

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BY POLLY EVANS

A FISHERMAN'S PUZZLE STORY

MOST boys and some girls, too, like to go fishing. In the busy hours, after school starts, Saturday is about the only day one can really have for this fine outdoor sport. For in the United States we are not allowed to fish on Sunday. However, there are still four Saturdays in September when Polly Evans' little fishermen can get out on a creek or river or bay or even on the ocean, whichever is near their homes, to see what they can catch.

There are some fish, though, that may not be caught in September. This is because the fish who make laws for us are not allowed to fish on Sunday. However, there are still four Saturdays in September when Polly Evans' little fishermen can get out on a creek or river or bay or even on the ocean, whichever is near their homes, to see what they can catch.

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The Greenwood Singers

KEEP OUT! 3 cents fin for intruders!

This was the inhospitable sign that hung over the door of one rainy day on the play-room door at Greenwood Manse.

"I'm! Wonder what's up?" grunted Major Hobbs, who had come up to the play-room for a jolly romp with the children. He put his hand into his pocket for a nickel. Then he changed his mind.

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DOWN THEY CAME TO TELL THEIR TROUBLES

The Major heard no more of the conversation, for just then who should come racing down the attic but Bessie herself, sobbing. "Mummy, Bessie's mean to me." Then came Benly, pouting and tearing. "Bessie was mean to me," he cried. And behind Benly came all the remaining fourteen—all, that is, except baby Helen, who was sound asleep in the Gear nursery—down they came pell-mell to take sides in the trouble between Bessie and Benly.

"Benly started being mean to Bessie," cried several, while the others did their best to drown these voices out with their counter-testimony, until there was such a chorus of shouting and boo-hoing that it was all the four mothers could do to hear their own voices.

How all the mothers did not have been summarily ordered out of the place only the moment before.

"Hi! hi!" laughed the Major, slyly, in his lounging chair. "So the children are pretty nearly angelic on rainy days, are they?" Then he heard his wife's voice raised above the hubbub of shouts and sobs. "Whoo! whoo! Herbert, Cecil, Jack, get straight out of here; and all the rest of you except Bessie and Benly."

Just the least little twinkle in his eye he made a profound bow to Percy and to the rest of the audience, and said, "Thank you; I am sure we shall all be most happy to attend your Easter concert."

"Yes, indeed," said all the mothers. And then the children trooped happily off to the playroom for a rehearsal, and presently the grown-up sitting on the piazza or playing croquet in the garden could hear faint notes of singing and reciting and other things floating down from the playroom.

"Promptly at 8 o'clock came the carryall from the station, bringing the three absent fathers, each of whom, to his mild astonishment, found himself least fore and aft by so many children that he could have sworn there were twice six of his wife, all of them shouting at once: 'We're going to see!'"

"You're in—'give an enter—' invited—'entertainment. Even little Totten, who was a regular in her daddy's rink frock, piped at the top of her voice, 'OO too, Paddy Gear, so too!' although she was a little out of ideas what all the excitement was about.

"I, too, eh?" laughed her father, catching her on his shoulder all the way up to her mother's room.

Excitement took away the children's appetites and it was all the four mothers could do to persuade them to eat at all, until Mrs. Updegraff grimly suggested that the evening's entertainment be called off.

"Oh, no, no!" wailed Percy and Dorothy, who were the worst of the children, and cried that they consumed food at such an alarming rate that the mothers speedily relented and even excused them from turning for dinner.

"You'll come right out to the piazza as soon as you are through," called Percy anxiously from the door, "it's lovely out now."

"Yes, well, be on hand," said his father, and true to his promise, he soon led the way from the tea table to the piazza, where the four gentlemen lit their cigars, and the four mothers accepted the chairs that Percy, Benly and Herbert hastened to offer them.

"Well, this is really a pretty sight!" exclaimed Mother Hobbs. "Indeed, it is!" assented the others.

There in the centre of the piazza stood a group of palms and a fountain in the attic-recess, no doubt, of one of Mr. Lowe's Christmas trees long ago, when his wife was living and his children were little—and in a semi-circle, not very far away from the palms, were the chairs occupied by the audience.

"Well, well," said Papa McGreggor, "this speaks well for all the children."

