



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE STORMING OF TOMAHAWK HILL

FRANK WILLIAMS' GREAT CAMPAIGN AND THE PART PLAYED BY THE AUTO SLED "ZIP"

BY ARTHUR MORGAN LANGWORTHY

FRANK WILLIAMS' exploits in the snow country were in a general way known to the boys and girls of the town. Frank had been in the big Western drive since the moment when Ben Jordan, the leader of the crowd of other boys who were at odds with Joe's crowd, had succeeded in capturing Tomahawk Hill, which was the great winter battle ground of the boys of the town. A snow fort was always erected and fought for under regular drawn up rules. But the victory of Ben's crowd had been won by the utilization of all these rules—his snowballs were not only solid, but had stones frozen in them, too, and because of this the boys were particularly anxious to win the hill back from him.

Although Frank was only a rather he was well known among his cousin's friends for his clever ideas, and the boys had insisted that on this serious occasion he should take the leadership.

Frank had ordered his army to march in single file, with a strap of cord or fast to the weapon's arm. These did great service, as they protected the fingers to a great extent from the frozen snowballs, and as the enemy was not provided with ice-shovel they were soon annihilated by the well directed "ball" fire of his forces, leaving the way clear to storm Fort Tomahawk.

The attacking party were found out long before they had reached the top. It was difficult enough to climb up the slippery slope, and then when they would come within range of Ben's sharpshooters it was well nigh impossible to advance up the hill, even though they were each provided with the snow shields.

Once the attackers got almost to the top, when Ben rolled three or four giant snowballs down on them. They were unable to get over like so many trophies, sliding and shaken clear to the bottom of the hill, while the enemy unmercifully fired them.

After Frank picked himself up and reviewed his battered forces he decided they had had enough. A retreat was ordered to headquarters, in Joe's stable loft, and a grand powwow was commenced. Everybody had a plan to suggest, but not one was practical.

The noise and arguments got so loud that Frank couldn't think straight, and he went downstairs, telling them to leave him alone for a while and he might be able to evolve some scheme.

Frank entered the main room, which was used as a garage, where he settled himself in the big touring car to try to think of some idea. But it wouldn't come. He glanced dismally around, but the sight of Joe's big double runner bobbed, the Zip in the opposite corner gave him an inspiration. His eyes rested on her for a moment as he thought gloomily:

"The had you can't come on hill as fast as you can coast down." Then he found himself looking at another object,

the compact little motor of the old auto. The auto backboard had been smashed up in a collision, but the motor was unharmed and had been removed to a safe place.

He continued to look intently at the motor as he kept on studying, until suddenly his face lit up. A minute more and he was all action. A careful examination of the damaged machine seemed to be most satisfactory, for he rubbed up the motor and brought Joe back, and then excitedly began to explain something to him, pointing first to the motor and then to the backboard.

