

# Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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## LEGEND of the DAISY and the TOADSTOOL

Fairy Vivian was vexed—that is, as vexed as a good fairy possibly could be. But it was because Fairy Vivian was so very, very good that she was vexed. You see, she longed to be out in the great, wide world, doing good to people far and near; while her majesty, Queen of the Fairies, had decreed that Vivian must remain in the pretty forest. The wood was a pleasant dwelling place for any sprite, it is true, yet the animals and birds who were the sole inhabitants thereof thrived without having to depend upon her for protection or care. Only upon rare occasions was her intervention necessary, and then only to gently chide some of the squirrels or birds who disturbed the peace of her forest kingdom by continual scolding.

Handing sadly over a little brook that murmured and rippled on its way between mossy banks, the fairy gave way to her mournful thoughts, when a rustling of leaves caused her to turn her head. She started to behold an aged peasant woman confronting her. "What do you here, granny?" demanded Vivian. "I am tired and weary, gracious fairy," mumbled the old woman, "and I come to escape the noise and strife of the world beyond. I would spend the rest of my days in this quiet forest."

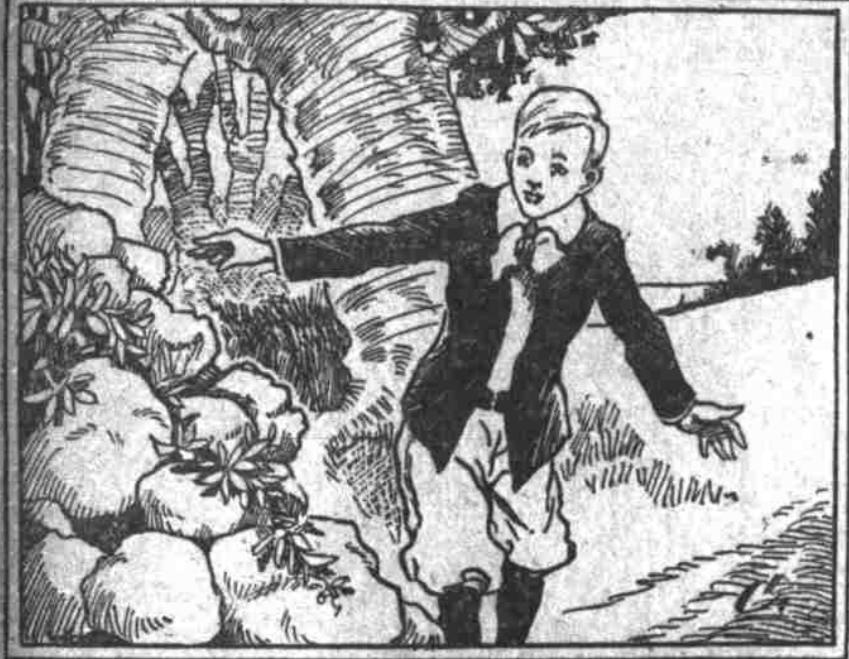


THEY PLUCKED DAISIES AND TOADSTOOLS FOR UMBRELLAS

"Then change me into a bird or a beast or a flower!" tearfully pleaded the aged peasant. So annoyed was Fairy Vivian at what she believed to be a most foolish re-

quest that she responded, somewhat tartly: "Very well, granny; which shall it be—a rose or a cabbage?" "I would like to be both a rosebush and a cabbage," said the woman, with deep gravity. Nothing more than a wave of the fairy wand was necessary to change granny into a beautiful rosebush and a flourishing cabbage. But Fairy Vivian was not content with this. Now that the old woman had disappeared she felt lonelier than before. So from the rosebush she made appear a troop of tiny girl sprites, and from the cabbage a like number of boy elves. Boys and girls joined hands and ran merrily away in the forest to play, while Vivian smiled after them. Shortly, however, there came a violent rainstorm. The little folk ran in terror to hide themselves within the shelter

## SKINNY'S DISCOVERY



A PILE OF ROCKS, MOSSGROWN AND COVERED WITH FERNS

YOU can't tell me it's swimmin' 'scursions' that's made them doggone 'Pirates' so mighty scarce of late," contested Captain Billy, stubbornly. "I say it's because they've got a new hidin' place, an' they've been keepin' close an' secret so's we won't find it out."

Lieutenant Skinny wiggled his ears thoughtfully. Skinny was a funny fellow; he could twist his scalp, his eyebrows and his ears 'most any way he pleased; he could put his fingers in all sorts of positions, 'cause he was double-jointed, and he'd had his appendix cut 'em all of which made him proud, and nasty, too. When the wiggling had ceased, showing that Skinny had thoroughly weighed the matter, there came the words:

"I don't know but what you're right, Billy. Well, all we got to do is to hunt out their den, just as we did at 'Pirates' Cove,' and every other place they've ever had."

