



POLLY EVANS' FOR BOYS AND GIRLS STORY PAGE



Ling's Bright Idea



characters inscribed upon the paper held in his hands.

He was very studious, and learned, too; but he was also very poor, so that he could ill afford to burn more than one candle.

It grieved Ling, however, to think he must wait for daylight in order to continue the reading of this very interesting work. What could he do?

Ah! Here was an opportunity to apply the great wisdom he possessed. Ling knotted his brows, but only for an instant.

Then he carefully soaked his queue in melted wax and permitted it to dry until the hair was quite stiff. To the end of the queue he attached the lantern. He bent the queue over his head, and, with the light shining clear upon his paper, calmly went on reading. Clever Ling!

LING glanced up with dismay. The candle burned overhead gave such poor light that, strain his eyes as he would, he could hardly make out the

"Marguerite"

"GOOD day, little one," said the big man with the kindly face, as he passed through the lodge.

Honoree looked gravely up at the Artist Man from the scant height which four years had given her. She liked this huge grown-up, and when Honoree liked any one she smiled with a tiny rosebud of a mouth, a pair of great, round eyes and two cunning dimples. Honoree smiled now.

The Artist Man paused, held, perhaps, by that baby smile. He rested a hand lightly upon the wealth of golden hair that fell in a gleaming cascade from the little one's head. Turning to the concierge, or lodgekeeper, he asked appealingly:

"Will not madame permit a picture to be made of the charming little girl? I shall take the best of care of her."

And madame, won as the baby had

worked.

One day the tiny miss pattered all the way up the stairs by herself. She hadn't seen the Artist Man for a whole day, so that she was lonely. Therefore she had slipped away from the lodge.

After rapping timidly upon the door, to Honoree's surprise, it was opened by her friend, the nice lady, dressed in exactly the same way SHE had often been dressed while the Artist Man painted.

"Why do you play 'Marguerite' too?" gurgled Honoree, clapping her hands delightedly.

The lady took the child upon her lap as she replied:

"Yes, little one. Sometimes before a great many people, while the music plays, I always sing when I play 'Marguerite' this way. Perhaps some day you will do it so, little one."

You see, Honoree was too small to know that the lady was 'Marguerite' when she sang in the opera, but she did understand very well when the lady said gently:

"Tomorrow I am going to play 'Marguerite' far away from here, little one. So today I must kiss thee good-bye."

Honoree was sorry, so sorry that tears welled in the great blue eyes. Nor was she comforted, even when her kind friend gave her a present of a handsome little necklace at parting.

"No 'Marguerite' should be without her jewels," the lady had whispered.



MARGUERITE

been by the kindly look on the big man's face, gave her consent.

So Honoree left the lodge where she had been playing with her rag doll, and, keeping firm hold of the Artist Man's hand, climbed and climbed up the narrow stairs until the topmost story was reached. Here, lit by the heavy glass panes above, was the room where the huge person painted many pictures. Several canvases stood about the room, some of them bare and others containing finished pictures. An easel, a palette, brushes and tubes of color, the little girl saw and gazed with much awe upon.

Very nicely, indeed, did the Artist Man chat to Honoree about her dolly and her puddle. Flustered, Honoree was sorry when he told her that now he must take her back to mamma; nor could she see that the few black strokes of the Artist Man made with his pencil upon a fragment of paper meant anything. But she was consoled for losing such a pleasant companion by the delicious confections the Artist Man immediately purchased for her.

Time and time again thereafter Honoree was escorted up the narrow flights to the studio. Soon she had received many treasures—dolls and knickknacks—from her big friend, whom she now regarded as the best of chums.

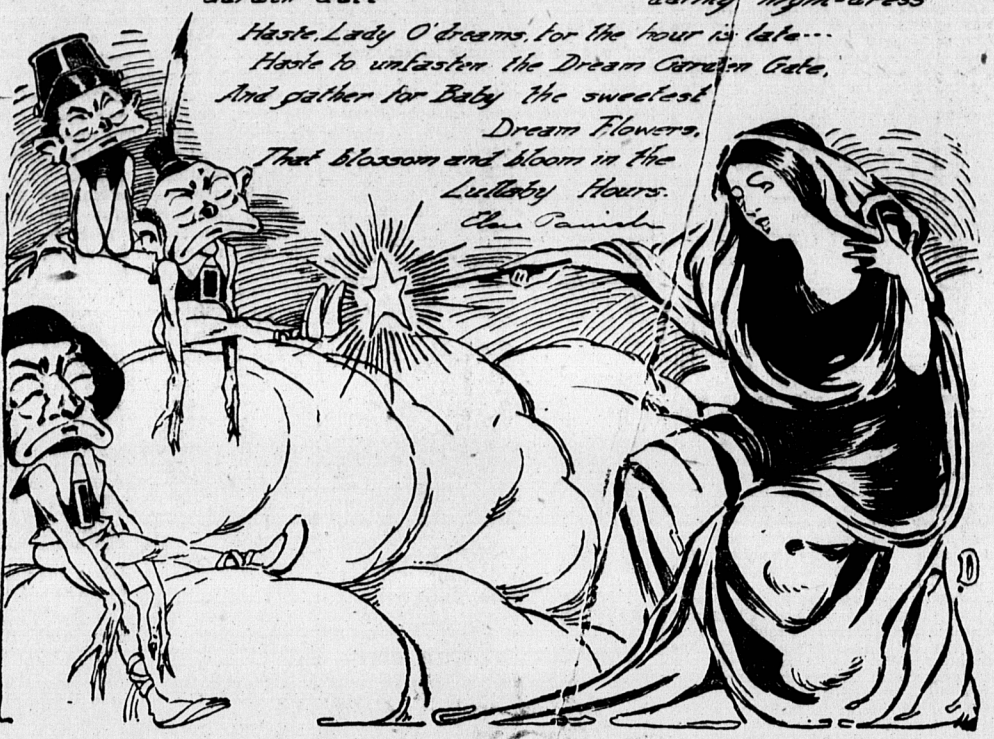
Upon the second visit he had arrayed her in a lovely little dress and a pretty cap. Then she had stood with her hand clasped and her eyes upraised until the Artist Man declared he was afraid she would fly right through the skylight up to the heavens to join the angels. But Honoree was sure she wouldn't.