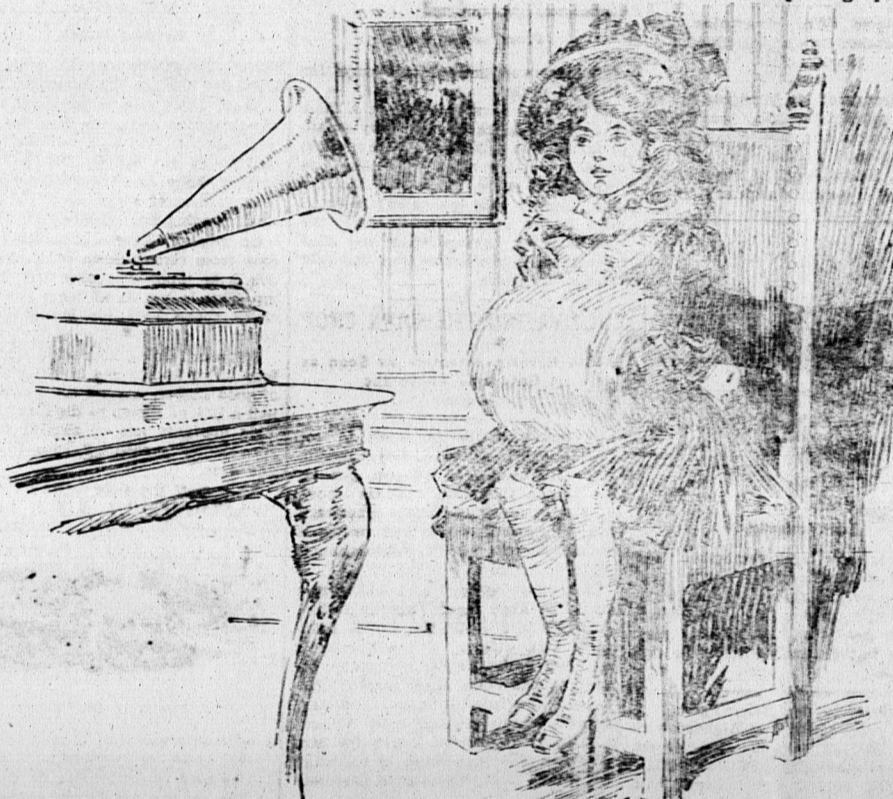
Joe regarded Frank's idea with a skeptical eye.

"Haven't you heard of auto sleds before? Let's get hold of Dubboe, and I'll



POLLY PUZZLE NO. 3

Polly went to call one afternoon and was perfectly delighted to hear _____ the phonograph.



A word of three syllables will fill out the above sentence

prove all my statements," argued Frank.

Dubboe was the chauffeur, Frank laid his arguments before him and Dubboe, who was a very practical man, approved the plan. His approval quickened Frank's courage, and he set to work at once. But most of the day had passed now, and Frank and Joe dismissed their army, with mysterious hints about the new campaign to be carried out.

The first thing done, with Dubboe's aid, the next morning was to unhook the motor from its place on the work bench. Finally the screws were removed and the motor was lifted, and Frank, Joe and Dubboe were able to shift the sixteen horse power motor and its gasoline tank at the same time, so no precious moments were lost in disconnecting. The motor and tank were firmly secured to the long board seat of the Zip right over the rear sled. The next task was to remove the rear axle with its wheels from the auto backboard. They were finally placed in position, as shown in the picture. After that it was an easy matter to adjust the chain on the sprocket wheel and connect it with the motor.

"But how are you going to keep from slipping?" Joe now asked.

"That's where the traction force plays its part," answered Frank. "See these lengths of chain! I am going to joggle

the tires, then wind the chains around the axle.

As the engine was in good condition, Frank inserted the spark plug and "cranked" the motor, the same as any chauffeur would, to start the engine. Then he threw on the speed lever and spun the wheels (jacked up off the floor) at a great rate.

"We've got to box in the motor. Saw these lengths," and Frank measured off certain boards from the pile of lumber by the carpenter's bench. The boards were sawed to the required size, and then placed in position, and the Zip began to take the shape you see her in the picture. Frank completed his labors by painting her name on the sides and hoisting a small American flag at the prow.

The Zip was ready at last. It was afternoon when they pulled her into the yard, where Frank assigned Joe to act as steersman, which operation was accomplished the same as before the Zip became an auto sled, the forward runners being movable and pivoted on the rod that pierced the seat and terminated in the steering wheel.

Frank now mounted the rear. As the spark plug had already been inserted, he proceeded to start the motor, and the engine began to hum, then Frank let out the speed lever, the chain wound wheels bit into the snowy driveway, and the Zip shot into the street, while the army (which had been hastily summoned) cheered enthusiastically.

From the street they could get a distant view of Tomahawk Hill. They were careful not to expose themselves to the possible gaze of the enemy, who they found had been also busy—making at least a dozen giant snow balls, which stood in a row on the hill crest.

