Our Boys and Girls

Conducted by Polly Evans

"Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot."

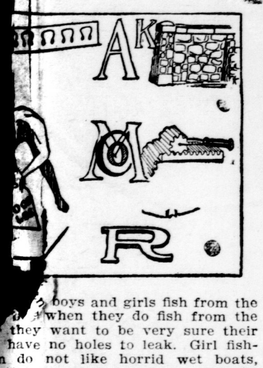
ROWE

ISHERMAN'S ZZLE STORY

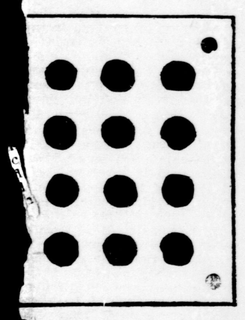
T boys, and some girls, too, ke to go fishing. In the busy ours, after school starts, Sat- rday is about the only day ally have for this fine outdoor n the United States we are to fish on Sunday. However, ill four Saturdays in Septem- Polly Evans' little fishermen t on creek or river or bay the ocean, whichever is near , to see what they can catch. some fish, though, that may ht in September. This is be- men who make laws for us though we say, "As number- fish in the sea," when we peak of numbers greater than ount, yet our fish would soon we caught them all the year pecially in the spawning sea- is, when the fish are laying , when we must not try to in fish is called the "closed

ell for each little fisher to fish he is forbidden to catch months, for sometimes fa- t have to pay much money te, even though boys and ot know they were doing

ave been fishermen ever since d began. We read of them in e, and one old Englishman was of fishing that he wrote a fa- ok about it. See if you can is name from this picture.



boys and girls fish from the when they do fish from the they want to be very sure their have no holes to leak. Girl fish- en do not like horrid wet boats, if boys do not care, and if the get too big it is very dangerous. is what one man did who was ough to find a hole in the boat: He had nothing to ith but a piece of wood two ches square, with holes all this:



d, however, to cut from it od one foot square, with- With this he mended his

e fishermen can tell Polly answers to the following

the unlucky fisherman get his boat? Take a piece of teboard two feet six inches ced like the picture, and

ur fishermen are mention- ble? Who is the great En- o wrote about fishing? and e name of his book? h that is very wary or hard ry delicious to eat and is hiefly in mountain streams, ught in September?

cing Highlander

of Polly Evans' friends make a Dancing High- very easy, yet you can un with it.

glove and cut off the first wn to the second joint; of baby's socks, and paint plaids. Then find a pic- a Highlander. Cut it out paint it and paste on the ove.

ove, on the first two fin- socks, padding the first of equal length with the make the shoes, and the fingers are supposed

The Greenwood Sixteen

PART I.

KEEP OUT! 5 cents fin for introoders!"

This was the inhospitable sign that hung all of one rainy day on the play-room door at Greenwood Mansion.

"H'm! Wonder what's up?" grunted Major Hobbs, who had come up to the play-room for a jolly romp with the children. He put his hand into his pocket for a nickel. Then he changed his mind.

It's awfully hard to be kept out of the secret," said he to himself, "but the youngsters'll not like it if I peek." So he sauntered down to the wide, vine-covered piazza, dropped into a comfortable lounging chair, and prepared to smoke while waiting patiently for the secret to come out.

Greenwood Mansion was a delightful summer boarding house, that had had as guests the same families for several summers in succession. These families —the Hobbses, the Gears, the McGregors and the Updegraffs—had ever so many children. The Updegraffs had two, Percy and Dorothy; the McGregors had four, Bessie, Benjy, Cassie and Tom; the Hobbses had three, Herbert, Cecil and Jack; and the Gears had most of all—three boys, Billy, Harry and David, and four girls, Fiossie, Grace, Beatrice and Baby Helen. Just fancy, sixteen children, not one of them over 12 years old, all in one house! Do you wonder that Mamma Gear felt sometimes like the old woman who lived in a shoe?

When dear old Mr. Lowe, who owned the Mansion, converted the attic into the fine, large playroom, no one was more thankful, you may be sure, than Mamma Gear.

"That playroom is a great help, I tell you," the Major heard her remark to the other three mammas as they sat (comfortably talking) around the corner of the piazza. "Last summer a quiet rainy day was something I at least never saw."

