Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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ADVENTURES OF THE SEA-SHELL FAMILY.

FOURTH ADVENTURE.

A VERY pretty home did this strange family make in their big shell. No Mortals came to disturb their peace. Accordingly, they were as happy as Sea-Shells could possibly be.

And the wise doctor of the Sea-Shells established himself in a similar house not far away. Now, this doctor person had great power. He could create Sea-Shells quite as readily as could the Artist Man; so you will see that he had no difficulty in furnishing himself with a capable housekeeper for his unique home. He also, at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Sea-Shell, added little Willie and Mary to that family, and even made a parrot for them. The heads of William and Mary were made of clam shells, while Polly's head, as well as the upper part of her beak, was constructed from mussel or "boat" shells—I don't exactly remember which.

Little Willie Sea-Shell it was who destroyed the happiness of this contented people. In his wanderings along the beach the shell-boy came upon a number of Mortals. He heard them discussing taining some of the "crackers," and with exceeding joy ran to show them to his relatives. They were interested ever so much. And their curiosity cost them their lives.

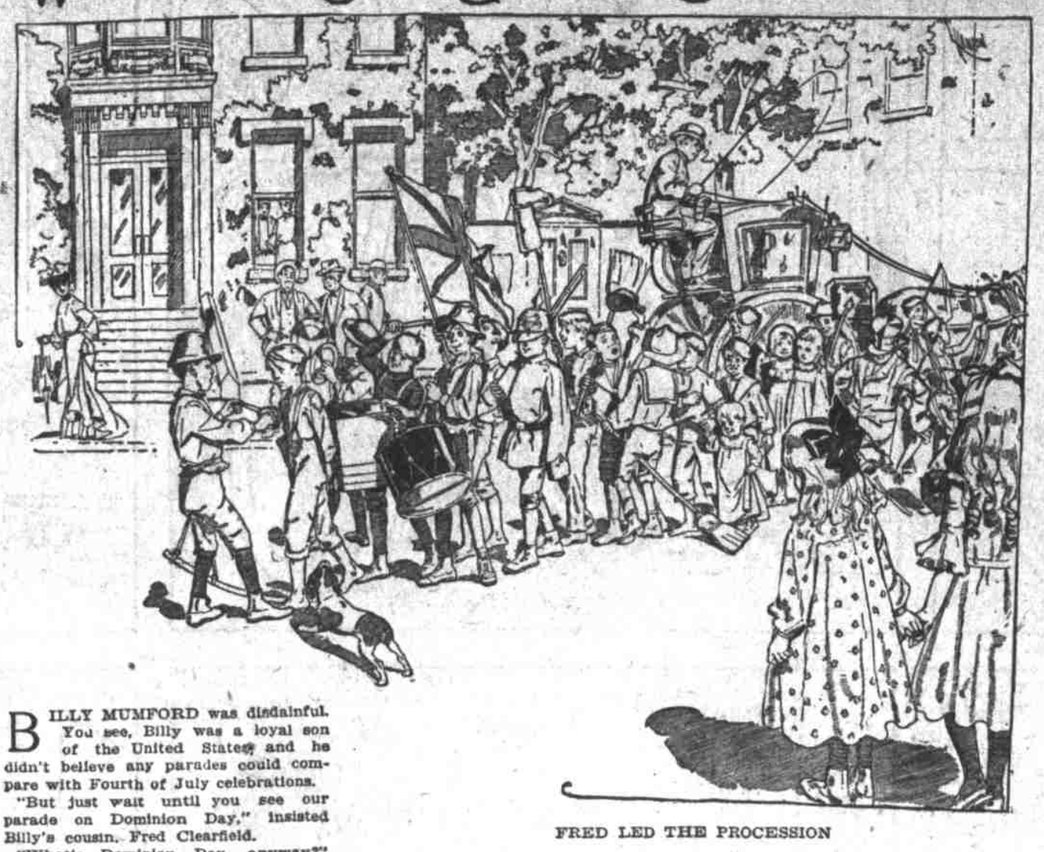
You will see by the picture what became of Willie and Mary. The parrot also paid well for her recklessness. But even this horrid example did not deter the rest of the Sea-Shells from experimenting. They tied the remaining firecrackers together, lighted the fuse and then stood closely around to see what happened. What really did happen is too sad for description. Every single Sea-Shell, including the parrot, was blown to atoms. Nor was a trace of them to be found. They disappeared with the same quickness with which they had been brought into existence, and the fourth adventure was the last.

