

twins, just born, and she can't work, and the rest is too little. I must get work." It was pitiful beyond expression to see that girl, hardly more than a child, with a face full of anxious lines, struggling with the question of not self-support merely, but the support of a family.

This girl may be accepted as the type of hundreds of working-girls in our large cities, if not thousands. At a Working-Girls' Club the other evening, out of twenty girls, sixteen were out of work. One had not worked since May 15; two sisters had not worked since June 1. In at least four cases no member of the family was working.

In these days we hear a great deal about the disastrous effects of overworking. The poor know one condition worse, and that is, no work. The self-respecting poor family is positively happy when every wage-earner in it is working overtime. They all show the effects of this hard work, but it is not the depressing, agonized look that settles in their faces during the period when there is no work. After such a winter as hundreds of girls must live through, Cherry Vale is a very harbor of rest, and makes the text, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," very real. For two short weeks every girl lives in an atmosphere of beauty, quiet, good-fellowship, with no thought of the morrow, except the far-off to-morrow when she must say "good-by." Last year over three hundred girls were refused a vacation because there was no money to help them—sick girls bearing a doctor's certificate that they needed a vacation. That three hundred represented girls broken down by bad air and overwork. Next summer that army of incapacitated will be more than doubled, but the cause will be worry because there was no work, and lack of nutrition because there was no money to buy nourishing food.

Shall this army of young girls be turned away because there is no money to give them a vacation?

The school-girls who have made Cherry Vale what it is must answer that question. Buying furniture to make a pretty room for a working-girl is noble, but giving a working-girl new blood, new life, is nobler. Let every school, every pupil who feels the bond of sisterhood, increase the Vacation Fund this year, that Cherry Vale may open its hospitable doors in May, and keep them open as long as there is a girl who needs the shelter of its roof.



Learning a New Language

Learning a new language with a thoroughly trained teacher is not easy for most of us, but learning a new language, so new a language as to be considered by many merely the imaginative fancy of one man, must be very difficult. Professor Garner believes that monkeys speak a language. He came to this conclusion after studying monkeys, free and captive and living under all conditions. He believed he had learned their word for food, for bread, for water, and for special kinds of foods, and then he wrote about this language he had discovered. Last year he went to Africa to study the free monkeys there, and he has returned to England positive that monkeys have a language that can be learned by man. He has brought back with him two Kulu Kamba chimpanzees, with whom he is able to talk. Professor Garner had a cage built which he carried two hundred and fifty miles inland. He lived in this cage one hundred and one days. He would lock himself in this cage and then wait for the monkeys to come. After their appearance he would try to communicate with them, by making the sounds he had learned from other species. He believes he has succeeded. Professor Garner took with him a phonograph which recorded the sounds made by the monkeys.



The truth, the hope, of any time must be sought in the minorities. Michael Angelo was the conscience of Italy. We grow free with his name, and find it ornamental now, but in his own day his friends were few.—Emerson.

Outwitted

A Tale of Canoe Life on the Susquehanna

By William Murray Graydon

When the Fairview Canoe Club proposed to cruise down the Susquehanna, from Towanda to our home—a distance of nearly two hundred and fifty miles—Jack Forster rather damped our spirits by backing out. Laziness was at the bottom of it, as Jack very candidly confessed.

"If you make a camping trip," he said, "I'll go with you, but I don't see the sport in paddling all day under a broiling sun. It's more in my line to lie under a tree, with a fishing-rod and a lunch-basket."

Jack's ideas about canoeing were evidently a little vague, but we didn't waste much time in trying to undeceive him. We were tired of camping trips, and the short cruise we had made the previous summer only whetted our appetites for a longer paddle.

So the rest of us went without Jack, though it cut the party down to three. Bob Lucas and I were seventeen years old, and Dory Short was six months younger. We were all good swimmers, and had been used to living out-of-doors most of our lives. Bob had the reputation of being a prudent lad, and under his leadership our parents felt that we would be reasonably safe.

We chose the latter half of August for our cruise, so that we could obtain corn, melons, and fruit along the way; also because the nights then are usually cool. It is no fun to sleep in a stuffy, hot tent.

