

CHILDREN



Building the Nest.
They'll come again to the apple tree,
Robin and all the rest,
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossoms drest;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well so round and trim,
Following it with care;
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair—
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

Ah, mother-bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadow may darken the dancing rays
When the fledglings leave the nest.
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the tree with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow,
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

—Margaret B. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.

THEY ARE OUT OF SIGHT

**Mike and Jack, in Inventor Ogden's
Resurrected Flying Machine,
Visit the North Pole.**

Mike and Jack, of flying machine fame,
Have come into prominence again through
another one of their excursions. When
they made their trip to the moon, several
weeks ago, they had intended to return
by way of the North Pole, but were pre-
vented by lack of time. But, at last,
their wish is gratified, for they have actu-
ally seen the North Pole and have made
discoveries which they think are of great
value to the scientific world.

Since the flying machine dove through
the mud in Stephens' slough, the boys
had been keeping out of sight of William
Ogden, the inventor, as they didn't know
what he might do to them for losing his
machine. But, one day, he appeared sud-
denly before them, as they sat on the
edge of the sidewalk. When Jack saw him,
he yelled:

"Run, Mike! Run for your life! There's
Will, right there," and as he yelled he
dashed quickly down the street.

"Come on back, boys!" called Will. "I
won't touch you, if you will tell me
something."

At this, Mike and Jack, only half as-
sured, stopped.

"Will you promise, sure, you won't do
anything to us?" they asked.

"Yes, come on and sit down," he an-
swered.

With that they came back and sat
down, always at a safe distance, remem-
bering, and Will remarked:

"Now, you two didn't act like that,
for I ain't going to hurt you. I want to
know what you did with my flying ma-
chine."

"Well—er—we—the flying machine's sort
of busted, I guess; but maybe you could
fix it," stammered Jack.

"Where is she now?" continued Will.

"She fell into the slough; we couldn't
help it, 'cause the electricity gave out,"
was the response from Mike.

"What kind of a trip did you have?"
asked Will, anxious to hear the whole
story.

They Tell of Their Trip.

Then Mike and Jack told how they na-
vigated the air craft among the stars,
finally reaching the moon, and of the
queer little people who lived there. They
closed their tale with a lively description
of the downward flight of the machine
and its plunge into the slough.

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed the inven-
tor, "she worked all right, and sailed
clear to the moon! Now, kids, I've got
a great scheme; we'll die her out of the
mud and fix her up and you can go to
the North Pole. How would you like
that?"

"Tip-top!" both kids shouted, at once.

"When can we start?"

"Tomorrow we'll rig a derrick and pull
her out of the slough; then you can start
Friday, as soon as school is out."

You see, Will could invent flying ma-
chines without any trouble, but he didn't
want to trust himself in them. He was
willing to leave that part of the proceed-
ings to the irresponsible Mike and Jack.

The next morning the trio repaired to
the slough, with a large derrick. Very
soon they raised the precious machine
from the mud and took it to the work-
shop. It was rather badly wrecked, but
the inventor, sufficient unto the occasion
in all things, set to work to make it
ready for the journey to the Pole. It
had to be specially prepared for such a
trip, so very different, children, from
sliding down the Milky Way to the moon.

Will put into the basket a curious little
box, with a key. The boys had only to
turn the key and heat would spread
around for a radius of 30 feet, and no
matter if the temperature were 90 de-
grees below zero, the aerial navigators
would be comfortable. Wasn't that fine?

Besides this improvement, Will strength-
ened the storage battery, so that it would
run a week. The machine was thus put

in excellent shape, and when Mike and
Jack came Friday afternoon all was in
readiness.

Start for the Pole.

"Here's your food," said Will, drawing
a box out and showing it to the boys.

"That don't look like it would last
long," remarked Jack, dubiously, as he
examined the contents, which resembled
shavings.

"Last long!" exclaimed Will, "why
that's evaporated food, and there's enough
there for 30 men. When you eat a piece,
it swells up and it's all you need. Now
this other box, as I showed you the other
day, contains the heat necessary to keep
you warm when you get up North. Turn
this key and immediately the box gives
out heat equal to that of the torrid zone.
Have you got that through your heads?"

