OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Way Our Grandfathers Traveled

DO you ever think of the hardships suffered by our ancestors when they were obliged to make a journey? No matter how short the journey was—if only covering a day—there was little comfort to be enjoyed while en route. In some parts of the United States there were no coach or wagon roads to speak of, and persons traveled long distances by horseback. Sometimes whole families would make a journey of a hundred miles—taking a week for the trip—on horseback. The children would ride "double," which meant two children on one horse. Sometimes a wee tot would be perched up in front of the father, and a "good-sized" girl would sit behind the mother, a blanket folded for a saddle and perhaps a rope stirrup cleverly arranged for her foot to rest in. And the "big son" usually rode the pack horse, sitting perched on top of a huge bundle of folded clothing, while behind him were fastened baskets and boxes of more apparel and some food.

Then there were the stops along the way. A night spent at some poor farmer's house, where a pile of straw on the floor and a few homespun blankets afforded beds for the tired travelers. And the traveler was often obliged to furnish his own food, cooking it over the farmer's great fireplace in the hewn-log kitchen.

Again the travelers stopped over night at some village or town. There an inn afforded them hospitality. An inn! Does not the word sound interesting? Well, it sounds better than it was in reality. The old-time inn had few if any comforts to offer to the weary, road-worn traveler. The horse often fared better than the master. Poor, and not always clean, beds! Scanty and coarse food, and dark, ill-ventilated rooms where one froze if ten feet away from the open fireplace.

Where better roads abounded, people traveled in stage coaches or in their own wagons and carriages, though the latter were very scarce, even the wealthiest families seldom affording them. When making a lengthy journey by stage coach one was crowded into as small a space as one could be got into, and he half sat upon his fellow-passengers. And when the weather was inclement the hardships of the stage coach traveler were past description. He got wet through and through and half-froze, sitting for hours together in one cramped position, and when leaving the coach for the night was so lame from the continuous cramped posture that he ached in every limb.

Then came the first steam railway carriage! It was considered a marvel of comfort and swiftness. Men could cover the distance of twelve or fifteen miles in one hour! It was little less than a miracle! But who in those days could forsee the magnificent palace cars of today? The modern means of travel are all that wealth and invention can do towards the comfort and convenience of the traveler. It is the common thing nowadays to cover forty to fifty miles an hour, and to glide along without a jolt in the most luxurious manner. And hotels are as advanced in such things as are the trains. No longer the pile of straw on the floor of the tavern or inn, and the wood fire in the old-fashioned fireplace; but steam heat, splendid ventilation, well-furnished rooms and "fine table fare" await the traveler at every point in his journey. Could our ancestors come back for one short journey and travel as do their descendants of the twentieth century, their amazement would be too great for description. They never dreamed of the things that have come to pass.

And the future holds as many marvels for those who are to follow us—the people of the twenty-first century; and they in turn will read of our present mode of travel with the same amusement, and perhaps pity, as we today read of that of our ancestors of a hundred or more years ago.

Which all goes to show the slow but sure improvement of the dear old world and its children.

Only one man in every two hundred is six feet in height.

JESSIE'S MANY NEW FRIENDS.

JESSIE was a twelve-year old girl who lived in a large town. She had a very bad habit—that of sleeping late of mornings. Her mother was at the end of her wits to know what to do to induce her little daughter to willingly rise early mornings. At last she put the problem to her husband:

"Say, Father, what shall we do about Jessie's sleeping so late of mornings? She will promise to get up when I first call her, and ten minutes later, I go to see if she is about ready for breakfast, and she has turned over in bed and gone fast asleep again. Then I go through the process of waking her all over once more, sometimes repeating it more than once, too, before I succeed in coaxing her out of bed. It has become a real task to get her off to school on time." Jessie's father sat in deep study for a few minutes. Then he said:

"Let me go call her this morning, Mother. Maybe I shall manage the case better than you have done. At least, let me try it."

