

Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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A Good Samaritan Dolly

A FEW mazy, many years the Doll Fairy decided to visit her people on earth and to endeavor to make them happy. Her people, of course, are the little girls and the very little boys. And among these Wise Folk—for the girls and boys are the very wisest among mortals—the chosen to make her appearance in the form of a doll.

"Mother, I should so like to have that beautiful doll!" cried the little girl, who was going shopping with her mother. So, because the mother was rich and her daughter always had whatever she wished, the doll with the flaxen curls and the large blue eyes, which opened and shut, and the



"NEVER WAS THERE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DOLL"

movable joints, became the possession of this little girl.

At first the lass was proud of her beautiful dolly and she was as happy as could be. But she was already beginning to tire of it, as rich little girls often do, on the day Nurse took her for a stroll in the park. Dolly was carried in the arms of her mistress.

Perhaps you have guessed that the lovely doll was none other than the Doll Fairy. And as the fairy had great power, when the little girl had finished her romp among the trees and upon the gorgeously tinted leaves laid in a carpet on the ground, she made to forget all about the doll nestling at the base of a great oak. So the doll was left behind when the rich little girl began her journey homeward.

However, the Doll Fairy did not intend to remain idle. She had made one little girl happy for a time, now she wished to bring joy to some other girl—one who would appreciate the

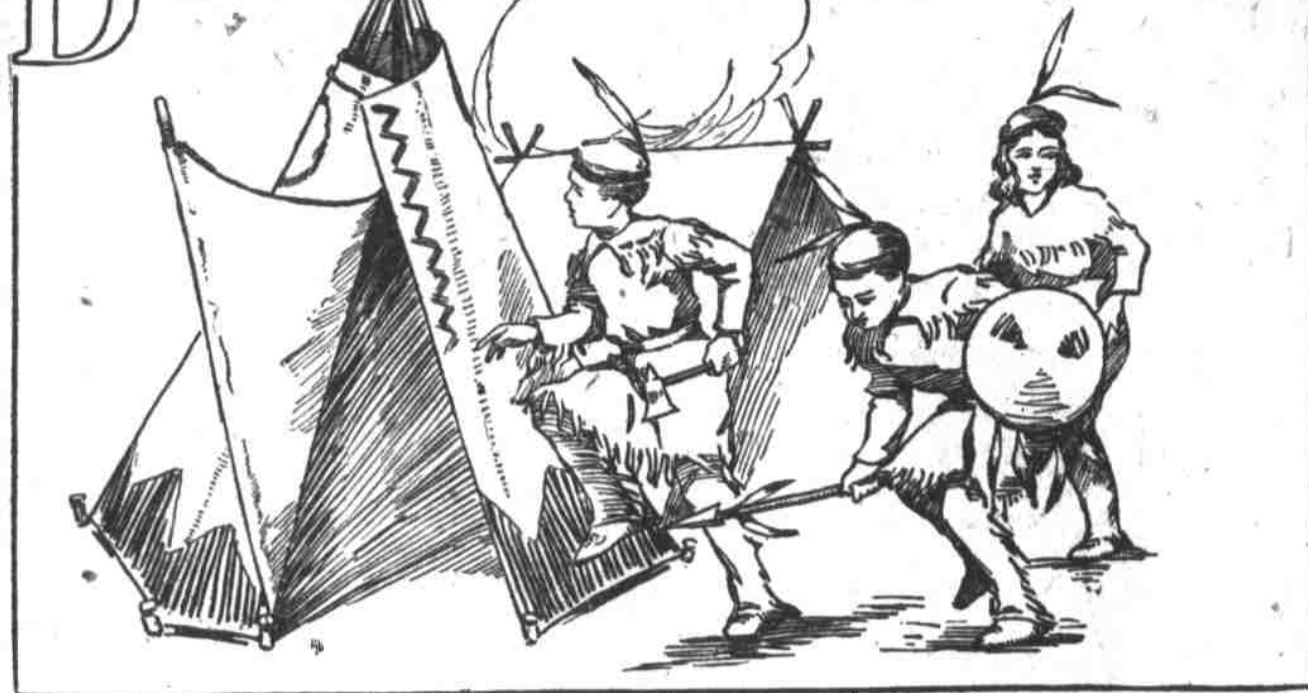
doll even more than had the rich little girl.

