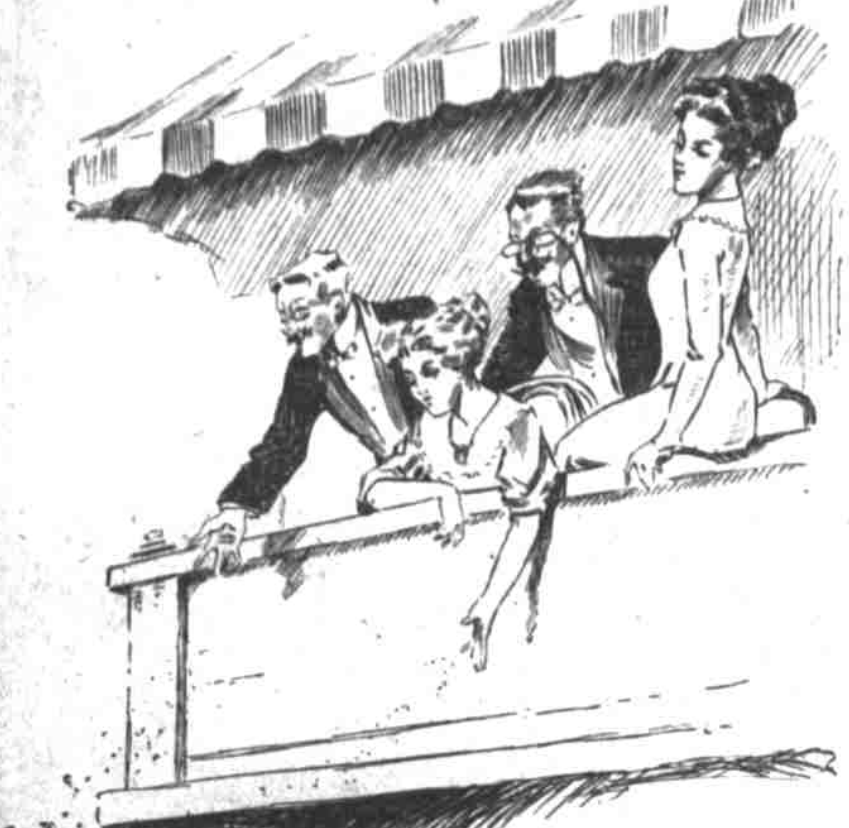


# DOLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

## Bambina's Very Best Time Bwana Humpto in Africa



"GLEEFULLY TOSSED CONFETTI"

tripped along narrow sidewalks, Bambina seemed the very spirit of the holiday. Signors and signoras gleefully tossed confetti and flowers down from overhanging balconies upon the head of this saucy, black-eyed baby.

"Would she have some candy?" asked a kindly faced man.

Bambina was willing; therefore entrance was quickly made into a confectioner's shop, from which the tiny girl emerged with sticky hands and mouth, but a glowing smile.

Whose baby was she? Of course, Bambina knew she was mother's baby. So she told the nice gentleman, but somehow he still seemed puzzled. He must have been very stupid as well as kind.

The tiny missile was lost, so the gentleman said. But Bambina didn't mind. Indeed, she rather enjoyed being lost. She clapped her hands and shouted for the great Giuseppe Garibaldi with the best of them.

And then when people looked smilingly at the mite of a patriot, her big friend raised her high in the air so that she could lead the cheering. Afterward he cried to the multitude:

"Was there ever a finer baby lost?"

Again the crowd applauded, while Bambina's eyes shone with excitement. Truly, it was splendid to be lost.

And so Bambina had the very best time of her life before she was taken to a big policeman and finally put where her mother could find her easily.

### How Bravery Won the Cross

EVERY boy and girl admires courage. In England when a soldier or sailor performs a very brave deed in time of war the king of England gives him a beautiful medal in token of his bravery. This is called the Victoria cross, and is only given to a man who has risked his life in some particularly courageous way.

One day a British warship attacked a large fort in Egypt which had many large guns. While the battle was going on a sailor on board the ship cried out in terror, for a large shell from the fort had fallen on the deck right among the sailors. Quickly a fellow-sailor snatched a pail of water standing near and threw it upon the deadly shell. If he had not done so every man near it would have been killed and England would have lost many brave sons. Don't you think he well deserved the cross which was conferred upon him?



BWANNA HUMPTO RAISED HIS RIFLE, TOOK CAREFUL AIM AND FIRED.

By Raber Mundorf

AFTER taking a snapshot of the pretty little gazelle, which he had recently captured and tamed, Photo Humpto turned to Taxidermo and said:

"I have one kodak film unexposed. What shall I do with it?"

