Where the Mocking Bird Got His Name.

TOLD BY S. TEN EYCK BOURKE.

Once upon a time in the long, long ago, when the old, old world was a very young world, indeed, the languor of midsummer's heat stole deep in the honeysuckle's cream-gold heart. The scented breeze, fragrant with pale purple memories of the wistaria's vanished glory, fanned the trailing arbutus and scarlet trumpet vine, and full-petaled roses clustered in joyous riot of color.

Solomon sat on his golden throne, alone in the circle of emerald grass, ringed by the swaying daisies.

High in the trees the song birds trilled their wonderful melodies. The sun rays gleamed in a golden shaft that veined each leaf and lined its green with a shimmering sheaf. They showered down on the silver brook, and jeweled its ripples with a diamond net as they sparkled and danced past the moss-grown bank.

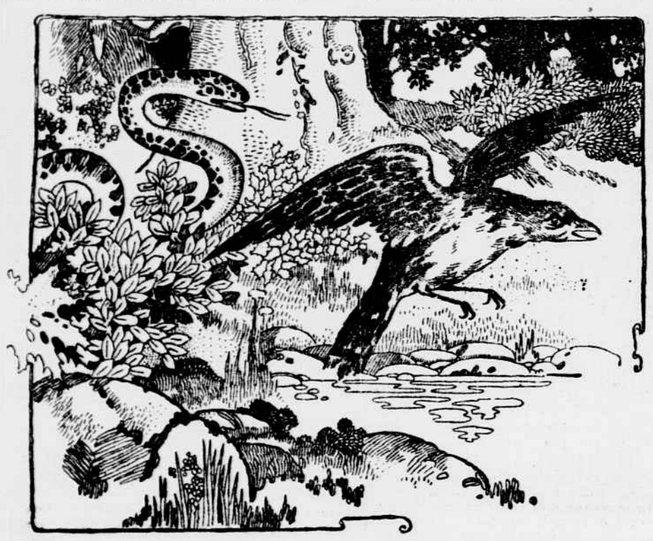
"Today as I rushed from my mountain home the crescent moon was climbing the starry ladder of the sky," sang the brook.

"The midsummer moon," mused the king.

Then he waved his wand from right to left and left to right till its rounded ball blazed golden red.

At the call of the light the birds came flocking from far and near to the great king's court.

The hawk and the dove and the chickadee waited without the daisy ring, with the robin, the red-wing and the whip-poor-will.



The gold finch was there and a certain brown bird with breast and tail of glistening white who had never been given a name.

"The flowers of speech will bloom tonight," spoke Solomon; "they unfold their petals but once in the year for a single night when the midsummer moon first shines."

"They fade with the morning light," called the brook.

"You must go to the glade in the silent wood where the blossoms grow and gather them all, each bird one," the wise king said.

"There is an emblem for every one, bird, squirrel and bee, and all the living creatures in the world in their flowery hearts," rustled the oak.

"Unless I weave them in a garland tonight I cannot work the magic spell," resumed the king. "I must sleep with them on my brow if I would understand the language of all in my realm."

"If a single flower be missing the meaning of some speech will be forever hidden," cautioned the drifting motes in the golden beam that shone on Solomon's ball-tipped wand.

"The blossoms are every one alike, with their secret emblem hidden from sight. You cannot tell which is which," nodded the daisies.

"If you should lose one, it might be your own," said Solomon, "so beware, for I never again could understand a word you said."

And he waved his wand again for the birds to set off on their flight.

"Killie," cried the hawk, "follow me. I know the path through the woods."

The trees grew tall in the silent wood, vine clad with trailing tendrils. The ivy circled the oak tree trunks with its glossy leaves, and rust-red pools gleamed ruddily in the wonderland of varying green. A thicket of shrubs tangled the edge so that none might pass save by the path. No sound was heard in the silent wood if one went astray to speed him through its maze.

Vague, cool and strange, a path led straight to the hidden glade. Narrow and low it was with no way to the sky through its lattice of dancing leaves that twined shadowy chains in the summer breeze.

But the birds flew merrily along with no thought of harm. They had not seen the polished black coils of the serpent, swiftly gliding among the ferns.

The crescent moon was threading the sky with its slender hoop when the hawk led the birds to the open glade.

"Welcome," rippled a silver voice, and a truant spring sent a shiver of crystal over the moss.

"Cherolee," cried the red wing, "the dew is scattering pearls on the roses and eglantine," as he settled close to a rose and drank from its scented cup.

