

For the Young People



BERT'S "JACK-HUNTING"

AS Bert watched the two canoes glide away, he wondered how he was to stand the loneliness of two long days at the camp with only the silent, taciturn cook for company. His brother and his cousin had brought him up to the Canadian lake country at his mother's command, but they now contended that a man and a guide, with baggage, filled one canoe and there was no room in either for a boy; therefore Bert must "knock around" the camp and amuse himself as best he could while his more fortunate elders went away on their long fishing and hunting trips.

Half an hour after he had been left at the camp for the second time in this way, Bert took his gun, announced that he was going after partridges, and walked off into the woods. Forest would be more accurately descriptive, the wild "bush" for many miles around Muskeg Lake being pathless but for an occasional dim portage trail.

Bert intended to return to camp in time for dinner with the uncommunicative cook, but there was no dinner for the boy that day. Following a couple of partridges through dense brush up into the low hills, without being able to get "a good shot," he lost his sense of direction and when he finally concluded to turn back, he tramped north when he should have tramped south.

It was long past noon, and he had walked several miles on the supposed backward course, before he realized that he was hopelessly lost. He remembered to have read that the thing to do under such circumstances was to find running water and follow down stream, but he looked for running water in vain. In growing anxiety, he tramped on, turning to right or left in order to take advantage of a more open stretch of woods. He picked a few berries and dulled the sharp edge of his hunger as he went—for raspberry time had not quite reached its end.

At sunset, when he dragged himself down to the shore of a little lake hardly more than a mile in width, the odor of frying bacon saluted his nostrils and he thought he had never smelled anything so good in all his short life. He found himself in the rear of a cabin of hemlock logs, and walking round it, he stood in the presence of a middle-aged man engaged in frying fish and bacon over an out-door fire.

The man started at sight of him, then smiled. "Hello, partner, where did you come from?" he asked, with a cheerful manner that was itself a welcome. Before Bert could reply the man spoke again: "Um, Weston, fire-ranger for this district, and this is one of my over-night stops. So you're all right, if you're in trouble—and you look it."

Then Bert told his story. "Pretty hard luck for a boy of your age," commented Weston, "but don't worry. You can stay with me over night and tomorrow I'll show you the way back to Muskeg Lake. Now let's have supper. There's nothing more to do, for I've already cut fresh hemlock brush for the bed inside."

As man and boy were eating heartily, seated at the door of the cabin, the former said: "And maybe I can show you some sport tonight. Can you shoot a rifle?"

"I've only shot partridges and ducks with a gun," said Bert modestly. "I

saw a deer today—just saw his tail dancing along above the brush, his 'tag up,' as they say; but he was far off, and even if I hit him when I shot, I only tickled him."

"Well, I'll paddle you and let you try for a deer tonight," promised Weston, "and if you miss I'll take the next chance. We'll be pretty sure to get one, for this little Moose Lake is a good place."

Bert was all eagerness for so unexpected and delightful an adventure. He felt tired no longer and could hardly wait until the fire-ranger had cut plug tobacco for his pipe and finished his smoke.

The preparations were simple. Weston cut a four-foot stick and secured it in an upright position in the bow of his bark-canoe. A lantern being lighted, a piece of an old felt hat was tied round it so as to cover one-half of the globe, and then it was suspended from the stick in the bow, so arranged that the rays of light would be thrown forward and the canoe remain in shadow.

Putting his light craft into the water, Weston knelt in the stern, paddle in hand, and Bert took his place in the bow, holding the rifle in readiness. By the time they got afloat it was quite dark.

Slowly and silently they started on a tour of the little lake, keeping within some thirty yards of the shore. Bert could hear his own breathing but not one stroke of the paddle, so noiselessly did the fire-ranger wield it. The canoe floated in deep shadow, but the shore to the left was faintly illuminated.

They had thus gone on their way for some ten minutes when suddenly they heard a squeaking and splashing, and some small animal came sailing toward them on the water's surface, struck the side of the canoe and disappeared.

"What's that?" whispered Bert excitedly.

"A muskrat"—with a low laugh. A little further on the stillness of the dark forest on the left was broken by the "running down" of a red squirrel's "alarm clock," and some five minutes later Bert was startled by a curious scratching sound in the brush on the shore.

"Is that a deer?" he asked in a whisper.

"Porcupine—two or three of 'em." Slowly they went on, rounding the whole lake in the course of an hour, meanwhile hearing muskrats, squirrels and porcupines a-plenty, but neither

hearing nor seeing any sign of a deer.

"This looks bad," said Weston. "They don't seem to be coming down to drink tonight, or we ain't on the spot at the right time. We'll try 'em again, though."

Bert was losing his enthusiasm. He was cold and numb from sitting so long immovably in the shadow of the September night, but he uttered no complaint.

