

# The Wonderful Cave of the Island of Eig



THE shrill of the bagpipe shrilled loudly and clear,  
And broadsword was ready and claymore was near;  
For two clans of Scotsmen stood anxious for strife,  
Both vowing henceforth 'twould be war to the knife.

II  
In ardor of hate did they rush to the fray,  
And victory was doubtful at least for a day,  
Until, with assistance from allies at hand,  
One clan made advance which no foe could withstand.

III  
Then, fleeing twelve miles west of Isle Arisnig,  
The beaten quick made for the Island of Eig;  
In the County of Inverness now it is found,  
Where the isles of the Hebrides lie all around.

IV  
But swift was pursuit; and they hardly did scale  
The steep cliffs basaltic, the high walls of shale,  
When sudden to view burst relentless the foe,

Their sharp pikes extended, their keen swords held low.

V  
The refugees knew that the danger was grave,  
So shelter they sought in commodious cave;  
While up to its barricade sped enemies,  
Determined to stay just as long as you please.

VI  
With sentinels posted, long time did they wait,  
And then they all entered; but, strange to relate,  
The victims they fancied were smothered and dead  
Were utterly missing—were one and all fled.

VII  
The secret, dear reader, you surely would know:  
Through a hole in the floor did the canny Scots go;  
Convenient to hand a rope ladder was placed—  
By it they descended, without being traced.

VIII  
And still do the warrior Scotsmen delight  
To play with the nymphs down below, where the night  
And old age never comes. Oh, the entrance we beg  
To this land, through the cave of the Island of Eig!



## Why Shorty Didn't

"I DO wonder why it is that Mervin doesn't want to go to the picnic?" Mrs. Johnson whispered to Mervin's father. "He says he doesn't feel well and would rather stay home this afternoon, but I can't see there's anything the matter with him."  
"Well," replied Mr. Johnson slowly, "I wouldn't bother him if I were you. Something must be wrong with him, or he'd never miss such an occasion as a picnic."  
Soon the Johnsons had gathered together their baskets and parcels and were on the way to the picnic. Then it was that Mervin's face, which had hitherto been drawn to a doleful length, brightened. Making sure that the family would not return, he stole quietly out to the woodshed. Picking up two baskets he found there, he made his way through the back yard and was soon on the road to Noble's Woods.  
"Hello, Shorty!" cried Skinny and Billy Mumford as Mervin scrambled over the fence with his baskets and started toward the nearest clump of trees in the woods; "what are you up to now?"  
"I done it," answered Mervin (or Shorty, as he was more commonly named), with a chuckle. "I told you I wouldn't go to the picnic with those stiff cousins of mine. The longer they've been visiting at our house the tinner I'm growin' of them."  
"But, say, I played the dandiest trick I'd made up my mind to be sick, you know. So, after tellin' Ma, I went out to the pantry to get some peppermint. And what should I see but three picnic baskets, all packed! Gee, it took me 'bout three minutes to take out most of the grub an' hide it, and put in its place a lot of cabbages 'n things. An', just think, them cabbages now, 'stead of peas 'n fruit 'n preserves, like they think they are!"  
Shorty rolled upon his back and kicked his heels in the air in sheer enjoyment, while the others laughed fit to split their sides. Then they sampled the goodies in the baskets. Of course, the baskets contained the "picnic things" about which Shorty had told them.  
After all, the "cousins" fared better than Shorty did that day, for Shorty got a "dandy wallopin'" as he told Skinny, when the folks came home that night.

### Is It Possible?

SLIDE by slide place three pieces of anything (money is most convenient), then take away the middle piece without touching it. By removing the right-hand piece to the side of the left you thus take away the center without touching it.

## Round the Mulberry Bush

JACK and Johnny and Joe were all of the same age. And each was fond of fairy stories. Course, when one is only 4, one can't read very well. That is why these tales were always related by Jack's mother or Johnny's mother or Joe's mother. But whenever one of the little fellows heard something new, he told it to his chums.  
So when Jacky was told the wonderful yarn about the mulberry bush he straightway went with the news to Johnny and Joe. They said, one and all, that they'd try the spell just as soon as ever they could.  
You had to join hands and walk round a mulberry bush seven times. Then you made a wish and it'd come true. That's what the story said, and that is what Jack and Johnny and Joe did.

