

# Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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## Godfrey's Helpfulness

"GODFREY! oh, Godfrey!" No sooner did he hear this summons, than a little boy appeared from the grape arbor in which he had been half-hidden. Turning his head toward the balcony where stood the lady who had called, he shouted: "Dost want me, mother?"

"I need thee ever so much," said the young mother, laughing; "for I have lost a second time the book with the pretty binding of blue and gold. And since thou wast so successful in finding the book for thy careless mother when last 'twas lost, I must needs call again upon the services of my knight."

"I'll find it, mother! I'll find it!" cried

was a bookshop at which he paused, and that which attracted his attention was nothing less than a volume with a beautiful binding of blue and gold. "Mother's book, of a surety!" gasped the lad.

Then, setting his jaw determinedly, he muttered: "Mother SHALL have her book, for I have promised it!"

First glancing around to see that no one observed, he struck savagely at the window with his hoop-stick, shattering the glass to bits. Quickly thrusting his hand through the opening, he grabbed the precious book and dashed recklessly down the street.

In vain the old bookseller pursued. The boy was more fleet of foot than he and, darting down side streets and twisting through alleys, soon eluded him.

Triumphantly Godfrey bore his capture home. Seeking his mother, he laid it before her, saying, proudly:

"See, lady mother, I have brought back thy book and kept my promise!"

"But this book is not mine, e'en though the binding be of a striking likeness," exclaimed the mother, in astonishment. "Tell me, my son, where



"DASHED RECKLESSLY DOWN THE STREET"

Godfrey, with assurance. His chest swelled with importance as he swiftly made his way to the house.

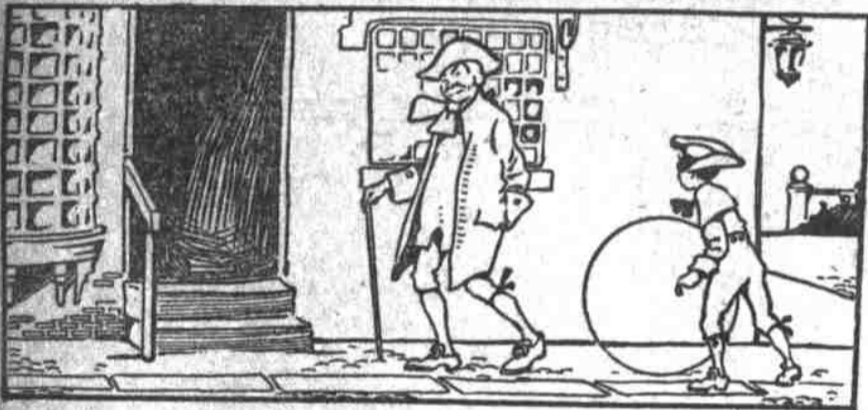
But for the once, Godfrey failed in his purpose. Not a trace of the book could be found. However, he did not lose all hope of bringing the volume to his mother, and he pleaded for a little more time in which to hunt for it.

A day or so later Godfrey was trundling his hoop along one of the streets of Boston town, when something brought him to a sudden stop. His hoop, which had been spinning several feet ahead, was permitted to roll unattended into the gutter, while he hurriedly examined the shoe window nearby. It

didst thou get it?"

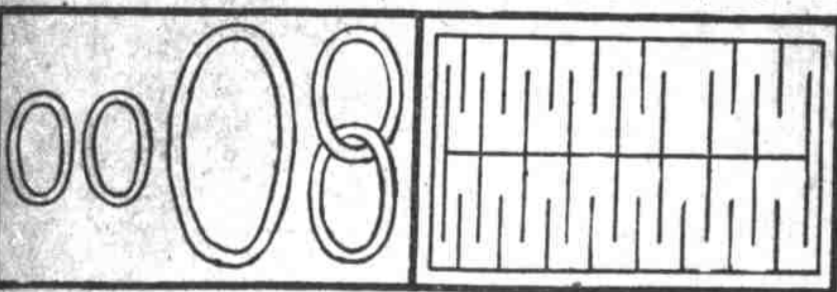
"Some one stole it and took it to the bookshop, mother, and I went thither and ran away with the book from Mr. Jenkins," Godfrey explained, his eyes sparkling with pride at the thought of his achievement.

Godfrey's father straightened out the fangle that evening. When he returned home, after paying the bookseller for his book and the damage done to the window, he drew Godfrey aside and told him very carefully that however much little boys may wish to help, they should always first make sure they do the right thing in the right way.



