

POLLY EVANS' FOR BOYS AND GIRLS STORY PAGE

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Lucy's Wild Flight



GREAT, indeed, was Lucy's delight when she learned that the family was going upon a vacation jaunt to Switzerland.

"What glorious scenery I shall have to paint!" exclaimed she, with eyes glistening in anticipation.

Lucy, you must know, was quite a remarkable little girl, possessing extraordinary artistic talent. Although only 14, she could work in every medium. Oil she handled as well as water colors, and her pencil sketches were of exceedingly high quality. Therefore, you can realize what a trip to the land of snow and glaciers meant to her.

Quick she was to take advantage of her opportunity. No sooner was the family established in a delightful hotel, situated high up on a beautiful mountain, than the gifted lassie began her self-appointed task. Escorted by a

guide, who bore her canvas, she climbed rugged cliffs or sought out little plateaus where nestled quaint little cottages. All that was picturesque she caught and transferred to canvas or notebook.

It was upon one of these trips that she found a little pinnacle, rising high above neighboring mountains. Here she settled herself to paint a landscape of unusual beauty. As she desired to spend a long time at her work, she dismissed the guide, asking him to return in several hours.

So absorbed was she in painting that she failed to notice an inquisitive mountain goat perched on a crag nearby.

More and more intense became the curiosity of the goat. He had seen ordinary people before, but never a big canvas. It bothered him. For a great while he considered, as well as a puzzled mountain goat is able to consider,

Finally he decided that whatever else the canvas was, it was at least an enemy, and should be treated as such. Like a catapult the goat hurled himself headforemost at the unoffending canvas. Through it crashed his horns, as though paper, and held it fast.

Lucy at first was too astonished to move. Then, determined that her precious canvas should not slip away, she grasped it, tugging with all her might and main.

At the same time, a huge eagle which was hovering near espied the goat, swooped down upon it and carried away the goat, the canvas and the clinging girl.

Fortunately, Lucy had the presence of mind to clamber upon the upper surface of the canvas. Here she crouched, while the strange-appearing aeroplane flew above scattered hamlets, from which people came forth to gaze upon it with astonishment.

After a long flight the eagle grew weary. Finding it had not the strength to reach its nest, it deposited the heavy burden upon the mountainside.

You may be sure that Lucy speedily took to her heels and made for the hotel, which was not far distant. She now jokingly declares that she has solved the problem of flying. Nor can any truthful person contradict her statement.

Moving On: The Tale of a Boy Tramp



STOLE THE LOCOMOTIVE

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CONRAD BURGES is a member of the Court of the Mystic Circle of Those who Dare, a boys' secret society, which meets every week and decides upon a task for one of the circle. Should the member refuse or fail in the undertaking he is expelled from the society and branded as a coward. The circle play a joke on Conrad, desiring that he journey to San Francisco and return within six months. The lad takes the sentence seriously, steals from home at midnight and sleeps in a grove of trees. Next morning he is awakened by a tramp, who invites himself to share the food that Conrad bears in a knotted handkerchief.

"Bugs," the tramp, and the boy cross a river on a raft, and, after some little adventure, land in Pennsylvania. They come to a farmhouse, where they are given a splendid meal; afterward the farmer permits them to sleep in his barn. Next morning they receive breakfast and go upon their way rejoicing. Bugs first drawing on the gatepost the tramp sign meaning "Food and lodging."



CONRAD IS INTERCEPTED BY THE BRAKEMAN AS HE CRAWLS FROM THE RODS

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

CHAPTER III

EXCITING TIMES ALONG THE RAILROAD

BUGS led the way toward a freight siding, where box and gondola cars were standing, preparatory to being made up into a train. The hobo carefully examined the doors of the box cars, ascertaining, to his disgust, that all were fastened.

"There's nothing for us to do but ride on the rods," said he. Afterward he explained to Conrad that it was always a feat to be comfortably wedged for travel before the train was in motion.

"You see," observed Bugs, "this hangin' base along the sides of the cars makes it darned hard to get on the rods underneath while the train's a-goin', an' only fools try to grab the rear handle of a car when it's movin' fast, because a feller is like enough to be chucked under the wheels. Besides, it's a tough job to stand on the platform of a box freight on account of the jolt, which can easily throw you between the cars."

