

Polly Evans' Story Page

For Boys and Girls

Dan Deegan and the Boys Parade

HALLOWEES had always been considered the most aristocratic suburb of the great city, and the house occupied by the Stillwells had always been held (though an old-fashioned house in need of repair) as the home of all that was elegant and refined.

But one terrible fall day (terrible I mean for the grim inhabitants of Hallowe) the Stillwells removed to the city, sold their house and an Irish family moved in.

Unlike the usual Irish family, there was only one child, a boy, and, of course his name was Dan—Dan Deegan. Dan was a sociable little fellow, with blue eyes, a snub nose and, of course, freckles. His hair, though, luckily, was not red. He was stinging from morning till night, and apparently hadn't a mean hair in his black head.

At Christmas time Dan gave his teacher a fine present, much better than any of the other scholars—and dear knows how many tempting chocolate creams and popovers and marbles he went without to get it for her. But she simply said "Thank you," never opening the package in front of him, so that he might have the joy of seeing her face when she saw what was in it. In fact, she put it away in a drawer of her desk, and never opened it until a momentous occasion that I am going to tell you about.

FLOTING AGAINST DAN

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As eternally that he wasn't wanted. But as the 17th of March drew near the boys got together and tried their best to think of some perfectly awful thing they could do to hurt Dan's feelings, and make him understand, once and for all, that he was not one of them.

"I have it!" cried Horace Jones. "A parade!"

"A parade?" echoed all the boys.

"Yes, a St. Patrick's parade, like the ones they have in New York. Haven't you read about them?"

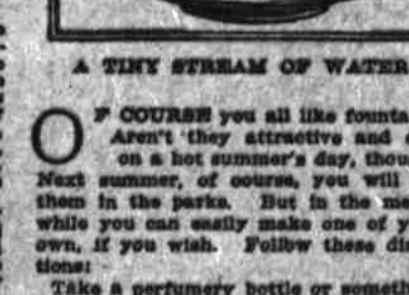
"That won't bother him," said Chester Brown. "He'll think it's a compliment, and that we want to show we really like him."

Horace smiled very deeply, but shook his head and said:

"Leave the arrangements to me," he said, "you'll see."

On the 17th of March little Dan got up feeling very unhappy. The boys had been particularly mean to him the day before, and he remembered with longing how in the old tenement house district they had moved from, "to get a breath of God's air," as Mrs. Deegan said, he had celebrated this day with his other little snub-nosed, freckle-faced friends. He had his green flag yet, and he took it out of the secret place where he kept such things, and looked lovingly at it. Memories of the happy days when he had marched around and around the alley with that flag at the head of the procession floated over him and made him smile, so that not unbecomingly he finished his dressing and went to school.

Home-Made Fountain



A TINY STREAM OF WATER

OF COURSE you all like fountains. Aren't they attractive and cool on a hot summer's day, though? Next summer, of course, you will see them in the parks. But in the meanwhile you can easily make one of your own, if you wish. Follow these directions:

Take a perfume bottle or something similar, get a good cork half an inch thick or less, and make a hole through it. Put a straw through the hole, so that one end nearly touches the bottom of the bottle, and the other is just above the top of the cork.

Place a piece of blotting paper on a plate. Fill the bottle with water and stand it upon the blotting paper. Now get a big glass jar, warm it, and quickly turn it upside down over your small bottle, pressing it down upon the blotting paper with your hand.

In a few moments you will see a tiny stream of water shoot up from the bottle, right up to the top of the jar, and this will continue until the bottle is almost empty.

Try it.

with all the fluency that Dan had. So the joke and of the procession was less on her, and the patriotic feeling it stirred in her caused her to shout at the top of her voice, "Hooray for Ireland!"

Above the heads of the procession far down the street the cry was borne to Dan's ears, and instantly, without thinking, he had echoed it.

