

AN INTERESTING PAGE FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.



An Unintentional Chase For a Polar Bear

By Frederick Schwatka

Little Nannook was an Eskimo boy. He lived with his parents on the shores of Chesterfield Inlet, a deep, salt-water channel reaching far to the westward from the northern part of Hudson's Bay. The Eskimo name for the great inlet is Aksharnak; this means the "Place of the Northern Lights" and in winter they have some very fine displays of the aurora borealis over its frozen waters.

On the northern shore of the inlet, and inland along the river, live the Kinnepetoo Eskimos. They subsist almost entirely upon reindeer meat, the most delicious food there is in the Arctic; and this region is the especial haunt of these animals both in the winter and summer. In the fall of the year, when the approaching cold of winter sends reindeer migrating southward, half a dozen herds may be in sight at once, from the top of any hill in the land of the Kinnepetoos; and during these months Nannook's father, Ok-big by name, always killed many of the winter's supply of meat and of skins from which to make the family clothing and bedding.

Although the Eskimo in "the Land of the Northern Lights" have plenty to eat and wear, they must look sharp for oil and blubber to burn in their queer stone lamps by which they keep their egg-shaped houses of snow bright and warm. Therefore a month or two of each year is spent in the great inlet by the Kinnepetoo hunters catching seal and extracting and storing the oil in their oilskins.

These oilskins are then covered with heavy stones to protect them from the claws and teeth of the polar bears, the wolves and wolverines, and the foxes, that are always on the search for such "carcasses." As these piles of stones, roofed over with meat and oil, are called "ok-bigs," they are called "ok-bigs."

Ok-big had a number of these carcasses of seal oil on a small island in the inlet, and when the season had come to exchange the tent of seal skin for their snowhouse, he decided to drive to the island for a couple of skins of oil. He could make the journey in a day.

So early in the morning little Nannook, who was about 8 years old, was sent, harness in hand, to catch the dogs—this had to be done by one—and tie them to a sledge till the whole team, some ten or eleven, should be ready to drag the sledge on a day's trip. A thin coating of ice was formed on the runners of the sledge to make it pass smoothly over the snow, and a ham of frozen reindeer meat was tied to the sledge for a lunch on the island.

Little Nannook worked joyfully, for it had been decided by his father that he should go to watch the dogs and sledge, as something might occur to call him from the team.

Just as they were starting, Nannook's younger brother, a little fellow about 4 years old, begged so hard to go, that permission was given, and his mother brought out two or three reindeer robes to wrap him in; and to prevent their coming off while the sledge was in motion and bumping over the snow hummocks, they were lightly tied around him with sledge lashings, and with the same lashings the little

fellow was also tied down to the sledge. Nannook now took his place beside him, Ok-big cracked his long whip over the dogs, and away they dashed at a frolicsome gallop, barking as if something were ahead that they were chasing; for fine condition, and they always started away in a merry mood. After they had come down to a sober pace a cold wind came up from the northwest. Nannook and Ok-big ran alongside of the sledge whenever their toes were cold, and then out of breath, would jump on again and ride until their feet felt the frost. The reindeer robes were pulled up over the little boy's head, his back was turned toward the wind, and he rode

and were sound asleep. The others were lazily watching the two boys eating frozen reindeer, evidently wishing for a chance to seize the ham and make off with it over the hills, forgetting that they were tied to the sledge by their traces.

Nannook was sitting on the sledge with his back to the dogs. Therefore he did not notice when two or three of them suddenly rose up on their forepaws and began to sniff the air, and as Ok-big was just then at his very busiest dragging a huge skin of oil out of the cairn, he did not notice it either. But the hunting dogs of the team had surely scented game, and they soon aroused the others, and presently all

straight out for the sea, which he would reach at the outer edge of the ice flow, some two or three miles away. The water is the favorite refuge for these beasts when pursued by the natives. If the latter are not in boats or canoes, the dogs will follow them to the water's edge.

