

# Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

(Copyright, 1938, by The North American Company.)

## TALE of the WONDERFUL GAME FACTORY and A VISIT WE PAID THROUGH MAGIC



**Blindman's Buff**  
**Snap-dragon**  
**Football**  
**Pussy-in-the-Corner**  
**Little Egyptian at Play**

came to the flight of marble steps. "As we came through, we certainly should be able to go back," said Carl, placing his foot on the spot where he imagined the back of the mirror ought to be. And, as he thought, the wall yielded. He and Ella stepped right through into the little room from which the journey had begun.

Certainly their first experience in Wonderland had been very pleasant, indeed. You may be sure that Carl and Ella promised themselves a similar treat the next day. Perhaps you may hear of the further adventures of Carl and Ella as Polly Evans hears about them.

**Utilized its Tunefulness.**  
 The daughter of the village rector had been painstakingly rehearsing the choir boys. On Sunday she inquired of one of them:  
 "Jerry, I hope you haven't forgotten the new hymn I taught you last Sunday."  
 "No'm," was the answer; "I've been skeer'n' the crows away from the field with it all week."

**Overheated.**  
 A little boy seated himself at the breakfast table the other morning. During a slight pause in his attacks upon the victuals he found time to look about him. Attracting the attention of his mother, he asked:  
 "Mother, wouldn't the butter be taken away? See how it's perspiring!"

### "Rocky"

HAROLD'S very last words to his sister, as he was leaving on a long visit to grandpa, were:  
 "Don't forget to take good care of 'Rocky, Marian."  
 You must become acquainted with "Rocky" before we go any further. He was a splendid big rooking horse, of a beautiful dappled gray, and fitted with bridle and stirrups just like a real horse. And gallop! Why, you could gallop at breakneck speed with him all around the yard. You can see why Harold took such pride in the possession of "Rocky," can't you, and why he wished Marian to take good care of her horse?

Before this time Marian was not much better acquainted with "Rocky" than you were. But now she was often to be found upon the spirited mount. She became quite as fond of him as was Harold.

Marian didn't notice it at first, but after a while she told herself that she never found "Rocky" in the same place in which she left him. "Mother," said she, gleefully, "I just know that 'Rocky' has a nice gallop all by himself, whenever I leave him. Or maybe the fairies ride him!"

Marian would have liked ever so much to keep right on believing this, but said to herself, "I'll soon find out whether or not that was a horseman—or rather, a 'horsemonkey'."



MARIAN AND "ROCKY"

### Shady Dell

SO WET and dreary was it out of doors that Rosalie and Roberta betook themselves upstairs in hopes of finding something with which to pass the time. In the garret Roberta dragged forth from a dusty corner the stereoscope, the two curious glasses of which you looked through at a picture fastened on the other side, and, lo! the view seemed to be real. Then, too, a little wooden hood covered your eyes—a hood that smelt delightfully fragrant and reminded you of the sweet-smelling caskets of sandalwood and cedar your fairy tales told so much about. So you were quite shut off from the outside world, and it didn't take much imagination to make yourself believe you were a part of the scene you were looking at.

"Oh, wouldn't I just love to be in front of this pretty fountain!" sighed Rosalie, with the hood glued to her forehead.

"My dear," laughed Roberta, "you should try that fairy rhyme our latest story book gives:  
 "Buttercup, daisy and little bluebell,  
 Take me, please take me to cool Shady Dell."  
 And the very funny part of it all



THEY SAT BY THE FOUNTAIN

was that before they could say Jack Robinson, or John Robinson, or any other Robinson, the twins found themselves before the very fountain of which Rosalie had spoken.

"Why, Rosalie," whispered Roberta, as soon as her surprise would permit her to speak, "this must, indeed, have been Shady Dell, so that the rhyme came out all right."  
 "Since we're here, we may as well make the best of it," echoed Roberta. So together they tripped about the fairy grounds. Nor can you imagine all the delightful nooks they found. In one place they came upon two nice swings, and, as they were magic swings, all you had to do was to sit in them and they swung back and forth of their own accord.

"But how are we going to get home



ON THE MAGIC SWINGS

again?" asked Rosalie, when many pleasant hours had swiftly sped.  
 "Oh," replied Roberta, "don't you remember the other rhyme, which goes like this:  
 "Now, little flowers, I must say 'Good-bye,'  
 'Tis time I'me sitting away, far away."  
 And before you could say even Robinson the twins were back in the garret. The rain had stopped, the clouds had cleared away and the sun was shining. And the birds were singing almost as cheerily as did the little feathered songsters in Shady Dell.

