



Polly Evans' Story Page

For Boys and Girls



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THE ADVENTURES OF TOM AND TID

THE STRANGE COMPANY OF "WORN-OUTS"

SUNNY LITTLE PEDRO

TALE OF THE BUILDING OF THE FIRST TUNNEL—THE TRUE STORY OF THE HERO "TAD-POLE"

AUNT MARGARET had such a fine house, right down by the ocean. You could look way out to sea without going off the porch. And there was such a nice stretch of beach, where you could play all day without feeling tired. And you could go in wading—one shouldn't forget the wading—and be chased by the waves as they rolled up the beach. It was such fun!

You cannot wonder that Tom and Tid were always most anxious to visit Au. Margaret.

It was in their last visit that the strangest possible thing happened. Yes, it really happened. Though Uncle Henry says he's afraid they were sleeping on the beach, he is, of course, only teasing. Aunt Margaret believes every word, anyhow, so they don't care if Uncle doesn't.

That day was very, very warm. The sand was almost scorching on the beach. It was as warm that it made you sleepy, and that is why Tom and Tid (short for Tiddledwinks, you know) lay down for a moment to rest. Surely, it could not have been more than a moment, for hardly were they seated when the funniest-looking man they had ever seen rose from the sand in front of them. He was a nice old man, too; with great, bushy whiskers that hung like seaweed, a long, flowing green robe and a magnificent golden crown upon his head. In his hand he carried a sort of pitchfork with three prongs, which he called a trident.

"Children, I've come for you," he announced, kindly.

Tom wished to say "What for?" but he thought he'd better not, so both murmured, "Yes, sir."

"I'M AFRAID," said the old man, dejectedly. "There's not much excuse for my living. I'm too old to do much work, and the younger ones regard me as a sort of nuisance that must be put up with. They're all so much younger than I and have so much to learn that I, with their interest at heart, try to give them all the kindly advice I can. But, bless you! you can't tell the youngsters anything nowadays. I know they'd be only too glad to get rid of me."

Old Bossy looked affectionately over the stall partition at her neighbor. "Cheer up, Jennie," she replied, "the youngsters couldn't do without you. Of course, they first and grow a little impatient when given advice, but that's merely their way. Why, every one loves old Jennie!"

"And you'll soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself whether or not my words are true, for I heard master say only the other day that you should do no more work the rest of your life. You and I are to be pastured together in that delightful paddock, through which the brook runs and where there are so many delightful shade trees."



"TIS always pleasanter to smile; Let frowns alone till after while— The time that never comes. Learn well the worth of mirth and joy; If need be, learn it from a boy Like Pedro.

In Pedro's land—bright, sunny Spain,
'Tis not so fair but that the rain
E'en there sometimes doth fall.
But be the weather what it will,
You'll find that he is smiling still—
Wee Pedro.

A beggar Pedro is, 'tis true,
And needs to him, you know, are few
But mostly far between
But every glance is full of cheer,
And one has yet to see a tear—
Brave Pedro.

THE young noble was clearly perplexed. When his uncle, the Prince's confidential adviser, died many and varied were the effects that had come into the noble's possession. But, of them all, the old yellow manuscript had greatest hold upon his curiosity.

Good reason, too, had he for being puzzled. The parchment told of a wonderful treasure hidden deep in the crevice of a great mountain which stood on the border of the kingdom. Now the young noble was by no means wealthy for one of his high station, and it behooved him to better his fortunes as best he might. But who ever heard of anything buried in so strange a manner? Could he believe the ancient writing?

With so important a matter the noble could trust no one, so it was with all secrecy that he journeyed to the top of the mountain and camped thereupon.



DEIVED INTO THE EARTH

For many days following he delved into the rock and earth. When he arrived at a considerable depth, however, he found himself at a loss to know how to proceed further, as it took most too long to carry away the loosened soil. At last he decided to employ other means.

Attacking the side of the mountain at its base, he cut his way, little by little. In his anxiety to find the treasure he took no account of the distance he had dug, when, to his amazement, he found that the other side of the mountain had been reached.

Dismartened that his labors should have been unrewarded, he returned to his home.

At court the news of the noble's feat reached the ears of the king.

"By my soul!" he cried, "by means of this fine tunnel I will establish a thriving trade with the neighboring kingdom. My coffers will soon be overflowing with riches."

