

# BOY SCOUTS

Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America

## WINS HIKING MERIT BADGE

Rodney Hotchkin is the first scout in Birmingham to win the hiking merit badge. To earn this badge the boy must meet the following tests:

- Show a thorough knowledge of the care of the feet on a hike.
- Walk ten miles on each of ten days in each month for a period of three months; in other words, six weeks of ten miles during the three months.
- Walk 20 miles in one day.
- Locate and describe interesting trails and walk to some place marked by some patriotic or historical event.
- Write his experience with reference to long walking trips experienced, and indicate what he has learned in the way of caring for himself as regards equipment, such as camping and cooking gear, food, footwear, clothing and hygiene.
- He shall review his ability to read a road map (preferably a government topographical map), to use a compass, and shall be required to make a written plan for a hike from the map.

## SCOUT TRACKS OWN BICYCLE

Bruce E. Cox, a thirteen-year-old boy scout of Detroit, woke up one morning to find his beloved bicycle missing. A scout knows how to "track and trail," and having first notified the police of the theft, young Cox set out to recover the property. He found the track of the wheel in the moist earth near the garage. Found also a man-sized footprint. The footprints disappeared in the alley. Deduction No. 1: At this point the man-sized person began to ride the wheel. For two blocks the amateur Sherlock Holmes traced the bicycle tracks. At the door of the private garage the tracks stopped. Inquiry of the owner: "Anyone put a bicycle in your garage?" "Why, yes," was the answer. "Yesterday a D. P. W. workman asked if he could store some tools here and today he left a bicycle." It was easy enough to prove the real owner's claim to the wheel. They are still looking for the thief, but Bruce doesn't care whether they find him or not. He has the bicycle, thanks to his own keen wits and scout training.

## A FIRST-CLASS TROOP

Troop 1 of Westboro, Mass., has one of the best first-class troops in its membership of 25 boys. Five of these are also Star scouts. The troop had the honor of being awarded the silver cup offered by the Algonquin council for all-round efficiency in scouting and has been granted permission by the governors of the local country club to establish within the limits of the club property a bird life sanctuary and haven for wild life generally. The territory included covers about 50 acres. The sanctuary project has the sanction of the state department of conservation under the direction of which it will be carried out. This troop is also one of the successful "paggers," having recently been successful in finding a young man, who, temporarily insane, had wandered away from home and baffled the efforts of the police to locate him.

## CALIFORNIA GOOD TURNS

A scout on duty at the California Industries exposition, noticed that some temporary wiring in the Civic auditorium looked hot. Touching it gingerly he found it was quite as hot as it looked. He reported the matter and an examination proved that the wires were overloaded. The trouble was repaired and damage avoided. Two San Francisco scouts put out a fire in an apartment house. In the same city a lady driving up a steep hill discovered that the car had engine trouble got out to investigate. The car began to roll down hill. A passing scout jumped in, put on the brakes and stopped the machine.

## PAGE LOST CHILDREN

Parsons boy scouts were, not long ago, called out in answer to a hurry call to find three missing maidens, all under five years of age, who had simultaneously and unaccountably disappeared. At the end of an hour one of the 20 scouts who were on the quest, discovered the three young ladies being entertained at a school cafeteria, a mile from their homes, while the teachers vainly tried to learn their whereabouts.

## Why They No Longer Speak

While at boarding school I corresponded with an old schoolmate who at one time had gone with my chum. They had quarreled and Bill began to write me. I answered, but was to conceal the whole proceeding from Katherine. One day she asked if she couldn't get my mail when she went to her own. As I was not expecting a letter from Bill I gave her my key and thanked her for thinking of it. A few minutes she returned with a letter for me, bearing Bill's return address in big letters.—Exchange.

## The Pseudo Husband

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB  
Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

Mrs. Edith Durham bowed slightly to the gentleman who took his seat beside her at her table aboard the trans-Atlantic steamer. The card upon his plate read "Mr. Durham," and evidently the steward had mistaken him for her husband. She smiled a little at this, because her husband was not accompanying her to New York.