**In Point of Politeness.**  
 It was bedtime for Herbert and Grace. The two ventured timidly along the unlighted hallway. When the bottom of the stairs was reached, Herbert stopped. After vainly trying to pierce the darkness which lay before him, he loudly called:  
 "Oh, I say, mother; it isn't polite for men to go first. Is it?"  
 "No, dear," came the response from the distance.  
 "Then go ahead, Grace," commanded the much-relieved Herbert, courageously pushing his sister to the fore.



Gray Cat and Little Bird

"HELLO, THERE!" cried Gray Cat to Little Bird, who was perched on the maple tree just the length of the bough from his dear, warm nest-home.  
 "Hello," answered Little Bird, calling down, with a friendly little chirp.  
 "Meow, meow," you mean to be a nice little creature," continued Gray Cat. "I think I'll invite you to come down and play with me. I know a great many nice little birds who would feel honored by my invitation—but I like you—really, I've taken quite a fancy to you."  
 "Thank you," answered Little Bird, chirping in a pleased way and holding himself a bit straighter, the better to show off his fine form and the stylish color of his feathered coat.  
 "Yes, I have, and want you very much for a mate. The day is a fine one and we'll have no end of fun. Come, Little Bird, I'll give you the time of your life!"  
 "Thank you, thank you," answered Little Bird, "I will come as soon as I ask Mother Bird. It won't take but a moment."  
 "Not!" screamed Gray Cat, "you can't come if you do that—your mother won't mind—but it is to be a secret between us two. You can tell her after you come home; that will be time enough."  
 ELSE FARRISH

**TO GROWN PEOPLE** there was nothing unusual about the appearance of the mirror. Father delighted in buying from the Antique Shop, you know; and this was his very latest purchase.

But to Carl and Ella one glance into the quaint, old mirror suggested great possibilities. Somehow you seemed to look further than the mirror into a strange country beyond. Perhaps this was what prompted Ella to observe to Carl one morning:  
 "Carl, doesn't that look like the VERY looking-glass through which Alice passed on her way to Wonderland?"

Carl believed in always making sure he was right before making a reply, therefore he promptly thrust one foot toward the glass. To his astonishment, he stepped right through the mirror. Ella, ready for any adventure, closely followed him. The next instant they were standing on a flight of white marble steps. Behind them was a great wooden wall, somewhere in which was the back of their mirror. Before them stretched a wonderful country, with pretty winding lanes bordered by trim hedges.

Choosing one of these lanes, they went happily forward on an eager journey of discovery. Nor had they gone but a short mile when there seemed to rise suddenly before them a great walled city. Directing their steps up a narrow gravel path, they came to a little wicket gate, above which appeared in huge letters: "ENTRANCE TO THE GAME FACTORY." There was a fat, queer little man at the gate, who asked them for their passport.

"We just came through the Looking-Glass, and have no passports," replied Carl.

The gatekeeper grinned hospitably. "Oh, if you came through the Looking-Glass it's all right," said he. "Ever since Alice came through the Looking-Glass, and failed to pay us a visit, we've been watching for some one else to come from there. Walk right over to that little house yonder, rap at the door, and the Game Fairy herself will be sure to greet you kindly."