"Killie," said the hawk, "this is the hour when the flowers bloom."

"Kill-deer! Kill-deer!" called his cousin, the sparrow hawk, "see those waxen birds by the spring."

Ivory-tinted with rosy veins, they spread their petals one by one, till full-blossomed and star-shaped they glistened with a sheen like that of the moon on a fretwork of cobwebs.

"They are the flowers of speech," chirped the robin.

The nameless brown bird hovered gally around the waxen cups.

"There's a bird too many and a flower too few," he said, "one of us will have nothing to carry back to the king."

"Killie! that will be you," decided the hawk, "since you have no name you can't expect to share honors with us."

"If I have no name, it's only because I can mimic all your calls with my wonderful throat," retorted the brown bird. "The King could never decide just which one I should be."

"Cherolee, say no more," called the redwing, "you can carry my flower."

"Hoho! what matter's a flower more or less when you'll all be missing at Solomon's court," hissed a voice. And two wicked eyes shone in the gloom of the path where Sir Serpent lay coiled.

"We'll fly high over your head," cried the hawk, "while you are climbing the trees to reach us, we'll be safely past you."

"Here where the trees arch high, you may," replied the serpent, "but the branches droop low at the edge of the wood."

"If Sir Serpent coils there he can strike each bird as it passes," warned the spring.

"We'll beat through the thicket on either side of the path," cooed the dove.

"It will take too long. The flowers will fade before you can reach the great king's court. Hoho! you'll find me waiting," mocked the serpent as he glided away.

The birds fluttered close to the crystal spring at the serpent's words.

"The king will not weave his garland I fear," sighed the dove.

"It's as bad to be dumb as dead," exclaimed the chickadee; "we must all rush down together and force our way past him. There's always a chance that some may escape and save the right flower at that."

"Cherolee," said the redwing, "I wish we were out of the woods."

The nameless brown bird had listened in silence, still hurt at the hawk's slighting words. But he was a generous, friendly soul, and the redwing's plaint reminded him of the little bird's offer.

"Leave it to me, I have a plan. I'll outwit Sir Serpent with his mocking laugh by a clever trick," he said, then whispered softly to each bird in turn.

"It's well there's a flower too few," chuckled the nameless brown bird. "Come, let us be off."

The birds plucked the blossoms, each bird one, then flyin high they entered the path. Once in its gloom they stole along close to the arch overhead.

Just as they came to the edge of the wood the moonlight fell on Sir Serpent's silver-ringed coils.

Silently the birds perched among the trees where the path opened toward the meadows beyond the woods.

"Kill-deer! Kill-deer!" shrieked the sparrow-hawk from the thicket to the right.

Then "Killie" and "Cherolee" echoed the woods. Sir Serpent raised his great head.

"I'll trap you all," he cried, then paused in amaze. Not a bird was in sight.

"Cherolee!" called a voice a little way off, and "Pholbe!" answered the chickadee.

"You're trying the woods," hissed the serpent, "you'll never get through."

"Killie! Killie!" faintly sounded the hawk.

"I can't get them all, but I may trap a few," thought the Serpent.

"Coo, coo," whispered the dove from the leaves.

"There are none to be seen in the path, that's clear," hissed Sir Serpent, and glided into the thicket.

But swift as he sped toward the dove's sweet call, the birds fluttered down from the trees that arched the narrow path. One by one, through the opening, they flew, away to the great king's court.

Sir Serpent turned at this rustling of wings, but a chorus of calls sounded close in the thicket beside him.

"Cherolee! Whip-poor-will!"

The serpent plunged in the undergrowth.

"Killie! Killie!"

He darted off after the hawk.

"Chirp! Chirp!" cried the robin. And he climbed the tree, but the bird had fled.

All night long the serpent searched in the silent wood, led on by the calls.

When the day shot its quiver of gold and blue through the dancing leaves Sir Serpent came gliding along the path.

"I've cheated ye! I've cheated ye!" came the goldfinch's call, high in the trees.

"Cheated me! You silly bird," hissed the serpent, angrily. "The flowers are faded by now, so the others may go. But you shall pay for that mocking cry."

The nameless brown bird flew out of the leaves just as the serpent's head shot high in the tree.

"Hoho! Hoho!" laughed he. "The birds went free while the moon was high! Don't you know all those calls were stored in my throat? Hoho! Hoho!"

And the brown bird circled away through the opening boughs at the edge of the woods.

High in the oak that grew near the silver brook the nameless brown bird spied the hawk.

