

# Polly Evans For Boys

# Story Page and Girls

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## WAS SAVED BY A MIRROR

EVER since Reginald could remember he wished to be a mighty hunter some day and go out and hunt tigers. He was the son of an English army officer, and in India, where Reginald's father was stationed, there were numbers of tigers. But he had never set eyes on one.

On the day Reginald became 10 years old he resolved to celebrate the day by hunting tigers.

Stealing away with his father's revolver, he was soon in the jungle. But somehow he couldn't find a tiger, although he walked and walked for hours.

Growing tired, he sat down to rest for a moment. Before he knew it he was fast asleep.

Reginald awoke with a start some time later. He heard a soft rustling near him. Looking up, he saw, but a



FRIGHTENING A TIGER

few yards distant, a fierce-looking tiger.

The lad didn't feel so much like fighting tigers now. Recovering a little from his surprise, he desperately pulled the trigger of the revolver. It wouldn't fire!

Reginald gave himself up for lost. Then he noticed that the tiger was no longer looking at him, but at a little mirror which had rolled from his pocket, and lay glittering there in the sunshine.

A sudden thought seized the boy. Grasping the mirror, he held it so that a ray of light was reflected right in the animal's eyes.

With a cry of fear, the huge tiger turned and fled!

You may be sure that Reginald lost no time in getting back home, and that he never ceased to be thankful for his lucky escape. As for the mirror, it is still his most treasured possession, although he is now a man well up in years.

### Why They Stopped.

A little miss entered a street car carrying a basket, from which appeared, from time to time, the head of a tiny dog. She asked the conductor to stop at a certain street.

When the car stopped, she held the dog up to the window.

"Don't you wish to get off?" inquired the conductor.

"Oh, no," replied she; "I just wanted Fido to see where his mother lives."

# STARTING THE DOLLVILLE JOURNAL



DOES Toyland enjoy itself? Bless you, yes. Perhaps the people of Toyland aren't so happy during the day, when rude boys and girls often treat them so shamefully and hurt their feelings. It is at night, when other folk are in bed, that they come together and talk and play, in much the same way as boys and girls do.

For many of the games played by the little folk of Dollville, the ideas were furnished by Anabelle. Anabelle was the pretty French doll, you know, and she was as clever as she was handsome. Never was she at a loss for an idea.

### THE MAID SPEAKS HER MIND

"I don't see why we should be without a paper. Mortals have lots of papers and books and magazines—and everybody knows we are much brighter than they."

The French captain of dragoons twirled his saber thoughtfully as he listened to Anabelle. At last he said:

"That might well be managed, if we could only get enough people to do the work. For instance, whom would we have for editor?"

"I think you would make a tip-top editor," replied Anabelle.

"If I have to drill my dragoons every day. Don't you think we'd better ask the French gentleman to undertake the work?"

"No, I don't like him at all; he winks at me so naughtily. Besides, you've only five dragoons now, since those horrid children broke three more yesterday. Come, I know you'll be editor," said Anabelle, coaxingly.

The captain sadly nodded. "Yes, that's true," he mused; "out of a whole squadron of fine soldiers there are only five men left, and those five are so battered that they're not

in fit condition to drill. Well, if you insist, I suppose I will accept the position. But shouldn't we have a meeting first?"

Toyland was so very busy that only a few attended the meeting. Indeed, Anabelle, the captain, the Indian, the Jap, the Teddy Bear, and Topsy made up the whole party.

As Anabelle always had her own way, the captain was speedily elected editor. Anabelle wished to be society editor, so she became society editor. But no one else could be found to take any share of the work.

In despair the captain and Anabelle decided finally to do it all themselves.

It took quite a time to hit upon a name, but at last "The Dollville Journal" was voted upon.

The editor's first act was to appoint the monkey his office boy. The monkey was very quick—when he wished to be—and, besides, would probably be able to report a great deal of news. The snail was very envious, as he thought the job should have been his; but nobody paid any attention to him.

Then the captain strolled around Toyland, asking all the people to give him news.

### NEWS MADE TO ORDER

Every one said they would be glad to do so. In fact, the rocking horse ran over the hen then and there, just so an accident could get into the paper.