"Send the young man to me, that he may be fittingly rewarded," said the king.

The king rewarded the count most generously, so that he no longer had need to lament his lack of wealth.

This, so legend tells us, is the manner in which the very first tunnel was built.



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

"Come along, then," he commanded. "Fishing the ground in front of him with his trident, a deep hole appeared, with steps running down to a place where the three stood.

King Neptune, for so the old man was named, took Tid's hand while Tid took hold of Tom's. Then they carefully descended.

It became darker and darker the further they went, until they couldn't see the steps before them. All at once, the three of them tumbled head first down through the pitchy darkness. After a while it grew lighter and they brought up suddenly on a pile of seaweeds.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the king, "those swordfish have again sawed away the lower part of the stairs. They shall not go unpunished this time."

"Why, we're under, as they called Tom and Tid together, as they noticed for the first time that the lights they saw around them came from wonderful sea animals, carrying what looked like electric globes. Fish darted around them on every side, and they walked over strange weeds and creepers.

After some thought, Tom said, "It's funny we don't drown."

"That's because you're with me," explained King Neptune. "No harm can ever come to my guests."

Leading the way, King Neptune brought them to the door of a great castle, guarded on each side by a fierce-looking shark.

The king patting the sharks on the snouts, just as Tom and Tid caressed their dog, and the three passed through into a large hall. Then from every direction swam pretty mermaids. Tom and Tid knew they were mermaids, because they had seen pictures of them in their story-books at home.

"My daughters," said the king, waving his hand toward the mermaids, who

YOUNGSTERS LACK RESPECT

"But I'll admit that the young people don't have the respect for their elders that they should have. I'm in the same position as yourself, you know, and I can tell you of several others."

"By the way," concluded Bossy, "I have an idea. Suppose all we 'worn-outs' form a company by ourselves, and then see whether or not our counsel is listened to?"

"Yes, it would be rather curious to find out exactly what they think of us," agreed the mare.

The following day a visitor might have seen a most remarkable collection of animals in the pleasant paddock along by the brook.

There was Jennie, the mare; Bossy, the cow; Patsy, the pig; Toby, the Irish setter; Thomas, the cat, and Dandy, the rooster. Yes, and they were all "worn-outs," too. But now they all conversed peaceably together (even Toby and Thomas seemed to be on the best of terms) and were enjoying themselves to the utmost.

For one whole week these old animals were separated from the younger ones. At first the youngsters rejoiced at the removal of this restraint, but somehow, after a few days, things went entirely wrong.

At the end of the week Coo-coo, the pigeon, appeared among the "worn-out" company as the bearer of important messages.

Addressing himself first to the old horse, Coo-coo said:

"Jennie, the horses egged you to return. They've got into all sorts of scrapes since you left them, while they miss your advice sadly. Jim and Joe, the young colts, are being broken for harness, and it's such a trial for them without you. No one of them will be happy until you come back."

The Missing Letters

IN A VERY large field of growing grain, a grasshopper was flying and hopping from stalk to stalk, when one day he met a very small animal that he had never seen before.

The little animal said to the grasshopper: "Why, how strange is you act. You jump from stalk to stalk, then you climb up or down. You then get down on the ground; there you walk or run by pushing yourself with your hind legs. I also note that you make such a funny noise. Now with me," said the little animal, "I run around and set over the ground very easily. I can run very fast, climb over fences and once swam across a little creek. I do things so quietly that no one can ever find me. Don't you know where you are? I know here will know where to find you, and you know they are very fond of grasshoppers. Whenever I hear them coming, I travel very fast, make no noise and hide, so that I am never troubled."

"What you say, little animal, is quite true," replied the grasshopper, "but what you call a funny noise is not noise—that's singing. Don't you ever sing? Always, after I have had all I care to eat, I sing; and that is something you cannot do. Besides, I have wings; that's another thing you do not have. Whenever I hear any one coming, all I have to do is to clap my wings and away I go, for I can fly far and wide and very much faster than any one can run, so there is no danger of any turkeys ever catching me. You will also notice that I am green in color, the same color as the grain and grass, which I eat as a very great benefit, as they cannot tell me from grain or grass."

