

STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

WINNING INDOOR RELAY RACE



TOUCHED THE HAND OF THE CROUCHED, WAITING "JOSE."

FOR weeks the oval cinder running track in "the cage" under the Westover Institute's gymnasium had been crowded with boys in training to make the relay team which was to race against Kelmar Academy in their annual contest.

Afternoon after afternoon, under the watchful eye of Trainer Martin, the big squad of candidates had worked out on this palatial indoor track that measured only 16 laps to the mile. There were fat boys with squat, pudgy legs, and thin boys with spindle ones; boys with bulging muscles and lads who, as Trainer Martin put it, "hadn't a thing but their running shoes."

Round and round the track they had gone, each of them training hard for the quarter-mile run and hoping to be picked as one of the four boys who should bear old Westover's orange and black to victory over Kelmar's red and white.

Gradually, as the afternoons had sped by, the trainer had "cut down" the squad until but a dozen remained. Then the training had become more rigorous than ever; for each of the 12 boys was leaving no stone unturned to increase his chances of being picked for the relay team.

Not one of them but what cheerfully passed up pie and candy and coffee and the dozens of other things a boy in training is supposed not to eat. And when taps sounded each night they were all in bed before the last notes of the bugle had died away, firm in their resolve to get the necessary hours of rest, as ordered by Trainer Martin.

Then, as the day of the great race drew near, the squad had been cut to eight boys. And then had come the afternoon when the trials were held. One at a time, each of the boys took the mark, tense, taut, alert to be off the very instant the pistol shot rang out. With Trainer Martin "holding the stop-watch on him" each candidate had run the quarter-mile "against time."

And when the last boy had completed his dash, Trainer Martin had compared the "time" made by the eight runners and announced his selections for the team. They were: "Red" Morris, 53 seconds flat; "Josh" Wilson, 54.5 seconds; "Bud" Allison, 55 seconds; and "Skeets" Harrison, 51.5 seconds; with "Spindle" Shanks, 58 seconds, as the substitute. And they were to run in that order, with "Skeets," who had been the acknowledged school champion ever since his first race for Westover, running last. As for "Spindle"—so-called because of his long legs and his last name—of simple the substitute who had no chance of getting in the race unless something prevented one of the four regular runners.

Then the five boys had settled down to have the finishing touches put upon them for the great race. With what zeal they had worked out, and with what care Trainer Martin had watched to get and keep each of them "on edge," only boys who have themselves trained for the quarter-mile—the most difficult, perhaps, of all distances—can know or even imagine.

And now it was the night of the big race. Westover gymnasium or, rather, the big "cage" in the cellar of it, with its costly cinder track, was crowded with spectators. There were hundreds of them. The

Westover rooters were massed just opposite the "pitch" while right next they were seated several hundred students from Kelmar Academy who had come with their relay team to cheer it in victory or defeat.

The school yells of the two factions and their songs, were as incessant, as defiant and as "snappy" as though the occasion were their annual football game. This relay race had long been an annual event between the two institutions and was considered quite as important as their field and track meet each Spring, or their football or baseball contests. To win it was the dearest desire of every student present.

Presently the Westover team made its appearance, jogging around the



THEM—IT HAPPENED.

track to "warm up." They were cheered to the echo. Then came the Kelmar boys. And their supporters took up the cheering where the echo had left off. The band ceased playing its lively tunes, preparatory to beginning the thrilling air scheduled to be played during the race.

The two teams lined up at the "start," each on opposite sides of the track. A coin was tossed and Kelmar won the "pole," or inside position for its first runner, Tom Gordon. "Red" Morris took his place beside him, on the mark, determined to wrest the "pole" from him at the first opportunity.

As the boys toed the mark, a hush fell upon the spectators. "Get on your mark—get set—bang!" cried the starter. An then "Bang!" went his pistol. Both boys were off like hounds suddenly unleashed. And the band instantly broke forth in its striding, militant air.

Side by side the two runners sped around the track, Tom Gordon still holding the "pole." Every person in the audience was on his feet and cheering.

One lap—two laps—three laps—Tom and "Red" raced side by side. Then, when they had completed about half of the fourth and last lap "Red's" head forged to the front, inch by inch, until, as he crossed the line and touched the hand of the crouched waiting "Josh," he was leading by a scant two feet. This, of course, gave

Westover the "pole" and a slight lead. "Josh" was off like a flash. But Bill Southerland, the second Kelmar runner, was right behind him. In fact, so excellent had been the latter's start that he all but closed up the gap. For two laps the two boys held their same respective positions. Then "Josh" backed up with a burst of speed that not even Trainer Martin thought was in him.

He seemed to literally walk away from Bill. At the beginning of the fourth lap, he had increased his lead to nearly four yards. The Westover rooters were wild with joy. Bill fought back nobly and managed to win back a yard before the next two runners took the race.