"Did you all come safely to Solomon's court?" he cried.

"Killie!" replied the hawk, "you wonderful bird! The king slept in his garland, but I feared you were lost."

"Hoho! Hoho! Not I," mocked the bird. "I left Sir Serpent hiding ashamed in the woods, for I've stolen his laugh. Hoho! Hoho!"

Solomon welcomed the nameless bird as he fluttered into the velvety circle of emerald grass.

"I've found your name at last," smiled the king, "Mockingbird!"

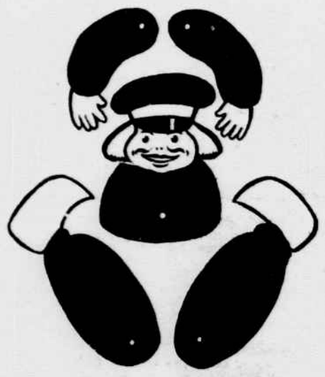
"Oh, joy," cried the bird, and in his delight launched into the air with a burst of trills.

His whole soul thrilled into melody. Quivering and fluttering in the golden light, he floated in an ecstasy of delight; rising and falling with the delicious notes, he swept down at last on the scale of his song to the great king's feet.

"Mockinbird," spoke Solomon, "what wonderful trills. Henceforth, as a gift to match the name, you shall always be able to sing on the wing."

So when the old, old world was a very young world indeed the mockingbird gained his name. It still is his, now that the world is so old, and mockingbird he'll always be till the world grows so old it cannot grow any older.

PINDERTOY



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Scissors and a pin only needed. This doughty Dutchman cut out and fastened together with a pin will make a very attractive toy. If you push the pin firmly into a cork or the end of a stick, and paste the pieces on an old visiting card before the pieces are cut out, this Pindertoy will last longer.

Why the Dolls Went to Boarding School.

From the Galveston News.

The family of dolls were silently contemplating their young mistress at her nursery tea when Miss Fanchon, the Parisian beauty, began rolling her eyes at the Young-Brave-of-the-Wabash, as the Indian doll was called. The Young Brave returned the glances with interest, and Miss Fanchon whispered:

"Do you know, I think she seems disconsolate tonight!"

When the dolls said "she" they always meant Mary Marcella, their little mistress, so the Young-Brave-of-the-Wabash looked over at Mary Marcella and grunted as intelligently as a brave might do.

"An affair of the heart?" questioned the sentimental German gentleman doll, who reclined in an attitude of careless ease on the hearth rug.

"He, he, he," laughed the Dinah doll, whose duty it was to sit beside the infant in long clothes.

Just then Marcella finished her tea and came over to where the dolls were gathered. "I suppose I must begin packing you away," she said, looking sadly at the dolls, "for tomorrow will be the last day." She picked up Miss Fanchon tenderly, and two large, round tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Yes," she continued, "I must pack you away forever, for I am going to boarding school, and one is not supposed to take dolls to boarding school."

The speechless agony with which the dolls suffered at this revelation will perhaps never be understood. Dinah fell out of her chair in a faint, the infant uttered a shriek, and Fanchon forgot for once to roll her eyes and shut them instead.

But the India rubber doll took no part in their demonstrations, for he had rolled into the passage on an exploring expedition and was just in the path of Marcella's papa and his guests when they passed on their way to the laboratory, where Marcella's papa worked out all manner of wonderful things, which were so far ahead of the times that he forgot all about the present. Although he stumbled over the rubber doll, he would have passed it by had it not squeaked loudly and bounced very high when the professor took his foot away.

Even a professor cannot help being a trifle disturbed at such a demonstration.

"This must be one of Marcella's dolls," he said, as he picked the rubber doll up, and the remark seemed to recall something to his mind, for he added rather abruptly to the younger professor, who was with him:

"My little daughter, you know, she's going away to boarding school in a day or two. I'll leave this to the nursery." He was so much aroused by the rubber doll, which continued to squeak even after it had been picked up, that he actually noticed, while he was handing the doll to Mary Marcella, that she had been crying.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked, and he looked in a puzzled way at the large packing case and the dolls on the hearth rug. "Are you packing your dolls to take to boarding school?"

"No," said Marcella, bravely; "they are not going. Great-aunt Caroline says that one is not expected to take dolls to a boarding school. They make one's room so disorderly."

"But, perhaps," suggested Marcella's papa, who was just as clever about dolls as about anything else when he was once aroused to the sense of their paramount importance, "boarding schools have changed since Aunt Caroline's day. I am quite certain the one to which you are going will not object to dolls."