He then showed the boy how to stretch himself across the rods, cautioning him against ever riding on the trucks of a freight car. They secured their positions without being observed by the train crew, and a few minutes later the locomotive backed up, pulled the cars off the siding and soon proceeded along its route.

"Better tie a handkerchief over yer nose an' mouth," counseled Bugs, when the train began to move, "or yuh'll be smothered with dust 'n' gravel." They were at first glad to get a great deal of enjoyment in the ride. Shortly, however, he ached from the pressure of the rods. The click-click-click of the wheels as they traveled over the joints of the rails fascinated him, and he commenced to grow careless about gripping the rods, whereupon Bugs sharply advised him to hold as tightly as he could.

"This noise of the wheels often hypnotizes a feller. It gets inter' his brain so 'e forgets what 'e's doin', an' the first thing 'e knows 'e's under the wheels. Understand, bo?"

Conrad promised to be more careful. He tried to bestow no attention upon the monotonous click of the wheels, but it was difficult to help Conrad's head, indeed, was when the train slowed up and finally came to a stop.

"Here's our place," said the tramp. At the same time a trainman approached. Hearing a voice, he bent to look under the car.

"Git, you scamp!" he yelled. Bugs easily eluded the outstretched arm of the brakeman and dashed full tilt down an embankment. The boy was not quite so fortunate, but he managed to wrench himself free from the grip of the trainman got upon his coat and fled after his comrade.

The lad was somewhat frightened. However, his fellow seemed to take the incident as a matter of course. In fact, he apparently had forgotten all about it.

In silence the two trudged, following the course of the roadbed, until they came to a freight warehouse. Here they were lucky enough to get a delicious watermelon which had been damaged somewhat in the unloading of a car of melons. Bearing their prize to a field nearby, they sat under a tree and ate with gusto.

So pleasant the two found it under their feet that they agreed to take advantage of the cool shade and indulge in a nap. This they did, nor did they wake until the sun was near its setting.

Bugs was first to awake. He stretched his limbs lazily; then yawned so loudly that Conrad awoke with a start. The boy still felt sore from his ride, but he was hungry, also; and when the tramp mentioned a place nearby where they could obtain food, he rose with good grace and plodded along with him.

Two buildings came into view—one a farmhouse and the other a curious-looking structure, the windows of which were fitted with iron bars.

"This preacher-farmer that lives here is a good 'un," the hobo explained. He built the tenement house yonder specially for us fellers of the road. He always gives us supper and a bed for the night an' won't make us do any work. One night some mean fellers stole their beds, so now the preacher has the windows protected with bars an' locks the door on us after we go to bed."

The tramps were already in the

house when the newcomers arrived. Conrad observed that, although these hobos were unwashed and more or less dirty generally, they had the appearance of living upon good food—indeed, they did in this county, rightly named the "paradise for tramps." A mighty good supper it was, too; so that all the tramps were in best of humor as they gathered for a chat after the meal.

Conrad was quick to notice that no member of the party was questioned about his life before he became a tramp. Bygone are bygone with the hobo, and each is unwilling to tell of his reasons for wandering.

Yet the boy gained much information as he listened to queer yarns spun. Conversation was started by a tramp who sat industriously mending different articles of apparel belonging to the host. He formerly was a tailor and carried with him a case of sewing materials. Always, upon receiving food and lodging, he undertook to repay hospitality by doing work of this kind.

One glance at Conrad probably convinced the tailor tramp that the boy was new to the hobo life, and inspired this remark: "People have a kind of idea that tramping doesn't need any brains at all, and that any one can be one. Well, two college tramps I've heard of tried it the other day and they found their mistake, sure enough. They made some sort of foolish bet that they could go a certain distance without money. Not more'n a day had passed when they were wishing they could write their names in a hurry. They got through all right in the end, I believe, but they'll never try it again."

"You're right there," said another, heartily; "there's a great deal of brain among the hobos. Look at a No. 1. He can pull a good fat salary when he does a week's work once in a while. A real artist, he is. An' 'e's traveled more miles than any man a-livin'." It takes brains to do that, I say."

So the gossip continued until the nat-

Jimmieboy a very little man



VERY NAUGHTY SCISSORS

TO BE sure, his mamma often called him her little man. He couldn't be a very big man, at 5 years old, now, could he? But Jimmieboy quite forgot the "little" part of it. He soon began to think he was almost a big man.

