Cheerio Chapters

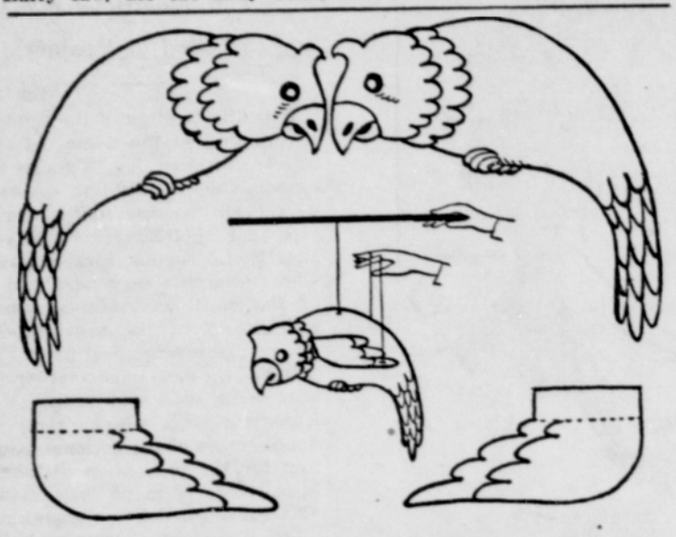
Fun for All the Children

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

STRANGE TALE OF HARRY THE HUNTER

Harry the hunter was hard to beat. He was staunch of heart and slow of feet. At fifty paces or more away, his one cross eye was bad they say, but dauntless Harry would not give up, till the sun was down and the moon came up. The day of the tale related here this dauntless man without a fear had left his house in the early dawn to bring him home a nice young fawn. The day was clear, the sun was high, and light puff clouds were in the sky. He put his hat upon his hair and took his gun from the wall with care. "I'll have me luck, today," he sighed. "And bring me home some game beside."

He reached the wood all out of breath; the air around was still as death. The morning went and Harry saw, not one stray beast, just one black daw. His heart was heavy, sad as lead, discouragement passed through his head. And then by chance his one good eye, a darksome form afar did spy. He aimed his gun, prepared to fire, delay would mean results most dire. The trigger stuck, the gun shot not, and Harry froze right to the spot. Torn then by anger and chagrin, he could not calm himself within. Again our Harry sighted game; again he stood and took his aim. The trigger stuck, it would not shoot and Harry's anger grew to boot. A crackling in the twigs behind made Harry turn to bear in mind, the dangers lurking everywhere that man would come and man would dare. Close on his heels a large black bear had overtaken Harry there. "Quick, quick, the gun," then Harry breathed, and in his heart excitement seethed. So great was this, so nervous he, his bad eye double crossed you see, and when he shot he missed the bear but roused a tiger from his lair. With every shot our Harry took the forest echoed, forest shook. Aim high, aim low whichever way, he missed the beast he tried to slay, and drew another from the place, it lay in hiding or in peace. At last this dauntless hunter sad, knew all his bullets had gone bad. Lions, tigers, bears and all, stood waiting round for death to fall. The tears crept down the hunter's cheeks, a sadder sight for weeks and weeks had not been seen by these poor beasts, nor yet by me to say the least. The tears stood in the lion's eyes, and in the bear's and tiger's eyes. "All right," said Harry, suddenly, "Since I can't kill, I'd like to be, instead your friend, to save you, too, from hunters who could better do." A truce was formed that day, my dears, and all the beasts did calm their fears. No more did Harry bring his gun to put them on the swift dead run. He came instead with kinder heart, and learned to shoot with camera.



A PARROT THAT FLAPS ITS WINGS

Color the bird as you imagine he should look, the same on both sides of course. Cut out all but the middle section of the patterns given here for that portion simply shows you how the completed parrot will look and where to put your strings. Paste one wing on each side bending them on the dotted lines marked for you. Put the strings in each wing tip, and one in the middle of his back which is fastened to a stick. When you hold the stick with one hand and the wing strings with the other, Peter will appear to flap his wings.

