

DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

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The Child and the Ships

BOARDED by PIRATES

The Story of Snowbird



OH DEAR ME, I cannot see
Where all the little ships can be;
I watch them go out in a row
Along the far horizon—though
I never see them come again
Across the sil'ry, distant main.
Oh, do they reach some fairy shore
And wish to stay there evermore?
Dear little ships, that now I see,
Some day, oh please, come back to me.

MARGARET G. HAYS.

Jack and I were strolling along at ease under the willow trees. In the water rocked our boat with the dipping of the river.

The late afternoon was refreshing after the intense heat of mid-day, and I was so glad to see Old Sol going down in the west that I was at peace with all the world. Suddenly Jack turned to me, a peculiar quizzical look in his eyes and his forehead wrinkled in the most troubled fashion.

"Did it ever occur to you, Mac," he remarked, "that we lead about the most monotonous life of any boys in the world's history? Not just you and I, understand, but every modern young American."

I grunted; the afternoon was too peaceful to disturb with discussion.

"Why," said Jack, sitting up and waxing eloquent, "think of the life of a fellow of 11, in the days of Kidd, for instance, and compare it to ours. What adventures ever befall us in all the course of our lives? Don't mention the time we were lost in the marsh when we were out after ducks; why, that—"

times? We go into high school and then into college and then into business or some cut-and-dried profession. Humph! Neither of us would know how to act if we were attacked. Gee! I wish I could get on that sloop and sail off after some dangerous, bibbity French privateer or some huge Spanish warship."

"I jumped up quickly. "Since that's the way you feel about it, let's get on our way. Who knows what may happen under cover of the darkness?"

Soon we were comfortably ensconced in our trig little vessel, I taking my place in the stern.

The boat glided smoothly and swiftly



"broke" and "fishing lines," in peculiar foreign lingo, and came to the conclusion that we had broken their lines.

I was trying to start the engine all this time.

"Something wrong with the con-founded thing," I breathed, trying to get at the base of the trouble. "Can't start, Jack."

The foreigners were now alongside, and Jack made haste to possess himself of an oar. We could not make out what they were saying, but the state of their feelings could easily be ascertained by a glance at their glittering eyes.

The biggest of the lot put his hands on the rail of our sloop. Without a second's hesitation Jack brought the oar down, and the huge fellow dropped back with a howl of pain.

Next a little fellow, the smallest and thinnest of the three, watching his chance, tried to board the sloop.

Jack placed the end of the oar on the man's chest and pushed him back into the boat.

His oar played like a flail from one to another. Not for a moment did he lose his nerve. Meantime I worked furiously with that unyielding engine. At last I had it in condition. I shoved the tiller clear over. I could tell the moment the boom poured out of the canvas and the boom tilted up. I sprang for the other oar and used it unsparringly on the two who were trying to board the stern.

The boom swept over our heads and the sloop heeled over with a vicious jar, and the little craft plunged ahead like a frightened bird, leaving those cursing, bronze pirates far behind.

When we had time to breathe I looked at Jack. "Adventure is dead, is it?" I asked sarcastically. "If that's not according to Kidd, I'd like to have you dope it out for me!"

ONCE on a time long ago there dwelt on the shores of the Great Lake a very strong brave, who was called Brown Bear. He was one of the most thrifty men of his nation and his little family never went hungry because he was too lazy to hunt. He had a very pretty little wife, Snowbird, and a bright-eyed little papoose which he called "Pigeon" because of the soft, happy coo which was the only sound it made. Besides these there lived in his wigwam his old cross mother and a little Indian boy, whom he had adopted. They would all have been very happy, indeed, had it not been for Brown Bear's mother; but she was cross enough and wicked enough to make them all unhappy.

Brown Bear was very dear to her, in fact, her favorite son; but she was so jealous of his wife that she often tried his patience sorely.

Hour by hour the old woman nursed her jealousy of Snowbird, until finally she began to plan to make away with her poor little daughter-in-law. She forgot her own youth and how she had loved Brown Bear's father and had gone to his wigwam, there to be treated with the greatest kindness.