As the Artist Man has lost his magic palette, it is unlikely that there will ever be another Sea-Shell. But, if you boys and girls are at all ingenious, you can make very good imitations of the members of this strange family. From almost every shell you can make a face

with much enthusiasm a celebration which was to take place on the morrow—Fourth of July, they called it. Willie did some thinking on his own account, and, without telling any one, made up his mind to be present at that celebration.

Next day, therefore, found Willie in the midst of tremendous excitement. So impressed was he by the noise made by the firecrackers that he resolved to share in the fun. Finally he succeeded in ob- of some sort. Paint the features before you paste the shell to cardboard. In coloring the shell be sure to use a little white in mixing flesh tint, for shells dry out darker than paper. Of course, you draw the rest of the figure with pen. Any number of cunning little shell-headed people you can make. And perhaps some time you may, through happy accident, obtain a magic paint that will transform your shell dollies into real, living creatures.

WHEN THE "OLD GUARD" CELEBRATED



FRED LED THE PROCESSION

BILLY MUMFORD was disdainful. You see, Billy was a loyal son of the United States; and he didn't believe any parades could compare with Fourth of July celebrations.

"But just wait until you see our parade on Dominion Day," insisted Billy's cousin, Fred Clearfield.

"What's Dominion Day, anyway?" queried Billy, curling his lips contemptuously.

This was too much for any staunch Canadian. Fred's fist closed and opened convulsively. Only the fact that he was acting as host to his American cousin prevented him from forcing a fight then and there. As it was, he breathed hard for several moments and counted ten several times over.

"Dominion Day," explained he, patiently, "is celebrated on July 1, and it 'riginally marked the passing of the North American act, in 1867, when all the Canadian states were grouped together into the Dominion. Now, won't you please tell me what Fourth of July is?"

Billy glared wildly; his cousin returned the look. Then, by mutual consent, they rushed together and pummeled one another until thoroughly out of breath. By this time, too, the outraged sense of patriotism of each had been avenged.

"Yes, sir," continued Fred, now completely mollified, "we fellows who call ourselves the 'Old Guard' have all dodged the exercises that most of the schools are going to have—not because we aren't dandy speakers or good singers, but just because we want to hold our big parade in the morning, and then play our cricket match with the 'King's Guards' in the afternoon.

"'The King's Guards' are the fellows at t'other end of town. We spend most of our time licking them in fights or in sports. But we always play fair, and they don't."

"That's what our band of 'Bloody Robbers' used to say about the 'Bloody Pirates,'" chuckled Billy to himself, "but now that I come to think it over, I don't know but what we 'Robbers' weren't always on the square ourselves."

The parade was a wonderful event, and the "Guard" presented a truly magnificent appearance. Fred led the procession by virtue of the fact that he possessed a toy sword and a battered military cap, the remnants of a "soldier suit." Then followed a band of three pieces—a drum, a washboiler for a bass drum and lids of buckets utilized for cymbals. The standard-bearers, with their guards, came next. An old boot hoisted upon the end of a stick made a splendid banner, as did also a dilapidated broom. Other members of the "Guard," together with their little brothers and sisters, brought up the rear. One of the soldiers, too, "borrowed" his father's top hat and frock coat for the occasion, and disported himself in not very dignified fashion along the line of march. He didn't have nearly as much fun when his father met him several hours later, after the hat and coat had been missed.

None of the proud company observed that the onlookers failed to cheer their parade. The boys were too busy cheering themselves. And, to Fred's relief, the "King's Guards" made no attack upon them. Every one voted the affair a grand success. It was with the best of feeling that they adjourned to Fred's back yard, where a great bucket of lemonade had been made for the thirsty guard. Gratefully they gulped down the cooling beverage.

A moment later a pained expression flitted across Little Timmy Green's face. "What did you put in that lemonade besides lemons?" asked he.

Fred scanned the faces of all those about him. Every member of the guard appeared to be suffering, and Fred himself was seized with pain as he gasped:

"I just know some of those 'King's Guards' have done this!"

And every member of the "Old Guard" was only too ready to believe it, when it was found that because of the illness of every player on the team that afternoon the "King's Guards" would be awarded the game of cricket.

