

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by Ada W. Paul.

Well, vacation is nearly over and long before we get our next Children's Page you will all be back at school and settled down to work again.

I wonder how many of you realize what school means to you and your future. Quite a good many I know do take advantage of every opportunity to learn, but there are lots who do not, I am sorry to find.

It is all very fine thinking it does not matter now if you do not pass out of your grade each year, but there is a future to think of also, and there is going to be less and less room as time goes on for the uneducated man.

Just take a look around you and see who it is who is getting on right now. You will find it is the man who realizes this and is getting to know all he can. Sit down and think for a minute of the boys and girls who have left school since you can remember, and what they are doing now. You will find that those who stuck to their lessons are very probably going to high school, with the prospect of some day getting to be something worth while, and those who didn't work just drifted on until they reached the age when they could leave, have probably forgotten most of what they learned and have absolutely no prospects of anything but just laboring. Then think which you want to follow, the fellow with the whole world open to him, or the one with nothing but living the same old grind day in, day out. Think also that some of the world's greatest men started life with no better, many of them with not as good a chance of an education as you have, yet they worked for it, and without exception acknowledge that they would never have attained the position they did without the education. Then make up your minds that you are not going to be left behind in the future.

DR KATT

(By Mary Hanson)

The kitens four of Mother Puss Were out of health one day; Their tongues were white, their eyes were red, They could not eat or play.

She sent at once for Dr. Katt, Well known for being wise, He felt their pulse, he saw their tongues, And looked into their eyes.

"'Tis catalsy," then he said, But not a case severe; And some slight signs of cataract

About their eyes appear, "So keep them dosed on catnip tea,

And you may be assured No other treatment will they need And soon they will be cured."

Now Mother Puss was so much pleased

With Dr. Katt's advice, She paid his bill, and gave him then

A pair of pickled mice.

PLANTING POLES

"Talking about North Poles," remarked MacMannus, "here's a study in poles that would even give Dr. Cook a headache."

"In building a fence around my square lot, I find that if I put the poles two feet apart, I shall be shy 110 poles, whereas if I put them two yards apart I shall have 90 poles over. Now who can tell how many square feet there are in my lot?"

Mary had a little lamb, Some steak and mushroom stew, And when she went to bed that night, She had the nightmare too.

THE PALACE OF FONTAINBLEAU

It would be hard to find a greater contrast to the humble cottage where Napoleon was born than the Palace of Fontainebleau, where he spent so much of his time when at the height of his glory and where he planned many of his most important military campaigns.

This palace, which is one of the French national monuments, is kept in most wonderful order, and is crammed with interesting things belonging to the many Royalists who lived there at different times, as well as with relics of Napoleon.

I was staying just outside the palace gates for a couple of months, and I was vouched for by my patient's husband, Mous. Edmond Bapst, then first secretary at the foreign ministry. I was allowed to come and go as I liked, and did not need to go around with the sightseeing parties, so I saw many interesting things, some of which, though it is nearly eleven years ago since I saw them last, are still very fresh in my memory, and I want to tell you about them.

Suppose we begin with the rooms of Marie Antoinette, which were to me the most interesting and attractive of any in the Palace, largely, perhaps, because they were so essentially womanly, and also because they were so absolutely what one would expect the rooms of such a dainty patrician woman to be.

In the salon every article such as chairs, couches, cushions, and even the great long curtains were covered with beautiful needlework executed by the Empress and her ladies. One especially interesting thing I remember was a little five screen shaped like a little banner and hung on a carved wooden stand, which was entirely worked by Marie Antoinette herself, still standing in front of the fireplace just as she might have placed it to save her skin from the heat, and alongside of it was a little wooden work table which had belonged to her. Of course it was kept fastened, as some mean person had tried to steal some of the contents some time before, but one day I was able to persuade the old soldier in charge of her apartments to open it for me, and there inside, amongst a few things was her little golden thimble. I looked at it, so pitifully small for a grown-up person, and I could not help thinking of her riding to her execution in a rough cart with the same hand which was so small clasped tightly, and her dainty figure, still dainty in spite of her terrible sufferings at the hands of the Paris mob, held erect, making, read in a history of her last days written by those around about her, some of the most hardened feel ashamed, and I did not want to see any more that day. Another day when I went, the old man, who by the way, was, as were all the other guides and guards at the Palace an old soldier, drew my attention to the clock on the mantle piece, which like every other clock in the Palace, never mind how old, is kept in working order and keeps excellent time. He showed me how it had a tiny little musical box attached, which, punctually at 12 o'clock each day plays such a pretty little tune called "It rains, it rains, Shepherders," in the quaint little way, not at all like the modern music machines, but thin and clear, almost like a peal of tiny bells, and he told me how a relative of his mother's had been a femme de chambre at the Palace and had seen the Empress holding the little Dauphine up

to listen to the music many times.

Another lovely room was the bed-chamber of Marie Antoinette but I am afraid that you would not think the bed, though it was very ornamental and had beautifully embroidered coverings, was very comfortable. There were not any pillows, just a hard roll across the top which is called a bolster. And I am sure you would have been amused at the wash hand-basin and jug, both so small that one wondered if they ever washed any more than their hands, but both very lovely and very valuable.