Nor was the society editor idle. Her doll friends had promised that they would have teas and receptions in order to help her. Of course, Anabelle was present at all of these.

There wasn't much she didn't know about the doings of Toyland by the time her visits were ended. Meanwhile, the captain began to

think that he would have to print something about politics. As there was nothing to publish he declared he'd make something. He ordered the monkey to tell all Toyland that there was to be a big meeting. Unfortunately, only the toy cat and the Dresden china shepherd boy came, and the meeting was so dull that the shepherd boy, just to enliven things a little, threw a rubber ball at the captain. The ball knocked off the captain's helmet, the boy and the cat ran away, and so the speech was ended.

### ANIMALS WORKED HARD

But the animals really did work hard. Every animal in Toyland was at his post and a glorious circus they had. Noah arranged everything, and the performance came off splendidly, with the exception of two or three little accidents. A leg of toy rabbit was broken, and a glass eye of one of the ponies disappeared. Indeed, the crowd at the circus no doubt accounted for the small number at the political meeting.

That evening Anabelle and the editor compared notes. The Irishman set the type and ran off the edition on the toy printing press.

Next evening there was excitement enough, I can tell you. All Toyland crowded toward the editor's office, each one with some grievance. No one was pleased with what had been said about them in the "Journal." As they pressed forward the editor held them back at his sword's-point. But soon they overcame him and broke him all to pieces. With him died "The Dollville Journal."

The children who owned these playthings always thought that the captain had been broken to pieces by rats, but we know better, don't we!

## THE RING THAT WAS LOST

NO ONE was fonder of gems than the old rajah. So that when a humble miner uncovered one of the most beautiful diamonds in the world he faithfully took it to the rajah and presented it to him. The miner received a handsome reward, after which the rajah ordered the diamond to be polished and cut in the most handsome style.

Hours at a time did he spend in admiration of this splendid stone. Not a day passed but what he did not take it from its gorgeous case to feast his eyes upon it.

Now the rajah was very fond of parrots, too. He had an old parrot, which he deemed very wise. So it was natural that he should show the parrot his new possession. But the parrot really wasn't so wise, after all, even if he did cock his head on one side



"SWALLOWED THE RING"

and look as though he knew all things. For with one gulp he swallowed the ring!

The rajah was frantic. In this land no one was permitted to do harm to parrots or kill them, so nothing could be done but wait until it died. It showed no signs of dying, however, and the rajah himself passed away in the meantime.

The son of the rajah now became ruler and brought with him a new prime minister.

Although no one knew it, this prime minister was a rogue. He had the key to the golden cage in which the parrot was kept, and he alone gave it food. He just simply ceased to feed it and, of course, it died naturally.

As soon as the bird was dead he opened it and secured the diamond. Then he killed another parrot and painted it to look like the first. This parrot he took to the rajah. All the ministers assembled to see the bird opened. But the rajah found a streak of paint on his finger after he had touched the bird, and was suspicious. A week later the prime minister asked leave to take a vacation. Before his baggage was taken on board the vessel the rajah ordered it to be searched. The diamond was found! And the wicked prime minister was thrown into jail.

No parrot has ever had such a feast again, as the new rajah doesn't like parrots.

Tim (watching men making mortar)—See! What a lot of dough you make!

## VOYAGES ON THE BROOK



IT'S FUN, you know, to see ships go A-bobbin' swiftly down the brook;

A-dodgin' snags and rocks below, And over falls, fast as you look.

Sometimes, 'tis true, there is a wreck— On tny isle she runs aground;

The cruel wavelets sweep her deck, And to the bottom soon she's bound.

Or, rather, one should say, to float As common driftwood down the stream.

Oh! what a fate for such a boat! How quick disturbed, the launcher's dream!

For ships you've sent with cargoes way, Some time the seas no longer roam, But, richly stored, return, they say, I wish my ships would all come home!

**Bubbles.**  
Out on the great, wide sea they float— Our silver fleet, so bright and gay— With colors spread of rainbow tints, They glide from port, and sail away!

All duly known, and launched by name— Gay "FANCY" bright, and "HOPE" and "DREAMS"— While proud "AIR CASTLE" spreads her wings, And lightly leads the way, it seems.

