

Sammy Trains a Menagerie into Usefulness



AS A BOY inventor, Sammy was certainly the most unfortunate of any inventor living. His inventions worked out all right, you know, but somehow people never seemed to take kindly to them.

Sammy really was disgusted. "Folks don't appreciate genius!" he complained.

While in this state of mind he was only too glad to accept the invitation of his friend, the showman, to spend some time traveling with the circus and menagerie. He needed a long rest, and here was the opportunity. He promised himself that not one invention would he attempt during his stay with the showman.

But Sammy, in spite of himself, could not remain long inactive. Although he tried to invent nothing, soon he became annoyed at the idleness of the animals in the menagerie. "All the rest of your show works," he remarked to the showman, "but those lazy beasts. Why don't you make them be of some use other than that of being stared at by people?"

"Yes, but what can they do?" responded the amused showman.

"I'll show you," was the prompt answer.

The other laughed in disbelief, as he said: "Rather difficult to show a showman, you know. Ha ha!"

The showman laughed a different way before long, however. This happened when Sammy sent for his friend early in the morning.

"Now, watch me prove that animals can be of use," said he immediately the showman appeared.

Then the boy stepped out of bed and tugged at what his companion imagined to be a bell rope, but which, on closer inspection, he saw was a snake with bells gripped in his fangs.

Five minutes elapsed, when a chimpanzee came into view, bearing a plate of rolls and a cup of steaming hot coffee.

Having eaten this food, again the snake-bell was rung. The elephant quickly thrust his trunk into the wagon-dwelling, lightly picked up Sammy and seated the lad on his back. Out to a tub of clear water nearby the two went, with the showman following close behind. The astonished man saw the boy treat-

to a splendid shower bath.

Another ring of the bell brought a hopping kangaroo upon the scene. In the animal's pouch were several towels, with which the chimpanzee proceeded to give Sammy a brisk massage.

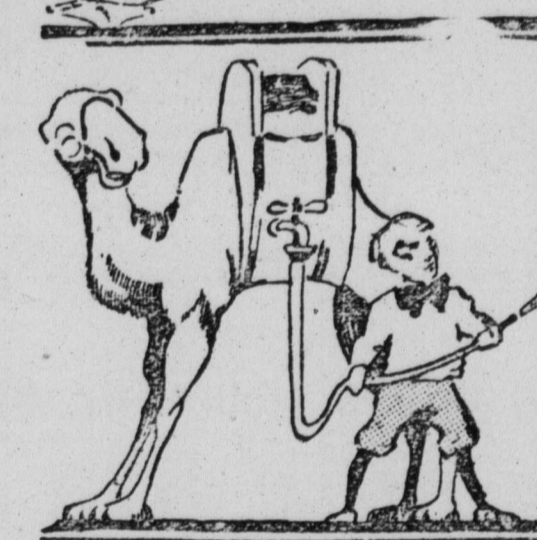
Afterward the rhinoceros appeared with a mirror fastened to his tusk. In front of which Sammy seated himself. The chimpanzee then neatly clipped his hair.

It took but one stroke of the bell to bring a deer leaping into the tent. From the magnificent antlers were suspended all of Sammy's garments.

"A grand clothes rack!" commented the boy, grinning toward the showman, who by this time was incapable of uttering a word. His eyes opened a little wider when the pelican waddled in with Sammy's mail in his bill.

But the showman collapsed entirely as the chimpanzee led up a camel and Sammy proceeded to cool the grass outside the wagon by his new "camel-sprinkler," as he called it.

"You win," murmured the man, weakly, while Sammy looked at him in triumph.



Ernest Gets Rid of a Tooth

NOBODY'S tooth ever ached like that. Whole sawmills buzzed away in his head, cutting into tooth and nerve. Ernest said so himself.

"Have it out!" advised nurse.

No-o-o, Ernest wasn't quite ready to have it out, because that meant a visit to the dentist. He had been to the dentist's before, and he had no pleasant memories of the occasion. No, he would rather wait a while for the pain to go away.

But, instead of vanishing, the pain grew worse, until Ernest flew into a rage, crying in his vexation:

"Come on, nurse, I want the old thing pulled! And I hope the dentist hurts it all he can. It's hurt ME enough!"

