



# POLLY EVANS' FOR BOYS AND GIRLS STORY PAGE



## Charlie's Undeserved Reward



"HASTENED TO FARMER WARNER WITH HIS PRIZE"

"MOM says this Easter I kin have two dozen eggs to color," observed Lee Heston.

Charlie Mitchell stirred uneasily on his fence-rail perch. He didn't relish the thought of being outwitted by several objectionable spinners from the seat of his trousers, he was forced to make a doubtful response.

"Don't think I can have any. Last year you 'member, I used George for a target an' fired all my eggs at him. It was loads o' fun, 'cause most o' 'em hadn't been boiled and they squashed all over 'im when they hit, but George went an' fattened an' ma said she'd never give me any eggs again."

"I'm sorry," murmured Lee. Charlie, however, was sure that he detected a false note of sympathy in his friend's voice. He knew that Lee really was glorying over the anticipated triumph when Lee dropped from the rail and continued on his way to the grocery store, where Mrs. Heston had dispatched him an hour before. Charlie remained, kicking the rail vigorously.

"If there's any way to beat that stuck-up Lee Heston I'm goin' to find it," muttered the lad, determinedly.

Several minutes were spent in deep thought. Then Charlie's face brightened. He leaped to the ground and ran swiftly down the road.

After he had hurriedly traveled about half a mile, the boy proceeded more cautiously. Now he was in the pasture Farmer Warner's orchard, adjoining which was a chicken yard enclosed by a fence of stout wire netting. He halted and began to gather stones and firm clods of earth.

When he had assured himself that no one was in sight, he launched a volley of missiles into the chicken yard. The fowls squawked and ran about, flapping their wings excitedly. And, as Charlie watched, several of the terror-stricken birds rose in the air with a great effort, and instead of being able to scurry into the road.

Now it is no easy matter to capture a chicken. But Charlie was as active as any boy could be. After a smart

chase, marked by brilliant dashes and counter dashes, he had the first unwilling fowl in his grasp. He hastened to Farmer Warner with his prize. The farmer was much surprised that his chickens should have escaped from their yard. Grateful, too, was he when Charlie offered to bring back the rest of the string for him.

Finally Charlie reported that he had recaptured all of the chickens and had returned them to the chicken yard. Farmer Warner looked reflectively at the red, perspiring face of the boy.

"You deserve some nice reward for your hard work, sonny," drawled he. "Let me see. There's no fruit in the orchard or you'd be welcome to help yourself there. I reckon that boys are most too impatient to wait for fruit to grow."

He scratched his head perplexedly. Then, not finding an answer to his own question, he turned to the boy, asking: "What can you think of, sonny?"

"Well, sir, I don't want to be paid for helpin' you," said the boy with becoming modesty. "But—"

"Yes?" encouraged the farmer, as Charlie hesitated.

Whereupon the youth lowered his eyes to the ground as he innocently continued: "If you SHTO'D happen to have a couple of eggs you don't want, sir, they'd be mighty handy for me on Easter."

The man's eyes twinkled. "To be sure; to be sure; I should have remembered. You seem an honest boy and you've done me a good service. Run around to the dairy and take what you need. The farmer smiled broadly at the lad's exclamations of joy and at the haste with which Charlie sped toward the dairy.

And Charlie "helped himself" in fact he stowed away so many eggs about his person that he has avoided Farmer Warner ever since. The farmer was generous, but Charlie was aware that he had overstepped the bounds of liberality.

Nevertheless his conscience didn't trouble him as much as it should have done. It was impossible not to feel big and proud when Lee, instead of being able to "crow" over him, was very much humiliated.

Now, Charlie disdainfully said afterward, "he wasn't in it with me."

