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HOW "THE BROWNIE" PUT ON WEIGHT.

BY AMBROSE COLLYER DEARBORN.

THERE is a time each year in every academy and college when the students suddenly become amazingly well behaved. It is the time just between Thanksgiving and Christmas. If there are any "old fogies" on the faculty, they are considerably puzzled by this sudden earnestness, but the younger instructors know it is only because the foot-ball season has closed and it is yet too early for ice-polo. So they listen with a smile while ready answers come from all over the lecture-room, instead of "Not prepared, sir," or the hazy answers of the shock-headed eleven who know that they will be warned by the faculty if some sort of a recitation is not ready. This attention to work wears off after the ponds are frozen, and then the boys divide their devotion between books and polo.

At Melden Academy that year, however, there was not the usual reaction after foot-ball. The school polo-team had the year before won the interscholastic cup offered by Harvard; and that year, in addition, Harvard had put up a banner to be played for by the winners of their own league and of Yale's interscholastic league. Stonefield Academy was practically sure of the cup in this last series, and Melden sought revenge upon her ancient rival for the foot-ball defeat in the fall.

So, as soon as foot-ball was over, and long before the skating season was on, the Melden

polo captain every afternoon led a little crowd down to the tennis-court back of the lecture-hall. Here he instructed his men in the fine points of passing, juggling, blocking, and driving, until by the time the season opened they were, as the captain said exultingly, "as hard as nails and twice as sharp." This preliminary practice was a new idea of his own, and he was proud of it.

One of the best features of the game of ice-polo is the fact that weight is of no special advantage to a player. It is the boy who can skate fastest, dodge quickest, and use his brain to the best advantage who makes the best player.

And that is why among the boys who daily passed and drove for goal on the tennis-court were "Big" Marsh, who tipped the gymnasium scales at 188 pounds, and "Brownie" Graham, who stood five feet three on his skates. Marsh could encircle the Brownie's ankle with his thumb and finger.

"Hi, there, Brownie! What do you think you're doing?" yelled one of his classmates, when he first appeared with his polo-stick.

"Putting on weight," replied the Brownie gravely.

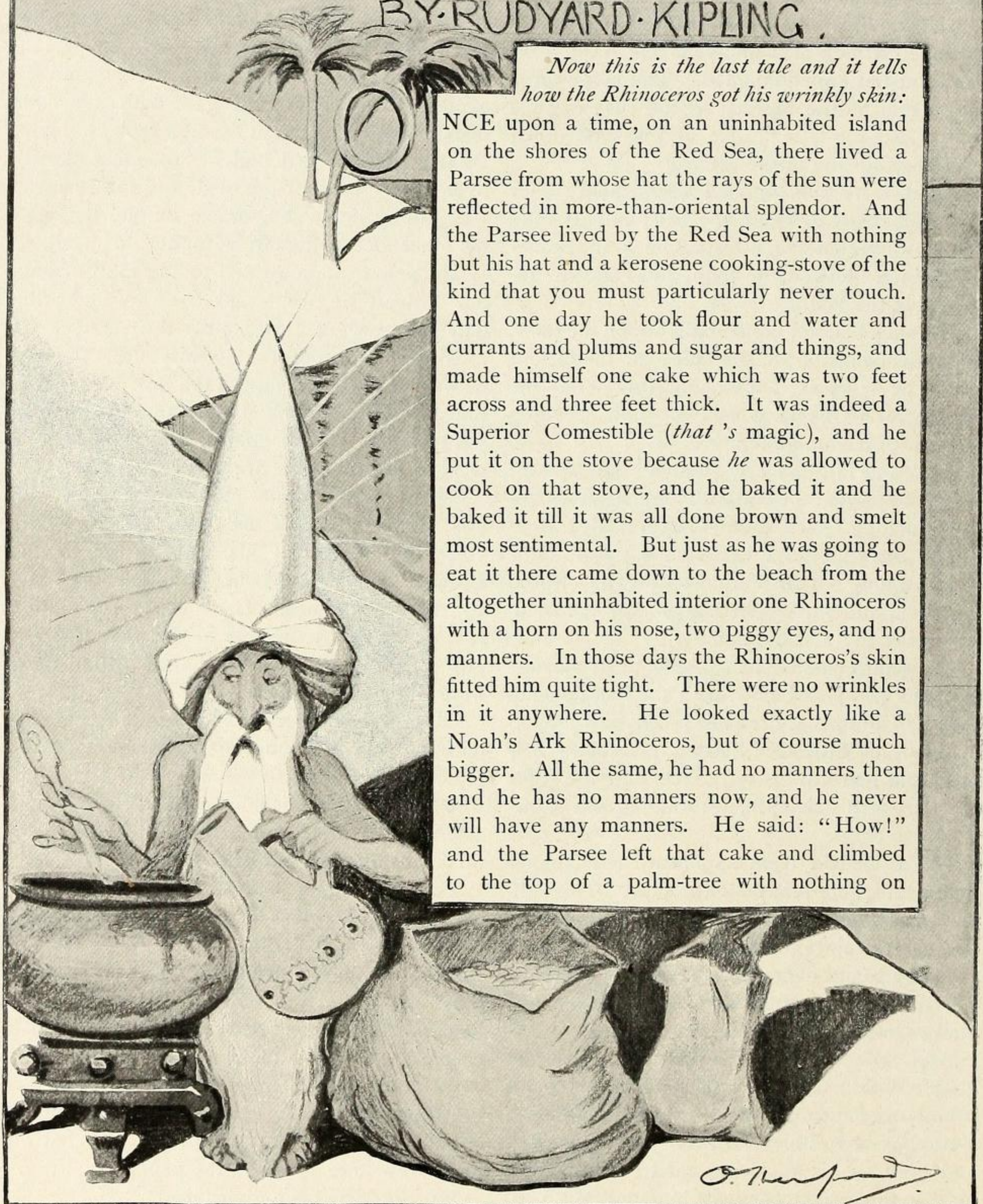
The academy correspondent of a city newspaper had been responsible for this nickname. In one of his articles about the foot-ball eleven he had written: "Graham, '99, who has been

