

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



## A WARM RECEPTION PATTY BROWN'S DILEMA

BY FLORENCE A. EVANS

NEVER had there been such exciting times in Tripoli and its harbor as during the Summer of 1802. The Americans, an almost unknown and hitherto despised nation, which had, together with most European countries, been in the habit of paying to the Bashaw of Tripoli the tribute that was his due, had suddenly refused to do so any longer. And, moreover, this refusal had been accompanied by the most unheard-of atrocities, such as the sinking of six Barbary ships, and, worst of all, the blowing up of the Philadelphia, which had fallen into the hands of the Moors. Such a state of affairs could no longer be tolerated, the insolent "Amerikanoes" must be taught a lesson, and that night soon, else the Governor would soon have no ships left wherewith to prey upon the maritime forces of Christendom.

Commander Preble had even had the audacity to sail into the harbor and shell the town, as well as the fleet of pirate vessels, which lay at anchor. After this occurrence the Governor of Algiers made up his mind that the rash invaders needed a salutary lesson and that they should have it.

The Constitution, after the infliction of the above-mentioned chastisement upon the pirates, had remained quiet and harmless for a time. Preble was awaiting the arrival of General Eaton, who, with Hamet, a claimant to the throne of Tripoli, was on his way across the desert with an army to co-operate with him in the capture of the city. News of the coming of the land force was also brought to the ears of the Governor and caused him to decide that what he meant to do—and this was no less than to utterly destroy the good ship Constitution and her crew—must be done without delay. He believed that the smaller craft would easily fall into his hands after the loss of the largest and strongest of the fleet.

There was no time to be lost, for the land forces were drawing unpleasantly near, and might make their appearance at any time; and so, one dark, starless night, when one could scarcely see one's hand held before one's face, the largest of the pirate fleet, with every light carefully extinguished, floated silently out to attack and, if fortune proved favorable, destroy the American ship which had wrought such damage.

On the Constitution all was peace and quiet; no one dreamed that the Tripolitans would venture to approach, much less attack, the ship which had already proved herself invincible. The Americans made no allowance for the courage of men driven to desperation by the danger of their country and what they considered an infringement of their rights.

Now, it happened that a midshipman named Tom Jackson (for in those days there were midshipmen on American ships) had been maddened for some period that very afternoon and had not been let down in time to eat his evening meal with his comrades. He dined on several tricks, excused by him upon that dignity, he was not in favor just at present, so he waited till the cook had retired to his hammock and was still, and then quietly made his way to the galley, intending to stay his hunger with what could be had from the kitchen.

But the cook had left a quantity of soup or stew, of a variety much in favor with the crew, fresh vegetables for its composition are to be procured, standing in a huge iron pot beside the fire, and Tom thought, as he sniffed at it, how delicious it would taste when heated. This reflection, of course, was immediately followed by lifting the pot and putting it on the fire, after which he sat down and

munched some bits of ship's biscuit while waiting for the savory mess to come to a boil.

All was quiet on the ship, the starboard watch was softly humming a little song as he paced the deck, but this was the only sound that broke the stillness. Of the harbor and watch there was neither sound nor sign, and from whom followed it was suspected that instead of keeping guard he had calmly curled up in some cozy nook on deck and gone to sleep.

After a while, thinking that the pot had been on the fire long enough, Tom took a ladle from where it hung on the wall and went to inspect its contents. As he stooped over the fire he turned somewhat, so that his eyes fell on the half-open door, and there he saw something that caused him to lose all sensations of hunger. A dusky face, lighted by a pair of brilliant coal black eyes, was watching him with an intensity that at first caused him to believe that it was not alive, but was the creation of some of his fellow midshipmen and designed to give him a fright. But a moment later it moved slightly, and then a realization of what this sinister visitation really meant, that they were boarded by pirates, came to Tom.

