

# Our Boys and Girls Conducted by Polly Evans 3002 512 st. To 618 w the hog



## Grandmother



please tell us a story?" asked Ruth such a horrid day, and we have nothing to do."
"Tell thee a story, my dear, and what would three like me to tell about? The surely knows all my tales by this time."
"Oh, no, we don't; you always remem-

you always remem-ber something love-ly. I think you had the most wonderful

the most wonderful time when you were a girl. I'll get the boys."

"Boys, boys, grandma is going to tell us a story; hurry, quick!" shouted Ruth to her brothers and cousin in the atticular to the course of the co tc her brothers and cousin in the attic playroom.

With a whoop and a wild clattering of feet on the fine old polished stairway the boys rushed down to the cheery south room where grandma sat knitting.

"Gramsie, you're a peach, sure," called Louis La Porte, while Billy Westover gave the sweet old lady a hug that almost took her breath.

"Grandma, tell us about a bear," said fat little Ned Westover.

"Oh, come off, Ned, with your bears. Don't you listen to him, Gramsie; give us something about Indians," interrupted Louis.

"The Indians are no good; tell us of soldiers," cried Billy, who intended to go to West Point.

"Boys, boys, do thee not think, since Ruthle is the only girl, it might be polite to give her the choice?" said grandma in smiling reproof.

"Oh, grandma, may I really choose? Then do tell us of the first time you met Grandpa Westover."

An amused smile flitted across the old lady's face as she watched the children settle themselves.

#### They Were Puritans

The three Westovers and their cousin, The three Westovers and their cousin, Louis La Porte, loved dearly to visit at their great-grandparents' farm; there was so much to do and see; but per-haps best of all were grandmother's Billy Westover once had a fight with his chum, Bob Taylor, about grand-mother, and, though Billy came out of the discussion with a black eye, he still believed no one could equal Grandma Westover.

Surely as she sat up so straight in her

"What fear you, father? she asked. 'is there danger of an Indian outbreak?"
"'Scarcely, I think; but Neighbor Johnson says he heard the Pequods were on the warpath, and we cannot be too watchful."
"We trudged a long way to meeting, and the walk must have been wearlsome to grandfather, who I noticed carried his gun.
"The great log church was bitter cold, the service was long, and, save for being diverted by watching the janitor keep in order with his wand some restless boys on the back seats, I fear I should have disgraced myself falling to sleep during the discourse, which lasted two and a half hours.
"At the noon hour we gathered in the church yard with our lunch, and my grandfather made me acquainted with some lassies about my own age.
"I fear they thought little of my breeding, for I was busy trying to catch what the men were saying of the Indians. About Philadelphia there had been no red men for long years, and I wished much to see one.

#### A Fierce Fight

"After the noon hour service began again the minister was well in the fifthly of his second discourse, when a again the minister state and again the minister state a sudden noise at the door made me turn. "There stood a great, clumsy boy of about 18, with the reddest face and the reddest hands and ears and hair I had ever seen. To make it worse, he wore a red wool comforter around his neck and a red knit cap on his head. "What a horrid, ugly lad, thought I What can his errand be? "I was soon to know. "Eluding the janitor, who tried to stop him, the boy ran down the aisle and gasped: 'The Indians! The Indians! They are but ten miles off: "Such turmoil as followed! The great bell in the meeting house clanged long in the meeting house clanged long

"Such turmoil as followed! The great bell in the meeting house clanged long and loud, and soon people came flocking in from all sides. "My grandfather left me while he went to fetch my grandmother. "While he waited, the boy told his tale.

"While he waited, the boy told his tale.
"It seemed he had been tracking a great bear through the woods, and, quite forgetful of the Sabbath, had just killed it after a hard fight, when he noticed smoke in the distance. Climbing a high tree, he saw a band of bedizened red men in their ominous dance of war. In a minute the boy was speeding through the woods to warn the country people for miles around.
"What a night that was! The meeting house was crowded to suffocation. westover.
Surely, as she sat up so straight in her high-backed mahogany rocker, it would have been hard to find a lovelier or was crowded to suffocation. ing house was crowded to suffocation. Some of the children wept, the women



## "I Tell Thee, My Dears, I Was Glad of Those Puritan Guns"

more gentle old lady. Her silvery gray dress and sheer white cap and kerchief set off her snow hair and her merry eyes and pretty pink cheeks, which were nearly as clear and fresh as a girl's.

