

TALES OF THE UGLY BRASS LAMP

HARRY SETS UP A MODEL BLOCK

ONE DAY Harry Munn thought he'd become benevolent. It was nearing the first of the month when the ugly brass lamp had power to summon the djinn. He had obtained an automobile, money, a chimpanzee and various other things for himself, and now he thought he would do something for the poor of the town. To be sure he had rid the town of its plague of dogs and of its burglars, and he had provided splendid coasting for his schoolmates, and had rescued a child from a burning building owing to his possession of the lamp, but he had never done anything for the poor, although he inherited from his mother generous instincts.

There was a block in Canfield made up entirely of squatters' huts. Some had been moved there, some were the remains of former decent homes, and some had been fashioned out of odds and ends of lumber and boxes, but all alike let in the winter winds and were anything but comfortable shelter for the families who occupied them.

Harry was on his way from school with some of the boys when the idea came to him.

"Say, fellows, wouldn't it be great if I got the djinn to change all these rickerles to nice houses with running water and gas and all that?"

"Great!" said all the fellows at once. "Wouldn't it surprise them though?"

"Would you leave them things in 'em, or give 'em new outfits?" said Arthur Halstead.

"Both," said Harry. "Mother says I hate to give up anything that's old, and I suppose they'd feel the same way, but I'd put new things alongside of 'em, so they could get used to them, and use them when they wanted to."

"Let us be on hand when you do it. It'll be more fun than a goat. When is the first of March?"

"Day after tomorrow," said Harry. "Say, do you think we'd better tell 'em about it?"

"Tell 'em nothing," said Arthur. "Do you think I'd kick if I went home and found I lived in a palace? Half the fun is in the surprise."

"You're right," said Harry, hunching himself with delight.

Thursday, the first of March, was a beautiful, clear day. The inhabitants of Squatterville, as the people called it, were up early, as usual, and in their various huts and hovels they were preparing their various breakfasts that were alike in one respect; they were all unappetizing. Some of the men worked on the railroad, some did odd jobs, some of the women took in washing, but few made as much as a lively boy can earn on the golf links.

If the squatters' block was called the boys of Canfield. They assembled at Harry's house, and full of expectancy, they walked with him down to the shanties. He had the brass lamp in his hand, and he intended doing the thing up in style. The squatters would be grateful to him down to their dying day.

On the south side of the houses there is a vacant lot, and into it the boys went, Harry leading the way.

He took a clean handkerchief out of his pocket (one that he had remembered to put in for the purpose), and, with a par-



"ARE YOU THE BOY THAT CHANGED THESE HOUSES?" SAID HE TO HARRY.

donable amount of importance, he rubbed the lamp briskly.

Out of its neck curled the djinn, growing as he curled until he had shot up into the air 100 feet.

He looked down at the assembled school boys with an amused grin.

"Want to go to China with me?" said he.

"Yep," replied half a dozen, but Harry was not to be diverted from his purpose by any other scheme.

"Hello, djinn," said he. He was quite familiar in his mode of address by this time, as he had called upon the djinn so many times that he did not seem as terrible as he had the first time he had issued from the lamp.

"Djinn, I want you to give these poor squatters nice little cottages, all alike, and provided with all modern improvements."

Harry's uncle was in the real estate business, and the boy knew a good many of the business terms.

"It shall be even as you desire," said the djinn, and shot up into the sky like a bombshell, and like the smoke from a bombshell he vanished in thin air.

So also did the huts of the squatters vanish, but in their places was a row of 10 model cottages, each with a neat little dooryard and a tree, and each one adorned with a climbing vine of the kind so common in Boston—ampelopsis, I believe they call it.

There was silence for a minute, and then the boys burst into a cheer and ran out into the street to see what would happen next.

"Go to, to tell 'em you did it, Harry," said one or two.

"I dunno," said Harry. "It'll be fun to hear what they say. I bet they won't do a thing to you, but invite you in to breakfast."

"Jimmie, to breakfast," said roly poly Tommy Grouss longingly. He never had more than one at a time at home.

