

Little Growling Bird in Windego Land

A. T. Crichton drew this Sunday comic strip that ran from 1906-1907. 59 comics are reprinted here in black-and-white (they were originally full color), and are reprinted in large format (approx. 14 inches wide by 17-19 inches tall per page), close to their original size. The first comic here was published on July 8, 1906, and the last on August 25, 1907. They are taken from a few different newspapers originally scanned by the Library of Congress newspaper project.

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Little Growling Bird in Windego Land



One day Aun-dak, the Crow, took little Growling Bird up to the big rock where the Giant Spirits, the Windegos, used to hold their councils. Aun-dak was very odd and knew almost as much as Nokomis herself. He told Little Growling Bird a great deal about the Windegos, and how they used to sit on the rocky ledge and watch the sun rise.



The Indians could not see them because they were invisible, but any one could tell they had been there because they left the prints of their moccasins in the hard rock (At least, Aun-dak said they were footprints).

Little Growling Bird said he would like to see a Windego if Nokomis and Big Bear were near at hand, but Aun-dak told him they could not be seen unless they wished it.



Little Growling Bird thought he would look around and try to find some fresh tracks. Aun-dak told him it was very bad medicine to find fresh tracks, because much sickness always followed the fresh trail of the Windegos. Little Growling Bird pretended to be very brave because he had his stone tomahawk with him, and went growling around some raspberry bushes, when—



Suddenly he came across a lot of great big tracks in the moss, leading right into the raspberry bushes! He called Aun-dak to come and look, and, sure enough, Aun-dak declared they were fresh Windego tracks and nothing else!

Little Growling Bird was not so anxious to see a Windego then as he said he was a short time before, and while they were looking at the footprints—



They heard a strange noise in the bushes—something like a growl and a cough! Little Growling Bird didn't try to growl back this time. He was too frightened to make a sound! Aun-dak was scared too. "Wayweeb!" (hurry) he said. "Quick! Let's get home as fast as we can, before the Windego catches us!" So away they went as fast as they could fly, and they didn't look behind until they were safe home.



Little Growling Bird was all out of breath, but he managed to tell Nokomis how a great big Windego had chased him and Aun-dak. Aun-dak was more particular and told just how big he was when, right in the middle of his story, who should come blundering along but Cheer-Muk-quaw, the Big Bear.

"What's all the excitement about?" asked Big Bear, and then, of course, they had to tell it all over again.



"Ho, ho! Waugh!" was all Big Bear said, and then he laughed till his dinner pail rattled. "Why, that was only me picking some berries!" he said, as soon as he got his face straight. "I saw you and Aun-dak running like a pair of scared rabbits, and wondered why you were in such a hurry."

"Well, how about those big moccasin tracks, then?" asked Aun-dak, who was hard to convince.



"What do you think of these?" replied Big Bear, standing up and sticking out his hind leg. Then they all saw he had on a beautiful new pair of moccasins that the little gnome people, the Buckwadjes, had made for him.

"I've only one pair," said Big Bear, "because I need my hands free to pick berries and things; but aren't they a fine and dandy pair of shoes?" Well, the joke was on Little Growling Bird and Aun-dak this time, sure enough, and—



Big Bear had some nice ripe berries in his dinner pail, and, of course, Little Growling Bird came in for a good share.

Now, whenever you see marks in the rocks or in the moss that look like giant big moccasin tracks, remember what Aun-dak told Little Growling Bird about the Windegos; but don't be frightened, because they may be only the tracks left by Big Bear when he was laughing in his big moccasins!

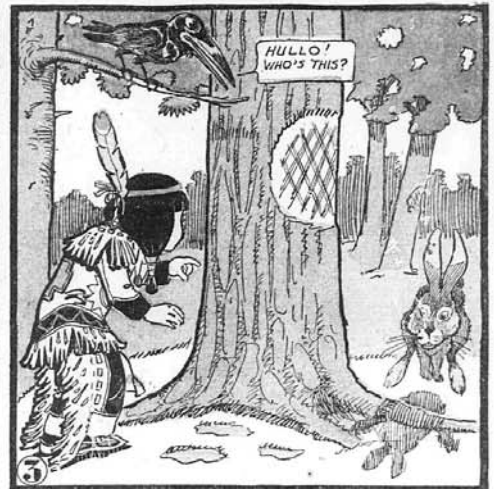
LITTLE "GROWLING BIRD" IN WINDEGO LAND



1 One day, Aundak, the Crow, and Little Growing Bird went out in the woods, quite a distance from the wigwam. Aundak showed him the Cave Rocks, and a big pine tree that had a large piece of fox bark torn off and queer cross-cross marks scratched on the white wood.



2 Aundak then explained to him that when he was a little tiny papoose Big Bear had been chosen to be his godfather, because he was the totem, or animal friend, of the little boy's family. To protect him from harm, Big Bear had then gone out into the bush and scratched his blaze on all the large trees around the wigwam, in a circle about a mile across.



3 Now, this blaze on the trees was a notice to all the beasts in Windigo Land that the woods within the circle was "Refuge Ground," and every one was forbidden to harm Little Growing Bird, or to kill any of the weaker animals or birds within its limits. (Of course, the notice was in the animal sign language, so they could all read it easily.) "If any one disobeys the order," said Aundak, "Big Bear will punish him, for he is the Boss in Windigo Land!" Just then Wabboos, the Rabbit, came hopping along in a big hurry.



4 "That's Big Bear's blaze!" said Aundak. "What does it mean?" asked Little Growing Bird. "Where's the trouble?" Aundak inquired. "I was taking a sun bath on the big sand heap, inside the Refuge Ground," Wabboos replied, "when Shingooos, the Weasel, sprang at me and grabbed me by the ear! I thought I was safe inside the circle, but Shingooos and Gray Wolf are villains; they do not respect the law. I ran onto a briar patch," said Wabboos, "and soon scraped him off, but just look at my ear!"



5 Little Growing Bird and Aundak, the Crow, looked at his ear and saw the marks where Shingooos, the Weasel, had bitten it. Wabboos was so nervous that his nose quivered. "I think I can smell him yet. I'll bet he's sneaking around here somewhere," said Wabboos. (Now, ever since that time, when Wabboos, the Rabbit, thinks he smells danger, his nose trembles.)



6 Little Growing Bird called out for Big Bear, and then Aundak flew up on a rock and called as loud as he could, but Big Bear was sleeping in a cave in the Cave Rocks and could not hear their voices. "Caw! Caw!" said Aundak, after he had shouted himself hoarse. "He can't hear anything. His ears are full of fur. Stamp on the ground, Little Growing Bird, maybe he'll feel the jar and wake up!" So the little boy stamped real hard on the ground.



7 Wabboos looked on admiringly. "Is that the way to call Big Bear?" he asked. "I'm mighty strong in my hind legs. Let me try it, too!" So Wabboos picked out a hard piece of ground and thumped and thumped with his big hind feet, until Big Bear, who was not very far away, felt the vibration and came out of his cave to see what it was all about. They all spoke at once and told him how Shingooos, the Weasel, had broken the law.



8 Now, when Shingooos saw Big Bear coming, he knew there was trouble in store for him, so he sneaked into a hole in the rock and curled himself up for a good sleep. Aundak soon found out where he was; but Big Bear couldn't reach him, so he took a large stone and placed it in front of the hole so close that Weasel couldn't possibly squeeze through. "That'll keep him safe for awhile," said Big Bear; so—



9 They went back to the wigwam and told No-Komis all about it. "I'll attend to Shingooos next week, when I have more time," said Big Bear. "Besides, I left my dinner pail in the cave and I'm hungry!" So they all sat down at the table and No-Komis brought them something nice for supper. Now, the reason why Wabboos, the Rabbit, always thumps the ground with his feet, when he is frightened, is because he thinks he can call up a friend who will come and take his part.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Big Bear had shut up Shingoo, the Weasel, in a hole in the Cave Rocks and then he went away to see some of his people in another part of Windego Land. He came back after seven sleeps and of course Little Growing Bird and Aundak, the Crow, were very anxious to go and see how Mr. Weasel liked being shut up in prison. So—



They all went up to the Cave Rocks where Shingoo was shut in. Wabboos, the Rabbit, hopped along too, but he kept in the background because he knew Shingoo would be very hungry and savage when he got out, and thought it safer to look on from a distance. Aundak pecked through a crack in the rock and saw that Weasel was still there, safe enough.



Now in those days, Shingoo, the Weasel, was snouter and more chunky than he is now; besides, he was a great believer in sleep. So, the first thing he did when he went into the hole was to take a nap. That is how Big Bear managed to shoot him in so easily. When he woke up and found he could not get out he felt very foolish to have been caught napping. "That's what I get for sleeping on an empty stomach!" he said. Well—



Big Bear moved the stone a little and, reaching in, grabbed Weasel by the back of the neck. Shingoo was very thin and hungry after his long fast and was ready to bite any one or anything. Indeed, he tried to bite Big Bear's paw, but bears know how to hold wild animals so they cannot bite any paws but their own. So he quickly jerked Weasel out of the hole.



"Oh, you'd like to bite me like you bit Wabboos, would you?" said Big Bear, holding him up by his neck and heels. "Well, I am a different sort of person! I am Big Bear, Keeche Muk-quaw, the Boss of these woods, and this is the way I punish people who break the rules." With that, he pulled Shingoo by the neck and heels until he stretched him out almost a foot!



Weasel thought his back was broken and squealed for mercy, until Little Growing Bird felt sorry for him and begged Big Bear to let him off, if he'd promise to be good. Shingoo was glad to promise anything, so Big Bear let him go after warning him not to break the law of the Refuge Ground again. Weasel soon snaked off, looking very funny, indeed, with his long curved body and short legs, but—



He was so angry he glared at Wabboos and vowed he'd get even with him if it took a thousand years! That is why Shingoo, the Weasel, is still cruel to all the Rabbit People. Whenever he finds them in their burrows, or homes underground, if he can't catch the old one, he cuts the throats of all of Wabboos' children—not because he wants to eat them all, but out of mere cruelty and revenge. (He was so mean that, afterward, Big Bear drove him out of Windego Land altogether.)



Well, after Shingoo had been punished and sent away, they all went back to the Wigwam, where they found Mo-kooma cooking a whole potful of new sweet corn. It was the moon of new corn and all little Ojibway boys and girls think it the nicest moon is the year—better even than the Strawberry moon. (Maybe it is because the bears and birds get most of the wild strawberries). Anyway—



They all sat down and had a fine feast of the nice green corn. Now, this happened long ago in Windego Land, but ever since that time Shingoo, the Weasel, has hunted Wabboos, the Rabbit. This is also the reason why he will never sleep on an empty stomach, but only after a full meal, and, even then, you will find it hard to catch a weasel asleep. He is afraid Big Bear will catch him again and stretch him out longer and thinner than he is now!



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



1 One day, when Big Bear had gone away to the Hill of Huckleberries to see if meadow berries were ripe, Little Growling Bird grew tired of playing around the wigwam with Aundak, the Crow and said "Let's go some place. Aundak!" Aundak thought awhile, and then replied "Suppose we go down to Dancing Water and see if Neegig, the Otter, is using the slide we made for him."



2 When they arrived they looked all around, but Neegig, the Otter, was not to be seen. They guessed he was afraid to come out because Peshu, the Lynx, was sitting on a log in the stream, fishing—and every one knows that wildcats are much wilder when hunting their dinners than at any other time. Now the law that protected all the animals within the Refuge Ground did not apply to the Keegooing of Fishes—indeed, Big Bear himself did a little fishing, when berries were scarce.



3 When Little Growling Bird saw Lynx so busy fishing he longed to try to catch some himself. "Oh, Aundak," he said, "can't we fish, too?" "Kaget!" yes, indeed!" said Aundak. "I'm the best Crow fisherman in all Windego Land! You cut two poles and I'll fly back to the wigwam and 'hook' a couple of Nokomis' fish lines!" (Aundak was quite a joker at times.)



4 Little Growling Bird quickly cut two poles with his flint tomahawk, and Aundak soon returned with the hooks and lines. They found some worms and fat grubs under an old log, and then went down to the place where Peshu the Lynx was fishing.



5 "Kaween! No!" replied Lynx. "Fish away, but take care that Keegoons, the Minnow, does not pull you in the water!" Then he laughed in that sneering way that all lynxes have. "Just wait till we land a big fish, then you'll laugh on the other side of your mouth," said Aundak, who hated being made fun of. Pretty soon Aundak felt a tug at his line that nearly pulled him into the water, but—



6 Little Growling Bird sprang to help him, and, together, they pulled and hauled until they brought a fine big fish to the surface. It was Ogah, the Pickerel, and though he rolled his wall eyes at them, he couldn't get away. After a great struggle they dragged Ogah to the bank and secured him. Peshu looked very silly on the log, with his mouth wide open. He hadn't caught anything at all. Meanwhile—



7 The Renoozha, the Great Pike, had glided up to see what all the splashing was about. The first thing he noticed was the tail of Peshu, the Lynx, gently waving in the water. It looked so much like an eel that Great Pike grabbed all of it in sight! Aundak was right when he said Lynx would laugh on the wrong side of his mouth, for now his laugh was quickly changed to a scream of pain!



8 He jumped in the air, but 'Che Renoozha held on with his hooked teeth and curved his strong body under the log until he had bitten most of Peshu's tail clean off and swallowed it! The way Lynx wern in was something awful! He howled and spit and clawed the air as he went tearing up the log and away to his home in the woods. Well—



9 When Nokomis saw the fine fish they brought home she forgave them for taking her fish lines, and fried Ogah, the Pickerel, for their supper. So that is how Peshu, the Lynx, came to have such a short tail! You may hear him crying about it in the Zoo or in the woods some dark night.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day when Nokomis was gathering firewood she found a fallen cedar tree that was hollow and very dry. She knew it was just the right thing to make a meeday tayway-egun, or medicine drum, out of. So she chopped off a piece and stripped the bark. Then she charred the inside and ends with hot coals and scraped it all nice and clean. She bound a piece of dry lawn skin over one end with sinews and fastened a thin piece of cedar wood to the other. When it was finished she gave it, and a pair of drumsticks, to Little Growing Bird.



You may be sure he was delighted to have such a fine drum to play, so, of course, he and Aundak, the Crow, started off without loss of time to the bush—where it would not disturb Nokomis—to try it out. Aundak could not beat a drum, but he claimed to have a fine voice, and offered to sing the medicine chants when Little Growing Bird began to play. They went along until they came to the place where Wabooos, the Rabbit, had his burrow under a birch tree.



Little Growing Bird sat down on the moss near a falling log and began to beat his medicine drum and sing as hard as he could. Now, Nokomis had tied some small shells on the handles of the drumsticks, and had also strung some rattles on a string in the inside of the drum. The rattles had once belonged to Zimzahway, the Rattlesnaker, but he was dead, and wouldn't need them any more. Altogether, they made a great ringing and buzzing and booming—was the kind of gathering racket that all little boys, whether Indian or white boys, seem to delight in!



Pretty soon Wabooos, the Rabbit, popped his head out of his burrow under the big pine tree. He had never heard such a racket before, and didn't know what to make of it. Aundak, the Crow, settled himself on a limb of the fallen log and began clearing his throat, getting ready to join in the chorus. All at once he heard light footsteps, and, looking around, soon spied Peenay, the Partridge, stealing up. Peenay had his head cocked on one side and was listening with all his ears.



Peenay, the Partridge, hopped up on the log and seemed to be very much interested in the proceedings. Little Growing Bird made him good day, and beat harder and louder than ever. He wanted to show off before visitors, like most little boys do! Now Peenay is a very vain and proud bird and likes to show off himself when he gets the chance. When he wishes to attract attention or call his family he sticks up the glossy black ruff he wears on his neck, spreads his tail and scrapes his wings on the ground—just like a turkey cock. Then he cries, "Cree! Cree!"



This drumming was something new to him, and took his fancy greatly. He watched Little Growing Bird very closely and tried to imitate the sound by beating his wings slowly against his sides. Then he crept down close to the log and beat his wings more rapidly. Then, as the air was more confined between his wings and sides, he soon found that he could produce a booming sound—something like a drum heard at a distance.



Peenay was greatly tickled over his success, while Little Growing Bird was very much surprised to hear how closely Peenay imitated his little medicine drum. The little boy was not going to allow himself to be outshone by a mere bird, so he got upon his feet, and, holding his drum between his knees, pattered away more furiously than ever. Peenay kept improving right along, and soon it was a race between them which would prove the best drummer.



Finally, Little Growing Bird gave an extra hard thump on his drum, and, BANG!!! Away went the drum-head with a great big hole in the middle! Well, that ended the music, as far as the little boy was concerned. Peenay was so wrapped up in his own performance that he never noticed it, but kept on drumming and booming away until he was almost light-headed. Poor Little Growing Bird had to go back to the wigwam with his drum silent and his hair very heavy.



When he got home, Nokomis, who knew all about little boys' ways, told him he had been showing off when he broke his drum, but she comforted him by promising to mend it again some day soon. Now, any fine day in the spring or in the Indian summer if you should be in the woods and happen to see Peenay, the Partridge, sporting around and putting his wings, keep very quiet, and maybe you will see him mount an old log and begin to practice his drumming. He is very vain about it, and will not notice you; but sometimes I think he has forgotten that he learned it all from Little Growing Bird one summer day in Windego land.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day Nokomis made a fine Pinjo-goose, or Medicine bag, for Little Growing Bird. He had no pockets in his trousers (which were not REAL trousers, but only leggings), so the bag was just the thing to hold the collection of odds and ends that all little boys like to carry in their clothes—such as bits of string, and fish-bones, and worms, and gum, and live frogs. Aundak, the Crow, had no pockets, either, but he used to hide, in secret places, everything he couldn't swallow. When he saw the bag he said: "What a dandy bag! Let us go and dig some nice eatable roots and fill it up!"



They went down to the Spruce Valley, where the Wah-tah-bineg, or Sweet-tasting roots, grow. There were many other kinds of roots to be had there, such as Meech-waywah, the Medicine root, good for cuts and bruises; Sah-sub-beeem, the Headache root, and Naybah-aywin, webcheeb, the Sleep-making root. Aundak had often gone with Nokomis when she went to gather roots, so he knew all the different kinds. Little Growing Bird began to dig with a sharp stick, and Aundak to peck away with his strong beak, until they soon had gathered enough to fill the Medicine bag.



Suddenly Aundak, the Crow, whose ears were very sharp, heard a scraping of claws, and, looking around, saw a fat little animal creeping backwards down a nearby pine tree. "Waygoonain? Who is that?" asked Little Growing Bird. Aundak looked hard at the creature, who had now turned his head in their direction, and said: "Hello! Aren't you Kaug, the Porcupine? Now, at this time, Kaug, the Porcupine, had no sharp quills on his back to protect him. He used to live in a hollow tree and fed on the bark. He seldom came down to the ground, and was, therefore, very fat, clumsy and peevish."



"Oh, yes! I'm Kaug, all right!" Porcupine replied. "But I wish I were someone else!" "What ails you?" asked Little Growing Bird. "Everything ails me!" said Kaug, who was very sulky and peevish. "I can't go outside of the Refuge Ground here but every one picks on me. I am too stout, and my legs are too short to run away; my teeth and claws are no good to fight with, so all the animals abuse me, and some would even EAT me, if I didn't stay up in the trees all the time." Here Kaug shed a couple of large tears.



"I used to live in the treetops before I came to stay with Little Growing Bird and take care of him," said Aundak. "I thought it a very desirable location!" "You didn't have to eat bark for breakfast, dinner and supper!" Kaug replied. "And worse than that, I aren't go to sleep for fear of falling down and breaking my neck, and I've got a fierce headache for want of rest. Can a fellow get anything decent to eat around here?" he asked, and looked very hard at the pile of roots.



Little Growing Bird was sorry for one that was hungry, and gave Kaug some of the Wah-tah-bineg, the Sweet-tasting roots. "How do you feel now?" asked Aundak. "I feel a little better," said Kaug, "but I've still got a bad headache!" "Well, here's the stuff to cure that," and Aundak gave him some of Sah-sub-beeem, the Headache root. "How does THAT strike you?" he asked, after Kaug had finished it. "Oh, just middlin'," grumbled Porcupine. "I wish I could get some sleep!" Well, they took him over to a thicket patch near by and gave him some Naybah-aywin or cheebik, the Sleep-making root.



Then they led Kaug aside to where Me-sh-mahh, the Bull Thistle, grew in a solid bank, with strong, sharp prickles pointing in all directions. Kaug lay down and fell sound asleep in a minute, and snored like Kookoosh, the Pig. "Let's play a trick on him," said Aundak. "He acts like a hog, so let us stick him full of thistle spines so he'll look like one!" "Won't it hurt him?" asked Little Growing Bird. "Kaw—No! It will do him good!" said Aundak. "Besides, he can't feel it when he's asleep, and the stickers will give him something to grumble about when he wakes up."



They broke off the spines of Me-sh-mahh, the Thistle, and stuck them among the thick hair of Kaug's neck and back and tail, until he looked like a big porcupine. Now, the Sleep-making root possessed magic powers which made the spines take root in Kaug's skin and grow into hard quills, with needle-like points covered with wee, tiny hooks pointing backward. Some little boys think that Kaug can shoot his quills at his enemy, but that is a mistake. They are attached very slightly to his skin and come out very easily, but stick like fish-bones into the flesh of any one who touches him. Little Growing Bird soon found THAT out, because—



He got his hands stuck full of quills, and Aundak got a mouthful. They ran home to Nokomis, who pulled the quills out, but scolded them for playing such a trick on Kaug because he was ignorant and rude. Now, that is how Kaug, the Porcupine, got his quills, and, ever since then, no one dare touch him without being sorry afterward. If you should ever notice him whining and digging around among the weeds, you may believe that he is trying to find the magic Sleep-making root. Maybe HE thinks it will change his quills into feathers—but what a funny bird he would make!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day Nokomis took a gourd that had been drying a long time in the wigwam, and which was shaped something like a water-bottle, and cut off a small piece of the neck, or smaller end. She strung out the seeds and stuff with a long-handled spoon and put in some smooth white stones and thirteen shells of Ponus-look-ese, the Medicine Snail. She decorated it with beads and strips of buckskin, and painted a picture of the Great Turtle on it. It was now a real Sh-shew-win, or Medicine Rattle, like the Washnook, the Magicians, use. She gave it to Little Growing Bird, who was so pleased that—



He began to dance around, shaking the rattle like he thought the medicine men and magicians do when they practice conjuring. Aundak, the Crow, hopped a few fancy steps, too, just to be in the game. When along came Big Bear, with his dinner pail, and asked them to go along with him to pick Meenu, the Huckleberries, which were now ripe. He thought the rattle would be just the thing to scare off any snakes that might be loafing around among the bushes waiting for little birds to come after the berries.



Well, they went up the big hill where Meenu, the Huckleberries, grew very thick, and began to fill up Big Bear's dinner pail. Of course, Aundak, the Crow, offered to help pick the berries, but the fact is he was so busy filling up his own saw that he forgot all about putting any in the pail. Now Kenay-big, the Snake, had chosen that day to come out and lie under the bushes, hoping some little birds would come fluttering around after the berries and that he would get a chance to nab one for dinner.



Now, all the Kenay-bigoog, or Snake people, are very chilly. They love to lie in the warm sand, or on a rock, basking in the sun. Kenay-big found the dry earth between the berry bushes very nice and comfortable, and soon he had fallen into a dose. Just then Little Growing Bird happened to be picking from a bush near him and stepped right step on his tail! Mr. Snake woke up in a great fright, and, as he is always very nervous and ready to bite the thing nearest him, he threw up his head and was just going to strike his fangs into Little Growing Bird, when—



Big Bear saw his danger and quickly grabbed up the little boy and held him in his arms out of reach of danger. He noticed the bulging jaws and fangy markings on the back of Kenay-big, and knew at a glance that he belonged to the Muckje-Muckeeche, the Bad Medicine or Poisonous Snake people, whose bite kills in a very short time. That is why he was so much alarmed for his little friend's safety; but, when he had him out of harm's way, he turned and gave Kenay-big such a talking-to that he began to apologize and said he didn't mean to harm Little Growing Bird.



Big Bear put the little boy on his back and started to take him back to the wigwam, when Little Growing Bird thought he would try his Medicine Rattle on Kenay-big and conjure him. He began to shake and rattle it boldly (he was safe on Big Bear's back then!), and when Kenay-big heard the noise it struck him that if he had a rattle like that he could let people know plainly why he was lying coiled up. Then if they blundered on top of him and were bitten it would be their own fault. He begged Little Growing Bird to lend him the rattle, and Aundak suggested they tie it to his tail! But—



Of course, THAT wouldn't do, so Big Bear asked Growing Bird to take some of the shells out of the gourd and they'd try to tie them on Kenay-big's tail. So he took off the piece at the little end, or handle, of the rattle and shook out some of the small shells. Big Bear tied them fast to the snake's tail while Aundak looked on and bowed the job. Now, on account of the picture of 'The Make-ketah, the Great Turtle, painted on the rattle, the shells had all become medicine shells and grew fast to Kenay-big's tail as fast as they were put on.



He said he was seven winters old, so they gave him a rattle for each year. When it was finished Kenay-big quivered all over with delight and shook his tail so rapidly that his new rattle gave forth a loud, buzzing sound! Big Bear was rather proud of the job, too, and because Kenay-big was now a different kind of snake, he gave him the name of Zhen-uh-way, 'The Rattle', and so he is called to this day. Big Bear then took Little Growing Bird on his back again and away they went home to the wigwam. Rattlesnake was so proud of his new name and rattle that he wanted to show every one, so he went along, too.



Nokomis had no cow's milk to give them with their berries, but she squeezed the white milky juice out of some green corn and mixed it with cornmeal and boiled it. It tasted ALMOST like mush-and-cream! Little Growing Bird made friends with Zhen-uh-way, the Rattlesnake, and fed him "corn milk" out of his bowl with a spoon. Now that is how Kenay-big, the Snake, came to have rattles on his tail, and since then all of his children are called "Zhen-uh-way," or the "Rattles." He grows one new rattle (and sometimes two) every year, so you can pretty nearly tell his age by counting them!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



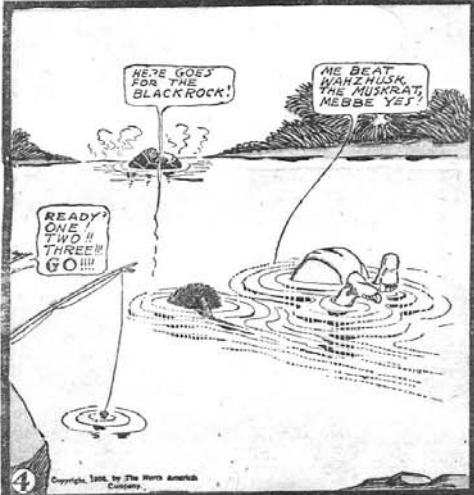
One day Little Growing Bird was fishing in the stream, Dancing Water, a little way above Kubbakbe, the Waterfall. It was a very warm day and the fish were not biting very well. They would rather lie under the bank, in the cool shadows, and fan themselves with their fins. Little Growing Bird soon grew tired of such polite sport and longed to go in swimming, but he knew Nokomis would be angry if he did so, unless Big Bear was along to look after him. Just then Wahahuk, the Muskrat, came swimming across from the opposite shore.



Wahahuk said good day to the little boy and asked him why he did not go in swimming. Little Growing Bird explained that he would like to go in very much, but must not, unless Big Bear were with him. Wahahuk finally persuaded him, saying that he would show him how to make a dive in "muskrat style." Aundak, the Crow—who was always on the spot when there was anything doing—said he would not tell Nokomis, and would watch his fishing-rod while he was in the water. So Little Growing Bird undressed and took off his head-band and feather, and waded in.



The water was very cool and pleasant and Little Growing Bird enjoyed himself hugely. Like most little boys who live near the water, he could swim and float very well for such a little fellow. He "showed off" a little, too; floating on his back and holding his fingers and toes above the water. This was a trick he knew Wahahuk, the Muskrat, could not do. He could only swim "dog-fashion," but could dive very quickly and silently. He could also stay under water longer than even Shaung-wahyahwin, the Mean Mink, who often chased him.



Now, Muskrat did not like to be outdone in his own playground, so he challenged Little Growing Bird to dive "muskrat style" and see who could swim the farthest under water. Wahahuk said he could dive as far as Mahalay-shabab, the Black Rock, that stood in the middle of the stream, just above the waterfall. Well, Aundak, the Crow, gave them the start, crying, "One, two, three—GO!"—and down they both dived in "muskrat style." (This means that they swim along and suddenly duck your head under water and throw up your heels.) And so they swam away under water toward the Black Rock.



When Little Growing Bird could no longer hold his breath he came to the surface. He could not see Muskrat anywhere. The stream carried him swiftly toward Black Rock and soon threw him against it. He tried to swim back, but found the current too strong. The falls were quite close and their roaring frightened him badly. Aundak, smiling danger in the air, came flapping along. "I'll go and fetch Big Bear!" he screamed, and off he flew. Soon Big Bear came crashing through the underbrush. Swift currents were nothing to HIM. He just splashed into the water and swam out to the rock.



He quickly took his little thumb on his broad back and swam up stream—Aundak flying along and, as usual, taking most of the credit for saving him. Wahahuk, the Muskrat, also swam alongside, grinning, because the little boy had to have Big Bear help him. Growing Bird was very grateful to Big Bear! He hugged his shaggy neck tightly and called him "Subye-ge-eanan Nekab-wa," his "Dear Brother." "Che Mukouaw, the Great Bear, was both big and brave, and very good natured. He was just the kind of friend to have around in times of trouble and danger.



When they were safe on shore again Little Growing Bird dressed himself quickly. Big Bear then asked Aundak how the little boy happened to go in swimming alone. Aundak blamed it all on Wahahuk, and Big Bear grew very angry. He glowered at Muskrat and brought his great fore-paws together with a loud smack. "What will I catch you, Mr. Muskrat?" he said. Mr. Muskrat DIDN'T wait! Instead, he quickly dived the "muskrat dive." Just then the fishing-rod bent almost double! Aundak saw it and yelled: "Hi there! YOU'VE GOT A BITE!"



There was great excitement for awhile. Little Growing Bird had put a heavy stone on his fishhook before going in swimming, so the fish could not ding it into the water. Big Bear grabbed the pole and soon brought him to the top of the water. It was Ah-shagun, the Black Bear, and he fought gamely to stay where he was. However, Big Bear was too smart for him and soon had him safely landed. Little Growing Bird was very glad when he saw it and thought how pleased Nokomis would be when he brought home such a fine fish for supper! "Well—



They all went back to the Wigwam, but Nokomis quickly noticed that Little Growing Bird's hair was wet. "Ooh, shhen-ooj-yaah—naughty child!" she said. "Bey wemnia!" ("Bey wemnia!" means "You're a naughty child!") So Aundak spoke up and said: "Well, me and Big Bear were along to take care of him!"—So everything went off smoothly and they had Ah-shagun, the Black Bear, for supper. Now, if you should ever see Wahahuk, the Muskrat, swimming along just clap your hands once, pretty loud, and see how quickly he will duck under. He remembers the smacking Big Bear promised him and thinks he will be eager UNDER the water!—A. T. G.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



THAT IS KOO-KOO-KUHOO, THE GREAT OWL! HE MAKE NOISE YOU HEAR!

PLENTY BAD NOISE! WILL HE BITE GROWLING BIRD, ME?!

