

# DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

(Copyright, 1910, by The North American Company.)

## BUDDY'S ADVENTURES with the MAGIC GLASS



Moon Man, as the old woman, reaching far out with her broom, caused the basket to tilt at a very dangerous angle.

"It's cleaning day, I'd have you know," retorted she, "and if I don't do the sweeping I'd like to know you will. Not YOU, I'm sure."

The aviators were gradually leaving the darkness behind them. And as the light about them grew brighter the

of cheer," rejoined the Moon Man; then, "Bowl, ahoy! Bowl, ahoy!" he shouted. He strained his eyes toward the west, where appeared a huge bowl topping the crest of a wave.

"Must be the wise man who put to sea in a bowl," observed the old woman. "Here, you! Paddle toward them with this," she added, thrusting her broom into the hands of the Moon Man. "Hurry! If the old rhyme come true, the bowl won't hold together much longer."

The three wise men were bunched together, with knees touching, and were looking intently at the sky. They did



### Through the Mother Goose Book

#### SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALLMENT.

The looking glass through which Alice entered Wonderland has become the property of Mr. Grumm, dealer in antiques. When the mirror is broken, Buddy, a magic reading glass, finds the picture of the Man in the Moon, and Buddy finds himself in the moon. He and the Moon Man are chatting when there appears the basket of the old woman who sweeps cobwebs from the skies.

AS THE basket steadily approached, the old woman swept vigorously, seemingly unaware that anybody was in sight. "Pretends she doesn't see us," whispered Buddy's companion. At this moment the basket bumped into the moon, the old lady's conical-crowned hat flew from her head and she sprawled upon the ground. "She's moonstruck," explained the Moon Man. Aloud he chanted:

"Please don't come mooning round the moon. Old Woman of the Skies; Far moonstruck ladies like to spoon. Instead of making pies."

"Dear me! I did not think I was so near your home!" chuckled the old woman. "And I see you have a visitor," she continued, bending such a keen gaze upon Buddy, who had been looking in fascination at the hooked nose and sharp chin which almost met, that he felt very uncomfortable.

plained: "It's a boy who traveled from the earth by the new Magic Mirror Route."

"Is that so? Well, I never! And how is Mrs. Moon Man?"

"I shoved her off the moon a few days ago, since the moon was becoming a crescent and I had barely enough room for myself. Yesterday I pushed off my dog."

"The old woman gave a sigh of relief upon hearing that the savage dog had disappeared. "After she had asked seventy-seven other questions, she picked up her broom and climbed into her basket, with the announcement: "Now I must be on my way to the Mother Goose Star."

"Oh, I should dearly love to visit the Land of Mother Goose!" cried Buddy. "Well, I suppose I could make room for you in the basket," said the old woman.

"And can't Mr. Moon Man come, too?" Buddy asked, appealingly.

The old lady frowned and thought a while before she responded, grudgingly: "We might possibly squeeze him in." The Man in the Moon looked as though he were about to refuse this cold invitation. But he liked Buddy and wished to see more of him. So he wedged himself in the basket, and soon the three were soaring dizzily above ground.

"Can't you stop sweeping for a single instant?" angrily shouted Mr. Moon Man, nodding, and ex-

plained: "It's a boy who traveled from the earth by the new Magic Mirror Route."

"Is that so? Well, I never! And how is Mrs. Moon Man?"

"I shoved her off the moon a few days ago, since the moon was becoming a crescent and I had barely enough room for myself. Yesterday I pushed off my dog."

"The old woman gave a sigh of relief upon hearing that the savage dog had disappeared. "After she had asked seventy-seven other questions, she picked up her broom and climbed into her basket, with the announcement: "Now I must be on my way to the Mother Goose Star."

