

Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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How Babies The World Over Are Cared For

Berlin - A Summer Day in the Prussian Capital

Denmark - A Copenhagen Nurse

Italy - Neapolitan Nurses

Germany - A Black Forest Nurse

India - An Ayah

A Russian Nurse in Berlin

Switzerland - A Baby Steeped at Davos

London - In the Park

Paris - The Typical Bonne

A Chinese Nurse in Berlin

nurses, too," Aunt Edith went on, "although, for that matter, I can show you pictures of human nurses whom I am sure you will find looking quite as strange as doggie here."

"Of course, the little girl was anxious to see these pictures, so she took auntie's hand and walked along at such a smart pace that she was quite tired when she reached the house. But, not caring to rest, she begged auntie to bring the photographs just as soon as she could. Soon the two heads were bending together over auntie's collection."

"Here," remarked auntie, "is the picture of a nurse who lived in the same land as the elephant nurses. She is called an ayah and dresses almost entirely in white. Many of the little English boys and girls, who dwell in India, are very fond, indeed, of their ayahs. And then you see pictures of nurses far away from India—in Berlin. Look at the group of Prussian nurses, wearing great winged bonnets, natty dark jackets and white skirts. Quite different is the appearance of the Russian nurse, also taken in Berlin, and that of the plump Chinese nurse."

"The Copenhagen nurse dresses much like the one from Russia, with her neat bodice and little cap, with 'streamers.' The kind-hearted nurses of Paris are very interesting. French boys and girls call them 'bonnes.' And you don't have to go very far in the direction of a park or boulevard before you'll meet any number of these cheerful bodies trundling their little charges in carriages or walking beside them."

"Now let us jump across the English channel and land in England. Suppose we stop in London. Here are the brisk, capable nurses, with little dark capes thrown over white uniforms, and wearing jaunty black caps."

"What is the picture you have in your hands, Marjan, is a photograph taken in Italy, of Neapolitan nurses."

"And the nice-looking picture shows a winter scene in Switzerland, where both baby and nurse are bundled up warmly. You see, too, that here the carriage has been changed into a sleigh. Baby must have a delightful time sleighing in winter—that is, always supposing he's old enough to appreciate it."

Ever so many other pictures Aunt Edith showed little Marjan—pictures that showed all sorts of queer little carriages and cradles, and playthings for babies the world over. She saw Algerian babies, playing on broad housetops; little Lapp babies and Eskimo babies, looking for all the world like shaggy little bears; Arabian babies, cuddled on the sands in the shelter of tents; babies who swung in hammocks within draped apartments in Persia; babies carried on the shoulders of Syrian mothers, and papooses slung to the backs of Indian mothers. Oh, so many babies and so many nurses and mothers Marjan saw that she knew she would dream of nothing but babies for months afterward.

"And, do you know," concluded Aunt Edith, smilingly.

"To be sure!" cried the delighted little girl. "And I know I'll have lots of fun looking over the collection. Are my dollies' pictures there, auntie?"

"Yes, but I mean doll-babies," said Aunt Edith, smilingly.

"To be sure!" cried the delighted little girl. "And I know I'll have lots of fun looking over the collection. Are my dollies' pictures there, auntie?"

The Banshee's Warning



"Sure, the good old Ireland families have a banshee, every one; and to hear the awful wreech'n', oh, indeed, it's no good fun, 'Cause a warnin' she is bring'n' that a life is almost done," whispered Katy to wee Rose at even-song.

So Rose wondered and she pondered for a day—and still a day; and she wished a banshee witch might happen soon around her way; Though just why I can't imagine, for 'tis needless quite to say; Colleens know this wish is very, very wrong.

Now, one afternoon as Rosie rocked her dolly down to sleep, From without the open casement rose a cry that made a creep, Steal along her back that instant, and a wall that made her weep

At the thought some one she loved must surely die.

Then next morning dawned; a sob of woe there came from Rosie's bed; For her Irish doll had fallen out and smashed her pretty head; "And the banshee warned," sobbed Rose, "my noble doll would soon be dead— That's the very reason for the banshee's cry."