And when, a few days later, Marcella and her belongings were received at the boarding school her papa was particularly about a peculiar-looking hamper and an even more peculiar-looking frame box, out of which there emerged the entire family of dolls and a most commodious doll mansion, which exactly fitted into a corner of Mary Marcella's small dormitory division, and in which, at her papa's request, a particularly elegant apartment was reserved for the rubber doll.

When Papa Was a Boy.

From Gentlewoman.

When papa was a little boy you really couldn't find
In all the country round about a child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once, and he was always there.
He never made the baby cry or pulled his sister's hair.

He never slid down banisters or made the slightest noise,
And never in his life was known to fight with other boys.
He always rose at 6 o'clock and went to bed at 8,
And never lay abed till noon; and never sat up late.

He finished Latin, French and Greek when he was ten years old,
And knew the Spanish alphabet as soon as he was told.
He never, never thought of play until his work was done;
He labored hard from break of day until the set of sun.

He never scraped his ruddy shoes upon the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma, and never banged the door.
"But, truly, I could never see," said little Dick Molloy,
"How he could never do these things and really be a boy."

A Day at the Pale Face Camp.

"Nearly all the boys expect us. The little fellows are out in the woods playing Injun, and we can't have any fun at all."

The lamentation came from Bob Harris, eight years old. His brother Joe, scarcely a year younger, declared that they could play Injun as well as anybody if they could just go camping. Then Sister Estelle and Cousin Louise said they might have gone camping if they had been willing to be nothing but squaws to do the work.

"Hello, hello," said grandpa as he came along. "What is all this serious talk about? I thought people who came to see me always brought their sunshine along. What kind of a cloud has come over us that we all seem so sober?"

"Have the older boys any patent right on camping out?" asked grandpa when he had been told what was the matter. "I don't believe they have, and I don't see why we may not get up a pale face party that will have just as good a time as those howling, painted savages."

"Oh, could we, could we, grandpa? Wouldn't that be just too good."

Grandpa's eyes twinkled. The children knew that when he undertook a holiday it meant a good time for them all. "Leave it to me," he said, "but commence to smack your lips for a good time, commencing tomorrow afternoon."

Every one wanted to know what it was to be, but grandpa kept them guessing. The children noticed that grandma and Aunt Elsie seemed unusually busy, but the whole plan was kept a secret until the next day noon. The young folks were so eager now that they watched every movement grandpa made.

After dinner he said: "Aunt Elsie will tell you how to dress, and what each one of you is to take. Be ready for the big spring wagon, which will drive up for you at half-past two."

There would certainly have been a chorus of delight, and perhaps several pairs of arms about grandpa's neck had he not disappeared through the kitchen door almost as soon as he finished speaking. There was not even time for a question.

Aunt Elsie hastened to get them dressed in rough, strong clothes. Imagine the children's surprise when the big wagon came by containing four more cousins—Helen and Gertrude, and Charlie and Will. There was a large, mysterious-looking bundle strapped on behind the back seat, and grandpa came from the kitchen lugging several baskets.

"All aboard for the Pale Face Camp," he shouted.

The eight youngsters were helped in. Little Helen rode with the driver. Grandpa and Louise sat on the back seat to keep a lookout that no one should be spilled by the way.

In an hour they reached a beautiful, shady spot on the bank of Big Walnut river. In a jiffy grandpa and the hired man had two tents up, one for the girls, and one for himself and the boys. Then the hired man was dismissed, and asked to return at 7 o'clock the next afternoon.

"Now," said grandpa, "let us all sit down on the grass and have a powwow. We are going to camp here until tomorrow evening, and if we don't have as much fun as any band of Indians, you just elect a new grandfather."

The children clapped and shouted, and grandpa continued:

"The first thing we want to do is decide who will play in the games."

Everybody at once shouted, "I will, I will," but grandpa explained that he wanted to do it the way they did at the county fair. So he pinned up several sheets of paper against the sides of the tent. At the head of one sheet he wrote, "Crawfish race," on others "fifty-yard dash," twenty-yard dash," "standing jump," "running jump," "high jump," "stone race," "sack race," "throw the ball," "tug of war," "team race." The tent looked like a bill board. Then grandpa explained that those were the games for the next day, and that each person must write his name on the sheet for the game he wished to enter. The result was that all eight names appeared on every sheet.

