

Polly Evans For Boys

Story Page and Girls



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

ELIZABETH'S CHOICE

BERT MORGAN

Musical Elves



"MARYSVILLE HAD WON!"

THERE wasn't a great deal to choose between them. Marysville Seminary was located near the mountains; Elliott Seminary was surrounded by beautiful lakes. Eloise James was going to enter Marysville, while Laura Ford was to become a student at Elliott Seminary. Eloise and Laura were Juliet's particular chums. Now, which school should she attend?

Juliet had by no means arrived at a solution of this important problem up to this afternoon, when, with heels impatiently drumming a tattoo, she awaited the coming of Eloise and Laura. The three were going to take one of their customary trips together—the last before school terms would begin.

Moment after moment flew; still there was no sign of either of her two friends. To pass away the time Juliet began to think again of the "seminary riddle," as she called it. But even that she gave up in despair, glancing anxiously at the clock, as she said to herself, "I suppose I'll have to attend Marysville half the time and Elliott the other half."

Juliet was now beginning to feel a little annoyed at the non-arrival of Eloise and Laura. All at once she leaped to her feet, cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling.

"That's exactly what I'll do!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "If Eloise comes first, I'll go to Marysville, and if Laura is first, Elliott will be my choice."

Meanwhile Eloise and Laura were having little troubles of their own. Both lines of trolleys which they used had stopped running for some cause or other.

After waiting for some time, Eloise determined to walk. Laura stood in front of her house for a long time until an automobile belonging to one of her friends came by. The friend offered to take Laura on her way and she was soon comfortably seated in the auto.

Eloise and Laura ascended the front steps of Juliet's house at the very same time!

Just then, a fortune would have it, Juliet's brother came out of the side gateway.

"Hello!" shouted Dick, "what about that entertainment, Laura?"

Laura stopped to chat with Dick for a moment about the entertainment their society was to give on the morrow. In the meantime Eloise was admitted by Nora.

Marysville had won! Juliet never told how she had come to select this seminary, nor did Dick ever imagine that he had unwittingly been the cause of Elliott's defeat.

But one can't help wondering what would have happened had both Eloise and Laura entered the room together.

Whipping the Prince.

It is said that Prince Krut, the little son of the crown prince of Denmark, once threw a sponge in the face of his nurse at the end of a warm dispute.

The royal mother was sent for. She decided that her son was in the wrong, and told him to fetch a cane in order that he might be punished.

A little later the prince returned and politely handed two pebbles to his mother, with the remark:

"I can't find the stick, but here are two stones for you to throw at me."

Looks Suspicious.

Mrs. Brown looked around her uneasily. "Do you know," she said to Mr. Brown, "I'm expecting every minute to hear the doorbell ring and to be told that Clarence is in some dreadful mischief."

"What makes you think that?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Oh, he's been so good all day; and this morning he took down one of his lesson books and studied for nearly two hours."

IT WAS not his fault that his father was immensely wealthy. Nor was it by his choice that he was christened Adelbert, a name he always detested.

While Adelbert was but a baby his mother had died, leaving him to the care of his father, Mr. Randolph Morgan was too busy looking after his millions to accept the entire responsibility. He was the kindest man in the world, and well meaning, and he was resolved his boy should have the very best there was to be had. Adelbert received the very best of education in select private schools and was sent on tours throughout Europe to improve his language—and also to improve his health.

Now when he was very young Adelbert was carefully examined by an eminent physician, who reported to Mr. Morgan that the boy would always be weak and stinky, and that he should never be permitted to take violent exercise. So Adelbert was debarred from all forms of manly exercise, and grew up a tall, pale, effeminate youth, with apparently no interest in life save for dress and mild amusements.

Let me whisper it! Adelbert really never believed he was sick; he hated being wealthy; and he did so long to indulge in the sports that helped develop other lads into strong, reliant young men. You see, in spite of all that had unwittingly been done to check his growth along these lines, there still lurked in the boy a great deal of the qualities of courage and energy that had enabled Mr. Morgan to carve out a fortune for himself.

Whenever it was possible for him to do so, Adelbert would slyly leave the splendid mansion where he lived and make his way to the parks and places where sports were going on. There he would look enviously on, wishing he could join in the games. But he was positively forbidden to do so, and besides, he couldn't have played in the games had he tried.

