

Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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THE BULLDOG Who is A REAL ACTOR



IN THESE days when animals are trained to do so many original feats, it is hard to find anything really surprising in new tricks. The bulldog whose photographs we print, however, is somewhat of a marvel. An actor of merit he is, without a doubt. With remarkable quickness the dog will change from one costume to another, and with it he will alter the whole expression of his face. For instance, as a Chinese magistrate, sitting in state at his official desk, the dog is as solemn and wise-looking as his honor the judge could possibly be; when he



dons the old maid's costume you see how prim he becomes; as a German student he is careless and jolly, while the

chauffeur he represents is sufficiently wild and fierce to run the speediest motor.

Already the bulldog, who is the property of Herr Frank Korn, has achieved great success.



In the World of Curiosities

NO 2

OUR story today is not of a new curiosity, but a very old one. Hundreds of years ago people studied this plant—for it is, indeed, a plant. So closely does the root of the mandrake plant resemble a human face, as you will observe from the illustration, that folk in the Middle Ages believed it possessed a soul. They also imagined that when pulled from the ground it gave a dying shriek. Much esteemed was the mandrake plant in ye olden times. The ancient



Germans dressed the root as one would a doll and laid it away in precious caskets, thinking its possession would bring them luck, riches and love. It was also much esteemed for supposed healing properties, and for the power it gave to foretell future events.

Good Night



PAUSING for a last "Good-night,"
Upward now I take my flight,
Feeling safe and cheerful quite
'Cause I have my candle light.
Quick I crawl into my bed,
Downy-pillowed is my head,
No bad goblin do I dread,
'Cause my prayers I have said.
Though my candle flame will die,
Stupid darkness fear not I.

'Cause the moon and stars all try
Faithfully to light the sky.
'Tisn't hard to go to sleep
And my eyelids firm-closed keep.
'Cause I'm longing for a peep
At delights in Slumber-Deep.
Slumber-Deep's the land, height-of
Where dream people frolic so;
'You'll excuse me now, I know,
'Cause it's there I want to go.

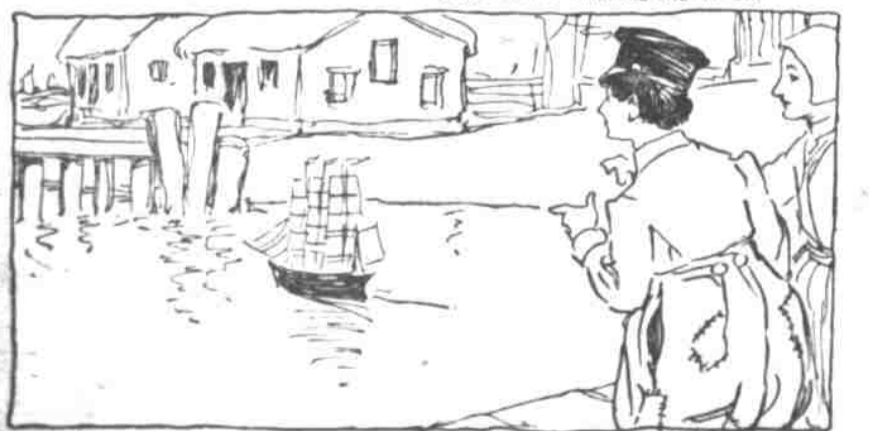
SHIPMATES



THE SHIP MADE BY GRANDPERE

ANDRE loved to be with Grandpere almost as much as he loved to play with little Rosemonde. And although Grandpere was old—and so feeble that he sadly needed the help given unasked by the sturdy lad—he really didn't seem any older than Rosemonde. A delightful chum was he, with his wonderful stock of ocean yarns. "Grandpere," began Andre, as he tumbled up the back with Etienne wished to mend, "Rosemonde and I are going to have a nice little ship as soon as we grow big, and we're going to sail together 'way out in the ocean until we come to an island, where we'll live forever and ever and be as happy as can be." "Rosemonde is a trim little shipmate," responded the old man, kindly. "Then he smiled whimsically. Andre patiently waited for the story which always followed that smile, but Grandpere spoke not a word until the two had entered the cottage. Hardly were the nets flung in the corner, however, before he went to the tiny cupboard and drew forth something in a very mysterious manner. "Oh, Grandpere, what a beautiful boat!" cried Andre, as he gazed upon the table the dainty model of a handsome ship. "And so you and Rosemonde are waiting for your ship?" pursued the old man, his eyes twinkling with merriment. "Well, I think I can provide you with something better than a dream ship. And although I suppose it will hardly hold you and your shipmate comfortably, you may be able to make out with it until your larger ship arrives." "Is it really for me and Rosemonde, Grandpere? How kind you are!" joyfully exclaimed the lad.

