

What Happened to Polly



THE MANIKIN APPEARS

It was an exceedingly warm day out on the farm. The wind had died completely down, and old Sol was doing his best to make things hot for everybody. The bees hummed so softly and drowsily that one knew they must be half asleep; even the flowers drooped their heads to keep off the sweltering sunshine and to take a little nap on the sly.

Polly dressed herself wearily across the orchard, meanwhile keeping her eyes open for the biggest tree that made the thickest shade. Presently finding it, she dropped down like a lump of lead, instead of like the very spry, lively little girl of 10 she really was. She thought she must be almost as old as grandma, who had just reached her fiftieth birthday, and Polly thought that was "awful old," so old that she often wondered how it was grandma could get around at all. Of course, she didn't tell this to grandma, for somehow the old lady, as Polly thought her, didn't seem to be old at all—in fact, quite the contrary, especially when she was dressed up for church, with those new puffs on her head, which she had bought the last time she was in town, and that leghorn hat with a long, white feather sweeping over its upturned side. But there; this story is about Polly, not grandma!

As I have said, Polly found the big, broad tree she was hunting for and threw herself flat down on the soft, green grass. It was a very nice place. I shouldn't have minded being there myself if I had the chance. From under her half-closed lids Polly could see the men in the adjoining field busy taking in the hay. She could see brother Tom, who was only two years older than she, gathering up forkfuls of a pretty big size for him, and tossing them into the wagon. Tom was warm, too, and somewhat cross, because grandpa should think it wise for boys to be kept out of mischief by giving them a little work to do. So Polly smiled quietly, all to herself, at Tom's fierce frown, for she knew right well he couldn't see her 'way under those low-hanging branches, and so couldn't tell grandma where she was. Grandma, rarely idle herself, thought it was only right that



"I'LL NEVER SNEAK AWAY AGAIN," SAID POLLY.

this little city-girl, who was paying her such a lengthy visit, should help all she could. Now, Polly wasn't lazy as a usual thing, but it was so hot today that instead of going into the rose garden to dig a little and pull off the dead leaves, as she was accustomed to doing in the morning, why she sneaked—yes, sneaked—(I know it isn't a pretty word, but it's just what she did) sneaked off way up in the orchard where she knew no one would ever think of looking for her. That sneaking troubled Polly's conscience quite a good deal—but the grass was so lovely and green, the shade so pleasant, and besides, there was a little bit of breeze, just a stray zephyr

WHISTLE MADE LOVE SONGS.

How a Driver on Virginia Railroad Won a Bride.

"Then You'll Remember Me," played on the siren whistle of his locomotive, followed by "Love Me and the World is Mine" and other classics, has won a bride for Robt. Freeman Ellington, engineer on the Southern Railway.

The only siren whistle courtship in the history of love-making appeared to Miss Margaret Angel, a Manchester, Virginia, belle. She lived near the railroad. The night siren serenaded rising above the rattle of the trains won her heart.

It's strictly against railroad rules to blow off steam into love songs, but Ellington has won a pardon from the chivalrous master mechanics and train masters of the Southern.

For weeks the officials were hunting for the unknown engineer who

from the tip of old Boreas' wing—if Boreas has a wing—which made it next to impossible for human nature, especially little girl nature, to resist. So there she stayed, listening to the voices of the men calling one to the other, the soft pad, pad of the horse's feet, the gentle droning of the persistent bee, and an occasional chirp from a sleepy sparrow.

All of a sudden, a funny-looking little man stooped under the branches and peeped in at her.

"My, what a lazy girl," said he, "leaving your grandma to do all the clipping and digging in the rose garden while you come up here to loaf! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Just come out now, I'm working at something and I don't mean to do it alone when there's a big, strong girl so near to help me. Hop up and get a move on you!"

Polly stared wide-eyed at the queer figure. She was annoyed at his familiar manner, yet afraid to resent it.

COMMANDS POLLY TO HELP

"Come along," he continued, "or—" and he made a motion as if to come toward her, but Polly sprang up quickly, exclaiming excitedly, "I'm coming! Can't you give me time?"

"Well, I'm glad you are," he replied, "for I'm tired to death, and can't push that wheelbarrow of dishes any further, so you'll have to do it for me."

"Wheelbarrow of dishes!" echoed Polly, aghast; "why I couldn't do such a thing. It would be too heavy for me."