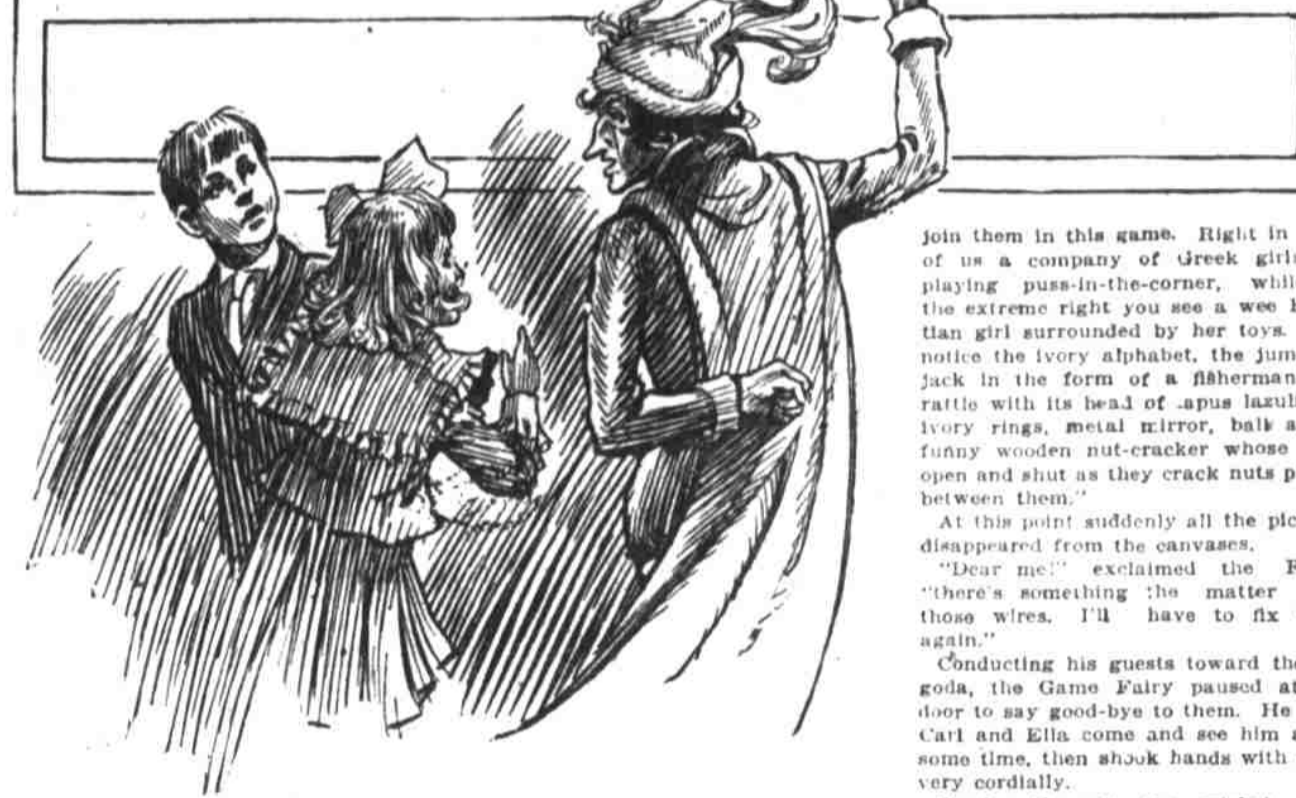
Following the direction of the keeper's finger, Ella and Carl saw quite near them a tiny house somewhat resembling a Chinese pagoda. In response to their timid knock the Game Fairy appeared almost immediately. He was a wizened old man, but he had a very kindly face. Carl said Ella liked him right away.

"So you've come to see the place where games are invented, have you, children?" said he. "I make them up myself, you know," he explained proudly; "try them myself, too, with the aid of magic manikins, and then whisper them into the ears of boy and girl mortals. But I don't invent so very many games now, and you will find that the children of today are playing much the same sort of games as those played by the boys and girls of thousands of years ago."

"Oh, I say, mother; it isn't polite for men to go first. Is it?"

"No, dear," came the response from the distance.

"Then go ahead, Grace," commanded the much-relieved Herbert, courageously pushing his sister to the fore.



"EXPLAINED THE PICTURES ON THE CANVASES"

a great number of manikins (or, rather, boykins and girlkins), all dressed in the graceful, flowing costumes of ancient Rome, and rushing hither and thither in their games. Of course, these little figures weren't exactly real, but through the magic of the Game Fairy they appeared so. All the surroundings were exactly like those to which the little Romans of centuries ago had been accustomed.

Here were a number of boys and girls playing "Hide-and-seek" in just the same way that Ella and Carl had often played it. Close at hand were other little boys playing "Court." There was the "Judge" and the "Prisoner," and everything complete. Right around the corner, in a little paved court with a fountain, they came across two girls playing "Jacks." Not far away a game of "marbles" was in progress, where nuts were used in the same manner as the children sometimes put out the eyes of a man, and this man was used to provide them sport, just as the one who is the "blind man" does in the game itself.

"On the second canvas you see little Roman boys and girls playing at snap-dragon. The next sheet shows a game of football. I suppose you will turn up your nose, Carl, when you see that the Spartan boys permitted their sisters to

games was a company of sturdy Greek boys in a tug-of-war. It was so exciting that Carl was with difficulty prevented from joining the game.

The Fairy now hastened Carl and Ella toward what he called the Exhibit Building. Here were rows and rows of shelves, upon which were books describing all the games that were ever played.

The boy and girl were looking in wonder at a series of screens at one end of the room, when the Game Fairy pressed several buttons. Immediately all lights went out and there appeared "moving pictures" upon each of the white canvases. Watching all five sheets at once was worse than trying to see all that was going on in three circus rings at the same time.

"On the first canvas," explained the Fairy, "you see a game of blindman's buff—played by barbarian children of southern Germany. The cruel fathers of these same children sometimes put out the eyes of a man, and this man was used to provide them sport, just as the one who is the 'blind man' does in the game itself.

