A PAGE FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

STEPHEN of CLOYES

What Became of His Army of Boys and Girls

by Robert H. Fuller

YOU can imagine the astonishment of the people of the city of Marseilles when they saw the army of children from all the land of France marching toward their walls. They came in troops and bands, waving their banners with the bright red oriflamme and singing their songs of joy they intended to make a conquest of the Holy Land and convert the infidels by means of their persuations. Down from the hills they came, some in silks and velvets and others in rags, some rosy and well fed and others white and thin from hunger. Down they came in crowds, filling the roads and scattering far and wide over the fields, until it seemed to the citizens of Marseilles who stood watching them from the walls of the town that there was no end of them. And in advance of them all rode Stephen of Cloyes, or Stephen the Prophet, as he was now called, sitting on his chariot under a silken canopy and surrounded by his guard of honor composed of youths who bore some of the proudest names of France.

There had been doubts in the minds of many of the followers of the 12 year old leader of the army, but when they actually saw the blue expanse of the sea before them, just as Stephen had said they would see it, somehow it seemed to them that it proved him to be a true prophet, and all their confidence in him revived. They fancied in their ignorance that the hardest part of their crusade was ended with their arrival at the city, and that only a day or two would be required to complete the glorious task of redeeming Palestine and setting free the Christian captives there. So when Stephen halted his chariot under the walls of the city before the principal gate the 20,000 children who had managed to complete the first stage of their journey gazed at him with much respect, regarding him who a few months before had been only a poor and unknown shepherd boy as a superior being.

"What in the world shall we do with all these children?" the chief men of Marseilles asked each other as they looked down upon the throngs. "If we admit them to the city they will certainly remain here, and as we shall have to feed them there will soon be nothing left for us."

They deliberated among themselves and decided that it would never do to let the children come inside the walls. So they went solemnly out of the great gate to inform Stephen of their decision. It was a great disappointment to the young leader.

"We ask to be admitted," he said to the chiefs of the city, "and in return we promise that we shall remain with you for this night only."

"Where will you go tomorrow?" the chief men asked.

"We go that way," Stephen replied, waving his hand toward the sea.

"But you have no ships," the chief men said.

"We shall not need them," Stephen replied with a smile. "The waves that you fear so much have no terrors for us. They will open and roll back before us as they opened before the children of Israel in olden times, and we shall walk through them without wetting our feet until we reach the land where our journey ends."

All the men of Marseilles were seamen and none of them really believed that the sea would roll back as Stephen had said, but as he promised to remain in the city for that one night only they consulted again and finally decided that it would be best to let the children come in. To tell the truth, their wives urged them strongly to do this, for they were sorry for the boys and girls who had come so far from their homes, and they could not help thinking how cruel it would be if their own children should wander into a strange country and fail to find food and shelter there.

So the gates were opened and the children trooped into the city, marching along the streets in rank after rank, holding their banners proudly aloft and singing their songs as loudly as they could. Never had such a sight been seen before. All the houses were filled to overflowing with children, and still there was not room for them all. Many slept in the streets as best they could, but at least there was food for every one, and some of them had enough to eat that night for the first time since they left their homes. They told the good people of Marseilles wonderful stories of their march and they were happy when they closed their eyes in the thought that in the morning they were to walk dry footed through the sea.

