

DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

A PASSPORT TO BOGYLAND

LONDON DOLLY SHOW



UGLY FELLOWS: GORILLA, BOAR AND SHARK

LET me see—have I all of them?" Tommy Tubbs asked himself, while examining the pile of stamped and addressed envelopes before him. The envelopes contained valentines to be mailed that evening, and I am sorry to say that most of the valentines were of the kind that Tommy's sister would call "horrid."

"Well, I've got them all ready—except one I might send Billy Jones," continued Tommy. "I don't like Billy, and I never did. Didn't he push me in a mud puddle the other day? I know what I'll do. I'll look through my Animal Book to get the ugliest beast I can. An' then I'll draw it and mark it 'Billy Jones' and mail it to him. I guess he'll say a few things when he gets it."

Now, Tommy had a deal of talent for sketching. He was highly satisfied with his work as he looked at the huge figure of a gorilla, drawn with much care. The longer he gazed upon the gorilla the more he admired it.

"Yes, I am an ugly looking brute, but you ought to see some of the others who dwell in Bogyland," boomed a deep voice.

The lad was startled to see a huge gorilla beside him. At the same time, a big, broad-headed red ape, which Tommy knew to be an orang-outang, appeared on the other side, with the words:

"I think we'd better take him to Bogyland. You see, he has his passport ready."

Picking up the drawing, the orang-

outang looked at it approvingly. He motioned to the gorilla. Then the beast grabbed Tommy's arm, and the very next instant he was being bundled out of the house, across fields and woods. At last the trio arrived in a country entirely unknown to the boy. When Tommy asked if it were Bogyland, the gorilla grunted:

"Yes; but before we show you any of its people we are going to give you something to eat. The orang-outang has been gathering some nice fruit—he lives on fruit and leaves, you know—and he has hidden it in a pleasant cavern, where you shall dine. You must be very hungry after this long journey."

Soon the black mouth of a great cave yawned before them. As the beasts politely waved for him to precede, Tommy stepped bravely across the entrance. Suddenly the dark walls were lighted by a ghostly radiance. Weird, pale lights of phosphorus flickered here and there. The boy shrank back, appalled, but the others shoved him forward.

"Fool, don't mind the long-drawn-out Proteus. He's only a blind, pallid creature. But I must say that he and the other cold, clammy, slithering things that cling upon the walls do succeed in giving us a mighty good light."

As the orang-outang spoke he signed to the lad to seat himself upon a rock. The host darted to another boulder, and from a hollow at its base produced a handful of choice tropical fruit.

For at least once in his life Tommy did not feel hungry. Perhaps this was

THE CRUEL LORISES

because he observed several bats, which were hanging to the walls, slowly begin to stir. Almost immediately a number of them—a thousand, Tommy thought—began to flutter around his head. He threw up his arms to shield his face, but the gorilla scolded him, saying:

"Don't be foolish. The bats are merely welcoming you. Why, our friend here—the Flower-Nosed Bat—has come all the way from the Solomon Islands just to see you; and that Persian-Leaf Bat has traveled from Aiden. They're not bad fellows. Don't mind them if they do flap a little too much in their welcome."

But Tommy DID mind them. He was ever so glad when the three gained the outside of the cavern, where they found it to be now as dark, almost, as within.

"So much the better," said the orang-outang, "because I can show you my chums, the lorises, at their best."

The lorises, Tommy quickly learned, were ugly, monkey-like creatures, with big, round eyes that gleamed in a most uncanny way. These lorises were engaged in the cruel pastime of terrorizing birds. They would creep upon the poor feathered things, frighten them out of their wits through the unearthly stare of their big eyes and then eat them.

"I call that a beastly shame not to give the birds a single chance to fly from their nests!" cried Tommy. But the orang-outang nudged him and whispered:

"Don't try to prevent the bird hunting or you'll have all the lorises down upon you, together with their allies, the specter tarantulas."

