Polly Evans Story Page &

How Philip Realized His Ambition

HILIP WARING was fond of tales of adventure, but, above all, it was the thrilling stories of exploration in Africa that de-lighted him. Uncle Robert, you know, had spent most of his life in these great mysterious regions and so Philip learned about all there was worth knowing regarding the Dark

On the evening before his departure for Paris, at the close of his short visit to the Warings, Uncle Robert engaged in a long talk with Mr. and Mrs. Waring, the result of which apparently gave him considerable satis-

Next morning, while all were seated at the breakfast table, Uncle Rob-

"Lad, how would you like to go to Paris with ma?" "How would I?" snouted Philip.

"Just try me.
"That is," he added, in reply to his mother's ratuer representul look, "for time, anyway."

"Well," smilingly returned Uncle Robert, "your father and mother have consented to spare you for a short time, provided I return you in safe So Philip went to Paris.

Uncle Robert and Philip had been hardly a month in Paris before Uncle

Robert received a letter from an old comrade in Africa, who lay on the point of death. He h I been wounded in a raid upon his tracing station by a tribe of nontile savages, and in which his 5-year-old daughter, Mary, had been carried away. Uncle Robert relt himself bound to carry out the wishes of his old friend,

who requested that search be made for the little girl. Patity refused to leave his uncle, and so Uncle Robert, with many qualms of conscience, was obliged to take him along. Baptiste, Uncle Robert's loyal servant, and Baron, a great, noble mastiff, comprised the rest of the party.

SAILING FOR AFRICA

A week from the time the letter was received they started. The voyage was a quick one and Philip found that his dreams were at last coming true when one bright afternoon he set foot on the land he had long wished to

Uncle Robert desired to proceed imnediately with the matter in hand, so carriers were engaged and other provision made for the journey.

Soon they were wending their way through dense tropical forests peopled by the strange animals of that country. Occasionally they would come upon scattered villages,

Finding that traveling would be made easier thereby, an elephant was purchased from one of the native chiefs. He was a very intelligent animal, and the little girl he sought.

Slow. and reflectively he gased down into the dark waters that bathed the

base of the high cliff by which the

royal castle stood.

All at o... he heard a rushing of

wind behind him. Turning, he saw a

horrible giant of immense size bran-

"Well, who are you?" demanded the

dishing a great club.

Philip really believed he could talk if given half a chance,

But within a day or so the elephant efused to eat and seemed to be laboring under some pain in his throat.

Uncle Robert determined to make ome sort of an examination, Cominding the animal to kneel, he placed a ladder against a tree beside him, so hat he was brought up to a level with the beast's head. In obedience to his nmand, the elephant then threw up



DOCTORING AN ELEPHANT

his head and opened wide his mouth, To the horror of the spectators, Uncle Robert, after looking very carefully for a moment, plunged his arm to its full length into the huge mouth and then began, apparently, to pull comething from the beast's throat. But the intelligent animal, knowing that all this was being done to relieve his sufferings, still kept his mouth open, although big tears of pain rolled from his eyes. Uncle Robert strained and pulled until the veins stood out on his forehead. At last, with a mighty heave, he accomplished his purpose, and out came a long stalk of sugar cane which had lodged in the elephant's throat. The huge beast immediately began to trumpet joyfully, while he looked his gratitude at Uncle Robert. The others rushed about Uncle Robert, both ex-ulting in his happy escape from the peril in which he had placed himself and chiding him for his carelessness of his own safety.

Having heard rumors of a white child being held as a sort of god in a near village, one of the faithful body-guard was dispatched to find out if this were true. He returned with the information that he had actually seen a little white girl playing with the boys and girls of the savages,

By the time they reached the village, however, the natives, hearing of their approach, had sent the little girl into the forest, professing to know nothing at all about her.

Believing that she could not be far away, Uncle Robert directed his efforts to searching in the immediate vicinity. But he was unsuccessful, and it was that threw

WHERE THEY MAKE CORAL ORNA-

MENTS

H. Father, you're just too dear for anything! The necklace is as pretty as it can be-and, oh, it's of coral, too!"

One evening the party camped on

the edge of a great prairie. The ani-

restless and alarmed, Finally, one of

the negroes declared he could smell the grass burning. Uncle Robert be-

gaff at once to take precautions to

A broad, shallow ditch was dug in

circle, inclosing a large plot of land nearby. Applying a torch to the dry grass, the ground within the circle was

Moving within the charred area, they awaited the fire sweeping toward them

from the distance.