Without shifting his gaze from the eyes that seemed riveted to his own, the boy scooped up a ladleful of the boiling rice and dashed it straight into the invader's face, and the yell of pain and surprise with which the head disappeared was so loud and startling that there was no need for Tom to give any warning to the rest of the ship. Up from the forecabin and out of the cabins streamed men and officers in all stages of dress and undress, while the Tripolitans, who had sent the man now so badly scalded ahead as a spy, to see that all was quiet before they boarded, now that concealment was no longer possible, came pouring over the side like the horde of savages that they were.

And now, in the darkness and before many of the Americans, comparatively few of whom were armed, fully realized what was going on, ensued a terrific combat on the deck of the brave old Constitution. The Americans fought in dogged silence, but the Moors kept up a continual commotion during the entire fight, part of which, it must be confessed, was due to the efforts of Tom Jackson, who, finding how effective his first ladleful of soup had been, paraded the deck applying the scalding liquid to his enemies wherever he thought it would do the most good.

The Americans soon recovered from their surprise and, in consequence, the pirates were quickly beaten off and made the best of their way back to the shore, pursued by a galling fire from the ship, where they were received with anything but open arms by their tyrannous lord and master, the Governor.

After their enemies had departed, inquiries were made as to who had recovered the invaders, for both watches declared frankly that they knew nothing about the matter till they heard the yell that had alarmed the ship, and at length, reluctantly, Tom Jackson admitted that he had been the person who had recovered the first comer so warmly.

Commander Preble, on hearing this, at once invited the young midshipman into his own cabin, where he succeeded in extracting from him all the details of the case. Just as the story was concluded loud lamentations were heard, and the cook appeared, in a great state of excitement, to lodge a complaint against the wretch who had stolen all the soup prepared for the next morning's breakfast and had gotten his nicely cleaned galley into such a condition of dirt and disorder. But the matter was soon explained, even to his satisfaction, and, forgiving all the tricks that had at different times been played on



BY IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON

Each time I pass the looking glass  
A little girl stands there;  
She wears my cross barred apron with  
My bow upon her hair.  
She mocks me, too, each thing I do  
I asked her once her name—  
Stared at her so, from top to toe—  
She did the very same.

I climbed up on the bureau then  
And kissed her—my! 'twas cold!  
I spotted all the glass, of course,  
And that made mother scold.  
And every day I'm standing there  
And brushing out my curl!  
She does the same, I ask papa:  
He says, "You're each my girl."

Sometimes it worries me so much  
It almost makes me cry.  
If she is me, and she must be,  
Then who on earth am I?  
I grow quite red and shake my head,  
And give her such a frown.  
She does the same—now who's to blame,  
And which is Patty Brown?

him, he generously invited Tom to come with him and get a good hot supper, an invitation which the boy, only awaiting for Preble's permission, was only too glad to accept, for, it must be remembered, he had not had anything to eat since evening meal but some fragments of ship's biscuit. But he had lost nothing by waiting, as he discovered a little later, when he was seated in the galley, devouring the choicest dainties which the cook could procure him and telling the story of his adventure to his admiring and spell-bound shipmates.

## THE POOR MAN

RETOLD FROM THE HUNGARIAN BY LOUISE SOUVAN

THERE was once a very poor man who went into the wood to fell trees for his own use. The sweat ran down his cheeks from his hard work, when all at once an old beggar appeared and asked for alms. The poor man pitied him very much, and putting his ax on the ground felt in his bag and with sincere compassion shared his few bits of bread with the poor old beggar. When he had eaten he spoke thus to the woodcutter: "My son, here for your kindness accept this table cloth, and whenever hereafter you feel need and are hungry say to the cloth, 'spread thyself, little cloth,' and your table will be laid and covered with the best meats and drinks. I am the rewarder of all good deeds and I give you this for your charity." Thereupon the old man disappeared, and the woodcutter turned homeward in great joy.

