



Jane, Jemima and Joshua

YOU can never tell what the Jenkins children will do next. Every time I left them alone I would tell them not to do everything I could think of that they shouldn't do, and when I came home again I would find they had been getting into a new and unexpected kind of mischief.

I had been staying with them a week or two while their mother and father were away, and I had really hoped to have the house in good condition when I handed it over to Mrs. Jenkins—and here was the front door entirely and completely gone. I felt justified that time in speaking very severely to the Jenkins children, and when I left for the village again to get a few things I had forgotten, and to order a new door from the carpenter, I added to all my other instructions, "Do not give away the front piazza, the chimney, the cellar or any other part of the house."

On the way home I began to wonder if I had been a little unkind to the children. After all, it was very generous of them to give away the front door, although it showed poor judgment. And I made up my mind to give them each a cookie when I reached the house, with jam with their tea. I never knew what a surprise was awaiting me! I did not give the Jenkins children cookies when I reached the house. In fact, I never reached the house at all. For when I came to the front gate, what was my amazement to find that the house had disappeared! And the Jenkins children were sitting quietly on the lawn playing parcheesi.

"Oh, Miss Semphronia!" cried Jane, jumping up. "We are so glad you never told us not to give the house away! Just after you left a man in a flying machine came by and stopped a while to talk to us, and he told us he had no home but the flying machine, and it gave him such a restless feeling. We were quite sorry for him. So Joshua told him to take our house, and he tied ropes around it and managed to pull it up and carry it off tied to the flying machine. He was so pleased! And we very carefully remembered not to give away any part of the house, as you said, but you never told us not to give away the whole house!"

"Jane!" I exclaimed in desperation, "how do you expect to live without a house?"

"Oh, I don't mind," she replied calmly. "Besides, we were very thoughtful and saved the parcheesi board and coffee grinder, and a shovel and watering pot and several other things."

"How about the jam and the cookie jar?" I asked. "For the first time Jane looked disturbed. 'I never thought of them,' she said in a pained voice. 'Perhaps, after all, Miss Semphronia, we were foolish to give away the house.'"

"I'm sure you will think so in the end," I said. "And what will your mother and father think when they come home tomorrow and find their house gone? When they arrive from the station and find no umbrella-stand to put their umbrellas into, no hat-rack, no door-mat?"

I could see that Jane had not thought of these things before, and she began to look distressed. "And there will be no matches," remarked Joshua, "and no calendars in case we forget the date. I wish we hadn't given away the house, Jane."

Jane sat and thought a while in silence. At last she said: "Perhaps I might be able to get the front door back. I gave it to some children down the road to make into a toboggan, but they won't need it till the winter comes."

"Jane Jenkins!" I cried impatiently, "do you think the door would be of any use to us now?"

"It might keep out the burglars," remarked Jane meditatively. "When I gave it away you said that was what it was meant for."

I had no time to explain away Jane's misunderstanding, for I knew something must be done at once. "Now what," I asked impressively, "shall we do about it?"

And then, to my surprise, Jane came to the rescue. The child really has great ability, and in times of emergency comes to the front.

"Leave it all to me, Miss Semphronia," she said simply. "To me and Professor Planten."

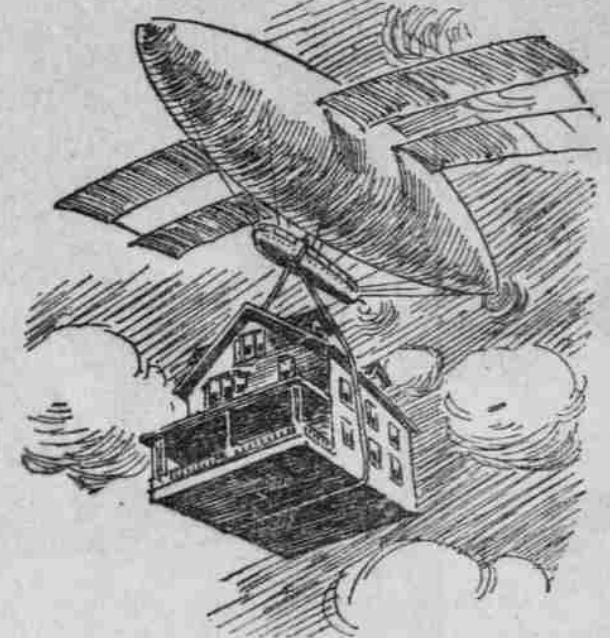
Jane clasped her hands around her knees and gazed dreamily at the clouds. "Professor Planten," she said, is a great friend of mine. He will help me to get a house before mother and father come home—a nice, complete house, nicer than the one we gave away."

