

A CHRISTMAS FAIRYLAND BY C. B. LOOMIS

OLD MARK DUNCAN was always a kindly man and no one ever appealed to him for help in vain. At 25 years he was a promising farmer in Connecticut; five years later he was a more promising farmer out West, and ten years later he was a railroad man, and so rich that no one, not even he, knew the extent of his riches.

Wealthy and kindly was he, but not imaginative. Very practical and hard-headed and soft-hearted, which is a good deal better than being hard-headed and soft-headed. But his wife, who had been a school teacher in Connecticut before he married her, while as kindly as he, was much given to day dreams, and when a son came to them he paraded the kindness of both parents and the imagination of his mother.

Most successful Westerners come to New York sooner or later; the Duncans were no exception, it so happening that they arrived in December of the year 1882. While their palace was building they stayed at a hyphenated hotel on Fifth avenue.

Oliver Wolcott Duncan was just 21, but as his father was not in society and he did not care to be, the young man did not have a party in his honor.

Instead of that, he decided to convert Madison Square into a fairyland on Christmas eve for the benefit of such of the poor of New York as cared to come to the festivities.

The Mayor of New York at that time was a man of a very gay and sympathetic nature, and when Oliver told him what he intended doing he was delighted, and assured him that he would aid him by every means in his power.

Old Mark may have thought the idea foolish, but he did not say so, and as the money was to be expended for people who had had little joy in their lives, Mr. Duncan told the Mayor to go ahead and spend all he wanted to, short of paving the square with gold bricks.

As for Mrs. Duncan, she was delighted with the idea, and gave Oliver all the help in her power, suggesting many of the best features and acting with the enthusiasm of a young girl.

Many of the poor of New York enjoyed the wonderful spectacle, but you may get a better idea of it if I tell you the story of Jimmy McKenna, who lived in Cherry street and who first heard of what was to be done when a gilded wagon drawn by six milk-white horses passed by his home.

Seated in the chariot was a very noble looking personage, who looked as if his ancestors had been princes for seven generations. His name was Tommy Scanlon. He distributed with a picture on one side of Santa Claus trying to climb into the top of Madison Square tower, and on the other an invitation to every child under 12 to come to "Fairyland," opposite the Flitton building, at any time from 7 to 12 Christmas eve.

Jimmy wanted his mother to go up with him, but "Fairyland" was a word not in her dictionary, and while she was glad to have him go and make little Jimmy stay behind herself.

It was a bracing winter evening, and the city was still decorated with ice crystals that a storm had left behind when it passed over the land.

There was a goodish crowd steering for "Fairyland," and Jimmy found it hard to obtain even standing room for his little sister on the electric car that carried them up.

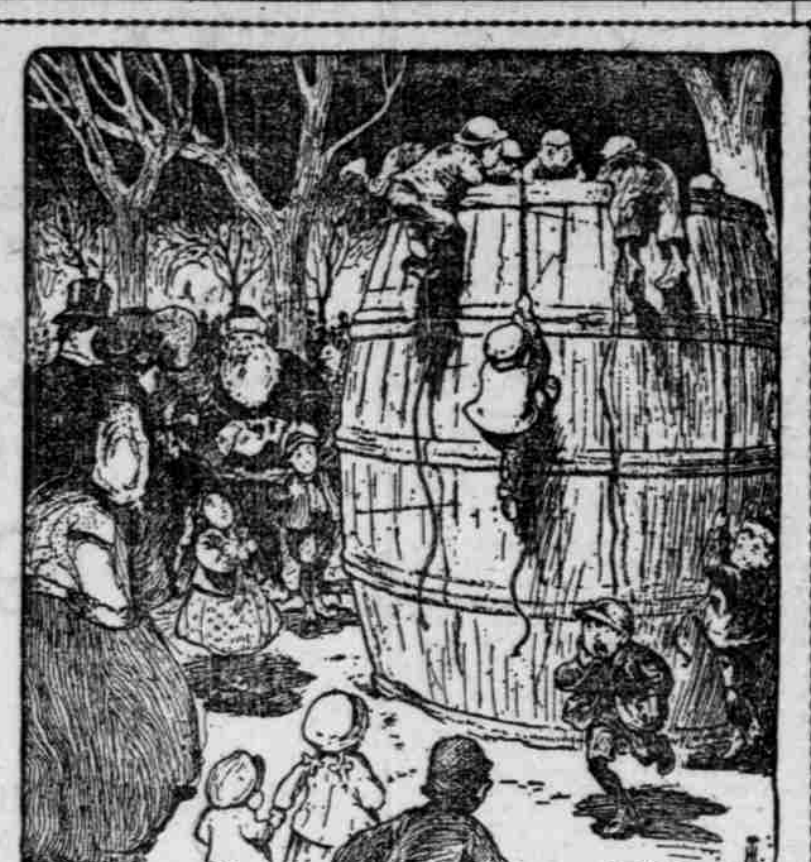
The air was filled with shouts of approval as each carload was emptied at the square. The inexhaustible purse of the Duncans had indeed made it a fairyland, although the ice storm had contributed much to the glitter and color. There must have been a million tiny incandescent lights on the ends of the branches of the many trees in Madison Square, and Jimmy believed that the sun would have been blinded by the glare if he had not gone to bed long since.

