

Foley Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

(Copyright, 1908, by The North American Company.)

Little Princess Tatters

AND you've lost your crown again, my daughter?" asked the queen, reprovingly.

The princess hung her head. "It was a heavy old thing, anyway, your majesty," she petulantly answered; "and trifles are trifles, so there's no use worrying over such a little matter."

Indeed, there were few matters that the princess did not consider trifling. She liked to romp and indulge in the boyish games of her brothers. Not at all did she care for the pastimes of most little princesses. So that when she carelessly broke the head of her wonderful doll, she said it was a mere trifle, and thought no more about it. When she lost magnificent rings and other jewels, it didn't matter—they weren't of any use in games, you know. And when, in leaping over hedges, she tore her costly silken garments almost into shreds, she wasn't troubled in the least. "Trifles are trifles," said she; "one must think of the more important matters."

But the queen mother didn't agree with her careless little daughter, who had earned the name far and wide of "Princess Tatters." Something must be done—and that very soon—unless the princess be altogether spoiled in character.

One day, however, Princess Tatters



"I TRIED TO GET UP, BUT COULD NOT"

(Adapted from "Gulliver's Travels" by Dean Swift; telling of Gulliver's adventures among the tiny folk of Lilliput.)

WHEN I was a little more than a boy I joined the crew of the good ship Antelope, bound for the far East.

We had not sailed very far before the ship ran on a rock and sank. Six of the crew and myself manned the lifeboat, but before long a great wave upset us, and what became of those on the ship and the men who were with me I can never tell, for I never saw any of them again.

I was young and strong, and could swim well, and was able finally to reach the shore, but I was so tired that I threw myself down on the shore and fell at once into a deep sleep.

When I awoke I tried to get up, but, strange to say, I could not. I heard strange noises all around me, but could not see their cause, as I lay flat on my back, and could only look up.

By and by I felt something moving on my left leg, and then on my breast, and at last on my chin. I looked down as far as I could and saw, standing there, a little man not more than half a foot high. All at once I felt at least 1500 of the same little men running all over me. I gave one loud roar and they all ran back in fright. I lay all this time in great pain, and tried hard to get loose.

After a time I broke the strings that held my left arm and hair, and thus was able to turn around, but the small men ran off so fast I could not seize any of them. I heard one of them call out something, but the words were strange to me.

All at once I felt a lot of darts stick in my hands and face. They felt like sharp pins. The little men soon stopped when they found that I did not move. Then one of their chiefs made a long speech, but I did not know one word he said. By signs I let him know I was half dead with hunger, and many of the little men got very busy and soon had built steps up to my mouth. Up these ran more than three hundred of them, each with a dish full of meat. There were legs and loins of lamb, b.

Gulliver in Lilliput



"BUILT STEPS UP TO MY MOUTH"

so small that I ate them by two and three at a bite; and the loaves of bread were no bigger than a pea.

I made signs to beg them to set me free, but they shook their heads. I tried again to burst the bands that held my feet, but again they shot the darts into my face.

At last, tired out, I fell asleep. When I awoke I was being moved to what seemed to be a city. I learned later that it was their chief town of Lilliput.

I was young and strong, and could swim well, and was able finally to reach the shore, but I was so tired that I threw myself down on the shore and fell at once into a deep sleep.

When I awoke I tried to get up, but, strange to say, I could not. I heard strange noises all around me, but could not see their cause, as I lay flat on my back, and could only look up.

By and by I felt something moving on my left leg, and then on my breast, and at last on my chin. I looked down as far as I could and saw, standing there, a little man not more than half a foot high. All at once I felt at least 1500 of the same little men running all over me. I gave one loud roar and they all ran back in fright. I lay all this time in great pain, and tried hard to get loose.

After a time I broke the strings that held my left arm and hair, and thus was able to turn around, but the small men ran off so fast I could not seize any of them. I heard one of them call out something, but the words were strange to me.

All at once I felt a lot of darts stick in my hands and face. They felt like sharp pins. The little men soon stopped when they found that I did not move. Then one of their chiefs made a long speech, but I did not know one word he said. By signs I let him know I was half dead with hunger, and many of the little men got very busy and soon had built steps up to my mouth. Up these ran more than three hundred of them, each with a dish full of meat. There were legs and loins of lamb, b.

when they saw me on my feet, and kept well out of my reach. I was very kind to all who came near me, and I hoped they would soon let me free. I would lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand, and the boys and girls would play hide-and-seek in my hair.

