

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust. But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little toy soldier is red with rust. And his musket molds in his hands. Time was when the little toy dog was new And the soldier was passing fair; And that was the time when Little Boy Blue Kissed them and put them there.

THE BOY IN THE SILVER SHIP.

It was light. There was no more rain, and the fog was lifting every second. He airt out and nodded to Frazier. Again the motor roared into life. "I wonder if she knows she'll never stop for a day and a half, this time?" Lindley thought, and people marveled at the smile that came to his face.

gazed below him at the smiling sea. Ships were here and there—"But there won't be any, later," he reminded himself. Fog over Newfoundland he'd been told. He hoped it wouldn't be too thick. Perhaps there wouldn't be any. He was unaware of the passage of time. The figures on the clock were meaningless, as far as actual consciousness of what they indicated was concerned. Prevaling his whole being was sort of a transcendent exaltation, an exaltation so great that the thought of what lay ahead of him held no terrors. The Atlantic was merely a difficult obstruction, requiring greater concentration to surmount.

was over. He was again the cool flyer, as he thrust the throttle all the way on, and sent his ship upward into a blank wall of mist. He kept it level, and in a gradual climb, with the help of his banking and climbing indicators. His eyes were on the little bubbles almost constantly. He could not see fifteen feet in any direction. Hunched in his tiny cockpit with the fog like a shroud about him and the open sea beneath him, he leveled out at five thousand feet, and the song of the motor, dropped into a lower key as he throttled it, was like the voice of a friend from out the limitless loneliness that was his.

He gasped with relief, as he saw the ice coating on the ship turn to water. He was but fifty feet high. Now he was down to ten feet, he had to be, to see. A few seconds later he leaned forward hope in his eyes. There was light ahead, but even as he flashed forth from the storm, he knew that his temporary exaltation had been premature. All around him were more clouds, down to the very water, and on every side.

overcome him. He seemed without feeling incapable of thought. "Snap out of it!" he told himself suddenly and his weary body straightened. He looked over his instruments, and then it was that something electric seemed to course through his veins. He was on the way to Paris already only five hours from land. The worst part of the Atlantic was conquered. All that it meant came back to him, and his dulled eyes brightened and strength flowed from his mind to his body. And as his eyes rested on the motor cylinders before him, he was ashamed. The ship was no more his brain child—it was a mighty thing, more worthy of trust than he.

motor seemed to die thankfully, as though very tired. And then, winging down silently through the night in graceful spirals, he strove to comprehend what that field below him meant. And he could not. A vision had come true, and all that he had yearned for would be his. His silver plane had become a dream ship that had carried him to the harbor of his heart's desire. And his eyes were wet as he patted the side of the cockpit, and said huskily: "You did it, old girl, you did it!" He landed smoothly, but he was in a trance. Suddenly his body went limp, and he gazed stupidly at a torrent of black figures sweeping across the field toward him. He knew, later, that twenty-five thousand frenzied people had burst all barriers to roll over him in a tidal wave of humanity.