

# Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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## Sold His Reputation for a Songbird

SOUNDS of merry laughter and the gay tinkling of cymbals fell upon the ears of Pierre, vender of birdcages. One observing the dejected air of the young man, as he trudged stolidly along the dusty road, would hardly imagine that music and gaiety could possibly find place in such a soul.

Yet Pierre seemed to respond to the inviting strains. He straightened out the crook in his back, balanced anew the song pole upon which his wares were suspended and stepped forward almost blithely.

"Perchance 'tis a wedding," thought he, "and should I take advantage of the



STEPPED FORWARD ALMOST BLITHELY

general spirit of goodwill, I may be able to dispose of my cages. At all events, the music is certainly pleasing."

"Whose wedding is it?" asked he of the first person he met upon entering the town, which bore signs of great rejoicing among its inhabitants.

"Wedding, nukumuk! Why, don't you know this is the first day of May—a day when our folks and those who court misfortune dare marry; and haven't you ever heard of the crowning of the May Queen?" The fellow gleefully repeated Pierre's question to bystanders, and these mocked at him, saying:

"Surely such an ignorant boobey does not deserve to sell his goods."

The poor vender of cages shrunk from the rough fellows who assailed him on every side. Seeing that he stood no chance of making a single sale, he dejectedly made his way back toward the road whence he had come.

But once out of sight of his tormentors, Pierre's courage revived sufficiently for him to ask a wayfarer, whom he overtook on the way, to purchase a cage.

Upon the man's replying that he had no need of such an article, Pierre made desperate but vain efforts to buy one.

"If you don't want to buy, be merciful, at least, and give me enough money to buy one meal!"

"A big, healthy-looking fellow like you should be ashamed to beg," retorted the other.

Pierre convinced him, however, that people would not buy his cages—they preferred to see the birds in the sky, rather than in a cage—therefore was he starving.

The stranger looked at the vender long and searchingly. "Pierre," said he, "I am going to help you."

Drawing from his pocket a bird with magnificent azure plumage, he placed it in one of the empty cages. Then he continued:

"Whenever you wish to have anything, simply say to this little bird: 'O bird of azure blue, I crave a boon of you'—and then name your wish. You will receive what you desire."

Pierre immediately put the stranger's word to the proof by wishing for a splendid dinner. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the most beautiful dishes lay on a table before him.

"Oh, sir!" cried the overjoyed vender. "I thank you with all my heart! Surely you must be an angel."

"I am St. Estapin," was the reply, uttered just as the good saint suddenly disappeared from sight.

After a hearty meal, Pierre wished for a horse, a handsome suit of clothes and plenty of money. Strapping behind him on the horse the cage containing this precious bird, he threw away the rest of his cages and journeyed on to seek his fortune, singing as he rode.

Presently he arrived at a mansion where many nobles and gentlemen were gathered together for entertainment. Finding that they were disturbed by the non-arrival of their musicians, Pierre thoughtfully made his magic bird summon both minstrels and jugglers.

The ladies imagined Pierre was some person of great importance, and all were anxious to dance with him. He found one so beautiful and gracious that he was seized with admiration for her many good qualities, and immediately fell in love with her. And that very evening Pierre asked her hand in marriage.

"Alas! I cannot," sighed the lady,

that he must have been very good, indeed. There was no kindness too difficult or troublesome for him to attempt.

In the pictures you will see him helping his friends. The poor duck has grown so fat that she cannot

even waddle; therefore, Good is patiently drawing her about from place to place on the little sled, in order that she may feed comfortably. And the old mare is so selfish as not to permit the fowls to feed on the grubs about her feet. Good teaches her a lesson by getting a big scythe and with it making a hole in the feeding bag

of the horse, so that the grain falls upon the ground for the chickens to eat. And as these pictures run upward on the page, so Good rises higher and higher in his splendid career of worthiness.

There was once a little dorgie, who was so very, very good that he went by the name of Good. So you can see

lower in his wicked career. People even grew to hate him, so that they murmured against the choice of such a name for him; therefore he was dog-christened Bad.

And Bad lived to an old age, when he died painfully and miserably.

And from all of this, my children, you will be able to tell for yourselves which got the better bargain when the fairy waved her wand—when Good became Bad and Bad became Good. Afterward, you know, Good became Bad and Bad became Good. Dear me, this is really puzzling, isn't it? Just like, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." Of course, good has always been good, and bad has always been bad; then how is it that Good was Bad and Bad was Good? Dear, dear, me! It's growing worse and worse.