One day they set me free when I told them that I would obey their king and not leave their country. The girls made shirts for me. I would lie down on the ground while they took my measure. They put a cord around my thumb to see how big it was, for, they said, twice around the thumb is once round the waist. One hundred tailors made me some new suits. I had 500 cooks to cook my food, and they lived in little huts which they built around my house. Each cook made me two plates of food.

One of their pails of water was not much of a drink, and a round of beef was just large enough to make three bites. I could take up twenty or thirty of their chickens on the end of my knife. The lords and ladies came to see me eat, and for a while they thought I was a wonderful sight.

But one day I saw the man who took care of the king's gold glasses, as I was with a sour look, for I ate more than usual. I held him in my hand near my ear, and he said:

"The king wishes you to do an act of great use to him. A fleet will soon come to fight us from the island, Beifucuc. The two states of Lilliput and Beifucuc have been at war for years. The king knows your strength, and trusts that you will help him."

I told him that I would do all I could,

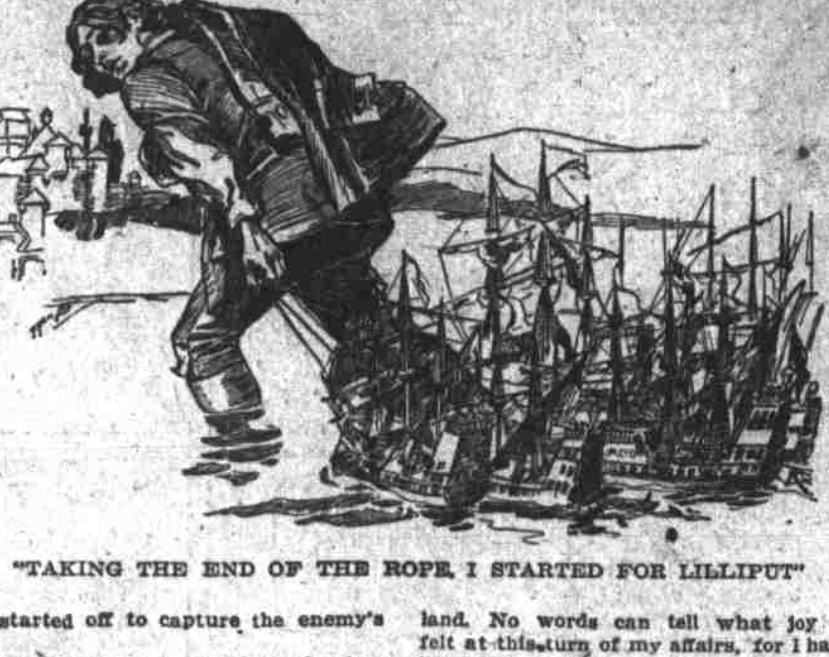
"TAKING THE END OF THE ROPE, I STARTED FOR LILLIPUT"

and started off to capture the enemy's fleet.

When I came up to the fleet, the foe shot many darts at me, and these stuck in my hands and face. I went on with my work, though, and in spite of the darts I cut all the chains about the ships. When the enemy saw their whole fleet move off in a row, they set up a scream of rage.

When I had got out of their reach I stood still to pick out the darts that stuck in my hands and face. Then I fastened a rope to the ships, and taking the other end of the rope, started off for Lilliput.

I told him that I would do all I could,



"TAKING THE END OF THE ROPE, I STARTED FOR LILLIPUT"

land. No words can tell what joy I felt at this turn of my affairs, for I had longed to see once more my own dear land, where I arrived safely in two months' time.

An Occasion for Rejoicing

RECENTLY the usual morning exercises of a school were interrupted by a knock at the door. After reading a note which had been handed in, the principal announced that one of the teachers would be unable to be at school for several days, owing to a slight illness. Immediately two boys began to whisper. Upon asking what the trouble was, the boys said they were only talking about the selection of a new teacher.

"And what would you like to sing?" said the teacher.

"Count your blessings," was the quick response.

Telephoning Pussy

DID you ever try to telephone to your own little pussy? You may think that would be very strange, but it would do no harm to try.

A story is told of a cat which liked to visit his friends at their places of business. Sometimes he caused lots of trouble by walking over desks and mixing up valuable papers, for he was a very inquisitive pussy.

But way has been found to get rid of him.

His mistress calls him on the telephone, and when pussy hears his name in a voice he loves, he looks much pleased, and then scampers home as fast as he can.

