

The Story of the Model Jail of Tinkletown

It Didn't Prove Comfortable for the Only Thief Who Entered It.

TINKLETOWN was such a pleasant town that few of the inhabitants ever cared to leave it, even for a short time. Consequently, when a citizen did make a journey occasionally to a neighboring city, the rest of Tinkletown looked on him as a great and adventurous traveler, and the population would gather at the town pump on his return to hear his tales.

One of the wisest of the citizens once made a trip to sell hay and grain, and he did not return to Tinkletown again for three weeks. This was the very longest journey that any of the town's folk had ever made, and you may be sure that all Tinkletown was wildly excited when he arrived there again.

That evening, at the town pump, he said:

"Dear fellow citizens, I am glad to be at home again. Although I have, as you may say, seen a great deal of the world, let me assure you that there is no place on this wide earth that is so good as Tinkletown. I speak from experience, for I have seen seven cities, and have traveled nearly 100 miles."

"Goodness!" said all the Tinkletowners. "What risks you must have taken!"

"Yes, yes," said the returned adventurer, coughing modestly. "But that is neither here nor there. The point is that, although none of the places I have seen have such beautiful streets or such excellent houses or such a good town pump or such fine citizens and cows, there is one thing in which Tinkletown is really beating the age, and it made me very much ashamed."

"Goodness!" said all the Tinkletowners. "What can it be?"

"It is a town jail," said the traveler. "Even the smallest towns in the outside world have jails, and we should certainly see to it that we have one."

"But we never needed one," said a fat citizen, who was not considered so wise as the rest, although he would have been considered marvelously wise anywhere else.

"What difference does that make," replied the burgomaster, "when it is a question of a public improvement? A town jail we must have."

All the Tinkletowners immediately went home to ask their wives what kind of a town jail they would like. When they had agreed, each man had a different plan, so the burgomaster had the happy idea of taking a bit of each man's plan and making a new one that combined them all.

"But," said the citizens to the one who had traveled, "what do you do with a jail after you have it?"

"Look people up in it," said the traveler promptly.

"The Tinkletowners were so wise that



THE THIEF BEFORE THE BURGO-MASTER AT THE TOWN PUMP.

"How travel broadens a man," said all the Tinkletowners admiringly. "He knows everything."

"I think we should send a committee to examine the other jails and tell us their faults so we can avoid them in ours," said the burgo-master. Everybody agreed to this and the five wisest men were selected to do it.

When they returned they said to the burgo-master:

"Dear friends, we have examined the matter carefully, and we have found that the greatest complaint that is made by the people of the different towns is that their jails are overcrowded. They think that this is because they are built too small in the first place, but we have thought it over and we have found the true reason: it is too easy in those towns for people to get into jail—that is why they are crowded."

The Tinkletowners were so wise that they did not need further reports. They set to work to build their jail at once, and to make sure that it would not be too easy to get into it, they built it without any doors at all. They made the walls quite solid, and the light and air came in from little holes near the very top and through a big chimney.

"Now," said they, "when it was finished, we imagine that this jail will not be overcrowded."

Soon the fame of Tinkletown's great jail spread throughout the land, and before long the thieves and other knaves of the Grand Duchy of Bratwurst began to journey toward Tinkletown because they thought that the town would be easy prey. But they were finely fooled.

When the jail was finished the burgo-master said: "Now, in order to be up to date, we must put a thief into it at once."

"But there are no thieves in Tinkletown," said the citizen who was not so wise as the rest.

The burgo-master scratched his head. Then he cried:

"I have it! We will post a guard at the city gate and catch the first thief who arrives."

"Goodness!" said all the Tinkletowners. "How simple. Why could we not all think of that at once?"

The guard was posted at the gate and when the first thief arrived, they took off their hats, bowed and said:

"Welcome, good sir. Are you a thief?"

"Of course, the thief said. 'Not'.

"Then we are very sorry, good sir," said the guard, "but we cannot let you in. We are looking for a thief." So they turned him away.

The thief after this was thus kept out, until the Master Thief arrived. He had met the other thieves and heard their experience. So when he arrived in the city gate at Tinkletown, and the guard asked him, "Are you a thief?" he answered, "Yes, indeed."

"Hurrah!" cried the guard, and escorted him immediately to the town square, where the burgo-master was come him in a fine speech and begged him to go ahead and steal all he chose.

The master thief did not wait to be asked twice, but immediately entered the houses and gathered treasures. When he had filled a great bag with gold and gems, he calmly walked to the gate to leave the city. But to his indignation, the guard seized him with loud cries, "A thief! A thief!" and dragged him before the burgo-master and the City Council at the town pump.