Nannook had not succeeded in getting his whip, so suddenly had the excited dogs started in the furious chase, and his thought was now to roll off the sledge and let the dogs go in their wild career. But when he leaped his little brother to take him with him he realized that he had been tied to the sleds in order to keep the reindeer robes snugly around him. He took a hurried search for the knife he had



THE BEAR WAS ON THE SLEDGE

quite comfortably—at least for an Eskimo baby. Scurrying along in this merry way, stopping now and then for short rests, the island was soon reached. Ok-big, child in charge of the team, and also water ice near the shore of the island. He did not care to take the sledge up on the rock island where so many stones protrude through the snow, for fear of tearing the ice off its runners, and then the dogs would have a heavy pull home.

Then he started off up to his oil cairns on the rocky ridge and commenced removing the great stones; hard work indeed with no one to help, and he often sat down on the stones taking a rest, talking with his two boys below him on the ice, probably forty or fifty yards away.

Meantime Nannook amused himself and his brother by chipping off little bits of frozen reindeer with his father's hunting knife from the piece of venison they had brought along, and this they were eating with fine appetites. Most of the dogs had curled up on the snow

the dogs were standing, noses up. Certainly something was not far off.

But little Nannook now noticed, and was reaching for the whip that had fallen on the other side of the sledge, intending to walk among them and whip them into lying down again, when the foremost dogs, who were a little higher than the others, on a ridge of snow, saw at the same moment with their little master a great polar bear not over a hundred yards away; an immense fellow that was walking from island to island trying to tear open the meat and oil cairns of the Kinnepetoo hunters. And no sooner did they see him than away they darted, and as one after another caught sight of his ponderous form, they pulled with might and main at their harness traces and the sledge fairly flew over the ice with its light burden of only two small boys.

The frantic dogs in their swift gallop must have gotten half way to the polar bear before he was at all aware that any danger was near him. But as soon as he got one good look—and not a very long one, either—he wheeled around rapidly and took up a direction

been using in chipping the frozen reindeer for their lunch. But knife and ham too had disappeared, having floated through the open sledge slats in the first few yards of jolting along. Thus his last hope of cutting the things had to be given up. Nothing was left to do but untie them, as they were too strong for a dozen full-grown Eskimo to break, let alone a boy.

To untie the knots was the hardest work imaginable, for the sledge was bumping and rolling along, almost swinging straight out behind in its runaway gallop. When the rolling snowdrifts on the ice were like great waves on a white ocean, the flying sledge struck only the crests with bounds like a kangaroo, so swiftly were they going, and he got hold of a knot to untie it and was just ready to loosen the first turn the sledge would make a great jump or a sudden bump that would throw his hand away from it entirely, and he would have to try it over again under all these discouragements. With it all, too, he had hard work in keeping the bouncing sledge from overturning in the rough hummocks of ice, some of which were as large as small

houses. This would have meant death by a terrible dragging and mangle for so small a boy. Education in this line of work commences early with Eskimo children, and although he had lost his whip, with which he could have done much to regulate the team, he used his voice effectively, and though he could not stop the excited chase, he found that the leader of the dogs, by whom the rest are managed, was willing to obey his commands as to going to the right or left, and thus he directed them over the best roads in the running and prevented the sledge from upsetting.

The strong and swift dogs, with so little as the light sledge and two small boys to impet their gait, were constantly gaining on the bear, and it was a matter of three-quarters of a mile when they would overtake him. Meantime, Nannook tugged at the knots whenever he got a chance, and one by one they came loose. It was an exciting trial to see if he could untie them all before the dogs caught the bear. He knew that the creature would charge upon anything in sight, and that they, he and his little brother, would probably be the first victims.

But the last knot was just untied when Nannook saw ahead of him a long level stretch of smooth ice where he knew the dogs would catch the bear, and he determined to roll off the sledge just as soon as it was reached. He did it, grasping his brother, and the two rolled along for some distance like a couple of bundles of reindeer skins. Fortunately they were not seriously hurt.

