

DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

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IN SCHOOL



WHEN the earth seems full of sunshine,
Wind and trees, and the squirrels are as busy—
Most as bees;
I must turn my back on things,
As is the rule,
Leave my playmates all outside
And go to school!

Thro' the room,
Lights the desk where teacher's apples
Gayly bloom!

But I'm list'ning for our school-room
Clock to chime,
And my figures dance and wriggle
All the time!

By and by the day is ended,
And I run
Down the golden schoolhouse
pathway,
In the sun.

KATHERINE FAITH.



Bobby's Chimney Swift

BOBBY and his uncle Ben were taking their evening stroll when Bobby suddenly ran aside to pick up a little soot-colored, grayish-brown bird.

"Oh, Uncle Ben, see the chimney swallow," cried he.

"You mean, see the chimney swift," answered Uncle Ben, taking the bird gently in his hands.

"I wonder why it is that even grownups, who should know better, persist in calling chimney swifts 'chimney swallows.'"

"What's the difference?" asked Bobby.

"Why, they are not even distantly related to the swallow family. Their habits and their anatomy are totally different."

"Come, Bobby, you are young and spry. Let's see if we can't restore this youngster to its home."

"See the chimney up yonder? Well, there is a family of swifts there and I shouldn't be surprised if this were one of the family. We'll lay it on the chimney and see what happens."

Accordingly the two with much trouble clambered out of a trapdoor and, clinging to the slanting roof, Bobby finally managed to reach the swift's chimney.

Carefully he set down the sooty little stranger. Lo! a moment and it was gone, wheeling and curving about in the air.

"Well, I'll be—" began Bobby.

"Jiggered!" finished Uncle Ben.

"What do you suppose happened to the beggar?"

"No knowing," said Uncle Ben. "We've had our climb for nothing, I guess. Bob, best thing we can do is to sit here and rest. I guess."

"Tell me what you know of swifts, Uncle Ben. Do they all nest in chimneys?"

"Not the old-time kind of swifts, sonny. They nest in caves and sometimes in hollow trees. But the new sort of birds, the advanced thinkers, so to speak, have hit upon chimneys as being much more convenient. The parents settle upon some unused chimney for a nesting place. As they fly to and fro they snap off little dead twigs with their feet, and sometimes their beaks, and these they carry into the chimney, and there they fasten them together."

"Easily enough. During the nesting season certain glands in their mouths secrete a brownish liquid which hardens when exposed to the air. With this they glue the twigs to the side of the chimney until they have constructed a sort of lattice cradle which is almost flat.

After the nesting season is over the gland which flows this glue-like substance shrinks.

"There are generally from four to six eggs in the shell-like cradle. When the little ones are old enough to climb out of the cradle they still cling about it for a couple of weeks longer, in order that their wings grow stronger.

"Their short, stiff-pointed tailfeathers are a great help and must often keep them from falling by supporting them against the rough chimney lining, much in the same way as a woodpecker's tailfeathers."

"How old are the swifts when they leave their nests, Uncle Ben?"

"Not until they are a month old at least, and then they mount almost immediately up to the great sky. They are very wonderful flyers, and you will understand that they would need to be when I tell you that they get their food just as a night hawk does, by flying through the air with mouth agape.

"They are very useful in the sense that they consume thousands of mosquitoes and other pests, which otherwise would make our lives miserable."

"See, there goes our little friend, Bob!"

"Notice the short wing beats and the peculiar method of flight for a minute and you can easily see the swift's is no kin to the graceful, easy flight of the swallow."

"Yes, there he goes sure enough," answered Bobby, ruefully.

"Thanks, Uncle Ben, I've worked hard for this lesson in swifts and I'm not likely to forget it soon."



LITTLE ANGELO'S ROMAN CARNIVAL

from Edinburgh Castle to Stirling

WAS the Roman carnival, Little Angelo had a holiday, and the signorina from America, who lived in the palazzo upstairs, had given him a whole 20 centesima to spend. Yes! He knew that it was to be spent in pleasure, as his father had smiled approval when he saw her give it, and Ercole of old understood that smile. What would he buy? Confetti! No, that was not so great a novelty as the new kind of fine powder, like brown flour, that got into people's hair, eyes and ears, and made them savage! And then there were crackers; but the shops had so much to offer that Ercole was bewildered and almost ready to give up choosing in the crowd, when he saw his little brother Angelo running toward him, his eyes round with delight.

"Only think, Ercole, I have 20 centimes to spend on the carnival!"

Ercole tried to look bored, but failed, and ended by saying:

"I, too, have them."

Angelo gleefully clapped his hands. "Oh, the good signorina, the good signorina! May the Madonna bless her! Come, Ercole, what shall we buy?"