Industrious Princesses

SOMETIMES little American girls wish they were princesses and had beautiful toys and nothing to do all day but play with them. But if you were a little girl in the royal family of Sweden you would find things very different, for the royal father and mother do not believe in letting their children grow up in idleness. Instead, they teach them to be useful in many ways.

The little Swedish princesses wash all their dollie's clothes.

The Man With the Stony Glare

T IRED of meeting people who bored him with their idle talk and laughter, the great traveler, Brownson, journeyed to a wild country in Hindustan. Here he lived all alone, beguiling the time with reading and hunting.

One day, as he was placidly sitting under a palm tree, perusing a favorite volume, there appeared before him an old native with a long beard, who begged for something to eat.

Brownson at first was annoyed that any one should have found his hiding-place; but his hospitality would not permit him to send away hungry the poor Hindoo. So he set the very best of his food before the old man.

When the Hindoo rose to depart, after he had refreshed himself with meat and drink, he bowed gratefully to Brownson, and said:

"I am a great magician; and for your kindness I wish to teach you a wonderful trick of my art. Hereafter, whenever you look fixedly at any object, whether living or not, and utter the magic words, 'Chouffoo, chouffoo!' that object will immediately be transformed into stone."

Thereupon the Hindoo departed and Brownson straightway forgot him. Some weeks later, however, a tiger came upon him unawares. Brownson gave himself up for lost, and suddenly he remembered the magic words. Gazing fearfully into the eyes of the ferocious beast as it sprang toward him, he muttered the words, and the tiger, even while in the air, was petrified.

Brownson used his wonderful gift in many ways thereafter. For instance, he changed into stone a little tortoise,



PETRIFIED THE TIGER

in order that he might use it to sharpen his razor.

When a year had passed, Brownson became as tired of solitude as formerly he had been of company. He resolved to return to his native land. During the voyage he astonished the passengers and crew by petrifying a little dog which tried to attack him.

Upon landing, he called for a cabman to drive him to his hotel. But the cabman, when he saw the passenger, gave a curt reply and proceeded to drive on. Angry at the fellow's impoliteness, Brownson changed the horses and all into stone. And further on, he treated in a similar manner a policeman who answered him uncivilly.

Each time Brownson began to use his power in evil ways, his creditors he changed into stone; his landlord he changed into stone; and any one who crossed his temper.

At last he came to grief. One evening, as he was looking at his reflection in a mirror, he absent-mindedly uttered the magic words. Instantly he met the same fate as did his victims. Because he had used his power to occupy a place in a museum, where many curious people come to gaze upon him, Brownson was obliged to go to lift the magic spell in the old Hindoo, and he, undoubtedly, is far away in Hindustan.



"HUNG HER HEAD IN SHAME"

rushed wildly about the royal grounds, crying for every one to help her search for her favorite pony. She had been to the royal stables, and there she was told by the groom that somehow, the pony had escaped. And now she vowed she would not eat or sleep until the pony was found, at any cost.

Hardly had the servants begun to do her bidding, when the queen issued an order for them to return to their duties, and then, calling to her daughter, she said:

"I cannot permit the men to forsake their work for such a trifle. Trifles are trifles, you know; and there's really no use in bothering about such a small matter."

Princess Tatters bowed her head in shame. "Oh, your majesty!" sobbed she, "I know I deserve the punishment for all my carelessness; but I do so want my pony. And if you'll have it brought back to me, I'll promise not to be trifles any more. I'll be a neat, tidy, good little princess."

The queen kissed the princess, and then whispered a word to an attendant. The pony was reported back again safe and sound in the royal stable. The princess was never told, of course, that her pet had been hidden on purpose.

But no longer was there occasion for the queen's reproof, and gradually the name of "Princess Tatters" was forgotten.

put, the country of these little men. It took a long train of mules to drag me along. They had a row of guards on each side of me. Half of them carried lights, and half bows and darts to shoot at me if I tried to stir. The king and all his court came to meet us.

We stopped before an old church, which was the biggest place they had in their whole land, and here I was to live. The gate was four feet high and two feet wide, so I was just able to creep through it. They chained me here with what seemed to be little watch chains.

Great crowds of the small men came to look at me. The chains were long enough to allow me to stand up and to walk a few steps.