Soon there came walking by a lad who seemed quite poor. He was searching for nuts, but only half-heartedly, since his thoughts were with his tiny sister, who lay very ill at home. Then he saw the doll.

And the boy was filled with wonderment as he said to himself, "Surely, there never was such a beautiful doll. How pleased little sister would be with it!"

Therefore the boy gently raised the Doll Fairy in his arms, and holding it carefully, so as not to soil the pretty dress, he bore it to the little girl who was sick.

Big Chief Howling Wolf



CHAPTER I The "Savage."

CRASH! Thump! Thump! Mrs. Buelow sprang to her feet at the ominous sounds. "I just know it's my rare Bangkok vase!" she exclaimed, hurrying into the next room. Uncle Hubert followed more slowly to where Ronald was usefully picking himself up. An upturned corner of rug and a fallen tabouret told the story of a tripping and woeful disaster. "I'm awfully sorry, mother; I didn't go to do it!" stammered the lad in guilty confusion.

But the mother, without appearing to notice him, was stooping to gather the fragments of her treasured pottery, as she cried in a distressed voice: "Oh, child! child! how could you have been so careless!"

For a moment Ronald stood helplessly by, then, realizing that his presence was not entirely pleasing, he turned and silently withdrew. But he was not yet beyond hearing distance when his mother said, petulantly:

"The boy is a perfect savage. It seems that he can't move without stumbling over furniture or breaking something. I can't understand why he should be so awkward."



"WOULD LIKE TO BE A SAVAGE"

A DIFFERENT KIND OF BOY

"But, Alice, you know most boys are rather clumsy at his age," remonstrated Uncle Hubert.

"That may be true," returned Mrs. Buelow, warning to her subject, "but Ronald seems different from other boys. He doesn't get along well at school. His sister, who is fully a year younger than he, is far ahead of him in her studies. All he likes to do is to ramble through the parks, and I can't allow him to go out much to the neglect of his studies—although I must admit he isn't in the best of health. Oh, he seems so stupid!"

Uncle Hubert caressed his beard thoughtfully. "The boy does look bad, and that's a fact," murmured he. "I'm afraid, Alice, you're trying to force learning upon the lad at the expense of his health. You know the brain is most active when the body is in the healthiest condition. And this sort of life, here in

a New York flat, doesn't seem to be very healthful, to say the least. Of course, the boy is yearning to be out in the woods. Every red-blooded American boy has the same kind of feeling. Nor I can't say that I blame him greatly just now for disliking to cram his head with the wisdom found in textbooks.

"What I propose is this: Let him go to Nova Scotia with me when I return to my snug little cottage on Friday. He has the proper sort of stuff in him, and I'll wager I'll make a man of him in no time up there in God's own country. Have his sister come, too. A short visit won't do Florence any harm. The children shouldn't be cooped up so much of the time in the city; they really oughtn't!"

Leaving Mrs. Buelow to reflect upon the matter, Uncle Hubert strolled into the library, where he found Ronald ensconced among the cushions in the window-seat. The lad looked up moodily at his uncle's approach. Uncle Hubert's face assumed its most cheerful expression, however, and he laid his hand upon Ronald's shoulder, consolingly.

"Don't mind it, my boy," advised he. "Accidents will happen, you know."

