

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

THE COMMODORE'S CUP. By WILLIAM B. McCORMICK.

Lon Marshall stood in the post-office, staring wistfully at the notice, tacked up on the bulletin-board, of the forthcoming annual regatta of the Squam Yacht Club. The particular thing that caught his eye was the second money prize of fifteen dollars for sailing-dories, offered by the commodore. There were other prizes, of course: the much-coveted silver cup, called "the Commodore's Cup," for knockabouts, pennants for the raceabouts and halfraters, and a first money prize of twenty-five dollars for the fishermen's sloops.

But the one he stared at so longingly was that second prize. For he felt certain that the Wanderer, his sailing-dory, could beat anything in the Cove or up Squam River. The trouble was to get the entrance fee of two dollars. The commodore was a very generous man, as every one in Squam knew; but he believed that it was only fair that the local fishermen should pay to enter the race. Two dollars, however, stood between Lon and the prize.

He shifted his crutch and was about to stomp away on it and his one leg, when a familiar voice called out cheerily, "Good-morning, Lon! What's the trouble now?"

It was Commodore Black who spoke to him, and at the sound Lon whipped around and said quickly: "Good-morning, sir! I was trying to think of some way to make two dollars."

"Two dollars," echoed his companion. "What for? Want to see the circus?"

"No, sir," Lon replied emphatically. "I want a chance to win that dory prize, that's all."

"Isn't lobstering paying this season, Lon?"

"Pretty well, sir; but Alice and Dan have been sick, and it takes all that mother and I can make to pay the doctor's bills and keep them comfortable. That fifteen dollars would come in mighty handy now."

"Hum!" ejaculated the commodore. Then Lon turned away and walked up the road. He was cudgeling his brains to think up some plan whereby he might raise the much-desired two dollars. He had enough lobsters in the "car" down at the dock to be worth that, if the cottagers would only buy them. But on his rounds that morning very few seemed to want lobsters at all.

Lon Marshall was fifteen years old, and the loss of his right leg had occurred two years before, through his being thrown from a trolley-car. That happened the winter his father died; and as soon as Lon was able to get about on the rough crutch he had made himself, he worked as hard as he could helping his mother in keeping a home for Alice and Dan.

His father had left him a fast sailing-dory, and, however much Lon was hampered on land by the loss of his leg, he was as good as the next one on board a boat. The villagers took a pride in his ability as a boat-sailer; and the cottagers liked him for his cheerfulness and the way he worked. But both as a lobsterman and as a boat-sailer he had one very active rival. This was Bob Richards, the postmaster's son.

Lon and his mother discussed the situation while they were eating dinner, and Mrs. Marshall suggested that he should make another tour of the hotels and cottages that afternoon and remind the people that the morrow was "Squam Day," and more lobsters would be needed to feed the crowd of visitors attracted by the boat-races. Lon started out as soon as dinner was over, but before he had reached the first cottage, Mrs. Black, the commodore's wife, called to him from her piazza.

"Oh, Lon," she cried, as she reined in her horse, "have you any lobsters on hand?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Lon. And, to his wonder and delight, she ordered ten from him, to be delivered at once. Then she paid him the amount of his "bill," which was three dollars and a half. Lon went back to the cottage with as near to a run as his one leg would allow.

"Mother," he cried, as he burst into the kitchen, "I've got it!" And he threw the money down on the table.

"So you have, my boy. But do you really think you ought to go into that race? Isn't it a kind of gambling?"

Lon brushed her doubts aside by saying he guessed "if it were gambling Commodore Black wouldn't put the prize up." Mrs. Marshall had no arguments to advance against the statement, for in Squam everything the commodore did was considered just right.

Lon took the two dollars, went down to the clubhouse, and entered his dory for the race.

"Hope you'll win, Lon," said the steward as he wrote, "Alonso Marshall, Wanderer. Paid," on the list of entries. "You want to look out for Bob Richards, though. That 'ere dory of his is right smart."

"Oh, I think I can beat him, Jim, unless he outwits me with some surprise. He's a good sailor, but I'm not afraid of Bob or the Arrow."

The race was set for the next day, the start being at ten o'clock. But, race or no race, Lon had to go out in the bay to overhaul his lobster-pots and take up his night's catch. So he left home before day-break the next morning, rowed out to the "Ledge," and after taking up one set of pots baited and dropped the second set overboard.

Before seven o'clock he had transferred his catch to the "gear" in which he kept them, and then started to haul the Wanderer up on the beach to give the bottom a scrubbing off. When he had finished this and had overhauled the rigging of his spritsail and jib, it was time to make his way out to the starting-point off the Lighthouse.