They started off again and were a little more than half way round the lake the second time, when Weston thrillingly whispered:

"See him? Quick—steady—aim!"

Bert saw "him"—some fifty yards ahead of them, his fore feet in shallow water, his body showing white and ghostly but outlined clearly against the dark background of woods.

As he spoke, Weston deftly shifted the canoe so that Bert could fire over the bow and there would be no danger of an upset from shooting over the side.

Bert was wildly excited, but he managed to take steady aim, and when, after firing, he saw the deer fall splashing in shallow water, he could have shouted in his exultation.

"Good shot," said the fire-ranger. "We won't get a wetting tonight." As he paddled in, he went on to explain that sometimes a wounded deer made a frantic dash forward and upset the canoe—not wishing to fight but to escape. Seeing a light, the dazed animal supposes it to be an open avenue through the woods and leaps in that direction.

When dragged ashore, Bert's deer, a young buck very fat and heavy, was found to have been killed instantly, the bullet entering its head over the left eye. Weston knew that the boy's true aim was largely accident, but he did not say so and spoke in a very complimentary way. With no little difficulty they put the deer in the center of the canoe, resumed their former positions, and paddled back to the landing-place below the cabin.

At sundown next day Bert was seated on a log below the camp on Muskeg Lake when the returning canoes of his brother and cousin glided up.

"What luck?" called out the boy.

"Hardly any," answered his brother. "The guides say it's a bad time."

"I've had the best luck ever," cried Bert. "I went jack-hunting on Moose Lake last night and got a deer."

"He really seems to think we'll swallow that yarn," laughed the cousin, as the brother stared reprovingly.

"If you don't believe me," said Bert, the happiest of boys, "come up and look at the horns and eat a slice from one of the hind quarters we packed across today. The cook's frying strips of it now."

And buried. But all the children and even Helena's Mamma seemed to think it great fun.

At least, they came crowding around and laughed and asked Willie and Helena whether they were sure they hadn't hurt themselves—and there was such a do-do straightening up the palm—and—why, presently Willie began to feel quite like a hero.

Then, to his amazement, he found himself talking and laughing with all the little boys and girls around him. And—would you believe it—he actually asked Helena to dance the next dance with him, since that one had been interrupted by their fall!

The ice was broken, you see, though it does seem funny to "break ice" with a palm, doesn't it?

From then on, Willie had the very best of times. And, goodness me, what a lot of ice cream he did eat! In fact, when he finally left for home, he was hoping someone else would give a party soon—or maybe his Mamma would let him give one!



Bert Was Wildly Excited, But He Managed To Take Steady Aim.

WILLIE'S FIRST PARTY

PERHAPS you remember your first party? If so, and if you are truthful about it, you must admit that you were very nervous and that you didn't have a good time at all—at least, not until just about the time it was breaking up.

Now Willie had much the same experience; for he attended his first party only the other afternoon and, so his Big Sister said, all through it he looked as though he had been caught stealing jam and knew he was going to be whipped.

Moreover, Willie himself didn't deny it. What he said was, "Aw shucks! I'd rather be out shootin' marbles! Parties is all right for girls, and—for sissy boys!" In which statement, of course, Willie was not correct.

But to return to the party. It was given by little Miss Helena Martin, who lived right across the street from Willie. Now Helena was a dainty little miss with hair of gold and eyes of blue—and Willie thought her quite the prettiest and nicest little girl in the neighborhood.

Of course he didn't know it, but Helena thought he had just the funniest freckles any boy could have; and she often wondered if a cow really had "licked" him and made his bright red hair stand up on end in that queer "cow-lick."

Truth to tell, Willie didn't want to go. He didn't come right out and say so, but he wasn't exactly enthusiastic about it. "I don't blame him," laughed Big Sister. "Why, Mamma, he'll be a regular bull in a china shop!" For quite a while Willie tried to understand what she had meant by such a strange remark; but he finally gave it up, as he couldn't, for the life of him, imagine how a bull could get into a china shop.

"Hell! have to wash his face and clean his finger-nails and brush his hair and be real nice and polite, won't he, Mamma?" Big Sister continued. "And—oh, yes—he will have to dance, too, with all the little girls!"

"Won't, neither!" objected Willie. "Indeed you will," Big Sister insisted. "And with Helena and all the little girls. Won't he, Mamma?"

"I ain't a-goin' to!" declared Willie. "You're scared—you're scared!" teased Big Sister. "Why, you dance the One-Step and the waltz with me here at home; and really, Willie, you aren't a bad dancer—if you only wouldn't walk all over your partner's feet!"

Willie was so angry he could make no reply; so he ran out in the backyard where he climbed up on the fence and tried to get up enough courage to fall over backwards—so he would hurt his feet, or his knees, and thus be unable to attend the party.