But, after all, good must be the best, mustn't it?

# MYSTERY OF JUDITHA. LEE

## Ralph's Lucky Whistle

JUDITHA, when a baby, is cast ashore from a shipwreck, and is adopted by Tommy Lee's father. Tommy and Judith grow up together as brother and sister. Through accident they fly away in an airship, which Tommy's uncle has invented, and land on a tropical isle in the South Pacific ocean. Here they are met by a strange little girl, who takes them in a submarine boat, to the home of her father, Professor Livingston. This house, strange to say, is built beneath the ocean waves.

LEAVING Professor Livingston's study, Marjory showed them their rooms. Magnificently appointed rooms they were, with every convenience. Tommy and Judith marveled more and more at the wonders of this strange palace under the sea.

At dinner the professor gazed meditatively into vacancy, nor did he utter one word. He ate absent-mindedly whatever was placed before him by Roberts, the one servant. Roberts, however, had been with his master a long time and knew well how to give him proper attention.

As Tommy and Judith were naturally very much fatigued, they retired to their beds shortly after dinner. But their

"for, although I love you, I am betrothed to another." Now, it so happened that the nobleman to whom she was betrothed was of a most avaricious bent of mind. So impressed was he with the wonderful bird that he had been following Pierre about the whole afternoon, hoping to effect a bargain whereby the bird would come into his possession. Thus it was that he chanced to hear the conversation between his lady and Pierre. Striding forward, he said:

"Sir, you may have this lady for your bride, provided you give me the magic bird."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Pierre, without a moment's hesitation. Rushing toward the cage, he first very prudently made a wish for great riches and vast lands. This done, he handed the birdcage over to its new owner, and hastened to claim his bride.

So all ended happily for Pierre. But not so with the greedy nobleman. He began at once to test the wonderful powers of the bird. No sooner did he make the first wish, however, than the beautiful feathered songster changed into an ordinary chicken, and his wishes remained unfulfilled. In this way he was punished for his lack of honor.

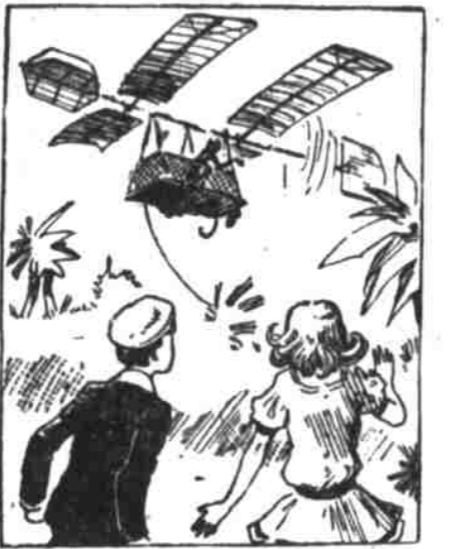
All through Provence it was said of him that he sold his reputation for a songbird. Even today, when one recklessly throws away honor, we say: "He has sold his reputation for a song."

brains were so busy going over the events of the last two days that some time elapsed before they finally drifted into slumberland.

"Boom! boom! boom!" thundered a deep-toned bell through echoing corridors and high-ceilinged apartments. Both Tommy and Judith sat up in their beds and rubbed their eyes bewilderedly. When they realized where they were, they hurriedly dressed, and soon joined Marjory and her father at breakfast.

"I think I shall examine your airship this morning," remarked the professor, an hour or so later. So the little party walked to the "landing stage." Entering the little submarine boat, Tommy and Judith went through the fascinating experience of rising through the "chimney" and then gliding smoothly along but a short distance above the beautiful tropical gardens on the ocean bottom.

"I shall be glad, indeed, to have such an opportunity—that of studying a really successful airship," observed Professor Livingston. "As you have seen, I have



A MONKEY STEALS THE AIRSHIP

learned considerable about submarine navigation and boat-building; on the other hand, I have given indifferent attention to the solution of the problem of aerial flight."

After effecting a landing, the four threaded their way through the luxuriant vegetation. Indeed, had there



A PLOT OF GROUND DEVOTED TO THE RAISING OF GRAIN

not been some slight apology for a path, which Roberts had cleared, passage would have been impossible.

Marjory now took the lead. She had just proffered the information that the airship was only a few rods distant, when there was a sudden whirr as of huge wings, accompanied by the fierce chatter of half a dozen monkeys. Started, the members of the party raised their heads and were astonished to see above them the airship—and in it a monkey!

