

Polly Evans

For Boys

Story Page

and Girls

THE CANDY PRINCESS

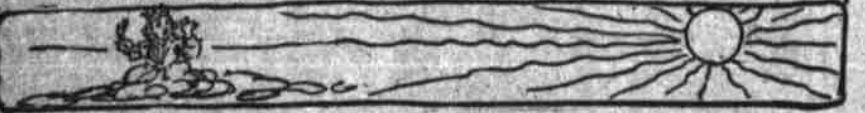


OF CANDY delicious the princess was made; The colors she wore were of every known shade; And pretty she was, no one ever could doubt Who saw her enthroned with her courtiers about.

The princess was gentle and mild as a dove; Toward subjects showed nothing but kindness and love; All people adored her and called her a queen, The like of which Toyland had never yet seen.

The night that we speak of she felt very sad, For one can't feel dull and the same time be glad. Said she: "To a ball I must hasten today, And there midst the fairies dance sadness away."

So long danced the princess at Fairyland's ball She had not reached home ere the rain 'gan to fall. The sun rose in glorious splendor at dawn On a puddle of candy—the princess was gone.



CLEVER BUNNY

BUNNIES are sometimes more clever than you'd think. And naughty boys are sometimes fooled, as Arthur was.

Arthur owned the finest little pony you ever saw, and a handsome pony-cart—all painted in nice colors and just the right size for a boy.

When you have a pony like this you



IN DANGER

don't become tired of him, so it is no wonder that nearly every day Arthur liked to have a little drive.

Now, if there was one thing Arthur liked as much as ponies, it was a bunny. He had all kinds of rabbits at home, but he always wanted more.

So, when on this morning he was driving merrily along the road that led to



BUNNY'S ESCAPE

the river driveway, he drew up suddenly. You may be sure, as he saw before him a cute bunny as one might wish. It was sitting on the trunk of an old tree, most of which had been blown away.

Arthur stole quickly down from the pony-cart, and tip-toed around in back of the tree. It wasn't hard to climb up the tree. Arthur was but a few feet



LEFT BEHIND

away, and, oh! he was sure he had the bunny when, at once, it gave a big jump and landed right on the seat. And the pony started away, leaving Arthur behind.

IF WE ONLY COULD If only myself could talk to myself. As I knew him a year ago, I could tell him a lot. That would save him a lot. Of things he ought to know. —Rudyard Kipling.

A CARNIVAL

THE day had a bad beginning, for as the sun crept up behind the eastern hills and over their crest shot his first ray it struck the SUN-FLOR on the back, and having his repose thus rudely disturbed, he turned slowly around and told the MORNING GLORIES to shut up; nor did the trouble end there, for a moment later some mischievous scamp struck little MISS PRIMROSE with a SNOWBALL, knocking her from the top of the WALLFLOWER, and OK-EYED DAISY laughed heartily as she saw the COWSLIP on an ICE PLANT.

Now it happened that JACK ROBE had a very warm place in his BLEEDING HEART for the QUEEN OF SHEBA, a former AMERICAN BEAUTY, and, knowing her to be a maid of money and determined to MARRIAGE, he lost no time in asking for her hand. At this unexpected move on his part she blushed PINK and shyly said: "Don't you think you had better ask POPEY?"

He won her, of course, and on their way to the little church under the ORANGE BLOSSOMS who should they meet but SWEET WILLIAM and VIOLET, who were on the same errand. So, after talking it over among themselves, they decided it should be a double wedding, and off they went and were married by their old friend, JACK IN THE PULPIT.

After the ceremony they met fair CAMELLIA, who was tenderly drying JOE'S TEARS, but the gloomy incident was soon passed over, for everybody had to laugh to see the little FANSIES making such funny faces and the NASTURTIUMS cutting all sorts of capers.

They wandered here and there, stopping now for a moment as CAMELLIA sewed a COACHELOR'S BUTTON on JOSEPH'S COAT, and while this was being done, the Queen caught Jack flirting openly with BLACK-EYED SUSAN, who was arranging her MAIDEN HAIR FERN with a COCKSCOMB.

Here they were met by DAISY, who invited all to a real party she was about to give in the WOODBINE; and on their way over back out his finger on a blade of GRASS, but the Queen quickly tied it up with a piece of RAGWEED, and inclosed the injured hand in a FOLIOLE.

