

"A Little Bit of Everything"

A party of boys and girls, including myself, were wrecked out on the Pacific. The first day has passed and they are now preparing for the night.

Fifth Installment

I sat for a long, long time—thinking. I wondered if Marge Clarill was still alive or not, and whether mother and father were, either. This gave me no relief. I tried to make it, but no—I couldn't. So I turned my mind to other channels.

Yes, this was the fourth night, counting from the wreck. Just think—four whole days and four nights!

I thought more on this subject, but it couldn't give me any relief, so I tried to think of something else to think about. The next remedy I tried for restlessness was thankfulness; but, no, there was only one thing to be thankful for, and that was—

My attention now centered itself on a certain figure I saw in the darkness running among the trees. I only got a glimpse, but it appeared to me to be a girl. The next moment it was gone, and I found myself looking at another object coming toward me. There walking down the sand was the little leopard cub we'd found that afternoon. I marveled that it could become so tame in such a short time, but it was just a little know-nothing bit of fur, and I suppose that it didn't know any better. I reached down and picked him up. He gave me a little rigid stare and then cuddled up in my arms. He probably wanted some one, anyway, I reflected, his mother being dead, so I said: "Hello, Zep! You know about Uncle Dudley, don't you? That's right, give me a kiss." He did, all right! A swell one—just a great big rake all down my forearm.

"Well, of all the nerve! I said you shouldn't treat your Uncle that way—but since you're so anxious to go, you can, I guess."

And I suited the action to the word. He bit me "farewell" at the end of a "swift kick!"

That ends my "mushiness" with leopards, believe me!

But, listen! The next moment as I looked out on the sea, what should I see but a ship—yes, sir, a boat!

Hie, wake up there, you land-lubbers!" I cried. "A ship, a boat—come quit—"

I paused abruptly, for upon second thought I looked twice, and what did I see but our own yacht!

This so "bemuddled" me that I stood still, I'll bet five minutes; just stood there gasping at it, honest!

The others came up then, and when they saw it—gee! I thought they'd go mad. Why, they all pranced around in a way fit to kill. I said I was sure they'd gone crazy.

The next day came, and with it the landing of the yacht. After the meeting was over it was found that just one person was missing.

"Only one," my father said—"Marge Clarill, yes, sir. Only one, but that's bad enough. Where is she?"

And, sure enough, there they were, both right together—both of 'em! It certainly gave me a jolt; couldn't believe it. Just imagine two girls just exactly alike, same dresses and all, when all the time

you had been thinking they were one.

It seemed that Ernestine had been washed ashore, so I got Marge, after all. Then they changed places and that got us all mixed up until we didn't know which one was which.

And you've been wondering about the yacht and the fire, I know. I don't know much myself about it; I'll admit that. But here's what I do know and that is, that the very steamer we saw on the first day on land was attracted by the flames on the night of the fire, and with pumps, hose and many other fire extinguishing articles, and with much hard work, succeeded in putting it out. As the night was dark, we saw nothing of all this.

The next day we set sail for the Hawaiian Islands, the home of the much coveted jazz music.

Three days later, at 3:00 in the afternoon and three miles from the islands and as three of us were standing together on the deck, Marge said:

"These are islands, aren't they? Oh, I do so love an island!" And she repeated William Sharp's lines:

"There is an isle beyond our ken, Haunted by dreams of weary men; Grey hopes enshadow it with wings Weary with burdens of old things. There the insatiate water springs Rise with the tears of all who weep. And deep within it—deep, oh deep, The furtive voice of sorrow sings There evermore Till time be o'er. Sad, oh so sad! The dreams of men Drift through the isle beyond our ken."

THE END
—Northrop R. Elmer.

THE BLACK MASK

CHAPTER III

Joe was killed and Buck Ranger was put on the Farrow farm to work and to watch the family.

Things had been going on well for a week or so, and Buck had become used to the work and did very well.

While he was in the barn he was thinking who the Black Mask was. He finally chose to find out for himself. So, saddling his horse, he rode up to the door of the house and said, "I'm goin' to town for awhile. I'll be back soon."

Then he started out the gate with his gun dangling at his side.

