

Polly Evans

For Boys

Story Page

and Girls

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SALLY SAMMY AND SUE

An Outing at the Shore

TO THE seashore one day—just a short time ago—
There came Sally and Sammy and Sue;
And the sights that they saw were so wondrous, you know,
That I really must show them to you.

Old King Neptune, the ruler of ocean, was there,
With a greeting so hearty for all.
"Oh, I'm still living here, and I don't think I'd care
Change my throne, or my home elsewhere call."

Sally

CHARMING, winsome Sally,
Little mother, she;
By the waves though dally,
Careful yet she'd be.

For, though very daring,
Challenging each wave,
Still, it's kind of wearing
Making two behave.

Sammy

MERRY, careless Sammy,
Building castles grand;
Hunting after "climmy"
Cast up on the sand.

Spying 'cross the ocean,
Miles and miles to sea;
Now he has the notion
He'll a sailor be.

Sue

PRETTY, tiny Susie,
Making "lovely pie";
See, she's pictured "moose,"
Dog and "gee" nearby.

Naught is there of trouble
For this little maid;
Now she's chasing "bubble"—
Herself a bubble strayed.

Fun in Sea and on the Beach

NEVER had the three such fun—
Out into the sea they'd run;
After them the waves would race,
Angrily to give them chase.

Sister Sally was so fleet—
Sammy, too, swift on his feet;
Of them the waves "once more"
Catch them as they dashed for shore.

Sally Wonders

THEY call it a "tide";
I wonder why.
To ask it I've tried—
There's no reply.

The horses, maybe,
Of Neptune old
Are "tied" to the sea—
Then back it's rolled!

Sammy Wonders

A BREAKER, they say,
Is near the shore.
Why "breaker," I pray!
I'll ask once more.

Because—yes, it must
Be that, alas!
Of ships it'll "bust"
That through it pass!

Sue Wonders

I WONDER—oh, dear!
And you could tell;
Bad wave, you're so queer,
And crool as well—

Dess why (now don't wun!)
"Ocean," folks say.
Said he: "Why, 'o-shun'"
Just means, 'stay 'way'!"

The Visit Ends

BUT the day passed so quickly to Sal, Sam and Sue
That it ended before it began—
So, I'm sure, it would seem had among them
been you—
For the sand of the hourglass "just ran."

A Cageless Zoo

IN HAMBURG, Germany, a zoo has
just been completed, which the
animals are permitted to roam
about without a single cage to confine
them.

Don't you think you'd be somewhat
frightened to see a lion staring at you
a short distance away?
There really is no danger. Various
plots of ground are surrounded by
deep ditches, impassable to the animals,
so that one kind of animal is
protected from the other.

Carl Hagenbeck was the builder of
this great zoo, which now occupies
thirty-six acres of ground. No less
than 600 wild beasts are sheltered
here, including fifty-seven lions, seven
Bengal tigers, three African elephants,
nine baby elephants, four Indian
rhinoceroses, ten zebras, five giraffes,
leopards, ostriches, antelopes,
mountain sheep, deer and many other
animals.

Were you to be guided through the
grounds, in places you would believe
yourself transported to Africa or India.

One plot has the appearance of
a miniature Switzerland, with artificial
mountains and rocks, over which the
mountain deer and sheep climb and
leap with great agility.

You turn in another direction, and
you imagine yourself in the Arctic.
Some fine polar bears appear to be
climbing icebergs, the great chunks
of ice floating in a large basin, in
which may also be seen seals, sea-
lions, penguins and gulls. Reindeer
and other animals roam nearby.

Would you not like to see such a
zoo? Perhaps you may some time.

A Greedy Fish

THIS incident really happened only
the other day. Indeed, very likely
it occurs often.

The pike saw Mr. Bullhead quietly
swimming toward him. Now, the pike
was a monster, while the other weighed
but a half pound.

"Here comes my breakfast," said Mr.
Pike to himself.

He swooped upon Mr. Bullhead and
seized him in his great jaws.

