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NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

THE FATE OF SMARTY SOL-BEAR

By CALES B. WHITFORD.

"Hello, there, little bear, you appear to be working mighty hard for your supper. Excuse me for calling you little bear, you was all humped up so catching bugs you looked like a little bear, but when you come to straighten up I see you're a middle-size bear, almost as big as I am. But tell me, what's your name?"

"My Daddy calls me Billy Bear because he says I'm always busy hunting like Old Billy the hunter was who used to live and hunt in this bottom." "I might as well tell you my name. My Dad calls me Sol, because he says I am a very wise bear. Old Solomon, Dad says, was the wisest man in the world."

"Well, Mr. Solomon—"

"Don't call me Solomon. Call me Sol. It's more friendly like."

"All right, Sol. I was going to tell you that my Daddy is one of the wisest bears in this canebrake bottom, although he don't pretend to know very much, and he always told me not to get too friendly with bears that pretend to be so wise."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Sol. "You talk like a little baby bear. Why, Billy, your father is old and never learned the tricks some of us young bears have learned. If you keep on like you are doing now you'll be a poor, lean, half-starved bear working all night and never knowing what it is to have a good meal. Look at me! I'm rolling fat, and yet I don't work as hard as you do. Just feel my sides."



Thousands of Bees Were Stinging Him.

See how sleek my coat is! Do you feel that big lump in my stomach? That's a nice lamb I had for supper! When I met you I was on my way to get some honey. I always like to have something sweet after I have eaten a big meal."

"Honey! Honey!" said Billy. "I often heard my old Daddy talk about eating honey. Can I go with you and get a taste of honey? I never ate any in all my life."

"Come along with me, and on our way I'll tell you all about it."

So the two bears walked leisurely along through the bottom, and out into the big woods on the higher ground.

"I told you," said Sol, "I was a wise bear. I work with my head, thinking about schemes to get a good living without much labor."

"When I am out in the woods and see a little bee flying along as fast as he can go on a straight line, I know he is going home with a load of honey. I get his course and follow along after him. Pretty soon another bee will come flying along in the same way, going home with his load of honey, and so I keep following the bees until I come to the honey tree where the bees live. This tree we are going to now I found yesterday while I was taking a little walk through the woods."

By this time they had come to the honey tree and Sol pointed it out to Billy.

"Do you see that big hole away up by that big limb?" said Sol. "That's where the bees live. There is a lot of honey in that old hollow tree, and we'll eat just all we want of it."

"I'll go up and pull the big chunks of honeycomb, filled with honey, out of the tree and throw it down to the ground. While I'm doing that you can keep watch." And Sol strutted off to the tree, put his arms around the trunk and pretended he was trying to climb up and get the honey.

"My! My!—I am getting so fat, and I've eaten so much I'm afraid I can't climb that tree tonight."

"I'll go up there," said Billy. "That's easy for me."

And Sol put his paw to his mouth and chuckled, because he never had any notion of going up that tree.

"Just put your paw in the hole, Billy, pull out the honeycomb and then come down and have the sweetest supper you ever had in your life."

Billy was up to the hole in a few moments, peering in and licking his chops.

Sol sat back in the bushes laughing. He laughed so hard the tears came to his eyes. Just as he looked up, Billy put his paw in the hole and pulled out a great chunk of honey. At the same time poor Billy put up the awful howl ever heard from a bear! Thousands of bees were all over him, peppering him with their sharp little stings! When he opened his mouth to say "Oof! oof!" the bees stung him on the tongue.

All this time he was backing down the tree as fast as he could, and all the time the busy little bees were stinging him with their little stingers that were as hot as fire. Billy uttered every sort of growl and scream and snarl that a bear ever thought of, while he was hurrying down the tree and finally tumbled to the ground with a hard bump. He pawed the air and jumped about, shaking his head and howling, all to no purpose. Then he started to run. He went through the woods rolling like a big black ball, and he never stopped running and screaming until he got to the river.

In he plunged and under the water he went. After a while he came out, puffing and tried to find a soft place on the bank where he could lie down and rest. But no matter what side he tried to lie on there were a lot of sore spots. So he concluded to stand up and rest.

He certainly was a poor, dejected-looking bear. His lips were badly swollen, one eye was closed and the other half shut. All over his body were sore spots that felt as though they had been made of hundreds of sharp wires. All this time Sol was filling himself with the delicious honey that Billy had thrown to the ground.

"It's too bad," he said, "to laugh at that Billy Bear, but I can't help it. It was so funny. Anyway, just to show him I am not altogether bad, I'll take a nice chunk of this honeycomb and go and find him."

And what a woe-begone-looking bear he saw when he came upon Billy! He tried to sympathize with the poor afflicted bear and explain how sorry he was to have permitted an inexperienced friend to tackle such a difficult job.

"Next time I'll show you how to do it without getting you into such trouble," he said.

"Never mind," said Billy, "there'll be no next time. When I want to learn how to get honey out of a tree, I'll have my good old Daddy show me."

Billy didn't even say good-night, but kept on until he got home.

Old Daddy bear did not scold him, just laughed at him.