Gaping-mouthed children wandered here and there trying to see all there was to be seen and to do all there was to do.

The first thing that caught the children's eyes was the apparatus for coasting that Oliver had caused to be built. It was an inclined plane running around all four sides of the square, and covered with well-packed snow.

Jimmy and his sister went to the door of admission, and seeing a man in a very gorgeous uniform standing there, the boy said: "Does it cost anything to coast?"

"No, indeed," said the man, "we pay



JIMMIE WENT UP HAND OVER HAND.

you to go up in the elevator and you can take the sled home with you."

He pointed as he spoke to a pile of sleds, and Jimmy picked out two. Then the man handed them each a quarter, and they stepped with many others into a huge elevator that bore them swiftly to the top of the hill. Arrived at the top, they cast themselves on their sleds and rushed down the speedway, turning four sharp corners, but meeting with no accident.

Almost before they knew it, they had passed out into the street and entered the park again, this time seeing straight ahead of them a wonderful fountain that spouted seven different kinds of soda water.

No one could drink at this fountain unless he was provided with a silver cup—the big Santa Claus said who stood by its side—but he smiled as he said it, and handed to each child who came forward a very pretty silver cup with "Merry Christmas, 1903," engraved on it.

Jimmy and Nelly were so thirsty from their swift ride that they did not stop to examine their cups, but drank eagerly and copiously of the various flavors.

When they had quenched their thirst (for the time being) they became aware of an enormous barrel at least 30 feet high and 20 feet in circumference, which stood to the right of the fountain.

From its top hung many ropes, and walking around and around it was another Santa Claus inviting any boy who wished to climb up the rope and take what he saw.

Nelly wanted to climb up, but Jimmy told her he'd grab for two when he got there. He had one good pocket in his jacket with no hole in it worth mentioning.

He took hold of the rope and went up hand over hand, and the sight that met his eyes almost made him lose his hold. The finest candles that Oliver could get in New York were in that barrel, and by means of an ingenious piece of mechanism the contents kept rising to the top so as to be within reach of the eager paws that were clutching on all sides.

From time to time the supply was replenished, and Jimmy would not dare say how many thousand pounds of candy were put in and then grabbed out of that barrel by soiled little hands.

Jimmy wished he might hold on by his chin and so use both hands, but he was not gymnast enough for that, so he had to content himself by making big clutches with his right hand and filling his pockets before his strength gave out.

Not far from the barrel there was a flag pole on top of which was a cask, and those boys who could climb were invited to do so by Oliver himself, who, with his mother, was enjoying the gay scene that the park presented.

In order to prevent confusion a companion flagpole had been placed very near the other so that as a soon as a boy helped himself to the contents of the cask he could slide down and make way for others.

Jimmy had no idea what was in the cask, but he shinned up, telling little Nelly not to cry, for he'd be back soon.

"Jimmy'll be all killed," said she, her eye quivering, but Mrs. Duncan, who was standing by, patted her on the head and said, "No, Jimmy will come down by the other pole and will bring something to you, I'm sure."

When Jimmy put his hand into the cask he did so with perfect confidence, and though there might have been crabs or spiders in it. But it was not crabs, but eagles that were in the cask; gold eagles,

and Jimmy, supposing by the "feel" of them that they were quarters, gladly clutched a whole handful.