But the victim did not give up so
easily. Ruffling the sharp thorn-like
spines on either side of his head, so
that they pierced the throat of his en-
emy, he stayed in that position; nor
would he move in or out.

The pike, by this time, would gladly
have gone without his breakfast, but it
was now impossible to rid himself of
Mr. Bullhead. And so they were found,
both dead, when washed ashore.

The Frog, the Duck and the Butterfly



After the butterfly

Almost the duck

No duck drives on the frog

"Pirates" Cave

"THERE'S no use talkin'. We
haven't been half a crowd
since we lost our cave. Since
then we haven't had a real secret meet-
ing-place, and what good's a band of
robbers if they haven't a den?"

Skippy was disgusted. There was no
doubt about that. So, too, was every
other member of the "Bloody Robbers."

"Suppose we hunt a place, like the
"Pirates," suggested Bill Kane.
"They've got a dandy island somewhere
in the creek. No one's yet been able to

Taking it for granted that Mr. Brown
would give his consent, they loosed his
boat from its moorings and poled their
way up the stream.

All this time they kept a wary lookout
lest any "Bloody Pirate" become ac-
quainted with their whereabouts. The
island was to be a secret gathering-
place, understand, and they didn't want
any "Pirate" a-moseying around.

"Oh, say, let's try that island over
there—the one with those trees," Hughie
Dougherty pointed toward a neat little



"HELP! HELP! HELP! YOU FELLOWS!"

find it, either."
"Good idea. We'd be able to have
some great water-fights with 'em if
we had a good island," commented Pete
Hamilton.

Skippy thought for a moment. "Well,
all you fellows that don't have to work
be at Warner's hayloft at 1 o'clock.
We'll borrow Brown's old punt and pad-



"BILL KANE'S DOWN THERE."

up the creek. Fraps we can find
the right sort o' place."
Promptly at the hour named every
member of the "Robbers" answered roll-
call. "Would be unwise to ask how
many chores had been left undone at
home or the number of errands neglect-
ed. What had noble brigands to do
with chores, anyway?"

island, or just the right size for com-
fortable headquarters.

Silently they pushed the punt up to it,
and then cautiously stole up the sloping
bank.

It certainly was a fine place. A row
of trees running completely around in
a circle, close to the bank, formed a
screen that hid the interior altogether.

"Help! help! help, you fellows!"
Every one jumped. Although the cry
was muffled, it seemed to come from
some one near them.

It was Skippy who located the voice
and its owner. "Come here, fellows!"
he called.

Forcing their way through the under-
brush, they found him bending over a
deep hole.

"Bill Kane's down there," said he;
"and we got to throw him a rope or
something, 'cause he says it's too deep
to get out alone."

"Hurry up, you fellows!" came from
below, rousing all to action.
A sturdy branch was lowered, and Bill
was finally drawn up.
Once he was up, Bill wanted to go
down again.
Dropping a blazing twig into the hole,
Skippy peered below.
"Goah, fellows! it's a regular cave-
nipped up with tables and everything.
Bet it's the 'Pirates' cave!"
Upon investigation they discovered
this to be a fact, and even found a
ladger hidden nearby with which the
"Pirates" were wont to descend and
ascend in entering and leaving the
cavern.
As they stealthily took their depart-
ure, Skippy whispered:
"Course we don't want their cave—but
won't we be able to 'sprize' them,
though, some time!"
Every "Bloody Robber" nodded tri-
umphantly.



I'M KINDER SCARED OF WATER
BUT SISTER'S VERY BRAVE
I TAKE HER HAND,
AND THERE WE STAND
A PADDLING IN THE WAVE.

Why the Brook Sings

LONG, long ago, thousands of years
before man came on the earth,
the nightingales were the most
splendid plumage of any bird. As
they were also the sweetest singers,
as now, you may imagine that none
was their superior in the bird world.

Of course, the nightingales were very
proud. This was natural. One young
fellow, however, became so vain as to
be almost unbearable.

"Who is so fine a singer as I? Who
has so handsome a dress as I?" This
was the burden of his song day after
day.

