

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

HOW HANS WENT TO ITALY.

Story of a German boy who marched with an army of children across the Alps and what they found on the other side.

By Robert H. Fuller.

HANS lived in the city of Cologne, in Germany, so long ago that America had not even been discovered at the time, for Cologne had not then been born. Yet Cologne was a large place then, as it is now, and it was famous for its Cathedral, just as it is today. Hans, who was the son of a blacksmith and armorer, knew all about this Cathedral, which was not strange, since Father Godfrey, his best friend, lived in it.

Many thousands of men and women and children came to the Cathedral every year to pray before the splendid shrine in which lay the bones of the Wise Men, in a beautiful golden casket. Therefore it was no unusual thing to see crowds about the door. But one day as Hans and Godfrey were returning from some visits to the poor and sick which the good monk had been making, they were surprised to find an especially great throng about the door of the church.

"Some one seems to be preaching there," Godfrey said, shading his eyes with his hand. I wonder who it can be?"

"It's a boy," Hans exclaimed. "He doesn't look any older than I am."

"So it is," the monk replied. "Let us go nearer."

They pressed on and found a strange sight. A young boy with fair long hair and blue eyes was preaching to a crowd of pilgrims just outside the door of the church, and so many had gathered to listen to him that Godfrey was unable to force his way through them. So he was compelled to stand with the rest and wait until the young preacher should finish.

They soon found that he was preaching about the Holy Land, which was then in the hands of the infidels. He was telling his hearers that the time had come to rescue the sacred city of Jerusalem. There was nothing surprising in this, for the same thing had been preached for many years by priests, and armies of men had marched to the Holy Land to attempt what they called. But what was strange was the fact that the boy who was now preaching did not ask for an army or armed men, but insisted that children should be the rescuers of the territory that was to be conquered.

Hans listened to the boy, and it seemed to him that he had never heard anything more beautiful in his life than the things that the boy was saying. The brave words and the promises of victory made the blood tingle in his veins and he forgot all about his companion until the sermon, if it could be called a sermon, was ended and the crowd began to move away.

"Wasn't it splendid?" he said, taking Godfrey by the hand.

"It was remarkable," Godfrey said with a smile. "I wonder who the lad can be?"

They asked some of the bystanders, who said:

"We do not know who he is. He says that his name is Nicholas, and that he lives in a village not far from the city."

"He is very silly to think that children could capture the Holy Land when so many brave men have failed," Godfrey said.

Now Hans was sorry to hear his friend talk in that way, for he already felt sure in his own mind that all he had heard Nicholas say was true and that the Holy Land was to be regained by children. He thought it best not to reply, however, for he did not wish to give Godfrey pain. But he came the next day and the next to hear the young preacher, and a great many other boys and even a few girls came, too. The result of this was that the children became convinced that they would win success against the armies of their elders had failed, and before long they began to talk about setting out for the Holy Land.

Good Father Godfrey was much vexed when he found that Hans had made up his mind to join the expedition.

"You will be very sorry for it, my boy," he said with a sigh. "The place you wish to seek is many miles away, over sea and land, and you cannot hope to reach it alive. You would do better to be guided by those who know more than you, and remain at home with us."

But Hans would not listen, and Father Godfrey at last told his father, the smith, what was in his mind. The result of this was that Hans received



a good beating with a leather strap that his father wore with his great apron when he was in the forge, but the beating did not change his purpose. Hans was not a bad boy, but the truth was he could not help wanting to go, sorry as he was to grieve his father and his friend Godfrey. He could not sleep for thinking of the wonderful things he was to see on the journey to the Holy Land, and he never doubted that when the army of children arrived there the infidels would at once lay aside their arms, as Nicholas predicted, and fall upon their knees. There would be no fighting, he was certain of that.

There were a great many more children who felt as he did. In fact, there were so many of them that when they gathered outside the city of Cologne the fields were covered with them far and near. There were no less than 20,000 of them in all, and they made an army indeed. Most of them wore long gray coats, with a red cross sewn on the breast of the garment. It was a great grief to Hans that he did not have a cloak, but as he had been compelled to run away from his home early that morning in order to join the crusade, of course it was impossible for him to get one. Once in the crowd, he had no fear that his father or Godfrey would find him.

