



DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for DOLLAR

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"DITHMETIC"

I DON'T mind the 'rithmetic. In our room at all. Teacher makes it fun for us. Even though we're small, we can do the sums right well—

Laffie helps, you know. Tell you what teacher did. When things seemed right slow, Florence said, in 'rithmetic, that the "numerator" was the "thing" above the line. An' then Mary Kater said the "thing" below the line

Was "denominator." Teacher never made a sign; But a little later Drawed a line right on the board, And above she put one Cow with whiskers, and we roared. My, but it was fun! Then below the line she drew Duggie with a tail— Said, "Now, Florence, see how you in your answer fail. Mary, do you think this pup A denominator is?" How we laffed an' all set up, An' our spirits ris! We won't never now forget What our teacher drew. She's the best you ever met— For she's fun clear through!

NELLIE POYNTE FERRY.



Boycott

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT was the agent for an estate in Ireland, and the tenants, becoming dissatisfied with his management, requested the landlord to remove him. This he refused to do, and the tenants and their friends resolved to work for Boycott, making an agreement among themselves that none of themselves, their relatives or friends should work under or assist him with the harvest.

His crops, of course, were endangered. He sent for help from Ulster, and under their protection the harvest was gathered. The tenants, not to be outwitted, extended their labor system to the length of refusing to deal with any one having dealings with Boycott. All such persons they ignored or treated as total strangers, and so one bought of them or sold to them.

This is the origin of our expression to "boycott," meaning not to deal with certain persons or people who for some reason are under our displeasure.

The Funny Little Treemouse

ONE of the most perfect gymnasts in Birdland is the little bluish gray bird commonly known as the tree mouse, but the real name of which is the white-breasted nuthatch. He has the same gift of equilibrium as the fly, which astonishes us by walking across the ceiling upside down, as it were.

It is as interesting as a circus performance to see the funny little fellow swing fearlessly from the loftiest branches of a towering pine tree, glide along the under side of limbs with the same calm assurance as though he were on top or run down the trunk head foremost. We can only explain this by examining his claws.

These have sharp little hooks, which easily catch in any small roughness or crack on the bark. They are quite curved and so strong that they easily support the bird's weight; with their help it does not seem to matter whether they run up or down, and their ligaments are so fashioned that they can stretch their bodies away from their feet at the most peculiar angles imaginable.

They have very long bills which reach far into the holes in the tree bark and

the summer, where they nest. They are migrants, and so when nesting-time is over and autumn has come we see a good deal more of them. They have a very queer name, don't you think?

Who would ever dream of cracking a nut with a great, clumsy hatchet? But it is evidently because they use their bills in this capacity that they have been so called.

With these they hack apart the thin-shelled nuts, such as beech, hazel and chestnut. They like sunflower seeds, and are very partial to kernels of corn.

They are thrifty little creatures, and during the summer, when insects are plentiful, they live entirely on these, storing away their nuts and seeds in the crevices of the bark, so that when the frost kills the grubs and insects they may not go hungry. They know exactly where they have deposited each nut, and flying to the spot when hunger bids them, hack patiently away with the strong hatchet of their bills, the blows of which can be heard to a good distance. Sometimes we are prone to think the nuthatches do not bother making a nest, although they have such an excellent tool wherewith to do this, but, instead, locate in a woodpecker's nest or that of a chickadee.

The red-breasted bird has a curious habit of smearing the entrance to his home with pitch for some unknown reason. But some wise persons think that he does this to prevent his enemies, snakes, squirrels and so forth, from robbing his nest.



The MYSTERY of the WELL

IN THE depths of a wooded glen, nestling under the protecting shadow of the Jura, in France, lay an old, old well—so old that not a single one of the villagers could even guess how long it had existed. The shadows and mists of the overhanging trees. One thing they knew well, however, that for as long as the memory of men could reach into the past, the spring had yielded its limpid waters without ever showing the least sign of running dry.

