

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

Yankee Doodle and Miss Columbia

By Commander

Robert E. Peary, U. S. N.

ON the Fourth of July, 1899, in a broad level valley in the heart of Ellermore Land, I came upon a herd of five musk-oxen. When they saw us they ran together and stood back to back in star form, with heads outward. This is their usual method of defense against walrus, their only enemies in this land. After they were shot, I discovered two tiny calves, which till then had been hidden under their mothers' hairy bodies.

Such funny little coal-black creatures they were, with a gray patch on their foreheads, great, soft black eyes, enormously large, bony knock-kneed legs, and no tails at all!

With the falling of the last musk-ox, my dogs made a rush for the little animals, which, though wide-eyed and trembling with fear, showed a bold front to the savage unknown creatures which surrounded them. Fortunately, I was too quick for the dogs, and rescued the little fellows.

Then I hardly knew what to do. I had not the heart to kill them myself, nor to tell my Eskimos to. Finally, I thought I would try to get them to the ship, fifty miles away, though I did not know how I was to do this over the miles of mountains and rough ice.

After the dogs were fastened, the little fellows stood quietly by the bodies of their mothers till all the animals were skinned and cut up; but when we were ready to start for camp, and had put a line about their necks to lead them away, they struggled so violently at the touch of the rope that, knowing they would soon strangle themselves to death, I had the ropes taken off. Then we tried to drive them, but could not. Then I remembered my experiences years before at far-off Independence Bay, and told Ahngmaloktok to throw one of the musk-ox skins over his back and walk off.

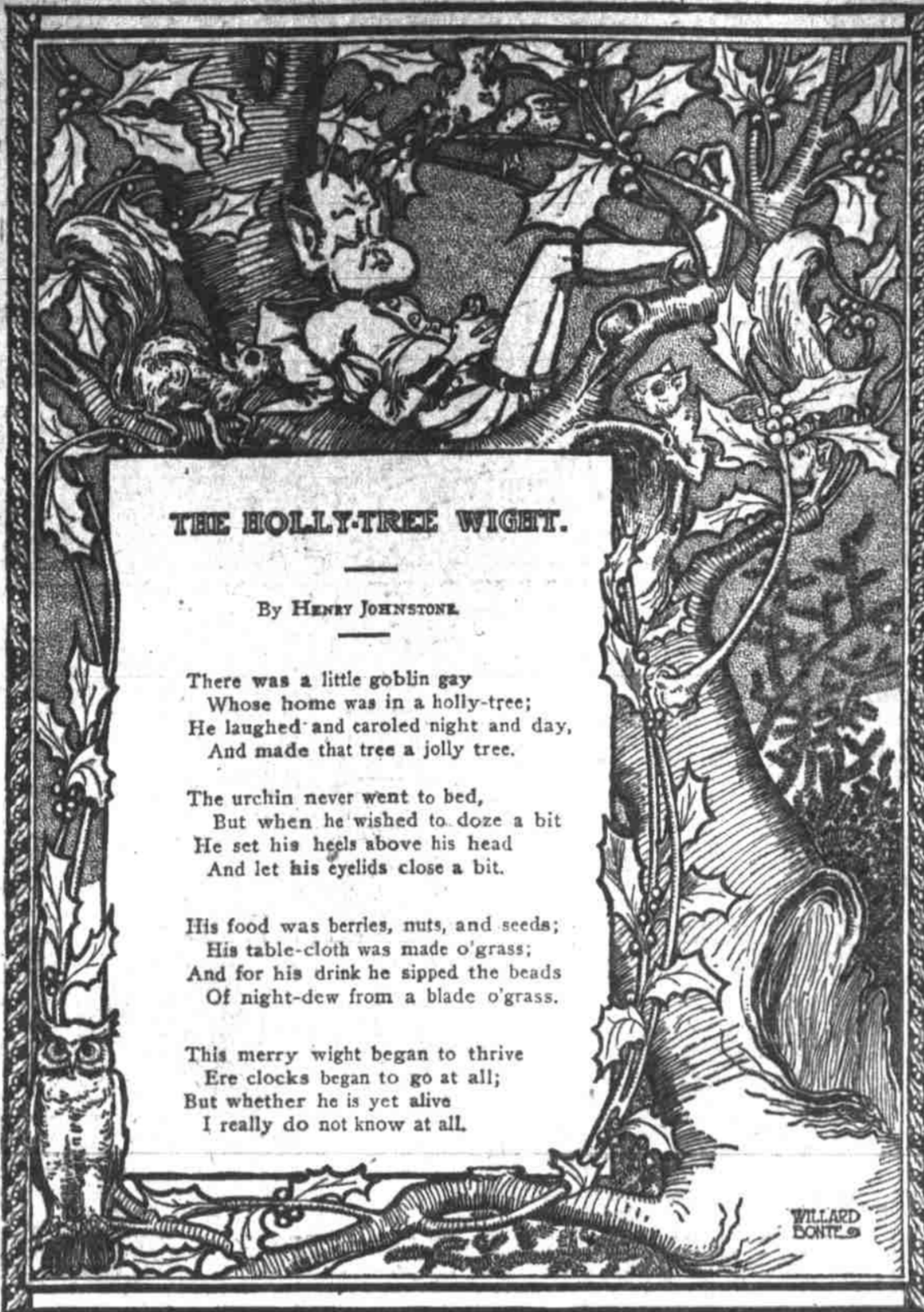
With a *baa-a* the little fellows were at his heels in an instant, and with noses buried in the long hair trailing behind him, followed contentedly, while the rest of us kept off the dogs.

