

"GYPSY" BOYS OF OHIO Y.M.C.A.'S

ORDERLY
CLEANLY
LADS WHO
ROUGH IT
ON FOOT
FOR THEIR
SUMMER
OUTING



SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ORDER OF THE KETTLE IN THEIR ATHELETIC COSTUMES



CLEVELAND
OHIO
B/O/C
CAMP KETTLE
BISH-U-TRIN
RIES

BY W. FRANK McCLURE.
AN IDEA for the right kind of a vacation for a romping, robust, vivacious boy—a boy with red blood in his veins, inaugurated several years ago in Cleveland, has now enlarged until boys from a number of cities are joining in one great biennial Summer tour. The objective point having been selected by a committee, which is always set in advance to "spy out the land," the caravans from all directions begin the journey.

"Ohio Gypsies" is now the name of a state organization of "gypsy" bands of boys connected with the boys' clubs of the Y. M. C. A. in Dayton, Akron, Toledo, Delaware, Cleveland and a few other cities. In Cleveland there are three auxiliary bands. Last year was the first year that they all were in camp together, the organization having been perfected the previous fall. The first tour was a spot in Coshocton County. This summer they have just returned from Catawba Island.

The idea of these great marches, it is said, was received at the international headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. in New York as one of the most stupendous ever conceived by association workers. It is probable that the plan will be suggested in other states with all the novelty and interest which is sure to accompany it. As a plan to entice and furnish healthful recreation for boys, it is in keeping with the recent outdoor New York-to-Chicago relay running race, which it will be recalled, was also conducted under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Tramping 100 Miles.
Walking is one of the chief requirements of the trips of the Ohio Gypsies. To be sure, they have a wagon along for each band, but these are to carry the provisions and any who may not be able to walk the entire distance. Every boy is privileged to ride, but is encouraged to walk. For a while there were three orders among the caravans. The boy who walked five miles a day while on route had the "order of the yellow rag" conferred upon him. The boy who walked ten became a member of the "order of the red bandanna" and were a handsome knickerbocker. Those who walked the entire distance were honored with the badge of the "red kettle," which they placed on the bib of their uniforms. This year the "red bandanna" order has been discontinued, but there is great interest in the other two, the "red kettle" being for those walking the last 50 miles. This year also it has been decided to make the trip hereafter biennial instead of annual, as originally planned.

One hundred and thirty-six boys went on the trip to Catawba Island this year. The march to camp comprised more than 100 miles. A number of the boys walked all the way. A large percentage of the boys received the honors of the "order of the red kettle." On the way a number of the bands stopped in towns en route and gave types of entertainments, to which they charged a small admission toward defraying the expenses of the trip. These entertainments comprised songs, some sleight-of-hand work, recitations and the like.

Each band has its own commissary department, its own cooks and a complete outfit in the way of kettles. Each night while en route they select some suitable point for a one-night camp. The tents are pitched, the kettles suspended from three sticks, a fire built and soon the meal is being devoured. After having walked for miles, it is needless to say that the boys have voracious appetites. Plenty of milk is usually provided. Canned salmon and bacon are favorite meats. Potatoes and bread also find a ready market. Potato roasts in the evening around the camp fires are also common. The boys remove their shoes as they sit

around the evening fire so that their tired feet may get needed rest for the next day's tramp.

Before retiring there are the evening devotions and in the morning a flag-raising and devotional exercises, so the religious and patriotic training is in no way neglected. The aim is that while they are on their gypsy trip following the rugged camp life of the Roman tribes or the aborigines, that they shall retain civilized practices. They must keep their hands and faces washed and their conduct must be without a blemish. The driver of one of the Cleveland wagons on his return from the recent trip to Catawba Island, stated to the secretary, M. D. Cracker,

who was the promoter of the original band of Ohio gypsies, that on the entire trip he had not heard a boy say a profane or vulgar word.

The officials of the trip among the boys are known as "Muck," "Mucky-Muck" and "High Mucky-Muck." The head of the state organization is known as "High Muckest Muck." He is B. V. Godfrey, of Dayton. The secretary and treasurer of the state organization, P. R. Brooke, of Toledo, is known as "Mucky Muck." Association secretaries accompany the boys both on the trips and in the camps.

