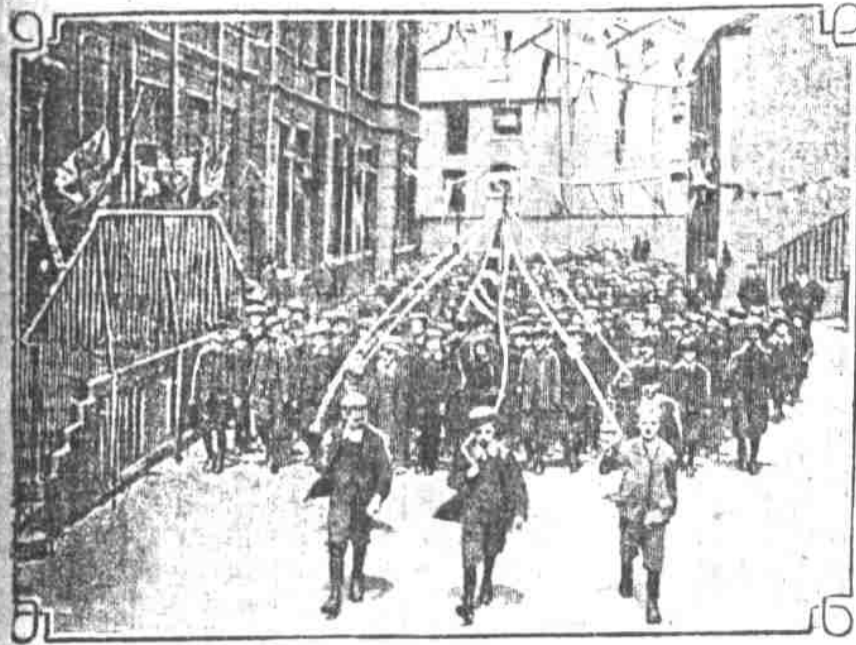


Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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An Empire Day Achievement



RALPH LED THE PROCESSION

"WONDER who will carry the banner?" observed Tommy Halcombe to his comrades. All knew to what Tommy referred. No other banner could be meant than the one carried at the head of the school children's procession on Empire Day. This holiday, first held to commemorate Queen Victoria's birthday, was celebrated with much splendor at Islington. But it was the procession that pleased the boys most of all, for this was of their own making. And a great honor came to the boys who carried the banner at the head of the parade. These were always the most popular boys at school and were chosen by their fellows.

"Don't know," replied Jack Dalford to Tommy's query; "but I do know that we'd better be thinking of our cricket match with the 'Blues' instead of Empire Day."

The others admitted that Jack was undoubtedly right, and they fell to discussing their chances of winning from the "Blues."

But the match itself! No one will ever forget it. Never before had there been such a struggle. Handicapped by the loss of two of their best bowlers, who were ill, the "Reds" got along badly. Finally, in his desperation, Captain Rob decided to give little Ralph Barncroft a chance. Ralph was a quiet chap—too quiet to

gain much favor with his fun-loving playmates. He really deserved a place on the team, but as he never put forward claims for a place, others filled the position which should have been his.

Ralph did himself proud that day. Accompanied by the cheers of the "Reds" sympathizers, he began to bowl out one after another of the opposing players. And he saved the match for the "Reds."

No sooner had Ralph bowled out the last man than he toppled over in a faint. His teammates, in consternation, ran to his aid. He offered no excuse for his weakness when revived, but the doctor told them afterward that the boy had played with one of the bones of his wrist broken. You can imagine what a hero Ralph became now. Of course, he had won glory in saving the game, but the fact that he had mentioned not a word of the accident to his wrist that morning and his gameness in playing despite the injury, endeared him to his fellows as no other act could have done.

Ralph was chosen first of all to carry the banner on Empire Day, nor was there one who did not approve of the choice. And truly, Ralph felt proud as he could be when he led the procession. He appreciated the honor all the more, inasmuch as it had come as such a great surprise to him.

Broke the Silence

TIM had been especially cautioned not to disturb the guests at dinner by chattering. And as he regarded it a big privilege to sit in a low chair such as grown folks used, he promised his mother and himself that he would be very good, indeed.

It was no hardship for Tim to keep silence at first, for his mouth was very close to his plate, by reason of the lowness of the chair, and Tim found that he could eat an enormous lot in an exceedingly short time. But when dessert was reached, he could restrain his patience no longer.