The boys thought they had, and Mike
said: "I'll run the machine, Jack, and
you can manage the heat box. I ain't
going to touch it; it might explode."

"It can't explode," said Will, scorn-
fully. "Get in, you would probably like to
know a little more about that heat box.
Well, I would myself. But I don't know
where the heat came from, and I might
get into a hopeless tangle if I tried to
explain, so I won't attempt it. Will said
there was heat inside the box, and we'll
take his word for it."

As soon as the boys were in the basket
of the airship, Mike turned the lever,
and, with a preliminary whirl of the pro-
peller, the machine mounted skyward. The
idea took a northeastern direction, so as
to see the sights in Eastern Canada and
go up by way of Baffin's Bay. The speed
of the flying machine was terrific and, in
scarcely no time they were over Cana-
da.

As Mike managed the lever, Jack, hav-
ing nothing else to do, employed his spare
time in peering recklessly over the edge
of the swaying basket.

At a distance of 30,000,000 miles from
the earth, calmly announced Jack, and
Mike was of the same opinion. But don't
you believe them; I know they weren't
half that far.

Jack Turns On the Heat.

About the time they reached Baffin's
Bay, they began to shiver and shudder.
They were very cold, and Jack tried to
turn on the heat, but he was inexperi-
enced, and let loose enough to have
melted the machine.

"Are you crazy, Jack?" shouted Mike;
"you'll burn us up and make us fall into
the sea, and die!"

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the country over which they were pass-
ing.

Jack made no reply. They dashed
across Baffin's Bay to the north of Green-
land, passing over the point reached by
the Greely expedition in 1853, and that
by Peary in 1892. Mike looked down
through the glasses and saw the storm-
swept, abandoned huts of those explor-
ing parties. Jack was managing so badly
now that the machine was going at a
crazy gait.

"This is regular Buffalo Bill ride," and
no mistake. I can't make her go smooth
like you!" he exclaimed. "Whew!"

Collision With an Iceberg.

A terrible bump shook the breath out of
both, and Jack, in his fright, turned the
power off completely, and the machine
came to a stop. Looking about, they saw
that they had landed on a great iceberg.
As they had been traveling all night—
it was now Arctic dawn—they decided to
have breakfast on that strange table, be-
fore proceeding. The meal, which con-
sisted wholly of evaporated food, was
not as satisfying as Will had said, but
then people will make mistakes some-
times, even inventors.

"Let's walk about," suggested Mike,
"we've had finished."

Having anchored the airship securely,
they started to explore the berg. They
found that they were at the point reached
by Dr. Nansen's team, but saw no relic
of that expedition. The exploration proved
to be very interesting, however, and they
forgot all about the North Pole and
their flying machine, until a prolonged
ramble from the very depths of the ice
mountain called them to their senses.

They broke into a run, as it began to
shake, and, in a few moments, were near
the machine. A wide crevasse now ap-
peared between them, but the boys were
desperate and leaped blindly for the other
side. Jack hit the ice on the opposite
side with his face, but Mike—Mike hit
nothing but air. At least, he thought so,
for he went straight down—"who's
Mike," he said afterwards. But it was
not really that far, you know. He landed
on a shelf in the crevasse, about 20 feet
from the top, and immediately set up a
loud howl.

"Pull me out!" he bawled to Jack, who
was peering over the edge. "I'm frozen
to death down here, and I'll be mashed
flat, 'cause this berg's moving, and I
know it!"

Mike realized the danger, and ran to
the machine, although he was so fright-
ened that his legs fairly wobbled. Seiz-
ing the heat-box and a rope, he rushed
back.

"Here, Mike!" he yelled, lowering the
rope, with the box attached. "Grab the

rope, and I'll tie the other end to the
machine and pull you out. You can turn
on the heat, so as not to freeze to death
while I'm doing it."