"Now, Jane, that's nonsense," I said. "Your mother and father are coming home tomorrow, and you can't possibly get a new house ready for them in that time."

But the Jenkins children had stopped worrying. Since Jane's suggestion they seemed to have nothing

Planten was a botanist and lived on a little farm entirely surrounded by woods. If she had said he was a carpenter I might have understood why we were going there, but I couldn't see at all what she wanted with a botanist.

We went through the wood for quite a long distance, and by strange, twisty paths, till all at once we came upon a clearing. Right before us stood a



Carried It Off Tied to the Flying Machine.

small brown house, in front of which was a little man digging a hole.

When he heard us approaching he dropped his spade and came forward eagerly.

"Jane! Jemima! Joshua!" he cried. "I have some new specimens."

"That's nice," said Jemima pleasantly. "We'd like to see them, Professor Planten, and so would Miss Semphronia. This is Miss Semphronia."

I could not begin to tell of all the remarkable things Professor Planten had grown. There were musical flowers and sugar canes (those that hung on your Christmas tree were probably grown in his garden), and a particularly quick kind of speedwell which grew and blossomed while we looked at it.

Last of all Professor Planten told Jemima he had grown a new plant especially for her, and what do you suppose it was? A doll plant! Yes, the flower was a real doll, growing right out of the green calyx. Indeed, the calyx made her hat. There were several in bloom, and Jemima chose one with a pink dress and Jane chose a blue one. So Professor Planten picked them and promised to plant some more for next time.

As we went back to the house I was surprised to hear Jane say: "Oh, Professor Planten, we came to ask you to help us about something."

I had almost forgotten about our difficulty in the interest of the garden.

"Why, of course I will help you if I can," I heard him answer. And then Jane told him all about how they had given the house away, and how their mother and father were coming home the next day. I couldn't hear what he said after that, but Jane seemed to be very happy, and as we left he brought three small bags out of the house.

"Be careful not to drop them," he said, "and always think before you plant."

But when we reached home, or rather the place where home had been, I began to feel anxious again. "Now whatever are we to do?" I asked in discouragement.

"Why," said Jane, as if it were the simplest thing in the world, "we'll get the house ready for mother and father. And I've remembered that mother has always wished the house was at the top of the hill in back, so that we could get the view. Let's put it up there!"

When we reached the nice flat hilltop I thought it certainly did seem like an ideal site for a house. Joshua set to work at once digging in a straight line, while Jane and Jemima filled the watering pot at a nearby brook. After that they all worked together, while I sat on a rock and watched them. They marked out a large square with the shovel and then began dividing it into a number of small squares of different sizes, stopping every little while to consult each other.

"There, now," said Jane, when they were through, "now most of the work is done."

"I wonder what the child means," I thought. "Now, Miss Semphronia," said Jane, running up to me, "You see, Professor Planten gave me these little brown seeds in my bag. Watch and see what happens when I plant them."

So along all the lines she had marked with the shovel she planted the little brown seeds and Joshua covered them up, while Jemima walked behind them and watered the ground with the watering pot.

"Now we'll rest," they said, coming back to me and lying down on the ground, "and we'll watch the house grow."

"Watch the house grow!" I cried in great surprise. But even at that moment I saw little shoots coming up from the rows of seeds. In a very short time they grew higher and began twining together in a very curious and pretty way. In a kind of a pattern, forming walls as they grew.

"Isn't that lovely?" cried Jemima, clapping her hands. "Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "Why, it's making a perfectly lovely house. If we only had something to furnish it with it would be perfect."

"Come inside," said Jemima, "and I'll plant my seeds."

