

ROYAL DOGS' STORY PAGE for Dog and Cat Lovers

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The Feast



WE EAT all sorts of berries, as their season comes around, and some are sweet and nice as they can be; but these delicious morsels on the table all are found and served with elegance that's fine to see.

Now, when we're in the mountains and big huckleberries find, we have a feast of truly splendid fare; the berries that we eat at home are really the same kind, but, somehow, they taste different, up there!

My Friend from the Amazon

WHEN I wiped the tears from the eyes of Captain Budd's pet alligator, Sasstafas, I made up my mind that the captain's wonderful stories were jokes, and that he was only trying to fool me. I was sorry about finding this out, too, because the captain's tales—especially the one on the catching of my friend Sasstafas—are what father calls "remarkable" re-remarkable!

therefore, be only a yard long, but the great strain and stretching he received five years ago made him twelve feet in length. He has never fully recovered from it." It is true that Sasstafas cried. But I smelt the pepper which Captain Budd had dropped into his eyes. And afterward I heard Captain Budd's brother say that his father had an alligator that was hatched from an egg laid in warm sand many years ago, and that the captain now owns that alligator. Do you wonder that I don't exactly believe all Captain Budd says?

"I was sailing up the Amazon, looking at the trees along the bank of the mighty river. With their branches interwoven with vines and trimmed with moss, they made a solid wall. Palms, bamboos, ferns, all kinds of trees and creepers, were twined and twisted and jumbled together. In these forests lurked the jaguar and the panther. The tapir, the armadillo and the anteater there found a home; while the anacondas



"WIPED AWAY THE TEARS"

playfully gobbled monkey. Tortles and iguanas scrambled upon the bank. Above the giant lilies, myrtles and orchids and amid tree branches hovered beautiful insects and gorgeously colored humming birds and parrots. "So I came to the town of Macapa. There look place my marvelous hunt of alligators, or caymans, as they are properly called. Up to this time, alligator hunts were profitable everywhere save at Macapa. This was because there swam in the river, by the town, a cayman who was noted for his great wisdom. Although of an age when he should have been actively engaged in finding fish and salamanders to eat, this young reptile had become leader of all the caymans. He warned them against the hunters; he kept them from danger. My fame as a hunter had traveled afar. The fishermen begged me to capture the wise young cayman. How could I refuse? I shall not take the time to tell you of my thrilling search for the reptile. It is sufficient to say that I finally hooked him. Then began the real trouble. As I dragged the cayman along at the end of the rope, another cayman grabbed hold of his tail. You see, the young cayman had commanded this to be done. And a third cayman grabbed the tail of the second, and so on, until all the reptiles in that part of the river were strung out in a line and pulling for all they were worth to free their wise leader. Fortunately, I reached the shore, and immediately called for the entire population of Macapa to help me pull in the great string of alligators. Finally, the whole lot was hauled upon the bank. What a sight! The fishermen made a fortune from the skins and heads of the reptiles. As for me, I simply look along the wise young cayman for my share of the prize, and there he lies. No wonder that Sasstafas weeps when he hears the tale of his capture. Sasstafas is only a year old and should,

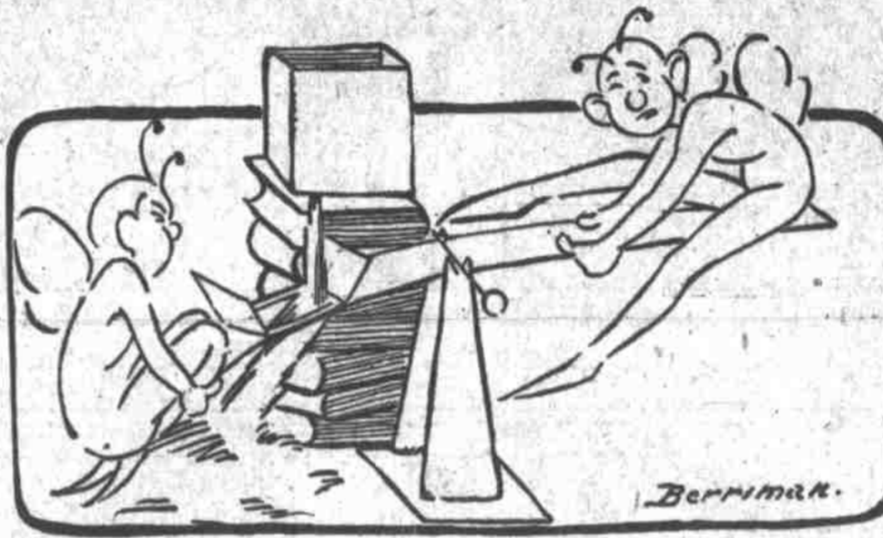
"We're Proud as Can Be"