As Nannook got on his feet he saw a most comical sight, for the bear was on the sledge where he had been cut two or three seconds before. As the leading dogs nipped the bear's heels, he stopped suddenly to face them, rearing upon his haunches. But the sledge was going so fast that it struck him like a hammer as he was in this posture, knocking him out from under him and letting him drop directly on to the sledge, and the dogs running with it and turning, too, to the bear as he took his ride, paralyzed with astonishment.

The dogs of course held Bruin from going farther, and Ok-big soon came running up with his gun and dispatched him.

A HEARTY GIRL.

A whaling captain invited an Eskimo father and mother and daughter to dine with him aboard his ship. The daughter was only 10 years old, and yet she weighed 140 pounds. When it came to eating and drinking she drank eight bottles of beer and ate the same amount of food as was prepared for three men. She soon came running up with his gun and dispatched him.

He didn't have her for a steady boarder.

HOW NOAH'S ARK WENT TO SCHOOL

[By Frank H. Sweet.]

Mamma was sick, and Aunt Tina had to stay with her a good deal.

One afternoon, when mamma was feeling worse than usual, Aunt Tina called Arthur, the younger of her two nephews, to take a nap in his crib. She told Clarence to be a good boy, and not get into mischief while she bathed mamma's head.

Clarence was a warm-hearted little fellow, and loved both mamma and Aunt Tina dearly. He readily promised to be the boy she knew how to be, and ran into the yard to play.

By and by, when mamma had dropped asleep, Aunt Tina went softly out of the room to see what Clarence was about, for he was a little mischievous, and got into a good many scrapes.

His playthings were scattered about the yard—his rocking-horse, his kite, his bow and arrows; but no Clarence could see them.

Finally, away down the dusty road, she saw a little red figure plodding along as fast as possible out of sight. Fearful that he would run over, or stray so far he would be lost, she hurried after him. He heard her coming, and turning his head, covered with yellow curls, saw her so near that he started to run. His chubby feet and short legs were not equal to the long and wayside grass and tall daisies, and he somehow got all tangled up in them.

When Aunt Tina reached his side he was sitting half-buried in the grass and daisies and clover. His blue eyes were drowned in tears as he rubbed them with his fist, dirty little fists. When she picked him up in her arms to soothe him he sobbed out all his grief on her shoulder.

"Dear Aunt Tina, see!" pointing to a huge basket he had lugged with him, crammed full of the animals from his Noah's Ark. They were now scattered in great disorder through the grass. "I was a-takin' Mr. Noah and his family to school, so they could learn to spell and read like other boys, and not have to always be lost and broke, and I'll never find 'em, and—"

His grief was too deep for words. But after a while Aunt Tina comforted him and helped him to find all the men and animals. Hand in hand they trudged back home to tell mamma how he tried to take Noah and his family to school and couldn't.

WE NEED ALL.

Some time ago a German doctor insisted that human beings were born with more toes than they really needed, and that anyone who lost his big toe his little toe would not miss it. The matter was taken up by a college of surgeons, and their verdict is that we need all the toes we have got. If the big or little toe is lost by accident a man's balance is destroyed, and his walking is very much interfered with. Don't let anyone cut off any of your toes to see if it will make difference.

TRUE STORY OF HUMPTY-DUMPTY

WHY HE SAT ON THE WALL AND WHAT HE SAW THERE.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. All the king's horses and all the king's men Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again."

Everybody has heard the story of Humpty Dumpty, but who knows why he sat on the wall or what he saw there? I'll tell you all about it.

Once on a time, in a far-off French province, there lived a little boy named Humpty Dumpty. His mother was a poor widow who earned her daily bread and butter by washing other people's clothes; so nearly every day she set out for the banks of the river near by, where she rubbed and pounded the soiled linen between great stones, as all French laundresses do—coming home at night with a bundle of sweet-smelling clothes, as the result of her hard day's work.

Now this little Humpty Dumpty alone almost all day, so he was always inventing new ways to amuse himself. Their small cottage stood near the high-road, on one end of which there was a

water proof!



