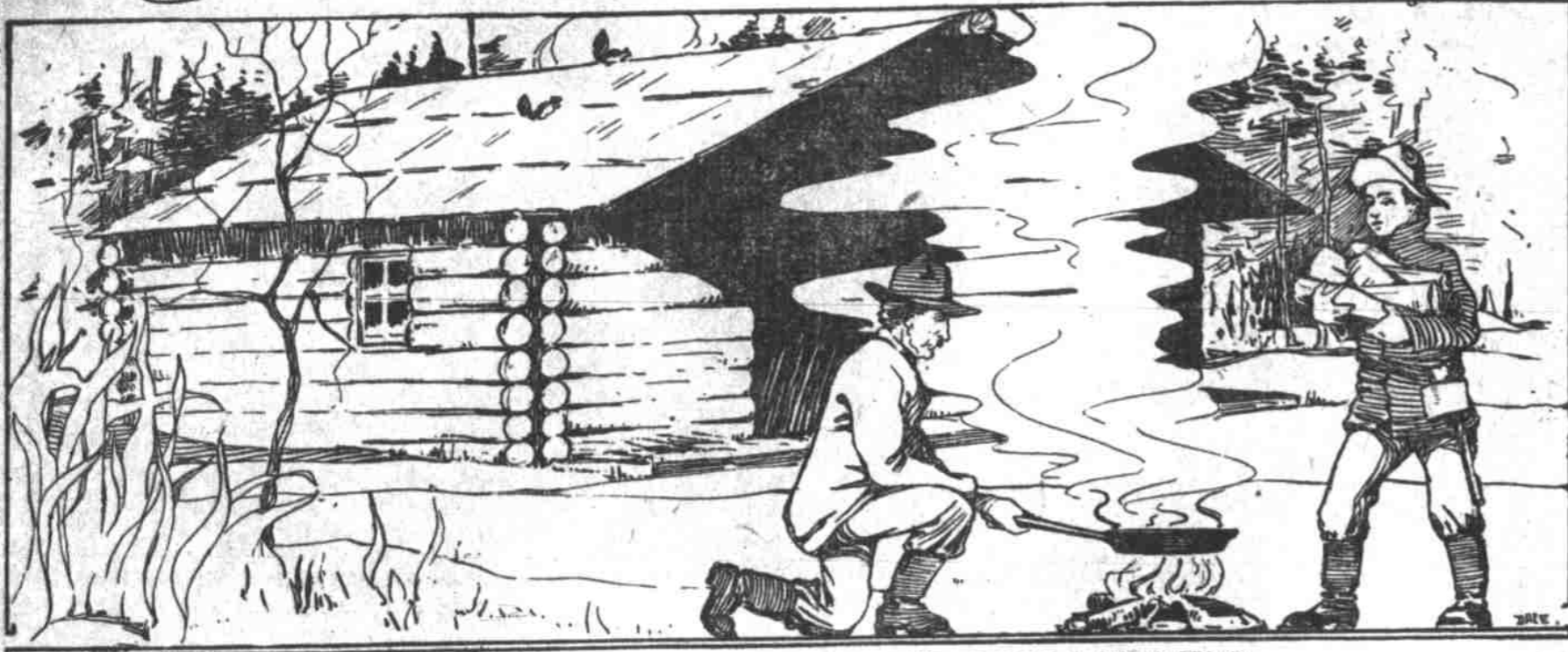


Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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Big Chief Howling Wolf



THE LOG CABIN WHICH REPLACED THE WALL TENT AT CAMP HOWLING WOLF

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

Chapter III

CAMP HOWLING WOLF

THE secret was out at last. Uncle Hubert, who was an artist and announced his intention of taking a long holiday from close studio work and of finding relaxation, as well as new subjects, in the woods of Nova Scotia. Ronald was to accompany him. Indeed, it was for this very purpose that Uncle Hubert had induced his sister to permit the lad to come away with him from New York. Florence's visit at the cottage was drawing to a close, and soon she must return to school in New York; while Cousin Douglas must also resume his studies at Halifax. Of course, Florence and Douglas were somewhat disappointed at not being able to go with Uncle Hubert, but he assured them that some time in the future they should have an outing. Preparations for the camping trip were now in order. Ronald was first provided with the right sort of clothing. He strutted around quite proudly when finally arrayed in a gray sack coat, furnished with extra pockets; canvas shooting jacket, gray flannel shirt and gray woolen trousers, cut in knicker fashion at the bottoms, which were thrust into the tops of moccasin boots. And when a soft felt hat of gray was donned, and his strong leather belt carried hunting knives, he felt every inch a hunter. He also bought a suit of oilskins, as he was told they would be quite useful.