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The Kitchen Cabinet

Cookery Hints

THE American cook has a wider range of foods at his command than any other in the world, yet the bugbear of cookery is monotony. Foods served in the same way day after day, or on the same day of the week, week in and week out, "become flat, stale and unprofitable." Every one likes a change; change of scene, change of occupation and change of food are necessary to keep up life's interest.

Much of our cooking is like sheep leading sheep—an unthinking process. We prepare the foods that our mothers did; and die of stomach trouble. When eggs were 10 cents a dozen and butter 15 and 20 cents a pound, the free use of them was not criticized in cookery. But in this day of higher prices much economy can be practiced without the giving up of such foods as eggs, butter and meat. Small amounts of different meats will season a large dish of vegetables, making a most satisfying meal at little cost. The flavor of the meat enters into the food and makes it tasty; then, with good seasoning and tasty serving, the dish is a success.

We may learn much from the French chefs who depend upon delighting the eye as well as the palate and use hundreds of ways of serving the same food. They are economical as well as resourceful and with their unfailing variety, most successful cooks.

We might not enjoy the fat and juicy snails which the French so enjoy and we are not yet accustomed to sparrow pie, though most savory they tell us, yet we may learn much from the French in the matter of sauces and seasoning to add variety to our diet.

There are hundreds of ways, for example, to serve common potatoes, but how many cooks in the American home know even twenty ways to serve them?

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My Neighbor Says:

DO NOT soak fresh fish in water before cooking. This treatment ruins the flavor and makes the fish soft.

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Tea and coffee stains on woolen blouses, etc., can be removed with the aid of glycerin. A little should be applied to the stain, left for a time and then washed out with lukewarm water. Iron the material on the inside until it is dry.

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When purchasing pans see they have flat, even bottoms, so that they will fit firmly when placed on the stove.

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Lamb chops are delicious if dipped in lemon juice just before broiling.

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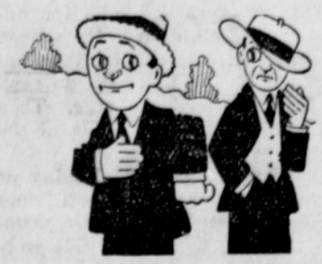
NO USE FOR IT



"Fine rolling country here, isn't it?"
"Who wants to roll?"

Provides a Foundation

"To leave a fortune behind you," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "is at least a means of making a family quarrel seem more reasonable."—Washington Star.

Man's Son Arranges His Funeral, Though Alive

Boston.—John J. Hogan, fifty-five, blamed his son, Edward, for a hoax in which complete arangements for the elder Hogan's funeral were made while he was in perfect health.

Cancellation of a death notice which had been published in newspapers revealed the hoax. Before the notice was withdrawn, however, scores of mourners had visited the Hogan home, a hearse had brought 40 folding chairs, and many floral tributes had arrived.

Undertaker William J. Cassidy said Edward Hogan had informed him of his father's "death," and had borrowed $45 from him "to buy some clothes to attend the funeral."

Ship Is Haven for Exhausted Birds

Boston.—It was a bird of a tale the United Fruiter San Blas brought into port here. The bird in hand, bird in sleeve, bird in boot, bird in the lounge and in the fo'cas'le, birds and more birds.

It was all due to the gale that forced the birds some 200 miles from land, Capt. George H. Grant said. The ship was overrun with them. They came in droves, flocks, and swarms, hundreds of them, all made quite tame by their battle with the wind.

The ship was a haven for the feathered flock, the ship's officers said. They made the ship their home until land was near.

THE REAL TROUBLE

"Did you get your trunks past the custom house inspectors all right?"

"Yes, but I had an awful time getting them past our janitor."

