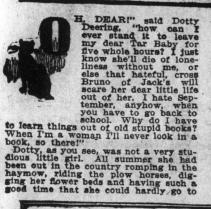
## The Doze stad Gille blow when he goes afishing The school boy with his satchel in his hand Conducted by Polly Evens. Whistling aloud to keep his courage up

TAR HABY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL



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rowdyism, ble carriage of the presce and presn England. ng as a kind es not seem

and ran upstairs with her bag, 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. Dotty 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.

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

was.

Mr. Porter said "amen" at once, and then asked in very cross tones,

"Where is that cat?"

No answer. Most of the children didn't knew, and Dotty, who did, was so



The Cat Jumped Out of the Bag

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.

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 mistress each morning by mi-auwing. Then what fine romps they would both have!

After to-morrow Dotty must leave her per for hours each day.

what fine romps they would both have!
After to-morrow Dotty must leave her
pet for hours each day.

"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 gouge a block, when
she heard a little sound, and there was
Tar Baby!

"Go back, you naughty puss! go
back!" 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
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
you!" 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!

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."

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

"Oh, mother, dear, I'll never dis-

all about it and had been location, said:

"Oh, mother, dear, I'll never disobey you again. It was awful when
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." Buried School Things. "Billy Toppen Cilley," said his father, "my school era served to teach me punctual-

The Grab Bag

Easy Diamond.

Magic Octagon.

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

Illustrated Rebus.

HO has seen a Chinaman's queue—"pigtail," you probably call it? Most of 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 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 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.

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.

ET Norway and Sweden on your maps. Do they not look like a long-necked animal opening its mouth to swallow little Denmark? Don't you think they should belong together? Well, the people of Norway don't agree with you. This last summer their Storthing, or Legislature, said to Sweden and her King: "We will not have you rule us any longer." As the people of these two countries, who are called Scandinavians, have been fighting, more or less, for hundreds of years, every one thought there would be war. But though King Oscar did not like very much to lose one-half his people and one-third of his land at once, they seem about to separate peacefully. Their old Viking ancestors would not have been so sensible. 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 calculator to have their accounts made out.

COUNTING 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 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

PUZZLES AND PROBLEMS

ity is a word boys late to school should think of often."
"Well, unchristian George G., rap hypercritically all you want," replied Billy. "Pop may have always been on time as a boy, but to-day pop erred in translating my French telegram, merely reading "Sure, Ad ere long. Keep place on page. C. Ray Onslager."

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

Give it a place before a drink, E'en hardy seamen from it shrink.

4. Put it in place before a maid, What were her life without its aid?

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?

Odd Arithmetic.

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

A Charade.

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

Is on the accuser apt to fall?

KNOWING how boys and girls structive stories about the doings of love a grab bag, Polly Evans will start one for you. In it you will find all kinds of queer, amusing or in-

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 they 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 waiting 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 gris are becoming such students that the evangelistas, as the letter writers are called, will soon be without customers.

But though King Oscar did not like very much to lose one-half his people and one-third of his land at once, they seem about to separate peacefully. Their old Viking ancestors would not have been so sensible.

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

My third is an insect that bothers us all.
My fourth is a quencher of thirst.
My whole is a city in our U. S. of A.,
That is well known to fame in a porkpacking way.

Outline Picture Puzzle.

Here is a question mark. Now the question is, what is it? Draw a line

OMMY BROWN was always 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. Tommy looked rather queer, for that 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. Brows 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 il."



Tommy Stood Before the School

lever would be late again. But he soon forgot.
At last his mother thought she would At last his mother thought she would teach him a lesson.

"Tommy," she said one day, "would you like to give the boys a sailing picnic to Idlewiid on Saturaay?"

"Would I?" cried Tommy; "well, I guess! May I ask the whole push mother?"

"Oh, Tommy, dear, why are you so slangy? Yes, ask all the boys. Let me 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 we're

"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 nothing, Tommy," repited 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? Mrs. Brown, who had arranged with the mothers of the boys to have each come at a different hour, might have told.

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 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 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 and naturalized.

Among this big, 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 awy as Asia, but the sugar maple is a real American and grows best in Vermont, New Hampshire, New York,

The wood of the sugar candy and syrups for our cakes.

The sugar in this tree is the same an 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 ground, and in these holes, pipes, often made of the elder, are placed, and then, drop by 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 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 of a bird.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

For the Big Word User.

Ontology (on-tol-ogee).

