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AN OLD WOLF'S FAVOURITES

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Animals I have Known

BY

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"WHAT SCOUTS CAN DO," "BOY SCOUTS BEYOND THE SEAS," ETC.



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INTRODUCTION

ANIMAL FRIENDS OF MINE

IN an out-of-the-way corner of my garden I have a wooden hut furnished with Camp furniture and a few trophies of hunting in far countries. Here I love to sit and read jungle stories — when I get the time for it.

On the walls of this hut are boards with lists of names on them; they are Rolls of Honour.

But whose names do you think they are?

They are the names of the pet animals I have owned, chiefly horses, but there are also some pigs and dogs and a panther. Against the names are shown the years in which I owned them.

Here is one of the panels:

SOUTH AFRICA			
TITWILLOW	•	•	1887
CIGAR	•	•	”
LUCIFER	•	•	”
THE TART	•	•	”
ROSETTA	•	•	”
TOULON	•	•	1888
BACHELOR	•	•	”
COLLEEN	•	•	”
MR. BROWN	•	•	1889
BLACK PRINCE	•	•	1901
ORARA	•	•	”

In the following chapters in this book you will find stories about some of those who appear in this Roll of Honour, and you will then understand why I like to have those names set up where I can read them and remind myself of the happy times we had together.

You see, an animal has been made by God just as you have been. He is therefore a fellow-creature. He has not got the power of speaking our language, but he can feel pleasure or pain just as we can, and he can feel grateful to anyone who is kind to him.

A Scout, as you know, is always helpful to people who are crippled or blind or deaf and dumb; so it is up to us to be good also to these dumb fellow-creature of our and to make them our friends by being friends to them.

And it is well worth while, because they become very true and faithful friends.

Therefore I hope that, as a Cub, you will keep pets and get to know about birds and animals so that when you become a Scout you can win the Badge of “a Friend to Animals” and will one day become a Bird or Animal “Warden.”

You will be glad of it all your life, because you can always go on finding new and jolly friends among the birds and beasts around you who will love you and whom you will love.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

AN OLD WOLF'S FAVOURITES

CHAPTER I

ABOUT MOOSE HUNTING

IN the woods of Canada live the Moose. These are great big stags, as tall as a horse and dreadfully ugly. They are great lanky animals, with big heavy horns and huge blobby noses. They are very cunning and very shy, and with their big ears they can hear the slightest sound a long way off.

Like all deer, they can smell a man far away when the wind is blowing towards them, and they can also hear the slightest foot tread or a snapped twig; so they are very difficult to approach.

They bolt off into the forest the moment they think anybody is coming their way.

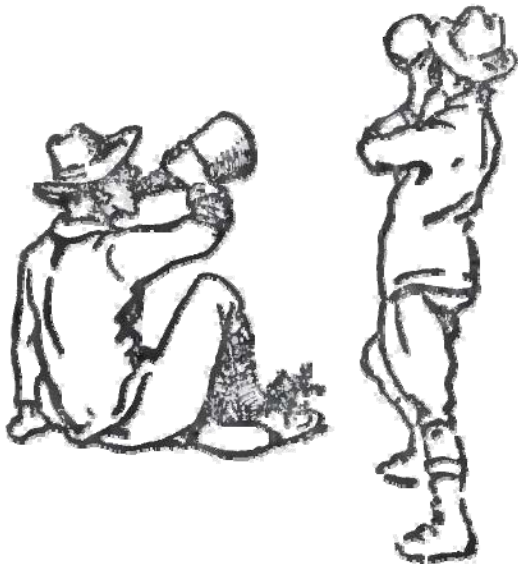
So a hunter finds the best way to get near to them is not to try walking up to them, but to call them.

He does this by pretending to be a moose himself, making a noise like the moose bellowing.

When a moose hears another one roaring it makes him angry, and he follows up the sound, eager to fight the one who is roaring. Even if he finds a river or a lake in his way it does not stop him. He plunges in and swims across in order to get at his enemy.



MOOSE-CALLING



CALLING THE MOOSE.

I have often gone out moose-calling, not so much to shoot him as to have a chance of getting him to come and show himself. The best time for doing it is at night when the forest is all still and your call travels a long way.

You cut a strip of bark off a birch-tree and roll it up in the shape of a megaphone. Through this you imitate the grunt and roar that the moose makes. It is not unlike the lowing of a bull in England.

But it does not do to stay too close to your camp to do this; otherwise he will smell smoke, and will not come near you. But you creep out in your moccasins very quietly till you get a nice quiet place in the woods.

Moccasins are soft leather boots which are worn by the hunter in the backwoods. They are more like big leather socks without thick soles or nails to strike on stumps and stones and make a noise; and you wear three or four pairs of thick socks inside them to prevent your feet from being bruised and jarred on the ground. As they are watertight, they are very warm and comfortable

footgear in Canada; and when they are worn into holes, they can be much more easily mended than the ordinary stiff boots that you buy in a shop.



WAITING FOR THE MOOSE TO APPEAR.

The best way to call moose is to go out in your birch-bark canoe at night, because you can move across the calm waters absolutely silently, the drip of the water off your paddle being the only sound that is heard. But even that must be very slight if you don't want to frighten the animal.

It is very hard work, sliding out over the dark water of the lake in the black shadows of the trees. When you get to a likely place you lie still, so that there is not a sound and not a ripple on the water.

The stars are all reflected on the surface so clearly that you feel as though you were somehow floating in mid-air, with sky below as well as above you.

Then, when all is still, you give out through your megaphone a gentle grunt or two which steals across the lake and echoes among the trees.

"I'LL FIGHT YOU!"

Presently you let out a "moo" like a cow lowing. Then you put a bit of a snarl into it, and presently you bring out a real angry roar, as if to say: "Come on, you brute! I'll fight you!"

Then there may come a distant bellow in reply, from far away in the woods, and this will be repeated every now and again as the moose comes nearer, trying to find out the fellow who has challenged him; or it may be that he won't answer by lowing, but will come silently through the forest, jolly angry, and meaning to kill his enemy when he finds him.

Then you hear every now and then the "tack-tock" of his horns striking against the trees in passing, or the crack of sticks under his great hoofs.

You gaze out into the dark shadows of the trees, and you think you see something move. Dead silence. You scarcely dare breathe. There is no moose anywhere.

Then, again, as you strain your eyes into the darkness, you see a sort of shadowy something which certainly moves. There is a shadow on the water, and then out into the moonlight steps a great dark form.

Sometimes he is suspicious and shy. When he catches sight of you he springs back and lurches very heavily, but without making such a loud crashing as you might expect from him through the thick forest.

If he is in a bad temper he will go for you, plunging into the water and swimming out to try to crash your canoe down with his horns and feet. The only thing then is to paddle for your life and get out of his way. This, in your light birch-bark canoe, is not difficult, and it is great fun to watch him circling round, still eager to catch you, but unable to overtake you.

The moose often grows to a height of somewhere between seven and eight feet at the shoulder.

TIMID BY NATURE

It is a very timid animal by nature, and usually makes off at the sight of a human being, but occasionally it becomes dangerous, and can inflict a very nasty wound with its great sharp hoofs. Often wolves are killed at a single blow, in this manner, by an angry moose.

The moose travels at a trot, with immense strides, and when frightened can move at a tremendous gallop.

When passing through a thick wood the moose carries its huge horns in a horizontal position, to prevent them from becoming entangled in the tree branches.

Swamps and the margins of lakes are the favourite resorts of the moose, for the great animal is a splendid swimmer, and only good canoe paddlers are able to keep up with a moose.

In winter the moose makes its meals from the small boughs of the birch and willow trees.

To be a good moose hunter is looked upon by the Indians as a great achievement.



AS BIG AS A HORSE, AND DREADFULLY UGLY.

CHAPTER II

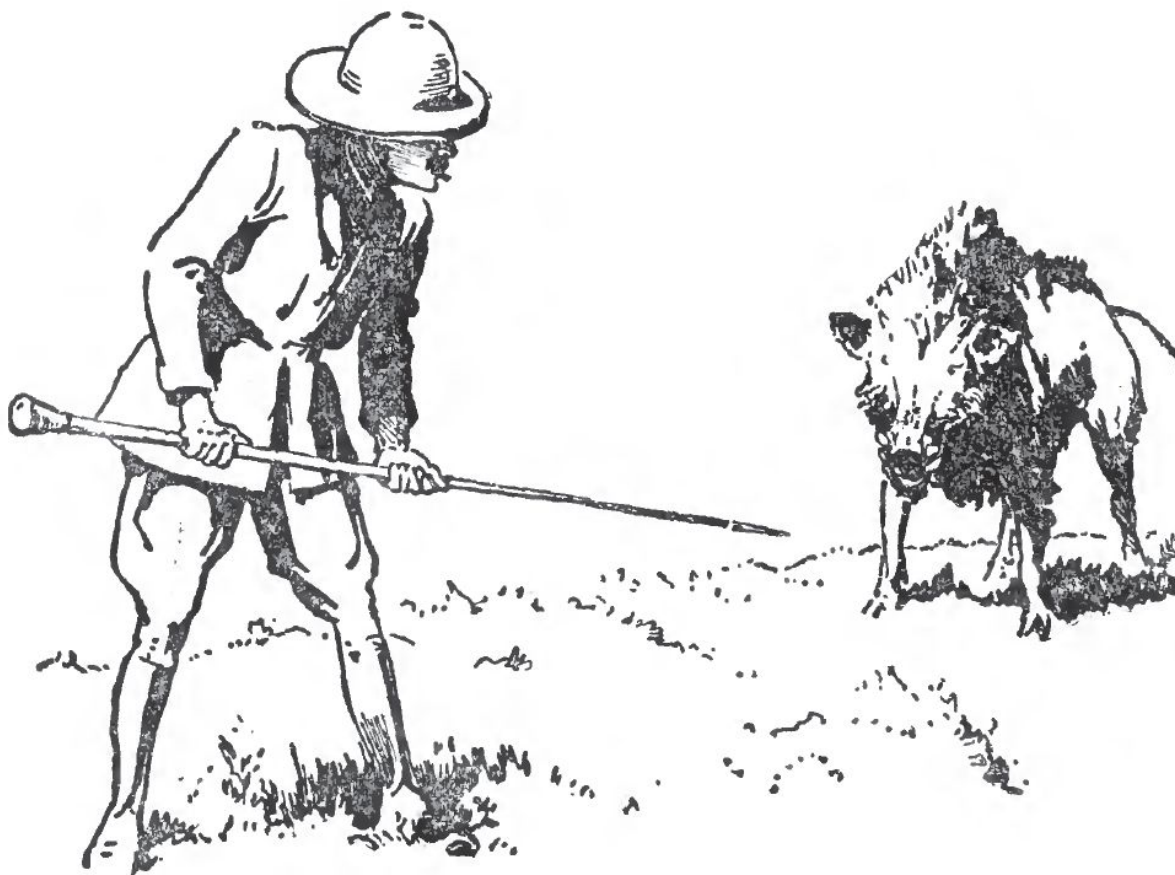
WILD BOAR TRAINING

I WILL spin you a yarn about Algernon.

Algernon was very young, but a great friend of mine in India. He was an orphan; at least, that was my notion of him. I found him away in the jungle without any parents, and, as they say in the police reports, "without any visible means of subsistence," which, in other words, means he did not seem to be old enough to look after himself.

So I brought him home with me and had him properly fed and looked after, and he soon grew up a strong and healthy youngster. He was as lively a young rascal as any Wolf Cub, and as good as any Cub at practising to make himself strong and active and clever — only he wasn't a Wolf Cub. He was a pig — a little wild boar. He lived loose in my garden and made his lair in a thick bush, from which he would sally out and scamper about the place when he thought that there was no danger; but if he heard a sound, he would stop and stare and listen and then quietly slip away into his hiding-place till the coast was clear again.

There was an old tree stump around which he used to practise galloping and twisting and turning himself in a figure of eight, in order to teach himself to be quick and handy.



IT IS NOT A NICE JOB TO FACE A WILD BOAR ON FOOT.

He would come when I called him for good, but he came very shyly and suspiciously, and would never let me catch hold of him, he was much too quick. If my servant, who was a native, gave him his food, he came more boldly and, as soon as the bowl was set down near him, he would rush at the man and try to cut his bare legs with his tiny tusks — the ungrateful little beggar!

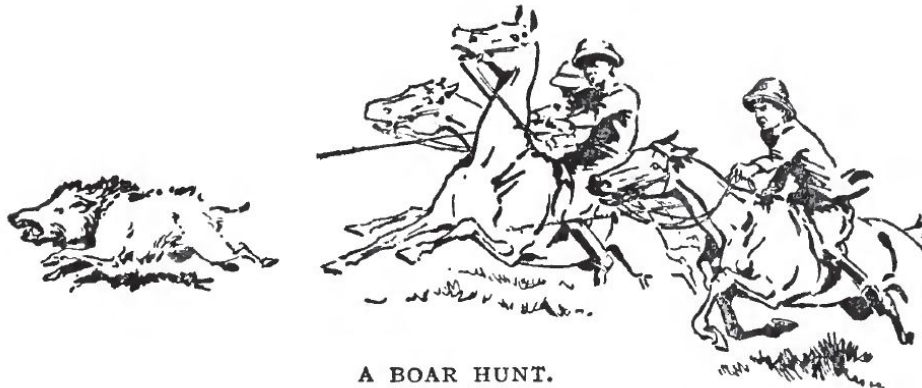
This always made the native run away, and when the little brute found it paid in this way he went on doing it as he grew older; and as his tusks grew bigger and more able to do harm, the natives began to grow all the more afraid of him.

BECOMES VERY DANGEROUS

When a boar is full grown he becomes very dangerous. He comes out of the jungle at night and he goes about grubbing up the crops and doing immense damage.

If a man working in the fields sees him and tries to drive him off, he very often goes for the man, knocks him down, and tries to kill him by digging his great sharp tusks into him.

So a favourite sport with the Army officers in India is to go out and help the natives by hunting the boar. They call it “pig-sticking.”



They ride out on horseback, armed with spears, and when they find a boar they chase him and try to kill him.

But a boar is tremendously fast and active; he can go as quickly as a horse, and he can jump almost any kind of fence. So he is not at all easy to catch, and he leads his hunters a fine dance over the country and through the jungle.

Then, if he finds the horseman overtaking him, he will often turn and charge him, throw him down and try to rip him open. I have more than once been thrown down that way.

Sometimes the old boar will get into a ravine or a difficult bit of the bush, where you cannot follow him on horseback.

FOLLOWS HIM ON FOOT

Then the hunter has to get off and follow him on foot — and a nice job *that* is! — scrambling about with a long spear in your hand, very often in thick reeds where you cannot see a yard in front of you, and where you know there is a savage great pig as big as a donkey waiting to rush at you.