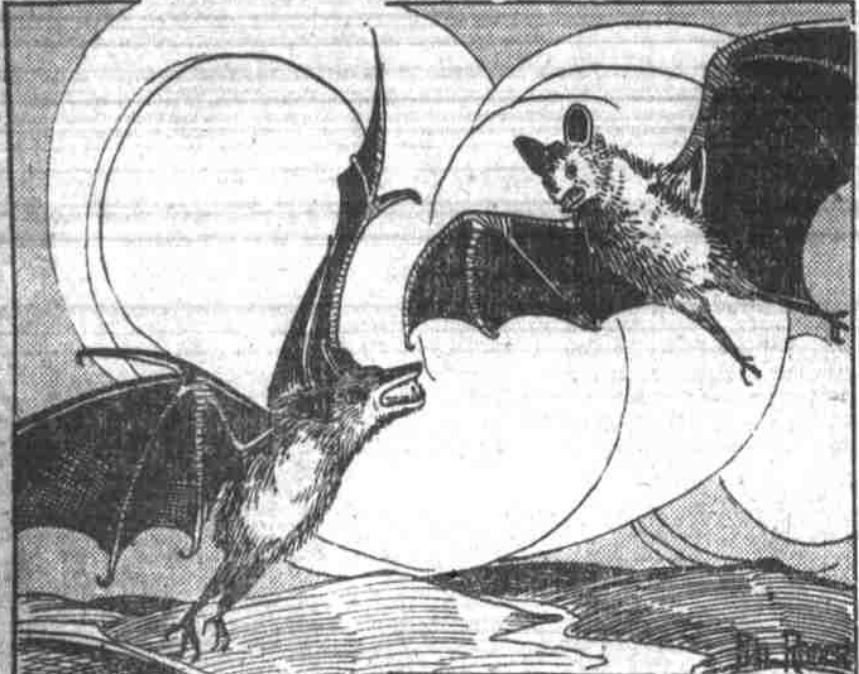
"Oh, I should dearly love to visit the Land of Mother Goose!" cried Buddy. "Well, I suppose I could make room for you in the basket," said the old woman.

"And can't Mr. Moon Man come, too?" Buddy asked, appealingly.

The old lady frowned and thought a while before she responded, grudgingly: "We might possibly squeeze him in." The Man in the Moon looked as though he were about to refuse this cold invitation. But he liked Buddy and wished to see more of him. So he wedged himself in the basket, and soon the three were soaring dizzily above ground.

"Can't you stop sweeping for a single instant?" angrily shouted Mr. Moon Man, nodding, and ex-

## FLYING FOX



THEY met among the thickly leafed branches of a tree in northern Australia. In fact, they were both after the same insect, which Bat finally captured.

Flying-Fox perched on a limb and gazed, fiercely at the successful hunter. Bat looked coldly upon the unsuccessful hunter.

"You're an ugly thing, with your hairless, leathery wings and your wrinkled nose," said Flying-Fox, scornfully.

Just as scornfully did Bat reply: "I'll admit that, but I'm not as blind as you are. I can see better than you in the daytime."

"No, you can't!" insisted the Bat. And so they argued, in a "Katy-did" fashion, until they had arranged a flying competition to take place on the morrow at noon. Then they would find out which could fly the better and see the clearer.

Flying-Fox and Bat started White Bat flitted through the twilight in search of insects. Flying-Fox joined a group of his comrades who were plucking fruit and leaves from the tree branches and hunting insects. Later, while it was yet dark he and countless other flying-

foxes flew for several hundred yards to a pond, where they could quench their thirst. The sky was darkened while the vast army of flying-foxes was in the air.

Flying-Fox drank, and continued feeding. But as it was growing very dark, making it as hard for him to see as in the bright daylight, he gripped a limb with his hindfeet and tall and hung head downward, like the bat, to go to sleep.

In the early dawn, Flying-Fox awoke and again was active. He was in fine fettle, and as he soared through the air he thought how easily he would defeat impudent Bat. As the day became brighter, and he could not see quite so well, he grew less confident.

When noon came, Flying-Fox and Bat met, as they had agreed to do. None of their relatives looked on, for the simple reason that neither bats nor flying-foxes could see in the glare of the sun. However, a few curious birds formed an audience as Flying-Fox and Bat began to circle in the air. One of the birds offered to act as judge.

Together the contestants soared, spreading their huge wings and derring hither and thither. But suddenly, while they strove to pass near each other, they blindly collided, head to head.

Both were stunned, and their wings, now hanging limp, suffered the bodies to shoot downward through the air like stones. With such force did the two land that both were killed. Thus Flying-Fox and Bat paid the penalty for their vanity.

foxes flew for several hundred yards to a pond, where they could quench their thirst. The sky was darkened while the vast army of flying-foxes was in the air.