She delighted to play 'Marguerite,' as the Artist Man called this game. She was never tired of it, although the painter would never let her stand very long.

After a while Honoree came to have another playmate. This was a lady who often visited the studio now. She was as nice as the Artist Man—if any one could be that nice—and often the lady talked to Honoree while the artist

Lady of Dreams

Lady of Dreams, come out from the sky,
You will know her, O Lady, who comes from the stars.
Ride on the winds, with the clouds By the two spinning stars, which
lying by—
Ride faster, ride faster, for Baby By the cloud which was woven
doth wait by fairies, I guess,
And cannot unfasten the Dream To make for our Baby a
Garden Gate
Haste, Lady O dreams, for the hour is late—
Haste to unfasten the Dream Garden Gate,
And gather for Baby the sweetest
Dream Flowers,
That blossom and bloom in the
Lullaby Hours.
The Painter



A QUIET LETTER GAME

SOME boxes of capital letters are drawn. These can be printed or drawn or painted on squares of cardboard beforehand, by the way. The leader tells the circle of players seated round the table what to do. As soon as she gives a command the players begin to seek for letters. The one who fulfills the order first wins a small prize. These prizes are greatly appreciated, he it noted, and they should be nice little bonbon boxes. This is the game: Make a girl's name with two letters—(Answer L N). Something not full—(M T). A warning—(L O). An observation call—(C D). What dead things do—(D K). Pepper in two letters—(K N). Water in something in it—(T). A town—(C T). Not cheap—(D R). To a fowl—(U R A N). To a stag a whole sentence in seven letters—(C U R A D R). This game ends with a small trick. The guide says, "Write the word 'empty' in two letters." All will put down M T. But two round O's must be drawn and 'empty' written in each one.

Balloon

NURSE had just bought it for Tobie in the Garden of the Tuileries, which, you know, is in Paris. It was a beautiful toy balloon, big and red and shiny, with a long cord that kept it from flying away.

Tobie wondered whether, if he pressed very hard upon the balloon, he could make it rest upon the ground. He knelt and put the toy carefully on the grass. At the same time his hold on the cord loosened. Then, strange to tell, the balloon moved not upward, but along the ground. How it rolled! Tobie chased madly after it.

There was only one thing in the world in which Tobie was interested now. His sole desire was to clutch the end of the string attached to the balloon. But the chase was long and hard before he managed to secure the coveted grasp.

To the boy's great surprise, however, the balloon did not stop when he caught up to it. No, it was drawing Tobie after it. But the lad wouldn't let go. He was determined to keep a firm hold.

And then—Tobie himself didn't know how it happened—the balloon was soaring up through the trees and bearing the little boy with it. Tobie was too busy keeping a grip on the cord to feel frightened.

THE ELF APPEARS

Presently a tiny door near the bottom of the balloon opened. Tobie had not observed this door before. It did not show on the outside. However, it surely was a door, because a wee elf poked his head through it almost immediately.

"Hello, down there!" he shrilled: "don't you want to come in?"

"Can't I'm too big!" gasped Tobie.

"Nonsense!" returned the elf. Reaching through the door, he braced himself and pulled up the cord, with Tobie dangling on the end. A moment later the boy was safe and sound within the door.

And he was no bigger than the elf! It seemed that the balloon cord was a magic cord, and the longer you held it the smaller you grew.

A cozy little place Tobie found the balloon. He and the elf seated themselves so they could look through the door.

"Let's play checkers," suggested the elf.

Tobie was willing, but there didn't seem to be any board or 'men,' and he didn't see how they could.

The elf smiled with superior knowledge. "Down below is our checker board," said he.

Surely enough, when Tobie looked toward the earth he found that the fields of grain and green pastures made square blocks of different colors, so high was the balloon in the air.

"We'll use only one 'man,'" continued the elf, "and that will be the balloon. We'll take turns using it. Now, it's your move. As soon as the balloon passes

IT MOVED ALONG THE GROUND

Tobie thought for the first time of how worried nurse must be about him.

