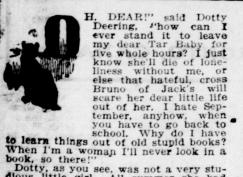
The school boy with his satchel in his hand Conducted by Polly Evens Whistling aloud to keep his courage up

TIP BOTH EING GIRB blow when he goes afishing



## PAR BABY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL



book, so there!"

Dotty, as you see, was not a very studious little girl. All summer she had been out in the country romping in the haymow, riding the plow horses, digging her flower beds and having such a good time that she could hardly go to

and ran upstairs with ner dag, quite forgetting Tar Baby was in it.

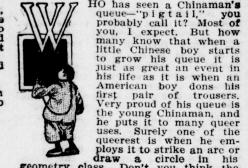
Miss Sally's father opened school that day, and the very little girls and boys sat on the bench in front of him. Detty did not like this very much, as the old gentleman was not fond of children and once had scolded her for getting in his way. his way.

All went very well until Mr. Porter

was praying.
Suddenly there was a loud mi-auw,
then another and another, each one
growing louder. The children began to
giggle, and Johnny Parsons laughed right out loud, prayer time though it

then asked in very cross tones,
"Where is that cat?"
No answer. Most of the children
didn't know, and Dotty, who did, was so

was.
Mr. Porter said "amen" at once, and



queue—"pigtail," you probably call it? Most of you, I expect. But how you, I expect. But how many know that when a little Chinese boy starts to grow his queue it is just as great an event in his life as it is when an American boy dons his first pair of trousers. Very proud of his queue is the young Chinaman and Very proud of his queue is the young Chinaman, and he puts it to many queer uses. Surely one of the queerest is when he employs it to strike an arc or draw a circle in his geometry class. Don't you think the Chinese schoolboy is lucky? If Young America loses his compass and has no string handy there is nothing for him to do but "flunk" in his geometry.

THOSE of you who hate to study arithmetic might growl if you had been a little Roman boy back in the days of Caesar or earlier when our Arabic numbers were not used. Imagine, for instance, writing 88 LXXXVIII, and then adding long columns of such numbers. No wonder boys counted on their fingers and grown-up men had to go to a teacher of arithmetic or public calcu-

lator to have their accounts made out. C OUNTING on the fingers was a regular system for the young regular system for the young Romans. They would make eighteen movements with the left hand for the numbers below one hundred, and eighteen with the right hand for those above. Two kinds of counting machines, called an abayes were also used. above. Two kinds of counting machines, called an abacus, were also used. One was a board strewn with sand on which geometrical figures were drawn. The other was a frame with balls moved in

KNOWING how boys and girls structive stories about the doings of This month school opens for a new love a grab bag, Polly Evans will

your little cousins in every part of year of work. Hit the bag, and you start one for you. In it you will find the world. Sometimes you will hear will learn about school boys and all kinds of queer, amusing or in- about their fathers and others, also. girls in other lands and times.

The Grab Bag

grooves to represent figures, with a special contrivance for doing fractions. As teachers were not very patient in those days, arithmetic might be said to have been learned less by rule than by ferrule. The great Horace, whose works all of you who study Latin will read, wrote that his fellow-teacher was a man of many blows. After all, it is pretty fine to be a twentieth century American, is it not?

PROBABLY the Mexicans want to make up for lost time. Now that the children have started to go to school they are kept at their books almost all day. In Guadaloupe schools keep in until after dark.



THE reason the Norwegians won't have King Oscar any longer is because they are a people fond of freedom like the American. In the days

when the great Napoleon was upsetting the map of Europe, little Denmark gave Norway, which she had ruled for 400 years, to Sweden, without asking the Norwegians if they liked to be given away. The Norsemen were angry and went to war, but Sweden conquered them. Ever since, though the are practically very free, King Oscar having little real power, the Norwegians have wanted to rule themselves. This year they thought was a good time to try it, as Russia, whom they fear, is busy in Japan. Moreover, King Oscar is now a very old man, and the people of Norway dislike the Crown Prince Gustavus very much, and do not want him for King. Read up about these two countries, boys and girls, The wonderful tales of the Vikings will show you how the Norwegians inherited their love of freedom.

D OWN in Mexico men can be seen any day sitting on the street corners writing letters for people for money. Does not that seem a strange business? Yet, until quite lately, it paid very well because comparatively few Mexicans could read and write. Now, fortunately, the people are waking up to the usefulness of schools, and the boys and girls are becoming such students that the evangelistas, as the letter writers are called, will soon be without customers.

