

FROM LADDERMAN TO DEPUTY-CHIEF

STORY OF A FIGHTER OF FIRES—HOW DAN HALE WON THE "THREE TRUMPETS."

BY EPES WINTHROP SARGENT

Chapter IV.
"YOU'RE that crack driver Cross is blowing about, aren't you?" Dan Hale blushed redly. "I don't know that I'm a crack," he said modestly, "but the chief says I can drive."

He looked straight into the twinkling eyes of Adams, president and faculty of the School of Firemen, and something in the fearless gaze pleased the veteran. He slapped Dan on the back. "Well, Hale," he said, "you keep at work and we'll make you something better—a crack life-saver. What's the weight and height?"

"I'm five feet nine and I weigh 160."
"That's good. You're just the build for a ladderman and if you work out, you ought to get the medal, the Victoria cross of the department. The medical examiner marked you 90. Now look about for a couple of pairs of the tall shoes in evidence here."

This happened on the morning after Dan's first day in the department, and the scene was the rear of headquarters. A five-story building faced the yard and at the base of it was a row of wooden houses in case they fell. All sorts of ladders lay about, and even an old engine stood under a shed.

Here every man put in six hours a day for 30 days of his three-month probation. During the rest of the 24 hours the men were assigned to the various houses where they took part in the routine life.

The 14 new men made up the class, most of them older than the chief, but several were not yet 25. The chief had a theory that the younger men fitted best into the service.

When Adams reappeared before them, in place of the matty uniform he had worn (as chief instructor, he ranked with the battalion chiefs) he had on a faded suit. About his waist was a broad leather belt, six inches wide and double strapped. At the back were two long, narrow straps, and a snap hook five inches long. On his arm he carried a number of these belts, which he threw on the ground before him.

"This," he explained, "is a life belt. You never go up a ladder or enter a house unless you have one on. It's a third hand, and as useful as a monkey's tail. If you are on a ladder you hook this on a rung and have both hands free. If you are standing on a fire escape, you hook on the top. You can use it anyway. When needed an ax is carried in a loop at the back. Now get them on, and strap 'em tight."

The men, laughing at each other's appearance, hooked on the belts, and Adams led the way to the net. He swung up as easily as a circus acrobat and balanced on the yielding surface like a rope-walker. The men fell all around the net, to the amusement of the old men of the engine company stationed at headquarters. Soon they caught the knack of balancing on the net, and the scaling of life-saving ladders. The alphabet of the firemen, were then passed up.

These were poles from 12 to 18 feet long, with a hook at the end 2 1/2 feet long at the top. The hook was notched, to enable it to grip a sill, and on either side of the pole were rings as rungs.

"This," explained Adams, "is the easiest way to climb. If a window is down job it through the glass. If it's up rest it on the sill, but be sure that the notches are into the wood. Then climb up, straddle the sill, raise the ladder to the next window and make the next story. Now try it."

As Adams worked it looked easy enough, but it proved no joke to handle the heavy pole, and it was 30 minutes before any one got it right. Dan was first to catch the knack, and was about to climb when Adams stopped him. "That will do," he said, "let Horton try."

Horton was a longshoreman, who made up in strength what he lacked in skill. He succeeded in fastening the hook, but when he reached the window he sat calm-



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ly on the sill with both feet hanging over. "Straddle!" shouted Adams, and when Horton seemed bewildered he turned to Dan. "Go up there, Hale, and show him."

Dan set his ladder, and climbing a little awkwardly, reached Horton. Throwing one leg inside the window, he quickly raised the ladder to the second floor, and standing up, made the third floor. Here he sat watching the others till they were able to set the ladder and slowly make their way up the side of the house.

Racing was not permitted, but when Dan and Horton started on different windows, Horton, who was jealous of Dan's skill, gave him a look that roused the young fellow's ire. With a rush they went at it, but Horton was green, and Dan was sitting in the window of the fifth floor when Horton had barely reached the fourth. If Adams saw the race he gave no sign.

But by bit the men were led through the drill. They were taught to slide down a rope when there was no time for a ladder. They had to carry down the stuffed figure of a man, and a series of demonstrations showed that the proper way was to have the weight resting on the left shoulder.

Then they rescued each other, and learned how to swing from one window to another, to raise ladders, to carry hose up a building, and to build chains of scaling ladders, each man carrying his own ladder, and swarming up those already placed.

