Polly Evans Story Page

For Boys and Girls

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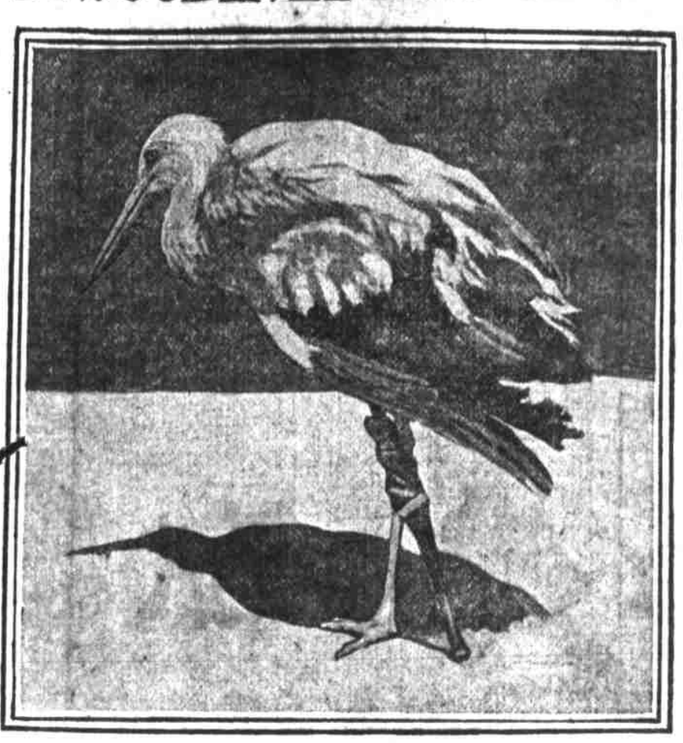
A WOODEN-LEGGED CRANE



IT is not every stork that has the distinction of wearing a wooden leg, or that has such care as Marinette. She lives in far-off Algiers.

Some time ago Marinette broke her leg through an accident. Her master set it, but was finally obliged to cut it off. You may be sure the stork must have been a great pet, that all this should be done for her.

A wooden leg was then made for Marinette, and her master has another one handy, in case anything should happen to the one she is now wearing.

Marinette is as proud as proud can be of her wooden leg, and struts around with added dignity. It is doubtful if she would want her own leg back if she could have it.

Tim Gosling Forgives The Chick

AMONG THE CHICKS

TIM'S mother was sure he would come to grief sooner or later. He was such a daring little duckling, always getting into mischief.

Hardly had he come out of his shell when he asked Mrs. Duck if he might not travel out into the world.

"No, my dear, there is yet a great deal for you to learn before you will be able to take care of yourself," said Mrs. Duck.

But when Tim could swim quite fast he said to himself that now he could surely pass through any danger that might befall him. So away he started, one bright morning, when his mother wasn't watching. Sad to say, Tim wasn't a very obedient duckling. But then, he knew so much better than his mother what was right.

"I shall go all the way around the world," he declared, boastfully. "What's the use of staying at home and never seeing anything?"

On he walked, right merrily, eagerly drinking in all that he saw.

Presently Tim found himself among a brood of chicks, each about the same size as himself.

The old hen looked at him and asked, "Where is your mother, little duckling?"

"I have left my mother and am now on my way around the world," answered Tim, proudly.

Mrs. Hen cackled scornfully. "Better go home while you know the way," she advised. Then she paid him no further attention.

But the other chicks all danced around him, chirping mockingly. At last Tim grew frightened. He dashed through the circle and ran as fast as he could.

One little chick ran after him and soon caught up with him. Growing bolder, now that there was only one of his enemy, Tim turned. The fight was on in good earnest.

Just then they happened to look up. Tim saw a great big animal, with immense eyes and a waving tail, crawling toward them.

"It's the cat," squealed the chick, and away he ran.

The duckling followed. Right before them was a path leading to a pond. In a second they had reached the water edge. Tim jumped in and was safe.