It was now supper time. Grandpa unpacked the baskets, and found abundant help from the girls in spreading a large cloth upon the grass and arranging the table. He built a stone fireplace, while the boys skirmished around for a lot of dry wood. The potatoes, boiled with their jackets on, and the omelet grandpa made tasted better than anything the campers had ever tasted before. After supper was eaten, the table cleared and everything properly put away, they had a rousing campfire, about which they sang songs and danced and romped until they were tired. Then grandpa told them two ghost stories, which made them all want to steal away to the tents, shut the flaps down, and go to bed.

Grandpa wakened early, but the young people were sleeping so soundly that he let them lie until the sun shone against the side of the tent. Then quietly dressing and going outside he began crowing like a rooster and flapping his arms like wings. That brought one towsled head after another to the tent door, and such laughing! The camp was soon astir, hasty toilets were made, and all hands did what they could to prepare breakfast.

This over, grandpa said that he hoped the games would be a great success, but that the forenoon ought to be spent in practice. They must run and jump and throw and pull and push until they felt fleet and strong. It was a delightful surprise to hear that Aunt Elsie was coming down in time for an early dinner and that she would bring prizes for the winners in the games.

The boys and girls did practice with great zest. They had an early dinner, and by 2 o'clock were ready for the games. Grandpa arranged it so that the small ones would race with small ones, thus giving all an even chance. It was amusing to see little Gertrude and Joe jumping over hurdles one foot high, and shaking their little legs to win the twenty-yard dash.

The liveliest contest was the stone race. To prepare for this there were eight rows of stones, about as large as eggs, and placed ten feet apart. There were ten stones in each row, so that a row would be 100 feet long. The rows were ten feet apart, and each racer holding a tablespoon, stood at the beginning of his row, in a little two-foot square or goal, marked off by four small stakes at the corners. At a given signal everybody started. The game was to gather up the stones in the spaces and deposit them in the goals. If there was too much haste a stone would be dropped, which meant serious delay. Estelle won this contest, and received as a very suitable prize one of grandpa's old, old tablespoons.

The most amusing contest was the team race, in which each two who were to make a team were placed side by side, and their inside ankles closely tied together. This gave the team only three legs and made it very important that they step together. The least unevenness of motion caused them to fall. There were four such teams, for even Gertrude and Joe wanted to be in it.

The tug of war was the greatest success. Grandpa chose the sides very carefully and for a long time neither side could budge the other. First one side seemed to have the advantage, then the other. At last Aunt Elsie, who was the judge, announced that the prize for this contest was a box of candy. She proposed that they stop tugging and divide the candy equally among all. This brought a cheer for Aunt Elsie and a rest for the tuggers.

The contests closed with the ball throwing. In this game grandpa stood behind a large tree and poked out his head as a mark for the throwers. If the ball went far wide of the mark he would dance entirely out from behind the tree as if he felt entirely safe with such marksmen. If the throw was a good one he simply dodged his head until the ball had passed. Each player had five throws. To hit the tree counted as a score. Will and Bob made two strikes each; and the judge decided that they must take five more throws apiece to decide who won. This time neither made a point and Aunt Elsie said the prize belonged to grandpa. It was another box of candy, so grandpa had the pleasure of treating all around.

Then they had supper, broke up the camp, and drove home with many happy memories.

"A Fellow's Mother."

M. E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.

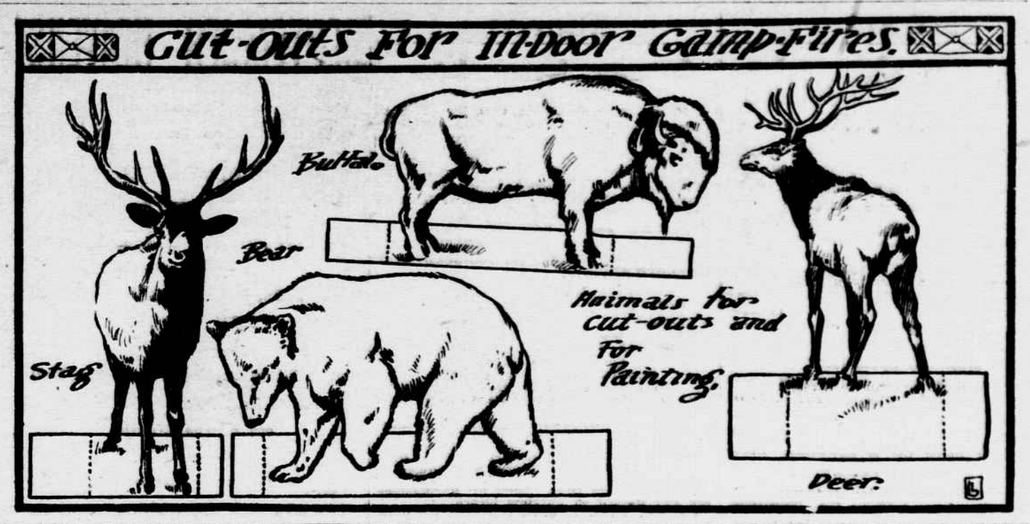
"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care (not much, I mean)
If a fellow's face is not always clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry if you are bad,
And I tell you this, if you're only true
She'll always forgive whate'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes.
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day—
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."



