



POLLY EVANS' FOR BOYS AND GIRLS STORY PAGE



Kamil



AS THE two soldiers of the Pretorian Guard strode along a narrow street of Constantinople, they conversed in earnest tones.

"They will undoubtedly replace our regiment at the Taksim barracks with Young Turks," declared one of the men, raising his voice in his excitement; "and in that event you may rest assured that those of us whose time is up will quit the service; what is more, we will demand a bounty."

"Not so loud!" cautioned the other, placing a hand warningly upon his comrade's arm.

Quickly the two looked about them, and saw, to their relief, that no one was near save a chubby-faced little boy of 7, who trotted beside them, merrily whistling.

But little Kamil was by no means as innocent or unsuspecting as he appeared. He had heard what the soldiers had said, although his countenance betrayed no knowledge of it. And now he speedily betook himself to the courtyard in the rear of his father's wine house, where he knew the Younger Turks were having their meeting.

He burst into the gathering just as his brother Abil, a lad of 10, was in the midst of a violent harangue. Abil's influence among his fellows was great. Having been born in America, he had gained there an independent spirit, different from that of most Turkish boys, and when his family came to Constantinople, not twelve months before this time, Abil's ideas remained unchanged. Very shortly he had organized a band of about twenty boys under the name of the Younger Turks. All the members of this company were pledged to fight the tyranny of the sultan.

AGAINST TYRANNY

"A ruler who won't even let such words as 'country,' 'nation,' 'people,' 'liberty' or 'revolution' be spoken or written is a pig, and ought to be choked from his throne!" he often declared passionately. Whereat his comrades at first shivered with fear at the reasonable words, but finally came to applaud.

Of late Abil had been less bitter in his speeches against the sultan, inasmuch as Abdul Hamid had granted a constitution to his people. He probably was compelled to do this by the popu-

lar party of Young Turks, but Abil and his associates, proudly claiming to be junior members of this party, esteemed it a victory for themselves, and when the people flocked to the Yildiz-Kiosk from Salonika. And when the rebellious soldiers, being refused a bounty, fired upon the Young Turks at parade, the Salonika men were ready. They returned the fire, killing and wounding ten of the mutineers and dispersing the rest. The prisoners were taken before Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, chief of the Home Army Corps, who made a speech before the assembled regiments, and then had the mutineers court-martialed. Afterward he inquired further into the matter, asking how the uprising was quelled so easily. Thereupon Igar was brought before the chief, and told how the warning had come from his little brother Kamil. Mahmud Mukhtar smilingly sent his compliments to the alert boy of 7.

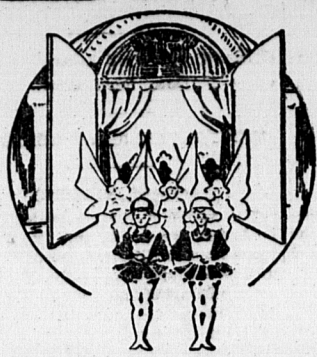
You can imagine how important Kamil became after this in the band of Younger Turks. Heretofore, being so little, it was only through much pleading that he had been allowed to be a member at all. Now, however, his companions could do no other than elect him lieutenant of the company—a post second only to that held by his brother Abil.

MUTINY QUELLED

As the Pretorian guard had suggested, no sooner was the time up of many of the soldiers of the Taksim regiment than they demanded a discharge bounty. But by this time the Younger Turks, being forewarned, had sent two of their regiments (one, Igar) from Salonika. And when the rebellious soldiers, being refused a bounty, fired upon the Young Turks at parade, the Salonika men were ready. They returned the fire, killing and wounding ten of the mutineers and dispersing the rest. The prisoners were taken before Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, chief of the Home Army Corps, who made a speech before the assembled regiments, and then had the mutineers court-martialed. Afterward he inquired further into the matter, asking how the uprising was quelled so easily. Thereupon Igar was brought before the chief, and told how the warning had come from his little brother Kamil. Mahmud Mukhtar smilingly sent his compliments to the alert boy of 7.

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A Journey to the Kingdom of Dolls



PATTER, patter, patter came the rain upon the roof. And dismal enough was the sound, thought Hilda. Cheerless, too, seemed the playroom. Her newest doll wasn't at all amusing today. Indeed, the newer Hilda's dolls were, the less she loved them. Fondlest of all had she been of that disreputable rag doll, owned when she was a wee slip of a girl.

