

Camp Cookery

THE BACON-BAT

Do you ever go on bacon-bats? Bacon-batting is one of the easiest kinds of outdoor cooking. If you want to go out in the woods for a while and don't want to make a lot of fuss about a meal, or if you are in camp and are going off some



place where you can't get back at meal-time, try green stick cooking. That is what a bacon-bat is.

Pack up your basket, putting in the bacon, of course, and the things that go with it. Don't forget the matches, a knife, and something to carry water in. If you're not sure about the water supply, the best thing is to have a thermos-bottle full of water along with you. You don't need a plate. You can use bread for that.

Now when you're hungry, gather up plenty of dry sticks and branches to start your fire, and find a long green stick with a forked end on which to stick the sliced bacon firmly. Haul the things out of

your baskets, and in a few minutes you have a meal, without any bother to speak of.

If you want coffee, you'll have to carry along a coffee pail. This can be swung on a straight stick supported by two forked sticks, one on either side of the fire. The coffee will be boiling while the bacon is getting ready.

Of course, you don't need to stick to bacon as the "centerpiece" of your meal. Wieners will do, or steak. These are especially good if you happen to have one of those wire grills which can stand over the coals to cook them on.

With the bacon, a good menu is rolls, tomatoes, cheese, marmalade, olives, and some sort of fruit. None of these require any fixing. This



menu is also good with the frankfurters.

For a steak meal, brown bread, celery, cottage cheese, sour pickles, and peaches go well together.

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Stevie Runs Away

"I'm not going to stand it any longer," Stevie threw down his books with a bang. "I'm sick of having that teacher fuss at me all day long. Everything I do is wrong. And then when I get home I always get scolded for not doing any better."

Stevie went to the cupboard and found a piece of pie left from dinner. His mother was out. The house seemed cold and gloomy. "I'm going to chuck it all and run away," Stevie declared aloud. "I'm old enough to get a job in the city. Won't anybody miss me anyway?"

He went up to his room, threw some of his clothes into his father's old suitcase, took out of his bureau some money he had been saving for a bicycle, and left the house. His eyes shone as he thought of how fine it was to be starting out in the world for himself.

He arrived in the city late in the evening. The noises and largeness of the big city bewildered him and he began to feel a little panic-stricken. He asked the way to a cheap rooming house. It was an ugly, dirty room the crabbed landlady gave him. How different from home!

Stevie couldn't get to sleep that night. What would his mother do when she found him gone? He hadn't thought, when he went away, how she would feel.

Before dawn Stevie was up and walking about near the railroad station. When the early train left in the direction of his town, Stevie was on it. All the way from the station to his house he dreaded facing his mother.

He found the house dark and silent. Perhaps they were still out hunting him. Maybe his father had notified the police. Then he heard a step on the front porch. The door opened. "Why, Stevie," said his mother. "You poor boy. Have you been alone in the house all night? Didn't you see my note?"

"What note?" asked the bewildered boy.

"Why, I left a note on your bureau telling you that your father and I were going out to the McClusky wedding at Five Points and would stay there for the night. I told you to go over to Aunt May's. Whatever did you think had become of us?"

"Whew!" exploded Stevie. "I'm glad I'm glad!" And his mother couldn't understand.

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The Pirates' Cave

A REFORMED PIRATE

"Of all the pirates that used to swagger around the towns of the West Indies, with their red sashes, and high boots, and silver rings dangling from their ears, Henry Morgan was the best known." Joe Taylor begins, when all of us fellows in the Pirate Six had got together in our cave in Herb Woods'



back yard. He had promised, you see, to tell us some more about the stories his Uncle Ned had picked up when he was traveling around those islands of the Caribbean Sea.

"The way this Morgan happened to be a pirate was this. He was born in Wales, and when he was just a boy he was kidnapped in Bristol and shipped to Barbados, one of these islands I was telling you about. There he was bound and forced to work. As soon as he had served his time, he sailed to Jamaica, and joined the buccaniers.

Morgan Becomes Chief

"He didn't know what it meant to be afraid of anything. So pretty soon he got to be a favorite among the pirates. First thing he knew, the pirate admiral there in Jamaica made him his vice-admiral, and when the admiral died Morgan was the chief of the band.

"All the reckless fellers in that part of the country flocked to join him. About 1670, when he pulled off his big stunt, he had two thousand fighting men and 37 ships at Tortuga, which was the stronghold of the pirates.

"Chief Morgan wasn't any four-flusher of a pirate. He wasn't satisfied to pick up a ship here and there. He decided he had enough men to attack the rich city of Panama, where most of the wealth of the new world passed through.

