

Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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New Year's Day in Japan

VERY, very busy was Matsume this morning. She must help her mother with the cooking all day, for tomorrow would be the beginning of the New Year, which had to be ushered in with a great feast. She toiled at the fire and at the oven, aiding in the preparation of clam soup, rice, beans, salt salmon, pickled radish and other dishes that would be eaten in order to bring good fortune during the coming year.

Indeed, she was laboring so industriously that her mother feared she would get tired before the day ended, and, as you know, the 21st of December is worth fifty days in Japan, and if you go to bed early you add that much to your age. Therefore, she told Matsume to visit the temple. Matsume was in



"TOILED AT THE OVEN"

such a hurry to get the work done, however, that she fairly ran to the temple of Shinto, passing through the gateway with hardly a glance at the decorations of pine branches hung with straw rings and stork with a dried radish, a leaf of evergreen, pieces of paper and bits of edible seaweed. And I'm afraid her devotion to the gods were almost as hasty, for soon she was swiftly retracing her steps, pausing only to decorate the well with a few pine branches.

The dinner that night was a great success. Just before the new year came in the little girl and her father and mother bowed before the gods. Then the festival of "Tosikoshi," or "going over the year," was begun. Once they had eaten the feast one year was added to their ages.



"PASSING THROUGH THE GATEWAY"

While the little girl was preparing for bed and was almost ready to lay her head on the little wooden block so as not to miss her wonderful headdress—her "chignon"—in came Matsume's mother bearing in her arms a little Japanese junk, equipped with tiny rigging and sails, with little men for crew and with a cargo of precious goods.

Matsume clasped her hands for joy. It was the Ship of Dreams. And to dream good dreams at the beginning of the New Year was lucky. The VERY best dreams, you know, are of the Fuji mountain, an eagle, an elephant, a funeral or snakes.

But Matsume dreamed of neither one of these five things. In fact, she couldn't understand it at all. She was thinking of throwing it to the back, who lives upon bad dreams, when her father chided her, saying:

"Do not be so reckless as to throw



"THE FEAST WAS BEGUN"

away your dream because you do not understand it. There was once a maiden who lost the Prince Yoritomo for a husband by doing that very same thing. She dreamed and she did not understand. Her sister saw the good omen of the dream (which was that the prince was about to court the maiden of the dream), and offered to buy the dream for a mirror. So the foolish maiden sold her dream and the sister gained a husband.

Little Matsume listened carefully. She did not throw her dream to the back, nor would she sell it for the world. Because now her pretty little head is filled with dreams of a famous prince who will come to wed HER.

Big Chief Howling Wolf

Dangerous Resolutions

RONALD BUELOW, a lad about 14 years old, is taken into his home in New York city to live for a while with his Uncle Hubert in Nova Scotia. He accompanies his uncle upon a hunting and fishing excursion into the woods where Camp Howling Wolf is established as their headquarters. Ronald begins his studies of woodcraft and goes trout-fishing. Later, his cousin, Douglas, visits camp for a couple of days, and, together with Uncle Hubert,

the trapper explained: "Well, you see, I drive poles deep into the ground in the shape of an arc about three-quarters of the way around the circular inclosure. Inside the circle I set my steel trap, attaching to it a good-sized log. Everything but the bait is concealed by brush and leaves. We've almost reached

sticks, so that Mr. Beaver must go right over the pan of the trap in order to reach the scent, which serves to bait the trap. The preparation of this scent is often a secret among us trappers."

During his talk Fred was busy taking out a beaver from the trap and resetting it for another. The boy found an opportunity to examine the snub nose, chisel-shaped teeth and great flat tail of the animal.

A little further on Fred drew a marten from a trap, which had been made by cutting a hole in a hollow standing tree and by having inserted the end of a pole three inches in diameter and fifteen feet long, it being kept upright by two small sticks arranged in the form of a figure 4. When the marten took the bait he moved the ballstick, which released the upright and made the pole descend upon the animal.

Many other kinds of traps had Fred, and Ronald learned a great deal about trapping. Different sorts of deadfalls were explained to him, where a log or weight was made to fall upon the animal. Then there were pens. The victims were made to fall into pits or other traps from which they could not get out.