"How is this?" cried the master thief angrily. "Did you not tell me to go ahead and steal, and of course, we couldn't be sure you were a thief till you stole something, could we?"

"They led the angry thief to the jail, and there the burgo-master sentenced him to be imprisoned for three days. Since there was no door to the jail, they got a ladder and took him to the roof and lowered some bread and water after him and went away.

On the fourth day the people of Tinkletown gathered to liberate the thief, but they found that while it was easy enough to let him down into the chimney, it was impossible to pull him up.

The good Tinkletowners set to work with crowbars and pickaxes to break a hole into the wall. They had built the jail so honestly that it took seven days to make the opening. When the hole came they were only the skin and bones. He fled from Tinkletown as fast as his legs could carry him, and thereafter no thief ever dared to enter the city of the wise people.

The Queerest School in all the World

It Is Full of Water and Pupils Study at the Bottom of It.



SOMETIMES THE TOOLS "FALL" UPWARD LIKE LIGHTNING.

THE queerest school in the world is in Portsmouth, England. The schoolhouse is a huge tank of boiler iron. It is about 12 feet high, and is filled to the brim with sea water. The pupils get their lessons at the bottom of it.

This queer school is a school for divers and the schoolmasters are officers of the British navy. Divers are an necessary to a modern naval vessel as sailors, and the tars who volunteer to learn diving get extra pay, so there are always pupils enough to want to go into that watery iron school.

The iron schoolhouse has a gallery running around the top, where men stand to send air to the pupil, signal to him, teach him to answer and watch his actions.

Down near the bottom of the tank are square windows, so that officers can look at every motion of the diver and see whether or not he is doing his lessons correctly.

The first thing that he pupil has to study is his curious clothing, which is not at all simple. Many days are spent over this part of his education, till he knows every inch of it and understands thoroughly what every valve is for and how it should be worked.

Then he must learn to go into the water after he is dressed in his diving armor. This isn't simple, either. It isn't just merely a case of stepping in and sinking. The pressure of the water makes lots of trouble for every beginner, and often would injure him severely if he did not get used to it by degrees.

After he has learned to enter the water and sink gradually to the bottom his real troubles begin. Everything is strange down there. The water acts like thick glass, so that it is hard to see. The diver swings sideways and pushed back, for the water is too dense to permit free motion. He must learn to "sway" through it.

Then he must learn to handle his tools. The first thing that will happen to him, probably, will be to let go of some light tool and find it darting upward out of his

snare. It is no joke for a diver who is working 30 feet under the surface to "drop" a light tool, for instead of falling at his feet, where he can pick it up by stooping, it "falls" upward like a cork and bobs to the surface, so that the only way he can get it is to go up after it.

The use of tools is vastly different under water from what it is on land. In hammering, for instance, the diver cannot swing his arms and bring his hammer down with the freedom of a carpenter. The resistance of the water prevents any such ease of action. He must learn to hammer in quite a new way.

If he has to shovel away any mud or sand he finds it another hard and novel piece of work. It is true that a shovelful of mud weighs much less under water; but on the other hand, none of the mud or sand will "stay put." Hardly has he taken out a shovelful before the hole begins to fill up again with sand carried into it by the water.

On a hard bottom the diver generally finds it fairly easy to walk. But on a muddy bottom he may sink half way to his waist.

Wherever he may walk he must learn never to take a single step without looking behind him to make sure that the rubber hose that carries air to him is uncoiling freely and is not in danger of being cut by sharp corners or rocks or shovelful. The same care must be given to the stout rope that is tied around him and that acts as the lifeline by which he may be hauled to the surface should anything happen to him.

He must learn, too, that his helmet needs constant attention. He must take care that enough air is pumped into it to give him all he wants for breathing and a little more to fill his rubber dress and keep it blown up. If too much is pumped in, he must unscrew a little valve in the helmet and let it out.

All these things the young Portsmouth divers learn in the tank, with half a dozen sharp eyes watching them to make sure that they do it.

They have lots of work to do on warships. Their hardest regular work is to clean the bottoms of the great vessels. No matter how smooth and polished a ship's bottom is when she leaves drydock, it becomes foul within a very few weeks. Seaweed begins to grow on it almost at once. Barnacles and other marine animals fasten themselves to it. And this interferes with its speed, and the divers must lower themselves along the side and scour the ship, even while she is steaming along in mid-ocean.

Then at regular intervals the divers must work along the keel and search for loose rivets or other defects in the steel plates of the hull. If the ship is in strange waters where the bottom is not considered good holding ground, the diver goes down and examines the anchor to make sure that it is set and buried deeply enough to hold the vessel in any weather.