With her face pressed closely against the window pane, Hilda followed the course of the stream of water that gurgled from the spout and splashed into the gutter below. Even the gaunt arms of the trees outside, which spring, in its early coming, had as yet failed to clothe in a raiment of green buds, drew her attention, and she observed the bare twigs as, wind-driven, they switched repeatedly against the side of the house. Dreary indoors; still more dreary out of doors. Hilda turned with a sigh and flung herself upon the couch.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz!" Persistently the buzzing continued, in the very ear of Hilda. Then, presently, the buzzing seemed to change into a tiny voice—almost a dream-voice, for the words came faintly and sounded far away. And these were the whispered words: "Come to the housetop, Hilda! Come to the housetop, Hilda! where are wonderful things to see!"

SCENE OF SPLENDOR

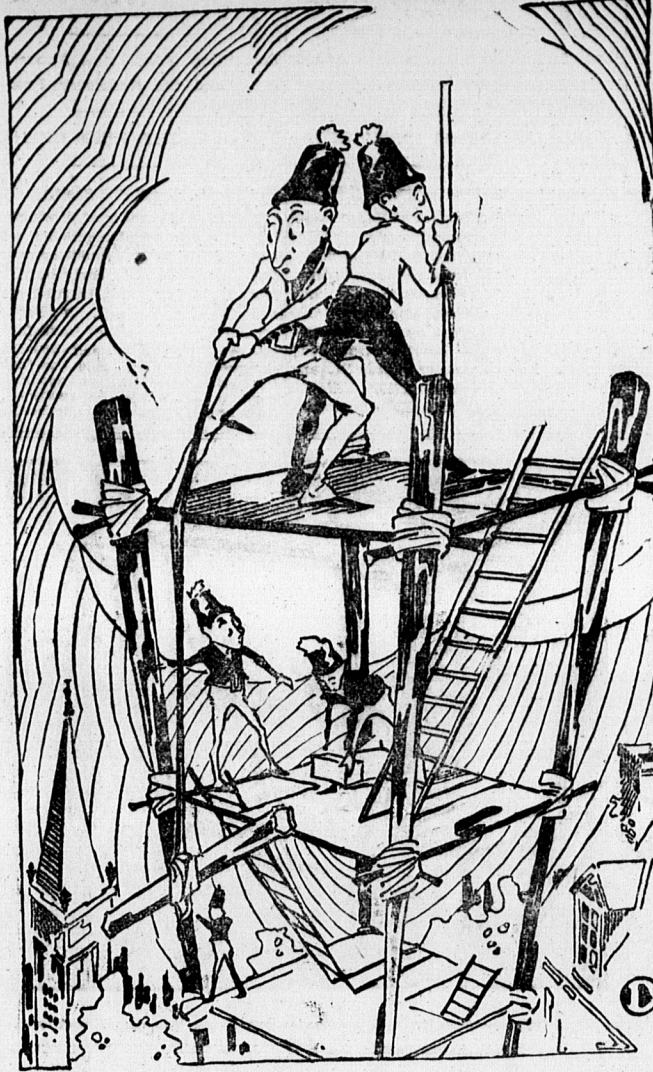
Again and again this quaint invitation was repeated, until the little girl felt that she must go. So, ascending the stairs to the attic, she climbed up the ladder reaching to the roof, threw back the trap-door and stepped out upon the roof. The rain had ceased; overhead was a scene of extraordinary splendor. Mammoth, billowy white cloud masses were heaped in the sky, while the rays of the sun above struggled to pierce them and to reach the earth. Gleaming in gold and a hundred roseate tints, the clouds seemed a land of fairy sunshine, spreading wide to east and west, stretching far to the north and south.

But Hilda was suddenly startled from rapt admiration by a pounding and rattling of many hammers nearby. To her amazement she saw that on another part of the roof a countless number of elves were engaged in building a series of little platforms, connected by ladders, which rose high in the air. Taller and taller this queer tower grew, under the skilful, quick-moving hands of the multitude of elfin workmen.

"Climb to cloudland, Hilda! Climb to cloudland, Hilda, where are wonders fair to see!"

Again the little girl obeyed the voice. Mounting the ladder which rose directly from the roof, she gained the first platform. Up, up she went; higher, still higher. And while she climbed the elves far overhead continued to add platforms and ladders, and it appeared, too, that cloudland lowered itself nearer, as though in encouragement.

At last Hilda stepped from the top-most ladder into cloudland. She placed her foot rather gingerly upon a big cloud, but she found that it held her weight easily. She discovered, furthermore, that the clouds formed but a



shell-like wall surrounding a vast fairy country. No sooner had she penetrated this wall than she found herself in the real fairyland.

