

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Conducted by Polly Evans

"Dull November brings the blast, Hark! the leaves are whirling fast!"



Football Ball of Long Ago

COURSE all Polly Evans' boys, and probably a good many of her girls, are terribly excited over football just now. Perhaps, some of the boys are on their school teams and are already thinking of the great game they will make for themselves by and by. In this young men's league—names that will go down to each succeeding class as of really big men in the football world.

At any rate, every boy and most girls has his or her favorite team. Oh, the disappointment when it is knocked out! My, how we do cry when our side wins! And how we cheer when the powers of bulletin boards, or better the latest newspaper, or the big game with our particular school or college is on.

Now, boys and girls, do you know that other boys and girls have been doing just this very thing for ages. Not ringing the telephone or watching bulletin boards—because, of course, there was none—but getting just as excited over football as any twentieth century American.

For football, you must understand, is very old—some say it is older than you. One Italian writer says it was invented by a woman, Naulocia, and that it was played by women back in the days of which Homer writes.

The early Greeks called their game of football "epinacia," because the players pretended to send their ball in the wrong direction. Then the Romans took it up, and it was called *arpasito*.

In Italy football games used to be very popular, and were often followed by a great pagan and masquerade.

In April, 1844, a great game was played in Florence to honor a visiting Prince and Princess, when the hundreds of the players were noble people, and three of them later became Popes of Rome.

Then, so far back that no one really knows who introduced it, though it is doubtless the Romans who first played in England.

The first mention of it that has come down to us was by a man named Pithagoras, who wrote a history of London. He tells us that in the middle of the years the great football day in England, just as Thanksgiving is used to be in America.

One King of England, Edward III, would not let his subjects play the sport, because it interfered with his favorite game of chess. King James I, King James II, forbade football in his court, as a rough and violent exercise, and as a means of raising money for the wars.

Then Shakespeare speaks of football players several times in a rather uncomplimentary fashion. As for the Puritans, they used to make it a crime "enough to bring the end of the world."

Thus, you see, the game, both as to whether it is a good or bad sport, has been going on for hundreds of years.

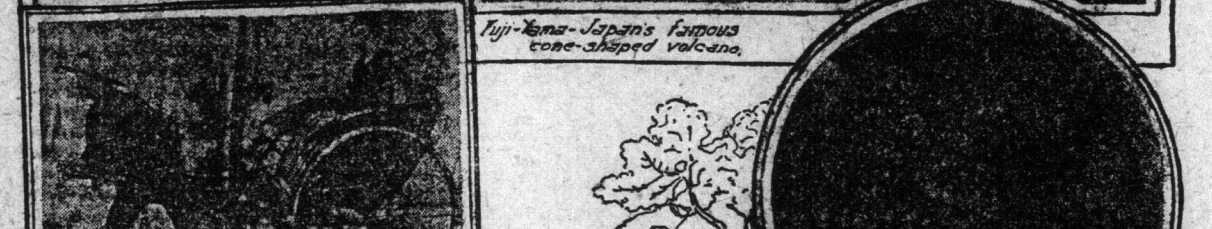
For a time all interest in football



Polly Evans and Jacky Reach Japan

Dear Boys and Girls: It was a Japanese who threw himself overboard, and another Japanese jumped into the water after him to try and save him, and another Japanese jumped into the water after him to try and save him, and another Japanese jumped into the water after him to try and save him.

November Autumnal Scene at Nyoga Park



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The Fairies' Friend

ONCE upon a time a small boy lay down under a chestnut tree to rest. He was a very little fellow—so little that the fairies still whispered to him their choicest secrets, for fairies, you know, would much rather talk to children than to grown people. When a boy starts to say there are no fairies, you can be very sure he has begun to grow up, and the elfin people will have nothing more to do with him.

But the boy under the chestnut tree was still on their visiting list. He had many callers from Fairyland at the most unexpected times, but they were always welcome.

Oh, how he loved them!

When the small boy was little he would cry to his father and mother, his face beaming with joy: "Tome twick, tome twick, my father is here! Don't you see dem? Don't you see dem?"

Then his mother would say: "He will be a great poet."

"A poet! There are none any more," his father would answer, "but he needs to play with other boys to knock the nonsense out of him."

But, oh, how disappointed the small boy was that his parents could not see the elfin people! He would gaze at them till he remembered that the eyes of his father and mother could not be expected to see any one so tiny and transparent as a fairy.

Since no one understood, the small boy stopped talking of his visitors. But his mother always knew when they came, or, if mother's sight is sometimes poor, when his big blue eyes grew dreamy with a faraway look, then his mother would disturb him, for she knew his fairies were with him.

The mischievous sprites from Nid-nod land, who were the frequent visitors, but the water kelpie came almost as often. Indeed, when they were together, then the small boy's bath was a very

stupid affair; but when they came, what a splashing and spluttering there was. The small boy began to feel queer. He turned a sickly green, and oh, how ill he felt!

