

GIRL SCOUTS NEWEST CHAMPIONS OF OUTDOOR LIFE

Organization
With
Headquarters
in London
Has Spread
Membership
Across
Atlantic,
Sending
Mrs. Juliette
Low
as Chief
Recruiting
Officer.



The tramps with whom I foregathered on no longer seemed romantic and interesting, but dirty and sordid and criminal. I saw, for the first time, what danger I was in. If I didn't take care I, too, would end up on the ragged edge of things.

From that time on, though many times necessity impelled me, I never "hit the road" with a whole heart, and now I think I have given it up altogether. But even yet I can hardly answer for myself when the spring arrives.

Giving the Diplomas.
Obadiah Hicks, chairman of the board, was about to make a few remarks prior to the presentation of diplomas to the graduates of the high school class. Mr. Hicks was introduced by the high school superintendent, and, clearing his throat, began:
"The time has come—"
A suppressed titter rippled among the graduates and the friends of Mr. Hicks squirmed uneasily in their seats.

Before he could proceed with his speech the superintendent, who sat on the platform behind him, leaned forward and whispered, "has come!"
Mr. Hicks halted, blushed, then began all over again:
"The time has come for me—for me few percent few yew graddy-wates yew diplomas showin' that yew hev all got through successful. I can't skeerely realize how quick the past year has went and—"
"Has gone?" prompted the superintendent.

"Has gone?" corrected Mr. Hicks. Then he turned suddenly and headily on the superintendent:
"Looky here, young feller! Who's a-makin' this hyar speech, yew or me? When I say 'has come' and 'has went,' them's what I mean exactly. I hev did right sort of speechmakin' in my time and I hev allus managed to make folks understand what I was a-tryin' to git at, even if I didn't never swaller no grammer!"

Then he turned to the graduates:
"Here, yew striplins, prance right up and git yewr sheepskins and after yew go out to rastle with the world and happen sometime yew jump the traces as I hev did and git mixt up in yewr gammer a leetle mite, don't lose no sleep over it, but fest go right along like yewr Uncle Obadah!"

Reunited at Last.
An old man's affection for 5-year-old Anna Leber, whom he met on the steamer Finland coming from Antwerp, resulted in the reunion at sea of a father and daughter after twenty-seven years.

Anna became the pet of the ship, but she showed marked preference for Gustave Dunkel, who is 75. One day Mr. Dunkel told her that he once had a little girl whom he had lost many years ago. Anna told her mother what the old man had said, and the following morning Mrs. Leber went to thank Mr. Dunkel for his interest in her daughter. At sight of Mrs. Leber, Mr. Dunkel swooned. Mrs. Leber and stewards revived him and then the old man, seizing Mrs. Leber's hands, whispered:
"Don't you know me? You are my Anna, my little girl I haven't seen for twenty-seven years. I have a photograph of you and the mother you never knew."

Mrs. Leber said she had lost her father when she was 5 years old and could remember only from what her foster parents told her of him. When Mr. Dunkel had told his story doubt existed no longer and Mrs. Leber placed her arms around her father and sobbed for joy.
Mr. Dunkel was formerly a carpenter in Berlin. Twenty-eight years ago he lost all his savings and sent his children to live with different families.

The family with whom Anna went disappeared, and Anna grew up in Vienna and married. Recently her husband went to Denver and she was on her way to join him. Dunkel was going to see his son in Baltimore, and three left for that city, after which Mrs. Leber will take her father to Denver.

A Team in London.
This is so emphatically the age of the motor car that a slight witness by the writer seems worthy of record. Two horses passed down the Strand within five minutes of each other, and both were dappled to an unusual extent. The mathematical odds against such a coincidence would be very great.

Why He Fell.
Kathryn—Jack Huggins just fell at my feet the moment he saw me. Kitty—Stumbled over them. I suppose.



MOFFETT, Chicago

sonal occupations, such as the wheat harvest, the hop gathering, and so forth.

I was 14 the first time I ran away. I climbed in at the open door of a box car of one of these trains.

Soon the train got under way. I was all atremble. The freight roared and jerked along for several hours before one of the trainmen discovered me, and ordered me out.

But when he saw how young I was, he took me back to the caboose—a car fitted out for the crew—and he and his fellows made a lot of me, sharing their dinner with me.

I was a week away from home on this first trip, and when I got back I was so dirty and dilapidated that our big dog failed to recognize me. He growled and threatened to bite.

From that time on I "went on the road" again and again. Nothing could induce me to stay in one place for any length of time. I would come home, be contrite, and promise to behave and settle down; then, when the least thing went wrong, or the regular life began to grow humdrum, I would disappear again.