Having been overtaken by night on his way, he turned into a little inn and informed the innkeeper, who was an old acquaintance, of his good fortune, and in order to give greater weight to his word he at once made a trial of the table cloth and provided a jolly good supper for the innkeeper and his wife from the dainty dishes that were served upon the cloth. After supper he lay down on the bench to sleep, and in the meantime the wicked wife of the innkeeper hemmed a similar cloth and by morning exchanged it for that of the woodcutter. He, suspecting nothing, hurried home with the exchanged cloth, and arriving there told his wife what happened. To prove his words he at once gave orders to the cloth to spread itself, but all in vain. He repeated at least a hundred times the words, "Little cloth, spread thyself," but the cloth never moved. The next day he again went to the wood, where he again shared his bread with the old beggar and received from him a lamb, to which he had only to say, "Give me gold, little lamb," and the gold coins began to rain. With this the woodcutter again went to the inn for the night and showed the present to the innkeeper as before. Next morning he had another lamb to take home, and was very much surprised that it would not give the gold for which he asked.

He went to the woods again, and treated the beggar well, and also told him what happened to the table cloth and the lamb. The beggar was not surprised, but gave him a club and said to him: "If the innkeeper has changed your cloth and lamb, you can regain them by means of this club. You have only to say, 'Beat away, my little club; beat away!' and it will have enough power to knock down a whole army." So the woodcutter went to the inn a third time and insisted upon his cloth and lamb being returned, and as the innkeeper would not do it, he exclaimed, "Beat away, little club; beat away!" and the club began to beat the innkeeper and his wife till the missing property was returned.

He then went home and told his wife with great

joy what had happened, and in order to celebrate his luck they invited the King to dinner next day. The King was very much surprised and about noon sent a valet to see what they were cooking for him. The messenger, though, returned with the news that nothing was being done for his entertainment. His Majesty was still more surprised when at meal time he found the table laden with the finest dishes and drinks. Upon inquiry where all that came from, the poor woodcutter told him the story, what happened in the wood, about the lamb and the cloth, but did not mention a word about the club. The King, who was a regular tyrant, at once claimed the cloth and the lamb. As the poor man would not comply, he sent a few guards to him to take him away, but they were soon knocked down by the club. So the King sent a larger force against him, but they all perished to a man. On hearing this the King got into a great rage and went in person, with his whole army, against him, but this time, too, the woodcutter was victorious, because the club knocked down every one of the King's soldiers. The King himself died on the battlefield, and his throne was occupied by universal consent by the poor woodcutter. He was a real blessing to his people, because in his magnanimity he delighted to assist all whom he knew in distress or want, and so he lived happy and content to the end of his days.

## CLEANING OF THE DOOLL HOUSE

NOW that Spring is coming, every little girl should be preparing to give her dolls' house a thorough Spring housecleaning. It is the time of year, too, when the new papers can be put on the wall, the curtains washed and ironed and the whole house freshened up.

Of course, the first thing to do is to take up the carpets, or if there are rugs instead of carpets, then these must be taken up, beaten thoroughly and put on the line to air. Then the floors must be wiped up with a wet cloth, or even scrubbed if they need it badly.

After that the paper should be put on. The walls must be smooth before new paper is put on, and if the old paper is peeling off then it must be scraped off smoothly. There are sure to be odd pieces of wall paper around the house which can be used to make the doll's house look like new. Two papers of different kind may be used on one room, the lower part being of one paper and the upper part of another.

If there is no wall paper to be had, then use plain light yellow paper, which must be smooth and fresh and draw a border with crayon—a straight band of red or blue—at some distance down from the ceiling. If you are able to draw pretty well, of course you can make a fancy frieze. You would make your house look very fashionable by having a plain paper for the walls and a lower frieze. This you could make by taking a piece of flowered paper and cutting out a border with all the flowers and leaves cut out as if you were making scrapbook pictures.

## THE WAY I WAS REFRIGERATED

MR. SPRIGGS was an agent. At the street door this interesting fact was boldly and emphatically stated in big square letters on a brass plate; and, so that it should not easily escape public observation, the plate was (weather permitting) daily wrought up to a high state of polish by the office cleaner, amid much expenditure of proverbial philosophy and brickbat.