In this way everything went nicely, and we scrambled along over the rocks, waded across two or three streams, and walked through an exquisitely soft, green little patch of meadow, cut by a gurgling crystal brook, until we reached the ice-boat, where the sledge had been left.

After a short rest at the ice-foot, Ahngmaloktok and I, with the calves, started to cross the ice of the bay to our camp on the opposite side, leaving the Eskimos to follow with the dogs, sledge and meat. Between the shore and the ice-sheet in the center of the bay was a broad canal of water with cakes of ice floating in it. This was a trying place for the little fellows, but they were very plucky, and nothing could keep them from following that black-furred skin on the back of Ahngmaloktok, who led the way.

When the distance from one cake to another was too great to jump, they plunged into the water without hesitation, though sometimes a reproachful *baa-a* was sent after the unfeeling "mother" ahead. With a little help from me they finally climbed out upon the unbroken ice, and two drenched and forlorn little figures hurried patiently on after Ahngmaloktok.

But their troubles were by no means ended. It was a long four miles across the bay; and there were numerous pools of water, which kept them constantly wet. Fortunately for them, the day was clear and sunny, with no wind, so they were not so cold as they might have been; but when camp was reached they were very, very tired. Ahngmaloktok threw the skin down close beside the tent and curling themselves up close against it they went at once to sleep, regardless of us and the dogs.



THE HOLLY-TREE WIGHT.

By HENRY JOHNSTONE.

There was a little goblin gay
Whose home was in a holly-tree;
He laughed and caroled night and day,
And made that tree a jolly tree.

The urchin never went to bed,
But when he wished to doze a bit
He set his heels above his head
And let his eyelids close a bit.

His food was berries, nuts, and seeds;
His table-cloth was made o'grass;
And for his drink he sipped the beads
Of night-dew from a blade o'grass.

This merry wight began to thrive
Ere clocks began to go at all;
But whether he is yet alive
I really do not know at all.

After a good sleep, Ahngmaloktok and Ahngooploo and Ahnsayoo went back across the bay to bring out the rest of the meat and skins, and I remained in camp to rest my feet, raw and bruised from the sharp rocks during the hunt, and to look after the calves. They showed no fear, but came right into the tent, where I fed them with biscuit soaked in water and a little milk, then curled up against me and went to sleep while I wrote up my journal. They were still very tired. Later in the day, when I climbed the slopes back of my tent to see through my glasses what my men were doing in the distant valley, they followed me, and, coming upon a bit of willow, began eating it eagerly.

I was delighted to find they were old enough to eat something besides milk, and I led them about from sprig to sprig of the stunted willow which grew here and there among the rocks, until they had had a good breakfast. Then they followed me back to the tent for another nap.

Later they came up to me again for their lunch, and before the day was over I had named them Yankee Doodle and Miss Columbia, because I first saw them on the Fourth of July.

I was thinking, too, that if I could only get them to the ship and keep them till the ice would break up and let the ship sail home, what fine pets they would make for a little blue-eyed girl I knew at home, who had herself been born in the Arctic regions, hardly more than a hundred miles from where I found the musk-oxen.

The Eskimos were gone a long time, and after the sun swung round into the north and hid behind the mountains, I rolled myself in my blanket and went to sleep, leaving my little friends browsing contentedly just back of the tent. Some hours later my men returning woke me, and when I asked about the calves, said that they were still back of the tent. So I turned over for another nap.

