



DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE 36

Boys and Girls

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"Festival of the Dragon-Boats"



"I DON'T see why girls can't be soldiers and march in parades and do all that sort of thing as well as boys and men," Blanche would say, time and time again.

Then Gus, her brother, would smile in a maddening, superior kind of way and reply that girls weren't good for much. "Why," he would say, "this just to tease her; and he would always succeed in provoking Blanche to anger. She forgave him, however, when he promised to take her to see the parade during the Festival of the Dragon-boats, celebrated each year by the Chinese in Los Angeles. At that time the "Dragon" would "walk," and it would be escorted by a procession through the streets.

Upon the day of the parade, Blanche went with her brother to the place where the head of the dragon was being fed, before the march. While the two sightseers were watching Chinamen offer sweetmeats, confectionery, rice and tea to the dragon a motion-picture machine arrived to take pictures.

A crazy notion entered Blanche's head, and without pausing to think further, she acted upon it at once. When all eyes were turned toward the photographer, she quickly slid before the open mouth of the dragon and crawled in like a flash. No one saw her, save Gus. And as he himself was not very big, and was afraid of giving the

Chinese offense, he said nothing, but looked on with a great deal of alarm. The Chinese, however, did not discover the little girl's hiding place. When she snuggled down in the huge, yawning mouth there was nothing of her to be seen.

Raising the dragon's head aloft on bamboo poles, and bearing aloft the forty-foot cloth of dazzling color which was its body, the procession began to move.

"Hope she's getting enough of parades for one in her life," muttered Gus, ruefully, as he trotted along the sidewalk, new to its dragon. He was bound



I DO NOT see why two plus two should always equal four; And why it can't be sometimes less, Or sometimes equal more. And why not spell all words the same? Now, if that should be done My nurse would never have to blame, For lessons would be fun.

L. BLANCHE LIPPMANN.

Rivaling Herr Bremmen

"It's too funny for anything," said Helen to her brother. "Having sold all the mahogany and silver heirlooms and relics left by ancestors, to city collectors who have been scouring the valley for the past few years, the people of Kendall have become cliffling themselves. They would like to have all their antique stuff back again. And Mr. Bremmen, the furniture man, goes them one better. He asserts his German parentage, calls himself Herr Bremmen, and sells to eager, would-be aristocrats a lot of musty furniture which he claims to be antique and imported from abroad. Of course, he got it from the farmhouses hereabouts; and all his pretensions about knowing valuable old furniture when he sees it are bosh. Anyhow, I'm going to teach him a lesson, and shock the vanity of Kendall's folk at the same time. But I'll need your help. Listen to my scheme, Jimmy."

"While rummaging through the attic, the other day, I came upon a fine set of woodcarver's tools—something like sixty pieces in all. As you know, I've some little mechanical skill. With the aid of textbooks, I've been practicing the use of the tools, so that now I think I can do some really expert work. And, having made a lot of mission furniture, I will attempt any kind of joinery in my workshop."

"Now, to my plan. I want you to bring me lumber—oak, walnut, maple and birch—in planks at least an inch thick. I'm going to manufacture old chairs. Then I'll pretend to have you discover them in the attic. Let 'Herr' Bremmen know of the find, and he'll gobble them up—paying you not a bit more than they are worth. I'll wager—and then he'll sell them to Kendall's aristocracy as antiques. After that, the shock will come. I'll go halves on the expense and share the receipts with you. Will you do it?"

"Will I do it?" exclaimed brother Jimmy, grinning broadly. "I should say so. What a lark!"

Jimmy did his part well, securing fine lumber in big quantities, and yet bringing it to the house in small lots and secretly. In order that there might be no suspicion. Soon all the storerooms in Helen's workshop were filled.

"I say, you ARE a wonder!" cried Jimmy, as he watched his sister use her gouge in making straight, curve and

to see the affair out, anyway. Gus did not know whether to be glad or not when at last the festive procession returned to its starting point. How in the world was Blanche to reach a place of safety? Of course, she couldn't stay where she was!

Blanche solved the problem herself. Springing lightly from the dragon's mouth, she disappeared in the crowd, with Gus closely pursuing her. The Chinamen were too surprised to give chase. Ordinarily, a Chinaman betrays as much excitement as a stick of wood; but these Celestials were astonished, and they showed it. For a full minute they stared in the direction of the departing girl; then down upon their knees they dropped. Surely, their dragon had performed some strange miracle!

