

Polly Evans For Boys

Story Page and Girls

(Copyright, 1907, by The North American Company.)

The Legend of Count Robert the Fearless

"THEY'VE taken all I own," groaned the count; "not a thing is left."

Indeed they had, for what with having led too merry a life during the last few years, the count had spent all of his fortunes and had come upon hard times. All the splendid furnishings of his castle were sold to pay the numerous debts.

The desire to live gone with the vanishing of the last portion of his

safety when I saw you disappear 'neath the waters."

"Oh, you're not intruding, sir, I, you know, am Queen of the Water Sprites. Would you not like to see my palace?"

Count Robert would be pleased, indeed, especially in the company of such a charming guide.

So he was escorted through the magnificent castle, where he dined sumptuously in the great banquet hall with the mermaids, curious little mermen

Playing History in the Nursery

MABEL knows, oh, so many things that you would think she's just wasting her time going to school. But then, Mabel is ten and studies history and joggery and others. 'Tisn't as if she was six, like me, or only four, like Billy. Maybe I'll know lots, too, when I'm ten.

You ought to see all the nice games Mabel can make up, all right out of her own head. She thinks 'em as quick as you can wink. The nicest one we've played yet was last Saturday, when mother was called away to see Aunt Catharina, who was sick, and there wasn't anybody home 'cept cook, Fido and the parrot. That is, it was fun till—there, I'm most told already!

Mother always says I begin at the wrong end of my stories. I guess it's like eating your dessert first—'cause you don't want anything else after that's gone. Only wish people did eat that way, then maybe it'd be all dessert.

On this 'ticular Saturday, it rained 'cats and dogs—that's what Jimmy Finn calls it, anyway—as soon as mother'd gone. That's why we had to play a house game.

We'd never played history before—'cause Mabel hadn't invented it. I mean the game, of course, for history itself was 'rented years and years ago. She'd only learned American history all through, but we all wanted to be kings or queens or something big, so Mabel tried to 'member what she'd read about Croasades or some such things. She said Billy and I could be knights. She didn't think there were any 'knights-esses,' so Gertie and Mildred said



SUCCESSOR THE WOUNDED.

they'd be knights, too. Any one'd know that wasn't right, so I told 'em they'd better be nurses and 'follow the heroes to war,' as Mabel says.

Helmets, like Mabel talks about, ain't easy to make, but we got some gilt paper and made dandy crowns. 'Course when the nurses saw how fine we looked, they had to have 'em, too. Then we got lots of old cloth and things up in the garret that made good suits.

I'm most certain Mabel got the battles mixed, 'cause we chased the en-

emy from where the snow and ice was to the hot desert. Fido was the 'snagger,' and we chased him from the snow and ice was supposed to be, to the kitchen, where it was hot and so like a desert. Likewise Mabel 'splained it that way. 'But in the 'desert' we was the ones who got chased and Fido got away, too.

'Loyal knights!' Mabel began (Mabel's great on speeches); 'The enemy has been victorious. What are you going to do about it?'

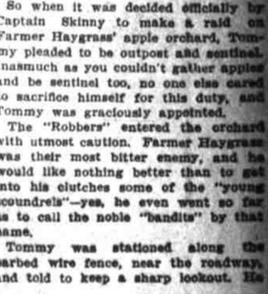
Little Tommy's Disgrace

EVER since Tommy had become a "Bloody Robber," he burned to win undying fame through some glorious deed. Being the littlest of course, the other "brigands" didn't expect much of him, but he would show 'em—yes-see—he would show 'em he could do a thing or two. Upon the death of Billy, the goat, you remember, he covered himself with glory by giving the alarm. This honor, however, did not satisfy him.

So when it was decided officially by Captain Skinny to make a raid on Farmer Haygrass' apple orchard, Tommy pleaded to be outpost and sentinel. Inasmuch as you couldn't gather apples and be sentinel too, no one else cared to sacrifice himself for this duty, and Tommy was graciously appointed.

The "Robbers" entered the orchard with utmost caution. Farmer Haygrass was their most bitter enemy, and he would like nothing better than to get into his clutches some of the "young scoundrels"—yes, he even went so far as to call the noble "bandits" by that name.

