

# WHAT HAPPENED AT THE END OF A SUMMER VACATION

By ELLA NEIL

Bobby sat at his desk, moodily looking out of the window. Vacation was over and the fall term of school had just commenced. Although the view from the schoolhouse disclosed a busy street, with many people hurrying to and fro, and through the open window came the merry clanging of streetcar bells, the rumbling of heavy wagons and the many other sounds of a busy city, Bobby was conscious of none of those details of sight or sound. Rather was his mental vision bounded by the hills and fields and streams in the country where he had spent the summer.

Every year since Bobby was a small boy of 6 years his father had sent him to Uncle John's farm to spend his vacation. Each succeeding year had been better than the last. The vacation just past was the best of all, for had not dad presented him with a brand new gun as he was getting on the train? And it was no play gun either!

How proudly he shouldered that gun the morning after arriving at uncle's and started on his first real hunt. He walked many miles that day and how disappointed he was to have to wearily trudge home without a trace of game.

At supper Uncle John slyly asked him which field he had hunted in during the day, and when Bobby sighed and told him it was the pasture Uncle John's eyes twinkled merrily, but he only said, "Wait till Sunday morning; we'll get the rabbits; but not in the open pasture. The bunnies are too cunning for that; they feed in the orchard and away up where the wild berries grow."

The next day was Saturday, so Bobby had to let his prize lie idle for a day, but not until he had cleaned it thoroughly and placed it carefully in its case.

Sunday came, and walking rapidly beside his uncle, Bobby eagerly anticipated his first shot. It was not long before they saw a cottontail jump up quickly and make a dive into his hole. Uncle John shot at it, but Bobby was too quick for him, and uncle muttered something about his old rifle shooting "better and surer than the new ones."

Soon Bobby spied a big cottontail sitting on his hind legs, looking almost too cute to kill. But when Bunny saw them away he started.

"Bang!"

Bunny leaped high in the air, fell to the ground and lay quite still. Bobby had killed his first rabbit. And it was a good shot, too, uncle said.

Then Uncle John took Bobby down to the creek and they went in swimming. Long ago Bobby had taken his first swimming lessons, and his long, sure strokes were his father's particular pride.

And so it was every day. How quickly the vacation weeks had passed until all too soon it was time to return to the city. All these things flashed over Bobby's mind just as the scenes in the moving picture show flash on the canvas. Next year, dad said, he would be big enough to shoot deer. And father was to take him along with Uncle John when they went up in the mountains, and—

"Robert!"

The teacher's voice broke rudely in upon Bobby's thoughts.

"Robert," the teacher said reproachfully, "I have spoken to you twice, and you have not replied. Answer the question: How many cubic feet of water are there in a space 5 feet wide, 10 feet long and 6 feet deep?"

Now, mathematics is a very essential study, as every good boy knows, but who wants to bother about cube root when he is thinking about the roots of that old tree which lie across the creek where he has caught many a trout.

Bobby looked at the teacher sheepishly. "I—I beg your pardon, teacher. I did not hear the question," he said. He was striving manfully to collect his scattered thoughts, but how could he when "Red" Griffin sat across the aisle grinning at his confusion.

"Red" was the bully of the class, and his nickname was bestowed upon him by the pupils in honor of the fiery color of his hair. On account of his size he could whip any boy in the class, but, like all bullies, he did not have the courage to flaunt his strength in the face of the larger boys.

Many times had Robert helped "Red," who was a very poor scholar, but when



the opportunity came "Red" failed to reciprocate. Bobby was a very bright scholar and

did not need assistance from other pupils. But he had often prompted "Red," thinking it possible to win

this mean boy's friendship by kindness, and bring out the better part of his nature.

However, it seemed a hopeless task for there sat "Red," making faces at him behind the back of the pupil in front.

Strive as he might Bobby could not collect his thoughts and he mumbled: "Five trout."

The other members of the class all suppressed giggles, but "Red" laughed outright. The teacher rapped for order and remarked teacher.