## Betty's Tea Party

ONLY Teddy Bear and the dolls accepted the invitation, except, of course, Betty. For, since Betty herself gave the tea party, she naturally invited herself, and, naturally, she accepted her own invitation. To be sure, Teddy Bear and the dolls were economical guests to have, since they really couldn't eat anything, no matter how much they might pretend to. So Betty could eat every one of Teddy Bear's courses, and every one of her dolls', as well as every one of her own. Although if Dickie had been there he would have eaten every one of Teddy Bear's courses, and every one of the dolls', as well as every one of his own and Betty's. Yes, Dickie did have a dreadful appetite.

Betty sat at one end of the table, and Teddy Bear insisted upon sitting at the other end, even though he made Arabelle furious. Betty put him there, and Arabelle and Louise on the sides. The table certainly did look inviting, with a brand clean towel for a tablecloth, and the little spig out from mamma's big silver set, did make a beautiful bouquet for the center. At each place was a tiny spoon, a cup and saucer and a plate. The teapot was well filled, and on the bread plate was a loaf and on the plate was a cup and saucer and a plate. Then she ate her own and emptied her own cup. That was the first course.



"BETTY WISHED THEY WOULD TALK"

Dickie always talked at the tea parties, and it was much livelier when he came, even if he did have such a dreadful appetite.

Betty cut the loaf into pieces. She knew Arabelle and Louise ought to be helped first, but Teddy Bear simply had to be kept in a good humor, so she helped HIM first. When all, including herself, had a piece of the loaf and their cups well filled from the teapot, Betty ate Teddy Bear's piece and emptied his cup for him. Then she ate Arabelle's and Louise's and emptied their cups. Then she ate her own and emptied her own cup. That was the first course.



ROLLING EGGERS

EVERY Eastertide there is a special celebration for the boys and girls of Washington. Then a happy throng, numbering thousands, passes into the White House grounds to engage in the annual egg-rolling contest.

Grown folk are permitted within the grounds, too, but they come merely to watch the children and to catch some of the children's smiles and laughter. It is really the children's holiday.

And the lads and lasses appear, togged in their very best clothes, to roll gaily colored eggs down the hill at the rear of the White House. Joyful, indeed, are they whose eggs make the longest journeys down the grassy slopes.

Rich and poor children alike make merry on this day. The band plays inspiring tunes. Sometimes the President comes out to watch the gathering of little people and the vast crowd of grown-up spectators. And every one is happy.

## Not the Only Dull One

MRS. BROWN, in a lecture to his son upon the latter's stupidity, said:

"Don't you know that when George Washington was your age he was at the head of his school?"

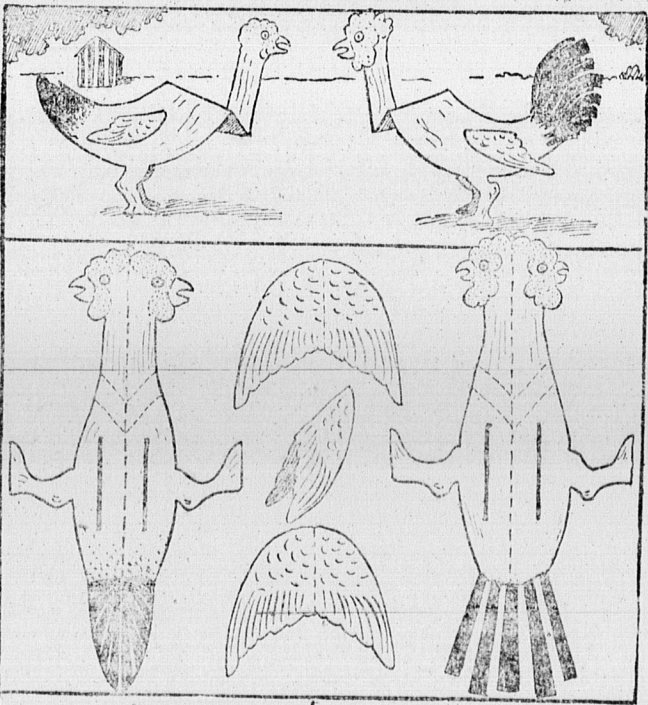
"Yes, father, but don't you know," remarked the son, "that when George Washington was your age he was President of the United States?"

