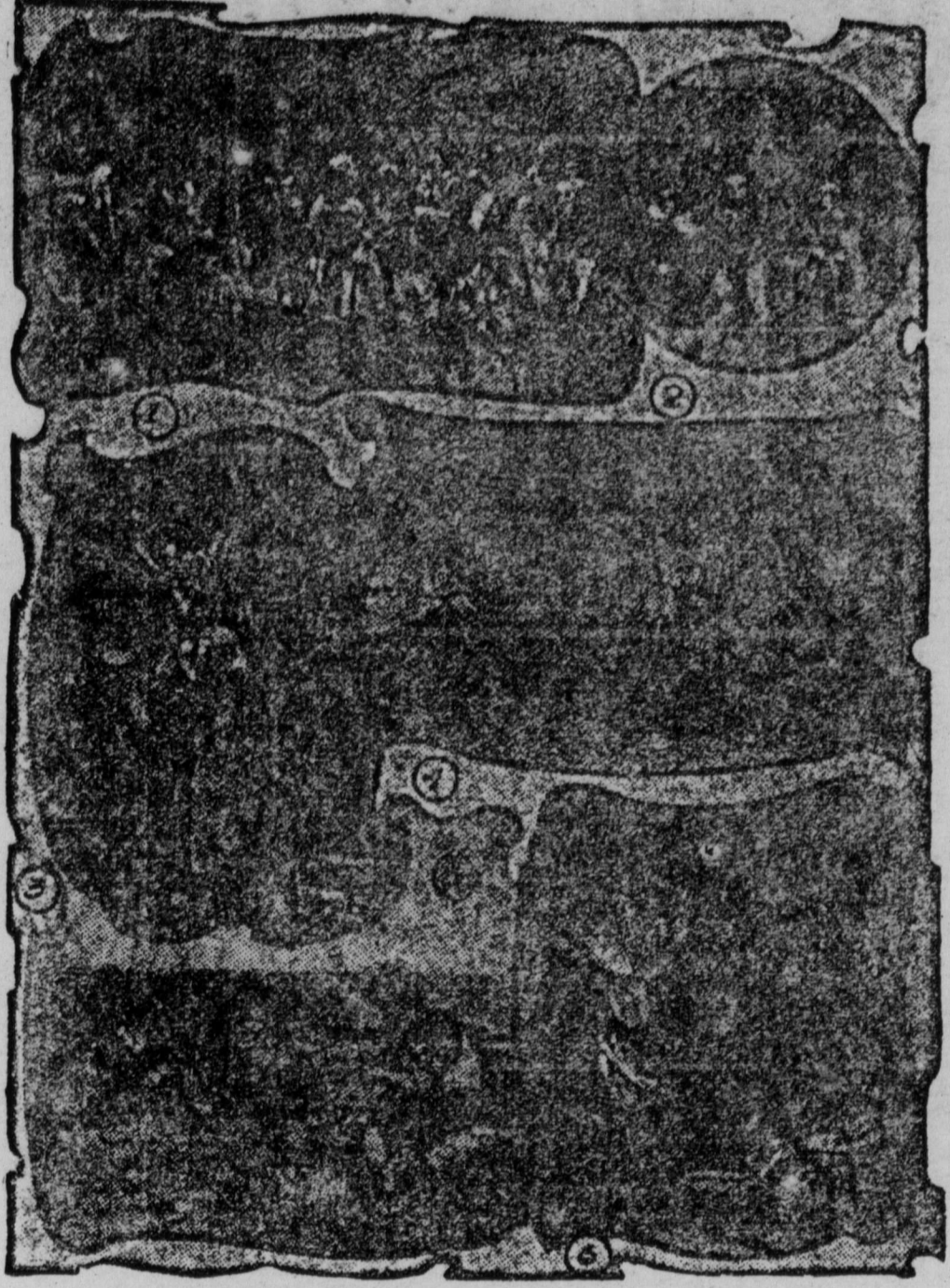


# Doll Pageantry

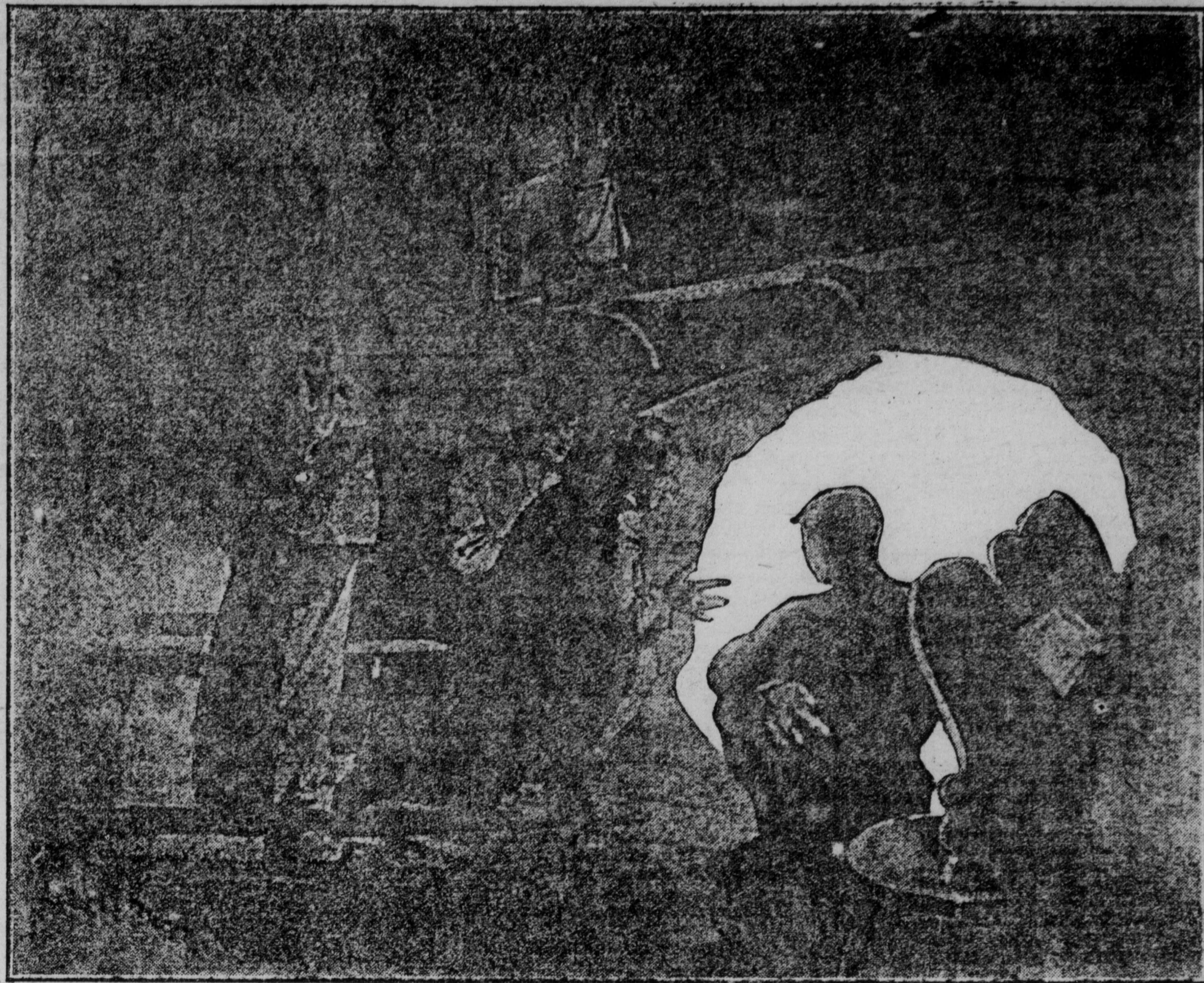


PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TABLEUX

**D**OLLIES are rapidly coming into the honors which are theirs by right. For many, many years grown-ups have pretended to despise dolls; but the little girls and the very little boys, who are by far the wisest, have stoutly championed the cause of the doll-baby. And now the grown folk have at last given in; so that dolls have come to play an important part in a London tableau, by which the entire history of England was portrayed.