"Oh, I don't care about the vase so much," muttered the boy. "I suppose I oughtn't to say that, because mother prizes such things a great deal. But she has so many vases that I don't be-

lieve it matters much, and I break such lots of things without meaning to that she's pretty well used to it by now. What does hurt a fellow, though, is to be called a savage and awkward, and—oh, I don't seem to be able to please her anyhow. Father is so very, very lenient, you know, and she's set her heart on my being like him. She can't excuse my being so dumb, especially since Florence is so smart at her lessons. I do try; honest, I do. Somehow, though, I can't help being an ignoramus. That's what they call fellows who don't know things in books, even if they can tell a few things about trees and flowers and squirrels that most smart chaps don't know. They're the studies that savages like, and—yes, I guess mother's right, I AM a savage, and I want awfully to live like a savage, in the woods!"

Uncle Hubert clasped the lad's hand in silent sympathy. Then he whispered: "I'm a savage, too, Ronald. I love the sky and the forest and the stream, and the sea—the sea that booms and breaks upon the shore-line within sight of my home. And listen, Ronald! I think there's a chance—mind, I say a CHANCE—that you and I may be able to play at being savages before so very many days."

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

How Animals Go to Sleep

SCOTCH terriers are especially fond of finding a dower bed in which to sleep by day. Our sheep have lost nearly all their wild instincts but one, which is to seek the highest place possible in which to lie down and rest; they have been known to climb to the top of straw-covered sheds. If there is a hill in the pasture, they go to the very top. London cats are said to mount to the top of water tanks. Rabbits choose sunny banks for a daytime nap, and foxes, and even otters, go to sleep on the rough grass or sedges.

Birds seem to prefer the topmost branches of dead trees. Many of them seem to think that the telegraph and telephone wires were strung for birds to roost on. Pigeons, especially, take to dead trees. The sea birds always select some dead tree or branch for their perch when they wish to sleep.

Thrilling Adventures of a Boy Soldier



TAKEN CAPTIVE

INTIMATE as was the boy officer, Colonel Francois Rebut, with his marshal, there was one subject he never touched upon, and that was the exile of his father.

The Marquis de Rebut had lived in his chateau in Anjou, where he owned broad estates. But as his sympathy was entirely with the old form of government under Louis, he was exiled from France and his possessions confiscated. He crossed the channel to England. What grieved the marquis most was that his only son, Francois, remained loyal to Napoleon and entered the service of that doughty general. This the lad did, even though he was given no share of his father's lands.

Strange it was that Francois should have been thinking of his father on the eve of battle. He was alone with the marshal, who wondered at the silence of his favorite officer, inasmuch as the young colonel was usually in his gayest and brightest mood just before an engagement.

If the boy was disturbed by sad thoughts he did not show it on the morrow, when the French met the allies in fierce encounter. As the marshal's aide, he was everywhere upon the field, riding hither and thither at breakneck speed to enforce his chief's orders. It so happened that he joined in the charge of a regiment of hussars. With such vigor did the French cavalry hew their way through the enemy's ranks that soon the allies retreated. Just as Francois was about to make his way back to the marshal he observed that one of the prisoners looked strikingly familiar. Wheeling his horse, he approached nearer. He was shocked to discover the man was his own father! Much disturbed, he

reminded himself of his duty to the marshal and rode quickly away.

That evening Francois sought the regiment of hussars with which he had ridden during the forenoon. As he was well known among the men, he made his way without difficulty to the guard tent, in which the prisoners were kept, securely bound.

"I want to speak alone with a prisoner you have here," said the colonel to the guard. "Take your post some distance away."

Springing upon the guard, Francois wrested the man's weapon from him and with a single blow felled him to the ground. Then he slipped into the tent. Here he saw an elderly man, who sat with his head bowed dejectedly.

"Father!" cried Francois, softly.

"My boy!" said the man, struggling to release his arms in order to clasp his son.

RELEASES HIS FATHER

"Quietly, quietly!" cautioned Francois. Leading the old man outside the tent, he cut his bonds with one stroke of the saber. Rapidly he drew the marquis over the lines, then gently shoved him away with the words:

"Run for your life!"

Afterward the colonel walked calmly to the tent of the marshal and reported what he had done.

