Polly Evans Leaves Honolulu

The Pali - precipice over which Hing Namehamehal



er Defends ndemnity.

Pension Scheme -Mr. Borden

Nov. 17.-Hon. ssed the electors ght in support of candidate. Deal-Mr. Fisher pointad been said bewo things which se in the indem s the doing away es, were paid in ery mile between wa. This mileand would avereach member. deduction of \$15 ould be made for nts are made for was offered to it. ns to retired mind he thought the the country did stand the situamen who have public service, money for themsalary, have had riends and relaof livelihood, and en passed. This which the governrk out in a just interests of the at the next sesproposed which just and fair, he

dment would be customs, was the neeting held here course of his adincreased indemthis was not a ed in some quartrary, was justigrowing length of living, sacrihome life which to make. He no mileage is a fine is imposfifteen days they Mr. Paterson salaries (and he country would em for the benevoted their lives fession for that be and there en supported by , but just like

7.-Mr. Borden, ative party, left last night, and etings before the ight Mr. Borden Creek in Went ive meeting in constituency. On orden will hold orth York, when ectors of Aurors

Great Northern ered his ninetiet! 1850, and practithe locomotive Mr. Sturrock is otive engineer in to the oldest Vol-Great Britain or, and possessel

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS Conducted by Polly Evans



It really seemed as if Coaly were lost for good.

Mamma was just wondering how she could comfort Ned, when papa suddenly shouted from the pantry:

"Coaly is found! Coaly is found!"

How they all ran. Ned's fat little legs got him to the door sooner than Pete's long ones.

What a sight met their eyes!

There was Coaly, her mouth, throat and paws smeared with blackberry jam, eating away as fast as she could eat. One pot was quite empty, from another a stream of jam trickled to the floor, while the whole shelf was one great, black stain.

"Ach! the vicked animal! It's a good lammin' she deserves for messin' my clean pantry!" cried Gretchen, the waitress.

But Ned had no time to think of

clean pantry!" cried Gretchen, the waitress.

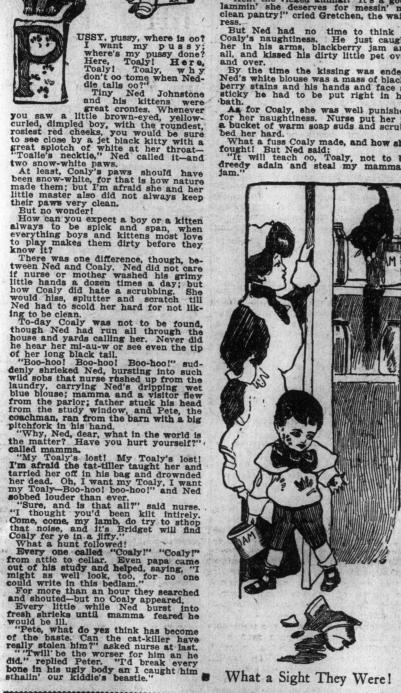
But Ned had no time to think of Coaly's naughtiness. He just caught her in his arms, blackberry jam and all, and kissed his dirty little pet over and over.

By the time the kissing was ended, Ned's white blouse was a mass of blackberry stains and his hands and face so sticky he had to be put right in his bath.

As for Coaly, she was well punished for her naughtiness. Nurse put her in a bucket of warm soap suds and scrubbed her hard.

What a fuss Coaly made, and how she fought! But Ned said:

"It will teach oo, Toaly, not to be dreedy adain and steal my mamma's jam."



see there has been nothing to mar the pleasure of Jacky's and his Auntie's voyage from Honolulu to Yokohama; nor is there likely to be anything, for we are due to land to-morrow morning early. Yesterday morning, however, we were feeling rather apprehensive, for that was the day we were due to sall into a typhoon if there should happen to be any sweeping up along the coast of Japan. But, fortunately for us, no typhoon made its appearance, and we are told very likely none will appear from now on until next summer.

Let us return to Honolulu for a little while. Our last day there was very busily spent, indeed.

First of all, Jacky wanted to take

A Brief Letter.

Clift, Gabriel Ton, N. Y. Who can read this letter for Polly Evans?

Who Can Guess It?

Who Can Guess It?

The following words correctly guessed and placed one below the other will spell with the finals a famous game, and with the primals the name of what the game is played upon.