So saying, Mr. Father left the breakfast room, where Mrs. Mother was placing the breakfast on the table, and hurried to his little daughter's apartment on the second floor.

Jessie sat up, quite awake now.

Entering the room, he beheld Jessie fast asleep, although her mother had already waked her twice since seven o'clock.

"Daughter, come; Awake, Jessie! I have some fine young strangers to introduce you to this morning. Come, look your liveliest and wakiest!" And Mr. Father shook Jessie's arm and patted her sunny head.

Jessie sat up. Why should she be called so many times every morning? It was so annoying. And she was so sleepy!

"Have you met Gracie Sparrow—and her brother, Sunshine Sparrow?" asked Mr. Father in an interested tone.

Jessie sat up, quite awake now. "No, Papa," she said. "Are they the new neighbors?"

"Well, I should say they are neighbors," replied Mr. Father. "Come, be quick, or they'll be gone."

"All right, Papa. I'll dress quickly. Are they in the parlor?"

"You come down as fast as ever you can," said Mr. Father. Then he blew a kiss to Jessie and went downstairs.

She hurriedly washed, combed and dressed, and her face was full of wide-awakeness when she came running into the breakfast room. "Well, Papa, where are the Sparrow children?" she asked, glancing round. Then Mrs. Mother kissed Jessie and Papa said: "Why, you look like the morning star, childie. How bright you are—and how nicely dressed!"

"I expected company," replied Jessie, taking her seat at the table. "You said you would introduce me to some little strangers. Where are they?"

"After breakfast we shall go to call on them—on your way to school. But it would be more enjoyable to make our visits before breakfast—if you could get up early enough, my dear."

"Oh, are we to go often, Papa?" asked Jessie, anticipation in her voice.

"Every solitary morning—if you can get up early enough," said Mr. Father. And Mrs. Mother said: "Jessie will stay abed in spite of anything, Father. She is a sleepy-head, I fear."

"Oh, no, Mamma, I'll get up as early as Papa says, if—if—we are to go visiting before breakfast. I love to meet new friends."

"Then after breakfast we'll make our first visit. But it must be very short—for you cannot be late at school." So informed Papa.

Half an hour later, Jessie all equipped for school, went off with her father in the direction of a large park. As they hurried along, Mr. Father said to her: "Just see the frost on the bushes, dear. Is it not beautiful? And had we been out half an hour earlier, it would have looked still lovelier. Suppose we come out at half-past seven tomorrow—and the sun will be just over that line of trees. We'll be able to see the sun very distinctly—before he rises too high in the heavens."

Jessie clapped her hands. "Oh, Papa, that will be lovely. I'd just enjoy more than anything coming out with you and seeing the sun as it is getting up. How funny that sounds—the sun just getting up!" Jessie laughed at the queer idea.

"Well, if we can only get up, we'll find many interesting things 'just getting up' of mornings," replied Mr. Father. "But—here we are at the Sparrow's home. And—sure enough—there is Gracie Sparrow. And—look!—there is Sunshine Sparrow, too."

While speaking, Mr. Father had pointed towards two little sparrows, one taking a dip in the sunny water of a pretty fountain and the other hopping about in quest of breakfast.

Jessie looked and looked at Gracie and Sunshine Sparrow for several minutes before she said a word. Then she laughed merrily. "Say, Papa, that's a good joke on me. I thought Gracie and Sunshine were children."

"They are, my dear, bird-children. And they've got oceans of kin-folks—cousins, uncles and aunts. There are some of them—over by that fallen tree." Mr. Father pointed towards a group of sparrows that were flitting about like butterflies.

"Oh, aren't they dears?" Jessie ran towards them, waving her hands and saying: "Oh, you darlings! How happy you all are!"

"Now, we'll not have time to meet any more strangers this morning, dear," said Mr. Father. "It's almost time for school. But tomorrow morning, IF you can get up early enough, we'll go to call on the Squirrels. They are farther in the woods, you know. And there are the Owls and the Rabbits, and ever so many other strangers who shall become good friends—IF we only seek to know them. Shall we?"

