

# ADVENTURES OF AN OLD MAN

By Tempie Bailey; Illustrated by Miss E. S. Truman.

THE Very Old Man sat by the fire. His long, white beard swept the floor, and he leaned heavily on his cane.

"I am old," he muttered, "very, very old."

A little mouse crept out from a hole in the floor and rolled itself in the end of the Very Old Man's beard.

"Get thee gone," cried the Very Old Man angrily, "I have nothing for thee."

But the Wise Little Mouse turned up a sharp eye to the Very Old Man. "I will stay with thee, graybeard," she said. "Thou art great and I am small, but thou art old and I am young. We can help each other. I will stay with thee."

"What canst thou do?" asked the Very Old Man scornfully.

"Wait and see," said the Wise Little Mouse, "for the time will come."

That night when the Old Man ate his supper he dropped a bit of cheese and some crumbs on the floor. "If thou wilt stay," he grumbled, "thou shalt not starve," and the Wise Little Mouse ate her fill.

Day after day they slept together and ate together in the warmth of the fire, but one night the fire went out.

"Put on more wood, squeaked the Wise Little Mouse, but the Very Old Man answered: "There is no wood."

"Is there none in the shed?" asked the Wise Little Mouse anxiously.

"There is none," said the Very Old Man heavily. "I must freeze."

"Not so," said the Wise Little Mouse. "Thy children live at the other side of the forest; we will journey there, and they shall care for thee."

But the Very Old Man shook his head. "I cannot travel," he moaned; "I am very, very old."

But the Wise Little Mouse whisked away to the door. "Follow me," she cried, "I will lead the way."

The Very Old Man took his staff and wrapped his cloak about him and put a few bits of food in a bag. Then he followed the Mouse, but as she started to close the door, a Cricket hopped out from the hearth.

"Let me go, too!" he cried. "Let me go with you, Old Man and Little Mouse, for the hearth is cold and I shall die."

"Come, then," said the Wise Little Mouse; but the Very Old Man grumbled. "Such a little thing," he said, "we shall all die on the way."

The snow lay thick in the forest as the Very Old Man, the Wise Little Mouse and the Cricket traveled along. The Wise Little Mouse hid the Mouse in his beard and knocked at the door.

"A woman with an angry, red face looked out.

"Go away!" she cried. "We want no beggars."

"I ask only for shelter," said the Old Man humbly.



LOOK AT FATHER TIME'S

"Let him in, let him in," commanded a gruff voice from within, "and cook my supper."

"Come in, then," said the woman ungraciously, and the Old Man, with the Cricket hidden in his cloak and the Mouse in his beard, entered.

"But I will not cook thy supper," said the woman to a man who sat by the roaring fire, "nor will I take thy orders. Thou hast given me nothing but harsh words all day. Now I give them back to thee. I wish I had not been born before I became thy wife, and so they quarreled and quarreled, while the Very Old Man, sitting on a hard chair in the corner, added from weakness and made up.

"But the danger," said the Cricket, "if the cat sees you, she will kill you."

"But the Wise Little Mouse frisked away. 'I will take care,' she said; 'but now wake up the Old Man, and listen for the cat!'"

So the Cricket chirped in the Old Man's ear, and presently the Old Man sat up, and then they heard far in the depths of the forest the loud "squeak, squeak," and presently there was a rush and a scurry, and the Mouse came leaping, like a little gray shadow, straight to the Old Man.

"Hide me in thy breast," she panted, "for the cat comes."

The Very Old Man opened his cloak and she crept in, and then, bounding like a great ball, came an enormous cat, her yellow eyes a-fire, her tail twitching.

"Here, puss, puss," called the Old Man feebly.

She mewed excitedly around his feet, while the Mouse within the cloak trembled at the voice of her enemy.

Presently the cat trotted off, and the Very Old Man followed, and in a little time they came to a great house where the servants were still ringing, and with streaming dishes, as if there were to be a feast.

"Under the step," she said, but the Mouse was safe in the Old Man's beard, and they did not find her.