* * A game.

* * A fame, and the final special speci

A Charade. My first is a part of a yard and of man; At my second has sometimes been danced the can-can: While to miss it quite likely a grown man will cause

will cause
To my third in his rage as result of his
flaws;
My fourth is a pronoun beloved of the
You must sure be my fifth at the start of
your train;
My last does discharge and is vessel as
whell;
While who'll win my whole 'tis too soon
yet to tell.
Though thousands are crazy the secret to
guess;

guess;
They in patience must wait for a fortnight,
not less.

Double Beheadings and Curtailings.

Washington. 1. Entwine, wit. 2. Cormorant, arrow. 3. Consist, sin. 4. Elephant, heap. 5. Alsike, is. 6. Bronco, no. 7. Gorgeous, gore. 8. Baptize, tip. 9. Bothersome, others. 10. Agendum, Ned.

A Word Square.

Puzzles and Problem

Answers to Last Week's

went

busily spent, indeed.

First of all, Jacky wanted to take another drive to the Pall—that precipice, you remember, over which King Kamehameha. I drove his enemies to their death, and thus brought the entire group of islands under his own rule—and get a good picture of it. So we did, and after we arrived we drove down the road a little way and got a splendid view of the great precipice from the front, only the picture fails to show how tremendously great and deep it is. show how tremendously great and deep it is.

Then back to the city and down to the waterside, where we visited the largest sugar mill in the world. In this mill was made that vast production of sugar (44,000 tons) that you heard of in a previous letter as coming from one plantation alone.

Small Kahilis or Funeral Emblems

"This has been the steadlest

passage in twenty years of my experience," says our captain. So you see there has been nothing to mar the

DEAR Boys and Girls:

NOT GOOD WHEN RAW

NOT GOOD WHEN RAW

We did not enter the mill at once, but walked up an inclined planking from the outside to a great open doorway above the place marked X in the picture, and there we stood watching tons of sugar cane being transported up an endless chain carrier, which ran alongside our planking, and being dumped down inside the mill into the crushing machinery. Jacky's picture shows a very small part of this machinery, viz., three of the huge rollers. The big, heavy, juicy stalks of cane passed under the first roller, and, sqush! out came quantities of the juice, or syrup, and dropped into a vat below the roller. The cane passed on along the endless chain carried under the second roller, and, sqush! out came more of the syrup. And so on it went under roller after roller, losing more and more of its life juices as it went, until finally, dead and dry as withered leaves, they were usnered up another incline, through another open doorway and dumped down on the "funeral pile." to be used at once as fuel to keep the machinery going and crushing the life out of millions of their fellow-cane stalks.

"Now, let's go and see how the sugar looks," said Jacky. So we clambered up flights of rough stairs, peeped into great, steaming vats where the syrup was first boiled down, then looked at the outside of the vacuum vats where the syrup was first boiled down, then looked at the more intense because all the air had been previously exhausted from the vats, and finally we descended flights or rough stairs to look into the troughs into which the vacuum-boiled syrup finally flowed and slowly granulated into a dark sugar.

"Taste it," said the gentleman who was conducting us around.

Jacky tasted and made a wry face.
"I don't like it," he said.

"He gentleman laughed.
"No, I shouldn't think you would," he said; "it must be refined before it will

Kalaipohoa - the Poison God taste very good. But this is the form in which we ship our sugar to the States, and there the refineries take it up and put it in shape for table use."

When we came out from the mill, we got word that our steamer for Japan, which had arrived from San Francisco that morning, would sail at 5.30 in the afternoon.

"That means hurry Leaky boy" said.

"That means hurry, Jacky boy," said Polly Evans.
So we hastened to our friend's house, got our last belongings packed up and sent our baggage to the steamer. Then, having a couple of hours to spare, we took a drive with friends out to the Bishop Museum, which is full of curious things pertaining to the people of these islands.

sistop Museum, which is full of curious things pertaining to the people of these islands.

First we saw a number of huge—well, Jacky called them huge feather dusters. The duster ends were about four feet long, each as big around as a full-sized milk pail, and made of beautiful feathers. They were mounted on highly polished sticks, ten to fifteen feet long. So you can imagine how lofty the show-cases were in which the "feather dusters" were exhibited.

"What on earth did they use those things for?" asked Jacky, who knew that the native huts were altogether too small to require gigantic feather dusters.