"Oh, yes, Papa. I shall get up every morning just as soon as I am called. All you will have to say to me is, 'Come, Jessie, let's go call on the Sparrows or the Squirrels this morning.' And I'll bounce out of bed in a jiffy."

"And the old sun will say to us, 'Good morning, friends!' for he will just be getting up, too." So said Mr. Father.

"Yes, Papa, and all the dear strangers will become dear friends—after I have learned to get up early enough to get acquainted with them."

And never after that morning was Jessie a "sleepy-head," and she made oceans of new friends in wood and dale, with Mr. Father for comrade.

How To Climb A Tree.

Helpful Hints To Boy Travelers.

SOMETIMES a boy is caught in a predicament where climbing a tree will help him out of his difficulty. But few boys—those who live in city and town—know how to climb a tree. The ordinary method of climbing a tree is by grasping hold of the lower branches with firm hands, placing the legs about the tree's trunk, and pulling up with the former and pushing up with the latter. It's nature's way of going up. But to climb the tall, straight tree which has no low branches nor rough bark, one must use another and a more scientific method. Take a rag or two handkerchiefs tied together, or a towel—any such thing that may be available—and at each end tie securely a loop large enough to admit of the foot, and tight enough to prevent the foot from slipping through. Then place the towel or knotted-together kerchiefs round the tree and put your feet into the loops. The towel or rag used should be long enough to go half round the body of the tree, and must not be baggy or too long.

Now, having the towel round the tree and your feet in the loops, you embrace the trunk with your arms, raise your legs, and, pressing the towel against the trunk with your feet, stand in the loops as though they were stirrups. Then raise the body and seize the trunk higher up with the hands. Then, holding fast with the hands, you raise your legs again, drawing the foot-loops upwards, repeating the process over and over till you have gone as far up the tree as you desire.

If the boys are going into the woods where there is danger of wild animals, or even domestic ones with horns, it is well to practice this method of climbing before venturing to danger's like. And it will be well to carry along either a good strong towel, or an old piece of sacking in the event of needing it. And even when not needed, it is well to have the necessary loops to practice with. One may imagine a bear or a wild bull coming after one, and do a bit of climbing to get used to it. Again one may wish to go to the top of some tall tree just for the fun of it.

Our Puzzle Corner

POET PUZZLE.

The name of a poet is hidden in the following six sentences. Each sentence contains a one-syllable word, the initial letter of which helps to spell the poet's name:

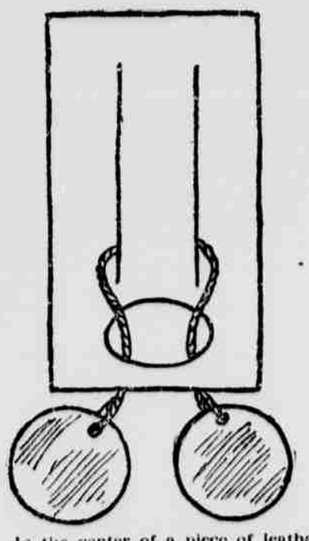
1. All men are related to each other.
2. When in doubt, be cautious.
3. People should love one another.
4. Children should be taught honestly while young.
5. We are never too old to learn.
6. A good name is to be coveted.

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in country, but not in land:
My second is in foot, but not in hand:
My third is in rail, but not split:
My fourth is in anger, but not in fit:
My fifth is in link, but not in chain:
My sixth is in sickness, but not in pain.

My whole are quite pink;
And are found in the sea.
They make lovely ornaments
For you and for me.

Wooden Wheel Puzzle.



In the center of a piece of leather make two parallel cuts and, just below, a small hole a trifle wider than the space between the cuts; then pass a cord under the slip and through the hole, as in the above design, and tie two wooden wheels, or button moulds, to the ends of the string. The wheels must be larger than the hole, as is shown in the design. The puzzle is to get the string out again without removing the wheels.