Jemima's bag was divided into four little compartments, and each held tiny seeds of a different color. We went to the front door—for Jane had left spaces for the doors—and turned into the room on the right. "First we must make windows," Jane said, "before the walls grow too high," and she began pushing aside the branches and training them to leave openings. We all did the same, making windows quite easily in the different rooms. And when the walls were high enough they spread out to make the ceiling.

"And the top story," said Jane, "will grow during the night. The staircase has grown beautifully."

"Now aren't we ready for my seeds?" asked Jemima, who was anxious to begin.

"All ready," said Jane. "Let's go into the drawing-room first."

Jemima opened her bag and took out a handful of green seeds. "Wouldn't green be best for the drawing-room carpet, Miss Semphronia?" she asked. "I think green would be lovely," I said, in some bewilderment.

"So do I," said Jemima, and she began sprinkling the seeds over the ground. Almost at once a furry sort of moss began growing, and as I looked closely I saw it was a beautiful soft carpet. "Now we'll put blue in the dining-room," said Jemima, taking out her blue seeds, "and brown in the library." And in almost no time we had the whole first floor beautifully carpeted.

After a while I admired it all Joshua brought out his bag proudly. "Just wait and see what I have!" he said.

His bag was full of large seeds like beans and of many colors.

"I wonder what will happen next," I thought. "We'll go into the drawing-room," said Joshua.

"and I'll plant some green seeds." So Joshua planted a green seed in the drawing-room and the next thing that happened was almost the most surprising thing of all. A chair grew up right there in the middle of the drawing-room! A green chair, just the color of the carpet. Then Joshua planted a large green seed and grew a sofa, and when he had grown tables and chairs and everything else for all the rooms, including the kitchen, "I have two black seeds here," he said at last, "and I think this one must be a stove, so I'll plant it in the kitchen."

We all watched with great interest while Joshua planted the seed and then stood by to see it grow. What was our amazement and perplexity to see it turn out a grand piano!

"Dear me," said Jane, "that was what the Professor meant when he said 'Think before you plant.'"

"Oh, well," said Jemima. "It will be rather nice to have a piano in the kitchen, and you have another black seed left, Joshua, so we'll have one in the drawing-room, too. Come and plant it now."

So Joshua planted his other black seed in the drawing-room, and we stood by in the full hope of having another piano. But in a few minutes we saw our mistake. Instead of a piano there grew in the middle of the drawing-room a splendid pig stove!

"Goodness me!" said Jane. "That's going to be awkward. I'm sure mother wouldn't like to have a stove in the drawing-room."

"Let's try to dig it up!" said Joshua, and he ran for the shovel.

To our great relief we found it very easy to dig up the stove and piano and change them about, and we also transplanted a chair, for Joshua had accidentally dropped a chair seed to one of the doorways.

"This is lovely," said Jane. "Now we can grow the furniture for the rooms upstairs out in the garden and then we can dig it up and carry it in."

When we went upstairs we found the rooms had already grown and the branches were joining together in a pointed roof.

We managed to spend the night comfortably, and the next morning we needed out in the garden, for the Professor had made the bag of housefurnishings quite complete. All these things we dug up and carried upstairs, making the houses quite gay and bright.

When the three Jenkins children met their mother and father at the train they all cried in chorus. "We have the beautifullest surprise for you at home! Do hurry!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins were so used to surprises that they were not so surprised at being surprised as they would have been at not being surprised. But when they saw their new house in such a lovely situation and so complete they said there never were such delightfully surprising children as Jane, Jemima and Joshua.

The Story of the Magic Horse

BY LOUISE SOUVAN.

ONCE a poor man had 12 sons, and not having sufficient means to keep them at home, he sent them into the great world to earn their bread by work and to try their fortunes. The brothers wandered 12 days and nights over hills and dales till at last they came to a wealthy king, who engaged them as grooms and promised them each 300 florins



Rushed Forth Like Lightning.

a year for their wages. Among the king's horses there was a half-starved-looking, decrepit little pony. The 11 older brothers continually beat and ill-treated this animal on account of its ugliness, but the youngest always took great care of it. He even saved all the bread crumbs and other little dainties for his invalid little pony, for which his brothers often chaffed him, and in course of time they treated him with silent contempt, believing him to be out of his head. He bore their insults patiently and their badgering without a murmur, in the same way the little pony did the bad treatment it received. The year of service came to an end and the lads got their wages, and as a reward they were also allowed to choose a horse from the king's stud. The 11 brothers chose the best-looking horses, but the youngest begged to take the poor little decrepit pony with him. His brothers tried to persuade him to give up this foolish idea, but all in vain; he would have no other horse.