Nurse could hardly keep pace with him, so fast Ernest walked through the streets. Upon arriving at the



FOUGHT WITH NURSE AND DENTIST

dentist's office, however, he wasn't in such haste to have the tooth hurt. Indeed, as he looked at several other persons, there upon the same errand and all of whom were groaning and in agony, he began to feel a little more frightened than angry. A doubt came as to whether HE might not be hurt more than the tooth.

This doubt became so big that when his turn came and nurse led him to the dentist's chair Ernest went most unwillingly.

He saw the forceps raised to his mouth. With a howl he dashed from

YUKON INDIANS DYING OUT.

Not Like Other Tribes—Have Color and Beard of a Jap.

"The Yukon Indians are fast passing away," writes a trapper in Fur News; "the squaws are living, the children increasing apparently, but among the men, old and young, you hear the hollow cough of lung trouble."

The Pelly River band had in 1899 twenty children, twenty squaws and fourteen men. That winter ten of the men died of pneumonia. You see the Hudson Bay band among them too; a great scar across the neck and throat, where the old scrofula has healed up.

"More than one-half of the adult Indians on the coast have this brand, called by this name because of the frightful disease brought on this coast 100 years ago by the sailors from Boston under Capt.

Grey and from Liverpool by Capt. Vancouver, from Spain, in fact all over the world, and spread by the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company among the natives when after fur. The Russians did more than their share.

"The Yukon Indian is not like other North America red men; he is different in build, habit and certainly inferior to the average Sioux or Chippewa or other tribes of the Northwest. He is more like the Jap, has the same complexion, beard and hair, is a little taller and not so clean. The people are light built, undersized and great beggars. A few work at boating and wood cutting, but generally they are lazy and indolent.

"There are less than 1,000 big and little, in the Yukon country and about 2,000 dogs. The dog sleds and toboggans are the only thing they have to move with; never a

horse or ox.

"They never have vegetables unless eating with a white man. Every tribe could raise vegetables at their summer camps if they would. They have good soil and every chance to raise radishes, lettuce, cabbage, turnips and spuds, as white men are raising all of these here for market and their own use.

"The tribes are small, from twelve to fifteen families; they are found in places from 100 to 200 miles apart. They live near a stream or lake when at home; but when winter comes they go for fur and meat. They travel all winter with the whole family outfit of kids, dogs, squaws and some old people, going from 500 to 600 miles on these winter trips, generally in a great circle.

"They stay a few days in a place, build new camps and make new

trails and find new game. They live on meat they kill and fish they catch with nets. When good luck comes with meat or fish in plenty they dry and smoke a large quantity and put it in log pens where nothing can get to it. This pen is called a cache.

"These Indians kill fur at all times of the year, except directly after selling their winter catch in March; after that they have plenty to eat, so what is the use of trapping? They just lie around camp and smoke.

"One lad about 20 years of age shot a black fox and sold it for \$600. It was worth \$1,000 or \$1,200. He bought \$500 of calico, tobacco by the caddy and two blankets at \$50 each. This young man, a full-blooded Indian, could talk a little English, wore hat, coat and vest, short breeches with knee stockings, had a watch and chain and a new model Winchester rifle. They are inventors and gamblers and will lose their last cent at cards and don't care, but keep coming to the limit."

"Jack on the Right, Come Out and Spin"

THIS game is a variation of the old-fashioned "Turn the Trencher," with a mixture in it of "My Right-hand Neighbor." The players sit in a circle, one goes to the center and spins a top, saying meanwhile: "Jack on the right side, come out and spin." The spinner, having made the top twist nicely, then calls out a name. Now the owner of that name must not move. It is the right-hand neighbor of the name's owner who must run out and catch the top before it ceases to spin. Failure to do this involves a forfeit. If the owner of the name jumps up as in "Turn the Trencher," he, too, pays a forfeit. As soon as the right-hand "Jack" realizes he has to run, the spinner takes his seat, and the "Jack" in turn spins the top. This game teaches prompt attention, with power to suit action to thought; makes children very keen and quick. It is varied with "Jack on the left."