"Just So" Stories

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Now this is the last tale and it tells how the Rhinoceros got his wrinkly skin:

ONCE upon a time, on an uninhabited island on the shores of the Red Sea, there lived a Parsee from whose hat the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendor. And the Parsee lived by the Red Sea with nothing but his hat and a kerosene cooking-stove of the kind that you must particularly never touch. And one day he took flour and water and currants and plums and sugar and things, and made himself one cake which was two feet across and three feet thick. It was indeed a Superior Comestible (*that's magic*), and he put it on the stove because *he* was allowed to cook on that stove, and he baked it and he baked it till it was all done brown and smelt most sentimental. But just as he was going to eat it there came down to the beach from the altogether uninhabited interior one Rhinoceros with a horn on his nose, two piggy eyes, and no manners. In those days the Rhinoceros's skin fitted him quite tight. There were no wrinkles in it anywhere. He looked exactly like a Noah's Ark Rhinoceros, but of course much bigger. All the same, he had no manners then and he has no manners now, and he never will have any manners. He said: "How!" and the Parsee left that cake and climbed to the top of a palm-tree with nothing on



but his hat from
always reflected in

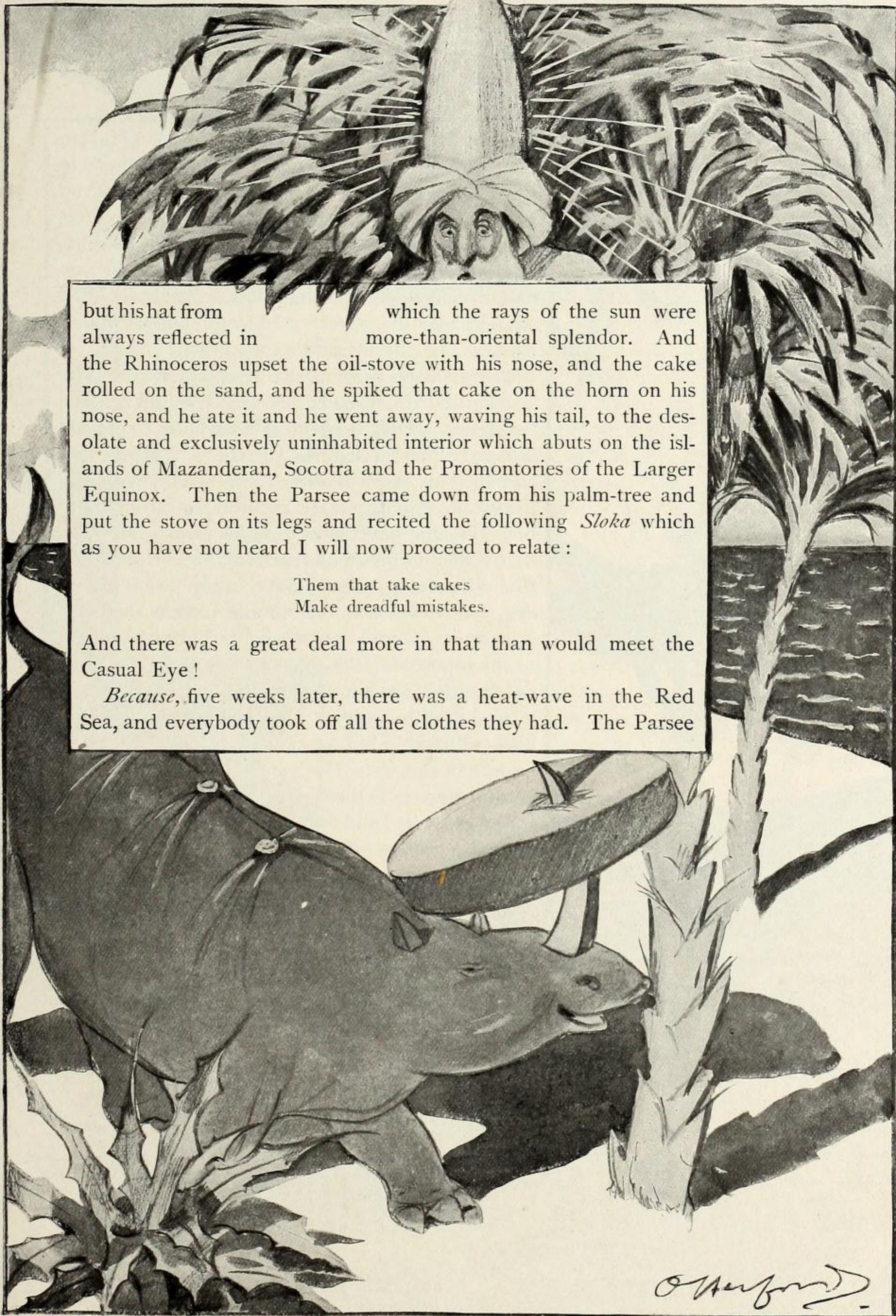
the Rhinoceros upset the oil-stove with his nose, and the cake rolled on the sand, and he spiked that cake on the horn on his nose, and he ate it and he went away, waving his tail, to the desolate and exclusively uninhabited interior which abuts on the islands of Mazanderan, Socotra and the Promontories of the Larger Equinox. Then the Parsee came down from his palm-tree and put the stove on its legs and recited the following *Sloka* which as you have not heard I will now proceed to relate :