How would you like that? It is pretty exciting fun, I can tell you! He is so big and heavy that, when he does charge you, he often sends you flying on your back. A boar once downed me like that, but I had my spear well into him and was able to hold him off till other fellows came up and killed him.

My poor little friend Algernon never lived to become big and wicked. Some dogs scented him out one day in the garden and, after chasing him for some distance, they caught him and tore him so badly that the poor little chap had to be killed to put him out of his pain.

And that was the end of Algernon.



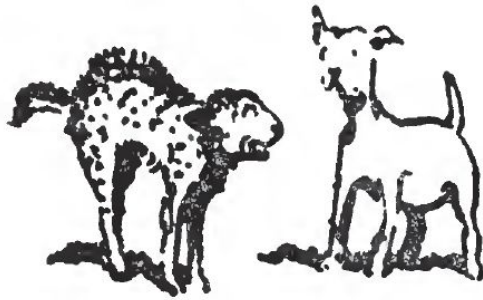
AN OVERTHROW.

CHAPTER III

MY FRIEND THE PANTHER

WHO do you suppose was Squirks?

Well, he was a particular friend of mine. It was just as well to have him as a friend and not as an enemy, for when he was nasty he could be very nasty indeed.



SQUIRKS AND JACK.

Everybody knows who Bagheera was. He was the Black Panther of the Jungle. Well, Squirks was a cousin of his — that is, he was a panther, but not a black one. He was a lovely tawny yellow, dark on the back and light almost to white underneath, and he was covered with black spots, which on his back were big, black rings close together, getting smaller down his sides until they were mere black dots.

He was a very handsome and graceful animal when he was grown up, but was a jolly ugly little beggar when I first got him.

PANTHER OR LEOPARD?

A panther is very much the same sort of animal as a leopard, and people are apt to confuse the two together. They really *are* the same animal, but when they live in the mountains and among the rocks they are generally thinner and more active than those which live in the jungles on the plains.

The latter, having less exercise, and getting their hunting easily, grow fatter and larger than the mountain kind. It is these larger ones that are called panthers, while the smaller ones are called leopards.

The way I remember the difference is this. The panther pants because he is fat and heavy, while the leopard leaps from rock to rock.

This is how I met Squirks. I was out shooting in the jungle one day, riding on an elephant, and was on the look out for a panther which was said to be in the neighbourhood.

As we were going along I caught a glimpse of spotted fur hiding in a tuft of jungle grass, and it looked to me as though this were the paw of a panther who was hiding there. So I fired down into the grass behind the paw; whereupon the “paw” sat up and looked at me.

LIKE A YELLOW KITTEN

It was a baby panther, so I made the elephant kneel down, and I quickly slid to the ground and captured the little fellow. He was just like a huge yellow kitten, about the size of a full-grown cat.

I said to him, “Who are you?” and he answered back with a sort of snarl which sounded like “Squirks!” so Squirks became his name.

I brought Squirks back to my camp and showed him to Jack, my puppy.

Neither of them liked the other at first, but after a time they grew to be great friends and played together all day long.

After some months Squirks began to grow big, much bigger than Jack. His jaw became strong, and his claws became long, and in his play he rolled the poor dog over and over, and in his mouthing and clutching caused him much more pain than pleasure, and so poor Jack began to get tired of games where he always got the worst of it, and he finally gave up playing with Squirks altogether.



HE SPRANG THROUGH THE AIR LIKE AN ARROW.

But Squirks was naturally gay and light-hearted, so when he found Jack no longer wanted to play with him, he took to playing with himself, and would chase his own tail round and round the lawn, and then dash into the house and rush over tables and chairs, upsetting everything.

He used to go for walks with me just like any dog would do.

Once, when I had been ill, I was lying out on a stretcher in the garden. Squirks was then getting nearly full-grown, and I used to love to watch him playing about, he was so active and graceful, and his glossy yellow and black hide made him very handsome.

One day as I lay there, I saw Mr. Squirks quietly creeping towards me. Nearer and nearer he came, crawling more and more slowly all the time, with his green eyes watching me, and his tail nervously twitching from side to side. It was different from his usual way, and I hardly knew whether he was coming at me in fun or in earnest.

A YELL FOR HELP

I was not able to move, so I let out a yell for help. He had now crouched down to the ground a few yards away from me, and then suddenly, like an arrow from a bow, he sprang through the air with a mighty bound and landed plump on top of me, half squashing me with his weight. There he crouched on my chest, grinning down into my face at very close quarters. Luckily, at that moment my big Afghan servant ran up and, seizing the brute, dragged him off.

He soon showed me that Squirks' roughness was all well meant, and that he merely wanted me to play with him.

But after this adventure I kept Squirks tied up by a long chain to his collar, the other end being attached to a tree.

He used to love to climb up in the tree and lie flat along a big branch.

One day, when I was away, he attempted to jump out of the tree, but unfortunately his chain caught up over a branch and hanged him, and that was the end of jolly old Squirks.



MY AFGHAN SERVANT CARRIED SQUIRKS AWAY.

CHAPTER IV

MY PET ELEPHANTS

YOU will think I've had some funny pets in my time, since I have already told you about my tame panther, and my little wild boar, Algernon, but a pet elephant is a size larger than these, and is not a thing that you can carry about with you like a pet rat or a guinea-pig.

But, all the same, he is a very nice beast, and has the sense of all the other animals rolled into one.

An elephant is very like the little girl we read of in poetry:

When she was nice, she was very, very nice;
But when she was bad — she was *horrid!*

So there are elephants *and* elephants. Some are rippers and others are regular — Germans!

But Dandelion was of the ripping kind. Her name wasn't really Dandelion, but a native name, something like *Psichkalamra*, so I called her Dandelion. I don't quite know why, but I did. Well, Dandelion carried on her back a couple of pads or mattresses, and on top of these the howdah. This was a kind of box in which one could sit, only its sides, instead of being made of wood, were made of plaited cane, like the seat of a chair, so that the air could blow through. India is a hot country, you know.

KNEW EACH OTHER WELL

Then she also carried on her back — well, on the back of her neck — the mahout, that is, her driver. He was a native who had had charge of Dandelion for years, so they knew each other well.

The mahout sits astride of the elephant's neck, with a foot hanging down behind each of her ears. With his feet he guides her, urges her on, or stops her. If she doesn't obey the hint given by the feet, she gets a much stronger one on the top of her head from the driver's ankus, or hook. This is a nasty iron instrument — a short iron stick with a hook on the side of it. If the elephant gets very rampageous, as some of them do at times, and runs away, the driver can get a hold of her forehead with this hook, and, by pulling on it, can generally stop her. But it is a cruel kind of instrument, and my mahout never used his on Dandelion.

THROUGH THE JUNGLE

You use an elephant for riding on in India, because he can take you over ground where it would be impossible to go riding or even walking — through the endless jungles, where the grass is high above your head if you are walking on foot, and so thick that you cannot push your way through it. You are like a mouse in a hayfield. But an elephant runs you gaily through it, and, sitting in your howdah, you are just above the top of the grass. As you go swishing along, looking round over the wide expanse of it, with your elephant heaving and swaying along under you, you feel just as if you were in a boat at sea.



WHEN YOU SEE A TIGER.

“How do you get up there?” you ask. Well, you can either make the elephant kneel down, so that you can clamber into the howdah, or — and this is what Dandelion used to do — she puts out her trunk with a slight curl upwards on it, so that you can step on to it and stand there. She then raises you up till you can step off on to the top of her head, and from there on to her back.

Nice and simple, isn't it? What a pity that motor-buses haven't trunks that could lift you on to the top like that!

Well, when you are sitting up aloft, you have your rifle with you, and then, if you see a tiger or a deer as you go along, you can get a shot at him.

QUICK AT SEEING GAME

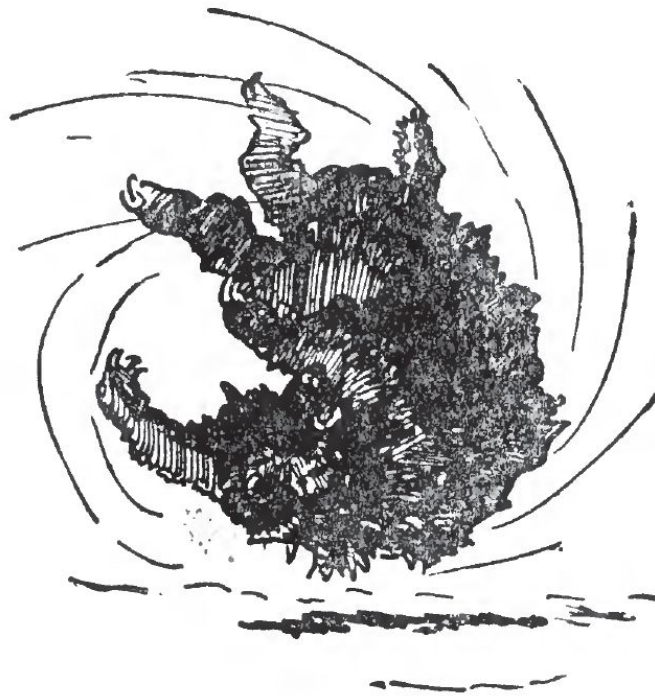
Dandelion was awfully good as a shooting elephant. She was wonderfully quick at seeing, smelling, or hearing any kind of game, and the moment she did so she would stop and stand like a rock till you fired your shot or told her to go on. Very often she saw the game before I did.

I have a lovely great black bear-skin hanging in my room which she got for me.

We were climbing up out of a deep ravine, or little valley, among a few trees and bushes, when Dandelion suddenly stopped and clutched hold of a tree with her trunk in order to support herself, and there she hung on motionless.

I knew there must be game about. I looked everywhere, but could see nothing. Then suddenly I saw a big tuft of shaggy black hair moving among the bushes above me. I upped with my rifle and fired quickly at it, and out from the bushes tumbled a great black ball of fur — a fine bear, and he rolled close past us down the hill, and lay in a huddled heap below us, dead.

But it was all thanks to Dandelion that I got him.



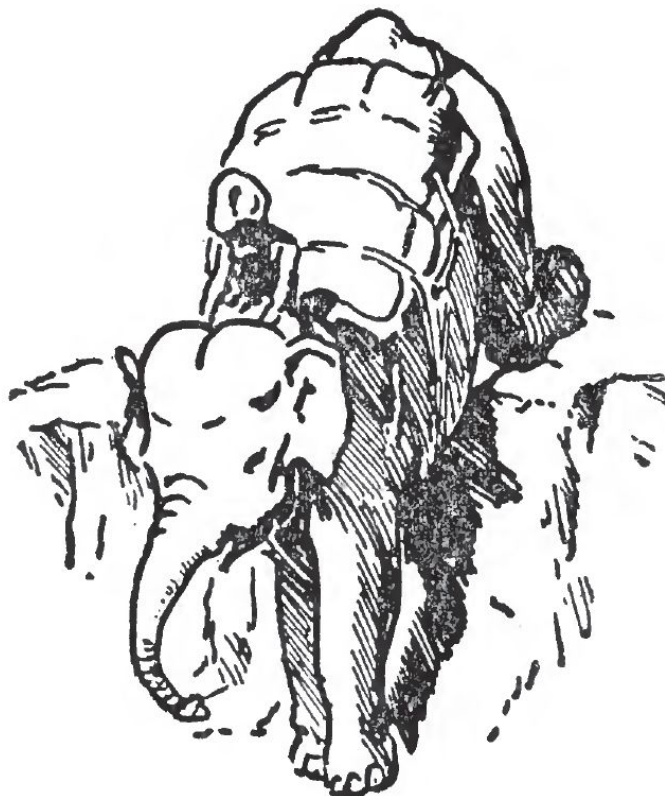
A FINE BEAR ROLLED DOWN CLOSE TO US.

IN THE RAVINES

I told you how clever my elephant Dandelion was at steadying herself in an awkward place when she wanted to stand still and give me the chance of a good shot at a bear. She hung on to a tree with her trunk in order to prevent herself slipping on the steep hill-side. She was equally clever whenever we had to go in and out of the many ravines and dry water-courses.

To go down into one she would put her forefeet carefully over the edge and let them slide down while she knelt with her hind legs and so gradually reached the bottom.

Coming up again out of the bed of the stream she would clamber up the far bank and kneel with her front legs on the top until she got her hind legs up to their level.



DOWN THE BANK—

TESTING BRIDGES

If she had to go over a small bridge she would stop and try it with her trunk and her fore-feet first to see if it was strong enough to bear her weight.

When wading about in marshy ground she would be always very careful lest she should get bogged, and was continually testing the ground in front of her before she put her foot on it, for fear it should be too soft and let her down.

She was wonderfully clever, too, at picking up things if you dropped them off her back. I remember her once picking up with her trunk a cigarette which her rider had dropped, and quietly handing it back to him.

Another time when we were out pig-sticking, that is, hunting wild boar on horse-back, one of the riders had had a bad fall in the middle of high grass jungle. He had lost his spear in the fall and we rode in on Dandelion to try and find it. Among the thick reeds and long grass it was very difficult to recognise the spear, but Dandelion found it at last and handed it up to the owner.



—AND UP AGAIN.

THE LOST SPEAR-HEAD

He then found it was broken, the spear-head had come off, just a small bit of steel about the size of a pocket-knife. Again Dandelion was told to look about in the tall grass for this, and after long searching she actually found it. It seemed to me that she had almost the sense of a human being rather than of an animal.

On more than one occasion when out tiger shooting she had been charged by a wounded tiger. The animal sprang at her head and clung there with tooth and nail until the hunters on her back managed to put more bullets into him and dropped him dead.

But Dandelion stood like a rock and never flinched or funked.

The funny thing was that although she was so brave with the tiger nothing would induce her to face a wild boar. He was a much smaller animal and could not jump up on to her, and yet if she smelt one or heard him rustling about in the jungle she was quite inclined to turn tail and bolt.

All elephants are that way. Brave at times and timid at others.

FRIGHTENED BY A TERRIER

I one day met a native prince riding along on his elephant in very grand style. I was walking on foot with my little dog. When the terrier saw the elephant he rushed out and barked at it. The elephant did not think twice about it, but swung round and dashed off down the road as hard as he could go, running away

from the little terrier whom he could have squashed to a pancake had he put his foot on him. It quite upset all the dignity and swank of his owner.



THE LITTLE DOG PUTS A STOP TO THE ELEPHANT'S SWANK.

I made the sketch on page 20 of a small boy (no bigger than a Wolf Cub) lambasting his father's elephant, and the elephant taking it as you might say "lying down," when with one swish of its trunk it could have knocked the urchin to smithereens.

And, mind you, a beating can hurt an elephant. In spite of its size and the thickness of his hide he can feel the slightest touch, and he gets driven nearly mad when flies or mosquitoes are about. He sucks up dust off the ground, for his trunk is, as you know, his nose, and then he blows it out over himself and thus drives the flies away.