"So thee wishes to hear the first time I met thy dear grandfather? It was I met thy dear grandfather? It was surely an exciting occasion.

"As thee knows, I was something of a harm-searum in way tooth "As thee knows, I was something of a harum-scarum in my youth, and my honored parents felt I needed the discipline of a different life, so they sent me when I was about seventeen to visit thy great-great-great-grandfather, Hrandfather Winthrop, in Maine.
"My mother's people were not of our versussion, but were Puritans of a very strict type. When my mother became a Friend, it made hard feeling, so I had never met either of my grandhad never met either of my grandparents.
"As thee can imagine, I was much ex-

"As thee can imagine, I was much excited at the prospect of the visit. It was a long, hard journey in those days, and my father and I went all the way by coach, stopping in New Haven and Boston for little visits.

"At last, one Friday evening, we reached Grandfather Winthrop's. It was bitter cold, I remember, and his house, far out in the country, was a rambling white frame building, with green shutters, set down in the midst of a gloomy grove of spruce trees.

"My grandparents greeted me somewhat coldly, I thought, though I found later that it was but their stern manual." what coldly. I thought, though I found later that it was but their stern manner, and they had most kind hearts.
"To my dismay, I learned that my cousins from Portland would not arrive for a fortnight, and I retired that night with a sinking heart.

#### Talked About Indians

"The next day my dear father returned home, and, but for fear of offending mother, I should have begged to go along.
"That day seemed the longest I ever spent, though I helped grandmother churn and spin. The evening was even spent, though I helped grandmother churn and spin. The evening was even worse; fer First Day among the Puritans began at 6 o'clock Seventh Day, and grandfather read us a long and dreary sermon of Cotton Mather, their great divine.

"The next morning grandfather and

great divine.
"The next morning grandfather and I started to meeting. Grandmother, who was ill, stayed on the farm.
"Hope," said grandfather to her as we left, 'see to the fastening of the house, and on no consideration let in a stranger till our return.'

prayed and the men stood alert, with their guns in hand, ready for an at-From the windows could be seen the

"From the windows could be seen the fierce blaze of burning farms, and ever and anon there sounded the horrid yell of the Pequod war whoop.

"At last the Indians came in sight, and I tell thee, my dears, though We Friends are a peace-loving people, I was glad of those Puritan guns.

"A fierce fight followed, with a great roar of musketry on both sides. What my sainted mother would have said I know not, but somehow my Quaker blood was on fire, and I found myself loading the gun of the red-headed boy who had brought the alarm. who had brought the alarm.

#### Scattered by Soldiers

"Toward dawn it began to look very serious for us, as our powder was giving out, and the Indians seemed about to fire the meeting house. to fire the meeting house.

"Suddenly a long, long bugle call sounded, and then another and another.

"The soldiers! The soldiers! shouted the red-headed boy, who had mounted to the belfry and was scanning the landscape with anxious eye.

"In a moment, coming over Round Top Hill, a body of troops was seen, their Hill, a body of troops was seen, their guns glistening in the morning sun. It was the Old Guard of Bangor, dressed in the blue and buff of their Revolutionary sires.

tionary sires.

"The Pequods, seeing themselves outnumbered, scattered suddenly into the surrounding woods.

"Thee can imagine our relief!

"Parson Endicott said: 'Before we separate to our homes, let us give thanks to Him who has protected us this night.'

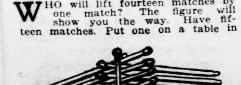
"During that fervent prayer I doubt if there were a dry eye in that meeting there were a dry eye in that meeting house.

"Now, my dears, there is the supper bell, which I am sure must be a welcome sound to thee."