A LL of you have seen Webster's Dictionary, but do you know that this work and other school books which Noah Webster wrote helped to educate so many Americans that he is called The School Master of the Repub-lic? Though his spelling book was first published one hundred and twenty years ago, more than a million copies of it are still sold every year.

late to school. He was such a heedless boy that he usually forgot the time, and played along the way. Nothing could cure him of this bad habit. Even when his teacher kept him in from a ball game, in which he was catcher, to make him write a thousand times, "Remember this: Be punctual as the sun, though others lag," he was late the very next morning.

morning.

One dreadful day, when he was a whole hour late, Miss Amy sent him into the girls' room to stand on a stool for two hours and wear a card printed in big red letters: "Tardy Tommy."

After that time Tommy thought he

Tommy looked rather queer, for that was his own daily excuse.

By quarter-past nine Sammy Bangs was his own daily excuse.

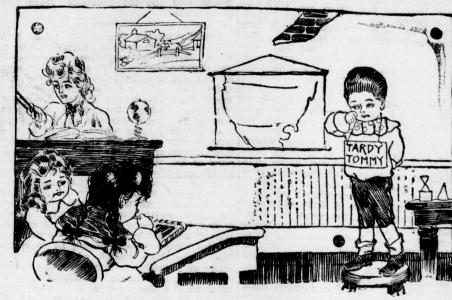
By quarter-past nine Sammy Bangs came; at half-past, Jack and Ted Thompson; still later the three Masoner boys. At half-past ten only seven of the party of twelve were on hand.

How those waiting boys did fuss and fume. The breeze was fine for sailing, but Mrs. Brown said it would be impolite to start without all the guests.

Every little while Tommy growled, "Those are just the rudest fellows; catch me asking them to a sail again!"

"Oh, surely not rude, Tommy; only a little late, you know," Mrs. Brown would reply.

"All aboard, boys," called the skipper. "If you want a run to Idlewild to-day we must be off, as I've another party at 11."



Tommy Stood Before the School

never would be late again. But he soon At last his mother thought she would late." teach him a lesson. "Tommy," she said one day, "would you like to give the boys a sailing picnic to Idlewild on Saturaay?"
"Would I?" cried Tommy; "well, I
guess! May I ask the whole push, "Oh, Tommy, dear, why are you so slangy? Yes, ask all the boys. Let me see, there are twelve of you are those re are twelve of you, are there

see, there are twelve of you, are there not? Give me the list and I will telephone to their mothers."

Saturday was clear and cool, and Tommy was at the wharf bright and early. Not a boy was there. Nine o'clock came. Still not a boy was to be seen. "Mother," said Tommy, "where do you think those fellows are? They're as mean as mud to be late at my party."
"Oh, well, Tommy, they are only a little late, and that does not count, you know."

"Please, mother, can't we go without Will Briggs? He's just horrid to be so late."

"Late! Why surely that's pothing, Tommy," replied Mrs. Brown.

Just as the captain called "Too late for a sail to-day, boys," Will was seen running down the hill. The disappointment was terrible, but there was nothing for the party to do but go home after a whole morning's wait on the wharf.

How did it happen?

had arranged with the mothers of the boys to have each come at a different But Tommy had had his lesson. He learned that being late did count. After that Saturday he was on time at school every day for the rest of the year.

When he had become very punctual his mother let him give another sailing party for "the push." That Saturday every how was on the dock promptly at every boy was on the dock promptly at a quarter before nine. What a glorious time they had sailing and crabbing and such a good lunch at Idlewild.

### The Cat Jumped Out of the Bag

sleep at night for thinking of what she would do next day.

Now she was back in the city, and tomorrow school began.

This year it was harder than ever to go back to school, for only a week before Dotty had found a new friend—a coalblack Manx kitten without one white spot on it, which her mother said she might keep for her very own. might keep for her very own.

This kitten's name was Tar Baby, and already she knew Dotty and followed her everywhere. She would even sleep on Dotty's bed and waken her little mistres of the state of tress each morning by mi-auwing. Then what fine romps they would both have! After to-morrow Dotty must leave her

"Mother! mother!" Dotty called. "Please, please, can't I take Tar Baby with me to school?"