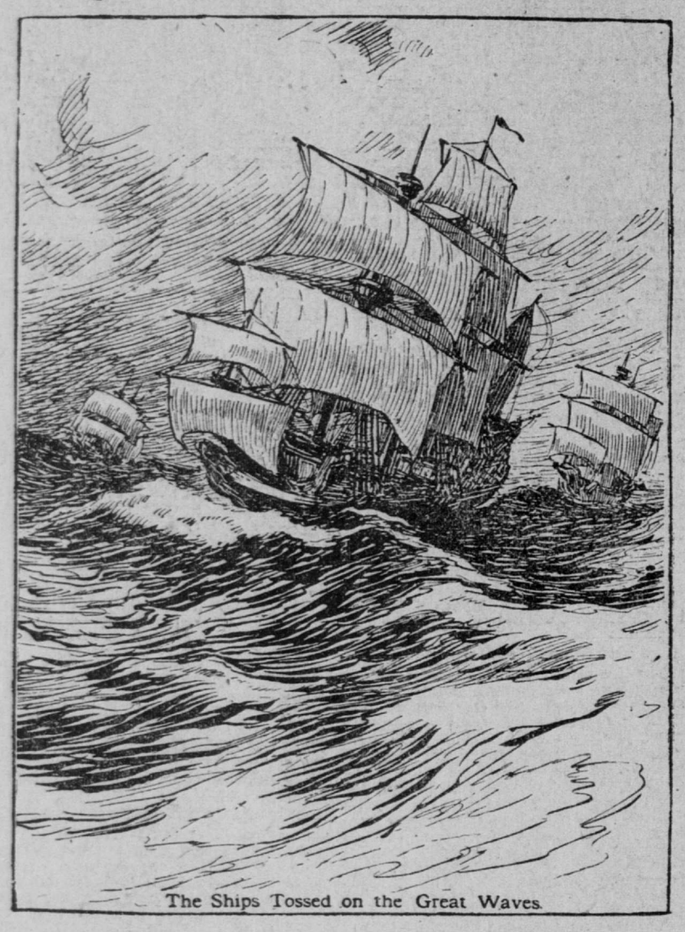
They were astir again, you may be sure, as soon as the sun rose, flocking to the wharves to see the waves roll back, as Stephen had promised. But, strange to say, the sea gave no sign of opening to let them through. It looked exactly as it had looked the night before, and no passage was possible to the other side. The children did not know what to think until Stephen explained to them that there must have been a mistake in the day.

"We must wait until tomorrow," he said. "The sea will surely divide then and we can continue on our way."

Permission was given to them to remain for another day in the city, but the next morning brought only another disappointment. Still Stephen asked for delay, insisting that sooner or later the sea would surely open. So the army lingered from day to day until the patience of the citizens was worn out. They quickly made the children understand that they were no longer welcome. To be sure, a few of the crusaders, who preferred to remain where they were rather than to return home, were adopted and thus found new homes in the city. Others set out to retrace their steps to their own fathers and mothers, giving up hope that they would ever reach the Holy Land. The parents of still others came to take them away.

From these causes the army lost much of its strength in numbers, but still 5,000 of them clung to the promise given by Stephen and refused to abandon the crusade. They insisted something would certainly happen that would permit them to press on to the victory that they expected to win.

In this they were not disappointed, for after a delay of several days it became known throughout the city that two of the leading merchants of Marseilles, Hugo Ferreus and William Porcus, had offered to provide seven ships in which the army of children might sail over the sea to the Holy Land, since the sea refused to divide to let them pass. Great was the rejoicing when the generosity of the two merchants was told. Those who had been saying harsh things about Stephen now declared that he had been right all the time.



The Ships Tossed on the Great Waves.

"What difference does it make," they asked, "whether the sea opens or whether we pass across it in ships, since in either case the way is opened to us?"

It was found that the seven ships would be large enough to carry the 5,000 children, who were all that were left of the 30,000 who had set out. It was a beautiful morning when they embarked. The people thronged the walls and waved farewells to them as the sailors spread the white sails and the ships began to move out of the harbor. The children replied by waving their oriflamme banners and singing once more their songs of triumph. The wind blew and away went the ships. At any rate this was a great deal better than walking on the bottom of the sea, which would surely have been wet and slippery, no matter how widely the waves might have opened.

And now comes the sad part of the story of the crusade of the French children. It would be much pleasanter to say that they sailed in safety to the Holy Land, converted the infidels and returned proudly to their homes to prove to their fathers and mothers that they had been wrong in trying to make them stay at home. But what really happened was very different from what the children had hoped, and we must tell the story as it actually took place and not as we wish it might have been.

