

MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1891 WEEKLY (NOW RURAL DAILY) 1897

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1910.

20c A MONTH BY MAIL IN ADVANCE \$2.00 PER YEAR BY MAIL IN ADVANCE

## THE GREAT QUEERITY PROBLEM

### What Happened When Frank Williams Tried to Solve It

BY ARTHUR MORGAN LANGWORTHY

Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.

PRAIRIEVILLE ACADEMY and Groveville Preparatory School had competed in a grand dual athletic meet every year as far back as any one could remember.

The results were always close, as the schools were most evenly matched, and rarely was a contest won by more than a margin of one or two points; so you can imagine the keen rivalry between the two seats of learning.

Another thing that gave an added interest to the annual meet was a peculiar "stunt" that marked each struggle. This was the event called the Queerity. Introduced years ago to add a bit of fun to the struggle, it made such a hit that it became a recognized feature. It didn't count as much as the other events in the scoring, but on several occasions the winning of the Queerity decided the meet. So each school regarded it pretty seriously, even if the public took it as a joke. Usually it constituted a roaring comedy



But His Haste Was Fatal, for He Stuck Fast

to the spectators. The queerities of the past included handspinning races, still races, "chariot" races on oval wheels, &c., and the queerity of 1910 was called the great barrel dash.

Don't you think it meant just rolling a barrel. No such easy thing as running behind a barrel was allowed. The racer had to run on the barrel and stay on top of it. Each racer must have considerable acrobatic ability, for it is quite a circus feat to balance yourself on an overturned barrel and propel it forward at a fair clip. In order to revolve the barrel so it will roll forward you must keep stepping forward, somewhat as if you were trying to run backward on a treadmill.

So when the joint athletic committee announced what the next Queerity was to be the whole academy naturally turned to Bob Edwards to uphold its honor in this event, for Bob was the greatest acrobat and contortionist in the school. He could do numerous balancing acts and could even walk a tight rope as far as twenty feet. But with all his attainments he found barrel rolling needed a great deal of training to attain the necessary control and balance, and so formed the habit of practicing on any promising looking barrel he happened to find. And here is where his enthusiasm overcame his judgment, and he met with the disaster that directly resulted in the great Queerity problem.

It happened this way:—About a month before the athletic meet Bob happened to pass through the academy hall, and spied the big barrel that usually stood under the stairs, into which the waste paper baskets were emptied. Unfortunately it was empty. Bob knew that at this hour Mr. Hackett, the principal, was upstairs with a class in algebra. Bob rolled the barrel out from under the stairs, hopped upon it and began his lesson in this new branch of athletic learning. All would have been well had "Hack"—as the boys irreverently called him—been where Bob thought he was, and had the barrel responded properly to the control of Bob's dancing feet.

Bob's idea was to propel it down the hall. The barrel didn't see it that way, so it suddenly turned at right angles, rolled out from under poor Bob and shot toward the door of the nearest classroom just as Mr. Hackett opened it.

That barrel not only upset Mr. Hackett right before the whole laughing class but it upset his dignity so that when Bob passed through the cyclone that followed, the young acrobat found himself condemned to remain after school each afternoon for the next thirty days.

All pleadings for pardon were rejected by Mr. Hackett. He was a stern disciplinarian, who believed in ruling with a rod of iron.

When a deputation composed of the leading athletes of the academy ventured to appeal to his "school spirit" he dismissed them curtly, telling them that while he was sorry it interfered with their plans discipline must be maintained even if the school lost a dozen victories.

Frank Williams knew the principal's peculiarities probably as well as any one in the school.

