

THE WISHING PLANE

BY WILLIS WINTER

Mother and father were awaiting at the gate for Jack and Jane and Ladydear and Captain Brave. For they had heard the hum of the giant plane and had seen it land.

Captain Brave and Ladydear didn't walk fast enough to suit Jack and Jane, who ran with all their might toward mother and father, reaching the gate all out of breath. Mother picked up Jane in her arms and hugged her for what seemed an hour, while father picked Jack up and gave him such a bear hug as Jack hadn't had since he left home. Then mother and father "traded" and mother gave Jack a big smacking kiss and hug while father picked up Jane—a little more gently than he had handled Jack.

Of course, Ladydear and mother had a kiss and hug for each other and father and Captain Brave shook hands.

"It means a lot to us to be able to bring the children back healthy and happy after taking them about the world for months," said Captain Brave.

"We didn't worry a minute about the children," answered mother. "We were sure you and Ladydear would take wonderful care of them."

"And now, what's the surprise, mother?" asked Jack and Jane together. Mother and father looked at Ladydear and Captain Brave and smiled and then mother said:

"Well, if you little folks will tip-toe quietly into the living room I think you'll see."

Jack and Jane did, and what do you suppose they saw. Well there were two little, rosy-cheeked, bouncing babies, tucked side by side in a little bed. A little blue ribbon showed in the nightgown

and a little pink bow peeked out of the covers from the nightgown of the other.

"Two baby brothers to play with," exclaimed Jack.

"No, I think they're both girls," said Jane.

Mother settled the question when she stepped through the door with father and Ladydear and Captain Brave by saying, "One of them is Rob and the other Ruth. The stork left both of them with mother at the same time while you were away and we decided to name them Rob and Ruth after the two little folk you visited in Switzerland."

"But we can each play with both of them, can't we?" asked Jack.

"Certainly," said mother. And as soon as Rob and Ruth awoke from their nap Jack and Jane proceeded to introduce themselves and make friends with their new brother and sister.

And we'll leave Jack and Jane with them.

When they weren't amusing and taking care of Rob and Ruth, Jack and Jane found time piece-meal to tell mother and father and the other folks in Make Believe town about their trip and the wonderful things they had seen.

Ladydear remained with the children and mother and father while Captain Brave went to Washington to receive his orders to take charge of the flying school. And then Ladydear and Captain Brave flew away in the plane to their new home near the aviation field. But before they went Jack and Jane made them promise to come to Make Believe town often with the big machine which had taken the children safely around the whole earth.

THE END

The Sword of Opis

CHAPTER VI.

With quick slashes in the tent with his short sword Mok crept in. At the gap in the tent sat a guard. He did not see Mok or did he hear anything. Mok saw the Princess bound with a rope and she was lying looking at him queerly he said: "S-s-s-h." The Princess said nothing, but Mok with swift cuts of his sword severed the ropes and the Princess was free although the rope had cut her slender wrists cruelly. They both heard the chief and the man coming back. Mok said: "Now slip quietly out or we are lost" and so they crept out and crawling back to their horse Mok lifted the Princess in front of him and then he mounted behind her. Just then a cry from the tents told them that the Princess was missed and they must fly away. They sped with the ruppets in pursuit behind them. Mok whispered in the Princess' ear: "Bentatza we will flee to you unaided famous tower of Tyar and hide there." "The tower of Tyar why that's where the Sword of Opis is hid?" "So it is I do remember now perchance thou canst find it or I can." They reached the old tower in time and riding thru it Mok jumped down and securely fastened the huge gates one after the other and they found themselves in the deep dark tower. One room had not fallen in and into his room the two went. They both heard the shouts of the Ruppets as they discovered their hiding place. "We are safe for a while Princess" said Mok as they watched at their pursuers thru the cracks in the wall, but Princess Bentatza said nothing. She was sobbing. Mok went to her side and kneeling down said, "Princess what is the matter with thee?" "Oh Mok, my night," said the Princess and over took the Princess in his arms. They were both looking out the hole in the wall when the Princess saw something shining in the earth she told her lover and he said: "Dear perchance it is the Sword of Opis." And as they sat to work to dig it up they saw a long golden box in the hole and lifting it out opened it and lo! within lay the famous Sword of Opis. It was a massive golden sword and in its hilt was the large blazing ruby like a huge eye gazing at him. The young man was dumfounded.