The naval diver's most dangerous work comes when a ship knocks a hole into her bottom. Then he must go down in a barry and try to stop the leak by forcing canvas and other material into and over it. Now if the hole is a big one, the water will be rushing into it with such force that if it caught him it would shove his body into the opening and crush him to death. Only the best divers are sent down in cases of this kind, and even they know that they are bent on a mission fully as dangerous as that of the crew of a torpedo-boat which is dispatched to attack a battleship.

The Adventures of the Crusoe Children

A Story of Castaways of the Caribbean.

Chapter I.

FOR six weeks the steam yacht Stingaree had been cruising among the islands of the Caribbean Sea. She hailed from Boston, and her owner, who was a wealthy resident of that city, had planned a trip lasting three months.

As passengers she carried his wife, daughter and himself, a gentleman from Philadelphia, and a single gentleman from Pittsburgh. All these people were related to each other. The only one outside their circle was a youth 14 years old named Charles Lee. He was the son of an old friend of the owner, and was invited as a guest.

The owner's daughter was named Minnie. She was 12 years old and had known Charles for a year or more. The two had been attending the same grammar school in Boston.

The yacht carried a crew of 20 men, and was rated as a staunch and well-found craft, and one able to weather any sort of weather. On this trip she had visited most of the Bahama Islands, and spent a week at Porto Rico, and finally made ready to voyage farther south and take in the Windward Islands.

During the six weeks not an accident of any sort had happened to mar the pleasures of the voyage.

An hour before the Stingaree left the Porto Rico harbor an old man came down to the wharf and took a long look at her. He was a Carib Indian, and he was such a queer-looking old man that he attracted attention at once. By and by he began shaking his head and muttering in Spanish and Indian, and when some of the sailors on the yacht laughed at him, he grew angry and pointed to the sky, seeming anxious to warn them of danger. As no one could understand him, a young Spaniard finally came forward and explained to the captain:

"What the old man is trying to tell you is that there is going to be a hurricane, and that you should not leave the harbor until it is over."

"What does he know about it?" was asked.

"He is a very old man, and knows all about the weather. No one has ever known him to fail."

"But the weather reports say nothing of a coming hurricane," replied the captain.

"That is true; but if the old man says there is one coming, then the sailors who have heard of him will believe what he says."

The owner of the yacht and all the passengers were ashore and did not see the old man or hear his prediction. When they returned the captain said nothing about it, and the engineer was ordered to get up steam. Two hours later the Stingaree was out of the harbor and heading to the south.

The weather was mild and pleasant, and for five or six hours there were no signs of a change.

At 10 o'clock at night the wind began to rise, and within an hour it was piping away and rolling up a heavy sea. The passengers went to bed as usual, thinking it only a Summer gale, but by midnight the seas were so heavy that the yacht was tumbled about like a cork in everybody's hands, and dressed and gathered in the main cabin.

"Soon it was plain to all that a hurricane had set in. For a while the yacht ran before it, but after midnight she had to be brought around with her head to the wind, and though she kept her engines working, everybody knew that she was rapidly drifting away under pressure of the wind.

The seas broke over her so that everything was battened down and none of the passengers allowed on deck, and at 2 o'clock in the morning even the stoutest-hearted sailor aboard was ready to say that the Stingaree was in dire peril.

From 2 o'clock to daylight no one could move about the cabin, and the creakings of the woodwork and the screechings of the gale created such an uproar that speech was impossible. When the sun came up, the wind lulled a little and words were passed around that the storm was over, but within an hour the hurricane was blowing with stronger force than ever.

It was then that the captain informed the passengers that the en-

gines showed signs of giving way under the terrible strain, and that if anything broke and the Stingaree fell off into the trough, the sea she would be beaten to pieces by the tremendous waves in no time.

Captain and crew were helpless to do anything further, and could only wait and hope. As the hours wore slowly on the weather seemed to grow worse instead of better, and at noon no one aboard had any hope that the yacht could live the afternoon through.

The passengers gathered together as closely as they could and took each other's hands and the women wept and the men looked very solemn. At noon the engineer reported that his engines would not be able to stand the strain an hour longer, and the captain came down into the cabin and made the people understand that there was but one thing to be done. He would use



PSYCHING FOR HER PHOTOGRAPH WITH SUCH A CUNNING LOOK.

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the three barrels of oil aboard (a yacht to smooth the waves as much as possible, and then they must lower the boats and get away in them.

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Some Negro Proverbs.

Coward man keep whole bones.

Cubbitch (covey) fe one plum, you lose de whole bunch.

Cuss-cuss (calling names) bore hole in no man's skin.

Every day do fishing day, but every day no fish catch.

Ferry dog know fish dinner time.

Follow fashion break monkey neck. (A monkey's neck is proverbially hard to break.)