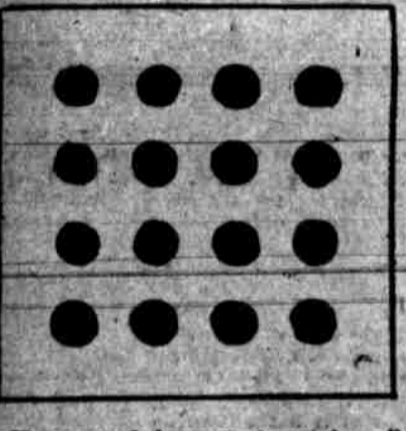
"Hum!" grunted Father Gear. "May these boys never labor as hard over their lessons as they have over this show, I'll wager! Ah! here comes Mr. Lowe; he's late."

(Continued next week.)



Generally, boys and girls fish from the shore; but when they do fish from the water they want to be very sure their boats have no holes to leak. Girl fishermen do not like horrid wet boots, even if boys do not care, and if the holes get too big it is very dangerous.

Here is what one man did who was unskilful enough to find a hole in the side of his boat. He had nothing to mend it with but a piece of wood two feet six inches square, with holes all over it like this:

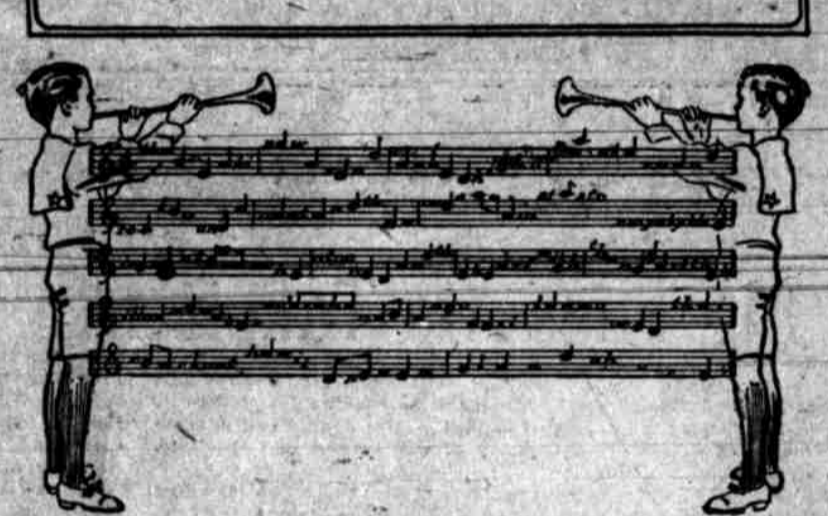


He managed, however, to cut from it a piece of wood one foot square, without any holes. With this he mended his boat.

What little fishermen can tell Polly Evans the answers to the following questions?

- How did the unlucky fisherman get the wood for his boat? Take a piece of wood or pasteboard two feet six inches square, pierce like the picture, and work it out.
- What four fishermen are mentioned in the Bible? Who is the great Englishman who wrote about fishing? and what was the name of his book?
- What fish that is very easy or hard to catch, very delicious to eat and is to be found chiefly in mountain streams, cannot be caught in September?

A Musical Puzzle



WHO will read some music for Polly Evans? Here are four that even the very little students who only know the letters on the staff can try. It represents two verses from a well-known poem that every American boy or girl, especially if from New England, should have heard.

It is not half so hard as it looks.

Luigi's Labor Day

LUIGI was sad at heart. His eyes were full of tears for the dear mother and little Beppo, Michele and Felice, who though they were very young, yet could eat, oh, so much! What could he do to know what a boy felt full of joy and mirth.

And the color! Everywhere deep reds and yellows, purples, long months now since Luigi Giordana had come with his father Giuseppe, a mother and the dear brothers and baby sister to the far country across the water, where they had heard all men were rich and the women were beautiful.

How different it all was from their home in the hills of the great valley of the Po! True, they were sometimes hungry there. But when the hills were so green and the water so blue, they were merry in "bella Napoli." The children laughed and danced and sang from morn to eve. Who says tales they heard from old Paolo, the cobbler, ever mending shoes in the sun by the roadside, and Luigi, who said that he drove for the aged Arico, who was so hung with fresh-cut grass that only his head and feet could be seen.