"With waving banners and songs of triumph the army set out, marching southward toward Italy, whence they would advance, as Nicholas told them, to the Holy Land. Their hearts beat high with hope.

"Shall we reach Italy tomorrow?" asked a red-headed boy, who marched beside Hans.

"No," Hans replied. "It is many days' journey, and we must cross the Alps before we reach it."

"Do you suppose there are bears in the Alps?" said another boy, who had large freckles on his nose.

"I don't know," Hans replied. "I hope not."

"If there are any bears there," the red-headed boy said, "all that Nicholas will have to do is to explain to them where we are going, and they will not harm us."

It was a long day's march before the children halted on the first day. Hans found a resting place among some sheaves in a field of oats. Many of the boys had brought a supply of provisions with them, and the one with the freckled nose, who was only 8 years old, shared his supper with Hans.

Strange as it may seem, by no means all the parents had objected to the expedition. Many of them were as ignorant of the distance to be traveled, and of the dangers to be encountered on the way as were the children themselves, and so they had allowed them to go.

Day after day the children marched on from city to city and from town to town. In most places the people were glad to see them and willingly provided them

with food. Before long some of the younger and smaller ones became tired out and could go no farther. These were left behind in the care of strangers, and some of them found their way home after they had rested. Some others grew homesick and turned back, but the greater part of the army pressed on until at last they could see the white peaks of the Alps rising against the blue sky before them.

Now began the most difficult part of

their travels. The road led them among the mountains, along clear, cold lakes and between rocky cliffs toward Conis, over which they must climb. Gradually the way became more steep and stony, and the nights grew so cold that Hans found it hard to sleep. The sharp rocks cut their feet, for their shoes had long ago been worn out and many of the boys had thrown them away, not knowing how much they would need them in the mountains. The streams came dashing down the narrow valleys from the melting banks of snow above. Here many more of the children found that they could go no farther and turned back, saying farewell to their companions, with tears in their eyes. Among them was the boy with the freckled nose, whose name was Gottlieb.

"Take my cloak," he said sadly to Hans. "I shall not need it on my way home. But when you come back from the Holy Land bring me some relic, since I cannot go with you."

"Yes, indeed, I will," Hans replied. He was delighted to have the cloak not only for the fine appearance it made but still more for the warmth. But he was sorry to have little Gottlieb leave, for they had become great friends.

Gaining down from the mountain top next morning the children saw the wide plains of Italy spread beneath them in the warm sunlight. You may be sure that the sight made them glad to take up their journey again, and with all speed they descended the steep sides of the mountain upon which they had suffered so much.

"Hurry," said Hans to the boy with the red hair. "We shall find plenty to eat down there and no longer shall we be in danger of freezing in the snow."

"There was no need for Hans to give this advice, for the red-headed boy made his long legs go so fast that Hans found it hard work to keep up with him. And so they reached the plain and found themselves among people whose language they could not understand and were not so kind to them as their own people had been along the Rhine, on the other side of the mountains. But they were warm, at any rate, and they found food enough to keep them from starving. By dusty roads between green fields they went until they reached the splendid city of Genoa, where a thousand ships lay at anchor in the harbor.

"From this place," Nicholas announced, "we shall set out for the Holy Land. A way will be found to cross the sea."

Hans was invited by a merchant and his wife, who happened to know the German tongue, to pass the night with them, and he was glad enough to accept. For the first time since he left his own home in Cologne he slept in a bed. But he was not allowed to enjoy it until he had told the story of his adventure, and great was the wonder and pity of Pietro and Maria, for so the merchant and his wife were named, at what he had to tell. They had no children of their own, and it was evident that Maria was greatly pleased with their visitor.

"Suppose we adopt him," she said to her husband when Hans had gone to his chamber. "He is a fine, strong boy, and he can help you with your business. If he will stay with us, we shall have some one to lean upon as we grow old."

"I think it is a good idea," Pietro re-

plied. "I will speak to the boy about it tomorrow."