Ercole put both hands in his pockets. "It is very hard, Angelo, to tell, is it not?" he queried. "Let us dress and then go on the Corso."

Soon two little Italian boys came out where two little Italian boys had gone in. Each was masked and was very terrible to look at. Hand in hand, they ran toward the Corso, where the steady street was lined on both sides with people, and the carriages were slowly making their way along in either direction. Now and then a cab filled with masks passed, and those from the balconies of the houses and others on foot pelted them with confetti and threw paper ribbons, hitting or missing them as needs be. Every one was elbowing every other, and all were in the best of humor. Men with bags of colored sawdust and other stuff with which to bombard the unwary were vending their way through the crowd. One almost passed the little brothers unnoticed, when Ercole boldly pulled his sleeve.

"Hi, piccolo, what is it he wants?" asked the vendor, stopping only half-way.

"If you please, sir," said Angelo, gathering courage, "my brother would like to buy."

The man stopped full now and took in the pair. "Now this is good for little boys," said he, holding up a paper bundle, contents unknown.

Ercole hesitated, not wanting to ask what it was, fearing to betray such ignorance. Angelo, incited by the contagion around him, poked one finger into the side of the bag.

"Now," said the man, "thou must buy it."

Ercole looked vexed and asked the price.

"Fifteen centimes," said the vendor.

"Oh, that is too much," said Ercole, drawing back.

"Impossible," said the man, "fifteen centesima is the lowest."

"Now, you know," said Ercole, "that cannot be. Say two for twenty. And quicker than a wink he grabbed two packages and, forcing his coin into the astonished man's hand, disappeared among the laughing crowd.

"By Saint Anthony, that child is a smart one," said the vendor, and grimly pocketed the money, mentally noting that the next time he would be sharper; but who would expect such a notion of one so small!

Ercole and Angelo now made richer in amusement, but poorer in cash, walked rapidly on. Often one of them was tempted to waste his ammunition, but was wisely restrained from such a rash act by the other.

"Wait," said Ercole, "till the evening."

"Why not now?" asked Angelo, impatiently.

"Because then it will be more fun; many, many more people will be out. Just then a shower of sawdust nearly blinded the little brothers. It came from the third floor balcony, so that revenge was out of the question; but the impetus was all that was needed, and, before they had time to think twice, the already broken bag was half empty.

"Let us only use one," said Ercole, wisely; "this evening we will not feel so poor."

"But there is our twenty centimes untouched," said Angelo; "that will go as far as thirty for the rest of the day."

And this evening, said Ercole, the padre and madre will take us out. Showing by this remark that economy in this case was waste.

They scattered and scattered in all



directions and got all the pleasure, and more besides, that twenty such bags usually contain, and that night at supper two tired but very happy little punchinello sat down to their macaroni. They told glowingly of their afternoon experiences, and ate hurriedly, so as not to miss the fun, and to get back as early as possible on the Corso.

"We have only spent half," said Angelo, triumphantly, to his parents, "and tonight—oh, tonight!" But the vision of his future recklessness was too much, and the sentence was never finished.

Their parents were proud of their little

son, as all Italians are of their children. "Where, anywhere, are there two such boys?" Francesco, their father, often asked, never expecting an answer to the question. Their mother, Katharina, agreed with him. Their father was conchie at a palazzo, and in cold weather he looked like a Roman of old with his top cape draped togawise over his right shoulder.

"Will the padre take us to-night?" asked Angelo coaxingly.

"No, bella mia," said Francesco. "And what shall we buy?"

"There is our 20 centesima," said Ercole, looking up. "It will buy more now than it would this afternoon."

Francesco laughed at this piece of wisdom and displayed a handful of coins.

"The boys' eyes beamed and, soon eating their meal, they rapidly prepared for the evening's sport.

Such a good time as they had! The streets were so full one could hardly move. All was laughter and excitement.



Kings and Tobacco

have any regard for a pipe, although many of them spend large sums yearly on cigars.

The king of Serbia, however, as well as the German kaiser, seems really to prefer such a smoke, while the czar of the Russias never smokes anything but cigarettes.

The king of Spain also smokes cigarettes almost to excess.

The kings of Italy and Norway very rarely smoke, and when they do it must be a rare cigar indeed.

The king of Greece has a special cigarette made for his own consumption, which is barely a third the size of the common cigarette.

The illustration is of a giant smoking pipe, made in one piece and carved with stirring scenes of Austrian history, which took its designer two years to complete. It is the work of a wood-carver, and its value is placed at \$2000.

Interesting Facts

Tea in China costs from 5 to 15 cents a pound, according to quality.

