THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL PORTLAND, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1911



Boycott

WAPTAIN BOYCOTT was the agent for an estate in Ireland, and the tenants, becoming disastisfied with his management, requested the landlord 10 remove him. This he refused to do, and the ionants and their friends refund to work for Boycott, making an areement 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 Uister, and under their protection the harvest was gath-erred. 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 no one bought of them or sold to them. This is the origin of our expression to "boycott." meaning pot to deal with

cott," meaning not to deal with mle who for some certain concerns or peo reason are under our displeasure



For she's fun clear through 1 NELLIE POYNTE FERRY.

A Chinese Custom

Nu-Nau-Whei is celebrated. This is the festival at which the Chinese pay bomage to the land and sea

dovila. Beven priests carry on the cere-

mony by beating gongs, praying and otherwise making all the noise possible.

A number of small red paper boats, about six inches in length and contain-ing lights, are sent floating down the

All during the festival the waters of the

river with the current.

prayers of

MACOM

been so called,

URING the first fifteen days of the

seventh Chinese month the very

old and curious ceremony of the

It was part of the setate of the seignours of the little Fyench town before the times of the great revolution. The nobles to whom it belonged fiel 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 land whose property it had been. Often they lingered after the reat 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 car for all her little thoughts and fancies and her childish plans of what she would do

sine day to help get the big chateau



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

The villagers, traveling thither with analous eyes, seturned with empty bottles and sime 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 buts. Night and day they were under the noses and within sight of the sharp eyes of the fierce soldlery. Only one person-a little childever visited the dried-up well. Folks

that she loyed the well and its surroundings, the awool fragrance of the forest and the stretch of blue sky above. She loved it and was happy there. Why, therefore, bother about her? Surely it burt no one to take supper out in God's hanoust hall-the forest glen!

Time went on and living became a serious problem to even the mist dillgent peasant.

Day by day the little Babette grew paler and paler, and her little form pathetically thin. Her small face, framed in its wealth of golden halr, became more and more like the face of the angel in the picture over the high altar of the village chapel.

In course of time the soldiers became awmary of the quiet of the tiny town and, evidently abandoning the search for a concessed nobleman in a village so manifestly revolutionistic, departed for other fields. The night after they had gone, according to her usage, Babelle made another journey to the well.

Stealthily she set down the steaming bowl of porridge-then started in amasement, for the well was again full of water. She gave a soft little cry and turned to leave the place, when she spied a large bag on which she read, "For Babette-my deliverer-Until we meet again!" Opening it the child saw that it was full of gold places. A wan amile played over her face, and, hugging the heavy bag to her with both weak hands, she started on the homeward path.

At the edge of the gien she remembered that there would be no use for the bowl of porridge now, and that she was hungry, very hungry.

But she felt herself too weak to make the trip back, and she leaned heavily against a forest tree to rest instead. She smilled up at the sky. Never in

"Take this shield," sold "Athens, "and been not not had, and all the femage much rurad in the shield. When you dark siain nor, wrap the head in the goalskin os which hange the shield, and on "I will go," said Persons; "But I have

he had caused to he lined with brass so that no one could come user her. Now; It came to pass that Danas had a beauttful baby bay,

When Arrishis heard of this he was furious, and taking the mother and baby he put them in a huge chest and set them affont on the waves. Out, out upon the ocean sailed the

poor mother and her little babs. So a whole night and a whole day aged away. The sky was blue and the wind kind, but Danas was weary and bungry.

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



no ship wherein 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 Athene a young man whose eyes shone like stars. By his aids 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 alayer, will kill her, for its wound is mortal. Arise, take them and go forth "

Then Perseus ross and girded on the sword and sandals and leapt boidly over the cliff into the great vold 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 sat amid the ice. They had but one eye and one tooth between them. Perseus know that they had no love for the children of men, so waiting his

opportunity he matched the single eye, which they were passing from one to the other, and demanded that they tell him the path to the Gorgon. 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 Glant Atlas, who holds heaven and earth apart. earth apart.

He traveled and traveled, and at last fair maidens guided him up a mountain until he stood before Atlas. until he stood before Aflas. Atlas told him that in order to slay the Meduma he must gain possession of the Hat of Darkness. Thereupon one of the fair maids 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 venished away from her sight.

her. Swiftly he wrapped the head in a



15780

lahes 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 awing fearlessly from the loftlest branches of a towering pine tree, glide slong 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 bodles 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



decayed limbs and bring forth insects which are hidden there. The whitebreasted nuthatch has a very inter-esting relative in the red-breasted nut-hatch, which is familiar in the north-ern states and Canada.

This little fellow is smaller and has a thicker overcoat of bluish gray feath-



back for the dear lady whom she so well remembered. Indeed, even had she so desired, she could scarcely have forgot, for Marie

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

nut with a great, clumsy hatchet? But

it is evidently because they use their

bills in this capacity that they have

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.

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 hird has a curious habit of smearing the entrance to his home with pitch for some unknown rea-son. But some wise persons think that

he does this to prevent his enemies, snakes, squirrels and so forth, from

robbing his nest.

