



"FURLING THE SAIL"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY ANTON FISHER

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURE OF ETTA

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

WITH PICTURES BY J. R. SHAVER

THE junior department of a certain big Sunday-school was going on a picnic. Miss Devons, commander-in-chief of some eighty East Side boys and girls, was counting her charges as they assembled at the ferry-house one bright May morning, smiling at the expectant faces, subduing the more adventurous spirits, encouraging the timid. At last the roll was complete, and she drew a sigh of relief as she surveyed the fluttering throng. But her satisfaction was short-lived. Loud sobs rose from the corner where Etta Schwartz-Sieling had flattened her nose against the glass and had caught sight of the ferry-boat. In vain did the girls flock about her and remonstrate against such conduct on a holiday; in vain did Miss Devons clasp the stiffly starched child to her heart and beseech her to moderate her grief or at least to offer some explanation of it. Etta's sobs continued, punctuated by exclamations of despair.

"Nein, nein, es geht nicht," she wept. "Nefer can I on de boat go."

"But, Etta," Miss Devons expostulated, "what is the matter? Don't you want to go on the picnic?"

"Teacher, Teacher," wailed Etta, "it aind I don't wants I should go mit you; it aind noddings like dat. But I don't like dat I shall be drowneded over der sea."

"But you 're not going to be drowned," said Miss Devons. "We 're only going to Rockaway, and you don't have to go in the ocean if you don't want to. I only thought you 'd like to paddle on the nice, smooth sand."

"Teacher, jawohl, I likes I should paddle; but it aind paddlin' when you drowns, und you burns, und crowds screams."

At this juncture Mark O'Reilley came to the rescue.

"Aw, dem Dutchies dey 're loony!" he exclaimed in disgust. "Can't see no boat but dey t'inks it 's anoder *General Slocum*. Say, you, we don't go by no steamer. Don't yer know dat?"

At the allusion of the still-recent disaster the crowd wavered. Did they not all know friends whose friends had never returned from some excursion begun, perhaps, as gaily as this one? And why should they be exempt? Longing glances were cast at the door, nervous whispers ran through the groups, and a stampede was imminent, when rescue came from an unexpected quarter. Cap in hand and a valiant smile on his face, Giuseppe Salvatori stood forward to prove his devotion to the lady who had been his guiding-star since he entered the department, an unreclaimed "dago." Now he was an American, and would be worthy of his new dignity.

"Mees Devons, Ah go wit' you," he declared, feeling capable of following Mark and his dearly beloved teacher to destruction, if necessary. "Ah not know moch about steam-aire, bot all times Ah go wit' you."

Where Giuseppe went, there Louisa May and Florabel went also, and the rest of the department followed their lead. Even Etta's fears were soothed by the promise of Miss Devons's hand during the entire trip, and the excursionists clattered on board the ferry-boat with high hopes and radiant faces once more.

Etta was newly arrived in America, having lived in Germany until the previous year, when her widowed father, Herr Johann Sieling had brought her to America to try his fortune. Here he prospered amazingly, and within three months had courted and married the widow Schwartz and her seven children. The lady con-