

Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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A Wonderful Gypsy Lad Who Makes His Violin Talk



KALMAN REV. AND THE MEETING WITH HUBAY

Legend of the Banished King



"O SPHINX, WHAT SHALL I DO TO SECURE HAPPINESS FOR MY PEOPLE?"

ANOTHER RULER FOR THE FROGS

"JUG-ER-RUM! Jug-er-rum! A king we must have!" croaked the wisest old frog with the biggest spectacles.

"Nee-deep! A king! Nee-deep! A king!" the other frogs chorused. One little fellow croaked so hard that he fell off his lily pad into the water; but, of course, being a frog, he didn't mind getting wet.

So, unmindful of the fate of their ancestors, who were gobbled up by the stork king, the frogs decided that a ruler they must have.

"We will not make a mistake," said they, "and have a stupid log or a cruel stork for a king. No, indeed; we will have a monarch who is noted for some good quality."

As soon as it became known throughout Animal Land that the frogs were seeking a ruler, a monkey presented himself.

"If you choose me, you will have a king who is famous for his wit," modestly declared the monkey.

Round about him gathered the venerable members of the Frog Council. They peered wisely over their spectacles at the monkey; they whispered learnedly one to the other. Then the oldest, of the biggest spectacles, announced:

"There is truth in what the monkey says. Him we shall have for our king."

With much joyful croaking, therefore, the monkey was crowned. Immediately he began to show his wit.

"Let all my subjects swim to the end of the pond this forenoon and clamor out upon the great log by the bank, where a surprise is awaiting them," was the first command.

This the frogs did. Hardly were they seated upon the stone than a savage dog rushed upon them and killed many before they could escape.

"Ha! ha! Wasn't it a good surprise?"



SCRUTINIZED BY THE COUNCIL

Wasn't it a clever joke?" laughed the king when the wisest old frog complained.

He was told that the frogs did not relish such a joke.

"Well, then," replied the monkey, "I'll give you another kind of a surprise. Swim you all to the other end of the pond and climb out upon the stone at that end."

This, also, the frogs did. And this time there came a man-child, who captured some of their number and had frogs' legs for dinner.

As the days passed the monkey's jokes became more numerous, while the number of frogs grew less, until, at last, all the frogs disappeared. Victims were they of that very wit for which they had chosen their king.

IN SPITE of all endeavors—and King Kanish the Great did strive the very best he knew how—prosperity came not to the country, and times were ever troublous.

"Why is it that my kingdom grows neither rich nor powerful, as do the dominions of my neighbors?" mused the king. "Nor is it seemly that I should be called 'the Great,' when I have done nothing for my people to deserve the title."

The king pondered long upon the subject, until he decided that he would remain inactive no longer.

"I am satisfied," said he, "that if the wrangling and strife would cease in my land and the people were to become happy and contented, prosperity would come also."

So he vowed that he would travel among the nations of the world, to discover how peace was best maintained. In order that it would be impossible for him to be called back to attend to matters of state, he banished himself for one whole year.

As an exile, the monarch must needs travel alone without a retinue. But there being no telegraph or telephone in those days, he devised a plan whereby he might be kept in touch with matters concerning his kingdom and by which he could exchange messages with his queen whenever it was desired. Following the king, within earshot, was a courier, and behind this courier was another nobleman, at like distance. Others followed in long line, each courier holding a message, and it would be passed along the line, each courier shouting to the person behind, until it reached the ears of the queen.

In this manner the king journeyed on until he reached the Sphinx. Here he paused, and as the colossal image had such a look of wisdom, he thought he would propound a question.

"O Sphinx, what shall I do to secure the happiness of my people?" he asked.

And a voice issued from the immovable lips of the Sphinx, saying: "By turning away from thy people when occasion demands it."

King Kanish was considering how he could possibly do good to his subjects by turning away from them, when news, which had come from the queen and passed from courier to courier, was delivered to him.

"The queen wishes the king to know," shouted the nearest nobleman, "that in the line which now follows thee are all the noblemen, tradesmen and men of importance in our land, so that business is at a standstill and the affairs of the kingdom may not be conducted."

"Ah!" exclaimed the king, with a pleased smile, "then if there are no men behind the land, there certainly is no quarrelling. At last my country is at peace with itself. I am of a mind to return and see how long this quiet will endure."