"Nonsense!" The little man laughed heartily. "Too heavy for you—a great, big, fat girl like you? How absurd!" Polly pouted. Tom was all the time calling her fat and she didn't like it a bit. So she wasn't any better pleased now.

"Where did you get the dishes?" she asked, rather pertly.

"Get 'em? See here, young lady, you don't think I stole 'em, do you? Where would I get 'em but out of the garden? You didn't suppose I got 'em in a shoe shop? Ha! ha!"

"Oh, I don't know," he returned, airily, "I ain't so badly educated."

Before Polly could speak he called out: "Get on, get on, one, two, three, up the goat!"

Very slowly they crept on, the sun growing hotter and hotter, and Polly more and more tired and fretful. Pretty soon the little man pulled off his coat, and throwing it over Polly's shoulders, panted: "Whew! but the weather's tan-

THEY REPROACH EACH OTHER

"Oh, no; just a couple of miles," was the cheerful response.

"You're a wicked, cruel man," she said, sobbing as if her heart would break, "to treat me this way. My grandma would never do it."

"No, I guess not," replied the little man seriously, and engaging his head; "but all the same, you were very mean to grandma, leaving her to get a sun-stroke, or any old thing, out there weeding the garden, for all you cared."

Polly couldn't help smiling, in spite of her distress. "You certainly call things by queer names," she said, drying her eyes.

"Oh, I don't know," he returned, airily, "I ain't so badly educated."

"Got the dishes out of the garden?" repeated Polly, much puzzled. "They must be queer kind of dishes."

"Well, just come along with me and push 'em for me, and you'll see the kind of dishes they are, fast enough."

Polly moved forward slowly. She didn't want to push the wheelbarrow—in fact, knew she couldn't—and was most ready to cry at the thought; but she was afraid the little man would catch hold of her if she didn't go with him, so she just HAD to do it.

"It's dreadful hot in the sun," she grumbled, complainingly, as she left the shade of the tree.

used company coal to make the night beautiful, but Ellington, aided by the other railroad men escaped. Now he's married, and the officials have seen his pretty bride and they don't blame him.

"A railroad man doesn't get much time to court," they decided. "We'll call this an exception."

Now Ellington has a little home not far from the yards, and every night when he pulls out for his run, he whistles "Then You'll Remember Me." And the Mrs. sits by the open window and smiles. Ellington, his wife, and his tunes, are destined for a wider fame. During the Chapman-Alexander revival at Manchester, Mr. Alexander heard the strains of music one night. "I bet that man is sending a message to someone," he said.

The idea appealed to Dr. Chapman, who used it as the text for his

sermon that night. Later the evangelists found the engineer and got pictures of him, his wife, his pretty home and the welded steel instrument of love. He will use them in slides in all his sermons around the world.

"There's a very pretty moral for every one in the story," Dr. Chapman says.—Philadelphia Star.

Too Busy to Grow

THE diminutive office boy had worked hard on a salary of \$3 a week, faithful and quiet. Finally, however, he asked for an increase.

"How much more would you like?" inquired his employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I don't think that \$1 more a week would be too much."

"You are a rather small boy to be earning \$4 a week," he replied. "I know I'm small for my age, but to tell the truth, since I've worked here I've been so busy I haven't had time to grow."

He got the "rise."

"Yes, that's so; but other people have to work in the sun—grandma, for instance, and—"

At the mention of Tom, Polly turned quickly, intending to call him to her aid, but the hay had all been gathered in and the field was quite empty. Indeed, there was no one in sight anywhere.

"No use looking for Tom," said the little man curtly; "he's gone home long ago, so come on and push them dishes."

"Them dishes!" said Polly, contemptuously.

"Oh, I presume you'd say 'them there dishes,' wouldn't you, now?" he returned, ironically. "Well, I'm not so high-toned. 'Them dishes' is good enough for me."

A FUNNY KIND OF DISHES

Polly sniffed, but by this time she had reached the wheelbarrow. After looking intently at it for a moment, she exclaimed in a surprised voice: "Dishes! Are those what you call dishes? Ha! ha! ha!"

"My, but you think you're funny," remarked the little man, gazing at her disapprovingly.

"I'm not funny. You are," grinned Polly. "Why, do you call those things 'dishes'?"

"Oh," he inquired in a very affected tone, "and pray may I ask what YOU would call them?"

"Why, radishes, of course, you simple thing," she said, derisively.

