POLLY EVANS' STORY PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

REASON FOR DACHSHUNDS

AGES ago, during the Stone Age, in fact, when people wore rough skins for clothing and seemed but little more clever than ordinary animals, there existed none of the long, squat dogs that we call dachshunds. The dachshunds came

OFF TO THE HUNT

about through an unlucky slip of the foot.

Big Tooth and Red Head went out hunting one fine day, as was their usual custom. And their faithful dog naturally accompanied them. Over the mountain they climbed, seeking mountain goat.

Just as Red Head was drawing the bowstring of his arrow, his foot slip-

"RED HEAD TUMBLED"

ped. Down he tumbled, along the face of a shelving cliff. A little way from the top, however, a bush growing from a crevice stopped the fall of the Stone Man. There he hung, suspended in midair in such position that he could climb neither up nor down.

After much thought on the part of

IS RESCUE POSSIBLE?

Big Tooth (and you must remember that folk weren't supposed to be very bright at this time), he grasped the dog by the tail and lowered him until his muzzle was near to Red Head.

The brave dog seized the skin garments of Red Head in his teeth; then Tooth pulled the dog and its burden up to a place of safety.

THE DOG IS STRETCHED

But the strain upon the tail and body of the poor dog was so great that a stretching took place, the dog being lengthened to twice its real measurement. This queer-looking creature was the ancestor of all the dachshunds today.

It is well to bear in mind, nevertheless, the dachshunds can no longer be made from other dogs by a simple stretching.

BWANA HUMPTO in AFRICA

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"ALL WAS QUIET IN BWANA HUMPTO'S CAMP AT KAPETI PLAINS"

By Raber Mundorf

ONE of the native porters fell and was very nearly squashed under the heavy case he bore. Then Photo Humpto took a snapshot. A Chacma baboon, untrue to the instinctive shyness of his kind, screamed insults in monkey language, as he perched amid the fronds of a palm tree. Photo Humpto took another snapshot. Otherwise all was quiet in Bwana Humpto's camp at Kapeti Plains.

Carriers unpacked kegs, boxes, sacks and woven reed baskets. Mules, thus relieved of burdens, cropped the long, lush grass contentedly. In front of the tent, over which an American flag waved, sat Bwana Humpto, sorting his hunting kit and cleaning his rifle. Elephant Hunter chatted with him, while the slumbering Trappo cheerfully contributed snores to their conversation.

"Speaking of snores," said Dr. Pillo to Photo, "here is a clever verse for you to memorize:

"No doubt you've heard some people say,
He like a lion roars';
But Trappo has a better way,
He like a lion snores.'

"Shall I copy this verse for you?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, Doctor; I would not put you to such trouble for all the world," the boy replied, gratefully. Then Photo Humpto took a snapshot. Trappo's snores made a beautiful picture.

There now loped into camp a native hunter whom Gooboo, headman of the porters, had sent out to look for game. Malu, the hunter, reported that many herds of antelope were browsing nearby. Doctor Pillo and Taxidermo peered through field glasses in the direction pointed out by Malu. Skirting the edge of the forest, they sighted past a clump of teak trees toward the hills beyond. Countless numbers of antelope they observed. Then Photo Humpto took a look.

A long time Photo gazed, enraptured with this spectacle. His eye caught a small herd of roan antelopes. Big, brown fellows they were, with massive horns sweeping back like scimiters.

"Wouldn't Santa Claus be pleased to have a team of them to draw his sleigh! They beat reindeer all to hollow!" exclaimed the lad.

An inspiration came to Photo. Dashing up to Bwana Humpto, he cried:

"Father, won't you please have the men capture that herd of antelope yonder? I want to tame them and teach them to pull a little cart, so I can travel as a Santa Claus to where Gooboo's tribe lives and give to the little children lots of presents with which I shall fill the wagon. I might even have a Christmas tree upon which to hang the mirrors, beads, pieces of colored glass, fragments of pretty calico and other such gimcracks. It would be a splendid treat!"

Bwana Humpto considered the matter, and finally agreed to do as his son had asked. A hunting party of expert marksmen was formed. Very carefully the hunters stalked their game. Taking advantage of every rock, every bush, they crept forward against the wind. No scent frightened the animals; no sound warned them of the enemy's approach.

VERY CAREFULLY THE HUNTING PARTY STALKED THEIR ANTELOPE
(Photographs posed by figures of Humpty Dumpty Circus.)

Suddenly the sound of six rifle shots rang out, and Photo Humpto took a snapshot. Six roan antelopes pitched to the ground. But they were not killed. Obedient to Bwana Humpto's instructions, the hunters had aimed so that the bullets merely grazed the heads of the animals at the base of their horns; therefore, the antelopes were only stunned.

