

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS Conducted by Polly Evans

"Dull November brings the blast, Hark! the leaves are whirling fast!"

Football Ball Long Ago

OF COURSE all Polly Evans' boys, and probably a good many of her girls, are terribly excited over football just now. Perhaps, some of the boys are on their school teams and are already thinking of the great game they will make for themselves by and by. But the young college-nomads that will go down to each succeeding class as of really big men in the football world.

At any rate, every boy and most girls like his or her favorite team. Oh, the disappointment when it is knocked out! My, how we do love when our side wins! And how eagerly we watch the papers or bulletin boards, or better the girl at the telephone exchange, to hear the latest return when a big game with our particular school or college is on.

Now, boys and girls, do you know that other boys and girls have been doing just this very thing for ages and ages. Not ringing the telephone or watching bulletin boards, but of course, there was none-but getting just as excited over football as any twentieth century American.

For football, you must understand, is a very old game, so old we do not know exactly its origin. The old Greeks and Romans used to have a game that was quite similar to our modern football. One Italian writer says it was invented by a woman, Nannote, and that it was played by women back in the days of which Homer writes.

The early Greeks called their game of football "epinakia," because the players pretended to send their ball in the wrong direction. Then the Romans took it up, and it was called *epinakia*. In Italy football games were to be very popular, and were often followed by a great pagan and masquerade.

In April, 184, a great game was played in Florence to honor a visiting Prince and Princess, which cost the lives of the players were very noble people and three of them later became Popes of Rome.

Then, so far back that no one really knows who introduced it, though it is doubtless the Roman game, was played in England.

The first mention of it that has come down to us was by a man named Ptolemy, who wrote a history of London. He tells us that in the twelfth century the game of football was very popular, and was often followed by a great pagan and masquerade.

Then Shakespeare speaks of football players several times in a rather uncomplimentary fashion. As for the Puritans, they used to think it was "enough to bring the end of the world."

But, you see, no one can say for certain whether it is a good or bad sport, but it has been going on for hundreds of years. For a time all interest in football was dead.

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Nov. 24—Among the members of the League of Nations, the United States is the only one that has not yet joined.

Nov. 24—The Dominion of Wales is a part of the United Kingdom, and is ruled by the British monarch.

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died out—and the game as we know it, as it is played by the big colleges and universities, only dates from the late fifteenth century, when the big boys' schools, Rugby and Eton, revived it again.

The first intercollegiate football game in America under the Rugby rules, which, as all boys know, is what we generally use now, though our game differs somewhat from the English game, was played at New Haven in 1862 between Yale and Harvard.

Then the ball was different, too. First, it used to be just an inflated bladder into which the country boys would put pease and beans to make a rattling noise when it was kicked. Then the bladder was covered with leather, and still later it was made of a hollow globe of india rubber, cased in leather.

Not only is football a very old game, but it is played by boys in all parts of the world. Out in the Philippines and the other far-off islands of the Pacific the boys use a light ball, made of thin, split films of twisted bamboo, while the Indians have a ball made of animal skins, only leather. Is it not strange to learn all this about the game all Polly Evans' friends love so dearly? I suppose it only shows it's a pretty nice kind of a game after all.

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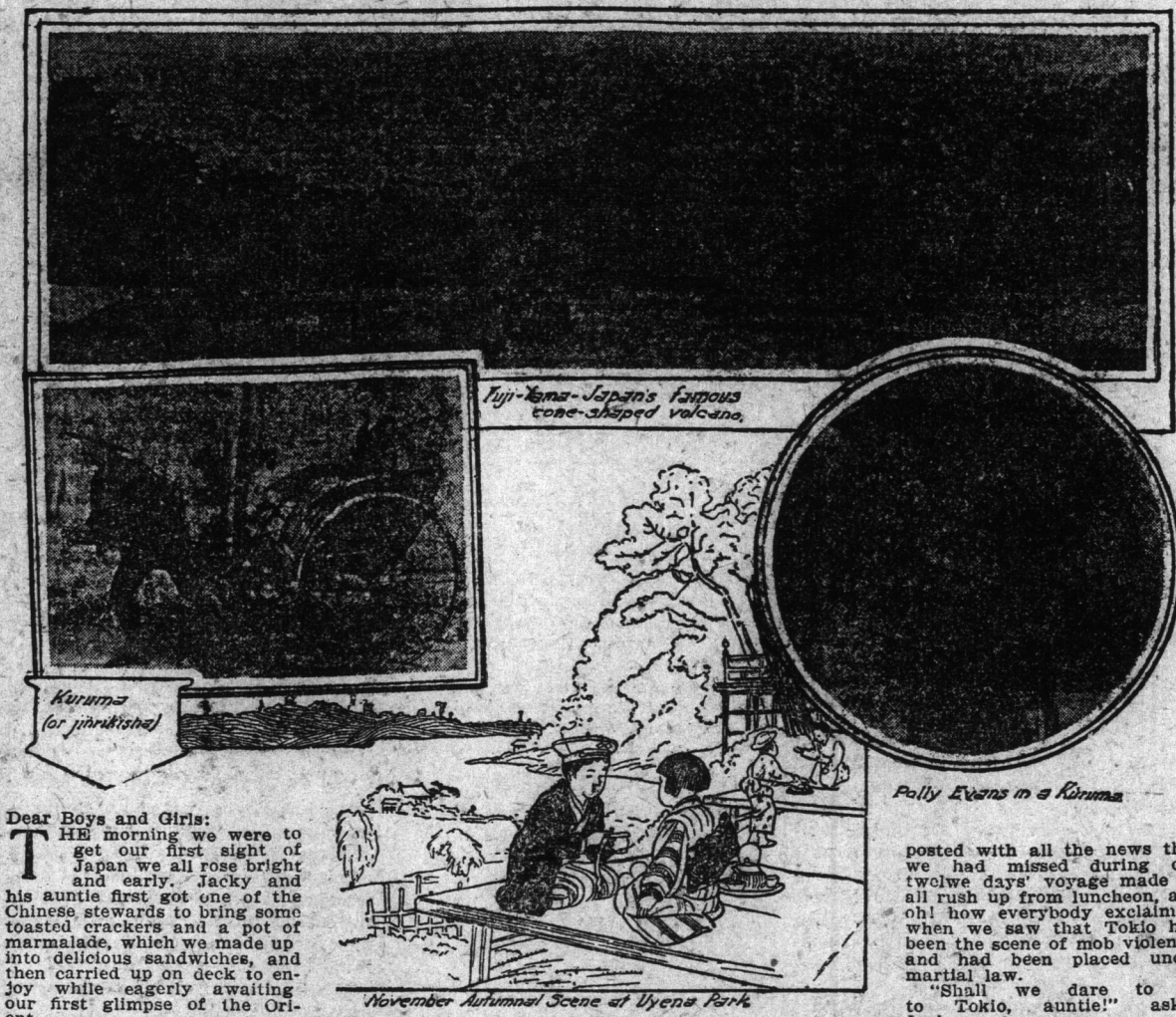
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Polly Evans and Jacky Reach Japan