Forgot Her Manners

GRACE wore her best "company" manners, for there was a number of her mother's friends present at dinner. But during the very first course, which consisted of soup, she forgot herself. Leaning across the table, she whispered, loud enough for all to hear: "Muvver, what do you think? A hair's in my soup."

"Hush, Grace," said mamma, frowning; "it's only a crack in the plate." The little girl seemed satisfied for the moment, but an instant later, having moved the bowl of her spoon diligently back and forth over the supposed crack, she cried out, triumphantly: "Muvver, do cracks move?"

Bird Must Be Fed

A LITTLE chap from the country was shown a cuckoo clock for the first time. His eyes bulged with amazement when he saw the bird fly out and chirpily cry the hour.

"How would you like to have such a clock?" he was asked.

"Well, it's awfully nice," responded the boy, slowly, "but I'd think it would be a whole lot of better, you have not only to wind the clock, but you've got to feed the bird."

Didn't Know Either

DURING a visit of Oscar II, king of Sweden and Norway, to a public school in his kingdom, he asked the pupils to name some of Sweden's greatest kings.

"Gustavus Adolphus," said one, confidently.

Another said, "Charles XII."

While a third, wishing to make a favorable impression upon the king, called out "Oscar II."

"And what has King Oscar done of importance?" asked the king, smiling.

The little girl thought for a moment and then hung her head in confusion. At last she stammered tearfully: "I'm sorry, but I don't know."

"Don't cry, my dear," said the king, stroking her curls. Then he added, with a merry twinkle in his eyes: "I can't think of anything myself."

Ingratitude

HARDLY had Mary recovered from the measles than her little brother John fell ill with the same malady. One day, when John was almost well again, his mother gave him a piece of cake. Naturally, Mary wished very much for a piece, and when John refused her, she reproached him indignantly, saying:

"If you aren't the greedy boy! Here I gave you the measles and now you won't give me even a crumb!"

Wished Bigger Lunch

INASMUCH as Willie was going upon an all-day fishing excursion with several of his special chums, grandma was asked to pack a nice lunch for him. This operation Willie found very interesting. Suddenly he asked:

"Grandma, do your spectacles magnify?"

"Yes, Willie," replied grandma.

"Then," coaxed Willie, "won't you please take them off while you're packing my lunch?"