And then every front door on the block was opened and every tenant rushed out as if there had been an earthquake. The various occupants looked at the buildings and then looked at each other.

"What does it mean?" said one man to his neighbor, an Irishman.

"What does it mean? Sure I'm not goin' to trouble me head about the m'innin'. I can see it's a new house I have an' that's the main thing, glory be to the saints!"

"There is the fellow that said 'that,' said Arthur, going up to the Irishman and pointing back to Harry. "The brass-lamp boy, you know."

"Dorothy, an' it's you're the fine boy," said the Irishman, taking off his hat and rushing over to Harry, whose two hands he shook heartily. "May the saints be about ye to protect ye. You're the finest in the whole werrid, bar none!"

Harry began to feel that he was the finest in the world and the boys already

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began to feel that after all it was not so much Harry's work as the djinn's. Too much praise, you see, is apt to be bad for everybody.

However, Harry was in no danger of having the big head because he was a simple-minded fellow and anyway the next door neighbor to the Irishman did not seem to think the gift an unmixed blessing.

He was a sour-looking man whom Harry remembered to have been doing odd jobs when he couldn't get out of it and rather noted for being a grumbler.

"Are you the boy that changed these houses?" said he to Harry.

"Well, yes, I got the djinn to do it, you know."

"Well, what I want to know is why you didn't have him put in electric lights? There's nothing but gas in my house and I think it looks bad. And the rooms are smaller than I like. I had one big room before, but now I have half a dozen very small ones. Don't you suppose you could get it changed?"

"I've a great mind to get the djinn to pay 'em a fair price for the houses and change back again," said he.

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A NEW YORK NEWSBOY'S VALENTINE

THE LADY IN BLUE

"POPPERS! Ev'ning poppers! Loidy! Y'er ev'ning poppers! Poppers! Sun!

"Ere y'are! Thank ye, mumm!"

Jip got out of the crowd with a rush, his last paper sold, and darted up Park Row. He ran and dashed and darted across the streets for several blocks such a little, grinning, bright-eyed youngster that people made way for him at once with a smile.

On a side street from the Row he halted, panting, and pressed his nose against the glass of a little store window. The window was full of coarsely colored pictures, the stereotyped valentines of the East Side—abnormal youths in gaudy clothes, impossible ladies in fearful costumes, cherubs, lace-surrounded and hovering about eccentric church porches.

Jip's pointed finger jabbed at the window glass promptly, and located the valentine he desired. He breathed a great sigh of joy and relief, and danced for a happy moment.

"She's dere!" he cried, and whisked into the store.

A pale and austere maiden of 12 years rose from behind the counter as Jip entered, and looked at the boy with a reproving eye.

But Jip had already clambered on a tall stool and was reaching wildly across the counter, holding out two pennies.

"W'old y'er want, little boy?" the haughty maiden demanded. "Git off me counter. 'Gib me her!" yelled Jip triumphantly. "I have two cents, an' it's me own, and y'ou can't keep her no more, y'ou can't!"

"Wot d'y'er want? Git off me counter, will yer?"

Jip sprawled across the counter and quickly drew from it a vividly blue picture, which Jip grasped, and then gave up his 2 cents. But he didn't get down from the counter immediately. He pressed his fresh lips against the picture with anxious fondle.

"Ain't she sweet?" he cried.

"Aw! git out!" said the maiden, and the 5-year-old boy went out, hugging the valentine.

He darted and dashed once more along the Row, until in a retired corner, sitting upon some steps, he found himself among some older newsboys.

"Ere got a valentine?" he shouted, as he squeezed himself in between two big boys.

Jip had no objection to showing his



valentine to the others, and a transpired that they, also, had become possessors of pictures which they each designed to send away that night.

Up to that time Jip, whose knowledge of letters was beautifully blank, had remained satisfied with loveliness of his picture alone. But one of the newsboys recited with pride some verses of poetry written beneath one of the others.

"I know de name, wot yer's dem," he said confidently, "and he told me he did, dat dose lines is de best 't'ing in de poetry line ever writ, an' he ought to know, cos he makes a livin' at it."