Tommy was stationed along the barbed wire fence, near the roadway, and told to keep a sharp lookout. His



THE SOLE VICTIM.

did guard well against the approach of the enemy from this direction, but it so happened that the farmer made his appearance from the other side and was discovered first by the other boys.

All the band got away except Tommy. As he tried to crawl under the fence the barbed wire caught in his trousers and held him fast. The wrathful Farmer Haygrass dragged him forth. The farmer, seeing he was too small to take to the "lock-up"—a proceeding which would have made Tommy a hero in the eyes of the "Robbers"—he was forced to undergo the humiliation of a spanking!

The band stood in a circle around Tommy, in their secret den in Warner's hayloft. Captain Skinny delivered the verdict:

"The prisoner has been unannouncedly found guilty of the following:

1. Allowing himself to be caught.
2. Gettin' a spankin'—like some little kid.

"Disgracin' himself by cryin'."

"He is henceforth and forever no longer a member of the 'Bloody Robbers.'"

In his anguish of spirit, Tommy recklessly joined the "Bloody Pirates" at the other end of the town. This, as Bill Kane said, "was worse than committin' suicide."

Poor Tommy.



SAVED FROM DEATH.

wealth. Count Robert resolved to drown himself that very night.

When the moon was at its full he loosened his skiff as it lay at its moorings and paddled toward the middle of the river. The water was too shallow near the bank, and if he were to die he wished, at least, to do it as he had lived, in the most comfortable and elegant style possible.

Count Robert ceased paddling. A deep sigh escaped him as he thought of the jolly life he had once led; but then, reflecting on the emptiness of present existence, he rose in desperation to cast himself into the water—when, chancing to look at the massive rock rising from the river nearby, he beheld a beautiful maiden.

Now, the count was very courteous, especially to ladies, and he certainly couldn't do such an ungentlemanly act as drown himself before the eyes of this beauty. In fact, he didn't feel half as much like ending his life as he had the moment before.

And when the beautiful maiden, after smiling sweetly upon him, glided into the water, what could the gallant count do but plunge to her rescue?

Down he traveled until he stood on the river's bottom. To his astonishment the bewitching lady stood right before him, still smiling and seemingly not in the least need of rescue.

"I beg your pardon, lady," said the count, with a sweeping bow; "my presence is due to my recent alarm for your

servicing the food upon golden platters. When he took his leave he told the queen the reason for his midnight row on the river. In pity she generously gave him all the gold he could carry. Count Robert, overjoyed, told her he would return after paying his debts and make her his bride. After an affectionate adieu, stout mermen bore him to the shore.

But now that Count Robert was again very wealthy, he quickly forgot his promise to the queen, and straightway began to court the baron's daughter. A day was finally appointed for their wedding. All the city flocked to see the ceremony.

Just as they were about to be married it grew dark as night, so that the church had to be lighted. Then came peal after peal of terrible thunder. The door opened. In ran a fisherman. "Fly for your lives!" he cried, "the river has overflowed its banks!"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before there was a mighty rush of water that engulfed people, church and all. Upon the crest of the first wave rode the angry Queen of the Water Sprites. She was revengeful, and Count Robert was drowned after all.

Good Friday.

"Now, boys," asked the patient teacher, "can any of you tell me something of Good Friday?"

"Yes, ma'am. He was the feller that done the housework for Robinson Crusoe."

SWINGING IN THE ORCHARD



Two Cats I Know.

I KNOW a flat where dwells a cat Named Mrs. Tomson Tabby; 'Tis badly kept, and never swept. The furniture is shabby.

The washing-up of plate, or cup, She leaves until tomorrow; I think with you you will agree Her days will end in sorrow.

She says she is "not very strong," Alas! she's only lazy. Her careless ways are quite enough To drive poor Tomson crazy.

I know a flat where dwells a cat, Her name is Mrs. Fluffy; Her rooms are beautiful to see, They're never hot and stuffy.

No mouse-tails lie upon the floor, All spotless is her kitchen; Tho' Mr. Fluffy may be poo- There's one thing he is rich in—

His wife is worth her weight in gold, And gracious, too, and witty— Ah! here she is for you to see, Now, don't you think she's pretty?

Seeing All the Town.

There was a whole family of children, and they were only to spend one day in the city with their aunt and cousins.

Upon their return home a friend asked, "What did you see of the city?"

"Oh, we saw all of it," was the reply. "All of it! in one day!"

