

POOR DOGGIES' STORY PAGE for Boys and Girls

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Truants
JAKE seated himself on the curb beside Rufe. "What are you doing here, Rufe?" he demanded. "Thinkin' as I needed a rest from hawd lessons, I've s'ib mah brain a holerday," said Rufe drowsily. "What you-all doin' heah?" he asked. "Same thing," murmured Jake. "Truants they were and comrades on a 'bark.' Down to the wharf they went and borrowed a rowboat without asking the owner's permission. They knew of a



pleasant little island in the river where they could spend the hours nicely. Thither they were bound.

Having reached the tiny island, the truants started to explore and then took a long rest among the trees. When they came back to the landing they found that the boat had drifted away.

"What we gwine to do?" groaned Rufe.

"Search me," replied Jake; and then they saw, further along the bank, another boat evidently left by campers.

"We'll borrow that, too," said they. But just as they were about to row away, a big man appeared. He owned the boat, and he promptly rescued it from the truants. When he spanked them and carried them back to shore, where they were promptly seized by the owner of the boat that they had borrowed first. When they had been punished by this man, they were turned over to the truant officer, who sent them to school. Having been punished by their teacher, they went home, only to be punished by their parents.

"It's not gwine to rest mah brain any more," said Rufe firmly when next they met.

"Nor me, either," Jake replied, just as firmly.

Poor Doggies of Constantinople!



Dog on Watch

THE poor doggies of Constantinople are being treated very, very badly! Ask any one of them, and he will tell you exactly what I am telling you now.

The blow—the BIG BLOW—comes all the harder because for years and years the doggies of Constantinople have had everything their own way. When they lay down in the middle of the pavement or street, people and carriages had to pass around them. They moved for nobody. And the "middle" was always their favorite position.

Not only did these proud doggies have the pick of the refuse of Constantinople, whose streets they cleaned thoroughly of garbage, but thousands of Turks, overlooking the fact that dogs were "unclean," fed them tidbits from their kitchens.

The dogs had always divided themselves into bands, or "gangs." Each patrolled a certain district of the city. Woe to the dog of another gang who crossed the boundary line of that district! He was leaped upon and torn almost to pieces. There was never an excuse for the intrusion, because every

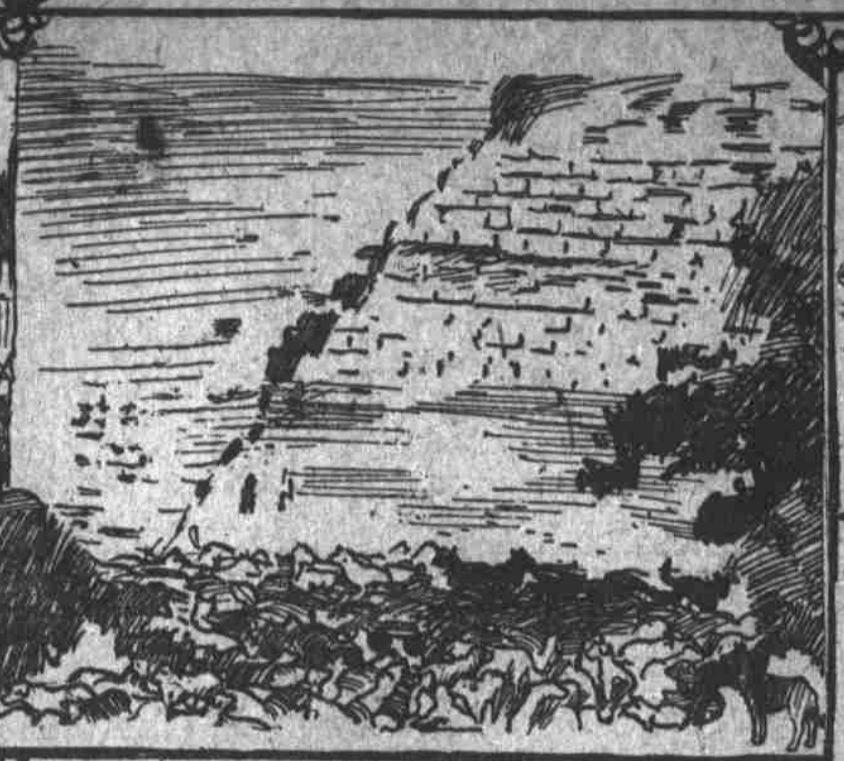


dog knew the boundary lines, although they would seem altogether imaginary to you or me. Even at nighttime the dogs were on the alert. Every guild had a dog sentry, or bektchi, who kept guard while his comrades slept.

Now from 50,000 to 80,000 doggies are ever so unhappy. This is the number of the street dogs of Constantinople. And they have reason for grief.

Not many weeks ago the Young Turks, who are in control of the Turkish government, decided that the street dogs should be banished from Constantinople. So the poor doggies were captured and imprisoned in the pens of the Byzantine wall. Each pen is only forty feet square, therefore the beasts suffered greatly.

Then the doggies were carried by boat into the Marmora sea.



Corralled Dogs in Pen.