"Well, Mr. Grasshopper," replied the animal, "there is certainly more to you than I thought; what you say is a surprise to me. And as for your color being the same as the grain and grass, look at me, I am the same color as the ground I am on, and the fence is

A Wonderful Escape

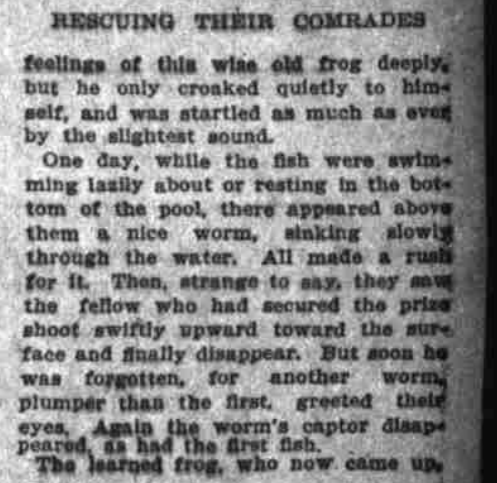
IT WAS a terrible tornado—such a one as had hardly been seen by any of the oldest who lived in the little town on the Western plains.

The Browns were one of the greatest sufferers. Their house was torn from its foundations and their stock scattered far and wide. Indeed, but little was saved of all their belongings. But this was not the cause of their grief. The 3-year-old baby, Johnny, could not be found.

Ted Brown was galloping frantically over the prairie, when his pony stumbled in what Ted thought was a gopher hole, and pitched him to the ground.

Investigating, he found it was the entrance to a little dug-out cabin, such as are occasionally built on the plains. Upon ascending, whom should he see seated contentedly on the floor but Baby Johnny!

The baby had been swept away by the tornado and deposited gently at the entrance to the hut, from where he had crawled within.



RESCUING THEIR COMRADES

feelings of this wise old frog deeply, but he only croaked quietly to himself, and was startled as much as ever by the slightest sound.

One day, while the fish were swimming lazily about or resting in the bottom of the pool, there appeared above them a nice worm, sinking slowly through the water. All made a rush for it. Then, strange to say, they saw the fellow who had secured the prize shoot swiftly upward toward the surface and finally disappear. But soon he was forgotten, for another worm, plumper than the first, greeted their eyes. Again the worm's captor disappeared, as had the first fish.

The leaped frog, who now came up,

NEED THE OLD FOLKS

"Bossy, the cows are nearly wild to see you. They all love you so much that they are grieving sadly over your desertion."

"And Patsy, since you left a few of your greedy grandchildren are keeping all the rest from getting a thing to eat. If you don't restore peace quickly, I don't know what will happen."

The hunting dogs have behaved miserably since you left, Toby. Master declares they have forgotten all that you and he have taught them. If you could see what a whipped-looking pack they are, I'm sure your heart would bleed for them."

"Thomas' children, too, have lost their cunning for mousing. And the mice have grown more daring than ever."

As for the flock, Dandy, it is in a sad way. Immediately after your departure a dozen young roosters sprang up as rivals for leadership, so that all the time was spent in fighting instead of providing for the hens and chicks.

Indeed, the farmyard people, one and all, pray for the return of all of you. They positively cannot do without you."

Coo-coo had flown away the "worn-outs" looked at one another, and then laughed softly. And their old hearts beat quicker, too, and if those were not tears on his eyes, they looked very much like them.

After all, Bossy was the wiser, as Jennie admitted.

Much-Pampered Mousie

A STORY is told of how Mr. and Mrs. Mousie lost all their family, with the exception of one little one. Thereafter, nothing was too good for the tiny mouse. Mr. and Mrs. Mousie idolized her.

Finding a comfortable, nicely lined shoe in a closet upstairs, the family moved from their home in the cellar to these sumptuous quarters. Baby, of course, occupying the shoe.

Mrs. Mousie evidently began to think about the education of her little one, for she was seen looking reflectively at the books in the library, as though in doubt as to which would be the most suitable for a beginner.

Fearing that baby might become lonely while her parents were searching for provisions, Mr. Mousie even stole a doll from the doll-house, and when baby was first discovered by a rude man she was seated in the shoe alongside of dolly, looking as cute as cute could be.

Served Him Right.