Taxidermo removed the dried pelt of a chevron from the stretching board, carefully rolled and packed it in the tin-lined box which formerly contained provisions. Then he replied: "If I were you I should wait until the great Bwana Humpto goes upon his buffalo hunt this afternoon, when you are bound to get a thrilling subject for a picture."

"Fine!" enthusiastically exclaimed the boy. "I shall take a snapshot of the buffalo robe of the buffalo."

All impatient was Photo for the hunt to commence. And when the mighty hunter led the way toward the water-course along which a herd of buffalo was reported to have been bathing and wallowing the boy was mad with excitement. Slinging his trusty kodak over his arm, he rode by the side of his father.

Very shortly the buffaloes were sighted and Bwana Humpto trotted his horse forward in order that he might engage the largest and most ferocious bull. A heavy, black fellow he was, with massive horns nearly covering the skull and curling and tapering from the broad base, their length covering almost six feet.

Bwana Humpto coolly raised his rifle, took careful aim and fired. Then Photo Humpto took a snapshot, feeling sure the animal must be killed. But it was only wounded, and returned to the charge with a desperate madness. The mighty hunter evaded the rush, and, for a wonder, the beast gave up the attack and plunged into the jungle.

One of the native beaters began pursuit. Bwana Humpto and his son Photo followed more leisurely. Suddenly the boy grasped his kodak, he first having inserted a new roll of films. As the native ran forward to spear the buffalo, which lay among the reeds, apparently wounded to death, the savage beast staggered to his feet and rushed toward the black Bwana Humpto coolly raised his rifle, took careful aim—and

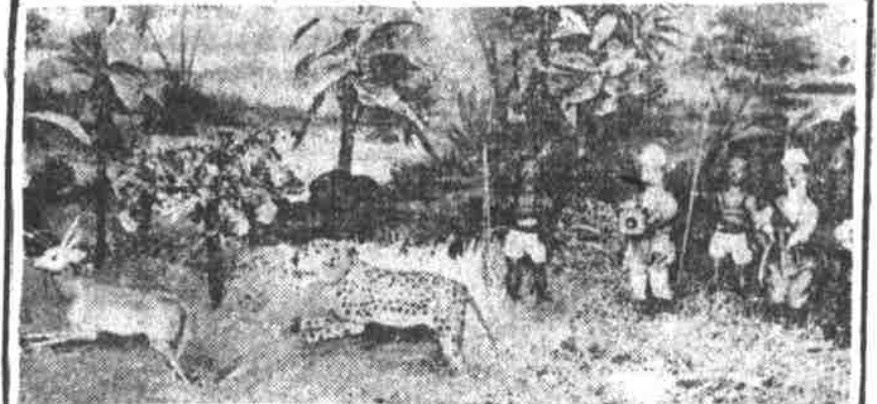
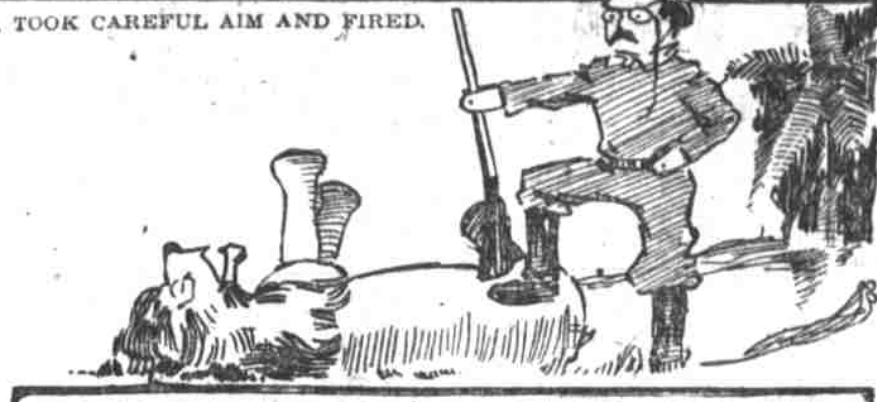
"Before you shoot," interrupted Dr. Pillo, "listen to this little verse about the buffalo, which I should like to have Photo memorize:

"Buffaloes do gore and bore,  
And they pin you in the door;  
Watch the angry buffaloes,  
Do not tread upon their toes."

Bwana Humpto fired. Then Photo Humpto took a snapshot. Of course, the buffalo was dead.

"I do not like these narrow escapes," said Bwana Humpto. "So many animals seem wounded, when they really are not, that I think we should have something to warn us."

Now, Photo was a quick-witted lad.



PHOTO'S GAZELLE FLEEING FROM THE CHEETAH.