"Father," said he, "you can't guess what I've got under the table."

The father, who had been quite pleased with Tim's silence, now rewarded the lad by asking kindly:

"And what have you under the table, my boy?"

"An awful stomach-ache," sadly replied Tim.

Politeness

MARY looked shyly up at the handsome gentleman who had just been calling on her father and who now stopped to talk for a moment with the little maid. Evidently Mary wished to say something, but somehow found it hard to speak. At last she pleaded desperately and with a troubled air:

"Please don't think me impolite, sir; but would you mind doing me a favor?"

"With the greatest pleasure, little girl," returned the man.

"Then," said Mary, "I wish you wouldn't lean on that gate post. Father just had it painted this morning, and I don't think he'd want to be troubled having it done over again."

Changing 30,000 Names

NOT long ago Dr. Charles Eastman made a trip to the Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, for the sole purpose of renaming 30,000 Sioux Indians. Dr. Eastman, who is himself a full-blooded Sioux, had the task of changing such cumbersome names as "Afraid-of-a-Bear," "Big-Black-Haven-With-the-White-Eyes," "Many-Lightnings," "Thunder-in-the-Clouds" and many others just as long to plain John, Walter, Edward, and so on. Somehow it seems a shame to part with these splendidly sounding names for such ordinary ones, doesn't it?

That Indefinable Air

"There's no use talkin'," said Farmer Cornstossel, as he knocked the ashes out of his corncob and laid it on the mantelpiece. "There's somethin' about college education that does give a young fellow polish."

"Do you think our boy Josh is improved?"

"Yep. He kin smoke a pipe in a way that makes it look real stylish."

BRITISH GIRLIES IN DELIGHTFUL FÊTE



LITTLE WELSH MAID

It seems to me that boys and girls know much better than do grown-ups the true meaning of generosity and charity. Grown folks don't have the scorn a boy or girl has for a "stinky" nor do they have such keen pity for the unfortunate.

No one among the little English missles, who took part in the delightful fete held the other day at Clardige's Hotel, London, ever lacked food or clothes; yet their sympathy was none the less great for poor boys and girls who did suffer want, and all that was earned at the fete would be used for charitable purposes.

Work done by such laborers and in such a cause, could not help meet with success. The audience enjoyed itself immensely. And well it might, for there were not a little playlet, "The Three Wishes," and lots of merriment besides—all provided for its entertainment.

Then the costumes! They were charming, and of so many different kinds that it kept you busy examining them. One of the pictures shows you Miss Beatrice Byrne in the dress of a little Welsh girl; another shows a tiny fellow who attended the fete garbed as Robin Hood. Miss Felicity Tree and Miss Elizabeth Asquith, principals in "The Three Wishes" are pictured in their quaint costumes.

Everybody had a great deal of fun. You see, there's no end of happiness in doing good to others. It's especially fitting, too, that boys and girls should help other boys and girls.

Uncomplimentary

Bobby examined rather critically the face of the baby his friend Edna was wheeling about.

"Well," said he, finally, "I don't think he's very pretty, but I guess it's the kind of face that grows on you." Edna retorted indignantly, "It's not the sort of face that ever grew on you. You'd be nicer looking if it was."

Prince Humbert

HERE is the photograph of another prince. This is Humbert, prince of Piedmont, and son of King Victor Emmanuel III and Queen Helene of Italy. He is crown prince, so, in case of his father's death, he will ascend the throne of Italy. Quite a serious prospect, isn't it, for a little fellow who is not yet 4 years old!



Humbert shouldn't be nearly as lonely as the little prince of Spain, because he has three little princess sisters, Iolanda, Matilda and Giovanna. And they are all as pleasant-looking as the prince himself.

In the World of Curiosities

THIS strange looking animal, with huge, goat-like eyes, is related to the lemur family. He makes his home in the islands of Celebes, Sumatra, Borneo and the Philippines, where the natives regard him with great dread.

Living entirely in the trees, he feeds mostly on insects and small reptiles. He takes his food after the fashion of the squirrel. The little fellow moves in a series of remarkable jumps, somewhat like a flea, leaping from bough to bough in successive jerky leaps.



This lemur isn't nearly as horrible as he looks. Indeed, he is quite harmless and inoffensive. Although there would be no special advantage for any of us to be strikingly ugly, the appearance of the specter lemur is his best safeguard, inasmuch as it protects him from the natives.