DOUBLE CURTAILING AND BEHEADING.

1. Curtail twice a rough voice and leave aged.
2. Behead twice to draw up the shoulders and leave a household furnishing.
3. Behead twice to get away and leave a garment.
4. Behead twice to misuse and leave to practice customarily.
5. Curtail twice a cloth and leave to dissolve.

WORD PARALLELOGRAM.

In the diagram 1, 3, 7, 11, 15 and 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 spell the same word; also 2, 6, 10 and 2, 3, 4, etc.

```
1.        1
2.      2 3 4
3.    5 6 7 8 9
4.      10 11 12 13 14
5.         15 • • • •
6.            • • • • •
7.              • • • • •
8.                • • • •
9.                  • • •
10.                   • •
11.                     •
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1. A consonant in "drench." 2. To feel remorse. 3. To bend. 4. Each. 5. Mistake. 6. Enslaves. 7. To stretch. 8. To run hard. 9. Fun. 10. A jerky movement. 11. A consonant in "drench."

POSTMAN'S BAG.

1. A musical instrument lost a letter and became a chance.
2. A certain period of time lost a letter and became an insect.
3. A model lost a letter and became shy.
4. To evade lost two letters and became an animal.
5. A fish lost a letter and became mournful.

UNITED WORD SQUARES.

Upper left-hand square—1. Frost. 2. An ore. 3. Earth. 4. Finishes.

Upper right-hand square—1. A concretion. 2. Knowledge. 3. Pertaining to the mouth. 4. To relate.

Center—1. A mineral. 2. Chilliness. 3. To entice. 4. To abound.

Lower left-hand square—1. A flat piece of wood. 2. Affection. 3. To affirm. 4. A certain period of time.

Lower right-hand square—1. To crush. 2. Part of a wagon. 3. Sluggish. 4. Cut down.

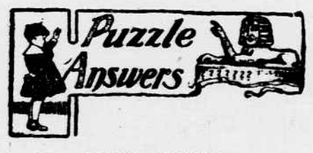
CONCEALED FLOWERS.

1. How sweet Pearl looks.
2. Are the pans yellow with butter?
3. Use this paste, Robert.
4. That clove really was strong.
5. Do you think Ida is young looking?

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

The primals of the words defined below spell the name of a month.

1. Out of the way. 2. Disagreeable. 3. A fowl. 4. Complete. 5. An animal. 6. To pull.



PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

1. Gale.
2. Echo.
3. Rave.
4. Aunt.
5. Nook.
6. Inch.
7. Undo.
8. Melt.

GERANIUM.

CONCEALED WORD SQUARES.

A—1. ROAR	B—1. GONG
2. OHIO	2. OPAL
3. AIRS	3. NAME
4. ROSE	4. GLEN

DIAMONDS.

A—1. M	B—1. M
2. SAP	2. MAP
3. MABEL	3. MAPLE
4. PEN	4. PLY
5. L	5. E

CONCEALED COUNTRIES.

1. China. 2. Persia. 3. India. 4. Chili. 5. France.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. H—an—d. 2. B—oar—d. 3. P—ape—r. 4. W—ago—n. 5. W—ate—r. 6. C—and—y.

POSTMAN'S BAG.

1. Ring—rig. 2. Band—bad. 3. Spain—pan. 4. Sand—sad. 5. Scold—cold.

"Dose Bressed Kinks."

Lily May pressed her tightly wrapped kinks against the wooden palings and peeled the whitewash off with the corners of her generous mouth.

Her pink gingham became stiff with terror, her kinks stood on end and her vindictive black eyes melted with pity for the blue-eyed girl within—the girl who had been critically ill and who was now having her glory combed for the first time.

As the last wail died on the air and the agonizing comb was put back in the drawer, Lily May climbed the hill and, swinging the pail of buttermilk to and fro, lifted the latch of her mother's gate.

"And to think," said she to the watch dog, "dat I wanted tuh be an angel an' hab flowin' yaller har. Lord," with an earnest uplifting of the eyes, "Lord, dis po' chile am pow'ful glad yo' done gib huh dese bressed kinks."

Out of the Hospital.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Casey—"Flannery wuz around the day braggin' about the batin' he gev Finnegan lasht Chewsday."

Cassidy — "Lasht Chewsday? Shure, that's nearly a wake ago. 'Tis a wonder he wuzn't around sooner."

Casey—"Oi believe he only raycovered from it this mornin'."

Precaution.

From Life.

The gun Pop looked in wasn't loaded,
And yet in Willy's hands exploded!
"What can't cured must be endured,"
Said Willy. "Pop was well insured."

"Foot ball's an excitin' game,"
Papa said to me one day;
"Makes all other sports seem tame,
'Cept the game of bawl you play."

PLAYING INDIAN.

BALD EAGLE TELLS ABOUT ERNEST THOMPSON SETON'S WOODCRAFTERS.

A DANCE AND A BUFFALO HUNT.