One day she asked Snowbird to go with her to see a great grapevine swing which stood near the Great Lake. She got into the swing and, gradually working up speed, swung far out over deep water. Then she told Snowbird to

watched, but saw nothing. The orphan boy took good care of little Pigeon and the baby thrived.

One day the two were down beside the lake and little Pigeon was trying to cast the bright pebbles into the water when they saw a white gull rise from the lake and fly toward them. When it was quite close it changed into a woman, Snowbird.

She caught her little son in her arms, fondling and nursing him. By signs she made known to the orphan boy that he was to bring the child there every day.

When Brown Bear came in from the hunt the boy told him all that had happened. When, the next afternoon, he



took the baby to the shores of the lake Brown Bear followed and hid behind the bushes. The boy chose a white pebble and cast it into the lake. Soon the white gull rose from the surface and came ashore, then as before changed into a woman. Eagerly Snowbird reached for the child. Brown Bear, still in his black paint, sprang from the bushes with a glad cry of welcome.

"Why did you ever go away?" he cried.

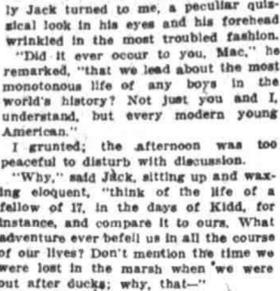
Snowbird could not speak, but pointed to a heavy belt she wore.

Brown Bear aimed a mighty blow at the links, which were broken to fragments, and dropped to the earth.

Then Snowbird could speak again, and she told her husband how it happened that she fell into the lake; how a huge water tiger seized her and drew her to the bottom; how she found that he lived in a magnificent lodge, where the floors were of whitest sand.

There were great forests in the country of the water tiger, and great numbers of fireflies lit the place at night. The water tiger seized her and drew her as to what to do with Snowbird. She told him to marry the beautiful Indian maid.

Snowbird kept the tiger's lodge neat and was not very unhappy. She consented to marry him if he would allow her sometimes to go on shore to see her child. The water tiger's mother



through the river.

Suddenly I espied a light ahead.

"Must be small," remarked Jack briefly.

We paid no further attention to the craft, which looked as though it were a fishing outfit.

Suddenly our sloop rocked a little and we heard several distinct snaps.

"Hark!" I exclaimed. We could hear angry shouts from the men in the rear and the sound of swift oars in the locks. By the aid of the little lantern they carried we made out the forms of three men in the boat. They were roughly clad in corduroy breeches and soft shirts, open at the neck, about which were slung brightly-colored handkerchiefs.

"Foreigners," exclaimed Jack. "And they've got their dander up, too. What had we best do?"

"Discretion is the better part of valor," quoth I.

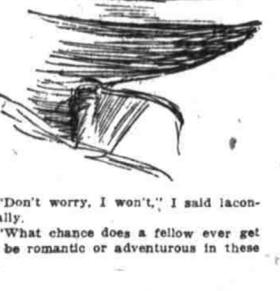
"They are too mad to be monkeyed with. Hit it up, Mac."

From the rear we heard the words



"Don't worry, I won't," I said laconically.

"What chance does a fellow ever get to be romantic or adventurous in these



eagerly inside the book. There were no pictures! But the print was so very large that she had no trouble in reading the first page upon which she opened:

Listen, little girls and boys. Every one who's fond of toys: "Fairyland's not far away. This is what the froggies say.

There's one froggy you know well. Who he is I need not tell. He invites you all to come. Through the water, to his home.

Down beneath a wat'ry sky. Where you'd think it wet—"tis dry. Stand a fairy palace grand. Now I hope you'll understand.

There is where the froggy dwells. How to get there froggy tells. Now he'd take you if he could. You must first sleep in a wood—"

And when you enter dreamland fair. Pick a four-leaved clover there. Froggy then shall take your hand And lead you to fairyland."

"Oh, what a time I'll have to get back again!" Elsie sighed.