Adams regarded Dan as his star performer. He had not only the advantage of flexibility, but he was more familiar with the work. He made rapid progress, and one day when Corby, the chief of the department, entered the yard to look

over the new material, he nodded approvingly to Adams as Dan made a particularly pretty display.

"There's a likely chap. Who is he?" "Hale. He's with 'B' engine."
"Well, we'll have to keep an eye on him and put him with a truck. He'll work well with the ladders."

When Dan left the training school Adams shook him warmly by the hand. "You'll do me credit, boy," he said, "come up and see an old man sometimes."

That very night there was a fire around the corner from the house. Gordon's grocery burned like tinder, imperiling the lives of the tenants overhead. It was a new building, five stories high, flanked on either side by low two-story buildings. By the time the engine had dashed up the two lower floors were ablaze. The tenants overhead were huddled in the street bewailing their losses.

Dan, by this time, could turn out with the best of them. He was the first off the tender as it drew up at the hydrant, and it was he who seized the hose and paid it out as the cart went to the fire. By the time the hose coupling was completed Old 9 fairly shook the street with the vibration of the heavy machinery.

At this instant a frightened cry arose from the crowd. In the fourth-story window, old Mrs. Callahan was preparing to jump. The truckmen rushed for the life net which is carried on every piece of apparatus, but before they could stretch it, Dan had seized a scaling ladder. Though the flames were showing through the second-story window, he fastened it in the sill. Up he went, and when he swung his leg over the wall he could feel the fierce heat. No. 9 had a second line of hose by

that time, and as he again raised the ladder a stream was sent in through an adjoining window, drenching out the flame for a moment. This gave him a chance to work more quickly. Up he went, as steadily as if he were at school.

Mrs. Callahan, crazed with fright, was hanging from the window sill by her hands. At last Dan threw the hook into the sill beside her. Going half way up he snapped the hook on the ladder, and just as her strained hands released their grasp he caught her about the waist. In another moment a 30-foot ladder was raised, and she was carried down.

When the report of the fire went in, Cross wrote in the section of the printed form devoted to "remarks": "Probationary fireman Daniel Hale, of engine company 9 rescued Mrs. Dennis Callahan, aged 65 years, from the fourth-floor window in the following manner: Upon the arrival of hook and ladder company 4 he seized a scaling ladder and immediately climbed the front of the building, and on reaching the window of the fourth floor Mrs. Callahan was taken out and carried down to the third floor and placed in the arms of fireman Henderson, of hook and ladder company 4, who was on the 35-foot ladder raised by that company and by him she was taken down the ladder to the street."

"I respectfully recommend that the name of probationary fireman Daniel Hale be placed upon the roll of honor for personal risk. I would further recommend that he be transferred to the hook and ladder branch of the service, because of his ability as a life-saver."

Dan's first step upward had been taken. (Copyrighted, 1902.)

cliff, ready to fight it out. Nig went at him, but one blow from the big paw sent him rolling. Then it was my turn. If he had been just a little wiser he might have known that my first bullet would find his neck.

"Poor fellows," said Stumpy, stroking the fine long fur. "Isn't it cruel to kill them, Uncle Dave?"
"Well, you may think so, youngster, but you know I'm a hunter."

Before the next story was over Stumpy was asleep. Uncle Dave put a light covering over him, and there he slept all night as snug as a bug in a hole in his own little bed, carefully tucked in by his mamma.

The next day, in the afternoon, Uncle Dave and Stumpy walked down the mountain side, across the wide valley and up the hill on the other side. The wind was blowing the right way to carry Stumpy home now, and they soon had the kite pulled all the way up. Uncle Dave wanted to hold. "Quick, youngster; there you go. Come and see me again some time. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Uncle Dave!" shouted Stumpy, while the cart bounced along over the fields. Barely had he reached the top of the hill when the cord broke. It was easy to tell, not even to guess, what might have happened if it had broken sooner. Now the cart ran itself down the hill, and Stumpy was soon at the back door of his own home. Somehow he thought the best thing to do was to go straight up the back stairs to bed. Perhaps his mamma would find him there next morning safe and sound. And so he did. Nobody ever asked him where he had been the day before, and for the longest time Stumpy kept the secret all to himself.

RABBIT TELLS THE BOY A STORY

WHY HIS HIND LEGS ARE SO LONG, AND WHY HE HAS NO TAIL

"YOU should understand," began the rabbit, as he ceased hopping about and sat down in front of the boy, "that a rabbit is not a hare, although many people speak of him as such. A hare is much larger than a rabbit and has longer ears and legs in proportion. The two differ also in what they like to eat. And you should know that the American rabbit differs from the English and Australian rabbit, being smaller in size, far more active, and preferring a home in a hollow log to a burrow in the earth."