We transported ourselves and our luggage to Towanda by rail, and I think half the population of Bradford County must have been on the bank to see us begin our long paddle. Dory said the people took us for lunatics, but Bob declared that they regarded us in much the same way as though we were Stanley and his party going to Africa to rescue Emin Pasha. I agreed with Bob, and Dory's insulting suggestion was voted down.

That cruise proved to be memorable in more ways than one. Our outfit included everything that practical canoeists could wish. There was nothing fancy about it, of course, for Bob was heartily down on what he called "parlor-car canoeing." We had a small A tent, with light jointed poles that could be taken apart for carriage. Our coffee, sugar, oatmeal, flour, and other groceries were packed in water-tight glass jars, and we had oiled canvas bags for our extra clothes and blankets. Our dishes were of tin, and the supply was as limited as possible. No fault could have been found with our canvas canoes. Though they were of home construction, they were strong, light, and easy-running.

But I did not intend this to be a treatise on canoeing, though the suggestions given are worthy of consideration; and therefore I will come straight to the story, which begins, let us say, on a clear August evening, twelve days out from Towanda—as a mariner's log-book would express it. We had already experienced a few adventures, ludicrous and otherwise, but we did not dream of anything so serious as that which befell us a little later. We had just passed the quaint little town of Shickshinny, and a mile below us was a high wooded island, where we intended to camp for the night. We were in rarely good spirits at the near prospect of supper, for we had bought from a farmer that afternoon a luscious watermelon, a dozen ears of corn, a dressed chicken, some pies, and a loaf of bread. It was a feast fit for a king, and I know we were all hungrier than any king ever was.

But as we neared the island a low ominous roar greeted our ears, and we saw the outlines of a fish-basket rising before us. A fish-basket, let me explain, is an unlawful contrivance, and is constructed in this way: Two walls of stone, rising slightly above the surface of the water, are built obliquely down stream, commencing on opposite shores of the river, until they come within two or three feet of each other in mid-channel. The fish are driven into the broad mouth from above, and caught in a net when they try to escape through the funnel-like aperture. Fish-baskets abound along the Susquehanna, although the war-

dens of the different counties are constantly busied in tearing them out.

In the present instance we were mainly worried for fear the aperture should not prove wide enough to admit the passage of our canoes. We had been caught in similar traps before, and had been compelled to make a portage over the stones. The swift current whirled us on, and as we drew near the exit, Bob, who was in advance, sang out cheerily: "It's all right, fellows. I can go through easily, and my canoe is the largest."

Just at that instant we made the simultaneous discovery that a net was drawn across the mouth of the passage. It was tied to stakes that had been driven in among the stones at each side, and its hoops just came to the top of the water.

It was too late to turn back. We heard a ripping noise, and then Bob was safely through. As Dory and I shot between the stones, we saw the net rolling over and over with the current. The hoops were badly crushed, and through a hole in the meshing half a dozen big fish were escaping one by one.

"Somebody will be awfully mad," exclaimed Bob, turning in his canoe to look back.

"Serve him right," cried Dory. "He had no business to break the law."

We anxiously scanned the river for the proprietor of the fish-basket, and, seeing no cause for alarm, we paddled on our course and landed at the head of the island. Here was an ideal camping-place. A pebbly beach sloped upward to a ragged-edged bank three or four feet high, on top of which was a grassy spot shaded by big trees and encircled by blackberry-bushes.

In almost less time than it takes to tell, the canoes were stretched on the beach, bottom up, the tent was pitched under the trees, and a cheery camp-fire was blazing behind it. The preparation of supper proved a rather arduous task. The chicken, it must be confessed, had evidently seen more than one spring, and its dismembered limbs required a vast amount of boiling to make them palatable. Darkness fell upon us ere the feast was ready, and then lack of fuel delayed us still further. Dory went down the island in search of some, and during his absence we heard a boat pass up the river not far from shore. The occupants were laughing and talking boisterously.

Presently Dory returned with an armful of wood and a very unwelcome piece of news. He had discovered a camp on the lower point of the island. No one was there at the time, but he had seen the embers of a recent fire and a rude lean-to of boughs built against the side of a rock.

We naturally concluded that the campers were in the boat which had gone up the river. Dory and I were a little uneasy, but Bob took a sensible view of the matter, and declared that as long as we behaved ourselves we need not be afraid of getting in trouble. In this case Bob's judgment was at fault. I don't suppose it occurred to him that the campers might come from the rough mining neighborhood up the river.

