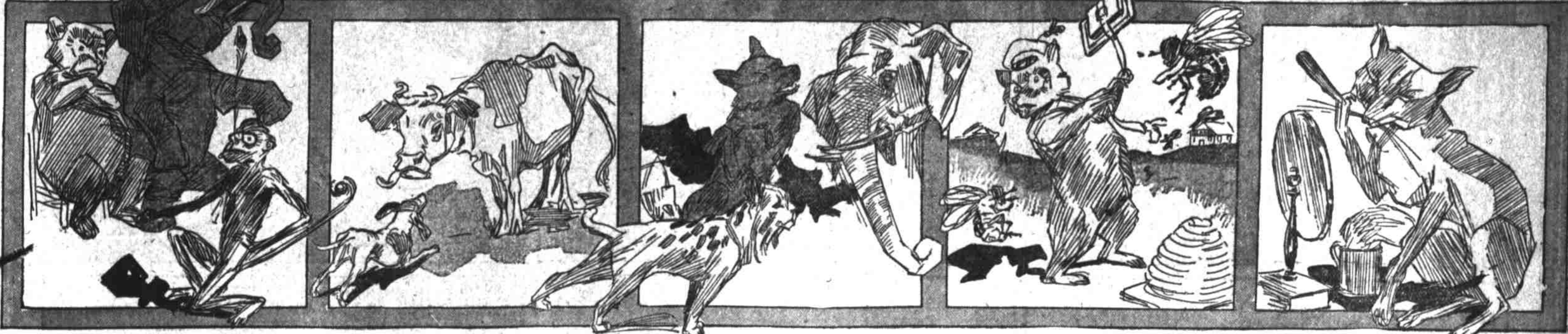


Polly Evans For Boys

Story Page and Girls

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NONSENSE AND WISDOM FROM ANIMAL LAND.



WHE! the animals went to see the show. The Elephant took his trunk, Since a great entertainer was booked for that night. In the person of Monsieur Monk. And while he was doing his funniest tricks The audience laughed and howled, Except Grizzly Bear, who could never be pleased, So he sat in a corner and growled.

A DOG ran after a Cow one day, And barked just fit to kill, And on he barked and snapped and growled— The Cow, she just stood still. But the dog grew tired—and Mrs. Cow! Well, nothing worried her, So the Dog with tail between his legs, Sneaked home a beaten cur.

THE Elephant's chain was lost somehow, And he kicked up high old jinks, But the old man's fun was soon cut short, For the Wolf had found the Lynx. So here's a lesson we can learn, 'Tis seldom ever matched: Your chickens you should never count Until completely hatched.

TIBBY, Tabby and Toby Bear Went off for school one day, And just before the school was reached Young Toby ran away. He ran into a nest of bees Who, with their might and main, Stung Toby every place they could, Then set him home again. The moral then: Go straight to school, And truant never play; For if you do you'll sting yourself, And that will never pay.

THE Monkey keeps the barber shop in Zootown nowadays, But Bre'r Fox shaves himself and spends 'Til money other ways. He sharpens up his razor keener, And then begins the show; He adds the lather with his tail— it is his brush, you know. The lesson then we learn is this: Be tidy in each case; And when you cannot find a thing, Get one to take its place. —JESSE O. LIPPINCOTT.

Voyage of the "Mousetrap"

Among the Topsy-Turvies

A Visit to Honeybrook Homestead

ME 'N' Bill Brant'n and Pete Hamilton jus' made up our mind we'd travel some. "Where'll we go?" asked Pete. "Let's go all the way down the Valley," I sez. Pete hopped up and down like as if a wasp was under 'im. "Butly! butly!" he yells; "Bill can borrow his pap's spring wagon, an' we'll nail hoops from side to side an' stretch across our ol' canvas tent."

beans was spread over us and the neighborin' scenery. That idjit Pete had never opened the top of the can for the air to get out. Well, say, we wasn't mad! But it wasn't any use kickin', so Bill asked where was the can o' corn. Pete pretended he couldn't find it in the wagon. Bill moseyed round, 'n' after while came across the can—jus' one-quarter full! That greedy Pete had been eatin' it back there in the wagon. An' he even had the nerve to say I'd had some of it, too. The ideal! But Pete ain't got no sense.

HAL was asleep. There was no doubt about that. But one may have a great many adventures while one is asleep, and certainly one couldn't have anything more strange occur than what happened to Hal while he was in Dreamland. It was this way. Hal had dropped off into slumber too near the edge of the haypile. The funny thing about it was that he didn't awake when he slid down to the bottom. The fact that his feet were where his head should have been may have been responsible for the adventures that followed.



"STANDING ON THEIR HEADS."