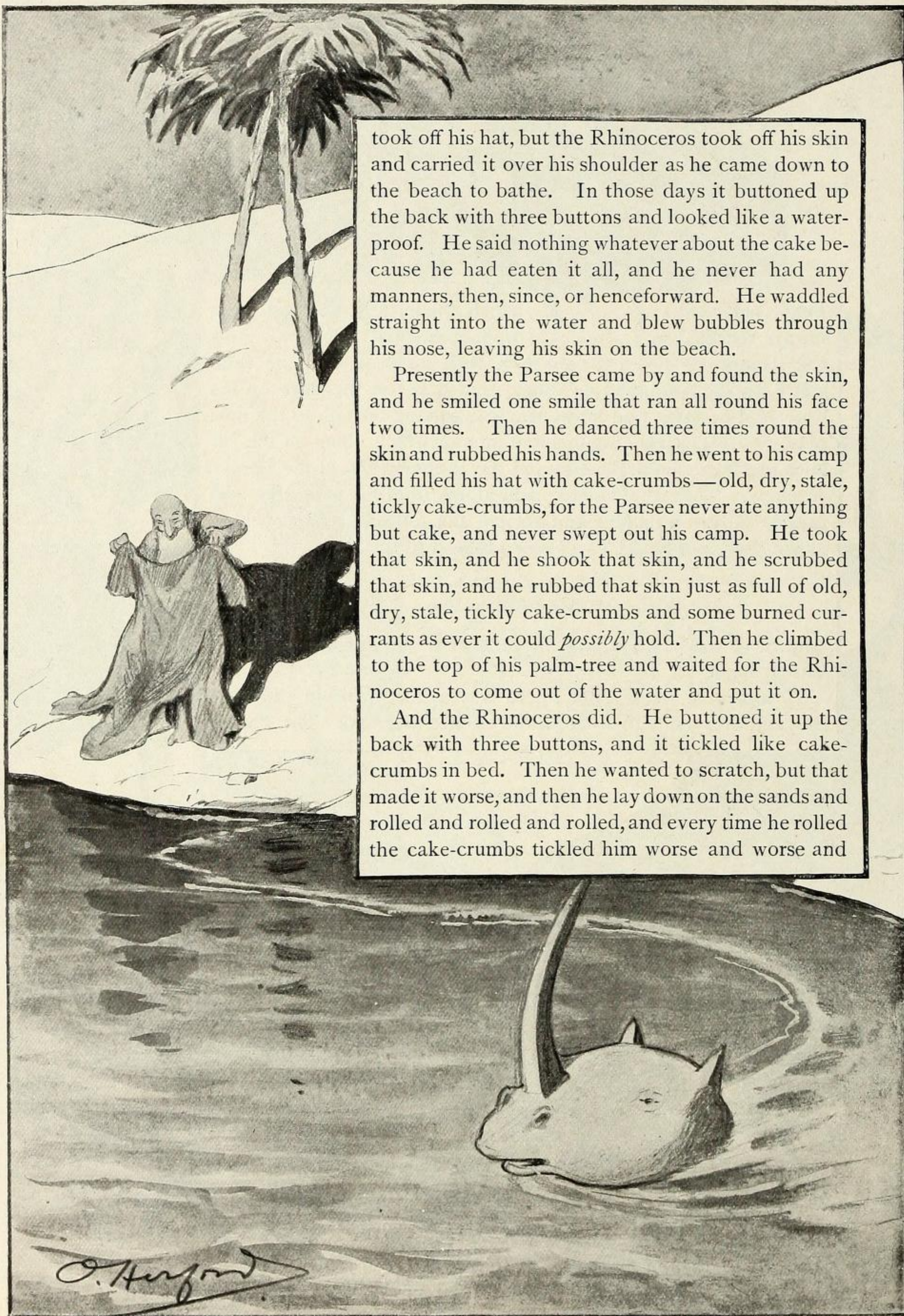
Them that take cakes
Make dreadful mistakes.

And there was a great deal more in that than would meet the Casual Eye !

Because, five weeks later, there was a heat-wave in the Red Sea, and everybody took off all the clothes they had. The Parsee