## Trick Paper Cutting

TAKE a small piece of paper, about as large as half an envelope, and announce to your audience that you are going to get through it. With a pair of scissors, cut it first of all down the center and then along the lines as shown in the drawing. Upon opening it, you will now find that you

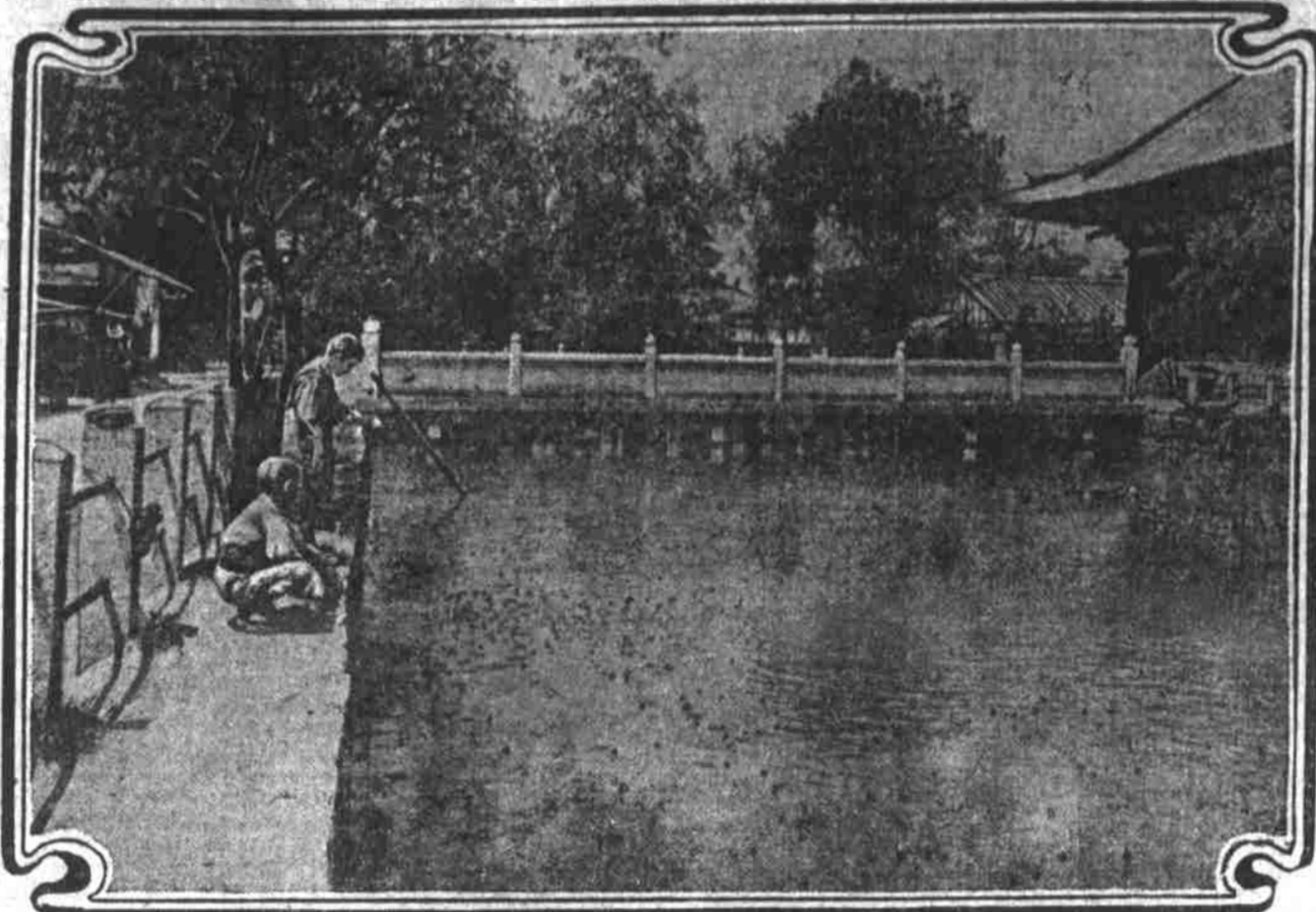


ring came out in one ring, double the size of the original; and the third cutting resulted in two rings linked together like a chain.

This strange result was obtained by the following method: In fashioning the rings, you cut three strips of the edge of your newspaper, as long as you could

possibly get them and about an inch wide; but in joining the ends to form the rings you proceeded in this manner: The edges of the first one you merely grummed together; to the second one you gave one twist before joining; and the third you twisted thrice. Therefore, different results were produced in the cutting.

