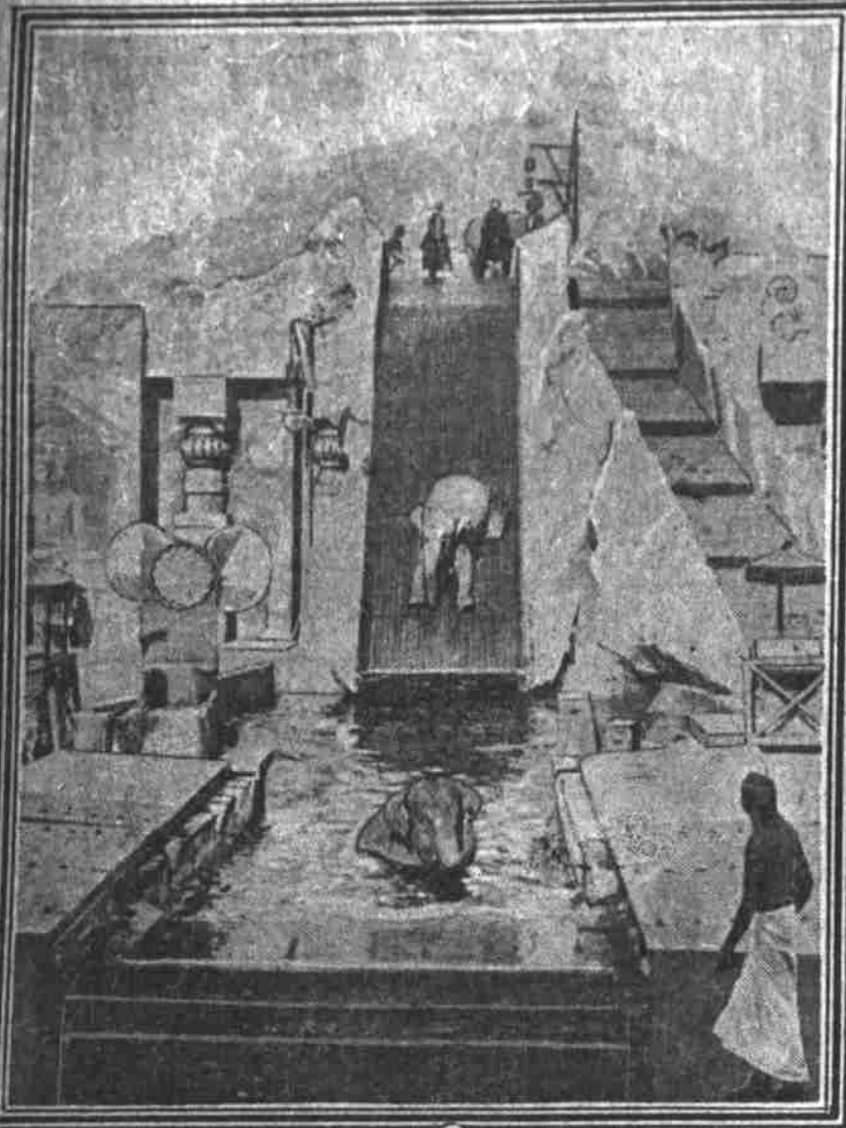


Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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BILLY'S CURE



BILLY SLIDES DOWN THE TOBOGGAN

"REMEMBER that you are of the nobility, my son," whispered the mother elephant, "and do nothing to disgrace your ancestry. None was swifter or a better war elephant than the giant Sahib, your father. And fame has attended all your grandfathers and great-grandfathers back to that great white elephant, one of the finest ever known, to whom, in 1848, Akbar raised a monument—a tower-like structure rising high in the air, and decorated with thousands of costly tusks taken from the royal herd of elephants. Thus were your forefathers esteemed, and so I would have you esteemed for your wisdom, strength, speed and beauty."

With a last tender caress the elephant permitted her baby to be taken from her. And Billy, for that was the name given the little fellow by his new master, found plenty of opportunity to ponder over these words of advice. Far from India he sailed in a big ship that plowed the ocean for days and days. But finally he reached America, where Billy hoped he might in time surpass his mother's expectations. Little did he imagine the life he was to lead. This descendant of noble ancestors, mighty lords of the forest, soon found himself compelled to walk in circus parades; to perform stupid tricks and to stand for hours merely swinging his trunk.

No wonder it was, then, that an elephant of his high ambition should suffer. He grew sad and morose, until all the animals told one another how disagreeable Billy had become. There seemed no cure for Billy's ill-temper until the time he arrived in England to greet his new owner, who had bought him from the American circus man.