Tommy did not know that the specter tarantulas were harmless little beasts. They were so horrible in appearance that he shrank in dread from them. Whereupon the gorilla observed:

"Whereupon the gorilla observed: 'We folk of Bogyland pride ourselves upon our splendid ugliness, and we thought that, judging from your

PERSIAN-LEAF BAT

liking for ugly valentines, you would be fascinated with our company. However, let us take a voyage upon the back of this immense sea monster. Maybe such an amusement will please you better."

They had come to the shore of a great body of water. The lad ventured timidly upon the back of the giant creature, whose tail stretched out of the water. His companions talked so cheerfully that he felt less alarmed. Yet, as soon as the monster swam from land, leaving just enough of his back above water to keep the voyagers from being washed into the sea, Tommy was very much afraid. For the waves gleamed and glowed with the phosphorescent light of a million of tiny creatures, which, as the beasts explained to him, jerked up and down near the surface of the water, being checked in their descent by many hairy, feather-like bits of fringe that extended from their bodies. Every now and then the sea monster would open his mouth and swallow countless numbers of these minute creatures.

They are so sociable; they delight to travel together," murmured the monster. "Therefore, I would not think of separating them when I gobble them—I eat them all together, so they be company for one another."

Tommy began to think that the monster was a kindly fellow, after all. Yet he thought it a greater kindness when



THE CHAMELEON

he was finally put ashore in a day-lit country. His adventures were by no means over, for were his shivers ended. He trembled at the sight of the ugly, frilled lizard, at the threatening attitude of the caterpillar of the lobster moth and when a caterpillar of the puss moth shot two long, vibrating threads of a dangerous, reddish color from its tail. He was watching the changing hues of a chameleon when the gorilla remarked:

"Here comes the Borean wild boar to take you upon a ride!" Tommy gave one look at this fierce, bearded fellow. Then he turned and fled with a yell. The boar followed, snorting and drawing nearer and nearer. Just as Tommy believed the wicked fellow had him he awoke.

Tommy Tubbs didn't send a valentine to Billy Jones. And he destroyed all of the other "comic" valentines. He had had enough of ugliness for a time.



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DOLLS OF MANY LANDS

MANY distinguished and picturesque dolls met not long ago in Albert Hall, London. There were Arctic explorers, with dogs and sledges that no doubt were used in the discovery of Toyland's "North Pole"; there were dolls from Europe and Asia and Africa—from most every country known.

While these dollies enjoyed very

EXHIBITED IN ALBERT HALL

much a gossip about happenings in all parts of the globe, they met for a more serious purpose: that of bringing good and pleasure to poor children kept in English hospitals. That the exhibition was a great, big success you may know from the statement that fully 5000 dolls and 30,000 toys and other fine articles were provided for the unfortunate boys and girls.

How the Snake Became Enemy to the Bird

ON THE lowest branch of a blasted pine tree perched a Crow? Age had dulled the gloss of his black plumage and decked it with gray.

With head sunk deep upon his breast, the old fellow dreamed. His sleepy eyes barely opened when little Robin fluttered up to him.

"Oh, my! I'm SO frightened," chirped Robin, plaintively. "Big Snake saw me in the grove yonder, where I was hunting worms, and he crawled toward me. Really, I was too scared to move. I surely would have been gobbled up had not Rabbit dashed between us. Then, while Snake was trying to catch Rabbit, I got away."

"Yes, yes," croaked the old bird, peevish because he had been disturbed; "but what of it?"

"Well, I don't think it's very nice," said the Robin, in an aggrieved tone. He added: "I don't see why Snake should be after me all the time, anyway. I've never done anything to him."

The Crow chuckled and opened his eyes a little wider. "Have you never heard of the noble Crow of a past age who offended a snake, thereby making the serpents enemies of the birds for all time?" he asked. And, without pausing for Robin to say "no," which he would have said had he been given time, old Crow continued:

"It happened so very long ago that I myself did not see it nor my father, nor my grandfather. Only the story has come down from Crow father to Crow son, about this celebrated Crow."

