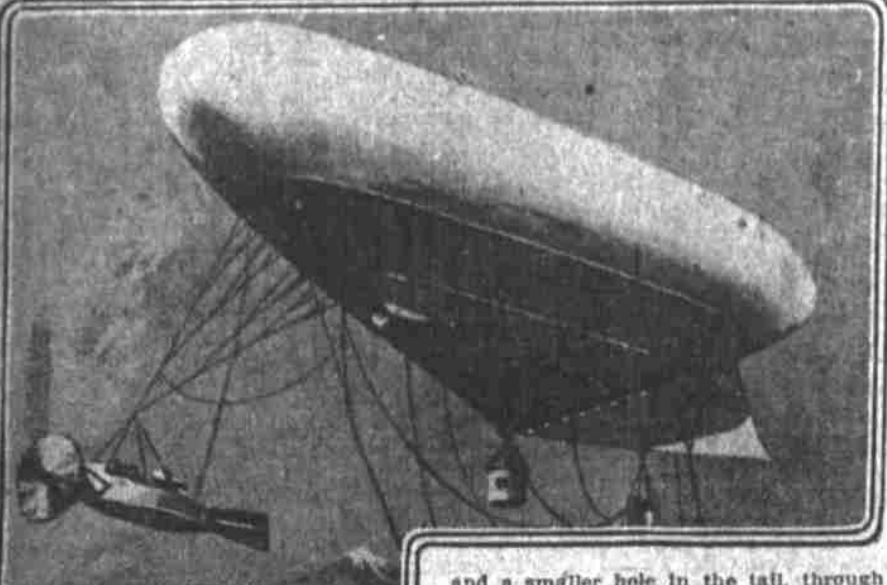


DOLE EVANS' STORY PAGE *for Boys and Girls*

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What a Little Paper Fish did for a Jap Airship Builder



BORNE on the shoulders of many Japanese lads were long poles. From the tops of which fluttered paper fish. Everywhere the boys seemed to be making merry; everywhere the paper fish were to be found. For it was May 5, when the Boys' Festival (Tango no Sekku) is celebrated throughout Japan, and the huge carp of paper or cotton hang suspended from numerous poles.

Some of the lads who celebrated in Tokio passed laughing before a little house that was crowded into a row of buildings. A street car ran in front of it and railroad tracks were at the back. And in the funny little house a very learned man named Isaburo Yamada toiled over sheets of blue paper whereon appeared diagrams in white tracing.

What special connection had this thoughtful-browed man of science with the boys who carried paper carp? It is a natural question for you to ask. Would you be surprised to learn that Isaburo Yamada was examining the prints of a great airship he had invented for the Japanese government; and that a very important idea for this dirigible balloon had come from the paper carp? Yet this was true.

Only a few months ago the Yamada Kikyo, the big war balloon invented by Mr. Yamada after fifteen long years of study, was registered in the Patent Office at Tokio. Part of its construction was suggested by the paper carp which the boys of Japan had used for hundreds of years.

The Yamada Kikyo is a large balloon about 110 feet in length and holding 200 cubic feet of gas, the cover being made of rubber, with an inside and outside layer of silk. Its interior is separated into two chambers, the upper one containing hydrogen and the lower air. Now, the paper carp has a wide-open mouth, through which air enters,

and a smaller hole in the tail, through which the air flows out. Thus the fish is always kept filled with air and bobs jauntily about on the end of its pole. So there is a big air funnel in the lower chamber of the balloon toward the stern, into which the air goes, and at the bow a smaller vent permits the air to escape. In this manner the airship is rendered more light and buoyant.

But this airship is different from ordinary balloons. Suspended from the bow and about fifty feet below it is a 50-horsepower motor, whose propeller can make 60 revolutions a minute. The great balloon is towed along by this little motor craft, in which is seated one man. He receives his orders by telephone from the captain and engineer, for whom a basket is hung in the rear of the balloon beneath the rudder. And directly under the middle of the airship is hung another basket, where sits a man who drops explosive shells through a hole in the bottom of his basket. When you know that these shells can do quite as much damage as powerful cannon, you wouldn't like to have one drop down upon your head, would you?

TO DESTROY HIS OWN WORK

Strange as it may seem, by the time Mr. Yamada had completed the plans for his warship he had also finished the model for an airship destroyer which could blow to pieces the new airship. However, this little engine of war could destroy other airships, too; so you see it would be of much use. It is snot up into the air, and when it reaches a point right above the airship, it lets fall upon the aircraft below a great mass of fire, which bursts and spreads in jets, although the flame goes out before it reaches the ground.

But it was by the airship that he gained the most renown. For his invention the emperor of Japan conferred upon him the sixth class of the Order of the Rising Sun, as big an honor as if he were made a great lord. And for all this the little paper carp deserves a great deal of credit. Don't you think so?