There was something familiar to her in the last stanza. She pondered over it. Suddenly she remembered:

"Why, those were the very directions which King Little Boy was trying to give me when I ran away from him."

Now there was no longer any doubt in Elsie's mind that she had just returned from fairyland. She knew that she had, and her new book furnished her with all the proof which she needed. Uncle Tom could not bring Elsie to believe anything to the contrary. So there was no use in arguing with her. Uncle and niece held to their respective opinions.

Gentle reader, do you think was right, Elsie or Uncle Tom? It is left with you to decide whether the book of directions, entitled "Fairyland, and How to Reach It," was given to Elsie by Uncle Tom in his woods or by Froggy the Fiddler in fairyland. If the latter is the case—and it seems that it must—be sure you have an equal chance with Elsie of visiting fairyland and frogland. You will see this by referring to the first two lines of the directions, which are addressed to all young folks.

The froggies say that the little boy still awaits the coming of a second child to his fairy kingdom.

Whenever you see a frog, be kind to it, and you may learn something of the fairies.

Years have passed since Elsie's wonderful adventures with Froggy the Fiddler. She is now a beautiful young lady, but she still regards as one of her most valuable possessions the precious book, "Fairyland, and How to Reach It."

THE END.

"If"

When Philip of Macedon wrote to the Spartans, "If I enter Laconia, I will level Lacedaemon to the ground," he received for answer the single word, "If." This is considered the finest laconic utterance on record, worthy of the people who gave a name to short and pithy speech.

get in and take a swing. So Snowbird got into the vine swing and, happy as a child, swung out as far as Snowbird. Swiftly the old squaw crept up behind her with bared knife and when Snowbird was far out deliberately cut the vines and let her drop down.

A great deal frightened, she made for home and, putting on her daughter-in-law's garments, sat by the fire, hiding her face. When Brown Bear returned home he gave her the choice bits of meat from his day's hunt, thinking that she was Snowbird. She was so cross that Brown Bear felt uncomfortable and got quickly out of the wigwam.

The little orphan boy had been watching the figure by the fire and he made up his mind that it was not Snowbird. Stirring the fire to a bright blaze, he looked at her face. "Where is Snowbird?" he asked.

"Down by the waters," said the old woman. "She is swinging."

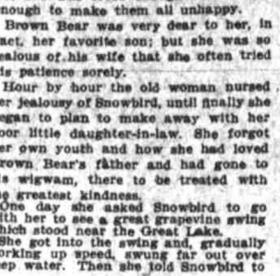
The boy flew out of the wigwam and down to the lake, where he saw the broken swing.

With all haste he went in search of Brown Bear and told him his discovery.

Sadly Brown Bear walked before his wigwam. He could not bear to think that his mother was capable of doing so wrong a thing and asked her no questions. He smeared his face and body with black paint as a sign of mourning.

He turned his hunting spear upside down and pressed it into the soil, praying for thunder, wind and rain to raise his wife's body to the surface.

Days passed and there was no sign of



lenf her a great gull's wing with which to fly. Only one caution she gave—to fasten his belt about her waist, so that she would not desert him.

So when Brown Bear broke the chain she was free again and returned to his wigwam to watch over little Pigeon and be happy forever after.

The wicked old woman, when she saw them coming, flew away from the lodge and was never heard of again.



thoughtfully, "and always soak my plants well."

"There is another thing to remember, though," said Aunt Edith. "Spraying the leaves of a plant washes off the dust and insects and permits the plant to breathe well, which is very important to their health and comfort."

"Yes, I should think so," said Mary. "Their bodies are covered with pores just as ours are. I think watering is a very interesting subject, Aunt Edith, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," smiled Aunt Edith.

Elsie and Froggy the Fiddler

ELISIE LEE, having lost her pet parrot, was invited by a fairy to go in search of him. She came into the fairy boat, and she and the fairy sailed up a sunbeam until they reached an island, on a projection of which Elsie and her parrot were leaning out to get him. She lost her balance and fell down, down, only to awaken in her father's arms.

