

For the Boys and Girls

EDDIE GOES TRAPPING.

BY MONTE REINHART HAZLETT

Eddie Jones' mother wondered what her small son was about, so quiet he was, just his rumped hair showing above the back of the big chair. That there also appeared the pages of his favorite boys' magazine did not satisfactorily explain his lack of noise, for when deeply interested in his reading, Eddie invariably mumbled, swung his feet and read the most exciting passages aloud. Eddie's mother was not to find out for two days. Eddie would not have told her for anything. But, like all forms of mischief, it leaked out. And then Eddie wished with all his heart he had taken his mother into his confidence.

Eddie was not reading a story this chilly, autumn evening, but a remarkable advertisement which told of trapping, of the money and sport derived with one of the sure-catch traps pictured on the back page. As it was in the only magazine he considered worth a boy's notice, Eddie felt positive it must be a very good thing, indeed. He wondered why Chris Bentley, his cousin who lived on a farm near town, did not spend all his spare time trapping in the woods down back of the barns. It must be Chris was just a slow country boy and knew nothing of his opportunities.

Eddie's mother, wondered next morning why her son left half an hour earlier than usual for school. Like most twelve-year-old boys, it was his custom to wait till the last minute, then leg it with all speed. She never could have guessed, though she was—from much nerve-racking practice, efficient in arriving at what was likely to be on Eddie's mind, that he bore in his pocket all the savings from his bank which had grudgingly given up its contents at dawn that very morning.

After school that day, which happened to be a Friday, Eddie stopped at the hardware store for the package which had been wrapped for him in the morning. This he hid in the woodshed where it was conveniently picked up next morning as he started for his uncle's farm to spend the day with Chris and teach him the grand new game of trapping wild animals. Why, he and Chris would soon have more money than their fathers! Furs were high-priced these days, and, according to the advertisement, extremely easy to obtain. The one thought that annoyed Eddie was that he had not known of this lucrative occupation before. He was sorry his mother could not be in on the big idea, but she, unable to realize what a fine investment a trap was, would never have consented to his emptying his bank, he felt sure.

Arriving at the farm, Eddie was disappointed just at first to find that the family had driven off a number of miles to a farm auction, and only the hired girl and Old Tige were there to entertain him. Upon second thought, he decided this was well. It would give him opportunity to do his first day's trapping alone. Though he did not put it in words, he felt sure neither the glory of his success nor the rich pelts would be too much for a boy like himself to enjoy unaided.

He had some difficulty in persuading Old Tige to eliminate himself from the expedition. Old Tige had been the four-footed overseer on the Bentley farm for nine years, was still hale and hearty, and very, very wise. He did not propose permitting a city boy to prowl over his premises without his watchful eye. Besides, the numerous times in the past year since Eddie's folks lived near enough to visit the farm, always Old Tige accompanied the two boys in their merry jaunts through the woods. Chris never dreamed of setting foot outside the door without Tige at his heels. As a wee puppy, Tige had come to Chris on his fourth birthday. The two had been inseparable ever since.

But Eddie was obdurate, even violent, and Tige understanding perfectly, stalked off, his half-cocked ears waving backward in the breeze, an offended expression in his kind, brown eyes and determination in his staunch old heart. He did not want to go with Eddie, anyway; but if the boy thought he'd not keep an eye on him, he was very much mistaken!

So, from afar, Old Tige knew precisely what the young intruder was up to. The boy was proceeding queerly—prowling through the brush where there were no paths. Tige wondered was he hunting rabbits. Then, why not let him help? But with patient tact, the old dog withdrew to a point where he could sense what the boy was doing without actually seeing him or being seen. Yet Tige was uneasy. He knew the boy had entered the wooded lot where Chris never went. It was the lot farthest from the house, where the great roan

bull was kept. Tige never went in there himself, as the big roan had no love for either boys or dogs. Not even pigs were allowed to run there. That was why the underbrush grew dense, and its density was what had attracted the amateur trapper to the forbidden ground.

