WAR BABIES

THE ADVENTURES OF
TWO LITTLE CHILDREN
OF VERDUN

FRANCHOT AUX (Fic)

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JACQUE and Jacqueline were playing in the lovely old walled-in garden of their home

WAR BABIES

BY

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To My
Grandchildren
MLD

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WAR BABIES

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THE ADVENTURES IN THE AIR OF JACQUE AND JACQUELINE

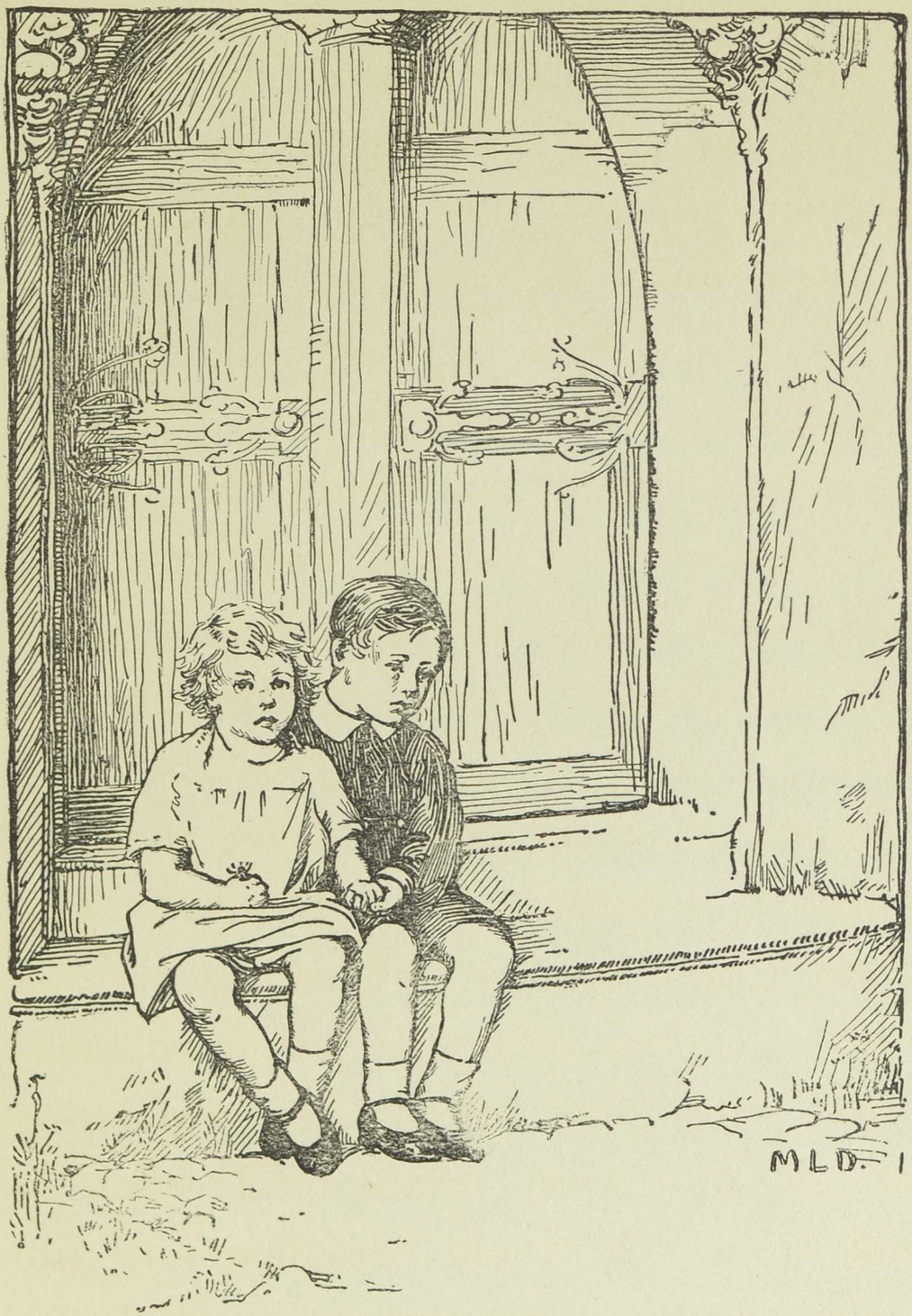
BING, Bang, Ping, Pang!

Jacque and Jacqueline were playing in the lovely old walled-in garden of their home in Verdun in Northern France, while a great battle was raging between the allied armies of England and France against Germany.

Again the guns—Bing! Bang! Ping! and everything seemed to shake; even the ground trembled and windows crashed and the children's mother came rushing from the house calling, "Jacqueline, Jacque, come quickly," but the words had hardly passed her lips when a bomb exploded in the garden path and she fell dead before their eyes.

Frightened and bewildered, the children ran from the garden calling for their father, but their father — the poor children did not know until later — had fallen early in the day, killed by a German Uhlan's lance while fighting to defend his city. In their terror the children ran wildly on and on, away from falling shells and exploding bombs, until finally they sank on the steps of an old church on the outskirts of the city.

Clasped in each other's arms, they sat huddled in a corner of the doorway. Jacqueline rested her curly head against her brother's shoulder, sobbing. Jacque sat looking out with great scared eyes, wondering what all the noise meant and when it would stop. He could see flames of fire all over the city, and the smoke made his eyes smart and ache. Suddenly he started



FINALLY they sank on the steps of an old church on the outskirts of the city

and roused Jacqueline, crying, "Sister, see what is this!" and at that moment appeared before them a strange, great flapping thing with big wings and a man's body, and the man bird spoke to them with strange sounds that seemed to the children as if he were trying hard to swallow something. He reached out big, strong arms and lifted Jacque and Jacqueline into the place beside him, strapping them safely to the seat. The children were too tired and frightened even to ask who he was. With a flap and whir away they went, flying up into the sky, and Jacqueline reached out her little hand to see if she could touch the blue, so near it seemed. As they looked down, all that they could see below was fire and smoke and great masses of men all about the city, who seemed to move forward and backward as if blown by the wind, and

the smoke rolled in great clouds over all; all they could hear was the roar of the cannon and the boom, boom of the guns. They did not dare to ask questions of the big bird-man, for he looked so stern and troubled and shook his head when Jacque asked him where they were going. They did not know that "all French was as Greek" to him, as he was a German.

Jacqueline said, "Pinch him, Jacque, and see if he will make the funny sounds in his throat again"; Jacque wisely shook his head and whispered low, "Poor big bird, he can't talk!"

On and on they flew, over mountains and valleys, until they were far away from the sound of battle. Once Jacqueline caught Jacque's arm and said, "See! A goose girl like the picture grandmother showed us"; and there in the field below them was a girl

WITH a flap and whir away they went, flying up into the sky

watching a flock of cackling geese, and at the same time knitting away, as fast as her needles could fly, on a pair of big socks, probably for a father or brother in the war.

Finally the two little children fell fast asleep — their little heads close together against the bird-man's knee.

When they wakened the next morning, the sun was just coming up over the hills. No bird-man was in sight, and they were nestled in a warm soft nest on top of a thatched roof of a house. As they looked about them they saw roof after roof and many towers, all in the shades of red and brown. They remembered then stories their mother had read to them of Germany and an old city called Nuremberg and of great, strong birds called storks, who sometimes carried babies to homes where they were

wanted. They wondered if this were Nuremberg and if the bird-man was a stork who had brought them here from their home in France. They wished he would come back and take them home, for they were hungry and wanted their mother, and Jacqueline was sobbing as if her little heart would break, though Jacque tried to comfort her by patting her face as he had seen their mother do.

Soon they heard a great flapping of wings, and down by their side came a great bird with white and black feathers and long legs and a long bill which he opened, dropping a piece of bread in the children's hands. This they ate hungrily while the stork — for this is what he was — stood by and looked at them curiously. Could it be, he thought, that the eggs in the nest had hatched while he was away in search of food and these two

