

Polly Evans' Story Page

For Boys and Girls

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Gathering Posties



JACK and Jill went up the hill On a bright spring morning; But they had no pain to fill, I must give you warning.

Just one reason they should roam— And there is no other! Don't you see they're bringing home A bouquet for mother?

Where Pets Are Made Well

IT SEEMS strange to talk about a "hospital for animals," doesn't it? Yet the London Hospital on High street, London, is devoted to this very purpose. And one of its best features is that poor people need pay nothing for treatment given their pets. Almost every conceivable kind of animal is to be found here, but horses, donkeys, dogs, cats, rabbits and birds are most numerous among the patients. Usually, they grow well rapidly, for the best known of London's veterinary surgeons (the canine specialist to the king among them) volunteer their services to Mr. J. Hartshorn, by whom the hospital is managed. One cannot but admire the patient way in which the horses and donkeys bear their sufferings. Of the donkeys, nearly all belong to London hacksters. It is quite touching to observe the animals' gratitude for the care given them. The dogs, too, are among the best behaved. A handsome brown retriever lay his head on Mr. Hartshorn's shoulder and permitted an ugly cut to be sewed together, without uttering a sound. One little terrier, who was ill, was quite unreasonable until his master brought to the hospital a tortoise, the great chum of the dog. The terrier pranced all around his friend while the tortoise showed all possible signs of joy at their meeting. But not always is there such friend-



AN OLD GRAY 'OLLY'

ship between animals. A monkey has been lying in vain to win the regard of a rabbit with a broken leg in splints. As a matter of fact, Jocko is not very popular with any of the animals, for he insists upon cracking nutsells for his own amusement. Since he chomps these little nutsells so busily, these little nut-cracking animals (and people) should be nestled snugly in bed.

The bird section of the hospital is in a separate establishment. In the picture you will see an old gray Polly who has plucked out all his feathers. Many canaries are caged nearby. These little birds frequently become ill because they are fed on fat. One, however, is suffering from heart disease, caused by the eating of cayenne pepper. Sometimes artificial limbs are ordered for animals. Very recently a cow was provided with a wooden leg, although rather inconvenient on swampy ground, relieved her of the bother of



THE DONKEY IS MOST PATIENT

switching away flies from one leg. Dogs have occasionally been fitted with false teeth or even glass eyes. Altogether, the Animal Hospital is a very nice place. It is founded by Mrs. J. M. nearly 10,000 patients have been cared for from lizards and white mice to six-foot horses. Never does the possession of injured animals end. So many of the patients are sorry to be taken to restore them to health. That many of the patients are sorry to be taken to restore them to health. That many of the patients are sorry to be taken to restore them to health.

Tom, the Water Baby



Foreword to Tom, the Water Baby—Adapted from Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," one of the children's stories that never grow old.

TOM had been a very much overworked chimney-sweep, but as a water-baby he was very happy. He did not remember having been dirty, nor did he remember being tired, or hungry, or beaten, or sent up dark chimneys. He had forgotten all about his life as a chimney-sweep. At times he went along the smooth gravel waterways looking at the crickets which ran in and out among the stones, as rabbits do on land; or he would climb over the ledges of rocks and look at the sandpipers; or he would watch the little caddises eating dead sticks and building their houses. He saw one begin with pebbles and then stick on pieces of green wood, then shells and pink stones, until it was patched all over like an Irishman's coat. Then she found a long straw, five times as long as herself, and said: "Hurrah, my sister has a tail and I'll have one too!" and she stuck it on her back and marched about quite proudly.



TOM'S ADVENTURES

"Why do you want to split?" asked Tom. "Because my brothers and sisters have all split and turned into beautiful flies with wings, and I want to split, too. Do not speak to me. I am sure I shall split—I will split!" Tom stood still and watched him, and he swelled up and puffed and stretched himself out stiff, and crack, puff, bang! his back split up and out came a most lovely, slender fly, but very frail and weak, like a little child who had been ill a long time. It moved its legs very feebly and began to walk up a grass stem to the top of the water. The fly grew strong, and the most lovely colors, blue, yellow and black spots, came all over it, and its wings were like brown gauze. "Oh, you beautiful thing!" said Tom, and he put out his hand to catch it. But the thing flew up in the air. "No," it said, "you cannot catch me. I am a dragon-fly now, the king of all flies, and I will dance in the sunshine and catch gnats," and with this he flew away into the air. "Oh, come back! come back!" cried Tom. "I have no one to play with. If you will come back I will not try to catch you." "I do not care whether you do or not," said the dragon-fly, "for you cannot." And away it flew. "I will come back and talk to you some day," it called back. One day Tom was sitting on a water-lily leaf with his friend the dragon-fly, who had come back for a talk with him, when suddenly Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream, like grunting and whining. He looked up and saw a great round thing, all soft brown fur, rolling over and over down the stream. Tom asked the dragon-fly what it was, but he did not know. It turned out to be a beautiful animal four or five times as big as Tom and it was swimming about and rolling and diving. There were a lot of these animals, all playing together. When the biggest of them saw Tom she darted out and cried: "Quick, children! here is something to eat!" and came right at Tom, showing a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth. Tom slipped into the roots of the water-lily, as quick as he could. "Come out," said the otter, for that is what it was. But Tom looked out and shook his head. "Come, children," said the otter in disgust, "it is not worth eating after all; it is only a nasty eel." "I am not an eel," said Tom; "eels have tails." "You are an eel," said the otter; "I know you are, you may stay there until the salmon eat you up." "What are salmon?" said Tom. "Fish, you eel, fish!" "Where do they come from?" asked Tom. "Out of the sea, eel, the great wide sea," the otter said, and then turned away and sailed down the stream. But Tom could not help thinking about the sea, and as he thought he longed to go and see the salmon and the great sea. Toward evening it grew suddenly dark. The thunder roared and Tom looked up and saw the lightning. He could hardly stand against the stream, which ran swiftly. The otter came past him with all her family, and when she saw Tom she called out: "Come down to the sea with us!" "Oh, stay! wait for me!" Tom called. "Everything is going to the sea," he thought. "I will go too." "Good-bye, trout!" he called, as he went away to the wide sea. Strangely Affected. Learned Youth—Physicians say that cold weather affects the nerves. The affected One—Yes, when it's below zero I do feel awful timid and nervous about gettin' out of bed in the morning.