Then the four men laughed. "Thou art a silly maid," they said; and one of them, who had a fine voice, asked: "What does the Old Man want here?"

"I am freezing," said the Very Old Man, and shivered. At that the young man helped him to shelter, and gave him his supper and a warm bed, and looked at the Old Man lay down, he again at the Mouse nestled in his breast and at the Cricket.

"Oh, Little Mouse," he murmured, "thou art the greatest of us all."

Then the Cricket chirped softly and with that lullaby the three dropped to sleep.

In the morning as they walked through the snowy yard to begin their journey anew, they heard the chime of bells.

"Why do the bells ring?" the Very Old Man asked, and the young man answered: "It is a wedding."

"The lord of the manor will marry one of the maids of the village, and she is as good as the beautiful. Come with me to the church and we can stand on the steps and see them come out."

And presently the Very Old Man, with the Mouse in his beard, the Cricket in the fold of his cloak, stood on the steps of the church, while all the people shouted and the bells rang, and when the bride came out, she was as beautiful as the lord, he muttered, "She is my granddaughter," and he tried to call, but could not make himself heard.

Then through the tumult came the sound of the Cricket's voice—clear as a bell.

The lord of the manor stopped. "Listen, dear heart," he said to his bride. "The bride turned her face towards the sound, and then she saw the Very Old Man."

"It is my grandfather," she cried joyfully. "See, my lord, it is he, who lived on the other side of the forest, and when the cold came we went to seek him and he hid in my gown, and thought that he was dead."

And she threw her arms around the Old Man's neck, and the lord of the manor shook his head, and the people shouted until they were hoarse.

And after that the Very Old Man lived in great state and happiness, and he gave commands that no cats should be allowed in the house, and that the Mouse should be always a fire in the room. And thus it came about that the Wise Little Mouse lived in comfort in the Old Man's beard, and the Cricket sang on the steps of the hearth, and at night when the wind blew, the Very Old Man would hold up his hand and say:

"Listen, little wise things, if it had not been for me, you would have perished. Verily your bodies are small, but ye have done great deeds."

# THE STORY OF TRIP, THE TRAMP

Adventures of a Homeless Dog, as Told by Himself.



I KEPT AT SAMBO'S FEELS BARKING AND BITING BUT HE NEVER FORGOT ME

CHAP. VI.

ON THE day after my victory over Bob, the elephant dog, as related in the last chapter, the circus manager called me from the baggage wagon and took me to the elephants and bade me lie down at the feet of the largest, who was called Sambo. It was thus that I became the elephant dog.

I must make some things plain to you so that you can follow me. Each elephant has a keeper, who is with him all the time on the road, but when the big beast is safely chained to a stake in the tent the keeper goes off to his wagon to sleep. It is then that the dog must be on watch.

An elephant is a very queer animal, as you must have read. For weeks and weeks he may be as quiet as a sheep, and then all of a sudden he will show temper and resist. I kept frolicking around them, but could not keep them altogether quiet.

When the people began to come in to look at the animals there was a drunken fellow among them who was smoking a pipe. When he came staggering up and growled at him, and two or three men warned him to stand back, but he was ugly about it, and finally threw his pipe at me. It fell among the hay, and in a second a blaze flashed up. I barked in alarm and many people shouted, but before the circus fire brigade could reach the spot the flames shot up and caught the canvas.

Then an awful time followed. The people rushed for the doors, the elephants trumpeted in terror, and all the wild animals set up a dreadful roaring and howling.

The fire was put out after burning about half the tent, but the three elephants had broken their chains and gone dashing away, and a lion and a tiger had broken the bars of their cages and escaped.

It was my duty to follow the elephants, and I raced after them. They were mad with fright, and the people in that Consecrated town will long remember what happened.

I kept at Sambo's heels, barking and biting, but he never minded me. As he got clear of the tent he knocked a horse down with a blow of his trunk. Then he seized a farmer's wagon and flung it twenty feet away. Then he knocked down a dozen people, smashed a buggy and killed a horse, and as he met a street-car he bumped into it and pushed it off the track.

