



OF COURSE, all Polly Evans' boys, and probably a good many of her girls, are terribly excited over football just now. Perhaps, ome of the boys are on their school great name they will make for them selves by and by when they get to col-lege-mames that will go down to each succeeding class as of really big men in the football world. At any race, every boy and most girls

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 crow when our side wins! And how eagerly we watch the papers or bulletin boards, or bother the girl at the telephone exchange, to hear the latest returns when a big game with our particular school or college is on.

Now, boys and girls, do you know hat other boys and girls, do you know what other boys and girls have been do-ing just this very thing for ages and ages. Not ringing the telephone or watching bulletin boards-because, of course, there was non-but getting just as excited over football as any inventieth century American. For football, you must understand, is a very old game, so old we do not know exactly its origin. The old Greeks and Romans used to have a game that was quite similar to our modern football. One Italian writer says it was invented by a woman, Nausicca, and that it was played by women back in the days of which Homer writes. The early Grecians called their game of football "feninda," because the play-ers pretended to send their ball in the wrong direction. Then the Romans took it up, and it was called arpasto. In Italy football games used to be very popular, and were often followed by a great pageant and masquerade. In April, 1584, a great game was played in Florence to honor a visiting Prince and Princess, which cost — Most of the players were very noble people, and three of them later became Fopes of Rome. Then, so far back that no one really

three of them later became Popes of Rome. Then, so far back that no one really knows who introduced it, though it was doubtless the Romans, football was played in England. The first mention of it that has come down to us was by a man named Fitz-stephens, who wrote a history of Lon-don. He tells us that in 11% young men went to the fields on Shrove Tuesday (the day before Lent) to play football. Shrove Tuesday was for hundreds of years the great football day in England, just as Thanksgiving Day used to be in America.

Just as Thanksgiving Day used to be in America. One King of England, Edward III, would not let his subjects enjoy this sport, because it interfered with his fa-vorite game of archery; while another King, James I, forbade football in his court "as a rough and violent exercise meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof." Then Shakespeare speaks of football players several times in a rather uncom-plimentary fashion. As for the Puri-tans, they used to think it wicked enough "to bring the end of the world." Thus, you see, not only the game, but all the difference of opinion as to whether if is a good or bad sport, has been going on for hundreds of years.

der. Fortunately, his good sense kept him from growing spolled, and he worked away as hard as if he were still a

away as hard as if he were still a "Will I make the team?" was Jack's first thought the night when he learned he was to go to Sandford's Preparatory School. Great was his joy to be chosen a few weeks after his arrival. All last season he did good work, steadily improving in his play under the rigid training. This fall, also, he had started in well and it was generally understood that next year would see him captain. But within the last few weeks some-thing had gone wrong. In the second game of the series between those two force rivals, Sandfords and St. Tim-othy's, Jack not merely made several bad fumbles, but he missed his goal after Hetherington, of St. Timothy's, had scored.

bad fumbles, but he missed his goal after Hetherington, of St. Timothy's, had scored.
Chagrin and worry over his misforture seemed to take Jack's nerves. Every day since he played in more wretched form, to the horror of his friends, who saw but one end to it all.
Bill Sterreit, who was captain and Jack's closest chum, tried his best to inprove matters—but in vain.
"Jack old fellow," he would bes, "for heaven's sake take a brace, or you know what it will mean."
Bu fack's closest chum, tried his best to inprove matters—but in vain.
"Jack old fellow," he would bes, "for heaven's sake take a brace, or you know what it will mean."
Bu fack could for the seem to comprehend that anything could go seriously wrong with his playing. Even when he heard several Sixth Formers say, pltyingly, "Thompson has gone stale. He never will be allowed to go on next ful possibility."
Mit was the hardest moment of Bill Sterret's life, when harding the blow fell.
It was the hardest moment of Bill Sterret's life, when hard walk unsteadily from the room. But friendship could play no part when the championship of Sandords was at stake.
The hours that followed Jack Thompson never forsot. All night the same first best itself into his brain: "This is the end! My football days are over -and in disgrace!"

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A PLANT WONDERFUL

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

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 bale of hay. I can stay like this for ages and ages without being planted or watered. Dead, you,say? Not a bit of ft. By and by some one comes along and puts me in a pan of tepid water, or per-haps in a nice warm, moist, shady place in sand mixed with a little charcoal, and then 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 feeling heat nor cold, no matter how great, but sometimes when I am tired of being in full bloom I turn brown, and then men know I need rest and take me from my warm bath and let me curl all up for a nice long sleep. our first glimpse of the Ori- Nov ent. A score of fellow-passengers were leaning on the railing with us all look-ing for land, when, all of a sudden, we heard the loud cry, "Man overboard!" Almost immediately the officer on the bridge jerked the bell-rope signaling for. the efficies to stop. Then the big Chi-nese boatswain came rushing up on the boat deck, where we were, and shouted quick orders to the sailors to loosen the ropes and lot down a life-boat. But our vessel (which is over twice as long as the Flatiron Building, of New York, "is high) was too huge to be stopped quickly, and so by the time the engines had slowed down and we had circled back to the place where the ac-cident had occurred, not a sign of the lost man could be seen! "Poor fellow, who was he?" asked this one and that one. "That crazy fellow who has been kept in irons since our voyage began," said one