Not long after they sailed from Marseilles a storm began to blow. The ships tossed on the great waves and the young crusaders, shut up in the dark below decks, expected every moment that they would sink. The wind blew harder and harder and the seven ships became separated. Two of them at last were driven upon the rocky shores of an island in the sea. The waves dashed them against it with such force that they were broken to pieces and all the children on board them as well as the sailors who were with them were drowned. This sad shipwreck took place on the island of Falcons, and when, long afterward, it became known the Christians built a church there in memory of the lost children and called it the church of the New Innocents.

It was a sad fate that befell the children in the two ships that were cast away, but sadder still was the fate that awaited the children who escaped shipwreck and continued their voyage in the five ships that remained. They had no more storms and for many days they sailed on in the direction of the Holy Land. At least they thought that they were sailing toward the Holy Land, but as a matter of fact the wicked sailors turned aside to the south and took them to the northern coast of Africa, which then, as it is today, was in the hands of the Mohammedans. One day the hearts of the children were gladdened by the sight of land and houses and trees. The sailors told them that the land was Palestine, and they hastened to make ready for the victory over the infidels, which they felt so certain of winning. Two of the ships were made fast to the wharves in the harbor and the children were permitted to step on shore. But hardly had they landed when hundreds of Mohammedans surrounded them and drove them to the market place, where they were sold as slaves!

It turned out that the two merchants of Marseilles, whom they had thanked so warmly for providing them with the ships, were black hearted and evil men. They had intended from the first to deliver the helpless children into the hands of the heathen when once they had them safely in their power. Unfortunately their treachery was not known for years, and so they were not punished for it, but they became so bold after a time that they were discovered in another act of treachery and both of them were hanged. It is some satisfaction to know that, even if it did not save the children.

The crusaders who were in the three ships which did not land at the first stopping place were carried farther, some to Egypt and some far beyond the Holy Land, which they had come to redeem. All of them were sold into slavery and of the 5,000 children who sailed not one ever returned to France. In fact, for many years the friends and relatives whom they had left behind heard not a word from them. Long they waited for tidings which did not come. Of course, news spread much more slowly in those days, when few people traveled at all and the postoffice and the telegraph had not been invented. At last a pilgrim came from the country of the infidels and brought the sad truth to the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters who had been left behind.

And this was the result of the prophecies of Stephen the Prophet. What became of Stephen himself is not definitely known, but it is likely that he was sold to an infidel owner and had leisure during long years of toil for his master to regret his flock and his peaceful home in the village of Cloyes. He had been the means of leading 5,000 companions who trusted him to captivity or death; and even this was not all the harm that he did, for his preaching spread to Germany and started a crusade among the German children, whose adventures were in some respects more wonderful than those of the French children.

The Dream That Lost Its Way

HELEN saw it before she was really half awake. It was sitting up on the foot of her bed, one knee crossed over the other, its head a little on one side as though it were terribly bothered over something, and there was a little address book in its hand.

Helen couldn't see the face at all. It wore a long gray cloak with a little pointed hood to it that looked as if it were made of soft, floating clouds like you see drifting over the face of the Moon Man sometimes.

It was talking to itself as it turned over the leaves of the address book.

"Florence, Monday night; Arthur, Tuesday night; Laura, Wednesday night; Earl, Thursday night; Helen—Helen—oh!"

It stopped short all at once as Helen sneezed. She tried to smother the sneeze in the pink quilt, but it wouldn't smother, and just the minute that the sneeze came the gray cloak seemed to blow right up in the air and lose itself like a puff of smoke.

"Are you still there?" asked Helen anxiously. "I didn't mean to sneeze, really and truly. It just happened, and I couldn't stop it. Won't you please come back."

"Did you see me?" asked her visitor from somewhere out of sight. "If you saw me I shall have to come back, but if you didn't it doesn't matter in the least. I'll bet two good dreams you expected me and stayed awake on purpose."