They are thrifty little creatures, and

Who would ever dream of cracking a

very queer name, don't you think?

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.



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

Babette's life had the stars looked so far away, nor so wonderful. Never was the pungent wood smell so sweet to her nostrifs; never had heaven seemed so near. She did not guess that that look was the last glimpse of these sweet familiar things, but far down in her pure little soul she felt a prescience of beautiful things to be.

Next morning Marle, missing her little one, rushed forth, but stopped abruptly. There, golden curls mingled with the golden coin, lay little Babette in the sweet sleep that knows no awakening.

little son, fell asleep and forgot her mis-

ery. Suddenly a crashing and grinding awakened her, and there flaming in the 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 haited, 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 tossed in her sleep and Perseus, invis-ible, strode boldly to her and, looking on the shield, thrust stoutly with his magic sword. At one blow he killed her. Swiftly he wrapped the head in a sunlight were great high rocks and spraying foam,

Danae lifted up her voice and cried for help. In answer came a tall man in a broad

hat and rough cloak, in his hand a

spear for spearing fish. With sure strength he threw his casting net upon the chest and soon Danas and the baby were safe beside him on

the rock He told Danae that he was called

Dictys the netter, and that he was brother to Polydectes, the king. Then poor Danas fell at the man's feet and besought him to have mercy upon her and upon her babe, praying that he take her to be a servant in his

nome. Dictys consented, and so it came to pass that Danae went home with him and lived as a daughter to him and to his wife, for they were lonely, having no children.

his wife, for they were lonely, having no children. Fifteen years quickly passed away and the babe grew into a tail stripling. Danae called him Perseus, but the people of the island vowed that he was no mortal and called him Zeus. Although but a lad he was a head taller than the tallest man on the Island and propor-tionately strong. He was quick in all manly sports and he was quick in all manly sports and he was prave and gentle and very courteous. One day Perseus wandered into a-forest and lying down, fell asleep. And as he slept he had a dream. To him there appeared a beautiful lady with clear gray eyes and having a helmet and a spear. Perseus asked her who she was and she answered him: "I am Pallas Athene, the reader of men's hearts. From base hearts I turn away, but beautiful 'souls I make more beautiful. I make them herces, the sons of the immortals. Some of these die early, some live to an honored old age. What their end shall be I myself know not. Choose if you desire to join the goodly company. ""seel" said she holding up her pol-

goodly company. "See!" said she, holding up her pol-ished shield. "Think you you can slay this. Perseus?"

this, Perseus?" Perseus gasped at what he saw re-flected there. It was the face of a woman, but such a woman! The cheeks were of a chalky paleness the lips thin and sneering, the brows drawn together. In place of hair snakes crawled and writhed about her temples. Upon her bosom shone brazen claws, while eagle wings were folded round her head. Perseus gazed & while, then turning away, sald:

Perseus gazed a while, then turning away, sald: "Twere a noble deed to slay so foul a monster, and I will take it on me. Where is it to be found?" "At the end of a seven years' jour-ney, Perseus, if your heart fail you not, will you find the Medusa. If thou turn back you shall die in the Unshapen Land."

Land." "Direct me on the journey," said "Direct me on the journey," said Persons, impatiently, "I wish to be off." "On're." said Athene, "Medusa was a maid me fair as dawn. But she sinned a horrible sin, since when her hair has become vipers, her hands claws and so terrible her eyes that whomsoever their glance rests upon turns to stone." Perseus started. "Tell me, O Athene." cried he. "how I will escape being

goatskin and fied away. By and by he came to where Atlas bore his heavy burden, and in mercy held up the Gor-gon'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

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 mon-ster had been. Then Perseus took her in his arms and flew with her to Cassi-opeis, where they rejolced 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 wed-ding was celebrated. Together they sailed home to the over-joyed Dictys and Perseus' mother.

joyed Dictys and Perseus' mother. He bare his wife to Argos, where they together ruled wisely and well for many

Years.



Aunt Edith. "First make a soft pad of sand so that the bulb may be com-Tortable. Let me see, we'll put six in each pot. They must be two inches apart, you know."

"Now," said Mary, "we'll cover them up nice and warm. See, I just shake the foll down, it would never do to press it

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

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, girlie!"

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-twothirds regular potting soil and onethird 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

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 mudples in."

Stooping over, Aunt Edlth 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."

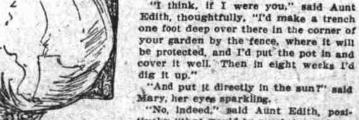
into each pot she dropped a piece over the hole so that the pot might drain and be in no danger of becoming clogged.

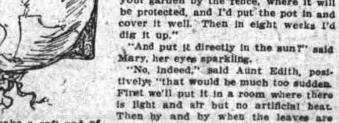
"Now," said Mary, "we'll plant the tulips, auntle."

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









"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

their long sleep."

asked Mary, solemnly.

down, Aunt Edith, would it?"

"No, indeed, dearle, 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

"Where shall we make their bed?"

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



