

How the Easter Lily became White.

THIS was in the long days when only winter was in the world. White and sad and old he sat in his gray palace in the Peaked Mountains, which men call Spitzbergen now. In his cold court were the wild gray geese ready to go forth as his heralds and cry his commands from the gloomy skies with mournful trumpet peals, and the white ermines that fitted over the moonlit fields of ice like moonlight themselves. "You are the King of the world!" cried the wild geese each morning, saluting him. "You are the Lord of the Ice and the Snow!" said the ermines humbly.

"Alas!" said the old, sad King. "Alas! I am the King of a dead world. And I am the Lord of the ice and snow that kill all things." He tossed his great silvery beard, and snow whirled over the sea and the land. He sighed, and his sigh went forth as tempest. "Ah," said the old King, "the world is dim and still. I would that it laughed and were bright. Is there none in all my world that can bring rest to me? Oh, geese, and you, my faithful ermines, I long for the Sun which is my death. For I am old and weary."

"Lord of the Snow," said the eldest ermine, "I have looked over the rim of the white world. And far, far below I saw the sun, but it is pale and weak. Its beams cannot reach to your palace."

"King of the world," said the greatest gray goose, "far, far away a child has been born that they say will bring you deliverance. From my high places in the air I saw it once, and where it lay I saw a green plant hanging over it. And I heard a tale that when the child was ready to release you from your long vigil, the green plant would be sent to you as a token."

"Go, then," said the sad King, "go, then, oh my heralds, and cry aloud that I am weary and would rest. Call to the sun and the flowers to rule the world in my place."

At once there was thunder in all the air over the Peaked Mountains. That was the beating of the wings of the obedient geese. And like winding horns sounded their cry: "We hear! We hear!"

Swift and straight they drove their great wedges to the south, beating aside the snows and cleaving the cry-

ing winds with their brave breasts. Swift and straight they sped over the great oceans and the white land; and at last they gathered in mighty hordes where the green plant stood. There sat a girl, beautiful and gentle, with bright hair and eyes that were the only blue things in all the world, for the sky was not blue then, but gray and dark.

Glimmering from the mighty throats rose the message of the sad old King, waiting for his deliverance in the dim north.

At the sound, there was a flash of far-off white fire. That was the Sun, waking up and rubbing his flaming eyes. The white beam fell on the girl and said: "Rise, little Spring. It is time, and you are called to rule the earth."

The girl arose and there was a sound as if all the little waters had begun to leap and splash.

"What is that?" asked the wild geese.

"That is laughter," said the Sun. "Fly and tell your King that you have heard the first laughter in all his world."

Swiftly as they had come, the great geese arose and sped northward to their King. The girl stooped and picked a long, thick green leaf from the plant that had sheltered her. She formed it into a deep cup and kissed it. "How shall I send it to old Winter?" she asked the Sun.

"Send it by man," said the Sun. "He is tall and strong and will bear it true."

"Go, oh beautiful man," said Spring. "But beware how you loiter on the way, for you bear a great message."

So man took the green cup and ran toward the north. His heart leaped within him and his soul was full of the pride of his errand.

"I am the only one in all the world so brave and faithful and strong as to be trusted with the great message," he sang as he ran. "I am man and Spring loves me."

He ran far and fast. But when he reached Asia, and climbed among the bearded mountains, deep in the holes where there was no snow he saw gleams of yellow.

"What is this strange color in the white world?" said the man. "If I

were not bearing the great message, I would surely stop and see this thing. For I am strong and brave."

He stopped and looked. And then he went a little nearer. And almost before he knew it, he was descending deep into the crevices in the mountain and had the yellow things in his hands. At once his green cup turned bright yellow and he cried out in amazement and fear. Then he saw that his hands were yellow, too. And he knew that he could not bear the great message.

So he stayed in the mountains with the yellow things, which were grains of gold, and it was to be many, many long days before man could come out of Asia and be white again. And ever since then he will forget a great message at times when he sees the yellow gold in the earth.