OF COURSE we're proud! Any dog would be that was owned by Queenmother Alexandra, who, not long ago, was queen of Great Britain. We're ROYAL doggies, WE are; and we live in state at our kennels in Sandringham, England. Many prizes we basset hounds have taken at the dog shows where we have been exhibited. Of course we're proud!

Lazy Goblin Makes a Seesaw

THEY came up through the library floor when human folk were asleep. The lively goblin amused himself by hanging head downward from the chandelier and by swinging on the telephone cord, while the lazy goblin made lanky blots on the desk pad. "Come, let's play seesaw!" cried the lively goblin, as he stood a book on its edge and balanced a ruler on the back. The lazy goblin yawned and said he was too weary, but his companion dragged him to the ruler, and each scrambled upon an end. Up shot the lively goblin in the air; down went the lively goblin. Up shot the lively goblin; down went the lazy goblin. And there they stuck.



When the lively goblin became active for the time, he cut from a box lid a pasteboard strip eighteen inches long and two inches wide. Three and a half inches from one end he made a slit crosswise to within a quarter inch of each side, and then cut upward for each end for an inch and a quarter. The flap thus made he turned downward at an angle. Afterward, he pasted to each side of the opening a paper strip one inch wide, and bent each strip backward. Then he made two pasteboard supports, five inches high and notched at the tops, and fastened them three inches apart on a cardboard base. Hardly had he finished this when the lively goblin came with the box of sand.

"Oh, I'm tired!" sleepily complained the lazy goblin, settling himself more comfortably on his seat near the ground. For a while the lively goblin glared at last, seeing that the other would not move the seesaw, the lively goblin slid down the board and butted his head first into his lazy friend. Then he fell upon him and pummeled him with all his might and main. "Stop that! What are you doing?" howled the unfortunate goblin. "Promise me! Promise, I say!" snapped the lively fellow, as he gave punch after punch. "I will!" cried the other; whereupon the lively goblin ceased punishing him. Rising sulkily, the lazy goblin felt of his bruises. "You needn't have been so rough," muttered he. "I'm nothing to make a fuss about, anyhow. I'll rig you up a seesaw that will work by itself. Then we'll both be satisfied. But you must first go to the

The Headhunters



"That breakfast was a mighty good one," said Terry to himself, at the thought of the hearty meal of yam, kafir corn and pineapple which the Batetela chief had set before him. Then, as he sauntered slowly from the huts toward the edge of the clearing, he muttered: "I think I'll go hunting this early morning to wake myself up. Basu would object to my leaving, but I'll sneak away without him." Basu was the trusted native whom Terry's father had appointed bodyguard to lead during their stay in the Congo. Terry's father, who was a wealthy South American plantation owner, was studying the production of rubber in the Congo, and had little time to watch his son. But he had told Basu never to leave Terry, and therefore felt sure that the boy would be safe. Terry and Basu had reached the native village the night before, and the industrious Batetela rubber gatherers with the royal entertainment of the chief. This morning he was to be shown the intricate and hazardous path of the work. In the meantime, however, Terry promised himself a little hunting jaunt into the jungle, which might at least bring down a bird or two. All at once the lad began to realize that he had strayed quite a distance. He had not been successful with his rifle, because, although many animals and birds had presented themselves for targets, he had been too shy to take back with him; and his father had taught him never to kill needlessly. It must be late, he thought, for the musty smell of the village or he would miss seeing the rubber gatherers at work. But in which direction he should go he did not know. He was confident that he knew very well. After a while, however, he had to confess to himself that he was hopelessly lost. His plight was serious, perhaps, if he fired his rifle, the sound would be heard and he would be found. Terry was about to pull the trigger, when he heard a snapping of twigs, then many guttural exclamations. His first impulse was to hail the natives.