The smoke began to roll toward them in clouds, while the heat grow decid-

front of them, burst a gigantic sav-age, carrying on his shoulders a little

Blinded by the emoke, he stumbled into Uncle Robert and Philip, who, leaping upon him, seized and bound him almost before he knew what had hap-

ALL OVERJOYED

All were overloyed. There could be

no doubt that the little girl was

ed, wonderingly at first, toward the

two white strangers, but soon made

herself well acquainted, and, perching

herself on Uncle Robert's knee, chat-

Now that the quest was ended, a

rapid journey was made to the coast, and from there they took ship to Lon-

don, where little Mary was left with

Philip reluctantly bade adleu to Uncle

Robert, and started for home. He never wearies telling of his travels in Africa.

and stoutly declares that the life of an explorer is the only thing in the world for him. Just now he is attending Cen-

treville Academy, but if you ask him what he intends to do after graduation

he shakes his head with an air of se-

crecy that neans volumes. Perhaps Mr.

and Mrs. Waring will have to be con-

Floating Paper.

must be placed upon a sheet of writing

paper floating on water before it can

weight of articles as heavy as pen-

knives. Try it for yourself.

It is estonishing how much weight

denly, from out the mist wall in

dly uncomfortable.

tered like a magpie.

sulted, however.

cleared. The ditch being wide, soon cleared. The ditch being wide, the flames could not, of course, leap across to the surrounding prairie.

mals, for some reason, seemed to

"I'm glad you like it, dear. I bought it from a charming old lady in Torre del Greco, a delightful little town on the Bay of Naples and not far from the city of Naples." "Do tell me all about it," pleaded

'Very well, Puss," laughed ber father, "I do believe you'll find it

quite interesting. "Last time I was in sunny Italy had occasion to visit Naples, and, while there, the thought came to me to take a look at the coral fisheries, se I traveled along down the coast to

"Nearly all the men of the town are employed in coral fishing, while the women do most of the work in Preparing it for market.
"Down under the waves millions of the tiny animals labor, secreting the



CORAL WORKERS

hard substance that forms the masses hard substance that forms the masses and branches of coral.

"This coral is gathered by the fishermen from May to September.

"When it is brought home, women first carefully separate the branches according to their size and their color, which varies from black to white, passing through all shades of red and blak.

Pink.

"Next a division is made, according to quality, into three grades: best, medium and inferior.

"Then it passes on to the women who cut off the long branches with

Why Betty Forgot to be Lonely She found tred fures

Without number ...

O, BETTY didn't mind being call-ed. "old-fashloned." ed. "old-fashloned." Of course, she was "old-fashloned." Aunt Jane told her so every day, so it must be true, although Aunt Jane did say people were "odd" mostly when they didn't do things her way. You know they say you're "old-fashioned" when you see things that other people can't see, when you dream such beautiful dreams, and when you play nice games with what Aunt Jane would call the people of your imagination-though to you they're real girls and boys, just the

Oh, it's nice to be "old-fashioned," especially when you live in a big farmhouse, with the nearest neighbor a mile away. It keeps you from growing lone-

But, in spite of all your imagination, sometimes you get a wee bit lonesome At least Betty did, until she found her Other Self. Let me tell you how this

Betty liked rainy days. Sounds funny. doesn't it? Not that she didn't enjoy being out-of-doors, but next to swaying in the branches of her favorite tree in the orchard, she liked to be up in the big, roomy attic, listening to the raindrong pattering on the roof. Somehow It made her feel sort of sad-and you know it's nice to feel that way sometimes. 'Tian't that you're altogether sad, for your heart gives such a funny throb when you look around the shadowy nooks that it makes you feel almost happy and yet a little bit afraid, as though some strange person you would like to see were near, yet you were afraid to

ANOTHER BETTY

It was just such a day when Betty made the acquaintance of her Other Self. Many and many a time she had climbed the narrow stairs to the attle. So often had she rummaged through the old trunks and furniture that she could have named everything there. That is, almost everything for near the window there was one great chest, inside of which she had never peeped. The big. rusty lock seemed to mock her whenever she tugged at it - sometimes so strongly that she felt sure it must give

You may know how surprised she was when, upon giving it a jerk this time, the lock gave way with such suddenness that she fell back into the old cradie. But still more surprised was she when she raised the lid. She found treasures without number. There were handsome dresses all made in queer fashions. Trying one of these on, the found that it just fit. Somehow, it seemed to feel more comfortable than her own, but perhaps that was because she, like the gowns, was "old-fash-

Eagerly she now went on with her search. Soon she came upon an old leather-covered diary. Opening it, she started on finding her own name on the flyleaf.