Farmer Seriously Hurt as Mule Chews His Leg

New England, N. D.—Arthur Kendall, farmer, is recovering from a critical condition after his leg had been nearly chewed off by a mule. Kendall was pinned under a heavy sack with the mule when his wagon broke down. The animal, frightened, seized Kendall's leg with its teeth. It was necessary to pry the animal's jaws apart to free the leg.

An active tool never grows rusty.

Ton of Coal Shipped by Air Express

When C. Bascom Slemp, former congressman and secretary to President Coolidge, bet Harry Costello, Democratic national committeeman, a ton of coal that Herbert Hoover would be re-elected it was stipulated that the coal must be shipped from the mine in Scranton, Pa., in five hours. Slemp lost and was forced to ship the coal by air express at a freight charge of $147. The photo shows Slemp unloading the coal from the plane and handing it to Mr. Costello, who turned it over to the Washington community chest.

Lights of New York

By WALTER TRUMBULL

The Explorers club has moved into its new quarters on Central Park West. The walls of these big rooms, with their rough plaster and beamed ceilings, enclose as many records of adventure and as much of the spirit of romance as any enclosure on this spinning globe. Here you meet men who have sailed the seven seas, traveled the five continents. They know places, which to the rest of us are just names, as well as we know the block on which we live, or our own front yard.

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In cabinets along the walls are souvenirs of the trail breakers, the pioneers. A rifle, perhaps; a sextant; a diary; a ship's log. And in cases stand shoulder to shoulder the books they have written, testimony of trial and hardship, of victory wrested from the forces of nature, of knowledge gained through courage or plodding and persistent toil.

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But there is no hardship here; only companionship and tales of strange places and peoples mixed with comment on New York politics and current novels and Broadway plays. And above the hum of talk or the sound of laughter, you may hear the shrill whistling of the African parrot, or a rustling of a newspaper, as some man who may have come from 6,000 miles and a year away searches for the excitement to be found in the account of a boxing match or a football game. It's a great place, this Explorers club.

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A couple of young men decided that it would be fun to go fishing. They hired a small boat with an engine in it, went off the coast and ran into a school of fish. They caught so many that the boat was full of them. When they got ashore, they tried to give most of the fish to the boat's owner, but he was not in the fish business and demanded that they get them out of his boat. He did consent to get them some gunny sacks. These they filled with fish and then the question of transportation arose. No taxi man could be found who was willing to carry the load. They didn't think it right to waste so much potential food, so they finally hired a man who came by driving a small truck.

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Then the question was where to go from there. One of them had an idea. He told the driver to proceed to the nearest police station and, having arrived, dragged one of the bags inside. The sergeant at the desk was highly suspicious. He smelled something.

"What have you got in that sack?" he demanded harshly.

"Fish," said the young man.

"Get them out of here," ordered the sergeant.

"But I want to give them away," pleaded the young man. The sergeant didn't want any part of them, but he finally called up some institutions and found an orphans' home which consented to receive a present. It is to be hoped the orphans liked fish.

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Smart men are so often mistaken.

A Real Sign of Recovery

How It Started

By Jean Newton

Why It Is a "Nostrum"

"THE infamous nostrums of malpractitioners" used to be a favorite phrase of a certain medical writer.

That the word "nostrum" should have this sense of a quack or disreputable proprietary remedy is interesting when it is considered that the word itself, in its original Latin, simply means "our own" (or my own).

The word came to be applied originally to the products of those peripatetic medicine men who sold curealls, allegedly of their very own concoction, the secret ingredients of which presumably were extremely valuable and known only to themselves.

That these compoundings were generally worthless, if not harmful, goes of course without saying; but it is in this way that the term acquired its invidious significance.

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Gale Works Havoc Along Atlantic Coast

The recent severe gales that swept along the Atlantic coast of the United States wrecked numerous buildings and telephone lines, the damage amounting to many thousands of dollars. The scene near Philadelphia, reproduced above, shows a house whose inmates were marooned by the storm and flood.