THERE in the field below them was a girl watching a flock of cackling geese

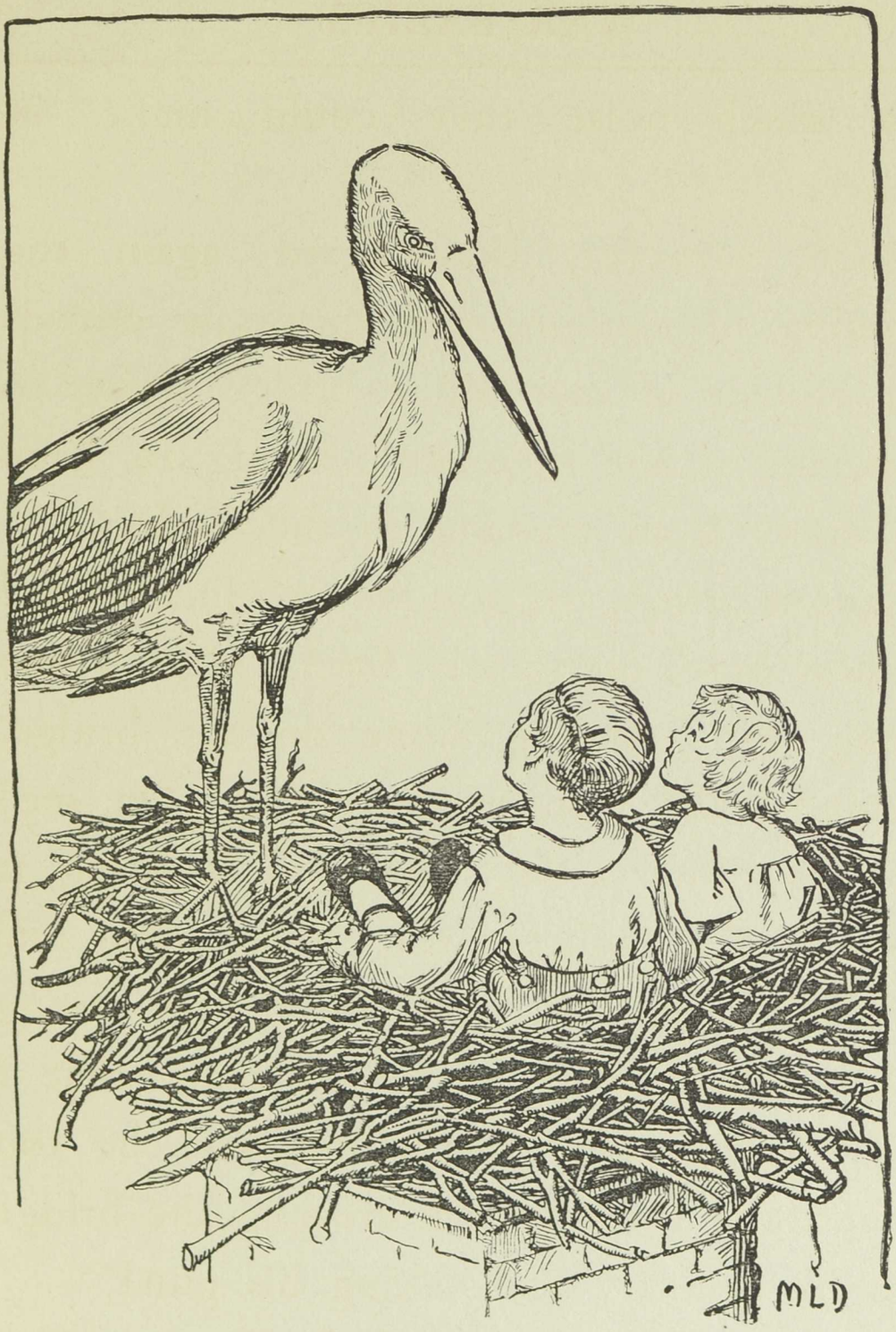
babies were his own; but if so, where was Mother Stork? He looked at them with his head on one side and then on the other, and he stood on one foot and then on the other, trying to solve the puzzle; then he flew away, but soon returned, bringing Mother Stork to see their strange storklings. Mother Stork was greatly excited and indignant to think Father Stork should think these queer little strange babies were their own fluffy little storklings, and then without even saying, "If you please," or "S'il vous plait," they each picked up a child in their long bills and flew away, far away, over the pretty red roofs and towers and walls and gardens, where little girls and boys were playing. There seemed to be so few people, and they were all women and children, and every place was so quiet that Jacque wondered if all the men had gone to Verdun to see

how much noise they could make in France.

Soon, however, they heard again the booming of cannon, and they saw crowds and crowds of men by a bridge trying to cross, and a few men were trying to keep the many from crossing to their side.

Jacque cried, "Look down, Jacqueline! see how brave men are! See! Here is one young man standing alone on the bridge, keeping many men from crossing. Oh, see! He has lifted a big gun and is firing it alone. The others who were with him have all been shot. See, sister, how strong he is! Oh, I wish I were a man, that I might help! Oh! Jacqueline, see! he too is shot, and the men are crossing the bridge into his country and taking his gun!"

Father and Mother Stork finally grew tired of their burdens and thought they were far



DOWN by their side came a great bird with white and black feathers and long legs

enough away now from their nest that these queer babies could not come back. Looking down they saw the nicest possible place to drop them, so down they flew and dropped the children — where do you suppose? — right on the back of the lion that stands on the very top of the great mound two hundred feet high that marks the battle of Waterloo, where ninety-nine years before — although the children did not know this — was fought a great battle when England and Holland, Belgium and Germany won the victory against the French under Napoleon Buonaparte. The children slipped down from the great lion's back and looked about them. No one was near, and it seemed as if they were all alone on the edge of the world.

Soon Jacqueline spied the long flight of steps leading down the side of the mound, and down they trotted, holding tight to one

another for fear of falling. When they reached the ground below, they saw a man and a woman with a cart drawn by two big dogs, and in the cart were great shining cans. The woman's quick mother eye caught sight of the two children, and calling them to her she asked them if they were hungry, to which Jacqueline quickly replied, "Oh, so hungry!" The woman then took, from the beautiful shining cans, cups of delicious milk, and the children drank until their little stomachs could hold no more and Jacque wished he were a camel so he could carry some with him.

The man asked where they were going, and Jacque answered, "To Verdun," and Jacqueline cried, "À ma mère." Tears came to the woman's eyes, and the man lifted the little orphans into the cart and said they would take them as far as they were going

SHE asked them if they were hungry, to which Jacqueline quickly replied: "Oh, so hungry!"

— to Brussels — and they started on their journey. When they neared the city, the man said to the children, "We can take you only to the market place, where we must leave you, for the Germans are now in Brussels and we must sell our milk and leave the city before dark to get back to our home."

As they entered the Waterloo Gate of the city, a German guard came to them questioning them closely, looked over their passports and asked who the children were, to which the woman replied that she found them by the roadside tired and hungry and could not leave them to starve. The officer said, "Very well, take care of them," so they went on their way into the *Grand Place*, or Market Place, where there were men and women selling all kinds of things they had brought in from the country,

beautiful cheeses, tempting fruits and vegetables, and Jacqueline thought she had never seen such lovely flowers, and Jacque, looking about him, thought he had never seen such a beautiful place: the graceful building of the Hotel de Ville — the old State House — on one side, and the Guild Houses with their gilded decorations on another, and many other interestingly beautiful buildings that Jacque will come back some day to study.

The peasants in the market place gathered about the children, giving them much to eat, more than Jacque's stomach could hold, and he stored some away in his blouse for future need.

While they were being so well cared for, a German officer came up to them and asked the children their names and where they were going, and when they said Jacque

and Jacqueline and that they wanted to go to Verdun, the officer said, "Ach Französisch! Here, Captain Waldo, call Lieutenant Flügel and tell him to take these little French children into their own country," and he slipped a piece of silver into the hand of each child solemnly saluting as he went on his way.

The sound of the aëroplane they heard once more, and, as before, the bird-man's strong arm reached out and lifted the children into the car, but the face of this bird-man was not the same as the one who took them from home.

Again they were in the air, and this time they were flying very high, for there were battles being fought all about them, and again they heard the sounds of guns and cannon, and they could see the flashing of bayonets in the sun, and they could hear the screaming of wounded horses and the

cries of dying men. Jacque asked the lieutenant what it all meant, but all he could say was, "Ich verstehe nicht," and this the little French children could not understand and thought he too was having trouble with his throat and could not really talk. So they sat still, strapped to the side of this strange bird-man who could not talk, but only make strange sounds in his throat. As they flew over a river where the noise seemed loudest, the bird-man exclaimed, "Aisne!" and Jacque knew that he saw the river Aisne that flowed near his own home, and his heart felt lighter; but when he looked down and saw the armies of men below in such masses, he thought they must reach round the world, and when he heard the bang, banging of guns and heard the cries, he knew that men were falling as his dear mother had fallen, and the big tears

rolled down his cheeks and splashed on his dirty little hands and startled him. He looked up quickly to see if the big man saw the splash, and then held his head high and said to himself, "Jacque, be brave. Your father is a soldier and you must not cry!"

On they flew, and always that horrible noise of guns and battle. Jacque wondered why suddenly it grew so dark, but when he felt the mist on his coat and face, he knew they were in a fog, and it was so thick they could not see below them; but the bird-man seemed to know where they were, for with a quick turn of the wheel they began dropping slowly and so softly that it seemed to Jacque as if they were floating on soft cushions of clouds. Lower and lower they went until, peering through the fog, they saw forms and faces of men in

deep trenches and Jacque noticed the men wore soldier caps like his father wore. Their faces looked drawn and tense, and in their hands were guns which pointed straight before them, then—one face looked up! and ping, ping, ping, the bullets were flying; with a spring, up in the air they flew, faster and faster, until they were far away from even the sound of bullets and battle. The bird-man chuckled with laughter, and Jacque and Jacqueline wondered what he had seen or heard that was so funny.