On the brink stood the chick, shivering with fear.

"Come in or the cat will get you!" cried Tim.

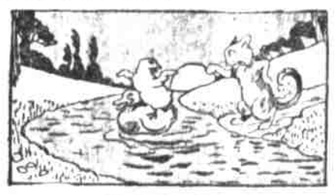
"I can't swim," moaned the chick, in despair.

"It's easy enough," said Tim. Then he remembered that his mother had told him that chickens were too stupid to ever learn to swim.

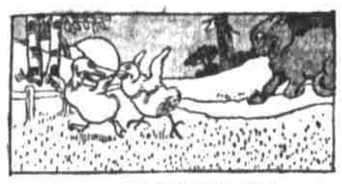
The next moment Tim had reached the bank. "Jump upon my back, quickly," he told the chick. The chick did so, and the duckling hastily swam out upon the stream just as Tabby arrived at the bank.

Tim swam to the other shore and they were once more on land.

The chick thanked him again and again. For a long time they watched for Tabby to go away. They were both hungry, but neither had ever hunted for food all by himself, so they could find hardly nothing.



THE ESCAPE



CHASED BY THE CAT

"I wonder if we'll ever get home," sighed the chick. "Though I don't suppose you want to," said he, looking at Tim.

Tim did want to, and mighty bad. The world wasn't such a nice place to be in all alone, after all.

Tabby finally slunk away. Again Tim carried the chick across the stream. Then he would have gone away, but the chick pleaded that he come along and see Mrs. Hen.

Mrs. Hen was grateful, indeed, to Tim. And when Tim shamefacedly confessed that he would like very much to go home, she very kindly led him back to Mrs. Duck.

Tim was glad enough to go home, I can tell you. Thereafter he obeyed his mother, and went only where she said he could go. He knew now that she knew much more of the world than he.

Catching the Wolf

ALICE had just been to the Zoo. She was telling grandma all about her trip. Among other things, she told about a great, big wolf she had seen.

"I've seen lots of wolves, too," said grandma, "though not in cages.

"Did I ever tell you about the wicked wolf that nearly made a meal of me?"

"No, no!" cried Alice, excitedly, her eyes big and round. Snuggling up to grandma, she whispered:

"Do tell me about it, please! Almost

THE TRAP

like Little Red Riding Hood, wasn't it?"

Grandma smiled. "Very like," said she, "only Mr. Wolf didn't catch any one.

"Many years ago your great-grandfather and great-grandmother and myself lived in a wild country, just beyond a great forest. There was no other house for miles around. Indeed, you wouldn't call our dwelling a house, as it was merely a rough log cabin.

"One day I was out watching our few sheep at pasture when I espied a big wolf slyly coming from the woods.

"Calling to the sheep, we all ran helter-skelter to the barn. Fortunately, we hadn't far to go, but we had hardly reached shelter before the wolf arrived.

"Now father used a rope, with a pulley to draw things to the loft of the barn, which was the best place for storage we had. The noose on the end of this rope dangled before a great hole in the door.

"The wolf rose on his hind legs and looked over the door. Seeing nothing, he drew back and was about to leap over it, when he noticed the hole in

THE END OF MR. WOLF

the door, and paused to put his head through it to take another look.

"This was my chance. I seized the other end of the rope and pulled as hard as I could. I was big and strong for my age. The rope tightened, and Mr. Wolf was hung by his neck. I twisted the end of the rope around a post, so that it wouldn't come loose, and then ran for father.

"He shot the wolf. So you see that beyond frightening us, Mr. Wolf did no harm. It is much more pleasant to watch him in the Zoo, however, than when he is tearing after you."

"I should say so," agreed Alice. "I hope the wolf at the Zoo never gets loose, for he looks mighty fierce, and I know I wouldn't be brave enough to catch him."

To Make an Airship

MAKE two paper cones. Close the small end of each with a cork, as shown in Figure 1.

Thrust a needle through each of the corks. Bend the points of the needles that protrude from the corks toward the inside of the cones, so as to form hooks. Run a strong elastic from one to the other of these hooks.

