

## The Camera That Gerald Bought

It was Gerald's big brother, Harry, who began it all. Gerald never thought of photographing till Harry wrote from school and said that he had given Carter Major his second best racket and half a crown for his old camera, as Carter's uncle had given Carter a new one. Harry went on to say that he was looking forward tremendously to going with pater and mater to Normandy for the holidays and that now he would be able to photograph all the jolly places, and he inclosed his first attempt, taken all by himself. It is true that father thought this was the photograph of a turnip field and mother thought it was a seashore with bathing machines on it, but Gerald thought how grand it was to be able to make a real picture like that.

Before long home came Harry, camera and all, and the days before he started for Normandy were spent in photographing every person, place and thing, from Gerald himself to the rabbits and the flower pots. Gerald felt as if he could have gone on forever helping Harry and now and then being allowed to take one photograph himself.

But the days flew by, and soon Harry was off for six weeks, and Gerald and Kitty, the baby, went off, too, with nurse, to stay by the sea.

Of course it was very jolly by the sea. There was a great big stretch of sand where one could dig trenches and build forts and write names in huge letters for the waves to wash out again. There was bathing, too, and paddling, and the rocks all warm with the sun, with wonderful pools on top of them where anemones opened out their scores of tiny arms and baby crabs scuttled away under the seaweed. But again and again ever so many times a day Gerald remembered Harry's camera and longed to be able to take photographs of all the places and persons he saw. It would have been so jolly to have had a whole lot of pictures to take home just as Harry would have to bring back from Normandy.

And on one day it really seemed as if his great wish might come to pass. It happened that nurse had bought him a magazine to read, and his mind being full of cameras, his eyes quickly lighted on the advertisement of one on the last page.

It was a most wonderful bargain, and as Gerald read his heart went thump, thump, with excitement, for there, plainly written down in big print, he read that Mr. Georgius Jenkins of London sold real cameras to take beautiful photographs for only sixpence.

In his delight Gerald rushed to nurse, chattering so fast that she could not understand what he was saying. When he had given her time to read about it, she laughed kindly at his eager face.

"It sounds very fine, Master Gerald," she said, "but you haven't got sixpence, have you?"

That was a sad recollection. It was hard to face the truth. He had not a penny in the world, and even by saving all his money, without buying so much as a chocolate all the time, he would have to wait three weeks before twopence a week would become sixpence.

How he wished he had not spent the shilling his father gave him on that silly little boat! Of course it was a jolly enough boat, and he had liked taking it out to sea when he bathed. But now as he looked at it, faded and scratched, he would have given anything to have been able to put it back in its place in the toyshop window and feel his shilling in his hand.

"Oh, I must have it, nurse, I must!" he said after a few moments' reflection. "When can I do to get sixpence? I wish Kitty would buy my boat. I don't want anything but the camera."

"Miss Kitty has spent all her money, too," said nurse. "But don't be in such a hurry, dear. Let me have time to think."

"Yes, do think, nurse! Think hard—as hard as ever you can—and quickly tell me some way."

Before very long nurse had thought hard enough to have found a way by which Gerald might really earn the money. She reminded him how often in the winter, when playing games, they had to collect old buttons and things to get enough to play with. Gerald remembered it, too, but he did not see how that could help him.

"Well," said nurse, "if you will find some of these little yellow shells, such as you picked up yesterday, all alike, so that they will do for counters, I will give you a penny for every twenty."

Gerald squealed with delight and eagerly waited to hear the end of nurse's offer, he was in such a hurry to begin. The boat was left floating in a pool, the magazine was left lying down on the sand, Kitty was left to play alone, and Gerald paced about as if his feet were glued to the ground, eager to earn the six pennies which meant so much to him.

The first twenty shells were not so very hard to find. He had them tied in his handkerchief before an hour had passed. The pity was that then it was time to go to dinner, and nurse would not let him go without, although he pleaded very hard.

