



DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

THE WICKED SHRIKE

"O H, ISN'T he a pretty fellow, with his gray coat, white vest and black edgings?" I like him!" said little Anna, sweetly.

Her father, Uncle Ben, answered, "The shrike, or harrier bird, as he is often called, isn't the very nicest of acquaintances." Before he could explain away from the shrike, in swift pursuit of a sparrow, Anna and her father paused to watch the chase.

"Oh!" gasped Anna, "he has caught him!" And a moment later she uttered her cry when she saw a bird in a trembling pose. "The wicked bird has caught the sparrow by its neck right on a big thorn of the hedge."

When the little girl was comforted by her father, who told her that the sparrow could no longer feel pain, she learned more about the shrike. She discovered that not only does the bird eat snakes, mice and grasshoppers, but that he gobbles up other birds and even his



own relatives—thereby earning the name of "cannibal bird," which the Indians have given him. He swallows feathers, bones and all, but the parts he cannot digest are rolled into little balls, which come up into his mouth so that he can spit them out.

"But why does he kill birds in such a cruel way?" asked Anna, with a shiver.

Then her father explained that while the shrike has a strong, hooked bill, his claws are very weak, and if he cannot swallow his prey in one mouthful, he must fasten it somewhere as he dines upon it.

This was all quite interesting, Anna admitted, but when her father had concluded his description of the butcher bird she cried emphatically:

"I don't like the butcher bird, any more, even if he is a pretty fellow!"

The "Schoolboy's" Essay on "The Horse."

The horse does not belong to the cat tribe, because its paws are hoofs. It breathes with its gills when it is young and chews the cud just like other people. A male is a horse with long ears, and if a horse had long ears it would be called a donkey. You can see the age of a horse if you look in its mouth. It is defensive with his hind legs, and when they kick you you say woe!

The TRUANT



THE TRUANT prowled restlessly through the maze of the courtyard. Then he sauntered through the narrow alleys of Cairo, following the heavily laden dromedaries and gazing upon the display of shopkeepers' wares arranged in open-air booths. Yet the young Mohammedan lad, although occupied by sight-seeing, was not as happy as one might believe.

Today he was to have begun his studies in the old mosque school, the records of which date back to the year 750. His father had engaged a learned master to teach the boy, but the lad's pride was not stirred by the prospect of attending such a venerable institution; neither was he pleased to have such an exceedingly learned master. So he became the truant.

More and more unhappy grew the boy. Surely his father, who was usually kind and lenient, would treat him very sternly. Then the schoolmaster would be bound to inflict some great punishment. "I may at least have a peep at the scholars in the mosque," reasoned the truant, drawn to the school in spite of himself.

Rapidly he walked along the streets of Egypt's capital city until he came to the oldest school in the world. It was his own. As he entered he saw rows and rows of shoes which the students had removed. Their heads remained covered, however. This he had known, even before he observed numbers of scholars

LADS attending the Farm School in Surrey, England, are proving themselves exceedingly capable as architects and builders. They have constructed a model village, the miniature cottages of which have every detail complete. Considerable engineering skill is displayed besides in the planning and building of a miniature railway. The model of Fensham Station, shown in the picture, is twenty feet long, and is equipped with every device, even to the signal box.

"Spring housecleaning" in the village isn't so difficult a task as one might suppose. Sections of a dwelling are raised by means of hinges, thereby making it easy to reach every corner inside.

Did as He Was Told

LITTLE WILLIE was going to his cousin's birthday party.

"Here's a dollar, Willie," said his father, "and if it snows be sure you take a cab home."

When the boy reached home, late that evening, he looked like a snow man.