Was His Puddle

Quite severely the dignified gentleman commanded the boy who was enjoying himself in the middle of the street. "Hey! there, boy, get out of that dirty water."

But the boy merely stared, and, feeling himself secure, shouted:

"You go and find a mud puddle of your own! You won't steal this one from me!"

Couldn't be Published

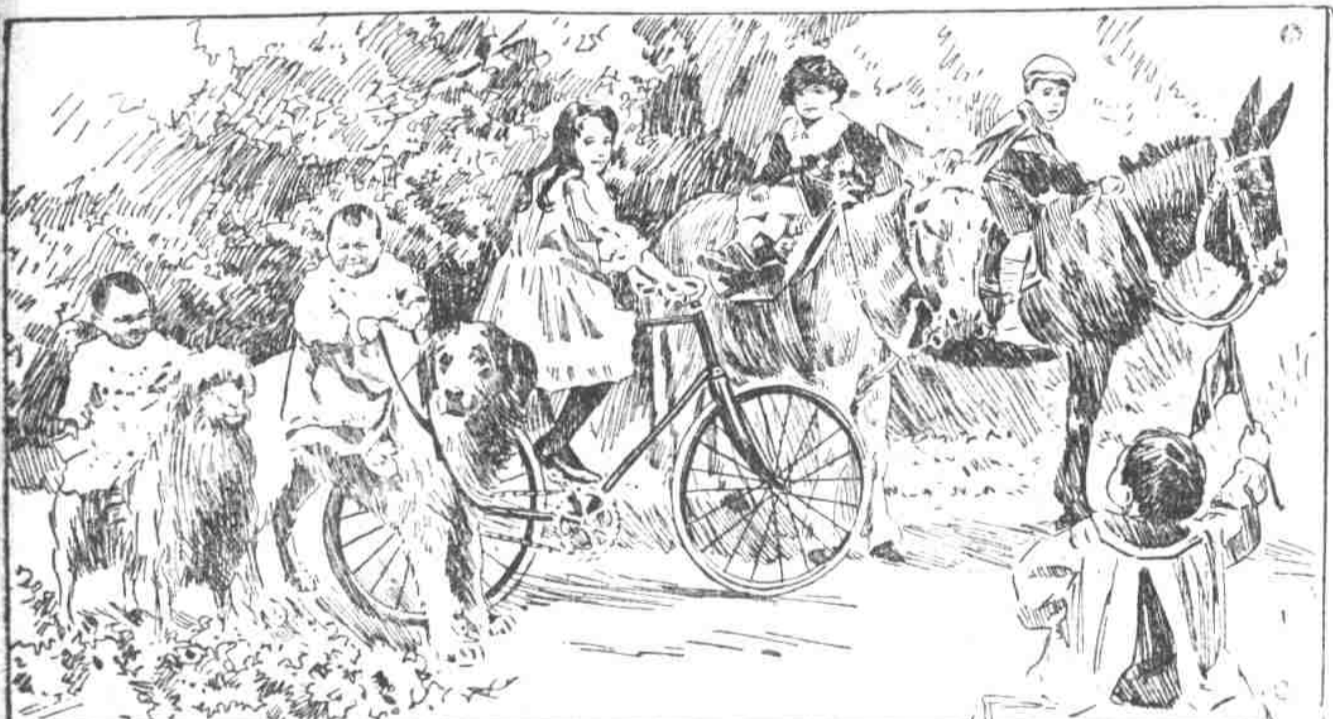
A schoolgirl, who had to write an essay about motoring, submitted the following:

"My uncle bought a motor car. He was riding in the country, when it busted up a hill. I guess this makes about fifty words. The other two hundred are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

Nothing New Under the Sun

The mid-in-the-slot machine dates back to Egypt's halcyon days, when an automatic receptacle which sold holy water was placed at the doors of the temples in which the Egyptians worshipped daily. A coin was dropped into the basin, and immediately a certain amount of sweet holy water was ejected.

How the Babies Won the Race



WE REALLY didn't intend to have a race. Aunt Lillian was merely posing us for a kodak picture. Freddy and I were on donkeys, Clara on her bicycle and the twins on Nero and the pet ram. And, of course, Freddy didn't mean it when he suggested, "Wouldn't it be fun to see who would win in a race?"