One evening, after supper, Nokomia and Little Growling Bird were sitting before the fire at the door of the wigwam, thinking. Amdak, the Crow, had his head nocked under his wing and was almost asleep. Suddenly, out of the darkness of the forest there came a mournful hooting—"Koo-koo-kuhoo!" It was such a creepy sound that Little Growling Bird asked Nokomia what it was. "Ugh!" said Nokomia. "It's 'Chia Kookookohoo, the Great Eagle-Owl!" Then she told him the legend of the Owl People, and how they came to be abroad at night when other birds see in bed.



KOO-KOO-KUHOO! OH I'M GOING BLIND! I CAN'T STAND THE GLARE ANOTHER MINUTE!

"In the beginning," she told him, "Keech Mahmedo, the Creator of All Things, made the eyes of the Messeez-wag, the Eagle People, so strong that when they soared high in the sky they could look Kezia, the Sun, in the face, without winking. To the Owl People he gave large, beautiful eyes with a wide feathery ring around each. Now Owl was envious of Eagle and followed him up in the sky one slowly day. "Koo-koo-kuhoo!" he laughed scornfully. "My eyes are larger and brighter than his and I can gaze at Kezia, the Sun, as well as Kenwin, the Great War-Eagle!"



WHAT WILL WE DO TO OWL WHEN WE FIND HIM IN OUR WOODS?

WE'LL DRIVE HIM OUT IN A HURRY!

"But Kezia, the Sun, was displeased at Owl's boasting, and, coming suddenly from behind a cloud, poured his hot rays right into his eyes and nearly blinded him. Down he tumbled to earth—and, ever since then, he has been afraid to fly above the tree-tops. But stays all day in the dark places of the woods, only coming out at night when his eyes will not hurt and he can see clearly. His scornful laugh, "Koo-koo-kuhoo!" has now changed to a very mournful sound indeed. Hence he is called Kookookohoo, the Owl!" Next day Little Growling Bird went out to hunt him up.



I BELIEVE I HEAR A KOO-KOO-KUHOO SOMEWHERE

I THINK HE IS HIDING IN A HOLE IN THAT BIG DEAD TREE!

Big Bear was not around, but Amdak, the Crow, would not wait for him. He was very anxious to go at once. "Because," he said, "Owl is such a stupid bird—in spite of his wise looks—that he is sure to break the law of the Refuge Land as soon as night falls. He only looks wise," said Amdak. "Because he has such large, solemn-looking eyes and can't talk much—except to pronounce his name. Besides, he eats crows, and so we always drive him out of our woods." After hunting around a while Amdak's sharp eyes discovered him in a hole in an old dead tree.



I SEE YOU THERE! GET OUT OF OUR REFUGE GROUNDS!

DRIVE HIM OUT! HE'S A ROBBER!

Amdak was not afraid of Kookookohoo, the Owl, in the daylight, so he flew up near him, flapping his wings and daring him to come out. Little Growling Bird shot an arrow that struck the tree just below him, but Owl thought it best to stay where he was and refused to budge. Ah-ah-ah-ah, the Squirrel, heard the noise and came skipping along to see what it was all about. "Pound on the tree and drive him out!" he chattered. "He is a robber! He ate two of my children last season. Drive him out, and I'll forget about that time too. Hit me on the big toe with an arrow!" Well—



CAW! CAW! THAT'S THE WAY TO SCARE HIM OUT!

GIVE HIM PADDYWHACK!

WHO, WHO IS CHOPPING DOWN THE TREE? I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HIM.

Little Growling Bird got a big stick and beat on the tree trunk as hard as he could. Old Mr. Owl became frightened, he thought some one was chopping down the tree. So out he came, crying, "Koo-koo-kuhoo!" that is all he can say plainly. "Yes, indeed!" cried Amdak. "We know who you are, and we are going to drive you out of these woods!" Little Growling Bird dropped the stick and took up his bow and arrows, but Owl stared at him so fiercely with his great yellow eyes that it made him nervous. So—



WAUGH! OWL'S HEAD KEEP GOING ROUND

WE'LL TWIST HIS HEAD OFF PRETTY SOON

He ran around the tree to get a shot at his back. (He did not want to kill him, only drive him away.) When he got to the other side of the tree he could see Owl's back, plain enough, but there were the big eyes still staring at him! He ran clear around, but the eyes kept following him just the same. Every moment he expected to see Owl's head twist itself off his shoulders, but no, the eyes stared at him wherever he went. Little Growling Bird was greatly puzzled at this, but finally let fly an arrow anyway.



THERE HE GOES!

HURRAH! SEE HIM BOUNCE HIS HEAD!

HE WON'T COME AROUND HERE AGAIN IN A HURRY!

It struck Owl on one of his big feathered feet and made him think it was about time to be going away from there. He spread his great downy wings that make no sound when he flies—the cause for him to pounce on his prey unawares—and away he sailed, knocking his head against the branches of trees, until he was far outside the Refuge Ground. He dropped quite a few of his large handsome feathers in his flight, and Little Growling Bird gathered them all up, thinking what a nice fan they would make for Nokomia. Then—



OWL FEATHER MAKE HEAD FINE FAN!

HAVE ANOTHER NUT!

OLD OWL EAT NUTS!

They all went back to the wigwam, very proud of having driven Owl away. Squirrel had brought his forage bag along, so they had all the headstems they could eat for supper. Now, Nokomia has told how Kookookohoo, the Great Owl, came to be a "Night Bird," and you have seen how Little Growling Bird was puzzled at the way his head turned round and round. So the next time you see Owl in the daytime walk clear around him and watch how his eyes follow you, as though his head was turning on his shoulders like a top.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day Nokomis cut a smooth branch from Washoop, the Alder bush, and made a nice, large Pigeon-pipe, or "Musik-whistle," for Little Growing Bird. She put a dried pea inside of it so that it would rattle around, but could not get out. Then she gave it to the little boy and he blew his breath into it as hard as he could blow. It came out a clear "trilling" note that sounded very much like O-sul-wee-Pe-ya-shoo. Yellow Bird, the Canary, got much louder and shriller. Little Growing Bird thought it would be just the thing to call Big Bear with, when he was far away in the woods. So—



He began blowing it as loudly as he could (as little boys will), until Nokomis couldn't stand it any longer and sent him down to the bank of the stream, Dancing Water, to play. And so, of course, went along too, and howled, as he went, of what a fine singer and whistler he was—"once upon a time." "But I caught a bad cold one rainy spring," said he, "and ever since then I have not been able to sing very well. You may have noticed how hoarse my voice is, sometimes." "Not Growing Bird had noticed it, but he was too polite to say how many times! Just then—



O-sul-wee-Pe-ya-shoo, the Little Yellow Bird, heard the sound of the whistle and came flitting along to see what kind of a bird it was that called so much louder than he could. When he found it was the little Indian boy that was doing it, he said: "Boo-hoo, Nokomis! Pe-ya-shoo—Good-day, Little Growing Bird! Why are you whistling the Canary's call so loudly?" "I'm trying to call Big Bear," he replied, "but I don't believe he knows I am calling him, because he has never heard the music-whistle before." "I'll go and find him and tell him you are whistling for him." Well—



While this was going on Nahbay O-mus-woose, the osprey, poked up his head to drink. Bullfrog is fond of music and thinks he has a very fine bass voice. "How! How! Ah-ness music-doh! Come! Come! What is this?" he croaked. Little Growing Bird blew a piercing blast from his whistle and Bullfrog listened, smiling from ear to ear. "Waugh!" he grunted. "I wish I could learn to do that!" He reviled up his throat until it looked like a rubber ball, but all he could get out of it was a deep bellow. Meanwhile—



Shush-gub-wah-kongee, the Green Frog—whose name is nearly as long as his legs—heard the piping and poked up his head, also, to get a better view. He did not dare to come very close, as old Nahbay O-mus-woose would like it and might take it into his head to lose him on the eye. But Bullfrog was so busy, listening and staring at Little Growing Bird, that he didn't notice him at all. "Come a little closer, little boy," croaked the big frog. "I did not quite catch the 'curlycue' you played!" So—



Little Growing Bird stepped out on a smooth round stone in the water, to be nearer to Bullfrog, and blew another blast on his music-whistle that made all the other frogs in the stream hold their breaths and listen. Suddenly the little boy's foot slipped off the smooth stone and down he went—splash—into the water. Bullfrog was so startled that he turned a back summersault and disappeared with a loud grunt. Green Frog, however, was watching, and, as the whistle flew out of the little boy's hand, he grabbed it in his wide mouth and drove away until he was far off among the rushes.



The water was not deep and besides, Little Growing Bird could swim very well when he did not have all his clothes on, but he was so tangled up among the weeds and lily-pads that he had a hard time getting his head above water. Meanwhile, Yellow Bird, the Canary, had found Big Bear and told him what the whistling meant. Big Bear followed the sound and came to the edge of the stream just as Little Growing Bird was floundering around in the tangle. He didn't stop to inquire, but just grabbed him by the tail of his deerskin coat and lifted him out, weeds and all.



Little Growing Bird looked so queer and dragged, when set down on the shore, that Big Bear couldn't help laughing at him. His little friend could not say anything funny in it at all, and almost cried when he found he had lost the nice Pigeon-pipe, or music-whistle. Big Bear said that when first he saw Little Growing Bird "all spraddled out" among the lily-pads he thought he was another kind of frog. "A big Yellow Frog," he said. "Then what I thought you were." Then he grinned and chuckled till his fat sides shook. But Little Growing Bird felt hurt, and—



As soon as his clothes were dry he dressed, and they all went back to the wigwam. (But, later, Little Growing Bird had the laugh on Big Bear, for once, when Bullfrog snarled him—as you shall hear all about next week.) And ever since then Bullfrog keeps grunting—"Oondun! Oondun! Nahbay Pe-ya-shoo!—Come here! Come here! Bring whistle!" But Green Frog still keeps it, and you can see him practicing on the lily-pads every rainy day or warm night in the ponds and marais.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD OF WINDEGO LAND



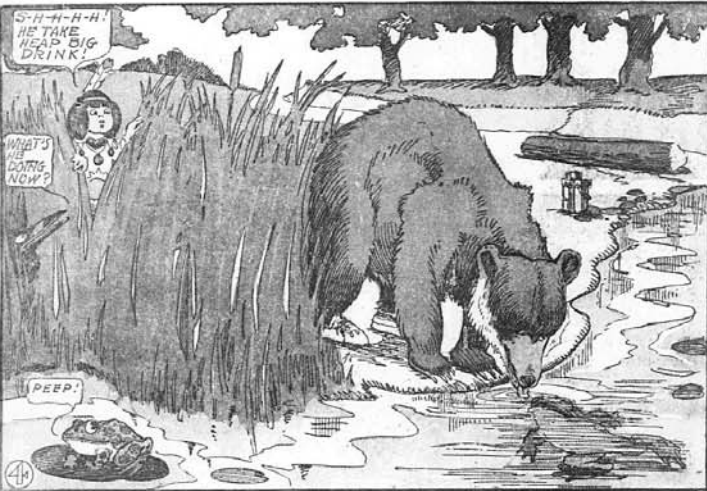
One day Little Growing Bird and Aundak, the Crow, were poking around among the bushes hoping to find the Pop-gwum, or music-whistle, they had lost some time before. Green Frog, who had grabbed and carried it away at the time, was sitting on a lily-pod with the whistle in his mouth. It looked like rain, so he felt a strong desire to pipe up and make some frog music.



When Little Growing Bird heard the trilling sound he knew it was the lost whistle and tried to see who it was that was blowing it. Sure enough, there was Green Frog puffing out his throat and blowing with all his might! Suddenly the deep hoarse voice of Nabhay O-muk-kukee, the Bullfrog, boomed out, calling: "Oondaus! Oondaus! Nabhin Pop-gwum!" "Come here! Come here! Bring whistle!"



So they kept very quiet and waited to see what would happen. Green Frog heard it, too, and quickly swallowed the whistle, hiding it in the big pouch in his throat. Then he looked as innocent as you please. Meanwhile, Big Bear had also heard the call and, thinking it was Little Growing Bird, came lumbering along to see what his little friend wanted.



After a little while Green Frog coughed up the whistle and blew another shrill blast: "Prip, pip-r-r-r-rip!" he trilled. Big Bear started toward the place where he thought the sound came from and poked his nose here and there trying to find the musician. Little Growing Bird and Aundak pecked through the reeds and saw him nosing around. "Sh-h-h-h!" whispered Aundak, "he thinks WE are calling him!" "Let's keep very quiet," said Little Growing Bird, "and when he gets closer we'll jump out and scare him." Now Nabhay O-muk-kukee, the Bullfrog, thought HE would go and investigate the source of the whistling also; so he dived and swam under water (he can swim faster that way) until he came right under the nose of Big Bear, who was, just then, taking a drink.



Now the O-muk-kukee-wag, the Frog-People, will grab at any small, red object that catches their eye. They will even jump up and seize a bit of red flannel on a fash-look, thinking, perhaps, that it is a bug or butterfly, or something good to eat. So, when Bullfrog saw the bright red tongue of Big Bear in the water, in front of his nose, he didn't stop to find out what it was, but grabbed hold of it at once! WOW! What a row there was when Big Bear saw the round, goggle-eyes of Bullfrog right in his face and felt the cold, dammy mouth holding on to his tongue! He roared with fright and disgust and quickly knocked Bullfrog flying back into the water with a stroke of his big paw.



It was the first time Little Growing Bird or Aundak had ever seen Big Bear excited, and snickered and chuckled to themselves among the reeds until Big Bear heard them. Then—



They came out of their hiding place and grinned at Big Bear, openly. "Oh, wasn't they cried. "Look at Keeche Mak-quaw, Big Bear, the boss in Windego Land, afraid of Old Goggle-eyes, the Bullfrog! You said, last week, you thought I was a big frog—a YELLOW frog! Oh-oh! Ee-ay!—Shame upon you!" (Now, wasn't that mean of Little Growing Bird to make fun of Big Bear, who had always been so good to him?) Well, Big Bear looked foolish enough, to be sure, and when he remembered how HE had teased the little boy and called him "yellow frog," he joined in the laugh, and said: "All right, Little Growing Bird. We're even now. Let's say no more about it, but come and see what I've got in my dinner pail!" Then they grew very friendly all at once—like many little boys and girls do, when there is a chance of getting something nice to eat. So—



They sat down together and Big Bear opened his dinner pail, which was full of nice, ripe wild cherries! Now, ever since then, the Brown Bear dislikes the Frog-People (although sometimes, when VERY hungry, he will call and eat them).



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day Nokomis decided to go and visit her sister, who lived in the Indian village outside of Windego Land. She took Little Growing Bird along, but told Aundak, the Crow, that he must stay behind and look after the women in their absence. He was not pleased at this, because it was going to be lonesome staying there all alone, and, besides, he knew there would surely be some exciting times in the village while Little Growing Bird remained there. He hated to miss the fun, but dared not disobey orders, so, when they left, he sat perched on the big branch, looking very sulky indeed.



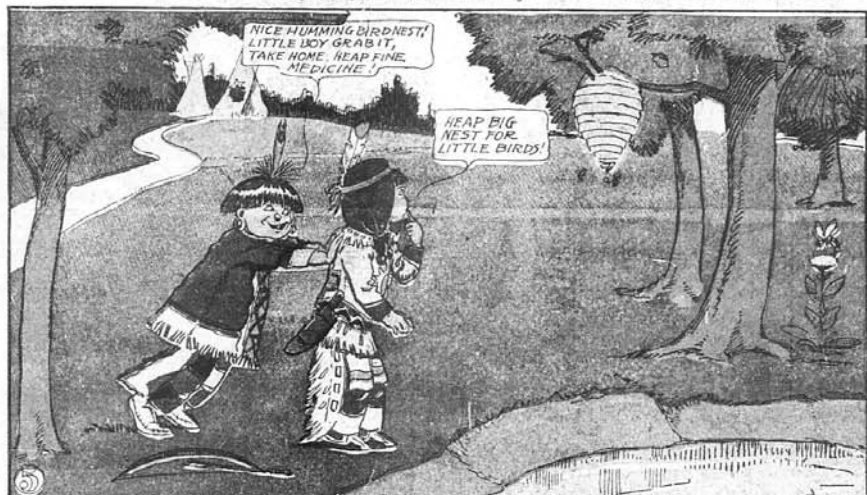
It was almost a day's journey to the village, and Little Growing Bird's short legs grew very tired long before they reached there. Nokomis took him up and placed him in the fold of her shawl, carrying him on her back, Indian fashion. He soon fell fast asleep and did not wake up until they came to the outskirts of the village.



The sister of Nokomis ran out to meet them as soon as she saw them coming, and brought her own little boy along to get acquainted. He was about a year older than Little Growing Bird, and his name was Kay-kak, the Sparrow-Hawk, but because he was so naughty and such a greedy boy, the whole village called him "Mookook-anes," or "Young Pig". He was always into some mischief and earned so many whippings that you could hear him howling almost any time of the day or evening.



As soon as the little boys got together the very first thing Young Pig proposed was that Little Growing Bird should go along with him to the Grove of Branch Trees, where he would show him a very fine bird's nest.



When they came to the tree where the nest of Humming-Bird was supposed to be, Young Pig pointed to a great big Hornet's nest hanging on a limb quite close to the ground. "Look!" he said. "Heap big nest! Hear little bird here! Little boy take nest to Nokomis, if he not afraid!" Now Big Bear had taught Little Growing Bird a great deal about the wild things of the forest, and so he knew, as soon as he saw it, that it was NOT the nest of Humming-Bird, but the summer lodge of Ahmoog, the Stinging-Fly. He remembered how Big Bear had taught him to shut up the Wasps and Hornets in their houses so they could not get out to sting him.



He looked around for something he would use to plug up the doorway of the nest. Right close at hand was a little stream, the banks of which were of soft red clay. He took a handful of the sticky stuff and waited until all the hornets he could see had gone into the nest. Then—



He very gently placed a dab of the moist clay on the bottom of the nest, covering up the little doorway by which the Hornet People go in and out of their lodge.



When Little Growing Bird covered the only entrance there was to the nest, he shut OUT the light and shut IN the Hornets! My! But they were angry and set up a fearful buzzing! But Little Growing Bird knew they couldn't get out and didn't mind their noise. He quickly climbed the tree and cut off the limb with his new hunting-knife. Then he carried the whole thing back to Nokomis. In the meantime, Ozemah Ahmoog, the Chief of the Hornets, came buzzing along. He saw Young Pig growing there and stung him on top of his head, right through all his baby hair! It served him right, because he had planned to fool Little Growing Bird.



When Little Growing Bird brought the Hornet's nest to Nokomis, she said he was a smart boy, but that the Stinging-Fly lodge was "Bad Medicine," because the Hornets inside no honey, and were very ill-tempered. So she told him to put the nest in the fire and burn up all the Hornets! That is why the Ahmoog, or Stinging-Fly People, become so frightened, and are so tame, whenever they smell fire or smoke around—especially SMOKE! A. T. C.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day, while LITTLE GROWLING BIRD was still at the Indian Village, YOUNG PIG (the naughty boy of the camp) came and told him that he had found the "cave house" of RED DOG, and that there were some fine young puppies there.



They went along until they came to a tall pine tree with a big hole under the roots. LITTLE GROWLING BIRD knew that dogs do not live in holes in the ground; besides, the place smelled just like a fresh foxskin. He knew at once that it was the lodge of WAH-GOOSH, the FOX, so he reached into the burrow with his hand and wiggled his fingers.



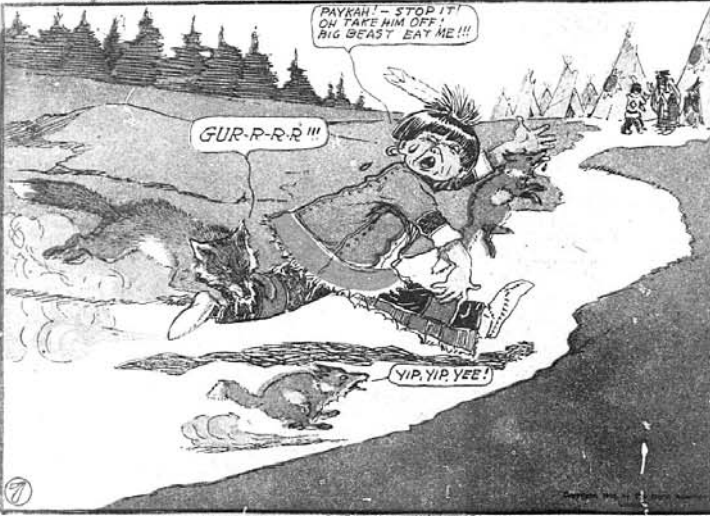
Little foxes (like little boys) are very curious, and soon a young fox came up and smelled his hand. LITTLE GROWLING BIRD took it gently by the loose skin on the back of its neck and lifted it out of the burrow. He did not hurt it and so WAH-GOOSH-AINS, the FOX-CUB, did not try to bite—although YOUNG PIG wanted LITTLE GROWLING BIRD to pinch its tail.



Then YOUNG PIG went to the mouth of the burrow and put both of his arms into it as far as he could reach. The other little foxes thought it was LITTLE GROWLING BIRD, so YOUNG PIG was able to take hold of TWO of them. He didn't care whether he hurt them or not, but just grabbed them by their tails.



Then he roughly dragged them out of the burrow and started to walk off with one in each hand—just as you see in the picture. It hurt the little foxes to be carried by their tails, and they set up a great cry for their mother. She had been watching all the time, and when she heard their yelps, came bounding along.



In a few jumps she caught up with YOUNG PIG and leaped upon him, giving him a sharp bite on the ankle. He yelled and dropped one of the fox cubs, but the other had managed to twist around and grab his hand—so he was bitten in TWO places at once. Ify! How he jumped and ran toward the Village, squealing just like a REAL young pig! It served him right, because of his meanness in trying to get LITTLE GROWLING BIRD bitten, and because of his cruelty to the fox cubs.



Then, because he was a bad boy and untruthful, he tried to lay the blame on LITTLE GROWLING BIRD. But no one believed him, because any one could see how nicely LITTLE GROWLING BIRD had treated the fox cub he brought in—in fact, he was at the very moment giving it something nice to eat. Now, ever since then, the skin on the back of all the little fur-animals has been very loose—so they can be easily lifted and carried by it. But if you try to carry them around by their TAILS—well—just remember what happened to YOUNG PIG in the INDIAN VILLAGE near WINDEGO LAND.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



BIG CHIEF RED FEATHER
HE GOT A LITTLE WHITE GIRL!
WHERE HE GET HER?

HOWH! ME
FIND LITTLE
PALGRACE
GIRL. LOST
IN BUSH!

WAUGH! NICE
LITTLE WHITE
GIRL. COME
TO PLAY, NEBBE

One morning, while Nokomis and Little Growing Bird were still at the Indian Village, they heard the sound of a loud coming from the woods near the shore of Keeche Gummes, the Great Lake.

In a little while they saw Chief Redfeather coming toward them carrying something in his arms that looked like a big white rabbit with a yellow head. When he came nearer they could see that it was not a white rabbit, but a pretty little "paleface" girl, in a white dress, and with bright golden hair!



WAUGH!
GOT HAIR
CANARY BIRD!

POOR LITTLE
WHITE CHILD!
COME WITH
NOKOMIS!
WE GET
YOU PLENTY
NICE THING
TO EAT!

BAD INJUN MANS
STEAL LITTLE
WHITE CHILD. SHE
RUN AWAY AN' HIDE.
ME FIND HER!
HEAD HUNGRY!
BRING HER ALONG!

YES! I'M
AMUALLY
HUNGRY!

They were very much surprised to see a little white girl in the Indian Country, so far away from the lodges of her people, but Chief Redfeather told them how bad Indians had stolen her from her home across the Keeche Gummes, the Great Lake, and had taken her away in their great war-canoe, intending to make a slave of her. When the bad Indians landed at a lonely place, they had tied the little white girl to a tree while they went into the bush to kill some game for supper. Just then Redfeather happened along! He quickly cut the rope and brought her with him to the Indian Village, where the good Indians lived. Well—



UGH!

WE TAKE LITTLE
WHITE GIRL. HOW
HE H?

LITTLE
WHITE
GIRL
GOT
DOLL
DOLLY!

THIS ME, LITTLE
GROWLING BIRD
WHO YOU?

MY NAME IS
FANNY!
WHAT A FUNNY
NAME YOU HAVE!
LET ME HEAR
YOU GROW!

She was very hungry by this time, and you may be sure she enjoyed the nice breakfast Nokomis prepared for her. After she had eaten it all she felt quite cheerful and looked about for some one to play with. All the Indians could speak the white man's talk pretty well, so she had no trouble in getting acquainted. Little Growing Bird was rather shy at first, but after they had told each other their names, they soon became quite friendly.

Her name was Fanny, but because of her bright yellow curls the Indians named her "Oush-Win-Debay," or "Yellow Hair"



ME NO PLAY WITH
YOUNG PIG
NO MORE
HE NAUGHTY BOY.
HEADFINE
MUD PIE, THIS
BUT NO GET
PRETTY KLEEN!
DIRTY, NOKOMIS!
SHE WHIP!
PLENTY NICE
THINGS TO
PLAY WITH
IN WINDEGO
AND!

DO THE INDIANS
LIKE LITTLE
WHITE GIRLS?
I'D LIKE TO
GO HOME WITH
YOU AND
NOKOMIS!

ME GET
DOLL
DOLLY!
HAVE
HEAD,
FUN!

Little Growing Bird took Fanny Yellow Hair down to the creek to show her the water and what fine mud pies the red clay on the bank would make. He explained to her the only right way to prepare the pies was by taking care not to let any of the dirt get on your clothes—else the pies would not be a success!

Yellow Hair brought her dolly along and set it down on the grass with its back against a tree. Now Young Pig was prowling around looking for mischief, and as soon as he spied the doll, he crept up behind the tree and slyly took it away!



DAYKAH!
STOP IT!
ME WHIP
YOUNG PIG!
WAUGH!!!

HEAP GOOD
FUN!
BURN UP
DOLL
DOLLY
PLENTY
QUICK!

Pretty soon Yellow Hair looked around and saw that her dolly was gone! She began to cry, and although Little Growing Bird looked all around for it, it was nowhere to be found. All at once he saw Young Pig, with a fire-stick in his hand, lighting a pile of little sticks that were heaped around something that looked very much like the lost doll! He ran to the spot and—what do you think Young Pig was doing? He was just about to burn the pretty dolly at the stake, like he had heard the bad Indians burned their white captives!



OH, YOU BRAVE
LITTLE BOY!
I HATE YOU!
YOU SAVED
MY DOLLY'S LIFE!!

ME NO LITTLE BOY!
HE BIG, TALL!
PRE LITTLE, SOON!
YOU SOME LO
NEXT WEEK
WITH NOKOMIS
AND ME!

OH MAMMY!
GROWLING BIRD
TRY TO KILL ME!

Now, Little Growing Bird was, on the whole, a very well-behaved boy, but such a mean trick as Young Pig was doing to his new friend, Yellow Hair, was too much for him to stand! He jumped on that bad boy and gave him such a push that it sent him sprawling! Then he rescued the dolly from the stake and brought it back to Yellow Hair, looking very fine and brave!

Now that is all there is to tell about Young Pig for awhile, because, next week, Nokomis is going to take Little Growing Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair back to the "Refuge Ground," in Windego Land, where Big Bear and Asdak, the Crow, are waiting for them.

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J. B. Rickson

LITTLE CROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Now when the time came for Little Crowling Bird to go back to Windego Land, Nokomis asked Chief Red Feather if she could take the little white girl he had rescued from the bad Indians along with her. She said Little Crowling Bird needed a little playmate because she had no other companions but a big brown bear and a very black crow to play with. There were plenty of Indian children in the village, so Red Feather agreed that it would be all right if Fanny Yellow Hair wanted to go. However, he said he would come for her in the winter, when he was about to start on a journey to the White Man's country.

It was now the fall of the year and the Indians would not be going across the Big Water to the White Man's Trading Post, where they sold their winter's catch of furs, until the following spring. Red Feather intended to take her with him when he went and hand her over to the "Black Coats," the Missionaries, so they could find out where her people lived and restore the little girl to her parents. Well, that being settled, one fine morning they said good-bye to the Indian village and began the journey through the forest that lay between the village and their home in Windego Land. Yellow Hair was not used to walking so far and soon became very tired, so—



Little Crowling Bird called to Nokomis to stop a while and rest, because Yellow Hair was almost ready to drop. Nokomis thought she would see how much the little boy cared for his new playmate, and said, "You heap big strong boy now, carry little girl on back." So Little Crowling Bird lifted Yellow Hair up and carried her "pickaback." He went along bravely enough for a while, but he was a very little boy, and soon grew dreadfully tired.

Very soon he had to give up, too, and called on Nokomis for help! So she took her big red blanket from her shoulders and threw it over both the children. Then she swung them around and up on her back and away she went, walking faster than ever to make up for lost time. The two children looked very funny with their heads—a yellow and a black one—bobbing around in the folds of the blanket, but they felt very "comfy," and soon fell asleep.

When they awoke—and behold—there was the Wigwam almost in front of them! Big Bear and Aundak, the Crow, had been waiting for them a long time and both were very loathsome without their little friend and playmate. They were sleeping behind the Wigwam, but when their sharp ears caught the sound of footsteps, they jumped up and ran out to see who was coming.



My, but they were glad to see Nokomis again! They knew that Little Crowling Bird was sure to be with her, and they ran down the path to meet them. Nokomis set the children down and Little Crowling Bird ran straight into the arms of Big Bear, who gave him oh, such a hug—and you know how bears can hug when they really try! Aundak, too, came flapping along, "cawing" loudly. But Fanny Yellow Hair had never before seen a real, live brown bear outside of a picture book, and when she saw such a great, big one so close she almost fainted. Nokomis only laughed at her fears and told her what a nice, good friend this bear was.

When Little Crowling Bird had finished his greeting to his big friend he thought he had better make him and Fanny Yellow Hair acquainted. So he began pulling Big Bear forward, and Nokomis persuaded the little girl to shake hands with him. She was very timid at first, and Big Bear acted rather foolish himself. He was as bashful as some little boys are when they first meet a strange little girl. Anyway, they soon became fast friends, and Yellow Hair and Little Crowling Bird had many pleasant adventures together—as you may see by the pictures, if you watch for them every week.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD & WINDEGO LAND



A few days after Nokomis had brought Little Growing Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair from the Indian village back to the Wigwam in Windego Land she thought she would make some baskets and other pretty things to please the little White Girl. She found, however, that she had no colors to paint the pretty stripes and figures on the things she wished to make. Big Bear was not around just then, so she asked Little Growing Bird to get her some of the nice Paint Roots that grew in the woods near the Wigwam. Aundak, the Crow, knew all about the places where such things grew, so off he started, saying he would show the way.



They soon came to the place where the Paint Roots grew and Little Growing Bird dug up a good supply. Yellow Hair wanted to know how the Indians got the dye-stuff out of the roots, and the little boy showed her how to crush them and get the juice out. Then he took a queer-looking root and rubbed it on the upper part of his face, which soon turned to a Bright Green color. Yellow Hair thought that was fine fun, and began painting her own cheeks with the juice of a bright scarlet root. Then she painted her forehead with another kind of root, which turned the skin to the color of the bow in her hair—a Bright Blue!



Now, Uke-wense Ahj-d-uhno, the Ground Squirrel, or "Chipmunk," was very soft-hearted, and as soon as he cast eyes on the pretty Dolly, he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful in his life and fell in love with her on the spot! He came out of his hole and very politely asked Little Growing Bird if he might have the little "Girl Fairy" for his wife!