"No, dear; of course not. What would Miss Sally do if all her little pupils brought their pets with them? You would not like to go to school in a menagerie, would you?"
Now, Dotty meant to obey her mother, and the next day said good-bye to her pussy with many hugs. Hardly had she gone a block, when she heard a little sound, and there was

back, you naughty puss! go Dotty cried.

But Tar Baby did not go; instead, she looked so cute that Dotty forgot everything her mother had said. "I'll just take you to school, Tar Baby, dear. Mary's little lamb went to school, and I'm sure you are a great deal smarter than a stupid baa-lamb. I'll put you in my bag, and then in my desk; and no one will ever know."

It was late when Dotty reached the school. The bell had supposed all the school. The bell had rung, and all the children were marching up to the big girls' room for prayers.
Fearing a tardy mark the very first day, Dotty threw her hat on a hook

frightened she was almost crying. "Mi-auw, mi-au-w, mi-au-w," went Tar Baby. "Children, if you do not tell me at once where that cat is it will be the worse for cried Mr. Porter.

Still Dotty said nothing. "Mi-au-w, mi-au-w, mi-au-w," cried Tar Baby again. There was a scratching, a scramble and right out of Dotty's bag sprang a very much-scared black kitty, who ran round and round in a circle and then jumped right up on Mr. Porter's shoulder! orter's shoulder

Porter's shoulder!

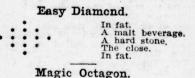
What a time followed!

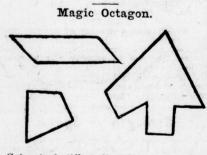
Mr. Porter, who hated cats, threw precious Tar Baby down on the floor with a bang, and away she ran out of the door. Some of the children were so frightened they began to cry, and all of them started at poor sorry Dotty.

"Dorothea Deering," said Mr. Porter, sternly, "go home at once and do not come back to-day. This is a school to educate children, not cats." educate children, not cats."

That night after Dotty had told mother all about it and had been forgiven, she

"Oh, mother, dear, I'll never dis-Mr. Porter was so cross and I thought Tar Baby was lost, but it was worst of all to see Miss Sally look so unhappy because one of her little girls was naughty on the very first day of school."





the three figures here given and put them together to form an octagon. This may be a little hard, but it can be done. Illustrated Rebus.



Buried School Things. "Billy Toppen Cilley," said his father, "my school era served to teach me punctual-

### PUZZLES AND PROBLEMS ity is a word boys late to school should think of often." My fourth is a quencher of thirst. My whole is a city in U. S. of A., That is well known to fame in a porkpacking way. "Well, unchristian George G., rap hyper-critically all you want," replied Billy.

## Ad ere long. Keep place on page. C. Ray On-

Prefix Puzzle. A letter placed before a storm Will give what each man has that's born.

'Pop may have always been on time as a

boy, but to-day pop erred in translating

2. Give it a place before a drink, E'en hardy seamen from it shrink. 3. Before what to a Queen death brought And gain what Rome did at the thought

4. Put it in place before a maid.

6. When put before where truth was found One needs must breast it, else be drowned. 7. Before what boys with guests must be You have what they would hate to see?

8. In front of what a blow will raise Will very likely Wall street craze?

### Odd Arithmetic. Take twenty from eighty and leave one undred. Queer subtracting, is it not? See hundred. Queer if you can do it.

A Charade.

My second's the same as my first.

Here is a question mark. Now the My first was the cause of old Adam's question is, what is it? Draw a line through the dots and find out.

## The Sugar Maple

green family of trees which we call "native," just as the Indians are native to America. That is, they were born here. They were never brought over from across the seas Among this big, green family is the

among this eig, green family is the candy tree—or sugar-maple. There are many other kinds of maple trees growing in many lands besides ours, even as far away as Asia, but the sugar maple is a real American and grows best in Vermont, New Hampshire, New York,

## TE have in this country a big Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. It is

this sweet tree that gives us our good maple sugar candy and syrups for our The sugar in this tree is the same as The sugar in this tree is the same as that in the sugarcane, and begins its journey up the tree early in the spring, as early as February, while other trees have apple, pear, cherry, plum and peach blossoms at work when all outdoors looks bleak and bare.

We bore little holes in the trunks of the trees not far from the grounds of the trees not far from the ground, and in these holes, pipes, often made of the elder, are placed, and then, drop by drop, the sweet sugar comes out

drop, the sweet sugar comes out into the buckets. Then it is put into huge kettles and boiled and boiled until the water is got out of it and it turns into sugar and syrup.

