

Polly Evans For Boys

Story Page and Girls

LOST ON PURPOSE+

ELLEN is just the dearest, sweetest girl I know. And to think that we didn't speak for two long weeks!

I think that maybe Ellen's being so forgiving has something to do with my liking her so well. After what she did before the Fourth I always shall love Ellen.

You see, for every Fourth they build a big platform in the square, and there they have lots of speakers come and give fine speeches. But, best of all,



"IT WAS GLORIOUS RAISING THE FLAG."

There's an unfurling of a great flag, when the band plays and all cheer and talk of their hats. Oh, it's simply fine!

Some girl from Miss Jane's school is always chosen to do this, and, I can tell you, the one who raises the flag is as proud as a peacock.

Miss Jane told us two weeks before the Fourth that whoever made the best marks for the next ten days would be chosen. So we all set to work as hard as ever we could.

Of course, Ellen and I weren't speaking all this time, as I said, but we both wanted to make up, just the same. You know when you've had a chum as long as you can remember, it's hard to get used to being without her. (No, I've really forgotten what it was that led us not to speak.)

It so happened that by the day the winner was to be picked, Ellen and I

were even, and it all depended on the mark we got that afternoon for our composition.

Now, I'm better in examples than Ellen, but I don't like compositions, while she can write all kinds without the least trouble.

Just before school was over we were all waiting to hear the name of the winner, when, Miss Jane asked, surprised-like, "Ellen, why didn't you write any composition?"

Ellen hung her head and said real low that she didn't want to write any. So I was chosen to unfurl the flag, although I just know Ellen gave up because of me. But, I can tell you, we were fast friends after that.

It was glorious, raising the flag, with so many people looking at you and such splendid music, but all the time I felt kind of sorry and wished Ellen had come instead of me.

FUN IN NAMING THE TREES

BOYS and girls can have lots of fun playing the following game and will find some of the questions are not very easy to answer, either. The questions are given out on slips of paper without the answers, and the one who gets the largest number of correct answers is the winner of the game.

Which is the most loyal tree? Fir.

Which is the brightest colored tree? Redwood.

Which tree suggests thoughts of the ocean? Beach.

Which tree would we prefer on a very cold day? Fir.

Which tree contains a domestic animal? Mahogany.

Which tree might very properly wear a glove? Palm.

Which tree is a pronoun? Yew.

Which is the most melancholy tree? Blue gum.

Which tree is a tale teller? Peach.

Which tree is a mascot? Locust.

Which is the dandy among trees? Spruce.

Which tree is an invalid? Pine.

Which tree is never barefooted? Sandalwood.

Which tree can best remember numbers? Date.

Which tree has passed through fire? Ash.

Which is the most ancient tree? Elder.

—Our Young People.

The Lazy Worm.
A youthful worm lay sleeping fast
Within his cozy bed,
And, as the hour grew late, at last
His mother came and said:
"Get up my dear; it's very late,
And such a lovely day;
I hear a clock just striking 12;
Get up at once, I say!"

I fear the lazy little worm
Unto his mother said,
As he began to wriggle and squirm,
And wriggle out of bed:
"I dare not rise till it is late,
Or else, upon my word,
I know that it would be my fate
To meet that early bird!"

—Constance M. Lewis.

FOR the SAKE of Old Glory

For the sake of Old Glory
things whizzed and fizzed,
They sputtered and fluttered
and banged and sizzed,
For its sake-wide awake
the boy, at his biz.

Wide awake in the morning,
still eager at night—
For fireworks put even the
sandmen to flight,
And when tardy sleep closed
his one open eye
He said he wish't all days was
Fourth of July.

THE BEST FOURTH OF ALL

HARRY groaned dimly. "That's the way I feel," he explained, when his sister asked what troubled him.

"Ever since I've been a little bit of a duffer I've had a glorious time with cracker and pistol and fireworks. Now father says that there's no use buying any this year, because we can't celebrate with the lady so sick next door. I declare, I won't know what to do with myself."

"Don't let it worry you," returned Harriet, "mother will find a way to keep you busy."

Mother did find a way out of the difficulty. Next morning at breakfast she announced smilingly:

"Since you cannot have your usual boisterous celebration, children, I suppose we must substitute some other plan, for a day like the Fourth certainly has to be celebrated in some way."

"We have arranged to have your aunt and uncle and your cousins join us in making up a picnic party. We'll go far enough to have a good drive. I'm sure you'll enjoy your ride," she concluded, smiling mysteriously.