They were very much frightened



"BUILT STEPS UP TO MY MOUTH"

Granny's Cottage

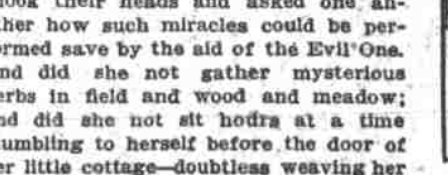
PEOPLE said she was a witch. Not that she had ever harmed them; on the contrary, many wonderful cures had she made among the sick of this little village in Brittany. But her very skill in such matters wrought her reputation ill, for the townspeople shook their heads and asked one another how such miracles could be performed save by the aid of the Evil One. And did she not gather mysterious herbs in field and wood and meadow; and did she not sit huddled at a time mumbling to herself before the door of her little cottage—doubtless weaving her magic spells?

So the children of the village came to avoid the old woman as did their elders. One and all gave a wide berth to the tiny hut that stood beyond the limits of the town. And not for the world would the most venturesome among the lads go near it after night-fall. No one wished to be captured by the goblins, who, no doubt, helped the witch in her schemes of evil.

Two of the brightest of the smaller children in the village—Jacques and Jeanne by name—were wandering upon a certain day in the woodland tract beyond the town. Quite unbeknownst to themselves, they drew near to the old woman's hut. It was not strange, therefore, that they should behold her gathering roots by the side of a nearby stream.

"Let us run," whispered Jacques, clutching his sister by the arm. Together they stole through the tangled underbrush, over velvet mosses and through high grass until they reached the brook. Jeanne skipped lightly from stone to stone across the water, but Jacques slipped, twisted his ankle and fell with a splash.

The old woman heard his cry of pain, and now perceived the boy and girl for the first time. She hastened toward them. Jacques tried to raise himself,



"BUILT STEPS UP TO MY MOUTH"

but his ankle refused to support him, and he sank to the ground. Nor would Jeanne leave her brother, though he made her flee, for she was a good girl.

Then, to the surprise of both, the old woman spoke very kindly to them; she rubbed Jacques' ankle with a salve she carried, and bound it neatly, so that the pain vanished. She helped him to the cottage, and while Jeanne ran to tell her father of his trouble, she told him many nice stories.

And so Jacques and Jeanne learned that the old woman was no witch, but the kindest and best person they knew, save mother and father. Many a time thereafter they came to visit "Granny," and they would help her to listen to her wonderful fairy tales. Nor were they afraid of her from that time.



"JUST ABLE TO CREEP THROUGH"

The king and all the court were standing on the shore waiting for me. I held up the end of the rope that I had fastened to the fleet, and cried out:

"Long live the great, wise king of Lilliput!"

They gave me great thanks for this, but not long after the king of Lilliput and his court told me I cost too much to keep, and begged me to leave their

A Little Goorkha Warrior

OH, THAT father were alive and I could learn to be a soldier!"

A deep sigh escaped little Rama. For he was the son of a soldier—a Goorkha warrior who had been killed while aiding the British in their attacks against the savage hill tribes—and a martial spirit had been bequeathed to him.

Rama nestled in the grass that grew close within the shadow of the hut, and looked reflectively at the snow-capped mountains which seemed to tower immediately above him. Even the most restless of the Himalayas, silently watchful over hill and valley, could soothe with their grandeur the child's restlessness in his soul. They brought to him no hope—for how could there possibly be hope? Rama was a soldier's son, and many years he must help his mother and take care of his little sister. He loved his mother and sister with all his heart, but then the longing to be a soldier was growing day by day. If he could only have had time to play "soldier" with the other boys of the village perhaps he would not have felt this discontent; but his many duties about the house and the numerous chores he was compelled to do in order to gain a mere pittance robbed him of all leisure.

One day, however, Rama and his mother discovered him one morning lying outside their hut, ill and famished. He had been wounded in the arm, and was discharged from service, and had been wandering from place to place. Poor as the little family income was, more charitable. He was hospitably given shelter in the little cottage, and Rama's mother nursed him back to health.

Throughout Rama's duties were now greatly increased, he minded them not at all for the old soldier, who was through all manner of arms without a single mistake. Then he told what he knew of military tactics. Finally, he placed a row of sticks in the ground, about eight inches apart, and with their heads just four feet high. Running back a distance, he picked up from behind a tree a round, quill-like weapon, sometimes used by the Goorkha soldiers, and which Putai had presented to him. The quill is very sharp on its

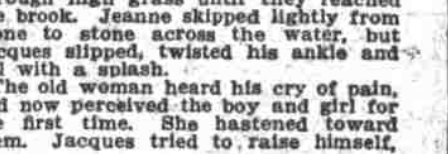


"MARCHED AT THE HEAD OF THE TROOPS"

tip. Putai suggested that the lad ask to be enrolled in the company.

