

THE CAMPER



It was early morning on Lake Golden. The air slowly surrendered its chilliness under the lengthening rays of the sun. The teapot sputtered over the coals, and bacon flavors filtered gratefully to the nostrils. The Old Veteran squatted himself comfortably on a granite boulder and nodded toward the fire.

"Boys," he said, "there don't look to be anything dangerous in a little bunch of coals, does there?"

"Not this side of a powder factory," chipped in the Youngster.

The Old Veteran tapped his pipe bowl significantly: "Some day we're going to have an argument about which is the best spot to trifle with fire—a powder factory or a forest, and I think the forest will come last. One advantage about the powder factory is that you know the worst right off. But in the forest, you may walk away for days and have the fire of your own making overtake you."

"That doesn't sound reasonable," the Youngster broke in.

"And it won't," agreed the Veteran, "until some time you start a camp fire in a bog