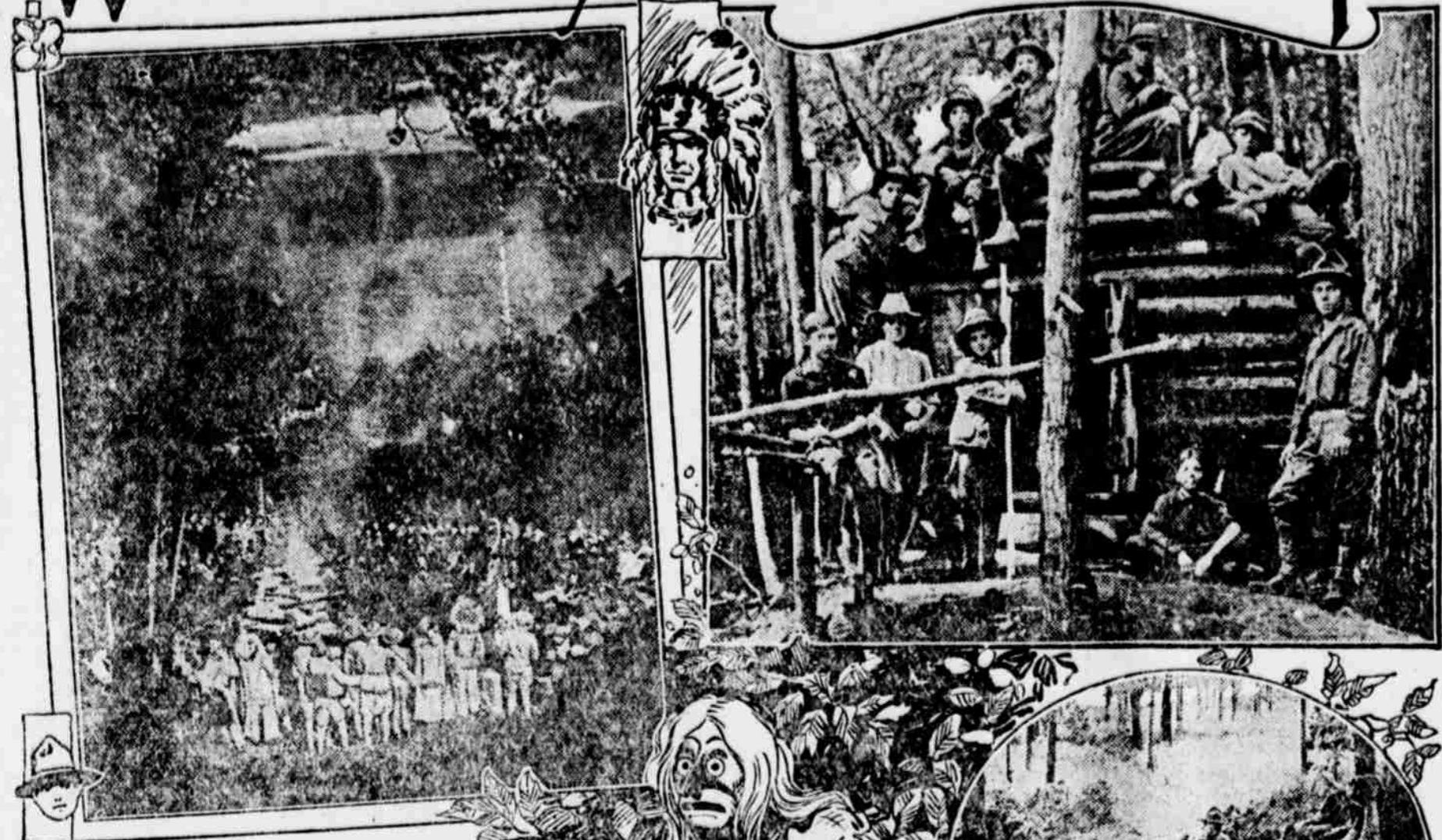


# When Boy Scouts Camp-



HUNDREDS of thousands of Boy Scouts of America this summer and fall have enjoyed their camps all over the country. They had wonderful experiences and some of these will be remembered all their lives. For the time these boys forgot all about cities and civilization and the joys of swimming, boating, mountain-climbing and athletics of all kinds. Instruction in scouting was, of course, mingled with these sports. At all of these camps the scouts had a good time while gaining in health, self-reliance and everything that helps to prepare them for the unselfish patriotic service which is the heroic dream of every true scout in khaki.