For a time they flew at a great height, then down, down they came until they were out of the fog. Looking down they saw houses again and knew it must be a great city, for there were roofs as far as they could see. High they flew, right over the gates of the city—a bird-man needs no

passports. As they passed over the tree tops of a park, Jacque looked up to the bird-man and said, "Est ce Paris?" The big man understood the child's questioning look and said, "Ja, Paris." Then Jacque knew this must be the Bois, the beautiful park of Paris where his mother and father had brought Jacqueline and him to play when they were in Paris. What was his surprise to see now, grazing on the beautiful green, hundreds of cows and sheep where they had played at hide-and-seek and blind-man's-buff with other children, and what puzzled the children still more, was that soldiers were guarding the cows and sheep. Some day later they will know that the cows and the sheep are guarded here in the heart of the city to provide food for the people of Paris if the Germans should lay siege to the city; for it takes a great deal of food

even for one day for a million or more people, and when a city is in a state of siege, no one can bring food to them and they must live on what they have inside their walls or fortifications.

It grew darker and soon they saw long shafts of light swinging in the sky, and it seemed to Jacque that they were flying faster all the time and that the bird-man dodged the shafts of light. Afterward Jacque learned that these swinging lights were search-lights sent out from the top of the Eiffel Tower in search of just such birds as these.

Soon they began dropping, and then they seemed to slide, and finally the children were carefully lifted out and put down on a broad place on top of a roof. The bird-man wrapped them in his own great-coat and gave them bread and cakes and

said "Adieu." They heard a flapping of great wings and then all was still. Not daring to move in the dark, and warm in the folds of the great-coat, they fell asleep in each other's arms, Jacque murmuring to himself, "Paris, France! Mother, father!"

Jacqueline was the first to waken as the morning sun shone in her face, and as she sat up she saw queer animals and birds with men's faces, and men's bodies with the faces of animals and birds all about her, some with their faces in their hands leering at her, and in terror she wakened Jacque. Rubbing his eyes, Jacque stood up and looked about him, and then he knew they were on the gallery on top of the Cathedral of Notre Dame; for had not his father brought him to this very place and pointed out these very figures and said that they

were chimeras or gargoyles, and they never sleep but are always watching over Paris day and night?—all of which Jacque explained to Jacqueline and quieted her fears. They then ate their breakfast of the food the kind bird-man had left for them and went out to the great balustrade, over which Jacque could just see comfortably; but little Jacqueline could only see through the holes.

Jacque, with the air of his father, tried to point out the buildings his father had pointed out to him—the Pantheon where Jacque said France buried her great and brave men when they died; and Jacqueline looked up into her brother's face and said, trying to copy his grown-up air, "I presume you will be buried there some day, Jacque!"

Shining in the sunlight was the great dome of the tomb of Napoleon, and clear against the sky was the Eiffel Tower and

THEN he knew they were on the gallery on top of the Cathedral of Notre Dame

the Trocadero and St. Jacque and many other buildings and monuments of interest; but Jacque's knowledge did not go beyond the Pantheon, much to his regret.

While the little girl and boy were looking down over the beautiful city, they did not hear footsteps approaching, and started in fear when they heard a voice say, "Tell me, little children, how did you get here?" Jacque knew this was a verger or caretaker of the cathedral, and he answered, "The bird-man brought us here, and here is his great-coat."

Puzzled by the "bird-man," the verger picked up the coat and started, looking sharply at the children. "This is the coat of a German officer," he said fiercely. "Who are you and what are you doing here alone? Where are your mother and father?" Then he sat down by the children and they told

him their story, and he said, "You may stay here until afternoon, and then I will come back when my work is done and take you out for a walk. I must go now, for people are waiting for me in the cathedral below."

The children wandered about for a time (Jacqueline keeping close to Jacque as they passed the fierce-looking animals, for in spite of Jacque's explanation, she did not like to go too near), after this they sat down together, watching the doves flying about the queer stone gargoyles and coming to eat the crumbs from the children's lunch.

About three o'clock the old verger came back and took the children down the long winding stairways to the nave of the cathedral. Here, as they passed out, they saw women, old and young, kneeling before the Altar of the Virgin, and as they prayed,

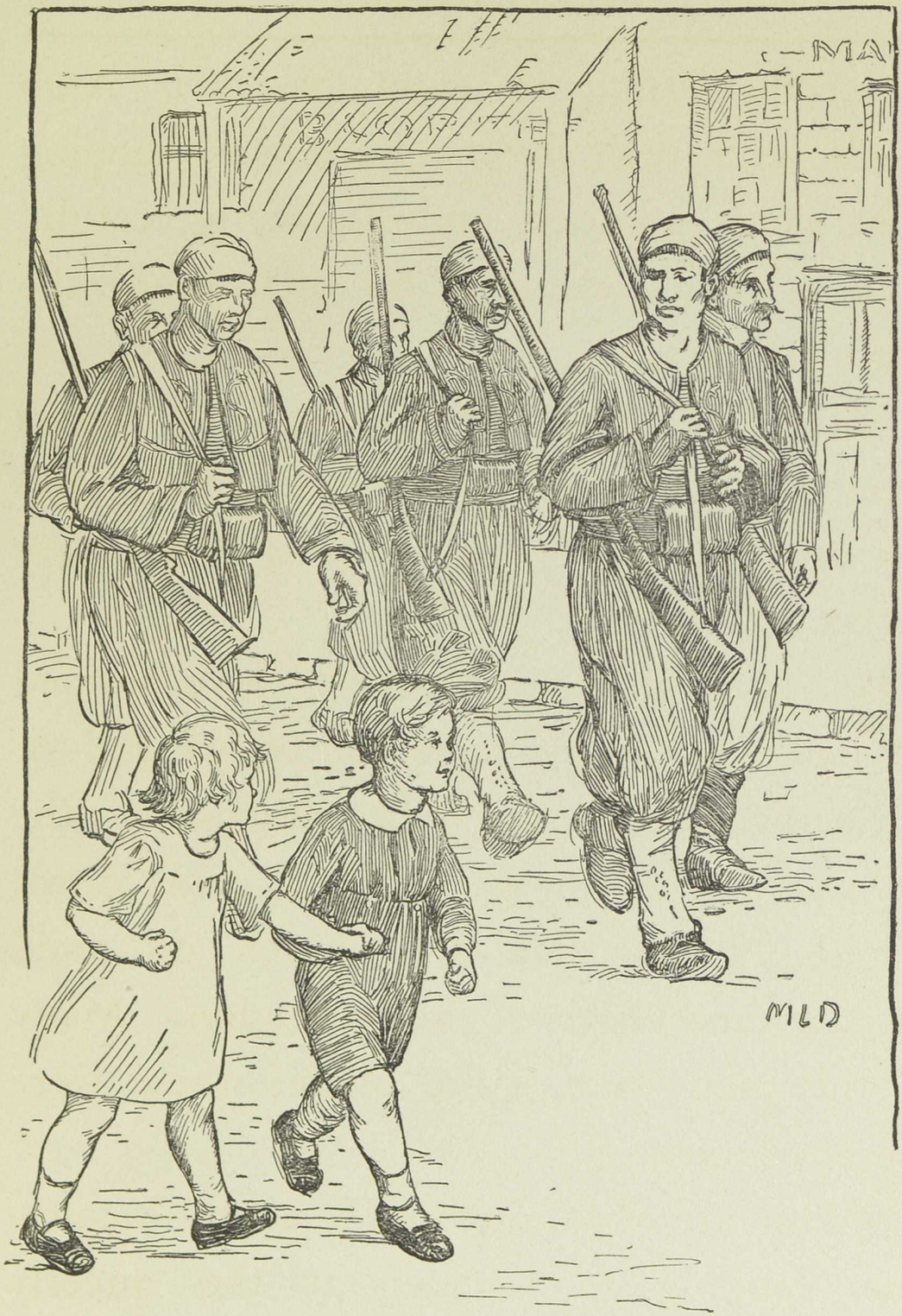
tears rolled down their cheeks. Jacqueline slipped away from her companions and ran up to one of the women and threw her arms about her neck and said, "Don't cry, precious lady! The bird-man will take you home!" Before the woman could reply to these strange words of comfort, the verger led Jacqueline away, and they went out into the streets. Here they heard shouting and the tramping of many feet and the constant cry of "Vive la France!" When they had crossed the bridge and were on the Rue de Rivoli, they saw long lines of men coming toward them, and the verger lifted the children up on a cart standing near, so that they might see the African troops marching by, having come from Africa to fight for France. There were thousands of them, and fine, strong looking men they were, dressed in white baggy trousers and white blouses,

the Arabs sitting so erect on their Arab steeds with their bright burnouses hanging from their shoulders and flowing gracefully back as they rode, and on their heads the white turbans.

The men and women on the streets greeted them with great enthusiasm, giving them money, wine, flowers, and hearty cheers.

On and on they marched, there seemed no end, and occasionally one more full of spirit than the rest would spring into the air, clap his heels together, and come down laughingly into line and march on amid laughter and cheers of the bystanders. Many of the men were quite black; these were the Soudanese.

"Who are they, Jacque?" asked Jacqueline, looking in wonder at the queerly dressed men. "Soldiers, sister, soldiers like



THEY might see the African troops marching by, having come from Africa to fight for France

papa, only a different color," said Jacque, his voice shaking with excitement.