First of all, they hunted for the mulberry bush. They couldn't find one, but they saw a mulberry tree, and that they were sure would do just as well. Clapping hands they commenced to slowly circle the tree.  
Joe did the "counting." "One time," said he; "two times! three times! four times! five times! six times—and seven!"  
Then they solemnly paused and wished. But just as they did so down dropped something upon them. Not one look did they stop to give, but Jack and John and Joe took to their heels with frightened yells, nor did they stop until each had reached his home.

Meanwhile, Teddy Brown was wondering why in the world the little fellows should have been so frightened, just 'cause he happened to come down from the mulberry tree, among the branches of which he had been climbing.  
When the three boys met again they decided that something must have been wrong with the spell.  
"Either you didn't count right, Joey, or else we got the magic mixed," declared Jack solemnly, while Johnny shook his head to show he was of the same mind.

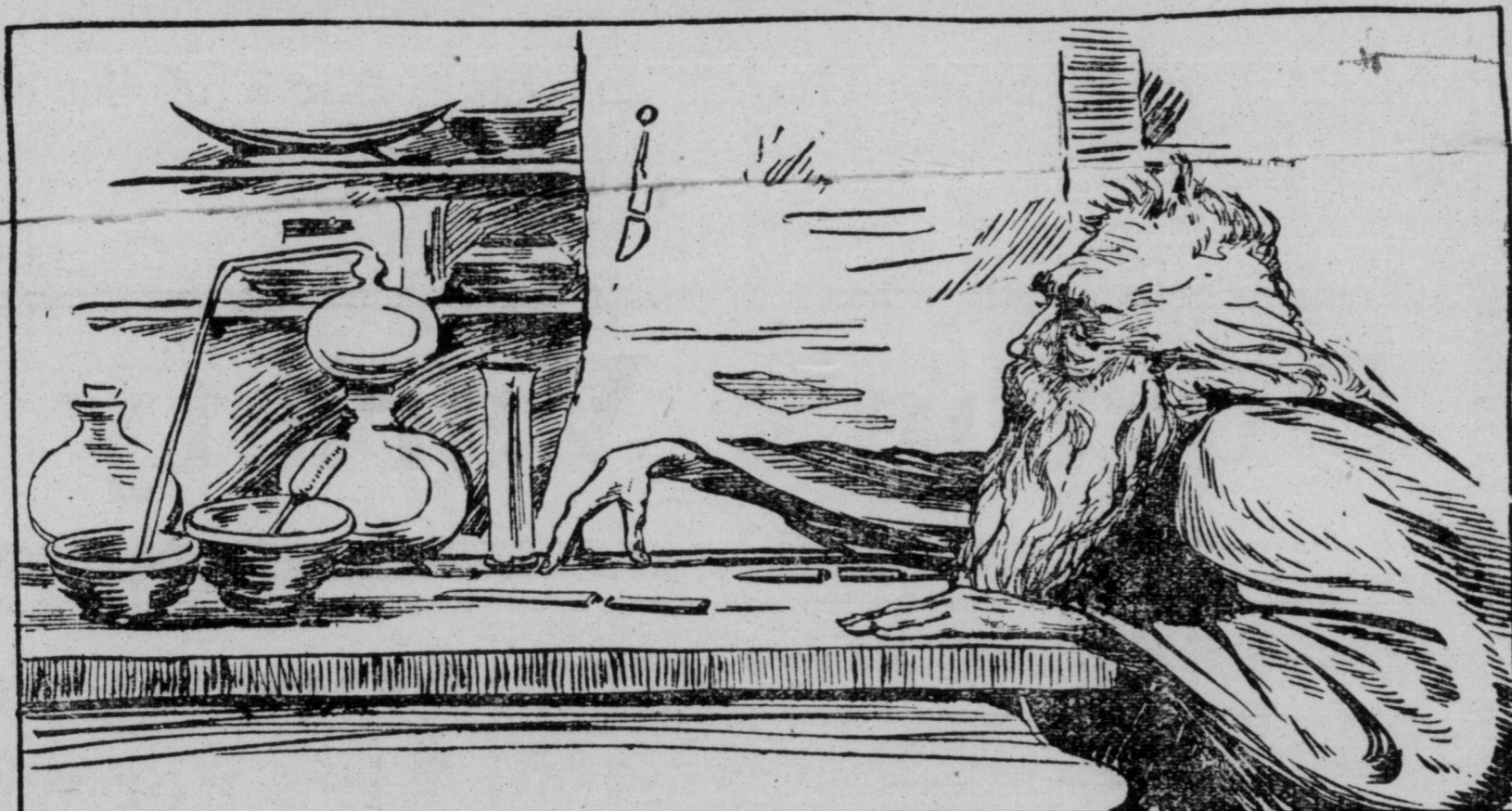
### To Restore Burnt Ribbon

GET two yards of tape or ribbon, cut it in half and dampen one piece with a sponge. Roll this up so as to be concealed in the palm of the hand, between the ball of the thumb and the root of the forefinger. Let the audience cut up and burn the duplicate. Sprinkle the ashes in your hand with water, which you assert to possess restorative powers, and gradually draw forth the secreted ribbon.

### A DREAM OF A DOG.

"And who, pray, is Gladys?" was the question that awoke Mr. Meeks one morning, and enabled him to confront his better half, sitting up in bed, with an interrogation point in one eye and a note of exclamation in the other.  
"Gladys! Gladys! Gladys who?"  
"Just what I want to know, sir. You've been repeating that name all through the night."  
"Oh, ah!—yes, yes, of course! It's Jones's new collie dog. She's a perfect beauty. Just the sort of dog you ought to own."  