Oh, how he hunted for those little yellow shells! Nurse was very kind in wandering far along the beach that he might seek in fresh spots. But not on the day was he able to earn the six-

Indeed he had only twopence in his pocket when bedtime were more hopeful next day,

however, for Mrs. Bland, the landlady, told them of a good place to find shells, and nurse said they would take their dinner and picnic there.

Mrs. Bland was right. It was a splendid place she had told them of, and before dinner time Gerald, not faced, but joyful hearted, brought the full quantity to nurse.

That night, with nurse's help, he wrote his letter to Mr. Georgius Jenkins and sent off his six stamps to London.

There was a whole day to wait, of course, and it seemed the longest day in Gerald's life, but on the morning after when he came down to breakfast there was a parcel beside his plate sure enough.

"It's rather small," he said as he rushed forward to seize it.

"Perhaps it isn't out at its full size," suggested nurse.

With trembling fingers Gerald tore open the wrapper, and then—Well, then he very nearly cried with disappointment.

It was such a funny looking little paper thing that was inside! Not a bit like Harry's camera.

"It isn't a camera at all!" he exclaimed. "It isn't a bit like Harry's."

"There are different sorts, you know, Master Gerald," nurse suggested.

"But they said it was a real camera," he declared, half inclined to sob and yet so surprised that he could do little but wonder. "They said it was splendid and would take real photographs."

"Perhaps it will," said nurse comfortingly. "At any rate you can try after breakfast, for I have to go out, and Miss Kitty will go with me, and if you will promise not to leave the garden you may stay home alone. Cheer up, Master Gerald, for even if the camera is a cheat there is another surprise coming for you today. It is a secret, but you will like it, I'm sure."

After trying in vain to make nurse tell the secret Gerald hurried over his



EAGER TO EARN THE SIX PENNIES.

breakfast and rushed into the garden. There for quite an hour he pulled and twisted the silly little sixpenny thing, which looked much more like a Jack in the box than a camera, and at last, angry, impatient and bitterly disappointed, he felt he must try to make a start. Dragging Kitty's wooden horse, Dobbie, on to the step to face him, he fixed his camera up on his spade and a couple of Mr. Bland's walking sticks and began. He slid in the little pieces of rough glass and tried to pretend he was Harry, with Harry's camera, and that everything was right. Then, putting his coat over his head, he called out, "Now, please!" to Kitty's Dobbie, and—

With a rattle and a rumble a cab had drawn up at the gate. A boy jumped out and ran hurrying in to the small figure with its head under the coat.

"Hello, Gerry, old boy!" he cried, catching the young photographer a hearty slap on the back.

With a shake and a jump over went the camera, and out came Gerald from under the coat.

"Harry?"

"We've just come, old man. Pater and mater wanted to be home a week earlier. Here they are, all of them!"

In another minute father, mother, nurse and Kitty and all were in the garden talking and laughing together, and Gerald's camera and his disappointment were both forgotten in the excitement and joy.

Later on Gerald told Harry all about it.

"It's a jolly cheat, old chap," declared Harry. "But never mind, I'm to have a new one on my birthday, father says, so I'd planned to give the other to you. Let's hurry up and nupack it, and you shall photograph Dobbie after all."

There was no need to tell Gerald to hurry. Within half an hour Dobbie's portrait was taken, and Mr. Georgius Jenkins' camera lay unnoticed on the ground.—L. Quiller Couch in Cassell's Little Folks.

### Bijou.

I had a little donkey once  
With hair as gray and glossy;  
One ear stood up, the other down,  
Which made her look quite saucy.

Whichever way I wished to go,  
The other way went Bijou,  
Which makes a fellow awful mad,  
If anybody ass you.

One day we went along the beach,  
A-driving o'er the pebbles,  
And Bijou he-hawed loud and long  
In basses and in trebles.

But when I wanted to go home  
The donkey would not budge, str;  
It seemed as if she really had  
Against me quite a grudge, str.