When the last man had passed, the verger took the children one on each side, and they walked along the street, the children full of wonder at all the sights of the city. When they passed the great buildings of the Louvre, where Paris keeps her art treasures, the old verger told them of the beautiful Venus de Milo that was found on the island of Milo in 1820 and of the Winged Victory, and many other beautiful pieces of sculpture, and of paintings and porcelains and tapestries that people came from all over the world to see, and that now are packed carefully away in great vaults or caves under the ground, so that if the Germans should turn their guns on Paris and burn her beautiful buildings, these treasures would still be safe. The old man talked on of the treasures of his beloved

city, and the children listened as they had been taught to do when older people were talking, although they could not understand everything he said.

As they passed the Gardens of the Tuileries, they saw a group of children standing watching a man around whom many birds were flying. The birds seemed to understand the man's language, for they would come and go at his call. Many of them he called by name—Buonaparte, Robespierre, General Grant, Colonel Roosevelt, Benjamin Franklin, and many others—and each seemed to know his name.

The old man and the little children wandered on to the Place de la Concorde, the most magnificent Place or Square in the world, the verger told the children. He pointed out to them the eight monuments representing eight principal cities of France,

and one of them,—the Strasburg monument —was always draped in black, because, he said, the Germans took the beautiful city from them in 1870, but now the black had been taken off and flowers had taken its place, for France hoped her brave soldiers would win back her long-mourned Alsace and Lorraine and so give her Strasburg again. The old man took the children on to see the fountains, telling them, as they walked, of all the soldiers of different nations who had camped here at different times, and of the terrible stories of war the stones could tell if they could speak! How, here King Louis XVI and his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, and many, many others were put to death by the guillotine.

As they came to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, the verger told them the name meant "Triumphal Arch of the Star," be-

cause of the star formed here by the twelve avenues starting from this point, and Napoleon I built it to make people remember the French soldiers who had fought and given their lives for France.

When they had wandered about here for a time, listening to the old man's talk of past wars and present glories, it came to the verger that his little friends might be hungry, and he hurried them away to a nearby café, where men, women, and children were sitting out under the trees at little tables eating and talking with earnest faces, and always the children heard the word war! war! war!

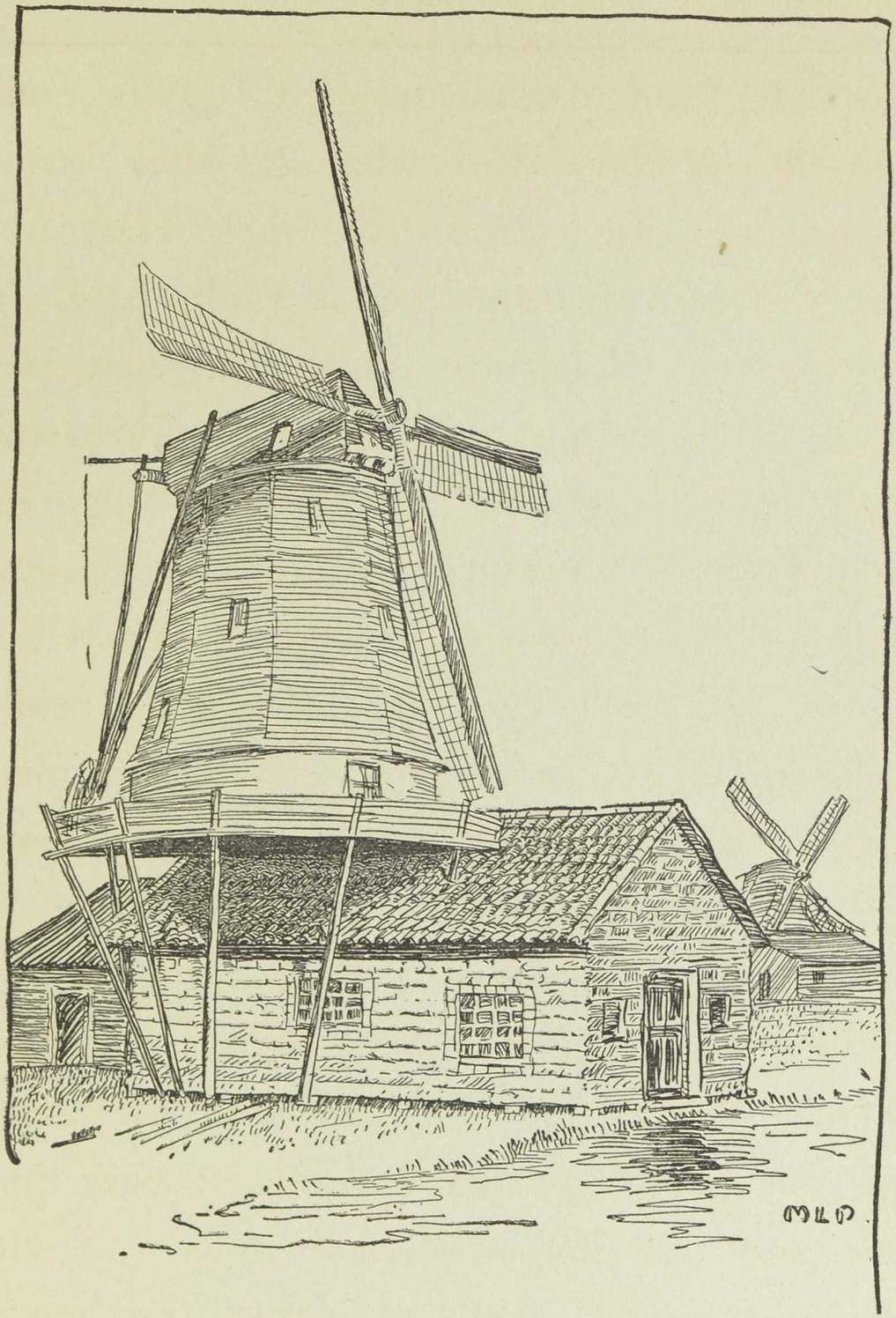
The verger ordered all the things he thought the children would like to eat, and they were very happy. After they had finished and the children had thanked their friend many times for his goodness to them, the verger went inside the café to pay his

account, and the children stood outside waiting for him. While they stood looking at the people about them, there came an awful bang and crash, like shells exploding, and men and women rushed out into the street and cried, looking up into the sky, "A bomb! The Germans are coming!"

Jacque caught Jacqueline's hand and shouted, "Jacqueline, see! It is our friend the bird-man! Come, let us run and call to him. Perhaps he will take us home!" In this new excitement they forgot the kind old verger and ran as fast as their little legs would carry them, until they were in the Bois; here they saw the bird-man flying over their heads, and they waved and shouted to him to come down and get them. With the whirring sound so familiar to them now, the great bird-man came down and lifted them up to their old place by

his side, and they snuggled down contentedly by him. For what did they know of enemies and causes of war! Had not the bird-man brought them safely back to France and given them his great-coat and food? Was he not their friend? He patted each curly head and said, "Bon jour, mes enfants." This was one of only three sentences he had learned of French, but it delighted the children to find he could really talk, and they chattered on with great glee, happy to be flying through the air again with their friend.

The time passed so quickly they did not realize that they had left Paris far behind them. It was growing dark and they soon fell asleep, for the day had been a very busy one and they had walked a long way with the old verger. Of the night and where they were the little travelers knew nothing,



EVERYWHERE were queer-looking big wheels that went round with the wind

but when they wakened in the morning, they heard again the sounds of war, the constant bing! bing! of great guns, the ping! ping! of bullets, and roar of cannon. Looking down they saw masses of men around a city, and they saw the great walls before the city falling, and buildings burning and crashing down, and men, women, and little children running in great confusion. They heard the cries of those who fell, and all seemed trying to get out of the city.

The bird-man pointed down and said "Antwerp," and this Jacque guessed must be the name of the city. But they flew on and on, into a country where there were no hills, but a great deal of water running in streams like ribbons. Everywhere were queer-looking big wheels that went round with the wind, and oh, such beautiful gardens and bright-colored flowers, and in the fields

they saw so many cows all with linen dusters covering their backs. Jacqueline cried to go down and get some milk from the cows, and the bird-man thought she was crying to know where she was and said "Holland." Then Jacqueline remembered the pictures her grandmother had shown her of queerly dressed little girls and boys from Holland, and sure enough, here they were, just as if they had stepped out of the picture.

They flew over a large sea and the bird-man said "Zuider Zee," and here were little islands with fishermen busy at their boats and all the people seemed to be flying about busily at work.

The houses were very small and the people, when they went in, left their wooden shoes outside the door; so at some doors, where there were many children, there were funny long rows of shoes of all sizes.

Jacqueline clapped her hands with joy when she saw a group of children playing together in a garden. Jacque heard a rattling sound, and looking up at the bird-man saw a funny twinkle in his eye. Then he saw a piece of iron, turned up at both ends attached to a piece of rope, go down to the group of children and catch the full skirts of a little girl on one hook and a little boy on the other, and, squirming and kicking, up they came, to Jacqueline's delight. She looked them over with great interest, and they stopped squirming in their astonishment at seeing the children up so high in the air. Jacque brought some cake from his blouse and offered it to the little strangers, but they refused it, as it looked a little the worse for wear.