Thereupon he revoked the edict by which he had banished himself, and gave the order for all to return.

And never again was there turmoil in the land of King Kanish the Great. Whenever there was a hint of the slightest disturbance the king would mildly suggest to the person behind, time for him to go upon another pilgrimage. Then all trouble would die;

for every man dreaded the hardships of a trip across the terrible desert, and took care that there should be no cause for it.

Soon cheerfulness displaced the former gloom of the king. The truth of the Sphinx's saying was evident, inasmuch as the king had but to threaten to turn away from his kingdom and go upon a quest of information, when peace would again be restored.

Cruise of the "Mousetrap"

THREE boys and a dog start upon their travels in a "brandy school" wagon. The "cruise of the Mousetrap" is described by the boy who keeps the log. Camp is first made upon the edge of a creek. Pete undertakes to go hunting in an old sense which founders. His owner appears, and not being satisfied with the boy's explanation, orders them off the premises.

Further on they endeavor to steal apples, but are treed by a savage bulldog. They leave the dog, however, and make their escape. While journeying alone, Billy chances to see an idle steam threshing machine. He meditates with the machinery, thereby getting into trouble. His companions have to conceal him in the Mousetrap. Zeke is unharmed, and Pete pushes the wagon under an apple tree. He crawls on top, with the wagon, intending to pick apples. But the Mousetrap suddenly rolls down hill.

The wagon, after many carousing down the slope, plunges into a ditch, and Pete and Zeke are left on the bank, one being hurt. Zeke is fettered to draw the wagon out of the ditch and unbind Billy. Seeking to stab the fired horse, Pete tries to borrow a horse from a nearby field, but even with the unlooked-for aid of Pretty, fails in the accomplishment.

It is discovered that the tailboard of the Mousetrap has been dropped, and that all the provisions have rolled out the back. Pete is suspected of having eaten the provisions and having loosened the tailboard as a means of covering his crime.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)



PETE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH IN A CARELESS FASHION

"Pete," says I, direct, "did you eat them things?"

Then Pete says, with much of boldness:

"No, I didn't; but a feller what's got half a gingerbread cookie sticking out'n 'is back pocket oughtn't to be 'cusin' other people."

"Oh, do, do!" pleaded the boy. "I love my little mouse, and he loves me, and I want it taken care of. Mother has gone away, I'm going away, and there will be no one to look after it."

"Where has your mother gone?" asked the matron.

"She's been taken to this hospital."

"And where are you going?"

The boy hesitated for a moment, then he said sadly:

"To the workhouse, ma'am, and I'm afraid they won't let me have my mouse there."

The mouse was taken in as a non-paying guest, and two months later the boy arrived to claim his pet.

"Mother's out of the hospital," he said, "and she's taken me out of the workhouse."

A fortnight later he appeared again to the hospital, and asked to see the matron.

A gentleman gave me a penny this morning, ma'am," he said, to her. "Please, may I put it in your money box, because you were so kind to my dear little mouse?"

build there. S'pose you want an' rest Zeke for a mite while I stumpy up the road an' see if there's any o' the birds about."

"What if there should be folks inside the house?" I puts in.

"What? A old cabbie like that have people inside of it? Not on your life!"

Sayin' of which, he jumps on a o' leaky waterbarrel standin' at one corner of the house and climbs up the thatches to the chimney. But just as he was about to look inside the chimney for swallows, there was a terrible smash, the roof squashed in, an' Pete began to make 'is way in a careless fashion right through to the floor beneath.

A man with a mighty fierce look came out'n the door jus' then, too. So Billy 'n' me, 'magine' 'e might steal Zeke, thought it best to run for the Mousetrap.

Pete joined us later, lookin' red in the face, an' sullen.

"What did the man do to yuh for jus' wantin' to look at the darlin' little swallows?" asks we, with much of kindness.

"Nothin'—an' you fellers shut up!" snaps Pete, a not appreciatin' of our remarks.

"Did yuh ever notice," says Billy, soft, an' gazin' innocent up at the sky, "how fellers what's been spanked good 'n' hard always sets down real careful an' gingerly like?"

