

POLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A Wonderful Gypsy Lad Who Makes His Violin Talk



KALMAN REV. AND THE MEETING WITH HUBAY

FROM a dark recess of the little room came low, sweet quavers of a stringed musical instrument. Popular ballads and folk songs, such as the waltz of the inn had often echoed when a merry company was present, were now being played, delightfully and in perfect tune.

Who was the musician? A lady tipped her hat and looked at the dark corner. A moment later she was heard to exclaim: "Why, it's Kalman!"

But the little boy who had caused this surprise seemed not to hear. He played, with a rapid, far-away look in his eyes, as though in a dream.

When the last strain had died away, Kalman's aunt examined the musical instrument. She found that an ear of maize had been hollowed out to form a sounding box like a violin, and that there was a crude bridge and bits of string. This, together with a bow, had been fashioned by a tiny boy who was scarcely 4 years old!

And so it came about that the aunt of the baby musician took him away from the inn of the hamlet of Putas, Hungary, in Budapest, she taught him to play the violin and the piano. One day, when he was 7 years old, she went with him to the great master, Hubay. After a long talk with the aunt, the great musician took a violin, tuned it carefully and gave it to the boy to play. "It is not tuned rightly," said the master, frowned, but he took the

violin from the lad, and after trying it, replied: "You are correct; the 'A' is a little low."

"No, it is a little high," said Kalman, with assurance. Thereupon he tuned the instrument properly. And then he played with all his skill and all his heart.

Hubay said nothing. Later he talked with Kalman's aunt, finally announcing that he would take the boy and make a great violinist of him, without charge for tuition!

This was the real beginning of Kalman Rev's education. Today, at 12 years of age, he is playing in London, where multitudes go to listen and wonder at this remarkable boy who can make his violin say such marvelous things.

Kalman studies hard, but he enjoys it. He plays from seven to eight hours a day, and would play even more were he permitted to do so. Weird, dreamy lullabies he can improvise. Some time he will compose in real earnest. But to do this he says he must go to the wild forest of Hungary, where the great, gnarled trees and the rugged cliffs will tell him secrets which he will give to the world through his violin.

However, this tall, little gypsy lad, with his hair and eyes of a thoughtful brow, full red lips and lustrous eyes, does not live for music alone. He delights in roller skating, and is even ashamed to admit a great love for dolls. He would like to spend hours dressing and undressing these playthings, washing them and putting them to bed. The wonderful boy musician is very much of a child, after all!

Legend of the Banished King



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

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 troublesome.

"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 do otherwise. 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 in these days. He called each messenger 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 a long line, so that the king could shout a message, and it would be passed along the line, each courier being sent 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 there 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 left in the land, then, certainly, there 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."

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 stored.

He crept on top, with the dog, and there by the boy's explanation, orders were given to the men.

Further on they endeavor to steal apples, but are treed by a savage bulldog. They leave the dog, however, and make their escape. While pursuing a dog, Billy chances to see an idle steam thrasher. He meditates with the machinery, whereby he might get into trouble. His companions have to conceal him in an apple tree, but are treed by a bulldog. The wagon, after maddly carting down the steep, plunges into a ditch and Pete and Pretty are thrown off, though without being hurt. Zeke is fetched to drag the wagon out of the ditch and uphill again, seeking to assure the boys that he will borrow a horse from a neighbor, but, even with the unloading aid of other people, 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 Victoria and of having lowered the tailboard as a means of covering his crime.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

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 yellow croaker 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 leamedly one to the other. Then the oldest, he 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 clamber out upon the great stone 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.

"Hal! hal! Wasn't it a good surprise?"



SCRUTINIZED BY THE COUNCIL

Want 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 joke became more numerous, until 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.

Cruise of the "Mousetrap"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

THREE boys and a dog start upon a cruise in a "Mousetrap" made from an old spring wagon. The "Mousetrap" is described by the boy who keeps the dog. "Come in," says Pete, "and see how the dog is getting on. He's a real beauty, isn't he? He's got a real good eye, and he's got a real good nose. He's got a real good ear, and he's got a real good tail. He's got a real good everything."



PETE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH IN A CARELESS FASHION

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

Then Pete says, with much of hotness:

"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, that there cookie," I explain, "memberin' that I HAD nibbled a cake or two, 'was left over from some I took last night for supper."

"This bein' true, I saw no reason for them two hyenas to be a-doubtin' of me, which they did. Yes, sirree, Billy was 'gainst me, too. An' I'd 'a' punched them both if they'd been only one."

We drove along in comparative silence, as they say in poems, for half an hour. All this time we was a-climbin' up a mountain path, an' it was mighty hard goin' for Zeke, I can tell you.

Pete always gets crazy-like when 'e gets out into the woods. He likes to study 'bout birds an' trees an' hop-toads an' things like those—which is very foolish. After he thinks as deep as a well he ups and speaks:

"Fellers, I say a cabin yonder. An' I was a-thinkin' what a dandy little chimney it has for the swallows to

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 furious, and he threatened to have the daring Englishman killed. Not at all frightened, Admiral Keppel pointed to the English ships in the harbor.

Then he 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

LOD COCHRANE was trying to sink some ships when 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 men. 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!"

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

The jolly tars did row back, and, though they all rowed as hard as they could, they did not get to the dog until it was too late. The dog had been blown up, and they got away safely in 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

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

Gratitude

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 some 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 either."

"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 at the hospital, and asked to see the matron.

"A gentleman gave me a penny this mornin' to buy me up and speak to her."

"Please, may I put it in your money box, because you were so kind to my dear little mouse?"

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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. Already I am all the "fags" With every child of every age. (And doesn't Teddy Bear get mad— His temper really makes one sad!)

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 'was about I came in and "cut him out." I didn't try—it's just my "pull"; I can't help being Beau-ti-ful!

ELSIE PARRISH.

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

Crowd for Victory

THERE lived at one time a famous English sailor whose name was 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.

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

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

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

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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, "There are the walls of your city. Why, you have no walls for the king?"

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