"I did not," exclaimed Helen. "I only opened my eyes a little bit and sneezed. Come on back and get acquainted. I'm not afraid."

She was, just a little bit, but she wouldn't show it, because fairies and witches and all the small folk are so afraid that people will be afraid of them that they won't visit them at all, not in a sociable, sensible, way. But the little gray figure came back and sat down on the foot of the bed with the hood pulled over its face.

"I'm awfully afraid I've lost my way tonight," it said plaintively. "Last night, on the way down to Earle's, I met a runaway nightmare, and it nearly scared me to death. So tonight I came down by the star path just as soon as the lights were shining, and I'm a bit late. It gets so crowded after 8 o'clock with the grown-up dreams, you know. I've never been out later than half past seven before, and I guess I lost myself tonight. Do you think I belong to you?"

"How can I tell whether you do or not?" asked Helen, laughing.

"Well, what sort of a dream do you generally have? There are four kinds of us. Good ones, and better ones, and bad ones, and worse ones."

"What kind are you?" Helen sat up in bed and made a tent of the bedclothes with her knees. She was trying hard to remember her dreams, but only little fragments from each one here and there would come back to her.

"Hm!" said the dream mysteriously. "Let's see. That's telling, and we are expressly told not to go around telling ourselves, unless we are sure it's the right one."

"Who said so?"

"The Moon Man," answered the dream.

"But how can I know whether you belong to me or not unless you tell me?"

"I'll just tell you a little of me," said the dream, anxiously. "Maybe you can guess from that. Make believe that you are asleep, though. It makes me shy and nervous to tell myself to people when they're awake."

Helen shut her eyes, not closely, just half shut, but the dream didn't know she could see it, and it stood up on the foot of the bed and began to tell itself to her.

"Once there was a little girl named Helen who wanted to be a balloon—"

"I never did any such thing," cried Helen indignantly.

"Didn't you?" asked the dream, interestedly. "You really ought to some time, then. The balloon dreams are lots of fun, but I can change it to an airship, of course, if you'd rather be up to date. Or how would wings do? Just wings wished on your back. That's the best of all."

"What for?" asked Helen.

The gray hood nodded in an annoyed fashion.

"What for what?" demanded the dream, sharply.

"What would I want wings for?"

"To fly with, goosie. Don't interrupt again. So one night Helen fell asleep—"

"I do every night."

"If you interrupt me once again I shall give your address to the very wildest nightmare I know," said the dream severely. "She cuddled up on the pillow and went to sleep, as I say, and she wished she could fly away to the Moon Man and his little Star kiddies. But all at once the pillow began to move, and it started right off through the air with Helen on it and sailed up toward the moon. It was still quite early, but pretty soon they hit the dream path and met a whole lot tumbling down. The good ones flutter down, but the bad ones tumble. There is always a tumble anyway at the finish of a bad dream, so they practice for it all the way down. Some of them bumped into the pillow boat and shook some feathers out—"

"Was there a hole in the pillow case?" asked Helen.

"Yes, and the feathers kept slipping out. You see, just as soon as the pillow turns into a dream ship the feathers inside all want to fly away by themselves, so these stole out in pairs and held hands and flew away along the dream path, making believe they were real dreams, too. But each pair that came out were bigger than the last, and they got in the way of the pillow ship, and, of course, the more that came out the emptier the pillow case became, and all at once it went flop."

"You don't belong to me at all!" exclaimed Helen, indignantly. "I never had a bad dream like that. If all the feathers flew away, I'd fall down, too."

"But you always wake up before you get to the bump," promised the dream. "We're very particular about that. I'm not a bad dream at all. You ought to get a really bad one sometime, then you'd know the difference, but they're getting awfully scarce and exclusive now. It's only the children of the comic artists who can afford that kind, you know. I'm only half bad. I'm sent to children that go to sleep curled up on their pillows like kittens, and kick all the bed clothes off after their mothers have carefully tucked them in."

"Well, I don't care, you don't belong to me," said Helen, firmly. "I never kick off the clothes. I just love to snuggle way down in them."