"Nor I," chimed in 'Mumsey' McGregor—as her children were fond of calling her—"Deary me, my four children are fidgety enough on sunshiny days, but on rainy days!—" and she sighed gently at the recollection—first, Bessie, perhaps, weeping and wailing, 'Mumsey, Mumsey, Benjy hit me!' And no sooner was Bessie comforted and Benjy punished than here, very likely, would come Tom and Cassie, their nice, white afternoon dresses soiled all over, making excuses in both my distracted ears at once! That's just the way things used to go all day long."

"But rainy days this summer," put in Mrs. Updegraff, "our sixteen are pretty nearly angelic, I must say, thanks to that playroom."

DOWN THEY CAME TO TELL THEIR TROUBLES

The Major heard no more of the conversation, for just then who should come racing down the attic but Bessie herself, sobbing, "Mumsey, Benjy's mean to me." Then came Benjy, pouting and tearful. "Bessie was mean to me," he cried. And behind Benjy came all the remaining fourteen—all, that is, except baby Helen, who was sound asleep in the Gear nursery—down they came pell-mell to take sides in the trouble between Bessie and Benjy.

"Benjy started being mean to Bessie," cried several, while the others did their best to drown these voices out with their counter testimony, until there was such a chorus of shouting and boo-hooing that it was all the four mothers could do to hear their own voices.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Major, slyly, in his lounging chair. "So the children are pretty nearly angelic on rainy days, are they?" Then he heard his wife's voice raised above the hubbub of shouts and sobs. "Shoo! shoo! Herbert, Cecil, Jack, get straight out of here; and all the rest of you except Bessie and Benjy go at once!"

Thus reproved, the children reluctantly departed for the playroom, 6-year-old Cecil, who was the last, causing the Major to break into a smothered burst of laughter; for just as he was about to go he turned to Mrs. Updegraff, who, as the stateliest of the ladies, was supposed to appreciate good manners in little boys and girls, and said, "Please excuse me," just as if he had not been summarily ordered out of the place only the moment before.

How all the mothers laughed! And Bessie and Benjy joined in so heartily that they forgot all about their little fuss, and ran off to join the other children.

Not until noonday at the dinner table did the Major learn what the secret was. Then Percy Updegraff, who was the oldest of the children and their spokesman, got up and announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if the weather clears up, an entertainment will be given this evening on Greenwood piazza by the renowned quartette known as the 'Four B's,' assisted by a troupe of first-rate performers. If it is still raining, the audience will please adjourn to the playroom. There will be no charge, and you are all invited."

Fathers Updegraff, Gear and McGregor were down in the city, and would not be home until 6 o'clock, so the Major was the only gentleman present. With just the least little twinkle in his eye he made a profound bow to Percy and to the rest of the sixteen, and said, "Thank you; I am sure we shall all be most happy to attend your entertainment."

"Yes, indeed," said all the mothers. And then the children trooped happily off to the playroom for a rehearsal; and presently the grown folk sitting on the piazza or playing croquet on the lawn, could hear faint sounds of singing and reciting and other doings floating down from the playroom.

Promptly at 6 o'clock came the carryall from the station, bringing the three absent fathers, each of whom, to his mild astonishment, found himself beset fore and aft by so many children that he could have sworn there were twice sixteen of them, all of them shouting at once: "We're going to g—" "You're in—" "give an enter—" "invited!" "—tainment." Even little Helen, wide awake and ravishing in her dainty pink frock, piped at the top of her voice, "OO too, Faddy Gear, oo too!" although she had not the slightest idea what all the excitement was about.

"I, too, eh?" laughed her father, catching her up for a kiss, and then giving her a ride on his shoulder all the way up to her mother's room.

Excitement took away the children's appetites and it was all the four mothers could do to persuade them to eat at all, until Mrs. Updegraff grimly suggested that the evening's entertainment be called off.

"Oh, no, no!" wailed Percy and Dorothy, "we'll eat, won't we, children?" and after that they consumed food at such an alarming rate that the mothers speedily relented and even excused them from tarrying for dessert.