THE BALLOON MAN



Balloons that, loosed, soar to the sky
Beyond the reach of keenest eye,
Causing little folk to cry:
"Balloons again we'll buy!"

"Balloons!" No hole you can espy
For any gas to enter by.
Wonderment is in the cry:
"Balloons, so queer, we buy!"

"Balloons! Balloons!" The children
Fly
To seek the grown-ups who are nigh.
"Papa! Mama!" loud they cry;
"Won't you, please, a nice one buy?"



HERR MULLER never spoke of Jacob. Long years ago there came a letter, and then another, in which Jacob told of success achieved, little by little, in his newly adopted country of America. But the father never answered, and Jacob wrote no more. Herr Muller could not forgive his son for running away from his home in the little German village in order to avoid serving in the army. To the father it seemed a disgrace, one he felt keenly.

Although Herr Muller would sometimes sit for an hour at a time, staring wistfully before him in a way that betokened secret sorrow, no word escaped him, and Jacob seemed forgotten. And perhaps Jacob had forgotten his family and his fatherland. Certainly he could not have been expected to remember the girl who kept the house neat and everything about it tidy, who prepared the meals and did all kinds of chores, just as she did when she was a lass only 10 years old and he had gone away.

But Gretchen was sure that Jacob had not forgotten. True, she was 16 now and he was as much as 20, while she had never received a single little note from him. Yet Jacob had said he loved her, and she surely loved him. When he was ready for his departure, of which she alone knew, he had said to her:

THOUGHTS OF JACOB

Upon a day late in the month of November Gretchen looked carefully at her image in the mirror. She wasn't a vain lass, but she wanted to be as pretty as possible, just for Jacob's sake. She was beautiful—even prettier than when Jacob had left her. Gretchen was thinking a great deal about Jacob that day.

"Oh, dear! If he would only send the letter soon!" she sighed. There was no question in her mind but that it WOULD come, you see. However, it was miking time and she must hurry. Throwing a bonnet upon her head, she ran nimbly downstairs, snatched her pails from the dairy and tripped outdoors.

As she sped along the path Gretchen was surprised to see a stranger leaning over the fence gazing intently at him. "Good morning," said he, as he bowed politely.

SHE PROMISED TO COME

"Gretchen, dear, I am not going to waste long years in the army. So I am going far away—to America, if I can—where I shall make all the money I am able. When I have enough saved I will send for you. Will you come?"

Gretchen had promised. For six years she continued in her household duties and took care of the twins, whose mother had died a year before Jacob left home. She herself possessed no mother, and therefore had all the more sympathy for Hans and Wilhelm. Besides, she was grateful for the home given her by Herr Muller.

The round of work was always the same. There were meals to get ready, before and after Herr Muller came from the fields. There were the market days, when, among other produce hauled away in the cart, was her contribution of fresh eggs and butter. Several afternoons a week Grandfather Muller drilled the boys of the village in marching exercises, in preparation for their terms in the army. Then Gretchen must find the erring twins, who, like enough, were hiding in the big barn, and send the unwilling lads to their grandfather on the common.

Some day the letter she awaited would come.

THANKFUL FOR HER PROMISE

"Over in the United States they call this 'Thanksgiving Day,'" soberly remarked Jacob, as he sat down before the best meal the big farm could afford, in company with his father, who had at last forgiven the boy whom he had so badly missed, with the twins, and last, but not least, Gretchen. "It is my 'Thanksgiving Day' here, too," continued he.

"Gretchen," said Jacob suddenly and with a smile, "what have you to be thankful for most of all?"

And Gretchen, bending busily over the tea urn, murmured shyly, "Why, Jacob, for being asked to keep my promise, of course."

"BALLOONS! Balloons! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

The children who are passing by
Stop and listen to the cry:
"Balloons! Balloons! Who'll buy?"

"Balloons! Balloons!" What joy to buy
And on the autumn breezes fly!
Boys and girls all wish to cry:
"Balloons! Balloons! We'll buy!"

"Mr. Millais"



ALMOST every little boy or girl likes to draw, but every child is not meant to be a great artist. Many parents seem to think their boys will grow up to be renowned painters, so that when little John's mother told Sir Martin Shee that her son had a great gift for drawing, the learned man shook his head, and replied:

"Don't encourage it. Many children show this sort of promise, and the end of it all is failure. It is not once in a thousand times that success is achieved. Bring him up to any profession but mine."

Now, Sir Martin was then president of the Royal Academy, to which belonged the very best painters of England; therefore he must have felt certain that his advice was good.

John went to Mr. Bessel's school at Southampton to learn how to become a real artist. At this time (in the year 1837) he was but 8 years old, and so small that when he sketched, as he did almost all the time, some one had to pile big books on a chair to make a seat high enough for him to sit upon.