Betty's heart beat quickly as she sat down in her grandfather's armchair and began to read the curious old diary. Reading from the very beginning, she

"May 6, 1796.—Aunt Priscilla says it is wicked for me to keep anything secret from her. Be it so, and this diary is wicked. I must ask Uncle Richard if it be wicked to dream or think to one's self. Such beautiful thoughts come to me that I must write them down. Last time, while I was dreaming in church, I thought that the minister and the people grew wings and flew away. It was splendid, only I didn't go along with them. But when I wrote about the dream in my other diary, Aunt Priscilla said it was nonsense and not fit for a diary, and that it was wicked

THE MESSENGER SPARROW

I WAS one of those summer days in the middle West when, the heat becoming unbearable, the farmer was compelled to retreat from his fields and take refuge from the scorching sun. Reclining in the coolest room in the house, he managed to repose in comparative comfort.

He had been resting for some little time when he became conscious of a persistent twittering about his ears. Looking up he saw a little sparrow, which had evidently come in through the open window.

The farmer tried to drive the bird away, but each time it returned, immediately darting off again and constantly chirping as though in an effort to attract his attention.

At last, his curiosity aroused, he fol-

chirping as though in an effort to attract his attention.

At last, his curiosity aroused, he followed the little hird to the doorway. When he looked out he saw, to his astonishment, that a fierce storm was rapidly approaching. He turned in gratitude to the sparrow, but the kindly little messenger had darted away as soon as its mission was accomplished. Immediately the farmer drove the cattle under cover. As is their wont, they were apparently snjoying the intense heat that precedes such a storm, and were grazing far from shelter.

In the violent storm that followed hall of immense size descended with such great velocity that all the pattle would undoubtedly have perished had they not been sheltered.

been sheltered. You can imagine how thankful the farmer was to the little sparrow for his timely warning.

LEVI P. WEBSTER.

Never after this did Betty feel lonely. Whenever she wished she could live the

life of the other Betty. Putting on the quaint dresses, she could easily imagine herself going through all that the other Betty told of in her Thought and Dream Diary. Indeed, she grew so that she sometimes forgot which Betty she really was, and, as Aunt Jane said, grew more "old-fashioned" than ever, But what did that matter? Aunt Priscilla had most likely often said the same.

the entire Boyceville nine and three or

well again, and, if he takes care of him-

"Well, Jim Warner's arm is entirely

"Bet I'll reach the swimmin' hole

first!" yelled Bill Wolf, sprinting down

the dusty road at a mad pace as the

clump of trees that marked their fa-vorite bathing place came into view. Every boy there accepted the challenge and away they dashed, raising such a

cloud of dust as would have done credit

Bill Wolf dived down the long slope

that led to the edge of the creek, but

before he had gone half way he re-

appeared from among the trees, hourse-

ly calling: "Hold up, fellows; that nervy Micky O'Toole is down there

swimmin'. Let's teach him and his

gang to stay where they belong, at the

Arming themselves with pine-cones

and sticks and clods of earth, the party,

at a signal from Bill, swept down the

eank like an avalanche and discharged

bank like an avalanche and discharged their missiles as one man at the un-offending Micky. The suddenness of the onslaught staggered Micky, but he quickly recovered himself and hurriedly made for the opposite shore, where, from the shelter of a tree, he answered

their screams of laughter with words

of defiance. Soon he disappeared, with a final tount for any fellow to come over if he wanted a licking.

AN ILL FATED PROLIC

The next minute all were disporting

down the steep bank just by the bend. "Whistling fishes!" exclaimed Peter

Hamilton, as he arrived on the scene,

Hamilton, as he arrived on the scene,
"If it ain't Jim Warner—and something's wrong with his arm, too!"
He was right. Jim had slipped at
the top of the slope, had fallen heavily on his arm, and then rolled down
the bank.