(Photographs posed by figures of Humpty Dumpty Circus.)

Hardly had his father spoken when the boy announced:

"I shall take prisoner a cheetah—just such a one as I saw the other day. The cheetah is a funny-looking creature, I know, with its catlike head, a body and legs the form of a dog's, and the claws, which cannot be sheathed. But the cheetah is as game as the leopard, which it greatly resembles, and as speedy as the wind. Surely, we can train the animal to hunt and to warn us of danger."

With a view to putting his plan promptly into execution, Photo placed a noose of tough sinew about a tree where the marks showed that cheetahs came to whet their claws. Pretty soon he had a fine cheetah for a captive.

After a strenuous task of getting the fierce creature back to camp, Photo immediately began to instruct it in the ways of the true hunter. First of all, he must make it docile and obedient. The people of India, Trappo told him, were in the habit of binding the cheetah to a bedstead and rushing at the beast whenever it showed signs of going to sleep. Another good plan was to have a woman scold the cheetah continually.

"There are no ladies present, but would it not be well to have Dr. Pillo recite a few hundred of his rhymes to the cheetah, thus rapidly making it exceedingly gentle?" suggested Trappo.

But Taxidermo cried, indignantly: "How could you be so cruel!"

However, Photo quickly tamed the cheetah and soon came to love the dog-like cat almost as much as he did his pet gazelle. The cheetah would dash after game, and his long legs rarely failed to bring him up with his quarry.

One morning there was wild commotion somewhere in the camp. The hunters streamed from their tents to ascertain the trouble. Then they saw Photo's pet gazelle speeding for dear life across the plain, while the cheetah was bounding after it and gaining every second.

"Save him! Save him!" Photo called to his father.

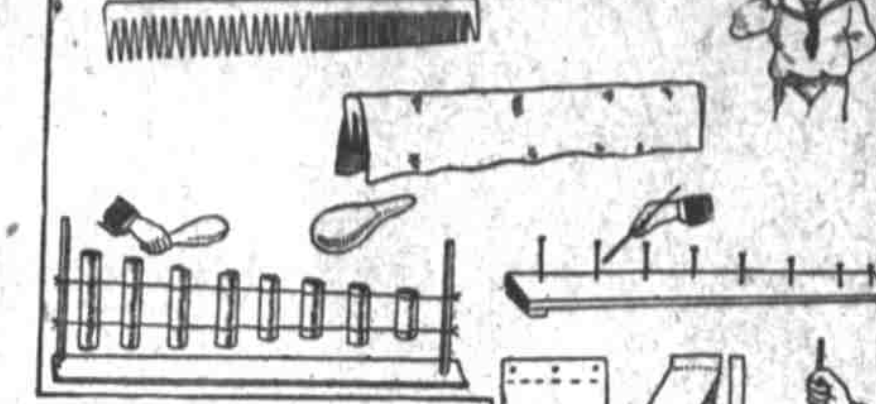
"Which shall I shoot?" queried Bwana Humpto. Fearing that the two animals would be out of range, Bwana Humpto coolly raised his rifle, took careful aim and fired.

And the cheetah ceased to live, whereupon Photo began to reprove, saying: "I do wish, father, that you had shot the gazelle, because the cheetah could have eaten my gazelle, and so I should have both the cheetah and the gazelle inside of it. As it is, I have only the one animal."

To again banish his grief, Photo took a snapshot.

(The seventh Bwana Humpto story will appear next Sunday.)

## Dan Helps the Orchestra



"WE'VE our show all planned, and we're goin' to charge ten pins admission; but we can't get horns or anything for our band to play," said little Tom, dolefully.

Dan reflected a moment. "Several of you youngsters have good ears for music," remarked he; "and although some one has said that music is the most costly of noises, I think I can provide, at no cost whatever, instruments for you to make the noise."

So the big, kind fellow set to work immediately, in order that his little friends might be successful with their entertainment.

For two members of the orchestra he made "wind-horns," by sheathing combs with tissue paper, as indicated in the picture.

"You merely have to blow or whistle through them to obtain the most pleasing tunes," he explained.

Then he stuck, in a long board, wires of different lengths. Each, when vibrated, gave a note different from that of any of the other wires. The picture shows the construction.

And in the picture, also, you see a xylophone which Dan invented. He hung from cords various lengths of wooden tubes. These were to be struck

DAN'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

by the little baton to produce musical notes.

He also told Tom that glasses partly filled with water could be struck with the baton, the note produced depending upon the amount of water contained in the glass.

Finally, he made a pair of clappers from cardboard (such a pair as you will find pictured), and a little kettle-drum from a jar.