Their conversation was of the usual polite, fragmentary order common to ocean travelers at their first meal.

They paced the deck together, and it was in the late afternoon when Edith Durham turned suddenly upon her companion.

"Does it strike you as ordinary," she asked, "that you have not told me your name?"

"My name?" inquired the man, taken aback. "My name is—James Richmond."

"I asked," said the woman coldly, "because I fancy most people in the first cabin believe that you are my husband. And," she continued, "it seems to me that you have done nothing to dispel that belief. You have not only taken Mr. Durham's seat, but you have kept at my side in an ostentatious manner."

"Mr. Durham is not aboard this ship," replied the other quietly.

"And pray how do you know that?" she demanded.

"I'm going to throw myself upon your mercy, Mrs. Durham," he said.

"Let me tell you all before you say a word," Richmond continued.

"Two days ago I had dined at Princess restaurant, in Piccadilly. I strolled up toward Hyde Park in the evening, enjoying the summer air and thinking of my future. I had used life successfully; I was becoming known as a leader at the bar. Everything seemed rosy. I had reached Hyde Park before I was aware of it, and, entering, I seated myself upon a chair.

As I sat there, concealed by a tree from passers-by, a hansom stopped. A man and a woman in evening dress got out. The man was mad with excitement; the woman was calm.

"He was talking like a maniac, threatening her, apparently."

"I gathered that they were husband and wife. He wanted her to divorce him and she refused. And at last he took her by the shoulders and struck her across the mouth."

"I sprang from my seat and drove my fist into his face. He fell back, striking a lamp-post with his head, quivering a moment, and lay still. When I raised him I could see at once that he was dead."

"I took the first train for Southampton and bought a ticket to America. I booked as James Richmond; my real name is Carlyle. I found, by inquiry, that you were traveling alone, though your husband's name was down upon the list."

He looked up for the first time. "If you will let me keep your husband's name," he said, "it will not harm or compromise you in any way. And I can land; otherwise I shall be arrested in New York."

Edith Durham placed her hand lightly on his.

"I will do as you ask," she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "because of your sister's sake, and yours—and also for the sake of that unknown woman whom you so chivalrously defended, because—because I think she must be glad."

He carried Edith Durham's suitcase down the gangway at New York unmolested.

He helped her into a taxicab and placed her suitcase at her side. He raised his hat.

"I thank you for my sister's sake," he said. "We shall not meet again. I shall go West and you will return to England."

"I shall never go back to England," she said with sudden vehemence.

He felt that she had something of import to add. He waited. Suddenly she bent toward him.

"Don't you know me?" she asked, with a half sob. "That man was my husband!"

Calhoun's Attitude on Slavery.

John C. Calhoun, American statesman, (1782-1850), was a supporter of slavery. At first his advocacy of slavery was merely incidental to his faith in states' rights, but gradually he came to look upon it not merely as necessary but as desirable. He was largely responsible for the admission of Texas to the union and therefore for the swiftly following Mexican war, but he ardently opposed that conflict. To the last he was active in his efforts for his beloved South, writing a final great speech in 1850 when he was so weak and ill that he had to allow it to be read by a colleague.—Kansas City Star.

## "Read the Riot Act."

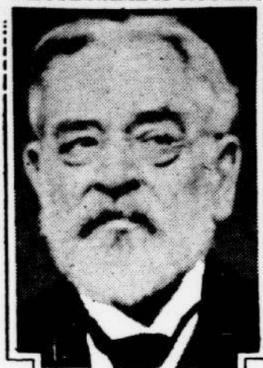
The use of this expression really applies to giving warning to those engaged in wrong-doing, and has its origin in the Riot act, an English statute of 1775. It provided that if 12 or more persons were assembled unlawfully and disturbing the peace, any mayor, justice of the peace, sheriff or undersheriff by proclamation could command them to disperse. If they refused and remained together for an hour after the proclamation, all of the persons participating were guilty of felony. Also anyone interfering with or preventing such proclamation was guilty of felony.