One day at an assembly of the Royal Academy, when prizes were to be awarded, it was announced that "Mr. Millais" had won the prize for the best historical drawing in pencil.

"Where is Mr. Millais?" asked the duke of Sussex, who was chairman.

Little John was presented.

"Is this Mr. Millais?" exclaimed the duke, in amazement. "Put him on the table!"

And, standing on the table, John received his prize.

In 1838 and 1839 John Millais studied art in Henry Saes' school, in Ely, Cambridgeshire. Then, in 1840, as a little shaver of 11, he was sent to the Royal Academy itself, there to receive instruction.

Every prize went to this little artist chap, and when he arrived at the age of 18 he was awarded a gold medal.

And in after years little John Everett Millais, grown to be Sir John Everett Millais and known the world over, became president of the academy that gave him a prize while he stood upon a table.

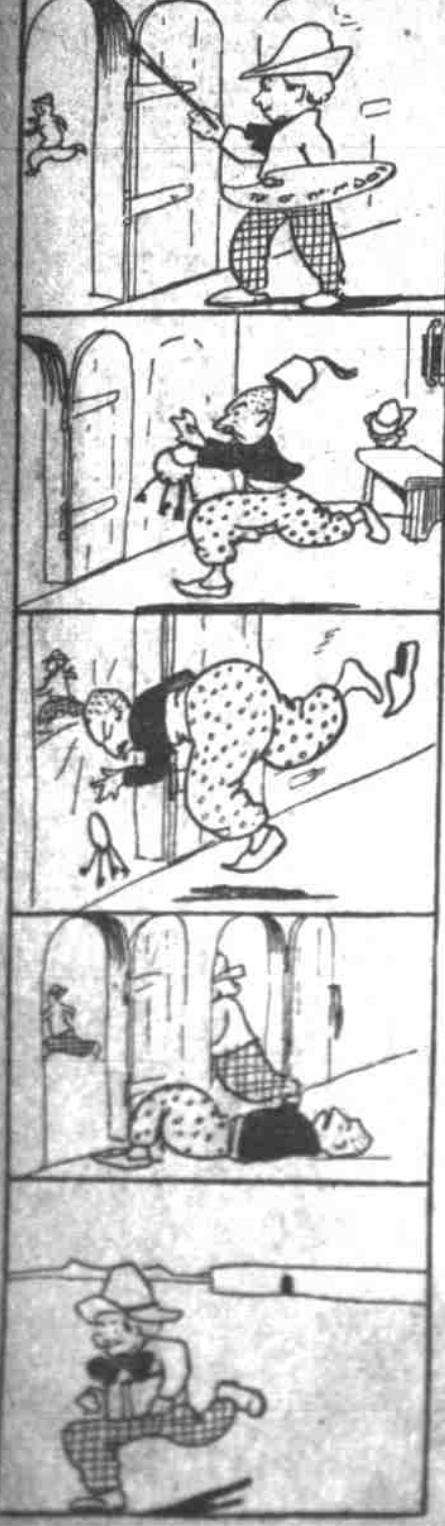
"A SEAT HIGH ENOUGH."

But John's mother begged the noted artist at least to look at some of her little son's drawings, of which she was very proud. Although he deemed it a waste of precious time, Sir Martin agreed to glance over the sketches. No sooner did he see what the little fellow had drawn than he cried:

"It is your duty, madame, to encourage this boy. He is a marvel!"

Thus it happened that little John Mil-

Painter Peter's Pranks



"I HAVE learned everything about painting that one can learn here, now, with your permission, I shall travel about the world, making pictures of what I see."

The Rich Man looked proudly upon his wonderful son. "I am willing enough that you should journey through other lands, but I fear you are too young to travel alone, my boy, and the painting is a very ugly man, and the painting was, therefore, a very ugly picture.

"Jail the insolent boy!" cried the chief.

So Peter was thrown into prison, but luckily was left in possession of brush, palette and tubes of colors.

You probably have guessed that Peter was a very bright lad. He was, indeed—and a clever artist, besides.

In a few minutes' time he had made the picture of a door just like the one which gave entrance to his cell. The picture showed him passing through the door on his way across the plain beyond. He painted the real door entirely white.

This work finished, Peter crept, with a chuckle of satisfaction, behind the low bench in another corner of the cell. There he crouched, awaiting the approach of his jailer with food for the midday meal.