Paste your cones together, joining them with a band of thin paper.

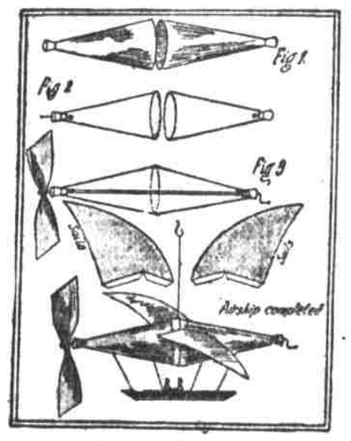
Bend the part of the needle that sticks out from one of the corks at right angles to form a sort of handle.

Cut out a screw propeller like that shown in Figure 3. Attach it, between balls of wax, to the needle at the other end.

Cut out little wings and paste them at the middle of each side of the cones, so that they will serve to balance your airship in its flight.

Suspend a little "basket" to the cones by threads and your airship is complete.

To make it fly, turn the handle at one end, so that the elastic is twisted



DIAGRAMS TO WORK FROM

tightly. Upon releasing it the elastic will turn the corks, causing the propeller to revolve rapidly. Your airship will continue to fly until the elastic is unwound.

His "Pop" Inside.

Little Joseph is always doing or saying something clever. The other day a rough-looking tramp came into the front yard where Joseph was playing.

"Say, sonny, where does your pa keep his money?" the tramp asked.

"It's in Pop's waistcoat in the kitchen," replied the boy.

The tramp went into the house. A minute later he came flying out in great excitement. "Cute youngster, that," said he to himself, "not to tell me that his father was inside the vest."

His For "Keeps."

Mother—Why don't you let Freddie alone for a little while, Willie? Let him play with your marbles; don't be selfish.

Willie—Yes, but ma, he's goin' to keep 'em.

Mother—Oh, no, he won't.

Willie—Well, I guess he is, 'cause he's swallered 'em.

A Test of Faithfulness

THERE is a kingdom situated in a little known part of the world. For this reason, you may know it is not at all up-to-date in many of its customs.

The king had sent his daughter to Paris to study. When she returned she was wiser than the wisest in the kingdom.

It was decided by his majesty that the princess should marry. This she was willing to do, for she dearly loved a young nobleman, who returned her affection. The king's preference, however, was either the minister of state or the commander-in-chief of the armies, both of whom sought her hand.

"Let us test their sincerity," pleaded the princess; "and he that best shows his devotion will I marry."

To this the king agreed, and the three suitors were summoned to appear.

As they appeared, the princess handed to each a photographic film. "Wear this," said she to each, "upon your breast, and in two weeks return to me."

Now the three had never heard of photography, and so went on their way wondering.

It was the custom in this country for every man to bare himself to his waist and ascend to his housetop morning and afternoon to pray for the royal family.

The young nobleman was always faithful in his prayers for the princess. Now he was doubly so. The minister of state prayed for a minute every three days, and the general about once a week.

In two weeks' time the three again appeared before the king. The princess had asked him beforehand to have each bare his breast and remove the film.