Take the Apple From the Plate and Eat It

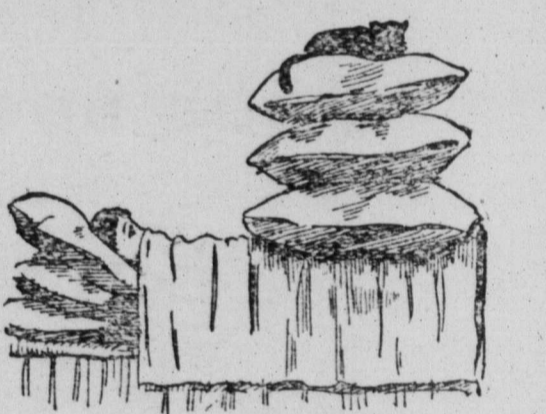
THE players are taken one at a time and blindfolded. A big, juicy apple is the prize of victory. Another player sits at one side of the room holding out the plate. Before being blindfolded the seeker of the apple stands at the opposite side of the room, which is cleared for the purpose, and takes his or her bearings. Then, with outstretched hands, the blindfolded one goes across the room to try to take the apple from the plate. The others hiss when the player is going out of the way, but are quiet when the direction is right. This game trains the locality sense. It gives great fun, when the apple-seeker goes greatly out of the way, to watch the curious antics made in trying to walk right.

Fatherly Clergyman (surprising young parishioner in curl-papers)— "Why don't you leave your hair as it was meant to be, my child? If Nature had wanted your hair to curl, she would have curled it for you." Offended Young Lady— "When I was a little girl she did, sir, but I suppose she now thinks I am quite old enough to do it for myself."



LAID HIS CHEEK AGAINST THE STOVE

the chair, almost knocking over the dentist, fought with nurse, and then with nurse and the dentist. He had escaped through the door. He had been the victim of the tooth. He had been the victim of the tooth. He had been the victim of the tooth. He had been the victim of the tooth. He had been the victim of the tooth.



BUNDLED HIMSELF IN BED

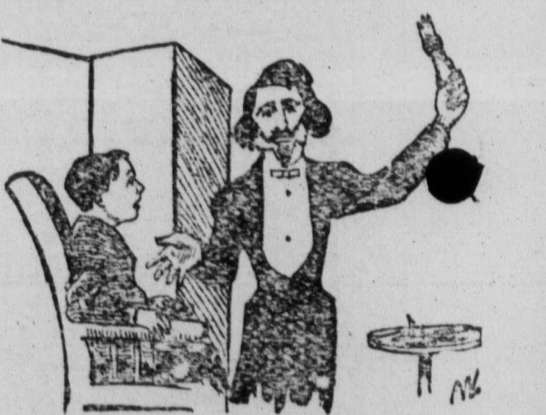
He buried himself among cushions, until the ache became so dreadful that he threw off the cushions and the offending pussy who had perched herself on top of them.

Nurse made another suggestion. "Why not go see the magician and forget about the tooth?" she asked.

Ernest didn't think he COULD forget the tooth, but he'd try, anyway.

Such astonishing feats the magician performed that the poor boy actually did forget the offending tooth. In amazement he watched the clever man take from a little girl's mouth a ring she hadn't known was there.

Oh, the magician was beckoning to



PULLED OUT THE TOOTH

HIM! Ernest walked excitedly up the aisle, seated himself, and opened his mouth as the magician instructed. Ernest wondered if anything would come out.

Yes, indeed; the tooth came out! You see, the magician felt sorry for the boy, and, with his strong fingers, had deftly yanked out the offending tooth.

Had he brought forth a diamond Ernest would not have been more pleased. Gratefully thanking the fine gentleman, he tripped gaily home, seeming, in his happiness and lightness of spirit, to walk upon the air.

It is the man who can't do things that is always telling others how to do them.