After Jacqueline had touched the many skirts of the little Dutch girl and patted her

hand in a very dainty, friendly way, the bird-man said "Adieu" and let the little Dutch children down again to their garden below before they hardly knew what had happened to them; then up high in the air the bird-man and children flew again, over the houses and churches faster and faster away, and the wind whistled in their ears and the children's eyes grew bright and their cheeks red with excitement. The bird-man reached in his pocket and brought out food, which he gave to the children; and when they had eaten and it grew dark and they could no longer see the strange sights below them, they fell asleep and again the night passed, of which they knew nothing but dreams of Dutch dolls and toy houses and wooden shoes all in rows.

In the morning they wakened to find themselves in a new country with mountains

SQUIRMING and kicking up they came, to Jacqueline's delight

and forests, and they were flying over a great river, and the bird-man looked down and with a long breath of joy exclaimed, "Ach, mein Vaterland! Der Rhein!" On either side of the river, on the high crests of the rocks, they saw beautiful old castles, many of them ruins, and the walls overgrown with ivy. As they flew over a high rock that sprang straight from the river, the bird-man said "Die Lorelei," and Jacque remembered his mother singing to him a German song which she told him was of a beautiful maiden, the Lorelei, who sat on the rock and sang while combing her beautiful hair with a golden comb — a wonderful song that lured boatmen to the rocks below, where they were dashed to death. Most school boys and girls know this German song that begins, "Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten, Dass ich so traurig bin," and when Jacque

hummed the air, the bird-man looked very much pleased and said "Gut! gut!" Jacque thought if the bird-man liked music so well, he would surely like the song that he liked best of all, and he began to sing the first lines of the Marseillaise, the national hymn of France: "Allons enfants de la patrie Le jour de gloire est arrivé." But when he looked up at the bird-man after singing the first line, he saw that something was wrong, for the bird-man's face was stern and dark, and he looked away from the children and did not smile at all. Jacque wondered what he had done, and thought he must have sung very badly, and he was glad to feel Jacqueline's little hand slip into his, for he knew that she loved the song and his singing.

For some time after this the children sat silently watching the wonderful scene be-

neath them. High they flew over the beautiful Cathedral of Cologne, with its tall spires towering toward the sky, and always the broad flowing river before them. After a long silence the children heard the bird-man humming under his breath. Finally he began singing, and the words poured out as if he could no longer hold them. In a deep rich voice came the wonderful refrain of the national hymn of Germany:

> "Lieb Vaterland! magst ruhig sein;
> Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!"

Soon the children realized that they could no longer see the broad river, and looking down they saw only the dense black forest of evergreens.

"Oh! so many Christmas trees!" cried Jacqueline.

This was Germany's wonderful Schwartzwald, and here the bird-man seemed to be

at home, for as it grew dark they slowly descended to the ground and landed before the doorway of a house from whose windows a bright light shone. A woman with a sweet face and lovely yellow hair came to the door and greeted the bird-man very affectionately. She took a hand of each child and led them into the house, where a bright wood fire was burning on a broad hearth, and its warmth was very welcome to the travelers; for although it was August and very warm weather, the night in the forest was cool.

The woman bathed the children's hands and faces, and then made them sit down to eat at the table, where the bird-man was already enjoying the many good things. When they had finished their meal, the woman took the tired little ones to a room upstairs. She undressed and bathed them, and they

THEY landed before the doorway of a house from whose windows a bright light shone

knelt at her knee to say the prayers their mother had taught them. Although they spoke a language she did not know, she understood the children's prayer, for it was to the Great Father of all children, young and old, great and small.

When they were tucked snug in their beds and the kind woman had gone downstairs, they looked about them and saw, to their surprise, other beds, and in them three little yellow-haired German boys were sleeping sweetly. Jacque soon fell asleep, but Jacqueline was lying awake, wondering if there were no little girls in Germany, when she heard a footstep, and peeping over the covers she saw the big form of the bird-man stepping softly to the beds where the little boys were sleeping; saw him stoop and kiss each little face and whisper something which Jacqueline could not understand, then he

tiptoed quietly down the stairs and all was still again, and then Jacqueline said, "Our bird-man must be father to these little German boys," and she guessed right, as little girls usually do at such times, where mother and father love is concerned.

In the morning bright and early the children were wakened and lifted from their bed by the kind woman of the night before. She dressed them quietly and quickly, without waking the little boys in the other beds, and took the children downstairs, where the bird-man greeted them and motioned them to sit down and eat their breakfast, which they were very glad to do; for little French girls and boys, like all little girls and boys the world over, are always ready to eat, I think.

When they had finished their breakfast, the woman gave them each a bag of "goodies"

and the bird-man lifted them into their seat beside him in the big bird-car. Waving a farewell to the woman in the doorway, away they flew, glad to be high in the fresh air again.

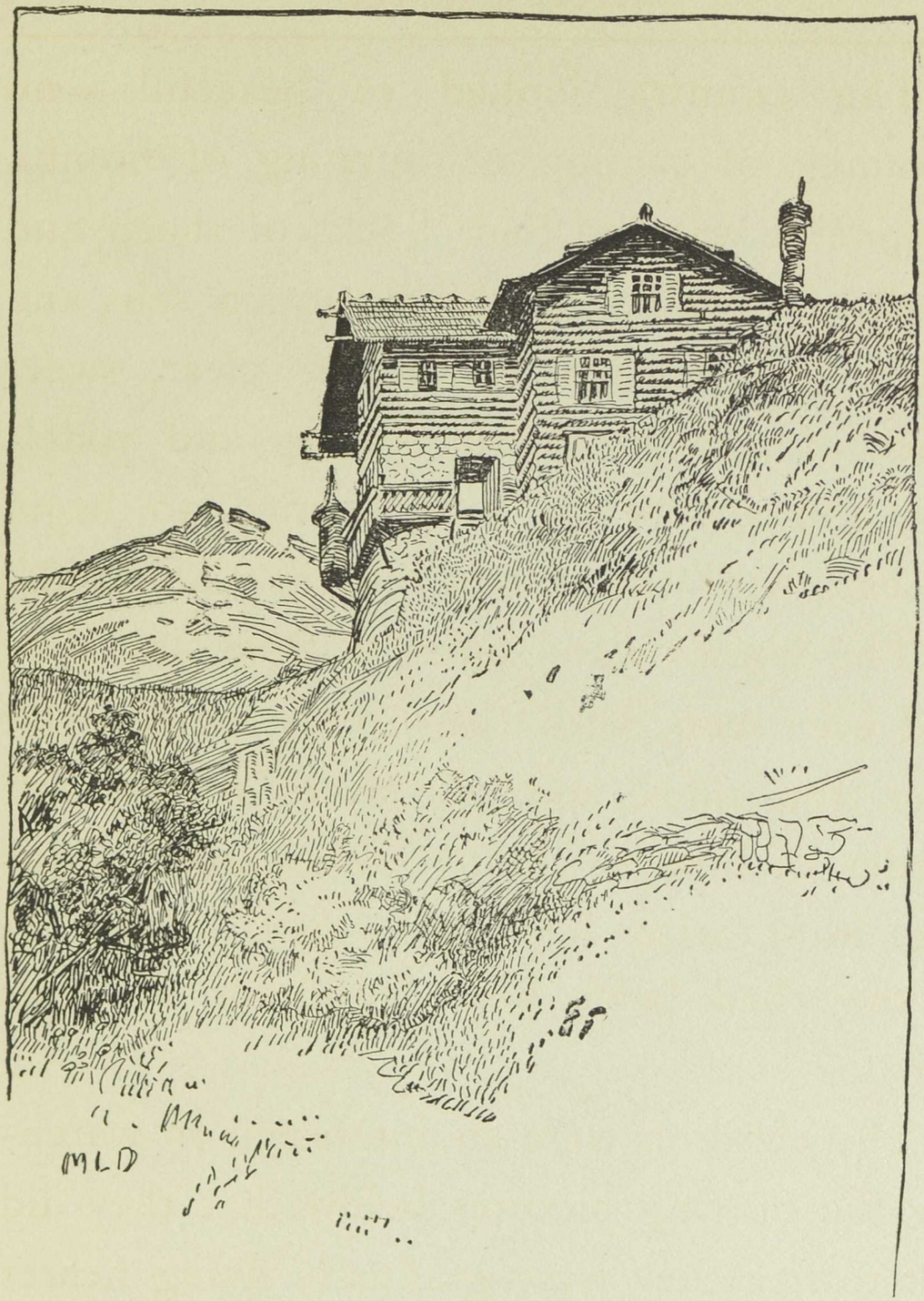
This time their journey was not a long one.

They flew over lakes and rivers, and then over great mountains covered with snow, and Jacque wondered why the snow did not melt in the warm sunshine that now enveloped them. On the mountain sides were Christmas trees, as Jacqueline would call them — tannenbäume the bird-man would say. They looked like a checker-board, for they were growing in squares of trees of all different heights from one foot to eighty feet; the fields of different grain were also in squares, which added to the checker-board effect.

The country looked so peaceful — no booming of cannon or bursting of bombs. Shepherds watched their flocks of sheep and herds of cows far up the mountain side, and often the children heard the clear, sweet voice of a shepherd boy singing and yodeling, and always the song seemed to begin or end with the refrain "Mein Vaterland."

The houses were different from any they had ever seen, with their roofs hanging far over the sides, and all were in the soft shades of brown. Many were carved across the front with lettering: they looked as if they had been built hundreds of years ago.