When man did not return, the Sun said: "Make another cup, little Spring, and send it by white tiger. He is strong and fierce and will speed for you."

White tiger took the green cup and bounded away full of pride. But he had not gone far before a white deer sprang heedlessly into him. "How dare you run into me!" cried white tiger. "Do you not know that I am the bearer of the great message?" And with one blow of his white paw he struck the little deer dead.

Instantly his blood dyed his green cup red; and white tiger, knowing that he could not bear the great message, fell down and rolled around in anguish. That is why the tiger is striped red now. And the red lilies are called tiger lilies because they look like him.

"Let me hear the great message!" cried the eagle, when white tiger failed to return. "I am greater than the gray geese and swifter than the tiger and braver than man."

Eagle fled, screaming defiantly, with the green cup in his fierce beak. For a while he swept faster than the wind; but all at once, far below him, he saw a swamp and beasts creeping into it for the night. Then he could not master his impulse to stoop for prey. Out of his beak fell the green cup, unheeded. And to this day, the swamps are full of great fleshy, green stems that grow high and long to blossom, but never can bear anything except the strange brown things that we call cat tails. And the eagles sit

gloomily on dead trees and watch the swamps ever since.

"Alas!" said the Sun. "Little Spring, we have sent our strongest and bravest. Who can bear the message now?"

"Let me try," cried a little bird, very small and dainty. And Spring gave it a cup.

Off flew the messenger, twittering with joy and pride. It went on and on, past the mountains where man had stopped, past the place where tiger had failed, past the swamp of the eagle. But when it was far north it saw a bit of bright blue high in the air. That was where the blue sky, impatiently waiting for the deliverance

of the sad old King, had torn away just a tiny corner of cloud and was looking down slyly.

"Oh, beautiful sky!" cried the little bird. "I know that I should not stop, but I must look at you and sing just a moment."

And it sang. The green cup fell to earth, and became blue as the sky. So did the little bird. That is why the bluebirds always come ahead of Spring now and why the iris is so blue and beautiful early in the year.

"There is none left now, little Spring, to bear the great message," said the Sun sadly, and its beams became pale and watery, because a tear stood in each flaming eye. "There is

none left now, and the old King must live on and rule the world."

"Do you think that I could bear the great message?" asked a low voice. It was woman.

"You?" said the Sun. "You are weak and not brave and strong like the man, or mighty like white tiger, or swift like the eagle. What could you do, when they have failed?"

"Let her try," said Spring. And she formed another green cup and kissed it and gave it to woman.

Woman departed full of fear. She did not run like the man or sing like the bird. But, since she was afraid and humble, she prayed.

And she plodded over long roads till she nearly fell with weariness. She climbed mountains and was faint. She passed by abysses that filled her soul with terror. With bleeding feet she trod the white plains that lay before the palace in the Peaked Mountains. Inch by inch she forced her way against snow and hail, and every time it swept against her face she cried with pain. For the woman was not brave like man.

But weeping and bleeding, she came at last to the palace where the sad, old white King sat waiting. And when the woman appeared in the portals with the green cup, all the gray geese and the white ermines set up a cry that echoed through the world. It

was like glaciers rolling headlong into the sounding sea; it was like avalanches shivering their silver masses in the valleys below; it was like the southern storms that break the ice; it was like grinding bergs and shattering floes.

That is the cry that rings around the world every year now, and when men hear it they say: "Winter is breaking up."

The old white King arose with a glad face and reached his wrinkled hand out for the green cup. He pressed it to his face and inhaled the smell of the growing thing. And in a moment it turned white—snow white.

So the Easter Lily became white. And whenever the world is waiting for a great message, all things are well if woman bears it.



Lucy's Adventure.

"Oh, dear, I was so frightened when I went to see the Biddy Hen. Red eyed, she squatted in the hay. And clucked at me as if to say: 'Mis'able child, please go away because this is my busy day.' Because this is my busy day, I looked at Biddy Hen and then I took another peep again. And, oh! What do you s'pose? 'Twas Easter, Biddy did not know. But laid the same white eggs she lays On all the common, white-egg days!"

