

INDOOR GAME OF FOX HUNTING

HERE'S A VERY AMUSING SPORT THAT WILL PASS A RAINY DAY PLEASANTLY

THE rain beat a hopeless tattoo against the windows, dripped with a dreary persistency from the eaves, and made miniature canals through the tennis court. It was one of those gray, dull mornings when even the most sanguine of boys is apt to lose hope.

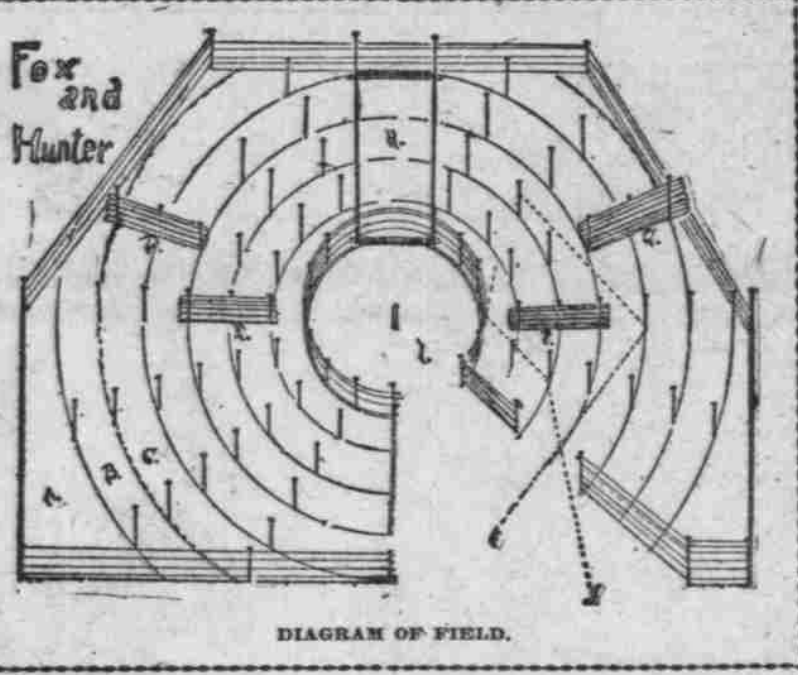
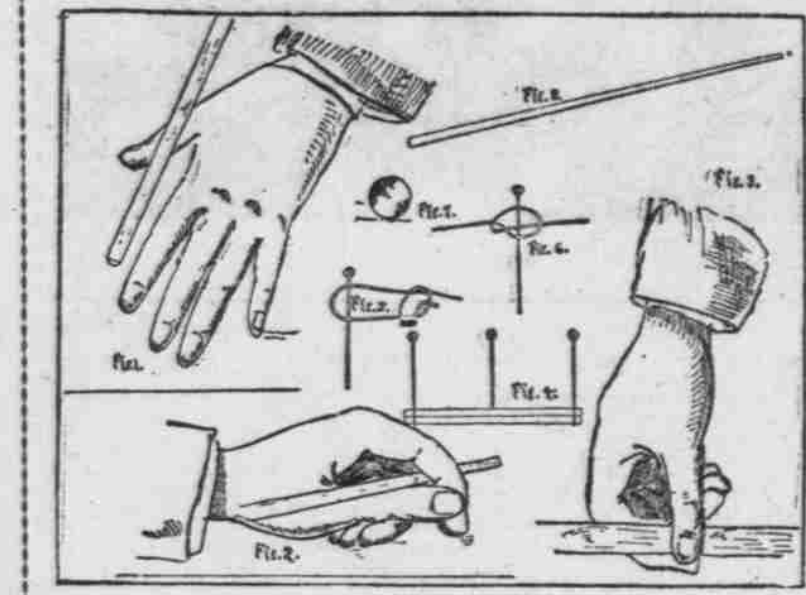
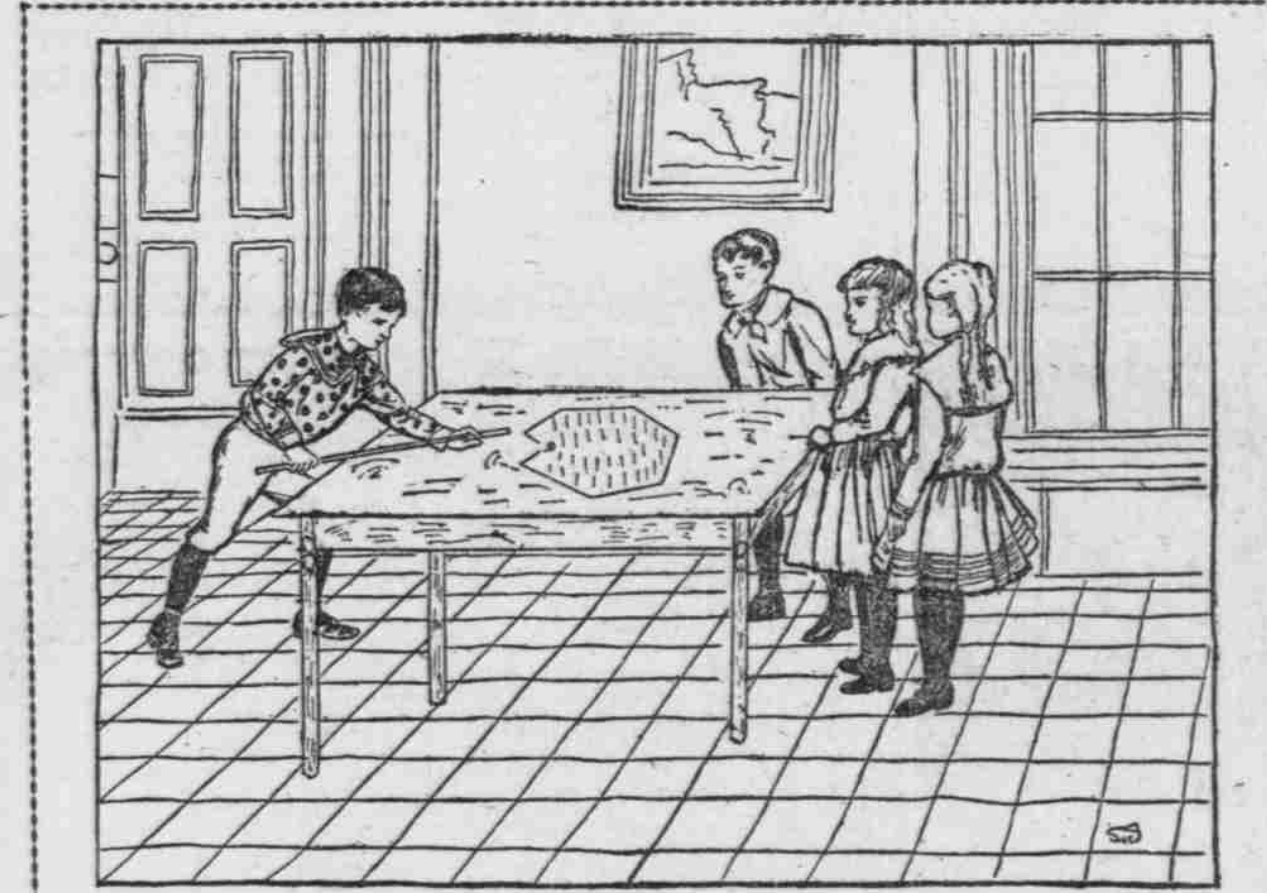