But, ah, alas! ill-fated fleet! Who hid within you dynamite? One terrible explosion, sad— And lost to view our squadron bright!

L. L. R.

**Magical Glass.**  
Place the palm of your hand completely over the mouth of a goblet nearly filled with water, bending the fingers at right angles.

Then, still pressing your palm down tightly, straighten out your fingers to a horizontal position. This will produce a partial vacuum, and you will be able to lift the glass from the table.

## Cock and the Thief

THERE was once a cock—and he was a very fine cock, indeed. He could crow louder than any of the other cocks, and he was big and beautiful, besides.

There was also a little girl—and she was a very nice little girl. She could sweep cleaner and dust better and do better work than any other little girl the farmer's wife had ever had. That is why she was given a new, shining coin each week for her very own.

The little girl saved all these coins and put them in a little box. The box she hid out in the barn. Only the cock knew this hiding place.

The farmer hired a man to work for him in the fields. This man was very wicked, although, of course, the farmer didn't know he was so bad when he hired him.

One day this bad man saw the little girl put away a coin in the box that was hid in the barn.

"Aha!" said he; "this very night I will go and steal the money."

But the cock heard him say this. He quickly gathered together all the fowls of the barnyard and told them what the man had said.

"I'll jump at him and peck his eyes out!" said the goose.

"So will we!" cried the turkey and the pigeon together. And the rest said: "So will we."

The wise cock thought for a while. "No," said he; "I have a better plan." That evening when the thief entered the barnyard, he was greeted with such a cackling and crowing and a cooling as was never heard before.

The farmer could not help hear the noise. He jumped from bed, grabbed his gun and went down and caught the thief.

The little girl felt sure it was her pet, the cock, who had done this. She took all her money and bought him from the farmer.

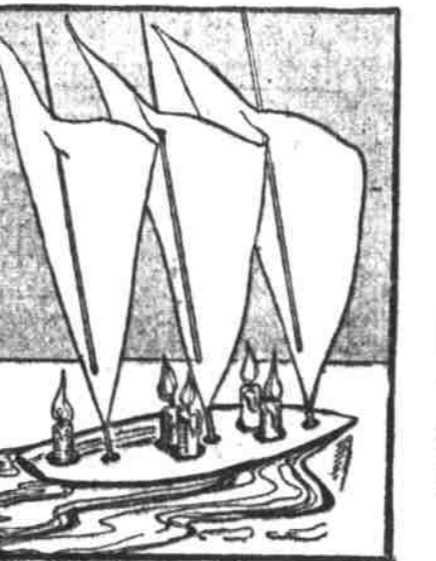
## A Candle Boat

MAKE your boat one foot long, three inches wide and one-fourth of an inch deep. It should be hollowed out.

Stout writing paper may be used for sails, and each piece should be placed on the mast as is shown in the picture.

PROPELLED BY HEAT

ture, the bottom of the sheet being fastened to the mast with sealing wax. Each mast should be one foot in height. Lighted candles, placed under the sheet, furnish enough power to make the boat move.



## Bill and the Kite

BILL MUMFORD thought heaps of Ben Franklin. Bill likewise was much interested in 'lectricity. You could tell that by the number of times he would ring doorbells and then scoot 'round the corner. It was wonderful to see how just pushin' a button would make a bell ring!

There was one thing Bill wished to try. He wished to fly a kite like Ben Franklin.

So one day out he goes in a howlin' thunderstorm with his kite with a key on it. Bill always was an idiot. (I'm goin' to try to get him put out of the "Bloody Robbers" if he keeps on bein' so foolish.)

The kite was flyin' all right, but somehow the key didn't seem to be tryin' very hard to coax any 'lectricity 't.

After a while Bill dropped the ball of string that wasn't unwound, and Squire Brown's goat, that had been following him, went and swallowed it.

Bill was so 's'prised that he let go of the string he held in his hand.

When I seen Bill, he was making streaks after the goat, and it was the goat who was flyin' the kite! I ran an' got the fellers an' maybe we didn't have fun watchin' 'em.