"Simple thing, am I, Miss Smarty?" he cried angrily. "It's enough now, you grab hold of those handles, and

cankrous; put that on and it will keep off the sun."

"What do I do?" she rebelliously cried, pitching it on the ground.

"Here, miss, that's my Sunday go-to-meeting costume, I'll have you know." He picked it up and carefully shook it. Then placing it again over her, he said, with a nod: "What'll keep out the cold will do the same for the heat."

Polly shook herself angrily, but the coat hung on, seeming to grow heavier and bigger with every move she made, until it came almost to her feet.

"You'll sneak off, will you, you mean, little thing!"

"I'm not! I'm not!" sobbed Polly bitterly.

Suddenly, without warning, the fellow began singing in a high, cracked voice:

Oh, pretty Polly, don't you cry,
Or that'll give you a lumped-up eye;
Then you'll give a cold in your head,
Which'll make your nose just fiery red.
Tidy, tidy, tidy, busy as—

"I was always a great singer and poet," he remarked conceitedly.

"I guess no one ever thought so but yourself," snapped Polly.

"Oh, now you're getting nawsty," reproached he, "and I don't like nawsty folk. But come, we must be jumping, for it's getting late, and, besides, we are to take on a lot of pumps after while."

"Pumps?" repeated Polly, mystified.



POLLY TRUNDLES THE BARROW OF "DISHES."

don't be so saucy. You may call them 'radishes,' but life's too short to put so many syllables to one word. So I'll call them 'dishes' if I want."

"Syllabubbs!" giggled Polly; "why that's what we have for dessert. You mean syllables."

"There, there, you're much too clever for such a young thing. Just push now, and don't talk so much, for a change."

The man came threateningly toward her. "You won't, won't you? Well, we'll see about that. You shan't treat me as you did grandma."

This time Polly opened her mouth wide and yelled with all her might: "Grammal Grammal!"

At that moment a familiar voice fell on Polly's ear. "Here she is, Tom! My, Polly child, what a fright you gave us!"

Polly opened her eyes with a start, to find herself still stretched out under the shady tree, but the little man had vanished, and there was grandma kneeling close beside her.

"Oh—oh—oh!" she wailed, "what an awful dream I had—what a dreadful dream I had—"

Tom, brother-like, grinned. "That's what you got for sneaking," he said, unsympathetically.

"Sneak," thought Polly; "there's that disgusting word again!" And throwing herself straight into grandma's arms, she sobbed pently, "Oh, grandma, grandma, forgive me; I'll never, never sneak again!"

"There, there," comforted grandma, smiling, and kissing the tearful eyes, "there, sweetheart, don't cry. I don't believe you ever will."

And Polly never did.

KATHERINE CROSBY MURPHY.

Made a Fuss

LARA, aged 6, did not know the meaning of an encore, and was very much disgusted with the children's concert in which she took part.

"I just knew we didn't make a single mistake," she exclaimed, "yet the people in front got cross and made such a fuss that we had to do it all over again."

Tommy's Answer

A MERRY company was assembled at the dinner table, and all enjoyed the feast of good things provided by the genial hostess.

One of the guests in a jocular manner asked little Tommy, the son of the hostess, where the turkeys came from.

"Dunno," he answered; "but I can tell you where this one came from" (pointing to the one on the table). "Ma got it from a tramp for a half dollar, 'cause the man said he stole it. Didn't he, ma?"

Use for School.