It was part of the estate of the seigneurs of the little French town before the times of the great revolution. The nobles to whom it belonged fed the country; since when it had become common property to the village. Now, of all the villagers who visited the well for water daily, there were but two who thought with sorrow and affection of the noble young lord whose property it had been. Often they lingered after the rest had gone away with well-filled water bottles, and talked long and earnestly of the time, which they hoped soon to be,



when the old regime should be in force once more. A pretty picture they made in the soft sunlight—the old brown, wrinkled, stooped woman, Marie, and sunny-haired, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed Babette, her little granddaughter; and in sooth, the peasant women of France were so simple hearted that they were like little children, and the little Babette found a ready, willing ear for all her little thoughts and fancies and her childish plans of what she would do some day to help get the big chateau back for the dear lady whom she so well remembered.

Indeed, even had she so desired, she could scarcely have forgot, for Marie took care that frequent descriptions should fix in the baby mind a fine picture of the gracious, gentle lady to whom she, Marie, had been serving woman for so many years.

The long autumn evenings grew colder and colder, and the good Marie, full of rheumatism and old age, ceased to go to the old well leaning on her cane and the child's shoulder for support.



Things pursued their even way in this fashion for some time, and then suddenly and without apparent reason the well—the never-failing well—ran dry! Consternation was rife in the village. The ancients seized their white heads and declared it an evil omen—a very evil omen, indeed!

The villagers, traveling thither with anxious eyes, returned with empty bottles and sore hearts. For the next spring was many miles distant; and to add to their troubles there arrived a large army of revolutionists, who took up their abode in the village.

And then the peasants scarce dared to move from their huts. Night and day they were under the noses and within sight of the sharp eyes of the fierce soldiery. Only one person—a little child—ever visited the dried-up well. Folks



talked and pointed their fingers at her, then tapped their foreheads with meaning fingers when, every evening, she could be seen making her way to the deserted place, a pall containing her supper held carefully in her hands. To all questions she answered simply

How Perseus, slew the Gorgon

There was a time when there dwelt in the far-off Argos town a prince who was called Atlas and Perseus. They were mighty and very wealthy, but extremely miserable at the same time, for they were jealous of each other. Each wanted all of the kingdom and they quarreled perpetually. Now there came a wise man and warned Perseus that because he had been so wicked he should die by the hand of his daughter's son.

Perseus knew from this that the gods were wroth with him, and he thought out a plan whereby he could circumvent their plans in his regard.

His youngest and loveliest daughter Danae lay in an underground cavern which he had caused to be lined with brass so that no one could come near her. Now, it came to pass that Danae had a beautiful baby boy.

When Atlas heard of this he was furious, and taking the mother and baby he put them in a huge chest and set them afloat on the waves.

Out, out upon the ocean sailed the poor mother and her little babe.

So a whole night and a whole day passed away. The sky was blue and the wind kind, but Danae was weary and hungry.

And yet another day and night passed before Danae, holding close her



no ship wherewith to cross the waves. I have no sword wherewith to pierce her scales. I have no guide to lead me!"

While he spoke there appeared beside Atlas a young man whose eyes shone like stars. By his side hung a scimitar of diamonds and on his feet were golden sandals from which sprung living wings.

He spoke to Perseus, saying: "These sandals shall bear you over the sea. I, Hermes, messenger of the gods, will give them to you. This sword of mine, the Argus slayer, will kill her, for its wound is mortal. Arise, take them and go forth!"

Then Perseus rose and girded on the sword and sandals and leapt boldly over the cliff into the great void below.

On and on he floated upon the sandals. Soon he came to the Unshapen Land and for seven days walked through it.

At last came he to where three Gray Sisters amid the ice. They had but one eye and one tooth between them.

Perseus knew that they had no love for the children of men, so waiting his opportunity he snatched the single eye, which they were passing from one to the other, and demanded that they tell him the path to the Gorgons. They were forced to direct him on his way, for they could not see without their eye.

They told him that he must travel southward until he should reach the Giant Atlas, who holds heaven and earth apart.

He traveled and traveled, and at last fair maidens guided him up a mountain until he stood before Atlas.

Atlas told him that in order to slay the Medusa he must gain possession of the Hat of Darkness. Thereupon one of the fair maidens went down into the earth to obtain it for him.