"Certainly you appear very fond of her. You asked this collie dog to put her arms round your neck and kiss you. Then you told Jones's dog that you loved her with all your heart and, that when you came to die, if you could only lay your head on Jones's dog's bosom,

## Neapolitan Legend of Macaroni



THE SORCERER CICHO

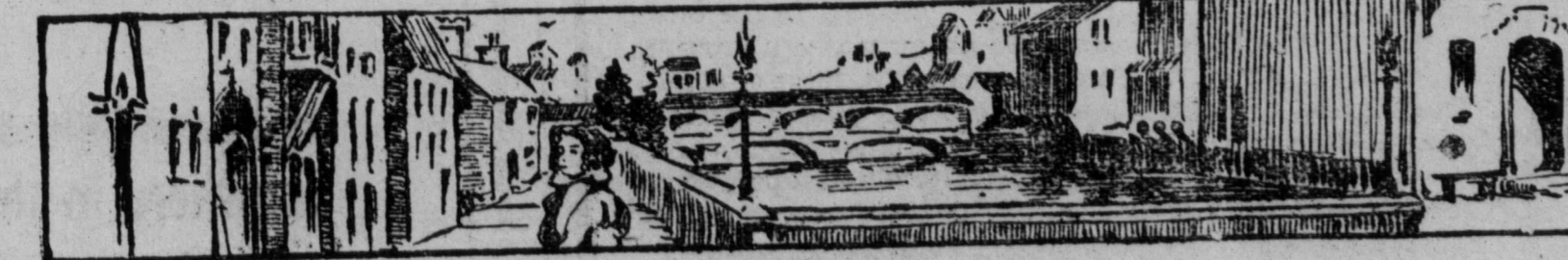
IN the year 1220, during the reign of good King Frederick II, there stood in the alley of the Cortellari a house in which the natives were most interested. It was a shabby dwelling, built tall and narrow. The windows were small, heavily leaded and very dirty; the door, low and weather-beaten, and the staircase, within, was rickety and in bad need of repair. Yet in spite of its forlorn appearance, passers-by always glanced furtively at the top story of the old house, and, as they did so, either crossed themselves or made magical signs supposed to be well understood by the evil one.  
And the cause of this intense interest was the fact that the sorcerer Cicho lived there. A great reputation for evil power had he, although apparently he had done nothing to deserve it. He looked anything but wicked, as he smiled kindly in his long, white beard, nor did he ever dress other than modestly and properly, in clothes of somber hue. But tales were rife as to his weird chamber, where ponderous tomes, bound in silver, reposed on dusty shelves; where globes of crystal, strangely marked and charmed, and keen knives curiously shaped lay scattered about; and where it was said he labored all night, bending over crucibles containing simmering liquids and muttering charms in unknown tongues.  
Cicho was very wise, it is true, but this wisdom he purposed to use for the good of mankind. Although he kept his secrets strictly to himself, they were not ones to be ashamed of. When a young man he had possessed great riches and honorable titles, and had enjoyed pleasure to the utmost. His wealth gradually dwindled, but Cicho in the meantime had begun to delight in study, so this change of fortune annoyed him little. A very small amount of money