## Some of the songs of long ago were as foolish as some of today, but they're forgotten. "Baby Mine" was one.

A clever minister soon corners a parishioner in a religious argument with abundant quotations from the Bible.

Keep up your wide family acquaintance, and when you are old you can still go to as many weddings as fererals.

## LINCOLN'S SON PETITIONED PARDON FOR MORSE



On memorial day there was a little reunion between Uncle Joe Cannon and Robert Tad Lincoln, when happy recollections were exchanged. Uncle Joe knew President Lincoln, father of the subject of this picture, who was greeted with the greatest cordiality by President Harding.



James A. Finch, pardon attorney for the Department of Justice, is reported to have attached his name to the document begging President Taft for executive clemency for Charles W. Morse, according to a statement made by Attorney General Daugherty.

## WINS BRONZE MEDAL IN ONE YEAR



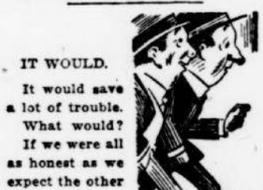
Gladstone learned Greek at seventy. Soloman Ba Dabinski, not so widely famed, reached America from Poland a year ago, unable to read or write English, but he has just won a bronze medal for the best patriotic essay on Washington given by the National Society of Colonial Daughters of Washington.



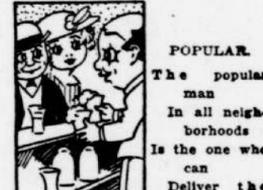
**PARODIES.**  
Mary had a little lamb  
In prehistoric times  
Which has enabled bards to frame  
An endless string of rhymes.



"Money talks."  
"How about hush money."



**IT WOULD.**  
It would save a lot of trouble.  
What would? If we were all as honest as we expect the other fellow to be.



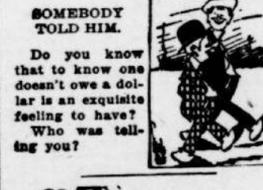
**POPULAR.**  
The popular man  
In all neighborhoods  
Is the one who can  
Deliver the goods.



**PRACTICE AT DRIVING.**  
He is pretty good at driving a truth home.  
Yes, he's good at driving anything home. He started in early life with cows.



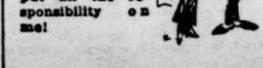
**QUITE SUITABLE.**  
The Deacon:  
How about the next meeting of our self-help society?  
The Rector:  
That little coterie will meet in the vestry. After a buffet luncheon will be served in the parish house pantry.



**SOMEBODY TOLD HIM.**  
Do you know that to know one doesn't owe a dollar in an exquisite feeling to have?  
Who was telling you?



**A FACER.**  
He—I like simple things best.  
She—I've noticed how self-satisfied you are.



**JUST LIKE A MAN.**  
Reggy: May I kiss you?  
Peggy: Isn't that just like a man! Trying to put all the responsibility on me!

## CITY SHOULD BE BEAUTY SPOT

Traveler Singles Out Atlanta, Georgia, as Ideal Residence Town, for Variety of Reasons.

The importance of insisting upon making our city a cleaner, more attractive city and one of which we may be proud, was brought home to the writer while attending a national advertising convention at Atlanta, Ga. After making a tour of the residence and suburban districts, as well as the downtown business portion of Atlanta, I was very favorably impressed. It was quite evident that the citizens there are making every effort to have their city known, not only as a progressive and up-to-date center, but as one of the beauty spots of the South as well.

In our own Kansas City should we not take more seriously the suggestions of a just and successful newspaper and give more thought and attention to the cleaning up, painting and beautifying of our downtown districts? To my mind, the present is the critical period in the life of our great city, and we should be careful not to allow our interest in its financial welfare to overshadow our desire to be known in the future as the city beautiful.