The children were so interested in watching the moving pictures below that they did not realize they were gradually flying nearer the ground. Finally they sailed over a swift-flowing blue river, and then over many red-

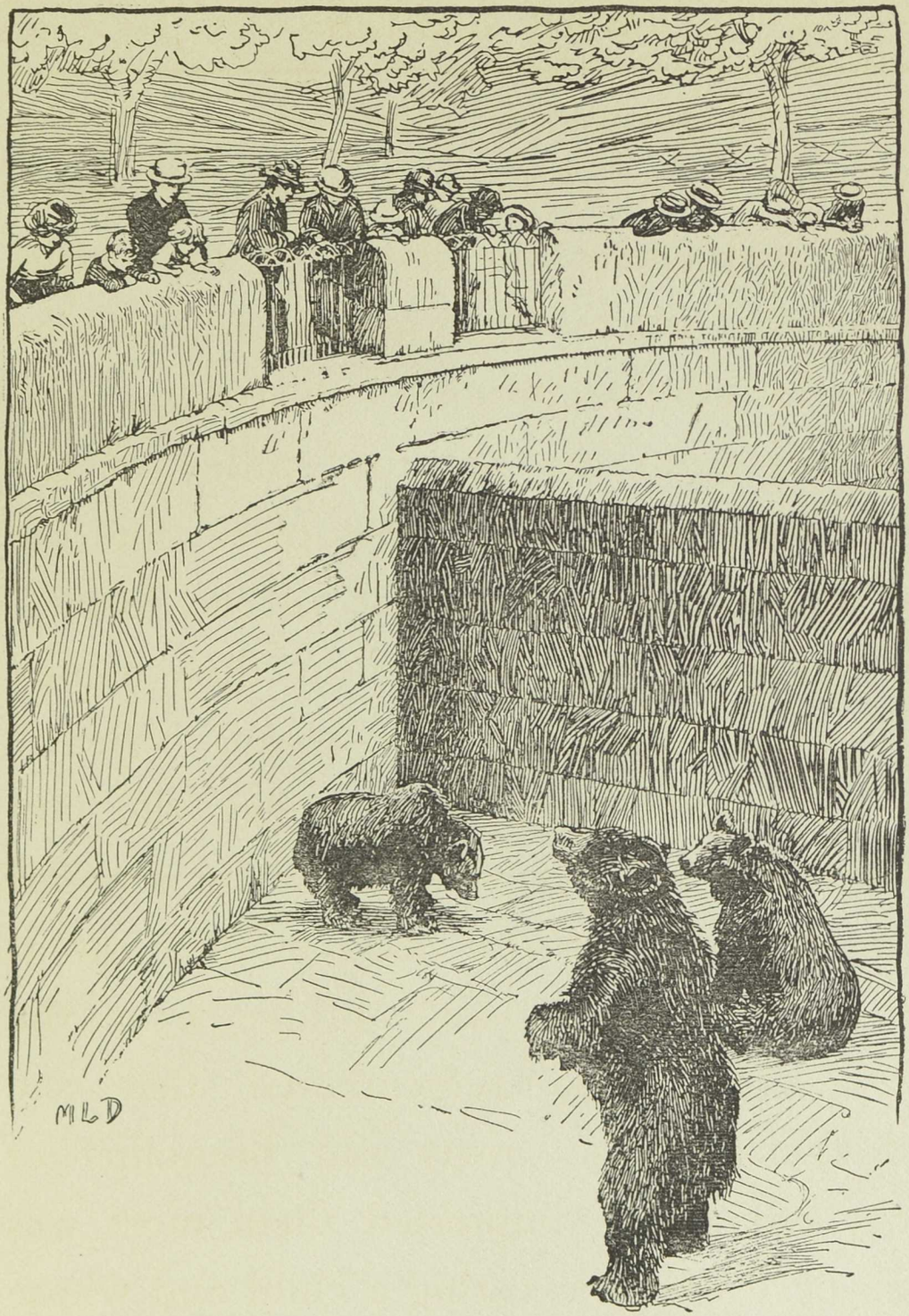


THE houses were different from any they had ever seen, with their roofs hanging far over the sides

tiled roofs and churches and cathedrals and many beautiful buildings, and then they heard the bird-man exclaim "Bern!"

Jacque and Jacqueline were greatly excited. They knew that the city of Bern was the capital of Switzerland; for it was in Bern that their mother lived when she came from America when a very little girl, and here she married their father when he was a professor in the University of Bern. How often she had told them of all the beauty and wonder of Switzerland; the strength and goodness of her people; how kind they were in Bern to all the strangers who came to their city; of the wonderful physician who had not only saved the lives of men and women, boys and girls of different lands, but had made them better men and women, boys and girls, for having seen a life of wonderful self-sacrifice. What interested

Jacque and Jacqueline most was the stories she told them of how, hundreds of years ago, a nobleman was living in his castle, or chateau, where Bern now stands, and he said to his companions, who wanted to build their homes in the beautiful valley of the Aare, "We will name the place for the first animal that comes out of the forest," and behold it was a bear; so they named the place "Bern," which means "Bear," and from that time to this day the city government has set aside a certain amount of money to keep the bears in their pit at the end of the Nydeck bridge over the Aare. They also remembered that she told them of the many old fountains of Bern; one which impressed them most was of an ogre who was eating a child and whose pockets were filled with children; and of one representing the "Pied Piper of



THE great bear pit where people were standing looking over the railing at the antics of the bears below

Hamelin" blowing his pipe and followed by little children.

While the children were excitedly talking this all over, the flying car was slowly slipping to the ground, and with a bump the children were landed, and where do you think it was but right by the great bear pit where people were standing looking over the railing at the antics of the bears below!

With a heavy heart and sad little faces the children saw their bird-man fly away, waving his good-by as he flew high into the air. Sad indeed would they have been had they known that an hour later, as he flew over the border into France, the shot of a French sharp-shooter pierced his heart and he and the flying car fell, never to rise again.

The children wandered about the city until they found themselves in a beautiful forest, where it was quiet and the needles

of the pine trees made a soft carpet on which they sat down; soon they fell asleep in each other's arms and knew nothing more of interest or sorrow until the sun was high over the mountains. Then they found they were again in the air, flying away over the house tops; this time their bird-man was not their old friend the silent German, but a French officer, who smiled as the children wakened, and said, "Bon jour, mes enfants," delighted they were to hear their own language to be able to ask questions and to be understood.

"Please, how did we get here?" said Jacque. The bird-man told him that, as he was flying over the forest, he looked down and saw them sleeping on the ground, and he was afraid some harm might come to them. "So," said he, "I slipped down and picked you up into my air-ship, and

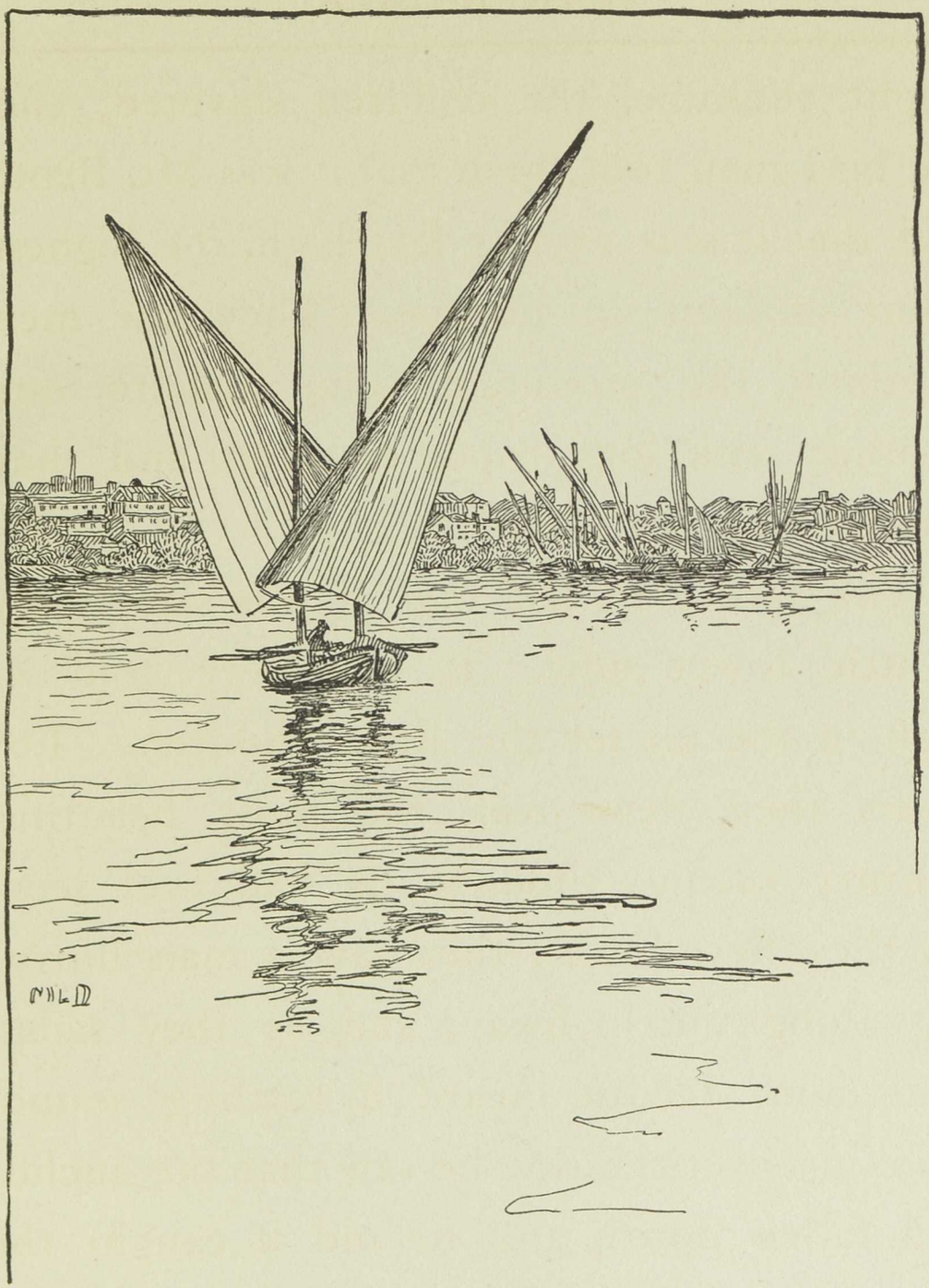
here you are! Hungry, I suppose. What do you say to flying down and gathering some fruit from that garden?" This delighted the children, and down they sailed and gathered pears and apples and plums and left a little bag of money hanging on the tree. This mode of marketing pleased the children greatly.