But Billy offered to show Fred and his chums a few tricks in the ways of "getting even," so the "Old Guard" remained full of hope.

Implicit Obedience

Freddy acquired the habit of protesting, or making excuses, whenever his mother asked him to do anything. And so it happened that, upon one occasion, when Freddy had a real explanation to offer, he had great difficulty in making himself heard.

That afternoon it looked very much as though rain were about to come; therefore Freddy's mother called to him:

"Freddy, please close the trapdoor leading to the roof garden."

"But, mother—" began Freddy.

"Now, you heard what I told you; go up and close the trapdoor," firmly replied the mother.

"Yes, mother, but—"

"Freddy, I tell you for the last time to close that trapdoor!"

Freddy slowly turned, climbed to the roof and closed the door. Outside the storm raged; the rain fell in torrents.

An hour or so later, when the family gathered for tea, Freddy's mother asked where his father was.

Freddy replied, "I'm pretty sure, mother, that father is on the roof!"

The Emperor's Friend

Whenever "Kaiser Franz" visits Buda-Pesth he invariably drives down a particular street, the Albrechtstrasse, on his way from the station to the palace.

The emperor observed that always when he passed a certain house on the corner, a little boy would appear at one of the upper windows and wave with frantic enthusiasm. So his majesty came to look for his little friend, and each time would give a smile and a military salute to his little subject.

One day the boy did not appear. Immediately upon his arrival at the palace, the emperor sent an orderly to inquire whether the lad was ill. The orderly returned with the information that the boy had been sent away to school.

Upon learning further that the boy's family were none too well off, the emperor insisted upon paying the lad's schooling and afterward gave him a commission in the army.

All for Nothing

Robert was in the habit of expecting reward for every little service. At the end of the week he made out a "bill" to his mother and carefully laid it where her eyes would fall upon it. The items were as follows:

"Mother Owes to Robert.

"Five cents for running errands.

"Five cents for being good."

That evening there appeared beside Robert's plate a paper upon which was written:

"Robert owes mother, for the years of happiness, nothing; for nursing him through long illnesses, nothing; for doing good to him, nothing."

Thoroughly ashamed of himself, Robert ran to mother, threw his arms around her and sobbed:

"Mother, I'll do everything I can for you after this, and I'll never ask you to give me anything but just love."

UNDER THE SPELL OF A MUMMY SORCERER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

THE twins, Ray and Raymond, visit a natural history museum to inspect the fossil collection. They are locked in. A mummy high priest sends them back millions of years. They attend a meeting of toothed birds. Escaping from two battling monsters, they ride upon the back of the genial Zeuglodon, who swims out to sea with them; where they witness a great sea fight and make the acquaintance of witty Mr. Cuttlefish. Mrs. Hoppy Dromatherium saves them from the Saber-Toothed Cat, but leaps with them over a high cliff. The twins awake to find themselves in the Tertiary Age. While attending a reunion of different families of animals in the forest, they take a stroll with the Woolly Rhinoceros. Rhiney scatters a band of snarling Hyenadonts. In the meantime, crabbed Tony Megatherium runs away with the boy and girl. They escape, and become friends with the Missing Link. The mammoth finds them, places them upon his back and travels with them to join the herd to which he belongs. The herd is attacked by a tiger and a cave-lion. In his flight Ray and Raymond are brushed from the back of the mammoth. Mrs. Orang-Outang rescues them from a troop of monkeys, but they lose her after the boa constrictor gobbles a little orang-outang. They are present at the dance of the Glyptodon and the Mylodon. Afterward they make the acquaintance of the cave-people, and have an adventure with a cave-bear.

Chapter XII

HOME AGAIN.

WITH absolute indifference the Cave-Man and his wife heard the tale of the adventure with the cave-bear, save that the man severely chided Rat for attacking such a formidable beast. Indeed, the man seemed to be worrying about something. Presently he said:

"The great wall of ice is steadily approaching from the north. Soon it will be upon us. I fear that we have already lingered too long. The place has become very unsafe."

As he spoke he proceeded to barricade the entrance of the cave.

In the meal which followed the man and woman, contrary to their usual habit, ate but little.

Then Rat was sharply reproved by his father for teasing Berry. Evidently the lord of the cave was in no mood to be trifled with.