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Probably one thousand bands of boys are now "Playing Injun," under the direction of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton. They are organized with chiefs of various ranks, medicine man, councillors, etc.; they camp in teepees, use bows and arrows, wear Indian costumes and a war bonnet decorated with feathers they have won in contests; hold pow-wows around the sacred fire in the chief's teepee, have totems, wear war paint on special occasions, engage in Indian dances and call themselves by Indian names. Mr. Seton calls himself Black Wolf, and his totem is the footprint of that animal. This he always uses in signing his name to Woodcraft letters. He is the Big Medicine Man of the Woodcraft nation, and is doing all he can to interest every American boy in outdoor fun. If any boys who have missed the first of these weekly articles wish to know how to start a tribe, build a teepee and camp out in true Indian style, they should send to Mr. Seton, at Cos Cob, Conn., for a copy of his little Red Book. Its price is 15 cents.

No Indian play that included a bear hunt and a deer hunt would be complete without a game of Hunt the Buffalo. For among Indians of the plains, which included the whole vast range between the Allegheny and the Rocky mountains, no other animal played so important a part in the life of the Indian as did the buffalo. It furnished meat for the tribe and skins for the wigwam. The season when the buffalo came was always awaited with eagerness. The departure for the hunt and the return from the hunt were times for their most elaborate dances. When the white traders came it meant wealth for the traders, wampum and a few other trifles for the Indian, and gradual extermination for the buffalo. Now that the animals are about all gone, the Indian speaks, with a far-away look in his eyes, of the "buffalo days" in some such way as we speak of the "good old times that are past and gone."

Among the woodcraft achievements that Mr. Seton names is the lassoing of twelve horses by twelve throws of the lasso. This counts for coup. There are not many localities where this may be even tried, but it is worth while to practice throwing the lasso to gain skill for the Buffalo Hunt, which is here described.

This is one of the simplest of Woodcraft games, and yet one of the most exciting. Each hunter needs a twenty-foot piece of light rope, with a slip noose at one end, for a lasso, and a piece of crayon or pencil. To every rock or tree that might conceal the game.

If the buffalo is so well hidden that the the back of the buffalo is pinned a small piece of cardboard or paper, and when a hunter can mark a cross plainly upon this paper the buffalo is dead.

Before the hunt begins the hunting grounds are laid out with certain bounds. The camp must be on one side of the part of the woods marked off for the hunt, and on the opposite side is chosen a stake or tree around which the chase must lead.

When the lassos are ready, and the buffalo is chosen and properly marked with a tag, the hunters commence a dance in a circle around the camp fire, bending the body forward, using a short, jerky step at first, but passing gradually into the leaps and bounds of the wild buffalo, which they are soon to seek in the forest. This dance should last ten or fifteen minutes.

When the dance begins the buffalo starts at once for the woods and hides. He must, of course, keep within the hunting grounds, on penalty of losing five points from any score he may make.

After dancing awhile, the chief calls, "Ho! Ho!" which is a signal for all to lift their heads and pretend to scent the animals afar or to hear the bellowing of the herd. Then the hunt begins. The hunters string out in a line along one side of the hunting grounds, and then cautiously advance, looking carefully into every thicket and behind hunters pass him by, he has the right to run back to camp, and he then scores five points.

If he is discovered by the advancing line of hunters, the one who first sees him shouts "Ki-yi, buffalo!" and scores five. Then the chase begins. The buffalo has to round the distant goal, and, if possible, return to camp. The hunter whose lasso first stops the buffalo scores ten, provided the buffalo does not throw it off. Any other lassos thrown over him before he is killed count five. The hunter who kills him—that is, who first puts the mark on the card—scores five. The buffalo should be a good runner.

Following any of the hunts or other athletics, the tribe may celebrate the achievements of those who have won by what used to be called the Brave Man's Dance. The Woodcrafters, of course, will suit the ceremony to the circumstances.