How far can the summer camp serve the ambitious scout who wishes to advance in his tests? How can the routine work of the camp be made an interesting matter of service to the camp community? On the trail of these and many related questions, several hundred camp directors are working. It is clear that the best way to teach camping is to let the boy actually camp. The presence or proximity of an experienced camper will help him to learn the best way more readily, and with less hazard, but the way itself is that of the apprentice rather than the book student. The habit of self-reliance and of common sense can best be developed in a camp where instruction is combined with hours and days that throw the boys on their own resources.

**Must Not Be Foolhardy.**  
Repeated warnings are being sent out by Scout Executive George W. Ehler of Pittsburgh, Pa., to scouts undertaking life saving not to venture on foolhardy ventures, nor to make useless sacrifices. Scouts are likely unnecessarily to endanger their own lives. It must be made clear to the scout that every person must be well able to swim if he would save others from drowning. No one will be considered a coward who is not able to swim and who refuses to go to the aid of another in danger. Mr. Ehler advises that every scout in the troop be made a swimmer.

It is directed that each troop in camping where there is water enough to practice rightly, be divided into victims and rescuers. The boys must be taught to practice on each other the various "grasps" for carrying a person through the water. Especial practice should be emphasized for breaking the "strangle hold." If the boys learn quickly they will be ready for the lesson in resuscitation. What a variety of experiences these scouts had! The camp of the scouts from North Dana, Mass., was on Lake Nessoonset. Near this lake Daniel Shays encamped with 2,000 men in the famous Shays' rebellion of 1786-87, so that it is historic soil. Here also once lived the notorious Glazier Wheeler, a counterfeiter, and here he had a cave where he turned out spurious coin.

What upon further exploration may develop into one of the wonder caves of Arkansas was discovered near Glenwood by boy scouts. It is high up the rocky face of the Burnham Mountain cliff. The entrance is small, but opens into an immense room, from which a fissure extends downward to a series of spacious chambers. The Arsenic caves, 25 miles west, and the cave on Markham mountain, five miles northwest, have long been points of interest for visitors, but this seems to be the mother cavern of them all.

Forty scouts from Salt Lake City made the trip to Wonder mountain. The trail leads up Provo ranyon, under forests of aspens, along rugged precipices, skirting along clear mountain streams and through miles of alpine flowers. Camp was made at Emerald lake, which is covered with ice.

**Camps at Squaw Point.**  
A troop from New York city camped at Squaw point on the Hudson river. The experience to be remembered the longest was the trip that T. J. Anderson, a local school teacher, took with the troop on a dark night. The trail led up a hill, through a swamp in a woods, in the field, over walls, through bushes, and at last they came to some old wine cellars. Mr. Anderson then put out the only light they had. Ghost stories calculated to make them brave in the dark and initiation into a mystic tribe followed up to midnight. The troop has some very good evidence of Indian activities in the shape of Indian relics, such as 40 arrowheads, ten spearheads, one Indian hoe, one meal grinder, ten Indian sinkers, 15 tomahawks, several pieces of flint, and an Indian's skull in very good condition.

Boy scouts, digging into a large mound near Park River, N. D., unearthed the skulls and the skeletons of three Indians, who must have been buried there long ago, as the mound was there when the earliest pioneers came to that section of the state. It is believed that further excavating will yield some interesting relics of aboriginal Indian days.

Scout Morgan Coyte of Troop No. 1 and Scout George Petrie of Troop No. 3, both of Ridgefield Park, N. J., pitched their tent near New Bridge

along the Hackensack river. Having satisfied their appetites the scouts "turned in" for the night. Scout Coyte on awakening saw opposite his face a small, thick bundle, a coil. Very quickly he realized that it was a venomous snake of the copperhead variety, and instinctively he thrust his arm upward to protect his head and neck. He had not done so too quickly, however, for the reptile had sprung forward, burying its fangs deep into the protecting arm, withdrawing as quickly and wriggling off into the shrubbery along the river bank.

Young Coyte awakened his companion and they improvised a tourniquet from his handkerchief and a small stick. Realizing that the wound was not flowing freely enough he cut into and around the bite until it bled profusely. Emptying the contents of a cartridge into the break in his flesh, he applied flame to the powder and withstood the temporary pain. It was later determined that he had successfully offset the possibility of a fatal result through his commendable presence of mind. He had burnt all trace of poison completely from his arm and in a few days was again back at his job, none the worse for his experience.

It is a principle of the boy scout movement to avoid secret ceremonies and initiations. High-toned initiations are dangerous to boys in the adolescent stage. The virtues of the ceremony carried out, however, by the scout council for Delaware and Montgomery counties, Pennsylvania, are so obvious, its thrills so real and yet reasonable, that it can readily be used.

