gay, So lovely and so jolly, There's none compare with dainty — Or match my saucy —

If boys I like, I give my heart To all-but them, you know, There's not another boy like — Or our 'big brother' —

OLD PURITAN DAYS.

BY HARRIET S. SNYDER, SANTA CRUZ.

IN the old days, when America was being settled, there lived in Plymouth a couple of young lovers. When they were children, playing in the green lanes of old England, Enos White and Priscilla May had, in childish glee, pledged themselves to each other. Now that they were older and had, further more, crossed the sea to this strange new land, they still stood by the childish betrothal. They had come over in the Mayflower.

Enos was a tall, manly, young fellow, rather quiet; he was very steadfast and honest. Priscilla was merry and affectionate. In her childhood she had been spoken of by the old people as "Priscilla, the hoyden." She was full of life and spirit, quite different from the staid maidens by whom she was surrounded. Enos and she would meet under an old pine. At last they were married by the good old minister in the little, bare, cold church. They had a little girl when they had been married about a year; a sweet, little maid with big blue eyes and sunny ringlets. She was the idol of her parents. They called her Ruth. Soon Ruth had a brother, Brian, who had the dark hair and eyes of his father.

All these years wars with the Indians had been frequent, and Enos White had in each case served gallantly under brave Captain Miles Standish. One day, as he was working in the field, the great church bell began to toll. It was the signal that all the men were to assemble fully armed. Priscilla, as soon as she had heard the bell, had taken out her husband's sword. He had his gun with him; for in those days men and women always had a gun with them. As soon as he entered, he buckled on his sword and, after tenderly kissing his wife and babies, hurried away to the church.

He did not return. Captain Standish had a sorrowful tale for the young wife. He had seen brave young Enos White fall in battle, and had seen the Indians carry him away. When he had finished the young widow gave a piercing shriek, and fell. When Priscilla awoke in the morning her hair, which had been a beautiful brown, was snowy white. She seemed to be out of her mind, and lay staring blankly at a window, while kindly neighbors performed her household tasks. She remained in this stupor for six or seven months, making no sound and showing no interest in the things about her. In the meantime Ruth and Brian were cared for by the neighbors.

One day, almost half a year from the time she had heard of her husband's death, Priscilla suddenly spoke. "Look," she said, "look at the window," and she lifted her arm. A man's face was looking in. "It is Enos. He is come back. I knew he would!" Her voice sank lower. "Will you please open the door and let him in?" The woman rose hastily, and then ran to tell the town that "Priscilla White has spoken!"

In the meantime much was happening in the White home. As soon as the Indian had gone, Priscilla called gently "Enos, Enos, come in!" In a moment he was beside her, and she was lifted in his strong arms, while he murmured, "My poor little Priscilla, my poor little darling!"

It was in the afternoon of the day following the one on which Enos had returned. All the town had gathered to hear Enos White tell how he had escaped from the Indians, and how his hair had become gray. This is his story: "When I was left by my comrades I lay stung, for I had been hit by an Indian club. The Indians came and carried me away to their camp. Here I was bound to a tree, while the savages danced around me. They then lay down in a circle around me, and slept. Thus it was for many nights; I was bound to a tree, while my guards slept. But one night an Indian brave slipped from the circle of sleepers and severed the cord that bound me. He then gave me a large pair of moccasins that com-

pletely covered my feet, worn-out shoes and all, and motioned me to follow him. "I did not know whether he was a friend or not, but blindly did as I was bid. At last, as we were on a rising knoll of ground, I saw his face. It was the Indian to whom we had given food, wife"—turning to Priscilla—"when he was almost famished."

"We traveled all night, and when day came we lay down and slept. We had plenty of provisions in my knapsack, which my captors had allowed me to retain; and it was, thus, that we lived for many days. We frequently disguised ourselves, and worked for farmers, who gave us food in return. We traveled many days and many nights, and at last, in many months' time, we reached Plymouth. Now, Yellow Bull, come forward and receive your just thanks!"

A tall, sinewy Indian came forward. A strange scene was then enacted. The moment the children saw him they rushed forward and caught hold of his long legs. The women blessed him, and the men shook his hand warmly. Then they all partook of the feast that Priscilla, with the help of the neighbors, had prepared.

