

POLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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MR. PELICAN SCORES

EXCEEDINGLY bright was Mr. Stork. Such, at least, was his own opinion. And he thought Mr. Pelican as stupid as he deemed himself clever.



TAKING HIS SHARE

But I'll take my share of the dinner along with me, to eat at some future time.

Sour Grapes

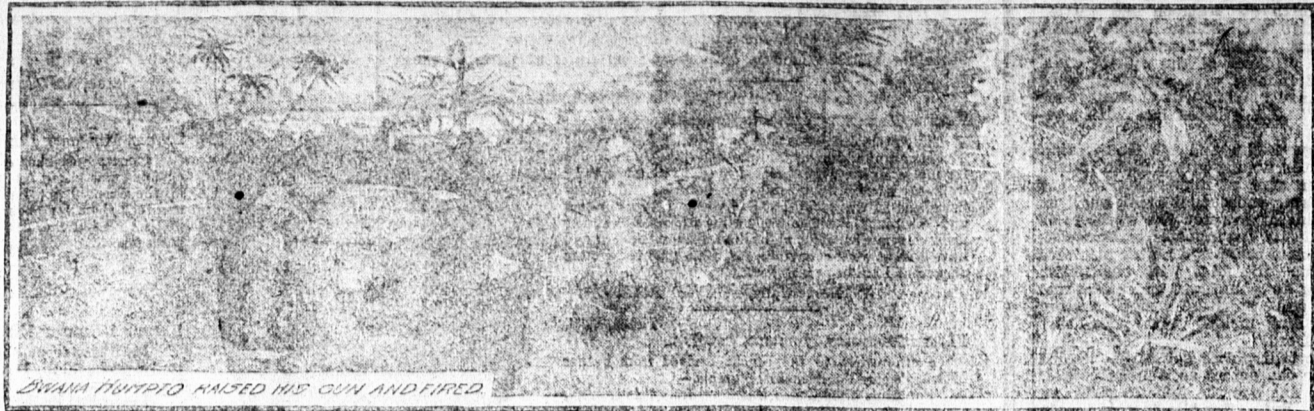
EMILY jumped as high as ever she could, clutching high above her head. But the tempting pear, with its beautiful golden coat touched with crimson, hung just beyond her reach.



"THEY ARE SOUR!"

Just to satisfy herself that her brother was right, Emily ran to the arbor, where she would find the basket of pears.

BWANA HUMPTO IN AFRICA



BWANA HUMPTO RAISED HIS GUN AND FIRED.

By Raber Mundorf

IT BEING too dark for snapshots, Photo Humpto took a flashlight photograph. Goofoo had posed in his best leopard skin, his tallest high hat and a yard-wide smile.

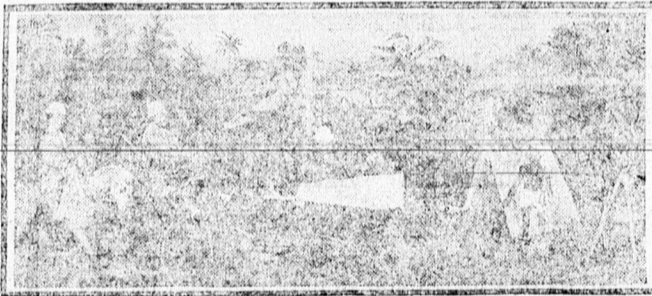


leopards and smallpox. Next morning a porter was taken violently ill. A stretcher was quickly lashed between two palm trees.



PREPARING THE GREAT LEOPARD'S SKIN

wearer's princely rank. Also, he wore the skin in memory of his good dog Fidongo, who had been gobbled by the leopard when that beast itself wore the skin.



DOCTORING THE UNFORTUNATE NATIVE

Doctor Pillo: "They are leopard cubs. Here is a little verse about them which I should like to have you memorize:

"Do not touch the little kittens. For they may be agles. Handle them with thickest mittens—Drown 'em in the tubs."

Photo began to retort indignantly: "Indeed, I shall not drown the pretty little dears!" when one of the little darlings grabbed him by the thumb and dabbed a chunk of flesh therefrom.

"That evening as the boy watched the scraping and stretching of the big leopard's skin, Taxidermo volunteered an interesting story. Leopards, said he, were the first of all beasts to become ill.