"Robert will stay in after school this afternoon. And Fred Griffin also."

When the lessons were over and the pupils had gone Robert sat quietly in his seat.

"Across from him was "Red" scowling at the ceiling.

"Fred, don't you know it is wrong to laugh as you did in school?" asked the teacher.

"Aw, how could I help it? It was such a funny answer I had to," said "Red," sullenly.

"Well, it doesn't seem so funny now," mused teacher. "Robert, you may go now; please see tomorrow that you are not star gazing during lessons, which will cause Bobby apologized and went home.

"Fred, you may clean the black-board erasers, and then dust out your desk, which I notice is sadly in need of attention," said teacher.

"Red" could hear the boys on the lot shouting and laughing as they played baseball and it was a hard task that the teacher had assigned to him. He hurried as fast as he could, but haste does not permit of good work and he had to clean the erasers the second time before teacher was satisfied.

The game was nearly finished when "Red" was through with his onerous duties, and he slowly made his way over to the playground. He blamed Bobby for it all, like bad boys do, never thinking of the many favors Bobby had done for him and that he himself was to blame for the teacher's censure.

"I'll make him pay for it," said "Red," clenching his fists tightly.

The next day was Saturday and the team was to play a rival school a game of ball.

Little Helen Easton was one of Bobby's staunch admirers. When she was near things always seemed brighter and her blue eyes watched his every move when he played baseball. "Red" was present at every game and this morning Bobby was trying to pitch his very best, as his mother was to take him over to Mrs. Easton's that afternoon, and what a fine time Helen and he would have in their large yard.

"Red" Griffin did not play on the team and during the game took occasion to vent his feelings on Bobby for what had happened the preceding day. Also Red did not like the idea of Helen looking with favor on the smiles of Bobby while his own ad-

vances were treated respectfully, but coolly.

"Aw, who ever said you could pitch?" shouted Red at Bobby. This was followed by many similar remarks.

After the game was won by Bobby's side he went over to walk home with Helen. Red had asked Helen to let him escort her home and was refused. He couldn't control his anger when he saw Bobby proudly tip his hat and start away to Helen.

Going up to Bobby, Red deliberately struck him a blow in the face. Bobby was no coward and struck back, Helen running away as fast as possible.

Red was too big for Bobby, and soon he threw him to the ground, and blow after blow blackened poor Bobby's eyes and brought the blood to his nose. Bobby went home crying, and, needless to say, did not go to Helen's that day.

It was four weeks later when the teacher announced that the class would go out to the beach for a swim.

All the boys and girls were cautioned not to go beyond the first life line, as the ocean is treacherous, and a strong undertow endangers life. Bobby was teaching Helen how to swim and all the pupils were having a grand time when suddenly there arose a cry of distress.

"Help! Help!"

And, sure enough, there was "Red" Griffin beyond the life line. He had gone out too far and, losing his grip on the rope, was rapidly sinking.

"Red" was coming up for the second time when Bobby started to swim in his direction. Thinking of all Red's spiteful injustice, Bobby had wavered for a moment, but a moment only. One look into Helen's eyes and the message there read, "Save him!"

A few steady strokes and he was near enough to reach the life line.

The latter's eyes were bulging and his breath was coming in short gasps. He was coming up for the last time when he felt a strong hand grasp him by the arm and a cool voice say: "You do just as I would if you are going to drown. Do not try to get a hold on me, or we both die." And for once in his life Fred Griffin obeyed an order.

Bobby swam with his free arm and soon willing hands lifted them out of the water.

When "Red" recovered he was a changed boy. There was a new expression in his face and he clasped Bobby in his arms, and said: "Forgive me, pal, I'm not going to be a cad any more."

And Bobby's heart was glad. He had won a hard battle and his patience was rewarded when Helen's big, blue eyes filled with tears and she said: "Well done, my hero."