Treasure of the Sandhills

RUTH had been listening intently of the old Ypres Tower, from the time of its erection, by William of Ypres, in the last half of the twelfth century. She heard of the old-time glories of the port of Yve and of its disasters. It was while the guide was telling, and the glugging which had been carried on years before in the sandhills nearby, that her attention suddenly wandered. "All of the cell which was examining she saw what appeared to be a diagram, faintly marked in the

stone. It had doubtless been cut deeply by the prisoner confined in the cell, many years ago, but time had almost effaced it. Ruth could follow a line drawn between two headlands and prolonged, and its intersection, in the sandhills, with the line prolonged from two other promontories. She recognized the line of the coast, although since the crude map had been drawn the sea had advanced further inland. Ruth's own mind was hidden among the sandhills, and I know where to find it!" So the learner of the guide was very much astonished when Ruth took her sister Bess by the hand and almost dragged her from the tower. "What's the matter?" asked Elisabeth, breathlessly, as they walked along the street. "We've plenty of time to see the old Mermald Inn and Market House." "I'm bothered!" exclaimed Ruth, impatiently. "Bess, we've come upon an adventure. And just to think that mother came down to this quiet little Sussex town while father arranged his business in London!" "Adventure?" I don't know of any adventure," murmured the puzzled Bess. "However, when Ruth had explained, Bess was as excited as her sister. "I'll share our secret with that friendly boatman we met yesterday; he looks honest, and if he'll dig up the treasure, we'll give him a part of it," she proposed. The boatman heard the tale with interest. "Troublesome times had Rye in the past, when there were many occasions for burying treasure. Besides, the smugglers were to be considered. Therefore, he agreed to take his observations and dig that very night. Bess eagerly sought the boatman, who shifted uneasily when he saw them. "Did you find anything?" the girls whispered anxiously. "The boatman nodded. "It was a wooden cask, rotted in it," cried the girls, in a breath. "Bones of a dog, some pet the prince buried, was the dry response. "Oh," rasped Ruth, as she looked stily at Bess, only to find Bess gazing as stily at her. Then both laughed, rather foolishly, it must be admitted.

BUDDY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE MAGIC GLASS

Through the Mother Goose Book

THE looking glass through which Alice entered Wonderland is broken in a fragment and makes from it a reading glass. When the boy looks through it at a picture of the moon, the moon grows larger and real and draws near, so that he can see her face and hear her voice. The Moon Man enters the basket of the old woman who drops into the sea. The Mother Goose star, but is picked up by Captain Duck. The ship is wrecked, and the Moon Man escapes to land by walking along the edge of the sea. He meets Tommy Tucker and Simple Simon.

"THINGS ain't as they was," impatiently returned the pteiman. "Livin' is costlier, an' pie, bein' as it's gone up with the other eat'n's, now sells for a ruby a sillon. Gimme yer ruby an' yuh get yer pie."

The Moon Man shook his head gently as he explained: "He's now going to try to pick plums from the tree. His brother—the little boy who has but little wit—is almost as unfortunate. You can see him over there, sitting patiently on the ground and watching to see a telegraph message go by."

"But I don't even see any telegraph wires or poles," insisted Buddy. "There aren't any. He's waiting, also, for the poles and wires to be erected. But come, as I don't suppose you have a ruby loose in your pocket, we'll have to seek elsewhere for food. I have it!" So saying, the Moon Man led the way up a little alley. Pausing before a tiny cottage, he burst open the door without ceremony, disclosing to view Jack Sprat and his wife, seated at their dinner table. "Here's the chance of your lifetime, Mr. and Mrs. Sprat," cried the Moon Man. "You're tired of eating lean and fat, aren't you? Of course, you are! Well, Humpty Dumpty is just ready to tumble from the king's wall. Gather up his remains and make a fine omelet for yourselves. Hurry, of the king's horses and men will arrive before you!"



before he could catch away a core," said Buddy, emphatically. "You might GIVE away." "Bang! Whish! Crash! Whack!" came the sounds of a lively commotion just door. Rushing from the Sprats' house, Buddy and his friend darted into the house whence the noise came. "Here, what's the matter?" the Moon Man sternly demanded of two damsels, who, from all appearances, had been having quite a fight. Eggs, pots and broken dishes littered the floor. "Do you like tea?" asked one maiden, with a flushed face and excited air. "Yes, yes," replied the astonished Moon Man. "Then it's all right," said the damsel, joyfully. "I'm so glad you do, Molly, my sister, and I fall out, because she loves coffee and I love tea. But now that I have somebody to agree with me, I don't want to fight any more."

