

THE SAGACIOUS BROTHERS

ONCE there were three brothers who owned nothing but a good deal of sagacity and an old mare. The mare was more needful to them than all their shrewdness together, for she helped them to make a living, little as it was. One night the mare had been stolen. After hunting and searching the whole place they sat down on the high road and said to one another: "Let us guess who could have stolen the mare." Said the eldest: "It seems to me as though a middle sized man had done it." "If he is middle sized then he has also a blonde beard," said the next one, and the youngest added: "If he has a blonde beard, then it is Mussa."

So they hunted up Mussa. They walked from village to village, many a day, but nowhere was anybody by the name of Mussa to be found. Thus they came into a large city. While loitering about in the crowded market, viewing the beautiful goods heaped up round about, they heard a merchant call somebody across the street: "Come over, neighbor Mussa, and have a cup of coffee!"

Curiously they stopped and saw a middle sized man with a blonde beard walk across the street. "Ha, that must be he!" they whispered to one another. Then they went after him. When he was seated in his friend's shop they first politely inquired after his health and then they asked him to return the stolen mare, for they needed it very badly. The man, whose name was Mussa and who was a well to do merchant, replied he knew nothing of their horse. The loud talking drew all the neighbors into the shop, who also testified that Mussa was an honest man. But the lads insisted on what they said and since Mussa kept denying it they went to the cadi. They told their request. For a while the cadi said nothing, but silently stroked his long beard, and finally he asked: "How did you find out that Mussa is the thief?" They replied, "It seems so to us!" The cadi again did some thinking, looked at the brothers scrutinizingly and said, "Come tonight to my house and have supper with me."

So they went. All sorts of good dishes were served to them and while eating the meal with great deliberation



Tell Me What I Have in My Pocket

the eldest said: "Never have I tasted such good bread; the wheat of it has surely grown upon a field near the church."

The middle one smacked his lips and said: "And now this roasted lamb! It is as delicious as though a pig had sucked it!" "Do you think so?" asked the youngest. "Now if it is as you say then the cadi is the son of an effendi."

The cadi in the adjoining room heard every word the peasants had said and was greatly astonished. He put into one pocket of his coat a

lemon and into the other an egg and went into the guests' room. He said: "Since you are so fond of guessing, tell me what I have in my pocket." The eldest answered quickly: "Whatever it may be it is certainly round." "If it is round," continued the middle one, "it is surely yellow." "Yellow?" asked the youngest. "Then it can be only a lemon." In a similar way they also guessed the egg in the left pocket. Now about that the cadi was even more astonished.

Early in the morning he sent mes-

sengers to his farm, to fetch the workmen. Immediately they had to tell him where the wheat had grown of which his bread was made. They said upon the field nearest the church, where the best wheat of the whole place grows. Then he inquired where the lamb had been fed which was sent to him last. Now about that the workmen seemed rather embarrassed, but said it was fed like the rest of them. Of course the cadi knew at once there was something the matter with that lamb. He summoned them to tell the truth, and as they were a bit afraid of their master they finally did. Well, there was a Christian in the neighborhood of the cadi's farm who had a herd of pigs. One day the lamb ran over to the pigs and mixed among the farrows—that's how it was.

After that the cadi ran to his mother. "Listen," he said to her, "tell me who was my father?" Crying, the woman replied: "Why do you shout like that? Your father was an effendi; my first husband, a scholar, as you are one." "Good," the cadi said, "but what was his name, and why didn't you tell me so before? Say it quickly!" So the frightened woman told his real name, and because she had used up the money left from her husband for his son she made him believe that her second husband was his father.

Greatly abashed the cadi now proceeded to the merchant. In front of the shop quietly sat the three lads, waiting to see how matters were going to turn out for them. "It does not help you any," said the cadi to Mussa; "just hand out the mare!" Then Mussa led them all into his stable, where there was standing a long row of horses, and said, downcast: "Well, then, I'll rather blush once than grow pale a hundred times. One day when driving on the high road a horse which had been grazing near by on the lawn joined us, and—why should I make many words?—we just saddled it. Here is your mare. I will return it to you, laden with goods."

And so it was. Thus the three brothers contentedly left the place. The cadi and Mussa the merchant returned to the shop and for a long time remained silently sitting together, drinking one cup of coffee after the other, and thoughtfully stroking their long beards.