In the Pageant of Dolls, recently presented at 8 Tufston street, Westminster, groups of dolls were em-

ployed to illustrate historical scenes, well-known pictures, and even incidents from fairy stories and legends. For instance, the first photograph shown above represents Shakespeare reading his sonnets to Queen Elizabeth and her court; in the second the dolls are made and dressed to look like Henry VIII and his children. The doll-boy is climbing after birds' eggs in the third tableau. The fifth shows Sir Walter Raleigh, as a boy, listening to the tales of Yeo the sailor. And in the last you see the baby Moses being discovered in the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter.



BEFORE A COMFORTABLE FIRE IN THE HOME FOR SHIPWRECKED MEN

**SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALLMENT.**  
HOWARD RUTHERFORD is visiting his cousin Jim who lives at Pleasant Point, on the coast of Nova Scotia. He is about to write a letter to his father, asking permission to buy a pony such as his cousin owns, when Jim induces him to go for a sail with Captain Barnaby on the fishing smack Saucy Minerva. The boys, together with Sim, a stowaway, are out on a small boat tawling over the Sable Island bank when a storm overtakes them and casts them upon Sable Island. Here they are discovered by a mounted patrolman.

**CHAPTER II.**  
**GUESTS OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.**  
LED by the coast guardman, the party made its way with the greatest difficulty to the station buildings. Finally they reached a shelter. The guard struggled to open a door, which furiously banged to behind them.

Upon their host's invitation the trio of castaways dropped almost exhausted into comfortable chairs. The light shone upon a hearth lined with sheets of burnished copper torn from the keel of some shipwrecked vessel, and was reflected upon rows of carved lockers having rich Spanish mahogany facings. As soon as they had recovered breath and somewhat of composure they retired to den dry clothing kindly furnished them.

"How in the world your little bit of a dingy lived through that storm and carried you through the breakers, I cannot see!" "I don't understand it myself," returned Sim, and then he related how they had been tawling, and had failed to make the Saucy Minerva when the gale arose. Within the next few hours the storm abated, the wind subsiding and the fog lifting to some extent. Early in the evening Sim and the boys were escorted to the superintendent's dwelling. That gentleman cordially shook hands with them, saying as he did so, "I must congratulate you on having escaped from the sea, even if you should have been thrown on this miserable sandspit."

"I wonder if Captain Barnaby got home all right?" said Howard, suddenly.

The superintendent smiled. "Don't you worry about the Saucy Minerva," said he. "I know the boat and I know its captain. Barnaby is the most daring seaman around these parts, and the most skillful, too. Indeed, there aren't many sea captains who would venture at all upon the Sable Island bank, which has well earned its title of the 'Graveyard of the North Atlantic.'"

"Treachery and sandbars stretch twelve miles from the dunes on the Sable side, so that even in fair weather ships must keep a respectful distance, while in a heavy storm breakers extend out as far as sixteen miles. We have quite a record for shipwrecks, you know. Beginning with the wreck of the Admiral, used in Mr. Humphrey Gilbert's ill-fated expedition to Newfoundland, in 1585, these tragedies have extended up to the present time, with an average of sixteen wrecks every ten years, and there probably are many more which are never heard of. In fact, the Canadian government has established up here for the express purpose of rendering aid to ships in distress."

"But I'm tired," added the superintendent, quickly; "besides, I'll have ample time to chat with you, too, as the packet boat will not arrive

for several days. I'm afraid you must be my guests for a little while, whether or not the idea is agreeable to you."

Howard and Jimmy were invited to remain under the superintendent's roof, while Sim found lodging with the boat crew. You may be sure that the tired trio were not long in availing themselves of an opportunity to journey to slumberland.

