

Polly Evans Story Page for Boys and Girls

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HANDSOME "FANCY FREE"

PERHAPS you may think your pussy is just as pretty as "Fancy Free," whose picture you see here. But a venture to say that your pet is hardly valued at \$4500, as is "Fancy Free." He is a handsome Persian, of remarkable form and color, and belongs to Mrs. Cox.

He was only one of many beautiful and valuable cats on exhibition at the last cat show, held at Westminster, London. "Don Quixote," owned by Mrs. Blanford, cost the same price.

You can imagine what care is given these aristocratic cats. Yet I'm sure they don't enjoy themselves half as well as the other pussies who can roam



about wherever they like and go mousing for a little fun and excitement.

You would like to learn of the many curious names possessed by these haughty members of the cat aristocracy. At the last cat show in London there were, among other pussies, "Breese of Springtime," "Song of May," "Don Quixote of Thorpe" and "Light of Life." How very common the unassuming name of "Tabby" seems, compared with these high-sounding titles!

Story About Kipling

KIPLING, as a lad, was noted for his pluck and audacity in mischief. When he was very small his father took him on a sea voyage. The father became quite seasick, although the boy suffered not at all. Late the first afternoon a sailor rushed dramatically to where the suffering father lay and pleaded:

"Please, sir, call your boy. He's crawled out on the yardarm, and if he goes he'll drown."

"He won't let go," feebly murmured the parent of the reckless youngster, as he sank back on his pillow.

Perfectly Frank.

Discouraged Gopher—I really don't believe there's any worse player than myself.

Cuddie—There may be worse than you, sir; but they don't play.

Ellie and Tom, the "Water-Babies"



"THEY MET A KIND OLD GENTLEMAN"

(Adapted from Charles Kingsley's "Water-Babies," a children's classic that is ever popular.)

ELLIE'S mother took her down to the seaside to spend the summer. She was a good little girl and everybody loved her. Many happy hours she spent fishing on the rocks with her nurse. One day she took her fishing net and went out on the rocks to spend the afternoon. They met a kind old gentleman, who said he would go fishing with them. He told Ellie many wonderful stories about the sea and the things that live in it. Ellie asked him if there were any children in the water, as there used to be. "If there are, I should like to see them," said she.

"Why, you strange little girl," he said, "there are no children in the water."

"Yes," said Ellie, "I know there used to be children and mermaids, too, and mermen; I have seen them in pictures."

"No, no, my dear," he said, "you are mistaken."

But Ellie was not convinced by what he said. "Why are there no water-babies?" she asked.

"Because there are not," said he. Just at that moment he felt his net get very heavy under the weeds. He lifted it out quickly.

"Dear me!" he cried, "what a queer pink thing is this! It has eyes—why, it is a water-baby!" cried Ellie, and, of course, it was.

"Water-babies, my dear," said the old gentleman, and he poked the queer pink thing with his finger. It bit his finger until it bled.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. He dropped the pink thing on the seaweed and it dived into the water.

"But it was a water-baby and I heard it speak," cried Ellie. "Ah, it is gone!" And with that she jumped down off the rock to try to catch it. As she sprang she slipped and struck her head on a sharp rock. The old gentleman tried to waken her, but she would not waken. He carried her home in his arms. She lay quite still, only now and again she woke up and said something about the water-baby, but no one knew what she meant, and the old gentleman did not tell.

One moonlight night the fairies came flying in at the window and brought her such a pretty pair of wings that she could not help putting them on. She flew with them out the window, and the bear became all attention. Soon his fierce look disappeared; the cross old bear became a merry, hilarious bruin. Changing the tune to a merry jig, Giuseppe was pleased to see the bear rear upon his hind legs and dance.

The lad now took courage to descend from the tree. He continued his playing, however, and the bear still kept up his antics. Then what did the impudent Jocko do but seize hold of the chain to which the bear was attached! Together they ed the bear back to the menagerie from which it had escaped.

You may be sure that Giuseppe was well rewarded, and that he and Jocko dined well that evening—better than they had done for many a day.



"IT BIT HIS FINGER"

in their net WAS a water-baby, and a very lively one, too. It was a boy, and his name was Tom.

When the old gentleman dropped him he slipped away off the rock into the water. He could not help thinking about Ellie, although she was so much bigger than he was, and he wished he could have her to play with. As he was walking along the rocks, away down under the water one day, he saw a round, green cage. Inside sat a lobster twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs.

