

# GOOD STORIES FOR THE YOUNG

## JANE'S TRUE BEAR STORY

MANDY JANE'S hair was the rich, yellowish red of the old crockery, and her oval countenance was as freckled and red as a strawberry. But Mandy Jane's lips were ruby red, her teeth pearly and regular, her eyes deep turquoise blue and her little, girlish figure was as plump as a partridge.

No one knew her antecedents or whence she came. They only knew that she was a "found girl" and worked for the family of a distinguished young artist, a man whose sugar-loafed, broad-brimmed hat, long, curly hair, ruffled shirt front and wide flowing collar were as well known as his pictures and his oft-quoted bon mots.

It was customary on market days for the farmers of the surrounding country to assemble in town before the break of day and pack their picturesque canvas-covered market wagons against the curbstones until the closely packed line of vehicles extended many squares.

With the first rays of the morning sun, Mandy Jane usually appeared, walking demurely behind her mistress and toting a big willow basket through the crowds of marketers who thronged the sidewalks. Mandy spread despair to her wails, and amid heaps of country produce she left many an aching heart. But Mandy Jane saved all careases for a big lot of a low comedian, a creature with small eyes, snarling manners, awkward gait and dishonest ways. He was, besides all this, as black as your hat.

Mandy Jane's affection, in short, were centered on a big, fat black bear, and this is the story:

The young artist had been down the river on a commission to paint the portrait of General Zachary Taylor, after President of the United States, and while the steamer raced up the stream with a negro on the safety valve and the spiteful blue steam hissing menacingly at every rivet in the boilers, the reckless passengers sat unconcerned at cards in the saloon or around the decks, and laughed merrily when the rival packet was left around the bend.

When a necessary stop was made at a lonely spot to take on wood and a "blacking" was put ashore for dealing a crooked hand in the cabin, the heartless passengers laughed at the plight of the sharper. It was on one of these occasions that a long, lank, buckskin-clad figure emerged from a canebrake and added further amusement to the men and women on deck by offering for sale a wee little bear cub, which was promptly purchased by the artist.

When the bear began to grow he waxed strong and lusty and developed a taste for roasting fun which won him his way to the boys' hearts. "Cuffy," the bear, and the boys were at this period inseparable. If one of the children fell down, Cuffy was with him; if there was a raid on the cookery barrel, Cuffy led the raid. He played tag and hide and seek as well as any boy's dog was also a source of revenue to the lads.

Five pins was the price charged for the "real live bear from the Red River," and no boy or rustic pine was accepted by the "trust" owning the animal. Even such pins as were in small feet revolving them back and forth on the red brick sidewalks were scornfully rejected, and yet every pincushion in the house soon glistened with its load of wealth soon glistened with its load of wealth.

If the bear was tired from play or had indignation from swallowing marbles and pieces of wood, he always went to Mandy Jane for comfort and kind words, after which he would climb himself into a ball and sleep on his indisposition in the kitchen wood-box.

As Cuffy became older he increased in size and strength, and the children learned to fear the rough play of their four-footed friend. In time the bear grew to be so large that, for safety, he was chained to the old peach tree in the yard. He would break loose occasionally and create excitement by visiting the house.

His reputation there was not now as cordial as it had been when he was a small cub. When the doors were slammed in his face the bear would roar to the front parlor windows, and, rearing himself in the black horsehair-covered rocker, proceed to rock violently back and forth to the great astonishment of the people on the street.

On such occasions the sportsman uncle and the artist father were wont to put booties on their arms before proceeding to drag the bear out of doors by his ears and chain him, but Mandy Jane would not hesitate to leave her bread dough in the kitchen and, with her sleeves still rolled up above her elbows, proceed to capture him.

It was a winsome sight to see the girl, with her dimpled white arm thrown fearlessly around the big brute's neck, talking affectionately to the bear as he walked, without protest, back to the tire-some peach tree and his shackles.

When chained, he would wearily trot his way around the tree, turn a somersault, and trot back again, for hours at a time.

The farmer's son, the milkman and the

grocery boy envied the bear, and all of them would have consented gladly to be chained to any old tree, if Mandy Jane only have led them as she did Cuffy.

Each morning the harsh clang of the milkman's bell caused the bear to gnash his teeth with anger, and there can be little doubt that if he had succeeded in breaking loose at an opportune time, he would have torn the milkman to shreds. Cuffy had no great affection for the red-checked grocery clerk, and even when the bear was safely chained the grocery boy dare not open the gate, although the

elderly with which they vaulted over the high picket fence. The men of the house now appeared with booties on their arms, but Cuffy, finding it fine fun, put his toes in the ground and pulled the men to their knees.

Mandy Jane had shut herself in the kitchen and pulled down the blinds, and for a time she could not be persuaded even to look out of the door at the unfortunate Cuffy. However, she was with her four-footed admirer.

There was a pleasing shriek as Mandy Jane fell fainting, not on the sidewalk but into the snail's arms of the grocery boy. The limp form of the broken-necked bear was hoisted into the wagon and the equally limp form of the broken-hearted "found" girl was tenderly carried into the house.