Solution: Draw the slip of leather down through hole and the wheels will pass out easily.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

ANAGRAMS: 1. *Tiber.* 2. *Severn.* 3. *Rhine.* 4. *Rhone.*

INVERSION: *Bard.*

PRIMAL ACROSTIC: *Anchor. Crosswords*, 1. *Abel.* 2. *Noun.* 3. *Crow.* 4. *Hymn.* 5. *Oxen.* 6. *Rule.*

REBUS: *A black cat saw a big dog beside the fence.*

The ROUND-UP: STORY OF A BRAVE BOY'S PERIL.

"WELL, Uncle Ben, I do hope you'll decide to let me go on the round-up." It was Henry Slater who was speaking to his uncle, Dan Slater, ranchman. The scene was a ranch-house on the lonely prairie of a Western State. It was a crisp morning and the wind was coming across the plains at about twenty-five miles an hour. Henry's face was red from the nipping air and his ears tingled. But he was strong and tall for his sixteen years, and loved the hard weather he was experiencing on the prairies. He had only come to pay a visit to his uncle a few weeks before and was enjoying every minute of his stay. Having been born and reared in the East, and never having seen the Far West before, his first visit there was full of interest for him.

"Well, you see, Henry, it's hard—rounding up the cattle," explained the rugged rancher. "One of my punchers froze to death on the round-up last year. One of those blamed Northerners overtook him when he was about thirty miles from anywhere, and he and the good little bronco both blew into the Great Beyond. It was a sad thing—but something all cowboys risk."

"I'm not afraid—this time of year, Uncle," declared Henry. "And all the boys at the ranch say I'm a finished bronco-buster since my exciting initiation into the business three weeks ago. I'll promise you that both yours truly and the bronco will come home safely from the round-up. Handy is a trustworthy chap—and I'll ride along with him."

"All right, Henry, take a big dose if you must. But you do it of your own accord, not through my advice. The weather may be fine and it may be like Hades—terrible!"

The round-up was to begin on the following day and Henry could scarcely wait for the time to start out across the prairies after the cattle. Mr. Slater's cattle covered thousands of acres and it required several days to make the round-up.

The next morning the start began. Henry rode off between "Rush" Handy and "Peek" Lawson, the two main men of the ranch. But Peek was not his usual lively self. He was pale and had eaten no breakfast. He was really ill, but would not confess the fact.

"Say, Peek, you'd better staid to hum," observed Rush, eyeing his sick comrade. "You look like a dying calf."

Peek grinned, but made no reply. At noon he did not open his provision bag, but rode along in silence as Henry and Rush ate bread and cold bacon, and drank cold coffee from tin canteens.

"A leetle squeemish here," he vouchsafed, when Rush tried to coax him to "jest have a bite o' this bacon, Pal. It's as tender as Maryland chicken."

The cattle were badly scattered, and several times the three horsemen were miles apart. But Rush rode up to Henry after one of these separations and said in a warning tone: "Say, Tenderfoot, won't you keep clost to Peek? He's not up to the mark today—and might keel over. I'll go after the far-aways. You ride after the bunches that are clost to the fence."

After that, Henry remained with Peek, but there was little conversation to break the long hours. The two sent the cattle into bunches and drove them towards the centre of the range. Towards nightfall, Peek observed that "there's a shack beyont that long hill yander. We'll go there an' make a leetle hot coffee to warm up our innards. The cattle can stay as they are for the night."

"And Rush—will he join us there later?" asked Henry.

Peek shook his head. "We'll likely not see him again till we git back to the hole." By "the hole" Peek meant ranch house. "When we come out roundin' up the steers, we part company an' each feller does his own work."

"Is there water and wood at the shack?" asked Henry.

Peek nodded. "There's a creek clost an' we've fixed a barrel into it an' dug out the mud so as to git fresh water in the barrel. The critters drink frum the creek, an' muddy it all up, you know. But the barrel's jest like a spring."