The spring-pole, he was told, is merely a stout sapling bent down and held by a rough hook driven into the ground. The trap chain is also attached to the bent top of the sapling, so that the struggle of the victim releases the hook and causes the sapling to spring up

animals as well. While walking along the banks of a stream he saw a mink—a good-sized one, measuring at least twenty inches in length from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail, which, by the way, was seven inches long. Its fur was of a dark brown color—the most valuable tint to the trapper.

was to return to New York, there to take up the thread of school life. The thought was very distasteful to him. But his comradeship with Uncle Hubert had taught him one great lesson—not to shirk any duty or hardship. Removing his eyes from the glowing coals in the fireplace, he turned to



FRED ILLUSTRATES THE MAKING OF A BEAVER TRAP

The mink was following the course of the stream, prying into every little crevice and hollow. Presently the boy saw it make a leap along the bank just above the surface of the water. Mr. Mink, he then saw, had caught a big fat muskrat. Trapper Fred afterward told him that the mink was also very clever in catching fish, often enjoying a fine trout, while it also captured birds.

There was little the boy did not know about the inhabitants of the forest and stream when his visit to Fred Gorman's cabin was brought to a close. An immense store of knowledge he had gained here and at Camp Howling Wolf. He frequently earned compliments from Uncle Hubert upon his skillful woodcraft, and for the closeness of his observation.

All too soon Ronald and his uncle bade good-bye to the pleasant trapper and began their trip back to Uncle Hubert's cottage on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER IX HOMECOMING.

Whether or not by the intention of his aunt and cousin, Ronald at last found himself in the company of only Uncle Hubert. It was late in the evening, but despite the fact that they had completed just that afternoon their tiresome journey from New Brunswick, Ronald felt no weariness. His thoughts were too busy with the morrow, when he

his uncle, who had been steadfastly regarding him through clouds of tobacco smoke.

"Uncle," he began, flinging back the coat (grown much too small), and resolutely squaring his shoulders.

"Well, my lad," responded Uncle Hubert, quietly.

"I only want to promise, uncle, that I'm not going to funk. I—I find I want to be something more than a savage, after all, and hanged if I'm going to let a few simple lesson books get the better of me."

Uncle Hubert grasped Ronald's hand tightly in his own. "You'll do, lad," said he. "You'll succeed as well with those lessons as you have succeeded in learning what I've tried to teach you in the forest—and there you've done nobly; yes, nobly!"

So it was that when the train sped south through New England, bearing him farther and farther away from the forests he loved, Ronald's courage was upheld by his uncle's encouragement and belief in him. Nor was Uncle Hubert alone in his belief that Ronald was going to strive for and accomplish ambitious things, for when his mother folded him in her arms, and then, still holding her hands on his shoulders, stepped back to get a look at him, and exclaimed fondly, "I'm proud of my big, fine boy," Ronald was sure that no longer did she consider him a "perfect savage."

THE END.

"NOW, fellows, since it's the beginning of the year when we oughta be makin' good resolutions, wouldn't it be a dandy thing if we'd try to be friends with the 'Pirates'? You know they say we should love our enemies—"

"Gosh, Billie talks like a Sunday school!" interrupted Ike Jones, Captain Bill Mumford, of the "Bloody Robbers," paused an instant, until Ike was properly smothered by an avalanche of cushions. Then he resumed, earnestly:

"Think o' the dandy games we could have together, if we both played fair 'stead of always fightin'."

The other "Robbers" looked rather dubiously at one another. Somehow they thought it would seem funny not to be warring with their old enemies, the "Pirates." But Billie had great influence, and finally it was voted that the attempt should be made to patch up a year's truce with the "Pirates."

At the same time this meeting was being held there was another gathering of boys in the woodshed attached to Mike Flannigan's house. Mike Flannigan, as every one knows, was captain of the "Bloody Pirates," and he



A TREACHEROUS PUSH

it was who was speaking to the "fellows of the gang."

"You, Reddy; ain't you the feller that went aroun' sayin' it was time to elec' a captin? Well, we're here now an' we're havin' our meetin'. Who is it you're goin' to elec'? All I got to say is that whoever else you want for captin will have to down me first before he kin hev the honor!"

Mike waved his fist threateningly, whereupon the look of defiance upon Reddy's face disappeared and he cowered before the powerful Mike as did the other "Pirates." There was no doubt that Mike would be captain, all right.

"Since we're havin' a meetin'" continued Mike, when all question of the captaincy was settled, "I think we might pass a resolooosum to lick the stuffins out of them 'Robbers' the coming year."

Amid frenzied cheering the vote was made unanimous.

Both meetings were finished at about the same minute. Thus it happened that a group of "Pirates" met a similar number of "Robbers" not far from Mike Flannigan's home.