Their camp site was occupied many years ago by the Unami tribe of Indians. This tribe had an initiation ceremony for its young men which has been preserved up to the present day. Scouts who have taken camp honors by doing a specified amount of work in scoutcraft are given this initiation under the direction of R. Harrington and Alonson Skinner of the Institute of American Indians of New York. The ceremonies are performed by Amos Overoad, a Sioux Indian connected with the institute. They are described as follows:

### Ceremonies of Initiation.

The ceremonies should begin before dusk and, with the fasting, etc., should last about 26 hours. The first thing before beginning the ceremony is to make an Indian "sweat house" for purification, then to build a large fire some distance east of its entrance and to heat 12 stones varying from the size of a coconut to that of a man's skull. Two forked green sticks should be provided to roll the hot stones into the sweat house; also two large earthen jars of water should be placed at the back of the sweat house opposite the door, together with about a peck of cedar twigs about six inches long. When all is ready the chief, wearing only a breechcloth, stands at the door of the sweat house and addresses the candidates, lined up stark naked before him. He makes a speech to them, something like this:

"My sons, we are about to take you a little way along the Unami trail; to show you the ways of the Lenape grandfathers. But first we must purify ourselves outwardly by the sweat bath, inwardly by the black drink (made of herbs), for such is the custom that has been handed down to us. When one has been purified in these ways the powers of nature will look upon him with favor, and the winds will whisper sweet words in his ears—all will help him to endure the trials that must be his tomorrow."

He then goes into the sweat house and seats himself in the back, opposite the door; the candidates follow and seat themselves around the sides. The Oshkosh roll the 12 hot stones into a

pile before the chief, then shut the door curtain. The chief then announces, "Now we will purify ourselves," and throws some cedar twigs on the hot stones, then a splash of water, upon which a sweet-smelling steam arises. He then cries, "Fire, water, cedar—purify us," takes a stick from his bundle and lays it aside, whereupon all the candidates cry "Hoo!" He then throws on more twigs and another splash of water, then lays aside the second stick—and so on until all the sticks have been laid aside, twelve in all, then pours on a lot of water until the stones give no more steam. Then the chief rises and says, "It is finished," and walks out, followed by the others, and all plunge into the water. They emerge and dress.

A little later each candidate is approached by a mysterious person in Indian dress and is led out into the dark woods, where he finds a hideous creature, the Misingw, or Living Solid Face, boiling a little kettle over a small fire. The Misingw cries, "Hon, Hon, Hon, Hon," and shakes his rattle at the candidate, then dips him up a wooden ladle full of the herb brew, which the candidate drinks from a little wooden bowl.

### Breakfast Before Sunrise.

After all have taken this "black drink" they are supposed to "sleep out" in the woods, if the weather permits. Before dawn next day they must rise and get their breakfasts (preferably prepare their own) and clothe themselves only in a breechcloth and an old blanket. All breakfasts must be eaten before sunrise, the "sun must not see them eat on this day of fasting."

When all are ready they line up before the chief and the Oshkosh smear the face of each with ground charcoal. Then the boys are taken out to their posts, each out of sight of all the others, and left to fast and meditate.

About the middle of the morning a strange man, dressed as a farmer, and carrying a gun, approaches each boy. He announces himself the owner of the property and orders the boy off as a trespasser. Four times he repeats this order, then, falling, he goes on to the next boy.

At noon boys come along and stop near the candidate's post to eat a sandwich or so—then offer him one. Four times they offer him one to eat, then falling, go on to the next boy.

Along in the afternoon the chief himself comes out, ostensibly to inspect the fasters; he looks around to see if anyone is watching, then tells the boy confidentially that he has felt sorry for him and has smuggled him out a bite to eat. Four times he offers him food, and falling goes on to the next. This makes 12 temptations in all. From time to time the Misingw visits the posts and peers at the candidates from bushes or from behind trees.

After the sun goes down a whoop is raised, at which the candidates come in, wash the mourning paint from their faces, dress in gala attire, eat their supper and gather in the Big House, where fires have been lighted by the Oshkosh and the hearths swept with turkey-wing brushes. The chief is in gala attire, with the right half of his face painted red with red ochre, and the other half black with powdered charcoal. The chief stands with his back to the west door of the Big House and says:


### Admitted to the Tribe.

"My sons, we have fasted as did our Unami grandfathers—only they fasted four or more days and nights absolutely without food—sometimes longer. Now we are going to admit such of you as stood the test to the rank of warrior of the Unami tribe."

One by one the candidates come up before him and are solemnly admitted to the tribe and they are robed in the "turtle cape" and have their faces painted.

