

Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls

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When Every Wish was Granted

"I DO wish I could do everything I wanted!" Sarah sighed discontentedly when told that eating between meals wasn't good for little girls. Sarah's mother smiled as she heard the whispered complaint. "And do you think you would be really happy

ride in this dangerous cart. But today objections didn't count. So she begged like for a ride. "Huh! Sissies couldn't stay in with a goat like Joe!" declared Ike. "Oh, do let me try it!" pleaded Sarah. Ike at last agreed, with the under-



IKE LETS SARAH TAKE A RIDE

If you had such liberty, Sarah?" she asked. "Would I be happy? I guess I would!" was the emphatic reply.

"I've a good mind to try you," added the mother reflectively. Then she turned to her little daughter and said: "Sarah, for one whole day you may do just as you please."

"EVERYTHING! Honest, mamma, can I do everything I want to?" cried Sarah. Mamma nodded her head.

For a moment Sarah was too astonished to move. Visions of ice-cream sodas, candy galore and glorious escapades danced before her mind's eye.

Then she sped out of doors, anxious to lose not a moment of this day of riotous pleasure. Outside she met her chum, Frances, to whom she imparted the wonderful news. Frances was scornfully doubtful until Sarah offered to show substantial proof by going to her "bank" and therefrom extracting a hoard of exactly 28 cents. "All for candy and sodas!" screamed

standing that no matter what accident might befall he would not be held to blame.

No sooner was Joe's head released than away he sped, with Sarah tugging frantically at the reins. Down the street he flew, while behind toiled Ike, in fierce pursuit. Then, with a sudden swerve, the goat turned a corner. Over went the wagon and out pitched Sarah, head foremost. She was somewhat wiser when she rose to her feet and felt the bump fast swelling upon her head. But, although a little sobered, she didn't mean to let this little accident spoil her day.

Over she went to where lived a couple of rough little boys with whom she had been forbidden to play. They were going out to the park, they told her, and didn't she want to go along? Sarah wasn't long in deciding whether or not she wished to go. Of course, she would, and she didn't need to ask mamma, either! She didn't even pause for lunch.

To the Health of the King



"HURRAH! hurrah! Long live the king!" the people gaily cry— Don Guzman, ruler of Castile, is really passing by; Outdoors they flock; men, women, dogs and children all outpour, To gaze upon the splendor of their royal visitor; While slowly and with dignity moves, toward the old town hall, The cortege of his majesty, flanked by outriders tall.

Before this unassuming pile the carriage comes to rest; Arrives the mayor speedily to read his welcome best; With lowest bow and phrase polite, he makes his gallant speech— Such grand effects masters of language strive in vain to reach; And smilingly the king responds, and kindly does he nod; In manner pleased he beams on all and waves his golden rod.

Meantime, enthusiasm great is filling each man's breast; The good men quick detach the mules, to show unto their guest How they esteem and honor him, for they themselves would pull His chariot upon its way, with cheers resounding full; So when the journey's recommenced they draw upon the traces, Resolved to prove they know a thing or two about fine paces.

Yet they forget the chariot emblazoned has much weight, And as they dash along the street, it grieves me to relate, They cannot turn where they SHOULD turn; the carriage down a bank Does run into the river, where the water's cool and dank; Rises the king; "The custom is to drink to hosts," says he, "But how I'll ever drain this river dry I cannot see!"

Baby's Playroom

WHAT a funny place to put Baby! every one would exclaim, as they entered the nursery.

Truly, it did seem a queer place, for it was nothing more than a great big box. Yet Baby seemed perfectly happy. Indeed, it was Baby's wish that he be allowed to stay in the box.

You see, during the summer Baby longed to be out of doors all the time. But mother was so afraid he would wander and get lost that she thought of some plan whereby he could be out among the trees and still be safe. That is how Baby came to have the huge box for a playhouse.

Very comfy he found it, too. Out in the orchard it was placed, and Baby was carefully lifted into it. Dolly liked to



HIS SUMMER PLAYROOM

stay there, as well. Once, however, when Dolly was sitting on the edge of the box, she carelessly fell. And she broke her nose, so that she was very much ashamed of herself until it was mended.