I always took a book with me to read—for instance, I first read Shakespeare from beginning to end while tramping in California.

My father hoped that I would soon tire of the life and settle down, all the better for it. But he was mistaken. My twentieth year found me still a tramp. But it had one undeniably good result.

As a boy I had been sickly and very delicate. The new life toughened and hardened me. I slept in the open by camp fires, in haystacks and under trees. And at times, unlike most of the other tramps, I left the railroad and struck out across country. This repaid me, even from the tramp's point of view, as I covered unexplored territory and got invited in to table everywhere.

I well remember the effect my first attempt at begging had on me. I went back to the kitchen of a house and knocked. I asked the woman who came to the door, in a

very humble tone, if she would give me anything to eat, murmuring, in addition, that I had had nothing to eat for days (which was a lie). She answered by slamming the door in my face. I walked away, feeling very wretched.

When I regained the "hobo camp," just on the outskirts of the town, the only tramp who was there—a red-faced, pleasant Irishman—saw at once what had happened to me. He made me sit down and share with him what he had recently begged.

Tramps, as a rule, are very generous with each other, and know among themselves a true democracy.

After that I soon tried begging again. I had to do so or to go to work. This time I met with better success. Soon I grew callous to any rebuff; I came to look on a "handout" as my legitimate due, and felt offended when refused food.

And I grew canny at "sizing up" the occupants of any house by its general appearance from the outside.

The poor I found to be the most generous, and the rich the stingiest. Begging became with me an art. I often asked for food when I was not hungry, just from a sense of curiosity to see what would be given me. I would then throw it away or give it to another tramp.

But my life was not all lined with ermine. From time to time I was arrested for vagrancy. Several times I was put to work on rock piles and county farms. Once, in Alabama, I narrowly escaped being taken up by a detective in a railroad yard and sentenced to the coal mines. Another time I was actually arrested on a charge of burglary and held over for three months in a miserable Texas jail, just escaping the penitentiary. Yes, despite these mishaps, the wander habit still clung to me.

But one spring a change took place in my nature. I hesitated longer than usual to launch forth on my customary trip. At last I jumped a freight and started for Kansas City. But now something was lacking. The spirit that had impelled me hitherto had vanished.



1913 FEMOORE.

The latest addition to the boosters of outdoor life is the Girl Scouts of America, patterned after the Boy Scouts of America. The new organization is independent of the Camp Fire Girls, and many of the regulations are different.

The organization had its origin in England, where it was taken up enthusiastically by settlement workers. It spread from there to Australia and New Zealand and other English possessions. Now it has reached America where Mrs. Juliette Low of London is chief recruiting officer and Julia Lathrop, chief of the child's bureau of the Department of Labor, has promised to organize a patrol.

Branches were first opened in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Savannah. Chicago later opened a branch. Mrs. Low is great granddaughter of John Kinzie, father of Chicago. For that reason she worked hard to make the Chicago organization unusually successful.

The idea grew out of the Boy Scout movement, originated in England by Gen. Baden Powell. The organizers decided that what is good for boys is good for girls, hence the organization.

Girl Scouts are taught to be chivalrous. They are taught to do a good service every day and assist others when possible. They are taught to be courteous. When an old woman or an old man gets on a street car these younger ones are taught to offer her seat if there is no other. They will strike shame to many men if they carry out their idea. As in the days of chivalry, the ideas of chivalry were taught for a purpose, so is the Girl Scout idea taught for a purpose and the purposes of the two movements are somewhat the same. They are the same in so far as they teach girls should aid those needing aid, just as the knights of old aided those needing aid. Other ideas are different thought, in that the Girl Scouts are taking the places of men of old. Girl Scouts can do things their grandmothers would have been shocked to hear of girls doing. They can go out into the woods or along streams and camp all night. They can build fires in the open and cook bacon just like soldiers.

They learn signals of the trail and take long tramps through the wilds. In frontier days it was not necessary to give girls any special inducement to go out of doors. With the coming of the cities and congestion of population girls have little chance to get in the open unless they go in bodies accompanied by an elder person. Girls going alone through the country near a city would be stared at or possibly insulted these days.

The indoor life of the girls of both the farm and the city is having an evil effect on their development. They can develop much better out in the open.

The Girl Scouts will meet with much opposition just as the Camp Fire Girls did. A newspaper writer recently seeing a group of Camp Fire Girls in the woods wrote the following about them:

GIRLS COULD CLIMB TREES WITH AGILITY.