Flying-Fox drank, and continued feeding. But as it was growing very dark, making it as hard for him to see as in the bright daylight, he gripped a limb with his hindfeet and tall and hung head downward, like the bat, to go to sleep.

In the early dawn, Flying-Fox awoke and again was active. He was in fine fettle, and as he soared through the air he thought how easily he would defeat impudent Bat. As the day became brighter, and he could not see quite so well, he grew less confident.

When noon came, Flying-Fox and Bat met, as they had agreed to do. None of their relatives looked on, for the simple reason that neither bats nor flying-foxes could see in the glare of the sun. However, a few curious birds formed an audience as Flying-Fox and Bat began to circle in the air. One of the birds offered to act as judge.

Together the contestants soared, spreading their huge wings and derring hither and thither. But suddenly, while they strove to pass near each other, they blindly collided, head to head.

Both were stunned, and their wings, now hanging limp, suffered the bodies to shoot downward through the air like stones. With such force did the two land that both were killed. Thus Flying-Fox and Bat paid the penalty for their vanity.

Both were stunned, and their wings, now hanging limp, suffered the bodies to shoot downward through the air like stones. With such force did the two land that both were killed. Thus Flying-Fox and Bat paid the penalty for their vanity.

## THE TRAGEDY OF PARADISE DELL

IF THE fairies dwell where nature smiles supreme, then everywhere in Paradise Dell were the homes of these dainty sprites.

The sun seemed to shine more brightly on Paradise Dell. Its loving rays, like threads of golden light, stole through myriad openings, glanced and glittered from leaf to leaf, and tinted the soft-colored flowers so richly carpeting the earth. The silvery brook, in wildest joy, sprang nimbly over rocks, bathing with its crystal spray the curtsying flowers along its banks.

The wood thrush, the pewee, the countless warblers and other birds fitted from branch to branch, their little throats, throbbing with the song that filled their hearts. The air was charged with a grand but subdued chorus. The swift-changing melodies of the birds were accompanied by the harmonious sighing of the trees and the singing of the brook.

Lord and Lady Oriole were flying northward from the sunny bowers of the southland. High above the haunts of the owl they flew; on through the night. Instinct guided them on their way, and their constant signaling chirps kept them together.

Just as the rising sun was filling the sky with a crimson radiance, they lit in the top of a locust tree by Paradise brook. Their long honeymoon journey was ended, and, contented and happy, they snuggled close to each other and took a few hours' nap. The rest of the day these two happy birds tripped here and there, exploring the trees and bushes of their new home. Again and again Lord Oriole sang his love song to his beautiful but more modestly colored mate. As twilight deepened, they returned to the locust tree and slept peacefully through the night.

It may have been vanity in Lord Oriole to love the locust tree, where the green leaves and fragrant white blossoms formed a pleasing background for his orange and black coat. It may have been that they both loved the first spot in the beautiful dell upon which they alighted from their bridal journey. On a swaying bough, overhanging the brook and surrounded by clusters of the white flowers, they decided to build their nest.

A hanging nest, woven neatly and strongly together of strands of hair, of fibers of plants and of pieces of moss, was the fitting abode for their future family. The mere thought of the little babies that were to occupy that nest caused every brilliant feather in Lord Oriole's body to quiver, and the woods to resound with his swelling song. How swiftly he flew to gather the materials for the nest! How his bright eye found the half-hidden things in the crannies of the dell! Lady Oriole skillfully wove the strands in and out and around. At last it was finished—even to the downy feathers that lined the bottom. Some of these were olive golden, plucked from her own willing breast.

The eggs were laid and the brooding days commenced. Lady Oriole was faithful to her nest. When the morning rays of light first sped over the treetops, Lord Oriole would awaken. First a joyous song to his lady. Then a drink in the brook, and then his lady's breakfast. He longed to cover the eggs with his own warm body. But only for a brief time, while she bathed her matted feathers in the brook, would she permit him to take her place.

The day arrived when to her waiting ear there came a faint tapping, tapping, tapping in the eggs beneath her. Then a faint peep, then another and another; and as she chirped a mother's lullaby, three little babies broke their shells, and snuggled in her feathers close to her beating heart.

While Mother Oriole was occupied with these wonderful arrivals, Lord Oriole was quite as much engaged. He was as proud and as happy as his mate. With a fullness of joy that he had never known before, his fustlelike heart was quite as much engaged. He was as proud and as happy as his mate. With a fullness of joy that he had never known before, his fustlelike heart was quite as much engaged.

