

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, 1909

OUR YOUNG FOLKS CORNER

Little Doctor Phil

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

Say, mamma, it just makes me sick to see the poor stray cats about the streets and to know that the boys mistreat them so cruelly." So spoke little Phil Downs to his mother one evening, on coming home from school. "And I'm wondering if something cannot be done for the poor dumb creatures that have such a battle for life in a heartless city."

Of course, Phil's mother was eager to encourage her little son in his desire to do something for creatures in distress. "We might open a hospital for them," she said. "I had not thought of it before, but now that you bring the matter to my attention I feel it would be worse than wicked for me to turn a deaf ear to the wails of the poor starving cats, so to speak. And we might not only do something for the homeless cats, but for Phil as well."

"How's that, mamma?" asked Phil. "I don't see where I come in for anything except for a feeling of contentment after being of assistance to the hapless creatures of the streets that are at the mercy of cold, starvation and wicked boys."

"Well, I'll explain my meaning after a while," said Mrs. Downs. "But now we must do some planning. Let's see, where could we make a suitable hospital for our cats, anyway?"

"We've no use for the old stable," said Phil, "since we need the horse and carriage in order to get an auto. Papa said the other day that he meant to sell the stable for whatever he could get for it, as he didn't want it taking up the room on the grounds. But while we are waiting for the sale to take place we might use the stable for our cat hospital."

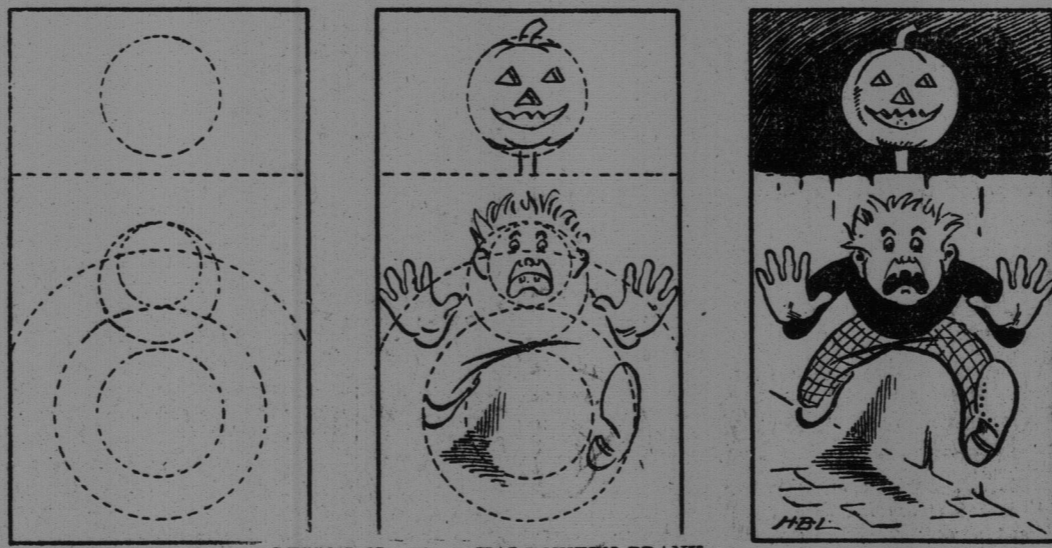
"A capital idea," said Mrs. Downs. "And if we find good use for it papa will allow us to keep it, I am sure."

Then a trip was made to the stable, and the building was gone over carefully. "You see, the place is roomy enough to accommodate a large number of cats, and we'll have our man John divide both the first floor and the loft by wire partitions. We shall have to keep the cats apart for a few days—those that show a disposition to fight. After they are well acquainted they will live together on friendly terms."

"And while John is fixing the partitions I'll be bringing in the stray cats," said Phil. "I'll make a trip about the streets every evening after school and pick up a cat and carry it home in a basket. After the place is full, what shall we do?"

Mrs. Downs smiled. "Wait till we have the place full," she said. "We'll find a

HELPFUL HINTS FOR OUR YOUNG ARTISTS



LESSON No. 73-A HALLOWEEN PRANK.

not only do something for the homeless cats, but for Phil as well."

"Oh, yes, I remember your saying that," said Doctor Phil. "But I've been so busy that I had not thought of it again."