At the party the little guests sat down to a luncheon consisting of CORNFLOWERS and SWEET PEAS, while a brewing of TEA ROSES was being served in the SENSITIVE PLANT, and the TIGER LILY fairly roared at the incident, while the WAX PLANT cut a sorry figure in his efforts to keep CHERRY BLOSSOM from their way back they heard a CHICKWEED (who, by the way, was sort of a CROOK) whisper to the ELEPHANT'S EAR through a TUBE-ROSE that the SMILAX was the laughing stalk of the garden, and also that the night before when ROSEMARY and her sister were out for dinner with the SAGE, he left the table abruptly, and, putting his LARKSPURS to the horse, rode off without paying for what she and MIGNONETTE.

They now stopped in to see the CINNAMON VINE, whose spicy gossip made her a favorite, and she said she heard some one say that they saw HOLYHOCK, his AMYTHYST, and CAMELLIA spoke up and said that, if his wife could happen to hear of it, she would certainly go into a PASSION FLOWER.

They resumed their journey, but stopped once again, for the DANDELION, to hear a SCOTCH HEATHER play AULD LANG SYNE on the BLUE BELLS, while the AMERICAN FLAG waved over their heads; but when asked to play more, he only nodded and said, "I CANNOT."

The homeward flight of the PHLOX told them plainly that it was now FOUR O'CLOCK, so on they trudged, finally reaching home at twilight. All being pretty tired, they found their beds, while JACK and his bride sought their new BED OF ROSES.

They were twelve soft strokes, and, creeping back as quickly as he came, he reached over and tenderly kissed the NIGHT-BLOOMING CERISE. It was midnight. J. O. LIPPINCOTT.

A FLOATING ISLAND

EVERY one knows that lives in Florida. Part of the time its home is in water, part of the time on dry land. In warm weather it plays in the river or bayou, or roams about on the sand and mud, sunning itself on the banks of the stream; but when winter comes it buries its great body in the mud and settles down for a long sleep. It has no love for cold weather, and no notion of making itself uncomfortable, when it can just as well take a good, long cold-weather nap. Not such a bad plan, is it?

Sometimes it happens that the seeds of grass and weeds are blown into the wet soil, and quickly spring up, green and fresh, on the back of the alligator. As a rule, these tender plants are shaken or washed off when the great creature wakes up and rolls into the water. But now and then the mud clings, the young plants stick fast, and then, when the half-awakened monster floats downstream, it looks like a moving island. A poor little plover once made a mistake and built its nest on a sleeping alligator. Some boys who were out fishing saw the bird flitting about above the weeds and water grasses, and, thinking there might be a covey of the pretty creatures and a settlement of nests there, dropped their tackle and rowed out to it. When their boat came bumping up against the sleeping animal, suddenly it opened its huge jaws and rolled from side to side. Oh, how those boys did scream! The alligator was by this time thoroughly wide awake. It found out how hungry it was, and also how dry and with one wild snort, plunged down to the bottom of the bayou and washed off island, grass and nest. So the little plover had to seek another home. E. A. MATTHEWS.

WHAT BIRDS SAY

THOSE who know much about birds tell us that the birds' notes are quite distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to you?

Robin—"Quick! Quick! Do you think what you do, do you think what you do, do you think?"

Bluebird—"Purty! Purty! I-ch-purty. Dear! Dear! Think of it, think of it!"

Bobolink—"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link."

Crow—"Caw-w!"

Cedar bird—"Tee! tee! tee!"

Bobwhite (quail) — "Bob-bob-white! More-more-white!"

Goldfinch (yellow bird) — "Ker-chee-chee, whee-w, whee-w."

Humming bird—"Mou-que-squeak. Oriole—"Will you? Will you really, really, truly?"

Song sparrow—"Olt, olt, olt, chip, chip, chip, che-che-wiss, wiss, wiss!"

Thrush—"Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull up, pull it up!"

Bluejay — "Jay, jay, jay, whee-die, whee-die!"

Scarlet tanager—"Chip-chirr! Pah-wai! Wait-wait-wait for me, wait!"

Blackbird—"Kong-quer-ree" or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee!"

EGGS THAT JUMP

YOUR friends will be mystified completely if you do this trick very carefully.

Take a number of eggs; remove the yolks and whites, so that only the shells remain.

To each of these shells paste one end of a strand of fine silk, attach the other end to one of your fingers.

In doing the trick, be sure that your audience are far enough away to be unable to see the silken threads.

Now say that you will be able to make the eggs leap into the air by magnetizing them with your fingers.

Of course, as you move a finger upward and downward, the shell attached to the other end of the strand of silk will move up and down. You can gain a pretty effect by making them dance in time to music.

THE SECRET OF THE TRICK

When Prince Fearless became afraid.