"Hi! hi!" laughed the Major, slyly, in his lounging chair. "So the children are pretty nearly angelic on rainy days, are they?" Then he heard his wife's voice raised above the hubbub of shouts and sobs. "Whoo! whoo! Herbert, Cecil, Jack, get straight out of here; and all the rest of you except Bessie and Benly."

September

There are twelve months throughout the year. The first month of the year is January. The last month of the year is December. The month of the year that is the merriest month of September.

Then apples so red Hang over head, And nuts ripe-brown Open showings down.

In the beautiful days of September Give thanks enough in the summertime. More flowers than I can remember: Blue and purple, gold and red That dye the flowers of September! The gorgeous flowers of September!

POLLY EVANS thinks her boys and girls should know something of the writer of this pretty poem. But none with the name of Luigi, an Englishman, who died in 1888 when 90 years old. She loved children, and wrote many poems and stories for them. Among other things, she was a friend of Hans Christian Andersen, whose fairy stories all children love, and was the first person to turn them into English from the Danish, in which they were written.

Mary had a strange childhood. She was a little Quaker girl, named Botham, whose parents were very strict and religious. Her father, a Quaker, was being quiet; and Mary and her sister were kept so still all the time that little Anna, when 4 years old, had to be sent to a school for the deaf. They would make up names for the most everyday things, because they had never heard the real names of things.

Though Mary's parents were so religious, she had a very bad nurse, who used to swear at her, tell her naughty stories and teach her to play cards, which the Quakers thought very wicked.

Labor Day

TOMORROW will be Labor Day. Lots of boys and girls look forward to the day for months, for they are little workers, perhaps they parade. At any rate, they love to wear the parade, with its flags and signs and hundreds of bands. Or, perhaps, some take Labor Day for a holiday, and go off for a happy time at the seaside or in the country.

Yes, Labor Day is a fine holiday, and we all like it. Yet how few know when or why it was started. Polly Evans will try to tell you.

There was once a poor Welsh boy named Robert Price, who went to work in the coal mines in Wales, when only 8 years old. After he was grown up, he came to America, where every working man has a chance. Over here he was a miner, first in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and later in many Western States. Robert was nicknamed "Shouting Bob," on account of shouting "Ames" so loudly in church, first because a great friend of the laboring man, because his "Ames" was so true, and then because he was so hard by a cruel boss that he died.

At a big meeting of the Knights of Labor in New York city, in 1882, Robert, after a very earnest speech, moved that one day of the year should be set aside when labor (or workers) should not labor, but go out and show that in this country it is free and glorious.

This proposal made so much excitement that thousands of men jumped to their feet, cheering wildly.

"What do you intend to call this day?" asked Mr. Powderly, when he could be heard above the noise.

"Labor Day," exclaimed Robert Price, without waiting a minute.

Thus started this great day which has become a legal holiday in nearly every American State. In 1894 Congress appointed the first Monday in September as Labor Day for the District of Columbia, thus, in a way, making it a national holiday, and soon every State changed its celebration to the same time.

To-morrow should any one ask, What is Labor Day? any Polly Evans' little friends must tell them all about it.

A Dancing Highlander



How many of Polly Evans' friends know how to make a Dancing Highlander? It is very easy, yet you can have lots of fun with it.

Take an old glove and cut off the first two fingers down to the second joint; also get a pair of baby's socks, and paint them in bright plaids. Then find a picture of a Scotch Highlander. Cut it out of cardboard, paint it and paste on the back of the glove. On the first two fingers place the socks, padding the first one to make it of equal length with the second. These make the shoes, and the two parts of the fingers are supposed to be the legs of the Highlander.

Try it, and see how many quaver capers it makes a sober Scotchman cut.

Puzzles & Problems

Square Word.

..... A nobleman.
..... A plant looking like a sturgeon.
..... A girl's name.
..... To guide.

For the Big Word User.

Changed Letter Puzzle.