"Well, I hope this will be a lesson to you," grunted Gus, when both stopped to pant for breath.

"A lesson!" cried the excited Blanche. "It was the finest ride I ever took! Just like being carried in a sedan chair, or camel back, or something like that! It was splendid, and if ever I get a chance I'll do it again, sure as you live."

"Not if I can help it," replied Gus, in a decided tone, as they turned homeward.

Better Unchanged

LITTLE Terence was attending a performance of a magician.

"Has anybody a 5-cent piece?" asked the conjurer.

Terence, forgetting for the time that he was not in school, held up his hand.

"Very well, my little man," said the magician, laughing with the rest of the audience; "now grasp that 5-cent piece very tightly in your hand and step up to the platform."

The boy did as he was told. Very proudly he climbed to the platform and stood beside the great magician.

"Give me the coin," said the man.

"Why, you have a whole dollar!" he exclaimed, in apparent astonishment, as he showed a larger coin which seemed to have been taken from the boy's palm.

"Let me see it," said the boy, doubtfully.

He took the dollar, weighed it, and tried it between his teeth. Yes, it was perfectly good.

"Thanks," said Terence; "I don't want it changed back again." With these words, he stepped down the platform, through the aisle and out into the street with the dollar in his possession.

The Piano in Physiology Teacher—How many organs have you, Johnny?

Johnny—We haven't any organs at our house, teacher; but we've got a piano.

"H M! I suppose it would work out as successfully as did your gyroscope common carrier," said the doctor, grimly, smoothing his vandyke beard. Tommy looked up innocently, and then replied, frankly: "I'm very sorry, doctor, that the rope attached to my carrier should have slipped. The cat got on the platform by accident. But the carrier behaved beautifully on its way from the Johnson to the Christmas. The big revolving wheel kept the platform perfectly horizontal, and the books and other articles from one dormitory to the other. Even we boys could safely make the journey. In this way we should save much time which we now consume in walking from one building to another, and we should have more leisure to devote to our lessons."

Doctor Bursk smiled faintly, and then looked very grave. After a momentary silence, he said: "Thomas, I am told that you are one of the brightest boys in the school, and that in mechanics you are somewhat of a genius. But this genius of yours gets you into more scrapes than would any liking for real mischief—which I believe you do not favor. My greatest worry in conducting this academy is in regard to your experiments, which have damaged property, put lives in danger and aroused a deal of anxiety. Now I want you to promise me that you will stop no more of your inventions."

"Can't I substitute another promise?" I'll promise anything but that," pleaded



brush, he attended to the oiling and polishing.

Thus the first dozen chairs were finished. Carrying them up to the attic, Jimmy sprinkled dust over them and covered them with festoons of cobwebs, encouraging the spiders to run other cobwebs about them.

"You've done yourself proud, Essey," he declared. "Now, I'll see what I can do in the way of business."

To all appearances, Jimmy merely happened to be inside Herr Bremmen's furniture shop when the latter started home for his noonday meal.

"A fine day, mein herr," Johnny observed.

"Ach, und so it was yet," rejoined the other, heartily.

"How is business?"

"Pizness iss bretty goot. Some

There he was enraptured, although he was careful not to let joy appear on his countenance.

"I haf a fear it was mostly old rubbish," said the furniture dealer, after he had examined the chairs. "I gif you \$25 mit the lot."

"Oh, mein herr! Observe the wonderful carving, the fine wood! See how very old they look! We could not think of disposing of them for less than \$125."

The man squirmed, and pretended to think that the chairs were worth nothing, and that he was being robbed. But Jimmy was stubborn, and finally the furniture went to Herr Bremmen for \$125. Helen heard through the partly opened door and danced a silent jig of glee.

"Herr Bremmen's last lot of antique chairs are the rage," condescended Helen's chum, Millie, who also said: "Herr is sure the chair for which Mrs. Browne-Jones-White-Green (who used to be Mrs. Green, you know) paid \$100 is an old German importation. And he has sold other chairs of the same kind at about that figure. Mrs. S. Bromley-Perkins (formerly Sally Perkins) is hunting high and low for duplicate pieces. She has already bought several other chairs."