It was upon one of these walks that he came across an artificial lake in the park. He was looking at the children playing near its edge when suddenly he saw a ragged little urchin, who had been paddling his hands in the water, lurch forward and tumble into the lake. Without a moment's hesitation, Adelbert leaped into the water, grabbed the youngster, and, although he

Mike Brady (as the youth was named) seemed 'em in easy." But they didn't seem at all easy to Adelbert, who was tired and discouraged when he looked at his blistered hands an hour later. Mike, however, cheered him by saying that no one could learn baseball in one lesson. He departed, promising to come again.

Meanwhile, Adelbert asked one of the coachmen to "catch" with him, so that Mike was astonished at his progress when he paid his next visit.

"yer gittin' along fine!" said he, enthusiastically. Mike also coached him in "throwing" and "batting."

It was not long before Mike admitted he could teach him no more. As he went away for the last time, he said, "You're

yards away, a sorry, freckle-faced chap, very slight and short."

In reply, Adelbert tossed the ball to him. The lad deftly caught it and swiftly returned it.

They had an enjoyable "catch" of ten minutes, when the lad approached Adelbert.

"You're the first chap I've seen over here who looked as though he could play baseball. They do play cricket, but cricket's too slow to be called a game."

Adelbert smiled. "So it is, and I'm glad to have seen you—"

"Wellee! Bright's my name; Wellee's short for Wellington," returned the lad.

"And mine's Moran—Bert Moran."



"WATCHED THE BOAT FADE FROM VIEW."

good enough for our team; you'd be a Jim-dandy catcher." This was the greatest compliment he could have paid.

When Mike was gone, Adelbert began to wonder to what use he could put his knowledge of baseball. That very day, however, Mr. Morgan told him that, hearing that Professor Montague and his wife were going abroad, he had arranged to have him go along, as the trip would undoubtedly prove beneficial. The lad disliked going on the journey, but as he had no reason for refusing, he wearily consented.

The party was first to go to England and then make a tour down the continent.

All the way over, Adelbert battled with himself. For a reckless idea had come to him. If he was not permitted to do what other boys did, while in the care of his father, why not run away for a time, just to prove to Mr. Morgan that an active life would have no harmful effect upon his health? Doubtless he could manage to live for a while. Others did, why not he?

Long and thoughtfully he pondered over this question. By the time England was reached, he had fully determined to desert the party.

As the Montagues wished to visit England only to see relatives who lived in London, the stay there was short.

"Adelbert," said the professor, as they arrived at Dover, "we shall take steamship for Calais in an hour and a half. If you should take a walk be very careful to watch the time." Thereupon he dismissed the lad entirely from his mind, and neither he nor Mrs. Montague thought but that Adelbert was on the boat when it started for the trip across the Channel.

Adelbert wasn't very far away, it is true. Seated upon a box on the shore, he quietly watched the boat fade from view.

Then for the first time he began to realize the seriousness of his position. With only a few dollars in his pocket, it was necessary that he find some employment and that very soon.

He was absent-mindedly twirling a baseball, which he happened to find in his pocket, when he heard a cheery shout behind him.

"Hey, hey, us a catch!"

Adelbert turned and saw, only a few



"LEAPED INTO THE WATER."

could not swim, succeeded in reaching the shore.

Forgetting about his own condition, he was trying to comfort the little boy, who was sobbing frightfully, when a rough-looking boy ran up, his eyes shining with gratitude.

Stretching forth his hand, his face still glowing, the newcomer said:

"Say, it was awful kind of you to jump in and nab me kid brudder! Spoiled yer fine clothes, too! Don't s'pose you'd want me fer a friend, but—cross my heart—I'll not forget this, and if ever I kin do anything fer ya, just whistle!"

Adelbert assured him that it was nothing; if he hadn't jumped in some one else would. Then an idea struck him.

"By the way," said he, "haven't I seen you playing ball in the field yonder?"

"S'pose ye have," grinned the other; "I'm catcher and captain of the 'Lucky Stars.'"

"Well," pursued Adelbert, "then you can do something for me if you want to. Could you teach me how to play?"

The freckle-faced lad whistled in amazement. "Don't ye know how?" he gasped. "Sure, I'll be glad to do what I kin. Some fellers never kin learn, but I don't see why you shouldn't."

"If it's convenient, then, suppose you come and see me tomorrow afternoon."

After handing the boy his card, Adelbert shook hands with him and parted.

For fully five minutes the boy stood looking at the card in his hands. "Hully gee!" he muttered, with eyes wide open. "If it ain't millionaire Morgan's son!"

Promptly the next afternoon the boy arrived. Down by the coachhouse Adelbert received his first lesson. Drawing forth a well-worn ball from his pocket,

Adelbert said, resolving to change his name as completely as his manner of life.

The two shook hands heartily.

"But what in the world are you doing here with a baseball?" asked Wellee.

