



DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

(Copyright, 1911, by The North American Company.)

My Pussy Cat The Way of the South Wind THE FIERY RAM



LOW harder, harder, harder, all you little winds! You will never, if you act like this, be anything more than contrary."

"I don't care if I am," said the nearest windlet, who was very much swollen with his late exertion.

"You will be sorry, though, when some day there will be a grand excursion. Then you will have to be left behind, or only go for a very short way, because you have not learned how," said the Mighty One scornfully.

The windlet wisely held its breath. Why waste it in answer? And the strong one became more angry. With great force it almost took the windlet off its feet, and knocked it flat.

"Now don't be silly, but try again. You stood that test very well. I was only trying you, as you look naturally strong."

The windlet, though offended, asked what it was to do.

"Run up and down this gorge several times, and let me see how quick you can be and what you can do."

The pupil started off and was back in a twinkling.

"Well done!" said its teacher; "you ought to fly. Now play the cat as fast as you can; then you may be able to beat the quartet."

"What is that, please?" asked the little one.

"Why, don't you know of the Big Four—North, South, East and West Winds, that come from all quarters and rule the whole world?"

The windlet looked mortified at its ignorance, and pleaded "not guilty."

peeping in at an open window, whistled gently for admission. Receiving no invitation, it boldly entered, and, casting a rapid glance around the room, soon changed its entire appearance. The contents of tables and desks were strewn upon the floor, several light ornaments were blown over and one vase broken. Fearing arrest for willful slaughter, as in falling the vase had uttered a groan, our windlet scampered off.

"What next? I see nothing, but if I try hard enough something may turn up. And in rounding a corner quickly it blew a man's hat off. Taken unawares, he nearly lost his balance, and ran in pursuit of his late headpiece."

"What fun!" said the windlet, and increased its speed, gathering with each effort, until, presto! it came abruptly upon an opposite wind, which checked it at last.

"Who dares," said an angry voice, "to try to beat me? Your name and address, youngster."

"Please, sir, am only practicing. Madame Boreas told me to exercise here, so that later I might be able to join the Big Four."

The great wind held its sides and laughed.

"You join the Big Four? Why, young thing, am the great North Wind, but can finish up the whole world if I wish. What could you do against such

strength? Say instantly!" And the little wind blew so cold upon our windlet that it felt itself freezing.

"I do not want to overcome you, sir, I only—"

But the North Wind let loose such a peal of laughter that our little friend found itself gasping for breath.

"You only wanted to practice, did you?" roared the bully. "Well, don't try it on me, that is all. And slapping our windlet on its back, set it again upon its feet and was off like a flash."

"Now that is a good beginning for harmony," said the windlet. "I will never forgive me. What next? I feel that all the strength is taken out of me, but this will never do. I must be brave."

And putting on a darddevil expression our friend proceeded on his way. Suddenly his eye was caught by something above him.

"What is that?" he queried. "It is not a bird of flight, too stiffly. I will find out," said our windlet, and with a glad cry he mounted higher.

"This is just what one might expect. Those clouds mean mischief, I saw. The windlet hardly understood what was said, but he was not spoken to him, but he felt somehow that he was the cause of the remark. He began to tremble, and he felt his presence, when, to his surprise, another voice spoke, and to him this time:

"How can you be so mean," it said, "as to worry the poor fools so?"

"Who are they?" said the little wind. "Why, they have boasted on earth that they have conquered the air, and I was trying to make them still think that they had, when you came along and almost upset it all."

"I," said the windlet, "only came to look and learn."

"Well, go away, then. If you don't want to do any harm, the patient flower sent up another shoot and the gardener cut that off. Again and again



"I have been sent out by my teacher and must stay," he said. "I dare not return with nothing to report." And jumping on the machine he took it in hand.

The poor creature in command strove in vain to control it. His eyes protruded and he gasped for breath, when the friendly wind, who was passively looking on, came to his aid.

"You little fiend!" it said. "If you will, I will too. These poor things are under my care, and they must return to earth. You shall not join my forces, that is certain. You are too much like me."

At this dreadful name our windlet let go and fell some feet under the airship; and the kindly wind, taking the helpless occupant of the car under his protection, soon got out of sight, calling back in parting:

"I am the West Wind and do not want you. Go somewhere else."

Once again left alone, our windlet grew cheerful. "It seems that I am progressing," he said. "People are beginning to fear me. I must keep on, and perhaps I may be called a success at last."