They were dumped, without the least bit of ceremony, on the isle of Oxias, and were told that there they must stay. They had to; because there wasn't one chance in a million for them to leave it.

If you were to sail toward the isle of Oxias, when near land you would see numbers of the unhappy doggies half-covered by the water off shore, in order that they might be protected from the hot rays of the sun and from insects.

The guard will tell you the doggies don't get nearly as much to eat as they did in the streets of Constantinople; and that he draws water for them from a well, using kerosene cans. There are so many thirsty animals, each wanting a drink, that he has to drive some of them back with a heavy stick.

It is no wonder, then, that the poor doggies do not feel kindly toward the cruel men who banished them. And their yearning for Constantinople is a great big yearning.

THE Moro Boy did not know exactly how the Old Headhunter was related to him, but for as long as he could remember he had lived with the old man. And when he had grown old enough to toll in the little garden patch about the hut, he alone had worked, the old man sitting on the ground at the door of the hut and mumbling to himself.

Bustily as the boy labored, however, the Old Headhunter was never satisfied. He always grumbled—not at the boy especially, but at the food provided. He did not like vegetables nor fruit. The boy would take his bow and arrow and go out and slay water-rats. Still the old man complained.

"When I was young," said he, "I hunted my enemies and slew them and ate them. That is the food to which I have been accustomed. And now, alas! I must eat grass and herbs, little suited for so great a warrior as I!"

The only pleasure the old man had was to range the Philippine isles, killing famous warriors and striking terror into the hearts of natives wherever he went. At the end of each tale he would always produce four skulls, fastened in a row to a stick of bamboo, and bid the lad gaze upon these horrible trophies. Then he would show the wicked-looking bolo with which he had slain the warriors to whom the skulls once belonged.

The Moro Boy's greatest joy was to go with his pet dog for a long ramble through the marshes and the woods. This dog was the only friend the boy had, and they dearly loved each other. As the days passed, the Old Headhunter behaved more and more strangely. He barely spoke to the Moro Boy now, but stared at him time muttering to himself and fidgeting the grinning skulls.

One night the boy was suddenly awakened by a sharp, angry barking. As he sprang to his feet he saw the Old Headhunter trying to kick away the dog. In one hand the old man swung the long, curved bolo and threatened the dog with its keen blade. His eyes blazed fiercely at the boy, and he muttered: "Meat! Meat! I must have meat!"

"My dog has doubtless saved my life," thought the boy. Then he took the bolo from the old man and commanded him to sit quietly in a corner of the hut.

Next morning the Old Headhunter seemed to be in his right mind again. But almost every hour he would say, "Am hungry for meat." And he would head with the boy to let him cook the dog.

But the Moro Boy would fling his arms around the neck of the faithful beast and would not permit the dog to be killed. After awhile the Old Headhunter picked up his skulls, and when the boy wasn't looking stole silently away into the marshes, and the Moro Boy never saw him again. So the boy lived alone in the little hut with his friend, the dog, and both were happy.

His Friend the Dog



Charitable Osmanli Feeding Dogs

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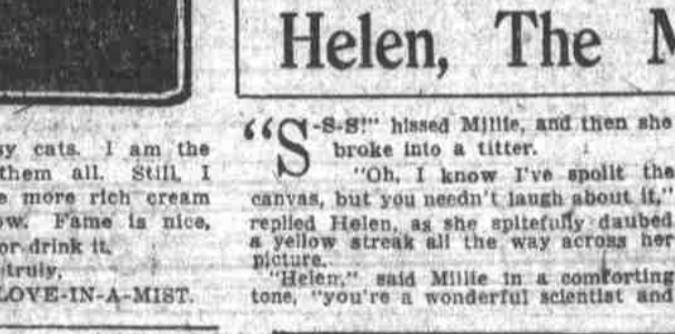


How Little John Learned Music

Now, Chris owned a splendid book of music, from which John wished very much to learn. But Chris would not let his little brother have it, and for a time John had to do without it. However, at last, while his brother Chris was sleeping at night, John got out of bed very quietly, got the music book out of the box, and began to copy all the music into a book of his own. John could do only a little bit each night, and it took him six months to copy all the music from the book. But he persevered until he had finished.

In later years, when little John had grown into the famous John Sebastian Bach, he wrote many tunes.

Love-in-a-Mist



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The Man in the Drum



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Helen, The Mischief Maker



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THE GOLD BASKET

YOUR disguise is perfect; you speak the Mongolian tongue like a native; and I can answer for your safety as far as Lhasa," said the elderly Chinese merchant. "You are known to only the head of the caravan. Him I have told that you will remain behind and will not be with the caravan when it returns with jade, pottery and woven stuffs. He will not betray you. And the other members of the caravan will know you only as my clerk, who has official charge of the consignment of gunbarrels I am sending to Tibet. Now, my boy, it is time to say farewell. I am sorry that you are going. For ten years you have been as my son, and I love you as a son. But the blood of your father, my good friend Harding Burton, compels you to go forth and explore, as did he. I cannot change your determination—that I know. May your gods bless you, and may you return safe and sound to me from your wild adventure."