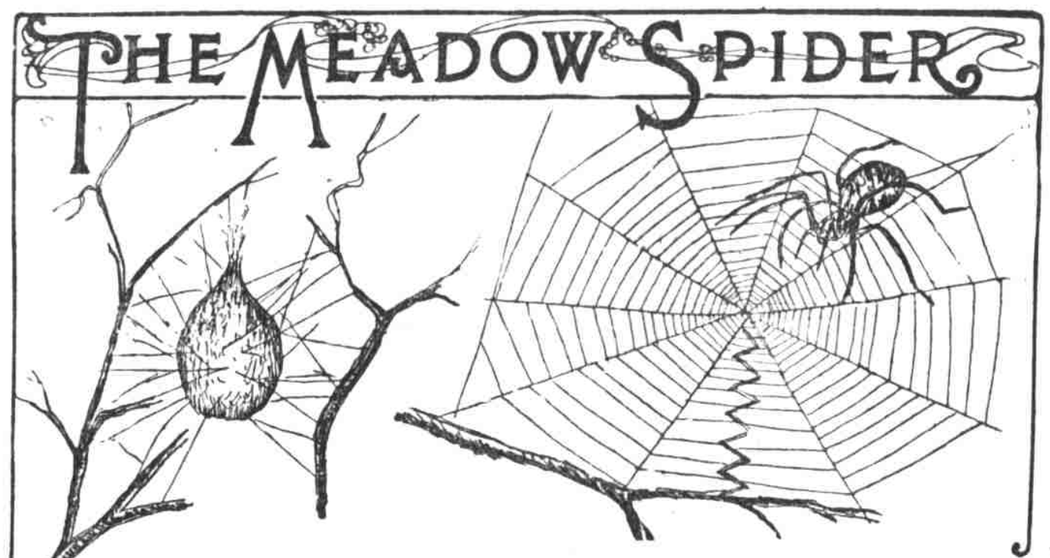
And, lo! on the breast of the general there appeared a sort of blur. On the breast of the minister could be seen what seemed to be the picture of the princess, though very faint. But on the young nobleman's breast was the princess' portrait, strong and clear.

You see, all the times he had gone to his housetop to pray the sun was printing the picture on his breast; while the sun had little chance to act upon the other two films.

But the king, knowing nothing of this, marveled. "Here," he thought, "is true devotion. The young man has thought so much of the princess that the magic plater has printed her image on his breast."

The nobleman married the princess.

THE MEADOW SPIDER



By Margaret W. Leighton

Down in the meadow,
Beside the blue sea,
Dwelt a little Arachnid,
As trig as could be.

Her gown it was velvet,
With buttons of gold.
Her head was pale gray,
Yet she didn't look old.

Her eight beady eyes—
What couldn't they see!
Her eight striped legs—
How spry they could be!

Her house was a marvel
Of wondrous net;
Spun in the night,
With dew-diamonds set.

Here she sat patiently,
Day after day,
Waiting for insects
A-coming her way.

First, a red dragon-fly;
Then a green hopper;
Next, a great bumblebee—
My, what a whopper!

"I feel," said Arachne,
"Such vigor today;
I want to do something
To work it away."

So she spun a silk bag;
'Twas wonderful quite,
With three hundred eggs,
Tucked away out of sight.

"Now who," she cried gaily,
"Can that be
A-pulling my doorbell
So very softly!

"A gay little lover!
Well, well I declare!
Come in, Mr. Spider,
Right up my white stair."

"Sweet Lady Arachne,
How lovely you are!
Ne'er saw I such beauty
A-near or afar!"

The wedding was simple,
The honeymoon brief;
Said the bride, "Little husband,
'Tis truly a grief

"That now you must furnish
My dinner for me."
And she gobbled him up
Just as quick as could be.

Bunny Grows Fat

"NO, I'M going to begin housecleaning this very day. If you weren't so dreadfully untidy, Mr. Bunny, perhaps it wouldn't be necessary, but no respectable rabbit would care to live in a burrow as dirty as this," Mrs. Bunny shook her head determinedly.

"Can't you put it off for a few months, dear? I do so hate housecleaning," pleaded Mr. Bunny.

"No, I wont," snapped Mrs. Bunny.

"SO HANDSOME A RABBIT"

"If you don't care to stay here, you can run over and pay Uncle Peter Rabbit a visit."

"Good idea! I will," cried Mr. Bunny.

So he tied his very best ribbon round his neck and took his very best cane and started off. As Mrs. Bunny saw him disappear over the fence she thought to herself that she had never seen so slim and graceful and handsome a rabbit. She felt sorry for having scolded him so roughly.

Mr. Bunny arrived in good time at the house of Uncle Peter Rabbit. Uncle welcomed him gladly.

For several weeks the two led a gay life together. Mr. Bunny ate so much and took so little exercise that he became plump and round and lazy.

