

## THE BLACK MASK

### CHAPTER IV

The Farrow house is guarded by two men and a third is carrying a ladder. These men are the ones who acted so queerly in the saloon.

Buck is trying to think of a way to keep these men from doing their work.

The man with the ladder slowly climbed up it. He climbed in the window into Mary's room. Then he took from under his coat a little piece of goods. Then he put it on Mary's nose. The effects of the medicine put her to sleep.

The man climbed down the ladder and gave a signal to the other men. Just as they started to run, a shot rang out and the man with Mary fell dead. The other two men ran behind the trees and fired at the window where Buck stood.

"We'd better git that girl and git away from here," said one.

"We'd better wait till we git that guy first," said the other.

"Just as soon as we g—Ouch he got me that time," yelled one in pain.

With that the other stopped fighting and tried to stop the flow of blood from the other's arm.

Buck seeing his chance rushed to rescue Mary who had just awakened.

But the man who was fixing the wounded arm saw him and quickly drew his gun and shot Buck in the shoulder. Buck fell and became unconscious.

Then the man who shot, rushed out, with Mary before she could run. Then he put her on his horse and rode away.

Finally Buck came to and got up and looked around; but could not see anyone, so he hurried to the barn and got his horse and followed the tracks of the outlaws.

He went in a large woods and about in the woods, the outlaws had dismounted and gone another direction. He also dismounted and followed the tracks.

After a while he saw a cave on the side of a hill so he walked up to it and peeped in. He saw a candle burning in the farthest end which showed that it turned. Buck ventured to go in. When he came to the turn, he saw Mary tied hand and foot in a corner. Mary, on seeing Buck started to cry for joy, but Buck put his finger to his mouth and she did not do it.

Buck stood on the outside of the door and listened for voices but could not hear any. He stepped in the passage and started for Mary. She tried to make a motion to Buck but he did not see it.

Buck was about to Mary, when from another corner three men jumped on him. Soon the men were all tumbling over the floor of the cave.

Buck was swinging his strong arms in every direction throwing men everywhere.

A scream from Mary called Buck's attention. She was motioning for him to look back of him. Buck wheeled around just in time to see one of the men about to bring a board over his head. Buck grabbed the board and gave a maddening kick which sent the men sprawling in the corner.

As soon as Buck had dropped the board, another sprang forward and picked it up and brought it down on Buck's head and he fell. —Lloyd Siffer, Junior high school.

(To be continued.)

## QUESTION BOX

The editor will try to answer questions readers of the Junior submit to her. She will not promise to answer all of them. The questions will be answered in rotation, so do not expect the answer to be printed in the same week in which you send your question.

Dear Aunt Polly:

On this planet Earth, we refer to the ground as earth. On Mars, would they refer to it as Mars? —M. D. C.

Dear M. D. C.:

Perhaps they would call it, marsh. —Aunt Polly.

Answer to puzzle No. 4.—If Gladys gets 39 of the 90 peanuts, Clyde gets 34, and Bill gets 17, then Clyde will have twice as many as Bill, and Gladys 5 more than Clyde.

An anti-slang movement has been started by the members of the Suni Camp Fire Girls, Seattle, Wash.

## SANTA VISITS UNFORTUNATE KIDDIES REAL EARLY WITH CHRISTMAS TOYS



Santa Claus leaving the crippled children's home in New York to go on to the orphans' homes.

Santa Claus's biggest job is to take care of the little orphans and crippled children each year. Parents always help him take care of other little kiddies, but he gets little help when it comes to the orphans and other unfortunate children, and so he has a hard task getting around to all of them. He is shown here after a visit to some little crippled children.

## JOHN IN SEARCH OF A PLACE

Next morning was the Lord's day. John's breakfast was more scanty than ever; but he said not a word about that, for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside the door where it was kept and he knew that both food and fire might be gone before night. They had earned no money to buy anything for several days. The sun was shining bright and clear but the air was very cold. The child had no overcoat, but hastening to the school, he was in his seat just as the superintendent and the teacher entered.

"Who is that little pale boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of the teacher.

"His name is Jones. I intend to visit him this very week. He is a very well behaved boy."

"I should like to know more about him," said the superintendent. "I will speak to him after school."

When the class broke up, the superintendent seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and spoke to him kindly.

"You have been here to school

several Sundays, have you not, my boy?"

"Yes sir, I came just a month ago today."

"Have you been to school before that time?"

"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick I used to go to another school, but when she got well, she brought me here."

"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water street?"

"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large shop?"

"Because, sir, they kept open shop on the Sabbath and mother did not wish me to work on the Lord's day."

"You did not keep the piece of gold money that you found when you were coming into the street. Why didn't you?"

"Because it was not mine, sir, and I thought that the owner of the shop would find the owner sooner than I would."

"He did, my boy, it was my money. Did you get a place yesterday?"

"No sir, all the places were full and nobody knew me."

"Well, my boy, you may go now and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning. Your teacher will tell you where I live."

John went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street, or anything as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much and so it did. That Sunday evening John and his mother knelt down and gave thanks to God, who had not forgotten the fatherless and the widow in their distress.

THE END.

—Russell Crane, Grade 7-A, Junior High School.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

Let's be as happy as we know how and happier than that every day next year.

"It takes a Freshman to make a Senior."

## A Sweet Story

Maple sugar is obtained from the sap of the maple sugar. The maple sugar season is in early spring, when the sap is beginning to circulate in the trees.

The way they get the sap is by boring a hole in the tree, a short distance from the ground. An iron spike is put in this with a hook on which to hang the sap bucket. The sap is put in large pans called evaporators. These evaporators are divided into sections, and connected by means of little openings. The sap is put in one end of the evaporators and flows a zigzag path through the pan. By the time the sap is through going through the pan it is changed into syrup. It is put in cans or boiled down to sugar, which is molded into small cakes.