"For funerals," explained our friends. "They were not feather dusters at all, but funeral ornaments carried by mourners, and were called Kahiil. The brush part was called 'hulumana."

There were many other wonderful things made of beautiful feathers—magnificent cloaks for the Kings and Queens, gorgeous robes, helmets, etc., which are almost priceless now, because there are so few. It took all the time of many bold mountain climbers to reach the places where the rare birds were to be found that yielded the particular kinds of feathers used in these articles.

BEADY TO SAIL, AGAIN

READY TO SAIL AGAIN READY TO SAIL AGAIN

Through room after room we wandered, longing for time to look more closely at the many interesting Hawaiian exhibits. Among them were mortars and pestles with which the natives made "pol"—their favorite food; curious stone lamps, in which they burned whale oil; bowls and dishes for cooking and serving food, made of stone and wood, and water bottles made of gourds.

But most interesteing of all were the idols once worshiped by the natives. Jacky secured a picture of one of them from one of the custodians of the museum.

"Ask the boys and girls what they

them from one of the custodians of the museum.

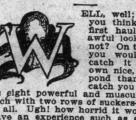
"Ask the boys and girls what they think of that, please, auntie," he said.

But now it was time to go straight to the steamer. We rode rapidly into the city, down Fort street, the principal business street, to the corner where the sellers of pretty "leis" sit, offering their wares. Here we stopped a moment while our friends selected and purchased several beautiful red leis and a couple of green leis. Then on to the pier, where lay the huge Pacific liner on which we were to resume our voyage.

Here all was "hustle and bustle."

Laundry wagons drawn up on the very edge of the pier were discharging freshly done up towels and linen for the

EVEN the richest, meatiest ple will become empty in time if boys and girls are continually sticking in their thumbs to pull out plums. So Polly Evans thought she would let you go a-fishing for awhile. Too late in the season? Not a bit of it. Just throw your line into this pond and you'll see what very queer things you will catch.



ELL, well; what do you think of your first haul? Rather awful looking, is it not? On the whole, you would rather catch it in your own nice, safe fish pond than have it catch you in one of its eight powerful and muscular arms, each with two rows of suckers—120 pairs in all. Ugh! how horrid it would be to have an experience such as a government diver relates. One day, near Melbourne, Australia, this man stuck his hand into a crevice in a rock. Soon he felt intense pain, as if his hand were being torn to pieces, and, to his horror, he found he was in the grasp of suckers. The more he pulled, the worse the pain grew, for the fish that owns these suckers has a far greater hold than a bull-dog's grip, and most boys know what that is. The poor man managed to get hold of an iron bar with his feet, and with his left hand he fought a desperate battle with the enraged brute. The more the man attacked, the harder the fish squeezed. It was not until a desperate battle had been fought for more than twenty minutes, and the fish was almost cut to pieces, that it let go.

vessel and wearing apparel for the through passengers; baskets and native fruit which had been purchased by passengers were being hurried up the gangplank; worried embarking passengers were looking for luggage which had falled as yet to "turn up," and all along the lengthy pier stood crowds of happy, chattering natives, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans and Portuguese, come to say "Aloha!" to their departing friends in the steerage.

The time came when we and our friends had to part. Then they threw about our necks the leis which they had purchased and wished us many warm "Alohas." Later when from the ship's hurricane deck we caught sight of them gazing up at us from the pier far below, Jacky and his Auntie each took one of the red leis and tossed them down to their friends for "good luck," the latter catching them in their outstretched hands and thanking us with smiles and bows (for we were too far apart for a single word of conversation).

At last the gangplank was taken up, the great ship slowly moved off from the pier and we made our way through the shipping of the harbor out into the open sea. Jacky and Polly Evans and some others who had quite fallen in love with these beautiful islands of the mid-Pacific lingered on deck as long as Diamond Head could be seen, then descended into the saloon for dinner.