## CHAPTER III.

**THE WRECK.**  
THE island was wrapped in a heavy fog when the lads awoke next morning. After breakfast they begged the superintendent's permission to ride with the patrol, which they were told, was always pestered in bad weather. Their host readily acceded to this request and provided ponies for them. He gave them into the care of George Freeman, a guard.

George took them upon an inspection tour of the main station, including buildings for the superintendent and coast patrol, a sailor's home for shipwrecked men, boathouse, storehouses and barns, and a lighthouse. Then, mounting the ponies, they cantered briskly along the beach.

How Jimmy remarked the number of black ledges of rock near the shore. "They aren't rocks, they're seals," explained the guard. "I wouldn't be surprised if you'd come upon an entire herd of them in a minute."

Sure enough, a little further on, they saw many of the sleek, black fellows lying upon the sand. At their approach the wary old males snuffed the air, with gray mustaches waving in the wind. Then they led the herd in a lumbering retreat toward the water, as George and the boys charged the

seals at full tilt, shouting and laughing at the alarm of the animals. Rolling, wallowing toward the surf, the seals grunted in relief when once they reached water, where they regarded their tormentors curiously, and swam along for more than a mile in a course parallel with the riders.

A pause was made at the outlook station, on the eastern extremity of the island. Resuming the ride along the beach they began to pass cliffs, where the hills had been hollowed out on the sea side. Here they disturbed thousands of sea gulls, which circled screamingly above their heads.

## Keeping Baby Quiet

"WILL I ever finish this sewing?" exclaimed Madge, in discouragement. "Baby, please, oh, please, be quiet!"

What a wicked, tantalizing baby he was! Instead of responding to Madge's pleading, he kicked his chubby little heels against his high chair and shrieked at the top of his voice: "Baby-play! Baby-play!"

"Yes, baby wants to play; baby always wants to play!" cried Madge, in tearful indignation.

There seemed to be no remedy. Yes, she would have to stop and twitch that stupid jumping-jack up and down to amuse baby; nor could she pause a single moment, for then baby would immediately cry and howl with all his might. With a sigh she dropped



AMUSED BABY AS SHE SEWED

her sewing, murmuring to herself: "Now there won't be the slightest chance of having my dolly's new dress done in time for my party tomorrow." So she patiently jerked the manikin up and down. As was to be expected, baby at once stepped crying and crowded and smiled joyfully. But Madge didn't smile back. She couldn't help thinking of Dolly in her old worn-out dress at the party.

And yet the dress was finished, after all! It was the simplest idea in the world, and why she had not thought of it before Madge could not imagine. She'd been holding the jumping-jack several minutes when her arm began to tire. Then, thoughtlessly attaching it to the needle support of the sewing machine, she moved the pedal. The jumping-jack naturally leaped up and down, as before. Madge clapped her hands.

"Why I can sew and amuse baby at the same time!" cried she. And so she could. The sewing was done rapidly, while baby was more pleased than before, at seeing the wheels of the machine spin round and the toy dart up and down.

## NO WONDER.

Mother (viciously scrubbing her small boy's face with soap and water)—"Johnny, didn't I tell you never to blacken your face with burnt cork again? Here I have been scrubbing half an hour and it won't come off."

Boy (between gulps)—"I—uch! I—ain't your little boy—uch! I—Mose, de colored lady's boy."

## Legend of an Emperor's Pig

**C**ENTURIES ago there lived a Chinese emperor who was very fond of little pigs. He would have liked very much to have one for a pet but that pigs were so dirty.

"But the pigs should not be blamed for their uncleanness," said the emperor. "It is the fault of people who do not properly care for them. Raise a pig as it should be raised, and it will be as gentle and clean as a lamb."

To prove he was right, the emperor had a pig taken from its mother as soon as it was born, and brought into the palace. There it ate from silver platters, lay on velvet carpets, and was thoroughly washed each day. And the little pig soon became a big pig. Beautiful was it to look upon, so that the emperor was immensely proud of it.