That was why he was so very cross when he looked into the mirror at his yellow curls, and felt them tickling his neck. How Jimmieboy's mamma loved those curls! She thought them so very beautiful. But Jimmieboy didn't—all the other little men he played with had bobbed hair, or, better yet, hair cut quite short. Jimmieboy felt that curls, "like a girl," made him look like a much, much "tittler" man, and he was determined to look as much as possible like a great, great big man—just like his own papa.

Of course the scissors were partly

to blame—they looked so sharp and wise, and seemed to be saying, "in a squeaky voice, 'We'll help! We'll help!'"

"Clippety-clip! Clippety-clip!" is what they really said, as Jimmieboy opened and shut them in his chubby hands. At each "clippety-clip," a golden curl tumbled to the floor—those beautiful curls that Jimmieboy's mamma loved so!

The scissors were very naughty, of course, to tempt a little man with the squeaky "We'll help! We'll help!" but a little man was even naughtier to listen. He was sure he must have quite forgotten about his mamma. But then, you see, he was so very anxious to look like a much bigger man, and besides, he was so very cross at the curls.

Neither Jimmieboy nor the scissors could quite reach the curl furthest back. I suppose the poor thing felt relieved when it found they simply couldn't chop its head off! Jimmieboy grew very hot and red trying to screw his head around far enough to reach it.

The scissors fell quickly to the floor (cowards that they were), when Jimmieboy's mamma opened the door.

Jimmieboy's mamma didn't scold him. She only cried and sobbed, as if her heart would break, as she picked up the beautiful curls, one by one. Jimmieboy thought he would much rather have a spanking with his papa's slipper than watch his mamma's crying so, and kissing the curls over and over.

I am afraid he looked more than ever like a very little man, after that day, with one lonely curl hanging down his back! That was the way Jimmieboy was punished—for he surely was, when all his little men friends laughed and laughed because he looked so—so funny!

There was another person who was punished, though she hadn't been naughty at all. That was Jimmieboy's mamma—for, you see, she missed the beautiful curls so much. Only one left of them all on the little man's head! The rest were put away in the big treasure trunk, with Jimmieboy's first shoes.

It is too bad the naughty scissors weren't punished, too, since it was partly their fault, I think, they should have at least been put in the corner.

ELSIE PARRISIL

PLAYING INJUN



I LIKE to be an Injun brave, And live in my tepee; Then every single scalp I save To carry round with me.

Folks say it's just pretending, But it's as good as true When in my wigwam spending A day—or maybe two.

Dog Tower is a buffalo; I shoot him as he runs; Like lightning all my arrows go (You see, I don't use guns).

And Tommy Jones comes in to be The Man of Medicine.

A hundred Evil Spirits flee When his powwows begin. We have a dandy time until My sister Sue we take And, with the help of Cousin Bill, Tie her up to the stake.

Then mother always hears her cry, And says, "Boys don't be rough; Now I lose some other game you try—Of this you've had enough."

And that, you know, is just the way—(I think it's mean, don't you?)—They're sure to stop our latest play Long time before we're through.

Dan makes a Tandem

"THERE! She's all done except for the assembling," muttered Dan, with greatest satisfaction as he stood with a giant cycle against the wall of his workshop.

Further reflection was interrupted by the sudden entrance of his sister Nan. Trouble was written upon every feature of the little girl's face.

"Can't I do something?" inquired Dan, with that anxiety which made him the nicest of brothers.

Nan now leaned wearily upon the workbox. "Oh, I suppose it's something nobody can help," said she, hopelessly.

"You see," the lass explained, "sister Eva and I have been invited to a little picnic at Brown's woods tomorrow, and now papa says the horse is too lame to drive, and we can't go. The place is too far away to reach by walking and it's nowhere near a railroad station. Oh, dear! It's just my luck!"

"Things aren't as bad as they seem," cheerily replied the brother. "Both you and I can ride bicycles very well," he added.

"Yes," sighed Nan, "but that won't help us any, because we haven't our wheels any more."

"Dan smiles as he said, triumphantly: "It really DOES help, inasmuch as I've just about completed the finest tandem bicycle you ever saw. It's a new invention of mine. Two persons ride on opposite sides of this great wheel and work pedals that move a gear chain connected with the smaller front wheel. Any one who knows how to ride can use my Twin Bicycle without the slightest difficulty."

