

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS PAGE



Boy or girl, don't think that because your pet dog is a dog that he can "eat any old thing and sleep in any old place." Dogs are most sensitive animals and should have care and kind consideration from their young masters and mistresses. There is no truer friend than a good dog, and he should always have the best of treatment.

If you have no clean, snug place in a big barn or outhouse for doggie's bed, then you must of necessity build him a house all to himself. And you must see to it that doggie's house is kept in neat order. And his food should be good, wholesome and in plenty, fed to him from a clean pan or dish. Doggie's drinking vessel should be kept clean and full of fresh cold water every hour or two. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, as goes the old adage, and if you observe this rule your dog will not get sick during the hot season. And remember that a dog needs—and loves—water on the outside as well as on the inside. So see that he has his bath. If you have a swimming place in the river or pond take your four-footed chum along and watch him enjoy disporting in the water.

A dog seems born to comrade a boy; indeed, no boy's life is complete without a dog for a chum. And it is not always the fine-blooded dog that makes the best pet or learns the rarest tricks. The writer has seen the poorest little mongrel strays taken in hand by loving boys, fed, caressed and trained until they became most valued little pets and most affectionate friends.

Never keep your pet dog tied up; it is cruel. If during the day he shows symptoms of illness call in some older person to look him over and prescribe a course of treatment—which in the case of a well-fed and watered dog is always simple. Unless it is thought absolutely necessary to tie up or muzzle doggie during those scarecrow days called the "dog-days" allow him all liberty, for action of the rope, chain or muzzle will make the dog so used to sweet freedom of action, quite ill and restless, thus creating a sort of panic among his two-footed friends to whom he cannot appeal in any way save by barking, whining and fighting against restraint.

But too much caution cannot be observed in the matter of allowing your pet dog to run about with very four-footed friends. Dick and Harry that happens to come prowling around during the very hot weather, for a fight—which is liable to occur between the pet and the tramp—may result in serious injuries, for dog bites—even when in dog flesh—might prove very troublesome if not dangerous.

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIPER.

"Tell us a story, Grandpa."

The children had gathered about his chair just before they were to take the Special for Slumberland, and chinned the story as their right. Grandpa had been vanquished so often before by them when they demanded a story and he had tried to avoid telling one, that this time he surrendered without a word.

"What shall it be about, children?" he asked.

"Oh, a true story, Grandpa?" replied Edith.

"Something about yourself, some great adventure," exclaimed Paul, who imagined that Grandpa's life, being long, must have been full of adventures.

"I'll tell you about a battle with pop weeds."

"Just the thing," answered Paul, who delighted in hearing about battles.

Edith asked, "What is a pop weed?"

"The pop weed, my child, is a peculiar product of the prairies of Dakota. It used to grow in great profusion; fog all through the Indians had pitched battles with it, their method of combating it, tended to spread rather than retard its growth. It may be said that the pop weed always won in its battles with the Indians. But when the white man came, he adopted another method of combating it and by carefully gathering the seed just before it ripened and burning it, has won such a victory that the pop weed is rather a rarity now where once it was a terror. But while this was a more successful method than the Indians pursued, it was neither as picturesque or as painful as a battle with the pop weed which I saw the Indians wage in an early day."

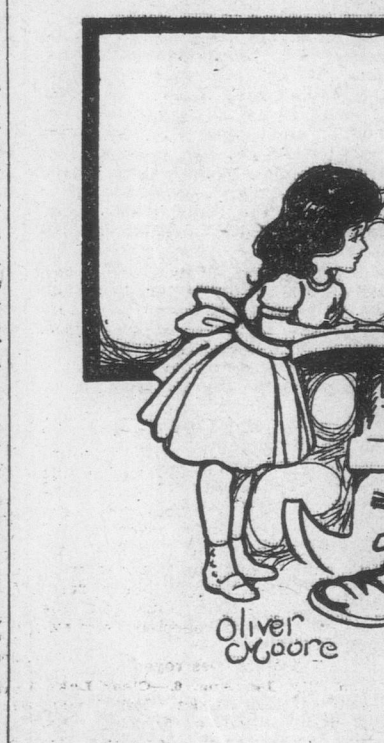
"But what is the pop weed?" persisted Edith.