"You'll come right out to the piazza as soon as you are through?" called Percy anxiously from the door, "it's lovely out now."

"Yes, we'll be on hand," said his father, and true to his promise, he soon led the way from the tea table to the piazza, where the four gentlemen lighted their cigars, and the four mothers accepted the chairs that Percy, Benjy and Herbert hastened to offer them.

"Well, this is really a pretty sight!" exclaimed Mother Hobbs. "Indeed it is!" assented the others.

There in the centre of the piazza stood a group of palms and all over the palms were candles that had been found in the attic—relics, no doubt, of one of Mr. Lowe's Christmas trees long ago, when his wife was living and his children were little—and in a semi-circle, not very far away from the palms, were the chairs occupied by the audience.

"Well, well," said Papa McGregor, "this speaks well for all the children.

"Hum!" grunted Father Gear, "my three boys never labored as hard over their lessons as they have over this show. I'll wager! Ah! here comes Mr. Lowe; he'll enjoy this."

(Continued next week.)

A Man Who Danced Jigs

HERE is a picture of a droll little man who died 317 years ago to-day. Don't you think he has a strange flat nose, a queer moustache and odd clothes? No wonder people laughed when they saw him before he even said a word.

Richard Tarletan, for that was his name, though he was always called Dick, was a very poor little English boy whose father kept an inn, or country hotel, in the days of Queen Elizabeth. While still a boy, Dick used to make all the guests laugh by mimicking every one he saw, and joking, singing and dancing all day long.

By and by Dick went to London to keep an inn himself; but as people cannot live on fun alone, he did not succeed very well, so he went out in the streets and made money by singing merry ballads about funny things he saw.

Soon Queen Elizabeth heard of Dick, and took him to live with her at the court, that he might amuse her as she ate her supper.

Can't you just see "the Virgin Queen," as she was called, shaking with laughter as Dick, dressed in fantastic clothes, playing a little tabor, or drum, in one hand and with a pipe in his mouth, danced and shuffled and skipped around in a jig, all the time singing funny

songs? We are told that Dick cured the Queen's sadness better than all the doctors.

Sometimes Dick would fence for the Queen, and then, while he was playing his sword his queer looks made people laugh more than ever.

When Dick grew still older he went on the stage in the Curtane Theatre, Shoreditch, and became a famous comic actor that all the people loved. Sometimes the audience would laugh for a whole hour at his looks before he could begin his part.

Poor, merry Dick did not live to be very old. He is supposed to have died of a dreadful disease called the plague, as he made his will, died and was buried all in the same day.

Dick made so many people laugh that they did not forget him in London for over a hundred years. The old men and women used to talk about him to their great-grandchilden, and many things were named after him, and his jokes were printed in a book. Some of these jokes the people of to-day do not think very funny, so Dick's queer looks must have done most to amuse his friends.

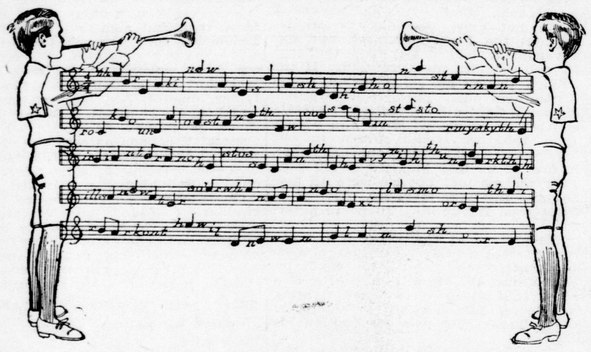
In this picture, which was drawn while Dick was alive, we see him dancing one of his jigs.

Home-Made Tops.

LOTS of boys and girls would rather play with some toy they have made themselves than with the handsomest games that can be bought. Ever so many articles for play can be constructed by children who take a little time and trouble.

Polly Evans will to-day tell you of a toy that even her very smallest friends can make.

Take big, empty cotton spools and paint them in bright colors. Then pound into them stumps of lead pencils or round sticks, leaving about half an inch at the bottom. Sharpen this into a point, and you have a fine top. If you wish, you can put short, fluffy skirts on the spool and make a tiny hat or bonnet for the part of the pencil that sticks out above, and you will have a ballet-dancing top.