After he had gotten into town he went into the only bar in the town where he thought the outlaws might be. He looked around awhile and could not see anyone that looked like outlaws.

"Hello, there, stranger, what ye lookin' for—a fight?" said a laughing voice behind him.

Buck turned and saw a man who looked to be good-natured, "No, I'm not looking for that."

"Well, let's have a game of poker, then," said the man.

Buck consented only because he wanted to learn something of the Black Mask.

In about half an hour three men walked in the bar and sat down in a dark corner around a table. At once they started talking in low voices.

"Who are those men?" asked Buck, after looking at them for awhile.

"They are part of the Black Mask gang," said the other softly.

Pretty soon the three men walked out the door.

"Remember at one o'clock this night," said one.

"All right," agreed the other two men.

Then they parted.

"How did you come to know them?" asked Buck.

"They stole some of my cattle one night. It happened that when they were just startin' to go I heard 'em and got up out of bed. I saw most of their faces, but one who wore a mask. I didn't want to do anything for I knew the whole gang could kill me before I could do anything. I'm goin' to wait till I kin git a gang and fight 'em."

"Very good, but what place have you?"

"It's called the Starr Ranch. Starr is my name."

Buck started in surprise for he remembered the place where Joe Farrow was shot.

"I would like to be the first man to join your gang and now I will be goin'," said Buck cheerfully.

On his way home Buck was wondering what those three men were up to. After awhile he dropped the matter and turned his mind to the things about him.

When he got home he started to finish the work. At night he returned to the house saying, "I'm tired, I think I will go to bed."

"All right, then we'll come later," looking up from his work with a smile.

So Buck went to bed but he could not go to sleep for he was thinking of the three men all the time. Finally he got up and put on his clothes and decided to watch for he thought they might come there.

Anna and Mary had already gone to bed.

At about two o'clock there were

sounds as of some one going softly in the grass below his window. Buck looked at his guns to see if they were loaded. Then he looked out of the window and saw a man creeping along the sides of the house with a ladder.

Buck ran down stairs and looked out the back door. He saw another man there. He went to the front door and saw another man there. He thought for a while and then said to himself, "Where have I seen these men before?" for in his rush he had forgotten those three men in the bar.

But just then he remembered those same men that acted so queerly.

(To be continued.)

—Lloyd Shifer,
Junior High School.

Answer to puzzle No. 3: 385 cannon balls can be put in the pile.

PUZZLES FOR JUNIORS

1. Behead a horse's house and leave a piece of furniture, behead again and transpose and you will have one of the first men spoken of in the Bible, take away the last letter and you have the nickname of a famous president of the United States.

2. My first gives a baby support. My next is a virtuous lass;

To the fields, if at eve you resort, My whole you will probably miss.

3. If in a pile of cannon balls, the ground tier has 100 balls arranged in a square, what is greatest number of balls that can be put in the pile?

4. Make a word square with five words of five letters each. The definitions of the words are:

- Fun.
- Cold, icy regions.
- A fruit grown in Spain.
- A big black bird.
- A tendency.

Answers to this week's riddles and puzzles will be found hidden in all sorts of places in this week's Junior. Find them.

RIDDLES FOR JUNIORS

1. When are brokers in a panic like Pharaoh's daughter?

2. Why did the Austrian soldiers wear steel buttons on their coats and the Russian soldiers brass ones?

3. When did Ruth treat Boaz badly?

4. What are the most unsociable things in the world?

A Story Coal Would Tell If It Could

America owes its growth largely to coal, for without it how could locomotives, steamships, ore and coke furnaces and most important of all our heating stoves be in existence.

Coal was formed ages ago when the earth was forming. There was just a thin crust of earth and the heat from the earth made it very warm for vegetation. What we call weeds were as high as an ordinary bush.

This crust would rise and fall. When it would fall water would run in and cover up the trees that had fallen.

When wood decays the carbon of the wood unites with the oxygen of the air. But when the water runs in the wood turns into kind of a charcoal, because no oxygen can get to it.

The veins of coal are generally about 56 to 60 feet wide and high. Sometimes it is so near the surface that it may be mined similar to the way rock is taken out of a quarry. Sometimes it goes straight through a hill so the mine looks like a tunnel.

