Polly Evans Story Page &



A STRANGE ACTOR

The Story of a Stage Cat

of Dreaden.

In this opera, while Singup, the charmer, was singing his tuneful and spelibinding incentation, thousands upon thousands of rats suddenly invaded the stage, emerging from doors and windows; crevices in the walls and holes in the ground.

They were "made up" as lifelike as possible, and sommpered about the stage for all the world as if they were real flesh and blood instead of only skin and stuffing. Do you wonder, then, that they completely took in the slesh old cat belonging to the stage?

Now, even if she was slesk and well fed, she was a conscientious old cat.

she suddenly perceived what she be-lieved to be a host of her natural foes in the very act of audaciously tres-passing on the stage, she gave a piero-ing "Mi-aul" of indignation, leaped down to the stage from her favorite corner in the wings and, to the un-pounded amusement of the audience, fastened her claws into one of the coun-terfest rata.

fastened her claws into one of the counterfest rate.

In a twinkling she discovered, of course, that she had been fooled, but she never "turned a hair," beating her retreat with all the majesty of a well-born, self-respecting tabby.

The sudience howled with delight, and gave her such an enthusiantle recall that finally one of the actors brought her out to acknowledge the applause.

Some Puzzles to Solve



GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC

The order indicated.

You will find the first letters, read downward, give the name of a European capital, and the final letters, read downward, give the name of the river en which the eapital city is situated.

1x --- x Mild, gentle.

2x --- x A highly inflammable liquid.

2x --- x A highly inflammable liquid.

2x --- x To recite in oratorical style.

5x --- x The Goddess of Vengeance.

ADDITION FUZZLE

1. To the letters i M add a word meaning "something that is used is making everything." and you will have a word that means "to no importance."

2. To the letters i M add a word meaning "to test," and you will have a word that means "to make better."

3. To the letters i M add a word meaning "not all," and you will have a word meaning "to tall," and you will have a word meaning "not all," and you will have a word meaning "not all," and you will have a word meaning "to tall," and you will have a word meaning "to tall," and you will have a word meaning "to tall," and you will have a word meaning "to tall," and you will have a word meaning "to tall," and you will have a word meaning "to make known."

RIDDLE What county in England ed with two letters? BEHEADINGS

Behead a girl's name and leave

TRANSPOSED WORDS 1. Transpose a river in Africa and get a legal chalm.
2. Transpose a city in Europe and get couples.
3. Transpose a county in Pennsylvania and get not long ago.
4. Transpose a city in Ohio and get what postoffices handle.

March 10 Answers Hidden Cities.

L Berlin. 2. Genoa. 3. Bergen. 4. Edinburgh. 5. Tours. 5. London. Conundrums.

Conundrams.

1. Forty poles make one rude (roed).
1. Forty-six; the other six are only
lent (Lent).
2. Because he is let out at night and
taken in in the morning.
4. Preserved pairs (pears).
5. When it is gored.
6. Because it's a place where the sons
raise meat (sum's rays meet).
7. O+X=OX.
2. Elliptical (a lis tickie).
9. None at all. One is a be(e)holder,
the other a speak a tatur (spectator).
10. One is produced by a laboring bea,
the other by a be-laboring!

An Irish Party."

5. Transpose a German naval station and get similar.
4. Transpose a volcano in Bielly and get clean.
7. Transpose the goddess of the clines and get a water nymph.
8. Transpose u ship in Columbus fleet and get pigment.

Charade. I am a male relative. Change my head and have "prefer-ly" Change my head again and have "to Change my head again and have frothy matter."
Change my head again and have one who immerses himself in water."

. 11-Part of a stove.

. . 11-A color. * 14—An important product of some States.
* 14—Covering of the body.

• 14—Abbreviation of the Odd Fei-lows order. • 16—A measure of capacity.

One of the United States.

Each of the rungs of this ladder is a four-letter word.

I to 9 spells the name of a man dear to every American heart.

10 to 15 spells the name of a famous American post.

Gardening Game

Gardening Game

This is gardening made easy:

Each of the players is saked in
turn what was planted in his
sarden, and what come up
Articles planted may be of any description, but must come up plants of
some kind whose names nave some
punning consection with the articles
planted.