When Rising is Difficult

ASK a person to lean back in a chair and fold his arms. Place your forefinger upon his forehead. Even though you exert very little pressure, he will find the greatest difficulty in rising.



LITTLE PRESSURE IS REQUIRED

FIVE LITTLE KINGFISHERS



"Oh, dear!" piped little Dick Kingfisher, "I just know I'll never be able to dive like that!" It was the little downy ball in the middle of five baby kingfishers who see perched on the limb. He and his brothers were looking down from the branch, which overhung the water, and watching Father Kingfisher dart below the surface of the stream from time to time, on each occasion reappearing with a silver minnow. "Yes, you will," was Tom Kingfisher's scornful reply to his brother, "and so will we all, only we'll have to grow a little first. No aristocratic kingfisher would say such a thing!" "And you know WE ARE very aristocratic," chimed in Harry Kingfisher, "I heard father say the other day that

one of our cousins, the Halcyon, was much respected by the ancient Greeks. They believed the Halcyon built a floating nest upon the sea, where the eggs were hatched, and that during the hatching period no storm would disturb the sea. And people used to think that our feathers scared away witches." Here Paul Kingfisher interrupted with the remark: "There's another reason why we're so aristocratic. Our plumage is so handsome. Just think of the beautiful green, spotted with light blue, that covers the upper part of our head and wings, and runs in a pretty little stripe around the neck. Then, how prettily our throats are colored, with yellowish-white and pale chestnut." "Tut! tut!" exclaimed little William Kingfisher. "I dare say it's all right to be proud because you're aristocratic, but I'm sure Mother Kingfisher would

say all such talk was only vanity!" Tiny Dick Kingfisher, who had no intention of being left out of the conversation, now twittered impatiently: "Here comes Father. He'll tell us how aristocratic we are, if we ask him. But what I want to know SPECIALLY is how he manages to cleave right through the air like an arrow." "Yes, birdies, I'll tell you all about the Kingfisher family and their relations," said Father Kingfisher, as he stepped upon the bough. But first you must come to our nest home in the hollow of the mud bank. So the five little kingfishers timidly hopped from their perch and crept into the hole in the bank by the stream, where formerly some wee animal had burrowed. But as we can't possibly follow them, suppose we'll have to miss the tale. Too bad, isn't it?

JERRY GETS EVEN



"AFTER THEM CAME THE BULLDOGS"