## "Acquiring Merit" Story of the Holy Tortoises.



THOUSANDS OF HOLY TURTLES IN THE POND BY THE TENNOJI TEMPLE

"WILL not the honorable young master buy a cake to feed the tortoises?" wheedled the old Jap.

Jack carelessly took a brass coin from his pocket and tossed it to the peddler. "Sure," said he, with American directness.

The lad approached the bank of the pond, where tortoises moved about, literally in masses. No sooner did he begin to crumble the cake than hundreds of them swam quickly toward him, scrambling over one another in their attempt to reach the edge first.

"I'd like to have a few of those big

must know why the tortoises are kept in the pond beside the Tennoji Temple. They are the emblem of long life. As you are aware, each morning I am hired by the priests to fish a number from the water. These are bought by devout people, for the sum of a penny apiece, by whom they are returned to the pond. The persons thus acquire religious merit and gain the grace and favor of the all-powerful god, Buddha. It is a worthy deed, also, to feed the tortoises.

"But as for catching any of the tortoises and giving them to you—that would be impossible! The laws forbid it."

"Oh, come, Titsu-San," replied Jack, coaxingly, "you're not afraid, are you? If anything should come of it, I'll take all the blame. There isn't the slightest danger, I'm sure. And I'll give you my handsome to-maru. It's a real Onagadori, you know."

### TITSU-SAN IS TEMPTED

Titsu-San hesitated. His eyes sparkled at the thought that he might become the owner of the magnificent cock, the tall of which measured six yards. It was a rare bird and a valuable one. Titsu-San had often admired it, although he had never even dared dream of possessing it for his own. Besides, he was always willing to do everything he could for his friend Jack, whom he greatly respected and liked.

"I shall do it, and I shall have to say extra prayers and throw cakes to the tortoises for a month to wash away my sin," Titsu-San announced, slowly.

Jack impulsively held out his hand. "Good for you, old boy! I knew you'd do it!" cried he.

The next day the little Jap appeared with a coarse bag, containing several huge tortoises. Gravelly handing the bag to Jack, he departed without a word.

Jack was delighted with his prizes, which he immediately placed in a large stone basin in the garden. And he at once sent the long-tailed cock to Titsu-San, in fulfillment of his promise.

Greatly surprised was he when Titsu-San brought the cock back.

"My sin is weighing so heavily upon me, master Jack, that I dare not accept this gift," murmured he.

The young American looked at the sorrow-worn face of his friend, and his conscience reproached him.

"Forgive me, old chap!" he cried. "I didn't know you'd feel it like this. Great Scott! I don't want the old tortoises so very bad, anyway. I'm going to give them to you this very minute, so you can put the holy things back in their holy pond. And here, Titsu-San, is a whole handful of pennies, with which you may buy cakes to feed the turtles. After you've done that, you'll feel better, I know. I'm awfully sorry I got you in such a stew, old man!"

Titsu-San's countenance fairly glowed with joy. He thanked Jack again

and again, to that worthy's great discomfort.

As soon as Titsu-San had gone happily upon his errand to returning the tortoises to the pond, Jack instructed that the long-tailed cock be sent back to the home of the little Jap.

"I suppose it was a nifty thing for the poor fellow to defy his priests and his conscience, all for me. He certainly deserves the to-maru, anyway. And I know I'll never have the courage to look a tortoise in the face again—especially if it's a holy tortoise!"

## Prints of Leaves

VERY accurate and beautiful prints of leaves may be obtained in the following manner: First get a sheet of fine writing paper and oil it well with olive oil until the paper has pretty well absorbed the oil. Hang the paper in the air to dry until there are no longer any globules of oil upon it. Then move the glass side of the paper horizontally over the flame of a lamp or candle until you have a smooth, black surface. Now lay your leaf carefully and smoothly on this blackened paper, and laying another piece of paper over it, rub it carefully and firmly with your finger for about half a minute. Next take the leaf and lay it on the page or sheet of paper on which you want to get your impression; cover it with blotting-paper and apply gentle pressure as before. If you are careful you will be able to obtain several beautiful impressions from the same leaf.

## "HIGGINS"

IT WOULD seem a misfortune to be named after an artist's ink. That is how Higgins came to have his name. And perhaps the name was the cause of a mishap which paralyzed his hind legs.