"I'm sure, now, that you and Eva will attend your picnic, in spite of the



THEY RODE TO THE PICNIC

fact that the outlook has been so gloomy," he concluded.

"You're just the dearest, dearest brother any girl could have!" cried Nan, rapturously hugging Dan.

Then she ran to impart the good news to Eva, while Dan proceeded to fit together the parts of his remarkable machine.

Of course, the Twin Bicycle worked splendidly, and the two girls had as much fun operating it as they had at the picnic.

Future Captain of Industry.

"Please, sir, have you a match?" asked the small boy of the hurrying pedestrian.

"No, I have not," snapped the man.

"Then buy some," exclaimed the boy as he held out a handful of boxes.

He did business.

The Horse of Louis XII

WHEN King Louis XII of France started on a conquest of Italy he was mounted upon a magnificent warhorse of great size and strength.

A vast number of French noblemen, Swiss pikemen and Gascon bowmen accompanied the king, who, at the outset of his march, was greeted everywhere as a conqueror.

One league having been formed among them on the different states of Italy, one day he found himself with a lone chevalier. The two were surrounded by a large force of the enemy, and the chevalier, fearing for his life, abandoned his royal master.

King Louis was summoned to surrender, but having great faith in his horse, refused. This confidence was not misplaced, for the fiery beast leaped upon the enemies, overthrew several and kicked out bravely with his hoofs, so that the king escaped.

Wishing to do honor to the gallant horse and at the same time punish the chevalier for cowardice, the king ordered the man and beast to be brought before him.

When the chief nobleman also were assembled, King Louis reproached the chevalier for his disloyalty, and, declaring him unworthy of bearing armor, had the mail taken from him.

Then upon the horse was placed the chevalier's accoutrements, even to the spurs, which were attached to the animal's hoofs, and the horse was dubbed a chevalier.

The cowardly chevalier was presented



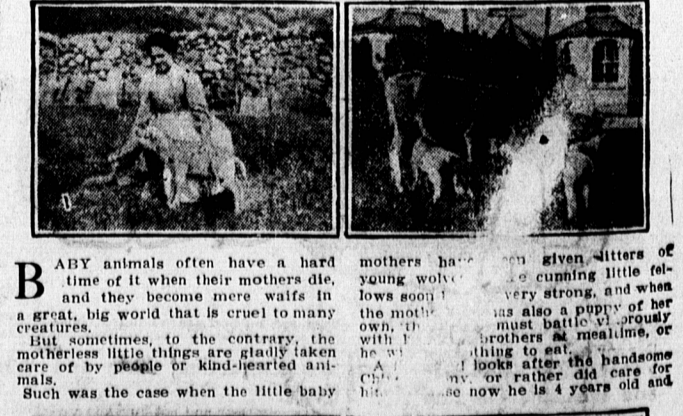
THE CHEVALIER'S HUMILIATION

with the harness, the bit being placed between his teeth and the saddle upon his back, after which the court jester was instructed to ride the human mount in front of the chevalier's tent, and the soldiers jeer at the disgraced chevalier.

At last, so fatigued was the poor nobleman that he begged for mercy. Thereupon he was led upon his hands and knees to the stable, where he was given a pail of water and some hay to eat from the manger.

Meanwhile, the despoiled horse was installed in the chevalier's tent, handsomely decorated in gold and emblazoned with the lord's coat-of-arms. Here was set before him the most tempting dishes. Thus both man and horse were given their rewards, according to their deeds.

Kind Foster-mothers



BABY animals often have a hard time of it when their mothers die, and they become mere waifs in a great, big world that is cruel to many creatures.

But sometimes, to the contrary, the motherless little things are gladly taken care of by people of kind-hearted animals.

Such was the case when the little baby lamb lost its sheep mother. A nice lady became its foster-mother, and carefully brought it up on the bottle.

Other lambs found a tender foster-mother in the cow, whose picture you see. Very proud is bossy of her woolly charges, and ever so fond of them.

Woe very frequently do not flourish when left to their mothers. So, at the London zoo, two collie mongrel foster-

mothers have been given litters of young wolves. These cunning little fellows soon become very strong, and when the mother dies they must battle bravely for their own lives, and are often killed by the other animals.

May all forlorn little mites fall into the hands of such good foster-mothers!



THE FOSTER-MOTHER