In less than two hours, Tom was in possession of a complete equipment for his orchestra.

"If our show comes out all right, I'll be on account of you, Dan," said he gratefully, as he started out to spread the good news to his chums.

## Blessings Unrecognized

A PIN and a needle, neighbors in a workbasket, both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folk are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, "what you are good for and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What's the use of your head," inquired the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eyes?"

"What's the use of an eye if there's always something in it?" said the pin.

"I am more active and go through more work than you can," responded the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why not?" asked the needle.

"Because you always have a stitch at your side," explained the other.

"You are a crooked creature," cried the needle, angrily.

"And you are so proud that you won't bend without breaking your back," returned the pin.

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again!" shouted the needle.

"I'll pull your eye out if you touch my head," the pin retorted.

While they were thus contending a little girl picked up the workbasket and, trying to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread round the neck of the pin, and in trying to pull the thread through the cloth pulled its head off and then threw it into the dirt beside the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin.

"Misfortune seems to have brought us

to our senses," murmured the needle.

"How much we are like human beings who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers until they lie down in the dust as we are."

## Tricking the Mayor

OFTEN a big, strong man does not like very much to walk through a churchyard at night all by himself; so I am sure there are not many boys who would care to do so. There is really nothing to be afraid of, but then, you see, it is so quiet and dark that people imagine all sorts of things. Here is a droll little story about something that happened in a churchyard one night:

The Mayor of a little town was going home very late, and he thought he would go through the churchyard, as it was the nearest way.

Now, there was a man sitting down in the churchyard, and when he heard the Mayor coming he said to himself: "I don't know who this is, but I will play a trick." So he crept up very slyly behind the Mayor and jumped right upon his back. The Mayor was so surprised that he nearly jumped right out of his skin. In a trembling voice he said: "Do you know who I am, sir? I am the Mayor."

But the joker replied: "I don't care! Mayor or horse, I'll have a ride!" And he stuck to the Mayor, and the Mayor had to carry him until they were out of the churchyard.

## A Woodland Frolic



GRAY SQUIRREL meditatively rubbed his nose with his paw. "Brother mine," said he, "I don't mind working part of the fall, but this perpetual grind during the season of nuts becomes very, very tiresome."

"That it does," agreed the Brown Squirrel. "But I should think any one so clever as yourself would find a way out of the difficulty," he added.

Gray Squirrel really was a wise old codger. Not only was he thoroughly versed in the ways of the wood, but he studied the whims and fancies of the forest folk. He thoughtfully repeated to himself the words of Brown Squirrel. Then, after deliberate consideration, he announced:

"I am going to put a flea in the ear of foolish Grasshopper, provided he has an ear. If matters turn out as they should, much of my work will be done for me this year."

On the day following that upon which the Grasshopper conversed took place the Frolic, conversation ceased and the Frolic began.

"I suppose it's unnecessary to be always singing and dancing, isn't it? Well, I'd rather do that and die when

the cold comes than be a drudge such as is many a one of the forest people. Why don't we appoint a day when every creature of the woodland will quit work and join in a big, happy frolic? We could do it, I'm sure. Gray Squirrel said this very morning that he was in favor of a holiday. After it's over, all who wish can go back to work, although I, for one, shouldn't ever dream of doing such a thing."

The Owl liked the idea. He gravely promised to issue a proclamation throughout the forest, telling its people that he, as the wisest sage, urged every creature to make the frolic one long to be remembered.

And how the creatures disported themselves! Bees ceased from toil, birds left unrepaired the nests injured by recent winds and rains, even the chickens and watchdogs, who dwelt among ordinary men folk, heard of the carnival, and escaped from their masters and mistresses in order to share in the sport. Dignity was forgotten. Everybody was ready for a lark, and had it.

In the middle of the afternoon, Gray Squirrel commanded attention, and spoke as follows:

"I have a new game for us to play. Look at the big oak yonder. Every one see it? Well, the game is for each player to gather as many nuts as possible, and to lay them in separate piles at the base of the tree. The creature who, at the end of three hours, has the biggest pile wins the game."

A great cheer arose. Every creature that could carry a nut flew about the trees or climbed them, or searched upon the ground for nuts. All worked desperately, except the Gray Squirrel and the Brown Squirrel, who coughed in amused fashion behind their paws.

The contest closed, and the players gathered to find the winner.

"I am the winner!" screamed the wildcat, gloating over a big pile of nuts.

"That you are, and also my very best friend," said Gray Squirrel. Thereupon, he and Brown Squirrel calmly proceeded to stow away in their homes and to bury every one of the nuts contained in the big heap.

Fortunately, the other creatures appreciated the joke and did not molest the two successful schemers.

