



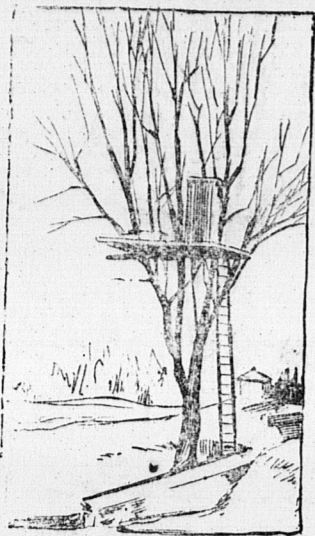
POLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



The Old Hermit of Cameron's Bluff

It might suppose a boy would like to build for himself a home in the treetops. But this tale is of a man who lives there. Of course, a wise man, because only the wisest know what fun can be had in the tree branches.

Years ago this wise man found the companionship of people was too tiresome. He could do better with the birds, the



THE HOUSE IN THE TREE

of the flowers—the growing things of nature. Therefore he became a hermit. Let us suppose it is summer, and that we are on our way to visit the wise man. We are in the town of Lawrence, Kansas. Walking along North Louisiana street, we come to a tract of land, where we proceed to cross. Presently we see before us a ravine, upon the side of which is a great tree—the summer home of the wise man. We should like to be polite and to knock at the door, but we can't, because there isn't any door. So we call out, asking if we will be acceptable as guests. When permission is granted we climb up a ladder that leads to a little platform built in a fork

of the tree. Here, upon a platform just big enough for a box of books, a rug and a shelter for a bed, we find our host.

He greets us kindly. Does General Hugh Cameron—for that is the name the world knows him by. And then, in reply to our questions, he tells us something about himself. Much can be told, for the hermit is 81 years old. He relates stories of the early days of Kansas, before the emigrants came and when the memory of Indian massacres was just beginning to fade; he speaks of his acquaintance with Clay, Webster, Douglas, Horace Greeley; he tells of the stirring days of the Civil War, and of the noble President, Abraham Lincoln. It is like diving into a history book, but much more interesting.

While he is talking we carefully observe the appearance of the old man. His gray hair streams down over his shoulders and his beard (which he has not trimmed since 1887) is tied in a towel. The faded old blue army coat and the old red toboggan cap he wears, because he doesn't think it important for one to spend too much time on dress.

COMFORTABLE ABODE

Under the hermit's guidance, we now descend the ladder. At the base of the tree he shows us his winter house, which is a sort of shed built against the side of the ravine and exposed on one side. Here he keeps a cook stove and a box for his books. The hermit is a great student, spending much time reading. There is also a zinc-lined box, in which he sleeps in cold weather. Letting himself in with a key, he locks it when he is inside.

But the wise man's hut is not without modern improvements. He lights it by electricity, and has telephone connections. The phone he uses mostly to send messages to his farm, Camp Ben Harrison, which is four miles out of Lawrence, at Cameron's Bluff. Here, by the Kansas river, he spends a part of the summer, tilling the ground (using a team of oxen) and tending to his orchard. All the students at the University of Kansas know him. They call him the "old hermit of Cameron's Bluff."

As the "old hermit" courteously bade us good-bye, we wondered why other people aren't wise enough to see that living in the treetops is one of the nicest ways to live.

Abraham Lincoln's kindness to the Fledgling's.



"WHAT YUH GOT, ABE?"

"SOMETHING'S moving in the bushes over there; maybe it's a snake," observed one of a group of boys who trudged through the woods.

The party halted and listened intently to the rustling of leaves and grass. Then a lad stepped to the side of the road, leaning over the thicket whence had come the sound, he presently thrust forth two big hands and carefully raised something from the ground.

"What yuh got, ABE?" came in chorus from the others, as with excited interest they gathered round to inspect the prize.

For answer, Abe revealed two tiny fledglings, which lay trembling and frightened in his broad palms.