About Sleep

FREDERICK of Prussia and Napoleon usually devoted only three or four hours to sleep out of the twenty-four, and both of these men often went for remarkably long periods of time without so much as closing their eyes.

The use of certain sets of muscles does not hinder sleep. Couriers on long journeys often have been known to sleep in the saddle.

Proverbs and Phrases. He who torments others does not sleep well.—French. Trickery comes back to its master.—French.

Mischievous Polly

YOU have all at some time heard of a party of ladies who once visited a man-of-war, in order to reach the deck they had to be hoisted over the side of the vessel by the sailors.

All polices are not so narrow as you think, and very many amusements are told of them. A little girl named Polly had with her mother a friend of the family.

The Leaf Artist

NESTLING in a heap of fallen leaves, Barbara pillowed her head upon an old tree stump overgrown with moss.

colors on the leaves. All the yellow and reds and russets and browns which the foliage was painted seemed to be put on in haphazard fashion.

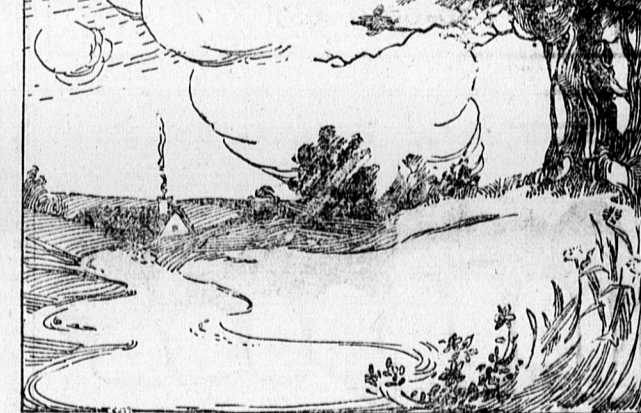


"I DON'T MIND SHOWING YOU THE WAY TO FAIRYLAND."

"Painting the leaves!" queried the girl, opening wide her eyes. The elf nodded his head importantly as he replied: "Never know that before, did you? Yes, every autumn the queen of the fairies sends us round with our little buckets of colors, and we have to smear all the foliage. It's a job I hate. Maybe I'm lazy, but I can't help it.

a million years if everything wasn't right." Only one leaf did the elf examine. Then he threw his bucket to the ground in a rage.

The Peasant Dandelion



I'M JUST a little peasant flower, I live upon the slope.

And yet I have a cheerful heart And wouldn't change my place With any wealthy Garden Rose.

My house is built of cool, green grass, It's just a cottage small.

For she must sit upon a bush, And keep her paws smoothed out—so And mind her paws and comb!

I never had but just one hat, The same old yellow one.

While I can romp with both my friends Daisy and the cat, And never worry if my hat Does get quite rumpled up!

ELISIE FARRISH.

Three Jokers Sold.

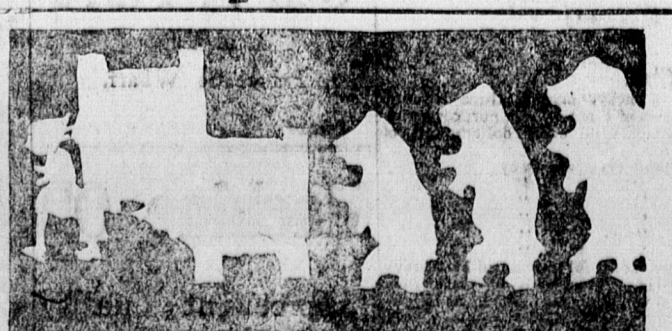


BEST you can't jump over that hedge!" cried Tom. To prove that he could, Dick

sons were entitled to a laugh at his expense. But he also knew how to play a joke. Calmly standing where he was, he shouted to Tom: "Now, I'll bet anything you can't jump over here!"

An Unexpected Prize

WHEN Miss Catherine announced that a prize would be awarded that afternoon for the best work in "drawing" her office was greeted with a cheer.



overturned a bottle of ink, the fluid splattered upon the clean page in front of her. She hastily picked up the bottle, but the damage was done.

ment. Without intending to do so, she had made a little picture which clearly showed Goldlocks, of the nursery tale running from bed when surprised by the Big Bear, the Middle-sized Bear and the Little Bear.