"What! Have you been naughty? Have they put you in the lock-up?" asked Tom.

"I cannot get out," the lobster said in a sad voice.

"How did you get in?" said Tom.

"Through that round hole at the top," said the lobster.

"Why do you not go out?" said Tom.

"Because I CAN'T!" and the lobster



"ON THE OTTER'S BACK"

twiddled his horns. "I have jumped upward and backward and sideways, and I cannot get out; I cannot find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap and saw it was a lobster-pot.

"Stop a bit," he said, "and turn your tail up to me; I will pull you through."

But the lobster could not understand, so Tom reached down the hole after him, and then the lobster was so clumsy that he pulled Tom in head foremost.

"Hallo! here's a pretty business," said Tom. "Now, you take your great claws and break the points off those spikes and then we can both get out."

"Dear me! never thought of that," said the lobster.

"They had not half got the spikes out when a great, dark cloud came over them and they saw it was an otter. How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom!"

"Ah," she said, "I have you now, you

little wretch!" and she crawled all over the pot to get in.

Tom was horribly frightened, and still more so when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed herself right through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than the lobster caught her by the nose and held on. And there they all three were, in the pot, rolling over and over. The lobster and the otter thumped and squeezed poor Tom so much that he surely would have been killed if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole. He caught the lobster's tail and pulled with all his might, but the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom. "Do you not see she is dead?" and the otter was quite dead. That was the end of the wicked otter. But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along, you stupid stick-in-the-mud!" cried Tom, "or the fishermen will catch you."

But the lobster would not let go. Tom saw the fishermen haul him up to the boatside, and thought it was all up for him; but when the lobster saw the fishermen he gave such a furious snap that he snapped out of his hand and out of the pot into the sea.

But he had left his claw behind, for it never came into his head to let go. And now a wonderful thing happened to Tom. He had not left the lobster but a few moments when he came upon a water-baby—a real live water-baby—sitting on the sand.

"When I saw Tom I cried: 'Why, you are not one of us! You are a new baby. How glad I am!' And it ran to Tom and Tom ran to it, and they hugged and kissed each other, where have you been all this time?" Tom said at last.



"THEY HUGGED AND KISSED"

"I have been here for days and days; there are hundreds of us about the rocks."

Tom looked at the baby again, and then he said:

"Well, this is wonderful! I have seen things like you again and again, but I thought you were shells and sea animals. I never took you for water-babies like myself." Tom looked again at the water-baby and saw that it was Ellie, the little girl about whom he could not help thinking, and he was very happy.

"Come," said Ellie. And, hand in hand, they went to the home of the water-babies. And there they found dozens and dozens of water babies, all dressed in white bathing-suits. They welcomed Tom with hugs and kisses, and no one was ever so happy as poor little Tom.



"SHE FLEW OUT THE WINDOW"

FRIENDSHIP UNMASKED

BEFORE Geoffrey accepted the invitation to be present at the masque party he made careful inquiries as to whether Elsie was to be there. He was informed that she was going away on a visit for several weeks. Geoffrey and Elsie, you know, were at one time the greatest friends; now they were enemies. The cause? Only a hasty word or so, spoken between them—the usual trivial reason. Geoffrey went to the party, attired in the handsome costume of a cavalier. Never was there a more picturesque gathering of boys and girls. Pierrettes and French baker boys, Colonial lassies and Spanish bull-



BOTH WERE ASTONISHED

fighters romped and danced side by side. And they all had the merriest time imaginable.

A demure little miss dressed as a Swedish peasant girl attracted Geoffrey's attention. He approached her, bowed in true cavalier fashion, and, disguising his voice, engaged in conversation with her. The two found one another very interesting. Indeed, the more so, inasmuch as neither was able to recognize the other.

The cavalier devoted himself to the Swedish peasant girl during the remainder of the evening. When refreshments were served he escorted her to the table. Meantime he was growing more and more anxious for the time of unmasking. Yet his curiosity was equaled, if not surpassed, by the little peasant girl. Then they unmasked. Perhaps you have already surmised what happened. Yes, these are Elsie and Geoffrey facing each other! For a moment they were overcome with astonishment. Then both laughed heartily. Who could have done otherwise?

Of course, after that the two became friends again. Geoffrey and Elsie unite in declaring they were friends all the time, only their friendship was "masked" for a while. But the "unmasking" was the happiest kind of a joke.