"I never could understand why a rabbit's hind legs were the longest," said the boy as the rabbit paused.
"Well, I will tell you. The rabbit is no fighter. He is a runner instead. He can bite you hard enough if you take hold of him, and his teeth are sharp and strong, but he won't stop to bite if he can get away. His long hind legs not only enable him to outrun most dogs, but to spring over logs and brush heaps, and whatever else may be in the way. And there's another thing. The rabbit has so many enemies that he must always be on his guard, and his long hind legs permit him to get his head above the grass and look around. His eyesight is very sharp, and his hearing is acute, and he can smell danger as far as you can smell smoke. If I hadn't wanted to talk to you you couldn't have approached within half a mile of me."

"But why are rabbits bob-tailed?" asked the boy. "The 'coon, 'possum, woodchuck, fox and other animals have long tails."
"It is because he is a runner," replied the rabbit. "The 'coon and 'possum and squirrel are climbers, and the woodchuck is a digger. If a rabbit had a long tail it would be a nuisance as far as you are concerned. If I hadn't wanted to talk to you you couldn't have approached within half a mile of me."

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TO MAKE A VIVARIUM

NOW IS THE TIME TO START A HOME FOR TINY WILD CREATURES

ONE of the most delightful things for boys or girls to own is a vivarium. Viewed purely as a toy, it makes the most satisfying kind of one. But unlike ordinary toys or games, the owner never grows tired of it. For behind the glass front of the vivarium the mystery of life unfolds itself constantly and shows itself in all its phases.

The vivarium simply is a case only with glass to take the place of bars. A large aquarium of the ordinary square kind will answer nicely if it is covered with wire netting. But a more satisfactory way is to make a vivarium to suit one's self.

The interior should be arranged to resemble a small forest. The bottom should be covered an inch or two with coarse gravel, pieces of broken brick or crockery about the size of a pigeon's egg. This will answer the purpose. The object is to get proper drainage. What ever is used should be covered with spagnum moss, to be had from any florist for a few cents. This keeps the soil from working down among the broken pieces. Cover this spagnum with two or three inches of well-rotted leaf-mold, to be found in any piece of woods. A miniature tree can be used in the center or placed artistically at one side, or a limb can be cut and placed to resemble a dead tree for the animals to climb. Stones covered with moss can be found in the woods, and a lake should be arranged with a pretty pebble bottom, to be made by depressing into the soil a china or enameled ware dish, the edge carefully concealed with moss.

A convenient size for a vivarium is 34 feet long, about 20 inches wide and 2 feet high. Four wooden pillars will be required for the corners, into which the glass sides and ends are inserted. An old broomstick answers the purpose very well. Cut the pillars into the desired lengths, and cut two grooves the whole length of the pillars and at right angles with each other. Or, the pillars may be square, of any well-seasoned wood, the grooves being cut with a chisel or plane.

Make two wooden frames, mitering the corners with grooves on all four sides, to hold the top and bottom of the glass. The glass is inserted in the grooves of the frames, and the ends of the glass in the grooves in the pillars. The frames are

toads and newts must have plenty of clean water, shade and some sun. Be careful not to place in the same case animals which live in fear of each other. Frogs and toads should not be confined with certain snakes, nor lizards with large bullfrogs.

Vivariums used as fern-cases must be particularly well drained and ventilated. When watering, sprinkle gently, so there will be no surplus to drain off on the bottom. If it is desired to sprinkle freely, a hole or two should be bored in the bottom of the case, and after watering, a pan or pail placed to catch the drip.

Small ferns and plants can be obtained in the woods to fill the case, selecting plants that suit the fancy, such as maidenhair fern, is most interesting in captivity. The nearest florist will supply both ferns and plants for those who choose to get them in this way.

Abundant give the appearance of a miniature maple tree, and other plants suitable for the vivarium can be used as desired to complete the arrangement, such as farquhar, begonia, cyperus or umbrellas plant, rubber plants, marantus and small palms, orange and lemon trees are also suitable. The soil can be completely covered with moss between the plants, adding greatly to the appearance of the case. Snakes are good also.

