

Polly Evans For Boys

Story Page and Girls

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Bert Morgan CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY

Giovanni

Miss Pussykin's School

AS BERT and Willie drew nearer they could see from the wild gestures that the man must be at his wits' end.

thought was the best meal he had ever eaten. Willie was still most too overcome by the surprise of their good fortune to say much, but he proved conclusively that he was possessed of a hearty appetite.

their astonishment. Not a sign was there of the professor!



"SURROUNDED BY A GRINNING AUDIENCE."

The poor Frenchman, upon hearing these words spoken in his native tongue, threw his arms around Bert and burst into exclamations of joy.

steps to the hotel. Here they dined sumptuously. After dinner Professor Dubois engaged in conversation for several hours with Bert.

Among the professor's effects they found the address of his lawyer. To him they wired of the professor's death, and then journeyed to Paris to place in his hands what belongings the professor had taken to Switzerland.

"Again we're out of a job," said Willie, as they came from the lawyer's office.

"Yes, this one didn't last long. Poor old professor!" sadly muttered Bert.

"He was a nice old coddler!" was Willie's sympathetic response.

Willie had nearly all his money in a wallet when he left the hotel in Switzerland, and in some way the wallet had found its way into a valise.

They arrived at the steamship office. Bert reached his hand in his pocket and then drew it forth with a worried expression.

"Can't find it!" he announced to Willie.

The other pursed his lips ruefully. But nothing worried Willie very long.

"We've simply got to get on board a boat, somehow," said he.

Suddenly he clutched Bert by the arm. "Here comes a party of English tourists with more luggage than they can manage."

"No one," replied the boy.

"The count was astonished. He asked Giovanni's master to permit him to see that the boy received musical instruction."

Not many years passed before Giovanni realized his ambition and became one of the most noted musicians of the day.



"PLAYED TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT."

A GRAND French nobleman was once traveling quietly through Italy, accompanied only by his secretary.

Stopping at a village to change horses, they were at once surrounded by a troop of ragged urchins.

After dispensing a few coins, the chaise proceeded on its way. It had gone some distance when the horses were thrown back on their haunches.

"There's a brigand on behind the chaise!" he explained to the French nobleman.

The "brigand" was found to be Giovanni, the little lad who played upon the violin.

One day the master of the house invited a number of guests to a banquet.

As they dined there came through the open window the sweet strains of a violin.

Charmed with the music, a servant was sent to fetch the musician.

"No one," replied the boy.

"If he could only see himself how bad it looks!" sighed Catharine.

Each of us looked to the other to suggest a plan. At last Edith spoke:

"Well, suppose we let him see just how it does look. Suppose we form a selfish club, and be just as selfish toward one another and our friends as we possibly can."

"Agreed," cried we all, and the "Selfish Club" became an active organization.

Operations began at the breakfast table.

"Catharine, will you please pass me that orange?" asked George, nodding toward the only orange that remained upon the table.

Clarence looked surprised, for ordinarily George would have politely insisted that one of us take it.

"Helen, of course, was in the secret. "Helen," said she, "when will you be ready to help me with that embroidery?"

Clarence expected to hear Helen answer, "Right away, mother," as she always did. Instead, he was shocked when she said shortly:

"I don't think I can help you, mother; I want to have a little pleasure myself today."

I was the next "offender." Tommy Ryan, my particular chum, dashed in and shouted without ceremony:

"I say, Jimmy, I want to borrow your canoe for today."

Now Jimmy and I are so very, very chummy that usually we take one another's things without even asking.

What belongs to one belongs to the other, you know. Clarence almost dropped when I said, "Just as ugly as I could."

"You can't have it! Do you suppose I want all of my things broken?"

Henry turned to see an ugly dwarf standing beside him.

"This island," explained the dwarf, "once belonged to me, my relatives and my friends, but the horrible giant has come and we no longer live in peace."

Taking Henry by the hand, he led him into a great cavern, where the dwarfs now hid, and spread before him a fine meal.

When the lad had eaten his fill, the dwarf brought forth a magnificent sword and handed it to him.

"If you wound the giant ever so slightly with this sword," said he, "he will surely die. Slay him for us and we will give you great reward."

Henry took the sword and went on his way to where the giant lay at breakfast.

No sooner did he see the lad than he leaped to his feet, grasped a great club, and made a terrific lunge with it.

