## DOLLY EVANS'STORY PAGE For Boys and Girls (Copyright, 1910, by the North American Company.)



AKE seated himself on the curb beside Rufe. "What are you doin' here, Rufe?" he demanded. Thinkin' as I needed a rest fum hawd lessons, I'se gib mah brain a hollerday." said Rufe drowsily.

'What you all doin' heah?" he asked. "Same thing," murmured Jake.

Truants they were and comrades on a "lark." Down to the wharf they went and borrowed a rowboat without asking the owner's permission. They knew of a



essant 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 "Search me," replied Jake; and then they saw, further along the bank, an-

other 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. Then 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 by their teacher, they went home, only to be punished by their parents. \*-"I'se not gwine to rest man brain enny more," said Rufe firmly when next they

"Nor me, nuther," Jake replied, just

Poor Doggies of Constantinop



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 "guilds." Each patrolled a certain district of the city. Woe to the dog of another guild 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.

Chamiable Osmanli Feeding

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 fale 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

The guard will tell you the doggies don't get nearly 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

The Man in the Drum

away, the boys made a hole in each

side of the drum and put their hands

The boy who put his hand in at one

"I've caught him!" cried both lads, as they grabbed each other's hand and pulled for dear life.

Still, they could not pull the fellow out. "Brother, isn't he a stubborn person!" exclaimed one boy. "Tes, but we'll keep on pulling until we have him out!" said the other.

sail the other.

And so they struggled with each other until the drummer came in search of his drum. You may know that he was very angry when he saw the big holes. "I'll show you who the man in the drum really is!" shouted he, while he soundly whipped the inquisitive boys.

66C -S-S!" hissed Millie, and then she

canvas, but you needn't laugh about it,"

"Oh, I know I've spollt the

broke into a titter.

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



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.

Busily 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

hunted my enemies and slew them and ate them. That is the food to which I have been accustomed. And now, alast I must eat grass and herbs little fitted for so great a warrior as I."

The only pleasure the old man had was to relate to the More Boy tales of his prowess as a headhunter; how he had ranged 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.

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 spent all his time muttering
to himself and fingering the grinning
skulls.

One night the boy was suddenly wakened 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 awang 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!" 667 WERE must be some one inside who makes the noise," said two boys who were watching a man beat a great drum. So when the drummer put down his drum and went

meat!"
"My dog has doubtlessly 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 but.

Next morning the Old Headhunter seemed to be in his right mind again. But almost every hour he would say, 'M am hungry for meat." And he would plead 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.

## HOW LITTLE JOHN LEARNED MUSIC

ANY years ago, a little boy named John dwelt in the land of Germany. John was so fond of music that his father, who was a music man himself, taught the lad how to play the fiddle. But before long. when John was only 10 years old, his father died. So his place was taken by John's big brother, Chris, who could play the organ and who said he would teach John all about music.

John was a clever boy, indeed, and he was so quick in fearning that very soon his brother Chris became angry, "Why," said he, "John will soon be a better music man than I!"

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. How-ever, 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.

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 )



OW do you do? Am I not a

heauty? People who know a Very great deal about cats say am the most beautiful cat in the whole world. My mistress, Lady Decles, thinks so, Lady Decles live in England, where she has many famous.

Cause for Crying Neighbor-What's the matter, Polly? Pony-is crying 'cause I aug a nice big hole in the garden an mamma won't

A Narrow Escape As little Bobby watched a heavily laden flatboat move down the stream

prize-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.

he exclaimed: "Lucky the river doesn't go up any higher, or the old boat would sink."

Teacher—Who was sorry when the Prodigal Son returned? Bright Pupil—The fatted calf that was

replied Helen, as she spliefully daubed a yellow streak all the way across her 'Helen," said Millie in a comforting

tone, "you're a wonderful scientist and

Helen, The Mischief Maker

mechanic, and you can draw plans and

mechanic, and you can draw plans and diagrams as skillfully as a draughtsman; but as an artist you are a brilliant fizzle;"
"Don't I know it?" jerked the other. She looked at the half-completed pfeture 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"."

time."
A gleam of mischief came into her eyes. "Hold the cat, Milite," 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. Sne jumped back to observe the effect. "Splendid!" she cried, dancing a jig in her delight.

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

"Oh, dear me! Aunt Abble will have a fit. The cat belongs to her, you know, and now it will run to her before I will have a chance to wash off the colors." Helen was sobered for an instant. Soon she forgot the incident, however, and she and Millie were talking of a party Hetty Barnes expected to give that week, when Aint Abble burst into the room, her eyes big with surprise and horror.

"Something terrible has happened!" she screamed. At first the girls were very much alarmed. "What is the trouble?" they inquired.

"My dear net Tobycat has gone! I

"My dear pet Tobycat has gone! I can't find him anywhere! And a strange tooking yellow cat, that has Toby's beautiful face, his pretty mew and all of Toby's ways, keeps following me about!"

Helen opened her lips to colless but a lock from Mills checked her. So they comforted Aunt Abbie as best they could, and finally sent her away.