FOND OF HIS BATH

Or again with his trunk, which he uses as a hand, he tears down a branch off a tree and brushes the flies off with this. And how an elephant loves bathing! No boy could enjoy it more. He goes solemnly into the water and draws up any amount of it in his trunk and gives himself a good shower-bath. Then he quietly lies down and sashes over on his side and lets his mahout come and scrub him all over with a good rough stone.

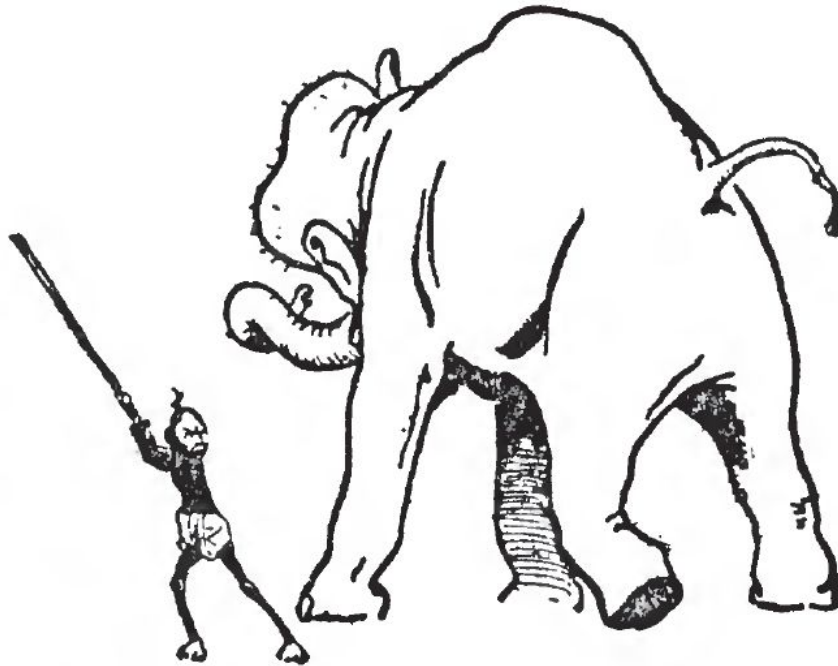
The difficulty is to get him to come out of his bath again, he loves it so much.

But although he is such a nice beast and so clever, he can at times be very wicked indeed. Very often, for no reason whatever, he will suddenly take it into his head to run away, and nothing can stop him, and he will go for miles and miles before he gets tired, and has a nasty habit of running under trees so that the branches will sweep off the passengers on his back.

LIVES OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS

One elephant I knew wore a great heavy chain bracelet round each of his four ankles. This was a punishment to which he had been condemned because he had killed two or three men one day.

He was wading across a river carrying a lot of Army tents on his back, and he suddenly found his feet sinking in a quicksand.



AN ELEPHANT RECEIVING A SMACKING.

Close alongside him were a number of natives walking through the river, and he reached out with his trunk, and seizing one of them, shoved him down under his feet; and then he snatched up another and yet another and did the same with them, in order to get a better foothold.

The poor natives were, of course, killed, and the elephant was condemned to wear chains for the rest of his life. That was *some* punishment, because an elephant lives over a hundred and fifty years!

Once when I was in camp and we were all taking a midday rest there was a sudden shouting and excitement because one of our elephants, seeing his mahout lying asleep not far off, walked up to him and stamped on him with his great big foot. Fortunately he made a bad shot and missed the man's body, but just caught the side of his leg and tore all the flesh off his thigh.

A NOVEL PUNISHMENT

The other mahouts at once assembled and tied up the elephant as a prisoner and condemned him to be flogged. The remaining nineteen elephants in the camp were then paraded, each with his mahout on his neck and a piece of heavy chain held in his trunk. They filed along, one behind the other, past the criminal, and each as he went by gave him a tremendous slam with his bit of chain.

The mahouts said that each one of the elephant understood the whole of what was going on, and it was a lesson to them as well as to the culprit.

I don't know that the elephants are quite so clever as all that, but they are certainly very different from other animals and are very wise. The only bad point about them is that they are so big, and therefore you cannot keep them as pets in your room. Otherwise an elephant would be an awfully nice companion or a good mascot for a pack of Cubs.

CHAPTER V

CATCHING A JACKAL

WHEN a man wants to pull the leg of a small boy he thinks it funny to tell him that if he wants to catch a bird he should go and put salt on its tail.

So, too, he will often ask whether you have ever caught a weasel asleep, because it is known that a weasel is a most wide-awake animal and very difficult to catch by any means.

In the same way a jackal is one of the animals which you can never catch in a trap, no matter how cunningly your trap may be made and laid.

When I was in India I had as a friend a police officer who had lived a great deal among the native people, and who got to know much of their ways, and by being their friend and talking their lingo he was able to find out many things about them which very few other white men knew.

THE JACKAL IS SHY

I was talking to him once about this shyness of the jackal when he told me that a certain tribe among the Indians managed to get round the wily animals and to kill them for food.

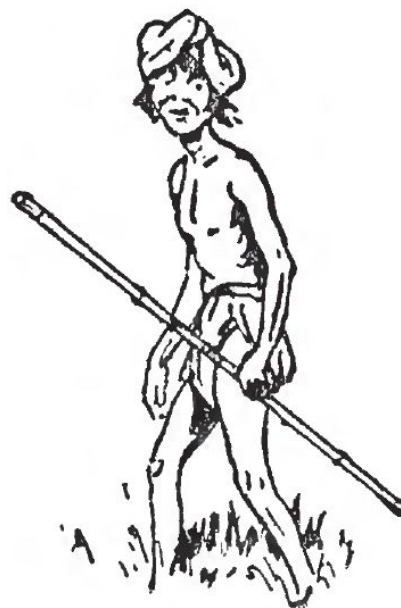
You know from the jungle story in the Wolf Cub book how Mr. Jackal (Tabaqui) is a sneaking sort of lick-your-boots gentleman. He is afraid to go about alone, and though he looks like a fox or a wolf, he never hunts or earns his own food like one, but slinks about trying to steal or beg it from others.

Then when he had got it he is not a bit grateful. He quarrels and snarls over every mouthful, complaining that it is tough or not to his taste, and when he is not eating he runs about yapping and yelling, disturbing the game that other people are hunting and making a regular nuisance of himself.

He is clever in one thing alone, and that is that he will not walk into a trap that has been set to catch him.

So I wondered very much how these Indians managed to get their jackals, since they did not carry guns with which to shoot them. I was awfully pleased, therefore, when my friend the police officer offered to take me to see them do it.

The particular tribe which fed on jackals were called *Jogis*, a gipsy people, who wandered about the country without any regular fixed home of their own.



WILD, DIRTY, AND
CHEERY.

We went off into the jungle one day, and there we found a camp of these people, and a curious lot they were — very wild, very dirty, with only a few rags of clothing on them, but very cheery and friendly.

About half a dozen of them came out, delighted to show us how they caught jackals. They brought with them their dogs and big sticks like Scout's staves, which are called *lathis*.

The jungle here was mainly patches of bushes and long grass, dotted about in a sandy country. After we had been walking along for some time, one or two of the men suddenly pointed to foot tracks on the ground.

TELL-TALE FOOTPRINTS

They said these were the fresh tracks of jackals, but to me they looked like those of the many dogs that we had with us.

The trackers, however, showed to me how these footmarks were longer and narrower than those of dogs. Also that the jackal trod more carefully than the dog, his hind feet stepping exactly where his fore feet had been, because as a wild animal he looked where he was putting his fore feet to see that they did not step on a twig and make a noise.

He knew, then, too, that if he put his hind foot in the same place it would be all right; but a dog trots along without fearing whether he makes a noise or not.

Also at the toe of the dog's footmark a little dust was often dragged up as he drew his foot along near the ground, while a jackal always lifted his feet carefully straight up and down without toeing the soil.

Presently we came to an open patch of sand surrounded by a lot of tall grass. As there were plenty of fresh jackal tracks about, we now hid ourselves in the grass all round this open space. Then a young man went out into the middle, taking with him a small branch covered with leaves, which he plucked from a tree, and as he stood alone out in the open he began calling softly and whining almost like a dog.

AN AWFUL DIN

After some minutes of this he changed his call to a restless kind of yapping, and then he mixed up with it a good deal of growling and angry barking and snarling.

He worked this up till you could (if you shut your eyes) quite believe that two jackals were quarrelling with each other.

Then he changed the note again and made an awful din as if there were a raging dog fight. He was screaming and snarling, whining and yelping. You never heard such a row.

All the time he was doing it he kept shaking the branch so that the leaves on it rustled and made a sound as if the imaginary jackals were rolling over each other in the reeds and dry grass.

Suddenly the lad flung himself down on the ground, and making a worse hullabaloo than ever he threw up the sand all round him so that he was completely hidden in a cloud of dust.

His quick eye had seen what we only saw a few seconds later, and that was that a jackal was coming along close by. In another moment the beast was there out in the open dashing into the cloud of dust, evidently thinking that he was going to join in a fight for some good food.

But in another second he was flying out of the dust again, howling with fright, with his tail between his legs.

But too late! From every side the dogs were loosed, and they were on him before he could escape.

In a few seconds he had been pulled down, and killed with *lathis*. But it was all done quite silently, and within a minute all trace of the struggle was removed, and the men and dogs were back in their hiding-places, while the young man in the middle still went on with his yelling performance.



SNARLING AND GROWLING LIKE A DOG FIGHT.

ANOTHER JACKAL APPEARS

One soon saw the reason for this quick and silent way of doing the trick, for within two minutes another jackal dashed into the arena just as the first one had done, and was caught in just the same way and made into meat.

Of course it sounds very wonderful to be able to imitate the voice of an animal so cleverly as to draw on so shy a beast as a jackal, but if you listen carefully to the calls of animals and then learn to imitate them, you will soon find yourself in the wonderful position of being able to get them to answer you or to come to you.

The easiest of all is perhaps the owl, and if you are out in the woods late and can imitate the owl's call, you will very soon get an answer, and will probably be able to bring the bird close to you.



THE JACKAL RUSHED INTO A WHIRL OF DUST.

DRAWING A WEASEL

Even that very shy animal of which I spoke just now — namely, the weasel — can be got to come close to you if you stand stock still like the stub of a tree and imitate the cry of a rabbit in distress. He is a bloodthirsty little beast, and this cry of a rabbit, which you do by sucking in breath between your lips with a sort of squeak, is sure to draw him.

I had great fun the last time I was at the Zoo by imitating a wolf's howl, which set all the wolves howling, and this brought out the wild dogs and then the jackals and the hyænas. You never heard such a row in your life, until it even had the effect of waking up the vultures, who started singing their raucous chorus. You might go and try it one of these days yourself.

I expect you have heard of the man who went out to catch rabbits by making a noise like a turnip! But he lived in a lunatic asylum.

CHAPTER VI

HOW TO HIDE

ONE great thing to remember is not to hide in a place which looks particularly good, because that is just the place where searchers would naturally look for you. I remember the case of one of our Scouts who, when in the Royal Flying Corps, had the misfortune to come down, owing to engine trouble, in the enemy's country.

He managed to land all right in a field close alongside a long, narrow wood. So he set fire to his machine and then ran into the wood, as he knew the enemy must have seen him come down and would soon be there looking for him. So he hid himself. In the wood? No, not he. He was a Scout, I tell you — not a fool. The wood was the likely sort of spot to hide in, so he didn't stop there, but ran through it. On the other side he found some cottages and gardens, with a stream flowing along the bottom of the gardens.

TRICKED HIS PURSUERS

These were vegetable gardens, and full of rows and rows of beans. So he ran along in the stream, where he was able to keep hidden from the windows of the houses and at the same time left no footprints for his pursuers to find. Then he got into the gardens and crawled up out of the stream and laid himself flat in the middle of a row of beans. And though his pursuers searched everywhere around they never found him, because he was not in the likely spot.

Well, I see that one of our submarines carried out the same idea once when being hunted by German destroyers.

You know, our submarines used to go regularly into the Heligoland Bight, in the hope of catching a German man-o'-war. They used to watch their minesweepers and just keep out of their way; they did not waste torpedoes on them nor create alarm. As an officer wrote in *Blackwood's Magazine* when describing this work, "These small craft don't see you unless you worry about them. If we once started strafing them they'd keep a better look out; but nobody keeps a good look out unless he's scared — so we don't scare them....We had some trouble on the fourth day. No, not dangerous; just aggravating. You see we got seen by some idiot, and they soon sent out the usual four torpedo-boats to look for us.

"They came fussing along and saw my periscope at fairly long range, as it was a flat calm. They loosed off at me, and I at once went down, and instead of running away from them went full speed towards them and so passed under them. We remained down until dark, and when we came up I knew I was going to have trouble and worry in getting my batteries charged, as they'd have all sorts of packets barging around at night looking for me.

"So we thought it over and decided that the best place to sit and charge would be close to their boom defences, because they would never think of looking for us there.

"We saw lots of craft go by, all heading out to sea to put in a hate against us. I heard afterwards that some of their destroyers in looking for us that night had a scrap with each other in the dark, and one got pretty badly damaged!"

But our submarine came off all right because he knew how to hide — *where he was least expected*.

PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK

"Hide-and-seek!" I should think I *had* played it. I used to be jolly good at it when I was a Wolf Cub's age. I just loved to play it when I was at school, and I think it is a ripping game, and like most others, if you take a little trouble about it you can become better than other fellows at it, and you can always get great fun out of it. Besides, some day it may be very useful to you.

Of course a Fool-Cub when he is sent out to hide sees a good place to hide in, and goes there and stows himself away. The pack then comes out, and they look around and see the most likely hiding-place, go there, and catch Mr. Fool-Cub in it.

But then he is a Fool-Cub. If he were a Wise-Cub he would not choose the most likely looking place to go and hide in. He would *think* a bit first, he would use his wits, and cunningly get into some very unlikely looking spot.

When hiding, it is a useful thing to remember that fellows generally do not look up when they are searching for you, but keep their eyes open mainly for tracks on the ground, or for your hiding under furniture, bushes, etc.



FIND THE MAN HIDDEN IN THE OPEN.

SHELTER IN A TREE

I was once in a tight place among a lot of boys, who were hunting for me in a garden through which ran an ivy-covered wall. I lay flat along the top of the wall, looking down between the ivy leaves on my pursuers on both sides of me, but not one of them looked upwards. If he had done so he couldn't have missed seeing me. I was once nearly killed for my foolishness when I was the pursuer and the other chap was hiding. He was an enemy in Matabeleland; I was looking for him in some long grass, and he was

hiding from me in the top of a tree. I did not think to look up, until a shot from overhead plunged into the ground at my feet, and I saw my friend tight above me preparing to have another go at me.