A beautiful fairy, fitting on rainbow-colored wings, now approached, and in the sweetest manner possible offered to show Hilda the wonders of fairyland.

"Suppose," said the fairy, "we take a peep at the kingdom of dolls. That, you know, is a sort of heaven where dollies go after their mistresses break them on earth."

Around about the kingdom of dolls



stretched an immense, gleaming wall, upon which toy soldiers were posted as sentries. And at the great stone tower by the gate sat a doll general, drinking a mug of ale. He courteously admitted them, remarking as he did so: "The lady dolls have just been lunching in the dining hall yonder."

As they reached the steps leading to the dining hall, the doors opened above them and there came forth little fairy, boy-sprites.

"They are the servants who wait upon the dolls with food," whispered the fairy.

When all the servants had passed around a corner of the building, Hilda was ushered into the dining room.

THE LOST IS FOUND

Almost the first doll she saw was her own old rag doll, Betsy, whom she had lost in the creek while on a vacation, years ago. Then, right beside Betsy, was Marie, the French doll Hilda had dropped from the balcony so that it had broken to pieces on the flagstones.

"My dear, precious dollies!" she cried in rapture, rushing forward and throwing her arms about the two in one tight hug.

And Betsy and Marie were ever so glad to see their old mistress. They at once forgave her for causing their deaths, they knew she hadn't meant to do it, you know. Then Hilda was introduced to all the other dolls, who exclaimed in chorus: "Oh, how nice! We've always wanted to play with a little girl, just as little girls used to play with us, and now we have the chance!"

Now, there were so very many dollies that the voices rose in a loud clamor—with such a violence of sound that Hilda was frightened—and rudely awakened! For she rubbed her eyes to find herself lying on the couch and brother Tommy, battering on the door outside.

Waterloo

[Verses by Lieutenant Skinny Smith, of the "Bloody Robbers," upon the battle of "Waterloo," which was gained by the "Bloody Pirates" unopposedly by the "Bloody Pirates" to the aid of Captain Billy Mudd.]

Y UH see, both sides was battlin', An' the cheers they came a-rattin', An' the snowballs they came a-rattin', But 'spite of all us "Robbers" did, To win the fort, we found inaid, That this we'd never do.

So Billy sent Joe flyin' Toward town, to start him tryin' Findin' Jim an' Pete; Then, feelin' sure they'd soon be back, Bill 'gainst the "Pirates" took a crack, Once more them to defeat.



Right up he fought his way, although 'Twas mighty dangerous to go With snowballs whizzin' by. Upon the fort's rampart he landed; "Surrender, Pirates!" he commanded. They soaked 'im in the eye.

An' down the hill we came again Because we couldn't stand the rain Of snowballs on us poundin'; We waited long for Jim an' Pete, For with THEM we could surely beat 'em. Those "Pirates" most astoundin'!

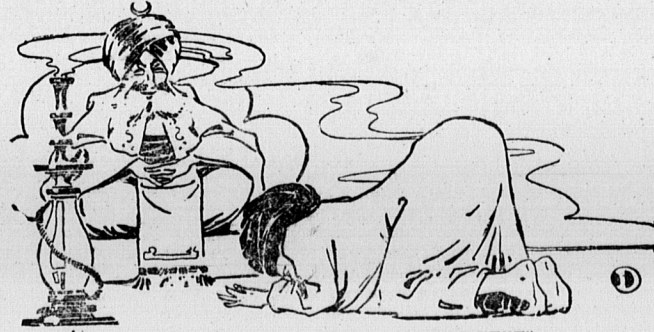
But Jim was home a-splittin' wood; Pete 'would be there' just soon's he could.

His errand for Ma do; Then Joe was put to work, for spite— An' that is how we lost the fight. Bill Kane calls "Waterloo."

About-Cassem's Red Slippers

BECAUSE About-Cassem's red slippers were old it must not be supposed that their owner was poor. On the contrary, the treasure vault of this merchant of Bagdad was well-nigh filled with gold. But the more money the avaricious merchant made the less willing was he to part with it. And so it was that his cloak had been worn so long that the original color had been lost; his turban was tattered and pierced with holes; and so often had the old red slippers been mended that by now they were all patches.

Upon this day About-Cassem had made an unusually shrewd bargain. Therefore, he resolved to celebrate it in some fashion. Should he invite his father and mother to dine with him? No; this would cost money; nor could he himself enjoy such a dinner, after having eaten nothing but simple food for years. Perhaps he had best buy a new garment. But what was the use of doing this. He had gotten along well enough with his old clothes up to this time; surely, it were foolish to change. Ah! now he knew what he would do. He would take a bath; for that would cost nothing, and certainly would be agreeable.



