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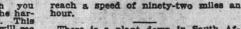
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ecutive- Miss ennie Smith



AST month you heard of the har-vest moon. This week you will see a n o t h er moon with the same pe-cullarity - com-ing up for two or three nights at the same time. This moon is called the hun-ter's moon - not. There is a plant down in South Af-rica, called by the hard name of "mesem-bryanthemum," which so closely resem-bles a pebble that it has been picked up in mistake for one. The leaves of another variety of this plant, which are about as large as ducks' eggs, resemble a stone of brownish gray color tinged with green; still another species looks like quartz pebbles. ter's moon - not, as generally sup-posed, because it is then so light that hunters can shoot by moon-

like quartz pebbles. Fortunately, this plant of the big name has a good many other names, some of which are so curious you may three or four hundred varieties of the nas thick, fleshy leaves, and which, sel-has thick, fleshy leaves, and whick, yel-how or rose colored flowers. The fruit is seed on the source of the source of the seeds. The flowers, as a rule, only bloom about noon, so they are some-times called the midday flower. Other makes far certain varieties are fig-mari-gold, pig's-face, dog-chop, cat-chop, Hottentot-fig, the hatchet-leafed mari-gold and the ice plant. Ing all been gathered there is nothing to interfere with the sportsman's good time. Some of you may be interested in air-hiem circling around your heads up above the houses, as in New York last month. Who knows, long before you are grown, we may be traveling through the air just as naturally as we now take a trolley or railway car. It would our grandparents when they saw the first locomotive, for now we are getting more and more used to marvels. After all, traveling in the air is not such a novely. For many centuries people have been making experiments in aerial navigation. Do any of you re-call the old Greek myth of the Escape the wicked King Minas? Daedalus wax and away they fiew. Unfortunate-ly, Icarus forgot to obey his father's wings, when down he droppel into the odm or the sour dup and up till the sun melted his wax wings, when down he droppel into the odwat is this fable but a hint that the old Greeks dreamed of airships just as



Still another Greek tradition of air travel is that of a "wooden dove," in-vented by the mathematician Archytas. This dove, it was said, could fly for a long time, and was set in motion by "hidden and inclosed air." greenhouses. Tou all know of the Queen whose nose the blackbirds nipped off as she was going to tell you of a real, live Queen who only a few years ago was set to scrubbing floors in her own palace. This was Queen Sophie, the wife of King Oscar of Sweden, of whom you have heard not long ago. The poor Queen had been very ill, and the doctors said exercise was the only thing that would save her. Unfortunately, her lungs would not stand the nipping cold out-of-door air of Sweden, so she was or-dered to do housework. First she was set to scrubbing floors, and after that she was sent into the kitchen among the pots and pans to learn to cook. After a week or two the royal lady claimed they overworked her. As she still must exercise and could not go out, they brought her horse into the palace, covered the floors with cocoa matting, put in a padded railing, and made the "hidden and inclosed air." Through the Middle Ages they used to speculate on air travel. There was an Englishman — Bishop Wilkins-who be-lieved the moon was inhabited, and grew so enthusiastic about intercourse be-tween the two worlds that he tried to have Parliament pass a sort of aerial navigation act to accommodate the man in the moon as well as the men of earth. This visionary old bishop used to proph-esy "that in future ages it will be as usual for a man to call for his wings when he is going on a journey as it is now to call for his boots." People al-ways laughed and mocked at the bish-op's ideas; and as he lived back in the seventeenth century, and wings have not yet rivaled boots in the twentieth-century wardrobe. I fear the worthy churchman deserved it. put in a padded railing, and made the poor Queen canter arou ! every morn-ing to piano music. This was hard on the horse, as well as the Queen, for the beast was so frightened at seeing him-self in the mirrors that it was necessary to cover them. Speaking of flying, recent experiments show that the little pigeons which circle so easily around our heads can fly fifty-five miles an hour, while the great ex-press trains of man's invention are easily beaten by swallows, who often

ICK, Rod, Hen! Hi, there, felows, where are you?" footed Tag Smith late one Friday as he rushed into the Crowningshield barn, where the S. G. T. C. was to hold its weekly meeting of arrangements. The mystic S. G. T. C. whose members we re worn to eternal secrecy and undying forstill of great distinction rites, was a foot by solemn initiation rites, was out of great distinction in the town of portsmouth. To some time join its ex-portsmouth to some time join its ex-portsmouth. To some time join its ex-portsmouth of the place. "Mo, fellows! You can't fool me! I'm for to you. You might as well show up to be a minute there was silence. Then