When all the wagons have arrived at the site for the general camp, arrangements are made for athletic exercises, and short tours from day to day in different directions. Usually, there is a creek nearby that can be used for swimming and bathing. Last year one night the whole camp of gypsies marched into Warsaw. They were met by a brass band and the boys paraded through the streets and sang. Everywhere they go the people take a great deal of interest in them. This year the trip and the time in camp aggregated fifteen days. The number of miles walked by members of the bands from Cleveland alone, adding up the mileage of each individual, totaled 5000. The distance traveled was something more than 300 miles during the two weeks.

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Monkeys Solving Their Own Puzzles

New York Times.
THERE are rare things these days in the monkey house at the Bronx Zoological gardens, where Melvin Haggerty, of Harvard, is studying monkey psychology. Mr. Haggerty has met with many difficulties since he began his experiments a week ago, but he has learned a lot of things about monkeys already and he expects to learn more, for he intends spending the summer in the monkey house.

As yet he has arrived at no definite conclusions about monkey psychology. That will come later, he says, after he puts the 20 ringtailed monkeys from South America through all his course of stunts.

"I will say this," said Mr. Haggerty, "these monkeys are about the most original lot I have ever come in contact with. They have ways of their own about solving the puzzles I have put up to them. They have broken a lot of my apparatus already, and yet they have not seemed inclined to follow the lead of my trained monkeys. But they solve the puzzles just the same in their own way."

Keepers Keenly Interested.
Every keeper in the park is interested in the experiments of Mr. Haggerty. A room in the monkey house has been carefully set apart for the use of the Harvard man and in it his experiments are being conducted daily.

them to perform a number of clever little tricks, such as opening a combination lock and springing traps which contain food. These little tricks are the most important of Mr. Haggerty's apparatus.

Working a Combination Lock.
One day last week his experiments had reached the stage where the combination box was introduced. The 20 ringtailed monkeys were placed in a cage on the side of the experiment room where they could see all that went on. The two trick monkeys from Harvard were in another little cage across the room. When Mr. Haggerty was all ready for his combination box experiment and had the box containing a banana in the middle of the room, he let one of the trick monkeys out. This monkey knew all about the combination lock, for he had operated it many times before at Harvard and elsewhere. He knew, to that inside lay the banana. With one bound he reached the box.

The box had been put so that the door faced the ringtailed monkey cage. They could see everything that was done. The trick monkey grabbed the knob of the door and turned it three times to the right. Open swung the door. There lay the banana, which he grabbed and began to eat. The prisoners in the big cage became greatly excited at this. They began to chatter and make wary faces at the trick monkey.

When the excitement had quieted down somewhat and the first trick monkey had eaten his banana, another banana was put on the floor of the box, so that all the imprisoned monkeys could see. The door was closed and the second trick monkey let out. He, like the first one, made a spring for the combination box, and soon had the door open. Again there was intense excitement in the big cage, and again the monkeys in the cages all over the monkey house joined in the din.

After a little while the trick monkeys were put back in their cages and Bingo, a likely-looking specimen from the big cage, was let loose in the experiment room. He was a little shy of the box at first. He walked all around it, trying to peek through the cracks at the banana on the floor inside. Then he squatted down in front of the door and began to fumble with the combination lock. He turned it this way and that, but did not seem to have caught the knack at all.

Another monkey was taken from the big cage. Mr. Hennessy had his name. Hennessy made a beeline for the box, elbowed Bingo to one side and grabbed the knob with both feet and hands. Then he began to tug at the knob. For a few seconds he tugged away, his eyes closed and apparently straining every muscle. There was a sharp cracking sound and the knob came off in his hands. Back he fell, turning a somersault. But the door swung open, and Hennessy, springing to his feet, dived head first at the banana and grabbed it. He lost no time in eating the fruit, much to the envy of Bingo and the others.

Tore Down the Pulley.
Another piece of apparatus used by Mr. Haggerty is long rope belt, which opens through a pulley. It is suspended from the ceiling. The lower end of the belt is just above a little hole in a platform which rests beneath the apparatus. It is the duty of one of the trick monkeys to get beneath this platform and, running his arm up through the hole, to pull the belt until a banana tied up near the pulley comes down near enough to the hole for him to reach. It took a long time to teach the trick monkey this stunt, but he now has it perfectly. The monkeys in the big cage were at various times treated to an exhibition of how the belt could be pulled down until the banana was in reach.

