

**DREAMLAND ADVENTURES**

Folly Wisner  
BY DADDY

**CHAPTER III  
Magic Fur Coats**

PEGGY and Billy shivered and shook as they stood at the North Pole watching the Polar Bear run away. It was midsummer and the sun was shining brightly, but still there was a chill about them and the Arctic breeze went right through their thin, hot-weather clothes. Billy had warmed himself a bit pelting the Polar Bear with frozen snowballs, but now he was as chilly as Peggy. Folly Wisner, the goblin who had gotten them into trouble by granting their first idle wish, seemed as cold as the children. "Let's play tag," said Peggy to Folly Wisner, and she sat down on a snowbank to rest, for she had run herself out of breath. As soon as Peggy sat down she began to get cold again—colder than before. In the distance Polar Bear was staggering away in full flight after having his eyes blackened and his nose bruised by Billy's icy snowballs. "Oh, I am freezing," shivered Peggy. "I wish I had Polar Bear's fur coat." No sooner were the words out of her mouth than a strange thing happened. Polar Bear began to whirl around in a dizzy circle and a white cloud seemed to form from him. The white cloud swept like a whirlwind across the snow. It sped straight for Peggy, Billy and Folly Wisner and struck them. It tickled them and for a moment they were blinded, and when they could see plainly again they were surprised to find that the cloud was not made of snow as they had thought. It was of heavy white hair. Yes, sir, it was the hair of Polar Bear's fur. They didn't have time to marvel at this, for the tickling and pricking grew so sharp they couldn't help dancing and yelling. It was as though they had been attacked by a swarm of white mosquitoes. The white hairs pricked their faces and hands and even got inside of their clothes. Peggy chanced to look at Billy and she gave a cry of amazement. The white hairs were growing on Billy. He was covered with fur as the Polar Bear had been. Billy looked at Peggy, and he, too, shouted in surprise. She was growing white fur on her face and hands. Both of them looked at Folly Wisner, and he, too, seemed to be changing into a Polar Bear. "Oh, my; oh, my," cried Peggy. "My wish has come true. We have been given the Polar Bear's warm coat of fur." And what she said was true. They were covered with fur and they felt far more comfortable than they had felt since reaching the cold North Pole. But now frantic howls drew their eyes toward the poor Polar Bear. He had lost all his white fur and looked as thin and miserable as a newly clipped sheep. "Wau-oo! What shall I do," howled the Polar Bear. "I have lost my warm coat and am freezing to death." Peggy and Billy were sorry for poor, cold Polar Bear, even though he had wanted to eat them. They would have given him back his warm fur if they

could, even though it had stopped tickling and now they felt very comfortable; but they couldn't give it back, as it had grown tight to them. They wondered what would happen to Polar Bear without his coat. "Run away, Polar Bear, and hide in an empty Eskimo hut," advised Folly Wisner. "You can take a long nap and a new coat will grow out before you wake up." Polar Bear took the advice and hurried shivering away to find an empty Eskimo hut. Peggy and Billy began to play in the snow. They found it fun, now that they were nice, warm fur; but they found it lonely, too, away up there at the North Pole with nothing in sight except snow. "I wish we had some Eskimo children to play with," sighed Peggy. That wish brought an instant answer and what the answer was will be told tomorrow.

**LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK**  
By Lee Pope  
MOUNTAINS

1. A hill is a little short pile of land. Ware cows and horses daily. Write a mountain is a big high pile. And the absence of land makes a valley.
2. Most mountains just stand in their place on the map. To leave you admire their beauty. But some blow lava all around. Being volcanoes performing their duty.
3. Each row of mountains has a name. Such as the Rockies and Alps. O what is it makes them so wide on top? O is it the snow on their scalps?
4. Some mountains are higher than others. Such as for instance Pike's Peak. Which if you ever climbed up to the top of it. You'd set down all the rest of that week.
5. You can see all around on a mountain top.

Mitch further than you usually do. But then on the other end down war it starts. It certainly cuts off your view.

