

# - FOR THE JUNIORS -

## THE PUSS THAT WOULD A'CLIMBING GO

A True Story  
By S. V. EVERY



IT was a cold January morning and I was awakened about six o'clock by the mew of a cat. My bedroom was on the third floor and hearing the sound so plainly, I thought the cat must be on the roof. After dressing I hurried down stairs, and opening the front door, glanced up and down the street, but saw no cat, nor did I then hear it. Every time, however, I happened to be on the third floor, I heard this plaintive and continuous crying. At bedtime and again in the early morning came the sound again, heard distinctly in the stillness and always apparently from the same location. Later in the day a lady called and her first remark after greeting me, was "Look out of the window and see a strange sight—a cat on the top of a telegraph pole!" I looked across the street where she pointed, and there on the top of a telegraph pole, fully fifty feet high, sat a grey and white cat.

"The boys were calling it to come down," she said, "but it seems afraid."

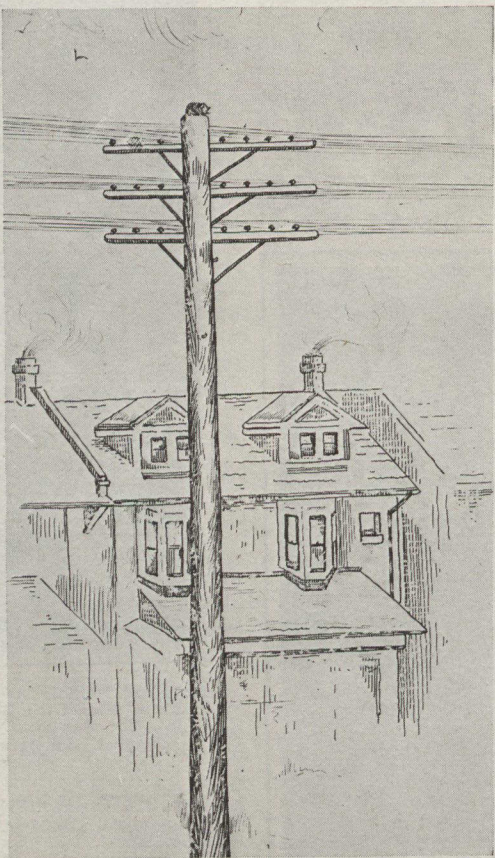
Here was the explanation of the mystery—the cat I had failed to locate, whose mewing had awakened me—was on a telegraph pole just opposite my window, and must have been up there for at least two days. We ran out and called very coaxingly "Kitty, kitty!" and threw a few small potatoes up to startle it and so induce it to attempt the long descent, but no, it merely cried sadly, as if to say, "No, I cannot risk it!" and then very carefully reversed its position and faced in the opposite direction. The boys said some cruel person had some days before, set his dog after the poor cat, and in its fear, it had clambered to the top of the tall pole.

We phoned the humane society, and were informed that means would be taken at once to remove the cat. Darkness however, soon comes on in early January, and nothing was done that day to relieve it. We spent the evening with friends in another part of the city, during which time a very heavy snow storm came on. Arriving home before midnight, we ploughed our way through the deep snow from the corner where we got off the electric car, and looked up at the top of the pole. Yes, there sat the little cat still, dimly outlined through the falling snowflakes. We called to it again, and it replied very pitifully that its position was far from enviable, and although it was very cold, and very hungry, and very cramped—it still dreaded the thought of attempting to make a descent. After in vain seeking a policeman, we went inside and left the kitten, like the hermit of old, upon his lofty pedestal.

THE next day was clear and very cold. The little cat passed a great part of the time licking her paws and passing them over each ear alternately. Instinct probably told her that she should get in all the exercise possible in her abnormally restricted position. No word coming from the humane society, we asked two men engaged in some work a short distance away if they would bring their ladder and take the cat down, although we greatly feared their ladder would prove too short. They took but little interest, but said they might possibly come about five o'clock when they would be through work. Returning home we found that a nice old gentleman to whom we had spoken of the cat's predicament the previous day, had communicated with a young man who possessed a long ladder, and who was willing to go up after the cat. It was not long before a cheery-faced youth made his appearance with a ladder of great length, and the

old gentleman assisted him to carry it to the pole. Whilst they were adjusting it, we hastily procured a market basket, telling him to place the cat in it and he would find it easier to carry it down.