Fanny Yellow Hair was afraid that the little boy might give her pretty Dolly to Mr. Ground Squirrel, so she grabbed her up very quickly. But Little Growing Bird thought it would be great fun to play a joke on Chipmunk, so he told him that he was too homely for such a pretty "Girl Fairy." Then he began to take broad stripes down Chipmunk's back with the Paint Roots, and—



Ground Squirrel was as pleased as he could be with his nice striped coat. He bowed to the little Dolly, and, putting his hand on his heart, asked her if she'd marry him! But the Dolly only stared and said not a word! It tickled Aundak, the Crow, so much that he had to laugh right out, but it made Chipmunk quite angry to get no answer at all, so—



He went back to his hole, much offended, and "let on" he did not want her anyway! "She's too proud and stuck up," he said. So Yellow Hair just marched off with the Dolly in her arms, and Little Growing Bird put the Paint Roots in his Medicine Bag, and they started to go home. When they were almost there they spied Big Bear taking a nap behind the Wigwam. Little Growing Bird thought it would be great fun to steal up on him and frighten him by yelling and making faces at him before he knew who they were. Well—



They crept up very softly and, when quite close to him, they cried out "Boo!" and also "Waugh!" (which means about the same), saying they were Wild Indians. Big Bear jumped up with a start, but when he saw who they were he ALMOST burst out laughing. But he didn't like to spoil the play. So he cried out as if he did not recognize his little friends and pretended to be scared almost out of his wits. Now, that is how the Indians get the pretty colors with which they stain their baskets and other things—and you can easily guess how Chipmunk got the nice striped coat he wears!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day, when Fanny Yellow-Hair was pestering Nokomis with all sorts of questions about Windego Land, she lost patience and called Big Bear to come and take the children out for a walk. That just suited Big Bear, because he liked to "blow around" with his little friends. "Come on," he said; "I'll take you up on top of Mahmah-Tanish, the high hill, where you can see all over the 'Refuge Ground.'" So—



He took a stout rope, made of twisted strands of willow bark, and away they went, until, after a while, they came to the foot of the mountain. Big Bear then tied the rope around his chest and fastened it securely around the waists of the children. Then they began to climb up the steep hillside. Of course, Aundak was along—nothing went on without Mr. Crow being on the spot—but he refused to be tied to the life-line.



"I'm a flying bird," said Aundak. "I don't need to be tied, because I couldn't fall if I tried." (Aundak was a great hand for making rhymes and repeated them whenever he could get any one to listen to him.) Well, pretty soon they came to the top of the high hill from which they could see nearly all of the "Refuge Ground" in Windego Land.



Little Growing Bird had never been so high up in the air before, and he thought it would be fine fun to start a stone rolling down the hillside and watch it bounce along, from rock to rock, until it reached the bottom. Now, under the cliff on which they stood was a narrow ledge of rock, in a hollow of which lay a small pool of clear water. But Wudjeh Mahmah-Tanish, the Wild Sheep, had just finished taking a deep drink and stood gazing at his reflection in the clear water, admiring his big horns immensely. Suddenly a big stone came Splash! right into the water in front of his nose.



It scared old Mahmah-Tanish, the Wild Sheep, so much that he jumped sideways, without thinking where he was, and, of course, he went over the edge of the narrow ledge and down the cliff side, tumbling and turning somersaults as he fell. He landed right on his beautiful horns and bounced in the air, turned over and came down on his feet. But, alas and alack! The shock had bent and twisted his beautiful straight horns into a great curve around his ears and squeezed them full of big wrinkles. Little Growing Bird and Yellow-Hair saw it all.



They hurried down the mountain side until they came to the place where Wild Sheep was sitting trying to study out how it all happened. Little Growing Bird apologized to Wild Sheep, and said he didn't see him when he dropped the stone. But Mahmah-Tanish was litle. He could see the tips of his twisted horns and feared his looks were spoiled. He felt very much like putting the little boy real hard, but just then Aundak, the wise-old crow, spoke up and said: "Why, you look ten years younger and much handsomer than you did before. Such beautiful curves, and just the thing when you jump from high places."



Wild Sheep grew quite puffed up with pride. He had never seen a little white girl before and began to be very polite to her. "If you like you may ride on my back," he said. "I am awfully strong in the back and legs and can carry you quite easily." So Big Bear lifted her on Wild Sheep's back and they all set off for the wigwam. Now that is how But-Wudjeh Mahmah-Tanish, the Wild Sheep, came to have such wrinkled and curly horns. And ever since then, the Indians say that when he jumps from high places he ALWAYS lands on his head.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One morning when Little Growing Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair looked out of the door of the wigwag they saw small patches of white frost lying on the ground. As they were about to go to the woods to play, Nokomis stopped them and said: "It is now the Kish-Kudene Kezias, the Moon-of-Frosty-Nights (the Palface people call it 'November'), and the hunting season begins." She then handed the little boy a fine deerkin quiver with three magic arrows in it, but told him he was not to shoot unless in great danger.



Now, these were the Medap-Wunwee, or Medicine Arrows, of the dead Nokomis, who was Little Growing Bird's father, and they were very wonderful arrows, indeed! They were bound to hit whatever they were aimed at. The first one would wound and almost paralyze whomsoever it struck; the second would kill, and the third would bring the slain one back to life! Because it was the hunting season the flesh-eating animals were apt to chase the grass-eaters right into the Refuge Ground. As the Bear was away just then it became the work of Little Growing Bird to drive them out. So when the children came to the grove of spruce trees they heard the sound of something running over the dead leaves.



Suddenly something big made a queer noise right behind Little Growing Bird bravely fitted one of the magic to his bow and made ready to shoot at anything that had them horns. Just then he saw the big horns and the head of Waw-Wash-Kish, the Red Deer.



Of course, Waw-Wash-Kish, the Red Deer, was not an enemy, nor was he breaking the law of the Refuge Ground, so they greeted each other quite pleasantly. Red Deer had been running very hard and was almost out of breath. He told the children that Mah-Een-Gun, the Bad Wolf (the same that had frightened Little Growing Bird so badly in the spring) had been chasing him all morning. "I really believe," said Red Deer, "that he is following me yet—right here in the Refuge Ground!" Little Growing Bird was not afraid of Bad Wolf—now that he had the Medicine Arrows. He told Red Deer what he would do if he caught him chasing any one.



While they were talking Mah-Een-Gun, the Wolf, sneaked up and listened behind the spruce trees. As soon as he found that Big Bear was not there he sprang forward, yelling, "Now I've got you!" Fanny Yellow Hair ran away in a great fright, but Little Growing Bird drew his bow, and



When Mah-Een-Gun, the Bad Wolf, bounded past him he let fly the first magic arrow. It was just in time, because when Waw-Wash-Kish, the Red Deer, sprang forward in fright he did not notice a big stone right in his path and stumbled over it, coming down with a crash. Bad Wolf was just about to grab Red Deer by the leg when the Medicine Arrow struck deep into his flank. That settled him! He howled with the pain and, when he felt his hind legs growing numb, he knew it was a Medicine Arrow that had wounded him and that the next one would kill him. Aundak, the Crow, warned him, you may be sure. So—



Bad Wolf pulled the arrow out of his leg with his sharp teeth and started to limp away. He begged Little Growing Bird not to shoot again and promised never more to hunt within the Refuge Ground. Red Deer was very grateful to the "Little Hunter" for saving him from the jaws of Bad Wolf, and promised to reward him by showing him how the Deer people hide their cast-off horns every fall—which you shall hear all about next week. Now, ever since then, Mah-Een-Gun, the Wolf, though looking very bold and confident in front, slinks and cringes with his hind quarters in quite a different manner.

A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Red Deer became very fond of Little Growing Bird, and was always trying to prove grateful for the way Little Growing Bird saved his life, by shooting Mah-been-gun, the Wolf. One day Red Deer showed plainly that he wanted Little Growing Bird and Yellow Hair to climb on his back, and he would take them for a long ride. Red Deer carried the children a long way into the woods, and, on the way, told them all about the Deer People.

He told them how their nice big horns fell off early in the spring and how the new ones sprouted very quickly, but soft and fuzzy, so that hunters say, when the new horns are growing, that they are "in the velvet." In the fall the horns grow harder, and the fuzzy stuff dries up, leaving the new horns white and strong, and all the points very sharp. Then the deer felt so strong that they wanted to try their new horns and were very quarrelsome, going around looking for fight. After a while their tempers were better, and they were quiet and kind for the rest of the winter.



In the springtime their horns began to get loose, and when they felt that the horns were about ready to come off, the deer went away to some secret place and hid them.

When Red Deer reached a strange-looking cave he stopped and told the children to look into the dark opening and they would see horns of all shapes and sizes that the Deer People had hidden there.

The children had great fun holding the great horns on top of their heads and playing about the cave, pretending to be deer. Suddenly Red Deer gave a start and looked about in an excited way. He had heard another deer nearby.



Before the children knew what Red Deer was about they heard the crackling of the leaves and twigs. Looking around they saw Red Deer with head down, rushing wildly toward another deer that was standing behind some tall bushes nearby. For a moment the children were frightened, but remembering what Red Deer had told them they laughed, and, holding tightly to their horns, they started running for home. They wanted to show Big Bear the beautiful horns they found.

Big Bear was hugging Yellow Hair's dolly when the children reached home. They rushed toward Big Bear with the horns on their heads, making as much noise as they could, thinking to frighten Big Bear. The good-natured fellow just laughed at them, laughed until the tears ran down his funny nose. But Big Bear would not have laughed if real deer came running at him this time of the year. Because Big Bear knows that deer will fight any animal, no matter how big, in the fall of the year.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



About this time of the year the nights begin to grow chilly in WINDEGO LAND, and one morning NOKOMIS found the children warming their hands at the "cooking fire." Of course, they were snug and warm enough at night—wrapped in their sleeping robes—but NOKOMIS thought it was time that YELLOW HAIR had some warmer clothes.

She was busy thinking of what she would make for the little girl when AUNDAK, the CROW, spoke up and said: "Haven't you a very handsome suit—the one fringed with deerskin—in the Wigwau-ee Mukuk, the Birch-Bark Trunk, that you have?"



Now in this Birch-Bark Box, or Indian Trunk, NOKOMIS kept some pretty clothes and many other things that had belonged to WENONA, the daughter of NOKOMIS, when WENONA was a little girl. She was the aunt of LITTLE GROWLING BIRD and the mother of the great NANABOOZOO (or "HIAWATHA," of whom you have often heard or read about), and he was the most wonderful of all the Indian magicians that ever lived.

But WENONA had died long before LITTLE GROWLING BIRD was born, and the Trunk had never been opened.



After NOKOMIS had considered a while she went into the Wigwau-ee Mukuk and opened the box. The first thing she took out was a beautiful suit made of blue cloth, trimmed with deerskin, with beads and wampum—which is bits of white or colored clam shell, nearly round in shape and with holes bored through so that they could be strung like beads. The little girl fell in love with it right away.



When FANNY YELLOW HAIR wanted to put the dress on, at once, NOKOMIS said no, it would have to be shaken and the wrinkles smoothed out, but YELLOW HAIR coaxed so hard that at last she consented to let her try it on. Soon NOKOMIS called her into the Wigwau-ee Mukuk and began to fix her up like a real little Indian girl.



They were so long about the dressing—like many other little girls are, that we all know, and big ones, too, sometimes—that AUNDAK became impatient. "You'll be late for school, YELLOW HAIR!" he cried. But this was only a little joke of Mr. CROW'S, because there wasn't any school in WINDEGO LAND then. It was ALWAYS "holidays." Then he spied her little red shoes, and—



Because AUNDAK had a habit of "borrowing" other folks' things—and sometimes forgetting to bring them back, sad to relate—he stily drew the little shoes out and carried them off. It would have made any one laugh to see Mr. CROW putting his black feet into the red shoes—which didn't fit him at all—and pretend to dance the MEDICINE dance. LITTLE GROWLING BIRD hopped around on one foot, enjoying the joke. When YELLOW HAIR came out they both thought her the cutest little Indian girl they had ever seen.



NOKOMIS told her the dress was hers, but there were too many trimmings and things on it to wear playing around, but that she should keep it for "dress-up days" only, while she (NOKOMIS) would make her an every-day dress for "play-days." Just then BIG BEAR came ambling along. "WHAT! WHO?" he cried. "Can this be some little Indian Princess come to visit us?" Ever since then when the Indians meet their friends "all dressed up" they pretend not to recognize each other, because they look so fine and grand. It is their way of being very, very polite! PUNYU, isn't it?

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



About the end of KUSH-KUD-ENE KEEZIS, the FREEZING MOON (November), the Indians have a feast day, giving thanks to the GREAT SPIRIT for the plentiful harvest of corn and potatoes and berries and other good things they have gathered during the summer and laid up against the coming of winter. One morning NOKOMIS said to LITTLE GROWLING BIRD: "Today heap big feast-day. Go pick pailful MUSH-KEE-MIN, the CRANBERRY. So LITTLE GROWLING BIRD and AUNDAK, the CROW, started off.



Now the CRANBERRY MARSH was just outside the boundaries of the REFUGE GROUND, and on that account AUNDAK kept a sharp lookout for any prowling beast that might try to harm the little boy. There was no one in sight when they came to the place, except a big black bird that was so busy picking up and swallowing the ripe berries that he never noticed them. "It is ME-SEE-SAY, the wild TURKEY GOBBLER!" said AUNDAK, "and he is the greediest bird in all WINDEGO LAND."



When TURKEY-GOBBLER saw LITTLE GROWLING BIRD and AUNDAK filling their pail with the cranberries he became very angry indeed. He was so full of the hard round berries himself that he couldn't swallow another one! Yet ME-SEE-SAY was so greedy that he did not want any one else to have a single one. He ruffled up all his feathers and scraped the tips of his wings on the ground, while his head and neck turned scarlet with rage. He came running toward the little boy. "What! Stealing MY cranberries, are you?" he said. "GOBBLE! GIBBLE!! GOBBLE!! I'll gobble you up!"



GREEDY GOBBLER was almost as tall as the little boy and twice as fierce. He would surely have knocked him down and pecked him severely, but—just in the nick of time—who should come upon the scene but BIG BEAR himself! He had a little black bear by the paw, but he dropped him and, in a minute, had grabbed Mr. GREEDY GOBBLER by his red neck and, with the other paw, gave him such a blow on the head that GOBBLER dropped dead on the spot! It was too bad, but AUNDAK said it served him right for trying to bully and injure LITTLE GROWLING BIRD.



There was nothing else to do now but to gather up the spilled berries and tie the legs of ME-SEE-SAY, the TURKEY, across a long pole and carry him back to the WIGWAM. "NOKOMIS will know what to do with Mr. GOBBLER!" said AUNDAK, with a sly wink at BIG BEAR. But that wise old fellow made no reply—only licked his lips a little as they came in sight of the WIGWAM. NOKOMIS was greatly pleased when she saw the fine big TURKEY. She quickly dressed it, and, while it was cooking, BIG BEAR introduced his nephew.



MUK-UDAY MUK-ROONS (LITTLE BLACK BEAR) was the full name of BIG BEAR'S nephew, but his uncle called him "Koom" (Little One) for short. He was VERY hungry, and could hardly wait till the table was set. NOKOMIS gave thanks to KEZHA MUH-NEDD, the GOD SPIRIT, for all their good fortune, and then began the first THANKSGIVING DINNER—of roast TURKEY and CRANBERRY SAUCE—ever eaten in WINDEGO LAND! So, ever since then, the INDIANS and the PALEFACE PEOPLE give thanks for good crops and eat ME-SEE-SAY, the TURKEY, for dinner. A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



During the week following the Feast of Thanksgiving Nokomis made a nice warm "play dress" for Fanny Yellow Hair. She cut it out of a very soft blanket and trimmed it with rabbit fur, with a bright red sash to tie around her waist. In place of stockings she made her a pair of Indian leggings and two pretty deerskin moccasins to keep her feet warm. She and Little Growling Bird then went out to play.



Of course the fancy fawnskin dress she wore at the Thanksgiving Feast was put away and kept for holiday wear, or other special occasions. Yellow Hair looked very much like a little square girl. When they came to the edge of the stream, Dancing Water, they heard something moaning. Peeking around a big rock they saw a big brown bear lying on the sand.



It looked like a great big cow, but Aundak, who had traveled a great deal, said at once that it was Mauh-koodyay Pezheke, the Prairie Bull, or, as the Flatface people say, "Buffalo," or "Bison." There was a little bird—a kind of Starling—perched on Buffalo's back. It was the Buffalo-Bird, who is great chums with the prairie cattle, because he roosts on their backs and picks insects out of their shaggy hair.



As soon as Buffalo Bird saw Aundak and the children he called to them to come forward and pull out an arrow that was sticking in the side of Prairie Bull, and which made him very sick and weak. Little Growling Bird went bravely up to him and quickly drew the arrow from the wound. It hurt, of course, but it had to be done. Buffalo groaned and shed a few tears, but Aundak told him to cheer up and come along to the Wigwam, where Nokomis would quickly heal the sore place with the magic Healing Root. Buffalo-Bird told the children to get on Prairie Bull's back and he would carry them there. So up they climbed.



Away they went along the path that led to the Wigwam. Buffalo was very strong and carried them along easily, in spite of his wounded side, while Buffalo-Bird did them harm they were on their way to the Southland—because the winter was coming on—and an Indian hunter had shot an arrow at his big friend and wounded him in the side. They had turned aside and entered the Refuge Ground, where they were safe from pursuit, and where they hoped to find some one that would pull out the cruel arrow. "I've got him well trained," said Buffalo-Bird (who was a little vain). "He does whatever I tell him to do!" Well—



They soon came to the Wigwam, and Nokomis was greatly surprised when she saw the children riding on the big Buffalo's back. But when they told her how he had been wounded, she quickly boiled some of the Meah-way-wushuk, or Healing Root, and applied the juice to the sore. Such was the magic qualities of the Medicine Root that it broke the wound right away! Prairie Bull felt so much better that he thought the medicine would be good for his stomach, too, so he drank the whole bowlful of the stuff! It didn't hurt him, either; but a funny thing happened—it stained his tongue AS BLACK AS—



After Buffalo had thanked Nokomis and the children for curing him he started off on his long journey to the Southland—where the grass grows all the year 'round. Buffalo-Bird promised to come back the next summer, when Prairie Bull would give the children a nice long ride. Now, ever since then, when any of the Buffalo People are wounded they hunt around for Meah-way-wushuk, the magic Healing Root, and when they find it they chew it up and lick the wound—curing it in a few days. But—may notice that their— not pl— these of same cattle, but BLACK—from the stain of the Medicine Root!

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LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



YES, TO-NIGHT IS CHRISTMAS EVE - SANTA CLAUS COMES TO THE WHITE CHILDREN IN THE PALEFACE COUNTRY AND BRINGS THEM PRETTY THINGS!

TO-MORROW IS TWENTY FIVE DAY OF 'LITTLE SPIRIT MOON' - (DECEMBER) - PALEFACE MAKE HEAD BIG FEAST!

PSHAW, I DON'T BELIEVE THERE IS ANY SANTA CLAUS!

One morning when Little Growling Bird and Panny Yellow Hair got up they saw that it was snowing heavily. All the ground and the trees were covered with a soft, white mantle of snow. Nokonnis would not let the children go out to play because it was too stormy; but, in the evening, after supper, she brought out her Keechee-gudoo Meig-ooon, or Almanac Wand—which is a smooth stick with notches cut in it for each day of the Moon, or month. She told the children that the next day would be the twenty-fifth day of the "Little Spirit Moon"—which is the same as the White Man's December.



HEAP FINE SHINGOOB - BALSAM TREE - I MAKE GOOD THING TO HANG PRESENTS ON LIMBS!

WILL BIG CHIEF SANTA CLAUS COME TO WINDEGO LAND MEBBE?

When Nokonnis told them this, Panny Yellow Hair remembered that it was Christmas Day that came on that date, so she told Little Growling Bird all about it and how Santa Claus brought the Paleface children beautiful presents.



I PUT TREE IN WIGWAM, HANG FUNNY THINGS ON HEAD SURPRISE TO EVERYBODY!



EVERYBODY PLENTY SLEEP

Now Odah-haan, the Magic Sleigh, was drawn by a team of the Ahk-wug, the Caribou, whose big flat hoofs carry them so swiftly over the soft marshes or the deep snow. (They are the cousins of Santa Claus' reindeer.) As they were passing the Grove of Spruce Trees Nanna-booshoo thought it would be a good idea to take one of the pretty green trees along to hang the presents on.

Very soon they came to the Wigwam and Nanna-booshoo took the spruce tree on his shoulder and, lifting the flap that covered the door of the Wigwam, he peeped in. All was dark and quiet within. Every one was sleeping soundly. Nanna-booshoo had a fuzzy, white Rabbit skin over his chin so that if the children should wake up and see him they would think he was Santa Claus because of his long white beard.



ME JAME KIND PALE FACE 'SANTA CLAUS' HEAP FUN!

I GUESS THERE MUST BE A REAL 'SANTA CLAUS' AFTER ALL!

Then he went softly inside and set up the tree. Next, he brought in the bag, opened it and hung the gifts on all the boughs he could reach. There was a little Toboggan for Growing Bird; an Indian Cradle for Yellow Hair's Dolly; a roll of Squaw cloth for Nokonnis; Moccasins for Little Black Bear; Mittens and Mittens, and Toys, and Maple-Sugar Candy for everybody.



BOOSHOO, WOKOMMI, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A NICE FAT CHRISTMAS GOOSE!

I'M A ENGLISH BOY MYSELF!

HUIRAN SANTA CLAUS CAME HERE AFTER ALL!

HI-YAH! HI-YAH!

Then Nanna-booshoo stole quietly away, laughing to himself and thinking how surprised they would be in the morning when they woke up and found a real Christmas Tree covered with presents in the Wigwam. Aunahk had said he didn't believe there was any Santa Claus, but, hearing a slight noise in the night, he had squared one eye and peeped! When he saw a big man, with a long, white beard, putting things on a tree he wouldn't hang his head. But what a surprise! When morning came and the children saw the beautiful Christmas Tree they quickly dressed and jumping ho-ho, danced joyfully around it—just like little folks like to do.



NE-KUH, THE WILD GOOSE, HEAP GOOD TO EAT!

ME NO-MAH-GWUD - IT SMELLS GOOD!

ME WANT PLENTY STUFFIN'!

MY DOLLY WANTS SOME, TOO!

I'M GLAD THEY DON'T EAT CROWD ON CHRISTMAS!

Suddenly Big Bear popped in his head and cried "Merry Christmas!" He had brought in the fat Loaf, Goose—as a present to Nokonnis. Very soon it was plucked and roasting over the coals. It smelted so good, fairly well until dinner time, but when they did sit down you may be sure there was nothing left over to spoil! And ever since then parents try to get a little tree on which Santa Claus can hang his presents for the children. But it is hard to get the Spruce-tree the Eskimo uses to make their igloo and green in winter. A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Last week you were told how Shingob, the Spruce—or his cousin, the Balsam—came to be used as the tree on which Santa Claus hangs his presents for good little boys and girls. You also saw the picture of the "Wigwam Family" sitting down to enjoy the nice Roast Goose Nokomis had cooked for their Christmas dinner. But what they had to eat, and the fun they had afterward could not all be told—so you shall hear about that part today!

After the Roast Goose they had Potatoes and Turnips and Corn and Cakes and Raspberry Pie and Strawberry Preserves and, best of all, a fine big Plum Pudding! Little Black Bear stuffed himself as full as he could hold, and Big Bear, too, ate more than was good for him. As for Aundak, the Crow, he filled his crop so full he had to go to roost for a while and take a little nap.

Little Growing Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair behaved very nicely. They were not greedy at all, but, as the day was fine, they were very anxious to get outdoors and use some of their new winter playthings. So Nokomis told Yellow Hair to take off her "party dress" and put on her soft, warm "play dress" and her new cap and mittens. Then came the question: what would they do first? They talked and talked until Aundak suddenly woke up and yawned. "Kaw, kaw!" he said. "What's all this about? I'll tell you what we'll do! We'll go out and make a Snow Man—a real Santa Claus Snow Man! I'll show you how to do it, because I know what he looks like. I peeked and saw him putting the presents on the Christmas Tree when you were all asleep!" (Of course, it was really Nannaboochoo whom he saw, but he thought it was Santa Claus.)



Aundak then told them to make snowballs and roll them along in the soft snow. So as they began to grow larger and larger until they were as tall as the children themselves. Aundak's toes grew cold standing in the snow, and, as there was still some fire burning under the cooking frame, he hopped up on the crosspiece to warm them and oversee the job from a more comfortable place. Well—

The children quickly learned how to pile the big snowballs one upon the other, and to mold and shape the figure with their hands and the little snow shovel. Then they placed a smaller lump on top for the head, putting little dabs of snow on the front and sides for nose and ears. They made eyes with charcoal, and stained the nose red with strawberry preserves.

They tried hard to imitate the big white beard of Santa Claus with handfuls of snow, but the stuff wouldn't stick, so they had to give it up. After they had cut through the lower part of the figure and shaped the legs, they stuck the little brooms in the shoulders and covered them with some damp, sticky snow taken from a place where the fire had half melted it.



Lo and behold! There was the Santa Claus Snow Man complete—except his bag of toys. Little Growing Bird called to Nokomis and Big Bear and Little Black Bear to come out and see the surprise there was in store for them. You may be sure they were surprised when they saw such a fine piece of work done in such a short time—although, to be sure, they did not know it was Santa Claus until they were told. Little Black Bear even went up close and smelled at the legs to see if it was alive! In the meantime the fire had been burning away quietly, and the legs of the Snow Man began to melt.

Suddenly, and without warning, the Snow Man pitched forward almost on top of Aundak, who was just, beginning to boast of the fine job he had made of it! He barely managed to dodge aside, but Little Bear, who was too fat and slow to get out of the way in time, was buried in the ruins of the Snow Man!

And ever since then, about Christmas time (if there is an owl enough), squaw children try to make a Santa Claus Snow Man!



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day Little Growing Bird brought out his new Toboggan—which was one of the many Christmas presents he had received—and asked Yellow Hair to go along with him to the top of Ish-pooden-ah, the High Hill, and they would have a fine ride, all the way back to the Wigwam. Muk-koon, the Little Bear, went with them.



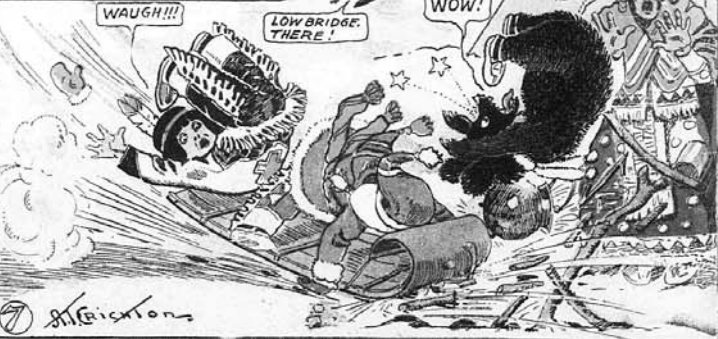
The Indians call it "Uhoonukoo-dah-ding," or "Day-of-Mutual-Greeting," and it is a very "good medicine day" for every one. Aundak told them that it was the cave of Pe-boan, the Winter Spirit, and the place where all the Old Years were buried. The children went in on tiptoe. Sure enough, there was a long row of the dead years lying wrapped in their burial robes.



Little Black Bear sat in front, Fanny Yellow Hair next, while Little Growing Bird sat behind to steer the Toboggan. Then they started down the long slope of the hill toward the Wigwam. Aundak was left behind, but he flew after them as fast as he could, trying to keep up. Faster and faster they went, bounding over the hills and hollows, until the wind fairly whistled around their ears! Yellow Hair became so excited that she grabbed Little Black Bear around the neck and almost choked him. Soon they came in sight of the Wigwam, but they were going too fast to steer around it, so—



All at once they heard the sound of bells, and ran outside to see what was the cause of it. What do you think? There was an immense Giant, on snowshoes, right in front of the cave! He carried a big icicle, as a staff, with three bells tied to it, and held also a large white bag, in which he kept Koon, the Snow Man (that is where the snowstorms come from)! He also carried a teeny-weeny papoose not many hours old. It was the New-Year Child, and the big Giant was Pe-boan, the Winter, himself!



On they came with a rush, right slap into the campfire, scattering things in every direction. But no one was hurt, only tumbled about a bit. In fact, they rather enjoyed the exciting finish of the frolic! But ever since then, when the Old Year is about to die, people listen for the sound of the bells that Pe-boan, the Winter, rings whenever there is a New Year born. They resolve that they will not be naughty again as long as the New-Year Child lives—but, generally, they forget all about it, after a little while.

A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One morning, when it was quite cold outside, Big Bear came into the Wigwam and told the children that he would have to leave them for about two moons. He had been feasting so much of late that he had grown very fat; but, of course, the holiday season now being past, he could not expect to eat and live in the Wigwam all winter. So he thought it would be a good idea to go into some snug cave and sleep away until the weather grew warmer. He borrowed Nokomis' snowshoes and a thick blanket, and, after filling his dinner pail with things to eat, he held out his great paws to bid his little friends good-bye.



Because Muk-uday Muk-oms, the Little Black Bear, was so small and took up so little room, the children begged Nokomis to let him live in the Wigwam with them during the winter. You may be sure that Little Bear would much rather stay in the Wigwam—where there was warmth and plenty to eat—than go with his uncle, Big Bear, and sleep in a cave all winter! But the children would not say good-bye, they wanted to go along and see the place where Big Bear intended to take such a "long big" sleep! Now, among the many Christmas presents we were sent on 23 of November, so they all run on a path—except Aundak!



Aundak was a pretty smart old bird, but he was not built to walk on snowshoes. Besides, he had the sarache and a bad cold he had caught from popping his head outside the door of the Wigwam, every night, listening for the sound of the Kittoo-tab-gum, the Magic Bell, that Pe-bean, the Winter Spirit, carried. Such a wise Crow ought to have known that Pe-bean rang the Magic Bell only when the New Year's Child was born—but he listened, just the same! He was bound to go along anyway; so he got Nokomis to tie a red handkerchief over his ears and perched himself on the blanket roll that Big Bear carried on his shoulders.



After a while they came to Ish-poodn-ah, the High Hill, and, when about half-way up, they spied the entrance to a small cave among the snow-covered rocks. Big Bear took off his pack and dinner pail and the snowshoes, then he embraced his little friends and told them to be good children and that he would come out again just as soon as he felt the air growing warmer and felt that the snow was beginning to melt. He had scratched the bark of the larger trees as he came along, thus marking the trail by which they had come and which would guide the children to the spot at any time.



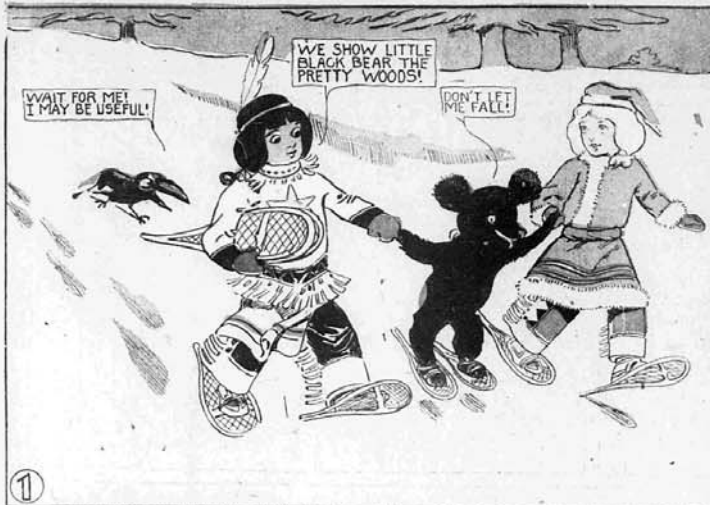
Then Big Bear took the blanket and his dinner pail and crawled into the cave. He asked Little Growling Bird to take the big snowshoes and heap up the loose snow until it covered the mouth of the cave and shut him in entirely. You see, he knew how well a snowbank keeps out the cold wind and would keep in the heat after his breath had warmed the air inside the little cave. Sleeping animals do not need as much fresh air as people do, so Mr. Big Bear would not be so bad off in his winter quarters after all. Little Growling Bird and Panny Yellow Hair shoveled away, and soon there was nothing to be seen of Big Bear or his den.