When he had rejoined Nelly he was a little disappointed.

"They're counterfeit," said he, for he had never before seen any gold money. But when Mrs. Duncan explained to him that each coin was worth forty quarters he immediately wanted to climb up again.

Oliver hated to refuse him, but there were crowds of children awaiting their turn, so he said:

"Have you been to get your squirrel?"

"No, where?" said Jimmy, hastily putting his money in the lining of his hat.

"Over by St. Gauden's statue of Farragut," said Oliver, and Jimmy, taking his little sister's hand, threaded his way to where there was a huge gilded cage containing numberless gray squirrels.

"Give us a squirrel," said Jimmy eagerly to the gaily attired attendant who, bowing low, said, "It shall be as you wish."

Then he opened a door in the cage and drew out a silver gray squirrel.

"One for Nelly, too," said Jimmy, never forgetful.

"It looks like a rat, on'y its tail is swayed," said Nelly, patting her squirrel's head.

The little animals were as tame as kittens, and indeed they had nothing to fear from the McKennas, who loved animals and who had once owned a pet of a rat.

While they were petting the squirrels, they heard music away up above them, and on asking a superb young "prince" in a cocked hat where it was, they were told it came from the fairy orchestra.

"I can't see," said Nelly with a tincture of wall in her voice. She was fearful of losing some phase of this wonderful fairyland.

"Oh, I see it, I see it!" shouted Jimmy. "Look, Nelly, up in der tree. Little fella. Gee, can't dey play?"

The "little fella" were dressed up to represent fairies, and not one of them was more than 15 years old, but they certainly could play. They sat perched on the different branches of a noble elm, and they were strapping to their places (to tell you a secret) in their enthusiasm they might fall from their perches.

There were violins, and a cello, and flutes, and a harp, and a triangle, and they played music that pleased every one, big and little.

The sweet harmonies floated down from the trees and the branches away, and the ice crystals and the lights sparkled, and the fountain gushed its sweetest, and New York, stirred by the spectacle, made up its mind to make the next day a very Merry Christmas indeed.

It was late at night before the happy children departed. It fell to Jimmy's lot to see Mrs. Duncan and Oliver again. Jimmy was leading Nelly along, and she was very sleepy and just a little cross, being only six.

"Didn't she have a good time?" asked Mrs. Duncan, patting her head.

"Sure, ma'am. Tomorrow she'll still have it. She don't remember now because she's dead sleepy. It was der greatest cinch I was ever at. I bet der saints will have it in fer der people dat got it up. Pity it couldn't be all der while."

Fancy Fairyland "all der while" in New York.

WONDERFUL AUTO OF SANTA CLAUS

NELTJE and Olaf stood in front of their funny little round house and snuggled down into their fur robes. The wind blew cuttingly across the ice-bound sea, and the wide, white waste of land.

"Hush," said Neltje. "I hear bells."

"No, you don't. It's the wind—no, it isn't. It isn't, Neltje!" cried Olaf excitedly, "but I never heard such a sound."

On the air rose a buzzing like that of millions of bees, or like the whirling of the wings of wild geese as they fly over the ice-floes.

Olaf and Neltje clung to each other.

"Oh, what is it? What is it?" they cried.

Just then around a curve came a strange, terrible thing, all red and brass, with a great blazing eye in front, and Olaf and Neltje fled shrieking into their hut.

Then they heard a voice.

Merry Christmas to all.

And to all a good-night!

"It's Santa," whispered little Neltje. Olaf crept to the round hole that served for a doorway.

"It isn't," he said, as he plunged back again in great fright. "It's an awful thing with big round eyes that stare like a sea lion's in the dark, only bigger."

"I believe I have scared those dear children," mused Santa, as he swept over white hillocks and across the ice-floes.

For it was really Santa Claus, in a brand new automobile. Mrs. Claus had persuaded him that the sleigh was old-fashioned and the deer too slow, and had induced him to try the beautiful machine.

Presently Santa left the Far North and came to a warmer atmosphere.

Now, in one of the big cities of the South there lived a small girl and her brother, who, like Neltje and Olaf, were anxious to see Santa Claus.

"I am going to keep awake Christmas eve—make all night," Reggie had announced to Ruth.

"Oh, Reggie, do you think you could?" Ruth had asked in an awed tone.