Young Harding shook hands affectionately with his kind old guardian, with whom he had lived ever since his father had entered Tibet, with Bower, in 1890, and had never returned. Then he went to his post of duty, feeling that his adventure had already begun. His ambition it was to penetrate the "forbidden land," and although he was only 17, he was very capable of taking care of himself.

Leaving Peking, the caravan traveled westward, south of the Great Wall, until it reached a navigable part of the Yellow river. Here the men transferred the goods and the mules and ponies to boats, and they proceeded in a southwesterly direction for many miles. Then the march by caravan was again resumed, until the frontier trading posts were reached.

No foreigners were permitted to cross into Tibet; but Harding looked so much like a Mongolian, of a type to be found in southern Tibet, with his slender figure, prominent aquiline nose, straight, eyes, stained skin and wig of long wavy hair, that he was passed without question. Indeed, his comrades on the journey had never suspected that he was of American parentage.

Yaks and sheep were now added to the caravan's transportation animals. Nor was it long before they came into use. The route, which was by way of Darchenda, lay through steep, rocky, over snowy mountain passes and among steep, lofty mountains. Wooden structures bridged many of the streams, but some had to be forded by the men in wickerwork boats covered with skins, while the animals swam across. Then the path grew so precipitous that the horses and mules were sent back, and yaks and sheep were employed to carry the gunbarrels, food, fodder and tents. Every now and then the caravan had sharp brushes with robbers, who were numerous and bold in this wild region. At last, passing through a land of riv-

ers, the party journeyed over the elevated plain of Wo-ma-tang and entered Lhasa, the capital city, on the northern bank of the River Kyt-ch'a.

Harding felt a thrill of exultation as they passed along one of the wide, principal streets of the city, with Tibetan, Chinese and Nepalese shops lining the way. He looked with interest upon the buildings of stone, adobe and

sun-dried brick and at the pilgrims from Mongolia, Kashmir and Nepal who thronged this great religious center.

Having checked his consignment of gunbarrels and turned it over to the local merchant in proper condition, Harding entered the imposing cathedral of Jo-Kang. In this lofty, flat-roofed shrine, resplendent in green and gold, he gazed with awe upon a life-size image of Buddha as a prince, made of an alloy of five precious stones, and upon other wonderful images representing such historic personages as Manjusri, the god of wisdom, and Maitreya, the coming Buddha.

"Now I shall visit Mount Potala, the gorgeous palace in green and cinnamon, where dwelt the head of the Tibetan government, the Dalai Lama, before he was forced to flee," Harding promised himself as he trudged toward the rocky hill in the western suburb of the city.

Yellow and red capped monks (or lamas) of the Gelugpa and Nyinaghepa sects he saw on the way, and finally he stopped to look at one of the big, massively built lamaseries. In his curiosity he approached quite near to the building. As he stood, one of the lamas drew near and watched the lad, in whom he detected a lack of reverence. The lama spoke roughly to Harding, telling him to be gone. The lad, forgetting himself, answered quickly and with a show of ill-temper. Then, before he knew what had happened, he was surrounded by several husky-looking lamas and dragged into the building.

Two younger sisters they have, Princesses Eudoxia and Nadejda. most young princes, they are soldiers, although Boris, the crown prince, is little over 18 and Cyril is hardly 15. They are officers in the Bulgarian infantry. Two younger sisters they have, Princesses Eudoxia and Nadejda.

Love-in-a-Mist

HOW do you do? Am I not a beauty? People who know a very great deal about cats say I am the most beautiful cat in the whole world. My mistress, Lady Decies, thinks so. Lady Decies lives in England, where she has many famous,

price-winning pussy cats. I am the most famous of them all. Still I should rather have more rich cream than fame just now. Fame is nice, but you cannot eat or drink it. Yours very truly, LOVE-IN-A-MIST.

One Felt Sorry
Teacher—Who was sorry when the Prigonal Son returned?
Bright Pupil—The fattest calf that was killed for the dinner, teacher.

The Swing



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Bulgaria's Princes

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Helen, The Mischief Maker

"S-S-S!" hissed Millie, and then she broke into a titter. "Oh, I know I've spoiled the canvas, but you needn't laugh about it," replied Helen, as she spitefully daubed a yellow streak all the way across her picture.

"Helen," said Millie in a comforting tone, "you're a wonderful scientist and



How Little John Learned Music

mechanic, and you can draw plans and diagrams as skillfully as a draughtsman; but as an artist you are a brilliant failure."

"Don't I know it?" jerked the other. She looked at the half-completed picture disdainfully for a moment. Suddenly she laughed merrily. "I don't know why I'm doing this anyway," she murmured, twirling her brush; "but I did want something to pass away the time."

A gleam of mischief came into her eyes. "Hold the cat, Millie," she pleaded. Her companion wonderingly obeyed. Helen left her easel, and, with deft strokes, placed an artistic yellow stripe upon the animal's white back. She jumped back to observe the effect.

"Splendid!" she cried, dancing a jig in her delight.

And then, unheeding Millie's protests, which grew fainter as those of the poor cat grew louder, she cleverly adorned the cat with yellow stripes. The girls were admiring their work, with shrieks of laughter, when the badly treated animal escaped their clutches and ran through the door.