SUPPLIES GATHERED

In the meantime, Uncle Hubert thoroughly overhauled his camping kit. It was wonderful to see how many articles he could stow in knapsacks, duffel-bag and sleeping bags. Then there were his fly-books and fishing tackle and firearms to be looked over, and an endless number of details to attend to. But Uncle Hubert was an old hand at the game, as he expressed it, so it was not long before all supplies were gathered together and packed in most convenient fashion.

On the morning of September 16 Uncle Hubert and Ronald bade good-bye to Aunt Beth, Florence and Douglas. They trudged briskly toward the stream, where two birchbark canoes lay ready for the journey. The Indian guide, John, and Peter, the cook, had brought the luggage from the cottage and had already stowed it in the canoes. Ronald shared a boat with John, and soon the lusty strokes of the Indian's paddle were sending the heavily laden canoe steadily upstream.

Only a few miles had they gone when the creek widened into a lake. Nor had they paddled far beyond the inlet of this lake before another lake came into

view, so that Ronald discovered they were traveling by way of a chain of lakes connected by streams. Sometimes the waterway became quite narrow and filled with boulders, or rapids, cataracts or waterfalls lay before them. Then it was necessary to make a portage—when the canoes and all they contained had to be carried around the dangerous stretch of water and the journey resumed in the water beyond. In some places the water was so shallow that a portage had to be made of the camp supplies. After the canoes were relieved of their burdens, it was possible to paddle them upstream, although it was found necessary to sheathe their frail sides with long strips of cedar bark, literally putting the boat in splints, in order that the sharp edges of rocks might not injure the canoes.

It was late in the afternoon when Un-



"EXAMINED THE BEAVER HOUSE"

cle Hubert called a halt. The canoes were then unpacked and the baggage distributed among the four campers, Ronald being given just enough to let him feel that he, too, was helping. Under the guidance of the Indian, for the distance of a mile they stumbled through the woods. In places the underbrush was quite thick, and they had some difficulty in getting through. At last, coming to a spot which was fairly clear of trees and underbrush, Uncle Hubert dropped his load, and, turning to Ronald, who was thoroughly tired from his unaccustomed exertions, said: "Here is the site of Camp Howling Wolf."

Thereupon Ronald forgot his weariness, and looked eagerly about the little clearing, hemmed in by trees of spruce, pine, fir, hemlock, maple and tamarack. Nearby rippled a little stream, running

into the creek from which they had just come. While the rest were making camp, Ronald went a little way up this stream. Presently he came to a pond. To his surprise, he discovered that it had been formed by means of a dam constructed of sticks and mud. Walking along the bank to examine it more closely, he stepped upon a slippery place in the bank, and would have slid right into the water had he not gripped a shrub nearby.

"I do believe this is a beaver slide," said he to himself, when he picked himself up, "and that the dam was made by beavers." Sure enough, the next moment he saw a beaver house, constructed of sticks ingeniously cemented together with mud. Part of the structure was above water, but he failed to see any of the beavers.

By the time he reached the camping ground a wall tent had been pitched, and Uncle Hubert called to him: "Hi, there, lad; dodging your share of the work, are you? Suppose you show us you're fit for something by gathering a lot of dry hemlock bark for the fire, and a little driftwood to start it with."

Ronald grabbed his hatchet and was soon industriously searching for fire-

wood. "This is for the cooking," Uncle Hubert explained when he brought back a good supply. "For an ordinary fire it is best to use hardwoods, such as hickory, oak, ash, black and yellow birch, maple, beech, white birch, and so on. Of the soft woods, dry pine is very useful, especially in wet weather."

PETER MAKES THE FIRE

The boy repeated this information to himself as he sauntered over to where the cook was building a fireplace. Peter was arranging two short rows of stones, about a yard apart, with the larger stones at the back, and ranging in size toward the front. The gap at the back he filled with a big green log cut by John. Then he started the fire between the stones, first lighting a bundle of dry kindlings and gradually introducing larger billets of wood as the fire grew stronger. Camp cranes had already been cut, and soon kettles of water were boiling over the fire.