And his forebodings of evil appeared to be justified, if one might judge from the cries of the animals outside. Every night was made hideous by the blood-curdling yells and howling, but now the noise seemed especially ominous. Pandemonium reigned. Each beast of the forest seemed to make outcry. No wonder the group within the cave shuddered in terror.

Suddenly there was a sound of a tremendous crash. Before those within the cave had time to ponder over its meaning there came a scrambling outside, and a pack of wolves desperately attacked the stones and timber that protected the mouth of the cave.

"Something has happened," exclaimed the man, springing to his feet; "these brutes are in search of shelter, not of food."

So fiercely did the wolves tear at the barricade that soon a wicked muzzle was thrust through an opening. The Cave-Man dealt it a mighty blow with his club, and its immediate disappearance was marked by a succession of anguished howls. Other heads appeared, however, and the man began to have great difficulty to prevent the beasts from entering.

In a frenzy he battled, the club rising and descending with remarkable quickness. All at once the wolves gave up the attack, rushing away as though fiends were upon their heels. So, too, every other animal seemed to have fled from thereabouts. Cries came now only from a distance.

The Cave-Man cautiously poked his head through an opening torn in the barricade.

"Flee!" cried he, "the ice will bury us!"

Like deer the party fled down the hillside, with great walls of ice, many feet deep, sliding after them.

"We're wrong to run into this hollow. Let us seek the hilltop, where the ice will follow more slowly!" gasped Ray.

The twins, together with Rat and Dove, separated themselves from the others, and toiled up a hill nearby. When they had attained the summit they paused.

Now that the valley was covered by ice, the glacier made no appreciable advance. As though fascinated by the great, heaving cakes, the boys and girls fled no farther, but remained until morning upon the hill.

Then in clear daylight, what a sight met their eyes! A wonderful ice field stretched to the north—not with a plane surface, but a quivering, crackling mass, rearing peaks and pinnacles and presenting edges of immense ice-cakes high above its bed.

In wonderment the four gazed. Then Ray recklessly suggested:

"That part over there seems to be quiet; let's take a look at it."

Cautiously scrambling over the ice, avoiding chasms and rough places, they examined the glacier with deep interest.

A report—sharp and clear as a rifle—rang out, and beneath their feet a giant crevasse yawned! Down they fell.

DESPERATELY ATTACKED THE BARRICADE

When Ray and Raymond came to themselves—for they really did—they found themselves in darkness. But, strange to say, upon feeling about them their hands came in contact not with ice, but with a stone floor. They rose to their feet and were amazed to feel no harmful effects from their fall.

Exploration seemed to prove that they were in an underground passage. Along this they carefully made their way, finding very shortly that the floor sloped upward. On and on they walked, until a faint patch of light showed before them.

"That must be the end of the tunnel!" cried Ray.

So, with renewed energy, they trudged toward where the light showed. At last they reached this goal and stepped into a room lined with showcases.

"It looks like the museum!" Raymond exclaimed.

"And so it is!" both shouted together, a moment later.

Then they looked for the entrance to the tunnel, but all traces of it had disappeared.

DOWN THEY FELL INTO THE CREVASSE

"We surely couldn't have dreamed it!" said Raymond, emphatically, as the astonished janitor liberated them.

Ray shook her head indignantly. "Of course not!" she ejaculated.

Yet the calendar showed they had spent but a single night away from home.

In explanation, both Ray and Raymond insisted that the Egyptian mummy—the High Priest of Sakkara—could easily have overcome that difficulty.

Raymond, by the way, declares he is going to have an interview with that mummy before long, and that he's "going to punch the head of the old chump!" But Ray begs him not to offend such a powerful enemy.

THE END

COMMENCEMENT IN THE DOLLVILLE KINDERGARTEN

"IF BOYS and girls have 'commencements,' Dollville must certainly have one," quoth the pretty French doll Anabelle when Teddy Bear told her what Little Boy had said to Little Girl about their big sister's "commencement."

"Besides, it will give us an opportunity to make use of the toy department store, which has been idle for so long," reflected Anabelle aloud.

This settled the matter so far as Dollville was concerned. All of Anabelle's plans were executed promptly. Her word was law in the nursery world. Every evening thereafter for one whole week rehearsals were held in the department store. Only the girl dolls were admitted, because Anabelle insisted they were so much brighter than the boy dolls. But as some one suggested that there should be a dunce in every schoolroom, the donkey was dressed in doll's clothes and made to sit on the dunce's stool. Real boys and girls might not think it good taste to have a dunce at "commencement," but, then, Dollville wanted to be "different."