One day, when she was in a woods, the tree beneath which she stood turned into a cloud of butterflies, which, enveloping her, sailed away to an underground cavern. Here called in a corner Froggy the Fiddler showed Elsie a huge snake. Rushing outside she found herself on the brink of a stream. Suddenly Froggy the Fiddler pulled her in. She awakened in a huge water world.

At the wedding of Spring and Winter Froggy the Prince was changed into a little boy prince.

Elsie and he had a game of tag, during the progress of which he lifted the lid of a big Noah's ark, when Elsie was surprised to see all the animals troop out and back to his bidding. They came to a marble room in the palace, where stood a fairy pond and the throne of the Hoplost King.

The prince won a game of checkers, and shortly afterward the Hoplost King died. Running to the door below, Elsie found some witches boiling the Hoplost King and his followers.

Then she found herself back in the playroom, where she saw a live doll and a talking bear.

She began a tour of the palace with the prince. The prince ran out of the room, returning with a chariot, into which Elsie jumped and was soon fast asleep. On awaking she found herself being drawn through a room the walls of which were mirrors. She discovered that the palace belonged to the little boy prince, her side.

The prince invited her to a fancy dress ball. She accepted the invitation, and at the ball met Froggy the Fiddler. She had a very enjoyable time.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK)

By A. J. Drexel Biddle

GAIN Elsie's host addressed her:

"You are going to leave me. Do you know, I am the only child down here. I shall miss you so! Conditions have changed, and Froggy the Fiddler can't call for you any more. The Fates decree that you must come of yourself hereafter. To get here, fall asleep, and, in your sleep, pick a four-leaved clover. Instantly you will be—"

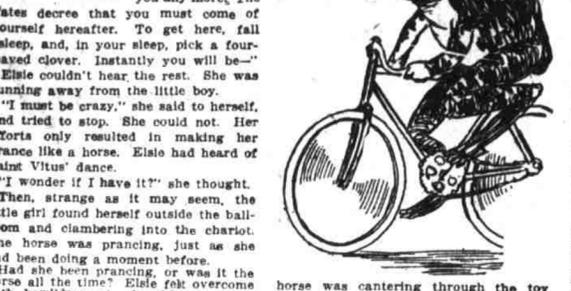
Elsie couldn't hear the rest. She was running away from the little boy.

"I must be crazy," she said to herself, and tried to stop. She could not. Her efforts only resulted in making her prance like a horse. Elsie had heard of Saint Vitus' dance.

"I wonder if I have it!" she thought.

Then, strange as it may seem, the little girl found herself outside the ballroom and clambering into the chariot. The horse was prancing, just as she had been doing a moment before.

Had she been prancing, or was it the horse all the time? Elsie felt overcome with bewilderment. In this state she



father once told her, "sit quite still and do not attempt to jump from your cart."

Elsie recalled this, so she sat still—and screamed. The long hall had been passed through, as had the aquarium and looking-glass rooms, and now the horse was cantering through the toy apartments.

The floors were covered with Noah's ark animals. They seemed to be enjoying a frolic all to themselves when the hobby horse dashed in among them. It ruthlessly trampled over elephants, rhinoceroses and hippopotami. When the dancing bear came near, however, the horse took fright and sped away through rooms heretofore unknown to Elsie, and from them out into the garden.

She was still calling for help, when the ringing of a bell caused her to look behind.

Froggy the Fiddler was pursuing upon a bicycle.

"Don't go, don't go!" he cried, breathlessly.

Elsie answered:

"I can't help it! Stop the horse!"

But the wooden animal increased its speed until it seemed to fly.

Home in a Chariot

ALONG the rods of precious stones the diamond dust flew thicker and thicker. Some of it got into Elsie's eyes, which she closed and began to rub. Then, fearing that Froggy would lose her, she called again:

"Help! Where are you?"

A voice—but not Froggy's—answered:

"Now, you have often asked me the way to go to fairyland, and as I found a book describing the route, I got it for you."