However, we went on with the supper preparations, and just as the tempting food was placed on the strip of canvas which served as a table-cloth, a startling thing occurred. The boat must have come down stream again without our knowledge, for we suddenly heard it grate on the pebbles a few yards down the left shore of the island. Footsteps and low voices followed, and then the bushes behind the tent rustled violently.

I upset a cup of coffee in my trepidation, and Dory let his tin plate fall with a clatter. Bob sprang hastily to his feet, and fixed his eyes expectantly on the bushes. They parted immediately, and a rough-looking fellow, a year or so older than ourselves, stepped out. He wore a red flannel shirt, and the light of our lantern showed traces of coal-dust on his face. We could see three others behind him.

"You uns broke our net, an' now you'll have to pay for it," he began abruptly. "Hand over your money and grub, an' we'll call it square."

"We did not break your net on purpose," replied Bob, firmly; "but it had no right to be there."

"Neither had the fish-dam," put in Dory, who was always a little too outspoken. "It's against the law."

The young ruffian laughed derisively, and so did his companions. "What do we care for the law?" he growled. "Stir yourselves, now, and fork over."

Bob was striving hard to master his indignation. "We'll give you a good supper, if that will satisfy you," he said, quietly.

The fellow laughed, and, throwing himself on the grass, he seized a knife, and coolly ripped our watermelon in two. Then, seeing a German-silver reel which Dory had dropped, he picked it up, and put it in his pocket.

"Give me that," demanded Dory.

"You won't get it," was the impudent reply. "We'll take everything you uns have, if you don't fork over that money. Ain't that so, fellars?"

"Yes, of course we will," chimed in the others, coming forward.

Emboldened by the example of their leader, they dropped down on the grass, and began to help themselves freely to our supper.

Dory and I stood aloof, waiting anxiously to see what Bob would do. We had implicit confidence in our companion's ability to defend his rights and ours. Bob proved worthy of our trust. With a flushed and angry face, he turned and darted into the tent. He was out again instantly, and in his hand was a gun. It was an old-fashioned muzzle-loader, and had been brought along merely for appearances. We had not an ounce of powder or shot in our possession.

But the intruders, not knowing of our defenseless condition, quailed at sight of the weapon. "Put that shootin'-iron up," growled the leader, sullenly.

"I won't!" cried Bob, turning it straight on him. "Get out of this, right away. We want to avoid quarreling, if possible, and though you don't deserve decent treatment, we are willing to pay you the value of the net."

"I guess you won't," sneered the young rough, as he rose and edged toward the bushes, followed by his companions. "We'll show you city chaps a thing or two before long."

He was about to disappear, when Bob suddenly remembered something.

"Stop! Drop that reel you stole," he commanded, sternly. The order was imperative, and the gun was pointed straight from his shoulder.

The fellow hesitated an instant. Then he jerked the reel from his pocket, and threw it angrily at Bob's feet.

"You've got the upper hand now, but you won't have it long," he snarled. "You uns ain't the only ones as has shootin'-irons. We'll come back after a while, and strip you fellars so clean that your own folks won't know you." Mind that!"

With this parting threat, the unwelcome quartet dived into the bushes, and their heavy tread grew fainter and fainter. Presently we heard them shove the boat off, growling and swearing all the while, and then the dip and creak of the oars died away.

We looked at one another's pale faces in the glow of the lantern. Bob was, outwardly, as cool as a cucumber, but Dory and I were nervous and excited.

"That was a pretty hard crowd," said Bob, reflectively. "I'm afraid they mean mischief."

"Of course they do," exclaimed Dory. "They've gone down to camp now to get their guns, and when they come back they'll do just what they please with us. Why, it will break our trip up. We'll lose everything we have."

I agreed with Dory, and did not hesitate to say so rather forcibly.

Bob felt the burden of the responsibility that rested on his shoulders, and for several moments he was quite perplexed to know what to do. Then his quick wits came to the rescue, and his face brightened as he said eagerly: "I have it, boys! There is only one way out of the scrape, and that is to pack up at once and be off. It's a rather ignominious way of retreating, but, as you yourselves admit, we will lose everything if we stay here. Those