The dwarfs were jubilant. They presented Henry with great bags of gold and gave him a flask of magic wine, which made any one who drank it kind and amiable. He was then provided with a boat.

Very shortly the boy entered his uncle's hut. The man at once sprang upon him and beat him. Then he spit the flask of wine. He drank it—and the very next instant he had become the most kind-hearted person in the world.

With so much money they were now able to build a great castle and to live in comfort and happiness.

"Now that you can't return, perhaps you'll do the service we ask of you."

Henry turned to see an ugly dwarf standing beside him.



A SESSION OF THE CATDOM ACADEMY

A VERY good pussy-cat goes to school— Not like the froggies, by rummy pool; For, so select is Miss Pussykin's school, Each little Pussyville cat has a stool.

Though I say "cats," course I mean just Kittens get through long before they're Nor was there ever such learned kits, None so skilful to catch sly rats.

Mousing, behavior and virtue taught, Show in the manner of cats well bred; So that the pupils of Pussykin taught, Have all their comrades in Catdom led.

Our Selfish Club

First Visits to the Country

IT REALLY do believe that Clarence is the most selfish person in the world," said Edith emphatically.

We, that is, Helen and Catharine and George and I, nodded.

Helen observed, "It does look rather mean for brothers and sisters to hold a council about another brother, but I think it's time we did our very best to break Clarence of this habit. If he's not cured now I don't think he ever will be."

"If he could only see himself how bad it looks!" sighed Catharine.

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"You can't have it! Do you suppose I want all of my things broken?"

Tommy felt dreadfully hurt. He turned and went away without a word. I had to slip out the back door and catch up with him and explain all about our club. Of course, Tommy was enrolled as a member, and he then went off to get the canoe.

But the club disbanded that evening. Father had come in tired and not feeling well. After dinner he asked Edith: "Do you think you could help me check up a few accounts, dear?" Edith always begs to act as father's private secretary when he's home, and she's proud as can be of her ability to assist him.

"Can't tonight, papa; I've arranged to go to the theater."

Clarence's knife and fork dropped with a clatter, as he gazed open-mouthed from one to the other. He had not once spoken of our selfish acts, but now he drew himself erect, his eyes flashing indignation, and said, slowly and deliberately:

"Edith, how could you do so?"

Then poor father, who wasn't yet in the secret, turned sadly to Clarence.

"My boy," said he, "have you any right to reprove your sister?"

Clarence flushed and dropped his eyes.

"No," he replied, in a low voice; "but I never thought before how disgusting an act of selfishness appears to others."

"I now see my fault clearly," he confessed, "and I shall do all in my power to correct it."

Father's face just glowed. "My boy, nothing you have ever said has pleased me more!"

So you see our "Selfish Club" really did serve its purpose.

Only Thing Left

The schoolmaster was trying to teach his class composition, and he was having great difficulty.

Said he: "If I should ask 'What have I in my hand?' the answer should be, 'You have an apple in your hand.'"

"Now, suppose I should ask, 'What have I on my feet?' what should you say?"

"Shoes," was the first reply.

"Stockings," replied another boy.

"No," said the teacher, impatiently, "both of you are wrong. Remember what I have just said."

For a moment no one seemed anxious to try to answer the question; but at last a lad raised his hand with an air which said quite plainly that he was perfectly sure of his knowledge.

"Corn!" he shouted triumphantly.

Our Selfish Club

THE questions and answers of little boys and girls upon their first visit to the country are often truly amusing.

One little boy from the slums was with great difficulty, coaxed to go. "I said he heard there were 'thrashing machines' in the country, and he didn't want to go there to be thrashed. 'Tis some little boy, when asked why the chickens interested him so greatly replied, 'I've only seen them that's been reeled in the city.'"

Another little boy once went to the country on a visit. Seeing his aunt plucking the feathers from a chicken that evening, he asked: "Auntie, you undress all the chickens before putting them to bed?"

The cows were favorites with Lottie, a little girl of 8. She begged to be permitted to milk, and, finding herself rather unsuccessful, thought she'd "better begin on a calf first." Lottie also wanted to know if you had to buy gum for the cows to chew on, and whether the milk that came from a separator was the same as that which came from cows. She thought it was so funny, too, that "all hens ate with their noses."