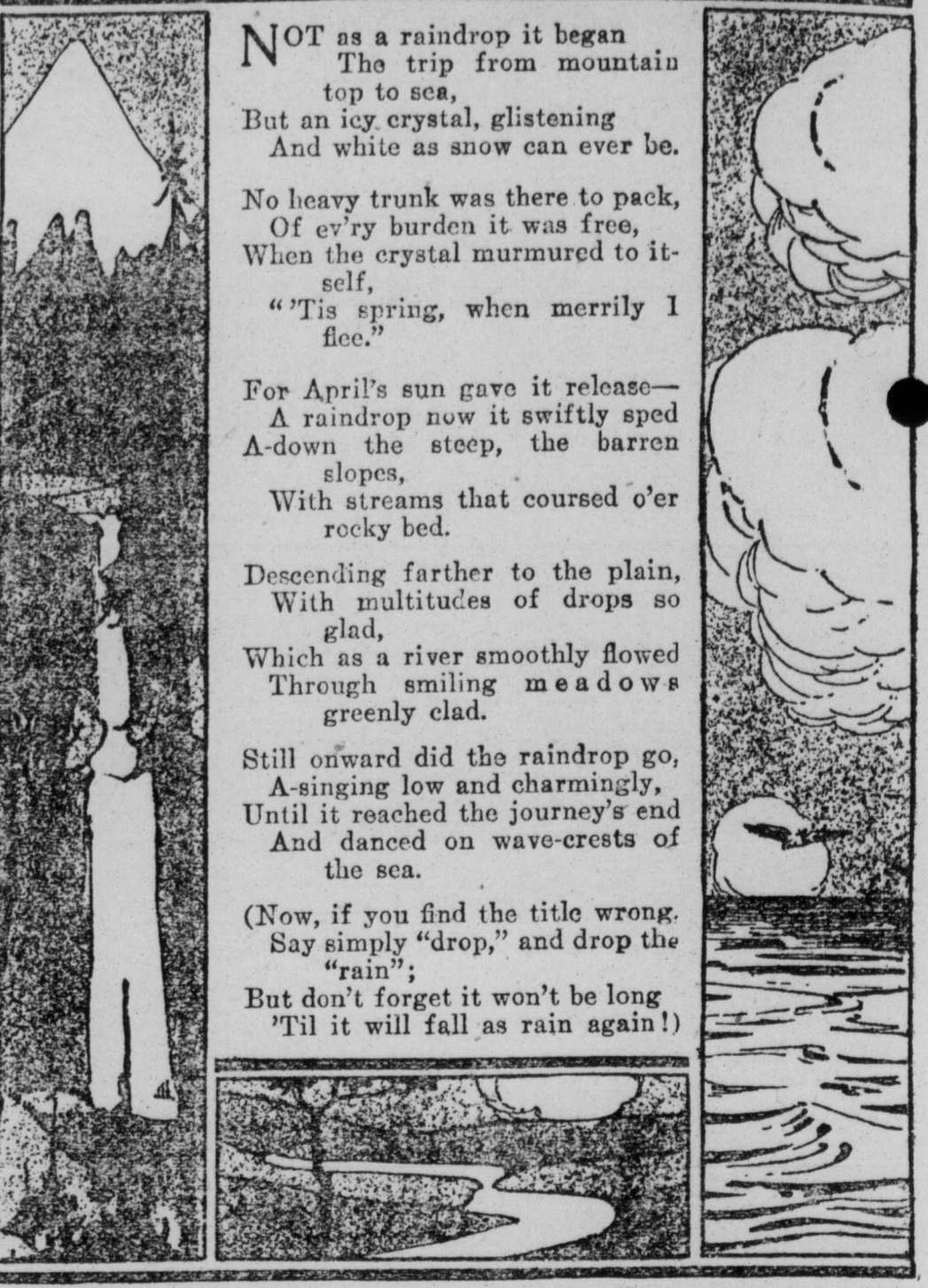
"Well, my little man," said a clergyman to the son of one of his parishioners, "what do you do in school all day?"

"I wait till it's time to go home, sir!"

Mortality under Chloroform

Only one person in 10,000. The hair from the tail of a horse is the strongest single animal thread known.

A Raindrop's April Trip



NOT as a raindrop it began
The trip from mountain
top to sea,
But an icy crystal, glistening
And white as snow can ever be.

No heavy trunk was there to pack,
Of every burden it was free,
When the crystal murmured to itself,
"Tis spring, when merrily I flee."

For April's sun gave it release—
A raindrop now it swiftly sped—
A-down the steep, the barren
slopes,
With streams that coursed o'er
rocky bed.

Descending farther to the plain,
With multitudes of drops so
glad,
Which as a river smoothly flowed
Through smiling meadows
greenly clad.

Still onward did the raindrop go,
A-singing low and charmingly,
Until it reached the journey's end
And danced on wave-crests of
the sea.

(Now, if you find the title wrong,
Say simply "drop," and drop the
"rain";
But don't forget it won't be long
'Til it will fall as rain again!)

SILK AND GOWNS FOR DOG

FASHION IN LONDON REACHES
LIMIT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

Silver Plate and Bowl to Eat From
Instead of the Kitchen
Plate.