When the dreaded afternoon came, however, Willie was there. His Mamma had made him go; also, she had instructed him most carefully how to "behave like a little gentleman." And Big Sister herself had led him to the door and seen it close behind him—lest he slip off and only pretend he had gone.

Poor Willie! His only consolation was that perhaps they would have ice cream. Well, if they did, he intended to eat just as many plates as they would give him!

All the little boys and girls he knew were there—and many he did not know. Helena's Mamma welcomed him with a smile and patted him kindly on the shoulder as he shook hands with his little hostess. Willie uttered never a word, for his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth.

Fortunately, other boys and girls came crowding up then so Willie was able to stop back into a corner where he stood, white and miserable, looking on at the other children who were laughing and talking and having the best of times.

Then, presently, the dancing began. Now, the very last thing his Mamma had said to him was that he must not forget to ask Helena to dance with

him. And she explained how rude it would be to overlook such an attention to one's hostess. But Willie decided he would put it off just as long as he could. So, for many dances, he stood against the wall and looked on.

Then, as the music struck up, Helena came to him and asked him to dance with her. Poor Willie! His heart was right up in his throat, and he felt his knees giving way under him. My, how he did wish the floor would open up and swallow him—

"Oh, Willie!" she exclaimed. And then Willie felt quite ashamed of himself.

"Please be a good boy, and don't spoil my party," pleaded pretty Helena. "Who's spoilin' your old party!" demanded Willie. "I guess I ain't! And I guess you can't make fun of my dancing, and—"

"Oh, Willie!" cried Helena. "I'm not making fun of your dancing—I think you dance just—just beautifully!"

Whereupon, Willie was considerably mollified.

Helena looked at him and laughed—and Willie tried to laugh back at



"Excuse me, Willie," said Helena politely.

even if it brought the whole house down on top of him!

But there was the dainty Helena, smiling and waiting for him. So, scared within an inch of his life, he stumbled forward and took the position Big Sister had taught him to take at the beginning of a dance. It was a "One-Step" and Willie really danced the "One-Step" very well—with Big Sister!

But he stood with Helena as though he were glued to the floor! Several times he tried to start, but always he seemed to be out of time with the music. Finally—Willie was quite certain every one in the room was looking at him—they managed to start. Down the room they went and turned, and then Willie began to feel a little less nervous.

"Oh, I like the way you dance, Willie," said Helena with a smile.

Willie scowled. "Huh! Is that so?" he said, for he felt certain Helena was making fun of his dancing. "Well, if you don't like it you know what you can do!"

Helena looked at him in amazement.

her; but it was a sticky sort of a grin at best. However, it made Willie feel more at home.

Presently they reached the corner of the room again and began to turn. Suddenly, to his horror, Willie stepped right on one of Helena's pretty pink slippers. He was so mortified he could have fainted had his knees yielded another inch.

"Excuse me, Willie," said Helena politely—taking all the blame upon herself.

"D-d—don't mention—" began Willie, not knowing quite what he was saying, when suddenly—

"Bang! Bang!" And Willie found himself sprawled out flat on the floor, with Helena not far away on her hands and knees.

He had backed into a potted palm which had overturned and sent both children sprawling.

Instantly everyone stopped dancing, and they all came running up. Helena jumped to her feet, not in the least hurt, all smiles.

Then such a shout as went up. Poor Willie almost wished he were dead

and buried. But all the children and even Helena's Mamma seemed to think it great fun.

At least, they came crowding around and laughed and asked Willie and Helena whether they were sure they hadn't hurt themselves—and there was such a do-do straightening up the palm—and—why, presently Willie began to feel quite like a hero.

Then, to his amazement, he found himself talking and laughing with all the little boys and girls around him. And—would you believe it—he actually asked Helena to dance the next dance with him, since that one had been interrupted by their fall!

The ice was broken, you see, though it does seem funny to "break ice" with a palm, doesn't it?

From then on, Willie had the very best of times. And, goodness me, what a lot of ice cream he did eat! In fact, when he finally left for home, he was hoping someone else would give a party soon—or maybe his Mamma would let him give one!

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AESOP'S RETOLD GARRETT NEWKIRK
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THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG.



IS said a man of Indo-Koos Possessed a very wondrous goose.

That laid each day an egg of gold; The fowl of course was never sold.

Now having cash beyond his need, The man became the slave of greed;

Though every day increased his store, He wanted only more—and more.

"With gold!" he cried, "the bird is filled, That I could have if it were killed."

And so this very precious dunce, With hope of many eggs at once,

Assisted by a foolish wife, Seized on the bird and took its life.

Then great indeed was their surprise; They hardly could believe their eyes;

A loud lament their neighbors heard— 'Twas just like any other bird.

The greedy one who doth despise Sure gains to seize some greater prize.