I don't care 'cricled Girly

Pig.

If may rain late or early

The dampness never bothers me.

My Tail is Naturally curly!

Great high wall, many times higher than little Humpty's head. He had never seen what was on the other side of this barrier, for his mother, fearing that he might get into mischief, had forbidden him even to take a peek—though sometimes he heard strange noises and queer music, which made him very curious.

But he had been brought up to be obedient to his mother's wishes, and so months went by, and Humpty never knew who were his neighbors beyond the wall.

But one day (ah! would he ever forget that day!), while trying patiently to play with his few poor toys, he heard the queer singing so plainly that he forgot his promise to his mother, and determined to take just one look into the forbidden country. He didn't quite dare to climb the wall, but, if only—oh, was that a little hole between the thick stones, where the cement had not broken away?

In a minute, you can imagine how quickly Humpty had his eye glued to this tiny chink. And what did he see? There was a large garden full of beautiful flowers, with a wonderful tree of golden apples growing in the midst of it. But what attracted his attention was an old old woman who stood leaning on a stick, surrounded by a circle of geese. Humpty knew at once that this was a witch. He had only to look at her little wrinkled face and pointed chin, her sharp, green eyes, red cloak and buckled shoes, to say nothing of a high-crowned hat, which partly covered her long gray hair, to feel perfectly sure. She was singing a song something like this:

"Crambo-cree-cru, Show me what you can do! Circle, circle 'round, Trip it over the ground—Else you may not fly With me, through the sky."

Humpty looked with all his eyes, fascinated by the singular sight of the queer old woman, who sang and waved her stick, urging them on. But he feared his mother might return and catch him eavesdropping, so, reluctantly, he left this delightful peephole, and next day, after his mother's departure, he to her work, he found to his sorrow that the chink had been closed up securely and he never found the opening again.

However, visions of that lovely garden and the old witch, who had remained geese kept returning to him, and one day he grew bold, and deliberately climbed to the very top of the wall to see if they were still playing soldier over there.

Again he was delighted at the odd sight. There was the glowing apple tree and the old woman under it, drilling her geese as before, only this time she seemed half to please, and switched the legs of the leader, calling out crossly, "Pray heed, heed, Bowlegs, else you shall not fly tonight. Mind your steps!" And the poor bird seemed to understand what she said.

So far, so good. Humpty lay quietly on the wall and no one saw him. It was

growing twilight, and in the distance sounded the horn of the king's huntsmen on their homeward way after a day in the greenwood. The leader blew a merry tune, and Humpty shifted his position a little to listen. However, slight his movement, the king's ears of the old witch heard, and, looking up, she spied the trembling boy. Her anger was terrible; sparks flew from her eyes and she stamped her foot in her high-heeled shoe with rage.

"Wicked boy that thou art! Dost thou know how I punish eavesdroppers?" She advanced nearer, and, waving her stick, chanted:

"Be thou turned into stone, unable to move hand or foot or to utter a sound, until I give thee leave! So do I punish those who spy!"

As she spoke Humpty felt his senses going, his limbs grew, oh, so heavy and dull, and he sat there on the wall, a boy of stone.

Could he have turned his senses eyes he would have seen an even stranger sight; the witch waved her wand, and instantly all the geese were changed into ladies and gentlemen whom she had bewitched. Each perched on a broomstick, and at a sign from the old woman, rose with her in the air, and away they went flying high up into the sky for their evening ride. But, as if said, he could see none of these things; he was only a stone boy now.

Again the sound of horns. The huntsmen drew near, excited and joyous after a lucky day with the deer. They were riding by, when one noticed the little figure crouched on the high wall, and he urged his horse closer that he might examine it of more. He prodded and poked at it curiously with his gun barrel. Alas! with a crash, the stone boy fell from his insecure seat to the ground, dashing into a thousand pieces. The hunters tried to pick up what they supposed was simply an image, and patch it together, never dreaming that these pieces were part of poor Humpty Dumpty, but found that this was impossible, and the officer, who felt that he had been careless, being a kindhearted fellow, left a goldpiece on the wall where the stone figure had been. "That will pay for breaking the statue," he said, "but what an unsafe place to have left it!" They took the road toward the palace and forgot all about the boy.