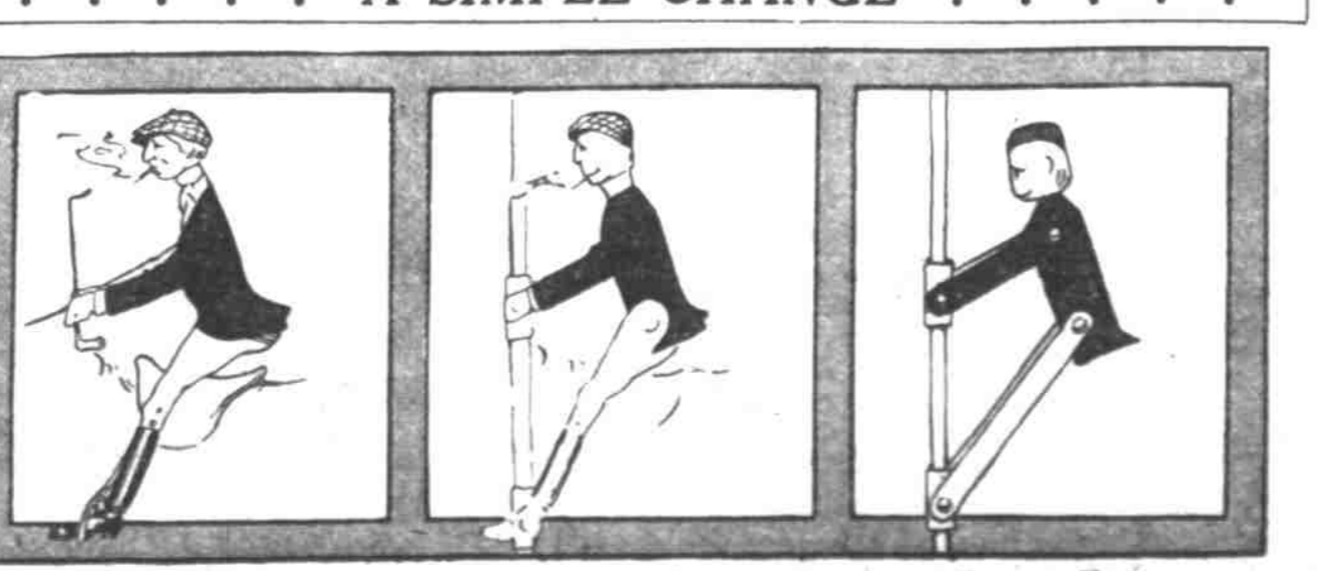
Got Even

THE other day a little fellow walked into a meat shop and asked the butcher for a sheep's head.

"Sorry, my boy," said the man, "but the only head I have in the shop just now is this one of mine."

"No, that won't do," replied the boy, decidedly. "I want one with brains in."

A SIMPLE CHANGE



Races With Toy Motor Boats. Toy motor-boat racing has become very popular among the boys and girls of Paris. These boats range in length from a few inches to four feet, the boats of greater size being driven by engines of considerable power. Regular contests are arranged in the artificial lakes of the Tuilleries Gardens and other convenient basins.

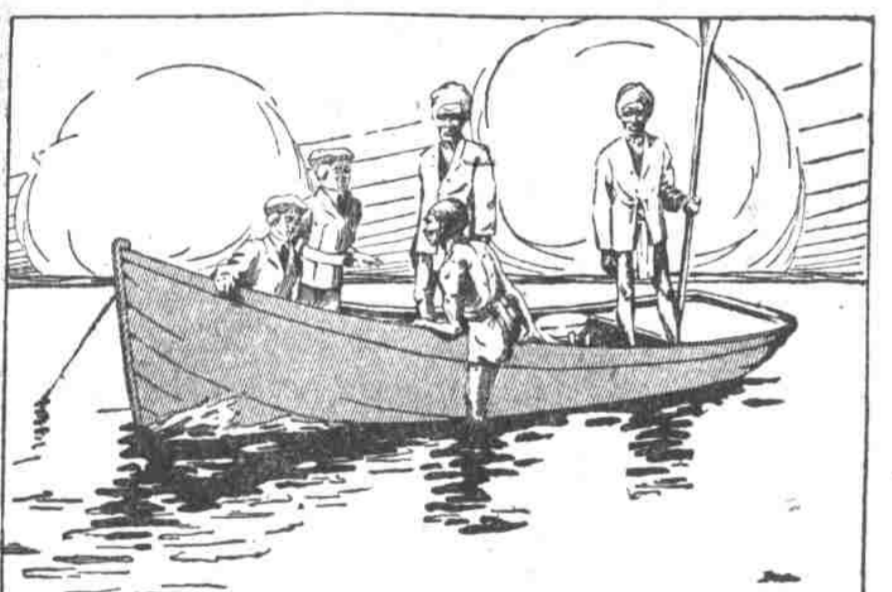
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Sponge-Gathering

"UNCLE HENRY should be here shortly," observed Geoffrey; "you know he promised that we should see the sponge-fishing today."

"Yes, but don't let's wait for him," replied Bob, as the lads retraced their steps along the quay. "Abe's over there, and he's just going to put out."

Abe readily agreed, with a huge grin on his shining black face, to take the boys out to the fishing grounds in his open boat. But he warned them to hurry, because the schooner that was to tow his boat was ready to start.



SELDOM DIVE FOR SPONGES

"Can't you row out yourself?" asked Bob.

Thereupon Abe explained how much time was saved by permitting a larger vessel to tow him out, although some of the smaller craft did cover the distance to the grounds without assistance. In return for the schooner's assistance Abe said he would have to give them a certain part of his day's catch.