Changed Letter Puzz'a 1. Sally, Rally, dally, tally; 2, Roy, boy, toy; 3, Dare, rare mare, cook, took, book, nock.

Polite Puzzle.

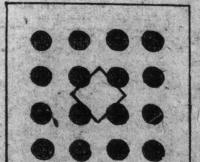
Good dog do go. Queer Substraction.

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

ult (sum-err-salt). What Month?

Enigma. (1) Male, (2) Maine, (3) Will. (4) Lickin'. (5) Yale, (6) Kill, (7) William McKinley. Musical Puzzle. The broaking 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 derk
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



## My first was the cause of old Adam's downfall. My second's the same as my first. through the dots and find out. 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 shore, 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, It would prove very stupid. If lasting all year.

Bobby, the Gloveless. Y OU know of that sad little kitten ... Who naughtily lost her mitten, ... But what would you say, ... Should I tell you to-day, ... of a boy with the same habit smitten?

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

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

The Harvest Moon.

The Harvest Moon.

DiD you ever notice, boys and girls, how much more moonlight there seems to be in September than in other months? If it is clear, look at the moon Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week, and notice how it will appear to ceme up full about the same time each evening.

This is called the Harvest Moon. The full moon nearest the autumnal equinox, on September 21, always has this look, because it is then in that part of its orbit when it makes the least possible angle with the horizon.

Do you know that the Harvest Moon gained its name because, occurring about the time of the annual harvest in England, the evenings were so light the farmers could continue their work in the fields long after sumset?

One queer thing about the Harvest Moon is that to Polly Evans' little friends in the tropics it does not have this appearance of being just the same for three nights, while to the children who live in Canada or in Greenland, the phenomenon is much plainer than if they were in the United States.

Who can guess the reason for this?

EIGH HO, what's all this about?" asked Mr. Lowe 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."

"Sit right down with the rest."

Then, in the hush that followed, Percy's and the others' voices could be heard in excited whispers down at the end of the plazza, where the performers 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. Updegrag called out:



"Percy Opened His Lips to Speak"

"Percy, don't be all night about it! You must make haste if I am to stay through the programme."

"All right, mother, just hold on one minute!" cried Percy, and then he could be heard giving a last whispered warning to some forgetful performer.

At last all was ready, and Percy, acting as manager, appeared first behind

the footlights, which were six little candles stuck on a board.

"Tee-ee!" glggled "Mumsey" Mc-Gregor, and then all the other mothers giggled, too, when Percy, spreading his lanky legs apart, gave a funny little jerk to his forelock, 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 ehtertalnment this evening. We will first have—"

"Hold on, there!" interrupted Father Updegraff, "tell us first who the Four B's are."

"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."

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 searched in the candle flames. "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

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



Major Hubbs Kissed Bessie

thers and mothers and dear Lowe applauded!

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 piazza roof. He announced:

"We shall next have a song, 'Oh, Rosy, Will You be My Posy?' by Miss 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 lifted herself up on tiptoe and tilted her little nose high whenever her voice ascended the scale, reaching the cilmax 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 cunningly did liftile 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 cake-walk 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 wiid 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 dominees set up on end.

But the cakewalk "took the cake," as 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 back-ward for

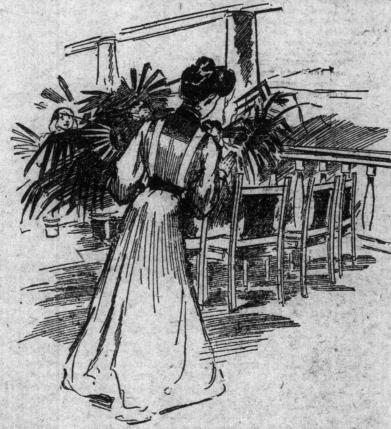
it nearly gave him a spasm, he laughed so hard!

"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."
Byery one was convulsed when she stalked out into the light of the candles, 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 audience 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 McGregor, "why didn't you put on a summer-before-last frock and have your manager announce you as Mademoiselle Cassie Hale McGregor, the Beauteous Fairy Fay Ballet Dancer?"



"Well! This is Surely a Pretty Sight'

"For shame, dear," cried "Mumsey";
"you should not make fun of your own daughter."

"She's all right, if she has rather thin, long legs, "said the bluff Majer. "She'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."

But. on hearing the announcement, "Mr." Billy, suddenly becoming bashful, hid in 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.

"Mr. Thomas Bayliss McGregor will now sing the song entitled 'Just, One Girl."

When the little brown-eyed fellow