

# POLLYEANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

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## The Dream Ship

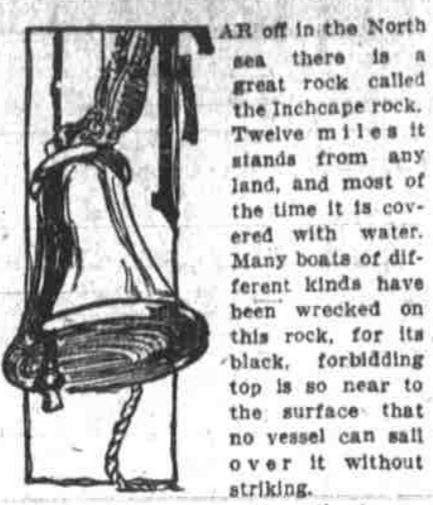


**A** LITTLE white ship steals up from the west  
With a hold full of happy dreams  
Of ladies that smile, and chargers and knights,  
And armor that flashes and gleams;  
A wee sail holds it along its way  
And it sails at last, toward the close of day,  
Down long leafy streets where the lights are low  
And eyes that watch are sleepy and slow,

The big skipper tolls a bell at the prow,  
His soft eyes smile a caress,  
And he throws a largess of grown-up dreams  
That soothe and comfort and bless.  
The wee folk drowsily climb on deck,  
Obedient quite to the skipper's beck,  
And they sail at last quite out of the town,  
Far off where the shining sun goes down.

KATHERINE FAITH

## How Justice Served Ralph the Rover



AR off in the North sea there is a great rock called the Incheape rock. Twelve miles it stands from any land, and most of the time it is covered with water. Many boats of different kinds have been wrecked on this rock, for its black, forbidding top is so near to the surface that no vessel can sail over it without striking.

Many long years ago there lived near to this rock a gentle-hearted man who was called the Abbot of Aberbrothock. It made him sad when he thought how dangerous the rock was and how many sailors had lost their lives thereon. So he caused a great buoy to be chained to the rock strongly, so that there would be no danger of its floating away. And there it bobbed up and down on the heaving waters for a long time.

On top of the buoy the abbot placed a bell, and whenever the waves dashed against it this bell rang out loud and sweet and clear. No longer were sailors afraid to go near the place. When they heard the clear bell tones, they steered their ships safely around the spot where the bell was ringing, and many a sailor out on the stormy sea prayed God to bless the gentle-hearted abbot when he had steered his course safely away.

One golden summer day a ship carrying a black flag sailed near the Incheape rock. The black-flag ship belonged to a pirate called Ralph the Rover, the sound of whose name was a living terror to all honest people on land and sea. Scarcely a breath of air rippled the waves, and the ship stood almost still, for there was no wind to fill her sails. As Ralph the Rover looked out over the glassy sea, he paused in his restless walk on deck, for he had sighted the bell buoy floating about the Incheape rock. The bell was silent, for there was not a wave to set it in motion.

"Put out the boat!" cried Ralph the Rover, "and row me to Incheape rock. Here's a chance to play a trick on the abbot!"  
In a moment the boat was lowered and strong arms were rowing him toward the Incheape rock. There the bold sea robber with his heavy ax broke the strong chain that held the buoy. Swiftly he cut the fastenings of the bell, which fell off into the water. There was a hollow grating sound as it settled into the deep, and that was all.



"He who next sails these waters will not call upon God to bless the abbot, I warrant you." And as the wind came up and he sailed away, he looked back

he came sailing back toward that place from which he had started on the golden summer day of long ago.

This day was very different. The waves rolled high. The winds blew hard and the ship moved swiftly, cutting the waters. Finally, as evening came on, the wind died down and a thick fog settled over the land. Again Ralph the Rover walked the deck. He could not see which way his ship was steering, and he wished most heartily that the fog would lift and clear away.

"We must be nearing shore," said the pilot. "Hark! There's the roar of the breakers on the sand!"