WHILE it is true that Jerry Coleman lost his boastfulness after the other "Bloody Robbers" played the "April Fool" trick upon him, and became a fairly decent sort of chap in the opinion of his comrades, there still lurked in him a desire for revenge. Although at heart he was thankful for the lesson, he could not help resent the method in which it had been given. So he made up his mind to "get even." And he did, after many weeks of patient waiting. "Twice an afternoon in August when Jerry beckoned to Billy Mumford, as the latter was about to enter the school building; Billy joined him at the curb of the sidewalk. "Saw Farmer Halleck in ten minutes ago," whispered Jerry, "and he told me to tell you and the other fellows that if we'd tackle his orchard after school we could carry away all the fruit we wanted." Jerry spoke with apparent innocence and truthfulness. There was absolutely no reason for Billy to doubt his word. As a matter of fact, the tale seemed very plausible to the doughty captain of the "Bloody Robbers." Since Farmer Jones and Brown had become friends with the "Robbers," all raids had been confined to the orchard of Farmer Halleck. Billy thought it more than likely that the farmer wished to bribe them in order to put himself on friendly terms with the "gangs." Therefore, as soon as Billy saw that every "Robber" was present in school, he gave the "meeting" signal—a careless scratching of the left ear with a slate pencil, and a slight shuffling of the feet. All rightful members observed and understood. After school every "Bloody Robber" stealthily made his way to the secret den, in a rock chamber near the cave's exit. "Farmer Halleck says we can help ourselves to 'is fruit—so I s'pose we'd better begin the helpin' soon as possible," quoth Billy, shortly. In less than one minute the cave had emptied itself of youthful inhabitants, and every "Bloody Robber" was sprinting along the dusty road as though his life depended upon reaching the goal. Certainly, no one found time to observe that Jerry had fallen to the rear, in preparation to making himself scarce at a second's notice. "Here we are!" yelled Skinny, throwing himself over the orchard fence. For a moment the others were consumed with envy to think that Skinny, by reason of his long, thin legs, had arrived there first, but the alluring prospect before them quickly drove all unworthy thoughts from their minds. "We'll stuff ourselves an' our pockets first," suggested Billy; "an' then we'll go an' thank Mr. Halleck." Acting upon this advice, each "Bloody Robber" proceeded with the "stuffing." But hardly had they reached the trees containing the choicest fruit than upon them like a flash came the farmer's savage bulldog. Quick as the ferocious animal was, most of the boys were able to place themselves in safety among the tree limbs, while the others scuttled across the orchard and dived over the fence with a haste that far eclipsed all previous records. Farmer Halleck made a speedy capture of the six lads. He even went so far as to call them "young Harls" when Billy tried to explain "how it happened." Yes, sir, he did; and Billy's look of injured innocence served but to exasperate him the more. What those six "Robbers" received in the way of punishment was a plenty. Yet that was nothing to what Jerry got when he ventured to put in an appearance two days later—indeed, that had better not receive further mention. Even as it was, Jerry deemed small the price paid for his revenge.

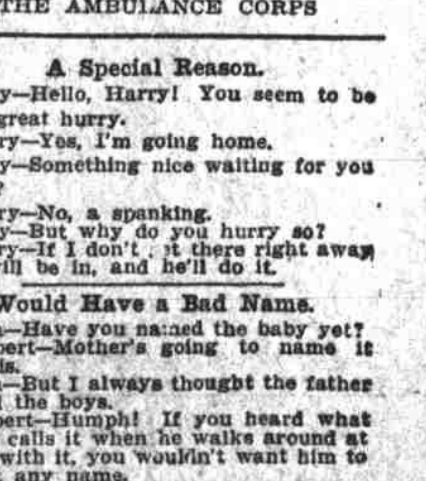
A REGIMENT OF GIRLS



IN READINESS FOR MOUNTED DRILL

IN Islington, England, there is stationed a regiment which actually has been rendered invincible by the charms of its soldiers, as well as by its efficiency. For it is a regiment of girls! Lassies from the gymnastic classes of various high schools have been recruited by Mr. Baker, the instructor. In their natty uniforms—with sailor blouse of scarlet; short skirt of blue, edged with white, and a jaunty little police cap, placed coquettishly on the side of the head—they "assemble" upon signal from a girl bugler. Perhaps it is for a drill on foot; maybe a mounted drill. For it may surprise you to know that they transform themselves from infantry to cavalry with remarkable facility. "Hark! Again the bugle sounds. Lightly each trooper vaults into her saddle. Soon you find her going through the most intricate evolutions, and managing her mount with perfect ease. Nor are these horse work-out things mind you. No, indeed; all are young, high-spirited animals. But in was there's another mission besides that of mercy. And under the direction of Miss Townsend, of the ambulance corps of St. John, the girls themselves are formed into ambulance corps and taught to apply splints and adhesive bandages, and in all ways to care for the wounded with the skill of trained nurses. Picture these gentle maidens dashing

into battle, ruthlessly shooting down the enemy, and then taking care of the self-same wounded enemy! Most any man would be delighted to be shot in return for such attention, wouldn't he? So efficient has the regiment become that when decorations were distributed, several weeks ago, there were so many, they were unable to leave absolutely no room for jealousy. No one has witnessed the drill of these warlike maidens without being profoundly impressed.



THE AMBULANCE CORPS

Wonderful Intelligence

TALKING about the intelligence of dogs, I really do believe that I've the most intelligent dog in the world. I found him by the roadside, you know, shot in the leg and pretty nearly dead. I nursed him back to health and he's been with me ever since. The other day as I was taking him out for a walk, a rough fellow jumped from behind a clump of bushes, and, pointing a revolver at my head, demanded money. "I suppose you're grateful dog," then said the man's throat and pinned him to the ground. "Not at all," calmly continued the other; "I was robbed of watch, money and all." "But what did the dog do?" persisted the hearer. "Oh, he ran home as fast as his legs could carry him. That shows his wonderful intelligence. You see, he had been shot once before, and knowing a revolver by sight and what a dangerous weapon it was, he made haste to get out of its way." Pitiful Accident. Billy—I say, whatever became of that greyhound your folks used to own? Willie—Killed himself. Tried to catch a fly on the small of his back and made a miscalculation. Bit himself right in two. All Settled. Boy (rushing in)—Did you advertise for an office boy, mister? Merchant—Yes. Boy—Well, I'm him. What do I do first?