So Humpty Dumpty's mother never knew what became of her little boy, not thinking to look for him where the pile of stones lay broken. And she grieved for him all his life. But the old witch heaped grimly when she saw the little heap of crushed stones, and marshaled her geese, free from interruption, for she knew that the eavesdropper would not return.

So, now you know why Humpty Dumpty fell from the wall, and was broken into little bits, so small that he couldn't be picked up—all because he didn't keep his promise to his mother and broke his word.

TOO HOT FOR HIM.

In Montana a few weeks ago a girl named Mary Williams, 15 years old, was alone in her father's cabin when a bear entered. For a time Bruin looked around in a curious way, having never made a social call before, but presently he began growling at the girl, and showed signs of an intention to eat her.

On the stove was a kettle of hot water, with a dipper in it. Mary backed up to the stove as the bear advanced upon her, and though she was very much frightened she seized the dipper and flung a pint of boiling water full in his face. It was as good as if he had been shot with a cannon. He roared with pain, rolled over on the floor, and then fled through the door, and did not stop running for a mile. He had probably seen hot times before, but this was the first time he had felt any hot water.

THE ROBBERS FLED.

At a country store in Mississippi a boy named Fred Henderson, who slept in the store, was awakened one night by the noise made by robbers, who were trying to pry off the shutters of the front window. He had no firearms, and he had such a cold that he could not cry out. He thought the best he could do was to knock the robbers away, and after a moment's bare feet and got half a dozen cannon firecrackers from a box where they had been stowed away. Tying their fuses together, he returned upstairs and softly raised a window and then lighted the fuse and threw the crackers out. There were all run away at their best pace. Both horses were killed by running into a tree, but the men escaped. The firecrackers answered better than a shotgun.

IDA'S IDEA

Nurse says there is no jam for tea. Provoking? Yes—but pooh! Who cares—the door jam(b)'s yonder. I'll try and make that do!"



Nurse says there is no jam for tea. Provoking? Yes—but pooh! Who cares—the door jam(b)'s yonder. I'll try and make that do!"

"Step-Mother Joe," or the Boy of the Cave and the Woods.

CHAPTER II.

The Widow Henderson's children appeared at the Brayton cabin after two or three days, and there was quite a change in them. Their clothes had been patched up, they had made soap and water, and a comb, and they were not so rough in their conduct. Their mother had evidently been talking very strongly to them. They were given some vegetables to take home, and next day the mother came smiling, and she took great pains to praise Joe and tell what a good-looking boy he was. There was such a change in her that she did not seem to be the same woman. Joe liked her no better than before, but when she had gone his father said:

"The woman is not so rough and vulgar as I took her to be, and there is a wonderful improvement in the children. Perhaps we shall be very glad that the family came here."

Mr. Brayton had a light shotgun, for use in shooting small game, and Joe

was quite a good shot at 10 years old. His favorite method of taking rabbits and squirrels, however, was with traps and snares. He had half a dozen set on the side of the mountain, and had captured coons and possums among other game. Sometimes he visited his traps daily, and sometimes not for two days. He often heard the Henderson children in the woods, but took very good care that they should not see him. While his father was talking about their better conduct, Joe discovered that they had found and destroyed his traps. If he was working in the garden alone, stones would be thrown at him from the bushes and if he set out for a hunt he knew that he was followed. He did not tell his father of these things, but would have done so had anything happened to put a stop to them.

A neighbor living two miles away came to see Mr. Brayton about hiring Joe to work for him. The man was getting out ties for the railroad, and he wanted somebody to drive team. He offered a fair price for the boy's services and agreed to treat him well, and it was finally agreed that he should go for a couple of months. As the distance was not far, he could spend Sundays at home. As this took him away from the Henderson children, he was glad to go.