But I always wake up again. Indeed, if I am only given my needed rest and am allowed to get nice and dry each time I am tired, I will blossom more brightly than ever, and keep on doing so for years and years.

than ever, and keep on doing so for years and years. I have a very queer pungent perfume. Some people think I smell like cinna-mon, and some like citronella; but one thing I know, the mosquitoes do not like me, which should make me very popular in summer. Moreover, the doctors say I'm a germ-destroyer, and housekeepers think I make a beautiful winter bloom, so you see I am generally in favor, which is very nice since I must live so For a time all interest in football which is very nice since I must live so kept in from since our voyage began, said one.

Sand

posted with all the news that we had missed during our twolwe days' voyage made us all rush up from luncheon, and ohl how everybody exclaimed, when we saw that Tokio had been the scene of mob violence, and had been placed under martial law. "Shull we dare to go to Tokio, auntie!" asked Jacky.

imself overboard," said another. "And another Japanese jumped into he water after him to try and save im," added another.

"Shall we dare to so to Tokio, auntie!" asked Jacky. "I don't know," replied she "We must wait till our friends come, and find out what they think." "Why," exclaimed some one, "the bul-letins state that some foreigners have been attacked by the mobs. That looks bad. Twenty churches burned; solders now placed on guard to protect the property of foreigners." "Oh, but I don't believe that means that there is any serious feeling against foreigners," said one of the mission-aries who was returning to his work in Japan. "I think it is simply the rowdy-ish element of the people that has made these attacks. But the real, think-ing Japanese people are not so unhim," added another. And so the story went the rounds of the railing, being contradicted by one, then added to by another, and so on and so on until some of us were be-ginning to hope that the whole thing ginning to hope that the whole thing would prove to have been nothing but a false alarm, after all! But when at last we saw a hat floating in the water, our doubts were hushed; and after awhile one of the officer's came our way and told us that a man had indeed fallen overboard-how, no one seemed to know - and that there was very little proba-bility of his being recovered. Nevertheless, we circled slowly round ing Japanese people are not so un-reasonable. Their anger is all directed against the government. I am sure."

IN THE CUSTOM OFFICE

Che Fairies Friend

whirling

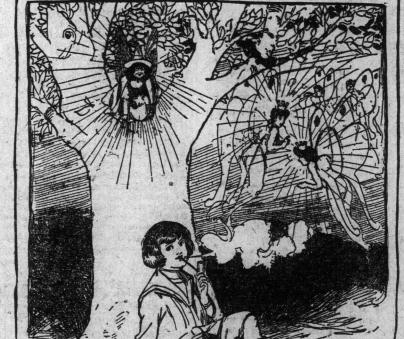
ONCE upon a time a small boy lay down under a chestnut tree to

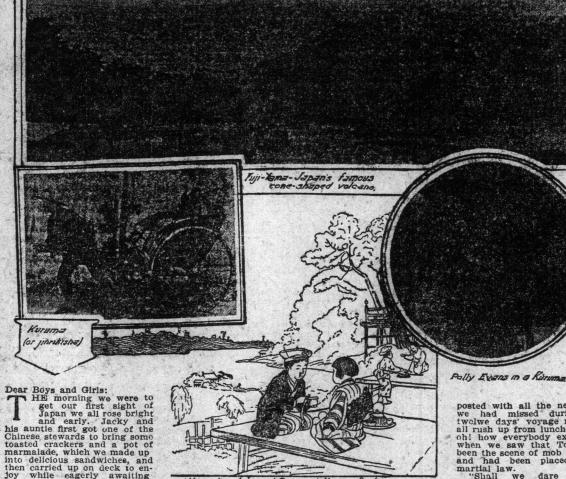
Cown under a dnestnut tree to rest. He was a very little fellow—so little that the fairles still whispered to him their cholcest secrets, for fairles, you know, would much rather talk te chil-dren than to grown people. When a boy starts to say there are no fairles, you can be very sure he has begun to grow up, and the elfn 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. Ohl how he loved them.