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"A Merry Party Was Packed in the Hay Wagon"

packed in Mr. Stanton's long hay wag-town and the gather nuts on Mount Marve. The S. G. T. C. was in full force, while the girls, with their bright faces and the second second second second the second second second second the second second second second warright, otherwise "Sissy." This Wainright, having lost several warright, otherwise "Sissy." The Wainright, having lost several thidren, cherished with undue care her second second second second second the second second second second second second second the second second second second second second second second the second second second second second second second second the second the second s

when an indian played an important part. On the ride, barring an occasional tick-ling from a wisp of hay, Barton fared fairly well, the S. G. T. C. fearing the keen eye of Uncle James; but in the climb up the mountain the boy's neat appearance suffered from unexpected splashes of mud and from a sudden trip-up in fording a shallow, sparkling stream.

tip-up in fording a shallow, sparkling stream. Almost at the top of Mount Marvel grew a wonderful clump of chestnut trees full of ripened burs. The ground around was thickly covered with nuts. The party was soon hard at work, each striving to win the prize offered by Un-cle James to the swittest picker. Barton's pile did not increase rap-idly owing to many a red-brown nut dropped in the bags of the smaller girls. Frequent burs from the over-hanging branches hit him with sting-ing swittness. Strange to say, these burs always fell from trees up which one of the S. G. T. C. had shinned. After lunch, which was vastly rel-ished by the hungry party, Uncle James said:

said: "I am going down to see if the horses are fed. Be careful how you wander far from these trees; there is an ugly precipice near here." Somehow interest had waned in nut micking.

picking. Rod proposed prisoner's base. He

was one of the captains and Tag Smith another. Soon the woods rang with shouts as the players dashed wildly among the trees. "Let's give Sissy a chase," whisper-ed Rod to Hen Newton. "I don't be-lieve Miss Nancy can run; look how he never comes out farther than that red maple. We'll corner him and keep him in prison the rest of the game." But "Sissy" developed unexpected powers as a sprinter; he turned and doubled the trees till neither Rod nor Hen could touch him.

"He Lifted Rodney to Safety"

As he rounded a slender spruce sap-ling, Rod, who was gaining on him,could not stop. Suddenly he disappeared. not stop. Suddenly ne usappear of fear There was one agonized scream of fear

"Rod's over the precipice! Rod's kill-d!" shouted Hen.

"Rod's over the precipice! Rod's kill-ed!" shouted Hen. Quickly the party gathered to the spot, the stunned boys and girls not dar-ing even to look for their comrade. At the first scream, Barton turned and ran quickly back. Cautiously he approached the edge and looked over. "I don't believe Rod's dead, boys," he ried. "He has not fallen all the way, but is caught on a bush. He seems to be hurt, though. There's a ledge below that bush; if I can reach him and pull him on it, he'll be safe till help comes. I'll go down and see what I can do." "Oh Bart, don't gol" cried several boys; you'll be killed, too!" "Think of your fnother, Barton," whis-pered Nellie Grant. "What would she do if anything happened to you?" Barton turned rather pale. "My mother would tell me to do my duty," he said bravely. "Besides, I'm used to climbing. Some of you fellows run for Mr. Stanton and ropes." Quickly removing his coat, Barton went over the edge of the cliff. Cau-tiously he picked his way until the ledge was reached. Then, with a great effort and swaying under the heavy strain, he lifted the unconscious Rodney to safety. To the terrified watchers it seemed an age until Mr. Stanton and several farmers arrived, and with strong ropes pulled up both boys. Rodney was still unconscious, while Barton was livid form a wound in his head and a sprain-

from a wound in his head and a sprain-

NCE upon a time a baby was found in the palace of the great and good King Charitas and of his wife, Queen Janna. that "hal hal haad!" so loud that all hearing him were convulsed, and even a little pugdog who stood on his head and twirled in the most comical way.