"The Sword of Opis," both cried and the young man picked it up and waved it blazing and radiant above his head despite its huge weight for as on the marble slab it read, "He will know this Sword belongs to him because if he can lift

it he is the one." So Mok O'Toor was to be the Princess' future husband and glad she was. The first thing that came to his mind was "kill these Ruppets." So he knew he would with his sword in his hand and Bentatza at his side he waited for the Ruppets, they came and when they saw Mok they cried out and ran back crying out to their chief that it was the bandit Rooer O'The Bow. When the Princess heard this she looked at her lover's handsome face and said: "Art thou Rooer O'The Bow?" "Yea little Princess I am. Hate me if thou must but I will be a good man from now on. Dost thou dislike me?" "Nay Rooer I do not. I know thou wilt keep thy promise." But the chief told his men to go back and so they did but Rooer O'The Bow conquered with the famous Sword of Opis and its mysterious powers. And with the dying and dead Ruppets around them Rooer knew that that was not all of them and as the Sword of Opis had not vanished into air he knew another army of Ruppets were attacking the city of Vorkes.

He jumped on the black horse and with the Princess on a white horse, belonging to one of the dead Ruppets, she was riding at his side. He sheathed the Sword of Opis in the sheath that was in the box with the sword. They rode on in silence but presently stopping and taking a long silver horn from around his neck on a silver chain and putting it to his lips he blew three long beautiful notes. Even the birds in the trees stopped to listen. Bentatza watched in amazement at this but watching she saw men dressed in dark brown suits with a green feather in their caps. They were big, brave looking men and sat on their black steeds erect. When they saw Rooer O'The Bow they were delighted and Bentatza knew that her lover was their captain and they were the bandits she had heard her nurse tell about such terrible bloody deeds they did. But she knew now it was all just tales made up. Then Rooer O'The Bow ordered them to get on their suits of mail and bring one for him and the Princess, and so fully dressed for war they rode to the city of Vorkes and just reached it in time. The other Ruppets were tearing down the city gates and killing the brave men of Vorkes. So Rooer O'The Bow with his wonderful sword rode in their midst dealing death on every side. He defied the arrows and sword thrusts and Bentatza with her arrows and bow fought by his side while his brave men fought behind him. Up in the castle the old King Kertzie and King Rudy watched the fight they

were too old to fight although they wanted to. But in the battle with the sun shining on his brown hair stood Kor and fighting bravely. When old King Kertzie saw the men in mail enter the city he asked who they were and when he saw the flaming sword he knew it was the Sword of Opis and that the man must be his daughter's husband. He wondered who this brave warrior was. The crowd answered him he heard cries of "It's Rooer O'The Bow, we are lost." When the old king heard these words he fell back fainting. His daughter's husband, that bandit Rooer O'The Bow, He watched and saw the men fall before this man with his terrible sword. He heard King Rudy cry "Kertzie 'tis thy own daughter, who is fighting by this warrior's side. See her face! She has opened the face of the mail and now so has the warrior. Just then a scream came from the King Kertzie, he cried out: "Why it is my private servant and he was the Rooer O'The Bow." Just then the warrior had felled all the Ruppets and was holding the blazing sword high above his head but lo!—the sword vanished and the Sword of Opis was no more it had done its work. Then a great crash was heard in the castle. All ran to see, so did the warriors and Rooer O'The Bow with the Princess and there—the great marble slab with its fateful words had fallen and was broken into pieces. The evil spell was broken and the King Kertzie looked at Rooer proudly and putting his arms about him called him son. This man had saved his life, his daughter's life and the city Vorkes.

A wedding was performed in the Holy church, it was the wedding of Rooer O'The Bow and Princess Bentatza while the two kings looked on. King Kertzie with a happy smile on his face looked at them. Kor was sitting on a crimson seat, his left arm bandaged. He had been shot thru it by an arrow. He was smiling too. That night two young people, the Princess and her husband were looking at the full moon. Rooer turned to his bride and said: "Dear thou knowest I bless the Sword of Opis for it has given me what I love best."