"Sure enough, I was forgetting that," answered Grandpa. "The pop weed, children, is a very peculiar plant. It grows with a stalk and head somewhat resembling a cabbage. But the 'head' is solid, covered with a sort of skin that in color and shape resembles a hubbard squash. The seed of the plant are shut up within this ball and are fine spires that, when they strike one, penetrate the flesh like a needle. The winds of autumn loosened these pop balls from the stalk, and they went rolling over the prairies until they struck a gully or uneven ground, and there they lodged, often piling up into great drifts, behind which buffaloes and cattle hid for protection from the wind in the early days. The pop weed is safe enough so long as it is not in motion, but when it is being rolled along by a strong wind, if it strikes an obstruction so as to give it a resounding blow, it flies to pieces with a sharp pop, and a cloud of the spires fly in all directions. They shoot into the flesh of any animal that happens to be within range and sting and irritate for many days. It is the plant's device for propagating itself and for getting carried into new territory, and it is certainly most effective. But the spines of the pop weed are anything but pleasant to the creatures that are made the common carriers of them against their wills. Cattle will flee in terror before a rolling pop ball, because they have learned by experience how painful they may become."

"And do the Indians fight the pop weed?" asked Paul, anxious to get at once to the exciting part of the story.

"They used to hold pitched battles with the pop weed once a year, but Indians are not so plentiful now as in the early days, and the custom has passed out with the passing of the red men. When I was in Dakota in the sixties, I attended one of these battles, for it was made a festival by the Indians. The object of it was to prove the hardihood and endurance of the Indian boys. Hundreds of Indians and white people were gathered on a wide plain, and a mass of pop balls were piled at one side of the plain, in charge of some of the braves. Near the other end of the field were about a dozen Indian boys, ranging in age from 10 to 15 years, all stripped naked except for moccasins and breech cloths. However, each of them carried a blanket on his arm. A brisk wind was blowing from the pile of pop balls toward the boys. When all was in readiness, a dozen pop balls were thrown lightly forward, and, gathering the wind, they went rolling toward the boys, gain-

ing constantly in speed. The youngsters advanced to meet them, each bearing a club, and each trying to cover himself with the blanket. As the pop balls came within range, the boys dealt them blows with the clubs, causing them to explode and scatter their spires in a cloud of minute arrows. In spite of the blankets with which the boys tried to protect themselves hundreds of the spires shot into their flesh, and in the fierce glare of the sun they must have given intense pain. However, the game was for the purpose of proving the endurance of future warriors, and again a volley of balls was swept toward them, again they struck and exploded them, again the smoke of tiny arrows enveloped them, and now blood was sweeping from a thousand minute wounds on the faces and bodies of the small braves. Then came a third onslaught of the tumbling bombs and a fourth. It was too much for most of the contestants, who deserted the ranks of the fighters and came forward for treatment, covered with gore. By this time the blankets were so full of the pop weed needles that they were no protection, but, any way they might be done, sent little arrows into the flesh of the youth. One of the boys threw his blanket aside and stood forth to meet the next onslaught, practically naked; then another, another, until all were stripped for the final contest. An unusually large number of balls were loosed for this final test of endurance,



Shall I tell you about a battle with pop weeds?"

The world does not grow.  
And the voice of man has not told  
The deeds that cause earth to glow,  
And the hidden thoughts that are gold.  
God knows, though we may not know.

"Do you hear that, Sweet Marie? I knew the bird would not forget," cried Edna.  
"Oh, you dear, dear Arabella May!" exclaimed Selma, as she caught her doll in her arms and fondly kissed its white lips and cheeks.

"Why, it was then she proved herself a hero."

"A hero," corrected Edna softly; then she added in a louder tone: "By all means tell us about it."