In the early ages of Greece and Rome piracy was considered an honorable profession.

The tea plant was not known in China until about the fourth century, and did not come into general use until the ninth.

The practice of blessing people when they sneeze is more than two thousand years old. The attendants of the king of Usum, in Africa, snap their fingers whenever he sneezes.

In some parts of Mexico 500 bushels of Indian corn can be grown from a bushel of seed. In New England the yield is less than 100 bushels to one of seed.

A NATURE FREAK

NOT very often does one run across such a curious nature freak as this one. The ears of corn pictured were grown on a farm in Illinois. They grew from one stem, 2 1/2 inches long and each has fourteen rows of grain.

LL WAS quiet in Edinburgh Castle. In one room a little boy looked in lonely wise from a barred window. A handsome little fellow he was—frank of face and well worthy to bear his title of James, king of Scotland. The little lad seemed to be awaiting some one for he started at every slightest sound and his hands played nervously with his rich garment. At last, with an impatient sigh, he seated himself with his head on his hands and gazed dreamily into the fire. His life for some two years had not been a pleasant one. He remembered how passing long the days had seemed since that one, long ago, when his father had been done to death in the dark old monastery far away in Perth. He remembered well the long, sad journey to Edinburgh Castle, the arrival, when Livingstone and Sir Crichton, who were to rule in his name, received him; and here he had stayed ever since, a prisoner in all but the name in the hands of his subjects.

For Crichton and Livingstone by no means pulled together. Each one was insanely jealous of his power and of the favor of the little king.

All this did the little King James know and most sorely resent. It made him hate Crichton—who, after all, was generally good to him—and spend his days in dreaming of Stirling Castle, where Livingstone held sway.

There his widowed mother dwelt, and there, she had told him, was a beautiful park in which a little boy-king could run and play to his heart's content.

Suddenly a step outside the door caused his face to brighten astonishingly. The door opened and his lady-mother stood in the doorway, her arms outstretched invitingly.

The little King James flew to her and climbed on her knee, just as any ordinary lonely little fellow would have done, and hid his face in her shoulder. And here he sobbed out the story of his loneliness and need of her, his rebellion

at his lack of freedom. But she stopped the eager flow with a few words.

"Hush, my little one; thy mother hath a plan!"

In a hurried whisper she outlined the plan and the part the little fellow had to play in it in order to escape from Edinburgh Castle.

Crichton, who had formerly viewed her with suspicion, had gradually become disarmed by her studied sweetness and graciousness to him, to a point where she was not only allowed to come and go at will about the grim old castle, but was also allowed to have trunks and boxes sent as she pleased to and from the castle unsuspected.

"Nay, but," quoth the little king, "what hath all this to do with me? Thou wilt leave tomorrow and I—"

"Thou, too, shalt leave tomorrow," breathed the queen with shining eyes.

"Nay, little one; hush thee! Our time is short and much is to be said. My faithful Seton hath hidden posthaste to Stirling Castle, thence to send two large boxes for raiment in one of these, my James, there shall be many breathing holes."

The queen clasped her soft hands, smiling on the excited child.

"Oh—" he began.

But she clasped a hand over the prattling mouth. "An thou lovest me, little son, not a word of this. Castles have many ears." And she glanced fearfully at the aged gray walls.

"Hark thee, James! When thou art put to bed tonight, see that thou feign sleep quickly, so that thy guard may suspect nothing. When he hath gone, Seton shall come to thee."

Here her voice sank to a whisper.

"Do thy part, little son, and ere many hours thou shalt find thyself in Stirling Castle. Hark! There are voices. No more of this!"

The door opened and Sir William Crichton bowed low upon the thresh-



old. But the scene which met his gaze disarmed the very evident suspicion in his keen eyes.

"For the queen-mother was crooning a lullaby, her little son sitting on a low stool beside her, his head upon her knee."

"Pardon your majesty," quoth the knight, "but there be two large boxes come from Stirling, which maketh thy departure seem but too near. Have my words and thy love for yon fair boy, my noble Hege, no weight with thee that thou insist upon returning to Stirling?"

The queen rose. "I leave tomorrow night," she said quietly, about finally.

"Night!" gasped Sir William.

"The queen-raised her eyebrows. "Aye," quoth she, "at night. 'Tis easier traveling so."

With a lift of her eyebrows she was gone.

Little Prince James slept not at all that night, and all the following day was strangely quiet.

He was a sunny little lad, and his attendants marveled at the strange moodiness, but attributed it to the coming parting with his lady-mother.

Night approached at small speed, or so it seemed to the boy-king.

All the tiresome ceremony of being put to bed had to be submitted to.

At last the guard Malcolm was stationed in the outer chamber. The door