After that no further damage was done. The three big beasts ran straight out into the country, a distance of five miles, and when they had got over their fright they turned into a farmer's barnyard and stood quiet until some of the circus people came up.

It was not until we returned to the circus that I heard the sad news that awaited me. When the lion got out he clawed a man and killed one of the camels, and a bear was springing toward a woman with a child in her arms when Ned headed him off.

I am sure you will agree with me that it was a brave thing for a dog to put himself in the way of a lion who had tasted blood and was ready to kill anything he could reach, but Ned never hesitated.

He must have known that he would be only a rat in the jaws of such a strong beast, but people who were looking on saw that he actually attacked the lion and gave him several severe bites. Then the king of beasts and grayer and fiercer than friend, and it was all over in a minute.

The tiger also clawed several people and killed one of the dogs, but both lion and tiger were captured before they could get out of the circus.

When I heard the story of the affair as told me by Gyp, the bulldog, who took a body part in it, I went over to Ned's grave and laid down beside it and whimpered and groaned and felt that I had lost the best friend I should ever have. While I lay there grieving one of the circus people came along and called out:

"What's the matter with the dog Trip? Why don't somebody give him a kick and send him over to his elephants?"

"I should like to see the man who would dare give him a kick!" replied the manager, who happened to be passing at that moment. "I'll tell you what's the matter with Trip. He's grieving over the death of his friend, and I think he's got more feeling than you have, even if you are a man."

(To Be Continued.)

That sweet Lady Jane Grey, who reigned for a few months as Queen of England and had her head cut off with an ax in the Tower of London for so doing, was, as a little girl, the most learned child for her age of which history has any record.

Before she was 9 years old she wrote a beautiful hand, and was able to play well on several different sorts of musical instruments. In languages she was wonderful. She could speak several, both ancient and modern, with ease.

By the time she was 12 she was possessed of all the accomplishments taught young ladies of rank in those days, and besides that could not only write, but speak in Latin, Greek, Chaldean, Arabic, French, Italian and Hebrew. She was also well grounded in philosophy, and when other children were out playing she used to amuse herself by reading the writings of the Philosopher Plato in the original Greek.

Perhaps it was because the pretty Lady Jane's childhood was so lonely as well as because of the extraordinary powers of her mind that she took to study so kindly and learned so many things while so young. Her father and mother were away at court much of the time, leaving the girl to the care of her governess and her schoolmasters at the great gloomy family place called Bradgate, down in the country. The big, ugly, square brick house was built on the edge of a great forest and surrounded by thousands of acres of almost uninhabited land.

There were few books and no newspapers at the castle, and no playmates for Lady Jane, for her governess would not let her play with the children of the servants, and there were no other children within miles.

When she was 14 years old Lady Jane was taken to court by her parents, and after that spent much time there, where everybody was delighted by her learning, her beauty and her wit. At court she was able to have some recreation.

# "DEAR LADY JANE GRAY"

Wonderful Accomplishments of the Beauty Who Was Queen Only to Die.

When she went to spend long periods with her parents at gloomy Bradgate she had a hard time of it.

In a letter which she wrote to the celebrated scholar, Roger Ascham, with whom she used to correspond, as she was equal, she tells how, whenever she tried to do anything in the presence of her "sharp and severe parents," either to "speak, keep silent, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, writing, dancing or doing anything else," she was constantly criticised, and very often pinched or slapped if she did not do it perfectly.

In those days children were freely chastised by their parents, even after they had grown up, and Lady Jane, great heiress though she was and of the royal blood, got her share of whippings. But she says that when she was at her studies she was always happy, and when called away from them she would burst into tears.

Ascham, who visited her at Bradgate when she was a girl of 12, found her reading Plato in the original when the rest of the family were out hunting, and she told him that she was thankful for having such stern parents, as she had learned by their strict discipline to find more happiness in learning than in all but she still kept up her studies, and the pomps and vanities of all the pleasures of the world.

She was a wonderful child in her knowledge of politics, and of what was taking place in foreign countries, and great men used to correspond with her, and she had a great number of friends. At the little time of 12, as if she were a grown woman of the greatest intellect.