He struck a mountain side and began yodeling down all the narrow defiles, but only heard his own voice in response.

"This is wasting time," he said; "no adventures. But what is this I see? It looks like nothing ever seen on sea or land before. I must investigate; but it seems hard to do."

Bending down, he gently lifted the wondrous thing, and, peering at it, he greeted his ears, and a young woman jumped madly up and looked around wildly.

"What! My hat!" she yelled. "Where has it gone?" And following an unknown instinct, she looked up.

"There it is—going higher, ever higher."

The windlet, enjoying the mortal's distress, continued to soar, much aided by his improved parachute. When, just as he was almost out of sight, he was overpowered by an unforeseen enemy, and the hat returned to the mourner below.

"Pray, what are you doing here? This is my own path," said a wheezy voice.

"I thought that the air was free to all," said our windlet.

"Don't be saucy to me! What clan is yours?"

"As yet I belong to none. I am on trial," said our friend.

"You will not do for us, you are too fresh," said the other, sneeringly. "Now I am going, but you had better not follow me. And slapping the windlet rudely, he disappeared as suddenly as he came."

"That is the East Wind! I have heard how disagreeable he could be. There is only one more left to try, and somehow I feel as if I were going to meet my fate."

A moisture enveloped our little friend with a new sensation. As he flew on it only grew thicker and thicker. His energy subsided, and he found himself but half willing to proceed, except in the most halting manner.

"What does it mean?" he queried. "Why do I feel so quiet?" And just then his whole being throbbled with joy, for he felt himself folded gently and embraced, and kind words were spoken to him.

"My own little one, that I have looked for so long! Why hast thou not come sooner?"

"It is the South Wind," declared our windlet. "Dear one, I have just found out by hard experience the way to thy door. Pray take me in and use me as thou wilt."

And as the windlet, subdued and gentle, followed its leader within, so will we now withdraw.

MARY BROOKS.



farm and what stores of game his rifle procured for him.

One starry autumn night Janko was lying in wait for game when he perceived a great light far away. The forest stillness was broken with the creaking of heavy branches.

All at once there sprang into view from the wood a large ram, the eyes of which darted fire and the fleece of which shimmered as the moonbeams caught it.

Next morning the villagers found the hunter dead on the ground.

Sadly they carried him home to his poor wife and little ones.

Years sped by, and Stolan, Janko's son, became a man. The blood of his father flowed in his veins and, like him, the chase was Stolan's greatest delight.

One day he persuaded his widowed mother to give him the carbine which had been his father's. Off he hastened to the mountains and hunted all day long.

As night fell, he sought the place where his father had died and, lying down on the ground, fell asleep.

Stolan was tired and slept heavily.

But suddenly the crash of breaking branches reached him, the light illumined the place and the Fiery Ram appeared again.

"Stolan," he cried, "I intend to kill you as I killed your father."

"With God's help," cried the youth, "it is I who will kill you."

He raised his carbine, and so exact was Stolan's aim that the beast fell immediately, struck between the eyes. The red was cutting up the ram, when a beautiful woman appeared beside him. Her hair was dark and her eyes were green.

It was Vila, the forest fairy.

"Stolan," cried she, "you have saved me from my enemy—give me your hand."

Together they descended to Kronenitz, carrying as a trophy the golden fleece of the Fiery Ram. The mountain folk proclaimed Stolan king, as his father had been before him.

At this time the Servians were at war with the Turks.

Reschid, the pasha of Belgrade, was a fat, conceited old man, who was not clever enough to rule his people. Yacob was the name of a miscreant whom he kept to manage this little matter for him.

One day Reschid came to the mountains to hunt, and Yacob, as was his wont, went from house to house collecting the tax. On coming into Stolan's house his eyes were blinded by the golden glitter of the ram's fleece.

"Young man," said he to Stolan, "take this fleece and present it to the pasha. He will reward you."

"Nay," said Stolan. "I will not sell it. It is mine."

"Young man," said Yacob, "the pasha's arm is long."

Hotly Stolan drove the renegade out of his hut. Going to the palace, Yacob found Reschid drinking expensive wine.

"There is," began Yacob, without waste of words, "in this country a man called Stolan, who can raise more wonderful grapes than those that were pressed to make you that expensive wine. But methinks he would make conditions."