Photo rushed forward, commanding the natives to securely bind the legs of the antelopes with cords. There Bwana Humpto left him and made his way back to camp, in the hope that other game might be bagged. But giraffe, wildebeest, waterbuck, hartbeest, zebra, duikerbok and the other creatures they had seen were now in full flight. Bwana Humpto was fortunate in shooting a single Grant's gazelle, a graceful little fellow with large horns.

Meanwhile, Photo set the natives to work upon the construction of a cart. The antelopes appeared so gentle when they opened their eyes and looked about them, that the boy was determined to drive them that very day.

When the tiny wagon was completed, he harnessed the animals with stout strips of rhinoceros hide, seized the reins and climbed into the cart. All the people of the camp assembled to witness his departure.

"Get up!" yelled Photo, as he cracked a whip. The antelopes "got up." They madly tore over rocks; they dashed over the uneven plateau at breakneck speed. Santa Claus' reindeer never went half so fast.

But was Photo happy? He was not. He hadn't time to think about it, except to wonder whether he were in the cart or out of it; but he was certain that he wasn't enjoying himself. On toward the jungle flew the Santa Claus team.

Unnumbered horrors! Directly in the path of the wagon loomed a great rhinoceros, who had come forth to see what all the fun was about. Three of the antelopes strained to go to the left; three tugged frantically toward the right. Traces parted, the antelopes went their desired ways, but Photo was thrown high in the air.

Photo Humpto continued his journey, now, however, on the back of the rhino. The huge fellow coughed angrily for a moment, and then feeling that matters were wrong somehow, lumbered over the plain.

"Photo! Hey, Photo!" yelled Dr. Pillo, as he galloped rapidly after the rhinoceros, "here is a funny little verse for you to memorize:

"Oh, I think it is really preposterous
For a rider to ride a rhinoceros;
He might topple off
If the creature should cough—
Yes, it's safer to swim in the Bosphorus!"

But Photo Humpto forgot the little verse. He also forgot to thank the doctor.

The rhino's course led him through the camp. This would not have benefited Photo, however, had not the beast passed close to the palm tree to which a Chacma baboon still clung. Taking pity upon the unfortunate boy, the baboon stretched forth a long arm and swept Photo from the back of the rhinoceros. Photo heartily thanked the kind Chacma; then, in answer to the queries of those who asked if he was hurt, he said:

"No; there's no harm done save to my Santa Claus plan."

And he cried, reproachfully:

"But why did no one take a snapshot of me during my thrilling ride!"

(The third Bwana Humpto story will appear next week.)

THE ROCK CHAPEL

ARLA had lived in the Bohemian forest ever since she could remember. Her mother had told her, it is true, that she had been born in a big city named Vienna and that mother and father had brought their baby to the cottage in the little forest clearing. But Arla had no recollection of the city nor its people. The only companions she had ever known were the trees, the flowers, the birds and little animals of the wood—and, of course, her parents.

But Arla hungered for the comradeship of other little boys and girls. Every night, when she said the prayer her mother had taught her, she asked for a playmate. Yet the company the little girl sought was long in coming. Therefore, upon a certain afternoon, she determined to walk far into the forest and to travel and travel till she came to "people."

A long, long way she journeyed. The food she had taken with her had been eaten; she was footsore and weary. She seated herself upon a fallen tree, and, burying her head in her apron, sobbed:

"Why can I find nobody to play with? Must I again return to the cottage, there to be alone forever?"

Then she heard the sweet chiming of a bell. Softly the sound came to her—such a peaceful, soothing sound as she had never heard before. The bell did not seem so very far away. Courage revived, and Arla pressed forward.

After a while she passed into an open

"LIFTED UP HER HANDS"

pace and saw what caused her to pause and look in astonishment. It was a prayer house—not such a one as her mother had described, but a little chapel hewn out of solid rock.

Arla crept timidly forward. Through the doorway she tiptoed into wonder rooms cut in the solid rock. Altars, images, benches, statuary, ornaments there were—all carved from the one great rock out of which the chapel had been made.

And there were people. Grown folk they were, nevertheless they were company, even though she spoke not a word to them. After a while a priest came and spoke to her. She told him all about herself. He listened kindly, comforting her.

Then the lassie started for home, thoroughly happy now that she knew a place where she could find men and women and perhaps boys and girls. At last her prayer had been answered, and, as she turned to go, she lifted up her hands in a prayer of thanksgiving.

Best of all, when Arla's mother learned of her daughter's quest and how successful it had been, she did but chide the little girl gently and gave her permission to visit the chapel often, when Arla grew a little older.

Moving On

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.

