

Polly Evans' Story Page for Boys and Girls



The Wizard of Games

DEEP in thought were both Carl and Ella.

"I say, Ella," finally exclaimed Carl, "I think I've found a way out of the trouble. You remember our trip through the old mirror to the Game Factory? Of course you do, no one could EVER forget that. Why not go there again and get some good ideas for a Christmas party?"

Ella was joyfully shaking her head yes, when suddenly a voice interrupted: "There's really no great need to go so far, inasmuch as the Wizard of Games is here before you."



"PERCHED UPON THE MANTEL"

below the mantel ledge, he winked at them comically.

"Before I tell you of new games," suggested he, "suppose I relate how some of the old games originated."

"Snap dragon," you know, illustrates the ordeal of the middle ages, the fire worship of Druid priests in ancient Britain, the horrible sacrifice of children to the god Moloch, and even the legend wherein in-told how Hercules slew the flaming dragon of Hysteria, which died upon eternally burning fruit in an enchanted orchard."

"Do you play 'Oranges and Lemons'?" I invented that a long time ago. Children choose sides, select captains and go all through a medieval battle, even down to the execution of prisoners. The Christmas Tree I suggested to men of God Woden, who was said to shower down gifts from the forest trees upon favorites who wandered beneath their branches. And the Yule log I gave them for the worship of the god Thor.

"Blindman's Buff" is taken from an old play portraying Diana and her nymphs, while "Puss-in-the-Corner" came from the same source."

Then, just as Carl and Ella were beginning to gather ever so many suggestions for their party, did some one have to enter the room. Of course, the Wizard of Games disappeared like a flash, and the boy and girl decided that perhaps, after all, they would have to say another visit to see him in his Game Factory.

Best Ways to Make Believe

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AUNT HETTY could make splendid games of make-believe, not only for the tiniest of tots, mind you, but for grown folks as well. So perhaps it was altogether to be expected that 11-year-old Marjory should approach her "most three weeks before Christmas with the request: 'Auntie, I want the very best make-believe game you can think of for my Christmas party. You'll have to think mighty hard if you want to beat the last party you had for me, which was just too nice for anything.'"

"Well, my dear," replied Aunt Hetty, "the very best form of entertainment is sometimes the most simple. I think a masquerade would be the nicest one you could have. But, remember, it must be a real masquerade. In most parties nowadays one has no difficulty in recognizing the person in costume. Why don't you say in your invitation for a masquerade party that every guest must be REALLY disguised? And, shortly after all the guests arrive, gather them together and have each write on a slip of paper containing a list of names of the characters represented what each believes to be the names of the masqueraders in the different costumes. Then, if all are well disguised, it will be a hard task for any one to guess all the boys and girls correctly. The one who makes the best guess should be given a prize."

"That's a splendid idea, Auntie. You'll help, won't you, to make ME see no one can possibly tell who I am?" Aunt Hetty agreed, and then assisted Marjory in preparing the invitations for the party. On the day of this event Marjory was all excitement. Her impatience knew no bounds until Aunt Hetty at last announced she was ready

THERE WERE PURITAN DAMSELS AND INDIANS AND CAVALIERS

to "make up" the little girl. You see, Aunt Hetty had taken part in real theatricals and knew all about "making up." In response to the little girl's inquiries, she told something about this art.

There are, said she, two ways of making up. One is to make use of colored powders dry. The face is first rubbed over very carefully with vaseline. Then the powders are put on with a puff, and the colors blended with a hare's foot.

In the other method the same powders are used mixed with grease, and known as grease paint. Deeper and more melow tints can be had through the use of grease paint, which comes in different sized sticks or pencils, and which, when once applied, will not come off until the face is washed with vaseline or alcohol. In color the pencils range from the palest pink hue of a baby's face to the copper-brown of the American Indian, and every tint between may be obtained.

Before using the sticks the face should be thoroughly rubbed with cold cream. Next a stick of grease paint of the flesh color is dabbed upon the face at four

or the color known as ox-blood, although a blue or black pencil may be employed.

The ears should be brushed with a hare's foot filled with dark, flesh-colored, or perhaps darkest red, powder. Carmine pigment is used to redden the lips.

Aunt Hetty explained that there are also face washes, made in many tints of flesh color, which may be used instead of grease paints or powder.