## THE BIG BLUE OCEAN



BEFORE I'd ever seen the ocean I had the twercest sort of notion;

I didn't know it was so blue Or half so big, until Aunt Woo Toot me there a week or two.

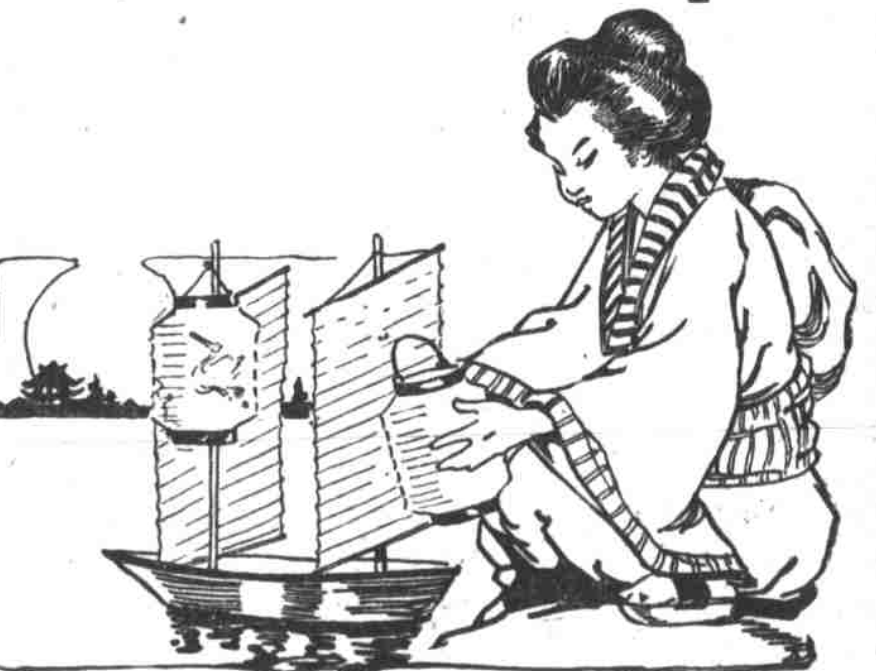
O-o-o, o-o-o! it's fine to paddle in, An' feel the waves against our skin; But what a big roar it does make

When in the night it teeps me 'twate-I'm SO afraid until daybreak.

But in the morn it seems so tame I want to get right in again; An' I don't bieve it is all true That this nice ocean, big and blue, Is the one that roars the whole night through!

C. B. SCHRANNER

## Spirit Ships



PITTI-SI LAUNCHES HER BOAT.

VERY happy was PITTI-SI, and grateful to her ancestors. For her mother had said that through their influence she had come to have pets who adored her, lovable playmates and nice times generally.

Pitti-Si was very glad to possess such kind ancestors. Anxious, too, was she to prove her gratitude in some other way besides doing homage before the ancestors' altars.

And now the day had come—as it always did once a year—when spirits would return from Spirit Land for a while and dwell for a day among the people who worshipped them.

"Here is my chance to make a gift that will please my ancestors," reflected the little Japanese girl, as her head fairly buzzed in the effort to plan a big surprise.

When the sojourn of the spirits was spent, the custom of the good folk of Japan was to provide little ships, gracefully and trimly built and laden with choice edible dainties. As these pretty craft sailed away into the darkness, with gaily colored lanterns swinging from tiny mastsheads, the ancestors took passage. Every comfort did they have upon the trip back to Spirit Land.

Pitti-Si had a ship of her own—as handsome a little boat as ever danced upon the ripples. Also she had a chief treasure, the dearest doll ever loved by mistress.

It was all planned. When night had fallen Pitti-Si was to steal away from every one. Down to the river she would go and launch her boat, laden with good things to eat, and, best of all, her dearest doll. Surely, when the boat glided down stream some of her ancestors would be tempted. Surely they would show her favor by sailing in it and by accepting her gift.

Her head bent in adoration, Pitti-Si watched her boat drift away on the ebbing tide. The lantern bobbed and blinked in such a gracious, kindly way that somehow the little girl felt that her ancestors were pleased.

A long time she knelt in reverie. Then, strange to say, a familiar, twinkling light appeared below on the river. Nearer and nearer it drew, until an eddy carried the object bearing it high up the bank at the girl's feet.

"It is my boat come back! The ancestors are so very good to me that when they reached the Spirit Land they sent me home the ship, and with it all the sweetmeats and my darling doll!"

So cried Pitti-Si. She did not know that when the boat first sailed away it was almost time for the tide to turn, and that the incoming water would soon return her ship to her.