A Musical Puzzle

WHO will read some music for Polly Evans? Here are four that even the very little students who only know the letters on the staff can try. It represents two verses from a well-known poem

It is not half so hard as it looks.

Luigi's Labor Day

LUIGI was sad at heart. What was to be done for the dear mother and little Beppo, Michele and Felice, who though still too young to work, yet could eat, oh, so much? What could a boy of 14 do to help them in this great strange land?

It was long months now since Luigi Giordana had come with his father Giuseppe, his mother Leonora and the dear brothers and baby sister to the far country across the water, where they had heard all men were rich and gold shone everywhere, so that none need work.

How different it all was from their hopes. Luigi's brown eyes grew pitiful as he thought of "bella Napoli." True, they were sometimes hungry there. But what matter when the hills were so green and the sky so blue?

They were merry in "bella Napoli." The children laughed and danced and sang from sunup to sunset. What gay tales they heard from old Paolo, the cobbler, ever mending shoes in the sun by his doorway. Even Luigi's donkey that he drove for the aged Arico, which was so hung with fresh-cut grass that only its head and feet could be seen, seemed to know when a boy felt full of joy and mirth.

And the color! Everywhere deep reds and yellows, purples and greens. Nothing was dull and sombre as in this gray land, with its houses shutting out the sky. The "Blessed Virgin" herself was surely nearer at "bella Napoli." She did not seem to hear a boy's "aves" in America.

As Luigi thought of it all and of the men who came with marvelous tales of the land across the sea—tales that were so pitifully false—a great wave of homesickness brought the tears.

But Luigi was an American now. He must be brave for the sake of others, for the good God had taken Father Giuseppe not a month ago.

For weeks he had been working, oh, so hard, in a great, bare cigar factory—picking, picking, picking the strong-smelling brown leaves hour after hour. But the money came slowly, and next week there would be no home for them all if the rent could not be paid.

What was to be done? Perhaps the "Holy Mother" would show a way; and Luigi reverently drew out his beads.

Hark! What was that the boss was saying? "You kids are to march in the parade on Labor Day, and the one who has the best make-up will get a prize of $10."

Ten dollars! It meant a fortune to Luigi.

He did not understand what saint's day it was, this American Labor Day; but he knew well about the fancy dress, for had there not been always the Mardi Gras in the home land?

Perhaps this American saint will help him to win; and Luigi prayed many times to the unknown saint, Labora.

No one asked Luigi what he would wear. "The little dago ain't got no chance," said the other boys as they talked for hours of the offered prize. Hearing this, Luigi was sadder than before.

The great Monday came at last. Early were the boys on hand, their feet beating time to the music of the bands. Wonderful were the costumes, and Luigi's heart sank, for he had had no money to put into a gay dress.

He was just a cigar in a cigar box. From a large square pasteboard box, covered with brown paper and stamped with the name of Luigi's employer, rose a head and shoulders close wrapped in folds of brown like a cigar. Only two little openings for the eyes and a small slit for the mouth told that a boy was within. On the pointed top was pasted a piece of scarlet paper for the light, while lower down were the gay yellow cigar ribbons.

"Get onto the Dago! He ain't in it!" yelled the boys.

Luigi almost cried with disappointment.

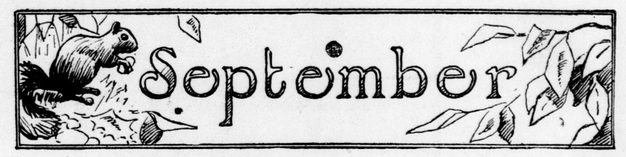
There was a sudden hush. The great man who owned the factory was coming.

Slowly the visitors went down the line. They whispered together. A moment's death-like stillness. Then the great man said:

"The prize of $10 for the best and most original make-up is awarded to Luigi Giordano. He can call at the office for the money after the parade."

Do you think there was a happier boy in all the world that day than Luigi? He longed no more for the festas of sunny Italy, for when had they brought him

September



"There are twelve months throughout the year,
From January to December—
And the primest month of all the twelve
Is the merry month of September!

Then apples so red
Hang over head,
And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down.