remained when, an old man, he came to Naples, resolved to do something which would be of lasting benefit to the world. And at last it would seem that his plans had succeeded. But he wished to make them perfect before disclosing them to the people of Naples.  
Now there also lived in this house a woman, named Jovanelia di Canzio. She had great curiosity. Nothing disturbed her so much as the fact that she was unable to solve the "mystery," as she called it, of the sorcerer Cicho. At last, however, her zeal in spying upon the old man was rewarded. As she peeped through the keyhole she saw him prepare a dish with flour and vegetables and lard. As it cooked a tempting odor arose. Jovanelia noted carefully every little step in the making of this dish. Withdrawing silently, she tipped downstairs and began to prepare the same dish herself. Then she tasted it. How delicious it was! Truly, it was as good as it smelt.

### BURNED WITH EAGERNESS

She burned with eagerness to tell the secret to her husband, Giacomo, who was employed in the royal palace. "Giacomo," said she excitedly, as soon as he arrived, "if you act wisely our fortune is made."  
Giacomo listened attentively, and when she had finished he agreed to do as she asked. This was to tell the head cook at the royal palace of the wonderful dish, and then try to sell the secret of its recipe at a fabulous price.  
Their plans worked nicely. The head cook agreed to permit Jovanelia to cook the dish in the royal kitchen

King Frederick, hearing of this, commanded that the food when prepared be brought to him by Jovanelia herself. When he tasted it he rolled his tongue and smacked his lips in an ecstasy of enjoyment.  
"This is the most delightful dish I have ever eaten! Woman, I shall give you a hundred pieces of gold for your wonderful discovery."  
But the gifts did not stop here. To show their appreciation every noble and dignitary gave Jovanelia a goodly sum. Then the gentlemen and the merchants and the petty tradesmen made donations—and so on, down to the very laborers. Every one wished to show gratitude to the woman who had bestowed such a blessing upon mankind. At the end of six months all Naples was eating "macaroni"—for so the new food was named—and Jovanelia was rich.  
During this time Cicho still occupied himself diligently in his little chamber, not knowing his secret recipe had been stolen from him. But one day, as he was out for a short stroll, he came upon a woman cooking macaroni. Upon investigation he discovered the whole truth. A day later the sorcerer Cicho disappeared, people declaring that the Evil One had flown away with him, and soon ceased to wonder.  
But although Jovanelia had gained riches through her dishonesty, she did not live long to enjoy them. Her conscience reproached her continually, so that she aged rapidly, as did Giacomo. As she lay dying Jovanelia confessed the misdeed and expressed repentance. So it was that, after all, the name of Cicho has lived through the ages.



A man inclined to be crooked is apt to go straight to the bad. Paperhangers are about the only men who succeed in business by going to the wall.

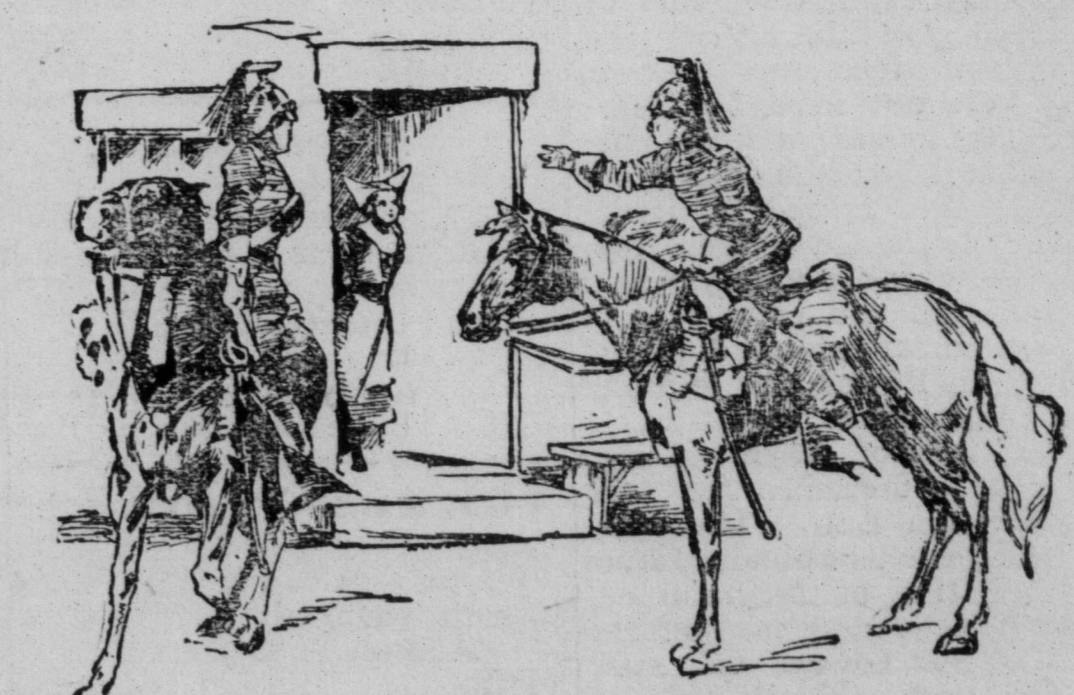
Women would rather have cold feet than large ones. The average woman is willing to stand up for her rights anywhere except in a crowded car.