"Uncle Henry told me the sponge fisheries here in the Bahamas are open all the year round, and that about 600 schooners and sloops and 2500 open boats are used," remarked Geoffrey.

"And more than 6000 men and boys—all colored—are employed, working from the time they are boys until they are too old and feeble to continue the fishing any longer," added Bob.

Once at the fishing grounds, Abe took them from the boat a wooden cone, about eighteen inches in length, covered with glass at one end and open at the other. This glass he placed just beneath the surface of the water. By looking through it the boys could then see the bed of the ocean. Seizing a long staff with a hook on the end, Abe now proceeded to tear off the sponges he saw through the glass.

Bob turned to him in surprise. "Why, I thought you dived for them," said he.

"Sometimes," replied Abe, with another grin, "when water's deep—but not often."

The sponges grew in abundance and the boats soon made a good haul. As soon as the lads returned to shore they ran quickly home with the sponge Abe had given them, so that they might examine it under a microscope.

At Uncle Henry's suggestion they placed the sponge in a tub containing salt water. Then, by means of a lens, they saw a jelly-like mass, from which grew small, hair-like whips that lashed the water, driving away impurities, as Uncle Henry explained, and bringing in food for the many pores to absorb. He also told the boys how yellow buds grew on these sponges at the bottom of the sea, and how, after a time, they loosened themselves, and with the aid of little hair-like paddlers swam away to become sponges on their own account. Geoffrey, who had been looking with some perplexity at the sponge, now exclaimed:

"But how in the world can any one use such a thing as this for a sponge?"

"They don't," replied Uncle Henry, smilingly; "at least not before all this gelatine-like matter is squeezed out and washed away."

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The Real Boss

THE insurance agent climbed the steps and rang the bell.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the careworn person who came to the door.

"I want to see the boss of the house," replied the insurance agent. "Are you the boss?"

"No," meekly returned the man who came to the door; "I'm only the husband of the boss. Step in; I'll call the boss."

The insurance agent took a seat in the hall, and in a short time a tall, dignified woman appeared.

"So you want to see the boss?" repeated the woman. "Well, just step into the kitchen. This way, please, Bridget, this gentleman desires to see you."

"Me th' boss?" exclaimed Bridget, when the insurance man asked her the question. "Indade Oi'm not! Sure, here comes th' boss now."

She pointed to a small boy of ten years who was coming toward the house.

"Tell me," pleaded the insurance agent, when the lad came into the kitchen, "are you the boss of the house?"

"Want to see the boss?" asked the boy. "Well, you just come with me."

Wearily the insurance agent climbed up the stairs. He was ushered into a room on the second floor and guided to the crib of a sleeping baby.

"There!" exclaimed the boy; "that's the real boss of this house!"

Kind Deeds Bring Their Reward.

Story of a Girl and a Goose

THOUGH it was yet early, Arabelle's work was over for the morning.

For there was not a great deal to do in the humble fisherman's cottage. A snug little building of stone, with neatly thatched roof, it was quite big and comfortable enough for the father and mother and the tiny lass who dwelt within.

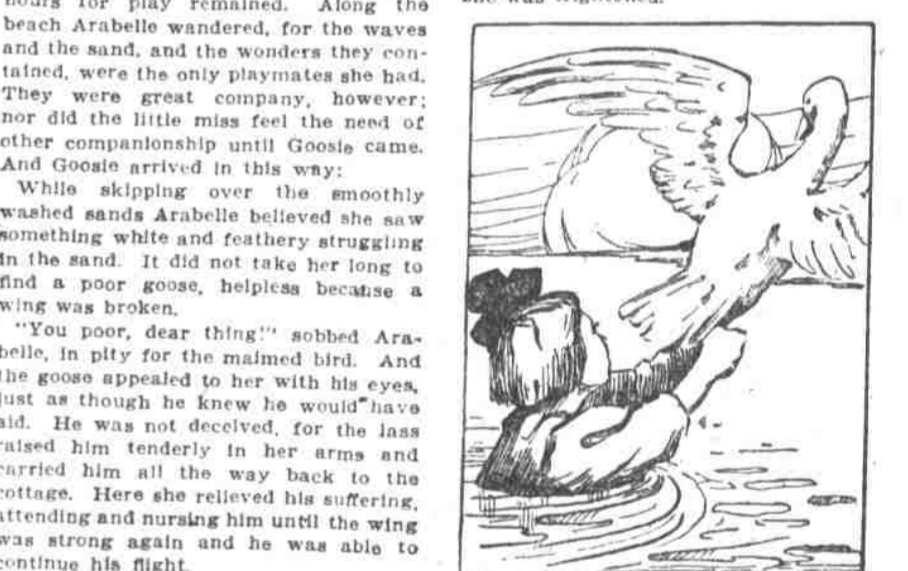
The simple chores were soon done and hours for play remained. Along the beach Arabelle wandered, for the waves and the sand, and the wonders they contained, were the only playmates she had. They were great company, however; nor did the little miss feel the need of other companionship until Goose came. And Goose arrived in this way:

While skipping over the smoothly washed sands Arabelle believed she saw something white and feathery struggling in the sand. It did not take her long to find a poor goose, helpless because a wing was broken.

"You poor, dear thing!" sobbed Arabelle, in pity for the maimed bird. And the goose appealed to her with his eyes, just as though he knew he would have aid. He was not deceived, for the lass raised him tenderly in her arms and carried him all the way back to the cottage. Here she relieved his suffering, attending and nursing him until the wing was strong again and he was able to continue his flight.

But Goose had become so fond of Arabelle that he refused to leave her, although the little girl straightway gave him his freedom as soon as he was well. Every day he would come to her to be fed. Even when he flew great distances he would always return to the cottage. Arabelle would have been ever so lonely now without her pet.

One day when she was gathering mussels along the shore she ventured out over the rocks until she stood upon a small island. Here, amid the pools and



TOWED TO SHORE

crevices of the rock she found many of the mussels she sought.

So busy was she that she did not perceive that the tide had turned, until she found her retreat cut off from the beach. Water now lay all around the little island. She knew she could not reach the shore safely; she knew, too, that soon the waves would wash over the rock upon which she stood. No wonder she was frightened.

Almost in despair was she when there came a familiar flapping of wings at her ears, and Goose circled affectionately about her. The next moment Arabelle seized the bird's legs and the strong goose towed her through the water to the shore in a lift.

Goose had not forgotten the kindness shown him, and to prove his gratitude he had saved his young mistress.

How Savages Create Fire

IT IS rather difficult for us to imagine people who know nothing about fire, and, as a matter of fact, there are no people now on the face of the earth, no matter how barbarous, who do not know how to make fire. We make it easily enough by striking a match, but years ago our ancestors were compelled to resort to flint, steel and tinder. The forest-dwelling people of the farther East have an odd instrument for making fire. Near the coast every man carries a bit of crockery in the box of bamboo slung at his waist, a chip off a plate and a handful of dry fungus. Holding the tinder under his thumb upon the fragment of earthenware, he strikes the side of the box sharply and the tinder takes fire. But this method can only be used by tribes which have communication with the foreigner, who supplies them with European goods. The inland people use a more singular process. They carry a short cylinder of lead, hollowed roughly to cuplike form at one end, which fits a joint of bamboo. Placing this cylinder in the palm of the left hand, they fill the cup with tinder, adjust the bamboo over it, strike sharply, remove the covering as quickly, and the tinder is alight.

Laziest of Plants

A SLEEPY old fellow this cactus is. During the day when most plants are wide awake he keeps himself tightly closed and slumbers deeply. But at midnight, when the daisies and other good, innocent flowers have long since gone to bed, he cautiously opens his



eyes and looks drowsily about him for a while. Then off he goes again to slumberland, not to awake until the next midnight. What a reputation he must have among respectable flowers! You wouldn't want to be a lazy cactus such as he, would you?

Agreed With Her. Mother - Sammy, I don't want to ever catch you in the pantry again. Sammy (weeping)-An' I don't want you to, neither.