For example:

First Player—I planted a ball and it
came up a rubber plant.

Second Player—I planted the United
States and it came up a motor carnation (car nation).

Third Player—I planted a calendar
and it came up dates.

Fourth Player—I planted a ship and
it came up a deck.

Fifth Player—I planted a watch and
it came up for (curs).

Sixth Player—I planted a watch and
it came up four o'clock
Seventh Player—I planted a pert
young hiss and sho came up a wellflower.

Eighth Player—I planted some steps
and they came up hopa.

Ninth Player—I planted an Irishman
and he came up a potate.

Bird That Fishes

NE of the most interesting objects in the London Zoo today is—what do you suppose?

I why, a baby fishing cormorant. The bird was enught early in the spring by a young Scottman, and he taught it this useful accomplishment.

Now, don't you wonder how he taught it to be so desver! because you'd think—wouldn't you?—that it would est all the fish it caught.

Well, he just not a ring round its neek so that it couldn't swallow, and sent it into the sen off the coast of Scotland—and there it learned to fish.

The owner of this clever bird was obliged to travel, so, thinking that other



THE CORMORANT

ALLOWS had siways been con-sidered the most aristocratic suburb of the great city, and the house occupied by the Still-ills had siways been held (though an i-fashloned house in need of repair) the home of sill that was siegant and

But one terrible fall day (terrible I mean for the prim inhabitants of Hal-lows) the Stillwells removed to the city.

Unlike the usual Irish family, there was only one child, a boy, and, of course his name was Dan—Dan Deegan, Dan was a sociable little fellow, with blue eyes, a snub nose and, of course, freckles. His hair, though, luckily, was not red. He was singing from morning till night, and apparently hadn't a mean hair in his black head. hadn't a mean hair in his black head. The first day he went to the village school attented this, for he had his pockets full of candy, cookies and other things, which he tried to give to his schoolmates. But they wouldn't take them. No, indeed! Instead of that, they quite snubbed poor little Dan, who was soft-hearted, and whose merry eyes filled with tears when he found his friendly overtures rabufed. He didn't give up, nowever, but tried and tried to be friends. He tried to

get into their games, he tried to help the duller chillren with their lessons. But it was of no use. Even the teach-But it was of no use. Even the teacher despised him, simply because he was Irish. Of course, all this couldn't happen in a large town or city, where everybody has got beyond the silly prajudibes of fifty years ago. But old Hallows hadn't kept up with the times, and the people were all like so many Sleeping Beauties (only some of them weren't very beautiful) waiting for a magic prince to wake them up.

PLOTTING AGAINST DAN

At Christmas time Dan gave his moher a fine present, much better an any of the other schelars and than any of the other scholars—and dear knews how many tempting chocolate creems and popovers and marbles he went without to get it for her. But she simply said "Thank you," never opening the package in front of him, so that he might have the joy of seeing her face when she saw what was in it. In fact, she put it away in a drawer of her desk, and never opened it until a momentous occasion that I am going to tell you about.

Now, all the time that Dan had been trying so hard to be kind and sociable with the children of Hallows they had been doing everything they could to hart his feelings, playing all sorts of practical jokes on him and letting him

Willy, the Eagle Hunter

spe eternally that he wasn't wanted.

But as the 17th of March drew near the boys got together and tried their best to think of some perfectly awful thing they could do to hurt Dan's feelings, and make him understand, once and for all, that he was not one of

"I have ft!" orted Horace Jones. "A "A parade?" echoed all the boys.
"Yes, a St. Patrick's parade, like the

ones they have in New York. Haven't you read about them?"
"That won't bother him," said Ches-ter Brown. "He'll think it's a compilter Brown. "He'll think it's a compli-ment, and that we want to show we really like him." Home-Made Fountain

Horace smiled very deeply, but shook said, "you'll see."

asid, "you'll see."
On the lifth of March liftle Dan got up feeling very unhappy. The boys had been particularly mean to him the day before, and he remembered with longing how in the old tenement house district they had moved from, "to get a breath of God's air," as Mrs. Desgan said, he had celebrated this day with his other little anult-nosed, freekle-fased friends. He had his green flag yet, and he took it out of the macred place where he kept such things, and looked lovingly at it. Memories of the happy days when he had marched around and around the alies with that flag at the head of the procession floated over him and made him stille, so that not uncherily he finished his dressing and went to school.