"Yes," said Reggie. "I am going to wrap up in a blanket and sit in the chimney corner, and when I hear the sleigh bells I am going to peek out."

"Well, if you can, I can," said Ruth; and so on Christmas eve the two children huddled close under a blanket in the dark chimney corner.

"It's a jolly good thing that father built our new house with open fireplaces," said Reggie. "I wonder what Santa does in flats."

"Why he just climbs down the air shaft," said Ruth. "Nurse told me this morning."

"I guess he don't bother with flats much," said Reggie, "for no children are allowed in them anyway."

Just as the clock struck 12 there came a sound from without.

"Hush," whispered Reggie, and squeezed Ruth's hand, for that small young woman had dropped to sleep.

"Oh, it's only an old automobile on the



IN HIS HANDS HE CARRIED SOME MEATY WRAPPED BUNDLES.

street," said Reggie as he heard the clang of a gong, and the whirl of an electric motor.

But that was where he was mistaken, for the auto was on the roof and not on the street, and Santa was clambering out and selecting a doll for Ruth and a set of dishes, and a punching bag and a pair of boxing gloves for Reggie.

Then he dropped down the chimney. Ruth and Reggie held their breaths. They knew just how he would look with his red fur-trimmed suit, his little round

cap with a bit of holly, with his long white beard and cack on his back.

There was a thud, a puff of coal as Santa hit the scuttles, and then the children gazed dismayed.

"It's a burglar," chattered under his breath, as he beheld a figure in a fur-lined raincoat, a visored cap pulled down over his eyes.

The children shivered, as he was back on his back, but hands he carried some meaty wrapped bundles.

These he laid on the table he stole the children.

"A merry Christmas, folks," he said genially. "So you might me, have you?"

But they shrank away from him. They were looking for Santa Claus, not Reggie.

"Well, that is my name, I've on a new rig, but it's the same saint," said Santa.

But Ruth would not listen.

"Oh, it isn't Santa, Reggie, sobbed. "It's just some old Shrovetide or somebody like that who's lending. Oh, go away. Go away."

And poor Santa went.

Everywhere he had the same scene. Children who had dropped eyes open refused to accept him a new costume.

"I want my old Santa. I want old Santa," wailed one small child, and shrieked as Santa tried to pet him.

"Oh, I give it up," said Santa, and he put on speed and went back to the Far North.

And there he changed his suit the dear old red tunic, and hitched deer to the old sleigh and started back.

Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Comet, now Cupid, now Donner, and Blitzen.

He shouted, as he cracked his wand along etoain etashrulu shruqu sped through the villages, and Nand Olaf heard him and ran out to and clapped their hands and whooped again, and all the little children the Far North heard the jingle of band wondered why Santa was so late.

And that is why so many of us are delayed on that Christmas it is a very long journey to the North and back.