Up and on they flew again over hill and dale, tall snow-capped mountains and winding rivers, and over beautiful gardens bright with flowers. As they passed over a great body of water of a very beautiful blue color, they asked the bird-man what it was, and he said it was Lake Leman or Lake Geneva, as the English called it, and he pointed out the Latin sails on the boats, a sail peculiar to Lake Geneva.

As they flew over a snow-covered mountain whose top shone cold and clear in the

bright sunshine, the children shivered, and the bird-man told them that it was Mt. Blanc and that it was 15,781 feet high, the highest point of land in Europe. They saw men climbing the mountain side, tied to one another with long ropes between, and they looked like little dwarfs.

The bird-man felt that it was safe to fly a little lower now. It was very cold so high in the air for the little children. For hours they flew over the most beautiful country Jacque thought he had ever seen. As they flew lower, they saw a man hurrying along the highway, and as they sailed over him, Jacque heard a rattling sound. Looking over the side he saw that the anchor had fallen down, and behold it caught the hurrying man in the strap of his big coat and up he sailed, the bird-man chuckling to himself at the queer sight.



HE pointed out the Latin sails on the boats, a sail peculiar to Lake Geneva

"He looks as if he wanted to get out of the country in a hurry," said the bird-man, "so we will help him."

The children were greatly excited and watched with great interest the dangling man below. Finally they saw a great ocean reaching as far as they could see, and many boats were sailing away on its surface, and near the shore they saw a very large boat. On its staff Jacque recognized the American flag; for his mother had always kept an American flag among her treasures.

"Oh, please, Mr. Bird-man, take us to that American boat, and perhaps the captain will take us to our mother's country, where we can see our grandmother." The bird-man said, "I will try," and carefully sailing lower he came over the deck of the boat, here he landed first the man dangling from the anchor, and then

he came still lower and got out on the deck with the children.

The man came to the bird-man, grasped his hand, and thanked him very warmly; for he said, when the anchor caught him from the ground, that he was hurrying to get away from Europe, where these horrible wars were raging, to his own country, America, and now the bird-man had brought him just where he wanted to be. Then the bird-man put the children in his care, telling him they were orphans and wanted to go to their grandmother in America. He slipped a nice fat purse into Jacque's hand and sailed away, and never again would they see him, for in time of war the life of a bird-man is short.

Soon the big boat blew its great hoarse whistles, drew in its gang-plank, and sailed away into the Mediterranean Sea, bound

for America, the great country of which the children's mother had told them so many tales and which they thought must be some place in the region of Heaven.

The first land they saw after sailing from Geneva was the island of Corsica, where, their American companion told them, the great Napoleon Buonaparte was born, the greatest general of war of his generation.

The children's new friend, the American of the anchor, took them under his care and made them as happy as possible. They were very tired and went to sleep early, the first night. Jacque was wakened in the morning by the stopping of the motion of the boat, and jumping out of his berth, he climbed up to the porthole and looked out. There he saw the shores of Africa on one side and Spain on the other, and he wakened Jacqueline and brought her to

see the wonderful sight. They were in the harbor of Gibraltar, which, although it is in Spain, belongs to England, who has built a strong fortress here.

Daylight had not yet broken, as the children looked out, they saw the great rock of Gibraltar, black and forbidding, rising above them, and against its side the many lights of the fort twinkled. In the harbor were more boats than Jacque had ever seen in all his life, and the lights on their swaying masts looked like great fireflies moving about; over the rock the young silver crescent moon hung as if suspended by an invisible thread.

While the children watched this fairy-like night scene, entranced by its strange beauty, the whole atmosphere changed. The great warm sun came up, flooding rock, water, and sky with rose. The lights on the masts

twinkled and went out, and one by one the lights of the fort were darkened, and Jacqueline said, "See, Jacque, God is pulling the string and the pretty silver moon has gone behind the rock!" The water was the color of a great opal, and the children thought they had never seen anything so beautiful.

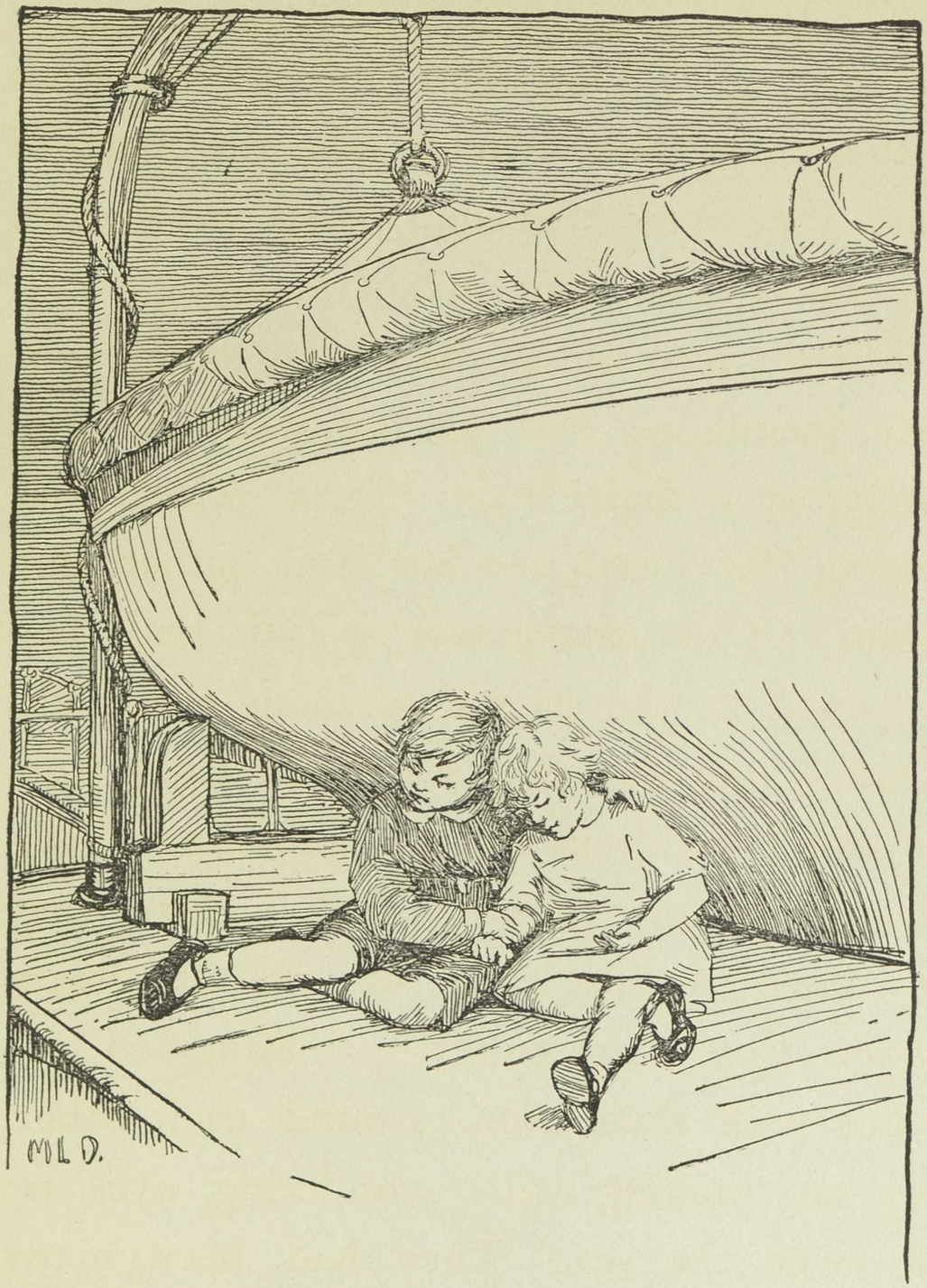
The boat's engines began to throb, and away they sailed out again to sea.