Inthe pugdog who stood on his head and twirted in the most comical way.
But it was all in van.
The Queen still moped and sighed, never speaking nor smiling. No one could find out what alled her. She wanted something, but what she herself did not know.
The doctors said solemnly, shaking their heads: "Unless a cure can speedily be found, Queen Janna will die."
So the King sent messengera to scout far-off lands in search of this great remedy that was to set the Queen assemiling.
This morning the mountful, long-faced court was assembled in the royal bedchamber, waiting to serve the King and Queen's chocolate and toast.
"What delays that scullon?" whisperd the first lady of the Queen's shoebox to the lady of the Stocks and girdles. Buddenly a great ory rang through the hall—"The cure! The cure!"
The door burst open and a smutty soullon ran with his coal south up to the couch where the King and Queen "Horrible!"

the couch when?" "Horrible!" "Put him out!" "Beat him with many lashes!" cried the court. But the scullion heeded not. He thrust the coal scuttle right into the lap of the unsmiling Queen.



"Gool gool gool' sounded right at his feet. There in the coal souttle, which last night he had left half full of coal, on a wonderful wadded quilt of light-blue satin, studded with silver stars, lay-a tiny bay. It was the roundest, pink and white ball of a baby you ever saw, with fuffy yellow hair, curling tight to its little head, great blue eyes, that twinkled and twinkled, a cunning little nose and a rosy, cupid's bow of a mouth, that smiled every minute and never once quivered into a cry. "Good lack," oried the scullon, "It do beat all. Whence came this kid?" "Ah, goolyl googly! goo!" chuckled the baby, blinking smillingly at the twist-ing candle flame in the scullion's trem-bling hand. Then the little creature reached up its tiny hand and caught hold of the scullion's dirty, black finger, holding on tight. "The cure! The cure!" he shouted and

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Branscombe ous vote of efforts in be

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#### E WAFFLES.

queer bishop story on himdley, of Kente with much rience which with waffles homestead guest the rkably good.

ast drew near -coated black approached in a low 'n'er waffle?"

bishop, "I besaid the nice

surprised rev re aren't any you ask me if

e little black a'ready, an' I no mo'."-

er Lippincøtt's -It is reported

station 300,000 rontier after artly because eir joining the

partly in in

### "The ladies might be endured, but Sissy is a pill that jags the throat. To think his mother had the face to tell mine 'she wished he were a S. G. T. C.," sniffed Jack Peters. "Not much," cried the members. "This sacred organization is not, for mamma's darlings." "Well, I more we walve all objections and accept," said Rod. "But ere we ad-journ let's drink a bumper of this raspberry vinegar to making it hot for Sissy to-morrow." Early next morning a merry party. Problems UZZIES B Two Charades.

tion to seek the South Pole. He did not find it, but discovered in the Antarctic a coronet; an insect; a small animal; a rali-way conveyance; a sailor; a small ple; a vessel for liquids; a choral composition; a domestic animal; a two-wheeled vehicle; a plaid of the Soctch Highlanders; a large waterfall; a treatise on religion and a jew-eler's weight. t is said, is as good as a mile; the Populists think is most vile; just a lack of my last, one might

Jumbled Boys' Names. Boja. Bojao. Hootrede. Mullee. Who is She? Toos words-A parson-age; to delay; a drid plum; a new wife; a tree; a girl's name; in-mature; a form of church music; a statue; not hollow; a statue; not The diagonals from 1 to 2 and 3 to 4 spell the name of one of the mest popu-lar American actresses of to-day.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems Same Each Way.

1. Abba. 2. Kayak. 3. Eve. 4. Anna. 5. Level. 6. Hahl 7. Gig. A Diamond to Cut.

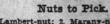
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TIBER OBR R

Who can read the addresses on these two Pi. "Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home, Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone, All but one that lies under a stone; Fly thes home, lady-bird, ere it is gone." 

A Charade. Madrigal (mad-rye-gal.)

Changed Vowels. 1. Ton, tun, ten, tin. 2. Mules, moles, malis, miles, Myles, males. 3. Wull, will, well, wall. 4. Put, pat, pot, pet, pit.