But poor little Lady Jane! All her learning and wisdom did not save her from a sad fate. When she was 16 she was married to a weak but otherwise estimable young man and made her Queen for a few months. Then she was overthrown, taken prisoner, and early the next year had her head cut off for usurping the crown.

It was her ambitious father who forced her to take the crown, and he, too, had his head cut off for the bad advice he gave his daughter.

Those were stern old days when they carried on their political campaigns with an ax, and a learned, gentle and beautiful girl like Lady Jane was out of place in the midst of them.

But if she found no sympathy in her own time she has found it since, and more tears have been shed over the sad fate of Lady Jane Grey by the present age than her misfortune and her virtues ever caused to flow in her own.

# A PUZZLE COSY CORNER.

Beholdments.

- (1) Behold lively and get hazard.
- (2) Behold an artifice and get to employ.
- (3) Behold order and get a coin.
- (4) Behold a shrew and get to regret.
- (5) Behold a corrupt dialect and get a thief.
- (6) Behold to twist and get a beverage.

# Crossword.

My whole is composed of eight letters, and is an English name of a bird.

In great not in small.

In bell not in ball.

In land not in sea.

In art not in bee.

In fly not in run.

In sorrow not in fun.

In gold not in brass.

In shine not in glass.

# SOLUTION OF LAST SUNDAY'S PUZZLES.

Answer to Charade.

Can; pain; faint; main; gain.

Answer to Numerical Puzzle.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

# Jamaican Proverbs.

Greedy choke puppy.

Hab money, hab friend.

Hog run fe him life; dog run fe him character.

Hungry fool wake soon.

John Crow tink him own pickney white.

Lizard never plant corn, but him hab plenty.

Never call centipede names.

No catfish, no habite.

# A Headstrong Crown Prince.

The Crown Prince of Germany and his young brother, Prince Fritz, are much dissimilar in character and disposition, the latter being extremely retiring and greatly impressed with the necessity for complying with parental authority. On several occasions, has suffered through disobeying his august father. The headstrong here apparent once told a friend that Prince Fritz was "a very good boy, but not the stuff that Kings are made of."

The Reason.

St. Louis Peacypop.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."

"That's the very thing I heard her say to Kate, no longer than yesterday."

"Boys may whistle." Of course, they may, if they putker their lips the proper way. But for the life of me I can't see why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing." Now I call that a curious thing. If boys can whistle, why can't girls too? It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So, if the boys can whistle and do it well, why can't the girls? Well, somebody said: "Why can't they do what a boy can do? That's the thing I should like to know."

I went to father and asked him why girls couldn't whistle as well as I. And he said: "The reason that girls must sing is because a girl's a sing-star thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache. When I said I thought it all a mistake.

"Never mind, little man," I heard her say. "They will make you whistle enough some day."

# BELLS WHICH RUNG FAMOUS THINGS

Celebrated Metal Voices in the Old World and the New.

IT WOULD be hard to find any inanimate object which has played so important a part in the history of the world as the bell. The Tartars sounded gongs as they rushed to battle, and the Florentines, when they went to war, had battle-bells mounted on wheels which they brought out and sounded "with dreadful din."

Bells have rung to call citizens and nations to arms and have sounded over pillaged and victorious towns. Bells have given the signal for great historic massacres, like those of St. Bartholomew and the "Sicilian Vespers," and they have called for centuries, and are still calling to weddings and funerals, to church and to festivities.

In a village in North China there is a bell which it is said has been ringing without intermission for a century. The natives believe that this bell has a peculiar influence on evil spirits, and that at every stroke of the iron tongue a devil is forced out of its business.

One would think that in a hundred years, with the bell constantly ringing, the devils in that village must, by this

time, have been pretty well exterminated. But the villagers do not think so, and propose to keep up the ringing for at least another century. Relays of bellringers perform the task, and a special tax is levied to pay them for their work.

When the people get more civilized they will probably either give up their foolish custom or buy an electric motor to do the ringing.

The best-known bell in the world is one which has never been rung. It is called the Car Kolokol, or the Car Bell, and is the biggest in the world.