"My dear, who else was to eat the loaf and empty the teapot? Dickie had an invitation to the tea party, and Dickie refused to come. I told you Dickie had a dreadful appetite. Even if he ate every crumb of the loaf and drank every drop of the tea, it wouldn't satisfy Dickie's dreadful appetite. Still he refused Betty's kind invitation, saying that he 'wasn't hungry to eat.' It didn't think a wonderful and a whole loaf was enough!"

"But, you see, to tell the really truth, the teapot wasn't filled with tea—it was only filled with water," said the son, "and the loaf wasn't a loaf of Dutch cake or fresh bread—it was only a loaf of sugar."

ELSIE PARRISH.

## DAN MAKES EASTER NOVELTIES



given several bends to the necks in order to make them look not so stiff, she had what she called almost real chickens.

Then, to add to Nan's joy, the kind brother made a little basket, which, when folded together, could actually hold things. And this, too, was cut partly in the form of a chick.

**Power of Imagination**

FREQUENTLY it happens that a good imagination is not a blessing. Two little girls could imagine so well that the consequences were nearly as serious as though the incidents actually occurred.

"When I grow up," said Mary one day, "I'm going to be a school teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mother with four children," said Stella.

"When they come to my school I'm going to whip them," returned Mary.

"You mean that?" cried Stella, as the tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"

**Safest Kind of Policeman**

"Tommy—Which would you like best to be—a mounted policeman or one on foot?"

"The mounted, of course; he comes when I saw a robber coming I could get away much quicker."

## A Pair of Surprises

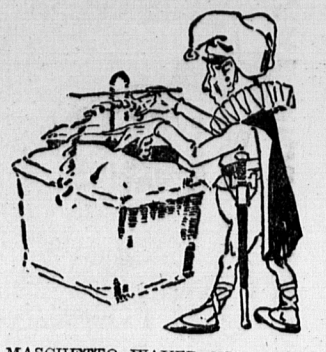
AT THE same time that Arabelle and her brother, Philippe, were purchasing six cream tarts and a dozen flaky puffs, Flore and Remi were awaiting their turn to ask Madame Boulanger for three lards' worth of white bread—which, you must know, isn't a very great deal.

Just as the pastry was ever so much more costly than the bread, so Arabelle and Philippe were ever so much wealthier than the other girl and boy. Arabelle wore a gown of beautiful green, richly embroidered with golden flowers; Flore, a dress of coarse brown cloth, ornamented only with patches. A like difference was there between the elegant garb of Philippe and the threadbare tunic of Remi.

Having made their purchases, the two couples trudged along the byway, in opposite directions. Arabelle and Philippe walked because they were weary of riding in the coach. And to beguile the time they sang:

True gentfolk they are who dine  
Good meats and fruits, on service fine,  
And vegetables rare.

Flore and Remi traveled on foot because there was no other way for them to go. But they sang just as merrily:



MASCETTO WAVED HIS WAND

Apparently there was no change in the food upon which Maschetto had invoked his magic. Nor did anything happen while it was being cooked in castle or hut.

At last, Flore and Remi, together with their father, were seated for the mid-day feast. The mother came from the kitchen triumphantly bearing a number of dishes, from which arose a delightful



POOR FOOD IN THE CASTLE; RICH IN THE HUT

Again the Easter holiday comes, with its gaily cheer. When we will dine in banner day. And a number of friends.

For the morrow was Easter Sunday, when both the rich children and the poor were to have a feast. Arabelle and Philippe would have turned up their noses in disdain at the dinner Flore and Remi were to have, but to the poor girl and boy it was a feast and a treat, nevertheless.

None of the four children perceived the grimoire Maschetto as he flew upon the wind along the roadway. Yet he saw THEM and heard their songs.

"I would be a merry jest," said Maschetto to himself, "if I were to surprise them with feasts different from what they expect."