Captain Billy, who was among the



MIKE WAS MADE A TARGET

"Robbers," saw his opportunity. Advancing toward Captain Mike, he extended his hand peaceably. The latter was disturbed for the moment. Was this some trick of the "Robbers"? They would see that they couldn't fool HIM. As this thought passed through his mind he saw that just behind Billie was a snowdrift. The temptation was too great. One sudden, strong push from Mike and Billie was floundering up to his neck in the snow.

But this was too much for the other "Robbers." Forgetting their good resolutions, they charged the "Pirates" so savagely that they were utterly routed. Then they deliberately tied Mike, whom they had captured, to a lamp-post and used him for a target for their snowballs until the poor "Pirates" began to despair of escaping with his life.

That evening Billie told Lieutenant Skippy of the adventure. In conclusion, he said to Skippy, confidentially: "No decent people could be friends with them 'Pirates.' They ain't got any consciences at all."

Would Sell His Chance.

Patriotic Gentleman—My lad, every American boy has the chance of becoming President, just as every English boy has the opportunity of being prime minister.

Small Boy (thoughtfully)—Well, I'll sell my chance for a dollar.



THEY WADED THROUGH THE BOGGY OOZE

the three hunt woodcock and snipe. Not long after Hubbard returns home Uncle Hubert and the boy go on a successful bear hunt, and later they trail a moose on snowshoes and shoot it.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

CHAPTER VIII WITH TRAPPER FRED.

"HOW would you like to take a trip over to New Brunswick with me, Ronald?" asked Uncle Hubert.

The lad responded enthusiastically: "I'd be mighty glad of the chance."

"I've a mind to run over and have a look at old Fred Gorman, a trapper, who at this season of the year is to be found near the headwaters of the Miramichi river. You'd be interested in him, I'm sure. If we break camp at once, we'll have time to spend a few days with Fred and get back to our homes by the Christmas holidays."

When Uncle Hubert made plans he was never long in carrying them out. Therefore, the very next day he and his nephew were on their way to New Brunswick, and two days later they greeted Fred Gorman.

Fred was a benign-looking old man, with kindly eyes which always twinkled with good humor. The thought that Uncle Hubert had made the journey to see him was especially pleasing to the old fellow, and he did his best to be entertaining. He had an unlimited fund of anecdotes, to all of which Ronald listened with rapt attention. Thus the hours of the first evening passed swiftly, until Uncle Hubert and Ronald stretched themselves gratefully on the beds made for them upon the floor of Fred's cabin.

They were all astir early the next morning. After the few chores about the cabin were finished and breakfast was over, the trapper invited his guests to go the round of his traps with him.

"There's a funny old bear around here," said he, while they were making their way through the forest, "who doesn't seem to want to go into his winter quarters, or else he's been disturbed in his hibernation. He's been roaming about for the past three days and I've laid a trap for him."

"Ever see a bear trap, sonny?" he asked, turning to Ronald.

As Ronald shook his head in the neg-

ative, the trapper explained: "Well, you see, I drive poles deep into the ground in the shape of an arc about three-quarters of the way around the circular inclosure. Inside the circle I set my steel trap, attaching to it a good-sized log. Everything but the bait is concealed by brush and leaves. We've almost reached

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"I'M PROUD OF MY BOY!"

right, carrying the "fur" along with it. This method always protects the catch from other animals which might destroy it. Sliding-poles are used in connection with traps for aquatic animals. When the latter seek to escape by water they are held under the surface and drowned by these contrivances.

Ronald had occasion to observe that not only men were skillful hunters, but

All About Dolly Factories

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

WE left Germany behind us, and now we are in Paris. Past the dark, gloomy Church of Saint Merri we go, and then enter a maze of funny little cross streets for all the world like a labyrinth puzzle. The air begins to smell painty, and delightful odors of varnish and wood come to our nostrils. And we know, we feel, that we are in Toyland long before we see the signs—great wooden sabers, giant drums, quaint animals—that swing from woolly windows. Each building is a house of mystery, holding many a secret for the fashioning of wonderful playthings. With a feeling of awe we push open the door at the entrance of the largest of these uncanny houses.

Here is a real doll factory. The ceiling hang low over our heads, the air is so misty with steam that the electric lights seem to glow feebly. While with the red and yellow flare of hungry looking furnace mouths and the rumbling and clanging and whirring of monster machinery about us, we can scarcely believe that cunning, peaceful doll babies are created in such turmoil; rather would it seem a place for the manufacture of locomotives or some such thing.