It was a beautiful morning, with just the kind of a breeze Lon liked. It was coming out of the southwest in heavy puffs that were dangerous to a craft not sailed by skilled hands. Lon liked it, not because he was fearless, but because he knew just how hard a blow the Wanderer would stand. And as he knew Bob Richards was nervous on the water, he counted

more than ever for this reason on being able to beat him. He knew that when the heavy puffs came tearing across the bay, whipping it into foam, Bob would throw the Arrow up in the wind, thus losing headway. Meanwhile the Wanderer would be keeping steadily on her way, even if Lon had to climb out to windward to do it. That was a part of sailing a race.

As Lon ran out to the starting-point, where the commodore's schooner lay at anchor, he was startled at catching sight of Marion Darcy, the commodore's niece, out sailing alone in a cranky little rowboat of her own. It had been converted into a sail-boat by the addition of a centreboard and a spritsail that was much too big for it, Lon thought. But Marion had been brought up around the water, was thoroughly at home in boats, and could swim; and her

lengths ahead of Bob's boat, and going like a steamer. Lon was soaked through with the spray.

Suddenly he again caught sight of Marion Darcy, who was coming out to meet the racing dories. She was to windward of the Wanderer when Lon saw her, and it made his heart jump to see the way her cranky rowboat was "lying down" under the big sail. Although it was as much as he could do to hold the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other, he took a turn of the sheet around the tiller for a moment, and with the hand left free waved to her to go back.

Whether she understood him or not, he did not know; but to his horror he saw her put the tiller up and start to run across the stern of his dory, with the sail of her boat broad off. Then just what he had feared happened. The boom rolled into the water,



AS SOON AS HE CAME WITHIN HEARING-DISTANCE HE YELLED, "GRAB THE BOAT!" AND "KEEP STILL!"

uncle allowed her to do pretty much as she pleased with her boat. Her greatest danger, Lon knew, lay in her fearlessness and ignorance of the faults of her cranky craft.

When the boy first caught sight of her, she was sailing to leeward, running before the wind as Lon was. And, as usually happens with a cranky craft, Marion's boat was yawing badly, and threatening to roll the boom under. He ran off to leeward of her and then hailed her:

"Oh, Miss Marion, don't you think you are carrying too much sail? It's blowing pretty fresh to-day. It's coming harder every minute."

"Too much sail?" she shouted back across the water; "not for me. I couldn't go to windward without the sprit up. If you don't look out I'll beat you to the start."

This was a joke, for Lon was gradually drawing away from her. As he heard the starting-point the thought came into his head to run alongside the schooner and speak to the commodore of the danger Marion was in. But just then the warning-gun for his class sounded, and he went about, hoisted the jib, and began "jockeying" for a good position with the four other dories that were entered for the race.

The Wanderer stood away from the line for as near two minutes as Lon could count. Then he went about and ran down to the starting-line, with Bob Richards following his every move. The other three dories were having a battle between themselves on the opposite tack, for their owners realized that they were bound to take third place between them if Lon and Bob stayed in the race. Much to Lon's disgust, as he neared the line he saw he was ahead of time, and he had to luff over and make a tack away from it. Bob just caught the gun-fire at the proper time, which gave him the advantage at the start.

The course was a triangular one, three miles to a leg. On the first and second legs Bob managed to keep ahead of Lon's boat; but on the third one, as the puffs were growing stronger with every blast, he began to lose his courage and let his sheet run every few minutes as the squalls struck his boat and knocked it down.

This was Lon's opportunity, and skillfully did he take advantage of it. Before they were half-way home on the last leg, the Wanderer was several

and as Marion jammed the tiller down to swing up into the wind, a vicious puff came tearing across the bay, caught the water-logged sail, and upset the boat, throwing Marion down into the sea.

Without a moment's hesitation, Lon jibed over and ran to where the girl was struggling to free herself from the sail and the sheet. He could see Bob Richards was keeping on his course, and he realized he had thrown away the race. But he never faltered for a moment. He knew Marion could swim, but he was afraid she would become tangled up in the sail. In that lay her danger.

True as the direction of the wind, he headed the Wanderer for the disabled boat and struggling girl. As soon as he came within hearing-distance he yelled, "Grab the boat!" and "Keep still!" and presently he had rounded the Wanderer up alongside of Marion's boat, from which it was comparatively easy to drag her into his dory. Then, while she laughed and talked excitedly, he made her sit down in the bottom of his boat, threw his oilskin coat around her shoulders, and after dropping his jib, proceeded to clear the mast and sail away from the overturned craft preparatory to towing it into the harbor.

Meanwhile the launch from the commodore's schooner had been tearing out to the scene of the accident. By the time Lon had Marion's boat ready, the launch was up with them, Commodore Black standing at the wheel in the bow. Just then, across the water came the sound of the gun announcing the finish. In the midst of the commodore's heartfelt expression of thanks, all Lon was thinking of was the fact that he had lost the prize. He refused to accept the offered tow, and beat back into the Cove alone. He had to tell his mother of his failure to win the fifteen dollars.