"I know not," said Ralph the Rover nervously, "but this I know, that we are not far from Incheape rock. Oh! for a sound of the abbot's bell!"  
Another instant and there was a resounding crash. "The Incheape rock!" cried the sailors as the ship began to sink.

"Well repaid am I," cried Ralph the Rover, bitterly, "and I am come to my end through the cruel joke I played on the gentle-hearted abbot."  
There was a gurgling sound as the hulk of the pirate ship settled down into the deep and that was all.

Did the bad sea pirate hear aught as the cold waves washed over him? I cannot say; but if he heard a distant tolling, perhaps it was the clear-toned knelling of the gentle-hearted abbot's bell deep down in the sea.

## How Arnold Broke the Line



could be done to save their lands. They came armed with all sorts of queer weapons, bows and arrows and sticks and pitchforks and scythes. Their foes were fully armed, and as they marched along the road the Swiss saw that there was not a single break in the line. Evenly and closely together walked the enemy, with spear and shield and shining armor. What could a few poor mountain folk do against such foes?

"We cannot touch them if they keep together," cried the leader. "We must break those even lines."  
The bowmen sent a cloud of arrows, but each and every one glanced quickly from the soldiers' shields. Clubs and stones had no more effect, and the lines remained unbroken. Steadily the soldiers came onward, with shields overlapping, their spear points gleaming brightly in the strong sunlight.

"If the line be not broken," cried the distracted Swiss leader again, "there will be no chance for a fight and the country is lost."  
Then out from the struggling ranks stepped a poor man called Arnold Winkelried.

"I have a happy home," said he, "close by on yonder hill. There wait my wife and my children, and I will be in vain, for this day will I owe to you

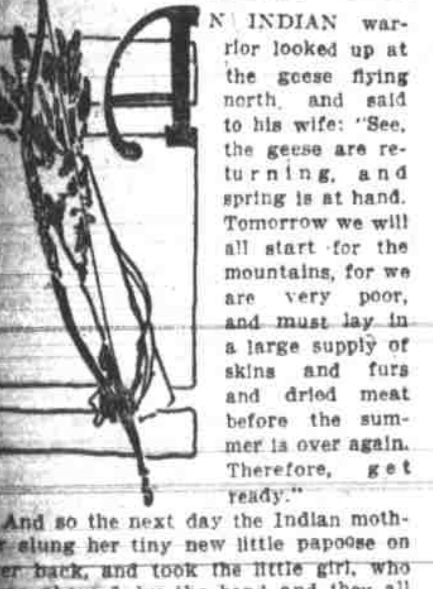


life to save my country. If you do your part, friends, Switzerland shall yet be free. Follow me!"  
With these words the brave man went forward. He had neither club nor stone nor spear in his hands, but he ran straight onward where the spears bristled in the front ranks of the enemy.

"Way! Way for liberty!" he cried, as he dashed into the ranks.  
Instantly hundreds of spears were turned to catch him. The soldiers were so eager to capture him that their eyes were broken. Bravely Arnold's friends and comrades rushed after him. They snatched weapons from their foes and made good use of the crude ones that they had brought with them. There was not a thought of fear in a single mind. They fought for love of their homes and their dear land, and so they won at last.

Never before was there such a battle; but Switzerland was saved and Arnold Winkelried's death had not been in vain.

## How Mother Elk Lost Her Babies



**A** N INDIAN warrior looked up at the goose flying north, and said to his wife: "See, the geese are returning, and spring is at hand. Tomorrow we will all start for the mountains, for we are very poor, and must lay in a large supply of skins and furs and dried meat before the summer is over again."

There, get ready!"  
And so the next day the Indian mother, slung her tiny new little papoose on her back, and took the little girl, who was about 6 by the hand and they all started off together for the mountains.

They traveled and they traveled, and they traveled for a great many days, until at last they came to a place that seemed to the Indian warrior a good place to camp. So he went off to hunt, and the Indian mother put up the tepee, as was the custom with the Indians.