So in the morning he asked Hans to remain with them. At first the boy would not think of it, but he soon found that the promises made to them by Nicholas of finding a way across the sea to the Holy Land were not fulfilled and that it would be necessary for the army to march on, no one knew exactly whether. He also found that some of his companions had made up their minds to remain in Genoa, and so he finally decided to accept the offer that had been

made to him. He remained and never had reason to regret it, for in the course of time he rose to be one of the leading merchants in the city, owing to the fact that the ships which brought him wealth from all parts of the world.

As for the rest of the army, it marched on through Italy, going as far as Rome. But it never found a way to get to the Holy Land. Its numbers were much reduced by sickness and only a few of those who had set out so proudly from Cologne at last found their way back again.

STORY OF THE STOLEN GOLD

CHAPTER X.

THE runaway boy worked among the rags in the junkshop until noon, and then went to dinner. It was so hot that he turned his face away. When the old woman observed his action and then about to speak to him he said:

"I have worked three days and a half now, and I wish to go. Won't you please give me \$1 for what I have done?" "Why, hear him talk! The boy offers to work for his board and lodgings, and says he would be so glad to do it, and then wants it when he has a week to go!"

"You were to pay me \$5 a week and give me board and lodgings, man!" "I was, eh? Then I'm a liar, and I'll see about that. My son is sleeping upstairs, and I'll call him down and tell him that his innocent old mother has been called a liar by a cub of a boy. Then we'll see what happens—we'll see what!"

She started for the stair door and Frank grabbed for his hat and ran into the street. The old woman had no son. She had got all the work out of the runaway boy she could, and she wanted to scare him off. He didn't understand her game and he went.

Then, for the next four weeks Frank lived on the streets of New York. In all that time he did not earn a nickel. There was no chance for him to do so. Had he been well dressed and furnished with references he might have found a place, but he had neither good clothes nor anything to speak in his favor. On the contrary, he looked disreputable.

One day when he had taken a peddler's train he beckoned him into a doorway and said:

"See here, my boy, I can put you on to something a great deal better than this."

"What is it?" asked Frank.

"I'm running the dime museum up the street. I want a new freak."

"But I ain't a freak, am I?" stammered Frank.

"Well, no. You are simply an idiot of a boy who has probably run away from a good home, but I can make a freak of you. Did you ever hear of a Gygastiteus?"

"No, sir."

"It's an animal that is half-eel, and half-cat. I see the only one ever shown in this country, but he died. I can dress you up in a calfskin, put boots on your feet and tie a ear-rop on your head, and you will pass for the real thing. You'll be in a pen, and I shall expect you to eat grass. The pay will be \$10 a week and board. What do you say?"

Frank thought of the man who had told him on the first day of his arrival that he ought to hire out to eat grass, and he was so indignant that the tears came to his eyes.

"You'll make a fine Gygastiteus," continued the man. "You will bawl like a cat and whine like a colt, and you shall have all the green grass you can get away with. When the show is over for the day you will eat the same thing. Can you bawl like a nice little Gygastiteus tomorrow?"

"No, sir!" almost shouted the runaway boy. "I'll never be one!"

"Oh, you are a bit sensitive, are you? All right. If you had rather be a beggar than a nice little Guy, that's for you to say. Better think it over and come around. Grass is pretty good eating."

It was only an hour later when some one touched Frank on the shoulder. He thought it was a policeman and gave a jump, but when he looked up it was into the face of the farmer who had brought him into New York.

"Well, sonny, how does the runaway business get along?" asked the man in a good-natured way.

"I—I want to go back home," replied Frank, as his chin began to quiver.

"Hain't you got to be a hanker yet? Don't you own any one of these sky-scrapers around here?"

Frank couldn't say another word. He felt that he should break down if he tried so. The man led him to a restaurant and gave him the best, and almost the only meal he had eaten since coming to New York, and thence to a clothing store and bought him a new suit. Then they took a streetcar to the depot and a train for a village up the country.

"You see," said the farmer when they had got fairly started. "I know your uncle Joe and aunt Mary—known 'em a long time. When I heard that their boy had run away I remembered of your riding to the city with me. I came down to see a lawyer today, and thought I'd look around a little for you. Glad I've found you."

"But I stole money from them!" wailed Frank. "I stole their money and how can I ever go back?"