Bert rapidly invented a story.

"Came over here to visit an aunt," said he; "but when I got here I found the old lady had suddenly died. So I'm here without money to take me back again and I've got to get a job."

"A job's the very thing I'm looking after," confessed Wellee. "I'm from the States, too," he went on, "but the last three years I've been traveling some. You see, spite of the fact I'm so little, I'm really 18—and stronger than I look. I get odd jobs 'board ships and don't have much trouble picking up some sort of work wherever I land."

The two were walking together down the street, when they happened

to see a man—evidently a foreigner—standing on the steps of a hotel and waving his arms in a wild manner. He seemed to be reading something out of a little book, and every moment he grew more excited. Around him was a group of grinning bell-boys and other youths who had been attracted thither.

"Let's see what the trouble is!" exclaimed Wellee. They hastened to the scene.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)



"TOSSED THE BALL TO HIM."



"RESTORED THE KEY TO HER."

ALL alone lived the old musician. No one ever came to his tiny house, nor did he ever go far from home. His sole delight was in playing, over and over again, the old tunes of which he was so fond, and occasionally composing new ones.

It was only in the evening that he took any exercise. Then he sauntered slowly along the river that flowed by his house. Thus it happened that one day, as he paced to and fro, he came upon the queen of the fairies.

The queen appeared to be much worried, and seemed to be hunting closely for something.

Approaching her, the old musician asked, "Have you lost anything?"

"Yes," replied she, "I have dropped a key among these rushes. Inasmuch as it is the key to the house where my dwarfs and elves live, it is rather important that I find it."

"Perhaps I may be of assistance in your search," politely suggested the old man. So well did he look that the next moment he was able to place the

precious key in the queen's hands.

Not a reward would the musician accept, and back to his house he trudged, to play a few more tunes before going to bed.

For many weeks the queen hovered near the cottage in the hope that she might be able to do something for him, but always she heard the musical tinkling of the piano, and the ancient musician seemed to wait for nothing.

One day, however, she heard no music. Upon entering the house she found that, through an accident, both arms of the musician had been cut off.

"Oh, here is an opportunity to show my gratitude," thought she.

Immediately she sent for a company of little elves. Then she commanded them to stand by the strings of the piano, and to each she gave the name of the key where she was stationed.

When the musician called the name of a note, the elf who stood by that string played upon it, so that the old man, by simply calling out the notes, could have anything whatever played for him. The music, too, was quite as fine as any he had ever been able to make.

The queen had, indeed, repaid him for his one little act of courtesy.



"ELVES PLAYED FOR HIM."



The First Day

"DO YOUR very best, dear," were Mary's mother's last words. As little Mary found herself in the great big schoolroom with so many other girls and boys around her, she said this to herself over and over again. But somehow she didn't feel a bit braver. You never do when it's your very first day at school.

Mary was beginning to feel awfully blue and to wish herself anywhere away from these boys and girls, who didn't seem at all friendly, when she happened to see a little girl seated next her from her who looked the picture of misery. She was so tiny and looked so timid that Mary at once began to feel lots braver.

Thanks to mother, Mary already knew her entire alphabet and could even pick out a word here and there from her nursery books at home. She did so well that it would surely have been her proud to have seen her. But the other proud to have seen her. But the other proud to have seen her. But the other proud to have seen her.

Mary was very shy, indeed, for her, and angry with the other boys and girls.

As recess she sought out the little girl and offered to share some fruit with her. It so pleased the tiny miss to think that she had at least one friend that Mary felt more than repaid for her words of kindness.

And Mary forgot to be afraid after that. You see, she was too busy cheering and comforting her little friend.

Blackfoot

"AND I'll see Blackfoot tomorrow," Toddy said joyfully to himself, as he made note in his mind of all he should do and all he would see when he reached the old farmhouse the next day. For Toddy was going to the country.

Toddy never told you about Blackfoot? That's funny, for when Toddy ended his visit last year he cried and cried because Blackfoot couldn't come with him. Uncle John said he believed Toddy was sorrier to leave his pet than his aunt and uncle—though, of course, Uncle John couldn't have meant just that.

What was Blackfoot? Why, a lamb, of course. And he had cunning little black feet. Toddy would have told you

Countdowns.

- Why do day and night resemble two banks, stopping payments at the same time?
- What is a dumb animal can't crack?
- When you listen to a drum, why are you like a judge?
- Why is a proud little girl like a mere music-box?
- Why should a clergyman always wear well-fitting garments?

SUE E. PAGE

Had No Time to Talk.