"Do you like coffee?" Molly suddenly asked looking at Buddy. "Yes, indeed," the boy answered. Whereupon Molly and her sister forced pots of coffee and tea into the hands of Buddy and the Moon Man, who promptly gave thanks and returned to the Sprats' dwelling, where they could the more quietly enjoy the delicious brew. "The Moon Man gulped down his coffee. And, keeping his eyes fixed anxiously upon the door, he urged Buddy to hurry, also. Suddenly there came a clatter of footsteps outside. The Moon Man leaped to his feet. But before he could make his escape, he was surrounded by Mr. and Mrs. Sprat and a little man with a gun. "Arrest the thieves!" cried the Sprats in a duet. Mr. Sprat yelling soprano and Mrs. Sprat bass. The Moon Man was about to shove aside the small person, when the fellow leveled his gun and said threateningly: "I'm only a little man and I've only a little gun, but my bullets are made of lead, sad lead; and if you don't have a care either you or your friend I'll print you right through the head, head, head."

Mr. Moon Man soberly nodded to Buddy, as he murmured: "I shouldn't have sent the Sprats to the king's wall to look for Humpty Dumpty. It was too near." Buddy whispered, consoling: "No, I guess it was my punishment for drinking a whole pot of coffee. Mother says I am never to drink more than one cup." The jail was a funny-looking, rambling structure called "The Crooked House." Everything about it seemed awry. The prisoners were escorted through a long, winding corridor and shoved into a cell that had bars for all of its walls, like a cage at the zoo. Through the bars at the rear of their cells they could look out on a meadow. "What are you in for?" asked a voice. Buddy and the Moon Man peered into the next cage. The fellow there imprisoned, who had spoken, was dressed as a minstrel. Ordinarily, his eyes would have been twinkling merrily and his lips curved in a smile, but now he was as downcast and forlorn-looking as the heavy plume which hung in a wilted fashion from the little green hat covering his disheveled locks. The Moon Man recognized the prisoner as Tom, the Piper's son, and briefly answered the question, saying: "We're here be-

cause we're here and because we borrowed a little of the Sprats' dinner."

"I'm in for stealing, too," frankly confessed Tom, causing Buddy to blush with shame. "First, I stole a pig and away I ran. When I was beaten I should have learned a lesson. But straightaway I stole a pease pudding nine days old, and was arrested and thrown in prison. It's mighty threesome here. The only person with whom I can talk is Taffy, Welshman and thief. I'd get what you've got, but I don't have a pipe. For then I'd play, and people would flock over the meadow to toss coins through the bars, and I'd have when I played 'Over the Hills and Far Away' the coins would fall like snowflakes. Then I would have enough money to purchase my freedom, now."

"Buy your freedom? How could you do that?" asked the surprised boy. Tom opened wide his eyes in equal amazement. "Do you know, Tom? You know that Warden Crooked Man's most important duty is to become wealthy? How else could he buy his freedom? Large as would be the sum required, however, I could save it if only I wish my pipe."

"What has become of your pipe?" Buddy asked. "They confiscated it when I was arrested," Tom answered. "I'll sell you many of the birds and beasts are my friends; so, when a snipe visited me, one day, I asked him to bring me a pipe. What you think he brought me? Why a pipe for smoking, which he had stolen from a fat man of Bombay, and which he had kept hidden for many years in a hole in the wall of his house. He said I had to take the bird to do it." "They confiscated it sympathetically," "Are you the only musician in jail?" questioned the Moon Man. "Yes," sighed Tom, "in the only one, when thousands of musicians deserve to be behind bars. Just to think that I—I, who, after the fiddlers three of Old King Cole, am the best artist in the kingdom—am caged! It doesn't seem possible." And the young piper fell into a sad reverie. "I wish I could see the wonderful fiddlers three," ventured Buddy. "What?" exclaimed Tom, suddenly waking from his trance. "You don't mean to say that you've never seen them or heard them play? Impossible! If you haven't, you must call right away for the warden, tell him to hear a message to Old King Cole, in which you ask permission of his majesty to view the wonderful fiddlers. King Cole is so proud of them and so anxious that everybody should hear them, that he will buy you and the Moon Man a pardon immediately. I only wish that I had never heard the fiddlers three. Then I'd stand a better chance of getting my liberty. When you get out, I hope you won't mind sending me a good pipe. I would certainly appreciate such a kindness."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)