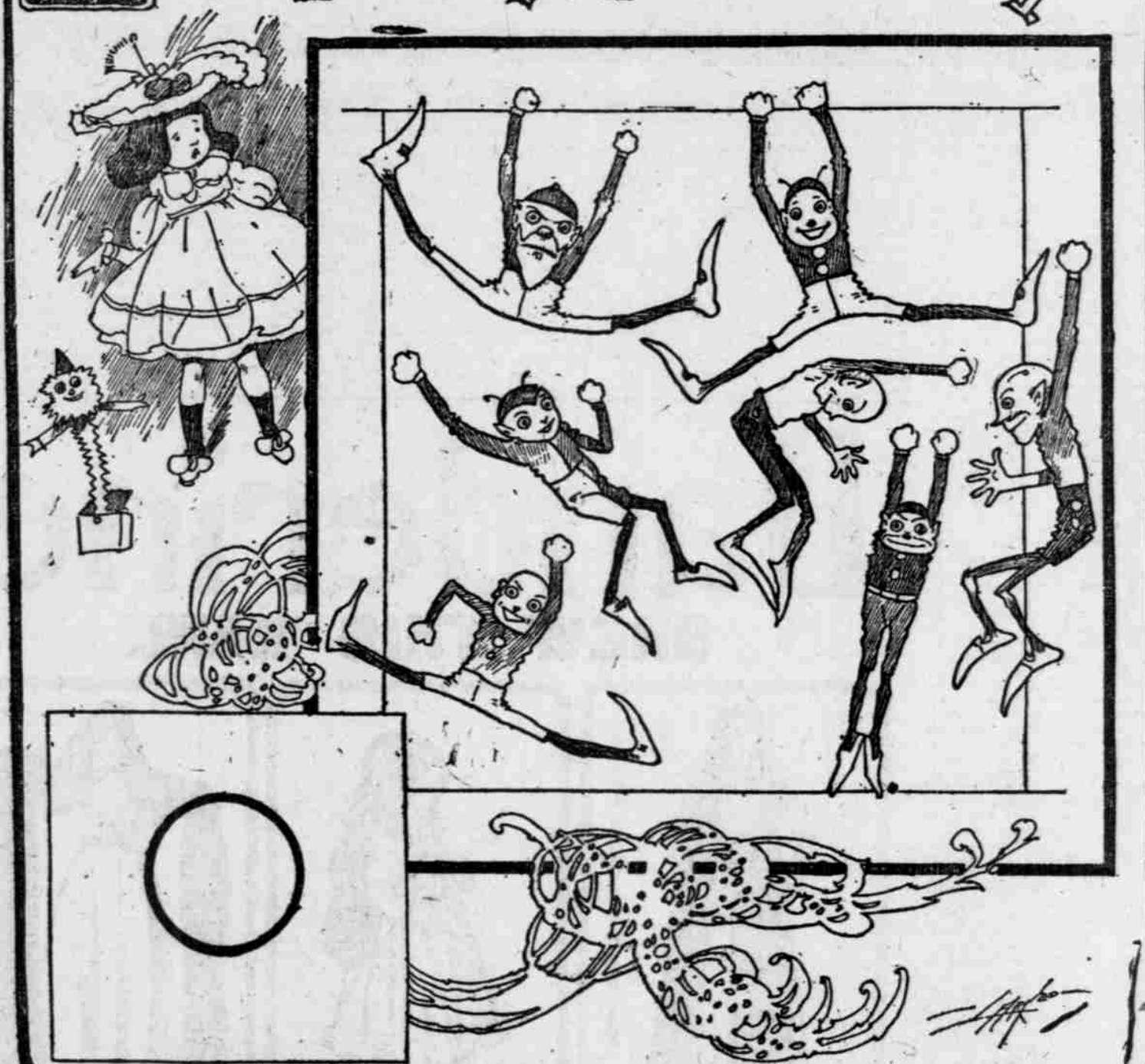
But Reggie and Ruth never up again on Christmas eve.

"If Santa looks like that," said Reggie stoutly, when he found his boxtoys and the punching bag. "I prefer to see him."

"So do I," said Ruth, as shocked her doll.

PERPLEXING PROBLEM OF FUNNY FOBIDOODLES

The Funny Fobidoodles!



CHILDREN OF THE PRAIRIE Or the Adventures of Sam and Betty.

CHAPTER X.

THE next day after the destruction of our village by the stampeding herd of buffaloes, Gray Horse sent about 20 warriors, squaws and boys to other bands of our tribe to buy, beg or borrow cooking utensils and other things badly needed. When they had departed he took ten warriors with him and started in the direction of the Nebraska state line. I understood quite well that he hoped to come across some lone settler or band of emigrants on the move and secure a lot of plunder. When all the parties had got away there were not more than 40 people left in the village, and Red Moon was again in charge.

If Betty and I were to make our escape, now was the time. I did not think it would be much of a trick for us to steal out at night and catch and mount two ponies and go galloping away. The only fear I had was that we might lose our way again in the darkness. From where we were now it was a good 100 miles to the first settlement, and that meant riding all night and a part of next day over strange ground.

The war party left the village on a Monday morning. Betty and I had a long talk before noon, and it was agreed that we should start out that night at 10 o'clock. We were both to slip out at the edge of the grove, and then I would go to the herd and bring out two ponies. Both of us were in a tremble of excitement when we had named the hour, and I do not claim that I had any more to do with the planning or was any cooler-headed than my little friend.