which the rays of the sun were
more-than-oriental splendor. And

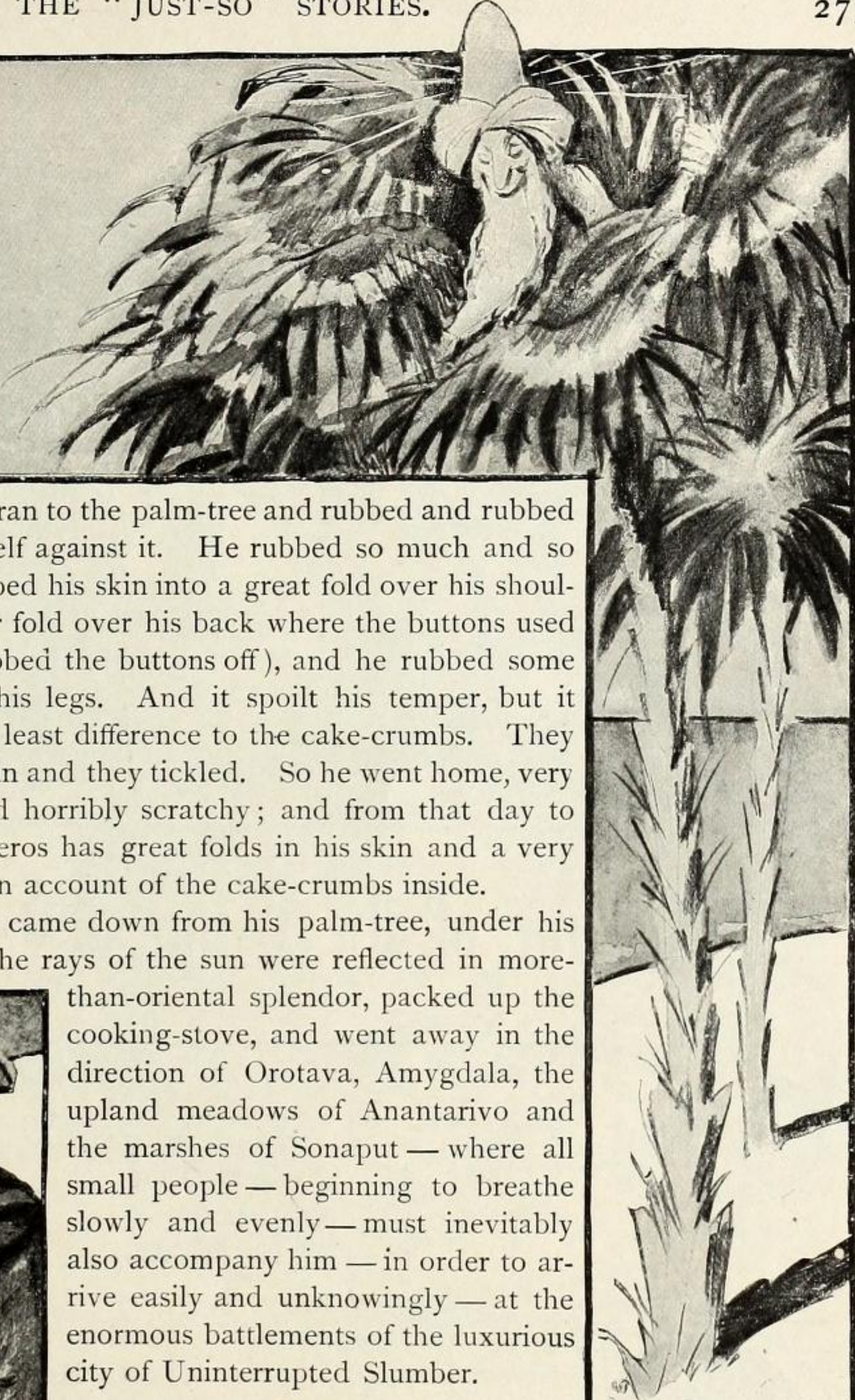




took off his hat, but the Rhinoceros took off his skin and carried it over his shoulder as he came down to the beach to bathe. In those days it buttoned up the back with three buttons and looked like a waterproof. He said nothing whatever about the cake because he had eaten it all, and he never had any manners, then, since, or henceforward. He waddled straight into the water and blew bubbles through his nose, leaving his skin on the beach.

Presently the Parsee came by and found the skin, and he smiled one smile that ran all round his face two times. Then he danced three times round the skin and rubbed his hands. Then he went to his camp and filled his hat with cake-crumbs—old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs, for the Parsee never ate anything but cake, and never swept out his camp. He took that skin, and he shook that skin, and he scrubbed that skin, and he rubbed that skin just as full of old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs and some burned currants as ever it could *possibly* hold. Then he climbed to the top of his palm-tree and waited for the Rhinoceros to come out of the water and put it on.

And the Rhinoceros did. He buttoned it up the back with three buttons, and it tickled like cake-crumbs in bed. Then he wanted to scratch, but that made it worse, and then he lay down on the sands and rolled and rolled and rolled, and every time he rolled the cake-crumbs tickled him worse and worse and



worse. Then he ran to the palm-tree and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed himself against it. He rubbed so much and so hard that he rubbed his skin into a great fold over his shoulders, and another fold over his back where the buttons used to be (but he rubbed the buttons off), and he rubbed some more folds over his legs. And it spoilt his temper, but it did n't make the least difference to the cake-crumbs. They were inside his skin and they tickled. So he went home, very angry indeed and horribly scratchy; and from that day to this every rhinoceros has great folds in his skin and a very bad temper, all on account of the cake-crumbs inside.

But the Parsee came down from his palm-tree, under his hat from which the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendor, packed up the cooking-stove, and went away in the direction of Orotava, Amygdala, the upland meadows of Anantarivo and the marshes of Sonaput — where all small people — beginning to breathe slowly and evenly — must inevitably also accompany him — in order to arrive easily and unknowingly — at the enormous battlements of the luxurious city of Uninterrupted Slumber.

THE END.