When I said, "Go!" she only balked  
And backed right in the water.  
The moral's this: Don't reason with  
A braying donkey's daughter.

—Olive Preston.

## THE BOY GIANT HAS A BAD TOOTHACHE

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Ah Grim had a toothache severe,  
It caused him to act rather queer;  
In the woods quite alone  
He'd retire to moan  
With a blanket tied under his ear,  
Ah Grim had a keeper named Jack;  
Expedients ne'er did he lack.  
Said he, "Come, my boy,  
The folks you annoy;  
Let's have the bad tooth out—ker-smack!"



So away to the dentist they hied,  
He spoke in a tone dignified:  
"The tooth must come out,  
But as I'm far from stout,  
'Twill take twenty dentists beside."  
The dentists at last were all found,  
And, a rope to the teeth being bound,  
They all gave a jerk.  
Grim yelled like a Turk,  
For they yanked out a tooth that was sound.

### NED, THE APPRENTICE, AND HIS BRIGHT IDEA

"Come on, now; don't lag! 'Tain't no use ter sit moonin' over them papers when the forge has got ter be blowed." The speaker was a sturdy, strong armed blacksmith, with rather a stolid face. He held in his tongs a partly shaped horseshoe, which he was about to place in the forge, and his remarks were addressed to a lad of about seventeen, who sat upon a bench at the far end of the smithy. He was a large and well developed boy for his age, and every line of face and figure denoted a strong character. He was reading from a back number of a technical journal, and so absorbed had he become that he did not hear the words spoken to him.

With an annoyed expression the man

spoke more sharply and took a few steps toward the lad, who, becoming aware of what was needed, arose from his bench, laid the paper carefully upon a little shelf above his head, and with a half-breathed sigh of regret, went over to the forge and took hold of the handle of the bellows. It was clearly to be seen that he performed the work mechanically and that his thoughts still dwelt upon the article he had been reading in the paper. Presently he forgot to pump and was again reprimanded.

"Wake up, Ned! What sort of a lag are you, anyhow? 'Tain't a mite o' use fer me ter ever try ter 'farn yer nothin' about shooin' a horse, 'cause yer don't take no heed o' what's done right under yer nose," said the man sharply.

The lad came back to his surroundings with a start, and, turning a pair of fine gray eyes upon the man, said:

"Father, didn't Squire Bascome say that his new horse had never been properly fitted with shoes and ask you if you couldn't think up some way of

improving on the old plan?"

"Yes, he ast me, but there ain't no better way'n the way I've allers done it. Every smith does it that way. 'Tain't the shoes; it's the feet. If a horse is tender, he's tender, an' that's all there is about it. May make some difference who makes the shoes an' puts 'em on, but that's about all as can be done. I reckon, I'm counted as good a smith as any in the country, an' I don't mean ter take a back seat fer nobody."

The lad stood silent for a moment and then asked, rather timidly:

"Father, will you let me shoe the squire's horse and do it in my own way?"

"Now, what sort o' a fool do yer take me fer? Do yer think I'm goin' ter let yer try some o' yer crack brain'd experiments on the finest horse in the place? Not much! A fine mess I'd get into with the squire. I don't want no more o' yer help than blowin' can give till yer git more sense, an' kin pay attention ter yer work. Take!"

Just then a clang and clamor outside caused the man to drop his tongs, spring toward the door and, without another word, tear down the village street as though possessed, for the sound had been heavy strokes upon a huge iron triangle, the village fire alarm, and John Slocum was a fireman as well as blacksmith.

It was fully three hours ere he appeared at the forge, and meanwhile Ned had seen and embraced his opportunity.

Scarcely had the clanging engine disappeared down the dusty road, followed by nearly every man, boy and dog in the place, and each adding his item to the hubbub, when Squire Bascome rode up to the smithy and, dismounting, led a fine bay horse through the doorway.

"How are you, Ned," he said to the lad, adding: "Where's your father? I'm in desperate need of him at once."