Elsie opened her package. It did contain a book. In large golden letters on the book's cover was the title, "Fairyland, and How to Reach It." The little girl was now wide awake. She looked



"Here I am!"

Elsie strained every nerve to listen.

"Come, wake up!" the voice continued. "You have been sleeping the entire afternoon."

Elsie felt herself shaken gently by the shoulder.

"Pull," she cried, excitedly; "pull me out of the chariot!"

There was a hearty laugh close by her ear, and, believing that some giant had her, she opened her eyes. But she saw no giant. Uncle Tom was lifting her on to his knees. Elsie was safe, and fairyland had vanished.

"Dreaming again, I do declare," said Uncle Tom. "What a little dreamer you are!"

Elsie still felt dazed, but she was sure that she had really been to fairyland. This belief was confirmed when she looked down and found, clutched in one of her hands, a dainty little package in pink ribbons.

"Why, that's my present from Froggy the Fiddler!" she exclaimed; and she proceeded to tell Uncle Tom how Froggy had given it to her upon her arrival beneath the water sky. He had at that time requested her not to open it until she left him, and he had also asked that she keep it in remembrance of him.

Elsie's uncle listened smilingly. When she had finished speaking he said:



"You quaint child! I gave you that package just as you were going to sleep. It contains another book. You recollect, you unwrapped the first book which I gave you, and I was reading aloud to you from it when you wandered away into dreamland."

"Now, you have often asked me the way to go to fairyland, and as I found a book describing the route, I got it for you."

Elsie opened her package. It did contain a book. In large golden letters on the book's cover was the title, "Fairyland, and How to Reach It." The little girl was now wide awake. She looked

The Inverted Glass of Water



THOROUGHLY wipe and polish a wineglass so that it is quite bright and clean, then fill it with water, as much as it will hold. If the glass is quite bright and clean, you will be able to fill it above the brim. Now take a card and carefully place it on top of the water, pressing it on the brim of the glass. If this be carefully done there will be no air bubbles between the card and the water; if the glass be more than full, it can certainly be accomplished. Now quickly turn the glass upside down, keeping the finger on the card.

This being accomplished, the finger can be removed from the card and the water will not run out nor will the card fall away. The explanation is as follows:

The gurgling sound we hear when liquid is poured from a bottle arises from the air rushing through the liquid, and taking its place in the bottle.

The air which goes into the bottle must be the same in bulk as the liquid which runs out, otherwise there would be no flow. For the same reason, a venthole is made in a cask.

In our experiment no air can get into the glass, and so no liquid can flow out. If the glass, still inverted, be placed on a tray, the card can be slipped away and still no water can flow out.

A Chinese Coffin

CHINESE coffin is made in a very substantial manner.

Four times as much wood is needed for it as for one of our caskets, and much better wood, at that, than is generally put into ours.

There are four outer slabs, which are from six to eight inches wide, and little is done by way of decorating them. There is not a great deal of room inside. The Chinaman is laid away in crowded cemeteries, which are a feature of his overpopulated country.

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary How Does Your Garden Grow?"



HY is it, Aunt Edith," said Mary, "that one has to dig a flower bed very deep?"

"The main reason, dear," said Aunt Edith, "is that the roots may have a chance to go down deep and find their own drink."

"Why is it that different flowers need different degrees of moisture? My sweet peas drink a great deal more than the nasturtiums. Lilies drink a good deal more than poppies or mignonette."

Aunt Edith laughed. "Now you have asked me a question that I cannot answer. Mother Nature just made them so, I suppose."

"I see," said Mary. "I think I'll run to the house now and get my watering pot."

"While the sun is shining so strongly! That would be very foolish, Mary. The sun would drink up the water before the flowers get a chance. Always remember, too, that a mere sprinkling of water does the plants very little, if any, good. When you water flowers, soak them thoroughly; give them a good bath, not a little hands-and-face wash. This is the only way you can be sure that the water will get right down to the roots."

"I shall remember that," said Mary.