With a three-yard start, "Bud" Allison, the slowest man on the Westover team, excepting the substitute, ran like a frightened rabbit. If the truth be told, maybe he was a little frightened for this was his first big race. But fear often lends wings to flying feet—for the first lap or two, anyway.

Dick Morgan, the third runner for Kelmar, was a game lad and a good runner; yet he was the slowest man on the Kelmar team. At the end of the first lap "Bud" had increased his lead to six yards, though neither of the boys was running a really fast "quarter." And by the end of the second lap he had added another yard. But Dick was running easily and giving no apparent signs of distress.

The Westover rooters were mighty anxious. If "Bud" could only stick it out so that "Skeets" could start with even a one-yard lead they felt certain the race was won for "Skeets" was at least two-fifths of a second faster than Kirk Thomas, Kelmar's last and best man. But if "Bud" should fall or weaken in the stretch—as they feared he would do because he seemed to be "running himself out" already—then a yard start to Kirk would make it all but certain that "Skeets" could not catch him.

Yet, as is sometimes the case with a "green" runner, nothing of the sort happened. In the third lap "Bud"

Little Stories of the Great War

The little girl and the Soldiers.

THERE was once a little girl from California who went to live with her parents in the Canadian City of Winnipeg. Then soon after the war broke out and Marlon grew immensely excited over the soldiers. For every day they marched past her house on the way to drill. Finally, she asked her mother if she might stand out on the steps as they passed and wave the union jack out of compliment to the brave soldiers who were going to fight for



Little Marlon Waves to the Marching Men.

their mother country. Now, you may say "Why didn't she wave the Stars and Stripes?" Because there is an international courtesy as well as a private one; and if you are in another country, while you may hang out your own flag on national holidays, it is considered polite to display the standard of the land you live in as well or by itself.

Well, every day through September and October little Marlon waved to the marching men. They began to look for her and they always smiled at the little maid. But she was not very strong and when the cold days came the doctor said: "Marlon must go back to her home of sunshine." And then she cried because she didn't want to leave her soldiers.

"I'm going away to California!" she shouted, "going away in two days, so don't look for me any more." The night she went away she saw on the station platform almost all of "her soldiers" who had come in a body to say goodbye to their little friend—and as she got on the train, greatly excited, one of them placed in her arms the loveliest of blue-eyed dolls.

The best part of this story is that it is all true. When she grows up and her children love to hear of the day when "the Winnipeg soldiers said goodbye to mother?"

prearranged, their school spirit came back to them and they broke forth simultaneously into a mighty cheer for "Spindle."

"Bud" staggered across the line, two and one-half yards ahead; and the Westover substitute was off like a shot out of a pistol. He took the turn with what seemed to be increased rather than slightly decreased speed. Kirk the fourth Kelmar runner, was running clean and strong, his eyes fixed upon the enemy ahead. He knew better, of course, than to entertain any idea of saving himself for the finish in so short a distance as the quarter-mile; and he wasn't doing it. But he seemed to be doing just that thing, judging from the way "Spindle" Shanks was forging ahead.

Literally, "Spindle" made that first turn "like a house afire." And down the "straightway" he flew like one possessed. He had actually gained two yards in that short time and distance! And he held this lead until the beginning of the third lap, with his schoolmates raving like maniacs.

Then—when the pace seemed to "get him." Slowly, steadily, Kirk closed up until he was actually within a yard of the beginning of the fourth lap and the pistol shot rang out—"Spindle" was less than a yard ahead.

Kelmar was now on its feet—cheering like demons. The race was theirs. The race was already won! This substitute could never beat out Kirk Thomas—not even if he had two yards start!

But in so reasoning they said, it is safe to say, every other person in the ball, omitted to take one factor into consideration. Indeed, even Trainer Martin did not "see it" until the two runners came thundering down the stretch. Then he recognized the "symptoms" and he knew the race was won for Westover.

"Spindle" the substitute—"Spindle" Shanks crossed the line not only a winner, but two full yards ahead of the crack Kelmar man! And he had made the fastest time of the evening—51.5 seconds—three-fifths of a second faster than the best "time" even "Skeets" had ever made.

"That's another one of them," said Trainer Martin afterwards, in talking to the faculty athletic director. "You don't find them often—but when you do, then look out—you've got a champion! They never know, and you never know, how fast they can run until they get in a real race with somebody fighting them every step of the way. It's time test or an exhibition race, they're just dubs. But stick them up against a real, sure-enough battle—and they're there, believe me, they're there to the finish."

"Now who would have imagined this 'Spindle' Shanks, as they call him, could have beaten out Kirk Thomas the way he did? He's one of that kind, all right—and he's the fastest runner Westover's had in ten years! One year from now, understand me, he'll clean up the state!"