"There were about twenty of them scattered about in the grass under the trees and for general sprightliness and agility and tree-climbing ability they might have been so many wood nymphs. Except that the costume of wood nymphs was somewhat more impressionistic, if we may trust the classic artists. As a matter of fact they were Camp Fire Girls really camping and they seemed to be having the time of their lives. They wore bloomers and middie blouses and the holiday spirit was abroad in the land.
"Their retreat is the farm of A.

L. Ruhl at Eighty-first street and the State line, and you reach it by taking a Dodson car, getting off at a loose leaf wooden walk that leads to a rock road. That's Eighty-first street, and proceeding toward the setting sun you strike a clay road running north and south. Right around the corner to the south is a big, low-gabled white farmhouse, set in a wealth of trees. But the house is just for eating and for retreat on rainy days. The Camp Fires themselves live in four brown canvas tepees in the back yard; at least that's where they sleep. The adjoining countryside is where they really live. And what do they do? Well, their days are crowded full. Here's the schedule, as devised by Miss Kate Nelson, head counselor and everybody's friend. It hangs on the wall in the dining room, where she who eats may read:
"6:45—Rising bell. (One of the counselors remarked in parenthesis that they're generally awake and talking some time before that.)
"7:15—A setting up drill—a callistic process, kind of Billy Muldoon affair.
"7:30—Bible reading.
"7:45—Breakfast.
GIRLS PLAY HOCKEY.
BASEBALL AND BASKET BALL.
"Between breakfast and 9 o'clock there are dishes to wash and tents to put in order, for at 9 o'clock there's tent inspection and a banner awarded to the tent that's most immaculate.
"And from that time till noon there are games—real, sure enough games—baseball, basket ball and hockey. Also there's croquet for those who choose it, but Miss Nelson says the croquet grounds are never crowded. And at 12:30 luncheon, and from 1:30 to 2:30 rest hour. Then follows an hour of handicraft—basket weaving, clay modeling and so on. From 3:30 to

dinner to be cooked at noon over a camp fire and very much excitement. Also there's rifle practice and a match game of baseball or hockey on Saturdays, with badges for the winners.
"And in the evenings there are various sorts of amusements, taffy pulls, dances, pageants, in which each tent takes an Indian legend and acts it out. There's a thrilling ceremonial costume, all khaki and beads and head-dresses, which is worn on formal occasions. Next Sunday, for instance, there will be a vesper service at 4 o'clock, to which the general public is invited, and afterward the public is invited to stay to supper if it cares to and see a real camp fire afterward, with the whole class in ceremonial costume doing mystic rites. W. P. Borland and Mayor Jost will give brief talks in the afternoon.
"But there is work as well as play at the Camp Fire camp. Three girls are detailed for each meal.

UPPER left—Girl Scouts, dressed as Indians. Upper right—Baden-Powell, chief of the Boy Scouts. Lower center—Miss Julia C. Lathrop. Lower left and center right—Mrs. Juliette Low (in two poses), girl Scout leader.



JAS. E. THOMPSON PHOTO

And everybody does her share of the work. Nobody may spend more than a week there, for there are a lot more youthful Camp Fire Girls waiting their turn. The camp will run nine weeks. It opened last Monday."

Harry Kemp's Story of His Life as a Hobo.

I was a mere child when I saw my first tramp. As now I remember him, he was an evasive faced, shifty-eyed scamp, but at that time he seemed to be a hero, as he sat on the back door steps in the sunlight and ate the food which my grandmother had given him.
But this particular tramp stuck in my mind because for an hour he sat there and filled my ears full of stories of the road—the great West, with its vast plains and mountains so high that clouds caught against their tops, or forests, and cities, and ranches, and seaports.
In the States we call goods trains freight trains, and thousands of tramps ride on them yearly. There are laws prohibiting this, but such are easily evaded; if they could not be it would be a death blow to the casual laborer of the country. For vast distances must be covered in order to get to various places of

They help the cook, set the table, wait on it and wash the dishes afterward.

"The girls range in age from 12 to 16, and it is certainly a democratic gathering. The daughters of folks who ride to business in limousines may be found hobnobbing with girls who have been saving for weeks to get the \$2.50 necessary to spend a week at the camp.

Everybody does what she likes; then follows supper, amusements of various sorts and 9 o'clock is bedtime. At 9:30 lights are out and silence reigns.
"But the brief schedule doesn't half tell the story. One day this week the whole crowd hiked to Dallas and back, a walk of eight miles, and spent the day exploring. There was a stream to wade and



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