"Meddlesome little beast!" exclaimed the professor; and then, as he noted the direction of the airship's flight—"I fear we shall never recover your airship, my friends."

The professor was right. Out over the sea sped the machine, with its terrified and lonely passenger. Soon it was lost to view.

For a long time they looked in the direction whence it had vanished. Then, turning to Tommy and Judith, the professor said quite soberly:

"It seems that you must remain our guests a while longer."

In order to comfort them, however, he promised that as soon as he had finished a very important experiment which he was conducting, he would see that they reached home safely.

Tommy and Judith were shown little plots of ground upon which Roberts cultivated grains. But other foods could be

obtained without difficulty. There were coconuts, bananas and all manner of queer fruits growing in abundance.

After the party returned to the house in their submarine boat, the professor invited them into his scientific laboratory and explained the uses of some of the queer-looking vessels and instruments they saw there. Just as they were about to leave, he turned to Judith, whom he had been watching respectfully, and said:

"Child, do you know, you bear a remarkable resemblance to my dead sister. Strange to say, her name was Judith, too. She and her little child were lost in a shipwreck upon the Atlantic coast of America. Her husband had made a fortune in that country and she was going to him. Up to that time she had lived with me in London. And it was after her death, when I had perfected my submarine invention, that I built my giant ship, equipped it, and came thither in order that I might pursue my studies in quiet. Marjory's

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mother died when she was a mere baby."

In the studio Marjory told her guests something about her life on the island. It seems that while she had her daily studies and tasks to accomplish, there were days at a time when she didn't catch a glimpse of her father and other times when he was too absorbed in his thoughts to speak to her or even notice her.

"And you may imagine what sort of playmate Roberts would make!" she complained.

Tommy and Judith laughed. No, they couldn't imagine grave, dignified Roberts indulging in games or any kind of fun-making, whatever. Indeed, they were surprised that he should even consent to cultivate the small plots of ground. But Marjory informed them that this required very little labor, and that she herself did most of the work.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

## Inside the Cat

THE little boy had promised to watch over the old lady's cat and canary while she spent the afternoon visiting.

Upon the lady's return she immediately sought the small boy. He handed her a basket, with the explanation, "Thought I'd keep them in here so as to be safe."

"Where's the bird?" anxiously pursued the lady, when the open lid disclosed the pussy.

"Oh, it's inside all right," confidently responded the boy.



THE "TOPS" SPINNING

ning through them and spoils at the top. First spin the plates. Then set the saucer in motion, permitting the point of the pivot to rest in a little hollow of the peg set without the spool of the plate "top."

Angels' Bites. Before Dorothy was tucked in her cozy little bed mother told her to go right to sleep and not be frightened, because the angels would watch over her.

Before long a dismal wail was borne by summer breezes to mother's ear. "Mother, oh, mother," came in Dorothy's voice, "some of the angels have bitten me!"

## Making Care of Dolly



TAKE care of Dolly, Keeping dolly well; Awful responsibility for a miss like me! Deed you must remember More than I can tell.

First you do a walking Almost every day; Every dolly should have the air, when the weather's fair.

Don't go when it's raining— "Complexions" wash away. Dollies are so careless. Limbs they always break; Mostly when they're used with gloves. They'll look good as new. To avoid all trouble, These instructions take. And then, when dollies cease to be, Be sure you always new ones buy.

## GOOD AND BAD AND DAD AND GOOD

Then he met Bad. Good and Bad looked at one another for a while in silence. Then Bad said: "Do you know, I should like to change places with you for a time, just to see how it feels to be so good."

"Do you know, I should like to change places with YOU, just to see how it feels to be so bad."

All at once the Annual Fairy appeared before them. A wave of her

mured against the choice of such a name for her; therefore she was christened Good.

And Good lived to a happy old age, when she died quietly and peacefully.

The little dorgie who had been so very, very good now became so very, very wicked that he was disliked by all who knew him. Not a single good trait remained. For in-

stance, he would not hesitate a moment to knock a flower pot down on the head of the poor cat. On one occasion he ground off the end of pussy's tail in the coffee machine.

As the pictures run downward on the page, so Good traveled lower and

lower in his wicked career. People even grew to hate him, so that they murmured against the choice of such a name for him; therefore he was dog-christened Bad.

all day long, so that the house and barn was always kept rid of those pests.

As the pictures run upward on the page, so Bad rose higher and higher in her career of worthiness. People grew to love her so that they mur-

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