The King's Gift.

King Edward recently sent the queen of Spain a little English doggie. This doggie traveled all the way from England to Spain in a comfortable basket. But, comfortable though the basket was, you may know that he was very glad to reach the end of his journey.

Charming a Bear

JOCKO cried and whimpered pitifully, for he was hungry. His little master, Giuseppe, hugged the little animal still closer to his breast and trudged faster toward the village that lay before him. Giuseppe was hungry, too, but this was not the first time he had been without food. Long ago he had learned to bear privation without a mur-

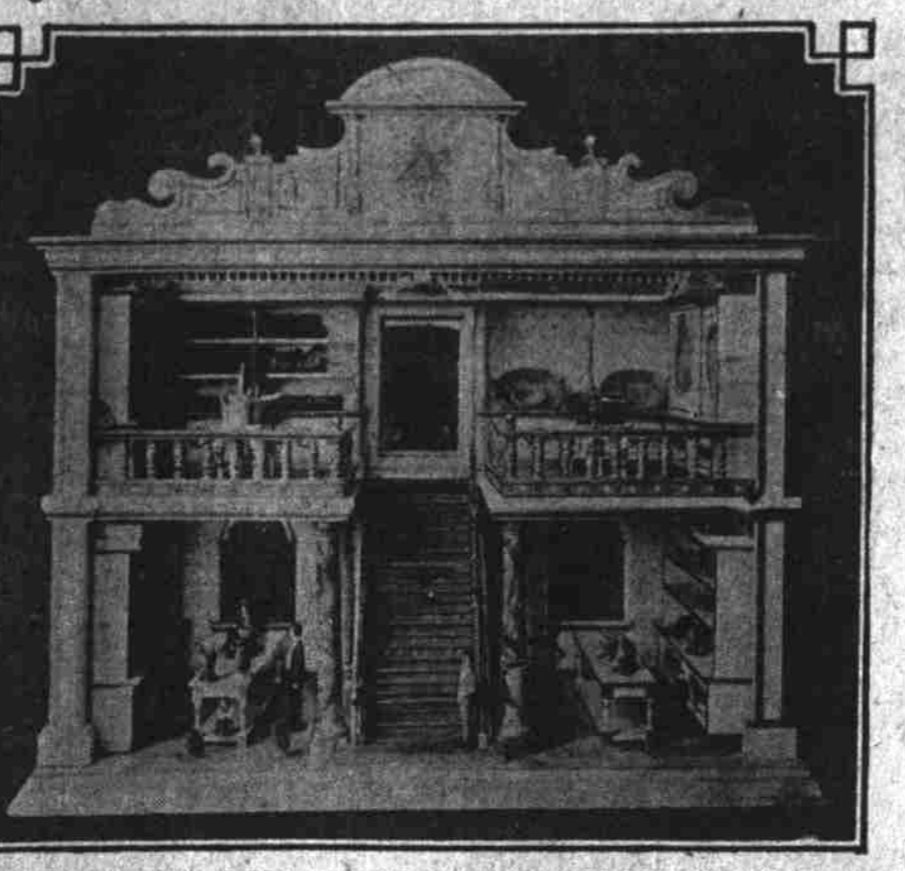


JOCKO SEIZED THE CHAIN

mur of complaint. It was different with Jocko; he was only a monkey and could hardly be expected to suffer patiently. The outskirts of the town gained, Giuseppe, unslinging his accordion and began playing his liveliest tune. Strange to say, not a person appeared in the street. He fancied he saw faces peeping from behind half-closed shutters, but no one came in sight. Giuseppe did not know that not more than an hour before, the villagers had been warned to be on the lookout for a fierce bear which had strayed from a menagerie, traveling thereabouts. Whereupon all the townspeople had immediately taken to shelter, not had they any intention of coming forth until news was brought of the bear's capture.

Innocent of this, Giuseppe plodded hopefully through the street and out into the woods beyond. Wearily he threw himself down under the shadow

DOLLVILLE'S BUSINESS VENTURE



THE DEPARTMENT STORE IS DESERTED

PERHAPS you may remember how the toys of Dollville played all sorts of games to amuse Little Girl and Little Boy. Clever little Anabelle, the French doll, it was who thought of most of these games. And she it was who decided that Dollville surely must have a department store, such as all big cities possessed.