Fortunately his first shot had missed, and attracted the attention of some of our marksmen close by, and they killed him before he could do any more harm.

After that I always took good care to look up, as well as down and around when searching for enemy.

TO HIDE IN THE OPEN

It is quite possible for a hider, if he is clever and properly dressed, to hide himself out in the open. When I say properly dressed, I mean that if he has clothes that are the colour of the ground about him, he can by sitting perfectly still escape notice of his pursuers. Even a soldier in red, if he stands against a red wall, is not noticeable at a short distance, provided he keeps still.

But if he goes and walks about in a green field, of course you would spot him at once a mile away.

I have myself sat on a hill-side among a lot of stones and rocks dressed in khaki, which was of the same colour, and so long as I did not move I was in full sight of the enemy and yet unseen by them. It was only because I wore a red sash round my waist one day that they spotted me, and I was very nearly caught through my own carelessness.



A SHOT FROM THE MAN IN THE TREE JUST MISSED ME.

SPECIAL CLOTHES MADE

In the war a great many of our scouts and snipers had special clothes made for them to match the ground exactly in which they were working.

Thus among sandhills a man would be covered with a sand-coloured garment with tufts of rough grass sticking out of it here and there, so that he was perfectly invisible and could not be noticed a few yards away.

But to do this he had to wear a veil of the same colour with small eyeholes cut in it and coloured gloves on his hands.

You have to remember when hiding that your face and hands are of a different colour than your surroundings and will often give you away unless you colour them or cover them.

So when you are hiding in dark corners in the house or in the woods if you have nothing with which to cover your hands and face it is best to hide them by turning your back on your enemy and crumpling yourself up into a position that makes you unlike yourself. Your enemy will then come close without ever seeing you.

I had great fun in this way once in the backwoods of West Africa. With some of my native scouts I lay in wait alongside a little track through the jungle for any scouts of the enemy who might pass during the night.

I made my party crouch down close to the path, and then I walked down it myself to see that they did not show in any way.

Then I went and hid myself by the path about thirty yards from them, where I should be the first to see who came along, and squatted.

As I was on the ground I could look up and see any stranger outlined against the stars.

BOUND AND GAGGED

We had not been there long before I was startled by one of the enemy walking noiselessly along and very nearly treading on me! But he never saw me, and no sooner was he well past me than I gave a whistle and a second or two later he found himself thrown down, gagged and bound in absolute silence by my little party. One after another, more of the enemy's scouts came along the path, some quickly, others cautiously; but all fell into the same trap. Finally came their head scout, very crafty and very suspicious. He seemed to come only an inch at a time.

Fortunately something attracted his eye beyond me, so that he did not notice me. But just when he got abreast of me, not a yard distant from where I was, with his back towards me, he stood stock still like a statue peering forward, evidently suspicious, listening and sniffing the breeze.

I thought he must hear my heart beating, as I was so close to him. He still continued to stare forward till I thought he must have seen something suspicious, and was going to bolt back with the news.

So I silently stood to my feet, flung my arms round his neck, and with my knee in the small of his back I brought him to the ground, where I held him tight, while my men rushed to my assistance.

Before they could reach us he had turned his gun, so that the muzzle was pressing against my tummy, but with one hand I grasped the lock.

It was an old flint-lock gun, and the cock broke off in my hand, and I toppled him over and lay on him. Of course he wriggled and fought, but a moment later my Hausa orderly flung himself on to us with a yell, and seized my prisoner's right arm, and I found then that he had drawn a knife, and was just about to puncture my back with it.

But we had him safe and sound; and it was a great score, as he was supposed to be their best scout.



FLUNG MY ARMS AROUND HIS NECK.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE

These men had been sent out to find the way for their king to escape during the night from our troops, but in consequence of their all being captured, he did not dare to come along the path.

He saw that his escape was cut off, and he surrendered the next day. But our success was due to our having learnt properly how to play *hide-and-seek*.

CHAPTER VII

A YARN ABOUT WEST AFRICA

ON the Western Coast of Africa lies the mysterious country known as the Gold Coast.

You all know how Africa bulges round to the westward and then curves inwards in a big sort of bay before it tapers away to South Africa and the Cape of Good Hope. It is in this bay that the Gold Coast lies.

I was there with an expedition against the Ashantis, a savage tribe of natives who lived away up in the Bush of that country. I have been told that most Wolf Cubs would like to hear about it, as we had some rather jolly adventures.

To get there by sea, after leaving Southampton, we crossed the stormy Bay of Biscay, where the waves are not content to splash about like the breakers that you see on the shore, but they really run up into great

AN OLD WOLF'S FAVOURITES

hills with valley between, so that if another ship is in your neighbourhood she may be in full view one minute, but is out of sight, except for the tops of her masts, the next.

Down past the Coast of Spain with its rocky headlands and mountains, with little white farms dotted on their sides, we steamed to the mouth of the River Tagus, the main river of Portugal, on which lies the great city of Lisbon.

Near the mouth of the Tagus, as we passed we saw the monument which was put up to the memory of Vasco da Gama. Who was Vasco da Gama?

ANCIENT SEA SCOUTS

He was a great Sea Scout who was the first explorer to sail round the Cape of Good Hope and to make a map of it.

It was said that a thousand years before his time the Phœnicians were a race of people who came from Syria and were bold sailors, who not only ventured to every part of the Mediterranean, but even crossed the dreaded Bay of Biscay in their small vessels and obtained their tin from Cornwall.

These people, like good Scouts, kept a log of their trip, and they recorded in it that they sailed for months down the coast of Africa with the sun rising every morning on their left hand. They took their direction in those days entirely by the sun and the stars because they had no compasses to guide them.

After a time they reported that the sun, instead of rising on their left, rose on their right hand every day, which, you see, means that they had changed their direction, and instead of sailing south were now going up north, the rising sun being in the east on their right hand. It is said that the Gold Coast was discovered by these plucky people, and that they dug for gold there. Certainly there are any amount of gold diggings which were never made by the savages who have lived there for the past few hundred years.

Well, in our ship we followed the track of the Phœnicians, and called in at the Island of Madeira off the Coast of Portugal.

TOBAGGANING AT MADEIRA

This is a great wooded mountain standing up out of the sea, covered with delightful houses and gardens for a long way up the face of it; and here you can get every kind of fruit and flower you may wish to have.

The paths are all made of small cobble stones, and it is hard and slippery work to go up the mountain side, but it is worth the trouble, because when you get to the top you get into a basket on sleigh-runners, and you come whizzing all the way down as if you were tobogganing.

It is a charming, peaceful place, but, nevertheless, it suffered from attack by a German submarine, because the owners of it, the Portuguese, were our Allies in the war.

THE STARMAN'S CAMP

From Madeira the ship steamed on to the Canary Islands, lying off the West Coast of North Africa, passing the peak of Teneriffe on the way.

This is a great high mountain standing sheer up out of the ocean. One man so admired this peak that he built a hut on the top of it, and lived there for some time with his wife, where he studied astronomy, watching the stars and making maps of them.

That man was my uncle. If he had been a Scout he would have won the Starman's Badge twenty times over.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

LONELY FISHERMEN

Leaving the Canary Islands we at last sighted the dim low shore of Africa, and by this time the sea had changed its character, and instead of being bright blue with dancing waves, had a sullen grey oily surface, with a sickly haze hanging over the land, and a heavy damp heat which made you feel disinclined for taking much exercise.

Before we sighted the land we came across a little canoe, a long, narrow, straight boat which was nothing more nor less than the stem of a tree hollowed out, and in it were three blackies.

We steamed close to look at them, thinking that they might be in distress, and that possibly they had drifted or been blown out to sea from the land. But not a bit of it. They were quite happy, and made signs that they were willing to sell us fish if we wanted it. But we did not, and went on our way. It has always been a puzzle to me how these fellows ever found their way back home again, being out of sight of land with no charts and no compass to guide them.

THE SURF ON THE COAST

At last one morning we found ourselves lying off the Cape Coast Castle, one of the chief ports of the Gold Coast. There was just an old castle of the rocks, a white sandy beach, a lot of palm trees, and dark green bush stretching away for miles and miles on either hand, and near the castle the roofs of a little town, chiefly occupied by natives.

We were, of course, all eager to get ashore, but between us and that peaceful scene lay a difficulty.

There was a great line of seething water between us and the beach — the surf of the coast, caused by regular lines of mountainous waves rushing forward and bursting on the beach, in which no ordinary boat could live.

But the native boatmen understood how to deal with this, and before long we saw the surf boats coming out like little beetles crawling over the waters.

Each boat had about twenty men sitting along each gunwale, each man wielding a short paddle, all working together like clockwork, and singing a weird song as they dug their paddles into the water and shoved their great boat along.

AN OAR AS RUDDER

In the stern stood the steersman, holding a big oar with which he directed the boat, so that it took on waves at the proper angle, and was not thrown over by them.

It was real fun, mixed with considerable excitement, to go ashore in one of these boats, for as you got nearer and nearer to the shore the roar of the surf got louder and louder, and you began to think that you wished you had not come; and when you got among the waves the boat seemed fairly to rush with you, and the boatmen yelled their song and plied their paddles with double fury, so that one felt excited, too, and it became just like a rush of a switchback coupled with the plunge of a water-chute. One wanted to yell with the fun of it, and felt quite sorry as the boat grated up the beach, as was rushed on by a hundred willing fellows pulling her high and dry out of harm's way.

CHEERFUL-LOOKING BLACKIES

After we had landed in the surf boats we found a large straggling town of small huts stretching over sandy hot roads, with a population of cheerful-looking blackies, with great grinning mouths, showing their white, even teeth. They manage to keep their teeth cleaner than most English boys, but I hope that

Wolf Cubs, at any rate, will not be beaten by a blackie at this, and that you will clean your teeth, as they do, every morning and every evening.

They have not got any ordinary tooth-brushes made of ivory and bristles like we have, nor have they chemist shops where they could buy them; so they do what a resourceful Wolf Cub does — when they haven't got a thing they want, they make it.

They take a bit of stick about the size of a thick pencil and hammer the end of it flat between two stones until it frays out into a lot of fibres like a paint brush. Using this end on, they scrub their teeth up and down, and so keep them white and clean, and do not get toothache.

Although this country is inhabited by natives, it is part of the British Empire, and ruled over by a British Governor and a few commissioners and police officers. The people are nice, well-conducted folk, who have schools much like our schools at home, and now among the boys they have their Troops of Scouts and their Packs of Wolf Cubs, so you may be sure they will be particularly good subjects of the King.

But only a few miles inland the natives were very difficult. There, although they were under British protection, they were ruled over by their own king, and they would not allow anybody to pass through their country for trading or other purposes, and they used to catch any stranger they could and make a slave of him so long as they wanted him, and then they chopped off his head.

CUTTING OFF HEADS

They just loved cutting off people's heads. When the inhabitants wanted any excitement or amusement, instead of going to the pictures or a football match they had an execution and cut off a number of people's heads.

So much did they enjoy seeing other people have their heads off, that the king found it an easy way to make himself popular to have frequent executions for the public to look at.

So, if any man was late in paying his taxes, the king ordered him to come and be executed, and he was only let off on the condition that he sent three or four slaves or more to take his place.

And so these poor fellows were killed simply for the amusement of the others, and not because they had done any wrong.

BELIEVE IN GHOSTS

These people, having no proper religion of their own, knew nothing about God, and therefore believed in ghosts and bogies, and were afraid to go out in the forest, especially at night, without something to protect them against attacks by different kinds of devils.

So they worshipped idols, which they call "Fetish," and paid the priests in the temples to give them charms that would protect them. These charms were made out of human blood, and the priests made a great deal of money by selling them to the people. But this, of course, caused a number of other people to be killed by the priests.

When the British Government heard of all this brutality, they sent to the king and warned him that he must stop at once. This he promised to do, but he never carried out his promise.

He was not a man of honour, and he could not be trusted; so, in the end, the British Government sent an expedition against him in order to put a stop to his inhuman practices.

A NATIVE LEVY

The duty that I had to do was to raise a regiment among the friendly natives in our own district, who were to act as scouts, and prepare the way for the British force that was going to advance into the country.

Notice was therefore sent to the chiefs of the different tribes close by, telling each to send a company of his best men to join me at Cape Coast Castle at one o'clock on a certain day.

This day came, and one o'clock came, but not one of my gallant army appeared on the scene.

They were not like Wolf Cubs; they had never been taught what it was to be punctual for school or for parade. They had never learnt the Cub Law that they should give in to the Old Wolf and should not give in to themselves. They did just the opposite.

It was a hot, muggy day — they were lying asleep in the shade. Why should they disturb themselves?

So they gave in to themselves, and continued to lie about instead of coming to parade.

Very soon they learnt, however, that it was best to give in to the Old Wolf, because he came along with a big stick and routed them out!

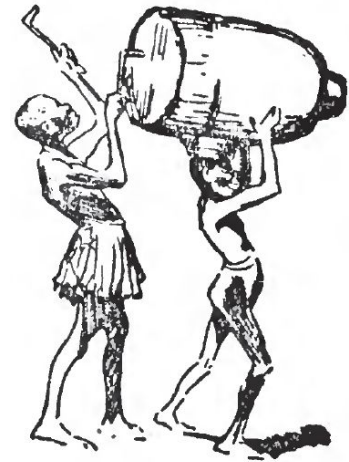
RIDICULOUS COSTUMES

Having got my companies together, the next thing was to put them into uniform, and this was easily done. They came in all sorts of dresses, some with very little on, others with most ridiculous costumes.

It was a hot country, and they were accustomed to wearing no clothes, so I made them take off the odds and ends they were wearing, and they were soon in uniform — that is, they were all dressed alike — in their own brown skins.

I gave each man a red fez to wear, a flint-lock gun, a belt, and a bag to carry his food in, and a blanket to sleep in at night, and in a very short time my army was ready and equipped for taking the field.

A few of them owned drums, and one or two had horns on which they could blow weird sounds. These horns were made out of elephants' tusks, and the drums were hollowed out of the trunks of the trees, and, with these drummers and trumpeters at the head of the force, we started off gaily on our first day's march into the "bush" towards the enemy's country.



OUR DRUMMER.

IN THE FOREST JUNGLE

And so we moved steadily up country against the enemy. There were no roads, no fields, no hedges, but everywhere thick forest and jungle. Underfoot the ground was generally damp and sloshy; all round was thick bush, out of which grew trees so thick that very little sunlight came through, and the wood was half dark.

High above the ordinary trees the giant "cotton trees" stood up against the sky. These great trees are as tall as the highest church steeple, with just a cluster of branches at the top, and immense roots, partly above the ground, behind which men could hide themselves.