Within the short space of fifteen minutes Peter had flapjacks and coffee ready, while five minutes later he presented the hungry campers with appetizing fried fish, which John had prepared in some remarkable manner.

"Let's don't wait for the potatoes!" cried Uncle Hubert. "I know the boy is as hungry as a bear," he added, glancing merrily toward Ronald. Indeed, they all did full justice to the meal, during which Uncle Hubert related an exciting hunting yarn and cracked jokes with Peter.

After supper, the cook made the fire for the night. First making sure that the two front corner stones were large enough to stop any logs from rolling down from behind and into the tent, he laid many big logs across the stones, heaping them up behind and driving two long stakes at the back to lean the logs upon.

"Why do you pile them up in such a way, Peter?" asked Ronald, who was much interested in the cook's operations.

BEDTIME COMES

"Well, you see, when the wood in the middle of the fire burns out the logs will settle down, one by one, and so you won't need to get up a dozen times to fix the fire. I tell you, it's a little chilly here at night, too."

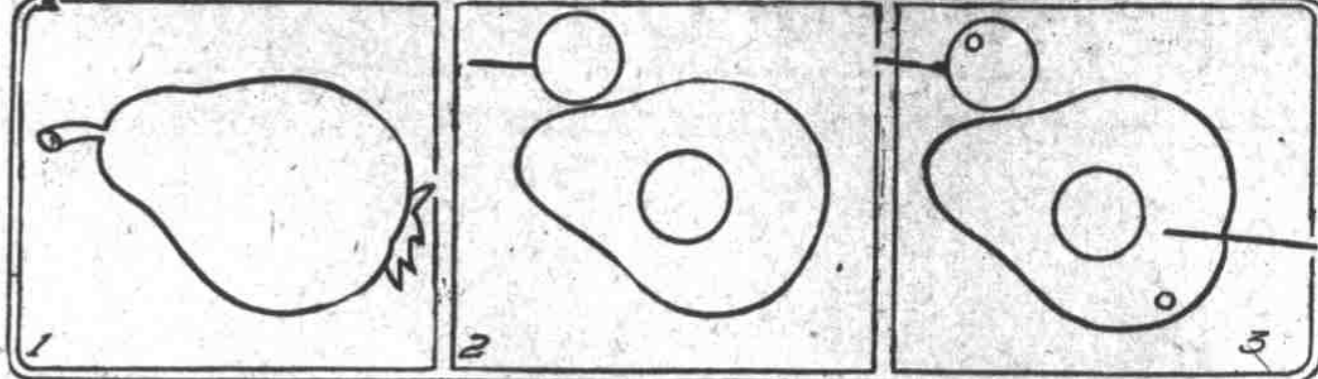
The men smoked their pipes, and Uncle Hubert told several more stories. But it was early in the evening when he said:

"Now, then, men, let's to bed. We've got the cabin to build tomorrow, and we want it finished in a hurry."

So wrapping themselves in blankets, they were soon stretched at short distances from the fire. Ronald at first was most too excited to go to sleep. However, slumber quickly overcame him and carried him away to dreamland.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

