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He did remember it, and Dimple was ready with the second. "Isn't it a pretty song?" they asked.

Mother looked at Daddy, and Daddy looked at Mother. They were wondering if the children had learned that song at school. Afterwards they asked Miss Miller, but, of course, she had never heard of it. When the children repeated the question, they both agreed that it was a very nice little song, indeed—for a bird.

As soon as breakfast was over the children put on their wraps and rubbers and set out gleefully for the Merry Forest. It wasn't far, just across the brown pasture and over a little knoll. The Robins went with them all the way, leading them by the driest places.

At the edge of the Forest they met the chickadees. "Glad to see you! Glad to see you! Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!" the dear little birds called out in welcome.

Sooty the Crow and his brother Jack were the next to greet them. "Caw! caw!" they cried. "Nice thaw! nice thaw!"

There had, indeed, been a nice thaw, and a very rapid one, thanks to the sunshine, the warm west wind and the rain.

"More wet! More wet!" shouted Mr. Bluejay, the weather prophet.

"Not yet, not yet," his gentle wife affirmed. "All sunshine to-day! Be gay, while you may!"

"Yah, yah!" laughed the Nut-hatches, softly. "You may, every day. Sunshine is lovely, and rain is gain. Let it rain!"

"Good for you! Very true!" called an Owl from the shadowy spruce thicket.

"Tickety, tackety, toe! Tie up your shoe!" advised a Woodpecker.

Dimple looked down at her feet, and, sure enough, her shoe-lace was unfastened. She tied it up at once.

"Aren't those birds too funny for anything?" Boy Blue laughed, gaily. "I believe they are every one of them real glad to see us."

"I'm sure they are," replied Dimple. "But I haven't seen those pretty little birds, the Redpolls. I wonder where they are."

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Bluejay. "They all went north the day after the surprise party. Cold air suits them best, and they never stay with us when the days grow warm."

The twins wandered about, chatting with the birds and picking little, green leaves and ferns and bits of moss that had braved the winter snows. They were as happy as any birds in the Forest, but before very long Boy Blue began to grow weary, and their faithful, little friends, the Robins, guided them safely home.

"Don't forget," Sir Robin called to them at the gate, "that several travellers from the Southland are expected back any day. Come again soon."

WHAT HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND.

At a dinner in Edinburgh, Baron Kickuchi, Principal in Tokio University, was a guest. An Englishman present told the story of a Scotsman who went to his dentist with an aching tooth, and was asked if he would have gas. He replied that he would, but he should like to count his money first. Everybody laughed but the baron. A Scotsman attempted to explain the joke as the alleged foible of his race. The baron remained impassive. Others tried, but the baron said: "I do not understand." Finally, he stopped the explanations. "Gentlemen," he said, "you do not understand what I do not understand." His listeners gave rapt attention. "What I do not understand," he went on, "is not why the Scotsman said what he did, but how any Scotsman should not know, at any time, without having to count it, how much money he had in his pockets."

**BESIDE THE CAMP FIRE
Notes on Scoutcraft**

by Commissioner Rev. Geo. W. Tobbs

The Spirit of Scouting.

The first step into Scouting is taken by the promise made by every boy on joining. Here it is:—

"On my honour I promise that I will do my best to do my duty to God and the King; to help other people at all times; to obey the Scout law."

The Scout law contains ten clauses beginning with "A Scout's honour is to be trusted." It sets forth that the Boy Scout is loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty and clean. The tenth law reads: "A Scout is clean in thought, word and deed." These are the qualities that make a very perfect citizen, and a very perfect gentleman. The Scout law is not intended as a substitute for the Ten Commandments or the twofold law of Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbour as thyself," but it does interpret them in terms which the boy understands and which makes him keen to obey.

Stalking.

Practise stalking animals. Creep up to them as close as you can without their seeing or smelling you.

Always try to match yourself to the background (trees, fields, houses, etc.) in front of which you are going to stalk.

If clothed in khaki, move where there is a patch of khaki sand, or a light coloured rock, or some yellowy dead grass and keep still.

Don't creep on the sky line of a hill if you can avoid it, for any quick movement of the head or body is liable to attract attention.

Move slowly when stalking, following the line of ditches and low-lying ground, behind clumps of trees or rocks, long grass or clumps of shrubs and brush. If in a tree don't part the branches in two opposite directions, the wind does not blow them apart like that. It is better not to part the branches at all, but peer through the stems or around the trunk.

A good game is for the Scoutmaster to take his stand on a hill, and for his troop to see how near they can get to him without his seeing them. Any Scout recognized and called by name is out of the game. One of my Scouts who won the game on one occasion had to cross an open field, and he almost succeeded without being recognized, by simulating the movements of a ground-hog. It was a good, bold piece of Scoutcraft.

Remember to walk quietly and lightly on the ball of the foot, avoiding dead twigs or stones which are liable to crackle or clink.

Stalking develops eyesight, hearing and smell—all three of great importance to the good Scout.

The Indians have a very good method of listening when stalking; the mouth is wide open. This tightens the drum of the ear, and you can hear better.

NOT QUITE SURE.

Two business men were lunching at the club together.

"Oh," said one, "my partner formerly always opposed my views, but now he agrees with me in everything."

"How do you account for it?" asked the other.

"Don't know," was the reply. "I'm not sure whether I convince him, or only make him tired."