Through this half-dark jungle we had to cut a path as we went along, using the compass as our guide, because we never could see far ahead. For the first day we enjoyed this novel scenery, but when it went on day after day, and week after week exactly the same, without coming to any open country or change of view, you may guess we got pretty tired of it.



THE GIANT COTTON
TREES.

But we had lots of work to do. We were the Scouts of the Army. We had to keep a look-out, and try to find the enemy in case he should be hiding in the woods, ready to open fire on the main body of our force when they came along.

BLAZING A TRAIL

Then, also, we were the pioneers of the Army, which means that we had to cut the path, and where the ground was very boggy to build a road of logs across the bad places; where one of the giant trees had fallen and lay across our road we had to make an inclined path up one side and down the other, so that it did not check the advance of the soldiers.

Here and there the path had to be doubly wide, so that the troops going up and others going down the road could pass one another.

Whenever we came to a stream we had to make a bridge across it, and in the course of our journey we built no less than two hundred of these; and do you know that none of these silly blackies knew how to tie a knot? So that, very often, when they had built the bridge of poles and had tied it all together, the whole thing fell to pieces again because the lashings had not been properly tied. Wolf Cubs could do better than that!



THE BLACKIES HAD TO BUILD A BRIDGE.

BUILT REST-HOUSES

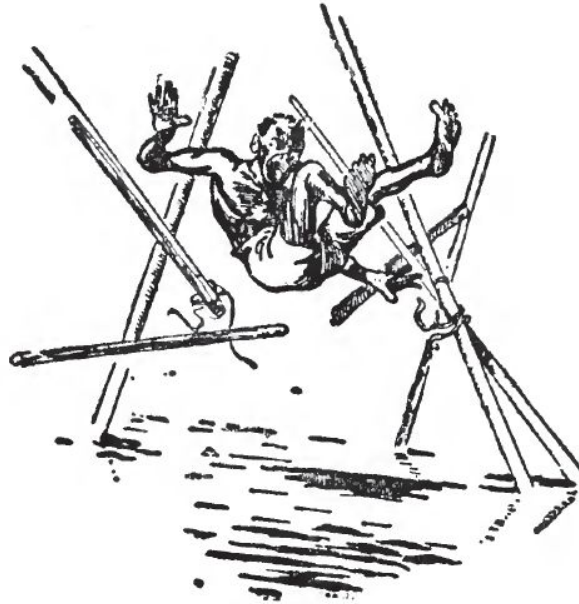
Every few miles we cleared a space of ground, chopped down trees, and built large sheds in which the troops could rest for the night when they came to the end of their day's march, and under these sheds we made long tables upon which the men could lie and sleep, well off the damp ground.

The country is a most unhealthy one, and if you sleep on the ground or let your clothes get damp upon you without changing into dry things, you are pretty sure to get fever; and nearly everybody in the Expedition got ill at one time or another, and many of them died. I took very good care of myself, and carried out the orders that were given us for keeping healthy, and the consequence was that I never had a day's sickness.

HOW WE SAW KAA

The forest was so dark and unhealthy that very few animals lived in it. We never saw more than a few monkeys or opossums away up in the trees, nor did we see many tracks on the ground. The opossums used to give us a weird cry at night — it was just the sort of noise that a Wolf Cub would make if a wild chimpanzee caught him and started to eat him alive, beginning with his feet — a horrible scream it was.

There were glorious butterflies in the jungle and vast armies of ants — and didn't they smell, too! They were just like a gasworks! They came along in a vast body, a yard or two wide, and perhaps four or five hundred yards long. Nothing would turn them aside. If they crossed your path, the best thing you could do was to jump over them or they would be all over you.



**THE BLACKIES DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TIE KNOTS AND
THE BRIDGE BROKE.**

If they marched into your tent, the only thing to do was to get out of it as quickly as you could, until they chose to go away again. They were a nasty, stinking, nipping lot.

One day my men called me out from my tent, telling me they had brought a pet for me, and I found they were carrying among them a huge fat snake, a boa constrictor, like old Kaa of the Jungle Book. He was coiled up as you see them in the Zoo, so that you couldn't make out where was his head or his tail.

When they put him on the ground he remained quite still, though you could see by his breathing that he was alive.

Then we all kept quiet, and he cautiously brought his head out from within the folds of his body, and, thinking that we had gone away, he quietly began to slide along and quickly disappeared among the long grass of the forest.

SURPRISED THE ENEMY

At last one day we got to the enemy's main town, Kumassi. He had had parties of men on the watch for us miles out in the forest, but our Scouts had discovered these, and all night long in pitch darkness we

cut a path for ourselves in such a way as to get past these outposts without their knowing of it; by daylight we were well behind them, and from three sides at once we suddenly appeared before the town.

There was a tremendous hullabaloo among the natives when they found us there, and we could hear their drums booming away at a tremendous pace. These people play their drums so that they signal to each other messages, very much in the same way that Scouts and Wolf Cubs can tap off messages in Morse code.

CHAPTER VIII

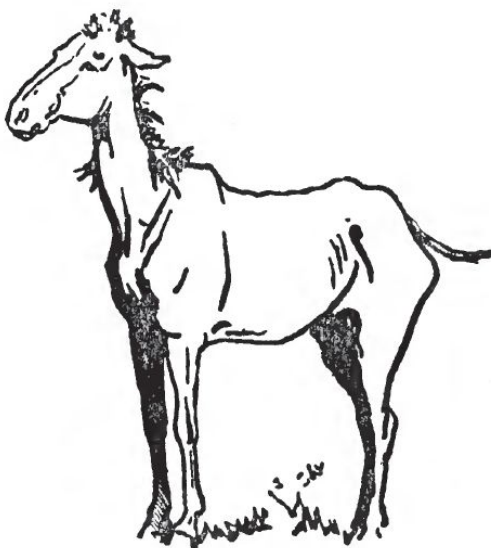
HORSES I HAVE OWNED

ANY Wolf Cub who has visited my home will have seen, in the little hut where I sleep in the garden, a Roll of Honour painted on the wall. It is a list of all the horses that I have owned during my life in the Army. I love to look over their names from time to time and to think of the happy days I have had with them.

Horses have been good friends and companions to me, and I have a very great love for them. They are awfully nice beasts when you get to know them. First on the list stands Hercules. He was the first pony I ever owned, so I ought to have been proud of him.

So I was in a way, but he *was* ugly! My word, he was ugly. A little, thin, red chestnut pony, with a head like a fiddle and hip bones sticking up like hat-pegs — a miserable-looking rat of a thing.

I really bought him out of pity. It was in India. He belonged to a man who made his living by cutting grass and selling it to horse-owners for feeding their horses. Hercules had to carry the load of grass every day to the market, and the load was as big as himself. That was how he got the name of Hercules, for Hercules was the name of the strong man in ancient history.



HERCULES WAS NO BEAUTY.

When I had bought him I tried to fatten him up with good food and plenty of it. But it never made the slightest difference in his appearance; he remained as thin and as ugly as ever.

But having got rid of his load of grass, he became quite gay and lively.

I was then learning to play polo, and we learnt the game together, Hercules and I.

LEARNING TO PLAY POLO



THE HOCKEY SMILE.

Polo, you know, is a game, like football or hockey, where two teams play against each other on a big field with a goal at each end. Instead of a leather ball, they play with a little hard wooden one, and, instead of running, the players ride ponies, and they hit the ball with a small mallet on a long cane handle.

Polo is hockey on horseback. I have played most games that boys play, but there is not one that comes near polo for excitement and enjoyment.

You have to be as sure of hitting the ball at polo as you have at cricket; you have to be as quick to think and act as you have at football; you have to stand hard knocks with as big a smile as you do at hockey; but beyond this you have also to manage and guide your pony without falling off; you have to take risks of being rolled over, pony and all, in a charge, and also you have to learn to do what a Wolf Cub does every day in his work in the Six, and that is to D.Y.B., and “play in your place, and play the game.”

QUICK AT SEEING

Well, it requires a lot of practice both for yourself and for your pony before you can play well enough to take part in a match. So Hercules and I practised hard, and learnt polo together.

While I learnt to hit the ball as we galloped along, Hercules also learnt that it was his business to take me wherever the ball was going as fast as he possibly could.



HERCULES CARRIED A LOAD AS BIG AS HIMSELF.

So he got to be very quick at seeing the ball and at turning to follow it, and very often his sharp eyes would find it through a cloud of dust before I saw it myself, and away he would go carrying me to it.

In this way we became great friends and play comrades. Then sometimes we went out for paper chases. One of our officers would ride out into the country carrying a sack full of scraps of paper with him; he would then go across the country over ditches and walls, under trees, through canals, etc., dropping paper as he went along.

After giving him a fair start the rest of us rode after him, following the trail of paper, galloping across the country, jumping the fences, losing the trail and finding it again, till we either caught him up, or he got home first.

It was grand fun for all, but I do believe that Hercules enjoyed it more than anyone else. It was such a jolly change from his old life as a grass-cutter's beast of burden.



HERCULES JUMPING WALLS.

ENTER DICK

Dick. Yes, he was a rum 'un.

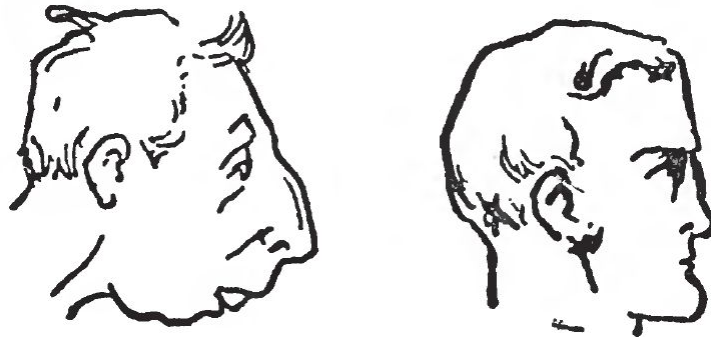
A big, well-shaped, chestnut-coloured horse, with an ugly old head and rather a small eye. Well — that is an important point. You can tell a lot about a horse from his eye, just as you can of a man by his chin.

A man with a big chin is generally a man with a big will of his own, while one with a small chin is only a silly ass. So, too, a horse with a sleepy eye is generally a quiet old thing, while one with a big, open eye is a jolly, honest beast; but beware of the animal with a small eye — he is often nasty-tempered, cunning, and sulky. Well, although Dick had a small eye, he wasn't really nasty-tempered — at least, not always; he was more *short*-tempered — that is, he would get angry if you did anything that he didn't like.

“DON'T YOU DARE TO TOUCH MY HEELS!”

For instance, he grew some rather long hair on his heels. He was touchy about this. He rather fancied himself with hairy heels; I didn't. So I told my Indian groom to pull or cut these hairs. But Dick wouldn't allow it. He looked out of the corner of his little eye and put back his ears as much to say, “Don't you dare to touch my heels,” and lifted one of them ready to give a sledge-hammer back-kick to

the man if he tried it on. So we sent for a farrier who was accustomed to shoeing horses and to playing about with their feet. He came with his mate, and went into the stable to argue the point with Mr. Dick.



BIG CHIN OR SMALL CHIN ?
WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE ?

Dick at once saw that they had got some game on against him, so he resolved to have a row. He edged away from them into the corner of his stall and prepared to fight them. He saw that they expected him to lash out and kick at them, so he made up his mind to spring a surprise on them, and, instead of kicking backwards, he swung round and reared himself up on end to pounce down on them and strike them down with his fore feet.

CAUGHT HIS HEAD A CRACK

But he had forgotten one thing. There was a rather low beam across the top of his stable, and when he reared up he caught his head an awful crack on the beam, and he dropped down in a heap on the floor — stunned. The farrier cried, “Come on, Jim, let’s clip him while he’s silly!”

So they tied his feet together, in order that if he came to he could not strike out at them, and they then cut his hair quite comfortably.

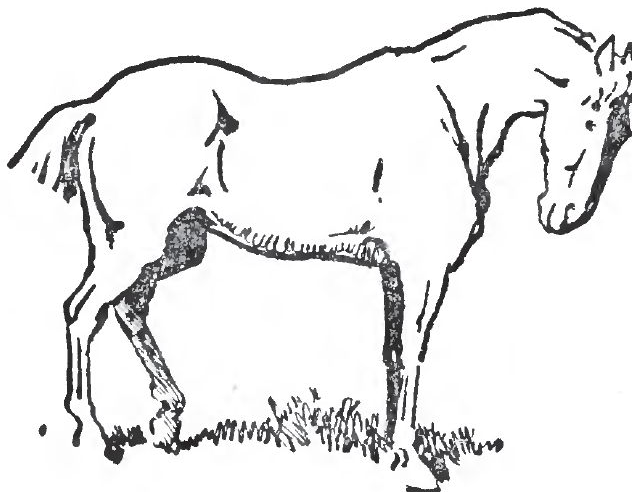
Another time I rode Dick over to see a friend of mine, and when I got there the groom put him in the stable, and I went into my friend’s house. Suddenly there was a terrible hullabaloo out in the stable-yard. We ran out, and what do you think? Dick had killed the groom!

The man had evidently come into the stall suddenly and had startled the horse, who at once let out a back-kick which had caught the poor fellow in the stomach and had done for him. Had the man been a Scout or a Wolf Cub, he would have noticed the horse’ small eye, and would have been very careful in dealing with him.

TAUGHT HIM TRICKS

And, mind you, Dick was not bad at heart. He was a great friend of mine, and I taught him lots of little tricks. For one thing, he would stand for hours without moving away if I left him with orders to stop there. On one occasion this was jolly useful to me. One of the horses of my squadron had broken away from the camp in the night and disappeared. This horse, A44, was one of the best horses in the regiment, and was ridden by the Regimental-Sergeant-Major, so everybody was in a great stew about his disappearance, especially the Colonel.

So I started off on Dick to try and find him. It had been raining and snowing all night, so I soon found his tracks and followed them, sometimes in mud, sometimes in snow. They led me off into wild country among the mountains, often over rocky and stony ground where tracking was most difficult.



BEWARE OF THE HORSE WITH THE SMALL EYES.

After some hours of work and after going over some miles of country, the tracks led straight up a mountain where it was much easier for me to go on foot. So I got off Dick and told him to wait there, and off I went scrambling up the rocks and gullies until at last I was rewarded by finding old A44, shivering with cold, bleeding from many cuts, having evidently been terrified out of his life. It took a long time to get him down the mountain side again, but when at last we reached the foot there was Dick calmly awaiting us — and I was soon riding home in triumph leading my prize.

Poor A44 never got over it — he was never the same horse again, and at last got a bad fever and died. But the Colonel was very pleased with what Dick and I had done in getting him back — and it was jolly lucky for me later on.

MY "FIRST CHARGER"

It was in this way.

Dick was my "first charger." That is, although he was my own property, I was not allowed to use him for any purpose except for riding on parade or just quiet riding about. I must not drive him in harness nor ride him hunting.