In the bountiful days of September
There are flowers enough in the summertime,
More flowers than I can remember;
But none with the purple, gold and red
That dyes the flowers of September!
The gorgeous flowers of September!

And the sun looks through
A clearer blue,
And the moon at night
Sheds a clearer light
On the beautiful flowers of September!

The poor too often go scant and bare;
But it glads my soul to remember
That 'tis harvest time throughout the land
In the bountiful month of September!
Oh, the good, kind month of September!
It giveth the poor
The growth of the moor,
And young and old
'Mong sheaves of gold
Go gleaming in rich September."

MARY HOWITT.

POLLY EVANS thinks her boys and girls should know something of the writer of this pretty poem.

The author was Mary Howitt, an Englishwoman, who died in 1888 when 90 years old. She loved children, and wrote many poems and stories for them. Among other things, she was a friend of Hans Christian Andersen, whose fairy stories all children love, and was the first person to turn them into English from the Danish, in which they were written.

Mary had a strange childhood. She was a little Quaker girl, named Botham, whose parents were very strict and religious. They believed in little girls being quiet; and Mary and her sister were kept so still all the time that little Anna, when 4 years old, had to be sent to school to learn to talk. They would make up names for the most everyday things, because they had never heard the real names.

Though Mary's parents were so religious, she had a very bad nurse, who used to swear at her, tell her naughty stories and teach her to play cards, which the Quakers thought very wicked.

Even after she was a woman Mary Howitt remembered her first day at school. All the other girls had pretty, bright gowns, and Mary was so ashamed of hers that she cried. She wore a plain [illegible]apore, hooked down the front, because her parents thought buttons a sin, and a drab bonnet so ugly that even the Quakers made fun of it.

When only 13 Mary stopped school. But later she studied hard, learning to paint flowers and do many other things which Quakers then thought wrong. When still quite a little girl she taught poor children in a school fitted up in her father's stable.

Mary had a funny old grandfather, who used to wander around the country hunting herbs to cure head aches; while her father and mother first came to love one another because they were both so fond of nuts.

After Mary married a young Quaker named William Howitt, who also wrote stories, and had little girls and boys of her own, she did everything to give them a good time, because her childhood was so sad.

Puzzles & Problems

Square Word.

—A nobleman.
—A plant looking like evergreen.
—A girl's name.
—To guide.

For the Big Word User.

O gee!
T O L

Changed Letter Puzzle.

1. When Mamma sent —— to remind the boys of —— Day, she said, "Do not —— by the way, as I want you to bring me a —— for my card party.
2. "——, ——!" cried —— a small ——, whose papa had bought him a new ——.
3. Johnny —— for his birthday received a —— roan ——, of which he took good ——.
4. The —— made a pie for Kitty which she —— to school in the same bag as her reading ——. She ate the pie at recess in a shady ——.

A Polite Puzzle.

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Put six straight lines to these ciphers and find out what a very polite little boy, who was afraid of dogs, said to Tige when he jumped up on him.

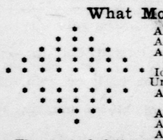
Queer Substraction.

How can you take one hundred and five from nineteen hundred and five and leave two thousand?

A Charade.

My first in addition is met,
To my second mankind is needs bound,
With my third dainty colors are set,
My whole goes headfirst to the ground.

What Month?



A consonant.
A color.
A shrub whose buds are pickled.
Idle talk.
Unpolished.
A chief minister of state.
A watered material.
An insect.
A consonant.

The central letters from top to bottom spell a month that every boy with a gun loves.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.
1. My 7, 6, 3, 14 is the sex of my whole.
2. My 8, 6, 5, 12, 14 is a ship whose destruction showed my whole's greatness.
3. By my 1, 11, 4, 13 the place was kept for months.
4. My 4, 2, 9, 10, 2, 12 is what (with an apostrophe) befel the destroyers.
5. My 15, 6, 4, 14 is a college where my whole was honored.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

Answers to Geographical Puzzles.

Cape Horn.
Black Sea.
Manitoba.
Arkansas.

Answers to Transposition Puzzle.

CYPRUS.
Charles, Yorkshire, Pineapple, Rhoda, Umpire, Simon.