Jip's heart sank.

"Is poetry got to be on 'em, Ned?" he asked.

"Sure!"

"Wot does it say on my p'ctur, Ned? You read it," said Jip timidly.

Ned took the lovely portrait of the 2-

cent lady in blue and read the doggerel beneath it:

You think because your dress is blue, Because your jewels gaily shine, You are above the common folk, Who groan beneath your heavy yoke!

Ab! Heavy lady! Pride is tall, The harder then shall be your fall, 'Och!' screamed the boys, "Jip's gift has 'trowed 'im over! Jip's got to get even!"

But Jip seized the Lady in Blue and gazed upon it in consternation, until his eyes filled with tears, and he buried his face against the stone of the alley.

Newsboys demanded the bigger boys' attention, and they ran away laughing, but the little fellow remained behind very miserable. The picture was sweet, but such words! He could never send his lady them.

Slowly he prepared to tear up his 2-cent treasure.

HOW TO DO CIRCUS TRICKS

LESSON V
TRAINING OF DOGS

WHEN, either for the sake of amusement or profit, one undertakes to teach an animal tricks, dogs are by far the most satisfactory pets with which to work.

They are more easily taught than any other kind of animal, and they can learn more complicated and difficult feats.

Another item in the dog's favor is that, when he is properly handled he will enjoy both his lessons and performances and he will make it evident that he enjoys them.

Any sort of dog can be taught tricks and not infrequently some yellow, short-haired poodle from the street has more capacity for tricks than a blue-blooded poodle.

The young trainer must not fall into the mistaken notion that the ability to learn a trick quickly is the most desirable quality in an animal. Some pupils learn their lessons far too rapidly and forget them within the next half hour.

Do not expect too much from one pet. Public exhibitors are able to show a large number of tricks because they have so many animals to call on.

Each pupil, as a rule, knows only a few of these tricks. A dog ought, however, with a proper amount of training, to learn enough tricks to satisfy a reasonable trainer.

Good management by a trainer can often make one good trick appear to be several tricks by working some slight variations.

It is surprising that so few pets—dogs, cats, white rats, parrots, etc.—are able to perform, for it is really not at all difficult to teach these animals. Often only one or two lessons are needed to teach a dog some amusing feat.

When a master, after constant trials, fails to teach his pet the trick he desires, it is almost always the fault of the master. Either he has lost his temper too frequently and frightened the animal, or he has not held to one system of teaching and, as a consequence, he has confused his pupil.

It is impossible to explain to an animal what is desired of him. The animal only learns to associate certain signs or words with some action, and he learns this only by constant repetition.

If the words or signs which are meant to direct an animal are constantly changed the pet will never be able to understand what is wanted of him.

Whippings confuse animals and seldom do any good. If the pupil is in momentary expectation of being struck he gives but a small part of his attention to the lesson, and he falls into a cringing, sneaking carriage which spoils even the best of tricks.

The trick of firing a pistol is very popular with boys and older people, and it is a very easy feat to teach a dog.

Rig up a stand such as that shown in Figure 1, and tie a small cap pistol to the upright bar. Cock the pistol but do not cap it. Tie a string to the trigger of the pistol, as shown in the diagram. Fasten a bit of food to the string and let your dog have the tidbit.

When he pulls away the food, he will

of course, pull the string and so let down the hammer of the pistol.

After this has been done several times, tie a rag instead of food to the string and reward the dog from your hand every time you induce him to pull at the rag.

After the dog thoroughly understands what is wanted of him a cap may be placed on the pistol.

A dog may be taught to ring a dinner bell (see Figure 2) by exactly the same process.

Climbing a ladder (see Figure 3), is more difficult to teach than pulling on a string. Yet many pet dogs learn to climb ladders without any training.

Hold a piece of meat just out of the dog's reach and encourage him to reach it by climbing. Reward him at short intervals even if his attempts are far from successful. It will only be a matter of a

few days before the dog will climb to the top of any ladder.