Then they started homeward, feeling they would miss their dear big friend very much, although they knew he would be with them again at the first hint of spring. (And what happened to them, on their way home, you shall hear all about next week!) And that is why the Bear People eat so much in the fall and grow so very fat! But when the snow covers the ground they can find nothing to eat in the woods, so they creep into a warm cave, or a hollow tree and curl up to sleep till spring. But when they do wake up and come out again—My, but they are thin and—hungry as a bear!



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



After Little Growling Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair had covered the entrance to the cave where Big Bear had gone for his winter sleep, they started back on their way to the Wigwam, Little Growling Bird carrying the snowshoes that Big Bear had used. They thought they would return by a different way from the trail by which they had come, because they hoped they might meet Pe-boan, the Winter Spirit, again. Aundak, the Crow, complained because he didn't have Big Bear's blanket pack to ride on, and walking in the snow made his feet cold.



While they were skipping along, enjoying the clear frosty air, they were suddenly startled by the sound of a loud report, very much like the noise big firecrackers make when Paleface children set them off on the Fourth of July. The children were pulling Little Black Bear along pretty fast when they heard the loud sound. It startled them so, they let go of the little fellow's paws, and he was so frightened that he started to run as hard as he could, but he forgot all about the snowshoes he was wearing, and dropped on all fours to run the faster.



Of course, he couldn't run that way while he had the snowshoes on his hind feet, so he soon tripped and plunged headfirst into a snowdrift. Then there were several more loud reports, and Little Black Bear must have thought they were all aimed at him, by the way he kicked and plunged into the snowdrift, deeper and deeper, until there wasn't much of him to be seen but his little black legs and his snowshoes sticking out of the snow.



Both Fanny Yellow Hair and Aundak knew what guns were and what gunpowder smells like when burnt, so they thought the sound must be caused by something else. When she heard another "BANG" close to where she was standing, she looked at a big hardwood tree, and saw that a long crack had just opened in its bark. Then she asked Aundak what caused the tree to split, and the wise old crow explained that it was because there was some sap left in the trunk, and that the severe frost caused it to freeze and crack the wood.



Of course, the children knew then that there was nothing to be frightened at, and made haste to rescue Little Black Bear from his awkward position. It was lucky that Little Growling Bird had the big snowshoes along with him. They proved very handy to dig the little fellow out before he was in danger of being smothered. Of course, Aundak had to have his little joke, and tell Little Black Bear not to eat all the snow up! When they put him on his feet again there was so much snow in his fur that he looked more like a little white polar bear than a black one.



However, he was soon brushed off, and promised something good to eat when they got back to the Wigwam, if he wouldn't cry. The children also told him there was nothing to be afraid of, because the sap freezing in the trees sounded like some one firing off guns. But Little Black Bear didn't seem to be quite so sure of this, and kept looking over his shoulder all the way to the Wigwam. And some time you may be in the woods yourself if when it is very cold and hear the trees cracking like great guns, but you need not be afraid like Little Black Bear was the first time he heard it.

S. J. CRICHTON

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



For a whole week after the children heard the trees creaking with the frost (which had scared Little Black Bear so much), the cold weather continued. Mash-kub-wung Muneedo, the Frost Spirit, was very busy for a while. He came to Windigo Land and froze and froze and froze! He breathed on the stream, Dancing Water, and she danced no longer between her banks—now covered with snow—because her breast was bound with a solid sheet of ice! When the Frost Spirit went away for a while, to freeze things in other lands, Nokomis thought it would be a good chance to catch some Whitefish through the ice.

She took her biggest stone tomahawk (to chop holes with), and, putting some hooks and lines in her fish basket, placed its strap over her forehead to carry it, in the way the Indians carry their packs. When the children saw what she was going to do they coaxed to be taken along, and, as it was now fine winter weather, she consented. Little Black Bear refused to be left behind, but, as he was afraid of trying the tricky snowshoes again, he begged Little Growing Bird to let him ride on his little 'Dah-ban, or Indian Sleigh of cedar-wood. So away they started, Little Black Bear riding and Aundak hanging on behind.



When they came to the stream, Dancing Water, they found the ice to be strong and thick. Nokomis threw off her blanket shawl and set to work chopping a hole in the ice. Little Growing Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair wanted to fish also, so Nokomis cut two more holes, but smaller, for the children to fish.

Little Growing Bird had brought along some fat meat for bait, and Nokomis, giving one a small stone on their lines for sinkers, showed them how to bait their hooks properly. They had been fishing only a short time when Fanny Yellow Hair called out loudly that something was pulling at her line! "Pe-zauni!-hush!!" Nokomis chided. "Mebbe you scare um fish?" "Why don't you pull up your line, Silly, and see what you've got?" said Aundak, who was a great hand for telling people what to do. With—

Fanny Yellow Hair pulled and pulled and soon there were signs of a great struggle going on near the surface of the water at the hole Danny was fishing through. Nokomis dropped her line to help Yellow Hair, and just then Little Growing Bird noticed that there was something tugging at her line also!



Nokomis helped Fanny and soon they had a fine fish out of the hole and flapping on the ice! Nokomis said it was Ah-ta-mag, the Whitefish—a very fine fish, indeed! Little Growing Bird was still struggling with the one on Nokomis' line when Mikoons came slipping and sliding along, bound to have his nose, and at least one paw, into everything. Of course he had to get his feet tangled just when—

Little Growing Bird managed to bring the other big fish to the top! Mikoons became tangled up with the line that he lost his balance. His nose saw moss-skins slipped on the smooth ice and down he came on the edge of the hole, breaking through and causing an awful splash! Ah-ta-mag, the Whitefish, was so surprised that he leaped clear out of the water—almost into Little Bear's face!

When they picked him out of the hole, dripping wet (he was too fat to go through), he carried on like a regular cry-baby. Mikomis soothed him with words, but wrapped him in her warm blanket, just the same. Then she carried him back to the Wigwam, a very damp and subdued Little Bear. And ever since then Little Bears have never taken along where there is serious fishing to be done. A.T.C.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One morning Little Growing Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair were rummaging in the Birch-Box, where Nokomis had laid away most of the Christmas presents that the Indian Santa Claus (Nanna-booshoo) had given them, when they came upon several pairs of children's skates. Growing Bird had noticed them among the other things on the Christmas Tree, but was so taken up with his other presents that he had forgotten to ask Nokomis what kind of playthings they were. But Yellow Hair had often used skates, when she lived with her own people.



When she had explained what fine sport skating was, Little Growing Bird was eager to begin at once. The ice on Dancing Water was quite strong and safe, so Nokomis gave them permission to go, but told them to take Little Black Bear along, as he was getting too fat and needed exercise. Fanny was afraid her Dolly would catch cold, so she had not taken her out of the Wigwam since the cold weather set in, and, as Aumuck didn't care for skating, he said he'd "stay home and mind the Baby!" It didn't take the children long to run down the snow-path to Dancing Water.



Because they were moosehairs instead of shoes (moosehairs are so much warmer in winter time), they had to strap the little skates to their feet very tightly. Little Black Bear said he knew he could skate as well as any one if he got a fair chance, and begged to be allowed to try at least ONE skate anyway! So the children put one skate on his right hind foot and told him to go ahead.

He thought he would be very cautious, so he dropped down on all fours—thinking he'd be safer with FOUR feet under him than only TWO! He scrambled about and soon learned how to make the edge of his skate take hold of the ice. Growing bolder, he finally stood up and began sliding along, skating with one foot and hopping with the other.

Although Little Growing Bird had never tri'd skating before, he felt sure he could beat Little Bear all hollow—having TWO skates on, while Little Bear had only ONE! So when Yellow Hair took hold of his arm to steady him, he didn't like it, because he thought a smart boy, like himself, could easily do anything a GIRL could do. "Kaween-No!" he said. "Me catch Little Bear!"



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Little Bear was getting along finely. He was wise enough to put down his left foot whenever he felt he was losing a balance. But Growing Bird was too confident. He slid along all right for a while, and even made a few short strokes, but when he tried to turn and catch Little Bear, he got into trouble right away. He caught the little fellow, all right, but as he did so, his heels flew up and down he came—RIGHT ON TOP OF THE POOR LITTLE BEAR! He was "squashed" almost flat—if he hadn't been so fat and soft-poly he would have been QUITE flat—but he had enough breath left to yell like a dog!

Now this was pretty hard on Little Black Bear, because it was altogether Growing Bird's fault, and not Little Bear's at all—THIS time! Anyway, when his skate came off and he had scrambled to his feet, he ran away, yowling he was going straight home to tell Nokomis all about it. But when the children overtook him they promised him a nice cake of maple sugar if he'd forget it, and, before very long, the three of them were munching away quite friendly, and as if nothing had happened! But, ever afterwards, Growing Bird has been more careful about "showing off."

A. T. C.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



A few days after Growling Bird's skating experience on the ice on Dancing Water the weather changed and it began to snow heavily. It snowed, and snowed, until the doorway of the Wigwam was completely blocked up. Then it thawed a little, and froze again, until a crust formed on top of the snow, so firm and hard that one could walk on it without snowshoes. The children cleared away a space in front of the Wigwam and then, shouldering their little snowshoes, set off toward a high snowdrift, intending to dig out a fine, large snow cave.



Besides clearing away the snow from the door of the Wigwam the children dug a path to the potato pit, and another to the wood-pile. They liked to do things to help Nokomis before they went away to play—because Nokomis was always very good to them. But Aundak and Little Bear pretended to be asleep whenever there was any talk of work to be done. The children did not tell them about the snow-house; they intended to surprise them by inviting them to see it when it was finished. Meanwhile, they dug a tunnel deep into the snowdrift.



After Little Growling Bird and Yellow Hair had dug the tunnel into the snowbank a few feet they began to dig upward to make a room high enough to stand upright in. The snow came away in firm lumps very easily, and soon they had finished a nice large room and scooped out a hollow for the fireplace. Growling Bird thrust his shovel straight up through the top of the fireplace to the surface above. That was to make a smoke-hole, or chimney. Yellow Hair pushed and shoveled at the loose snow until she had cleared it all out.



While clearing the snow out of the room Yellow Hair uncovered a big log which would make a fine bench to sit on when covered with a warm blanket. Then the children went back to the Wigwam, where Growling Bird had stowed some dry wood and some birch bark for kindling, also a burning piece of wood to light the fire with. Yellow Hair got a couple of blankets from Nokomis and a basketful of corn and potatoes to roast in the ashes of the fire they were going to build. Aundak and Little Bear noticed all this and wondered what it meant.



The children pegged one of the blankets over the doorway and spread the other on the log. Growling Bird lighted the fire and put the corn and potatoes under it to roast. Now the reason the flames did not melt the snow about the fireplace because Growling Bird threw on plenty of the birch bark—which burns very fiercely and gives off a dense black smoke. Soon the fireplace and chimney were coated with a thick, oily layer of soot, which kept the heat and flames away from the snow underneath.



Growling Bird, you see, knew more about making fires than about such things as "fancy skating!" In the meantime, Aundak and Little Bear could no longer restrain their curiosity in regard to what the children were doing. They sneaked out of the Wigwam and began to follow the tracks of the children. When they came to the big snowdrift, Little Bear saw the smoke coming out of the top. He called the roasting corn and peeped his nose down the chimney.



Suddenly his feet slipped and down the chimney he plunged—CRASH!—right into the midst of the fire, scattering the sticks and coals in every direction! It started the children at first, so that they tumbled backward over the log. Then they recognized Little Bear by the fearful howling he made. (There was no one inside the Refuge Ground that could howl like Little Bear, when he was scared or thought he was hurt!)



Growling Bird and Yellow Hair picked him up, as he rolled out of the fireplace, and dusted him off as well as they could. His coat was full of soot, but he was so black, anyway, that you couldn't notice any difference in his color, although some of the fur on top of his head was badly scorched! Growling Bird consoled him, and Yellow Hair gave him a half-roasted ear of corn to stop his crying. Meanwhile, Aundak had been poking around until he found the entrance and came quietly along the tunnel, stopping at the blanket to listen to the noise.



When things quieted down Aundak hopped in. There was Little Bear seated between the children, gnawing away at an ear of corn, quite cheerful and contented. Of course, Aundak joined in and they all spent a merry day together, eating and playing in the fine, big snowhouse. But because Little Bear followed his nose, instead of the plain path to the entrance of the snow cave, he fell into the fire and singed his hair! Sometimes little PEOPLE fall into trouble from the same cause, and there is no roast corn for them at all! A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Little Growing Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair were very proud of the nice large Snow Cave they had made. They called it "Kooose We-gumme." Snow House, and used to spend a great deal of their time in it. They had in a good supply of corn and potatoes and nuts, which they roasted in the hot ashes whenever they felt hungry. Growing Bird told Yellow Hair many Indian stories and legends that he had learned from Nokomis and Big Bear, and Yellow Hair repeated all the fairy tales she had heard when she lived at home with her own people, the Palefaces. One day Aumak, the Crow, came and talked the children outside the snow house and told them there was a rabbit lying frozen-in the snow among the Spruce Trees. It's your old friend 'Wabboos,' I believe," said Aumak.

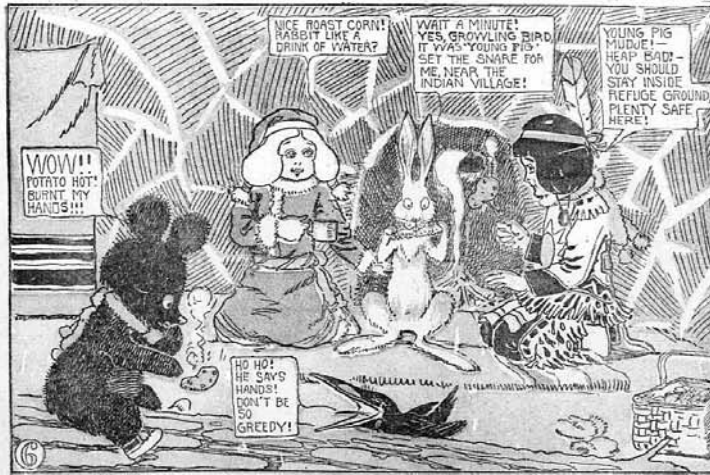
Growing Bird was very much grieved to hear what had befallen his friend Wabboos and started off at once to find him. Aumak showing the way. When they came to the spot where he lay Little Bear smelled him all over. "Ost!" he said. "Rabbit not dead. His small warm, little tail. He hear his heart go 'tick tick'!" Growing Bird took the poor rabbit in his arms, and the first thing he noticed was a smog hanging from his neck. He looked at it closely and saw it was a deer snow, very strong and tough, which was looped around Rabbit's throat so tight it had almost choked him. "Wough!" he said. "Bad man set snare, catch Wabboos round neck!"



Growing Bird untossed the tight cord that was choking Rabbit, and then they all hurried back to the Snow Lodge, hoping the warmth of the camp-fire would revive him. When they arrived Growing Bird threw fresh wood on the fire, while Yellow Hair spread a blanket and laid the half-frozen rabbit before the cheerful blaze. While they were waiting for Rabbit to come out of his swoon Growing Bird told Fanny the legend of Wabboos, the big "Snowshoe Rabbit" of the North, and how he came to have a brown coat in summer and a white one in winter!

"Long time ago," began Growing Bird, "Wabboos have brown for all time. Heap fine in summer; same color dead leaves on ground. Wabboos get plenty energy; all animal hunt him, but he sit still among dead leaves—they no see him none. By'mby De-bean, Winter, come; all white snow; see Wabboos plenty quick, then! He run all time; grow heap much fur on his hind feet. No good; animal chase him daytime; chase him nighttime! He go; see Nanna-booboo, an say: 'No can hide in white snow, give me wing, like bird, to me fly up in tree.'"

"But Nanna-booboo can no do that. He go see Pe-bean, Winter Spirit, an' Koon, Snow Spirit. They talk heap medicine talk—mable two, three day! Then they give Wabboos plenty snow-oup for medicine drink. By'mby he turn all white; no can see him no more when he sit still! When Spring, Spring Spirit, come he touch Wabboos and he come brown again, for summertime. He change all time, now, that way!" While Growing Bird was telling the story Rabbit revived and got on his feet, but he felt terribly weak and sick!



The children gave him roasted corn to nibble on, and soon he was quite well and strong again. He told them how he had gone to visit his cousin near the Indian Village (where "Young Pig" lived). He said he had forgotten there were such things as snares or traps, and had gone hopping along the rabbit paths, or runways, quite free and careless. Suddenly he ran his head into the loop of a snare-string of deer snow set there by "Young Pig" for just such foolish rabbits. He squeaked and wriggled and would have choked to death had he not remembered in time that Big Bear had taught him. So he began to like and grow the snare well and was free. "Young Pig" came to get him, when he heard him squeak, but he was a little too late. Then Wabboos ran all the way back to the "Reddy Ground" to get some one to take off the cruel snare!

But before he reached the Wigwam he felt exhausted in the snow, where the children found and rescued him. Well, he got out of his trouble THAT time, and, after he had eaten and drunk all he wanted, he thanked the children and started off for his own house, knowing his wife and children would be anxious about him. And now if you, or any one, should find a rabbit caught in a trap or snare, and should rescue him and treat him kindly, you may be sure he would remember it and be very grateful. He would soon learn to eat out of your hand and follow you about; and, MAYBE, he would tell all the other rabbits, so that they would call you "NEKJE"—brother—just as they did Little Growing Bird in Windigo Land!



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND

By Lou



WAUBUH-NING-GOO-SEE-
LITTLE SNOW-BIRD-
OUTSIDE! WANT TO
SPEAK TO YOU!

NOKOMIS SHOWED ME
HOW TO MAKE CORN CAKE!
WILL YOU BAKE IT IN THE
ASHES?

KAY-GET-YES!
THAT BEST WAY!
THERE MUKOONS
AT DOOR!
WHAT WANT
LITTLE BEAR?

I BELIEVE
I HEAR
BIRDS
CHIRPING
SOMEWHERE!

One day Little Growling Bird and Penny Yellow Hair thought they would try something special in the way of cooking in their nice Snow Playhouse. Yellow Hair had often helped Nokomis make Indian bread—a kind of corn-meal cake baked in the ashes—and was sure she could bake some herself. So Growling Bird brought a fresh supply of corn and borrowed the wooden corn mill from Nokomis with which to crush the hard grains. Now, in those days, the Indians did not have any "grinding" machines; instead, they pounded the corn in a "mortar" made by cutting a section from the trunk of a hardwood tree and hollowing it out about half its length. A few handfuls of corn were then thrown in the hollow, and another piece of hard wood was used to pound the grains into a coarse meal. This meal they called "Poo-tab-gun," which means, "The-hand-mill-for-making-meal."



SPEAK UP SNOWBIRD!
DON'T BE AFRAID!

YOUR FRIEND
PE-NAY, THE
PARTRIDGE IS
BURIED UNDER
THE SNOWY
CRUST AND
CAN'T GET OUT!

THIS IS FINE
AND WASTFUL!

OH LOOK AT THE WHITE
BIRDS WARMING
THEMSELVES AT OUR
CHIMNEY!

While Growling Bird pounded the corn in the "Poo-tab-gun," Yellow Hair mixed water and salt with the meal and kneaded it on a flat board. While they were working away Aunak suddenly cocked his head and listened. "I hear birds chirping," he said. "Surely it can't be spring!" Just then Mukoons, the Little Black Bear, popped his head through the entrance and cried: "Hey, there, Growling Bird! There's a little white bird on the roof who wants to speak to you!" The children ran outside at once to see what he wanted. Gathered around the chimney of their Snow House was a small flock of little white birds warming themselves. They were "Snowbirds," and Waubuh-nin-goo-see, their chief, looked forward and chirped: "Your friend, Penny the Partridge, is buried under the snow crust! Won't you please bring your snow shovel and dig him out!"



WHAT!
HUNGRY
ALREADY?

MEBBE YOU CAN
SMELL PLACE
WHERE PE-WAY
IS BURIED?

RIGHT UNDER
THE BIG PINE
IS WHERE WE
SAY PARTRIDGE
DROP INTO THE
SNOW!

WON'T THE
CORN CAKE
BURN UP
WHILE WE
ARE AWAY?

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OH YEAH!
AUNAK GET
DUCKING THIS
TIME!

HOW PE-NAY!
YOU ALL RIGHT
PRETTY SOON!

POOR PARTRIDGE!
MUST BE ALMOST
STARVED!

CREE! CREE!
I THOUGHT
I WAS NEVER
GOING TO
GET OUT!

CAW! CAW!
LOOK OUT WHERE
YOU ARE THROWING
THAT SNOW!!!

"When Pe-boon at last let him out," he amused himself blowing his breath, like a cloud of steam, away up into the sky. Soon Pe-way-din, the North Wind, came howling around and froze Koon's breath into millions of little white snowflakes. Most of the birds when they saw this flew away to the South—the fond Neeloo, the Summer. But Owl and Partridge—and a few others—stayed behind. My ancestor, the Gray Finch, was so frightened that he flew right into the open mouth of the bag of Reindeer skin. Then Koon quickly made friends with the little bird, and, breathing on him, turned his plumage to a beautiful white! He named him "Waubuh-nin-goo-see," the Snowbird. And ever since our people and Koon have been the best of friends!" In a little while the children came to the place where Partridge was imprisoned and dug him out in a jiffy!



CORN CAKE
WILL BE DONE
MEBBE
WHEN WE
GET BACK!

WE'LL GIVE
PARTRIDGE AND
THE LITTLE WHITE
BIRDS ALL THEY
CAN EAT, WON'T
YOU?

ARE YOU
HUNGRY
PARTRIDGE?

I HAVEN'T
EATEN
FOR
THREE
DAYS AND
NIGHTS!

HURRY UP!
THE CAKE
MAY BE
BURNED!



UMBAW NEEJE!
—
COME, MY BROTHER—
EAT WITH PE-NAY!
AUNAK NO GET
JEALOUS, MEBBE?

PRETTY SNOW BIRDS
YOU MUST ALL COME
AGAIN SOON TO
SEE US.

WHY DOESN'T YOUR
YELLOW HAIR TIA
WHITE IN WINTER
LIKE MY FEATHERS
DO?

CAW! CAW!
WHAT A FUSS
OVER SUCH
STUPID BIRDS!
CATCH ME
GETTING STUCK
UNDER A LITTLE
BIT OF SNOW-
CRUST!

UM, UM!

Partridge was mighty glad to be rescued, and told the children on the way back to the Snow Lodge how he happened to get into such a fix. "The other evening," said Pe-way, "I was going to sleep among the branches of a big pine tree, when I heard an old tooting! Owl can see in the dark, and I was afraid he'd find me before morning and EAT me! So I folded my wings tight and dropped straight down, plump, into a big snowdrift. I knew Owl—couldn't see me there, and went to sleep quite comfortably. It had thawed during the day, but at night the wind blew cold and a hard crust formed. When I woke up I knew by the light it was morning, but, a'though I pecked and pecked away at the hard crust, I couldn't break through. I must have starved there if Snowbird hadn't heard me. I'm so glad you came," said Partridge, "because I'M TERRIBLY HUNGRY!"

When they got back to the Snow Lodge they invited all the other snowbirds inside to get something to eat. (They had stayed beside the warm chimney all the time.) The corn-cake was soon baked, and some more corn parched, and then they had a regular playhouse dinner party! Every one enjoyed it except, perhaps, Aunak, who was a wee bit jealous because the children made so much of Partridge and the Snowbird People. Some cold winter day you may see a flock of the little white snowbirds flitting about, and if you know very carefully you may hear them chirping: "Peep-dee! Peep-dee!"—which, in their language, means "THERE IS A SNOWSTORM COMING!" There you may get your sled ready, because they are the pets of Koon, and know just when to expect him!

A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



About a week after the day Little Growling Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair had rescued Pe-nay, the Partridge, from his prison beneath the snow-crust they began to wonder how he was getting along. They thought it would be a good idea to take a small bag of cracked corn and go out to the Grove of Pine Trees and hunt him up. Then Nokomis said: "You make Mukoons pull toboggan! He heap too much fat and lazy!" She fixed up a mukkin harness for Little Bear, and off they started, Aundak, the Wise Old Crow, riding on the little bag—"to keep it steady."

It was now about the end of Nuh-mah-bun-ee Keeris, the "Sucker Moon" (which the Palefaces call February), and the sun was quite warm in the middle of the day. The snow crust began to soften then, but the frosty nights quickly hardened it again. When the children came to the Grove of Big Pines they looked all around for Pe-nay, the Partridge, and Growling Bird even called him by name, but they heard no answering call, nor were there any signs of their bird friend to be seen. Little Bear sat down to rest, and

Aundak, the Curious Crow, began to stare at some odd-looking marks scattered about in the snow under the Pines. Some were shaped like bear tracks, and others like the print of immense moccasins! Aundak declared at once that they were "WINDEGO TRACKS!" (He was trying to scare the children, you see.) Now, the "Windegos" were supposed to be GREAT BIG GIANTS, who lived in caves in the Medicine Mountains far to the north, and, it was said, they would just as soon EAT a little Indian boy as not, when hungry!



The children examined the marks very carefully. Some of them really looked like big moccasin tracks, while they were thinking about it they heard a queer ruffling sound among the pine boughs overhead. Then, suddenly, a great mass of snow fell, "PLOP!" right beside Yellow Hair! WAUGH! How Growling Bird and Fanny did jump! Little Bear and Aundak saw it coming, so, of course, were not startled when it fell. They just stood there, laughing and sneezing at the way the children jumped. Of course, they were no longer afraid when they saw where the snow came from, and knew that it was the strong noon-day sun that weakened its hold on the bunches of pine needles above so that it slipped off and made such queer-shaped "tracks" where it fell. But Little Bear and Aundak made all kinds of fun about it until

All at once the laughing and chucking of the two changed to half-smothered grunts and squawks! Two large masses of snow had fallen right on top of the giggling rascals! They were buried almost out of sight, and the way they struggled and howled trying to work themselves free was a sight to make almost ANY ONE laugh! But the children were afraid their little friends were injured or hurt—especially the Crow—for, although the Crow People are tough and wiry, and often live to be over a hundred years old, they are not such large or strong birds, after all, when you compare them with the Eagle or the Turkey People. Neither Growling Bird nor Yellow Hair felt like laughing. Instead, they made haste to help their chums out of the snowdrift.



Yellow Hair helped Aundak claw and flap his way out of the snowdrift, and handed him very gently. No doubt he felt rather ashamed of himself for making fun of the children a few minutes before. Growling Bird took hold of Little Bear's paws and pulled him out of HIS snowdrift, also. At the same time he couldn't help but crack a little joke, as Aundak's expense, about the "Windego tracks." In the meantime, Pe-nay, the Partridge, who was searching for food at the other end of the Pine Grove, heard the noise they were making and cocked his head to listen. As soon as he heard the loud "cawing" of the Crow, he chirped: "Cree! Cree! I'd know THAT voice anywhere! It's Aundak's, of course, and where HE is, my friend Little Growling Bird cannot be far off!" So he spread his wings and skimmed quietly across the grove to the place where they were.

As soon as Growling Bird saw Partridge he took the little bag of corn from the toboggan and told Pe-nay to help himself. The corn was a welcome change from his usual dinner of birch buds, or little seeds of the pine cone, and it made Little Bear and Aundak hungry to see Partridge picking the grains out of the little boy's hand. BUT THEY HAD HAD their breakfasts and didn't need any! After Partridge had eaten his fill, Growling Bird hid the rest of the corn where Pe-nay could get it whenever he wanted some more. So the children learned how the big "Moccasin Tracks" are made in the snow, and Aundak and Little Bear learned the truth of the saying: "Don't laugh or 'holer' until you're out of the woods," because something might fall and HIT YOU ON THE HEAD—A. T. C.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



It was now the month of March—which in Windego Land is called "Onah-bun-ee Keesia," or "The Moon-of-the-Crust-on-the-Snow"—and although there was still a good crust on top, the snow underneath was growing very soft and mushy. One day Little Growing Bird and Yellow Hair built up a big fire in their snug little Snow House, intending to cook something nice later on. They found they had used up all their firewood, so they went out to the place where a dead tree had fallen and Growing Bird cut a bundle of dry sticks for fuel. When they came back they were dumfounded to see that the big snowdrift in which they had dug out their play-house had caved in and their nice Snow Lodge was in ruins. There was nothing left to mark the place but the smoke still rising from the dying campfire.

Growing Bird thought that maybe Segwun, the Spring Spirit, had passed by and breathed on the snowdrift, but it was more likely that the many fires they had made in the fireplace had thinned and weakened the walls and roof so that the big fire they had just made had finished the business. While they were standing there, feeling very sorry and wondering what they would do about it, they heard yelps and howls coming through the snow heaps where their little playhouse had been. This was very strange, and frightened Yellow Hair greatly. But Growing Bird had his tomahawk with him, and besides, the Wigwam and Nokomis were close at hand, so he did not run away. Little Bear went up to smell and investigate, while Aumdak, who was always on the lookout for something mysterious, said it must be a "Wah-ben-oo," a Magician, and, therefore, very dangerous to fool with!



Suddenly there popped up through the snow the shaggy head of a big GRAY WOLF! Yellow Hair thought it was Mah-ee-gun, the Bad Old Wolf, and started to run, but Growing Bird grasped his tomahawk firmly and stood his ground. The Crow was going to fly to the Wigwam to get the Magic Arrows so that Growing Bird could shoot and kill the beast before it could get its legs down. But the Gray Wolf cried out: "No! No! I'm NOT the Bad Wolf! I'm Mother Wolf, and wasn't doing any harm!"

As Mother Wolf crawled from beneath the snow pile she shed a great many tears and was very humble, indeed. She was afraid of the Magic Arrows and didn't want to quarrel, so she whined and said: "My husband, the Big Wolf" (she didn't want to say the "BAD WOLF," you see) "is sick in bed and my little cubs are starving. I ventured into the Refuge Ground to beg a few scraps of meat from Nokomis when I noticed smoke coming from the little snow house, and, seeing no one about, I went inside to warm myself at the fire, when suddenly the roof fell in and nearly smothered me!"

Then she howled quite dimly and shed some more tears. "Can't you give me a bit of leather or an old mooskin to take home to my starving children?" she whined. Now the children, and even Aumdak and Little Bear, were always troubled and sorry when they heard of any one being so very hungry—maybe it was because they had such fine, healthy appetites themselves! Anyway, Yellow Hair and Little Bear, knowing snow how matters stood, hurried off to the Wigwam to ask Nokomis to let them take the food that was left over from breakfast and gave it to She-Wolf and her starving cubs.



When Nokomis heard the story she couldn't refuse them, although she did not trust the Wolf People any too much. But in the woods of the Far North, when Pe-boan, the Winter, covers the ground with deep snow, Pak-usay-win, the Hunger Spirit, grows very bold and pinches all the wild things very cruelly. The Indians fear him almost as much as the ghostly Windegos, and they always share their food with any one who is trying to escape his clutches. That is why Nokomis and the children had pity on Mother Wolf, and she told Yellow Hair and Little Black Bear to take the big iron pot of the fire and let She-Wolf eat all that was left in it. She gave them, besides, some smoke-dried Whitefish to tie in a bundle so that Mother Wolf could carry them home to her hungry cubs. Then she took her big axe and went along to see that everything was all right.