Advertising is one of the biggest factors in business, but before we can take advantage of that means we must get our business, or our community, in such a condition that we are justified in offering it to the public.—Kansas City Star.

## WORK FOR CITY'S INTEREST

Best Kind of Business Man Recognizes the Duty Which All Owe to the Community.

What does a business man owe to the city in which his business is located besides the payment of taxes? Nothing, some close-fisted and tight-lipped business men will say. But they are not the biggest successes nor are they the kind of business men who get the most out of life. The business men who make the biggest successes and who get the most out of life are the kind who believe they owe something more to the city in which their business is located than the payment of taxes, who believe they owe it what they can contribute of active aid in solving the problems that confront it, social, political or commercial. Fortunately for the cities of this country, there are many able business men who, disregarding the advice of the kind of business men who say that it may cause them to lose some trade if they take sides in a city's affairs, are devoting considerable of their time and their talents to doing something for the general good of their city. And the number of such good business men is growing.—Lawrence (Kan.) Telegram.

## Plant Trees.

There is no question about the need, the value, the absolute necessity of planting trees in America. Any small argument against it is overcome by big arguments by people who know the tree subject.

There is but one question left—how many trees will you plant? You don't have to do the actual work. Pay your money to the American Legion. The boy scouts of the country have offered to take orders from the legion and plant trees, and giving money is the least of the task.

If there is anything you want to know that you haven't been told about trees, you are welcome to write the American Forestry association at Washington, and you will be sure of a courteous reply, and a quick one.

## Home Owning.

If home owning is promoted the profit to the country eventually will be greater than any outlay so far suggested. It is an investment in practical patriotism. It means more young men growing up in the country with an intense practical loyalty to the nation and its institutions. It means unity and strength based upon appreciation of service rather than disaffection and weakness due to apparent contempt for such service.

## Mistletoe Has Brains.

One of the most curious illustrations of the working of intelligence in plants is offered by the mistletoe, whose sticky berry, finding lodgment on a tree branch, throws out a tiny rootlet, which tries to pierce the bark and thus obtain a foothold. If the bark is too tough, the rootlet swings the berry over to a fresh spot, and makes another trial. In this way a berry has been known to make five jumps in two nights and three days. On one occasion a number of them were discovered by a botanist in the act of visibly journeying along a telegraph wire, trying to find places to grow.—Exchange.



**HOW IT HAPPENED.**  
"How did Dodge happen to fall downstairs?"  
"Why, his wife said, 'Now, John, be careful, and, as he is not the man to be dictated to by any woman, down he went.'"



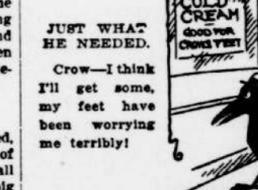
**A CALAMITY.**  
Irate Bug—Now see what you've done, Willie Firefly; you've set my house on fire, and I'm not so partial to roast chestnuts.



**HA! HA!**  
Bass—That fisherman sent down a hook only half baited, must be playing a joke on us.  
Herring—Well we can see the point all right!



**DOG LIKE.**  
He barked his chin on a chair.  
Then what? Then he howled.



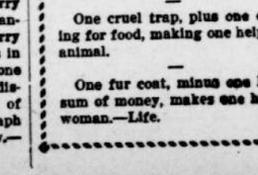
**JUST WHAT HE NEEDED.**  
Crow—I think I'll get some, my feet have been worrying me terribly!



**POPULAR MARY.**  
Mary had a little trump  
When playing whist, you know,  
And if her partner played an ace  
That trump was sure to go.



**FUR COAT ARITHMETIC**  
One unfeeling trapper makes one cruel trap.  
One hundred helpless animals make one fur coat.  
One cruel trap, plus one craving for food, making one helpless animal.  
One fur coat, minus one large sum of money, makes one happy woman.—Life.