Away up four flights of well-worn steps and you came upon a sort of painted partition of the glass which comprised the upper half of the door of Mr. Spriggs' tiny little office. Here the great man conducted his extensive agency transactions and was prepared to supply the civilized world with anything from a bottle of lubricating oil to a few thousand carcasses of refrigerated mutton.

If you had at any time between the hours of 9 A. M. and 7 P. M. looked into that portion partitioned off and denominated "clerk's office," you would have observed a diminutive boy with a bleached face, big eyes, straggly neck and lank, tow-like hair, dressed in a

shiny black suit, working a long pen. My father was a butcher, my mother did a little choring and I was in possession of a seat in Mr. Spriggs' office, upon which eminence I spent the halcyon days of youth. Each day I slid off the said eminence at 1 o'clock, when there was an interval allotted to "tunch," and all the happy denizens of my department adjusted their collars and ties and glided automaton-like into the street below.

Our stairs began their ramifications in a court and terminated in some misty region in the roof, known as the janitor's rooms. From the earliest recollection of the oldest boy in the building a sort of guerrilla warfare had been waged between the housekeeper and the boys who had begun their commercial career on the lower floors. Pitched battles had been fought and ambuscades prepared; ears had been boxed and tearful walls had responded, but now hatred of the belligerents waxed more fierce than had ever been known.

One day—how vividly it all comes back to me—the rain had descended since morning and at 5 P. M., having

finished some unusual peregrinations to a shipping office, I hung up my dripping garments and vigorously toiled at the copying press. From the interior of Mr. Spriggs' room came the scratching of his pen, traveling at express speed. One letter after another he whizzed on to the floor for me to take out and copy. There were quotations for oil, boilers and asbestos; there were letters about log books and locomotives; there were memoranda in re chains and charcoal; and there were orders for snow boxes, fire boxes, furnace burners and beef. In short, here, upon his basis of operations, sat the great agent for the refrigerating machinery of the patent petrified produce type, which has astonished the world by bringing from the antipodes thousands of frozen sheep to be retailed to the hungry public at temptingly low rates.

Presently Mr. Spriggs' shadow appeared upon the glass partition, resembling a human windmill as he swung his arms about in his struggle to pull on his coat. Having addressed all my envelopes and reckoned my postage stamps I also prepared to cross

the street to the letter box and, letters in hand, opened the door. The landing was in darkness, but a figure stood before me as I closed the door and the light through the frosted glass revealed to me the figure of a man, a stout, middle-aged man in an adjoining office, an audacious fellow, who had been waiting for me in the attic stairs above me were illuminated by a brilliant flame. Looking up I saw a huge squib stuck in the flower pot in full play against the janitor's door. Dense clouds of smoke and myriads of sparks enveloped me. The fierce visage of the janitor loomed out of the haze and I caught a glimpse of a thick stick.

Then followed an explosion which sent my trousers flying into the air and cries of "Catch him!" "Stop him!" rang in my ears, menacing figures grabbed at me and quick as thought I slipped my leg over the stair rail and slid away for liberty. I was innocent of the practical joke which I knew Peters must have perpetrated, but circumstances were against me, so I did not stop to explain. Multitudinous feet pattered down the stairs in hot haste. Away across the muddy street I fled, hiding my letters from the rain under my jacket.

I looked back and the janitor was close in my rear. To my right stood one of the doors of a large poultry and game dealer's establishment. I knew the premises well, for Mr. Spriggs had here introduced the patent freezing process, and regularly called every four-and-twenty hours to see how it worked. I ran up the entry with a large square salesroom, in one corner of which stood the office. A few of the men were clearing up for the night, and having turned out my back to the lights did not notice me in the shadow. I saw a trap door opening in the floor which led into one of the freezing chambers, and I crept down the ladder into a corner and lay still and listened, with my heart thumping my ribs like a small steam-hammer. Presently I heard one of the men say, "Look, sir, there ain't been no boy here," and the next moment the square aperture was closed with a heavy thud and I was alone in the chamber.

