



POLLY L'VAIS' FOR BOYS AND GIRLS STORY PAGE



Wib Solves the Cove Mystery



THEY WATCHED THE GLASS-BOTTOMED PLEASURE BOATS

WITH fishing-poles slung over their shoulders, Harry and Wib (otherwise, though seldom, known as Walter) trudged toward the northern shore of the island Santa Catalina. Not for a long time had they visited their favorite haunt, and they were confident that today the tunny would be plentiful.

But luck was against them. They did not find so much pleasure in fishing as in watching the glass-bottomed boats, filled with tourists, come out a short distance from the bay of Avalon. By looking closely, the lads could see the rapt attention paid by the travelers to the wonders of the sea. Not far did the

boats come, however, before they returned; for it was in the bay itself that the most could be seen of the gardens under water. There, through the plate glass in the bottom of the boat, the passengers could look down to the ocean bed, several fathoms below, and see clearly the many-hued plants, the pink and white coral and the gaily colored fish darting to and fro.

After a while the boys tired of the lack of sport. Wib heartily approved of the suggestion made by Harry that they saunter toward the landing place at the bay and watch the youngsters dive for the nickels and dimes that were so very long ago that Harry and Wib them-

selves had plunged into the bay and come up with their mouths bulging with coins. But they were too big to do this now.

They turned toward the east and then followed the shore line of the bay, which sweeps south in a semicircle. Leaving the beaten path they plunged in the hills, taking an entirely new course.

Never get there at this rate of speed," observed Wib; "let's make a short cut over to the shore and travel along more easily."

So they proceeded recklessly down the slope. They had almost reached the bottom, where the hills were dominated by a little cove, when Harry gasped, with what little breath he had left:

"Do you know, Wib, it's somewhere about here that the cannon is fired off every night, and no one's been able to find out who does it!"

"Yes-ees," replied Wib, jerkily. "I've heard—" but at this instant he lost his footing, crashed down the slope and plunged into a thicket at the bottom.

"Hurt, Wib?" yelled Harry, solicitously.

There was no answer for a moment. Then came the excited response:

"Come here, quick; I've found something!"

Harry parted the shrubbery, and found himself standing by Wib at the mouth of a cave that shelved steeply underground. Right near the entrance of the cave was a small brass cannon mounted on a carriage, so that it could readily be moved.

"It's the one that's fired!" muttered Harry.

A crackling of twigs behind them caused the boys to hide quickly in the bushes. They had barely time to crouch in silence when a wild-looking man, clothed in rags, strode into the cave.

As he walked he grunted:

"I am Sebastian Vizcaino! I am Vizcaino! I name this island Santa Catalina! Tonight, beautiful island, I shall salute thee with the roar of cannon!"

"It's crazy," whispered Wib. "I suppose he thinks he's the old duffer who named the island, hundreds of years ago."

They carefully retired from the shrubbery and tiptoed down to the shore.

"I say, Wib, don't let's tell on the old gentleman. He seems harmless, and he's only enjoying himself in his own fashion. If we let the police know, they'll be likely to lock 'im up; and that would be a shame."

Both agreed to say nothing regarding their discovery. Nor did they, until one evening the boom of cannon was not heard. Then, fearing the old man was ill, they notified the authorities, who found the hermit sick and feverish, and removed him to a hospital. Thus, some years ago, was the mystery of the cove at Santa Catalina cleared by Wib and Harry, who, now that they are grown to manhood, often talk about the old hermit.

Gretchen Wasn't Disappointed



IT WAS her own clever little head that kept Gretchen from being disappointed. The little girl of the Netherlands would have been very, very doleful upon a certain afternoon if she hadn't had the sharpest of wits.

Her two big sisters had told her that morning about two soldier friends who were to report to the military storehouse at Brielle in the afternoon. The soldiers were old friends, and Gretchen's sisters said that they were going to skate over toward the military depot. They promised to push the little miss along in her chair, which slipped easily over the ice on its smooth runners.

And then the sisters, grown impatient, decided to leave earlier than the time first agreed upon. Little Gretchen begged them to wait a few minutes, because she wasn't yet ready. But they wouldn't, and soon they were skating briskly along the canal.

Now, if Gretchen hadn't been ever so angry, there's no doubt that she would have been disappointed. She was too cross to feel disappointed right away, however; and before she WAS ready, she had thought of a plan—a splendid plan—to go where she wished.

Gretchen's mamma was dead. So the

old nurse helped her to dress. Then, the tiny girl slipped away, pushed her sled out into the street unobserved, and seated herself patiently in it. She was bundled up warmly, although it wasn't so very cold.

At last a gentleman came skating by. Gretchen raised two merry, sparkling eyes, and pleaded:

"Please, sir, won't you push me a little way? My sisters have gone and left me. I want to go to the soldiers' building."