Then little dog Toby was another playmate. Only he had such funny ideas! When he was inside the box he always wanted to get outside. He would jump down to the ground, even though it was a mighty big jump for a little dog. And then he would bark and bark to get back again. But as Baby couldn't possibly climb out to get him, there he'd have to stay. Serve him right, too!

When summer was over, somehow Baby didn't like to be parted from his box. Therefore it was set up in the nursery, although there was no occasion for its use now. Surely Baby couldn't get lost there! I suppose, however, that Baby likes to play that it's still summer; or, maybe, he thinks he'll hasten next summer by staying in his box playroom.



"IMPARTED THE NEWS TO FRANCES"

Sarah triumphantly. Frances immediately became interested. And all her doubt was removed as she accepted the invitation to pay a visit to the nearest drug store, there to revel in ice-cream sodas.

Still playing the hostess, Sarah tripped to the confectioner's, with Frances close in her wake. "Course, it was necessary to make the remaining 18 cents go as far as possible. Taffies seemed to satisfy every requirement. When this extravagant purchase was completed Sarah came forth, with a "sucker" bulging in each cheek and with the determination to conquer new worlds.

Opportunity was not long in coming. Near by stood Ike Jones' "police patrol," to which was attached his vicious billy-goat, Joe. Now, Sarah had been cautioned never to

Indeed, with a good supply of taffies still remaining, what did any girl want with other food?

Sarah went out to the park, but she didn't return in a hurry. The bad boys left her early in the afternoon, and she had to find her way back home alone. Twilight had come by the time she trudged up the steps leading to home. She had been crying part of the way, and it was a dirty, unhappy, tear-stained little face that was raised to mamma a few moments later. And it was a penitent, ill little girl who confessed to mother at bedtime that night: "I s'pose, after all, mamma, you know best what's good for me."

Melting Lead on a Card Turn up the sides of an ordinary card so as to make a tray and place a piece of lead in the center. On holding this over a lamp the lead will melt before the card catches fire.

From Sailor Boy to Cannibal Chief

IN vain the British sloop "Nancy" struggled against the tempest. The waves at last engulfed her, and her sailors, departing from her, struggled desperately with the angry sea.

But the small boats could no more hope to weather the storm than could the sloop. Within a few moments these, too, were capsized, and the men were pitched into the water. All of them perished, with the exception of a sailor boy, named Bob.

Bob clung to a mass of wreckage until the morning came and the storm was dissipated. When it was light enough to look about him he discovered, to his great surprise, that Frisky, a little dog which was the pet of the sailors, shared his refuge. Furthermore, he espied a box near him. Opening this, he found a good supply of bars of chocolate.

DISGUISED AS A NATIVE

"I shan't starve for a little time, at least," said he.

However, one can't live very luxuriously upon chocolate, so Bob was glad, indeed, when his raft floated into a cove where the water was quiet, and he was finally able to clamber out upon a shelving beach.

Frisky followed close behind, as Bob, with the box of chocolate under his arm, started on a tour of exploration. All at once he saw something which caused him to dodge hastily behind a palm nearby.

"Savages!" he muttered. "Instead of obtaining food, as I thought I would, I'm more likely to be used as food myself, especially as I heard the boys say that cannibals live on the islands hereabouts. Wonder what I can do!"

At last he hit upon a plan. "Taking some of the chocolate, which, under the hot rays of a tropical sun, was in a melting condition, he smeared it over his face. After he had carefully rubbed for a while, you would have thought he was a native himself. He also stuck upon his head a few palm leaves, in

place of a feather headdress. Then he dressed Frisky in his coat and put the sailor cap upon the dog's head.

Stepping from behind the palm tree, Bob now led Frisky boldly toward the cannibal chief.

"Siskiyoodiejimfooc!" said Bob, gravely saluting the chief. "Kyoodiejimfooc!" cordially responded the cannibal.

Thereupon Bob put Frisky through a number of clever tricks, learned on shipboard. The chief, amazed at these



ACCOSTS THE CHIEF

astounding feats, bowed respectfully to Bob and led him to the rest of the tribe. Bob, taking Frisky in his arms, bowed with dignity to each member of the band.

But Frisky, who had smelled the chocolate, could not refrain from suddenly licking Bob's face. To the great surprise of the natives, the beautiful bronze complexion of their visitor disappeared, and it became white.