Soon they reached the "shack" which had been well-named. The walls were built of sod, cut into bricks and laid up like stone. The roof was of rough boards, slightly slanting, and covered with dirt which had become hard packed and which shed the occasional rain very well. Inside the shack Henry found a bare earth floor, a rude wooden table built against the wall and some straw in a corner to serve as a bed. In an opposite corner was piled half as high as the low ceiling some green cottonwood, cut into stove lengths. A small rusty stove with a rustier pipe was near the door through which came the light.

Peek found an old candle—half burnt out—and made a light. Then he hung one of his blankets over the door to keep out some of the cold wind which whipped round the corners of the shanty.

"We'll not waste this candle," he admonished. "It's got to last till we git more. An' Gawd only knows when that'll be."

"Shall I fix a fire?" asked Henry, feeling a bit uneasy as he looked at his companion, for Peek's pallor had deepened, and dark circles were about his gaunt eyes. His hand trembled as he fixed the candle upon the table with some of the melted tallow.

"Yep, Tenderfoot, fix a fire, and make a cup of strong coffee for me as quick as you would skin a rabbit—I'm 'most in."

Then Peek threw a blanket on the pile of straw in the corner and himself upon it. "Say, Tenderfoot, let me have your coat. I'm shakin' out o' my hide."

Henry quickly divested himself of his coat and put it over his sick comrade. As he did so, his heart sank, for he realized that he was away out on the lonely prairies with a very sick man.

"How far are we from the ranch, Peek?" he asked.

"Fifteen mile," replied Peek. "An' listen, Tender, there's a blizzard comin'. I can feel it in my backbone.

It'll ketch us before midnight. Save that candle. An' be savin' of the wood. Only the good Lord knows how long we'll be here. Git the grub in frum the saddles—an' fetch the saddles in too. Tie the hosses on the leeside o' the shack. That's all."

The night settled down and Peek grew worse with each hour. Henry let the fire die out in order to save the wood, for gusts of freezing wind warned him that Peek's prophecy of a Norther was coming to pass. The candle—only half-length—was blown out and the two were in total darkness. The wind swept in at the door, flapping the blanket like a rag. Henry took two sharp sticks and fastened the blanket ends to the ground. This helped to keep out the wind.

Towards midnight the weather became furious, howling like wild beasts about the little mud shack. The temperature had fallen rapidly, and was now at the freezing point. Henry shivered and felt the need not only of his coat, but of his blanket. But he took neither from his sick charge.

As the storm increased outside, the sick man's condition grew serious. He became delirious, shouting to the cattle and again telling some rollicking story. Then he would subside into quiet and moan pitifully. His chill passed away and a fever took its place. He threw off the blankets and coat, and Henry felt of his hands and head to find them consumed as if by fire. Putting on his own coat, Henry prepared to nurse the delirious man during the remainder of the terrible night. He filled an old tin pan from the water bucket and dipped his handkerchief into it and bathed Peek's burning forehead. He placed his hot hands inside the pan of soothing water. At the first refreshing touch, Peek smiled, and soon he had dropped into a calm sleep.

Hours passed by, and still Henry bathed the burning hands and brow, and the sleeper slept on. At last as the dawn appeared, the fever abated and the man's pulse became stronger and more even. Henry observed all this with hope. Perhaps Peek would be himself as soon as the morning should break.

But when Peek opened his eyes there was no intelligence in them. He asked where he was, and called Henry "Rush." In vain did Henry try to make the sick man understand. His mind seemed a blank.

And all that long day, with a blizzard howling outside, did Henry care for the sick cowboy. He forced some water, and bits of bread dipped in coffee, between his lips. He covered him closely and built a fire when the chill again took possession of him. Then followed the water treatment for the fever when it came to chase away the chill.

As the blizzard grew worse, Henry feared the horses would freeze, so he went out and untied them and led them into the shack. They had little room to stand—between the stove and the door, their poor tails outside to be whipped about in the gale. But the poor beasts were glad of shelter, and looked their gratitude to their rescuer. He gave them some of the straw from the bed for their breakfast.