"THREW HIMSELF AT THE JUDGE'S FEET"

fishermen, disappointed at not finding a treasure, threw the slippers in rage through About-Cassem's open window, so that they fell upon jars of valuable rosewater, breaking the jars and destroying their contents.

He now buried the slippers in his garden. A neighbor saw him do this, however, whereupon the governor, hearing of the deed, sent for About-Cassem.

"Give me one of the treasure which thou wert hiding," demanded the governor.

In vain About-Cassem insisted it was but a pair of slippers he had placed in the deep hole. Only after paying a large amount of money was he permitted to go free.

The poor merchant was at his wits' end. In desperation he rose early in the morning, walked far from the city of Bagdad, and threw the slippers in a well. With a sigh of satisfaction he watched them disappear. He had tied weights to them; they could never again come to the surface. Then, with a light heart, he betook himself to his home.

But the next day a clamor arose in Bagdad, for the principal fountain had ceased to flow. By royal command, the artisans examined the aqueduct and finally the fountain outside the city, from which the well gained its waters. Then they found that About-Cassem's slippers had choked the pipe's mouth through which the stream flowed.

Again was the poor man arrested. He paid his fine stolidly. No sooner did he arrive home than he prepared a red-hot

"Now," said he, "the slippers cannot trouble me!"

As the slippers were still moist with the water of the well, he placed them on his casement window to dry. Thereupon—

"Murder! Murder!" People, hearing his screams, ran into About-Cassem's house and dragged the unfortunate fellow out. "Boil him in oil! Roast him over a slow fire!" they yelled.

About-Cassem looked about him with indifference. "Take me to the cadl, that he may impose a sentence," pleaded he.

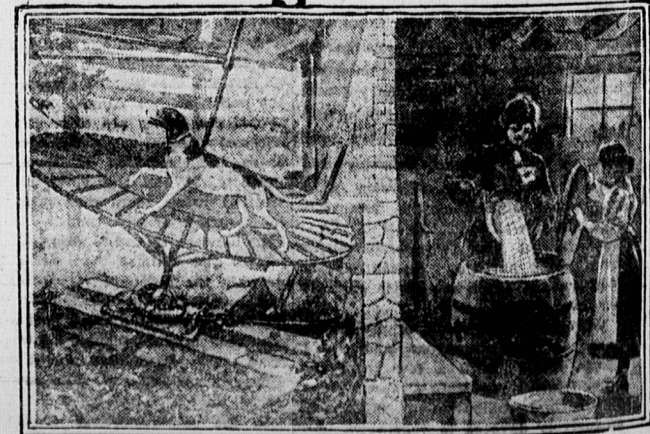
Forthwith to the cadl they took the merchant. Then About-Cassem threw himself at the judge's feet and begged piteously that he no longer be held responsible for the misdeeds of his old slippers.

It was all so funny to the cadl that at first the official laughed. Then he had compassion upon About-Cassem and immediately directed the edict to be posted about the city that hereafter, no matter what crime the slippers should do, About-Cassem was to be held innocent. Before releasing the merchant he advised him to be less miserly in the future, and to replenish his wardrobe at fitting seasons.

About-Cassem slowly walked home, a sadder and a wiser man. He now was utterly ruined—all his wealth had been taken from him through fines—but he confessed that, perhaps, after all, it was his own fault in great measure, and he decided to profit by the lesson.