The showmen swore roundly when they found that the bear was dead, and the milkman, market men and the neighboring cats openly rejoiced over the demise of Cuffy; but the red-checked grocery clerk's eyes suffused with sincere tears when he was confronted with the deep grief of Mandy Jane when he was guarded by a grateful, though tearful, smile, the lad solemnly declared that Cuffy was the best bear that ever lived. And so he was to Mandy Jane! (Copyright, 1909, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Edmund Vance Cook in the Independent. This is the song of the thousand men, who are multiplied by twelve, Sorted and sifted, tried and muscled to dig and delve.

They come from the hum of the city and shop, they come from the farm and field, And they glow the acres of ocean now, but tell me, what is their yield?

This is the song of the sixteen ships to buffet the battle and gale, And in every one we have thrown away a Yale.

In them are the powers of Pittsburgh, the miles of steel and iron, And the furnaces roar and the boilers seethe, but tell me, what do they spin?

This is the song of the myriad miles from Hampton to the Horn, From the Horn away to that western bay, whence our guns were proudly borne; A royal fleet, a lot of hands to carry these rounds of shot.

And behold! they have girded the globe to defend their own hand and tongue.

This is the song of the Wastes, well, "Defenders," if you please, wasters, even as these, For we will not learn the lesson known since ever the sun rose young.

That the chief defense which a nation needs is to guard its own hand and tongue.

This is the song of our folly, that we cry out a glad and a gleam, At these slaughtering ships in the shadow of which we should bow our heads in shame.

That we clap applause, that we cry hurraha, that we vent our unthinking breath, For oh, we are proud and vain, this flesh in the markets of dismal death!

This is the song of our glining (for the fault is not theirs, but ours), That we crown men brave, who on land and sea, still find on the rolls of the world, that these are the men who have feared to kill.

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The long underlip of the bear projected from his mouth, in an idiotic fashion, whenever he was amused, and the cat amused him, but the cat was frantic with fear, and, reaching for anything in sight, caught the bear's tender lip with his hooked claws.

Blood trickled from Cuffy's lacerated mouth and gleamed in his little eyes, and he held the helpless cat to the ground with his paws and deliberately turned a somersault on the spitting and growling animal.

Cuffy was never scratched again, although scores of cats had their lives pressed from their bodies by the somersaults of the bear after that. Whenever another cat was added to the list of victims, Cuffy expressed delight by doing all kinds of stunts around the peach tree, until the black of his chain was wound in, and then, reversing his acrobatic feats, he would again unwind the chain.

Neighbors now averred that the bear was a public menace, and they were in fear for the lives of themselves and their children, and so it was decided by the artist to give Cuffy away.

One day two rough showmen appeared driving an open express wagon. The men hitched their horse and went in the yard for Cuffy. Cuffy did not like their looks and went for the men, who proved themselves to be skilled athletes by the

head against the gate for a moment, and when she said something softly to the boy, he caught her dress playfully in his mouth and lifted her skirts until they displayed the trimmest pair of ankles in the city.

When Mandy Jane showed unconscious of that fact and slowly leaned back to the wagon. The tears glistened on her eyelashes as she climbed into it, followed by Cuffy.

The showman hastily fastened the bear's chain to the seat, and as Mandy Jane lightly jumped to the ground they cracked the whip and the horse started at a gallop up the street.

The novel experience of being in a rapidly moving wagon so astonished Cuffy that he never moved until he saw that Mandy Jane was sobbing bitterly. Then he sprang from the vehicle. Although the chain did not break it did pull the seat from its fastenings when he tumbled the showmen over in their wagon, and poor Cuffy was free forever.

There was a pleasing shriek as Mandy Jane fell fainting, not on the sidewalk but into the snail's arms of the grocery boy. The limp form of the broken-necked bear was hoisted into the wagon and the equally limp form of the broken-hearted "found" girl was tenderly carried into the house.

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## THE SKY SCRAPER FAIRIES

INSTANTLY the Wise Man looked

downward on the city. He seemed to know where to gaze without being told. That was because the Little Star Woman in his heart had been ever so busy setting it right.

She had busied around in all the dark corners and swept out the cobwebs that had been spun by the gray spider Doubt, which is the most potent spider in the world and spins even the finest heart when once it moves in. She had polished

other, high and low, some like immense thin giants standing so tall that it looked as if they were on tiptoe trying to peer over the rim of the clouds; and others squat fat like dwarfs trying to hide beneath the giant's skirts.

But instead of stone and mortar and steel, the houses and towers now were of crystal, white and gold and pink and green, and all transparent as the finest glass. And the first thing that the Wise Man saw everywhere behind those flashing walls were the little children of the city. Wherever he looked he saw them.

He saw men meditating in evil places on crimes that they would commit when the night grew older. He saw right-lying intent on robbing men that they would do. He saw rich men plotting their way to cheat and plunder others on the next day. If he had only thought of it, here was a fat book full of statistics of crime. But, strangely enough, it never entered the Wise Man's head.

And this was because the Little Star Woman and the fairies showed him the city who was thinking wrong things and doing wrong deeds he saw a thousand times over. He saw rich men plotting their way to cheat and plunder