Selma turned away the face of Arabella May. "She is so modest," she explained. "Well, when the storm was at its worst a poor little drowning bird was beaten from the tree and whirled down right against Arabella May. The child was frightened, of course, but, with wonderful presence of mind, she understood that unless something was done the poor little bird would perish. It was then she did her heroic act. The little dear, with utter unselfishness, rolled over on her side in such a way that her body sheltered the bird and saved its life. The poor baby lay all night, with the rain soaking into her and loosening the top of her head, but she never failed in her duty for one moment. This morning we found the bird under her body, almost dry and warm."

"Why, Arabella May, you old dear!" cried Edna, snatching up the dilapidated doll and kissing it fondly. "You are the most beautiful creature I ever saw. Why Selma, she was never so handsome as now. She ought to have a medal for her noble deed."

"I think of writing on to see if something can't be done," said Selma.

"I would by all means. Why, that story ought to be made into a grammar," Edna meant drama, but she is not the only person in the world who is sometimes unable to say just what she means.

"And what about the little bird that Arabella May saved?"

"We turned it loose, but it was a most ungrateful thing," responded Selma. "It never said so much as thank you, and has never been back since. It might at least have returned and asked how Arabella May was getting along. The poor child suffered dreadfully, and it was a long time before we knew whether she would live with that great hole in her head."

But just then from the boughs of the apple tree above them rang a clear note and the beautiful bird came sailing down no difficulty in understanding it. It was the little bird that Arabella May had saved, and now it was singing its thanks. Perhaps, if you had been there you would not have known it, but the little girls understood. It said:

Give, give, give,  
Either your life or a song;  
Be brave in the night,  
Ready to die for the right,  
And so you will live  
Ever and ever so long.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet  
Is service, and very high;  
And all things that are  
Are surprisingly fair;  
But most beautiful, most complete.  
Are they who for others die.

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers, this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocer's boy.

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and the usually stolid Indians grunted with approval as they saw the boys preparing to meet their enemy without a shield.

"Grandpa, what became of the boys who had deserted?" asked Paul.

"They had missed the prize."

"And what was the prize?"

"Some trifle at the time, but ultimately it meant that they had proven themselves worthy to become chieftains; for, you know, that savage people place great stress on the power to withstand pain."

"Well, the boys rushed at those approaching pop balls with something like frenzy. Each of the three still on the ground seemed intent on smashing the most balls. For a time the reports of the exploding balls sounded like an American observance of July 4th, and the flying arrows looked like smoke. Half the time the youths were hidden in the clouds of spires by which they were enveloped. When at last the pop balls had all been met and exploded, and the boys came limping and staggering to the neighborhood of the lookers on, they were indeed men, being covered with blood from head to foot. And which of the three who endured to the end of the battle do you suppose received the first prize?"

"The one who was bloodiest," I suppose, answered Paul.

"It would have been hard to decide which was the bloodiest," resumed Grandpa, "for all were badly wounded in the

one-sided battle; for you must remember the pop balls only furthered their natural purposes of propagation as they were exploded. I suppose that in this battle over a hundred acres had been hopelessly seeded with the pests. But there was another test left that was to determine which was the winner of the novel battle. The exertion in the fierce heat of the last part of the battle had caused the youths to perspire freely, and now the pain from their wounds was well-nigh unendurable. Two of the boys could stand it no longer, but put themselves in the hands of their friends to have the small larders picked from their flesh one by one and to be rubbed with a salve which the Indians had prepared in advance. The third proudly declined this assistance, but walked forth bearing still the arrows until nature should cast them out by festering. They say he came nearly dying, and for many days was a loathsome sight with his body filled with sores. But at last he recovered, all marked with the irritating wounds, and became a recognized leader, a candidate for chieftainship. Of course, children, these crude people had mistaken the wisest way, because in trying to conquer the pop weed they had really given it, through lack of wisdom, the power of conquering their land, and thus they were exposing themselves to pain and danger unnecessarily, which is certainly foolish, yet the endurance they developed was a great quality and I need hardly tell you that the youth who won the honors in this contest afterward won wide reputation as a warrior. You would recognize him as a terror to the white people if I should mention his name."

"Why, who was he, Grandpa?" inquired Paul.

And Grandpa said: "He was afterward known as Sitting Bull."