But the time came when the young
nightingale warbled no more in the
moonlight. A fairy, tired of listen-

ing to his boasting, came to him.
"Idle braggar," said she, "this night
will you cease your trilling. Here-
after you will sing and sing and sing,
but not the notes of the nightingale.
And your relations will wear a less
brilliant garb from this time."

All at once the nightingale became
a little brook. The brook, which
heretofore were silent, now murmured
softly and musically, but the vain
nightingale no longer burst into glori-
ous melody of song.

As for the other nightingales, al-
though they continued to sing as
sweetly as ever, their plumage be-
came a modest reddish brown color in-
stead of having its former radiant
hues. So were they punished.

Clever Balancing

IF YOU were told that you can bal-
ance a cup one-quarter full of
coffee, you would hardly believe it.
Provided you are not particularly
nervous, however, you should not find
it such a difficult feat. You might
try it; that is, if your mother doesn't
object on the ground that you are
likely to break half a dozen cups in
practice.

Insert a cork in the handle of a cup



LOWERING THE CENTER OF GRAVITY.

tightly. Stick two of the prongs of
a four-pronged fork into the cork, in
the position shown in the picture.
This arrangement lowers the center
of gravity of the whole, and, if you
have a steady hand, you may now
place the cup on the point of the
knife.

Strange Savings Bank

What is probably the most curious
little money box in the world was
carved out of a single piece of wood
by a French wood carver.

You all remember the fable of the
crow who dropped the piece of cheese
into the fox's mouth. Part of the
bank is carved to represent a crow;
below it is the fox.

Much to Cry For

At a church festival the other day
a Sunday-school teacher saw one of
the boys crying.

"What are you crying for, my little
man?" she asked.

"'Cause I'm full, and I can't eat any
more," was the mournful response.

A Spanish School

IT WAS while visiting in Granada
that Leonard Williams came across
a school in which, at first sight, the
pupils seemed to be playing. He soon
found, however, that they were dili-
gently following their studies and learn-
ing them well, at that.

He was shown across a rustic bridge
into what appeared to be a playground.
Some benches were ranged along one
side. On these about ninety little boys
and girls were learning to count.

The middle of the space before the
benches was not level, but here it was
raised slightly, and there hollowed.

The padre, or teacher, pointed to this
space and explained:

"Here we have a map of Spain, with
all its mountains and all its valleys."
Then he came near the row of benches,
and called, "Antonio Torres!"

An eager-looking boy started up, pull-
ing off his cap.

"Antonio, go to Barcelona!"
Antonio scampered across the country,
planted his foot upon Barcelona and
smiled at us.

"Where is Barcelona, Antonio?"
"In Catalonia!"

"What is there at Barcelona?"
"A university, a bishop and half a
million inhabitants!"

"What else?"
"It is a seaport, and sends out wool-
ens and olives."

"Now go to Madrid!"
The scampering was repeated.

"Where are you now?"
"In New Castile, in the capital of the
kingdom."

"What does it produce?"
"Nothing!"

"Suppose you go to Portugal!"
Off he darted again.

"You have gone too far," cried the
padre; "you are standing in the sea."
And so the lesson went on.

Egg Trick

PLACE a hard-boiled egg upon the
punter side of a smooth, but not
polished, tray. Move the tray
around, and around horizontally,
gradually increasing in speed. The
egg, resting in the middle of the tray,
is carried around by the movement,
and gradually begins to revolve on
its own axis, faster and faster, till at
last it is seen to rise upright on end
and spin away exactly as a top would
do.

To set the egg spinning as described
demands practice, not to mention
some strength. For the benefit of
those that are ambitious to succeed
at the first attempt, we indicate a
simple plan of operation. Place the
tray on the table, letting it lean so
far over the edge as to be readily and
rapidly grasped by the hand. Place
the egg in the middle, and with the
thumb of the left and the first finger
of the right hand, placed at opposite
ends, set it vigorously spinning. It
will immediately rise on end, and
spin.

Quickly seize the tray, and you
then have nothing to do but keep the
egg still rotating, which moving the
tray in horizontal circles, but in the
reverse direction is that in which the
egg spins.