## SHORT ARTICLES BY JUNIOR READERS

### An Unexpected Visit

By Miss M. Wren, 1614 F Street, Sacramento

H. Alice, I've the best news! Father said he'd take you and me to grandma's in a few days, and we'll stay until school commences" was the exclamation with which Betty greeted her chum as she ran up the steps of her house.

It was about a month since school had closed, and therefore they would have a month to stay. Both had thought they were going to stay home all summer.

Living only a half block from each other, Alice and Betty were constantly together. Betty's older sister, Marion, always called them the cup and saucer, while most of their friends called them Betty and her shadow, as Betty was much the taller. There was only six months difference in their ages, though, both being 12. Because Betty went to the grammar school and Alice to the primary they couldn't be together at school, but in going always walked as far together as possible.

"Aren't you glad?" cried Betty, not considering whether Alice's mother would be willing or not.

"Oh, I'd love to go! Which grandma is it?"

"The one that was here last Christmas and lives near Orangeville. She told father especially to bring you and me. He's only going to stay a few days."

"I wonder if mother'll let me go, Betty?" But Alice didn't have much fear, as her mother always liked her to enjoy herself and usually said yes.

"Let's run in and ask her now. Any way, mother is coming over to ask her about it tonight," eagerly cried Betty, overjoyed to think her father would take them, as he usually didn't like to be bothered with children.

Three days later Alice and Betty were on their way to Orangeville, after

bidding fond farewells to their mothers and promising to obey Betty's grandmother.

The time on the train passed so quickly that before Betty realized how near they were to their destination the conductor shouted "Orangeville!" Sure enough there was grandma standing on the platform waiting for them, as he said he would be.

"Oh, here you are!" he cried. "That train was late and I thought you'd never come. How are you, John? My! how you're grown since last Christmas, Betty. How are you, Alice, my dear? I hope you'll enjoy yourself and get fat and have some color in your cheeks."

As they rode up to the small white house, about two miles from the station, Betty inquired, "Why didn't Nero come with you, grandma? He nearly always does."

"Nero? Oh, I didn't think to unchain him."

Nero was the large Newfoundland dog and had been Betty's constant companion whenever she had visited there before.

As they approached the house they saw grandma standing in the doorway in her neat white apron.

"How do you do, my dears? I'm so glad you've come. I hope you'll both enjoy yourselves."

"Oh, grandma," cried Betty, "I'm so glad you asked me to bring Alice, and to stay a whole month, too. We'll have the best time!"

They did enjoy themselves immensely with horseback riding, taking long walks in the hills and picking fruit, as grandma told them to help themselves, and climb all the trees they wished. There were apricot, pear, peach, plum and apple trees. Perhaps more than anything else they enjoyed the delicious sweet cream and grandma's cooking.

"Let's take a walk in the woods today," said Betty, about a week before they left. "We haven't been there nearly so much as in the hills."

"All right," agreed Alice.

So grandma packed a basket of goodies, and Betty, Alice and Nero started for a day in the woods.

Although the sun was shining, it was not too hot in the woods, as there was a slight breeze stirring the tops of the tall oak and pine trees. After

walking about a mile and a half, as it was almost lunch time, they found a clear, cool spot under a tall oak and ate the tart, sandwiches, homemade cookies, peaches and apricots which they found neatly packed in the basket. When they had finished, Alice said: "Let's go on farther and see where this road ends."

"Oh, won't that be fun!" exclaimed Betty. "But better not go too far, because grandma often warned me about the marshes. But we'll know one if we come to it, and, anyway, they're dry in summer."

They followed the road for a short distance, when they saw before them a large, grassy, open space. They noticed brilliantly colored lizards darting in and out of the tall grass, and watched their rapid movements, following them as well as they could. Suddenly Nero barked furiously. It was a marsh, and he knew it.

"What's the matter, Nero? Hush! There must be some one near," said Betty. But they heard nobody, and no body came. Not paying attention to Nero's barks they went on and on.

Suddenly Betty cried, "The marsh! The marsh! Help! Help! I'm sinking!" Alice tried to help Betty out, but instead began to sink herself.