The children had many happy days on board the ship, there were a number of children on board; and although they could not all speak the same language, it did not seem to be any drawback to their pleasure.

An American woman was taking home to America a little Belgian boy and girl whose parents had both been killed at Liege. They could speak French with Jacqueline and Jacque; and as they were about the same

age, they gave Jacqueline and Jacque fresh clothes from their own to take the place of those they were wearing, which were worn and soiled from their much travelling.

There were times, however, when our little Jacqueline and Jacque were sad and lonely, and their little hearts ached with longing for their mother and father and home. The strangeness of all that had happened in the past days made them feel dazed. One day they wandered away from the other children, and at last found themselves alone on the top deck. Here they sat down against one of the life-boats, hidden from any passer-by. Snuggled together with their arms around each other, they sat looking with wondering eyes far out over the sea. They had been many days on the boat, and they heard the steward say that very morning that they should soon

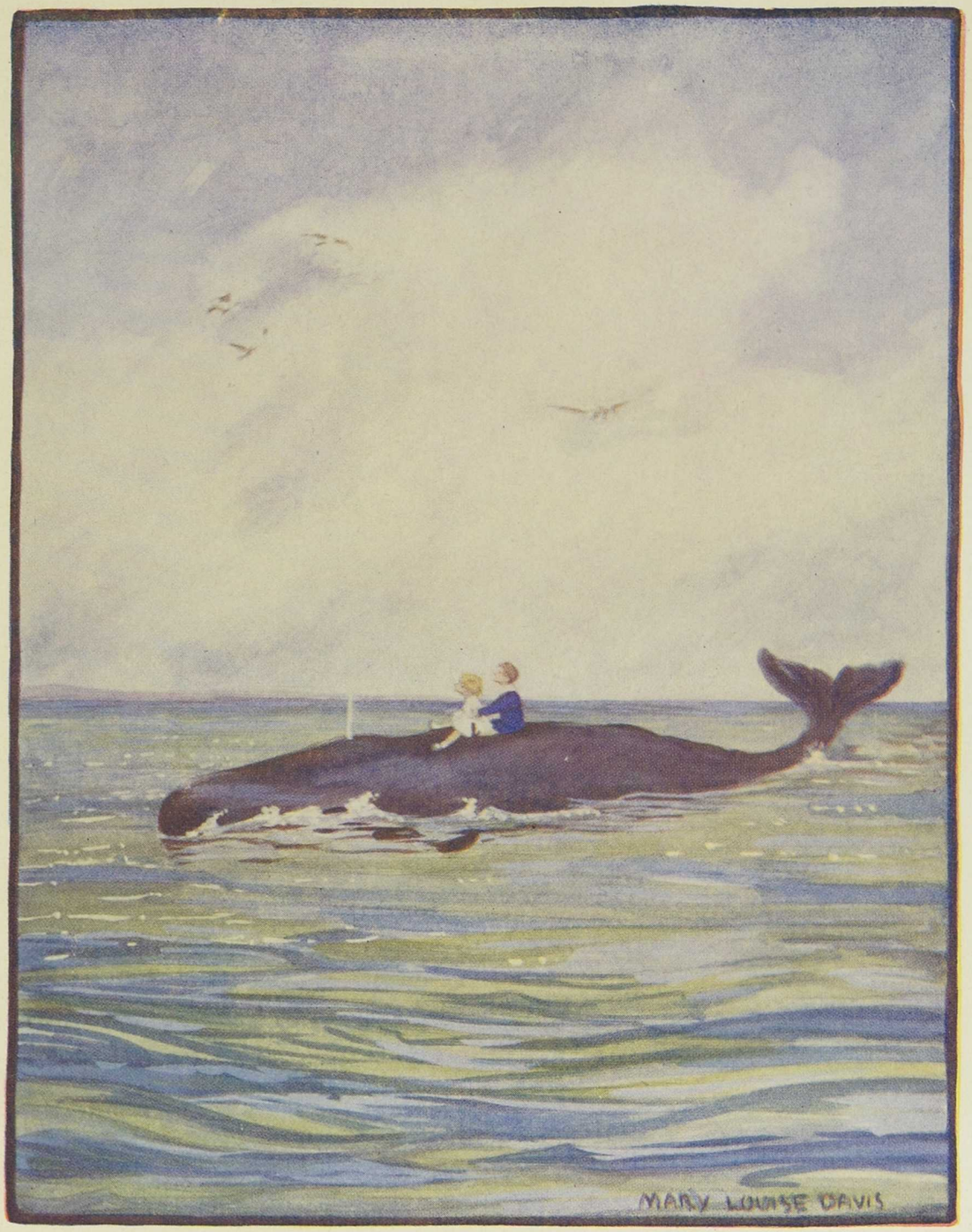


HERE they sat down against one of the life-boats, hidden from any passerby

see Nantucket Light. Pretty soon the children's eyes grew tired of watching, their heads nodded and they fell asleep, and so lost their balance and fell overboard. Down into the ocean they went with a splash! splash! and when they came to the surface, they saw the great ship sailing away, far away from them; but before they could cry, a kind friend in the shape of a big, black whale came up to them and waved his fins and tail invitingly, so the children climbed on the nice broad back, the big tail helping them up. It was a very pleasant sensation, riding the crest of the waves whale-back.

Soon it grew dark, and the children were just wondering where they would sleep, when they saw bright lights shining under the big fins of the whale, and down a stairway they went into a room lighted by whale oil in

many different colored lamps. A bed made of whale-bone stood in one corner, and when they washed their hands in the bowl ready to use on a table by the bed, Jacqueline exclaimed, "Whale-oil soap! This is what mother used in her garden." On a whale-bone table in the middle of the room were all kinds of good things to eat — everything a little girl or boy of any land could wish for: cakes and cookies and doughnuts; tarts and figs and raisins and nuts; honey and bread with dates in it; milk and cream and lemonade and soda-water, and many other things whose names you would never guess. The children ate hungrily, and when they had finished, they wandered about the room looking at all the funny, finny things on the walls, suddenly they heard a shrill little whistle, and looking around saw a taxicab. The driver



IT was a very pleasant sensation riding the crest of the waves whale-back

was a queer fishy-looking little fellow, who flopped down from the seat and, bowing low, asked them to take a jolly ride. "Oh, you jelly-fish! Where can we ride inside of a whale?" Jacqueline said; they got in, however, and with a chug! chug! went flying out of an arched whale-bone door into a long dark channel, and from there into a round room with round roof and two windows. Here Jacqueline's jelly-fish told them to look out the windows. The windows were the eyes of the whale and were like telescopes, you could see so far. The children looked out and saw a bright light that blinked and went out and came again. "That must be Nantucket Light," said Jacque, and the jelly-fish opened his slit of a mouth and said, "Sure enough." The children then got back into the taxicab, and the queer little driver took them back to

their room and told them it was time to go to bed. This advice they gladly took, for they were sleepy and saw nothing more to do. The night was a troubled one, full of queer dreams. The children had eaten too many cakes at dinner and the motion of riding in a whale was a strange one.

When they wakened the next morning, to their great surprise they found themselves on an island, and not a whale or even a jelly-fish in sight. It seems they had been so restless in their sleep that it had given the whale a bad attack of indigestion, and he had spouted them out on the island.

"Pinch me, Jacque, and see if I am awake," said Jacqueline; but when Jacque did as he was bidden, she jumped up, quite satisfied that she was awake.

They looked about them, and seeing no one in sight, they started out to explore

"IT must be an American eagle, for it looks like the bird on the silver American dollar"

the land. Soon they heard a stir in the tree tops, and looking up they saw a great gray bird, who, with a flapping of big wings, alighted on the ground before them.

"What is it, Jacque?" Jacqueline said, and Jacque, proud of his knowledge, said, "Why, sister, it must be an American eagle, for it looks like the bird on the silver American dollar mother has often showed me." Sure enough, it was an American eagle, and it soon had the little girl and boy on its back, flying far over the tree tops and over the water again.

As they flew near land, they saw great waves dashing in white spray against a rocky shore. Over the land they flew, and looking down saw a great busy city with black smoke rising in clouds above it. There were many tall church spires, and Jacque saw a tall monument reaching up into the

sky, which afterward he learned was the Bunker Hill monument, marking the place where a great battle was fought many years ago. On they flew, over buildings and narrow streets and a broad river, until finally the eagle put them carefully down on a doorstep before a big brick house, and with a farewell flap of his big wings he flew away.

"America!" said Jacque. He took Jacqueline's hand, and together they went up the steps of the house, and Jacque lifted the heavy brass knocker. The door was opened by a gray-haired old butler, who stood amazed to see two dirty little curly-haired children before him; but Jacque had seen, through the doorway that opened into the hall, a sweet-faced old lady sitting by the fire, and he rushed into her arms, crying, "Granmuddy! granmuddy!" and with a cry of joy both little children were gathered in

THE door was opened by a gray-haired old butler

the old lady's arms; for this was their mother's mother, who had visited them in their home in France. Now, their adventures over, Jacqueline and Jacque have found a home in peaceful America, their mother's land, and Jacque will learn to sing:

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
Of thee I sing.

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