You should have seen Mother Wolf stick her head in the pot and gobble up the smoking food. She could not carry it to her den, so she ate up every speck of it and licked the pot clean. Growing Bird then gave her the bundle of fish to carry home to her little cubs. She thanked them all very much and said she would not forget their kindness. And ever since then when any one is very hungry the Indians say: "Wah! He is as hungry as the Gray She-Wolf with..." And further, they say that sometimes when a little boy has been lost in the woods and has crept into a she-wolf's den where there are cubs, the mother wolf has fed and taken care of him, not harming him at all! Maybe it is one of THIS Mother Wolf's relatives who knows the story and is trying to repay the kindness of Little Growing Bird.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Since the big snowdrift had fallen in and destroyed their nice Snow Lodge, Little Growing Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair missed the pleasant times they had spent there. Nokomis told them that it was too late in the season to hope for any more big snowdrifts to form, so the children asked her to tell them something they could do to amuse themselves until Sequan, the Spring Spirit, came and melted away the rest of the snow. Then Nokomis, the wise old Grandmother, spoke up and said: "It now about time Oon-se-bun, the Maple-Sap, began to run! Mebbe we go to Sugar-Bush—make some See-a-bank-wud, nice Maple-Sugar. Ugh!" You may be sure the children were delighted when they heard they were all going sugar-making. They hurried to get ready all the things they would need, and helped Nokomis pack them on the Indian sleigh and the toboggan.



The Indians do not go to the trouble of hollowing out a solid piece of wood to make their sap-troughs. Instead, they cut a large sheet of birch bark into pieces measuring almost two feet square. About six inches of the edge is then turned up, all around, and a double fold bent in each end—the way Polster boys make little paper boxes. The food is held in place by a hardwood splinter thrust through the bark. In this way it made a light open box, or trough, that will not leak, and will hold nearly two gallons of liquid. Nokomis had made a number of these birch-bark troughs during the long winter evenings, so, everything being now ready, she put Little Bear in the big sugar-kettle, and, telling the children to climb on the sleigh, started off for the sugar-bush, drawing the loaded sleigh and toboggan after her.



When at last they came to the sugar-bush Nokomis began to tap the trees, by making slanting cuts in the sap-wood, while Growing Bird helped by shaping slips of maple-wood for spouts, and driving their sharpened ends into the trees to carry the sap out from the body of the tree. Yellow Hair set the troughs under the spouts to catch it as it dripped, while Aundak looked on and shouted orders to everybody. As soon as the sweet sap began to flow, Little Bear ran to see and taste it.



He drank a little and found it had a sweet and pleasant flavor. All the Mukoogor, or Bear People, are very fond of sweet-tasting things—like sugar or honey. Little Bear was especially so. He just drank and drank and DRANK! Meanwhile, Nokomis tied three poles together to make a frame upon which to hang Uhak, the Big Kettle. Under it she built a good fire and the children sat down and warmed their hands at the blaze. Growing Bird telling Yellow Hair how the nice sugar was made.



Aundak didn't care for sap or maple-sugar, but he was very fond of corn cake, and that sort of food. So he perched himself on the handle of the lunch basket—as if he was afraid it would run away! All the while Little Bear was guzzling away at the sap! The children noticed how quiet Little Bear had suddenly become, and looked around to see what was the matter. They were just in time to see him in the act of draining the last drop of sap from one of the troughs!



Now, though Oon-se-bun, the Maple-Saps are a pleasant and harmless drink, it is not wise to swallow it by the gallon, as the results are sometimes very surprising. Little Bear soon found this out when he began to swell up like a big, rubber ball, and felt sharp pains ripping his stomach! Of course, he commenced to yell and howl, which quickly brought the children running to his side. Growing Bird moiled him some for always being so greedy, but Yellow Hair was afraid Mukoogors was going to die. (But WE know it was only a stomach-ache he had, and that he would get over it after a while!) Yellow Hair held his head on her lap while Little Bear shed tears and hid everybody good-bye, but Aundak only laughed at him and made sarcastic remarks. Meanwhile, Nokomis came running up to see what was the trouble.



Well, there was a great fuss made over Mukoogors until Nokomis took him and wrapped him up in a warm blanket and set him before the fire. Then she brewed some Indian tea—made from the mixed leaves of the wintergreen and of the shrub called "redroot"—and all sat down to their lunch. But alas for Little Bear! He was so full of sap that he couldn't drink a drop of tea nor eat a bite of the sweet corn cake he liked so much. This was a great grief to Mukoogors, The Always-Hungry One! After they had eaten, Nokomis said they would go home to the Wigwam for the night, and return in the morning, when the troughs would all be full of sap. Then they would boil it until it became a thick syrup and, later, a solid lump of nice maple-sugar!

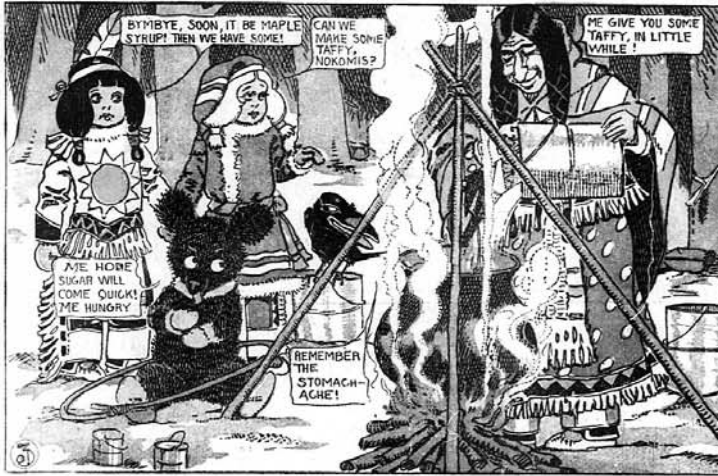
But about THIS part of the work, you must wait until NEXT week to hear!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Last week you were told how Nokomis took the children and Little Bear and Aundak, the Crow, to the Sugar-Bush and how they tapped the maple trees and made ready to gather the sap. Of course, Little Black Bear got into trouble, as usual, through his greediness, and now you see that even the stormaline, which followed his drinking too much of the sweet sap, failed to cure him of this fault! When Nokomis, Little Growling Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair came back the next day to collect the sap and begin the sugarmaking in earnest, Little Bear followed them. But he promised to be good and to help the children carry the sap to the Big Sugar-Kettle. Then Nokomis made a nice round hoop out of a slender branch of beechwood so that he could carry two little pails without knocking them against his legs and spilling the sap.

By this time the birch-bark troughs were full of maple-sap, so Nokomis made a "shoulder yoke" out of a tough branch, and carried two large pails. Little Bear carried TWO, also—but not QUITE so large—and Growling Bird and Yellow Hair carried a big one between them. Mukkongs thought he must be a mighty strong little bear to carry more pails of sap than the two children together, but then, you can see the reason for this when you look at the picture! Even Aundak, the Crow, could have carried ONE of such tiny pails in his beak—if he had cared anything about sap or sugarmaking. There was really nothing for Little Bear to be so puffed up about, after all, but that was just his way.



They chopped out some big chips of birch wood, for plates, while the sap was boiling down and thickening into that fine-tasting stuff known as MAPLE-SYRUP! You see, the sap itself is sweet, but very thin, like water; but when the fire heats it, until it boils, most of the water goes off in the form of steam. Then it becomes thicker and much sweeter and is called "maple-sugar," or "maple-masses!" Every little boy and girl knows how good it tastes when poured over nice buckwheat cakes at breakfast! But if the sap is boiled still longer, or until nearly ALL the water has left it, and it should then be poured into little pans or moulds, it becomes quite brown and hard after it has cooled. It is then the nice MAPLE-SUGAR CAKE that children like so well!

By and by Nokomis took the kettle off the fire and set it on some pieces of wood lying in the snow. She stirred the hot liquid around and tasted it, then she said: "She-wah-gumme-segun (Maple-Syrup), now come, plenty good!" You may be sure Growling Bird, Yellow Hair and Little Black Bear were quite ready for it, hoping that it would not be long before it was cool enough to taste. But Nokomis (the Greedy One) smelt the sweet, sugary flavor of which ALL the Bear People are very fond—and forgot his promise to be good and polite. He began to cry out, "Way-veeb! (Hurry up) Me can't wait!"—just like he ALWAYS did when there was something good to eat being prepared. He was warned to be careful or he'd get into trouble, or get burned, but he wouldn't listen. Instead—



Little Bear waddled up to the Big Kettle and thrust his nose over the rim to get a closer smell. In fact, he almost climbed on top of it in his eagerness to get a closer smell, and fairly wriggled with delight as he thought how quickly he would lick up plentiful after of the sweet maple syrup! But alas! The kettle was not evenly set on the pieces of wood, and, as soon as he touched it, over it tipped right on top of him, drenching him from head to foot with the hot, sticky stuff!

WOW! What a gasping and growling there was when Mukkongs felt the scalding syrup running over and down his sides and settling in smoking pools in the white snow! It would have burned the hide off him, almost, if his fur had not been so thick. As it was, his nose was blistered and his paws badly scorched!

He rolled himself away from the kettle and sat up, a very sticky and soot-looking little bear, indeed. When he put his paws in his mouth to cool them (as children often do) the syrup burned his tongue. Then he grabbed some snow and tried THAT! RIGHT! THERE HE MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY! He found that the snow and hot syrup, TOGETHER, tasted better than anything he had ever eaten! Growling Bird and Yellow Hair tried it, and it proved so good that they begged Nokomis to forgive Little Bear. ONCE MORE, on account of the great discovery!

And ever since then, when children melt sugar or make taffy, in the winter time, they pour some in a dish filled with fresh, clean snow! It tastes FINE, but few of them know that it was Little Black Bear who first found it out by accident!



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Last week you were told how Nokomis and the children returned to the Sugar-Camp to collect the sap from the sap-troughs and boil it down until it became maple-syrup and maple-sugar. They got only as far as the "syrup-making" THAT day, because the greedy Little Bear upset the kettle and spilled most of the sweet, sticky stuff on the snow and over himself. Nokomis washed him clean, but when she was ready to go back to finish the sugar-making she decided not to take him along. As a punishment, and to prevent him from getting into any further mischief, she tied him by the leg to a stout stake driven into the ground inside the Wigwam. To keep him from crying and howling, she gave him a little jar of sweet stuff to lick up while she and the children were away at the Sugar-Camp.



The children helped Nokomis collect a great deal of sap that day, and filled up the Big Kettle as fast as the sap boiled down into maple-syrup. After a while, she told them not to add any more, but to let it boil away until it was thick enough to turn into sugar when poured into the little pans and dishes she had brought along as "sugar-moulds".



If it remained stretched across the hole in the strip of wood, like a thin skin, or film, and was easily broken, like candy, when it cooled, then Nokomis would know that it was ready to "seize off". She thought this a surer test than by pouring some on the snow, like the Paletace sugar-makers usually do. When she tried it she found that it was just turning into sugar. Then she prepared to "clarify," or clear it, from dirt and other impurities—such as bits of bark and twigs, and ashes and sparks from the fire. The whites of eggs are very good for this, and sometimes baking-soda is used, but Nokomis had neither of these. But she had some "Koo-koosh Wee-yau," or fat Salt Pork, left in the lunch basket, so she threw some of that in instead. It brought all the impurities to the top, and, after Nokomis had skimmed off the scum, she set the kettle on the ground and began to ladle out the stuff into the moulds.



Little Growling Bird had a big wooden spoon and tried his hand at pouring sugar, while Yellow Hair held the mould. Aundak, the Crow, was busy, as usual, hopping around and giving advice, but he forgot to watch where he put his feet. The first thing he knew he had stepped into a pan of the hot sugar and scorched his foot! OH, MY! HOW HE DID SQUAWK! (Little Bear would have laughed at Aundak THAT time if he had been there.)



When everything was packed and loaded on the sleigh and the toboggan, they started on their homeward journey. Nokomis led the way, drawing the heavy things on the sleigh, while the children pulled the toboggan, which had only the birch-bark troughs and the lunch basket on it. Aundak (that impudent old Crow) pretended he had been working so hard that he was all tired out. He really hadn't done ANYTHING but hop around and talk—and burn his foot—but he wanted an excuse to get a free ride home on the toboggan.



Now, Yellow Hair, who was very tender hearted, worried about Little Bear, left alone all day in the Wigwam. But Growling Bird said he'd be safe enough, because he was tied to the big stake! (But you never COULD tell what would happen to Little Bear.)

They were all pretty tired and ready for their supper when they reached home. But before they could unpack the loads they heard a queer, grunting sound that seemed to come from behind the Wigwam! Then an awful racket began inside the tent—a squealing and scratching and scuffling! Suddenly, Little Bear, like a small black hurricane, burst through the door-flap of the tent and shot outside! He had pulled up the stout stake in the strength of his excitement, and it came bouncing and rattling along after him, scaring him more and more. When he saw that Nokomis was there, he squealed for help, crying out that a GREAT BIG WILD BEAST HAD TRIED TO GET IN AT HIM! Now, there isn't room enough here to tell what it was that frightened Mukoons, the Little Black Bear, so terribly, but NEXT week you shall hear the whole story!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Last week you were told how Nokomis and the children finished the Maple-Sugar making and returned to the Wigwam with the sleigh and toboggan loaded with cakes of maple-sugar and all the other things they had used in the camp. And how, when they arrived, they heard strange noises; and how Little Bear had dashed out of the Wigwam crying for help and yelling that a **BIG WILD BEAST** had tried to get in at him! There was not room enough then to tell what happened afterward—so you shall hear it now.

Well, after Little Bear rushed out of the Wigwam he clung tightly to Nokomis' dress. He was so fat and out of breath and so frightened he could not talk—only puff and pant! Nokomis untied the rope that fastened his leg to the stout stake, and reached for Wah-gawk-wud, the Big Axe, which she had dropped in the excitement. Then—



By Mister Crow said he would follow last—'to guard the rear!' But after they had gone half-way around the Wigwam he heard a fierce growling **BEHIND** him! This was not what he calculated upon, when he took the place, and you may be sure he did not lag behind when he found he was nearer **OVER** any one than to the **BIG THING!** After that he took pretty long steps for a Crow, and nearly got a "cuttle" in his neck from looking back over his shoulder. But Nokomis hurried on, calling out to whomever it might be that she had Wah-gawk-wud, the Big Axe, ready and meant business.

Nokomis, the Little Black Bear, trotted alongside, as close as he could get to her. He knew, as well as little boys and girls know, the safest place to be when danger threatens.



Things now began to look serious for Nokomis and her little family. There was the **BIG THING** hiding **INSIDE** the Wigwam, with no way to chase it out! It made Nokomis very angry to think that any person, or thing, should come along and take possession of her home without saying "by your leave" on anything else. She raised the Big Axe over her head and called out, fiercely: "Um-bay 'Gwuh-jing—Come outside!" Growling Bird dared it to come outside, also, but there was no reply! Yellow Hair hid behind Nokomis. She was too much afraid even to **LOOK** when she heard the word "WINDEGO"! She had heard that these Ogres were in the habit of eating people without waiting to cook them! (But this is only an Indian fairy story and not really true.)

As for Little Bear, he covered his eyes with his little black paws and thought no one could see him!



Aundak, the Crow, sneaked up and peered in at the door of the Wigwam. "There isn't any one inside!" he called out. Nokomis knew then that the **Growling Thing** must be hiding **BEHIND** the Wigwam! Now, Yellow Hair—like most little Paleface girls—was very much afraid of all **WILD BEASTS**, except, of course, the one Little Growling Bird had made her acquainted with, inside the Refuge Ground. She was frightened now, and grabbed the little boy's arm, begging him not to let the **BIG THING** get at her! And do you think Growling Bird ran to Nokomis and hid (like Little Bear) behind her skirts, leaving her unprotected—No, indeed! He just grasped his little tomahawk firmly and **GROWLED** his **OWN** little growl—which was very terrifying to **SMALL** animals! (That is why Nokomis called him Little "GROWLING" Bird!) Then they all marched round the Wigwam to see what the **BIG THING** was.



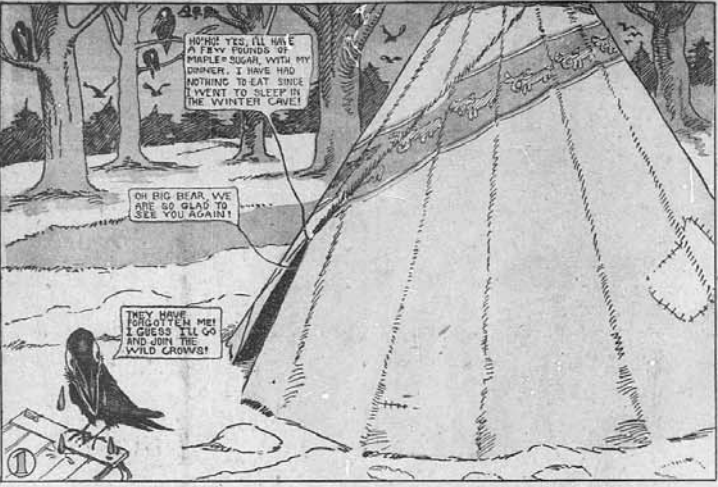
When they had gone almost clear around the Wigwam, Nokomis stopped to examine some large footprints in the snow that lay piled up at one side of the door. They looked like big moose tracks, and puzzled her greatly. Then Nokomis came and smelt them! (Little bears have to learn most things through their noses, you see!) HE declared they smelt just like moccasins, and he was right, this time. But Aundak flapped his wings and hopped up in the air a bit so as to get a better view of the doorway—and what do you think he saw?

He spied a **GREAT BIG SOMETHING** just disappearing in the entrance to the Wigwam! He was a little too late to see enough of it to make out exactly what it was, but he rather thought it was a "WINDEGO," or man-eating **GIANT!**



Suddenly the door-flap of the Wigwam flew open and there sat our old friend, **BIG BEAR**, grinning from ear to ear! (Of course, YOU have already guessed who the "BIG THING" was that scared them!) That very morning Big Bear had come out of his winter cave and gone straight to the Wigwam. Finding a lot at home, but Little Bear, he thought he would hide until Nokomis and the children came back and then play a joke on them. They would much rather be surprised and laugh so foolish when they saw who it was, that Big Bear laughed right out and shouted: "APRIL FOOL!!! However, they were all surprised to see him again that they didn't mind being "fooled" in such a pleasant way. And so, the **FIRST** of **APRIL** is called "**ALL FOOLS' DAY**"—because jokes are played on people then. But whether Big Bear started the custom himself, or learned it from the Palefaces, it is hard to say!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Last week you were told how Big Bear came to the Wigwam and played an "April Fool" joke on Nokomis and the children. You may be sure they were delighted to see their good friend again; but, of course, the first thing to do was to prepare something for him to eat, because, after a whole winter's store, even the best-natured bear is rather impatient for his breakfast. Big Bear had been outside in a winter quarters once before, but, catching sight of his shadow, he knew by that he might expect six weeks more of cold weather. So he had returned to the warm cave to wait until he should hear the cawing of the wild crows. Then he would be sure that spring had really come. But NOW he was out for good, and you should have seen him pinking into the big meal. Nokomis had made ready for him! The children made so much of him that Aundak became irascible and went outside and SULKED!



Now Aundak had a great idea of his own importance, and not to be noticed hurt his feelings more than anything else. He thought the children were neglecting him, and as he sat there he studied how he could get even with them. The wild crows were cawing among the trees and that gave him an idea. Now, although the Aundak-wig, or Crow People, are said to be among the wisest of birds, they are very talkative. Sometimes they will scold and argue all day long about nothing! As Aundak listened to their loud voices and foolish talk, he said: "The Crow People would appreciate me better! Nobody cares for me around here, so I'll just go and join the Wild Crows! They'll be glad to make me their KING, because I know so much; and Growling Bird and Yellow Hair will be mighty sorry when they find I have left the Wigwam forever!" So saying, he flew away to join the Crow People.



The Crow People were busy holding a meeting to decide if the "Refuge Ground" was a good place to build their "rookery," or nesting-place, for the summer. When Aundak came flying in among them there was a great fluttering and flapping of wings. He greeted every one gaily, but no one answered. They did not seem to know he was the Great Aundak!



"THAT THE WISE CROW!" he cawed. "That the one that taught Little Growling Bird all he knows, and I can count up to FIFTEEN! Wouldn't you like to have ME for your king, as I could teach you all I learned while living with the In-the-wig, or Man People?" Now the Wild Crows did not take kindly to Aundak's boasting and the airs he put on. (THEY can count up only to TWELVE, because THIRTEEN they think unlucky, so they avoid it by pretending to forget when they come to twelve.) One crow called him a renegade, or deserter from his tribe, and said he smelted like a tame, or house crow. Then the other crows became quite abusive, saying mean things about him. As the Crow language. A big fellow, who seemed to be their leader, hopped out along the limb and said HE WAS KING OF THE CROWS—and offered to fight Aundak!



Now this was quite a different reception from the one Aundak expected. The crows began to crowd him, trying to push him off the limb. Suddenly the King Crow pounced on him and pecked him fiercely on top of the head! Then ALL the crows went at him, and it would soon have been all over with Aundak had he not opened his mouth and yelled for his friends as loud as he could squall!



Big Bear was the first to hear Aundak calling for help. He jumped up and sprang outside the Wigwam, the children following at his heels. Then they all came running to his rescue! Big Bear got to the tree first and tried to climb it, but he had eaten too much dinner and, besides, he was so much out of practice that he couldn't make his claws take hold. Then it was that Little Growling Bird, shrewd how clever he really was! He picked up a straight stick and quickly pointed at the crows—as if he was taking aim at them! Instantly they left Aundak and scattered in all directions, crying: "LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!" One crow passed so close to Little Bear in his fright that Mukoons made a grab for it and ALMOST caught it! But poor Aundak tumbled off the limb and fell to the ground in a tangle!



The children were afraid that Aundak was killed—but he wasn't! Indeed, he made a great fuss, and said they must get a stretcher and carry him home. "Like a soldier wounded on the field of battle!" They tied some sticks together, making a sort of stretcher, on which they placed him, and carried him very carefully back to the Wigwam. When they arrived, the cunning old Crow opened one eye, and seeing Nokomis was there, he just HAD to brag a little. (You can see in the picture what he said, and what Nokomis thought about it!) However, she murmured and doctored him so that in a few days he was again, as bold and impudent as ever. Now the next time you get close to a flock of crows, try Growling Bird's little trick! Just POINT A STICK AT THEM, and see how they will scatter! They will think you will shoot, and crows are TERRIBLY AFRAID OF GUNS—which shows how wise they are!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Aundak, the Crow, soon recovered from the rough treatment the Wild Crows had given him, and, except for a bruised eye, was soon up and around again about the same as usual. The weather was now so mild that the children no longer wear their mittens nor mufflers, and the snow had all disappeared. But the ground was still very wet in the woods, and Nokomis would not let the children go out to play until it became drier. Growing Bird and Yellow Hair wondered how they could amuse themselves in the meantime, and it was the little girl who first had an idea. She said to Little Growing Bird: "Let's make a summer Playhouse and keep store; we can sell things just like the Paleface People do in the Settlements!" Growing Bird thought it was a good idea, so he grabbed hold of Big Bear, and cried: "Come on and help us build playhouse!"



Yellow Hair coaxed Nokomis to come along, too, and help them; so they all went to the big rock, behind the Wigwam, and set to work. Nokomis chopped down a lot of small trees to make poles for the framework of the house, and trimmed off spruce branches to cover it with. Big Bear—because he was the biggest and strongest—planted the poles in the ground and laid others across the top to support the roof. Growing Bird stripped the bark from a fallen birch tree and brought it to Big Bear, who placed it on the roof and around the sides to keep out the wind and rain. Yellow Hair carried bundles of spruce branches, and even Little Bear toddled around pretending to work. But Aundak said he had a "black eye," and, of course, couldn't think of working—but, for that matter, he was so black all over you couldn't tell whether his eye was black or not!



After a while the little Play-Store was finished and a counter made of smooth poles built across the open front. Then Big Bear and Nokomis went back to the Wigwam to smoke Opwah-gun, the Peace Pipe, and rest. While Growing Bird was putting the finishing touches on the walls of birch bark, Aundak spoke up and said: "Hot Hot You haven't anything to sell in your fine store!"



But Yellow Hair knew that the Birch-Bark Trunk was full of presents and toys that Nanna-booshu, the Indian Santa Claus, had given them at Christmas time, and, besides, there was plenty maple-sugar and other nice things to eat that they could borrow from Nokomis, so she was not worried. Then they went to the Wigwam and loaded up with all sorts of things to stock their little store. Little Bear took a bundle on his head, and even Aundak carried a small package in his beak. When they returned to the store they saw that a pretty little bird was perched on one of the poles of the counter. It was Ootah-umoo, the Bluebird, the friend of Segwun, the Spring Spirit. They were very glad to see him, because, whenever Bluebird comes singing around, you may be sure that the springtime has come at last.



The children put all the things in the Play-Store and then, after greeting Bluebird, asked him to "sing something!" The little bird was quite willing and sang for them his "Spring Song" so prettily that Growing Bird gave him a handful of nice cornmeal to pay him for his music. Aundak cocked his head and listened to the song and remarked that HE had been a fine singer himself before he became so hoarse. Well—



They all thought that it was now about time for business to begin, so Aundak flew up on the counter and asked for some sweet corn. "And I want it boiled SOFT," said he, "because I'm supposed to be an invalid just now!" Little Bear asked for what HE liked best, which was HONEY! But, as there was none in stock, he said MAPLE-SUGAR would do—provided there was PLENTY OF IT! Of course, no one can keep even a Play-Store very long if he GIVES AWAY all his goods, so the Children asked them to show their money. When Little Bear and Aundak said they "hadn't any," it was explained to them that if they had no Shoon-eyah, or Silver Money, they should get Me-gis, Indian Money, or Wampum. But if they hadn't ANY KIND of money at all, then they must bring in things that they could trade for goods.



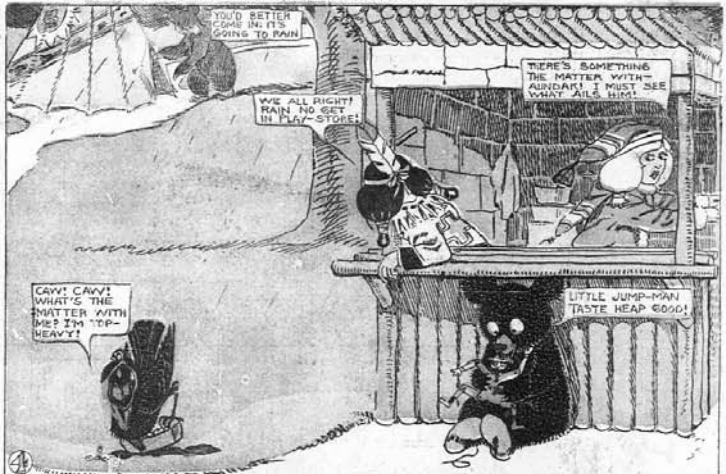
While the children were explaining this, Little Bear and Aundak kept watching their chance, and, suddenly, they grabbed up from the counter the things they had asked for, and skeddaddled as fast as they could get away! They giggled as they called back to "charge up the goods to their account till Saturday!" Now this wasn't the right way to play at storekeeping at all, and it vexed the children very much indeed. But never mind! You will see what happened to the little black rascals next week, and how they were punished for stealing! But, anyway, the first song-bird to come around your home in the spring is the pretty Bluebird, and if you put out a few crumbs for him, and do not frighten him, he will sing you a song in payment for them. That is why people say of anything they get very cheaply, that they "got it for a mere song!" A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Last week you were told how the Play-Store was built and how Little Bear and Aundak came to trade without having any money to pay for the goods they wanted. They did a very wicked thing, indeed, when they STOLE the maple-sugar and the corn, and ran away into the woods with it. And they did not come back until they had eaten it all up! When they DID come back there was a great surprise in store for them! Big Bear had built a strong cage of sharp sticks while they were away, and as soon as they came sneaking around trying to make friends, he grabbed them both and shoved them inside, fastening them in securely. They spent the night in the little jail and all they got the next morning for breakfast was dry bread and water! Yellow Hair wrote on a strip of birch bark, "This is a jail for THIEFS!" and fastened it to the cage.

Little Bear and Aundak were in deep disgrace and they felt very guilty, indeed. They said they were sorry and would never do it again, and offered to do chores to pay for the things they took if Nokomis and the children would forgive them and let them out. Nokomis was a very kind-hearted Grandmother, and she soon thought of a way out of the trouble. She went to the Birch-Bark Trunk (where all the nice presents were kept) and brought out a lot of pretty glass beads, also a string of Wampum "beads," made of round pieces of clam-shell. She lent the Wampum to Little Bear, and the glass beads to Aundak, telling them to take them and pay what they owed at the Play-Store. Then Big Bear broke open the "jail" and set them free while the children went off, hand in hand, to open the store for business.



Little Bear carried the Wampum to the Play-Store and paid for the maple-sugar he had "hooked." Like all little bears (and MOST little BOYS) he then asked for "Shum-she-ah"—a small present—for paying what he owed. Although he didn't deserve it, Little Growling Bird was kind enough to give him a funny Jumping-Jack to encourage him to be honest. Now, Nokomis had put the glass beads in Aundak's drinking pan, which he took in his beak and carried toward the Play-Store; but, before he quite got there, he stopped to look over and admire them. They looked so smooth and bright, he thought it would be a pity to pay them ALL out for a single ear of corn. "I'll pay HALP and keep HALP! That's fair enough!" he said. So he began swallowing one after another of the pretty beads, pretending to count them. Well—

After Aundak had reckoned up to FIFTEEN he lost count and, of course, had to begin all over again! And so he went on, picking up the beads and swallowing them, one by one, until only a few were left. His crop was now so full and heavy that he lost his balance and tumbled over headforemost. Little Bear was so happy playing with the Jumping-Jack and licking the paint off it that he didn't notice the trouble that Aundak was in. But there was another kind of trouble brewing! The sky suddenly began to darken and a clap of thunder burst loudly overhead! Big Bear called out to the children to run to the Wigwam, as a rain-storm was coming. But Growling Bird was not afraid of the thunder, and, besides, he wanted to stay in the Play-Store and see if the rain could get in and spoil the goods.



As the big rain-drops began to fall Yellow Hair noticed that there was something wrong with Aundak. She ran out and picked him up and carried him inside the Play-Store. And Little Bear, too, was badly frightened when he heard the peal of thunder and the rush of the coming rain. He dropped his "Jump-up Man" and scrambled wild to get into the little Play-Store. You see, the Bear People are afraid of the roar of UH-NEME-KE, the THUNDER STORM. They think it is the growling of the GREAT "NAKED BEAR," who lives in the Medicine Caves of the Windigo Mountains, and who is so large and terrible that he could eat up all the rest of the bears in a couple of mouthfuls! So when they hear the growling and muttering of UH-NEME-KE they think he is angry, and hide themselves until he goes back to his cave. Well—

Nokomis was glad to see the warm spring rain. She knew that "April showers bring May flowers!" And Growling Bird—HE guessed, when he saw how Aundak's chest was all puffed out, where the bead money had gone. He turned Mister Crow upside down and squeezed his crop until all the beads ran out of his mouth! Because birds have no teeth, they must swallow small stones to grind their food—but Aundak had rather overdone it! Anyway, he paid his debt without the trouble of "doing sums!" And, ever since then, the Crow People—and their cousins, the Ravens, and the Magpies—like to steal pretty shiny things! What they cannot swallow they carry off to hide in their nests, or in other secret places. They are called the "Bird Mixers"—because they make no use of their treasures. But, then, they have no Play-Store to trade in. A. T. C.