Billy forgot his crossness, however, when he found himself at the Franco-British Exposition. Here there was a long, smooth board built just for the benefit of Billy and his elephant com-

rades. Down this they would slide with a speed that caused Billy to assure himself he traveled as swiftly as his mother could wish him to go. How he would dash into the great pool of refreshing water at the bottom of the slide, only to scramble out the next moment and toll up the stairs, so that he might repeat the thrilling ride!

The novel toboggan slide, with its artificial background of the lofty Himalayas, has completely cured Billy of his bad temper, for he now believes he is excelling his mother's fondest hopes.

Painting Wild Animals From Life

THE Bronx Park lion house, in the Central Park, New York, is fitted up with a unique studio, which will enable artists to make a study of wild animals from actual life. The new studio cage is at one end of the building, shut off from the main lion house. There are two parts to it—the auditorium and the cage. The former is 20x17 feet, with platforms ranged one above the other, so that a number of artists can work at the same time. About thirty artists can be accommodated at once.

The studio cage is arranged directly under a big skylight, and when a lion is wanted by the artists the animal is driven into a shifting cage and lowered to a subway communicating with a studio cage. Then it is an easy matter to get the animal from the shifting cage safely inside the studio by simply opening the gates and throwing in a piece of meat. With the animal inside the cage in a perfect light and no bystanders to disturb them, the artists are free to begin work.

Defined.
Billie—What's a dilemma?
Willie—It's when you can't sit down because your pa kicked you for going swimming, and you can't stand up because a crab bit your toe.

The Great Resolve



WHERE YOUTHFUL CARPET WEAVERS LABORED

HAVING cast his line with precision, Hassan leaned against the barrel placed for his convenience on the edge of the quay. Hassan also gave a deep sigh of content. True, the future held painful punishment in store, for little Arab boys may not run away from carpet-weaving to fish, without hearing from angry fathers. But what of it! He was having a glorious time now, and the future must take care of itself.

Hassan thought of the first time he had gone a-fishing. Ben Ali had coaxed him down to this very quay, and had instructed him exactly how to handle his line. He remembered how he had run away in terror from the ugly squirming thing he drew from the water—a thing with eight twisting, twining, snaky legs, fastened to a body ten inches long, and with horrible, protruding green eyes. He remembered, too, how Ben Ali had called threateningly after him:

"Coward, come back! Come back, or I shall never let you come with me again!"

He had returned to watch, with fearful fascination, the snaky legs curl about Ben Ali's hand. Then Ben Ali, with a dextrous sweep of his knife, had cut off the entire eight legs close to the ugly creature's body. They had relaxed helplessly; the haunting green eyes had lost their luster. And Ben Ali, after hacking the body and legs into small pieces, had placed them in a bag and carried them home. Hassan had eaten his share of the dish at supper that evening, but he had not relished it, for, try as he would, he could not help thinking of the frightful green eyes.

"No good, self-respecting Mohammedan," the stern parent had said, "should spend his time fishing, like the poor Turks, when he might be engaged in the ancient and honorable trade of carpet-weaving."

THE DARING IDEA

Hassan detested carpet weaving. It was too tiresome to sit with several other boys from 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the evening, pulling the fine threads through the warp, to make nice, smooth rugs. He would much rather play about the streets until he grew big enough to sell newspapers and curios; to clean and shine the boots of rich foreign gentlemen and to assist old Arabs in the sale of oranges, dates and matches.

No longer did Hassan feel content. He thought of the jolly little foreign lad he had seen the other day. This boy, whom Ben Ali called an American, didn't need to weave carpets. The more Hassan reflected the more he longed to be an American. Hardly realizing what he did, he framed in his heart this resolution: "As soon as I can, I shall run away to America and not be a Mohammedan or weave carpets." Then so frightened was he at the dar-

ing of his idea that he pulled in his line and ran home to be punished.

"Hassan, you are not growing up a good boy. I must send you away to learn the Koran," sadly announced his father.

So the lad was placed under the care of a mollah, who made him work as hard as he had labored at carpet weaving. All day long he and his boy companions squatted before their teacher, learning the Koran by heart and repeating in a peculiar, sing-song way words of which they little understood.



HASSAN AND HIS "KIT"

ing meaning. They were also taught to write and to count.