many daters from Fairyland at the most unexpected times, but they were always welcome. Ohl how he loved them. When the small boy was littler he would cry to his father and mother, his face beaming with joy: "Tome twick, tome twick; my fairles is here. Don't oo see dem? Don't oo see dem?" Then his mother would say: "He will be a great poet." "A poet! There are none any more," his father would answer. "He needs to play with other boys to knock the non-sence out of him." But, ohl how disappointed the small boy was that his parents could not see his friends. It puzzled him very much, till he remembered that the eyes of the aged are very dim. So, of course, his father and mother could not be expect-ed to see any one as tiny and trans-ment as a fairy. Stopped talking of his visitors. But his mother always knew when they came; or, if mother sight is sometimes poor, mother hearts can see a great dea! When his big blue eyes grew dreamy with a faraway look, then his mother never disturbed him, for she knew his talries were with him. The mischievous sprites from Nid-nod fand were the most frequent visitors, but the water kelpie came almost as often. Indeed, when they stayed away, then the small boy's bath was a very

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"This is putting away childish things





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Nov. 24.-Repreario Conference Christ were in representatives Church Union , in the First with a view to ith the Congreremaining unerence of

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Nov. 24-Among ion government w meeting here. er is the alleged coma concerna be poaching on ds at Hecate rton authorities ed to be Canathat craft be in question are that they can uiser Kestrel nd that, moreso well inform of the cruise le to warn their

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Not only would he miss the cap-taincy of Sandfords, but his hope of doing great things on the varsity at Yale was gone. ACK THOMPSON stared straight ahead of him the had just had the bitterest way. and make and the bitterest bioung life, and the bitterest way. and make and the bitterest way. and the bitterest way. and the bitterest way. and make and the bitterest way. and the bitterest way. and the bitterest way. and make and the bitterest way. and the bitterest wa

doing great things on the varsity at Yale was gone. At first, Jack thought he could not stay for the game; even the commisera-tion 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 listlessly watching the great game in which he had hoped to brilliantly earn his captaincy.

which he had hoped to brilliantly earn his captaincy. Not once did he giance at the crowded grand stand, where his mother and sev-eral of the girls from home sat. His eyes were riveted on the board with its ominous score: St. Timothy, 5; Sanfords, 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 Sand-ford's 10-yard line. The writhing heap of humanity was disentangled. The coaches rushed for-ward. Then Dr. Furness sped quickly across the field. In few minutes Charles Tracey was carried limply past.

his ambition. This vigorous self-training continued several years. Then came Jack's first triumph. He was made half-back on the Academy team, the youngest who ever filled that exaited position.

ever filled that exaited position. From that proud moment Jack figured conspicuously in each game, and in his last year at the Academy captained the team through the most successful campaign of its history. Naturally, Jack was somewhat of a hero. Even the older fellows regarded his football prowess with respect; as for the girls, they thought him a won-der.

riveted on the score. "Thompson, old man; what's the mat-ter? Wake up! You're to go in Tracey's place!" said a hearty voice.

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 will for-

while eagerly awaiting first glimpse of the Ori-

No one who saw that game will for-get what followed. Jack flayed as if inspired. He threw off his opponents as if they were feath-erts, and his fervor roused the despond-ent Sanfords to fresh effort. Within five minutes of the end Heth-erington 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.

carried limply past. "Thompson! Thompson!" was the call. Jack heard it not. Still his eyes were

until he was well belind St. Timothy's goal. Amid breathless stillness, Thompson (kicked his goal--the pretiest and clean-est punt possible-just as time was called. Pandemonium folowed. Every Sand-fords man shrieked himself hoarse, and fords man shrieked himself hoarse, and fords 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 saved the day-Jack, whose hard luck every one had mourned. As for Jack, as he was carried high in air at the head of a cheering, ex-cited mob, it was the supreme moment of his life. He could not forese his fords and at Yale; but nothing that the years brought ever quite equaled the day when he so gloriously redeemed himself and won the championship for Sandfords.



Nevertheless, we circled slowly round How Jack Saved The Day

the

Nevertheless, we circled slowly round and round for fully an hour, the life-boat hanging close to the surface of the sea, ready for a dash to the rescue, and the officers on the bridge scanning the waters on all sides through their glasses for any possible sign of the foating hat having been discovered, we haaly and sorrowfully gave up the search and once again turned our course toward Yokohama, land having already appeared, and many fishing boats, with their odd square-topped salts. "Now, watch for Fugl-yāma!" said the captain. "Perhaps you will have the good fortune to see it, as we sail up the bay to Yokohama." Maso we had, and a fine view it was of Japan's famous cone-shaped volcano. Meanwhile, one of the stewards had beakfast now."

a Japanese who threw

ALMOST IN PORT

"Your last chance, auntie, to take a picture of us children," warned Jacky, who knew she wished, if possible, to take, a picture of the twenty-one chil-dren that were on board. So Polly Evans hastened down to the saloon with Jacky, and took the best snapshot she could of the "children's table." Here and there some of the parents were as-sisting the little children, and so they, as well as the Chinese stewards, were "snapped" in company with the chil-dren.