Well, one day when I was riding him near our camp I saw a fine wild boar scampering across the fields. This was too much for me. I called to my Indian groom to hand me my spear, and off I went on Dick, forgetting all rules and orders, to catch that pig. After a great gallop we got close up to him, and I reached forward to lunge the spear into him when Dick stopped short and stood up on end. He very nearly sent me flying to the ground by doing so. The reason for this was that among the other tricks I had taught him was that whenever I made a low bow to anybody he was to rear up on his hind legs and paw the air. So, when I stooped over to stab the boar, Dick thought I was bowing, so he played his part, too, and stood up!

The pig might easily have escaped us while Dick was playing the ass, but the pig was clever, and he said to himself, "Now's my time to kill those two," so instead of running away he turned and came for us.

MY SPEAR MISSED

As he rushed at us I prepared to receive him on my spear, but as I had to lean over to do this, up went Dick again, my spear missed, and the boar got a good cut with his tusks into Dick's hind legs, fortunately missing his stomach. A second time the same thing happened. But when he came at us yet again I gave Dick such a dig in the ribs with my spurs as made him jump into the air instead of rearing, and as the boar passed under him I jabbed the spear down into his back and killed him.



PIGSTICKING OR PIG-STUCK ?

But the awful thing was how to face the Colonel and explain these wounds in my first charger's legs.

"Please, sir," I said, "a boar attacked me, and I *had* to defend myself!"

"Yes, that's all very well," said the Colonel, "but how did you come to have a spear in your hand when riding your first charger? Let me see, isn't that the horse that helped you catch A44 when he ran away? Yes. Well, youngster, don't go riding your first charger after a pig again."

CHAPTER IX

MY MARE "HAGARENE"

HER name was Hagarene. Funny name for a mare, wasn't it?

Bill Beresford, a friend of mine, never could get it right, and so for short he always called her "Gangrene," which is the name of a horrible disease.



HAGARENE.

But Hagarene wasn't a bit horrible — she was a real beauty. It was out in India that I got her. I had been home ill, and had just got back to India to find that my regiment was on its way to the front in Afghanistan — away up beyond the North-West corner of the country. I had to get myself a horse, and to follow the regiment as quickly as I could.

I saw an advertisement in the newspaper of this mare for sale owing to her owner going home to England. So I telegraphed that I would buy her, and asked for her to be sent by train to meet me at the end of the railway which led to Afghanistan. I got there the same day, and, of course, was awfully anxious to see what she looked like. When she was taken out of the horse-box she looked a beauty, just as her master described her in his letter to me.

He also said: "You must be careful when mounting her as she is rather difficult, but once you are on her back she is excellent."



BOTH OF US TIRED AFTER A LONG FIELD DAY.

KEEN TO GET A RIDE

Well, she had been for two days boxed up in the train, and had had no exercise, and so I expected that she would be more than ever difficult to get on to. However, I was very keen to get a ride on her to see what she was like, so we put the saddle on her, and very gingerly I prepared to mount. After much fondling and sugar-feeding I suddenly and quietly skipped on to her back. Not a move! She didn't seem

to mind in the least. I thought to myself, "Oh! it is just some clumsy beggars find her difficult. It only wants a little 'horse-sense' and it will be all right." M'yes; I got to learn more of her very soon!



THERE WAS A SORT OF EARTHQUAKE.

However, now that I was successfully in the saddle I thought we could go for a short ride, so I gave her a hint to go on. But she stood absolutely stock still. "My dear," I said to her inwardly, "I want you to go on, please," and gave her a gentle squeeze with my legs. No result; she just stood like a rock. "*My dear,*" I said with greater firmness, "*I want you to go on. D'you hear?*" and I gave her a good punch with both heels to show her that I meant it.

I don't quite know what happened — there was a sort of earthquake, and I suddenly found myself standing on my feet on the ground facing her, and the mare standing still looking at me. I never knew how I got there. There was no desperate struggle about it; I was simply landed there, by her, without any effort. It showed me, however, that she knew more than I did about how a rider could be chucked. She had performed what is known as a "buck."

WENT LIKE A LAMB

So I had her exercised for a bit at the end of a long rope, so as to work off her energy and temper; and then I tried again. This time there was no doubt about her dislike to anyone getting on her back. She fought and struggled with the groom who was holding her head while I was bobbing around looking for a chance of nipping on to her. At last I managed it, and sat very tight, expecting another earthquake; but not a bit of it! This time she was quiet the moment she found I was securely in the saddle and directly I asked her to go on she went like a lamb, and was delightful to ride.

But that was her drawback; whenever I wanted her there was a tremendous tussle between her and her groom. It was only a week or two later I found out the secret.

I was away scouting by myself a long way from the rest of the column when by accident I dropped my revolver. So I jumped off to pick it up. Then suddenly the awful thought occurred to me, "How shall I ever be able to mount her again, with nobody to hold her head!"

Well, something had to be done, so I plucked up my courage and tried to do it without any help.

GO AT IT BOLDLY

I have often noticed that if you have some difficult or dangerous job to do, it is not nearly so bad as it looked when you come to do it. The more you look at a nasty job the less you'll like it. Go at it boldly and it comes quite easily. So it did in this case. I got on quite easily.

Hagarene did not show the slightest annoyance at my getting up. I tried it over again, and then discovered that she had no objection to my mounting; what she did object to was anybody holding her head while I did it. So never again did I let the groom hold her, and she was always quite nice and friendly in consequence.

Well, when I say that, I mean she was quite friendly with *me*. But once I wanted one of my men to take a message for me, so I told him to jump on my horse and ride with it. He jumped on all right, but somehow Hagarene didn't like him, and she jumped him off in double quick time.

Yes. She was that way. She had her likes and her dislikes.

But she never was nasty to me after our first meeting, except once and that was — well, I think really that she forgot herself for the moment.

THAT EARTHQUAKE STUNT

We had just come in from a long field-day, men and horses tired and thirsty. It was my duty to see that the men rode their horses to the watering trough before taking them to the stables. I was sitting lazily on Hagarene, and she had had enough work to make her feel glad that the parade was over. Suddenly she performed the earthquake stunt again, shot me up out of the saddle so that I fell on to my hands on the ground while my feet were still up in the saddle. Then, just as before, she stood perfectly still, so that I pulled myself back into the saddle without having tumbled right off! It was a near shave of being fined, because if an officer falls off his horse on parade he has to pay a fine to the Mess. But I was not fined this time because I did not come right off — my feet were never on the ground.

AFTER THE WILD BOAR

The thing that Hagarene loved was pig-sticking — that is, wild boar hunting.

She was so fast and clever at galloping after wild boar on bad ground that she very nearly won the Challenge Cup for "Pig-sticking."

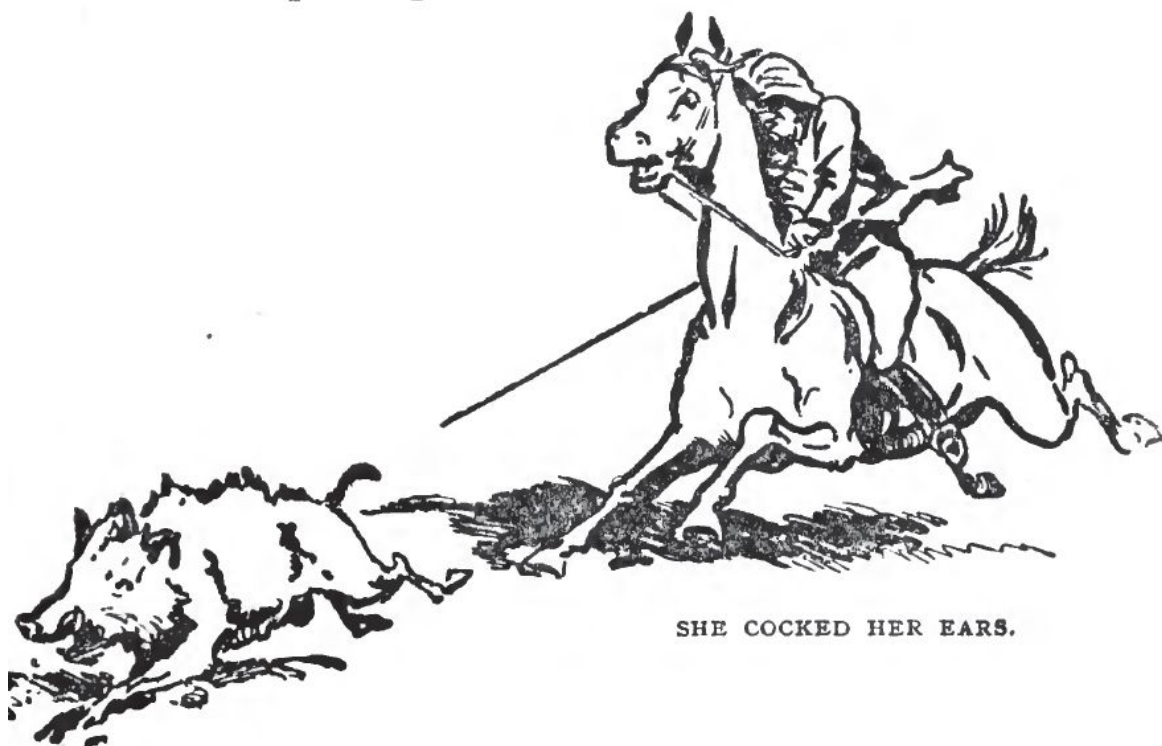
There were four of us in the race. Such excitement! Twenty elephants carried the onlookers through the jungle. Suddenly a boar was seen. Away we went after him as hard as we could lick. Hagarene soon got ahead of the rest. She was so fast and keen. The pig dashed across open ground into a very thick, coarse bit of jungle, but I was pretty close behind him, and could just see him every now and then between the great tussocks of grass six feet high. We were getting close upon him, and I got my spear ready to reach out and stick him.

At that moment a sort of green hedge appeared in front, and almost as the pig disappeared through it, Hagarene leapt over it, and there, ten feet below us, was the shining surface of the river!

The pig went plump down under water, and Hagarene and I did the same with a tremendous splosh almost on top of him. Right down we went under water to any depth, and there was a lot of struggling, striking out, swimming in heavy clothes, hanging on to reeds, etc.

At last I got out on the far bank and saw Hagarene clambering out, and then starting off as hard as she could leg it for camp. The pig turned back in the direction he had come, and I got home a funny-looking creature, covered with mud and water, and garlanded with green, trailing weeds!

Once I rode her in a great match between two of us officers and two Indian Rajahs. We were started off, all four of us, after a wild boar to see who could reach him first and spear him. My brother officer got away with a good lead, and Hagarene came next, and the two Indians behind me. And in that order we raced through the long grass and low bush that formed the jungle.



SHE COCKED HER EARS.

GAVE US THE LEAD

Suddenly my friend in front took a toss through his horse putting his foot in a hole. There was suddenly a head-over-heels of man and horse, hoofs kicking about above the grass, and then they both scrambled to their feet again, rather shaken by the fall.

But this gave the lead to Hagarene and me, and we could see the hairy back of the old boar crashing his way ahead of us through the grass and reeds. We were going at a tremendous pace, and so soon as Hagarene saw the enemy, she cocked her ears and put on an extra spurt to try and overtake him.

Right well she did it; inch by inch we gained upon him. The boar laid back his ears, and I could see him glancing now and then over his shoulder at us, trying his very utmost to keep ahead.

But it was no good; gradually Hagarene was overhauling him, and at last, with an extra effort, she got so close that I was able to reach out and make a thrust at him with my spear. But I was over-anxious; the distance between us was just too great — the point of my spear missed him by an inch or two and struck the ground instead.

However, we pressed on without a check, and again we got up to him; but this time I waited so as to make sure, and then, when we were well on to him, I let him have it with all my force. The spear struck him all right, but it did not stick in.

WHY I FAILED

Then, to my horror, I saw that there was no head on the shaft; it had broken when I made the bad shot and hit the ground. So I could not win the race, because the victory goes, not to the first man to get to the pig, but to the one who first draws blood.

I therefore looked round for the other competitors. There they were, a long way behind, but still coming along. So I yelled to them to hurry up, and meantime I kept following the boar so that he should not get away.

At last, one Rajah caught me up, and I showed him the pig, and he dashed on and drove his spear through him and put an end to a fine boar. It was one who had done a lot of harm in the villagers' fields.

Then I said, "Well done, Rajah — I congratulate you on your win." He could not believe that he had won the match till I showed him my broken spear, and then he was pleased! Indeed, he was so pleased that he wanted to buy Hagarene at any price I liked to ask, because she was so much better than his own horse. But I did not want to part with so good a friend, and I would not sell her.

Then the Rajah said: "But some day you will leave India to go home to England, and then I will buy Hagarene."

Years afterwards his words came true. My regiment was to leave India, and so our horses were advertised for sale, Hagarene among them. Then came a telegram from the Rajah saying, "Why do you advertise Hagarene for sale? She is my horse," and he came along shortly afterwards with a bag full of silver rupees and took my beloved Hagarene off with him.

But he was a kind master and a good horseman, and I was very glad that later on he won the challenge cup for pig-sticking with Hagarene.



THE RAJAH CAME WITH A BAG
OF SILVER RUPEES.

CHAPTER X

CANOE TRAVELLING

WHEN I was in Canada I had to travel a good deal by canoe. You know where Canada is — away across the Atlantic at the top end of America. You know who the Canadians are by what they did so well in the Great War. They are brave and hardy men, of British birth, who have gone to live out in the great plains and backwoods of Canada and who sent their troops over to help our Army in delivering France from the Germans.

Their country is much different from England because so much of it is wild forest and jungle in which the wild animals still roam at large; and it is a difficult country to travel in because there are few roads or paths, and much of the bush country is impossible for a man on foot to get through.

But there are everywhere in the forests great numbers of streams and lakes, and so the regular way of travelling there is by canoe. Ordinary boats would not do. For one thing, they would be difficult to make where men have few tools and no nails, and also they would probably draw too much water in the shallow, rocky torrents through which the travellers have to make their way.

So the backwoodsmen use canoes which they build for themselves out of wood that grows on the spot. They make a strong framework of the lightest wood they can find, and over this they put a covering made of strips of bark taken from the birch trees.

These strips are not nailed on to the frame but stitched on with string that is made from the long roots of the spruce trees, and the seams are made watertight with gum, which is the juice out of the fir trees growing round.



CANOE TRAVELLING.

CAN PASS OVER SUNKEN ROCKS

These canoes are beautifully light, and so as they float on the top of the water they can pass over sunken rocks and carry people through the rapids. But very often the streams are so blocked with rocks that it is impossible to get a canoe through them. So then the canoeists have to get ashore and carry their canoes, together with all their camp kit, blankets and cooking-pots, overland until they get to clearer water again. For this purpose a light birch bark canoe is useful. It would be impossible for them to carry a heavy boat through the woods in the same way.