Bituminous coal is the cheaper grade of coal. Because it has so much bitum or mineral pitch in it. Anthracite is a higher grade of coal because it is harder. Anthracite is a Greek word, meaning ruby because it has kind of a red glow and no flame.

Most generally you go down a dark shaft to enter a mine. The modern mines are lighted electrically now. A hundred years ago they used candles in mines until Humphrey Davy found that fire would not go through thin wire gauze and after that they used little carbide lamps that fastened on their hats.

Mining is dangerous work. A miner never knows when his axe may strike a vein of water or the mine may catch fire.

—George Harris, Starr School.

Answer to riddle No. 3: When she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

HOW NELLIE LOST HER BEST FRIEND

One day in spring there were two small girls, playing along the street whose names were Nellie and Bessie. These girls were of the same age and were great friends.

Nellie was cross most of the time and was unkind to many little creatures and would do many harmful things to little birds, which couldn't protect themselves. This, Bessie did not like at all. She tried to teach Nellie different, but it did no good.

One day while Nellie and Bessie were playing along the street, the neighbors had a poll parrot sitting out in the front yard. Nellie cried: "Oh! Bessie, let's throw stones at this bird and make it cry." While Bessie was listening she only replied: "There is no one to throw stones at you when you are enjoying yourself."

"Oh! You big crank, anyway. Never want to have any fun," said Nellie.

"Yes, I do, but I don't believe in doing such things," said Bessie.

This made Nellie mad and she went on throwing stones at the parrot. "Poll Parrot," cried the bird. "What do you think I am? Be like Bessie, please have mercy on me." In the meantime, Bessie ran up to the parrot and took it in her arm and rubbed it.

"Poor Poll," said Bessie.

This made Nellie more and more angry, so she said:

"Go home, you're no friend of mine."

Bessie says: "Why Nellie!"

"That's all right, you mind me."

Bessie did as she was told. Nellie was sorry of the way she had treated Bessie. She wrote a letter to Bessie to forgive her.

Bessie answered: "I still think of you, but can never be the same girl as when we were true friends."

Nellie was so sorry of the way she had treated her friend Bessie and said she never would forget it.

She lost her friend all by being unkind to the bird and getting mad easy.

—Bertha Belle Morrett, Greenwood school, Grade 7, Liberty, Indiana.

Answer to riddle No. 1: When they save a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

Melbourne Wrote This About Himself

Little Melbourne Davis
Was working in the sand;
He hurt his foot and then his hand.

He never cried till he hit it with the hoe;

Then he screamed Bloody Murder, and said it wasn't so.

—Melbourne Davis,
5B, Starr Platoon School.

Answer to riddle No. 4: Milestones, because you never see two of them together.

CHILDREN GIVE PROGRAM

The boys and girls of the first and fourth grades of Finley school gave a little play, "Cinderella" before the grown-ups who came to the school's Parent-Teachers' meeting, Thursday afternoon after school. Recitations and songs by the children also formed a part of the program.

Answer to puzzle No. 1: Stable, table, Abel, Abe.

ORCHESTRAS PLAY TOGETHER

Tuesday evening the Hibberd and Starr school orchestras held their weekly rehearsal together.

Answer to puzzle No. 4:
SPORT
POLAR
OLIVE
RAVEN
TREND

HOME-MADE HOLLY

Cut the pattern of a holly leaf from heavy paper. Lay it on several thicknesses of dark green tissue paper and cut out the leaves. Make the berries from peas or little balls of cotton covered with red



tissue paper. Tie the leaves and berries in bunches and attach the bunches to twigs or cords. In the same way you can make mistletoe from gray-green paper.

STOCKING PLACE CARDS

Stockings cut from heavy red paper with a white cotton fringe pasted around the top, and a pretty Christmas seal on the side will make attractive place-cards.

Christmas Party Decorations

Santa Claus and many other quaint little figures, such as Red Riding Hood, Pierette, and Cinderella, can be made from lollypops. Draw a face on the paper covering of the candy, and wire two tight little rolls of white tissue paper onto the sticks for arms. Dress with colored tissue paper to suit the character.

Answer to puzzle No. 2: Milk-maid.