He was only a very little puppy, and the big rooster could easily frighten him away from the bowl that contained his food each mealtime. But even a puppy will turn, and next time the rooster drove him from his food he simply waited until that cowardly rooster put his head in the bowl to greedily gobble his breakfast. Then you should have seen that sturdy little puppy creep up and kick that bowl all over the rooster. You never saw a more surprised rooster in your life.

How to Read a Book

IF YOU wish to remember what you read it might be a good idea to follow the plan suggested by Lord Macaulay, who, in speaking of the time when he was a boy, said:

"I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page I read I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed. But I compelled myself to comply with the plan, until now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from the beginning to the end."

A Wise Mother.

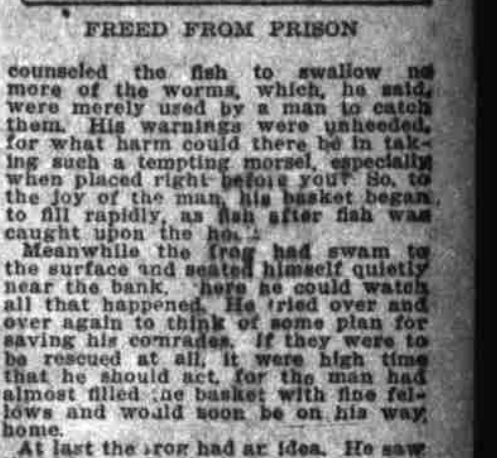
A little boy told his chum that his mother gave him a penny every morning to take his medicine quietly.

"How do you do with it?" inquired the little friend.

"Mother puts it in a money box until there is a quarter."

"What then do you do with the rest?"

"Why, mother buys another bottle of medicine with it."



FREED FROM PRISON

counseled the fish to swallow no more of the worms, which he said were merely used by a man to catch them. His warnings were unheeded, for what harm could there be in taking such a tempting morsel, especially when placed right before you? So, to the joy of the man, his basket began to fill rapidly, as fish after fish was caught upon the hook.

Meanwhile the frog had swam to the surface and seated himself quietly near the bank. Here he could wait until that happened. His friend over and over again to think of some plan for saving his comrades if they were to be rescued at all. It was high time that he should act, for the man had almost filled his basket with fine fellows and would soon be on his way home.

At last the frog had an idea. He saw that the cord attached to the basket dangled in the water. Seizing one end of a strong vine in his mouth he dived and fastened the rope on a rock. Then, summoning the largest fish who yet remained uncaught, he bade them pull together on both ends of the vine.

Just as the man arose to stow away his tackle, the fish succeeded, with a last strong pull, in jerking the basket into the water. What the man said was decidedly different from what the fishes said to the wise frog when they were freed from their wicker prison.

"The Tadpole" lost his nickname, and was ever after revered as the wisest of frogs. As for the fishermen, although he often tried his luck in that pool afterward, his catches were few, for the very dishonest fishes profited by the learned frog's advice, and carefully investigated all queer-looking worms.

"Bubbleology"

SO MANY strange and beautiful things may be done with soap-bubbles that one can hardly number them.

First of all, it is necessary to have the right sort of solution. To get the best results, sift about four-fifths of an ounce of pure Castile soap powder into a quart bottle, half full of distilled or soft water. After the powder is dissolved, mix in one-third pint of pure glycerine, and let stand until all bubbles have disappeared.

The test of any solution is whether a film immediately forms when your pipe or cornucopia is placed in the solution.

BUBBLES INSIDE OF ONE ANOTHER

and whether you can place your wet finger through the bubble without bursting it. If the test fails, add more soap. Be very careful that no bubbles, however tiny are present in the solution or on the pipe, cornucopia or other instrument used to blow the bubbles.

Most any object—even a spinning-top—may be inclosed in a bubble. Four some of the solution into a plate or tin dish so that the bottom is covered to the depth of about one-eighth inch. Wet the rim of the plate. Place a butter plate in the middle of the dish and permit the object to rest upon it. Place a small funnel over the article and blow gently, slowly lifting the funnel. Always release your film by giving a jerk at right angles.

As many as a dozen bubbles may be placed one inside another. Invert a dish and moisten the surface with the solution. Carefully blow a large bubble upon it with your cornucopia. Then insert a moistened straw through the bubble and blow a second, and so on. Blowing smoke through the last bubble adds greatly to its beauty.