One day, therefore, he resolved to exhibit his pet to the townsfolk. A velvet coat worked with gold was placed under the pig, jewels were put in its nose and golden rings in its ears. Then the emperor led it forth with a silken

cord. All went well for a while, the pig following his master quietly, and docilely.

But they came to a filthy ditch where other pigs were lying. Instantly the emperor's pig forgot its breeding and everything it had learned. Rushing into the ditch, it rolled in the mud, spilling its pretty coat, and squealing aloud for joy.

Sorrowful, indeed, was the emperor, as he returned to the palace. While he sat thinking about his disappointment, suddenly a fairy appeared.

"I can make your pet gentle and as well-behaved as a lamb," she said.

Therefore the emperor gave his pet into the care of the fairy, who immediately cut out the pig's heart, replacing it by that of a lamb. And when the pig was returned to the emperor he found that it was now as nice a pet as one could wish for. But he learned, also, that only by giving a pig another heart, and thus changing its nature, could it be made different in habits from other pigs.



## INVENTIVE SAMMY Makes a Sleeping-Wheel.

**E**VERY ONE admitted that Sammy's inventions were prodigiously clever. And that Sammy was a brilliant lad could not be doubted. But somehow, nobody seemed to have faith in the wonderful inventions, because they never "worked" just the way people expected.



Sammy, however, remained undaunted. Neither the mishaps nor the scornful things folks said about the inventions disturbed him greatly, as soon as he completed one experiment he was ready for another.

And so upon this day we find the boy in his father's study, poring over books of science and imposing-looking charts. At last he gained information sufficient for his purpose. Raising himself upon an elbow, he muttered to himself: "I think I've laid my plans pretty well, and now I'll get to work!" Then he industriously constructed a great wheel, with a broad outer rim. In part of this rim he made a good-sized hole like a window. This wheel was made to turn upon a shaft. The motion was obtained through connection with an electric dynamo, and its



speed could be regulated to a certainty. Under the wheel he placed a tub filled with water. "There we are!" exclaimed Sammy, viewing his completed task with huge satisfaction. "Hereafter there's no excuse for any one not waking at the proper hour, when they can use my sleeping-wheel. Surely the rim is big enough for a person to make his bed comfortably inside the rim. Before he goes to bed he can regulate the rate of speed for the wheel's revolution, so that when the hour comes for him to rise he will have turned to an upright position and will drop through the hole below him into the water. That ought to waken



the soundest sleeper." But the sleeping-wheel must be tested. Therefore the boy went in search of some one to help him. In the kitchen Sammy found the cook feeding a tramp of a quarter of a dollar which the tramp took from his bank; the hobo consented to try the sleeping-wheel. He didn't understand exactly how the machine worked, but he lay down willingly upon the bed prepared within the rim. And