But he did go back. About mid-forteen of the next day, after staying all night with the farmer and walking seven miles the next morning, he entered the house to be cried over by aunt Mary and to do a little crying himself. Then uncle Joe asked him in and what do you suppose he did?

"Frank, if you've had enough of the runnin' away business you can go over to Johnson's store and bought him a suit for so long ago."

And Frank is on the old farm today, industrious and satisfied, and when the old folks say "I told you so," away he will be the owner of all the broad acres.

woods, over toward Frog Hollow. They had taken their clothes and some cooking utensils and were living in a tent. My, what a holey life they were leading! Bill and I went over to the camp every day or so, smuggling in all the food they wanted. But a new problem soon presented itself. When they went away it was early in October and all the fire they needed was for cooking purposes. Now that the weather was getting frisky and the nights were getting frosty and although they had piled branches around the tent until it was like a cabin they needed heat inside.

"It didn't take Bill Smith long to fix them up. We found an old tin roof to make the cover, with three lengths of stove pipe, and a few bricks for the hearth, and that was needed. We set the bricks in clay, which is plenty good enough. Of course, a little of the smoke escaped to the tent, but not enough to hurt anything. With the new fireplace they were as snug as a bug in a rug, until a real cold spell set in, when we all realized that they had to be taken care of. Winter clothes with them! Just a funny thing happened. Bill Smith was passing the Boggs farm one day, when Mr. Boggs hailed him.

"Say, Bill," he inquired, "do you know of any boys about the age of Louie and Jim that I can give their winter clothes to? They had a lot of woolen things, and I'm just like to give them to some poor boys that need them."

"You can wager that Bill didn't hesitate long. 'Why, yes,' he said. 'There's a poor woodchopper over in the woods with a couple of boys just their size. I know they'd like to have them.'"

"So Mr. Boggs went into the house and came back with a bundle containing Louie's and Jim's winter clothes. Bill said afterward there was a queer little twinkle in his eye when he handed him the bundle."

"You just tell them they're welcome to these, because my boys will probably outgrow them before they come back." "A day later, when the snow storm set in, and Mr. Boggs called Bill again.

"Say, Bill," he said, "I'm afraid those boys over in the woods don't sleep very warm these nights. Here's a pair of blankets off of my boys' beds that we've got no use for. By the way, you might take them over along with you."

"When Bill saw two brand-new pairs of rubber boots he had to laugh, and Mr. Boggs came to the door with two big packages and a lot of jam and things for Bill to pack on the sled, and that settled it. Of course, Mr. Boggs knew where they were all the time. He acted as if nothing had happened when the boys came for their Thanksgiving dinner, and they soon came to think their new mamma was the next best woman that ever lived.

"If any of your friends are going to keep their tents up during the winter this drawing will show just how to make the fireplace. You can get the rivets in any hardware store and can probably find some iron rods for the grate bars. If you can't, heavy telegraph wire will do if you put it close enough."

NOVEMBER.
November is the month when first
We're sure that Winter's here.
The flowers are gone, the trees are bare,
The park looks cold and drear.