And now the pony confessed to his friend that it was a magic horse and that whenever it wanted it could change into the finest charger and could gallop as fast as lightning. The 12 brothers then started homeward. The 11 were proudly jumping and prancing on their fine horses, whereas the youngest dragged his horse by its halter along the road. At one time they came to a boggy place and the poor little horse sank into it. The brothers who had gone

on before were very angry about it, as they were obliged to return and drag their brother's horse out of the mud. After a short while the youngest's again stuck in the mud, and the brothers had to drag it out again, scolding at him all the time. When at last it stuck the third time they would not listen to their brother's cries for help. "Let them go," said the pony, and after a short time inquired if they had gone far. "They have," answered the lad. Again after a short while the pony asked if he could still see them. "They look like flying crows or black spots in the distance," replied his master. "Can you see them now?" asked the pony in a few minutes.

"No," was the reply. And then the pony jumped out of the mud and taking the lad on its back rushed forth like lightning, leaving the others far behind. Having arrived at home, the pony became poor and decrepit as before and crawled around the yard, eating the straw it found there, and the lad concealed himself behind the oven. The other brothers when they arrived proudly showed their wages and horses to their father, and being asked about their youngest brother they replied he had become mad and chosen as his reward an ugly old horse, just such a one as was in the yard, and that it stuck in a bog and perhaps was now dead. "It is not true," called out the youngest one from behind the stove and stepped forth to the astonishment of all.

Having spent a few days in enjoying themselves at their father's house, the lads again started on a journey to find wives. They had already traveled over seven times seven countries and had not as yet been able to find 12 girls suitable for them, till at last, as the sun was setting, they came across an old woman who was plowing her field with 12 mares. She asked of them what they were seeking and after she learned the object of their wanderings proposed that they look at her 12 daughters. The lads having consented, the old woman drove her 12 mares home and took the lads into her house and introduced them to her daughters, who were none other than the 12 mares they saw before.

The old woman asked the lads to enjoy her hospitality and stay with them over night, which the lads gratefully accepted. But the old woman was a witch and intended to kill the lads at night. The youngest daughter, who was a very pretty girl with beautiful golden hair, confided it to the youngest brother, to whom she rather took a liking. Of course the good brother told the other boys what was in store for them and urged them to flee at once. So they all hurried off. The youngster sat on his poor, decrepit little pony and the beautiful girl with the golden hair in front of him. As soon as the old witch found out the fraud she picked up a poker, turned it into a horse and flew after them. When she had almost overtaken them the little pony gave the lad a curtsy, a brush and a piece of horse rug and bade him to throw first the curtsycomb behind him, and in case it did not answer to throw the brush, and as a last resource the piece of horse rug. The lad threw the curtsycomb and in one moment it became a dense forest, with as many trees as there were teeth in the comb. By the time the old witch had broken her way through the wood the couple had traveled a long distance. When she came very near again the lad threw the brush behind him and it at once became a dense forest, having as many trees as there were bristles in the brush.

The old witch had the greatest difficulty in working her way through the wood, but again she drew close to their heels and very nearly caught them, when the lad threw the horse rug away and it became such a dense forest between them and the old woman that it looked like one immense tree. With all her perseverance she could not penetrate the wood, so she changed into a pigeon to enable her to fly over it. But as soon as the pony noticed this he turned into a vulture, swooped down on the pigeon and tore it in pieces with his claws, thus saving both the lad and the pretty girl, whom the bad witch had kidnapped from a noble court.

While the 11 brothers were still looking after wives, the youngest married the pretty girl with the golden hair and they lived merrily together until this very day, if they have not died since.

SLOW SPANISH RAILROAD TRAINS.