A PORTAGE.



THE TENDERFOOT
WHO COULD NOT
COOK GRUB FOR
HIMSELF.

With a light canoe, the man puts it on his head and wears it like a hat, while his friend carries the baggage on his back, slung round his forehead with a broad strap called a "tompline." This way of going overland with boats and baggage is called a "portage." It is hard work paddling a canoe against a strong stream and then frequently having to get out and make a portage, but at the same time it is a very jolly life, and a healthy one.

At the end of the day the travellers put up their camp and build a fire out of dead branches collected from neighbouring trees. They cook their food and make a comfortable bed for themselves out of sprigs of the pine-trees. For a house they use either a tent or a shelter made from logs and branches, which they call a "shack." A boy in Canada would be thought a fearful tenderpad if he could not build his own shack, make his own bed, build a fire, and cook his grub. So a Wolf Cub in Britain ought not to be behind his Canadian brother in doing these things.

WHEN BOYS GET CAPSIZED

The Canadian boy can, of course, paddle his canoe without upsetting it, and if it should get capsized, as often happens, by sunken rocks or sudden rushes of water, the boy can swim like a duck, and the accident doesn't matter. So I hope every

Wolf Cub will practise as far as he can the art of managing a boat and especially swimming and diving, so that he will be as good as his brother Cubs in Canada.

I remember, one day, when paddling our canoe across one of the lakes among the woods, we suddenly ran upon a sunken tree, and one of its branches pierced a small hole in the thin birch bark side of the canoe and the water began to pour in. While one of us plugged up the hole with his cap, the other paddled the canoe as fast as he could to the nearest island, and when we got there the canoe was already half-full of water. We just reached it in time to prevent the canoe sinking, and got safely ashore.



MENDING THE CANOE.

There we unloaded our baggage and turned the canoe over so that we could get at the hole from the outside. It was only a small slit, which we were able easily to mend. My pal had a cut finger, and he took off the bandage from this and put it as a patch over the hole. He stitched it there with a few stitches of spruce root; he lit a small fire and took some of the hard resin from a neighbouring pine-tree, which he melted in the fire and then smeared all over the patch, and especially its edges.

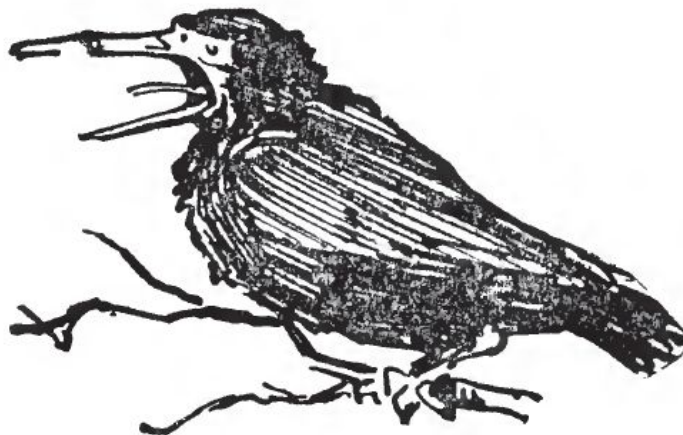
We launched the canoe to see whether it was watertight, and so soon as we found it was so, we put back our baggage, got into the boat, and continued our journey. The whole job of repairing our ship only took ten minutes, but it showed how quick and resourceful a backwoodsman can be.

CHAPTER XI

WILD BIRDS AND PET BIRDS

JUST now I can hardly hear myself speak because of a lot of friends of mine who will go on talking without even a moment's pause to take breath. They are at it the whole day, from morning till night.

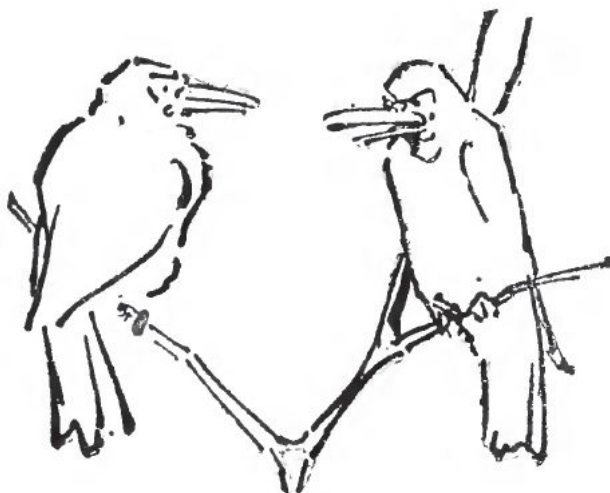
I can't imagine what they can find to talk about, but there they are, and they never stop.



CA-CAW.

“Ca-caw, ca-caw, caw-ca!” is what they say; and there must be a lot of meaning in it, for my friends are a lot of rooks in the neighbouring trees, and rooks “never talk without caws,” do they?

Just now they are building their nests, and they take an awful lot of trouble over the job. On the ground below there are hundreds of sticks lying about, but they don't pick these up to build their nests with; they fly away to distant trees and pull live twigs off them, and bring them back to make their nests.



TALKING ALL DAY.

It is an awfully difficult job to start a nest in a tree-top waving about in the wind, and you want to get a single stick, which you carry in your mouth, to lie across the fork of a branch till you can get more to pile on top of it. If that stick slips and falls, as it generally does, the poor rook doesn't go down and pick it up, but flies off to get another. So it takes a lot of time and trouble and patience to get a nest built.

CROWDED WITH NESTS

My trees are crowded with nests but the rooks may not go and build in another wood close by where there is plenty of room. Who stops them?

Why, their brother rooks. If a pair of birds build their nest in a new place, the other rooks come out one fine day and pull it all down again!

They have their strict rules about it. And they have strict rules in other things too.

In the nesting season they start out in the early morning two by two. I was awakened about five this morning by their flying past me as I lay in bed outside my house, and for a long time the procession went on, each pair going exactly the same line as the others, though not always in sight of each other.



UP IN THE TREES SO HIGH.

GO OUT IN FLOCKS

When they are not nesting the rooks go out in big flocks, always starting at the same hour (indeed in some country places the villagers say they can tell the time by the flying of the rooks!), and always keeping the same direction, and going to the same fields day after day. They all fly at about the same height above the ground, not like other birds who, when in a flock, fly some low and some high. And they generally fly silently. But among them you will hear one or two of them calling "Jack!" "Jack!" But these are not rooks, they are smaller birds, and move quickly with their wings; they are jackdaws who seem to like to go about with the rooks, like small boys marching alongside of soldiers.

Another rule among rooks is that if they belong to one flock they are not to go and join another.

There used to be a rookery in some old trees in Newcastle, not far from the Exchange. A pair of rooks who did not belong there thought that they would like to come and live in Newcastle. So they started to build their nest in the rookery. But every time they got it nearly finished the other rooks, who had been jawing at them all the time, came and pulled it down.



A BIT OF A MOUTHFUL.

So at last they went and sat up on the weathercock of the Exchange building. They found that the weathercock, instead of swaying about in the wind like the top of a tree and making them feel seasick, only moved round a little bit now and then. So they rather liked it, and started to build. As they were no longer in the rookery the other birds left them alone, and soon they had a lovely nest on the weathercock.

CAME THERE TEN YEARS

There they raised their young brood, and for ten years afterwards every year they rebuilt their nest, and brought up fresh families, till the weathercock was at last taken down.



WHAT A BIG TWIG.

Rooks generally like to build their nests in elm trees. As you know, an elm tree is one of the biggest and handsomest of the English trees, but he has a nasty way of tumbling down when you least expect it. But rooks are clever beggars; they seem to know long beforehand when a tree is going to fall, so if rooks give up building in a certain elm, even though they have used it for years, you watch that tree, and in a few months it will fall. They know.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

Then rooks will sometimes leave a rookery which they have used perhaps for twenty years, and start a new one in another woods without any special reason.

FRIENDLY WITH WHITE PIGEONS

People often try to get them to start nesting in trees where they want them, but the old black gentlemen will not be persuaded, though it is said that they will come to a place where white bantam fowls are kept. I don't know if it is true, but they are quite friendly with my white pigeons.

Although they are such big birds and possess such big powerful beaks, they are feared by other birds; jackdaws or starlings very often fly about with them and feed with them. The only bird they don't like is a hawk, and I remember reading an account of how a tame hawk that was chained up in a garden was once violently attacked by a whole flock of rooks who had spotted him as they were flying over. They were only driven off by the owner of the hawk opening fire on them with his gun.

Talking of that, rooks have a wonderfully keen sight for a gun. They don't mind a man coming near them, even if he is carrying a big stick, but if he carries a gun they spot it at once and are off in a great hurry.

They are very clever birds and very interesting to watch, but I should like to know a little of their language and to understand even half of what they talk about.

WITH A BROKEN WING

Yesterday I found in the field close to my rookery a poor rook hopping about with a broken wing. Do you know what that meant? He had done something wrong which the other rooks did not like, and they had held their Court of Honour on him and had punished him by breaking his wing. That is the way with rooks, and that is the awful punishment that they give — it is work than killing the offender, because it means that he will in the end be killed by cats or foxes, being unable to get away.

ABOUT PET BIRDS

Several Wolf Cubs have asked me whether it is a good thing to keep pet birds.

Well, I think it is, and yet sometimes I think it isn't. A fat lot of use is such advice you say. Well, it is this way. If you have a bird that is tame and happy it's all right; you can't have a nicer pet. But if it is a miserable prisoner in a cage always wanting to get out and be free then it is cruelty to keep it.



"CHUPPER—CHUPPER—CHUPPER."

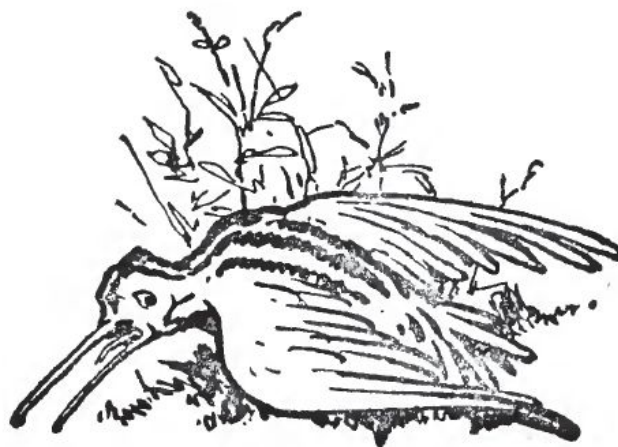
I have often wanted to keep birds of different kinds, and have tried to catch them when they were very young so as to get them accustomed to tame life before they had ever known what it was to be free and wild.

I'll tell you of my last two.

One day when I was out fishing, a snipe suddenly came flying near me, sounding her alarm cry, "Chupper — chupper — chupper." I walked on a few paces, and she suddenly darted down about twenty yards in front of me, and there carried on such a rough and tumble on the grass that I thought she was fighting with another bird, so I went forward to see. But no, she was alone there, and as I came near she sprang up and darted away across the stream, and dropped among some rushes in the field.

A SNIPE'S ARTIFICE

So I sat down and kept very still, and waited to see if she would do anything further. Sure enough after about five minutes she suddenly flew up, and silently flew about thirty yards and dropped again. I carefully marked the spot by noting a bush, a post, and a tree in line with it. Then I crossed the stream, go on the line of these objects, and walked carefully towards the place. Up jumped my friend in a tremendous flurry, crying her alarm call, and tumbling on to the ground, and floundering about on the grass. This is what many wild birds do when they want to lead you away from their nest. I had been taken in by this sort of thing before, so I did not look at her antics till I had pointed my finder at the spot where she had got up, and keeping my arm stretched in that direction I was able to take my eyes off it to watch her.



IN DISTRESS AMONG THE GRASS.

When I had amused myself over her efforts to lead me on in her direction, I walked very carefully forward to the spot to which my finger was pointing, where the nest ought to be. But I could not see it at first glance, so in order to mark the place I put my hat on the tuft of grass where I had expected to find it, and then carefully searched every tussock around it. But not a sign of a nest could I see. Then I noticed two or three little round lumps of dirt, which looked as though a sheep had lately been there, but it was a hay crop, and no sheep could have been grazing there. So I examined the dirt a little more closely, and taking one lump in my hand I found it was a tiny, fluffy little snipe chick. A dear little thing, with bright beady black eyes, with rather large feet for its size, but not the very long beak that it would get later on, and its coat a lovely pattern of dark and light brown, like a tortoiseshell cat.



A FUNNY LITTLE CHICK
WITH BRIGHT BEADY
EYES AND BIG FEET.

LIKE LUMPS OF DIRT

It was wonderful how the little beggars had learnt to tuck themselves down, and to squat motionless like lumps of dirt when danger was near. I have seen young plover do exactly the same, so that if you were not on the look out for them you would easily pass them by, or even tread on them, before discovering that they were live birds.

My little friend was shivering with cold when I took him up, and finding that concealment was no longer any good, he gave out a tiny little “cheep — cheep” of alarm. But very soon he found that my hand was warm, and he snuggled down into it quite contentedly, with only his head sticking out, and he stopped complaining, and made himself quite at home. So leaving his brothers and sisters where they were I took him back with me. I caught some small slugs and grubs, chopped them up, and put them into his mouth, and he swallowed them down readily.

When I got home I made him a warm nest in my stocking, and put it inside a warm box. Once in the night I heard him singing again, so I visited him, and found he had got outside his nest and was shivering, so I warmed him up in my hand, and then put him into his nest again, and he coiled down in it very contentedly. Next morning when I went to call him he was outside the nest — dead. He had died of cold, poor little chap. It doesn’t do to take the very young bird away from the mother’s care.

HAD A TAME PARTRIDGE

So next time I was wiser. This time it was a little partridge that I caught.

In India you very often see a native walking about followed by a tame partridge. I wanted to have one too.

I was walking along a path the other day with my dogs when suddenly one of them made a dash into the grass with an eager yelp, and out dashed a big rat in front of him. But the hunt was a short one. The rat ran up the bank and popped into a hold, and so escaped.

But there was some excitement still among the dogs. My steady old retriever, Bessie, even showed a sudden interest, and stood like a rock with her nose close to a tuft of grass, and her eye glancing at me as though saying, “Here he is, just at the end of my nose.” So I swizzled about in that bit of grass and out ran a little wee partridge chick. I had no difficulty in catching him, and though he did not quite like it at first he very soon settled down to sitting contentedly in my hand, looking about him with his bright eyes, and wondering what was going to happen next.

He had evidently got lost, and though perhaps he did not know it he was very nearly becoming dinner for a rat.

So I took him home with me.