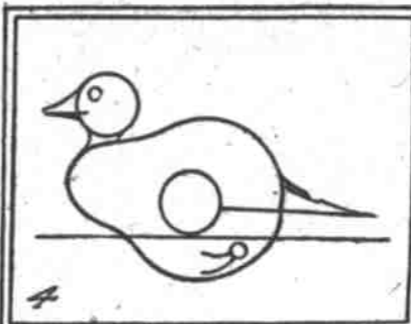
Troubles of an Ambitious Pear



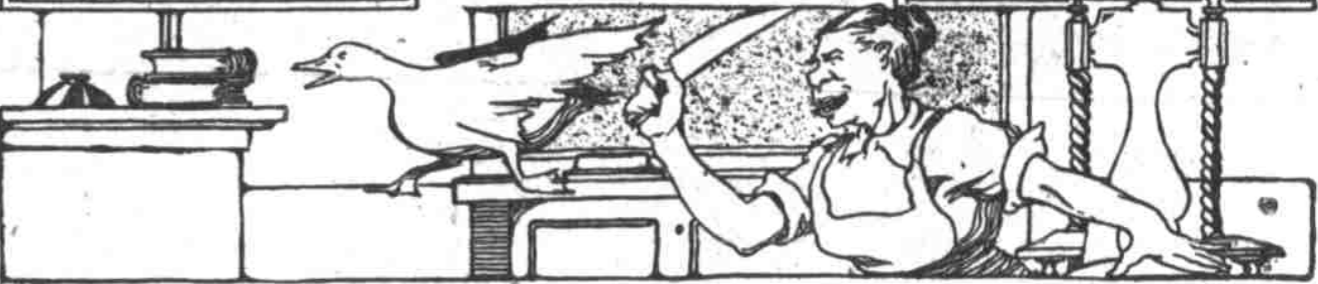
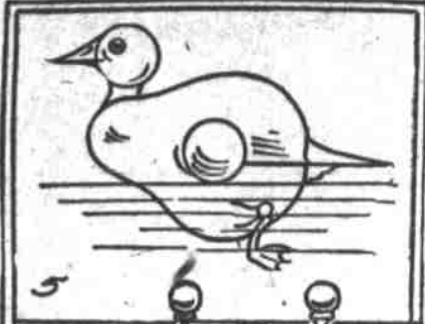
A LITTLE pear, drawn on the board, Was discontented with his lot. Said he, "I wish I were a duck, Then I'd run quickly from this spot."

No sooner said, than it was done: For circles came to help the pear, And lines were added, one by one, To make a duck—big, fat and rare.

With cackle loud and flap of wing, Dropped from the board a gleeful duck; But to be caught and by Cook slain Was soon the poor bird's awful luck!



With the help of the Ambitious Pear, Polly Evans intends to give the very little boys and girls a series of drawing lessons. No reader is too young to follow the simple instructions, and no tiny reader should miss a single lesson. The numbers to follow will be quite as easy to copy as the lesson given today—and every boy and girl is able to copy THAT.



A GOOD HIDING PLACE

"SHUT your eyes and bind your ears," said Baby Bess. "We're going to play hunt the handkerchief, only I can't find my handkerchief."

So she tiptoed across the room, and laid the ribbon on the window sill behind the flower pots.

Edna and Harold had a long hunt for it, and when they gave it up, Baby Bess herself could not find it.

The ribbon was not on the window sill nor under the window, and wherever they looked it was nowhere to be seen. Where had it gone? Now it happened that morning that Mrs. Oriole was hunting for a string, and when she spied the baby's ribbon in the open window, she thought, "Ah, that is just what I want."

So she took it in her bill, and carried it away.

When autumn came and the leaves fell, the children saw an empty oriole's nest in the elm tree, and Harold climbed up and brought it down.

In the bottom of the nest was Baby Bess' blue ribbon, just where Mrs. Oriole wove it in to make a soft bed for her children.

Chief Qualification

"Children," began the Sunday school teacher, "what must we all be before we go to heaven?"

She was hardly prepared for the answer of a little girl of 5, who replied, solemnly: "Dead."

COULD PLANT THE PERIOD

A PRETTY story is told of Queen Alexandra's thoughtfulness.