BY this time the report that the cat was to be taken down, must have spread with wonderful rapidity, for a large crowd of children had assembled, teamsters and delivery men reined up, and pedestrians stopped to take the performance in. People appeared at their doors and windows, and the balconies of the nearby houses resembled the boxes in a theatre, for they were thronged with the residents, who had come out to see what was going on. The noise and excitement had reached such a pitch that we feared the young man would back out and refuse to carry out the good work, but to our great joy, having carefully adjusted his long ladder, and placed the basket on his arm, he started to mount rapidly. All watched breathlessly until he was sufficiently high to reach the cat. Seizing it firmly, he endeavoured to secure it, but in its terror, the poor creature clung to the pole—how did it know what its fate was to be? So tightly did it cling that again we trembled lest its would-be rescuer would become discouraged, thinking: "Well, if you do not want to be saved, and make it so difficult for me to help you, I will just leave you to your fate." But fortunately this young man believed in completing a work he had started. Another determined effort to dislodge the cat was made, which was successful, and loud cheers from the crowd below greeted him as he placed the little animal in the basket and began to descend. When he was about ten feet from the ground, the cat leaped from the basket and fled across the street, followed by a throng of children. As it jumped, two ladies



"A Strange Sight—A little cat on the top of a telegraph pole."

of whom cried out, "Why that is my little girl's cat. She has been fretting after it for days!" And both hurried in the direction pussy had taken. We followed, and it was not long before the boys secured the lady's pet which had concealed itself in a backyard, and placed it in her arms. The lady told us that she and her little daughter had gone away on a visit and left the cat in charge of her washerwoman, whom she had paid to look after it. Seen at close range the cat proved to be a pretty little grey and white creature and presented a beautifully clean appearance, due to the amount of time it had spent in licking its fur whilst in its airy position. I might add that the grateful owner rewarded the rescuer of her cat and everybody thought it a lucky coincidence that this lady chanced to be passing just as her little favourite was creating such a sensation.

### A TAME MOOSE AND ITS TRICKS

THE picture here shown is not that of any far-away Lapland scene; nor is it one of Santa's fairy reindeer captured at last; but an actual photograph of a tame moose taken in a small New Brunswick town. The moose is owned by Lawrence McCloskey of Boiestown, N. B., and was caught when but a small

calf only a few miles from the town. He was two years old last spring and is perfectly quiet and docile. The owner has called him "Charlie," which name the moose learned to know quite readily. He also manifests his intelligence in various other ways, the most noticeable being his recognition of acts of kindness on the part of his master. Sometimes when approached by a stranger he appears nervous, and gives vent to his feelings in a low whining cry. A few gentle strokes along his neck, or better still, two or three peppermint sweetmeats to eat, soon wins his confidence and he will lightly lap one's hand with his thick lips, or flop his long ears forward as a sign of friendship.

He has learned to eat hay, oats, and mash, and in fact is not particular about his food, but his favourite meal is a good bundle of silver-birch twigs, nice leafy shrubs, and a few handfuls of barren moss. He has never shown the least inclination to get away, but rather, after having been led out of his yard he expresses satisfaction at being taken back again. He is fond of fresh air and has been kept for the most part out of doors, tied at the rear of a shed, where he can rub himself against a post, and find shelter from the hot sun in summer and the severer blasts in winter.

BUT he needs exercise. A moose coming in one generation from a sire and grand sires which have continually roamed the forest, requires more exercise to keep him healthy than do our domestic animals. Any person who ever saw the great grey forest ranger with his antlers thrown back over his shaggy shoulders, charging through a thicket, crashing the brush and stamping defiance at every bound, might wonder how such a kind and unassuming beast as "Charlie" could belong to the same family. At any rate, Mr. McCloskey has provided for the moose's exercise, and at the same time for his own sport. He hitches the moose to a sled having long shafts to suit the animal's long hind legs, and drives him about the streets using an ordinary horse bridle and reins as a means to guide him. The writer, one day, saw the moose thus harnessed being driven down the street. He was trotting at a moderate pace, his ankle joints bending loosely and his knees awkwardly knocking toward each other at every stride. At about twenty yards ahead, a piece of paper slowly fluttered across the street. Suddenly, the moose placed his two fore feet together and stopped short. His sharp hoofs were set into the hardened ground. His legs were braced like two poles.

His head was erect, his nose pointing straight forward. His nostrils twitched and with wide open eyes he glared at the paper until it passed over the street. Then he started as suddenly as he stopped. How he ran! He stretched his neck out in line with his back and then flinging his fore legs out straight, and kicking his hind hoofs far behind, he went down the street like a dark streak, fully demonstrating that he was the speed champion of any living thing in town.



"Charlie," the tame moose, is hitched to a sled having long shafts to suit his long hind legs, and is driven with an ordinary horse bridle and reins.