"Well find 'em all right," chorused Jack Warner and Jos Stanton. The other handits nodded their approval.

"Then see here, fellers," announced Captain Billy Mumford, brandishing his hat, impressively in the air, "every 'Bloody Robber' must have hid their den somewhere do his wurstest till we find where these skulkin' 'Pirates' is keepin' themselves. Let us to our work, men!"

Billy had borrowed "Let us to our work" from Bill Kane; but, although it sounded mighty fine, it didn't cause any of the "Robbers" to quicken their pace toward the schoolroom, where the "Pirates" awaited them.

"There was no 'meeting or anything' after school; therefore, Skinny sought to forget his tribulations in school that day by taking a stroll in the woods. He went down the Pike at a dog trot, escorted Pete Brownie's barn, cut across Rocky Lot, and in a jiffy had arrived at the place that lay outside the woods.

Once he was cooling himself beneath the lily trees. Then, being of an inquisitive nature, he pushed through undergrowth and the less frequented parts of the woods, where the boys rarely went,

except on "berryin'" expeditions. "scursions" that's made them doggone "Pirates" so mighty scarce of late," contested Captain Billy, stubbornly. "I say it's because they've got a new hidin' place, an' they've been keepin' close an' secret so's we won't find it out."

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## Under the Spell of a Mummy Sorcerer



THE TWINS, TO ESCAPE THE RATTLING MONSTERS, FLED TOWARD THE SEA

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
THE twins, Ray and Raymond, visit the natural history museum to inspect a fossil collection. They are locked in. During the night, a mummy high priest of the Egyptians appears before them and in great anger sends them back thousands and thousands of years to live with the animals whose bones they have been examining. "Ducky," the curious toothed bird, proves friendly. He promises to be their guide, invites them to climb upon his back, and flies away with them upon a tour of resurrection.

### Chapter III

BEFRENDED BY "DACKY."

"THIS beats all the alrships that ever happened, doesn't it?" shouted Raymond in his sister's ear, as he felt the wind rush past him. Ray, however, was too busy holding on to make response. In truth, she was rather frightened at the way "Ducky" sped forward, cleaving the air with powerful strokes of his giant wings.

"The huge bird directed his flight high above the earth. But, presently, he descended a tiny speck below him; thereupon he began a descent so rapid that it almost took away the breath of the travelers upon his back. They alighted near a strange toothed bird, somewhat resembling "Ducky."

"This is my cousin, Sammy Archeopteryx," said Ducky, politely introducing the remarkable bird.

"His last name's awful," muttered Raymond under his breath. "But I suppose it'll be all right to call him Sammy."

In proper order, they were introduced as Tommy Ichthyornis, Bob Rhamphorynchus, Teddy Hesperornis and by other names just as bad. Ducky told Raymond confidentially, however, that they were known as "Icky," "Rinky" and "Hesper." This relieved Raymond greatly, for he knew positively he couldn't pronounce the names Sammy told him. He would need as many teeth and as big a jaw as Ducky to do that.

"But why don't you make us acquainted with those birds over there?" whispered Ray to Sammy, pointing to a small group of birds who had no teeth and who were looking scornfully at those who had.

Sammy snapped his jaws together wickedly. "Huh! they aren't worth knowing, I assure you," said he; "it's only certain worthless members of the Dodo family, with Mike Aepyornis, Jim Natornis and Bill Diornis."

Further conversation was interrupted by Icky strutting to the center of the circle that had been formed.

"Fellow-toothed birds," said he, "we are assembled this day to discuss plans of revenge toward those who have insulted us."

Here he looked toward the disdainful group of "untoothed" birds, who stood aloof. All the other toothed birds followed their leader's example, uttering weird shrieks of defiance and hatred. At this the dodos and their comrades haughtily turned their backs upon the meeting and pretended to be looking away in the distant horizon.

"I say we've been insulted," screamed the now thoroughly enraged leader. "By those who are jealous of our superior attainments. These wretches, these know-nothings, have actually dared say that, inasmuch as we have teeth and finely shaped bills, we are neither beast nor reptile nor bird, but a mixture of both. Yes, 'mixture' is the exact word they used!"

"And so you are," piped Rufus Dodo from afar, showing that the dodos were interested in spite of their assumed indifference.