"Say, suppose we are able to climb the hill, and they begin rolling 'em down on us—some of 'em would knock the Zip all to smithereens!" exclaimed Joe, doubtfully.

"We'll provide for that—head her back and we'll make final preparations for the grand attack," answered Frank, and in a few moments they had arranged for the majority to form a skirmish line to clear the way for the grand attack, while he ran the Zip under cover of a clump of bushes near by. The skirmish line succeeded after some hot fighting, and then Frank commanded five of his huskiest fighters, including Joe, to scramble aboard, while he congratulated the bruised heroes of the skirmish line. They had not only beaten the enemy at the foot of the slope, but had deceived Ben into rolling down all the giant snowballs. This great danger removed, Frank issued final instructions to Ted Warner, who was in command of those left on foot, and then turned to the crew of the Zip.

"Boys, we must reach the top, and we must hold out when we get there until the rest can climb up and come to our support! Are you ready—then off we go!" and the Zip, manned by her intrepid crew, dashed from the bushes. There was a long smooth stretch across the open field to traverse before she began the ascent. This gave her a fine start, for she shot down the clear space going at forty miles an hour.

The yell of astonishment that greeted her appearance from the besieged hill had hardly died away before she started the ascent. She raced quarter way up with hardly a sign of decreased speed. But the drumming of the motor grew louder and more strained as she reached half way. Still, she managed to keep going at a great clip, for the three-quarter distance was made

at a rate faster than a man could run—

but the last quarter.

Slower and slower the chained wheels turned over the snowy crest, yet steadily they forced her up with scarcely a slip as they gripped the icy slope. And now the Zip came within range of the sharpshooters, who unmercifully peppered the onrushing foe.

Would she do it? Up, up into a hall of snowballs the besiegers sped. They had fought but their snow shields, which they crunched behind for what protection they gave. Finally only fifty feet separated them from the crest. Could they make it? The puffing motor was just able to complete the climb, where it hurled the Zip over the crest directly at the base of the fort, into the same ranks of the besieged, who had come out to repel the enemy, though they did not dare to run down to meet the oncoming auto on the slippery hillside. The top was gained at last!

Then came the fiercest fighting of the whole campaign. Frank's confidence in his followers was not misplaced, but more than once they were all forced down the hill by Ben's force, who outnumbered them two to one. Yet every precious moment gained brought Frank's reinforcement creeping nearer to the top.

Ben was no coward, and he and Frank finally grappled with each other just at the critical moment. They were equally matched, but Frank was lucky enough to down his enemy, and Ben's fall threw his ranks into great confusion, and all the while Frank's "second army corps" climbed higher.

The momentary panic gained time enough for them to reach the top, where they literally mowed down the tired and disconcerted enemy, who had been too busily engaged in fighting off the Zip's crew to notice their approach. They pulled Frank off Ben, who rose to find himself a prisoner with all his army.

But what happened next was most humiliating of all. Over a dozen sleds were captured among the spoils of war. When Frank learned of this an idea struck him. He turned to Ben:

"We can't make you fellows 'ride the plank,' but we can make you 'ride the sled,' and then each prisoner was forced to ride ignominiously down the hill on the very sled he had brought up!

Frank reserved Ben for the last. Frank had a little ceremony he wanted to perform especially for his captive's benefit. Still kicking and fighting, Ben was forced to watch Frank remove the little flag upon the prow of the Zip and stick it on the crest of Fort Tomahawk.

Then Frank said:

"I brought this flag twenty-five miles to plant it on Tomahawk Hill, and when you want to declare war again just remember that. Now, boys, give Ben his little ride!"

A SNOW MAN COMPETITION

ONE of the most amusing entertainments for a winter party is a competition in the making of snow men and women.