"But it's the right number," protested the dream, looking again through its notebook. "Helen, aged 8, second chimney up the hill, past the big electric light. You'd better take me. You might get a worse one than me if you don't, and I'll surely go away before the bump."

But Helen did a dreadful thing. She threw the pillow at the foot of the bed, and the little figure went out of sight all at once.

"You may get a worse one than me," said a voice over near the window, but Helen didn't care. She climbed right down from the bed and changed her pillow for a sofa cushion stuffed with hair.

"We're very particular about waking you up before the bump comes," was the last thing she heard, but just as the round, bright face of the moon shone around the corner a lot of moonbeams came dancing in the window, and lighted everything up with their funny little dark lanterns, and the lost dream hurried away to find another Helen.—New York World.

The Dancing Lamb

ONCE upon a time in the land of Hungary there was a poor man who had an only son who was very good and very fond of doing all that he could to help his father.

So finally one spring the father said: "My boy, it is pretty hard trying to make enough out of the woods to care for two of us through the long winter. Besides, you are now growing up and I do not want to think of your leading the same hard, sad existence that I have. This wood is too far from the great world for happiness, and so I think you should go away from home and begin to look about you with the hopes of getting a better time out of life than ever your father has done."

"Very well, father," said the boy, whose name was Johann and who was very obedient.

Bidding all his old friends of the forest goodby and strapping his knapsack, containing a little meal and a flask of water, upon his back, he started out upon his journey to look for work.

At last one day he met a man who agreed to give him a year's employment as a shepherd. So he went home with the man without making any bargain as to what he was to receive for his year's work, and that night he had a very good supper and went happily to bed. At the end of the first day, if he proved to be a promising shepherd, it was decided that he was to make a bargain as to what wages he was to get for the year.

Early the next day his master gave him a flute and sent him out with the sheep to see whether he was fit for his work. The lad did not lie down all day, very unlike many lazy fellows. He drove his sheep from place to place and played his flute all day long. There was among the sheep a lamb with a golden fleece, which, whenever he played his flute, began to dance. The lad became very fond of this lamb and made up his mind not to ask any wages of his master, but only this little lamb. In the evening he returned home, his master waited at the gate and when he saw the sheep all there and all well fed he was very pleased and began to bargain with the lad, who said he wished nothing but the lamb with the golden fleece. The farmer was very fond of the lamb himself and it was with great unwillingness he promised it. But afterward when he saw what a good servant the lad made he was satisfied with his bargain. The year passed away, the lad received the lamb for his wages and set off home with it. As they journeyed night set in just as he reached a village; so he went to a farmhouse to ask for a night's lodging. There was a daughter in the house, who when she saw the lamb with the golden fleece determined she would get the lamb for herself.

About midnight she arose and went to get the lamb, but to her surprise the moment she touched it she stuck hard and fast to its fleece. She pulled and tugged and tugged and pulled, but she couldn't get away; so that when the lad got up he found her stuck to the lamb. He could not separate them, and so he decided that as he wasn't willing to lose the lamb the best thing was for him to take them both with him and to get away before any one raised a commotion about this strange occurrence. So he started out, dragging the lamb after him, the lamb, in turn, dragging the girl.

As he passed the third door from the house where he had spent the night he took out his flute and began to play. Then the lamb began to dance, and since she could not free herself from the lamb the girl had to dance, too.

Just around the corner a woman was putting bread in the oven of her kitchen. The door of the kitchen was open and the woman happened to look up and see the lamb and the girl dancing.

"Oh, what a silly girl!" said the woman, and, running out of her house, she cried: "Go home and behave yourself, you foolish girl. I know you; you are Neighbor Joachim's daughter and I know well he would not have you dancing in the street with a foolish lamb."

Nevertheless the lamb and girl kept right on dancing, and this so angered the woman that she took the bread dough which she had been about to put in the oven and struck the girl over the shoulders with it.