"Well, let me read what I have here," said Mrs. Downs. And she read from a bit of paper:

"Large assortment of fine cats for sale. Purchasers must give good homes to cats. Will not sell to those having small children. Apply at office of Doctor Phil, 10 Mulberry street."

Phil sat up in bed and looked questioningly at his mother. "Are we to sell out the hospital, mamma?" he asked, disappointed in his voice.

"No, dearie, only a few of the finest and healthiest cats to make room for other ones."

That was all that was said, but it was a great relief to both of them. They had been so busy finding good homes for good cats and providing for those in distress. And, you see, what money comes from the sale of our cats shall go into the good little doctor's hands."

Mrs. Downs was smiling as she said this. "All God's living creatures are kin," said Mrs. Downs. "And of superior intellect should look after the welfare of the more helpless ones. An animal has the same claim upon us for consideration that one of our own kind has."

"If only the bad boys of the streets could be made to know that," declared Phil.

That week was a busy one for the "doctor" and the "nurse," and the man who was in charge of remodeling the stable. And each evening, after school, little Doctor Phil brought in one or two more stray cats that he had found prowling about in alleysways or empty buildings and basements.

But a week after the hospital plan had been carried out there were 12 cats being made comfortable and happy there. The "nurse," so good and helpful to the "doctor," would "classify" her patients, putting some in one "ward" and some in another of the hospital. And only the most trustworthy were allowed the run of the place, and none were allowed to go out into the grounds until they had become real "home" cats. After that they went and came as they pleased, and only one ran away, never to return.

After the second month of running the hospital the place was filled to its capacity. Then it was that the "nurse" held a consultation with the "doctor" in his private room one evening, just as he was about to retire for the night. She came in, carrying in her hand a small bit of paper with something written on it. Sitting on the side of Doctor Phil's bed, she said:

"Now, dearie, I shall tell you what I mean when I said—at the beginning of our hospital undertaking—that we might

TOMMY AND LILLY CELEBRATE HALLOWE'EN

BY HELENA DAVIS.

Tommy and Lilly were sister and brother. They were little tots of seven and nine years of age, and both enjoyed games and sports, just as any little folks do.

On the morning of Halloween Tommy called Lilly into the back hall to whisper something to her. You would fancy from the way his eyes shone that he had some mischief in mind. And after he had whispered a few minutes to Lilly her eyes began to dance as he told her of his plan. "Suppose we play some tricks on somebody?"

And this is what he said to Lilly, and also her answer:

Tommy—Say, sister, it's Halloween to-day—I mean tonight. I heard the grocer say that the butcher boy talking about it when they came this morning. And they are going to play some tricks on somebody. Suppose we play some tricks on somebody?"

Lilly—Oh, wouldn't that be fun, Tommy? Yes, let's play some tricks on somebody. But we haven't any boxes, so how could we choose instead?

Tommy—Why, we have grandpapa. He's always in his room at night, and after he has gone to bed we'll play our pranks on him. Papa and mamma go out every evening much that we'd never get a chance to play tricks on them. Let's take grandpapa.

Lilly—Oh, yes, let's play some jokes on grandpapa. He'll think it such fun.

Then the two little schemers, Tommy and Lilly, returned to the living room, where grandpapa sat reading the daily paper.

"He doesn't suspect a thing," whispered Lilly. "He doesn't even know it's Halloween. But we'll wake him up, won't we?"

"Yes, we'll put a tick-tack on his door and pile up lots of traps against it, so when he opens the door to see if a ghost is there making the noise all the stuff will tumble into his room. Won't he wonder, though?" And Tommy laughed and said, "And as this is Halloween there will be a lot of unusual noises and confusion in the streets; so don't either of you put your head out of doors after we have gone. There will be many mad boys at large who will be throwing dried beans and had pellets at the windows in your faces. So remain indoors, and go to bed promptly at eight o'clock. Then turn on the light and see if grandpapa is still there. I hope you'll keep an eye on the children. Also keep an ear for those mischief-makers on the outside, and if they get too troublesome please phone to the police to come and chase them away. Last year they did a lot of damage about the barn."