It isn't such an easy task as it looks to model a snow man from cotton, because the material sticks to everything with which it comes in contact. Of course this sort of an entertainment is not suitable for a formal large party where dancing is in order, but it is very pleasant for a small party, where things sometimes grow a little dull.

You should not try making the snow figures in the parlor or in any very best apartment. The cotton is sure to get on the carpet and chairs and it will be a nuisance to get off. If there is a play room or a nursery which is not being used by the younger children for that particular evening it is best to do the

modelling in this room. If there is no such place available, then it is wise to use the "everyday sitting room, where a little disorder does not so much matter.

Each guest is given a fairly large piece of cotton to work with. The piece may be regulated in size according to whether you want your snow figures large or small. It is best to do the modelling at a large centre table, and besides the cotton there should be an ample supply of black, white and red tissue paper, black shoe buttons, cord, large needles and thread, several pairs of shears, some adhesive plaster and a paper of pins. All these articles are for the making of the snow creatures' features and also for the construction of their attire.

After each guest has been supplied with all things necessary to the art of cotton modelling the competition begins. You should inform the company that every one is to be permitted to model either a man, a woman, a small child or an infant in long frocks.

Hats, coats, buttons, aprons, neckties, caps, shawls, cloaks, shoes, slippers, boots, &c., may all be made from the paper, in some cases these are sewed on with a few long stitches, or they may be stuck on with the adhesive plaster, which is useful for features and buttons also. The shoe buttons make the best eyes. Mucilage may also be called for by the guests for the fastening of some of the garments, but do it in moderation to handle.

About an hour should be allowed for the competition, but if most of the competitors are not through by that time they should be given fifteen minutes or half an hour more. When the competition is finished prizes should be awarded for the best snow figures. To decide which these are a vote should be taken.

It is a good plan for the girl who is giving the party to try making a snow man in advance, so that she can start out at once on the night of the party and show her guests how to begin their figures.

IN A LOOKING GLASS

An Interesting Game to Play at Parties



DO you think you know how to draw? Well, perhaps you do. But before you decide absolutely about the matter please make this experiment.

To carry out this test you will need a sheet of paper, a mirror about the width of the paper, a pencil and another sheet of paper or a large card or book. Lay the paper flat on the table. Then prop up the mirror at one side of the paper so that it is at right angles with the paper and reflects it. You may stand the mirror against a pile of books if it has no standard of its own. After you have done this you take the extra sheet of paper in your left hand and hold it so that it is between your eyes and the piece of paper which is lying on the table. You must hold the piece of paper in your left hand so that you cannot see the paper that is lying on the table except in the mirror.

You are now ready to begin drawing. First, suppose what you intend to draw. It should be some simple object repre-

sented by a few straight lines, such as a kite, an envelope, an open book, a box, &c. You draw with your right hand, holding the paper in your left, so that you cannot see what progress you are making except in the mirror. Watch the mirror all the time until the drawing is completed. Then sign your name to it. Unless you are a very unusual person you will be surprised at the product.

This game is lots of fun for parties. Everybody should be given a trial. First, compare the different drawings should be compared and a prize given for the best of them. A good plan when a number of persons are going to try to draw is to have a blankbook and turn over a leaf for each person.

Answer to Last Week's Polly Puzzle.

The answer to last week's Polly puzzle is "Jealousy." The sentence, when filled out, reads: "No one will ever love Polly at a party can ever doubt that she is a belle."

GROWN UP FOLKS.

GROWN up folks say such funny things!

I guess they think they're true, So I politely let them talk. But I believe them too.

My teacher says if I'd not waded, The slow hands make their rounds Upon the clock, but study hard, They'd move with leaps and bounds.

And then, Oh! how I'd like to say— If it would be polite— "I've tried it and it does not work," But I shut my lips up tight.

My music teacher's just as queer; She says I'll wish some day I'd practised when I was a boy, And really learned to play.

And sometimes this might worry me, For fear it might be so; But daddy never learned to play, And is he nervous? No!