The marshal could hardly repress his consternation and sorrow, but as Francois had confessed that he had liberated a prisoner taken from the ranks of the English, there was nothing to do but court-martial the lad. The penalty, of course, was death.

Next morning Francois was led out to be shot. But so much was he loved by his soldiers that not a man in the squad but refused to fire the fatal shot.

Meantime the marshal had sent a message to Napoleon begging a reprieve for the gallant young colonel. And to the joy of all, Napoleon not only granted this request, but in a note hastily dispatched, pardoned Rebut.

Hunting Tricks

MUCH aggrieved was Tom. His big brother was going hunting, and although Tom pleaded to accompany him the brother had cruelly refused.

"I don't care; I'll show him that I can hunt as well as he," muttered Tom. Detaching a great mirror, Tom has-



"ALONG CAME A RABBIT"

tened with it from the house down to a hollow in the woods where he knew game was plentiful. Then he brought a net from the tennis court. The mirror he fastened as you see in the picture, so that it would turn freely upon the pivot rod. Behind it was arranged the net in the form of a trap. And in a hollow in front of the mirror lay a



"TUMBLING INTO THE NET"

cabbage, so that its image was cast in the mirror.

Pretty soon along came a rabbit. It saw the reflection of the cabbage in the mirror, leaped for the mirror, and the next instant was trapped within the net.

Tom, who was hidden nearby, then tied the rabbit in exactly the same spot formerly occupied by the cabbage. Not an hour had passed before a fox also



"TRAPPED A WOLF"

leaped for the mirror, after the rabbit, struck the glass and was tumbled into the net.

And by trying a turkey fast, Tom trapped even a wolf.

Very good, indeed, was he of the renown of his day's hunting. And you would have seen how astonished Tom's big brother was—and chagrined, too, when he saw he himself had bagged no game at all.

Unfinished Dreams

WHEN the story you're reading is thrilling, and you're filled with excitement is chilling. How disturbing to read in the text: "The continued—this tale—in our next."

But it isn't as bad—not at all!—As the speaker, the clamorous call that awakens you always, it seems, "Fore you get to the end of your dreams."

How Paul became a Soldier

PAUL lives with his father, the village blacksmith, and his mother and Aunt Harriet in the town of Bueschwicke, Long Island. The Revolutionary War is over, and Paul's father is one of those engaged in the battle of Long Island. Paul lives with his mother and Aunt Harriet in the town of Bueschwicke, a neighbor, drops in, wounded. Shortly after a party of British soldiers arrive and discuss plans for an attack on the nearby fort. The lieutenant and the lad overhear the conversation from their hiding place in the hay, and when the British are gone the soldier dispatches Paul to the fort with two messages—one real, and the other a decoy.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

PAUL carefully tucked the pellets away in different pockets of his jacket. He stiffened, put his heels together, and saluted, as Dick had taught him.

"Good-bye, Lieutenant Dick," said he.

Lieutenant Remsen's eyes gleamed brightly as he returned the salute. But his voice had a suspicious huskiness when he replied:

"Good-bye, Private Paul."

Without a pause the lad darted across the open space between barn and meadow. Creeping through the tall grass (without even thinking what mother or Aunt Harriet would say to him for wetting shoes and stockings), and slipped into the woods beyond. Shortly he found Dobbin grazing peacefully in a sheltered hollow, as unconcerned as though there were no such events as wars. Not an inch did the faithful beast move when the lad climbed a big rock and scrambled desperately upon his back. Otherwise, Paul never would have succeeded in mounting; for to him this was a great height, unattainable, except through the assistance of a father or a fence or a watering trough—something much higher from the ground than he. But, although Dobbin permitted this liberty, it took him the longest time to realize that his tiny rider wished him to undertake a journey. After much tugging at the shaggy mane and prodding with heels, however, the boy induced him to move out of the woods on to the road. From Bueschwicke it was no great distance to the ferry station, which stood upon the site of the Brooklyn of today, and it was toward this point that Paul directed the horse.