TO CONRAD BURGESS, a member of a boys' secret society which at each weekly meeting appoints to one of its members some task, falls the duty of making a journey to and from San Francisco within six months. Refusal to act or failure to perform means expulsion from the circle as a coward. Taking the sentence seriously, the lad steals away at midnight, spends the night in a wood and sets out at daylight in company with Bugs, a tramp, whom he meets and who shares his food. They cross a river on a raft, and after a day's tramping obtain a good meal and night's lodging from a kind farmer. After breakfast the two board a freight. Bugs is able to give valuable advice on the best methods of freight riding. When their destination is reached, they elude the trainmen and make for a nearby house. This, Bugs explains, is a haven provided especially for hobos. Inside are gathered a number of men, who, after a hearty supper, spend the evening in exchanging stories of tramp life. Conrad passed a sleepless night, but in the morning is ready to start again for the railroad. A glance at the engineer of a freight locomotive strangely excites Bugs, who mutters of vengeance for some previous wrong, and then springs into the cab, shouting to Conrad to follow. Another moment and they are speeding away from the wondering engineer.

Overtaken by a fast passenger locomotive, the twain leave the cab and elude the railroad detectives who are on their trail by crossing a lake to a pleasure park. Here they are discovered, but Bugs overpowers the detectives, binding them upon wooden animals of an unused carrousel. Conrad and his companion are offered a ride on a railway handcar. They drop off near a town and adopt disguises. Entering the town from different directions, they endeavor to secure food. Conrad is shown a woodpile and invited to work for his meal.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

CHAPTER V.

A DASH FOR THE WEST.

CONRAD looked at the huge woodpile in dismay.

"Wonder if the lady expects me to chop and saw all this before she gives me anything to eat," he muttered.

"Sure she does," replied a voice, and Conrad turned to find standing at his elbow a sandy-haired, freckled-faced boy of his own age.

CONRAD'S GRUESOME FIND IN THE OLD FORT

"An' you might as well do it, 'cause if you don't I'll hev to myself," continued the lad. "I'm going over to t'other end o' town to the railroad shops with pa's lunch. It's too far to come home for dinner, but ma's packed him a bucket. Betcher anything yuh want that he'll be eatin' before you do."

No longer could Conrad endure the tantalizing smile of the other lad. And, fearing he would starve if he had to wait for food as long a time as the boy promised, he made a desperate grab for the dinner pail, wrested it from its owner and dashed full tilt out the gate.

The sandy-haired chap gave chase immediately, but, driven by fear of the consequences should he be captured, Conrad bent and doubled through streets and alleyways of the town until he lost his pursuer. Then gaining the open country, he made his way toward the big tree which was the trysting place for Bugs and himself.

Soon the tramp made his appearance. He was covered from head to foot with black dust.

"What in the world have you been doing?" asked the boy.

Bugs wearily lighted a pipe as he responded:

"Confounded mean people wouldn't give any handouts free, so I had to work in a coalyard for 50 cents. Shoveling coal on to coal carts ain't easy work, an' I guess I earnt muh money, all righty. But, say, bo, did you git anything?"

The other produced the pail, from which he had not yet taken anything, because he had wished to share it with his companion. Bugs, however, urged him to eat, saying that he had already spent 25 cents for a meal and that he had saved the other twenty-five for Conrad, in case the lad failed to obtain victuals.

"An' swaller in a hurry, too," warned Bugs. "I was afraid them there detectives might be still starvin' there on the merry-go-roun', they're so durned stoopid; an' not wishin' to be hung, I jus' dropped a hint at the coalyard an' then bolted. Some one'll likely set 'em loose now, an' we'll have to make ourselves purty scarce."

Acting upon the hint, Conrad swallowed most of the contents of the pail, carefully tucking the little that remained into his pockets. Together they made for the other side of the town, taking a circuitous route in order to escape attention.

In the railroad yards beyond they had the good fortune to discover an open box car. Into it they clambered without detection and stowed themselves in the far end. There being nothing better to do, both fell asleep.

When the boy awoke it was pitch dark within the car, which was jolting heavily over the rails. Bugs still slept, however, so Conrad remained quiet, wondering where he was going now. After a time he, too, passed into dreamland. He was wakened by his companion roughly shaking him and crying, huskily:

"Say, little pardner, we're in a mighty bad hole. They've locked this box car on us, an' no one knows when it'll be opened. It might be a month. You kin see what we're up ag'inst."

The sliding doors were securely fastened; there was no question about that. Daylight could be seen through chinks, but no one was in hearing distance. The two shouted and pounded on the sides of the car without avail.