"They'll have to have water," said Henry to himself, "I'll lead them to the creek. And at the same time, I'll fetch a bucket of water."

Before going out, Henry had not estimated the fury of the storm. It carried him off his feet at times, and only by holding to the horses' bridles did he manage to get to the creek. He put his foot through the thin crust of ice and broke it so that the animals might drink. They refreshed themselves as though they understood it would be their last drink that day—and maybe for longer. Then Henry managed to fill his bucket from the stream, and leading the horses with one hand, carrying the bucket with the other, he got back to the shanty more dead than alive. He feared he, too, was going to suffer from a chill, for he shivered and shook like an aspen leaf. His teeth chattered, and as soon as he got safely inside the shack he made a fresh fire and boiled a pot of coffee. This he drank off like an old rancher, and ate his fill of bacon and bread.

And so the day wore on. Peek coming to himself late in the afternoon and looking at Henry with great hollow eyes as he said:

"Gee, Tenderfoot, I've been traveling in strange lands—sometimes wading through water of fire and again through snow drifts. And, lordy! how this coco of mine aches—like it would bust."

"That's all right, Peek, old chap," soothed Henry. "Now keep quiet. There's a blizzard on. But we'll weather it."

Then Peek sank into a sort of stupor, and muttered wild things. Again he became cold, and Henry covered him warmly. And all the time the two little broncos stamped in their corner and viewed the strange scene. And their warm bodies helped to keep the place from the freezing point.

About midnight, Henry dropped into a troubled sleep, crouching on the floor beside the dying fire in the little stove. He could no longer keep awake. The ordeal he had passed through had told on him, and he was on the verge of physical collapse. How long he had lain there, he could not tell; but something—one of the bronco's stamping and snorting—waked him suddenly. And on half leaping up he beheld two glittering eyes in his face. Instantly he recognized his visitor—it was a wolf!

There was not a moment to spare. Henry grasped a heavy stick of wood and with a strong arm gave the beast a stunning blow between the eyes. The creature dropped dead where it stood. Henry made a light and looked cautiously at the little starved thing that had come to find its prey inside the shack.

"Brave creature," said Henry. Then he dragged it to the door and hurled its stiffening body into a whirling snow drift which was looming in front of the shack.

Hardly had Henry got rid of his dangerous enemy, when sounds of voices came on the wind. In another instant, Mr. Slater and a half-breed Indian, one who worked on the ranch, entered the shack door. Henry could not speak for a minute, fearing the frost had got into his blood and that he was seeing visions. But very soon he realized that he was in his right mind, and that his uncle and the half-breed had been for hours trying to get to the shack. Rush had reached home, and not finding his companions there, had advised that the half-breed go in search of them. "He'll doubtless find 'em at the fifteen-mile shack," Rush had said. "They wus near thar when I parted company with 'em. The blizzard blew me away from them. I had to look out for number one. Wasn't fixed fit for to weather the Norther."

And so Mr. Slater and the Indian had come on horseback all that fifteen miles, and were warm in their furs and blankets.

"We've got grub, too," said Mr. Slater, "An' we've got a few candles and matches besides."

Then Mr. Slater examined Peek and declared him a very sick man. "It's fever, sure," he said. "And if it hadn't been for you, Henry, the poor fellow must have died."

"Well, if he hadn't died of his own accord, a hungry wolf would have helped him over to the other side." Then Henry told of his uncanny visitor, the dead body of which was now deeply covered with snow.

"Well, the blizzard will break by morning," said Mr. Slater. "And Halfy, here, will return to the ranch for the wagon and some bedding and come to take poor Peek back in comfort, at least. Then we'll have the doctor out from town. But, by ginger, you've saved the poor fellow's life."

"That's what I got out of the round up, uncle," smiled Henry.

Instantly he recognized his visitor—it was a wolf.