One day, while his notes were ringing in rapture, Lord Oriole's song suddenly stopped. It may have been from a rush of blood to the head or from some other cause; but he disappeared—disappeared from the woods forever.

Shortly, Lady Oriole came back to the nest and fed her babies as usual. Then she gave the note that always called her handsome lover to her side. He did not come. She waited a while, then called again. She flew a little dis-



tance and called again. He had never failed before. A chill of fear came over her. She flew here and there, to low bushes, to the tallest trees. She called with a plaintive sweetness that would have brought her mate with the speed of the wind. He never came.

Heavy-hearted, she had forgotten her babies, but now their hungry chirp as they awakened from their nap came to her ears. Mother-love and mother-duty triumphed. She hastened to gather them food. That night she covered her little ones, saddened to know that her watchful sentinel was not perched nearby, where he could hear every sound from his little home, and call to her through the dark.

Then came the days of double duty, when she alone must catch food for the growing appetites. So well did she work that the babies scarcely missed their father. Her happiness in watching the feathers grow and spread over healthy bodies softened the sadness that she felt for her missing lover. In a few days they would be able to clamber out of the nest and learn to fly. One morning, after giving her babies a good breakfast, she flew to a nearby branch and started to preen her feathers.

Curly-headed, light-hearted Willie Graham came up the path, swinging his rifle, a birthday gift in his hand. He caught sight of Lady Oriole. Quick to his shoulder he threw the gun, aimed and snapped the trigger—the bullet sped its way, straight under the wing and into the lung of Lady Oriole. Startled, she flew to a protecting bush, but ere she could clutch a branch, she fell to the ground, dead, dead as the stones in the brook.

Willie, not knowing he had hit the bird, went merrily on, whistling and shouting, popping away at stick, stone, frog or bird, anything that caught his eye.

Three little birds, growing wonderfully like their mother, were sleeping peacefully as their hammock-like nest rocked in the soft summer breeze. Now and then a little head would move languidly over the tangled ball of feathers.

Then two twinkling black eyes opened, and, with a chirp, a little fellow was wide awake. Instantly two others joined the wide-awake circle. Contented, but a little hungry, they chirped softly to each other. They became more hungry. It was time for mother to come. Out from the nest came the hunger call. Where is mother? Another chirp. Then they listened. Three little birds became restless. They opened their mouths. They struggled over each other. They chirped again. Never had they been so hungry!

A strange fear came to them. They could not understand why and they grew more afraid. And they were hungry, hungry, hungry. Then came the night.

Mother's warm breast did not shelter them. They huddled closer to each other, giving every now and then a hushed, startled chirp. Exhausted they were, but could not sleep. The rippling brook, the sighing of the trees, were weird sounds that threatened them with some nameless harm.

With the morning light one little fellow jumped to the opening. He tried to catch the edge, but lost his balance and fell, bravely beating his partly-grown wings. Vainly he struggled to rise from the water. Swept round a stone, he disappeared in the swirling pool below.

There was more room in the nest now, but it was not needed. Two little birds, sick with hunger, longed for the mother that never came. Then one climbed slowly to the opening. Pausing a moment, he jumped safely to a branch close by. The running water, the moving leaves, the great space all around him, frightened him. If possible, more than before. He gripped with all his strength the supporting branch. A weary chirp was answered by a weary chirp from the nest. The day wore on. He crouched closer to the branch. His eyes were closed. Occasionally he gave a pitiful chirp. His feathers, his parents' joy, fluffed out, dull and neglected. Exhaustion increased. His senses became dull and numb. As twilight gathered a strong breeze shook the branch from the nest. In the morning the beautiful oriole nest swayed softly to and fro, silent, deserted.

A wandering bird, alighting near, would look into the nest and fly quickly away. Summer days came and went. The wind and the rain changed the trim shape of the nest that had been woven so carefully. Parts loosened here and there.

The autumn days came. The feathered songsters had left the changing dell for a warmer home. The leaves slowly fell and shrouded brook and bank. One evening, as the long shadows stole over the ground, a chill wind opened a rent in the bottom of the nest. Through the air a shrunken thing covered with half-grown feathers shot to the left, strewn water.