—The End—

—Thelma I. Darby.

All's Well That Ends Well

"Paper Sir, only two cents; all about the war," called a little shivering cripple on Fifth Ave. Mr. Carson, for this was the name of the gentleman addressed, passed on as many others had done that evening. All he saw was a small boy of about ten years, very poorly clad. He did not see the sad pathetic look on the face of the lad as he passed on. He did not notice that although the clothes were patched and worn; they were brushed and clean. Mr. Carson was not hard hearted. No, indeed for he had once a little boy. It was about this he was now thinking. So absorbed was he that he hardly noticed Jimmy Railes as he continued his walk homeward.

It was a sad home he went to that night. His wife, a pale faced gentle little woman could not think of anything but her own son, Ned, tonight and of the servant girl who disappeared on the same night. Clues were found but all failed to lift the cloud from the sad hearts of the parents. At the entry of her husband, Mrs. Carson started, for on this very morning another clue had come in. But soon all hope vanished for his approaching steps told her that his heart was heavy. And she was right, the clue was only like a shooting star.

Mr. and Mrs. Carson retired with heavy hearts—almost wishing they would not awake.

But there were other sad hearts tonight for as we go back to our little newsboy, we find him still employed at his post. No moon had arisen tonight and the snow was falling in a sheet. It seemed to Jimmy that God had almost forgotten him. Crippled and cold he turned his weary steps homeward. His thoughts were of his mother, (the only mother he knew) who was very sick. He soon reached a neat, but poorly built house, "How's mamma?" he asked of a kind faced woman as soon as he entered. His sorrow deepened on hearing that his mother was no better. Mrs. Railes had a terrible disease. She had kept up as long as possible, but at last had to give up. Mrs. Jordan, a kindly woman had taken her in, but she was poor so

Jimmy had to sell papers to help support.

Tonight Mrs. Railes was very low. She had something on her mind—a secret. Mrs. Jordan begged her to give up this terrible secret. But no, she could not.

"The promise! The promise!" cried the sick woman over and over again. "Oh! why didn't you come back, Mary. Oh! why?" Mrs. Jordan knew that Jimmy was not Mrs. Railes' child, but whose she did not know.

A little later as the clock was striking eight, the door-bell rang. "Go, go," cried the dying woman, "she promised she'd come back." The door-bell rang again. Mrs. Jordan hated to leave the dying woman but at last went to the door after Mrs. Railes persuaded her to do so. But she found there only a messenger boy for the woman up the street. Oh! the disappointment. This Mary whoever she was could solve the mystery and she alone. We will drop a veil over the death and funeral of Mrs. Railes, and the ensuing months following. The only thing Mrs. Railes left was a sealed packet to be given to Mary Garse. If this woman did not return within ten years it was to be given to Jimmy.

Chapter II.

One evening about a year, after the preceding events, about seven o'clock as Mrs. Jordan was knitting and Jimmy was studying; a rap was heard at the door. Jimmy went to the door. "Is Mrs. Railes here?" questioned a hoarse voice. Jimmy fell back. Who could it be in



Woodcraft
for Outdoor
Boys and Girls

DON'T SLEEP ON WET GROUND
Francis Rolt-Wheeler

"I hope we won't catch cold!" exclaimed Lucy, a trifle nervously, "maybe it won't rain any more, but the ground's just sopping!"

Chunk—his name was Chester, but everyone called him "Chunk"—grinned cheerfully at his sister.

"Don't worry, Sis," he said, "you won't catch cold. I've got the Merit Badge for Camping in my Boy Scout Troop. Why, I'd be disgraced if you caught cold! Couldn't let that happen."

"But the ground's sopping," she repeated, not far from tears.

"It won't be when I get through with it," declared Chunk.

And he set to work to build a roaring fire on the best level piece



of ground he could find that was raised a trifle. In half an hour he had a blaze so hot that it was hard to get near enough to stoke it.

"It's jolly and warm," Lucy admitted, "my things are all dry now. But it'll be cold on the ground, just the same. Where are you going to put the tent, Chunk?"

"Right there," he answered pointing to the middle of the fire.

"It'll burn!"