"Tis a god! 'Tis a god!" they cried, prostrating themselves before the lad. And the chief immediately renounced leadership of the tribe, insisting that this wonderful god honor the tribe by governing it.

Bob accepted this honor, and reigned until a British vessel anchored nearby, a few years later. Then, to the grief of the members of the tribe, he deserted them, announcing his intention

of presenting the island to the king of England.

"Tis a risky sort of honor—this being chief of a crowd of cannibals," he confided to the captain of the vessel, "and I didn't know how soon they might take it into their heads to see exactly how a god would taste when made into a nice stew."

Camphor on Water

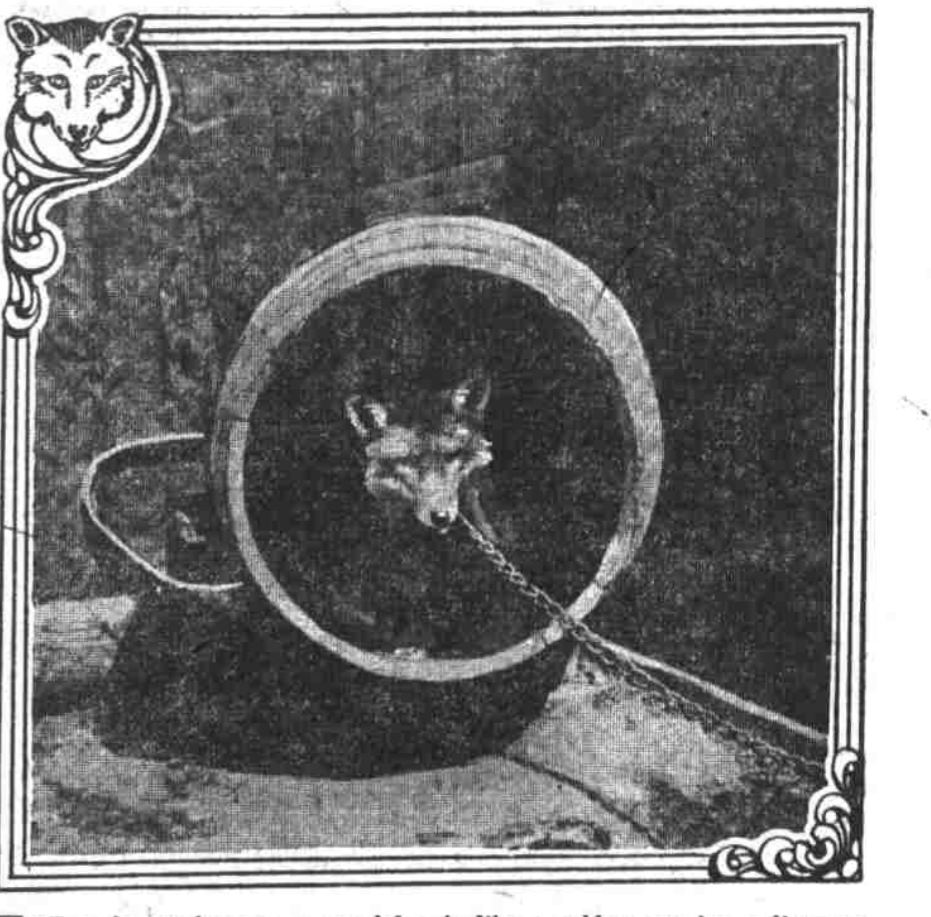
FILL a small basin with hot water, and throw upon its surface a few fragments of camphor. They will instantly acquire a rotary and progressive motion, which will continue for some minutes. Before the motion ceases drop on to the surface a little oil of turpentine. The floating particles will quickly dart away as if by magic, and will become almost stationary. From a very thin sheet of tin, cut out and shape a little boat. The mast may be made from a splinter from a wooden match. From the stem of the boat a triangular piece must be cut so that a fragment of camphor can be placed on the two ends, allowing contact of the camphor with the water. This will be sufficient to give power to operate the boat.

Simple Magic

PLACE a coin between your teeth. Then have some one tie your hands behind you. Now say that you can grasp the coin in your hands without untying the cord that binds them. Simply drop the coin from your mouth upon a low chair; then walk backward close up to the chair, so that you may pick up the piece of money with your hands.