"Maybe," said he, "some of these smart young bears have got a way of living without work. But I notice all the bears in this bottom that live to a good old age, go right along, tending to their own business like a bear ought to do, and the smart—"

"Listen! I hear the hounds! Let's cut across the fringe of cane and get on the other side of the river! It's a good thing we are not too fat, and can outrun the hounds!"

On came the hounds through the woods at full cry and at a fast pace! Crossing the river, old Daddy bear and Billy Bear took a seat on a piece of high ground.

"The hounds are driving down the bottom," said Daddy Bear, "and from this place we can see them pass and then we can go on back home."

"There comes a bear down the bottom! And the hounds are pretty close to him! My, but he is a fat sleek bear!"

"Why, Daddy, that's my friend the wise bear!"

"Well, it's good-bye to him, for I can see by the way that he is rolling he can't go much further! Here comes the hounds and there are the hunters right behind the pack, riding at top speed!"

"Too bad," said Billy, "I'll warrant that bear wishes he didn't have so much honey in his stomach! and if that lamb he had for supper was back in the pasture he might run away from the hounds!"

"He's done for," said Daddy Bear, "the hounds have him at bay! No more lamb and honey for him! He's just about got time to wish he had stuck to the honest bear's business of hunting bugs and nuts and berries!" Bang! bang! went the hunter's rifle.

"There goes another bear," said old Daddy Bear, "that thought he could make an easy living by fooling other bears and practicing all sorts of cunning tricks."

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Measuring Scenery.

"Much to be seen in the Bermudas?" "About two films."

WON BY WOMAN'S WIT

CUNNING DECIDES CONTEST FOR HAND OF BEAUTY.

Father Chose Among Many Suitors for His Daughter, but the Girl Herself Took Hand in Final Selection.

There was, once upon a time, a Senegal tailor, who had a daughter as dazzling as the sun. All the youths in the neighborhood were in love with her beauty, and two of them went to her and asked for her hand. The girl, like a well-trained daughter, made them no answer, but called her father, who listened to them and said:

"It is late; go home, and come again tomorrow. I will tell you then which of you shall have my daughter."

At daybreak the next morning the young men were at his door.

"Here we are," they cried; "remember what you promised us yesterday."

"Wait," said the tailor; "I must go out and buy a piece of cloth; when I return you will hear what I expect you to do."

He soon returned, and calling his daughter said to the young men:

"My sons, there are two of you, and I have but one daughter. I cannot give her to both of you and must refuse one. You see this piece of cloth? I will cut from it two pairs of breeches exactly alike; each of you shall make one of them, and the one that finishes first shall be my son-in-law."

Each of the rivals took his task and prepared to set to work under the tailor's eyes. The latter said to his daughter: "Here is thread; you can thread the needles for the workmen."

The girl obeyed; she took the spool and sat down by the youths. But the pretty witch was full of cunning; her father did not know which one she loved, neither did the young men, but, for her part, she knew very well. The tailor went out, the girl threaded the needles, and her suitors set to work. But to the one she loved she gave short needlefuls, while she gave long needlefuls to his rival. Both sewed zealously; at eleven o'clock the work was scarcely half done, but at three in the afternoon the young man with the short needlefuls had finished his task, while the other was far behind. When the tailor returned the victor carried in the finished breeches. His rival was still sewing.

"My children," said the father, "I did not wish to show any partiality between you, for which reason I divided the cloth into two equal parts and gave each a fair chance. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," answered they. "We understood your meaning and accepted the trial; what is to be will be!"

But the tailor had reasoned to himself: "He who finishes his task first will be the better workman, and consequently the better fitted to support his household." It did not occur to him that his daughter might outwit him by giving the longer needlefuls to the one she did not wish to win. Woman's wit decided the contest, and the girl chose her husband herself.—Alice Bunner's "Twice-Told Fairy Tales," in Atlanta Journal.

A Love Story.

Prof. Henri Bergson, at a dinner in New York, talked of love with that gay and sparkling philosophy which has made him famous in Europe.

"Love, in the sense of passion," he said, "love does not live long. There's a little fable above love which has a deal of truth in it."

"Love, so the fable runs, bent over a beautiful maiden, when Cynicism sneered and said:

"Oh, yes, her eyes are stars, and her mouth is a rose, but twenty years hence she will be fat and round-backed, with a double chin, just like her mother. You, though—ha, ha, ha!—you, though, will be blind eh?"

"No," Love answered, calmly. "I simply shan't be there to see."

Co-operative Home Making.

The most successful families are the ones in which each child has some definite duty in the daily household routine; not a drudging obligation, but a contribution to the general comfort of the family. It is not so much the actual task that is of value, it is the spirit which it fosters. You may fill lamps with revolt in your soul, if it is merely a horrid chore to be got through with. But you may fill lamps with joy in your heart, if you feel that you, too, are doing something for the home. It is the mother's privilege to present that point of view.—Home Progress Magazine.

Perhaps He Never Thought of It.

"I'm not a business man," said the poor playwright, to Walter Jordan, the well-known drama broker, "but my collaborator has a business faculty that sticks out all over him. He is a wonder."

"Except for his one fundamental fatal error," interposed Jordan.

"What error is that?"

"Why, in not going into some business, if he is a business man."