Sunday morning Mr. Haggerty decided to see if any of the ringtailed had learned the trick well enough to do it. Several keepers had gathered in the experiment room to see the test. A banana was tied

to the belt near the top pulley, and a trick monkey pulled it down. Another banana was tied in the same place, and one of the ringtailed from the big cage was turned loose. He got beneath the platform and grabbed the belt with both hands. Then he began to pull. But in order to make the banana come down only one side of the rope belt must be pulled at one time. The ringtailed monkey did not know that, for he pulled with might and main, both ropes being clasped in his hands. All of a sudden the pulley broke and down came the banana, rope, pulley and all. The monkey was frightened at first. But he soon recovered and, grabbing the banana, ran off to a corner of the room and ate it greedily, halting now and then to look up at Mr. Haggerty and chatter, as much as to say:

"I got it all right. If it wasn't according to rules."

Song of the Haggerty.
London Truth.
No colored stunts are fit for cuffs.
The cuff that's right is simple white.
Because it shows the dirt.
With dicker wear, the belt with both hands hid from vision's range.
So people's eyes don't realize
The need for frequent change.

Now dirt, per se, as you'll agree,
Is much to be deplored;
But in the case of the monkey,
For in all dirt he stored
What science terms bacillic germs—
A class of beast that brings
To me and you the mumps, the "nu"
And other horrid things.

His Definition of a Really Good Story

"MY DEFINITION of a good story," drawled Simpkins, as he lighted a cigarette, "is—"

"Any one that you tell yourself," put in Gus Fernald, teasingly, "The Evening Crier."

"Yes, that, of course, goes without saying," the other answered, lightly. But what I was about to say, before you interrupted, was that a good story is never one that is told in the bosom of the speaker's family.

"By Jove! that's so," Fernald exclaimed emphatically. "Last Thursday I was dining at the Dobson's, an family, and we had reached dessert in peace and amity, when suddenly Elizabeth brought her of a funny story which she desired to tell me.

replied Mr. Dobson, "for I was down South with my regiment just at that time."

"Oh, no, pa," Ted cried decisively; "you know you always said you were out West until the end of 1862. I guess you're getting rusty on your dates."

"As I was saying," Elizabeth went on, "the young man went aboard the train—"

"He went aboard the boat carrying his great big bag, containing, besides his clothes, two very curious manuscripts, which his Aunt Susan was sending—"

aboard, off sprang a very pretty girl, in a great hurry, but even waiting for the car to stop. She was facing the wrong way, as women always do, and so the motion of the car threw her directly on her face—"

"Oh, no, Elizabeth," her father interrupted, "if she was facing backward, in proper feminine fashion, she must have fallen on her back, not on her face."

"Father, I beg to disagree with you," Ted said, decidedly. "Elizabeth is right; the young girl must have fallen on her face."

"Why, Ted, how can you say so? Father is right. I'm sure he is," Lucy declared, while Mrs. Dobson remarked that she agreed entirely with Ted's idea.

"The family, thus having taken sides, argued the case with rapidly increasing warmth and spirit, appealing anxiously to me for my just verdict, which I was wise enough not to pronounce."

"And the good story, how did it end?" Simpkins inquired.

"I really do not know. I was obliged to hurry off right after dinner, and when I left, Ted and his father were having high words in the dining-room upon the subject of falling off cars. Ted was illustrating his point by jumping from the sofa to the polished floor; the rugs were disarranged, and chairs were strewn about in wild confusion. In the drawing-room the two girls and their mother were shedding tears upon the subject, and poor Elizabeth had quite forgotten that I had failed to hear the end of her good story."—Caroline Ticknor, in The Century Magazine.

Lonely Life in Politics.
New York Times.
I saw the doctor yesterday.
"Your trouble, sir," said he,
"is mental and not physical—
You need society;
"Companionship—you're lonely;
The members of your party
Should cheer your lonely heart."
Said I: "I can't and any."
Said doctor: "How is that?"
I sighed and turned my face away:
"I am a Democrat."