So infuriated were the toothed birds at these words that they prepared to rush upon their insulters, when there came a sound of great floundering and splashing in the marsh, then a scrambling over ground, as two immense creatures came into view, bat-

ting one with the other. One of the animals had a head like a turtle, and he was covered with horny plates, an upright, bristling ridge running down his back. The other possessed a snake-like head, a long, serpentine neck and a huge body covered with thick hide. Together these horrible creatures tussled, uttering short grunts and wheezes and rolling over and over with a force that shook the ground. Already the birds-toothed and "untoothed"—were in flight. The twins sped toward the sea margin nearby. As they ran they heard Ducky screaming in their ears: "Quick, for your lives! Ben Stego-



THEY MEET SAMMY

aurus and Joe Brontosaurus are fighting again."

Truly, the beasts were even more terrible than their names. Ray and Raymond needed no warning to spur them on. But when they reached the sea they were filled with dismay. No further could they go in that direction, nor could they think which way to turn. Ducky was nowhere in sight. Just then an amens, crocodile-like snout poked itself above the surface of the water. At first the twins' impulse was to rush away as fast as possible from this frightful inhabitant of the sea, but the merry twinkle in the creature's eyes reassured them. Neither was the voice unpleasant that said to them: "I peeped out of the water and saw Ducky run away from you, my children. He ought to be ashamed of himself for deserting you in such a

manner. But don't be afraid. Come with me, and I shall take the best of care of you. I am a nice, merry fellow—the 'jovial seagull' they call me—but if the name's too hard for you, call me just 'Zoogy.' I think I like 'Zoogy' better, anyway."

It certainly was very, very kind of Zoogy. The twins appreciated his goodness ever so much. They already felt greatly comforted. And as Zoogy swam out into the ocean he was as careful as he could be to keep his high above the water. Many wonders of the deep had Zoogy promised to show them. He was as good as his word, for not far had they progressed when the twins saw a mighty struggle between two monsters whom Zoogy called Tim Ichthyosaurus and Dick Plesiosaurus.

"There's going to be lots of trouble around here very shortly," observed Zoogy, "because Tim and Dick will soon have more to do than fight among themselves. Do you see that boat swimming toward us?"

Ray and Raymond looked over the water as far as their eyes could reach. Before long they saw what appeared to be an army of monsters approaching through the sea.

Zoogy laughed in glee. "You're going to witness the greatest battle of your life," said he.

### Animals in Harness

YOU who are accustomed to think of the horse as the only animal in harness, will be astonished if you study the subject further. Of course, you know that reindeer draw sledges in the Far North; and that dogs are employed for similar purposes in some countries; that elephants, bullocks and goats are frequently used as beasts of burden. But it may surprise you to learn that in the German settlements of Anduin, southern California, ostriches are trained to draw light vehicles.

One may now buy in British East Africa any number of zebraws, which can readily be trained to the use of bit and bridle. The zebra is very strong, a fast trotter and less liable to disease than the horse.

Perhaps the oddest animal in harness is a wild boar, driven by a French peasant. This animal, now three years old, draws a little three-wheeled cart. No bit can be used, so the reins are attached to the teeth of the boar.

## Play-Acting

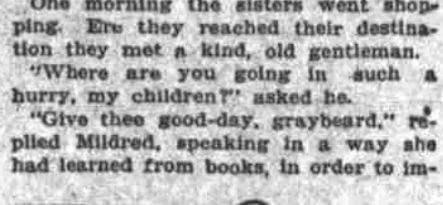
A VERY learned little girl was Mildred, and a remarkable little girl, besides. Why, at the age of 3 she could read quite easily, and could do sums in arithmetic, while she even knew a little geography. By the time she was 5, she knew as much as many boys and girls of 15.

The only fault this learned miss possessed was that she liked to display her learning. Now, Mildred had a sister who was just as other girls are—perhaps not quite as studious as some. She enjoyed playing with her dolls and romping much more than she did her lessons. And so it was that whenever Mildred showed her great knowledge people raised their heads in admiration, then they would shake their heads solemnly and remark how peculiar it was that her sister seemed to have but little cleverness. This would make Alice feel very, very stupid. But she was proud of her talented sister, and as good-hearted a lassie as ever lived.

One morning the sisters went shopping. Ere they reached their destination they met a kind, old gentleman.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, my children?" asked he.

"Give thee good-day, graybeard," replied Mildred, speaking in a way she had learned from books, in order to im-



HE WAS ASTONISHED



HE WAS ASTONISHED

press the old gentleman. "Our mother sends to the shambles his for a 1st launch."

"W-w-what!" ejaculated the astonished old party.

"Happily thou knowest him—the good man Jones?" continued Mildred, with self-assurance.

"No," replied he, very much puzzled. "But will you not come with me, so that I may buy you some chocolate?"