As for Yellow Bull, he stayed with Enos and Priscilla until he died, ever a loved and faithful friend. And it soon became common to see the tall, thin Indian with a child on each knee, telling them of their brave "daddy's" journey home to them.

Here are Ruth and Dorothy, They live in Berkeley-by-the-sea. The peaceful sea whose breezes fan The cherry blossoms of Japan; Whose tides roll in against our door Along the California shore.

And near to San Francisco town, Where all the streets go up and down, The lovely heights of Berkeley rise As if they meant to touch the skies. And big waves make a booming sound, And roses blow the whole year round; Where grows the fragrant laurel tree Live little Ruth and Dorothy, In lovely Berkeley-by-the-sea.

These little girls wear "overalls" For play-time, then if either falls Right in the sand they never mind. But just brush off what soil they find And trot along all right again. And no one laughs or scolds, and then—

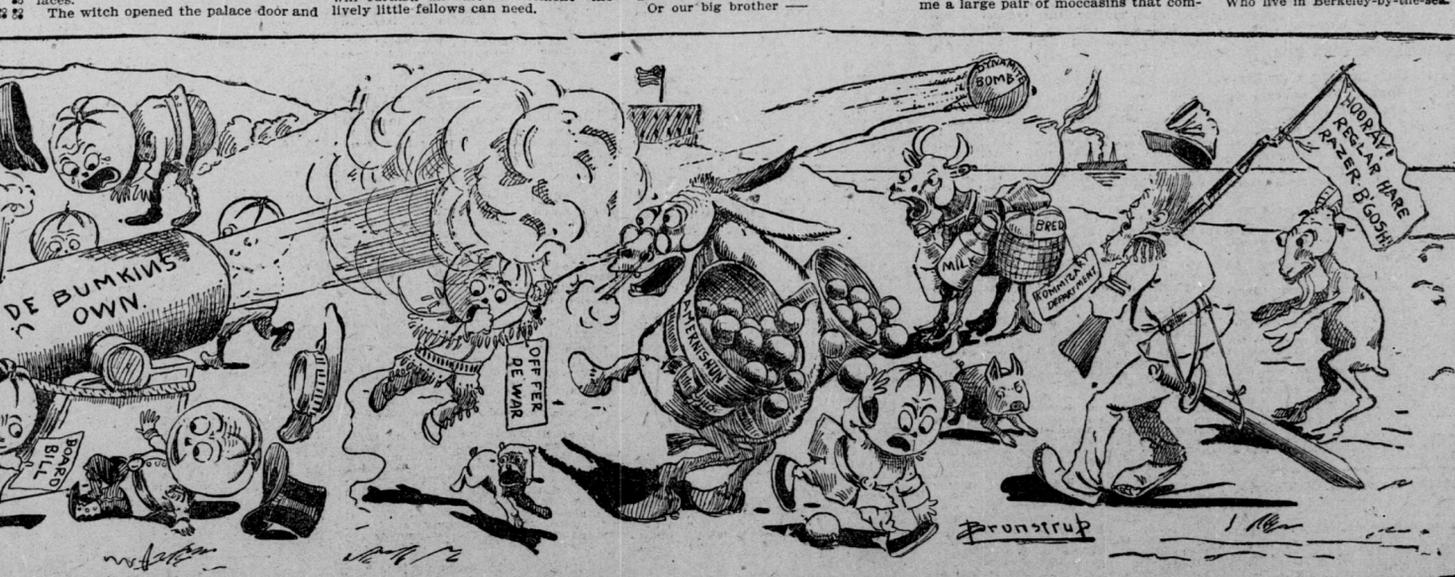
They hunt for bugs and never know Papa will take their pictures so— He steals along with his machine And—there they are—as I have seen, My little Ruth and Dorothy, Who live in Berkeley-by-the-sea.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

THE roll of honor embraces the names of the boys and girls whose work entitled them to be selected as the champions in the story-telling competition. There are more girls than boys in the list, for the reason that the girls wrote shorter stories. Here are the winners of the preliminary honors:



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