"Not much it won't," affirmed Chunk, and proceeded to lay the wood for another fire.

"What's that for?"

"Night fire."

"Isn't that big blaze enough?"

"I'm going to let that one out. You'll see."

Before very long the big fire began to die down, and Chunk, cutting a stick with a crotch to it, pulled away the smouldering logs that remained, lighting the new fire with them.

"Now," he said, "we'll put the tent on the spot where the fire was. It'll be warm and as dry as a bone."

It was, and when Lucy awakened in the morning, she declared that she had slept as cosily as in her own bed at home. As for a cold, she didn't even have a sniffle! search of his dead mother? Mrs.

Jordan came to the door. "Did you not know Mrs. Railes is dead almost a year? She asked, "Dead! my God! can it be so? The figure fell. Jimmy ran for a light. Before them lay a middle aged woman. She was carried in and placed on a sofa.

After a few minutes of anxious waiting the woman recovered. She informed them that her name was Mary Garse. "Mary Garse," gasped Mrs. Jordan. "Have you at last returned?" this given in a reproachful voice. Mrs. Jordan went to get the sealed packet. Jimmy was dispatched on an errand. The packet was opened and contained a letter and a few trinkets.

"I shall now tell you my story," started the woman. "I, at one time was the wife of a wealthy Chicago merchant. In some large transaction he lost all his money. I placed the blame on a certain Mr. Carson of this city (New York) who had had large dealings with my husband. After my husband's death I changed my name from Consuello de Romera to Mary Garse. I then sought employment at the home of Mr. Carson. I was employed for two months ever seeking revenge for my husband's death due to our sudden poverty. At last on one cold winter night I stole away with the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Carson, Ned.

I arrived at the home of a friend of mine in Boston, Mrs. Railes who accepted me as a guest, thinking Ned, my nephew. She never knew until one year afterward I told her the story after receiving promise of secrecy from her. The next morning I boarded a train for California. After two months of absence I returned to find my friend gone. Where, I knew not. And up to three days ago I searched for her, not constantly, but following up every clue. Last Tuesday I found her whereabouts and so I have come to you tonight."

There was silence.

At last Mrs. Raile said: "What do you intend to do. Do!" exclaimed the woman. "Do! what is there to do but to surrender to the police. But Mrs. Jordan thought different.

The next morning she called on Mrs. Carson and related the story of Mary Garse. The mother gladly forgave all.

There was only one blot on the beautiful morn—Jimmy was a cripple for life. I must leave to the readers to imagine the joy of the first meeting of mother and son.

Mrs. Jordan was well repaid for her efforts to make Jimmy or Ned as we must now call him, a noble honest boy. Mary Garse was given a passport to her native land, Spain.

Ned's one delight is in helping poor boys. And we can now see that although the first part of his life was sad it ended well and "All's well that Ends well."—Dorothy Conner, St. Andrew's school, grade 8.

Honorable mention in the Junior Palladium Story Writing Contest.

Flowers in Siberia

Amidst the filth, squalor and poverty of Siberia it is good to find something which seems devoid of all these, and which speaks to this desolate country of a better day. After months of snow and ice, and within a week from the time the snow has disappeared, spring begins and with it come the flowers. Spring and summer and autumn are all one in Siberia—there is no time for them all; a brief six months is the most which nature allows, and so they have to cram into that space everything they can.

The chief flowers are anemones, irises and lilies-of-the-valley. All of them, especially the latter, grow wild in great profusion, and the whole world seems to smell of lilies for a brief two or three weeks.

Traveling between Vladivostok and Harbin little semi-Chinese-Russian boys bring great bunches of lilies-of-the-valley to the trains, which can be bought for a few cents. They start perhaps by asking 10 cents for a basket or its equivalent, nowadays, of four to five rubles. This you refuse and pass on to the next door. Then the whistle blows, and the boys rush up to you shouting "Three rubles! two rubles!" Still you take no notice; then you clamber on the train, which very slowly crawls out of the station, and you eventually buy as many lilies as you can carry for one ruble, the boy being perfectly content, and you, thinking of the prices in Fifth Avenue, are also happy in the thought of your possession.—Christian Science Monitor.