Indeed, they did enjoy their ride, for rather that day presented them both with splendid ponies.

They had all manner of fun running races and engaging in other sport at their picnic.

Just before going to bed Harry sighed—but not dimly this time. "Don't know when I've had such a jolly time. This has been the best Fourth yet."

WAITING FOR HER GRAN'PA

THEY said granpa wouldn't come. But Mary knew he would. Hadn't he told her positively, just a few weeks before, that he would take her to see the Fourth of July parade? Yes, granpa would come, he always did just as he said.

Then they told her he had been taken away in a big box and put in the cemetery over the hill, where the grass grew so pretty and the trees were nice and shady. But Mary knew that no box could keep granpa away.

She would go and look for him anyway. Trudging along until she came to the cemetery, she looked all around



for granpa. Then she pressed her rosy little face against the railings and tried as hard as ever she could to see him.

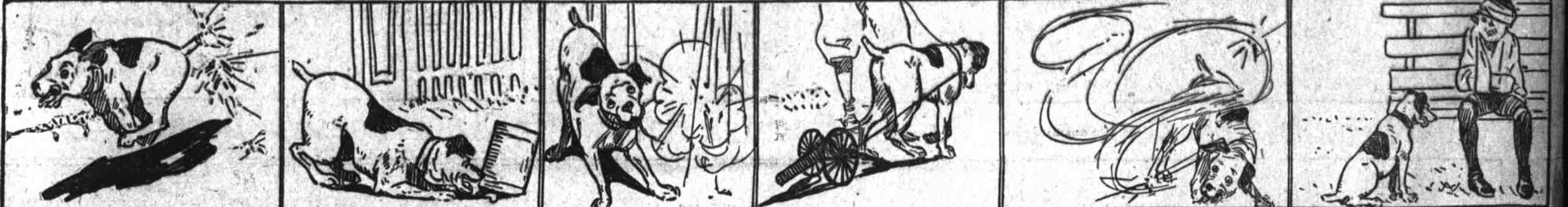
Mother didn't even call her naughty when she found her a long time afterward, still by the railings.

"I can't find granpa and I don't see his back hole," she said, with tears in her eyes—and then, with a sigh, "Ooh, I can't see granpa today."

You see, Mary was very tiny and didn't quite understand.

How shall a candle be placed so that every person can see it except one, although he shall not be extinguished nor prevented from examining every part of the room; neither shall the candle be hidden? Answer: Place the candle on the person's head.

PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THE FOURTH IF YOU WERE HE



I DON'T know what the folks can see in the Fourth Day of July; I'm just as glad as I can be when it passes quickly by.

The morning's hardly dawned before Cracker, tied to me behind, Tumbles down from every tree. Make me see—and almost blind.

They place a bono for you, perhaps, Underneath a log or mast; And though you'd never think of traps, Soon you're blown 'most to Japan.

Of course, you have to do some work—Cannons draw—they're heavy, too—And it's a shame you'd like to turn; Might go off—then what of you!

The "chasers" follow everywhere, Chasing many fiery tails. It's never think fireworks'd care Such things to try, when each dog falls.

Oh, yes! I'll say again I'm a duffer, When the Fourth has come and gone; It leaves me bruised and sick and sad—Where, I ask, is all the fun?

In spite of ev'ry ache and pain, One thing others when all is o'er, Mastered but twice as much again—Yet of Fourth: he'd wish for more!

THE SPIRIT OF THE FOURTH

"TOMORROW we'll make so much noise that the 'Pirates' won't be able to hear themselves," stoutly declared Pete Hamilton.

Captain Skinky nodded. "Just because every dazed 'Bloody Robber' was broke last year, and the 'Pirates' were able to make all the noise for the town, they needn't feel as cheery about having things their own way this Fourth. We've been savin' up for the last six months, and we'll be able to get such a lot of fireworks that the 'Pirates' 'll feel sick."

The "Bloody Robbers" on the great, flat stone by the creek's edge gave a rousing cheer, which was echoed by the members of the band who still dispersed themselves in the water.

"Guess I'll be going," said Pete; "I want to get some more fireworks, and I hear old man Brown is nearly sold out."

After driving the Jones back into the water seven successive times to wash, Pete stopped throwing mud at him and went on his way.

As he was about to enter Brown's store he came across Uncle Joshua.