LITTLE "GROWLING BIRD" IN WINDEGO LAND



I'M SO GLAD WE CAN GO AND PLAY IN THE WOODS AGAIN!

MY EYE IS ALL RIGHT AGAIN. I'M GOING TO GET A FEW FLOWERS MYSELF!

EVERYTHING LOOKS GREEN!

PERHAPS WE WIND SOME WILD FLOWERS OR WOODS!



PLENTY NICE FLOWERS HERE! BUT WE MUST GO ON SWAMP WOODS. I'VE GOT SOME!

BUSH BEEZY! WE'VE GOT TO HAVE MAY-POLE!

WE'RE GOING TO BE CRANKLE-BOAT AROUND HERE!



ALL SHOW UP THE CHILDREN. TAKE THEM THEY HAVE A "MAY-POLE!"

WRITE FOR ME!

MAJON PUT UP POLE WITH GREEN BUSH ON TOP. BY THE WAY, WHEN YOU HAVE TO GROW, HAVE CORN DANCE!

Last week you were told how Little Bear and Aundak, the Crow, paid what they owed at the little "Play-Store", and how the sudden rainstorm came, but failed to wig them in their snug shelter. Well, after such a nice warm shower the grass sprang up so fast you could almost see it grow, the trees began to put forth their leaves, and the early wild flowers shyly peeped through the carpet of dead leaves in the woods. One bright morning the children went out to pick some, and, of course, their "faithful followers" went along, too.

They found the Swamp-Willows covered with the little white fluffy tufts that children call "pussy-cats," or "pussy-willows." Growing Bird cut off a lot of the small branches, but not enough to injure the bushes. Meanwhile, Yellow Hair ran about picking the pretty wild Lilies, the red, the white, and yellow ones. She gathered bright blue Larkspurs, and the pink and white Mayflower, or Trailing Arbutus. But Aundak and Little Bear hunted for ROOTS! They cared more for eatables than for the prettiest kind of flowers. Well—

While Yellow Hair was gathering the flowers a bright idea came to her. She said to Growing Bird: "Why not let us have a May-pole, like the Palesian children? We have plenty of flowers and vines, and, if you'll cut a smooth pole, I'll show you how the game is played!" So Growing Bird cut and trimmed a smooth lurch pole and then they all started back to the Wigwam. Yellow Hair carried the flowers, and even Little Bear "hated" an animal. But sly old Aundak stole a ride and tried to eat the "pussy-cats" that Growing Bird carried.



YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A LITTLE GROWLING BIRD!

WOOF! HE'S SO GOOD TO EAT!

STEADY!

THIS HERE BIG BEAR!



COME ON, NOKONOMIS! WE'LL CHOOSE YELLOW HAIR QUEEN-OF-THE-MAY!

OH BIG BEAR YOU MAKE ME BLUSH!

MEH! MEND! GOOD! GOOD! WE MAKE YELLOW HAIR FLOWER SQUAW-CHIEF!

MY-KAH! (STOP!) NOW WE MAKE MAY-QUEEN!

OH! OH! LITTLE BEAR IS KILLED!

WYOO! WYOO! GODD'N'G BEAR PEOPLE GOT HARD HEADS!

I'VE VAN-AN!

When Panny Yellow Hair told Nokomis and Big Bear how the Palesian children set up the May-pole and crowned it with flowers and hung long streamers of ribbon on it, they looked puzzled. THEY did not know there was so much ribbon in the world. But when Fanny said that festoons, or flower ropes, would do just as well, they set to work and twisted vines and flowers together until they had finished six streamers—one for each of the party. Yellow Hair told them also how they sang the "Flower-Song" as they danced around, weaving in and out until the ribbons were nicely plaited down the whole length of the May-pole. "After that," she said, "they choose a little girl to be the 'Queen of the May'! They crown her with flowers and kneel to her—just as if she were a REAL queen, or princess, you know!"

When Yellow Hair was telling about choosing a little girl to be "Queen of the May," she couldn't keep from giggling. You see, she knew that SHE was the only little girl in the Refuge Ground, and they'd just HAVE to choose HER to be the "Queen!" Pretty soon everything was ready, and Growing Bird dug a hole in the ground in which to set the pole. Then Big Bear raised it up and every one took hold of a flower-ropes, and around they danced till they were dizzy. Then Big Bear spoke up and said: "Come on, Nokomis! We'll choose Yellow Hair and crown her 'Queen of the May'!" Of course, all the rest agreed except Little Bear. He said HE wanted to be "Queen of May"—as if such a silly thing were possible! And Aundak, too, had an idea they might choose HIM! Well, well! The conceit of some people is something to wonder at!



HI-YAH! HI-YAH! ME QUEEN-OF-MAY!

WILL YOUR MAJESTY PLEASE TO ACCEPT THESE POOR FLOWERS?

TE-HEE! SO SHY!

TE-WAY! (ALAS! POOR NOKOMIS GO DEAD!)

OH! OH! LITTLE BEAR IS KILLED!

WYOO! WYOO! GODD'N'G BEAR PEOPLE GOT HARD HEADS!

I'VE VAN-AN!



TE-WAY! (ALAS! POOR NOKOMIS GO DEAD!)

OH! OH! LITTLE BEAR IS KILLED!

WYOO! WYOO! GODD'N'G BEAR PEOPLE GOT HARD HEADS!

I'VE VAN-AN!

When the flower-ropes were all nicely twisted around the May-pole, Big Bear and Growing Bird crowned Yellow Hair with a wreath of flowers and wound garlands of the same around her waist and shoulders. Nokomis brought out Uh-kik, the Big Kettle, and, turning it upside down, covered it with her bear blanket. Then they seated Queen Yellow Hair on her Throne while Big Bear and Growing Bird knelt and made polite speeches to her, offering bouquets of the chosen flowers. MY! But it was a great day for little Palesian girls—wasn't it? But in the meantime, Little Bear—who was a pretty good climber—clawed his way up to the top of the May-pole, and now stood there on one foot, "showing off" and making a great noise. He must have thought he was the "King of the May," or the "King of the Castle," or something like that! But—

You can easily guess what happened next! The flower-crown on top of the pole tilted suddenly, and—Whizz!—Bang—down came the "King of the Castle," smack on the top of his head! It is a heavy thing for the Bear People that their heads are so hard and thick, and Big Bear knew better. So after they had bathed his head with cold water, they put him to bed—but he complained of a headache the next morning! Now, of course, the May-pole game did not begin in the Refuge Ground, but this was the first time it had ever been seen in Windego Land! And ever since, this time of the year is called by the Indians, "WAH-EE-GOON-EE-KEE-ZIS," the FLOWER MOON, because—well, just BECAUSE! A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Little Growing Bird and Fanny Yellow Hair danced the Flower Dance around the pretty May-pole they had set up until the flowers began to droop and fade. As it was now Wah-be-goo-ne Keesah, the Moon of Flowers—what the Paleface people call the "Merry Month of May"—the woods were full of wild flowers. As the children were starting out one day to gather a basketful, Nokomis presented Yellow Hair with a fine Indian Bonnet of Eagle's feathers to take the place of the wreath she had worn as "Queen of the May."



Little Bear (who had tumbled off the top of the May-pole and bumped his head) was wearing another kind of head-dress. Nokomis had tied a war bandage around HIS head to cure the headache he got! As the children were starting off Nokomis said: "You get some Wuhtub-ineeg (Eatable Roots) maybe me make heep good soup!" Yellow Hair looked very stylish in her new feather bonnet—quite like a little Indian Princess! Besides, Nokomis had changed the winter trimming of her play dress from fur to deerskin fringe and bead-work.



After they had gathered some flowers and were searching for Leesa (a kind of wild onion), and "Crinkle Root," and Ko-pin-yak, the Flag Root, Yellow Hair found a purple-striped flower with a small, round root like a little white turnip. When she asked Growing Bird if it was good to eat, he said: "Kaw! (No!) It is Wah-se-gung O-chee-bik, the Bitter Root! Heep hot!" Little Bear had found one also! He was going to eat it at once, but the children cried: "Do not eat it! It will BURN YOUR MOUTH AWFULLY!"



But Little Bear seldom took good advice—especially when it was about something he wanted to eat—he said: "This one Medicine Root, maybe it good for head-ache!" While the children were busy filling the basket with flowers and the roots they had gathered, Little Bear slyly began to eat the bitter "Indian Turnip" root in spite of the warning which had been given him. Aundak knew all about the good and bad roots, and he told Little Bear what would happen—but Mukoons went on eating it, just the same.



All at once the Bitter Root began to bite his tongue! It grew HOTTER and HOTTER every minute! Little Bear dropped it and grabbed his chops with both paws! Then he began to puff and gasp. WAUGH! HOW IT DID BURN!



When Little Bear couldn't stand it any longer he jumped up and danced around as if Boes were stinging him! Then, catching sight of a pool of water close at hand, he rushed off toward it, faster than any one would believe a little bear COULD run! He made an awful fuss, crying out that he was "on fire and burning up!" The children and Aundak, the Crow, came running after him to help him, if they could—although Aundak didn't act as if HE cared much! When Little Bear came to the water he didn't hesitate a moment.



He plunged right in and ducked his head away down in the clear, cold water, and KEPT IT THERE just as long as he could stand it! When he was compelled to raise it to take a fresh breath his mouth and tongue would begin to burn again—so, down his head would go for another dip! Aundak (that sarcastic old bird) begged him not to drink the spring dry—but then, you know, Aundak was a great hand for saying smart things when it was not HIMSELF that was in trouble. But how different was kind-hearted Fanny Yellow Hair! SHE was quite unhappy when misfortune overtook any one—even Little Black Bear (who certainly DESERVED most of the punishment he got, because he was so awfully greedy)! And Growing Bird, too, although he was vexed at the way Little Bear acted, forgave him, because he was so fat, clumsy and comical. Well—



After Mukoons had cooled off a little, the children took the baskets and helped Little Bear to get back to the Wigwag in a hurry. They knew Nokomis would fix up some cooling medicine to take away the burning, and the bitter taste in his mouth. (Grandmothers are very clever at that sort of thing—as every one knows!) And so, when children go picking wild flowers in the woods, if they should find a pretty cone-shaped one, with purple stripes and a root like a small, white turnip, they had better be careful about tasting it! There was once a Little Black Bear who gobbled up everything eatable he could lay his paws on—and you know what usually happened to him! It is safer to ask older people before eating berries and roots that grow in the woods—because you might take a bite of "Indian Turnip," and you would be in the same fix as Little Bear! A.T.C.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day Little Growing Bird told Fanny Yellow Hair that, if she liked, he would teach her how to shoot with a bow and arrow, like the Indian children do so well. Yellow Hair said she'd like to learn so she could defend her Dolly, should it be in danger. She usually left the Dolly in the Wigwam during the daytime, but in the evening, when sitting around the camp-fire, she would take it out of its little Indian cradle and dress and play with it, just like all little girls do. But, this time, she said she'd take it along and give it some fresh air. Little Bear was now cured of his headache and the sore tongue he got from eating the "Indian Turnip," and was all ready to "tag" along after the children. But Big Bear thought he had better be getting something to pay for his board and keep, so he took the little cub along to help catch some fish for Nokomia. Well—



When the children came to the "Beaver Meadow"—where the wild flowers grew so plentifully—Yellow Hair hung the Indian cradle on the broken limb of a tree so that the Dolly would be out of harm's way. Besides, the breeze would sway the cradle gently to and fro, on its crossbar, and the Dolly would be nicely rocked to sleep. Indian cradles, you know, have no "rockers" like those of the Paleface babies, so the little papoosees are habused to sleep by SWINGING, instead of ROCKING! Aundak, the funny old Crow, perched himself on a big stone and tried to sing a lullaby—although his hoarse voice was more likely to WAKEN a buffalo than put a baby to sleep! Meanwhile, Growing Bird showed Yellow Hair how to hold the bow, and shoot the arrow at a mark, and, after a while, she came VERY NEAR hitting it!



While the children were gathering up the arrows they heard a sudden commotion behind them and Aundak's voice "cawing" and crying, "Stop This! STOP THIS!" as loud as he could squall. They looked around to see what it was all about and were horrified to see a GREAT BIG HAWK just pouncing on the Dolly and trying to carry it off! Yellow Hair began to cry when she saw the fierce bird tearing away at her Dolly. She didn't know WHAT to do, but Growing Bird knew—and did it very quickly, too!



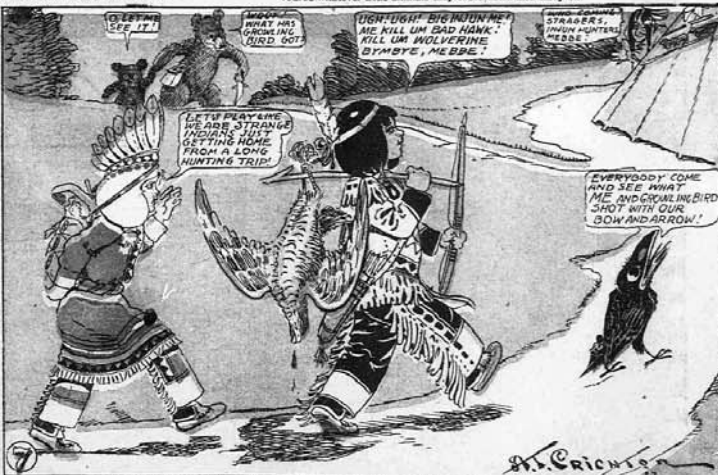
He grabbed the bow and fitted an arrow to the string, but, just as he was about to shoot, the Big Hawk dropped the Dolly (he found it was not alive, nor good to eat) and pounced on Aundak, who was scolding away as hard as he could. He sank his sharp claws in the poor Crow's head and neck, and it looked very bad for Aundak, indeed! They made such a noise that Growing Bird was able to step up quite close to the struggling birds, and, taking careful aim, he let fly a sharp-pointed arrow!



It sang through the air and struck Geb-wan-un-see, the Wicked Hawk, right in the neck! Down he tumbled, dead as a stone, while Aundak scampered off, squawking terribly and not waiting to thank Growing Bird for saving his life! Now the Hawk People are the cruellest of birds and very wicked. They and the Owl People were forbidden to come into the Refuge Ground because they did nothing but kill and eat the pretty little song-birds and rob their nests of the young ones. They also devoured whatever little animals they could catch and carry off.



When Yellow Hair saw the cruel Hawk fall and Aundak escape from his clutches she ran forward and picked up the Dolly—who, of course, was not hurt—and hugged it tight in her arms. She was very proud of her playmate, because he was so quick, and shot so true. She praised him for his bravery—and every one knows how good that makes a little boy feel! Growing Bird was quite puffed up over his success in ridding the Refuge Ground of such a wicked bird as Geb-wan-un-see, the Hawk, and there was some excuse for his feeling so big over it, because it was really a VERY fun shot, indeed, for such a little boy! Aundak was more frightened than hurt, and, except for losing a few feathers, was no worse for the adventure. He threw taunts at the dead Hawk—but he was careful to keep behind Yellow Hair while he did so. Well—



Growing Bird tied the dead Hawk's legs together and thrust a stick between them so as to carry it over his shoulder, and Yellow Hair swung the Dolly's cradle on her back and placed the strap across her forehead—the way Indian women carry their papoosees. Then they started back to the Wigwam. Nokomia pretended she did not recognize them, at first. She "let on" she thought they were strangers—a little Indian hunter, with game, and his squaw, carrying a papoose! Of course, that was only in fun, because she wanted them to see how astonished she was at their success. But Big Bear and Little Bear, who were just getting back from the fishing, were REALLY surprised to see what a fine hunter the little boy was becoming! And—these you shall hear how Growing Bird hunted Wolverine, the "Greedy Glatton," and what came of it! A. T. C.



LITTLE "GROWLING BIRD" IN WINDEGO LAND



Early one morning Nokomis and Big Bear set out for a distant part of Windego Land to get a fresh supply of nuts from a Salt Cave in the Medicine Mountains—where the Giant Windegos were supposed to live. Before leaving, she put up a basket of nice lunch for the children, which they carried out to the woods, intending to have a little picnic under the trees. Of course, Little Bear and Aundak, the Crow, were invited!

Little Growing Bird picked out a nice dry spot under some big trees, near the place where he had shot Gel-wan-uh-oh, the Wicked Hawk, the week before. (This time, however, Yellow Hair left the Dolly safe at home in the Wigwag. They took the clean, white cloth that covered the lunch and spread it on the grass. Then they unpacked the good things the basket contained and set them out on little plates made of basswood. There was "Indian bread," or Corn Cakes, spread with Maple-Syrup instead of Butter; there was Jerked Venison, and cakes of Acorn Meal; Maple-Sugar, Raspberry Pie, and a Jar of Huckleberry Jam; while Aundak had a bowl of boiled corn. All at once there came a sound of "cooling" from the biggest tree, and all looked up in surprise—except Little Bear, who was too busy just then.

Aundak was the first to discover the cause, and cried out: "Hullo, O-m-m-e, the Pigeon! Why are you hiding in the hollow tree?" It was pretty Pigeon, and he was half-hidden in a round hole in the tree-trunk. But when he saw Growing Bird he knew that it was safe to come out, because the little boy never hurt the harmless birds—only he had ones. So Pigeon fluttered down and perched on his hand; then he told this tale:



"I am one of Nanna-bohoo's Pet Pigeons," said he. "I fly all over Windego Land in the daytime, and in the evening, when I return to Nanna-bohoo's lodge. I tell him all that's going on in the woods. Last week I hurt my left wing, and, as I was resting it, Gel-wan-uh-oh, the "Pirate Hawk," swooped down on me and seized me by the sore wing and tried to kill me! I managed to get away and fluttered into that small hole in the tree. He couldn't get in, but I've been afraid to come out all week for fear he was waiting around to pounce on me. If it hadn't been for a small hoard of hazelnuts a squirrel had stored in the hollow tree I'd have STARVED! As it is, I'm nearly dead for a drink," said Pigeon.

As Pigeon's wing was now quite strong again he was anxious to get home, but because Yellow Hair said she would like to send a message to Nanna-bohoo, he waited a while. She tore off a thin strip of bark, from a birch tree that stood nearby, and proposed to Growing Bird that they write him a fine letter on this nice, smooth bark—and send it by O-m-m-e, the Pretty Pigeon. "If I had some ink and a quill pen I could write a fine letter on this nice, smooth bark," said Yellow Hair. Growing Bird knew how to make ink and a quill pen, so he made some ink and a quill pen for Yellow Hair. He just missed some water with the Huckleberry Jam, and, lo and behold, there was a half-cupful of fine purple ink! When Little Bear heard a quill pen mentioned, he, too, had a bright idea! (You can see by the picture above what the idea was—AND HOW HE PROVIDED THE PEN!!!)



Because Yellow Hair had gone to school when she lived with the Paleface People, she could write pretty well. So SHE did the writing, while Growing Bird humped his back to make a "desk" for her to write on. But he had to stand very still because Yellow Hair had placed the cup of ink on his head—to be within reach—and he "joggled" or "jiggled" it was likely to spill all over his hair! This is what she wrote:

DEAR NANNA BOHOHO:

My dad Grinkle heard about you but best Lev and hope You will come and see us again wery Soon from your friend

FRIENDS

"FANNY YELLOH HAIR AND GROWLING-BIRD HIS MARK X"

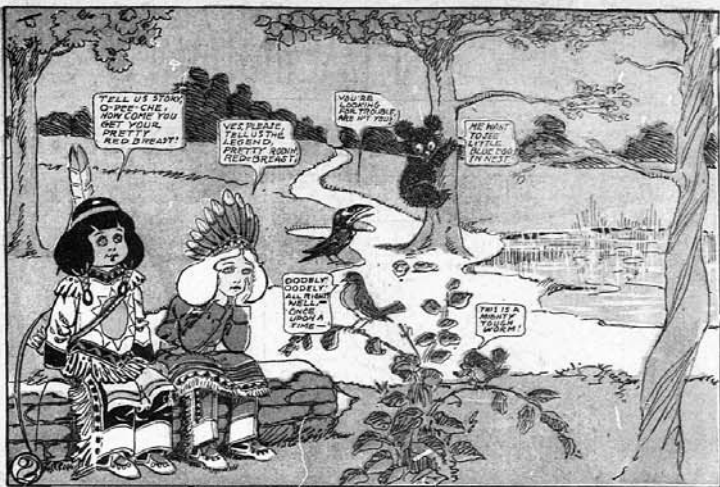
Then they rolled up the light birch-bark letter in a small roll—so not to impede his flight—and tied it to Pretty Pigeon's leg. Then, after bidding the children good-bye and promising to come again and visit them, O-m-m-e darted away toward the Medicine Lodge of Nanna-bohoo. (Meanwhile, Little Bear gobbled up the rest of the lunch!) And that is how it came about that the SWIFTEST of the O-m-m-e, or Pigeon People, are made to carry messages. But they will carry them only ONE way, because, no matter how far they are taken from their home lodge, they always seem to know their way back, and, as soon as they are set free, they FLY HOME very swiftly in an almost STRAIGHT LINE. Because they know their home and are so busy to get there, the Paleface People call them "Homing Pigeons" L. L.

A. Cristofani

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day the children and Little Bear and Aundak, the Crow, were playing under some maple trees near a shallow pool of water. There was a Robin's nest on a limb of one of the trees, and, on a branch of another, O-peech-ee, the Robin, himself, was singing: "Oodely, oodely, oodely! We've got four nice blue eggs in our nest! Oodely, oodely, oodely!" But the Mother Robin was not wasting her time in singing. She was trying to pull a long, tough worm out of the ground! Zhegon-ah-wis, the Earthworm, did not want to come out and be eaten! He held on with his tail as long as he could, but Mother Robin tugged until she dragged him out. Then she flew to a briar bush and began to eat him. The Robin People, because they are "sick-billed" birds, cannot eat hard food—like corn. Instead, they live on harmful worms and grubs, and are very useful, indeed.



Yellow Hair admired Robin's song and asked him to tell them how he came to have such a pretty red breast. Mr. Robin flew down and perched on a spray of the briar bush, while the children seated themselves on a fallen log to hear his story. "Long, long ago," began Robin, "my people, the O-peech-ee-wag, had speckled breasts like the other Thrushes. One day Nanna-boohoo was hunting the Naked Bear—who was a very wicked Magician that devoured little children, and even little birds, but was not related in any way to the Brown or Black Bears—and the Wicked One hid himself in a hollow tree beside the trail. Now, the day before, Naked Bear had robbed the nest of my Ancestors and eaten the young ones in that very same tree! So when Nanna-boohoo came along the trail Naked Bear sprang out of his hiding-place to see him unawares, BUT—



"My Ancestor bravely came to the rescue! He screamed to Nanna-boohoo to jump aside, and quickly launched himself right in the face of the savage beast, blinding him for a moment, so that he failed to seize the Hunter. Then Nanna-boohoo smote and slew him with one mighty blow of Pugumab-gun, his Magic War-Club! Then he dipped his finger in the blood of Naked Bear and painted RED the breast of my Ancestor, saying: 'Hereafter the O-peech-ee-wag, or Robin People, shall wear a red stain on their breasts as a sign that their Great Ancestor helped Nanna-boohoo slay the Wicked One, Naked Bear.'" While the story was telling, Little Bear, being curious to see the eggs that Mr. Robin sang about, had taken off his moccasins, climbed the tree and was now sniffing at the nest! Mother Robin saw him first and, chirping loudly, darted off to guard it.



Mr. Robin, too, soon joined his mate, and, between them, they filled the air with their cries! When Growling Bird and Yellow Hair saw what Little Bear was about they were surprised and grieved. They ran to the tree, and Growling Bird fitted an arrow to his bow, calling out to Little Bear that he would shoot if he did not come down at ONCE! Aundak took no part in this bad action; in fact, he warned Little Bear that there would be trouble if he meddled with the nest. But Muktoons, the stubborn Little Bear, gave no heed; he wanted to handle the pretty blue eggs, and SMELL them! Yellow Hair cried, "SHAME!" but, at the same time, she begged Growling Bird not to shoot, because the arrow might make him hop and fall off the limb and, maybe, break his neck.



Little Growling Bird laid down his bow and quiver of arrows and started to climb the tree, intending to catch hold of Little Bear and make him come down. Now the Mother Robin lays just FOUR blue eggs in her nest, and, when the young Robins are hatched out, they are ALWAYS hungry, and they grow so fast that they fill the nest right to the beam. It keeps the parent birds busy hunting worms and grubs to fill the four gaping mouths of the hungry brood. But Little Bear thought the old Robins would not miss it if he "hooked" just ONE egg! So he picked out one and held it in his paw so that Yellow Hair could see it. Then he popped it in his mouth to keep it from breaking as he slid down the tree-trunk. Just then SOMETHING HAPPENED!!!



The small branch on which Little Bear was standing SNAPPED suddenly and down he tumbled—SPLASH—into the pool of water below! Yellow Hair was afraid he would drown—but then she didn't know that ALL the Bear People can swim and float like Ducks! But the water was cold, and Little Bear got a great fright, and a good cold soaking, besides! And ever since then (you may read it in any of the story-books, if you like), whenever Little Bears, or little boys climb trees to rob a bird's nest the branch nearly always breaks! And if there should be no pool of water to fall into, beneath it often happens that there are broken LIMBS, as well as broken branches! NEXT WEEK you shall see how Growling Bird punished the naughty Little Bear for robbing the nest of O-peech-ee, the Robin!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Last week you were told how Little Bear's curiosity to see the eggs of O-pe-che, the Robin, got him into trouble, and how he climbed the tree and took one of the pretty blue eggs out of the nest and popped it in his mouth to keep it from breaking while he crawled down the tree, backward. But he came down by a shorter road! The branch on which he stood broke—and down he fell, SPLASH, into the water below!

Now, in the picture above, you may see him wading out of the shallow pool and dropping the little blue egg (which he had kept safe in his mouth all the time) into his fat little paws. Yellow Hair coaxed him to give it to her so it could be returned to the nest. But Growing Bird was very angry with Little Bear. He snatched his bow to punish him severely.



When the punishment was over, Growing Bird took the Robin's egg from Yellow Hair and, after wiping it carefully, put it in his mouth—which is the safest place to carry such delicate things as bird's eggs—and climbed the tree. When he gently placed the little blue egg back in the nest the O-pe-chees went wild with delight! They thanked him very much, because when Little Bear fell from the tree they gave up all hope of ever seeing that egg again! They were sure it had been smashed; but no: there it was, still warm, and as sound as ever! Because the whipping had not hurt Little Bear in the least, he thought he'd "show off" a bit. He danced the Bear Dance, grinning and grunting, "Hi-yah! Hi-yah! Growing Bird no good; he no can whio to hurt like Big Bear!" Now this was very foolish talk, because—



Atmud told Growing Bird (in a "crow's whisper") to whip Little Bear ON THE FEET!—and so, when that Giggling Cub was getting ready to put on his moccasins—which he had taken off before climbing the tree—Growing Bird suddenly grabbed him by his short, fat legs and stood him on his head! He then called to Yellow Hair to bring his bow, and, while she held one end of it, he tied Little Bear's feet to it in the middle, using the loosened bowstring. (You can see in the picture above how they did it!) Then Growing Bird picked up an arrow and began to whip Little Bear on the bare soles of his pudgy little feet! Oh, how that fat rascal did squall and yell!!! He howled and howled, crying out: "Stop! That hurts DREADFULLY!!!!" Yellow Hair couldn't bear to look; she just HAD to turn her head away until the whipping was over.



As soon as Little Bear gave the egg to Yellow Hair, Growing Bird grabbed him by the scruff of his neck and gripped the Black Rascal's head between his beak. Holding him there so tight he could not get away, Growing Bird whaled away at him with his bow, knocking the water out of his fur at a great rate! Now the fur of all the Bear People is very thick, and the hide very tough, so that a beating on the head or on the back does not hurt them a little bit! But Yellow Hair thought that Growing Bird was laying it on too heavy, and begged him to stop. She said that Little Bear had been punished enough, and that she was sure he was now very sorry for what he had done. But when Atmud acted him how he felt, he giggled, and said: "Growing Bird, he only TUCKLE ME!"



When Growing Bird came down from the tree and heard Little Bear laughing and making fun of the punishment, as if the whole affair was a sort of joke, he determined to give him something that he would remember for a while. Nokomis had often told the little boy that children were punished for wiggling while they were still very young, because it is much easier to cure them of bad habits then than when they have grown older; and Growing Bird thought that what was good for Little Bear ought to be good for Little Bear, too! It was Atmud, the Knowing Old Bird, that told him how to punish Little Bear so that he would not think it so much of a joke, after all. Soon embarrassed Little Yellow Hair was surprised and ashamed of the way Little Bear acted—and she told him so, very plainly!



Growing Bird untied Little Bear and helped him put his moccasins on his aching feet. Then he sent him back to the Wigwam in disgrace. As he went away, shuddering like the cry-baby he was, he said he would "tell Nokomis," and that he'd "run away and be a little WILD bear, maybe"—just like some little boys often threaten to do! But when he reached the Wigwam he just snaked quietly in and crawled into his little bed. Soon he was sound asleep, and all his troubles forgotten. That is said to be the best medicine to take after a whipping, anyway! And ever since then, the Musk-quag, or Bear People, cannot stand a whipping on the feet! THEY know the story—and you can tell by the way they curl up their feet and wince when they sit down, that they often think about it!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One morning Nokomis found some Strawberry Blossoms among the grass growing about the Wigwam. "Waugh!" she said, "O-day-a-min (Hear-Berry) soon be ripe; time to get Mum-dum-min, the Corn!" She knew it was the month of June, the Strawberry Moon, and that it was high time to begin planting if she would have a good supply of meal for the winter. So she told Aundak, the Crow, to fly to the Hollow Oak, where Big Bear slept, and tell him she wanted him to help plant the Corn. She then brought out her corn hoes—which were made of flat pieces of flint-stone, ground sharp and fastened with thongs to long wooden handles—and made up a pack of food and cooking utensils to take along to the cornfield. The children carried the baskets of seed corn and Growing Bird shouldered a little hoe.

When they came to the field Nokomis made a fire and put some meat in a kettle to cook. Then she and Growing Bird began to hoe narrow trenches in the soil, while Yellow Hawk followed them, dropping a grain of corn at every step. The Indians were the first to grow "Maize." That is why it is called "Indian" Corn! Because Big Bear's claws were so long he could not grasp a hoe-handle very well, he basied himself pulling up roots and snags and picking and piling stones too heavy for Nokomis to lift. Aundak and Little Bear "helped" by hunting along the trenches for worms and grubs, of which queer kind of food they were rather fond. Hooping corn is pretty hard on little boys' backs, and Growing Bird was not sorry when the seed was all planted and winter ready.



Nokomis spread a clean white cloth on the ground and helped them all to meat from the kettle. There were also fresh-baked corn cakes with maple syrup, and every one had all he could eat—except, of course, Little Bear. In the meantime a great many Wild Crows had gathered and sat perched on a dead tree, watching and cawing loudly. They thought they would have a fine time scratching up the corn as soon as Nokomis and the others went home. But in this they were mistaken—as you shall see!