"No, it isn't so much that he don't care whether we win or not," remarked Frank afterward, "but Hack can't forgive Bob for making such a chump of him before the class. That's what's the real trouble. He's been interested enough in the other

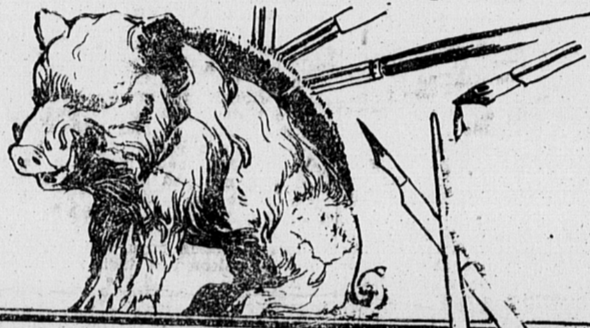


MODEST STEAD

That Barrel Not Only Upset Old Hackett, but It Upset His Dignity

### A BORED PEN WIPER

BY VAN VLIET ADLING



I'm sore  
That I can't run about on the floor  
And roar.  
But I sit on my shin  
And I grin and I grin  
Like a satisfied pig to the core.  
You must know that I'm not a real bear;—  
At least  
Not one that on gore makes a feast.  
I've ceased  
To expect much of life,  
But the struggle and strife  
And the pricks are daily increased.  
For I'm naught but the slave of a pen.  
You!  
And I live on a "den,"  
And then  
There's a man who can't think  
Spills a whole lot of ink  
On the paper again and again.  
He, too, is a terrible bore.  
What's more,  
He's sure he's an author of lore  
Galore,  
And his pen's such a pack  
He wipes all on my back,  
And that's what my bristles are for.

body "more" and uncomfortable; but he used to give up good points at that. Now the thing to do is to fix up a scheme to win out anyhow.

"But how are we going to get Bob in shape if he has to stay in every afternoon? You know Mr. Hackett locks up that classroom tight as a prison. He'll do just what he's done to every one of us some time or other—lock him in and then come back around six to let him out. How are you going to do it? If it was any of us we could train at some other time in the day, but Bob's father nearly works him to death in his store, besides making him do chores up at the farm. He never has any time off except that little bit after school," said Ned Wilson, gloomily.

"And here's Hack gone and taken it all away by jailing him for a month! What chance has he got to get trained properly, with the Queerity coming off only a couple of days after his month's up?" added Gregory Gordon.

"Well, boys, I don't say I can solve the problem, but I'm going to try. I've got an idea already. It may get us into trouble if Hack finds it out, but the athletic honor of the school is in peril, and when it comes to choosing between defending that or knocking down to discipline, me for honor every time!" cried Frank eloquently, if not very grammatically, and then he told them his plan.

The next day half an hour before school opened Frank Williams dodged from behind the hedge that bounded the school grounds and rapidly rolled a large sugar barrel across the yard, disappearing into the rear basement door, which was always left unlocked, as are most doors in the country.

That same day, half an hour after school closed, if Mr. Hackett had suddenly decided to return after locking Bob in his classroom he would have found it empty.

Bob had escaped through the transom. The transom was part of Frank's scheme. For jailing purposes Mr. Hackett had put a lock on it from the outside, but Frank planned to slip up stairs and unlock the transom every afternoon after the principal's departure. This he did. Bob climbed over and the two "struck it" to the big, cool, cement paved basement,

where a suppressed shout greeted them from the waiting committee.

"Well, I guess this comes pretty near solving the problem," chuckled Frank, as they proceeded to put Bob through his first afternoon's work. The cellar affixed a broad span of smooth space perfectly adapted to the gyrations of the rolling barrel, and the initial try-out proved a grand success.

The athletic prisoner trained faithfully day after day. Of course, the boys couldn't be there all the time, as most of them were in daily training themselves at Prairie Oval track, where the meet was to be held. But a lookout was always posted in the road to signal the principal's approach; then Bob would hustle upstairs and pop through the transom in time to receive his jailer; barely in time more than once.

One day Bob got an unexpected hurry call to "break training." Mr. Hackett had come by a different way, across the fields, surprising the lookout in the road. Bob literally hurled himself into the transom opening in a wild effort to get through, but his haste was fatal, for he stuck fast, while Frank (who happened to be with him) tried desperately to shove and pry him through.