"I really ought to go home," said he soberly to the elf.

The other cheerfully replied: "Very well; but we'll come out and play checkers some other time."

Thereupon the elf said a magic word. The balloon turned in the direction of Paris. With wonderful speed they traveled, until the balloon was immediately above the house where Tobie lived. Then it descended quickly and flew through a window into Tobie's playroom.

He leaped out the balloon door and found himself just as big as he had been before the adventure, while the door was completely closed and the elf was invisible!

Tobie put his magic balloon securely away in the closet. Then he went to tell nurse and mother that he had arrived home safely. He's going to play checkers again, however, just as soon as he has a chance.

"Jack on the Right, Come Out and Spin"

THIS game is a variation of the old-fashioned "Turn the Trencher." It is played with a mixture in it of "My Right-hand Neighbor." The players sit in a circle, one goes to the center and spins a top, saying meanwhile: "Jack on the right side, come out and spin." The spinner, having made the top twist nicely, then calls out a name. Now the owner of that name must not move. It is the right-hand neighbor of the name's owner who must run out and catch the top before it ceases to spin. Failure to do this involves a forfeit. If the owner of the name jumps up as in "Turn the Trencher," he, too, pays a forfeit. As soon as the right-hand "Jack" realizes he has to run, the spinner takes his seat, and the "Jack" in turn spins the top. This game teaches prompt attention, with power to suit action to thought; makes children very keen and quick. It is varied with "Jack on the left."

Take the Apple From the Plate and Eat It

THE players are taken one at a time and blindfolded. A big, juicy apple is placed in the center of the room. As in the game of "My Right-hand Neighbor," the blindfolded one goes across the room to try to take the apple from the plate. The others hiss when the player is going out of the way, but are quiet when the direction is right. This game trains the locality sense. It gives great fun, when the apple-seeker goes greatly out of the way, to watch the curious antics made in trying to walk aright.

How the Baby Bird Flew

M. BARRIE has a little fable in one of his works about a baby bird asking its mother to teach it to fly. The mother thought hard about how she herself had learned to fly long ago last year, but all she could recall was that she suddenly did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after the rain," she said, half remembering. The rain came and quitted the bird's wings together.

"I shall never be able to fly nor to sing," it wailed. Then of a sudden it had to blink its eyes, for a glorious light had spread over the world. The baby bird's breast had learned to fly long ago last year, but all she could recall was that she suddenly did it.

"Thank you, sun, thank you," it floated up crying. "Thank you."

Sammy Trains a Menagerie into Usefulness



AS A BOY inventor, Sammy was certainly the most unfortunate of any inventor living. His inventions worked out all right, you know, but somehow people never seemed to take kindly to them.

Sammy really was disgusted. "Folks don't appreciate genius!" he complained.

While in this state of mind he was only too glad to accept the invitation of his friend, the showman, to spend some time traveling with the circus and menagerie. He needed a long rest, and here was the opportunity. He promised himself that not one invention would he attempt during his stay with the showman.

But Sammy, in spite of himself, could not remain long inactive. Although he tried to invent nothing, though he became annoyed at the idleness of the animals in the menagerie.

"All the rest of your show works," he remarked to the showman, "but those lazy beasts. Why don't you make them be of some use other than that of being stared at by people?"

"Yes, but what can they do?" responded the amused showman.

"I'll show you," was the prompt answer.

The other laughed in disbelief, as he said: "Rather difficult to show a showman, you know. Ha ha!"

The showman laughed a different way before long, however. This happened when Sammy sent for his friend early in the morning.

"Now, watch me prove that animals can be of use," said he immediately the showman appeared.

Then the boy stepped out of bed and tugged at what his companion imagined to be a bell rope, but which, on closer inspection, he saw was a snake with bells gripped in his fangs.

Five minutes elapsed, when a chimpanzee came into view, bearing a plate of rolls and a cup of steaming hot coffee.

Having eaten this food, again the snake-bell was rung. The elephant quickly thrust his trunk into the wagon-dwelling, lightly picked up Sammy and seated the lad on his back. Out to a tub of clear water nearby the two went, with the showman following close behind. There the astonished man saw the boy treat-

ed to a splendid shower bath.

Another ring of the bell brought a hopping kangaroo upon the scene. In the animal's pouch were several towels, with which the chimpanzee proceeded to give Sammy a brisk massage.

Afterward the rhinoceros appeared with a mirror fastened to his trunk, in front of which Sammy seated himself. The chimpanzee then neatly clipped his hair.

It took but one stroke of the heel to bring a deer leaping into the tent. From the magnificent antlers were suspended all of Sammy's garments.

"A grand clothes rack," commented the boy, grinning toward the showman, who by this time was incapable of uttering a word. His eyes opened a little wider when the pelican waddled in with Sammy's mail in his bill. But the showman collapsed entirely as the chimpanzee led up a camel and Sammy proceeded to cool the grass outside the wagon by his new "camel-sprinkler," as he called it.

"You win," murmured the man, weakly, while Sammy looked at him in triumph.

Peter Uses the Giraffe for a Fishing Rod