THE PUZZLE ROLL OF HONOR DOLLS THAT ARE ODD AND RARE

Continued From Page Five

PAUL TURNER, 1621 South Tenth avenue, San Francisco.
EMILY MARTINELLI, Inverness.
ARTHUR POULIN JR., 1640 Hayes, San Francisco.
ROSS MOWBRAY, Preston.
DONALD KITZMILLER, 43 John, Salinas.
ARTHUR KIRBY, 150 1/2 Albion avenue, San Francisco.
RUTH WOLLWEBER, 450 Scott, San Francisco.
RUDOLPH GIURICH, 245 Linden avenue, San Francisco.
OLGA CRAMER, 549 Central avenue, San Francisco.
GERTRUDE FORBIS, 1916 University avenue, Berkeley.
LESTER HARDY, 1912 University avenue, Berkeley.
ALICE ALVAREZ, 59 North River, San Jose.
THELMA MILLER, 1710 Francisco, Berkeley.
ARTHUR RAINES, 206 East Eighth, Oakland.
ELIZABETH BURNHAM, Bushnell place, Berkeley.
ROY OLIVER, Mount Eden.
VIDA M. CLARK, 2647 Stuart, Berkeley.
EDNA SCHLOEN, 2459 Buchanan, San Francisco.
PEARL PENKE, Mount Eden.
KENNETH MILLER, 580 Twenty-first avenue, San Francisco.
GLADYS SCHULTE, 3485 Twenty-second, San Francisco.
MURIEL C. ILSTEEN, 1733 Lyon, San Francisco.
JOHN KENNEDY, 130 Tilden, San Francisco.
CLAIRE JOHNSON, Richmond.
MARY E. MURRAY, Redwood City.
IRENE TOTTEN, Point Richmond.
E. GEORGE HARLOW, Atchison.
JOSEPH SMITH, 1417 East Ninth, East Oakland.
WILLIAM COHN, 93 Eddy, San Francisco.
HOWARD SHEARER, 873 Laurel, Alameda.
ADELE LEDEME, 1207 Shrader, San Francisco.
ALICE CLEMENS, 381 Hawthorne avenue, Palo Alto.
CHARLOTTE RIPSOM, 230 Trinity, Vallejo.
DOROTHY BRESSE, Redwood City.
EMILY VAN TASSELL, Mill Valley.
ANNA DRISCOLL, 3188 Sixteenth, San Francisco.
WANDA CORDES, 552 I, San Francisco.
MILDRED E. BUFTON, Bryn Derwen, Kenwood.
LISTON S. WELLS, 2636 Sutter, San Francisco.
ANITA DEN, Los Alamos.
MYRTLE WELDEY, Stockton.
VINCENT MATTENSON, 1026 Montgomery, San Francisco.
LYDIA HENRY, 1160 Filbert, San Francisco.
ADELAIDE STORK, 2983 Harrison, San Francisco.
NELDA KUBLER, Mount Eden.
CHARLOTTE CRICHTON, 207 Cole, San Francisco.
GRACE MITCHELL, 1309 Stevenson, San Francisco.
GEORGE MULCAHEY, 3823 Seventeenth, San Francisco.
GEORGE BROWN, 2322 Bryant, San Francisco.
VERA CARR, 430 C, San Francisco.
ALMA DUFFY, San Quentin.
CLINTON DUFFY, San Quentin.
RACHEL MAY BOLTER, Keystone.
LOVEDAY BENNETT, Angels Camp.
LILLIAN TENNEY, Tuolumne.
RACHEL BUCHHOLZ, 3302 Davis, Fruitvale.
FRANCIS JARETE, 1919 Haste, Berkeley.
JESSIE PAYNE, Berkeley.
KATHLEEN AGNEW, Hayward.
MARY PHILIPPI, 255 Athens, San Francisco.
LEONA UNCAPIER, 321 Soledad, Salinas.
KATHRYNE SLEVIN, 82 Norton, San Francisco.
HERBERT L. CONEY, Alameda.
LAVINA HANNA, Pleasanton.
RUTH HEFFERNAU, Fitchburg.
HARRIET MADDOCKS, Sebastopol.
PEARL SMITH, Sebastopol.
SADIE OLSON, Concord.

D. GERTRUDE BANK, 2856 Webster, Berkeley.
EVA CROMWELL, Rio Vista.
FRED PETERS, Fowler.
RALPH BRACKMAN, Martinez.
FRANCES EVANS, Fruitvale.
HENRY MOLARES, 1045 Branciforte avenue, Santa Cruz.
ROY SCHNAUER, Santa Clara.
LUCK MIRE, 45 Poplar avenue, San Mateo.
WALTER G. WARREN, Carmel.
HAZEL DUKES, Martinez.
CHARLES D. WILLIAMS, 2330 High, Fruitvale.
MARJORIE HOLMAN, Walnut Creek.
CARL STANLEY PAINTER, Dos Palos.
GARDNER GOLDTHWAITE, 871 Cedar, Alameda.
GRACE FREY, 661 Haight, San Francisco.
LUCILLE MOFFAT, 1505 Dolores, San Francisco.
GEORGE D. BIRDSALL, 1889 Page, San Francisco.
HARRY M. RAULET, 1807 Page, San Francisco.
ALICE ERICSON, St. Helena.
GLADYS MARKEY, 864 Chester, Oakland.
JACK WILLIAMS, Wrights.
HALL SCHRADEE, Wrights.
LLOYD MELLUS, Bolinas.
ALICE RUSSELL, 639 Sierra Nevada, Stockton.
HAROLD KELLOGG, Healdsburg.