This dance is somewhat as follows: When there has been a long expedition, especially a hostile one against another tribe, the braves return with loud shouts and wild gesticulations. As they approach the village it appears that one of them is in the midst of others and that all are dancing about him. He declares the deeds of bravery he has done during his absence, and then, turning to his comrades, asks if he has spoken the truth. All shout in reply that he speaks truly.

Next the dance is about another of the braves. He goes through the same kind of a statement of what he has done, and calls upon the others to say it is so. The dance continues until all who deserve praise have received it. Then the honors are bestowed. This ceremony is intended to encourage daring and bravery, and at the same time it is the warrior's reward.

Whether a Woodcraft brave has won in a hunt, or in a race, or in a jumping, rowing or swimming contest, or in archery or any department of campcraft, he may boast of it, when his turn comes, in the Brave Man's Dance.

As palefaces, the finest hero is the one who modestly leaves to others the praise that is his due. But playing Injun it is entirely proper for every brave to toot his own horn.

Mark Twain on the Italian Verb.

Mark Twain in Harper's Magazine.

Examination and inquiry showed me that the adjectives and such things were frank and fairminded and straightforward, and did not shuffle; it was the verb that mixed the hands, it was the verb that lacked stability, it was the verb that had no permanent opinion about anything, it was the verb that was always dodging the issue and putting out the light and making all the trouble

I had noticed, in other foreign languages, that verbs are bred in families, and that the members of each family have certain features or resemblances that are common to that family and distinguish it from the other families—the other kin, the cousins and what not. I noticed that this family mark is not usually the nose or the hair, so to speak, but the tail—the termination—and that these tails are quite definitely differentiated; insomuch that an expert can tell a pluperfect from a subjunctive by its tail as easily and as certainly as a cowboy can tell a cow from a horse by the like process, the result of observation and culture. I should explain that I am speaking of legitimate verbs, those verbs which in the slang of grammar are called regular. There are others—I am not meaning to conceal this; others called irregulars, born out of wedlock, of unknown and uninteresting parentage, and naturally destitute of family resemblances, as regards all features, tails included. But of these pathetic outcasts I have nothing to say. I do not approve of them, I do not encourage them; I am prudishly delicate and sensitive, and I do not allow them to be used in my presence.

Plenty of Them.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"You can't show me a single reason," blustered the pater familias, "why we should go to the seashore this summer."

"What?" cried his wife, pointing to their quartet of marriageable daughters, "I can show you four single reasons."

Get a Horse.

If ever you should chance to meet
On rural road or city street
One of those horseless carriages,
The proper salutation is,
"Get a horse"

An auto does resemble luck—
It may or may not rug amuck;
But if it does, O, then you shout
For something real to help you out.
Get a horse! Get a horse!

Who can conceive a sadder sight
Than some begoggled beau or knight
Left stranded with his lady fair
In rain, in mud and in despair?
O, get a horse!

Why, every ragged boy you see,
With more or less philosophy
And common sense, knows what to say
To automobile parties gay—
Get a horse! Get a horse! Get a horse!

A Chinese Dog Story.

From the London World.

A Chinaman had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whipped the dogs and drove them forth.

The next night when the man came home the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore he whipped the dogs again. The third night, returning home a little earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch blowing on it to cool it!

Moral Stories.

By RUTH PENELOPE.

I'm sick of aunty's stories,
For every single one
Is kind of hinting, hinting,
At bad things I have done.
If aunty sees at dinner
I want two helps of pie,
She tells a story 'bout a pig,
Seems 's if that pig was I.
She tells of animals and girls
And every one did wrong,
And then they all got punished!
(Her yarns are awful long.)
If I could hear just one good tale,
That didn't hit at me,
I'd be for twenty thousand mouths
As good as I can be.

The Careless Cub.

Who can write a new four-line rhyme to help Grandfather Gander make a new Nursery Book?