"Alack, we are forbid to tarry, gentle sir; we need be hither. The mother's patience stays upon our coming."

"And is your sister in such a hurry, too?" inquired the gentleman. "Let her answer for herself," added he, curious to know if the other little girl spoke in the same remarkable manner.

But before Alice could give a timid reply, Mildred interrupted, saying: "Oh, she knowest little of the gentle art of conversation, sir. I prithe, question not too closely, lest she betray her ignorance."

"Indeed," responded the old gentleman, quite sharply, "you seem to have great knowledge, but you certainly have great conceit, also. I don't imagine such a learned miss would enjoy simple sweets, anyway."

"Wait a moment," said he, turning to Alice. Hastening into a nearby confectionery shop, he reappeared presently with a box of delicious bonbons, which he handed to Alice. Then, patting the modest little girl's head, he left them.

Mildred was so chagrined at the harsh words of the gentleman, she refused the dainties which Alice, with all generosity, pressed upon her. But the reproach of her sister, thinking with the result that thereafter she took good care not to try to let every one know just how clever she was.

### Clever Trickster.

Tommy was very clever at doing tricks, guessing riddles and solving almost any kind of puzzle.

The other day Willie Jones approached, announcing that he had a question Tommy could never guess. "How many hairs have I on my head?"

Tommy looked critically at the mop of hair adorning the head of his friend. At last he replied: "There are 3,275,528. If you will count them, you will find this number correct."

ne applied himself to labor that he had accumulated much wealth. His possessions were now greater than those of any man thereabouts. So well had he applied himself to study that he was the peer of any in knowledge. Thus it came about that honors were heaped upon him. He married the daughter of a nobleman, and with the powerful influence, thus gained, became Governor of the province.

The three years had passed. Daily the anticipation of Julian had grown, as he looked forward to the time when he could break his precious egg. The day had now arrived. Summoning all his friends, and with all possible ceremony, Julian broke the egg. It was empty!

In bitter disappointment the Governor had old Mother Gretchen brought before him.

"Did you not say," said he, reproachfully, "that my egg should gain for me a treasure?"

"And has it not brought you many treasures?" replied the old woman. "But for it you would not be rich now or powerful or learned. You would still be living on your little farm, poorer than ever, and perhaps just as ignorant. Do you not owe everything—even your beautiful wife—indeed, your every happiness, to this eggshell?"

Julian smiled understandingly. "Another egg you are right," said he, "and I thank you with all my heart for your gift—a gift more precious than mortal ever before received."

## LEGEND OF THE KANGAROO

"I DON'T know what in the world to do," Lamented the poor mother kangaroo; "In hunting for food very fast I should go, But I can't, 'cause my babes are exceedingly slow; So I often must stop In the midst of a hop To wait for the tots to crawl up in a row."

The kangaroo couldn't help fuss, fret and fume; For days she was plunged in the darkest of gloom. However, a plan to her came one fine day: A pocket she sewed in her skin right away, And her babies now ride Snug and close by her side, And swiftly and safe she now goes where she may.



**Riddle of Holes.**  
Jack—If an empty barrel weighs eleven pounds, what can you do to make it weigh eight pounds?  
Joe—Give it up.  
Jack—Just fill it with enough holes.

**A Difference in Taste.**  
"Can any little boy tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"  
"Yes'm," replied Francis, who had learned from experience; "lakes are pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

## TREASURE within an EGG SHELL

MOTHER GRETCHEN shrank back affrightedly, but before the ferocious wolf could leap upon her there came a scurrying of feet from behind and a form passed her, launching itself upon the terrible beast. A flash of steel, and the wolf had fallen—slain by the dagger of brave Julian.

"How can I thank you, my courageous man!" gasped Mother Gretchen.

The rough countryman responded modestly. "It was nothing, mother. I am only glad to have been in your neighborhood."

"Oh, yes, but it was something," protested the old woman, "and I shall see that you do not lack the reward you deserve. Here is an egg, which you must guard as your chiefest treasure. Three years from this very day, break the shell and you shall find compensation. This I swear."

Julian bowed clumsily, muttered his thanks, and continued on his way toward his little farm.

When the peasant told his friends of what had happened they bade him rejoice.

"Mother Gretchen is a very wise old woman," said they. "Some say she is a witch; but however that may be, it is well known that she has never told a lie. Never has she broken her promise. You may well be grateful for the opportunity which enabled you to save the life of such a powerful sorcerer."



A FLASH OF STEEL

gently set about improving himself and his condition. By day he plowed his fields and worked elsewhere about the little farm with intense zeal; by night he pored over books and did his utmost to acquire learning.

Soon the people began to observe a great change in Julian. So well had