Little Boy and Girl had left their dolls and playthings in the playroom and were now voyaging to the Land of Dreams. Then it was that Dollville came to life. Anabelle bustled around, summoning all the girl dollies and bidding them prepare for their "commencement."

When everything was in readiness the men dolls, led by the toy artillery captain, trooped in and took the seats assigned to spectators.

And a wonderful "commencement" it was! Tiny dollies squeaked "Mamma! Papa!" fifty times in succession without a pause, and in the most cunning way imaginable. This brought great applause. But the audience clapped their hands even more loudly when a demure doll with dark hair and very difficult for the poor donkey had not the clever toy monkey quietly stood the alphabet blocks on end at the other side of the room—all in order and in such position that the donkey could see them. The donkey copied them off in great style. All the girl dollies, who did not see the blocks, were surprised, and the men dolls, who DID see the blocks, thought the joke was such a good one that they cheered the donkey again and again.

ALL THE GIRL DOLLIES WERE SUMMONED

nice brown eyes played the toy piano with exquisite skill.

Then there were dolls who danced. Others walked upon wires strung between posts. One little pink thing showed how well she could ride upon a camel brought from the Noah's ark. Even the dunce was permitted to show that he wasn't nearly as stupid as he was supposed to be. He was asked to write the alphabet upon the blackboard. This would have been

As the crowning feature of the "commencement" Anabelle announced that the dolls would now show their proficiency in setting tables for luncheon. Thereupon the men dolls whooped with joy. They even wished to assist, but, naturally, Anabelle declared they would only be in the way—besides, it wasn't THEIR "commencement." However, the service was soon upon the tables, and all were invited to dine. It was a splendid feast, and a glorious ending to such a "commencement." Dollville's food is always imaginary, you know, but all the dolls have such very good imaginations that they enjoy the feasts ever so much.

So pleased were the men dolls with the "commencement" that they suggested it might be well to have such an event each week. And Anabelle, always anxious to excel mortals, cordially agreed to the plan.

Marvelous Surgery.

"Jack," said Phil, "do you know of the many wonderful things they do in hospitals?"

"I should say I do," returned Jack. "My uncle's a doctor, and I know for a fact that they'll take your eyes out and lay them on the table in front of you and let you look at them; then they'll put them back."

Rough on Father.

Different members of the family were discussing the number of their acquaintances.

Mildred listened for a while in silence, then she ventured the information:

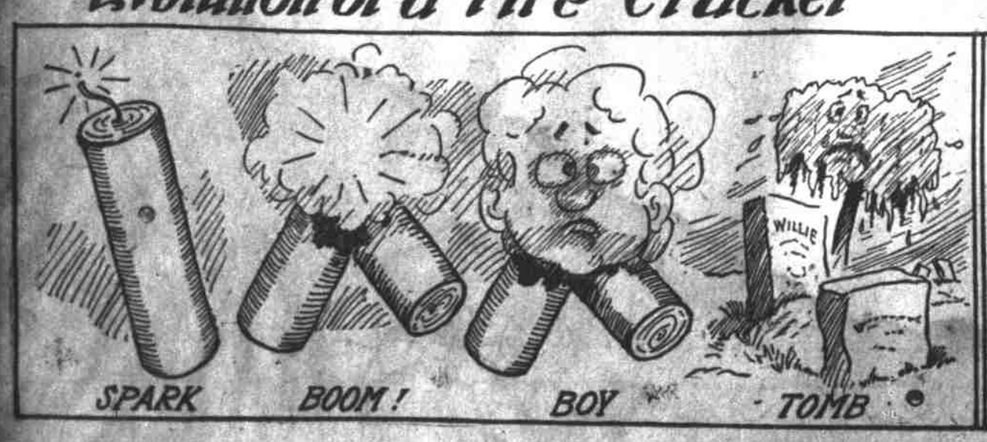
"I know two men; one is a gentleman and the other is papa."

A Reason for It.

Mother—Doctor, one of Willie's eyes is so much stronger than the other. How do you explain it?"

Physician—Knot hole in the baseball fence, most likely."

Evolution of a Fire Cracker



Dangerous Curiosity

Cause and Effect