The procession, a bit astonished by this reception of their joke, kept on its way, still murdering the lively tunes of "The Wearing of the Green." They had nearly reached Dan now, who, suddenly, to every one's astonishment, jumped from his hiding place, ran to the front boy, snatched from his hand a great green flag he was carrying, and placing himself at the head of the procession, proceeded, with all the power that was in him, to sing "The Wearing of the Green." Unconsciously the musicians altered their time, wavered and died away, but Dan marched on with his banner, singing and singing till it seemed as if his little throat would break.

THE TABLE TURNED

The astonished procession, meanwhile, didn't know what else to do with their joke but to follow on; and so they paraded all through the streets of the village, and the mothers and sisters, who had been let into the secret of the great joke, didn't know what to think when they saw Dan there at the head of the procession and the band feebly trying to follow the musical air; he was singing.

At last the procession wound back again to the house, where Dan lived, and now another surprise awaited the folks.

Mrs. Deegan appeared at the door, and, with much laughter and talking, seized every boy of them and brought them all into her house, where in the dining room they found a feast spread for them. Mrs. Deegan had taken the parade as a sign on the part of the boys of wishing to make up to her son for the mean jokes they had played on him, and she had hurried right back as soon as the procession had passed "out of sight, put her washing away, and spread the dainties on the table that simply made the boys stare.

Grown-ups in Hallowe were not used to doing much for the younger population in the way of spreading feasts for them, and each boy knew that if he went home to lunch he would get nothing but a cold slice of the meat they had had the night before.

Horace Jones was particularly fond of good things to eat, and he saw no help for it but to appear as if he had meant all the kind things that Mrs. Deegan and Dan assumed he had meant all along. So as soon as he had staid the table up, he turned to the other boys, laid his banners which had the worst inscriptions on them, and shouted, "Boys, give three cheers for Mrs. Deegan and Dan."

DAN HAD REMEMBERED

But when she opened the package she did not throw it away. It was something she had saved for the boys for Christmas. She spoke of it wanting, and little Dan had remembered. All the other boys had forgotten, but he had remembered. Like a shot she was out of the schoolhouse and up the road to Dan's house.

The sounds of mirth which met her ears as she neared the door puzzled her. What had the joke turned out to be, after all? But at last she rang and was admitted by Mrs. Deegan.