"This was too much for Pete. 'I'll show yuh!' he yells, an' throws a carrot right at Billy's head. Now, we'd meant that right past Billy's head, Zeke DID get it, but not in the way 'e ought to have got it. It hit 'im a awful smack in the ear. An', not thinkin' we could've been so cruel, the poor o' horse was rightened. So, choosin' a steep path leadin' down the mountain, he went tearin' on as fast as ever he could. An', say, I never would've thought of Zeke had it in 'im to be so speedy! He was swif't as a lightning, an' after a while the Mousetrap got a rockin' and bouncin' from side to side in a way as meant ruin. The ruin came when one wheel was knocked off an' then another, and the whole Mousetrap wasn't much more'n a memmery a quarter-minute afterward.

"When we'd all come to an' had fetched Zeke an' comforted poor little Pretty, which was howlin' like 'is heart was broken, we looked with considerable address upon what was wunst a gallunt Mousetrap. This was no more to be a-blowin' one another. It was too solemn for that.

"Fellers," says myself, "I give yuh my official resignation as Keeper of the Log, for now that there ain't no Mousetrap there certainly can't be no cruise and natcherally no log."

"An' so we started for home. One of us 'd ride Zeke and the others walked. Pretty tried to make believe 'e was tired an' would lay down in the bushes so's Pete 'n' Billy 'n' me would pick 'im up and carry 'im on Zeke's back. But we 'scovered 'e was a o' hyperberic an' could walk as well as Zeke, only he was too lazy. After which Pretty could howl as much as he pleased an' we wouldn't curry him. Not much, we wouldn't! Pretty was awful unpopular.

But he was jus' as popular as us with the folks of our town when we came traipsin' in. They all came out and laughed, 'zactly as afore they came out an' cheered when we left. 'Course, we was a hard-lookin' lot, but we'd been through lots o' hardships, like as would have tried the heart of a Daniel Boone or George Washington or Hickey Pete durin' the last two days. An' speakin' offhantly, as wunst been Keeper of the Log, I don't think it was necessary for every one to shake their heads like as if they was awful wise, which we all know they ain't, and say:

"I told you so, and say:

"Deed, the cruise was all right 'n' good as far as it went, only it didn't go very far. But we're goin' to make people laugh the other way some time, when we have another Mousetrap, and go 'round the world an' become famous. But Pretty ain't goin' to come along. We've decided that it was our fault an' him that our other voyages all came out poor.

(THE END.)

Game of Lasso

WHEN you boys again play "Cow-boy and Indian," don't forget to try this lasso game, in which there's a lot of sport.

Have each member make a lasso out of a rope like clothesline. Set a stout pole of good length firmly in the ground. Then, at some distance from



the pole, arrange the company of players in a line.

The leader should start off on a mad run for the post, and passing it at a distance a little less than the length of his lasso, make a cast with the noose. Following him in rapid succession, the other players should make their throws. When the line reforms on the far side of the post, those players who have encircled the pole with their lassoes take a place in the line ahead of those players who have failed.

Again and again the line dashes for the pole and the players try to lasso it. The player who leads the line at the end of a certain number of throws, at a time agreed upon by the rest of the company, wins the game.

If it should be desired, the members may do their lassoing while running in a circle around the post.

Gratitude

G. R. SIMS tells a pretty story of a boy and a mouse. The boy took a seat on the out-patients' bench at a hospital, and when interviewed by the matron, asked if he might leave his pet brown mouse to be taken care of. The matron shook her head.

"I don't think we can take charge of anything that is in perfect health," she said, smiling.

"Oh, do, do!" pleaded the boy. "I love my little mouse, and he loves me, and I want it taken care of. Mother has gone away, I'm going away, and there will be no one to look after it."

"Where has your mother gone?" asked the matron.

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A Word from Billy Possum



I'M Billy Possum, don't you know? I've come to stay a while or so.

When I come in the nursery door The dolls bow down quite to the floor.

That's just the way they used to do To Teddy Bear (twixt me and you).

But 'fore he knew what 'twas about I came in and "cut him out."

I didn't try—it's just my "pull"; I can't help being Beau-ti-full!

ELSIE PARRISH.

Historical Tales of Sailormen

The Beardless Admiral

SOME bold pirates once took two English merchant ships, and Admiral Keppel was sent to Algiers, where the pirates lived, to get back the ships.

When he got to the place he went up to the palace of the king of the pirates, taking with him only another English officer, and boldly demanded back the ships or full payment in money.