"Conditions!" laughed the Turk. "I will declare to him that if he presents me not in eight days with grapes just as fine I will have him beheaded."

"There would be no answer to that," said Yacob. He laughed low to himself. "This fleece is mine," thought he. "Let it be done."

When Stolan heard the news, he and his mother wept.

As he was walking on the mountain a girl spoke to him, saying: "Why weep you?"

With a start Stolan recognized Vila. Quickly he told her all.

"Courage, my brother," said the fairy. "Let me know where the pasha wishes the vineyard to be planted. Tell him it is only necessary to dig the furrows and that you will do the rest. Take a

spig of basilica and plant it. Before the end of the week you will have ripe grapes to present to the pasha. You may sleep content, for they will assuredly be ready."

Gladly Stolan thanked Vila and prepared to execute her commands. Sure enough, on the fourth day the grapes bloomed.

On the sixth day Stolan picked and pressed them and carried to the pasha a great plate of grapes as well as a flask of sweet wine.

At seeing this every one save the pasha was astounded.

"What," said he to Yacob, "do you think of my power?"

"I admire your genius," said Yacob. "Only one thing do you need—youth."

The pasha looked at Stolan frowning. "Get for me a flask containing the marvelous waters which restore youth as thou wishest not to lose thy head."

"My sister, Vila, come help me!" cried Stolan.

Seizing the flask of wine and pulling from his pocket a magic dove feather, Stolan mumbled some words, at which a beautiful princess appeared by his side.

To her Stolan offered the waters of immortality. The pasha looked on her and desired her for a wife.

"Would that I might become young again," he cried, "that I might marry and be near you always!"

"In this flask," said the princess, "lies the means. You must have your head cut off, and when you are dead I will sprinkle you with this water and your lost youth will come back to you."

"I wish first to see it tried," said the pasha. "Try it on Stolan."

The janissary raised his sword and with one stroke cut off the young man's head.

But the princess quickly sprinkled his body with the wine and he arose, handsomer and younger than ever.

Crazed with jealousy, the pasha clamored to have his head cut off.

"And Yacob, too!" he cried. "My old friend must grow young, too!"

At the same minute both ugly heads rolled together on the ground. The princess inverted the flask, but it was empty.

No one was very sorry, and the corpses were hastily taken away. So perished the deceitful Yacob and the selfish, cruel pasha, while Stolan led the princess away to prepare for her nuptials.

They were married that day and lived happily ever after.

Ostrich herding by a collie.

IN BAYVILLE, South Africa, there is a collie which has been especially trained to collect, herd and move ostriches from camp to camp. The dog is very young and goes by the name of "Pups."

Every night at sunset Pups sets off for the river to get together her birds and drive them home. There are 150 birds, which she manages in the easiest manner conceivable.

They move without fear or haste in the most dignified manner imaginable. Formerly it took six men to herd these birds, and they were not nearly so successful as this one intelligent collie.

Ostriches are mischievous animals and often when the men had succeeded in "mobbing" the birds a few of the more venturesome would begin to chase each other round about the camp. When tacked the men who had only long poles called tacks with which to ward them off.

The collie dog is the solution to most of the difficulties attending on ostrich farming and will doubtless prove invaluable in the future as a savior of the time and labor of ostrich men.



MY PUSSY is big and black and white; Her fur blows in the wind. A much politer pussycat You'll surely never find.

I love my cat and she loves me, So we're the best of friends; And tho' sometimes she's very bad, Our friendship never ends.

L. K. CLEOPHAS.

THE CRYSTAL BALLS

ONCE on a time the god whom the Japanese believe to be their ancestor came into the land of the mikado and married a beautiful woman. They were very happy, and as time went on two little sons were born to them. The elder was called Prince Light-the-Fire and his brother was called Prince Put-the-Fire-Out. Light-the-Fire was a famous fisher and Prince Put-the-Fire-Out was a very great hunter. They were well grown up when Put-the-Fire-Out said one day, "My brother, let us change." Then Light-the-Fire shouldered his brother's gun and Put-the-Fire-Out picked up the fishing rod and, laughing merrily, set off for the sparkling river.

Eagerly he baited his hook and cast the line. He had only waited a short

time when he felt a great tug at the line.

"Oh!" cried Put-the-Fire-Out, "I will get you now!"

But the fish was exceedingly strong and got away from him, carrying in its mouth his brother's enchanted hook.

Very much humbled, poor Put-the-Fire-Out returned home and offered his brother several hooks for that which he had lost.