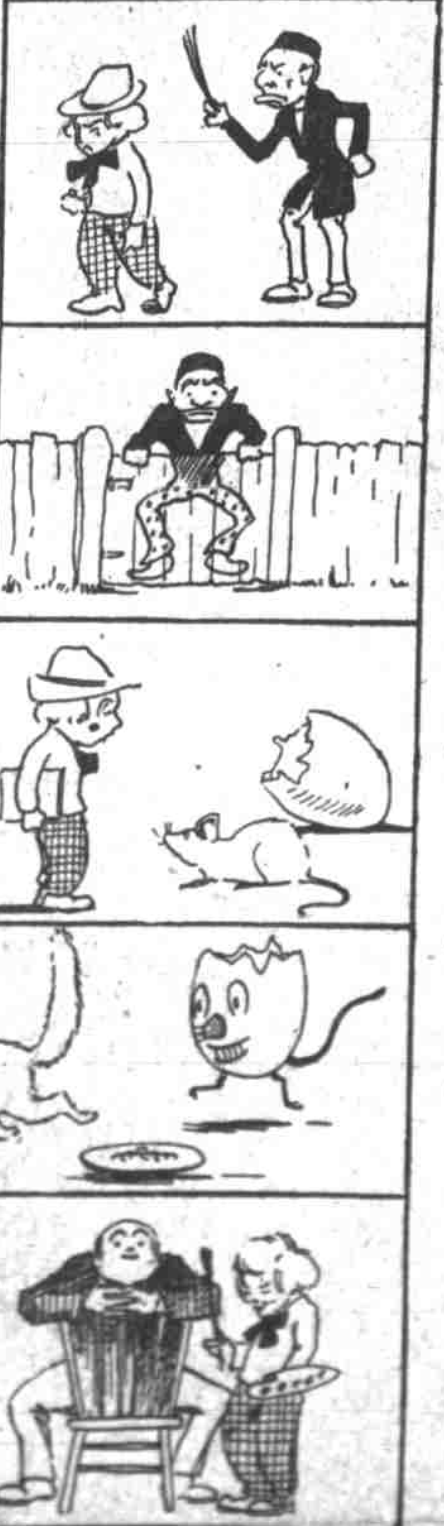
The jailer drew near. In leisurely fashion he unlocked the door. Then he gave a short ugly man, the prisoner was escaping! Across the cell the turpentine darted at full speed, toward the painting on the wall. The next instant he had fallen unconscious to the stone pavement, with his head badly battered from the force of the blow. You see, the painting was done so cleverly that the jailer thought Peter really WAS escaping; therefore his effort to catch the fleeing boy, and the sad accident when his head bumped the wall.

Of course, Peter at once took the keys from the jailer and put himself at liberty. He got away from the town in a hurry, you may be sure. But somehow the Rich Man heard of this adventure, and made the boy come home.

"I knew you were too young to travel," said he wisely. And he sent the smiling boy to school, where Peter played all kinds of tricks upon the schoolmasters.

Furthermore, he frightened the cat at home by the same means, and made her run on an apple, over the head of a mouse he had caught. And he painted a face on his father's bald head.

So much mischief does the boy get into that his father thinks that perhaps he will let Peter go abroad once more. This maybe he will be other adventures to tell about.



Hurstbourne Jack



ALL the passengers who use Hurstbourne Station, England, are well acquainted with Jack. He is owned by the station master; but Jack knows almost enough to be station master himself, although he is only a dog.

A very popular doggie is Jack, whom every traveler likes. When any stranger alights at the station, he is greeted on the platform by Jack, with paw extended in welcome.

People who are fortunate enough to be at Hurstbourne Station at a certain time each morning find it interesting to watch the handsome fellow trot into the booking office, seize in his mouth a bag containing the day's cash, and march with it across to the opposite platform, where the guard of the Exeter train receives it.

The Modest Evergreen

WHEN first came trees upon the land the fairies drew together, Agreeing then the trees to give clothes for all kinds of weather.

"Quick, come and say What choice today Is yours, and what to-morrow. Be careful quite; Reply right, Or 'twill be to your sorrow."

The fairies' words much pleased the trees; They whispered all together, And talked about the kinds of dress They'd need for every weather.

"A pretty green, Of fresh, bright sheen, With charming buds adorning, Is just the thing To wear for spring— That time of year's glad morning."



Spring's garments thus the forest chose, When summer came about 'Twould surely be too warm to change— They'd wear the old clothes out.

The maple spoke, And chestnut, oak And hickory thought 'twas good reason: The evergreen, With sober mien, Chose green for every season.

But all the other forest folk Asked brilliant autumn shining: For golds and browns and glowing reds Their summer's habits trading.

These greedy trees, So hard to please, In winter lost all dresses: But evergreen, The modest queen, No season ever distresses.

Bird Houses: A Story Picture to Draw



QUICKLY and your drawing books, girls and boys, and practice these simple little drawings made for you by the gardener, the mischievous boys and the angry Mr. Brooks spent a lot of time in putting up nice houses for the birds. And then he thoughtfully painted the tiny cottages. Hardly had he finished the task than along came two mischief-making boys. When the good Mr. Brooks returned he didn't enjoy the surprise awaiting him. He gave the boys a severe scolding. And the indignant birds chased the rogues and socked at them.