"Father had to go with the engine, Squire Bascome, but I guess he'll be back soon."

"If he's back in two hours, he'll do well. That barn of hay on the hill up yonder is burning like mad, and they'll have a lively time to keep other things from burning, too, or I'm much mistaken. But I've got to go over to



"WHAT SORT OF A FOOL DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?"

Greenfield's, and this horse must be shod before he can take me. There isn't another horse in the barn today, and I can't ride this one such a distance with these confounded shoes. Why on earth doesn't some one find a way to shoe a horse in such a way that the shoes will be a comfort instead of a burden to the beast?" And the squire looked annoyed.

Ned had been softly stroking the handsome animal's neck, and as the squire ceased speaking the boy looked at him, with a new expression upon his bright face, and a look of resolution came into his fine eyes as he asked eagerly:

"Squire Bascome, will you let me shoe Victor? I know I can do it, and if you will let me try a plan I have in my mind I am sure it will turn out a good one. Please, sir, do! I've thought of it such a lot, and I know I can do it."

Squire Bascome looked perfectly the hole in his face before him, and which he was never made him say:

"Yes, Go on. I'll try to be turned upon his heels shop."

Five years later Ned perfectly the hole in his face, for the square edge had been smoothly rounded to which he had clung so while a "prentice lad bore a fruit. It was nothing but a ding of India rubber, placed by between the iron horseshoe tender foot of the horse before mer was nailed on. Even by piece of sole leather he found was a saving to the hardy foot for the leather softened the blow on the pavement and saved the frog from the small stones. Thus did he ex the old nursery riddle:

What shoemaker makes shoes with leather of all the four elements together?  
Earth and water, fire and air—and ev customer takes two pair?

—Success.

### ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

Tea—Its Cultivation and Preparation.  
by Mayme James, 6th grade A.

The tea plant is raised from seeds which are sown in March, after being kept in moist soil the previous winter. They are planted out in their growing quarters when they are one year old. No leaves are plucked for the first three years, but the plants are kept cut down to the height of three or four feet. The first cropping takes place the fourth year, and after this there are three crops of leaves every year as long as the tree lives.

Two very interesting points about the tea plants must be noticed. First, the tea plant, when freshly picked, has neither the odor nor flavor with which we are familiar. These are developed by the after treatment. The different qualities of tea are made from the same leaves by varying the mode of preparation.

There is much care taken in picking the leaves. Each must be picked separately with the finger and thumb, to avoid injuring the leaves or the young shoots of the plant.

The first picking takes place in April. This crop consists of the tender leaves of spring. They produce the finest and most delicate teas of the year.

The second picking takes place about a month later, the leaves being larger, and darker, and not so rich in flavor. The last crop takes place when the leaves have grown their full size. They are then more bitter and woody, and have very little of the flavor of the earlier crops.

The last two crops furnish most of the tea sent out of China; for the Chinese rarely part with the first crops, but keep them for themselves, and their friends.

One acre of ground will have about two hundred plants, and the yearly crop is from two hundred fifty to three hundred pounds of tea. The women alone pick the first crop, but even the children help in the later pickings.

The first step in the preparation of the leaves is to expose them to the action of the sun and air. For this purpose they are laid on mats, or in shallow baskets, and stirred every now and then. When dried they are thrown on a flat table and lightly rolled. The next step is to put them in small quantities into an iron pan, over a charcoal fire, to complete the work of drying. While in the pan they are constantly stirred to keep them from scorching. Then they are quickly thrown on the table, where men rub them while they are still hot. In the best tea each leaf is rolled or twisted separately, giving a more delicious odor and flavor.

The final process is to throw the rolled leaves again into the pan, over the charcoal fire, and carefully roast them, so as to drive off every particle of moisture.

Nothing now remains but to sift and sort the tea and pack it in chests lined with lead foil for the market.



FIND THE BEAVER THE BOY IS CHASING.