The gentleman couldn't resist this appeal. He was indignant at what he believed to be a trick played upon the lassie. And he found little Gretchen's chatter so fascinating that he went quite a distance out of his way. Then he turned her over to another gentleman of his acquaintance.

Before her journey was resumed, the gentleman bought her some nice sugar candy. This Gretchen was still munching when her protector gave her into the care of two other men, to whom he explained the little girl's plight. And the men, with the best of good humor, undertook to push Gretchen the rest of the way. The three had all manner of fun, too. Gretchen was really sorry when the soldiers' building was at last

in sight. She thanked the men so prettily that each demanded a kiss. Of course, Gretchen had to repay the kind gentlemen, although she kissed them ever so shyly. Then she asked to be allowed to remain in front of the depot.

"There she sat for fully an hour, eating the rest of her candy, until there approached her sisters and their friends. The sisters were so surprised that Gretchen couldn't help laughing.

"How in the world did you ever get here?" they asked, both at one time.

"Oh, there are lots of people only too glad to push me," replied Gretchen archly. "I could have gone all over Voorne, or even to Rotterdam, if I wanted to."

That is all she would say for the time. As her sisters pushed her homeward, they wondered and wondered how the little girl had made the journey.

AFTER MOTHER



"I think I'll call him Tommy; I'd like to call him that, Count o' his Murrer bein' The nex-door folks 'Tom-Cat'."

Margaret Hayes

New Funning by Dan



then permitted to revolve. By a skillful movement, Nan soon was able to place a ring of cardboard over the mouth of a bottle, rest a coin upon the cardboard, and then drop the coin into the bottle without touching it. Figure 3 explains how she struck the cardboard.

Most interested of all was Nan by the "gold seeker" with which her brother experimented. He made the apparatus shown in Figure 4. He put sand into the vessel, burying in it a little piece of lead. Then, announcing that he was going to separate the lead from the sand, without touching the contents of the vessel, he put the vessel in water and turned it round and round rapidly. The sand flew out, leaving the lead.

Fasten a button in the middle of a cord. Move the ends of your cord in a circle, leaving the cord loose. Suddenly pull out the ends to their full length and keep your hands still. The button will spin faster than ever, for a time. Nan proved this, as well as many other interesting facts regarding motion. So that her fondness for seeing things move is greater than before.

His Wages.

"GET A week," said Thomas, boastfully.

"That's nothing," scornfully responded William. "I get \$100 a year."

"Not much you do," was the quick reply.

"Well," carefully explained the other, "I get \$4 a week and the rest in legal advice. My boss is a lawyer and gives me lots of lectures on 'charges' a whole lot for advice, let me tell you."

Catching Things

SHE did not doubt that she would catch something. Catherine always did that. She even caught the mumps, the measles and the fever. Therefore, she waded out among the rocks near the beach with a net and a great confidence that she would catch a fish of some kind, although this was her first attempt.

Catherine didn't know exactly what the ugly creature was that she captured in the net. But it certainly was something, so she carried it to where the beach was high and dry.

"You are a shrimp, are you? YOU are!" said she contemptuously, as she looked at the curiously jointed body and the two pairs of long feelers.

"I don't think a shrimp is any funnier than you," retorted the creature. "Why, you haven't even gills, and you can't live in the water as I can. I'm no fish, either, although my close relative is known as the crayfish."

The little girl must have forgotten her manners, otherwise she never would have replied:

"So you're a shrimp, are you? Whenever people wish to make other folk feel specially small and mean, they call 'em shrimps, you know."

But what fine qualities you possess, to feel so uppish," snapped the shrimp. "You're just trying to pick a quarrel with me, you're doing it, I'm not foolish. There's my cousin, the lobster, who permits barnacles, mussels, sponges and seaweeds of all kinds to attach themselves to his shell. Now, I wouldn't do that if the shrimp wept bitter, salty tears."

"Let me tell you," said he, "that while you may not be as big and strong



SHE CAUGHT A SHRIMP

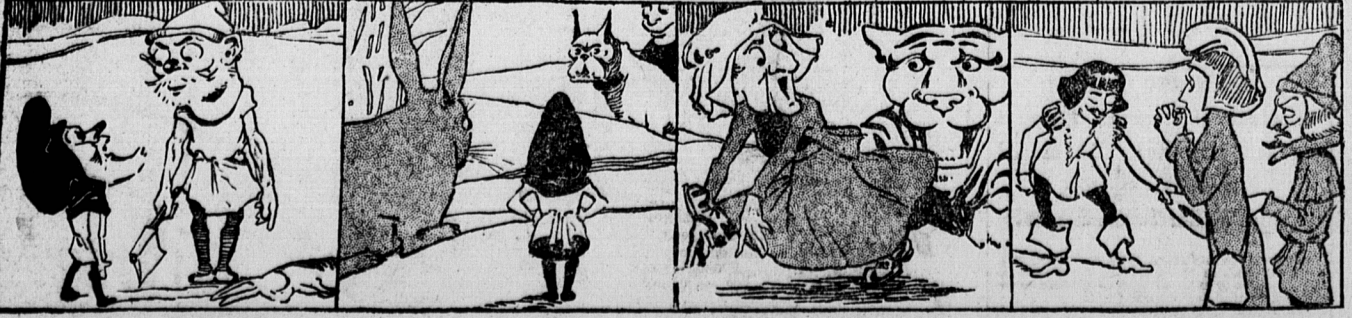
as my relative, the prawn, I am just as courageous—and you know what happened to waders turned out. Yes, I'm in danger all the time, too. Every old fish seems to want to eat me. And then there's mouthing time, when your hard shell is cast off and you're nothing but a soft skin to protect you from enemies. Why, if you were in my place you'd die of fright this very instant. Mankind is one of my very worst enemies. I suppose you're going to eat me, aren't you? Well, I don't care. I'll show you how brave a shrimp can be!