At last Mr. Bunny, after saying good- to Uncle Peter Rabbit, started for home.

He reached the tidy little burrow, but found, to his sorrow, that he had grown too fat to squeeze through the hole.

Mrs. Bunny heard the noise and came out.

"How are you, my dear?" asked Mr. Bunny, affectionately.

Mrs. Bunny looked at him angrily. "And, who are you, sir," she demanded.

"Why, my dear, your husband, of

"AND WHO ARE YOU?"

course," gasped Mr. Bunny, almost overcome by surprise.

Mrs. Bunny replied: "Mr. Bunny, indeed! I tell you that Mr. Bunny is slim, and handsome, and not ridiculously fat and puffy as you are."

In vain, Mr. Bunny argued. He was turned from the door.

"When my slim, handsome Mr. Bunny comes, I will let him in, but no fat rabbit like you can come into my home," Mrs. Bunny had said, in parting.

So Mr. Bunny ran round and round the cabbage patch. It was hot work, and the perspiration rolled from him in streams, but he kept at it until Mrs. Bunny at last believed he was thin enough to be her husband.

Mr. Bunny had learned his lesson. He never again became lazy, and so never grew fat.

A Funny Hay Ride

JOE HONGLER I think's about the sleepiest fellow there is. Why, he'll go to sleep any place, at any time, and whether he's standing, sitting, or lying down. Joe's the only one of the "Bloody Robbers" who ever went to sleep while on guard. He nearly got fired for that.

But the funniest thing happened last summer. Ain't ever heard of it, have ye? Well, it was this way. Joe had promised Farmer Green he would take a load of hay over to Mr. Jones'.

That afternoon Joe hitched Dobbin to the wagon and drove him up to the barn. Then he went up to the hayloft, opened the door and started to pitch the hay down. It was so hot, though, that he thought he'd rest awhile. He sat down in the hay, and in just one minute was fast asleep.

The farmer came along in a little while. When he saw that the hay wasn't being loaded, he was mad as thunder. The hay had to go early that af-

"JOE NEVER AWOKE"

ternoon, so he began to do the work himself.

Soon he came to the bunch of hay that partly covered Joe. Sticking the fork deep under it, he threw hay and all into the wagon below, without seeing Joe.

And, would you believe it, Joe never awoke! He didn't know he'd been asleep until they unloaded the hay at Jones' barn.

Pelican and Crane

THE pelican plunged his bill downward into the water and brought up a fine fish. Right beside him stood the crane.

"By the way, did you ever hear the story of the fox and the cheese?" asked the crane.

The pelican paused in his meal, the fish still squirming in his bill. He shook his head.

"A crow once stole a piece of very fine cheese. Flying with it to a tree, he was about to eat it, when he espied Mr. Reynard underneath the tree.

"The fox straightway began to praise the crow, and, at last, begged for one of his charming songs. So pleased was the foolish crow with these compliments that he opened his bill to sing, when, lo! the cheese dropped from it into the jaws of Mr. Reynard, who then trotted contentedly away."

The pelican looked at the crane for a moment. Then he opened wide his great bill in a hearty guffaw. An instant, and the crane had inserted his long bill and had drawn from that of the pelican the wriggling fish.

Certainly the crow of the fable could not have looked more shamefacedly around him than did the pelican.

Blew It Out.

It had suddenly grown very cloudy and windy. Little Margaret rushed in, breathlessly:

"Oh, mother, the wind has blowed the sun out!"

Takes Them In.

Teacher—Do you know what "imbibe" means?

Lucy—Yes, ma'am; to take in.

Teacher—That's right. Suppose you give me a sentence using the word?

Lucy—My mother imbibes boarders.

Fell But Once.

Tourist (whom Johnny is showing the sights)—I suppose people fall down this steep cliff often, don't they?

Johnny—No, sir; once is enough for most of 'em.

Sambo Has a Tooth Pulled - Doesn't Feel the Slightest Pain.