The Legend of Joan

IN Russia there lived a very rich man and his wife with their only child, Ivan. They loved him dearly and in return for their love he was a bright, obedient child. One day, as they were all at dinner,

their pet bird, a nightingale, sang very sweetly in its cage near the window. As the father listened he said he would like to be able to understand the language of different birds.

Ivan afterwards remembered this and wondered how he could learn to understand what the birds said.

One day, as he was hunting in the woods, a terrible storm came up. When it had passed and he was on his way home he saw in the branches of a tree four little birds shivering in their nest. They were wet and cold and crying for their parents. Ivan was so sorry for them that he climbed up to the nest and put his coat over them.

He started on his way again and was surprised to hear a big bird thanking him for helping her children and asking how she could repay him. He told her all he wanted was to be able to understand bird language.

The bird told him if he would stay in the forest for three days she would teach him. So he did and soon was able to know what the birds talked about.

He went home and the next time the nightingale sang Ivan began to cry. His parents were alarmed and asked what was the matter. He told them that the bird said: "Ivan, the rich man's son, will be Ivan, the King's son and his own father will be his servant."

The father and mother thought their son was crazy and so one night they gave him a drink with a sleeping powder in it and when he was fast asleep they put him in a boat, which they pushed out into the ocean.

Ivan slept soundly until his boat bumped against a large ship. When the sailors saw him they took him on board. He heard some birds telling of a storm that was brewing, and told the men to go to a safe place, but they laughed at him.

Things happened as the birds said and the ship was nearly wrecked. The next time birds were flying around the sailors inquired what they said.

This time Ivan told them that the birds were warning the men to get out of the way of the pirates, who were sailing near. The sailors acted on the bird's advice this time and hid until the pirates had passed.

The ship soon reached a town where there were notices everywhere saying that anyone who could deliver the King from the nuisance of three black crows which flew around the palace all the time could marry the King's youngest daughter. But anyone who tried and failed would be killed.

When Ivan saw these notices he went quickly to the palace and listened to the birds. Then he went to the King and told him why the crows bothered him.

It seems that they wanted the King to decide whether the youngest daughter should go with his father or his mother. The King decided that the son must go with his father and the crows flew away at once and never bothered the people any more.

The King gave lots of money and his youngest daughter to Ivan and a grand wedding was celebrated.

While all this was happening, Ivan's mother had died and his father had lost all his money. As he was too old and feeble to work, he had to depend on charity and went from one place to another, begging for bread. As he wandered on and on he came to the city where Ivan now lived in the midst of plenty.

As he begged for bread from Ivan he was recognized by his own son, but he did not know Ivan. Ivan brought him into the palace and gave him plenty to eat and drink, and asked him what he could do for the old man. The old father begged to stay at the palace as a servant.

Ivan then made himself known to his father and the old man was overjoyed. He spent the rest of his life with his son and they often used to talk over the prophecy of the nightingale and how it came true.

BLOSSOM TIME

Blossom time's a-comin'— Children soon may go To the fresh green country Where the flowers grow.

Buttercups and daisies Now low in their beds, Over all the meadow Then will lift their heads.

Every sunny morning Bring the joy more near; Blossom time's a-comin'— It is almost here!

Expanded.

(Harper's Bazar.) "The Senator who has just sat down," whispered the guide in the visitors' gallery, "began his public career as a page."

"Indeed!" said the visitor. "I judge from his speech that he has developed into a volume."

FRIEND NIG—HE WAS JUST A CAT



"NIG, NIG, COME HERE, OLD FELLOW," THEY WOULD CALL COAXINGLY, BUT NIG PAID NO ATTENTION.

IN a big apartment building in a great city lived a very important personage named Nig. What was he? Just as though you couldn't guess! He was a cunning little cat.

And of course the reason he was named Nig is easy to find. He was named that because he was as black as a coal. Black all over his plump little body.

You have all seen black cats—cats that people call black, but which really have some white on them. White or gray ears or tail or something.

But Nig was not that way. He was black all over, black in every hair on his body. Black every bit but his tiny pink tongue and his eyes.

"What color were his eyes?" you ask. That was hard to tell. When he was happy, his eyes looked yellow. Then, quite suddenly, if he heard the dog next door or the janitor or anything, his eyes would turn to brilliant green.

Green as emeralds, they would shine and sparkle till you wondered why you ever thought they yellowed.

Of course he had the best of feeding—oh, yes, of course! And he had a fine mother and mistress and a comfortable bed and good care and all that. But even so, he had a very hard life.

Because, you see, there were so many things to be afraid of. It's no laughing matter to be a cat and live in a big apartment building in a big city! Try it some day and see.