"Oh, grandma, what a splendid story!" cried little Ted. "And there was a bear in it too."

in it, too."
"And Indians," said Louis. "Well, there were soldiers, too," mut-tered Billy.
"Why, Grandma Westover, you never "Why, Grandma Westover, you never told us about meeting grandpa, after all," exclaimed Ruth.
"What about the ugly red-headed boy?" said grandma, with a merry smile.
"Here comes thy grandfather, perhaps he can tell thee what was the name of that boy hero."

### Here is a Good Match Trick



W HO will lift fourteen matches by one match? The figure will show you the way. Have fifteen matches. Put one on a table in thirteen. By a little care this trick can be done so quickly and easily that the matches can be carried to another table.

A New Kind of Lava. OUIS CAPEN was a 12-year-old pupil of a grammar school in one of our lier American cities, who studied prography and physiology. In the

When Maude was busy picking —— Her nose was stung by circling —— The tears sprang to her bright blue — And long and noisy were her cries. Shrieked she, "Will nothing — my pain"
I ne'er will — the — again."



DEAR Boys and Girls:

Sitting here on deck this delightful evening—Jacky and I—listening dreamily to the muffled chug! chug! chug! chug! chug! of the engines and the never-ceasing swish! swash! swash swash swash! swash! swash swash! swash swash swash! swash swash! swash!

"Not there, Jacky, wanter auntie.
"Why not?" asked Jacky in surprise, and then Polly Evans explained to him how the Mormons never permit Gentiles (as people who are not Mormons are called) to go within their temple, and how the temple took forty years to build, and how the people met the immense cost of the building by paying tithes (which means one-tenth of all their yearly income or produce).

#### Lake Losing Its Water

While they were talking about these and many other interesting things in connection with the temple, Jacky and his auntie took their way into the huge tabernacle, which quite took Jacky's breath away.

"My, what a big, round place! And, oh, what a big, high roof—and not a single pillar to hold it up! How on earth does it stay up?" asked Jacky. And then he was very much interested in listening to Polly Evans' explanation of how t.a wise architect who built the round roof planned it with such a curve that it would hold itself up without the aid of pillars.

That night (Saturday) Polly Evans and Jacky went, with thousands of other While they were talking about these and Jacky went, with thousands of other people, to the lake. They were so surprised to find the big pavilion and bath houses almost a quarter of a mile away from the water. houses almost a quarter of a mile away from the water.

"My, how queer!" exclaimed Jacky. At these words a kind old gentleman turned with a smile and said.

"Ten years ago, my boy, the water was six to ten feet deep under the pavilion. But since we have been diverting so many of our mountain streams (and he pointed as he spoke to the beautiful blue mountains to the east and the south) into the canals for irrigating our farm lands, this poor lake has been steadily receding, till it is now as low as you see it, leaving our pavilion high and dry on the sand."

Jacky and his auntie lost no time getting into bathing suits and joining their friends in the water. The moment Jacky got into shoulder-deep water he was astonished to find his feet, of a sudden, bobbing to the surface of the water. water.
"Here, quick!" called somebody, at the same time catching his head up and holding his feet down." Whew! You had a narrow escape from a nasty dose of this salt water in your nose and eyes,

#### young man. How to Swim There

So that was the way Jacky became So that was the way Jacky became acquainted with the wonderful buoyancy of the lake water, which is 22 percent. salt. After that, the same young man who had saved him from the "nasty dose" taught him how to lie back in the water, with arms outstretched, and float. And, after a bit, we all formed a floating procession in the water—first, the young man, with his toes hooked under Jacky's armpits; then Jacky, with his toes similarly conhis toes hooked under Jacky's armpits; then Jacky, with his toes similarly connected with Polly Evans' armpits; then this one and that one, till there were fifteen of us all in a row. Don't you wish you could have been one of us? It was great fun!

But enough of Salt Lake. In fact, there is no space now to tell you much

about our visit to San Francisco.