1. Lambert-nut; 2. Marany-nut; 8. Beech-nut; 4. Marking-nut; 6. Buiternut; 6. Bar-bados-nut; 7. Levant-nut; 8. Constantino-ple-nut; 9. French-nut; 10. Spanish-nut; 11. Jesuit's-nut; 12. Hazeinut; 13. Mote-nut; 14. Clearing-nut: 15. Chestnut; 16. Waternut; 17. Filberts: 18. Sheilbark; 19. Bedda-nut; 20. Cocco-nut; 21. Malabar-nut; 22. Sing-hara-nut; 23. Drinker's-nut.

#### Rainbow Chain of Balls.

Recently Polly Evans told you how to prepare a home-made ball. If you have tried it and have found it is not hard to crochet, why not make a chain of balls? These are splendid to amuse

Wrap seven small balls about one inch or an inch and a half in diameter. Cro-chet covers for them in the manner de-scribed for a home-made ball. Make each cover a color of the rainbow, as red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

Prefix one thousand to the first man and make a woman. Prefix fifty to the handiwork of Noah and make a bird of whom poets love to write. Prefix five to chills and fever and make in-definite. Prefix one hundred to a kind of monkey and get a woman's garment. When the balls are finished crochet angers to match. Straight bands of lain crocheting will answer nicely, take these hangers of different lengths, and fasten all to a rubber or ivory ring.

Young Jack Tar one summer's day From his family ran away; When to a sparkling stream he came, "Since I do bear a sailor's name," Quoth he, With glee, 'I'll set forth on the raging main.

He put to sea, this skipper brave, Unmindful of the rolling wave; He took no crew, no sail, no oar

With which to cruise from shore to A rock Did block His vessel's path, and it did veer. So staunch a barque needs nothing

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To beat Columbus was his aim. "I sure shall win undying fame; Perhaps a whale I'll even spear." Just then he gave a yell of fear.



#### TOO APPROPRIATE

MARION SUTHERLAND was a very precoclous baby; when but 8 years of age he could read all the Psalms. His special delight, however, was to spell out and ask the meaning of the big words he saw on circus posters. In this way the little fellow acquired the idea that all words he could not understand stood for anihe could not understand stood for ani-

he could not understand stood to the smals. One day, when seated in his mother's lap in a crowded street car, a very ma-jestic and handsomely dressed woman, though unusually stout, was holding on to the strap directly in front of them. A sudden lurch of the car threw her on the child's lap. With an apologetic smile she stooped, saying: "My dear, you must have

from a wound in his head and a sprain-ed arm. The ride home was a silent one, though, as Uncle James said, "they could all thank Barton that it was not a tragic one instead." The dector soon restored Rod, unhurt, but Barton's wound was more tedious, confining him to the house. The next day, Sunday though it was, there was a special meeting of the S. G. T. C. in Rod's room. About half an hour later Tag Smith and Hen Newton delivered a note at the Wainright door. It read: "The Saturday Good Time Club will be honored if Barton Wainright will become a member."

Suddenly a thought struck the scul-lion. "The cure! The cure!" he shouted, and the vanited cellar echoed.-"The cure!" Greatly excited and still shouting "The cure!" he picked up coal scuttle, baby and all and ran up the palace stairs, the baby laughing harder than ever in its worderful new charlot. Now it happened that a cloud hung over the palace of Nilenfanta. Beauti-ful Queen Janna, who should have been the merilest, happiest queen in the world, grieved and grieved day and night. Nothing pleased her; nothing could make her smile. The King, her husband, who adored her, and who remembered the day when he had brought her home a gay, sunny Princess, always laughing, was terrified at the change in her. From worry about his Queen he also had become sad. The courtiers, too, who always followed the royal lead, went around with long faces. In the whole palace silom reigned. Not that good King Charitas had not tried every means to restore the sunny spirits of his Queen. Bushels and bush-els of gold had been spent in efforts to make her smile. They had brought her clothes of silk and satin and velvet, cob-webby laces and rare jewels. The King had hired Parisian harlequins, 'English Punches, fat Dutch clowns and even a whole troupe of pickanitny cake-walk-ers from America to try to amuse Queen Janna. There had been spent in afforts to

HORNET CHASERS

C HASING hornets is such a danger-ous pastime that you may like Polly Evans to tell you of a way it can be done without fear of being

Divide any number of players into two camps—the chasers and the hornets. Place a mark or target either on a fence or on top of a pole to represent a hive. Each hornet has a tennis ball with which he seeks to hit the hive, around which the chasers are grouped.