In this room was a rather pathetic thing; the cradle of the little Dauphine. It was even more elaborate than Marie Antoinette's bed, made of a beautiful wood, I think it was mahogany, all inlaid, but it must not have been very comfortable, for it was padded all around the sides and bottom, and the padding was fastened down every few inches, so that it made hard-wood lumps which, notwithstanding the fact that they were covered with pale-blue satin, must have been anything but easy to lie on. There was very little other furniture belonging to her in the Palace, for of course, most of the royal possessions were either destroyed or lost during the riots.

Now for the room of Napoleon and Josephine. It was not nearly so pretty; in fact, was not pretty at all, being very much what we would call nowadays, "get-rich-quick" type, plenty of velvet hangings and gilding, but, if I remember rightly, an almost entire absence of the dainty personal touch of Marie Antoinette's rooms. One, I remember, looked something like those pattern-room one sometimes sees in exhibitions, the furniture was not of anything like as good design, and the walls were paneled in rather a bright green with a golden bee on every few inches. The office, or whatever you call it, of Napoleon, was very interesting, and somehow fitted into the idea of a great soldier better than any of the other rooms associated with him. There was a large flat-topped desk in the center, and round the walls were maps of his various campaigns. That of his last campaign still had the little flags representing the different military units sticking in it, and standing in front was a little step-ladder on wheels which he used in moving them about. Of course there was a rail in front to keep people from stealing the flags and things.

Another place associated perhaps more closely with Napoleon than any other in the eyes of the public was the great courtyard where he reviewed troops, and where he said farewell to his Old Guard. This is situated right facing the main street of Fontainebleau. The Palace runs along three sides of it and the fourth is occupied by an elaborate iron railing with huge gates in the center. Only the side gates are used now, unless for some great procession, and no vehicles can enter the courtyard. This, by the way, is paved all over with round cobblestones, which must have, indeed, been anything but comfortable to ride on, especially when one considers that the state coaches, etc., of those days were great heavy clumsy vehicles with no springs, usually with iron rims on the wheels, and drawn by two or more great, heavy Flemish horses. Cannot you imagine the noise there must have been when there was a big affair on at the Palace. I remember seeing one of these coaches in the Musee Cligny in Paris and the work on

it must have been enormous, and all done by hand, but perhaps that was why it lasted so well. There were lots of other interesting things in the Palace, but I think these will have to do for this time. All being well, I will tell you next month about some of the places and things in the grounds; for I am sure you will like to hear of them, especially of the Lake of the Carp, some of which fish are supposed to be still alive.

Last month we got far as across the big railroad bridge. Now for what we saw on the other side.

Of course, there were five or six and only four corner windows to look out of, there was very often trouble as to who should sit in them. Our Old Nurse used to make a sort of reward for good behavior, starting with putting the four girls in these seats, but I must confess that we did not stay there long, and usually it was I who made the first move—somehow I couldn't resist doing the wrong thing. Once I remember I dropped poor Araminta Jane out of the window and had to be forcibly held back from following her. Fortunately, it was just going into a station, or depot, as you call it, where the train stopped, so I soon got her back. She was put up on the baggage rack where I could not get her and I spent about an hour sitting with my eyes fixed on her. I believe I thought she would jump and run away or something.

Well, just after we crossed the river, Mersey, we came to a great chemical works, you could smell it for miles and miles, and the windows were tightly shut until we were past. There was one thing strange about those works. Scattered amongst them were great heaps of slag, or metal refuse, not a bit of soil on them, yet a lovely blue flower grew all over them, a flower which I never came across anywhere else. After we passed these works we began to get into the real country again, and there was the fun of looking for such things as culms and little lambs. One game was count all the little black lambs, but though the train did not go very fast, we often missed a great many for the fields were large and often had hundreds of sheep in them. There were several kinds of sheep to be seen, but I think our favorites were the black-faced ones. The older sheep had got used to the trains passing, but the lambs used to get awfully scared, and scamper off on their long shaggy legs in a comical fashion. After a while we got into North Wales and there the sheep were different, much smaller with more black ones amongst them, but no white ones with black faces and their coats were of much finer wool. Then there were the pigs. They, too, were often black and some of them used to shine like a newly polished stove, but the red ones were my favorites. I think I used to feel sorry for them. You see when I was a little girl I had very red hair and I used to think maybe the other pigs, especially the black ones, used to tease them, like the children did me. Then I thought there was one good thing for them, their hair was not curly like mine, so nobody wanted to pull it, but then I was such a little nuisance at asking questions that I am afraid many people did not bother to try to answer them. What with my questions and the constant trying to keep us from getting out, washed dresses and petticoats, white stockings, etc., dirty, so that we would be fairly presentable at the journey's end, our

poor nurse had a bad time. Not that that was anything new, for between us we were usually up to some mischief, so much so that if we were quiet for long at anytime when she could not see us, she used to call out "I don't know what you children are doing, but it is sure to be something wrong, so just stop."