As he neared the little wooden house he began to feel that there was a difference; the door was shut tight, the window shades were down, and, yes, he looked closer, but it was true, there was a green flag over the schoolhouse door and on the door itself a buge placard, white with green letters, which read, "Closed on account of the death of St. Patrick; funeral services from the house of Dan Deegan at 9.20 sharp."

Such a bewildered little boy you never saw. What did they mean by funeral services? Why the blessed Saint had been buried hundreds of years also, he was sure. It must be a loke, another of those terrible lokes, and his first impulse was to run home and tell mother everything, and weep it all out in her arms. But the second clause in that placard came back to him. "Funeral services from the house of Dan Deegan at 9.30 sharp." It was after 9 now, whatever they were going to do, they must be beginning. So he walked back very cautiously and quietly, and from behind a big tree he watched his own house. ST. PATRICK'S PROCESSION

behind a big tree he watched his own house.

He had been right in his guess. The boys had already gathered about a hundred yards from his house, nearly every one of them dressed in green, and all carrying banners, which were too far off for Dan to rend, but which he felt were just as unkind as the sign on the schoolhouse door. It seemed to Dan as he remembered that sign that he had only just realized how much his teacher dieliked him, as otherwise she would never have consented to help the boys with their practical joke.

They had a sort of a band, too, Dan could make that out. One boy had a drum, another a pretty poor specimen of a fife, and another a trumpet. From his tree Dan could see them getting into line as for a procession, and starting with their banners toward his house. When they got near enough the band



the front door to see what it was, or eyesight was none of the best, and

she had not learned to read English

Aren't they attractive and coal on a hot summer's day, though?

Next summer, of course, you will see them in the parks. But in the meanwhile you are a seen as a second or the parks.

Take a perfumery bottle or semething similar, get a good cork half an inch thick or less, and make a hole through it. Put a straw through the hole, so that one end nearly touches the bottom of the bottle, and the other is just above

the top of the cork.

Place a piece of blotting paper on plate. Fill the bottle with water and stand it upon the blotting paper. Now get a big glass jar, warm it, and quick-ly turn it upside down over your small

bottle, pressing it down upon the blot-ting paper with your hand.

In a few moments you will see a tiny stream of water shoot up from the bet-tle, right up to the top of the jar, and this will continue until the bottle is almost empty.

Cunning Sayings

BEFORE THEY GO TO MARKET. Little Irene, who had just moved to the country from the city of New York, was sitting on the porch with her broth-or Edgar. They had never seen lightning bugs before, so they were surprised when they saw several bugs firing and

ilghting in the air.
"They are bugs," cried Edgar.
"No, they're not," declared Irane,
"they're matches in the air!"

AN ADJUSTABLE PERSONALITY. Little Ian was trying to dress himself after his bath. He got his shirt on front side behind. Looking ruefully down at himself, he said:
"Guess I'd better turn myself around

so my shirt will button in front."

ENOUGH TO BAISE A BUILDING. A small boy, after watching some builders making morter, said: "My! What a lot of dough you make."

GRANDMOTHERLY CARE. One day a little boy went out in the country to visit his grandmother. That evening Grandma picked a chicken.

"Oh, Grandma!" the little boy exclaimed, "do you undress your chickens

every night?" UNCOMPLAINING MARTYRS. Early in the autumn, little Clara was observing the change in color the leaves

were undergoing.
"Poor little leaves!" she sighed, after a time. "They kept me from getting tanned all summer long, and now they're getting all sunburned them-

A HAPPY COMBINATION. While 4-year-old May was at the dinner table her mother asked, "Don't you ish for any potates and meat?"
"No." May replied.
"Why, where is your appetite?"
"Oh, Jane will bring it in with the udding," answered May.
—Little Chronicia.

began to play and the other boys to sing, "The Wearing of the Green."
At least, Dan thought it must be that, but it didn't sound much like it. Dan had a great our for music, and a very sweet and strong suprano voice. The discordant noises the boys were making grated most dreadfully on his ears, and he longed to show them how the tune really went. with all the fluency that Dan he the joke end of the procession we on her, and the patriotic feeling i red in her caused her to shout at the

red in her caused her to shout at the top of her voice, "Hooray for Ireland?"
Above the heads of the procession far down the street the cry was borne us ban's cars, and instactly, without thinking, he had school it.