COUNTED THE PASSENGERS "Look with both of your eyes, Master Jack," said one of our fellow-passen-gers; "this is a sight you may not see sealing for these boats do not carry so age back to America." The Jacky dd look, but he would ht was done so without being told to, for it was all so interesting? There were so many dear, dirty little babies hanging or mothers; so many pititul little bun-des and baskets representing all the worldy possessions owned by these propie; so many other curious and mothers, and many other curious and mothers, and many other curious and mothers, and many other curious and pititul Evans took no picture of them on this occasion, because they doked a pool deal the same as they did in the brong deal the same as they did in the last tures she took of the Japanese man's tures. This inspection over, the cabin passen-

letter. This inspection over, the cabin passen-gers turn came next. But nothing was done to us except to count us carefully as we descended the saloon companion-way to luncheon. The gumor that bulletins had been

This opinion was soon confirmed by our friends, who now came aboard to meet and we!come us.

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JAPS AT SCHOOL

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Answers to Last Week's Two Rhymes to Fill In. Blamer, masble, ramble, ambler.

stupid affair; but when they came, what a splashing and spluttering there was. Then there were the golden-haired fairles who lived in the heart of the of illies, who used such a wonderful, fragrant perfume, and the sprites dress-ed in rainbow color, who danced on the small boy's scap bubbles and the little back imps who floated on the sun-back in the search of the search back is the search of the search back is the search of the search back of this, for the good fairles had have determine the search of the search of this, for the good fairles had have determine the search of the have back in the search of the back of this, for the good fairles had have determine the search of the have search of the search of the have search of the search of the have back of the search of the have search of the search of the have search of the search of the have search of the search of the search of the have search of the search of the search of the have search of the search of the search of the have search of the search of the search of the search have search of the search of the search of the search have search of the search of the search of the search have search of the search of the search of the search of the have search of the search of the search of the have search of the search of the search of the have search of the search of the search of the have search of the search of the search of the have search of the search of the search of the have search of the search of the have search of t stupid affair: but when they came, what with a vengeance," said father. The small boy began to feel queer. He

which is vengeance, said fainer.
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 ceased to scold, and began to coddle, while father said. "He'll not want another smoke soon."
That night, as the small boy lay in his little white bed, thinking mournfully that he would not see his elifn friends again, suddenly the queen of the Nidmod perched on his pillow.
"Oh, queenie, queenie; then I'm not too grown up for you to love?" he said, in delight.
"Boy." answered the queen. "you have at last met the bad fairy, though she was velled, so you saw not her wicked face. Jealous of our love for you, she tempted you to do what will soonest drive the good fairles away. Fear not, boy, as long as yon keep your child's heart the fairles- will be true; but remember that child's heart can be lost in no surer way than to follow our wicked cousin's advice.

Puzzles z Problems Double Pictorial Acrostic. Can You Do It? Move B W W B B B W W W B B B A Brief Letter. Hiram Snooks, Overpark Mississippi. Dear Sir: I'm overjoyed that you underwent so overwheining and undermining an over-throw. You undertate to overreach me and undersell my overcosts. ercoats. Yours truly, Gabriel Overton, Underclift, N. Y. An Enigma. Safety-touchdown (safe-tea-touch-down.) A Charade. Football championship (football-champ-Who Can Guess It? Gridiron: icotball-Golf. Rivo, Indo. dart, iamb, raja, opal, nail. Returning the Compliment Some hows have the rude habit of Switing uncomplimentary remarks about their teachers for the amuse-ment of the other boys. One day in school Sam Turner soribiled on his ex-ercise paper, "Our teacher is a jackass." Then he forgot all about it and sent his paper up to be corrected. Thagine Sam's horror at making such a blunder. He expected a severe pun-ishment, at least. But what do you think the professor dd? Each of the seven pictures form the cross words of a double acrostic. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below another the primals spell the title and first name, and the finals the surname of a noted English explorer, who died 310 years ago to-day.

A Tongue Twister.

Say four times as rapidly as possible-Seven shimmery, shiney, shivery, nivery servents surilly sizzing stealthly sized, sized, sized seventy-seven seconds

He simply added another hyphen and the word driver, so when Sam's paper was returned to him it read, "Our teacher is a jackass-driver."

Getting in Training

BABY JOHN, in his mother's arms, BABY JOHN, in his mother's arms, was yelling at the top of his lungs, to the great annoyance of his uncle, a crusty old bachelor. "Goodness, Mary." he said. "Can't you stop that child's howis. Such a youngster will surely come to some bad end, and you can make nothing of him." "Tes you can, uncle," interrupted the baby's older brother, who overheard the conversation. "You can make him as auctioneer." Puzzles and Problems