Even when the worst comes it is best to make the best of it. Because you believe a thing doesn't indicate that you regard it as positive fact.

## A Little Heroine

SLOWLY the mother walked to a closet in a corner of the little room. From beneath a pile of clothing she drew forth a small box. With trembling fingers she opened it. "Alas! the money—my money—my money!" she cried, but something I hoped against hope."  
For a moment she leaned wearily against the wall, then, rousing herself, she said:  
"Gertrude, you must eat. I shall leave you here with the children while I go out into the fields to gather some corn. If the soldiers come during my absence, reply to them courteously."  
"And if you should not return, mother?" Gertrude sobbed.  
The mother threw her arms around the little girl and kissed her lovingly. "But I shall return," she said comfortingly. "And the good God will take care of you all."  
She hastily opened the door and took her departure. When she had passed round the corner of the house she knelt and offered up a prayer for the safety of her children. Then she walked noiselessly down the long avenue arched with trees, and out into the fields.  
Within the house Gertrude sat, anxiously awaiting her mother. Three little children played about the floor of the farmhouse. Gertrude dried her tears, in the determination to be very brave, although the firing of the cannon and rattle of musketry could be heard quite plainly. Still she was already 14, and if anything

escaped, but if they find me I will be shot as a spy!"  
Gertrude thought quickly. There wasn't even a cranny big enough to hide any one. No, she couldn't—but yes, she had an idea!  
"Quick!" she commanded. "Let me tie this cap on your head. Lie there as still as you can. I shall tell the soldiers that you are my little sister, who is ill."  
In spite of the danger, Gertrude could not help smiling at the strange appearance of the boy.  
No sooner was the lad safe abed than there was a sharp rat-a-tap at the door. As she opened it a squad of soldiers burst into the room.  
"Have you seen a man running this way?" demanded one burly fellow.  
"No, sir," answered Gertrude, hoping that the falsehood would be forgiven. "I'm all alone with these little children and my sick sister."  
After a hurried examination of the house the soldiers departed. A short time later the lad stole from the house, after expressing his gratitude to the little girl.  
Gertrude related the story to her mother, and they thanked Providence for the narrow escape. But in the stirring days which followed, when they were fortunate even to secure a little food, they forgot all about the incident. Months passed and the war was over. One day, as Gertrude sat by the window sewing and the mother was busy-ing herself in the kitchen, one of the smaller children entered with an im-



"HAVE YOU SEEN A MAN RUNNING?"

SHOULD happen to mother she must do her very best to take care of the little ones of the family. Her father, she had hidden from the Prussian soldiers. Furthermore, he was the young son of the count who owned their farm and to whose agent the family paid rental. The boy went on to say that to show he and his father had not forgotten Gertrude's kindness, she would find enclosed the deed to the farm.  
Without stopping to read further, Gertrude flew to her mother and hugged her joyously.  
"Oh, mother!" she cried, "Just because I went into a tiny bit of danger, we own our home now!"  
You may know that the mother was more proud than ever of the little girl who had gained a home through heroism.

Most men who think they are great don't even look the part. When a woman throws a brick at an old hen it's usually harder on the soney than it is on the hen.