The procession, a bit astonished by this reception of their joke, kept on its way, still murdering the lively tune of "The Wearing of the Green." They had needly wanched Dan now, who, suddennearly reached Dan now, who, sudde iy, to every one's satonishment, jump from his hiding piace, ran to the fir boy, snatched from his hand a gre green flag he was carrying, and, pinol himself at the head of the procession, proceeded, with all the power that was in him, to sing "The Wearing of the Green." Unconsciously the musicians altered their time, wayered and died away, but Dan marched on with his banner, singing and singing till it so

THE TABLES TURNED

THE TABLES TURNED

The astenished procession, meanwhile, didn't know what else to do with their joke but to follow on; and so they paraded all through the streets of the village, and the mothers and sisters, who had been let into the ascret of the great joke, didn't know what to think when they saw Dan there at the head of the procession and the band feebly trying to follow the musical air he was singing.

At last the procession wound back again to the house where Dan lived, and now another surprise awaited the jokers.

Mrs. Deegan appeared at the door, and, with much laughter and talking, selved every boy of them and brought them all into her house, where in the dining room they found a feast spread for them. Mrs. Deegan had taken the parade as a sign on the part of the boys of wishing to make up to her son for the mean lokes they had played on him, and she had hurried right back as soon as the procession had passed but of sight, put her washing away, and spread the dainties on the table that simply made the boys stare.

Grown-ups in Hallows were not used to doing much for the younger population in the way of spreading feasts for them, and each boy know that if he went home to lunch he would get noth-

went home to funch he would get not ing but a cold slice of the meat the had had the night before.

Horace Jones was particularly fond of good things to eat, and he saw no help for it but to appear as if he had meant all the kind things that Mrs. Desgin and Dan assumed he had means all along. So as soon as he had sized the table up, he turned to the other boys, hid the banners which had the

boys, hid the banners which had the worst inscriptions on them, and shouted, "Boys, give three cheers for Mrs. Deagan and Dan."

In the meantime, Miss Harkins, the schoolteacher, had come to feel a little qualmish about the permission she had given the boys to lock the schoolhouse up for the morning and shouth house. up for the morning, and shortly before she saw the placard on the door she was she saw the pincard on the door she was very angry, for she had not intended anything like that. She tore it off, went into the schoolhouse and sat down at her deak for a few minutes, thinking it over. Somehow kinder thoughts of little Dan came into her mind this morning than usually dwelt there, and presently she found herself thinking of the Christmas present he had given her. She thought, of course, it was dreadful trash of some sort, but she decided to open and throw it away while the boy was not around to see her do it.

DAN HAD BEMEMBERED

But when she opened the package she did not throw it away. It was something that she had some weeks before Christmas spoken of as wanting. And little Dan had remembered! All the others had forgotten, but he had remembered. Like a shot she was out of the schoolhouse and up the read to Dan's house.

The sounds of mirth which met her ears as she neared the door punshed her, what had the joke turned out to be after all? But at last she rang and was admitted by Mra Desgan.

That good woman almost embraced her in her enthusiass. It was all right, at last, for little Dun, even the school-teacher had come to show her change of heart, and Mrs. Deegan, with her big generous Irish nature, quickly overlooked the past and ushered her into the room where the hoys ast.

"Mra Deegan," said Miss Harkins, as soon as she could speak for the noise. "I want to tell you about Dan. I want to tell you that he is the best boy in my school, the most studious, the best behaved and the most generous, and that," she paused and looked the now humbled jokers over very carefully, "the other boys are agreed that he is the nicest playfellow they have in the village."

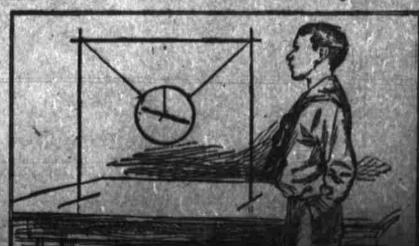
It only took the boys one minute to understand their teacher, and it also

"the other boys they have in the the nicest playfellow they have in the village."