So Anabelle pleaded with Little Girl, who, although a Mortal, was ALMOST as good as a doll. And Little Girl pleaded with Father, who was an "out-and-out" Mortal. But even Mortals are sometimes kind, as Anabelle was obliged to admit when Father returned that evening with a delightful toy he had purchased during the day. That toy was nothing else than a splendid doll's "department store."

The very next day Anabelle put all Dollville to work, furnishing the store. Right well the various departments were stocked, too. There was everything, from French gowns and hats to kitchen utensils.

Then came the day for opening this wonderful store. The place was thronged with the inhabitants of Dollville. And Little Girl, who watched the Teddy Bears mischievously roll down the moving stairway, thereby scattering wounding customers and sightseers right and left, vowed it was the most delightful game she had ever played for her.

But soon Anabelle, the manager of the store, found herself confronted by a most disturbing problem. For word came to her from the doll saleswomen that, although many of the people visiting the store wished to buy, they had no money. In vain Anabelle endeavored to think of a way out of this difficulty. "It is certain," said one of Little Girl,

Indian Myths

AMONG the Miemac Indians, of Canada, the chief divinity is known as Gloopkap. They believe that when Gloopkap first made the animals, he made all of them very large. Then of the great moose, Gloopkap asked: "What would you do if you should meet an Indian?" And the moose, who was as tall as the highest places, said: "I would tear down the trees on him." "You are much too strong," replied the god Gloopkap, so he made the moose smaller and weaker, in order that the Indians might kill the animal.

Then to the squirrel, who was the size of a wolf, he said: "What would you do if you saw an Indian coming?" "I would scratch down the trees on him," fiercely replied the squirrel. "You, too, are stronger than you should be," murmured Gloopkap. Thus saying, he took the squirrel in his hands and smoothed him down to his present size.

Afterward he asked the great white bear: "What would you do to the Indian?" And the great white bear answered: "I should eat him at once." Gloopkap shook his head: "I shall put you in a vast, desolate waste, where you shall see but few Indians," said he.

And so the wise god placed all animals where they might best serve the purposes of his subjects, the Indians.

The Magic Pot

"I DO wish I had some good broth or soup to give mother," sobbed Gretchen, burying her head in her arms.

Gretchen did not care so much for herself. But, you see, her mother lay ill in the next room, and the last of the food had disappeared. The little girl began to despair. She knew her mother would not like to have her bear food; yet what else could she do?

All by themselves dwelt Gretchen and her mother in the little cottage that stood on the very edge of the village. The mother gained a livelihood by sewing for the more well-to-do people of the town. She was paid very little,



however, and since she had fallen ill the scanty board of living had been washed quickly. Nor did any one come to her relief.

"Poor mother is weak for lack of food. I must get her something!" and Gretchen wept afresh.

"My dear, you shall have all the soup you wish," said a clear, sweet voice. Gretchen raised her tear-stained face in astonishment.

There stood the nicest, dearest little fairy—oh, so much nicer than any her story-books ever told about!

"Now, Gretchen," said the fairy, "dry your tears and listen to what I'm about to tell you. Here is a magic pot of yours. Whenever you wish a delicious potful of soup, simply place the pot on the stove and say these words: 'Good little pot, kind little pot, a favor I ask of thee: Quickly, I beg, a potful of soup have for me.'"

Before Gretchen could recover from her surprise, or thank the fairy, the spirit from Fairyland was gone.

"And some people say there are no fairies!" joyfully murmured Gretchen. Soon the pot was boiling merrily on the stove. When it was in danger of boiling over, Gretchen removed it, but still the pot boiled. Then a tiny voice whispered in her ear:

"You must say: 'Good little pot, kind little pot, my

thanks I now give to thee: The favor you've done so please stop your boiling for me.'"

The little girl repeated this line. Then she took a nice bowl of soup to her mother. With such nourishing food the sick woman speedily grew better. All this time the magic pot served them well.

But one day, after the pot had boiled for several minutes, Gretchen found, to her horror, that she had forgot the magic words to make it cease to boil. Quickly the pot began to overflow. The soup flooded the cottage; then it ran into the village, where, who had been alone, had before the stream

to the house where her mother was sewing.

Still the soup rose. Soon the people of the village were compelled to climb upon their rooftops to escape from the waves of sweet soup.

"Child, I shall give you 10,000 pieces of gold if you will save us from this disaster!" shouted the richest man of the village to Gretchen, who stood upon the ridgepole of a house opposite the spook's.