The old fisherman looked affectionately at the boy, and his eyes were moist as he replied: "You've earned it, lad; you've earned it fairly. Many a good turn have you done your old friend, and Etienne hasn't forgotten it." "Now, run along," he added, patting Andre gently on the back, "and show Rosemonde the ship you have gained for her." "Dear old Grandpere," murmured sweet little Rosemonde, when her chum jubilantly displayed the prize. "I do believe that, next to you, I love him better than almost any one else in the world." "How proud they were of the 'Belle Caroline,' which the letters of the 'Belle' painted showed to be the name of their treasure, the very name, by the way, of Grandpere Etienne's fishing boat!" "We shall sail it first thing tomorrow morning," said they, triumphantly. But so anxious was the lad to see the graceful boat upon the water that he gently roared it upon the surface without attaching the cord. In his excitement, he released his hold. In a moment, the "Belle Caroline" was out of reach and slowly passed beyond the entrance of the ship. The water was too deep for Andre to attempt a rescue. Soon the ill-fated ship had passed beyond the entrance of the cove, nor was she ever seen again. With streaming eyes the "shipmates" sought Grandpere. Their good friend seemed to regard their loss as a light one. He comforted them, saying: "Though two shipmates I know of have lost their ship and are stranded, the hand of Etienne has not lost its skill. I'll wait and before many days another 'Belle Caroline' will be riding the waves quite as jauntily as did the first, who hadn't sense enough to take the skipper and mate with her when she started to cross the ocean."



Unnecessary.
Mr. Johnson—Tommy, didn't you order this trunk from the trunkmaker's the other day?
Tommy—Yes, father.
Mr. Johnson—Why did he send no trunk?
Tommy—Why, the fact is, father, I told him you wouldn't need a strap.
He Wanted a Test.
The statement made by his teacher that every one of the hairs of his head was numbered, made a great impression upon William.
Twisting a hair out of his head, and holding it up, he cried:
"Please, what number is this one?"

A Japanese Story

A FARMER, just arrived in heaven, began to explore. "What are those strange-looking things over there on the shelf?" he asked. And as the Japanese are very fond of soup, he added, "Are they for soup?" "No," was the reply, "those are ears. They belonged to people who heard what they ought to do in order to be good while on earth, but who did not do it. So, when they died, the ears were the only part of them which came to heaven." After walking a little farther, the farmer inquired: "And what are those funny things? Are they for soup?" "No," was again the reply, "they are tongues. They belonged to people who, while on earth, were continually telling other people what they should do in order to be good, but who never followed what they preached. So, when they died, the tongues alone came to heaven."

Caught the Dean

ONE of Dean Swift's friends sent him a fish by a lad. The boy burst into the room, exclaiming very unpolitely: "My master sends you a fish." "That is not the way a gentleman should enter," reproved the dean. "You sit here in my chair while I show you how to mend your manners." When the boy was seated the dean went out. The dean knocked at the door, bowed low and said: "Sir, my master sends his kind compliments, and hopes you are well, and begs you to accept a small present." "Indeed," replied the boy, "return him my best thanks, and there is a shilling for yourself." The dean, caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a half crown for his ready wit.

Was Resting

WILLIE had been ill, so he was sent to the country for a rest and to regain his health. Of course, he was told to write as soon as he arrived. But a week passed before his mother received the following note: "Dear mother: I got here all right but forgot to write. I and another boy went out in a boat and the boat upset, but a man got me out all right. I was filled with water and didn't know anything for a long time. A horse kicked me over yesterday so I've got a big bandage on my head. We're going to set fire to a barn tonight, so I suppose we'll have lots of fun. I'm going to bring a dandy dog home if I can get him in my trunk. Your loving son, Willie."

A Royal Retort

When Prince Edward of Wales, then a midshipman, was going round the world with his late brother, he attended a ball one night at Rio, observing that the prince danced with the prettiest girls and neglected the daughters of the bigwigs, his older brother chided him. "You go and sit down and whittle God save your grandmother, and let me alone!" was the prince's retort.