TALES OF THE CHIEFS

By Editha L. Watson

TWO GUNS WHITE CALF

Those who think that the day of the Indian is done, and picture him as a pathetic misfit, slowly fading into the sunset, should visit the Blackfeet and their chief, Two Guns White Calf.

Two Guns White Calf

Here is the most traveled Indian in the world today, and the best known. His father, White Calf, the last lineal chief of the Blackfeet, was a warm friend of President Roosevelt, and it was during a visit to him in Washington that the Great Spirit summoned him. President Roosevelt sent the body of White Calf back to his people in a private car, with a military escort—honors which the Blackfeet deeply appreciated.

Two Guns did not choose to shine by his father's light. He could have made a wistful figure as the son of the last great chief, living in the glories of the past. But Two Guns is a modern. There is, he finds, a great deal to interest an Indian in the present day, and he intends to see and learn all about it. For the last twenty years, the famous Blackfoot has been enjoying a unique life, for an Indian, and no doubt he will continue to do so.

In 1912, a group of Indians, of which Two Guns was one, went East. The striking appearance of the chief attracted instant attention, and his unusual mental qualities brought him to the fore as a man well worth featuring. The band was quartered in tipis on the roof of a New York hotel, then the highest hotel building in the world, and crowds poured up to see the picturesque folk and their especially picturesque leader, who was as much at home on the skyscraper roof as he was in his own camp by the peaceful lake.

Two Guns was the first Indian to go up in a plane. During this eastern trip, he was taken up in a hydroplane at Dodd's Ferry, on the Hudson. As the spirits of dead and gone Blackfeet watched from their happy hunting grounds in the Land Beyond, were they outraged at his daring? I doubt it; more probably, they nodded their ghostly heads in approval, and said, "He is our own brave son—a true Blackfoot."

Queen Marie of Rumania, during her American visit, stopped to greet Two Guns on his reservation. Surely no more striking picture than this could be imagined: the gracious royal lady and the stately and striking Indian chief, exchanging courtesies to the music of drum-beats, before a background of tipis, war-bonnets, and pinto ponies. It is not recorded that Two Guns lacked one whit of the poise of his queenly guest.

September 17, 1927, found this most sophisticated Indian at the White House. The Great White Father, President Coolidge, and the great red chief, Two Guns, met as leaders of their people should meet—ceremonially and with courtesy. Presidents and chiefs have met before, it is true, since the days of Washington, but never before has their meeting been on such equal terms.

There is nothing of the taciturn Indian of legend about Two Guns White Calf. The chief has a ready sense of humor, and enjoys a hearty laugh, even at his own expense. He likes to meet people, and to be in large gatherings, and he naturally dominates any crowd.

Unusual in his character as Two Guns is, in appearance he is the typical Indian. His head reminds one of a buffalo's. His strikingly fine physique, garbed in the picturesque clothing of his tribe, is an eye-filling sight. His good-nature does not disguise the strength of character which one feels is his chief attribute.

Examine a buffalo nickel, and compare it with the photograph. While the Indian head shown on the coin is a composite picture, the likeness to Two Guns is apparent. He might have been the "invisible model" for the head—evidently he stood out strikingly in the artist's mind.

And it is fitting that Two Gun's likeness should adorn the coin. The old order has changed, and only a modern Indian, alive to the interests of the modern world, would represent the first families of America at the present day. He represents the new Indian, who is taking his place in the sun, alert to the opportunities around him, ambitious and successful.

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Date of Winged Victory

That famous treasure of the Louvre in Paris, the great headless figure of a woman known as the "Nike," or "Winged Victory of Samothrace," is now believed by a German scholar to have been a votive statue by a sculptor living in the decade 190 to 180 B. C., according to a report from Berlin in the Art News. The dispatch states further that this scholar, Prof. Hermann Thiersch of Gottingen, has further identified it as the work of a sculptor named Pothkirtos, who lived upon the island of Rhodes.

So Don't We All

"I thought you said you took private lessons from a bridge expert."

"Yes, but I never get the hands I have studied."—Answers.