The Spanish train averages possibly 6 miles an hour—to allow one to make time exposures of the scenery, perhaps. It makes frequent and long waits. At every station the guard runs up and down, shouting the name of the town and the number of minutes for each stop. At every station also



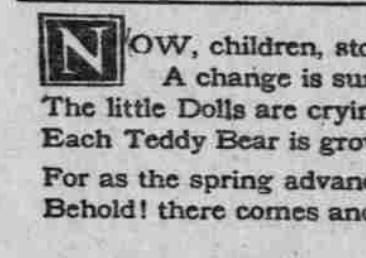
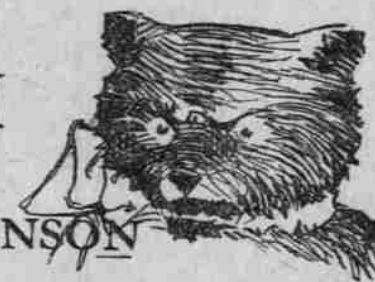
Turned It Into a Horse and Flew After Them.

the two military guards, who accompany each train, descend and walk around the cars, looking to see that no robbers are concealed. As there is at least one stop an hour, these guards get some exercise before the day is over. They say this custom was adopted to drive away any brigands who might be concealed in or about the train, and that it has been successful. These military guards are very fine looking men and wear an impressive uniform. We saw more than one black-eyed senorita look approvingly after them as they passed by.—Outing Magazine.

THE ADVENT OF BILLY POSSUM



BY IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON



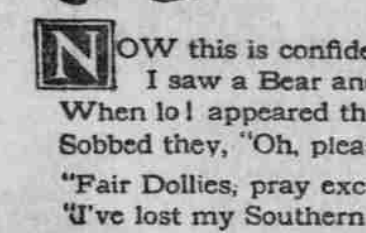
NOW, children, stop and listen, pay heed to what I say. A change is surely coming—in fact, it's on the way. The little Dolls are crying as hard as they can cry. Each Teddy Bear is growling, with fire in his eye.

For as the spring advances, with budding tree and blossom, Behold! there comes another pet, whose name is "Billy Possum."

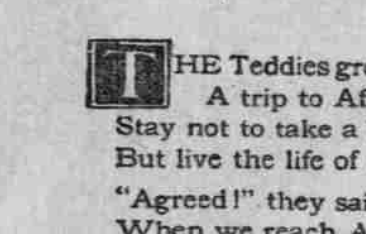


THE Doll and all the Teddies his advent will oppose— This funny little Possum with sharply pointed nose. And eyes as keen as ferrets', a long and curling tail— But, Teddy Bears, your protests will be of no avail.

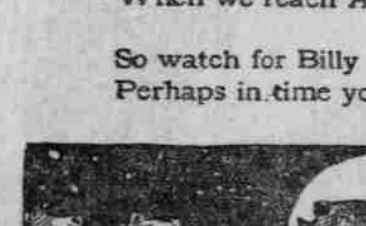
You'll have to keep him, children, for four long years. Make ready To take him out and tie his bows, as once you did for Teddy.



NOW this is confidential: Upon the lawn last night I saw a Bear and Possum a-starting in to fight. When lo! appeared the Dollies in time to interfere. Sobbed they, "Oh, please remember that there are ladies here!" "Fair Dollies, pray excuse us, do," squeaked Billy P. politely, "I've lost my Southern chivalry, and you've reproved us rightly."



THE Teddies growled. Then spake the Dolls: "Were we a Bear we'd make A trip to Africa, and all this 'simple life' forsake. Stay not to take a back seat, like Dollies meek and mild. But live the life of other beasts and roam the forests wild." "Agreed!" they said. "You've made us wise; this life our nerves has shaken. When we reach Africa you'll get our pictures if they're taken."



So watch for Billy Possum now—he'll stay four years at least. Perhaps in time you'll learn to love the cunning little beast.



The Flower Was a Real Doll.

on their minds, and they even planned what kind of a house they would have, and what color furniture.

"We'll go to Professor Planten's right away," they said. "Come, Miss Semphronia, you know we can't stop to wash our hands or brush our hair, because we haven't any bowls or combs or brushes."

And off we set, to my great astonishment. Jane explained to me as we went along that Professor