It Puzzled Helen.

"The Bull. After Paul Potter," read Helen's mother from the catalogue at the art exhibiting, as they stood before a copy of the famous painting.

Helen looked at the picture with interest. "Oh, yes," she said suddenly. "Then that must be Paul Potter under the tree there, wonder why he doesn't climb up."

Detty's Learning.

Teacher says the world is round. And yet it looks round like mad— Now will you think of that!

And that ain't all, for teacher tells us a thing queerer yet: I'd tell them to you, only I somehow seem to forget.

A Dictionary Beast.

"You would," said the ornithobrychus. "A sort of bird-creature think us; For we've seen on our jaws. And a duck's bill for jaws. Yet we've hair, which to beasts seems to link us."

Patsy's Small Tea Party

PATSY was giving a very unusual party.

The guests consisted of four small boys—Marshall Denton, Philip Burns, Scovill Carter and Roland Martin. Of the first three Patsy was very fond and spent a great deal of time playing with them, either together or separately. They were all under six years of age, and she never could understand why they were so nice and lovable at that age, and after that grew teary and rough and quite impossible.

Roland Martin she did not really care for—he was always in the way when she wanted to play with Laura; but she had made up her mind that she must try to be good to him for Laura's sake, and after something of a struggle she had asked him to her party.

The hour for the party was half-past five, but at a quarter past Patsy had found her guests sitting on the front steps shivering, and so she had to ask them, although she wasn't really ready.

They were all scrubbed to a most glittering pink and whiteness. Roland Martin was so dressed and so uncomfortable that he was easy to manage for once.

Patsy gave them her picture game of old maid to play with and began to shuffle and deal for them.

"Oh," said Philip Burns, "you ought to give me the cards. I'm company."

Patsy laughed, handed him the pack and disappeared to finish setting her tea table in the library. Her mother had said she might have the party on condition that she would attend to everything except the actual cooking. So Patsy had

thought of the things that boys like best and had set the table with odd dishes and a little present at each plate.

As Patsy worked she could hear the boys talking in the parlor. Once she settled a dispute that almost became a fight, and again she had to remind them that they ought to be a little more polite to each other. Then, just as another and more serious affair began, Patsy skipped into their midst and invited them to supper.

As soon as they were served to the good things Josephine had cooked, they grew quiet and extremely amiable, and Patsy smiled and told them stories.

"Marshall," said Patsy, as she began to pour the chocolate, "will you have chocolate or water or both?"

"I'll take milk," said Marshall promptly. Patsy was about to reprove him, but then remembered that he always did have milk at home, so she just slipped away and got a glass.

On the whole they were very well behaved, considering their age and the fact that they had never been to a party of their own before.

Roland Martin ate so much that he only spoke twice, and only kicked the other boys under the table once.

Scovill Carter behaved perfectly, but he always did, for he was a very gentle little fellow and loved Patsy and tried to please her.

For dessert they had canned peaches and chocolate cake—the kind of cake that has the chocolate all the way through and looks very dark and luscious and has white icing a-top.

All the boys except Philip took some cake.

"Why Philip?" said Patsy, "don't you want any?"

"No," replied Philip. "I don't like ginger-bread." But when the other boys told him what it was and what he was missing, he took the largest piece left on the plate.

After supper they had lots and lots of games. Patsy knew a great many good ones. They romped and played, and laughed and had a very exciting time. When they were hot and tired and Philip's curls were straggling and neckties were untied and collars and shirtfronts unbuttoned, Patsy repaired the damages and they all sat on the floor for a cooling-off game of old maid.

My Dad.

My father always says, says he, That when he was a boy like me, He never thought of having fun Till he got all his lessons done. And he says when His father had Brandy for him, he'd run like mad. It must have made his father sad To have a good son like my dad.



IT WOULD BE AN AWFUL RISK, BUT NO GREATER THAN TO REMAIN BY THE CRAFT.



AND THOSE TWO BOYS JUST GRINNED AND LOOKED SILLY.

Boy was boating in a flower bed. He wore a big straw hat, and his back was turned, so he did not see the boys as they swaggered belonging to Mrs. Connor.

"Hi there, Bubby, what's your name?" called Teddy from his safe perch.

The New Boy did not look up. He dropped his hat and took up a trowel and began digging a hole.

"Where's Milly, I wonder?" said Dick.

"Say, little boy, what you doing in that garden?"

The New Boy threw up a trowelful of earth, and some of it just missed Dick, who was nearest.

"Say, there. Don't you be assy or I'll come along and pull your nose, pretty cur." The New Boy set a bulb in the hole he



ONCE SHE SETTLED A DISPUTE THAT WAS ALMOST A FIGHT.