Then a strange thing happened, for the dough stuck to the girl and the woman to the dough and the lamb carried them all off.

After they had gone on a little further with this strange procession they came to a church. Here the lad began to play, the lamb began to dance, and on the lamb's fleece the girl, and on the girl's back the dough, and at the end of the dough the woman. Then the priest was coming from his house, and, seeing what was going on, began to scold them and bid them go home and not be so foolish. As words were of no avail he hit the woman a sound whack on her back with his cane, when to his surprise the cane stuck to the woman and he to the end of his cane. With this nice company the lad went on and toward dark reached the royal borough and took lodgings at the end of the town for the night with an old woman. "What news is there?" said he. The old woman told him they were in very great sorrow, for the king's daughter was very ill and that no physician could heal her.

"What can be the matter?" said the lad.

"Well," said the old woman, "if she could be made to laugh she would be better at once, but no one has been able to make her smile.

"Moreover," said the old woman, "the king himself had issued that very day a proclamation stating that who ever made her laugh should have her for his wife and share the royal power."

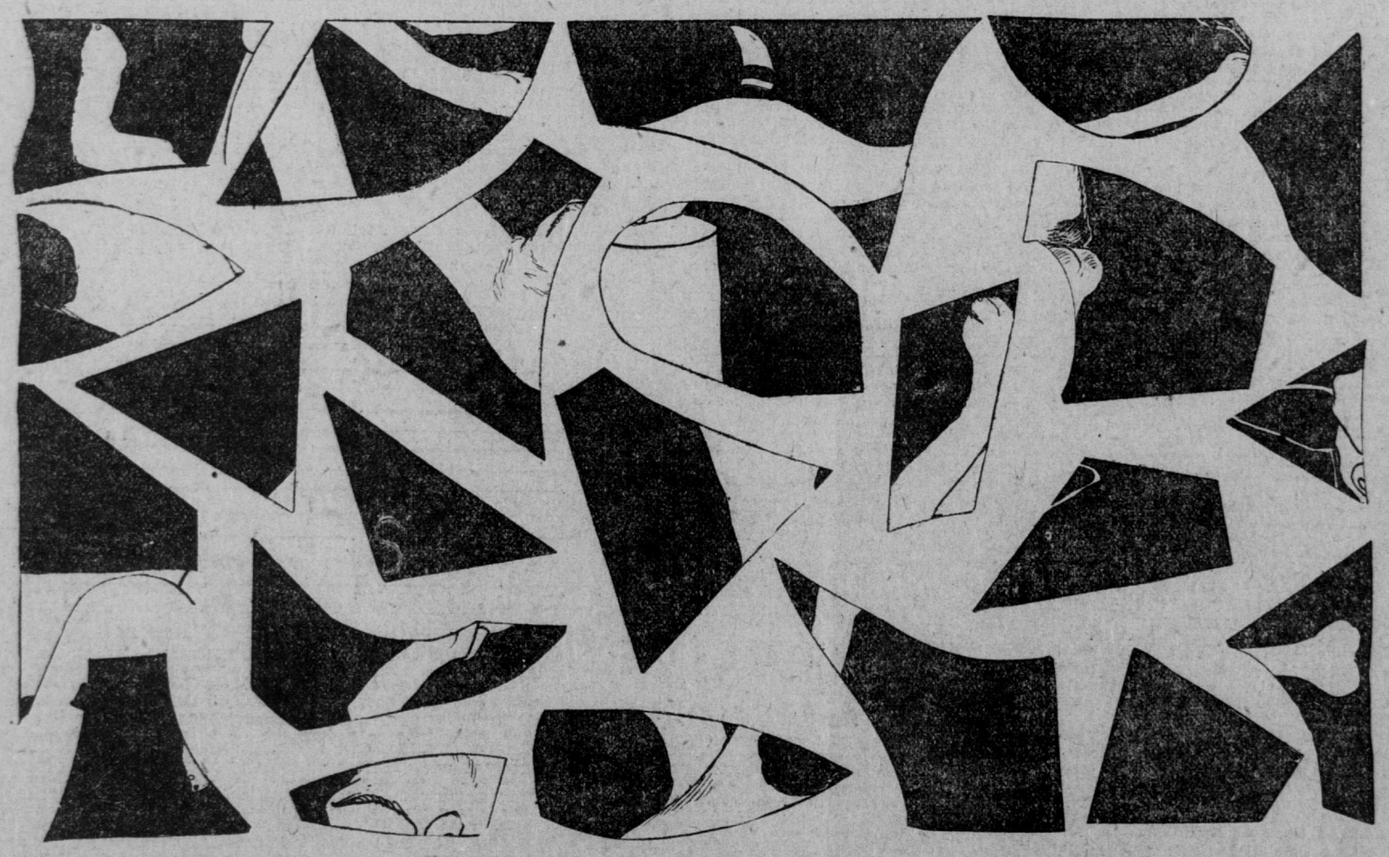
The lad with the lamb could scarcely wait until daylight, so anxious was he to try his fortune, for he was perfectly sure that his golden lamb would help the melancholy little princess back to happiness even if everything else had failed her.