"The famous bird was traveling through the air one day, when far below him on the ground he saw something quite strange."

"It may be something good to eat," said the Crow to himself.

"So, in order to find out, he quickly descended. As he came nearer and nearer to the earth he saw that the thing was long and round and wriggly. And the more he looked the more it seemed to him like something VERY good to eat."

"Mr. Crow soon made up his mind what to do. Like a flash he pounced upon the squirming thing. With his



The Disappearing Handkerchief

strong, sharp bill he bit off a good-sized piece. Then, as he started to bear away his prize, he observed the other thing was long and round and wriggly. And the more he looked the more it seemed to him like something VERY good to eat."

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Nobody's Kitty



DELLA clasped her hands in delight as she looked toward the window. A very pretty picture she saw there. Close to the window sat her chum, Florence, whose arm encircled a cunning Angora kitten. And pussy's face was pressed against the window pane.

"I do wish I owned the kitty," sighed Della.

"I am surprised, Della," said the nurse reproachfully, "you know it isn't right to wish for other people's things. Besides, your mother doesn't want cats about the house."

"But I don't really want Florence's kitty," explained the little girl. "I don't want a kitty that belongs to anybody. I'd be the happiest person in the world,

stand. Joe believed he had played a splendid joke upon Della, especially when the lassie took her place at the window right above the sign.

"It's a dandy ad, too," chuckled the boy, as he peeped round the corner to see if anything would happen.

Presently, while Della gazed out upon the people, a thin, starved-looking cat crept from the hedge near the garden gate. It looked awfully thin this way and that, as though expecting some one to give chase. Then, as it espied Della, the cat walked slowly toward the window. Pausing just a moment, it crouched—and with a bound had gained the windowsill.

Della's eyes opened wider and wider, until they were "most as big as saucers"—doll's saucers, anyway. I'm afraid her mouth opened, too. Certainly it did when the cat gently tapped with her paw at the window pane. Della screamed her joy as she flung open the window and hugged the cat to her breast.

"Now, if mamma'll only let me keep it!" she whispered excitedly.

And mamma, DID, after the family had laughed over Joe's story of how the cat had come to Della in response to the "advertisement."

"I don't care," it was the very nicest valentine that could have been sent," said the lassie stoutly as she gave her pet another fond hug.

Could See Many Miles

A COUPLE of English "boy scouts" started to climb a hill, but when they reached the top they were disappointed to find that they couldn't see very far because of the mist. There was a countryman sitting on the hill and they thought they would have some fun with him.

So one boy said: "You can see a long way from here when there is no mist, can't you?" "Oh, yes, my lad, I can see a very long way," replied the man. "Can you see as far as London?" asked the boy scout.

"I can see further than London," returned the countryman. "Can you see America, then?" he was asked.

"Yes, I can see much further than America," replied the countryman. "Further than America?" exclaimed the boy scout, and they laughed heartily.

"Yes," quietly explained the countryman, "when the night is clear and there is no mist, I can see all the way to the moon."

The boys stopped laughing.

It was St. Valentine's Day, you under-



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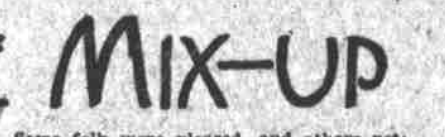
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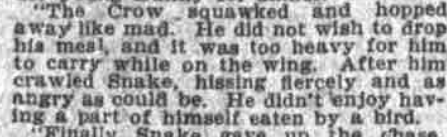
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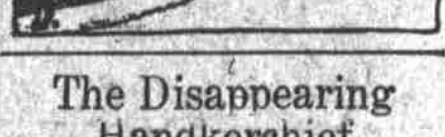
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