Mike caught the rope as it descended,
while Jack rushed back to the airship.
He cast off the anchor, tied the rope
securely to the machine, turned on the
power, and up she sailed. Mike was
dragged out of the dangerous place in
a hurry, with the rope fastened around
his waist and the heat-box in his hands.

The Berg Explodes.

When he came to the surface Jack
dropped the machine down so that he
could get in, and just as they started up
again, there came a terrible booming
noise, a rushing and a roaring sound, and
that immense berg—that great ice moun-
tain—exploded! It broke into a thousand
pieces and the air was filled with them.
Jack and Mike, now far above the scene,
looked down upon it, and Mike sagely
remarked to acquiescing Jack:

"We'll not breakfast on any more ice-
bergs; once is enough."

They were now nearing the North Pole,
and so cold blew the icy wind that they

could hardly keep warm, even the heat
from the box was not quite sufficient.

The boys noticed a flock of arctic huts,
as they flew along, and came down to
investigate. They turned off the power
and started to examine the interior of
the hut, but were horrified to see within
it two human figures as silent as stone.

One sat at a table, with a pencil in his
hand and a pile of papers covered with
writing before him. The other lay on the
floor, as though asleep. Mike and Jack
were frightened, but they meant to see
all there was to be seen, so they went
in and inspected the writing. It was brief
and in some strange language and was
signed, "Andre."

"It must be the man that started for
the North Pole in a balloon and they
threw him out the balloon and they
froze to death here. They ought to have
gotten Will to invent them a machine
like ours," whispered Jack to Mike, as
the boys left the hut and took up their
Northern journey again.

As they mounted into the higher air,
a brilliant streak of light flashed across
the sky, and then another and another,
until it looked like a display of
Fourth of July fireworks, "way out on
Portland Heights. This continued for
some time, until it reached itself into a
hemisphere of yellow fire, lying low on
the horizon. Then, from the entire out-
edge, flashed myriads of lights of every
known hue. It was a magnificent dis-
play of the Arctic sun, which had only
set a few hours earlier, now to arise with
renewed splendor, and the boys watched
it spellbound for some days.

The North Pole.

The machine was traveling at a fearful
rate—you know it always went that way—
and the lads were soon afforded a sight of
the North Pole. It appeared to be a vast
sick of ice, standing two miles out of
the earth. You never supposed before,
did you, that the North Pole was so small,
turned on an axle of ice? Well, no one
ever did, either, and that is why Mike
and Jack's discovery is so wonder-
ful. So much so that the boys had never
before, and they were now looking at it
on a hill of ice, lying low on the horizon.
Then, from the entire out-edge, flashed
myriads of lights of every known hue.
It was a magnificent display of the Arctic
sun, which had only set a few hours ear-
lier, now to arise with renewed splendor,
and the boys watched it spellbound for
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Another Summer has come, and again
we are in the dear old redwood. As we
swing in the hammocks this beautiful
morning, under the grand old trees, the
voices of merry children come to us from
a creek near by, where the boys are fish-
ing. One of them just slipped in, and we
can see him climbing up the bank, wet
and dripping from his cold bath. It is

—Geo. C. Connor in Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mother's Song.

Dear Towhead, come, get all your trinkets and
things,
Go under the shade trees to play,
Go talk to the chicks and watch their cute
tricks,
Then tell dollies what they say.

Make pies in the shade, my sweet, gold-headed
maid,
And talk in your own artless style,
One could search the world through for a child
so sweet as you,
When I squeeze you your body's so small,
You go sit at so hard-little heart—when you
play.

As when oft I have watched from my door,
That even the bee is no worker like thee,
When I squeeze you your body's so small,
I'd never know what to do, my dear child,
without you.

'Cause you're mine—and I love you—that's
all.

—Geo. C. Connor in Philadelphia Inquirer.

INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE

**Back Among the Giant Redwoods of
the Great Forest Tracts of
Northern California.**

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we are in the dear old redwood. As we
swing in the hammocks this beautiful
morning, under the grand old trees, the
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a creek near by, where the boys are fish-
ing. One of them just slipped in, and we
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HOW HE DOES IT.