"That's where our chickens live," he explained; "our family roosts in that nice tree yonder." Sure enough, the family roosted on the tree like chickens, while the chickens lived in a comfortable house like people on the earth. The boy commenced to tell Hal about many other things, but just then he turned, caught Hal's arm and whispered: "Run for your life, the fox is hunting us!" Hal thought he wouldn't be afraid of a fox, but he changed his mind when he saw the giant creature, big as ten foxes in his land.

THERE seemed to be no cause in the world for Freddie to be sick. But ill he undoubtedly was, and with a bad fever, too. Every known disease was "catching" to Freddie. This meant that Elsie must pay Aunt Jane a visit. She lived but a few miles away, you know, and when any one was in trouble it was always Aunt Jane to whom they went for help. Funny thing about Aunt Jane's! Elsie never liked the idea of going there, because it was so lonesome and there was no one to play with, but once there she didn't like to leave. The fact is, although there were no people, everything about the homestead seemed to be trying to keep you company.



"AUNT JANE GREETED HER IN THE USUAL CORDIAL WAY."



"HOBBS NEVER SMILED."

hard to bring a smile to the surface, but it didn't quite appear. Once she thought he had given a dry sort of chuckle. That was when she asked him what worms and bugs and Mulligans were good for. But she surely must have been mistaken. "Why, Hobbs, you've got a new horse!" was Elsie's first exclamation. "Yes, miss, Dobbin's got so old that it was cruelty to take him out any more. However, Prince here is a very good horse, miss."

cept she was a little dirty. No, she guessed she wouldn't tell her that she never had anything to do with the Mulligans. Frequently Susie Mulligan came to look through the garden palings, and always did Elsie invite her to come in. Soon the other Mulligans learned that Susie was friendly with the "stuck-up girl" at the homestead. Susie told them so many nice things about Elsie that they began to stop stealing fruit and vegetables, and even began to nod to Elsie as they passed. But what made them all good friends



"WON'T YOU COME IN?"



"WE START ON OUR VOYAGE."

That afternoon we started on our "voyage"—as I called it in the logbook I kept every day. I was selected to keep the diary 'cause I was the mos' truthful. All the folks in town, pretty near, came out to yell after us that we'd be back in a day. But me 'n' Pete 'n' Bill knew better. More'n half the dogs in town followed us out, but only one stayed on. Pete named him "Pretty," because he was so ugly. One ear hung down and the other stuck straight up in the air. He had a sort of sorry look, as though he wished he wasn't livin', as he limped along on his three good legs.

Counting-Out Rhymes FOR determining the person who is to be "it," or the side which is to have the first inning of a game, a great many counting-out rhymes are used, some of which are as follows: Ana, mana, mona, mika; Barcelona, bona, strike; Care, ware, frow, frack; Hailieo, halioo, we, wo, wack! This, too, has many variations; "Barcelona" becomes "tuscatoona," etc. One form ends in: Huldy, guldy, boo, out goes you. Ana, mana, dipery Dick; Della, dolla, Dominick; Hitcha, pitcha, dominitcha. Hon, pon, tush. In some districts the third line is given as "Houtcha, poutcha, domoustouche," and in others, "Hitcha, potcha," etc. "Tush" may also become "tut" or "tuck."

Little Grains of Wheat



"A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY."

one who would relieve the sufferings of his subjects. For a severe plague had fallen upon the kingdom, and to make matters worse, there had come a dreadful famine. Disease lurked everywhere, nor was there anything to eat. Again the king groaned. "Not one kind deed have I done for my people. Oh, if I could only help them!" As he spoke there appeared before him a beautiful fairy. Touching the king on the arm she bade him follow her. She led him from the castle out into the fields. And lo! where the ground had lain waste without a growing thing there now rose vast fields of grain, the golden stalks swaying in the wind.



"FOR EVERY GRAIN TO THE BIRDS."

SADLY the king looked out of the casement. Beyond him stretched his kingdom—a kingdom that had formerly seemed fair to him, but which now, echoing as it was with the cries of all his people, appeared in his eyes to be worth nothing. He would gladly have given the vast lands to

happened on Elsie's birthday. She had decided to have a little party and invite Susie. All at once the idea came into her head to invite all the Mulligans. Susie had told her how poor they were and that they "never got nothin'." What a treat it would be for them! Aunt Jane was a little doubtful at first (she was only acquainted with the old Mulligans), but at last she consented—and that's a whole story by itself. It is enough to say that Elsie found the Mulligans' case so bad, after all. Not was she at all lonely when she visited Honeybrook Homestead thereafter. Dig Deep Though Mildred Muller, dug out in the sand until I came to China. Mother—Don't tell Susie, Mildred. Mildred—Yes, but I'm holding up a brown piece of old paper.