Oyika



"TENITA CHASES THE BUTTERFLY"

TWO little Japanese maidens, Tenita and Oyika, were busily engaged with their brushes, writing out their daily exercises. No one would ever imagine that the queer characters, so carefully painted, represented words mouthed thirty times, to give them life.

Tenita happened to glance up from her work. There, sitting about her head, was a beautifully colored butterfly. Unable to resist the temptation Tenita darted after it. This way and that she scampered, but the mouthpiece apparently insect always eluded her. Suddenly, in place of the butterfly, there stood before her a wonderful fairy—for even Japanese boys and girls have their fairies, you know.

"Tenita," said she, "I am sorry to see that you like to engage in such idle pastimes. I am the fairy who rewards only studious boys and girls."

"Oyika has been keeping faithfully at her work. Already she has finished her exercises, and I am going to help her with the rest. She deserves such a reward."

With swift strokes the fairy completed Oyika's exercise, while Tenita was left wondering what excuse she should make for her tardy progress.

Rule Didn't Apply

Johnny had listened attentively to the wise old doctor's "ice, but you can't see he wasn't quite convinced.

"No, doctor," said he, "it might be right in some families, to give mouthful thirty times, but it wouldn't do in ours."

"Why not?" asked the doctor.

"Cause there's seven of us boys and girls at home, and by the time I've finished one mouthful there'd be nothing left for me to eat."

GIANT OF ENCHANTED ISLE



"PUSHES OFF INTO THE LAKE."

"RECEIVED BY THE DWARF."

"KILLS THE HORRIBLE GIANT."

POOR HENRY had a hard time of it. He lived with his uncle in a little hut built amid the forest trees. Henry's uncle was a woodchopper, and the lad, too, was obliged to go out early in the morning and toil until night, chopping wood.

Every night when he came home with his bundle of wood he was beaten by his uncle and often sent supperless to bed, for the uncle was a very cruel man.

One day, while the boy was going from place to place in the forest chopping wood, he found himself standing on the edge of a beautiful lake, in the middle of which was a pretty isle.

He remembered that his uncle had told him this little island was called Enchanted Isle, and whoever journeyed there never returned.

Sitting down on the bank he dreamed of wonderful treasures and mighty dragons that might be upon the island.

That night Henry received a more severe beating than ever before, inasmuch as he had brought such a small load of wood.

"Tomorrow I will go to the enchanted isle," he resolved; "I could hardly lead a worse life there than I do here—and if I should die it will matter nothing."

Early next morning he crept silently down the rickety ladder from his bed on the edge of a beautiful lake, in the middle of which was a pretty isle.

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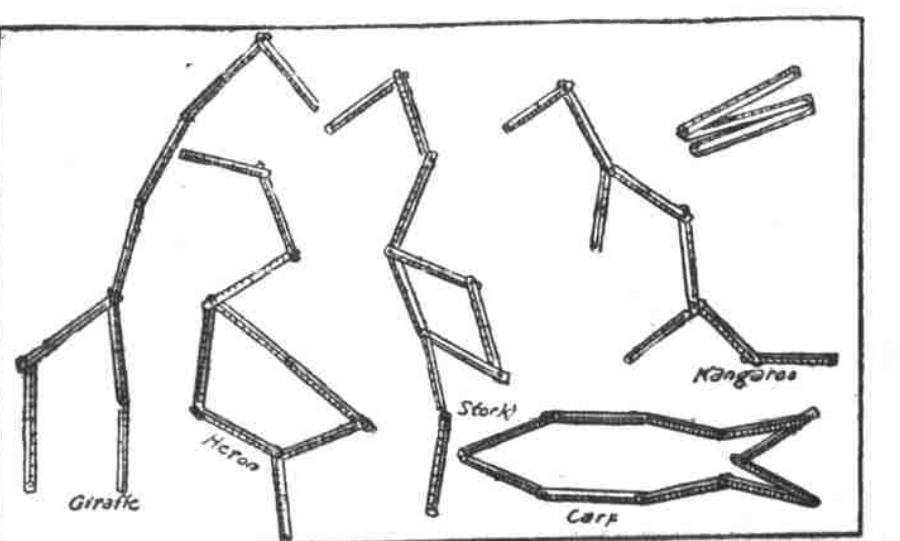
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Menagerie by Rule



SOME ANIMALS MADE BY RULE

It is very entertaining and amusing to see how many figures you can make with a long, jointed rule.

Here are some of them. Doubtless you will be able to find many others.