When Captain Dunsmore mustered
his men on the baliground the foilowing day any one could see with
half an eye that the Boyceville team
had lost all hope, although still prepared to fight their hardest. But Will
Brant couldn't pitch worth a cent and
he was the best they had.

The gams was just about ready to
begin when Captain Jack felt somebody tap him on the shoulder. Looking around he saw Micky O'Toole, his
freekled face adorned with a broad,
friendly grin.

"Say," he said, "I hear you fellows
are hard up for a pitcher. I can pitch
little myself, and if I can help you

"Say," he said, "I hear you fellows are hard up for a pitcher, I can pitch a little myself, and if I can help you out—why, I'm willin."

"You're a trump, Micky!" cried Jack, shaking him heartily by the hand. "It's downright spiendid of you after the way the fellows treated you yesterday."

As Micky had modestly suscented, he could pitch a little—indeed, it was said that he was a shade batter than Jim hyarner, the star.

Boyceville, of course, wen the game, and you may rest assured that Micky went swimming in the Old Swimming-Hole whenever he pleased thereafter.

A Candle Trick.

your friends may not have m confidence in your statement ; you can light a candle with

to a herd of cattle.

other end of the town."

four of their loyal supporters.

CC ELLOWS, we've just got to win the game tomorrow. Those Jonesville chaps have been strutting around in a way that's unbearable ever since they beat us last year. We've got to take the pride out of them, and that in a hurry."

Betty was in raptures. Why, this Betty was "old-fashioned," just like

herself. How nice it was! "Aunt Pris-

Captain Jack Dunsmore's delivery of this speech made a profound impres-

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

to the depth of not quite one-half inch. Lastly, pour in, very gently, a small



Transposition. My whole is composed of eight letters. My 1, 7, 4 is an article of wearing ap-

APRIL 28 ANSWERS

Name Puzzles. Charades.

Arithmetical Puzzles.



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Returning Good for Evil

sion on his hearers, among whom were self until tomorrow, I don't see how we can help winning," said Catcher Bob, and the rest of the group murmured

TERE is an interesting little experiment, showing how the earth, once a great molten mass, attained its present shape. Pour water into a glass until it is one-third full.

Upon this pour slowly some thick oil, quantity of water.
You now have a layer of oil between



themselves in the water, having a jolly good time, if one might judge from the roars of merriment that arese on every Insert a rod in the glass, and stir rapidly in small circles.
Soon you will find that the oil has gathered around the rod in the form of a ball, and if you stir fast enough the ball will fatten at the top and bottom and bulge at the sides, taking the shape of our globe. All at once a sharp cry of pain rang out, followed by a sliding and rattling and scuffling as something crashed

PUZZLES TO SOLVE

1. What is that which is tengthened y being cut at both ends?
2. What makes everything visible but itself invisible?

My 5, 2, 3 is a rodent.
My 6, 6, 2, 8, 5 is to rub out.
My whole is an important Cape.

Enigma. Formed long ago, yet made today, Employed while others sleep; What few would ever give away, Or any wish to keep.

1. Albert 2. Marcus. 1. Pilgrimage. 2. Illumination.

1. Height of staff, 75 feet; payments, \$11.50 523, \$34.50, \$57.50 respectively.





"CHUMS."

A Little Dressmaker. MAKING dolly's dresses, Don't you think it's fun?

Don't you think it's funy
icre is one already,
This I've just begun.
Oh, how many stitches!
And hat tangly thread!
When I pricked my finger,
I just guess it bled.
There! the needle's brokesBending all about—
That's a sign my dolly'll
Wear the dresses out.
—Youth's Compa

Love's Young Dream.
Little Girl (at school)—What did the teacher send you here for?
Little Boy—She sal. I was bad, and must come over and s.' with the girls.
"I like you. Can you stay long?"
"No; I wasn't very bad."
"Well, you be badder next time!"—Sketchy Bits.

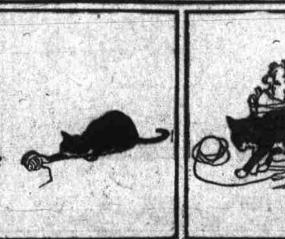
immense shears, and from them to the polishers, who remove all the rough, sandy particles that cover the outside, by washing the branches in lime or grinding them on the emery wheel.