My first thoughts were that I had been made prisoner until the main body of my pursuers had arrived; but no, the minutes dragged slowly away without any movement of the trap-door. I felt cold, now that the warmth resulting from my run had passed off, and leaving my corner I groped about the chamber, and I felt down the wall, they came in contact with the carcasses of sheep suspended in rows from the ceiling. The coarse canvas they were wrapped in felt cold and clammy. I shivered. Farther on I felt the soft flesh of some rows of poultry stripped of their feathers. The smell of the meat was suffocating and my head seemed to swim.

At length I found the ladder and determined to lift the trap myself. Up I crept and tried to move the door, first with my hands and then with my shoulder, without result. I felt wild and frightened now and struck at it with my fist and shouted. The room was only six feet high and was insulated all around, floor and ceiling, with five inches of charcoal, so my cries fell back smothered and deadened.

With trembling hands and chinking sobs I pulled up my shoes and struck madly at the door, but the non-conducting stuff with which it was also lined gave back no response. What was that thumping noise near? Was it my head throbbing? I could now hear a regular beating sound somewhere, each moment becoming more and more distinct, and a cold rushing blast of air seemed to be sweeping along the sides of the chamber. It came in regular shooting gusts, and I felt as if I were being struck by a hammer. I knew the stroke of the engine too well to be mistaken. I had often seen

the bright wheel spinning around and the piston rods working like the arms of a giant. I could imagine, as I stood there in my terror, that I could see the men with whom I had so often chatted getting up steam on that big boiler, then I thought of their coming next morning and finding me frozen to death—wouldn't they be sorry!—and Mr. Spriggs—here I broke down again. Wouldn't Mr. Spriggs be vexed to find his letters had not been mailed! They had become scattered, so I stopped and gathered them together in a little heap once more, for I seemed to be getting weary and drowsy. My head was so hot, my body cold, wet and numb. I

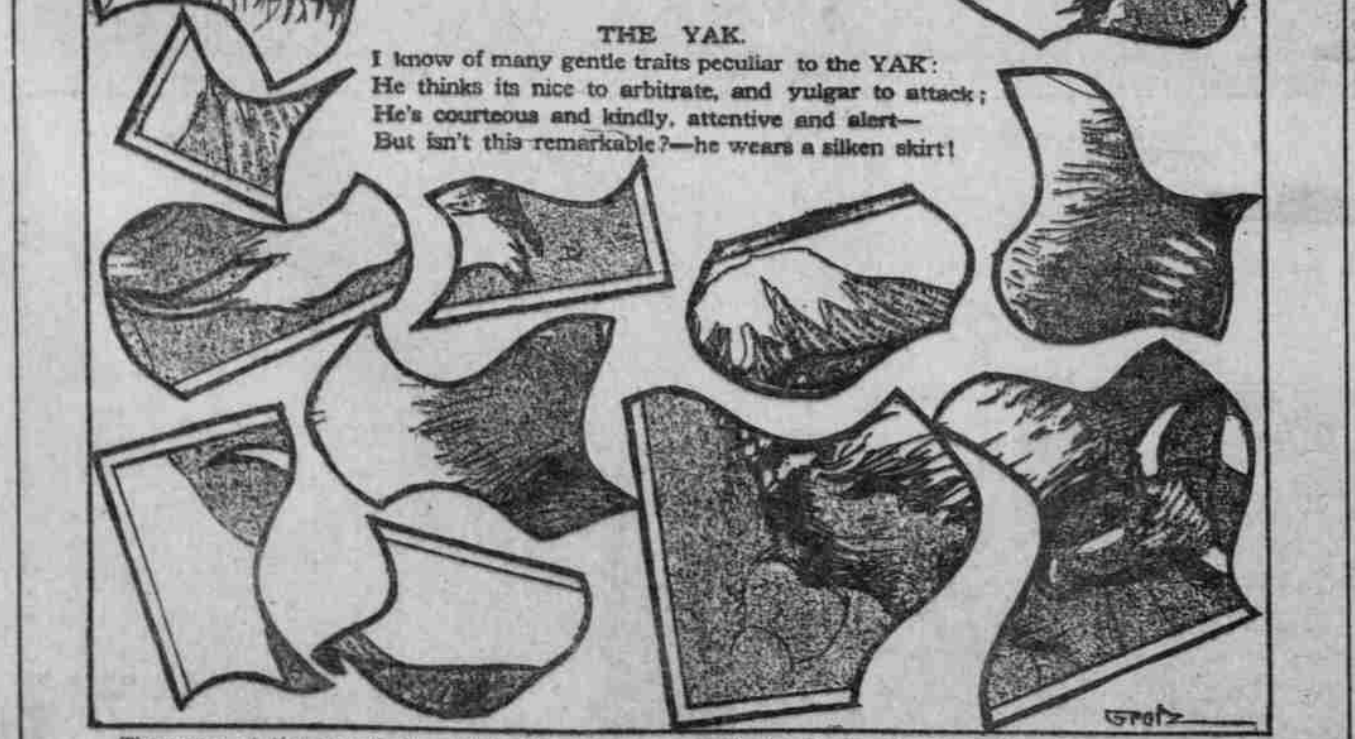
sat down in a corner and remembered no more.