He starts out with a yell;
Then with puff and blow,
Without halt or stay,
He turns at the stairway
To quiver and quake
With joy and shake
Up the sleepers below.
Thence downward departing,
Like a racer starting,
He jumps and he slides
And shrieks as he glides
On the stairs or the rail.
Creating a din like a dog
With canister tied to his tail,
And then with a bump
He continues to jump
One, two or three steps more.
Then bolts for the door,
Helter skelter,
Hurry skurry!

Slams door with a bang
As he sights the gang
Across the way, waiting
Squealing and shrieking,
Biting and kicking,
And gouging and pinching,
Then there's a parley;
And then top spinning,
While each one is grinning.
Next they are skating,
And screaming and sweating,
And "pitches" and betting,
And golfing and leaping,
Ball-playing and running,
And boxing and gunning,
Distracting the tenants who
Live in the square;

And the day sleeper
Makes a jerk at his hair,
Or if he'd be off bed,
He jumps out of bed
With a jolting tread,
And throws up the sash,
When the gang, cat calling,
Whistling and bawling,
Rolling and crawling,
Defying and daring,
Skips out, disappearing.

—Frank H. Brooks, in Brooklyn Eagle.

MR. AND MRS. ORIOLE.

**Serious Mishap to Their Town
House, Entailing Much Labor.**

Mr. and Mrs. Oriole had been wintering
in the South, having found the rigors
of a Northern winter too trying for their
delicate constitutions. But, in the
good social position, they had sojour-
ned at one of the most fashionable hotels at Palm
Beach, where they occupied an elegant
suite of apartments under the eaves.
When it rained a neighboring waterspout
occasionally spluttered over them, mak-
ing their nest rather damp; but bathing
is one of the fashionable sports at Palm
Beach, so, of course, they did not mind it.

Their town house was situated on the
limb of an old willow tree in Brooklyn.
It was really a charming home, and Mr.
Oriole had been his own architect. More-
over, it was so sheltered from view as not
to attract ants or climbing boys.

From my bedroom window I could plain-
ly see the nest, and every Spring I would
watch for the return to town of Mr. and
Mrs. Oriole. Promptly on the first of
May they would put in an appearance,
and each twittering and chattering as
there would be for a few days! And
such a lot of callers as Mrs. Oriole did
have! One of these, a handsome and
gallant young cock robin, was most atten-
tive, and I frequently observed signs of
jealousy on the part of Mr. Oriole.

This Spring, shortly before their return
to town, a violent wind storm damaged
the aged willow, breaking the limb on
which was the nest. Two or three morn-
ings later I was awakened by the great-
est twittering and chirping you ever
heard. The Oriole family had returned,
and were perched on the limb and swaying
limb, evidently discussing what they had
better do. Presently Mr. Oriole, accom-
panied by his wife, went off. After a
few hours they returned and began mov-
ing house. So I judged they had found a
suitable and safer location where they
intended to build another nest.

They set to work to pull their nest to
pieces and carry away the twigs and
leaves and feathers of which it was com-
posed. Some of these thieving sparrows
noticed what they were doing, and, slyly
waiting till the Orioles had flown off with
their bills full of twigs and feathers, they
would pounce down upon the nest and
steal all they could. Mrs. Oriole caught
them at it after a while, and then she
and her husband discussed the matter.
Presently the sparrows, in a satisfactory
excusation, for after that they took turns
guarding the nest, while the other would
carry off particles of it for their new
home.

The Oriole are gone now, and I miss them
sadly. They were such cheerful birds.
Mr. Oriole was much the better dresser.
He wore a costume of orange, vermillion
and black. Some people used to call them
the Baltimore birds, because Lord Bal-
timore, who located in Maryland in the
time of Charles I, had his servants
dressed in flowers of orange and black,
as worn by Mr. Oriole.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Observing Salut.

Smirking up to his mother one day,
Tommy said:

"Ma, haven't I been a good boy since I
began going to Sunday school?"

"Yes, my lamb," answered the mother,
fondly.

"And you trust me now, don't you,
ma?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then what makes you keep the mince
pies locked up