That was the beginning of the smoothest voyage (as Polly Evans began by saying) in twenty years of the captain's experiences—a voyage of ten days full of good times and saddened only by the death of two Japanese steerage passengers. But, you ask, what is this horrid looking thing? It is the devil fish, or eightarmed cuttle fish, the famous monster of the sea of which sailors tell so many yarns. Sometimes you hear people say of a growing boy, Tommy is all arms. Well, you might say the same of this fish. Look at the eight arms, all allike, though some are longer than others. The round things that look like discs of lace are the suckers that are the devil fish's chief weapons of warfare. The body is oval and pulpy like jelly, and is covered with horrid wart-like lumps. How staring and startling are the two eyes, which glow like those of a cat; and the mouth below has two beaks, like a parrot's, with which to seize and cut its prey. The devil fish always walks backward. This is caused by discharging great streams of water from the forward-pointing funnels. It also walks upside down on its eight tenacles or arms. The devil fish generally starts out at night, after lying hidden all day in

Do you ever draw? If so, you must know what sepia is. But, do you know that this blackish pigment was formerly supposed to be thrown out by our many armed friends? When the devil fish finds itself in danger it ejects a black fluid called sepia in the surrounding water, and under the protection of the cloud formed darts away into a safe hiding place. Formerly the Chinese used this fluid in making India ink.

We are all so used to eating with forks that we never think anything about it. But do you realize that the use of a fork did not really become general till toward the close of the seventeenth century, or little more than two hundred years ago? Before that time they were just luxuries, even for the great and noble lords, who used them to eat fruit and preserves on great occasions only. Many people think the fork was introduced into England in the beginning of the seventeenth century by a traveler named Coryate. He tells us "he thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by forked cutting of meat." Only the Italians, Coryate relates, used forks, because the Italian "cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean."



ORKS were really known to our Anglo-Saxon fore-fathers throughout the middle ages. This we know because a workman who was digging a drain in England not so very many years ago came upon a box containing some old Saxon coins of the time of Ethelstan (678-890). A. D., and also the first fork, shown in our cut. In an old Saxon mound another fork, with a bone handle, was found, such as are sometimes used for common, even yet. The second fork is a German make of four hundred years ago. The funny looking knight on the end is jointed like a little girl's doll, and tumbles about when the fork is used, while the saw slips up and down the handle. I am afraid if you boys and girls had such amusing forks nowadays, you might forget to eat. Folly Evans doesn't think it would be very pleasant to run the risk of having a jagged saw fall down and cut her mouth each time she took a bite. Don't you agree with her?

Christmas Sifts to Make

of good times and saddened only by the death of two Japanese steerage passengers.

The first funeral service occurred on our first Sunday out. It was conducted in the Japanese language by a returning missionary who stood by the body of the dead man, which was sewn up in a cloth and lying on the Stars and Stripes at the rail ready for burial.

All around the missionary gathered the 200 or 300 steerage passengers, the women and little girls bearing on their backs the many little babies that were among their number; while crowding the decks overhead stood the cabin passengers, many of whom—including Jacky and his Auntie—had never before seen a burial at sea.

First the engines were stopped, and as the steamer came to a standstill a hymn was sung in the Japanese language, then the missionary read a passage out of the Scriptures, following it with some comforting words to the friends of the dead man. Then another hymn was sung, and as the last word floated on the gentle breeze the dead body was quietly moved over the rail and dropped into the sea. A SHAVING CASE Pretty shaving cases for father can be made in the same way. The a num-ber of sheets of the shaving paper to a stiff outer cover made of colored card-board. Cut two holes with a punch about an inch from the top and fasten it to the paper with a ribbon bow and hangers. Decorate the cover with an

A CHANGE OF TIME

and dropped into the sea.

A CHANGE OF TIME

Four days later occurred the second funeral—of a little Japanese baby born in Honolulu after its father had gone to fight in his country's war with Russia.

Every day of our progress eastward we lost time. Probably you boys and girls have learned in school all about this losing time as one travels westward from Greenwich (which is the centre of our modern time system), so Polly Evans will not trouble you with an explanation of it at this time. But if afterward it turns out you do not understand it after all, she will gladly explain all about it.

Jacky was wonderfully interested one Monday afternoon when he found on the bulletin board at the head of the saloon companionway this notice from the captain:

NOTICE.

The captain announces that, owing to the difference between the ship's time and Greenwich time and to the fact that we are due (to-night) at the 180th degree longitude, to-morrow (Tuesday) will be dropped and we will have Wednesday instead.

"Do you understand about it, Master Jack?" asked the captain, who was standing nearby watching him.

"No, please explain," asked Jacky.