Mr. Spriggs' clerks, the janitor and his wife, Peters, and some of the gentlemen were all sitting around a big fire. I was lying on the hearth rug before the fire, wrapped in blankets, and one of the men was pouring something hot down my throat, while another would keep rubbing me with his big, hard hands, which made me feel quite sore. Then when I spoke about it all they all laughed, and talked and seemed pleased and shook hands with me. Mr. Spriggs came in with his shiny top hat and his head on one side, and said I was a good boy. Finding everything

very comfortable I went to sleep again. It afterward transpired that I had dropped a couple of letters in the salesroom in my flight which one of the men had picked up as he was going away, and seeing Mr. Spriggs' address on the leaf of the envelope he took them across to the office. This led to a search being made and my subsequent discovery. The men had just begun to lower the temperature for the night when my position became known. (Copyright, 1909, by the Associated Literary Press.)

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1820.

## ALPHABET ANIMALS IN PATCHWORK PICTURE PUZZLES



THE YAK.  
I know of many gentle traits peculiar to the YAK:  
He thinks it nice to arbitrate, and vulgar to attack;  
He's courteous and kindly, attentive and alert—  
But isn't this remarkable?—he wears a silken skirt!

The verse at the top of the puzzle tells the story which the picture that is to be made from the pieces illustrates. First cut the entire mosaic and paste it on heavy wrapping paper before cutting out the separate pieces. This is merely to make it easier to handle the pieces. Then cut out the separate pieces. The white part is to be cut away. In cutting out the parts which make up the picture be very careful to cut just within the black lines or the pieces will not fit nicely.

**PADDY AND HIS PIPE**

BY LINA BEARD

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2

3

HOW TO ATTACH STRINGS

If you want to see Paddy put on his hat and smoke his pipe, cut out Fig. 1, paste it on stiff cardboard; trim the edges of the cardboard to fit; then cut out Fig. 2 and paste it on the other side of the cardboard, that the cardboard may be sandwiched between Fig. 1 and Fig. 2.

Be sure to have the face upside down, making the top of the hat come opposite to the shoulders of the man on the other side of the card.

Puncture a hole through each shamrock on each end of the card and tie short strings through the holes—Fig. 3. Hold the strings in your hands, with the hat on the card facing your right side up. Give the card a swing and twist it outward from you, making it turn around and around until the motion becomes rapid. Then stop twirling and hold the strings perfectly taut. The card will reverse its motion and you will find that during the twirling Paddy has put his hat decorated with shamrocks on his head and placed the pipe in his mouth. If you like you may color the picture the appropriate St. Patrick's Day green, using either crayon or water colors.