When I woke again, and after listening for some time, heard nothing of the little fellows, I crawled out of the tent and climbed the slope, but could not see them anywhere. Then I woke sharp-eyed Ahnsayoo and told him to trail them.

After a long time he came back and told me he had followed their tracks far up the valley, but had not seen them. They had evidently started off soon after the dogs came back, and having had a good rest and plenty to eat, had kept steadily on without stopping. At first I thought of sending all the Eskimos out with some provisions, with orders not to come back without the calves. Then I remembered how far it was to the ship and how rough the road, and how very barren the rocks were everywhere about the ship, with no willow for the calves to eat, and I decided to let them go.

I have often thought of them since, marching off up the broad valley together, like Arctic babes in the wood, and have wondered what befell them on their lonely journey—whether they soon found a herd of musk-oxen to join, or whether, perhaps, for days and weeks they cropped the willows and grass and slept in the shelter of some big rock before they found companions.

If you or I should go to that same valley now, we should not know them even if we saw them, for that was over eight years ago, and Yankee Doodle, if alive to-day, is doubtless a great big musk-ox, with huge, strong horns that nearly cover his head, and is, perhaps, the king of a herd. Miss Columbia, quite likely, has a funny little jet black calf of her own, with soft bright eyes, a gray forehead, thick, clumsy legs, who follows her closely with nose pressed into her warm fur, nibbles the willow leaves, and drinks from the sparkling brooks when the sun shines, and when the cold winds blow and the snow falls, curls up close against her and, covered by her long fur, sleeps warm and very soundly.



Each little girl is neat and sweet, and all are quaintly dressed.
How can we choose one May-queen and leave out all the rest?
Which is the neatest, which is the sweetest, and which do you like the best?

THE ELEPHANT AND HIS SCHOOL.

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT.

The great white elephant left the show,
He said he was too refined:
The ways of a circus did not suit
His most superior mind.

"A creature as big and wise as I
Should be teaching school," said he;
"And all the animal little folk
My scholars they shall be."

So into an empty school-house near
He marshaled them all one day:
('Twas in vacation-time, and so
The children were all away.)

The kittens and puppies, the pigs and geese,
Were put to work with a will;
But the squirrel and fox to the platform went
Because they would not keep still.

And then he began to teach his school
The various things he knew:
"There's much not down in the books," said he,
"That you ought to know how to do."

And first he showed how to flap the ears,
But their ears were far too small;
And then he showed how to wave the trunk,
But they had no trunk at all.

The only thing that he taught his school
That the scholars accomplished well,
Was when he called in the peanut-man,
And taught them the nuts to shell.

The elephant soon dismissed his school,
And packed up his trunk to go;
"For, after all, my talents," said he,
"Are best displayed in a show."

WHEN TO CRY.

There are millions of little boys and girls in the world who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing. But they do not always know what just the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing.

Now I have often thought that there are little boys and girls who cry, now and then, at the wrong time; and I have asked many of the older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry.

But the other day I met a man older and wiser than any of the rest. He was very old and very wise, and he told me:

"It is bad luck to cry on Monday.

"To cry on Tuesday makes red eyes.

"Crying on Wednesday is bad for children's heads and for the heads of older people.

"It is said that if a child begins to cry on Thursday he or she will find it hard to stop.

"It is not best for children to cry on Friday. It makes them unhappy.

"Never cry Saturday. It is too busy a day.

"Tears shed on Sunday are salt and bitter.

"Children should on no account cry at night.

The nights are for sleep.

"They may cry whenever else they please, but not at any of these times, unless it is for something very serious."

I wrote down the rules just as the old man gave them to me. Of course they will be of no use to the boys and girls who are past six, for those children do not cry. The wise old man meant them for the little ones—the millions of little boys and girls who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing.

Mary Elizabeth Stone.



Cinderella's Coach

THE YOUNG MASQUERADERS



MISS WIGGS OF THE BERRY PATCH



A BASHFUL BRIDESMAID



THE PRINCESS AND THE PAGE



A LITTLE HARLEQUIN

PHILEMON AND ESTELLA.

Philemon John and his sister Estella,
When walking out, carefully share
their umbrella;
And that both may be equally safe
from the weather,
Each holds out a hand as they walk
on together,

To make sure, you see, that it really
is blowing
Or shining or raining or hailing or
snowing!

For otherwise they would scarce need
their umbrella,
Philemon John and his sister Estella!