All through the rainy month he applied himself to study, until there arrived the brilliant holiday of Bayram. Hassan spent this day strolling about the city. Changing to be near the wharves when a big steamer came in, he earned a pretty silver piece for carrying a lady's satchels. With this he bought a handful of peanuts and two handfuls of sweetmeats, and he had, besides, five sous with which he thought to surprise his father. But his father was very angry, and scolded him, saying:

"Your study of the Koran has apparently been in vain, or you would have known that no good Mohammedan may work or accept pay during Bayram."

The discouraged parent now took Hassan from school, and, as the lad was quite a good size, provided him with a bootblack's box, a set of brushes and blacking. From this time Hassan became quite prosperous. He could fill his pockets with sous during a day; and, although he was supposed to hand it all to his father, a few of the coins always stuck in some manner in his pocket. Hassan did not realize how very wrong this was.

Then Hassan became quite a mer-

chant. He had grown somewhat tired of the rivalry and competition of shoe-blackening, where he was often compelled to fight another bootblack to gain a customer. And when he dodged under the tables of the Cafe Bordeaux to escape flying brushes he was cuffed by the waiters and kicked by the gentlemen there. Yes, he decided, a merchant's life was much more pleasant.

Therefore Hassan collected sea-shells, pins, buttons, pictures and skins of the sand snake. Many tourists came to Algiers, brought by the French steamers which arrived three times a week. The lad made great profit upon his wares, especially as he learned to employ the different languages of the people whom he asked to buy.

So at last Hassan was able to purchase his canoe. It cost twenty francs, and Hassan possessed only ten francs; but his father kindly loaned him the other ten. The lad was so grateful that he consented to accompany his father to the mosque, where, it must be confessed, his only emotion was that of pride in entering a building where only men and no women were allowed. Little did he think of the sincerity of his prayers to Allah.

PROFIT IN HIS BOAT

But the boat! Ah, it was a fine one, with double sculls and a handsome piece of carpet to cover the seat at the stern. Hassan could now sail upon the deep blue waters of his beloved sea. Far out upon the Mediterranean he would row, until the white buildings of the city of Algiers looked like a tiny white spot upon the shore line, and the green gardens which flanked it, and which also rose in terraces to the hills back of the city, showed only in dark patches. Then, riding upon the waves, he would bask in the sunshine and gaze upward at a sky that was as blue as the waves.

Much money he earned by rowing tourists out upon the sea. Always he demanded 10 sous. And if the gentleman insisted that the price was too high, Hassan would merely say, solemnly:

"I'm afraid, then, you must stay where you are."

But when there were sailors who had almost overstayed their leave on shore and who were anxious to get back to their boats to avoid punishment, Hassan generously rowed them this distance without charging more than 4 sous. It was this kindly trait, too, which led to his friendship with Jack Harmon, Jack was a sailor attached to a United States torpedo destroyer which lay in the harbor. He had missed his regular boat back to the vessel, and had therefore sought out Hassan, whom he had hired upon previous occasions. Now, Hassan had picked up

a few words of English, and as he knew Jack owned allegiance to the land he so much admired, it did not take him long to open conversation.

"I wish I was American," he had said gravely.

Jack, much surprised, asked the reason. And when Hassan told of the resolve he had made years ago, that some time he would be an American, the sailor became thoughtful.

"Do you know," said he, finally, "you look like a decent young Arab, and I don't know but what I could get a friend of mine to find you a berth on one of our transports lying over there."

Hassan's cheeks flushed with gratitude, and Jack, observing how the suggestion was appreciated, decided to make good his offer.

One afternoon Hassan stole from home for the last time. His conscience reproached him for leaving his father, but he left a note telling of his ambition, and promising to return some time in the future. His boat he had already sold; therefore all his possessions he carried with him.

His heart throbbled as he clambered up the side of the transport, and he whispered exultingly to himself:

"I have at last begun to keep my resolution, for I am now learning to be an American!"

Cracking Walnuts

ANNOUNCE that you can place an English walnut in the joint of your arm and crack it without difficulty by simply exercising the strength of your muscles. Place a nut in the joint of your left arm. But first conceal two other walnuts in your right hand.

Close your left arm, and strike it an apparently violent blow with the right hand, at the same time strongly clenching the right hand, which will smash the second walnut in it and cause your audience to believe it was the English walnut under your arm that broke.

Pretend to drop very carefully the fragments from your arm, and show the nut you have cracked in your hand instead of the other.

Youthful Criminals

TWO bad little boys were standing on the street corner, when another well-dressed little boy passed on his way to the drug store to buy candy.

"Let's take his penny away from him," one bad boy suggested to the other.