When starting on an expedition to collect specimens, a meal bag and stout cord should be carried. When a snake is seen in the grass or among the bushes pull it out into an open space with a forked stick. This forked stick is shown in the illustration, as is the "snake stick," which is made by fastening a strap to the bottom of a long stick, passed through a hole and resting to the other end. The hole is made slanting so the strap will draw up easily. The snake is held by



THE FINISHED VIVARIUM.

then screwed or nailed to the top and bottom of the four pillars that hold the frames in place. Or, the pillars may be of zinc bent in "L" shape, and nailed to the top and bottom of the frames. If zinc pillars are used, four narrow pieces of wood, one for each corner, about one-half inch square, running from the top frame to the bottom, and fastened at both ends to the frame, will hold the glass in place, and the outside edges may be covered in the same way, so that no grooves will be required.

The case must be provided with an easily movable lid. Make a light frame of four narrow pieces, to fit exactly into the top of the case, and over this frame fit a piece of zinc, neatly perforated for

planning with the forked stick so the loop of the snake stick can be slipped over his head. Then the strap is drawn tight and the captive is held firmly and safely.

Noosing and unnoosing the captive thus can be accomplished by drawing up and loosening the strap, without touching the animal. In many zoological gardens in this way.

No animals, in their manner of taking food, are more capricious than snakes; some are very voracious and will take food in enormous quantities, and sometimes they will refuse to eat until they die of starvation. This difficulty occasionally is overcome by artificial feeding, and many artificial feeding receptacles have been devised. Sometimes the mouth is opened forcibly and a small animal, dipped in milk, is forced down the throat and then worked down the gullet by the manipulation of the fingers. Another plan is to give pieces of meat or portions of animals, dipped in milk and pushed down the snake's throat with a smooth stick. Another plan is to fill a tube with suitable food, pass the tube down the gullet of the reptile and then the contents of the tube are discharged by means of a stick which just fits the tube, and is used as a ramrod to force the food from the tube into the reptile. The tubes can be filled with chopped meat.

While snakes are the most common inmates of vivariums, there are so many quaint and beautiful little creatures in almost all woods where there are ponds that there is no reason why the beginner should bother with snakes at all. A charming vivarium that the writer saw contained nothing except a family of newts. Newts are the tiny creatures found in most forest ponds that the boys call lizards. They are brown, with gorgeous crimson spots along the back and sides and beautiful, iridescent, blue and green on the head. They soon become tame enough to take files out of one's hand. Care must be taken to keep the vivarium hot when they are in it, for they are great jumpers, and a leap straight into the air for several feet when they see a fly or mosquito.

The small green frogs, also very common, are interesting inmates. The little red toad, to be found by even casual search in most suburban and country gardens, is a queer pet that will amuse one day after day. Tree frogs also are highly desirable.

During the summer the vivarium can be utilized as a cage for insects also. Many of the butterflies bear confinement very well, and grasshoppers do not seem to object to it at all, providing they are not handled or frightened.

The best way to collect these creatures is with a wide-mouthed butterfly net. After having "scaped" them, turn them out of the net, without handling them, into a large tin kettle, where they will not injure one another. If you capture newts and frogs at the same time, place them in separate receptacles, for the lumbering frog would injure or kill the delicate things.

Never handle any of the creatures that you catch. The human hand is a clumsy machine for touching the lower creatures, and even the most careful handling is likely to hurt some fragile bone or limb on the little scales. It takes a country collector years and years to train their hands so that they will not harm their captives, and whenever possible they avoid touching them even there. The proper way to do it is to spin the prisoner out of the net into the receptacle in which they are to be carried home. Arrived there, cover the mouth of the receptacle with a large piece of netting, and let the creature breathe in the open air. Then you can place the netting, with them in it, gently into the vivarium, and withdraw it after they have crawled out of its folds. Thus you avoid either the danger of their escaping or hurting themselves in struggles against you while trying to avoid capture.

STUMPY'S WONDERFUL KITE

IT DRAGGED HIM OFF A HILL AND BORE HIM TO THE LAND OF BEARS AND PANTHERS

ONE day, when the winds were blowing wild, Stumpy climbed up to the attic where his left-over playthings were kept and brought out two of last year's kites. Then he found some strong, dry wood, and set to work to make the frame for a monster. The paper from the old kites was a deep blue, light as tissue paper, but nearly as strong as linen. He bought a new ball of twine, as tough he could not break it. The bridge-cords and the tail were attached carefully, a large white star was pasted on each corner, and the kite was done. Sir Thomas Lipton himself was not prouder of his yacht than Stumpy was of his kite.