Just now the big bull stood at the rack calmly chewing on the wisps of hay he pulled from between the slats. He was a blooded beast, sleek and heavy and handsome. He yearned for wide spaces with a vast herd to roam with and take care of; it irritated him to be always alone in a five-acre lot. Full of vigor and mischief, he vented his spleen in-chasing anything that came within his enclosure. Even the cats hunted mice there with an eye for the big roan.

But although Chris had told Eddie about the bull, Eddie thought in his superior, city-bred way, that his cousin was overly cautious. Besides, as he entered the lot, the roan bull was nowhere where there was dangerous big game. So he set the trap in the middle of a path in sight. Anyway, trappers often hunted and went on to the brook to await developments. As soon as he heard a snap-bang and a squeak, he would run back and gather in the furry pelt. How proud he'd be when he sold it to the furrier in town and went strolling along jingling the proceeds so that all the boys could hear!

Of the cruelty of trapping, of the animals going placidly about their ways of life, then suddenly hauled up by a steel trap, to drag frantically at a leg unaccountably held fast, the hours of anguish and suffering through a cold night, the hideous mental condition of animals so held—the advertisement in the magazine had not touched upon. Of this feature of the sport, Eddie unfortunately knew almost nothing. It had never occurred to him to wonder who had the greater right to the warm, furry pelt—himself who had not actual, immediate need of it, or the animal to whom kind Mother Nature gives it that its very life may be preserved. This matter had never been discussed either in his home or at school. Eddie did not mean to be cruel; he simply did not realize the harm he was doing. But Nature does not take into account extenuating circumstances.

When the big bull decided he needed a drink, he wandered down the path towards the brook. He noticed the hot of steel lying in his path, gave a careless sniff, stepped over it, and proceeded proudly on his way, head up, great eyes scanning the brush suspiciously. He always went about with a chip on his shoulder. Only yesterday he had discovered a big white hen on his side of the fence. How he'd made her flap her wings and go hurrying through the bushes! She'd run cackling hysterically all the way back to the coops. He'd show 'em!

Suddenly the big beast whirled and snorted. There had come the snap of a twig. He caught a movement behind a bush across the brook. With a bellow of defiance, he plunged forward. Old Tige, lying on the sunny side of the straw-stack, heard that ominous roar—and understood. With a bound, he was on his way to ascertain the cause, wisely skirting the bull's fence. Then another fence and a high bank cut him off. Hesitating a second while he chose between two possible routes to where he knew the bull must be, he was electrified into action by a scream of abject terror from the boy.

Forgetting for the instant the boy's unkind refusal to have him along and that the bull's enclosure was taboo, Tige flung himself at the planked fence, gained the top, slid over and raced with all his might towards the brook—his canine instinct for protectiveness uppermost in his faithful, doggy mind.

SNAP! Tige somersaulted, landed on his back, and was hauled short—the most surprised dog in the county at that moment. Tige had never seen nor smelt a steel trap in all his life; they were not permitted on the Bentley farm. Chris had never handled one. Tige hadn't time to examine this one, for the screams from the brook were becoming more terror-stricken, the bovine roars more enraged.

The big shepherd exerted all his strength; but the bright new chain held. The sharp teeth of the trap bit into the flesh of his leg, into the very bone. Desperately, Tige caught the chain in his teeth and shook it, then dropping it, wheeled and sprang hopefully along the path, only to be jerked back again and again.

Finally the loop slipped up over the top of the bush, and Tige was free. With the chain thrashing about his legs, tripping, whining pitiously with vexation and pain, he hurried to the rescue, the heavy trap gouging and

tearing his leg into mangled flesh and splintered bone. But it did not halt his progress. He rushed through the brook and fastened his jaws to a hind leg of the bull. With an indignant snort, the roan turned upon him. Then it was a fight to the death—the death of Old Tige. For with the trap to his leg, impeding his movements and causing him excruciating agony, the chain looping and catching in the bushes, Tige was no match for the agile, infuriated bull. With a maddened roar, the great brute pinned him to the ground, and with his great, curly head, crushed out his life.