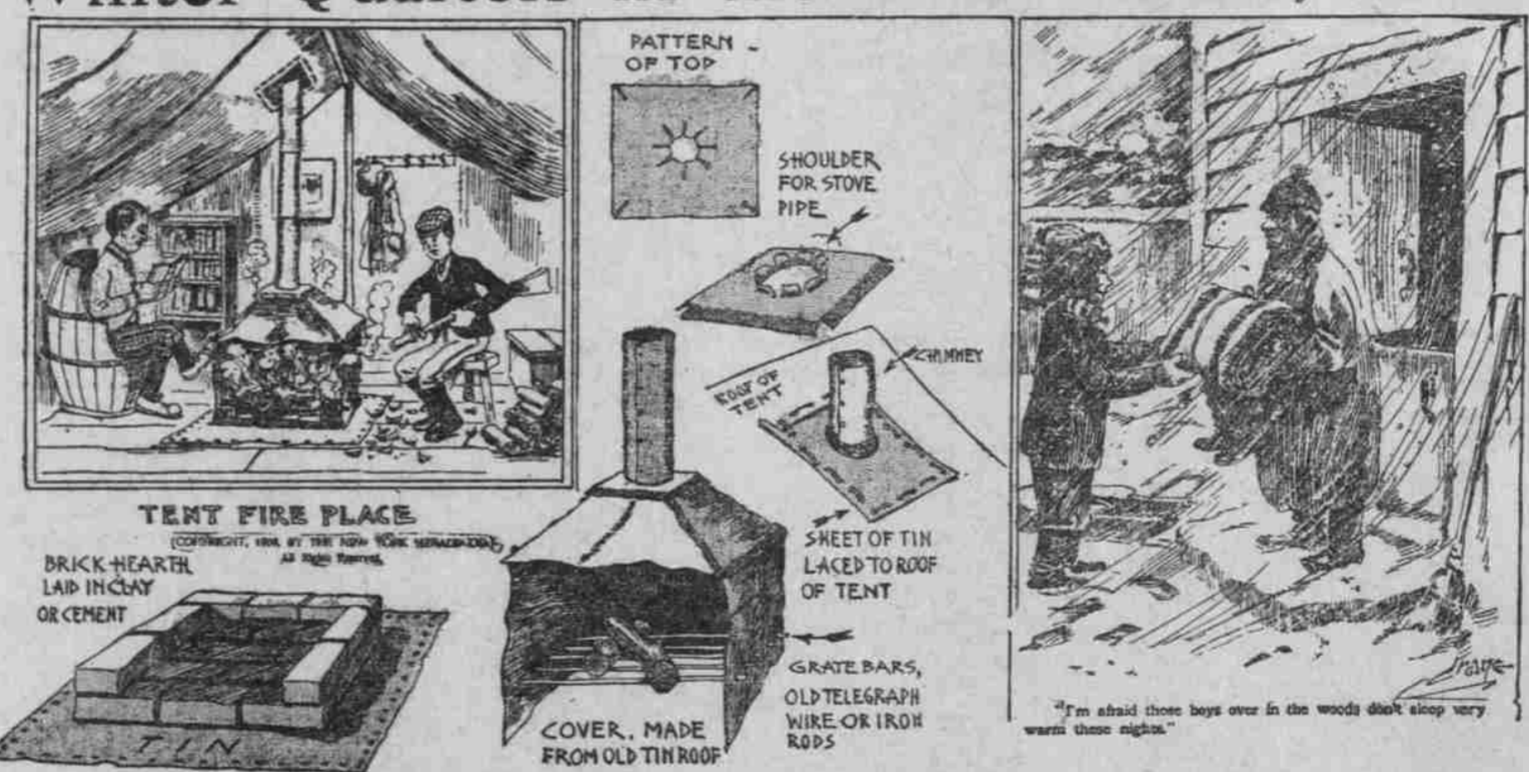
And yet inside the house it seems
Much warmer than before.
We sit beside the glowing fire,
Curled up upon the floor.

Our books we like so very much,
We play out in the park;
And come home gay and brisk,
Just as it's getting dark.

The shadow fall across the road,
And from the house the light
Gleams out upon our pathway
With welcome warm and bright.

So, after all, November
Is not so very sad,
Although we love October, when
November comes we're glad.

Winter Quarters in the Back Yard. By Uncle Dick.