"What shall we do? Won't somebody come and help us? Even Nero's deserted us!"

Meanwhile Nero ran as quickly as he could in the direction of the farm house, but met Betty's grandfather on the crossroads coming home from the village.

"Hello, Nero! What's the matter?" he cried, as Nero began barking and pulling him in the direction of the marsh. He realized at once that something must have happened to the children, as he saw them leave in the morning for a day in the woods.

After finding Betty and Alice out and praising Nero, he and the dog started home with two dripping and frightened children. Nero was praised as the hero of the day. Betty and Alice didn't go near the swamp again.

A week later they started home, having had a most delightful vacation, but they were both glad to see their mothers and to return to school again. Their trip was as enjoyable as if they had planned for it months ahead. They

both always remembered that pleasant year and told of their getting into the swamp many times.

### Story of a Rolling Stone

By Florence A. Ives, Aged 12 Years

ONCE there was a little stone. Now, it was not young. It was hundreds of years old. It had belonged to a very large rock. But that day a chance, while running along the mountain, broke a little piece of stone off; so now, you see, it was independent.

But this large rock was on the top of a steep mountain, so when our little stone broke off it began to roll down, down.

It kept rolling, rolling, rolling. On its way down it saw many beautiful things. It saw lovely, cool running brooks, with shining pebbles on the bottom.

It saw lovely birds with bright plumage and, oh, so many other lovely things.

But what it admired most of all were lots of other little stones just like itself, but with lovely coats of green on them. Their coats were so soft and pretty that the little stone wished with all its heart that it had such a coat also.

It was rolling down the mountain and sighing for green coats a tree said to it: "Little friend, why are you so sad?"

"Because," answered the little stone, "I want a green coat so much."

"Well," said the big tree, "if I should stop you, you would have to wait a long time before you could gain one."

"Why?" asked the wondering stone.

"Because," answered the wise old tree, "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Do you call the green coat moss?" the stone asked.

"Yes," answered the big tree.

"Very well," said the stone. Then the tree shook its branches and a large leaf fell plump on the rolling stone.

The stone stopped, for it could not move with such a heavy weight on it.

Then the willing wind lent a hand and away went the big leaf, but the little stone was still there.

Let us look again at this little stone. The years have passed and it has its heart's desire, and it says to other rolling stones that sometimes pass it: "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

## SOME POETIC FABLES OF FLOWERS

### The Rose

As you look around you and see the flowers in your home garden, in the parks, the woods, and the florist's windows, you must not think that these flowers always existed. Today the scientists have a way of mixing seeds and plants to create new blossoms. Thousands of years ago, when the gods and goddesses walked the earth, they had a different method of making pretty flowers that we find about us. We are told that the rose sprang from the drops of blood of Adonis, who was and died from the effects of it. Venus wept bitterly when she saw Adonis dying, and as each drop of blood fell from the wound a red rose suddenly appeared on the ground. So was born the rose, which was highly treasured by Venus.

At the same time another flower came into existence from the falling tears of the goddess, and that is the anemone, the little white blossom which is gathered in the early spring.

### The Hyacinth

The sweet scented hyacinth had its birth in the death of the Spartan youth Hyacinthus, who was very much liked by Apollo, the god of the sun. The wind god Zephyrus, however, became jealous that Apollo should pay so much attention to a mortal, and he determined to injure the youth. Accordingly, when the sun god and the Spartan were playing quoits on a festival day, Zephyrus blew so violently that he made the disk, which Apollo had thrown, strike Hyacinthus so hard that it caused his death. Zephyrus was contented with his work, but Apollo was extremely sad. Being unable to restore his companion to life, the god created from his drops of blood the bell shaped flower we see in the spring.

To commemorate the death of Hyacinthus, there was an annual festival in Greece in his honor. It lasted for three days, during which time the people ate no bread (but fed on sweetmeats) and refrained from binding their hair with garlands, as was the custom on such occasions.