After it was cast an attempt was made to hang it so that it could be rung, but it broke from its supports and made a hole in the ground into which it sank. For more than a hundred years the great bell lay where it had fallen, and the earth accumulated over it and about it.

Then came a Russian emperor, who had it raised and placed in a square to Moscow, where it now stands.

A piece was broken from its side when it fell, and through the opening thus made people pass in and out, for the bell is so large that it is used as a chapel, and religious services are held in it. This bell weighs more than 400,000 pounds, is more

than 19 feet high and 99 feet 9 inches in circumference. What a noise it would make if it should ever be rung up for a bell like any other bell!

Among celebrated bells those of the Church of St. Mary le Bow, in London, may never be omitted. "Bow Bells" they are called, and all "cockneys," or genuine London people, are supposed to be born within sound of their ringing.

It was Bow Bells which Dick Whittington thought he heard speaking to him when he was poor and discouraged in London with baggage but his net cat.

They are the ones that gave Dick fresh courage and made him become a rich merchant and a knight, who was elected Mayor of London when he was 60 years old, as the Bells of Bow had told him he would be.

In Belfast, Ireland, is preserved an old bell which is 132 years old. It is covered with precious stones and silver work of gold and silver. "The Bell of St. Patrick's Will" it is called, and the story is that the Saint had it made especially for himself and let it in his will to a church in the Irish city.

Hanging in churches in Sicily are the bells which, more than 600 years ago, rang

the eye really cannot see the actual operation. All that can be perceived is the silvery shining of a score of great, shapely bodies, a wild splashing that sets the water frothing, and then there are no more sea minnows in that tank.

The fresh water game fish have developed a queer liking for these sea water minnows, and the trout, the black bass and the pickerel and wall-eyed pike are all fed on the little oceanic fishes and fatten on them. This is lucky for it is practically impossible to transport the delicate fresh-water minnows to New York.

Shrimps, the beautiful, glassy insect-like crustaceans of the ocean, are also in great demand. They, too, are netted in the salt water lagoons near the ocean, and fed to the iridescent weakfish, which cook like frogs, and to scores of smaller species of sea-water fishes.

The rock-haunting fish of salt water, such as the bluefish and sea bream, are gathered by the bushel along the beaches. Even if it is then that he can catch them, it is by using a lantern. These tiny creatures are dumped into the tanks, where they scurry under the gravel and fill around in the water, furnishing eagerly hunted game for the fish.

Clams and oysters and mussels, half a dozen different kinds of marine worms, and even seaweed, are among the foods that must be ordered regularly. Some of the creatures in the aquarium are so delicate in their appetites that they eat only things so tiny that they are absolutely invisible except to the microscope. And these little objects cling to seaweed. So the sea horse is to supply the tank with an abundance of the seaweed in which the scraps of food are concealed.

# Music in Battle.

Music is considered by military men to be the best possible means to enhearten and cheer soldiers. A band has often saved a battle. But the Filipinos lost a fight by setting their band into operation.

An American company was besieged in its barracks, standing off the attack of several hundreds of Filipinos. Finally the Filipino commander ordered his band to turn itself loose, which it did, with some Spanish airs. Meanwhile the firing went on.

Suddenly the native bandmen burst out with an American piece that they had learned in Manila before the war. It was "Dixie." The besieged Americans were all Texans or Tennesseans.

With a yell and a howl they burst out of their barracks and swept the insurgents out of the town.

# Echo Answers, Why?

Pittsburg Gazette.

The weather man may be all right, but this one's wrong.

Why is it with two ball games on? He always pulls off rain!

# The Tiger Swallow-Tail Butterfly

DIRECTIONS for coloring: Body and antenna, black; a yellow line down side of body; wings yellow with broad black border, in which are many yellow spots.

In the hind wing, the first and last spots are orange, instead of yellow; just behind these spots in the hind wing are many patches of metallic blue, shading into the black of the border.

The fore wings are crossed by several irregular black stripes, one of which runs down into the tail of the hind wing.

The caterpillars are green, with two small, black-edged yellow eye spots with black-eyed light blue centers.