The Tale of the Hoard

OLD Captain Davy Squid was one of the most prosperous pirates of his time. He sailed the South Seas at a period when an industrious pirate who was willing to be called at all hours of the day or night was sure to make his fortune if he attended to business strictly.

Old Captain Squid attended so strictly to business that it was a proverb among the other pirate ships that his crew was the hardest worked lot of pirates in the profession.

So it happened that, after a year or two of cruising, the Gentle Duck, which was the name of the long, low and rakish craft owned by Captain Squid, was loaded down so heavily with gold, silver and gems that a man could have washed his hands in the sea by stooping the tiniest bit.

However, nobody aboard the Gentle Duck did it. All the pirates were the kind of people who run away from home at an early age to become sea robbers, and they had stopped washing their hands at the same time as they had stopped learning the multiplication table, which was almost at once.

The heavy load on the Gentle Duck worried Captain Squid so excessively that he couldn't sleep nights, for he feared that he might actually have to leave some treasure in the next ship, for lack of room in his own.

So, one fine Easter Day he sailed to famous Easter Island in the South Pacific Ocean and buried it. He did this because it was the fashion among pirates, and Captain Squid was an ardent reader of the Pirate's Own Paper, which was an authority on the latest styles.

For the same reason he made a map of the island. Over it he drew longitudinal lines, and these were drawn in such a way that, if the map were laid down on the island in the right spot, the lines would fit other lines that had been marked out over rock and land. And when the lines on the island and the lines on the map were joined, they would present a perfect picture of a bag of money, with a \$ mark and all on it—and there lay the treasure.

Then old Captain Squid cut the map into four pieces and hid it away. And, of course, after a time, he was hanged, which was another fashion much prevalent among pirates in those days.

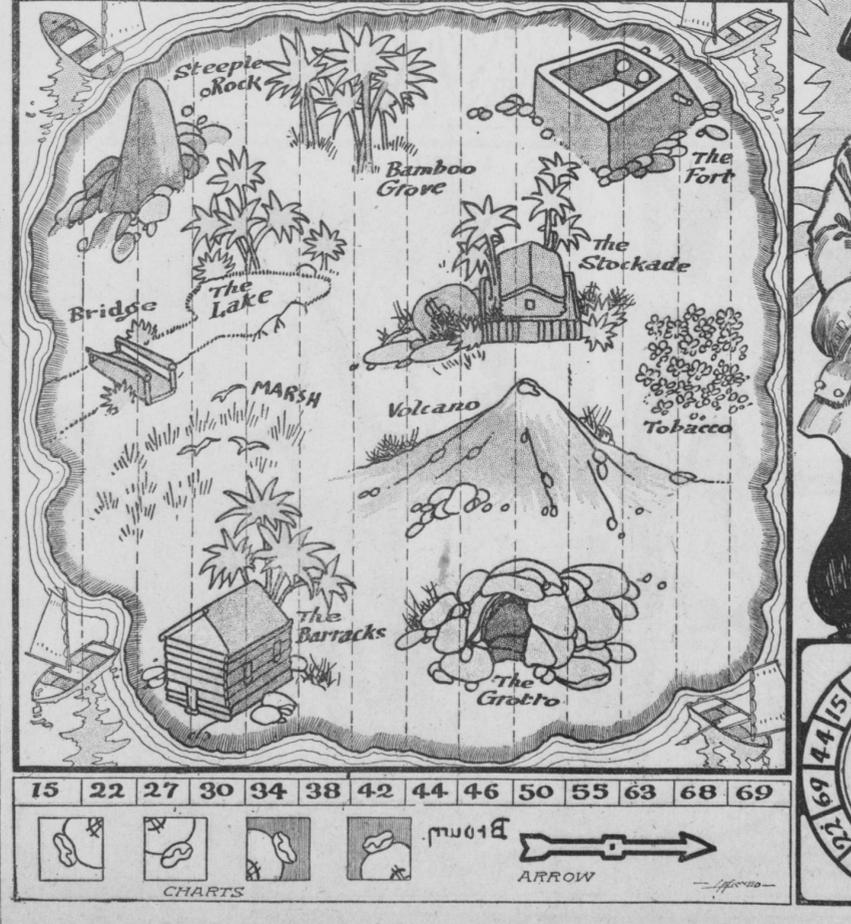
After many years, two of the pieces of map came into possession of two honest sailormen of New Bedford, Mass.—Peter Brown and Bill Smith. And at about the same time two retired pirates, Maduro Panatella and Juan Fuego, found the other two pieces.