At noon I had the luck to shoot a rabbit. I had cooked it for Red Moon's dinner and was going to the grove in hopes to kill another, when he called me back to the wigwam and stood and looked at me for a long time. Presently he began making signs. Not a word was spoken, but I plainly understood him to say that he knew we were going to try to escape that night. My heart began to beat painfully and my legs to tremble, but what did the good old man do but let me know that he was going to help me. He motioned out that we must exercise great care not to be seen by any one.

We had planned to head for the settlements, a long distance away, but he let me know that we could do better than this. Almost directly south of us and only 30 miles away was Fort Atkinson. If we could hold a true course we could reach it by daylight.

Red Moon talked with me in the sign language for two hours. Some few things I could not make out, but I understood enough to make me feel sure that we could escape unless some accident happened. He seemed to know every mile of ground between the river and the fort.

He motioned out that we would have to cross five different creeks; that after getting a few miles from the village the country would be rolling instead of level; that there were two large groves, which we must leave on our right; that about half way to the fort we would find a true course, we would come across a great mass of rock cropping up out of the

prairie. All these and many other things he told me, and then he suddenly became an Indian again and turned his back on me and would not say another word.

That was the longest afternoon I ever saw. At 3 o'clock I managed to meet Betty as she was going for water and to tell her that Red Moon was helping us in our plans, and she promised to be very careful to do nothing that should arouse the suspicions of the Indians. The Indian boys and girls were very watchful and Talking Woman was always on hand, and I found that we would some day escape if not burned at the stake. During the afternoon I gathered a much larger heap of firewood than ever before, and I dug a lot of roots in the grove and provided for Red Moon the best I could, and the hours wore away, and by and by night was at hand.

When 10 o'clock finally came and the people all seemed to have gone to bed, I rose up and was ready to start out and meet Betty. Red Moon also rose up and, after kissing me on both cheeks and patting me on the head, he handed me his knife and tomahawk, and I passed out into the darkness. I found Betty at the tree, and ten minutes later we had mounted two ponies and were off. I had the luck to get two of the best, and I tied their heads together so that we might ride side by side. We walked the ponies for a full mile before we set them at a gallop, and for an hour we hardly spoke a word. I did not think the Indians would miss and follow us that night, but my great worry was to keep the true course for the fort. After going five miles we crossed the first creek, and soon thereafter the ground became rolling. There was no moon and only a few stars out, but it was not so dark but that we could see quite a distance around us.

When we had crossed the creek and left one of the big groves on our right I felt easier in my mind, and we then let the ponies go at a faster pace. I expected they would give us considerable trouble, as we were riding bareback and had only a piece of hide rope for bit and lead, but they went along as if glad to bear us to safety. Just at daylight we saw Fort Atkinson about a mile ahead of us, and ten minutes later we reached it to be welcomed and cheered by the soldiers. We had not been there above half an hour when ten Indians from the village came up sight. They were missed us and started in pursuit, but we were among friends and our adventures were at an end.

(The End.)

Baking Day.

Youth's Companion. It begins on Saturday morning. And we have the greatest fun. When mother and Betty and I go to baking, every one!

It's mother that makes the puddings, and Betty that makes the bread. And rolls out the twisted doughnuts or cookies, sometimes, instead.

They give me the crust left over. For it's always the pie I make. And in his cradle the baby crows, And helps by patting a cake.

REMEMBER old bells they were, away up in the steeple where they could look out over the land. Steady and unmoved they waited for their hour; and until it came they were silent and patient, stirring not though a thousand gales tore madly at them, or all the long night white snow fell on them and heaped them high with its feathery armor.

But whenever their time came to cry out to the country beneath, that lay like a vast picture with towns and rivers and hills and trees spread afar under them, they awoke in a moment to madness of sound.

Each had its own mighty voice. The great green bell, with a crack in its forehead, thundered in tones that had been given to it many hundred years before, when men hung it in its place to peal alarm. And then its voice meant sudden death and burning towns and pillaged lands.

Near it hung another ancient bell that had been carried in a day of victory from its far home in Italy, where it

boomed out over the blue sea to call the fishermen to prayer. And even today its voice stirred those who heard it and woke them to peaceful thoughts.

And so hung bell on bell, each with a voice that was given to it in a historical time; until at last one came to the chimes that had been bought for the old cathedral in modern days by the children of the city—the children whose time had fallen in better days; whose eyes saw no bloodshed; whose skies were reddened by no battle-fire; and whose ways were smoothed for them by love and wisdom.