Frank didn't desert him until they heard Mr. Hackett's key fumble in the main entrance, and then he rushed for the basement, forced to leave Bob's wailing legs to greet the principal. By this time Bob was yelling at the top of his voice for the sharp edge of the transom dog into him terribly.

As soon as he recovered from his surprise Mr. Hackett promptly grasped Bob by his legs and, giving one mighty yank, pulled the tortured youth out of the transom.

"Trying to escape, were you?" thundered Mr. Hackett sternly, taking Bob by the collar. "Well, we'll have to lock you up in safer quarters. Next time I'll find a place where you can't get out. I'll put you in the basement. Come down with me now while I take a look at it." And the principal, with one big hand on Bob's shoulder, forced the terror-stricken prisoner down the stairs to inspect his

where a suppressed shout greeted them from the waiting committee.

"Well, I guess this comes pretty near solving the problem," chuckled Frank, as they proceeded to put Bob through his first afternoon's work. The cellar affixed a broad span of smooth space perfectly adapted to the gyrations of the rolling barrel, and the initial try-out proved a grand success.

The athletic prisoner trained faithfully day after day. Of course, the boys couldn't be there all the time, as most of them were in daily training themselves at Prairie Oval track, where the meet was to be held. But a lookout was always posted in the road to signal the principal's approach; then Bob would hustle upstairs and pop through the transom in time to receive his jailer; barely in time more than once.

One day Bob got an unexpected hurry call to "break training." Mr. Hackett had come by a different way, across the fields, surprising the lookout in the road. Bob literally hurled himself into the transom opening in a wild effort to get through, but his haste was fatal, for he stuck fast, while Frank (who happened to be with him) tried desperately to shove and pry him through.

Frank didn't desert him until they heard Mr. Hackett's key fumble in the main entrance, and then he rushed for the basement, forced to leave Bob's wailing legs to greet the principal. By this time Bob was yelling at the top of his voice for the sharp edge of the transom dog into him terribly.

As soon as he recovered from his surprise Mr. Hackett promptly grasped Bob by his legs and, giving one mighty yank, pulled the tortured youth out of the transom.

"Trying to escape, were you?" thundered Mr. Hackett sternly, taking Bob by the collar. "Well, we'll have to lock you up in safer quarters. Next time I'll find a place where you can't get out. I'll put you in the basement. Come down with me now while I take a look at it." And the principal, with one big hand on Bob's shoulder, forced the terror-stricken prisoner down the stairs to inspect his

### HOMES OF MANY LANDS

#### The Scotch Cottage

BY RATTEN BEARD

ON the moors of Bonnie Scotland,  
Bits of homes like this you'll spy;  
Roof of thatch and two shy windows  
Peep at you as you pass by.

Little children strong and sturdy  
There learn work—and work right well,  
For the Scottish lads and lassies  
Are ambitious to excel.

If you, too, would learn that lesson,  
Just remember to be true  
To each little task that offers—  
That's the way that you must do.

When you cut this colored picture  
Fold and paste it neatly—so!  
Little things all count in making  
A success in all, you know.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO. All Rights Reserved.

Directions—Cut out the cottage on the black outline, fold on all dotted lines and paste X to XX

#### The Old Time May Day.

In England May Day used to be universally celebrated by young men and women as well as boys and girls. The May pole, trimmed with garlands and ribbons, was the principal feature of the festival about the lads and lassies used to dance on May Day after they had elected the May King and Queen, who were supposed to be chosen because of their handsome faces and general popularity. In this country we call the arbutus the May flower, but in England "the May" is the hawthorne, which is in bloom

in every English country side on the first of May. It used to be the custom for the young men to rise early on May Day to go to the woods to gather fresh boughs and blossoms. They would walk through the village and out into the woods singing this song: "Come, lads, with your bills, To the woods we'll away; We'll gather the boughs And we'll celebrate May. We'll bring our load home, As we've oft done before, And leave a green bough At each pretty maid's door." Young girls and children would also go through the village leaving laughs and

blossoms at each door and singing: "Here we come, poor Mayers all, And thus we do begin To lead our lives in righteousness, Or else we die in sin." "We have been rambling all this night And almost all this day, And now returned back again, We have brought you a branch of May."