Then all at once there came to Gretchen the correct words of the verse. So nervous was she from fright and the thought of the calamity she had brought upon the people that she could hardly utter them. But her almost inaudible murmur served the purpose intended. Immediately the flood began to subside; and strange to say, within ten minutes not a trace of soup remained. Thus the village was saved, for within an hour the town would otherwise have been submerged and every one drowned in soup.

It was a curious fact the pot was not to be found after the accident. Doubtless the fairy had taken back her gift. But Gretchen cared little for this, inasmuch as the wealthy man had given her the 10,000 pieces of gold. And, of course, with all this money in their possession Gretchen and her mother lived in comfort ever after.

The Canoe Bug



WHAT horrible thing does now approach? An insect almost like a roach; he beetle, perhaps, of giant size? No! that sudden greets our eyes.

But don't be too quick to make up your mind. Just wait awhile; the bug, you'll find is taken apart, without much ado, And transformed into a canoe.

"that we can't give our things away. You must ask your Father to buy you some toy money."

Little Girl spent over a year trying to induce Father to bring home toy money. Nor could she understand for a long, long while that no toy money was ever made. In the meantime, all the people of Dollville, having had one look at the department store, gave it no further consideration, since they were unable to purchase any of the nice things displayed. So there it stood deserted, save for two footmen, who guarded the moving stairway and prevented the troublesome Teddy Bears from sliding down.

Anabelle shook her head again and again, and exclaimed, "Mortals are so very stupid. They make all kinds of toys, and yet never think of making toy money!"

A Trick Wager.

Jim—I'll wager all my marbles that you'll come down from that chair before I ask you twice.

Joe—I'll bet you all mine that I won't. Jim—Come down!

Joe—I won't.

Jim (turning to go)—Then stay there until I ask you again.

(And Joe made up his mind he'd best "come down.")

A Bit of Wisdom.

Howard—You know, they say that a little learning's a dangerous thing, and I've found it to be true.

Harold—Why, old chap?

Howard—Oh, I'm learning roller skating, and if you don't believe it's dangerous just look at the bumps on my head.

Steady Coin

PLACE a smooth strip of paper upon the corner of a table. Upon this carefully stand upright a silver half-dollar.

By a little practice you will gain the ability to draw the paper from beneath the coin without disturbing the position



PAPER UNDERNEATH THE COIN

The Very Worst Man

A little boy was asked whom he thought was the most wicked man mentioned in the Bible.

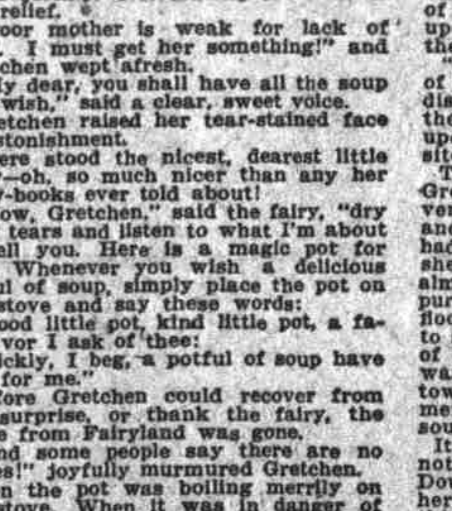
"Moses," responded the boy, after some reflection.

When requested his reason for the strange choice, he said: "Moses must have been the worst man, because he broke all the Commandments at once."

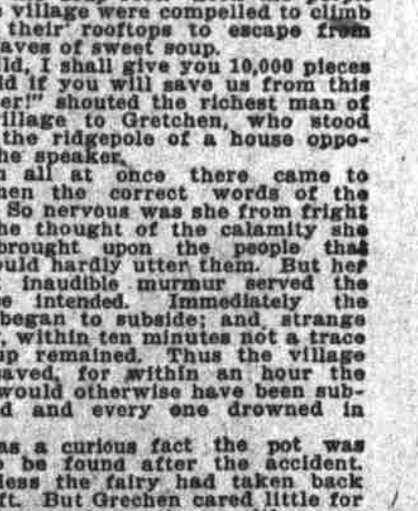
Fitting Himself for His Position.

Father—My boy, when you see a man loafing about street corners what do you suppose he is fitting himself for in life?

Son—To be a soddam, sir.



PAPER UNDERNEATH THE COIN



PAPER UNDERNEATH THE COIN