But Old Tige won, even in death. For while he engaged the bull, the boy, who had scrambled into a small sapling which could not have withstood the bull's inevitable charge, had just sense enough left to drop to the ground, and scurrying and rolling, to clear the fence; and he did not quit running until he reached town.

Sundown, and the Bentleys driving up the lane—and no joyous Tige to greet them. Surely something was dreadfully wrong! Chris was immediately gripped with a great apprehension. Springing from the wagon, calling loudly, he set out to look for his pal of many years. Very naturally he gravitated to the bull's pen first of all. And the moment he saw the great head smeared with blood, Chris knew! Later, Mrs. Jones phoned out Eddie's heartbreaking confession; and the story was arrived at.

Old Tige's tragic death is a shock which neither Chris nor Eddie can ever forget. Chris is inconsolable. When his mother suggested he must forgive Eddie who has learned a great lesson, he replied: "Well, he didn't have to learn his ol' lesson on my Tige! And that means he can't skate on our pond this winter nor go fishing with me next summer! Let him play in town where there aren't so many animals to be killed off by his foolishness! Oh, all right—if I must forgive him! But he shall not play with me again, nor anyways, for 'bout twenty years. I'll bet he'll miss this good ol' farm most as much as I'm missing Old Tige."

Mountain of Tooth-Powder.

One of the greatest natural curiosities in the world is the "Mountain of Tooth-Powder," in Arizona, United States.

It is near Tonopah, the greatest silver camp in the world, and not far from the famous Comstock Mines, where Mark Twain spent his early newspaper days.

The discovery of this tooth-powder mountain is already "booming" in the district. For some time people have been aware that the material from which Mount Superdent, as it is called, is made, would take tobacco-stains from their teeth, but not until recently has the claim been staked and developed.

It was a woman, Miss Josephine Robinson, whose trial of the material—with pearly white teeth as a result—convinced certain business men that the mountain was better than a goldmine. Now the product is being sold broadcast, and fortunes are piling up for the owners of the peak.

Laboratory service for seed testing is provided for at five points in Canada by the Department of Agriculture, namely, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, and Quebec.

Fokker, the Dutch inventor of aeroplanes, whose machines became famous during the War, holds the opinion that British makers produce the finest aeroplane engines in the world.

Modern Surgery Speeds Up Nature.

Man, as everybody now knows, is the result of millions of years of development on this planet; perhaps even on some other before "the star-dust swirled." What we do not always realize is that this development is still going on, very slowly, as it always has done, but surely.

There are a number of scientists, especially surgeons, who think that the process may be speeded up, and that mankind would be saved much suffering if Nature were assisted in this way.

Not many months ago Prince George the King's youngest son, passed through an experience which, in a more enlightened age, everybody will undergo in infancy.

In the first place, he was operated upon for appendicitis, when what physiologists call the "vermiform appendix of the caecum" was removed.

At one time in our history, no doubt, the appendix served a useful purpose. It is a relic of our ascent from a lower form of life. In some of the other mammals it is a large organ, but in our own bodies it is, as a rule, quite rudimentary. Sometimes it is absent altogether. In another thousand years or so, perhaps, no human being will be born with this excrescence. But we cannot afford to wait for that, and a few years hence, very likely, the operation for its removal will be as common in infancy as vaccination is now.

Prince George had scarcely recovered from the operation when it was learnt that he was again in the hands of the surgeons. On this occasion it was an even simpler matter, involving only the loss of his little toes.

There was certainly a time when our little toes were of use to us—possibly in climbing trees. But that time is long past. They are now merely encumbrances; they do not help us to walk or run or jump; they do nothing to improve our golf handicap or our batting or bowling averages. To the majority of people they are simply sprigs on which to grow corns. The only person to whom little toes are conceivably of importance is the bare-foot woman dancer, who would perhaps look rather odd without them.