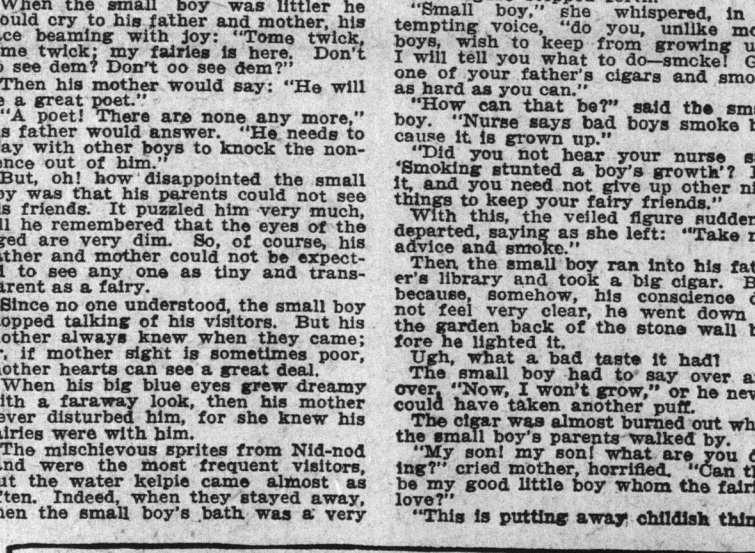
"I'm smoking so as not to grow up and lose my fairies," he cried.

Mother seemed to smile, and began to coddle, while father said: "He'll not grow up, but he'll be a great poet."

That night, as the small boy lay in his little white bed, thinking mournfully of his fairies, he heard the door open, and suddenly the queen of the Nid-nod land, with a crown of diamonds, came in.

"Oh, queenie, queenie, then I'm not to grow up for you to love?" he said.

"Boy," answered the queen, "you have at last met the bad fairy, though she was veiled to you, and you saw her wicked face. Jealous of our love for you, she tempted you to do what will soonest drive the good fairies away. Now, my boy, as long as you keep your children's hearts true, and remember that child's heart can be in no other way than to follow our wicked cousin's advice.



Polly Evans in a Room

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A PLANT WONDERFUL

I AM the Rose of Jericho, that wonderful plant mentioned by Isiah in the Bible. Sometimes people call me Semper Viva, or always life, and well they may, for I have lived hundreds of hundreds of years from now, when all you girls and boys are no longer here on earth.

They tell me I am one of the greatest marvels in the plant world, and truly I have strange things happen to me. First you see me all dry and brown, curled up into a tight knot and looking like a ball of hay. I can stay like this for ages and ages without being planted or watered. Dead, you say? Not a bit of it. By and by some one comes along and puts me in a pan of tepid water, or perhaps in a nice warm, moist, shady place in sand mixed with a little charcoal, and I uncurl all my branch-like tips and spread out into a beautiful green plate-shape mass, as you see me below.

I am very fortunate in never being kept in cold, no matter how great, but sometimes when I am tired of being in full bloom, I turn brown, and then, when I feel it is time to curl up for a nice long sleep.

If I am always curled up, indeed, I am only waiting for a good water to come and get me dry each time I am tired. I will bloom again, and I will bloom, and keep on doing so for ever.

I have a very queer pungent perfume. Some people think I smell like cinnamon, and some like citrus. I am not like a rose, the mosquitoes do not like me in summer. Moreover, the doctors say I'm a germ-destroyer, and housekeepers think I make a beautiful winter bouquet, so you see I am generally in favor. I am very nice since I must live so long.

Not only would he miss the captaincy of Sandford, but his hope of doing great things on the varsity at Yale was gone.

At first, Jack thought he could not stay for the game, even the commiseration of his friends was unendurable; but, finally, he decided to stick it out. So here he was, on a bench with the coaches, wrapped in his blanket and listening to the great game in which he had hoped to brilliantly earn his captaincy.

Not once did he glance at the crowded grand stand, where his mother and several of the girls from home sat. His eyes were riveted on the board with its ominous score. St. Timothy, 5; Sandford, 0. For Jack had none of the meanness that preferred defeat rather than a victory in which he had no part.

The last half was well over—but ten minutes to go. Still that score stared back at him, and the play was at Sandford's 10-yard line.

Time was suddenly called.

The cheering heap of humanity was disintegrated. The coaches rushed forward. Then Dr. Furness sped quickly across the field.

In a few minutes Charles Tracey was in the air at the head of a cheering, excited mob. It was the supreme moment of his life. He could not foresee his coming triumphs as captain at Sandford and at Yale; but nothing that the years brought ever quite equalled the day when he so gloriously redeemed himself and won the championship for Sandford.

Instantly life and hope sprang into the boy's face. "I've another chance," was his one thought, and he set his teeth hard in his determination to make it count.

No one who saw that game would forget what followed.

Jack's opponents as if they were three or four in the company, were the end-Heister-ton fumbled in a second. Jack had the ball, and was speeding like mad down the field to the wild cheers of thousands. No one could stop him until he was well behind St. Timothy's goal.

Amid breathless stillness, Thompson kicked his goal—the prettiest and cleanest punt possible—just as time was called.

Pandemonium followed. Every Sandford man shrieked himself hoarse, and the grand stand went wild. Not only was the old school victor in the closest contest of years, but Jack Thompson had made the winning play, and had luck every one had dreamed.

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Jack's opponents as if they were three or four in the company, were the end-Heister-ton fumbled in a second. Jack had the ball, and was speeding like mad down the field to the wild cheers of thousands. No one could stop him until he was well behind St. Timothy's goal.

Amid breathless stillness, Thompson kicked his goal—the prettiest and cleanest punt possible—just as time was called.

Pandemonium followed. Every Sandford man shrieked himself hoarse, and the grand stand went wild. Not only was the old school victor in the closest contest of years, but Jack Thompson had made the winning play, and had luck every one had dreamed.

As for Jack, as he was carried high in the air at the head of a cheering, excited mob, it was the supreme moment of his life. He could not foresee his coming triumphs as captain at Sandford and at Yale; but nothing that the years brought ever quite equalled the day when he so gloriously redeemed himself and won the championship for Sandford.

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