"Women pierce holes in the coral, using a contrivance that somewhat resembles a sewing machine, the needle of which is kept cool by water dripping constantly upon it.

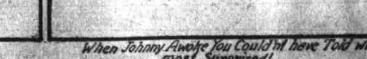
"After this preparatory work, it is put in the hands of men who turn it into the shapes of those beautiful ornaments we se much admire.

"Engravers make the finishing touches, and then the article is ready for sale. All the people of Eastern countries, especially India and China, are fond of wearing coral ornaments."

"Yes, Indeed, it is interesting," said Alics, when her father had concluded:
"I never knew before that it took so much work to make a coral necklace. I shall appreciate this one all the more for knowing its entire history." immense shears, and from them to the













The Ostrich That Didn't O

"I am a genie!" thundered the giant, in tones that rumbled long after be "I am minded to be your friend. Do you want the Princess Corisands for

what from his astonish

"By the heard of the prophet, I do!" cried Prince Mohamid.
The genie continued, "Then do as I

THE GLANT GENIE

prince, when he had recovered som

The genie continued, "Then do as I bid yes."

"All will find in the Mediterranean sea a huge rock that rises almost to the clouds. Upor the summit a gigantic bird has its nest. You will find there a yellow parchment with three red seals. Bring it to me. The paper is valuable to none but me, and I myself am forbidden to, remove it from the nest.

"I give you a ring, without which you could not set foot on the Island, for you would be killed instantly by enchantment. It will protect your life in two attempts for the parchment. Should you tall the second time. I would not advise you to try again, for nothing could save you."

So saying, the genie vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared, leaving behind aim the ring of walch he had spoken.

While pendering over this stravers.

treached the base of the child is rested upon the water. The prince, without hesitating, seized the ring left by the genie and climbed flown the cliff into the boat, which im-

The Prince and the Genie

DRINGE MOHAMID was sad. And well he might be, for the beau-tiful Princess Corisands had reheading for the open sea. On and on the boat salled until the prince could see on the herison the great rock described by the genie, fused, for the eighth time, to marry him. So you cannot wonder The boat grounded ashore and he that he was mournful.

leaped out. Not a green thing was to be seen on, the island, nothing but the bare rock rising sheer to the sky. How could one reach the top of it? It was clearly

too steep to climb. Perplaxed, the prince sat down on a flat stone, when suddenly he became aware that the sun seemed to have ceased shining. Raising his head, he be-held a terrible bird above him Its wings were as big as salls; each wicked talon was as long as six fingers; its beak was long and sharp and pointed; the head was massive and shaped like

that of an owl. Hastily grasping his bow, the prince shot an arrow at the bird with all his strength, but though it struck the black, glossy plumage of the bird, it broke as though made of glass.

A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE. With herrible cries the bird pounced upon him, seized him in its talons, ascended with him to a point far above the sea, and then released its hold. The

prince plunged into the water with a force that dazed him so that he was barely able to swim to land. He rested in the boat, discouraged but

not yet daunted. Just then he saw the bird leaving the nest accompanied by her brood of little ones. Fitting another shaft to his bow, he shot once more. This time the arrow struck one of the young birds, last in line, and stunned it so that it fell on the shore just by the boat. Hurriedly picking up the bird, which

was larger than a man, he bound it to his back in such a way that the talons could do him no harm when the bird recovered, and then crouched low be-Soon the parent bird missed her young one, and looking about her, finally sighted it on the shore. Swooping

down with shrill cries, she caught it in her claws and rose to her nest. The Prince, who was bound to the young bird, of course, went, too. The nest was a dark cavern in the very summit of the rock, right among the clouds. As soon as the prince feit

his feet touch the ground he hastily out the cords that bound him to the bird and gilded silently into the other end of the cavern.

There, amid ghastly skeletons and re-

mains of awful feasts, he saw the pre-cious parchment. Leaping forward, he caught it up and pressed it to his heart. No sooner had he secured the paper than he saw the genie standing before

him.
"You have done well," rumbled the old familiar tones, "Princess Corisands is yours."
In a moment Prince Mohamid was standing by his castle rubbing his eyes to assure himself that it was not all a dream. Remembering the genie's last words, he then rushed away to again plead his cause to the princess.

And the genie's words came true,