WHERE DOLLIES BEGIN

We look over the edge of a great vat, wherein rags, cardboard and gum tragacanth are mixed together into a greenish pulp. Brawny workmen, protected by leather aprons, stir the mass with vigor. One of them, however, pauses long enough to tell us that of this awful stuff the arms, legs and bodies of dolls are made. Horrora! Surely, this can't be true! But it is; for pretty soon we see this green paste poured into moulds and the bodies and limbs come forth. There is a special machine for the stamping out of tiny hands, which are sent on a journey down long inclined planes and emerge as finished articles. These are the discolored fragments of their bodies. We shudder. But we feel ever so much better when we see the arms and legs attached to the trunks with copper wire. And when the bodies are stained a rosy flesh color and are passed through the drying room they appear less horrid.

Mean while, the heads are being made from finer material, kaolin being the chief ingredient of the paste. After the heads come from the moulds they are sent on a journey down long inclined planes, where eye sockets are made, the cheeks touched with red and the eyebrows painted. Now are made, of course, that they are unbreakable. A cork is driven into the hole in the top of each head and to it is tacked the wig of blue wool, afterward plaited. The heads still have no eyes. To remedy this defect there is in the basement a



"A MOMENT, birdie; do not flee," whispered Father Time. And poised upon the up-turned finger A dove, disdainful long to linger; Impatient to be off was he,

This messenger to every clime. The first of monthly courtiers Sent by Father Time, Like arrow loosed from bow, went speeding Toward earth, his master's warning heeding To scatter far and wide the words

And laws decreed for every clime. Twelve such messengers there fly Adown throughout the year: Twelve, the months from Father Time Bestowed on people here.

score of young girls blowing beautiful eyes from globules of milky white glass, the pupils of brown or blue being deftly inserted with the blowpipe. These youthful workers are in darkness, save for the light which comes from the fire.

Firmly fastening the eyes in their sockets with plaster, hundreds of dollies' heads are now sent to have their bodies given them. This is accomplished in a jiffy, and soon dollies are seen standing smilingly on shelves—rows and rows of them—all joyful to have passed through the trying ordeal. Thus, 15,000 dollies are made each day. Nor do they seem the least bit worried over the fact that as yet they have no clothes. Perhaps some

fairy has told them that at the end of the lane of Montempoive, in the Quarter Pictus, women are laboring indignantly upon fashionable dollies' frocks and hats.

But not all Parisian dollies are so elegantly clothed. Simple little dollies are made by convicts and sold for a penny apiece along the boulevards. All little girls want dollies, you know; and the daughters of peasants love their dollies just as much as the daughters of kings love theirs.

And so you see where SOME little girls' dollies come from—not yours, of course, for, as Polly Evans has already said, YOURS was created by Santa Claus himself, or by a kind fairy.

Bobby sees the New Year



"CAN you really see the New Year come in?" exclaimed little Robert, his eyes big with wonder.

"Course," responded Tom, who was all of 6 and who, therefore, ought to know. "He's a funny old fellow that looks like a rag doll."

"Oh, I do hope mamma will let me stay up to see the new year," murmured Bobby.

But Tom only laughed unfeelingly, as he said: "Now, she won't; you're too little."

In truth, Tom found that he himself was too little to stay up until midnight on the last night of the old year, or at least his mother thought so.

In the meantime Bobby had told his brother that he was going to try to keep awake to see Mr. New Year. And he had so far succeeded that when he heard some dark-looking object batter against the windowpane he thought at once that it must be the New Year trying to get in. Tom had told him that it was good luck to catch the New Year, so Bobby leaped from his bed, ran to the window and jerked up the sash. The New Year swayed just within his reach. Bobby made a grab for it. He obtained a firm hold, but, unfortunately,

he lost his balance and when the "New Year" swayed outward again Bobby went with it.

You have already guessed that Tom was the mischief-maker who had lowered the dummy down from the window above. He was now thoroughly frightened. To avoid giving Bobby a bad fall he hastily let out more rope.

Now, the boy's older sister Mollie was giving a party downstairs. So when there suddenly fitted back and forth before the windowpane the figure of a little boy in pajamas, apparently suspended by a rope, great astonishment prevailed. Mollie hastily rescued her little brother, who, though breathless, was unharmed. Still hugging the dummy tightly, as though fearful it might escape, he cried jubilantly:

"See, sister, I caught the New Year, and now I'll have good luck."

But Tom had the ill-luck to catch a sound spanking.