When she was sone, the girls clasped each other in their arms and rocked to

and fro with laughter.

"Now, I'll tell you why I winked," gasped Mille. "I'll hunt all the pet white cats I can find—there are lots of 'em around handy—and bring them to you for appropriate decoration. We'll have more fun than you can shake a stick at."

you for appropriate decoration. We'll have more fun than you can shake a stick at."

Millie went out with a large basket, and quickly returned with what she called her "first installment." This poor pussy soon acquired beautiful orange stripes and then was permitted to depart by the back door. Other cats followed in rapid succession, until all the white pet cats in the neighborhood had been captured, painted and set free. By this time the chums were tired enough to rest from their mischievous task. Then Millie went out for news. It was not long before she came back.

"Oh me!" Oh my!" she laughed, over and over again. Finally, she wiped the tears from her eyes, and explained. "I've had to keep a straight face for so long that I thought I'd burst. Matthews all have discovered that something terrible has happened. And they've gathered together in solemn conference to discuss the mystery. The rest of the folk who own white cats won't be long in finding something out. Oh, our joke is simply rich!"

something out. Oh, our joke is simply rich!"

By nightfall, the town of Kendall was utterly bewildered. Ten beautiful white cats had disappeared, and in their places had come ten cats with yellow-and-orange stripes, but which, in every way except the coloring of coals, were exactly like the lost pussies. Who could solve the mystery! "It's all up!" confided Millie to he friend the next morning. "The neighbors have noticed that your white cat was the only one not painted, and they have it in for you!"

Helen gave one giance at Millie, and then sped upstalvs to pack her suitcase. "I'm going to visit Cousin Ellen. In Tellytown-right away!" she called, from her room. But for many a day after her room. But for many a day after her return. Helen spent a very uncomfortable time in Kendall.

OUR disguise is perfect; you speak the Mongolian tongues 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 my 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 Thibet. 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 affec-

tionately with his kind old guardian, with whom he had lived ever since his father had entered Thibet, 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 Pekin, the carayan 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 Thibet; but Harding looked so much like a Mongolian, of a type to be found in southern Thibet, 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. Taks 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 Darchendo, lay through steep ravines, 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 ed by the men in wickerwork boats covered with skins, while the animals awam across. Then the path grew so precipitous that the horses and mules were sent back, and yaks and sheep were amployed to carry the gunbarrels, food, fodder and tents. Every now and then the caravan had sharp brushes with robbers, who were nu-At last, passing through a land of riv-

ers, the party journeyed over the elevated plain of Wo-ma-t'ang and entered Lhasa, the capital city, on the northern bank of the River Kyl-ch'a.

Harding felt a thrill of exultation as they passed along one of the wide. principal streets of the city, with Thibetan, 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-K'ang. In this lofty, flat-roofed shrine, resplandent in green and gold, he gazed with awe supon 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 Maltreya, the coming Buddha.

"Now I shall visit Mount Potala, the gorgeous palace in green and cinnabar, where dwelt the head of the Thibetan 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

Yellow and red capped monks (or lamas) of the Gelugba and Nyingmeba 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, fortelling him to be gone. The lad, for-getting himself, answered quickly and with a show of ill-temper. Then, before he knew what had bappened, he was surrounded by several husky-looking lamas and dragged into the building. Harding soon discovered that the lama he had insulted was a dignitary of high importance. The boy was searched, his persecutors growing more susuicious all persecutors growing more suspicious all the while. Suddenly one of them bent over and examined the wig. He uttered a sharp exclamation. Another ran from

the room and speedily returned with some kind of liquid, which he applied to the boy's skin. Off came the stain, and the white skin of the European was revealed. Harding's disguise was a disguise no longer.

"This looks like the end of my adventure!" muttered the lad ruefully to himself, as he was hustled away to a tiny cell. He was aware that the penalty for his rashness was death.

As soon as his jaller had left him alone in the cell Harding looked around. The cell was lighted by one little window, high up in the wall, which was protected by iron bars. He looked at it again. The space between the bars was very small, yet he felt sure that he could squeeze between them. Giving a desperate leap, he managed to grasp the bars. He drew himself further up, and then found, to his joy, that they were wide enough to admit his slim body. His head and shoulders were squeezed through, when he heard the door of his cell open. One frantic effort he made and dragged himself through the bars just as his jailer burst

into the room. Dropping lightly to the ground, Harding sped like a deer for cover. Fortunately, he was clear of the monastery
ground before pursuit could begin.
He made his way swiftly through back
streets, avoiding people whenever possible, for the patch of white on his
cheek made his recognition sure, as
soon as the alarm was given.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Bulgaria's Princes

H BRE you see Prince Borls of Tirnovo and Cyril of Preslat, sons of King Ferdinand I and Queen Eleonore of Bulgaria. Like



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

## lemme bring it in the house, One Felt Sorry



HOW do you like to go up in a Rivers and trees and cattle and all swing, Over the countryside-

Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do think it the pleasantest Till I look down on the garden thing green, Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall, Till I can see so wide.

Down on the roof so brown Up in the air I go flying again, Up in the air and down! -Robert Louis Stevenson.