In the first place, Nig was afraid of the cat upstairs. He was a huge striped cat, very well and strong and always hungry. Just as sure as Nig found a choice tidbit in the garbage can, that old cat upstairs was sure to be there to pounce on it and gobble it up! And Nig had learned from bitter experience that if that upstairs cat wanted anything, it was best to let him have it—very much the best!

So you can't blame Nig for being afraid of him. Then there was the janitor. Maybe he meant to be kind, but he had very heavy soled shoes, the kind Nig particularly disliked and feared, and he had a way of disapproving of nearly everything Nig did. And when he disapproved, he let Nig know it very plainly.

Then there were the big boys of the neighborhood. Nig sometimes thought they were the greatest trouble of all. He could never tell what they would do or when they would do it. They were a great worry, a very great worry.

And as though that was not enough for one little cat, Nig found another worry—a brand new one that he had not even thought of before.

Listen and I'll tell you what it was.

Finally the work was all done. Every toy, every game and doll was put in its place and everything was as neat and tidy as you please.

"There, that didn't take a very long," said mother cheerfully, "many hands make light work. Now you can go and play with Nig all you wish." And before you could say "Alas!" the door shut and looked and the little girls were out in the yard calling for Nig!

"Nig, here Nig, oh Nig! Come here, Nig," they called. But Nig was answered. "Where can he be?" the children asked their mother.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, "likely he's right around in the yard, you'll find him if you hunt."

So the girls hunted—and hunted, but not a sign of Nig did they find. At last night came and the little girls had to go to bed without finding him.

They worried about him and dreamed about him—and waked up in the morning to find that he was still gone.

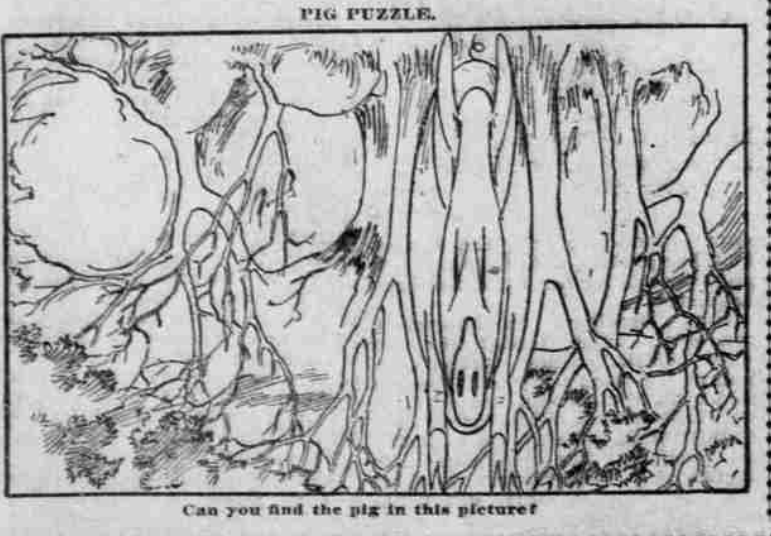
"I just know something dreadful has happened to him," said the littlest girl, and she felt so bad about it she could hardly swallow any breakfast.

"Oh I know, I know!" exclaimed the older little girl, suddenly, "why didn't we check the locked door of the storeroom—and—out walked Nig."

He was hungry and frightened but otherwise none the worse for his experience.

He purred and licked his hands and showed in every way he could that he was glad to see them and very, very happy to be out of the dark storeroom. They gave him the finest kind of a breakfast and tried to make him forget his lonesome night. But I doubt if he ever did really forget it, for now he eyes the storeroom very respectfully every time he goes by. As if he were saying to himself, "I'll not go near you, for you might lock me up!" I really do believe he thinks storerooms are almost as dangerous as boys or janitors.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER



PIG PUZZLE.

Can you find the pig in this picture?

COLOR PUZZLE. If the following are written one below another, their central letters will spell the name of a color.

- 1. A solution of alkline salt.
2. An instrument used to open locks.
3. A drink.
4. Not well.
5. The opposite to high.
6. A bird that flies at night.

NUMERICAL. I am composed of eight letters. 1. My 1, 2, 3, 8 is the limb of a bird.

- 2. My 6, 7, 4 is used in writing.
3. My 3, 5, 4, 7 is a number.
My whole is a city of Canada.

Answers. Color Puzzle: Yellow, 1. eye; 2. Key; 3. ale; 4. H; 5. low; 6. owl.

Pig Puzzle. Turn the picture upside down, hold it horizontally at the level of the eyes, close one eye and look towards the center of the picture.

Numerical: Winnipeg. 1. wing; 2. race was lost! Then, almost as though

AN AMBITIOUS PIG

A pig, with endeavor to fly, Leaped off of the top of his sty. He suddenly found Himself on the ground, And said, 'O I didn't half try!'