The name of the man Joe hired to was Thomas, and he had no children of his own. His wife was a motherly woman who made the boy feel at home at once. He had not been above a week when in calling to him she called him "Step-Mother Joe." When he asked her to explain, she said: "I might as well tell you that all the people around here say that your father is sure to marry the Widow Henderson. She will then be your stepmother."

"But father wouldn't marry any such woman," protested Joe. "You are too young to understand about such things. Perhaps it will happen and perhaps it won't. If it does, I pity you."

"But I wouldn't stay home. I couldn't stay there with those children of hers."

"But where would you go and what would you do?"

This was a question Joe could not answer, and it puzzled him for many a long day. He said nothing to his father on the first Sunday he went home. In fact, he had no chance. The widow was already there, smiling and gracious and trying to make herself agreeable and useful, and he had to leave before she did. She wanted to kiss him good-by, but he pretended not to hear her and thus avoided the embrace. Mrs.

Thomas told him that the people were still talking, and on the second Sunday he did not go home. On the third he went to find the woman and her five children there, and his father met him at the gate and said:

"Joseph, I have some news for you, and I hope it will please you. It was so long since we have heard from you, so I have come to see you myself. I have got married. Your new mother is the Widow Henderson. She says she will try her best to be a good mother to you. You will have a good brother and three sisters, and I hope we shall all get along well together. Come into the house and kiss your mother. All of us are to live here hereafter."

Joe had made up his mind that it was all talk about his father's marrying the woman, and it was a hard blow to him. He tried to put a good face on the matter, however, and the day

passed off rather pleasantly. He didn't like the mother and he didn't like the children, but he tried to be pleasant with them. When he started for Mr. Thomas' that evening he felt that his old home would never be home to him again. His father accompanied him for a distance, and as they walked along he said:

"Joe, don't you think I have done for the best by getting married again?"

"I don't know," was the boy's dubious reply. "I don't think any of them like me at all."

"That is just your fancy. If you make up your mind to like them they will like you, and all will go well. Try to be a little more sociable when you come again. You needn't come again until you get through with Mr. Thomas, unless you want to. Perhaps it is best that you shouldn't."

When Joe told Mrs. Thomas what had happened she looked at him in pity and answered:

"I told you you would be 'Stepmother Joe.' Your father has been a very silly thing to marry a woman like that. You will never be able to live at home again, and what is to become of you?"

It was six weeks before Joe saw his home again. Then Mr. Thomas was through with him, and his father sent him word that he expected him to come home. The boy reached it to find things worse than he could have pictured. His father was in poor health, and his new wife had returned to her old ways and old form of speech. The children paid no heed to what the father said and openly told him that they would not mind him. The wife was criticizing and fault-finding, and as soon as she saw Joe she began to call him names and make threats.

DON'T BE A TURK.

Under the laws of Turkey, if a boy less than 15 years old addresses a stranger on the street without being encouraged, he can be sentenced to receive 50 strokes of the bamboo on the soles of his feet. This law is intended to curb boys who are too "fresh."

On the streets of Constantinople the other week a boy of 12 ran up to a stranger and told him that murder was being done in a shop near by. The man did not rush to the place with the boy, nor did he call a policeman. On the contrary, he asked the lad his age, and, being answered truly, he caused his arrest. While he was doing this the murderer got away. The boy was laboring under great excitement, the judge said that he would remit half the punishment, and so he got only 25 strokes.

The Canadian boy may be glad that he is not living in the country of princes.

In 1905 there were 916 power looms working on silk goods in Switzerland. Swiss silk manufacturers had in the same year 11,253 power looms employed in foreign countries in this industrial line. The exports of Swiss silk goods in 1905 aggregated \$22,400,000 in value.

Don't let anyone cut off any of your toes to see if it will make difference.

Don't let anyone cut off any of your toes to see if it will make difference.



Said Q Mrs. Worm now Janey dear. Attend to what I say. Miss Sparrow has a Luncheon on. So don't go out today!