At once the woman set up a cry of

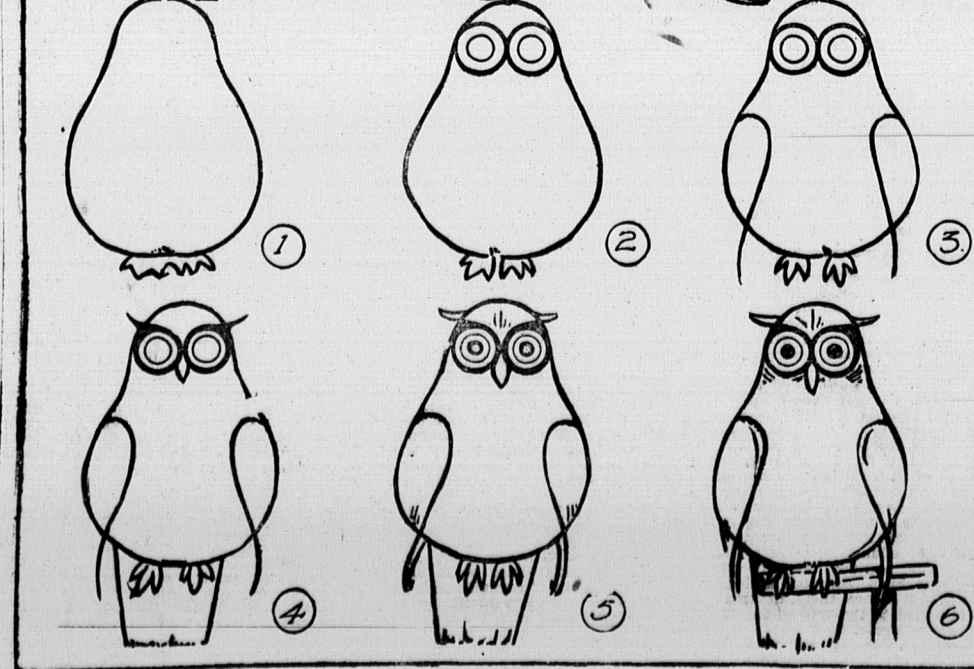
Where Dogs Make Butter



DOGS have many uses besides serving as playmates for boys and girls. Of course, you know how valuable good watchdogs are. In some countries these faithful friends of man are employed to herd cattle; other people employ them for drawing wagons and sledges. St. Bernards, in Switzerland, do valiant work in saving the lives of travelers lost in regions of ice and snow. Manifestly, indeed, are the duties of the dog. But do you know that he sometimes makes butter? Sounds funny, doesn't it? Yet in East Haviland, England, and in parts of America dogs do all the churning.

Outside the dairy wall is placed a round wheel, inclined at an angle, and fitted with little steps upon its surface. Here the dog paws, as upon a treadmill, his chain being fastened so that he cannot advance any distance. Pious connect the axle of the wheel with the driving wheel of the churn, which passes through the dairy wall. This work is no great hardship to dogs, inasmuch as he is never made to labor for any great length of time during the day.

The Missing Owl Restored



LITTLE BOY ran to the Pear Farmer—this time with confidence, for had not the kind man mended so neatly the head of the Humpty Dumpty clown, broken but a few days before?

"Mrs. Screech-Owl has lost one of her children," said Little Boy, breathlessly. "I know, 'cause I peeped from out the belly, where the sexton, who's my chum, often lets me climb,

and I saw that she had only three little owls. She seems so sorry, too, that I thought I'd come to see if you could do anything for her. Please try as hard as you can, Mr. Pear Farmer."

Then the Farmer winked mysteriously, drew out his magic slate and quickly sketched thereon a pear. But not long did it remain a pear. Rapidly it was changed into an owl, when a muttered word of enchant-

ment set it free from the slate—a real owl!

Thanking the Pear Farmer, Little Boy joyfully carried the tin ball of down to Mrs. Screech-Owl, who, I'm sure, was very grateful.

And the Farmer Man, obliging as ever, willingly consented to give Polly Evans a copy of his sketches. These drawings any little boy or girl can make, with a wee bit of patience.

AN UNLUCKY BATH

To the public bathhouse, then, About-Cassem made his way. Outside he met his father, who argued with him, saying it were unmannerly to wear such worn garments, especially the patched slippers. About-Cassem promised to consider the matter, after which he banished the subject from his mind, and proceeded to enjoy a bath.

When the merchant came from his bath he observed a new pair of slippers in the place where the old ones had been.

"My father," he said to himself, "has given them to me."

Therefore, as the present cost him nothing, he donned the slippers gratefully. Hardly had he left the baths when a cadl, or judge, who had been bathing, began to call for his slippers, which he declared had disappeared. Nothing but an old, patched pair was left, however. Thereupon the cadl, in great wrath, sent his slaves after him who had stolen the slippers. As About-Cassem was the last to leave, he it was who was arrested. The cadl's slippers being discovered in his possession, he was fined a large sum of money.

"Surely my slippers have brought me ill luck," lamented About-Cassem. Determined to rid himself of the

At Dinner

WHILE two little boys were walking through a wood when they heard some bees buzzing in a hollow tree. One boy held his head close to a hole to listen. Presently he jumped quickly away, crying to the other:

"Johnny, those bees must be having their dinner, 'cause one stuck his fork in his ear."

New Mineral

ONE day Professor Johnstone was lecturing to some students about mineralogy, and he had with him various specimens of minerals. A rough student put a piece of brick among the minerals. The professor began naming them, and he said:

"This is a piece of coal; this is a piece of iron." He came to the piece of brick. "This is a piece of impudence," he said.