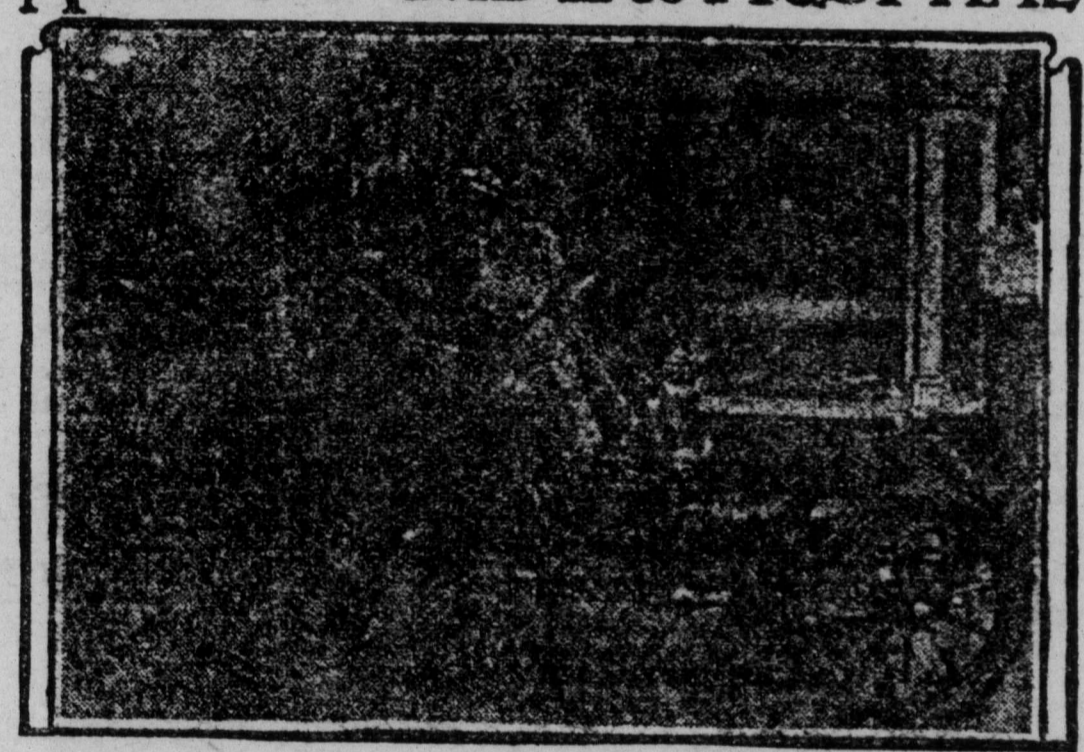
finding it very comfortable he almost immediately fell asleep. Meanwhile Sammy regulated the speed so that the man would be awakened within half an hour. This time he passed in anxious suspense. Everything went smoothly, however. The motion being very gentle, the tramp was never awak-



ened until the wheel had turned almost half way around. Then he suddenly dropped downward right into the tub of water with a great splash. For the moment he imagined he was being drowned, and struck out with his arms, trying to swim. Of course, he overturned the tub.

But when he had recovered from his surprise enough to understand what had befallen him he wasted not an instant's time. Blow after blow he rained upon poor Sammy, who wanted to know the cent of ill intention. Somehow he had never thought the tramp would be angry when he was drenched. During the next few days Sammy nursed a swollen head and other injuries gained at the hands of the tramp. He was not downhearted, however. Surely his sleeping-wheel must be called a success, even if it were true that nobody would very likely care to make use of it.

## MR. LION'S RIDE to HOSPITAL



**Y**OU don't often hear of big lions being given fast rides in an auto through the streets of a great city. But this did actually happen some time ago. The funny part of it is (at least it will seem strange to YOU, when you first hear it) that Mr. Lion did not enjoy his ride a very great deal. This, however, was because he was being taken as fast as possible to a hospital, where an operation had to be performed quickly. You see, Mr. Lion had been naughty. He had fought with another lion and the claw of his enemy had penetrated an eyeball. Colonel Mundy, the owner of the lion, was told that the beast must go to the hospital for treatment at once, or it would become entirely blind. Then a quick auto run, with Mr. Lion as passenger, was made from Luna Park to the Twenty-third Street Veterinary Hospital, New York city.

## An Unfortunate Meal



"Ever get shocked by talking over a telephone-wire during a storm?" "Only once. I called my wife up while she was house-cleaning to say that I'd bring a friend to dinner."

"Work," observed the reflective weary one—"work is all right if you can get the sort to suit your individual needs. I, for instance, wouldn't object to calling out the stations on an Atlantic liner."

Aeronauts have noticed that the barking of a dog is the last sound they hear from the earth, being sometimes then at an elevation of four miles.

There are said to be a thousand cases of typhoid at Montreal. Besides 100,000 persons who live by dishonest means, there are 20,000 dangerous criminals, capable of murder, in Paris.

The Professor—"Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious of living things. In a month it will eat about six hundred times its own weight." Deaf Parent—"Whose boy did you say he was?"