We did have a race, however, an exciting one, too. For some unaccountable reason, Billy, the ram, gave one jump and then started on a run

through the woods, with Baby Joe clinging to all his might to the wool. The next instant away darted Nero in pursuit. Freddy's donkey followed, starting so quickly that Freddy was thrown off into the bushes. Clara and I, anxious to see what end this mad frolic would have, rode fast along the route taken by the party.

How the babies ever stuck on I don't know, and I suppose you'd hardly believe it when I tell you that both were seated when the ram after

completing a big circle through the woods, returned to the starting point. Nero, with his baby rider, was right at his neck. The rest of us trailed in a moment later.

You may know how relieved we were when we found that no accident had happened to the twins. Then we all laughed quite heartily at the thought of the babies winning the race. We did so wish Aunt Lillian could have taken a snapshot of us in action!

An Object of Interest

IT IS told of a certain English bishop that he was visiting a friend, when he noticed that the son of his host, a lad of about 8 years old, seemed much interested in him. This rather pleased the bishop, as he was fond of children. He looked at the boy with his very best smile and asked:

"Don't you think we shall be good friends?"

"Oh, you're all right," replied the boy, slowly.

Then, glancing down at the bishop's knee breeches, he added, "But, say—won't your mother let you wear long trousers yet?"

How Old Are You?

HOW old are you on your tenth birthday? Ten, of course, you will answer. But see if I cannot prove you wrong. In fact, you are only 9. Your first birthday was on the day you were born, your second birthday on the day you were 1 year old, and so on, until the tenth birthday, when you are 9 years old, the age always keeping one year behind the number of the birthday.

Onion as Weather Indicator.

Place twelve onions in a row on Christmas Day, name each after a month and put salt on their tops. Those on which the salt is melted inside of twelve days will be wet months.

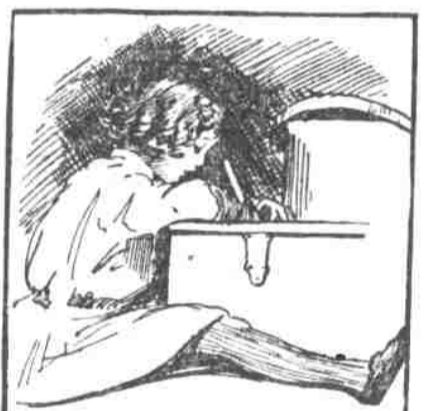
Betty Holds the Ancestor Party

NOT often of late had Betty visited the old-fashioned attic which contained so many of her treasures—especially her wonderful Dream Book, the diary of that other little Betty who had lived years and years before. Betty, you know, delighted to imagine herself the other Betty, and, indeed, she seemed so like her ancestress in many things that this was not at all difficult. But her dream self belonged mostly to the attic, therefore she never even brought the diary to her own room. And now that her comfy seat among the branches of the old apple tree was so inviting, the attic saw little of her.

One day, however, the sky clouded over. Soon the rain fell and the apple tree castle was no longer habitable. Betty found her way to the attic, there to enjoy herself as best she might.

Of course, on this time the little girl knew by heart almost every word contained in the diary of her ancestress. Today one passage in the little book set her thinking. It told how this other Betty wondered just what her ancestors were like.

"I certainly have the advantage of her there," mused Betty, "cause last Christmas when I thought I fell asleep in the attic all my ancestors came in such a funny way and told me all about themselves. There was the dear old



"USING AN OLD CHEST"

Puritan lady, the handsome Cavalier, that wicked pirate great-great-grand-uncle—"

Here Betty shivered at the recollection of the bloodthirsty appearance of her pirate ancestor.

"Oh, I know what I'll do now!" exclaimed Betty with sudden decision. "I'm going to have an Ancestor Party, and I'll invite all of them to come here again and we'll have a perfectly lovely time, I'm sure."

Using an old chest as a desk, the girl

begun to write out neatly the invitations to her ancestors. All at once she paused, knitting her brow thoughtfully.

"I do wonder whether I'd best invite that pirate uncle of mine."

But she didn't have the heart to keep the wicked old fellow away; and, besides, she thought that if she didn't invite him he might come anyway, and that would be very unpleasant.

At last the invitations were written. "Now, how in the world shall I send them?" Betty asked herself.

Then, it seemed, a voice whispered in her ear: "Use the old candlestick."