"Now, dear, you will be able to 'make up' quite as well as I, won't you?" she asked.

"Not quite so rapidly, anyhow," laughed Marjory, for by this time Aunt Hetty was making the finishing touches.

A few minutes later, when the lass was fully "dressed in her quaint costume, no one would have believed her other than a geisha girl from Japan. Indeed, her "make-up" was the most convincing of all those at the party, although there were Puritan girls, Colonial dames, mademoiselles from the French court, dashing cavaliers, cowboys, Indians, Pierrots and Pierrettes, and any number of other fanciful costumes.

When it was all over, Marjory admitted to Aunt Hetty, "You were right, Auntie, a masquerade is the best way to make believe. You know you want to make believe in such fashion that people can't tell you ARE making believe; and there was hardly one who knew me in my Japanese dress."

Souvenirs From Banana Skins



WHEN Nan and Dan gave their Halloween party, you remember what pretty souvenirs, made from nutshells, they presented to their guests.

So popular did these gifts prove that for a Christmas party Dan promised to devise other souvenirs just as nice. After thinking upon the matter, he decided to experiment with fruits. How well he succeeded you may know from these drawings, which show some of the wonderful novelties he constructed from banana skins. Nothing was used save the peels, a few matchsticks and a little cardboard.

You can easily make every one of the souvenirs pictured, while there are ever so many more attractive novelties you will readily think of. Why not have fruit souvenirs for YOUR party?

In the Drawer.

His mother tucked 4-year-old John away in the top berth of the sleeping car. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she softly called:

"John, do you know where you are?"

"Of course, I do," he returned. "I'm in the top drawer."

Big Chief Howling Wolf

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: DONALD BIRLOW, a lad of about 12, is taken from his home in Nova Scotia, to live for a while with his Uncle Hubert, in Nova Scotia, there to gain health and energy. Uncle Hubert decides to take the lad with him on a hunting and fishing excursion into the Camp Howling Wolf is established in the forest, and Ronald begins the study of the woods. He goes strutting. Later his cousin Douglas comes to camp for a day, and together with Uncle Hubert they go after snipe and woodcock. Douglas returns home.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

CHAPTER VI

HUNTING THE BEAR.

"JOHN tells me he has come across signs of bear," said Uncle Hubert, one morning not long after Douglas's visit "and although this is not the very best time of the year to hunt Bruin, I think we might as well have a crack at him. Bears are most plentiful in the early autumn, when they can have their fill of the rich juices of ripe huckleberries and blueberries."

Immediately after breakfast, Uncle Hubert and Ronald, accompanied by John, set forth on their hunt for bear. Each carried a large-caliber rifle. They toiled northward for several miles until they came to a succession of little plateaus raised one above

another. As they ascended soon they came upon tracts of ground where the forest had evidently been swept by fire. Blackened and twisted trunks of pine, fir and hemlock were round about. Here, where the ground became quite rocky, berries grew in profusion.

By noon, however, they had sighted not a single bear, although as John pointed to the broken limbs of a choke-cherry tree, which Bruin had pulled down with his claws in order to feed, he observed that there were many traces of the animal. At length they retraced their steps, inasmuch as Uncle Hubert explained that after the first few hours from sunrise the bear took refuge in sheltered ravines, sometimes along watercourses where he could be sheltered by the close-growing trees and where he could recline at ease among the cool mosses at the bases of their trunks. Here he would remain until the late afternoon.

Still Bruin kept himself hidden from view, and it was decided to return to camp for something to eat, before making a try some hours later.

Just as they were about to enter the clearing, Ronald caught a glimpse



THE BEAR HAD ROLLED OUT A BARREL OF MOLASSES

of the cabin through the trees. "Look at that!" he exclaimed, in such a surprised tone that the others halted in their tracks. Following the direction of the boy's finger, they saw a great black bear rolling over and over in a pool of molasses, spilling from the bung-hole of a barrel which the animal had no doubt juggled from the cabin.

But the bear seemed to have scented his enemy at about the same time they discovered him. With astonishing rapidity he dodged behind the cabin and with a lumbering trot was lost in the woods before the hunters had recovered from their astonishment.