"Oh, young fellows will be young fellows," smiled grandpapa. "We mustn't forget our own boyhood. Sam! Of course, I don't propose to allow the mischief-makers to tear the house down over our heads; but as to carrying off the gate—or the wash-house or the laundry pump—well, those things are of no consequence, you know." And the old man laughed.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock Lilly and Tommy's parents left the house, going to attend the lecture. Grandpapa went upstairs to his room, saying goodnight to the little ones, who were putting away their toys, which they had made believe to play with for an hour after supper. "Good night, grandpapa," called out Tommy. "Hope you sleep well."

"Yes, good night, grandpapa," said Lilly. "I'll be in bed and asleep before a lamb could wag his tail ten times. So, goodnight, little lady."

Then the children heard grandpapa shut his door upstairs, and knew that he would soon be in bed. After 10 minutes had passed (the time seemed like 10 hours to the impatient children) Tommy and Lilly stole softly down the stairs, tip-toed past grandpapa's door, fearing to rouse him should they make any noise. On Tommy's room they found a note pinned to the door, which said: "Tommy and Lilly, I hope you'll keep an eye on the children. Also keep an ear for those mischief-makers on the outside, and if they get too troublesome please phone to the police to come and chase them away. Last year they did a lot of damage about the barn."

HALLOWE'EN

When Hallowe'en at last does come,
The boys, and the girls, too,
Go a-begging round to find
What mischief they may do.

Gates are marked, barn doors are found
In village and in town;
And little mischief-makers plan
To turn things upside-down.

Tick-tacks mysteriously appear
On maiden ladies' doors;

Just as Lilly was about to scream, and Tommy to find his voice to her, the tall, dark form of a man appeared just behind the children. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "Where are your parents?"

And now you'll see a tub or gate
High up in some tall tree.

It is the time for jokes and pranks
When Innocence holds sway;
And every child in all the land
Should have a Jolly Day.

the cook, whom they had taken into their confidence. They also drove from under the bed a big tin can, a bundle of straw, an old pair of riding boots belonging to their father, and sundry other "traps," as designated by Tommy. "Now we're ready," whispered Tommy. And out they went and down the hall to grandpapa's door. They listened intently, but could not hear a sound escaping from the chamber where the old man slept. "He's asleep," whispered Tommy.

Then they hurriedly fixed the tick-tack on the door, carrying the end of the long string to the darkest corner of the hall, from which point they would work the annoying little noisemaker. Then they piled the "traps," tin pan and all, against the door, so that they would tumble into the room as soon as the door was opened. When done they crept to the corner of the hall and began pulling on the tick-tack string, so that it made a little, quick thumping noise on the door. Their eyes were dancing merrily as they waited to hear grandpapa come to the door, calling out: "Who's there, knocking about my door?"

But in vain they waited and waited. Then of a sudden the front hall door opened and someone walked boldly up the stairs. The children sank to the floor in fright. Who, who, a wicked housewife, would dare to come into the house at that time of night and in that fashion?

Dr. Germhunter—During the next decade we may expect a most wonderful decrease in mortalities.
Mr. Graves (the undertaker).—Possibly! Why is it easy to break into an old man's garden?



THEY PILED THEM ALL AGAINST THE DOOR.

How Leon and Bert Spent a Tragic Hallowe'en

A Story of the Grand Canon, by William Wallace, Jr.

Say, Bert, what shall we do on Hallowe'en?"

The question was asked by Leon Thompson of his cousin, Bert James. The two were standing in the yard of a summer hotel that was situated on a mountain slope not far from the Grand Canon in Arizona. The boys had spent the entire summer there with their grandfather, who was the manager of the hotel. And even after the autumn had set in they begged their parents to allow them to stay on. They promised to attend the little village school, and to be able to continue in their classes in the city school on their return home after the real winter had settled down and driven them to their own home in a Southern city.

"Well, it's so quiet in this place," observed Bert, "that we'll probably have nothing to do but to get in bed and we could transport ourselves to our own huddling city for tomorrow night." And he smiled in remembrance of the many merry times he had enjoyed in his own home place. Ah, there the boys made the night merry with their gaudy and innocent pranks!

"Well, you know I am not given to original ideas very often," went on Leon. "But this afternoon a real scheme developed in my noggin. Want to hear it?"

