

Young People

Young Robin's Selfishness

It was spring time in the south when Young Robin said to his bird friends one day: "I am going North to-morrow." "Going North to-morrow?" they questioned; "why, the snow has not melted yet and the rivers are all icy and the ground is all frozen and the buds have not appeared and everything is bleak and wintry. You should wait until the rest of us are ready to fly northward and go with us."

Robin made no argument with them, but when he was by himself he said: "That was just what I wanted them to say. I don't want them to fly North with me. I would rather be alone, so I can pick the best place for a nest, and I will be the first robin of the season and everyone will admire me." You see, Young Robin was led to fly away not by any good motive, but because he was selfish and wanted to get the best there was all for himself.

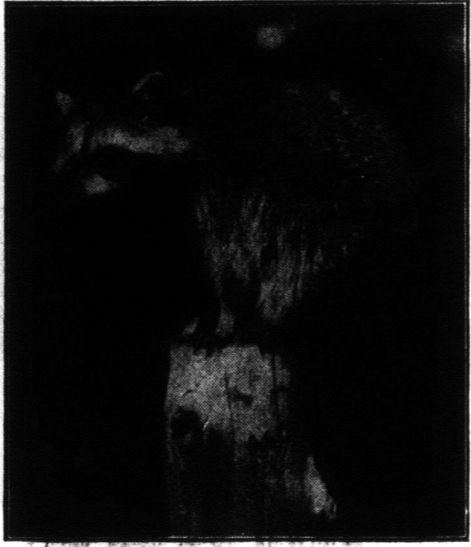
On the following day he smoothed all his feathers, and having eaten a very hearty breakfast of worms and some crumbs which he found in a nearby yard he set out for his flight.

The first day he did not fly very far, and when it came night he was not yet out of that part of the country where it was still warm, and he found a good many robins to keep him company for the few hours before he went to sleep. When they asked him where he was going and he told them he was on his way North, they were much surprised, and cautioned him about getting too far from where the sun was bright and warm and the ground free of frost. But Young Robin in his selfishness thought he was wiser than

they, and early the next morning was on his way again, without even stopping to say good-bye to the friends with whom he had spent the night. "For," said he, "perhaps if I stopped to say good-bye some of them would want to go with me, and I would have to divide the worms and all the other good things that are waiting for me."

The second day of his flight was not quite so comfortable as the first had been, and toward night he began to feel a little chilly and missed the warm rays of the sun. "But I won't mind a little cold," he said to himself alone in a tree, "I have plenty of feathers."

When he awoke the next morning he was shivering, and it took him some time



The Coon ready for the offensive.

hopping about before he got all that he wanted to eat, for the worms were pretty scarce, and the ground was rather frosty for his tender feet. At last, however when the sun was up he flew away, still headed northward.

Early in the afternoon the clouds began to gather and pretty soon they covered the sun. And not long after that he began to see white things that looked like feathers floating through the air, and although he tried to fly above them, the higher he flew the thicker the curious feathery things got until they almost blinded him, and he was not sure in which direction he was flying. Finally he began to get frightened, for the air was so thick that he could not see the sky above him nor the ground beneath.

"I guess that I had better fly down," he said, "and find out where I am, for I cannot see anything up here, and besides I am getting altogether too cold to be comfortable." So, dipping his wings, he slid down through the snow flakes toward the earth. When he got near enough to see what was below he found that he was over a great forest, which stretched as far as he could see in every direction.

The trees were all covered with the snow which was falling, and Young Robin had never seen a sight so uninviting nor a place which promised so little comfort to a lonesome bird. "I wish I was back home," he began to think. "I wish I was where it was nice and warm and where I could get a good supper, but I certainly cannot fly any farther tonight."

He flew down between the trees to the ground, but when he alighted his feet sank into the snow almost up to his body. "If I sleep in this snow, I will surely freeze my feet," he said and he began hunting for some place where the snow had not gathered. At last in the

end of a hollow log he found a place free from snow and hopped in, very much discouraged and very lonesome and hungry.

Outside he could hear the wind blowing as he had never heard it before, and occasionally snow would blow in around him, although he got as far back in the log as he could. He slept very little, and when the sun came up in the morning and he looked out there was nothing to see but snow. "I couldn't live long here," he said, "for if I didn't freeze I should starve. I don't see anything for me to do but turn around and fly back South."

He pecked at the snow, but it made a pretty poor breakfast, and after the sun was well up he flew through the trees and started southward. As the air began to grow warmer he knew he was getting back toward where the robins he had left were still living and he began to be ashamed when he thought of the selfish motives which had led him to leave them and go northward by himself. On the evening of the fourth day he came in sight of the place where all the robins he knew lived, and, although he dreaded to see them, he was so tired that he flew down and lighted on a tree where three or four of his friends were already half asleep.

"Hello," said one of the robins, opening his eyes, "you back here? I thought you had gone North several days ago."

"I did," said Young Robin, "but I decided to return and wait for the rest of you."

"Was that the real reason," asked an old mother robin, whose years had given her wisdom, "or did you find that there was such a thing as a bird being too early if he gets up before the worm does?"

Treed by a Snowslide

By John H. Hamlin

It was a sultry afternoon in the Nevada mountains, and the campers lolled at their ease in hammocks swung beneath the pines. So when Anne, the energetic one, appeared at the flap of the girls' tent and suggested a trip to Rock Lake, there was no burst of enthusiasm from the lazy ones.

"It's just cloudy enough for good fishing. Won't some one join me?" entreated Anne, as she adjusted the strap of a fish-basket about her shoulders.

At these words Elliott Noxon's tousled head appeared above the edge of a hammock. "Besides," continued Anne, "the climb to the Rock Lake will give one a fine appetite for supper."

Noxon, the ever-hungry one, sank back with a sigh. "Oh, it's too hot to be strenuous, Anne, and I'm famished right now. Let's wait till evening."

But the girl shook her head, picked out a fly-rod from the assortment leaning against a tree trunk, and set forth for the lake. "Rags," the setter, followed close at her heels.

Rock Lake lay about a mile from the camp site. The trail leading to it crossed a mountain meadow, on the border of which, and embowered in huge fir and pine trees, snuggled the tents of the camping party. From the far side of this meadow bluffs rose in massive, volcanic terraces; high up towards the summit, in a crudely sculptured basin, the waters of Rock Lake shimmered like a purple gem.

Anne was no novice at mountaineering, neither was she an inexperienced fisherman. When she topped the last bluff that hid from view the lake, she uttered a little cry of delight at the scene below. The surface of the lake was rippled just enough by the slight breeze to make the flies skim over the waters in most alluring fashion.

The girl lost no time in gaining the shores, and in the excitement of casting her flies to the "gamey" trout, she was totally unconscious of all else. But Rags, the dog, who had chosen to act as her guardian, suddenly set up a long-drawn howl.

Heavy black clouds were rolling over the mountains. Rumbblings of thunder were each moment growing more distinct.

Anne paused in her fishing long enough to scan the approaching storm-clouds. They looked ominous indeed, but the trout was rising to the flies so beautifully that she could not resist another cast. A fine lustrous trout leaped for the flies before it touched the water;

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(Continued from Page 1, Col. 7.)  
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