Objects of any kind almost may be dropped through a bubble if first wet. Indeed, anything the bubble touches should first be moistened with the solution. You can hang bubbles on your finger tips, and even balance them on the top of a spinning top.

To balance a bubble on a goblet, first cover the mouth of the goblet with a film and then blow a bubble and drop it on the film.

You can even freeze a bubble if you blow it in a cold enough place and allow it to remain on a wet plate. It is astonishing how long a bubble may be stented, though bursting.

Indeed, with the right sort of solution and a little practice there is hardly anything you can't do with soap bubbles.

Now Harold the Troubadour Regained the Favor of his King



HAROLD! that this ill-fortune should come upon me. Unhappy am I indeed!"

But Harold, the troubadour, knew that his sighing could avail him nothing but lessen the king's anger against him and his wife.

When the king, a fortnight earlier, had granted him permission to pay his aged mother a visit, it was with the express condition that he return in time for the king's holiday celebration. That he did not, owing to the impassable condition of the roads after recent heavy rains, was to the king an act of disobedience altogether inexcusable.

Harold, you must know, was the king's favorite minstrel. He alone could beguile the fancy of his Majesty with an extraordinary and incomparable verse. So that you can see that no birthday celebration could be complete without the attendance of the talented minstrel.

Clearly, too, the king's temper was in no wise improved by the news that a messenger, on his way to court with an



immense amount of gold designed for the royal exchequer had recklessly ventured through the nearby forest without escort, and had been robbed by Daring Roger, the noted outlaw. All efforts to capture the robber were unsuccessful.

The troubadour decided on a bold stroke to appease his Majesty's wrath. "Oh, great and glorious King, wilt hear thy humble minstrel?" he pleaded, upon gaining audience.

"Tell what thou knowest quickly, rascal!" tartly replied the monarch.

"With thy consent, then, O Master, I go to seek the villain who has robbed thy Majesty, and promise to bring him to thee a prisoner ere the shades of evening wrap thy castle in misty shadows."

The king eyed him scornfully, and then laughed derisively.

"Oh, ho, varied! Wouldst a gentle singer of songs attempt to do that wherein my doughty men-at-arms have failed?"



"Well, go, if thou dost value not at all thy scurvy hide. But if thou turnest without the thief, we betide thee!"

Waving his hand in dismissal, his Majesty relaxed into moody silence.

Harold secured the services of two sturdy yeomen. These he took with him some distance into the forest. Then he called a halt, and, bidding them stretch a rope across the roadway, stationed one at each end, telling them to hide behind opposite trees. Further cautioning them to allow the rope to lie on the ground and to raise it only at his command, he resumed his way into the forest, blithely singing a merry lay.

"Halt!" sharply called a gruff voice.

"If I mistake me not, 'tis the king's own singing bird. Thy nest should be well lined with gold, my pretty. Canst thou not be induced to part with some of it?"

Harold looked wretchedly at Daring Roger, for it was none other than he, mounted upon a noble white steed.



Scathingly he spoke:

"O thou sordid wretch, who earnest naught for the higher things in life, who understandest not the beauties of existence, take thou thy base coin!"

As though in violent anger, he cast a bag of gold upon the ground with such force that the glittering coins rolled hither and thither upon the roadway.

The brigand impulsively leaped from his horse to gather the spoil.

Immediately Harold was astride the steed and started to ride away, with the robber in close pursuit.

Harold had no sooner passed the spot where his men were posted than he gave the signal, and the rope, now stretched taut, sent the villain headlong to the ground.

The three pursued him and took him as prisoner to the city, where Harold was greeted as a hero by the populace.

What is more, he was once again received into the favor of his august majesty.

PUZZLES TO SOLVE

- Word Squares.**
- Another word for weary.
 - One who wastes his time.
 - To elevate.
 - To offend.
 - A girl's garment.
- Riddles.**
- What is that which works while it plays and plays while it works?
 - Which are the most contented of birds?
- Enigma.**
- I'm rough, I'm smooth, I'm wet, I'm dry.
My station low, my title high.
The king my lawful master is,
I'm used by all, though only wise.
- May 5 Puzzle Answers.**
- RIDDLE.**
- A stick.
 - A light.
- TRANSPORTION.**
- Hatters.
 - Buttons.