"On the second canvas you see little Roman boys and girls playing at snap-dragon. The next sheet shows a game of football. I suppose you will turn up your nose, Carl, when you see that the Spartan boys permitted their sisters to

## WINNER OF THE MULLYGRUBS

THE spirits of the boy population of Homeville never suffered from prolonged rainfall. Indeed, spring showers were especially welcomed, and the swifter the torrents rushed along roadsides and street gutters the merrier every lad became. For all this meant splendid wading and opportunities to sail newly constructed boats, whittled in anticipation of such periods of wetness.

Nor must we forget the tub races! But even if we should grow absent-minded, the "Bloody Robbers" and "Bloody Pirates" could never be accused of this kind of forgetfulness. Rarely did it happen that the two bands met in a rivalry that was at all friendly. But the tub races were friendly—that is, almost—and less bitterness was displayed at the time than at other. And today was to be the first race of the season. Yesterday evening, Bill Mumford, captain of the "Bloody Robbers," had ventured cautiously into the land of the enemy, and, after holding his post at the place, made the rival leader with this characteristic declaration:  
 "See here, Mike Flannigan, I dare you

and your crowd to race us in tubs tomorrow. Sikes' field is flooded dandy and it's just right. We'll chip in for a canful of 'mullies' and the winner of the race can have the bunch."

Mike's reply was equally characteristic. "Sikes" said he, "we'll be all-fired glad to come over and lick you fellers in the race."

So to do not express wonderment this morning at the strange spectacle of a score of boys dodging along the less frequented byways of the town, each with a tub, "borrowed" for the occasion. It is unnecessary to add that the common destination was Sikes' meadow.

The meadow included two fields. All the way round the border of the meadow rose a high embankment. From this the ground sloped from all sides toward the center, forming a sort of natural basin. Every time this part of the country was visited with heavy rains the water conveniently collected for a large pond to contribute to the enjoyment of Homeville boys.

When each clan had summoned its tub strength members, the tubs were deposited on the embankment, and, by mutual agreement, "Robbers" and "Pirates" delved side by side in the mud and dug out a hole for their "mullygrubs." Such progress was made in the capture of these little wrigglers that within half an hour a general council was held. Equal shares of "mullygrubs" collected by the rival companies were carefully counted and placed in a large tin can held over water. This was assigned to Little Tommy Bowes, the one member of the "Robbers" who today was a spectator, with the injunction to let one "mully" escape, under penalty of having "his head punched good'n hard." Tommy had been rather doubtful in spirit, hitherto, mourning the fact that his feeble strength would not permit his bringing a tub all the way to the meadow—that is, supposed first of all he got away from home with it. But now he was in his element. And no wonder! Wasn't he the royal custodian of the prize? With solemn pride he crawled out upon the fence which divided the meadow and took his post at the point where there was to be the finish of the race.

After a final testing of the stout cudgels which were to serve as "poles," the contestants crawled down the embankment and into their tubs, but not without difficulty, for any one who knows will tell you it is quite a feat to safely enter a tub that always insists upon spinning round like a whirligig. No one minded a ducking, however, so that within a minute or so the competitors were lined up (the "Robbers" to the right and the "Pirates" to the left), in preparation for the start. Fifteen minutes were consumed in false starts, during which there arose considerable argument of a decidedly heated nature.

But a general flight was avoided, and the next instant they were off. A wonderful race it was, too! Such a splashing! Such a rowing! Such a wailing at the very outset. According to the established rules, these unskilful ones were obliged to retire from the race immediately when they accused some of their enemies of upsetting them. Through a deadly contest followed. The half of those who entered the race were out of it within the first five minutes.

All interest began to center upon one of the tubs, that of the "Pirates" who were still afloat in their unwieldy craft. It is true, but these two were far beyond reach of the captains behind them. The efforts of the "Robbers" were encouraged by tremendous hurrahs from their supporters. Excitement grew apace as the two tubs floundered along, side by side. Occasionally a pole would slip from its position, the bottom of one of the tubs would strike a snag. Then the "Robbers" would hold their breaths, while the "Pirates" would cheer vociferously. The "Pirates" would be plunged into gloom and the "Robbers" into rejoicing, as the case might be. But always the plucky captain righted his vessel without falling overboard and continued on his strenuous voyage. Nearer and nearer they came to the goal at the fence.