May come at last to beg; "He is," they say in Indo-Koos, "So like the man who killed the goose, That laid the golden egg."

Finally he looked down at her and smiled. "I believe," he said, "that my little girl is going to become a splendid horsewoman!"

Whereupon, Roger-Boy whisked his tail and frisked up his hind-legs and broke into a gallop—just as though he, too, understood the compliment perfectly and was overjoyed at it!

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

NUT PUZZLE.



What kind of nut is hidden in this picture? To find it arrange all the first letters of the words which the small pictures represent so that they will spell the name of the nut.

REVERSALE. Reverse an abbreviated boy's name and find the same.

Reverse a seed and find the same. Reverse meridional and find the same.

Reverse a species of pine and find the same. Reverse a parent and find the same.

HIDDEN PRESIDENTS. The dog ran to his kennel. The hay escaped burning.

Take our washing to number eight of the first flat. Edgar Field was the name of our pitcher.

Our boy likes to build a dam straight across the creek. Come, John, fill more bottles for me.

The boot-jack's on the floor beside you. It was a common roe shad but it was good.

Answers. HICKORYNUT—Horn, Indian, Elm, Elm, Oak, Walnut, Yock, Nail, Umbrella, Top.

REVERSALE—Bob, Pip, Tom, Asa, Dad.

HIDDEN PRESIDENTS—Grant, Hayes, Washington, Garfield, Adams, Fillmore, Jackson, Monroe.

RIDING ROGER-BOY

WHEN Bettina's father gave her a little coal-black pony on the morning of her last birthday she was so excited and so pleased that, for several moments, all she could do was to stand with her mouth open and gasp for breath.

A pony—a real, live pony! With a black, satiny coat, curving neck and thick, flowing mane and tail! Oh, it was almost too good to be true! And he was such an affectionate little fellow, would you believe it, he came right up to Bettina and rubbed his soft nose against her arm and shoulder.

"Now, my little daughter," said Papa, "I hope we shall have many morning rides together. You must not be afraid of Roger, for he is very gentle and, see, already he is smelling around your pocket for a piece of sugar—Roger just loves sugar!"

Whereupon, Bettina turned and ran straight to the kitchen where she grabbed a whole box-full of cut sugar. Then she rushed back to the pony.

"Here—here you are, Roger-Boy!" she cried, gaily holding out a handful to him. And right then and there she decided that she would call him Roger-Boy, and not just plain Roger.

"Goodness me," laughed Papa. "You'll make him sick, my dear, if you give him all that sugar. Ponies, like little boys and girls, mustn't have too many sweet things to eat. Give him just two lumps—and no more."

But Roger-Boy had already crunched up the handful Bettina had offered him and was reaching out for more, whinnying and following after her as she reluctantly started back to the kitchen with the box of sugar.

For days and days she had such lovely times learning to ride. Old Pat, the groom who took care of Papa's riding and driving horse, was patient himself in teaching her to ride. And, as you may know, learning to ride is not an easy task, so of course Roger-Boy tried to be as gentle as possible, but even then he joggled poor Bettina about frightfully.

"Press in wit yer knees, Miss, press in wit yer knees!" Pat would call out as he walked along beside Roger-Boy, with Bettina in the cunning little saddle. "Faith, don't be ather grabbin'

Reverse an abbreviated boy's name and find the same.

Reverse a seed and find the same. Reverse meridional and find the same.

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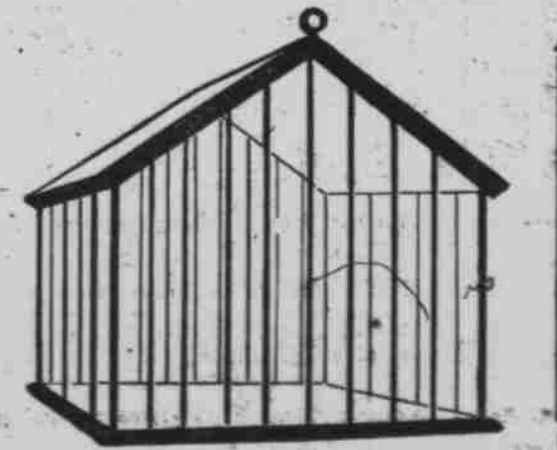
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CAGED



DRAW upon a sheet of paper this empty cage, and near to the cage draw a little robin red breast, thus:

Now the trick is to make the bird hop into the cage, and it is not difficult to do as you will see.

Place a card or a piece of paper between the cage and the bird, holding the card perpendicularly on the

paper. Look at the bird and the cage attentively while pressing your nose against the card. This brings the cage opposite your left eye, and the bird opposite your right, but in a moment the bird will seem to move, and then it will hop right into the cage.

You and your friends should enjoy this trick, or optical illusion.

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