The clovers are purple; daisies, white; stems and leaves, green.

The Tiger Swallowtail, like other members of the swallowtail family, is distinguished by his long coat-tails.

He has received the name "Tiger" because he wears a yellow suit with many black stripes, like his jungle namesake.

His wings are ornamented with a broad black band set with many yellow spangles and faint blue patches.

He is a well-known patron of the clover field, and when once thoroughly absorbed in sipping nectar with his long sucking tube, he can be approached without difficulty.

Madam Tiger Swallowtail resembles her husband in appearance so closely that she takes an expert to tell them apart. She sits about high in the treetops, her yellow gown showing in strong contrast against the leafy background. If you watch closely you may be able to catch her in the act as she lays her eggs, one by one, on the upper surface of the leaves.

In about eight days the first tiny caterpillar hatches out and begins hungrily eating everything in reach.

When full grown, he is deep green in color, with two yellowish eye spots, bordered with black, with tiny blue centers. Such a terrifying appearance do the queer markings give him that he is often called the busaboe of caterpillar land.

He feeds upon a greater variety of plants than any other member of his family. He can be happy with almost any kind of leaf. Birch and wild cherry, however, seem to be his especial favorites.

For his comfort and convenience he spins a "caddy" mattress of silk upon a suitable leaf, and when not busy eating, he rests at ease upon this downy couch.

When increasing size compels him to discard his old suit for a new one, he must spin himself a new mattress. After

# The Gatherers of Fish Food

Queer Occupation Created by the New York Aquarium.

A BRAND new occupation in New York was created when the New York Aquarium opened its doors; and since then, as it grew, this occupation grew in importance with it, till now it gives work to many men.

It is the gathering of the food supply for the fishes, turtles and other creatures in the tanks.

The fishes have as many different tastes and appetites as the beasts in a zoological park. Just as some of these animals demand meat, while others want hay or vegetable, and still others will touch only living food, so the fish must have food suited for them.

Consequently, the fish-food collectors

have a widespread field to cover. It leads them from the butcher shops, where they get raw meat, to distant salt water lagoons, where only the sea birds wheel.

The big game fish of salt water, such as the striped bass, bluefish and predaceous flatfish, rarely touch anything that is not alive. For their benefit, the food collectors must go out daily with long, fine-meshed nets and scoop in gallons of the beautiful sea minnows known as kill-fish. These are so hardy that they can be kept alive in wet seaweed for hours, and, therefore, it is easy to transport them to the aquarium.

When a handful of these is thrown into a tank inhabited by striped bass, the little fellows are gobbled up so fast that



# HOW CITY BOYS LEARN TO SWIM

IN all the world there are no better swimmers than the boys of the far East and West of New York in the tenement districts. These boys are perceptive water rats, and the famous fountains of the diving boys of Port Said and Key West are nothing compared to their skill in the water.

They usually learn to swim by being thrown overboard from some one of the long piers, 20 and more feet high, that jut out into the swift currents of the East and Hudson Rivers. It is a simple method, and every season there are a few drowning accidents from it; but most of the boys manage to flounder long enough till one of the good swimmers can get over to them and pick them up.

As may be imagined, these city boys don't get much opportunity for fooling around and thrusting first one toe and then another into the water before venturing in. There are no shallow spots for miles along the city's shores. Pier suits, and pier, and everywhere the water is deep enough to permit the entrance of a big ship.

Once in the water, therefore, it's a case of swim or drown. There isn't even anything to hold on to in case of need. The sides of the piers are smooth and slippery, and the tides are so strong and treacherous that only a good swimmer can dare them.

These boys think nothing of diving down to the bottom, 15 and 20 feet below, and bringing up shells and stones that have been thrown in for them to find. Neither does it frighten them to venture far out in the broad, tossing, great of the rivers, in among the hurrying steam shipping.

Even among the small boys, not more than 10 or 12 years old, there is intense



The Candy looked so very good. And was, I want it understood. But the deep and awful problem that kept poor May awake - She could not make her mind up As to which of them 'to take!