The place we stayed at was a little village in Wales, so just as soon as we were in Wales we used to get ready for getting out quite forgetting that we had another two hours' journey before us. Then one would begin to wonder if the driver would run past the station and all sorts of things like that, so that when we finally did arrive and found everything the same as it was last year we could scarcely believe it.

That little station was a wonderful garden, all sorts of beautiful flowers grew in it and on each side there was a long flower-bed with the name of the station in big letters in red geraniums. There was also a kitchen garden on the bank just outside the station where the signal box was, and the signal man always had a basket ready for us. He used to pretend there was nothing in it but potatoes, always putting a layer right on the top, but way down at the bottom there was always a layer of lovely big, fat, red gooseberries, and very often other fruit as well.

We finally got off for our cottage and then and there there were all sorts of things and people to be looked for. Some of them were quite old friends for we went to the same place year after year, but as we seem to have taken quite a time to get this far, I am afraid I will have to tell you about them next month.

NUMBER SEVEN FLANNAGAN

(By Miss Pascall)

(Concluded)

It was early in April that Number Seven called one evening at Miss Gladden's boarding-place. She was at supper and invited him to sit down too, but he remained standing, whirling his ragged cap round and round. With an inward amusement she noted his hair, plastered down to his forehead, and the boundary line where the cleaned portion of his face met the virgin soil. It was evident that Number Seven had made a toilet before this important evening call.

"A pleasant evening?" she inquired conversationally.

Flannagan, like the epic, plunged at once into the midst of affairs.

"Saturday, the Firecrackers are going to murder the Juvenile Indians," he remarked succinctly. "Oh, how grand!" exclaimed Miss Gladden with enthusiasm. "Where's the game to be given, I want to go."

"In that there vacant lot down there this side of Tim Murphy's saloon."

"All right, Michael, thank you ever so much for telling, I'll be glad to come. When will the game be called, and what's the admission?"

"Game's to be called at two sharp, and here's a complimentary at'll let you by," replied Flannagan with suppressed pride.

Miss Gladden took the greasy card he handed her and never even smiled as she saw the inscription:

Admit one lady with gold tooth.

"I'll be there, Michael, without fail, and here, let me give you a mascot." As she spoke she unclasped the gold pin from her

collar and fastened it on the boy's ragged coat. "It's an Irish shamrock," she explained "and will sure bring you good luck."

"If you're there, we'll lick 'em all right, all right," he half-whispered, and then bolted for the gate, whistling "There'll be a hot time" in a minor key.

Miss Gladden looked after him with glistening eyes. "He's just a grand little scout," she said aloud.

The day of the great game was ideal. Miss Gladden put on a white flannel suit with a flaming red tie, the colors of the Firecrackers being red and white, and started off cheerily to the game.

It did not disconcert her in the least that she was the only adult in the midst of a crowd of hoodlums. They were perfectly cause of the red tie, or from fear courteous to her, whether be of Hammer-fist Flannagan, who was absolutely interested in her comfort, she did not try to decide. Number Seven found her a seat on an inverted beer-keg, which he had gallantly covered with an old Sunday supplement.

The game started with wild enthusiasm, and presently Miss Gladden found herself hoarse from much shouting. She found herself heartily in accord with a little Irish girl beside her, who characterized Flannagan's batting as "some classy."

In spite of the Firecrackers' expert playing, the score remained close clear to the last inning. Then came the crisis. Number Seven Flannagan was at the bat. With anxious eyes, Miss Gladden watched the swirling, curving ball as it flew across the diamond. Flannagan's bat arose, a delicate touch, and the ball bounded back in a curve of beauty. He started to run. Miss Gladden held her breath. A roaring came in her ears, and she was not conscious until later that she had climbed up on the keg and had shrieked like a calloope: "Go to it, Flannagan, go to it! Do it for my sake, Flannagan!"

"Home run! the game's ours!" shrieked the Firecrackers.

Weak and panting for breath, Miss Gladden sank upon the keg.

Flannagan, his face a flaming poppy color, was being lifted tenderly from the ground where he had slid at full length to touch the goal. His team crowded around him, deferentially contending for the honor of wiping the mud from his torn trousers.

As she came up to congratulate Flannagan, Miss Gladden was conscious of feeling a bit envious of his success—it was so glorious. "It was a great game," she said radiantly, "the finest I ever saw, Michael."

"Oh, rather," said Number Seven modestly, "They're an easy bunch to lick—that Pat Mulligan pitches like a girl."

Miss Gladden went home in a thoughtful frame of mind. "In years to come," she mused, "Michael Flannagan will be a force in the world—he has the spirit that wins. As for me—in my school-room I'll grow old and tired, and the world will forget that I ever lived. Is it worth it?"

The next day as Michael Flannagan sat between his mother and sister Nora at high mass, his eye remained glued upon the Virgin's face. "Ain't she pretty?" whispered Nora ecstatically. "I could sit and gawp at her till I died, if it wasn't so bold-like."

"Oh I don't know," said Number Seven judiciously. "She'd look better to me if she had a gold tooth."

(THE END)