No Danger. Mrs. Johnson (to her son)—Tommy, you mustn't go fishing with Peter unless he's just getting over the measles. Tommy—There won't be any danger, mother; I never catch anything when I'm fishing.

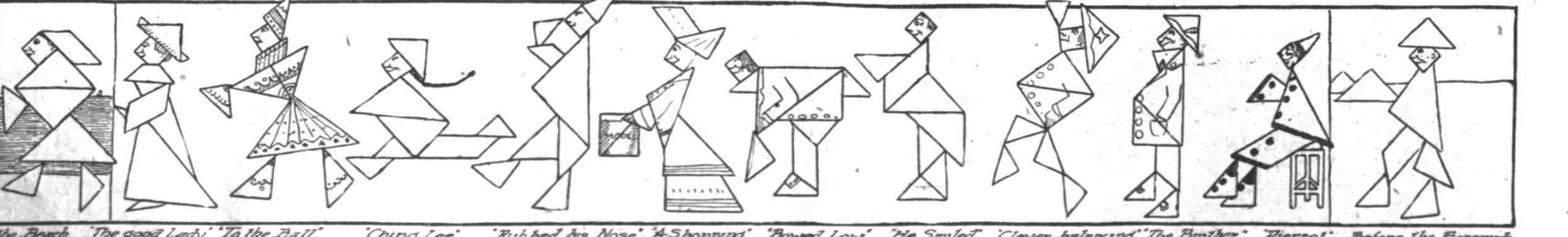
A Queer Watchdog



FOR a fox to become a watchdog is like a robber turning policeman, isn't it? Yet that's exactly what happened to a fox in Scotland. He was very young when he was caught, trying to steal a fat hen, and he was a pretty little fellow, too. So the man decided to spare the animal's life and to tame him, if possible.

The fox responded to this kindness, and in gratitude to his new master installed himself as watchdog. As he is so much more keen and quick witted than a mere dog, he serves as a very good watchman, indeed. You see what a cozy kennel he has. Wouldn't you like to have him for a pet?

Among the Stiff People Who Live in Cardland



On the Beach "The good Lady" "To the Ball" "Ching Lee" "Rubbed his Nose" "A Shopping" "Bowed Low" "He Smiled" "Clever balancing" "The Brother" "Pierrot" "Before the Pyramids"

It still lacked half an hour of the time when the entertainment would begin. Raymond looked upon at his magic lantern, carefully trimmed the wick of the lamp and then settled himself back in a chair. He was feeling drowsy and was hoping that he wouldn't go to sleep, when a funny little figure walked across the canvas in front of him. A picture (that of a beach scene) had been thrown on the sheet; and

It was along this beach that the funny little woman strolled. Raymond leaped toward the screen. As he did so the funny little lady, made entirely of angles, said sweetly to him: "I thought you'd notice me. I'm very lonely, and want some one to talk to ever so bad. Won't you take a walk with me to Cardland?" Raymond didn't know how it happened, but the next moment he had

stepped upon the canvas and was walking along the beach. Soon the room where the entertainment was to be held was left far behind. Many minutes they walked, until they came to the funniest little town—as funny as the lady herself. It was built entirely of cards. Then they met other people by the way. A man walked by. Curious to tell, right behind her was a grumpy dressed lady.

A long-queued Chinaman bolted round the corner, almost knocking them over. Raymond looked behind, expecting to see some one in pursuit, but the only person he noticed was an idle-looking fellow in a peaked cap, who was gravely rubbing his nose. "The shops of Cardland were busy, too. A number of women were shopping. And, indeed, there seemed to be as many men in the shops as

women. The men would bow profoundly to the ladies. One fellow chatted together in a most friendly fashion. He said was her brother. The three chatted together in a most friendly fashion. Just then pictures were thrown on a screen. While Raymond looked upon a picture of a "card" Napoleon gazing pensively upon card pyramids he thought himself of his own duty of showing pictures at the entertainment. He jumped up in dismay, only to find that Cardland had disappeared

and that he was back in the room with his magic lantern. The audience had just begun to arrive. "These Cardland people are the strangest ever," he mused. "I'm going to have a lantern slide made of them." And he did.

Polly Evans' friends can make as many Cardland people as they choose, without the least difficulty. A great deal of amusement may be had in this way, too. Why don't you try it?