Donald had been going to school just one week. He was hastening to his classroom, when the principal, who was standing in the hall, called to him:

"Come here, my little man, I wish to speak to you."

"Can't, I'm late already," breathlessly answered Donald, brushing past in his hurry.

Some Difference.

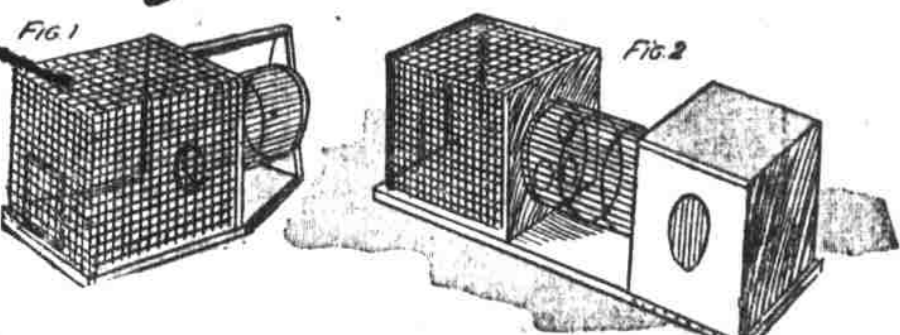
Visitor—And how old are you, my dear?

Little Girl—All depends; I'm 11 at home and 8 when I ride on the railroad.



"HE CAUGHT IT, TOO."

Cages for Your Pets



HOW THEY LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

IN THE construction of good cages for squirrels, chipmunks or white rats, you need nothing more than a small quantity of wire cloth, tin boxes and wood.

Figure 1 is a simple house to make. Cut the baseboard twenty-eight inches long, fifteen inches wide and one inch and a quarter thick.

Ten inches from one end saw off strips so that the end will be six inches in width. Eleven inches from this end erect a square partition, covered with tin, so that the animals will be unable to gnaw the wood at the edges or around the hole that leads to the cylinder for exercising. Tacks may also be driven around this hole to protect it.

At the wide end of the board drive a wicket made of stout wire or quarter-inch wire rod. Tack the wire cloth to the backboard and wire it to the wicket. Along the edges of the baseboard bore holes into which the wires of the netting may slip at the bottom. A door made of wire cloth is hung on hinges, soldered to the galvanized cloth.

At the small end of the baseboard attach a wedge-shaped piece of wood, six inches wide at the bottom and two inches broad at the top. Nail a connecting strip from the top of this wedge to the top of the backboard.

An exercising cage is made of straight

wires or wire cloth with wooden or tin ends. It is supported between the wedge-shaped upright and the back of the cage.

Figure 2 shows another form of squirrel cage, which boasts at one end a shelter made from an inverted tin cracker box.

Who Began It?

Willie had just received a severe whipping.

"Mamma," said he, "did your mother ever whip you?"

"I was punished when I was naughty," his mother replied.

"And was she whipped by her mother?"

"Yes, dear."

Willie reflected deeply. "Well, I'd like to know who started it, anyway," he exclaimed, finally.

Dog Was There.

Wilfred—Papa! papa! the pigs are out of the pen!

Father—Well, why don't you call the dog?

Wilfred—Oh, he's sittin' on 'em.

Something Came Out.

Roy—I was up watching the eggs in Farmer Jones' incubator, ma.

Mother—Did anything come out?

Roy—Farmer Jones did—and he chased us, too.

Beak Too Much for Her.

Minnie was a nice, well-behaved little girl, but she was "awfully particular" about what she ate.

Of course her mother tried every means to break her of this habit. So when she saw Minnie trying the egg before her suspiciously, she said, rather sharply:

"There's nothing the matter with the egg, my child; you must eat all of it."

Mamma said not a word, but resolutely commenced to test the contents of the egg. Presently she appealed to her mother.

"Mamma," said she; "must I really eat the beak, too?"

Question Was Easy.

Teacher—Sammy, let me hear you recite the alphabet. What is the first letter?

Sammy—"A."

Teacher—Yes, and what comes after "A"?

Sammy—"The rest of 'em."

VACATION THOUGHTS



I SUPPOSE it is all very well. But I wish that somebody would tell why you always feel worse when it's done.

Then you do when vacation's begun.

Now they say, when you don't feel just that you want to put books out of sight—

A vacation you need—then just why

Do you feel, oh, so bad, when it's by?

I suppose it is all very true: When you work you forget to be blue— But it's awfully hard to begin!

For you look out the window and dream Of the wood and the meadow and stream, Of the birds and the fish in the brook— And you can't even glance at your book.