1. What name is used to remind the boys of — Day, she said, "Do not — by the way, as I want you to bring me a — — — — —" cried — a small — — — — — and for his birthday received a — — — — — of which he took good care. — — — — — made a pie for Kitty, which she — — — — — to school in the same bag as her reading — — — — — She ate the pie at recess in a — — — — —.

A Poetic Puzzle.

Put six straight lines to these ciphers and find out what a very poetic little boy, who was afraid of dogs, said to Tico when he jumped up on him.

Quiser Subtraction.

How can you take one hundred and five from one hundred and five and leave two thousand?

A Charade.

My first is addition to suit.
My second is a name of a bird.
With my third dainty colors are found.
My whole is a name of a bird.

What Month?

..... A consonant.
..... A shrub whose buds are colored.
..... John's name.
..... Unpolluted.
..... A chief minister of state.
..... A worded material.
..... An insect.
..... A consonant.

The central letters from top to bottom spell a month that every boy with a gun loves.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is a ship whose destruction caused the world's grief.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is what (with an exception) befalls the destroyers.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is a college where my whole was founded.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is what a bad man did to a whole lot of people.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is what a woman and man did to the entire world.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

Answers to Geographical Puzzles.

Cape Horn.
Black Sea.
Manitoba.
Arkansas.

Answers to Transposition Puzzles.

CYPRUS.
Charles, Yorkshire, Pinesappia, Rhoda, Umpira, Simon.

Answers to Address Puzzles.

1. Thomas Webb, Esq., Mayor of Andover, Massachusetts.
2. FINE, 629 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
3. Mrs. James Spencer, 13 Washington Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Answers to Anagrams.

Anagram, Waterproof, Shakespeare.
Punishment, Staircase.

Answer to Diamond Puzzle.

R
I
A
D
I
C
E
L
E
B
R
I
T
Y
A
N
D
I
A
N
S

Answers to Jumbled Girls' Names.

Fyllis, Marjorie, Decima, Kathleen, Matilda, Constance, Marie, Violet, Gladys, Margaret, Dorothy, Lou.

Answers to Charades.

Thousand, Sea-son, Gain-say.

Answer to Riddle-Me-Ree.

Macbeth.

A Game of Snecce.

HERE is a little game you might try, boys and girls, when you are sitting at a table. Any number can play it. A leader being chosen, will tell each one to sneeze, one after the other, to see who makes the queerest sound. Then let him whisper words like hoah, ka, hoosh, oha, chee, choo, one to each child or group of children if the party is large. Tell each to say his word as loud as possible when you count four. Keep it as a surprise, that all say their words at once, and the result will be the queerest. You'll never hear any other. The leader may vary the game by giving different words that sound like sneezing.

How Pussy Was Named

she could find some candy in her pocket or see some lovely charms on her chair.

Soon she was nestled all "comfy," telling how pussy got her name.

"Dinah, our look, only likes little bits of meat. She don't like pussies at all, and when 'Dainty' runs into the kitchen with me she always shoos her with a broom and mutes my pussy (tw)."

"I don't like my pussy to twy, and so when I want to mate puss and lates wit Dinah I jest runs away from my pussy."

"One day Dinah let me drink the big coffee mill for her. It was awful hard, and made a big noise—'br-br-br'—just like dat. De drawer was all full wit toffee, so I toot it out and toot it into the pantry to Dinah."

"When I came back I pushed the drawer shut—Bang! and pussies to drink again."

"Den I heard a bigger 'br-br-br'—I fot it awful funny, 'cause dere wasn't no toffee dere. I t'round and t'round, and dat br-br-br—'it jest kept dettin' louder and louder."

"Dinah tame in and said, 'Laws sakes, toffee; what's dat dere noise?'"

"It's de toffee mill, I s'ide."

"Den Dinah jest tame and pulled dat drawer out. And what do you tink?"

"Dere, inside, was my clean pussy, all tovered wit dirty, brown toffee!"

"She didn't mind it at all, but was purring ever so loud."

"But Dinah was so mad and stared she jest yelled and yelled, till mamma and papa and drandma and John, the tooshman, and Norah and Sally all tame running in to see what was matter, and John had to put water on Dinah to mate her stop twying."

"Wasn't that a funny thing for my pussy to do, t'nt?"

"Dat's what! Dat's what I tell you 'toffee mill'—"