It was the custom of the Yacht Club to end the day with a fireworks show, a supper, and the presentation of the prizes, and every one in the village attended the jollification. Although he had no share in the distribution of prizes, Lon stumped down to the club-house at eight o'clock. He was too whole-souled a boy to let his defeat interfere with the night's pleasure. The big parlor was crowded, and he had to perch himself up in one of the windows at the back of the room with the other village boys.

Standing on the platform by the table, the handsome old commodore gave out the prizes, to the accom-

paniment of applause from the crowd in the parlor and out on the piazza. Lon felt a pang of jealousy toward Bob Richards when he saw him walk up the aisle to receive the little purse that contained three shining five-dollar gold pieces. Then the audience started to move out of the room, but the commodore raised his hand and asked every one to wait a moment.

"I have one more prize to present," he said. "It is an impromptu one, just as was the act it is to honor. This afternoon, most of us assembled here saw a boy do a very brave thing; he deliberately threw away a race he was about to win in order to save a human life. You all know whom and what I mean—I refer to Alonso Marshall, and his rescue of my niece." The commodore had to stop a moment until the clapping of hands and stamping of feet ceased. "In giving this cup, that was the prize of one brave boy, to another brave boy, I feel that I am honoring both." Then he called out, "Come up here, Lon," and the red-faced lad was pushed lovingly by every hand that could reach him up through the narrow aisle to the platform.

As Lon took the cup, the kindly giver leaned down and whispered, "There's something inside it for you, Lon." And while the crowd cheered and clapped and stamped their feet until the walls echoed again, Lon stumped away to show his prize to his mother. At the first electric light he stopped long enough to see what the "something inside" was; and his astonished gaze fell on a check for fifty dollars.

A Q-U-I-R-I-O-U-S T-O-Y

By Margaret Johnson.

This dear little man from Ohe-ku,
Who was known by the name of
Thing Ku,
Had never a toy
Such as children enjoy
Save his own little funny thin queue!

He could make it a whip or a string,
Or a snake with a terrible sting!
He could tie it in knots,
And, my goodness! what lots
Of tricks he could play with the thing!

No wonder he smiles askew,
Was there ever, in all Ohe-ku,
A happier lad than the little Thing Ku
With his little thin queue, think you?



Plan
for the Future.

Creepy Crawly Caterpillar
Whither are you going?
Out into the fields my dear
Where the green corn's growing.
What will Caterpillar do
When the corn is red?
Why, I'll just crawl back again
To the Rhubarb-bed!

Maurice Clifford.

NEWS NOTES.

(From the Springville Breeze.
We're pleased to state that Mr. Wren
And wife are back, and at the Elves.

The Robins occupy again
Their summer home at Maple Leaves!

The Garden restaurant reports
A fresh supply of angleworms.

The Elms—that favorite of resorts—
Has bought to rent on easy terms.

We learn that Mrs. Early Bee
Is still quite lame with frosted wings.

Ye Editor thanks Cherry Tree
For sundry floral offerings.

Down Cistern-way a water-spout
Has been a source of active floods.

We hear of rumored comings out
Of some of Springville's choicest buds.

In case you run across Green Lawn
Don't wonder why he looks so queer.

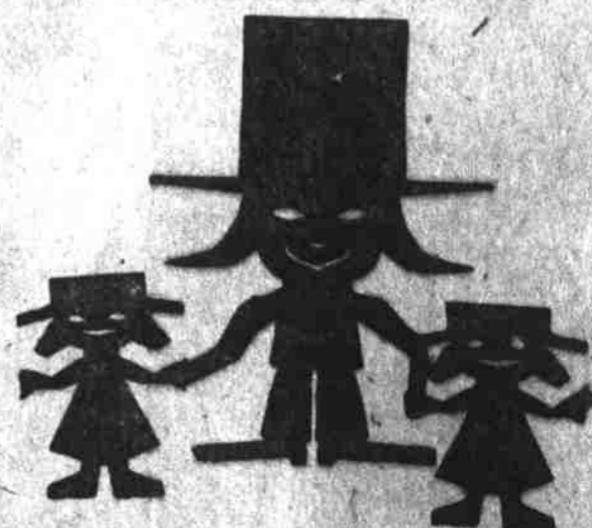
'Tis only that he's undergone
His first short hair-cut of the year.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

GRANDPA AMES.

By Ruth Ingraham.

Good Grandpa Ephraim Silas Ames
Goes walking out each sunny day;
He loves to see the children play,
He calls them fondly by their names:



Mary had a little lamb,
A tiny wooden thing,
'Recounted help but follow her,
'Cause Mary held the string.



Lisette Gertrude Evangelina,
Asalia Gazelle Clementine,
And little Zaida Antoinette;
Stephen Percival Alphonso,
Fitzjames Summerville Alonzo,
And young Jerome Elphialot.

They all wear broad-brimmed hats
pulled low,
They all wear frank and open smiles,
And are quite free from wicked wiles;
No wonder grandpa loves them so!