After they had planted the framework in the ground, and piled stones around it to keep it firm, they hung the white cloth over the arms, while Nokomis tied the horrible-looking head on top of it. She fastened a feather and bunches of grass on it, making it wilder than ever. Little Growing Bird tied the frying pan to one of the arms, and a big stone hanging by a string close beside it. The least bit of wind would have swung the stone against the iron pan and made a great clatter! It was enough to scare the boldest Wild Crow that ever cawed!



When they gathered up their things, preparing to start home, they did not notice Little Bear sleeping behind the log. They supposed he had gone on ahead of them, and so did not worry about his absence. When the Wild Crows drew near they saw a ghastly-looking figure guarding the cornfield, and when the wind made the stone strike the iron pan with a bang, like the sound of a war-gong, they were panic-stricken, and flew off in every direction! Little Bear, of course, knew nothing of all this. He was sleeping, but his sleep was troubled. He had gorged him-

self. He thought it was the ogreish Windego of his dream, and that his time had come! He gave one yell and tumbled over backward, then rolled and scrambled toward the trees at the edge of the clearing! Every time the gong struck he thought the Monster had him in its clutches, but he managed to reach his shelter of the woods at last, and then made the run of his life for home and Nokomis! He came tearing along the path just as the children reached the Wigwam and discovered that he was not inside. My, how they all laughed when he told what a "monster" he had been!

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



After working all week planting corn and other vegetables, Nokomis thought that the children would like a change. She asked Big Bear if the fish were "running" yet, and he replied that there was a big shoal of O-lay-wisag (Herrings) and a great number of other fish in the stream waiting for some one to come and catch them. Nokomis at once made ready for a big catch, intending to salt and smoke a large quantity for winter use. She had several bags of salt on hand which she and Big Bear had brought from the Salt Caves some time before.



Nokomis could not carry the big Dip-Net and a heavy bag of salt at one load, so she made a Drag, or "Travola," by cutting a couple of long poles and tying two short sticks across to support a kind of pouch, or hammock, of Deerkain, which she fastened securely with thongs. The children then got in between the poles at one end (like playing "horse and buggy"), and, after Nokomis had placed the bag of salt in position, they started off, hauling the loaded Travis along the trail. Aundak hopped on to "drive the team," but they soon made him hop off.



Little Bear, of course, shuffled along, too. (He was crazy about fall—both RAW and cooked!) But when they came to a sandy stretch of shore he noticed some Wild Pigeons drinking, and wanted to catch one. So he asked Mister Wise Crow the best way to go about it. That old Jester told him to "PUT SALT ON THEIR TAILS!" "They can't fly then," he said, "and you can catch them easily!" Now O-m-m-e, the Pigeon, besides being a swift flyer—has curious habits—for a bird! The Indians say—



"Pigeon walk like Squaw; drink water like Cow"—which means that Pigeon does not hop, but walks; nor hold up his head to swallow, when drinking—like most other birds do! But anyway, Little Bear "borrowed" a handful of Salt—when Growling Bird wasn't looking—and crept toward the Pigeons drinking at the stream. Aundak laughed right out when he saw that Little Bear had taken his advice SERIOUSLY! It was an old joke among the Crows, and he supposed every one knew it was all nonsense.



The Pigeons were quite used to seeing big and little bears in the woods, so they were not alarmed, but let Mukoos come close up to them. He began to throw pinches of salt at them, and SOME of it actually fell on their tails! But it rolled off almost as soon as it touched them, and did not seem to make any difference at all! Anyway, they easily walked or fluttered away from him whenever he tried to seize them. Soon he began to suspect that the Merry Old Crow was only making a fool of him! In fact—



The Pigeons themselves told him that it was all a joke! Little Bear began to get angry. He threw the empty pan on the ground and GLARED at Aundak who was now "HAW-HAWING" away, with his back so wide open you'd think his jaws would crack! In the meantime, Nokomis had gone down the stream a bit to see if her Smoke-House needed any firing up; and Growling Bird and Yellow Hair, spying Big Bear in the distance, had run to meet him, so Little Bear was left alone, pondering how he could turn the joke on the Smart Crow.

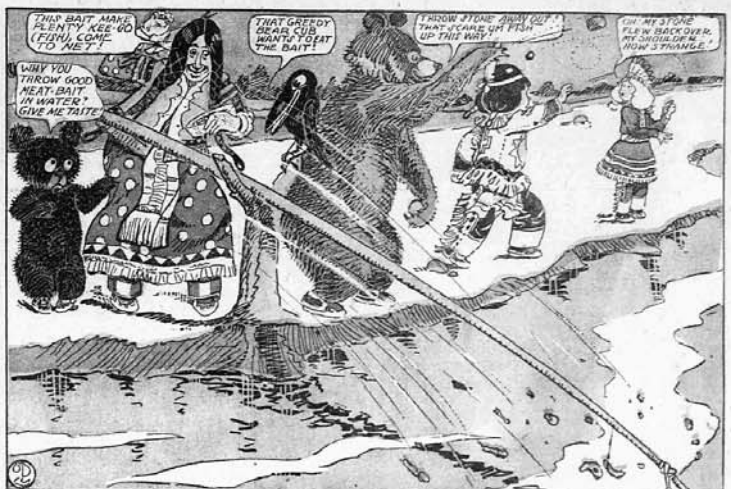


Finally, an idea crept into his thick, round head, and he fairly hugged himself with delight as he sneaked over to the place where Growling Bird had left the bag of salt, leaning against a tree. Now, although Little Bear was "beep lazy," and not at all fond of work, he was pretty strong in the arms. He picked up the heavy bag of salt and tipped it toward Aundak—who did not see him coming because his back was turned. The Merry Old Crow had laughed so much he could not stand, but still he wanted Growling Bird, who was now returning with Big Bear, to hear and enjoy the joke he had played on the silly little Cub. But, by this time Little Bear was standing right behind him with the big bear, ready to try what effect salt would have on a CROW'S tail—if used in LARGE QUANTITIES! Suddenly—



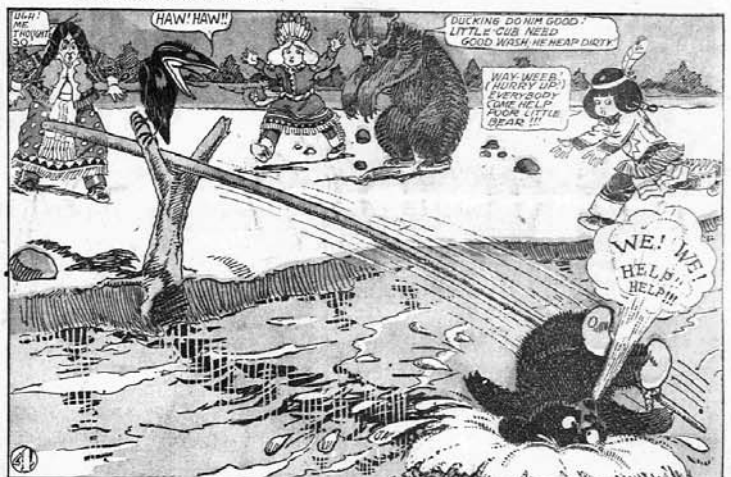
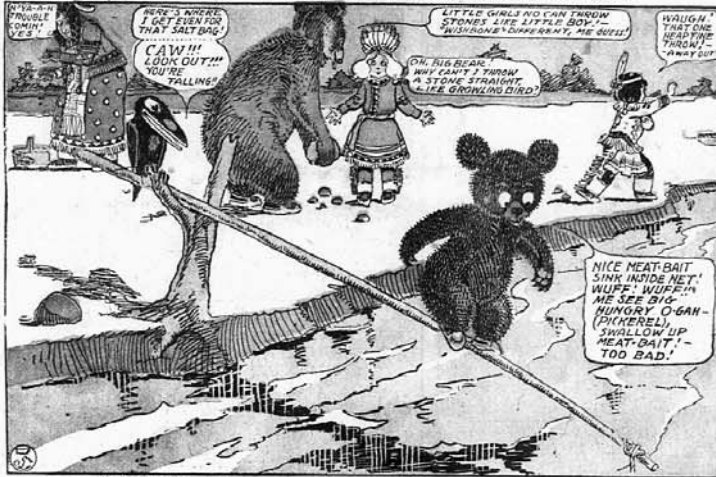
Little Bear emptied the whole bagful right on top of the hilarious Crow! That changed his tune very quickly! He thought it was an Earthquake or a Landslide, and that he was being buried alive! He gave a couple of despairing croaks for "HELP!" before his head and back disappeared under the mountain of salt; but it was Little Bear's turn to laugh NOW—and you know the saying: "He laughs best who laughs last!" Of course, Aundak was soon rescued, but for days everything he ate tasted SALTY! Besides, he was afraid to laugh at any of Little Bear's mistakes for fear Mukoos would say something about "Salt Baths." And ever since then, jokers have told children that the surest way to catch a bird is to put salt on his tail! But every boy and girl who reads these adventures of Little Growling Bird knows that kindness is much better! A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Last week you were told how Aundak, the Crow, tried to fool Little Bear by telling him how to Catch O-m-me, the Pigeon, by putting salt on his tail, and how Little Bear turned the tables on the Smart Crow by emptying a whole bagful of salt on HIS tail. Well, Aundak kept pretty quiet for a while, and watched Nokomis and Big Bear getting ready to put the big Dip-Net in the Stream to catch some fish. The long pole that is used to raise and lower the "Bag" of the net they set in the forks of a stump that stood on the brink of the Stream, and then they pushed out the net until it reached fairly deep water, where they let it sink beneath the surface. Aundak had, by this time, recovered his spirits, and hopped on the stump to boss the job of setting the net.

In the meantime, Big Bear told Growing Bird and Yellow Hair to gather all the stones they could find, and then he showed them how to throw the stones out in the stream so that they would fall in a wide circle beyond the net. This was to frighten the fish and drive them in toward the place where the net lay, and, to attract the fish to the very spot, Nokomis threw in the water, directly over the net, scraps of meat and crusts of corn bread, which she had brought along as fish bait. But Little Bear thought it was a sin to throw ANY kind of food into the water. He complained loudly about it, saying it was a very wasteful thing to do. (He wanted to EAT the bait HIMSELF.) Aundak said:



Growing Bird, like most little boys who live outside of town, could throw stones very straight, and to quite a distance, but not so Fanny Yellow Hair! The stones SHE tried to throw seemed to fly in all directions except where she aimed them. Somehow, Glib cannot throw a stone, or a ball as straight, or as far, as a boy; but, then, they can skip-therefore much better, as a rule, and this even things up. But to return to Little Bear. He felt rather vain on account of getting the better of Aundak in the matter of the "salt" joke, and he thought he could afford to show off a little. So, when Nokomis went off to get more bait, he climbed the stump, and, standing upright, waited boldly out on the pole of the Dip-Net! He kept his balance very well until Aundak, seeing a chance to get even with him, took a hop.

The Sly Old Crow jumped up and down on the other end of the pole and "juggled" in a jiffy. Then he called out suddenly, "LOOK OUT! YOU'RE FALLING!" and, of course, Little Bear was so startled that he lost his balance and tumbled headfirst into the water and into the mouth of the Net! It all happened so quickly that no one noticed the accident (except Aundak), until the sound of the LOUD SPLASH was heard! Of course Nokomis and the Children came running to the rescue as soon as they saw the big Little Bear was in, but Big Bear did not appear to worry over it. He knew that Little Bear was in no great danger, because ALL the Bear People, both Black and Brown, or a swin like Duck! So he only chuckled, and said: "Woo! Little Bear need a wash; nap dirty; little swim do him good!"



When Little Bear came up gasping (on account of having swallowed a lot of water), he made a fearful fuss and turmoil. He had entangled his feet in the meshes of the Net and could not get them free. Besides, there was a big, fierce-looking Fish, O-gah, the Pickerel, caught in the net and jumping against him, and it frightened him so that he bawled loudly for help—just as he always did when in trouble. When Yellow Hair saw how he was tangled up in the Net she was very much distressed and begged Nokomis to hurry and lift him clear of the water. Big Bear took hold of the end of the pole, and, Nokomis and Growing Bird helping, they soon raised the Net and swung it around until they were able to land it, and Little Bear, safe on the dry land.

As soon as the Little Cub felt the ground under his feet all his confidence (and impudence) returned. He saw O-gah, the Pickerel, wriggling beside him and he made a grab and caught the fish in his fore paws, holding it against his breast in spite of its struggles. Then he cried out, boastfully, "Hi-yah! Hi-yah! See how big fish HE catches all by myself!" He looked so ridiculous sitting there, dripping, with the big fish struggling in his "arms" that Nokomis and Big Bear laughed till their sides ached! Aundak couldn't see the joke, but made sneering remarks about "the luck of foolish people," which were rather uncalled for. And so, as it often happens, the joke we aim to play on another turns out to HIS advantage—which makes us feel very cheap. But Little Bear was not often so lucky. And NEXT week—can you guess what will happen then? A. T. C.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



All week Nokomis and her little "family" fished with the big dip-net and salted and smoked the fish for winter use. But, one day, Nah-may, the Great Sturgeon, the King of Fishes, came swimming up the stream and scared all the other fish away. Nah-may was too big to be caught in the dip-net, so Nokomis sent the children back to the wigwam to get an iron spear-head that was packed away, among other things, in the Wigwag Maska, the wonderful birch-bark box, which you have been told about before. While rummaging there, Little Bear found a hollow buffalo horn, closed at the larger end with a round piece of wood and with a horn plug at the other. He sniffed at it, and, hearing something rattle inside, asked if it did not hold something good to eat! But Growing Bird cried: "Kaygo! Do not touch it! It heap bad medicine!"



Then she made little fuses to light them, taking smaller strips of the bark (which grows in layers as thin as paper), and scattering grains of powder along their length, she twisted them into strings and poked them into the ends of the larger ones she had made first. Then she covered them with a coating of moist clay and placed them on a flat stone to dry in the sun. These homemade firecrackers were not as neat-looking as the nice red ones you call buy, but they had plenty of powder in them, which is the main thing, after all. She warned Little Bear and Aundak not to touch them until she gave them leave, and then went to help Growing Bird make a little "fire mountain," or volcano. This is done by wetting a small heap of powder and covering it over with a shell of moist earth or clay, leaving a small opening at the top.



They poked the lighted ends around among the little fuses without dreaming that the firecrackers would act differently from the "fire mountain." By this time the second "volcano" was almost finished, and Growing Bird held the fire-stick ready to set it off. Suddenly there was an **AWFUL EXPLOSION** right behind him! **BANG! BANG! BANG!!!**—All the firecrackers seemed to go off almost at the same time, and Little Bear and Aundak were swallowed up in a cloud of smoke! Yellow Hair was so startled she let all the DRY powder run out of the powder-horn, and Growing Bird, in his excitement, dropped the fire-stick **RIGHT ON TOP OF IT!** A **SECOND EXPLOSION** followed almost immediately, and every one seemed to be turning somersaults in the air at once! (You can see their antics in the picture—but not very clearly, on account of the smoke.) Meanwhile—



Now it was only a powder-horn that a Paleface hunter had given to Nokomis long before, in exchange for a pair of moccasins. It was nearly full of gunpowder, but, because she had no gun, she put it away in the birch-bark box, saying it was "they had medicine for little boy," and warned Growing Bird not to touch it. But Yellow Hair, like most Paleface children, knew that fireworks were made with gunpowder, and other things, and she explained to Growing Bird how she and her former playmates used to celebrate their great national holiday by shooting off firecrackers and burning powder in other ways. As it was now about that time of the year, she offered to show him how they did it. So they took the powder-horn, and some very thin strips of birch-bark, outside, and Yellow Hair poured powder in the strips and rolled them up tight.



Yellow Hair then brought a live coal from the camp-fire, in the cleft end of a stick, and touched it to top of the little "fire mountain." **FIZ-Z-Z!** **WH-I-I-SH!**—went the damp powder, and up sprouted a stream of fire, spreading outward like a fountain of flame and falling back in a shower of sparks! Damp powder, you know, will not explode, like dry, but, if touched with a hot coal, or a lighted match, it will slide away harmlessly until all is consumed. Little Bear and Aundak were so delighted with the new play that they determined to set off some fireworks on their own hook. So, while Yellow Hair and Growing Bird were building another and larger "volcano," the mischievous rogues went to the camp-fire and slyly pulled out a couple of burning sticks. They sneaked back to the place where the clay-covered firecrackers lay and—



Nokomis and Big Bear, wondering what kept the children so long, had come up to investigate. It was a strange sight that met their eyes! There, sprawled on the ground, were Growing Bird and Yellow Hair with black smudges across their faces, torn clothes, and each nursing a burnt finger or thumb! Little Bear, too, was a funny sight! There were bare patches all over him where the fur had been burnt off, and his coat now looked somewhat like an old moth-eaten rug! And Aundak, that unfortunate crow!—HE went tearing around with scolding tail-feathers, yelling "FIRE!" and calling for water to "put himself out!" Altogether, it was a regular **FOURTH-OF-JULY** celebration! And so it always happens, that when fireworks are handled CARELESSLY, there are clothes to be mended and many painful **BURNS TO HEAL!** THEREFORE, when **NEXT THURSDAY** COMES, you should remember this—**AND BE VERY CAREFUL!**

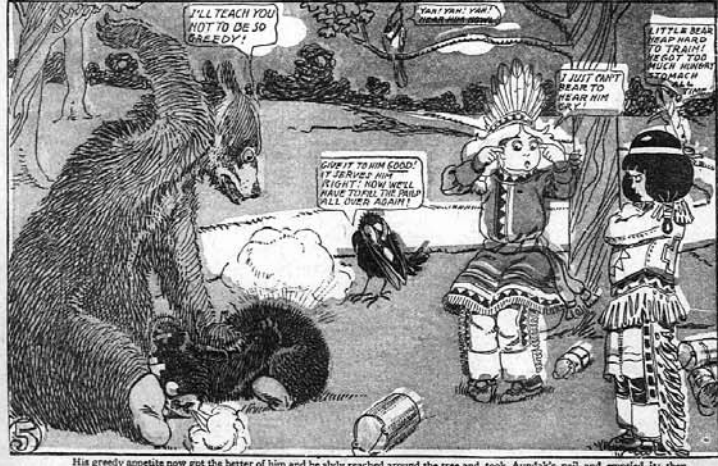
LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



After the accident which befell the children (which you were told about last week), Nokomis was kept busy for a while "doctoring" burns and mending clothes. She made some Indian "Medicine Plaster" by covering strips of cotton cloth with the sticky gum of the Balsam tree. This is a very healing medicine for cuts or burns, and, in a few days, the children, Little Bear, and Aundak, the Crow, were about the same as before they tried to play making fireworks. Growling Bird still had one finger tied up, and the Bear Cub and the Crow wore strips of plaster over their burnt spots. When Nokomis went down to the stream one day to look at the fish which were "smoking in the 'Smoke Wigwam'" Big Bear proposed that they go out and pick some Strawberries before they were all gone. So, off they started for Yab-jew, the Hill, where the Strawberry patch was.



As there were still a great many berries left they soon filled their pails. Then Yellow Hair asked Big Bear to tell her why the Indians call Strawberries "O-day-e-minun" or "Heart Berries." "It's a short story," said Big Bear, "and soon told." So they sat down under the shade of a tree and Big Bear began: "Once upon a time, before there were any Indians," he said, "the Puk-wudjies, the 'Little Wild Ones' or Pygmies, were the only people of the woods. One evening a little girl Puk-wudjie, playing among the flowers, caught sight of a beautiful shining thing high up among the tree-tops. It was Oon-ab-goooh Ahnung, the beautiful Evening Star, but SHE thought it must be some new and lovely 'King Flower' that had come to woo her. She loved it deeply, but it soon disappeared, and so she pined away until she died."



His greedy appetite now got the better of him and he slyly reached around the tree and took Aundak's pail and emptied it; then Growling Bird's and Yellow Hair's berries quickly followed and, after these were eaten, he began on the pail of Big Bear! As he was devouring the last of the Strawberries Teen-de-se, the Blue Jay, who had been watching him, screamed out: "The Bear Cub is eating all the Strawberries!" Big Bear jumped up quickly and glared at the culprit, who was coolly licking his paws, taking no thought of the punishment sure to follow. Big Bear was so angry that he missed the Greedy Cub by the scruff of the neck and gave him—oh, SUCH a beating! Of course, he howled DREADFULLY—he ALWAYS did—but he got it just the same! Yellow Hair stopped her ears so she would not hear his cries; but the others said he got only what he deserved.



Each took a tin pail along, and Little Bear and Aundak carried tiny pails also. Now Teen-de-se, the Blue Jay, had just found his way to the Refuge Ground, and he watched them sharply from a tree as they went by. Because Blue Jay is always looking and listening, he is the first to notice anything strange in the woods. He gives warning by crying in a harsh voice. "JAY! JAY! JAY!" and all the other wild things know that there is some one coming. (That is why he is sometimes called "The Watchman of the Woods"). Well, when they came to the Hill of Strawberries they began to pick the pretty red berries, and Growling Bird warned Little Bear, knowing how greedy he was, not to eat all the berries he picked, but to put them in his little pail. When they brought them home they would put maple-sugar on them and have them for supper.



"But Kerby Muneedo, the Good Spirit, took pity on her and changed her into a little green vine with a pretty, white, starlike flower which bloomed while Evening Star was climbing up the sky, but drooped and died when he was gone. And later, when the golden arrows of Kazea, the Sun, came darting and searching among the growing things they found no starlike flower, but only a little Puk-wujie HEART, bubbling red among the dark green leaves!" While Big Bear was telling the legend Little Bear was very busy at the other side of the tree. He didn't care for fairy tales—may be he didn't even BELIEVE in the Fairies! But, like all of the Bear People, he believed that berries were very good to eat, and that he would soon get ONE—so as if they were gone. In a few minutes HIS PAIL WAS EMPTY!



After the whipping was over Big Bear gave the naughty Cub a final cuff and sent him off home crying and whining. "He no help you pick berries any more!" he whimpered—just as if he HAD been helping, instead of undoing all their work! Of course, they had to go and fill the pails all over again, and they were late for supper, besides. But Little Bear did not forget THAT whipping—for a whole week at least! And Blue Jay thought that the Refuge Ground was a pretty good place to live, so he made his home there, and Growling Bird called him Tuk-hoo-see-way Funtashoo, "The Policeman Bird," because he watched what every one was doing all the time! May be that is the reason that nearly ALL policeman now wear BLUE clothes—so that they may become as sharp-eyed as Blue Jay, the "Policeman of the Woods."

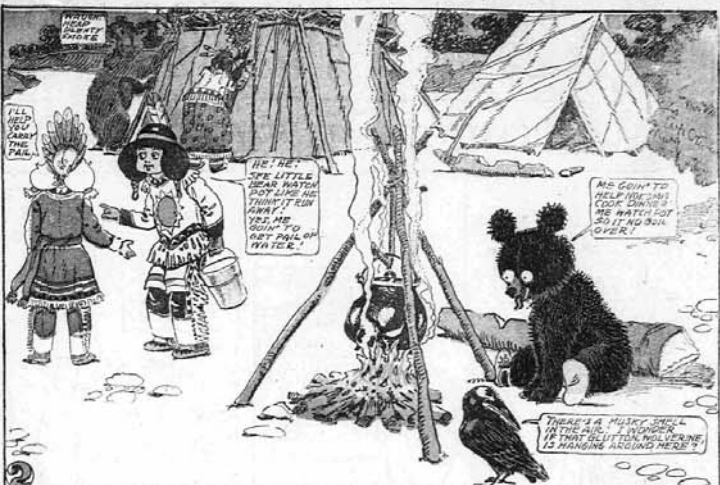
A. T. G.



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One morning, about a week after the Strawberry-Picking adventure, Nokomis found a strange animal's footprints in the sand near the Smoke-House, where the fish were being cured. The tracks were somewhat like Little Bear's, except that the claw marks were longer and sharper. She knew at once that they were made by Greedy Glutton, the Wolverine, the biggest, meanest and ugliest of all the Marten People. So destructive is Wolverine that the Palface hunters call him "Carcajou, the Greedy Glutton." Because he is such a thief and is disliked by all the wild creatures, Big Bear had forbidden him to come into the Refuge Ground on pain of death. But when the smell of smoked fish was wafted across the stream by the temptation to follow up the scent and, crossing over, he came sneaking along the shore, hoping to get a chance to steal some of the fish. But Nokomis was ready for him!



She told Big Bear and the children that they must make a camp on the shore in order to watch the Smoke-House. So she packed up everything needed, closed the Wigwam, and "all hands" helped carry the stuff to the river bank. They cut poles for the frame of a little Wigwam, covering it with a large piece of sail-cloth. This was to be a sleeping tent for Nokomis and the children; the others were to stay outside, close to the Smoke-Lodge, to give the alarm should the Greedy Glutton try to get in and steal the fish. Nokomis soon had a fire started under the three-legged cooking frame and put on the big iron pot to boil. While she and Big Bear busied themselves about the Smoke-Lodge, Growth Bird and Yellow Hair started off to fetch a pail of fresh water, but Aumdat and Little Bear planted themselves beside the fire "to watch the pot boil," as they said!



The warmth of the fire and the bubbling song of the pot upon bled Little Bear into a doze. (Next to eating, and playing some mischief the Little Cub liked to take "cat naps.") All the while Wolverine, the Greedy Glutton, was hiding in the bushes. As soon as he saw there was no one left to guard things but the Bear cub and the crows, he crawled out and crept slyly toward them. He didn't pay much attention to Little Bear, but fixed his fierce eyes upon Aumdat, intending to pounce on him and gobble him up in a jiffy! But the wary old crow was too sharp to be caught napping. He noticed a "manky" smell in the air (which is a peculiarity of the Marten and Weasel People) and looked around just in time to see Wolverine crouched for a spring! He cawed loudly: "THEVES! ROBBERS!! WAKE UP, LITTLE BEAR!!" and dodged behind the fire.



The Glutton was so angry because he failed to catch Aumdat that he fairly blazed with rage! Little Bear woke up with a start, the hair on his shoulders bristling with fear. In front of him crouched a shaggy-haired beast about the size of a twig, with a small head, gleaming teeth, fierce eyes, and a white band of fur across his head. Although not so heavy as Little Bear he was longer in the body, his feet were flat and bear-like and armed with long, sharp claws; his curved tail was thick and bushy. But Little Bear put on a bold front and growled: "Wuff! Wuff! Go 'way, ugly beast, or me give you CUFF!!" Suddenly, the fierce Wolverine, snarling horribly, leaped on him, bit his ear, and began scratching and biting him as hard as he could! Little Bear knew he must fight for his life and struck out fiercely. Luckily he landed a cuff on the Glutton's nose, and—

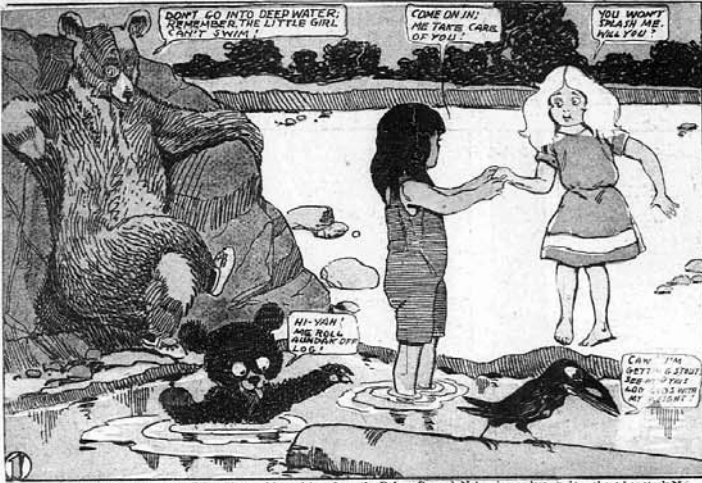


Into the fire Wolverine tumbled, head over heels! He yelled and screamed as the hot coals burned his hide, and, in struggling to escape, he knoveled out one of the legs of the cooking frame. Down came the pot of boiling water, spilling all over him an scalding him dreadfully! MY! What a row there was! THEN! You couldn't see anything but a furry ball whirling in a cloud of steam and cinders! As soon as Glutton could scramble out he bounded away, howling brightly and leaving a trail of smoke behind. Growth Bird and Yellow Hair were just then returning with the pail of water when Wolverine came rushing toward them with open jaws! Yellow Hair was frightened almost out of her wits—and Growth Bird felt pretty shaky himself—but he wouldn't run away and desert his little playmate; NO INDEED! Instead, he quickly threw out the water under



Holding the pail in front, he clapped it over Wolverine's head as the brute sprang at him! Greedy Glutton thought he was caught in a trap at last, and, as most wild things do when trapped, he made for deep water. He plunged into the stream, and almost broke his neck trying to get his head out of the pail. When, at last, he freed himself he crawled out and limped off to his den, vowing vengeance on Growth Bird and, especially, on Little Bear for knocking him into the fire. But no one should feel sorry for Wolverine, because he has always been an "outcast" among men and beasts. But Little Bear was quite consoled over his success. (See the grand air he wears as the children praise his courage.) But then, we can't blame him for bragging a little, for a change. He has had such a HARD TIME of it, lately—hasn't he? Later, you shall hear how Wolverine came back, seeking revenge, and what happened to him! A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



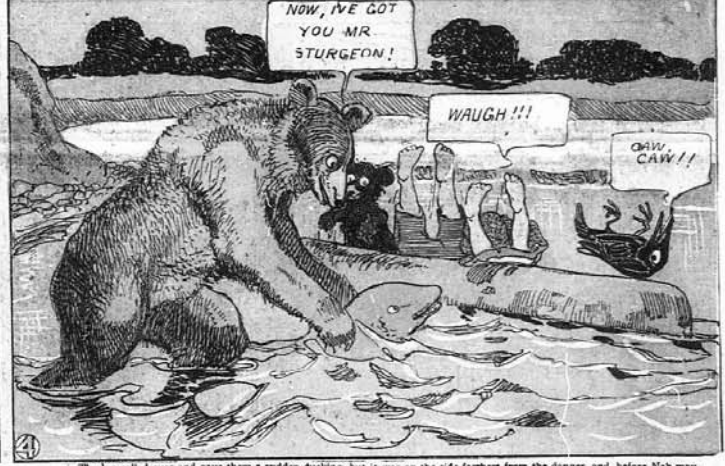
After the Greedy Oskaton, Wolverine, had been driven from the Refuge Ground, Nokomis was less anxious about her stock of fish in the Smoke Lodge and found time to prepare a little surprise for Crowling Bird and Yellow Hair. The children wished to go in bathing and had asked her to make them swimming suits, but before this she had not been able to spare the time. Now, however, she promised them with a suit apiece, which she had made from some of their old clothes. There were no other bathers to criticize the style of their bathing suits, so the children thought they were very fine indeed. Because Yellow Hair had never learned to swim, Big Bear took the children to a part of the river where it was quite shallow, and, after settling himself comfortably where he could keep an eye on them, he told them to go ahead and enjoy themselves.



Of course, Little Bear and Aumdak, the Crow, went along as usual, but THEY did not need any special bathing suits! No; they never had to worry about ANY kind of clothes! All the preparation that Little Bear made before going in swimming was to take off his fancy moccasins, to keep them dry, because these are very unpleasant things to wear when they get wet. Now, there was a good-sized log floating close to the shore and Little Bear waded out and got astride of it! Then Aumdak flew out and in on it, too, saying that he hoped his weight would not sink it! But Yellow Hair was a little bit timid about venturing in, and Crowling Bird had to take hold of her hands before she dared make the attempt. But in a little while they were all perched on the log and having lots of fun. Suddenly—



There was a great commotion in the water and SOMETHING BIG bumped against Yellow Hair's little bare feet! Then little appeared above the surface the long nose of Nab-may, the Great Sturgeon, who had been lying in the shadow of the Big Rock watching the wiggling toes of the little girl and wondering if they were not something good to eat. But because Sturgeon's mouth is like the Sucker fishes, and opens downward, he has to take his food from the bottom of the river, so he failed to get the little girl's foot in his mouth. But Yellow Hair was badly frightened—and who can blame her? Of course, Crowling Bird tried to scare away the Great Fish, and even Aumdak cawed out "BACK UP!" But when Big Bear came splashing in—then things REALLY began to happen!