The cult of the toy dog has been increasing every year, and no smart woman is seen in London without a diminutive ball of brown or black or grey fluff under her arm. It is said, however, that 1909 is going to rival all its predecessors in extravagant fashions for the scented canine pets.

A toy dog will soon be a more expensive luxury to keep than a motor-car. One well-known society woman has a maid for a couple of miniature Pomeranians, and the little animals' outfits cost as much as many women spend on their own wardrobe.

"The modern dog, who only weighs as much as a fair-sized doll, is one of the most important members of the household," the manager of a West-end firm said the other day. "It is as necessary for us to cater for him as for his owner or her children."

PLATES AND DRINKING BOWLS.

The old kitchen plate for the miniature 'toy' is out of the question now-a-days. Every pet has a little plate stamped with his name and a drinking bowl. These are made in anything from fine china to pewter or even real silver.

The high-bred toy dog suffers intensely in the cold weather, and for this reason sweaters and miniature cardigan jackets are being made. The sweaters are crocheted or knitted, and cost about \$2.50. The cardigan jacket is made of brilliant scarlet flannel fastened with gilt buttons.

"Another novelty is a rain coat made of silk waterproof, lined with a contrasting color. It is very useful in these days, when a woman always takes her dog out motor-ing. They are made with a hood to draw over the head.

"Dogs' boots have been seen before, but this year they are being knitted or crocheted in thick wool to put on at night when Fido is tucked up in his basket.

"Miniature dog blankets are made of grey tweed, bound with a bright colored braid, with the spoiled creature's monogram embroidered in one corner."

A most ingenious travelling bag for toy dogs will be seen this season. It is made of canvas lined with cloth. The bag contains a comb and brush, a tooth brush and nail clip, and a hand brush to draw on like a glove, made of fibre tent-drills, with which the dog is scrubbed in his bath every morning.

The rest of the outfit comprises a cake of scented soap, some cold cream, a soft bath towel and a bottle of perfume.

PLAYTHINGS FOR FIDO.

The toy dog's playthings are made of India rubber, and consists of balls, solid dolls, mice or tiny replicas of himself.

The latest bed for Fido is not a basket. This resting place he selects in the daytime, but at night

he is provided with a miniature armchair. It is fitted with a down pillow, and there is a white fur rug to put over him.

Solid gold or silver bracelet collars are fashionable for the toy dogs. These are engraved with the name and address of the owner, and are often set with gems.

ARISTOCRATIC PAUPER.

Wore Eye-Glass and Carried Silver-Mounted-Stick.

Richmond (England) Board of Guardians have just discovered in their workhouse a pauper who has been in the habit of writing begging letters from that institution.

There arrived at the workhouse for the man, whose name is Slater, a letter which an official suspected contained money. On opening the envelope there was found in postal order for £1 from a gentleman at Stoke-on-Trent. When interrogated Slater admitted that he had written letters to people all over the country asking for money, which was forwarded to him in postal orders. He always, he declared, addressed the letters from "2 Grove road," which is the registered postal address of the workhouse.

Slater was called before the board for an explanation, and created great surprise when he appeared before the guardians attired in a heavy double-breasted coat, with an eye-glass, and a silver-mounted walking-stick, presenting a very distinguished appearance.

The guardians, after discussing various alternatives, such as retaining the money to pay for his maintenance or returning it to the sender, decided to give the man the postal order, and with it his marching orders. Slater was accordingly told that he was now no longer destitute, and must leave the workhouse.

ALCOHOL FOR COLDS.

Medical Authority Tells of Fallacy of Belief in This Cure.

Dr. C. Stanford Read of New York, a medical authority, smashes that daring belief of so many persons that something "with a stick in it" will cure a cold.

"One of the most prevalent ideas at the same time, erroneous ideas concerning alcohol is that it prevents colds. How often do we hear the remark made to a guest, who is about to leave his host on a cold night: 'Now, do have a drop of something to keep the cold out.' Now, if there is anything that is certain in this world it is that alcohol lets the heat out and therefore predisposes to chill. It dilates all the superficial blood vessels of the body, thereby giving temporarily the sensation of a glow of warmth, and it is from this added heat that the temperature is lowered by radiation. In the very cold regions the inhabitants know only too well this effect of alcohol, and, realizing the danger, have to be abstemious in order to preserve their lives, and one finds, as a matter of fact, that persons who are frozen to death—in this country, at least—have usually met that fate through their having been in a state of intoxication when cold overtook them."