"No," replied his wicked companion, "it's best to wait until he goes in and buys chocolate with it, and then we'll take his chocolate. Wot's the use of doin' extra work?"

Mademoiselle Elise

"MON PIERRE, I have an idea—the grandest idea one could possibly think of!" exclaimed pretty Elise.

"And what is this clever idea?" smilingly asked Elise's father.

"Eh, bien! Thou knowest how our lovely queen, Marie Antoinette, often escapes from wearisome court life and runs out to her country retreat at Trianon, where she and the noble folk play at being simple peasants. They make hay, milk the cows, and they say that even the king grinds out flour in a little mill there."

"Yes," nodded the father, "so they do."

"And why cannot I invite some of my friends out to the chateau, father?" Elise went on, enthusiastically. "Life here in Paris is, oh, so tiresome; and we would have a most splendid outing!"



"BORNE IN A CHAIR"

Elise's father gravely considered this request, and to Elise's great delight, finally gave his consent.

Thus it was that the following week many little noble girls and boys, who were so fortunate as to possess Elise's friendship, made their way toward the charming little chateau. In all sorts of conveyances they came. Elise herself traveled in a cozy chair, and was carried from the neighboring chateau, where she had been spending a short visit.

Then how they romped! 'Tis such a relief," merrily remarked Mademoiselle Lucie, "to forget all one's grand manners for a time and play at being peasant children." Every one agreed with her.

You may be sure they were sorry when the day ended. And you may know that they promised themselves similar treats in the near future.

But as Queen Marie Antoinette herself was forced to forego her delightful visits to Trianon, so Mademoiselle Elise and her friends found it impossible to carry out their plans. This was because the horrible French revolution was upon them—a dreadful time when Elise's father and mother and all the other noble ladies and gentlemen were in gravest peril, and were fortunate if they escaped with their lives.

Flower Enemies

IT IS rather interesting to note that certain flowers have great dislike for each other. For instance, if you will make up a bouquet containing, among other flowers, roses and mignonettes, and place the bouquet in a vase for an hour, you will find that while the other flowers remain perfectly fresh, the roses and mignonettes have wilted—that is to say, they have killed each other.

Lilies-of-the-valley also kill without pity any other flower with which they come in contact.

On the contrary, carnations and heliotropes have the greatest affection for each other.

Yet some people say that flowers cannot feel!

Found Out

WHEN the Monkey appeared in the Council of the Smaller Forest, he informed the animals assembled that he had come from the Greater Forest on the other side of the mountain, where lived the very wisest of the Forest People. And straightway the Monkey began to impress those about him with the extent of his own knowledge.

Now, the Monkey really did know a great deal. But he did not tell his new associates that all he knew was told him by the Serpent, the most learned among the people of the Greater Forest. Instead, he led the animals to believe that what he related was from his own experience; nor did they imagine that the Monkey was too cowardly to venture into danger of any kind.

One afternoon the Monkey rushed up to the Bear, crying:

"Come, quick! I have a strange new thing to show you!"

"What is it?" asked the Bear, but the Monkey was already off. So the Bear followed hastily after him.

Soon they met the Wolf by the roadside.

"Why do you hurry?" asked the Wolf.

"The Monkey has a strange, new thing to show us," replied the Bear. Whereupon the Wolf followed close behind the Bear.



IT WAS A HUNTER MAN!

"What is this strange, new thing?" questioned the Lion, stalking along at the rear of the procession.

"You'll have to ask the Wolf," responded the Bear.

"Why are you all so excited?" growled the Lion, when they passed by his majesty's lair.

"The Monkey has a strange, new thing to show us; come along!" shouted the Bear.

But when the Wolf was asked, he replied, "I don't know; you must inquire of the Bear."

The Bear, however, was as ignorant as they, and referred them to the Monkey, saying, "He alone knows of this strange, new thing."

But the Monkey was too excited to tell them what it was.

After a while he stopped suddenly and whispered to his friends: "Go about one rod farther and peer through the thicket. There you will see the strange, new thing!"

The company crept forward. A moment later they were feeling through the forest helter-skelter. For the "strange, new thing" was nothing less than a Man Hunter, armed with a formidable gun, which might go off and kill them.

When they were out of danger the Lion started in pursuit of the Monkey; the Bear flew after the Lion; the Wolf ran along behind the Bear, and the Bear waddled in the rear—all vowing vengeance on the Monkey should they catch him.