"Send her to me," suggested Helen; "we've some antique furniture for which we have no use."

"I'm serious," she insisted, as she saw Millie looking at her curiously.

Millie asked no further questions, but from the merry light in her chum's eyes she knew that some mischief was afoot. Therefore, she had

Jimmy met the woman as she stepped from her carriage. "Yes," said he, in response to her inquiry, "Helen is at home. She knows more about our old furniture than I do. She has some of it in her workshop now, so if you don't mind coming this way, she will show it to you."

"Mrs. Bromley-Jones is interested in antique chairs, Helen," explained Jimmy, as he threw open the door of the workshop.

"Is that so?" replied the girl, enthusiastically. "I'm turning out an especially fine antique chair—this very minute—the same kind I sold Herr Bremmen. There are samples of my antique work about you, Mrs. Bromley-Jones."

But the barge had already fallen from the visitor's shaking hands. One glance had proved to her that the chairs standing round were of the same kind as those sold by the herr, and that the "antiques" were actually of the very latest manufacture. She could not trust herself to speak. Turning haughtily, she stalked from the workshop in high dudgeon and quickly drove away.

"Kaiser's reign of excessive culture" came to an abrupt end. To be fooled by the herr, in the purchase of antiques, was bad enough; but when the actual duping was the work of a mere girl, one could never quite recover from the shock.

"Even if we were compelled to quit before we amassed a fortune, it's all worth while; wasn't it, Jimmy?" demanded Helen. Jimmy, wearing a grin broader than ever, admitted that it was, indeed, worth while.

Herr Bremmen pricked up his ears. "Vell," said he, with assumed carelessness, "und leedle American antiquities, yet I handle, und as a favor mit you I might took some of dem from your hand. I vill come mit you now und dem look over."

Herr Bremmen ascended to the attic.

mighty fine old antiques I haf. You must come und take a peeps mit dem."

"Antiques? Not! We've a garret littered now with old truck we can't get rid of. If you weren't making a specialty of foreign antiques only, I'd ask you to come over and have a look at it. We'd part with it for almost anything."

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Delightful Studies in Butterflies and Moths

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

HOW TO KEEP CATERPILLARS IN CAPTIVITY

TWO things are absolutely essential to the healthy living of your caterpillars. You must keep their houses perfectly clean and give them a constant supply of fresh food.

Some entomologists claim that we can obtain good results by keeping caterpillars in air-tight most air-tight houses. In this way the food plant keeps fresh longer, and the caterpillar does not seem to suffer from the lack of air, provided the law of cleanliness is followed. However true this may be, I like my own method best, and think the results more fruitful than the air-tight system.

At any trimming store you can get a large pasteboard box, such as shirt-waists come in. Discard the lid. Draw a line four inches from the edge and one inch in on all four sides of the box. Around the rest of each section, and on all four sides of the bottom, draw a line one inch in from the edges. With a sharp penknife cut along these lines, and you have left the framework for your house. As you will use the box upside down, the four-inch margin will be the base, and I think you will find it more substantial than a narrow edge.

Your frame is now ready to cover. For this purpose, tulle or any color is the best thing to use. I selected green for both the cocoonery and butterfly house; for while it is generally conceded that butterflies do not see well, I thought it would add to the natural appearance of their environment. Cover the top (ordinarily the bottom) of the box first, pasting the tulle smoothly and firmly to the inch margin. Now cut a strip as wide as your box, and long enough to go all the way around it. Paste this neatly on all the margins, after it has become thoroughly dried, and your cage is ready for use. Constant lifting of the cage is very apt to get it out of shape, so make handles by placing two holes four inches apart on the narrow sides; draw through a piece of twine, letting it hang a little loosely and knotting it on the inside.

A suitable place where they can sleep through their final moult. When it is about time for this final crisis, the colors of your caterpillar will become dulled, and in some cases changed decidedly. Sphinxes are apt to become dull purplish brown; cecropia will change from blue green to dull yellow green; a turnus will change from green to dull brown, while a troilus will grow bright yellow. At this stage of their life they do not eat, as the digestive tract must be thoroughly emptied for the long sleep that is to follow.