A STRANGE CARRIAGE

But Higgins' master was very fond of the little cocker spaniel. At first he thought it would be best to have the poor doggie shot, so that he need not hobble along in such a miserable way. Another idea came to him, however, and he built for Higgins a tiny carriage upon which the useless legs could rest, while the front legs propelled the dog wherever he wished to go.

When the spaniel travels about his queer carriage attracts much attention. But Higgins seems to mind it not at all, and gets along quite well in spite of his feeble condition.

## Where Umbrellas Rest

IT was afternoon, and thus spoke the teacher of the village school: "Now, boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan, the place of the Hindoos. Now, can any one give me another instance?"

"Yes, sir," said the smallest boy proudly, "I can. Umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas."

## To Melt Iron in a Moment

H EAT a piece of iron (a poker will do) to white heat, then apply to it a roll of sulphur. The iron will immediately melt and run into drops. This experiment is best performed over a wash basin of water, allowing the melted iron (really sulphide of iron) to drop into the water.

## Lots More

It having been her first visit to the country, little Mary drank so much of the nice, fresh milk that finally her aunt was obliged to caution her not to take any more.

Little Mary replied in an aggrieved tone: "I don't see why I can't have as much as I want, auntie, when there's three cowfies out in the barn."

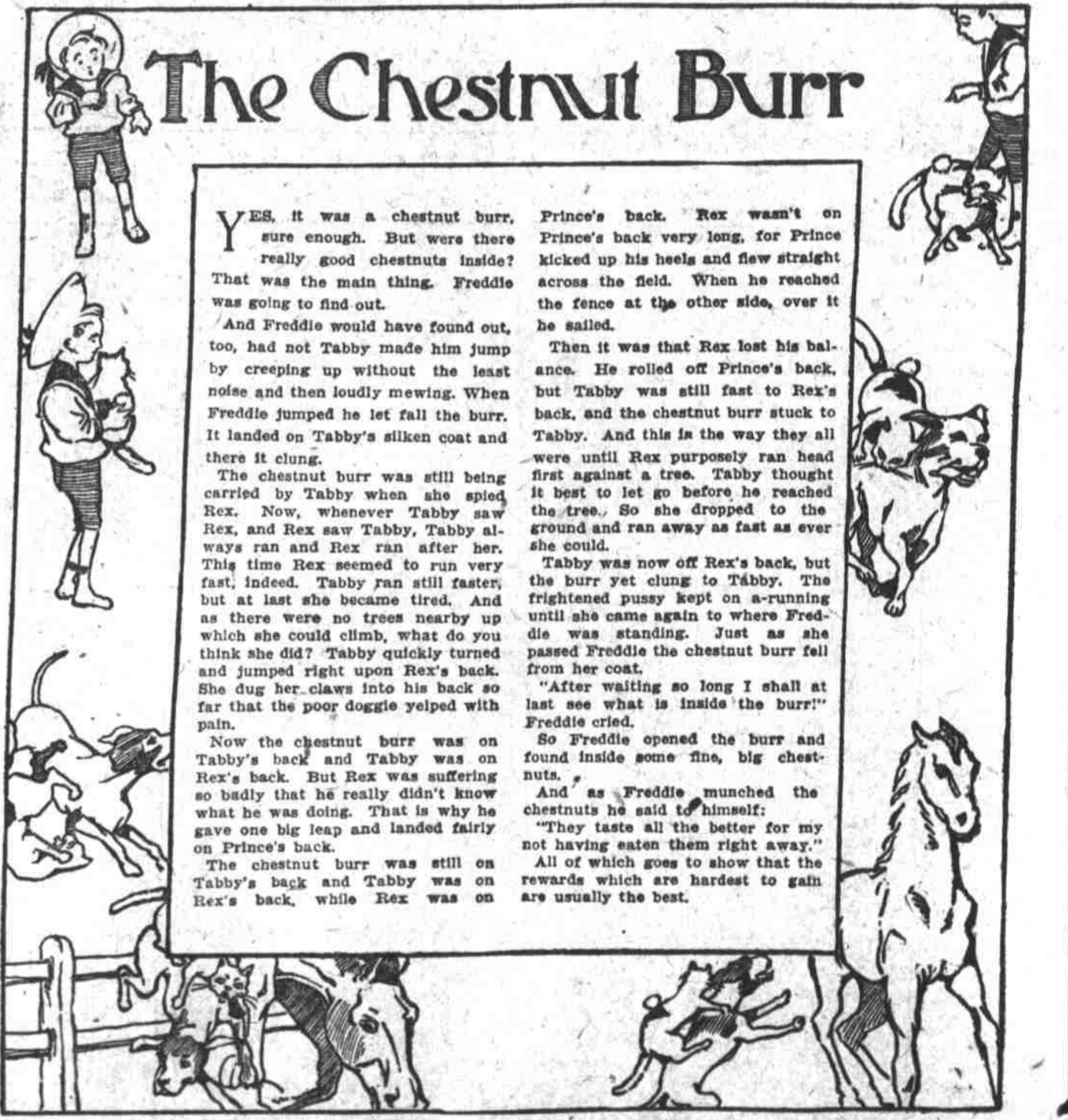
## The Little Harmonica

BY an arrangement of bottles a very good musical instrument can be produced by one who has patience and a correct ear. A couple of broom handles are balanced on two chair frames, and from these pint bottles containing water in gradually varying quantities are suspended by threads. To play on the bottles the drumsticks sold with children's toy drums answer perfectly.

## Show of Dead Ones

Sammy came home from an afternoon at the Natural History Museum. "Where have you been?" said his grandpa, who saw that he was in uncommonly good spirits. "Oh, we've had a splendid time! We've been to a dead circus."

## The Chestnut Burr



YES, it was a chestnut burr, sure enough. But were there really good chestnuts inside? That was the main thing. Freddie was going to find out.

And Freddie would have found out, too, had not Tabby made him jump by creeping up without the least noise and then loudly meowing. When Freddie jumped he let fall the burr. It landed on Tabby's silken coat and there it clung.

The chestnut burr was still being carried by Tabby when she spied Rex. Now, whenever Tabby saw Rex, and Rex saw Tabby, Tabby always ran and Rex ran after her. This time Rex seemed to run very fast, indeed. Tabby ran still faster, but at last she became tired. And as there were no trees nearby up which she could climb, what do you think she did? Tabby quickly turned and jumped right upon Rex's back. She dug her claws into his back so far that the poor doggie yelped with pain.