The idea still possessed him when, that night, he flew down the great chimney of Baron de Fortinbras's castle, where Arabelle and Philippe lived. Out in the kitchen he waved his wand over the food there stored, and pronounced:

food and drink,  
In a twink,  
Be the fare,  
A better date.

Then he was whirled by the wind to the table, but that sheltered Flore and Remi upon the rough table:

food and drink,  
In a twink,  
Be the fare,  
A better date.

After a moment's pause, during which the children's mouths watered, the covers were removed. What a sight met their eyes! Richest of food was there—exactly the sort of meal as was served at the baron's table.

A surprise was also in store for those at the castle. Many guests of the best blood of the province, had been invited to dine with the baron. With all possible ceremony, the food was brought in. The guests, knowing what splendid dinners the baron was in the habit of giving, waited expectantly, imagine their astonishment when there was displayed the meagrest of fare. One noble indignantly rose, drew his sword and demanded explanation of the insult. Others immediately interfered, but afterward all those invited left the castle in high disgust. Not did the baron possess one friend from that time.

Fortune changed for the better with those who dined in the hut. It seemed that the good fortune Maschetto brought had come to stay.

But the grimoire merely chuckled to himself: "Twas a good, an exceedingly good surprise!"

Sometimes They Win.

Auntie (after listening to Sammy's tale of how his marbles had gone)—It serves you right, Sammy; little boys who play marbles on Sunday always lose them.

Sammy—Well, how about Billy? He's won 'em all.

## EASTER PINERY



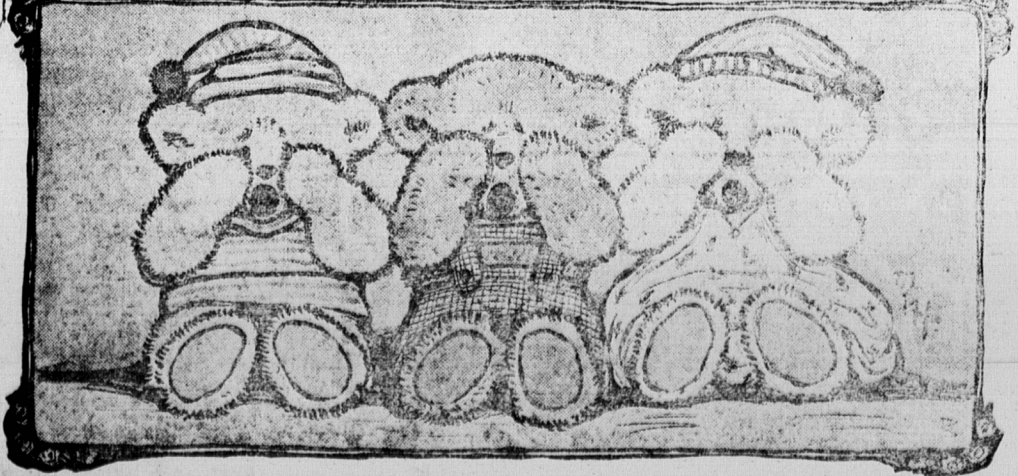
Mamma! He do not to be  
Tired out at even vain;  
I'll remember this  
When I'm old again.

But yet I can't help musing,  
As Easter-tide comes round,  
That mother buys and buys, and then  
In smart, new clothes is found.

Nor does she seem to mind when dad  
Says she just looks "a dear";  
I guess a little pride is 'lowed'  
At this time of the year.

For even grandma talks about  
The pretty things she wore;  
I think my pride in dress has been  
Felt by our folks before.

## A Sad Rumor



YOU ask why we are cryin'  
An' makin' such a fuss?  
We're 'fraid our friends, the chil-  
dren.

Are gettin' tired of us,  
We're 'fraid 'ey're goin' back to  
dolls,

'Cause we hear 'round about,  
Folks whisperin' at Teddy Bears  
Is SURELY goin' out!

—Margaret G. Hays.