After seven days she came back with it in her hand. Perseus put it on and vanished away from her sight.

At length he heard the flutter of the Gorgon's wings, and he halted, fearing the terrible eyes of the Medusa. Slowly he rose into the air, holding his shield high so that he could see below. He saw three Gorgons sleeping. Medusa lay in his sleep and Perseus, invisible, stood over her, holding his sword on the shield, thrust stoutly with his magic sword. At one blow he killed her. Swiftly he wrapped the head in a



mantle and fled away. By and by he came to where Atlas bore his heavy burden, and in mercy held up the Gorgon's head so that Atlas turned into stone. After a long, long journey he came to a shore above the sea, and there he saw a lovely maiden fastened to a rock with brazen chains. With a stroke of his magic sword Perseus broke her fetters and inquired her name. He found that she was called Andromeda and that she was left here for an atonement to a sea monster whom her mother had offended.

Now, Perseus had fallen in love with the fair maid and he determined to kill this monster for her sake. Like a ship the huge monster hove into sight, and Perseus flew into the air.

At last the monster saw Andromeda and made for her; but Perseus came down, and looking around, the maiden saw only a black rock where the monster had been. Then Perseus took her in his arms and flew with her to Cassiopeia, where they rejoiced greatly to find her safe.

There were some who did not wish the maid to wed Perseus; but these he easily turned into stone, and the wedding was celebrated.

Together they sailed home to the overjoyed Dictys and Perseus' mother. He bore his wife to Argos, where they together ruled wisely and well for many years.



"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary How Does Your Garden Grow?"

MARY poked her inquisitive little head over the window sash and hung on with her pink fingertips, so that she could obtain an unrestricted view of her aunt's morning room.

When she saw that lady calmly rocking and sewing in the sunshine, she wagged an accusing head in her direction.

"I knew you'd forget, Aunt Edith; you always do," she averred sternly. "Don't you really remember promising to show me how to plant my bulbs?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Aunt Edith, in conscience-stricken haste. "So I did, griddle!"

She put down her sewing and soon was standing beside Mary.

"The pots, at least, are all ready," she said. "See, you must use the large, shallow ones."

"Yes," said Mary. "Now we'll put the soil in it."

"Not quite so fast, little one. See, the pots are new, and have to be soaked so that they will not drink all the moisture meant for the bulbs."

"Now, while we're waiting for the pots to soak, we'll mix the soil—two-thirds regular potting soil and one-third sand."

"What a lot of sand!" exclaimed Mary. "Why do bulbs need so very much, Aunt Edith?"

"Because the roots, my dear, are very fine and small. Now, geraniums have very strong, coarse roots, which like to drink a great deal. These you

give very much less sand; but even then there should be sufficient to make the soil loose, do you see? Very few plants will thrive in a soil such as you used to make muddies in."

Stooping over, Aunt Edith dived with bare arms into the tub and brought up the wet pots.

"Run to the end of the summer house, dear," she said to Mary, "and get some bits of broken crockery."

Into each pot she dropped a piece over the hole so that the pot might drain and be in no danger of becoming clogged.

"Now," said Mary, "we'll plant the tulips, auntie."

"Don't put them in too deep," warned

down, Aunt Edith, would it?"

"No, indeed, dearie. Now we water them. There, they're not too wet. Just to make them moist, you know. Now they must be put away in the dark for their long sleep."

"Where shall we make their bed?" asked Mary, solemnly.

"I think, if I were you," said Aunt Edith, thoughtfully, "I'd make a trench one foot deep over there in the corner of your garden by the fence, where it will be protected, and I'd put the pots in and cover it well. Then in eight weeks I'd dig it up."

"And put it directly in the sun?" said Mary, her eyes sparkling.

"No, indeed," said Aunt Edith, positively. "That would be much too sudden. First we'll put it in a room where there is light and air but no artificial heat. Then by and by when the leaves are grown we put it out in the warm sunlight, and soon we have the beautiful flowers."

"Oh," said Mary, slowly. "I see. I was in too big a hurry, wasn't I, auntie dear? But I'm not unwilling to wait for my beautiful flowers."