The greater part of the day was spent in this cheerless fashion. Between them were shared the few morsels Conrad had saved from the preceding day. But the lad suffered intensely from thirst, as ever before had he endured such a hardship. The tramp was tougher and therefore minded the privation less, but he also was desperate indeed when there was a bump and the box car, which, ever since dawn, had been on a siding, was coupled with an engine.

This seemed encouraging. Yet the trainmen did not hear the cries of the prisoners. For several hours the car traveled. It came to a standstill finally, to the great joy of Bugs and Conrad, and the doors were unlocked. They forgot caution in their desire to gain freedom, and as a result were very nearly arrested.

But they managed to escape, forthwith making for the nearest eating house, where they consumed the most that 25 cents would buy.

"This is Chicago," explained Bugs, while they gulped down the food with keenest relish; "do you wanter stop off 'ere for a little bit?"

"No, I'd rather not," replied the boy. "You see, I've got to make San Francisco and return just as soon as I can, and I don't want to risk any delay."

This was true enough. Yet the most important reason was that Conrad was heartily sick of the rough life of tramping, and wished to complete his trip as soon as possible, in order to reach home and comfort.

Bugs good-naturedly listened to the lad's request, and graciously complied with it. That very evening they were en route for Denver. The journey was not to be made without incident, riding upon the rods of a freight. They desired to snatch a moment's rest at one of the stopping places, and so left their positions. When the train was again ready to move, Bugs suggested that they crawl into a gondola car, where he was sure they would not be molested at this stage of the route. Unfortunately for their plans, the brakeman was conscientious. Starting upon a tour of investigation, he found the adventurers. Bugs refused to "get off," and there was a pitched battle. Finally, at the next station the tramp and Conrad were forced to beat a hasty retreat.

"It's fierce the way people don't go mindin' their own business," grumbled Bugs. "But, anyhow, I know an' old tumbledown fort that ain't in use now. It'll be a dandy place for a snooze. We can foot it to town tomorrow."

He led the way to their sleeping quarters and Conrad followed. The ruins of the fort were found without trouble. In a sheltered nook they settled themselves for slumber. But Conrad was restless. He tossed about until he thought it well to examine some curious hard-feeling objects that formed his bed.

"Do you mind giving me a light, Bugs?" asked he. "I'm curious to know what these things are."

The match sputtered, then flamed up, and the lad gazed upon what was in his hands.

"Christopher Columbus! Human bones!" he exclaimed, in horror.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Proverbs of Peoples.

One learns by suffering.—Latin.
A bitter heart makes a strong arm.—German.
One takes the odor of one's company.—Chinese.
No one is fool always: every one sometimes.—Latin.
Crosses are the ladders that reach to heaven.—French.

Wrestling Crickets

OF COURSE, there are many Persevering Boys, but the Persevering Boy I now tell you about lived in China. He seemed very unfortunate, did this lad; and the other children excelled him in every sport and pastime.

But the Persevering Boy did not lose heart. He did his best. If he failed, he would try again. One day, however, when the kites of all his companions flew much higher in the air than did his kite, the Boy resolved to quit the sport for a little rest.

After drawing in the kite and winding up the cord, he threw himself upon the grass. All at once he thought he heard a loud "Chir-r-p! chir-r-p!" Close scrutiny revealed an immense cricket on the ground beside him.

"Ah! it appears to me that he is a mighty fellow, who will win many prizes for me!" cried the Boy, in great delight.

China, you know, wrestling matches between crickets are held, and many prizes in the important contests are given. This was the sport in which the Persevering Boy now strove to excel.

The cricket was placed in a little bamboo cage, there being fed with tender salad leaves and grains of rice. Then trial matches with other crickets were arranged, when the insect was put with its adversary in a wooden bowl, in order that their legs might not slip. His master would tickle his head with a hair, whereupon Mr. Cricket would become ever so angry and would advance upon his foe with extreme fury.

Always, then, was his opponent beaten. While the winner would rub his wing, crying shrilly his triumph, the vanquished would cower in disgrace. The Persevering Boy's cricket was the wonder of the village.

And as the renown of the cricket spread, as the number of its conquests increased, the Persevering Boy won many and many a prize. No longer was he scoffed at by playmates because he could not win in other games. So well had he trained his cricket that in this sport the Persevering Boy was invincible.

Riding Song

GALLOP-A-TROT! Gallop-a-Trot!
Here we go riding away.
Gallop-a-Trot! Gallop-a-Trot!
My! What a nice game to play!
Wee Willie Winkie, in rompers of blue,
On old Dapple Gray takes a ride;
I'd love to have such a fine horse—wouldn't you?
And such pretty blue rompers, beside.
Gallop-a-Trot! Gallop-a-Trot!
Off to a country so grand!
Gallop-a-Trot! Gallop-a-Trot!
A-riding to sweet Babyland.

—[illegible] A. Hays