So the captain got a globe and using an orange to represent the sun, showed Jacky how every point on the earth's surface has its own noon, how noon of one day on the 180th degree is therefore at the very moment of midnight of that day at Greenwich, etc.. until Jacky's eyes brightened with intelligence, and he said:

"Thank you, Captain; I think I quite understand now. You will drop Tuesday just because it is convenient to do so and that will make our ship time twelve hours ahead of Greenwich time, but if we keep on going west we will keep on losing time till by the time we reach Greenwich all those twelve hours will be lost and our ship's time will be exactly even with the Greenwich time. Is that it?"

"Exactly so," smiled the captain, patting Jacky's head approvingly; "you're a bright youngster."

Well, time is up, boys and girls. You may look next for a letter from Japan.





Another little bow at the toe looks pret-ty, but that is not really necessary.

If you like, you can stick some safety pins, a few big beaded black and white pins, ordinary pins and several sizes of darning needles in the cushion before you give it.

HOW TO PASTE Since pasting is done on so many Christmas gifts, suppose Polly Evans tells you how to do it.

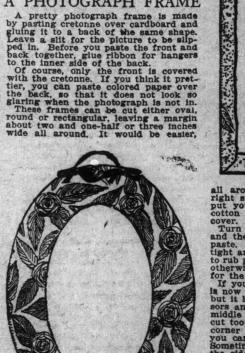
In the first place, always use the white photographer's paste instead of mucliage or flour paste. The kind that comes in tubes is most easily put on.

First paste a piece of cotton wadding over your cardboard, but do not turn the edges on the under side. After it is very smooth and dry, cut it close to the edges of the picture opening.

Then cut your cretonne, or whatever material you use, about an inch bigger



llustration and put underneath in neat etters: "A clean shave for father," or "When your razor cleaned must be, Simply pull a leaf from me." A PHOTOGRAPH FRAME





put your frame down in it, with the cotton wadding to the back of your cover.

Turn over one end, fasten it with pins and then turn over the other end and paste. Take out the pins, stretch very tight and smooth and paste it. Be sure to rub plenty of paste on the cardboard, otherwise it will not hold; do the same for the sides.

If you have been careful, your frame is now smoothly covered with cretonne, but it has no opening. Take sharp scissors and make a lengthwise cut in the middle of the material. Be sure not to cut too close to the edge. Then at each corner make diagonal cuts as close as you can without the material fraying. Sometimes the pieces thus formed on the side are wider than necessary and can be cut off.

Now put the paste on the inside edges of the frame back of the inside edges of the frame back of the opening, and fold your material back on it. This part of the work is very particular, because nothing looks ugiler than a wrinkled cover. Be sure each time you paste a side that it is stretched tightly and smoothly. In pasting around an oval frame make a number of silts in the material so as to keep it smooth.

After your frame is covered, place it under heavy books, and let it stay over night. This will prevent warping.

The next day paste the back on and again put weights on top.

All this sounds more difficult than it is. A little care and extreme neatness is all that is required to make your work very smooth and well done.

Problems



Two Rhymes to Fill In. of those who no exercise take
Forth from his mansion of — did set,
o indulge in a — around a great lake,
But an — he was, so not far did he

Little Bob does sore—That to school he e'er was sent.
For, says he, "The ——strain
Is enough to craze one's brain.
Teacher thinks a boy should tell
Whether—cloak does spell.
When shelf—sounds the same.
If I don't know, who's to blame?
But the men who spellers make,
They should all the scoldings take."

Can You Do It?

Divide a piece of paper into seven squares, and at one end put three black buttons and at the other three white buttons. By moving forward only, and jumping one at a time, have them exchange places. An Enigma Put your treasures in my first
That they my first may be;
You'll surely find them when my next
You give as you can see,
For robbers bold cannot my third
Them, howsoe's they try.

GRANT RIDER ADIEU NEEDS TRUST A Riddle. No cat; for one cat has four legs, but no cat has five legs. A Charade. Pennsylvania (Penn-sill-vain-eye-a).

'y Diamond.

Jumbled Rivers.

What Town and State?

A very kind man Is Carpenter Dan, Who built this high wall Round the field for football; He remembered a boy Could know no greater joy Than to watch the teams play,

A good peep-hole to get.
Where they see all the fun,
Till the match has been won.
Then three loud cheers they give, Just as sure as you live, For that splendid old man, Kind Carpenter Dan.