The wood of the sugar maple is good The wood of the sugar maple is good for firewood and charcoal, and from it some beautiful furniture is made, called bird's-eye maple, because of the strange twist in its grain that looks like the eye

## Answers to Last Week's

Puzzles and Problems

For the Big Word User. Ontology (on-tol-ogee).

Changed Letter Puzzle. Sally, Rally, dally, tally; 2, Joy, joy, boy, toy; 3, Dare, rare mare, care; 4, took, book, nook.

Polite Puzzle. Good dog do go.

Queer Substraction. From MCMV take C & V=MM. A Charade.

Somersault (sum-err-salt).

What Month?

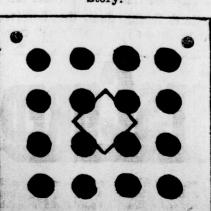
Enigma. (4) Lickin'. (1) Male, (2) Maine, (3) Will, (4) Li (5) Yale, (6) Kill, (7) William McKinley

Musical Puzzle.

The breaking waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods against a stormy sky Their giant branches tossed. And the heavy night hung dark

The hills and waters o'er
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

-Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Answer to a Fisherman's Puzzle Story.



# Che Greenwood Sixteen

## After Vacation. VACATION is over, And play-days are done, Now work has its innings, For school has begun.

From mountain and river, From lake and from sho The children flock gladly To studies once more.

Remember, you children. Who think that to play Beats study all hollow These words that we say. Though playtime, the glorious, To childhood is dear.

t would prove very s If lasting all year. So here's to the work-days,

With books to the fore, Ten months that will make us Love playtime the more.

Bobby, the Gloveless. OU know of that sad little kitten Who naughtily lost her mitten, But what would you say, Should I tell you to-day,

Though of gloves Bob has many a pair, He always is tearing his hair When he wants to go dut, Deafening all by his shout: "Say, mother, I've no gloves to wear!"

a boy with the same habit smitten?

ow mamma Kitty Kat did not choose hat young puss should her mitten So she gave her a cuff; Which is point, sure enough, What to do when Bob will his gloves

### The Harvest Moon.

how much more moonlight there seems to be in September than in her months? If it is clear, look at the on Wednesday. Thursday and Friday his week, and notice how it will aport to come up full about the same more to come up full about the same more than the Harwest Many. s is called the Harvest Moon. The aloon nearest the autumnal equinox, pealoon nearest the autumnal equinox, time tember 21, always has this look, Tipe it is then in that part of its call, then it makes the least possible on 5 ith the horizon.

becaed know that the Harvest Moon orb tin name because, occurring about and, for the annual harvest in Engliners evenings were so light the light of the annual harvest in the somafter sunset?

quer thing about the Harvest the tropics it does not have

EIGH HO, what's all this about?" asked Mr. Lowe when he caught sight of when he caught sight of the twinkling candles and the palms and the assembled audience. "A show! a show! Uncle Lowe!" cried the children, who dearly loved the old gentleman. "Sit right down with the rest".

llowed, Percy's and the others' voices could be heard in excited whispers down at the end of the piazza, where the perform-ers were gathered.

Like a good many grown-up performers, the four B's and their troupe were rather slow about beginning, so that the audience clapped hands impatiently and Mrs. Updegraff called out:



"Percy Opened His Lips to

Speak" You must make haste if I am to stay through the programme."

"All right, mother, just hold on one

giggled "Mumsey" Mc-Gregor, and then all the other mothers giggled, too, when Percy spreading his anky 'egs apart, gave a funny little jerk to his foreleck, and then, casting his gaze straight up at the roof of the plazza, opened his lips to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we hope you will enjoy our little entertainment this evening. We will first have—"

"Hold on there!" interrupted Eather evening. We will first have— "Hold on there!" interrupted Father Updegraff, "tell us first who the Four

"Oh, why, they're Miss Bessie and Mr. Benjy McGregor and Mr. Billy and Miss Beatrice Gear," explained Percy.
"Oh, I see, and the troupe means the rest of you, I suppose."
"Yes, father." answered Percy; then, turning to the audience: "We will first have a song, 'Way Down South,' by Mr. Cecil Hobbs."