The dog that can walk along a row of bottles is fit to perform in public. Fasten the bottles to a plank, as shown in Figure 4. Ordinary fish glue will attach them securely.

Pick your dog up and place each of his feet upon one of the bottles. Help him to balance himself while in this position. After this has been repeated a number of times the dog will be able to stand alone.

Then induce him to lift one of his feet. Tapping it lightly with a lead pencil will usually achieve this result.

When the dog wishes to replace his foot, guide it to the bottle just ahead. In this way the animal will soon learn that a tap on the foot means to walk ahead.

It is great fun to train a dog and the ability to perform a few tricks multiplies his value 20 times over.

Oh, a skipper ate on a slimy pier, Sing lily my Lily Loo, And he reeled his belt with a nautical gear, As a seafaring man should do.

"Oh, sailor man," I first began, Sing lily my Lily Loo, "Is it not absurd what I've frequently heard That a sailor can never speak true?"

Then he wobbled his head as he solemnly said, Sing lily my Lily Loo, "It certainly is a mistaken idea That a sailor can never speak true."

By spinning this yarn to you."

So down I ate while he sang the fate Of that fortunate vessel, the Piebald Kate, And her voyage to Zampary-Zoo.

"Tis simple, the tale of the Piebald Kate, But it proves what I venture to say, That the commonplace fancy I'm about to relate May happen most any fine day.

Of course she was right, and of course she was wrong, And of course of a shipshape build, And tight as a drum with Jamaica rum Her copious hold was filled.

The breeze was strong as we howled along And our course it was N. N. E. When the water grew dark with a million sharks, Which wallowed and flipped in the sea.

"Oh, box the compass," I loudly cried As I temporarily recoiled, And he uttered the dog song of a tobacco, As a seafaring man should do.

Then they upped it all and they downed it all, And soon with a mighty switch Like kingdom come our cargo o' rum Was wetting that school of fish.

So we righted our course by this tour de force, But we rocked with a great commotion, For the sharks had become by that bath of rum The drunkenest fish in the ocean.

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And they never swerved and they never curved From that terrible stretch of sand, Till they'd set us high and they'd set us dry Aground on a point of land.

Then they turned about with a bibulous shout And they made for the open sea, And there we sat in the Piebald Kate And never a word said we.

We'd stayed over night in this curious plight, And it came to the second day, When it seemed to me, far out to sea, That something was coming our way.

FINE DEEDS DONE BY BRAVE BOYS

NO sailor, unless it be Farragut, has achieved such undying fame as Horatio Nelson, the British Admiral.

As a little boy Nelson showed those qualities which afterward made him great. He distinguished himself in the naval service of his country before he was out of his teens.

Weak and sickly as a boy he was filled with indomitable pluck and courage. The free life of a man-of-war hardened a boy naturally far from strong, and built up a constitution which originally had been far from robust.

Horatio was 12 years old when, as a pale, shivering, little atom of humanity, he went on board the man-of-war Reasonable, commanded by his uncle, to take up his duties as a midship in the British navy.

In order that he might get practical experience at sea, his uncle sent Nelson on a trip to the West Indies, from which he returned a good sailor and with his health much improved.

He went to the guardship lying in the Thames and as a reward for the progress he made in the study of navigation, was put in command of one of the small boats attached to the large ship and used to patrol the channels leading up to London. So by the time he was 14 he was a good navigator, a skillful seaman and a capable pilot.

An expedition was fitting out for Arctic exploration, and as it was to be a work of hardship and danger it was decided that only good men and good equipment should be allowed to go. But Nelson was filled with a desire to see the wonders of the regions of perpetual ice and snow and through the influence of his uncle, Captain Stickle, he was allowed to go with the expedition.

The exploring ships remained in the Arctic seas all Summer and met with many adventures, narrowly escaping from being caught in the ice and crushed, or held prisoners through the long night of the northern winter.

Young as he was, Nelson had command of one of the ship's boats and when the vessels seemed hopelessly hemmed in by the great fields and floating mountains of ice he was sent to find passage to open water.

On one occasion the boy officer was discovered by his captain out on an ice