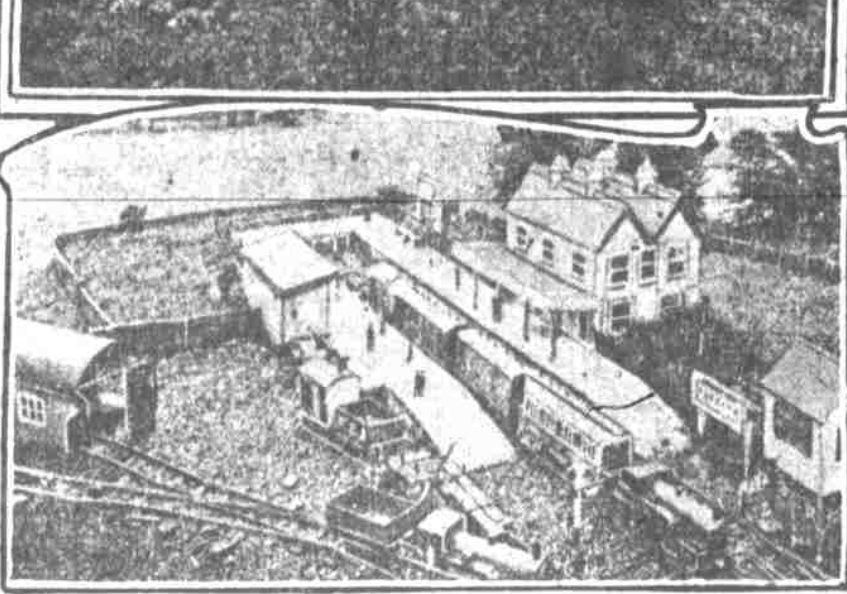
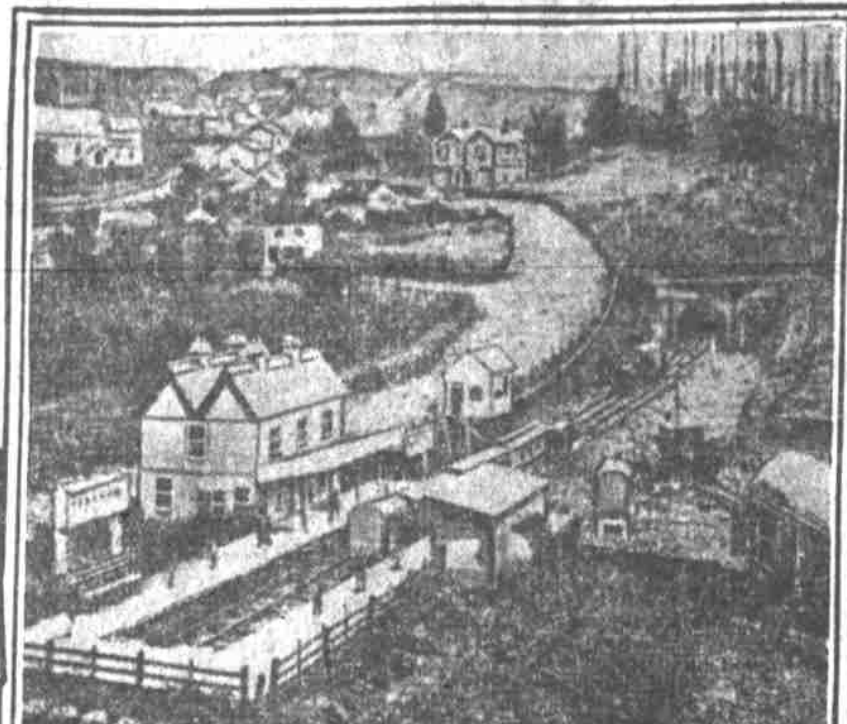
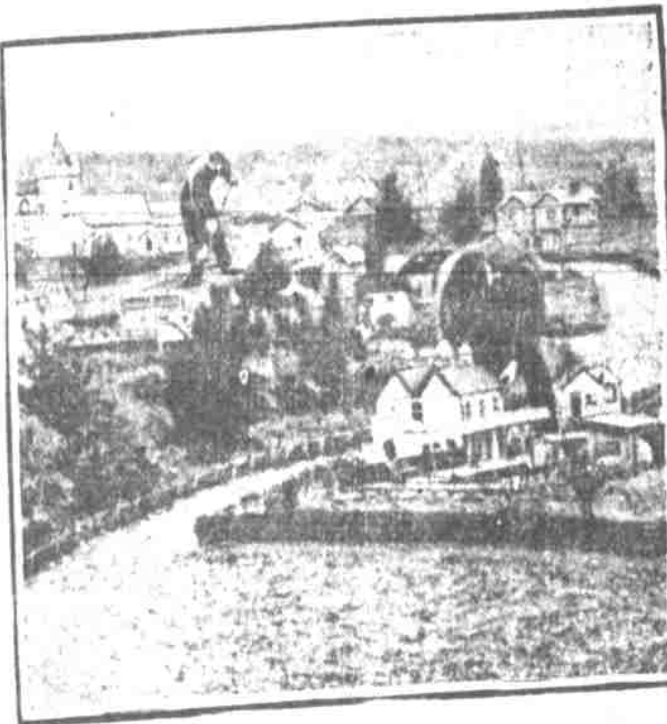
"Why didn't you take a cab?" asked the father.

"I did," said bright little Willie, "and it was great fun, sitting up there with the driver all the way."

The "Schoolboy's" Essay on "Rain."

Rain comes down from heaven on the just and the unjust, but mostly upon the just because the unjust have borrowed the umbrellas of the just and have forgotten to return them.

CLEVER BOY BUILDERS in SURREY



An Essay on Babies

BABIES are little red things and very fat, when very young they do not have much hair, and you cannot tell whether they will turn into boys or girls until their hair grows. They are always asleep only when crying, they feed them on milk or chew a injunct-rubber bit also their thumbs. Girls are softer than boys so they have to go on wearing petty coats all their lives. When baby is about 4 years old it is bribed if it is a boy, but if a girl she remains in the same clothes. Women and girls go silly over babies and kiss them all over and say silly things. Everybody has to be a baby first. That's all I know about babies.