Perhaps he did more real good out hunting, after all, for he might only have been in the way if he had stayed to help the Indian mother, and, as it was, he brought home a fine pile of dried furs, and the Indian mother soon had a very good pile of meat to put away for the winter months.

papoose to the mother elk, and when the child had taken all the milk he wanted he began to crow and was very happy again.  
Now when the baby had all the milk he wanted the mother elk wandered off into the forest again, but she always returned in plenty of time to give the baby his milk.

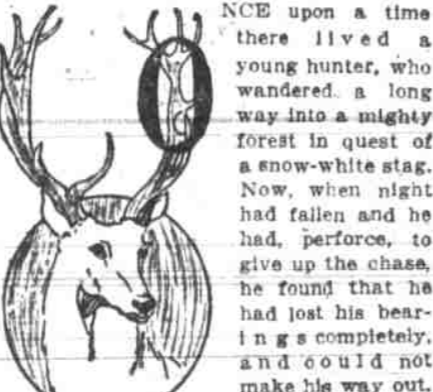
Very soon the little girl had eaten all the dried meat her parents had left behind, and she had not the least notion how or where to get more; for, after all, she was only 6 years old. She told Mother Elk her trouble, and asked her where she could find food. Kind Mother Elk told her that she, too, might drink of her milk, so that she might not starve.

Time passed on, and Mother Elk grew so fond of the children that she could not bear to be separated from them. She took the children wherever she went, and when night had come she took them back to their lodge and slept outside, guarding them.

When the long, cold winter had come to the land the two children could no longer go to the forest with Mother Elk, and had to stay close in the lodge and keep warm under the furs, while Mother Elk went out to eat the herbs and grasses that she could find.

One day a party of Indian hunters came to the mountain. Far down in the valley was a lodge, but no smoke came from the hole and the snow was high. When the hunters came down to see what or who lived there, they found only elk tracks beside the lodge; there were no signs of life.

## A Robber-Lad of Old



**ONCE** upon a time there lived a young hunter, who wandered a long way into a mighty forest in quest of a snow-white stag. Now, when night had fallen and he had, perchance, to give up the chase, he found that he had lost his bearings completely, and could not make his way out.

He looked up to see if he could guide himself by the stars; but he could not see the sky for the dense tops of the trees of the pine forest. The ground was covered with soft and fragrant pine needles, the trunks of the trees were lofty, like the pillars of a grand cathedral, and not difficult to walk among. He determined, therefore, to pursue his lonely way in the hope that he should come at last to the hut of one of the charcoal burners, with which the wood abounded at this time.

On and on he traveled, tired and travel-stained, and at length he came so exhausted that he began to think of angling out some safe place to sleep until dawn should lighten the dense gloom of the forest aisles. As he was pausing to look about him, a peculiar strange moaning came to his ears.

"It is the sea," he said to himself. "I will try to find some good fisherman's hut on the sand!" And he hastened his steps toward the spot from which the sound came.

four gifts—Love, Wisdom, Wealth or Power. The hunter pondered for a long time, for he remembered the beauty of the Daughter of the Sun, and for a time he thought that he would choose Love. The more, however, he thought of Power the more he wished to possess it. "I choose Power, lovely maidens," said he.

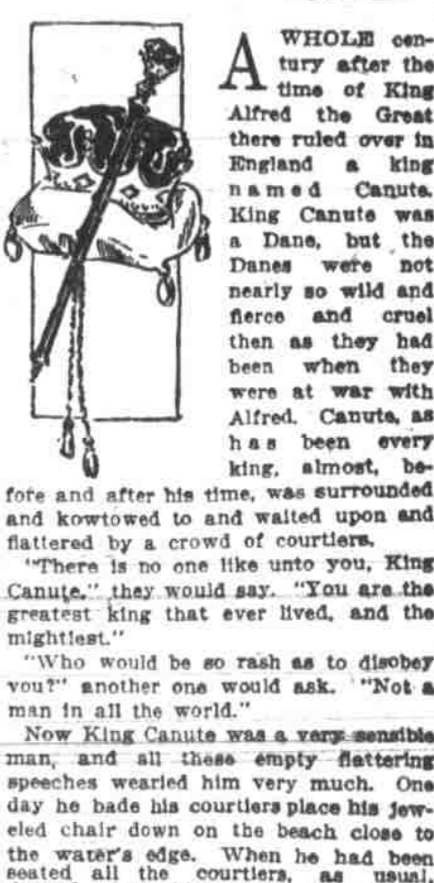
"Give us the garments and you shall have Power," answered they.  
"If I first render up the garments," said the hunter, "how know I that you will keep your word and give me power?"