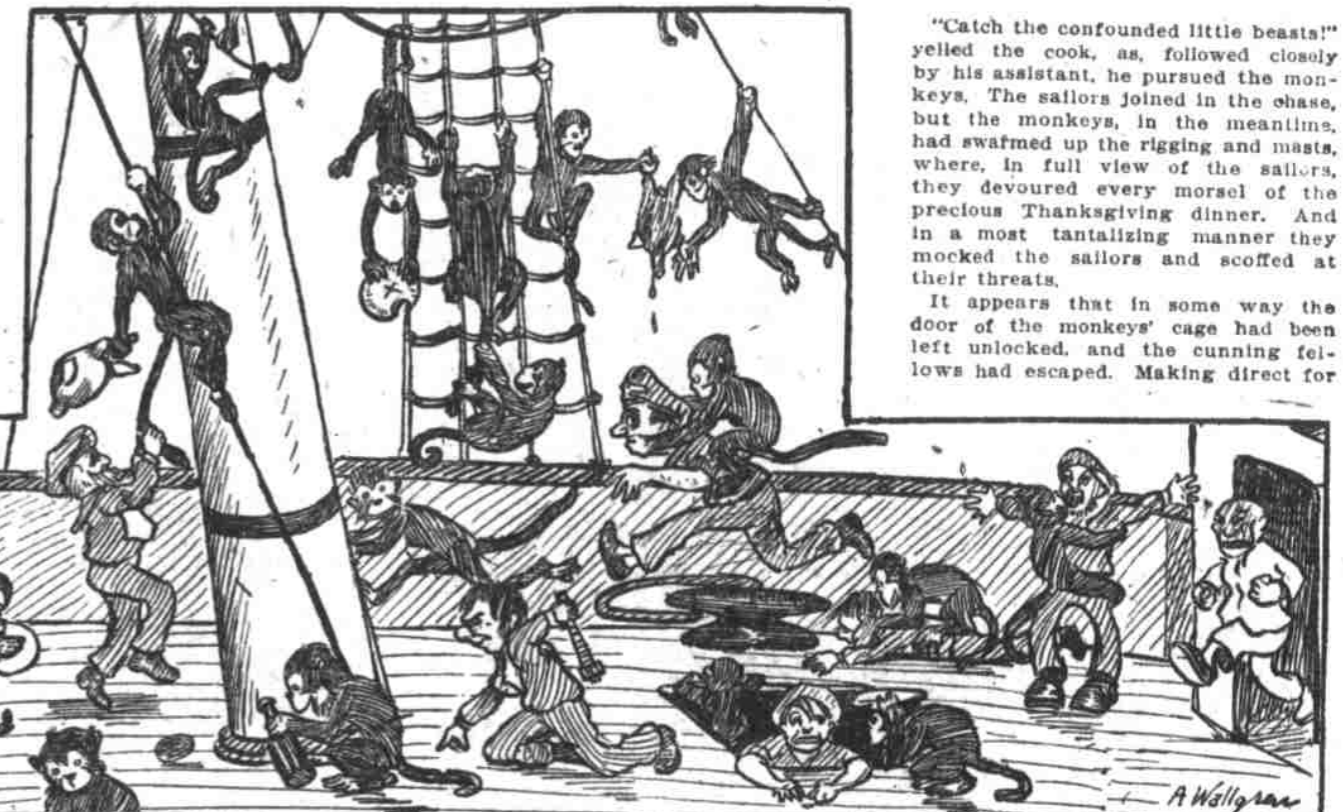
The queen never loses her interest in those for whom she has acted as godmother. In particular, she has been most kind to the children of Lord Curzon, who lost their beautiful mother more than a year ago. The queen, hearing that little Alexandra Curzon—who was named after her majesty—was fond of gardening, sent a box of violet roots to her.

The child decided to plant them so that when they came up they should spell "Alexandra." "I should like to help you plant them," said the queen. "Well, you can put in the full stop," replied the child.

An Interrupted Thanksgiving Dinner

AFTER pausing at Cape Town to take on a last consignment, the animal ship left the shores of Africa behind and turned its prow toward America. Housed securely on the deck and in the hold were its queer freight—lions, leopards, dromedaries, giraffes, ostriches, emus, chimpanzees, monkeys, birds, serpents, an elephant and a rhinoceros—destined for zoos and menageries in the United States. Many of the cages were fastened to the deck and had a shelter built over them.

"I'll walk the plank before I ever again ship on such a floating zoo!" petulantly exclaimed Bill Barker, as he



"Catch the confounded little beasts!" yelled the cook, as, followed closely by his assistant, he pursued the monkeys. The sailors joined in the chase, but the monkeys, in the meantime, had swarmed over the rigging and masts, where, in full view of the sailors, they devoured every morsel of the precious Thanksgiving dinner. And in a most tantalizing manner they mocked the sailors and scoffed at their threats.

It appears that in some way the door of the monkeys' cage had been left unlocked, and the cunning fellows had escaped. Making direct for



complained about not having been able to sleep a single watch after he had turned in from his watch the night before. In truth, with the roaring and the howling and the jabbering and the shrieking, there were few among the sailors who could find rest in their bunks.

But not one among the crew imagined

any cause for alarm as to his safety. Surely none of the animals could break loose from their strong cages. It was in a cheerful spirit, therefore, that the men resolved to celebrate Thanksgiving Day in royal style. The cook promised to do his best, and all sorts of preparations were made for a meal which the sailors would long remember.