By one of those strange coincidences which are the unending symptoms of pirate stories, the sailors and the pirates started for Easter Island at the same time, and landed there on the same day, the pirates at one side and the sailors on the other.

Of course, they were all in a mad hurry to find the proper spot, and they scurried off without even waiting for each other.

So it happened that Panatella and Fuego got separated, wandered here and there, and at last met at the foot of Steeple Rock, where Panatella began to search feverishly for lines to fit his map. But he failed, and Fuego impatiently hurried through a bamboo grove till

THE EASTER ISLAND TREASURE PUZZLE



How to Play the Game

he reached an old pirate fort near the place where his boat was.

In the meantime Bill Smith had stumbled on an old barracks under the palmettos, while Peter Brown found himself on a long stretch of bleak land terminated by immense granite grottoes.

Panatella, tiring at last of his search around Steeple Rock, and fearing with true piratical jealousy that Fuego might have found the treasure elsewhere, hastened desperately in search of him. He got lost, and finally, after passing a large lake and hurrying over a rude bridge, he reached the edge of a marsh, where he ran plump into Bill Smith.

True to his training, Panatella at once drew his knife, and Bill Smith, who objected seriously to being killed, took to his heels and ran back to his boat.

Old Panatella went across the island, whooping for his pal Juan Fuego. As he reached the summit of a low hill, he noticed gulls soaring over the marsh, and his superstitious brain led him to believe that this was a sign. So he decided to hurry and get Fuego and then return to the marsh.

Fuego had cut across the bamboo sprinkled lowland by this time, and had come upon an old stockade which had been a pirates' store house. Just as he reached it, strange noises approached from three directions, and, by another of the regulation practical coincidences, Panatella, Bill Smith and Peter Brown came running around different corners of the stockade at one and the same moment.

Of course, each one thought that the other three were the ghosts of dead and gone pirates, haunting that crumbling old building hidden in the gloom of the jungle. So the four treasure seekers ran for their lives in different directions.

They leaped aboard their boats and never returned to look for the treasure.

For all the rest of their lives, Bill Smith and Peter Brown, in New Bedford, Mass., and Maduro Panatella and Juan Fuego in Matanzas, Cuba, would sit by the hour and spin the strange yarn; and gradually they improved the story, till they told of whole armies of piratical ghosts that had attacked them and driven them away after desperate fighting. Thus the treasure was left to this day.

Yet, at some time of their stay on the island, one of them had been wonderfully near it.

Which one was it? And where is the treasure?

You can find it by following the treasure hunting plans given here.

Cut out the Tee-totum, its adjustable arrow (to be fastened with a pin) and its four charts. If four play the puzzle game, two must be pirates and two sailormen.

Each player selects his corner of the board and his little boat. Then one of the players twirls the arrow. When it stops on a parallel, he places his chart between the two lines coinciding with the number. He must search for all he is worth, it being his task to find a place on the island, from one end of that parallel to the other—north to south or south to north—where the chart, fitting concealed lines, will make a sack of gold.

No player may go outside the limits of his parallel.

If a sailor man spins a parallel already occupied by a pirate, or vice versa, a fight follows, and the player first on that parallel must go back to his boat and begin all over again at the proper turn. Two sailors or two pirates can occupy the same parallel at the same time, each searching along it for the treasure until their time at the Tee-totum makes it necessary to find other fields of endeavor.