**Not for Him!**  
"We will make you feel quite at home," said the obsequious hotel manager to his distinguished visitor. The visitor—(oh, yes, he was married)—packed and left within the hour.

**Fossil Eel Prize for Museum.**  
A fossil eel, estimated to have lived about twenty-five thousand years ago, was unearthed recently in a western Kansas chalk bed. The specimen is now among the most valued exhibits of the University of Kansas museum.

**But Nearly Every One!**  
Bride—Now, you did not have some one to kiss you every night before you were married.  
Groom—No, not every night.—Way-side Tales.

## Mr. Fagin's Secretary

By MALCOLM BROWN  
Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

"So you're the young man that thinks he can act as my secretary, hey?" inquired Mr. Fagin, swinging round in his swivel chair and staring at Blake under a pair of bushy gray eyebrows. "Nine and twenty I've turned down today, but if you think you can manage—shake hands!"

He gave Mr. Fagin his hand and felt a peculiar pressure of the fingers, which his own leaped to meet. Then:

"I left college last year, sir," he began. "I can—"

"Tut, tut, young man!" replied the eccentric. "Consider yourself engaged. It warms my heart to meet you. I'm a judge of men and—we're both Irishmen, ain't we?"

"Indeed we are," said Blake enthusiastically. And so he went to work and proved highly efficient.

Blake had two troubles about this time. One was his ability to discover how it could be that a man of Fagin's apparent limited education had gone through college. The other was Fagin's daughter, Muriel. It was a case of love at first sight with both the young people.

It was about two months after his introduction to the manufacturer's house that he found himself seated beside Miss Muriel upon the piazza. He took her hand, and drew the girl to him and kissed her.

"Muriel, dearest," he said, "do you know I have loved you ever since I set eyes on you?"

Muriel blushed so divinely that there was nothing to do but repeat the episode.

"But I don't know what your father will say," he said, with the timid fear of lovers. "If he discharges me—will you wait, Muriel?"

"For ever," she whispered. "Besides, I can win over papa. What is a papa?"

So it happened that when he stood before his employer and stammered out his story, in the way young men approach wealthy old gentlemen, Fagin's eyes fixed themselves upon Blake's shirt-front and narrowed to needle lines.

"May I ask you why you are wearing a green tie on this day of all days, Mr. Blake?" he demanded, with ominous calm.

"Why," said Blake, hesitating, "you see, today is the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, a day abhorrent to all good Irishmen, and—"

Blake's great grandfather had been hanged for treason in the days of Robert Emmet.

Fagin leaped out of his chair with the agility of a tiger.

"Scoundrel! Scum of Limerick!" he yelled. "To insult a good Belfast man by flaunting the green flag! You're fired. I'll have your pay sent you—"

"Come, papa, what is all this about?" interposed Muriel's soothing voice.

"He's wearing of the green—and on this day, of all days!" stormed her father.

"Father, dear—for my sake listen," pleaded Muriel. "I am sure that Arthur—Mr. Blake can explain everything. Father," she pleaded, "We love each other."

"But he's a damned rebel, Molly, and—the infernal impudence of it!"

"Tell him it's all a mistake, Arthur," pleaded Muriel.

"It ain't a mistake, it's just treachery," roared her father. "Nine and twenty good men, fine men, I turned down that morning till he gave me the grip—"

"What grip?" demanded Blake.

"The grip of the United Orange-men's Brotherhood," roared the old man.

"The grip I gave you," answered Blake, "was that of the Alpha Omega Mu fraternity. I had been told it helped a man to get a position by giving it. I thought you were a college man."

Old Fagin stared at him in stupid wonder. Then:

"Give me that grip again," he said, and Blake, all against the fraternity rules, delivered it.

"My fault," he acknowledged. "You got your thumb crossed in the wrong place. It must have been my gait had made me imagine—Well, young fellow, maybe I'll let you keep your job."