"Hello, Uncle Josh! How are you going to spend the Fourth?" he cried, cheerily.

"Not like you, young man, with neither no fireworks and noise, and never a thought of what the day means. I tell ye, the young folks ain't got the right spirit. When I was young we knew how to celebrate the Fourth," Uncle Joshua shook his cane fiercely.

Laughing good naturedly, Pete pur-



"WE'RE FREE! WE'RE FREE!"

Quaker, "the king has done much to anger his subjects. I fear there may be prolonged war, although I pray it be not so."

A third broke in: "Dare! Aye, they dare anything. You know not the temper of these delegates from all the colonies who meet today."

Pete Hamilton looked around him curiously. Gathered in front of a long building, which he saw was like the picture in his history of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, was a great throng of people, dressed in the style of the colonial period. Some were talking in tense whispers, many were silent; but all were watching the building intently, as though something were about to happen.

Suddenly the great bell in the tower above them crashed forth in a mighty peal.

A shout burst from one near the hall. Then spreading, as though by wildfire, there arose the cry:

"We're free! we're free! Liberty and independence forever!"

Men seized one another's arms, shook hands, clasped necks, others' backs, muskets were fired, and the shouts grew stronger, until it seemed that the dignified Quaker city had gone mad.

"Ah! 'tis a great day, my lad!" cried a man beside Pete; "one that will be boldly written in history and the story repeated hundreds of years from now. Fortunate, indeed, are we among men that we should see it!"

Great thrills chased one another up and down Pete's spine.

Tearing off his cap, he buried it into the air, leaping after it.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" cried he, with all his might and main.

When Pete Hamilton awoke he didn't jump out of the bed and proceed to fire

off his biggest cannon cracker, as was his usual custom on the morning of the Fourth. Instead, he sat quietly up in bed for a moment, reviewing the events that had passed in his dream.

Then with a shout of "Liberty and independence forever!" he made the biggest racket of which he was capable.

Pete listened attentively to all the speeches made that afternoon on the market square, thereby bringing down upon him the wrath of Captain Skinky and the rest of the "Robbers," who considered this mere kidness.

But Pete believed that at last he had caught the right spirit of the Fourth.

A Bright Idea.
A little boy wanted to give his mother a birthday present, and he did not know what to give her, so at last he decided to give her a Bible. After he had bought it, he did not know what to put on the front page, so, after looking through some of the books in the library, he decided to put the following on: "To dear mother; with the author's compliments."

Misplaced Money.
A short time ago a gentleman in Boston sent a small boy in his neighborhood to deliver a note to a young lady who lived a few blocks away. He gave the boy a quarter to make him hurry. After a short time the messenger came back, and, handing the money, said: "Miss says she will be glad to see you tonight, but she didn't want the quarter."

A Jingle Game.
One of the players leaves the room, and the rest determine on a word. When he enters, he is told a riddle that rhymes with the one chosen, which he must find out by their dumb movements. Say "heat" is the word selected. He is told that it rhymes with "rat," and the players either try to imitate flying or hitting a ball with a bat.

AN INTELLIGENT PIG

A PIG and a dog who were passengers on the same ship used to eat their food from the same plate, and but for one thing would have had no trouble—the dog had a kennel and the pig had none. The pig disputed the ownership of the kennel, and every night there was a race for it. If the dog won, the pig had to lie on the softest plank he could find. If the pig got in first, "Toby" could not drive him out.

One rainy afternoon the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about on deck, and made up his mind to retire early. But when he reached the kennel, he found the dog snug and warm inside. Suddenly an idea flashed upon him, and, trudging off to the place where their dinner plates were lying, he carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, and began rattling the plate and munching as though he had a feast before him.

This was too much for "Toby." A good dinner, and he not there! The pig kept on until "Toby" had come round in front of him and pushed his nose into the empty plate. Then he turned, and was safe in the kennel before "Toby" knew whether there was any dinner on the plate or not!

GARDENING GAME
EACH of the players is asked in turn what was planted in his garden, and what came up.

Articles planted may be of any description, but must come up plants of some kind, whose names have some punning connection with the articles planted.

For example:
First player—I planted a calendar, and it came up a dock.
Second player—I planted a ship, and it came up a dock.
Third player—I planted a watch, and it came up four o'clock.
Fourth player—I planted some steps, and they came up hog's head.
Fifth player—I planted an Irishman, and he came up a potato.