Answers to Address Puzzles.

1. Thomas Webb, Esq., Mayor of Andover, Massachusetts.
2. Mrs. A. J. Flagg, 4220 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.
3. Master James Spencer, 19 Washington avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Answers to Anagrams.

Anagram. Waterproof. Shakespeare. Punishment. Staircase.

Answer to Diamond Puzzle.

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    B
   ERA
  TWICE
 BRISTOL
  TITLE
   TON
    L
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Answers to Jumbled Girls' Names.

Pyllis. Marjorie. Decima. Kathleen. Matilda. Constance. Maria. Violet. Gladys. Margaret. Dorothy. Louisa.

Answers to Charades.

Thou-sand. Sea-son. Gain-say.

Answer to Riddle-Me-Ree.

Macbeth.

A Game of Sneeze.

HERE is a little game you might try, boys and girls, when you feel like being noisy. Any number can play it. A leader being chosen, will tell each one to sneeze, one after the other, to see who makes the queerest sound. Then let him whisper words like hosh, ka, hoosh, cha, chee, choo, one to each child or group of children if the party is large. Tell each to say his word as loud as possible when you count four. Keep it as a surprise, that all say their words at once, and the result will be the noisiest, funniest [illegible]

How Pussy Was Named

WHAT is your pussy's name, dear?" asked Aunt Suzette of little Toto, almost crushing a tiny maltese kitten with hugs.

"Toffee Mill," said Toto, "because it purrs just like a toffee mill."

Was not that a funny name for a cat? Almost as strange as Toto was for a little girl. But, then, neither was a real name.

Toto was called Marie Louise by her teachers; Mary Louisa by her grandma, who thought French sounds for plain English names were silly, and Sweetheart by her mamma.

But papa, who was a Southerner, always called his little daughter Toto, because when she was so tiny she could barely walk she would drag big bundles around all day long—bundles so big she could scarcely hold them.

"Well, what is Marie toting to-day?" papa would say when he would see her bending under a heavy load. Then he took to calling her "his little toter"; but Marie, who could not talk very plainly, called herself "papa's itty Toto," and soon everyone else called her that, too.

As for "Toffee Mill," the pussy, her real name was Dainty—such a cute, fluffy gray ball of a kitty was she, who hated to be dirty. Toto only called her Coffee Mill sometimes when she wanted to surprise people.

"Why, Toto, what a strange name for your pussy. How did you happen to call her that?" said aunty.

"I'll tell you, aunty; only I'se pitty tired jest now."

"Tired are you, mockey? Only tired enough to jump right up in my lap and have a real nice talk, I fancy."

she could find some candy in her pocket, or else some lovely charms on her chair.

Soon she was nestled all "comfy," telling how pussy got her name.

"Dinah, our took, only likes little dirls," began Toto. "She don't like pussies at all, and when 'Dainty' runs into the titchen wif me she always shoos her wif a broom and mates my pussy twy.

"I don't like my pussy to twy, and so when I want to mate pies and tates wif Dinah I jest runs away from my pussy.

"One day Dinah let me drind the big toffee mill for her. It was awful hard, and made a big noise—'Br-br-br,' just like dat. De drawer was all fulled wif toffee, so I toot it out and toot it into the pantwy to Dinah.

"When I tame bat I pushed the drawer shut—Bang! and bedan to drind adain.

"Den I heard a bigger 'brr-brr-brr.' I fot it awful funny, 'tause dere wasn't no toffee dere. I dround and dround, and dat brr-brr-brr it jest kept dettin' louder and louder.

"Dinah tame in and said, 'Laws sates, honey; what's dat dere noise?'

"'It's de toffee mill,' I said.

"Den Dinah she jest tame and pulled dat drawer out. And what do you fink?

"Dere, inside, was my clean pussy, all tovered wif dirty, brown toffee!

"She didn't mind it at all, but was purring ever so loud.

"But Dinah was so mad and stared she jest yelled and yelled, till mamma and papa and drandma and John, the toachman, and Norah and Sally all tame runnin' in to see what was ze matter, and John had to put water on Dinah to mate her stop twying.

"Wasn't that a funny thing for my pussy to do, Aunty? Dat's why I call