November Autumnal Scene at Yokohama

Dear Boys and Girls: This morning we were to get our first sight of Japan. We were all very excited, and early, Jacky and his auntie first got one of the Chinese stewards to bring some toasted crackers and a pot of marmalade, which was made up into delicious sandwiches, and then carried up on deck. Jacky was very eager to see the first glimpse of the Orient.

A score of fellow-passengers were leaning on the railing with us, all looking for land, when, all of a sudden, we heard the loud cry, "Land overboard!" Almost immediately the officer on the bridge rang the bell, signaling for the engines to stop. Then the big Chinese boatwain came rushing up on the deck, where we were, and shouted quick orders to the sailors to loosen the ropes and let down a life-boat.

But our vessel (which is over twice as long as the Flatiron Building, of New York, is high) was too heavy to be stopped quickly, and so by the time the engines had slowed down and we had turned back to the place where the accident had occurred, not a sign of the lost man could be seen.

"Poor fellow, who was he?" asked the boy who was with me. "That crazy fellow who was asked to keep in touch since our voyage began," said one.

Nevertheless, we circled slowly round and round for fully an hour, the life-boat hanging close to the surface of the sea, ready for a dash to the rescue, and the officers on the bridge scanning the waters on all sides through the glasses for any possible sign of the lost man. But nothing was discovered, and finally we sorrowfully gave up the search and once again turned our bows toward Yokohama, land having already been sighted.

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The Fairies' Friend

ONCE upon a time a small boy lay down under a chestnut tree to rest. He was a very little fellow—so little that the fairies still whispered to him their choicest secrets, for fairies, you know, would much rather talk to children than to grown people. When a boy starts to say there are no fairies, you can be very sure he has begun to grow up, and the elfin people will have nothing more to do with him.

But the boy under the chestnut tree was still on their visiting list. He had many callers from Fairyland at the most unexpected times, but they were always welcome.

Oh! how he loved them. When the small boy was little he would cry to his father and mother, his face beaming with joy: "Tome twick, tome twick, my father is here! Don't you see him? Don't you see him?" Then his mother would say: "He will be a great poet."

"A poet! There are none any more," his father would answer, and he would play with other boys to knock the nonsense out of him.

But, oh! how disappointed the small boy was that his parents could not see his friends. He pushed his tiny mouth till he remembered that the eyes of his father and mother could not be expected to see any one so tiny and transparent as a fairy.

Since no one understood, the small boy stopped talking of his visitors. But his mother always knew when they came, or, if mother sight is sometimes poor, she knew by the look of her little boy. When his big blue eyes grew dreamy with a faraway look, then his mother never disturbed him, for she knew his fairies were with him.

The mischievous sprites from Nid-nod land were the most frequent visitors, but the water keelie came almost as often. Indeed, when they stayed away then the small boy's bath was a very

stupid affair; but when they came, what a splashing and spluttering there was. The small boy began to feel queer. He turned a sickly green, and oh, how ill he felt!

"I'm smoking so as not to grow up and lose my fairies," he cried. Mother seemed to smile, and other boys, who were rather fond of him, began to coddle, while father said, "He'll not be a doctor's patient, but he'll be a little black imp who floated on the sunbeams."

Strange to say, the small boy had never met the bad fairy. He was very glad of this, for the good fairies had many dreadful tales to tell of their wickedness. One day, when he was a little older, he met the bad fairy.

To-day, as the small boy lay under the chestnut tree, he was sad at heart. That morning he had seen his father say, "That boy springs up like a bad weed."

Now the small boy had not been intimate so long with the fairy folk without knowing their dislike of grown people. He was filled with a terrible dread

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