Without thought of refreshment, the three plunged into the forest after the bear. Soon, however, Bruin was lost to view. And it was not until his pursuers came to the summit of a lump of rocks high on a hill that they discovered the animal's whereabouts. From here they saw him, moving in the distance among the evergreens like a black speck, and apparently feeding in unconcern.

"You stay here and signal us the course he takes," Uncle Hubert instructed John, while he and the lad proceeded to stalk the bear.

It was well that this precaution was taken, otherwise the two would soon have lost the direction of the bear. All at once Uncle Hubert motioned to Ronald to stop, at the same time cautioning him against making the slightest noise.

"Peering from behind a thicket, they saw the bear in a clearing beyond, feeding upon the white acid fruit of the wild-willow. His sleek black coat shone lustreously in the sun while he rustled the branches, nosing among them with his tawny snout.

The open, raised his gun and fired. But at the same time Bruin moved his body, so that the bullet, flying wide, clipped a rock close by. Immediately he stared viciously in the

Betty's Christmas Guest

WHAT had the good Kris Kringle in his pack for her this year? Betty wondered. Inasmuch as it was Christmas Eve, she had a perfect right to wonder. And then she began to dream about the ancestors. Would they come, as they did on Christmas Eve a year ago, and tell her many interesting stories about Christmas-tide in years gone by? But no, since the pirate ancestor had fought savagely with the cavalier ancestor when she last saw them, it did not seem likely that any of the ancestors would pay her another visit.

And probably because immortals are such contrary beings, Betty had no sooner decided that she would see nothing of them this year when a strange, mist-like shape floated in upon the moonbeams through the dormer window and became stationary before Betty's cot. In a trice the shadow had resolved itself into the cavalier ancestor, who now stood bowing before the lass in his usual courtly manner.

"Ten thousand pardons, Lady," murmured he, "for intruding upon such an unseemly hour. But so important is the news I have to tell thee that I made bold to come without invitation."

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Betty, much alarmed by the cavalier's excited utterance, so unlike the gay, airy speech she was accustomed to hear.

"Of a truth, Lady Betty, sad things have I to impart. Thou knowest the little difficulty I had with thy pirate ancestor. Sorry, indeed, was I to mar the happiness of our little party upon that evening.

"Naught came of our desperate en-

counter, because spirits may not be injured. Much trouble, however, have I had with the scurvy fellow, since then. It seemeth that he hath one desire that of doing unkind, villainous tricks. This night was I determined to see that he worked no harm, so I have followed the rascal since early eve. But alas, my efforts have been of no avail!"

"What—what did he do?" gasped Betty, more alarmed than ever.

"What did the villain do but follow his old pirate instincts. No less a person than Santa Claus himself has he robbed. Stopping the reindeer coach as it flew over housetops, quickly did he rob the kindly Santa of every toy, of every present. And now Kris may not be comforted, because all his friends among the children will be disappointed on the morrow." The cavalier shook his head angrily.

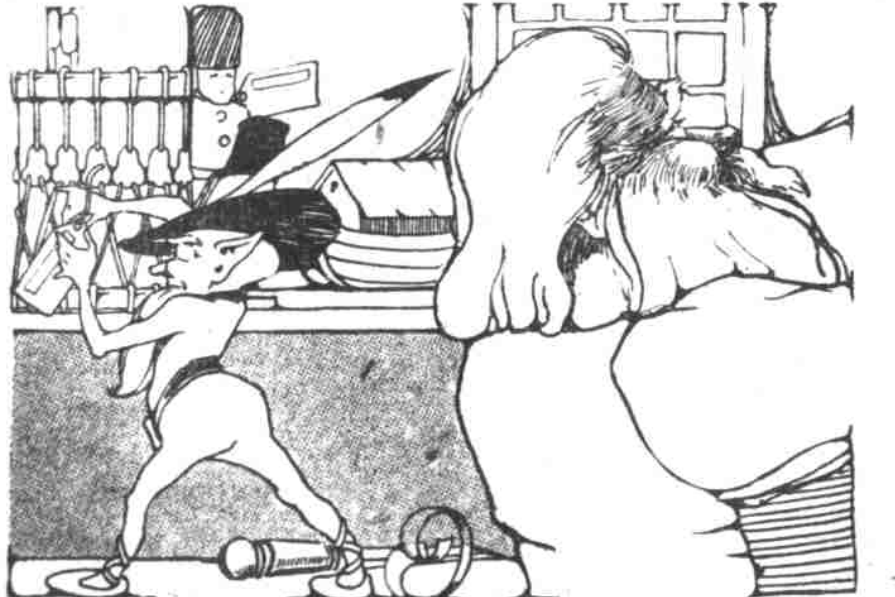
Betty was dumfounded. Was not a single stocking to be filled by Kris? Somehow she could not make herself believe. Before her astonishment would let her speak the cavalier had faded away.