Lady of Dreams

Lady of Dreams, come out from the sky, You will know her, O Lady, who comes from the stars, Ride on the winds, with the clouds, By the two shining stars, which, lying by-- mortals call eyes, Ride faster, ride faster, for Baby By the cloud which was woven with wait by fairies, I guess, And cannot unfasten the Dream To make for our Baby a Garden Gate, daily night-dress



A QUIET LETTER GAME

SOME boxes of capital letters are needed. These can be printed or drawn or painted on squares of cardboard beforehand, by the way. The leader tells the circle of players seated round the table what to do. As soon as she gives a command the players begin to seek for letters. The one who fulfils the order first wins a small prize. These prizes are greatly appreciated, he it noted, and they should be nice little bonbon boxes. This is the game: Make a girl's name with two letters—(Answer L N). Something not full—(M T). A warning—(L O). An observation call—(C U). What dead things do—(D K). Pepper in two letters—(K N). Water in one letter—(C), very easy. Water with something in it—(T). A town—(C T). Not cheap—(D R). To a fowl—(U R A N). To a stag a whole sentence in seven letters—(I C U R A D R). This game ends with a small trick. The guide says, "Write the word 'empty' in two letters." All will put down M T. But two round O's must be drawn and "empty" written in each one.

How the Baby Bird Flew

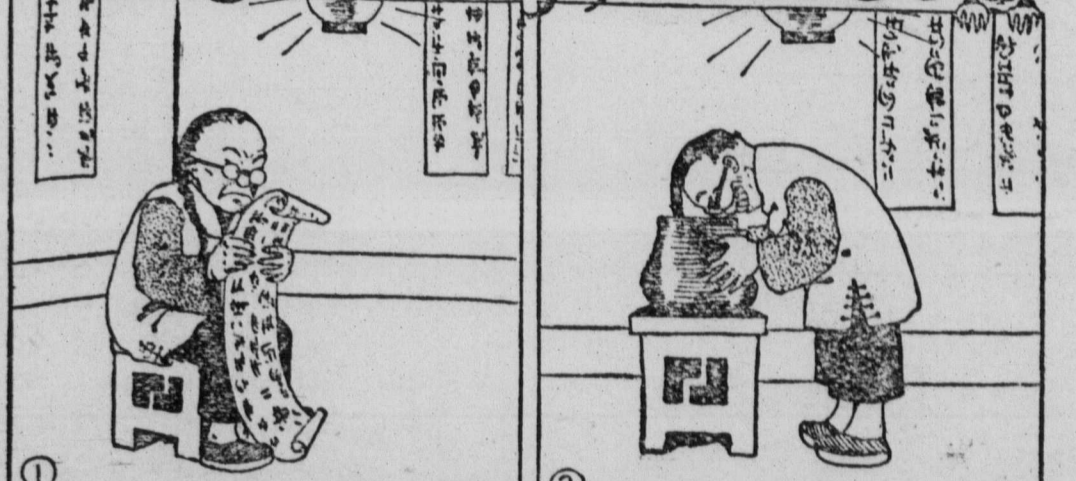
M. BARRIE has a little fable in one of his works about a baby bird asking its mother to teach it to fly. The mother thought hard about how she herself had learned to fly long ago last year, but all she could recall was that she suddenly did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after the rain," she said, half remembering. The rain came and dried the bird's wings together.

"I shall never be able to fly nor to sing," it wailed. Then of a sudden it had to blink its eyes, for a glorious light had spread over the world. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why, and it fluttered from the ground. It did not know how. "The sun has come out after the rain," it chirped. "Thank you, sun, thank you," and it floated up crying, "Thank you."

When a very young man is in love it is awfully hard to interest him in the things pertaining to the next world.

Ling's Bright Idea



He was very studious, and learned, too; but he was also very poor, so that he could ill afford to burn more than one candle.

It grieved Ling, however, to think he must wait for daylight in order to continue the reading of this very interesting work. What could he do?

Ah! Here was an opportunity to apply the great wisdom he possessed. Ling knotted his brows, but only for an instant.

Then he carefully soaked his queue in melted wax and permitted it to dry until the hair was quite stiff. To the end of the queue he attached the lantern. He bent the queue over his head, and, with the light shining clear upon his paper, calmly went on reading.

LING glanced up with dismay. The candle burning overhead gave such poor light that, strain his eyes as he would, he could hardly make out the