The first breezy day it had its trial trip. What a success it was! Graceful and steady, it rose with never a dip nor a dive. With even a mild wind Stumpy could hardly hold it. It was only a little fellow, anyway, very slender, very small for his years. That is why the boys called him Stumpy. After trying the kite a few times he found that by tying the cord to a small cart he had the kite, would draw him along.

Now Stumpy's home was at the foot of a high hill that reached away to the west. Many and many a time he had watched the sun go down behind it and had wondered what there was on the other side. One fine Summer day he and some older folks had taken a walk to the top of the hill, and beyond it Stumpy saw wide fields, tall woods, a deep valley, and then more hills that were higher yet, and so far away that they looked blue in the distance. Then came the question—what could there be beyond them?

When Stumpy found out what a wonderful kite he had he began to think it would be fine fun to fly it from the top of the big hill. He thought he thought about it the more he wished to try it. He was almost certain he would not be allowed to go if he should ask, so he sold nothing. Indeed, he did not mean to go, but he did keep thinking about it.

One day, when there was almost a gale, Stumpy took his kite and his cart, and going around behind the barn, he started slowly up the hill, intending to go only part of the way. The farther he went the less he was inclined to stop. The truth is he did not stop until he reached the very top, nearly a mile from home. It was lonely enough up there, and the wind almost carried him away.

Then Stumpy thought of his kite. He would try it just once, now that he had gone so far, and afterward he would hurry back home, before he should be missed. The wind took the kite straight off toward the blue hills, far away in the west, and almost before he knew it the cord was all run out. By some good luck a loop in the end caught a little hole in front of the cart, and by good luck, too, the boy sat down just as the cart began to move.

You will hardly believe that the kite and cart, Stumpy and all, right off the ground, and took them sailing through the air! People ran out of their houses to gaze at the sight. It was jolly fun until Stumpy happened to think of his wee pet rabbit at home with nothing to eat. Then he was so sorry he had come that he nearly cried.

Almost before he knew it Stumpy was near the top of the far-away hills that he had wondered about so much. They were higher than any he had ever seen before, and in most places were covered with woods. He noticed that his kite was letting him gently down to the ground. He saw, too, that he was going to land right near a log cabin such as he had read about in his story books. If the cart had been one of Sir Thomas Lipton's regular flying machines, and he had steered straight toward a hay stack at one side of the lot, it could

whether he was more amused or puzzled. Then he happened to think the boy must be hungry, so he brought him a big piece of bread and meat. Oh, how good it tasted! In 10 minutes after eating Stumpy was fast asleep.

When he awoke it was nearly dark. His eyes opened wide and looked in wonder about the little cabin. Where he asked, "Where am I?"

"Where am I?" he asked again, but he was younger, but what bothers me is to know who you be and where you came from. Just now you are in Dave Barton's cabin, way up on the Ramapo Mountains. I have hunted here right as long as anybody can remember. Everyone 'round here knows Dave Barton and his dog Nig. I guess even the bear and wildcats from Big Black Gully have heard tell of us. You just call me Uncle Dave. But lawsy, boy, where did you come from, and how did you happen to do it? I reckon you hardly know. What is 'Stumpy'?"

"That fits ye fine. Well, Stumpy, where did ye fly from?"
"I flew my kite from the top of the high hill. Mamma doesn't know I went up there, and I haven't told my rabbits, neither. I want to go home, Uncle Dave."

The tears started from his eyes. Nig, who seemed to know something was wrong, came and held his chin on Stumpy's knee. So he became acquainted, and so Stumpy forgot his rabbits and his tears.

"Now, Stumpy," said Uncle Dave, "you stay with me tonight, and I'll show you safe and tell you all the bear stories you want to hear. Tomorrow we'll start you off for home."
Stumpy slid out of his big chair, and was soon interested in the gun, powder horns, shot bag, cartridge belt, hunting knife, deer horns, bear claws and the like that he saw about the room. After supper he began to ask questions. Every one of them had the subject for a story. Nig and Stumpy were on the floor. Uncle Dave was in the big chair, smoking his pipe, and telling how he had caught the different animals.

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MITCHELL'S CHIT-CHAT



THE LEARNER DOESN'T TAKE AN HOUR TO LEARN THIS TRICK. IT IS REALLY A BIRD TRICK. IT IS THE ONLY TRICK THAT CAN BE TAUGHT TO ANY ANIMAL. IT IS THE ONLY TRICK THAT CAN BE TAUGHT TO ANY ANIMAL.