Now the chestnut burr was on Tabby's back and Tabby was on Rex's back. But Rex was suffering so badly that he really didn't know what he was doing. That is why he gave one big leap and landed fairly on Prince's back.

The chestnut burr was still on Tabby's back and Tabby was on Rex's back, while Rex was on

Prince's back. Rex wasn't on Prince's back very long, for Prince kicked up his heels and flew straight across the field. When he reached the fence at the other side, over it he sailed.

Then it was that Rex lost his balance. He rolled off Prince's back, but Tabby was still fast to Rex's back, and the chestnut burr stuck to Tabby. And this is the way they all were until Rex purposely ran head first against a tree. Tabby thought it best to let go before he reached the tree. So she dropped to the ground and ran away as fast as ever she could.

Tabby was now off Rex's back, but the burr yet clung to Tabby. The frightened pussy kept on running until she came again to where Freddie was standing. Just as she passed Freddie the chestnut burr fell from her coat.

"After waiting so long I shall at last see what is inside the burr!" Freddie cried.

So Freddie opened the burr and found inside some fine, big chestnuts.

And as Freddie munched the chestnuts he said to himself:

"They taste all the better for my not having eaten them right away."

All of which goes to show that the rewards which are hardest to gain are usually the best.

## Teddy Pets must go to School as well as Little Girls



NOW listen, Teddy, as I tell you why I brought you here: The class has come to teach you many things, my Teddy dear. So listen, while I whisper in your ear, I know of lots of teddies who have never been to school. Who even can't sit quietly upon a noisy stool. Or who'll say one tiny little rule.

I want my Teddy Pet to be so very, very wise. That he can do, rightly and true, "most everything he tries." A Teddy who'll be praised up to the skies. There, dear, don't frown and then look down, so naughtily and cross. If you will stupidly not learn "I will be your own, big boss." In scorn all folks at you their heads will toss.

So "tention pay, and watch the way my Teddy's name I spell; I know you, too, will learn to do it every bit as well. As you can tumble down the stairs pell-mell; Say "T-e-d," right after me, as if it were a game. Those letters few, my dear, spell YOU, and every Teddy's name—Ted, good or bad, is spelt the very same.

School's over now, dear Teddy, and I'm sure you will agree. That 'tis as nice and jolly as a game could ever be— This game you played so patiently with me. Smile, Ted, and look as cunningly as only Ted bears can. While waiting to be "snapped" and "taken" by the picture man, Who wants to show how lesson one began.