By which his dancing feet flew so fast you could hardly see them, Bob rolled his barrel over the line—a winner by six inches! Academy had won the Queerity! By winning it they also won the track meet, as it afterward turned out, for the final score was so close that the one precious point it gave enabled Academy to just beat Groveville.

"But what puzzles me is the way Mr. Hackett acted when Bob fell in the Queerity! Here he tries to help him to win, after doing everything to make him lose for a month," observed Jim Spencer, after it was all over.

"I'm not so sure about that!" exclaimed Frank. "I think that what he did at the Queerity just gives him dead away."

"What do you mean?" demanded Jim.

"Simply this, I'm going to put you some questions, I never mentioned it, but that morning when I sneaked the barrel into the basement I'm positive Hack saw me through a window. He got there early that day. Then, why didn't he ask me what I was doing with that barrel?"

"Now for the next question. Why did he transfer Bob from the room to the basement after he caught him red handed, or rather legged, in the transom?"

"Also, why didn't he discover me in the coal bin? He's 'nailed' me for things I've done in class that are a hundred times more secretive."

"And lastly, why did he act the way he did at the Queerity?"

"I'll answer 'em all for you in just one plain statement," remarked Frank, while his listeners looked at him with a new light dawning on their surprised faces.

"I'm no Sherlock Holmes, but anybody who uses a little common sense will figure it out this way:—

"First of all, Bob made 'Hack' so mad that he lost his temper completely. He went too far and then regretted it. He wanted Academy to win, but it would be bad discipline to 'back water,' and he did the next best thing—he gave Academy a show' by letting us alone. He don't be too hard on him!"

"And, boys," concluded Frank, "I thought I had solved the great Queerity problem, but I'm positive most of the credit ought to go—right to 'Hack'!"

Don't you think so, too?"

ing him would never have dreamed he was principal of one of the contending schools. In fact, the Grovellers jeeringly said it gave them chills to look at him, sitting up there in the grand stand box, but that was Mr. Hackett's way.

Finally the Queerity was reached. The two contestants mounted the overturned barrels and each barrel was set on the starting line. The official announcer then explained the new "stunt" to the audience. The distance was 100 yards, and the man who made the distance still atop his barrel won. Every fall was penalized six feet.

Crack! barked the starter's pistol. "They're off!" cried the crowd, and literally one was. For no sooner had they started than Bob's rival contestant swerved violently and ran his barrel directly into Bob. That racer flew into the air, and he landed heavily on the ground.

"Get up, Bob! Get up!" screamed the Academy, and right then and there the strange thing happened. Frank was busily engaged trying to stand Bob (who was dazed by the fall) on his barrel, when a deep voice shouted a command, and the next minute Mr. Hackett—of all people!—was at his side steadying Bob!

Perhaps it was the shock of discovering who this new assistant was that worked over the partly stunned Bob. Any way, he straightened out wonderfully and in a few seconds was rolling along after his "field" in grand style. But the other had a big start.

Everybody's eyes were on Mr. Hackett, and, realizing the undignified position this sudden betrayal of interest had put him in, he walked stiffly back into the grandstand, where he watched the remainder of the race. It was a splendid finish. If the opening fall had not put Bob so far behind there would have been no race at all. But instead it resulted in making him a "scratch man." The Grovellers reeled along on his barrel, falling more than once and earning the setback penalty, but, as Frank said, "Bob's style was faultless." If there ever was a barrel trained to roll under a boy's feet that other man until he brought his barrel up within a few feet of him.

They were now five feet from the finish line. Superbly balancing himself on his wabbling perch, with one supreme effort

He Found That Barrel Rolling Needed a Great Deal of Training



He Found That Barrel Rolling Needed a Great Deal of Training