When all have been taken into the tribe, the chief takes his place and an Oshkosh brings him a bundle of speech sticks. Then he announces: "I will now read from these picture writings the 12 blessings which I pray may be ours as warriors of the Unami tribe." He then reads the sticks. As he finishes each and lays it aside, the tribe cries, "Hoo!" until all have been read. Then, led by the chief and the six Oshkosh, they march in a line completely around the two fires from left to right, then outside, where they line up facing the east and cry "Hoo!" 12 times, which finishes the ceremony.

**The First Bottle of PE-RU-NA**



**Gave Relief so Writes**

**Entirely Free from Catarrh of the Stomach**

"Peruna has positively done for me what many doctors failed to do. I have been lame and again compelled to take to my bed for days. The first bottle of Peruna gave relief and while I always keep it in the house for emergencies, I consider myself entirely free from catarrh of the stomach, the trouble from which I suffered for so long before taking this remedy."

**Liquid or Tablet Form Sold Everywhere Ask Your Dealer**

**COLT DISTEMPER**

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPORN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distemper, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed."

**SPORN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.**

**Plant That is Shunned.**  
One of the most interesting plants in the Atlantic states is the Virginia wild ginger. It is found both in the Virginias and as far south as Georgia. There are several other species in the Atlantic states as far south as Florida and northward to Connecticut. The plant grows in very hilly and wooded places, and is easily recognized by its kidney-shaped leaves and curious purple-brown flowers. These flowers grow one to a stem. No living thing will eat its bitter leaves and one rarely sees the flower unless one hunts for it, for it hides itself out of sight if possible.

**The Best Way.**  
Traveler—Will I have time to get a drink before the train leaves?  
Conductor—Yes, plenty of time.  
Traveler—How do I know the train won't leave without me?  
Conductor—Well, I'll go along and have a drink with you.

**Important to Mothers.**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.**

In these days of unsettled weather look out for colds. Take every precaution against the dreaded influenza and at the first sneeze remember that Boschee Syrup has been used for fifty-three years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis and colds, throat irritation and especially for lung troubles, giving the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and kept as a household panacea in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Try one bottle and accept no substitutes.—Adv.

**NO LONGER MISTRESS OF SEAS**

Great Britain's Supremacy Passing into New Hands, Says Naval Expert.

In Great Britain fear is being felt that the trident of the ocean is passing into new hands. This at least is the note sounded by Archibald Hurd, the naval expert, writing in the London Daily Telegraph.

"It is an arresting fact," he says "that, judged by the strength of its battle squadrons in active commission, this country's supremacy has at least temporarily passed away."

"The United States has now in commission 31 battleships, and Washington plans to have 20 next year, the reduction in number being balanced by the increased power of some of the ships now approaching completion."

"We have in a similar state of readiness 22 battleships and 5 cruisers and, in accordance with the orders published with reference to reduction to a reserve basis, our instantly ready battle force will fall at an early date to 16 ships, 10 of them forming the Atlantic fleet and the other 6 cruising in the Mediterranean. It may be somewhat of an affront to our national pride that we should have reached this secondary position at sea."

Mr. Hurd consoles himself with the reflection that the British admiralty is saving money.

**Something for Nothing.**  
"How much?" asked the man as he stepped from the elevator in the Federal Building.  
"Hul?" returned H. N. Wadleigh, the elevator man.  
"How much?" again asked the man as he pulled a large roll of bills from his pocket.  
"What for?" Wadleigh inquired.  
"Why, for the ride up to the third floor?" said the stranger.  
Wadleigh thought he was being kidded, so replied, "Oh, I guess \$1.50 will cover it."  
The man reached in his pocket and got the amount.  
"Say, where are you from that you have to pay for elevator service?" the elevator pilot asked.  
"My name is Carl John Joseph Aaron Peterson, and I have lived in South Dakota for ten years," he said. "My sister's child is going to be christened Carl John Joseph and I'm going to be there," came the detailed answer.

**Distinction.**  
Parson—I'm surprised, boys, to see you in swimming on Sunday. Didn't you promise you wouldn't?  
Jimmy—Yes, sir, but we ain't swimmin', we're only bathin'.

**Explained by Father.**  
Mether—I wonder why a growing girl is so hard to manage?  
Father—Well, naturally, as long as she is a girl her deeds are all misdoings.

**A Saver to pocket book and health, and a delight to the palate.**

Do as your neighbor is doing and cut the high cost of living by drinking

## INSTANT POSTUM

Instead of coffee.

**No Raise In Price**

50-Cup Tins 30¢—100-Cup Tins 50¢

Made by  
**POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY**  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Sold by Grocers and General Stores