Naturally, the chimes rang out with the sweetest of all the voices that sounded from the old cathedral tower, and pealed triumphantly in silvery music high above the roaring and muttering and thundering of the ancient bells that hung with them.

But now the bells were to trouble; and the bellingers, though they were, and sweated at the ropes, could not make their tones ring out in aught but discord. At last the chief bellingier climbed up into the airy belfry to investigate.

There he found that the impulse of the bells—the wild and frisky and merry goblins that dwell in the steeples and

carry the bells' voices out on the wind—had fallen in a heap from the round iron ring on which they were wont to hang, swinging and twirling as the bells were pulled.

There they lay—poor little Fobidoodles—each with his hands and body still held in position in which he had been accustomed to swing.

The chief bellingier thought that it would be easy to put them back. He lifted the oldest Fobidoodle and put him up. Then he put another one up. But before he had gone far he found that he couldn't get them all on, try as he might, for somehow he couldn't fit them to the ring so that they wouldn't touch each other, and he knew that each one must swing perfectly free.

The chief bellingier tried until he was completely mystified. Then he called the first assistant chief bellingier and he tried. But he failed, too, and he called in the deputy first assistant chief bellingier. Next they called in the second assistant bellingier. After him came the deputy second assistant bellingier. Finally the chief rope-puller had to try it, and when he failed his assistant was called. After an hour of puzzling he thought they would better

call in the chief polisher of the bell tongues, and the chief polisher of the bell tongues brought in his wife who was the holder of the belfry keys, and his brother who was second inspector of the steeple weather vane, and his sister who was the chief custodian of the cathedral broom and duster.

They all failed; so did the town head who had a purple hat and a red nose, and the sexton who had a red hat and a purple nose, and the town clerk who had a purple hat and a purple nose, and the Lord Mayor himself who had a red hat and a red nose.

Finally the town doctor was called in and he said at once, "We are all too old to see well. Why not let the children try it?" They have clear eyes and clear brains and they know."

So it proved. Almost in a minute the children of the old city put each Fobidoodle just where he belonged so that both hands were on the iron ring tightly so he couldn't fall off, and no Fobidoodle touched the other Fobidoodle.

The bells drew a long breath and rang out like anything.

Now try it yourself and see if you can make the Fobidoodles swing on the ring as they should.

NAMES OF DOGS O VARIOUS KINDS

THE spaniel is so called because the original breed of this beautiful and intelligent type came from Spain; the first arrivals in England were called Spanish dogs.

The Spitz dog got its name on its sharp pointed nose. "Spitz" means "sharp point" in German, and the Spitz was a favorite German breed before he became known in England and America. A Spitz is known also as Dalmatian dog because his native home is in Dalmatia.

The dachshund is another German breed, and his funny name—almost as long and funny as the dog himself—is a German name meaning "badger dog." Tigrinal dachshund was used for drawing dogs, and the dogs still are great voraces among German hunters, although the breed has become a little too delicate for fighting such a gray old warrior as the badger.

The fox terrier earned his name, not from any fancied resemblance to a fox, but because long ago, in the days of "merry England," these terriers, such larger and stronger than, were used very where by sportsmen for drawing an-killing the fox, they being sent down into his burrow. It is said that no fox terrier ever backed out of a brow without his fox. If he came out he had the dead fox gripped. If he didn't get the fox he didn't come out, but died there.

The bulldog used to drive cattle, and as he was trained to meet the rushes of the bull by seizing him by the most sensitive point—the nose—the sturdy, brave dog came to be known in time as bulldog. In some countries he is known as bull-dog.

The beautiful Blenheim spaniel is named after Blenheim Castle, where this dog first was made fashionable in the time of the great Marlborough. The King Charles dog owes its name to the Merry Monarch.

The various breeds of hounds of today are called hounds because they are the present survivors of the time when all hunting dogs were used to hound game.

In the early hunting days of England every dog that was used to accompany the hunt was selected mainly for his speed and endurance. There were hounds that were supposed to follow the game by scent, and others who were supposed to sight it a long way off, but all were expected to be able to run the game down. Consequently, while the name of hound, or hunt in the ancient Saxon, was first used for all kinds of dogs, it finally came to denote hunting dogs only; that is why we call our running dogs hounds today, such as grayhounds,