In the meadows I had a motherly old hen in a coop who was looking after two chicks. One was her own, the other a little dark-brown duckling. So I now added the small partridge to her family hoping that she would keep him warm under her fluffy feathers at night, and show him what to eat in the daytime. Birds are said not to be able to count higher than two, so I thought this old hen would never notice that she had three chicks instead of two to look after. But she did. When we came next morning to see how the little family were getting on, we found poor little partridge lying dead, with his head bashed in by the beak of the old hen. She didn’t want this addition to her family!



HIS PARTRIDGE RUNNING AFTER HIM LIKE A DOG.

CHAPTER XII

WHO IS RIGEL?

WELL, Rigel is a wonderful fellow. He is very bright and jolly, with a merry twinkle about him; but he lives an awfully long way off. And yet any Wolf Cub who want to see him any day of the week — or any night, if there are no clouds about, for Rigel is a star — the biggest known star in the heavens.

When you become a Scout, you will have to know about the stars, so that you can tell the time by them or find your way by them when moving about at night. So you should try to learn something about them now, in readiness for the time when you are a Scout.

THE POLE STAR

When finding your way by day or night, the first thing you want to know is in which direction the North is. If you have a compass with you, of course, this is quite simple; the needle indicates the North, and you can easily read your map by holding the top of it towards the North. In the daytime you have the sun which rises in the East, and is due to be South at midday, and sets in the West.

But what are you going to do at night? Sometimes you have the moon, and he is of some help to you, but the best fellow in the sky for your use is the North Star. Now this is how you find the North Star.

There is a group of stars called the Great Bear, and so soon as you get to know that by sight you will always be able to find the North Star, because two of the stars point straight at him.



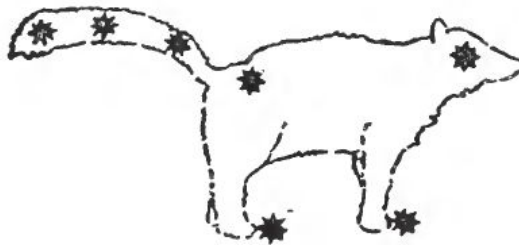
THE DIPPER IS A SECOND
NAME GIVEN TO THE
CONSTELLATION OF THE
GREAT BEAR.



A THIRD NAME FOR IT IS THE
PLOUGH.

Above are two plans of the group, or constellation as it is called, of stars which form the Great Bear.

Some people call it the Dipper, because the shape somewhat resembles a dipper or saucepan. Others call it the Plough, because in shape it is also like a plough. It is least of all like a bear, because it supposes the bear to have a very long tail like a cat, which, as you know, a bear has not got; below, however, is the animal as you have to imagine it so that it will fit into the constellation of the Great Bear.



THIS SKETCH SHOWS A GREAT BEAR, DRAWN TO FIT
INTO THE CONSTELLATION BEARING THAT NAME.

The two right-hand stars of the Great Bear are placed one above the other, and if you follow the direction in which they point you will come to a bright star away by himself and he is the North Star, or Pole Star as he is called.

He remains always due North, and all the other stars move round this one star in the course of the night, but he always remains in the same position.

So long as you can see the Great Bear, you can always tell where to find the North; but sometimes it might not be visible, in which case it is as well to know of another constellation which also points out the North. The group of stars I refer to is that which is called Orion.

ANOTHER CONSTELLATION

Now Orion is another constellation which is easy to find once you know what he looks like. He is in the southern part of the sky, whereas the Great Bear is generally overhead or to the northward.

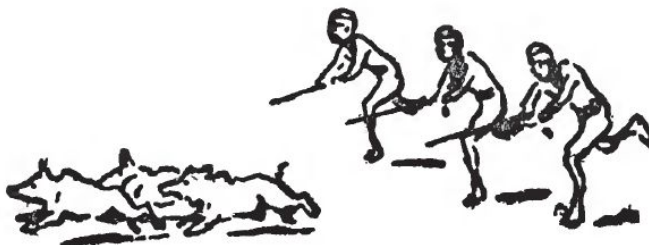
He is supposed to represent a hunter with his belt on and a sword hanging from it.

Now the line in which that sword points runs roughly North and South.

Like the Great Bear, Orion has other names besides the one by which I have been calling him.

THE THREE HUNTERS

Among the natives of South Africa he is called Ingolubu, which means "the pigs," and the three stars forming his belt are supposed to be three hunters running after the stars in the sword, which are the pigs.



THE STARS IN THE SWORD AND BELT OF ORION ARE NICKNAMED
BY THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA, AS "THREE
HUNTERS RUNNING AFTER THREE PIGS."

In other countries the constellation is also called the Three Old Maids running after Three Bachelors. But after all this comes the question: "Who is Rigel?"

Well, he is one of the stars in the constellation of Orion. His right-hand foot, as you look at him.

Now, suppose somebody were to ask you which was the biggest star in the heavens, you would probably, if you were a tenderfoot, say that of course the Sun is the biggest.

You would be quite right in saying that the Sun is the star which looks the biggest, but that is because he is much nearer to us than the others. As a matter of fact, it would take about 20,000 suns to make a star as big as Rigel, and it would take 6,640,000,000 of our earth to do it.

So you can imagine what an enormous size Rigel is.

At the same time, when you look at him, he is only like a pin point in the heavens, so you can also imagine what a tremendously long way off he is.



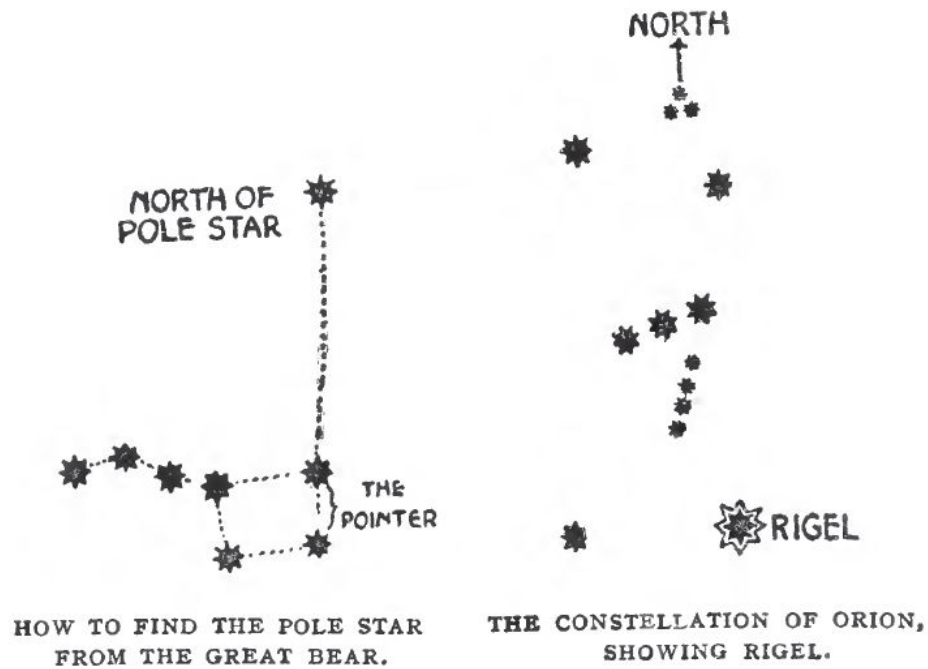
IN SOME COUNTRIES ORION IS GIVEN THE TITLE OF—



—“THREE OLD MAIDS RUNNING AFTER THREE BACHELORS.”

To give you an idea of this distance. Supposing somebody in Rigel were to flash a light to us, we should have to wait 466 years before that flash reached our eyes, and that is rather longer than most of us can wait.

You know how fast a flash of light travels, almost simultaneously, and yet it would take 466 years for that flash to get here, therefore, Rigel must be millions of miles away from us.



On the first clear night after you have read this, look out at the sky when it is dark and see if you can spot the Great Bear. He will be high up and towards the North.

Then, when you have found him, follow the direction of the two pointers till you see the Pole Star. He is not very big, but is exactly in line with the two pointers; you cannot miss him, and he will always show you which is the North.

Then look Southward, and see if you can recognise Orion with his belt and sword, and Rigel in the right lower corner, millions of miles away from us. Talking of millions, have you any idea what a million amounts to? It is a very large number and is difficult to grasp all at once. Supposing you started to count the beats of your pulse, or the seconds of a watch, do you know how long it would take to count a million of them?

If you set to work and counted all day without stopping for food, and all night without going to sleep, you would have to count through nearly twelve whole days.

CHAPTER XIII

FIRE-LIGHTING BY NATIVES

SOME Wolf Cubs find it hard work to learn all the things that will, later on, make them into good Scouts and useful men for their country. But you have a much easier time than some of the boys I know who live in wild countries Overseas.

Look at a Zulu boy! When he is beginning to grow up he is put through a very hard examination to see whether he is fit to become a warrior for his tribe. He is painted white with a kind of stain that he cannot wash off in less than a month, and is given an assegai (or small spear), armed with which he is sent off to live in the bush by himself until the paint is worn off.

If anybody should see the boy whilst he is still white, they will kill him. So he has to hunt game for food with his one assegai. If you try it for yourself, you will find that to stalk up to a rabbit and spear him takes a bit of doing.

Then the boy has to skin the animal, using his assegai as a knife, and from the skins he makes his blanket in which to sleep at night, sewing it together with string made from the sinews of the animal.

ROOTS AS FOODS

He has to know which kind of wild fruits, roots, or leaves are good for food. If he does not understand this, he will probably eat the wrong kind and be poisoned.

Then he has to cook his food. But as he has no clothes on, and consequently no pockets in which to carry match-boxes, he has no matches.

What would you do if you were in his place?

Well, his way of getting over the difficulty is to find a piece of hard stick and drill a hole with it in a piece of soft wood, and by twirling it rapidly between his hands he manages to make sparks, which then set light to dry grass or the lining of the bark of trees, and from this he makes his fire.

It is a very long way from South Africa to Australia — across thousands of miles of ocean. Before we came with our ships, there was no way of communicating between the two countries.

Yet, when you get to Australia, you find that the natives there had many of the same customs and many of the same dodges that were practised by the savages of South Africa.

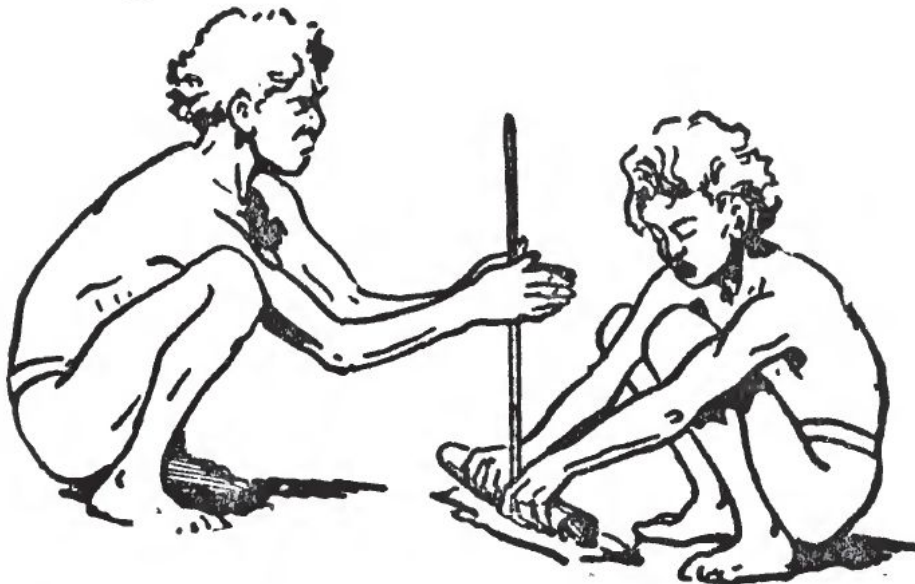


THE BORNEO NATIVE MAKES FIRE
BY SAWING ON A LOG WITH A
PIECE OF WHIPPY CANE.



THE RED INDIAN AND BOY SCOUT
METHOD OF FIRE-LIGHTING.

Just as in South Africa the boys of Australia were painted white and made to prove themselves brave and strong by going out into the desert to shift for themselves. Part of their training, as children, had been to track every kind of animal or bird by its footmarks; even such small creatures as little lizards, rats, mice and spiders.



THE AUSTRALIAN BOYS LIGHT A FIRE BY TWIRLING A STICK IN
SOFTER WOOD.

FOOTMARKS OF A SPIDER

Have you ever looked at the footmark of a spider? If not, you will have to keep your eyes very much open to find it.

But boys who had been trained to do such accurate tracking found it quite easy to follow up the spoor (foot-tracks) of any animal to its lair and there to kill it for eating.

But they, too, like the Zulus, did not carry matches, as there were no such things in their country, but they had to make fires, and this they did just in the same way as the Zulus — that is, by rubbing sticks into softer wood.

Go to India and you find that the same thing is done there, though it is usually carried out by two men instead of one.

One of the men hold the spindle upright, with its point standing on a flat piece of wood, while the other pulls a string, which is twisted round the spindle, to and fro, causing it to twirl so rapidly that it soon sends out sparks to light the tinder, or punk, placed below it.

In Borneo, the natives have another way of carrying out the same idea for making fire. Here the man stands on a log of wood, which is raised an inch or so off the ground by a block placed underneath it, and, taking the two ends of a long, whippy piece of cane in his two hands, he saws it rapidly to and fro under the log and so it starts to burn.

RED INDIAN METHODS

The Red Indians of North America also have their method of fire-lighting, which is very much practised by the Boy Scouts.

In this case, the boy takes the spindle of hard wood and holding it upright with one hand, the palm of which is protected by a metal or stone shield, he twists it rapidly round by means of a bow whose string is twisted round the spindle.



A SIMPLE FIRE-LIGHTING MACHINE—HOW THE PEOPLE OF INDIA MAKE FIRE.

The point of the spindle then works its way into a board of soft wood, which the boy holds in place with his foot.

A little slit at the side of the board leads to the hole made by the spindle, and the hot ash which comes away from the wood falls into this small opening and there sets fire to the tinder which the boy has placed in it.

So a fellow who has learnt this way of making fire, and knows which kind of wood to use (for it is not all kinds of wood that will make sparks readily), can go out into the backwoods, without having to carry his match-box with him, and can keep himself warm or cook his grub at any time he would wish by lighting his fire in *the backwoods way*.

USE SMALL CHIPS

When lighting a fire out of doors, begin with very small chips or twigs of really dry dead wood lightly heaped together, and a little straw or paper to set light to it; above this should be put little sticks leaning together in the shape of a pyramid, and above this bigger sticks similarly standing on end.

When the fire is well alight, bigger sticks can be added, and finally logs of wood.

The great point about a cooking fire is to get a good pile of red-hot wood-coals, and if you use three large logs they should lie like the spokes of a wheel, with their ends in the fire, so that as they burn they can be pushed farther into the fire.