Quince butter, marmalades, peaches in rum, Pineapple, currant-he'd spread them on thick; thick; Yet strangely enough he was never made sick. Though his mother would scold and his father bewal The fate that on jam-eaters fell without fall. Greedy Sam, heeding not, ate of jam such a lot That one terrible day he turned to a jam-pot.

armed with bats to ward off the balls. Every ball driven back from the hive counts a point for the chasers. A ball touching the hive indirectly, even after it has been touched by a chaser, is good and counts for the hornets. The hive is attacked and defended by the right and left hand alternately, as the umpire commands. The side first making fifteen points wins, after which parts are changed, the hornets becoming chasers and vice ornets becoming chasers and vice

versa. This game can be played in the house by using soft balls and battledoors.

#### NURSERY SEESAWS

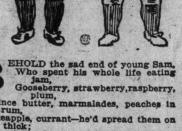
O<sup>NE</sup> of the great pleasures of sum-mer is seesawing-to get a board over a fence or an old saw horse, and then up-and-down, up-and-down, "see-saw, Margery Daw," three or four of us on an end at once. Isn't it great sport?

secosity, margely Daw, three or four of us on an end at once. Isn't it great sport? No wonder we give it up regreifully when the cold days drive us in the house! But then we do not have to give to the cold days drive us in the house! But then we do not have to give to the secosity. For fine seesaws one hour tif he fell off. Tou can buy these house seesaws when hurt if he fell off. Tou can buy these house seesaws when hurt if he fell off. Tou can buy these house seesaws when a carpenter s long, not too wery smooth, so there is no danger of yein and the handles of two brooms and of another board, about six inches wide and four feet long. For greater were from the floor with longer pieces of wood cut from other old brooms.

"The Cure! The Cure!"

That blessed baby "Ah-gooed," laugh-ed its chirpy little laugh and reached its little arms right up around the Queen's neck. A moment's silence! Then Queen Janna just snuggled the tiny pink and white morsel up close to ther and laughed out loud, "Ha! ha! ha!" "Ho! ho! ho!" schoed the delighted King. "He! he! he!" echoed the courtiers. The scullion grinned an ear-wide grin, for he knew his fortune was made. As for the baby, she chirped and chuckled with glee, for she knew she had found a happy home that she could always keep ga. If you listened right hard, I wouldn't be surprised if you could hear them all laughing right now in the once sad pal-ace of Nilentania over the pranks of that wonderful baby.

TOO MUCH JAM



1.1 NE 1 TATI JAN E

A THOUGHTFUL BABY

M Rs. 5— always sang her small 2-year-old son to sleep with songs from Mother Goose, but as the lit-tle fellow insisted each night in hearing every one of the nursery lingles, she de-cided to give him music with less excit-

low's "The Day is Done," when the child in her arms looked up and said: "Muzzie, ven vill the day be done?" "When is a 'day done, dear? Why, when the sun goos to bed each evening." "No, muzzie," said this mere baby, with an earnest, thoughtful look in his big brown eyes, "I mean vez vill all the days and nights be done?"

# thought you were struck by an ava-lanche." To the intense mortification of his mother, Marion looked up and replied, in clear tones, heard by all in the car: "No, I didn't, I fot it was a wio-necence." "No, I than " noceros." The lady, flushing deeply, laughingly said: "Oh, I see you have been at the Zoo." "Oh, I see you have been at the Zoo." I have," replied the child, "and I saw a hippopotamus there, too."

A QUEER OCCUPATION

Sometrimes people choose queer ways to earn a living, but I wonder if you girls and boys know that about three or four hundred people in Paris support themselves by picking up old cigar and cigarette stumps they find on the streets? Notae very pleasant

way to live, Polly Evans should say, but since these cigar pickers often make over a dollar a day by their strange oc-cupation, I suppose they do not care very much about the unpleasantness. These cigar pickers are often old, old men, who are too feeble to work at any-thing else, but sometimes they are young boys. They walk the streets for hours, scarching carefully, and when they have found enough stumps they take them sown under the bridges on the River Seine and prepare them for sale.

sale. The end of the cigar that has been in the mouth is cut off and thrown away, then the rest is carefully chopped and put into neat packages of tobacco, which is sold to poor people for about a fifth less than they would have to pay for it in the stores.