"What do you know?" asked Lamput, the captain.

Thereupon Rama proceeded to show what the old soldier had taught him. Wonder grew apace as he rapidly went through the manual of arms without a single mistake. Then he told what he knew of military tactics. Finally, he placed a row of sticks in the ground, about eight inches apart, and with their heads just four feet high. Running back a distance, he picked up from behind a tree a round, quill-like weapon, sometimes used by the Goorkha soldiers, and which Putai had presented to him. The quill is very sharp on its



"OUTSIDE THE CABIN DOOR"

Disposing of the Baby

LITTLE Freddy was the only child in the family. He had no little sisters or brothers to play with him, so when he was told that a baby sister had come, he was very happy. But he soon found that father and mother did not pay so much attention to him as they formerly had, and that baby seemed to be considered of more account than he. This worried Freddy; but he suddenly thought of something which would help him out of his trouble. Some weeks before his father had put a sign up: "Ashes to Give Away; Inquire Within." Freddy remembered that a man had come and taken the ashes away. So he got to work, and one day surprised his father by displaying another sign, hung in a prominent place: "A Baby to Give Away; Inquire of Freddy."

The Wisest May Be Fooled



THEIR HEADS STUCK IN THE CONES

GREYBEARD, the patriarch of the crows, who revered him for what they considered as wisdom, was saying solemnly to the circle of crows and jacksnaws about him:

"Yes, 'tis only with care that wisdom comes. You who look at me now will no doubt hardly believe that at one time I was young—and, indeed, foolish as you. But, my friends, it was only years of vast experience that enabled me to gain such store of knowledge. So there is yet hope for you. Remember what I tell you. By and by, perhaps, you, too, will have attained wisdom."

Here some of the younger birds made impertinent remarks and darted away, screaming that Greybeard was an old braggart; but the middle-aged crows listened intently and were greatly impressed by what the old crow had told them. Besides, these talks were about the only entertainment they had, now that the snow had fallen in the little

ed to the assembled birds, saying pompously:

"My friends, you will observe that the papers are attached to nothing. Therefore, there can be no traps. All is safe; you may eat your fill of the meat contained therein."

One of the younger crows nudged his fellow as he whispered:

"You will also observe that Greybeard watches to see what happens to the others before he avails himself of his own permission to eat. I suppose he has lived so long merely because he never shares the danger."

For several days the cones lay upon the ground each morning. Greybeard, thoroughly convinced now that there was no danger, still insisted upon examining all the paper cones in order, as was his first, to die, from a possible death. But it was noticed that he always picked out the choicest piece of meat for himself.

The next day, without waiting for Greybeard to inspect the food, the youngsters swooped down to help themselves. But so soon were their heads within the paper cones as they stuck fast. You see, the hunters had arranged birdlime made from the inner bark of the holly, all about the meat.

Greybeard chuckled as he saw the crows and jacksnaws flapping wildly about the ground, in their vain endeavors to extricate their heads from the cones. "Ah!" cried he, "you would not permit me to save you from danger; now blame yourselves. Old as I am, I shall still survive you young scooters by many years, though I could have spared you this death."

Just then a rife cracked, and the old crow dropped over dead. After all, he was the first to die.

"He's punished for his lie," croaked a young crow who still remained unharmed. "He knew no more of the trap than we."

"This was true. Wise as the old crow thought himself, he had been deceived in the paper cones. Well did he deserve his fate."

And as the uncaught crows flew away they laughed to hear the hunter exclaim, as he bent over Greybeard:

"This is hard luck; I've shot nothing but a foolish old crow."

Ring Game

WITH very little trouble you may construct this game from strong cardboard. Upon the top of the four cardboard posts should be fastened hooks, each being of such a height that when the ring is permitted to swing forward upon the length of its cord, it may be possible to encircle the hook with the ring.

The players swing the ring in turn. The object of the game is to encircle the four posts, which, by the way, should be numbered 1, 2, 3, 4. First, No. 1 post must be encircled, then Nos. 2, 3 and 4, in order. The player gains another turn every time he swings the



READY TO PLAY

ring over a post; but if by chance the ring should encircle the wrong post, he must begin over again with No. 1 post. He who first places the ring over the four posts in proper order wins the game.