"You certainly are a brave little fellow, and I do deserve all you've said about me," confessed Catherine, in admiration. Then she ran back to the water and waded out to where she had found Mr. Shrimp. There she left the gallant creature.

"Here's once, at least, that you haven't caught anything," teased Fred, as she entered the house where her family was visiting.

"Yes, but I have," triumphantly returned Catherine. "I caught a scoundrel, and I'll explain to her mystified brother what she meant."

Legend of the Rabbit Messenger



THERE passed through the forest a dwarf, followed by a beautiful gray rabbit, a woodchopper, observing the animal, threw a club at it and killed it.

"Murderer!" cried the dwarf.

"Ah!" laughed the woodman, "in spite of what you say I shall have the rabbit broiled for supper."

The angry dwarf kicked him, whereupon the woodchopper grabbed the little fellow by the ear, and taking the rabbit in the other hand, started toward his hut.

Skinning the rabbit, the woodman's wife thrust it upon a spit and placed it over a fire.

"It will be delicious!" exclaimed the woodchopper, rubbing his hands in delight.

Hardly were the words uttered, than a part of the rabbit suspended over the fire leaped from the spit, jumped down to the ground and dashed toward the door. Astride of its back was the dwarf, who waved a cool goodbye to the astonished couple behind him.

Presently the dwarf and the rabbit came to where a farmer worked in his field. The peasant greeted the dwarf politely, but as soon as he perceived the rabbit he called for his dog, saying:

"I'm going to catch that rabbit for dinner."

"No, you're not," replied the other. He was right, for that very instant the rabbit grew to such an immense size that the man and his bulldog ran away in fear.

Again the tiny man and his companion passed through a wood. Approaching by the same path was an old woman, who saw the rabbit and not the dwarf.

"Come, pretty bunny," coaxed the woman, holding out a carrot; "I will not harm you."

"We shall eat it tomorrow," was the prince's response.

"Never!" cried the princess. And then she cried passionately:

"Since you do not love animals, I shall not marry you. Only bad men have not such a love for animals. Just then the rabbit became a handsome young man, garbed in purple and diamonds. He bowed very low to the princess.

"Lovely princess," said he, "you are the person I have long been seeking. The queen of the fairies has sent me with this starry necklace, the most wonderful ornament in the world, for one who loves the harmless animals. To further my purpose I changed myself into a rabbit and carried the dwarf with me."

The princess became enraged through-out all the land for her magnificent jewels. She married the ruler of a kingdom, and when at eventide she would pass through the streets of her capital, the stars in her necklace served to light the way.

A Mishap They Blamed Jimmy For

"I'M GOIN' to run away," declared Jimmy, moodily.

Then I knew that something had happened to wound Jimmy's feelings. Whenever matters turned out badly he was going to run away. And, as Jimmy was always in trouble, he was always planning to leave home. But he never went.

Knowing very well that Jimmy would feel relieved if he unburdened himself of his woes, I asked:

"What is it now, Jimmy?"

"It's that old fellow, the one who went on to explain: 'Ma told me yesterday that pa would have a lot of people to dinner in the evening, an' she didn't think there'd be a place for me. So she made me get my dinner early an' then go upstairs to study my lessons.'"

"But you can't study much when people are laughin' an' havin' a good time. So, after awhile, I got my ten-



think I found? Why, a big spile that I had drove right up through the carpet.

"Now, how was I to know I was doin' wrong when I to know I was doin' wrong? I really thought I was doin' right. I knocked it down so that you could hardly see it, then it began to go down further itself. An' the first thing I knew there was an awful crash an' ladies screamin' an' pa and ma sayin' somethin' sharp. An' the NEXT thing I knew pa had me by the collar an' I was promisin' me the worst scipin' I ever got.

"You see, the big chandelier had been loose an' pa had driven the spile in the ceiling to hold it. But how was I to know that? An' how was I to know that when I hit the spile on the table an' it fell on the floor, it would smash all the dishes 'n' things? I couldn't tell, an' I don't think I ought to uv been punished so hard for what I was innocent of."