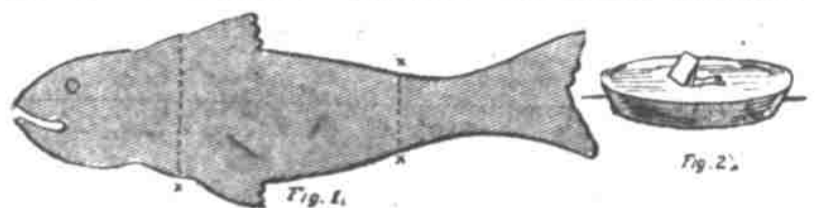
A Tiny Soldier of Royalty



ONE doesn't often hear of a soldier who is little more than a year old. The little chap here shown is a private of the First Battalion of the No. 1 Infantry Regiment of Spain. Although only a private, he is, quite a distinguished personage. Indeed, he is no other than his royal highness the prince of Asturias, son of the king of Spain. Quite a big-sounding name for such a little fellow, isn't it? This tiny prince was made a soldier on May 10, the day upon which he was exactly 1 year old. On the uniform may be seen the Order of the Golden Fleeces.

Place of Importance.
Johnny was showing the visitor about town. "That," said he, "is one of the most important spots in town." "Why, I see nothing but a vacant lot," returned the visitor. "What is there in it to be proud of?" "Yes, but 'tisn't always a vacant lot," retorted Johnny. Then he explained, proudly: "That's where the circus always stops."

LIVING FISH from PASTEBOARD



DRAW a fish upon stiff blotting-paper, and cut it out. Make dotted lines corresponding to those in picture. Fold along these lines, beginning at the top. Now place the fish in a platter covered with a shallow depth of water. Presently your fish will squirm and wriggle, at last entirely straightening itself out.

SORCERIES of a BEAUTIFUL UNDINE

THOUSANDS and thousands of years ago undines lived in the sea. Ancestors were they of the mermaids, and much more wise and powerful than the mermaids. None among the undines was as wise as the beautiful Princess Lira. Always was she to be found at the feet of the undine sorceress, until she became as well versed in magic art as the witch herself. One day as Lira clung in the shadow of a partly submerged rock near the shore she espied afar off a horseman. When he drew closer she perceived he was a very handsome prince. Thereupon she cast a magic spell upon the water, so that to the prince it seemed to be part of the beach. Over a cliff plunged the horse with its rider. The prince quickly rose to the surface of the water and struck out valiantly for the shore. But the arms of the undine twined about him and bore him down



"ALWAYS AT THE FEET OF THE SORCERESS" beneath the waves. As soon as consciousness left him, Lira slipped upon his finger a magic ring, which would keep him from all further harm. When the prince awoke he found himself upon a couch in the undine king's palace. A magnificent castle it was, built from the bed of the ocean. "Where am I?" he murmured, dazed among his strange surroundings. Immediately the Princess Lira swam gracefully to him. "You are now the guest of my father, the king of the undines," said she. "I found you struggling in the embrace of a dreadful sea monster, rescued you, and brought you here." After the prince had made known his gratitude to Lira, he was escorted about the wonderful palace and shown its wonders. Although the handsome prince much appreciated the kindness of his friends, he longed to go back to land, where he might see the princess to whom he was betrothed. But it so happened that Lira had fallen in love with him. Therefore, she caused him to postpone his departure and finally insisted upon detaining him against his will. In Princess Lora, the younger sister of Lira, the prince had a great admirer. Observing his grief, she would have assisted him to escape had she been able to cope with the magic of the enchantress Lira. One day, however, Lora burst in upon the prince, exclaiming: "Now is your time to fly! Lira has gone to consult the old witch." She led him rapidly to where the dolphins were stabled. Lora now wished with all her heart that he would remain. Before he mounted she said to him wistfully: "Shall we never see you again?" "I fear not," replied the prince, "but here is something to remember me by." He then took from his finger the magic ring, which, strangely enough, he had not before noticed. "I thank you," said the princess simply. Then, to her great alarm, she saw the prince reel, grow deathly pale and fall at her feet. Before Princess Lira could arrive the prince was dead. Her grief was inconsolable. "Fools!" cried she, "did you not know he would drown without the magic ring? You have killed him!" Lora shrank back in horror. But although in a whirl it was, steadily she replied: "Nay, my sister, your wicked enchantments have done this." Yet, deep as was the grief of the Princess Lira and Lora, still more pitiable was that of the prince on shore, who waited vainly for her lover's return.

JIMMY'S MECHANICAL FISHING EXPRESS AND HOW IT WORKED

