

WEST SHORE BOYS AND GIRLS

By Emily A. Kellogg.

DEAR "WEST SHORE" GIRLS AND BOYS—

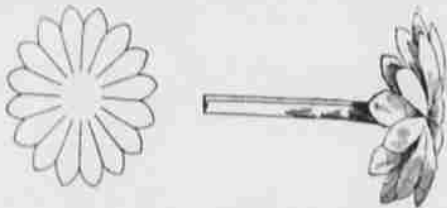
I greet you as friends, and prophesy delightful times we will have together. "Together" does not imply "in the same place," does it? Does not "together" mean "in the same mind?" If so, I am sure we are together, for are we not all of a mind to get great good and great fun, some wisdom and true progress in the graces of living, through this bright page which *WEST SHORE* has opened to us? This is our own page, where we are at home. In it we will sing our songs and tell our stories, play our games and talk together of the great, big, wonderful world and all its doings. We will talk of our own work and play, our studies and amusements. We will discuss the books we enjoy and the country we love.

I dare not begin to name all the good times which we will have together, but remember, girls and boys, large and small, that this is your own particular corner and I am your particular friend. EMILY A. KELLOGG.

A party was to be given for Gertrude and Jennie; so their aunts put on their thinking caps, with intent to make it a very nice time.

Of course they would themselves be present to see that all went smoothly and to aid the girls in making everything pleasant for their guests. The house was re-arranged for the occasion and the art treasures brought out for entertainment. The tiny parlors were cleared of all unnecessary chattels, and one bedroom (where the bed was a folding one) was transformed into a tasteful refreshment room. There Aunt Louise would preside at the cake table and ladle iced lemonade from the huge bowl, and thither the young people would drift, a few at a time, for the simple but refreshing luxury.

But some novel entertainment must be provided for the diversion of the boys and girls, and "predicaments" was the choice. So one evening, a week beforehand, the family had sat down together and concocted the ques-



tions and answers, or "predicaments" and "remedies." These were made, of course, as absurd as good taste would allow. Each question was written on a slip of paper, about 5x1½ inches. To the center of one end of this strip was sewed a pink-tinted, paper flower, of the shape shown in the first cut, and about five inches across. The written paper was neatly folded from each side towards the center, to conceal the writing. It then formed the long, slender stem of the posy, as it appears in the second cut. These paper flowers the aunts found already prepared at the stationer's, but they could easily be cut from sheets of bright tissue paper. The answers were prepared in the same way, only that they had purple flowers to distinguish them. An equal number of each was provided, and as many altogether as the number of expected guests. The pink-tipped "predicaments" were arranged as a rosy bouquet in a charming blue and white glass pitcher, while the purple "answer blossoms," or "remedies," were gorgeous in a vase of green and gold.

"Predicaments" proved a success. Each girl picked at random a pink posy from the pitcher and each boy took a purple one. They were asked to choose partners before unfolding the "stems." Then each couple in turn was called upon to rise and read their papers aloud. The novelty and the accidental hits caused great merriment.

Mollie asked John, "What would you do if you should become an inmate of the county poor house?" and received as answer, "I would eat five watermelons and six pies for supper."

Then Flora asked Sam, "What would you do if forced to live without pockets?" and was answered by, "I would eat my soup with a fork."

A blue-eyed, red-headed boy was asked, "What would you do if your eyes should turn green and your mustache grow out blue?" and he promptly responded, "I would rub the spot with sapollo."

Margaret mournfully inquired of Wilbur, "What would you do if all the soda fountains ran dry and all the lemonade trees were blighted?" He replied, "I would buy a string and a little dog to lead me about the streets."

To the query, "What would you do if you had no visible means of support?" Henry declared that he would "swallow a pint of kerosene and one end of a lamp wick and light the other end."

When Ruth asked Randall, "What would you do if you were elected mayor?" he replied, "I would take a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief."

The question, "What would you do if you should become bald?" elicited the answer, "I would wear a porous plaster."

Mary asked, "What would you do if you were suddenly attacked with a mania for writing poetry?" Jack answered, prudently, "I would sew on a button."

Louise saucily asked Will, "What would you do if I should never smile on you again?" and received the pathetic reply, "I would take Wizard Oil three times a day."

To the query from Sadie, "What would you do if you should suddenly become a giant?" Winthrop answered, "I would take Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

This inappropriate application of an infantile remedy to a gigantic sufferer quite overcame what little gravity remained, and music was in demand to give vent to the good spirits of the party. The boys and girls went home voting "predicaments" a jolly game.

If you and I had been on a certain Welsh highroad some thirty-seven years ago we might have seen a boy in the gray garb of a pauper, trudging cheerfully along the road, seeking work. He is just leaving the poor-house, the only home he has known for ten years. A cloud of dust heralds the approach of a splendid coach and pair, attended by liveried coachman and lackeys. John Rowlands stands to one side, hat in hand, to make the sturdy bow with which the courteous English poor greet "their betters," and Sir Charles Tennant and his stately lady condescendingly acknowledge the obeisance of the boy and straightway forget him.

Years have passed by since that day, and only last month both hemispheres were astir over a wedding, the greatest social event of this or many a season—the wedding of Dorothy Tennant and Henry M. Stanley. One of the best known and most admired women of England, one accomplished in both artistic and literary work, a daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, weds the hero of four tremendous African explorations, the deliverer of Livingstone, the man who has opened to civilization "The Darkest Continent," and whose splendid fame is known to more millions than is that of any other human being.

By special request of the Princess of Wales this marriage is celebrated in Westminster Abbey, the Dean and Archbishop of Westminster assisting the Bishop of Ripon in its solemnization. To this notable occasion come as personal friends of both bride and groom the highest dignitaries of church and state, of army and navy, representatives of royalty from various lands—yes, the future King of Great Britain and Emperor of India.

Autograph letters of congratulation pour in upon the honored pair from the crowned heads of Europe. Countless and priceless gifts are theirs from the world of wealth and rank and royalty.

The bridegroom thus honored is he whom we saw as little John Rowlands at the roadside, covered with dust from the coach of Sir Charles Tennant. Have we, then, returned to the times of magic? Had this pauper boy Aladdin's lamp with which to open before him treasure houses and kings' palaces?

Yes. The magic of our age surrounds every boy and girl with an atmosphere which makes all things possible. The Aladdin's lamp which transformed poor John Rowlands into the world-famed Stanley, and that transported him from Denbigh poor-house to Westminster Abbey (by way of an American newspaper and Central Africa), is to be found alone in the characteristics with which nature endowed the lad, and of which he has made the best use he could, day by day.

He had stubborn courage, endurance, patience and determination. He was slow to grasp his life-work, but with great deliberateness, and growing out of it there was a wonderful insight and an ability to manage men.

With all this there was a tremendous and steady push. Had he been satisfied with the life of a Welsh peasant, a Welsh peasant he might have remained to this day. But a noble discontent sent him over seas to America; found for him a friend in Mr. Stanley, who gave him his name; another in Mr. Bennett, of the New York Herald, who opened to him his life-work; and a better one than all in Livingstone, who "showed him the Father" and brought him to God. Out of the heart of Africa he came with the Light of the World abiding for him, above all other lights, inspiring him anew to effort and success.

Out of Africa's blackness of darkness he came, with banner aloft bearing the legend, "The slave trade must down! Open Africa to light!" and sovereigns and money-kings have ranged themselves beneath his colors for the redemption of Africa.