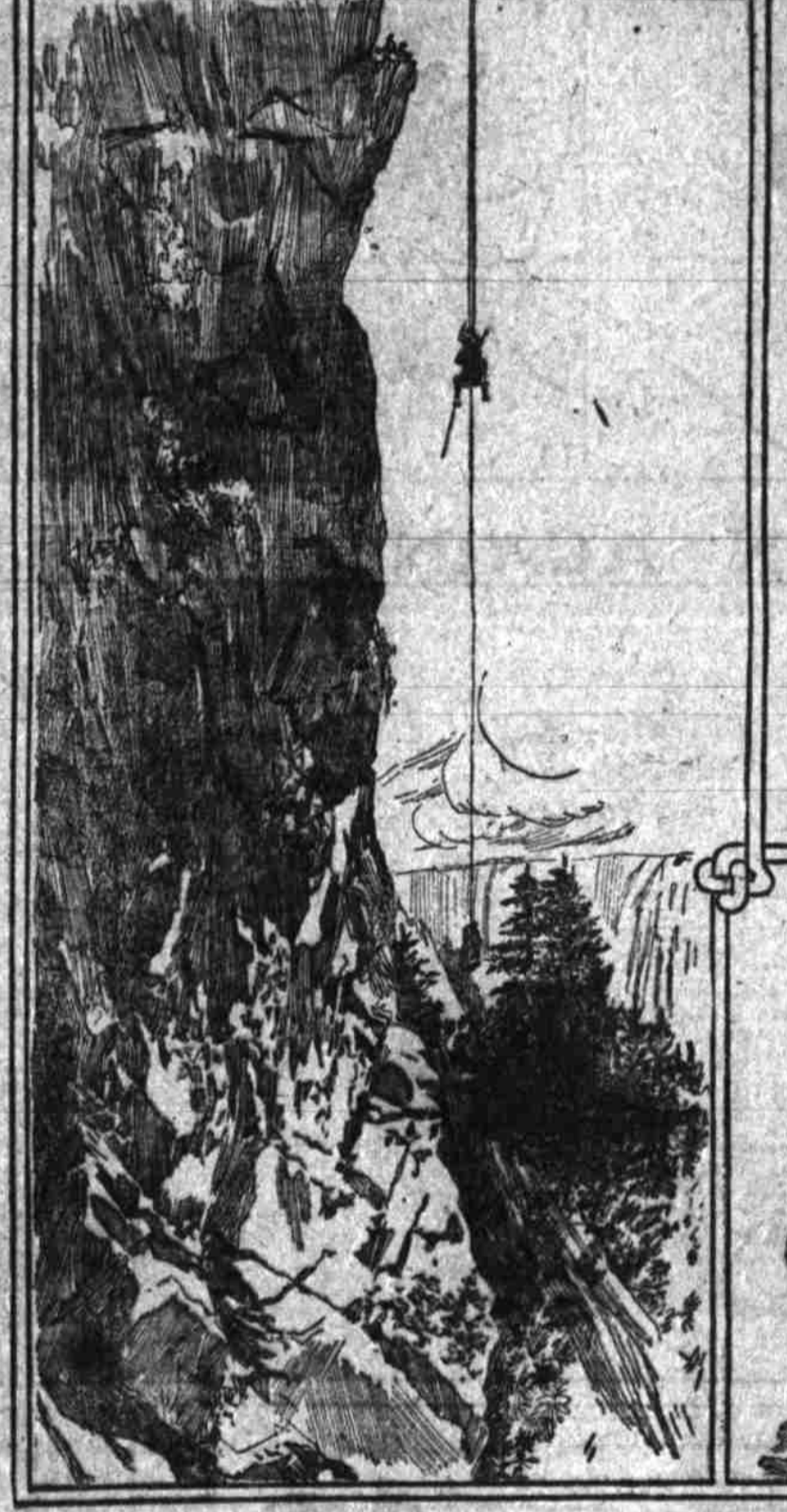
"That good woman almost embraced her in her enthusiasm. It was all right, at last, for little Dan, even the morning teacher had come to show her change of heart, and Mrs. Deegan, with her big generous Irish nature, quickly overlooked the past and ushered her into the room where the boys sat.

"Mrs. Deegan," said Miss Harkins, as soon as she could get a word for the noise, "I want to tell you about Dan. I want to tell you that he is the best boy in my school, the most studious, the best behaved, and the most generous, and that," she paused and looked the now humbled folks over very carefully, "the other boys are agreed that he is the nicest playfellow they have in the village."

If only took the boys one minute to understand their lesson. And it also gave them an opportunity for some more of those ear-piercing shouts which had been so frequent that morning.

JEAN RIDDELL

Willy, the Eagle Hunter



A DARING FEAT

WHICH IS the bravest man in the world? Well, that's a hard question to answer, isn't it, boys? So much depends!

But suppose we ask who is the most daring man in the world? One might say the Arctic explorer, another might say the African lion hunter, and so on. But I rather think you had not thought of another fellow—the eagle hunter of the Alps. Ah, but he is a daring man!

And he is so used to running risks that he actually thinks nothing of it.

One of the greatest eagle hunters in Switzerland is Willy Amrhein. A man who went with him on one of his eagle hunts (and Willy, by the way, makes a specialty of capturing young eagles alive) has written the following account of the day's experience:

"We started long before dawn, for we had a long and arduous climb to make, over colossal rocks, dangerous glaciers and yawning abysses, before we could hope to reach the arctic heights where the eagles nest.

At last we reached a cliff where Willy halted the party and bade us hush, while he crept to the edge, and leaning cautiously over, scanned the shelf of rock at some distance below.