"Oh, little birds! Guess they must uv fell from their nest," remarked his companions. Their interest waning, the tough brown feet began to plow forward through the dust. Seeing that Abe paused, they shouted:

"Come on, Abe. Throw 'em away if yuh don't want 'em."

But Abe remained where he stood. A tall boy he was, loosely put together and with a face whose features were so irregular as to make him quite homely. Yet it was a kindly face, and the tender look that lighted in his eyes made it appear almost handsome, as Abe replied:

"Boys, I couldn't sleep tonight if I didn't put these little birds back into their nest."

The youths laughed at this, and chaffed him, but as Abe was such a decent,

lovable sort of chap, they finally said, good-humoredly, "All right; see you later," and went upon their way.

Thereupon Abe proceeded in his search for the birds' home. It took him at least two hours to find it. However, when he had shinned up the trunk and gently replaced the fledglings in their nest, the joy of the poor mother bird more than compensated him for the trouble.

And, in later years, the great President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, was still as kind-hearted and as easily touched by an appeal as the boy, Abraham Lincoln, who had rescued the fledglings from their pitiable plight.

Justice among Animals

T HIRSD and hungry were Uncle George and the lad, Frank, when they arrived at the little inn. They had been climbing all day among the mountain passes in Switzerland, and now that they had reached the little hotel they were only too glad to throw themselves down in comfortable chairs and await the appetizing meal they knew would be prepared in short order.

You may know that in this condition of hunger they were much interested in the work of the cook. Through the half open door they could see him at his labors.

After a while the travelers noticed that a nice looking piece of meat was placed upon a spit and hung over the fire. They then heard the cook whistle sharply. A dog came running up, whereupon the cook stuck a long fork in the meat and motioned to the dog. But the animal did not seem as much interested as the cook apparently believed it should be. It wandered away from the fire. But the cook again brought it back and motioned angrily with his fingers and arms and shoulders.

DESERTED HIS POST

The dog repeated its action again and again. Every time it deserted its post the cook dragged it back, becoming more and more angry by the time the dog had again left the meat. At last the landlord himself appeared on the scene, demanding the cause of the disturbance. The cook related his trouble with many fierce gestures.

"Leave the dog by itself for a moment and see what it will do," advised the landlord.

As the others watched, the animal ran from the room. Shortly it returned by another door, bringing with it a dog which seemed to look exactly like the first. This second dog at once ran to the fire and began dutifully turning the meat round on the spit, by means of the fork.

"I understand it now!" cried the landlord.

"You see," he explained to Uncle George and Frank, who were greatly puzzled by the incident, "the two dogs have been trained to turn the meat, but that the meat will be well done, precisely they do it, too. But the always do the work in turns. As the we first wished to perform the task had already taken his turn, he naturally thought we were unjust to him."



BROUGHT ANOTHER DOG

is willing enough to work at other times; he merely thought he was being imposed upon. And I've no doubt you ran at once for the other dog, explained the trouble to him, and brought him here to do the turning. Clever dogs, aren't they?"

The travelers admitted that the dog were not only clever, but more just one toward the other, than were some people.

The Famous Dish of Olives Marseillaise Legend.