The rippling brook sang the same old tune, but it seemed a funeral dirge, for its cold mantle had closed over the hopes of the spring.

UNCLE DOCTOR.

### A Noted Drummer-Boy

THERE lived in Austria, years and years ago, a little boy named Joseph. When his father was done his day's work of making wheels for carts, he used to play on the harp and Joseph's mother would sing, while the little boy would pretend to fiddle with two pieces of sticks.

Joseph showed so well he liked music that one day the schoolmaster took the boy and taught him to play a real fiddle. And although Joseph was only 8 years old, he soon became a very good player.

But the instrument that Joseph liked to play best of all was the big drum. The schoolmaster knew this. Therefore, one day, when a drummer had to be found for the show, he said, "Little Joseph, you may go and beat the drum in the band."

You can imagine how joyful the little musician was, and how quick he was in joining the band. But when the men in the band saw the little boy they cried aloud: "He will never carry the drum, never! It is too big for him!" No one knew what to do until a bandman said: "We will let the little hunchback carry the drum." This was a little man with a humped back who lived nearby.

So the hunchback carried the drum on his back, and little Joseph, who was just tall enough to hit the drum, marched behind. How funny it must have looked!

When this little drummer grew up, he became the famous musician, Joseph Haydn.

### Aeroplane to Make

THIS picture shows you a toy aeroplane—a model of the monoplane used by the great French aviator, Bleriot.



The surface of the "wing" is of silk. The propeller is joined to the axle, the rod and the armature being of steel. All of the framework and the seat for the doll aviator are of bamboo. Any part of the machine can be easily replaced when damaged.

A tubular rubber "motor" will drive this toy monoplane through the air for a distance of thirty or forty yards. Little wheels may be attached to the chair so that the machine will land without injury.

## CRADLE SONG

SAILING in a Cradle Song To Lullaby Land, Lullaby Land; The Sandman steers us safe along With steady hand, with steady hand.

Baby is the first to spy The Lullaby Shore, the Lullaby Shore. The Sandman wins a knowing eye, And plies his oar, and plies his oar.

Now we've reached the Lullaby Land, Where dream trees grow, where dream trees grow, And shadow people, hand in hand, Come and go, come and go— Sh-sh-sh—!



ELSIE PARRISH.

## LONESOME DAY.



LITTLE HARRY felt very lonely indeed. His mamma had a bad headache, and was lying upstairs in a darkened room. Big sister was in the kitchen, baking. When Harry trotted out to her and murmured, "I'm lonesome," she answered quite sharply: "Go 'way, and don't bother me!"

"What shall I do?" complained Harry. "I can't play, 'cause I'll make a noise an' mamma's sick; an' I don't want to look at pinner-bowks!"

But his big sister didn't even raise her eyes. So the little fellow went in search of Tip, the pet doggie.

"Tum 'ere, Tip," he coaxed, when he espied the dog hiding a bone which had been saved from luncheon. Tip, however, kept on carrying the bone. And then, cocking his ears at a pussy-cat which appeared on the fence, he jumped for her. A moment afterward Tip was running down the street after the cat, sniffing and kicking with all his might. Then the barks grew fainter, and soon Tip, also, was lost to Harry.

"Maybe I'd get somethin' to do I won't be lonesome," said Harry, very softly. And, as there seemed to be nothing for him to do at home, he decided to travel in the direction Tip had gone.

His little feet pattered through the yard and out upon the pavement.

The further the little boy strolled the more company had he; but of all the folk he saw, no person seemed to notice him. Harry felt as lonely as ever. At last, standing upon a street corner, he burst into tears. Very soon a great policeman was towering above the little fellow.

"Here! Here! This won't do, for a brave little chap like you!" said the big blue-coated man, kindly.

The boy smiled as the policeman patted him on the back, and asked: "What's your name?"

"It's Harry, an' I'm 'ere 'cause I'm lonesome."

"Lonesome, are you?" chuckled the man. "Then you're just the little man our kitten wants to play with. You see the mother cat went out the other day, and she never came back. So the kitten is more lonesome than you are."

Harry was so anxious to see the lonesome kitty that he ran along to the "station house" without being the least afraid. And when his big sister rushed into the police station, he was sprawled on a bench with the little animal cuddled close to him, and was whispering: "oo's not lonesome, now; it's oo, kitty?"