"Sure, if it's not anything to do with Hallowe'en," acquiesced Bert. "You know I'm in for something out of the regular order of things, such as eating dinner at 7 and going to bed at half-past 8. I'd like a little romp on Hallowe'en."

"Well, this is my plan," said Leon. "You know that crowd of tourists that left the hotel yesterday, going down into the canon? They took along some tents and provisions as well as a guide. They intend staying in the canon for several days' camping. Well, one of the men told me that it was their plan to stop at that first great curve—just about six miles down the canon—for two days. They'll pitch camp there and make excursions out from camp, returning at night. A servant will be left in charge of the camp."

"But I don't see anything relating to Hallowe'en in the fact that a dozen tourists have gone into the canon camping and exploring," said Bert.

"You haven't waited till I am done with my plan," said Leon. "In fact, you've only got the introduction to my scheme so far. Now, since I have got as far as the tourists and Big Spring Curve and the camp, I shall continue. My plan is this: Let's go down to Big Spring Curve tomorrow morning. You know there is no school tomorrow, thanks to its being Saturday. We'll not show our selves at the camp, for although the tourists might all be gone on an exploring expedition, the servant in charge of the tent would spy us and report when his superior officers returned. We'll locate the camp and then keep our distance till night. Then—hurray for some old Hallowe'en pranks at the expense of those tourists. There is one man among them

who was doing a lot of big talking about his bravery. Well, he's the one we'll frighten out of a week's growth. His appetite will go, not to return for some days. We'll make queer noises, hide certain camp equipments, toss pebbles against the tents and howl like Comanche Indians. Gee! I can see that brave man getting behind a boulder for protection from the canon witches and Indians."

"Well, we might get some fun out of your scheme—if it goes through all right," agreed Bert. "But as for frightening those people, well, I think that is only a childish dream. But we might make them sit up and wonder where the strange sound came from and what sort of wild beasts are making them. I believe all the persons of the party are Englishmen, aren't they?"

"Right, right across the pond," said Leon. "Consequently, not acquainted with the ways of wild men and beasts of this part of the globe. Oh, we'll make a Hallowe'en visit to their camp worth while, I'm sure. And on the following day we'll join them on the way home and laugh it all over together."

The plan seemed to be worth considering and Bert said he was ready to enter into it. So early the following morning the boys set out towards the Grand Canon, walking leisurely, and carrying with them a good rifle—against wild animals—and some cold food in the shape of bread, meat

and cheese. Their grandfather had given his consent to their going, and had laughed with them over their plan. So they felt encouraged that a great Hallowe'en story would reach the hotel a few days later.

About noon they struck an entrance to the canon and descended. The canon at this particular point was about five miles wide, and was extremely rugged and uneven. From its sides ran tributary canyons, some so misleading to the pedestrian that at times it was difficult to determine which was the right way to go. But Leon and Bert had made the trip to Big Spring Curve during the summer in company with several friends, who were then stopping at the hotel, and they felt very sure of their ground. Who could lose a boy, anyway, especially on the trail he had once followed?

Toward 3 o'clock the boys wondered why they had not reached Big Spring Curve. They felt certain they were on the right route. But they had been going slowly, taking time to examine strange-looking rock formations and the autumn-colored vegetation, which grew very abundant in some places in the canon.

"Well, we're on the right trail," declared Leon. "I remember the way perfectly."

"Yes, this all seems familiar," said Bert. "But it's time we were at the camping place."

And so they went on and on, the day

advancing and the sun soon dropping from their view, for they were many thousands of feet below the level of the ground, and the day was hours shorter in the canon than at the village. At 5 o'clock it was quite dark, and Leon and Bert were still searching for Big Spring Curve.

"We may have passed the place," said Leon, getting a bit anxious. He had heard of people getting lost in the Grand Canon and perishing before succor reached them. But he had felt so sure of the way on entering the canon, and no thought of getting lost had entered his head.

"I'm afraid you're right," admitted Leon. "Gee, it's not a cheerful outlook, is it?"

But both boys tried to keep "a stiff upper lip," as the old saying goes, and set down to rest and partake of their cold food. But their appetites were not keen. They drank sparingly from a bottle of water they carried. After their refreshment they held a consultation as to their next movements. And it was agreed that they should return to the hotel as fast as they could go. Bert had a watch and

could keep tab on the time. "If we walk briskly, we can reach the hotel by 2 o'clock in the morning," he said.