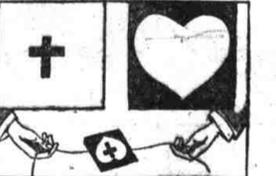
"Yes, you see we've lots of cousins, so one of them took one of us to one place, another cousin took another of us to some other place, and so on. Each of us went to a different place, but the family of us saw pretty nearly the whole city."

An Optical Illusion

CUT a piece of cardboard to exactly the size of one of the two squares you see below.

Paste upon one side the square showing the heart, leaving the heart on the outside, of course. Upon the other side of the cardboard paste the square containing the cross, having the cross face outward.

Now attach a string to the two opposite sides of the cardboard. Fasten the two free ends of the string to your thumbs. Then twist the piece of cardboard round and round until the string is wound tightly. Upon releasing the cardboard it will spin around rap-



KEY TO THE ILLUSION.

idly until the string is unwound. While turning you will be surprised to see, instead of a heart and a cross, one figure—that of a cross inside of a heart, such as the picture shows you.

Polite Impoliteness.

SOME one has said to Louis XIV of France that Lord Stair, then English ambassador in France, understood the art of politeness best of any man in the world.

"I shall put him to the proof," said the king.

Next day as the royal party were about to enter a carriage to drive to the king's hunting-ledge the king nodded to Lord Stair. "Enter, my lord," said he.

To the great surprise of the courtiers Lord Stair promptly took his seat before the king.

Louis was convinced that the people had spoken the truth, for truly the finest politeness was prompt obedience to the king.

Gets Rid of Them.

An English farmer was known far and wide for his skill in the treatment of horses.

A neighbor who wanted some information, approached the farmer's son the other day.

"My boy," said he, "when one of your father's horses is ill what does he do?"

"Well," said the boy, "if it's not very sick he gives it medicine, but if it's seriously ill he sells it."

Long Sermons.

The minister was telling his Sunday school class about the young man who fell asleep while listening to the preaching of Apostle Paul, and who, falling out of a window, was picked up dead.

"What do we learn from this solemn event?" he asked.

A little girl replied: "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach such long sermons."

Answers to May 26 Puzzles.

- Diamond.
A
S
T
E
R
E
S
T
A
R
E
- Curtainings.
Curtain feet and leave fee.
Curtain fire and leave fir.
Curtain board and leave boar.
Curtain crown and leave crow.
- Riddles.
1. Your name.
2. It has no visible support.

Playing "Diabolo" in Paris



Did you ever try to make a spool run up and down a string tied between two sticks, and then throw the spool up in the air, catch it as it falls—twisting the strings around it—and send it spinning above your head again? When you do, you'll find out how hard it is to play "diabolo," or rocket-ball.

All the French boys and girls are now playing rocket-ball in the parks and gardens of Paris. They toss the spool from one to the other with a skill that you would envy.

Really, it is much harder to play than tennis, and those of us who would laugh at a little French boy trying to play baseball would probably find that in "diabolo" he could win from us with an ease most disheartening.

Ching Loo's Washing Day

CHING LOO'S washing day came once every twenty-four hours, for Ching Loo, you know, owned a laundry.

When Ching Loo came to this country, some years ago he meant to stay a long, long time until he became immensely wealthy. Then he returned back to China, settle down, build a fine house, and be respected by all his neighbors.



MAKING THE CHILDREN STUDY.

Ching Loo wished to make money fast, but for all that he was so fond of Mrs. Ching Loo that he felt obliged to bring her along, although he knew it would cost more to live. We find him at last doing a fine business in one of our great cities.

As the little Loo's grew up they weren't at all like good Chinese children. They were just as restless as

most American boys and girls, and wouldn't sit still a moment. When Ching Loo wished them to study the Chinese books he had brought all the way from China they would throw them aside in a few minutes, tiring of reading.

One day the clothesline in Ching Loo's yard broke in the middle. This gave him an idea. Calling the two little Loo's,

he tied their long queues together and then made them sit facing in opposite directions. On their hair he hung the laundry to dry.

They had to sit very still lest they disturb the clothes. Soon becoming tired of doing nothing, they begged for books. Ching Loo's plan worked so well that the little Loo's soon grew to be quite studious and learned.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS ... HOW PIGGY ESCAPED WHILE HIS CAPTOR MADE LOVE