An uplifted finger both warned and beckoned us. With infinite care we crept to the edge and looked down. There was a nest with a couple of eaglets just over the cliff's edge, and Willy, leaning down and begin to put on soft feathers. Beside the nest, on the sun-warmed shelf of rock, stood the mother eagle, performing her morning toilet. It was a charming sight! But we had work before us, and also, had one cruel thing to do.

While the rest of us held him, Willy aimed carefully. Cracked went the gun, and zip! flew the bullet straight to the

eagle's heart. She leaped far out in air, gave her wings a mighty flap, then sank straight as a plumb line out of sight into the ravine below.

"Wait here for me," commanded Willy, and he descended as rapidly as he could in the right direction as noticed by his practiced eye. After a time he returned with a broad smile on his face.

"She's a bird, indeed!" said he; "every foot, it she's an inch from tip of wing to tip of wing."

After this came the daring work. Having found a suitable ledge overhanging the nest, Willy directed us in arranging some heavy logs as a sort of crane or support for a long pole, from the further end of which he had suspended a stout pulley, and from the pulley hung a long and very strong double rope, to each end of which a sack of rocks was attached.

A set of signals having been arranged between us, he now descended the mountain to a ledge which was about fifty feet below the nest, preferring to ascend from there rather than descend from where we were, for we were fully seventy-five feet above the nest.

Removing one of the sacks of rock and carefully fastening into its place a rude sort of seat, with a stout sharp alpen hook in hand, and a couple of sacks in which to place the young eagles, he gave the signal and we from above began to pull him up in air.

Silently, jerk by jerk, we fetched him up through the fifty feet of perilous ascent. When he got fairly swung out in air, we could see the rope begin to swing around in a circle. It was all Willy could do, by means of his alpen hook, to keep his body from striking against the jagged rocks. One mistake might have cost him his life. But no mistake was made.



WILLY'S GREAT EAGLE

for our man's name was Willy Amrhein.

When he found himself close to the level of the nest he signaled "stop," and as the rope swung him to, he caught the ledge with his hook, drew close and gathered in the eaglets one by one, with infinite care. Then, with a signal "down," he gently let go and descended on the even more perilous descent, and the farther down he went the larger circles the rope described, and the more he was in danger of being smashed against the jutting rocks. He descended in safety at last. (For to us those minutes of peril seemed hours) and before long, having recovered the dead eagle, we were on our way down to the valley with the live young eagles.

Why the Boy Didn't Go.

Congressman Champ Clark of Missouri has a very bright and precocious son named Bennett, who is about 17 years of age. The boy, like many other sons of members of the House, is apt to be on the floor when it is announced that his father will speak.

One day Champ Clark made a set speech, and it was quite a creditable effort, winning for him praise from both sides of the House. But Bennett wasn't there that day. The next time he showed up he was asked to explain his absence.

"Oh, papa," replied the lad, "I heard that speech no less than three times when mamma was teaching it to him at home. What did I want to hear it again for?"

All of which goes to show that statesman will occasionally rehearse at home.



A STRANGE ACTOR

The Story of a Stage Cat

ALl boys and girls are familiar with Browning's captivating "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Well, there is a good story in connection with the opera called "The Hatcher of Hamelin," when it was first given in the great Royal Opera House of Dresden.

In this opera, while Singup, the charmer, was singing his tuneful and spellbinding incantation, thousands upon thousands of rats suddenly invaded the stage, emerging from doors and windows, crevices in the walls and holes in the ground.

And she did not consider that her duty was done when she had merely played "going to bed" in the children's matinee once a week.

So when, this night of the new opera, she suddenly perceived what she believed to be a host of her natural foes in the very act of audaciously trespassing on the stage, she gave a piercing "Mi-ai!" of indignation, leaped down to the stage from her favorite corner in the wings and, in the unbounded amusement of the audience, fastened her claws into one of the counter-tenor's rats.