My Chum Jack

I have a chum that sticks by me,
In fair or cloudy weather,
And when from books and tasks I'm free
We're always seen together.
When my playmates give me the shake
I don't sit down and grumble;
I call for Jack, and we two make
A game at rough and tumble.

Jack is not now, and never was,
For beauty celebrated,
But "handsome is as handsome does,"
My copybook once stated,
And though some folks may criticize
My chum in form and feature,
One look into his honest eyes
Proclaims a faithful creature.

No slave could my commands attend,
Were I a sovereign royal,
As does this stanch and honest friend,
This subject true and loyal;
And when we're rambling wood and field
I fear no hostile stranger,
For Jack would die before he'd yield,
Defending me from danger.

In pond and stream we swim and wade,
Until my anxious mother
Frowns and declares that she's afraid
Some day we'll drown each other.
And when my trouser legs are wet,
And Jack's coat saturated,
My father says, when home we get,
"Two vagabonds well mated!"

Now, do you want to see my chum?
Just wait a half a second;
I'll whistle for him, and he'll come
Almost before you've reckoned—
See! Here he is, with wagging tail
And bark of salutation,
Of all the chums that never fail
My chum Jack beats all creation.

An Unwelcome Guest

UNCLE SAM has found the beautiful English starling which he imported from England some time ago, with the hope that it would be a good friend to the fruit growers of this country, not the helpful little visitor that he had expected, but, instead, rather a naughty little bird with a particularly strong passion for indulgence in fruit on its own account.

About 12 years ago the starling was introduced from England, several pairs being placed in Central park, New York. The numbers have increased so enormously since then that in some parts of the east, especially in Staten island, they are more numerous than the native birds. They were originally brought to this country by the United States government to help the wren, the sparrow, the chickadee and other feathered friends of the farmer to rid orchards and forests of destructive insects. With the increase in numbers of the starlings, however, has come the discovery that they have wholesale appetites for the succulent fruits of late fall, nor have they shown any reluctance to indulge these appetites at the expense of the orchards. Another and a worse crime that is charged against them is their bloodthirsty tendency in relation to their fellow birds, attacking other birds in their search for food and destroying large numbers of the weaker ones.

As yet the starling is not generally known in most sections of the United States. It is about the size of the robin and it is supposed to have gained its name from the starlike yellow spots on its dark plumage. It is seen mostly in the late fall and winter and seems to be as impervious to cold as its fellow visitor from England, the sparrow. Its note is a sharp whistle precisely like that made by a human being.

of dishes and kitchen utensils, was familiar to the maidens of ancient Greece, as is shown by the specimens in the collection.

Somewhat less antique are the Roman dolls, of which the countess owns three varieties—dolls of ivory, wax and clay. The Roman clay dolls, with jointed arms and legs, are among the oddest and most valuable in the collection.

A rare specimen is the Fosti doll, from Assam, British India, presented to Countess de Blonay by the late Prince Henry of Orleans. It is made of stiff paper and cardboard, painted red, to represent an old man holding a fan, and is supposed to be the figure of a person addicted to opium eating.

There is a very fine Korean doll, representing a woman in a variegated dress of startling colors, riding a tiger. This doll is a degenerate image of Buddha himself.

The Fingo dolls from South Africa are perhaps the most striking specimens. They are rudely carved wooden figures, which play an important part with the natives, and are most difficult to obtain. At the age of 12 every Fingo maid receives a doll, which she nurses until she becomes a mother. On the birth of her first child her mother makes her a present of a new doll; at the birth of each succeeding child she receives another doll, all of which are sacred and never parted with.

A rare specimen is one of the oldest existing French dolls, taken into France during the reign of Charles VI by an Italian from Padua named Pusello. These dolls were images of famous empresses and other celebrated women of the old Roman empire, carved after statues and the figures on coins. King Charles sent for Pusello to amuse him, and was so greatly taken with the statuette of Poppaea, whom Nero is said to have killed, that he bought it. To this source the French word for doll—poupee—has been traced.

Among the South American dolls is one from Peru, exhumed from a grave. It is a grotesque wooden puppet, and shows how the Peruvian mothers carried their little ones about. These are several old time Flemish dolls, one of them a "Bartholomew baby," formerly sold at the fair of that name. It is noteworthy, for the quantity of real jewelry with which it is decked. The Flemish silver adornments and gold bracelets on this doll are almost priceless from an artistic point of view.