Youngest Master of Hounds



YOUNGEST of all the masters of hounds in the kingdom of Great Britain is the little marquis of Worcester, who is heir to the dukedom of Beaufort. Although only 10 years of age, he owns his pack of harriers and is very much interested in his father's famous pack of foxhounds. This picture shows the young marquis at the first meet of his harriers at Badminton.

Besides being an expert rider and foxhunter, the lad is ever so fond of football. During the Christmas holidays he organized an association team of Badminton village boys, which he captained. Uniforms were kindly furnished by his mother, the duchess of Beaufort. She is very proud that her son is such an accomplished little sportsman.

Why Mary Forgot to be Lonesome

"M ARY, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?" The little girl, who was busily hoeing, laughing replied: "Not even a cockleshell has come up, Uncle Ben, but it isn't fair to ask such a question, because I planted only the other day. They will come up, though—I'm sure of it. And I'm not a bit lonesome any more, now that I have my garden and lots to do."

"Glad to hear it," said Uncle Ben, heartily. "I'm pleased that I should have thought of giving you this little plot of ground for your own. You were becoming homesick. Now, weren't you?"

"Well, yes, I was—a little," Mary confessed, "although it seems just like home with you and Aunt Sarah. But England is such a great, big distance away from New Zealand that it makes you a teeny bit frightened when you think of it."

"But I'm all right now," she added, hastily. "I've my little New Zealand garden to write about to the folk at home. What do you suppose I have in it?"

Uncle Ben declared he couldn't guess—no, not in a million years. So Mary told him that in her flower garden she had planted seeds or bulbs for larkspur, poppies, mignonette, phlox, stocks, calliopsis, cornflower, gillardia, etc.

"I'm sowing them now so they will have a good chance. March isn't too early for lots of flowers, uncle. Under here, for instance, are some tall anemones that will stand frost should it get cold; and they will last a long time in bloom. Of course, I've sown sweet peas to develop their roots early. I tell you what, uncle, I'm going to keep our table looking beautiful with the nice flowers I'll have for it. But I've something else to show you that's going on the table some time."

Thereupon Mary showed Uncle Ben the larger part of her piece of ground. Peas she had planted, she told him, explaining that they were short-growing ones and that she would plant new crops every three or four weeks.

"All of it I've studied out," said she, triumphantly, "and I know that peas should be eaten while they're young and tender, and that short-growing ones are the best; just as I know that this bed of silver beets will last for twelve months and the leaves may be used for spinach and the stem boiled to make a sauce like celery sauce."

"Well, you ARE coming on!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, amazed at such exhibition of knowledge.

His admiration grew when he learned about the beans, cabbage, parsnips, turnips and carrots that Mary had planted also. He liked her courage in undertaking to hoe and rake and dig during the rainy season near at hand, when the soil had to be kept loose to prevent the growth of weeds and in order to keep the earth always moist.

He remarked, after a final survey: "You surely will be busy now, little Mary, quite contrary, and you'll have a more troublesome crop than cockleshells."

It happened just as Uncle Ben predicted. But Mary found huge delight in working about her flower and vegetable garden—so great a delight that she forgot to be lonesome.

When you wish for a pony, you look for a sturdy fellow, who can bear you at a smart gallop 'cross country, don't you? And no doubt you wouldn't especially care for a pony that was most too little to carry you at all, say the tiny horse owned by Captain Norton, an Englishman.

This smallest horse in the world stands only seventeen inches high, whereas the finest European pony known is at least fifty-four inches in height. Captain Norton's pony came from central Asia.

There, in Mongolia, the wild horses and ponies have a great, wide range. Exceedingly shy are they, and when the horses who are posted as sentinels warn the herd of approaching danger, away dash the shaggy-coated horses like a whirlwind.

The very tiny pony is now in London, where Captain Norton has received many flattering offers for its sale or its public exhibition.

Tiniest Horse in the World



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SHOES FOR BAIT

BILLY was going fishing. With splendid patience he dug into the soft earth, lifting clods and stones and peering under logs in his search for slugs and fat worms. His bait can was pretty well filled when he decided to hop over the fence and delve for a minute or so in the woods. Unluckily he forgot to take the can with him.

No sooner was he hidden among the trees than along came Peter Jones, the village idler. Peter was going fishing,



too. Moreover, Peter had not yet dug for bait. Now, digging was work, and Peter didn't like work; therefore, when he espied Billy's can, nicely filled, he calmly took it along with him.

A moment later Billy, returning for his can, saw it and Peter traveling toward the creek. Billy was angry. Any boy would be. So he started hotfoot after Peter—and the can.

When the lad came within hailing distance, Peter was sitting on the end of his favorite plank, which jutted out over the water. He had removed his shoes, laying them upon the board behind him while he contentedly fished with Billy's bait.

Several broken bottles were scattered conveniently by the roadside. Billy smashed them into small fragments. Then, creeping up behind the unwary fisherman, he grabbed the shoes, scot-



tered the broken glass on the board and dashed for safety. Some minutes afterward the indignant Peter, with much difficulty hopped over the glass and rescued his shoes from the highest branch of a tree nearby, where Billy had placed them.

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