Another jerk to his forelock, an abrupt bow and Percy retired, while "Mr." Cecil Hobbs, whose little bits of white knickerbockers gleamed above his bare brown knees and legs, came skipping out from behind the palms, and bowed so low that his curly brown head came near being scorched in the candle flames. "Too cunning for words!" exclaimed "Too cunning for words!" exclaimed Mrs. Gear in an undertone to Mrs. Updegraff, who smiled a silent assent.
"Bless his heart, I'd like to hug him this very minute!" whispered "Mumsey" McGregor, while Mrs. Hobbs just glowed all over with motherly pride as the brave little fellow sang:

Way down South, where the sly old possum Hides in the sycamore tree, etc., and when he had finished, how the fa-



thers and mothers and dear old Mr. Lowe applauded! 'Sing another song, Cecil," they all begged; but "I can't," explained Cecil,

for, in his modesty, he had never thought to prepare for an encore. Then Percy came out again.
"For pity's sake, Percy," cried his mother, "what are you staring at the ceiling for? Look at your audience, dear." But Percy's eyes would turn up! So

all through the programme the young manager did most of his speechmaking to the plazza roof. He announced: "We shall next have a song, 'Oh, Rosy, Will You be My Posy?' by Miss Florence Condit Gear." Florence Condit Gear."

Flossie came very near not obeying the summons, for she quite failed to recognize the high-sounding name by which her manager announced her. But when Percy whispered, "That means you, Flossie," she tripped out like a little lady and sang her song "most upliftingly," as Father McGregor remarked—that is, she litted herself up on tiptoe and tilted her little nose high whenever her voice ascended the scale, reachever her voice ascended the scale, reaching the climax at "Po-see!"
"Next," announced Percy, "we shall have a duet, 'Dickory, Dickory, Dock,' by Miss Elizabeth Irene McGregor and Mr. Herbert Horton Hobbs."

And so cumingly, aid little Pess and

Mr. Herbert Horton Hobbs."

And so cunningly did little Bess and sturdy Herbert recite their piece, hand in hand and swinging from side to side, that they were begged to do it all over again, and Major Hobbs caught Bessie up and kissed her before she retired from the stage.

"Now." said Percy, "you will hear a quartette, 'Hark, Ten Thousand Voices,' by the Four B's, followed by a cakewalk to the tune of 'Whistling Rufus,' also by the Four B's."

The quartette would have been solemn enough if it had not been for Billy, who excited wild laughter at the very outset by stumbling over the porch rug, and in his fall bowling over every one of the other B's, just as if they were dominoes set up on end.

But the cakewalk "took the cake," as the major afterward remarked. In fact, it pearly resulted. the major afterward remarked. In fact, it nearly gave him a spasm, he laughed so hard!

"Straighten up, Benjy." he managed to say; "if you don't, you may stay backward for keeps."

And then Cassie was next announced to recite "Roses Red and Violets Blue."

Every one was convulsed when she stalked out into the light of the candles, wearing an outgrown last summer's wearing an outgrown last summer's frock that ended two or three inches above the knees, so that between her dress and her short summer socks the



"Well! This is Surely a Pretty Sight"

"For shame, dear," cried "Mumsey"; you should not make fun of your own "She's all right, if she has rather thin, long legs," said the bluff Major. "Shshe's beginning to speak."

And so sweetly did Cassie give her little piece that Father McGregor, watching her beautiful blue eyes, quite forgot the awkward, overgrown legs.

"Next," said Percy, "we shall have the pleasure of hearing Mr. William Clark Gear sing 'Somebody Has My Heart."

cudence beheld two long, lank legs.

"Oh, that poor child" gasped "Mumsey" McGregor between fits of laughter. "It's a shame to make her wear that last summer's dress, but I imagine Nurse really hadn't another thing to put on her to-day."

"See here, Cassie," laughed Father, "See here, Cassie," laughed Father, McGregor, "why didn't you put on a corner, and could not be coaxed to sing about the somebody who had his heart. His manager waited a moment or two in some embarrassment, then proceeded to announce the next number.

the best of all, although he did nothing but repeat over and over again in girl, only just one girl, only girl, only just one girl, I'd be happy if if had only just one girl, 'I d be happy if I had only just one girl!"

"The last song of the evening," now announced Percy, "will be by Miss Beatrice Dorothy Gear, who will sing 'When Reuben Comes to Tewn." Now the Gears were Southern people and had a mammy nurse. The conse-quence was that Beatrice, who could not

yet speak very plainly, sang with a captivating accent:

"When Wooben comes to taown,
He's shuah to be done braown;
It's weealy vehy shockin',
A fac' that I deploah," etc.