SOMETHING UNEXPECTED HAPPENED

Suddenly, amid rousing cheers from the "Robbers," Bill made a powerful thrust with his pole. His tub spun forward with great speed and plunged into the fence and disappeared. Then something unexpected happened! Poor Tommy Bowes, who was stationed at this particular spot on the fence, was hurled several feet into the air and the shock and plunged headfirst into the water below. Nor did the fact that he tumbled headfirst into the water lessen the bitterness that his dastardly action caused—for every "mully" he escaped.

"The winning" of the tub race, the itching of different rivals to settle personal disputes—all was forgotten in the general desire to punish the unfortunate Tommy! But Tommy had already scrambled from the water and was fleeing for his life. He sped for protection to his aunt, who lived nearby. Horrible fear spurred him onward, so that he reached this haven of refuge before his pursuers could come up with him.

Then—and not until then—were personal grievances between members of the two bands remembered. Thereupon ensued a shouting match, which was ended only by the appearance of the constable.

"What's the use of winnin' when you don't get your winnin'?" when last doful comment of Billy, who was the chief sufferer, was made, he said, poor Tommy wasn't spoken for in all in this connection. Tommy was not a "sufferer"; he was a "villain!"

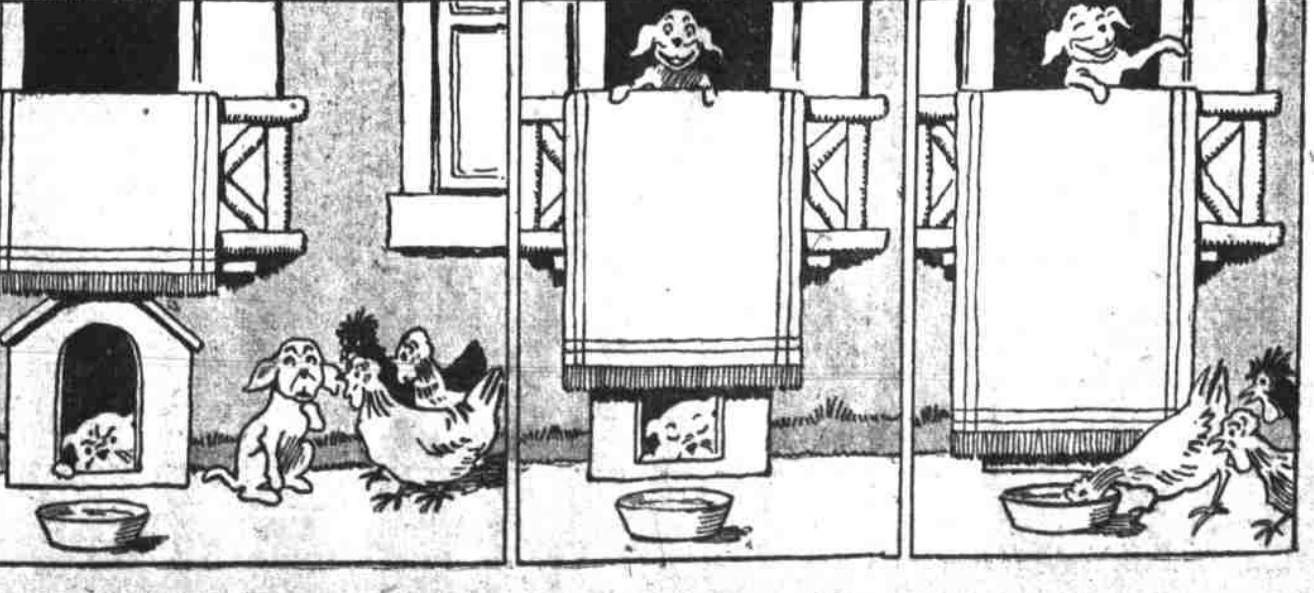
## LONELY



"POSE it's nice to be outside, Romping gay and free, Dashing here and rushing there, All so merrily.

Still, I'm not so very sure About that so very depends On the company you have— And I want my friends!

## TOWSER AIDS HIS FRIENDS the CHICKENS.



"PUT A GLASS OVER THE COOK"

## The Pumping Trick

THIS is another trick by which you may pluck a coin from the bottom of a saucer filled with water, without wetting your fingers.

Fasten two or three matches on the top of a cork, placing them in an upright position. Light the matches, and float the cork on the surface of the water.

Put a glass over the cork, making sure that the cork does not come within the rim.

As the matches burn they create a vacuum within the glass. Very soon all the water rushes inside the glass, and this vacuum. Your coin is left on the dry surface without the glass being wet. It may be taken into the air after a few moments' exposure, as the air has thoroughly dried it. This is really an experiment illustrating the action of the pump.