"These are the faces of the maidens darkened; but at length one said: "We must remember that he is but a man and therefore faithless." Then, turning to the hunter, she said: "You have the pledged word of the Daughter of the Sun. You must be content with this. When you have come to your home, you will find there a helmet of iron on which a great iron eagle is perched with outspread wings and sharp talons. So long as you wear this helmet you will never be defeated in battle and no armed man can stand against you. You must use the gift that

He forgot the forest glades. He was a hunter of kingdoms and all men were his quarry.  
He faced forth against a king who had been assailed by a powerful neighbor, defeated the enemy and, returning, slew the king he had served and took possession of the kingdom. No one could stand against him. No arrow could find a passage through his iron mail, no sword could cleave it. All that power alone could give him he enjoyed.

Very soon, however, the knowledge was borne upon him that Power could not give him Love. Every one, men and women alike, bowed to his power and obeyed him; but there was not a person in the length and breadth of his vast domain who gave him one thought of love. Wealth he did not have, for the king had denuded the lands and impoverished the people. And so Wealth he could not have. And so Wisdom and Power he could not have. He was left with only the iron helmet and the eagle on which it was perched.

## How Canute Commanded the Waves



**A** WHOLE century after the time of King Alfred the Great there ruled over in England a king named Canute. King Canute was a Dane, but the Danes were not nearly so wild and fierce and cruel then as they had been when they were at war with Alfred. Canute, as has been every king, almost before and after his time, was surrounded and kowtowed to and waited upon and flattered by a crowd of courtiers.

"There is no one like unto you, King Canute," they would say. "You are the greatest king that ever lived, and the mightiest."  
"Who would be so rash as to disobey you?" another one would ask. "Not a man in all the world!"

Now King Canute was a very sensible man, and all these empty flattering speeches wearied him very much. One day he bade his courtiers place his jeweled chair down on the beach close to the water's edge. When he had been seated all the courtiers, as usual, and flattered him, as was their habit. Now was his chance to teach them a lesson.

"Come now," said the king, "think you all things obey me?"  
"There is naught in the world dares disobey," cried the flatterers. "All things combine to honor you and bow to your will."  
"Will the waves and the tides obey my word?" asked the king, looking at the silver-capped wavelets breaking at his feet on the yellow sand. What were the flatterers to say? No one of them dared say no.



Then Canute stretched out his right arm and said, "O sea, come not an inch further nor let a single wave dare to touch my feet."  
Up, he crawled the sea, and the tide came in and the waters continued to rise as usual. Soon the waves broke and dashed high against the king's chair and sprayed all over the royal robes.

The courtiers whispered among themselves.  
"Of a surety, he is mad."  
But the king slowly rose and took off his heavy crown, casting it upon the sand.

"Never shall I wear it again," he cried. "Let those who have eyes to see take lesson from what they see. There is only one King who is Almighty—he who rules the waves and the winds and the tide. Seek ye first to serve and to praise Him above all earthly things."

## The Elephant and the Blind Men



**ONCE** upon a time there were six blind men who sat by the roadside every day and begged for passers-by. Now, they had often and often heard of elephants, but, being blind, very naturally they had never seen one.

One morning an elephant chanced to be driven down the road where they stood. When they heard that a real elephant was there before them, they begged the driver to stop that they might see what he was like.

The second put his hand on the elephant's tusk. "Not at all, my brother," said he. "You are very wrong. The elephant is round and sharp like a spear!"

The third took hold of the elephant's trunk. "Why, any one with half an eye could see that the animal is exactly like a snake!" he cried.

Then the fourth man grasped one of the elephant's legs. "Why, he is tall and round like a tree!" cried he.