Helped the World Along.
If every little boy or girl
Some loving word would say,
Or just one kind deed would do,
"Do you know any other animal that gets up like the cow?"

No matter where you chanced to go,
You'd never see a tear,
And as for frowns, when people smile
They always disappear.

Why should not every boy and girl
Push through life with a song?
If each one did his level best
To help the world along—

The wrong things then would soon be right;
So try to do or say
One kindly deed, one loving word,
Beginning on this day. —Selected.

Knew the Other Animal.
The class was discussing animals—how they walked, got up, etc. After she had explained the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher asked: "Do you know any other animal that gets up like the cow?"

Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl raised her hand.

"What is it?" asked the teacher.

"A calf," was the whispered reply.

ALLY, of TUMBLEDOWN COTTAGE



A FRIEND IN NEED.

If you are really so anxious to get away, Pet, suppose you go alone to Spencer's, and we'll be there in a few days."

Now that her father had given this permission, Emily was not slow in packing her goods for the trip, and the next day she was on the way.

The Spencers lived in a little village on the side of a mountain and they had invited the Grahams to spend a vacation with them. Mr. and Mrs. Graham had yet to make arrangements before departing, but Emily had hardly known what to do with herself since school had closed, and was glad of the consent to go at once.

Arriving at the little station, Emily was met by Mr. Spencer in a light carriage, for there was still some little distance to go. She had seen him often in the city, and so they were well acquainted with one another.

Just before they reached the home of the Spencers they passed by an old shabby-looking barn that seemed to be kept from falling only by stout poles propped against the outside.

"Who owns this wretched place?" asked Emily, with interest.

"We call him Peter Tumbledown," answered Mr. Spencer; "and that old house over there is where he and his little girl live."

The house looked as badly in need of repair as the barn. As she looked Emily saw dodge out of sight behind the side of it a little girl of about her own age, with a mass of tangled hair and a very tattered dress.

Mrs. Spencer welcomed Emily cordially, and she felt at home from the very first.

Everything was so new that Emily found much enjoyment in her walks

school, there was nothing in the country that she and Gyp did not know.

Mr. Graham believed that Emily learned more from Ally about growing things than she ever learned in school.

Emily thinks so, too, and she has learned, besides, that though a little girl may be ragged, she may still be worth while having for a friend.

CUNNING SAYINGS
LITTLE IRENE, who had just moved to the country from the city of New York, was sitting on the porch with her brother Edgar. They had never seen lightning bugs before, so they were surprised when they saw several bugs flying and lighting in the air.

"They are bugs," cried Edgar.

"No, they're not," declared Irene; "they're mice—in the air!"

Little Tommy is very talkative, and on going out to tea with his father and mother the other night he was told that he mustn't speak until somebody asked him a question. After he had sat silent for half an hour, he could not stand it any longer, and he said, "I say, papa, when are they going to begin asking me questions?"

Little Henry was dining out, and was on his very best behavior. "Will you have light meat or dark?" asked his hostess, preparing to help him to chicken. "I'd like a drumstick, thank you; but I don't care at all whether it is white meat or dark," said he politely.

"Granny," said little Johnnie, as he counted a lot of nuts somebody had given him, "can you eat nuts?"

"No, dear," said the old lady, "I haven't got any teeth."

"Well, then," said Johnnie, emptied his nuts into granny's lap. "I'll give you these 'n' mind till I come back."

Sadie was 11 and Alice was 7. At luncheon Sadie said:

"I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?"

"Of course not," replied Alice; "it's a jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"

Little Janis was trying to dress himself after his bath. He got his shirt and front ends behind. Looking ruefully down at himself, he said:

"Guess I'd better turn myself around so my shirt will button in front."

"Why do they put the nation's flag on top of the schoolhouse?" asked a teacher who wanted to instill a patriotic lesson.

"Please, ma'am," answered the boy, "it's because the pole is there!"

Two little girls walking in a park feared that a cow would attack them. "Let's go first, and let us be first," wren't afraid of her at all," said the other.

"But," remonstrated the first, "wouldn't that be deceiving the cow?"

chased his fireworks and walked toward home.

But all the rest of the day Uncle Joshua's words rang in his ears, and as he went to sleep that night he muttered to himself, "I wonder if I have the right spirit?"

"Think you they will dare do it?" harshly questioned a thin, hawk-nosed man, glancing cautiously round him.

"Well, friend," calmly replied a giant