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Ronald's Present



GIVING "TOAD" TO "MUVER"

"THERE, I think that will do now," said sister Edna, carefully fixing her bouquet of flowers. She ran up to the house with them, and soon sister Florence followed, with another bouquet.

For it was mother's birthday, you know, and mother loved flowers, so what nicer gift was there?

Wee Ronald was left behind. He wanted "Flowers not just same as sister Edna or sister Flo"—and he couldn't find any. Those big tears weren't far away. But he wasn't going to give up yet. "Muvver" should have her "present."

He marched sturdily along the flower beds, looking with all his might for a little "possey." Then, with a funny little hop, a great toad bobbed right in the garden path.

Ronald's eyes grew big and round. He gave a sob of delight, and threw himself upon Mr. Toad. He was a splendid fellow, too, all covered with big circles and dots.

"Lots nicer 'flowers,'" thought Ronald, so away he trudged to give his "present" to "muvver."

It was a long way to the house, but he went on manfully. Once he stumbled over a hedge, his chubby legs flew from beneath him, and he fell down real hard. But as he rolled over and over,

like a great ball, he still hugged "toady" close to him.

At last he came into "muvver's" room. Sister Edna and sister Florence had given their bouquets and "muvver" was smiling happily. Ronald toddled in, a great, big sunny smile on his face and a great, big toad in his arms.

"Here's 'p'sent, muvver!'" cried the little man, proudly. "Couldn't find 'flowers, and I knew you'd like toady."

"Muvver" gathered Ronald, toad and all, into her arms.

Edna and Florence couldn't see why mother should be so pleased over "horned toad," and they wondered why there were tears in her smiling eyes.

think! Yes, it was Betsey Ann's head. One day when he was hunting for some of his tools he came across it, down in the cellar.

Poor dolly! How sorry I felt for her again, as I looked at the head.

All at once I thought, "Couldn't she be mended?"

Right away I ran to the roosterhouse, and dug down under it. Dolly was still there, and after I unrolled the cloth around her she looked just as lively as ever—except, of course, she had no head. And she soon had her head back again, too.

"Course, dollys lose their heads sometimes, just as other people do, but I never heard of any one losing their head in such a queer way. Did you?"

THE BURIAL OF DOLLY



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THERE'S no use trying to tell how I love Betsey Ann, 'cause I just can't do it. But no dolly was ever treated half so nice, I know, and no dolly was ever half so nice as Betsey Ann.

I never did like mice. I never did think a mouse was cute—and I know I never will now, for it was a bad, wicked mouse that brought on all the trouble. Betsey Ann doesn't like mice, either.

My play-closet—where I keep all my playthings, you know—is roomy and comfy. I put Betsey Ann there 'cause I didn't think she rested well when she slept with me. She was always so mused looking in the morning.

Now, no mouse is a right in my play-closet. I'm sure Betsey Ann told

him so the night she saw him there, and I guess it was for that he bit off her head! Yes, he did! He carried it away with him, too.

My, how I cried and cried when I saw Betsey next morning! I couldn't help it, for, really, I did love the dolly so.

But, as Betsey was dead, I didn't think it was right to keep her without any head. Next day I buried her under the roosterhouse, first saying my prayers and bidding her good-bye. And a robin on the bu—"sang a sad, little song. I'm sure he understood."

I suppose you think my story ought to end here, but there's some more to it—though there wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for Ben. Ben's my brother, and he found—what do you

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CAMPING OUT

BILL KANE chewed one straw savagely, while with another he

Just as Joe was about to pitch into him, Bill arose and demanded in a loud voice:

"When is this here camp going to start? We might as well have it now as any time. 'Course, Joe's going away—he always does do the wrong thing—but some one else 'll be away soon, and we can miss Joe best."

After Joe and Bill were separated, Captain Skinny said, impressively: "Bloody Robbers, 'tention! How many of us think it's best to start camp tomorrow?" Every one thought it was best, except Joe, and his mouth was stuffed so full of hay that he couldn't say anything.

This important matter now disposed of, the "gang" left their secret meeting place in Warner's hayloft, promising to meet at Bill Kane's next morning at 8 o'clock sharp.

All arrived at Bill's backyard promptly. Nearly every "robber" was more or



SKINNY'S MISHAP

less scared, for he knew mother or aunt or some one would soon find out that a frying pan or a tin bucket or other articles, as well as half the supply of food in the house, had gone with him.

Bill was quickly hitched to the wagon; everything that a goat could possibly haul was loaded on it, and away they started. All felt much better when out of reach of pursuit.