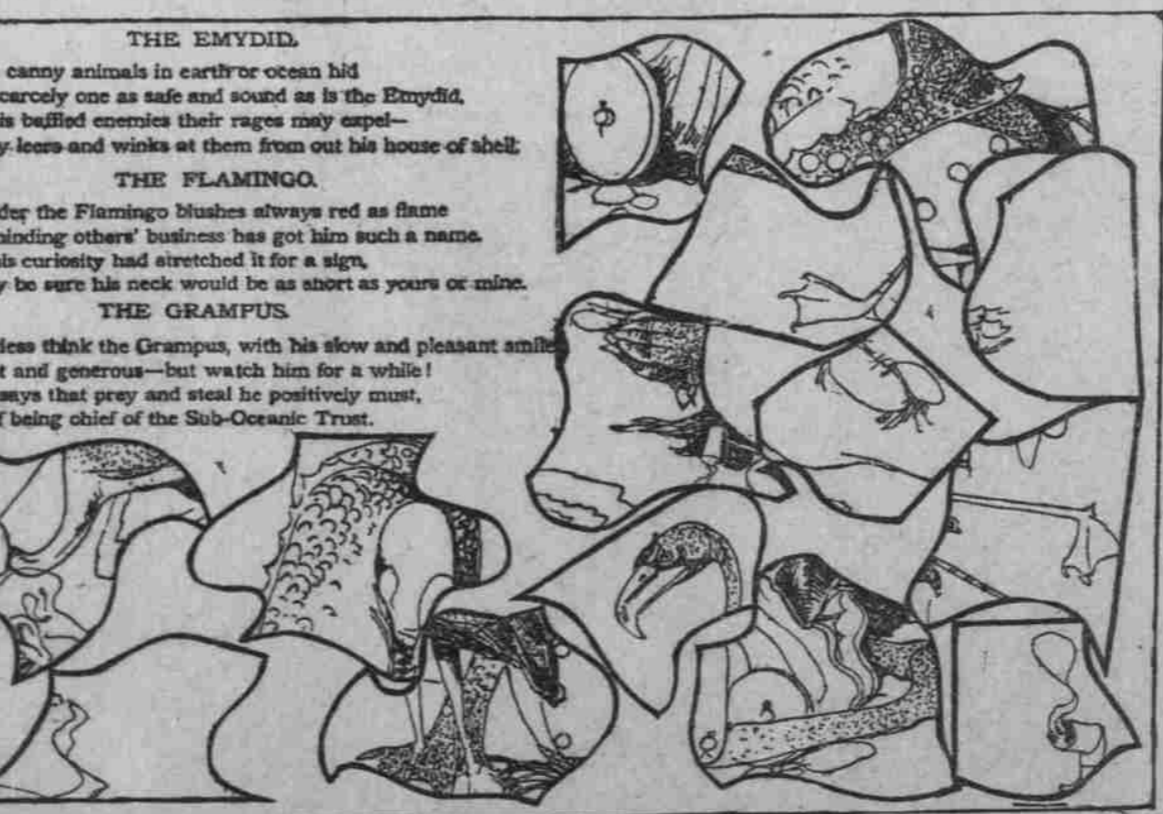
"TOMMY, I'm going to show you how to make something that won't be of any particular use in it."

quarters here, but I know that a whole lot of your friends will be interested in it."

entering the woodshed, and stood, with his back to the stove, gazing out of the window at the little flurry of snow—the first intimation that old Boreas was on

the job, practicing up a little for some of the big blunts he had in view later on.

Alphabet Animals in Patchwork Picture Puzzles.



THE EMYDDID.
Of all the canny animals in earth or ocean hid
There's scarcely one as safe and sound as is the Emyddid.
In vain his baffled enemies their rages may expel—
He simply leans and winks at them from out his house of shell.

THE FLAMINGO.
No wonder the Flamingo blushes always red as flame
When minding others' business has got him such a name.
Unless his curiosity had stretched it for a sign,
You may be sure his neck would be as short as yours or mine.

THE GRAMPUS.
You doubtless think the Grampus, with his slow and pleasant smile
Benevolent and generous—but watch him for a while!
Indeed he says that prey and steal he positively must,
Because of being chief of the Sub-Oceanic Trust.

To find the animals which are hidden in the patchwork picture puzzle proceed along the same lines as in putting together a mosaic puzzle or a jig saw puzzle. First cut out the entire mosaic and paste it on heavy wrapping paper before cutting out the separate pieces. This is merely to make it easier to handle the pieces, and it will also make the puzzle last longer. After you have thus reinforced the mosaic cut out the separate pieces. The white parts are to be cut away. In cutting out the parts which make up the picture be very careful out just within the black lines or the pieces will not fit nicely.

Illustrates. First cut out the entire mosaic and paste it on heavy wrapping paper before cutting out the separate pieces. This is merely to make it easier to handle the pieces, and it will also make the puzzle last longer. After you have thus reinforced the mosaic cut out the separate pieces. The white parts are to be cut away. In cutting out the parts which make up the picture be very careful out just within the black lines or the pieces will not fit nicely.