Before the modern evaporators came into use, making sugar always occurred at night, because the sap buckets had to be attended to in the day time.

Sometimes there are only a few trees in a bush and others contain from one to two thousand in a bush.

Our country produces great quantities of sugar, but we use so much we have to buy much more than we manufacture.

Every tree produces from one to six pounds a season.—Gladys Ruhl, 5A grade, Starr school.

## THE AUTOMATIC PISTOL'S ANCESTORS

By Grant M. Hyde

"Why do they call a pistol automatic, Daddy?"

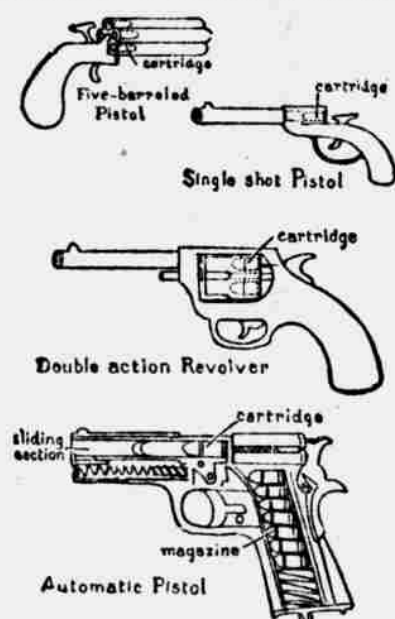
"Only one kind is called 'automatic'—the kind, recently invented and much used in the Great War, that gets its name from the fact that it reloads and cocks itself.

"Perhaps if I tell you about this pistol's ancestors, some of them, you will see why it is called automatic. It came after a series of inventions, like the devising of the cartridge to save loading and ramming a gun through the muzzle, as I told you not long ago.

"After the cartridge made possible quick loading and easy firing by a hammer hitting a percussion cap, the first pistols were like our modern single-shot target pistols that must be reloaded for each shot. But inventors wished to devise a pistol that could be loaded with several cartridges to save time.

"One of their first attempts was a pistol with several barrels in a bunch. If there were five barrels, each was loaded separately and turned around, one at a time, in front of the hammer to be fired. It was like a double-barreled shotgun except that the latter has a separate hammer and trigger for each barrel.

"But to have so many barrels was awkward. To simplify it, inventors



devised a revolver of one barrel with a revolving chamber holding six or seven cartridges. Only the chamber needed to be turned and one barrel was sufficient. The 'double-action' revolver is so named because the trigger does all the work of turning the chamber, pulling back the hammer, and releasing it against the firing pin.

"In the automatic, the seven or ten cartridges are held in a removable chamber which slides into the pistol's handle. The pistol is cocked by sliding back the top section and thus 'pumping' a cartridge into firing position. The other cartridges can then be fired rapidly without recocking because the recoil, or 'back-kick,' of each shot slides back the top section, throws out the empty shell, and pumps up another cartridge. This pistol is considered the highest development at present because it works so rapidly and requires little pressure on the trigger."

## FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS PARTY

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

The Christmas party table ought to be the most beautifully decorated one of the whole year. You may have an attractive scheme of decoration, carry it out yourself, and at slight cost. Make some large snowballs of cotton batting, wrapping a small gift in each. Cover these with white crepe paper, dust them with frost powder to make them sparkle, and pile them in the centre of the table. Buy some of the



little cardboard holders for sweets known as ice cups. Paint these with water colors in holly red and green, and fill them with sugar almonds which look like tiny snowballs. Place one of these Christmas baskets at each guest's place at the table. These and the snowballs in the centre make welcome favors.

## A Christmas Tree for Each Guest

Individual paper drinking cups hold these little trees, or the small cardboard flower pots that the green houses use now. Either are easily obtained. Color the cup or pot a bright crimson, and fill it with white sand. A wooden meat skewer makes the trunk of the tree. Cut strips of green tissue paper, and fringe them. Coat the skewer with thin glue and wind the fringe green around it until it takes the form and shape of a small evergreen tree. Then thrust it into the sand which holds it upright. These Christmas trees, one at each place, or given as souvenirs at the Christmas party, are very unique and pretty. The clever girl will be able to attach a small gift to each one, or tie candies to them.

## Christmas Snappers

Your Christmas party will not be complete without the jolly snappers with fortunes inside that all boys and girls have enjoyed from the old days of Merry England. But why not get the plain ones, a dozen or so, and dress them up just as you like?

Bits of red and green silk may be fringed and tied around them with holly ribbon. They may be covered with scarlet crepe paper and tied with holly ribbon. A bit of real holly may be fastened to each, or a small figure of Santa Claus, cut from a picture postcard may decorate them. Pass a basket of these gay snappers and see the delight of your guests!

## STAMP CORNER

A very interesting stamp is that from Czecho-Slovakia. It has a woman kneeling, with arms outstretched in an attitude of appeal.

Several weeks ago, in answer to my "ad" in our Junior Pal, came a letter, containing 10 or 15 stamps which I did not have. As there was no name attached, I did not know whom to thank. If the kind person who sent me the stamps wishes any in trade for those, he will please write Marion Chenoweth, 215 South Twelfth street, Richmond, Indiana.

EDITOR'S NOTE—From reports from several junior quarters, we learn that the interest in a stamp collection is growing steadily. Perhaps the war has made this so, since it has made not only new stamps in many of the countries but has even made new countries. Then, too where the government of a country has been changed—say, from a king's country to a republic, the stamps were changed. We will be glad to print any news items from our junior stamp collectors or any one interested in stamps in our little paper. If you know anything interesting about stamps, send the story about it into the office right away.