In the morning he presented himself to the king and was graciously received. The unhappy princess sat there in her robes of state, but looking so melancholy that even light hearted Johann could hardly keep from crying.

However, nothing daunted, the lad began to play the flute, the lamb to dance, on the lamb's fleece the girl, on the girl's back the dough, at the end of the dough the woman, on the woman's back the cane, and at the end of the cane the priest. When the princess saw this sight she burst out laughing, which made the lamb so glad that it shook everything off its back, and the lamb, the girl, the woman and the priest all danced for joy.

The king married his daughter to the shepherd, the priest was made court chaplain, the woman court bakeress and the girl lady in waiting to the princess.

WINNERS OF JUNIOR PAINT BOX PRIZES



To find Alonzo, who is hidden in the patchwork picture puzzle, proceed along the same lines as in the previous patchwork picture puzzles. First cut the entire picture and paste it on heavy wrapping paper before cutting out the separate pieces. This is merely to make it easier to handle the pieces. Then cut out the separate pieces. The white parts are to be cut away.

Fit together the parts remaining so that Alonzo appears.

THE third Alonzo patchwork picture puzzle which was presented last Saturday has interested so many of the younger juniors that Alonzo will be continued in the puzzles for a time, and here he is again. The younger Juniors are to find out what he is doing this week. Follow the directions carefully and mail the puzzle when complete to the puzzle editor of The Junior Call, so that it will arrive not later than Wednesday afternoon, as puzzles received after that time can not be used. There is one important point that it is necessary to mention, and that is that each puzzle must be marked with the age of the younger junior who sends it. The puzzle contests are for the younger juniors only. Those who are older than 10 years will please not compete, as they are eligible for the writers' contest, particulars of which are given on the second page. Twenty paint boxes will be awarded to 20 correct answers displaying the greatest neatness in appearance.

The younger juniors who have been awarded prizes for last week's puzzle are:

Robert Cochran, 143 West Third street, Watsonville, age 7 years.
Charlie Stevenson, 1719 Lyon street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
Frances Gielow, 881 Aileen street, Oakland, age 7 years.
Henry Hinck, 1557 Twenty-fourth avenue, East Oakland, age 7 years.
Waldo Marcus, 118 West Third street, Watsonville, age 7 years.
Erla Cooley, 2119 Central avenue, Alameda, age 8 years.
Roy Anderson, box 37, Rio Vista, Cal., age 9 years.
Chester Morena, 3739 Tenth street, city, age 6 years.
Dorothy M. Elliott, 2766 California street, city, age 7 years.
Leslie Sorenson, 1255 Fulton street, city, age 10 years.
Queritta Brown, Ashland, Ore., age 10 years.
Edna Bryant, Red Bluff, Cal., age 8 years.
Ralph Corville, 124 Diamond street, city, age 9 years.
Clarence Cain, 324 Twenty-eighth street, city, age 11 years.
Amelia Snyder, 178 Highland avenue, city, age 8 years.
Frances Page, 1414 Lafayette street, Alameda, age 5 years.
Ruth Holden, 3179 Twenty-third street, city, age 8 years.
Viette Parsons, Madera, Cal., age 9 years.
Floyd Gunter, 68 Pollard road, Campbell, Cal., age 9 years.
Dorothy Lynas, 2203 Haste street, Berkeley, age 8 years.