Nature is very slow in extinguishing parts of animal structure that have served their purpose in the process of evolution. Some time in the future, perhaps, children will be born without an appendix, and with only four toes on each foot. In the meantime, surgery has to be called in where their possession causes danger or inconvenience.



Interest Stops at the Dough.
He—"You don't even know how to bake bread!"
Business Girl—"No—my interest stops at the dough."

If colds can be "caught," they also can be imparted. Better spend a day or two at home rather than scatter a half dozen or more colds in the school-room or the office.

With The BOY Scouts

Who Was He Fooling?

Once upon a time a Scout confided to the editor of this column that he had slipped through two first-class tests, having taken them with a bunch of other fellows and a hurry up examiner.

Perhaps some day he will be a King's Scout. But there are two kinds of King's Scouts, those who know and those who know part. Perhaps then, some day, this King's Scout will be lost in the woods, or called on for first aid, and knowing only part, he will find part of his way home and forget how not to make a tourniquet. I wonder who was he fooling?

Scoutmaster—"Do you share the home duties?"
Tenderfoot Scout—"Sure I do. Whenever any of the kids come around the house I give them something to do."

The King's Scout.

First get a big kettle and a fire that is hot,
And when everything's ready, throw into the pot
An athlete, a camper, or craftsmen, a few,
A forester, life saver and a cowboy or two.

Next add a stalker and right after that
A boy with sound sense and a diploma.

At least one mechanic, then give it a stir,
And add to the mess one astronomer,
A boy who knows trees, and don't leave from the list
A real pioneer and a botanist.

The next one that's added must be that's a cinch,
The boy who plays fair when it comes to a pinch.

Add a boy with control who don't sputter and roar,
Who is loyal in spirit and never gets sore,

Now boil it up well and pour it all out,
And you'll see right before you an All Round King's Scout.

Try This Dish Next Hike.

Ever eat Ric-tum-diddy? $\frac{1}{2}$ can tomatoes, small piece of cheese, small onion, 1 spoon butter, 1 egg. Mix tomatoes and cut cheese and onion, melt butter in skillet, slow fire, add the mixture and when heated add the well-beaten egg. Cook slowly, stirring from bottom until all is like heavy cream. Eat.

Where Genius Rests.

A good deal has been heard recently about "over-crowding" in Westminster Abbey, but conditions there might be much worse. For by no means all of Britain's great men are sleeping in "England's Abbey."

Milton, for example, is buried in the Church of St. Giles, and Shakespeare in the church at Stratford-on-Avon. Thackeray lies at Kensal Green with poor Thomas Hood and Wilkie Collins; Fitzgerald lies in the quiet little churchyard at Balge, in Suffolk; and Gray, who wrote the immortal Elegy, lies in the country churchyard which inspired it, Stoke Poges.

Goldsmith rests in the Temple; and Turner, Leighton, and many other artists sleep their last sleep under the dome of St. Paul's. Here, too, are "the mighty Nelson" and Wellington. These two saviours of Britain met only once in life, but they lie together in the Cathedral.

Bunyan and Defoe lie in the graveyard of Bunhill Fields; and Wesley lies across the road, where the traffic on the City Road rushes by with a sound like the unresting sea.

Scott lies at Melrose, and Keats and Shelley in the English cemetery at Rome. Coleridge rests at Highgate along with George Eliot, and Constable, the great landscape painter, at Hampstead, where you will also find the grave of Du Maurier, the author of "Trilby."

No Need to Ask.

One after another the neighbors had come in to admire the new baby that had arrived at the Jones' household. Little Mary was rather fed-up with all the attention that was lavished on the newcomer—attention which had, up till then, been hers.

"Does the baby talk yet, Mary?" asked one of the friends of the family.
"No," replied the baby's disgusted sister, "the baby doesn't need to talk."
"Doesn't need to talk," exclaimed the friend, astonished.

"No," said the little girl bitterly. "All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets everything worth having in the house."

To be shocked at vice is a great protection to virtue.—Dean Inge.