It only took the boys one minute to understand their teacher, and it also gave them an opportunity for some more of those ear-plereing shouts which had been so frequent that morning.

JEAN RIDDELLS.

How to Make a Compass



WILLY'S GREAT MAGLE our man's rame was

alive) has written the following account of the day's experience:

We started long before dawn, for we had a long and arduous climb to make, over colossal rocks, dangerous glaciers and yawning abysses, before we could hope to reach the eyric heights where the eagles nest.

At last we reached a cliff where Willy halted the party and hade us hush, while he crept to the edge, and leaning cautiously over, meanned the shelf of rock at some distance below.

An uplifted finger both warned and backoned us. With infinite care we crept to the edge and looked down. There was a pest with a couple of engies just the age to have shed their white baby down and begin to put on soft feathers. Bealde the nest, on the sun-warmed shelf of rock, stood the mothey engle, performing her morning tollet. It was a charming sight! But we had work before us, and alks! had one cruel thing to do!

While the rost of us held him, Why

air, gave her wings a mighty flap, then sank straight as a plumb line out of sight into the rayine below.

"Wait here for me," commanded willy, and he descended as rapidly as he could in the right direction as noticed by his practiced eye. After a time he returned with a broad smile on his face.

on his face.
"Sho's a bird, indeed!" said he;
"seven feet, if she's an inch, from tip of

eagle's heart. She leaped far out in

A DARING FEAT

WHO IS the beavest man in the world?

to answer, len't it, boys? So much de-

daring man in the world? One might say the Arctic explorer, another might say the African Bon hunter, and so on.

But I rather think you had not thought of another fellow—the edgle hunter of the Alps. Ah, but he is a dering man! And he is so used to running risks that he actually thinks nothing of it.

One of the greatest eagle hunters in

who went with him on one of his eagle hunts (and Willy, by the way, makes a specialty of capturing young engine alive) has written the following account

Well, that's a hard question

"seven feet, if she's an inch, from tip of wing to tip of wing."

After this came the daring work. Having found a suitable ledge overhanging the neet. Willy directed us in arranging some heavy logs as a sort of crane of support for a long pole, from the further end of which he had suspended a stout rulley, and from the pulley hung a long and very strong double rope, to each end of which a mack of rocks was attached.

A set of signals laving been arranged between us, he now descended the mountain to a ledge which was about fifty feet below the nest, preferring to ascend from there rather than descend from where we were, for we were fully seventy-five feet above the nest.

Removing one of the sacks of rock and carefully fastening into its place a rude sort of seat, with a stout, sharp alpen hook in hand, and a couple of sacks in which to place the young eagles, he gave the signal and we from above began to ju! him up in air.

Bibwly, jerk by jerk, we totched him up through the fifty feet of purlicits ascent. When he got fairly swang out in air, we could see the rope began to swing around in a circle. It was all Willy could do, by means of his alpen hook, to keep his body from striking against the jagged rooks. One mistake might have cost him his life. But no mistake was made.

When he found himself close to the When he found himself close to the level of the nest he signaled "stop," and as the rope swung him to, he caught the ledge with his hook, draw close and gathered in the eaglets one by one, with infinite care. Then, with a signal "down," he gantly let go and started on the even more perilous descent, and the farther down he went the ed on the even more perlicus descent, and the farther down he went the larger circles the rope described, and the more he was in danger of being smashed against the jutting rocks. He descended in safety at last (for to us those minutes of perli seemed hours) and hefore long, having recovered the dead cagie, we will be a former to the valley with the live young eagles.

Why the Boy Didn't Go.

Congressman Champ Clark, of Missouri, has a very bright and precolous son samed Bennett, who is about I years of age. The boy like many other sons of members of the House, is apt to be on the floor when it is announced that his father will speak.

One day Champ Clark made a set speech, and it was guito a creditable effort, winning for him praise from both sides of the House. But Bennett wasn't there that day. The next time he showed up he was asked to explain his absence.

'Oh, pahaw," replied the lad, "I heard that speech no less than three times when marsim was teaching it to him at home. What did I want to hear it again for?"