The day arrived. It lacked but an hour to dinner—the chief event of the celebration, when suddenly there came from the galley below cries of rage mingled with excited chattering. Rushing down the ladder to investigate, the sailors were met by a troop of monkeys, who dodged by them in a hurried scamper for the deck.

the galley, they had stolen all the victuals in spite of the cook's protests. They were finally recaptured and returned to their cage, but the anger of the sailors abated not a whit, for there was ever present the thought of the splendid Thanksgiving dinner which the monkeys, instead of themselves, had enjoyed.

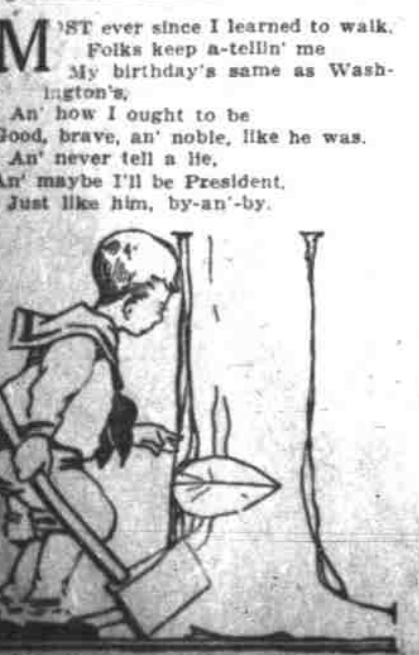
A Discouraged Hero



But one day, when I took the axe— My hatchet wouldn't cut— An' chopped down one old walnut tree That never bore a nut, An' went an' told the truth right out, Pop just got mad, 'n said: "You finish eatin' supper, sir, An' go straight off to bed!"



It ain't no use; the more I try The more they scold at me, I'm tired of hearin' "Washington" An' 'bout that cherry tree; An' when the twenty-second comes Next year I'm goin' to say It ain't MY birthday, an' I'll have Mine come some other day. MINNIE E. HICKS.



An' when my troop marched up the road, With Towser comin' last, An' built a fort an' fired snowballs At enemies who passed, The people made an awful fuss, An' most of it was done By folks who said I ought to try To be like Washington.

Clara's Party in China

IT REALLY wasn't Clara's party in the sense that she herself gave it. As a matter of fact, she and her brother Harry had come to the sad conclusion that this year they would have no Thanksgiving dinner such as they used to eat in their own country, before they came to Hong Kong. Father and mother had been invited to dine with friends on this day, so the prospect looked very blue, indeed.

Wong Kee was the host at Clara's party—he and his brother, Kow. Wong had heard Clara telling how disappointed she was to miss a Thanksgiving celebration, and as Wong was as generous and as hospitable as a Chinese boy could be, soon the "honorable presences" of Clara and Harry were requested in Wong's dainty invitations bidding them come to a feast given especially in their honor.

Wong and Kow were the sons of a wealthy tea merchant, and Clara and her brother were very fond of the boys. So the invitation was gladly accepted. At noon on Thanksgiving Day Clara and Harry brook themselves to the residence of their hosts. They were greeted with much ceremony by Wong, while

Kow set off a roll of firecrackers, which made a deafening noise. Dinner was served on a large veranda. The American boy and girl were

for each person. Large bowls contained all the food, which was cut into small pieces. Clara and Harry had all manner of fun trying to convey the food

hungry if they depended on the efforts of their chopsticks, and he fetched some knives and forks.

Then they drank one another's health. The very small basins were filled with tea, instead of spirits. Following Wong's instructions, all but the host rose, and dipping their cups into a large basin containing hot tea, held them toward the host, grasping his hand in turn. The host, filling a similar cup, would exchange it a moment for that extended toward him. In this way he drank much more than any other of the party. After fruit was served the four chatted for a time, while the guests related some of the Thanksgiving customs of their own country.

At last Clara and Harry took their departure, Wong and Kow surprising them by singing after them in very good English the hymn: "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." This the Chinese boys had learned at the mission.

Father and mother were delighted to learn that the children had passed the day in such a pleasant manner, and they readily consented to have Clara and her brother invite Wong and Kow to a party, within the next few weeks.



"DINED IN CHINESE FASHION"

charmed to find the table set in Chinese fashion. A small basin, a spoon, a smaller basin, the size of an egg cup, and a pair of chopsticks were placed

with their chopsticks from the large bowls to those at their own places. Finally Wong had compassion on them, when he saw his guests would likely go