You must be sure to notice the street cars when you visit San Francisco. Jacky and his auntie thought they were fine. They consist of a closed part in the middle, but in front and behind they are open, and have two long, lengthwise seats back to back, so that when you are seated you directly face the street. This made it easy for Jacky and his auntie to see a great deal of San Francisco while they were riding out to Golden Gate Park and Cliff House, where so many people go to see the seals about our visit to San Francisco where so many people go to see the seals

From this perch on the car they saw many amusing as well as interesting many amusing as well as interesting things. For instance, some of the signs on the shops. One of these signs was a flaring red one, about a dozen feet long, over a tiny two-by-four shop, and it read something like this: "January Jones, possibly not the best bootblack in California, but without doubt the bootblack of San Francisco." From which you see even the bootblacks are not backward about advertising their merits. about advertising their merits.

#### A Voyage With Missionaries

Well, sailing day came almost before Jacky and his auntie realized it. Then, my! what a busy morning they had of So many last-forgotten things that had to be purchased and delivered posthaste on board the steamer; a letter of credit to be procured from the banker; luggage to be properly labeled and transferred from hotel to steamer, etc., etc., etc., And dear, dear! things to be done piled up so high that by the time half of them were accomplished it was just about all Jacky and his auntic could to to catch the steamer at all. They got aboard just eight minutes before the cappulate was taken away. aboard just eight minutes before the gangplank was taken away.

And they found out later that some of the would-be passengers actually got left. All their luggage was on board, but they, poor things, probably reached the pier just in time to see us sailing out of the harbor.

As we slowly swung out from the pier the immense crowd of people who had come to bid us "bon voyage" began singing the hymn, "God be With You Till We Meet Again," and you don't know how beautiful it sounded to us as we drew farther and farther away and the voices grew softer and softer in the distance. We learned afterward that there were about thirty missionaries on

distance. We learned afterward that there were about thirty missionaries on our passenger list, going to different fields in Japan, Korea, China and the Philippines. Jacky made acquaintance very quickly with some of the missionaries' children, who told him strange stories about foreign lands that pretty nearly made his eyes pop out.

But before we had been many hours out of the Golden Gate Jacky found he out of the Golden Gate Jacky found he



The Swimming Pool had interests closer home than eye-popping stories about foreign lands, for we had interests closer home than eye-popping stories about foreign lands, for we got into heavy seas, which soon caused poor Jacky to feel very ill.

But the following day found us in smoother waters, and by afternoon every one felt better and managed to get out on deek. Jacky brought up a trunk rope from the stateroom, and pretty soon he and some other little boys were galloping "like mad" up and down the hurricane and shelter decks, playing fire horses. They managed to tread on every testy old gentleman's pet toe, and get into everybody's way, more or less; but they were so nice about apologizing that everybody had to smile and say, "Don't mention it."

At 5 o'clock we had a real fire alarm—only it was not for a real fire, but only for a fire drill. My! but Jacky was excited! He and the other boys and girls were eating their supper in the saloon, when the big bell suddenly clanged the alarm. Quick as a wink, every John Chinaman of a steward dropped his dishes and tea towels and made a bee line for the nearest companionway leading to the hurricane deck, and tearing in their wake came Jacky and all the other boys and girls!

the part of the officers, the word of command was given, and instantly the line broke into ten squads, which threw themselves upon the ropes of the ten life boats, and presto! in another minute every life boat was swinging free from the davits, ready for what may some day prove to be a real emergency! Another command and the squads ran into column lines, seized the ropes, and, to the tune of a peculiar sing-song Chinese air, set up a pull, a swing and a to the tune of a peculiar sing-song Car-nese air, set up a pull, a swing and a tug which soon brought the life boats back in their original position. And that ended the fire drill. that ended the fire drill.
You noticed the words "Every John
Chinaman of a steward," didn't you?
Yes, pretty nearly every employe of the
boat is a Chinaman. The first meal in their wake came Jacky and all the other boys and girls!

Very quickly the stewards and cookies and scullery boys and sailors formed in two long lines—one on each side of the ship—and, after a rapid inspection on



Jacky's Queer Bath The first day out, ugh! it was cold. We put on our heaviest wraps and were glad of our steamer rugs besides. And Jacky was only too happy to join his auntie and a dapper little Japanese gentleman and a diplomat on his way to gentleman and a diplomat on his way to his post in games of shuffleboards so as to warm his chilly little bones.