The next thing Betty knew it was morning. She rubbed her eyes in bewilderment—then she remembered. Without pausing to dress she sped swiftly to the stairway and hurried down the steps, her heart filled with a great fear.

At the door she paused an instant, almost too much afraid to look upon what fate held in store for her. Then a quick, nervous glance—and she gave a shout of joy!

"Why, I must have dreamed it!" she cried, examining with delight the treasures which Kris Kringle had left, after all.

An Elfin Trick



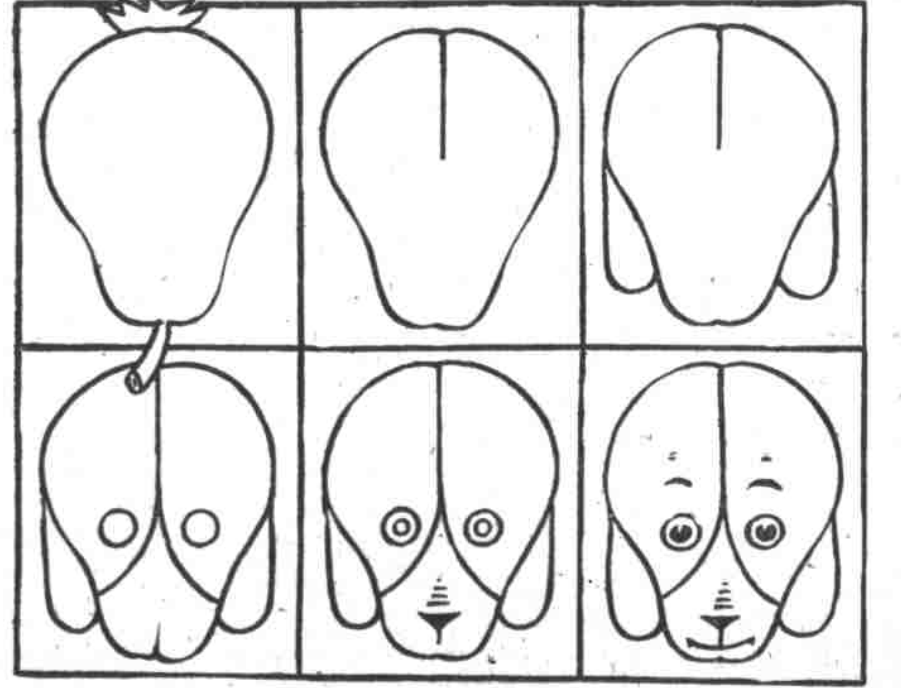
MOST slyly the mischievous elf glanced around. To where good old Santa was working. No better a chance could there ever be found—The elf was not one to be shirking.

With softness he changed every label. Each gift with a name was so marked. "What fun," said he, gleefully, "I'll have tonight; I'll have really and truly skylarked."

And that is how Teddy Jones found a pink shawl. When he looked in his stocking next morn. And Margaret Smith saw in hers a football. While her sister drew forth a big horn!

Oh, gifts were all twisted and jumbled and mixed. And those rightly left were so few. The matter could never—no, never—be fixed. I think him a mean elf, don't you?

Troubles of an Ambitious Bear



In spite of all his troubles great, While tampering with cruel Fate, The little bear no warning took. And for contentment would not look.

A woeful wish he uttered then, Nor had he time to count to ten: It was like rolling off a log—So quickly he became a dog.

But innocent and timid quite

Was this wee dog; he couldn't fight Or with the others hold his own—Frightfully bit, he died alone.

THERE remains one more chapter of the sad adventures of the Ambitious Bear. And next Sunday's installment will be illustrated, as usual, with the simple drawings which little boys and girls can easily copy for themselves.