Attacks on Panama

"First they took the castle at Chagres, which they had to get out of the way before they could get to Panama. Uncle Ned says the castle was supposed to be so strong no one could get in. After the pirates had made a struggle to overcome

it without any luck, one of them who was shot with an arrow took it out, covered the end of it with cotton, and fired it through his musket. The thing got afire, of course, and lit on a thatched roof inside the castle. The fire spread to the powder magazine, which exploded. Then the Spaniards had to surrender.

"After that they marched to Panama, which they took, after twelve hours of steady fighting. They set to work to plunder the place, but Morgan began to have some trouble with his men and he decided to pull out. He slipped away to the island of Jamaica. The governor there was afraid of Morgan, so he took him in.

Morgan is Knighted

"The King of England had been hearing about Morgan, and he sent for the pirate and the governor of Jamaica to come to England to explain things. Morgan convinced the king that now he was going to be a nice, respectable citizen, so the king made him Sir Henry Morgan and gave him a job as lieutenant-governor of Jamaica. He made a pretty good governor, too, and cleaned out the pirates around there. Having been one himself he knew how to get at them, I guess.



"So the famous pirate died an honest man, but I'll bet sometimes," says Joe with a grin, "when the wind was blowing in fresh from the sea he wished a little he was back with his old bunch, running down a Spanish treasure ship, stamping along the deck with his sword a-clinking and the jolly Roger flapping above him."—Al Stubbs, Scribe of the Pirate Six.

FANNY BURNEY LIKED WRITING NOVELS

"Oh Susan, do come here and let me read you something funny."

"What has happened to Lord Farrington now?" inquired Susan eagerly, as she took a seat beside her sister.

"He fell in love with Caroline Evelyn and she thought she liked him very much. He asked her to marry him, when all of a sudden a gust of wind blew his wig off—

"I can't go any further, Susan. It's so funny. Can't you just see him?"

"So this is what you have been doing, is it, Fanny?" asked a stern but not unkindly voice. The girls both jumped, but Fanny was too late. Her mother had seen the pages of her story lying on the table.

"You know your father wouldn't approve of your writing novels, my dear, so you'd better burn it up before he hears of it."

Poor Fanny! to burn up her dear Lord Farrington and Caroline Evelyn would almost break her heart, but she knew she must do it.

Several years later Fanny Burney (1752-1840) determined to write a novel and publish it anonymously. It was called "Evelina," and it made such a hit that all of London talked about the book and wondered who wrote it.

When the secret came out, Fanny rose to prominence and her father was very proud of her—Boys' and Girls' Newspaper.

"GLADLY"

Little Ann was busily playing house with a large brown Tedd bear whose low shoe-button eyes were set at a distinctly cross-eyed angle. She did not even notice the minister who was calling on her mother until he asked her why she had named her bear "Gladly."

"Why, from the hymn we sing at church," explained Ann, with a little toss of her head at the stupidity of grown people.

"We have no hymn called 'Gladly.'"

"Yes, there is; it tells about my bear—'Gladly, my cross I'd bear.'"

—Lone Scout.

Birch, Sign of Acceptance

The Welsh girl formerly gave her lover a branch from the birch tree as a token that she had accepted him.

THE GRAND OLD DOGS

"Wouldn't you hate to be a traveler, lost in the snow on a night like this?" shivered Clyde.

"You bet," agreed Mills. "I was just reading about how in the old days travelers used to get lost in the Swiss Alps and the monks from the monastery of St. Bernard used to go out with their big St. Bernard dogs and find these lost wanderers and bring them in to the warm, safe monastery. The dogs would find the way."

"I've heard a lot about those dogs," said Clyde. "Wish we had one. It's a shame so many of them were killed off when they were used as Red Cross dogs in the war."

Mills nodded. "People don't appreciate those fine dogs, and they don't raise them so much any more,

because they aren't very popular as show-dogs. They're the biggest dogs in the world. For hundreds of years the monks bred them especially for their intelligence, strength and working qualities."

"Last summer," said Clyde, "I noticed a family down at the beach that had one to guard their children. The St. Bernards are great water dogs, you know. This old fellow was a regular nursemaid for those kids. He'd chase after them and run with them just like a regular human being."

"They're brave dogs, too," added Mills, "but they're not fighters. I hope they don't disappear. I guess those travelers in the snow storms on the mountains never dreamed that some day we might neglect those 'grand old dogs.'"

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

By Briggs