### The Narcissus

The narcissus, which blossoms so abundantly in the spring, was created in a very poetic way. Once upon a time there was a handsome Beotian youth, whose parents had been told at his birth that the boy would remain exceedingly happy so long as he never saw his face. So it happened that all mirrors were kept from him, and Narcissus grew to be a young man in perfect contentment and in utter ignorance of his beauty. One time while he was out hunting he became overheated and bathed his brow in a cool spring to refresh himself. Of course, his handsome face was reflected in the water, and Narcissus knew not what it meant. He at once fell in love with his own image and pined away at the water's edge for what he believed to be an obstinate water spirit, who would not listen to his pleadings. When the Naiads had thrown, strike Hyacinthus so hard that it caused his death. Zephyrus was contented with his work, but Apollo was extremely sad. Being unable to restore his companion to life, the god created from his drops of blood the bell shaped flower we see in the spring.

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### The Violet

You would scarcely think of the violet as being food for cattle, but such was the cause of the birth of this flower. It was a beautiful Greek girl much loved by Jupiter, the king of the gods. This made Juno, the queen of the goddesses, very jealous, and she therefore changed Io into a heifer. Jupiter was not pleased at this at all, for he was unable to break the spell which had been put upon the maid. However, he did not wish this beautiful Io to eat the same kind of food as other cattle, so when she lowered her head to feed she found not grass before her, but a field of violets.

### An American Gibraltar

Reports from Honolulu state that tunnels are being run through the rim of the crater of Diamond Head to connect the batteries on the outer side of the crater with the inside. By means of these tunnels the gunners will be able to reach the points of observation from the inside of the crater.

### THE LITTLE STORE OF CUT-OUT TOWN

BY PATTEN BEARD

Cut-Out Company are grocers, and they own this little store, where they sell at cut-down-prices Cut-Out groceries galore—

Paper breakfast foods and sugar, Paper crackers, paper jam, Paper vegetables and spices, And all brands of paper ham.

Paper Lolly Pops in cases, On the paper counters stand, And the little paper children, Keep them always in demand.

When they go on mother's errands— And they have two cents to spend, With their precious paper pennies, To the store their way they wend.

Here are scissors, here the picture, Cut it out and let us see, When you fold it and you paste it, What the Cut-Out store will be!

DIRECTIONS, Cut out on the heavy black line, fold on all dotted lines and paste to XX.

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### Mother's Birthday

ONE clever girl, who is noted among her friends for her original ideas, tells how "mother's birthday" was celebrated in an unusual manner. She says:

"My sister and I began to plan for it several weeks ahead. We found out the addresses of as many of mother's friends and relatives as we could without letting her suspect anything. Then we wrote and asked each of them to send her a note that would arrive on her birthday, or if that was too much to do, at least to send her a picture postcard with greetings. We kept watch of the mails the day before and intercepted a couple of missives that otherwise would have arrived too soon.

"When the day came, we served mother's breakfast to her in bed with all the birthday mail piled on the tray. We had four postcards and 11 letters, some just notes, others lengthy epistles from friends whom she had not heard from for several years.

"Four of her school friends lived in our own city or in adjoining towns, so that they could come to luncheon. We did not try to make a surprise of this, except that we girls cooked the meal ourselves and did not let mother know what it was to consist of. My sister dished things up in the kitchen, while I put on a black dress with white collar, cuffs and apron and a muslin bow in my hair and served the courses as much like a well trained waitress as I could. We thought the place cards were quite original. In mother's old album we found pictures of herself and these four friends, when they were 15 to 18 years old, so each one found her plate marked by a photograph of herself as a young girl. Of course, this suggested all sorts of interesting reminiscences at once.

"Mother's guests spent the afternoon with her and we served a cup of tea to them before they went. The expense of the luncheon, flowers and all, was no more than we should have spent, if we had bought our usual birthday gifts for mother, and as for the work, every one had such a good time that it wasn't work, but the very best sort of fun."

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