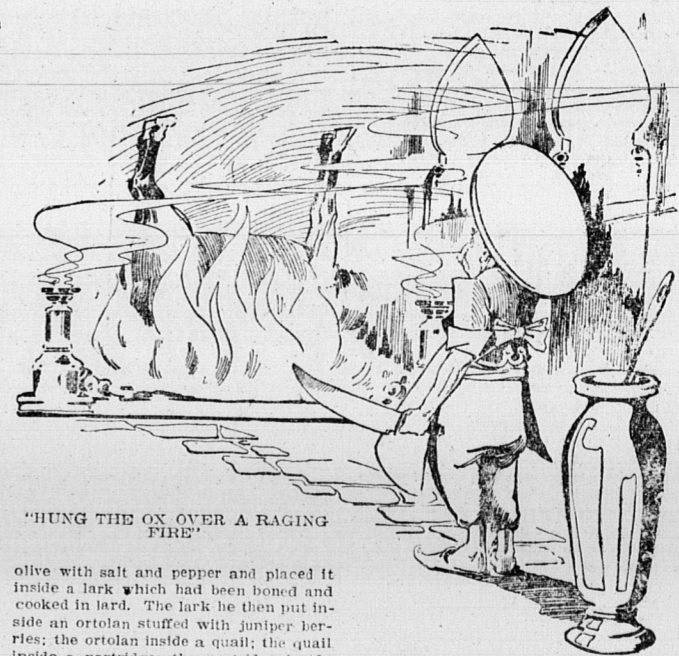
ON THE outskirts of Marseilles there stands a little restaurant which has long been famous. Some one who had not heard the story of Marius Brindamour asked, the other day, how it was that this proprietor had managed to become so wealthy. And the person questioned, astonished at such ignorance, replied that it was by reason of the wonderful dishes that Marius knew so well how to serve. Indeed, one of his superb dishes saved the life of the sultan's cook; a surprising story, one that has passed into the legends concerning the people of Marseilles.

Marius, years ago, was assistant to the cook. Now, the sultan of Turkey was very fastidious about his food, so that when the cook happened to burn a roast he ordered that the luckless man be cast into prison and finally lose his head. The cook, in great distress, pleaded that before he die Marius be allowed to visit him. He knew his assistant to be a bright lad and hoped that by their combined planning he might in some way gain his liberty.

A CHANCE FOR LIFE

"I shall be glad to help you," said Marius. "But first write to the sultan, begging that you be allowed to prepare for him a remarkable dish you have discovered, and that, if you succeed in pleasing him, your life be spared. The secret of this dish I myself hold."

Without waiting to hear of the sultan's consent, which he felt sure his majesty could not withhold, Marius set to work upon the new dish. Taking an olive, he removed the stone, replacing it by an anchovy. He then seasoned the



"HUNG THE OX OVER A RAGING FIRE"

olive with salt and pepper and placed it inside a lark which had been boned and cooked in lard. The lark he then put inside an ortolan stuffed with juniper berries; the ortolan inside a quail; the quail inside a partridge; the partridge inside a pheasant; the pheasant inside a peacock; the peacock inside a turkey; the turkey inside a lamb; the lamb inside a suckling pig; the pig inside a roebuck; the roebuck inside a sheep, and the sheep inside an ox.

Marius now hung the ox over a raging fire and there suffered it to remain until the juices of all the meats had mingled

and trickled through to the olive. After five hours of cooking he took out the olive and put it upon a golden salver. This was the dish that the cook was to present to the sultan.

When the olive was given to the sultan his majesty was exceedingly angry. Did the cook have the impudence to send him this little olive? Well, the cook

did not suffer a thousand tortures, but the sultan put the olive in his mouth. To his joy of joys! he gasped with pleasure. Never had he tasted such a delicious morsel. He shut his mouth and slowly rolled the olive about in his mouth. Thrills of pleasure ran through him. And as he finally swallowed the olive he gave a deep sigh of content.

Summoning the cook before him, he not only gave the man liberty, but bestowed upon him a thousand pieces in gold.

"Is there anything else you would ask of me?" demanded the sultan.

"Speak, and your wish shall be granted."