**Games of Blind Man.**  
Blindfold the player who is "It," and place him in the middle of the room, first giving him a wand.

The piano is played, and all dance around the "blind man." Suddenly the music ceases, and all stand still. The person blindfolded then lowers his wand upon some one, who must imitate any noise he then makes. By this means he usually is able to guess the name.

## HORATIA'S HIDING-PLACE



"MISSING HER MOTHER, HORATIA BECAME AFRAID"

THERE was great anxiety in Roma. The savage Gauls were approaching rapidly. Now that the enemy were almost upon them, the Romans forgot to be careless and began to summon their legions. But they had waited so long that they were entirely unprepared to resist their savage foes.

The old senator, Horatia's father, did not despise the Gauls, as did the others. He had fought against them, and he knew that only well-trained soldiers could hope to overcome their recklessness and bravery. The Roman legions were no longer well trained.

The senator had stowed most of his valuable goods on a ship that lay near the city, so that he could send them and Horatia and her mother away, while he stayed to fight for his country.

At last the Gauls had broken into Roma, destroying everything that lay in their pathway. In the meantime, all was confusion at the senator's house. Servants were running this way and that, shouting and crying. Missing her mother, Horatia became afraid and hid herself in a big vase.

Soon the senator arrived, seeking Horatia and her mother, to see that they reached safety. As he passed the vase he directed a slave to take it to the ship, as it was very rare and valuable.

Not finding Horatia, the senator was obliged to go back to his post.

On the ship Horatia's mother was well-nigh distracted. How glad and

surprised she was to see the head of a wee maiden peep out from a huge vase brought on board by a slave, who never knew what a precious burden he carried. Horatia wasn't lost, after all. But who ever heard of such a funny hiding place!

**Making Believe.**  
JULIA was sorry that she did not live when fairies and witches were not afraid to show themselves. She wished she were a princess and lived in a castle and had all sorts of nice adventures befall her.

But she knew all this couldn't be, so she decided to "make believe." However, no one would help her. The gardener positively refused to be a duke's cook wouldn't be a countess, and even the cat wouldn't act as all like Puss-in-Boots. Father agreed to be a king, it is true, but he wasn't home much.

"How much nicer it would be," she was telling father, "if every one would make believe."

"Oh, I don't know," replied father, drawing a box of candy from his pocket. "It's nice to have real things, too, sometimes."

**Hard Work.**  
George—Don't work like a dog all day, Pa. Father—I'm pleased to hear you're becoming so industrious, but what have you done with your work? George—Didn't get a workman.

## MR. RABBIT'S AGAIN BEATEN



THE tortoise crawled slowly along the roadway. It took quite a time to cover a short distance, but still he moved forward steadily, never once pausing, so that after a while he came upon Mr. Rabbit, resting himself.

"Better get an automobile," laughed Mr. Rabbit, as he espied the tortoise.

"It seems to me I've heard of a certain race between a tortoise and a hare, in which the latter did not win the highest honors," calmly replied the tortoise.

"Stuff and nonsense," returned the other; "I never did believe that story. But just to see what you can do, I'll challenge you to a race."

The tortoise thought a moment. "All right," said he; "and whoever wins will get a fine prize. I'll be on hand this time tomorrow morning."

Promptly at the hour appointed the two arrived at the big milestone that marked their starting-point.

Each was to run five miles, where he was to place his mark on the milestone there, and then return to the starting-place.

Off they started. The rabbit ran swiftly, though easily, chuckling to himself about the prize he believed was already his.

Soon he came in sight of his goal. What was his surprise to see the tortoise there when he arrived.

The tortoise greeted him with a nod. "As I had so much time to spare, though I'd wait for you."

Mr. Rabbit, with a gasp, turned, and without a word made for the starting-point. He reached there, looked, and fell back in astonishment.

The tortoise had reached the milestone before him.

You see, the tortoise had a twin brother who looked exactly like him. One brother stood at one milestone and the other at the other. Neither had moved. But, of course, the rabbit knew nothing of this.

Mr. Tortoise won the prize. Mr. Rabbit was so chagrined that he made no remark when the snail scornfully challenged him to a race. He believes the old story now, and the tortoise believes he has been fittingly punished.