In a twinkling she discovered, of course, that she had been fooled, but she never "turned a hair," beating her retreat with all the majesty of a well-born, self-respecting lady.

The audience howled with delight, and gave her such an enthusiastic recall that finally one of the actors brought her out to acknowledge the applause.

Some Puzzles to Solve



5. Transpose a German naval station and get similar.

6. Transpose a volcano in Sicily and get similar.

7. Transpose the goddess of the clouds and get a water nymph.

8. Transpose a ship in 'Columbus' feet and get similar.

Charade.

I am a male relative.
Change my head and have "preferably."
Change my head again and have "to glean."
Change my head again and have "frothy matter."
Change my head again and have "one who immerses himself in water."

Jacob's Ladder.

1. 10
2. 11—Part of a stove.
3. 12—A color.
4. 13—An important product of Spain.
5. 14—Covering of the body.
6. 15—Abbreviation of the Odd Fellows' order.
7. 16—A measure of capacity.
8. 17—One of the United States.
9. Each of the rungs of this ladder is a four-letter word.
10. I spells the name of a man dear to every American heart.
11. To 12 is the name of a famous American poet.

Picture Puzzles

What four American cities?

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC

FIND what the following seven-letter words are, and set them down in the order indicated.

You will find the first letters read downward, give the name of the river on which the capital city is situated.

1. X a mild, greenish liquid.

2. X a highly inflammable liquid.

3. X a poetic in oratorical style.

4. X a dim.

5. X The Goddess of Vengeance.

ADDITION PUZZLE

1. To the letters I M add a word meaning "something that is used in making everything," and you will have a word that means "of no importance."

2. To the letters I M add a word meaning "to test," and you will have a word that means "to make better."

3. To the letters I M add a word meaning "not all," and you will have a word meaning "to make known."

RIDDLE

What county in England can be spelled with two letters?

BEHEADINGS

1. Behead a girl's name and leave rivalry.

2. Behead happy and leave boy.

3. Behead cadaverous and leave a female relation.

TRANSPOSD WORDS

1. Transpose a river in Africa and get a legal claim.

2. Transpose a city in Europe and get couples.

3. Transpose a county in Pennsylvania and get long hair.

4. Transpose a city in Ohio and get what postoffice handle.

March 10 Answers

Hidden Cities.

1. Berlin. 2. Genoa. 3. Bergen. 4. Edinburgh. 5. Toulon. 6. London. 7. Constantinople.

Couundrums.

1. Forty poles make one rude (rood).

2. Forty-six; the other six are only feet (lead).

3. Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

4. Preserved pains (ears).

5. When it is gone.

6. Because it's a piece where the sons raise meat (meat's 1879 meat).

CROSS-WORD.

1. Elliptical (a lie circle).

2. None at all. One is a benefactor, the other a specialist (spectator).

3. One is produced by a laboring bee, the other by a bee-laborer!

Charade.

Far-well.

Beheadings.

Glass-lass-aaa.

An Irish Party.

For your Irish party ask each guest to bring an Irish joke, Irish story or Irish verse as his contribution. Give each one a shamrock or a clay pipe to pin on.

Decorate your house with green. Ferns and anemones of simple paper flowers and festoons will be very effective. You can fix up a skeleton harp and cover it with green.

Chocolate pipes and chifforahs and "bristles" should form a part of your refreshments.

Have green shades on all the lights. If you have an imitation "suckling pig," put an apple in its mouth, for the main decoration of your table, so much the better.



THE CORMORANT

people might be interested in his pet, and not quite knowing what to do with it in his absence, he took it to London, chained to his wrist like a hawk—probably some of you have seen pictures or prints of people fastening in the golden times, with the hawk attached to the wrist by a chain, resting on the back of the hand—and left it at the zoo.

Don't you hope it will settle down quite happily and that it will show off its accomplishment in its new home—the fish-house—next time any of us go there?