A PRUDENT WISH

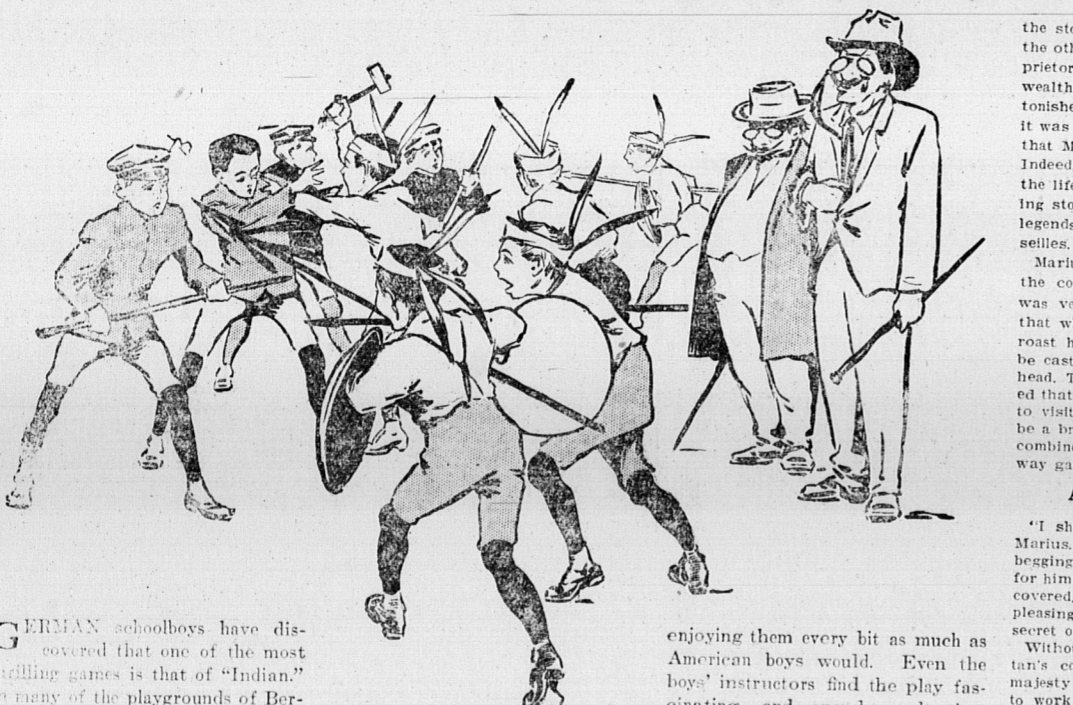
"Only permit me to retire from my service, O most glorious monarch," implored the cook. "My assistant already knows the secret of this dish and can prepare it for you as well as I. I had the man wish to escape ever having his life in peril again."

"Very well," the sultan replied. "Any" roared he, "have the new cook send me a dish covered with the delicious olives!"

Then there was confusion in the royal kitchen. But Marius did not shrink from the onerous task. The dish of olives were provided for the sultan. But the delight of the sultan was so great that he died from the emotion. And Marius, gathering together all the treasure he could lay hands upon, escaped in the excitement and made his way to Marseilles, his birthplace, where he bought the hotel that is now famous.

He says he is ready at any time to supply this olive delicacy for any one who desires it. So far, however, there has been no demand for it. Perhaps because it would be rather expensive.

German Schoolboys play Indian



GERMAN schoolboys have discovered that one of the most thrilling games is that of "Indian." In many of the playgrounds of Berlin you will see them rigged out in wonderful "redskin" suits and arm-

ed with wooden sabers and toy rifles. Bloody battles they have, doubtless

enjoying them every bit as much as American boys would. Even the boys' instructors find the play fascinating, and spend much time watching their pupils assume the characters of Indian chiefs.

She wouldn't say "Please."



"BUT MOTHER SAID NOT A WORD"

T HIPPING into the library, Ruth neglected her check against father's "Daddy?" she murmured. "I suppose you think that now daddy will be sure to say 'yes' to whatever you ask, little girl," remarked her mother, laughingly pinching the rosy cheek.

"Just laughed, too. 'I do wish you would, daddy. You see, Helen has the prettiest bracelet you ever saw, and she hesitated a moment—and—buy me one, too, father!'"