ROLL OF HONOR

The names of the children who sent in the correct solution of the puzzle, in addition to those to whom prizes have been awarded, appear on the following roll of honor:

Margaret Heinrich, 115 Alabama street, Vallejo, age 7 years.
Josephine Lawrence, 329 East K street, Benicia, age 9 years.
Everett Thompson, Hollister, Cal., age 9 years.
Raymond Chase, 465 Thirty-first avenue, city, age 7 years.
Eva Eubanks, 1107 Oak street, Alameda, age 8 years.
Harold Becker, 1011 Sixty-third street, Oakland, age 7 years.
Ida Benbow, Irvington, Cal., age 7 years.
Harry E. Kidd, 832 Fulton street, city, age 10 years.
Florence E. Entzminger, Trenton, Cal., age 8 years.
Harry E. West, 1409 Grove street, Oakland, age 8 years.
Katie Ludy, Inverness, Cal., age 7 years.
Ruth Brier, 716 Twenty-ninth street, Oakland, age 8 years.
Willie Doyle, Ross station, Cal., age 6 years.
Jack Calcutt, 2157 Clinton avenue, Alameda, age 8 years.
Leo Harris, 26 Washington street, Santa Cruz, age 4 years.
William E. Russell, 3000 Ellis street, Berkeley, age 6 years.
Olive Berry, 20 Elm street, Watsonville, age 8 years.
Helen Jespersen, San Luis Obispo, age 10 years.
Donald Sinclair, care Foster ranch, Lakeville, Cal., age 8 years.
Alma Garben, 2331 Twenty-third street, city, age 7 years.
Bavard Lalande, Redwood City, age 8 years.
Catherine Weber, 1209 Central avenue, Alameda, age 8 years.
Phillip E. Sullivan, 308 Miller avenue, South San Francisco, age 6 years.
Viola Symmons, 5127 Shattuck avenue, Oakland, age 10 years.
Milton Pints, 72 East San Antonio street, San Jose, age 10 years.
Elma Hussey, R. F. D. No. 3, Watsonville, age 10 years.
Arthur Barrett, 226 Seventh avenue, city.
M. Schlesinger, 263 Seventh avenue, city.
Elinor Malic, 2158 Clinton avenue, Alameda, age 10 years.
Edith Nathan, 22 Taylor street, Santa Cruz, age 10 years.
Donald McPherson, box 21, Kentfield, age 8 years.
Alvine West, Elk postoffice, age 8 years.
Antoinette Meagher, 326 Valley street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
Raymond Smith, 931 Chestnut street, Alameda, age 7 years.
Franklin Maley, Sonoma, age 10 years.
Kathleen de Bons, 538 Fulton street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
Donna Leggett, Santa Rosa, age 10 years.
Louise Leonard Pitcher, Halfmoon Bay, age 7 years.
Edward Rosberg, 4166 Twentieth street, city, age 7 years.
Kenneth Green, Crockett, Cal., age 5 years.
Kenneth Biggart, 2234 Encinal avenue, Alameda, age 5 years.
Josephine Pene, box 73, South San Francisco, age 7 years.
Ida Jorgensen, 1137 Dolores street, city, age 8 years.
Etta Besthorn, 2695 Mission street, city, age 9 years.
Frances Anderson, 1123 Second avenue, Oakland, age 7 years.
Eulalia Wright, Fairfield, age 8 years.
Arthur Lundblad, 104 Trumbull street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
Charlie Steele, Marshall, age 10 years.