The second day was not quite so cold. The third was very comfortable. Then the fourth day, when we had reached the 24th degree latitude, we found ourselves very warm, and everybody got out white dresses and duck suits to wear.

Now the captain ordered a big tarpaulin tank to be set up on the lower forward deck and filled with sea water, so that all who wished might take a swim. He set the example by donning water clear down from the hurricane deck. Then he spied Jacky gazing down from the rail, and he called out, "Jump in, Jacky!" And what do you suppose? Why, the little scamp jumped, and in he

wouldn't do it again. He a bathing suit. a bathing suit.

In the next letter you will hear abou our visit to the Hawaiian Islands. Good bye till then.

POLLY EVANS.



#### Eliminations.

Eliminate every other letter of the follow Eliminate every other letter of the following five-letter words to change a morsel into a young bear; a small giass bottle into a gash; to submerge into a Spanish gentleman; a deception into a whim; to comprehend the company of the man; a deception into a whim; to comprehend into a yawn; a diving bird into pettishness; to defend into a goad; a dwelling into a tint; a fungus growth into mire; a pigment into an abyss; a loud cry into a pigment into an abyss; a confirmed drunkard

Enigma. My first is in pastry, yet not in a pie, My second in corn is yet also in rye. My third, though in union, yet fails to form strength.

My fourth, while in measure, knows nothing of length

My fifth in a parrot, stays out of his cage.

My sixth is in those who this parrot

My seventh in death, is placed always in

My whole it will herald the dread Day of

## Letter Plurals.

To fill each blank the plural take When any letter sense will make.



#### What bird is represented in this picture?

Divided Letters.

#### Double Acrostic.

When the foll ving five-letter words have been guessed and written in order, one be-low the other, the initials will spell the name of a famous English novelist, another row of letters will spell the name of one

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

#### Two Charades.

 Mistrust (Miss-Trust).
 Delinquent (D or Dee-link-went). Examples in Roman Numeration. D-oily; M-Adam; L-ark; V-ague; C-ape. Jumbled Boys' Names, John, William, Benjamin, Samuel, Joab, Jacob, Theodore, Lemuel. Pictorial Postal Cards.

1. Miss Violet Underwood, Bedford Bedford,
Pennsylvania.

2. Mr. William Barnes,
19 Evergreen street,
Denver,
Colorado.

Who is She?

mas is only a little more than picture. two months away? Unless you want to be in a great rush at the last now is the time to get to work on your presents. If you begin early, you can make ever so much nicer things. One of Polly Evans' girls has half a dozen prethox, and it certainly makes ty gifts finished already, but then, she began way back last summer. What can you make? Oh, lots of things; pretty, too; not costing very much, nor too difficult for young work-

the saloon Jacky could hardly eat for

Mormon Tabernacle



wack some fine presents you can get peady for Christmas.

Do you wish something for mother or aunty? Why not make her a gift that aunty? Why not make her a gift that will hold her work or knitting?

Perhaps you have an old round or oblong fruit basket at home. The edges may be broken, and they are terribly dirty—but no difference. Wash it well in a little salt water and dry in the sun, and you will be surprised how clean and fresh it looks. Or, if you prefer, you can paint it to match the trimming. ming.

Now hunt in the patch box and see if you can find any remnants of that blue or pink (or any color you wish) canvas that was so popular for big sister's dress last summer. If you find a good-sized remnant, cut from it two pieces to fit the bottom and sides of your basket, shirring the latter a little.

Then take a bias strip, long enough to go around the rim of the basket and Then take a bias strip, long enough to go around the rim of the basket and about four or five inches deep, sewing the ends together for a flounce. Finish this with a hem held by a cross-stitch border in some pretty contrasting color—for instance, on the pink use different shades of pink and a touch of black or white, and on the blue shades of navy blue or dull greens. This border can be as simple op elaborate as you

A second flounce of lace several much prettier. If the lace is soiled, you tepid water and pure soap Or you can cover your strawberry box