Then, to Ruth's surprise, her father quietly removed her arms from about his neck and thrust her away from him. For an instant she looked at him, with tears in her eyes, then she turned and ran unsteadily to her own room, where she gave way to the sobs that filled her breast. It wasn't that she minded what she regarded as a refusal; but it hurt her to be treated in such a way.

However, the invitation she received by post the next morning banished "Please."

Houses of Whalebone

HERE used to be on the coast of Lancashire, England, a cottage and boathouse made entirely from the remains of a score or so of whales which had been washed ashore some time before. The framework of the building consisted entirely of whalebone, and the dried skins of the huge creatures were neatly and strongly fastened as a covering for walls and roof.

In Scotland there is another building of exactly the same kind. Here the skulls of the whales and some of the heavier bones are used to ornament the outside of the house.

Whose Baby Was It?

THE teacher noticed giggling among certain of her boys, and called upon one of the offenders to tell her the cause.

"Please, ma'am," said the boy questioned, "William says he knows of a baby who was fed on elephant's milk and gained ten pounds a day!"

"William," said the teacher, sternly, "you should not tell lies."

"But it's true, teacher," insisted the boy.

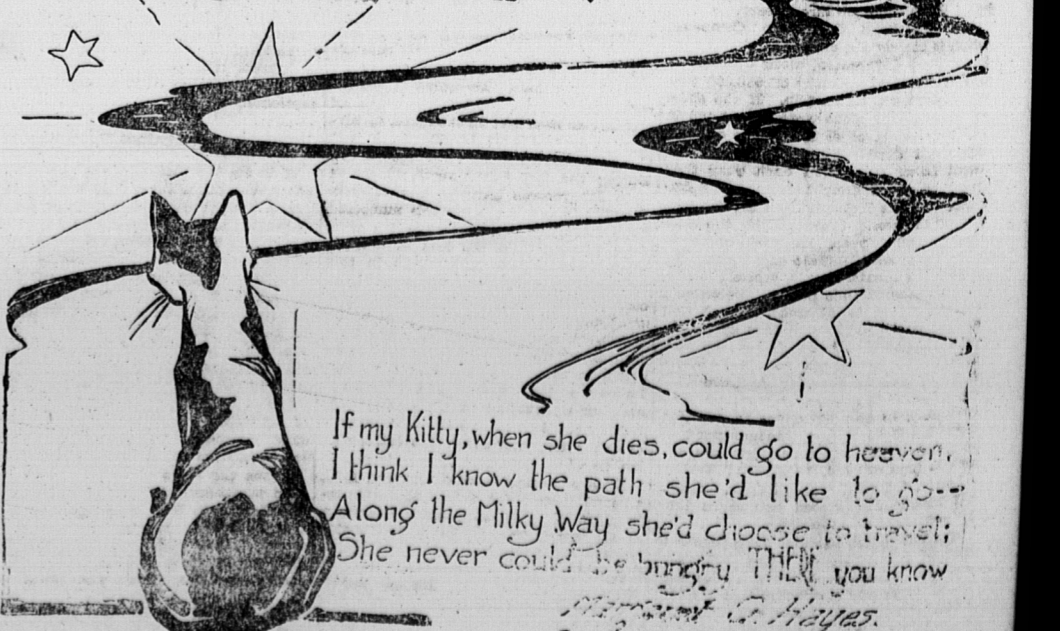
"Whose baby was it?"

"The elephant's," replied the boy.

"Conkers"

ENGLISH laddies find much interest in a game played with horse chestnuts. The boy makes a hole in a horse chestnut with a gimlet, and by means of the hole attaches a long cord to the nut. Then two lads wind their horse chestnuts about in a circle, each holding on to the end of a cord, and try to bash the other together. He who breaks his nut is the loser. The game is called "conkers."

Luncheon on the Way to Pussy Heaven



If my Kitty, when she dies, could go to heaven, I think I know the path she'd like to go—Along the Milky Way she'd choose to travel! She never could be hungry. THEN you know

Copyright © Hayes