The boy was now very near to a bend of the road, beyond which he would be able to see the rude hut by

the ferry and the fort a little to one side. But hardly had he rounded the curve when Dobbin, of his own accord, suddenly stopped. Crossing the road several rods ahead were a trio of British troopers. Paul sat very still. Then he quickly drew from his pocket the pellet Lieutenant Remsen had told him to destroy and swallowed it. It was a great deal bigger than even the largest of the immense pills the village doctor gave him sometimes. Then, too, it stuck in his throat in a horrid, nasty manner; but

them in reply to their questioning—although he just knew that mother or Aunt Harriet (especially Aunt Harriet) would say that it was a lie, and "little boys shouldn't tell lies," you know. Paul wondered if it even would be right to tell a falsehood in order to save your country.

"Let's see this message you talk about," one soldier demanded testily.

Paul handed him the pellet. The man opened it and carefully began to spell out its contents, his comrades looking over his shoulders with in-



"PAUL RAN FROM THE BARN TO THE MEADOW"

terest. After much difficulty he read: "Lieutenant Remsen: 'Received warning of proposed attack. We move immediately from present position. Hope you soon will be able to join your command.'"

"COLONEL PHILIP HALL."

"Strange kind of letter," commented the holder of the missive.

"Yes, but the youngster seems truthful, and this note certainly bears him out. 'Tis queer they should choose such

a messenger, however," said one companion.

"At any rate, Lord Howe should see this. Mayhap it will mean promotion for us."

"More likely a reprimand for being absent so long!" retorted the third member of the party. "Can't you see, number one, that the rebels will be out of reach before we can do anything?"

The first speaker reflected. "That explains," concluded he, "why the rebels haven't taken greater precautions to keep this note from falling into our hands. They're probably over the river by this time."

After sternly commanding Paul to walk home as fast as he could, promising that something "awful" would happen if he disobeyed, a soldier took possession of Dobbin and rode on to deliver the captured message to General Howe.

Howe, possibly, was influenced by the message to believe that the Americans had escaped across the river. History will tell you that he made no move to attack. Had he done so, the superior number of British surely would have killed or captured every soldier in the fort, inasmuch as the Continental survivors of the battle of Long Island were unable to cross the river immediately, their boats having been destroyed. There could have been no escape. Nor was it until a day or so later that Washington sent craft, and under cover of a heavy fog, succeeded in transporting the survivors over to where the main body of the Continental army was encamped.

Paul didn't feel like a hero when he swung himself, sobbing, into his mother's arms. But that is what Lieutenant Dick called him, and Lieutenant Dick certainly ought to know just what a hero was. But even if HE didn't, there was no reason to doubt the word of those soldiers, who, through Dick, learned of the exploit. They one and all, proclaimed the lad a true hero.

This pleased the little boy, of course. But proudest of all was he of a special honor conferred upon him, an honor which brought about the realization of his dearest ambition. On the roll of enlisted men in the company to which Lieutenant Richard Remsen and Sergeant John Elliott belong was now to be found the name, "Private Paul Elliott!"

Paul was at last a soldier.

THE END.

Wilhelm of Prussia

ON THE day of July 4, 1884, there was great excitement in the handsome marble palace of Potsdam, Germany. This was because a baby boy had just been born. He probably looked little different from thousands of other babies, although people were quick to say he much resembled Kaiser William. But this was natural inasmuch as the tiny

astirde his very first pony. Doubtless he rides as well as did his father, Crown Prince Frederick William, or his mother, Princess Cecilia, when they were little—and they rode exceedingly well.

Princes haven't an easy time of it, you know. When William was 6 years old he began the study of foreign languages; he had daily drills



PRINCE WILLIAM'S FIRST PONY

and military exercises and was taught horsemanship. At 10 years he was made lieutenant. Then it was his privilege to walk beside the stalwart grenadiers of the guard. I think he must have liked this; don't you? He usually speaks of him as Prince William, or Wilhelm.

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