They turned resolutely homeward and walked briskly, their plan for Hallowe'en disappearing with every step. Just as they were climbing over some boulders Bert slipped and fell, crying out sharply. Leon stooped over him, but could not see his companion's face. "Are you hurt?" he asked sympathetically.

Bert tried to stand, but found he could not hold his weight on the injured ankle, which hung limp, and which was paining him terribly. "I do believe I have broken it," he gasped.

You may imagine the feelings of those boys at that moment. There, in that great canon at night, one of them suddenly made helpless. Leon felt sick with fear. Bert was sick with pain. What should they do? Leon tried bandaging Bert's swelling ankle, using his kerchief and necktie, but he bungled the job and Bert found no relief. He groaned in his agony.

And so the hours passed. Leon almost beside himself with anxiety, while Bert lay suffering on the ground, sometimes dropping into a restless sleep from pain and exhaustion.

About midnight, and just as Leon was in the last depths of despair, they heard the sound of human voices. Some persons were coming along the trail. Leon listened intently, so did Bert, regardless of his paining ankle. Both felt hope spring up within them.

Presently several dark forms appeared round some boulders, and the boys beheld a party of men. They came on toward the spot where the boys were sitting. When they came within a few paces, Leon spoke to them. They said something in reply, but it was a strange tongue they spoke. Then, on closer approach, the boys beheld some Indians. But they were friendly Indians, and some of them understanding a little English, was made to realize the boys' dilemma. Soon the big Indian had Bert's ankle better bandaged, and declared it was just a very bad sprain, but not broken. Then, telling one of his companions about the boys being lost, sent him back to the hotel with them. And then he told Leon that they had lost the main trail and were many miles away from Big Spring Curve. And when the boys reached the hotel, Bert being carried on the back of their Indian guide, they both solemnly declared they'd never again venture into a canyon, even for a Hallowe'en lark. And they never did.

HAD A DIFFERENT THIRST.

Doctor Pilem—You must not drink whisky—drink milk. It contains the elements of blood.

Uncle Jiggs—Yes, doc, but I'm not bloodthirsty.

Because his gut (gate) is broken and his locks are few.



"I FEAR WE'VE LOST THE TRAIL, LEON," SAID BERT.

Our Puzzle Corner

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in foot, but not in shoe;
My second is in horse, but not in gun;
My third is in organ, but not in play;
My fourth is in light, but not in day;
My fifth is in voice, but not in song;
My sixth is in clasp, but not in gong.
My whole spells that
Which all children love,
And they'll know what it is
When they solve the above.



Here is a bad, bad boy. He is very wicked, for he is out hunting birds. Find a bird.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a child in its mother's arms like a pocketbook?
Because it is clasped.

What is the difference between a glass of water and a glass of beer?
Five cents.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgotten?
Because it is out of the head.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

Letter Enigma—Winter.
Zigzag Puzzle—Giraffe. Crosswords are: 1. Gold. 2. Fire. 3. Bark. 4. Flea. 5. Left. 6. Afar. 7. Evil.
Hidden Proverb Puzzle—Dark is the hour before the dawn.
Rural Robin—On the farm are five pigs, a cow and many chickens.

PICTURE NAME PUZZLE.

(1) Behead to pause and leave a child's toy. (2) Behead that which connects two river banks and leave the crest of a mountain range. (3) Behead a newly married woman and leave to go on horseback.

CURTAINING.

(1) Doubly curtain a tableland and leave a dial. (2) Curtail a vertebrae and leave that which a spider must do when making his web. (3) Curtail the sleeping quarters of a soldier when on march and leave a number.

DUST AND DIRT.

Johnson—Say, old fellow, don't you miss your auto terribly since you sold it?
Broun—Not as yet. You see, my wife's doing her fall housecleaning and I get an exact auto effect from rug beating.

FALL MIX-UP.

Our Willie has some
Loosened slats,
Twas partly football
Partly frate.

A COLD RECEPTION.

"Was your housewarming a success?"
"Well, it would have been if the furnace hadn't quit work."



If the words pictured above are rightly guessed and written one below the other, their initial letters will spell the name of a great musical composer.