If the caterpillars about to perform the change to chrysalides are chosen of the butterfly, you must give them slender twigs on which to fasten their naked chrysalides. Many moth caterpillars spin cocoons, while others go into the ground for this change. So, unless you are familiar with the habit of the caterpillar, it is always best to make the conditions such that they can either follow their instinct for burrowing or spin cocoons. To meet these conditions, fill a deep cigar box with earth, of the moisture of ordinary garden soil, covering the top with pieces of moss (if you can obtain it), for it helps greatly in keeping the soil damp. In this box stick plenty of irregular twigs, to simulate natural conditions. Place the caterpillar in the cage with the other plant, and your house will be ready to meet the requirements of any of its honored guests.

In the box which I have there is also a tiny young fern, the leaves only an inch long, and a new shoot of mulberry. As these grow they will assist in hiding the cocoons, so when they are awakened to new life next spring the conditions will be quite the same as though they were outdoors.

After you have built your houses and lodged your pets within their pleasant walls, if you want to find out some of their interesting secrets. Observe a caterpillar spin its cocoon. What supports are used for the cocoon?

Where do the threads of silk come from?

What part is built first?

By what process does a caterpillar get a girdle of silk about itself?

If it is a caterpillar that burrows, watch it go into the ground.

With what part of the body is the burrow made?

How deep is the burrow?

By what process do you think a caterpillar makes its home roomy below ground?

FLORA ADELE SCHREIBER.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

A thin piece of board, a little wider than your cage, is the best thing for a floor, as it can easily be cleaned and dried. As your caterpillar will want something to eat, you must devise some means of appeasing its hunger. The best way is to fill a pudding pan of any kind with sand or dirt, and in this plant some of the food the caterpillar likes. This not only keeps the plant food fresh, but if kept watered exhales that earthy odor which I have found so beneficial to the caterpillar. Put this dish on the floor board, and place the cage over it. When completed, it is a pretty, inexpensive piece of work. It allows you to watch every movement of the caterpillar as easily as if it were free. Once or twice each day the cage must be removed, the plants watered and the floor cleaned. This is not difficult to do, for, as a rule, when a caterpillar is not feeding it will climb up the sides, or hang upon the top of its

me to go. I guess what you call my "genius" does make a whole lot of bother." Then, as he glanced at the diagrams in his hand, his soberness vanished, and he asked, eagerly:

"But don't you really think, doctor, that my patent peerless antiprompter would work out?"

Smiles and tears struggled for place in the doctor's eyes as he rose, and placing a hand on the boy's shoulder walked with him to the door. "I'm afraid not," he murmured kindly.

Somehow, Onelda looked "different" to Tommy as he left the office building and trudged across the campus. The campus itself, with its thickly growing oaks, elms and beeches overshadowing the grass and winding, slate-covered paths, seemed to have acquired a new beauty. And the sight of these new impressions, he was hailed by Froggy Grove, who scurried up the path to meet him.

"Well, did the doc fear you out good 'n' proper?" the interested Froggy inquired.

Tommy slowly shook his head affirmatively, and observed: "By the way, Froggy, don't know whether I'll be able to furnish the samples I promised you of my new sartorial self-adjusting, easy-sliding suspender catches—the ones that automatically take in the slack of your suspenders when you sit down and let them out when you rise, so there'll be no strain on the shoulders. I'm fixed, and have a million things to attend to before I leave Onelda, a week from today. But I'll give you complete instructions, and you can make 'em yourself."

"Fixed," gasped Froggy. "How did it happen?" he began, but he found that Tommy was sauntering thoughtfully toward the gardener's assistant, and knowing that when the "tinker" was busy "doping out inventions" it was impossible for him to be interested in any other subject, Froggy ran to spread the news among the "Christians." He yelled at parting, "It's a rotten shame!"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

THE TURKISH MERRY-GO-ROUND



A MERRY-GO-ROUND in Turkey! Certainly! You must remember that many of our own games and plays and sports came from other countries. But the little Turks do not possess such handsome "flying-horses" as we own, with swaying beasts and birds. Nor have they organs to furnish inspiring music; nor iron rings to snatch for extra rides. They buy no tickets; instead, a man comes round to collect fares. Yet I truly believe the little Turkish boys and girls get just as much fun out of their whirl on crudely built merry-go-rounds as we do on our magnificent "flying-horses."