The log rolled over and gave them a sudden ducking, but it was on the side farthest from the danger, and before Nab-may, the Great Sturgeon, could turn himself and get back into deep water, Big Bear had made a grab for him and lifted him clear out of the stream. Of course, Sturgeon kicked and struggled, but Big Bear hung on, and, although the great, strong fish nearly knocked him off his feet several times, he managed to get him on to dry land at last! Big Bear was rather proud of having captured the "King of Fishes," especially as Sturgeon had scared twenty most of the smaller fish in the stream, and, besides, he had broken through all the nets and snares Nokomis had set for his capture.



While the Great Fish was still struggling in the grasp of Big Bear, Little Bear thought HE ought to take a hand—and maybe get as much glory as he did out of his fight with Wolverine. So he bravely came up and slapped Nab-may, the Sturgeon, on the tail! It is not likely that the Big Fish felt it at all; but, in his struggles, he fetched Little Bear such a blow with that same tail that it knocked the little cub backward, head over heels! You may be sure that the children kept out of reach of such a dangerous weapon after they saw what happened to Little Bear.

Really, the Great Sturgeon was conquered and lay stretched on the shore, quite dead!

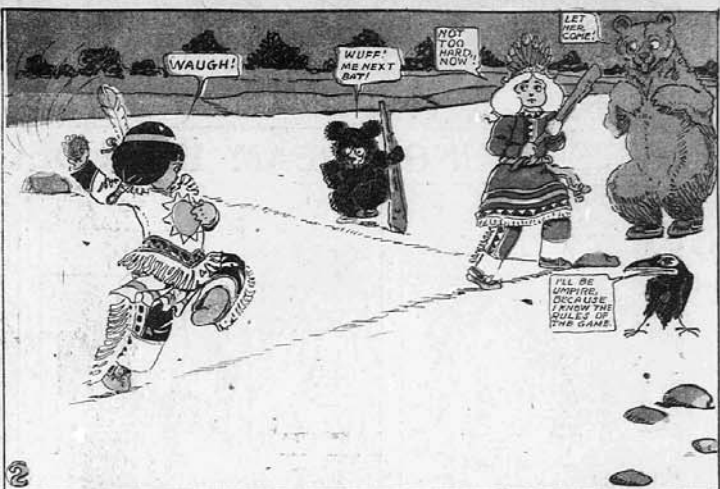


When Nokomis came she was greatly pleased to see that Big Bear had captured such a fine prize—and Big Bear, himself was rather proud of the job! And then Little Bear had to show off a bit, also. He took up a stone and began to pound the head of the dead fish, but, even then, he took good care to keep away from the dangerous tail! Now, in the blunt nose of the fresh-water Sturgeon there is a round lump of gristle that is so elastic that it will bounce when thrown against the ground, very like a rubber ball. Little Indian boys know how to make use of this, and they make a very good playing ball out of the stuff—although it does not last very long. Little Growing Bird and Aumdak both knew of this and, later, you may read how they DID play a kind of ball game with "Sturgeon's nose!"

LITTLE "GROWLING BIRD" IN WINDEGO LAND



As you were told last week, Nokomis cut the lump of cartilage, or gristle, from the nose of Nah-may, the Great Sturgeon (which Big Bear had caught and brought ashore), and after rounding it off, she gave it to Little Growling Bird to use as a "bounce ball." But Yellow Hair said it would be nicer to play a bat-and-ball game than to go on bouncing it around aimlessly. So they coaxed Nokomis to give them enough fibing twine to wind around it until it should look like a real "stone" ball. Yellow Hair found a nice smooth club-stick, suitable for a bat, but Little Bear—proud of his victory over Wolverine, and boasting that he was now "Heap strong Black Bear"—dragged after him a great big stick—a regular "Pug-ah-mah-gun," or Indian War-Club, for HIS bat!



The wide, flat sandbar at this part of the river bank would make the best kind of a ball ground, but, of course, they could not play a regular boys' game, because there were not enough players. But Yellow Hair said she would teach Growling Bird the old "One Hunk" game, which three or four can play. Of course, the Little Boy had often played "catch" with Big Bear, but not this kind of a game. So Yellow Hair explained it to him and the others. This is the way it is played: In this game there is only ONE "hunk," or base (which is usually a stone or an old stump), and lies about twenty or thirty feet away. When the ball is struck the batter runs and tries to touch the "hunk" and get back before the others can reach the ball and throw it, so that it either hits the home base itself or is caught by another player and the plate touched.



But if he gets back safely he counts one run, and goes on batting until he is put out. If the ball is caught on the fly, or on the FIRST rebound, or if he misses three fairly pitched balls over the plate, and the catcher catches them all, on the fly or on "first bounce," he is out! Sometimes a strong batter will knock the ball so far that he will have time to make quite a number of runs on one flight of the ball. But if the ball cannot be found after a little search the others cry "LOST BALL!" and then he cannot count any more runs on that hit. When the latter is put out he must go out and "field," and the other comes in and catches; the catcher takes the pitcher's place, he being sure the batter knows it. Each one of the players that plays all the different parts of the game in turn. But they all like to bat as long as they can stay "in."



Well, Big Bear offered to play "catcher"—and bears CAN catch fire! Aumak couldn't play ball, so HE said he'd be the umpire! Yellow Hair took the bat, and the very first ball Growling Bird pitched she struck almost into his hands. He caught it easily, and, alas, Panny was out! Aumak cawed "OUT!!"—just like a real umpire. Little Bear then came to bat, carrying his big War-Club. Growling Bird threw a real swift ball at the Big Stick. (He was a good stone thrower, you remember.) Little Bear never moved his bat at all, so the ball struck it fair and square and bounced straight back, almost as hard, and against the Little Boy's "tummy" with an awful jolt! It knocked the breath out of him, and he sat down very suddenly! Aumak yelled "FOUL BALL!!!" but—



Little Bear paid no attention to him. Of course, there aren't any "fouls" in "One Hunk," but the Crow didn't mind a little thing like that! Meanwhile, the Careless Cub had dropped the heavy club right on Big Bear's tender feet, and was galloping off toward "first base," from which Yellow Hair was now returning. (She was "out," you know.) Big Bear hopped around on one foot, holding the other, and grunting with pain. When Little Bear reached the "hunk," or base—which happened to be a large stone—he thought he'd do something to show how smart he really was getting to be! He grabbed up the stone with his strong claws and came toddling back with it to "show off" before Growling Bird, who was still sitting on the ground. You would have laughed had you heard the way he bragged! THING!! (You can get only a faint idea of it from the words in the picture!)



The foolish Bear Cub had heard Yellow Hair explaining the way to "steal a base"—which means to steal along quietly to the base while the others are not looking—but HE thought that the moment to steal the base ITSELF! However, the Little Bear Cub was SURE to come to grief every time he began to grow ROASTFUL, or let his GREEDINESS get the better of him, so you may be sure that severe punishment was awaiting him not far off. Big Bear was very angry at the rough way Mukkoma, the Little Bear, had acted all through the game, and took him over his knee—and what happened THEN you can see for yourself!!! But later you may see a different kind of game—"BAH-GAW-UD-OWAY," the REAL game of ball the Indians invented themselves!

Ed. Crigton





LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



YELLOW HAIR LIKE TO LEARN TO SWIM? WE CUT RUSHES, MAKE LITTLE FLOAT FOR CHIN. WE SHOW YOU HOW INDIAN BOY LEARN TO SWIM!

WILL THE RUSHES FLOAT ME? I WANT TO LEARN TO SWIM, VERY MUCH!

WUFF! WUFF! MEND LEARN TO SWIM! ME JUST TALLIN AND SWIM ANYHOW!

THAT'S BEST, YOU'RE TOO FAT TO SWIM!



NOW WE TIE ENDS OF RUSHES TOGETHER, MAKE FLOAT FOR YOUR HEAD. THEN IT'S NO SINK. HEAR EASY LEARN THEN!

IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG V. ARE YOU SURE IT WILL HOLD MY HEAD UP!

EVERYBODY LOOK! ME GOING TO MAKE BIG DIVE!

WANT ME TO HELP YOU TIE IT?

One day, when the sun was very hot, the children asked Nokomis if they could go in swimming again. Yellow Hair was not afraid of having her toes bitten, now that Nah-mey, the Great Surgeon, was no longer in the stream, and, besides, she was very anxious to learn to swim—like Growing Bird and Little Bear. Nokomis gave them permission; but, because Big Bear had gone into the cool woods to sleep, and as she was too busy herself to look after them, she told the children that they must go up the river to the Place-of-Rushes, where the water was shallow and where it was a nice, safe place for little folk to bathe. So they put on their bathing suits and walked along the shore, hand in hand. Growing Bird took a big, sharp knife along to cut a bundle of rushes, out of which he intended to make a "float"—which is a great help to any one learning to swim!

Little Indian boys and girls have no nice cork jackets, nor air bags, to buoy them up when learning to swim, but they find that Uu-stak-un-uk, the tall, green rushes, when bound together, float lightly and keep the head above water just as well. (These are the kind of rushes that, when dry, the Indians weave into mats.) Well, Growing Bird cut an armful of rushes and divided them into two bundles. Then he tied other rushes around the ends to keep them together, and, after placing them in such a way that they looked like a big letter "V," he bound both ends together so that they would remain in that position. (You can see in the picture the way it is done.) Aumduk, the Crow, looked on during the making of the "float," although HE didn't care anything about swimming. When HE bated, an inch or two of water was plenty for him! But Little Bear was proud of his skill.



GODDY! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT THE RUSHES!

STRIKE OUT WITH ARMS; THIS WAY—NO MAKE SPLASH WITH HANDS!

WUFF! WUFF! LET ME EAT CRAYFISH!

CAW! CAW! COME HERE, LITTLE BEAR. I SEE A GREAT BIG CRAYFISH AMONG THE STONES!



COME ON! YOU SWIMMIN' ALL RIGHT, NOW!

OH! I'M SWIMMING ALL BY MYSELF! WATCH ME!

WHERE IS HE? I SAW HIM A MINUTE AGO BEHIND THIS BIG STONE!

WUFF! I SMELL CRAYFISH AROUND HERE, SOMEWHERE!

He wanted to show off! So he stood on a big stone and called on the children to watch him "make heap fine dive!" It wasn't much of a dive; he just flopped in silly way. But he made a great splash, and then paddled around "dog fashion" to show the little girl how easy it was when you know how! Growing Bird now pushed the "float" into the water and showed Yellow Hair how to place her chin in the angle formed by the ends of the rushes. Then he showed her the way to strike out with the arms, and told her to kick hard, at the same time, with her feet. The "float" kept her head above water and moved along with her as she stroked and kicked herself forward. But by bit, until, very soon, she began to get into the way of it. Meanwhile, Aumduk, the Crow, poking around among the stones at the water's edge, spied a Crayfish and called to Little Bear to come and see it!

Little Bear scrambled ashore as quickly as he could, but the noise he made scared Ah-shaw-gay-she, the Crayfish, so that he scuttled backward and hid under a stone. They searched for him everywhere, but failed to find any trace of him. Meanwhile, Yellow Hair had learned the swimming stroke so well that Growing Bird thought she would be able to get along without the float. He took hold of the end of it and gently drew it forward, telling the little girl to look at the sky and keep on striking and kicking just the same as she had been doing. Then, gradually, and without her noticing it, he drew the end of the float from beneath her chin. Before Yellow Hair actually realized it, she was swimming along, all by herself, and WITHOUT ANY SUPPORT AT ALL! But when she DID notice it she was "awfully" glad! She cried out: "I'M SWIMMING! I'M SWIMMING, ALL BY MYSELF!"



HAUGH! AW-TIGH! GEE-HEE! THE CRAYFISH, LOOK! LOOK!

OH! MY! THE CRAYFISH IS BITING THEM!

CAW! CAW! GO! MY LEG!

WUFF! WUFF! LET GO MY FOOT, OR ME BITE YOUR HEAD OFF!



YO! YO! ME TEACH YELLOW HAIR HOW TO SWIM FIRST TIME SHE TRY!

HURRAH! I CAN SWIM, NOW! AREN'T YOU GLAD?

SMART MR. CRAYFISH, HE BITE LITTLE BEAR'S FOOT. THAT'S WHY ME BITE HIM ALIVE! HE TASTE HEAP STRONG MEDDE!

PAW! PAW! BATING RAW CRAYFISH. I DON'T TELL UNLESS IT WAS BOILED WITH SALT AND PEPPER.

Suddenly there was a great noise and rumpus on shore! Squalls and "wuffs" came from Little Bear, and loud, angry "caws" from the Crow. It happened in this way: While the Bear Cub and the Crow were poking and sniffing around, trying to find Crayfish, HE was quietly watching them from his hiding-place. He waited his chance, and, as soon as they turned their backs toward the water and were looking in the other direction, he crawled out and grabbed Aumduk's leg with one of his sharp "rippers," and Little Bear's foot with the other! Now Ah-shaw-gay-she, the Crayfish, although he lives in the fresh water and is only a few inches in length, looks just like his cousin, the L. lobster; but his color is pale green instead of black. He has the same kind of nipping claws, and when he takes hold of any one he generally makes them howl before he lets go!

When the children saw what the cause of all the outcry was, they had to laugh—it was so ridiculous! Then they came ashore, feeling very big. Growing Bird was proud because he had taught Yellow Hair to swim, and SHE was proud because she had learned so quickly! But poor Crayfish; he fared badly! As soon as he felt he was being carried away from the water he let go and tried to get back—but it was too late! Little Bear quickly recovered from his fright and pounced upon him, grabbing him by the back. Then he twisted off the two big nipping claws, and—it's a shame to have to tell it, but what do you think he did then? He sat down and coolly began to EAT CRAYFISH ALIVE!!! Even Aumduk would have waited until it was cooked. But that was Little Bear's way of getting even with Crayfish for having pinched his foot! Wasn't he HORRID!

A. T. C.

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day Nokomis and Big Bear left the Summer Camp by the shore and went back to the Home Wigwam in the woods. Nokomis told the children to stay close to the Camp and, when she and Big Bear returned, they would bring them some things which they could play a new game. Of course, they wondered what the new playthings would be, but, when the "big folks" returned, the children were told to wait until morning, when the game would be explained to them. After breakfast was over, Big Bear went behind the Smoke Lodge and brought forth some queer-looking sticks with ends bent in a kind of loop which was gripped by a net of deer sinews. He told them how Nokomis and he had steamed and bent the sticks, and used the webs of some old know-nothings to make these "racquets," which they would use in playing Bah-gaw-ud-way, the REAL Indian Game of Ball!



Aundak, the Crow, hunted around until he found the ball they had used when playing the "One Hunt" ball game, some time before, and brought it to them in his beak. Big Bear set up two poles, about six feet apart, at both ends of the ball ground, to be used as goals. He explained that the object of the game was to catch up the ball in the netted end of the stick and try to throw or carry it between the goal-posts of the opposing side, but that they must not touch the ball with their hands unless it fell into a small hole where the racquet could not reach it. There are usually twelve players on each side in this game, but, of course, they had to get along with less. So Big Bear offered to play alone against both children and Little Bear, too. But the bear Cub said he didn't want to play AT ALL! He said he was too strong to play with children, and, besides—



Little Bear remembered the severe whipping Big Bear gave him for "rough play" in the other game of ball. He just shuffled off toward the edge of the woods, saying that he was going to take a little nap, so they had to begin the game without him. Big Bear made the first throw and, because he didn't aim quite right, the ball went wide and flew whizzing through the air in the direction of the Big Rock behind which the Cub had gone to take his little nap. Both the children and Aundak watched its flight and roared after it, each striving to reach the ball first and throw it toward Big Bear's goal!



The ball struck the trunk of a tree just behind the Big Rock and, glancing downward, hit the ground right in front of Little Bear's nose. The Cub was peacefully enjoying away and dreaming of a whole wigwam filled with things he liked to eat, when the thump of the ball on the ground woke him up. When he saw the play ball bouncing up and down the thought came to him that it would be a great joke on the children to hide the ball so they could not go on with their game. So he reached out quickly and grabbed it before it could roll away.



Meanwhile, the children and Aundak looked everywhere for the ball, but in vain. Then Big Bear came up and suggested that it might have fallen on top of the bank, and to look behind the Big Rock. Aundak flew to the top and saw the Cub holding something in his paws and chewing it. It looked like the lost ball! Now this ball was the one made from the gristle taken from the nose of Nab-may, the Great Surgeon, which Growling Bird had wrapped all around with string; and Little Bear, of course, had to sniff at it before hiding it away. It smelted fish, so he thought he'd just hide it INSIDE himself!



As the Cub began to chew the ball he saw that the string wrapping was loose, but, before he could unwind it all, Aundak had "told" on him, and Growling Bird began to climb the bank to take it away from him. He knew he'd be caught, so he just bolted it right down, swallowing it, string and all, at ONE GULP! He tried to look very innocent when the little boy appeared, but there was a yard of string hanging out of his mouth and that denoted him. Growling Bird tried to pull the ball out, but the string broke—and that was the last any one saw of the Surgeon-Nose Ball! Little Bear then pretended that he didn't KNOW it was their play ball. He said he thought it was a FISH-BALL, (from the smelt), or he never would have eaten it—OH, NO INDEED! But no one believed a word of it—not even smelly Little Yellow Hair!



Big Bear was just about to beat him when he thought of a more fitting punishment. "WE'LL just use HIM for the ball!" he said. He soon dragged the squealing Cub back to the ball ground and, putting his racquet under him, hoisted him up in the air like a big black football! Growling Bird tried to catch him in the net of his stick (to break his fall), but the Cub was too fat and heavy. He got an awful bump when he struck the ground; but, before Big Bear could reach him to give him another ton, he scrambled to his feet and ran to the Camp, where he hid the rest of the day! That's what happened when Big Bear tried to teach the children to play Bah-gaw-ud-way, the Indian Game of Ball! The Palisades play it now, but they call it "Lacrosse," and, of course, THEY'VE never seen a fat Bear Cub used as the ball! That could happen only in WINDEGO LAND, you know!

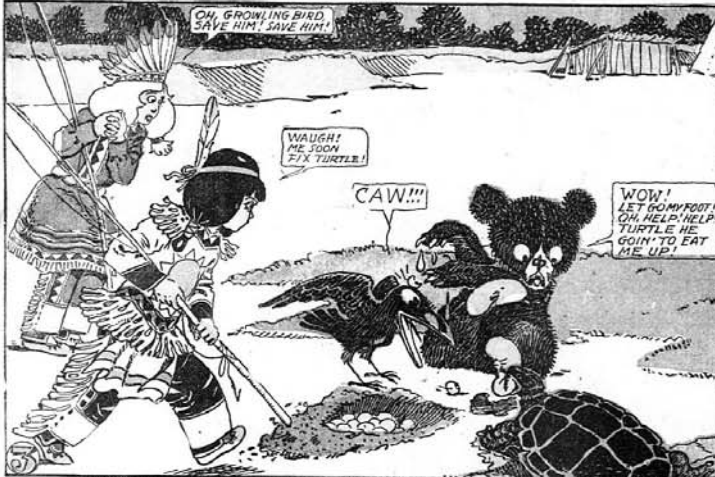
LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day the Children found some big Fishworms under an old log. Of course, Aundak, the Crow, wanted to eat them at once, but Growing Bird said, "Rah-No! We put Znegon-ah-wis, the Fishworm, in little pail. Catch um plenty fish, mebbe!" So they cut two poles and Nokomis gave them lines and loons fish-hooks, and away they went to the Stream to try their luck. As they were passing a big patch of awamp moss that grew near the water Little Bear and Aundak stopped and began to search it carefully, hoping to find a few nice young frogs hiding there. They did not find anything in the moss, but, in the sand near the water's edge, there was a soft spot that smelled "suspicious" to the Cub's keen nose. He sniffed and sniffed a while and then began to claw up the sand, and, very soon, he uncovered a whole nestful of little white eggs!



Aundak, the wise old crow, said at once that they were Turtle Eggs—and very good eating, too! That was enough for Little Bear; he was not particular whether HIS eggs were hard-boiled, or raw—as long as they were EGGS! He scooped out all his paws would hold and began to crack the thin shells and lick up the "meat" in a greedy, messy way—just like some careless children do when they are in a great hurry to gobble their supper and get out, again, to play! Yellow Hair thought it was a sin to rob even a Little Bear's nest of its eggs and she told Little Bear he ought to be ashamed of himself; but TIE didn't care. He gobbed away faster than ever! But, suddenly, Growing Bird saw a big, black, snake-like head appear above the water; then a lumpy-looking back followed, and the Thing began to move swiftly toward the spot where the Bear Cub sat feasting.



As the big sprawling Thing scrambled up the bank Growing Bird saw that it was no other than the wife of Keecha Muk-kee-benak, the Great Turtle, and that she was coming to see what was happening to her nest of eggs! "Look out!" he cried to Little Bear; but it was too late! Mother Turtle was angry. She made a quick grab for the Little Cub's foot, seizing it between the sharp edges of her horny "beak" and biting clear through the moose-horn into the flesh! Oh, what a yell the Cub let out when he felt the bite and, turning his head, saw the great ugly creature that had hold of him! He dropped the eggs he had in his paws, letting them fall and break on Aundak's head, and squealed loudly for help! Yellow Hair, too, was terrified at the sight of the reptile. She didn't know WHAT to do to save him; but Growing Bird knew the way to fix the Turtle People!



Although they can swim swiftly under water, the Turtle Folk are very slow and clumsy on land, and if a big one is turned over on his back it is seldom that he is able to right himself again. Growing Bird knew this, and, running forward, he thrust the end of his fishing-pole underneath the Big Turtle and heaved it up on its side. Another strong push sent it rolling over on its back, where it lay clawing the air with its short, crooked legs, like some kind of monster insect! The only way Turtles can turn themselves right side up is by pushing strongly against the ground with head and tail and raising one side of the body as much as possible, clawing away, meanwhile, with the feet on the lower side until they can get some kind of foothold. But on level ground the larger ones can't manage it at all. Of course, Turtle had let go his hold on the Cub's foot, but



Little Bear did not seem to know it. He kept hunting for some one to "take him off" Growing Bird thought it would be a fine thing to bring such a big Turtle into the Summer Camp; but it was far too heavy to carry—besides being a dangerous thing to attempt. So, while Little Bear was licking his wounded foot and vowing that he would get Nokomis to make SOUP out of Mother Turtle, the clever little boy thought of a way to make the reptile carry him and Yellow Hair there, instead! He dropped a loop of his fish-line into Turtle's mouth and, of course, she closed her jaws on it at once. Then he began to drag her farther away from the water so she could not slide into it and escape when he should turn her over right side up again. When he thought he had pulled her far enough he used his fishing-pole again, and over she went. Eggs



Then he hopped on her broad back and, using the fish-line for reins, kept her head pointed toward the Camp, and prodded her in the tail as a hint to go ahead! He persuaded Yellow Hair to get up behind her, assuring her that Turtle, though slow, was "beep plumpy strong!" And so the queer procession started; Aundak, of course, marching ahead to clear the way and claim most of the credit for the capture. But Little Bear was not so boastful THIS time! He limped along, declaring that Turtle would soon be hissing in the soup pot, but he took care to keep out of reach of her terrible "beak" just the same! Of course, Nokomis was astonished to see them come in riding on such a queer "horse," but she did not put Mother Turtle in the pot, as Little Bear wanted her to do. And what the DDD do with Turtle, and what OTHER unexpected thing happened, you shall learn NEXT week!



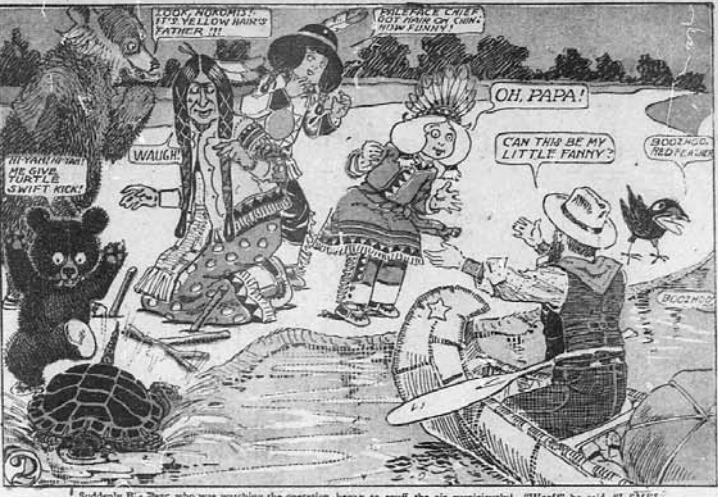
LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Keche Muk-lee-lamuck, the Great Turtle (which Growling Bird had so cleverly captured) did not go into the Soup-Pot after all, although Little Bear, angered at being bitten, had vowed that such would be its fate! Instead of killing and cooking the turtle Nokomis thought it would be better to mark its shell with the children's names and the date and let it go free again. As the Turtle People (unless killed) often live to a great age, she thought that this one might carry their "sign" when they had grown up and forgotten all about turtles and their childish adventures in Windego Land. So she drove sharp-pointed sticks in the ground; to fence in and keep Turtle from moving, and gave Yellow Hair a piece of red chalk to mark the letters or initials on the reptile's back. Thus she began to cut them deep into the tough shell with her sharp knife.



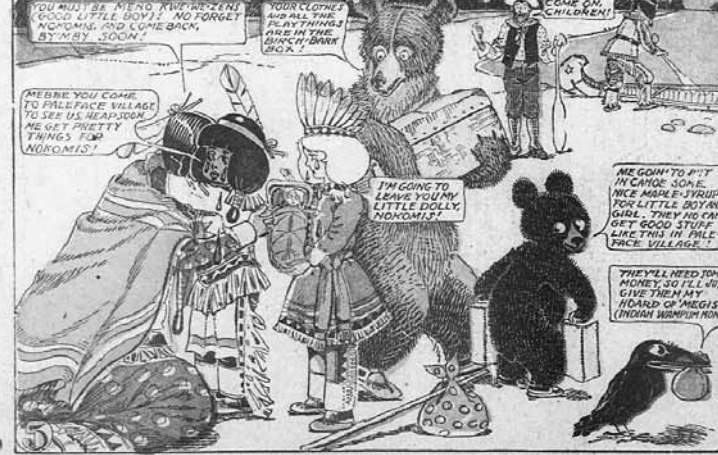
When Yellow Hair caught sight of the White Man's face she rushed forward, hardly believing her eyes! But when she made sure that it was really her father, she shrieked, "OH, PAPA!" and in another moment she was clasped in his arms and strained to his breast as if he would never let her go! Oh, what a joyful meeting it was—for those two, at least! But first you must be told how it all came about: If you have read the story of Little Growling Bird since the time Nokomis took him on a visit to the Indian Village, you may remember that Chief Red Feather carried the little paleface girl into camp in his arms. He had rescued her from some bad Indians who had stolen her from her home across Keche Gumme, the Great Lake! Then it was that Nokomis begged Red Feather to let her take Fanny home with her to live in the Wiwagan and be a companion to Little Growling Bird until her own people could be found.



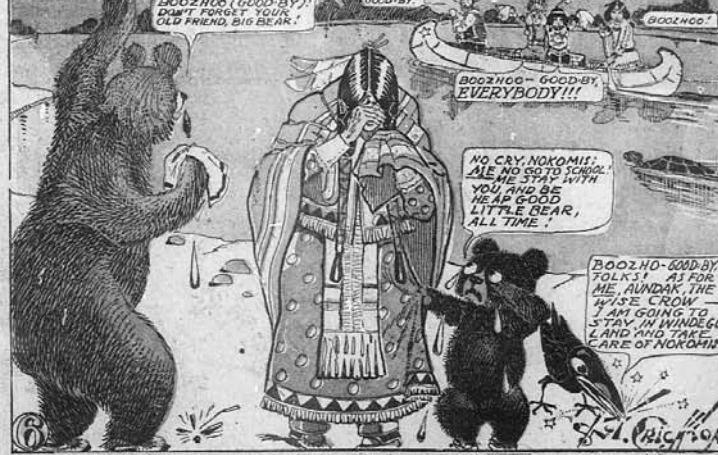
Suddenly Big Bear, who was watching the operation, began to sniff the air suspiciously! "Woof!" he said. "I SMELL STRANGERS!" Looking down the river he spied, afar off, a canoe with two people in it. They seemed to be heading straight for the Camp, but Nokomis and the others were too busy putting the children's "brand" on the turtle to pay any attention. When the carving was finished and the sticks removed, Turtle scrambled and slid into the water, thinking himself very lucky to escape so easily! By this time the canoe was close at hand, and, as it turned to approach the bank, they saw to their astonishment that a Paleface, a WHITE-MAN, was sitting in the bow! It was (you have surely guessed it!) the little girl's FATHER, who, after searching for almost a year, had found his Fanny at last, safe and well, in the Refuge Ground of far-off Windego Land!



In the spring, Chief Red Feather had sent a messenger to the nearest Paleface settlement, but many moons passed before the good news reached her father's ears. Then, you may be sure, he traveled day and night until he came to the Indian Village, where Red Feather brought him to the Refuge Ground in his bark canoe. The White Chief brought a whole packful of presents for the Indians, and another and more valuable one for the good Nokomis who had been so kind to his little girl! Of course, he did not take Fanny away at once; it would not have been polite to have done so without having first a big "Medicine Smoke and Powwow." Nokomis now prepared food, and, after all had eaten, she brought forth pipes and Indian tobacco. Putting on her fine red blanket (because there was "company") she then lighted a small council fire and asked that every one be seated!



Although Yellow Hair loved her father dearly, she could hardly bear the thought of leaving her good, kind friends. She loved Nokomis as a mother (her own being dead), and Growling Bird, too, was very dear to her. Big Bear, Aunak-ya, and even Little Bear—she loved them all! When her father saw how grieved every one was at the thought of separation, he proposed that Nokomis should let Growling Bird go along. He promised to take good care of him and to send him to school with Fanny, saying that he would learn many things that would be useful to him when he grew up. Nokomis knew how loose-lipped Growling Bird would be without his little playmate, and although it hurt her to do it she at last consented to the plan. She hoped, too, that when he returned he might be able to teach his own people the secret of the White Man's "Medicine"—which every one knows to be very precious indeed!



Then began a great hurrying and packing of clothes and playthings in the Birch-Bark Box which Big Bear carried down to the canoe. Little Bear, suddenly, growling generous, brought two sets of moccasins (which did not belong to him), and Aunak brought forth his secret hoard of "Megs," or Indian shell-money, as a farewell gift; while Yellow Hair (to show "her love") gave Nokomis the only treasure she possessed—her faithful Dolly! Then, when everything was aboard and Nokomis had taken a tearful leave of her "babies," the canoe glided out into the stream, the children waving farewell and crying, "Boozho! Boozho! Good-bye to Everybody! And so they passed away from the Happy Refuge Ground in the Wonderful Windego Land! And so all the paleface children who it one sees following his adventures, Little Growling Bird said to his papa: "Thank You, Friends! Good-bye, Everybody!" A.T.C.