DIAGRAM OF FIELD.

When the rain finally did stop, it was nearly an hour before the young folk discovered the fact that the diagram that the game of Fox and Hunter is played through a network of pins and threads and sticks, or in the language of the game, runs, hedges and hazards. A board about two feet square, or the top of an old table, will serve as a field on which



IMPLEMENTS USED.



PLAYING THE GAME.

THE MUSKRAT TELLS THE BOY THINGS

WHY IT GETS NO WATER IN ITS EARS WHEN IT DIVES HOW IT BUILDS ITS HOUSE

A boy who often used a path along the banks of a river one afternoon caught sight of a muskrat on the bank of the stream. He was looking around for a club or a stone to throw at the animal when the muskrat said:

It would be no use for you to throw at me, as I would be under water as soon as you raised your arm. You would better come here and have a talk. A boy of your age should know all about the animals to be found around his home. I suppose you have seen a muskrat before?

beaver, except that we use grasses instead of sticks and limbs. We plaster the roof with mud, and we have two and three rooms inside, and we always enter and leave them from below. I have been in a house when the hunters came out on the ice and broke their way through the top, but I was swimming away at the first alarm. The only way to catch us is to set steel traps for us at the mouths of our burrows. We are not as cute as the mink or beaver, though some of us die of old age and never get a foot into a trap.

which it is held to the other pins as it is carried around the circle. If the field is a small one, matches answer very well for the hedges. Figure 1 shows an enlarged view of the hedge. It is a simple arrangement, the three-pins form two braces between which the sticks are held.

to lay out the runs for the foxes and hounds. Drive into the center of this board the largest pins which the household affords. There are extra large pins which make a better board than the ordinary size, but the common household variety will answer very well.

A dog worth having. The River Meander, in Asia, is famous for more than one thing, and as all of us should know, its twists and turns give to us the word "meander."

The Seminole as Hunters. No hunters in the world are more saving of their ammunition than the Seminoles, a remnant of which tribe of Indians still dwells in the Florida Everglades.

My Prompter. "Now sing," commands my little son, And he creeps up in my lap And nestles his head on my breast.

Puppy's Resurrection. Gyp was a fine collie with a family of puppies. The only trouble in the case was that the family was too large, and it was decreed that one of the little dogs should be drowned.