But Light-the-Fire flew into a violent rage, declaring that a thousand hooks would not make up to him for that which had been lost.

"Get thee gone!" he cried. "Never let me see thy ugly face again until thou canst return the lost hook!"

Poor Put-the-Fire-Out was exceedingly sad. With bowed head he walked on the beach trying to make up his mind what to do.

Suddenly he bethought him of Father Neptune, whom he knew well.

Plunging into the waters, he soon found himself at Neptune's palace. It was a truly beautiful place, within and without, and the boy in his delight forgot his errand.

When two years had passed away, however, he remembered it and implored Father Neptune to help him. Neptune was filled with concern and called together a great meeting of all the fishes.

"Well, this once I will let it pass. Now go off and practice. Turn all the leaves inside out; knock all feathery stuff to pieces; blow things out of windows that are easy to reach; and throw down all that you are able to. In fact," said the teacher, encouragingly, patting the back of its pupil, "do all the mischief that you possibly can and then come back and report."

The little wind, glad to get away, ran off at once, intent upon its errand. And do you want to hear what it did? All that was told to and more. First, it ran across a picnic party innocent of enjoying themselves, and it began to blow so hard that all the leaves of the trees turned pale and cried out in unison for mercy; but the windlet grew more and more fierce, and soon the paper napkins were flying around like big snowflakes. The salt was blown out of the sugar; the flowers that had adorned the corners of the table were thrown into convulsions and settled themselves just where not wanted. The guests, who at first had taken the sudden change good-naturedly, now became alarmed and wondered what next would happen. The windlet laughed gleefully and looked around for other pranks; and seeing some open four-o'clocks blew them into the salads, cream and butter, creating much consternation thereby.

Having stirred the party up thoroughly, off it ran to a nearby house and, sure enough, they found the hook in the mouth of a deep-sea fish. Gladly Put-the-Fire-Out put it in his pocket and started for home.

Before setting out, however, the queen of the sea gave him two beautiful crystal balls. One of these, dropped in the water, caused it to rise, the other caused it to recede. When he returned home, Put-the-Fire-Out called his brother to the river and gave him the fishhook. Strangely enough, the brother was

not pleased, but tried to kill poor Put-the-Fire-Out. But the traveler threw one of the balls into the river and the water rose immediately to the ungrateful one's neck.

Thoroughly frightened, the ungrateful Light-the-Fire begged for his life. Then the kindly prince dropped the other ball into the seething water. It receded, and the brothers lived happily after that for many, many years.

"Who are they?" said the little wind. "Why, they have boasted on earth that they have conquered the air, and I was trying to make them still think that they had, when you came along and almost upset it all."

"I," said the windlet, "only came to look and learn."

"Well, go away, then. If you don't want to do any harm, the patient flower sent up another shoot and the gardener cut that off. Again and again

into something, entirely different. Do they, Aunt Edith?"

"Most decidedly not, dearie. They generally show you very plainly, indeed, that they do not. Once upon a time there was a gardener who planted an eggplant. It grew and it grew, and one day the gardener decided to graft a rose to it, so that the flowers should be larger and finer. But the eggplant loved its own little flowers best and refused to be grafted. He did this by sending up a shoot. Soon the gardener saw it."

"Ah, here is a sucker," said he, and cut it off immediately. So the patient flower sent up another shoot and the gardener cut that off. Again and again

and again the gardener cut off the suckers until the eggplant discovered that this method was useless. He thought for a long time. Finally he sent his roots along the ground to the other side of a trellis on which grew a vine and from there sent up another tiny baby shoot.

"Now, the gardener could not see this, so the baby shoot grew fast and strong. The adopted baby began to dwindle away and weaken. Why, do you think?"

"Because," said Mary, the shoot was getting all the nourishment to its own little one."

"Right you are," said Aunt Edith. "All the food went to the other side of the trellis and there was none left for the poor baby grafting. Now, the gardener was much worried about the way things were going."

"He fussed and worried, stirred up the manure and broke up the ground; but all in vain. The stubborn eggplant sent all the nourishment to its own little one."

"By and by the little grafting died. Finally, the parent eggplant died also, having given all its substance to the little baby behind the trellis."

"When the gardener dug up his rose

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled like that!"

"I just know it," smiled Aunt Edith. "Not any man, not even a gardener who knows that plants are wise, likes to be fooled