They were going to camp in Rocky Lot, of course. There was a fine place by a great pile of rocks that made the nicest sort of a fireplace. Nearby a clump of trees gave a pleasant shade, and, when the sheets had been pitched in the form of a tent, it was really comfortable inside.

No matter at what time the "robbers" reached camp, it was always necessary to prepare a meal at once.

Skinny was chief cook as well as captain. It wasn't long before he had a good fire going in the fireplace fashioned among the rocks, the assistant cooks bringing the wood and Skinny applying the match.

Then he directed two of the fellows to get water from the spring, which was about a mile away; and another was sent to dig out the potatoes from beneath a pile of quirts and horseshoes in the wagon.

Meanwhile some "smart chap who



THE END-OF-THE CAMP

wasn't mindin' his own business" rolled one of the stones away from the fireplace. It was still hot when Skinny picked it up just to see how far he could throw it. It didn't go far, but it certainly left his hands quickly enough.

The fellows "way over at the spring heard him yell, and came running so fast to see 'what was the matter that they split all the water and had to go back for more."

But at last the potatoes were pronounced done, and the "gang" was invited to commence on them and "somethin' that didn't need cookin'" until the stove turned out some other toothsome articles.

The potatoes were cooked long enough—in fact, they were burned almost to a crisp. But under the watchful eye of Skinny each "robber" ate one potato before trying the eatables that didn't need cooking. Nobody wanted a second one. Bill Kane noticed, too, that Skinny ate only half a potato.

Every one had eaten breakfast but a short time before. In spite of that, however, it took quite a great deal to satisfy each hungry "bandit."

After the feast some of the fellows pitched quirts and horseshoes, and others wandered through the woods a short distance away.

All were to be on hand before long to pick sides for a game of ball. But they were called together before that to repair the damage done to their tent and other camp equipment by a mad bull which had come through the fence of the next field, putting all to flight.

By the time the bull was chased away and things put in some sort of order all were hungry again. And, as nothing remained to eat, it was decided to go back to town.

So ended the first "camp."

A little girl came home flushed with indignation because she had been "kept in" to correct her examples. "Mamma, I'll never speak to Jessie Smith again as long as I live," she exclaimed. "Why, what has Jessie done to deserve that?" "Because—well, because I could all her arithmetic, and every sum of hers was wrong."

WHEN PRINCE FEARLESS BECAME AFRAID.



Entering the Castle

Brought the Cauldron

A Monster Beside Him

Frightens the Prince

THIS name really fitted the prince. At least, no one had ever known him to show fear.

Only that day he had fought three terrible giants and vanquished them single-handed. As for his skill and bravery in battle, none could equal him.

For his neighbor Prince Fearless had a powerful baron, who was a dwarf. The baron was himself a coward, and was jealous of the prince for his bravery; but he was also very wise, and knew many things in magic.

The prince was riding back to the castle after his fight with the giants when he met the baron.

"Prince," said he, "people say that you are entirely without fear. I know of a place where, I'll wager a thousand pieces of gold, you wouldn't stay for twenty-four hours without being frightened."

"I should like to try it," returned Prince Fearless; "if I fail, you shall receive a thousand pieces."

As dusk was fast coming on, the baron told the prince to follow him, and he would lead him straightway to the place.

It was nighttime when the two drew up before an old castle that lay in ruins.

"Here I shall leave you for the night. If you wish, you may make some soup before the great fireplace inside, and let me share it with you in the morning. In the meantime I shall now go home to dream of the gold I shall win within the next few hours." So saying, the dwarf departed, chuckling.

Wishing to make a fire, the prince began collecting some brushwood that lay in the courtyard. While he was doing this a band of mysterious, white-sheeted figures passed before him; but the prince went on with his work, merrily whistling.

He went into the great, bare castle, throwing the wood on the fireplace, he

started a fire, and sat before it to warm himself.

Prince Fearless was thinking to himself. "I wonder where that soup the baron was talking about," when, suddenly, a giant snake appeared from the hole in the wall, bearing in its jaws an immense cauldron.

"Thanks," said the prince; "but, a pot's not much good without something to put in it."

Hardly had he said this, than all sorts of horrible things rained down from the ceiling, and a monster came toward him with a bowl overflowing with blood. This he poured into the kettle, and put the other things in afterward. Soon the horrible mixture was boiling furiously.

All during the night did the prince sit watching the pot, while around him were all manner of strange, terrifying noises. Not once had he trembled.

At daybreak two of the ugliest creatures he had ever seen brought him

a table service. A few moments later the baron entered.

The prince cried: "Hal hal! Where is this thing that is to frighten me?"

"Wait a while; the twenty-four hours are not