FROM LADDERMAN TO DEPUTY-CHIEF

STORY OF A FIGHTER OF FIRES—HOW DAN HALE WON THE "THREE TRUMPETS." BY EPES WINTHROP SARGENT

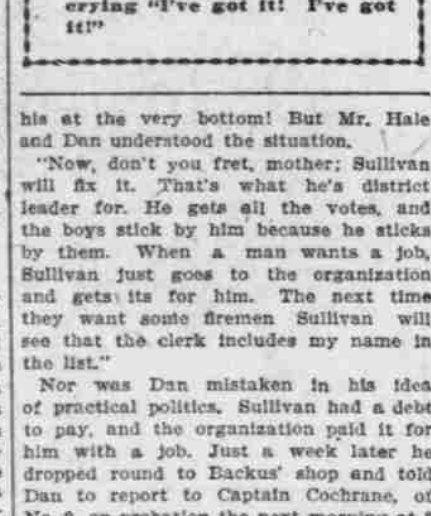
Chapter III. THEY were gathered in the "front room" of the Hale flat the day Dan was to know whether he had passed the civil service. There were Mrs. Hale, all of a tremble, as mothers will be under such circumstances; Mr. Hale, smoking furiously and stealing furtive glances through the window; Grandma Hale, garrulous and determined to wild away the moments by recounting over and over again Danny's exploit with the butcher's cart and old Buck; several younger Hales, rejoicing in the reflected glory which should be theirs when their big brother was made a "really fireman," and Millie Francis, and Millie Francis.



"NO," GASPED THE BOY, "THE ENGINE LEFT ME BEHIND."

Chapter III. A quick firm step on the landing, and something very like a boyish hurrah rang down the entry. Dan burst through the door, crying: "I've got it! I've got it!" "What?" cried everybody, just as if they did not know the great secret.

Dan burst through the door, crying "I've got it! I've got it!" "What?" cried everybody, just as if they did not know the great secret. "Why, the fire department—I mean a place in the fire department."



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o'clock as part of a batch of 14 new appointees. Dan was more than thankful that Sullivan had sent him among his old friends, including Battalion Chief Cross, and he was warmly welcomed by the fire-fighters he had watched his earnest preparations to become one of them.

Having is not only forbidden in the fire department, but it is actually prevented. There is always a man on watch below, and the captain keeps a sharp lookout from his room just off the dormitory. However, the men had one laugh at Dan's expense when he appeared on the scene with a neat bundle containing among other toilet accessories a nightgown.

Then he stepped along, leaving the policeman chuckling. His wind was good and the run was a short one, scarcely a dozen blocks.

And at the house he is practically on duty day and night. Dan was to have one day at No. 9 before reporting to the training school, and by night he was quite worn out. Nevertheless, he was too nervous to sleep, and tossed restlessly till the first streak of dawn lightened the horizon.

Through it all Dan slept. Burton, as he passed, reached out a foot. It landed against the base of Dan's spinal column and he shot out of the opposite side of the bed.

The fire, a mere blaze in the basement of a tenement, had been put out by a chemical extinguisher from No. 4 truck, and the firemen were already getting into the tender the line of hose they had stretched from the corner hydrant to the building.

HOW THE INDUSTRIOUS BUMBLEBEE IS FOOLED

THE ELEGANT HIVE BEE TICKLES HIM AND ROBS HIM WITH EASE OF THE RESULTS OF HIS HARD DAY'S LABOR

The patient men who study insect life have found that the big black and yellow bumble bee is often awfully into giving away the results of his hard day's work at home gathering. The dapper little hive bee knows how to play upon his weaknesses in the most shameful manner. The hive bee is a thorough city dweller, living in a bee metropolis composed of bee mechanics, builders and nurses.

There are even bee park loafers—the dandies—who do nothing whatever. The clumsy, loud-buzzing bumble bee, however, is a veritable farmer and lives with a comparatively small family in his mud farmhouse in the clover fields. He is such a simple soul that the hive bee looks upon him as a regular "hayseed."

ton the smart hive bees bid him an affectionate good-by, acting just as if they were slapping him on the back and proudly telling him that he must come up "to town" and take dinner with them some day when he is not busy. Whoever knew a bumble bee to have a day to himself?



TELLING HIM THAT HE MUST COME UP TO TOWN.

The Black Cap. Westminster Gazette. The popular idea that judges assume the black cap preparatory to pronouncing sentences of death, in order to mark the tragedy of the occasion, should be finally dispelled by the fact that they will wear the same sable headgear at the coronation.

Describes Heaven's Mansions. New York Sun. A plainly-dressed woman is distributing circulars from door to door in Brooklyn daily, and collecting a few cents when she can. The circulars contain printed matter entitled "Many Mansions." One pretends to describe the heavenly home of a prominent politician who died recently, and another describes that of the writer terms the heavenly home of an evangelist. Another declares that Mr. McKinley's home in heaven is built of pale pink marble, very highly polished, with windows of solid gold and broad steps of solid Guinean gold, with a door of superb pink pearl.

A TRUE LOCUST CALL



ANY BOY OR GIRL CAN MAKE THIS WITH A NOTCHED STICK-SPOOL-PIECE OF PAPER AND A HORSE-HAIR.

Bind a piece of stout writing paper over one end of a spool. Punch two small holes into it with a pin, and pass the two ends of a horse hair through them. The horse hair is a small one, and the ends of the writing paper inside of the spool. Make a slip knot of the horse hair and fit it over a notch in a smoothly rounded stick. Rub some resin on the notch. By whirling this arrangement rapidly, the instrument will produce a sound that is an exact imitation of a locust.