"And how about Miss Fagin?" inquired the other.

"Muriel! My daughter! I'll see you—I—er—now don't cry, Molly, dear. I guess she goes with the job."

Christopher "Colombo."

Washington Irving's life of Christopher Columbus gives his correct name as Colombo. "He Latinized his name to the usage of the times, as Latin was the language of learned correspondence. In his subsequent life in Spain, he recurred to what was supposed to be the original Roman name of the family, Colonus, which he abbreviated to Colon to adapt it to the Castilian (Spanish) tongue." In Spanish history he is known as Christopher Columbus. In Latin the name "Colonus" means an agriculturalist or colonist.

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## WEST VIRGINIA GOOD TURNS

The following are a few of the good turns rendered by troop and individual scouts under the Clarksburg council during 1921:

Paid rent for poor people in order to keep them from being put out of their homes. Paid grocery bills for other people. Gave \$10 cost of adopting a Chinese girl for one year. Acted as messengers at various conventions. Distributed literature for various causes. Put up posters and cards and distributed handbills for Red Cross. Begged for auto show and chamber of commerce annual tour. Assisted in health drive. Assisted in planting trees. Gave service to Civic club and Y. W. C. A. at various times. Built and set up birdhouses. Erected hothouses at church bazaars. While in camp assisted farmer in odd jobs. Acted as gatemen without pay at athletic contests other than scout activities. Put up side curtains and secured wind shield on automobile in order to keep the rain out while owner was in office building attending to business. Gave entertainment to public during anniversary week. Cut grass and kept lawn on church property in good condition. Cut grass on small park and kept lawn in good condition for one year. Worked in booth during better baby week. Fifteen buglers sounded calls for the V. F. W. on Armistice day. Distributed Christmas baskets.

Peace hath her victories, but we have to fight pretty hard for them.

Seems strange in these sophisticated days that any girl should have to take lessons in painting.

Some people marry for love, some for money and some simply because they crave excitement.

You never can tell. We sometimes sit down on people only to discover that they are too sharp for us.

Many a man takes a chance who would be glad of the opportunity to put it back where he found it.

Fear will cause a woman to change color. Incidentally, it may be remarked that a little rouge will do the same trick.

## IN AND ABOUT THE CITY

Uncle Sam takes his hat off to Old Abe.

It is safer to face a nasty tongue than to turn your back on it.

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## A Good Turn Daily.

She was on her way to the grocery, when she was confronted with one of life's tragedies. By the side of the path a half-grown pigeon was in the clutches of a cat, which fled at her approach, leaving its victim alive, but with many wounds. Being of a tender-hearted nature, she was in despair and hardly knew what to do, when turning the corner, whistling a merry tune, came a boy scout.

Calling to him to hurry, she asked him to put the bird out of its misery. Picking up the little creature, he hastened to the nearby store, borrowed a hatchet and the suffering was ended. When he reappeared he said: "Well, I killed it, but I would rather have killed the cat."

As they walked down the street, she said: "Won't you please take some money, as you have done me such a favor, as well as the pigeon?" Shaking his head, he said: "No thank you, lady, we are not allowed to take tips; besides, you know, it is our rule to do one good turn daily."

## Surely a Genius.

A man in a small town had a son who returned home from dental college and opened an office for practice. At the end of a week the neighbors told one another that "practice" was indeed the proper word; and one of them even went so far as to suggest to the young dentist's fond father that a man should be of a mechanical turn of mind in order to be a successful dentist.

"Why," exclaimed the father, "Jim is a genius! One day last summer I sent him to cultivate the orchard, and a cultivator tooth caught under a root; whereupon the boy took his pocket-knife and tried to cut the root off. But, finding it slow work, he hammered his knife into the root with a rock until he broke the blade. Then a bright thought came to him. Getting a club, he whipped the mules until the cultivator broke and he was free."—Youth's Companion.