"That's just the thing!" exclaimed Betty, clapping her hands together. Swiftly she sped downstairs, returning presently with a candle. This she placed in the antique candlestick. In the light she burnt one message after another, and she imagined she saw the ghosts of the messages rise after the paper was burnt and float away toward the far end of the attic.

When nothing but ashes remained, she seated herself expectantly on the chest, murmuring:

"I hope it won't be long before something happens."

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

Try It Yourself

A man once declared he could move an ordinary brick attached to two miles of cord along a level road. He estimated that the friction of the cord on the road made the weight of the brick and cord not far short of a ton.

Wanted the Soft Kind

Little Boy—I want a nice brush, sir. Druggist—Any special kind? Little Boy—Er—I think I'd like one with a soft back, if you have it.

THE MILESTONES: A FAIRY-TALE

NOT always were milestones obliged to stand immovable at measured distances from each other along the roadside. The time was, ever so long ago, that at nightfall, when wayfarers seldom journeyed abroad, milestones were given opportunity for recreation. But milestones then were different from the milestones of today. They were merely elves, who, by order of the Fairy Queen, took their stands by the wayside, and placards hanging about their necks directed travelers.

When freed from duty at night they hastened to join the fairies in their frolics. At dawn the elf milestones ceased their reveling and returned to their posts.

One night, while the elves were having an unusually merry time, a certain elf suggested to his fellow-milestones:

"Let us have some fun on the morrow by exchanging placards with one another."

So, although every milestone elf knew thoroughly well the wrong he was doing, the next day found them along the roadside, with the placards misplaced in a sad way. Weary travelers would come to the first elf and would read upon the placard:



CHANGED TO STONE

"Thimbletown—1 mile." Coming to the next milestone elf they would read: "Thimbletown—1 Mile." This, of course, greatly puzzled them, and they were still more dismayed when they found the placard of the milestone elf next in order bore the inscription: "Thimbletown—5 Miles." And as the people passed by the elves would hold their sides with

laughter. To them it was a most comical sight. To look at the man who would pass the one-mile post with a merry smile, the eight-mile post with a savage frown and the five-mile post with an utterly bewildered stare, seemed the best joke in the world.

The Fairy Queen, however, couldn't see that it was funny at all. So vexed was she with the elves' breach of rule that she ordered them to march direct to their stations. No sooner were they posted than every one of them she changed into stone. Upon these stones were then placed the reading formerly carried by the placards. Never more could the elves join at nighttime the joyous games of the fairies.

Her Prayer

"Oh, grandma!" exclaimed little Mildred. "I asked God last night to give us a nice, clear day, and see how fine it is!"

Grandma smiled at the little girl as she responded, "I am fond of pleasant weather, too, my child. I wish you pray that it may be warmer to-morrow, so that my rheumatism may be better."

Mildred promised, and that night she added to her prayers this request: "Oh, God, please make it hot for grandma."

Dolly's Dressmaker



SEEMS as though I can't help spending All my time just mending—mending! Mending clothes that careless Dolly tears, but I shouldn't dream of shirking. Tasks like these, I don't mind working— Working on the garments Dolly wears.

No doll's dresses last forever, Though at mending you be clever— Clever, too, in cleaning them betimes; Seen my patterns I'll be taking And I'll practice my dressmaking— Making clothes is worse than making rhymes.

Story of Fontaine

ONE day as Fontaine, the great writer of fables, was passing along a street of Paris a maid threw a bucketful of scalding water from a window above. It struck full upon the head of Fontaine.

Fortunately, his wig protected him to such extent that he was not burned. With the aid of several passersby who recognized him he succeeded in wringing the water from his clothes. Then, fiercely rat-a-tapping his cane along the street, Fontaine speedily betook himself to his lodgings.

At that time Fontaine lodged at the house of his friend, Madame de la Sabliere. He passed into the drawing room, where a number of visitors were gathered. Upon beholding the famous writer in such wretched plight they crowded around him, demanding what had occurred. Fontaine explained briefly.

"And are you not going to lodge complaint against this miserable woman?" cried Madame.

"I trust you have at least reprimanded the maid for her carelessness," added another lady.

"Reprimanded the woman?" responded Fontaine. "Indeed, I thanked her."

"Thanked her?" all assembled cried in astonishment.

Fontaine smiled quietly as he replied:



FELL ON HIS HEAD

"Yes, I thanked her. She could have let fall a heavy bucket upon my head, whereas she was content only to throw upon me scalding water. Should I not have thanked her for saving me a broken crown?"