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in sleep, but not in wake;  
My second is in writhe, but not in snake;  
My third is in iron, but not in ore;  
My fourth is in merchant, but not in store;

My fifth is in musket, but not in shell;  
My sixth is in ring, but not in bell;  
My seventh is in green, but not in tune;  
My eighth is in great, but not in true;  
My ninth is in heart, but not in beat;  
My tenth is in oven, but not in heat;  
My eleventh is in link, but not in chain;  
My twelfth is in wheat, but not in grain;

My whole spells a spot  
To all boys most dear,  
Where they go very often  
At this time of year.

Games of chess and draughts for travelers on long journeys have been introduced by the English Midland Railway Company. There is no charge made by the company, and when the game is finished the conductor collects the pieces.

Trains of thought have many head-on collisions.

THE LACK.

Knicker—"There are plenty of books telling us to save life while waiting for the doctor."

Booker—"Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor to save life while waiting for the patient."—Harper's Bazar.

Chronic borrowers are more or less touchy.

Humor

Herbert Parsons, president of the New York county Republican committee, was talking in Albany against self-confidence in politics.

"To win," he said, "a man should never be sure of winning. Confidence and boasting, to my mind, always imply defeat. I'll tell you a story."

"A man came shooting from a brightly lighted window one night and landed with a crash on the sidewalk."

"It's all right," he said to the crowd that had gathered, as he stiffly arose. "That's my club, the Eighth precinct. I'm a Smith man and there's ten Jones men in there. I'm going back to them. You stay here and count them as they come out of that window."

"He limped back into the club. There was a great uproar. Then a figure crashed through the window and struck the sidewalk with a grunt."

"That's one," said the crowd.

"No," said the figure, rising. "Don't start counting yet. It's me again."—Boston Post.

THE USEFULNESS OF THE HEDGEHOG.

Persons who are inclined in a feeling of enmity toward those little animals, the hedgehogs, should stop to consider some of their characteristics before condemning them to destruction, for in many ways they are of great usefulness. Gardeners tell us that a hedgehog in the garden will destroy all the ruinous insects that make such ravages on the fresh young vegetables, and the worms, slugs and snails cannot live where the hedgehog has full liberty.

"Anna, what did young Mr. Jones say to you last night when he was buttoning your glove? I saw he was slightly excited."

"Why," answered Anna, "he said that the person who made a glove so hard to button as that deserved to be killed."

"My dear," retorted her mother impatiently, "don't waste any more of your time on young Mr. Jones."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Picture No. 1 is something that John and you have a useful article. Behad it again and you have what the policeman is giving the tramp.

Answer to last week's puzzle—Drink, Rink, Ink.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is tapestry like fowls?  
When it is Gobelin.

When are wines like guns?  
When barreled.

Why are the clouds like sponges?  
They both hold water.

When are a man and a crab alike?  
When "deflected."

What part of a man's attire is like a worn-out hoe?  
A darned sock.

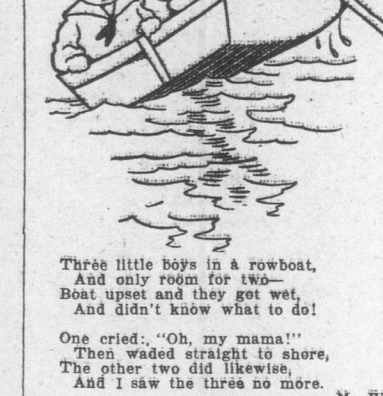
A sophisticated mother who felt responsible for the future of her daughters said to one of them:

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A WARNING.



WAS NOT AFRAID.

Once there was a tyrannical king, who gave 50 pieces of silver to every barber who shaved him well. But the barber who drew a drop of blood on him during the process of shaving was executed immediately. One day he employed a new barber who shaved him very successfully. After the ordeal the king asked, "Were you not afraid, barber, that you'd draw a drop of blood on me?"

"No," answered the barber. "Had I done so I would at once have cut your throat."

"Oh, Willie, what's this queer-looking thing with about a million legs?"

"That's a millennium. It's something like a centennial, only it has more legs."—Life.

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