The Monkey escaped by climbing a tree out of their reach. But he had forever lost his reputation for wisdom. How any one could be ignorant of what a Man Hunter looked like the animals of the Smaller Forest could not imagine. The Monkey, you see, had for the time forgotten the Serpent's description of a Hunter, and in his desire to gain fame among the Forest People had committed this unpardonable error.

Wonderful Map

ONE of the greatest objects of interest in the Louvre, Paris, is a map of France made of precious stones, which was presented to that country by the present czar. The map is forty inches square, and is made of gold and precious stones. The gold came from Siberia and the precious stones from the Imperial Russian mines. It is framed in slate-colored jasper. The sea is represented by pale and precious marble, and foreign countries (necessarily included)—England, Germany, Italy and Spain—are represented in dark gray onyx. Some of the gems are so rare they are never found in commerce. One hundred and six of the important towns in France are given, their names being inlaid in gold, and the towns themselves are marked in jewels. Paris is represented by a huge ruby, Havre by an emerald, Rouen by a sapphire, Lille by rock crystal, Rheims by a chrysolite, Lyons by a tourmaline, Nantes by a beryl, Bordeaux by an aquamarine, Nice by a garnet, Cherbourg by an alexandrite from the Urals (which is green by day and a red blue at night), and so on for all the towns. The map is valued at \$500,000, and came out of the czar's private purse. The French legends said that such a map was ordered from them they would charge double that sum.

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Friendly Thingumbob



TED WAS CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF HIS TEAMMATES

TED lay at full length upon the reed. But although his body was at rest, the same could not be said of his mind. Indeed, one glance at the wrinkled brow would have told you that Ted was perturbed.

"I just can't do it! I know I can't! I don't pitch well enough by half to beat the Leroy team. And my arm's all bad!"

"It's exactly my luck to be in bad luck for the game I'm most anxious to win," he concluded, kicking out his heels vengefully.

"I'll wager I could beat the Leroy team," said a voice almost at his ear. Ted looked around in astonishment, but could see no one. "And who are you?" he asked aloud.

"If Oh, I'm a Thingumbob—the nicest person in all the world," replied the voice, as a tiny creature no bigger than Ted's thumb hopped upon his chest and grinned in a friendly fashion at him.

"Well, of all the little persons I ever met you are the smallest!" gasped Ted, carefully scrutinizing the elf.

The Thingumbob responded, with a smirk, "And I'll wager you're the smartest, too!"

The lad was now so interested that he raised himself on his elbow. This caused the Thingumbob to slide down into the bay, where he struggled des-

perately to free himself from the wisps until Ted rescued him and placed him upon his hand.

"You want to be more careful!" scolded the little visitor, swelling with indignation and striving to catch his breath.

It was all so funny that Ted found it hard to keep from laughing, but he tried to look penitent as he replied, "I'll remember hereafter that you're not quite so big as I am."

The only served to make the Thingumbob more angry, for he sputtered:

"I may not be as tall as you, but I can pitch far better ball. Don't believe it; do you? Well, I'm going to prove it. Don't be surprised when you see me in your hand when you pitch in tomorrow's game. I can get from place to place in a marvelous manner. And I'm going to ride on the ball and guide it so that it will curve in a way you never saw before."

With these words the Thingumbob disappeared. Ted tried to make himself believe it was all a dream, but he couldn't help thinking of the elf's words when he walked into the pitcher's box to pitch the first ball against the Leroy batsman. Just as the ball was about to leave his hand he saw a tiny little creature balance himself about it.

Then as the ball sped upon its way you should have seen it curve! It twisted and twined on its course in a

way that completely bewildered the batsman, while Bob Johnson, the catcher, was so surprised that he simply let the ball hit against his glove. This was only the beginning. Man after man came up to the plate, only to strike out.

At the close of the half of the inning, the team crouded around Ted.

"You're a wonder, Ted!" cried Bob. "I've never seen such curves! How in the world did you manage to practice them?"

The Leroy team might as well have given up right away. Every man who came to the plate struck out. None could solve this puzzling delivery.

Meanwhile Ted pitched as in a dream. He knew it was all the work of the Thingumbob, and he was honest enough to realize that this wasn't playing ball in the right way. But he couldn't talk to the Thingumbob, because the umpire would think he was crazy. And if he told the other players they would also think him out of his mind. So he continued in the box, striking out every batsman who faced him.

How they cheered Ted when the game was over! Every one imagined that Ted took the honor in such a quiet way because he was so modest. They didn't know that all credit belonged to the Thingumbob, who had merely indicated his presence and that Ted didn't feel at all a hero when he was carried from the field.