The pirate king, who was a wicked man and had killed hundreds of people, was very angry. "I wonder," he cried, "that the English king should be so foolish as to send a beardless boy to me!"

He said this because Admiral Keppel had no whiskers!

But the admiral made such a bold reply that the pirate king was furiously angry, and he threatened to have the admiral's Englishman killed. Not at all frightened, Admiral Keppel pointed to the English ship in the harbor.

"There is said calmly, 'There are enough Englishmen there to blow your palace to bits!'

The pirate king said no more. He paid for the damage he had done to English ships, and Admiral Keppel went away safe and smiling.

Brave Rescue of a Dog

LORD COCHRANE was trying to sink some ships which belonged to an enemy, and to do that he filled one of his own ships with gunpowder, and one dark night he sailed with it as near as he could to the enemy's ships.

Then he set fire to the gunpowder ship and got into a small boat with his sailormen, and they all rowed as hard as they could so that they could be as far away as possible before the fire got to the gunpowder and blew up the ship and all the enemy's ships which happened to be near.

Now, when the sailormen had rowed some distance from the burning ship, one of them suddenly said: "We've left the dog behind!"

Lord Cochrane, as kind as he was brave, at once said: "Row back, my lads, and we'll save the dog yet."

The golly tars did row back, and though they would have been killed if the ship had blown up then, they got doggy safely into the boat.

Mighty Aid

A GOOD many years ago, at a place called Acre, which is near Egypt, some English sailormen were helping the Turkish soldiers to defend the place against some French soldiers. One day a French general was shot

dead, and as the soldiers on both sides were always firing at one another no one could get near the body of the dead general without being in great danger. So for several days the body of the poor general lay unburied on the ground.

At last one of the English sailormen, who was an old man named Dan Bryan, said he would go out to bury the dead French general, because, so he said, some Frenchmen had once been very kind to him.

He therefore walked to the place where the body was, and though many bullets flew all about him I am very glad to say that he was quite unharmed.

Then he commenced to dig a grave, and all the soldiers, as they now saw what he had gone out to do, at once stopped firing. And during the time that Dan did his sad work not a shot was fired by any one.

When Dan got back to his friends the English commander, whose name was Sir Sydney Smith, sent for him and praised him very much. "I hear that you did it all by yourself, Dan," said Sir Sydney Smith.

"I had somebody with me, sir," replied Dan.

"Ah! Who was that?" asked Sir Sydney, very much surprised.

"God was with me, sir," said Dan.

Crowded for Victory

THERE lived at one time a famous English sailor whose name was Admiral Rodney, and on April 12 more than 100 years ago he won a great victory.

Now, in the ship in which Admiral Rodney was there was also a game cock which was the pet of the sailormen.

This Mr. Cock was a very bold bird, indeed, for, during the battle, when cannon balls were flying about and sailormen were being killed, he just stood on a box near Admiral Rodney and kept calling out, as cockbirds do, "Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-cock-cock-a-doodle do!" Everybody was amused at Mr. Cock.

Admiral Rodney himself even noticed him, and though he had many other things to think about, he could not help saying to another officer, as he pointed to Mr. Cock, "Look at that little fellow. He is an honor to his country!"

Mr. Cock went on crowing until the finish of the battle, and I am very glad to say that he was not hurt in any way.

Of course, the sailormen made a greater pet of Mr. Cock than ever, and Admiral Rodney ordered that he should have plenty to eat as long as he lived.

You're a Brick

NO DOUBT you have often heard one man say to another, when he is very much pleased, "You are a brick, old fellow!"

Perhaps you will think it is a very queer thing to say, but I will tell you how such a saying is said to have come in use.

Many, many years ago a famous king sent an ambassador to another famous king. The ambassador was much surprised to find that the king whom he was visiting had no walls around his city.

In those days, of course, in order to keep out enemies, nearly every city was surrounded by strong and high walls. So the surprised ambassador said to the king, "Why, you have no walls for the city?"

"We have," said the king.

"Where, where?" asked the ambassador, more surprised than ever.

The king then pointed to his large army, which was not far away, and said, with a smile, "There are the walls of my city. Every man you see is a brick!"

The king meant that an enemy would have to defeat those soldiers before they could get in, the enemy—could enter the city.