**THE DAILY NOVELETTE**  
Chir-rup! Chir-rup!  
By JULIA A. FIRCE

Greta gave her trim little figure one last critical glance in the mirror, readjusted the sailor hat, thoughtfully pulled on her gloves, then picked up the suitcase which contained all of her earthly possessions and stepped out of the room. She did not lock the door, but left the key in the inside, for she would never be coming back. Since the mill had laid off so many girls three months before, Greta had lived on her meager savings. Now they were gone and she could not stay in the room with no money to pay the landlady. Vainly she had gone from city to city, answering every advertisement for which she was applicable, but the result was always the same. She was hired, only to be laid off again. Blindly, gloomily, without noticing the weight of her suitcase, Greta walked on and on—out of the dirty city into the country. Finally a large flat stone beside the road met her eye. Yes, she was weary. Placing her suitcase on the rock she sank down upon it—a forlorn little figure indeed. A warm south wind stirred a few reddish-brown locks about her face, but she did not notice. Fortunately the weather was warm. Even tiny patches of green grass were visible here and there. This young girl, who had kept herself pure and sweet through all the trials and temptations of the vile cities had thrown about her head the place to lay her head that night. But she did not care now; she was ready to lie down and die there beside the road. No one would miss her, for she had no home and the only friend she had ever known was somewhere in the West—she knew not where. She had received no word from him since he had left her, three years before. She allowed herself to drop into pleasant reveries and she could see his handsome face as he had tenderly told her of his love and his ambitions. "I will be back before many months, and then—" a last embrace and kiss, and he had leaped aboard the moving express, waving and smiling. Soon afterward her mother died and all was sold

to pay the funeral expenses. Greta was left penniless and alone and was forced to seek employment in the mill hundreds of miles from her old home. If Francis had ever written, his letters had never been forwarded. Greta had made up her mind to forget him, and for weeks had not allowed herself to think of him. Why did he loom up so vividly now? "Chir-rup! chir-rup!" The sound startled her and she looked up. There she saw a wee bird on a cherry bush, looking straight at her. "Cheer up! How can I?" Greta might have been talking to a person instead of a bird, so bitter was her tone. As though in answer, birds fitted to another branch and again broke out: "Chir-rup, chir-rup, chir-rup chir-rup!" "Well, I never!" exclaimed Greta, aloud. "What have you to be happy about? I'll wager you are as hungry as I, right now, and where will you sleep tonight, pray tell me?" "Chir-rup, chir-rup!" and he flew away.

Greta watched him disappear high up in the clouds. Suddenly a verse of Scripture came to her: "If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?" It was as though the bird had dropped this message from Heaven, whence he had just flown. Greta sprang to her feet, tense and alert. "Faith—faith—O ye of little faith—how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?" "Yes," she thought aloud, "that is the trouble. I have lost faith—all faith—in God—faith in mankind—faith in myself." Then a sudden determination and ambition fairly shook her whole being, and, grasping her suitcase, she started at a brisk walk back toward the city. She had not the slightest idea where she would go. All she could think was: "How much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Yes,

some way would be provided, she felt certain now. As she was entering the city and was about to cross a street, she halted a moment to let an auto pass which was coming at law-breaking speed. Why, it was slowing down and the driver was looking at her. Before the car was scarcely opposite it stopped and a tall, handsome man sprang out with a shout: "Greta! I have found you at last!" "Francis!" Greta was swept into his arms and into the car. They drove on, out into the country, back along the road Greta had just come, and Francis told her how he had written letter after letter, with no response, and had finally come East to search for her; how he had canvassed city after city and had decided at last to give up the search and return without his loved one. Briefly he related his experiences and pictured to her the great ranch he had bought. Suddenly stopping the car, he turned and clasped the girl in his arms.

"My own brave, true love," he murmured. "Are you happy?" "Happy! She could not speak, but nestled closer to his shoulder." "Presently Greta lifted her head and a 'Chir-rup, chir-rup' came again to her ears, and, gazing heavenward, she thanked God for His wonderful goodness. All seemed so bright and beautiful now; even the sun appeared for a moment from behind a dark cloud, before it sank below the horizon. Next complete novelette—Unlucky Jim

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St. Louis, Mo.  
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